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"No, sir."

"Didn't look for me to give you a cent?"

"Not a red."

"It don't seem possible," he went on as he looked me over again, "but I'll have to take you at your word. Do you know what it might have cost me, sir, had any one else found this wallet?"

"I can't say, of course."

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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE incidents attending the celebration of the relief of Ladysmith in this city last week form, it is to be hoped, a closed chapter. I have no wish to keep the book open at this painful page. But the daily press, with perhaps a single exception—*The Witness*—have distorted facts to such an extent, for the ignoble purpose of making party and racial capital with their readers, that a few calm thoughts upon the situation from one writing without political bias and after the smoke of conflict has cleared away, may be acceptable to those who are neither hotheads nor fanatics. As the disgraceful story of riot and disorder has traveled far and wide, it has undergone the inevitable distortion which reports of sensational events are subject to, as they leap from place to place. It has been twisted and exaggerated to suit the purposes of those who will stop at nothing to score against their political opponents. It has been used both in Quebec and throughout English-speaking Canada to fan the embers of race jealousy—always slumbering beneath our feet. Those who aim to think accurately and sympathize aright should therefore preserve a judicial attitude and be prepared to resist extreme views emanating from either side.

IN the first place, no one who lives in Quebec can be blind to the fact that there exists in the hearts of many Canadians of French origin an anti-British sentiment. There are thousands of French-Canadians who are as loyal to the Empire as their English-speaking fellow citizens, but there are thousands who are not as loyal. These people take no pains to conceal their sympathies. They would shed their blood in defence of Canada, but they would not help Great Britain in a quarrel. They take no stock in Great Britain's mission as a civilizer and torch-bearer, but look upon her as a cruel and selfish power, whose progress needs to be checked. This is a fair statement of the attitude of many French-Canadians. Their press, to a great extent, reflects it. They themselves openly acknowledge it. Why, then, should there be any ostrich-like attempt on our part to bury our heads in the sand, and imagine that, because we do not choose to look at a condition, therefore the condition does not exist?

KNOWING that this is the state of affairs, we might reasonably ask ourselves how it came about, whether English-speaking Canadians have had a hand in bringing it about, and how it can be remedied. There is no doubt that the lack of tact of English-speaking citizens is responsible for many misunderstandings between the two nationalities. As I said last week, "We may, on rare occasions, be able to see good in our enemies or in those who are simply not of us, but as a rule we are totally blind to the virtues of other nationalities." The offensive bearing of the British people amongst foreigners has won them much of the hatred in which they are now commonly held. But, to an even greater extent than the tactlessness of English-speaking Canadians, there are other causes responsible for anti-British feeling amongst our fellow-citizens of French origin. The unprincipled conduct of party leaders and party newspapers is perhaps chiefly to blame. The politicians are never through trying to set one race against another, one creed against another, for partisan ends. No country has been so cursed with this species of incendiaryism as the Dominion of Canada. It is questionable, in my mind, whether Confederation has not really delayed the unification of nationality and sentiment in British North America. It has

undoubtedly given us a broader outlook than we would otherwise have had, but there would not have been half the causes for friction, nor the same opportunities for stirring up race feuds for political purposes, had the Provinces remained separate colonies, instead of being yoked together in a way that sometimes seems to have only accentuated their disunion. Another source of French-Canadian disaffection has been the importation of priests and journalists from old France. These men have done untold damage in Canada. They are not British subjects born, they do not understand British institutions, and, above all, they bring with them from France that deep-rooted hatred of "perfidious Albion," which is the product of nine centuries of warfare.

WHATEVER the causes of the present attitude of a section of French Canada towards the Empire may be, patriotic citizens should recognize that a condition not a theory confronts us, and those who are wise will seek to remove the misunderstandings, not to aggravate them. The McGill students were perfectly within their rights, and were doing an admirable thing in celebrating the relief of Ladysmith, with enthusiasm and elat. But they, and those who accompanied them, did wrong in forcing open the doors of *La Presse*—even though they meant no offence. The British flag is the proper flag to be floated in this country, for this is British territory, and any other flag—be it the tri-color or the stars and stripes—can only be displayed out of courtesy. No one, however, wants to be forced to put up a British flag, nor ought anyone to be compelled against his will to do so. If he is, there is an end to our boasted British liberty. There is no value in an outward conformity to any sentiment that is brought about by compulsion. But while no Canadian should be forced to hoist the Union Jack, on the other hand it is most deplorable that any Canadian should require to be forced. The first mistake was when the McGill students burst the doors of *La Presse*, the second was when *La Presse* sent for the police (for this was a challenge to the mob), and the third and greatest mistake was when the crowd that celebrated the victory Thursday night, on Dominion Square, marched with sticks, three or four thousand strong, to Laval University, instead of peaceably dispersing to their homes. It is urged that the men and boys who marched to Laval had no intention of attacking the French university, and that only after the hose was turned on them did they become hostile. However, in judging of the motives of a mob, one can only be guided by its aspect, the hour at which it assembles, and other surrounding circumstances. It seems to me that the students and authorities of Laval were perfectly justified in assuming that an attack was intended when 3,000 or 4,000 men, armed with clubs and bones, marched in the utmost disorder upon their institution, through a blinding snowstorm at a late hour of the night. And if it was reasonable for them to assume that an attack was intended, it was not unreasonable for them to take defensive measures.

OF course, there is no excuse for those who, the next night, tore, spat upon, and finally burned, the British flag. This is a British country, it is not a French country, the tri-color has no place here except on sufferance, and it should and must be understood once for all that insults to the national colors cannot be tolerated. Neither the Laval students nor the McGill students were responsible, as a body, for the excesses of the several mobs, but individual students of both universities were ring-leaders on every occasion of violence, and morally

LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

the students must be held directly responsible for all the disorder. These enthusiastic young men should have learned one valuable lesson from the occurrences of last week—that it is easier to set the heather ablaze than to quench it when the flames have started to run. The older and more sober-minded portions of both the French and the English communities should have learned another lesson—that they must join hands to repress the dangerous pranks of youthful hot-heads, if serious trouble is to be averted and this city and country are to continue to be fit places of abode.

MR. SPEAKER BAIN seems to be a weak man for his post. He has showed a total incapacity, so far, for keeping the disorderly elements in the House of Commons from disgracing themselves and the people they represent. The language used by Ministers, ex-Ministers and would-be Ministers, on the floor of the House last week has never been surpassed there for "blackguardism"—a name which was applied to it even by some of those who were the chief offenders. The Speakership calls for an alert, strong-willed but withal suave man. Mr. Bain seems to have the suavity in abundance, but not the other qualities. There is one advantage, however, to the country in having a weak Speaker in the chair, and that is that the people will have a full opportunity of seeing just how far political asperities will carry men and just what fibre some of those in high places are made of.

HON. RICHARD OLNEY, who is best known by Canadians for the part he took as President Cleveland's Secretary of State in the Venezuelan crisis, which nearly plunged Great Britain and the United States in war, comes out in *The Atlantic Monthly* with a fearless declaration in favor of an alliance between his country and the Mother Land. Mr. Olney argues that the Philippine question has placed the United States in the position of a world power, willy-nilly, and that isolation from international politics is no longer possible for his country. His words are worth quoting at some length: "The true, the ideal position for us" he asserts, "would be complete freedom of action, perfect liberty to pick allies from time to time as special occasions might warrant and an enlightened view of our own interests might dictate. Without the Philippines, we might closely approach that position. But, with them, not merely is our need of friendship imperative, but it is a need which only one of the great powers can satisfy or is disposed to satisfy. Except for Great Britain's countenance, we should almost certainly never have got the Philippines, except for her continued support, our hold upon them would be likely to prove precarious, perhaps altogether unstable. It follows that we now find ourselves actually caught in an entangling alliance, forced there not by any treaty, or compact of any sort, formal or informal, but by the stress of the inexorable facts of the situation. It is an alliance that entangles because we might be and should be friends with all the world and because our necessary intimacy with and dependence upon one of them is certain to excite the suspicion and ill will of other nations. Still, however much better off we might have been, regrets, the irrevocable having happened, are often worse than useless, and it is much more profitable to note such compensatory advantages as the actual situation offers. In that view, it is consoling to reflect that, if we must single out an ally from among the nations at the cost of alienating all others, and consequently have thrown ourselves into the arms of England, our choice is probably unexceptionable. We join ourselves to that one of the great powers most formidable as a foe and most effective as a friend; whose people make with our own but one family whose internal differences should not prevent a united front as against the world outside; whose influence upon the material and spiritual conditions of the human race has on the whole been elevating and beneficent; and whose example and

experience cannot help being of the utmost service in our dealing with the difficult problems before us."

THIS certainly seems to be a more reasonable attitude than that of the Anglophobes, who, while justifying the course of the United States in respect of Cuba and the Philippines, as in the interests of civilization, condemn the course of Britain in Africa, as having been dictated by purely selfish motives. As an American recently pointed out, the term civilization is constantly misapplied. Civilization means the art of living together in civil society as opposed to the military ideal of life. With an assassinated governor in a southern State; with horrible lynchings; with an army of 60,000 troops, and jails all over the land filled with malefactors of every grade; with the hoodlum element conspicuous in city and town and village throughout the country, with bribery and blackmail smirching legislative halls, does it really seem as though the Americans had sufficiently mastered the art of living together in civil society to warrant their posing as called of Heaven to turn instructor in the art?

ALTHOUGH the Dreyfus case is generally supposed to be dead and buried, it seems, according to one correspondent in Paris—Mr. V. Gribayedoff—to be having its bearing on the present attitude of France towards Great Britain. This gentleman gives an interesting view of the recent outbreak of Anglophobia on the continent. According to him, the Hollander is Anglophobe at present from race feeling, the German, by reason of commercial competition, the Russian, from a general spirit of rivalry. The Frenchman's moral support of the Boers is prompted, by motives similar to all these put together, and by the added desire to see England punished for her aggressive attitude during the Dreyfus affair. It is pointed out by Drumont, Rochefort, Millevoye, and others that, although the advocacy of the cause of Dreyfus was taken up by the foreign press in general, thanks, they add, to Jewish influences, in no country did the organs of public opinion pour out their vials of abuse on the French nation to the same extent as in England.

TO revert to that much-discussed topic, the recent street disorders in Montreal, it is very much to be regretted, from the standpoint of both the city and the Dominion, that the matter was brought up in Parliament. Nothing but harm could be done by the excited discussion precipitated by Mr. McNeill. That gentleman may have had only good intentions in bringing it up, but, if so, his motives are better than his judgment.

FELIX VASE.

THE BABY BACHELORS CLUB, of Westmount, gave a very jolly dance at Elm Hall on Friday evening last, March 2. The young ladies present were: Miss Baillie, Miss Ethel Baillie, Miss Muriel Baillie, Miss McBean, Miss Pierson, Miss Jackson, Miss McLeod, Miss May McLeod, Miss Tucker, Miss Florence Tucker, Miss Marcusse, the Misses McLean, Miss Rolland, Miss Dobelle and Miss Robertson. The baby bachelors were: Mr. H. W. Blylock, president, Mr. P. S. Ferguson, secretary, and Messrs. Bowman, Young, Moore, Wood, Cook, Carlyle, Miller, Clogg, Holland, Nutter, McMurtry, Byrne, McPherson, Locker, Hough, James, Higman, McMillan, McBride, Brown, Simpson, McLean and Allan.

A MACKINTOSH that did not fit was the subject of a legal decision in the Westminster County Court, England, the other day. The Regent street shopkeeper who made the garment said that the purchaser (who sued for the return of three guineas paid) did not give him time to make another that would fit. The judge said a person was entitled to a "fit" when a garment was sent home, and any permission to alter or make a fresh article was mere good nature and not law. The case should not have been defended. He gave the disappointed customer his three guineas, with costs.

Points for Investors

THE English Government expect to meet the enormous expense of the war without a new loan. There will be no issue of consols, and, as a result of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's programme, the price of consols has advanced in the London market. Neither there nor in New York has money become easier however, and stocks are dull in consequence.

IS VIRTUE VIRTUOUS?

It has been a quiet week on the Canadian Exchanges. In view of the new issue, Montreal Street Railway has been strong, unwarrantably so, at 305. With the dividend in sight, Payne Mining Company stock has been active, while another sensational sky rocket is furnished in Virtue. This stock had better be avoided, as manipulation seems to be at the bottom of the rise.

Other issues have been quiet and inclined to weakness. C. P. R. continues to be most conservatively quoted in the face of continuous weekly increases, that, if kept up, must mean a 6 per cent. dividend.

HALF A MILLION IN TWO MONTHS.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to draw attention to the fact that, for the first two months of the year, the gross earnings have increased nearly \$500,000. There is every prospect that the road can keep up the same rate, in which event the balance sheet for 1900 will show as great an advance over last year as that of 1899 did over the previous year. It is true that the line between Toronto and Montreal needs much improvement, and the prairie sections require more ballast, but last year's surplus should be sufficient to accomplish all these betterments and improvements.

COMMERCIAL CABLE'S STATEMENT.

The Commercial Cable Company show a very satisfactory statement. Earnings increased some \$319,097 over the previous year, and, after paying the 7 per cent. dividend and all charges, some \$350,000 has been added to the reserve fund. An amount of \$150,000 has been added to the fund for insurance of stations, apparatus and repair steamer, and these sums will be invested in first-class securities.

The reserve fund now amounts to \$3,475,631.05, and the insurance fund to \$356,419.60.

After providing for all operating expenses and reserves, the balance of net revenue, including the amount brought forward from the previous year, amounts to \$1,748,063.26, out of which have been paid interest on the bonds and debenture stock (\$720,000) and dividends and bonus on the capital stock (\$800,000), leaving a balance of \$228,063.26 to be carried forward to the present year.

The cables, land lines, electric plant and equipment and buildings owned by the company are valued at \$29,848,290. There have been expended during the year on extensions of land lines \$281,379. The company place a conservative value on their patents, estimating their worth to be \$1,195.

The revenue account shows that the operating and general expenses have been \$732,650, while there has been \$800,000 declared in dividends during the year. Altogether there was \$1,748,063 expended during the year.

The gross earnings from cables and land lines amounted to \$3,356,204, and there was reserved for renewals of land lines \$500,000. The general balance brought forward for this year amounts to \$228,063.

THE BANK CLEARINGS.

Canadian bank clearances in Montreal and Toronto for the current year are showing decreases. But, this is, doubtless, due to the fact that stock speculation, which was at its height

this time last year, has been repressed. The volume of regular business is on the increase, as shown by the fact that Winnipeg, Halifax, Hamilton, St. John, Vancouver and Victoria all show gains. Thus, it is only at the two stock exchange centres that the bank clearings have decreased.

THE LESSON OF THIRD AVENUE.

As a corollary to my frequent remarks about the high prices of street railway stocks, comes the downfall of the Third Avenue Railroad in New York. A year ago, the stock of that company reached 242, and only recently sold as high as 135. The directors, even on the eve of bankruptcy, declared a 1 per cent. quarterly dividend; but the payment of it was abandoned, and the road is now in the hands of a receiver, while the stock, which was up to 242, is now begging at 50. The company control a valuable system of lines, but the cost of their motive power has worked their ruin. The disaster is significant, as showing how easily an apparently prosperous street railway company can fail owing to the mismanagement of its operating account.

INDUSTRIAL FLOTATIONS.

One of the greatest boons Canada has experienced is the freedom from inflated industrial flotations. Fortunately for this country, war and tight money came at a time when plans were maturing for many extensive flotations. The monetary scarcity has really been a blessing in disguise as regards new flotations. The wonderful increase in trade and manufacturing in the United States and the unprecedented good times have saved disaster for many highly capitalized industrial companies, and there has been no serious trouble, but over-capitalization and insufficiency of working capital have recently wrought disaster for the American Malting Company, and the United States Flour Milling Company, two very large concerns. From these ills Canada is fortunately free.

That is one reason why I am always preaching the purchase of Canadian securities in preference to the more uncertain and fluctuant stocks on the New York market.

FAIRFAX.

MINING SHARES.

THERE has been a fair amount of business doing during the past week, and values have been pretty well maintained. In some cases the fluctuations have been wide, more especially in Republic and Virtue. The former sold down to 60, but has since recovered. Virtue has again made a record price, but, after touching 95, has fallen back a few points. Payne advanced to \$1.28, and is firm on the prospect of a dividend in the near future. Montreal and London, which has been neglected for some time is coming to the front. During the past few days there has been some little demand for the stock, this is due probably to the report on the Dufferin mine recently made by Mr. John L. Hardman, who is well known to be very conservative, and will not give an opinion until he has made a thorough examination. Money has been lavishly spent on the plant of the Dufferin without sufficient underground work having been carried on, but, with thorough development, he is of opinion it can be made to pay. I have been looking into the annual statement of the company, and I notice that out of a capital of 5,000,000 shares only 1,800,000 have been issued, thus, it only requires about \$77,000 a year to pay its present dividend. Amongst the assets are shares in other companies taken at fair values, so that any improvement in the market would show a profit on these. During the past year the profits on stock transactions and a few other items amounted to \$271,000; this includes a profit of \$93,000 on sales of the company's own stock, and \$189,600 on the sale of the Slocan Sovereign. After transferring \$25,000 to contingent account, \$10,000 for office expenses, and writing off an old account of \$20,000, there is a balance at the credit of profit and loss account of \$146,180. This shows the company's affairs to be in a very satisfactory condition, and any little demand would easily advance the price of the stock to 40 or over, and, at the moment, it looks to be about the best purchase on the list. Big Three holds its own, and there is a fair demand for the stock all the time. California sold at 9 and is getting to a price where it ought to be a purchase for a few points advance. Deer Trail looks as if it had touched bottom, there is not much demand for it here, but Toronto prices are working a little above our own. There is a report going around that the consolidation of the Winnipeg and Brandon has not materialized, and, further, that there was no intention that it ever should, but some of the promoters of the Winnipeg sought to make a good excuse for closing down the mine, and getting out of their stock. There is but little news from the mining centres in British Columbia. In Rossland everything is very quiet, and the shipments of ore are merely nominal. In the Slocan districts there is a little work going on, and the Payne is shipping a fair amount of ore. Everything seems to justify the opinion that the market is a purchase, and while the upward movement for a time may be slow, prices have grounded on bottom.

Montreal, March 8.

ROBERT MEREDITH.



Grandpa and I are beaus,
 Lillian has had hers over a year,
 And Harry has got one and calls her
 "dear,"
 And mamma has papa, goodness knows,
 So there wasn't any for him and me,
 Until he thought it out, you see
 "Little love, let us two be beaus,"
 Says he.
 Then in his arms he held me tight
 While I smoothed his hair so fine and white,
 And sang him a little lullaby song;
 And he thought and thought and
 thought so long—
 Till I patted his head
 And softly said,
 "You musn't be lonestom, now we
 belong"
 And then a tear rolled down his nose,
 But grandpa and I are the dearest beaus.
 -O'Neill Latham.

AT THE THEATRE.

MRS. SHERBROOKE—Young Mr. Cote des Neiges is a very saving fellow.

Mrs. DORCHESTER.—Yes, but in a sense, his wife is more so. She even saves him the trouble of spending his wages.

COULDN'T SEE THROUGH IT

"**WHY** is it, father," asked Bobby, as he laid down *The Star*, in which he had just been reading the news of the city, "that when a man pays only 25 cents on the dollar, they say he has assigned for the benefit of his creditors? Seems to me there isn't much benefit for them in that kind of thing." And now Bobby's father has decided to send him to McGill to study law.

A DAMAGING ADMISSION.

MISS GUSHER was very pleased when she found that her poem had been accepted by the editor of *LIFE*, but when he called her attention to the fact that the opening line, "I have been young, but youth has passed from me," might be misconstrued by her friends, she decided to substitute a *nom de plume* for her own name.

HADN'T PREPARED HIS LESSON.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—When Lot's wife turned around, did Lot say anything?

PUPIL.—Guess he said "Rubber-neck!"

SYMPATHY

"**SHE** broke a plate over my head," bitterly complained Mr. Hinpeck to his friend and confidant, Mr. Rashe.

"Broke it," exclaimed Mr. Rashe. "The extravagant creature! Do you know what I would do, Hinpeck, if I had such a wife?"

"No, what?"

"I would keep tin, iron and stone-china plates—anything that won't break. The extravagant creature!"

OBVIOUSLY.

HERE is an extract from one of the latest novels: "Gerald Fitzgerald panted heavily. The close atmosphere of the little apartment constrained his splendid lungs. He went to the window, opened it, and threw out his massive chest."

All of which would go to show that the landlady was after him for rent.

THE SCRIPTURES FULFILLED.

"**DO** you see that poor man shovelling snow across the street, Mary? I gave him a quarter day before yesterday."

"Oh how good and noble you are, Tom. You were casting your bread on the waters weren't you?"

"I suppose so. Anyhow, he came back soaked?"

THE USUAL DIAGNOSIS.

"**WHAT'S** the matter with you?" asked the caller at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

"I haven't the least idea," answered the cynical patient. "They are going to operate on me for appendicitis."

THOUGHTS BY THE OFFICE PHILOSOPHER.

A GOOD scare is worth more to a man than good advice. Don't go to a doctor with a broken heart; he is likely to call it appendicitis and operate.

We will be so glad to see spring that we will not object if she brings a bandy-legged man in a golf suit with her.

No matter how leisurely a doctor may plod through his earthly career you never catch him boasting that he takes life easy.

All fools aren't alike by any means; there's an aristocracy among fools, and you'll find them wherever you find an aristocracy.

When a pretty girl has an attractive mannerism all the homely girls of her acquaintance stand before the glass and try to copy it.

SHEER VANITY.

"**WHY** is it that a pretty woman is most successful as a lobbyist?"

"Well—because when a pretty woman talks to a man he somehow gets the idea that she wouldn't waste time on him unless he was tolerably good-looking himself."

KNEW THE SYMPTOMS.

"**WHEN** I am telling a man a story I stop short if I see a peculiar gleam in his eye."

"Does it mean that he has heard it before?"

"No; it means that he isn't listening because he is thinking up the one he intends to tell me."

JOHNNY.—Papa, what is a putocrat?

PAPA.—A man who has as much money as I'd like to have.

The Mameluke's Diamond.

A Tale of Soldiering in Egypt—Founded
on Fact.

By Arthur M. Horwood,

Author of "A Cruise to the Mediterranean."

EGYPT, nearly one hundred years ago, to be precise, the 21st of July, 1798.

Sunset in the Great Desert: the Battle of the Pyramids has been fought this day, and General Bonaparte's invader army, as a matter of course, is victorious. In the morning their idolized leader, cold and calm, unaffected by the blazing sun and suffocating atmosphere, as he sat his long-maned horse, with his tight blue Republican uniform buttoned up to his chin, had proclaimed, sonorously:—"Soldiers, from the summit of yonder Pyramids, forty ages behold you!" and ere night closes over the scene, these stupendous monuments of the past and the mysterious Sphinx witness the overthrow of the Mamelukes and the triumph of the French.

The sun sinks lower and lower, finally its disc dips below the horizon, and its ruddy glow deserts the Sphinx, creeping away upwards like a crimson veil lifting, until its last gleam is extinguished from the crown of the colossal head and the mutilated features and gazing eyes overlooking from on high the battlefield grow indistinct and become lost.

Below, on the plain, the soldiers of the Republic are busy despoiling the dead. The Mamelukes are known to carry all their riches upon their persons, and many a common soldier that evening finds himself suddenly become a wealthy man, with jewels and precious stones taken from the body of a bey, or even one of lower degree.

A thin, wry Frenchman, his enormous cocked hat, with a tricolor cockade as big as a saucer, resting on the nape of his neck, a pipe in his mouth, and his face smeared and darkened with gunpowder-smoke, is bending over a rickety-garbed Mameluke, his hands engaged in searching for valuables. The spoiler's face is not pleasant to behold; disappointed greed is strongly marked thereon. He has not been fortunate. Every body he comes to he finds has already been rifled by his more expeditious comrades; and the "sacre's!" come from between his clenched teeth with frequency and extreme bitterness. He gives the body a kick, and is on the point of leaving it, when, as an afterthought, he passes his nimble fingers through the Mameluke's sash.

Fastened within the folds he feels a solid substance. He tears it out and examines it. It is a walnut. He eyes it contemptuously, pauses, places it between his jaws and cracks it.

There is something strange about this walnut. He spits shell and kernel into his hand, and then stifles a cry of amazement. Lo! in his palm lies the splintered shell, and that which it had been contrived to conceal—a large brilliant that gives off flashes of light, red and blue scintillations, rivaling the stars that palpitate and throb over the desert, and look down upon man engaged in his sordid acts.

The Frenchman trembles with excitement. He possesses a diamond so large that it had closely filled the shell. It represents a fortune!—a fortune! When he, Pierre Lefevre, returns to La Belle France he will be an opulent citizen; he will have no need to work when he retires from the army; his future is assured! His volatile nature asserts itself in prompting him to actually cut a caper over the dead, and to wave his pipe above his head.

His eyes are feasting upon the sparkling gem in his hand. His thoughts are too busy building castles in the air to notice that the Mameluke he has robbed is not yet

dead, and that he has feebly drawn a pistol from the same sash that concealed the treasure.

Beware, Pierre Lefevre! See your danger, and spring aside. But no; the Gaul is intoxicated with his spoil. He has no eyes for aught else than the contents of his grimy, lean hand, and, perhaps, to watch that no comrade is approaching him. He fears nothing from the dead; they won't claim back their property; they are no more to him than sacks—logs—bundles of clothes.

Beware, Pierre! that bundle of clothes at your feet does not contain death yet, but it is able to deal death to one who is rejoicing in living this calm night.

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,"

sings the French soldier, his excess of joy finding further vent in the refrain he first heard when he enrolled under the tricolor six years ago in the far-away blue Vosges of Alsace.

"Le jour de gloire est arri—"

He never finishes the line; the sharp crack of a pistol shot disturbs the air, and down goes the Frenchman, kicking up the sand with his heavy boots, and clutching frantically at the diamond, which his stiffening fingers are unable to close upon; his efforts to seize it only burying it deeper and deeper in the soft, warm sand, together with a little leather tobacco-pouch, within which he was going to enclose it.

The moon is about to rise; it has thrown its first beams upon the summits of the pyramids, edging them with molten silver; then presently they illuminate the placid features of the Sphinx, that locks down with a terrible, majestic solemnity upon the battle-field. Presently the orb of night shows itself clear of the horizon, and, sailing high in the heavens, floods the desert with its refulgent light. The Frenchman is lying side by side with the Mameluke; they are brothers at last; all that has passed between them is forgotten. Neither has any desire now to possess the diamond; neither will strive to wrest it from the other. While, as for the innocent gem itself, it is left in peace beneath the surface of the Great Desert, never again, perhaps, to be coveted while this earth, that is slowly revolving through the night lasts, while human passions endure.

* * *

Egypt, eighty-six years later.

It is the evening of the 10th of October, 1884; and the Camel Corps of Her Britannic Majesty, Queen Victoria, has arrived from Cairo, to camp out here in the shadow of the Pyramids and the Sphinx until further orders, en route for Khartoum, where brave General Gordon is cut off, and surrounded by the Mahdists.

Since Bonaparte delivered his famous address to the French troops—since the power of the Mamelukes was broken—since that startling scene of despoiling the dead by the Republicans—nearly one hundred years have rolled by. From the summit of the Pyramids it is forty-one ages that behold the advent of another invading army; and the Sphinx, with its everlasting stare, is the object of wonderment and awe to the strange armed men from beyond the seas. These soldiers are very different in appearance from those of the last century. The huge cocked hats and long swallow-tailed coats have given place to sun-helmets, loose tunics, card-breeches and "puttees." The flint-lock musket is superseded by the breech-loading Martini rifle. The animation of the Gaul has been superseded by the stolidity of the Briton, the sallow faces and aquiline features have given place to the rosy-beef complexions and stout proportions of old England.

The sun has once again set, and the Sphinx, losing its color, looms darkly over the encampment as the brilliant stars flash out.

Presently, when the tents have grown quiet, after the bugles have sounded "Last post" and "Lights out," the

moon rises, and a tall young British guardsman is surprised by a comrade in the act of covertly examining a photograph by its clear rays. It is the portrait of a girl, and the poor bit of pasteboard has grown limp and cracked in the breast-pocket of its owner's tunic. At the present moment it is sustaining damage from salt tears that are blistering its surface.

"Here, put away that bloomin' picture and go to sleep, looney!" exclaims a jeering voice. A pair of riding-breeches is thrown deftly at the head of the sentimental young soldier, and the photo is sent flying out of his hand.

The young man is wroth, but does not utter a word, fearing that his voice may sound broken and betray his recent emotion. He acts instead.

The bully jumps up to fetch back his breeches, when he receives a staggering blow in the chest that lays him flat on his back. He is up again in a moment, and a sharp scuffle ensues. Our young soldier is getting rather the best of it, when the other spies the photo lying on the sand at his feet. With his naked heel he treads it down, until it is completely hidden from sight, then, catching up his breeches, he aims a parting blow at his opponent, and retreats to his tent with a nasty laugh.

Poor Tom Burton has a long search that night for the photo of his sweetheart. I don't know, though, whether I ought by rights to call Mary Green his sweetheart, for, although he loves her beyond all powers of description, yet he has never courted her and never expects to. The girl is blind, and it is clearly obvious to Tom that no one but a man in very comfortable circumstances can afford to take unto himself a blind wife. Tom Burton has not a sixpence in the world besides his pay, and, as he is by no means clever, there is little prospect of his rising in any profession or trade, consequently, he will never be able to marry her, however madly he loves her. And what makes matters worse is the knowledge that she returns his affection. Moreover, she is very unhappy in her present surroundings, where she is regarded as a burden, so she will pine away and die before her youth is passed. Oh! that he could take her away! Oh! that he could place her beyond the atmosphere of penury and cheer her poor life!

He grinds his teeth in sheer bitterness as he hunts for the faded "counterfeit presentment" of her sad, pretty face. With his hands he digs up the sand, now to the right, now to the left, anger, anxiety and sadness striving together in his heart.

At last his perseverance is rewarded. His fingers come in contact with the poor little photo, more crushed than ever, in no ways improved by its interment. He has also at the same time found something else in the sand, which he turns to examine, after he has restored his beloved photo to its resting-place. By the light of the moon he regards a small leather tobacco-pouch—very old, worn and rotten. It bears an inscription, worked in silk or thread, which, after a little trouble, he deciphers to be "Pierre Lefevre—Membre du fanterie Legere de la Republique."

A strange thrill passes through the British soldier. Tom Burton is sufficiently well-read to know that last century the army of the French Republic came hereabouts, and he is aware that he has come across a relic of history. He finds himself thereupon suddenly urged to renew his burrowing, on the off-chance of bringing to light further mementoes of Bonaparte's army. He has no sooner recommenced his digging than a sparkle from the turned-up sand meets his eye. He puts forth his hand and touches a hard substance. It flashes blue and violet in turn, and Tom Burton sinks back on his heels, trembling.

He has found a huge diamond!—the very diamond that cost Pierre Lefevre his life eighty-six years ago! Once more has the gem returned to the hands of men, to stir pulses, to excite passions, to change the drift of lives.

Tom Burton soon satisfies himself that it is a real diamond, by drawing the edge of one of its facets across the glass of his plated watch. In one minute he has passed from comparative poverty to affluence. While the beams of the moon were stealing, inch by inch, round the curve of the Sphinx's cheek, the young soldier's soul was illuminated with a joy that he had never before experienced. In imagination he had clasped the blind girl to his heart, never more in this life to leave her, he had seen her face brighten and smile into his, her sightless eyes had almost returned his gaze of rapture, no more was he an unhappy, loving mortal—no more was she a hapless, uncared-for creature, happiness was to be theirs to the end of the chapter, through the medium of the flashing, scintillating stone he held in his hand. It would be happiness—such perfect happiness that—

Something that was not the diamond had thrown off a cold gleam from Tom Burton's eyes, and it had the effect of suddenly dashing the cup of prospective bliss from the dreamer's lips.

It was the glint of a sentry's bayonet beyond the encampment, as the man turned towards the east. In that instant Tom Burton had realized, clearer than he had ever before, that he was a soldier, whose duty was to slay, and, if need be, to be slain. An awful terror, a new and appalling aspect of his situation with regard to impending events, takes possession of him. Like many other young fellows who enlist and are ordered on active service, the reflection that he would probably fall in the fray had never seriously engaged his mind, or, if it had, he had dismissed the thought carelessly. But now, as it were, he awoke to grim, stern reality. He sees himself revealed with ghastly vividness on the brink of a precipice. He has found wealth, but he is to lose his life before another month passes. The whole campaign is before him, and it stretches itself before his mind's eye as an impassible torrent which will swallow him up into darkness and extinction.

In an agony of despair he flings himself upon his face on the sand, whispering half aloud:

"I shall be killed!—killed!—never return!"

For the first time he values his life and fears death—all owing to the influence of the Mameluke's diamond.

While, as if to mock him, as he lies prone upon the disturbed sand of the desert, there comes on a gust of the wind the concluding words of a distant sentry's challenge: "And all's well."

When the Camel Corps returned home from their unsuccessful attempt to rescue General Gordon, it was rumored that Private Thomas Burton, 4th Grenadier Guards, had unexpectedly come in to some money, and was going to buy himself off. And amongst his comrades there were those who roared and said: "A good thing for him too! the fight's gone out of him, and he's not the man he was."

The good fellows did not know, perhaps, that occasionally love may spoil a soldier.

THE New York Central Co. will repeat, this year, their Easter excursion to New York City from Montreal and all stations on the St. L. & A. Ry., trains departing from Windsor station at Montreal. Tickets will be good going on April 12, returning leaving New York on or before April 22, thus giving ten days at the metropolis. The splendid service given by the New York Central between Montreal and New York is gaining many friends for that line, and, as our citizens are given these frequent opportunities to visit America's greatest city, the acquaintance with our friends on the other side is constantly growing. The railroad people are not altogether disinterested in putting on these excursions, as it is their idea that it will result in largely increasing the movement of regular travel between Montreal and New York.

THE SPEAKER'S NIGHTMARE.

An Account of what may be expected of our Legislators
Some Day—that is if Dreams come true, and if
Past Events prophesy of the Future.

THE Speaker had returned to his apartments after midnight. He wore almost unto death with the labors of the day. There had been several rows in the chamber that evening, and once it looked as if the noble band of "statesmen" (vide Morgan), whom the Canadian people had sent to Ottawa, as their best and brightest, would indulge in a free fight beside which the recent pranks of the Montreal university students would have appeared as tame as a prayer meeting compared with The Rounders. It was, therefore, no wonder that the Speaker felt like refreshing his wearied form and spent mind. Soon several large slices of cold ham, some pickled gherkins, six slices of thickly buttered bread and two cups of coffee were disposed of. For the Speaker's wife is a woman blessed with that rare intuition which divines what a man's uppermost desire is even before he has spoken. And there was nothing the Honorable husband would have preferred to the "light supper" he found awaiting him on his return. At least so he said, and we all know it would be beneath the dignity of the Chief Commoner to say what he did not think.

And the Speaker slept and dreamed a dream.

The House had just assembled and the orders of the day had been reached when the honorable member for West York rose to a question of privilege and asked if it were true that the Minister of Public Works had mended the window recently smashed in La Patrie office with glass belonging to the electors of Canada, and also whether the honorable gentleman had insulted the Protestant people of Canada by using the last copy of *The Orange Sentinel* from the House of Commons reading-room to wrap his lunch in?

The Minister of Public Works replied that it was nobody's business what he had said about the Methodists of Anticosti, but he wished it to be distinctly understood that he had not advocated the construction of a 26 ft. channel from Montreal to Sherbrooke for the fast carriage of Canadian rice and blueberries to the seaboard.

This answer seemed to satisfy the honorable member for West York, and, no doubt, the incident would have passed, without occasioning anything unusual, had not the member for the St. James' division of Montreal just then entered the house eating a basket of oranges. The member for West York said that he had not intended to say anything further for at least 12 minutes, but the action of the gentleman from Montreal was so timed, and of such a nature as to constitute a gross threat towards the whole Orange order, and he begged to move that the House adjourn.

Immediately there was the wildest uproar, during which the Speaker vainly endeavored to restore order by first going on his knees to the Government benches, and then threatening the Opposition that if they didn't play nice he would go home to his ma. These stringent measures were, however, of no avail. The ex-Minister of Finance had got the member for Guysboro' down beneath the clerk's table, and, like a big bully, was pounding him over the stomach with a copy of the Premier's late work, entitled, "How it feels to have Knight-hooderammed down your throat." The member for Guysboro' was weeping bitterly, and incidentally calling to the members of the Cabinet to bring him that appointment quick. These gentlemen, however, were too much concerned with looking after their own skins, to heed his call. For Mr. Nicholas Flood Spavin had cornered Sir Wilfrid and was holding him by the throat and reading to him selections from his book of poetry, which the Premier didn't seem to appreciate. The Minister of Public Works was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the correspondent of *The Montreal Star*, who had leaped down from the press gallery and was bespattering the "master of the Administration" with ink, in a truly deplorable manner. The gentleman who presides over the Customs Department was vainly endeavoring to cram the member for Jacques Cartier into a biscuit box, marked "Paterson's Jam-lams," and the Minister of Finance was picking up all the

loose change that had escaped from members' pockets in the melee and hurrying with it to a strong box labelled "Dominion treasury—the private property of Mackenzie & Mann." The war-horse of the Cumberland had engaged the Minister of Militia and Defence with a bludgeon, and the Postmaster-General was busy trying to redistribute the anatomy of the editor of *The Toronto World* with a hoe, brought from his farm at Newmarket. Sir Richard Cartspoke was surrounded by a howling Opposition mob, led by the member for Beauharnois, but succeeded in keeping off his assailants by simply smiling at them from time to time. At every smile they retreated with howls of terror, only to rally and return. They had never seen Sir Richard smile before, and the means of defence could not have been more cunningly devised had a Boer strategist been its author. The other Ministers were fortunately absent from the House—otherwise the disorder would probably have been worse. Finally, just as the Hon. Mr. Haggard was about to throw an apple core at the fiery eye of the tall sycamore of North Wellington, towering high over the prostrate form of the member for Ste. Anne's division, Montreal, and when the Speaker was commencing to despair of restoring the dignity of Parliament, Mr. George Elliott Kasey, member for West Elgin, arose to address the House. This saved the day, for the chamber immediately emptied, and the Speaker found himself once more looking from his chair upon an orderly and respectable assembly, while far away in the restaurant the merry sound of clinking glasses and popping corks was to be heard, mingled with snores from the Senate Chamber.

And just then the Speaker awoke. "You were shouting in your sleep, you must have had a bad nightmare," said the Speaker's wife.

THE MAN IN THE GALLERY.

GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

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

Three forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the world at large; the second shows how persons, born on this day in any year, will fare during the next 12 months, and the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life. The present series began with December 1, 1899, and back numbers of 1897, when available, cost 10c. each.

Sunday, March 11.—Men who expect favors from women to-day will be disappointed.

Financial loss, domestic trouble and ill success in love affairs may be expected during this year.

Children born to-day will be discontented, restless, poor and too fond of pleasure.

Monday, March 12.—A propitious day for money matters, journeys and love affairs.

A good year in almost every respect.

Talented and, as a rule, decidedly fortunate will be to-day's children.

Tuesday, March 13.—Little good or evil is foreshadowed in any direction to-day.

A quiet year, but financial loss through speculation, thieves or fire should be guarded against.

To-day's children may be fortunate, but not unless they curb their propensity to waste money.

Wednesday, March 14.—A seasonable day for courtship and weddings, and also good for those seeking employment.

A good year for business and love affairs, but bad for speculation and law suits.

Very lovable will be to-day's children, but not very prosperous, owing to frequent and heavy expenses.

Thursday, March 15.—An unfortunate day.

A bad year in almost every respect.

Children born to-day will be rash, mischievous and turbulent, and will surely meet with some accidents.

Friday, March 16.—No favors should be asked of persons in authority to-day.

Accidents and business losses may be expected during this year.

Enemies or business rivals will greatly hamper the career of those born to-day, and little good fortune will befall them.

Saturday, March 17.—A propitious day for journeys and financial transactions.

Business troubles and illness in the family are foreshadowed during this year.

To-day's children, will not be truthful, and while they may accumulate much money, they will lose it again.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon.

Room 35, 1368 Broadway.

New York.

"Gabriel."

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



NURSE MACINTOSH, of the Red Cross Society, is one of five sisters of a Leith family serving under the Red Cross. Her mother was one of Florence Nightingale's faithful band. In the Zulu War she was several times severely wounded. Once she was giving a wounded Zulu some brandy, and he lifted his deadly weapon to strike her down. She saw the movement and stepped aside, not a second too soon. A little later she was bending over a wounded soldier, when she heard a moan close by. Going to the spot, she saw a young lad almost dead. Her heart went out to him, and she knelt down and prayed with him. Raising her eyes, she saw five big Zulus watching her, one with a bow drawn to strike her dead. It was a critical moment, but her presence of mind saved her. She smiled and bowed to each in turn, when they quietly went off. Shortly afterwards she gained the D S O medal for bravery. She was left with a soldier in charge of the hospital wagon, in which lay several wounded soldiers. Suddenly the wagon was surrounded by Zulus. They attempted to rush up the steps, but only to be met at the top by brave Sister Macintosh and cut down. Her strong arm wielded the sword so cleverly that she managed to repel the attack. She is married to an engineer, and both have gone to the Transvaal War.

WOMEN are realizing more and more all the time that horse-back riding gives a woman a natural grace of movement, which can be acquired in no other way. This perhaps is one reason why "my kingdom for a horse" is heard on all sides. At the riding academies in New York it is stated that there are more saddle horses seen this year than ever before, and that a goodly number of the riders are women.

FOR cleaning all kinds of lace, except the very finest kinds, the following is an excellent plan: Take a preserving jar of glass, wash thoroughly, and fill with hot water, a little borax and pure soap. Shake until a suds is formed. Put your lace in this, shake well and set in the sun, shake every 10 minutes until the lace looks clean. Remove, rinse well in the same manner, as this hurts the lace less than handling it. Now pin it out carefully on to the ironing board covered with a clean cloth. Be sure to pin it straight, and each point should be pinned. Pin with the right side next the board. Press with a cool iron when nearly dry.

I HAVE recently been interested in ascertaining the definite reasons why employers have felt that the positions in their establishments were not most effectively filled by women," writes Mr. Edward Bok, editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "The reasons are as varied as they are interesting. The lack of physical endurance and the unreliability caused by physical considerations were the main causes. The lack of executive ability was given as the main reason in positions of trust, and the friction caused by the objection of women subordinates to receive orders from one of their own sex. Pending or impending matrimonial engagements were also a very pronounced cause. The proprietors also come in for their share, the merchant not feeling that he could ask his female secretary or clerk to remain after business hours. The trader felt that he could not send a woman off on a mission which required hasty packing and preparations for travel at an hour's notice. In a number of cases, women seemed to object, and were inclined to accuse their employers of forgetting the social amenities when they spoke sharply to them. In these cases women always seemed to remember that they were women, and made their employers remember it, too. Illness in the family, which

would not necessitate a man's absence at the office, keeping the woman at home, was another reason. And so went on the reasons which made employers decide that they preferred men to women in their offices. And, as I carefully went over the reasons, each pointed to simply one thing: the unnatural position of woman in business."

A SMALL phaeton drawn by eight little ponies, each pair decreasing in size, is rather an unusual style in turnouts. It was, however, the fairy equipage in which a Marchioness of Lansdowne took her daily outing at Southampton during the early part of this century. Not only did each pair of ponies decrease in size the farther it was placed from the carriage, but each pair became lighter in color, through all the grades dark brown, light brown, bay and chestnut. The two leading pairs were managed by two boyish postilions, the two pairs nearest the carriage were driven in hand.

THERE are certain qualities existing in some people that defy analysis. The talent for success, for instance, cannot be defined, and yet it is well known that certain individuals possess it, while others do not. It is not dependent, apparently, on any particular ability or virtue. Cleverness will not insure it. Perseverance, thrift and industry, although they may help, cannot create it—it is just a gift like the genius for writing or painting, or anything else. It is given to the few, and withheld from the many. The talent for leadership is another one of these mysterious attributes for which the why and the wherefore cannot be discovered. What constitutes a leader is as impossible to explain as to find the key to the secret of success. Even at school some one boy or girl will obtain this prominence, although there may be others apparently equally well or even better fitted to hold the position. In later life people submit meekly to "bosses" of every description—political, social or financial—wondering at, while not denying their power. "Why is it," asked a society woman from another city the other day, "that Mrs. Z. has obtained so much ascendancy over you all?" Granted that she is well born and is rich, but so are a score or more of others. There seems really no adequate reason for it, yet you have put her up on a pedestal and bow down before her. You all are just as pleased and flattered by her notice as if she were royalty. She is evidently a born leader, but how does she do it? There is no power like this subtle power of leadership which is dependent upon no favor and yields no submission; but how it originated and why it is granted to certain individuals is one of the conundrums that forever remains unanswered.

LAST fall, one of the most successful deer hunters in the Muskoka district was a New England woman—I forget her name—who went up there with her husband to enjoy a couple of weeks in the woods with her rifle. In several of the beautiful hunting pictures secured by the special photographer of the Grand Trunk Railway, and which are to be published shortly in pamphlet form, this female nimrod appears. According to a United States exchange, the ranks of female hunters are augmented every year, and that women are venturing to hunt for larger game is evinced by Miss Daisy Leiter, who, according to recent despatches from Calcutta, India, speared a boar. Miss Leiter is a Chicago young woman and sister of the Viceroy of India's wife. Many titled women in England are passionately devoted to the rifle, and of those who enjoy fishing are the Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Fife and many other prominent individuals, who, during the fishing season, give a great deal of time to that form of sport. The number of women in America interested in hunting is indicated by the fact that this winter in Bangor, Me., alone, 150 deer were taken through that had been brought down by women.

IT seems that a good deal of red tape characterizes the administration of the Patriotic Fund. The London Morning Post has exposed a sample case. The widow of a member of the Imperial Light Horse, who fell at Ladysmith, being left almost totally unprovided for, applied for relief, and received in reply a post office order for £6, which small sum, however, she could not obtain before first filling up certain forms in the presence of the village postmistress. To have carried out these requirements meant revealing circumstances and particulars which every gentlewoman considers sacred to herself and family, and not as food for gossip for the whole village. There has been an outburst of protest as a result of the Post's revelation.

GERALDINE.

ART VERSUS SCIENCE.

SINBAD SHOWS HOW ONE OVERCOMES THE TERRORS OF THE OTHER—A HOMELY FOR WHICH IRVING'S VISIT FURNISHES THE TEXT.

THE visit of Sir Henry Irving to this city has naturally concentrated that portion of the perceptive faculties of our citizens not engrossed with the bulletin boards, upon Art—with a capital A—and Science. For when Art can induce Montreal's theatre-goers to pay \$3 to see a \$1.50 play, it approaches so very closely to the borders of Science that it deserves to be classed with it. Indeed, Art and Science are more closely allied than most of those whose knowledge of the difference between them is derived principally from the dictionary, would be ready to admit. It may be Art that enables the vendor of the gold brick to dispose of his product to the guileless hayseed. But it is Science that coats its brazen foundation with the precious metal that enables it to circulate in the best rural society.

But Science and Art are not always allied. In fact, Science can be used to circumvent Art. And Art has been known to double up Science as effectively as a thump in the waistcoat. A case in point presents itself. A scientist—old enough to know better—has recently invented a pocket edition of the cathode ray, on the lines of the ordinary kodak, whereby the wearer of ordinary clothes is as permeable to the vision of any wielder of this fiendish invention as it attired in the most inexpensive and abbreviated costume. And— but for the intervention of Art—the life of the private individual promised to be about as full of terrors as a reformatory. To the man armed with this invention, the unfortunate objects of his curiosity would live in a glare of publicity to which only crowned heads and gold fish are accustomed. With one glance the scientist could ascertain not only what they had had for dinner, but what they were likely to have for tea. By an examination of their vertebrae, he could tell whether they had really visited a sick aunt or gone to the matinee. And an inspection of the muscles of the waist would inform him whether they had been to prayer meeting or been spooning for two hours at a stretch.

Here was a horrifying condition of affairs. What was the average person—the girl, for instance, who wears a shirt-waist and calls us "dear"—to do? How could she retain her "mash" on the strictly temperate curate, if the lines of the spectrum indicated a long cool beer, just where it could do most good? How could she discuss aesthetic art before the Browning Club, when the tell-tale rays gave indisputable evidence of the existence of pork chops in her interior? How could she talk hygiene and health foods with the promising young doctor, if the vengeful instrument depicted a select assortment of microbes battling for life with the last pound of caramels or swimming helplessly round in a lake of ice cream soda? Where were her prospects of inducing any young man to pay her board for life, if he was confronted with a panorama of her efforts in the gastronomic line, just at the moment when they had mutually decided that there was no necessity for anything but love and a cottage in their future partnership.

At this moment of despair, Art—once more with a capital A—stepped in to our aid. True, the remedy suggested is one which will cause the dear little girls with the fluffy curls and the little dab of pearl powder which always go with the shirt-waist to emit tiny screams of horror. But it is the best that Art can do. And Science admits that it is effective. It is simply to paint a coat of nice, dark-blue metallic paint right on the skin. With our enticle thus kalsomined, the cathode ray has no terrors for man, woman or child. But will the people take to it? Our ancestors, we know, considered a coat of blue paint irreproachable form. Worn with an embroidery of real grease spots, it was considered extremely chic at the time when Julius Caesar was introducing civilization into

Britain with an assortment of hardware that caused the mortality returns to assume startling dimensions. But then, our early ancestors seemed to have rather looked down on the dress-shirt and shirt-waist. It is believed they considered such things effeminate. Certainly, these modern fads would not have harmonized with some of the zoological specimens that adorned the scenery at that period, if we are to believe the geologists. Consequently, their preference for a polonaise of blue paint trimmed with collars and cuffs of real dirt does not cut any ice in the present issue.

The question now is—will society accept the buckler proffered by Art to repel the attacks of Science? Will the society girl, for example, wear an Eton jacket of lubricating oil, or submit to be blackleaded like a new stove? Of course, it will not be visible to the masculine eye. Outwardly, the subjugation of mankind by her fascinations will proceed as inexorably as ever. But there will always be the grewsome thought that the dainty bodice covers a torso adorned with a coat of metallic paint like an engine boiler. And, in preference to that, we would prefer to see miles of kinetoscope films revealing all the gastronomic feats that the society girl can accomplish. If Science is to destroy relentlessly one after the other of our cherished illusions the fell work must go on—unless Art can find some more civilized method of checking its iconoclastic march than giving our loved ones a coat of blue paint.

SINBAD.

THE OLDEST DOLL IN THE WORLD.

THE famous Bambino di Ara Coeli, of Rome, is the oldest doll in the world, and, if tradition is true, almost as old as the Christian religion, for it is claimed to have been carved out of a tree from the Mount of Olives in the time of the Apostles, and to have been painted by St. Luke. However, be this true or not, it has been in the Eternal City many hundreds of years, and it is called the Ara Coeli Bambino (baby) because the church of that name, one of the oldest and most interesting in Rome, is its home. The miraculous Bambino lies in the Presepio or manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes, literally incrustated with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones, while its neck and wrists are entirely covered with strings of the purest Oriental pearls.



A CONTRAST.

This sort of thing goes on with impunity in Montreal.

But this sort of thing means the calling out of the whole police force.

People We Hear About.

A LEADER AT THE BAR.

NO one is more familiar to the people of Montreal than that of Mr. Donald MacMaster, Q.C., and even in remote parts of Canada, where he is personally unknown, readers of the newspapers are acquainted with the reputation of the keen, energetic counsel who has figured in so many causes celebres.

Mr. MacMaster might be described as an inveterate Scot. Enthusiastic about all things appertaining to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood," he has long been identified with all movements in Canada having for their objects the cultivation of a proper spirit of mutual helpfulness among Scotchmen and the descendants of Scotchmen and the perpetuation of the national traditions in the new land. When he was last in the home of his forefathers he sent to a number of friends on this side the water, sprigs of heather—the dearest thing in the world to the true Scot, next to Scotch whiskey and the Psalms.

But Mr. MacMaster, though so ardent a disciple of Saint Andrew, is a Canadian both by birth and by those broader sympathies and aspirations, that should and do in his case transcend all considerations of ancestry in this young country, where so many nationalities are being welded together in a common brotherhood. He is indeed an ardent Imperialist, and a lover of the institutions the British flag symbolizes throughout the world. In his speech at the recent patriotic meeting at McGill University, when over \$1,000 was raised for the wives and children of killed or wounded soldiers, and again at the opening of the Court of Queen's Bench the other day, when he asked that the Union Jack should be floated to signalize the dispensation of the Queen's justice as well as the glad tidings from the seat of war, Mr. MacMaster appealed successfully and in eloquent terms to the broadest sentiments of his hearers.

Born at Williamstown, Ont., 33 years ago, he first came to Montreal to study law at McGill University. There he graduated B.C.L., taking the Elizabeth Torrance gold medal, as well as being prize essayist and valedictorian of the class of 1871. Called to the bar in the same year he commenced the practice of law in this city. His course was steadily towards the forefront of his profession. In 1882, he was created a Queen's Counsel by the Dominion Government, and in the same year he was called to the bar of Ontario. Mr. MacMaster frequently appears before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England. He has served as crown prosecutor in several cases that attracted much attention—notably the Laflamme libel case and the Labelle, Hooper and Shortis murder cases. More recently, he has stood out large in the public eye in connection with the cases arising out of the Banque Ville Marie failure. He was a member of the Royal Commission that in 1892 investigated certain matters in connection with the Mercier Government's alleged maladministration in the Province of Quebec. It is well known that in 1895 he declined a nomination to a seat on the bench.

In politics, as everyone knows, Mr. MacMaster is a staunch Conservative. He was in active politics from 1879 to 1887—sitting in both the Ontario Legislature and the Dominion House of Commons. Though pressure has frequently been brought to bear on him since the latter year to induce him to contest constituencies in the Conservative interest, he has declined to do so. Mr. MacMaster is justly regarded as one of the ablest counsel in Canada, and he is said to make as large a sum annually from his practice as anyone now at the bar in this country. J. C. M.



MR. DONALD MACMASTER, Q.C.

THE BRAINS OF THE BOER ARMY.

COLONEL DE VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL, the French strategist whose main work in the Transvaal is said to be the preparation of plans for the defence of Pretoria and Johannesburg, is not an Anglophobe, and in accepting the high post in the army of the South African Republic, he was actuated by none of those sentiments which characterize the French Anglophobe. On the contrary, Colonel De Villebois-Mareuil's tastes are, in many respects, essentially English. He speaks English fluently; his daughter was under the tutelage of an English governess, and his tailor lives in a street off Hanover Square, while during his residence in Algiers, where he held the command of a division, he used to entertain all the prominent members of the English colony.

Being, however, only 50—and a soldier at that age is in the prime of life—and essentially a fighting man with great talents for strategy and tactics, he eagerly jumped at the offer and the tempting remuneration held out to him by Kruger's representative. At the same time he thought it advisable to keep his engagement secret, in order to elude the inquisitiveness of French officialdom, with which every Gaul, be he in the military or civil service, whether active or retired, remains to some extent in touch. With the exception of his friend, Comte de Rothays, and his daughter, nobody was aware of the new career Colonel De Villebois-Mareuil was about to embark upon.

The French press follows the movements of Colonel De Villebois-Mareuil very closely, for which, doubtless, the Colonel is far from being grateful. The papers attribute to him all kinds of absurd statements, of which the following is a fair sample. It is alleged to be an account in the Colonel's own words of the loss of the squadron of Hussars after the battle of Glencoe:

"A regiment of Lancers (sic) disappeared completely in the course of a battle, and this is what happened to them. The English Lancers, after charging a Boer detachment, threw themselves upon the wounded, whom they massacred and despoiled. They were engaged in this abominable work of savagery when they were surprised by a Boer commando. Seeing themselves on the point of being annihilated they raised the white flag, but in consequence of the atrocities they had been guilty of the Boers shot them down to the last man."

"This example," adds this veracious journal, "has struck terror into the English, who will not recommence their atrocities."

PREVIOUS ARTICLES—Major General September 15, Hon Wm Mulock, September 22, His Lordship Bishop Doak, September 29, Mr. W. J. Mage and Mr. Louis Herlette, October 6, Hon Jas. Sutherland, October 13, Mr. Chas. R. Hosmer, October 20, Lieut. Col. Geo. T. Denison, October 27, Principal Grant, November 3, Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10, Dr. Jas. Stewart, November 17, Mr. Geo. Gooderham, November 24, Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1, Archbishop Brocheux, December 8, Mr. Cleophas Beausoleil, December 15, Mayor Parent, of Quebec, December 22, The Hon. Justice Wartle, December 29, Sir Wm R. Meredith, January 5, Mr. W. E. Moran and Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, M.P., January 12, Lord Kitchener, January 19, Archbishop Lewis, February 2, Hon Senator J. P. B. Casgrain, February 9, Hon Senator Geo. T. Furlford, February 16, Wm. Gibson, M.P., February 23.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

MY HEROINES' COMPLEXIONS.

BY A NOVELIST.

IT is a singular fact that my heroines' complexions have always determined those young ladies' characters and shaped their careers for them. In my view, a novelist cannot be too careful in selecting a well-thought-out complexion for his heroine, seeing that his novel will largely be the logical development and consequence of that complexion.

Now, of course, there are two main lines of complexion—brunette and blonde—and a novelist must endow his heroine for the moment with one or other. As a rule, I write what the critics term "gloomy and powerful" books, and I find that the bilious brunette complexion is the best for my purpose.

Now, I have nothing to allege against young ladies with raven hair, dark, flashing eyes, with a ruby glow in their unfathomable depths, and regular, white teeth; but, by some fatality or other, they always turn out badly in my books. You may remember my last heroine, Miriam Westeroft, who killed her husband, blinded four rivals with vitriol, wrecked an express train, and scuttled an Atlantic liner. What a dark, sallow complexion she had, to be sure!

Or Maud Seymour, who disseminated cholera germs in omnibuses from phials she carried in her pocket, killed off a whole Parliament by means of the measles microbe, and introduced the bubonic plague into Belgravia and Mayfair concealed in wedding-favors. She had the complexion and the eyes of a Cleopatra. I have simply had to let my brunettes go in for wholesale crime; their complexions have run away with my imagination. What is the connection between dark, flashing, statuesque beauty and appalling wickedness? Not one of my brunette heroines has turned out anything but a disgrace to

her parents. Four of them committed suicide, and five are now serving terms of penal servitude for life.

If, on the other hand, I give my heroine a blonde complexion, she turns out to be an angel, the best of daughters, the most devoted of wives—amiable, high-spirited, and perennially radiant. I positively can't help myself; the influence of her complexion is too much for me. She is abominably good-tempered and idiotically sweet.

The consequence is that the men don't think much of her, whilst they run like mad after the wicked, unprincipled brunette, who either poisons them or flings chicken-pox microbes over them in the form of scent. My blonde heroines become fearfully insipid, and I have a feeling that my readers are glad when the dear, silly things get married and finally retire.

Novel-readers are exceedingly conservative in the matter of complexions; they will not tolerate originality. I once endowed a heroine with red hair, greenish eyes, and a supply of large freckles all the year around. But my readers would have none of her at first. Gwendoline was a noble and charming character, but her red hair and freckles utterly countered the sympathy that her beautiful nature and appalling misfortunes should have enlisted on her behalf. I made her dye her hair in the sixth chapter, and remove the freckles by electrolysis, and then she went fairly well. But she was never anything but a partial success.

While I am on the general question of heroines I must say a word on the subject of height. If I want a cheerful heroine I never let her grow much beyond five feet. Five-foot-six is fatal to cheerfulness, and a heroine above that is positively sepulchral. My dumpy, squat girls are the chirpiest, merriest madeups in the world; rippling over with sweetest laughter all day long, and making everybody as happy as they are themselves.

My long varieties are absorbed and taciturn, moody and irritable. Now, why is this? Are women in real life distinguished by these qualities in relation to size? Are tall girls never merry? Are short girls never sad? I have tried my best to infuse some sort of cheerfulness into my tall, stately heroines, but the attempt has always resulted in a ghastly failure. And I cannot put a stop to the laughter of my short girls.



Perhaps the above will explain why it is so difficult at present to dispose of their wares.

Antoinette De Mirecourt

A CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Lopron.

CHAPTER III.

Having introduced our heroine to the reader, we will devote a few pages to her parentage and precedents.

Twenty years previous to the opening of our tale, on a golden October day, general rejoicing and gaiety reigned throughout the seigneurie and Manor-House of Valmont, in which Antoinette first saw the light, and which had belonged to her family from the early date at which the fief had been conceded to the gallant Rodolphe De Mirecourt. This beau gentleman, who had landed in Canada possessing little else than a keen bright sword and a pair of shining spurs, soon found himself installed, in return for some services rendered the French crown, lord and owner of the rich and fertile demesne of Valmont, which had descended since in direct line to its present owner, Arthur De Mirecourt. Arrived at the age of manhood, the latter yielded to a natural desire to see that gay sunny land of France, that polished brilliant Paris of which he had heard such marvels recounted. But, though the splendor of the latter at first dazzled, and its countless attractions fascinated him, the young man soon began to weary of its glittering dissipation, and to long for the simple pleasures, the quiet life of his own land. Despite then the entreaties, the indignant representations of his gay young Parisian friends, despite the reproachful glances of the dark-eyed graceful dames, who used to shed such pitying glances on him when allusion was made to the land of "snow and svages," he returned to his native country, fonder and more devoted to it than when he had left its shores. His sojourn in the brilliant French capital had in no degree changed the simple healthful tastes of his boyhood, and never had he entered into the varied amusements of a Parisian fete with more buoyancy of spirit and freshness of enjoyment than he did into the simple rejoicings succeeding his return to his own quiet home in Valmont.

Warm and loving hearts were waiting there to welcome him back—the widowed mother, who had found so powerful a solace in his thoughtful affection, for the loss of the husband and children who lay sleeping beneath the seigneurial pew from which Sunday or holiday so rarely found her absent; friendly neighbors and censitaires too, not omitting the orphaned Corinne Delorme, a young girl distantly related to Mrs. De Mirecourt, whom the latter had brought up with a mother's care, and whom he had always looked on as a dear sister.

This same Corinne, though possessing a graceful figure and regular small features, had never obtained the title of a beauty—a circumstance which may have arisen in part from her total want of that gaiety and animation in which Canadian girls are so rarely deficient, or from a certain look of languor and pallor, the result of a very delicate fragile constitution.

A more exacting woman than Mrs. De Mirecourt might have occasionally taxed her young protegee with ingratitude, so unobtrusive, so quiet was she in word and manner; but, then, it must be remembered that the young girl never forgot those silent unobtrusive attentions, that respectful deference which daughter owes to parent. Never, perhaps, had Corinne's constitutional coldness showed itself more plainly, or in a more annoying form to her benefactress, than on the occasion of Arthur De Mirecourt's return to his native land. Whilst household, friends and neighbors, were planning festivities and rejoicings to duly honor the expected arrival she alone dis-

played a provoking calmness amounting to indifference; and, on the morning of his return, when he turned towards her, after tenderly folding his mother in his arms, and drew her towards him in a brother's frank friendly embrace, she evinced no more emotion or joy than if they had only parted the day previous. Happening to touch upon the circumstance, in one of the pleasant confidential conversations which his mother declared amply repaid her for the loneliness she had experienced during his absence, Madame De Mirecourt found a dozen excuses for the delinquent. Poor Corinne was so sickly—subject to such frequent headaches—such great depression of spirits—which benevolent pleas meanwhile did not prevent the young man from setting down the object of them as a cold, unamiable egotist.

It might have been expected that Mrs. De Mirecourt, having but recently recovered her son as it were, would have been in no hurry to share the large place she held in his heart with any rival, and yet such was really the case. No sooner was he fairly installed at home than a restless desire to see him settled in life—married—took possession of her. Acting on this maternal wish, a hint was given here and there to lady friends, and Arthur was soon besieged by invitations in every quarter, certain of meeting, wherever he went, fair young faces which would have looked to singular advantage in the low, dark rooms of the old Manor-House. Arrived at the age of 28, rejoicing in a heart and fancy entirely free, young De Mirecourt by no means sought to keep aloof from these social meetings; and, before long, he began to acknowledge secretly to himself, that he returned in some slight degree, the evident partiality that a certain graceful young heiress, possessed of radiant health and spirits, bestowed upon him. Matters not advancing, however, with that rapidity which Mrs. De Mirecourt desired, that wily lady determined on inviting the young girl she had privately selected as a future daughter-in-law, together with a few other young people, on a fortnight's visit. The visit was now drawing to a close, and nothing tangible had come of it. Arthur had indeed talked, danced and laughed a great deal with Mademoiselle De Niverville, who, in reality, was as good as she was charming, but that was all. No honeyed word, no tender love-vow had fallen from his lips; and she was now about returning home, and both parties were as free as if they had never met. Still, the young man sincerely admired her, indeed, he could scarcely do otherwise; and more than once, as the sweet gaiety, the winning kindness of her disposition, showed itself in such striking contrast to the apathetic indifference of Corinne, who seemed to grow colder and more reserved every day, he could not help wishing for his mother's sake, whose life-long companion the young girl, if she continued single, was destined to be, that she more nearly resembled the fair young heiress of De Niverville.

Meanwhile, Mrs. De Mirecourt, anxious and uneasy about the success of her matrimonial plans, bethought herself of seeking the cooperation of Corinne, and asking her to urge the dilatory Arthur to come to an understanding with Miss De Niverville before she left Valmont. Mrs. De Mirecourt would willingly have done this herself; but the two or three attempts she had made in that direction had been so firmly, though laughingly, parried by her son, that she deemed it unavailing. Corinne accepted, though, perhaps, somewhat reluctantly, the delicate mission confided to her, and sought one morning the breakfast-room, in which Arthur, always an early riser, was reading alone. Very patiently he heard her, for her manner possessed more sisterly kindness than it usually betrayed; and she earnestly enlarged on Louise's merits and many good qualities—the hopes and expectations which she and her friends had probably founded on the attentions he had lately paid her, and on the happiness he would confer on his devoted mother by fulfilling the wish nearest her heart.

The quiet yet persuasive eloquence with which Corinne spoke, surprised whilst it half convinced her auditor. He made no answer, however, beyond smilingly replying that he had

ample time yet, that the party were all going out sleighing that very afternoon; and, as he intended driving the fair Miss De Niverville himself, he had a splendid opportunity for satisfying public expectation generally. Seeing that Corinne still looked very earnest, he took her hand, and added more gravely:

"Laughing or jesting will not prevent me, my kind little sister, from seriously reflecting, and, perhaps, acting on your recent kindly-intended counsels. The drive this afternoon will certainly afford a most favorable chance, if I can only make up my mind to avail myself of it. Of course you will join us?"

"I fear I cannot. I have a letter to write, and it is better for me to get rid of the task during the day, so that I may be free to join you all in the drawing-room on this, the last night that our guests will be with us. For this morning I have more work laid out than I can possibly accomplish."

What charming weather it was for a drive! How smooth were the dazzling white roads, how glorious the sunshine! Even Madame De Mirecourt had been induced to join the party, and, buried under bear-skin robes, in her own comfortable roomy cariole, looked as cheerful as the light-hearted Louise herself.

Corinne, true to her previous determination, remained behind; and, as she stood at the window waving them a friendly farewell, looking so pretty with that quiet smile on her delicate colorless features, and the sunlight gilding her rich silky hair, De Mirecourt again thought what a pity it was that so little feeling of warmth of character lurked beneath that fair exterior. But these thoughts were soon forgotten in the excitement of starting, and in the pleasurable duty of attending to his fair companion, and gathering the sleigh robes carefully around her. But, behold, after they had driven a short distance, the pretty Louise took it into her graceful head to imagine that she felt cold, and commenced bemoaning the want of a certain dark grey shawl, whose thick warm texture was a certain protection against the coldest of winter blasts. Of course, a gallant cavalier like De Mirecourt instantly proposed returning to the house for it, and the sleigh was soon drawn up again at the starting point.

"I will hold the reins, Mr. De Mirecourt, whilst you run in for it. I left it in the little sitting-room. Pray, do not be angry with me for being so forgetful and troublesome?"

The young man replied to the charming speaker with a dangerously tender smile, and then entered the house. Lightly and rapidly he ran up the staircase, into the apartment indicated. There, on the end of the sofa, he perceived the object of which he had come in quest, but, as he hastily caught it up, the sound of a low though passionate sob fell on his ear. Surprised and startled, he glanced around. The sound again repeated, came from an inner chamber opening off the sitting-room, and which a couple of bookcases had invested with the dignified title of library.

Who could it be? What did it mean? Suddenly, through the half-open door, his eye fell on a mirror suspended opposite him, on the wall of the library; and clearly reflected in that mirror was the figure of Corinne Delorme seated on a low stool, apparently in the utter abandonment of grief, her face bowed over some object which she held tightly clasped in her slender fingers, and on which she was showering impassioned kisses. That object was his own miniature, a gift which he had brought his mother from France.

All was made clear to him now. The coolness, the indifference, was all feigned—an icy veil assumed to hide the devoted love that had grown with the young girl's growth, and become an engrossing sentiment of her life—a sentiment, however, which maiden pride and modesty had taught her so effectually to conceal. Yes, loving him as she did, she had found courage enough to plead the cause of another—to dismiss him with smiles when she supposed him on the point of offering the prize of his love to a rival.

Very quietly, very softly, De Mirecourt retreated, and, when he rejoined Miss De Niverville, his face was much paler

and graver than was its wont. During the drive, notwithstanding his utmost efforts, he was unusually preoccupied, and had to bear, in consequence a considerable amount of raillery from his fair companion, but, whatever course the conversation took, no profession or vow of love escaped his lips. Arrived at home, he soon made his escape from the lively group that gathered around the large double stove, and it was not till a couple of hours after that he rejoined them.

The first person he met on entering the drawing-room was Corinne; and, with a quiet smile on her pale face, she "hoped he had enjoyed his drive."

"Tolerably; but shall I tell you, sister mine, whether I followed out your counsels or not?"

Brave young heart! Not the quivering of a feature, not the twitching of an eyelash, betrayed the terrible anguish that reigned within!

Softly, distinctly, the answer came:

"Yes; tell me that you have fulfilled the wishes of the best of mothers—of all your friends."

He looked earnestly, searchingly, in her face. "Will you congratulate me, Corinne, if I have done so, and if my suit has prospered?"

A crimson flush, fading as rapidly as it rose, overspread her face, and turning away, she rejoined in a quiet, almost cold tone:

"Why should I not? Your choice is one against which no objection could possibly be raised."

Without openly avoiding him, Corinne contrived that, during the course of the evening, she and De Mirecourt should not find themselves again in proximity. He could read aright now, however, that apparent indifference and egotism which he had till lately so greatly misjudged and so strongly condemned.

The following day, Louise De Niverville left Valmont, and her tardy suitor had not spoken. With De Mirecourt's delicate sense of honor, his chivalrous generosity of character, it seemed to him that he was no longer free, that he belonged of right to her who had lavished on him unsought the hidden wealth of her secret love. After a week's quiet reflection, during which he found his fancy for Miss De Niverville had taken no root whatever in his heart—a week during which Corinne had endeavored unceasingly to avoid him, struggling all the while as only a woman can struggle against that affection which was daily gaining in intensity and depth—he sought her side one snowy winter evening, as she stood at the sitting-room window silently watching the white flakes falling outside, and, without many vows or protestations, asked her to be his wife.

She turned fearfully pale, and, after a moment's silence, whispered, "Was she, a poor dependant, the bride his mother would choose, his friends approve of?"

"That is not what I ask you, dear Corinne. I do not marry to please either friends or mother; and, besides, the latter loves me too well to find fault with choice of mine. Tell me, simply, do you love me well enough to become my wife?"

Slowly, hesitatingly, as if the secret, so long and so jealously kept, could scarcely be yielded up, came the little monosyllable—yes, and, a few weeks later, they were married, quietly and without pomp, in the little village church—Mrs. De Mirecourt, the first disagreeable sensation of the surprise over, easily sacrificing her own private wishes to those of her idolized son.

Once married, the indifference and coldness of Corinne's character vanished like snow before April sunshine, and never was wife more loving and more devoted. De Mirecourt never told that her that he had surprised her secret, never told her that she owed as much to pity as to love; and soon his generosity met its reward, for an affection as ardent as that which his young wife had so long secretly cherished for him, sprang up in his heart towards herself. Alas! that union, blessed and trusting as theirs, was doomed to be so soon severed! Two years of domestic happiness, unclouded by look or word of estrangement, during which period Antoinette was born, was

ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.

accorded them, and then the young wife, always delicate and fragile, began to droop.

No affection, no care could save her, and, before many months had elapsed, she was taken from De Mirecourt's loving arms and laid in her last earthly home. Ere the first anniversary of her death had arrived, Madame De Mirecourt had joined her, leaving the Manor-House as gloomy and silent as a tomb. The appointed time of mourning over, friends began to hint to the young widower that his home required a mistress, that he was too young to devote himself to a life-long sorrow.

Mr. De Mirecourt, however, remained deaf to all such friendly suggestions; and after procuring in the person of the estimable Madame Gerard, a suitable governess for his infant daughter, he subsided into the quiet country life he had led ever since.

Fortunate beyond measure was the little Antoinette in having found so kind and prudent a guide to replace the mother she had so early lost; and notwithstanding the excessive indulgence of her father, and the impulsive thoughtlessness of her own disposition, she had grown up an amiable and winning, though not wholly faultless character.

CHAPTER IV.

It was St. Catherine's Eve, that day always marked in French-Canadian homes, whether in the habitant's cottage or the seigneur's mansion, by innocent mirth and festivity, and which answers so nearly to our Hallow-E'en.

On the night in question, Madame D'Aulnay's abode was blazing with waxen tapers and resounding to the strains of lively cotillon and contre danse, while her handsome rooms, filled with glittering uniforms, and gauzy, perfumed dresses, presented a brilliant and enlivening scene.

Leaning gracefully beside the mantelpiece of the grate, the bright reflection of whose clear fire cast a most becoming glow on her really fine features, stood the elegant hostess herself, engaged in conversation with a tall, fine-looking man, whose clear bright color and dark blue eye betrayed his Anglo-Saxon descent. The lady had brought the whole artillery of her charms to bear on her companion, speaking glances, bewitching smiles, and sweetly modulated tones, but though he was courteous and attentive, she felt she had made little or no impression; and to the courted and fascinating Madame D'Aulnay this was indeed a mortifying novelty.

Meantime, whilst she was thus vainly lavishing her powers of attraction on her unimpressible guest, her cousin, Miss De Mirecourt, was succeeding much better with her partner of the hour. The latter was Major Sternfield, "the irresistible," as he had already been styled by some of the fairer portion of the company; and, certainly as far as outward qualifications went, he almost seemed to deserve the exaggerated title. A tall and splendidly-proportioned figure—eyes, hair and features of faultless beauty, joined to rare powers of conversation, and a voice whose tones he could modulate to the richest music, were rare gifts to be all united in one happy mortal. So thought many an envious man and admiring woman; and so thought Audley Sternfield himself.

A fitting partner for this Apollo was the bright-eyed, graceful Antoinette De Mirecourt, whose rare personal charms were doubly enhanced by the witching naivete, and shy vivacity of manner which many found more fascinating than even her beauty itself. Major Sternfield was bending over her, apparently heedless of everything but herself, and certainly leaving her no cause to complain of the devotion of her partner; when, skillfully enough for such a novice, changing the tone of the conversation from the shade of sentiment to which Sternfield, even in that early stage of their intercourse sought to bring it, she exclaimed:

"Pray, tell me the names of some of your brother officers? They are all strangers to me."

"Willingly," he smilingly rejoined, "and their characters too. It will be but a proper preliminary step to their introduction to yourself; for they have all vowed, with but one exception, that they will not leave this evening until they have obtained, or attempted to obtain, an introduction to you.

"To begin then. That dark, quiet-looking man on your right is Captain Assheton, a very amiable and very harmless sort of person. The good-humored, ruddy personage beside him is Dr. Manby, surgeon of ours, who would amputate a limb as smilingly and cheerfully as he would light a cigar. That very pretty, very exquisitely dressed young gentleman, dancing opposite us, is the Hon. Percy Delaval; but, as I have promised to introduce him to yourself, provided you will permit it, when this dance is over, and he will probably claim your hand for the next, you will have an immediate opportunity of knowing and judging for yourself."

"But who is that stately-looking gentleman talking with Mrs. D'Aulnay?" and Antoinette glanced towards the mantelpiece where the hostess still stood conversing with her impassible companion. "That is Colonel Evelyn"; and as Sternfield pronounced the name, an expression of mingled dislike and impatience flashed across his face. It was instantly repressed, however, and, in a lower tone, he rejoined:

"In the first place, he is the one exception I hinted at just now who did not pledge himself to become acquainted with you this evening, if possible. Is not that enough; or, do you still wish to know more of him?"

"Decidedly. He interests me now more than ever."

"A true woman's perverse answer," inwardly thought Sternfield; but, with a low voice, he replied:

"Well, your wishes must be obeyed. In a few words then, confidential, of course, I will tell you what Colonel Evelyn is. He is one who believes neither in God, nor man, nor yet in woman."

"You almost frighten me! Is he an infidel?"

"Not perhaps in open theory, but in practice he certainly is. Born and brought up a Catholic, he has never, in the memory of the oldest member of the regiment, entered church or chapel. Cold and distant in manner, he is on terms of friendly intimacy with no man, but worst and greatest enemy of all," and here the chivalrous speaker deprecatingly smiled, "he is a professed, incorrigible woman-hater. Some disappointment in a love affair, early in life, the particulars of which none of us have ever heard, has embittered his character to such a degree that he openly declares his contemptuous hatred for all of Eve's daughters, vowing they are all equally false and deceitful. Pray, forgive me, Miss De Mirecourt, for uttering such shocking sentiments in your presence, even whilst condemning them heart and soul; but you command me to speak, and I had no alternative but to obey. But here comes Mr. Delaval to solicit an introduction."

The usual formula was gone through, Antoinette's hand asked by the newcomer for the ensuing dance, and then Sternfield turned away, first whispering in the young girl's ear:

"I yield my place with such regret that I shall soon venture on claiming it again."

If Major Sternfield had chosen his successor with the intention that he should act as a foil to himself he could not have succeeded better in his choice.

The Honorable Percy Delaval was a golden-haired, pink-cheeked, delicate-featured youth of 21 summers. Lately come into a considerable fortune—belonging to an old and wealthy family in England, and possessing, as before hinted, considerable personal attractions, Lieut. Delaval was as thoroughly infatuated with himself as ever lover was with mistress. To his natural gifts he had added some acquired ones, such as a lisping, drawling form of speech, a lounging mode of standing or reclining (he rarely sat, in the proper acceptation of the term) and a peculiar mode of languidly half-closing his large blue eyes, or occasionally calling up into them an abstracted vacancy of gaze and expression—all of which numerous and

varied attractions, rendered him, at least in his own estimation, more irresistible than the handsome Sternfield himself. Such was the young gentleman, who, after a protracted silence, during which his eyes had listlessly wandered round the room, apparently unconscious of the existence of his partner, at length turned towards her, and half-patronizingly, half-languidly, inquired "if she were fond of dancing?"

"That depends entirely on the species of partner I chance to have," replied Antoinette, with as much truth as spirit.

The infatuated Percy, however, saw only in this plain speech an implied compliment to himself, and, after another five minutes' imposing silence and abstraction, he resumed—"They say it is intolerably cold here in the winter!"

To this proposition there was no reply beyond a slight inclination of his companion's head.

"What do the men wear to protect themselves from the Siberian rigor of the climate?"

"Bear-skin coats," was the laconic reply

"And the women—haw—I beg pardon, the ladies—the fair sex, I should have said?"

"Blankets and moccasins," rejoined Antoinette, slightly tossing her pretty little head, for she felt her patience rapidly giving way. The Honorable Percy stared.

Was it really the case; or could this "obscure little colonial girl," as he inwardly characterized her, be quizzing him?

Oh, the latter supposition was improbable—totally out of the question. It must be that in some of the country parts the women still wore the singular costume just mentioned, a reminiscence probably of the peculiar customs of their Indian predecessors.*

Returning to the charge, he resumed with more impertinent nonchalance of tone and manner than before.

"They say that for eight months the ground is covered to the depth of four feet with snow and ice, and that everything freezes. How do the unfortunate inhabitants contrive to support nature during that time?"

Antoinette's first feeling of irritation was fast giving place to one of amusement, and she smilingly rejoined:

"Oh, if provisions are very scarce, they eat each other."

"Heavens and earth! It was then possible, nay, actually true. She was quizzing him! His very breathing seemed suspended by the discovery, and, for a considerable time, indignant amazement kept him silent. But, he must condignly punish, annihilate his audacious partner, and, calling up as contemptuous a sneer as his pretty, effeminate features would permit him to assume, he rejoined.

"Well, yes, Canada is as yet so utterly out of the pale of civilization, that I am not surprised at your tolerating any custom, however barbarous."

"True," serenely replied Antoinette; "we can tolerate everything here but fops and fools."

This last sally was too much for Lieutenant Delaval, and he had not recovered from the effects of the shock it had given him, when Major Sternfield hurried up to again claim Miss De Mirecourt's hand for another dance.

Antoinette carelessly placed her arm within that of the newcomer, and turned away, totally unconscious that Colonel Evelyn, who had been examining some prints at a table behind them, having succeeded in making his escape from his hostess, was an amused auditor of the whole of the preceding singular dialogue.

"Well, what think you, Miss De Mirecourt, of the Honorable Mr. Delaval?" smilingly inquired her present partner. "If you remember, we decided that you should form your judgment of him unbiassed by any previous opinion of mine."

"I request of you, Major Sternfield," was the petulant reply, "to introduce me in future to no more foolish boys. They make tiresome partners."

Sternfield's eyes sparkled with suppressed mirth; and that evening the mess room rang with jokes and laughter which made the Honorable Percy Delaval's ears tingle with mingled wrath and desire of revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*The reader will please remember that this was over a century ago, when such a thing was possible, though not probable.

COST OF WAR.

THE Washington Bureau of Ordnance recently issued some interesting statistics of the details of the cost of annihilating the Spanish navy. Admiral Dewey spent some \$45,000 worth of ammunition in sending Montojo's fleet to the bottom of Manila Bay. In all, 5,661 projectiles were fired, for the most part six and one-pounders. The gallant Cervera's fleet, on that memorable morning in Santiago harbor, was sunk, burned or captured with an expenditure of \$100,000. Seven thousand shells were fired, varying in size from 13-inch projectiles to one-pounders.

The Spanish-American War was, certainly, the cheapest on record, both in the waste of men and money. The terrible Civil War of 1863-65 cost the United States the tremendous figure of \$3,700,000,000 and 656,000 men. There were 2,336,000 men in the Northern army, and of these but 44,240 were killed in actual combat, while 183,036 died from wounds and disease. The Southern army lost 26,720 killed and 200,000 in wounded and prisoners. For the conduct of that war the Ordnance Department of Washington served out 7,892 cannon, 4,022,000 rifles, 2,360,000 equipments, 12,000 tons of gunpowder, and 1,022,000,000 rounds of cartridges.

The American War of Independence cost Great Britain \$605,000,000, nearly double the amount we expended on the Crimean War, which drew only \$345,000,000 from the National Exchequer. In the same war France spent \$465,000,000 and Russia \$710,000,000. Great Britain put 97,000 men into the field, of whom 70,000 returned to England. France, as usual, was extravagant of her fighting men, and sent 309,400 to the Crimea to conquer their present ally. Of these, 95,000, nearly as many as the entire British force, lost their lives. To meet the armies of the allies Russia put 888,000 men into the field, and half of these lie buried at Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, and Sebastopol.

In less than 300 years Great Britain has expended the very respectable sum of \$6,295,000,000 in war. The war with Germany and Spain in 1702, when Marlborough fought his "very murdering battles," cost us \$910,000,000. The war with France, which culminated at Waterloo, bled the British purse to the tune of \$4,155,000,000 while the whole of the Napoleonic Wars cost France only \$1,275,000,000, though they had to fight the whole of Europe. It must be remembered, however, that England supplied large sums of money to many of the European Powers in their struggles against the little Emperor.

The last great European war, the Franco-Prussian, as may be expected, involved an enormous expenditure of life and money. Germany put 1,003,000 men into the field against a French force of 710,000. Of the French 138,770 died in battle or in hospital, against 44,000 of the Germans. The latter fired off 3,000,000 musket cartridges and 363,000 rounds of artillery, with which they killed or mortally wounded 77,000 French, being 400 shots to kill one man. This war cost France \$1,580,000,000.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

AGNES REPLIHER, writing of Sienkiewicz's new novel, "The Knights of the Cross," the Canadian edition of which is being published by Morang & Co., says: "It seems hardly worth while for the publishers to assure us in a line on the flyleaf that Mr. Curtin's translation is 'unabridged.' A book of 412 closely printed pages which leaves us just in the middle of the story does not suggest abridgment. We, in this hurried New World, which seldom has time for anything, envy more than we would like to admit these deliberate Poles and Russians who write as Richardson wrote 200 years ago, and who never doubt a corresponding degree of leisure on their readers' part."

Mr. S. R. Crockett is making ready to publish in book form two new novels, "Joan of the Sword" and "Little Anna Mark," and he is, moreover, hard at work upon another novel and upon the second series of "The Stickit Minister." It is a pity that industry so amazing should not have results of proportionate magnitude.

Mr. Anthony Hope has been elected chairman of the English Authors' Society for the year now begun. He is at present busy with his new novel, "Tristram of Blent," which is to be published first in one of the illustrated magazines.

The queer and suggestive title of Lucas Malet's forthcoming novel is "The Gateless Barrier." It is to be published in a few weeks.

ARE YOU GOING TO PARIS?

NOT MUCH INTEREST TAKEN IN THE EXPOSITION BY CANADIANS SO FAR.

WILL the Paris Exposition be a success? Will many people from this side of the ocean attend it? Such questions are commencing to be discussed, notwithstanding the saturation of the public mind with the war, and the thousand and one personal interests the war has brought to the fore.

One does not hear of a great number of Canadians making ready to attend the exposition. But then there are many months yet in which one may come to a decision, and pack one's trunk. As in the case of the Chicago Fair, thousands of people will not decide to go until they have read or heard the impressions of others. When the press and the summer resorts commence to echo the praise of returned sight-seers, the fever will seize even those who have resolved to be stay-at-homes for once, and then there will be a mad rush to see what is to be seen before it fades away like the baseless fabric of a dream. It was so in 1893, and it will be so in this year of grace 1900. Only there is this difference, that many who went to Chicago will be restrained from going to Paris by considerations of time and expense. One could go to Chicago, see a great deal, and return inside of a couple of weeks, but, in the case of Paris, people who cannot leave their business for at least a month or six weeks need scarcely give the exposition a second thought. For, to consume two weeks in crossing and recrossing the Atlantic merely to spend six or ten days in the white city by the Seine, would be the height of folly.

The attendance at the Paris Fair will probably be much less than it promised to be had the Dreyfus affair and the Boer War not intervened. From all accounts, the British public are in no humor to patronize anything French. Still, it must not be forgotten that self-interest governs in matters of this kind, rather than sentiment, and it is not likely that many people, whose interest lies in making the fair a success, will remain away or keep their goods away merely for the purpose of hitting back at the Parisian mob. The Dreyfus affair is already almost forgotten by those whom it most shocked, and if the war should be brought to a triumphant close before the opening of the exposition, the French people will probably have enough sense to pour oil on the wounds they have inflicted in British national pride, with a view to securing a liberal attendance of John Bull and his people at the fair.

So far as buildings and exhibits go, there is no question that the Paris Exposition will be a memorable success. It may not be of the magnificent proportions of Chicago's effort, but the French nation has a way of doing things of this sort in the most beautiful and effective style. The progress made since last summer has been marvelous. Everywhere, and as if by magic, some new architectural design has presented itself full of power and elegance. On every side can be seen the fruitful alliance of the art of the architect with the art of the

engineer. Plots of land which only yesterday seemed to be barren and unfruitful are to-day the sites of magnificent buildings and palaces. All along the River Seine are hundreds of skilled workmen, like so many bees working in each particular hive, constructing what will be one of the most interesting features of the exposition—the "City of All Nations."

The first Universal Exposition was held in Paris in 1855. It attained marked success, and the impetus was given. In 1900 at Paris, there is in store for the world a sight that has never before been seen. Over 50 foreign nations have responded to the invitation of France, and many of them reserved sites on which to build their national pavilions, constituting thus in each a special exposition—a museum of their masterpieces. The Quai d'Orsay, between the Alma bridge and that of the Invalides, was from the first destined for this group of pavilions. The Quai d'Orsay, therefore, is to be one of the places of greatest interest at Paris in 1900, for there will be erected monuments giving the characteristic architectural features of every civilized nation on the globe. Here the visitor will see a



SUSPICIOUS CONDUCT.

Clementine is either engaged or else she isn't.

What do you mean?

Why she has quit looking in the mirror when she puts on her hat.

city, all the dwellings of which are palaces, symmetrically aligned, suitably spaced, and each and all utterly unlike from architectural and decorative points of view, having no common idea, each having its special language, its special habits, its special manners. In this "City of All Nations" one can readily imagine the terrestrial surface reduced to restricted dimensions, and without a very nimble fancy can become a wanderer in the midst of this strange collection of the peoples of the world. The succession of these constructions on the bank of the Seine will give a striking illustration of the diversity of the schools of architecture in different countries and at different epochs. The buildings of nearly all the foreign pavilions are far advanced, and the foreign commissioners now rival each other in zeal, and the sentiment of national pride directs them powerfully in their researches and efforts.

M. Alfred Picard, Commissioner-General of France, asserts that the exposition will open in complete state on the day announced for its inauguration, April 15. Already Paris is thronged with exhibitors, who are busy getting their exhibits ready.



Two eats to one tongue—therefore
hear twice as much as you speak.
TURKISH PROVERB.

WHENEVER one hears people discussing the average conversation of the present day, one generally finds it is the quality of it they belittle. They are probably anathematizing it as "vain and empty," "too frivolous for them," "not of sufficient depth," and so on, according to the amount of superficiality, or the power of expressing it, that they possess. It may be that, like them, I wish to appear out of the common, when I say that what to me is most offensive is the quantity of conversation in which we all indulge. As for the quality, it differs with everyone. The utterances of most people are eminently suitable as issuing from their lips, and, no doubt, satisfy those who are asked to listen. We, most of us, gauge our friends' minds, after a tolerably short acquaintance, and soon learn how much or how little to expect from them. But the trouble lies in the anxiety of which we are all guilty, to talk when we have literally nothing to say. Nine tenths of us would prefer to babble on about any subject, interesting or uninteresting, rather than remain silent. We prefer to rack our brains for some futile remark that entertains our companions as little as or less than holding our peace would do, lest we are considered stupid. Visiting, entertaining, dress, many things need reform. But none more so than this ill-judged idea that it is never advisable to be quiet. Yet, doubtless, there is little chance of working a lasting change in this particular. We go out to tea. Not seeing any particular friend, we tackle the first person available. We have absolutely nothing in common, but for 10 minutes we talk about commonplace matters, each secretly wondering what one can say next, should the conversation show signs of flagging.

"Words, words, words!" How much better to have hidden in the crowd, never a difficult matter, until we saw somebody to whom we really wished to speak or had something to say. Neither polite, nor sociable, you say? No, perhaps not. But I was not saying such a course was practicable; only that it would be infinitely better. There is no one I admire more than the man or woman who has the courage to remain with closed lips while the others about the dinner table, or the crackling fire, enjoy an animated conversation. They need not look apathetic, or seem dullards. The expression of a good listener is just as pleasing as that of a good talker; perhaps more so, for we see it more seldom, and in this age anything novel is always acceptable.

I KNOW a man, who, with the utmost sang froid, will sit quiet for any length of time, provided others seem to have plenty to say. Perhaps the topic under discussion is not of great interest to him, or he has not studied it. So he never attempts to put in his oar, but derives what pleasure or benefit he can by using his ears and letting his tongue rest. A most uninteresting person, perhaps some think. Not at all. When he has anything to say, it is worth listening to. He is one of the few who think more than they speak, and, consequently, only employ the unruly member to its best advantage.

Perhaps, if we only spoke when words of wisdom were to be let fall, we would many of us become dumb from being out of practice. But, as few of us are likely to restrain ourselves to this extent, the suggestion will do no harm. I have often, through a mistaken sense of obligation, talked on for an

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

incredible length of time without discussing anything which I knew much about or was interested in. My own thoughts would have been infinitely more amusing, and, doubtless, my companion would have shrunk into his own shell with pleasure. But, because we were placed side by side at dinner or lunch, we talked on, while to sit silent, listening to the chat of the other guests, would have made the entertainment for us quite a success. But no, talk we must. Conversation is like olives on an American's table—it is inevitable. It is taken with everything. It is like the organ of a "merry-go-round"—just as unceasing. We are expected to talk while we eat, while we dance, while we skate, while we work. Asleep and in church only are we exempt. And, in regard to the latter, the line is not so rigidly drawn as the former. It is unfortunate that we all wish to be the suppliers, not the supplied. Everbody wants, so to speak, to be a manufacturer, not a consumer.

WHAT a good plan it would be, if, like the sheep and the goats, we could all be separated into two classes—talkers and listeners. Not, of course, for an indefinite time, but simply for short alternate periods. Then, by degrees, we would become adepts in both arts, instead of only exponents of speech, and not very able ones at that. There is nothing, doubtless, pleasanter than a conversation with a congenial friend—one who understands your ideas almost before they are uttered, who can see your side of the question as clearly as his or her own, with whom one has at least one taste in common. But this is not an everyday, common or garden occurrence. We are generally talking to people with whom we apparently have nothing of mutual interest. Then, as a beginning, do let us find out what they like to discuss, and let them discuss it. Some people like to talk about themselves. Then, be quick enough to discern that, and ask them pointed questions as to their likes and dislikes; their aims and their ends. You will be able to sit with folded hands and closed mouth for as long as you choose to do so. Others prefer to talk about their friends and relations, the people they have met. By all means encourage them. It requires but little expenditure of energy. Many, again, have an unmitigated fondness for discussing their various complaints, or the complaints of their acquaintances, with detailed accounts of symptoms, doctors, what relieved them and what did not. Start them off by a mild allusion to your own cold, and be sure to call it "grippe." Nothing stirs up such reminiscences as that malady. Then, for half an hour or so, you may pursue your own thoughts, interrupting them only to nod appreciatively or exclaim at the correct moment. Or it may be that you are required to converse with him whose mind and soul are filled with one thought, and that about a horse. Don't attempt to win him over to your overwhelming passion for dogs. Let him mount his hobby and don't ask him to draw rein. With little exertion you will make a friend for life. And, meantime, you are saving breath for the time when your own turn will come, and somebody will listen to you.

In other words, don't take the trouble to talk to people about what you decide is interesting to them. Don't talk at all. Let them. And thus the quantity of unnecessary conversation, to which I have referred, would gradually be diminished.

IT is a fatal mistake which many young people, especially girls, fall into, of imagining that the desultory conversation one dashes into between dances is an auspicious moment for airing newly acquired ideas or knowledge, or, it may be, uplifting the mind, or even soul, of their partner. They do it because they have heard people scoff, perhaps at the frivolity and emptiness of ball-room conversations; and naturally they wish to demonstrate to their own satisfaction the practicability of indulging in improving or intellectual intercourse. But let them remember the place for everything and everything in its place. Light conversation is more suitable as an accompaniment to light pleasures, and therefore it is wiser to keep one's

SOCIETY—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 21

serious thoughts and their expression for a future time. Far more fitting occasions will arise than a crowded ball-room or conservatory for digging into ethical questions, or elevating another's mental or moral tone, they may rest assured. Ponderous discussions when one is supposed to be gay, are just as out of place as frivolous chattering during a church service. I always think of that poignant remark of Diana Tempest, in Miss Cholmondeley's novel of the same name: "I distrust a man who talks seriously over a pink ice the first time I meet him. If he is genuine, he is probably shallow and the odds are he is not genuine, or he would not do it." An observation which is worth remembering, and which many might assimilate, not to their detriment.

As is not unusual, one is apt to wander from the central point of one's original idea. And this article is becoming "centrifugal," instead of "centripetal." So let us return without apology to the quotation which suggested these remarks, which reminds us suggestively that possessing two ears and one tongue we should allow the former to do the most work.

AN engagement which has created no little interest among Montrealers is that of Miss Muriel Stephenson, only daughter of Mr. Russell Stephenson, to the Hon. Oliver Howard, son of the Earl of Carlisle. Miss Stephenson is a niece of Lady Dufferin, for her mother was one of the beautiful Miss Hamiltons. For some years, Mr. Stephenson occupied a house on University street, and he and Mrs. Stephenson, notwithstanding that the latter was very delicate, made many friends here, and there are few people who do not remember the fair-haired, graceful little girl and her two small brothers (who now, no doubt, have grown, or nearly so, to man's estate), who were constantly to be seen about with their smart nurses, or driving with their pretty mother.

Mrs. C. G. Hop, Drummond street, is visiting Mrs. W. T. Benson, "Cardinal House," Cardinal.

Mrs. Fred Taylor is visiting friends in Kingston.

Miss Bessie Keefer, of Ottawa, who has been visiting Mrs. Mackay, Mackay street, has returned home.

Last week, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields gave a very successful afternoon euchre. It happened to be on the worst day of our record-breaking storm, but nothing daunts lovers of this game, and, indeed, it was a very pleasant way of spending an hour or two, when otherwise one would have probably sat at the window watching the drifting snow. On this occasion, as on many previous ones, Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy carried off a prize, or rather two.

Miss Ethel Stewart, 448 1/2 Sherbrooke street, Westmount, left for Chicago last week to visit friends.

THE appointment of Lieut.-Col. G. R. White as D. O. C., in place of Col. Gordon, is, I should imagine, a very happy one. To military circles he will be a very welcome addition, and most assuredly to society in general. It is hoped that Mrs. White and Miss Edythe White will see their way to making their home in Montreal also, though it is probable that Col. White's sons will be obliged to remain in Quebec on account of business.

As was expected, the skating party given by all the bachelors, or the greater number of them who skate, at the Victoria rink, was a very great success. The rink was prettily decorated, and the yellow shades on the arc lamps softened without obscuring the light. The ice, perhaps, has never been in better condition; for it was free from roughness or slush, and yet the mildness of the day prevented it from being of that iron hardness that is so tiring. As is usual, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung at the close of the entertainment, with clasped hands, and on this occasion "God Save the Queen" was also

given with great spirit, for the recent successes of the Imperial troops made everyone feel in excellent form, and ready to display patriotism. Supper was served in the directors' rooms, at small tables, and, as there were too many guests to all partake of it at the same time, those who were not very hungry enjoyed one or two extras while there was lots of space for a good swing, and a long sweep. The number of waltzers has so increased that the circle now is almost too crowded. One feels constantly in terror of instant annihilation. More people should learn to reverse, and thus use the upper end of the rink.

The committee was composed of Mr. D. Hingston, Mr. C. Wotherspoon, and Mr. Maurice Scott. Mr. Wotherspoon is generally the instigator of these parties, and has helped to get up so many that he is quite proficient in the art.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Almon, the Misses Angus, Mr. W. F. Angus, Mr. T. Allan, Mr. J. D. Angus, Miss Arnton, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Miss C. Brainerd, Mr. H. B. Brainerd, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, the Messrs. Bond, the Misses Bond, the Misses Clay, Mr. C. Clay, Mr. G. Drinkwater, Miss Armstrong, Miss Archbald, Mr. and Mrs. G. Napier, Mr. and Mrs. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Molson, Miss M. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. Robin, Mr. and Mrs. E. MacDougall, Miss Eadie, the Messrs. Eadie, the Misses Ward, Miss Coristine, Mr. C. C. Pangman, Miss Pangman, the Misses Bethune, Mr. M. Bethune, Mr. H. C. Stikeman, the Misses Donahue, Mr. W. Donahue, Miss Piers, Miss Cundill, the Misses Howard, Mr. C. Howard, Mr. Little, Mr. Meagher, the Misses Ewan, Miss Dunlop, Miss Hampson, Miss Holland, Mr. W. Murray, Mr. P. Campbell, Mr. B. Humble, Miss E. Scott, Miss Drury, Miss Porteous, Miss Sise, the Messrs. Sise, Miss Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Strathy, and many others.

Mrs. Wilson, Beaver Hall Square, gave a very pleasant euchre on Thursday afternoon.

LAST week, Miss Minda Buchanan, Drummond street, gave a very jolly snowshoe party.

Nothing could have been more opportune at this season than the tremendous fall of snow, for Lent with mild weather, and rushing streamlets, instead of hard-packed roads, and few entertainments of any description, would have been insupportable. That is to say, one must be doing something, and in place of dances, snowshoeing, tobogganing and skiing come in very nicely. For one has not to go far from home to find suitable pastures. The snowpile in the front garden (which grows asphalt or gravel at other seasons) has been transformed into an excellent slide, and in some of the small side streets one could almost ski off the roof.

Mrs. John Gault, now of New York, has been spending some days in Montreal, where her many old friends always welcome her visits, however brief, with great pleasure.

Last week, Mrs. P. A. Peterson, Drummond street, gave a very large tea, and in spite of the excessively bad weather, a great many guests were present. Such a day as it was! Not only blinding snow, but a wind that threatened to lift the sleighs and horses up bodily—to say nothing of the unwary pedestrian. Covered sleighs were, of course, at a premium, for it took about three times as long as usual to convey one fare to his or her destination. Mrs. Peterson was assisted in receiving by Miss Lily Peterson, and those were helping in the tea-room were Miss Lambe, Miss M. Howard, the Misses Gilmour and Miss Porteous.

Among the guests were: Mrs. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mrs. D. F. Angus, Mrs. A. A. Allan, Mrs. H. M. Allan, Mrs. H. A. Allan, Mrs. McEachran, Mrs. Shaughnessy, Miss Shaughnessy, Mrs. Piers, Miss Piers, Mrs. H. V. Meredith, Mrs. C. Meredith, Mrs. Dunlop, the Misses Dunlop, Miss Howard, Mrs. Denne, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Mrs. Peterson, Miss Drummond, Mrs. D. Parker, Miss Parker, Mrs. Meighen, Miss Meighen, Mrs. Reford, Miss Reford, Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, Mrs. A. A. Browne, Mrs. Coristine, Miss Coristine, Mrs. E. MacDougall, Mrs. Rae, Mrs. Gault, the Misses Gault, Mrs. Riddell, Miss

Riddell, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. R. W. MacDougall, Mrs. D. Gilmour, and others.

Miss Labatt, of London, Ont., is spending a short time with Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, Peel street.

The very many friends of Lieut. Charles Armstrong, at present on active service in South Africa, were rejoiced to hear that his wound is not of a serious nature. Naturally, since the first news came, his people have been very anxious, though shortly before they had received a cable from him, assuring them of his excellent health and spirits.

THE time has gone past for any reference to the flag incidents of last week, and so much has been said and written at all events, that one more opinion is not worth while giving. Of course, there are always two sides to every question, and always faults on both. However, omitting any reference to the behavior of McGill men, in connection with Laval, all I can say is that I consider it a matter of rejoicing that in this city there was such a mine of loyalty to be sprung among our college men alone. Had they not begun the hearty demonstrations of enthusiasm in the morning, it is more than probable the relief of Ladysmith would have been marked by one or two flags flying here, and the tingle of a church bell or two. We are always afraid of showing our feelings here, as a whole. Either that, or else we have nothing to show. So, I say, three cheers for McGill, and may they ever be as loyal "Britishers" as they showed themselves last week.

The many friends of Mr. F. W. Wolferstan Thomas, "Llangorse House," will regret to hear that he has not been so well again during the past week.

Mr. G. F. Benson, Ontario avenue, has been confined to the house through illness, during the past ten days.

Teas and luncheons, like life's fitful flame, seem to be gradually dying down. So many have been given that of necessity they must cease eventually, for the lack of those who have not entertained or been entertained in one way or the other. The euche party, like the green bay tree, still flourishes. How much this impoverished city could make if 't taxed this last species of gaiety!

MISS JANIE RAMSAY, who has been for some months head nurse in the hospital at Albany, has returned to Montreal on a short visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, Peel street.

Miss Napier, who has been visiting Miss Dobell, Peel street, has returned to Peterboro'.

On Monday afternoon, Mrs. Baumgarten, McTavish street, gave a very pleasant euche party. Among the guests were Mrs. Cooke, Miss Cooke, Mrs. H. B. Yates, Mrs. Forget, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Shaughnessy, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, Miss Macdougall and Mrs. C. Macdougall.

Last Saturday, Professor Bovey and Mrs. Bovey entertained a number of young people at a most delightful dinner. Professor Bovey seems always ready with some original plan, which is ably carried out by Mrs. Bovey, and this time the guests were much amused by the novelty of a progressive dinner. Covers were laid on several small tables, and between courses the men "progressed." Conversation, no doubt, progressed very much more readily, for the most discerning hostess cannot be expected to know exactly who would prefer to be with whom, and thus, by degrees, it is possible that everyone will at least speak to everyone else. I have heard of dinners, at which the menu cards, besides containing the names of the various edibles, had, in addition, the topic to be discussed during each course. Of course, I always think entertainments of this description are more diverting to read about in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, for instance, than to put into practice. It is a simple matter to evolve an original idea, but a different thing to carry it out. Personally, I should be much annoyed to be obliged to discuss political economy, let us say, of which I knew nothing, when I was longing to talk about a skiing

expedition, or the book I had just finished. And one dines out for pleasure, not instruction.

THIS has been a week of interest to racquet players in Montreal, owing to the matches begun on Monday between the members of the Montreal Club and a number of players from New York, all of whom seem to be very pleasant visitors to entertain, from what one hears. Last year, when the Boston men were here, not quite the same could be said—though, to be candid, it was only in reference to one person that critical remarks were very much in keeping. However, it is seldom any use to rake up old scores.

Miss Ethel Bate, of Ottawa, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Lansing Lewis, Ontario avenue.

Miss Ethel Arnton has returned from a visit to Ottawa, where she was the guest of Mrs. Gemmill.

No singer is more of a favorite in Montreal than M. Pol Plancon, ever since his first visit here some three years ago. And, indeed, he is deservedly popular, for we seldom have a chance of hearing such a true and finished artist as he. The concert at the Monument National was most enjoyable, and though the audience was not very large it was a representative one. The truth is, that people in general are not fond of this hall, and, at any rate, the roads were bad, and St. Lawrence Main always seems out of the way. M. Plancon was most happy in his choice of the various numbers, and delighted everyone with the encore, *Les Rameaux*, which never fails to be appreciated. The artists who contributed to the programme were also very good indeed, and Miss Abbott's accompanying was excellent; though, by the end of the evening she must have been quite worn out.

SEE that somebody suggests forming a league called "Sons of the Empire." If "Daughters of the Empire" why not "Sons"? But why either? We are, I hope, all sons and daughters of the Empire. But what need of classifying ourselves when we are already classified, so to speak? And what do these sons and daughters propose to do, at any rate? I am always reminded forcibly of the days when to form clubs and to wear badges was the height of my ambition, and that of the other small children, when I hear of organizations which appear to choose a name, and then attempt a project.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford spent a few hours in Montreal this week on their way to Ottawa.

Curling matches this week at the Ladies' Montreal Curling Club were won by Miss E. Macpherson and Miss Dunlop, the former receiving a pair of stones, always an appreciated prize, and the latter a very pretty cut-glass and silver scent bottle.

Mrs. Ward, wife of the Hon. J. K. Ward, Westmount, who has been ill for some weeks, is now convalescent.

For this afternoon the Symphony Orchestra has arranged a very pleasing programme. The soloists will be Mrs. Ives, whose playing is well known and appreciated in Montreal, and Miss Darling, contralto.

Musical treats in store for us in the near future are the return of Mr. David Bispham, under the auspices of the Ladies' Morning Musicale, and also the return, after a lapse of some years, of M. Henri Marteau, the violinist. It will be remembered that shortly after his last appearance in Montreal, M. Marteau was obliged to return to Belgium and serve his time in the army. No doubt, as a loyal Belgian, he was pleased to become familiar with things military, but, as a violinist, it must have gone very much against the grain to forego touring, and the necessary medium of practice on his beloved instrument.

THERE is a good story going the rounds in connection with a young professional man, who is also most popular in society. At one of the recent patriotic affairs, so much indulged in last week, it seems he was an innocent onlooker, but, withal, that did not prevent a too conscientious "Bobby" from awarding him punishment as then unmerited—perhaps

(Continued on page 27.)

* Mainly About People. *

MRS. NELSON, who is at present a guest at the Windsor Hotel, is the widow of the late Lieut.-Governor Nelson, of British Columbia. She was a Miss Stanton, of Ottawa, always a welcome guest at Rideau Hall. When Miss Stanton visited her sister, Lady Dillon, in London, she was presented to Her Majesty, and was a social favorite everywhere. On her return to Canada, her marriage took place. Assuming the duties of hostess at Government House, Victoria, she, as well as her late husband, was very popular with all classes.

THE only marital difficulty that Victor Herbert, the composer and director, and Mrs. Herbert ever had occurred, according to Mrs. Herbert, during their honeymoon, while crossing the Atlantic. It was brought about by seasickness. The composer was sick, and Mrs. Herbert was also ill. Their illness took the form of intense irritability and morbid sensitiveness. Each movement of the ship produced a groan from them, and each noise on board the vessel an indignant protest. They tried to sympathize with each other, but their voices lacked sincerity. At the end of the third day the composer, after recovering from a lurch of the vessel, said: "Dear, I have one favor to ask. Don't speak to me again on board this ship until we reach shore, or I shall throw myself overboard." "My dear," answered Mrs. Herbert, with her first sigh of relief since embarking, "thank you. I've been wanting to ask you that same favor myself all day."

FRIENDS of the late Premier of Ontario, Hon. A. S. Hardy, are raising \$25,000, to be presented as a testimonial in appreciation of his long and valuable services in his native Province. The ex-Premier was born in Mount Pleasant, near Brantford, and his boyhood days were spent in an old-fashioned house, which still stands in the quaint village. Near it is a large square house, where Mr. Hardy's uncle, Dr. Cooke, once lived, and where Lord Elgin was a guest when he visited the old county of South Brant. Many are the tales told of Arthur Hardy's youthful days in the town of Brantford, where later on he removed with his parents; how he was ready for any prank that would delight a mischievous boy, how he organized a debating school, and was the leading spirit in it, as well as belonging to a band which was known as "Gideon's Band." The band used to sing as well as play, and serenading their friends and sweethearts was its chief aim. Many an old inhabitant can tell of the moonlight serenades of the "Gids" — how they used to meet at Lauterback's old tavern, after debating or singing school, and delight the townfolks with tunes and songs of long ago. The future Premier sometimes contributed prose and verse to a newspaper called *The Snapping Turtle*, edited by a man as quaint as the name of his paper. Later on the young lawyer had a marked career at the bar. Dash and daring were his methods, combined with magnetism, that went far in swaying his hearers. In 1874 he was elected to represent South Brant in the Local Legislature, and took, as everyone knows, a leading place in political life.

FREDERICK R. BURNHAM, chief of scouts on Field Marshal Roberts' staff in the Transvaal War, is the foremost of American adventurers who have made their reputation in South Africa. Originally from Southern California, Burnham early drifted to Nevada, and later to New Mexico, where he engaged in Indian scouting, an experience that was of infinite value to him when pitted against the South African savages. When Dr. Jameson went into Matabeleland and conquered the

Matabeles, about 1894, it was Burnham who saved the little command of a thousand men from extermination, and made that conquest possible, by scaring off the advancing hosts of the Matabeles with a bewildering fire of sky-rockets and Chinese fire.

IT is difficult to imagine that the dashing General French is the best fisherman in the army. Judging by his military tactics, he would seem to be the last man who could wait two or three hours for a bite. In times of peace, however, the general takes to the rod, and some of his catches, if made public, would be doubtless received with the usual reserve attached to all angling yarns. His intimate friends know him as "Fishing" French.

THE late Lieutenant Roberts, son of Lord Roberts, seemed always unlucky in the matter of accidents. While playing football at Chippel he broke his leg; while exercising his horse at Dublin he broke his collar-bone; and, while playing polo, he lost an eye. His experience of personal injuries evidently did not get on his nerves, for, in the battle of Colenso, he proved to be without fear.

THERE are a few good stories among the many foolish ones which are to be found in the just published "Life" of the Duchess of Teck. One of them concerns Disraeli, who was an admiring friend of the kind and lively royal lady, but who was not to be harmed by her into disclosing any Cabinet secrets. One evening at dinner during a crisis in foreign affairs Princess Mary, who was puzzled at the inaction of the Government, turned to him and said, "What are we waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?" The Prime Minister paused for a moment to take up the menu, and, looking at the Princess, gravely replied, "Mutton and potatoes, ma'am."

IN these times of war it is interesting to learn that a lady was the means of the Czar issuing his famous Peace Rescript. Baroness von Suttner wrote a book called "Lay Down Your Arms," and this work so appealed to the Czar that he decided to act up to its teaching as far as he was able. The Baroness von Suttner is now a great friend of the Russian Imperial family, and enjoys her title of the "Peace" Baroness.

MR. W. S. GILBERT traces the commencement of his success in life to a Christmas dinner. By the veriest chance he found himself sitting by the side of Tom Robertson, the author of *Caste*, who was then at the zenith of his fame. The two got into conversation, and the result was that the author of the *Bab Ballads* received from Mrs. Kendal's brother a commission to write his first drama, a piece called *Dulcamara*. It was not a striking success, but it inspired the author to better things, and the result was seen in *H.M.S. Pinafore* and the long roll of sparkling pieces that followed that inimitable production.

ANTHONY HOPE, among other odd characteristics, has a strong dislike to poetry. A bright London belle, knowing this trait, once tried the joke of reading some verses to him. To her surprise he listened complacently and at the end of the intonation thanked her in superlatives. It was too much for her comprehension. She forgot about the joke and said: "I thought you hated poetry?" "So I do in my lucid intervals," was the consoling rejoinder, "but this is the spring season, which affects me like the March hares."

THE curious may dig from the statute books some strange relics of the Middle Ages. Sir Thomas Thornton, the Town Clerk of Dundee, Scotland, speaking the other day at a football club bazaar, reminded his audience that football is to this day forbidden by Scottish law, and that there is still unrepealed an Act of Parliament dating from the reign of James I (of Scotland) enacting that "no man shall play football hereafter, under a penalty of 50s."

AMONGST OUR EXCHANGES.

GLEANINGS FROM FAR FIELDS—DIVERS DISCUSSIONS BY MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS.

THERE were two capital short stories by Canadians in The Saturday Evening Post (Philadelphia), on February 24. "The Brunswick Diamond," by W. A. Fraser, is a story of India, and "An Acahian Coquette," by Charles G. D. Roberts, tells in that author's most charming style a chapter of romance from the region of Grand Pre.

HON. RICHARD OLNEY, ex-Secretary of State, opens The March Atlantic with a notable and statesmanlike paper on "The Growth of our Foreign Policy." He reiterates his former dictum expressed in The Atlantic for May, 1898, that the international isolation of the United States is at an end and that it neither is, nor longer can be, a "hermit power"; that it has at last entered the great family of civilized nations "for better or for worse"; and that it must take its true place therein, and can no longer evade its international responsibilities and duties. What these responsibilities and duties are, he does not hesitate to specify with his usual frankness and courage.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S first piece of sustained work since his illness last year turns out to be a series of humorous animal stories which are said to show all the freshness and zest of a man who has had a long rest. Kipling loves to write an animal story better than anything else, and when his physicians allowed him to return to work he instinctively turned to this series which he had had in mind for years. There are nine stories, and each one is supposed to tell the origin of the most conspicuous part of the animal portrayed. Thus, in "The Elephant's Child" he tells a most droll story of how the elephant happened to get a trunk, and in "The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo" he gives the history of how the kangaroo got his long legs, for, Mr. Kipling says, there was a time when elephants had no trunks, and kangaroos' legs were not as long as they are now. The stories, it is said, show Mr. Kipling at his very best. They are expressively funny and have that rare quality of appealing to old as well as young. The author has sent the entire series to The Ladies' Home Journal, and that magazine will begin their publication in its next issue.

IN The American Monthly Review of Reviews for March there is the following statement of popular feeling towards Great Britain as regards the Boer War: "The English press continues to show great interest in the nature of American sentiment and opinion regarding the war in South Africa. It may be safely said that the feeling of the American people is far more friendly toward the English people, whom they know, than toward the Boer people, who are strangers in the full sense. But at the same time American feeling is far more favorable toward the Boer cause than toward the English cause in this particular war. There is nothing paradoxical about this state of mind. The people of the United States have always been in sympathy with English Liberals rather than with English Tories. When the leading Liberals are candid enough, in the face of war excitement, to say plainly that England is waging an unjust and improper war, with an unanswerable array of facts and arguments, it is not strange that Americans, who are outside the influence of the war excitement, and able, therefore, to look at the situation soberly, should adopt as their own the opinion of men like Morley, Bryce, and Harcourt. There is indeed much racial fellow-feeling between England and the United States; but it must not be supposed that the family feeling is strong enough to blind us to the merits of a controversy. At least it is quite too much to suppose that such sympathy, growing out of kinship and the possession of a common language and literature, would assert itself actively except upon occasions of magnitude. If England were in desperate warfare with a coalition of the great European

powers, the English blood of America would be aroused quite irrespective of the nature of the quarrel that had led to the war—just as the German blood of America was excited to the utmost on behalf of Germany during the Franco-Prussian contest."

"WE observe," says Collier's Weekly, "with regret that Congress has refused to accept the recommendation made in Mr. McKinley's third annual message, that the products of Puerto Rico should be admitted to American ports duty free. Instead of complete free trade between Puerto Rico and the rest of the national domain, a law, it seems, is to be made by Congress imposing a duty equivalent to one-quarter of the Dingley rates upon importations from Puerto Rico into American ports, and a corresponding duty upon importations of American commodities into the Island. Upon what principle can such duties be imposed? Such legislation, obviously, must rest upon the fundamental assumption that our Federal Constitution does not cover all our territory, but only a part of it. The majority of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives assert that the term 'United States' in the clause of the Constitution which makes 'all duties, imposts and excises uniform throughout the United States' means only the States represented in Congress, and does not cover the Territories which belong to the nation, but have not yet acquired Statehood. If this principle should be accepted, what would be the status of Alaska, Arizona, New Mexico or of Oklahoma? We hold those Territories by a title identical with that which gives us Puerto Rico."

THE mouth is the most instructive feature in the face. According to an authority in McCall's Magazine for March. It reveals not only a woman's fundamental and inherited traits, but also her efforts to mould her character in certain directions. Beware of the woman with the cupid's bow lips. She is almost sure to be selfish and unsympathetic, and though she may be ardent in temperament, constancy is not her strongest point. Lips which, when in repose, always curve upwards, according to the same authority, show that the owner takes very optimistic views of things, and has not, as a rule, had any very deep experiences in life. Full red lips denote that the owner is fond of ease and pleasure and thin, bloodless lips indicate the person of narrow and unchangeable views, whose besetting failings are obstinacy and self-righteousness. The man or woman whose lips, when in repose, naturally curve downwards, though they may not be sharply drawn down when the owner's face is animated, is almost always of an earnest, serious disposition, or else has passed through some great sorrow.

A NOBLE WORK.

THE Canadian Branch of the British Red Cross Society has issued a pamphlet containing information about the extremely useful and benevolent work in which it is engaged. Since the first appeal was made on October 15, 1899, over eighteen thousand dollars (\$18,000) including donations to the Ladies' Branch, Toronto, has been subscribed for the purpose of rendering medical and surgical aid and providing medical comforts for the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Canadian contingents for service in South Africa. The Canadian Branch of the Red Cross Society, organized in 1897, is in the proud position of having been ready for active work when the call came to Canada to assist in supporting the Empire in South Africa, and it was the first to solicit subscriptions from the people, and to-day it is the only officially accepted channel of communication for voluntary aid at the seat of war.

Attention is called to the fact that the services of all the officers are purely honorary, and the fund has no connection whatever with the Patriotic Fund, at present claiming so much attention—the objects of the two being entirely different. The Red Cross Society renders aid to the sick and wounded soldiers in South Africa, while the Patriotic Fund is for the benefit of the families of soldiers killed or disabled. It is the intention of the society, through its central committee at Toronto, to continue the good work so well begun as long as the war lasts. The funds collected will be used, first, for benefit of Canadian contingents, and, second, for the sick and wounded of the Imperial, Canadian and other colonial troops at the seat of war. Subscriptions should be sent direct to the treasurer, National Red Cross Fund, 60 College street, Toronto, controlled by the Central Red Cross Committee, and will be gratefully acknowledged.



THEATRES
AND ENTERTAINMENTS

OF COURSE, nothing is being talked of this week but the Irving performances. The engagement opened last night with Robespierre. The Merchant of Venice will be given to-night, and to-morrow there will be two double bills—Terry in the Amber Heart and Irving in Waterloo at the matinee, and Nance Oldfield and The Bells at the evening performance. In regard to Robespierre, there is a considerable difference of opinion amongst the critics, but, without doubt, the piece has made a popular hit everywhere. The Edinburgh Review remarked that this play was about as artistic as a bull fight. Another critic says: "The drama cannot be accounted a very fine or noble one. There is one act, the third, which is a masterpiece in its way for the rest of it, the piece is mere sensation and spectacle. This third act is certainly powerful, and gives Irving scope for his wonderful talents. The dictator, simple always in life, is seen in the living-room of the humble citizen Duplay, with whom he lodges. He chats and jokes with the young people. They sing at the piano, and delight the old man's vanity by singing a love song which he had written many years before. A prisoner—a youth who had publicly denounced him in the Place de la Revolution at the Feast of the Supreme Being on the preceding day—is brought before him for examination. The youth refuses to speak, but his belongings are searched, and in the most subtle yet original way the fact is revealed to Robespierre that this is his own son whose life he intends to take, and that the lad's mother is in prison. He begs the youth to tell of his mother's whereabouts that he may save her, but the lad, imagining Robespierre to be nothing but a monster, thinks it is a trick to gain a great revenge on himself by killing her also. The father pleads with him all in vain, suddenly her identity is revealed by the fact that she has written a letter asking for mercy for her boy, Robespierre gives a shout of joy, the boy falls insensible with grief, and the man of blood bends over and kisses him and crowns over him as he brings him back to life. The whole act is not only a masterpiece of delicate stage-craft, but full of human nature and tragic grace as well. The punishment of the tyrant, whose own flesh and blood rises up to denounce him and pronounce him murderer, gives Irving an opportunity to show the most delicate and moving qualities of his art. Thenceforth, although the story nominally deals with the end of Robespierre to save the boy from the death which he has dared and coveted, it is really a series of sensational tableaux.

HUMPIY DUMPIY, at Her Majesty's this week is an entertaining show of its class. It is described as a pantomime, but, of course, it is not the English pantomime—we never get that delightful form of entertainment on this side of the pond. All the old nursery heroes and heroines take part, and there are a great many amusing specialties and clever mechanical effects.

THE LITTLE MINISTER made the greatest success of any play ever produced in this country, the success being of the sort that managers, playwright and all concerned could most desire. It is to be presented by Charles Frohman's company at the Academy of Music next week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The Little Minister is a comedy by Mr. J. M. Barrie and is founded on Mr. Barrie's novel of the same name. Its record consists of a run of 300 nights in New York City to, at that time, the greatest business ever done by a play in America. The theatre was crowded to the doors at every performance. The comedy has had a like phenomenal acceptance wherever seen. Mr. Barrie has made an exceptionally sweet and fragrant play out of his novel. The Little Minister of the stage has all the charm and quaint interest of the book. It is a compact, simple love story, in which the roguish, laugh-eyed Lady Babble is the delightful central figure, and the droll characters of the village of Thrums seem to have been actually called to life to aid in her pranks and make it all appear real and earnest. The atmosphere of Mr. Barrie's novel has been completely transferred to the stage in the comedy, and the production which Mr. Frohman gives it is said to be in every way worthy of both his own reputation and that of Mr. Barrie.

THAT excellent musical organization, the Zingari Club, which now boasts a banjo club, mandolin club, glee club, banjo quartette, male voice quartette and a number of instrumental and vocal soloists of marked ability, intends holding its fourth annual concert in the Windsor Hall, on Thursday evening next, March 15, when lovers of bright, catchy music will have an opportunity of enjoying themselves to the fullest extent. The marked success of the public entertainments given by the club during the past three years, will, it is confidently expected, be repeated with interest this season. Among those who will take part as soloists may be mentioned, Miss Langstaff, soprano, Miss Wischard, contralto, Mr. Meredith Heward, banjo soloist, Mr. J. Leslie Telford, tenor, Mr.

Sydney Dugan, bass, and those inimitable producers of comic and dialect songs, Mr. Fred S. Hickey and Dr. Stuart Nichol.

THE special company selected and rehearsed by David Belasco and sent on the road by Chas. Frohman to present Mr. Belasco's great play Zaza, has proven by the favor it has found, that Zaza is a great play. Not a play that must have the strong name of the great star to make it go, but a play so strong, so interesting and so true, that if it is well played, as it is by this special company, that's all the public demands. This play is billed for the Academy of Music, week of March 19.

ON Thursday evening, March 15, the friends of Messrs. Henderson and McGrane late of the Theatre Francais Stock Company, will have an opportunity of testifying their regard for these talented and popular actors in a substantial way. The programme for the benefit entertainment to be given at Her Majesty's will, doubtless, be excellent, and, in any event, the numerous patrons of the Francais should show their sympathy with those who lost so much in the fire.

NEXT week the Garrick Club will produce Ours at Her Majesty's for the benefit of the Montreal General Hospital, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Minto. The performances will be given on Friday evening, and Saturday afternoon.

YARNS ABOUT THE STRATHCONA HORSE.

THE ladies of the Civil Service in Ottawa are intensely patriotic, and when it was suggested by some of them that they should present guidons or pennants to the Strathcona Horse, the idea met with instant approval, and a subscription to raise the necessary amount, \$120, was at once taken up. The guidons will be presented to Colonel Steele and his soldiers by Mrs. Borden, wife of the Minister of Militia. They are very handsome, being hand-embroidered exquisitely. The pennants are of bright red silk, 3x5 ft. and 2x3 ft. Down the centre is a band of white silk, with the words "Strathcona's Horse" embroidered in red silk upon it. In one corner is the design of a garter, with the motto "Perseverance," and in its centre a maple leaf in shades of green, with a small beaver on the leaf. The design is surmounted by a baron's coronet. At the bottom is the letter of the squadron on each. Col. Steele has one guidon all to himself. The flags are fitted to lance poles, with burnished steel crests of spears.

AMONG the members of the Strathcona Horse is Lord Seymour, a son of the Marquis of Hertford, who was missed from the list of aristocratic rough-riders given last week, because he was not found with the "Holsteins," but was in the quarters marked "Durhams." Like most of these scions of English nobility, he comes fresh from the experience of ranching in the Northwest, where he has relatives. Without exception, these titled Englishmen wish to sink their identity for the time being, and to live the life of their more plebeian comrades-in-arms.

THE theatricals, spoken of some time ago in LIFE as having been given at Government House, Ottawa, were repeated for the benefit of the sessional visitors on the evenings of February 26 and 27 and March 1, the cast being the same as before, except that Mr. Dick Ritchie took the part of Mrs. Hutton in Queen Eleanor. On the last evening, the ballroom presented a most martial appearance, as it was filled with the members of Strathcona's Horse—officers and privates alike. They were very emphatic in their approval of everything military, and sang patriotically on the least provocation. One of the men coming away was heard to declare that "it was the first blankety-blank good treat he had had since he had come to Ottawa," which was rather hard on the fair hostesses, who have been striving to make the men enjoy their stay in the capital. And, decidedly, in most cases, they have succeeded. The members of the troop are to be seen everywhere—by the side of demure Leutenants, in church, at Sunday afternoon teas, and on Sparks street. As many of the men are of very good family, and formerly great chums with the officers, military discipline is a great drawback to enjoyment, as officer and private may not be seen walking together on the street, and must pretend not to see each other when meeting at a lady's house. Ladies drive out to the barracks every day and watch the men at drill, later having a chat with officers whom they know. The Marquis of Hertford, whose son is one of the Strathconas, is staying at the Russell in Ottawa.

SEVERAL of the soldiers were present at the debate in the House on the rate of pay to the contingents. Mr. Bourassa was speaking, and they got a lady who understood French to translate for them, growing more and more disgusted each moment. Finally, one said: "Does he think Canadians are fighting for an old 50-cent piece a day? Us boys is fightin' for the Queen." And he and his friends departed in high dudgeon.

SOCIETY—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 23.

as a gentle reminder to avoid every appearance of evil, and keep out of harm's way. Very much dishevelled, with an eye imitating a rapid change artist, as to color, and a by no means small cut on the head, he met, a few moments after, a sympathetic friend, who was, as the occasion seemed to demand, exceedingly incensed at such unjust treatment. "Never mind, old chap, you know all about law, and you can prove your innocence of any offence. Just sue the brute, sue him!" said he. The eye which was not closed up, could not hide a twinkle. "Yes, I know all about law," said the persecuted one. "That's just the trouble. For to tell you the truth, I finished the assault!"

Miss Gilmour, who has been visiting Mrs. G. F. C. Smith, Dorchester street, returned this week to Quebec.

It was quite a disagreeable surprise to learn the other day that a man who goes out in Montreal, to a certain extent, and has always been regarded as at least a law-abiding, loyal Britisher, if nothing more uncommon, is at heart pro-Boer. It seems to me that all persons entertaining these deluded, to use no stronger term, opinions, should have the courage to assert them, that we may know how to treat them. Wolves in sheep's clothing are even possessed of more disagreeable characteristics than the wolves who do not indulge in fancy dress, but show their teeth unrestrainedly, that the shepherd may fasten the gates of his fold, or, rather, that the ordinary householder may close his doors.

There is little, as no doubt the reader has already decided, to chronicle in the way of society events of any import this week, at least if entertaining is being done, it is certainly very much sub rosa. It might make interesting reading to invent a little news in the shape of arrivals and departures that have not occurred, or parties that only took place in the writer's imagination, but it hardly seems worth while.

As we had services of humiliation, or rather intercession, before our successes in South Africa, it was most fitting that we should enjoy services of rejoicing in recognition of mercies vouchsafed to us. And in all the city churches, heart felt gratitude was evinced both by the devoutness of the congregations and the able sermons of many of the preachers; while, as for God Save the Queen, and Rule Britannia, we will soon be forgetting all times save these two, so often and so enthusiastically do we sing them.

Mrs. W. Maclumes, little Miss Maclumes, and Master Maclumes, who have been visiting Mrs. Cross, Cote des Neiges Hill, for some time, left this week for their home in Chicago.

THIS week, the engagement was announced of Miss Alice Ward, fourth daughter of the Hon. J. K. Ward, of Westmount, and Mr. Edmund Heward, of the Merchants Bank, son of the late Mr. Augustus Heward, whom all old Montrealers will remember as one of the most popular hosts at the time

when the Guards were here. His name was synonymous with hospitality in those genial days, and his erstwhile guests will not soon forget his very beautiful singing, which alone would have made any entertainment pleasant. Mr. Edmund Heward also inherits this gift to no small degree. The engagement is one which gives great pleasure to a large circle of friends in Westmount and in Montreal, where both are exceedingly popular.

Miss Alice Blackwell, Sherbrooke street, left this week for England, where she will spend some months visiting friends and relatives.

Next week, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Hamilton and little Miss Beryl Hamilton are expected from England on a visit to Mrs. D. Lorn Macdougall. The presence of Mrs. Hamilton in our midst once more cannot fail to give pleasure to a great many old friends, for, as Miss Ada Macdougall, she was certainly one of the greatest belles Montreal society has ever known, both on account of her good looks and her charming and vivacious manner. Mr. Hamilton, better known as "Buzz" Hamilton, son of the late Hon. John Hamilton, brother of the Bishop of Ottawa, was at one time in the Guards, but, I fancy, has retired now. When stationed in Dublin, Mrs. Hamilton was made much of, and was quite a leader of the smart set, and one constantly read descriptions in English papers of her gowns or her various doings.

Miss Hamond, who has been visiting Col. and Mrs. Edge, Stanley street, for some months, leaves shortly for England. The storm came just in time to allow her to see what really can happen in Canada when it once begins to snow.

A recent departure was that of Miss Jean Greenshields, who left last week for England, after spending a few months with her mother, Mrs. Greenshields, Drummond street. Miss Greenshields prefers Germany to any other country evidently, for she spends most of her time there, in Dresden particularly. It is to be hoped she will have a pleasant passage, for her experience on the ill-fated Labrador is not one she would care to repeat.

Mr. Meredith Percy, son of Mr. Charles Percy, Weredale Park, has really obtained a place in the Strathcona Horse through some aid in influential circles. He is a strong, fine-looking young fellow, and no doubt will do credit to his city. But, I should imagine, his parents felt keenly his departure, and the breaking up of a college course, to say nothing of the possible dangers. I believe in The McGill Outlook quite an account has been published of this young soldier, so that any more remarks would be but a repetition.

The many friends of Mrs. Burnett, Ontario avenue, will regret to hear that she is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

NEXT WEEK.

MONTREAL LIFE next week will contain a most entertaining article on "The Women Artists of Montreal and Their Work." The article will be handsomely illustrated.

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

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

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

All information, syllabus, forms of entry, etc., can be obtained of the Hon. Representatives in each local centre, or from the Secretary, Central Office, Room 503, Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

JAMES MUIR, Secretary.

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

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A LADY, selecting a hat at the milliner's, asked cautiously: "Is there anything about these leathers that might bring me into trouble with the Audubon Society?" "Oh, no, madam," said the milliner, who was from London. "These leathers, madam, are the leathers of a howl, and the howl, you know, madam, is more of a cat than a bird."

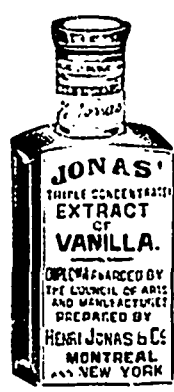
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A DISTRESSING CASE.

AN anxious looking young man had been standing beside a street mail box for nearly two hours waiting for the carrier to come and take the mail out of the box. When the carrier finally appeared the young man said:

"See here, I dropped a letter into that box that I've got to have back again."

"Can't have it," replied the postman, as he unlocked the box.

"I can't have it? Why, man, I've got to have it. I wouldn't have that letter go to the person it's addressed to for \$1,000,000."

"Can't help that, mister. It's against the law to return a letter after it has been dropped into a mail box. It's Government property then until it's given over to the person it is addressed to."

The look of distress on the young man's face deepened as he said, cajolingly:

"Oh, come now, that's all nonsense in a case like this. I wrote that letter. I can tell you to whom it is addressed, and you can compare the handwriting with mine if you want to. Hand me back that letter and you may select a dozen of the best cigars in the cigar store across the street."

"Do you know that you are trying to bribe a Government official? I wouldn't give you the letter for a whole cigar store."

"But, my good fellow, I've got to have that letter. It's one I—there it is! That one in the large, square, cream-tinted envelope. It's this one, and—"

"Hands off, young man, or I'll call a policeman and have you arrested for trying to rob the mails. If the postmaster at the general office wants to give you that letter he can do it. I shan't."

"But, say, now—wait a minute, please wait! I'll tell you exactly what's in that letter, and if you've a spark of feeling you'll give it to me. That letter contains a proposal of marriage, and ten minutes after I'd mailed it I got an invitation to the young lady's wedding! Think of it! Those are the blood-curdling facts in the case! Now be merciful enough to let me have that letter."

"Very sorry, but I can't do it," said the postman, with a grin. "But come along with me and state your case to the postmaster, and may be he'll think it none of the Government's business and give you the letter."

The dejected suitor followed the postman down the street while the anxious look on his face deepened into one of actual misery.

What Mr. Beausoleil's decision was we have been unable to learn.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the new owner, "the cellar contains water!" "Yes," mildly remonstrated the landlord; "you surely couldn't expect us to fill it with wine at the rent?"



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

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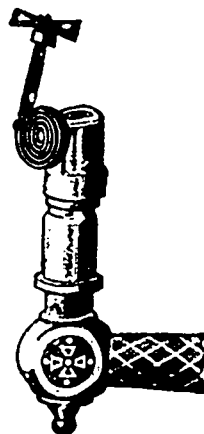
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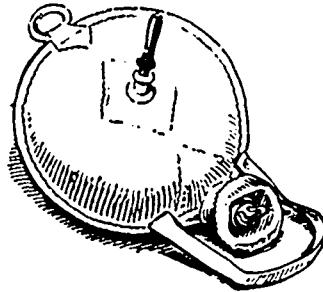
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