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# MONTREAL LIFE

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE HOME LIFE OF MONTREAL



A BEGINNER.

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BUTCHER.—Yes m. How much de you want, 'm?  
MRS. NEWWED.—Er—how much have you got?

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" "	41.05 p.m.	" "	46.35 p.m.
" "	53.50 p.m.	" "	9.15 p.m.
Ar. Ottawa	16.10 a.m.	Ar. Montreal	9.50 a.m.
" "	8.15 a.m.	" "	11.15 a.m.
" "	11.20 p.m.	" "	6.50 p.m.
" "	6.55 p.m.	" "	9.15 p.m.

\*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

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Ar. Niagara Falls	8.10 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.10 a.m.
Ar. Buffalo	10.00 p.m.	12.00 noon	12.00 noon
Ar. London	9.50 p.m.	11.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.
Ar. Detroit	6.15 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	1.10 p.m.
Ar. Chicago	2.30 p.m.	8.15 p.m.	8.15 p.m.

\*On Sundays leaves Montreal 8.00 p.m.

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

A MEETING of sympathizers with the cause of the South African Republic, was held at a private house in this city last week. A committee was appointed to collect subscriptions for the Dutch Ambulance Fund. Mr. Karel Boissevain, Consul-General of Holland, has consented to act as honorary treasurer, and subscriptions sent to him will be duly acknowledged and transmitted to the central committee of the Red Cross Society, at Amsterdam. "Bis dat qui cito dat." The hospital ship Konig, with a complete staff of surgeons, nurses and equipment left Amsterdam for Lorenzo Marquez on November 4. Hospital supplies will be sent fortnightly to Delagoa Bay with the steamer of the Deutsche Ost African Linie.

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Dombulon... " 18, " " 18, "

\*This steamer does not carry passengers.

Steamer. From Portland. From Halifax.

Cambroman... Nov. 29, 2 p.m.  
Vancouver... Dec. 9, " Dec. 10, 5 p.m.  
Dominion... " 21, " " 21, "

**Rates of Passage:**

First Cabin—\$50.00 and upwards, single; according to steamer and accommodation. Second Cabin—To Liverpool, London, Londonderry and Queenstown, \$35.00 single. Return \$65.50. Steerage—To Liverpool, London, Londonderry, Glasgow, Queenstown and Belfast, \$22.50 to \$25.50, according to steamer.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Messrs. Hicks & Co. have now on view at their rooms, 1821 and 1823 Notre Dame street, a most attractive and representative collection of pictures. These will be offered for sale by public auction at the Fraser Institute Hall, on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, December 1 and 2; at which place they will also be on exhibition for two days prior to sale.

We are quite safe in asserting that the auctioneers have greatly surpassed all their previous efforts in placing before the citizens of Montreal a catalogue of works so worthy the earnest study of every lover of art.

There is not a single picture in the collection that does not bear the strictest examination as to authenticity and originality.

There are many familiar names to charm with, and also some strong representatives from the French School.

The exhibition is well worthy a visit, and we have no doubt that at the evenings of sale the audience will comprise all the well-known patrons of art met together to give the auctioneer the assistance he so richly deserves from the artistic public of Montreal.

# BARGAINS in New and Second-Hand PIANOS

at **W. H. Leach's Piano Parlor**, 2440 St. Catherine St. (near Drummond St.)  
P.S.—Sole Depot for the Celebrated Morris Upright Piano. Holiday stock now on view.

"Papa," asked a four-year-old youngster, "are all little boys made of dust?"

"Yes, my son," was the reply.

"Well, then," continued the little fellow,

"I wish you would make nurse stop dusting me with that clothes brush. I'm afraid she'll brush me all away."

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"Why not?"

"He had a bark of his own."

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# MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1899.

TELEPHONE NO.  
Montreal . . . Main 1255  
Toronto . . . 2149

## LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

**I**N our latitude, the approach of winter always means great suffering to the poor. These people are not always as provident as they should be, and the advent of cold weather finds them, as a rule, in a state of absolute unpreparedness, no matter what opportunities they may have had in the warm months to make some provision for the season when fires and whole clothing are so necessary. An icy chill has gone to my heart many a time during the past couple of weeks as, in my wanderings about town, I have seen a ragged, ill-nourished child, blowing at its unprotected fingers to thaw out the almost frozen blood, or an old greybeard, whose "day's work" is long done, tottering along the slippery streets and shivering in the wind. I wonder if these people pity themselves, as they are pitied. If so, their lot is doubly wretched, for self-pity is as fearful a torment as "chill penury" itself.

**I**F those of us who are disposed to kick against the pricks of our own destiny would but think occasionally of those who are so many strata below us in material well-being, how much less of discontent and dark covetousness would lurk in our hearts. I know this thought is as threadbare as the coats on the beggars I have in mind, and yet unadmirable thoughts, like threadbare coats, may sometimes be good material for a wholesome homily. Unfortunately, the average man—I speak of the poor as well as the rich—has a weakness for comparing himself materially with those above him and morally with those beneath him. In the former case, the result is of course to his disparagement, and in the latter to his exaltation. Now, wouldn't it be better for most of us if we reversed the process? Let us, when we want to judge of our material lot or spiritual condition, place ourselves alongside those who are not so well to do as we and then alongside those who are whiter and nobler of soul. I do not say that this procedure will make us happier, but it will certainly bring into our hearts, if they are growing heavy and sordid, a new and truer sense of proportions.

**T**HERE is a hoary individual with whom the newspaper reader of the day is well acquainted in the abstract, but whom it is now about time to locate in the concrete. For years he has figured in cable despatches, with more or less regularity, yet no one seems to know his name—a singular fact considering that his family is a numerous one, his brothers and cousins being located, apparently, in the various capital cities of Europe and America, while some have even wandered as far away as China and Japan. The gentleman whom I am particularly alluding to, however, is "the well-known official of the Foreign Office" in London. This individual is constantly coming to the fore and volunteering information to some newspaper correspondent, but always on the understanding, presumably, that his name shall not be revealed. It seems indeed to be one of the weaknesses of this gentleman's widely-scattered tribe to give away secrets. I should not care to let the old fellow into the closet where my particular family skeleton is kept. For not only does the "prominent official of the Foreign Office, whose name cannot be mentioned," display a deplorable disregard for the sanctity of a confidence, but he is also much addicted to exaggeration, not to mention fabrica-

tion. His tid-bits of inside news and views, cabled across the Atlantic by the scholarly and industrious correspondents of the United States press, have a sad fashion of turning out to be altogether wrong and misleading. To those who understand how a newspaper is made, "the prominent official of the Foreign Office" is not a very interesting personage; but for the sake of those who are not so posted I should like to see this ancient gentleman corralled and photographed. I would gladly publish his portrait in LIFE, and am sure my readers would be interested in studying the physiognomy of such a monstrosity.

**E**LSEWHERE in this paper there is a paragraph concerning the work that is being done in this city under Mr. Boissevain, Consul-General of the Netherlands, towards contributing funds for an adequate ambulance service for the Boer forces. At first glance, it might appear as though loyal British subjects had no business contributing money for any such purpose. It looks like aiding the enemy. We must not forget, however, that the Boer soldier is as capable of suffering, when his blood is spilled and his bones are broken, as our own brave boys who have gone to the front; and that in relieving the agonies of those who have been shot down on the field of battle—even though they be our enemies—we are but performing a humane and brotherly deed. There can be no very serious objection to Canadians contributing to a fund for ambulance work among the enemy's wounded, provided assurances can be given that the money will not be used for belligerent purposes.

**"T**HE personal popularity of Hugh John Macdonald in Winnipeg is enormous, but it is easily explained," said a western politician to me. "Hugh John knows every man, woman and child in the town, and he is never too preoccupied to recognize them or be of service to them if he can. I have seen him carrying a length of stove-pipe through the streets on his way to help an old widow get up her stove for the winter." It is quite evident that, in this respect at least, Hugh John is no unworthy son of his illustrious sire. But just how far his personal popularity will avail him in his struggle with the Greenway Administration, it would be hard to predict. At this distance, the issues between the ins and outs in Manitoba do not seem to be of such a character that the destiny of the world is going to be materially affected by the result. It looks pretty much like a fight for the sweets of office—the stock-in-trade argument of the Liberals being the record of the Greenway Government, and that of the Conservatives the pedigree of the Opposition leader. Probably the chief value of the result will be its significance, one way or the other, with reference to party prospects in the West, at the next Dominion general election.

**G**REAT BRITAIN cannot be charged with neglecting her heroes, whatsoever her other faults may be. It is interesting to note that a movement has already been set on foot in the little Cornish borough of Saltash, with whose surroundings the late General Sir Wm. Penn Symons was so intimately connected, to erect a memorial to that gallant officer. An appeal for funds is to be sent throughout the Empire. It is scarcely more than a month since General Symons received his

## LOOKING-GLASS--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.

mortal wound at Glencoe. Many navy and military heroes have had to wait decades and even centuries for the recognition which Symons is about to receive so shortly after his death. No one will dispute his title to an honorable place in the list of our soldier martyrs—and yet how prone we are to exaggerate the heroism of the officer at the expense of the humble man who dies an equally noble death in the ranks. Of course, we cannot erect a memorial to every private who unflinchingly makes the greatest of all sacrifices for the sake of duty; and this is doubtless the reason why officers are canonized and remembered, while the mass of fighters, who may have displayed equal courage and patriotism, are shoveled into a common grave and forgotten.

**G**OSSIP has wings, but its flight, as a rule, is confined to the comparatively narrow limits of a single locality. But when a statement gets into print, it is astonishing to what lengths it will travel, without the least effort apparently on any one's part. This is a fact so often exemplified to journalists as to have ceased to attract attention, except in striking cases. The men who are concerned with the making of the papers we read know how a little item of the right kind (and sometimes one of the wrong kind) will travel to and fro through the press for years, crossing seas and continents, and finding its way into strange tongues. A case in point has come before me lately. Early this fall a brief sketch and a portrait of a British Columbia "character," Father Pat, were published in LIFE. Not only was the article republished far and wide, but inquiries for a number of copies of the paper containing the sketch have been received from Ireland, where Father Pat formerly lived. Without wishing to make this department a vehicle for the arts of the canvasser, I may be permitted to point out that the incident has a moral for those business men whose faith in publicity and printer's ink is wavering.

**S**IR WILLIAM DAWSON was one of that long and glorious line of distinguished men whom the Maritime Provinces have contributed to the Dominion. In Canada, as in Palestine of old, wise men have a fashion of coming out of the East, and the neighborhood of Pictou, where Sir William was born, has been strikingly prolific in brainy people. We perchance never value the services of such men as Dawson and Grant at their proper worth, the politician and the money-making overshadow the scholar in the public eye at this epoch of the world's history. Bill Jones, M.P., may be of a very common grade indeed, but, if he makes a big enough nuisance of himself, he is certain to be known in every household throughout the land, while the significance of the work of such men as Sir Wm. Dawson is understood only in the haziest way. Yet, the labors of the educator and scholar are certain to be more far-reaching than the feverish fussiness of the third-rate, back-country politician. Sir William's name was a distinguished one amongst scientists, and, if he was not as well known as he should have been to the Canadian people at large, he was known far and wide beyond the bounds of Canada to the intellectually elect. He was, perhaps, the sole distinguished scientist who refused to accept, *holus bolus*, the Darwinian hypothesis. This gave him a unique place amongst the galaxy of great men who have made the nineteenth century so distinctively a scientific and rationalistic age.

**A**N Ottawa correspondent, referring to my remarks the other day about Sir Adolphe Caron's experience at the hands of old political followers, points out that it is not only the politicians who suffer socially from defeat, but that their families, in many cases, also come in for the cold shoulder. To be the wife or daughter of an influential Cabinet Minister is one thing; to be the wife or daughter of a defeated or dis-

carded leader is quite a different thing. Several notorious cases could be named, all showing that a woman's popularity is not necessarily in direct ratio with her personal charms, but is governed to a great extent by the wealth and rank of her husband, brother or father. It is so easy for the natural-born ead (and his name is legion), to fawn on a woman who has position and money, and then greet her with the stony stare of indifference when these things have taken wings elsewhere.

**I** UNDERSTAND that the St. James' Club was conducted during the past year in such admirable fashion that the balance sheet showed a profit of \$20,000. This is most creditable to the management of the club, and stands out in striking contrast to the financial experiences of some of our Canadian clubs. The credit for the prosperous condition of the St. James is due largely to Mr. Hayter Reed, who, as secretary, has succeeded in placing all its affairs on a thoroughly businesslike basis.

FELIX VANE.

### YULE AFRICANUS.

**A** PERSISTENT statement has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that General Yule, who has been prominent in the South African campaign, is the Canadian officer, William Andrew Yule, born at Chambly, a graduate of McGill University and of the Royal Military College. This appears to be wrong, as Lieut-Col. W. A. Yule's last appointment was to the post of Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at Bermuda, and he has not the rank of General. The South African Yule would appear to be J. H. Yule, Colonel of the 1st Batn., Devonshire Regiment, who has ranked as a Major-General since May 18, 1898. That the latter officer is the one who successfully effected the rapid retreat from Glencoe and Dundee before the on-coming Boer hordes is borne out by the following paragraph in M. A. P., the well-known English society paper:

"One would have to go far and wide to find a more delightful old lady than the mother of General Yule, who has resided in Ealing for the past 50 years. Mrs. Yule lives in an old-fashioned house in Eaton-rise, one of the quietest parts of this pleasant western suburb, which, to the people of the army and navy, is like Bedford Park to the literary and artistic community. Although over 80 years of age, she is remarkably active and intelligent yet, and, except for a slight deafness, has all her faculties perfect. She has not lately heard from her son, but consoles herself by diligently reading every edition of a newspaper brought to her by her faithful servant, thus making herself thoroughly acquainted with her boy's daily movements. 'I do hope the war will soon be over,' she said recently. 'But I love to know,' she added enthusiastically, 'that my boy is doing his duty. This is the fourth war in which he has taken part, and, if he has been spared in three, he may be spared in four. My great hope is that I shall see him at Christmas.' Mrs. Yule's kindly gaze at her visitor through her gold-rimmed spectacles is one to be remembered. Nevertheless she conveys the impression that she would have held an honored position amongst the Spartan mothers of old. 'She is the most wonderful old lady I have ever seen,' remarked one who knows her well, the other day. 'She would put to shame many a woman of half her age!'"

**M**RS. CAMPBELL STEWART, Mount Pleasant avenue, entertained a few friends at a very enjoyable informal euchre party, Thursday evening, November 16, in honor of Miss Amy G. Stewart, whose marriage to Mr. Sidney C. Phillips took place on Wednesday.

**M**RS. ELIZABETH A. CALDWELL'S annual exhibition and sale of china painting and water colors opened in her studio, 213 Peel street, yesterday afternoon. The exhibition will be open to the public until November 30.

## AS THE TWIG IS BENT, ETC.

"YES, when Willie grows up we intend to get him to enter the army."

"Which branch of the service—infantry?"

"No; cavalry, I think. He looks so beautiful on his rocking-horse."

## TOO REALISTIC.

D'AUBER—Here's my latest picture, "The Battle." I tell you war's a terrible thing.

CYNIC'S—Oh, I don't think it's as bad as it's painted.

## A BIG RISE.

A WELL-KNOWN speculator on the Montreal Stock Exchange was sitting in a friend's office one hot day last summer, and during the conversation, which was chiefly about stocks and shares of different kinds, he informed his friend that he had picked up a cheap thing during the winter. "It stood at 33 then, and yesterday it touched 84!" he said.

"By Jove! what an extremely lucky fellow you are! What was it?" said his friend.

"Only a thermometer," was the quiet reply.

## ONE TO THE PLUMBER.

A PLUMBER was sent to the house of a wealthy Montrealer to make repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work, when the lady of the house entered.

"John," said she, with a suspicious glance towards the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard and lock it up at once."

But the man of lead was in nowise disconcerted.

"Tom," said he to his apprentice, who accompanied him, "take my watch and chain and these coppers home to my missus at once. There seems to be shady people about this house."

## AMONG THE BARNSTORMERS.

"YE GODS!" exclaimed Roland Rantts, as he peered into the pit from the left wing, "we have an alms asylum to-night."

The sweet singer stared blankly.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Rantts. Did you say we had an alms asylum?"

"Yes; or, in other words, we have a poor house."

Then the funny man of the company caught the joke and lived on it for six years.

## WONDERFUL FORESIGHT.

A MONTREAL lady of very elegant figure was asked why she always employed very stout servants. Her answer was characteristic: "To prevent them wearing my clothes when I am away from home."

## THE RULES OF THE GAME.

DURING the last Boer War an amusing duel took place before Laing's Nek between a Highlander and a Boer. Both British and Boers were well under cover, but Sandy Macdonald persisted in rising and taking a pot-shot and down again, while one of the Boers did the same. As Sandy rose one



SUSY.—Mrs. Wiggins just asked me what your score was, grandpa.

GRANDPA.—What did you tell her, Susy?

SUSY.—Three score and ten.

time to fire, he received a bullet through his hand, and let out a yell.

An officer, lying near by, said: "Serve you right, Mac; you were told not to show yourself."

"Nae doot, sir, nae doot," groaned Sandy; "but hoo did I ken he was gaun to fire oot o' his turn?"

## AT FIVE A. M.

HUSBAND—My dear, I can't sleep for the howling of that cat of ours. It's intolerable, I wish you'd try to get rid of her.

WIFE (drowsily)—Her month is up on Friday and I'll send her away without a character.

## SHE WAS MARRIED.

MISS BROWN—Have you ever seen anything in the moon to remind you of a man? I haven't.

MRS. BLACK—Oh, yes, when it was full I have.

## PEN POINTS.

WHEN a woman cuts a man's acquaintance she looks daggers at him.

Insinuate to any girl over 17 that she is engaged, and she will do her very best to look guilty.

But few men can handle a hot lamp-chimney and repeat the Ten Commandments at the same time.

"Girls," writes a Quebec reader, "are never satisfied. When they are in short skirts they are crying for long ones, and when they get them they hold them up."

The silent watches of the night are presumably those which their owners neglected to wind up.

In China, love-making is only done three days before marriage. It is not only considered the safest way to get ahead of a rival, but the surest way to get a wife without losing much time.

"My long-lost sister!" he exclaimed.

Naturally, she looked surprised; but she soon recalled that six years before she had promised to be one to him.

MOTHER.—What are you doing with papa's hair-restorer?

ETHEL.—Willie and I are going to make your moth-eaten muff as good as new.



## BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

### Canadian Books and Authors.

**M**R. ALEXANDER FRASER, M.A., a Toronto journalist, has just published a little book of much interest to Scots in Canada, "The Last Laird of MacNab: an episode in the settlement of MacNab Township, Upper Canada." Mr. Fraser modestly styles himself editor of the series of sketches and biographical data which are collected in this book, and of which he is understood to be the author. (Imrie, Graham & Co.)

At the close of this month a collection of the poems of Frederick George Scott is to be published by Wm. Briggs. The volume will include the most of those already published, as well as a considerable number that have not yet been put in print. All three of Mr. Scott's published books: "The Soul's Quest," "My Lattice," and "The Unmanned Lake," have been most favorably received, and have each in succession strengthened the reputation of the poet.

Mr. Jas. H. Coyne, president of the Ontario Historical Society, is gathering material for the publication in English, under the society's auspices, of Galnee's narrative of the wanderings of himself and Dollier (two Sulpician missionaries) in Upper Canada. The map of their journey, drawn by Galnee, constitutes the earliest attempt to draw a map of Ontario. A fac-simile of the map will be produced in the book.

Professor Wm. Clark, of Trinity University, is about to issue a new book—"The Paraclete, or the Work and Office of the Holy Spirit." (Morang.) It consists of a series of lectures delivered by Professor Clark at the University of Michigan, under the Charlotte Wood Schoem endowment. The author's reputation as a writer and original thinker, combined with the growing interest in religious problems in these days of theological unrest, will doubtless secure for the book a wide audience.

Mr. James Bain has discovered in the library of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, the volumes containing the evidence taken by the British commission appointed to distribute part of the grant voted by the Imperial Parliament to the United Empire Loyalists. The value of the notes of the evidence is very great. They have never been published, and contain details of the vicissitudes of the Loyalists who peopled so many districts in the present Dominion, from Nova Scotia to Ontario. They are in all 40 manuscript volumes, and were presented years ago by a relative of General Dundas to the Washington Library. Mr. Bain has taken steps to rescue the information they contain for the people of Canada, and the volumes in the collection relating to Canada are to be copied and reprinted when the necessary permission of the authorities at Washington is secured.

"The History of Canadian Banking," which Mr. Byron E. Walker, general manager of the Bank of Commerce, wrote last year for a series of financial works published in New York, has now been issued as a separate volume, and forms the most complete and comprehensive book on this subject.

**Crockett's  
"Ione March."** **M**R. S. R. CROCKETT'S new novel, "Ione March" (Copp, Clark Company, Limited), is a raucy and thoroughly entertaining story of a supposedly typical "American" girl of the present day. As we all know, it is a rather dangerous thing for foreign authors to express their views, directly or indirectly, of the United States and its people, especially if the said views chance to be at all unfavorable. But Mr. Crockett smooths the way for his somewhat hazardous venture by a dedicatory note in which he eulogizes "Americans" in general, and points that there are several sorts of "Americans" in his story, and all charming in their way—except one. The mean "American" of the book is



**KIPLING'S LATEST PORTRAIT.**  
(From a crayon drawing by Straug.)

a Mr. Kearney Judd, and certainly he is not an endearing specimen. Nor are the other characters paragons in every respect, but, as Mr. Crockett says, all are charming in their way. Idalia Judd, who is the typical "American" girl, talks like a streak in the most delightfully expressive "American." She was a very "engaging" young lady, and her frank account of her experiences is most instructive. A trip "across the pond" gave her ample time to bring matters to a climax, and she had even been known to become engaged on a train.

"And do you know it's rather nice, though hurried in parts, and you have to cut a good deal of the best dialogue. Yes, s'ree; you have to make them go the pace. It was with a man named Kenneth Early that I tried it first, when father and I were going straight across lots to San Francisco without stopping. All through the Prairie States he told me how he loved me, and you just believe it passed the time; you can't think. But alas! his shoes were no smoother than elsewhere on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, we quarrelled on the platform at Salt Lake, all because he would go mooning after a pretty little Mormoness, pretending all the while he was only posting a letter. Now, unfaithfulness is the one thing I can't stand, and I told him so."

"I didn't ask you to love me long, Kenneth," I said to him, "only to attend strictly to business while you were about it."

"However, he was so heartbroken that I forgave him just before we got to Digger City, and at Sacramento I said I'd be his new-found sister, but he said he wasn't annexing any more sisters, and so we parted forever."

Ione March, after whom the novel is called, is a strong character. The daughter of a famous American Governor, she has been educated in a European convent, and so combines the energy, independence and adaptability of the American with a dignified refinement which is very pleasing; while her sweet womanliness is only brought out more strongly by her struggles with the world in the effort to earn a living for herself. The plot is well constructed and well carried out.

**Sardou's  
"Robespierre."** **O**NE of the greatest dramatic successes of the time has been won by Sir Henry Irving, in London, in the play "Robespierre," written for him by Sardou. The fact that the play is to be produced by Irving in the principal cities of Canada this season is sufficient reason for the publication by The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, of the novel, which has been written from the play under Sardou's direction and with his cooperation. Independently of all interest of this, however, it justifies its existence, for it is a most dramatic story admirably told. The illustrations will be taken from Irving's rendering of the play, and will greatly add to the value of this book.

CANTON.

## MISS SKINNER'S RAPID PROGRESS.

BY NOEA VYNNE.

*Published by Special Arrangement. Copyrighted 1899, by Nora Vynne.*

SHE was a poor, dowdy, thin little thing, very nervous, very anxious, and utterly inexperienced; if she had not been utterly inexperienced, she would never have dreamed of calling unbidden on the editor of *The New Universe*, for *The New Universe* put on a very great deal of side, and the editor could not be seen without a written mandate, a sort of "card to view," as if he were a house to let. But ignorance knows no fear. Poor, shabby little Miss Skinner walked calmly into the office and said: "I have come to see Mr. Wentworth," and everyone was so much astonished at her that she was shown upstairs.

She had never in all her life seen an editor, or offered a story for sale before; so she was quite calm and unembarrassed. She said simply: "I have brought you a little story, and I thought I should like to read it to you, because then you would know better what it is about."

The great man was absolutely speechless with amazement, and this, of course, gave Miss Skinner an opportunity to begin.

"I don't read very well," she said, modestly. "But then I write exceedingly bad, so you will really be able to judge the story better if I read it. It is about Indian life; it is not very long. I had better leave off talking and begin."

She began to read. He let her begin; he let her go on. He listened, first in surprise, then in dismay, then with something very like fear—so like, that at last he knew it was fear, and sat in his chair, trembling mentally, if not palpably. How did she know these things? The terrible little creature, in her pale voice, void of all emphasis, read calmly through the accusation of her hero, telling how he did such and such evil deeds remorselessly. Names were altered, names of places and people, details as to the manner of committing the various evil deeds, but there was no mistake as to the identity of her hero. Wentworth's blood ran cold—it really did. He had not felt the sensation since that night at Quetta, when he saw—Horrible! She was coming to that now. She was describing the incident. After 10 years of immaculate and dignified life in England, Nemesis had overtaken him in the person of a little, thin old maid.

Her trembling, colorless voice grew terrible to him—more and more terrible. What? She was making that disgraceful incident the turning-point of his career! Instead of being discovered and known for a villain, he was mistaken for a hero, applauded, promoted. How did she know? How, in the devil's name, did she know? She had nearly finished reading. He wiped his face stealthily, then his fingers. She dropped the hands that held the manuscript on her lap. He was confronting her calm and unmoved.

"That is all," she said. "I should have liked to have made just retribution overtake the hero for his crimes, but I thought it was more in accordance with modern taste to leave him unpunished in my story. Do you think you would care to buy it?"

He commanded himself perfectly.

"What price do you set upon it?"

"I hadn't fixed—I thought—I mean—you know best what it is worth, I think."

He did, and set his teeth hard.

"A hundred pounds?"

"Oh!" Surprise and pleasure showed in her eyes for a moment. He saw she would have taken less, but he did not abate his offer. He was no niggard.

"I shall be quite content with that," said Miss Skinner, coolly.

"I will write you a cheque."

He did so. She took it and said "thank you." He held out his hand for the manuscript. She hesitated.

"I noticed one or two little slips in grammar and spelling as I was reading," she said. "If you do not mind, I should like to take it home and correct them."

"The printer will see to that," he said, smiling grimly. "Good afternoon."

He turned her out with dignity. She went downstairs smiling to herself.

"And they say literature isn't a paying profession," she murmured.

The officials downstairs who, meanwhile, had been suffering much trepidation over the general paralysis of astonishment to which she owed her admission to the editor's sanctum, saw her come downstairs well pleased, and began to be reassured. They hadn't made a mistake after all. Later, when the day had passed over, and no one had been dismissed, they began to think Miss Skinner must be a very great personage indeed, who went about shabby and wet through from eccentricity.

But Miss Skinner was a business woman after all. With her £100 cheque in her hand she went straight to another editor. This was a very courteous well-bred man, whose sense of humor prevented him from ever mistaking himself for the Sultan of Turkey. Moreover he was the sort of man who had no difficulty in remembering that a woman is still a woman, even when she has to work for her living. Therefore, no one was too astonished to ask her to send up her name and wait until the editor was at leisure.

He was a little amused when, on admission, she suggested reading a story to him, but kindly amused, for he saw at a glance that she was gentleness and modesty itself. He said he would look over the story himself, and did so, in a few minutes.

It was a fairly good story, no better than the average, but the editor decided to take it, and being, in his great heart, sorry for the thin, little figure and jaded little face of the woman, offered her three guineas, and asked if she would like to be paid at once.

She quietly mentioned what she had received for a story at *The New Universe*, and seeing that his incredulity for the moment almost overcame his good breeding, showed him the cheque.

He was not inordinately surprised. He explained that there was no accounting for what they did on *The New Universe*. He couldn't do the like here, because they had not so much money. The price he had offered was a fair price for an average story by an unknown author. Very possibly there might be something in the other story which the editor of *The New Universe* counted on to make a hit. Authors were never good judges of their own work. It might be very much more striking than the one she brought to him. After she had made a hit in such a paper as *The New Universe* she might command much higher prices. Possibly it might be better to hold her stories until she had.

But no. Miss Skinner wanted to dispose of as many now as possible.

"In that case, if she would agree for this present story not to be published until after the appearance of that in *The Universe* he would give her five guineas instead of three. He really did not think she would get more for it."

Somehow his frank and kindly manner was more convincing even than the £100 cheque. She took the five guineas, smiled nervously, and said, "Good afternoon." The editor turned to his work. He wondered a little at the liberality of *The Universe*, and doubted whether the story they had bought was worth the money, but was far too simple-minded to imagine any special reason why such a sum had been paid. He saw no reason whatever why he should not mention the incident to one or two other men at luncheon next day. The story got about; a few people who had not seen Miss Skinner murmured scandal. But by the end of the week she had placed

MISS SKINNER, ETC.—CONTINUED  
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seven stories very well indeed. A few days later she received through the post a card requesting that she would call at the office of *The New Universe*. She was rather glad, because she wanted to ask when her story would be published, seeing that the publication of the others must wait for it, and during the week she had found that editors were not always altogether glad to receive callers.

She was shown up to the editor's room without delay. She gave a little frightened smile—as if she wished that he would be pleased to see her.

"Miss Skinner," he began, "you have been showing the cheque I gave you in various offices, I hear."

"Yes," she said, simply. "I thought that would make them give me more for my stories—and it did."

"Did you not consider showing it a breach of faith?"

"No. You never told me not to show it."

"I did not suppose that was necessary. I thought you would see so much for yourself. To speak of the affair was to," he was about to say, "betray me," but caught himself up short. "I am thinking of you quite as much as of myself. I daresay you did not mean to break faith with me. But what did you expect people to think of you when you said you had been paid £100 for a short story?"

"I wanted them to think I had written a clever story," she said, innocently. "They did think so. Some of them paid me very much more when they heard what you had paid."

He almost laughed.

"You are an exceedingly clever woman, and you should write exceedingly clever stories; we will say no more of that particular one."

"I wanted to say just one thing about it," answered Miss Skinner, cheerfully. "How soon do you intend to publish it? Some of the editors are keeping their's back until yours has come out. They seemed to think you would not have paid so much if you had not expected that story to make a sensation."

"Make a sensation!" He ground his teeth and answered politely—

"When a story is bought and paid for on the spot, its publication rests on the convenience of the editor. That is understood."

"Of course, of course," she agreed. "I was not being so silly as to try to hurry you, but I want to know when you are likely to find it convenient to have it published?"

He rose, shaking with helpless anger. To be mocked and brow-beaten in his own office by a woman—a little, plain, shabby woman. It was unendurable. He began to lose his self-control.

"Our story is burnt to ashes!" he said.

"Oh, how shocking! However did it happen? A story you had paid so much for, too. How did it happen?"

"An accident—an accident," he said, restraining himself again. For it was just possible this little jaded Nemesis might be managed, if he were careful.

"A most unfortunate accident—unfortunate for me too. I have been paid much more highly than I should otherwise have been, on account of that story, as I told you. But what will the other editors say when it never comes out? What had I better do?"

She looked up at him appealingly.

"You must write me another story in place of it."

"Oh, yes!" her face brightened. "I can do that easily."

"I will pay you the same sum for it."

"Oh, but it may not be so good?"

"You are very scrupulous," he said, politely. "Your first story being so exceptionally good, it is only fair you should have some compensation for the loss of advertisement consequent on its suppression. All that I require is that you will not mention the circumstance, and that you will make no further demands on me."

"Of course not, oh dear, no. It is ample. I will not mention the matter again. I am new to this kind of life, and do not know the etiquette of it. I did not mean to offend."

She left the office a little troubled and doubtful. After about a fortnight she reappeared with a manuscript in her hand. She began to speak the moment the door shut behind her.

"I have been feeling very uneasy about this second £100," she said. "It does not seem right that I should have it. If you are generous, I must not be greedy. A £100 note is too much for a story which may not be as good as the last one."

He let her speak. What was coming? Was it possible that the woman felt compunction? She went on with the air of one who has thought over a matter determinedly, and is reciting the result.

"One of them" (she meant the editors) "said that you must have seen something remarkable in that first story which did not exist in the others. The fact that no one offered me much for any of the others, proves him to have judged rightly. So I have thought and thought, until I remembered every word of your story, and I have written it out again."

The usual office ruler lay on the desk. The thought came into the editor's mind that it would be very easy and pleasant to take that ruler and smite Miss Skinner over the head with it several times, beat the shabby black hat, and the meagre white face into an indistinguishable mass, and hide the remains among the wagons of waste paper. As she ended he spoke shortly, making his final offer.

"We are thinking of buying *Fashion and Fiction*, which is just now for sale. Should you care to undertake the post of editress, under me, of course; we should pay well. I should not interfere, unless you happened to write—but you would have no time to write stories. What do you say?"

"Say? An editress! Ah, what a lucky woman I am. Say? Why, of course, I should only be too glad. Why, such a post means riches to me. I don't care about writing stories. To tell the truth, I don't like story-writing, it is so difficult. I think, and think, and think, and it makes my head ache. After all, one cannot write very many of them, and no one but you seems to pay anything like the value of the labor they cost. No, I will never write short stories now. I shall devote all my working time to the paper."

So the matter was settled. *Fashion and Fiction* was bought by *The New Universe* proprietor, and Miss Skinner became editress of it. She bought herself handsome clothes, and ceased to be thin and haggard. She went down to the office in a cab whenever the streets were in the least muddy, and was very happy indeed. Certainly other people seemed to do all the work, but, if Mr. Wentworth was satisfied, nothing could be wrong.

She was not exalted by success. She was still simple and gentle, and low-voiced. She developed benevolence, too; a virtue for which she had previously had no scope. She bought a big silver kettle, with a spirit lamp and some tea, which she gave with words of consolation to all the fagged young authors and authoresses who climbed her stairs, so that she became beloved even of those whose manuscripts she regretfully declined.

Time passed pleasantly for Miss Skinner. She became quite an important personage. The other editors waited in vain for the wonderful story in *The Universe*, and published those they had bought one after the other, and none of them attracted very much attention. This made Miss Skinner less regretful that she had given up story-writing. A little scandal was talked about her sudden promotion, but she never heard of it.

She heard, however, a good deal about Mr. Wentworth, editor of *The New Universe*. Other people seemed to find him rude and hard to please. It made her all the more grateful for his strange kindness towards herself.

She often meditated writing him a pretty little letter of thanks, saying that she did not understand the full extent of

his kindness at the time, but she did now. She very seldom saw him. They interchanged a good many messages about Fashion and Fiction at first. But, after a time, she learnt how to do the small amount of work which seemed to be expected of her, and could do it unassisted.

Meanwhile Wentworth was in a perpetual state of unrest. He had escaped his Nemesis for a time, but who could tell when she might demand fresh sacrifices? She seemed quiet enough, but that might only mean that she was waiting her opportunity. He never got up in the morning without wondering if she would strike that day, nor went to bed at night without wondering if he should hear news next morning. His hair began to turn grey, and drop off at the temples. For the first time in his life his liver got out of order.

At last, when the torture of suspense was becoming quite unbearable, the little murmur of scandal which had played about Miss Skinner's appointment reached his hearing. His first feeling was that of relief. The murmur showed at least that no one had the least suspicion of the truth. Then he was amused. It was the first time he had taken any real pleasure in a joke since the appearance of that little, thin, shabby figure in his office. Then he remembered that she was not thin or shabby now. Slowly a means of absolute security grew from his first feeling of relief. There was a way in which a woman's evidence could be rendered absolutely null in law.

It was a desperate remedy. But, then, the danger was desperate. It would be a much more serious thing to have those lost records brought to light than even to marry Miss Skinner. The idea grew on him.

While he was in this mind he happened to dine at the house of a wealthy lady who was an intimate friend of his. She had heard the scandal and alluded to it, being one of those women who like a man the better for injuries done to their own sex.

"There is something in it," she laughed, somewhat vulgarly. "You would not do so much for a plain little woman like that without good reason."

Wentworth, who had not thought office tattle could reach those diamond-bedecked ears, after a moment's horrid doubt as to her meaning, gave her a good reason on the spot.

"I hope to make her my wife he said."

His friend apologized. After all she was not very plain. Sometimes when she wore pink she looked quite pretty. She was a nice refined little woman. And if she was not young she was still much younger than Wentworth himself.

The idea did not seem quite so intolerable when he had put it into words. Next day he took Miss Skinner to tea at a confectioner's, and proposed to her. Little Miss Skinner had never had an offer of marriage before in all her life. Of course, she accepted him. Wentworth gave a great sigh of relief, for he was safe. But he hoped, a little uneasily, that she had never blackmailed anyone but him.

On the afternoon of their wedding day, as they were whirled along in the Scotch express, Mrs. Wentworth nestled up to her husband and made a little confession.

She said that she was the happiest woman in all the world, and that she couldn't understand it. That she knew all sorts of women were loved, even quite plain ones, but she had never dreamt of such happiness coming to her.

She said that she had taken his kindness as a matter of course, at first; but when a little experience had shown her how rare such goodness was, it had puzzled her exceedingly. But, of course, his having fallen in love with her at first sight explained everything.

"Ah!"—and here the trembling of the little gloved hand made itself felt through Wentworth's coat sleeve, "that was a lucky story, wasn't it? It was more trouble than any of the others. I spent days and days getting up my facts and local color from 'Greet's Frontier Studies.'"

"What!" he exclaimed. "What's that? 'Greet's Frontier Studies'?" Then you didn't mean to—Your story was not founded on fact?"

"Oh, no! Of course not. I invented it all with the help of 'Greet's Frontier Studies.' I didn't 'crib,' you know. I only found out what sort of things might be done by a clever and unscrupulous man, and made the story seem as lifelike as I could. I must have done it better than I knew, if you believed it, dear. The story has brought us together. We will never publish it, will we? It would be sacrilege."

And, strange to say, Wentworth's first sensation was not rage that he had been tricked by his own apprehensions, but delightful relief at the knowledge that the shy little woman

was not a blackmailer after all. She did not even suspect his misdemeanors. She thought him spotless. The humor of the situation pleased him, now he knew he was safe. Something very like tenderness crept into his eyes as he kissed his wife's loving little face, and he told himself that she was quite pretty after all, and that, if he ever let her find out that he was the hero she thought him, or that he had married her for any reason but the one she believed in so pathetically, that would be a worse offence than any of those others, the memory of which was safely lost.

#### AN ORIGINAL WOMAN'S SUCCESS.

ORIGINALITY is, perhaps, even harder to find in the literary sphere than in others; and hence the delight with which it is hailed. An original woman, indeed, is Mrs. T. M. Almon Hensley, of New York, and one who has made the most of her



MRS. T. ALMON HENSLEY.

natural talents as stepping-stones to success. Her ideas have, at times, almost driven consternation to the hearts of those connected with her enterprises, but she has overridden all hindrances, and mapped out for herself a brilliant career.

A Canadian by birth, and a daughter of a Church of England clergyman, she early imbibed a liking for books and book projects. Her family was that of the Almons, so well-known in Halifax circles, and she is a direct descendant of the famous Cotton Mather. Her literary attainments, together with a voice of rare culture, were the admiration of her friends. Finding too little scope at home for her ideas, she went to New York, and very quickly made a name for herself among the literary men and women of that city. New York letters contributed to leading provincial journals attracted considerable attention and her book of verses, "A Woman's Love Letters," established the fact that she was a writer of much excellence of style. Two of her sonnets, "There is no God" and "Triumph," appeared in Douglas Sladen's "Younger American Poets."

She is, however, best known not as a writer, but as the president of the Society for the Study of Life, and as secretary of the National Congress of Mothers. The former society, as the name would indicate, is essentially American and novel in idea, and owns Mrs. Hensley as one of the prime movers in its organization. It subsists as a kind of ladies' literary club for study and the discussion of all subjects pertaining to "the intellectual life," and counts among its members some of the leading minds of New York. Mrs. Hensley makes a large income by keeping abreast of current literature and posting society women on the results of her reading, the object being to save them a great deal of unnecessary effort in sampling books that may prove disappointing.

Though a man's personality counts for much when it is necessary for him to come before the public, a woman's counts immeasurably more under such circumstances, and Mrs. Hensley is fortunate in possessing a personal charm as striking as it is attractive. Her easy grace of manner, and her rich voice make her peculiarly suited to fill the position on public platforms which she is so frequently called upon to assume.

J.S.M.



THE view from one of the windows of a pretty sitting-room, which overlooks a neighbor's unattractive back yard, has been beautifully screened by the ingenious fingers of its owner in the following clever fashion: She procured from the glazier a number of panes of glass the exact size of those of the lower sash, and a ball of putty; then she covered the panes of the window with pressed autumn grape leaves, ferns and other brightly-tinted foliage. She imitated the bunches of grapes with purple tissue paper, cutting out each grape separately, the tissue paper giving the same luminous effect as the pressed leaves. The stems and tendrils she painted in oils, gumming the leaves and grapes in place with a little mucilage, and adding a few butterflies, which she bought from a collection. When her design was finished, she covered each pane with the others she had bought, and fastened them in with the putty, making an illuminated window of great beauty.

BOX-PLEATED gowns are once more much in evidence in Paris, and a correspondent says this style of skirt is doubtless the coming fad for women. Mousquetaire gloves with the long wrists worn over the dress sleeves are again in style. They are smart, and, although only women who are always a little ahead of the modes have yet adopted them, it is quite probable that they will be commonly worn before long.

SOME women make excellent companions because they are charming gossips. The word gossip has fallen into disrepute: it is associated with slander, trivial carplings, and criticisms of others. But there is gossip and gossip. There is the gossip that is the result of a genuine liking for, and interest in, our fellow-creatures, and of humorous observation of their harmless eccentricities and innocent foibles. There is the gossip that is entirely the result of the study of their weak points and vanities. I knew a woman whose talk about the people she knew, or met by chance, was delightfully fresh and genial. She could chatter about the 1,000 nothings of the hour in a way that put you into good humor with life and the world. I know another whose trenchant and cynical talk is amusing enough: it makes you laugh against your will, but it leaves a bad taste in your mouth, and you feel after it that "man delights me not, nor woman either."

HOUSEKEEPERS have been relieved to find that breakfast cereals, according to the recent report of the chemists of the Agricultural Department, are seldom adulterated. It is, however, asserted by the same authority, that the prices of these foods are not in proportion to their quality, and that some of those which sell for the lowest price are as good as others selling for three or four times as much. All need more time for cooking than is advised on the packages.

ONE of the most interesting features of Manila industrial life is the wonderful skill and ingenuity of its lapidaries and gem setters, who, strange to say, are the women of the population, whose taste and workmanship have far surpassed the powers of men. A visitor to both Spain and Morocco, who was interested in the production of jewelry, must have remarked the superiority of the Spanish artificer, who has taught all of the excellencies of his craft to the natives of his colonies. In the case of the Philippines, however, it is undeniably true that the pupils have improved on the teacher, and their art has become famous throughout the Far East.

HERE are some hints on cleansing and ironing delicate garments. By the exercise of considerable judgment and patience, a nice dress may be cleaned without taking it apart. To cleanse a challis trimmed with lace and silk, soak it over night in soap bark and cold water, and wash it next morning in the same, being sure to rinse it thoroughly. It can be ironed like any other goods, but it requires ingenuity to get at all of the out-of-the-way places. Delicately tinted mulls and nearly all delicate goods to be cleaned must be soaked over night in salt water and washed in soap bark and cold water. To wash white mull yokes, place them in hot water, soap bark and ammonia, and leave them over night. In the morning, they should have another bath of the same kind, and then be rinsed in hot water. Silks and gloves can be washed in gasolene, but never in the night time, because of the danger of explosion. The woman who put her gloves, just out of their gasolene bath, on her hands, and held them over the stove to dry, should be an example to womankind. The fluid caught fire and her hands were disfigured for life. Unless a professional laundress is employed, it is of the greatest importance that a woman know how to do up her own tucked yokes, embroidered and ruffled neck-hands and daintiest lingerie. Iron fine tucks first on the wrong side, turn over, raise each tuck with a knife, dampen slightly and iron dry on the right side. Some prefer to raise them again instead of leaving them flat.

THE word "ship" is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and possesses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom of feminizing ships back to the Greeks, who called them by feminine names, probably out of deference to Athene, goddess of the sea. But the English-speaking sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship to him is always a lady, even though she be a man-o'-war. She possesses a waist, collars, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chains, watches, and dozens of other distinctly feminine attributes.

GERALDINE.

HENRY LABOUCHERE, who is always very much in evidence, filled many important posts in the Foreign Office, and represented his Government in various parts of Europe with acceptability before entering journalism and Parliament. He was once an attache in Washington for a few years. Thence he went West to study the various Indian tribes, and lived with them eight months. The most notable incident in his diplomatic career occurred when he was attached to the Legation at Berlin. The salaries paid by the Foreign Office in those days were ridiculously small. Labouchere found in a short time that his pay was utterly inadequate to meet the necessities of his office. With characteristic courage he wrote to the Home Government. The office in Downing street was startled by the young man's bluntness. The young attache reinforced his appeals by letters to *The Times* and other publications. The secretary in charge was so worried over the matter that he transferred Labouchere from Berlin to Vienna. Days passed and weeks, but Labouchere did not arrive at the Austrian capital. Berlin and Vienna grew anxious, and first wrote and then telegraphed to the Foreign Office. After an enormous amount of trouble and telegraphing they found that Labouchere was at a little inn in the Black Forest. There was an immediate demand for an explanation of his remarkable conduct. He answered it in his politest manner. He assured the Government that the delay was occasioned by his poverty, and the parsimony of the Foreign Secretary: that, after paying his bills in Berlin, he had not had enough money to take him in proper style to Vienna, and that for economy he had decided to make the journey on foot. This was too much for Downing street. They sent him a despatch, half indignant and half apologetic, and inclosed a draft which enabled him to complete his journey in first-class style. Shortly afterward they raised the salaries.

## News from Our Boys.

HOW A CANADIAN VOLUNTEER PLAYED ON THE  
IMAGINATION OF A CAPE DE VERDE  
NEWSPAPERMAN.

WE are indebted to an esteemed friend in the Cape de Verde Islands for a translation of a newspaper reporter's interview of some of the members of the Canadian contingent. It appeared in the columns of *The Sospiero del Puerco* (which may be roughly translated as *The Pig's Whisper*) an influential weekly journal of Barenlougá, and contains some interesting impressions of Canada from the Spanish standpoint. The translation is as follows:

"Thanks to my perfect knowledge of the Angleesh language, and of the manners and customs of that insular people, derived from a Portuguese Jew who had spent a lengthy term in the penitentiary at Malta, I was selected to await the arrival of H.M.S. vapor Sardinian, and to observe, with that perspicacity for which the Spanish journalist is famous, the habits and customs of the band of Canadian aborigines whom the necessities of perfidious Albion have drawn from the towering glaciers and eternal snows of the Niagara peninsula to aid in the contest with the Boers.

"I was instructed to avoid the officers, who may have become refined by contact with the more civilized nations of the Mediterranean, and to endeavor to gain the confidence of the tattooed savages who inhabit the wild and desolate regions of Griffintown and 'Goose Village,' and plant their skin lodges alike on the mountainous slopes of Winnipeg and the sage-covered plains of Toronto.

"Accordingly, I present myself at the gangway of the monster ship, and the next moment find myself in the midst of 1,000 huge, broad-chested, bronzed athletes, as foreign and curious to me as I, in my Spanish civilization, appear to them. I look around, bewildered by the jargon of a strange nation, and my eye falls on a good-natured giant who glances at me with a mingled look of admiration and amusement. I make my way to him. I propose to him the 'grogs' of his country in return for information of his tribe. He accepts both with laughter, round, jovial, Homeric. Behold us then seated in the steward's pantry, my note-book in my hand, and the 'portare-beer' of England on the table.

"The giant informs me that he belongs to a fierce and untractable tribe known as the O'Hoolahan's, whose progenitors were all kings and warriors. Hence, at the sound of the trumpet he seized his weapons, locked up his snow hut on the edge of Dominion Square, hung the key on the statue of Sir John A. Macdonald, so that his wife could find it when she came home from washing, and joined the shouting crowd of tribesmen who launched their skin canoes on the St. Lawrence on their way to Quebec and glory.

"He informs me that the size and strength of himself and his comrades is due to their constant contests with the wild animals who prowl around Montreal. He states that, when spearing seals at the edges of the ice pack in the canal basin, he could often hear the shrieks of weaker unfortunates whom the Canadian mosquitoes were dragging off the trolley cars and devouring in the open squares. His wife had more than once called him to remove moose and other wild animals from the baby's crib in order that the child might be put to bed. And he confessed that it was annoying to have to get up at nights to throw bricks at the panthers that persisted in singing elegies to the moon and obstructing the sidewalk. He also informed me that there were men in Montreal who had seen pink camels and polkadot elephants, and carried snakes around in their boots. But he confessed to me that these were men who used a peculiar club, which he called club rye. He stated that this was the national weapon of Canada. But, although

called a club, it can apparently be used also as a missile or noose. For he spoke of it also as 'forty rod' and 'tangle-foot.'

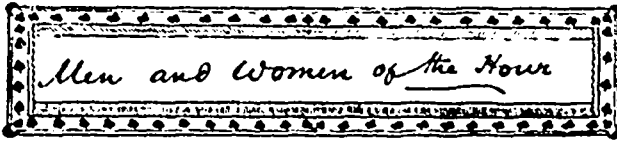
"With the true arrogance of the savage, he extolled the size and variety of aspects of his native land. He claimed that its inhabitants were as variegated as a spring necktie, and as interesting as a Saturday supplement. And he followed this up by pointing out that the contingent, of which he was a specimen, was drawn from all portions of it. Some come from a tribe called Blue-noses, who live on codfish and Government returns, on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean. Others were of the tribe of Prairie Dogs, and came from the mountains of Winnipeg, the Switzerland of Canada. One body were drawn from the wild fastnesses of Ontario, and were known to the civilized world as 'Grits.' These brewed a spirit of such power that the breath of him who consumed it would remove the paint from the doors of a fertilizer factory. Others came from the far shore of the Pacific, where the salmon leap through the kitchen windows and devour the cold meat that is left over from supper. Others, again, came from the Territories, where the soil is so fertile that the people grow potatoes sufficiently large to use their skins for raiment. These and many other wonders he narrated, and, in doing so, consumed so much portare-beer that his countenance became of a deep mahogany color, and I trembled at the extent and vigor of his vocabulary.

"According to his statements, the Government of the country is carried on by a group of officials known as 'Boodlers,' and their legislative enactments are characterized as 'grabs,' or 'steals.' An aggregation of 'Boodlers' is known as the 'Machine,' and evidently resembles in its functions the Cabinets of more civilized nations, while their chief is described as the 'Boss,' or 'King-Pin.' Over all is a Scottish peer, who is so popular that his statue, carved in wood and painted to represent life, can be seen outside many of the cigar stores. He is usually depicted as tendering a bundle of cigars to passers-by, in token of his extreme generosity.

"The sports of this wild but interesting people are as strange as their other characteristics. In one, called 'Rugby,' the players endeavor to pull the arms and legs off each other, and frequently members of both teams are swept up in pieces and carried off the field in wheelbarrows. In another game, one of the players hurls a hard ball with lightning speed at his opponent, who defends himself with a club, while a mysterious body of men termed 'rooters' shriek and yell from an elevated platform called the 'bleachers.' In a third, the player, attended by a slave bearing a huge bundle of clubs, strikes a small but extremely hard ball in the hopes that it may hit some unoffending citizen who has not heard the warning cry of 'Fore.' Should the citizen object, on regaining consciousness, the slave, who is known as a 'caddie,' is instructed to trip him up while the player 'foozles' him with a 'brassy'—an operation which I am led to believe is extremely painful.

"I had got thus far in my inquiries when the giant suggested that I partake of a fluid known as 'Scotch,' which he described as being of such flavor and potency as to make a man weak. I found it to be an agreeable beverage of a brownish color. On partaking of it I was seized with a desire to sing, followed by a strong inclination to go to sleep under the table. My legs also became independent in their motions, hastening in different directions against my inclinations and remonstrances. But, with the assistance of the giant and some of his comrades, I was safely conveyed to the wharf and enjoyed a refreshing but somewhat circuitous walk to the office, where I was promptly put to sleep on a pile of exchanges. Never shall I forget my sensations on awakening! Never more will I mix the portare-beer of Britain with the Scotch of the Canadian aborigine! Never! Never!! Never!!!"

"A PRUDENT man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."



PRECEDING ARTICLES: Major Cromart, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Bond, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Herbette, 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.

### A MILLIONAIRE WHO NEVER "WORRIES."

LOOKING upon this picture, it is almost impossible to realize that the gentleman, of whom it is a good likeness is almost 70 years of age, and has preserved himself so well physically despite the worries and cares incident to conducting an immense business and overseeing many varied interests. Mr. George Gooderham has every appearance of being a man still



MR. GEO. GOODERHAM.

in his very prime, and his voice and carriage are in keeping with his vigorous, healthful face. He is at the head of the largest distillery in the world, that of The Gooderham & Worts Company, Limited, and he is reputed to be the wealthiest man in Ontario, if not in Canada. It is impossible to get an estimate of his worth, and, although he is a perfect business man, he has probably little idea himself of his precise wealth, so many and varied are his business interests. In addition to the distillery business, he is a director of a large number of financial institutions, president of an insurance company, and of a bank, and has large real estate, mining and other interests.

Mr. Gooderham is noted for his modest, retiring disposition which shuns publicity, and it was with the greatest difficulty that his portrait was obtained for LIFE. Speaking of his private character, one well acquainted with him, says: "A man without pretence of any kind, he lives a good and pure life; his hobby is his family. He has a large family of children and most of those children have themselves children and he

takes the deepest interest in the welfare of each and every one of them. He knows them all, the wants and peculiarities of each, young and old, and is never so happy as when he is surrounded by them. He goes about his business quietly and modestly. A man of very large business interests, one would not think to speak to him that he had anything to do. He has always time to pass a pleasant word with a friend or neighbor and I have yet to hear the first word against him by anyone. While he has not taken an active part in public life, that is due to his modesty, and a singularly modest man he is. Still, at the same time (while he has not pushed himself forward) whenever there is anything which deeply affects the interests of Toronto, he is one of the first men spoken of. When the movement for a new hotel was initiated he was the first to be approached, and became, at a great inconvenience to himself, the first president. When the James Bay Railway was projected as a work of the city of Toronto, he was one of the commissioners and trustees, and it will be found that whenever his native city has need of him he is always available and grudges not his time, enormously valuable though it is, to the advancement of public interests."

Mr. Gooderham has, however, served interests much broader than those of purely municipal concern. He is a Senator of the University of Toronto, the apex of the educational system of Ontario. An enthusiastic yachtsman, he was one of the owners of the Canada which won the international championship for the Great Lakes at Toledo, in August, 1896. He has contributed generously to the funds of the Conservative party and was amongst the gentlemen recommended for appointment to the Senate by the Tupper Administration after its defeat at the general elections. He is a member of the Church of England, and of the Toronto and Albany Clubs, Toronto, and the St. James' Club, Montreal.

ABBOTSFORD, which is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, is offered for lease, but those who like a quiet life would hardly care to become tenants. It is stated that the annual number of visitors to the library, the armoury and Scott's study, which are open to the public at a shilling admission fee, shows no sign of diminution, and in the summer the veteran whose duty it is to conduct parties over the house is kept hard at work from morning till night.

### THE IDEAL GIRL.

SHE'S all that is gentle, and good, and sweet,  
A very shrine where the graces meet,  
A sunbeam prisoned for ever lies  
Within the depths of the shining eyes:  
The lips have speech which is soft and low,  
Whence only kindest thoughts may glow.

There's nothing garish in style or dress,  
And nothing approaching dowdiness;  
Her clothes are neat, and their fashion tend,  
With subtle instinct, to one great end:  
That she, whatever the garb she don  
Be fair and pleasant to look upon.

No frail-brained dullard, or stockinged blue,  
Her intellect claims respect its due;  
Her hands are willing, and scorn to shirk  
The smallest duty, the humblest work—  
Her very faults must a need fulfil,  
And serve to show she is human still.

And blithe and helpful, of untold worth,  
A sunny vision on this old earth,  
She goes her way with a glad content  
Till girl and woman in one are blent;  
And wheresoever her steps have trod  
She stands revealed as a child of God.

ASSIE G. HOPKINS.

## Points for Investors

THE expectation has been for a somewhat lengthy period of irregularity in speculative and financial circles, and it has been verified so far as the past six or eight days are concerned. That it will continue so until, in the ordinary course of events, the money situation has righted itself seems most probable. The action of the United States Secretary of the Treasury has been a prominent development in the financial situation. With the idea of relieving the stringency in New York, the Treasury has offered to redeem \$25,000,000 worth of United States Government bonds. In considering the influence of this action on the security markets, it will be well to bear in mind that the United States Treasurer's proposal will not be taken advantage of by the general public, nor was it intended that it should be. The interests which took the initiative in the matter have either provided, or will have provided, sufficient bonds to take up virtually the entire redemption fund, and these bonds will be turned in by instalments during the next two weeks in which the Treasury offer holds good. But, while it will afford considerable relief, it does not follow that the United States Treasury will at once pour into the open money market \$28,000,000, or any considerable part of that sum. The offer is undoubtedly based on the maintenance of high money rates, and those who take advantage of it will be holders of bonds who could not market them profitably, except under such conditions as are now offered, and who must be convinced before they do so that the loan market will continue to be a highly profitable field of investment. The action of the money market since the Secretary of the Treasury made his offer bears out the correctness of this assumption.

Therefore, while his action is an assurance against any undue disturbance in the New York money market during the critical period of the next two weeks, and renders compulsory speculative liquidation unlikely, it is no reason for rampant speculative trading. Yet, the fact remains that its effect has been to stir up the speculative fires. If this disposition leads to the distribution of speculative securities on a liberal scale, and a very great inflation of prices, the consequences are easy to foresee. If some powerful assistance is not forthcoming through the ordinary channels, there will be a recurrence of last week's monetary problem, after this new capital released by the Treasury's action is all absorbed, with the grave complication of an excessive level of prices. To sum up, the necessity for caution is as absolute now as it was a week ago. Popular sentiment, carried away by the great business prosperity, may fail to appreciate the extent to which the credit structure has been strained. The \$28,000,000 let out by the United States Government, to be intelligently employed, should be used to strengthen this credit position. On the other hand, taken as a basis for further speculative expansion, it will eventually lead to greater weakness than existed before.

This reasoning, however, does not apply to the attitude of investors toward the security markets, nor should it have any terrors for holders of securities of approved merit. It is simply a warning that the scope of the speculative markets has been materially narrowed during the past year, by the enormous increase in the legitimate uses for capital. The autumn currency movement is a corroboration of this deduction. With an outflow of funds in 1898 equal or nearly so to that of the present fall the return movement was earlier and more rapid. In that year, between the middle of October and December 1, \$18,000,000 more had been received at New York than was shipped out. It is now a full month past the date at which the tide should have turned, and yet \$12,000,-

000 more have been lost. The inference is plain; money released from harvesting purposes has been promptly absorbed by the expanding trade in commercial branches.

Locally, the most striking feature was the wide fluctuation in value recorded on the Stock Exchange by War Eagle. The bears jumped on this stock when it was announced that the date of the annual meeting had been postponed and drove the price away down to 256, a clean drop of 14c. That this was unwarranted the equally remarkable recovery demonstrates. The fact that Mr. Gooderham had practically committed himself to an increased dividend in the near future was the cause of this sudden return of strength. The movement was, of course, a purely speculative one in both directions. The only other feature worthy of mention was the sudden jump made by Royal Electric, which, in one day, advanced 6 clear points to 167. Talk of powerful capitalists acquiring control of the property is the reason given on the street for the rise.

R.

AT present the mining market is extremely dull, and all stocks are more or less neglected. There is but little change in the higher-priced dividend paying stocks. Virtue was strong during the last days of the week, but had flattened out on offerings of stock from the West. The boom in Sunset seems to be over for the time being. The advance brought out a lot of Toronto stock, and appears to have more than filled up the demand. It seems to be on a par with some other stocks that are handled more exclusively in the Toronto market. The brokers there, when any favorable news is forthcoming, rush in and load themselves up with the stock in anticipation of being able to float it out on the public at an advanced price. It is merely another example of what has injured the legitimate trading in mining stocks almost from the commencement; dealers, who call themselves brokers, are not content with making a fair commission, but try to scalp on the public, and the result to-day is that a great many of the sales advertised in the Western exchanges are merely reported transactions between brokers. For instance, we have on the authority of a member of one of the exchanges that a stock which appeared in the papers as being particularly active last week had not a bona-fide transaction during the whole period. This method of dealing is injurious but will no doubt correct itself, as the public are beginning to realize the fact that they cannot get their orders filled anyway near the reported prices.

We still hold to our opinion that the present time is a good one for judicious investment. The shipments from Rossland and the reports from the War Eagle show that it is only a question of time before the expansion will have its effect.

We hear, on good authority, that a great deal of good work is being done throughout the northern portion of Ontario, and we sincerely trust it will have good results. We are more encouraged in this from the fact that there is less booming being done than there was a year ago, and the next six months ought to show whether that district is a paying one for investment.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

Montreal, November 22.

IN the November magazine number The Outlook prints a portrait and brief sketch of Mr. James Barnes, now on his way to the Transvaal as special correspondent for The Outlook. The articles from Mr. Barnes on the Transvaal War and on the problems of South Africa will undoubtedly prove as attractive a feature in this journal as have the two series of articles on Cuba by Mr. George Kennan. Another series of equal importance will be that on the Philippines by Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh, author of "The World's Rough Hand." Mr. Whitmarsh is now in the islands as a special commissioner for The Outlook. An article on Hawaii in its present relations to the United States, including an interview with ex-President Dole, appears in The Outlook for October 28, and forms the first of Mr. Whitmarsh's series under the general title "Colonial America."



# LADY MARY

By  
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

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

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE LADY OF SHALOTT

"Oh, dear!" I said. "I'm so tired of things going on exactly the same, week after week, month after month. 'One day telleth another.' I do wish something would happen. I do wish I could have an adventure!"

I was walking in the gardens of Wellington House with Rose Lorrimer, who was my most intimate friend at school, and our arms were confidentially laced round each other's waists.

It was the hour of morning "recess," and, while the small girls (for there were a few young day scholars taken at Wellington House) screamed in the thrilling delights of "Tag," or "London bridge is falling down," Rose and I, and the other elder inmates of the school, disported ourselves more soberly.

The morning was a dull one in October, and the tall beech trees that guarded the long, straight path like sentinels, were shedding their yellowing leaves upon the gravel. The air was filled with the soft rustle of their descent, which was like a mysterious whisper breathed in our ears, yet too softly uttered for us to catch the key of its meaning. Looking up through the overhanging branches, all the world was yellow and grey, for the sky made a lead-colored background. A pungent smell of dying leaves came up to us with the wind that pinched our faces, hinting that summer was over, that there was a long winter of work and monotony lying remorselessly in wait for us somewhere round the corner.

My complaint was scarcely to be wondered at, for I had spent so many autumns at Wellington House—so many winters and summers too. I had begun to feel at last as if I had come up against a brick wall, and that my life led on no further; that is, I had begun to feel so whenever I let myself dwell morbidly upon the subject. Truth to tell, I was usually happy enough, though I was a waif; my home was denied me, and, so far as I knew, it would darken no one's soul if I were to die dreadfully and suddenly. I had had no real sorrows, so far as I could remember, but sometimes the deadly monotony of existence pressed upon me as it did to-day.

"I feel like a field mouse in a vacuum," I exclaimed, my mind turning to an experiment I had seen one day.

Rose looked down on me half wonderingly. She was taller than I, though I had the advantage—or, perhaps, the disadvantage—of her in years. She was a girl whose friendship was like a nice, soft pillow of down. One could rest on it and be comfortable, never expecting any horrid bumps, any more than one could look for mental stimulus from the same source; besides, Rose was the next oldest girl to myself in school, which, considering I had grown up at Wellington House, seeing out "all sorts and conditions of maidens," was alone a recommendation to my point of view.

"I can't understand you, dear," she cooed soothingly. "To me you seem just the most fortunate girl in the world. You don't have to do a lot of hateful lessons like the rest of us—only a few awfully interesting, grown-up sort of things. You're the only parlor boarder, and there isn't a soul in the place who doesn't envy you your privileges. The teachers take

you to concerts and lectures, and even plays sometimes; you can read novels—Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, and I know you're allowed sweets once in a while, because you've been such a dear, and smuggled them on to me.

"Then, better than all, you're the very prettiest girl in the school. Oh, you know you are! And when your father does take you away at last, and let you come out, as of course he'll have to do, sooner or later, you'll be the prettiest girl in London—so now! Besides, you'll have more money than you'll know what to do with, and you'll seem all the younger and fresher because you've been kept mured up at school so long. Only think what fun you can have, and the delicious things you can do when you get out—just like a fairy story."

"When I get out," I repeated. "I daresay the princesses in the fairy stories you seem to think so much of, may have thought what they would do when they should escape from the huge glass retorts in which the wicked Genie had imprisoned them, guarded by dragons with half-a-dozen heads, but—"

"And so they did escape. You know the handsome prince invariably came and slew the dragon with his marvellous sword liberating the princess, and falling in love with her, of course. Perhaps it will be so with you."

I laughed aloud, despite my depression. "The only prince who ever tried it was poor little Monsieur Paul Lachneur, our fencing-master, and though Mrs. Goring-Anderson hasn't half-a-dozen heads, she made a very efficient dragon. That idyll was promptly nipped in the bud, and perhaps it was just as well, for the prince certainly had legs which looked as if they'd been done up in curl papers for years and only just let out, while his ears were set at the same angle to his face as the handles are set on an urn. No, Rose, I don't think any real princes of romance are ever likely to come and rescue me from this retort—I mean Wellington House. But I tell you, my dear, I am beginning to be hopelessly sick of it all. Only fancy, I am 20 years old, or will be in a few days!"

Rose looked quite shocked, for she was only 17. She had been at school with me for more than two years, and next summer she was leaving, while I seemed destined to go on for ever—like Tennyson's "brook."

"If something doesn't happen soon," I went on, "I believe I shall really do a desperate deed—run away, perhaps."

"They'd only bring you back again," Rose practically suggested. And I laughed once more.

"That would be an anti-climax, to be sure. But truly, dear, I do sometimes think I might do it, for I can fancy myself going on here till I get quite grey and old, and Mrs. Goring-Anderson, if she were alive, would be sure to treat me as a child still, and insist on my wearing dresses that didn't touch the ground. I can seem to see down the vista of the years, and I'm afraid I couldn't quite bear it, even if you, like a good child, brought your husband and babies to see me. I would, honor bright, just love to do something desperate, only I don't quite know what to do.

"I've written letters to my father, but it's no good. There are always lots of reasons, or else he doesn't trouble to answer, and I'm told to be patient a little while longer. I want life and reality and all the things that other girls have when they are my age, or even younger. Poor Lady of Shalott! No wonder she was half-sick of shadows. I'm wholly so. But don't be hurt, Rosie; you're no shadow, but a nice, pretty, plump actuality, too good not to sympathize with all my troubles."

"I only wish I understood you better," sighed Rose. "But you're like a problem in mathematics to me. I can't 'do' you in my mind. You see, I'm so much slower in thinking than you are; and if I could only stay on here, instead of going home to Manchester to live with my uncle's people, and feel myself in the way, and by-and-bye look around to find a place as governess to pay for my education, I should consider myself in luck."

"Governesses have adventures—in novels, anyway," I retorted. "As for me, you needn't look so anxious about my fate, dear, for I suppose all this will end in smoke. I shall not

do desperate deeds. I shall stop at Wellington House and vegetate, and amuse myself by walking in the garden or reading of other people's lives in story books—other people's lives that are full of incident and color. Oh, yes, I've no doubt I shall do this, and behave exactly as a well-regulated young woman ought to behave if she would be a credit to Mrs. Goring-Anderson's training, although at this moment I feel as if I would sacrifice 10 good years and half the fortune I've been taught to expect for the prospect of living—actually living for 12 months—for six. I'd have an adventure thrown in at the rate of one a week, at least, to make up for lost time, no matter how appalling."

Rose's eyes opened wide in innocent reproach. "O my dear!" she exclaimed in a tone almost as didactic as Mrs. Goring-Anderson's. "It does seem as if you were tempting Providence. Suppose something dreadful should happen, why, you'd remember this, and then how would you feel?"

"What matter if I go mad, so I have had my day?" I recklessly quoted, little guessing how quickly I was to be taken at my word.

Before Rose could answer, as she was evidently studying the way to do with some moral effect, a figure could be seen walking towards us up the long path, and coming from the direction of the house. It was only one of the servants, and I can see her now just as she looked, tripping towards us with a prim, old-fashioned step that brought the toe first in conjunction with the ground.

"I wonder if she wants one of us?" I remarked. "Or perhaps it's only Mrs. Goring-Anderson's cat that's lost again. I fancy I did have a glimpse of a white Persian tail under the laurel bush a few minutes ago, now I think of it."

"Who knows but it's a wire for me to say after all Tom's coming home from India!" ejaculated Rose. "Oh, do let's hurry to meet Sarah."

Tom was Rose's brother—a possession I envied her, and I sighed a little at the thought that there was no use in speculating upon probabilities where I was concerned. I seldom had a letter from anyone, nor did I remember ever receiving a telegram in my life, therefore it never occurred to me that Sarah, the parlormaid, might be coming in quest of me.

"Miss Rutland, if you please," she panted, however, while several yards of distance still separated us. "Mrs. Goring-Anderson has sent me to find you, miss, and to say will you please go to her at once in the study?"

"All right, Sarah," I nonchalantly responded. "I'll go. What do you think is up?"

Sarah had in her time given me many a warning of wrath to come from the powers that be, with sage advice how to avoid its consequences, usually the results of my own misdoing; but on this occasion she was either in ignorance or feigned it. "I don't know, indeed, miss," she protested. "But anyhow, the mistress is looking pretty grave. And when I answered her ring she had a telegram in her hand."

"Oh!" Rose and I looked at each other. We did not speak, but I am sure that our late conversation was in her mind as well as mine.

"I'm to go to Mrs. Goring-Anderson in the study, Sarah?"

"In the study, please, miss. And as soon as you can."

She turned and hastened away, Rose and I following rather more slowly, for we had a word or two to whisper, a guess or two to hazard.

Just outside the house we parted, and I felt a curious, unaccustomed beating of the heart as I turned my steps towards the "study."

## CHAPTER II.

### WHICH IS BIG WITH FATE FOR ME.

I knocked at the door with cold fingers that trembled a little, though I had made up my mind to be brave, whatever might be in store for me.

There was an interval of silence, and then—"Come!" said the voice which the whole school feared.

I obeyed slowly, standing in the door for a second or two, and looking into the room which I must enter. It was large and moderately cheerful, though it was not difficult to fancy a certain grimness of aspect, in keeping with the personality of its inmate and mistress.

Opposite me, at a big desk, sat that mistress; directly behind her, a huge mirror, set into the wall between the two windows, and reaching upward from a marble bracket just above the floor to the lofty ceiling. As I paused, waiting some further invitation or summons from Mrs. Goring-Anderson, I could see myself reflected in the mirror, the doorway framing my small, slight form, as if I had been a painted figure in a picture.

Just a slip of a girl, childish-looking for her 20 years, with a pale, oval face, drooping red lips, great dark eyes (a little frightened at this moment), and a quantity of bright chestnut hair, waving back from the wide forehead. That was all, and the sight was familiar enough to me; but now I gazed with a new interest at the image. In my eyes it was that of a girl who was about to hear some strange and startling tidings, of what nature it was impossible to guess, and I hoped that she would comport herself under the strain with courage worthy of her name and of her years.

"Come in and sit down, Miss Rutland," said Mrs. Goring-Anderson coldly, but not unkindly. "And now, I am afraid that I have some very bad news for you. It would be useless to distress you by attempting to beat about the bush, and, as my message will already have prepared you for something beyond the ordinary, it must be my painful duty to tell you without delay that you are fatherless."

Perhaps she had expected me to cry out, or to show signs of fainting, or, at least, to burst into a storm of tears. But my feelings found relief in none of these stereotyped ways. I simply sat very still and rigid, my fingers tightly grasping the arms of the capacious chair, in whose depths I was fairly lost, my eyes fixed on hers, as she paused, and appeared to be judiciously awaiting some demonstration from me.

"You hear it very well, I must say, Miss Rutland," she commented, a certain note of disapproval in her voice. "Very well, and quietly, indeed. You have either considerable self-control for four years, or—but no matter! You have heard the worst. And it only remains for me to tell you what I know of the circumstances of Lord Raven's death, also the arrangements which have been made for your future welfare."

She paused again, but I was speechless still. A curious feeling of unreality had crept over me. It seemed that a dream-woman was talking to me in a dream.

"Of course, I am aware," Mrs. Goring-Anderson went on, "that it is long since you have even seen your father. He brought you here almost immediately after his second marriage, I believe, and you have remained under my care, even during the holidays, since that time, until you are now at least a couple of years older than any of my other pupils. Some change must have been shortly effected in any event. I had even been contemplating the writing of a letter on the subject to Lord Raven. But that has, of course, been taken out of my hands by the news which arrived this morning. Your father died very suddenly four days ago of what the doctor pronounced to be heart failure, and—"

"Four days ago!" I interrupted, with hitherto undreamt of temerity. "Why, then, have I not heard before?"

"That I do not know. I think if Lord Raven's death had been reported in the papers I should have seen the notice. No doubt all has been done for the best, however. The letter I have received informing me of the sad event is from your mother, Lady Mary."

"Don't call her that!" I cried out impulsively. For my earliest and sweetest memories were of a beautiful woman who had taught me to lisp "Mamma," and who had gone out of my life before I was old enough to understand whether or no it was death which had taken her away. And now to

LADY MARY--CONTINUED  
FROM PAGE 17.

hear the usurper who had robbed me of my father and my home called by the sacred name of "mother" was too much.

"Your stepmother, then; but I trust that you do not regard her with any spirit of unkindness or resentment. If you do, you must endeavor to overcome it, for it appears that your lot is about to be thrown in with hers."

"What do you mean?" I half-whispered the words, staring the while at the large, sallow face, framed with the grey hair which I had always thought resembled bands of iron.

"By the terms of your father's will it appears that you are confided to the sole care of Lady Mary, with whom you are to remain in Cumberland—at any rate, until you shall come of age. If I am not mistaken, that will be for a period of rather more than a year."

"That must be her doing, I am sure," I ejaculated. "Everything has been her doing always, since she came into my father's life! She is hateful—hateful, I know, and I would rather die than live with her! I—I—" hesitating in a way somewhat uncomplimentary to Mrs. Goring-Anderson's establishment—"I would rather remain forever at Wellington House!"

"Thank you," she said drily, "but that is impossible; and, as your friend and well-wisher, Miss Rutland, let me say that I think it a pity you should cherish such feelings against your father's wife. So far as I have been informed, you have practically no acquaintance whatever with her as yet; and, to my knowledge, you have not met since you were nine years old. Neither have you, I believe, anything to complain of in your stepmother's conduct, save that you attribute to her influence—naturally, but perhaps mistakenly—the fact that your life has been ordered differently from most other young girls in your station."

"My father was kind, and used to seem to love me," I returned sullenly. "Had he been left to himself, he would never have kept me at a boarding-school for nearly 11 years, only coming once or twice to see me in all that time. To be sure, I do not know my stepmother; but I am not prepared to love her, and if anything were needed to add to my sorrow on hearing thus suddenly of my father's death—far away from me, in Cumberland—it would be to learn that I was destined to—the life you tell me is arranged for me."

Mrs. Goring-Anderson shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly. I do not think she intended me to see the little impatient movement, but doubtless she was weary of a discussion which could lead to nothing further. Never before had we exchanged so many words, conversing, so to speak, as woman to woman. I was the daughter of a Viscount, who had married the daughter of an Earl, and possibly it lent a certain éclat to Wellington House that the "Hon. Miss Rutland," who was also known to be a great heiress, should dwell among its less aristocratic inmates. Of all this I was aware. I had not lived in vain for eleven years in the midst of boarding-school gossip, jealousies, and little-tattle. But I knew also that it would have been beneath the dignity of the severely statuesque Mrs. Goring-Anderson to unbend even to so (comparatively) an important young personage as I. Half her influence would have been gone had she done so at a moment, and I always had been just as much afraid of her wrath as the humblest of her pupils.

"You are upset—not yourself, for the moment," she said. "The change is not to be made for a few days. You will have plenty of time to prepare, to think it over, and grow reconciled to what is inevitable, and seems, after all, quite the proper settlement of your affairs. I can only wonder that you were not taken away long ago. If it is any comfort to you, rely upon my assurance that Lady Mary was, some years ago, and probably is still, a remarkably beautiful and charming, even fascinating woman. I prophesy that you will be very happy under her charge. Her family, as perhaps you may know, was

of even higher rank than your own, her father having been the Earl of Cardington. It is because of this fact that she keeps her own title of Lady Mary instead of having become simply 'Lady Raven' on her marriage with your father. She has, of course, many distinguished friends, and after your time of mourning is over you will be given a most satisfactory debut, far better than you would receive under any other auspices than here."

"She—she is not coming for me here?" I faltered, not in any degree impressed by Mrs. Goring-Anderson's long explanatory harangue.

"No. Lady Mary's letter informs me that she will send her confidential woman, also her nephew, who is, I believe, a lawyer, and is to have charge in future of her business matters. There is, however, as I said, plenty of time to discuss all these details when you are able to listen more calmly. At present you are really looking pale and ill. Everything that is important for you to know I have told you, and—I will not detain you longer."

The suggestion was a command. I rose immediately, with the habit of prompt obedience. Still under the dream-spell, I opened the door and stepped into the gloomy hall. There I halted, feeling dizzy for a moment, and pressing my hand upon my eyes. Life as I had known it, seemed falling to pieces at my feet, and I was in danger of drowning under the sea of waters which surged over the ruins.

Suddenly I felt myself supported against someone's breast. An arm was passed quickly around my waist, and I looked up to meet the solicitous eyes of the resident singing teacher, Mrs. Rayne. I was not sure—I never had been sure—whether I really liked Mrs. Rayne or not. I think that I must always vaguely have resented her openly-expressed fondness for me somewhat in the way that a growing boy resents the caresses of adoring female relatives. She had come to the school soon after my advent there, and had seemed for years a necessary ingredient of life at Wellington House. She was an excellent teacher, had a beautiful voice, and might also have been beautiful in form and feature in her youth. I was not a judge of ages, and any woman over 30 seemed at that period no longer young to me. Judging by this standard, poor Mrs. Rayne was very old indeed—45 at least. She was tall beyond the average, willowy, and almost oppressively graceful in every motion or gesture. She was thin, too, which made her appear even taller than she really was. Her well-cut features were wasted, her eyes (behind a never absent pair of spectacles), deep set, and her soft, transparently-pale cheek sunken. Her hair, which was combed down over her ears in a prim, old-fashioned way, was white as "carded wool," and she had a nervous, fluttering trick of constantly moving her long, delicate hands about.

Often in past years I had caught her watching me with a fond smile, which I considered rather fatuous. Often she had brought me little gifts of surreptitious sweets or flowers, and during the hours which ought to have been occupied by my singing-lessons she had continually manifested a desire to draw me into conversation instead. With others she was quiet and reserved in manner, holding herself somewhat aloof both from teachers and scholars, who were, therefore, all the more inclined to gossip about her marked preference for me. I had heard it so frequently suggested that Mrs. Rayne was what is vulgarly known as a "tuft-hunter," and that she wished to curry favor with me because I was an heiress, and the daughter of a "lord," that I sometimes believed it, and was not as grateful for her affection as I ought to have been.

Now I shrank away from her a little.

"I beg your pardon, Eve," she said, with an odd humility, which I had often—perhaps scornfully—observed in her. "I—thought you were ill, you swayed so, and put your hand over your eyes. Is anything the matter, dear?"

After all, she was possibly better than no one as a confidante—this middle-aged singing teacher, with the soft, appealing voice and eyes. After my frantic outburst to Rose, I could scarcely explain to her my sudden revulsion of feeling,

and there was nobody else to whom I cared to speak. And yet my heart was full of bursting. I must tell my trouble to some one who would really care, and be sorry for me—or be ill with grief, I thought.

"My father is dead," I said, without preface, "and I am to leave Wellington House in a few days."

It was she now who tottered, and seemed about to fall. She stepped back, and rested heavily against the balusters close behind her, while I stared at her in astonishment. What was there in my intelligence to make this comparative stranger go white as death, and lose the strength of her limbs?

Something she would have said, but her pale lips closed upon the words, trembling in the effort at self-restraint. She leant against the balusters for a moment, her hand hovering nervously over her heart, and then she said, so quietly that the voice sounded strangely dull, following after such intense, though suppressed excitement: "I am very, very sorry for your trouble, and because I—because we, at Wellington House, must lose you. I should like you to tell me about it, if you will—if you feel able to talk. Will you come with me to my room?"

I was not so much in a responsive as a receptive mood. I was willing to receive sympathy, if not to be actively grateful for it, and I followed the black-robed form (Mrs. Rayne invariably wore black) to the simple little room on the third floor, which, somehow, seemed associated in my mind with all sorts of small illnesses and troubles.

"And what is to be done with you, my child, when you leave Wellington House?" Mrs. Rayne inquired with a strange wistfulness.

"I am to live with her—with my stepmother."

"You are to live with her? With Lady Mary, of the Dark House?"

"Is she called that?" And I added quickly: "How did you know?"

"I? Why, my dear, I lived in Cumberland once."

"Did you? You never told me so before."

"You never asked me anything about myself," with rather a sad little smile. "But I did live in Cumberland when I was young, though not for very long. And everybody within 30 miles of Sombermere knew something about the Earl of Cardington and his daughter."

"Tell me! Tell me!" I exclaimed.

"They were very poor, and there were strange stories told about them, stories which I mustn't repeat to you. But though the Earl had a great estate in another country, it was always let, and when he and his daughter were in England they lived at the Dark House. Oh, the Dark House! I dream of it sometimes"; and, with a shudder, she put her thin, well-nigh transparent hands across her eyes.

While I still gazed at her, bewildered, she looked up. "But you would not go there, to the Dark House—of course, what am I thinking of?" she said. "When you say you are to live with your stepmother you mean either in London or—at your father's country house."

"But I am to live in Cumberland," I replied. "Mrs. Goring-Anderson has said so. My father was there for years, of course, you wouldn't have known that, for you have always been here. But the letters he wrote me were generally dated from Sombermere. I knew it was my stepmother's place, and he explained having given up the only home I can remember in Surrey by saying that the air of Cumberland suited his wife. So, when they were not abroad, they almost invariably stayed there. But I thought the place was called 'Sombermere Court.' That name was printed on the paper. I never heard of the Dark House."

"It is a nickname, given by the people of the country around. And not an inappropriate one. Tell me, is it necessary that you should do this thing? If some other way could be found for you, rather than living with a stepmother whom you have scarcely seen—"

"Mrs. Goring-Anderson said that it had been so appointed

by my father's will. My stepmother is to be my guardian, and I must remain with her for a little more than a year—until I come of age."

"A year! It is a long time. And at the Dark House!" She seemed to be speaking to herself rather than to me.

"I shall be very lonely," I said, my voice quivering with self-pity. "Everyone strange to me—no one to care. For she will not, I know, though Mrs. Goring-Anderson told me that she was beautiful and fascinating. Did you ever see her? Do you know whether it's true?"

"Yes, I've seen her." Mrs. Rayne walked away from me to the window. "It was a long time ago. She was very young. But she was beautiful—everything that Mrs. Goring-Anderson said."

"Perhaps, then, after all, we may grow to be friends."

"Ah, perhaps!" She turned suddenly, and I saw, or fancied I saw, a white, scared look in her face. "But you should not be without other friends, friends who can be near you day and night, in that dreadful—in the Dark House. Friends who love you for yourself, Eve, not for your money, and who would be ready to do anything in your service, whatever emergency might arise."

Her words sent a little chill creeping along my spine. "I don't know what you mean," I said. "Do you think that my stepmother would be cruel—that she would try to work me any harm?"

"Heaven forbid!" Mrs. Rayne cried quickly. "But there are certain reasons why it seems a strange—I dare not say an unwise thing—that such provision should have been made for you in your father's will. Forgive me, my child! You will say that I know none of the circumstances, that I'm an interfering, gossiping woman, trying to frighten you, perhaps. Oh! Eve, my dear, my dear, don't look as if you thought me mad, or worse, to speak as I do. You know I care for you. There's no one else whom I love as I do you. Let me go with you to the Dark House."

"How could you?" I stammered, puzzled and surprised. "I am too old for governesses. Even Lady Mary sees that at last."

"Wait!" she entreated. "If that is your only objection, I can make it possible. In a moment I will explain, though you may be a little shocked and frightened at first. But before I speak I have something to show you, something to ask you about."

She moved swiftly to a small table in a corner, and, unlocking a writing-desk which stood upon it, took out a large square envelope. From this she drew forth several photographs, and handed one, of cabinet size, to me.

"Tell me what you think of that face," she said anxiously. "Is it one you would care to trust?"

The portrait was evidently a modern one, and could not have been long taken. I gazed at it intently, a little thrill of surprise and interest running in my veins.

"He is a soldier, isn't he?" I asked. "And—why, I think he must be one of the handsomest and bravest and most delightful young men in the world if he is what he looks."

"Ah!" She gave an exclamation of satisfaction, and involuntarily making a movement towards me, the envelope fell out of her hand, and the photographs were scattered over the floor.

Two or three lay face uppermost, and, crying out in astonishment, I would have stooped to pick up one which struck me with a strange shock of familiarity, had not Mrs. Rayne sprung forward to prevent me. If I had been about to leap over a precipice her countenance could have expressed no greater anguish of fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

We quite agree with you, "Dentist"; we do not like the name "dental-parlor." Why not call your torture-chamber a drawing-room?

## ✿ Mainly About People. ✿

MANY stories are told illustrating the kindly disposition of the "Czar of Newfoundland," Robert G. Reid. He strolled into his car-shops one day. A car-cleaner was brushing up one of the beautiful sleepers. The cleaner saw a stoop-shouldered man place his back against the car and rest contentedly. The sight raised his ire. With full-flavored vocabulary he gave expression to his wrath and drove the old man away, calling him a misguided goat for patting his dirty old back against the beautiful car. The old man moved silently away. It was R. G. Reid, the proprietor of the railway. But no ill came to the cleaner, neither any remorse. His silent manner of doing good is proverbial. His son, W. D. Reid, inherits this habit also. Once he stopped the greater part of a blast of rock with his face. This slightly marred the contour of his features, but there is a story attached to that blast which would make the ugliest man beautiful in the eyes of the world. One of the men had been killed, and when Reid, who had been stunned for a few minutes, recovered consciousness, his first thought was for the feelings of the dead man's widow. "Break it to her gently, boys," he said. "Tell her first that he is sick, and I'll try to tell her the truth later." Then he insisted on their first looking after another man who had been hurt. "Don't bother about me," he said.

THE celebrated General Eliot, created Baron Heathfield for his gallant defence of Gibraltar, was an ancestor of the present Earl of Minto.

STORIES about General Buller's experiences, when stationed with his regiment in Montreal, are frequently heard in the clubs these days. One prominent citizen tells of having sold him a valuable pointer. Sir Redvers was then stationed in Ontario, and he led the dog with a rope out to Lachine, where he was to take the boat for the west. The boat was late and he tied the dog to a tree and went with some other officers to refresh himself at an hotel near by. Suddenly the boat was announced, and there was a rush for it. General Buller forgot his dog, and it was some time before he got word back to the gentleman who had purchased it for him. By this time it had been appropriated, and every effort to find it failed. Many months afterwards, one of the three men who had possession of it quarrelled with the others and disclosed its whereabouts. An interesting lawsuit followed, and the gentleman was not only out his costs in the case, but never got a cent from General Buller for the dog.

THOUGH generals are not supposed to find time for play, they usually have, being men of strong ideas and tastes, some particular hobby. General Hutton is particularly interested in sculpture. John Gibson, the famous sculptor, who was a poor laboring man, without any education, came under the notice of the grandmother of General Hutton, who gave him his start in his wonderful career. Mrs. Hutton is very fond of art, and takes up wood-carving. The wife of the commanding officer comes of a family whose men hold high naval and military positions, among them being admirals and a field marshal.

THE accompanying cut is a recent portrait of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, wife of Canada's brilliant ex-Governor-General, the present British Secretary of State for War. Lady Lansdowne, who is a sister of the Duke of



MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.

Abercorn, has become one of the most successful hostesses in Great Britain—though hardly in the political sense of the word, like the Duchess of Devonshire. At the vice-regal court in India she worthily upheld the traditions of English rule, and her parties at Lansdowne House are amongst the most exclusive and the best-done in London.

IT is told that the last occasion on which Mr. Choate, the Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, dined with the Queen he paid Her Majesty a compliment which highly pleased the old lady. Her Majesty and her guests were discussing America, and the Queen said that she considered it a pity the Constitution of the United States did not allow of the President leaving the country. She exclaimed, "Although an ex-President has on several occasions visited us, how much pleasure England would take in entertaining a President." Mr. Choate, after assuring Her Majesty that it was not law but custom that kept the President at home, added:

"But it is just as well our Presidents are not allowed to visit England."

"Do you really think so? Why?"

"Because after visiting Your Majesty every one of them would return to Washington a monarchist."

THERE will be a grand wedding at the British Embassy in Washington this winter, when the third daughter of Lord and Lady Pauncefoot becomes the bride of Robert Bromley, the present honorary attache of the Embassy. It will probably be the closing important social event of Lord Pauncefoot's stay at the United States capital, for he has already passed the diplomatic retiring age, and is to return to England in the early spring. He has been at the head of the British Mission in Washington for more than a dozen years now, and all four of his daughters, except the eldest, who had been received at Court and spent one season in London before the family came here, were introduced into society in Washington.

## DER GEMS WERE STOLEN.

Experience of an English Lady at the Hands  
of a Montreal Jeweler.

SUBSTITUTION is a practice sometimes resorted to by unprincipled jewelers, as most people who have traveled, read or observed much, are aware. It is an easy thing for a jeweler, if he is dishonest, to remove good stones from articles brought to him for cleaning or repair, placing in their stead inferior gems, or worthless pastes and imitations, with very little danger of detection. Of course, the man who can cleverly do this kind of thing stands to gain very handsomely by the surreptitious change, and if there is a crooked streak in a jeweler's nature the temptation to resort to such a simple and comparatively safe method of making money must be a strong one. After all, very few people, even of those who are most accustomed to jewelry, really know much about precious stones. In purchasing, they depend on the guarantee and the reputation of their dealer. But if asked to make an unaided choice between some of the clever imitations that are now so easily produced and the real article, they would be just as likely to choose the bad as the good.

Many readers are doubtless aware that substitution has been extensively practised in Europe, and that several notorious instances have come to light. But few are aware that Montreal has furnished a case of this kind. Not long ago, an English lady who was visiting in this city took a number of very valuable pieces of jewelry—heirlooms—to a jeweler to have them cleaned. When they were returned, she, being unusually well posted on the proper appearances of the various precious stones, thought that she detected a slight difference; at all events she did not feel satisfied, and her attitude ripened into one of suspicion. Finally she made up her mind to go and question the jeweler about the matter. She did so. He showed a slight confusion on being broached upon such a subject, but went over the jewels with her and tried to persuade her that they were all right. Finally, with admirable tact she said: "Well, Mr.—, at all events, I am not satisfied with the way the cleaning has been done, and I shall leave them for a few days to have you go over them once more." The hint was sufficient. The English visitor received the articles in due time in a condition that fully satisfied her. She believes that she got back the originals as a result of her tactful but firm dealing with the dishonest jeweler. The instance shows the advisability of entrusting valuable articles only to the most reliable and reputable parties, who have an established name to uphold.

The difficulty of detecting false stones is well illustrated by a recent occurrence at San Francisco. The wife of a South American President arrived at that point laden with jewelry. She was reputed to wear more diamonds than any other woman in the world. The value of the stones was supposed to be something fabulous. On her arrival, the Customs officers seized the jewels for the duty. They believed they were real gems, and an expert appraiser valued them as such, but it turned out afterwards that, without exception, they were imitations.

MAB.

## THE WELL-DRESSED MAN.

THERE should be no such thing as "dressing for an occasion." A man must dress differently on different occasions, it is true. There are even slight shades and distinctions of dress which mark the differences of taste and individuality, and which may be indulged in if not carried to the extreme; but the well-dressed man is always well dressed, because he is dressed appropriately to the occasion and to the weather. Nevertheless, there are conventionalities in the matter of dress which it is well to observe, particularly when one visits a

strange city and expects to meet people who may form their opinions from his dress.

At present, Dame Fashion decrees that for morning wear the hat should be either a Derby or a grey felt Alpine, high in the crown and having a band of white or grey silk. Though the latter hat may be worn, if well-chosen as to shape and tint, until quite late in the autumn, and resumed in the early spring, for the winter months' fashion the hatters have devised nothing that will fill the place of the Derby for morning wear. The Derby should be black—I am almost tempted to say that it should always be black. You will be told, no doubt, by the hatters that the smartest hat for the spring season is brown or some other color; you may even see brown Derbys worn by well-dressed men during the warmer months of the year, but no matter what you may see, no matter what you may be told, if your Derby is black it will be correct, and you will have made no mistake in its purchase, otherwise you will at least be taking chances.

It would be impossible to devise any shape of Derby equally becoming to all men, and therefore slight differences in shape of crown and brim are not only permissible, but very desirable. Do not think that you must follow the strict letter of the law in buying your hats of this kind, but remember that it is the faculty of having your clothes look well on you, rather than having them of a particular kind or shape, that is the great secret of style.

As to gloves, grey suede or heavy reindeer, in red or tan, are considered the right thing for morning wear. Of the two, the reindeer are considered the smarter. Really stylish men insist on having buttons upon their gloves, and will not tolerate fastenings.

There has been no change this season in shoes. For morning wear, buttoned calf are still the most stylish. The last should be round-toed. Heavy patent-leather street shoes may be worn with morning dress, but calf are the more stylish and by far the better form. The day of the tan boot has almost gone by. Tan ties were worn during the past summer, but now that the winter season is approaching, there should be nothing but black boots worn in the city. In the country, very heavy thick-soled tan boots are serviceable and quite proper, especially in wet and snowy weather.

The club tie is perhaps the most fashionable of morning ties, and is really a very pretty thing if well put on. The knot should be made quite small, though not so small as in the butterfly tie, and should be twisted enough to make the ends point slightly up. The ends should be square, so that the general shape when tied is that of a bat with wings distended, for which reason it is often called the "bat-wing." Like the four-in-hand, this tie should be in dark colors of plain or ribbed silk, and with a very minute design if any.

Ascot and de Joinville ties may also be worn with morning suits as well as the pointed end club tie which is newer and resembles the bat-wing somewhat. Plaids have become common and shared the fate of the diagonal stripe. Straight stick pins may be worn with four-in-hands, and must be worn with Ascot ties, but on no account wear a pin of any kind or description with a club tie. It is much better form to have pins small and unpretentious, pearls and turquoise are very well, but beware of diamonds and emeralds. Like powerful medicines they should be used in small doses.

As I have said before in this article a man may assert his individuality in dress if he does not carry it to the extent of becoming noticeable. Dress resembles language, and clothes are like the words that go to make it up, they are the result of custom, of good or bad use, and the slang and provincialism will creep in from time to time, when the dictionary must be revised. To carry the comparison still further I know of no better broad rule for dress than that for language in Pope's essay on criticism:

Be not the first by whom the new are tried  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

WALDORF.



## Girls at Golf

SOME girls I know can see no sport in golf, although they may appreciate the social environment of the game—the tea, the gossip and similar delights that follow an afternoon at the links. They are blind to the fun of walking after a very tame-looking ball on a featureless stretch of turf, and calling the pursuit exciting. They say golf is an old man's game, the game of the broken-down athlete; or they declare it is no game at all, merely a pastime—a pastime with the poor points of croquet and the worst points of cricket thrown in to give it an air of dignity. They object to the cape, the boots, the stride and the general air of solidity of the golfing-girl. The game, they say, consists in looking for lost balls and covering oneself with sand and humiliation in the bunkers. When they grow old and passe, if such should be their misfortune, then they will golf and not before.

Though it is true of golf that only in extreme cases is one either too old or too young to learn, it is undoubtedly much more satisfactory to begin early in life—quite as early as many girls begin to practise dancing or painting. There is so much to be acquired in the way of developing an easy swing—the bracing of the clear fling of the arms with all the force of the shoulder and body behind it—that one has either to learn it easily through imitation and intuition when young, or else to be trained to it with much practice and labor later on. I have seen a child drive a golf-ball, with a hopeless excellence of poise and with no sense of strained effort, to a distance which many a grown golfer would envy. It does not follow, of course, because one learns when young, that one learns everything at once. There are very few girl-golfers who do not remember their first round of golf—for the game is relatively a new fashion—and the experience of remembering usually keeps a girl modest for the rest of her life.

Everyone starts in the same cheerful mood. There is a great discussion over the purchase of clubs, which in the end are invariably unsuitable: a fine golfing-bag, a sponge and all the accompaniment to the game which a newcomer thinks are indispensable—until she sees the best player on the course wandering around with probably the most weather-beaten and impossible-looking set of clubs in the district. The caddie places the ball on the tee, in what seems like a ridiculously careful manner to the girl who is about to play. The usual directions are given: "Slow back, keep your eye on the ball"—and the girl makes her first drive. The curious sensation of letting one's arms fly in the air, and then experiencing a feeling of full stop which can only be likened to the sudden panic of a side-slip on a bicycle, leaves one astonished and breathless. The ball, new, and white, and glistening, stands unharmed on its neat little tee, and expresses everything short of a wink, while a well-developed trench appears dug into the turf beside it. There is one piece of advice to be given to the novice at golfing: do not explain or apologize because of anything extraordinary that happens—go straight on and try again. After many attempts to acquire an easy swing and to hit the ball in the middle of that swing (for one of the mistakes of many golfers is that they hit the ball at the end of the swing), the learner forsakes her drivers and brassies and takes to playing "safety" with a cleek. She hits little croqueting shots, combining lumps of turf with the elusive ball, until just when she begins to lose heart and sees nothing but all that is stupid in the game, she hits the ball with a clean little click of her club. The ball soars into space before her and falls far off, a small speck of white in the green grass. That is exactly the moment in which a golf enthusiast is made, for there is nothing quite so nice in life as the getting away of the first ball.

All the discouragements that follow are of no moment: we always go right on, hoping every time to send another of those beautiful balls.

After the driving preliminaries, the learner has the task of finding her way out of a bunker, of approaching the putting green, and of determining the kind of shot to be played from a bad lie. I have known a ball disappear bodily into a hole; I have known one climb a tree and remain there; and I have known others whose final fate was entirely unexplained.

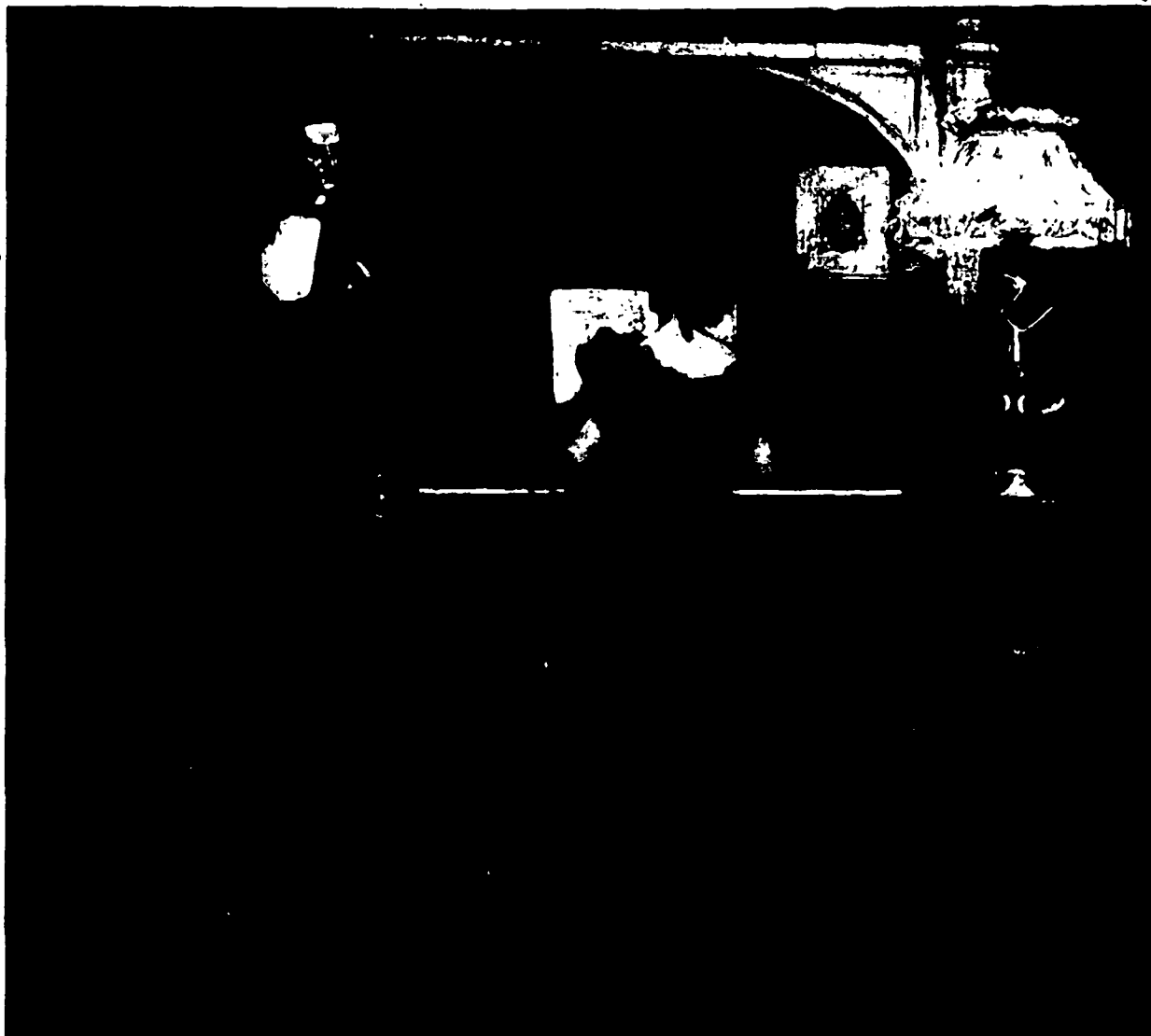
When the green is reached, all that seemed to the learner hard and unkind in the outside world appears to quiet down into peacefulness. With a sigh of relief at the apparent easy phase into which the game has resolved, the learner makes her first putt. The ball, after ricocheting about the green in the most absurd manner, lands in the remains of a broken-down stone wall, or something equally unbending, out of bounds. That is the invariable result of the first putt, for the experiences of driving and lofting have disarranged one's sense of proportion. And, then, putting is a science in itself. Putting may be called a kind of garden billiards, and, for it, a clean eye, a steady hand, and a nice adjustment of strength are indispensable.

It is in approaches and putts that the beginner has most to learn in golf. She may drive beautiful balls, and be the envy of the club for the excellence of her swing, and yet, in matches, she may lose point by point, through some little indiscretion in her approaches or on the green. Golf is a game in which the young girl has often too great a tendency to lose her temper; to regret, while playing one hole, a mistake made in the previous one; to become recklessly extravagant of points because she began her score in a wonderful manner; and above all, to hurry while putting out. When, at a match, I see an elderly player, in the usual tailor-made red coat, walking leisurely about on a green, standing in reflective attitudes over her ball, measuring the distance with her eye, smoothing away little bits of twig or grass which lie in the track her ball is to take, and all the time keeping the entire course waiting, I determine in my mind that she will win—and she generally does.

On the other hand, for the sake of others, one must remember not to "press." There is nothing more certain to throw an inexperienced player off her play than the knowledge that someone is following too closely at her heels. A man in the rear to the beginner at golf, is like a carriage on the track to the learner on the bicycle. Both prove equally fatal, and it is best to be discreet, to let the presser pass, and the carriage disappear, before making experiments with one's life and temper.

Golf has one advantage over tennis, in that it exercises the muscles of both arms nearly equally, besides giving play to all the muscles of the body. If the quick liteness of the tennis-player in running about is wanting in the golfer, that is the one point in which tennis triumphs. Golf, besides these recommendations, is a delightfully sociable sort of game. Friendly foursomes, mixed doubles and singles, are all part of the programme, though at the same time one has the privilege of playing alone should such a privilege be desired. Age has no place in the social standing of a golfer, and the young woman who excels at the game is treated with a respect which often amounts to actual deference by ladies old enough to be her mother. Many of the best golfers in Montreal are young women, among whom may be mentioned Misses Ewen, Bond, L. Young, Linton, Towne, Brainerd, Sharpe, Mabel Taylor, Dunlop, Elsie Scott, Macpherson, the Misses Lambé, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mrs. Fayette Brown.

Irish, Scotch, and English girls golf in all weathers. Only a very special deluge, or the hardness of frost in the ground, prevents their golfing, if they determine to golf. They learn to rough showers, the rigors of a hot sun, and even falls of snow. Within the last 10 years, girl-golfers have taken their places in very nearly the front rank of play. It is not to be expected that they shall compete with the best men-players. Weight and staying-power at golf are just as useful as a lithe and beautiful style, so far as scoring is concerned; and there is no doubt that the man who combines physical strength with a perfect style is always ahead of the girl who also possesses these advantages.

**SUPERFLUOUS.**

"What would you do if I should try to kiss you?"

SHE—Call for help.

"That would be entirely unnecessary. I wouldn't need it."

**THE ENDURANCE OF THE MOOSE.**

**W**HILE the peculiar pacing gait of a moose will not carry him over the ground as rapidly as the deer or caribou, his endurance far surpasses that of either of these animals. For a short spurt, or in very deep snow, the caribou can easily discount the moose, but, for an all-day's jaunt, where the course is fairly open, the moose has no rival. Many years ago, when Sir Edmund Head was Governor of New Brunswick, he owned a tamed moose that performed remarkable feats of speed and endurance. On one occasion the Governor wagered £500 that his moose could travel from Fredericton to St. John over the ice, a distance of 84 miles, in faster time than any team of horses in the stud of Lord Hill, of the 52nd Regiment. A sledge was attached to the moose and another to the horses. The river ice was covered with about eight inches of snow. The start was made opposite Government House at 8 o'clock in the morning. In seven hours the moose and his driver were in Market Square, St. John. Lord Hill's team was distanced, one of the horses expiring at Gagetown, and the other reaching St. John three hours behind the moose.

**A** MAN should always wear a business suit for traveling, and never wear black if possible, as it shows the dust so much more than the mixed tweeds and worsted stuffs. A high

hat is also very much out of place when traveling. A derby or soft felt is the most appropriate. Most men, however, carry a small cap in either bag or pocket, which they wear on the train during the journey. Gloves are indispensable, both for men and women, for traveling. Dog-skin gloves are the most appropriate.

**SIR WALTER BESANT** begins in the December Century a series of papers illustrating life in East London, as it is to-day. His manner of treating the subject is that of the novelist, rather than the essayist, for he takes as his point of departure the birth of a typical girl of the East End—"One of Two Millions in East London"—and traces her career to the time of her marriage at seventeen to a young countryman who has come up to town to make his living as a porter. Liz is a "Board school" girl, and Sir Walter holds that what the average East Londoner learns from books at school he afterwards forgets; but that the civilizing influence of the school is incalculable, and has marvellously transformed the East End within the past thirty years. No one knows more of the life of the poor in London than the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"; and no one is better known as their pictorial interpreter than Phil May, who collaborates with Joseph Pennell in illustrating Sir Walter's article.





For woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse:  
 Could we make her as the man, sweet Love were slain,  
 —THE PRINCESS.

THE crank with a mission, generally speaking, is not made welcome. Neither is the person who forever looks at society with a microscope, searching for hidden flaws. But now and again faultfinding is salutary. For, if advice is thrown out in large quantities, the chances are that a few particles stick somewhere, and are responsible for good results. We have heard so much of the "new" woman! And we have lived to learn that in many respects the old pattern was superior to the latest production of civilization. Though our grandmothers doubtless knew not how to drive a golf ball, or "soup up" a curling stone, they were perfect in many particulars where we do not shine. And in those quieter times, "the shrieking sisterhood" had not learned to lift their voices. In Canada we are perhaps as free, if not freer, from any hysterical tendencies of thought and action as most countries. Climate may be responsible for it. And again, the reason may be in that the larger number of us do not move and have our being in such an atmosphere of high pressure as surrounds those people who cultivate the arts and sciences to a higher degree than is possible in this country, as yet in its infancy.

The artistic temperament is more easily led into follies and excitements. So that when Canadian women are discovered to be stepping slowly, if it is true, yet none the less surely, into customs that reflect no particular credit on their common sense, or good breeding, the more surprise is evinced by the discovery. Where we have crusaders waging war upon even men for the indulgence of smoking in all forms, whether pipes, cigars, or cigarettes, it would seem an impossibility that women should have ever been allowed to acquire the habit. Yet, in many of our cities the practice is to some extent prevalent.

MONTREAL could probably produce its little set of would-be smart and up-to-date women who imagine they are keeping pace with the times by puffing cigarettes in imitation of their brothers or husbands. But from the average member of society, the doings of this little cult must be hidden, for we hear few complaints.

But, though such statements should be made charily, it seems to be an open secret in other centres of the Dominion.

The woman who smokes cigarettes cannot be put under a social ban. She cannot be forbidden to enjoy any proceeding that gives her pleasure and, in reality, does not harm the community at large. But she can sometimes, if other measures are inadequate, be laughed at, and wholesome derision can often effect as permanent a cure as dignified censure.

The idea is often hazarded, that some women who have lived abroad find it hard to break themselves of a habit common to foreigners. What nonsense! Because they were abroad were they any the less women? If I travel in China, must I eat stewed rats, or fricasseed dog, because the natives do? Need I bandage my feet and abandon European shoes?

TO begin with, if cigarettes are as bad for men as it is daily affirmed they are, can they be good for women, who are trebly as highly strung and nervously constituted? If it is harmful for small boys to smoke, how can it be any the less so for their mothers and sisters?

Much is read, and we hear many comments, about the growing number of women in England addicted to smoking. We learn, on excellent authority, of the numerous social clubs

for women in London, where the smoking-room would be as readily omitted as the dining or reading-rooms. We are told that all women of fashion are adepts at the art. And, though many of us, like Thomas, doubted, seeing has necessitated believing for some of us.

But, since we are not always ready to imitate good examples, why should we hasten to copy the reverse? A small percentage of women may smoke because they like it, but the majority do so because they flatter themselves it is "smart," very fast, or likely to attract attention. We have all seen the foolish girl, who, in order to appear most recklessly attractive, smokes, in company with her brother and his friends, or even her own friends, a single cigarette. It has been done with much giggling and pretended enjoyment, and, though the onlookers thought her a little fool, and regretted its inability to make her feel ill, the scene produced little effect upon them. The very young are excused for their love of exciting comment more readily.

BUT to see a number of grown women, whether married or single, sit around a dinner or supper table, and mingle the smoke of their cigarettes with those of the men, is not a laughable, but a disgusting spectacle. If there is one man present who takes pleasure in the sight, he is the exception that proves the rule. Women may be pretty sure that the man who looks amused, as the smoke curls out from between their teeth, is forcing the laugh that he knows is expected of him. And as to those men who preserve an absolutely indifferent and stoical countenance, it may be asserted that their calmness emanates from the fact that indifference and lack of interest govern their feelings.

Some of us strive so unceasingly to be "smart" that, in so doing, we gradually lose sight of the good breeding that should prompt us to court inconspicuousness. It would be hardly fair, perhaps, to sweepingly affirm that all women who smoke are necessarily ill-bred. Yet it seems as though some portion of the refining process that was responsible in the forming of their natures had been forgotten. To treat the matter broadly, it is not womanly. Can anything more effectual be said against it? How many women admire effeminate men? There is certainly no commandment against the participating of men in feminine pursuits. Yet, could we number in our acquaintance one woman who would care to see her husband, brother, or friend placidly giving up a game of golf, a set of tennis or a ride to hounds, that he might sit by the drawing-room fire, embroidering a tea-cloth, or trimming a toque for his wife's delectation? Could we reasonably say it destroyed his eye for shooting, spoiled his temper, made him less honorable, magnanimous or affectionate? No—to all these, and yet—!

WE punish the schoolboy who surreptitiously enjoys his father's cigars. We denounce the blackness of his crime, with no choosing of words. Why then is the woman, possessed of, to all intents, sound judgment and a reasoning mind, exonerated when she oversteps her limitations?

Women journalists are supposed by some few to be inveterate smokers. A well-known editor, of a widely read magazine, told me that whenever a certain journalist came to do work for him, which she did occasionally, in his private office, he never failed to leave two of the blackest and strongest cigars procurable upon his desk. And she seldom overlooked them! He did not admire her for it; he did not condone it. He simply pandered to her vitiated taste. And he made to me a few conclusive remarks anent the subject. They were not such as to encourage the listener to further her knowledge of that particular pastime. But this instance by no means proves that, as a whole, women journalists so forgot their sex.

Fools abound in every class of society. From no order of human beings is the type eliminated.

It is acknowledged that Russian women smoke. It is

known that Turkish women do likewise. Neither are Spanish women to be exempted by any means. Their French and German sisters must not be excluded, and it has already been stated that the fair inhabitants of the British Isles are smitten with the same failing to a surprising extent. Would it be considered by the majority of disinterested onlookers that Canadian women (say the women alone of Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton), were taking a backward or a forward step, if one and all, they resolutely refused to emulate in this particular their far off cousins, children of an older, and a should-be-wiser generation?

LAST week, in Ottawa, a quiet wedding took place, when Miss Ruby Blackburn and Mr. Colin Sewell were married, the service being conducted in the drawing-room at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Blackburn, at New Edinburgh. Only relatives and intimate friends were included among the guests. Mr. Sewell is a son of Dr. Sewell, of Quebec, and occupies a position in the Bank of Montreal, in Toronto. He was at one time stationed in Montreal for several years, and has many friends here, who heard with much interest of his marriage.

Mr. John Lax, who for some years has been ranching in the Northwest, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Law, "Bellevue House."

LAST week, Mrs. Durnford, Claudeboye avenue, gave a very pleasant little tea for a number of friends. Mrs. Guy Ross, Miss Durnford and Miss Piers assisted at the tea-table, which was prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and yellow satin ribbons. Among those invited were: Mrs. Church, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Root, Mrs. Raynes, the Misses Raynes, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Smith, the Misses Smith, Miss V. Lindsay, Miss Quiggin, Mrs. L. Skaife, the Misses Cundill, Mrs. Ward, Miss Ward, Miss Taylor, Miss M. Taylor, Mrs. Ross-Ross, Mrs. P. Smith, Miss M. Durnford, Miss Hanson, Dr. Ritchie-England.

Mrs. C. G. Hope, Drummond street, left last week for Cardinal, where she will spend some weeks with Mrs. Benson, "Cardinal House."

It is said that early in the new year the marriage will take place of Miss Grace Henderson, third daughter of the late Canon Henderson, who was for many years Principal of the Theological College, and Mr. Reginald R. Wallace, of the Bank of Montreal, New York. Mr. Wallace is originally a Halifax man, and was one of Montreal's most popular bachelors during his stay here. He is well known in athletic circles in New York, being a prominent member of the St. Nicholas rink hockey team, and also rowing in one of the N. Y. A. C. eight-oars.

MRS. G. R. HOOPER and Miss Stewart left last week for Boston, where they intend making a short stay.

Mrs. D. S. Robertson, of Kingston, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. G. Molson, Bishop street, returned home this week. Her son, Mr. Esdale Robertson, whose somewhat serious illness was the cause of her visit to Montreal, accompanied her, having sufficiently recovered to be allowed to travel.

Mrs. Coristine, University street, has issued invitations for a euchre party on Tuesday, November 28.

ON Thursday of last week, Mrs. Charles Handyside, Dorchester street, gave a most successful tea for her niece, Miss Harmon, of Toronto. Mrs. P. B. Macpherson poured out tea, and Miss A. Ewan, Miss B. Cobban, Miss W. Lewis and Miss Piers assisted in dispensing tea and ices. Those present included: Mrs. Deime, Mrs. H. Graham, Mrs. MacDuff, Mrs. A. Murray, Mrs. N. Dawes, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Dunlop, Miss

L. Dunlop, Miss Sewell, the Misses Raynes, Miss Ewan, the Misses Williams, Miss Kittson, Miss C. Dawes, Miss H. Dunlop, Miss H. Robertson, Miss Tyre, Miss B. Hutchins, Miss E. Molson, Miss G. Cundill, Miss Coristine, Miss M. Ward, Miss Taylor, Miss M. Taylor, Mrs. Ross-Ross.

Mrs. C. H. Godfrey, Burnside place, will entertain a number of friends this evening at a progressive euchre party.

The dance given last week by Mrs. L. J. Forget, at the Kennels, in honor of the debut of Miss Blanche Forget, was in every way an unlimited success. The drive out, owing to the disagreeable weather, was not as pleasant as it might have been, but who cares about such trifles, with the prospect of such a delightful evening before them? The large "living-room" and hall were both used for dancing, and the orchestra was stationed in a recess in the former. Supper was served in the large and small dining-rooms, and, as the music continued in the form of extras, those who wished remained to dance while the others supped.

Some of the gowns worn were unusually pretty, for the present fashions seem to be especially designed for evening wear, and, as a rule, it must be admitted, in Montreal, evening dresses shine out conspicuously for their effectiveness and good taste.

Among the guests were noticed: The Misses Angus, Mr. W. F. Angus, Miss C. Brainerd, Mr. H. B. Brainerd, Miss Eadie, Mr. H. Eadie, Miss J. Grant, Miss B. Allan, the Misses Cassils, Miss Duchatel, Miss E. Holland, the Misses Boyer, Mr. G. Boyer, Miss Marler, Mr. H. Marler, Miss Campbell, Miss M. Gillespie, Miss Stephens, Mr. G. W. Stephens, jr., Miss Meighen, Miss G. Roy, Miss Howard, Mr. C. Howard, Miss Greenshields, the Misses Clouston, Miss Burnett, Miss Gault, Miss Strathy, the Messrs. Strathy, Miss Sise, the Messrs. Sise, the Misses Judah, Miss D. Lyman, Miss Monk, Miss E. Molson, Mr. J. B. Paterson, Mr. R. O. King, Mr. W. Turner, Miss A. Beaudry, Miss Reford, Mr. L. Reford, Miss Donahue, Mr. W. Donahue, Miss E. Scott, Mr. M. Scott, Mr. F. Budden, Mr. G. Gillespie, Mr. L. Galarneau, Mr. G. G. Lewis, Mr. H. Mackay, Mr. H. Davis, Mr. B. Simms, Mr. E. Burke, the Messrs. Robertson, Mr. H. Baby, Mr. de B. Thibaudan, Mr. B. M. Humble, Mr. Martin, Mr. G. Drinkwater.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook have returned from their country place at Morrisburg, and have reopened their home, 400 Elm avenue.

QUITE one of the pleasantest entertainments of last week was the large luncheon given by Mr. G. W. MacDougall, at the Montreal Racquet Club, for his sister, Miss Beatrice MacDougall. The decorations of the lunch-tables were chiefly of pink and white roses, and all the ladies present carried away with them lovely bunches of the same flowers.

After lunch, some exciting games of racquets were played by two or three of the best players the club boasts, and the general feeling prevailed, when the time for departure arrived, that pity 'twas such pleasantly spent hours should fly so fast. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Montagu Allan, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. MacDougall, Miss MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar MacDougall, Miss M. Gillespie, Mr. T. Gillespie, Mr. H. Eadie, Miss Eadie, Mr. H. Brainerd, Miss C. Brainerd, Mr. W. F. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mr. B. MacDougall, Miss Elsie Scott, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Miss Dunlop, Miss Coristine, Miss L. Gault, Miss E. Gault, Miss Bond, Mr. W. L. Bond, Miss E. Marler, Miss Hampson, Miss Stearns, Miss Reford, Mr. J. B. Paterson, Miss Arnton, and several others.

ANOTHER tea, last Friday, was that given by Mrs. Coristine, University street. Mrs. Coristine, with her daughter, Miss Coristine, received in the drawing-room which was decorated with palms and chrysanthemums, as also was the large hall. And, by the way, what a vast difference, a hall of some dimensions makes in a house. One would almost feel inclined to be content with small rooms, if there had to be an

## SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

alternative. The tea-table was especially pretty, being a mass of roses, of an exquisite shade of pink, and quantities of smilax. Mrs. D Deme poured out tea, and had as her assistants: Miss Dunlop, Miss L. Dunlop, Miss Ewan, Miss A. Ewan, Miss Burnett, Miss C. Brauner, Miss M. Molson, all of whom looked exceptionally nice in their pretty light dresses. The number of guests present was so large that it would be impossible to mention more than a very small proportion. They included: Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. F. C. Lyman, Miss Lyman, Mrs. H. M. Allan, Mrs. C. McEachran, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Mrs. E. H. King, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Miss A. Greenshields, Mrs. G. Molson, Mrs. Carmen, Miss E. Mols n, Mrs. Marler, Miss Marler, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mrs. Shaughnessy, Miss Shaughnessy, Mrs. G. H. Duggan, Miss Hampson, Mrs. W. Wontham, the Misses Taylor, Mrs. F. Bond, the Misses Bond, Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. MacTier, Mrs. E. H. King, Mrs. D. Lorn Macdougall, Miss Macdougall, Mrs. L. L. Lewis, Mrs. C. Macdougall, Mrs. G. Macintosh, the Misses Clay, the Misses Smith, Miss Miller, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Miss B. Allan, Mrs. C. H. Godfrey, Mrs. P. A. Peterson, Miss Peterson, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Root, Mrs. J. K. Ward, the Misses Ward, Mrs. Gossler, Mrs. Houll, Mrs. Meighen, Miss Meighen, Mrs. Reford, Miss Reford, Mrs. W. W. Watson, the Misses Lambe, Mrs. C. Nelles, Mrs. H. Hampson, Lady Galt, the Misses Galt, Mrs. H. A. Allan, Mrs. J. H. Burland, Mrs. K. Macpherson, Miss Stearns, Miss Cundill, Miss Sise, Mrs. Macintosh, Miss Macintosh, Mrs. G. May, Mrs. E. Stuart.

**T**HE many friends of Dr. and Mrs. Shirres, Peel street, will regret to hear that their small son, Master Gordon Shirres, is at present in the Royal Victoria Hospital, suffering from typhoid fever.

Miss Mary Hamilton, daughter of the Bishop of Ottawa, who has been visiting Mrs. H. Fry, Dorchester street, returned home this week.

Last week, Mrs. F. W. May, Stanley street, gave a delightful luncheon for Mrs. J. M. Pangman.

On Friday last, Mrs. Guy Ross gave a very pleasant tea at her pretty new apartments in "The Denbigh," Western avenue. Miss Raynes, Miss Sewell, Miss Lynn Ward, Miss Piers and Miss B. Cobban, assisted in the tea-room. Among those invited were: Lady Galt, the Misses Galt, Mrs. W. W. Watson, Mrs. G. Cook, Mrs. J. P. B. Casgram, Mrs. McEachran, the Misses Fisher, Mrs. George Cantlie, Mrs. J. K. Ward, the Misses Ward, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Root, Miss Hill, Miss Penner, Mrs. J. P. Dawes, the Misses Dawes, Mrs. G. C. Smith, Mrs. W. M. Dolbell, Miss Ross, the Misses Cundill, Mrs. Sutherland Taylor, Mrs. Piers, Mrs. Durnford, Mrs. Yarker, Miss Yarker, Dr. Ritchie-England, Mrs. Ross-Ross, Miss M. Hamilton, Mrs. Fry, Miss Brock, Miss Kittson, Mrs. A. D. Durnford, Mrs. Bentham, and many others.

**M**R. J. C. HATTON, Metcalfe street, has cards out for an afternoon tea on Monday next.

To enumerate all the teas that have been given lately would necessitate a very much larger amount of space than it is possible to bestow upon them, and the chances are, that so much said on very much the same subject would pall upon the average reader.

Several Euchre Clubs have, within the last week or two, been formed among various well-known people. Most of them have agreed upon fortnightly meetings at the houses of the different members, with the privilege of asking a fixed number of outsiders to participate in the game. Thus a certain amount of gaiety is insured for the coming winter, without necessitating any very large amount of trouble. It is extraordinary how this particular card game holds on with unwavering tenacity to its popularity, won so many years ago. Several times it has seemed to be on the wane, and there were those who rejoiced! But lo! Its vitality has returned, and its pulse even quickened!

But who can deny it is a pleasant enough way of spending an evening? For, let it be noted, these clubs mentioned will not hold their reunions in the afternoon, turning day into night, sitting in electric-lighted rooms, when the sun is brilliant

outside, and partaking of a nondescript meal, that is neither afternoon tea nor a late supper, nor yet something that takes the place of dinner. Archbishop Bruchesi has vetoed the church bazaar. Let some one of equal authority, whether in society or in the church, do away with card-playing in the afternoon!

**O**N Monday afternoon, Mrs. A. A. Allan, Stanley street, gave a most delightful children's party in honor of Miss Hazel Allan's birthday. Little Miss Allan was assisted in receiving her guests, who numbered amongst them many small cousins, by her sister, Miss Doris Allan, and very charming hostesses they made. All the little girls looked very sweet in their bravery of muslin, lace and ribbons, and the little lads looked none the less smart in their "evening dress" of Eton jackets, kilts, or sailor suits. Every imaginable game was played until tea-time, when the prettily decorated table, with its huge birthday cake, elicited subdued murmurs of appreciation. And when maids and nurses began to arrive, and their charges were finally convinced it was time to go home, it is safe to say there was not one who did not protest against the decree, and beg for "just a little longer."

Those invited were: Miss Martha Allan, Master Hugh Allan, the Misses Baumgarten, Miss Madge Law, Miss Geraldine Paterson, Master Alec. Paterson, Miss Winifred Tait, Miss Gwyneth Lewis, Miss Beatrice May, Miss Elsa May, Master Alfred Baumgarten, Miss Jean Allan, Master Hugh McEachran, Miss Sheila McEachran, Master B. Reford, Master Moray Greenshields, Master Herbert Holt, Master A. Holt, Miss B. Macdougall, Master S. Maetier, Master F. Wauklyn, Master A. Wauklyn, Master D. Angus, Master Cecil Gordon, Masters Willie and Maurice Peterson, Master Cyril Hamilton and several others.

**A** VERY pleasant and successful tea was given last week by Mrs. Lennox Mills, 574 Sherbrooke street. The sisters and little nieces of the hostess assisted in the tea-room and the decorations of the tea-table were very artistic and beautiful. An ornamental car of exquisite china, laden with a profusion of pink roses, formed the centrepiece. And pink shaded silver candlesticks and fairy lamps added to the pretty effect. In the drawing-room also bowls of pink roses and smilax were used in decorating. Among the guests were noticed: Mrs. and Miss Peterson, Mrs. E. Stuart, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Learmont, Mrs. J. S. Hall, Mrs. F. Bond, Mrs. Bagg, Miss Mitcheson, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Mrs. Buller, Mrs. Cook, the Misses Cook, Mrs. MacMaster, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. F. Redpath, Mrs. C. Godfrey, Miss Godfrey, Mrs. R. S. Bagg, Mrs. C. Nelles, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. H. Graham, Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Macdougall, Mrs. Lyman, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. McCuaig, Mrs. and Miss Simpson, Mrs. E. Gault, Mrs. Thomas, Miss Thomas, and Mrs. G. Macintosh.

Mr. David Law returned this week from a short visit to England.

Mr. G. R. Hooper was among the Montreal hunting men who attended the New York Horse Show.

Last Saturday, Mrs. R. G. Reid gave a large and successful "At Home," from 5 to 7 o'clock. The house, which is very handsome, looked exceptionally well, and a great centre of attraction was the pretty conservatory. The decorations of the tea-room were pink roses, and here Mrs. R. G. Reid, jr., presided, assisted by Miss Cassils, Miss Shaughnessy, Miss M. Taylor, Miss Linton, and Miss Nelson. Towards the end of the afternoon some of the younger guests enjoyed a little impromptu dance, prompted by the inspiring strains of the orchestra, which had been playing throughout the entertainment.

**M**R. AND MRS. R. G. REID, JR., who have made their home in Newfoundland, have been spending some days in Montreal the guests of Mrs. Reid, Drummond street.

It is very funny sometimes to note the extraordinary and unnecessary details some people employ in giving any news. In a list of personals I noticed that some unfortunate lady had been badly hurt while "attempting to mount her riding horse." The accident is not amusing, but why say "riding horse?" Is it customary for ladies occasionally to mount carriage horses? Might it have been inferred that she was emulating a postillion, without this explanatory word?

The Hon. Gerald Ward, son of the Countess of Dudley, whose marriage to Lady Evelyn Crichton, took place last week, previous to his departure for the Transvaal, is a brother, it will be remembered, of the Hon. Dudley Ward, who visited Montreal a year ago on H.M.S. Kenown, and made many warm friends during his brief stay.

On Monday afternoon, the Misses Kerry, Durocher street, gave a very pleasant tea.

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**A** DELIGHTFUL week is this for theatre-goers. Blanche Walsh and Melbourne MacDowell in Sardou's three great plays, La Tosca, Gismonda, and Fedora, at the Academy of Music, present an exceptionally excellent and uniform entertainment. It is little wonder that the theatre has been crowded nightly, and the only regret after witnessing one of these plays, in such capable hands, is that all our theatricals cannot be as near perfection as are these. Miss Walsh is even stronger in her parts than when she last appeared in Montreal, while Mr. MacDowell is the same polished artist as of yore. The supporting company is, without exception, a strong one. They will be enthusiastically welcomed back to Montreal, whenever they may choose to return.

At the Theatre Francais also a good play is to be seen. This is Gloriana, a farcical comedy which is cleverly handled by the stock company. A first-class vaudeville bill is presented. On Tuesday night the students of Bishop's College had their annual night at the Francais, and the popular little house was packed to the ceiling.

The military entertainment at Her Majesty's on Monday evening, in aid of the Patriotic Fund, was largely attended but not altogether a success, as the films for the moving pictures would not fit the cinematograph. The other parts of the programme were very good.

**COMING ATTRACTIONS.**

**R**OSE COGHLAN, the popular actress, whose portrait appears on this page, begins an engagement at the Academy of Music next Monday, November 27, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. She will be seen in an elaborate and costly production of The White Heather, which has had a long and prosperous run at the Academy of Music in New York. The play tells a story of real life in an intensely interesting way. There are 12 rapidly changing scenes, and the climaxes are artistically approached and well sustained, in fact, the piece is much better than the usual English dramas. As Lady Janet, Miss Coghlan has an uncommonly strong and effective part, which she acts with all the ability for which she is noted. The supporting company, including John T. Sullivan, contains nearly a score of clever actors and actresses, and the scenic equipment is most elaborate and costly. The sensational scene were two men in divers' armor fight a duel with knives at the bottom of the sea is as novel as it is sensational. There is also a ballroom scene in which Miss Coghlan and the company wear magnificent costumes. The sale of seats has commenced at the Academy of Music box office.

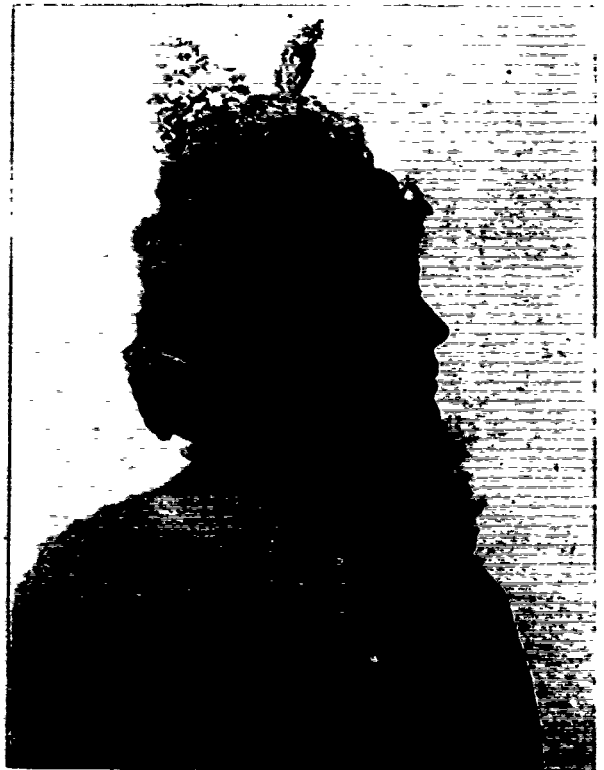
**T**HE Theatre Francais stock company will go into an entirely new style of play next week. The Kaffir Diamond is a production given some years ago by Louis Aldrich, who made both name and fortune out of it. It is not at all probable that Aldrich foresaw the cruel war in Boerland, but the fact remains that his piece, though written many years before the war, will give theatre-goers of Montreal an excellent opportunity of judging of the mannersisms of those much-talked-of people. Of course the leading parts are all English, and in the hands of

the stock company ought to be well done. Messrs. Henderson, Morton, McGrane, Walker, Bass, Summers, Nelson, Karger, and the Misses Buckingham, Schovelin and Byron will all be in the cast. The last named has a particularly pretty part. At the head of the vaudeville bill will be the Kleist Brothers, musical novelty artists, who have made a continental reputation for themselves, and come here for the first time. Other acts of equal importance will fill up the bill.

**S**YDNEY ROSINFELDS comedy, The Purple Lady, is one of the season's successes. The press from all parts of the country speak in the highest terms of it. It is to be presented in New York at the holidays for a long run. This play, it is understood, will be brought to Montreal and presented at the Academy of Music.

The first of the series of concerts by Professor Goulet's Symphony Orchestra is to be given this afternoon at Windsor Hall. These concerts are deserving of much more liberal support than they have received in the past. Professor Goulet has done much to cultivate musical tastes here, and it is to be hoped this season's concerts will be generously patronized.

The Garrick Dramatic Club will produce the English three-act farce On Change, in Her Majesty's Theatre on the evening of Wednesday, November 20. It will be the last performance in the season of 1898-1899, and it is open only to the members of the club during the past season.



**ROSE COGHLAN,**  
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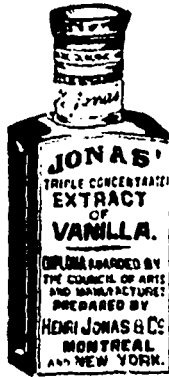
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1745 Notre Dame St.

## LATE SOCIETY NEWS.

ON TUESDAY afternoon, Mrs. Root, Rosemount avenue, entertained a number of friends at tea, to meet Mrs. King, of Berlin, Ont., who is paying a short visit to Montreal. In reality, how very much pleasanter these small teas are, where intimate friends meet together, and really enjoy a cup of tea and conversation on topics of mutual interest, instead of submitting with poor grace to being crowded into a tea-room for five minutes, speaking to the person who happens to be jammed against you, and making good your escape. Among the guests invited by Mrs. Root were: Mrs. Alex. Murray, Miss Hill, Mrs. Piers, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Handyside, Miss Harmon, Mrs. Guy Ross, Mrs. Davis, the Misses Raynes, Miss Piers, Miss Quiggin, Mrs. J. Ward, Mrs. Ward, the Misses Ward, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Miss Ewan, Miss Reekie.

Miss Ross has recently arrived from Scotland on a visit to Principal and Mrs. Peterson, Prince of Wales' Terrace.

Mrs. Grier, 1136 Sherbrooke street, left this week for England, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Constance Grier, who will join her sisters at school on the other side.

Mr. Angus W. Hooper, and Mr. A. E. Ogilvie were among the Montrealers who were down at Quebec this week to attend the wedding of Capt. A. T. Ogilvie and Miss Gladys White.

Mrs. G. Reaves, who has been visiting Mrs. Hector Macenzie for a few days, returned this week to Kingston.

ON Monday, the marriage took place in Ottawa of Miss Louisa Thistle, daughter of the late W. R. Thistle, to Mr. Robert Gill, of the Bank of Commerce, Ottawa. This wedding is of interest to Montreal people, as Mrs. Gill is a sister of Mrs. Shirres, and but recently spent some weeks here, visiting Mrs. C. H. Godfrey.

This afternoon, Mrs. J. C. Hatton is giving a tea for a number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thynne, of Vancouver, B.C., have been spending a few days in town, en route for England. Mrs. Thynne, as Miss Amy Hamilton, was exceedingly popular in Montreal, and received a warm welcome from her many friends.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Coristine, University street, gave a very jolly dinner and theatre party.

"Sir," began young Timkins, as he entered the presence of the dear girl's father, "I want to marry your daughter —"

"Oh, don't bother me with your troubles," interrupted the old gentleman. "She told me some time ago that she intended to marry you, so you'll have to settle it between yourselves."



## ILLUSTRATED TESTIMONIAL.

To the Consolidated Shoe Co. Gentlemen — I have been wearing your shoes for some time and can safely say that they cover the ground Yours truly,  
A. FOOT

IT seems a pity that the patriotic entertainment at Her Majesty's could not be voted an unalloyed success. Of course the misfortune in connection with the moving pictures, had, doubtless, much to do with it. But apart from that, the general feeling of the many little theatre parties that attended was that of disappointment.

The opening lecture of the course on "Bible History," which was spoken of in last week's issue as taking place last Monday, in Elm Hall, was unavoidably postponed. The Rev. E. R. Rexford will give the initial lecture next week, on an evening not yet specified, but the Rev. H. Kittson will be the lecturer for the remainder of the course.

The rumor that a Ladies' Hockey Club is about to be formed in Montreal forms an interesting subject of conjecture as to whether the game will enjoy a lasting popularity among our good lady skaters. In Toronto there has long been a similar club, and, no doubt, in other cities. In England there are numberless matches played, though their hockey is played in a field with a heavy ball, instead of our puck. We certainly have material for good players among us, in that we possess a very fair amount of excellent skaters. But, "morally, mentally and physically," are women suited to all the exigencies of a game by necessity, rough? Time only can demonstrate this.

AN important work in the dissemination of sound ideals in art is being done by the Women's Art League of Canada, which holds exhibitions in various cities, and has given a very creditable one here this week. There were about 20 exhibitors of water-color sketches, industrial designs, and work of that class, and about 17 of ceramic work, and the exhibits were of a very creditable order indeed. Those who had sketches accepted by the hanging committee were: From Ottawa—Misses Living, Robena T. Blyth, M. Stratton, McLeod Clark, L. Stratton, L. Steacy; from Brockville—Mrs. Florence Turner, Mrs. J. B. Murphy, Misses Kearns, Cochrane, and Buckman; from Kingston—Miss Fraser, Mrs. Nasher, Mrs. Power; from London, Ont.—Miss Farncomb; from Montreal—Miss Eleanor Irwin, Mrs. J. Mulholland, Miss McLeod Moore, Miss Haddon, Mrs. Byrd, Miss Beard, and Miss Baylis. Miss Hellier, of Toronto, showed some beautiful work in wood-carving, and the following ladies were exhibitors of ceramic work: Miss Hamaford (Mrs. Boulbee), Toronto, Misses Harrison, Roger, and Howson, Toronto; Miss Nelson, St. Catharines; Miss Watson, Galt; Miss Spence, Brantford; Misses McGivern, Stewart, and Hall, St. John, N.B.; Miss Kelly, Yarmouth, N.S.; Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. W. Crawford, Misses Gordon and Schultz, Montreal.

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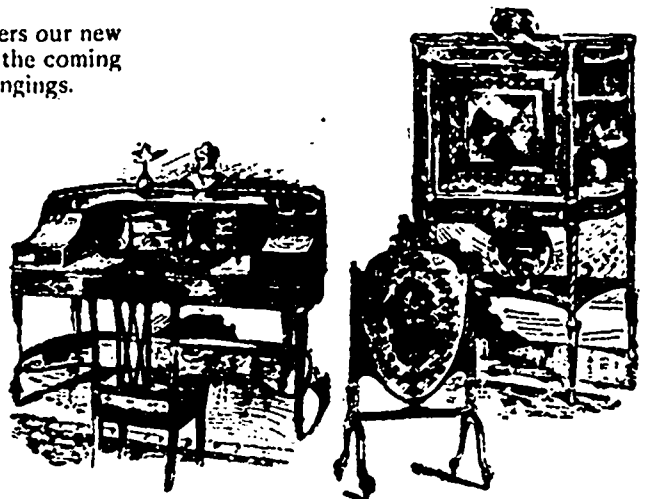
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