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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.	1:30 p.m.
Ar. Chicago.	2:30 p.m.	8:15 p.m.	8:15 p.m.

\*On Sundays leaves Montreal 8:00 p.m.

### Improved Train Service

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MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Lv. Montreal	17:30 a.m.	Ar. Ottawa	11:20 a.m.
" "	19:10 a.m.	" "	11:10 p.m.
" "	14:05 p.m.	" "	16:35 p.m.
" "	15:50 p.m.	" "	19:15 p.m.
" Ottawa	16:10 a.m.	" Montreal	9:50 a.m.
" "	18:15 a.m.	" "	11:15 a.m.
" "	11:20 p.m.	" "	6:50 p.m.
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First Class	\$33.95
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MONTREAL and QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL. via Londonderry.

Steamer.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
Vancouver	Nov. 9th, daylight	Nov. 9th, 2:30 p.m.
*Ottoman	Nov. 15th. "	Nov. 15th, 2:30 p.m.
Dominion	Nov. 16th. "	Nov. 16th, 2:30 p.m.

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Vancouver " " 16th, 1:00 p.m.

\*This steamer does not carry passengers.

BOSTON

To Liverpool via Queenstown.

From Liverpool.	Steamer.	From Boston.
October 28th	Canada	Nov. 8th, 1:30 p.m.

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.

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,

General Agents, Montreal,

17 St. Sacrament Street.

EXPLAINED.

A LITTLE boy was reading in his Scottish history an account of the Battle of Bannockburn. He read as follows:

"And when the English saw the new army on the hill behind, their spirits became damped."

The teacher asked the boy what was meant by "damping their spirits."

"The boy, not comprehending the meaning, simply answered: "Pittin' water in their whusky."

## Robert Meredith & Co.

Members of the Montreal Mining Exchange Buy and sell Mining Stocks on commission

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Cable address, "Mining."

I Offer Shares of

# The Bonanza Mining Co.

The property is a steady shipper and dividend-payer, and its output will shortly be increased.

Under the same management as Deer Trail No. 2.

Next dividend of a quarter of a cent per share is payable November 20th, to stockholders of record on record on November 16th.

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COVERNTON'S

FRAGRANT

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As it cleanses and loosens the gums, disinfects the plate, thereby keeping the breath sweet. Highly recommended by the leading dentists of the city. Be sure and get that prepared by

C. J. Covernton & Co.

Cor. Bleury and Dorchester Sts.

For Sale by all Druggists.

CONSISTENT.

"I HAVE no sympathy wid a strike," said Meandering Mike.

"But you don't blame folks fur not workin'?" protested Plodding Pete.

"Ye can't strike unless ye've got a job, kin ye?" was the withering rejoinder. "Dey had no business goin' to work in the first place."

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The Chickering piano is the pioneer piano of America. It was first made in 1823. Its makers have originated practically every improvement of note in piano manufacture. The Chickering tone has a peculiarly rich quality that makes the instrument more desirable, from a musical standpoint, than any other. It has been tersely termed "The OLDEST in America, the BEST in the world." A fine assortment of these artistic instruments always on exhibition in our Chickering parlours. The D. W. Karn Co., Limited, Karn Hall Building, St. Catherine street, sole agents

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THE PRINCE OF TABLE WATERS

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For sale at the Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, and all first-class Grocers.

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We also carry the finest assortment of Hair Ornaments in Canada.

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**ATWATER & DUCLOS,**

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Machinery, Rolling Stock, Engines and Boilers of every description supplied.

22 Street Railway Chambers, Telephone, Main 3351. **Montreal.**

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Still another.—A beautiful cabinet grand Karn piano has been purchased by the Visitation Convent, congregation of Notre Dame, corner Visitation and Craig streets. It pays in the end to get a good article. That is why the Karn piano has found its way into some of the best homes and educational institutions of Canada. It gives perfect satisfaction. A fine stock always to be seen at the waterrooms of The D. W. Karn Co., Limited, Karn Hall Building, St. Catherine street. Sole agent for Chickering pianos.

**Wanted:**—Bright men and women who are not too proud to work and would like to make some money during the next three months handling the wonderful "Light of Life," \$1.00 a day sure; some make twice that. Experience or capital unnecessary.

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**Agents:**—Our Christmas books are ready. From Fifty Cents up. Four books explained in one prospectus. One is "Famous Men and Great Events of the Nineteenth Century." Great Battles, Great Men, Great Inventions and Discoveries, Progress of Nations, every great event of the century. If you have a slow selling book or engaged in other agency business you lose money to continue. Here is the best opportunity for making money you ever had. Big profit, easy time, new plan, get our offer sure.

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### THE OBSERVANT BIRD.

"Oh George!" squeaked the parrot, as soon as the young man came into the parlor, "how rough your face is!"

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THE LATEST IN  
NOTE PAPER.

5 Sizes, 4 Tints—Emerald, Pearl, Sage and Blue, also in White.

Has the appearance of woven fabric. Send for samples.

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# Montreal Life

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for the best original contribution of any kind. Preference will be given to short articles or paragraphs of local interest on any subject, items of an anecdotal or personal character about prominent Canadians, and especially Montrealers.

For the second best contribution we will pay \$2.00, and for all others that are used we will pay the current rates.


In case of not more than two contributions being received during a single week, no awards will be made.

Names and addresses of senders to be enclosed in confidence.

Address,

"EDITOR," MONTREAL LIFE,

...Montreal.



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Pinafores, Stockings,  
Blouses, etc.

**DYES ANY MATERIAL. DYES ANY COLOUR.**

For sale everywhere.

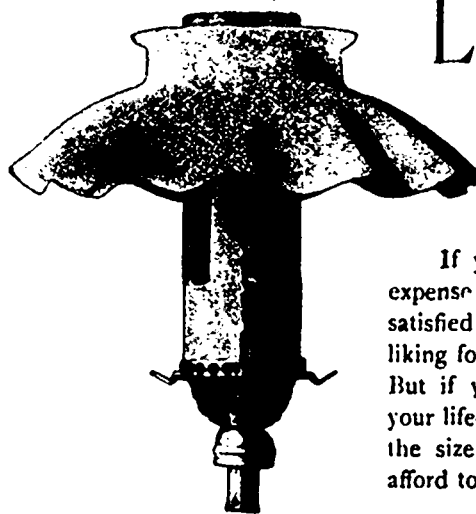
FREE BOOK on "Home Dyeing" on application to  
**Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, MONTREAL.**

### LOCAL COLOR.

MR. PODSNAPPER.—Why, I thought that Miss Boggs was a blonde!

MRS. PODSNAPPER.—She was, but she reformed.

A wag, speaking of the embarkation of troops, said, "Notwithstanding many of them leave blooming wives behind, they go away in transports."



## Luxury and Economy

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

THE IMPROVED . . . .



# AUER LIGHT

60 Candle Power— $\frac{3}{4}$  c. per hour.

LIGHTS AND SHADES ON APPROVAL

1682—Notre Dame St.—1684.

# MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1899.

TELEPHONES:  
Montreal . . . Main 1255  
Toronto . . . . . 2144

## THE EVERYDAY KIND.

"HERBERT is just a plain, everyday young man," said Mabel to her father.

"That's precisely the objection," was the prompt reply. "I might stand him every other day, but this thing of calling seven times a week becomes tiresome."

## AN UNANSWERABLE ANSWER.

"DENNIS, I hear you've been drinking again. If you can't do better I shall have to let you go."

"Sure, sir, it was ag'inst me will that I got off this time, sir."

"Nonsense! No man can do things against his will!"

DENNIS (grasping at a straw).—Faith, I had a brother who went to prison ag'inst his will.

## THE BETTER WAY.

IT is often cheaper to move than to pay rent, and just now the householder is realizing that it is always pleasanter to move than to clean house.

## DESPERATION.

CLASPING her in his arms he pressed her to his palpitating heart. "Kiss me!" he cried, "or by Heaven I shall instantly release you!"

## NO PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

"HAVE you noticed, pa, how often ma says 'and so on, and so on'?"

"Yes, my son; but it never applies to buttons."

## APPROPRIATE.

BRIGGS—Von Kernel has been very successful in corn lately, hasn't he?

GRIGGS—I believe so. Why?

"His wife told me he had presented her with a pair of cobs."

## A HARD NUT TO CRACK.

ALICE (seven years old)—Mamma, did you know the stork would bring baby sister?

MOTHER—Yes, my dear.

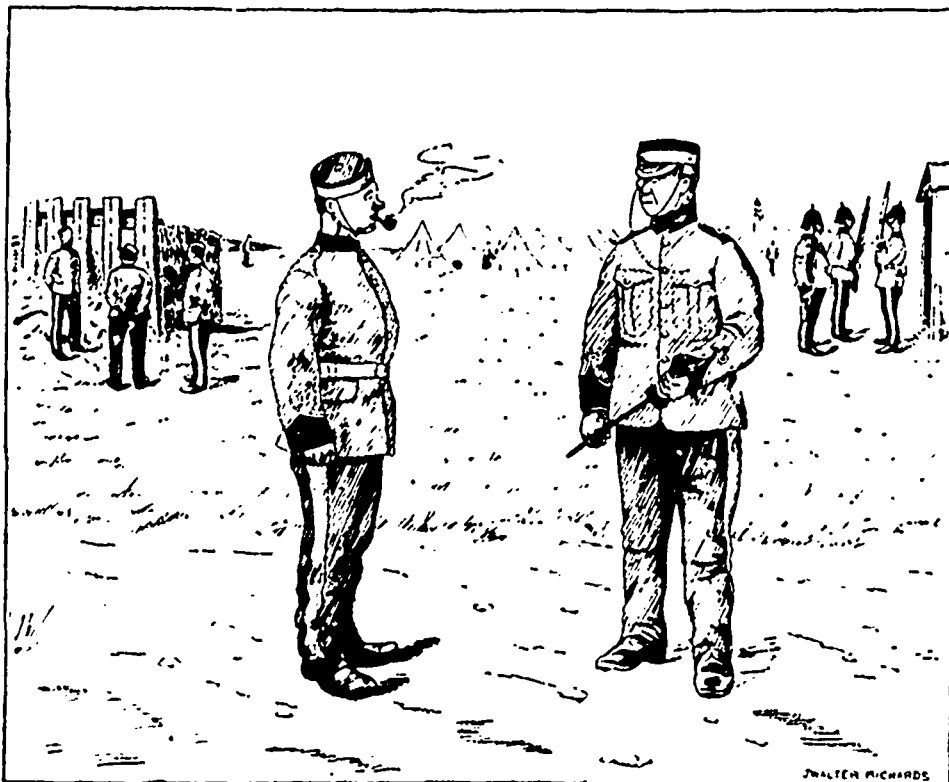
ALICE—Did you write 'im a letter?

MOTHER—No, my dear; papa did.

ALICE—And did papa write 'im to bring a little girl?

MOTHER—Yes, dearie.

ALICE (after a pause)—Den why did papa say, when baby came: "Curse it, anodder girl!"



MILITARY OFFICER.—Now then, my man, what do you mean by passing me without saluting?  
RAW RECRUIT.—Shure, sor, wasn't I told not to salute an officer wid a pipe in me mouth!

"LIE down, sir!" shouted the colonel to the war correspondent, as the latter stood up from cover during the fiercest fire of the engagement. "Lie down, sir! Do you want to get shot!"

"No," replied the war correspondent, "snap-shot!" as he coolly kodaked a shell-burst.

## INCONGRUOUS.

THE saddest thing in fashion's swirl  
Is this, as each one knows:  
To see a fifty dollar girl  
In one hundred dollar clothes.

## WOMAN'S WORRIES.

MAN worries over the troubles he now has; his wife worries about that too, in addition to all they ever had, and all they ever will have because of the children who aren't grown up yet.

MERE wealth won't make a man—ah, no!  
As we so oft have said,  
Some chaps who have a lot of "dough"  
Might be much better bred.

## BLAMING THE OTHER FELLOW.

FATHER—Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail.  
TOMMY—I'm only holding the tail; the cat's pulling it.

## Life in a Looking-Glass

THE Canadian people will always take a kindly interest in the Aberdeens. If it is true that they were the most criticized family that have occupied the vice-regal mansion since Confederation, this fact does not argue any real unpopularity, but, on the contrary, bears a rather complimentary inference, since the passing criticisms to which they were subject arose largely from their originality and habit of doing things without asking for precedents. That they reciprocate the interest of Canadians and desire to maintain a sentimental connection with the Dominion, is shown by Lady Aberdeen's friendly visit so shortly after vacating the position at Ottawa, in which she and Lord Aberdeen were in many ways unique. Apropos of the Countess' visit, it is interesting to note that a well-informed English paper (The St. James' Budget) says: "The Earl of Aberdeen, whose son and heir came of age a week or two ago, has maintained his youthful appearance wonderfully, so much so, indeed, that the note of preparation for the rejoicings took many people by surprise. His jet-black hair and beard show no sign of advancing age, and the Earl looks more like 36 than 52. He is very enthusiastic in all his schemes, and supports his energetic Countess in all her hobbies—save one. Lady Aberdeen has advanced opinions as well as original ideas, and one of the latter is that she conceives it her duty to dine with her servants once a week—a custom once in vogue throughout Scotland. And although, it is said, the Earl does not countenance this laudable attempt to elevate the domestics, yet it was a custom which, curiously enough, obtained for generations in his family.

TWO or three years ago, a very clever piece of humorous verse, entitled "He Worried About It," was going the rounds of the newspapers. It depicted the pitiable state of mind and terrible end of a man who was continually worrying about doubtful contingencies and crossing bridges which he had not come to, until finally he worried himself into the grave and crossed the last of his bridges into that region where only the wicked are supposed to worry, and the weary are at rest. If some philosopher predicted that in 10 or 12 billions of years the fires of the sun would burn themselves out, or that at the end of such and such a period the earth's population would exceed its food-producing capacity, he worried about it. I am not a believer in losing sleep over matters that do not immediately concern me—least of all problems of an abstract or purely speculative kind. And yet the question occurred to me the other night. What will become of the white man's surplus energy when Africa is colonized and Asia carved up into European dependencies?—and I must confess I worried a little about it. For three centuries the Old World powers struggled and fought for possession in America. The contest was finally settled (so far as any human contest is ever finally settled) by the Anglo-Saxon getting North America, and the Spaniard South America—although the main fight was never between the Saxon and the Spaniard. The same process of partitioning and colonization is now going on, rapidly in Africa, more slowly in Asia, and we may rest assured the same sort of hard fighting will have to be repeated before these continents are wholly carved up. Then, with no more worlds to conquer, where will the white races turn for an outlet?

THIS interesting question assumes a very concrete form in a recent review article, entitled "Can new openings be found for capital?" The writer, Mr. Charles A. Conant, says this question is forcing itself upon every civilized people to-day, in view of the steady fall of the rate of interest and the rising prices for first-class securities. It is not my intention to follow

the learned writer through his argument, but merely to point out that, after showing how the opening up of Africa, Asia, and possibly Latin America, will furnish a broad field for the investment of money, he asks "whether this requirement of new countries for the employment of saved capital does not bring the human race to a jumping-off place as soon as Africa and Asia are capitalized by the extraordinarily rapid processes which have marked the capitalization of the western part of the United States, Germany and Russia?" Mr. Conant does not answer the question, but disposes of it by saying that it looks too far into the future. "It does not necessarily follow," he contends, "from the congestion of capital which appears to exist to-day, that conditions may not arise within another generation which will work a revolution in the conditions of production. It may be suggested, at the risk of penetrating into the domain of the fanciful, that when the food-supplying area of the world becomes circumscribed in proportion to population—as Mr. John Hyde points out may be the case in the United States in less than half a century—great demands for capital may arise for the production of food by chemical processes." This interesting suggestion of Mr. Conant's calls to mind that Dr. Lilienfeld, of Vienna, has discovered a chemical method of producing albumen, in a form he has called pepton, which, he maintains, will eventually supersede meat in the human diet. If we are eventually to be fed by chemical process, the outlook is scarcely a pleasant one. As a truly inspired poet has written (apropos of Dr. Lilienfeld's process):

Who "eats to live" and hates to eat  
May find your pepton wondrous sweet;  
But he who "lives to eat," dear sir,  
At your invention will demur.  
Dyspeptics care not what they're kept on,  
So let them praise your odorous pepton;  
But gourmands will not give a button  
For pepton as opposed to mutton.

It is a far cry from international politics and finance to dyspepsia and mutton chops, but I have succeeded in making the detour, and there I leave the whole matter to the serious consideration of the reader.

IF every church parade in Montreal is to be like the one held last Sunday, I for one am glad I am not a member of the local militia. At Beaver Hall Hill and for some distance on Dorchester street, the obviously good-natured but as obviously ill-mannered crowd made the conditions more like those of a charge than of a peaceable and orderly march-past. The people crowded in upon them in utter obliviousness to the fact that two bodies cannot possibly occupy the same space, and with a gaping curiosity that could not have been surpassed had the Wild Man of Barneo just come to town. It was at times impossible for the different corps to march well or show to good advantage, yet there was room enough and to spare on the sidewalks if the crowd had only stood back. Either a squad of police should have been sent ahead to clear the roadway to the curls, or the pioneers of one of the corps should have done this duty. The patriotic public, who so dearly love a display of their country's military strength, are to be forgiven a good many things at such a time, but no one has a right to get in the way of the procession and spoil the bonny show for others.

HOW is it that whenever a regiment of kilties appear, popular enthusiasm bubbles over? It cannot be because Scotchmen predominate in every crowd—prolific as their race has been. On Sunday the Royal Scots were applauded all along the route. I think the true explanation is one that goes down into the subtleties of psychology. Warfare is essentially barbaric—it is a resort to first principles and the primal instincts of mankind. And it is by appealing to these instincts that a military parade stirs people to that emotional condition that always accompanies the music and the marching of an armed host. Now, the Highland costume has a touch of barbarism possessed by no other military uniform in vogue in



Golfers at the Ladies' Golf Club House, Dixie,  
on the occasion of the recent Interprovincial Match, Ontario vs. Quebec.

civilized countries. Hence, it fires the imagination of the spectator, no matter what his nationality. On the battlefield, the fierce appearance of kilted regiments has often had a practical value in turning the fortunes of the day. As the Russian officer in the Crimea said, "The British soldiers didn't do us much harm, but when the soldiers' wives came at us we turned and fled." And, again, in South Africa there has already been an amusing example of the dread in which the enemy invariably holds "the soldiers in skirts."

OF COURSE, no one outside the confidential circle that enjoy the secrets of the council chamber knows exactly what took place as between General Hutton and Dr. Borden with regard to Lieut. Col. Sam Hughes, though everyone is at liberty to imagine he knows all about it. General Hutton is entitled to credit, if the current report be true, for standing manfully by his opinions and preferences, but, refreshing as it is to find a man who is not eternally afraid of consequences, it is doubtful whether the General was well advised in opposing Lieut.-Col. Hughes as bitterly as he is said to have done. If Lieut.-Col. Hughes was an enemy of the General's before this incident, he is certainly not likely to be a friend henceforth. Some hostile feeling has also undoubtedly been stirred up in the Conservative party as a result of General Hutton's supposed course in this matter. The incident is almost certain to be brought up in Parliament, when there is bound to be unpleasant criticism from the Opposition side. Looking at the incident from a political point of view, the conclusion is forced on one that it can only strengthen Lieut.-Col. Hughes in his constituency, for it has created a sympathy for him that will be more valuable in the next election than any enthusiasm that his appointment to an office in command could have produced.

ARE we to return to English football? At a meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union the other night, the president, Mr. Claxton, asked for an expression of opinion only in regard to

the merits of the Canadian and English styles of playing. It was interesting to find that at every point touched by the visiting Irish team during the last few weeks the club representatives of that district were unanimously in favor of readopting the English game, and many were the expressions of regret that we had ever departed therefrom. A point that must not be overlooked is that, as soon as this or any other new style of football is adopted by the different Football Unions of the country, the schools, which produce hundreds of good players, will at once follow suit. Even now the English game is played on both the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of Canada, and everywhere else in the British Empire, except the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. If, therefore, these two Provinces would fall into line, inter-Imperial football might follow in the wake of inter-Imperial postage and defence.

PRESIDENT Schurman, of Cornell University, the man whom McKinley honored with the chairmanship of the commission sent to investigate the condition of the Philippine Islands, is, as many of my readers are doubtless aware, a Canadian born and bred. Just now, and for some months past, it is almost impossible to pick up a United States newspaper without seeing the name of this brilliant and successful compatriot of ours, who is still a young man, although he has been eminent in the world of science and letters for many years. A leading Philadelphia journal, speaking of Dr. Schurman's report, says that the military administration at Manila has utilized many of his suggestions, and it is probable that his views will influence both the policy of the President and the action of Congress at its coming session. Thus it is that a humble Canadian boy, born down by the sea, may influence the destinies of a great nation. It is interesting to note that Dr. Schurman has always been strongly opposed to annexation, and has stoutly contended, by tongue and pen, that Canada has a future of her own, independent of that of the land of his adoption.

FELIX VANE.





"The King's Mirror."

ANTHONY HOPE'S new book can scarcely be classed as a novel in the ordinary sense of the word, although it is described as such in a sub-title. In the novel proper, the interest of the reader, as a rule, is sustained by the succession of events and situations. In "The King's Mirror" it is sustained by the pictured development of an ego, a character, from its embryonic to its fully developed state. The book, in reality, gives us a keen psychological study rather than a romance. The centre of this study is King Augustin, who, when a child, succeeded his uncle as ruler of the little realm of Fors-tadt. Brought up as a king, living as a king, without the intimate companionships that brighten life for ordinary mortals, Augustin's position is one of "splendid isolation" and royal aloofness. Yet he is a thoroughly human character, and his story, which is told by himself, is always naturally animated and sincere. The action, though, is never the main thing; it is rather the influence of the action on the king's mind and heart.

It is a tribute of the highest kind to the author's craftsmanship, to pronounce a book constructed on such lines delightfully interesting from cover to cover. The story glides on with the greatest naturalness. The dialogue is clever, but unaffected. Characters are portrayed in the rich, soft outlines of a leisurely executed oil painting, on which the hand of genius has found its recreation through long years of more



Dr. James Aigle, of Alton, Ont.,  
Author of the successful novel "Houses of Glass."

laborious and strenuous toil. In every sense the book is the book of a king—such a book as might easily have come from the hands of a naturally clever and perfectly cultured monarch; living amongst men and women, yet apart from them; studying and knowing himself—not, however, with any morbid impulse; conscious of the humor of life, and yet possessed of a very delicate chord of sentimentality.

That "The King's Mirror" should create a popular furor, as did "The Prisoner of Zenda," is impossible. But it will be read with pleasure by those possessed of a refined literary taste, and I fancy that in the author's own opinion it would be classed as a more worthy contribution to literature than any he has hitherto given us.

SPEAKING of Anthony Hope, a new novel is out. "A Princess of Vascovy," by John Oxenham, which is said to bear evidence of having been inspired by "The Prisoner of Zenda," but which differs from its prototype in being many times as long and not nearly as brilliant. The author takes his characters to the wilds of the Amazon, away from their kingdom, and after some marryings and murders the heroine goes to Vascovy, one of those novelist-realms where the natives speak German, and where many members of the royal family bear a striking likeness to each other. Indeed, the cousin of the heroine, the Princess Alicia, looks exactly like her, and is also named Alicia. The details and the working out of the story do not in the least suggest Anthony Hope's brilliant romance. The attempt at imitation, however, is said to be very striking.

Literary Gossip.

THE growing note of criticism in the chorus of praise which Rudyard Kipling has so long enjoyed is joined in now by some English papers. For example, The London Standard says that, "the reading population of England and America would scarcely have been so concerned over Mr. Kipling's health a few months ago if any one of his last three books fairly represented his best standard of achievement. His next should take a larger subject, and better exemplify his undoubted gifts."

This reminds me that somebody recently wrote to Mark Twain concerning Mr. Kipling's merits as an author. The American replied that the "Jungle Books" were very great work, but he gathered that Mr. Kipling did not sufficiently esteem them, because during his recent illness, instead of reading them, he had read "Tom Sawyer" twice, and had expressed the opinion that he would rather have written that book than anything of his own. Mark Twain, on the contrary, would rather have written the "Jungle Books."

Three important contributions to history are "Robespierre and the Red Terror," from the Dutch of Dr. Jan Ten Brink, by J. Hedeman (Lippincott); "The Life of Maximilian Robespierre, with extracts from his unpublished correspondence," by George Henry Lewes, new edition (Scribner); "Westminster Abbey; the famous fabric in picture and prose," by Henry John Feasey, and J. T. Micklethwaite (Macmillan).

"Bleak House," Broadstairs, the favorite seaside home of Charles Dickens, is soon to be sold at auction. The place has not been altered in any way since the novelist left it. It has some magnificent sea views.

CANTON.

In Posterland the sky is black,  
The trees are red, the grass is blue,  
The people yellow, green and brown,  
And everything is all askew.  
Some call that art—do you?

#### FIRST ROWS IN PARADISE.

A RUSSIAN correspondent sends details of a very interesting and amusing tale told by a Russian veterinary surgeon who was sent into the Ural district to buy horses and hay for the peasants of the famine stricken provinces. He had to do mostly with the natives (Kirghizi), who are half savage, but who, nevertheless, were found to be extremely honest and absolutely trustworthy in all buying and selling, some of them even offering to give horses for the starving peasants. Quite a different tale has the surgeon to tell of the Ural Cossacks, who did their level best to cheat him in the most barefaced manner, and on whom no reliance was to be placed. And yet these Cossacks are very religious and so simple in certain respects that a swindler succeeded in selling them quite a number of tickets for—Paradise! The veterinary surgeon saw several of these tickets which were marked "first rows" and sold at 25 rubles, back seats fetching considerably less.



In men this blunder still you find,  
All think their little set mankind.

—HANNAH MOORE.

AT best, we are swift to realize our limitations. Few of us are endowed with either the wish or the will to strike out unhesitatingly into unexplored regions. We are all quick to follow, but slow to take the lead, no matter to what the step has relation. And so we easily accept the idea, that "what is, is best," whether it be our condition of mind or body, our friends in particular, or people in general. Thus it comes to pass that a great majority of us are apt to be woefully "local" in our ideas and their expression, our manners and customs. It matters not whether we are the leading lights of a small community, or the supernumerary luminaries of one of the many cliques that, in a large city, are unavoidable in their creation. There are few of us that are not satisfied that our little "sensible" horizon does not equal or eclipse the vaster rational horizon; that we are aught but the chosen people, the incroyables, as regards anything appertaining to either mind or matter.

Among children, it is a not uncommon characteristic to believe that everything that is done at home or among their relations can be accomplished in that one way only; that the persons who do otherwise are merely wasting time in the endeavor. They are also likely to imagine that the opinions voiced in the family circle are the only ones worth expressing. And they are hurt and aggrieved to find their companions equally tenacious of opposite ideas. As a result, contention is the order of things, and argument as heated and unreasonable as that of older disputants is indulged in, either side merely advocating what they know by hearsay, not experience.

THIS is but natural, and most of us would wish it so. For, after all, it is a species of loyalty that prompts the child to stand by family convictions. But the worst of it is, that this trait occasionally is not "put away" with "childish things." We become men and women, and still we maintain the supremacy of our own "little set." We doubt the capabilities of all beyond that estimable gathering. We question their judgment, or their taste, be it only in their form of speech, their mode of dress, or their social etiquette.

It is frequently an invigorating tonic for such of us as find it difficult to eschew the narrow grooves of our self-constituted clique to go abroad for a time into pastures where we simply are—not units—that sounds almost imposing, but of as much importance as one of the specks of dust that rise up in the road from the horses' hoofs. We are grieved to note that neither our position, our wealth, our looks, nor our brains seem abnormal in the faintest degree. What qualifications we possess are enjoyed by the many, and receive no special need of attention. Where we were acknowledged to shine, we discover that our lustre is as the sparkle of coal to the glitter of diamonds, and if the effect is not salutary, we must indeed be beyond learning.

At the same time, should it happen we chance to be but transplanted from our familiar setting to another of similar pattern, although of different material, our visit will, in all probability, have as happy results. The small-mindedness, the petty distinctions, the laughable egotism, the unlimited self-aggrandizement of this other carefully selected flock cannot but strike us as coinciding ridiculously with what we have left behind. In the search for the mote which we officiously have detected in our brother's eye, the odds are that we will be

forcibly brought to a recognition of the presence of a like body in our own. Alas! the recognition is too often, however, the end of the matter. We blink the blinded eye, and try to imagine the evil is eradicated.

AND still another point apropos of "this blunder," assumed by Hannah Moore to be an ever-abiding one where mankind is concerned. How is it that we, to all purposes so assured in our positions, so impregnable in our little fortresses with their deep moats of unfathomable savoir faire, hedged around with social barriers, perfect in their construction, absolutely unquestionable as to their foundation, are, to be candid, so timorous at heart? Why do we so earnestly inquire into our defences, and fear to venture out of the inner courtyard, unless we are assured of similar tactics on the part of our companions? Why are we so chary of parley with the outsider, unless we happen to know that he has been granted an audience by the rest of our kindred spirits? Why should we, who stand apparently firmly, entertain the idea that it takes but little to effect our downfall in the eyes of our immediate neighbors or society at large? These questions are worthy of introspection, and could be answered at length. Still, to sum up the matter, we do no harm to remind ourselves that distinctions without differences are wont to be set aside; and that he who stands on a pinnacle without object or reason is more afraid of falling and more prone to do so, than he who is born to lofty places, and is held in position by efforts other than his own.

MISS L. THISTLE, Ottawa, has been spending some days in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. Charles F. Godfray.

Mrs. Richard Cassels, Toronto, arrived in Montreal last week and is visiting Mrs. S. Greenshields, "Cote St. Antoine," Westmount.

Miss Paton, Sherbrooke, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. S. Holt, Stanley street.

AN event of much interest in Quebec last week was the marriage of Miss Beatrice White, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. G. R. White, district staff officer, and Mr. J. J. Sharples, son of the late Charles Sharples, Esq. The ceremony, which took place at 10.30 a.m., at St. Matthew's Church, was performed by the Rev. F. G. Scott, assisted by the Dean of Quebec and the Rev. G. Parker. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Edythe White, and Miss L. Schwartz, and the ushers were Mr. R. MacLamont, Mr. H. White, Mr. B. White, Capt. Wood, Mr. T. O'Meara and Mr. Lomas. After a reception at the residence of the bride's father, to which only relatives and intimate friends were invited, Mr. and Mrs. Sharples left for Montreal. The bride has always been most popular in Quebec, and in Montreal she has many friends, being one of the most prominent members of the Quebec golf team, whenever they visit us.

LAST week, Mrs. Shirres, Peel street, gave a very pleasant luncheon for Miss Louisa Thistle, of Ottawa.

ON Friday afternoon last, Mrs. S. Greenshields, "Cote St. Antoine," Westmount, gave a large afternoon tea for her guest, Mrs. R. Cassels, of Toronto. Probably there is not a more charming house in Montreal than Mrs. Greenshields'. Originally of but moderate size, it has been added to and enlarged from time to time, and, in consequence, is quite out of the ordinary in its general plan. The low ceilings lend the rooms a delightful cosy air, and quaintly turned passages and odd steps and stairs lead one into most unexpected apartments.

Mrs. Greenshields received in the long drawing-room, and from thence one made one's way through the brilliantly lighted conservatory with its wealth of bloom into the dining-room, where Miss Douglas and Mrs. Harriss were in charge of the prettily decorated tea table. During the afternoon, Mrs.

## SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

Greenshields added greatly to the pleasure of her friends by her beautiful playing, and Mrs. W. Hope sang several songs very charmingly.

Among those invited were: Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. Papineau, Mrs. Hatton, Mrs. F. S. Lyman, Miss Lyman, Miss Edith Molson, Miss M. Gillespie, the Misses Lambe, Mrs. N. W. Trenholme, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Lady Van Horne, Miss Van Horne, Miss A. Van Horne, Mrs. R. MacDonnell, Mrs. Frank Redpath, Mrs. H. Wingham, Miss Parker, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss E. Mitchell, Mrs. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller, the Misses Gau, Miss Kingston, Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, Mrs. K. B. Young, Miss G. Paterson, Mrs. W. Hope, Mrs. R. MacD. Paterson, Miss Hill, Miss Law, Mrs. H. C. Scott, the Misses Raynes.

**MISS ENDERBY**, Hereford, England, has been spending a short visit in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. Shirres, Peel street.

Miss Ella Molson has lately returned from Georgeville, and is visiting Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas, "Llangorse House."

**DR. HAROLD CHURCH**, who has been in delicate health for some time past, left last week for England. He will remain abroad for some months.

**MISS MacNIDER**, 1018 Sherbrooke street, has returned from Ste Agathe, where she has been spending some weeks.

**PREVIOUS** to the departure of Dr. C. W. Wilson for the Transvaal, in capacity of surgeon-major, a number of well-known Montreal doctors gave him a dinner at the St. James' Club. Among those present were Surgeon-Major F. W. Campbell, who was in the chair, Dr. Girdwood, Dr. Roddick, Dr. Shepherd, Dr. R. Tait MacKenzie, Dr. Elder, Dr. Lalleur, Dr. Birkett, Dr. Surling, Dr. J. Bell.

**LAST** Friday, Miss Dunlop, Sherbrooke street, entertained a number of friends at a very pleasant luncheon, to meet Miss Thistle, of Ottawa.

**MR. AND MRS. J. M. PANGMAN**, Union avenue, left last week on a short visit to Quebec.

**AMONG** the well-known young men in Montreal who left last week to serve their Queen and country in the ranks, were Mr. Hay Mitchell, youngest son of Mr. Alex. Mitchell; Mr. J. H. Walters, a prominent member of the Montreal Cricket Club, Mr. J. Percival Rae, son of the late Jackson Rae, Esq.; and Mr. Wolf. Thomas, eldest son of Mr. Wolferstan Thomas.

**STILL** another Canadian has been appointed to assist Major Girouard in Africa. This time it is Mr. James Gunn, a graduate of Kingston Royal Military College, and son of Mr. Alexander Gunn, of Kingston. Mr. Gunn is well known in Kingston, and in Quebec also, as his sister is Mrs. Harcourt Smith, of that city.

**THE** afternoon tea which was to have been given on Monday afternoon by Mrs. F. H. Simms, University street, was indefinitely postponed, owing to the serious and sudden illness of Mrs. Simms.

**IT** is most sincerely to be hoped, in order to preserve the reputation of Montrealers as lovers of music, that Professor Goulet will receive the support he deserves, in order to begin a new season of symphony concerts. The high price of seats is frequently a reason for the non-support of musical ventures, but in this instance there is no such excuse. The tickets for these afternoon concerts, which have been ever

worthy of a large attendance, have always been sold at popular prices. And it is not to be expected that the conductor and members of the orchestra can afford to give their time and lose money for the benefit of a half-hearted population.

**LAST** week, Mrs. H. Montagu Allan, "Ravenscrag," gave a children's party for her little son, Master Hugh Allan, who has just attained the mature age of three years. Many little cousins and small friends were invited, and, doubtless, after such a jolly afternoon, the wish was general that birthdays came oftener than once a year!

**LADY ABERDEEN** has been spending some days in Ottawa, the guest of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

Miss Douglas is visiting Mrs. S. Greenshields, "Cote St. Antoine," Westmount.

**MR. NORMAN BARCLAY**, third son of the Rev. Dr. Barclay, St. Paul's Church, is another well-known Montrealer who has enlisted for the Transvaal. Mr. Barclay has always been most popular in Montreal society, and in the football field his reputation is too well-known to require mention.

Miss Penner, Kingston, is spending a short visit with Mrs. Durnford, Clendeboye avenue, Westmount.

**THE** sad news of the death of Lieut.-Col. Prevost, late 93rd Highlanders, was heard with regret by many Montrealers. Lieut.-Col. Prevost was a brother-in-law of Lady Hickson, having married Miss Annie Dow, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Dow. Not very long ago Miss Prevost spent the winter in Montreal visiting her relatives, and made hosts of friends here.

**HIS LORDSHIP** Bishop Bond, who has been confined to the house for some days with a severe cold, is once more able to be out and about.

**LIEUT.-COL.** Whitehead and Lieut.-Col. Strathly returned this week from Quebec, where they made a short stay in order to say farewell to the Canadian contingent. If the send-off that our local men received was "lukewarm," as has been so frequently reiterated, it would seem as if amends had been made in a manner that leaves no room for criticism.

**TWO** Montreal people who will be much missed this winter are Mrs. Reaves and her son, Mr. Campbell Reaves, who, for some time at least, intend to make Kingston their home. Mrs. Reaves, as well as taking a prominent position in all social matters, was associated with many good works, and her place will, with difficulty, be filled in the numerous organizations with which she was connected. Among the younger set Mr. Reaves has always been most popular.

**MISS COOK**, Quebec, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Peel street.

**THOSE** dark and rainy days we have lately had, and may expect repeated, form an excellent opportunity for seeing after the hundred and one duties that seem to throng about one at this season of the year. Apart from things domestic, which, by most of us, cannot be set aside, any interest that we may take in outside affairs is being reawakened. Church societies, sewing clubs, reading circles, committee meetings, the Aberdeen Association, and various charitable organizations all command a large share of our attention, whether we occupy subordinate positions or whether it lies with us to lay out the route we wish others to follow. Some of us are just accepting responsibilities, others trying to shift a long-borne burden, and encouraging the younger members of society to

widen their field of interest and work. But, one and all, our time is fully taken up, and, as long as we do not attempt too much, we are satisfied that it is so.

**D**R. H. D. HAMILTON, Crescent street, has returned from a week's hunting in the Laurentians.

Dr. J. W. Scane has also returned from a most successful hunting expedition in the neighborhood of Labelle. It would seem as though Montreal physicians were indeed "men of parts," for, as a general rule, they all enjoy interests outside their professions.

**T**HE BAZAAR in aid of the Foundling Home and Sick Baby Hospital, on Monday and Tuesday, was a great success, and, considering the capable hands in which it was, this is not to be wondered at. The Fraser Hall is excellent for such a purpose, both by reason of its accommodation and position. The various stalls were very prettily arranged, the candy table, with its overhanging parasol and dainty baskets of bon-bons, and the flower table, with its beautiful profusion of plants and cut flowers, being especially noticeable. Very well patronized was the five-o'clock-tea stall. On the platform, which was decorated with palms, numerous little tables, with snowy cloths and ferns in tiny jardinières, were arranged, and there one enjoyed a delicious cup of tea and very excellent cake and sandwiches, for a nominal sum. The "housekeepers' table," with its appetizing stock of home-made cake, bread, sweets, jams, jellies and pickles, was also a popular one, and the fancy work and toy stalls received the attention their pretty wares deserved.

On Monday afternoon some of the—well, they must have been foundlings, for they were assuredly not "sick" babies, visited the bazaar to see what their kind friends were doing for them; and very sweet they looked in their pretty pink frocks and clean muslin pinafores.

The dress of all the ladies assisting in this good work was extremely pretty and becoming. It was the uniform of the Foundling Hospital nurses, and consisted of a blue cotton dress, with neat white cuffs and collar, large white apron and smart little cap.

Among those who had stalls were: Mrs. G. Sampson, Mrs. H. M. Allan, Mrs. H. MacColloch, Miss Robertson, Mrs. Fyshe, Mrs. Trenholme, Mrs. H. Trenholme, Mrs. Sparrow, Mrs. Packard, Mrs. Hehden, Mrs. McArthur, Mrs. Deme. Some of the assistants were: Mrs. A. A. Mackenzie, Mrs. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller, Miss Oswald, Miss Marler, Miss Ramsay, Miss Cassils, Miss Dunlop, Miss Bond, the Misses Ewan, Miss Eadie, Miss Burnett, Miss Packard, Mrs. J. Evans, the Misses Grant, Miss Ellis, Miss Reford, Miss Cassils, Mrs. Yates, Miss Sparrow, Miss Piers, Miss McIntyre.

**M**ISS WINIFRED MARLER, daughter of Mrs. Leonard Marler, will be one of the debutantes this winter.

**T**WO of quite the most pleasant and successful teas that have been given this season were those on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, from 4.30 to 7, when Mrs. Frank Buller, Drummond street, received her many friends. This idea of dividing one's visiting list is a very excellent one, for even a large house is apt to become unpleasantly crowded otherwise, and, consequently, people do not enjoy as they should the hospitality extended. Mrs. Buller wore a handsome gown of black lace, with bodice of Nile green and pink brocade, beautifully embroidered with sequins. Mrs. Coulson, her sister, who assisted her in receiving, wore a very smart gown, of green and white, with violets.

The house was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, and palms, and an orchestra added greatly to the pleasure of the afternoon by its excellent selection of music. The tea-table looked extremely pretty, with artistically arranged centre-piece of soft pink silk, and was a mass of pink and white roses. Those who assisted in dispensing tea were: Mrs. Cun-

ningham, Miss Redpath, Miss Molson, Miss B. Allan, Miss Bond, Miss Peterson, Miss Haswell, Miss Hampson, Miss Hannaford, Miss Brotherhood. They each wore on their pretty frocks, as a badge of office, a large American beauty rose.

Among those invited were: Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Miss de Rocheblave, Mrs. Blackader, Mrs. M. H. Gault, Miss E. Gault, Mrs. G. Benson, Mrs. MacMaster, Mrs. F. Bond, Mrs. Wurtele, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. Coristine, Miss Coristine, Mrs. Redpath (England), Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Ibbotson, Mrs. Ives, Mrs. M. Smith, Mrs. Dunlop, the Misses Dunlop, Mrs. McLea, Mrs. Hannaford, Miss Hannaford, Mrs. Learmont, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. W. R. Miller, Mrs. F. W. May, Mrs. A. A. Browne, Mrs. Haswell, Mrs. Bell, Miss Robertson, Mrs. Green-shields, Miss Shepherd, Mrs. J. T. Molson, Mrs. Thomas, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Burnett, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. MacIntyre, the Misses MacIntyre, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Reford, Miss Reford, and many others.

**D**R. CHARLES G. L. WOLF, for some years demonstrator of chemistry in McGill Medical College, returned lately from a trip along the West Coast of Africa. He spent a few days in the city and proceeded to Cornell University to become research assistant to Professor Wilder D. Bancroft, professor of physical chemistry. Dr. Wolf received his preliminary training at McGill University, and studied at Cambridge and Wurzburg, Bavaria.

**O**N Tuesday evening, Mrs. William Donahue gave a most delightful and successful dance at the Windsor, for her daughter, Miss Eva Donahue, who is one of this season's debutantes. The ladies' ordinary was prettily decorated with many flags, and the platform for the orchestra was a mass of palms. The floor was excellent, the room was not unpleasantly crowded, and the long corridors and many drawing-rooms, amply provided for those who preferred sitting out and talking to dancing. The music (by Ratto's orchestra) was all that could be desired, and the programme a most inspiring one, with its opening numbers "The British Grenadiers," a capital medley of patriotic airs, and admirably adapted to these stirring times. "Hands across the Sea," "The Dashing Sergeant," "To the Field of Honor," "The Guard of Honor," were also much appreciated numbers. Dancing was kept up most indefatigably to a late, or rather early, hour, and nearly every dance was encored, which somewhat lengthened the programme. Supper was served at 12.30, in the big dining-room, and thus everybody was enabled, without confusion or crowding, to enjoy it at the same time.

Mrs. Donahue wore a handsome gown of black brocade, with tip and aigrette in her hair, and carried a beautiful bunch of crimson roses. Miss Eva Donahue, who received with her mother, wore an exceedingly pretty frock of white tulle silk, with flowers of tulle, and a jeweled butterfly in her hair. Her bouquet was of pink roses, tied with pink tulle ribbon. Miss Clara Donahue looked very well in black net over pale blue silk, with jeweled belt.

Among those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Alec. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. G. MacIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Donner, Mr. and Mrs. C. Beaubien, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Young, Miss Graham, Miss MacCallum, the Misses Dunlop, Miss E. Sicotte, the Misses Taylor, the Misses Ward, Miss Monk, Miss Burnett, Miss Forget, Miss Peverley, Miss Murray Smith, Miss Brainerd, Miss Cundill, Miss Haswell, the Misses Rawlings, Miss M. Stephens, Miss White, Miss Coghlin, Miss Armstrong, the Misses Waud, Miss Ellis, Miss Marler, Miss Megarry, the Misses Raynes, Miss Coristine, Miss Sewell, Miss G. Roy, Miss Kittson, Miss Fairman, Miss Hampson, Miss Burke, the Misses Sweeney, Miss Reford, Miss Gould, Miss Macrae, Miss Lyman the Misses Clay, Mr. W. F. Angus, Mr. C. Sise, Mr. E. Sise, Mr. H. Eadie, Mr. H. Davis, Mr. S. Davidson, Mr. C. Pangman, Mr. Bogert, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Mr. W. L. Bond, Mr. L. Bond, Mr. L. Reford, Mr. J. W. Thomas, Mr. J. Glasco, Mr. A. Glasco, Mr. St. George, Mr. Holland, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Murray, Mr. Pope, Mr. H. Redpath, Mr. R. O. King, Mr. S. Carmichael, Dr. Byers, Dr. Church, Dr. Martin, Mr. Gaudet, Mr. Springue, Mr. Coghlin, Mr. Heward, Mr. F. Crombie, Mr. H. Brainerd, Mr. M. H. Gault, Mr. Little, Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. T. Allan, Mr. Hill, Mr. G. W. Stephens, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. R. Crawford, Mr. Hickson, Mr. Van Horne, Mr. W. G. Turner, Mr. P. Aylmer, Mr. A. Dobell, Mr. Baker, Mr. J. W. Cook, Mr. Saxe, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Cape, Mr. D. Shepherd, Mr. Haszard, Mr. P. Burnett, Mr. McLennan, Mr. C. Wotherspoon, Mr. A. Duff, Mr. W. Skinner, Mr. A. E. Ogilvie, Mr. M. Burke, Mr. A. Burke, Mr. H. Mackay, Mr. E. Armstrong, Mr. S. Clay, Mr. C. Raynes, Mr. Mayrand.

## Our 5-Minute Story

### MARG'RET.

IT HAD a peculiarly forlorn, sinister aspect—this deserted little settlement, hidden away among the northern woods, that I stumbled upon one August morning while drifting at will on the picturesque waters of some of our Canadian lakes. There was something about it which seemed to betoken more prosperous days, and I moralized on the decay of things human as I approached the spot along the weedy path which led up from the water.

Besides the wreck of an old mill, built on the banks of a brook which slipped quietly by through the remnant of a once strong dam, the only buildings that I could see were a half-dozen or more weather-scarred houses and barns, which now presented a helplessly collapsed and miserable spectacle. The flesh and sinew of life itself seemed to have vanished; all that was left was the skeleton.

Into the open door of one of these houses an old man, with snow-white hair and wrinkled face, had crept to sun himself. He gazed at me a moment as I came up the road from the lake, and then shading his eyes from the sun, called out in the piping tone of extreme old age, "did ye see anything of Marg'ret?"

The face and voice were those of a person whose mind is gone, and I did not therefore think it strange that he should ask such a question of a stranger. I shouted "no," into his deaf ears and then crossing the road went on to where a little old woman sat out on the crazy veranda, paring potatoes.

I had no particular destination, and as here was someone who appeared interesting to talk with, I approached the veranda and asked for a drink of water.

"Certain. Set right down there an' I'll get you some."

Down went the pan of potatoes on the floor beside her, and she disappeared into the house with a step so quick that many a younger woman might have envied her. Evidently the years which had wrinkled her face and whitened her hair, had not left their marks upon her faculties. When she came back it was an easy matter to start her talking, and I soon found that she was as eager for conversation as myself.

In an hour I had learned all about the place. How that 30 years ago this road was a stage road, and this house a tavern, at which travelers stopped over night before pursuing their journey across the lake. Yonder ruin was then a store. That pile of stones marks the foundation of a blacksmith shop. The tumbledown mill is only the remnant of a building where the farmers ground their grain and sawed their logs.

During one brief pause in the stream of talk, while my companion followed a truant potato across the floor, I asked her who was the old man whom I had spoken to, and who still sat blinking in the sun.

"Him?" with a quick motion of the knife towards the grey head. "Him? Oh, that's old man Potter. Lives there with his gran'-nephew. He's cracked, he is. Hailed you, did he? I'll warrant; and I reckon I can tell you what he said. He wanted to know if you had seen anything of Marg'ret anywhere. That's what he asks everybody he sees coming up from the lake. An' he sets there hours to watch, though it ain't often now, goodness knows, that anyone comes up that 'ere road.

"What's he mean? Wal, it's a long story. Some folks says as how it's judgment on him. I dunno myself. I was brought up to believe th' Scripture, an' I dunno as I see any use of havin' a day of judgment of folks is goin' to be judged before then.

"What was the story about him? It's a long one an' I dunno as I have told it to anyone for years. You see ther

ain't many as comes here strangers, an' the folks that lives about here all knows all about it. Lord, how the time does go! Forty years ago, an' I can remember it as well as yesterday. He was the blacksmith here then. 'Jim Potter' everybody used to call him, an' a good many folks knew him then, for lots of teams used ter come here in those days, an' he had a good run of trade. I wasn't long married then an' lived in this house. My husban' kep' the tavern. He was a brother of Jim's second wife, so I was more bekknown to what happened than most people. Jim had buried two wives then an' was livin' with his darter Marg'ret ter keep house for him. Marg'ret was a stout girl, somewheres near 18, good-looking, an' smart as lightnin'. Jim just set his life by her. He hadn't but one other child, a boy by his first wife who had lived away from home for years. Marg'ret thought a sight of her father too.

"In them days there wasn't any steamboat on the lake, an' when anybody wanted ter go across they had ter be carried over in a rowboat. Many a time I've rowed over a passenger when my man was away, an' Marg'ret used ter do the same. We used ter get two shillin's for one passenger, an' three shillin's for two. Like as not there would be someone on the other side waitin' ter come across an' then we would make fare both ways.

"A good deal of all the rest of this, you see, I didn't know about till afterwards, nor anybody else for that matter, but it all comes into the story beforehand.

"Marg'ret was a mighty nice lookin' girl, an' Jim was proud. Not so much for himself as for her. He wanted she should have better clothes than the rest of us, an' he wanted her not ter stay here always, but go out into the world. He was always talkin' about what he was goin' ter do for her when his ship come in.

"I dunno what made me first suspicious that he was a-doin' somethin' that wasn't right. Maybe it was because he didn't seem ter like ter have me round as he used. Arter his second wife died, bein' that she was my man's sister, I used ter kinder keep an eye on his house until Marg'ret got big enough ter be thorough about her work, an' I used quite often of an arternoon ter take my knittin' an' run over an' set in the door of the shop an' visit with him. There was a room back of the shop with a door openin' into it where he kep' his coal an' some of his tools. The door always used ter be open, but I see arter a while that he had rigged a lock ter it an' always kep' it shut and locked. This was about the time that I begun ter think that he didn't like ter have me run over ter talk ter him as well as he used ter, an' I kinder dropped off, for a blacksmith shop ain't much of a place for a woman, anyway, 'specially if she ain't wanted.

"For a long time I had noticed that a strange man had come here once in three months or so, who always seemed ter have business with Jim, though he never had any horse to be shod. Once in a while he would stay with us all night, but he never said anything about what his business was. Sometimes he came one way an' sometimes the other. When he went across the lake Jim always rowed him over himself.

"Well, as I said, I got ter suspicionin' that everything wasn't all right; but I never knew what was ter pay until after it all happened. Lord, what a blow it was!

"You see folks wasn't any more particular then about the law than what they be now. Somehow the Government in them days seemed so far off. You know folks and news traveled slow then, an' it didn't seem as ef the Government would reach clear out here.

"Leastways I reckon that was the way Jim had reasoned, for he had got ter making counterfeit money. Had been at it some time. Ever since along when I used ter notice that he kep' the door into his back shop locked. The strange man who had been coming there put him up ter do it, an' brought him the stuff ter do it with an' then took the money away an' got rid of it. Jim used ter work in his shop nights. He always said the reason he did it was on account of Marg'ret.

He wanted ter get rich for her sake faster than he could do a settin' horseshoes. It was a going' on some time before Marg'ret found out about it. She was awful put to at first, an' said as how she would rather always be nobody an' never have anything than ter have it got in such a way. But finally she give in, her father was so set in his way. I have an idee too that her own human nater helped ter carry the day arter all for she was naturally proud an' wanted ter have good things. At any rate she agreed ter keep quiet at least, though she never would help her father any, an' folks said wouldn't treat the stranger man civil.

"One day she went ter row a woman across, an' took one of the neighbor's boys along for company, an' ter help pull an oar, though he wouldn't be any great help seein' he wasn't but 10 years old. The most that happened arterwards we learned from him, though he was that scared that he couldn't talk straight for a week.

"It seems that when they got ter the other side there were two strange men there that wanted to come acrost. In general Marg'ret wouldn't have taken them, bein' strangers, but havin' the boy for company she concluded as how she might as well bring them an' get the three shillin's.

"Comin' acrost the men began ter ask questions of the boy. Did he know anybody round there as was named Jim Potter? Where did he live, an' what did he do? An' so on.

Marg'ret's suspicions were roused in a minute, an' she kep' her ears open. Pretty soon she heard them talking between themselves an' found out as how they was officers comin' to arrest her father, who somehow had got ter be be-known to the law.

"At first she was all struck of a heap I suppose, an' then a sort of plan come ter her by which she thought she might save him, I reckon.

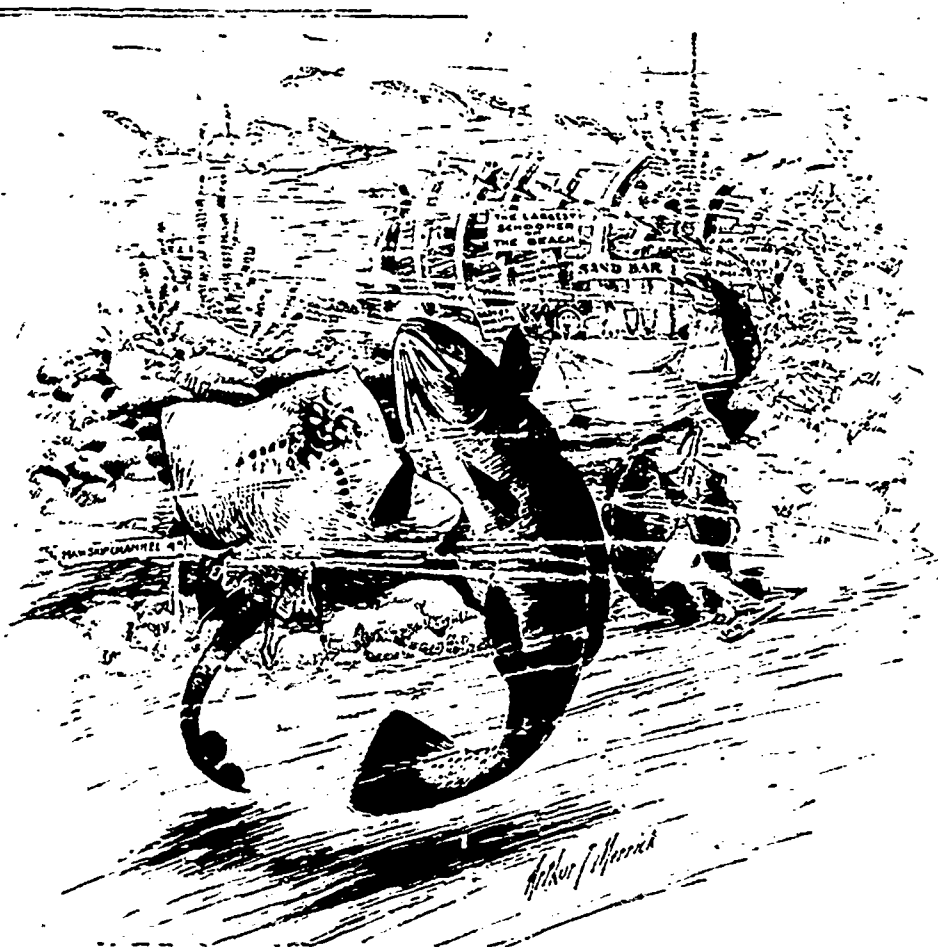
"At any rate, she steered the boat into the cove on the right hand side of the bay, back here a piece. There was a house up in a clearin' there then, an' tellin' the men that she had got ter go up there a minute ter do an errand she told the boy ter come with her an' started off into the woods. As soon as she got out of sight of the boat she told the boy ter run for home an' tell her father that there was men arter him, an' tell him ter run off an' she would manage to keep them back until he would have time ter get away.

"She managed ter scare the boy so he run for dear life. It was about a mile an' a half along the shore, an' there was a good path then so he wasn't long in gettin' here. He told Jim, who came up then an' told me all about the whole business, because he wanted us ter help Marg'ret while he was gone. My man had gone up ter a back past'r' that day ter see ter some young cattle, so he wasn't ter home. Then Jim lit right out, an' we didn't see him nor hear anything from him for a month.

"Wal, just at night my man came home, pale as a sheet an' told me what he had seen. He had been up on a hill where he

could see all over the bay, an' had seen a boat with a woman an' two men in it start out from the cove. He was too far off ter make out who they were but he kinder watched it, thinkin' the woman might be Marg'ret or me. Wal, when the boat was part way over what should he see but the woman throw up her hands an' fall ter one side, an' over the boat went in a minute. Marg'ret's boat was an awful tottly one anyway, but she never would use any other because she said that one went easiest. Wal, he started ter run right down ter the lake, but Lord, what could he do? He was a mile off an' a swamp between. When he got ter the shore one man was there, but Marg'ret an' the other man had gone out of sight for all time.

"I don't suppose she had any idee of drowning herself, or any one else. She probably thought that they could hang on ter the boat until some one helped them out, an' by that time her father would be out of the way. But somehow her plan failed. My man always thought that the man who was drowned couldn't swim an' caught on ter her an' they went down together.



The Wackfish Goes Home With a "Skate."

"Wal, arter a month or so Jim came back one night. Of course we had ter tell him, and when he really understood all about it he just fainted dead away, an' when he come to was raving crazy. Then he had a run of brain fever, an' when he got over that, his mind was gone an' he has been just as he is now, ever since. Of course, the law wouldn't do anything with him then, an' so he has lived along here, quiet an' peaceable enough, but always watching for Marg'ret ter come.

"Who takes care of him? Oh, he had saved quite a lot of money, laying it aside for Marg'ret, you know, an' that has taken care of him."

And as she finished and started to pick up the stray potato parings, I heard the whistle of the little steamer that had brought me to the spot sound its shrill summons across the lake for departure. I rose, and bidding my entertainer good-day, hastened back to the boat. The waters of the lake glistened as brightly in the sun as they had in the morning, but as I looked out over them it seemed as if they had a different look, as if they had secrets in their bosom which they might reveal did they but choose.

M.B.T.

### A CITY WITHOUT A LIVERY STABLE.

A WORTHY American citizen, having made a fortune, fared forth to see the world. European business ways and habits thoroughly disgusted this nervously keen expert in money-making, and he poured forth his scorn to some friends he met in Paris. One of them, knowing the ignorance of the old gentleman on subjects without the circle in which he had lived, ventured on a joke.

"I agree with you," he said. "I agree with you thoroughly. Why, do you know, sir, I was last week in a city of 125,000 inhabitants, and I was overcome, sir—overcome—to find they hadn't a livery stable in the city."

"No—you don't tell me!" answered the victim. "Gentlemen, see here! Just consider that!" Then, jumping to his feet, as the thought struck him: "Why, gentlemen, a fortune's awaiting some one there! Where's the place? What's the name of it?"

"Venice," said the joker.

"Good! I'm tired of this place anyway. I'll go right down there to-morrow, and put a little horse sense in that town. Gentlemen, you're in this good thing with me if you choose."

They were all in it, and they invested their friend with powers plenipotentiary. The story has no dramatic point, save that it is a historic fact that Venice was visited. No one ever heard an account of that visit, but for long afterward no participant in the joke could get within hailing distance of the self-appointed pioneer of American enterprise.—Harper's Round Table.

### WON ON HIS SECOND WIND.

"IT was such a good joke on me," said the girl in the grey velvet toque to the girl in the blue velvet shoulder-cape, as they stirred their hot chocolate, "that I must tell you.

"You know how John has been proposing to me at regular intervals ever since he was out of knickerbockers. Well, he did it again the other night, and, with his usual fatality, chose an occasion when I was very cross.

"He did it a little more awkwardly than usual, too, deliberately choosing the old-fashioned method of offering me 'his hand and heart.'"

Here she paused to drink some chocolate, and the girl in blue asked breathlessly what she said.

"Oh!" remarked the other, in the tone of one relating an event of no importance, "I told him that I believed I was already provided with the full quota of bodily organs, and that I wouldn't deprive him!"

"And what did he say?"

"Well, Belle, that's the funny thing. He seemed to brace up, and said, politely, that, at any rate, there was no doubt about my having my full share of cheek! And I was so delighted to find a man capable of even that much repartee on being rejected—that I accepted him!"

### THE PREMIER AND HIS BEER.

LORD SALISBURY, as is generally known, was at one time an impecunious journalist. Occupying the same editorial-room with him, and writing alternate leaders, was Charles Williams, now the dean of English war correspondents. In those days, Lord Salisbury was very fond of beer. So was Charles Williams. Instead of each man sending out for his own beer, they agreed to be hospitable, the one to the other, by taking alternate nights to stand the beer. Fortune came to Salisbury, he drifted into politics, became marquis and Prime Minister; and Williams, usually far from London, wherever the blood-flower, war, blossomed, saw nothing of the more fortunate journalist for years. Salisbury is a haughty and exclusive man, and Williams thought he was quite forgotten. Happening to be in the lobby of the House of

Lords one night, Williams saw Lord Salisbury making for him. Holding out his hand to the grizzly war correspondent, Lord Salisbury said: "By the way, Mr. Williams, whose turn is it to stand the beer?"

### THE ANCIENT SEMINARY MAID.

DEAR grandma says that long ago,

When she was but a little lass,  
A seminary, comme il faut,  
Received her in its lowest class.

She learned to curtsy, smile and pout,  
To paint, embroider and crochet,  
To read such books as were devout  
And sing in true Italian way.

Her little shoes had paper soles;  
She learned to cultivate a cough;  
And in her favorite books and roles

Consumption took the lady off,  
She never exercised for fear  
'T would tinge her cheeks a vulgar red;  
But made a hectic flush appear  
By going supperless to bed.

She laughs at "'ologies" and art,  
And sneers at maids of brawn and brains;  
She says they spoil a woman's heart,

And frighten eligible swains.  
She made a helpful wife and true  
To grandpa, through both weal and woe;  
But then, as I am told, he knew  
No more than she did long ago.

—MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

### THE DEARTH OF MARRIAGEABLE PRINCES.

A STATISTICIAN has recorded the painful fact that there are 71 marriageable princesses of the blood royal in Europe, and only 47 princes of an age to enter into the bonds of holy matrimony. The conclusion is that there are 24 princesses who must either contract morganatic marriages or become St. Catherines. It does sometimes happen that a prince marries a shepherdess, but seldom indeed that a princess marries a shepherd. We are continually being told that there are too many of this class and too many of that, but it is still more sad to learn that there are too many princesses. M. Maurice Muret, in *The Debats*, sums up the situation in the following words: "Il y a trop d'Anglo-Saxons. Il y a trop de princesses. Il y a trop de tout."

MR. AND MRS. W. H. BENYON, 1078 Sherbrooke street, are at present at Bordighera, Italy, where they intend spending the winter months. Mr. Benyon, who has ever taken the liveliest interest in all musical matters in Montreal, will be very much missed this season by the many amateur musicians who have enjoyed practising with him, and whom his encouragement has stimulated to do good work.

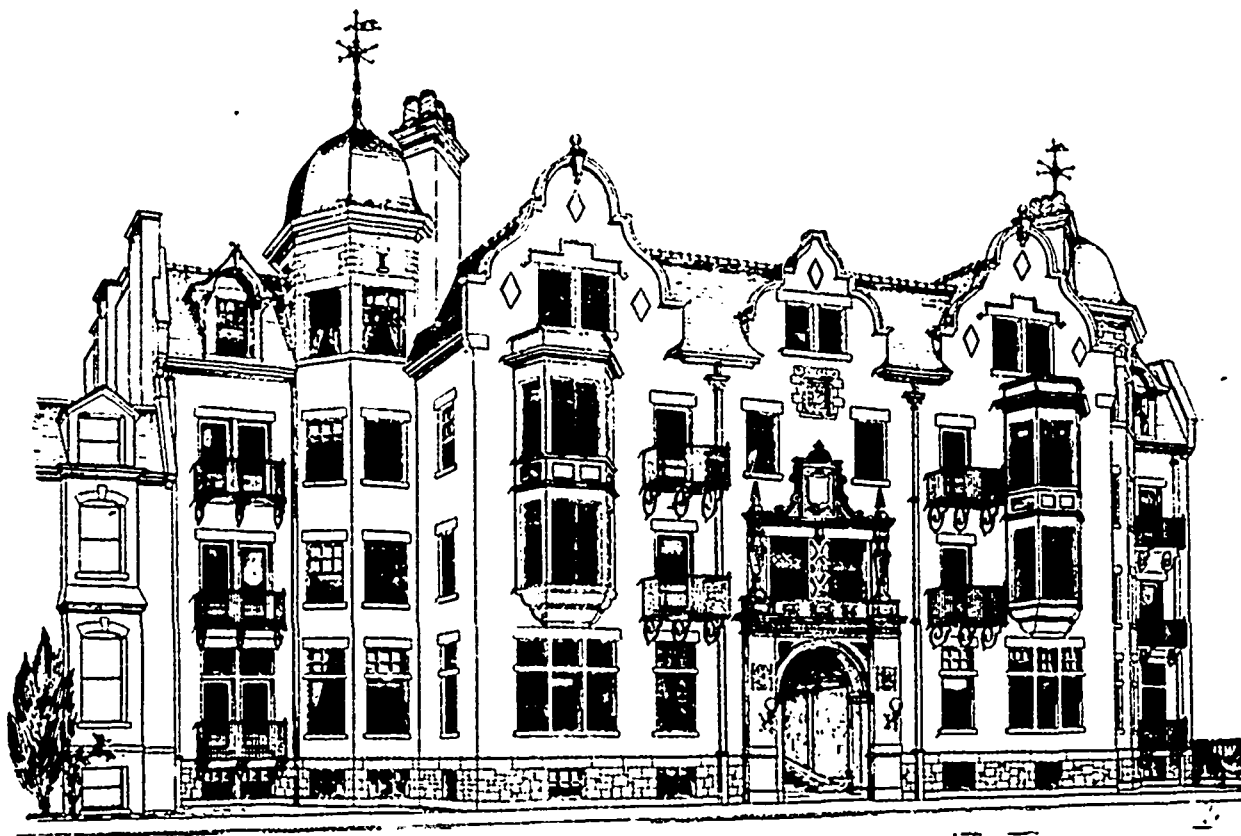
MRS. G. R. R. COCKBURN, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. M. Tait, Ontario avenue, returned home to Toronto this week.

Miss Annie Morrice, Redpath street, is making a stay of some weeks at Atlantic City. Her brother, Mr. W. Morrice, is also spending a short holiday there.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Finley, Mountain street, returned this week from Quebec, where they have been spending some days.

Mr. David Ewan left last week for Compton, where he intends studying model farming during the winter.

MISS HARMON, Toronto, is spending some weeks in Montreal, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Handyside, Dorchester street.



THE "MARLBOROUGH" APARTMENT HOUSE.

#### THE "MARLBOROUGH" APARTMENT HOUSE.

THE "Marlborough" apartment house, now under construction, will be completed by May 1. It is situated on Milton street, a few yards east of University street.

The style of architecture is Elizabethan, characterized chiefly by its graceful towers and free, but effective, ornament. The building is three storeys high, except in the front, which is carried up another storey to provide a number of suites of artists' studios.

The facade is carried out in red pressed brick, set off by yellow sandstone trimmings. The main entrance, facing Milton street, is elaborately treated and finished in sandstone, effectively carved, and has handsome wrought iron lamps on either side. A broad flight of marble steps in the main vestibule leads up to a spacious and well-lighted entrance hall, paved with marble mosaic and completely finished in quartered oak. On the left is the waiting-room, from which communication can be had to each suite by means of speaking tubes. Opposite the waiting-room is the janitor's office, where the telephone for the use of the tenants will be placed.

The building is so planned that every room has direct light and air, the use of light wells of any description being entirely done away with. The three main staircases will be completely fireproof, being carried out in iron and marble, encased in brick walls, with all the landings finished in mosaic.

The building contains 27 suites of apartments, as follows: 6 suites of 9 rooms each, including kitchen; 6 suites of 7 rooms; 6 suites of 6 rooms; 5 bachelor suites, comprising sitting-room, bedroom and bathroom. On either side of the main entrance on the ground floor are 2 suites suitable for doctors' offices, and on the top floor facing Milton street are the artists' suites and studios before spoken of.

In the centre of the building is a large court, 60 feet long by 30 feet wide, which will be laid out in grass with a fountain in the centre. The floors of all the halls and principal rooms in

each suite will be of hardwood, while the floors of all the public halls throughout are paved with mosaic. The drawing-rooms and sitting-rooms of all suites have open fireplaces with tiled facings and hearths.

Each suite is well provided with clothes-closets, in addition to linen-closets and store-closets. It is expected that the larders will be fitted up with a system of cold storage, operated by the ammonia process supplied from the basement. The heating, plumbing and ventilation of the building are up-to-date in every respect. The bathrooms of each suite are fitted up with enameled baths and marble basins, the hot water being supplied from the boilers in the basement.

The rooms of all suites are ventilated by means of ventilating shafts. The building is heated by hot water and lighted by electricity. Dust shutes from each kitchen will prove a great convenience.

In addition to other modern features, each suite is provided with a balcony, and store-rooms in the basement.

Such are a few of the attractions and advantages of the latest addition to Montreal's apartment houses. Messrs. Taylor & Gordon are the architects, and Mr. A. F. Gault the owner. Mr. Stanley H. McDowell, 21 St. Helen street, has charge of the enterprise in Mr. Gault's behalf.

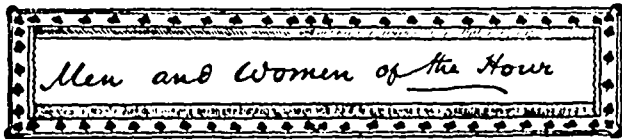
#### NO OCCASION FOR HESITATION.

"Oh, Tom," faltered the blushing maid, as he slipped the sparkling diamond on her taper finger, "I ought not to accept as valuable a present as this from you!"

"Yes," said Tom, "I thought you would be likely to say something of the kind. Here is the receipted bill, showing that it is paid for."

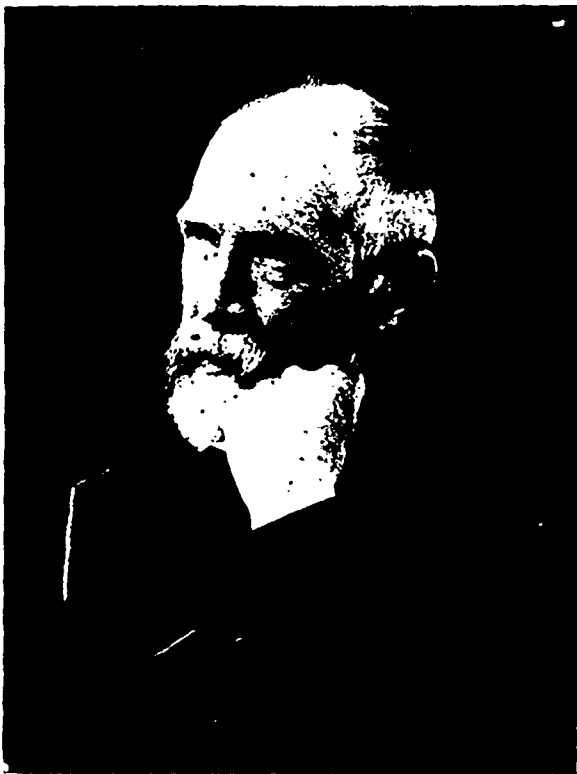
By which means, dear young people, he likewise gratified her curiosity as to the cost of the sparkling diamond, and thus killed two birds, as it were, with one stone.





#### A GREAT EDUCATIONIST.

IF Principal Grant was asked what circumstances he considered responsible for his success, he would be extremely likely to answer, with a wave of his hand, "I was born in Picton County." I will not say that he has an abhorrence of being interviewed. Some even insinuate the opposite, but one of those little articles on "How I became Great" is not exactly in his line. He prefers rather to use his power than to speak of it, and his modesty with regard to "handles" to his name is quite compatible with his readiness to seize a policeman's baton from his hand at a football match, and forcibly keep back the crowd, or his liability to walk in to view the same match sublimely unconscious of the man at the wicket.



PRINCIPAL GRANT.

At the present juncture, when the omens point to an upheaval in the university and educational system of Ontario at a not distant time, and when thoughtful men are turning their attention to the question as to whence the reorganizing influences are to proceed, no name receives more prominence than does that of the Principal of Queen's University. Was there any peculiar significance in the bestowment of that LL.D. last June? Probably not, especially as the proffered honor was accepted; but be that as it may, interest attaches to his figure as one that has for well nigh a generation stood conspicuously unique, not only in the academic life of our country, but also in the wider sphere of all that tends to advance Canada's welfare and benefit her people. Every movement, cause, or institution with whose motive workings he becomes intimately associated, whether political, educational, or ecclesiastical, whether one of social and moral reform or of great national enterprise, bears the imprint of a hand that is strong, a will that is firm, a mind that is just, and of a "power that makes for righteousness."

Two great factors, in a life so full of aims accomplished,

certainly have been his never-ceasing activity, and the marvellous speed with which he works. He is positively unhappy when obliged to rest. Meal time means no exception, and many a letter is written while the plates are being changed. The amount of reading done at intervals during the day, and in the evening, is only less prodigious than the memory that can store such an enormous quantity of detail, and have it forthcoming, without reference, when occasion requires. Time is found for reading most of the good novels that appear, and this constitutes his rest. His is, without doubt, a master mind, and in conversation, as in other things, he leads, whether at a dinner party or in private interview. Indeed, the ease with which he can conclude the latter when he has gotten what he sought—or when the visitor has, and still lingers out of polite or stupid hesitation—is frequently somewhat disconcerting, and it is a standing joke among his students that it is impossible for them to close an interview with him.

That Principal Grant is a man of the very broadest sympathies, is a fact which is known wherever his name is heard. When the Jews of Kingston, some time ago, were raising funds to build a synagogue, and Rabbi Lazarus was to address a meeting for that purpose, this influential gentile occupied the chair, and found his position quite as congenial as that of Moderator of the General Assembly. Few men can do so many things so well. As a writer, as a teacher, as a preacher, as a debater, politician or statesman, he has but few equals; and (what appeals, perhaps, more than anything else to the generality), he possesses a business capacity that would, ere this, have made of him a Vanderbilt, had that been his ideal. A man among men, he loves life for its battle. I think the soldier's calling would have suited him, but for the fact that there is too little fighting in it. How his whole soul flashes forth as, enthused by the subject he loves, with head thrown back, and in thunder tones which befit so noble a theme, he deals with questions of an Empire's weal; and what a scowl for the miscreant man who would prostitute the honor of the land that gave him birth and freedom! I have heard a lady doubt whether a man who could scowl like that could be a Christian. Many men have many minds, and the principal is aware that such is the case. Hostile critics accuse him of "sitting on the fence," failing to appreciate the fact that there is yet a little wisdom that is not ours, and that wise men keep their minds open, and do not direct their lives by a rule of three. In his classes, it is his custom frequently to present opposing theories on the same point, without expressing preference. His wish is that men should think.

The place he holds in the hearts of his students is described briefly, but truly, in a couple of verses they often sing:

Does you know the famous George Monro, the leader of the band?  
Don't you think there ain't his equal in this, or any land?

Notwithstanding the strain under which he has labored for half a century, he is a stronger man at 65 than most men at 40. He seldom uses a car, and one who starts to walk with him is apt to be a pace or two in the rear. Though he uses his eyes constantly, he wears no glasses. He knows all his 600 students by name, and is sometimes more intimately acquainted with them and their doings than they suspect. He invariably stops to inquire how they have spent the summer, and what they intend to do, etc. The principal's house is open to all; and, at times of conference or the like, I have known him ask so many people to stay with him that it became necessary for the first comers to evacuate in order to make room for those who were to follow.

Rumor has it afloat just now that he is to be made the recipient of knighthood. The same gentle lady has before unduly exercised herself in mapping out her bright designs on his behalf, and spreading equally improbable reports; and, as he said with reference to one of these, "it might be reported that I was to be made Czar of all the Russias." Apart from any feeling of his own upon the question, it would be contrary to precedent for a minister of the Presbyterian Church to accept such an honor. There are titled ministers in the Church, but they are men who possessed, or were heirs to, their titles before entering the ministry.

J. S. M.



ALTHOUGH sculpture has always seemed essentially masculine in its conditions, the technical severity of masses and lines, the cheerlessness of the material, the mechanical necessities, presupposing the presence of masculine vigor, the power of well-trained muscles as well as of virile thought; yet several women have been successful in this department of art. Most of these, however, have followed conventional lines and done nothing particularly characteristic from the sex standpoint. Miss Bessie Potter, of Chicago, who has attained to celebrity within the past five years, in sculpture, owes her success to the subtle imprint of femininity, which she has given to her best pieces. To-day, Miss Potter's work is ranked with that of the best male sculptors. Every bar to the success of a talented woman seems to be disappearing.

MIXED bathing appears to be finding pretty general favor, and yet, but a few years ago, a great deal of disfavor was displayed towards the open sea championship swimming matches for ladies off Southsea, the leading event invariably being secured by Miss Cudlip. Both the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who took great interest in the Portsmouth Swimming Club matches, always heartily supported the contest confined to lady competitors.

THE programme of the official congress of feminine works and institutions, to be held in Paris next June, is already drawn up, and the staff of presidential and other workers arranged for. The congress is to be of truly catholic dimensions, and, although philanthropy will have a large share of attention, questions of social order and legislative reform will be freely discussed. The purely practical portion of the programme is worthy of the eminently businesslike Gallic woman; it will treat of the position of women in the different spheres of human activity, of their salaries, of the valuation of women's work and their capacity for it. Many moral problems will be discussed. This will be the second time that the French Government has countenanced a feminine congress among those held in conjunction with the Universal Exhibition.

AN English exchange says that crow's feet and wrinkles are best treated by face massage and electricity, but failing this the following lotion may be tried:

Elder-flower water, 70 parts; decoction of raspberry leaves, 30 parts; spirits of wine, 20 parts; essence of bergamot, 4 parts; essence of geranium, 4 parts.

Mix the first three, then pour the essence with the spirits of wine, and add them, stirring well. Before using the lotion the face should be sponged with soft water or rose-water, to which about twenty minims per ounce of sal volatile have been added, and dried with a rough towel; then apply the lotion with a rag, and do not rub off.

THE sporting instincts of Irishwomen have become a matter of history since the days when Charles Lever wrote his rollicking novels, and used to depict his fair heroines, on high-spirited thoroughbreds, leading the chase over the stone walls of County Galway, or County Mayo, and courage and daring are not lacking in many of the equestriennes of to-day, though few are possessed of the nerve showed by Mrs. McMullen and Miss Morgan, who took part in the jumping competitions at the recent horse show at Clonmel. In the event ridden by ladies, they carried off first and second prize respectively, and later competed among a number of well-known men riders over the hurdle, bank, stone wall and watercourse. On the second

day, Miss Morgan secured second place with Mr. Hefferman's horses, among 35 competitors. Her coolness and judgment are described as the amazement of all the hunting men present, as riding in a prescribed space before an immense attendance of spectators, to say nothing of the difficulty of some of the jumps, takes far greater nerve and skill than the most trappy cross-country riding.

"THE Awakening of Women," by Mrs. Swiney (Redway, London), is a book which will be particularly interesting to my readers, and will excite in those who peruse it an interest in the various matters pertaining to the welfare of women. The book is written for the crowd not for the student, and is intended to express in a clear and readable way the part which woman has played in evolution. In the earlier part of the book the physical conditions of women as compared with those of men are taken into consideration, and special pages are devoted to the psychological characteristics of our sex, of woman as the wife and the mother. In the latter chapter the author speaks of the duties of a woman to her children, and shows how she should identify herself with their tastes, pursuits, and studies. A summary is given of woman's work in the past and the present, and of her mission in the future, and a healthy and very sensible tone pervades the whole book.

GERALDINE.

#### DID MUNSEY BLUNDER?

WHEN Frank Munsey was on his recent European jaunt, one of the biggest promoters of London offered to form a syndicate and pay Munsey \$3,000,000 for his publishing interests in full and to give him a contract as manager for ten years at \$30,000 per annum. "It may be argued," says a United States newspaper writer, "that any publisher who would not accept such an offer must be insane, but you will find that your Uncle Frank knows what he is doing, or, if he doesn't, he splashes around until he finds out. It is possible that to-day Munsey owes a tremendous amount of money to paper-mill owners and other creditors, but the earning capacity of his properties is so big that he is as safe and sound as a dollar. I admire Munsey because he has the courage of his convictions. There is not one man in a hundred who would have attempted such a big game as he has played, and not one in a thousand who would have pulled through triumphantly. Munsey positively refused to be discouraged by anything or anybody. He has made lots of mistakes but he has not been afraid to acknowledge them, and has gone ahead and plugged away until he hit the bullseye. Munsey's Magazine has so long been the leader of the ten-centers that there is no question as to its position. His other publications—The Puritan, The Argosy and The Quaker—he has pulled around from post to pillar in the effort to get them right, and I am willing to bet that he'll do it before he gets through. He has, by the way, closed the hotel which was started on the ruins of the factory he built in New London. That town has been a stone wall for Munsey, but he did the most sensible thing by shutting up and not throwing good money after bad."

#### COULDN'T TALK BACK.

A GOOD story is told of Charles G. D. Roberts, the expatriated Canadian poet. Professor Roberts, it is said, reads the modern languages very easily, but speaks them with great difficulty. At a reception held in New York just prior to his leaving for Europe, Professor Roberts was introduced to a distinguished French artist, who asked in his own tongue, "You speak French?"

"No," answered the poet; "I am sorry I do not, but I understand it well when it is spoken to me."

"I am so glad," replied the Frenchman; "you are the audience I have long wanted. I can talk to you all I please and you cannot talk back!"

### THE POLITICAL HERO OF THE BOER WAR.

IF there is one man more than any other who is the cynosure of all eyes at the moment it is Joseph Chamberlain. He is now passing through the second crisis of his life. When he broke with Gladstone in 1886 the passion of angry partisans pursued him for years. He survived the controversy because time was on his side, and because he was better equipped than most men to stand a stern siege in domestic politics. Now, the game is bigger, and the whole world is the stage on which it is being played.

Until Mr. Chamberlain chose the Colonial Secretaryship in 1895, when Lord Salisbury formed his third cabinet, the post had usually gone either to men of the second rank, or of dormant ambition. His acceptance of the Colonial Office caused much surprise. But soon it was seen that he had displayed his usual shrewdness. A Secretaryship of State carried with it the social rank which many men, and (it is said) many men's wives, so highly prize. The colonies had been overlooked, neglected, pushed aside. Mr. Chamberlain could bring colonial policy and affairs to the front. This prediction, as we know, he has fulfilled to the letter.

Everyone who is opposed to the Boer war is blaming Mr. Chamberlain. But he runs the gauntlet of merciless criticism, with that imperturbable manner so characteristic of him. I have heard him address the House when that peculiar growl of the Englishman—the ironical cheer—rent the air of the chamber every few moments. Abashed? Not he. He would look calmly—with just the faintest trace of superciliousness—over in the direction of the enemy; fix the monocle more firmly as if to be sure the interrupters were the persons he suspected; and then make his retort—incisive, witty, a trifle malicious. A dangerous man to badger, because prepared to give thrust for thrust; a ready man, and therefore a powerful antagonist; a fighting man in debate, and therefore all the more likely to be the idol of the masses.

One thing is certain: he is not Mrs. Chamberlain's husband; she is Mr. Chamberlain's wife. A woman of character and talent, so they say, but apparently not in favor of the cable correspondents who keep sending over weekly (or weakly, if you like) paragraphs about this or that American who has married some prominent Englishman. The Colonial Secretary won his wife during his Washington experiences. He came over to Canada and the United States in 1887 on the fishery business, stopping at Belfast long enough to make one of his dauntless attacks on the Irish Nationalists. It was not policy, but it was pluck. It killed the treaty, of course—that's neither here nor there—but it gave Mr. Chamberlain the kind of reception he likes: a rousing demonstration, whether hostile or not is indifferent, so it be not tame and uninteresting. But, about the wooing. It is related that one morning about the noon hour Mr. Chamberlain paid an informal visit to a house in Washington where he had received much kindness. He stayed on until the guests began to arrive for a small luncheon party, which was being given—feminine only. One guest was unavoidably absent. Mr. Chamberlain was asked to fill the vacant place, which he did. He faced the array of girls without flinching and made himself agreeable. His next neighbor was Miss Mary Endicott, the daughter of Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of War. This impromptu acquaintance soon blossomed into a marriage. A rather unkind jest was made about it. Mr. Chamberlain had been married twice before, and had three sons grown up. When the rumor of the engagement got about, a friend of the Endicotts, on being asked if it were true, retorted tartly that she doubted it; there were several objections, two beneath and three above the ground. The marriage has been a suitable and happy one, and it has brought the Colonial Secretary nearer to the United States in sympathy and knowledge than other English Ministers of the day; for, if it was not he who suggested an attitude of benevolent neutrality to the Americans by the Imperial Government during the Spanish War, will you kindly inform me who did?

Well, Mr. Chamberlain will come through this Boer business triumphantly. He has it in him, unless the fates are relentless, and they have never been known to conquer a determined Englishman. But, of all his triumphs, I shall always consider his retention of the Birmingham district in his political grasp the most conspicuous. In 1884, he figured before the Radical workingmen as the foe of the House of Lords, the Established Church, the privileges of the lauded aristocracy. But *tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*, and to-day the same element greets, with equal fervor, the high priest of the New Imperialism, the colleague of extreme Tories, the advocate of measures that certainly smack not of Cobden and Bright. But what of that? *Demos is King*. He approves, and it becomes the duty of good subjects like you and me to bend the knee submissively.

VIII.

### AN OVERLOOKED POINT.

ONE of the drawbacks of sending troops to the Transvaal, which was evidently not considered by the Cabinet, is that on their return there will be so many war heroes to be kissed, even the politicians will have no show.



The nightmare of the Royal Scots' piper after his enlistment.

## AN ENGAGEMENT.

(SERIAL STORY)

By SIR ROBT. PEEL, BART.

(CONTINUED)

"Best of cousins!" he exclaimed, "most brilliant of diplomatists! How did you do it?"

She smiled cordially.

"I'm glad to have served you," she said. "And I don't think you need anticipate any lack of zeal on papa's part now. To my own knowledge, he has written two letters about you already."

"You—you treasure! Kate, I should like to wire the glorious news to Bella. Will you stroll as far as the station?"

"With pleasure," she said, "if you don't want to intrust the message to a servant. Wait two seconds while I put on my hat. You may calm your excited spirits with a cigarette if you like." He did, nor was she much longer than the two seconds. Passionately in love as he was, he could not help remembering that the lady of his adoration always kept him waiting 20 minutes under similar circumstances.

Now that the plot had been carried out, his embarrassment in the matter had vanished, and he found himself talking to his cousin as frankly about it as if she had been Miss Carstairs herself. They extended their stroll into a neighboring village, and had ginger-beer and penny buns hot from the oven in a primitive cake shop.

"This is a very good idea," said Kate, looking at him across the table. "It's funny I have never done it before, and I've walked into the place a hundred times. What made you think of it? Do you give your 'divinity' ginger-beer and penny buns?"

"No—no," he said. "She—no."

It was curious, but it had just occurred to him that Bella would not have thought such a proceeding *comme il faut*, or even possible. If he had suggested taking her into a village baker's, and their sitting down between a basket and a pile of loaves, she would have thought he was joking.

"No," he said; "I suppose it was an unconscious reminiscence of tramps I used to have with a fellow I lived with before I was engaged. You have proved yourself such a jolly 'chum,' Kitty, that I am beginning to forget you're a woman."

Miss Fanshaw laughed.

"Since the world was created," she said, "did ever a lover make such a horrible statement before on the first day of the engagement?"

Hopetoun laughed too, but a little confusedly. "You understand what I mean!" he exclaimed; "it is a compliment."

"Of course I understand; yes, it was a compliment, and I appreciate it. I should like to be a chum of yours, Arnold! I don't know if it's the secret bond of sin that is drawing us together, but I find you quite nice this morning—more companionable than usual." "I flattered myself," said Hopetoun, "that you always found me nice, or I should never have had the pluck to ask your cooperation as I did."

"'Nice,' oh, yes! But there is 'nice' and 'nice.' It's one of our words, you know—men don't realize its richness a bit. There is the 'nice' that means 'pretty well,' and the 'nice' that means—"

"That means—?" repeated Hopetoun.

"That means 'a dear boy.' It all depends on the inflection."

"And am I of the second and superior

niceness? May I dare to think I am considered 'a dear boy?'"

"You may arrive at it if you persevere," said his cousin.

"Pay for the buns and ginger-beer. Eightpence!—is it possible?" Arnold, I've enjoyed that gorgeous repast more than anything I've eaten for years, and it cost eightpence! Wonderful!"

They had spoiled their appetite for luncheon, but the meal was a cheerful one, notwithstanding. Drillingham, refreshed by his siesta and the termination of the parental responsibility which had been so suddenly put upon him, was light-hearted and jocular. He listened to their account of the morning's walk with amusement, observing that Kate was qualifying he self for an economical menage, and that no man could complain of a wife who was contented with buns and ginger-beer. Some little embarrassment was caused by his remark, but not unpleasant embarrassment. Later, he suggested that the two young people would readily excuse him if he went for a canter during the afternoon, and Hopetoun began to be inwardly tickled by the position of affairs, although he already foresaw that an apology would be due from him to his putative betrothed.

He made it at once, as soon as they found themselves alone in the billiard-room.

"I hope you don't find it wearisome," he said. "I'm afraid while I'm down here you will be expected to see rather a good deal of me."

"I fear that's unavoidable," she returned, demurely. "But then, when the people come, you'll have to go away, or everybody will suspect and chatter."

"Why, yes, of course," said Hopetoun; "I didn't think of that. When do your first batch arrive?"

"Not for nearly a month. Still, you can go long before then, you see. Your onerous duties will recall you."

"I suppose I ought to stay a week, or I shan't look fond of you?"

"Yes," answered Kate. "I think, under the circumstances, it would look remarkable if you tore yourself away from me sooner than a week. However, we understand each other, and we need not have quite such protracted *tete-a-tetes* as papa imagines, you know, and when we are together you can read, or write love-letters to Miss Carstairs. I say, show me what the 'spot stroke' is, will you? One is always hearing about it, and I haven't the faintest idea what it means."

## CHAPTER IV.

At the end of the week he did go, and, of course, called on Mrs. Carstairs and Bella without delay. Bella did not look so attractive as usual, he thought, when he first went in; but



## NO WONDER.

JONES.—I suppose you heard Waverley's insolvent?

BROWN.—No; what swamped him?

JONES.—Milliners' bills. He married the two-headed girl.

## AN ENGAGEMENT--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

she brightened up immensely as he recounted the progress of the plot, and, on leaving her, he told himself for the thousandth time that she was the dearest girl on earth.

It is difficult to say how it was, but, after he had been back in town a few days, a certain restlessness began to make itself felt in Hopetoun. He was seeing Bella as often as usual; letters from his cousin apprised him that Lord Drillingham had hopes of securing a capital appointment for him already; his prospects were as bright as he had pictured them in his most sanguine dreams. And yet he was restless; he wanted—he did not know what it was he did want.

At first, he thought it was his cousin's sympathy. He missed having someone to talk to about Bella, he said; but, since Bella in propria persona was here, within half-an-hour's cab drive, that explanation would not do. No, he did not know what was the matter with him exactly. Impatience, perhaps? Yes, that must be it. Now that the haven of his hopes was drawing near, he was more impatient; the suspense was telling upon his nerves! He would run down to Deercourt on Saturday, and ascertain how his uncle's efforts were getting on.

After he had determined on this step, he saw how right he had been in attributing his disquietude to the last-named cause. He felt better already, and found himself looking forward to Saturday with almost as much eagerness as if it had been the capital appointment itself.

He told Kate so when he arrived.

"Do you think it will be a long affair?" he inquired. "It may sound unreasonable, but, now that your father is really bestirring himself at last, my present position seems more unendurable than before."

"I can understand that," said the girl, "fully! Papa said something about Canada the other day. Would Miss Carstairs mind going out there, do you think?"

"Well, I hardly know," replied Hopetoun. "I wanted something in England of course, but we are very anxious to marry, and Canada would be better than nothing, wouldn't it?"

"I thought so, and that is why I did not veto it when it was mentioned. You had better put it to her, and let me know what she says. If she has an insuperable objection to leaving home, papa must look for something else."

"I'll let you know at once," Arnold answered. "I don't think there will be any difficulty about it. If she doesn't like to leave her mother, why, her mother could go out there too."

His tone, however, was not so assured as his words. He rather dreaded that Bella would dislike the idea of Canada, and the feeling proved prophetic a couple of days later. The young lady declared a colony was out of the question. Her interests were all in London, she said; she had been born in London, bred in London. Of course, she loved Arnold very dearly, and would make almost any sacrifice for him, but she begged that he would not ask her to be an exile for his sake, for she felt that that would kill her.

What she said to her mother was not exactly the same thing, though the objection was still there. "It's perfectly preposterous!" she exclaimed. "Fancy, he's Lord Drillingham's nephew, and the best the old man can suggest now is some wretched appointment in Canada! That's not what I want."

"No," agreed Mrs. Carstairs mildly; "you want a nice little house in Mayfair, and a proper circle around you. I can't say I think much of that suggestion. You know, Bella, I have always thought you could do much better for yourself than Mr. Hopetoun under any circumstances. He is very nice, and gentlemanly, and all that, but he isn't brilliant, and he isn't rich. Heigho!"

"Heigho!" echoed her daughter. "Well, it's too late to consider that now! Besides, I like him, and I could not bring myself to behave badly to him—it would break his heart. Only,

I'm not going to bury myself in the wilds of Canada for him or any other man, I can tell you! Lord Drillingham must find something else, that's all."

Hopetoun was disappointed, although instinctively he had feared the result. He was disappointed alike at the delay it entailed, and at Bella's calm reasoning. He would have liked her to throw herself into his arms, and say she would go to New Zealand or Seringapatam with him if necessary. Some girls went to New Zealand and Seringapatam with their lovers. Why, he knew a girl who had married and gone with a fellow to the diamond fields; and a jolly nice girl, too, and a pretty girl! Not so pretty as Bella, certainly—not the same style of girl; but, hang it, did it necessarily follow that a girl's love should be more temperate because she had style?

Yes, he was disappointed—mortified a little, too, though he would not acknowledge as much as that in his self-communions. It obliged him to write to Kate a letter that necessitated a good deal of delicate phrasing. It is not the easiest thing in the world to tell a third person that your fiancée does not care for you enough to agree to something that the third person has proposed; and in spite of all his pains and euphemisms, Hopetoun was disagreeably conscious that that was what the letter said.

Miss Fanshaw was sorry also when she received it, for in the meantime the Canada prospect had assumed definite proportions, and it was now offered to her cousin if he chose to take it. She wanted him to take it. She wanted him to marry Miss Carstairs with the least possible delay. She wanted this absurd position that he and herself were occupying towards each other terminated as soon as possible. And though she shrank from acknowledging all her reasons to herself, they were sufficiently cogent to impel her to see Miss Carstairs and endeavor to shake her resolution.

She would not say anything about that to Arnold, though. If her mission were unsuccessful, there was no occasion that he should ever hear how good a thing it was that Bella's absurd objections had lost him. Poor boy! what a pity it was in one way that he was engaged at all! He would have had a lovely life in Montreal, and a big salary; and now, if Miss Carstairs still refused, heaven alone knew how long it might be before another chance of escape from the Foreign Office presented itself! Assuredly she would do her best when she saw Miss Carstairs. She would show her all the advantages of the position, and demonstrate that she was making a big mistake to decline.

She went up to town on the morning after Arnold's ingenious letter had reached her, and took a hansom straight from Easton to the address which she had so often seen him write.

A certain pleasurable excitement was in her veins as the cab stopped before the door. She was doing a good deal for this girl whom she was about to see for the first time, and she was curious to look at her.

Mrs. and Miss Carstairs, were they in? she inquired of the servant. She gave her name—"Miss Fanshaw."

Yes, they were in. Would she step into the drawing-room? She did, and shivered. Not at the poverty, but at the lack of taste shown in the pretences. Did Arnold's fiancée take no interest in her home that she could permit these glaring monstrosities about it, these vulgar ornaments, these glass shades, these dyed grasses?

She had plenty of time allowed her for reflection. Evidently the ladies were making toilettes in her honor. A quarter of an hour, 20 minutes, passed before the door opened, and then Miss Fanshaw rose at her hostesses' entrance.

"I must apologize for my visit," she murmured. "But I thought I might be pardoned. I was so anxious to make the acquaintance of my cousin's future wife and her mother."

"It is most kind of you," said Mrs. Carstairs. "Do sit down. Is it not kind of Miss Fanshaw, Bella?"



## A GOOD BET—FOR JACK.

JACK.—Let's bet on the game. If we win, I marry you.

MAY.—And if we lose.

JACK.—Why, then you marry me.

"Very," said Bella. "I am glad to meet you, Miss Fanshaw. I know that Arnold and I have a lot to thank you for."

"Not at all," declared the visitor politely, "though I hope you both may have, one day!"

She foresaw that the interview would not be quite so easy as she had pictured it. There was an attempt at dignity in Miss Carstairs' manner—an intention to assert herself, she fancied. "I hope you both may have, one day!" she repeated. "I am very fond of my cousin Arnold, and I should like his wife to be among the best of my friends. It is funny we should never have met before under the circumstances, is it not?"

"We go out very little," said Bella Carstairs formally. "My mother's health—!" She did not mean to repel the other's advances—on the contrary, she appreciated and was proud of them—but she was in mortal terror of appearing as flattered as she was. It would "never do," she was saying mentally, "for Miss Fanshaw to think she was the sort of person who could be patronized!"

"I am sorry," said Kate, turning to the other, "your health is bad." "A martyr," sighed Mrs. Carstairs, "a martyr to nerves!"

Miss Fanshaw looked sympathetic for the necessary moment.

"Arnold did not know I was coming to you," she went on after the pause. "I wanted to tell you about the Canada thing that my father has been offered for him."

"Oh, Arnold spoke to me about it," said Miss Carstairs; "I know!"

"My daughter could not live abroad," murmured the elder lady; "we fully decided that at the time."

"I understood from my cousin that it was an objection," said Kate pleasantly; "but the thing has quite come to a head now. He can have it! It is certain! and it's awfully good, you know; it means—"

"It's quite out of the question," averred Bella. "It is very nice of Lord Drillingham, and I am sure both Arnold and I are very much obliged to him; but we couldn't go to Canada; it's not to be thought of, really."

Miss Fanshaw's eyebrows would go up a little, despite her endeavours to be amiable. It was aggravatingly cool of this girl, the way she dismissed such an opening, in a decisive sentence. However, she had come here to overcome her distaste, and she wanted to like her.

"And yet," she said cheerfully, "I've come to try to persuade you to reconsider your determination! You see, it isn't as if you would both be going out there forever; it is only a question of a few years, and it may lead to something even better over here. It would be a splendid position, too, compared with what Arnold has now—£1,200 a year, and—"

"Twelve hundred!" said Mrs. Carstairs with a smile. "Splendid!"

## AN ENGAGEMENT--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.

"Well, I think it splendid, relatively! Don't you, Bella? May I call you Bella, since we are going to be cousins?"

"I shall be very pleased—yes, pray do. No, I can't say it strikes me as a fortune. It would be very nice here for the present, but not—a thousand times not—in payment for exile."

"Oh," cried Kate, "don't call it 'exile'! Of course, if it won't do, it won't, and we must try for something else; but this would mean immediate marriage, and I've been promised you will make me one of your bridesmaids, and I'm dying to play the part. And then—" She looked at Miss Carstairs significantly. The mother was a little in the way; she felt she could have talked more plainly without her. "If it won't do, it won't," she said again.

"Mother," said Miss Carstairs, "Miss Fanshaw will stay to lunch with us. Won't you?"

"I'm afraid I can't, thanks," answered Kate; "it would make me late, but—"

Mrs. Carstairs understood. With a murmured excuse she vanished from the room, and for a moment the two fiancées of Arnold Hopetoun—the real and the mock—looked at each other in silence.

Kate broke it. "You see," she observed, "this game Arnold and I are playing can't be continued indefinitely, and posts don't crop up every day. One can't say how long it may be before another is obtainable."

"Oh, yes, of course," replied Miss Carstairs vaguely.

"He is very fond of you, and very impatient; and if I may take the liberty of advising, I should recommend you—recommend you very strongly indeed—to counsel him to accept the present offer while he can."

"I couldn't do that," said the other, "I couldn't do that, in justice to myself."

"But—but, good heavens! why?" cried Kate. Was this the devoted Bella for whom she had consented to play so questionable a role!

"It is too impossible," said Miss Carstairs firmly. "Expatriation, as I have explained, can't be considered."

Miss Fanshaw's patience had its limits. "You won't mind my pointing out that my father found this appointment under the impression that Arnold was going to marry me?" she said; "that it was I who would accompany him—that the 'awfulness' that discourages you would have to be borne by myself?"

Miss Carstairs looked courteous unconcern. "Lord Drillingham, of course, knows best what he would be satisfied for his own daughter to do," she said, "but I have to consider my mother's opinions. Please, don't let us talk about Canada any more. Have you seen Duse? Everybody's opinion about her seems different."

Kate Fanshaw put out her hand with a smile. "It's finished!" she said. "You must let me run away now, or I shall miss my train. Ah, Mrs. Carstairs, I must say 'good afternoon.' No, nothing, thank you, really not! Yes, that is my cab waiting."

She got into it, and, as the wheels began to revolve, beat one of her little clenched hands on her lap. She was not smiling now; her face was white and angry.

If Bella or her mother could have overheard what their visitor said to herself as she drove away, they would have been considerably perturbed.

"And that's the girl I have been struggling to be loyal towards!" muttered Miss Fanshaw between her teeth. "Arnold, I'm fonder of you than that—and you shall know it now!"

### CHAPTER V.

One must not play with love—the old adage had told us so, and Kate Fanshaw at least had proved its truth by her own experience. Perchance she had had a slight penchant for her cousin before the farce had begun, but at any rate the performance of it had done serious damage. The interview at Hampstead had shown her the fact beyond the possibility of any further self-deception, and she knew now—acknowledged now—the motive of her recent anxiety to see Arnold and Miss Carstairs quickly married.

Well, the young lady, the devoted Bella, was less anxious! That was perfectly evident. She was not disposed to make anything even faintly resembling a sacrifice for the sake of the man to whom she was engaged. "Then," said Miss Fanshaw, "why should I make one for her? I am doing what Arnold asked of me with her own approval. If my compliance should lead to his falling in love with me, and telling me so, he will receive an answer very different from the one he would have received yesterday. I consider I am perfectly justified. I won't repress my feelings for the sake of that vulgar piece of modern Sevres—that is what she looks like! I won't fight with myself, I won't be cool towards him when I don't want to be! It is a duel between us two, Miss Bella Carstairs; you have the advantage up to the present, for he is silly enough to care for you; but I shall win, and I will beat you yet!"

The writer is not sure that she was wrong; but wrong or right, it can only be recorded that she followed the programme she had laid down for herself to the letter.

Skilfully—oh, yes, skilfully! She was far too much grande dame, Miss Fanshaw, to flirt openly, or to encourage with conspicuousness. Hopetoun was never able to say that the change which occurred between them began at any particular hour, or even on any particular day. He only realized by degrees that a change had come.

And it was difficult to define what the change was. Well, perhaps, for one thing, they talked less of Bella—for Kate would have scorned to disparage her to him, however artistically. Perhaps, also, they did not refer so frequently to their mock betrothal—the jesting allusions to it were absent from their conversations now. But still it was hard to express the new difference in words. He merely realized that they talked together more like any other man and woman who are seeing a lot of each other; for example, he could not have told her to-day that she made him think of her as "chum"—"a jolly good fellow." He remembered that he had said that once, and wondered why he did not think so still.

Not that she was any the less agreeable—far from it. He had never liked her so much, never before known she was so charming, so graceful, so witty. She had not mentioned her fateful visit to the Carstairs' to him, and when he heard of it, it was a fortnight afterwards, and from Bella herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## AT THE CITY THEATRES.

**A**FTER the treats of the last three or four weeks, the theatres afford a very indifferent bill of fare this week to their habitués.

At the Academy, R. A. Barnett's extravaganza, *The Strange Adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk*, supplies an entertainment that is at the very poles from *Hall Came's Christian*, which drew such great audiences to that house last week. *Jack and the Beanstalk* is a production that whiles away an evening. When one has said that, one has said everything. All the old nursery-rhyme heroes and heroines figure in the plot, which is lightly held together on a string of passable songs and specialties. There are some very fair voices in the company, and some rather pretty faces—as well as many grotesquely and intentionally ugly ones. Miss Edith Yarrington, in the title role, sings and acts with average ability. Miss Margaret Mills, as the Princess Mary ("Mary Quite Contrary"), is a sweet and winsome young lady, but the bright particular star of the company is little Miss Muffet (Miss Cora Leshe), who is a very sprightly and clever little girl indeed. The male roles are, in the main, well filled, while the scenery, costumes, etc., are good.

A clever company in a weak and watery play, sums up the situation at Her Majesty's, where *My Son Ben* is the bill. The play is in no sense a fascinating composition, yet a fairly entertaining production is made of it. With a stronger drama to handle, these actors would make a reputation that is impossible with such a show as *My Son Ben*.

At the Francais, Bartley Campbell's *Fairfax*, a drama dealing with the misery wrought by excess in the use of strong drink, is presented in a pleasing manner, and is meeting with popular favor. The vaudeville programme is fully up to the standard.

The last night of French opera at the Monument Nationale, when *Lakme* was presented, was marred by unseemly delay, the curtain being raised only after 9 o'clock. A squabble over salaries, it is understood, was the cause of the trouble. The season has been a fairly successful one, and many a genuine treat has been provided. (C.L.L.)

## COLING ATTRACTIONS.

**F**OR HER SAKE, Edwin Gordon Lawrence's romantic story of Russian life, has an atmosphere around it like a draft of pure air over the hills and fields. It is a story of the honest love of a young prince for a serf girl, which, in the land of the Czar, is considered a degradation as great as would be that of the love of a master for his slave. The mother of Prince Valdemar, who is a haughty woman of the old regime, endeavors by all the means at her command, to separate the young lovers, and even prefers to see her son banished to the mines of Siberia, rather than consent to his marriage with the serf girl Olga. Many complications arise from the scheming of the Princess Radetzky, Valdemar's mother, but at last she sees her error and secures the freedom of the young lovers, and finally consents to their union. An amusing vein of comedy runs through the play, relieving and throwing out in bold lines the main story of the drama. This play is to be at the Academy, week of November 13.

**M**ISS ROSE COGHLAN begins an engagement at the Academy, week of November 20. The distinguished actress will then be seen in her fine impersonation of Lady Janet in *The White Heather*, a modern drama, which has had very great success at the Drury Lane Theatre, in London, and at the Academy of Music in New York. In the latter city the play ran for several months to enthusiastic audiences. The management promise a strong supporting company, including the popular actor, John J. Sullivan, and elaborate scenic effects. There are 12 great scenes in the play, the most important showing the London Stock Exchange, Battersea Park, a grand ballroom scene, and a scene at the bottom of the sea. The latter scene shows two divers descending from a boat to a sunken yacht. There they fight a duel with knives in a most

sensational manner. In the ballroom scene, Miss Coghlan and many other members of the company will wear magnificent costumes.

## THE STAGE IN GENERAL.

**V**IOLA ALLEN is enjoying a great boom from the press in her impersonation of *Glory Quayle* in *The Christian*. With due respect to Miss Allen's undoubted talents, there is ground for some suspicion that the boom has been carefully nursed.

Mrs. Fiske's *Becky Sharp* continues to be the theatrical sensation in New York. The Fifth Avenue theatre is crowded nightly, and the press is not yet through talking of the remarkable play. There need be no regrets for financial reasons in the matter of Mrs. Fiske's daring experiment. If the play is very bad *Thackeray*, it yet has the qualities that enlist popular support, and the indications are that no other play will be given during Mrs. Fiske's New York engagement.

James A. Herne has been highly praised for his artistic staging of the Zangwill play, *Children of the Ghetto*. Mr. Zangwill aided him in producing it, and the results show that they are kindred spirits in matters of dramatic art. It was stated before this piece was presented that Mr. Herne had entirely rewritten it. When called before the curtain at the first night in Washington, Mr. Herne took occasion to deny this story and to state explicitly that the piece had been staged as Mr. Zangwill had originally written it, and that not too words had been changed during the entire six weeks of rehearsals. He desired it clearly understood that the play was entirely the work of Mr. Zangwill. As the stage producer he had only endeavored to "harmonize the whole."

Sir Henry Irving is in America again, after a long absence. His coming is the more welcome and significant because there have been many days since he was last here, when it was thought that the American stage, and perhaps the English stage as well, would never see him again. He now comes back with health and vigor for a long season and much travel.

At least two productions that were given their initial performance in this city, at the opening of the season, have scored decided triumphs in New York—*Becky Sharpe* and *The Singing Girl*. Of the latter, *The Tribune* says: "The Alice Nielsen Opera Company appears to be on the high road to success at the Casino, where it is now singing *The Singing Girl*, and will continue to sing it for nobody knows how long. It is a genuine Casino production of the sort that used to stir up the big audiences years ago."

Miss Julia Marlowe is meeting with success in her new role of *Barbara Frietchie*, in a play of that name, by Clyde Fitch. Everyone naturally thinks of *Barbara* as the heroic old lady who waved the starry banner of the Union in the faces of the confederate troops as they entered Fredericktown, but the play deals with the romantic love of a young woman, and not with a mythical episode in the career of an aged one.

May Irwin's new songs this season, include, "What Did Mary Do," "Not the Way to Treat a Lady," "The Rocking Song," "The Possum Chase," and others with equally taking titles.

Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Harned, are playing *The Song of the Sword* at Daly's. Mr. Sothern has a congenial, because spectacular part, and Miss Harned is also well fitted with a role which portrays the romantic love of a titled Italian lady for a young Frenchman who has espoused the republican cause.

The Canadian actress, Miss Julia Arthur, is playing in *More Than Queen*, at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

**J.** JAMES TISSOT made himself immortal by the marvellous work that is embodied in the collection of pictures now on exhibition at the Windsor Hall. The Saviour is made to live again in these wonderful paintings, and the observer is made to understand completely, and with a touching feeling of love and reverence that defies description, the beauty of the life and work of Christ. The opportunity to see the Tissot pictures is one to be prized, for no city is likely to have the privilege a second time. Montreal will do well to avail itself fully of the chance now given to view this superb collection.

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THE LEGITIMATE IRISH COMEDIAN,  
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**SHAUN RHUE**

PRICES—25c., 50c., 75c. and \$1.00.  
SEATS NOW ON SALE.

NEXT  
WEEK

WHAT IT SPELLED TO HIM.  
**S**HE (at the desk).—Dear, please tell me how to spell costume. I'm writing to mother about my lovely new gown."

HE.—Well are you ready?

SHE.—Yes.

HE.—C-o-s-t, cost—

SHE.—Yes?

HE.—T-u, to—

SHE.—Well?

HE.—M-c, mc—thirty dollars in cash.

SHE.—You're a wretch.

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### SOME COLONIAL REGIMENTS AND THEIR MOTTOES.

THE visit to England of a picked body of New South Wales Lancers, says The Regiment, will probably remind some of us that there are other colonial regiments—many of them of more than local fame, formed of good material, and, if failing to come up to the European standard of efficiency, at least, in almost every case, the making of admirable troops—courageous and patriotic, tough and enduring. Some of the titles of these colonials are curious, and their mottoes of more than passing interest. Take, for instance, the "Voltigeurs de Beauharnois," with their motto "Toujours pret." One would naturally feel sure that the regiment in question was a French one, with interests opposed to our own.

The same remark would apply to the regiment known as the "Voltigeurs de Chateauguay." And assurance would be made doubly sure on glancing through the list of officers' names. For surely Beaudreau, d'Amour, Vinette, Bedard, Leduc, etc., which are the names that meet one's eye, are French enough for anything. Certainly they are French, but good and loyal citizens of the Empire all the same, hailing from that wonderful land—Canada.

There are several other French-Canadian militia battalions, for instance, the "Voltigeurs de Quebec" with their motto, "Force a superbe, Mercy a foible"; the "Nicolet," "Portneuf," and "Joliette" battalions; and the 85th with its motto "Bon cœur et bon bras."

Then, would it not puzzle the ordinary newspaper reader to guess the nationality of the "Temiscouata and Rimouski," or the "Kamouraska and Charlevoix" battalions of infantry? For, although the officers' names are all French, there is a decided smack of Russian about the names of the battalions themselves. For all that they, too, are little rivets in the Empire's mighty armor. Many of the fine, and often appropriate, mottoes of the colonials are worn proudly by some of the oldest British regiments; such as "Nulli secundus," common to the 1st and 15th Battalions of Canadian infantry, and, in its English form, to the Royal Scots Greys, the "terribles chevaux gris" of Napoleon; and "Ne obliviscaris," borne both by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the 5th Canadians (Royal Scots); both, too, own as a badge "A Boar's Head." While among the officers of the two regiments are Campbells and Camerons in plenty.

"Celer et audax" is claimed as a motto by both the King's Royal Rifles and the 12th Canadians. The motto "Excelsior" is used by the 40th Infantry; we also find "Advance" and "Steady," while several go in for "Semper paratus." Then there are the well-known mottoes "Spectamur agendo," used by the 35th Canadian Infantry, as well as by the old 102nd (now the Royal Dublin Fusiliers); "Nec aspera terrent," of the 50th Canadians and of several British regiments; and "Vestigia nulla retrorsum," of the 1st Canadians (Fusiliers) and our own 5th Dragoon Guards.

It is amusing, too, to read of the "Colchester, Hants and Picton Highlanders!" But, then, Scots are plentiful in Canada, and the Highland regiments afford their warlike ardor the necessary outlet. Ever since the sanguinary border fighting of 1812 the Canadian Highlanders have had a fine record, and there is little doubt but the descendants of those men will, if necessary, uphold the traditions of their ancestors.

At the Cape, the only permanent regiment is the well-known Cape Mounted Rifles, a force that has seen a lot of active service, but does not possess a motto, although one would think they might very well adopt one.

There are, however, in this part of the world plenty of volunteers—artillery, mounted rifles, and infantry—the best known of these last being the Cape Town Highlanders, some of whom were seen in the Jubilee procession. Many of the South African corps have a large proportion of Dutchmen amongst them. Mottoes are not used.

Running across to Australia, we find our friends the "New South Wales Lancers," with their motto "Tenax in fide";

the mounted rifles "Toujours pret," and the permanent artillery regiment, who, like some of our Canadian friends, say they are "Semper paratus." The engineers have the very practical and appropriate motto "Viam aut invenimus aut reperimus."

The five New South Wales infantry regiments all possess mottoes in Latin—why not in English? The most remarkable of these is that of the 2nd Regiment of Infantry, viz.: "Numero secundus, virtute secundus nulli." Nor must we forget the Medical Staff Corps, with its motto "Paulatim."

There is nothing of unusual interest to chronicle about the Queensland forces. They are pretty strong in mounted infantry, and have Scottish and Irish corps—but again no mottoes.

The same remarks apply pretty nearly to Victoria and Western Australia; but when we reach the New Zealand militia battalions we find some rather strange names. For instance, how is Major Kapate Raugipuwahie, Major Te Kepa Raugihiwini, and Major Pohaka Taramu? These gentlemen are some of the good old Maori fighting stock! The names alone are to us sufficiently appalling. One can imagine what faces they must have!

India has a large volunteer force, but only a few go in for mottoes, among them being the Moulmein Corps, with "Primus in Burma"; the Madras Guards, "Ready, aye Ready"; the Madras Railway Volunteers, "One and All"; and the South Indian Railway Volunteers, "Volens et Potens."

### RAIN.

HEAR the little rain drops patter,  
Pat, pat, patter 'gainst the pane,  
Making an incessant chatter,  
In the falling of the rain.  
O'er the roof they're gaily tripping,  
Dancing, laughing in their fun;  
Down the roof, now, they are slipping,  
And they'll fall, yes, everyone!  
Hear the wind, how it is sighing,  
Whistling, playing them a tune;  
Varied are the airs 'tis trying,  
But 'twill not be weary, soon.  
See! the angry clouds are frowning,  
Making all the earth look drear;  
For the sunshine, they are drowning,  
Sol, his face will not show near.  
But the flowers smile in greeting  
Little rain drops, as the fall,  
For they know that by their meeting  
They will larger grow and tall.  
And they put away their d-d-isty,  
Faded coats of dingy green,  
For they are no longer rusty,  
And they brighter will be seen.

—MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

### THE PROGRESSIVE DINNER.

The new kind of progressive dinner party in vogue among fashionable people in large European and United States cities is said to possess unlimited possibilities. The fad does not confine itself to the seclusion of private homes, but exploits itself at public hotels. The whole party unceremoniously appear in a public dining room, arrayed in full evening dress. The more consternation and surprise shown at their unusual appearance the greater the fun. After the oysters have been disposed of the merry diners enter their carriages and drive to another hotel, where soup awaits them.

They partake of game at another hostelry, and so on until the cup of black coffee and cigarette have been finished amid the Oriental surroundings of some restaurant.

### THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

A DISTINGUISHED American man of letters was praised the other day for his kindness to young authors. If tried by an impartial and competent jury, I fancy that, instead of praise, there would be the severest censure of his conduct; that he would, in fact, be found guilty of a criminal deed of the most monstrous character. The responsibility of a man who entices enthusiastic and misguided youths and maidens into "Literature as a Profession," is something terrible to contemplate. The conduct of the ogre in the old nursery rhyme of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is benevolent and highly Christian in comparison. The brute who goeth to and fro at night disturbing the slumbers of respectable people with drunken war-hoops is an innocent babe, beside this, worst of destroyers of human peace and happiness, who not only lures the guileless victims of ambition to their finish, but also thereby "aids and abets" them in afflicting humanity with the terrible and growing deluge of things which are books, but which are assuredly not literature.

The rainbow is a pledge, we are told, that the earth is never again to be swallowed up in the flood. But, at the time the rainbow was instituted, the printing press had not been invented, nor was such a thing as the possibility of making paper out of trees dreamed of. I believe there is to be a second deluge; I believe, as Artemus Ward said of the crisis, it is already here—a deluge of books. Every year they are rolling out in countless millions from the binderies of a thousand publishers. Old books in new editions; revised, made-over, annotated, abridged or enlarged, in such fashion that their own authors would not know them. New books, good, bad and indifferent (mostly indifferent). Books of all sizes, shapes and prices, on all conceivable subjects. To say nothing of magazines and newspapers by the million daily.

And still new literary stars (or rather comets) appear in the firmament, shine for a season, and dart off into outer Plutonian darkness. Still the presses continue to reel off paper in hundred-mile lots, with ever-increasing rapidity. The question is, where is it all going to end, either for the author or for the public? No wonder there is no money in literature, and all except the most talented writers find it impossible to do more than hold body and soul together. No wonder that the gentle reader is becoming a nervous, fidgety individual, who starves in a land of plenty, glancing hastily through this book and that; devouring newspapers, or rather their headlines, in street cars and at table; reading much and digesting nothing; eternally haunted with the never-answered question of what he should buy to read and what he should leave unbought.

Editors alone know how many people have not merely literary aspirations, but the positive assurance that they are heaven-born geniuses. These people, as a rule, are not willing to learn how to write, they already know it all. When their manuscripts are sent back, they are convinced that there is a huge conspiracy on the part of jealous editors and authors to shut them out. If they knew that even after years of hard work and disappointment they would, if successful, be in receipt of less income than they could make in any other calling with an equal expenditure of vital force, they would probably not be so anxious to join the great unwashed army of those who are trying to live by the pen, but who would be happier and better-off mixing mortar or holding down janitorships.

I can conceive of no crime more heinous than the encouraging of young authors. They should on all occasions be ruthlessly and unceremoniously "sat upon." If they are composed of good stuff, this will not hinder them from winning success. And even if it does so, with the present plethora of reading matter, will the world suffer or will it be benefitted by the loss?

FELIX VASE.

Ridiculing another for doing something is a good way for a person to advertise his own failures.

### A PROMISING ATHLETE.

MR. J. D. MORROW'S career as a sprinter furnishes an example of how men are governed by what for a better name we call "chance." Five years ago he had no knowledge that he could run well. One day in Toronto a friend jokingly



MR. J. D. MORROW.

challenged him for a 100 yds. dash. The two went to the Dufferin track, where a number of sprinters were training, and Morrow astonished himself and all others by beating the whole field. Since then he has won the 100 yds., 220 yds., and quarter-mile championships of Canada, and the Canadian record for the quarter-mile (50 seconds). This record has been beaten, it is true, on a Canadian track, but by a United States runner (Long), who made it in 49 seconds. Mr. Morrow has run against such sprinters as Stage, of Cleveland; Lyons, Lee and Sands, of New York; and Gifford, of Montreal, and has always acquitted himself with credit.

This fall he has won a great many events at the various college games. He is a second year preparatory student at the Presbyterian College, and is 26 years old. For three years, owing to being out on a mission field every summer, he has been unable to compete for championship honors, but next year he hopes to be in the all-around field events. No fewer than twenty quarter-mile races have been run by Mr. Morrow, and never yet has he been beaten in this distance.

### AS BAD AS THE WAR FEVER.

THE humble clerk now leaves his pen,  
The merchant prince his board,  
To join a mighty throng of men  
Who sit upon a board  
And howl in frenzied gladness when  
Another touchdown's scored.

### 300 YEARS BENEATH THE SEA.

A FEW days ago the crew of a trawler engaged in lobster-fishing, near Kinsale, had great difficulty in getting their anchor aboard, which was firmly fixed in some massive hard substance in the sandbank. With great trouble they succeeded in bringing to the surface a very ancient anchor, of five tons in weight, the shank being over 10 feet in length, and the bend of equal proportions, with a small antique cannon attached thereto. The anchor, which probably belonged to one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, which was wrecked on this coast, must have been embedded in the sand for upward of three centuries, and it is covered with marine matter which, in the course of centuries, has been converted into a hard, rocky, fossil substance. The anchor is, of course, considerably worn, but it still presents a very massive appearance, and must have belonged to a large ship.

## POINTS FOR INVESTORS.

**S**PECULATIVE and financial circles have had a foretaste during the past week of what the course of share trading will be if the restraint now imposed by the money market is later on removed. But, though the advance in prices made considerable headway it proceeded on conservative lines, and the discussion of the situation at the present juncture turns to a great extent upon the validity of the reasoning for higher prices in the standard issues. Even in Pacific there is a pronounced tendency to discriminate, though its earnings continue one of the remarkable features of the market. During September, the gross earnings of the system were \$2,649,785, and the working expenses \$1,502,899, showing a net profit of \$1,146,885. This is an increase of \$54,372, or about 5 per cent. in the net for the month as compared with 1898. For the nine months ending September, the gross earnings this year were \$20,197,810, and the working expenses \$12,036,878, leaving a net profit for the period of \$8,160,932. This is an increase of \$1,301,025 over the net for the nine months in 1898. Everything seems to indicate that these remarkable earnings will continue, and, providing they do, an increase in the coming half yearly dividend is not an unreasonable expectation.

From this point of view, should the business situation continue equally favorable, and there is no reason to doubt that it will not, it is not so illogical to assume that the value of this representative security will have an opportunity for enhancement scarcely inferior to that of the year 1897, when the price rose from 46 to 82½. This conclusion is probably far in advance of what the average financial judgment is willing to accept at the moment, but it serves, nevertheless, to explain some of the impulses which have actuated trading. With railways generally, great encouragement is to be derived from the evidence that the steady decline in traffic rates during the last few years has, at length, been checked, and that a reaction to a more profitable level has now set in. This is a result, first, of the extraordinary traffic all over this continent, which has almost nullified competition, and, secondly, of the equally remarkable rise in commercial prices, which allows the transportation interests to successfully claim a fraction of the increased profits which all lines of business are enjoying. Its importance to the future earnings of the railways is not easy to estimate yet, for the improvement in rates is only in its infancy. But that the movement, if continued, means further augmentation, even of the present unrivalled traffic receipts, is clearly a reasonable presumption. It is easy to understand, therefore, how largely this new development, when put beside the brilliant trade outlook, and its assurance of a continued enormous railway tonnage, must color the views of traders in regard to all standard railway shares.

The annual statement of the Montreal Street Railway recently issued shows a net profit of \$630,870, as compared with \$601,704 for the previous year. This shows a percentage of net income, on a largely increased capital, of 13.19 per cent., as compared with only 12 per cent. on a smaller capital in 1898. These figures are certainly the reverse of unfavorable, yet the price of the stock fell during the week 3¾ points, to 310¼. It carried down with it the price of its allied security, Toronto Street, 3 points, to 109, and it seems to be generally believed on the street that powerful interests, short of the latter, prevented a rise in Montreal, because of their short commitments.

R.

**T**HE mining market is rather disappointing. During the latter part of last week prices were strong, and it looked as if we were bound for a higher range all around, but the situation has changed in the last few days, and another period of weak prices set in. This is due more to existing local conditions than from any disappointing news from the mining

centres; stocks have been depressed all around, owing to the tightness of the money market, and the uneasy feeling caused by unfavorable news from the seat of war in Africa. Business is fairly active, and, notably on Saturday last, the trading was considerable for a short session. The only stock that shows any real strength is Virtue, which seems to be bound for higher prices. On the other hand, Big Three is weak, and touched the lowest price to-day recorded for a long time. As far as one can judge, the selling comes from Western holders, who are probably compelled to unload. Deer Trail has moved up somewhat, and there is now no pressure to sell stock. The boom in Rambler Cariboo seems to have culminated; there is a little stock in the market for sale, but no buyers. In the Western Ontario stocks there is nothing doing.

Outside of the conditions we have noted, there is every reason for an advance in stocks. From Rossland comes the news that one of the properties of the Montreal Gold Fields



LIEUT.-COL. SAM HUGHES, M.P.

Prominent on account of his trouble with Major-General Mutton over the Transvaal Contingent.

has commenced to ship ore, and the output for the past week from the leading mines is in excess of the record for some time back. The labor difficulty is still unsettled, but it is only a question of time before some arrangement will have to be come to. There are only two solutions: The mine-owners will have to give in, or the British Columbia Legislature will have to repeal its law. There is no question of freezing out the miners, because there are but few of them left in the country. There is plenty of work for them across the lines, and they have gone. Two of the directors of the Payne mine have gone out to size up the situation, and some news will probably be forthcoming before a great while.

November 1.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

**I**T IS stated by a United States paper that Mr. Charles Laurier, a brother of the Canadian Premier, is a traveling salesman for a cigar firm in Calumet, Mich. This is obviously a mistake, as Sir Wilfrid is the only child of the late Carolus Laurier, by his first wife, Marcelle Martineau. The gentleman referred to is a half-brother of the Premier's. But the fact that such a near relative of Canada's first citizen is a resident of the United States, occupying a not exalted position, is worth referring to, as showing not only that representatives of our most talented families leave their native soil, but also that there are, occasionally, instances in which power and influence are not used to provide places at the public crib for every relative, however distant, of the man with good things to give away.

## HOW THEY SAVE MONEY IN FRANCE.

THERE is a saying to the effect that a French family can live in comfort upon what another family of the same size wastes, writes Mrs. Moses P. Handy, wife of the United States Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition; and while this is a strong way of putting it, there is no doubt that in the average household many things find their way to the slop pail which in France would reappear in the guise of toothsome dishes. For example, I have eaten a delicious soup made from the water in which spinach had been boiled and the bones of a small chicken from which every particle of meat had apparently been removed. Economy is a cardinal virtue in France; and the thrifty housewife saves on everything; not a scrap of meat, of bread, or of cold vegetable, is thrown away. Dainty rechouffes, crisp croquettes, salads, etc., are all concocted from materials which many a housewife, who regards herself as a model of economy, would reject as not worth keeping. Every drop of the water in which either meat or vegetables have been boiled is kept to form the basis of soup, so exquisitely flavored that one forgets to question whether it is nourishing or not, having full evidence of its appetizing qualities. Still, the French as a rule do not season food highly, the result is chiefly accomplished by the judicious use of herbs. They use many of these to which the English cook is a stranger; for instance, the marigold, which is quite as popular in France as either sweet marjoram or summer savory is with New England housewives. No dinner, however simple, is complete without a salad, and it may be fairly said that "every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth," has its place in the French cuisine. They say in England that a French cook will make ten dishes from a nettle top, and certainly dozens of things which we regard as worthless weeds find ready sale in the markets of Paris, and a place on French tables. Of late years we have learned to value the dandelion, which, boiled green like spinach, or bleached for use as a salad, has from time immemorial been a standard dish with French epicures, who like it none the less because French physicians advise its use as second only to spinach from a medicinal standpoint. The little tongue-shaped leaf, which springs up so freely on freshly tilled ground in America that it is properly known as the corn weed, is also highly valued for food, both cooked and raw, the preference being as a salad with plain dressing, while the leaf is in its first tenderness. The peppergrass is another favorite, and the sorrel which, indigenous with us everywhere east of the Rocky Mountains, is looked upon as a harmless weed, sometimes chewed by children, is a delicacy in Paris, where it forms the foundation of one of the most delicate of cream soups, and serves also both as a salad and a garnish for meats.

The French cook accomplishes miracles with that bugbear of the housewife, stale bread. She would consider it an actual sin to throw away a single crust, and always keeps an abundant supply of bread crumbs for frying bits of meat and the numberless croquettes which are among her specialties. Bread puddings in France are as light as foam, while the flavoring and the sauce (the French excel in sauces) make them something to be remembered by the tourist who has partaken only of the heavy English puddings made from the same basis. The French man or French woman regards cooking as a science, and behaves accordingly. They cook everything and anything so that all the best qualities are brought out, and make most delicious viands of most unpromising materials. Rump steaks, as served in the restaurants of Paris, are more toothsome and tender than porter house in most other places. The French chef broils his steak over a charcoal fire, glowing red, and so manipulates it that every inch is equally broiled, turning it so dexterously that all the juices are retained. The performance resembles the feats of a prestigitateur.

It is scarcely necessary to say that not a bit of dripping is ever wasted in a French kitchen. The perfection of French

fries is due chiefly to the fact that plenty of fat is used, and that the thing fried is wholly immersed. This fat is carefully kept for the purpose, clarified as often as necessary, and used again and again.

Fuel is extremely expensive in France, and the strictest economy is observed with regard to its use. French cooking stoves are made with several holes on top, so that one, two, or half a dozen separate fires may be built, according to the number of dishes to be cooked, and the charcoal fire is extinguished as soon as its work is done.

A great aid to kitchen economy is the fact that one can buy the exact quantity of whatever article of food is required, no matter how small. Everybody does this, and the dealer is as gracious over the purchase of an ounce of flour, or a sou's worth of tea or coffee, as our grocers are in selling pounds. No one is ashamed to ask for a single slice of lemon, or for the wing or the leg of a fowl; indeed, it is quite an ordinary thing to see a French woman buying the head and feet of a chicken for soup. Fruits and vegetables are usually sold by weight, and eggs also; which is much the fairest way, both to purchaser and vendor. Large helpings at table are considered bad form. The French are an abstemious people, and children are taught that it is ill-bred to take more of anything on their plates than they are sure to eat, and the habit holds when they are men and women. It is a common affair for the hostess at a dinner party to arrange with her fruiterer to take back, when the feast is over, any fruit which is not eaten, and a millionaire host will sometimes laughingly assure his guests that they need have no scruples at partaking freely of the fruit, since it was raised in his own hothouses, and cannot be returned "on account." A single slice of canteloupe, the quarter of a pear, or the half of a peach or apple, is often served as a portion at very swell dinners; it is only fair to say that this small amount probably costs more money than the lavish helpings at American tables.

Waste of any kind is condemned; a weakness of the nouveau riche, which is disdained instead of admired. "We are taught economy as a religious duty," said the wife of a rich man who had been accustomed to wealth from her cradle; "if there is no need to save for ourselves, we should do so in order that we may give to others. The good God will not forgive us if we waste the food which should feed His poor, or the wealth which should clothe and shelter them.

Everybody saves. The millionaire does not light a fire in his office unless it is cold enough to render it necessary. The well-to-business man rides down town on the omnibus instead of calling a cab, although the cab service in Paris is good and not dear. The French woman takes excellent care of her clothes, be she rich or poor; and although Paris is the most expensive of cities to the wealthy tourist, there is no place in the world where more can be done with a little money, provided one knows how.

## AN OLD HOUSE.

RECENTLY a visit was paid by the Jewish Historical Society of England to Lincoln, which is recognized as the most interesting city in all England to students of early Jewish history in that country. The old Jew's house at the bottom of Steep Hill and the house of Aaron the Jew at the corner of Christ's Hospital Terrace, both came in for close attention and detailed examination. As Aaron died in 1186, the house cannot be less than 750 years old, and it is absolutely the oldest private dwelling house of stone in England, and probably in all Europe. Aaron, of Lincoln, was a very distinguished man in his time, being, indeed, one of the Rothschilds of the period, and when he died Henry II. seized his treasure and debts. The treasure was lost on the way to Normandy, but for many years after Aaron's death his debts were collected by a special branch of the Exchequer, two treasurers and two clerks being kept fully employed in keeping the accounts. His monetary transactions were thus obviously on an almost national scale.

## THE COMPANY WE KEEP.

THANKFUL for the protection of a roof and four walls from the blizzard that raged without, the shivering convicts rested for a happy hour before continuing their heart-breaking journey into the depths of Siberia.

In one corner of the room, miserable as it was, stretched side by side two forms, a woman and a man; the latter weighted at wrists and ankle with heavy-linked chains that clinked with every weary movement he made.

The man seemed apparently oblivious to the surroundings and his blood-shot eyes had closed as though in welcome slumber.

A hand touched his arm, and the touch being so light and gentle, it roused him at once. For the first time he noticed the pale, poorly-clad woman who shared his corner with him. Her face was different from those of some women he had known, yet how it differed he could not tell. There was something so soft and tender about it that it seemed to waken something that might once have been soft and tender in his heart. He did not speak, but waited until his companion had ceased to study his face lined with the heavy passing of the fruitless years.

"Why are you here?" she almost whispered, afraid the others might hear. Her voice, too, seemed to touch some long-lost memory and start vibrating chords that had long ago failed to respond to the echo of a pure, unsullied woman's voice.

Why was he here? He never thought the simple utterance of the words could mean so much before. It was with something choking his throat that he answered:

"Murder!" He thought she would leave him to his bitter thoughts now, and, caring not to see what impression his confession had upon this fair woman, who must be the sad victim of a cruel and mistaken fate to be a passenger upon this much-beaten road, he closed his eyes again, while the chains scraped upon the bare floor.

It was a few minutes before he heard dimly that same voice, now close to his ear, whisper: "Were you—guilty?"

He started up and this time boldly stared her in the eyes. Why should she doubt? Had not the tribunal which had tried him decided the question in a very, a very short space of time? Then his eyes dropped to the circle of iron which bound his ankle, and with a shaking voice he told his story as though he were laying the facts before the eternal Throne of Judgment in a plea for mercy and pardon:

"I'm not much given to talking to women, Miss—that is, I mean, your kind. But I've been lying here and thinking over it so much that perhaps it will ease me a bit to give my thoughts into language. I don't know why I should tell my story to you, but you asked me a question, and something forces me to do it.

"The curse of drink answers your first question as to why I am here. As to whether I am guilty, I shall let you judge. It was in the Nevotski Tavern. We were three of us, playing cards. A brawl was raised, I was drunk, my partner at cards was drunk, as was also the only other occupant of the place. The proprietor was at that time waiting on some customers in another part of the house. Well, there came a dispute over a certain hand; hard words came to swift blows. I dealt an angry blow with a beer glass, my companion drew a knife, and thinking my partner at cards had given him the blow with the glass, being confused with drink, he sank the blade deep in his chest. I grasped his hand to stay the awful deed, but too late. At sound of the scuffle the proprietor and several customers rushed in, and they found me with my hands on the hilt of the dagger, and the life-blood of my partner spurting over my arm. My companion saw a grand opportunity to shield himself, and grabbing me by the neck, he cried aloud: 'Hold, what would you do? Help! Here, men, help! This fellow will murder us all!' And so here I am. No, I am not guilty."

"And why did you not prove it at the trial?"

"Because, well, because the evidence was too strong against me; there were no other witnesses, and—and——"

"Yes; go on!"

"And because the man who played his part so well was—was—my brother." The chains made a fearsome noise in the still room, where most lay asleep, as the convict rubbed his aching eyes.

"And why were you playing cards in a low tavern with such—such evil men? I don't believe you were ever trained in life for such a vulgar pursuit as that."

Again his eyes lifted to hers, but there was some powerful light shining in them that cowered him, and they fell again to the unwashed floor.

"I was never trained for any pursuit in life, Miss. I guess that's why I was there, and am here now, here on my way to the mines for life sentence at drudgery and slavery, and—death. I have lived—alone. In my childhood my parents died, and without a sister to teach me the ways of gentleness, and gentility, and purity, I threw my whole dependence upon my older brother, and as he quickly learned to tread the path of crookedness and evil I still remained an humble follower. And at last the freedom and independence of such a life took full hold of me, and I followed it for its own sake. I don't mean I stole; I never robbed a man of anything, except perhaps his good character if he associated with me at all. And as to murder—why, I was often told my heart was too soft for my own good, and if I had been more flint-hearted I might have made a prosperous living like my companions in a "genteel and taking" profession. I couldn't see a boy tease a fly without boxing his ears soundly."

"You say you had no sister. Might you not have found some woman who would have proved something more than a sister to you? Have—have you never—loved?"

"Love?" A bitter laugh shook his dwindling frame until the very links of the chain seemed to close together in awe at the strangeness of that laugh. "Love? Me love? What could a woman ever see in the like of me to—love! To love, one must be lovable; one must have beauty. We can only love art, and things that are good and pure and clean. I am none of these. With no one dependent upon me, no one to account to, no one to care, I led my life as I found it, and unless we struggle hard we find life at its worst. I have been only a wild, uncouth, roaming animal. Perhaps even an animal can dream, and I have had my dreams too. Sometimes when I have gazed at pictures of happy people in their cozy homes, my spirit has dashed itself against the bars of its cage and growled to be free, much as a caged beast might do should you roll his cage through his native haunts and give him another sight of his forests and mountains and running streams. Perhaps to have known but once the comfort of a good woman's encouraging smile would have turned my steps back, but such women never looked my way, and why should they? The world is full of worthy men."

A sudden rushing of a whirlwind of frost-biting air and snow along the floor made the prisoners awake to the sense of their condition once again, and brought back this man's thoughts to the fact that there stood at the opened door the fur-muffled guard summoning them to their feet to continue the long, long journey to the mines, and many of them, to their graves.

He arose to his feet and helped his newly found friend to rise to her poor, swollen, tortured feet. A moan which she tried to conceal escaped her pain-quivering lips, and powerfully built yet he leaned toward her and whispered: "If you don't mind, lean on my arm, and I will help you walk."

"You are a good man, and—God forgive me the confession—I—love you!"

Again that heavy lump arose to his throat, and he could only tighten his hold upon her trembling arm, while he muttered two words: "Too late! Too late!" over and over again.

"Hurry up there. What are you too blabbering about? The guards are getting cold-limbed waiting in the snow." Getting cold-limbed in their heavy fur garments and a stout horse to carry them over the hard-frozen ground, while the convicts stood shivering in their rags and wearing shoes which were hardly fit to walk in!

The life-sentenced convict glared defiantly at the brutal guard as he and his heavy chains passed through the door into the storm-tossed night.

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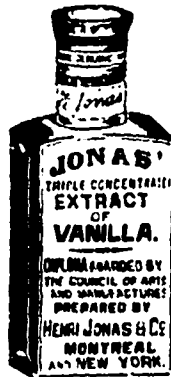
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