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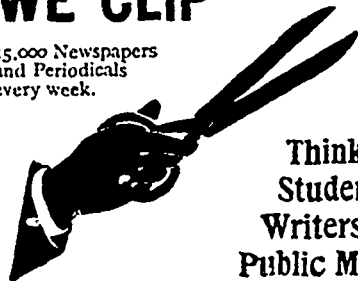
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# MONTREAL LIFE.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1900.

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## LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

ONE would suppose (to hear some people talk), that a Governor-General was a figure in gold lace and cocked hat, especially imported to give finish to State ceremonials. They forget that a Governor has powers—the constitutional writers say very considerable powers. I mention this because the present Ministry, like its Liberal predecessor 20 years ago, is credited with a similar desire to define and pare down the limits of authority pertaining to the office of Governor-General. One must not pay heed to wild rumor or malicious gossip. Yet the circumstances connected with the despatch of troops to South Africa, and the supposed appointment of Major Drummond to the command of the militia are said to afford evidence that the Governor-General is not a wooden image. The learned pundits of the constitution ascribe to him certain duties as an Imperial officer, not necessarily exercised on the advice of the Canadian Government. They may be wrong. Most constitutional authorities are. But that is neither here nor there, and if we are going to have a revival of the extremely able controversy carried on by Mr. Edward Blake years ago as to whether the Governor-General can ever do as he pleases, or must always do as his Ministers please, a highly diverting spectacle is before us.

THE extreme difficulty of keeping a secret—either political, financial, or any other, is well known. One of the charges against women is that they love to repeat what they hear even in confidence. But are men any better? Ask anyone who is in authority in the world of commerce, politics, banking, or other department of activity, where it is necessary sometimes to withhold important information from the public, and he will tell you that for one man who can keep a secret there are nine hundred and ninety-nine who can not. Even the secrets of the Cabinet Council, where the members are sworn to secrecy, leak out. How is this? It is generally supposed that some Ministers talk in their sleep. This is the only reasonable explanation. There are no officials present at Cabinet meetings, and the contractors of Parliament buildings are instructed not to give the walls any ears.

A CURIOUS reflection upon the utter selfishness of mankind is afforded by the outcry against the dirty thoroughfares. The streets certainly need attention, but there are other matters just as important, and attention to them would develop the finer qualities of men. Those gentlemen who met the other day to discuss measures for preventing cruelty to animals are fulfilling a far higher function than those who make such a precious din about the crossings. The treatment of animals is one of the most conclusive tests we can have of a man's character and disposition, and those who devote a little time to the comfort and protection of dumb creatures are unconsciously exhibiting some of the traits of true, and not bogus, gentility.

IT seems a pity that Sir Charles Tupper should devote the closing years of his life to politics, when a book of his personal and political reminiscences would be of such value and interest for this, and succeeding, generations of Canadians. The idea that any of our public men should desert public life for literature or anything else seems absurd. That is because

we set so preposterously high an estimate upon the rewards of politics. In point of fact, a man of brains can do better elsewhere. Sir John Rose never did a wiser thing than when he left the petty provincialism of our politics for finance. Sir Francis Hincks gave up Canadian politics during many years for Imperial Governorships. Sir Charles Tupper himself preferred London to Ottawa, and only came back here as a duty to his party. And nicely have they required his services!

THESE church disputes afford rich material for the scoffer. As if science and the luxuries of modern life were not sufficiently potent in undermining attachment to the church, some sincerely religious people forget that public displays of angry controversy tend to widen still further the breach between the mass of the people and the churches. I was listening once to a very disputatious clergyman reading a lesson from the Scriptures. He came to that verse: "Follow peace with all men." A carefully subdued smile appeared on several faces in the congregation. We wondered how he would get over it. But he did. "This verse is often misquoted when men want us to pass over a great evil!" He was actually using it to confirm him in his habit of pouncing upon every antagonist who came his way!

I SAW a letter the other day from a prominent Canadian lawyer, a shrewd observer, who has been spending several weeks in the United States, and he declares that opinion in the republic is almost universally hostile to Great Britain over the war. The English people still continue their toadying to the United States, and earn in response nothing but contempt and unfriendliness. This is only natural. No man has any opinion of a fellow who fawns upon him in spite of repeated hints to keep away. The Americans, a very small proportion of whom are of Anglo-Saxon descent, do not like the English. In spite of this, John Bull, who is at once very sensitive and exceedingly obtuse, keeps up flattering and complimenting until the American thinks he must be afraid. The English—and I say the English advisedly, for neither the Scotch nor the Irish are under any illusions in the matter—will some day wake up to find that the most dangerous enemy they have in the world is a Government whose word cannot be relied upon and whose power of pledging public policy and making an international treaty is practically nil.

THE rumor of a visit from the Prince of Wales does not seem well-founded, although the Duke of York is bound to visit Canada and Australia some day soon, and, especially if the Duchess accompanies him, there will be great enthusiasm. It is now 30 years since the Duke's father came to Montreal, in connection with the opening of the old Victoria Bridge, and, after seeing something of Old Canada, crossed the border and—of course!—knew towed to the United States. Hardly a year elapsed before the American Government offered a great affront to England on the high seas by taking Mason and Slidell out of the Trent, and the two countries were at the verge of war. This reminiscence being so ominous, the United States is a good country for royal princes to avoid, and if the Duke of York comes out to Canada in 1901, let up hope he will land at and depart from Canadian ports, and never set foot, during his whole stay, on other than British soil.

# EASTER OBSERVANCES.

*Some Curious Customs in Montreal and Elsewhere.*

IN every land in Christendom, Easter is indeed the queen of festivals. Customs, peculiar more or less to the people among whom they are found, and whose origin can now only be conjectured, have been observed for so many centuries that they have become incorporated in the national life. Some of these customs are quaint and pretty, some are merely curious, and some, like the "liting" practised in Lancashire, border closely on the ludicrous, but in all the paschal—or passover—eggs have for ages formed a necessary part of the Easter offering.

Perhaps nowhere is the season more heartily honored than amongst the primitive, simple-hearted people of the Tyrol, upon whom civilization has left no unbelieving touch. Bands of Tyrolese musicians, playing on their sweet-toned guitars, march through every valley singing their beautiful Easter



Butcher's Stall at Easter in Bonsecours Market.

hymns, while the people flock to their doors as the singers pass and join in the choruses of rejoicing over the glad anniversary. Their wide-brimmed hats are wreathed with flowers; crowds of children accompany them, and, when darkness falls, carry torches of pine wood which throw a ruddy glow over the musicians and the picturesque wooden huts along their way. The good wife has prepared baskets of eggs for the children; some are boiled hard and dyed in bright colors; others have mottoes written on the shells and made ineffaceable by a rustic process of chemistry.

A custom more peculiar, and not nearly so pretty, is observed on Easter Monday, at Washington, when the President permits all who choose to "play in his yard." Very early in the morning, crowds of nurses and babes, brothers and sisters, mothers and children, arrive with baskets to spend the day in the first picnic of the season. Happy, dirty-faced

urchins accost each other with a "wunter pick?" which is the prescribed form of challenge to an egg-cracking contest in which the one who succeeds in cracking the shell of his opponent's egg carries off the spoil. Lovers roll eggs together and watch for propitious omens. The Marine Band arrives on the scene and discourses national and popular airs. The President comes out on the back porch, bows, is loudly applauded, and retires. The tired, but still merry, crowd disperse homeward and the gardeners spend a weary time restoring the green sward to its accustomed beautiful order.

In Montreal we have no such public demonstrations, but Easter-tide is observed by the people of every language and nationality in the way time-honored custom has rendered most familiar to them. In the east end, one finds the idea of gladness manifesting itself in an abundance of tissue paper flowers, of no conceivable species, to be sure, but conveying the general impression of rejoicing, nevertheless. The small grocer sets his orange boxes and pickle bottles and jam jars in tempting array, and wreathes them about with artificial roses as large as cauliflowers and of every impossible color a rose never was. The butcher makes a cool nest of green moss for his decapitated fowls, and weaves garlands of paper chrysanthemums about the remains of his slaughtered animals. Smoke-grimed, time-defaced shops look mellow and romantic through rows of evergreens planted temporarily about their walls; avenues of palms lead into the "marches" and larger "magasins." Sometimes an enthusiastic east-end merchant goes so far in his zeal as to have his shop scrubbed out in honor of the glad Eastertide.

Walking west along St. Catherine street, one leaves behind among the "hundreds" the flowers that make such bright spots of color amid the prevailing dinginess. Monstrosities in the way of "roses" give place to equally impossible creations in the shape of eggs. There are chocolate eggs for use, covered with creamy hieroglyphics, and china eggs for ornament, decorated with "hand-painting." There are eggs of normal size, and eggs that would do credit to a colossal ostrich; whole nests of eggs of every hue with stuffed birds, their foster mothers, keeping watch and ward.

West end—eggs, the symbol of resurrection and life; east end—flowers, the symbol of rejoicing; both—a recognition of the gladdest anniversary of them all.

Especially does the old Bonsecours market adorn itself gaily for the fete. Even the patient horses on Jacques Cartier Square are splendid in red and blue and pink and white. Fat geese and skinny spring chickens wear corsage bouquets of green and yellow roses. The old habitant woman, weighing out a few pounds of butter with scrupulous exactness, balances the scale with a handful gouged from a block surrounded by tissue flowers. The booths, where are vended dark amber maple syrup, huge lumps of toothsome "la tire," sugar castles and towers, are flying scores of tiny flags of every color and no nation. Cabbages, white and red, early strawberries and late apples, longitudinal marrows and latitudinal pumpkins—fruits, vegetables and oysters, all are garnished with moss and flowers of brilliant hue.

Inside the market are patriotism, loyalty, and Easter joyfulness combined. The butchers' stalls, draped in flags, are presided over by Queen Victoria in a gilt frame. A huge broadside of beef looks rather sparsely decorated with one tiny pink bud in the centre of the vast expanse, while the abject little piggy next has only his snout showing from the bed of flowers in which he lies.

Inside and out there is a babel of voices, a surging crowd of humanity and confusion of tongues, and one need go no farther afield than the old Bonsecours market to behold a curious and interesting scene at Easter time.

E. B.

## Points for Investors

THE stock market during the past week has been flat, stale and depressed, owing to two causes. London is short of money, the Bank of England wants 5 per cent. for money advanced to subscribers for the War Loan, and there will be a strong demand for gold from the United States shortly. This has had the effect of depressing London while the Easter vacation has been a general repressive factor.

### NEW YORK STEELS.

After the holidays the New York market opened weak, particularly in industrials. It looked as though American steel and wire were being manipulated by the last people who should have been guilty of such an act. John W. Gates, the president, is said to have ordered the closing of the mills and sold his stock. Two days later it was stated that the mills would be closed only for a week. It only needed a blow of this nature to weaken still further any confidence in industrials. The other steel stocks acted in sympathy, and so did the whole American list. It is such manipulative strokes as these that cause me to preach continuously to the Canadian to let American stocks alone. Most of them are blind gambles at the best, and the recent unexpected action arising in the steel stocks is only a case in point.

### CANADIAN STOCKS WEAK.

The Canadian stock markets reflected the general situation, and in the weakness War Eagle, of course, has had its share, and has declined considerably, and is rapidly receding to its former dead level. As I pointed out last week, the sudden jump on account of the ending of the strike was quite out of proportion to the importance to the effect on the mine.

### A SALUTARY EFFECT.

The week had a very salutary effect upon stocks in Montreal. Royal Electric, which is altogether too sky-rockety, has come down a number of points, and Virtue mine, which was manipulated up to an absurd price, is very properly going back. The North Star mine continues strong, and is, perhaps, the most deserving with prospects standing the way they are at present.

### STREET RAILS COMING DOWN.

I think that my advice in regard to street railway stocks seems to have been pretty well fulfilled. Both Montreal and Toronto Street are coming down to a more reasonable basis. Toronto Street Railway is still too high and may very properly be further reduced.

### RAILROAD INCREASES.

The Western roads all continue to show remarkable advances, and C. P. R. is still practically at the top of the tree. Its gross earnings for the first week in April show an increase of \$81,000. The increases are mounting up every week, and there was only one week since the beginning of the year in which a large jump was not noticeable. There seems to be a tendency in the direction of C.P.R. raising rates, as compared to its former relations with American western trunk lines. The C.P.R. has always been an Ishmaelite in reference to American railroads. Its strength has been in its stability to meet reductions and to cut them, and in this way it has secured a large amount of American business diverted from its natural channel. It will, doubtless, continue to do so, even if there is a raise in rates. For the first quarter of the year, the C.P.R. has exhibited a satisfactory increase in gross earnings, one bad week of storms early in March having set it back considerably. With the weather conditions out of the way,

the road should now increase its earnings at the rate of \$200,000 per month.

The Grand Trunk shows an increase of over \$300,000 in gross receipts for the first quarter.

### THE THIRD AVENUE LEASE

How far even American traction stocks with long franchises are superior to most Canadian street railway stocks with short-lived franchises may be gathered from the fact that even the Third Avenue Railway has been leased for 999 years to the Metropolitan Railway Company. The issue of \$35,000,000 4 per cent. bonds has been quickly accomplished, and this amount will be sufficient to discharge the company's floating debt and furnish funds for the completion of the electric equipment of the track.

FAIRFAX.

### MINING SHARES.

AT the moment, the market is a disappointment to the majority of operators. It was anticipated that after the holidays a boom would commence and prices sail upwards, but, instead, trading has been very light and prices in the main weak.

The decline has been most marked in the high-priced stocks and this is chiefly due to the weakness of foreign markets, which has been reflected in our local securities. The greatest decline has been in Virtue and the cause is assigned to the rumor that some of the big holders unloaded on the recent boom. The trading in the other high-priced stocks has been so limited that there is no significance in their decline beyond the fact noted above.

The changes in the low-priced stocks have been but small, and the absence of news from the mining centres makes the fluctuations attributable only to local conditions.

The Montreal-London to-day declared a dividend of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the quarter; it was anticipated, and has had no effect on the stock.

There is nothing in present conditions to change my opinion that mining stocks are a purchase, and times like the present are the opportunities offered for picking them up cheap.

April 18, 1900.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

### PRESENT FASHION IN NAPKINS.

NAPKINS should be marked in one corner, and en suite with the tablecloths, but reduced to one and a-half inches, or two at the most. Single letters are often used for napkins intended for home dinners. Of course, that has to do with a little economy. The initial letter of the family name is then selected. A word must be said about the present size of napkins. They are smaller than those used a few years ago, and will now measure but 31 inches square. It is to be understood also that they are to match the dinner cloth always. Finest of napkins will cost \$50 per dozen. Instead of the three sizes of napkins formerly used, but two sizes are now purchased, the smaller one, for breakfast and luncheon, measuring 27 inches square.—Vogue.

THE ladies on the committee of The Day Nursery (Creche) are glad to report that the tickets and boxes are selling rapidly for the Gibson Pictures, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on May 9, when 16 entirely new tableaux will be presented, besides various other attractions. Many of the ladies and gentlemen who took part last year have kindly consented to do so again, which fact would alone insure their success, and the musical part of the programme includes Montreal's best talent. A full orchestra, under Zimmerman, has been secured. During the past year the Nursery has given shelter to 8,482 children, ranging from three weeks to 10 years of age, a fact which must commend itself to the public, and money is now needed to carry on the summer work. The entertainment is under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto.



## The Miseries of Moving.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF THE WOES OF THE  
MALE SEX AT A TRYING TIME.

THIS is the period of the year when the homecoming citizen enters his ordinarily cozy dwelling to find the oilcloth in the hall torn up by the roots and his wife crying in a corner with her thumb done up in a piece of rag. And, at that instant, the chilling conviction is borne in upon him, with the force of a pile-driver, that from this time forth he will daily descend deeper into the abyss of misery until the culminating moment when all his cherished belongings will be dragged violently down the steps of his present abode and flung viciously into the new one, after having been exposed to the derision of the public on the sidewalk long enough to destroy his credit with his tradesmen and lower his social prestige among his new neighbors.

If he is a wise man he will evade by craft or subterfuge any solicitations or commands to engage in the work of demolition himself. It is bad enough to have to spend his leisure moments picking out the tacks that he has inadvertently stepped upon, without having to stand on a rickety stepladder with his mouth full of dust and spiders, and his fingers full of slivers, taking down shelves and poles and brackets. Now, therefore, does the sagacious man cultivate the nervous headache that nothing but a seat in the Windsor rotunda can alleviate. Hence, does he arrive home with a complexion like a badly-fried egg. And this is why he cultivates the tired expression of a hen who has just relinquished the task of hatching out a porcelain egg. The nearer he can approach to the "all-broken-up" appearance of a five-cent cigar that a fat man has sat down on at a country picnic, the less likely is he to be called upon to move the hall stove, or to carry the piano down two flights of stairs. But if he fails, the cherished motto, "There is no place like home," will acquire quite a new significance in his eyes.

He will suffer enough anyway. For the 10 days to come, what meals he can secure will be flavored with yellow soap and fragrant with assorted liniment. And he will eat them off the edge of the sink while they pack up the crockery on the dining table. His pet razor will be used to shave the ragged edges off the oilcloth. His slippers will disappear forever early in the game, and the climax will come the night when they take his bed to pieces, and pile it in the hall for him to fall over, and he has to camp out on the floor to the astonished delight of the cockroaches.

The female portion of the house alone take a morbid joy in this period of unrest. For three weeks their heads are enveloped tastefully in towels, and they are soaked with tears and arnica. Their only comfort lies in hounding the masculine portion on to accomplishing impossible feats, and then assuming a high moral ground when they fail. When the husband and father rolls down the kitchen steps with a tub full of crockery and is picked up after that exciting experience in the dazed condition of a wasp in a whirlwind, do they rush to pour sympathy and witch hazel upon his battered frame? I trow not. They tell him at once that they told him all along what would happen, and insinuate that he ought to be driven into the earth with a mallet. And before he can collect from his scattered vocabulary sufficient words to express his views of the calamity that has befallen him, they disappear up-stairs in a flood of tears and leave the servant girl to pick the bits of broken saucer out of his frame with the kitchen tongs. And then women wonder at crime!

If his physical misfortunes are great they pale into insignifi-

cance beside the mental torments he endures. He knows they have taken his shirts to roll up the preserves in. And his instinct tells him that the servant girl will pack the stove lids and flatirons on the top, and that the cartier will drop the barrel from the top landing and let it roll down to the basement, shedding stove lids and jam at every bump. He knows that the mysterious sounds that emanate from the piano are due to the presence of a blacking brush in its interior. He looks forward with gloomy apprehension to the time when the kitchen stove will draw as badly as a society drama, and every length of pipe will have to be taken down until they find the one in which his wife has packed his tennis blazer. He knows that not one of the carpets or poles will fit any possible room in the new house, and that it will take a square mile of new oilcloth to make the place look half decent. And yet society calls upon him to smile and indulge in airy persiflage at a time when every bone in his body is aching, and his exchequer is as empty as a small boy at supper time.

If he is wise he will hang around the wharves and the freight sheds and improve his command of the English language. For, when he commences to move in, just at the same time as the other family moves out, and the lares and penates of the two become inextricably mixed, he will need a large and copious vocabulary to do justice to the occasion. And when, after camping out all night on a layer of dust, paper scraps, and carpet tacks, the old tenant arrives and demands the four stove lids and the clothes wringer that they have unlawfully annexed he will need all his powers of sarcasm to repel the onslaught. Even the fatal first night, when all the slats fall out of the bed and he comes down on the floor with sufficient force to make the crockery rattle a block away, will hardly make greater demands upon his eloquence.

Thus for the next week the life of the average householder can hardly be described as one continuous round of pleasure. In fact, he will feel about as comfortable as a man who has been bathing in broken glass and gone to dry himself in a bee hive. Every day a larger expanse of bare echoing floor will extend itself before his shuddering vision. And he will soon absorb so much iron into his system, in the shape of stray tacks, that he will be scared to go near a magnet for fear of sticking to it. And finally he will form one of the degrading procession, bearing lamps and other bric-a-brac, that will accompany the first load to the new scene of his domestic joys and sorrows, and return to find his wife in hysterics after a wordy conflict with the landlord as to who punched all the holes in the plastering. Then will come the weeks of patient endurance, while order is being evolved out of chaos and the finger nails he has hammered off putting down the carpets begin to grow again, until the time arrives when he can once more feel that he is a Christian and meets his fellow-man with a smile that does not cover an aching heart. Not until he can think of his landlord without thirsting for his blood can he say his prayers without manifest hypocrisy. And, when that moment arrives, it would be well for him to begin at once to store up a reserve fund of religion against the coming of his next "moving." Otherwise his ultimate destination may be that figurative spot where, for obvious reasons, they do not cut any ice, and where a blast furnace is regarded in the light of cold storage.

SINBAD.

ADMIRERS of the author of *Les Miserables* will wish to read the long-heralded *Memoirs* of Victor Hugo which have just been brought out simultaneously in Paris, London and New York. This posthumous volume is in no sense an exhaustive autobiography, but a collection of fragmentary writings, such as impressions of notable men, accounts of important events, and such stray reminiscences as one would expect from a famous man of letters. The *Memoirs* date back to 1825, when the writer witnessed the coronation of Charles X.

## \* Mainly About People. \*

**M**RS. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD, wife of the Premier of Manitoba, is just the right sort of woman to be the wife of a man whose life-work makes him a prominent and responsible politician. Unlike the late Lady Salisbury, the Canadian diplomat's wife is a social leader, whose meteor lies, as did Madame de Staël's, in the salon. Mrs. Macdonald was Miss Grace Gertrude Vankoughnet, daughter of the late S. J. Vankoughnet, Q.C., of Toronto. She is the second wife of the new Prime Minister, to whom she was married in 1883. Mrs. Macdonald takes a great interest, and is a leading spirit, in the war fund for the soldiers in the Transvaal, and is a prominent figure in the social and philanthropic movements of the day. In her home she dispenses an agreeable and constant hospitality. The attractions of Mrs. Macdonald are admirably mated to the qualities of companionableness and ready wit for which her husband is known. They have one son, "Jockey," who reflects the features and characters of his grandfather. The social and political prominence of the Vankoughnet and Macdonald families, and the admirable fit of the ancestral mantle on the shoulders of the Prime Minister and his wife, make them figures of much interest in Canadian life.

**S**IR WILLIAM VAVASOUR, who has entered the arena in defence of the late Dr. St. George Mivart against Cardinal Vaughan, is, by marriage, a near connection of his eminence. Moreover, as a papal zouave, he fought in the old days against Garibaldi, and he is the holder of one of the most ancient of the Catholic baronetcies.

**A** VERY grand wedding was being solemnized at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. On each side of the strip of carpet that extended from the church door to the kerb was a crowd of well-dressed people watching the guests arrive. In the wake of a succession of equipages of the most aristocratic and well-appointed character, came a four-wheeled cab, dingy and disreputable beyond belief. "Here, here!" exclaimed the policeman in charge. "You can't stop here! We're waiting for the Bishop of—." The cabman regarded the officer with a triumphant leer, as he threw a ragged blanket over his skeleton steed. "It's all right, gov'nor," he said; "I've got the old buffer inside!"

**S**IR FRANCIS WINGATE, who has succeeded Lord Kitchener as Sirdar of the military forces in Egypt, entered the Royal Artillery from Woolwich in 1880, and after three years' service in India and at Aden, joined the Egyptian army 17 years ago. He was A.D.C. and military secretary to Sir Evelyn Wood in the Nile Expedition of 1884 and later on took an active part in the work of the intelligence department. For arranging the escape of Slatin Pasha, he was given the C.B. and the Austrian Order of the Iron Crown, and his work in the Dongola Campaign of 1896 won him his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy. He was appointed a member of the special mission to King Menelik, of Abyssinia, in 1897, but was back in Egypt in time to take part in the Nile Expedition of that year, after which he was promoted colonel and created an A.D.C. to the Queen. At the battle of the Atbara in 1898 he again served with distinction, and after the battle of Omdurman he was given the K.C.M.G. Like so many other soldiers the Sirdar is not content with the wielding of the sword, but has made use of the proverbially mightier weapon, and won fresh laurels as an author. Lady Wingate is a sister of General Rundle, and it will be remembered that the Queen is godmother of her little daughter, born the day after the Sirdar's crowning victory over the Khalifa.

**N**EXT year, the decennial census of the population of the United Kingdom will be taken, and the work is to be superintended by a new Registrar-General for England and Wales, in the person of Mr. Reginald Macleod, of Macleod, who has been appointed to succeed Sir Brydges Henniker on his retirement from the post which he has held for 20 years. The new Registrar-General is the second surviving son of the twenty-third chief of the Clan Macleod, and was born at Dunvegan Castle, Isle of Skye, in 1847. He vacates the Scottish office of Queen's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer to take up his new duties. His wife, Lady Agnes Macleod, was the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Iddesleigh, and is sister of the present Earl, and of Lord Northcote, the newly appointed Governor of Bombay.

**I**T is not generally known that Miss Ada Cambridge, the novelist, is one of the best known of living Australian writers. She is the wife of Rev. George Frederick Cross, the vicar of Williamstown and a member of the staff of Melbourne Cathedral. Williamstown is one of Melbourne's two seaports, and here Mrs. Cross has a very pleasant home. The vicarage is so situated on the shore of Hobson's Bay that from her work-room in the upper storey the authoress can see every ship which passes in or out of the port, including the big "liners" from Europe. Although living within eight miles of the gay capital of Victoria, Mrs. Cross leads the quietest of lives—"going to no parties," to quote her own words, "sitting on no committees, officially identified with only one public institution—a small shelter for starving dogs." She devotes herself entirely to her home and her work.

**W**HIO that has read the war news has not noted the prominent part played in so many engagements by the quick-firing and automatic Maxim guns invented by that brilliant genius, Mr. Hiram Maxim? Though born in the United States, Mr. Maxim is now a naturalized Englishman. He holds an altogether unique and foremost position in the inventive world, and his versatility is remarkable, as has been instanced, not only by the invention of the famous gun and flying machine, but by his exposure of the Dowe bullet-proof coat. Mr. Maxim is also an expert toolmaker and glass-blower. Mrs. Maxim, who is by birth a Bostonian, is a highly-educated and intellectual woman of graceful presence and has identified herself with her husband's creations and assisted him materially in his researches.

**L**ADY JOHN SCOTT SPOTTISWOODE, the composer of Annie Laurie, who passed away recently, was a quaint venerable woman, who might, to all appearances, have just stepped out of a Goldsmith comedy or a Gainsborough picture. She was 91 years of age, and aunt of the Duke of Buccleugh and closely related to the late General Wauchop. She had a very strong character, and was a great upholder of old manners and customs. When traveling she rode in a carriage, always had postillions, and encouraged the observance of old customs. She was a liberal benefactor of the poor, and maintained a meal mill as a relic of old times, and she preferred thatch on roofs and peat for fires. She was an indefatigable collector of antiquities.

**R**OBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S letters give the reader a truer idea of his personality than any of his other writings. Doctor Murray, editor of The New English Dictionary, has in his possession an unpublished letter of the author of "Treasure Island" which is valued very highly. The editor wrote to Stevenson to get an explanation and definition of the word "brean," which appeared in one of his most exciting stories. The author replied that "brean" was really "ocean" misprinted; that he had a very bad handwriting; the compositor had misunderstood the word, and he himself had been too sick to read the proofs of the book. He then proceeded to draw diagrams showing how his o's looked like b's and his e's like r's. But the queerest thing about it all was that "brean" has become a word, and had already found users, who had read the work, and had made its appearance in two popular dictionaries.

## Names and Their Origin.

AN UNEXPECTED DELIVERANCE ON SOME  
MONTREAL FAMILY NAMES.

YOU can never be sure of a man's qualities. I always took him for a shrewd speculator, wrapped up in stocks and market quotations, and emphatically not a reading man. We were smoking in the club after dinner the other evening. The talk turned on the war. I asked how a certain General's name was pronounced. He told me. Then, without warning, began to pour out a regular stream of information about family names, their origin, age, meaning, and so forth.

"Ever spent any time looking up names? No? Well, its quite a curious study. Used to be quite an authority on it once. But out here in Canada you all laugh at that sort of thing, so I never speak of it. There are a lot of interesting family names here in Montreal. In England, now, a man is sure not only to know his pedigree, but how the name arose and all that."

"Most family names are derived from places, occupations, and a few other sources. Geography supplies a great number. Montreal has a lot of Scotch names, good ones, too, but they are not all from Scotch names of places. There's Crawford now—that's pure Dorsetshire, taken north later. Barclay is the Scotch for Berkeley which is pronounced by the upper classes 'Barkley,' although the general run of people, even in the county itself, say 'Berkley.' Frothingham, I feel sure, is another form of Potheringham. Esdaile, that is Eskdale, is English, somewhere in Cambridgeshire. Gillespie, a fine old name, originated in Dumfries, from Gillesbie. Meredith, usually considered Welsh, is from Mirridith in Herefordshire. In Northumberland, you will find a place called Redpath."

"But is not the supposed origin of names very often fanciful?"

"Yes, but there's usually some ground to go on. Take Abbott, I am sure the ecclesiastical origin of the name, like Prior, and Frere, and others is correct, though some antiquarians say no. Van Horne, too, is either in its Dutch or Saxon form very ancient. It appears as Horne in a document containing leading names before the Norman Conquest. So, also, Law, which has nothing to do with courts or litigation, but was written de la Lawe at least 600 years ago. Durnford is very old and came from a 'den,' or wooded valley, with a stream crossed by a ford. What antiquarians call 'nick names' include a great number, like Penny for instance, which comes from the coin, no doubt. But you will find the name of a Robert Peny in the rolls of one of the earliest English Parliaments. Fact, I'm not joking. Bethune is the French and not the Scotch form of Beaton."

"There's Graham, now, the family name of the Duke of Montrose, and one of the most distinguished in Scotland, it's a Lincolnshire name originally, and was not taken north until the 12th century. Some think that Gault is the Irish way of spelling Galt. In fact, it's the Norse way, and is older than the other. Tait is of English origin, and was written Tate before the Norman Conquest. The family name Budden came to England from France, where it appeared as Boudan. In the case of Skaise, another rare name, although an English one, and sometimes spelled Seaise, it is clearly a survival of the Danish conquest of England, and the Danish form is Skife. Stikeman, an old English name, is said to be derived from the pointed beard which adorned the first wearer of the name. Bond, which is ages older than notes or 'bonds,' is really drawn from the class who owed personal allegiance or bondage to the sovereign. The original Bellhouse must have been domiciled in the small house attached to the monastery

and so-called. There is Molson, which is another form of Mollison, a good English name, and—"

"Are you serious, or is all this an attempt to stuff an ignorant man," I interrupted. For an instant he looked offended, but placidly turned to his evening paper with: "Look them up and you'll see." Nor would he say a single word more on the subject. MAGNUS.

### SHOPPING IN GERMANY.

THE shopkeeper in Germany does not fawn upon his customers. I accompanied an American lady once on a shopping excursion in Munich. She had been accustomed to shopping in London and New York, and she grumbled at everything the man showed her. It was not that she was really dissatisfied; this was her method. She explained that she could get most things cheaper and better elsewhere; not that she really thought she could, merely she held it good for the shopkeeper to say this. She told him that his stock lacked taste; she did not mean to be offensive; as I have explained, it was her plan; that there was no variety about it; that it was not up-to-date; that it was commonplace; that it looked as if it would not wear. He did not argue with her; he did not contradict her. He put the things back into their respective boxes, replaced the boxes on their respective shelves, walked into the little parlor behind the shop and closed the door.

"Isn't he ever coming back?" asked the lady, after a couple of minutes had elapsed. Her tone did not imply a question so much as an exclamation of mere impatience.

"I doubt it," I replied.

"Why not?" she asked, much astonished.

"I expect," I answered, "you have bored him. In all probability he is at this moment behind that door smoking a pipe and reading the paper."

"What an extraordinary shopkeeper!" said my friend, as she gathered her parcels together and indignantly walked out.

"It is their way," I explained. "There are the goods; if you want them you can have them. If you do not want them they would almost rather that you did not come and talk about them"—Jerome K. Jerome, in Philadelphia Saturday Post.

### HOTELS AND EATING ABROAD.

I FIND cooking in England has improved, says a visitor in a letter from England. There is an effort to get back to first principles, and to abandon the attempts to imitate the French and the German cuisines. There are many good restaurants and hotels, and everybody dines out at least twice a week. You have a greater variety of choice than in America. In New York you must really confine yourself to three places at most, and you have a dozen or more in London which are absolutely smart. The country hotels are bad, and one misses the roadside inn of romance. In Scotland and more remote parts of England, these delightful little hotels still exist. In these you can get a chop or a cut of the joint, or some good wholesome food, at really very little cost. The meat is much better than in our country, even at the smaller places, and I was very much surprised at this. In the march of civilization, I had thought that the colonies would supply much of the food, and that English people, even of the best class, would be obliged to use refrigerated beef and mutton, but such is not the case. I know that there is much of this kind of food imported, but Meadows tells me that it does not even go to the tables of the middle classes.

"SOME people," said the boy with the dirty face, "never thank ye, no matter what ye do for 'em. A feller put a bent pin on the teacher's chair th' other day, an' when the teacher was about to set down I pulled the chair out from under him to save him from the pin. An' by George he licked me for it!"

## FASHIONABLE OVERCOATS.

THE most valuable features about overcoats, just at this time, are length and looseness. The long full backed coat, in light and dark shades of material, and in varying weights, is seen everywhere. One of the newer types, the Thorndyke, is said to have been a good deal worn in London recently. Whether or not that be true, certain it is that this model is coming into fashion in New York, and that it bids fair to be one of the smartest of our spring topcoats. The principal characteristic of the Thorndyke is its yoke, which forms two points in front and two at the back, the cloth from the end of one sleeve, up over the shoulders, and to the end of the other sleeve, being cut from one piece, so that the usual and ordinary shoulder seams are lacking. The coat should be about 48 inches long for the man of 5 feet 9 inches in height, and should hang loose and full from the shoulders. It has a velvet collar and turned-back cuffs of the same material as the coat. The latter are about 2½ inches wide all the way around, finished with rounded corners, and without piping.

The coat has side pockets with flaps set diagonally and slanting up toward the front, much like the side pockets of a raglan. These may also be made with slits, to enable the wearer to get at the pockets of his trousers and undercoat without unbuttoning the coat. There is a small change pocket with flap just over the right side pocket, also set diagonally, but no breast pocket. The buttons are bone and four in number, the coat being single-breasted. The lapels are cut rather high and are peaked. The coat may be made of almost any material, but a soft cambridge cloth of dark grey shade, or angola tweed with an indistinct overplaid is best.

Like every other distinct style of overcoat, the Thorndyke has been copied, modified, and changed to such an extent that, in some cases, the modifications bear little resemblance to the real thing, but still the yoke effect, which is the main feature of the coat, is retained. Square yokes, many pointed yokes, and yokes of every conceivable shape may be seen. Long coats, short coats, and coats of medium length, in almost as many different styles as those for which the overworked raglan has been responsible. Concerning the correctly made Thorndyke, remember that the cloth from the end of one sleeve is the end of the other; that is, the cloth which forms the yoke should be cut from one piece.

In New York one occasionally sees long and exceedingly loose hanging overcoats made of material so light in weight as to suggest the coming of spring, single breasted, fly front, with velvet collars, turned back cuffs of the cloth from which the coats were made, side and breast pockets with flaps, but having no distinctive shoulder seam or other characteristic. The cut is more like that of the Chesterfield coat than anything else, and the garment may, perhaps, be best described as a long, loose Chesterfield, with raglan pockets and cuffs. It may be made of light or dark grey cloth, drab, or covert coating, and in light weight will, so far as may be judged at this time, be much worn by smartly clothed men as a spring topcoat, both for day and evening. A silk hat, of course, always looks best with a long coat of dark color, and for evening the dark grey shades of cloth are to be preferred.

The raglan, or to be more exact, the numerous coats made in imitation of that much-abused garment, have been so generally worn during this winter, that one almost loses sight of the correct coat in the confusion caused by its imitations. The raglan jumped into popularity with such suddenness in the early months of the autumn, that the cheap tailors and ready-made clothing establishments at once took it up, with the result that there are coats of all lengths and all degrees of looseness, whose only resemblance to a raglan is in the shoulder seams. The coat is now more or less common, no doubt, but the correctly made raglan will, nevertheless, be worn this spring, and is a good coat to own.

Though the long, loose-hanging overcoats will be much worn this spring, they will by no means crowd out or take the

place of the more shapely coats made with a more or less well-defined waist-line and with slightly flaring skirts. These are of a distinctly different style, cut to follow the lines of the figure in graceful curves, to accentuate the breadth and squareness of the shoulders, and to make the waist look more slender.

It is to be regretted that the short covert coat will not be as much worn by smartly dressed men this spring as heretofore, as there is really no other overgarment so light and comfortable for morning wear with a sack suit. It will undoubtedly be somewhat used for riding and be much worn by the masses, but if the predictions of some of the best tailors are correct, its days of fashion have passed.

## GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

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

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

Sunday, April 22.—Hardly a favorable day for any purpose.

Disputes, business losses and lawsuits are threatened during this year.

Children born to-day will be quick-tempered, unsteadfast and given to day-dreams, and they need not expect much good fortune.

Monday, April 23.—A good day for courtship, marriage, and for asking favors.

Financial prosperity and some journeys are promised during this year, as well as good fortune in love to young people.

Children born to-day will have many excellent qualities, and their success in life will be quick and permanent.

Tuesday, April 24.—Propitious for business and for those seeking employment.

A good year for business, and before it ends many young women, whose birthday it is, will receive offers of marriage.

Fortunate will be the children born to-day, and the outlook is that the girls will marry men much older than themselves.

Wednesday, April 25.—Favorable for journeys and business generally.

An unfortunate year this will prove, especially to those who risk any money, since loss will surely befall them.

Extravagance and indifference to their own interests will be the besetting sins of to-day's children, and it is unlikely that they will ever amass much money.

Thursday, April 26.—Property may be sold to advantage to-day.

An unlucky year, the special dangers threatened being illness, domestic trouble and financial loss.

Many misfortunes are foreshadowed for to-day's children, and especially for those who go into business for themselves.

Friday, April 27.—Unseemly disputes are threatened to-day. A successful year this will be, but disputes and lawsuits must be avoided.

To-day's children will be quick-tempered, generous, frank, and successful in most of their undertakings.

Saturday, April 28.—Favorable for persons seeking employment.

Those who have the good sense not to risk any money in foolish ventures will find this a fairly prosperous year. To many young people it will also prove a happy season as regards love affairs.

Highly talented to-day's children will be, and considerable success is foreshadowed for them.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,  
Address: White Plains,  
New York. "Gabriel."

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

# Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE

By Mrs. Lopron

CHAPTER XVIII.

On a pleasant, bright morning, some days after, Mr. and Mrs. D'Aulnay dashed up in their handsome winter equipage to the door, greatly to the delight of Mr. De Mirecourt, who was equally partial to his graceful fashionable niece and her worthy philosophical husband. Antoinette brought her cousin to her own room, to take off her wrappings; and, once there, the latter carefully closed the door, saying: "Now, for home gossip; but, mercy on us! child, how dreadfully ill you look. What have you been doing to yourself? Why, you have not only grown thin, but your eyes and complexion have lost all their brilliancy. This will not do. You should never allow anxiety or grief to go further than imparting a delicate pallor or pensive look to your features."

"Give me your recipe for thus restraining it within such moderate bounds," questioned Antoinette with a faint smile.

"Why, whenever you find yourself beginning to mope, stop thinking. Take a novel, or get up a flirtation, or overlook your wardrobe. If the latter be in a needy state, the remedy will prove infallible, for the one cause of low spirits will effectually neutralize the other. But, cheer up, darling child! We will obtain uncle's permission, and you will find yourself in Montreal to-morrow evening, in my pretty sitting-room, with that dear tyrannical Audley at your feet. Hush, here comes Mrs. Gerard. Not a word about our project till after dinner."

The dinner was excellent, the wines choice, and Mr. De Mirecourt, conscious that everything was as it should be, was in a most propitious mood. Coffee served in the drawing-room, Mrs. D'Aulnay ably opened the campaign by a remark concerning Antoinette's pallor and delicate appearance.

"Yes, she does look ill," replied Mr. De Mirecourt, somewhat shortly, "but we may thank her town visit for that."

"Oh, dear uncle," smilingly rejoined Mrs. D'Aulnay, "she looked far better when she left Montreal than she does now. She is just moping herself to death here, for the matter of that, precisely as I am doing in town since Lent began."

"Very complimentary that, to Mr. D'Aulnay and myself," was the reply.

"But, uncle, you are very often absent, or occupied by important duties in your study, and Mrs. Gerard has her household duties to attend to, so poor Antoinette is frequently left alone."

"Let the little lady read, play, or sew, as she used to do very contentedly before her introduction to fashionable life," replied Mr. De Mirecourt, in the same short tone; but the kindly look with which he regarded his daughter, contradicted the apparent abruptness of his words.

"Rather let her return to town with us, dear De Mirecourt," interrupted Mr. D'Aulnay, who had been previously tutored by his fairer half, "and I promise we will send her back after Easter as merry and healthy as she ever was."

Mr. De Mirecourt laughingly shook his head, and Mrs. Gerard hinted that she did not think Antoinette would wish to leave home so soon again after her previous long absence.

What chance, however, had Mrs. Gerard of successfully coping with the able allies arrayed against her? Even Louis, whom she had counted upon as a most efficient aid, incomprehensibly and treacherously went over to the enemy. What his motive in doing so was, she could not divine, unless it were, that, as Mrs. D'Aulnay had extended an invitation to himself, he wished to profit by the opportunity thus afforded him of becoming an inmate under the same roof with Antoinette. It escaped Mrs. Gerard's notice that Beauchesne replied to the invitation in question, in vague general terms, which left him perfectly free to accept or reject it hereafter, as

best suited him. Antoinette herself, silent and spiritless, spoke very little, and, in spite of her cousin's warning looks, and significant hints, remained almost passive.

One appealing glance towards her father, accompanied by the simple sentence, "I would like to go," was all the help she gave. Had the young girl carefully studied, however, the most effectual means of winning her father's consent, she could not have adopted any more successful. The quietness, amounting almost to apathy, the look of despondency clouding that girlish face, combined with the remembrance of his own severity in the matter of her marriage with Louis, touched him deeply, and inclined him to accede to her request. Mrs. D'Aulnay's assertion, too, that they were living in due penitential retirement, as well as the knowledge that Louis was also invited, and could mount guard, as it were, over his promised bride, decided him.

"Well, child," he kindly said, drawing his daughter towards him, "we must make the sacrifice, I see, so we have only to endeavor to do it cheerfully. What in tears!" he exclaimed, as Antoinette, overcome by his kindness and by the remembrance of her own ingratitude and treachery towards him, hid her face with a quick, gasping sob on his shoulder. "In tears, little one! What does this mean?"

"Do not be so childish, Antoinette!" interrupted Mrs. D'Aulnay, more sharply than the occasion seemed to call for. "How ridiculously nervous you are to-day!"

"Well, it was yourself, fair niece, who taught her what delicate nerves were and how she might contrive to render herself miserable through them; but enough of this, Antoinette, run upstairs and commence packing, or the half of the most indispensable things will be forgotten. 'Tis no use, Mrs. Gerard," he good-humoredly continued, as the latter commenced an earnest though respectful protestation against Antoinette's return to town. "'Tis no use. They have been too many for us this time. There, there now. Everything is settled. Give us some music, Lucille, if you can; but I am afraid the harpsicord is out of order. Our little girl has seldom touched it of late."

Shortly after Antoinette had sought her room, in obedience to her father's welcome directions, Mrs. Gerard entered. "I have come to see, dear Antoinette, if you want my assistance," she kindly said.

"Oh! I will not take much time to get everything ready. My wardrobe and drawers are in perfect order, thanks to your careful training, dear friend."

"Ah, my Antoinette," rejoined Mrs. Gerard, with a grieved anxiety of look and voice that she could scarcely disguise, "I fear my instructions on points far more important have been sadly deficient; and yet, God knows, I have ever diligently prayed for grace and enlightenment to accomplish worthily the important task assigned me."

"Dear Mrs. Gerard, why are you so anxious and unhappy?" soothingly rejoined the young girl, as she took the hands of her governess, and gently pressed them within her own. "You have been more like a mother to me than aught else. Ever kind, judicious, prudent"—

"And yet I have failed, signally failed," interrupted the elder lady, in the same grieved, dejected tone. "Nay, start not thus, Antoinette, but listen, for I am speaking truth. Where is the confidence I should have inspired and that should have brought you to me as to a mother, to relate your griefs, to consult me in your troubles? Alas, you place no more trust in me than if I were an utter stranger! You have cares and anxieties, but you weep over them in silence; you may have plans and projects, but you brood over them in secret. Oh, Antoinette, Antoinette, tell me, have I deserved that you should distrust me thus?"

The warm heart of the young girl, who was really fondly attached to the kind instructress of her youth, was deeply touched by this appeal. Flinging herself with a burst of tears into the arms of the latter, she sobbed forth, "Oh, my kind, dear friend, forgive me! Would that I had accomplished my

duty one-half as faithfully to you as you have done yours to me. Would that I had never left your side!"

"Then, why leave me again, dear one?" softly whispered Mrs. Gerard, smoothing back the rich hair from the fair young brow, leaning on her breast. "Let Mrs. D'Aulnay return alone to that gay town-life, in whose turmoil you have already lost your smiles and gaiety, your peace of mind."

"That cannot be!" ejaculated Antoinette, starting feverishly up. "Alas, I must go!"

"So be it, then, my child, and may God guide your steps aright. One word, my little Antoinette, one word more from the tried friend who first taught your tongue to lisp the name of our Heavenly Father. Why is it that you, who were always so attentive to the duties and observances of our religion, have of late almost abandoned them?"

"Because I am unworthy of seeking their consolations now," was the girl's agitated reply.

"The very reason, my child, that you should the more perseveringly cling to them. Has not our Divine Master Himself told us that he came to seek, not the just, but sinners? But, surely, that term in its severest sense does not apply to my little, quiet Antoinette. Open your heart to me, my darling child; breathe in my ear the secret care that lies so heavily on it, and you will be lighter, happier, after."

Antoinette groaned in spirit. What would she not have given to have been able at that moment to whisper her hidden faults and griefs in the ear of that wise, prudent counsellor, to have shared the burden of that secret which was already beginning to prey upon her young life. But the remembrance of the vow of secrecy, which Sternfield had extorted from her, sealed her lips, and, with another tender caress, she whispered, "Have patience with me, yet awhile, oh my kind, enduring friend; and, despite my seemingly ungrateful silence, love and pray for me still!"

"May I come in, Antoinette?" suddenly asked the silvery voice of Madame D'Aulnay; and, without waiting for a reply, the newcomer entered.

"What is all this, my poor little cousin?" she questioned, glancing indignantly from Antoinette's flushed, tearful face, to Mrs. Gerard. "You have been receiving a lecture, I suppose."

"Hush, Lucille! Do not speak so thoughtlessly," hurriedly interrupted Antoinette. "Are you going now?" she regretfully added as her governess rose.

"Yes, my child; but, before I leave, I have one word of warning for you, Mrs. D'Aulnay. At your pressing instances, that innocent, inexperienced child was committed to your special care. To God you will have to answer for the manner in which you have fulfilled your trust. Whatever have been the snares into which her feet have wandered; whatever the errors into which she may yet fall, on your head, you, her guide and monitor, will fall the heaviest part of the punishment."

"What a dreadful old creature!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, shivering affectedly as the governess left the room. "She reminds one of a Sybil."

"Spare your names and taunts, Lucille!" retorted Antoinette, in a pained, indignant tone. "She has been friend, instructress, mother, to me since infancy, and I would, indeed, be a shameless ingrate if I ever permitted her name to be slightly spoken of in my presence, when I could help it."

"Oh, enough, my darling child! 'Tis a mere waste of indignation; for I am ready to speak of her, look on her in future as perfection, if you desire it. But let us not waste our time in quarreling, when we have something more interesting to talk about. Have we not succeeded charmingly in all our plans? We are to start to-morrow morning early, to profit by the beautiful roads, which a sudden fall of snow may at any moment render heavy. Come, smile now, Antoinette. Look like your olden self, or your father will think of retracting his permission. And now that we have a moment to ourselves, why do you not overwhelm me, you icy-hearted bride, with

questions about that dear, delightful, tyrannical husband of yours? Why, you start at the epithet as if it terrified you! You have really grown very nervous."

"Well, what of him?" questioned Antoinette, in a low tone.

"Well, what of him?" rejoined Mrs. D'Aulnay, playfully reiterating her words. "Is it thus an idolized bride of a few weeks should inquire about the handsomest, the most fascinating bridegroom that ever woman was blessed with?"

"I am not quite such an enthusiast as you are, Lucille; besides, you forget I received a letter from him two days ago, which informed me that he was quite well. But since you wish me to question you about him, tell me how he has been spending the time since my departure."

"Well, the truth is," rejoined Mrs. D'Aulnay, coughing, as if to conceal some sudden access of embarrassment, "it would not have done for him to have shut himself up like a hermit. People might have suspected something; so he has acted since just as he was in the habit of always doing."

"As he did the last evening of my stay in town?" rejoined Antoinette, whilst a flush of mingled pain and resentment overspread her features.

"Oh, yes; I know to what you allude. I observed myself his disgraceful flirtation with a couple of the girls present, and I roundly scolded him for it afterwards. Among other things, I told him that you had shown far too much gentleness and patience; and that your proper plan would have been to have flirted outrageously with some partner that suited your taste, thus combining pleasure and revenge. But, my dearest Antoinette, the dark, vindictive look he gave me, in return, almost froze me with terror. 'Listen to me, Mrs. D'Aulnay,' he said; 'as you value the happiness of your cousin, never give her advice to that effect. Should you do so, and she act upon it, the result would make you both rue the day she entered on so mad a career.' 'Why, Major Sternfield, you are a perfect tyrant,' I angrily retorted. 'Blue-beard was not half as bad as you are.' 'Do not talk so childishly, Lucille,' he replied, impudently calling me by my Christian name. 'I love devotedly, as a man ought, the woman I have chosen for my life's partner; and I could not forgive her trifling with my affections, much less my honor.' Is he not, spite of his faults, an irresistible creature, Antoinette, darling?"

Antoinette made no reply, beyond what was conveyed in the faintest possible smile, and in a slight, very slight, shake of her head.

"And who do you think was inquiring very particularly, very kindly about you, some short time since? Guess; I will give you 20 chances. What! you will not exercise your ingenuity at all? Well, I will tell you at once. The invincible, invulnerable Colonel Evelyn. What think you he had the coolness to say, one afternoon that he came up to speak to me whilst the carriage was drawn up near the Citadel,\* to give me a chance of listening to the new band? After inquiring about you, and receiving the information that you were well, and that I expected to have you soon again with me, he launched forth into a diatribe something in the style of the one your governess has just favored me with, saying how inexperienced and guileless you were, and how jealously I should watch over—how prudently I should direct you. I think he must have been listening to some ill-natured remarks about yourself and Sternfield at the mess-table, though what can have given rise to them I cannot imagine. But, mercy on us! Antoinette, how flushed and feverish you are looking! Come let us leave this packing to your maid, and go down to the drawing-room."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

They found the gentlemen engaged in an animated political discussion, in which the grievances of Canada and the oppressive acts of the new Government formed, of course, the chief topics. In deference to Mrs. D'Aulnay, who of late professed

\*Now Dalhousie Square.

## ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

the greatest possible dislike to politics, nothing more was said on the subject, and the conversation turned to general topics.

The next morning was mild and pleasant, and the blue sky was beautifully dotted with soft fleecy clouds. In the farm-yards the patient cattle, released from the close confinement of stable and out-house, stood turning their wondering gaze on the white landscape around them, whilst flocks of tiny snow-birds hovered round, or settled down on the leafless branches of the trees. As arranged the day previous, the party started early; and Mrs. D'Aulnay, who was in the highest spirits, enlivened with many a gay remark the long though pleasant winter drive. In due time they arrived at their destination; and most comfortable did the well-furnished rooms, with their bright fires, look. The pleasant odor of an appetizing dinner, so welcome to the hungry travelers, pervaded the house; and the dining-table, set for three, with snowy damask, cut crystal and shining silver, told they were expected.

With that kindly good nature which formed so redeeming a feature in her frivolous character, Mrs. D'Aulnay hurriedly opened one of Antoinette's trunks, and taking from it a handsome, bright-colored dinner-dress, insisted on her wearing it.

"You know Audley will be here this evening, and I want you to appear to advantage," she whispered; "so now, as you have only 10 minutes to dress, be expeditious. Mr. D'Aulnay, philosophic and patient on every other point, is the the most irascible man in the world if kept waiting for dinner."

Antoinette, ready within the prescribed time, sought the dining-room, where her host, watch in hand, was promenading the room.

"Oh, what a treasure of a wife you will make, fair cousin," he smilingly said: "always ready to the moment."

The exhilarating effect of the long drive, with its natural result of an improved appetite, told with good effect on Antoinette's languid frame; and the lively sallies of the fair hostess, who was in one of her happiest moods, imparted to the young girl's spirits a cheerful tone which they had not known for many weeks past. She was freed, too, at least for a time, from the wearing fear, haunting her of late, that her lover would venture on some rash step, such as presenting himself unexpectedly under her father's roof; or, what she dreaded still more, arriving in Valmont under an assumed name, and insisting on forcing her to grant him an interview.

After a half-hour's pleasant dinner chat, Mr. D'Aulnay solicited permission to retire to his library, and Mrs. D'Aulnay and her cousin were left alone. The former, who was an ardent admirer of fancy-work in all shapes and varieties, brought out some new designs and patterns to exhibit to her companion. Whilst expatiating on the beauties of a certain vine which she intended reproducing on canvas, a loud summons of the hall-knocker sent the warm blood bounding through Antoinette's veins.

"Yes, that is Major Sternfield. 'Tis his impatient knock; but bless me, child, how rapidly your color is changing! Tell me truly," and she scrutinized the trembling girl more closely, "is it love or fear that moves you thus?"

"A little of both, I suppose," was the reply, uttered with a very poor assumption of gaiety.

His handsome face beaming with smiles, Audley Sternfield entered the room, and, as he gently drew his young wife to his heart, he softly whispered, "Arrived at last, my own darling. How happy—how blessed I am!"

Antoinette, remembering at that moment all the unkind thoughts, the bitter regrets that she had harbored since their last parting, forgot all her grievances, and, woman-like, accused herself of injustice and unkindness. Ah, had Sternfield been always tender to her thus, he might soon have rivetted her affections to himself as irrevocably as he had done her destinies.

The evening passed quickly and pleasantly, and unwillingly Sternfield at length rose to take leave. As he clasped his bride's delicate hand in his, his glance sought her wedding-ring, but it was no longer on the finger on which he had placed it.

"Where is it—your ring?" he asked, with a sudden contraction of his brows.

Antoinette raised her other hand, on one of whose fingers the golden circlet glittered, murmuring, "I used to color so deeply and feel so uncomfortable when anyone even glanced towards my hand, I thought it more prudent to change it."

"Quite right, dearest; and now for another question equally allowable, and I hope equally easy to answer: Who is this Mr. Louis Beauchesne, with whom report says my little Antoinette has been so busily flirting of late?"

"Oh, poor Louis!" rejoined the girl, with a frankness which effectually disarmed his suspicions, at least for the moment.

"Why do you call him poor Louis?"

"Because I like him," she rejoined, smiling and slightly coloring.

"I hope you never call me poor Sternfield," returned her companion divining, with a quickness peculiar to him, that Louis had been a suitor, though not a favored one.

"No, no," she gravely whispered; "you are one better calculated to inspire fear than pity."

"And love than either, I trust," was his equally soft-breathed reply.

"A truce to farther whispering, friends," playfully interrupted Mrs. D'Aulnay. "I want your attention for a matter more serious than any of your own private affairs."

"Speak your wish fair lady. It shall be law for us both," and Sternfield gracefully bowed.

"Well, I wish to organize a sleighing-party to Longue Point or to Lachine. We can count on very little sleighing after a couple of weeks, the season is so far advanced."

"But we promised papa we should be so quiet and retired whilst I remained in town," hesitated Antoinette.

"And so we are, and so we will be, my very prudish little cousin. I do not intend proposing either ball, rout or soiree, but merely a drive, to profit by the present beautiful roads. St. Anthony himself could not have objected to such a thing. Take this pencil and make a memorandum, Major Sternfield, of those I wish you to gather together."

Two or three names were mentioned and jotted down without comment, and then Mrs. D'Aulnay proposed Colonel Evelyn.

"Where is the use of asking him?" objected Sternfield. "He will not come. He did not the last time."

"Never mind that, Mr. Secretary, but attend to your duties," was the peremptory reply. "Invited, Evelyn shall be. He joined us once before."

"Yes, on which memorable occasion he lost the splendid bays he had brought with him from England, a reminiscence scarcely calculated to induce him to favor us with his society a second time. And besides, of what use will he be, now that he has neither horses nor turn-out?"

"Nonsense, Major Sternfield," sharply retorted his hostess. "You know as well as I do that he has lately procured a pair of the most beautiful Canadian thoroughbreds in the country. You are either jealous, or anxious to be the only irresistible beau of the party."

"Do you call him irresistible?" sneered Sternfield.

"No, but he is misanthropic—mysterious, which is a great deal better."

The gentleman shrugged his shoulders, and, after two or three minutes' further discussion of their plans, took leave.

The morning appointed for their expedition dawned clear and bright; and, whilst the two ladies were chatting over a somewhat late breakfast, in the pleasant little morning-room, Jeanne entered, and handed a card to her mistress.

"Why, I declare, it is Colonel Evelyn!" exclaimed the

latter, in tones of profound astonishment. "What on earth can he want so early?"

Antoinette's color slightly deepened, but she offered no solution of the problem.

"What are we to do?" continued Mrs. D'Aulnay. "The drawing-room fires are scarcely lighted yet. We had better have him up here. Yes, Jeanne, show the gentleman up. Do you know we both look charming in these graceful French morning dresses? and then this room, with my birds and flowers, is a perfect niche of comfort. Decidedly, 'tis the best place to receive him."

Stately and calm, the visitor entered. Probably aware of Antoinette's arrival, for he expressed no surprise on seeing her, he accosted her with quiet friendliness; and then, after apologizing for his maternal visit, said, with a tranquil smile:

"I wish to know from yourself, Mrs. D'Aulnay, whether your invitation was extended merely to my horses, or did it also include myself?"

"Why, what mean you, Colonel Evelyn?" was the indignant rejoinder. "I told Major Sternfield to ask you on my behalf, as I did not think it necessary to send you a more formal notice of such a very simple affair."

"Well, the invitation, to say the least, was a very equivocal one. I met Major Sternfield in the street yesterday evening; and after felicitating me on the acquisition of my new horses, and asking me if they were well broken in, he told me that Madame D'Aulnay was getting up a driving-party and could not do without them."

"How malicious of Major Sternfield!" ejaculated Mrs. D'Aulnay, with a heightened color. "I need not explain or deny anything, Colonel, for you know well I am incapable of such rudeness."

"I feel assured of that," he gravely rejoined. "The hospitality Mrs. D'Aulnay has so kindly shown to the strangers whom chance has brought to her native land, is alone sufficient refutation. But my chief purpose in coming was to know at what hour you wish my horses and servant (which are always entirely at your disposal) to be here. Major Sternfield, unfortunately, did not wait to inform me on that point."

"I will not accept either, well trained as I know they are, without their master," replied Mrs. D'Aulnay, with a pretty air of feminine pique. "I know you care, in general, but little for woman's society; still I am certain you are too kind to come in person to refuse a lady's invitation, especially when she tells you that doing so will both annoy and mortify her."

Colonel Evelyn looked perplexed. His chief object in calling that morning had really been, as he had said, to place his equipage at Mrs. D'Aulnay's disposal, and to ascertain at what hour he should send it. He may also have had a passing wish, unacknowledged perhaps to himself, to see Antoinette on her arrival; but joining the sleighing party was a thing he had in no wise contemplated. Still, when the lady urged and pleaded, he at length rejoined:

"Of course, since Mrs. D'Aulnay so kindly insists, I cannot but comply with her wishes; but I much fear that, after the catastrophe which occurred during the last excursion of the sort that I joined, no lady will be found courageous enough to trust herself with me."

"Indeed you are mistaken. Without going farther, here are two ladies willing to share the glories and perils of your turn-out. What say you, Antoinette?"

The girl blushing shook her head, but Colonel Evelyn, without noticing the slight movement, quickly rejoined:

"Oh! Miss De Mirecourt is a heroine in the true sense of the word; and if such an accident were ever to happen again, I could be almost selfish enough to wish her for my companion. It was her wonderful calmness that saved us both."

"Joined to Colonel Evelyn's own skill and presence of mind," replied Mrs. D'Aulnay, with a winning smile. "But what say you, Antoinette," she continued, animated by a sudden desire to punish Sternfield for his late shortcomings—

"what say you to giving the world, and particularly Colonel Evelyn, a proof of your courage by driving out with him to-day?"

"Pray do, Miss De Mirecourt," he kindly, nay persuasively, said. "I can safely promise that your nerves and resolution will not be subjected to such a severe trial as they were the last time. It will be a welcome proof that you have forgiven and forgotten the terrors of that dangerous drive."

"Of course, she will, Colonel Evelyn," interrupted Mrs. D'Aulnay. "Consider the matter as finally arranged."

Antoinette, timid and embarrassed, was ashamed to dissent farther; but when the visitor shortly after took leave, she burst forth, "Oh, Lucille, I am afraid Audley will be very angry with our arrangement."

"Just what he deserves, the impertinent creature, for misrepresenting me in such a shameful manner," retorted Mrs. D'Aulnay, on whose cheek a spot of indignant red yet lingered.

"But, Lucille, when he is angry I feel so much afraid of him," remonstrated poor Antoinette.

"The very reason you must learn to brave him out; but if you should feel at all uncomfortable about it, I will tell him the arrangement was entirely my own—that you had nothing to do with it, which indeed you had not; so no more worrying about such a trifle!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### MARRIED.

TO Bachelorhood I say good-bye,  
And take unto myself a wife.  
Out of shafts for good and aye  
Hitched beside the pole for life.  
Wonder if we'll be a pair?  
Very likely prove a tandem;  
Then the leader's sure to rear  
Or kick, or both, at random.  
Funny Cupid hasn't more  
Luck, or sense in seeing whether  
Pairs will drive all right, before  
They're permanently hitched together.  
One is apt to be too slow,  
Mate, of course, to be too fast.  
Then which ever cannot go  
Breaks the other's heart, at last.  
Thus the ending of the tale  
Comes, when Cupid, on his shingle  
Says—"A dissolution sale  
Of two good goers—single."

New York Rider and Driver.

#### HOW TO TELL A GOOD BOOK.

TO tell a good book from a bad one is, says Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., a troublesome job, demanding, first, a strong understanding; second, knowledge, the result of study and comparison; third, a delicate sentiment. If you have some measure of these gifts, which, though in part the gift of the gods, may also be acquired, and can always be improved, and can avoid prejudice—political prejudice, social prejudice, religious prejudice, irreligious prejudice, the prejudice of the place where you could not help being born, the prejudices of the university whither chance sent you, all the prejudices that came to you by way of inheritance, and all the prejudices you have picked up on your own account as you went along—if you can give all these the slip and manage to live just a little above the clouds and mists of your own generation, why, then, with luck, you may be right nine times out of ten in your judgment of a dead author, and ought not to be wrong more frequently than, perhaps, three times out of seven in the case of a living author; for it is, I repeat, a very difficult thing to tell a good book from a bad one.





AS Byron says, "Be something—anything but mean"—so there are people, and they are not few and far between either, who apparently say to themselves, "Be something—anything, as long as it will bring you into bold relief. As long as others will recognize you as a type, it matters little of what."

Otherwise we would not have collected together in this great universe such strange, such unnatural, such exaggerated examples of what human beings can make of themselves, in spite of the understanding that is supposed to separate them from the beasts of the field. Though, perhaps, I may be disloyal to say it, I do think that women, as a whole, present a more varied assortment of eccentricities than do men.

THE man, generally speaking, whom one stigmatizes as a "freak," to use a slang expression, but a most descriptive one, is generally that because he cannot very well be anything else. Doubtless, if he could manage to have more normal ideas and more rational tastes and likings he would do so. In fact, with not many exceptions he is born not made.

You seldom see a man who up to the age of 25 and 30 has been far from eccentric, suddenly developing fads and fancies as unlike his previous ones as one could imagine. But can we say the same of women? I think not.

Whether it is that the feminine sex is more prone to affectation, more impressionable, more easily led, it is hard to tell.

But one cannot help noticing the frequent and alarmingly sudden transformations which occur among women, hitherto unremarkable from any point of view. Though difficult to understand, it really seems possible for them to change their whole nature and temperament at any age. It is not the excitable girl, fresh from school, full of an overcharged idea of her ambitions and responsibilities, or the mapping of her career, that surprises one. One expects her to go through numberless phases, one more unsuitable, or less likely to last, than the other. It is she who has to all intents reached years of discretion that fills one with wonder, at the incomprehensible antics of her mind and energy.

IS there anyone more exasperating to her friends and acquaintance, to say nothing of relatives, than the woman of fads, the woman always searching after her vocation and never finding it, by reason of her inability to see the one waiting close beside her? Unless one has daily intercourse with her, and can therefore watch the strange workings and shiftings of her mental vision, one never knows where one is at, or rather where she is at, vulgarly speaking.

One does not see her for some time, and at the reunion one, immediately, with admirable diplomacy, plunges into a well-simulated interest in church work, foreign missions, ritualistic discussions, knowing that upon the last occasion she could speak of nothing else. With alarm, one notes her restive mien and lack of enthusiasm, and is mystified, until she breaks in upon one's questions with some impatience.

CHURCH work? Oh yes, it used to seem sufficient. But somehow there was not scope for her there. Too many restrictions, and cut and dried rules. It seems she is now going in for Art with a capital A. She is a Bohemian in the widest sense of the word. And you find she speaks their language quite as naturally as she did that of the higher

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

things she was so well versed in. And so it goes on, sometimes winding up with a throwing to the winds of religion, art, literature, philanthropy, all her ancient roles, and the adaption of a great and final one, namely, the smart, up-to-date, would-be society leader, which she does not hesitate to declare is the only one for which she is really fitted.

No doubt women of this kind enjoy life. There must be so little monotony about it. And it must be extremely diverting to find one's personality so many times anew. Most of us get so very tired of the original and immutable plan upon which we are made.

PERHAPS the most irritating pose that women adopt is that which may be known as the "clinging" pose. It is generally a young married woman who makes up her great, or rather very small, mind to this posture.

As a rule she has a very stolid, unimaginative, probably, elderly husband, who does not know half the time what she is driving at, and does not trouble to find out—or else he has been so gratified at anyone so pretty and charming taking him that adoration veils her idiocy. She is generally known by her simplicity of manner, her utter helplessness, her low sweet voice and horror of anything that jars upon a refined and sensitive nature. She is the sort of woman who never is out alone after 5 o'clock in the afternoon. "My husband would not allow me." Thereby making the girls who do not mind coming from the rink at 6.30 feel that they have been badly brought up, or have very indifferent parents or husbands. She speaks very prettily about the duties and responsibilities of married life, the necessary and unselfish devotion. Then you find she invariably breakfasts in bed, is not equal to doing the housekeeping, and altogether takes more pleasure in witnessing demonstrations of self-denial, than being herself the demonstrator.

THEN there is the intellectual pose. A more than ordinary intelligence is required for this, for superficiality cannot be successfully wielded by the dull. And the woman who apparently is familiar with the classics, who can quote from Emerson and Marcus Aurelius, and flavor her conversation with snatches of Epictetus or goodness knows whom, must have, at least, snatched a crumb from all, and treasured it carefully. She must also have possessed her soul in patience at the Browning Club, and picked a few morsels from the melee of all which she had no clear idea of, to speak so glibly of the intricately conveyed thoughts.

She must have careered madly through many a novel, or at least countless reviews, to invariably be able to claim acquaintance with the book under discussion. Yes, she cannot afford to waste much time, the woman who is keeping up the reputation, of which she hunted to the public before she had acquired it.

THEN the public-spirited woman. What of her! Very frequently, like the Phoenix from its ashes, she springs from the most unlikely surroundings to battle with the questions of the day. Totally unable to manage her household, to procure comfort for her husband and children, in all probability she rushes out to join her voice with others in a general hubbub—to thrust herself where she is not needed.

Thus she is lecturing to the working classes on "How to make home happy," while her ill-brought up children quarrel in her own; she holds forth on the necessary suppression of yellow journalism and trashy literature, the while, her own girls, unsupervised, are devouring the scum of the lending library; she lectures on the cultivation of the masses, and her boys and girls, meantime, have the manners and tastes of aborigines.

But she considers she has found her vocation by theorizing in lieu of practising. And she is content.

Perhaps, after all, she who poses as a poor imitation of man is the least obnoxious. I mean the would-be fast, the

athletic, the masculine in dress and manner lady that we all know. She may have a loud voice, and a noisy laugh, she may crop her hair, and stride like a corporal; she may prefer to make the least of herself by donning unsuitable clothing. But the chances are that she is good-natured, and not small-minded, and is above the petty meannesses and foolishness of these other types. She does not pretend to be anything much. She merely wants to enjoy life, and she does so. And it is more than likely that she is only carrying out ideas she has held from childhood, but possibly was not able to formulate before.

As usual, one gets rather away from one's subject, and has occasionally to draw in before one has threshed the matter out. It would be useless to contend that there is only one type of woman, worthy the name, and that the domesticated, opinionless, mindless heroine of the old-fashioned novel. No, let us all be as diverse as possible in our thoughts, and tastes and habits. But only let us be careful that while we are "something," we are original, in the right meaning of the word. Not the "eccentricity which was originality" to a character in a recent novel.

And in the remembrance that "everyone truly lives so long as he acts his nature," his own; not the nature that belongs to someone else.

**T**HIS has been assuredly a week of holiday-making. With all the local schools closed for at least part of the time, and the numerous boarding schools practically emptying themselves into Montreal, a new atmosphere seems to have been introduced. Lennoxville, Port Hope, St. Albans, all are well represented in town this week, to say nothing of the Royal Military College. For not only have the cadets with homes here returned, but a number have arrived with two of their professors to take a short course at McGill. And, as a short leave of this kind prevents any appearing in mufti, St. Catherine street in the morning presents quite a military appearance.

And it may be said that these visitors are as pleasant a lot as could very well have been entertained.

**L**AST week, Professor and Mrs. Bovey, Ontario avenue, gave a most delightful dinner party in honor of Major Butler and Captain Cochrane and a number of cadets of the Royal Military College, who are spending some time in Montreal.

The guests, over 20 in number, were seated at four small round tables, and the two professors and Professor and Mrs. Bovey, between each course, "progressed." That is, they changed places with one another, and consequently visited each table in turn.

After dinner a number of people came in to spend the evening, which passed all too quickly in games and music.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Miss Greenshields, and Master Murray Greenshields, "The Elms," are spending a short holiday at Atlantic City.

Miss Jones, of Brockville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Arthur Heward.

Miss Ruby Ramsay and Miss Margaret Stearns are among those who have returned to town for the Easter holidays.

Mr. Wynne Gully, of the Bank of Montreal, Brockville, spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Benson,

Ontario avenue, and the little Masters Benson, leave very shortly for Atlantic City, where they will stay some weeks for the benefit of Mrs. Benson's health.

Mr. Shelton, of the Bank of British North America, has been sent to a new post in Ottawa, much to the regret of his many friends in Montreal.

**S**IR ADOLPHE AND LADY CARON spent a short visit in town last week at the Windsor.

Miss Gillespie, Stanley street, is among the hosts of Montrealers spending Easter in New York.

Mr. Jack Riddell, of the R. M. C., is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Riddell, Sherbrooke street.

There is evidently little doubt in the minds of some people that an interesting fact cannot be too often repeated. In one column I read twice that a young man, evidently of no little importance, was "the guest of his parents." And, by the way, how very ridiculous that always sounds.

One might as well say "Mr. and Mrs. B. gave a very pleasant dinner for the members of their household last evening."

I am extremely puzzled to know what it means by saying in a daily paper, that "Mr. George Grossmith and Corney Grain, who have done much to fill drawing-rooms with laughter, will give three entertainments this week."

Is it simply badly expressed, or am I quite wrong in being under the impression that Corney Grain died some little time ago?

At all events, however, a large and fashionable audience is certain to greet Mr. Grossmith who will never lose his well-won popularity in Montreal.

At the Symphony Concert this afternoon, Mr. E. Renaud, who has already made his mark as a pianist in Montreal, will not only appear as a soloist, but will play his own composition, Concertstück, an arrangement for piano and orchestra.

Miss Norah Smith, Dorchester street, has been spending a few days with Mrs. Tylee, Ste. Therese.

Last Saturday, at the Church of the Advent, Westmount, the new reredos and choir-stalls were consecrated at the afternoon service.

The reredos, a memorial gift, is of dark oak, and was designed by Mr. Cox, the architect, who deserves the greatest credit. It is really a work of art, being of most excellent proportions and very finely carved. The white silk curtains



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL STEELE.

In command of Strathcona's Horse—Photograph taken in the uniform of an officer in the North-West Mounted Police.

## SOCIETY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

on either side are also a gift. In the centre panel of the revedos is a very beautiful painting of Christ in Glory, and in the side panels are inserted, on one side, "The Annunciation," and on the other, a Madonna and Child of Siehel's.

The many friends of Capt. H. Carington Smith, at present attached to Lord Kitchener's staff, in South Africa, will regret to learn that he has been wounded, though, from what I can gather, the injury sustained by him is not of a very grave nature.

Miss Greer, of Hamilton, who has been visiting Mrs. Woodhouse, St. Luke street, for some weeks, has returned home.

**I**MAGINE anyone taking the trouble to write to a paper in order to have this question decided, "Shall I wear a trained skirt when helping at a bazaar in aid of the soldiers?"

Surely some one at home could have answered this, I should consider, very unimportant query. And, after all, I should not think it would make any very material difference to the soldiers whether the money was taken in, or the tea dispensed by a lady in a "trained" skirt, or a bicycle suit.

The marriage of Miss Muriel Howard and Mr. Severs will take place on April 27, not the 25th, as previously stated.

It will be a very quiet wedding, the bride wearing her traveling dress, and driving direct to the station after the ceremony.

**M**RS. DICK MACDONNELL, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Barlow, left this week for England, where, I believe, they intend to remain for a year at the least. Mrs. Macdonnell has been, perhaps, one of the most enthusiastic workers in all that concerned our soldiers, having done all in her power to assist the local Patriotic Fund and Imperial one also. I think I am correct in saying that the patriotic entertainment at Her Majesty's was first promulgated by Mrs. Macdonnell.

On Monday afternoon, Mrs. Meighen, Drummond street, gave a delightful children's party in honor of the fifth birthday of her small grandson, Master Bruce Reford.

The engagement was announced on Easter Sunday of Miss Gertrude Cundill, youngest daughter of Mr. Cundill, Greene avenue, to the Rev. A. J. Doull, of the Church of the Advent, Westmount.

**W**ITHOUT wishing to be severe on the Symphony Orchestra, an organization that has ever been rendered kindly criticism in these columns, I cannot help saying that, as they evidently deemed Good Friday a suitable day for a concert—a decision I cannot sympathize with—at least they might have been careful to have made up the programme of numbers a little more in keeping with a day of far greater solemnity than any Sunday. I believe there was little of which to complain as far as the playing of the orchestra went, or the work of the two soloists, Miss Moss, a quite youthful pianist of no little promise, and Mr. M. Langlois, a baritone—and, no doubt, those who cared to go to an entertainment on such a day did not see anything amiss. It is, of course, just one of those things that seem to strike no two people alike.

On Monday, at Ste. Hyacinthe, the marriage took place of Miss Lillie Sicotte, daughter of Judge Sicotte, and Mr. W. H. Hargrave, of the Eastern Townships Bank. Quite a number of Montreal people went out for the wedding. Among them: Col. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Whitehead, jr., Mr. Gordon Lewis, Miss Evelyn Marler, Miss Beatrice Hamilton, Principal Hackett, of the Diocesan Theological College, of Montreal, performed the ceremony. Mrs. Hargrave is very well known in Montreal, frequently having visited her sister, Mrs. E. A. Whitehead, jr.

It is said that the marriage of Miss Christina Hendrie, of Hamilton, whose engagement was recently announced, has been arranged to take place early in June.

Mr. S. H. Lever, of New York, returned home this week after spending Easter in town, the guest of Mrs. M. H. Gault. Miss Ethel Bate, who has been visiting numerous friends in Montreal, returned last week to Ottawa.

**M**RS. NORMAN RIELLE, who has spent the last six months visiting in Scotland and England, is at present in London, where, it is said, she is studying the Organized Charity System. As a very active member of the Women's National Council, which is always interested in schemes of this kind, she probably finds much to interest her, and Montreal will doubtless benefit by her researches.

Among the well-known people who will shortly move into apartments in the "Marlborough," Milton street, are: Mr. Alex. Mitchell and family, Mrs. Alex. Ewan and the Misses Ewan, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Robbin, Professor Owens, of McGill University, and Mr. Clarence Bogart.

The astounding engagement seems still shrouded in mystery. One begins to think it is like New York war cables—the creation of some one's fertile imagination.

Mr. Gerald Aylmer, of the Bank of Montreal, is suffering from a very severe attack of pleurisy.

**M**ONTREAL churches really should be famed for their excellent music nowadays, since it seems as if everyone's thoughts and generosity had turned in the direction of organs, celestial organs, echo organs, additional stops, peels of bells, etc. St. George's, St. Paul's and St. James the Apostle and Christ Church Cathedral, have all been singularly blessed of late, in one or other of these particulars.

It is difficult to make up one's mind how much worse or better the millinery "creations" of this spring are than of previous seasons. There is assuredly a prevalence of black headgear. Though I cannot say black is becoming to all. But, when one sees a woman of quite sane appearance in other respects wearing upon her head a portable hot-house of green and blue grapes, with possibly wide sash ribbons to moor it, or what is ostensibly a small market basket covered with huge cherries sufficient to supply an institution with jam, one trembles for what may follow. Peas and beans, radishes and cucumbers, to say nothing of cauliflower and cabbage (especially as "choux" are much worn) will follow as a direct consequence.

### A SEASON OF OPERA.

**T**HE Strakosch Opera Company has had a very successful season of three months in Baltimore, Md., five weeks in Washington, D.C., with shorter seasons in other large cities. It is now on its way to fill engagements in Montreal, Portland and Boston, and is the largest grand opera organization traveling in America.

The company will present a repertoire of six operas at the Academy of Music, commencing on Monday evening next, April 23, with Verdi's masterwork, *Il Trovatore*; Tuesday evening, Bizet's *Carmen* will be given; Wednesday matinee, *Fra Diavolo*; Wednesday evening, *Faust*; Thursday evening, *Bohemian Girl*, and Saturday night, *Maritana*.

Mr. Edgar Strakosch, the director of the company, is a nephew of the two brothers, Max and Maurice Strakosch, who were the pioneer grand-opera managers in America, and who led the great Patti into her wonderful musical career. Madame Avery Strakosch, one of the leading artists of the company, has achieved an enviable reputation as a prima donna soprano. Mrs. Amelia Fields is known as one of the most successful and powerful contraltos in America.

Other leading sopranos of the company are: Miss Daisy Thorn, Miss Katharine Graves, Miss Dorris Goodwin; the tenors are, Mr. Payne Clark, Mr. Agostino Montegriffo, Mr. Clayto Ferguson, Mr. Edward Webb; the baritones and basses are, Mr. Achilli Alberti, Mr. Geo. W. Chapman, Mr. John Dewey, Mr. Edmund Malkay, Mr. Harry Williams, and Mr. Albert Wilder. The artists of the company are all of first-class reputation.

## Theatres and Entertainments.

THE last of the series of Symphony Concerts for this season takes place on April 27. It will take the form of a grand testimonial concert to Professor Goulet. Just now it is almost impossible to pick up a paper without reading of the heroic deeds of the noble men who are fighting for the great cause of liberty. But there are other heroes besides the ones on the battlefields also fighting for great causes. Professor Goulet has been giving of his time, his money and his ability to create in our midst an orchestra that shall be a credit to the city, and shall educate our people to what is best in musical literature. This season, although not a financial success, is so much better than former seasons as to cause great hopes for the future.

THE Montreal Horse Show is now an assured success. The largest exhibitors from Toronto, London, and other places in Ontario have suggested their intention of coming here with their horses. They will each bring about 30 with them. They were in the city this week making arrangements for stabling, etc. The boxes at the Arena are selling well, as will be seen by the following list of holders: East side, His Excellency the Governor-General, Messrs. Montagu Allan, E. S. Clouston, James Ross, L. J. Forget, G. W. Cook, C. R. Hosmer, J. A. L. Strathy. On the west side, His Worship the Mayor of Montreal, Messrs. L. R. Hooper, F. S. Meighen, W. R. Miller, R. B. Angus, Hugh Paton, Chas. Meredith, G. W. Stephens, jr., J. C. Hickson, C. M. Hays. The Arena is admirably fitted for a horse show, by far superior to any other enclosed building in Canada, if not in the United States. Montreal boasts a little sometimes of its horsemen and well-appointed private traps, and we do not hesitate to say that visitors from a distance will be agreeably surprised when knowing how well we turn out. There is certainly no city in Canada with as many trained hunters as we possess, and the members of the Montreal Hunt are getting their horses into exhibition form. The show will be held under the patronage of the Montreal Hunt, and the following gentlemen will act as stewards: Major Geo. R. Hooper, chairman; Capt. F. S. Meighen, vice-chairman; Dr. Chas. McEachran, Lieut.-Col. Whitehead, Hugh Paton, Chas. Cassils, W. C. McIntyre, H. B. MacDougall, G. W. Stephens, jr., Geo. Caverhill, T. D. Bell. The prizes are larger than have ever been given in Canada, the first in many classes being \$50. Altogether, there are 44 different classes in the prize list.

THE programme for the St. George's Society concert on Monday evening in the Windsor Hall is one that will attract attention. The names of the artists warrant success. They are: Miss Ada Frances Wait, soprano; Mr. F. C. Capon, tenor; Mr. Harry Rees, baritone; Mr. Miles R. Bracewell, bass; Rosario, cello; Messrs. Percival J. Hilsley and Emery Lavigne, accompanists; Miss Ruth Holt, elocutionist; and Mr. Barlow Cumberland, who will speak. A most commendable feature of the programme is that there will be no encores. The items are all good and mostly old English. The plan of reserved seats is open at Shaw's music store, the prices being \$1 and 50c., with a general admission of 25c.

THE Academy has this week presented its patrons with a real treat. The advance notices spoke highly of A Runaway Girl, as, of course, they always do of every play that comes, but this time the play came nearer to the prophecy than is generally the case. The strongest feature on the programme is undoubtedly Mr. Powers, who possesses one of those countenances so essential to the man who wishes to make an audience laugh. Miss Rachel Booth comes not a bad second in point of cleverness and wit, and is, in addition, quite pretty. Miss Celeste's singing was decidedly appreciated, as was in less degree that of Van Rensselaer Wheeler, May Baker, and Mr. Cunningham. All are familiar to Montreal.

THE PRINCESS CHIC is the best play of its kind which has visited Montreal for some time. It is romantic, it is humorous, and it is not vulgar. This is more than can be said of most of the so-called comic opera which is

appearing nowadays, and apparently enjoyed by the public. The music is good and the scenery is excellent. Mr. Miron's bass voice is a feature in itself.

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Tenor . . . Mr. F. C. Capon, Montreal.  
Baritone . . . Mr. Harry Rees, Westmount.  
Bass . . . Mr. Miles R. Bracewell, New York.  
Cello . . . Rosario, Montreal.  
Accompanists . . . Mr. Emery Lavigne, Montreal.  
Mr. P. J. Hilsley, Montreal.  
Elocutionist . . . Miss Ruth Holt, New York.  
Orator . . . Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Toronto.  
Chairman . . . Mr. H. A. Hodgson, President St. George's Society.

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At towns on the new lines of the Chicago & North-Western Railway are summarized in a pamphlet that may be obtained upon application to W. B. KNISKERN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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TUESDAY—"CARMEN."  
WED. MATINEE—"FRA DIAVOLO."  
WED. EVENING—"FAUST."  
THURSDAY—"BOHEMIAN GIRL."  
FRIDAY—"IL TROVATORE."  
SAT. MATINEE—"CARMEN."  
SAT. EVENING—"MARIANA."

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Montreal.

**EXAMINATIONS**

will be held as follows:

**THEORY** (paper work)—June 2nd.

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

Entries close on May 1st.

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

JAMES MUIR,

March 30th, 1900. Secretary.

N.B.—The music, specimen theory  
papers, etc., can be obtained from  
the local music sellers, or direct  
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each man, is a fallacy as old as  
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HERALD, July 9, 1883.

# THE CANADIAN DRESS CHART.

APRIL, 1900.

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

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

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TO be in a foreign country, knowing little or nothing of the language, yet obliged to depend upon yourself for the ordering of your meals, stimulates the wits wonderfully. An exchange says:

An American traveler in Italy, last summer, greatly amused the restaurant waiter by imitating the buzzing of a bee and smacking his lips as a sign that he wanted honey.

A Frenchman, however, in an English restaurant, went even a longer way round to get his wants supplied. He wanted eggs for breakfast, but had forgotten the English word. So he got around the difficulty in the following way:

"Vaiterre, vat is dat valking in de yard?"

"A cock, sir."

"Ah! And vat you call de cock's wife?"

"The hen, sir."

"And vat you call de shildrens of the cock and his wife?"

"Chickens, sir."

"But what you call de shickens before dey are shickens?"

"Eggs, sir,"

"Bring me two."

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