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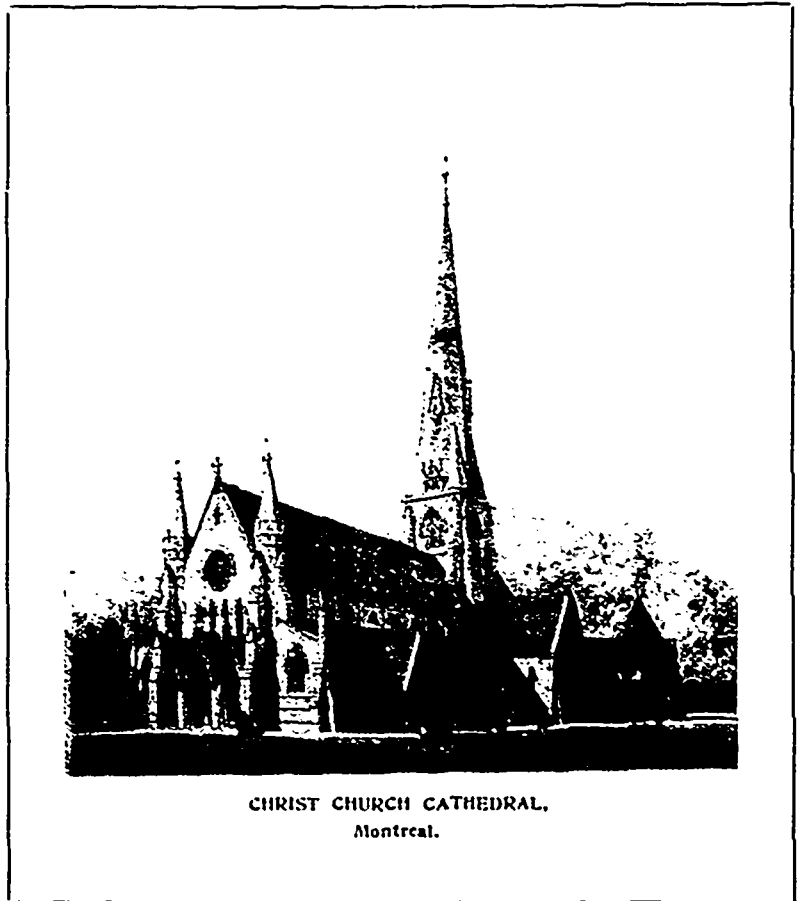
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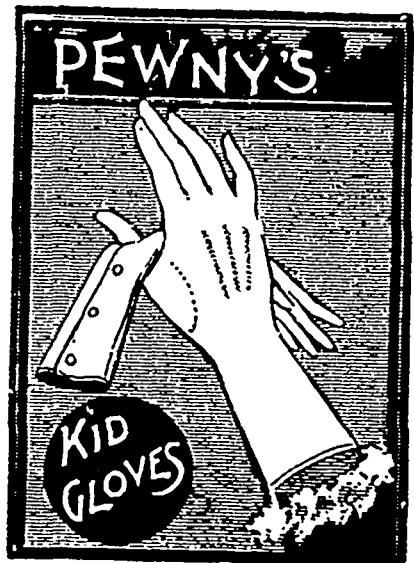
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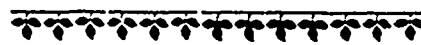
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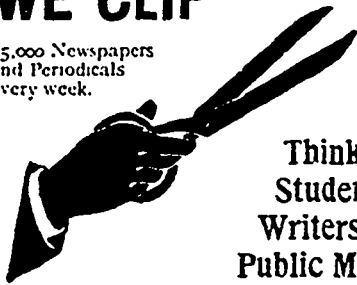
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1900.

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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE debate on the abuse of the franking privilege, by Ministers at Ottawa, reveals both political parties alike in the position of defrauders of the Dominion treasury. An Administration has no more right to use the mails for the free distribution of campaign literature, whether it be mixed with patent medicine advertisements or not, than it would have to import goods for the use of its members duty free. But the Conservatives are not in a good position to convict the Liberals of misuse of the public mails, because they also sent out tons of speeches and political tracts, at the expense of the country, and their plea that they were within the law, because they did so only when Parliament was in session, is the most transparent quibble, which does not change the nature of the offence and will not "go down" with any but confirmed Tories. The Liberals, on the other hand, are dishonest and mean-minded in hiding behind the precedent created by their predecessors. They know very well that they went into office not to do what the Conservatives did—and which they and the country condemned—but to do the opposite. Because one Government defrauded the treasury, is every succeeding Government to have license to do the same? People expect to find honor among thieves, and both parties would appear in a better light if each kept silent about the sins which everyone knows have been mutual. As in many divorce cases, neither side can hope to come out of court without a badly damaged reputation. What the Conservatives hope to gain by asking questions which only give the Liberals a chance to hit back at their predecessors is more than I can make out. But the Conservatives never did have enough sense to let boomerangs alone.

ONE of the most ridiculous incidents, in an altogether ridiculous wrangle, was the passage-at-arms between big D. C. Fraser, of Guysboro', and the Regina poet. The latter having stated that Mr. Fraser had the promise of a Yukon judgeship in his pocket, the member for Guysboro' denied the statement with some emphasis, and, on the grounds that no words in the English language were strong enough to express his feelings, he invited the hon. gentleman from the West to come outside in order that he might "settle" the disputed point. The funny thing was not the threat, but Mr. Fraser's subsequent explanation of it. Sir Charles Tupper objected to his hint that resort would be had to stronger arguments than those commonly admitted in debate, whereupon the mighty-limbed of Guysboro' said all he meant was that if Mr. Davin would step outside he would "explain to him privately" that he had no promise of an appointment in his pocket. The valiant twister and turner from the plains thereupon accepted the explanation, adding, amid roars of laughter, that he was very glad, for the sake of the Yukon, that Mr. Fraser was able to deny the current rumor so emphatically. Another passage showing upon what a lofty plane, and with what acumen, the debates in our National Parliament are sometimes carried on, was Mr. Haggart's argument that the Conservatives were justified in franking political nostrums and patent medicine advertisements in the same envelopes, because all campaign literature in the United States is assisted by advertisements. Mr. Mulock very properly retorted that we don't look to the United States for guidance in such matters.

A SUPPORTER of Hugh John Macdonald, in Montreal, last week, asserted that "the Greenway party could not carry a single seat to-day in the whole Province of Manitoba," and

backed up what might appear to be hyperbole with facts and indications which it would be impossible to deny. Yet, why a party man should gloat over the complete wiping out of his opponents it is difficult to understand. Indeed, for Hugh John's sake, and for the sake of good Government in Manitoba, it is to be hoped that there will continue to be a strong and efficient Opposition. Having regard to political history in this and other countries under responsible Government, it may safely be said that a successful party cannot encounter any greater misfortune than to be too successful. As a Government's majority grows, the evil elements in that majority become more numerous and more insistent, so that the leader, though he may wish to do the right thing, is forced to step aside from the path of rectitude. This goes on until the once strong party is destroyed by its own mistakes and vices. The Conservatives held power so long at Ottawa they thought they could do anything with impunity. Then came disaster and retribution. And with regard to the Laurier Administration, does anyone doubt that, if it had never had more than 15 or 20 majority, it would have been straighter, cleaner, more considerate of the public interests, and more faithful to past professions? Well may the successful party leader pray to be preserved from his friends, and if Hugh John Macdonald wishes to give Manitoba a model Government and to become a power and a sweet savor in the Province he is anxious that his majority shall be kept within reasonable limits. Always to have sufficient support to carry a necessary point, but never sufficient to be able to disregard policy and right, is the ideal position for a statesman to be placed in.

THOUGH Canada has not been wracked by a discussion of the trust question as the United States has been, we shall certainly have to confront the problem, for there are signs that the combinations of capital, known as trusts, will find a congenial soil in this country. In the midst of all the abuse of combines, one kind of trust has recently been brought to public notice in the United States that even the Bryanites are at a loss to criticize. And this same kind of trust might very well be introduced in Canada. Public attention was directed to it by a college president, a reverend, who introduced the special trust to notice by preliminary statements to the effect that trusts, in spite of their undeniably bad features—over-capitalization, unjust discrimination, unfair competition, and tyrannical use of power to raise prices—are inevitable, and, rightly manipulated, they are good things. After this preamble the clerical gentleman stated that 10 years ago a religious trust was started, composed of five members—Methodist, Christian, Free Baptist, Baptist, Congregationalist. The result to date is the saving of a lot of missionary money, and effective work from one or two churches in given places, where previously a half-dozen rival denominational churches had struggled feebly along. Investigation in 1890 disclosed that half of the Congregational churches in the United States were helping to pay the expenses of the other half, while nine-tenths of these aided churches were in communities abundantly able to support Christian churches if only properly organized, hence the trust was formed. The same conditions maintain to a great extent in Canada. There are rural districts in all portions of this country where two or three churches are trying to send down their roots and spread forth their leaves in soil and air that would be sufficient for one, but means starvation for more than one. But such is the jealousy and tenacity of the several denominations that neither one will give up and leave the

LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

territory to its rivals. As explained by the Rev. Dr. Warren, the federation of churches does not mean unity in beliefs and dogmas, nor conformity in church government, but consolidation of that religious work and that philanthropy in which the various churches should work hand in hand. Why, for example, cannot Methodists, Presbyterians and Anglicans use the same church building in a village, and have it a credit to the common faith, instead of supporting three separate places of worship—all paltry and unspeakably unæsthetic?

THE New York Tribune agrees with Mr. Ford, the cable correspondent, that the sudden revulsion of feeling by which General Cronje has been converted, even in London, into a popular hero, is "peculiarly English." The Tribune does not think it is exclusively English, but confesses that it seems to be more often and more strongly manifested in Great Britain than elsewhere. "Whether it be the national love of fair play or the national combativeness of spirit which causes appreciation of a good fighter, or what else, it is certain that the British have generally been inclined to recognize in an exceptional degree the good qualities of those with whom they are at war." It is flattering to have such a testimonial as the above from a great New York daily, but I am not as sure as the writer that the ability to see more than one side of a thing at once is peculiarly English, or even peculiarly British. We have virtues markedly our own, but is magnanimity one of them? Has not the Englishman always been insular? And, is his success, as a conqueror and colonist, not largely due to his insularity—his abiding faith in his own national qualities and his aggressive contempt for anything that is not "English, you know"? I once heard of an Englishman in this country who would not eat maple syrup because, "We never had it in England." This story, it seems to me, discovers the fundamental character of the average Englishman much more truly than the sudden recognition of Cronje's mad heroism. And a very admirable and practical character, too! English self-sufficiency and self-dependence it is that has carried English institutions to the dark corners of the world. We may, on rare occasions, be able to see good in our enemies or in those who are simply not of us, but as a rule we are totally blind to the virtues of other nationalities. Irishmen and Scotchmen, though often accused of clanishness, are really much more cosmopolitan than the true type of Englishman, but even they by contact have learned something of the latter's faith in things British,



MR. W. J. LEARMONT,
People's Warden, Christ Ch. Cathedral.

and so there are really very few "Britishers" to-day who do not in their hearts firmly believe that one "Britisher" is better than any ten "foreigners." It is a very useful illusion to cherish, and has done much to build up the Empire. But it is merely an illusion.

FELIX VASE.

"When a man's young he's anxious to show his knowledge," says the office philosopher; "and when he gets older he's anxious to conceal his ignorance."



MR. P. R. GAULT,
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ARISTOCRACY IN THE STRATHCONA HORSE.

THE STRATHCONA HORSE, now mobilizing in Ottawa, are quartered in the long, low sheds in the exhibition grounds, used at the time of the Canada Central Fair for the accommodation of the live stock. Over each door, in large letters, the name of the particular breed for which the shed was set apart is given. "Holsteins" are now composed of some of Britain's bluest blood. In this building are to be found Mr. Beresford, cousin of the Marquis of Waterford, who belonged to the Royal Navy, and has been mining in British Columbia for the last four years; Mr. Shaw, the son of an English baronet; Mr. Warren, a son of Colonel Warren, of the Royal Horse Artillery; Mr. O'Brien, a near relative of Lord Inchiquin, and Hon. Mr. Cochrane, a son of Lord Dundonald, the cavalry officer who has become famous in this war. These scions of illustrious families all came from British Columbia, in the Nelson troop, and are enlisted as privates.

Apròpos of the Strathcona Horse, here are two stories, the truth of which we can vouch for: "Father," said a small boy, "What is the difference between the Strathcona Horse, and any other horse?" "I saw the Strathcona Horse to-day, mamma, and it was black," said another little boy. "It wasn't horse at all" said his little brother, "It was mounted men."

IF glass building stones become popular people may yet "live in glass houses." The stones were invented in France, and are now being made in Germany. They are hollow, are filled with rarefied air and permit the entrance of daylight, at the same time diffusing the sunlight. They are not transparent, however, and one on the outside cannot see what is going on within. The walls may be readily washed. The experiment has been tried with success in an operating room at the Elizabeth Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, in Cassel, Germany.

Points for Investors

THE British successes and the not far distant termination of the war in South Africa have not as yet shown any great effect in the financial world or the stock market. Prices of stocks are still low and there is nothing like the upward movement of this time last year. In the United States, the on-coming of the Presidential election will suffice to repress the market. In Great Britain, the prospect of the flotation of a large war loan has a deterrent effect. In Canada, the markets received a severe shock over the War Eagle and Centre Star fiascos. Public confidence in mining investments has been severely shaken and the depreciation of \$5,000,000 in these two stocks alone has been a heavy drain on the stock operator and the banks' resources available for call loans.

THE STATE OF NEW FLOTATIONS.

Last year, new floatations consumed a great deal of money and there are more to come. Stocks like Canada Cycle and Motor, the Carter Crume and the Cox syndicate offerings in Upper Canada called in a large floating supply. These now show a tendency to heaviness and require some bolstering. Meanwhile, time is being marked on the money market, and it will require several months for the air to clear.

THE WAR EAGLE REPORT.

The War Eagle meeting in Toronto passed off without a murmur being made. The directors, with unnecessary negligence, added to the burden of the popular dissatisfaction by not offering a printed report. The public have, however, known the worst, and the holders of War Eagle and Centre Star having disbursed their losses and pocketed their disappointment are looking forward to the reconstruction of their investments by months of steady development. An analysis of the new manager's report does not lead to higher hope than that the mine will be able to pay about 1 per cent. a month in a year's time.

THE SITUATION OF REPUBLIC.

There is said to be a movement on in Republic stock, and word comes of a large interest secured by American capitalists, who are quietly repressing the stock, and picking it up at low figures. Republic has the indications of being a pretty good purchase.

THE TORONTO RAILS.

The excitement of the past week was the liquidation in Toronto Railway Company. I believe that the Montreal public are fast beginning to appreciate the lesson I have been endeavoring to inculcate in regard to this stock. Its real value has long been appreciated in Toronto, but Montreal buyers have always been bullish on this stock. They are, perhaps, beginning to realize the insecurity of a short-term franchise, and the large outlays which will be necessary to keep pace with the city's growth. New routes are being demanded with no increase in traffic proportionate to the capital expenditure required. Ten years from now the new routes may be sources of great revenues, but the company has the prospect of making large outlays that others than the stockholders may possibly reap. Then, it must occur to the ordinary observer as a great anomaly that C.P.R. railway stock, bearing at least 5 per cent., if not 6, in 1900, should be quoted lower than Toronto, paying only 4 per cent. The traffic increases keep up well, but operating expenses are also on the increase.

CARIBOO HYDRAULIC MINE.

The Cariboo Hydraulic report for the past year bears out what I had previously stated about this property. There was a loss on the season's

operations of \$46,682, operating and other expenses being \$142,659, and bullion recovered being only \$92,578. The company owes the Bank of Montreal \$150,000 and \$73,000 in bills and accounts. Last season was a disappointment, according to the manager's report, on account of unexpected difficulties encountered, and the low grade of gravel. The manager holds out hopes of reduced expenses next season, and greater profit on account of the body of low-grade material being removed and leaving the working wholly in virgin ground of high grade. There is only one other consolation. The directors of the mine are men of the highest financial experience and integrity. The liabilities will be carried over another year, and the directors, I believe, have every hope of making sufficient profit this coming season to wipe out previous losses. If such does not result, some of the \$1,000,000 worth of shares unissued will have to be put out.

HUDSON BAY IMPROVING.

The holders of Hudson Bay Company stock, of whom there are many in Montreal, are greatly cheered by the company's excellent record in 1900. The land sales in nine months ending December 31, 1899, increased \$41,750, while cash receipts on the same account were \$60,000 better. Furs have appreciated greatly, and, during the market season in the next few months, should also show large advances. The profits ending May 1, 1899, were £125,000, allowing a dividend of 13s and 7s bonus, or a return of £1 for the year on shares of par value of £13. The stock has naturally been showing an upward tendency, and is now quoted a fraction under 24. There is a prospect of the stock getting back somewhere near the high-water mark of the Northwest land boom days, about 17 years ago, when it was quoted as high as 40 and operations in the stock were frequent.

Canada Northwest Land is another company which should benefit in the next few years by the appreciation of our western country.

AN ELECTRIC OPPORTUNITY.

Royal Electric continues very strong, though its dividend is not likely to be increased for some time. It is around 194 as compared with Canadian General Electric, which is 12 points lower and pays 10 per cent. and is also about to issue \$300,000 in new shares at 125. There is no comparison between the two stocks, and if the Canadian General Electric were listed in Montreal it should be away over 200. I think it is a great opportunity for the Montreal investor.

FAIRFAX.

MINING SHARES.

THE market, although dull at times, continues to broaden out, and prices in most cases are becoming firmer all through the list. Of the higher priced stocks, Pave remains stationary while War Eagle has fallen off and seems to be in disfavor all round. It is undoubtedly a purchase at current prices, but people do not seem to see it. Republic is weak on, as I understand, some large offerings of stock from the far West. Virtue is still the bull card, and has made a record price to-day. Much higher prices are talked, and those most largely interested in the property are very confident of its future. Montreal and London is a little firmer. Reports from the Dufferin are much better, and it is quite likely there will be an upward movement in the stock before long. The projected consolidation of the Winnipeg and Brandon does not appear to have helped the price of either stock—Brandon selling down to 21 in Toronto, and Winnipeg being freely offered from the West at 20. Big Three is by far the strongest of the low-priced stocks. There has been some heavy buying during the week, and the market seems ready to take all the stock offered. It is rumored that there is somewhat of a short interest, which is helping the price up. The weak spot in the market is Deer Trail. It has very few friends here, and the continual offerings of stock from Toronto and the far West have completely destroyed the confidence of people in the new management. A stock paying something like 40 per cent. per annum certainly looks cheap, but confidence is everything, and this proposition lacks it.

It is surprising to me how well prices hold, considering the amount of stock continually for sale. But it demonstrates the fact that there is plenty of money for investment in mining enterprises, if the investor can get what he considers a bargain. This season of the year is usually dull, but it certainly looks as if the market were gathering strength, and would develop into a strong bull one before a great while. The large offerings of stock from British Columbia and Spokane are, no doubt, due to the closing down of the principal mines, and the consequent absence of ready cash. Toronto people have been hit rather badly in War Eagle, and this is, no doubt, causing some of their securities to be thrown on the market, and our people are gradually absorbing them. It will probably be the old story repeated again. Toronto will come in as a buyer when we are getting out.

Montreal, February 28.

ROBERT MURKETH.

A Threatened Deluge.

The Great War Literature—Shall We Have to Store Our Libraries in Grain Elevators? Sibbad Discusses Some Startling Possibilities.

IT is somewhat painful in these days of civilization and enlightenment, when we have societies covering every field of philanthropy from the conversion of Tammany to the nursing of destitute oysters, to have to confess that we have unconsciously, but none the less deliberately, added a new horror to warfare by our encouragement of what is playfully called "war literature." And yet we dare not deny it. With every succeeding war of modern days has come a corresponding increase in the volume of the literature arising from it, until the time is not far distant when every soldier in the ranks, and every mule in the transport train, will publish a volume of reminiscences, and we shall have to store our libraries in grain elevators or stack them up in vacant lots, if we wish to keep abreast of the times.

It was not thus in the old days. When the costume of our ancestors in Britain consisted of a coat of blue paint, with a collar and cuffs of real dirt, and the warriors carried a club with more knobs on it than their enemies considered strictly necessary, the magazines of the period were full of something else besides war stories and corset advertisements. What literature they had was limited to engraving on the rocks short sentences accompanied by illustrations which look something like the things a man sees just before the doctor puts ice upon his head. Even when Helen of Troy discovered that Menelaus was not the only pebble on the beach, and thus got the Trojans into trouble with all her husband's relations, the amount of war literature put on the Grecian market consisted of one solitary poem. And fortunate, indeed, was it for the youth of Canada that it was so. For if there had been more than one Iliad to wrestle with, even the comforting fact that it only mentions a bath once—and then in the light of a calamity—could hardly have reconciled them to the task of worrying through more than one history of the destruction of Troy. Julius Caesar, too, was commendably brief in his remarks upon the policy of extermination he found so successful in extending the civilization of Rome. A few casual paragraphs as to whether his opponents were clothed in sheep-skins, like a barbaric version of Mary's little lamb, or whether they attired themselves only in a chastened smile and a coat of machinery oil, were all he troubled his readers with before he announced the glad tidings that he had run a mowing machine over so many of them that a census was entirely unnecessary. Nor have we had much inconvenience from the historians of the wars of the Middle Ages. Warriors encased in boiler-plate overcoats had very few chances of jotting down a few notes on the backs of their sheet-metal cuffs. Apparently, when they were not engaged in battering their opponents, they were being blasted out of their own mail clothes with dynamite—a process that must have been attended with inconveniences in the days when a gentleman's dress-suit case weighed nearly a ton and his laundry came in carlots at pig-iron rates. No one could write despatches when a council of war made as much noise as a boiler factory. And, consequently, what records we have of their prowess were either compiled by monks or minstrels—two classes of historians who relied on their imagination for their facts and on their memories for their jokes. Thus the wars of the Middle Ages merely annoyed the participants. The general public bothered themselves very little except over the results, so that "bulletin neck" was unknown.

But, with the invention of printing, there came a change over the spirit of our dreams. The war historian, like the circus, was in our midst. But at first he was a snuffly old

gentleman, who wrote comfortably in a coffee-house, about half a century after the trouble was over. Hence, the public were hardly more troubled with war literature than they were in the days when the generals wore dress-coats of block tin and the privates were blacklead like a new stove. It was not until the Crimean War that we were first bothered with any literature from men who were actually at the seat of war. And then it was only from newspaper correspondents, whom nobody believes. As yet, the soldier-scribe had not put in an appearance. The soldier of our daddies was buckled into a uniform that was too tight to permit him to display any emotion. It was all he could do to breathe, without endeavoring to think. And thus, although a little cloud, about the size of a war bulletin, had appeared on the public horizon, no one dreamt of the deluge that was to come.

The war of 1870 first opened the eyes of the civilized community to the calamity that overhung them. When the German staff put on the market a military history of the war in 200 volumes, without a single word in them under 14 syllables, people began to feel as uneasy as a small boy who has swallowed a thermometer for the sake of the warmth. But fortunately, it was in German. And the only man who ever tried to translate it got chilblains on his intellectual faculties, and spent the balance of his life trying to set it to rag-time music and play it on a bassoon. So the public breathed easily again, and congratulated themselves that the worst was over. Alas! They little knew what was before them! They had not yet realized the extent of American enterprise!

With the funny little tin-pot war in Cuba the cloud burst. There was not enough fighting to go around among the 200,000 heroes, who needed some glory to carry their elections with when they got home. So they had to manufacture it. And they did. Exclusive of magazine articles, and the miles of correspondence in the newspapers, the official count shows that 670 books have been written on the Spanish-American War to date, and they are still pouring out of the press like matinee girls from a Paderewski concert.

Now, if this be the result of a war in which the casualties were fewer than those of an intermediate hockey match, what shall we have to face when the South-African War draws to a close? What shall we do when that procession of a quarter of a million heroes returns to its native land, and each individual starts to publish his particular reminiscences, impressions, or history? What shall we do when Oom Paul writes his views on "War and Whiskers" when Cronje pens a little volume on "How it Feels to Retreat," and when Buller prints his impressions of the gentleman with the face like Casey's goat who kept him dodging to and fro across the Tugela like the "growler" at a Grillintown social? What shall we do when every returning soldier resembles a pug-dog in the fact that he can a tale unfold? We cannot all emigrate to the North Pole. It would not be fair to the landlords. The capacity of Verdun is hampered by limits. Who, then, will step into the breach and head off the approaching deluge of war stories? Here is a grand chance for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. If they seize it, their names will be engraven on our hearts in letters larger than are allotted to Buller on the bulletin boards. If they fail, let them hide their diminished heads. A suffering public will be too much occupied with wading through pages of gory literature to bother its head about their existence. SIBBAD.

"An Honest Politician" was the heading in a contemporary, to an obituary notice of the late Mr. Schmadhorst. The inference is not very creditable to those M.P.'s who have the misfortune to be alive.

The mania for naming children after celebrities appears to be spreading. The latest official information regarding this form of disease comes from Devonshire, where a farmer's wife has recently christened her baby "Long Tom."

Children of Vice-Royalty.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE YOUTHFUL LORDS AND LADIES OF RIDEAU HALL.

By Ella Walton.

THE love of children is a sympathetic link that binds together those who live under diverse conditions of life. That their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Minto, are very popular in Ottawa, is owing as much to the fact that they are seen and known in their social and family relations, as that they are the representatives of Imperialism.

At Rideau Hall are five children, so bright and bonny that they would attract attention anywhere, even were it not known who they were. Living a happy, joyous life, with a father and mother who take an interest in all their sports and pleasures, though full of life and spirit, they are polite and considerate of the feelings of others. To use the words of Orderly Rogers, who has held his position at Rideau Hall for 20 years, "they are the most lovable and best behaved children I ever knew."

Lady Eileen Elliot is the eldest. Canadians claim her as a daughter, for she was born a little over 15 years ago at Rideau Cottage, the residence of the Governor-General's military secretary, in the Rideau Hall grounds—Lord Minto, then Vicount Melgund, being at that time on the staff of Lord Lansdowne.

Lady Ruby Elliot is two years younger than her sister, and, like her, resembles very strongly the lovely and fascinating Countess of Minto, their mother.

Then there is Lady Violet Elliot, age, ten in years, but a hundred in wisdom. She is what is known as an "old-fashioned child" and has original and strong opinions of her own. Knowing how fond of skating the vice-regal people are, a lady at the last skating party asked Lady Violet, who was taking off her skates, if she liked skating. "No, I hate it," was the very decided answer given.

Lord Melgund is eight years old. He is a very bright, manly boy, indeed, and looks and appears much older than he is.

Hon. Esmond Elliot is four years old, and is as great a pet as any little child is who is the youngest of the family. He is known at home as "Commy," short for Commodore, Lady

Minto's pet name for her little boy. This was the "Major Bullhobs," who drilled the "Fusty Wusties," at the theatricals held at Rideau Hall in the winter. It brought down the house when Mr. Arthur Guise, A.D.C., who is six feet, three inches, in his socks, gravely saluted the little major, who never smiled, but took it all as a serious matter.

The four oldest children all ride remarkably well. Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby Elliot skate better than most Canadian girls of the same age, and are also very graceful dancers.

Three of the brightest, largest, and sunniest guest-chambers at Rideau Hall have been turned into a nursery and two schoolrooms. Five hours a day are given to study under the two governesses, one French and one German, so that life at Rideau Hall, as elsewhere, is not all play.



LADY EILEEN ELLIOT.



LADY VIOLET ELLIOT.

The photographs of the children of their Excellencies, the Earl and Countess of Minto, were taken for LIFE, for the above article, by Lancefield, Ottawa.



LADY RUBY ELLIOT.



HON. ESMOND ELLIOT and LORD MELGUND.



ADMIRERS of Sienkiewicz will hail with delight his new novel, "Knights of the Cross." (Morang & Co.) This has been running for some time as a serial story in Poland, and is not yet completed, but the first half of the work is being



HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.
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issued in book form in America with the author's approval, and as soon as possible the first volume will be followed by a second in which the story will be completed. There are both wide differences and striking resemblances between "Quo Vadis" and "Knights of the Cross." Instead of decadent Rome, we have Poland in its great struggle with Germany in the early middle ages. Christianity had made considerable advances in Poland, but had not yet entirely displaced the old Pagan beliefs. In the deep recesses of the northern forests neclean spirits still lingered and the cloven foot of His Satame Majesty was occasionally traced by the trembling serf. Rude castles stud the grim landscape, and on the ill-made roads move the knightly cavalcade in search of adventure. Amidst such scenes as these, the genius of Sienkiewicz finds its natural habitat and gives the reader his fill of dramatic situations, knightly combats, and as sweet a love story as he has yet written.

A NEW Canadian story, said to be one of exceptional strength, is announced for issue this spring. (Briggs.) It is a story of the fierce feuds between the Hudson's Bay Company and the great Northwest Company, and is entitled "The Lands of the North." The writer is a brilliant young woman, a Canadian, who has spent some years in journalistic work in the Northwest and British Columbia. Miss Lant was one of the first of her sex to enter the mining district of Slocan, going in as a correspondent of a New York paper. Subsequently, she was engaged on the editorial staff of The Winnipeg Free Press. She has traveled extensively through the Northwest, and, during these years, by observation and study, collected the material for her story, which the publisher considers will rank as one of the strongest and best yet written in the country. An American edition will be published in New York.

Other forthcoming Canadian books are a "Treasury of Canadian Verse," by Theodore Rand, D.C.L., of which an English edition will be published also; "By the Marshes of Minas," a volume of short stories, by Chas. G. D. Roberts; a Canadian copyright edition of "The Making of the Empire," by Principal Parkin, J.L. D.; and "Committed to His Charge," a novel dealing with Canadian rural life, by Misses R. and K. M. Lizars. Mr. Geo. A. Meagher's book, "Lessons in Skating," is selling well. Mr. Meagher's introduction to his fellow-Canadians in the capacity of a writer was made in the columns of MONTREAL LIFE, in the Christmas number of which he had an article on figure-skating. "Houses of Glass," by Dr. James Algie, of Alton, Ont., will shortly enter on its third Canadian edition.

HON. DAVID MILLS has written a work on "The English in Africa" (Morang & Co.) which is quite the equal, in perspicacity and charm, of any of the other speeches, lectures or essays of the Minister of Justice. The book, though published at a time when, in the eyes of the British world, Africa means South Africa, is not concerned wholly, or even mainly, with the scene of the present conflict. All of Britain's colonies and spheres of influence, in Africa, are dealt with, and an admirable sketch of the Empire's past and present relations with Egypt and the Sudan adds to the interest and value of the book. The author defends Great Britain very ably against the charge of land-grabbing, and shows clearly that France, the chief of our accusers on this score, is the worst culprit amongst all the powers that are concerned in the colonization of the Dark Continent.

FORTHCOMING books that will be eagerly awaited by the public are: a new novel by Marie Corelli, "The Purple Robe," by Joseph Hoeking, J. A. Stewart's "Wine on the Lees," Cutcliffe Hyne's "The Lost Continent," Merriman's "The Isle of Unrest," Mark Ashton's "She Stands Alone," S. K. Crockett's "Joan of the Sword," E. S. Van Zile's "With Sword and Crucifix" (a story of De la Salle's last voyage on the Mississippi.) Canadian editions of all these books will be published. Ralph Bolrewood's new story, "Babes in the Wood," is certain to be well received at this time when the ties



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between all parts of the Empire are being knit closer than ever, for Mr. Bolrewood is the best known of Australian writers. Wm. Briggs, of Toronto, has secured the right of publication of this book for Canada. CAXTON.

An Adventure With Anarchists.

A Story of Newspaper Life in England.

By B. C. Stone.

MR. RICHARD WEEKS, sub-editor on the staff of the "Morning Observer," was a modest man without ambition, and his selection by the Fates for an astonishing adventure showed feminine malice. It also showed a gay humor, but this aspect of the choice was wasted upon him.

Mr. Weeks left the office of his paper one fine April morning at ten minutes past three. He passed along Fleet street and the Strand and turned over Waterloo Bridge, as he had done a hundred times before. He was bound by the 3.45 a.m. train from Waterloo Station to Wimbledon, where he had a pleasant house and a nice little wife. The streets and the bridge were well lighted and quiet, and Mr. Weeks walked easily along.

About midday, as the chief sub-editor of the "Morning Observer" was sitting down to his breakfast in the suburb of Dulwich, a lady called at his house. She was pretty and young, and in great distress. "I am Mrs. Weeks," said she, "and Richard never came home last night. Oh, Mr. Western, what can have happened?"

"You astonish me," said the chief sub-editor. "At what hour did you leave Wimbledon?"

"At half-past ten."

"I expect Weeks has arrived at home by now. He left the office with me, I caught the 3.15 as usual at Ludgate Hill, but he may have missed his train at Waterloo. In that case he would sleep at an hotel and come down after breakfast. You will probably find him home."

Mr. Western fell to his coffee and eggs, while poor Mrs. Weeks was comforted by the chief sub-editor's wife.

The chief sub-editor had consoled his visitor with fair words, but duty required him to doubt his own theory. Journalists, who live in the midst of the unexpected, are awake to the infinite possibilities of facts. So, when he had breakfasted, Mr. Western wrote a telegram to one of the "Morning Observer's" reporting staff at the House of Commons, calling upon him for service that night at the head office. As the Easter recess had begun, Mr. Week's place could be inexpensively filled for a short time by unemployed gallery reporters. Then Mr. Western returned to his guest.

"If you are rested, Mrs. Weeks," said he, "I will go with you to Waterloo and make inquiries."

Mr. Weeks was well known at Waterloo Station, and the porters who had been on duty in the early morning were certain that he had not left by the 3.45 train.

"You see, it is as I said," observed Western, placing Mrs. Weeks in a train for Wimbledon. "You will find him at home, dreadfully alarmed about your absence."

A visit to the nearest police station produced no new facts. No accident had occurred on Mr. Week's route, and the police proudly dismissed all suggestions of violence. "Those streets are the best lighted in London, and there is an officer to every hundred yards. Waterloo road? Ay, Waterloo road is queer sometimes at night, but half-past three is morning. It is all full of market carts and Covent Garden lads going to work. The gentleman will turn up when he chooses."

The telegram which awaited Mr. Western's return to Dulwich ran as follows:—"He is not home.—Laura Weeks."

The way in which the staff of the "Morning Observer" received the news of Week's disappearance showed how firm was their beautiful confidence in his moral character. Indeed, there was no room in the man's simple life for a

secret intrigue. He passed from his home to his office, and from his office to his home—his whole time was filled by domestic and official interests. Leisure is the surest test of morals, for one cannot conduct the simplest intrigue without a large supply of time on hand. Mr. Weeks had two enthusiasms—horticulture and politics. In respect of the second he was a journalistic curiosity. Sub-editors, especially those who have spent many years in the gallery of the House of Commons, are a cynical race, and if by favor or exuberance of talent they become leader writers, their lightness of conviction makes them the more efficient. Neither age nor the crushing disappointment which comes with experience could abate the fervid Radicalism of Mr. Weeks. His party leaders were his ideals of human greatness, and into the personal likeness of one of them it was his weakness to believe that he daily grew. "Ah!" Mr. Weeks had often murmured as he looked into his glass and traced on his own countenance the noble Ministerial features of Mr. B—, "Ah, if only I had gone into the House!"

Twelve days passed, and Mr. Week's disappearance had almost become ancient history in the quickly moving life of the "Morning Observer" office. On the thirteenth evening he walked into the sub-editor's room.

"Good evening," said Mr. Weeks.

He was a few minutes late, and all his colleagues were present. Inquiries roared round him as he sat down.

"Chuck me over some copy," said Mr. Weeks.

"Western tossed him a bundle of telegraphic 'filmsy,' which represented a political speech, and the adventurer bent to his work with eagerness.

"Where have you been?" roared everyone again.

"Let us get the copy out of the room," said Mr. Weeks. "Galleryman, you are not wanted any more. Go home."

Not then, nor at any future time, did Weeks make his amazing adventures generally known. To all inquiries he opposed a smooth shaven inscrutable face; the man was magnificent, Napoleonic. He told the editor, and it was whispered that he was frequently to be seen at the Home Office. He moved for a few bright days about the lofty heights on which editors and Cabinet Ministers dwell, and then he came tumbling back in cheerful content to his sub-editorial valley. But the secret was kept, and I should not be able to disclose it now if Mr. Weeks were my only source of information.

* * * * *

"There is no doubt—no doubt at all. He crosses Waterloo Bridge every morning at half-past three, on his way to Wimbledon, where he lives."

"But his town house is in Arlington street. Cabinet Ministers do not live in Wimbledon."

"Perhaps Monsieur B— has an appointment."

"An appointment which he keeps at four o'clock every morning! Are you sure that you know the man?"

"I have no doubt at all. I have looked often on his devilish face in the House, and at his pictures in 'Punch.' It is the man."

"Ah, well. To-morrow he must not keep the appointment, and Madame—or is it Mademoiselle?—will be disappointed. It pierces my heart to be so impolite, but the call of duty is urgent."

Mr. Weeks walked easily across the bridge; he had no need for hurry. It was a pleasant morning, and though quite dark, there was a smell of dawn in the air. Few people, except journalists and night cabmen, know how fresh London smells when the working life is almost still. Early risers have the opportunity of knowing, but they are too full of sleep to be observant.

At the Surrey end of the bridge a broad flight of stone steps leads down to the river. At the top is an iron railing, with an open gate. As Mr. Weeks passed the open gate his hat fell off. He stooped to pick it up, and something struck him violently under the chin. Then many hands seized

him. He did not struggle, but instantly whipped out the police whistle which he always carried. The mouthpiece was between his teeth, and this story had nearly been spoiled, when a hard substance—it was a man's wristbone—ground into his windpipe. The whistle sighed ineffectively, and Mr. Weeks was carried down the stone steps. At the foot a small steam launch lay rocking. She was smartly fitted up, and carried the lights of respectability. Mr. Weeks was placed on board with tenderness, his captors followed, and the smart little launch steamed slowly up the river.

As soon as the vessel started all restraint was removed from the victim of this intolerable assault. His whistle was taken away, but he was apparently free to make as much natural noise as he pleased. Men stood near him, with their faces decorously turned away. Mr. Weeks did not shout, because he was a man of intelligence. He gave one look round and sat down. The businesslike—almost professional—air of the boat, and the serenity of her crew, impressed him as no threats could have done. "They do not gag me or sit on my head," he thought, "because I am entirely in their power. Oh, confound the idiots!—I shall lose my train!"

He turned to a man beside him and talked hurriedly.

"Please empty my pockets and take my watch, and then set me ashore at Charing Cross, so that I may catch my train. My wife will be frightened out of her wits."

"Monsieur misunderstands," said the man. "It was he who knew the devilish face of Mr. B.—" "We do not want your money or your watch."

"But my poor wife!"

"Monsieur's wife must be content to be disappointed. Monsieur need not fear, we are discreet, and shall not tell how he failed of his appointment."

"Appointment?" groaned Mr. Weeks. "The man is some foreign ass. He does not know what English words mean."

The launch was running along with the tide under her, and presently Mr. Weeks saw the great tower of Westminster close beside him. He looked up. The hands on the big yellow clock face pointed to a quarter to four. His train was lost!

"Poor Laura," sighed Mr. Weeks. "She will suffer the most horrid anxiety. I would kick these preposterous pirates all round if I were not afraid they would make my poor girl a widow."

With his train departed also, curiously enough, a great deal of irritation. The worst had happened, and Mr. Weeks cloaked himself in what he considered to be philosophic gloom. It was that kind of unexacting gloom which permits of personal enjoyment. Gradually, as one learning a lesson bit by bit, Weeks became conscious of the extraordinary beauty of the scene through which he was passing. The river glided like a shivered mirror, and the ribbon of lights on the Middlesex shore, with their quivering reflections below, wrapped round the horizon. The boat moved among heaping stars, and plunged, like a circus horse through a hoop of fire, whenever she passed a bridge. The bridges, too, for the most part bleak iron girders by day, were dazzling mazes, airy as colobes, in the mysterious darkness.

Mr. Weeks knew the bridges every one, and ticked them off as they slid past.

"That is Lambeth. Now for Vauxhall!" His breath whistled as the vessel drove into a black wall. "By Jove, how narrow! This skipper is a lovely cox!" His mind darted away twenty years, and he heard again the roar which repays "a good Grassy." "Grassy gets all the shouts," he reflected. "But, after all, Ditton is the more difficult corner, especially when the left bank is crowded up by boats full of women. Chelsea is a long time coming."

The boat dived through the dark railway bridge, and slipped safely under the broad band of roadway which seemed a world too heavy for its delicate supports. "A suspension bridge looks terrifying at night," thought Mr. Weeks. "Trees! That must be Battersea Park, and that the Chelsea Embankment." He gasped again as the launch squeezed under the threatening Albert Bridge. "There is nothing like habit," murmured he. "I wouldn't steer this desperate vessel for £50. Where the deuce are we going?"

They were close in under the Surrey shore, and the high buildings on the Battersea wharves almost overhung the funnel. Then the screw stopped, and the launch grated against a small wooden pier. Weeks heard the whisper of a whistle, and two or three figures appeared.

"Pardon me," said a voice beside him. A cloth was fung over his head, and he was lifted on to the pier. Then he was carried for a few yards, driven in some vehicle for a few minutes, and carried up many stone steps. A door slammed, and he was set down in a chair and the cloth removed.

Mr. Weeks found himself in a comfortably furnished bedroom. A good carpet covered the floor, "art" paper was on the walls, and an electric lamp glowed over the bed. The man with whom he had spoken on the boat stood at his side.

"You are tired, sir," he said, "and will be glad to rest. At what hour will it please you to be called?"

"At one o'clock," said Mr. Weeks calmly, "and then send the doctor to me."

"The doctor, Monsieur?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Weeks, "the doctor."

He wound his watch, undressed and lay down. "A spring mattress," he murmured, joyfully. "I suspected feathers." Then he fell asleep, so strong is dally habit, and his last waking thought was, "I am evidently in a private lunatic asylum."

When he awoke the tireless watcher was sitting beside the bed.

"It is a little before 1," observed the man.

"Nevertheless I will get up," said Mr. Weeks. And he did so. He was conducted to a bathroom, where he was allowed to splash in private, and presently, fully dressed, was led along a passage to a morning room.

"I am assuredly in a flat," observed Mr. Weeks to himself, "and the place seems to be organized entirely for my entertainment. I doubt the theory of a lunatic asylum."

He sat down before an excellent breakfast, and ate with appetite. Then he took out his pipe and tobacco pouch. "Smoking allowed?"

"Monsieur will please himself," answered the guardian, or attendant, politely.

"Hum," muttered Weeks. "He would be less sleekly polite if I tried to bolt."

"Hi," he said, presently. "Do you keep the 'Morning Observer'?"

The man pressed a bell, and a servant, in response to an order, brought several newspapers.

"The 'Times,' 'Standard,' 'Telegraph,' 'Observer,' 'Post'—this is real luxury," and Mr. Weeks settled down to a delirious of news.

The afternoon was advanced when a knock on the door was followed by the entrance of a rather fine looking man. He was a foreigner, evidently, but he was dressed quietly and well like an English gentleman. This was the second of those two nameless persons whose conversation has been reported in this narrative.

"You may go," said the newcomer to Mr. Weeks attendant.

The man sat down opposite Weeks and studied his face with close attention.

"I am delighted to see you," he said at last. "I have seen you before, but never quite so close."

"You have an inestimable privilege."

The man smiled. "You take things coolly."

"I have had no choice," retorted Mr. Weeks, with asperity. "Your people poked me up, dumped me in a box, carried me here, put me to bed, dressed me this morning, and fed me. Now they permit me to smoke and to read the papers. I would curse with an excessive profanity if it were of any use."

"You might have shouted or tried to escape."

"And I might have been chucked into the river. I am not a fool."

"Have you any idea as to our reasons for bringing you here?"

"Not a notion," answered Mr. Weeks, with emphasis. "I cannot imagine a more foolish proceeding. When I think of the time, trouble and good money wasted over your insignificant capture, I come near losing my appetite with vexation."

"Oh, come. Hardly insignificant?"

"Absolutely insignificant. Of no account at all, except to my wife."

"You English love to be thought modest. I can see distinction in every feature."

"Then my features are most misleading," said Mr. Weeks. "They should at once be altered."

"Can I do anything for your comfort?"

"Lots of things. Let me go, for one."

The visitor shook his head.

"Well, let me send a message to Wimbledon."

"Ah, to Mademoiselle? Or is it Madame? You have gallantry as well as courage."

"I want to send a telegram to Mrs. Weeks—to my wife."

"To Mrs. Weeks—to your wife! So. Shall I compose a message to—your wife?"

He seized a sheet of paper.

"To Mrs. Weeks—Rose Cottage?" Thank you. "To Mrs. Weeks, Rose Cottage, Wimbledon Park. I am unexpectedly detained. Hope to return safely in few days.—Reginald."
"My name chances to be Richard," said Mr. Weeks, dryly.

"Is it? How strange that I should have written Reginald! Doubtless you are always called Richard—at Rose Cottage—Wimbledon Park?"

The telegram was sent off, and Mr. Weeks felt great relief. His wife's anxiety would be considerably allayed, and the paper would not be seriously inconvenienced as long as the recess lasted. He lit a fresh pipe and turned savagely on his visitor.

"Perhaps, sir, you will kindly explain the meaning of this outrage. I can only suppose your agents and yourself have made some absurd mistake."

"There has been no mistake, Mr. B—," said the other, slowly.

Mr. Weeks started, and in an instant he grasped a full half of the truth. So his likeness to the famous Home Secretary, Mr. B—, that precious likeness over which he had exulted many a time before his looking glass, had actually misled these admirable ruffians into kidnapping him instead of Mr. B—. What triumph! What "distinction" there must really be "in every feature" which he possessed! He glowed with joy. And whether his captors believed him or not, B— was safe for the time. Only the previous evening Weeks had sub-edited a paragraph announcing the Home Secretary's departure for Scotland.

"Have you seen the 'Morning Observer'?" asked Mr. Weeks, suddenly.

The man looked surprised. "No," he said.

In a moment Weeks' practised eye had hunted out the paragraph, and he thrust it under his visitor's nose.

"Look at that," he cried, "you unparalleled ass."

The man read, and his eyes glittered with passion.

"Liar!" he shouted; "har! It is a forgery!"

"It is not a forgery," calmly retorted Mr. Weeks. "I sub-edited the paragraph myself."

"And who the devil are you?"

"I am Richard Weeks, sub-editor on the staff of the 'Morning Observer.'"

There was silence in the room for some minutes, and then the tall foreigner stood up. "I know nothing, and believe nothing. I will leave you, in order that inquiries may be made. Everything which you may require—"

"Thanks," said Mr. Weeks, amiably. "I will spare no expense."

Mr. Weeks had finished dinner on the following evening before his imposing visitor returned. The dinner was admirable—he had ordered it himself—and the cigars and claret, which he had also ordered, were without reproach. "There is a quite peculiar pleasure," he murmured, "in feeding handsomely at the expense of the enemy." When his visitor arrived Weeks was in excellent humor.

"Sit down, my good fellow," he cried, "and have a cigar. You may as well, for you've paid for them."

The man lit a cigar and smoked sadly.

"Mr. B— has gone away. It is said to Scotland; but servants are paid to lie in the interests of their masters' intrigues. I do not know that you are not he."

"You'll know pretty soon when he comes back."

"It is possible. In the meantime—"

"In the meantime I shall live in surpassing comfort. The sweet thought bears me up. When you are tired of running me as a non-paying guest, a visit to the office of the 'Morning Observer'—"

Mr. Weeks' visitor and host glared. "Do you say that you are on the staff of the 'Morning Observer'?"

"I do."

The other drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"I was reading that paper this morning, and I came upon this passage in a leading article. Listen. 'The Government's bill for the expulsion of suspected anarchists is worthy of the support of the party, but it is at best a small measure. There is but one way of dealing effectively with anarchism, which is, after all, only diseased egotism in one of its allotropic forms. A suspected anarchist should be arrested in secret, imprisoned in secret, tried in secret—if necessary, executed in secret. Under no circumstances of crime should his name or any indication of his identity be disclosed. Anarchists do not fear death if their names and exploits can fill the columns of all newspapers for a certain number of weeks. Like other weeds, they flourish in the light; like other weeds, they would wither in the darkness of unbroken secrecy.'"

He read these words with emotion, and then burst out:

"Sir, is it possible that this horrible, this inhuman suggestion emanated from yourself?"

Mr. Weeks shrugged his shoulders. "Sub-editors do not usually inspire leading articles."

"Ah, you evade me. You are the monster who preaches this ghastly doctrine of perpetual obscurity."

"You cannot have me every way, my friend. I cannot very well be the Home Secretary, a sub-editor of the 'Morning Observer' and also a leader writer. You must sort out my identity a little before you can expect me to defend myself. Come, now," went on Weeks, pleasantly, "suppose for a moment that I am Mr. B—. What was your object in kidnapping me?"

"I intended to exact a pledge that you would drop the Anarchists Expulsion Bill."

"Hum. So you are an anarchist, are you? I thought anarchists were snuffy foreign paupers, who were more afraid of soap than of dynamite."

"Sir, am I unclean? Am I—snuffy? Does this room look as if I were a pauper?"

"No. That is what surprises me."

"You are insular, you English."

"We may be, but you people are surprisingly ignorant of us. Do you really suppose that an English Minister can drop an important Bill in the middle of a session because you tell him to? He would have to reckon with the party?"

"What party?"

"With Mr. B—'s party. With the great Liberal party."

"I have never heard of it," said the amazed anarchist.

Mr. Weeks gasped. Was such ignorance possible? Yet the man seemed honest. He had the look of an interested inquirer.

Then Mr. Weeks pulled himself together, and began to speak. He was awkward at first, as one might be who tried to explain quick-firing guns to a savage innocent of gunpowder. But after a while he felt his way to first principles, and on these solid foundations he built up the modern radical programme. The audience was interested and rather amused at first, then he became bored, and at last nothing but unnatural politeness kept him from falling asleep. It was midnight before Mr. Weeks, who for two hours had been going strong, stopped.

"That is enough as an introduction," he said. "The next time you favor me with a visit we will go more into detail."

The anarchist, bowing courteously, went away in silence, and Mr. Weeks betook himself to bed. He was conscious of having spent a delightful evening.

For more than a week the chief anarchist visited Mr. Weeks every day to see that he was safe and in good health. He did not always wish to stay, but Mr. Weeks prevailed over him. The poor man's politeness was his ruin. Every day Mr. Weeks pinned his miserable auditor into an armchair, piled him with cigars and whisky—but not enough of the spirit for oblivion—and talked at him. Heavens, how he talked! To the anarchist the evenings passed in a wild whirling orgie of words, words. He pictured Home Rule, Registration Reform, the Question of the Lords, as so many bricks designed solely that he might be pelted with them. His mind ached, and his body in sympathy felt bruised. He could talk himself on occasion, and cry "Vive l'Anarchie!" with conviction, but the hard, unemotional, mechanical lecturing of Mr. Weeks struck a chill to his heart. Politics to his mind were less systematic and more exciting.

Mr. Weeks, in spite of his natural irritation at restraint, profoundly enjoyed his captivity. Engaged in a sacred duty, he was grandly unconscious of the anarchist's merciless boredom; he regarded him as a possible convert, and his soul glowed with missionary enterprise. He was magnificent, if slightly inhumane.

On the last day of Mr. Weeks' detention his visitor came in earlier than usual. The man had lost some of his bloom during his late severe experiences. His clothes hung on him without fit; he was deteriorating fast.

"Mr. B— has come home," he said, simply.

"And I," cried Weeks.

"You may go when you please."

"You are very good. On my word, I am quite sorry to stop our charming evenings."

"Mr. Weeks has been most obliging—and instructive."

"But how about B—?" asked Weeks, anxiously. "Are you going to have another try at him?"

"I think not. We could only threaten to kill him, or to blow up his house and family, if he refuses us. But these things would seem small to him. Has he not endured many years of your House of Commons?"

"What do you mean?"

But Mr. Weeks never received an explanation.

An Epoch in Church Music.

**MR. MACKENZIE'S CELESTIAL ORGAN PRESENTED
TO CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL**

An epoch in church music in Montreal was marked by the formal opening on Sunday of the new celestial organ of Christ Church Cathedral, presented by Mr. Hector Mackenzie. The beautiful church—architecturally one of the gems of the city—was crowded both morning and evening, to hear the new instrument and participate in the services. The story of the



MR. HECTOR MACKENZIE.
Donor of the Celestial Organ.

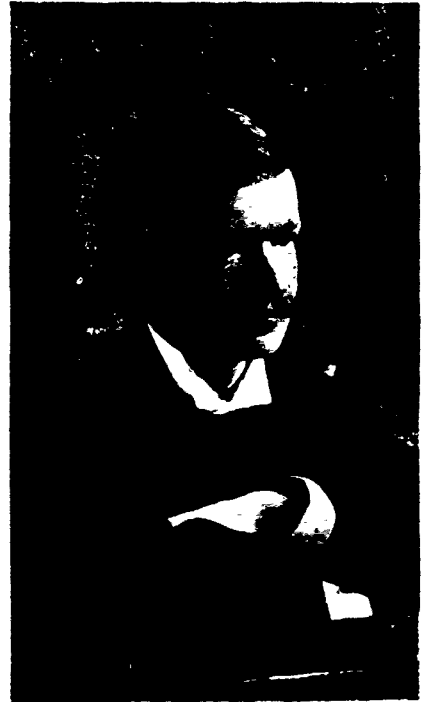
development of organ music in this historic church is most romantic. When the old Christ Church Cathedral in Notre Dame street was built (1814), King George III, who had given the site, presented to the church an organ built by Messrs. Hill & Son, of London, England "The King's Organ," which was famous for its tone, was destroyed by fire when the church was burned in 1856. When the congregation built the present cathedral church opened in 1859, they instructed Messrs. Hill & Son to reproduce "the King's Organ," of which full particulars had been preserved. The present organ is, like its predecessor, noted for its sweetness and purity of tone.

In December, 1898, Mr. Hector Mackenzie donated a "Vox Humana" stop for the organ. The pipes, which are of absolutely pure metal, were made by Messrs. Hutchings, of Boston, who consider it the best stop of the kind ever turned out of their factory. In October, 1899, Mr. Hector Mackenzie decided to donate a complete "Celestial Organ," to be placed in the tower. Although this organ is complete in itself and quite separate from the instrument in the chancel, it can be played from the same console. All the pipes have been made by Messrs. Hutchings, of the very best material obtainable for good tone production, and the new instrument is remarkably sweet, as those who heard it on Sunday can testify.

Tower organs are very rare, owing to the fact of it being impossible to obtain satisfactory musical results in most cases, on account of the location of the tower. The cathedral tower, being central and opening into the nave and chancel, is well adapted for a celestial organ. Part of the "action" of this

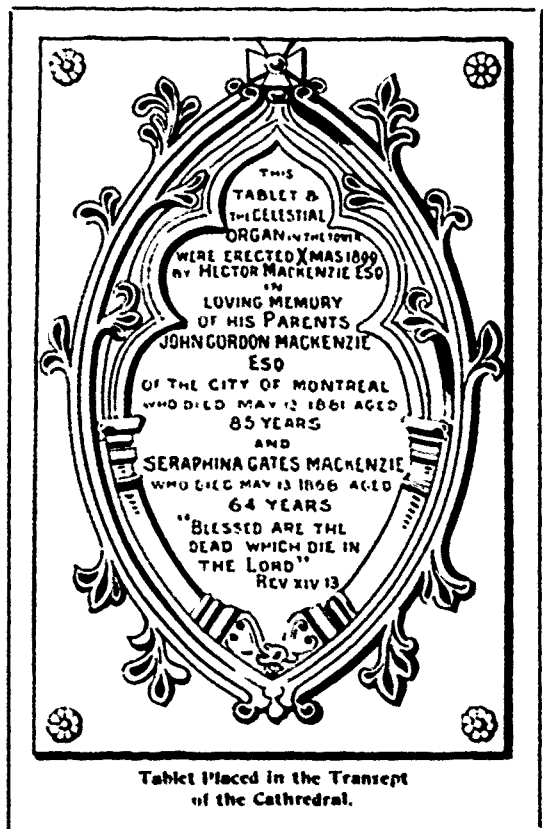
organ has been made by Messrs. Cassavant, of St. Hyacinthe. The celestial organ case, as seen from the nave, was designed by Mr. Andrew T. Taylor, of Messrs. Taylor & Gordon, architects of this city. The new organ contains a number of beautiful solo stops and is intended primarily for a solo organ. It also contains a chime of 20 tubular bells which are played from the organ console.

Mr. Mackenzie, the donor of the instrument, is a well-known figure in Montreal, and was born and educated in this city, his father, John Gordon Mackenzie, having been a prominent wholesale dry goods merchant here. On the death of the latter, in 1881, the son became head of the firm. Like his father before him, he has prospered and become rich in this world's goods, and at the present time he is a large shareholder and a



MR. JOHN B. NORTON, LIC. MUS.
Organist and Musical Director.

director of some of the chief commercial and industrial enterprises in Canada. He is a man of many interests, but if he has one that may be called a hobby, it is his interest in music. Not only has he been very liberal with his money in the promotion of good music, as his donation of the vox humana stop of the old organ, followed by this more munificent gift, abundantly proves, he has entertained and helped musicians in a truly generous and kindly manner, and he is himself a



Tablet Placed in the Transept
of the Cathedral.

musician possessed of talent and culture. His favorite instrument is the flute, but those who heard him play the new organ in the Cathedral, on its completion last Thursday night, know that his skill is not by any means confined to the ancient and simple instrument of which he is so fond.

The Rev. Canon Norton, who for over 15 years, has watched with jealous eye the spiritual and material develop-



REV. PROF. STEEN, T.A.,
Special Preacher of the Cathedral.



REV. CANON NORTON, D.D.,
Rector of Montreal.

ment of the cathedral church of Anglicanism in Montreal, is to be congratulated, on this latest acquisition to the beauty of the edifice and the services held therein. Canon Norton is a firm believer in aesthetic adjuncts to worship. In a sermon preached on November 12 last, he proclaimed in eloquent terms his faith in the power of beautiful things to assist man in attaining a proper attitude towards the Deity: "Nature teaches us that the body has attitudes of reverence, which in themselves are not worship, but which assist the soul to worship. The eye was created by God, and it can aid our spirits in their approaches to Him in worship. Solemn and beautiful architecture, such as we have around us here, can, through the eye, impress the mind with thoughts of the Purity, Immutability, and Eternity of God, and the littleness, weakness and unworthiness of man, and these thoughts aid our spirits in worship. The ear was created by God, and it also can assist us in worship. It can hear the wondrous story of the Gospel, and stir up our hearts to devotion. Sweet and reverent music is to the ear what pure and beautiful and dignified architecture is to the eye: it is full of religious expression, and it subdues the restless and worldly soul, and so far helps to prepare it for true spiritual worship, by the aid of the Divine Spirit."

The musical director, Mr. Jno. B. Norton, and his choir are also to be congratulated on acquiring what will undoubtedly be a great aid to them in producing a dignified and beautiful service. The following are the members of the choir.

Cathedral quartette: Miss Lillian H. Laughton, soprano, Miss Jessie Rolley, contralto, Mr. R. Montague Davy, tenor, Mr. Ernest J. Chambers, bass.

Chorus: Miss C. Budd, Miss B. Crudge, Miss C. Davies, Miss M. Davidson, Miss B. Hunt, Miss L. Jones, Miss J. Kendall, Miss E. Kendall, Miss M. Kruse, Miss L. Maynard, Miss E. Maynard, Miss E. T. Murray, Miss F. Peters, Miss A. Russell, Miss L. Rolley, Miss B. Rennie, Miss J. Shaw, Miss

A. E. Timm, Mr. D. S. Barton, Mr. C. E. Blackmore, Mr. W. G. Blackie, Mr. G. Donaldson, Mr. W. J. Fettes, Mr. R. B. Leders, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. G. Lynch, Mr. L. de B. Murray, Mr. E. Murray, Mr. W. Mills, Mr. R. Macaulay, Mr. H. Nichol, Mr. J. P. Walker.

Probationers: Miss Clarke and Miss McWood.

The services on the occasion of the opening of the new organ last Sunday were most interesting. In the morning, the Lord Bishop of Montreal, Right Rev. W. B. Bond, LL.D., preached, and the music was of a special character, including a fine anthem from the Messiah and selections on the new organ by both the organist and Mr. Mackenzie. In the evening, Rev. Prof. Steen preached, and there were again a number of very fine vocal and instrumental selections.



THE CATHEDRAL QUARTETTE.
Misses Rolley and Laughton, Messrs. Davy and Chambers.

Antoinette De Mirecourt

A CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Lepron.

CHAPTER I.

THE feeble sun of November, that most unpleasant month in our Canadian year, was streaming down on the narrow streets and irregular buildings of Montreal, such as it existed in the year 176—, some short time after the royal standard of England had replaced the fleur-de-lys of France.

Reflecting back the red sunlight in the countless small panes of its narrow casements, stood a large and substantial-looking stone house, situated towards the east extremity of Notre Dame street, then the aristocratic quarter of the city. Without going through the ceremony of raising the ponderous knocker, we will pass through the hall-door, with its arched fan-light overhead, and, entering the mansion, take a short survey of its interior and inmates. Despite the lowness of the ceilings, so justly incompatible with our modern ideas of elegance, or even comfort—despite the rough wood-carving and tarnished gilding encircling the doors and windows, and the quaint, useless wooden architraves running around the walls of the different apartments, there is a stamp of unmistakable wealth and refinement pervading the abode.

Glimpses of fine old paintings, costly inlaid cabinets, antique vases, and other objects of art, revealed through the half-open doors, confirm this impression, even before we are told that the mansion is inhabited by Monsieur D'Aulnay, one of the most distinguished among the few families of the old French noblesse, who continued to dwell in any of the principal cities after their country had passed under a foreign rule.

The master of the house, a plain-featured but gentlemanly-looking man, was seated, at the moment in which we introduce him to the reader, in his large and well-lighted library. The three sides of this, his favorite apartment, were covered, from ceiling to floor, with compactly-filled shelves, whilst a few well-executed busts or good portraits of literary men were the only ornaments of any sort which the room contained. The serviceable, dark bindings of the volumes, innocent of gilding or gaudy lettering, betrayed they were valued by their owner more for their contents than their appearance; and in his earnest, unostentatious love of literature, might have been found the key to the tranquil placidity of character which distinguished him under circumstances which would have often severely tried the patience of less philosophic men. When hosts of his personal friends and relatives urged him, after the capitulation of Montreal, to do as they were doing, and return to la vieille France, or at least seek the solitude of his wealthy seigneurie in the country, and bury himself there for the remainder of his days, he looked around his library, sighed, and shook his head. In vain, some fiery spirits indignantly asked him how he could brook the arrogance of the proud conquerors who had landed on their shores? how he could endure to meet, wherever eye or footstep turned, the scarlet uniforms of the epauletted heroes who now governed his native land in King George's name. To their indignant remonstrances he sadly but calmly rejoined he should not see much of them, for he intended establishing himself henceforth permanently in his beloved library, and going abroad as little as possible. When further pressed on the subject, he referred his friendly persecutors to Madame D'Aulnay; and as it was well known that that fair lady had on several occasions expressed her fixed determination to never bury herself during

life in the country, though she had no objections to their burying her there after death, he was generally, at this stage of the argument, left in peace.

As we have said, Mr. D'Aulnay was seated in his library, absorbed in the perusal of some abstruse and learned work, no political regrets or projects disturbing for the moment his intellectual enjoyment, when the door of the apartment opened, and an elegant looking woman, on the shady side of Balzac's admired feminine age of 30, and dressed with the most exquisite taste and care, entered.

"Mr. D'Aulnay," she exclaimed, laying a dainty, heavily-ringed hand on his shoulder.

"Well, what is it, Lucille?" and he half closed his book with a regretful though not impatient look.

"I have come to tell you that Antoinette has just arrived."

"Antoinette?" he absently repeated.

"Yes, you moon-struck man," and the little hand inflicted a playful tap on his cheek. "My cousin Antoinette, whom I have been vainly begging of that cross uncle of mine, for the last six months; and who has been at last granted a chance of seeing a little of life under my auspices."

"Do you mean that rosy, good-humored little girl I saw two summers ago, in the country, at Mr. De Mirecourt's?"

"The same, but instead of a little girl, she is now a young lady, and a wealthy heiress besides. Uncle De Mirecourt has consented to her passing the winter with me, and I am determined that she shall see a little society during that time."

"Ah! I understand too well what that means," groaned Mr. D'Aulnay. "So our present domestic rules are to be subverted, the house completely upset, and the whole place overrun with idle young fops, or unknown men with swords clashing against their heels, as you have been studiously hinting to me for some time past. Alas! I thought when the Chevalier de Levis and his gallant epaulettes left the country, there was to be an end to all this military fervor or fever; and I must to my shame acknowledge, that if anything could have tended to console me during that darkest episode of the history of my country, it was the supposition I have just mentioned."

"What would you, cher ami?" plaintively questioned Mrs. D'Aulnay. "Have we not mourned in sackcloth and ashes, as it were, for many a long and dreary month since; but people must live, and to live they must see society. I really would as soon assume the garb of a female Carmelite, and see you don a Trappist's cowl and robe at once, as live any longer in the cloister-like seclusion in which we have been vegetating for an interminable time past."

"Nonsense, Lucille! As to the Trappist's cowl and robe, I think they would be more suitable to my age and tastes, and certainly far more comfortable, than the silk stockings and ball-room costume which your new projects will compel me so often to assume. But to discuss the matter seriously, surely you who used to talk so pathetically over the woes of Canada with the brave French soldiers who have left our shores—who used to enthral your listeners by your eloquent and patriotic denunciations of our enemies and oppressors, and were compared by Col. De Bourlamarque to one of the heroines of the Fronde—surely you are not going to entertain and feast those same oppressors now?"

"My dear, dear D'Aulnay, I again repeat, what alternative have I? I cannot invite clerks or apprentices to my house, and our own people are nearly all dispersed in one direction or another. Those English officers may be tyrants, ruthless oppressors, what you will; but they are men of education and refinement: and—conclusive argument—they are my only resource."

"Pray, tell me, then, when this reign of anarchy is to be inaugurated?" questioned Mr. D'Aulnay, silenced though not convinced.

"Oh, on that point, my dear Andre, I am certain of meeting with your approbation. The good old Canadian fete of la Sainte Catherine, a day which our ancestors from time

immemorial have joyously observed, will be the evening I will choose for again opening our doors to something like life and gaiety."

"And I fear closing them against peace and comfort; but, do you know any of the men who are destined henceforth to fill our salons and to eat our suppers?"

"Yes; Major Sternfield called here yesterday with that young Foucher, who, in times past, would scarcely have obtained admittance into my house; but, alas! society is so reduced in point of numbers, we cannot afford to be too exclusive now."

"Was that long-legged flamingo I caught a glimpse of in the hall, Major Sternfield?" questioned Mr. D'Aulnay.

"Long-legged flamingo!" reiterated the lady, petulantly, "what an extraordinary choice of unsuitable epithets. Major Sternfield is certainly one of the handsomest and most elegant men I have ever met; and, what is more to the point, he is a perfect gentleman in manner and address. He expressed, in the most deferential terms, the earnest, anxious desire of himself, and many of his brother officers, to obtain an entrance into our Canadian salons—"

"Yes, to pick up any heiresses among us, and, after turning the heads of all the rest of the girls, jilt them," grumbled Mr. D'Aulnay.

"Ah, you are mistaken," rejoined his wife with animation. "Myself and countrywomen will take good care that in all cases they shall be the sufferers, not ourselves. Antoinette and I shall break dozens of their callous hearts, and thus avenge our country's wrongs."

"Heaven preserve me from a woman's logic!" muttered the sorely-tried husband, hurriedly re-opening his book, and settling himself back in his chair. "There, there, invite them all, from general to ensign, if you will, but leave me in peace."

CHAPTER II.

Elated by her success, Mme. D'Aulnay traversed, with a light step, the long, narrow corridor, leading from the library, and turned off at the right into a pretty, airy bedroom, furnished with every possible attention to comfort. The apartment, however, at the moment in question, was in considerable confusion. Shawls and scarves lay scattered on the chairs; whilst a half-opened trunk, with innumerable hand-boxes, lay heaped upon the floor.

Standing before the tall Psyche, adding a last smoothing touch to her rich waves of hair, stood a young girl, with a slight, exquisitely-formed figure and very lovely, expressive face.

"Dressed already, my charming cousin!" smilingly exclaimed Madame D'Aulnay. "You have done much with very little"; and she glanced significantly, if not contemptuously, at the dark grey dress, as simple in its fashion as it was in material, which the young girl wore. "But, come, let me look at you well. I had only a glimpse of you, just now"; and, suiting the action to the word, she drew her guest towards the window, first pushing entirely back the heavy damask curtains that hung before it.

"Why, Antoinette, child, do you know that you have grown positively beautiful? Such a complexion—"

"Mercy, mercy, Lucille!" laughed the object of this eulogium, deprecatingly raising her pretty little hands before her face: "just what Madame Gerard prophesied before I left home."

"And, pray, what did that tiresome, punctilious, scrupulous old governess prophesy? Come, tell me"; and, placing her young companion in a cushioned fauteuil, she drew another towards her, and sank into its soft depths.

"Well, first of all, she did all in her power, talked more in one week than I have heard her do in months, to induce papa to prevent my coming. She spoke of my youth and utter inexperience—the dangers and snares that might beset my steps, and then, dear Lucille, she spoke of you."

"And what did she say of me?"

"Nothing very terrible. Simply that you were graceful, accomplished, and fascinating ('tis your turn to hide your blushes now), but that you were eminently unfit for the responsible office of mentor to a girl of 17. Whilst you were imaginative, thoughtless and impulsive, I was giddy, childish and romantic, so she argued that nothing good could come of committing me six long months to your guidance."

"And what said Uncle De Mirecourt to all this?"

"Not much at first, but I am tempted to think poor Madame Gerard said too much. You know papa always says he possesses a good share of the firmness—to use a mild term—constituting from time immemorial one of our family attributes; and when Mrs. Gerard became so urgent and earnest, he began to say just as decidedly that, as I was 17, it was time I should see something of society; or, at least of town life—that Madame D'Aulnay was his niece, and an amiable, kind-hearted woman—with many other flattering speeches, of which I will spare you the recital. Still, the day was beginning to go against us, for he thinks a great deal of Mrs. Gerard's judgment; and he concluded by remarking that I might postpone my town visit to another winter—when I, overwhelmed by this sudden disappointment of all my hopes and prospects, burst into tears. That decided the matter. Papa declared he had already half engaged his word to me, and that unless I chose myself to free him from his promise, he must keep it. Then Mrs. Gerard turned to me, and for two days her kindly-meant entreaties, and gentle counsels, made me the most miserable little girl in the world. Indeed, I had finally made up my mind to yield to her wishes, when your last urgent, kind letter arrived. After its perusal, I embraced her tenderly—for she has been, from my early childhood, a true and loving friend—and implored her to forgive me this once for disobeying her. She said—but, no matter, here I am!"

"And most welcome you are, you dear little creature! I declare, I would have had neither heart nor courage to enter on this season's campaign, without some such auxiliary as yourself. You are a wealthy heiress, high-born and handsome, and you will meet here the very elite of those elegant English strangers."

"English!" repeated Antoinette, with a slight start. "Oh, Lucille, papa hates the very name."

"What of that, child! If we do not have them, who are we to have? Our darling French officers have left us forever, together with the flower of our young noblesse. Any that remain of the latter are dispersed throughout the country parishes, burrowing in dismal seigniories or lonely old family mansions, and would prove at best but uncertain and occasional visitors. Surely, then, I am not to fill the drawing-rooms that have been crowded, night after night, with men like De Bourlamarque and his chivalric companions, with such creatures as the occupants of the inferior Government or other offices, which our English masters have judged too paltry to be worth destituting. But, tell me, are the two Leonard girls coming to town soon?"

"Yes; I received a few lines yesterday from Louise, mentioning they were both coming to spend a couple of months in Montreal with their aunt."

"Tant mieux! They are handsome, elegant-looking girls, and will be quite an addition to our circle. But, I must warn you in time that you must have a charming evening dress ready for next Thursday, the purchase and making of which, by the way, I must superintend myself. I intend that we shall celebrate la Sainte Catherine with all possible splendor. In the meantime, if you should feel lonesome, or find yourself at a loss for amusement, you have only to look from the window at any hour in the afternoon, and you can see the fine imposing figures of our intended guests, lounging up and down our rough pavements."

"Do you know any of them yet, Lucille?"

"I have made the acquaintance of only one; but if he is anything like a fair specimen of the rest, I assure you we shall

ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 17.

"waste no more sighs on any of De Levis' gallant followers, Major Sternfield—that is the name of my new military acquaintance—and (par parenthese) he has placed the whole regiment at my disposal, guaranteeing that they shall make themselves equally useful and agreeable; Major Sternfield, then, is superbly handsome, polished and courteous in manner, in short a most accomplished man of the world. He got young Foucher to introduce him here; and though I received him somewhat coldly at first, my reserve soon yielded to the deferential homage of his address, and the delicate flattery of his manner. By way of climax to his many perfections, the dear creature speaks French charmingly. He told me he had spent two years in Paris. In taking leave, he asked permission to return soon with a couple of brother officers, who specially desired an introduction."

"And what says cousin D'Aulnay to all this?"

"Why, like a true philosopher, and a good, sensible husband as he is, he grumbles, but—submits. And 'tis better for us both he does so, for, though scarcely a shadow of real sympathy exists between us (he is matter-of-fact, practical, and intensely literary, whilst I am romantic, enthusiastic in temperament, and cannot endure the sight of a book, unless it be a novel, or volume of sentimental poetry), we are still, in spite of such startling dissimilarity of tastes and character, happy, and mutually attached to each other."

"Were you very much in love, then, with cousin D'Aulnay, when you married him?" questioned Antoinette, hesitatingly, for she felt she was treading on what had hitherto been almost forbidden ground to her young imagination.

"Oh dear, no! My parents, though kind and indulgent in other respects, showed me no consideration in this. They simply told me Mr. D'Aulnay was the husband they had chosen for me, and that I was to be married to him in five weeks. I cried for the first week almost without intermission. Then, mamma having promised me I should select my own trousseau, and that it should be as rich and costly as I could desire, a different turn was given to my feelings, and I became so very busy with milliners and shopping, that I had not time for another thought of regret, till my wedding day arrived. Well, I was happy in my lot, for Mr. D'Aulnay has ever been both indulgent and generous; but, my darling child, the experiment was fearfully hazardous—one which might have resulted in life-long misery to both parties. Remember, Antoinette," continued the speaker, with a pretty little air of sentiment, "that the only sure basis for a happy marriage is mutual love, and community of soul and feeling."

Apparently, mutual esteem, moral worth, and prudence in point of suitable choice, counted for nothing with Madame D'Aulnay.

Well might the trust-worthy governess have raised her voice against entrusting to such a mentor, Antoinette De Mirecourt, with her childish inexperience, rich, poetic imagination, and warm, impulsive heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LADY MARY.

BY MRS. C. S. WILLIAMSON.

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

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CHAPTER XXXV.

SAVED.

Mrs. Rayne gently pushed me behind her, keeping me out of sight. Then she made as if to retreat backwards, and Valentine Graeme (for it was he) ran hastily down the stairs again. It did not need Mrs. Rayne's whisper that he had heard our footsteps and rushed up, thinking to be in

time to warn Lady Mary before she should come down, to explain his sudden coming and going.

When he was out of sight again, evidently believing that a word of warning would be enough, we softly followed to the head of the stairs.

"We are saved, I trust!" breathed my companion. "Someone has come who must be made to believe, as we did, that Lady Mary Raven has gone away. Whoever it is will be told that you have gone with her. And no one would come here at this time of night unless it was an urgent errand. Do you know who it is I think is down there?"

"Donald," I whispered eagerly.

"Yes, I am sure of it. Mrs. Trout found him, told him that you were in the house and in danger, and he came. Thank Heaven, my child, we have but to go downstairs to reach safety!"

Trembling, and hand in hand, we crept noiselessly down the winding way, moving, as we did so, nearer to a light that came from below.

The great lamp at the foot of the balusters was burning, and by the fireplace, ourselves unseen, we could see the figures of three men.

One was Valentine Graeme, the second was a stranger in the uniform of the police, and the third, though his back was turned towards me, I recognized with a joyous throbbing of the heart. It was Sir Donald Howard.

Valentine Graeme was speaking in a loud tone of virtuous anger. "I let you in rather than have a disturbance. Since I have satisfied you that you had not been deceived, and that Lady Mary has taken Eve away to France, you can do no less than apologize for your intrusion and absurd suspicions. We have nothing to conceal in this house. And if you choose to follow the ladies to France, do so, by all means, only go now and let me have my sleep out, if you please."

I could wait no longer. Suppose that Donald believed him and turned away, leaving us once more at this villain's mercy! Running downstairs, regardless of any noise I might make, I rushed towards the group on the hearth, sobbing wildly: "Donald! Donald!"

He held out his arms, and in an instant I was within their circle, lying on his breast.

I think that for a long space I must have fallen into unconsciousness, for when I awoke, to find myself in Donald's arms, we were no longer in the hall at the Dark House, but in a room I had never seen before.

I looked around me in bewilderment. Donald knelt by a low sofa, holding me, as I reclined at full length, and at the foot, stood a slender woman in black, whose face was familiar to me, and yet strange.

"It is Mrs. Rayne, I said, wistfully. But no—it is not Mrs. Rayne. Why is she so changed?"

I turned again to Donald, and he held me tightly to him. "Have no more fear, my darling," he said; "all danger is over. You are safe with the two people who love you best in the world—your lover and your mother."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE END OF EVE RUTLAND.

For many a day I lay near death, living over and over again in delirium the horrors through which I had passed. Yet always there was the one solace—the sight of those two loving faces, and the touch of soft, cool hands upon my head. It was a tiny, white, large-eyed face, wreathed with a crop of short-cut auburn curls, that I saw in the mirror for which I asked, when I was well enough to sit up again. And then I looked into the other eyes, so strangely like those which had met mine in the mirror.

"My mother!" I pronounced thoughtfully, lingeringly. "I don't understand. I always thought—"

"Don't think at all now, dearest," answered the sweet voice I had known as Mrs. Rayne's. "Some day, when you are stronger, you shall hear everything."

"No, now—now!" I cried, rebelliously. "I have lived in a dream too long. I think my head will hurt me again unless you explain to me the things which have been puzzling me."

"She is right," said Donald, who was seldom far away from me now. "And I will be the one to tell her."

He did tell me, smoothing my short hair soothingly, while my mother's thin white hand held mine. He told me how, in the old days, Helen Murray had been governess to Lady Mary, then a wild, undisciplined girl, within two or three years of my own age. It was at the Dark House my father, Lord Raven, had seen and loved her, and carried her away as his wife, all unconscious that he had won the passionate love of Lord Cardington's daughter.

There had been a strange crew of gamblers and racers, men at the Dark House, and my father had been glad to take his wife away, but he had not refused to allow the visits of the girl whose governess she had been.

At this time my mother had been the confidante of Lady Mary in the matter of a secret marriage, which had turned out unfortunately, as such marriages usually do, but even she was not aware of the birth of a son before her own coming to the Dark House, and when Lady Mary was not more than sixteen years of age.

The man whom the wretched girl had married was one of the worst among those who hung about the notorious Lord Cardington, and love had been replaced by the bitterest hatred before my mother was taken into Lady Mary's confidence.

After my father's marriage, my mother had consented to help the girl in freeing herself from the husband she detested, and in so doing had had one or two meetings with him. Once her husband had seen her with the man, and in anger had forbidden her ever to speak to so disreputable a person again. But, for Lady Mary's sake she had done so, little dreaming of the plot which the girl for whom she worked was weaving round her.

When my father was absent from home the bolt had fallen from the blue. My mother had received a telegram bidding her to join her husband immediately in France, leaving me—then a tiny girl but a few years old—behind her. She obeyed, and to her horror was met at Calais, not by my father, but by the man against whom he had warned her. He had a plausible story ready, however, of an accident to her husband, of which he had been a witness, going on to say that he had taken it upon himself, as the only acquaintance of Lord Raven's near at hand, to send for her.

In his company she had travelled to the South of France, only to discover that she had been deceived. A chain of evidence had been built up against her, and my father refused to believe the story she had to tell. Convinced of her guilt, he had divorced her, and she, crushed with shame and grief, had hidden herself from everyone whom she had ever known, save Donald Howard's mother, who, through everything, had stood her friend.

It was only after Lady Mary's marriage with my father that she had heard how a huge sum of money had been paid to the wretch who had caused her downfall—he having died in a foreign hospital a year before his wife married again.

When I was sent from home my mother had found out the school where I had been put, and sought a position there as singing teacher, which she obtained through the help of Lady Howard and her own remarkably beautiful voice.

More than this had been known by neither my mother nor Donald, until the time of our escape from the Dark House, soon after which they had discovered that it was Miss Cade who had left the place, disguised in Lady

Mary's mourning, under one of her thick veils of crape. She had taken with her one of the housemaids, dressed in my clothing, and it had been believed, even by the servants, not excepting Mrs. Trout, that it was Lady Mary who had gone. Miss Cade had for years been cognizant of Lady Mary's first secret marriage, and had traded upon her knowledge, thus establishing herself in a position of trust in the household, and no doubt proving an efficient ally in any deed of evil which had to be done.

Had not my mother been able to hide herself (with Mrs. Trout's connivance) in the Dark House, after having been so summarily dismissed in the character of "Nichols," my maid, I never should have lived to hear the story of her sorrow, her love and marvelous devotion.

It was true that Donald had been at first deceived into believing I had been taken away, but before he could make arrangements to follow me (as he supposed) to France, Mrs. Trout, armed with my message, had found him, and he had come prepared to enforce his demands with those of the law.

"And that woman," I asked, tremulously, when I had heard the story to its end, "Is she alive? What will they do to her? She murdered my father. She ought to die for that."

"She is dead, my darling," Donald said gently. "Not that night, not at the time, nor in the way you think. Her injuries would not have killed her, but she feared the consequences of her sins. To be sure, nothing could be proved against her until you could speak—but conscience had made her a coward."

"Her son (Valentine Graeme, as you have always called him) had been arrested. He will probably have years to spend in prison as her accomplice. She was alone, save for her nurse, too ill to be removed from the Dark House, the scene of all her crimes. And while the nurse slept she rose one night and took poison, which must already have been long in the house."

"What strange justice!" I cried. "The poison, perhaps, with which she killed my father. And that she should have died thus in the night, deserted by all—even Miss Cade."

"Miss Cade was too wise ever to return from France," said Donald. "She has not been heard of since the night she went away. It has been a gloomy sequence of events, my dearest, and yours has been an escape so narrow that my heart aches even to think of it in the past. But it is over now. You shall never see the Dark House again. You and your mother are under my roof now, and though it is not often that a bride is married from her bridegroom's house we will set the fashion, you and I."

"Ah, but I want a Scotch marriage, just as we planned that happy, never-to-be-forgotten night," I wilfully cried.

They both smiled—my mother and my lover.

"Over the border we will go," he said, "and would that it might be to-morrow."

It was not "to-morrow," but it was "to-morrow week." And so it was that, after all, the heiress of Lord Raven's coveted millions was married before she came of age.

(THE END.)

ON Tuesday evening of last week, the Misses Hoctor, of 271 St. Urbain street, gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party. The first gentleman's prize was won by Mr. Jack Brannen, who is certainly lucky in both cards and hockey this winter. The first lady's prize was won by Miss Hughes. Some of those present were: The Misses Kearney, Brannen, McTavish, Hughes, Snaill, O'Reilly, Danks, Michaud, Severs, Mitchell, Mrs. Bastien, and Messrs. Peters, Michaud, Brannen, Byrne, Davis, Kearney, Cochrane, Laverty, Snaill, McTavish, Adams, Rowell, Robert, and Dr. Murphy.

* Mainly About People. *

IT is stated, on the most reliable authority, that not only is every detail of the South-African campaign submitted day by day to the Queen—and we have it on the testimony of the great Moltke himself that Her Majesty has a wonderful grasp of military matters, and has read the leading British and German authorities on the art of war—but she is also keenly interested in hearing any private news that may come through in the correspondence of officers now at the front. As so many of the Queen's dearest friends and members of her household have near relations in the army, the Sovereign's natural wish to keep herself fully informed of everything that is going on there can be gratified in a very special manner. It is interesting to note that Princess Henry of Battenberg is now constantly called upon to replace the Queen. Thus on February 7 she visited Southampton, in considerable state, in order to open the beautiful building which has been added to the Royal South Hants Infirmary as a memorial of the Diamond Jubilee. Her Royal Highness has always taken an intense interest in nursing, following in this the example of her sister, Princess Christian. She was the first of the Princesses to visit the South-African wounded after their arrival in England; but her visit took place quite privately, only the fact that it had occurred being communicated to the world at large.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, is mentioned in connection with the presidency of Toronto University, when that institution shall have received reorganization, which it badly needs. Dr. Osler is now in his 51st year, and is almost as well-known in Montreal as in Baltimore, though it is over 15 years since he left the faculty of McGill University. He is an Ontario man by birth, and received his early education in that Province, being a member of the celebrated Osler family which has given to Canada an eminent judge, a noted criminal lawyer, a successful financier, and to the States a great professor of medicine. Though few men in his profession have been more talked about by the newspapers than Dr. Osler, he is a consistent non-advertiser, and refuses to give away his photograph for illustration, or to furnish particulars about his personal and private life. Those who know Dr. Osler and his affairs, regard it as extremely improbable that he can be induced to take the position which the Education Department of Ontario may offer him.

DR. HAIG BROWN, the former headmaster of Charterhouse, writing of the schooldays of Colonel Baden-Powell, says: "I notice that the name is invariably mispronounced. The 'a' in Baden is generally given the sound of 'ah,' but it should have the usual sound of 'a,' as in 'Bathing Towel,' which was his nickname among the boys at school."

ONE of the most curious presentation copies made by Mr. Winston Churchill of his brilliant book, "The River War," was to Lord Kitchener himself, in spite of the fact that the work contains some vehement criticisms of that remarkable commander. Kitchener, it is alleged, is by no means fond of young Churchill. Nevertheless, within the earliest compass of time that a parcel could travel to Egypt subsequent to the publication of the book, a copy arrived at Omdurman "with the author's compliments." The Sirdar, at the time, was up to his neck in administrative work connected with his Province, and was hard at it from the first thing in the morning till the last thing at night. For all that, within the next 24 hours he had read the whole book and noted comments upon it. The strictures on himself he by no means dismissed with any stoic indifference, but decided to answer them at length in *The Times*. In the nick of time, however, he seems to have realized that he was tackling a rather thorny customer, and

that the laurels he had won at Omdurman might possibly be jeopardized in a battle of ink-pots. He consequently refrained from any rejoinder; but, presumably, he has not strongly recommended "The River War" to the librarian of the Khartoum University.

HON. "BOB" WATSON, of Winnipeg, who was recently called to the Dominion Senate, possesses a sense of humor, as well as a frugal trait that would portend a Scotch ancestry not far back. The desk of each Senator is distinguished by a card on which is written the name of its occupant. This august body recently made the discovery that a slip of paste-board was incompatible with the dignity of the Upper House. In committee the advisability of having brass plates with the names engraved upon them was discussed, when Senator Watson sagely remarked that, as these would be of no use after the deaths that so frequently occur among the Senators, they had better be made large enough to be used as casket plates afterwards.

WHILE Cecil Rhodes was shut up in Kimberley, his beautiful house, Groote Schuur, in Cape Town, has been hospitably placed by him at the disposal of quite a number of his English friends, including Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck, who arrived some time ago in charge of the Portland Hospital. Sir Alfred Milner, notwithstanding the fact that he is terribly harassed and busy, has also been more than kind to the many poor women, many of them quite young brides, who have gone to the Cape in order to be as near the front as possible.

THOUGH the name of Dr. Neilson, Surgeon-General of the Headquarters Staff, has a flavor of the old Norsemen about it, he claims no ancestors except the Scotch. He is strongly identified with the literary history of Canada—an uncle of his grandfather having been the founder of the first newspaper published in the country, *The Quebec Gazette*. After starting his press he sent to Scotland for his nephew to come over and assist him in his business. Dr. Neilson has the finest collection of military articles in Canada. His collection of old books and manuscripts relating to the early history of the country is also very valuable. Both Dr. and Mrs. Neilson have made many sincere friends during the short time they have resided in Ottawa, their quiet refinement and culture making them great favorites.

BY the death of the Marquis of Queensberry, a strange, strenuous, not altogether unpicturesque career, writes "Tay Pay" O'Connor, was brought to a prosaic close—in a bedroom at a London club, after a commonplace illness of moderate duration, at the comparatively early age of 56. A lineal descendant of the famous "Black Douglas," whose name and deeds form one of the most romantic chapters to be found in Scottish history, John Sholto Douglas, eighth Marquis of Queensberry, came into his inheritance at the early age of 14, and for some 40 years recognized no law but his own wishes, and left few desires unsatisfied. His father was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while shooting, and the headstrong boy-marquis—"lord of himself, that heritage of woe," and of some 13,000 acres as well—soon revived the memory of the associations that had clung to his title from the days of the fourth Duke of Queensberry—"Old Q."—who was notorious for his follies and his wildness for more than half a century—until, indeed, he died, at 70, a "polished sin-worn fragment." With the lawless blood of the Black Douglas and "Old Q." in his veins, as a fine fortune and an uncontrollable temper, is it a matter for wonder that the boy regarded every effort at restraint with undisguised contempt, and entered upon a career which only too frequently caused him to forget his duty to his order and to run his head against most of the conventions that bind together the threads of social life? An exceedingly clever boxer, even while at school, Lord Queensberry's earliest associates were the frequenters and followers of the prize ring, and among these he was hail-fellow-well-met to the end. Boxing, as a matter of fact, was the one thing upon which "Q." claimed to be an authority, and his name has been immortalized as the author of the Queensberry Rules, which govern the contests of the prize-ring. As an undergraduate, Lord Queensberry held the light weight championship at Cambridge for three years running and on going down he presented three cups to the Amateur Athletic Club of London, to be sparred for annually. There were no established rules for amateur matches then, and the Marquis, accordingly, drew up a set for the contests for these cups. These rules were subsequently adopted for general use, and are now universal in boxing contests.



HOW the year slips away! It seems but yesterday that we were greeting one another after the long summer holidays; or, again, preparing for the winter campaign of gaiety. And, in spite of the war, in spite of the troubles of the many, as opposed to the careless happiness of the few, this season has been, on the whole, a gay one. There were many debutantes launched this year—though, when are there not in Montreal?—and the greater number of them were all well off, and able to entertain, and do it well too. Or else their position warranted their receiving a fair share of attention from the older people, whose friendly or business relations with their parents necessitated numerous civilities. It is true there have not been many public balls, but the number of private dances has been quite, if not abnormally, large. And if euchre parties alone had been the form of dissipation, comparatively few evenings or afternoons would have been left disengaged. The amount of time spent—I hesitate to say wasted—on this popular game, to say nothing of the energy expended, might, if concentrated upon anything else, have worked wonders. Instead of being regarded as a peer among players of “lone hands,” one might have astonished one’s friends with a new proficiency in some language; one might have improved a somewhat scanty knowledge of English literature, to say nothing of current events, or the questions of the day; or, failing any of these, imagine the charitable work accomplished from 3 to 6 o’clock once or twice a week.

Still, no doubt, many have amassed quite a collection of silver curling togs and satin veil cases by their aptitude in taking their partner’s best, or euchreing their opponents. In their opinion, possibly, they have gained a fair equivalent for the time given up.

AND, now is the time that frivolity is supposed to be put aside; for on Wednesday was ushered in Lent—the 40 days, out of the 365, set apart for self-denial, and so much better carried out in theory than in practice. Theoretically, we are all observers of this penitential season. Practically, none of us pay the least attention. We would all be rather scandalized if our English churches did not multiply their services. But we deem it essential for the clergy, only, to bestir themselves. It apparently helps us to feel they are working a little harder for our benefit; for it seems to rather lessen our responsibilities.

As a rule, we wake up on Ash Wednesday with a spirit of enthusiasm we intend shall burn with fierceness till Easter releases us from our obligations. To begin with, tired out as we are with the pursuit of pleasure, the graver side of life appeals to us. How delightful to be without social engagements for a bit; to skate or walk instead of standing about in crowded drawing-rooms at 5 o’clock teas; to spend one’s evening as one likes; to go to bed at a reasonable hour. Lent affords such an excellent chance for climbing up the hill of health that we have been running down. So, for a week or so, at the most, our raiment of sackcloth and ashes is most pronounced. After that it becomes rather tiresome. It is regrettable we should have resolved not to go to card parties when our dearest friend has waited till Lent to give hers. Surely it is a pity to offend on account of a resolution so thoughtlessly passed. Or, what a pity it is we put dinner parties under the ban. After all, they are most harmless entertainments—often very slow in fact—just the thing for Lent!

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.

So it goes on. A little seclusion, instead of spoiling our appetite for worldly things, has simply whetted it, for the simple reason that more was undertaken than could be carried out. It is a common failing to attempt everything, and consequently succeed in nothing.

SOME people, too, have such extraordinary ideas of the correct Lenten formula, I may call it. “Oh, I never take sugar in Lent—never! Haven’t touched it. I really like tea just as well without it. I believe it’s rather thinning too!” says one devout person, and the others gathered about the tea table are quite impressed. On the spot, someone declares herself ready to dispense with butter, another denies herself sweets, and a third manfully decides to forego afternoon tea, as it always spoils her dinner at any rate. Such little practices are for little children if they, or their parents, are in favor of it.

Fasting is no doubt a fitting proceeding for Lent, but it seems to me that there are many other far more important ways of punishing the flesh than by docking various edibles from our daily menu. Few of us are such gourmets that we would really be sacrificing ourselves did we agree to deny ourselves pudding or cake, or meat three times a day. Personally, I would sooner go without butter, and tea, and sugar, sweets too, than get up at 6 o’clock every morning for the 40 days. The latter would be mortifying the flesh to a wonderful degree, in my case, but the former plan is vastly easier and yet sounds well, so, probably, it is the one I shall adopt. The people, and there are a few, who wear violet, or black in Lent, no doubt have good intentions, but I cannot see that they benefit themselves or anyone else. We have yet to be persuaded that the outward covering of the body materially affects the soul within. To dress unbecomingly for a short period might alleviate one’s conceit. It is, however, doubtful.

Perhaps the wiser plan, the system most to be commended in the present season, is the one which advises, not a constant setting forward of self—self-denial, self-abasement, everything appertaining to Self with a capital S—but the one which recommends an obliteration of ourselves, for a certain period. During the entire year about whom do our thoughts, our desires, our ambitions most freely circulate? Our friends, our relatives, mankind in general. If we are religiously inclined to a certain degree, whose soul are we despairing of, or hoping for? Somebody else’s, or our own? Year in, year out, we think and speak of the person that bears our name. We know this too well, to be able to refute the accusation. So, let each member of society, man or woman, make no rash promises, lay out no rigorous course of conduct, which refers to himself or herself only. Forty days spent for others are equal to treble the number expended on ourselves. K.

MR. DYSON, who has been spending some weeks in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. R. B. Angus, Drummond street, returned to England this week.

On Thursday of last week, Mr. and Miss Stikeman, Dorchester street, entertained a number of friends at dinner.

Lunch parties were numerous last week. Among those who entertained in this way were Lady Hingston, Sherbrooke street; Mrs. J. Law, Stanley street, and Mrs. R. W. Reford, MacGregor street.

Last week, Mr. and Mrs. D. Forbes Angus, Pine avenue, gave a small, but very jolly, dance for their guest, Miss Maud Fleming. It is a pity that more people have not the courage to invite a few friends, if they cannot ask their entire visiting list. There would then be a great deal more entertaining, and of a pleasanter kind. On this occasion an impromptu cake-walk afforded great amusement, and the cake was carried off by Miss M. Angus and Miss Marjorie Howard.

Last Friday, Mrs. Cooke, Mackay street, gave a very successful afternoon euchre for the members of her club.

SOCIETY—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 21

THE marriage of Miss Amy Murphy, daughter of the late Hon. E. Murphy, to Dr. Hutton, will take place early in April.

Last week, large teas were given by Mrs. Edward Murphy, Dorchester street, and Mrs. Alloway, Dorchester street, the latter entertaining in honor of Mrs. Jack Cowans, who is visiting her.

Miss Maggie Ramsay, Peel street, returned last week from Toronto, where she has been visiting Mrs. Osler.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller left this week by the Teutonic for Ireland, where they will visit Lady Miller, at Londonderry. Miss Nora Miller, who has been spending the winter here, accompanied them, much to the regret of all who had the pleasure of meeting her during her stay.

THE London Daily Graphic, in its account of the Imperial Concert at the Albert Hall, on February 7, says: "There was a thoroughly Imperial flavor about the concert, for many of the singers hailed from the colonies, Madame Albani, from Canada; Mr. Avon Saxon, from Nova Scotia, and so forth, and most of the songs and choruses bore a more or less direct reference to patriotic sentiment." Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who is a brother-in-law of Mr. David Burnside, of this city, led the orchestra.

ON Friday evening, Mrs. F. L. Wanklyn, Drummond street, gave a very jolly dinner party for her brother, Mr. James Angus, and Mr. Dyson, England.

Mrs. Charles Meredith, Peel street, and Mrs. R. B. Angus also entertained a number of friends at dinner, and later in the evening all the guests met at Mrs. Angus' for an informal dance.

Miss Thompson, Quebec, is visiting Miss Parker, Stanley street.

The euchre party given by Mrs. David Denne, last Friday, for her guest, Miss Macdonald, was most successful, and quite a large number were invited. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Coristine, Mr. and Mrs. Spackman, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. Meeker, Miss Ewan, Miss Dunlop, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. H. M. Molson, Miss Molson, Mr. W. Learmont and Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Peterson.

Mrs. Frank Redpath, Ontario avenue, gave a very pleasant dinner party on Wednesday, for Miss Thompson, of Quebec.

Miss Fannie Crombie, of Toronto, is visiting Mrs. A. M. Crombie, Crescent street.

Mrs. F. C. Wilson, Quebec, is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. McEachran, Sherbrooke street.

Last Friday, Mrs. James Bell gave a large luncheon at the Montreal Hunt for Miss Young, of Milwaukee. Miss Young, who has been visiting Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy for a month or so, returned home this week.

The ball given last Friday by the Britannia Football Club was, from all accounts, a most successful one. All present seemed to enjoy it immensely, and from the number of men subscribing, the Patriotic Fund will doubtless be augmented considerably. The arrangements made by the committee for the pleasure of their guests were most ably carried out. The floor was excellent, as was the music (which was furnished by Ratto's orchestra) and the decorations were most characteristic and effective. No doubt, it is hoped that another year will see a repetition of this entertainment by the Britannias.

TONIGHT, a subscription skating party is being given at the Victoria Rink by a number of well-known bachelors. These subscription parties are generally given every year, and though of a simple and rather informal nature, are always thoroughly enjoyed.

The Symphony Concert of last Friday was a most enjoyable one, and the work of the orchestra showed a most pleasing improvement, an improvement which has been

continuous throughout the season. It is very evident that reporters as well as doctors differ; for in one paper it mentioned that the audience was unusually large, while another noted that there was a lamentable falling off. Either one was too optimistic, or else the other expects too much. Beethoven's Second Symphony was played with great precision and excellency, and exemplified the benefits to be derived from extra rehearsals. Other numbers, which pleased everyone, were the overture from *Les Dragons de Villars*, that opera which we see in English under the title of *Fadette*, and Waldteufel's *Les Patineurs*. The orchestra is always heard to great advantage in music of this light description. Miss Jardine-Thomson, soprano, though not possessed of a very powerful voice, sang very pleasingly, and all her numbers were well received. Professor Goulet deserves great credit for being able to concentrate his thoughts and energies on his duties as conductor, for few people are called upon to bear such distressing bereavements as have fallen upon him during the past few weeks—all coming at a time, too, when he himself is very far from strong.

Capt H. Noble Campbell, who has been spending his long leave with his relatives, in Quebec, was one of the passengers on the ill-fated *California*, on his return to his duties in England. Mr. and Mrs. J. Cassie Hatton were also on board.

A "School for Golf," it seems, is to be opened in Montreal this spring. It is very much a sign of the times, and, really, I suppose, no more foolish than a school for fencing, a riding school or a dancing school. But, after all, for a mere game to be taken so seriously strikes one as a trifle absurd. In a short time we may expect such conversations as this:

"What are you studying this winter? I'm taking billiard lessons, and studying tennis."

"Well, I give up two hours a day to lectures on bezique and poker. My wife is taking lessons in euchre and pedro, and attends a class for battledore and shuttlecock. The children attend classes for beggar my neighbor and old maid, and also lectures and demonstrations on blind-man's buff and hunt the slipper. We're all busy, you see!"

MRS. P. A. PETERSON, Drummond street, gave a large tea yesterday afternoon.

Most sincere sympathy is felt by everyone for Mr. C. B. Esdaile and his sisters, in their recent bereavement. The death of Miss Katherine Esdaile was very sudden, as she had been seriously ill for but a day or two, though for some years she had not been strong. Perhaps the family of the late Robert Esdaile is one of the best-known in Montreal, where their name, in the old days, was ever associated with all that was hospitable and kind. Many a man in Montreal remembers the unstinted hospitality he enjoyed at their old home, "*Bellevue Cottage*," when young, or a stranger in the city. It is unspeakably sad that Mr. C. B. Esdaile, Mr. Robert Esdaile, Miss Alice and Miss Geraldine Esdaile should be the sole survivors of a family of 13. Mr. Robert Esdaile, the eldest, has made his home in England for the past three years.

Mr. Jowett, of England, arrived in Montreal this week and is visiting his cousin, Mr. G. F. Benson, Ontario avenue.

All this week, and next too, I think, ladies are invited to attend the meetings at the armoury for the purpose of doing patriotic work of all descriptions. I say "patriotic" because it is the shortest way of explaining the nature of the meetings. So everyone possessed of willing hands may join in rolling and cutting bandages, filling pillows, making Balaclava caps, or whatever else there is to be done, no matter of what persuasion or nationality they happen to be. Pro-Boers, possibly, might not be welcomed, but it is unlikely they would present themselves. And we trust there are few, if any, of that ilk in this loyal city.

Miss Muriel Gilmour, Quebec, is the guest of Mrs. G. F. C. Smith, Dorchester street.

Miss McLimont, of Quebec, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Buchanan.

NEXT week will doubtless be one of theatre parties, at least, among those to whom the high price of seats is a matter of indifference: for we don't have Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry here every day. There are a goodly number of us, however, who will be only too pleased if we manage to treat ourselves on this occasion with a happy disregard of whether our friends are there or not. I wonder how many will have the courage of their convictions, and refuse to go because it is Lent?

Miss Livingood is spending some weeks in Montreal, the guest of Lady Galt, Mountain street.

Yesterday afternoon, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, "The Elms," Peel street, entertained a number of friends at a very pleasant euchre party. On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. L. J. Forget gave a small euchre party for the members of her club. Another euchre party this week was that given by Mrs. Frank Scott, Drummond street.

Dr. Charles Peters, who has obtained an appointment on the medical staff of the British forces, and is on his way to South Africa, is a graduate of McGill College, and was a very popular student while in Montreal. He was, for a year, connected with the General Hospital, where he was one of the resident staff. Since then he has been traveling abroad.

AMONG the wounded Canadians is Mr. J. Burton Holland, of Toronto, who, in company with Mr. Murray Hendrie, of Hamilton, surprised all his friends by enlisting with the Canadian contingent. He is a very well-known gentleman jockey, and everyone will remember his riding in the Hunt Steeplechases last autumn at the Bel-Air course. It is sincerely hoped his wounds are not serious. It is always astonishing what men will do, or people in general, when there is really no occasion for it. That Mr. Murray Hendrie should start off to South Africa, as a private, and undergo all the hardships of such a position, says a good deal for the pluck, or at least the spirit of adventure possessed by a young man accustomed, from his birth, to every possible luxury. One of his friends was saying that the misery he endured while on board ship, on account of the utter impossibility of washing properly, much less enjoying a tub, was untold. On the day of landing, an officer who appeared to be a friend of his, invited him to his cabin, and there, oh joy! stood a bath, not a porcelain one with nickle-plated faucets, it is true, but something considerably better than a small tin basin and a pint of water. And Mr. Hendrie declared an unexpected doubling of his allowance would not have been half so delightful.

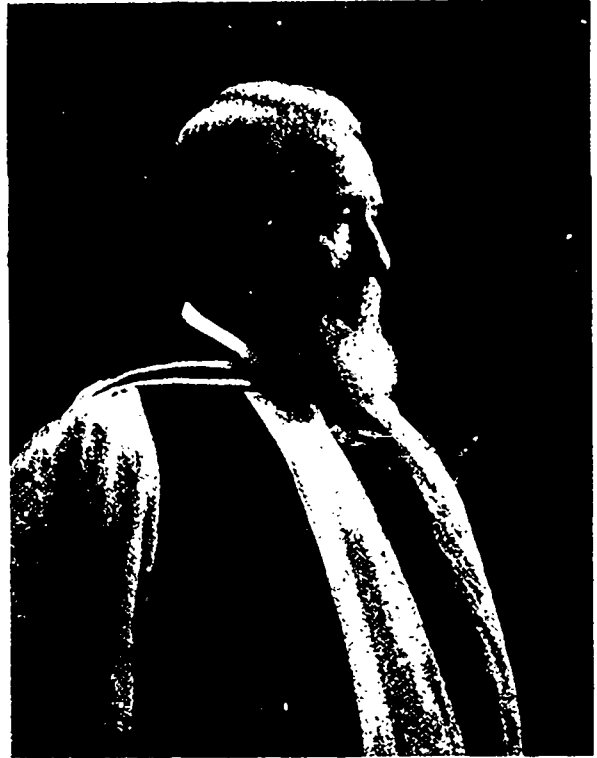
ON Saturday afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Girdwood, University street, gave a large and most successful tea.

Miss Holmstrom, of the Royal Victoria College, gave a most pleasant tea, on Saturday, for a number of the "Donalds," as, I suppose, they may still be called, and other friends. During the afternoon, Mme. Cornu and Miss Sanderson sang numerous songs, and the Swedish costumes worn by two of Miss Holmstrom's friends created a great deal of interest.

The lecture given by Mr. William Shakespeare, the eminent English master of singing, under the auspices of the Ladies' Morning Musical Club, at the Art Gallery, was a very great success. A large and fashionable audience was present, and was most appreciative. Whenever the Ladies' Morning Musical Club does step out of its usual path, the attraction it offers is sure to be worthy of the name. In the past, it has been responsible for Montrealers hearing Ysaye, the noted violinist, Mme. Modjeska, the Polish pianist, the Kneisel Quartette, the Boston Symphony Quartette, and others I can not remember. And now there is a chance that it may bring back Bispham, the baritone, who enraptured all lovers of truly delightful singing, a few weeks back. After Mr. Shakespeare had left the platform he returned with the news that Ladysmith was relieved. It was received with deafening cheers and the audience then sang God Save the Queen, and dispersed in the best of spirits. If these cries of "Wolf" continue, when the news does come it will probably be received in chilly silence. For one tires of cheering for nothing.

THE leap-year dance, which was to have been given by several ladies this week, at the Kennels, was put off, owing chiefly to the sad intelligence of wounded and killed Canadians. I was under the impression that the end of a century was never a leap year, even though divisible by four. But, I suppose, the character of the entertainment was to be leap-year-like.

Lieut.-Col. Busted and Mrs. Busted gave a large "At Home" at the Victoria Rifles' Armoury on Saturday afternoon.



THE RIGHT REV. W. B. BOND, LL.D.,
Anglican Bishop of Montreal,

who preached at the formal opening of the new celestial organ of Christ Church Cathedral.

On Friday last, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Yates gave a very pleasant dinner at the Mount Royal Club.

Last Sunday, I heard of a preacher saying from the pulpit that he regretted "that Lent had been captured by the four hundred." I must confess I find his train of thought hard to follow. Of course, if he considers all members of that limited company empty-headed and frivolous, and fond of affecting what they do not feel, it may be correct to say they make a mockery of the season of abstinence and humiliation. The black sheep in any flock need not prevent us from recognizing that the others are white—even though their wool be a little discolored. And though the position and wealth of society people may render them an easier mark for public criticism, I think we have yet to learn that, as a class, their general behaviour is any more reprehensible than those of less distinction. It is very probable that, from the most select set in Montreal down to the working classes, those who reverently observe Lent and those who pay it no attention, will be found in like proportion. Therefore, if I have not misunderstood the reverend gentleman, his regret is, in my opinion, unfounded.

IT is curious to note what many and diverse effects war has upon the people of the country engaged in strife, and their pursuits or industries. Owing to the fact that there has been a minimum amount of entertaining in England and Scotland, it is said that the waiters are in dire distress. Their services have not been required for balls, or receptions, or dinners, and even in hotels, I suppose, a full staff, perhaps, is not needed. In Edinburgh, most of the men who follow this calling are little short of destitute, and a fund has been instituted on their behalf—the promoter, or at least one of those interested in the scheme, being Mrs. Patton, whom Montrealers remember as Miss Gillespie, daughter of Mr. James Gillespie.

In the death of Mr. Henry Budden, which occurred on Tuesday, Montreal has lost one of its most respected members of society. His geniality and kindness have ever endeared him to all who knew him, and his immediate family and large connection have the sympathy of many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bond have returned from abroad, and are once more established in their house on Drummond street.

General Sir Redvers Buller, whose arrival at Ladysmith has been daily noted and contradicted for some little time, is, it may be interesting to learn, a first cousin of Dr. Frank Buller, of this city. General Buller took part in the Red River Expedition.

INSTANCES OF MINE-SALTING.

SOME WONDERFUL STORIES OF CLEVER SWINDLES IN THIS AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

WHAT is known as the "salting" of mines is much more common than most people imagine. It is practised in every mining district in the world with more or less success.

The methods of salting adopted are almost as various as the mines doctored. The simplest, and probably one of the earliest means of salting in the case of gold mines, is what is known as the "nail trick." In this, the prospector, who is washing a dish of alluvial or crushed quartz, has concealed in his finger-nails some fine particles of gold. Soon after starting to wash he finds it necessary to puddle the dirt with his hands in order to break up the clayey substances, and, of course, while he is puddling, the gold is freed and goes into the prospect, eventually making that pretty "corner," which the speculator so likes to see.

The salting of prospects while under process of dishing is, however, fast dying out, prospectors preferring the more solid business of salting the earth or rock as it lies in situ, or of bringing stone from other mines and preparing an ingenious pack. Formerly, the most common method of salting a barren reef was to fire gold-dust into it from a shot gun; and many a mine has been sold for a good figure on the strength of a reef prepared in this way.

The art of salting is carried to its highest pitch of perfection in the process known as "stacking." This is performed by building up a portion of a reef at the end of a drive which has been run underground along the line of the reef. Of course, the built-up portion must be made to look like unbroken ground; but this is sometimes a most difficult task to accomplish. Stacking is usually performed in isolated mines, where the operations of the salters are not likely to be watched or interrupted. In cases where there are several mines in the same neighborhood, the salter generally resorts to doctoring the expert's samples, after, perhaps, judiciously peppering the workings with damp gold-dust. Occasionally the expert is one who treats every man at a mine as a possible salter, and hence successfully guards his samples; but usually he takes only ordinary precautions, which are of no earthly avail against an experienced salter.

Occasionally, diamond drills are put to work in gold country to test the value of reefs at great depths. They cannot be considered satisfactory for this purpose, as a drill might just miss a shoot of gold, or else go through a very short one and thus lead to false hopes. Salting these drills has been successfully accomplished on several occasions, the practice being to hammer gold into the interstices of the core, or else to surreptitiously introduce an entirely new piece of core which had been previously prepared. Near Bright, in Victoria, a great deal of money was put into a mine a few years ago on the faith of a salted drill-hole.

Sometimes it happens that a really good property is salted. In New South Wales a gold mine that paid dividends for years was sold in this way. On the faith of the promising "surface show," a shaft was sunk, and at about 200 feet a splendid body of auriferous stone was struck. In Tasmania an alluvial tin mine, which had been salted, led the purchasers to the discovery of a gold reef which amply repaid them for their outlay.

A few instances of remarkable cases of salting may be interesting.

Many persons will perhaps remember the great tin mine salting case in Canada, which was probably the most cleverly contrived swindle of its kind on record. The operators, two in number, purchased from time to time some small parcels of tin ore in Cornwall and shipped it to Toronto, taking care never to send more than a few bags in any one vessel. From Toronto the ore was taken out West some hundreds of miles and carefully planted along a granite ridge, the work of shipping and planting taking about 12 months to accomplish.

The salters then left the scene and remained away for some three years. At the end of that time it was suddenly announced at Quebec that what appeared to be a large and rich tin field had been discovered in the West, and a claim had been put in for the Government reward of (I think) \$60,000, which had been several years on offer for such a discovery. As might be expected, considerable excitement was manifested over the reported find, and, when the Government expert, who was sent to inspect the property, pronounced the discovery to be genuine, there was quite a rush of prospectors and speculators to the West, anxious to peg-out or to purchase tin claims. Meanwhile, a company was formed to work the reward claims; and, just when it was ready to commence work, the Government, acting on the reports of its skilled advisers, paid over the reward to the claimants, who, with this sum and a further large amount obtained by the sale of their claims, suddenly disappeared and were never afterwards heard of. It is scarcely surprising that the Canadian experts were deceived, as grass and moss and other vegetation had grown over the packed ore, while the denudation of the hillsides had resulted in some of the tin being washed into neighboring creeks, where it was covered over with sand and debris. The swindle was exploded by a Cornish expert, who had been sent for. He recognized the ore as having come from certain Cornish mines, and its sale and shipment were thereupon quickly traced.

The Mount Huxley mine in Tasmania afforded an instance of a most successful salt. A tunnel was put in a hill for a distance of about 100 feet, and the sides, roof, and floor were well-salted with fine gold-dust. The so-called mine was then offered to a Sydney syndicate, who purchased it on the advice of an expert. Indeed, his account of the property was so glowing, and the assays made from various samples taken were so good, that the shares in the syndicate went up to an enormous price. Gradually the Mount Huxley mine got to be talked about all over Australia as a possible second Mount Morgan, and preparations were made by a syndicate to float a company on a large scale. But the ardour of the shareholders was suddenly and effectually damped by the report of a Government officer who was asked to examine the property, and who declared to the effect that it was no mine at all, but purely a commonplace, though rather extensive salt. An attempt was made to prosecute those concerned in the swindle, but no direct evidence could be procured. About £30,000 were lost by Sydney speculators in this venture.

Salters, however, do not always escape punishment. A case occurred in South Australia in 1895 in which a man was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for swindling in this way. The culprit did not, however, tamper with the mine, but carefully salted the bags of samples taken from a shaft by the various experts and speculators who inspected the property. This mine, in which there was undoubtedly a little gold in situ, was quite exceptional in one way, inasmuch as all the subscribing shareholders in the company which purchased it were members of the South Australian Parliament. Needless to say, the mine was "dropped like a hot brick" when the fraud was discovered.

In another well-known case about 30 holes were sunk along a series of alluvial claims in Tasmania, and salted with tin. The property was then offered to a Melbourne syndicate, which had it inspected, and eagerly purchased it. It was only after a company was formed, and big hydraulic machinery erected on the claims, that the swindle was discovered.

One of the most notable Australian salting cases was that connected with the Boomerang mine in South Australia. The culprit, whose name was Marshall, went to work in quite an extensive way, spending a great deal of time and a considerable sum of money in manipulating the venture. He selected a spot of barren mineral country in the Flinders Range, about 30 miles from a habitation, and, having pegged out over 100 acres of ground, he sunk three shafts to a depth of about 60 feet each. He then sent up from Adelaide a party of surveyors, and had elaborate plans drawn, showing a systematic series

of huge silver lodes, and experts were obtained to give most elaborate and highly-colored reports upon the property, with the usual lists of remarkable assays of samples "carefully taken" from the shafts. In fact, the Boomerang was reported to be quite equal to the great Broken Hill mine in its initial stage. Armed with his large colored plans and voluminous reports, Marshall then set about reaping his harvest. He first went to Adelaide, and in a few days sold various small interests in the Boomerang for a total of £1,100, then proceeded to Melbourne, where he sold 2-16 for £3,000 each, and a 1-32 for £1,250; and wound up in Sydney, whence, having cleared £2,500 more, he took ship under an assumed name for San Francisco. The development of mines is slow work, and it was a couple of months before the purchasers of shares in the Boomerang commenced to wonder why they heard nothing more of the mine. Then, of course, the swindle was uncovered, but it was too late to get back either Marshall or the money.

The colony of Victoria had a very bad case of salting exposed a couple of years ago. About five years ago, a certain "Colonel Morgan" (the title American), who was formerly in Nevada, was sent to take charge of a reported valuable silver and lead mine in Gippsland owned by a Melbourne company. The colonel sent down from time to time glowing reports upon the mine, and after some months a few tons of silver-lead ore were forwarded to Melbourne from the property, and sold at a satisfactory price. Strange to say, however, the regular delivery of ore was not maintained, but the colonel explained this by reporting that though there were immense bodies of ore practically exposed, yet the mine wanted proper opening up before the ore could be dealt with on a large scale. Time went on, and funds giving out, the company was reorganized; the splendid reports of the work in hand which reached Melbourne every fortnight rendering it easy to obtain fresh capital. Then one fine day the colonel reported that the mine was sufficiently developed for the erection of machinery, and the directors were specially asked to visit it and see for themselves what a magnificent property they had. The journey was long and difficult; but the visiting party from Melbourne felt themselves well-rewarded for their trouble when they examined the workings, and saw on all sides of them, and overhead, and underfoot, magnificent carbonate and sulphide of lead ore rich in silver. In every place exposed there was ore, and, judging from appearances, there was practically an unlimited supply. The directors returned to town highly pleased, and at once made arrangements for the erection on the mine of concentrating and other machinery. Meanwhile, the shares of the company rose high in the market, the result of the directors' visit having become widely known. But suddenly, just when the machinery orders had been placed, it was discovered that the colonel was missing, and that he had sold all his shares, his holding having been pretty large. The reason was immediately forthcoming, for an overseer at the mine confessed, under promise of freedom from prosecution, that he had been a confederate of the colonel in "stacking" the mine. It turned out that there was actually some ore there, though only a few bunches, and this had been used by the colonel in packing the sides and floors of the workings. It took him many months to do the work, as there was a lot of trouble in procuring sufficient ore, and it is no easy task to pack a drive; but he was eminently successful, as has been seen. It is hardly necessary to add that the colonel has not been heard of since.

Over 300 ounces of gold were used to salt a mine in New South Wales some few years ago, with the result that the property was purchased by a Sydney syndicate for £30,000. So well was the salting done that expert after expert was deceived, and it was not until the market price of the syndicate shares totalled over £400,000 that the property was proved to have been "prepared." The discovery of this fraud gave a blow to mining in New South Wales from which it took a long time to recover.

R. K. W.

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, March 4. A doubtful day concerning which nothing certain can be prophesied.

A bad year for journeys, but rather fortunate for business and private affairs, and excellent for courtship.

Children born to-day will be prosperous and respected.

Monday, March 5.—Good for business, and especially for those seeking employment.

Employes and business men in general will prosper greatly during this year.

Much success will attend to-day's children, especially those who hold salaried positions.

Tuesday, March 6. Rather a colorless day, and not favorable for new enterprises.

Quarrels, sickness in the family circle and annoyances through an angry correspondence are threatened during this year.

To-day's children will be hot-tempered, obstinate and extravagant, and their lives will not be eventful.

Wednesday, March 7.—A fortunate day on which to sell property, but otherwise unlucky.

An unfortunate year, financial loss, quarrels and law suits being clearly threatened.

Children born to-day will be reckless, stubborn, flighty, clever and generally unfortunate.

Thursday, March 8.—Good fortune is not promised in any direction to-day.

To employes loss of position, and to all others business annoyances are threatened during this year.

Little success of any kind is foreshadowed for to-day's children.

Friday, March 9. Property may be sold to advantage to-day, but legal documents should not be signed.

An active year, but not fortunate. Illness and annoyance through letters or young people are clearly foreshadowed.

Children born to-day should look for salaried positions and should be taught to speak the truth. Girls should beware of fickle acquaintances.

Saturday, March 10. An excellent day for business and for those seeking employment.

A favorable year in many respects, and especially for business.

Unusually fortunate will be the children born to-day.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon.

Room 35, 1368 Broadway,
New York.

"Gabriel."

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

DE EDITORIBUS.

A summer night by a silver sea
And a moon and a maid and a man;
And what has he said that she hangs her head,
And pensively plays with her fan?

'Twas a question he asked, and her low reply
Doesn't sound in the least like "Yes";
Yet he hears it with joy and proves straightway
That he advocates "freedom of press."

Blame him not, O ye proper, conventional minds,
For an editor is he,
And she has replied in his favorite word,
The editorial "Oui."



**THEATRES
AND ENTERTAINMENTS**

FIELD'S Minstrels opened a three nights' engagement (with Saturday matinee) at the Academy of Music last night. There is nothing more popular than a minstrel show with the average theatre-going public, and when a minstrel show is good there is no form of entertainment that deserves to be more popular. Field's is quite up to the mark this year. There are some very funny things, an abundance of catchy music and several first-class novelties. Many who would not go out of their way to see Irving next week would walk several miles to see Field's Minstrels, and vice versa. Everyone to his taste. In catering to every class of entertainment-seekers the management of the Academy only displays its sound sense.

THE burning of the Theatre Francais just when Manager Phillips had got everything in smooth running order and the popularity of stock company productions reinforced with vaudeville had been thoroughly demonstrated was most unfortunate. Very general and also very genuine sympathy was felt for Mr. Phillips in his great loss, and also for the players, who lost their stage property in the flames. Mr. Phillips with commendable enterprise immediately engaged the Monument National for performances this week. It was impossible to produce *Aristocracy*, the play that had been prepared, and for which a number of unusually rich costumes had been made—all of which were lost in the fire. However, *Friends*, the play in which the clever stock company of the Francais made such a decided hit last week, was reproduced—the proceeds of the Tuesday and Wednesday performances going to the players to assist in replacing their wardrobes. Rumor has it that the Francais will arise phoenix like, from its ashes, larger and handsomer than before, and in this instance it is to be hoped Dame Rumor is not the lying tale she has often proved to be.

THE engagement of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry at the Academy of Music on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week, is the all-absorbing topic amongst theatre goers. The great actor will favor Montreal with a varied and comprehensive repertoire embracing his very best pieces. On Thursday night the bill is *Kobespartie*, the new play in which Sir Henry has been so successful. Friday night that old favorite, *The Merchant of Venice*—always new, though witnessed again and again—will be produced. At the Saturday matinee, Miss Terry will appear in *The Amber Heart* and Sir Henry Irving in *Waterloo*, and on Saturday night also there will be a double bill—*Nance Oldfield* and *The Bells*. This is a sufficiently comprehensive repertoire to suit the tastes of all. The sale of seats is now practically over, and the general sale opens on Monday.

IT seems to be as easy to please playgoers with the lives and affairs of real people as with those of another, if they are only natural people, real people, who do and say things in which the audience recognize the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." The quaint Scotch folk, with their narrow views of life, and their hucklebuck religion, as revealed in Mr. J. M. Barrie's *The Little Minister*, have made friends as fast, and as many as have the quaint folk of New England, as we know them in *The Old Homestead* and *Shore Acres*, because all of them are taken from nature, and thus creep into our hearts. *The Little Minister*, as presented by Mr. Chas. Frohman's Company, is certainly a delightful play, and will, probably, attract large crowds to the Academy of Music during the week of March 12.

COMING attractions at the Academy include *Zaza*, week of March 19, and *Julia Athur* in *More Than Queen*, week of March 26. At Her Majesty's next week *Humpty Dumpty*, a pantomime will be given.

MONTREAL has, in Mr. W. A. Tremayne, a playwright of whom her citizens should be proud. Those who saw *Lost—24 Hours*, at the Francais, a couple of weeks ago, and also *The Dagger and the Cross*, at Her Majesty's this week, can judge of the range of Mr. Tremayne's talent, for the former was a rollicking farce comedy and the latter is one of the most sombre dramas presented in Montreal this season. *The Dagger and the Cross* is a stage version, in five acts, of Mr. Joseph Hatton's novel of the same name, published in 1897. Mr. Tremayne constructed the play especially for Mr. Mantell, and it must be said that it suits the latter's scope admirably. As presented by Mantell it is

sumptuously staged, and taken all in all is a tolerably entertaining play. But it would, undoubtedly, be much better if Mr. Mantell's support were stronger. Outside of the leading man the company is mediocre, and there is no disguising the fact that, as a result, the situations sometimes fall rather flat. This, however, is not Mr. Tremayne's fault; his work has evidently been carefully done throughout.

The question arises, is *The Dagger and the Cross* a wholesome play to witness? I do not think so. Zilletto is too hideous a character—his soul is all black, his heart reeks not only with lechery, but with hopeless perfidy, and a spirit of hellish revenge. Such specimens of total depravity are seldom, if ever, met with in real life, and granting that they occasionally exist, should they be dragged forth upon the stage and exhibited in all their horribleness? We can look, without revolting, and perchance without harm, on a bad man who has one—only one—redeeming virtue, but not so upon a soul totally dead to good impulses. Then, as to Francesca, the virtuous wife whom this disgusting libertine fascinates and overcomes in despite of her knowledge that he is a whitened sepulchre. Is such a character true to life? Are pious, angelic women, such as you and I know, ever forced aside from the path of integrity by men they detest and loathe? I do not think so. The seducer hides his deformities and presents a virtuous front. The married woman who yields to the charms of the tempter is not the pious, angelic, clinging type such as Francesca. As someone has said, "Anyone who falls into the hands of the devil had not far to fall." I have not read Mr. Hatton's novel, and do not know how closely Mr. Tremayne has adhered to the original characters, but these are a few considerations which seem to me to be worth stating after having seen the play.

A VERY fine programme has been arranged for the coming Symphony Concert on March 9, comprising Grieg's complete *Holbøi Suite*, for strings, the *Queen's Symphony*, by Haydn, a *fantasia on Gounod's Faust*, and the overture to *Zampa*. Mrs. Ives will play the *G Minor Concerto*, by Mendelssohn, for piano and orchestra, and Miss Darling, contralto, will sing the *Invocation from Saint Saen's Samson and Delilah*.

THERE is ground for genuine regret in the scant support given to the benefit performances for the members of the Theatre Francais Stock Company by patrons of that theatre, who certainly have usually had their money's worth and more. The players lost practically everything in the fire, and they had some claim on the public they had so often delighted. Mr. Phillips had just succeeded in getting together an extremely clever and well-balanced company, and its disbanding means that the same men and women will not be seen together on the stage in Montreal again. Theatre-goers here will retain only pleasant recollections of the Francais company as it has been since the reorganization of a few weeks ago.

THE entertainment given at the Windsor Hall, on Tuesday evening, in aid of the Old Brewery Mission was a decided success, though the attendance was not such as the cause merited. Miss Marie Hollinshead, under whose direction the concert was given, sang a number of songs, all of which were enthusiastically received. Two of these were Miss Beatrice Maud McGowan's *Love Song* and *Bed Time Song*—compositions very creditable to this young Montreal composer. Mr. Alfred Larsen delighted the audience with his violin selections, which revealed a highly cultivated talent, capable of handling a most varied repertoire. Others who took part were: Miss Mary Stuart Cotton, contralto; Mr. Fred. E. Morris, pianist; Mr. A. Heney, elocutionist; Mr. John P. Clarke, tenor, and Mr. M. Burton Vaw, baritone. All these were evidently very satisfactory to the audience.

PROFESSOR FRANK H. NORMAN deserves a great deal of praise for the splendid manner in which all his performances of *Cinderella* came off at the Academy of Music. The little ones took their parts like old-timers, Miss Eva Nathan's interpretation of *Cinderella* was splendidly done, and a better looking young lady could not have been chosen for the part. Little Miss Nellie McIntosh made a hit by her rendering of *The Absent-Minded Beggar*, and is to be congratulated. Mr. R. O. Thibbe manufactured most of the fun at all performances. Miss Lily Jones' dancing caused a great deal of enthusiasm and applause.

COLLIER.

ANY additional act of bravery which would have won the Victoria Cross for its holder had he not already possessed it is signalled by a bar or clasp being added to the ribbon just above the bar from which the Cross is suspended. The Cross carries with it a pension of £10 a year, and an additional £5 is given for each bar.

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 What suited his fancy, he took.
 Just look at the gaps—and then 'twixt ourselves,
 Do you wonder I'll not lend a book?
 And though I'm your friend—as you know very well,
 In my heart you possess a warm nook—
 There is one thing that even to you I must tell:
 I never will lend you a book.
 It is not that I mean to be harsh or unkind
 Nor yet that I think you a "crook,"
 But still you are weak—like the rest of mankind—
 That's why I'll not lend you a book.
 You may ask for my coat, for my trousers or shoes,
 My watch, or my ring, e'en my cook;
 I'll lend almost anything, friend, you can use,
 If that anything be not a book.

GEORGE S. GASSNER.

ΕΡΙΘΛΑΓΗΝ.

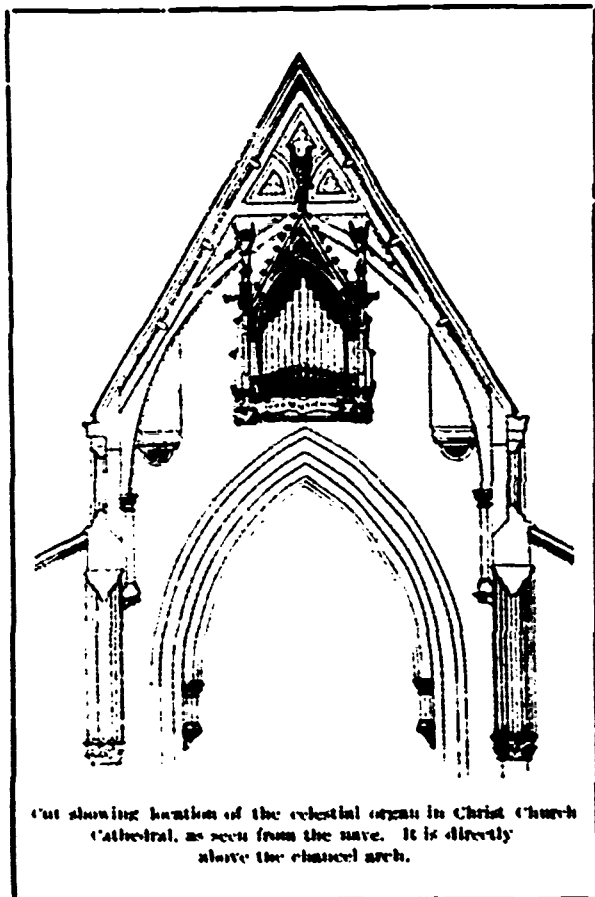
AS peerless Sappho from her sacred seat
 To Aphrodite sang her song of light;
 Or like Clinone, who, with wild delight
 Would on th' Ionian hill her Paris greet:—
 So on this morn, bursting rose-red, rose-sweet,
 From out the mystic purple veil of night,
 Would I to Thee my trembling song indite
 While fiercely in my breast love's pulses beat.
 Best gifts of life—(for Life and Love are one)
 I ask for Thee, my being's ideal grace.
 Love lasting to the end, till thou hast won
 The endless love that knows no sorrow's trace.—
 O Love, my Love, my Heav'n on Earth begun,
 A sweetness not of earth hath crown'd thy face!

Sherbrooke.

H. DRUMMOND-HASTINGS.

HOCKEY NOTES.

QUITE a surprise was in store for those who turned out last Saturday night to see the match between Montreal and Victoria, at the Arena, when the former seven defeated the latter by a score of three to one. Although the ice was in a very poor condition, on account of the soft weather prevailing, a fairly good game was played by both teams. Montreal played an excellent combination game, but it looked as if they could have raised their score somewhat, had they taken



Out showing location of the celestial organ in Christ Church Cathedral, as seen from the nave. It is directly above the chancel arch.

advantage of the many opportunities they had to shoot on the Victoria goal. It seemed like old times to see Grant back again at his old post on the Victoria aggregation. He played in his usual good style. Boon and Smith, of Montreal, put up a splendid game.

On March 5 and 7, the Crescents, of Halifax, will take a trip to this city and make an effort to take the Stanley Cup back with them. It seems rather hard on our Shamrocks that they have got to put up another fight to defend the cup, but, no doubt, they are ready for anything that comes along. As the Easterners made the challenge, our home team could do nothing else but accept. These games should be fast and hotly contested ones, and it is hoped that Dame Nature will be good to us, and keep a little cold weather for these two days; the prospects tend that way, judging from the way she has treated us the last few days.

A THOUGHT.

Life is not short, nor does time fly.
 But time is fixed, we pass it by;
 And on the heart-thought's restless shore
 Life throbs and beats for evermore.
 ELLA WALTON.

Mr. Bret Harte's literary popularity in England shows no sign of wavering. His new book of short stories is announced there as one of the notable publications of the coming spring.

HICKS—They tell me Skinner is a vegetarian.

WICKS—Never heard of that before. I knew he was a good deal of a beat, however.

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 Her guests to tell her all they know.
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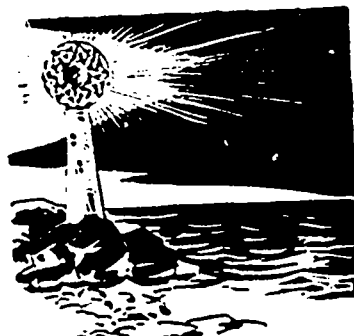
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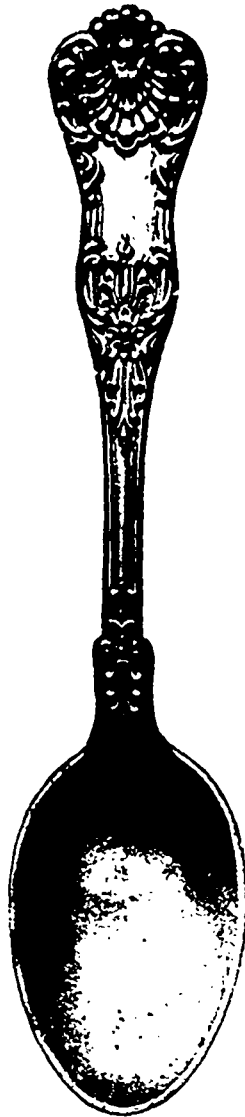
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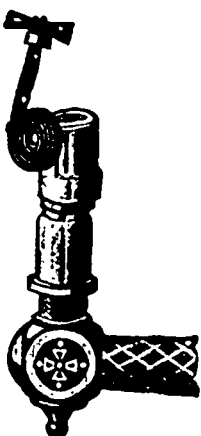
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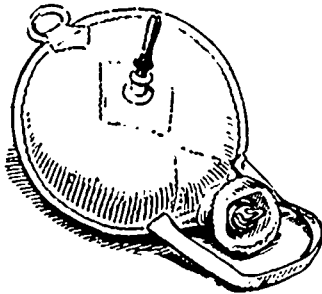
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