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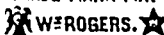
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" Ottawa	16.10 a.m.	" Montreal	9.50 a.m.
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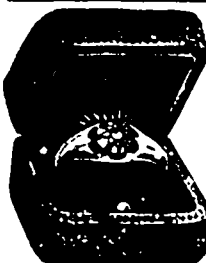
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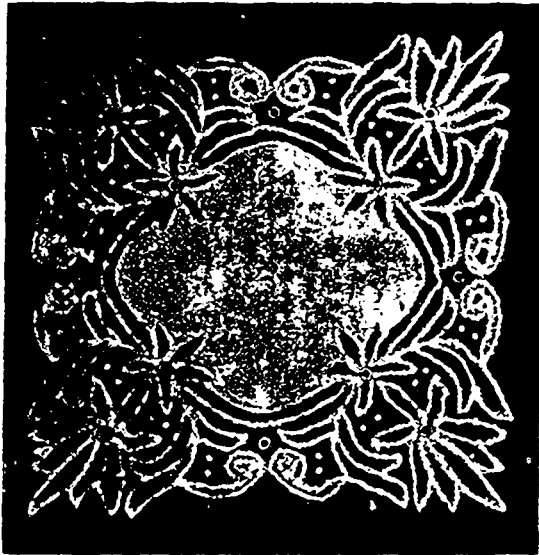
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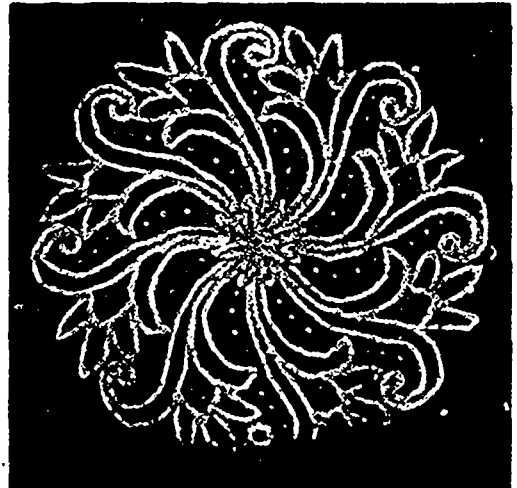


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Tuesday, the 2nd day of January next.

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By order of the Board,

H. Y. BARBEAU,

Montreal, 30th November, 1899.

Manager.

H. HAMMOND . . .

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An absolutely pure soap in which is assimilated Cream made of Balms, Gums, and having the property of protecting the skin against the inclemency of the weather and giving it a peculiar softness, suppleness and sweetness, well acting as a preventive of all skin diseases. Once used, always used.

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1533 to 1541 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL.

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at this important season in the fur trade, to visit their immense assortment of Fine Furs of all descriptions, beg to draw special attention to the fact that on account of the very heavy stock on hand, which must be disposed of without delay, they have decided to sell at such low prices as will surprise everyone who will honor them with a visit.

Old Furs re-dyed, re-made and repaired with neatness and despatch. Our Seal and Persian Lamb Jackets are world-renowned.

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You go to the Dentist when troubled with toothache.
You go to the Oculist when troubled with your eyes.
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If you go to

THE PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

you will never have any trouble with your *Gloves*. We have a specially well-assorted stock for Christmas trade, and we can satisfy any and every demand for Gloves, be it for Street Wear Ball or Party.

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If you do we would like to supply interesting newspaper clippings for it. The papers contain scores of items that you would like to keep—little "personals" about your friends—obituaries—scraps of poetry—notes of general interest. We have clippings to sell on any subject discussed in the columns of the Canadian press.

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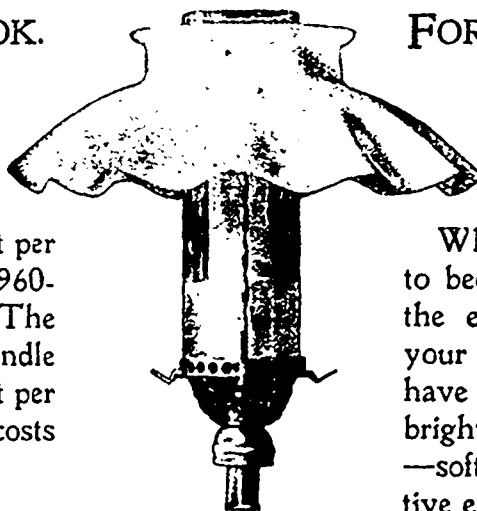
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Whether you stay up late or go to bed early—whether you spend the evening with a book or rest your eyes—it is important that you have the right kind of light, one bright enough for the poorest print—soft enough for the most sensitive eyes.

The latest styles of drop-lights, fancy glass and silk shades are always on hand and are sent on approval.

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MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1899.

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Life in a Looking Glass.



CHRISTMAS this year is likely to be ushered in with an accompaniment of martial music and the tramp of armed men new to the ears of this generation. Two of the world's greatest powers—Great Britain and the United States—are engaged in war, each with a small but stubborn foe. Much blood has already been spilled, and much more must surely be spilled before the Christmas evangel of "peace on earth, good will to men!" is likely to be heard in South Africa and the Philippine Islands. This year the day we celebrate in commemoration of Him who told His disciple to put up his sword, for they that took the sword should perish by the sword, will witness at least 200,000 men under arms intent on slaying one another. For what? In order, they tell us, to establish righteousness and justice! The spectacle is new to this generation. Our fathers remember such sights and sounds—battles fought upon Christmas Day; homes with blinds drawn to shut out the joy of the Nativity; the noise of weeping substituted for the laughter and benedictions of family reunions!

IN the face of such conditions as obtain to-day throughout the civilized world and beset particularly the two peoples we are accustomed to regard as the most Christian and progressive, the candid man is forced to ask himself whether Christianity means anything to mankind after all. How is it possible, if Christ came to bring peace and good will, that 1,900 years after his incarnation, life and death, men should still fight and slay each other, with weapons more deadly and terrible as the years go by? The question is not easily answered, even by those whose faith is most simple and most strong. And yet, I think, most of us feel that it can be answered. Nineteen hundred years ago war was the normal condition of the world. The Roman Empire was cradled in the camp and nursed upon blood. No nation or tribe was secure from molestation except as the strong right arms of its men made it so. Bloodshed was the common remedy for both national and individual ills; in it was laundered the dirty linen of governments and of private citizens. Such a thing as international arbitration was unheard of. The slightest cause was sufficient to precipitate a conflict—a fancied slight to an ambassador, a thoughtless remark upon an emperor's figure or a tribune's beard. We who know how hardly the peace of the world is disrupted to-day—how all the resources of diplomacy, the conservatism of public opinion, and the tenderness of public conscience combine to hold back nations from each other's throats—must admit that peace and good will have triumphed to a marvelous degree, in international relations at all events.

BUT, how of personal and private relations? Is there more peace and good will as between man and man to-day than at the dawn of the Christian era? It is true, the master in this year of grace does not have his slave cut in pieces and

fed to the swans in his fountain; he merely takes his blood from him, drop by drop, through long years of sordid toil and helpless agony, in office, workshop, or factory. The slave does not lie in wait, with knife or poison, to assassinate his master; he merely gives him dishonest service, wastes his time, pilfers his goods, neglects his interests. We do not hear of human vultures from castle and keep swooping down upon the wives and daughters of humble and defenceless peasants and bearing them off to a life of shameful servitude, but those who know aught of the life of our great cities know that the modern world has discovered many a refined and circuitous way of doing ugly deeds. No, we have not got away very far, in our personal dealing, man with man, from the old faith that the weak not only must go to the wall but deserve to go. Every step forward in the industrial maze we call progress seems to intensify the bitterness of social warfare. The conflict between employers and employed, between the weak and the strong in a thousand avenues and relationships of life, was never so keen and relentless. And it is right here, rather than in international matters, that Christianity, doubtless, will be put to its supreme test. War may disappear, but, until the conduct of man toward man is sweetened and purified, the gospel of peace will not be realized, except in a very partial and, indeed, unimportant sense. What the world wants is not so much International Peace Congresses as the spirit of peace, which is the spirit of equity, between man and man.

WILL this spirit be ushered in with some future Christmas day? As wars have passed away, until the occasional conflicts we witness are regarded as recrudescences of barbarism, will private injustice, tyranny and aggression also fade and disappear? Without looking for any heaven upon earth, without expecting to gather figs from thistles, I do not believe we need despair of a better age. Human nature is capable of marvelous regeneration, as of marvelous degradation. Christmas day, with its sweet institutions and practices—largely conventional though they may be—is itself a proof that even sordid and calloused hearts can beat for others when they are expected to do so. There are very few, however selfish, who do not feel a generous warmth towards somebody at this season. The impulses of the moment may be fleeting and may be imperfectly expressed, but they exist—and that is sufficient to prove that humanity has within it the mysterious spark of divinity. And who shall say what generous flame may eventually come from the one tiny ember upon love's altar!

BUT I must not sermonize too long. At Christmastide all subjects but one recede into the background. I have, therefore, nothing to talk about this week except the day and the thoughts it suggests. I leave politics and kindred topics for a more convenient and appropriate season. And, having but one topic, I must have a care lest I write it threadbare. Therefore, I will simply close, with the hope that this old world may yet be purged of all hatefulness, all murderous spirit; and that until that blessed time arrive, every son of Adam may find at least once a year—at Christmas—surcease from the jarring sentiments and goading ambitions that too often "wither life and waste its little hour."

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Pure Gold Goods

Our
Goods
are
Healthy.
Pure.
Reasonable
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Attractive.
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Girls
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are quickly
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The Best
Baking
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Coffees
Extracts
Spices
Blacking
Borax
Soda
Cream
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Catsup
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etc., etc.

I asked a maid if she would wed,
And in my home her brightness shed,
Says she, "Your hand I don't mind taking,
If I have Pure Gold to do my baking."

(Baking Powder).

MAKE

Pure Gold Lives.



ERL-KING vs. MARCH-KING.

DEBUTANTE TO PERSPIRING PIANIST, who has just rendered the Schubert-Liszt Erlking — "That was awfully sweet, now, would you play one of Sousa's magnificent marches?"

THE HEARTLESS CREATURE!

MILICENT.—I don't believe in this new custom of giving engagement rings on Christmas, do you?

EMILY.—No, indeed. I'd rather have bon-bons or opera tickets. You can't be expected to give them back, you know.

A DESPERATE DISEASE.

WEARY WALTER (with a groan).—Sam, I'm feelin' all busted up. I et some o' dat plum puddin' de farmer's wife handed out. Guess I'll have ter see a doctor.

SNOWDRIFT SAM.—Et de plum puddin', did yer? Serves ye right! But dis ain't no case fer a doctor. Best get a plumber or a blacksmith at once.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS.

THE GUSHER.—Oh, I'm a dreamer, you know. Are you one?

THE GUYER.—Only when I eat mince pie.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

SHE.—Do you think we can be married next year?

HE.—Not if I buy all the Christmas boxes you've suggested, darling.

ONLY ONE BRAND WOULD DO.

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—I want to get a new typewriter for my husband for a Christmas surprise. Have you any of the "Little Peach" make?

CLERK.—No, I am not acquainted with that make.

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—Well I heard old Mr. Peckersniff say his was a "Little Peach" and a "good 'un," and I want the best kind for dear Jack.

THE "SCIENCE" JUSTIFIED.

"I SEE MONTREAL LIFE has started in on astrology," said Mr. Dolan. "Do yez b'lave in it, Mr. Hinnissey?"

"In course, I do," answered Mr. Hennessey. "There's

nothin' gives a better clue to a man's charackter an' his future than the number of stars an' moons he sees on his way home at night."

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

TURKEY (in hiding).—Lie low, Friend Gobbler, lie low. We've escaped the man with the axe, but here comes a fool with a gun.

GOMBLER.—Oh, I'm not afraid of him. Can't you see he's got one of those fancy hunting suits on?

YULE-TIDE JOYS.

JAMES BARNETT KIRK.

OH, CHRISTMAS! Merry Christmas!

How I love your pleasures rare,
When the frisky snow-flakes frolic
In the frosty winter air!

When the tinkle of the sleigh-bells
Finds an echo in our hearts!
When the evergreen is present,
And the long green departs!

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

"GEORGE, George, run for the doctor at once. Willie has swallowed that counterfeit dollar you put in his stocking!"

"Nonsense, I'm not going to send good money after bad, and, at any rate, he'll digest it along with the plum pudding and painted candies."

THEORY WITHOUT PRACTICE.

"THE Professor is a very wise man, isn't he? What a delightful lecture he gave us on mistletoe!"

"Yes," pouted Mamie, "but he didn't seem to know the plant when he saw it half an hour later."



THE dress of the new Lady Mayoress of London, at the recent Lord Mayor's show, was composed of ivory satin, the front of which was embroidered in steel and pale grey pearls and diamond paillettes, the hem being softened by ivory chiffon, relieved with small tufts of pink feathers, and the front further trimmed with cascades of rich point de gaze. Over this, gracefully attached to the left shoulder, was a train of magnificent cream-colored brocade, lined with satin of the same tint, and ornamented with bunches of different sized feathers, tied in with pink ribbon velvet and cream chiffon. The dresses of the maids were of cream-colored Oriental satin over silk, trimmed with gauze ribbon ruffled at the foot of the skirt, and finished with flounces of mousseline de soie, edged with cream bebe velvet; the bodices being composed of swathed bands of Oriental satin, fastened with paste buttons at the side, and little boleros of narrow cream ribbon velvet, with collars of silk muslin and lace, the design of which was little baskets of flowers worked in the scallops, which were further adorned with rosettes of ribbon velvet. The small sleeves were made of ruffled gauze ribbon, corresponding with the trimming at the bottom of the skirt.

MARABOUT feathers are again fashionable in Paris. They make the prettiest of neck boas and collars, fashioned entirely of the feathers, and trimmed with bunches of feather tails. A great many of these are in pale grey and tan, to be worn with tailor-made street suits.

MISS JULIA LIPMANN, the poetess, is the secretary of Miss Helen Gould, and acts for her in other matters. When the Windsor Hotel fire broke out, Miss Gould was not at home, and her secretary opened the house, turned it into a temporary hospital and refuge, and invited those rendered homeless by the conflagration to enjoy its hospitality. She was mistaken for Miss Gould by both the public and the representatives of the press. Miss Gould, having been sent for, returned shortly afterward, and, complimenting her secretary for her thoughtfulness, had a hearty laugh over the mistake. Miss Gould then continued the work which had been started, and proved as skillful a nurse as had the poetess. Miss Lipmann's literary talent is largely hereditary. Her father was secretary to Washington Irving, and her aunt was the wife of Alexander Dumas, fils.

INSTEAD of sprinkling lavender among the bed linen of the linen closet, as their grandmothers did, many housekeepers now keep their sheets and pillow cases between large sachets, which are perfumed with lavender, sweet clover or delicately scented sachet powder. Others, who like the odor of the "piney woods," keep flat sachets filled with pine needles tacked at the corners and sides of the mattresses. This odor is thought by some people to be sleep-producing. Other housekeepers suspend dainty sachet bags from the corners of bedstead, bureau and dressing table, in order to obtain a delicate odor in the room.

MRS. LINDA HULL LARNED, of Syracuse, who has just been elected to the position of president of the National Household Economic Association, is a club woman who has been a club woman and a new woman to some purpose. She is the kind of a club woman who is the club subservient to the home. Indeed, the social club of Syracuse of which she is a member take little of her interest in comparison with the

local Domestic Science Association, of which she is president, and which has successfully established a School of Domestic Science that has attained a National reputation. Mrs. Larned is also a writer on household literature, having been for some time the editor of a department on this subject in a well-known magazine, and some time since published a little cook book called "The Little Epicure," which she has just followed up with a more comprehensive work upon "The Hostess of To-day," which has been published by the Scribners and just placed upon the market.

THE following little poem, written by Susan T. Perry and published in The New York Evangelist, has appealed to many hearts. As a result, treasured yet almost forgotten bits of needlework have been taken from their long resting places; dainty frames adorn them as they now hang on the walls or occupy conspicuous positions in treasure cabinets:

OUR MOTHER'S SAMPLER.

It was wrought in silken letters
As was the fashion then,
Stitched into our mother's sampler—
"Eliza, aged ten
'Twas long ago—past sixty years—
Below the name the date appears
In 'eighteen hundred twenty-three!"
We often heard her tell—
She walked two miles to school that year;
And we remember well
How, underneath the elm tree's shade,
She rested, when a little maid,
Above her name the alphabet,
In letters large and small,
Was wrought in red and "true-love" blue,
And cross-stitched, one and all—
The rows divided off by lines
Made from some old and quaint designs.
And through the summer sunshine,
And through the winter's snow,
With the sampler in her pocket,
Our mother used to go,
And afternoons, the lessons done,
She worked the letters, one by one.
The stitches evenly were set,
With only here and there
A misplaced one; perhaps the count
Was lost midst childish care;
Distracting things in school, perchance,
Stole from the work a thought, a glance.
They tell me it was beautiful—
Our mother's childhood face—
And speak of all her kindly words,
Her ways of simple grace,
Could we have only seen her then,
That child, "Eliza, aged ten."
We knew her not at morning,
But when her noon tide came,
With childish love and prattle
We gave her the new name,
Replete with all that's pure and good—
The sacred name of motherhood.
And now the afternoon has passed;
It is the evening tide;
Our mother has just entered in
Among the glorified,
We look her finished life work through—
The misplaced stitches, oh, how few!

A friend in Paris writes me that the evening gowns there are cut much lower about the shoulders than for many years past. One prominent firm in the Rue de la Paix is even trying to insist upon a return of the 1830 sloping shoulder.

GERALDINE.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

"The Loom of Destiny." I HAVE not for a long time dipped into anything so delightful as Mr. Arthur Stringer's book of short stories, "The Loom of Destiny."

These are tales of children, but not tales for children. It requires talents little below the rank of genius to write of childish doings and childish character in such a way as to interest mature minds. Yet, this is what Mr. Stringer has succeeded in doing. He has torn from the rank life of crowded towns many a page full of genuine humor and pathos—pages that tell of the cramped, maimed life of the children of the poor. He has approached his subject with the heart of an artist and the eye of a seer. His boys and girls are real, living boys and girls—not dolls and automatons. He wounds them and they bleed before your eyes; he tickles them and you hear their very laughter; and underneath all the tears and smiles, you catch the muffled, relentless grind of the loom of destiny.

Tho' they tykes us out of our gutter ome,
An' scrub all our idles is sore,
Their sunkin suds won't myke of a bloke
Wo't e never was afore
For wot's bin bred in these 'ere bones,
In these 'ere bones was bred,
An' you an' me is gutter scum
Till you an' me is dead.

This may be a hard gospel, but, alas for humanity! truth does not always wear kid gloves, and hard gospels are sometimes true ones.

Yet the book is not by any means morbid. The naked fact, indeed, is never morbid—though the eye that beholds it may be so. Kipling's pictures of humanity are not morbid, though often brutally true to life; nor are Mr. Stringer's pictures morbid. He simply paints what he sees—as every artist worthy of the name must do. Far from being unwholesome, "The Loom of Destiny" is an elevating and refining book; for, being genuine and sincere, it arouses only genuine and sincere sentiments. There is no false pathos, that quickly withers like a flower without root.

The book is published by Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, and is daintily printed and bound—a very appropriate Christmas gift for anyone who combines a love of reading with a love and understanding of human nature. Some of the stories were originally published in Ainslee's Magazine, and attracted attention there.

Mr. Stringer is a Canadian, born and brought up at London, Ont.; educated at the Universities of Toronto and Oxford; and latterly engaged in active newspaper work. He has published considerable verse, some of which is quite excellent; but, as everybody writes verse nowadays, and as few write readable prose—I fancy Mr. Stringer intends to use the latter, more and more, as his medium. A man of not more than 27, he has his career largely before him; and, if his work to date is any indication of what his future work will be, we may expect him to acquit himself with credit to his native country.

It is pleasing to note that the younger generation of Canadian writers are commencing to drift away from the silly idea that they must write of Canadian subjects. Literature is as broad as humanity, and the hope that there will be "a Canadian literature," apart from English literature, is a crazy hope, foredoomed to disappointment. We hear a great deal about "American literature," but, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing. It is all English literature; what is written in the English language is either English literature or it is not literature at all. There is no reason why we should have a Canadian literature, and let us not attempt an impossibility.

Our aim should be to contribute worthily to the literature of our race—the literature that is as broad as the tongue we speak. I am, therefore, glad to see that Mr. Stringer, like other young Canadian writers, is choosing subjects of more than provincial interest.

In this connection I can only repeat and emphasize what was said by another in this column a few weeks ago: "If our writers are to ascend above the dead level of mediocrity, let them, like Grant Allen, eschew provincialism, be earnest students of life, show a manly independence of thought, and possess the courage of their convictions."

The Book
of the Hour
in England.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, whose novel, "One Hour and the Next," is arousing so much interest and attention in literary circles, is undoubtedly, apart from her rank and beauty, one of the most notable personalities in society. Notwithstanding her youth, she has already made herself a power in the philanthropic world, and, amid the hundred and one avocations which have fallen to her lot of late years, she has found time to organize a whole section of the Scottish Home Industries Association. The young Duchess, nee Lady Millicent St. Clair-Erskine, was married on her sixteenth birthday to the then Marquis of Stafford, and it was as Lady Stafford that she published a very charming book of travels, entitled "How I Went Round the World in My Twentieth Year." She has inherited from her father, the late Lord Rosslyn, a great love of literature, and, though "One Hour and the Next" is her first serious attempt in fiction, she has contributed many short stories and verses to periodical literature, generally signing her work "Erskine-Gower."

CAXTON.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE LUNATIC AT LARGE." By J. Storer Clouston. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co., Limited.

"THE UNITED KINGDOM." (A political history.) By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., author of "A Political History of the United States." Two volumes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

"AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CANADIAN LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM." (Reprinted from Canada: An encyclopaedia of the country.) By J. Castell Hopkins. Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.

"GILIAS THE DREAMER." (His fancy, his love and adventure.) By Neil Munro, author of "John Splendid," "The Lost Pibroch," etc. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

"STATUTES OF CANADA, 62 AND 63 VICTORIA, 1899." Ottawa: S. E. Dawson, Printer to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.



THE CHRISTMAS WISHBONE IN SOUTH AFRICA.
(Will the Lion get the Lion's share?)



I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet, the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

—LONGFELLOW

CHRISTMASTIDE is here again. And who, in looking back, does not feel that the year has slipped by with its miraculous speed as a handful of sand through the fingers of a child? For the minds of most people are retentive of pleasures, rather than the reverse, and it seems that but a short time ago we were setting about the self-same tasks, enjoying the same gaieties, as we are plunged into at the present.

The shops are in their holiday dress already. The conversation of the children is acent Santa Claus—his possible remembrances, and his hardly-to-be-imagined forgetfulness, as regards their most fervent wishes—and the brains of their elders are teeming with half-formed plans, as yet unaccomplished purchases and the thousand and one ideas to be carried out in a short space of time. In Montreal, by the majority, at least, the true Christmas spirit is evinced. Fully a fortnight before the auspicious day, St. Catherine street and its principal shops present a scene of unrivalled cheerfulness. In and out, up and down, hurry the good-natured, busy throng, choosing cards and calendars, picking out suitable and unsuitable presents of every description, trying the patience of the most civil clerks with the utmost sang froid, and all possessed of the praiseworthy intention of spending their money in the most efficacious manner.

THOUGH many of us pretend to grumble and find fault with the custom of present-giving, do we, in our heart of hearts, despise it? Would we dispense, if we could, with the practice of once a year remembering, materially, our nearest and dearest, our friends rich and poor, as far as our purse will permit? Naturally, as in aught else, there are two ways of giving. And one way is rather devoid of sentiment.

We are apt to remember Mrs. B. because last year she remembered us, and we feel the obligation. We spend more than we should afford upon Miss A., because she is well-off and critical, and would, we are afraid, despise a simple offering. While, with admirable foresight, we wrap up the out-of-date key rack, or the hand-painted monstrosity bestowed upon us last year by a well-meaning but inartistic friend, and despatch it to "poor Mary, because she does not get many presents, poor soul, and any small thing will please her?" Who has not tripped occasionally in this respect?

Human nature is ever assertive, and is so ready to do only what is expected of it, rather than more than is required. Of that second mode of giving, the result of an exercise of loving solicitude, good taste, and judicious forethought, little need be said. It is an art, born, not made.

BUT finally the hurry and excitement will be at an end. With empty purses, but satisfied minds, we will settle down on Saturday night, our gifts probably packed up and despatched, our expectant hearts awaiting the Monday morning, when those that have given shall receive. Though passing years may have deprived many of the keen edge of youthful delight, there are few who cannot at least look on the

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.

enthusiasm of others with pleasure, and, in the contemplation, live their own past joys over again. And, apart from the temporal pleasures of the day, there are none too far advanced in the journey of life to be insensible to the loftier associations of this blessed festival. The scowler, who lifts his voice in deprecation of the waste of money, time, and nervous energy, expended at this season, is, after all, but a poor-spirited creature, whose arguments, however clever, should be listened to by few, and should influence none. Deep down in his heart, he finds it hard to stifle the inborn reverence for the day, yet chooses to so express himself that none may read his better nature.

PERHAPS nowhere are people, as a rule, permitted to enjoy more typical Christmas weather than in Montreal, though our memories would play us false did we forget sundry times, when muddy roads and pouring rain, or at any rate unseasonable warmth, dampened our spirits, and made us rail at Canada's fickle climate. But hope is abundant when there is a famine of aught else; and the wish for sparkling snowdrifts, and keen, frosty air is universal. Then Sherbrooke street will undergo a transformation, and be filled with the jingle of bells, as the cosy burleaus, the smart Victoria sleighs, and sleighs of every description fly over the fresh white road, rejoicing in fresh paint and varnish, and robes, either new or freshly renovated. On the side streets, the small boy, with his new sled or toboggan, will reign triumphant, hoping that the policeman will forget, for want of better occupation, to chase them from their forbidden sport. Christmas time should render him obnoxious to small lawbreakers.

During the day, as of old, the strains of waltzes, not new perhaps, but perhaps the more beloved for that, will float out from the Victoria rink. And there, possibly, the same waltzers as last year will take their places in the circle ever revolving in the centre, and the same lookers-on will crowd about the door under the old clock, or fill the benches. As they exchange their greetings and good wishes, it will be difficult to realize that a whole year has passed since a similar reunion took place.

Yes, the day will be spent as many have been before, and, doubtless, will be in the future. And as rapidly as any ordinary 24 hours will the minutes that form it speed by.

IT is as well to speak of the joys of Christmas before we enter into the sorrows; for, to many, it is well nigh impossible that they should entertain other than the latter. Perhaps never more so than this year, have we to remember, in the midst of our gaiety, the many desolate homes that must needs be wrapt in gloom—both in our Mother Country, where glory has been bought, by so many brave spirits, at the expense of life, and even in Montreal itself, where many well-known and honored members of society have "passed on." Can we expect that about those hearths, Christmas will be heralded with merriment? That there, hearts and voices will thrill with the pleasurable anticipation we experience? No, to many it will serve only as a reminder of happier days, intensifying the bitter loneliness of the present—leaving no room for brighter hopes.

Yet, to one and all, whether they be sad and lonely, sceptical and indifferent, or joyful and merry-hearted, the wish cannot come amiss, that they may have whatever constitutes to them

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

MRS. DAVIS, "Beausejour," Pine avenue, gave a very pleasant luncheon on Wednesday, in honor of Miss Claudia Bate, of Ottawa.

Mr. Stikeman arrived in Montreal this week from England, where he has been visiting for a short time. He was accompanied by his niece, Miss Branstone, of Wimbledon, England, who will spend the winter here.

THE last performance of the Garrick Club for the season of 1899, which took place last week, was a most successful and delightful entertainment. The audience was composed of members of the club only, and it is said that only one performance will be given during the year open to the public. The play, "On Change," was a very amusing one, and the cast was well chosen. Mr. Cecil Gordon and Mr. Paul Lacoste, perhaps, deserve the highest praise, the latter's impersonation of a French professor being inimitable. But the other actors, taken as a whole, did very creditable work and are to be congratulated.

Last week, Mrs. L. J. Forget entertained a number of Miss Lulu Forget's friends at a very smart luncheon at the Mount Royal Club. There is always something delightfully attractive to the average girl in any entertainment at a club. Possibly she feels that for a short time she is enjoying an atmosphere that is set aside as exclusively man's right; for, in Montreal, there is an entire absence of social club life for women. Mrs. Forget's party must have been the first, or very nearly the first, ladies' luncheon given within the recently completed precincts, and was most thoroughly enjoyed. Among the guests were: Miss A. Cooke, Miss Caro Brainerd, Miss M. Angus, Miss E. Ewan, Miss Eadie, Miss Howard, Miss Ethel Gault, Miss Stearns.

THE many friends of Mrs. Theo. Labatt, will sympathize with her deeply in the loss of her sister, Mrs. George Labatt, whose death occurred last week. The late Mrs. Labatt, who has been seriously ill for some months past, at one time lived in Montreal where she had many friends. Mrs. Theo. Labatt left but a few weeks ago for Italy, and consequently was with her sister at the end.

Mrs. E. S. Clouston, Peel street, has issued invitations for a dance, on Wednesday, December 13, in honor of her daughters, Miss Osla Clouston and Miss Marjorie Clouston, who are two of this season's debutantes.

Mrs. C. G. Hope has returned from visiting Mrs. Benson, Cardinal.

Miss Claudia Bate is paying Mrs. Dunlop, 912 Sherbrooke street, a short visit.

Mrs. E. Goff Penny and Master Trevor Penny have returned from a visit of some weeks to Atlantic City.

LAST week, Mrs. H. L. Rutherford, Pine avenue, gave a most pleasant afternoon tea, for her guests, Mrs. Fulton jr., and Miss Wickam, of New York. The house was beautifully decorated with quantities of yellow and pink chrysanthemums, "American Beauties," and any number of palms. Mrs. A. W. P. Buchanan and Miss Watt poured out tea in the dining-room, where the prevailing tone of color, in flowers and decorations, was red. Among those invited were: The Very Rev. Dean and Mrs. Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Allan, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Eadie, Miss Eadie, Mr. H. Eadie, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Molson, Mr. H. M. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. R. MacKay, Mr. and Mrs. D. MacMaster, Mrs. Alex. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pangman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Reed, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Alex. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Scott, Miss Scott, the Misses Ward, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Reford.

TO say now that St. Andrew's Ball was an unqualified success is to tell an old story; for, during the past week, from all who were present, the same opinion has been voiced. All the arrangements were perfectly made and carried out, by the committees, for the pleasure of the subscribers, who were, for the most part, very representative of Montreal's smart society. The presence of the Governor-General and Lady Minto and their suite also was a pleasant feature of the ball, though there were a few people who were not altogether

pleased at the somewhat wearisome wait until the distinguished guests arrived. It is difficult to possess one's soul in patience, once one's card is full, and one is keen to dance.

A large number of debutantes were "launched" on this occasion, and very sweet many of them looked in their fluffy white frocks. Lady Minto looked exceptionally well in a very handsome gown of white satin, veiled in black chiffon, embroidered in silver, a touch of color being lent by a scarf of pale blue crepe. A tiara of diamonds and pink carnations in her hair completed this very striking toilette. Lady Victoria Gray wore a very pretty frock of mousseline de soie, embroidered in pink, over white satin, with pink ospreys in her hair. Mrs. A. F. Riddell wore a lovely gown of black, embroidered in sequins, and Mrs. R. W. MacDougall's primrose gown, veiled in chiffon, was extremely pretty.

Mrs. H. B. Yates, Mrs. D. MacMaster, Mrs. W. Hope, Miss Angus, Mrs. J. M. Pangman, Mrs. W. Clouston, Miss B. Allan, the Misses Gilmour, Miss Scott, Miss Edythe Gault, Miss Greenshields, Miss May Stephens, Mrs. C. Lane, Miss M. Angus also looked exceedingly well. And a very noticeably pretty dress was that of Miss Isabel Burnett, which was of white satin, veiled in a lovely shade of Nile green chiffon, embroidered in silver. Miss Lillie Ogilvie and Miss Beatrice MacDougall, both debutantes, wore strikingly pretty frocks.

What with the debutantes and the numerous brides, one saw a surprising number of white gowns, and certainly there is nothing prettier for evening wear. This season pale shades seem to be the prevailing fashion, and are very much more to be admired than the vivid colours worn last year and the year before.

LAST week, Mrs. F. C. Lyman gave two very pleasant teas, one on Thursday, and the second on Friday afternoon. A large number of guests were present on both occasions, among them being: Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne, Lady Tait, Mrs. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller, Mrs. Dunlop, the Misses Dunlop, Mrs. H. MacKenzie, Mrs. C. MacDougall, Mrs. D. Lorn MacDougall, Miss MacDougall, Mrs. J. C. Hatton, Lady Galt, the Misses Galt, Mrs. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mrs. Eadie, Miss Eadie, Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Mrs. Gillespie, Miss Gillespie, Mrs. D. F. Angus, Mrs. C. F. Sise, Miss Sise, Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, the Misses Ramsay, Mrs. Wylde, Mrs. E. H. King, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Miss Allan, Mrs. Wurtele, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. Tylee, the Misses Lambie.

Mrs. A. Harris, Peel street, also entertained a number of friends at tea last week. The tea-table, which was presided over by Mrs. S. Greenshields and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, was prettily decorated with yellow and white chrysanthemums. And Miss A. Redpath, Miss G. Drury, Miss Lambie, Miss Porteous, Miss Peterson, also assisted in the dining-room. Among those invited were: Mrs. Porteous, Mrs. Peterson, the Misses Drury, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Miss Greenshields, Miss Cook (Quebec), Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne, Miss Hampson, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mrs. W. Wouham, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Ewan, the Misses Ewan, Miss Gundlack, Mrs. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller, Mrs. W. de M. Marler, Mrs. L. Lewis, Mrs. G. H. Duggan, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. J. C. Hatton, the Misses Watt, Mrs. Wigmore.

SATURDAY last was Colonel Otter's birthday, and the event was celebrated at the several military headquarters, while His Excellency the Governor-General cabled his congratulations.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRENCH, commanding the cavalry in South Africa, was never in Canada, notwithstanding the statements to that effect published in a number of papers. He had, however, two uncles in this country. They came here many years ago, and the family have lost all trace of them. In fact, the General was quite anxious to know what had

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become of them. The Major-General French who was in the Canadian militia, is now commanding the forces in New South Wales.

ON Monday, December 11, Mrs. Wheeler will entertain a large number of friends at an afternoon euchre party.

Miss Dobell and Miss E. Dobell, of Birkenhead, England, are visiting Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Crescent street. Miss E. Dobell spent some weeks in Montreal last winter visiting old school friends as well as her relatives here.

Last week, Mrs. Melan Walbank, Peel street, gave a very pleasant tea for her sister-in-law, Miss Walbank.

This week, Miss Tillie MacDonald, niece of Sir Wm. C. Macdonald, left for Winnipeg, where, immediately on her arrival, her marriage will take place to Dr. Reginald de Lothiniere Harwood, son of Mr. R. W. Harwood, seigneur of Vaudreuil. Dr. Harwood has begun to practise at Pincher Creek, N.W.T., and, consequently, they will make their home there.

I hear of the marriage at Washington last week of Miss Cassells, daughter of Colonel Cassells, to Mr. Boldman. Miss Cassells, it will be remembered, spent some time in Montreal last winter, visiting Mrs. F. C. Lyman, MacTavish street, so that it was with much interest her friends here heard of the event.

LAST Friday evening, a very pleasant euchre party was given by Mrs. J. H. Magor, Bishop street, for Miss Atkinson, of Toronto, who is visiting her. Among the guests were: Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Busted, Mr. and Mrs. Handyside, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Ross, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wigham, Mr. and Mrs. Minden Cole, Mr. and Mrs. H. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. H. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. A. Day, Miss Ansley, Miss Rawlings, Miss Holmstrom, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, Dr. F. Fry, Dr. Church, Mr. Bogert, Mr. H. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Birkett, Mr. and Mrs. Bentham, Mr. S. Carmichael.

On Friday, December 15, Mrs. L. L. Lewis, Ontario avenue, will give a progressive euchre party.

Miss Harmon, who has been spending some weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Handyside, returned last week to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie left last week for New York, where they will spend some days. Miss Evelyn Mackenzie accompanied them, on her way to attend the marriage of Miss Payne and Mr. Hutchinson, which took place on Wednesday, December 6, at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Mr. Lewis Reford returned this week from a short visit to New Haven and Philadelphia.

NO matter of how little interest "fashion notes" are to one, beyond, perhaps, keeping one from being antediluvian in dress and manners, it is difficult to steer clear of them altogether, and one reads them against one's better judgment. I say "against one's better judgment" when I read such advice as this. In one, "Hint for small purses," or something of that nature, girls are reminded that long chains are still very much the fashion, with small trinkets attached. Of course, it explains gold chains are expensive, but a very pretty and cheap (very cheap) way of being a la mode, is to string colored glass beads together on a strong thread, and wear upon it any little souvenir, such as a five-cent piece that cannot be used in the cars, having a hole in it, an extra hairpin or two, or anything that combines use and ornament. At least, these appear as suitable to me as the things suggested. A string of shoe-buttons with a shoehorn attached might be a pretty addition to a morning costume. It would seem as though infinitely superior advice to them of the scanty pocketbook would be: "If you can't have a good chain make up your mind to do without any. Or if it is essential that you carry around your

neck your manjeure set, your pens and pencils, or sentimental souvenirs, be content with a plain ribbon or inconspicuous cord."

Some people look at fashions with the eye of the African chief who revels in the acquisition of a top hat, regardless of the inadequacy of the rest of his costume to show off such headgear to advantage.

ON Wednesday evening, Mrs. Dunlop, Sherbrooke street, gave a delightful dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. M.M. Pangman.

Next week promises to be a very gay week, from all accounts. Two dances, two or three euchre parties, and no doubt the usual accompaniment of afternoon teas, will keep a large number of people very much on the go. It is almost a pity that the dances should come on consecutive nights, that is for men who have to be at business just as early, no matter what hour it was when they retired. But, to the girls, who can rest all day, it is a matter of little consequence.

The charity ball has ever been a most popular institution in Montreal. Somehow or other, it never seems exactly like a public ball, for several of the features of that genus of entertainment, which are not always agreeable, in some manner are eliminated. Last year, financially it was an enormous success, and the number of subscribers very large. But, at Her Majesty's Theatre, it was not possible so to manage the supper that everyone partook of it comfortably. And when it is not an unheard-of thing for men to complain of the character and arrangements of a supper for which they have not paid, can one expect silence when they feel that the just equivalent of their ticket money has not been awarded in full! However, this year, through the kindness of Lord Stratheona, the Royal Victoria College for Women will be the scene of the ball. And, perhaps, a more suitable place could not be discovered for such an undertaking. The ball-room will be excellent; there is a gallery for the orchestra, and endless sitting-out rooms, and splendid accommodation for the hungry will insure success. The date fixed will most probably be January 12.

ON Saturday afternoon, Mrs. W. M. Dobell gave a very jolly little tea-party for her visitors, the Misses Dobell.

Mrs. W. T. Beason, of Cardinal, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. G. Hope, Drummond street.

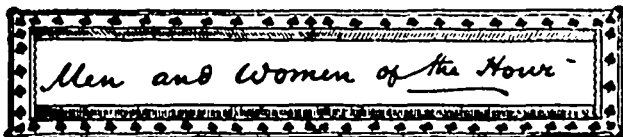
Mr. and Mrs. Stancliffe left this week for England, where they will make their home for an indefinite time. Many of their friends were under the impression they had left last week, but they were prevented from doing so, as they previously intended.

WHAT an age this is for giving advice! "Don'ts" for husbands and wives, bachelors and maids, boys and girls—even infants, flourish everywhere. And "The Cynic" and "Aunt Mary," and others of that ilk, drug the market with their hints as to what not to do under all possible or impossible and improbable circumstances. The trouble is that the average persons of literary tendency write very much more than they think. The product of their pens condemns them.

Mr. Doull and his daughter, Miss Doull, of Halifax, have taken up their residence at 87 Union avenue, and will most probably spend the winter months in Montreal.

The wedding of Miss Naomi Molson and Mr. C. B. Robbin has been arranged to take place on December 27.

It certainly sounded a little odd to read the other day that, at a recent concert, a lady "gave the song 'I Have Just Been Through the Garden' in costume, in her pleasing way." Of course, we conclude that this number was of a character to require a special and fancy dress, but the mere name of the song does not suggest any necessity of special habiliments, and the statement appears unusual.



PRECEDING ARTICLES.—Major Girouard, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Houl, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Herbert, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. R. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denton, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10; Dr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Geo. Gooderham, November 24; Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI.

“A STRONG soul, zealous, beneficent, firm—fit words in which one might describe the wielder of the Episcopal regis in our metropolitan city. The visitor to the Palace meets no patriarchal prelate in the white winter of his age; nor an austere, distant personage, enshrouded and bedimmed in the holy dignity of his office. As he waits in an ante-room, a quick, light, eager step comes along the hallway, and His Grace appears—a youthful man, whose genial radiance of face bespeaks a happy life well lived. The characteristic of gentle-



ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI.

ness is imprinted upon every line of that countenance, and on each movement of the slender frame. Confidence immediately succeeds his salutation. His handshake is not rendered meaningless by the accompanying air which says, "I hope your business is not long. You have bothered me," but expresses rather the interest of one who feels he may be of some service to a friend.

Though harassed by the continued worry of innumerable appeals, and immersed at the moment in the settlement of a trying legal issue, time can be spared to greet an absolute stranger, to sit down beside him and ascertain what mission may be his. The stranger is an ignoramus; and, not enlightened by the purple robe, he explains that he has been waiting to see the Archbishop. "Well, I am the Archbishop," smilingly replies His Grace, not one whit offended at so heedless a mistake. What a delightful transformation some of us

would undergo were we but gifted with thus much sense of humor!

Well has he been likened to his spiritual father, Pope Leo. Such a lover of peace as the aged monarch at the Vatican could hardly find a man more after his own heart; and the public commendation bestowed upon Monsignore Bruchesi on the occasion of his allocution, by the Church's Head at Rome, testifies to the oneness of the high ideal which animates them both. Protestant ministers have characterized this address to the people at large as nothing less than apostolic, and the writer of the same a true apostle.

Perhaps no other position in the Province calls for such nicety of judgment, or such peculiar power of purpose as the Archbishopric of Montreal. All eyes revert thither—on the one hand of those who look for the rule and direction of their lives, and on the other of those whose gaze is always critical if not exactly hostile. But of the public utterances which emanate from the Palace, there are none to which the veriest fanatic would be liable to take exception. His Grace's edicts invariably reflect the gentle firmness of a father who speaks not to be gainsaid, combined with and guarded by a delicacy of wise discretion which unarms objection or even criticism from without. This, of a man who is frequently called upon, from the nature of the place he holds, to pronounce upon questions pertaining to the life of the community as a whole, marks him not only as a brave and politic leader, but evidences him one of those strong pivot points from which disseminates the influence that purifies, invigorates and blesses the circling progress of our everyday existence.

Nor does the Archbishop shrink from taking generous part, where possible, in public schemes of benevolent or educational import. Those who worked with him in committee at the time of the Jubilee have expressed the appreciation they felt of the value which his counsel and ability afforded. In 1893, it was to him that the Province of Quebec intrusted the preparation of its educational exhibits for the World's Fair at Chicago, and for many years he was chairman of the Catholic School Board of Montreal. The kindly attitude he always assumed toward members of the press was responsible for the unanimous congratulation he received from every section of that body when he became successor to Mgr. Fabre. His reply, in which he stated the aims he hoped to make his own, and the end toward which he would ever strive, and at the same time his wareness of the position he held in relation to other bodies, was simply inimitable, and awoke echoes throughout the country and beyond it which reverberated with admiration and respect.

Twice, recently, his actions have formed the subject of discussion; firstly, concerning the prohibition of bazaars, and next, his declination to act in conjunction with other organizations in the matter of a central bureau for charitable purposes. Both instances are typical of man and method. The stopping of bazaars has conferred a grateful benefit on the citizens. Besides the wise provision against certain evils connected with too frequent entertainments, kept up until late hours, and so forth, which was one of the principal reasons for the step, merchants have secured partial relief, at least, from a system almost amounting to blackmail. For, though His Grace disclaimed any such idea, and was loth to believe that such agencies harmed trade in any way, there is no doubt that such is the case to some extent. As regards his decision that it would be impossible for him to act with the committee of the central bureau at present, his letter published some days ago amply vindicates the position he took, and places him in the right. The committee recognize this.

Mgr. Bruchesi's presence is academic, one would be inclined to say, rather than priestly. The years of professorial work in Laval have left their undeniable traces. A great student, he would at any time rather read than eat or sleep, which circumstance may account in measure for a tolerant broad-mindedness not common in so young a man. The very warmest personal friendships are his, and the kindness that beams from his eyes constitutes not merely part of that natural animal temperament for which none of us can claim especial credit, but is the reflexion of a heart that beats in response to the pulse of humanity.

J.S.M.

Mainly About People.

MR. S. TURNER, the wife of the Consul-General of the United States, is one of the most striking women in Ottawa society. She is called a beauty by some—others see nothing in her. She has lovely soft brown eyes, and hair that is really brown—a nut-brown that is almost golden. Her hair and eyes, in fact, are unlike those of any other woman. Her grandmother was French. This gives her qualities which, combined with the American woman's proverbial stylishness, make her one of the best-dressed women in Ottawa. Her great point in this respect seems to be not that she dresses up on occasions in striking costumes, but that she is never seen with anything on that is unbecoming.

ALTHOUGH Her Majesty's charities are literally as numerous as the sand on the sea-shore, the Sovereign seldom finds herself justified in sending so large a donation as £1,000 to any one fund. This, however, is the amount which the Queen has had forwarded to the Transvaal War fund, and Her Majesty has signified her desire that of her gift £400 should be allotted for the benefit of the widows and children of those serving in South Africa, and £200 to each of the other three objects enumerated in the Lord Mayor's appeal. The Prince of Wales, who sent a donation of 250 guineas, has asked that his gift may be credited to the "Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association Fund."

LORD CURZON has just rewarded the translator of the sacred Indian epic—the Mahabharata—with a pension. The amount is small, but the Indian sages can live on very little, so that at least the industrious Pundit Kesari Mohun, having accomplished the whole of this stupendous task and found himself oppressed by poverty and age, has a never failing stipend. The Mahabharata is the longest poem in the world, being seven times as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey together. It is as crowded with stories and legends as the Indian temples are with images.

CAPT. GRAHAM, A.D.C., has launched on the "Christmas-tide" of presents, a book of verse called "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," by Col. D. Streamer. As Capt. Graham says, "these are not intended to inculcate heartlessness among the young," but were suggested to him by an old nursery rhyme, which runs as follows:

Mary poisoned mother's tea
Mother died in agony
Father was extremely vexed—
Mary child! he said, what next?

The verses are of the subtle kind of humor found in "Alice in Wonderland," and appeal to those who can see under the surface. Capt. Graham has written articles for The Windsor and other English magazines. But this is his first published book. The illustrations are by Mr. G. Gathorne-Hardy, a name well known in English political life. This will also be Mr. Hardy's first published work as an artist.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK is not one of those ladies who content themselves with merely directing the good works in which they are interested. As president of the London Needlework Guild, she is absolutely the working head of the whole organization, having been accustomed from her childhood to the practical business of the society. For five

consecutive days preceding the recent annual exhibition of the society at the Imperial Institute, Her Royal Highness was busily employed in unpacking, sorting, and counting the garments contributed by the members of the guild, the number of which amounted to something over 9,000, and, aided by her Ladies-in-Waiting, Lady Katharine Coke and Lady Mary Lygon, worked hard from 11 o'clock till 5, with only a short interval for luncheon, in tying the things up into neat bundles for distribution. And it is not only on such occasions as the one in question that the Royal president's energy and interest are engaged. The whole year around she busies herself about the guild, and always knows which vice-presidents are forward, or the contrary, with their work, and personally decides upon the disposal of the finer linen to indigent ladies and wives of the poorer clergy.

LADY ABERDEEN, it is rumored, will write a book giving her reminiscences of Canada during her husband's Governor-Generalship.

THE list of Royal litterateurs is to-day a somewhat lengthy one, and in this list Royal princesses shine conspicuously. Not to mention Queen Victoria's well-known contributions to literature, the number of princesses who are authors include Carmen Sylva (Queen of Roumania), the Queen of Italy, the Countess of Paris and her daughter, the talented young Queen of Portugal, and the Crown Princess of Italy (Princess Helena of Montenegro). To make the list of Royal authors complete, must be added the names of the Prince de Joinville, last surviving son of King Louis-Philippe, Prince Henri d'Orleans, the well-known explorer, King Oscar, of Sweden, and Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro.

MR. KEEGAN PAUL says that one of the last books read by Cardinal Manning was "The Pickwick Papers." A few weeks before his death, he asked for a complete set of Dickens' works. "I have never read 'Pickwick,'" he said, "and I don't think I should like to die without having done so."

LADY BALFOUR of Burleigh, wife of the Chief Secretary for Scotland, is a sister of Lord Aberdeen, and is universally popular. She is an exceedingly able woman, a good talker, and enters heart and soul into all her husband's social and political aspirations—and they are many, for Lord Balfour of Burleigh is one of the best types of politicians and philanthropists; everything that he does he does well, and he finds an able second in his accomplished and delightful wife.



SYLVIA IN THE SNOW STORM.

WATCHING the snowflakes whisked and whirled
All ceaseless to and fro,
About the boundaries of the world
She lets her white thoughts go.

And one of those white thoughts of hers
To me comes drifting down
As I sit brooding 'mong the firs
Above this gray old town.

Into my heart that waif of grace
Sinks, nestling like a dove;
Ah, what are all the bounds of space
If thought be winged by love!

A Christmas Surprise

—BY—
GEORGE R. SIMS

Author of "Three Brass Balls," "Memoirs of Mary Jane,"
"The Ten Commandments," "The Social Kaleidoscope,"
"Rogues and Vagabonds," etc.

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MR. JOHN ARMYTAGE came into his elegant drawing-room in Fitzjohn's avenue with a knitted brow. Now, if there is one day in the whole year on which the master of the house should not have a knitted brow, it is Christmas Day.

And this was Christmas evening—7 o'clock on Christmas evening. The drawing-room was full of John Armytage's guests. They were mostly his own relatives and his wife's. His own relatives included his three sisters. Each was accompanied by her husband. The youngest sister had only

"I don't know, I haven't seen her. William told her to go upstairs with the servant, and take off her things, directly they came in. Then he sent for me. That's why I went out. 'John,' he said, 'I've married since I was here last Christmas—didn't want to disappoint you—couldn't leave my wife to have her Christmas dinner alone, so I've brought her with me.'"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! and Jenny's husband here for the first time! Whatever shall we do?"

Jenny's husband was the cousin of a lord, and the Armytages thought a great deal of him. He was the first aristocrat they had had in the family, and they looked up to him and talked about him a great deal. "My brother-in-law, Tom Mitcham. Lord Bowditch's cousin, you know," was a remark which John Armytage always managed to insert in any conversation in which he might be engaged at the earliest opportunity.

"I think, my dear," said John Armytage to his wife, "you'd better go upstairs and—er—see Mrs. William first. If she's very awful—I—er—I really don't think, in justice to Mr. Mitcham, who has not met William before, we can let her sit down."



Typical Canadian Scenes—Cattle on the Northwest Plains.

recently been married—this was her husband's first Christmas dinner with John Armytage.

The master of the house came in at the door, and gave his wife a little look which caused her to leave the guests with whom she was chatting, and come towards him.

"What is it, dear?" she said; "what has happened?"

"The worst," replied her husband. "William has arrived and he has brought a wife."

"Oh, John—is she—presentable?" exclaimed the hostess.

George R. Sims, the author of "A Christmas Surprise," is one of the most brilliant humorists and dramatists of the British metropolis. He is 32 years old, and commenced work as a journalist and playwright 25 years ago. A rapid worker, he has time for many amusements and recreations, notwithstanding that his pen is constantly turning out plays, stories and sketches, for which he receives large sums of money. His principal hobbies are battledore and shuttlecock, bull dogs and trotting ponies. He has published about a dozen novels and books of one sort or another, and is author or part author of a score of plays. He lives in Regent's Park, and is a well-known figure in the London clubs, where his brilliancy, good humor, and ability to tell a good yarn, have made him extremely popular.

"Oh, John, we must!" exclaimed Mrs. Armytage. "We couldn't possibly tell your brother's wife to go and have dinner with the servants."

"No, of course not. Oh, dear! when my poor dear mother made me give her my sacred promise to bring the family together every Christmas, she never could have imagined how William was going to turn out!"

Mrs. Armytage went out of the room, and ascended the stairs with a fluttering heart, to see what her new and suddenly-introduced sister-in-law was like, and John Armytage went across the room and drew his youngest sister aside.

"Jenny, my dear," he said, "have you told Tom about our family trouble?"

"You mean about William? Oh, yes, I told him he would meet him here, and that he was the black sheep of the family."

CHRISTMAS SURPRISE--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"Ah, he knows that, well, that's something. But, my dear Jenny, this time William has brought a wife with him."

Jenny Mitcham's face fell. William, for many years, had been the terror of his relatives. He had gone hopelessly to the bad. His brother and sisters had done everything they could for him, but it had been all to no purpose. Bohemian, shiftless, utterly unable to keep a shilling in his pocket or to make one for himself, William Armytage had been given up at last as a bad job.

How he lived at last his relatives never knew. They didn't trouble to find out, because they could do nothing to help him to alter things.

With all his faults, William was a good-hearted young man. He felt that he had long ago exhausted his claims on his kindred, and he left them in peace. Only on Christmas Day he usually presented himself at the residence of his elder brother, and had "dinner with the family."

Old Mrs. Armytage had had at the last Christmas dinner she ever sat down to a presentiment that she would never sit down to another. In accordance with a family custom, all her children, married and single, had gathered around her board. There had always been a "reunion" among the Armytages on Christmas Day. Mrs. Armytage had, on this occasion, made her eldest son, John, promise that when she was gone he would carry on the family tradition. No Armytage was to be forgotten in the list of Christmas invitations. Then she turned to the other children, and made them promise that as long as it was humanly possible they would go to John's on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Armytage had been dead for ten years, but the promise given had been faithfully kept. The keeping of it would not have troubled any of them but for William. They never knew how William was going to turn up. One Christmas he presented himself, with many apologies, in bad boots and a shabby light suit, and explained that pecuniary embarrassments had forced him to part with the rest of his wardrobe. John dragged him upstairs, and compelled him to get into an old dress suit of his (John's), which was several sizes too large for him.

Then for a Christmas or two he came fairly tidy and respectable, but later on he shocked the family dignity by arriving in the uniform of a private soldier. He had enlisted a month previously.

John brought him out, because his sisters insisted on it. They knew William, and were afraid that he would do something, and be court-martialled or shot, and that would have been such a disgrace to the family.

After that they had several minor shocks. They heard, with a shudder, that William had blacked his face and joined a negro troupe in a beach entertainment on the South Coast, and they turned their eyes up to Heaven when it came to their ears that he had gone on in Drury Lane pantomime as a carrot in the opening, and as a hot peiman in the harlequinade. But John now kept a dress suit, made to William's measure, on the premises, so that the Christmas terror was, they hoped, over for ever.

The announcement that this time William had turned up with a wife came as a paralyzing blow.

Jenny said she thought she had better tell her husband, and prepare him for the shock. She did so, and Tom Mitcham only laughed.

"That's all right, my dear," he said. "Bad egg in every family—lots in mine—and bad eggesses, too, for the matter of that."

The easy manner in which his brother-in-law, Lord Bowditch's cousin, received the news of the new family tie relieved John Armytage's feelings, and he had just made up his mind to regard Mrs. William with a lenient eye, when the door

opened and a servant entered the room, and informed him that the mistress would like to see him for a minute.

"It's about William's wife," whispered John to Jenny; "I'm sure she's not presentable."

Mrs. Armytage was waiting outside in the hall. Her face was white; she looked as if she had seen a ghost, and had only just recovered her senses.

"Oh, John," she gasped, "we can't have her—we really can't. She has her face wrapped up in a veil, and she says she can't take it off, because she's a freak at Barnum's Show; and it's in her contract that she shall never show her face outside under a penalty of £100 stopped out of her salary."

John Armytage flung up his arms in horror. "William has married a freak!" he exclaimed, "and brought her here! I—I shall have to go and see him and tell him to take her away."

Mr. William Armytage was sitting in the library, where his brother had left him. He had come in evening dress himself this time, and he looked quite spruce and smart.

"William," said John, "this is most painful—most shocking. Haven't you brought disgrace enough upon your family, without this?"

"My dear John," replied William, calmly, "I don't see that I have ever brought disgrace on the family yet. I've lost money—that's not a disgrace; I've been poor—that's not a disgrace. I've worn Her Majesty's uniform—that's not a disgrace—"

"But you've married a Barnum's freak—isn't that a disgrace?"

"Oh, no; I don't think so. She's only tattooed in the face, you know—merely a question of taste. In some countries, only queens are allowed to be tattooed in the face. She's really a charming girl, bar that, and it was done against her will, you know. Her people were quite gentlefolks. They were wrecked on a cannibal island, or something of that sort. Her relatives were all killed, poor girl, and eaten, and she was tattooed and left penniless. She had to do something, and so she went into the show business."

"Good heavens, William!" exclaimed John, "how can you sit there and talk of your degradation as calmly as that!"

"Oh, there's no degradation. I tell you, bar her face, she's charming, and she's a lady; and, dash it all, John, she gets £50 a week."

"You've married a tattooed woman for her money!" gasped John.

"Oh, no. I was engaged at the show, got a berth as attendant, had to wait on the freaks at mealtimes. She fell in love with me. I admired her grace and her amiability very much, and—er—well, we got married."

"Well, that's your affair; but you had no right to bring her here."

"John, you forget our sacred promise to our mother; that, as long as it was humanly possible, we would all dine together on Christmas Day. You undertook to receive us; we all promised to come. My sisters bring their husbands—I bring my wife."

"But our mother never imagined you were going to marry a freak."

"Our mother made no stipulations of any kind. However, I have kept my promise year after year. Up to now, you have kept yours. If you refuse to allow my wife to join your guests I can't force her on them—but, if she goes, I must go. You will have broken your promise by forcing me from your house on the day of family reunion."

"That is true," said John, with a sigh. "I've always been an honorable man; I've always kept my promise to the dead. You must sit down with us, William, and, of course, so must your freak—I beg pardon, your wife—but it is a terrible blow to me, it will be a terrible blow to all of us. What Tom Mitcham, who is Lord Bowditch's cousin, and is dining here for the first time, will say, heaven only knows!"

"Mitcham? That Jenny's husband, isn't it? I read of the marriage in the paper."

"Yes, cousin to Lord Bowditch. Oh, William, it is a shameful thing for you to have given us a sister-in-law from Barnum's side-shows!"

"Well," said William, "you can say nothing about it, if you like. I and my wife will go."

"No," said John, "my promise must be kept; but I must prepare our guests—the shock must not be too sudden."

"John Armytage returned to the drawing-room. His face was very grave, and everybody turned towards him as he entered.

"Before we go in to dinner," he said, "I have a strange communication to make to you. You are all aware of the agreement by which we meet to-day under my roof. This time a new guest is added to our little party. My brother, William, brings his wife."

There was a little buzz of excitement. All the guests with

remarks in a voice at once refined and musical. Whatever the affliction was, it was quite certain that she was not a "person," as they had feared, but an educated lady.

At the dinner-table, Mrs. William sat by her husband, and he was quite gallant in his attentions to her.

At first the proceedings were particularly solemn. The presence of the veiled woman was uneasy. It made the servants uncomfortable and nervous, and the guests could hardly take their eyes off the closely enveloped head. The veil fell loosely below the face, so that Mrs. William was able to put her spoon and her fork underneath and eat without exposing any portion of her features. That was an intense relief to John Armytage and his wife. At first they were terrified that an accidental movement might reveal the fact that their sister-in-law was tattooed.

Unfortunately, John had forgotten to tell his brother that he had only made a partial explanation to the company. Not



Typical Canadian Scenes—A Bathing Party in Manitoba.

the exception of Tom Mitcham, knew William, and they had misgivings about the lady.

"My brother," continued John, in a voice trembling with emotion, "has married a lady who has an affliction of the face. You will excuse her if she makes her appearance among you wearing a thick veil."

There was a movement of horror from the relatives. William had surpassed himself.

A few minutes later the door was flung open and the servant announced: "Mr. and Mrs. William Armytage," and then retired to burst out laughing in the hall.

"Good 'eavens, Parker," she said to the housemaid, "what is it?"

William was quite at his ease. He introduced the veiled lady to all his relatives. The veiled lady shook hands with her new kinsmen and kinswomen, and made the conventional

being forewarned of this reticence, William presently put his foot in it. He had been doing that sort of thing all his life.

Frank and open-hearted to a degree, what was more natural than that he should innocently mention the fact that his wife was engaged at the great show at Olympia, of which everyone was talking.

Thinking to amuse the company, he began to tell them of the Christmas festivities arranged for the freaks at Barnum's. "Of course, if we hadn't come here," he said, "my wife would have dined with them."

"I beg your pardon," said Tom Mitcham, amid a dead silence, "but why should your wife have dined with the freaks?"

"Why, of course, because she's one of them," said William. Then he caught his brother's stern eye and checked himself. "Oh, I'm sorry—I thought John had told you!"

The ladies glanced at the veiled woman with horror. A

CHRISTMAS SURPRISE--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

freak? What might not that heavy veil conceal? Two noses, a horned head, perhaps, they shuddered as the idea came to them, perhaps a pig faced lady.

William's sisters almost fainted at the thought—Sisters-in-law to a pig faced lady? Oh, it was too terrible!

But the silvery voice of the veiled woman was heard amid the silence. It partially reassured them. Surely no woman with a pig's face could speak like that—Pig-faced ladies only grunted, and they ate out of a silver trough. Is there not a picture in the Hospital in Dublin to certify to the fact?

John saw the horror that had come upon his guests, and made the Christmas dinner like a funeral feast, and he thought the plain truth was preferable to the hideous idea which was evidently in the minds of the company.

"Oh, yes," said William, "Of course we know her. She performs in the ring—La Haute Ecole."

"Why do you say 'calls herself'?" asked the veiled lady, "is not Delroy her real name?"

"No," said Mr. Mitcham. "Fact is, she's a relative of mine—One of the bad eggesses," he added, turning to his wife.

"Indeed," exclaimed the veiled lady. "A relative of yours?"

"Yes, she is my cousin, Lord Bowditch's youngest daughter, you know. It was a terrible blow to the old man, Fanny—that is her name—was mad for horses, and, when her father married again and the girls were unhappy at home, hating their stepmother—and they had good reason to—Fanny had the bad taste to run away. The next we heard of her was that she was riding at horse shows, you know, and then I'm blest if she didn't go to America. There she joined



Typical Canadian Scenes—A Farm in Sussex, New Brunswick.

"Mrs. William Armytage is not, I believe, a freak, in the common acceptation of the word," he said. "My brother tells me that she was shipwrecked among cannibals, and had her face tattooed."

The veiled lady nodded. "That is quite right," she said. "I am not really a freak. I am a misfortune. You will forgive me for not showing you my face, but my contract is never to do so outside the show. The words are 'under no circumstances,' and of course I must keep my contract."

"Oh, pray do!" exclaimed everybody in chorus. There was not the slightest desire among the company to have a hideously tattooed face opposite to them while they ate their Christmas dinner.

Tom Mitcham was the first to break the silence. "You are professionally engaged at Barnum's, Mrs. Armytage," he said. "I wonder if you know an equestrienne who, I believe, is performing there now—Miss Jennie Delroy she calls herself?"

Barnum's Circus. They say she's really splendid in the high-class business."

"She is," exclaimed William, "isn't she, my dear?"

"Oh, I think she is all right," said the veiled lady. "But, of course, I don't see much of her, so I can't judge."

"No, of course not," replied Tom. "you'd be in one of the side-shows."

John Armytage, who had been astonished at Tom Mitcham's confession of a circus rider in the family, felt rather relieved. After all, if Lord Bowditch's daughter was at Barnum's, it wasn't so very awful for his sister-in-law to be there.

Only, unfortunately, the latter was among the freaks.

Jenny turned to her husband inquiringly. "Why did you never tell me about your cousin, dear?" she said.

"Well, fact is we didn't care to have it talked about. But as Barnum's is in the family," he added with a smile, "it doesn't so much matter now. I don't know much of Fanny,

haven't seen her since she was a child, but we were all upset when she ran away and joined a circus. Old chap vowed he'd never speak to her again—cut her name out of the family Bible—all that sort of thing. We all felt like he did then. But things have changed a good deal since."

"Ah," said the veiled freak, "tell me—I love family stories—what has the girl done to change things?"

"Oh, she hasn't done anything, but we know a bit more about the stepmother than we did, and we can quite understand a high-spirited girl like Fanny running away and earning her own living. Old Bowditch himself, I think, is disenchanted with his wife, and would like to make it up with Fanny and forgive her, but he's a proud old chap, and he's not likely to make the first advances."

"And you," said William, "I suppose you'd turn your back on Fanny and cut her dead stall?"

"Not I!" said Tom Mitcham. "Fact is, I'm thinking of going around to Barnum's one afternoon and asking for her. I want to see if I can't bring her and her father together again."

Then William explained. He had obtained a position in one of the departments at Barnum's. He had met Miss Delroy on several occasions, and fallen in love with her. She had returned his affection and told him her secret. Then he knew that it was her cousin who had recently married into his family.

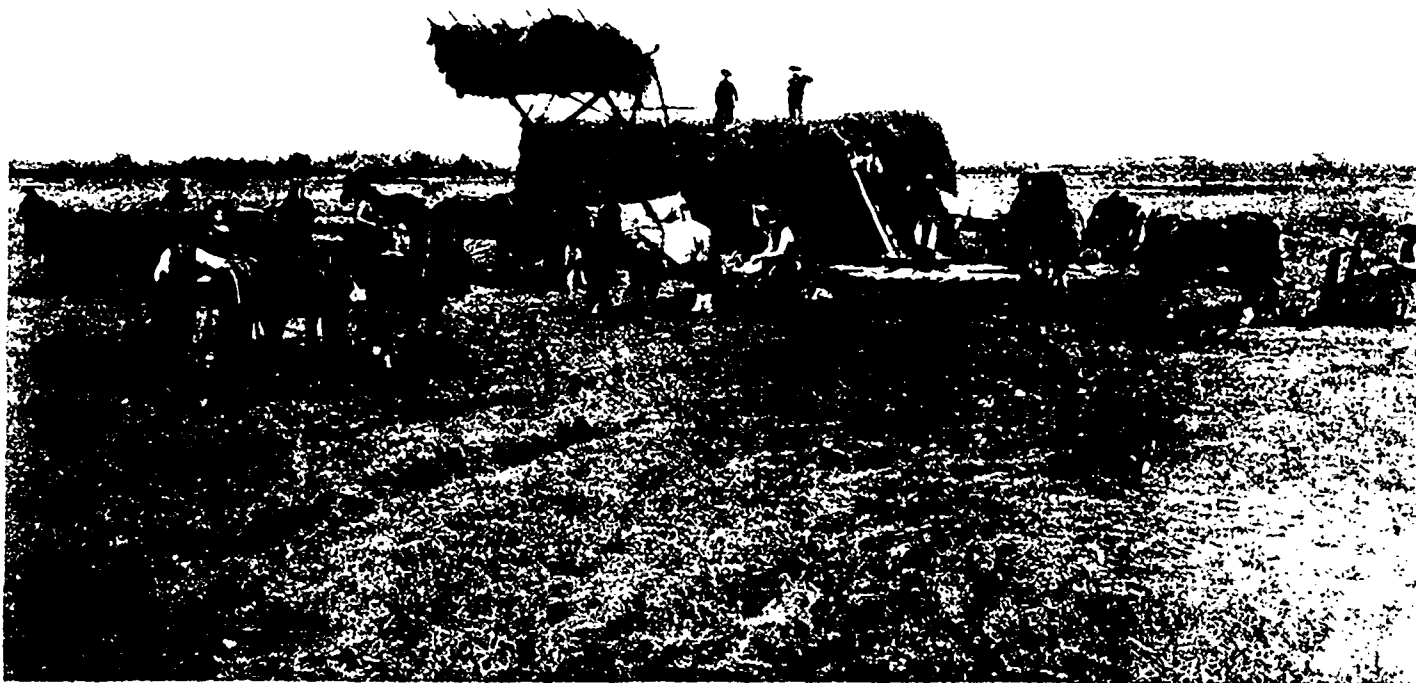
When Christmas Day came, and William, if he wished to keep his promise to his mother, had to go to his brother's to dinner and take his wife, they discussed the situation.

Fanny believed that Tom Mitcham, like all the rest of her family, was embittered against her. Her presence would cause unpleasantness if he was there, and of course he would be. It would spoil the dinner-party, and a Christmas dinner must not be spoiled by family quarrels.

William declared he would not go without her, and at the same time he was not anxious to be the first to break the family compact.

Suddenly Fanny clapped her hands. "Oh, Will, I've an idea! The freaks go out covered up so that nobody can see them. Let me go as a freak; it will be such fun."

At first William objected, but gradually he yielded to his wife's whim. At any rate, it was a way out of the difficulty.



Typical Canadian Scenes - Hay Harvest on a Manitoba Farm.

"You need not go to Barnum's," exclaimed the Freak, lifting the heavy veil, and clinging it back over her head.

There was a cry of astonishment from the entire company. The face that they saw had not a mark or a scar on it. It was the face of a handsome English girl. The mouth was wreathed in smiles, the dark eyes sparkled with fun.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Tom Mitcham, as soon as he could find his voice. "Not go to Barnum's? You don't mean to say you are—"

"Yes, I am, Miss Jennie Delroy—once Fanny Bowditch, now Fanny Armytage. A merry Christmas to you, cousin."

She raised her glass of champagne to her lips and nodded to Tom Mitcham across the table.

"My dear young lady," exclaimed John Armytage, getting up and going to Fanny, and taking her hand in his. "My dear William, I congratulate you."

"My dear sister-in-law!" said Mrs. Armytage, getting up and kissing Barnum's freak tenderly upon the brow. And all the other relatives purred their congratulations across the table.

And that is how William, the terror of the family, wound up by presenting them, on Christmas Day, with one of Barnum's freaks as their new sister-in-law.

• • • • •

The cloth was cleared, the dessert placed on the table. The servants had gone, and Mr. John Armytage rose, glass in hand, to give the one toast of the evening: "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all." But, on this occasion, he lengthened this usual speech by a few words. They were these: "And a hearty welcome to Mr. Tom Mitcham, our sister Jenny's husband, and to Lord Bowditch's daughter, our brother William's charming wife."

Everybody drank the toast, and William, at a signal from Tom Mitcham, acknowledged it first.

"On my wife's behalf I thank you, my dear relatives," he said, "and I hope you will all come and see her to-morrow at Barnum's show. I am sure it is a great relief to you to know that you won't have to look for her among the freaks."



Moonchild's Christmas Present

— 15 —

A. C. KEMAS, M.A., M.P., N.W.I.

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It was Christmas eve in Macleod. The sun was shining brightly and the warm chinook wind was rapidly melting away the snow. "A regular old-timers' Christmas," the senior staff sergeant said, as he looked out of the window of the sergeant's mess. The North West Mounted Police in the post were having a lively time preparing for the morrow; liquor was plenty and duties few, and inspection of kit worried no man's soul just then. It was lunch time in the mess and the N.C.O.'s were enjoying themselves heartily. Several of the sergeants on detachment were in for Christmas, and the chairman looked around upon twenty as fine specimens of the British soldier as were to be met with in that year of grace, 1888, or, for that matter, now. Those old foes, Miller and Pepper, were once more at it. This time, however, Miller had the upper hand. Neither he nor the mess had forgotten the prompt manner in which Pepper had raised his hands and surrendered his revolver earlier in the year at Miller's request, and consequently Pepper was almost silent, his usual flow of bludgeon, wit and elephantine badinage having escaped him. Presently, however, the conversation turned on the murder of Heyburn, a constable, by a Blood Indian rejoicing in the peaceful name of Moonchild.

"No news about the Indian yet I suppose?" said Wright. "Don't suppose we will hear of him until the spring?"

"Now, you bet," replied Hewson, "Mr. Indian is lying low in some comfortable tepee, and not very far off either I should say."

Just here the conversation was broken into by the appearance of an orderly in the door.

"Sergeant Miller to report to the Major in the orderly room, please," he said.

"No rest for the wicked," remarked Miller as he rose from the table, casting a regretful glance at the warm room and the numerous bottles flanking the plates.

In a few minutes he returned, not in the very best of tempers, to judge by his face.

"Here's a pretty go," he exclaimed. "The O.C. has got news that Moonchild is camped just across Drowning Ford on the Kootenay, and I've got to take a party and fetch the beggar in. Got to make a night trip of it too."

"How's that?" inquired the rest.

"Well, the Major says that there are a lot of young bucks around his tepee and that I must avoid trouble by coming on the camp just at dawn, before the outfit get waked up. That means a long ride to-night."

"Sorry for you my boy," remarked Pepper. "Never mind, be not weary in well-doing, you know, I'll remember you in my prayers."

"Or in your cups, which would be more like it, I expect" retorted Miller.

"Well, anyhow, old man I hope that you will be able to give Mr. Moonchild his little Christmas box of a pair of wristlets. When do you start?"

"About 5 o'clock. The trail is pretty good, and with this warm weather it won't be much of a job getting there."

"I'd advise you to take your buffalo coats along all the same. You never know what this sort of a day is going to turn out," said the sergeant-major.

"No, I don't think I will. They will be in the way if any trouble comes along, and would only interfere with a fellow's movements," Miller replied. "Let's have some more purge now," and once more the mess sat around the table, enjoying their pipes and their "purge" (the irreverent name given the beer supplied in the canteen).

* * * * *

It was growing dusk that evening when Miller and his men rode out of the post. He had six constables with him, all rather looking on the trip as a nuisance, that was all. None of them took any account of the probable danger in it. That never bothered them for an instant. They despised the Indians with a thorough contempt and each man considered himself equal to rounding up the whole Blood Nation and running it in to the post if necessary. Still, it was a beastly bore to have to leave the post on Christmas Eve on such an errand, and all they hoped was that they would be back in time for dinner on the morrow. It was slow work riding; the chinook wind had melted the snow quite a bit, and in some places the ground was bare and even muddy. Then, too, they did not wish to make too good time, as they would have to camp out all night in any event.

As the evening passed, however, the weather, with that happy faculty of sudden change for which the Northwest climate is noted, gave the party a free and unasked-for exhibition of the great falling feat. From 40 above to zero was for it, as those who have lived in Alberta well know, as easy "as falling off a log." The wind fell entirely and the cold settled down evidently to stay. The party was in ordinary winter clothing, (fur caps and mitts, fatigue clothes, with heavy duffle socks and cowskin moccasins), and luckily did not miss their buffalo coats very much, though it was a case of occasionally dismounting and running along to keep comfortably warm.

It was fairly late and pitch dark when the Kootenay river was reached. It could be heard roaring in the distance. The chinook of the last week or so had evidently broken up the ice, and Miller was afraid that the crossing would be difficult, if not impossible, in the dark. On reaching the river edge, he found that the ice was covered with water, running with quite a current, and he could not see whether the centre of the river was open or not. To venture across in the black night, unable to see a yard ahead, or to tell where the river was running was too risky. Once a horse and man got into that fierce torrent, God help them, carried swiftly down between two walls of ice—a momentary struggle, then sucked under the ice where it still remained solid; a despairing grasp at its cruel and slippery edges, a few awful moments and then a lifeless mass slowly swept down stream, to be lodged on some sand bar and await the spring, before the eye of man should rest on what once was a gallant rider and his steed.

Miller halted his men among the cottonwoods which fringed the river banks and the party dismounted, tying their horses to the trees. A short consultation was held as to the best method of discovering whether or not the river was indeed open in the middle. Finally Miller took a long tepee pole, over which he happened to stumble, and waded out knee deep into the ice cold water, sounding in front of him, as he went, with the pole. It was desperately cold, and the current was fairly strong. The water rose over his knees and he was forced to return to the bank in a few minutes without having been able to get far enough out to find the opening. One of the men then volunteered to try, but he got no farther out than Miller.

"Well boys," said Miller, "I guess there is only one thing to do, and that is camp here for the night, make the crossing in the early dawn and trust to luck to get our man quietly."

Hunt around for some dry sticks and we will try and get a fire on. I am freezing."

It was indeed cold, and Miller's trousers were stiffening as were his socks and moccasins. A small fire was soon got going and around this the men crowded. They had, of course, no axe with them, and were unable to procure any but the smallest kind of branches for burning. Miller and Johnson, who had been in the water, quickly stripped off their wet garments and sat close to the fire endeavoring to get warm and to dry their clothes. A flask, which one of the men somehow discovered was in his wallet, strictly against orders, helped to put a little life into the party, but it was a most miserable night. There was no sleep for anyone, it was too cold for that, the fire hardly kept them warm, and "sentry go" was the order of the night. At last dawn came, and before sun-up Miller had his men mounted and on their way. They were hungry; not a biscuit was to be found among them, but they did not give a thought to that; the business they were on would not take very long now and they could hold out till evening anyway. Christmas greetings were jokingly exchanged by the men and many remarks made as to Moonchild's Christmas box which Miller carried in his pocket.

On riding to the river's edge, Miller discovered that the water was running clear in the middle, there being a gap of about fifteen feet in the ice, and that it would be impossible to cross the flood there. In fact, it was an extremely fortunate thing that he had not chanced it the night before and attempted to cross. Had he done so there was little doubt but that the whole party would have been swept down and drowned. Accordingly, Miller led his men some two miles down the river before they could choose a place where the ice was sufficiently solid to cross. Once over, they put their horses to the gallop and made short work of the five miles between the river and the spot in which Moonchild was camped.

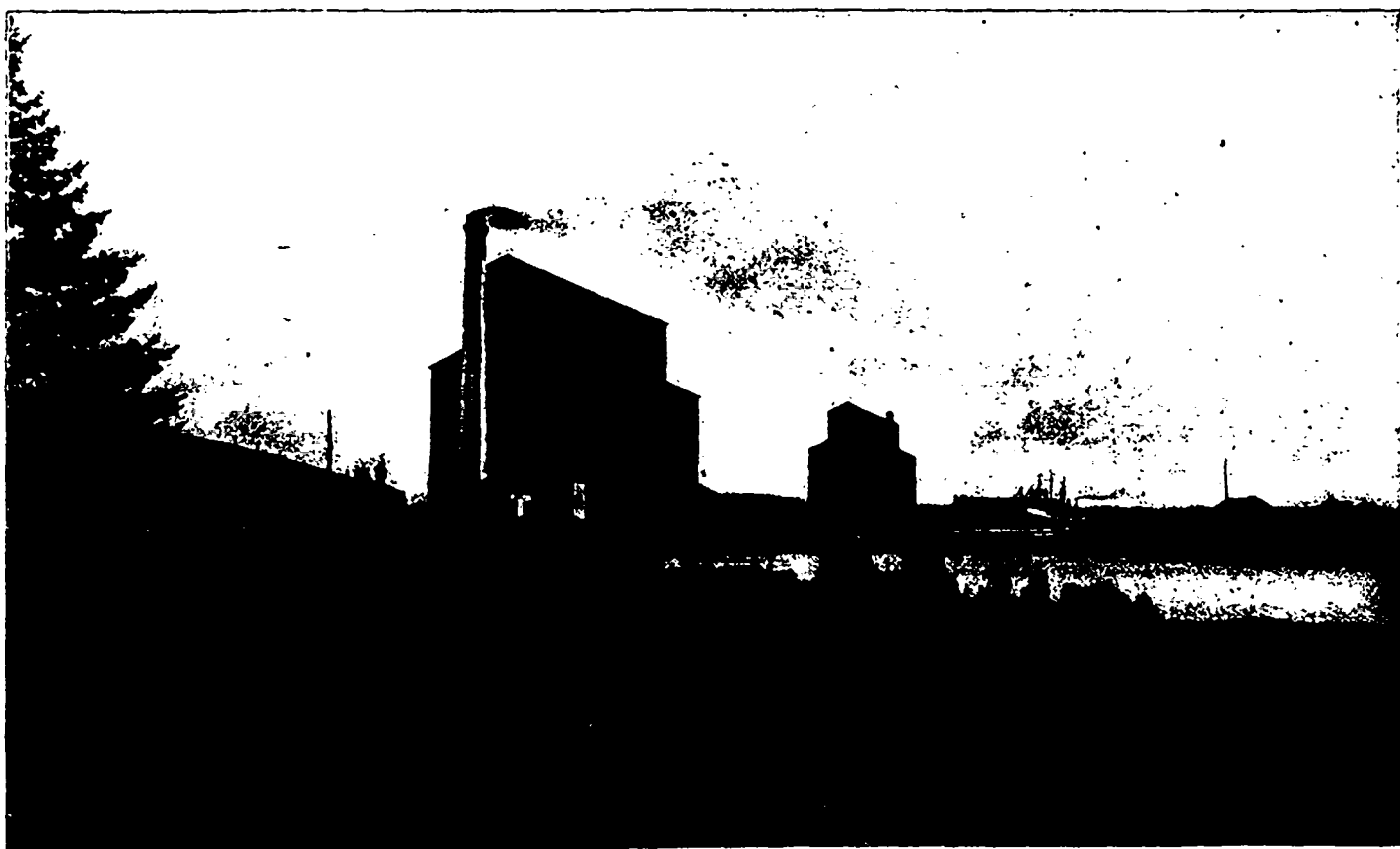
As Miller came upon the camp he noticed that there were in

all about twelve tepees, one standing a little away from the rest, almost cut off from them by a belt of brush. From the top of this one a slight column of smoke was rising, and he had little doubt that this was Moonchild's abode. Making a slight detour, he passed behind the other lodges and came on the back of the isolated tepee. Suddenly a dog began to bark; then another and another, till the whole canine population of the little village was aroused. Heads were put out of the tepees and it was evident that the camp was awake. Hastily Miller posted his men around the tepee, giving them strict instructions not to fire on any account, unless they should hear shots in the tepee, into which he would go alone. Loosening his six-shooter in its scabbard, and giving his horse to Johnson, Miller walked to the flap of the tepee and stooping down, boldly entered.

He had not been mistaken, it was Moonchild's lodge. There, seated around a small fire of dry wood were Moonchild and three other Bloods. Moonchild, who was sitting cross-legged on the ground, nitchie fashion, had his Winchester rifle in his hands, pointed directly at Miller. He cocked it, and his little eyes glittered venomously. Miller, however, took no notice whatever of him. He shook hands with the other Indians, whom he happened to know, and sat down at the other side of the fire, coolly taking out his pipe and lighting it. Then he began to talk, of the Great White Mother, of the buffalo which were gone, of all subjects dear to an Indian's heart. Miller was an adept in the Blood tongue; he could speak it like a native. All the time he was watching Moonchild from the corners of his eyes, though apparently paying no attention to him.

"Does the red-coat know when more rations will come?" said one of the Indians.

"Yes, my brother," replied Miller. "The big men at Ottawa look after their red brethren. They will send heaps food up. Wagons coming now from Winnipeg. Bacon, flour tobacco." "Good," granted the noble red man, "treat Indian well."



Typical Canadian Scenes — Grain Elevators at Fort William, on Lake Superior.

MOONCHILD'S, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.

"Yes, treat Indian well. More too; next fall, before snow flies, heap presents come for Indians from Great White Mother. Red coats, medals, looking-glasses."

Here Moonchild got interested in the conversation and let his rifle slip from his hands on to his lap. In an instant, Miller sprang across the fire and landed squarely on the astonished Indian. Moonchild struggled fiercely, calling on his friends to aid him. For a moment, they were undecided; then the burly form of Constable Leeson appeared in the tepee door, and the muzzle of a six-shooter convinced them that they had better remain seated. Moonchild succeeded in releasing one hand from Miller's grip, and drew his knife, making a vicious stab. Fortunately, he aimed low, and the point was caught in Miller's cartridge belt. Then Miller drew his revolver, and, striking the man on the head with the butt, stunned him, and quickly fastened his hands behind his back with the handcuffs. Lifting the senseless man easily, he took him out of the tepee and carried him to where the men were with the horses.

On getting outside of the tepee, however, Miller found the space around was filled with shouting, howling Indians. Evidently, there had been a larger camp hard by, and word had been sent of his coming. Some 200 Bloods were present, shouting insults and threats at the police. One stepped up to Miller as he was carrying Moonchild towards the horses and presented a rifle ball in his face. Miller never flinched—the man altered his aim and fired in the air, so close to Miller's head that his head rung with the report. Another fired in front of his feet. The police drew their revolvers and took a step to the front.

"For God's sake don't fire, men," cried Miller. "we'll take this beggar in all right; don't fire, it's no use, anyway. Sheath your revolvers."

The Indians pressed around more threateningly than ever. One buck walked up and spat in Leeson's face.

"Begob, an I'll be avien wid ye for that, me bucko," muttered Leeson, but he did not use pistol or fist on the man; discipline was strong, and he knew that the lives of the party depended on appearing careless and indifferent to the mob of savages that surrounded them. With the assistance of a constable, Miller threw Moonchild on the led horse which they had brought with them, and hastily tied his feet under its belly, then gave the order to mount. The Bloods took up the ground between the police and the open prairie; some were endeavoring to stampede the horses by firing between their legs; one or two of the ringleaders were haranguing their fellows on to the attack.

"Guess we'll have to herd him out of this, boys," said Miller. "place him in the middle. Johnson grab hold of his lead rope. Now, ready, trot, gallop, charge!"

The little party broke into a trot and then put their horses at the full gallop, straight for the yelling mob of Bloods who awaited the onset. "No shooting, men," cried Miller, and for a moment things looked black. Then the shock came, the Indians wavered and gave way, some of their number being trampled down by the police, among them being the gentleman who had saluted Leeson. "Shpit at me, will ye, ye red devil?" shouted the latter as he caught the Blood under the chin with the point of his toe. "How's that, me bhoy?"

In a few moments the police were through and on their way home. Not an Indian dared to fire on or follow them. Moonchild made a sulky companion, preserving a stolid silence, well knowing that he was going to meet his just fate. Miller and the men were happy and looked forward eagerly to a large dinner, barrels of "purge" and perhaps, it being Christmas, a supply of "Old Joe."

The barracks were reached before dinner and all the post

turned out to meet the prisoner and his escort. After delivering up the prisoner to the jail orderly, who swore vigorously, to himself, at being interfered with, and being complimented by the O. C. on the way in which he had effected the arrest, Miller stalked off to the sergeant's mess where he was received with great effusion. Of the remainder of that memorable day he has but a slight recollection, as, indeed, have few of those who were there, but, when the temperance editor of the local paper was discovered at reveille vainly endeavoring to climb the flagstaff in the square, under the impression that it was the stair case of the hotel, little remains to be said.

Shortly afterwards, Moonchild was tried and suffered the penalty of his crime, Miller having before that day received the right to don an extra chevron for the able manner in which he had presented that worthy with his Christmas present.



A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

By ESTELLE HOLLISTER WILSON.

AGAIN a child, a happy child,
I hear the organ's deep vibrations.
The Christmas Carols bring once more
The strange old-time sensations!
A dreamy child, I stand again
And hear my sweet-voiced mother singing
"Glory to God on high!" That voice
Still in my heart is ringing.

Through richly-blazoned diamond panes
The sunlight falls in colors splendid;
Outside, the sparrows' chirping call
Is with the music blended;
And still in memory, I see
The old stone church where I was christened,
And hear that voice, more dear to me
Than aught to which I've listened!

Above, the evergreens are wreathed,
They drape the arches and the altar.
The white-robed priest, with silvery hair,
Speaks on in tones that falter,
And still I see her slender form,
Hear her pure notes with fervor thrilling;
"Come all ye faithful," pleads that voice
The church with music filling!

If we had known, as thus we stood,
What the veiled future then was bringing—
How had we bowed our heads and wept,
Sobbing—instead of singing!
Ah! had I dreamed a Christmas Day
Would find her voiceless, patient, dying,
And I who loved her, far away
In hopeless sorrow crying!

With one glad crash of joyful sound,
The silence comes—still music-freighted;
And I lift up my dreaming eyes,
My heart with hope elated.
Somewhere she waits, so fair and young,
(With eyes of love and heart of yearning)
A white-haired woman's faltering steps
Toward Home and Mother turning.

Figure Skating

BY GEORGE H. MEAGHER,
Champion fancy skater of the world

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THE Lady of the Snows will soon once more spread her virgin mantle over old Montreal, and tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, the merry sleigh-bells tell that Jack Frost has come to pay us another long and cheery visit. Summer frolics will be forgotten, and now society will live on ice. Skating in Canada is the sport par excellence: always has been, and always will be; as there is no pastime in which ladies may so gracefully join, and whose pleasures are participated in to such an extent by all classes of society. It is fascination itself. The fair ones "just love it." Apart from its intoxicating joys, I may safely say there is no pastime so beneficial to the human body, or more capable of strengthening it. There certainly is nothing in gymnastics that displays equal elegance, and excites such exquisite pleasure in the mind of the performer, and I would certainly recommend it as the most efficacious remedy to the misanthrope and hypochondriac. What sublime joy, even to the beholder, to follow the figure's graceful flight through mazes of artistic evolutions; to catch with puzzled eye the intricacies of ever-varying gyrations. When man can note each motion in the multiform quick acts of limber fish, of nimble birds, the writhings of serpents, the surgings of the sea, and mark the every movement of a whirlwind, then may he realize the infinite variety of twists, vines, and whirls that may be accomplished on the glittering blades. What complete luxury to the performer, also, is this fascinating pastime; the rapid motion, the graceful semi-circles of the serpentine; the winding in and out of the labyrinth; the grand sweeps of the spread-eagle; the graceful evolutions necessary for the accomplishment of the pirouette; the perfect circle of the eight, and the bird-like motions of the edges, vines, etc., in which one seems to move by the mere impulse of volition—all of these, to the skater, are incomparably more delightful than the most beautiful dance to the sweetest music. How bright the scene when a myriad of graceful figures, all in dainty costumes, gaily gliding to the accompaniment of ringing laughter and merry jest—now in, now out—weave their many beautiful designs over the fast-frozen waters.

Like language, music, painting, and many other accomplishments, skating ought to be learned in youth. To children, there is nothing formidable about it; the motion, once learned, is almost as easy as walking, but, at first, there are some difficulties to overcome. The young beginner feels terribly nervous when he finds himself on the ice in a perpendicular position, his feet slipping and sliding from under him in every direction, except that in which he wishes them to go; but, as he has not far to fall, nor much dignity to lose, he scrapes along until, finally, he masters his edges, and is soon seen darting hither and thither over the glassy surface as the newly-arrived swallow flits over the meadows.

To the beginner, I would say, first, last and always, do not wear inferior skates, as good ones are inexpensive articles, and add considerably to the skater's comfort. Dispense with straps if possible, as they bind the foot and thereby prevent proper circulation of the blood. A strong leather laced boot, fitting snugly at all parts of the foot, is a desideratum.

There is a graceful proportion of the parts of the body, as essential to perfect harmony in movement, as it is essential to harmony in repose. In an individual gifted with such proportions, grace is instinctive, intuitive. Gallini says that "the simplicity of nature is the great fountain of all graces, from



GEORGE H. MEAGHER.

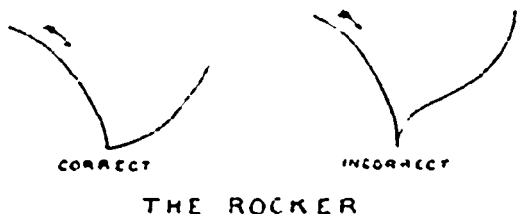
which they flow spontaneously, when unchecked by affectation, which at once poisons and dries them up." Grace may be seen in a natural air, an unassumed easiness of motion, elasticity, and lightness of step, harmony of movement, softness, pliability and elegance in the disposition of the limbs—an insensible melting of one movement into another. To women, especially, grace is even more essential than to men. Finer in their construction than men, they are quicker in perception, more open to clear impressions. Their sensibility being more lively, they are naturally quicker in adjusting their motions to their thoughts. Where we find such sensibility, we find that wonderful inborn fascination—grace. To those of the fair sex so gifted, it is only necessary to give the proper position of the body and limbs while skating, and they quickly pick up the rest.

I have no hesitancy in saying that the Dominion of Canada has supplied more experts of the steels, both in speed and figure-work, than any country in the world, but regret to add that, within the last few years, really very few good fancy skaters have come to the front. There seems to have been lack of interest in this important branch of the sport, as is easily demonstrated by the slim number of competitors who enter for the American and Canadian championships.

There will, no doubt, be a revival of at least combined skating this season. Combined or hand-in-hand skating consists in the execution of single movements by two or more persons. It is certainly the most fascinating of all styles, though in acquiring proficiency much time and practice are required. Still, the result, when it is attained, well repays the labor. "Combined skating," it may be remarked, is at the present increasing in popularity. Nearly all the movements that can be performed singly can also be performed in combination, though of this fact comparatively few skaters seem to be aware. Hence it is that the more difficult figures are seldom attempted in combination. The popular and generally accepted method of "combined skating" is to execute "rocking turns," "brackets," and a small selection of figures of "three" and of "eight." Waltzes and quadrilles, though commonly to be seen in Canada, where they are performed accompanied by music, and in time therewith, are but seldom seen elsewhere,

FIGURE SKATING—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.

particularly the quadrilles. But to perform dances on skates properly requires considerable familiarity with all the various simple movements, and, if in addition to this, a power to skate both simple and elaborate cross-cuts be added, much greater beauty is obtained in the performance. Difficult—far more difficult—such additions undoubtedly render the figures of the quadrille, but the result is more than commensurate with the time and labor expended. No less a personage than Her Excellency the Countess of Minto, is an adept at this fascinating form of skating, and is perhaps the most graceful lady skater in the world. I have seen practically all the best lady skaters, and believe her to be peerless. Fashion certainly will live on skates wherever Her Excellency goes, and her wonderful ability in executing the English rocking and bracket turns creates much enthusiasm amongst the fairer ones, as a more delightful sensation could scarcely be imagined than gliding swiftly over the ice executing at will large rockers (not inappropriately termed by someone "wreckers") changing from forward to backward and vice-versa. These movements are little known in Canada, and, as far as I can ascertain, first originated in England. Many ladies, and even children, may be seen skating them, but it rarely happens that the "rockers" are skated perfectly as they appear very simple, but are extremely difficult to master. To the spectator they appear to skate the turns correctly, but, when the lines are examined carefully upon the ice, it is found that the changes of edge made were not those of the genuine rocker. For example, in executing the rocker proper, the skater starts on the right foot, forward outside edge, and after completing a long stroke in this position, by a quick turn of the whole body and a very sharp twist of the right foot, the heel of the foot now leads, and the skater sails along on the outside edge backward of the right; but the curve on the ice is now turned to the left, and the skater therefore goes to the left instead of to the right. The right was the direction in which he was traveling whilst in the first position. This change constitutes the rocker



THE ROCKER

Beginning the movement on the left foot, the skater immediately upon making the change finishes the backward stroke by gliding around on the outside edge backward, but in the direction of the right. In the rockers we have the following changes:

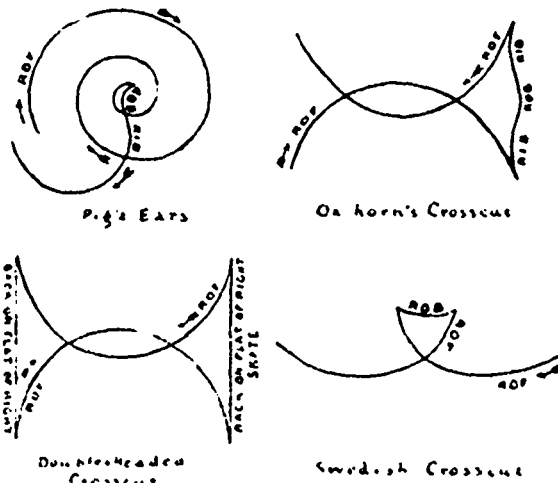
- 1.—Outside forward to outside backward.
- 2.—Outside backward to outside forward
- 3.—Inside forward to inside backward.
- 4.—Inside backward to inside forward.

The above diagram shows correct and incorrect rocking turns. The majority of beginners, instead of holding the outside edge keenly, after completing the turn, come accidentally upon the inside edge, as shown in the diagram of the incorrect rocker. Every care should be taken to prevent the skate from taking the inside edge.

Some other figures which are certain to become more and more popular amongst those who aim to be fancy skaters are "pig's ears," the "ox-horn cross-cut," the double-headed Canadian "cross-cut," and the Swedish "cross-cut." I shall try to describe these in such a way, that, with the aid of the accompanying diagrams, they may easily be learned.

Pig's Ears.—The name of this change of edge is certainly not beautiful, neither is the figure, but there is a certain

satisfaction for a skater in being capable of executing the movement, seeing it is fashionable! Begin on the outside edge with the right foot forward, and, after completing a good-sized circle (radius of about four feet), wind inwards spirally. Then suddenly change to right outside edge back-



ward, and immediately again to right inside backward, finishing on this stroke. This figure may be skated on either edge forward or backward.

Ox-Horn's Cross-Cut.—Begin as if to execute the Canadian cross-cut, but, instead of crossing the outside edge line at the top, simply change the edge from outside forward to inside backward, outside backward to inside backward, and finally to outside forward, finishing the figure.

DOUBLE-HEADED CANADIAN CROSS-CUT.—These figures in which there is no change of edge whatever are remarkable for their difficulty. Few skaters excel in them. They are supposed to have originated in Canada about the year 1870. To execute the double-headed cross-cut, start on an outside edge curve, say, of the right foot. The curve, if completed, would have a radius of about two feet. When the semi-circle is completed, and, naturally, the skater would continue completing the circle, the right foot is drawn very sharply backwards in a perfectly straight line of about four inches, the skater then continuing forward on the outside edge and crossing the lines in two places, as shown in diagram. The balance foot swings backward with much force as the skater draws backward; and forward as the skater draws forward. To finish this difficult figure, the foot is drawn back again in a straight line which closes the bottom as well as the top of cross-cut.

SWEDISH CROSS-CUT.—This cross-cut, although quite as difficult as our Canadian cross-cut (sometimes called "anvil"), is not so pretty, but is much thought of by the Stockholm and Vienna clubs. The difference between this and the Canadian cross-cut is that, in executing the latter, the skater makes a complete revolution, whereas, in the "Swedish" movement, the skater continually moves in the direction in which the figure was started, the former line being crossed but once, whereas, in the Canadian, it is shown that it is crossed twice.

It seems a pity that Canadians have, within the last few years, lost almost entire interest in figure-skating, and are allowing our cousins across the border and the people of the Continent gradually to creep ahead of us—an American winning last year's championship of America. Owing to artificial ice rinks, many expert skaters are now to be met with, women as well as men, in all parts of the globe, and, I fear, unless we Canadians strive to uphold our good name for this branch of the sport, it will soon be forgotten that Canada at one time led the world in fancy and figure-skating. So keen are the pleasures to be derived from even tolerable proficiency in this art, and so numerous its benefits, that one naturally wonders

that so few avail themselves of its many opportunities. Compared with this pre-eminent smooth and graceful pastime, the stiffness and jerkiness of the much followed Terpsichorean art jars on one's sensibilities. It was not without reason, therefore, that someone, gifted with a truly discriminating eye, should have found adequate expression for his appreciation of the graceful qualities of skating in the well-known phrase (often applied to dancing, but first applied to skating), "the poetry of motion."

GEORGE H. MEAGHER.

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Mr. George H. Meagher, the writer of this article, is a Canadian. He possesses gold medals presented by: Princess Louise, The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, The Earl of Derby, (2); Rideau Skating Club, Ottawa; Kingston, Quebec, and Brooklyn Skating Clubs; Prospect Park Commissioners, Brooklyn; St. Nicholas Skating Club, New York; South Orange Field Club, New York; Vienna Skating Club, Budapest and Munich Skating Clubs; Palais de Glace, Paris, France; Vesinet Club, Paris, France; Countess of Turenne; National Skating Palace, London, England, and Davos-Platz Club, Switzerland.

Last winter he was specially engaged to skate with Her Excellency the Countess of Minto, in Ottawa. Mr. Meagher has traveled through all the countries of Europe, and everywhere his performances on the ice have elicited unbounded admiration. He is about to bring out a book on skating, the introduction to which has been written by the Earl of Derby.

We are told that in the case of one celebrity, at least, the world will have to wait for a biography. Sir Henry Irving has decided that not until 10 years after his death shall his papers be made available for literary purposes.

THE LITTLE CHILD.

ALBERT BIGELOW FAISE.

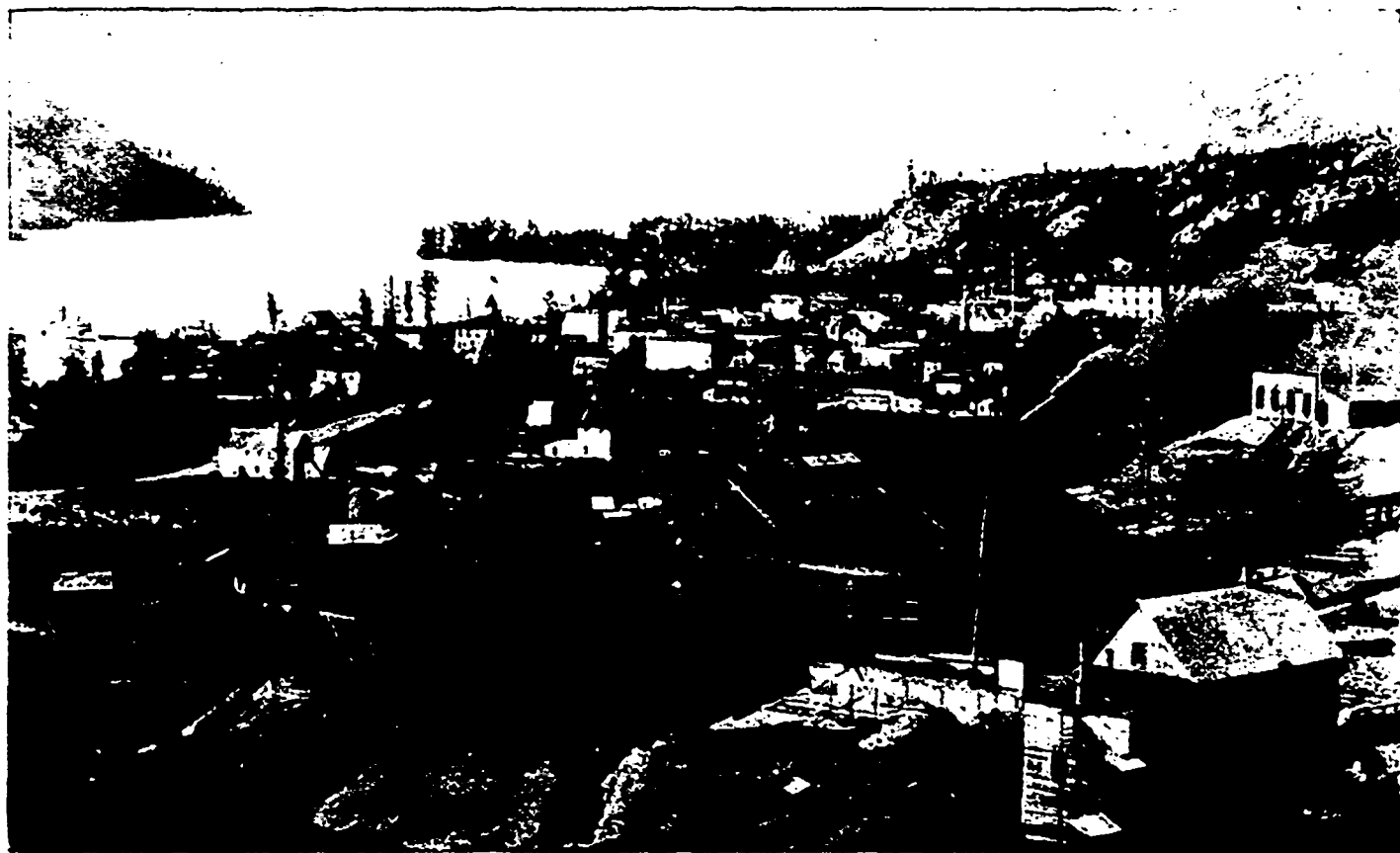
A SIMPLE-HEARTED child was He,
And he was nothing more;
In summer days, like you and me,
He played about the door,
Or gathered, where the father toiled,
The shavings from the floor.

Sometimes He lay upon the grass,
The same as you and I,
And saw the hawks above Him pass
Like specks against the sky;
Or, clinging to the gate He watched
The stranger passing by.

A simple child, and yet, I think,
The bird-folk must have known,
The sparrow and the bobolink,
And claimed Him for their own,
And gathered round Him fearlessly
When He was all alone.

The lark, the linnet, and the dove,
The chaffinch and the wren,
They must have known His watchful love
And given their worship then;
They must have known and glorified
The child who died for men.

And when the sun at break of day
Crept in upon His hair,
I think it must have left a ray
Of unseen glory there,
A kiss of love on that little brow
For the thorns that it must wear.



Typical Canadian Scenes—Mining at Nelson, British Columbia.

Women Workers of Canada

CLEVER LEADERS OF THOUGHT AND ACTION AMONGST THE
WIVES, MOTHERS, AND DAUGHTERS OF
THE DOMINION

BY MARY F. MOULAI

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THE National Council of Women of Canada is now six years old, but there are still a great many Canadians who have not even heard of its existence, and a great many more who not only have not the slightest idea what it is, but believe it to be a great many things that it is not.



LADY TAYLOR.

It is one of the present misfortunes of women that this work seldom is understood, and this seems to have been particularly the case with the Woman's Council. Its organization caused the wildest kind of rumors to be set afloat. The quiet and often timid and retiring women, who supposed that in it they had found a means of being of some slight service to their country, were supposed to be aiming at the subversion of society. Their scheme was asserted to be merely a cover for a "woman's rights" agitation.

This, and much more, was said, and, in spite of six years of useful work and patient explanation and the repeated assertion that it is not woman's rights but woman's duties that the Council is concerned with, there are those who still regard it with a certain measure of anxiety, while somewhere in the depths of the public consciousness there lurks the notion that the ladies are only hiding their time, and, that when they have succeeded in disarming suspicion, they will show their true colors and declare open war on everything masculine. It is ignorance of this kind more than anything else that is at the root of all the lugubrious predictions which men made at the time of Lady Aberdeen's departure, and which are made even yet, after it has stood entirely on its own feet for a year and has managed to grow and work at the same time. If people understood what the organization is they would see how unlikely it is that those who have experienced its benefits should ever allow it to die.

As a plain matter of fact, there is nothing in the Woman's Council to terrify the most conservative, and much to enlist the sympathy and support of every patriotic Canadian. It is only necessary to read the annual reports to be convinced of this, and many a sceptic has testified to having been converted by them. The reports are voluminous and expensive, however,

and life, unhappily, is short. Therefore, a somewhat shorter and less costly statement of the work and aims of the Woman's Council may not be superfluous.

To begin with then, the Council cannot properly be called a new organization. It is a federation of existing organizations, and is designed to simplify machinery not to complicate it. It is a natural outgrowth of pre-existing conditions, and, something which, it would seem, was bound to come, sooner or later.

The object of this federation is to serve as a medium of communication for the societies composing it, and as a means of prosecuting any work of common interest. It thus prevents overlapping and promotes the efficiency of the affiliated bodies. It is organized in the interests of no one propaganda and an affiliated society sacrifices nothing of its independence, while gaining the support of all the women of the Dominion in any matter in which all are interested. The advantage of

this united action is felt in many ways, but is most obvious, perhaps, in matters requiring legislative action. Where any one organization might be powerless, the voice of the organized womanhood of the Dominion carries great weight, particularly, as it has acquired a reputation for wisdom and moderation in its legislative suggestions, and, as many of the leading politicians have the honor to be the husbands of Council leaders, and, therefore, familiar with and interested in the work.

The advantage to the country of having a wholly disinterested body concerning itself with legislation is equally evident, and this alone would be sufficient reason for supporting the Woman's Council, though the ladies do not consider it

by any means the most important part of their work. They are aware that the world cannot be reformed by Act of Parliament, and fully realize that they can do much more in other ways. Neither are they of the opinion that they understand the needs of the country better than the men who represent them in the various legislatures. They only think that too much intelligence cannot be brought to bear on the problems of society, and, that after they have made a special study of a subject, they may be able to make useful suggestions regarding it.

To answer the question, "What has the Council done?" is not an easy matter; for the most important part of its work is not of a tangible sort. Its organization marked a new era in the history of the women-workers of Canada, by providing a channel into which hitherto waste energies could flow, and bringing to light a

great deal of unsuspected talent—an often quoted example being afforded by Mrs. Drummond, of Montreal, whose eloquence is now the admiration of the whole Council, but who had never spoken in public before it was organized.

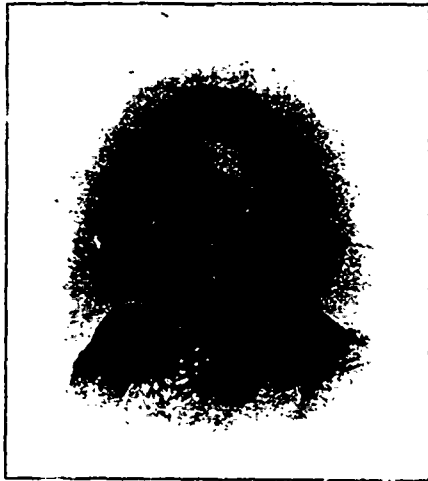


LADY LAURIER.



LADY THOMPSON.

Again, the Council has enlarged the horizon and broadened the minds of its members, by bringing workers in various lines together. It has trained its members in business methods, in which, it is to be feared, they were often deplorably deficient, and it has taught them self-reliance, of which some of them were also badly in need. It has brought together, and united for common work, the most earnest women of all creeds, classes, sections and races in the Dominion. This is its great achievement, and that it is worth doing will scarcely be denied by anyone who knows Canada. Public men in Church and State have fully realized the importance of this work, and some of them saw from the beginning what a power the Council would be in uniting these scattered Provinces with all their jarring interests. The late Sir John Thompson, one of its earliest friends, said, in this connection, that any movement tending to unify the people of Canada would be patriotic in its aim and divinely blest in its results. Archbishop Walsh, of



LADY EDGAR.

Toronto, considered the work a providential one, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier says that "as its object is better understood, it will be more and more appreciated by the whole people throughout Canada." Another kind of union aimed at by the Council is union of effort between men and women, and, in view of

the fears that have been entertained lest it should sow dissension between the sexes, this is worth emphasizing. Men have been associated with the work from the beginning, as patrons and legal advisors; they always constitute the majority of the speakers at the public meeting held in connection with each annual gathering; and they have shown their confidence in the organization in the most conclusive way possible, namely, by asking its cooperation in securing various reforms. Patrons are allowed to be present at council meetings, and Lord Aberdeen frequently availed himself of this privilege. Among the patrons at present are the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Sir William Van Horne, Sir William Macdonald, and Senators Drummond, Cox and Mackeen.

As for the practical work of the Council, that is a trifle compared with its indirect influence, and it should always be remembered that it does not aim at direct practical work, its object being rather to direct, investigate and stimulate. Nevertheless, its practical works have been so many that a mere enumeration of them would be tedious. They have been along such lines as the introduction of manual training into the schools, the organization of cooking schools, the appointment of women on school boards and as factory inspectors, the checking of the circulation of impure literature and the promotion of habits of good and systematic reading, and the improvement of philanthropic methods.

It may be imagined that these things are mere "deeds on

paper" or that they would have come about anyway; but such is not the case. Regarding the manual training legislation in Ontario, for instance, the present Premier, then Minister of Education, Hon. G. W. Ross, says that it is entirely the result of the Council's efforts. At the time the ladies began to interest themselves in the subject a strong opposition to manual training existed in Ontario. Against this prejudice certain individual members of the Toronto School Board and other broad-minded men had long struggled in vain, and when a delegation from the Woman's Council waited on Mr. Ross in regard to the matter, he thought, as he afterwards confessed, that it was no use trying to do anything. Nevertheless, at the succeeding annual meeting of the Council, Mr. Ross informed the ladies that what their committee had asked for was now on the statute books of the Province, and so convinced was he that it was all their doing that he begged their assistance in securing other very important reforms.

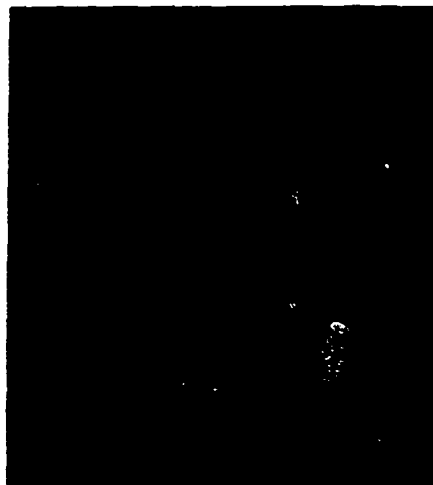
The most important work undertaken by the Council this year has been the preparation, at the request of the Government, of a handbook on Canadian women for free distribution at the Paris Exposition, and, perhaps, the most interesting plan decided upon at the recent convention was one for assisting the



MISS TERESA WILSON.

Doukhobor women. The Montreal Local Council has had so much work to do during the year that it has had to abolish the office of president and substitute a presidential commission in its stead, as the president's duties were more than one woman could discharge. This commission consists of Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Cox, Mme. Thibaudeau, Mrs. Bovey, Mrs. Learmont, Mrs. H. C. Scott, and Miss Reid. The most important work undertaken by the Council during this time has been the initiation of a movement for the better care of pauper children in the Province, and the preparation of a bill to extend the provisions of the Quebec Industrial Establishments Act to mercantile establishments.

The National Council of Women of Canada was organized in Toronto in the Autumn of 1893, and the Countess of Aberdeen is generally spoken of as its founder. She herself disclaims that honor, however. "The movement was instituted by Canadian women," she says, "inspired by what they saw at the Woman's Congress in Chicago, and I simply threw myself into their work and helped in whatever way I could." Nevertheless, the Council probably owes its existence, and certainly owes the greater part of its success, to the Countess of Aberdeen. It must have



MRS. J. HOODLESS.

come anyway, in the course of time, but it might not have come so soon under other circumstances, and its growth would have been incomparably slower. The difficulties of the undertaking were immense, and it is scarcely conceivable that any influence, short of that wielded by Lady Aberdeen, with her

WOMEN WORKERS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

high social position, her wonderful qualities of head and heart and her extensive experience in all kinds of woman's work, would have sufficed to overcome them so largely as has been done in the short space of six years.

As to what the future of the Woman's Council will be, that is a question that can only be answered by time, but there seems to be every reason for predicting a great one for it, and none whatever for assuming that, in losing its first president, it has received its death blow. The work of the past year and the recent convention have left no more room for gloomy forebodings. Lady Aberdeen has not, and never had, any fears for the Council. "I have not worked so long with the leaders of the movement," she says, "without knowing better than that." Regarding the annual meeting, she says, "It was quite the best one we have ever had, and they have always been good."

The difficult task of organization has been practically completed, and a great deal of misapprehension lived down. The



MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS.

most prominent men and women in the country are now leaders and supporters of the movement. Most of the officers have been associated with it from the beginning and are thoroughly familiar with, as well as devoted to, the work. A central office and bureau of information has been opened in Ottawa, and a paid secretary engaged, the additional expense having been guaranteed for three years by Lady Aberdeen and a number of other

ladies, among whom are Mrs. John McDougall, Mrs. George Drummond, and Mrs. Robert Reid, of Montreal.

The new president, Lady Taylor, was nominated by the executive at Lady Aberdeen's suggestion, and has already inspired everyone with confidence. She is the wife of Sir Thomas Taylor, formerly Chief Justice of Manitoba, and her Western life, together with her present residence in Toronto, seem to make her just the link that was wanted between the East and the West. As president of the Winnipeg Local Council, and in other public enterprises, she has shown wonderful powers of organization, and a fortunate faculty for attaching her fellow-workers to herself, so that the Council feels that Lady Aberdeen's mantle could scarcely have fallen on better shoulders.

The lady who has been chosen for the paid secretary's office, Miss Teresa Wilson, was formerly Lady Aberdeen's private secretary, and, later, was secretary of the International Council, and probably there is no one, unless it is Lady Aberdeen herself, who knows more about Council work. She gave up her position in the International Council, and also declined an appointment at the Court of Siam, in order to come to Canada.

The present officers of the Council are: The Countess of Aberdeen, advisory president; Lady Taylor, president; Lady Thompson, and Lady Laurier, vice-presidents; Miss Wilson, corresponding secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, recording secretary, and Mrs. Hoodless, treasurer. The Provincial vice-presidents are: Mme. Thibaudeau, Quebec, Mrs. Boomer, Ontario; Lady Tilley, New Brunswick; Mrs. R. L. Borden, Nova Scotia; Mrs. Nicholas Flood Davin, Assinibon; Mrs. Loughheed, Alberta; Miss Perrin, British Columbia, and Mrs. McEwen, Manitoba.

MINERVA

A Christmas Sketch

BY A. L. H.

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IT was Christmastide in Paris.

Sunshine on the white pavements of the Rue de Cheveux; on the heads of the gamins, eagerly crying the morning papers; on the flower girls, with their fragrant burdens of Christmas roses. Sunshine peering in at the window of Ambrose Renton's atelier, as he sits, brush in hand, adding a few finishing touches to his latest bit of *eauvas*.

Throwing himself back in his chair, Renton scanned, with eyes intended to be cool and critical, the work before him. The picture was that of a woman, clad in drapery, whose clinging lines threw out each curve of the well-turned limbs; the face, soft, piquant and inclined to the shorter oval, was slightly turned, showing the noble setting of the head.

Would it be accepted by the Salon? This was the question that had weighed on Renton's mind for many months past, and it was this question that haunted him still.

Coming of good English stock, and with the advantages of a liberal education, Ambrose Renton had thus far attained no great success as an artist, though the critics frankly admitted that his technique was good, and that his work showed strong signs of promise.

Taking up his hat, he sauntered out into the air on this winter morning, with the inherent love of an Englishman for a fresh morning walk. As he passed down one of the principal streets his eye was arrested by a handsome equipage, containing two ladies, one of whom recognized him with a swift smile and gracious inclination of the head. He had met Miss Marchbanks, daughter of the Hon. Cecil Marchbanks, and the acknowledged belle of the Paris season at a recent social function given by a member of the English colony, and the half-hour they had spent together was redolent to him of very pleasant memories.

He suddenly remembered that he had an invitation to a musicale to be given that evening at the house of a famous litterateur, and he wondered vaguely if he should meet his fair charmer there.

That evening, after having made his toilet with somewhat unusual care, he left his rooms for the house of his entertainer. A large number of the guests had arrived before him; the spacious rooms were filled with the devotees of music and literature, and the perfumed air was laden with harmonious sound. His eye wandered restlessly amongst the faces of those around him, seeking for someone he did not see. Suddenly there was a slight stir among those near him, and he saw that Mrs. and Miss Marchbanks had entered the room.

All eyes were centred on her, as she shook hands with host and hostess. Her finely moulded figure, superb in its rounded outlines, was as full of strength and grace as that of a young deer. Her gown of purest white, was of some soft material, which fell to the ground in graceful folds; the curve of head and neck would have been dear to a sculptor's soul. The face was not, however, so strong in perfect outline as in the changes of expression, which chased each other like clouds upon a summer sky.

Miss Marchbanks was very soon surrounded by several admirers, who partially concealed her from Renton's gaze. Standing a little apart, and quietly observant under his half-closed lids, Renton waited an opportunity to claim the attention of his fair divinity. A little later he saw the wished for chance, and seized it with his usual quiet determination.

He was not a little gratified by the look of pleased recogni-



APROPOS OF DECEMBER 16.

"The Moon looks happy."
 "No wonder. It's his night out. He is to be eclipsed."

tion that greeted him; and, as she glanced up at him from the low seat where she sat, he was conscious of a feeling of pleasure that made his pulses beat more swiftly than usual.

They exchanged the usual commonplaces during the pauses in the music—commonplaces which to him, at least, were strangely sweet. Then came an interlude of music, mingled with the perfume of the crimson roses that nestled in the darkness of her hair and against the soft curves of her neck and shoulders. How strangely sweet the music was to-night! A little later they wandered into an adjacent conservatory, where softly shaded lights and perfumed fountains made a miniature fairyland, and finding a seat for her amid a group of orange trees, he sank down beside her, glad of the grateful coolness.

"Mr. Renton," she said, as he placed a wrap about her shoulders, "you spoke to me when I last saw you, of a picture on which you had been working for some time past—I think you said it was the portrait of a woman, and I have thought since that I should very much like to see it. Will you think me very curious?"

"You honor me greatly in taking so much interest in my work—it would give me the greatest pleasure to show it to you. I have placed much hope on this last effort—whether I shall attain what I desire is very much a matter of doubt, however," he added, thoughtfully.

"May I ask the name of it?"

"I have called it 'Minerva,'" he said, slowly, wondering what it was that made this woman's eyes so beautiful.

"If you and Mrs. Marchbanks will do me the honor of paying a visit to my studio to-morrow afternoon, I shall be very pleased to show it to you."

"Thank you—I am sure my mother will be very glad to accompany me," she said, with evident pleasure.

Renton went home that night with the feeling of having passed an unusually happy evening.

On the afternoon of the following day, the expected guests arrived at the studio.

Renton immediately introduced them to Madame de Blois, who was a great friend of his and a brilliant talker. After a little conversation they were conducted to where the picture

hung, a little apart from the rest. Mrs. Marchbanks spoke a few words of cordial praise after having studied the canvas for a short time. The younger lady said but little at first and was apparently absorbed in studying the detail, and then, as they lingered somewhat behind the others, she said slowly, "I think, Mr. Renton, your conception is very good. It is strong as well as beautiful."

For some days past social Paris had been on the *qui vive* in reference to a Christmas fancy dress ball to be given by one of its leading entertainers. Renton, however, had not taken any special interest in the gossip, not being particularly fond of such social pleasures. He was not a little surprised, however, on taking up a paper a few mornings later, to read the following paragraph: "The Christmas fancy dress ball given last evening by the Duc de Montpelier was an unqualified success. One of the most beautiful, as well as the most successful, of the characters personated was that of 'Minerva,' by Miss Marchbanks, daughter of the Hon Cecil Marchbanks. The character was taken, it is said, from a very recent picture of Mr. Ambrose Renton, which has not yet been exhibited. It is needless to add that the public will look forward with much pleasure to viewing a picture which has received so flattering a tribute."

A week later the following paragraph appeared in the same paper: "Mr. Renton's latest picture, which aroused so much curiosity previous to its admission to the Salon, was one of the centres of attraction at yesterday's private view. We learn on good authority that the picture has already been purchased by the Duc de Montpelier at a very high figure."

The shaded lights with their Christmas greenery threw a soft radiance on the heads of two people who were standing near the mantel in the handsome drawing-room of Mr. Marchbanks' private residence.

"I owe it all to you," said Renton, earnestly.

"You must not say that, Mr. Renton. Fame was only waiting for you. Still, it is a great happiness to me to think I have been even a small factor in your success," said Miss Marchbanks, quietly.

"I had worshipped you unconsciously, from the first time I saw you," he said, looking down upon her with illumined face, "though I never dared to think of your coming any nearer to me than some distant star—too high for me to grasp."

"But not too high to love you," she said, softly, and her face was like the dawn of a summer day.

CURIOUS WEEKLY FORECASTS.

Fortunate and unfortunate days pointed out by means of Astrology—Prepared by Mr. James Hingston, B.A.,
Oxford University, probably the greatest authority on this science—
Interesting sketch of his career.

A NOVEL feature of last issue of MONTREAL LIFE was the commencement of a series of astrological predictions, showing the fortunate and unfortunate days during the coming week. These forecasts have been prepared by Mr. James Hingston, B. A., Oxon, the well-known star-reader, who is better known by his nom-de-plume "Gabriel," and similar forecasts by him will be published in this paper every week. That there is no one better qualified than he for work of this kind, a brief sketch of his life will show.

Ever since the time of the Stuarts, the Hingstons have been a prominent family in the South of Ireland, and there James Hingston was born in 1856. At an early age he went to Germany, where he studied for some years, after which he returned to Ireland and entered the Queen's University. He obtained a first classical scholarship there, whereupon he went to Oxford University with the intention of taking a degree in the School of Modern History, and, after a residence of four years, he graduated with honors. In 1883 he came to this country and attached himself to a leading New York daily paper, with which he has been connected ever since, and on which he occupied, until recently, the position of literary editor. Astrology attracted his attention some years ago, and he has been studying it deeply ever since. At the request of a New York publisher he recently wrote a popular book on the subject under the title "Gospel of the Stars," the introduction to which was furnished by his friend, Rev. George H. Hepworth, D. D., the well-known author and divine—the writer of The New York Herald's weekly sermon. This book was duly published, and was very favorably reviewed by leading papers throughout the country. Though he never advertises in the daily papers, he is widely known, both in this country and in Europe, as a skilled star-reader, and much of his time is now spent in casting horoscopes and in giving advice to his clients.

As to the value of the predictions published to-day, suffice it to say that they are based on the positions and aspects of the planets, and are in strict accordance with the time-honored rules of astrology, which is the oldest art or science in the world, and the one by which, it is claimed, the fortunes of persons can be most accurately foretold. They may not prove to be entirely true in all cases, for much depends on the time of day when each person is born, but Mr. Hingston insists that they will prove, as a rule, to be wonderfully true.

A decade or two ago no paper in the country would have dreamed of publishing anything relating to astrology, but, to-day, the case is different. "Thousands of persons throughout Europe and the United States," says Mr. Hingston, "now believe that from the planets can be learned many facts about the destiny of human beings, and the only reason why there are not more believers is because there are very few expert star-readers and very many ignorant fortune-tellers, who thrive by gulling the public and thus help to keep alive the popular impression that fortune-telling is altogether a delusion and a snare."

The experience of centuries, we are told, shows that an astrologer can tell persons much about their future. According to Mr. Hingston, he can tell them the fortunate and unfortunate periods of their lives, whether they will be rich or poor,

whether they will be happy or unhappy in married life, whether they will have children or not, whether they will be lucky or unlucky in speculation, whether they will obtain marriage portions or legacies or not, whether they will be endowed with strong or weak constitutions, whether they will suffer from diseases or accidents, and, if so, of what nature, whether they will quarrel or live amicably with their neighbors and relatives, whether they will take many or few journeys and whether they will live to a good old age or not. He can also tell them what trades or professions they are best suited for and how much success they may expect therein; he can furthermore tell what kind of women men will marry, and what kind of men women will marry. He can also clearly depict the character with all its virtues and blemishes and can foretell with unerring accuracy whether the life as a whole will be prosperous or unfortunate. The time when death will occur he can also predict in many cases, but Mr. Hingston has made it a rule never to predict on this point. If he sees that anyone who has consulted him is not likely to live long, he gives all the necessary caution and advice as to health, but he says nothing as to the time of death, for the reason that such a prediction would do little good and might do infinite harm.

Three forecasts are made for each day. The first applies to the world at large; the second shows how persons, born on this day in any year, will fare during the coming year; the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, are likely to fare during life.

GABRIEL'S FORECASTS FOR THE WEEK.

Friday, December 8.—This day seems decidedly unfavorable as regards money matters, but as regards all other matters the indications are so doubtful that no prediction can be hazarded. My advice is to take things easy on a day like this.

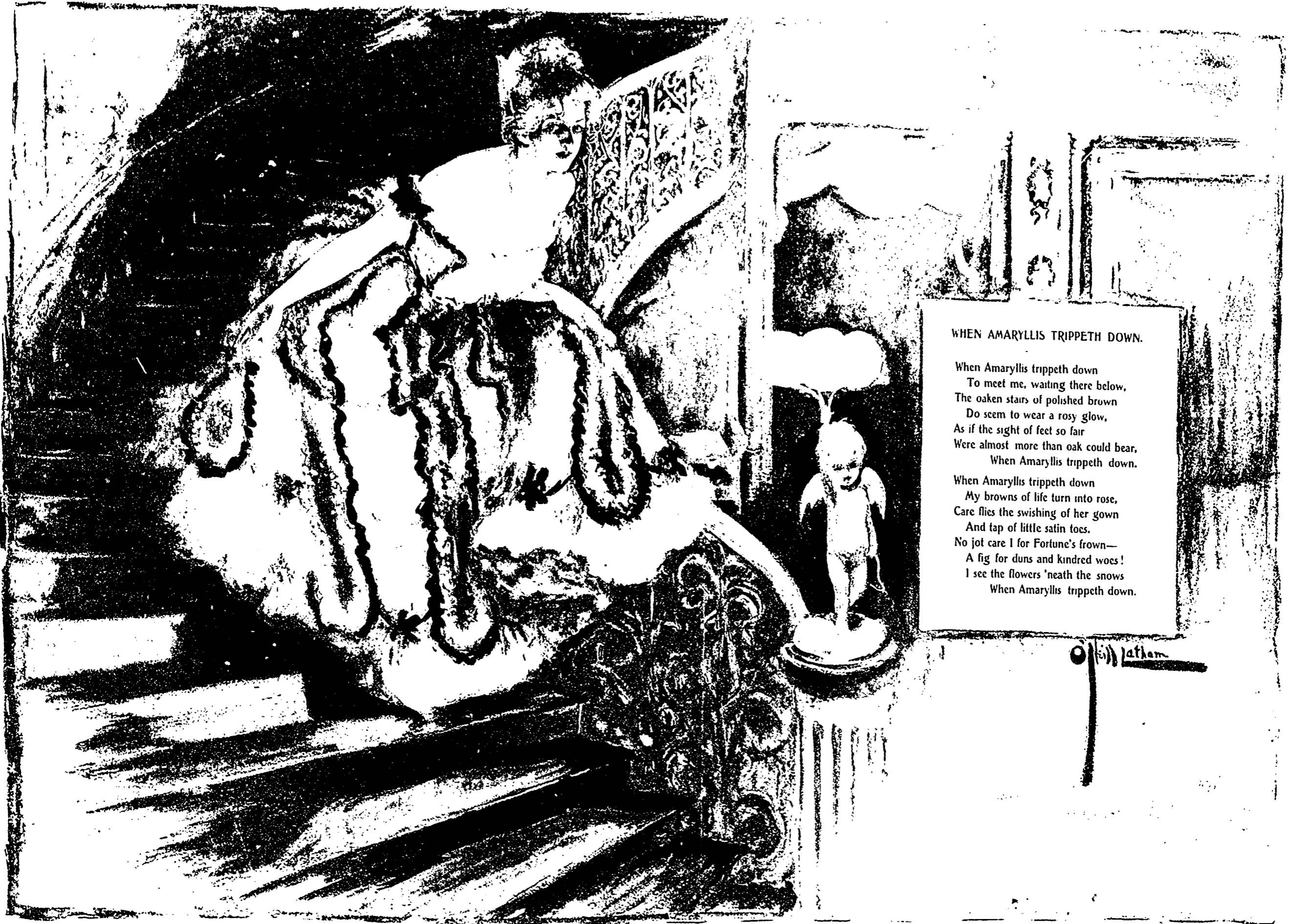
Financial speculation should be carefully avoided during this year as serious loss of money is threatened thereby. In business generally some unexpected ups and downs may be looked for.

Children born to-day ought to be taught the value of money, as their natural inclination will be to spend it as fast as they get it. They will also be lacking in steadiness and prudence, and hence they should think twice before they undertake any business enterprises on their own account.

Saturday, December 9.—Employers and other persons in authority will not be in the best of humors to-day—a fact which those who are subject to them will do well to bear in mind. For persons, who have goods to sell, the time is propitious, but all others had better keep quiet.

Many young people will fall in love during this year, but for all others it will be an unfortunate season, much worry being threatened through business, journeys and disagreeable changes. Among the latter may be reckoned loss of employment.

This is not a favorable birthday, the principal indications being that children born now will be headstrong, untruthful



WHEN AMARYLLIS TRIPPETH DOWN.

When Amaryllis trippeth down
To meet me, waiting there below,
The oaken stairs of polished brown
Do seem to wear a rosy glow,
Do seem to wear a rosy glow,
As if the sight of feet so fair
Were almost more than oak could bear,
When Amaryllis trippeth down.

When Amaryllis trippeth down
My browns of life turn into rose,
Care flies the swishing of her gown
And tap of little satin toes.
And tap of little satin toes.
No jot care I for Fortune's frown—
A fig for duns and kindred woes!
I see the flowers 'neath the snows
When Amaryllis trippeth down.

W. Latham

READY FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

and ever ready to quarrel with those set in authority over them. Many troubles will beset them and great care will be necessary in order to avoid them.

Sunday, December 10.—An unfortunate day, and all those who can do so are strongly advised to attend quietly to their usual business and to refrain from making any plans for the future.

Persons whose birthday this is are threatened with ill health, troubles through lawyers and some financial loss, but to those who take good care of their business and of themselves, these dangers may prove of little moment.

Difficult will it be to control children born to-day, yet, much sorrow awaits them if they do not learn the great lesson of self-control. In business they may succeed, provided they hold salaried positions and do not launch out into the world for themselves.

Monday, December 11.—Much business may be transacted to-day, but the financial result will hardly be satisfactory. Disappointment is also foreshadowed for men who have dealings of any kind with women, and it will be well for them to keep out of their company to-day.

Disappointment will come either through domestic troubles or through love-affairs during this year, and great care will be necessary in order to avoid ill health and financial losses. Some unexpected journeys and other changes are also foreshadowed.

Clever and fond of all kinds of pleasure will be the children born to-day. Careless about their dress they will also be, and altogether there will be much of the gypsy in them. Yet, good fortune in some form will come to them, and their life, on the whole, should be prosperous.

Tuesday, December 12.—A very pleasant and favorable day this is for all who are traveling, and for all who are looking for employment. Storekeepers, book-agents, and all others who deal directly with the public will also find it a better day than usual.

A prosperous year this will prove, both to those who are working for others and to those in business for themselves. The former are likely to receive promotion, and the latter will find their business increase rapidly. Financial gain will naturally be the result, but this good fortune is offset by the fact that the domestic expenses will be unusually heavy.

Hardly any ill luck, and an abundance of good luck, are foreshadowed for children born to-day. Ambitious they will be, and, without much difficulty, they will reach the desired goal. In a word, unless they wilfully wreck their lives they will ever be fortune's favorites.

Wednesday, December 13.—Bachelors, who are thinking of getting married, will find this a favorable time for "popping the question," and girls, who are in love with young men, may, by a little manœuvring, elicit the desired proposals.

Young men and maidens, whose birthday this is, will find this a pleasant year, since it will bring them happiness in their love affairs, but their elders will be less fortunate, since they are threatened with troubles in their business and illness in their families.

Much joy will be vouchsafed to children born to-day, for none will delight more than they in pleasure and social gatherings. Yet, too much money may be spent in this way, and thus the evening of life may be clouded. In the case of girls there is also danger of unhappiness in marriage.

Thursday, December 14.—For selling property of any kind this is a good day, but for any other undertaking the outlook is not promising.

The chief danger threatened during this year is grave financial loss through unwise speculation. Business losses may also be expected unless the utmost pains be taken to avoid them. In a year like this, the wise thing to do is to abstain carefully from risking money in any enterprise that is in the least hazardous.

No matter how much money children born to-day may amass or inherit, the outlook is that they will spend most, if

not all, of it before they die. Girls may also rest assured that they will have much trouble with their husbands.

Friday, December 15.—Men who are in love with, or who have business with, women are advised to avoid them to-day as there is little chance that their suits or their business will prosper. For journeys, the day is also unfavorable, and no contracts or legal papers of any kind should be signed at this time.

Troubles through letters and other documents are foreshadowed during this year, as well as through journeys and, possibly, through a removal from one residence to another. The sensible course to pursue is to keep as quiet as possible until a more propitious time comes.

Infinite pains should be taken to train to-day's children properly, as otherwise they will be lazy, untruthful, and perfect little nuisances. Much good fortune of any kind they need not expect. Girls should be especially careful about marrying as there is danger that they will throw themselves away upon worthless scamps.

Saturday, December 16.—This is a quiet, colorless day, neither good nor bad for any purpose. On such a day the wise man goes calmly on his course and carefully abstains from planning anything for the future.

There are hardly any tokens of good or evil fortune during this year, and, therefore, those whose birthday it is may be confident that no very remarkable event will occur in their lives during the next 12 months. They will enjoy their usual good fortune if they were born fortunate and they need not expect any good fortune if they were born unfortunate.

Calm, and in some measure prosperous, will be the lives of children born to-day. Boys will meet with more happiness than girls, for it is too likely that the latter will marry men who will treat them unkindly.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,
Room 35, 1368 Broadway,
New York. "Gabriel."

Mr. Hingston is a skilled astrologer, and will be pleased to answer any letters, which may be sent to him at the above address.



CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE FLATS.

THE TENANT.—I say, the cold water has stopped running—

THE LANDLORD.—Well, why don't you turn on the hot water?—that runs cold.

Points for Investors

THE continued money stringency, with the advance of the Bank of England's rate to six per cent., continues to repress the prices of stocks universally, although the Montreal Exchange shows quite remarkable activity under the circumstances.

THE STREET RAILWAY ANOMALY

Last week, I had occasion to refer to the anomalously high prices of street railway stocks. There has been a craze for this class of security on the part of the speculative rather than the investment public, both in the United States and Canada, with the result that street railway stocks are higher priced than steam railroad stocks. The wealth of money that has been made out of street railways is the incentive. On the basis, however, that most of these stocks are now placed, their prices are too high for the careful investor. Street rails are operating on franchises that are attended with insecurity even when perpetual. They are subject to the vagaries of municipal restrictions, and their property has even the prospect of municipal confiscation in front of it. They are, moreover, dependent on local conditions. All these are dangers which a railroad stock is not called upon to face. These are some of the anomalies we notice.

Metropolitan Street Railway—Capital \$40,000,000, pays seven per cent., is 103.

Delaware, Lackawanna & Western—Capital \$26,200,000, seven per cent., is only 85½.

Third Avenue Railway, New York, pays five per cent., is 152.

Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis preferred, pays five per cent., is 109.

Toronto Street Railway, pays four per cent., is 104.

Canadian Pacific Railway, pays four per cent., is 67.

TORONTO RAILWAYS POSITION

I pointed out last week the position of the Toronto Street Railway as an investment. The franchise has 22 years more to run. Owing to the growth of the city, the street railway company has every prospect of making gradually increasing earnings every year. This year the increase in gross earnings will be about \$114,000, and their net earnings should show an increase of about \$40,000, or one per cent. on the capital of \$4,000,000. It seems hardly probable that an increased dividend should be in order on such a showing, but, even so, the present price has anticipated an advance of one per cent. per annum. There is, however, a prospect of a gradually increasing dividend, finally reaching perhaps 10 or 12 per cent. in 20 years' time. Then comes the time of reckoning on the expiration of the franchise. The city will either assume control, or, if the company has safeguarded its position, it will continue, however, on such restrictions as to reduce the stock to a dividend basis of five per cent. or less.

Montreal Street Railway is not in the same position. Its franchise is safe and continual. Its increases in earnings are more marked than in Toronto, but its expenses of operation are greater, and for its fiscal year ending September 30, while its gross earnings increase was \$188,000, its net increase was only \$40,000. Therefore, the stock at 313, paying 10 per cent., has also discounted further increases for at least two years.

CARBON HYDRAULIC.

An investor has inquired in regard to the Carbon Hydraulic mine, the property which started out equipped with a splendid board of directors and heralded as possessing equally splendid prospects. This year has been another disappointment. In round figures the mine will have produced \$60,000 worth of bullion at an expense of \$120,000, leaving a deficit of \$60,000. Last year it produced \$105,000 at a cost of \$107,000. It had then a balance on the wrong side of \$120,000, so that it will go into next year about \$150,000 to the bad. The directors, in spite of all misfortunes, have not lost faith in the property and this year's poor showing is due, they say, to the unexpected appearance of a barren zone. The only comfort the shareholders have is the knowledge that the property is in able hands, and whatever is done will be done with integrity and discretion. The \$5-shares, even at 85¢, can hardly be called an advisable investment.

THE DOMINION BANK

I spoke in this column last week of the Dominion Bank as the best investment of the bank list under present conditions. This premise would appear to be borne out by the activity shown in the stock on the Toronto Exchange during the past week. It sold up to 273½, advancing from 270.

The bank's operations have increased to such an extent that an increase in capital must be made in the near future. Under the Bank Act this new capital is allotted to the then shareholders at a premium not exceeding the percentage which the reserve fund bears to paid-up capital. Dominion Bank capital is \$1,500,000, its reserve an equal amount, consequently shareholders will be enabled to secure the new stock at 200 per \$100. The bank is paying 12 per cent. at present. Its annual meeting is next April, before which time some highly satisfactory developments may be looked for.

C.P.R. AFFAIRS

Canadian Pacific showed a slight weakness early this week, due to the stock depression in London and New York. This year there will be a gain in net earnings of close on to \$1,750,000, as compared with \$172,000 in 1908. This money, as Sir William Van Horne says, belongs to the shareholders. Last year there was a surplus of \$1,050,000 after payment of all fixed preference charges and a 4 per cent. dividend on common stock. This year the land sales have been slightly better, so that there should be almost a \$3,000,000 surplus this year. It looks as if when February comes around that this stock should be well over par.

THE ELECTRIC STOCKS

Royal Electric stock on reaching 188 naturally met with a slight reaction after so sudden a rise. There are many reasons assigned for the movement in this stock. The company will undoubtedly be able to show a splendid statement next May, and, while an increased dividend can hardly be then expected, still, with the business advancing so steadily, larger returns may be looked for later on. It would be well, however, for intending investors to wait until the stock has settled down after its present flurry and possibly more definite information can be given in regard to its future policy.

The electric stock which, however, presents the best industrial investment at present is the Canadian General Electric, listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange only. The directors of this company meet on December 12 to declare an increased dividend, so I am authoritatively inclined to believe. The present eight per cent. dividend will be enlarged to ten per cent., payable quarterly, and, after paying this better return, there will also be a large balance carried forward. The company at present does about 80 per cent. of the total electrical manufacturing business of the Dominion. Another good feature of the company is that its \$500,000 of six per cent. preference stock is redeemable in two years' time at 105, a price which will mean a great benefit to the common shareholders, who will be enabled either to enlarge their holdings at an advantage, or the stock will be redeemed out of a surplus fund, and all the net revenue left available for the holders of common stock. The possibilities of the electric manufacturing business are indicated by the fact that the American General Electric Company has done \$20,000,000 business during the current year.

COAL AND GAS.

Dominion Coal, common, with the development projects that are in view and with the undoubted richness of the property considered, is one of the investments likely to give large returns in the future.

There has been some activity in Montreal Gas. Last year, this company did not show a progressive statement, and, although it paid its 10 per cent. dividend without difficulty, its net revenue was less than its dividends and bond interest. This year, I understand, a much more favorable statement will be shown at the end of the company's year in February.

A HINT TO THE PRESS.

Why do not the daily papers of Montreal print the transactions on the Toronto Stock Exchange? There are many securities which have their home in Ontario, and in which Toronto sets the pace just as Montreal does in others. The Montreal dailies print religiously the comparatively unimportant sales of the Toronto Mining Exchange, but leave the regular list of the Toronto Stock Exchange severely alone.

FAIRFAX.

MR. A. J. WHIMBEY was recently honored by his numerous friends in Montreal and St. Lambert, on the occasion of his removal to Toronto, to manage the business there of Simpson, Hall, Miller & Company, silversmiths. Mr. Whimbey was three times mayor of St. Lambert, and the hospitality of himself and Mrs. Whimbey in entertaining visitors to that town was such as to win for them hundreds of devoted friends. A complimentary address was presented to Mr. Whimbey, accompanied by a magnificent present of diamond jewelry for his esteemed consort.

SOCIETY NEWS.

THE annual bazaar, in aid of the Industrial Rooms, was opened on Monday afternoon, and a large number of people were present early in the afternoon, which was, no doubt, in order to see the Countess of Minto, who had kindly consented to formally announce the opening of the bazaar. Lady Minto, who looked very well in her handsome furs, was accompanied by Lady Victoria Grey, and Mr. Arthur Guise, A.D.C. The Rev. Dr. Barclay also attended Her Excellency at the Windsor Hall. After a few words from the platform, Lady Minto mingled with the crowd, and inspected the various stalls, making some purchases, and finally having tea at Mrs. John Turnbull's exceptionally artistic Turkish tea-room.

Here there was some question among the attendants as to whether the Vice-Regal party should be allowed to pay for the privilege of drinking tea, as the aide was prepared to do. But the ladies in charge vigorously disclaimed the idea of their being aught but guests of the committee, and the waitresses were quite distressed at their even momentary hesitation.

Owing to the decorations of the St. Andrew's Ball being kindly permitted to remain, the hall looked extremely well. And the stalls were exceptionally tastefully arranged. As the stall holders have already been mentioned it is unnecessary to repeat their names. The idea seems to prevail that "business" was most brisk, and the returns very satisfactory. At the coarse underwear stall the sales were very large, and also at the fancy work table. From an early hour people were anxious to be served with tea, and ices, either in the dimly lighted Turkish room, with its low divans, its quaint tables, and richly colored hangings, or in the ordinary tea-room with its daintily laid tables. And in the latter room, at 6.30 o'clock, a very excellent dinner, consisting of soup, cold meats, salads, ices and coffee, was served to quite a number of people. During both afternoon and evening an orchestra provided a very good programme of popular music. The committee of management is greatly to be congratulated on the success of its efforts.

Among the people noticed at the bazaar on Monday were: Rev. J. Edgar Hill, Rev. Dr. Barclay, Mrs. Barclay, Miss Waddell, Mrs. H. S. Holt, the Masters Holt, Mrs. M. H. Gault, Miss Edythe Gault, Mrs. C. H. Blackader, the Misses Blackader, Mrs. Newnham, the Misses Newnham, Mrs. H. Mackenzie, Mrs. A. A. Allan, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Mrs. Bond, Miss Parker, Miss D. Macdougall, Miss Linton, Miss Duncan, Miss Finley, Dr. Yates, Mr. R. W. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clouston, Miss Ewan, Miss Scott, Mrs. Peterson, Miss McEachran, Mr. and Mrs. H. Montagu Allan, Mrs. Porteous, Miss Porteous, Miss Drury, Mrs. Douglas, Master Douglas, Mrs. G. W. Stephens, Mrs. F. Stephens, the Misses Stephens, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. C. Nelles, Mrs. Waud, Mrs. J. Law, Mrs. Alex. Paterson, Mrs. Pangman, Miss Pangman, Mrs. Macintosh, Mrs. G. Macintosh, Mrs. R. G. Reed, Miss Waud, Miss Brock, Col. Bond, Mr. B. Macdougall, Mr. P. Campbell, Mr. G. Drinkwater, Miss Rae.

ON Tuesday, December 12, the marriage will take place of Miss de Salaberry, daughter of the late Colonel Charles de Salaberry, to Mr. J. Lewis, of this city. Miss de Salaberry is a granddaughter of Colonel de Salaberry, of Chateauguay fame, and it will be remembered that, on account of her grandfather's services, she had the honor of an audience with the Queen when visiting in England.

On Saturday, Mrs. L. Sutherland, University street, gave a very pleasant tea, as a farewell to Miss Mabel Galt, whose marriage takes place very shortly.

Mrs. C. H. Binks, Elm avenue, gave a large afternoon tea last Saturday for her friends. Among the guests were: Rev. Canon Ellegood, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Buchanan, Mrs. L. O. Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, Rev. G. and Mrs. Abbott-Smith, Mrs. Molson, Miss E. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Marler, Miss Marler, Mr. and Mrs. W. de M. Marler, Miss Marler, Mr. and Mrs. Spackman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. G. Smithers, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. J. Savage,

Mr. and Mrs. C. Gordon, Professor and Mrs. Johnson, the Misses Johnson, Rev. H. Kittson, the Misses Kittson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Day, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. G. Johnson, Rev. A. J. Doull, the Misses Major, Dr. and Mrs. Ridley MacKenzie.

The "Mother Goose" sale of work, held on Saturday afternoon last, under the auspices of the Guild of St. Anne, of St. John's church, was a highly successful affair. The various stalls were most artistic, and the quaint costumes, all characters from the nursery rhymes, very cleverly carried out. Judging from the crowds of delighted visitors, both old and young, the St. Anne's Guild ought to be materially benefited as a result.

THE DIAMONDS OF KIMBERLEY.

THE Hon. Mr. Cecil Rhodes' presence in beleaguered Kimberley is but another proof of the old adage that, "Where a man's treasure is, there his heart is also." It is not the first time either that Mr. Rhodes has been compelled to battle for his diamonds. The story of the first diamond war is one of the romances of South Africa. The late Barney Barnato and Alfred Beit, a German, were the principal mine-owners when Mr. Rhodes first set foot in Africa, and their influence in the diamond fields doubled and trebled until the rivalry between the mines in Kimberley and the Rhodes mines in Griqualand grew to a head. The diamond game of Rhodes versus Beit and Barnato became the question of the hour in the financial world. When one of the parties wanted to buy a mine the others would outbid him, and so, for months and years, the battle went on. Mr. Rhodes had set his mind on the control of the world's diamond supply, and eventually he won the game. Now he is more than ever engaged in his corner against all comers, notably the Boers.



MY MAIL.

L. B. EDWARDS.

WHAT hypocrites these mortals be!
When justice wields her scales,
Good soul, she marks with special glee
The perjuries of the mails.

A score of letters heap my plate
At breakfast time to-day,
My appetite to moderate,
Or (haply) take away.

Now here's dissembler number one;
What curses deep and fervent
Went with the writing of this dun,
Signed "Your obedient servant"

And here I sent a wedding gift;
My lady thanks me duly,
Nor mentions how she slightly sniffed;
She's still mine "very truly."

My married sister gives advice;
"You've grown quite boorish lately;
Your taste in dress is far from nice;
Yours, most affectionately!"

The humors of the case increase!
May's mother hates me dearly,
Writes that my frequent calls must cease,
And signs it, "Yours sincerely"

And in this missive, folded small—
Thus fortune flouts us wooers—
May says she can't be mine at all,
And then she signs it, "Yours"

From Camberwell Grove to the Cabinet.

THE LIFE AND STORY OF MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.



We have grown so accustomed to connecting Mr. Chamberlain with Birmingham, and Birmingham with Mr. Chamberlain, that it is rather surprising to find that Mr. Chamberlain does not come from the Midlands at all, but that he is in reality only a few hundred yards removed from a Cockney. When, not long ago, it was urged against a London Bill that

Londoners should decide for themselves how they were to be governed, Mr. Chamberlain was able to enlighten a good many people as to his nativity. "I am a Camberwell man," he exclaimed, with the natural pride of a man who claims relationship with an audience which is cheering him to the echo; and the next day Camberwell was besieged by paragraphists in search of a new political shrine.

It was at 3 Grove Hill Terrace, Camberwell, almost within sound of Bow Bells, that Mr. Chamberlain first saw the light, on July 8, 1836. He came of an ancestry of which he was proud to boast in his Radical days. "I boast a descent of which I am as proud as any baron may be of the title which he owes to the smile of a king," he exclaimed in a famous speech at Denbigh. "for I can claim descent from one of the 2,000 ejected ministers who, in the time of the Stuarts, left home and work and profit rather than accept the State-made creed which it was sought to force upon them." The worthy ancestor whose memory Mr. Chamberlain thus honored was a fellow-worker with Richard Baxter—Richard Sergeant by name, who began a faithful ministry at or near Kidderminster two years after the battle of Naseby. Mr. Chamberlain, however, was not born into the Church. His father conducted a shoe business in the city, which had been carried on under the same name and on the same spot for over 100 years. His mother was the daughter of a provision merchant, and Joseph was her firstborn, the eldest of a family of nine.

Camberwell was the scene of the boy's early schooldays, which were spent under the guidance of a Miss Pace, who lived at 122 Camberwell Grove, where she made a comfortable livelihood by teaching a few children the three R's. From the terrace to the Grove was only a step, and the boy whose future was to be greater and grander than anybody dreamed walked to the school regularly each morning and took his place on the forms with the other boys. What has become of them now? And what did the boy Chamberlain talk about when good Miss Pace's back was turned? These are questions we would give much to have answered, but our curiosity can never be satisfied. For Joseph Chamberlain left Camberwell when he was nine, after he had been at the school in the Grove just one year. His parents crossed over to Islington, where the boy went to another private school in Canonbury Square, kept by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, whose widow the Colonial Secretary recently visited. On leaving Mr. Johnson, young Chamberlain was sent to the London University School, which has the names of Mr. John Morley and the Speaker on its roll. He was at this school until he reached 16, when his education ceased. Mr. Chamberlain is one of the few great men of to-day who were never at a university, and his career is a striking rebuke to those who hold that genius is the monopoly of the universities. Mr. Chamberlain was only 18 when he began, as we should say if he had been a poor boy, to "earn his own

living." He entered his father's shoe business, in which he worked for two years. Then he went to Birmingham, and his real life commenced.

If Mr. Chamberlain is not a Birmingham man by birth, he belongs to the city in a much more real sense than if he had merely been born there. It is impossible to think of Birmingham without thinking at the same time of Mr. Chamberlain, who has completely reversed a familiar maxim about prophets and their own country. No man was ever more idolized in his own country than Mr. Chamberlain—unless, perhaps, it was Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Chamberlain might be Mayor of Birmingham for life—might almost hand the Mayoralty down to his children's children—if he chose.

But we are leaping ahead—Mr. Chamberlain's present is so fascinating that one is apt, in spite of oneself, to forget his past. If Mr. Chamberlain is the hero of Birmingham now, he was only one of thousands of unknown youths when he first set foot in the town in 1854. Leaving Islington and the shoe trade, he went to Birmingham to make screws. So remarkable was his grasp of business after two years with his father, that he was entrusted with the sole care of his father's interests in a Birmingham firm of screwmakers. For 20 years he worked hard in his way, and the reader will probably expect to be told that they were the dullest 20 years of his life. Any remark suggesting that would be totally misleading. In these 20 years Mr. Chamberlain made his fortune, screwed it down fast with his own screws, and before he retired from the business, on his father's death, his name was as well known in the screw world as it is in the political world to-day.

The business was not prospering when the young man from London took it up on behalf of his father. It had been going the wrong way for several years. Mr. Chamberlain turned it around, and made the screw trade a royal road to fortune—for Nettlefold and Chamberlain. Stories have been told of this period which it is difficult to accept. In their efforts to make the business a success, it was said, the firm of which Mr. Chamberlain was the guiding spirit made use of methods which are more familiar to American than English commerce. It was stated that the small screw traders were deliberately ruined, and that they received threatening circulars. But there seems to have been no ground for such assertions. What is true is that under the new regime the screw-making firm at Birmingham secured a monopoly of the screw trade of the country. Securing the patents of certain screw-making machines, they were able to make screws much better and cheaper than their rivals; and so it came about that the small traders disappeared, and the great firm grew rich. Mr. Chamberlain made a huge fortune; and when his father died, in 1874, he was able to give up business altogether and devote himself to the welfare of the city in which he had made his wealth. "In 1874," he says, "I made up my mind that I must retire from business. Municipal life completely swallowed up my commercial life."

At that time Mr. Chamberlain had been a figure in local politics for five years. Though he had devoted himself with such zeal to business, he had not allowed commerce to swallow up his interest in the public affairs of Birmingham. He had become familiar with many departments of local life. At the Church of the Messiah he was a teacher in the Sunday-school, with four of his brothers; he taught for a time in the night school, and took part in the "Penny Reading" entertainments. He was president, too, of the Mutual Improvement Society in connection with his Sunday-school, and was altogether an active worker in many local causes of a religious and social character. Years before, he had begun his political career in a local debating society at Edgbaston, where he soon became a somewhat prominent figure. Not that he was a born orator—he is not the most eloquent of orators even now. As a youth, he would commit his speeches to memory or write them down. But it was inevitable that, in spite of this, Mr. Chamberlain should come to the front in such a gathering as

that which met regularly at Edgbaston to settle the questions which were vexing statesmen. He was so obviously in earnest that his lack of style was forgotten, and he mastered his subject so thoroughly that by-and-bye he was able to throw aside his notes and trust entirely to the splendid fund of facts with which he had packed his brain. Young Mr. Chamberlain was frequently referred to in the paragraphs which appeared in the local newspapers in reference to the meetings of the debating society, and it is curious to note that at that time his political views leaned towards Toryism. It is not easy to believe, however, that Mr. Chamberlain was a Tory at 20, and it may be that, having been nursed in Toryism, the speeches at Edgbaston were made while the speaker was in the transition stage between the antiquated Toryism of that day and the Socialistic Radicalism which made him one of the most talked-of men in England a few years later. At any rate, Mr. Chamberlain was not too modest at 22 to pull Mr. Bright to pieces. A newspaper paragraph in December, 1858, tells us that "Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in a lively clever speech, pointed out various inaccuracies in Mr. Bright's speeches"; and again, we are told that Mr. Chamberlain avowed in a vigorous speech that "so far from the aristocracy being responsible for all the wars, as Mr. Bright had asserted, every war since 1688 had been demanded by the people; he quoted Bacon, Cromwell, and Kossuth as to the necessity of always being prepared for war, as the world was a gigantic New Inkleys"—"New Inkleys" being a Birmingham slum where bludgeons and anti-garrots were very much required.

But, if there was any suggestion of Toryism in Mr. Chamberlain's politics at that time, it quickly disappeared—from the surface at any rate. The pendulum swung full length the other way. At 30 he was an out-and-out Republican. It was in 1869, when he was 33 years of age, that Mr. Chamberlain entered public life as a candidate for the Town Council. His genius was not yet fully recognized, for we read that he was adopted with considerable hesitation; but he was elected for St. Paul's Ward by a big majority, and from that moment his star was in the ascendant. He rose in public favor both on the council and off, and in 1873, four years after he had been hesitatingly adopted as a candidate, he was elected Mayor of Birmingham. So popular was he as Mayor that he was elected again and again, filling the chair for three successive years, and then only quitting it to take a still higher honor from the people.

It was in his first year of office that Mr. Chamberlain became for a time, perhaps, the most talked-of man in the provinces. He had already won a more than local fame by his action on the education question, which was at that time prominently before the nation, and he was chairman of the first Liberal School Board for Birmingham. But, it was as an avowed Republican that Mr. Chamberlain came to the front in 1874. The Prince and Princess of Wales were to visit the town, and everybody was asking what the Mayor would do. It was generally felt that "something would happen," and the possibility of "something" happening was contemplated not only locally, but in the press throughout the country. But Mr. Chamberlain accepted the principle that discretion was the better part of valor. In 1870, at a meeting called to sympathize with the new French Republic, he had declared that a republic was bound to come to England and two years later he had represented the Birmingham Republican Club at a conference in St. James' Hall, London. It was natural, therefore, that a good deal of curiosity should be evinced as to what he would do and say when the Prince came to Birmingham. "I shall be ashamed of myself and the whole business," he wrote, in a private letter, and he added that the Prince would be "as popular as the Tichborne Claimant"! But Mr. Chamberlain must have disguised his feelings very well, for The Times the next day declared that it did not remember any speech made before Royalty which was couched in such a tone at once of courteous homage, manly independence, and gentlemanly feeling"; and Punch, rising to the occasion, wrote:

Like a gentleman] he has comported himself in this glare of the princely sun,
Has just said what he ought to have said, and done what he ought to have done,
Has put his red cap in his pocket and sat on his Fortnightly article,
And if Red Republican claws or teeth displayed not so much as a particle.

Punch's cartoon represented "Our Brummagem Lion" kneeling at the feet of the Princess of Wales.

The story of Mr. Chamberlain's career as a town councillor is practically the modern history of Birmingham. In six years—practically in three—he raised Birmingham from the position of a badly governed third-rate town to the position of one of the first towns in the kingdom. He was, to use an expressive phrase of the time, "not only Mayor, but town council too." The Birmingham of his town council days had a population of 180,000, and a rateable value of less than one-third what it is to-day. There were, to quote from one of Mr. Chamberlain's own speeches, no parks, no free libraries, no baths, no art gallery or art museum, no board schools, no school of art, no Midland Institute, no Mason College, no Corporation street. The streets were badly paved, imperfectly lighted, and only partially drained. The footwalks were worse than the streets. You had to proceed either in several inches of mud, or in favored localities you might go upon cobblestones on which it was a penance to walk. The gas and water belonged to private monopolies. Gas was about 5s. per 1,000 cubic feet; water was supplied on three days a week. On other days carts went around supplying water at 10s. the 1,000 gallons. The death rate was 30 in the 1,000. There where whole streets from which fever was never absent. Thousands of courts were not paved or drained, and were covered with pools of stagnant filth.

It was thus Mr. Chamberlain found Birmingham; he left it as we all know it to-day—one of the best governed towns in the world. In the three years in which he was Mayor, Mr. Chamberlain achieved four great reforms. The town bought up the gas-works, representing a capital of £2,200,000, and yielding the people £30,000 a year. The town purchased the waterworks, estimated now to be worth over £2,000,000, and reduced the water-rents by £25,000 a year. A draining union with surrounding towns was established, and a model sewage farm laid out at a cost of £400,000, which it costs £1,000 a week to work. And the council bought up the slums in the centre of the town, built Corporation street upon the site, and let it out in leases of 75 years. The improvement cost nearly £2,000,000; but, when the leases expire, in 50 years, Birmingham will be the richest borough in the world. It is a record of which any man might be proud. When, a few years after, Mr. Chamberlain was sneeringly described as a town councillor, he was able to say triumphantly to the people of Birmingham, "I will confess to you that I am so parochially-minded that I look with greater satisfaction to our annexation of the gas and of the water, to our scientific frontier in the improvement area, than I do to the results of that Imperial policy which has given us Cyprus and the Transvaal."

In 1876 Mr. Chamberlain left Birmingham to play his part in a wider sphere. The London papers already knew him as the Republican Mayor, and Mr. John Morley had gone down to Birmingham three years before to make his acquaintance; but there was much curiosity to hear him in the House of Commons. He made his maiden speech on August 4, 1876. It was upon Lord Sandon's Education Bill, a subject with which the new member was quite at home, and the speech was so well received that it formed the pivot of a leading article in the next morning's Times. Mr. Chamberlain's first motion in Parliament was in favor of the municipalization of the liquor traffic. He has made many motions since then, but it is unnecessary here to dwell on the rest of Mr. Chamberlain's life. It would, on the one hand, be too controversial for a paper which knows no politics, and, on the other hand, it could hardly be done without disturbing the pleasing impression of Mr. Chamberlain which this article has been written to create.

ARTHUR MEE.

LADY MARY

By
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

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

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The Hon. Eve Rutland, daughter and heiress of Lord Raven, hears from Mrs. Goring-Anderson her schoolmistress, that her father is dead. Eve is 20 years old, and has been kept at the school all the year around since childhood. When she first came her father had married a second wife, Lady Mary of the Dark House whom Eve has never seen, and it turns out that in his will Lord Raven has provided that his daughter shall be consigned to her step-mother's care for one year, till she comes into her fortune. Mrs. Rayne, music-mistress at the school, who knows Lady Mary and her evil reputation, implores Eve not to trust herself to her stepmother's house without a trusty friend near her, and she offers to go with her to the house in Cumberland. This is arranged, and when Lady Mary's confidential woman, Miss Cade, arrives at the school with Valentine Graeme, Lady Mary's nephew, to escort Eve to the Dark House, Mrs. Rayne accompanies the party disguised as Nicholls. Eve's maid, Mrs. Rayne had previously written to Sir Donald Howard, a baronet with whom she had some mysterious influence, and who lived near the Dark House, to befriend Eve, and he makes himself known to her on the journey and enters into conversation.

"I think it will take a great deal of very hard reality to wear off the gloss for me," I exclaimed. "I've spent so much time in dreaming, that it has grown to be an old story."

"You look forward to traveling with Lady Mary, then?" There was a keen note of interest in his voice as he put the question.

"I don't know," I said, blushing a little. "I only know that I am on my way to Cumberland."

"You will like it, I think," he responded quickly. "I would live nowhere else in England if I could choose. There isn't a tree or a lake or a mountain there that I don't love, and I hope it may be so with you. My place is not far from Sombermere Court, which is to be your home (for some time I'm selfish enough to hope), and I shall be anxious to hear your impressions of the country. Lady Mary Raven is good enough to let me come and see her sometimes when I am in Cumberland, and when she feels able to receive me I shall certainly call, hoping I may be lucky enough to find you at home as well."

"I am glad," I answered frankly. "But I shall have so many impressions to relate, you and Lady Mary will be bored."

I had quite forgotten to be nervous, or ill at ease, though I had hardly ever before talked to a man under sixty, and was smiling self-forgetfully, when—some subtle force of magnetism drawing my eyes to Miss Cade—I intercepted such a glance between her and Mr. Valentine Graeme as sent all that tell-tale blood of mine rushing to my face again.

Even to my unsuspecting mind it was clear that the two had some private understanding regarding me, with which my friendliness with Sir Donald Howard appeared to interfere. When he spoke again I was too self-conscious to reply at length.

CHAPTER V.

THE DARK HOUSE.

Up on the rugged brown mountain-tops the sun would still have appeared a ball of fire above the horizon; but below, in the great gloomy hollow, night had fallen, while the sky glowed blood-red with color. Over Scawfell, whose outline was silhouetted darkly against the flaming sky, reclined a

young silver crescent moon, which soon would be following the sun along the westward path.

All in the valley was dim. Against the bank, where the great screes came shelving down, and met their own inverted reflection, the bosom of Sombermere was black with an inky blackness. But, as the water stretched away and mirrored the zenith, its surface caught an ominous ruby glare, as if the dark lake covered some devil's furnace. The moon's image, too, wavered to and fro like a floating silver lamp of ancient pattern. Trees huddled in gloomy masses, piled up against the foot of the great hill, beyond the harsh line of the descending screes, and in the middle distance there gleamed out through the network of branches a solitary light.

"Do you see that?" questioned Miss Cade as we jolted along the road, which had brought us many a mile from the railway station at Keswick. "That means that we are coming to Sombermere Court."

"And is that light in some window of the Dark House?" I cried impulsively.

"The Dark House?" she echoed. "Who has been tattling to you of that foolish gossip?"

"I—I really don't know. I—heard it somehow, at school," I faltered. I was actually growing quite nervous with Miss Cade. But on this occasion she let me off without further cross-questioning, only condescending to inform me that the light in question issued from the lodge, and not the house. The luggage and poor Mrs. Rayne (or Nichols) were following on behind; we had bidden farewell to Sir Donald Howard at Keswick, and Miss Cade, Mr. Valentine, and I had had a ten-mile drive through the falling darkness of the October night alone together.

The air was bitterly chill, and I shivered in spite of many wraps. I was frightened, too, as well as cold, and longed, yet dreaded, to reach our journey's end. We drove through the tall, stone gateway, under a curious arch which spanned the road, past the squat cottage which did duty as porter's lodge, and then seemed to be swallowed up by outer darkness and crowding trees. The twin lamps on the big, old-fashioned carriage, if they threw a gleam of light ahead, at all events gave us none as we sat inside. We could see our hands before our faces. I could distinguish the outline of Miss Cade's repulsive profile and Mr. Valentine's fleshy nose and handsome, if somewhat animal, mouth and chin. That was all.

We might have been winding our way through the gloomy wilderness of forest, which hid from the world the palace of the Sleeping Beauty.

Sometimes the avenue wound, and apparently almost doubled on itself. Again it went on straight and undeviatingly. To me—nervous, excited, blindfolded by the darkness—it seemed that we must have traversed miles before we came suddenly into the twilight of a clearer space, and saw the lights in a long, two-storeyed house, twinkling out at us.

Afterwards I knew that the drive extended little more than a quarter of a mile.

The house, so far as I could see, was shaped somewhat after the fashion of a Maltese cross. In front was a short, square tower, built up a storey higher, perhaps, than the remainder of the house, and beetling like a great prominent forehead over the receding and (somehow) secretive looking front door. A long wing extended on either side, and I learnt later that there was also an extension behind, following out the idea of the cross. Although the building seemed to cover a good deal of ground, it was not nearly so large as it looked to the unaccustomed eye; it was awkwardly designed, and with its small windows, its dark walls of stone, and its flapping drapery of ill-kept vines, resembled a prison far more than a gentleman's country house.

Although I did not note all its defects at first sight, the glimpse I got as I was being helped out of the carriage was not enlivening, and a sense of hopelessness and depression settled down upon me. The wind had risen, and begun to wail among the pines, like the weird voice of a wandering spirit.

"This is your welcome to the Dark House," it seemed to whisper in my ears, "all the welcome you will ever have! And were it your dirge it could scarcely be more doleful."

If I had indulged in any soothing visions of being met at the door and taken to the arms of my stepmother, they would now effectually have been dispelled. The black, repellent piece of oak remained fast closed until the coachman (there was no footman) clambered down from his seat and set up a most tremendous knocking. Then the door was opened by a thin little wisp of an old man, whose perfectly bald head shone with a polished glitter in the wavering firelight which formed his background.

"Lady Mary desired me to say she was somewhat indisposed, or she would have liked to come downstairs and meet you," this personage informed me, when I had stepped into the passage which ran along under the tower, and then opened into a big, square hall. "She would like you to rest and warm yourself for a few minutes, if you please, and when she had a word with Miss Cade would be glad if you could step up and see her in her boudoir," the old butler went on.

There was something which suggested a scene on the stage about my first glimpse of the interior of the Dark House—that place destined to hold so many strange experiences for me.

I looked through from the front door, as I said, under a low-browed passage, pannelled to its ceiling in black oak. I knew that I must be standing beneath the tower, which jutted over the entrance, but there was evidently no ingress to the regions above from this old passage. Beyond the vista of comparative darkness (which would have been blankness, too, save for a couple of arm-chairs that did sentinel duty on either side a carved chest, a rich Turkish rug or two on the polished floor, and a great-grandfather clock which stood askew in a corner), I could see into the large square hall, its wide fireplace facing me at a considerable distance. And as I stepped out of the passage—starting momentarily when a lame, black cat limped suddenly across my very feet—I found myself in a hall whose roof was the roof of the house itself, with black beams lost in the gloom overhead. The fire on the hearth, the candles on a table, were not adequate to the task of illuminating so vast a place. But here and there, in the galleries which skirted the walls at the height of each of the two storeys above, lights of some kind had been placed, which twinkled out of the dimness like small stars.

The wide staircase (with its carved balustrade), which wound upward to the left, was also brightened by a pair of candles held in the hand of a half-nude bronze figure. And from the seat I soon drew up in front of the fireplace I could see three large doors, which opened into the wings of the building.

Could I ever feel at home in this strange house? I asked myself. And for the first time I was as grateful as I ought to have been long ago to Mrs. Rayne for following me into my imprisonment.

I had scarcely sat down when Mr. Valentine Graeme came in, and began warming his hands at the blaze.

"Well, Miss Rutland," he said, "how do you think you will like your new home?"

"I was just wondering," I said, rather dolefully, and then was angry with myself for answering a man I had already made up my mind to dislike, in so friendly a manner.

"Ah, but you mustn't judge too hastily," he returned. "The place has a certain charm, as I think you'll admit if I repeat my question at the end of a fortnight."

"But you won't be here then to repeat it, will you, I asked, in surprise.

"I'm going to try very hard to be. My aunt, Lady Mary, is a most fascinating woman—a marvelous woman, indeed. But she's not young, and she's in heavy grief just now—"

"Which is my grief, too," I interrupted rather sharply.

"Yes, of course. But you were almost a stranger to your

father, while, for 10 years or so, she has been his constant companion, and his devoted nurse for months."

"Was my father ill for a long time, then? I have heard nothing of that—indeed, I've been told nothing at all."

"Oh—er—I believe he was more or less of an invalid," Mr. Valentine admitted, with a slight change of countenance, which seemed to say that he regretted an inadvertence. "But"—very hastily—"as I was going to remark, it will be so lonely here for you, before you get accustomed to the place, and fit into its ways, to be the only young person about, that I was wondering if I couldn't manage a little holiday for a few weeks, and keep you company."

"Oh!" I exclaimed in ungrateful surprise. Then, after a pause which spoke louder than words: "You really mustn't trouble yourself on my account. I'm never lonely, I assure you."

The firelight showed me a dull gleam of anger in his eyes, which contradicted the feigning smiles. But what he would have answered I was never to know, for, at that moment, Miss Cade came rustling down the winding stairs, saying: "My dear, Lady Mary is ready and anxious to see you. Will you come with me?"

My heart began beating as if I had a little hammer in my breast.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY MARY.

We went half around the first gallery, looking down into the hall, and then, Miss Cade, pushing a heavy crimson curtain aside, we penetrated into a passage which cut in two the right wing. On either side were two doors, revealed by the light from a hanging lamp, made of cut-glass in different colors.

"Those rooms," explained Miss Cade, pointing to the doors on the left, "were your father's. I occupy them now, in order to be near Lady Mary. The other two are hers. The servants sleep in the long wing at the back (though there aren't many just now; poor Lady Mary has been cutting down expenses). The four rooms, like these, in the left wing are empty, ready for visitors when any come, and in the tower you are to sleep."

"Oh! I don't think I should like that! It sounds so lonesome and away from everybody!" I impulsively exclaimed. But Miss Cade, appearing not to have heard, was already tapping at Lady Mary's door.

A murmured response came, and we entered.

The room was a "boudoir" by courtesy, but it was not what my fancy—built upon stolen novel-reading—had pictured a boudoir to be. There were no dainty trifles about, no ruffled chintzes, no low tables and lounges, flowers, or scattered books and work.

All was dark and stately and businesslike. Heavily-draped windows, tall bookcases, a large, plain writing-desk, such as men might use in offices, a few portraits on the wall, a few rugs primly laid upon an inlaid floor, a table covered with papers, and a couple of substantial easy-chairs drawn near the fire.

All this was impressed upon my retina with a single glance, though at the time I thought I saw nothing save the tall figure which rose slowly from its seat by the desk.

"Eve!" uttered a sweet, low contralto voice; and before I knew what I was doing my hand was clasped by my step-mother's.

I looked up at her, half awed, half fascinated. But whether the sense of fascination was an agreeable one or not, I could not have told. Lady Mary was very beautiful, the most beautiful woman by far I had ever seen in my secluded life. I found that the image which I had held in my memory for so many years was a distorted one, like a face seen in a defective and discolored glass.

She had no look of youth, nor had she any look of age. Her period of life seemed that of a marble Venus de Medicis. It was impossible to fancy her ever having been a child, or

LADY MARY--CONTINUED
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even a young girl. She must always have appeared as she did now, and it would be a sacrilege against beauty to believe that she could ever change.

I should think she must have been nearly five feet ten in height. Even tall, willowy Mrs. Rayne would have been dwarfed beside her. Her figure was perfect in its matured ripeness. The hand that held mine had long, tapering fingers, with filbert nails of a delicate pinkness, each one of which was a separate little gem to marvel at and admire. Her throat rose like a marble column above the dead black of the trailing draperies, made in the fashion of no dress I had ever seen, save perhaps in old pictures, when I had been taken by some teacher to Burlington House. The dark brown hair was parted in the middle and folded down over the little ears like the dusky wings of a raven. I could have imagined it worn in no other way. And the face looked out of the soft frame with a wondrous radiance. The eyes were large and bright and commanding, almond-shaped, and long at the outer edges, but they might soften, perhaps, under the straight, black lashes. The bridge of the somewhat large nose was high and finely-cut as that of an ideal Minerva, the brows not very heavily marked, but suggesting imperiousness. The mouth perfectly shaped, though not small, and the full lips lying scarlet as the petals of a geranium flower against the wax white of the clear, unwrinkled skin. If there were faults in the face—though I was too completely dazed to see them then—they lay in the fact that the eyes were, perhaps, a little too close together, the forehead too low, the chin a thought too heavy.

But I only knew that I was gazing into the eyes of a goddess of beauty, and I fairly gasped my surprise and admiration.

Though I did not speak, it could not have been hard for her to read my thoughts. "I trust," she said softly, "if you have been picturing an ogre, you find yourself mistaken, my child. We must really be very kind to each other, you and I."

"I—I hadn't thought you an ogre," I protested, stammeringly. "But I supposed—I fancied you would be old and—different."

She shrugged her shoulders a little. "I am old—or I am forty, which is another word for old. But what does that matter to a woman who has lost all incentive to keep her youth? You have been inclined to feel prejudiced against me, Eve, because you think, no doubt, I have kept you from your father and your home. But I had the best of reasons, and all with an eye to your future good. Now, I hope (although I have much to do, for I am a very busy woman in my own way, and we may not see much of each other, even while under the same roof) that we shall be good friends. Are you willing to try?"

"Yes," I faltered.

She did not offer to kiss me, but laid her hand lightly for a moment on my hair, and the touch of it thrilled me through and through in the most extraordinary manner.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE TOWER ROOMS.

Half an hour later Miss Cade conducted me to that part of the Dark House which had been set apart for my accommodation. We had to go around the gallery once more as far as the very middle of the front, and there was a door which led up a flight of stairs, and so into the tower room.

I did not again mention my objection to the selection which had been made, though I still felt it. But I was in an oddly exalted state of mind. I could see nothing, think of nothing save my stepmother. Her voice rang in my ears after the door had been shut between us, and I dared not question the plans she had formed for me.

To my joy, Mrs. Rayne, in the neat and unremarkable guise

of Nichols, opened the door of my new habitation as our feet sounded on the uncarpeted stairs.

Miss Cade would, I think, have followed me further, and into the room itself, but, seeing Mrs. Rayne, I thanked her civilly for her guidance, and added that I need trouble her no more. She then retreated, looking somewhat sullen and disappointed. And if Miss Cade's face could have appeared less prepossessing than in its normal state it must have been when clouded with sulkiness.

"Mrs. Rayne, I have seen her!" I ejaculated, as soon as the door was closed.

"Hush—hush! for Heaven's sake, dear!" she cried, throwing out imploring hands. "You must learn—the sooner the better—that the walls in this house have ears. Even in your thoughts I must be Nichols—nothing more."

"Oh, nonsense!" I remarked, with aggravating nonchalance, born of my exalted mood, as I sank into a big armchair and looked about the cheerful little room. "I believe all along you've been too sensational. Not that I'm not grateful and glad to have you with me, for I've been getting so fond of you the last few days; I never thought I should care as much. But I don't believe there's anything to be afraid of in this house, after all. It's a dreary old place outside, to be sure, and the Lake was enough to give one the horrors at this time of night. The hall, too, is queer and dreary, but rather handsome, and I don't think I shall mind being in the tower a bit. I fancied I should, but it is so bright and pleasant here. I suppose Lady Mary must have had all these pretty things, such as girls like, and the white curtains everywhere, put in to please me, don't you? And then she is so wonderful, Mrs. R—Nichols, I mean. I feel—I feel somehow possessed by her!"

"Ah!" Whether the ejaculation were of pain or pleasure I did not stop in that moment to analyze.

"How good of you to unpack for me," I went on. "I feel a wretch when you do things like that. You mustn't, you know, except before people."

"Sh!" she said again warningly, with a quick glance at the door. "You ought to know by this time it is, and will be, my greatest happiness to make you comfortable. But—"

I was scarcely listening. "She is so beautiful," I said dreamily. "I don't wonder so much that my poor father was fascinated by her; I think I could easily fall under her influence myself."

Mrs. Rayne had turned away from me as I sat soliloquizing and embracing my knees. I thought—suddenly remembering her existence—that she was going out through a small door under a curtain I had not noticed before, and I called to her: "That's your room next to mine, I suppose, isn't it?"

"It is not a room at all," she quietly answered; "only a deep cupboard built into the wall, where I am hanging some of your dresses."

"But"—beginning to wake up a little more to the realities around me—"surely you have a room next this, or, at any rate, in the storey above. I'm not to be left in the tower all alone?"

"My room is in the wing at the back, among the—other servants."

"Oh, what a shame! But there must be some mistake. Lady Mary really seems to be very kind, and—and I'll go and knock again at her door and speak to her about it immediately."

"I'm afraid that will be no use, dear. It was the house-keeper—a strange old creature, like most of the people in the house—who showed me where I was to be. And when I asked if there was not one little cupboard of a place, no matter how small, where I might be near you in the tower, she said it was by Lady Mary's express orders that Miss Rutland's maid was to sleep in the back wing. The only other room in the tower (which is directly over this) was full of old luggage and all sorts of rubbish, she explained."

"Ugh!" I gave a little shudder. "I'm not used to being



Typical Canadian Scenes - Queen's Square, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

half a mile away from everybody at night. I shan't like it at all."

She came close to my chair and bent over me, whispering in my ear as if she was still afraid that someone might be listening outside the door. "Don't ask for any change. I'm sure it would be useless," she said. "And don't mind for a few nights—a fortnight or so. There's no danger. No harm will be let to come near you; but afterwards, when things are settled one way or the other, I will sleep close beside you—closer even than the room above. Trust me to find out a way."

"Why do you think I shall be safe at first, and not by-and-bye?" I questioned fearfully.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me. I'm not meaning to frighten you," she cried, starting away from me a little. "It is only that, when it can be arranged, I should like to be as near to you as possible. You—you might be ill, or need me for something in the night."

I could not comprehend her, and the old distrust was stealing back, for I was bewitched with Lady Mary's image, and could not bear that Mrs. Rayne's innuendoes should blur the new brightness it wore in my eyes. However, whether intentionally or not, she had succeeded in rendering me uncomfortable, and I rose restlessly from the depths of my big chair.

"It isn't nice to have an empty room over me," I pronounced. "This is exactly the sort of house for a ghost-story; and, though I hope I'm not really silly enough to be superstitious, still I can't help feeling a little creepy. Of course, any well-regulated ghost would choose a tower to haunt."

Mrs. Rayne only smiled a little, and I went on: "I wonder how one gets into the room above? I hope there's no secret door opening on to a staircase or something of the sort in this, but I shouldn't be surprised. Oh, Mrs. Rayne—Nichols—I can see by your face that there is one, and you've already found it out!"

Without a word she crossed to a far corner of the room (which was of octagonal shape) and lifted the chintz hangings, which, with the rose-vine pattern, so greatly modernized and brightened the place. Behind the draperies the walls were oak-pannelled, like most of the others I had seen in the house so

far. But, though I followed Mrs. Rayne, and peered over her shoulder, I could observe nothing which suggested the presence of a door. In another instant, however, she had touched a panel—perhaps in a peculiar way—and it, with three or four of its fellows slid softly back. A small, dark opening, just wide enough for a human being to squeeze through, gaped meaningfully at us.

"Did you find this to-night, or—did you know of it before?" I murmured in an awestruck whisper.

"I found it; but I had heard there was a secret door, and I determined I would discover it. Run, dear, if you want to see what is beyond, and lock the door of your room."

I did so, and tip-toed back to her, having snatched a candle from the mantel.

"Shall I go?" she asked.

"No, no," impatiently. "I must be with you, and see for myself what is there."

She slipped through the opening between the panels, and I handed her the candle. Then I followed. Before us rose a skeleton staircase, not unlike a ladder. Mrs. Rayne went first, I keeping close behind her. My heart was beating very fast, and I felt as though, somehow, I were living in the chapter of an old-fashioned novel.

In a moment more Mrs. Rayne had reached the top, and a curious little clicking noise told me that another door in a panel had yielded to her skilled touch. And the very thought that it should be thus skilled seemed to frighten me as much as, or more than, all beside. How and when and why had she been in the Dark House before? In what way had she come by her knowledge of its secret ways, and why did she persist in making a mystery of herself to me?

I scrambled up after her, nevertheless, as softly as I could, and presently we stood together—the candle held high over Mrs. Rayne's head—in a room of about the same size and shape as mine.

Whoever had informed Mrs. Rayne that this was reserved as a store place for luggage and disused odds and ends had told a deliberate lie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Plays & Players

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

THIS is not the first time *Lady Windermere's Fan* has been played in Montreal, but it has never received a more conscientious or pleasing presentation than at the hands of the stock company of the Theatre Francais. The play is interesting in itself, and it is well handled by the company, and also nicely staged. Miss Helen Byron plays *Lady Windermere* and Mr. Lucius Henderson *Lord Windermere*. The vaudeville features this week comprise *Wally Clarke*, a German comedian, W. Sullivan, with banjo solos, and the *Broadway Trio*, in a musical turn.

THERE is not much in *The Cuckoo*, except a by no means elevating story of attempted conjugal infidelity, brought to an unsuccessful issue by an extremely laughable, but by no means improbable, series of errors. If very shocking things do not happen it is not the fault of Mr. and Mrs. Penfold, or of Hugh Farrant, Mrs. Penfold's ardent admirer. Mr. Clayton White, Miss Amelia Bingham and Mr. Joseph Holland, as the three characters named, are the whole show. The other members of the company, with a possible exception in Mr. Charles Bowser, as *Colefax*, a very cheeky man servant, are quite subordinate. The clever acting of the main parts redeems *The Cuckoo* from asininity. It is a very Frenchy "skit" with nothing to it except travesty of the marital tie. That is all that can be said. Yet, there can be no doubt that patrons of the Academy this week have enjoyed the humor and suggestiveness of the piece, which is of a type quite too common on the stage in America.

MISS ANNA EVA FAY and company began a seven nights engagement at the Windsor Hall on Wednesday evening. Miss Fay's performance is an interesting and mysterious one, and she has some clever entertainers with her. People who love to be puzzled, and to attempt the solution of difficult problems, should see Miss Fay before her engagement closes.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

HER MAJESTY'S reopens next week with *Three Little Lambs*, from the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. This is said to be a very sparkling piece. The Christmas attraction at Her Majesty's will be a new comic opera, entitled *A Chinese Romance*. In addition to a big company of known people, there will be 15 Chinese artists. For New Year's week, they have *Arizona*, a Western melodrama, by Gus Thomas. On Thursday evening, December 2, there will be a piano recital by Joseffy at Her Majesty's.

MR. JAS. H. WALLICK celebrated the fiftieth performance of *The Dairy Farm* at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, last Monday evening by presenting to every lady present one of the prettiest and most unique souvenirs ever given away in New York. It consisted of a miniature milk-can done in silver and platinum. It goes without

saying that the house was packed to the doors. The Dairy Farm has made one of the solid hits of the New York season, and Manager Rosenquest has twice extended the engagement, which will now close on December 23. Several hundred clergymen have visited the theatre during the run of *The Dairy Farm*, and many of them have written very eulogistic letters in praise of Miss Eleanor Merron's charming play, comparing it with *The Little Minister* in its sweet, clean and wholesome comedy. The entire production, cast and scenery will be seen at the Academy of Music, week commencing January 22.

WHAT was considered the leading farcical attraction during the most successful New York season ever known is Sydney Rosenfeld's great laughing hit, *The Purple Lady*. It was interrupted in the height of its prosperous run at the Bijou Theatre, New York, where it probably could have continued during the entire season. Besides being a mirth-provoking and laughable farce, its theme is claimed to be original, with all the sparkle and humor of a French farce, without any of its indecencies, which, at this period, is a novelty in itself. It has been unanimously conceded to be the best farce that has been produced for years, and will be presented at the Academy of Music on Monday night for the first time. The farce tells the story of a young woman who posed for an artist, and who was known ever afterwards as *The Purple Lady*. The artist, having won fame, is about to marry a young woman living near Boston, where the scene of Mr. Rosenfeld's play is located. On the eve of the wedding, however, the former model arrives and claims prior right to the affections of the artist. As a balm for her injured heart, she claims \$10,000 and many complications and situations arrive before she gets it. Before her identity is known to the artist's future bride, a friend of his abducts *The Purple Lady*. The play was an enormous success at the Bijou Theatre in New York last season, and, so far this season, has had remarkable success in the various cities in which it has been presented. It will be interpreted by a company selected with great care, including Frank Hatch, Robert Rogers, C. H. Robertson, James Carew, Henry Stockbridge, Theresa Maxwell, Laura Nelson Hall, Olive Porter, Louise McIntosh, Edith Ives, Lillian Avann and several others equally well known.

AS a production coming just before the holiday, few better selections could have been made than *Bootles' Baby*, which is to be given at the Theatre Francais next week. *Bootles' Baby* is too important a favorite in Montreal to require any promiscuous advance puffing. It is a drama full of heart interest, rich comedy, stirring climax, and, altogether just such a play as the theatregoing public are fond of. Mr. Lucius Henderson will play *Bootles*. The vaudeville bill will be headed by the *Zara Trio*, of which a contemporary says: "The *Zara Trio* was received with round after round of applause, and well they might be; for their rapidly following illustrations of the soldiers and peasants of all nations, showing the various arm manuals, drills, etc., necessitating no less than 27 changes of costume without leaving the stage, were nothing less than eyeopeners."

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THE days when a cat with six toes on each foot was valued are past, but it is interesting to hear that this peculiarity is hereditary. The secretary to the Royal Botanic Society at Bath has a common mouser with 24 toes, and he has had several generations in his house, and all, without any exception, were equally well provided with standing accommodation.

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

Next year the Board will hold its annual examinations for the third time in Canada as follows:

The Theory Papers, in elements of Music, Harmony and Counterpoint, early in June next.

The Practical, consisting of examinations in Pianoforte, Organ, Violin, Singing, Harp, etc., between the 10th and 30th June. The exact dates will be duly announced. All entries close May 1st.

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

SAMUEL AITKEN, Hon-Sec'y.

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

WILL LORD LORNE GO TO AUSTRALIA?

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain?
Thou many-headed monster thing,
Oh, who would wish to be thy King?



THE Marquis of Lorne's name is mentioned for the Governorship of Australia. That post, when the new Commonwealth is fairly launched, will be one of importance. But would Lord Lorne fill it well? Far be it from me to ask this question in any captious or disrespectful spirit. The Australians will be no easy people to govern, and, while a Governor is not supposed to rule, we know that a Queen's representative must possess unusual powers of tact, diploma-

cy, restraint and knowledge of human kind. Lord Lorne does not lack for undoubted capacity, but, for some reason or other, his career has not been a brilliant one. During the 16 years that have elapsed since he left Canada, he has not been dogged by Fame, nor has he quite fulfilled the expectations of admiring friends.

Certain obstacles to success have beset him. The fate of men, not of royal birth, who marry into the Royal Family, arouses the compassion of all tender-hearted persons. Their position is not well-defined. Their wives take official precedence over them. They form the exception to the old social rule, that a wife rises or falls to her husband's position in society. They are, doubtless, the object of some jealousy or criticism among the members of their own order. They are crippled in public affairs. When the Court Circular states that the Queen commanded to dine at Windsor, "H. R. H. the Marchioness of Lorne and the Marquis of Lorne," you feel at once that the divinity that doth hedge a king is still in active operation in a democratic age.

A cynical friend of mine once expounded to me the characteristics of our Governors-General. "Lord Dufferin," he said, "talked to you. Lord Lorne talked at you. Lord Lansdowne talked with you." I tried to get a clearer explanation of this deliverance, but the cynic, like the oracle at Delphi, would not read his own riddle. Probably there was a certain aloofness about the Marquis. He was an indefatigable Governor. He attended all kinds of functions, and was bored, like his predecessors and successors, by innumerable addresses. He was generally respected. He spoke fluently, but, practising no trick of oratory and his humor being of a decorous kind, his speeches have been forgotten. No ex-Governor has more consistently and arduously served Canada than he. It is said that he has on more than one occasion put himself to inconvenience to assist a Canadian movement or promote a Canadian interest in England.

But it is also reported that the Australian Governor is to be a Viceroy, like the holder of that high office in India, and that the Governor-General of Canada, and the Queen's representative in South Africa (when the war is over) are to be raised to the rank of Viceroys. Surely this can be but idle rumor. A Viceroy represents the Sovereign in a dependency (as India) or a portion of the Empire without a separate Parliament of its own (as Ireland). Canada and Australia, being self-governing colonies, would never consent to receive a Viceroy. To exalt the office at the expense of the colony so honored would be a curious freak of Imperial policy, and I simply decline to accept the rumor. Everyone knows that

Canada has always been exceedingly jealous about the powers of her Governor-General. To create Lord Minto a Viceroy would be to raise once more that vexed question of a Governor's indefinite control, which, Mr. Blake, when Minister of Justice, so stiffly combated. Not even the constitutional authority of Todd and Bourinot inclines us to the view that our Governor has extensive powers which he can exercise independently of the advice of his Cabinet. Lord Lorne, early in his career here, was instrumental in reviving the point. He objected to Sir John Macdonald's dismissal of M. Letellier. He referred it to London. Mr. Gladstone's Government told him to take the advice of his Ministers.

Lord Lorne, being heir to the dukedom of Argyle, is a person of exalted station, as things go in England, but, since his income cannot be more than the eldest son's allowance, and as he is a commoner without rank in the peerage, and at the same time is married to a Royal Princess with but £10,000 a year, the position of the Marquis of Lorne is not without its embarrassments. The Duke of Argyle is a hale old man of 76, distinguished by courage of an unusual kind, seeing that he published a book when 73, and married his third wife when he was 72. The income from the estates is generally supposed to be £50,000. When Lord Lorne succeeds to the family dignities, and takes his seat in the House of Lords as Lord Sundridge and the Court Circular consents to refer to "the Duke of Argyle and H. R. H. the Duchess of Argyle," some of the incongruities of the position will disappear. Meantime the Marquis augments his income by literary work. He writes well. I am not referring to his poetry, because in these days everyone does that indifferently well, and even you and I are perfectly aware that our poetic efforts are above the ordinary, and will be much admired in the twentieth century. But Lord Lorne has written, at least, one book of considerable merit, and his biography of Lord Palmerston is perhaps as agreeable a piece of work, with as little conventional pomposity about it, as a candid person can desire. He had the courage to include in it that old anecdote of "Pam," which may always be retold with impunity and so admirably illustrates the temperament of the genial and brilliant old jingo. Garibaldi, so the story runs, was about to visit England. Popular enthusiasm demanded an exceptional welcome. The Cabinet consulted. "Let us find him a rich wife," said Pam. "Oh, but he has one already." "Then we will get Gladstone to explain her away!"

Perhaps the real difficulty in the way of Lord Lorne's accepting an appointment abroad, is that the health of the Princess hardly admits of a residence in a distant colony, and the onerous social duties of a Vicereine. That this charming and accomplished woman would be loved wherever she went, is very certain. But the Canadian experience would scarcely encourage a repetition elsewhere, and the Australian democracy is as plain spoken and as exacting as its English progenitor. The Australian politician is often, if the term be parliamentary, a queer fish. They say that the first Prime Minister of the Commonwealth is likely to be Mr. Lyne, a prince of mediocrities, who never lifted his finger to help on the Union and who came to the front by mere accident in the political scrimmage which attended the downfall of the Reid Ministry at Sydney the other day. Without really able experienced statesmen to guide the helm, the early years of the Commonwealth may be politically tempestuous, until things have settled down and the puny politicians have settled up. Lord Lorne, the man to preside over the rough-and-tumble conditions of the new State? No, the situation would require the practiced arts of a Dufferin or the firm hand of a Pauncefoot. It is said that colonial Governorships are not sought after by the first men now; in fact they can with difficulty be got to accept them. In any event I would only send my most implacable foe to that rich and thriving colony, where the most preposterous fads ripen into legislation, and where the demagogue flourishes like a green bay tree.



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THE HORSE IN BATTLE.

A VETERAN cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out, he will tremble and sweat, and grow apprehensive.

If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance, the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to go on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst, and have done with it as soon as possible.

A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six, when struck with a bullet, are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands, and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg, or foot, or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell, a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and stands with drooping head until a loss of blood brings him down.

The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them if possible, and, in any case, leap over them. When he has come upon three or four riderless steeds, they fall in and keep together, as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" of the bugle may bring the whole of them into ranks in a body.

A WRITER in Blackwood's Magazine relates a striking incident in the life of Nassau William Senior, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford University.

When examined for his bachelor's degree he was "plucked." He failed in divinity, which, as it was then the first subject on which the aspirant was examined, rendered fruitless any amount of general acquisition, and insured immediate rejection. Nowise distrustful of himself, the young man determined

to try again, and meanwhile looked out for a private tutor with whom to read. He called upon Richard Whately, afterward Archbishop of Dublin, and expressed a wish to be received by him as his pupil. Whately scarcely took the trouble to look his visitor in the face, but coolly answered:

"You were plucked, I believe. I never receive pupils unless I see reason to assume that they mean to aspire at honors."

"I mean to aspire at honors."

"You do, do you?" was the rejoinder. "May I ask what class you intend to take?"

"A first class," said Senior coolly.

Whately's brow relaxed. He seemed tickled with the idea that a lad who had been plucked in November should propose to get into the first class in March; and he at once desired the plucky youth to come to be coached. Never were tutor and pupil better matched. Senior read hard—went up into the schools in March—and came out with the highest honors.



THE MISSES McMILLAN have opened a store on St. Catherine street, for the manufacture of all kinds of fancy goods from paper or silk. This is a new business in Montreal, and the Misses McMILLAN's store is well worth a visit from any who are not aware what beautiful and attractive articles can be made of paper. Their advertisement appears in another column.

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MARK G. McELMINNEY, OTTAWA.

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Air-castled home of a sprite
Who woos me to sleep in the day-time
And robs me of slumber at night;
Fain would I bless that man Raleigh,
Who brought thy soft sweetness to light;
Dull care is dissolved in thy vapors
That waft perfumed dreams of delight.
But for one little item, Sir Walter
Had most made me call thee a churl!—
On the day that I smoke—well, I must not
Kiss the cherry-red lips of my girl.

THE up-town barber remarked the sparsity of his customer's locks.

"Have you ever tried our special hair-wash?" he added expectantly.

"Oh, no; it wasn't that that did it!"

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IN FOR IT.

"WHAT are you crying about, my little man?"

"Jimmy Dodds licked me first, an' then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, and then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, and now I'm afraid I'll catch it again from father."

MANAGING EDITOR—What was it that young fellow wanted?

OFFICE BOY—He says he wrote a sonnet entitled "Dolly's Dimples," and it got into the paper headed "Dolly's Pimples," and that he wants it explained, as it got him into trouble with something he called his "fecansay"

TWO Irishmen were one day discussing the respective merits of the sun and moon. "Sure," said Patrick, "the sun gives a stronger light than the moon." "True," answered Brien; "but the moon's the more sensible." "How do you prove that?" says Pat. "Aisy," responds Brien, "for the moon shines in the noight when we made it, and the sun comes out in the broad daylight when a one-eyed man can see without it."

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THAT WE BELIEVE WILL BE APPRECIATED BY THE
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An idea of the range of our prices will be found in the following list:

DINNER SETS, from	• • •	\$3.00 to \$150.00	5 O'CLOCK TEA SETS, from	• • •	\$1.00 to \$10.00
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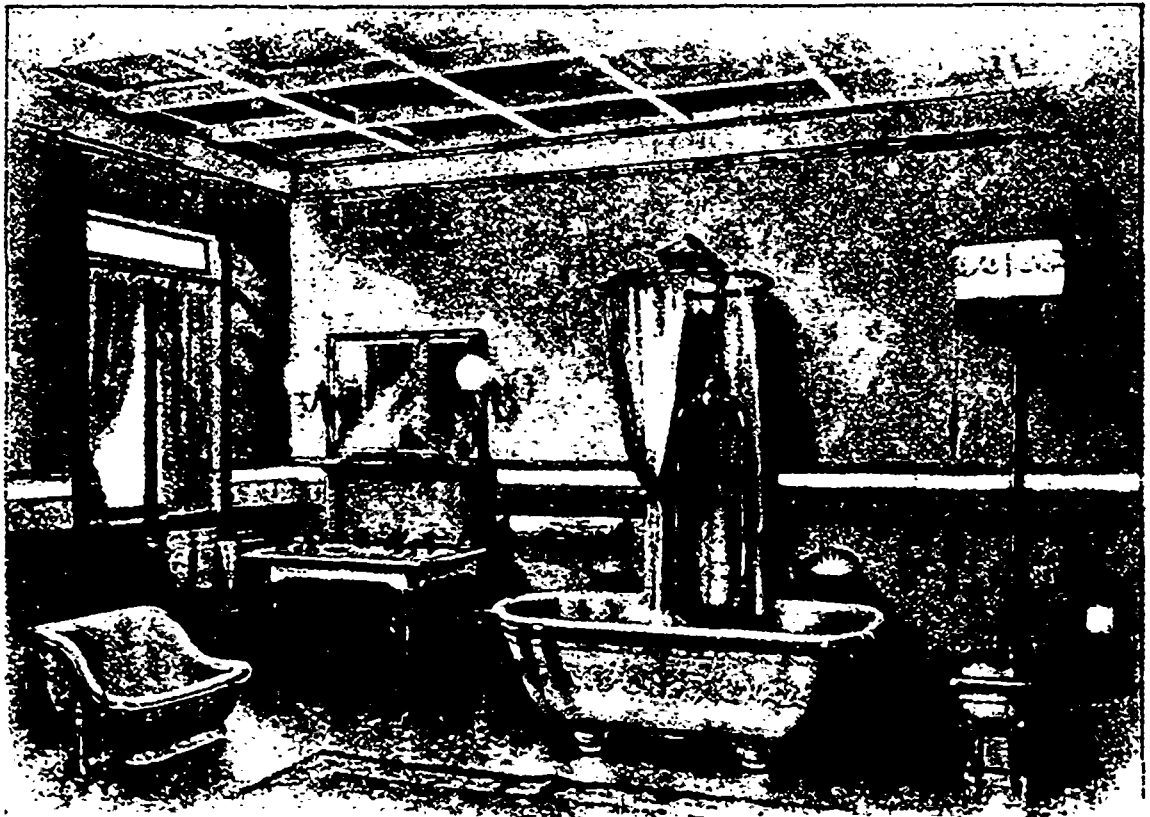
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A LIGHT NON-ALCOHOLIC CHAMPAGNE,

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A FICTITIOUS KIND OF CHRISTMAS.

Timon Tells How the Real Thing Differs from the
Painted Article.

ANY ONE of our more observant citizens who peruses the Christmas numbers that are now coming out will at once be struck with the fact that the style of Christmas to which the artists and writers of the pictorial papers are evidently accustomed differs very materially from that we personally enjoy. According to these beautifully illustrated periodicals, Christmas is a time when all mankind neglects its business to indulge in a species of eight-day-love-as-you-please, when their whole energies are bent upon being good to their neighbors, and their whole time is devoted to rushing to the departmental stores, and expending huge wads of bills in presents for themselves and a select assortment of delightfully refined blind girls and crippled boys, who choose this season of the year, in preference to all others, for starving to death in picturesquely comfortless garrets.

According to the writers at Christmas time, all is good nature and joviality. The motormen throw back the limbs that the trolley cars have incidentally removed from their fellow-citizens with kind words and smiles of recognition. Men come home to find tons of coal shot in their yards, which they have only got to carry up four flights of stairs to gladden the hearts of their little ones. Portly citizens, who slide down the front steps with unexpected velocity, and strike the pavement with force enough to discount a pile-driver, arise with a merry laugh, and simply push back the few inches of their spine that have shot up through their hats and walk away carolling like larks. Delicate women find sausages tied to their door-knobs. And the family dog is tired to death biting pieces out of strangers, who turn out to be long-lost brothers, who have returned from gold or the Klondike with a ton of gold and a strawberry mark in their valises.

This is the way the Christmas periodicals put it, and, presumably, at some period in the world's career—in the "once-upon-a-time," in which all our other fairy tales happened—there may have been Christmases like those they depict in such glowing colors. But that was a long, long time ago. It is certainly not the way in which Christmas affects this bustling city at the close of the nineteenth century. There may have been a time when men fell on each others' necks at Christmas-tide without endeavoring to "pinch" their scarf-pins, but that was in the early times in Britain, when the popular costume was a dab of blue paint, and the men carried a club for purposes of argument. In those days, long-lost brothers could have turned up without embarrassing the cuisine or increasing the grocery bill. But nowadays, a long-lost brother would never have a chance to fall on anyone's neck and burst into

long forgotten tears. On the contrary, he might be interviewed with the axe and landed in the patrol-wagon before he could persuade his unwilling relatives that he was not working a bunco game. Nowadays, our long-lost brothers wire us that they are coming, and that they will draw on us at sight for the amount of their railway fare and hotel bill, at a time when we have just 40 cents in our bank account, and the grocer has drawn our attention to the size of his bill. And thus we do all the shedding of tears that is requisite ourselves. And the long-lost brother is uncomfortably ahead of the game.

Alas, for the Christmas of periodicals! Alas, for the illusions of our boyhood's days! Nobody ever drags in a Yule-log now. The majority of our citizens are not exactly sure whether a Yule-log is a new brand of canned food or an attachment for a bicycle. And even if we did get one where should we burn it? The family hearth of to-day is a leaky radiator; and we couldn't get the log into the furnace. The Santa Claus of these degenerate times would have to be drawn out as thin as a stick of macaroni to crawl along the hot-water pipes. And if anyone was to suggest a bowl of "wassail" we should scout him as a malignant idiot. We like our beer on ice nowadays. And if anyone put apples in it we should kick him. One by one the picturesque surroundings of olden days have disappeared under the baneful influence of rapid transit and an inventive age. The suburban flat has long since superseded the baronial hall. And the peasant's cot of modern times is up seven flights of stairs in a tenement house, as angular and bare as a penitentiary, and not half so comfortable. In vain do we decorate our apartments with painted canvas, holly and wood-pulp mistletoe. In vain do we drape the stovepipes with nondescript green wreaths, purchased at the grocers'. A vengeful Providence pursues us. It usually rains on Christmas Day—a nasty, mean little snivelling rain—and people paddle about the soppy streets under soaked umbrellas, while the grip microbes have to work overtime in order to keep up with the demand. Only when we gaze at the darkened landscape through the bottom of a tumbler with something warm and comforting in it, and the subtle fragrance of lemon insinuates itself into the leaden atmosphere, do we feel the glow of Christmas percolating through our veins. And if we do this too often we may see pink camels and sky blue giraffes, in addition to the other Christmas visions, and have nightmares just as horrible as the colored illustrations in the holiday supplements.

But the magazines never lose heart. Year after year they give us the same old song-and-dance that we have listened to ever since the earliest missionaries aroused us from our heathen carelessness and comfort, and scared us to death with tales of punishment to come, if we did not put the sixpence we had saved up for candy into the contribution box. Year after year we see the same improbable pictures, and read the same impossible tales. And, so long as the present age of conventionality lasts, we shall probably continue to do so. But one day someone will arise who will demolish the present paste-board fetish, and show us the actual Christmas, stripped of its tinsel gaiety and forced joviality. Then we shall arise and welcome him with a howl of exultation, as our forefathers welcomed the inventor of whiskey, as nature's last best gift to man.

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DECORATED CHINA CUPS AND SAUCERS, in all the newest designs. Prices are 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c each.

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SUGAR AND CREAM SETS in beautiful blue decoration, only 50c a set.

DECORATED CHINA TEA POTS, blue decoration with chain drainer, only 20c each.

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JAPANESE PIN TRAYS, worth 15c. Sale price, 5c each.

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JAPANESE VASES, beautiful new designs and colors. Special prices are 25c, 45c, 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$4.00.

A SPECIAL TABLE OF SAMPLE VASES, of the latest styles. Regular prices are from \$4.00 up. Your choice on this table at half price.

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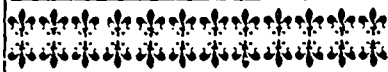
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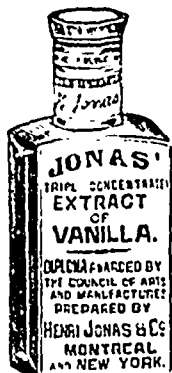
A CORRESPONDENT of The London Academy says that he has heard the following story told apropos of the difficulty to the youthful mind of comprehending Gray's "Elegy": "A master who was superintending a boys' reading class, which was working through the poem, asked one of his pupils what was the meaning of the line, 'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.' The question was evidently a poser, and it was some time before the answer came, 'Four rude old men sleeping in church.'"

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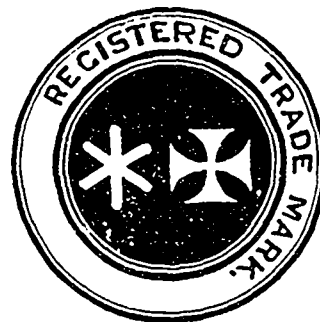
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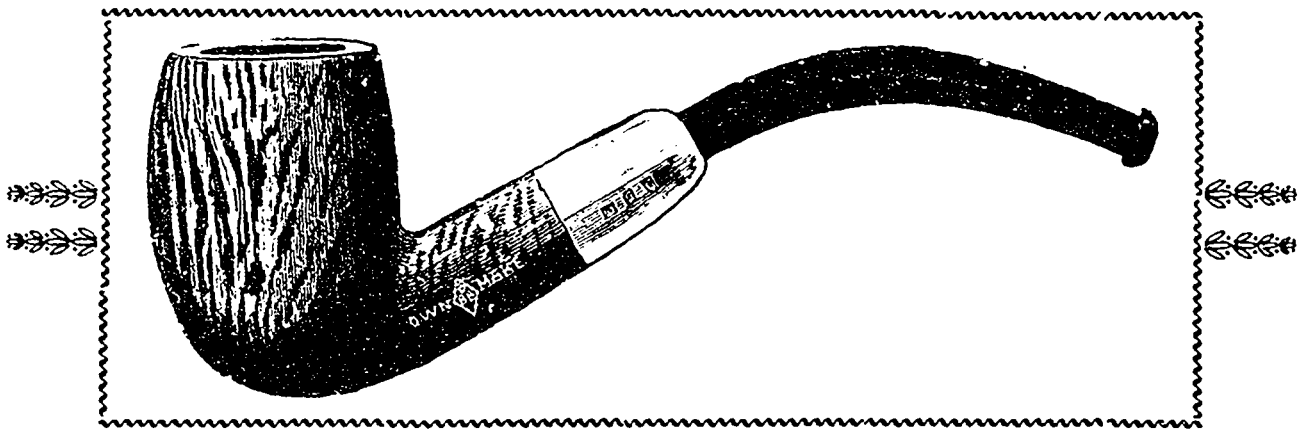
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Invite the attention of the readers of "Montreal Life" to their *entirely new stock of choice artistic goods* specially imported for this season's trade, all selected with care to suit the tastes and wants of our numerous customers. We take it for granted that your hearts are in the right place this year, just as they always have been in the past, and that you feel the same generous desire to remember those you love with appropriate and desirable Christmas gifts this season as heretofore. We are, therefore, pleased to announce to you that we have laid in a large and very complete assortment of beautiful, new Holiday Goods, perfectly adapted to the wants of warm-hearted gift-makers. Our stock is so extensive and varied, and withal so carefully selected, that we do not see how we can fail to please every single person who is looking for a desirable and appropriate present for anybody. We are going to be the people's *Santa Claus* this season just as far as the inexorable laws of business will permit, by selling you Christmas gifts of all kinds at the lowest scale of prices known to honest trade. Among the many numerous articles, we mention a few lines of very useful and ornamental presents, such as:

Fine Brassware.—Mirrors, Photo Frames, Sconces, Candelabras, Smokers' Sets, etc.

Gold-Plated Clocks, Gold-Plated Inkstands, Calendars, Thermometers, Candlesticks, etc.

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Cosy-Corner Lamps.—Wrought Iron, from \$2.00 to \$5.50 each—very popular in New York.

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Highly Polished Japanese Cabinets from \$1.00 to \$5.00; children's at 35c. each.

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Mirrors in all sizes and shapes, and at very low prices

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THE ORIGIN OF MODERN GAMES AND TOYS.

CHRISTMAS is only a few days off, and the season of toys and Kris Kringle is already occupying some of the attention of the older folk. The shops are displaying their novelties as they have been displayed at this time of the year, time out of mind, for, be it known, dolls and tops have equal claims to be the oldest known toys, and, it is probable that children have played with them in every century since the world began. Many changes take place in the course of even 100 years, and fashions in dolls and tops must have varied greatly since the little Egyptians used these toys.

Tops of cedar wood, carved in the form of the whip top of to-day, have been discovered in Egypt, dating back to 2500 B. C. This was about the time of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, whose daughter found the little Moses on the river bank. Educated in the palace with the little princes of Egypt, going with them to the school called the "House of the King's Children," Moses, no doubt, spent his playtime with the other boys, spinning his top in the marble paved courts that sloped down to the Nile's blue waters.

In the tombs of the Pharaoh, built by this same Rameses, the body of the little daughter of one of the Ptolemies has been found, holding in her arms her old-fashioned doll.

In the ruins of Troy, Schliemann found terra cotta tops, and tops exactly like ours. The history of Eastern nations, like that of more classic and modern peoples, is too pompous and grand to concern itself with children's playthings. It is the same in Greece and in Rome, but there are the monuments to speak for themselves. At Tanagra, in Boetia, small china figures have been unearthed that represented the daily life of the people, and were intended as memorials of those in whose tombs they were placed. In the children's graves were buried small figurines, evidently

their dolls and playthings, and, though broken to pieces in sign of grief, when put together they are perfect, and the colors as bright on the china as if they had just been burned in the kiln.

In the National Museum at Naples, too, may be seen toys, among them balls, dolls, and tops of wood, recovered from the ruins of Pompeii. The Romans had a word, pupa, meaning a baby girl, from which comes the French poupee, doll, and our word puppet. Doll is thought to be from idol, or from dol, Old Dutch, which, curiously enough, means a whipping-top.

and, perhaps, was originally a general name for toy. Dolly-shops, in England, were places where rags and second-hand goods were sold, and were distinguished by the sign of a black doll.

There is a curious identity about games and tops found in different parts of the world, as if they all, originally, had a common origin, and, in spite of world-wide wanderings, and the ages that have passed since their invention, they have preserved this identity in a marvelous degree. All ball games and quoits can be traced to the discus, an iron quoit used by the ancients. Homer tells of the disk-throwing in the games at the obsequies of Antroclus, and, it was precisely like the game that men and boys play with horseshoes in our country towns and villages.

The South Sea Islanders have 16 different examples of string and finger puzzles, all beginning like a cat's-cradle, which all civilized babies learn to play. They have also the games of tip-cat, jackstones, and hop-scotch. Ancient ring puzzles of carved ivory, brought from China by seafaring men years ago, are of the same pattern, and made on the same principle, as the steel and iron ring-puzzles made in a Canadian black-smith shop in colonial days.

The Hawaiians and the Indians of America have in common, a game of dice stone, one face marked with a cross, and the different stones have one, two, three dots and a blank. The spots count, and the highest number wins. Instead of stones, the Miamaes and the Algonquins use bone dice.

Little as they know of mathematics, in theory or in practice, the New Zealanders and the islanders of the Southern Archipelago, have the same method of counting out in turn the players in a circle, that is common among children of civilized lands, like our eeny, meeny, miny, moe, catch a nigger by the toe, and the English William-Mattnity-he's-a-good-wat-erman.

"Buy a button, steal a button," and a way children have of going over the buttons on their own or on others' dresses, to foretell the profession the future will bring them—"rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; lawyer, doctor, Indian chief," are identical with the old custom of casting lots, and all these cases go to prove the theory that, in the beginning, such games as cards, chess or dice were invented, not so much to amuse the people, as to foretell their future.

MELBOURNE.

Christmas in the Country.



THERE'S a pair of ol' boots in the garret,
An' a suit of ol' clothes in the press,
There's some surplus preserves in the cellar,
We kin spare a few coppers I guess
Fer, although we're not nabobs, Maria,
An' work's scarce, an' money is tight,
I reckon we've got enough by us
To make Christmas fer somebody bright.

There's the fambly that lives roun' the corner
Whose dad died o' fever las' year;
The mother - poor woman! takes washin'
But has a hard struggle I fear.
A half dozen helpless young children
So many to school an' to feed!
To see them poor, ragged, starved youngsters
Is enough to make any heart bleed.

It isn't that givin' folks vittles
Er clothin' means doin' em good!
You kin feed 'em, an' clothe 'em, an' house 'em,
But a curse goes along with the food.
If yer only encouragin' paupers
Too lazy ter work for their grub
But when they're not poor thro' their own fault,
An' its Christmas time there is the rub!

An' so I am ready, Maria,
To give them the truck we kin spare -
Though the gaunt winter grows at the doorstep
An' though jobs this pas' fall has been rare:
To give with a smile an' "God bless you!"
Without any fixin's er fuss
Whatever we kin, ter make Christmas
Es merry fer them es fer us.

J. A. T.

Christmas Gifts in Leather

**NO. 3471.**

Texas Steer Combination Purse and Card Case with Solid Silver Corners, but without letters, \$2.25.

Complete with three Roman letters, as illustrated, \$3.45.

"Texas Steer" is one of the new things in fancy leather this season. As its name might indicate it is a stalwart leather, with a handsome grain and finished without gloss. It is a rich chocolate color.

NO. 3472.

Gentleman's Black Seal Card Case with Silver Corners, \$1.50.

NO. 3473.

Gentleman's Brown Morocco Card Case with Silver Corners, \$1.25.

NO. 3474.

Gentleman's Pigskin Card Case (slightly smaller than illustration) with Silver Corners, \$1.00.

NO. 3470

Seal Combination Purse and Card Case, Black, Dark Green or Blue, with Solid Silver Corners, but without letters, \$2.00.

Complete with three Cypher Letters, as illustrated, \$3.05.

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The Blues and Greens are both rich dark shades.

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7 - RETAIL STORES. - 7

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"The story about the rich man whom she could have married."

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The captain of one of the batteries, seeing his first sergeant flying by with the first gun, shouted angrily:

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To which the gunner curtly replied:

"Hanged if I know! Ask the mules."

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