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# MONTREAL LIFE



ALL

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"What was that?"  
"Her father wanted something to boot"

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Ar. Buffalo	10:00 p.m.	12:00 noon	12:00 noon
Ar. London	9:40 p.m.	11:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
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" "	9:00 p.m.	" "	6:45 p.m.
" "	9:20 p.m.	" "	9:15 p.m.
" "	9:40 p.m.	Montreal	9:40 a.m.
" "	10:15 a.m.	" "	11:15 a.m.
" "	11:20 p.m.	" "	6:40 p.m.
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Ottoman	Nov. 4th,	Nov. 4th, 2:30 p.m.
Vancouver	" 8th, "	" 8th, 2:30 p.m.
Dominion	" 18th, "	" 18th, 2:30 p.m.

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\* This steamer does not carry passengers.

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October 25th	Canada	Nov. 8th, 1:30 p.m.

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### NOT A SUBJECT FOR HUMOR.

Mrs. PECK—I believe that every one of the writers of these articles making fun of married life are single men. I don't suppose that one of them was ever married.

HENRY: N-n-no, dear; he wouldn't be writing jokes about it if he was.

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These artists are members of the principal Art Societies of England, and their work always prominently placed at the leading Art Galleries of London.

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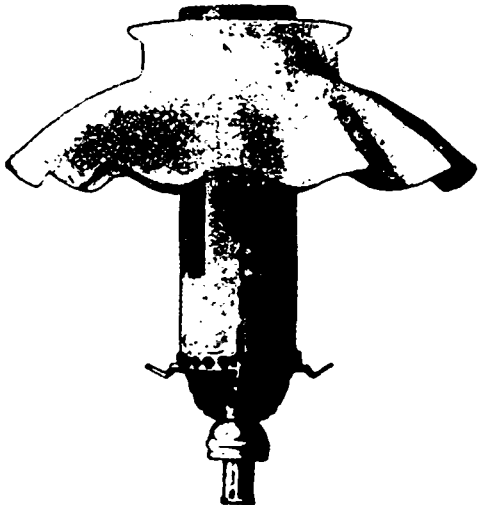
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# MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1899.

TELEPHONS:  
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## TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.**—Johnny, did you ever tell a lie?

**JOHNNY.**—You don't want me to tell another, do you?

## HIS PLACE IN THE WORLD.

**"BILLINGS** doesn't know a good thing when he sees it."

"Then why in thunder doesn't he get a job as a dramatic critic?"

## THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

**SOME** people think that politics in Canada is a profession. But there is a growing minority who regard it as a disease.

Wealth, they say, doesn't bring happiness, but neither does poverty; so what's a fellow to do?

When a doctor says that his treatment will straighten you out in a week there is room for some doubt as to his meaning.

The signal for the Royal Victoria College yell—a mouse.

Business is always picking up with a shoplifter, and looking up with an astronomer.

## SELFISH SELF-DENIAL.

**WEST.**—Did old Bonder sell his turnout and take to riding in the street cars to economize?

**MORSE.**—Well, I should say not! He wanted to set his neighbors a good example. You see, he has bought stock in the street railway.

## THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

**"YES,"** said the uptown tobacconist, "when I have a rank lot of cigars that I want to sell at a good price without hurting my reputation, I simply tell a customer that they were smuggled. The man never asks any further questions, and nine times out of ten comes back for more."

## AN EXTREME CASE.

**"THEY** say Pennyworth is getting awfully saving in his old age."

"Yes, he has even stopped shading his letters when he writes, in order to save ink."

## NERVE.

**"YOUNG** man, in asking for my daughter's hand, do you expect to get any money?"

"Well, I must confess, sir, that future prospects are more to me than immediate emolument."

## NOT IN HIS LINE.

**"YOU** can't spell long words like hippopotamus and parallel-ogram," said the little boy who wore spectacles and a sailor suit.

"Well," answered the boy who was leading a dog by a piece of rope, "dat's where I'm lucky. I don't have to."



AN AFFECTING REUNION.

[Vide Sir Charles Tupper's kind words about Mr. Clarke Wallace and Mr. Clarke Wallace's kind words about Sir Charles Tupper in recent speeches.]

## TOMMY KNEW WHY.

**"WHAT** bright eyes you have!" said the visitor to five-year-old Tommy. "You must get plenty of sleep."

"Yes'm," he answered. "My mamma makes me go to bed every night at 8 o'clock."

"That's to keep you healthy," said the visitor.

"No, it ain't," replied the youngster; "it's so she can mend my clothes."

## Life in a Looking-Glass

**E**FFIGY-BURNING is always a serious business. The spirit of the mob that burns a man in effigy is the spirit, in embryo, of the mob that would burn the man himself. It is serious enough to burn the caricature of a detested foreign tyrant, even though he be, as Kipling says, "sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled." But it is much more serious when citizens of a common country get to burning up each other in effigy. To hold up a man, even in lifeless proxy, to such ridicule, contempt and hatred as are implied in public execution by fire, is to assail his character with a bludgeon, and to leave a wound in his own and his friends' feelings that is likely to rankle for years. It is one of the most serious forms of libel, and has often been punished by the courts with great severity.

**I** AM not trying to make the recent effigy burnings in Canada assume an importance to which they are not entitled. A crowd of excitable and imprudent young men are to be excused for a good many things which would be inexcusable coming from older and more experienced people. Those who burn effigies, as a rule, do not represent the sound, effective sentiment of the community. But there is always a cause for an effect, and when we see unstable persons, who fail to realize that they have any responsibility, going to excesses, we may be pretty certain that there has been either direct incitement or contributory negligence on the part of persons who should not be unstable, and who should realize their responsibility. Altogether, too much feeling has been worked up over the Transvaal contingent, and there is but too good reason to believe that the politicians and their mouthpieces are responsible. They have seized on this question, like greedy dogs upon a bone, and, for purely selfish ends, are resuscitating animosities which we had all hoped were dying out. It is not a hard thing to make the people of Ontario misunderstand those of Quebec, and vice versa. But the politician or the newspaper that wilfully misrepresents these two Provinces, one to the other, for political ends, should not be tolerated. Let Canada beware, lest, in cementing the Empire, she be forced by the politicians to disintegrate herself, and lest, in giving to the world a proof of Anglo-Saxon unity, she make an exhibition of unseemly domestic strife.

**T**HERE is no question that the vast majority of Canadians were enthusiastically in favor of sending troops to the Transvaal. The sentiments that prompted their enthusiasm were most admirable. He is a poor specimen of humanity who has not felt the generous thrill of patriotism and national pride. But let us not forget in the excitement of the moment that there was something to be said on the other side; that this, like every other human problem, was one where there was room for honest difference of opinion, and that every man who did not endorse the scheme at once was not necessarily a traitor any more than those who have not volunteered for service are necessarily cowards.

**S**PEAKING of volunteering and of war, which are now the uppermost topics everywhere throughout the British world, was it not Dr. Parkhurst who said, not long since, that what the world needed nowadays was not so much men who would die for their country as men who would live for their country? The saying, whoever was its author, is a wise one. There is always, perhaps, some danger of glorifying the men who encounter physical risk in their country's behalf at the expense of the less showy heroes who, without any brass band to announce their coming or their going, silently do their duty,

often at great sacrifice, in behalf of good government, of right social life and of the world's advancement towards a happier state. There are men in our shops and offices worthy of medals and statues, if their deeds were but known. The spirit animating those who march out to meet hardship and gamble with death in a foreign land is touching and admirable always—and yet it is true that what the world really needs is heroic lives rather than heroic deaths.

**A**S predicted by LIFE, the match played under English rules on Thanksgiving day between the Irish and Montreal Football teams was a pleasure to behold, and according to the players it was pleasure to participate in. A fast but never rough or brutal game, such as we on this side the Atlantic have unfortunately become accustomed to of late years, it was also from a scientific point of view a capital exhibition of good football. Dribbling and fast passing were the features of the play. Although the local team were beaten, they had the Irishmen on the defensive the greater part of the last half, but were unable to score a sufficient number of tries to win the game—rouges not being counted. If, however, the Montreals were not such poor place kicks, the score would have been much closer than it was (20 to 12); for, while the teams scored the same number of tries each, viz., five, the Irishmen kicked all their goals and Montreal failed every time. An amusing incident in connection with the game was that the stop-watch given the referee stopped altogether in the second half, the result being that this half lasted 61 minutes, but this was evidently not noticed by the spectators, so interested were they in a game, not only free from the pyrotechnics that are ordinarily supposed to deepen the enthusiasm of the grand stand, but replete with open play, fast running, good punting.

**A**NOTHER Canadian has met with distinguished success in the United States, proving for the thousandth time that this country turns out as much ability to the square foot as any other. The Rev. Dr. Arthur L. Williams, who has just been consecrated Bishop Coadjutor (Episcopal) of Nebraska, is the son of one of Ontario's pioneer clergymen. Bishop Williams has lived in Chicago for many years, but is still a young man, and will be, it is said, the most youthful looking bishop in the Episcopal Church of the United States. If Canada could but keep all the brainy men she produces what a breezy nation we should have on this side the line! Of course, there might be compensating disadvantages. Goodness knows it is hard enough for the ungifted, average man to climb upward on the ladder of fortune as it is, without having the scramble for a place on the rungs made all the harder by an access of competition. Still, brains make room for more brains, and the problem before Canada now, as during the past 30 years, is, I firmly believe, not so much how to entice strangers to come here as how to induce our own to remain with us.

FELIX VANE.

**W**E only have to wait long enough and everything we are looking forward to, either with pleasant anticipation, or the reverse, at last takes bodily shape, and so quickly becomes a thing of the past. The international yacht race, that has formed one of the principal themes of conversation in every state of society for many weeks, is now but a matter of history, and already the sting of disappointment is losing its intensity. We hoped to win; we would have liked to win, but our hope was quenched, our liking went for naught—a not unusual experience to any of us, collectively or individually. Sir Thomas Lipton says the better boat won. Who are we to contradict the owner? And the one consolation in regard to the whole affair is, that apart from the somewhat contrary disposition of the uncontrollable elements, there seems to have been a total absence of disagreeable or unsportsmanlike feeling; which, in these days of universal variance, is as miraculous as it is pleasing.

**THE HOUSE PARTIES OF ENGLAND.**

**M**R. EDGAR FAWCETT gives the following, we trust, somewhat lurid picture of swell society life in England at the present time:

Now is the time when country "house parties" begin among the fashionables of England, and they last on through the entire winter. At these entertainments more money is spent than during the height of the London season. Invitations are sent out months ahead, and those to meet Royalty are held inviolably sacred. For a woman in the smartest sets there is almost no limit to expenditure. She need not appear at breakfast unless disposed to do so, but at luncheon her presence is expected, and there a handsome attire must be worn. If she goes out with the sportsmen, as she often prefers, tailor-made gear, of the best mode, is requisite. For afternoon tea she must present herself in a constant change of the most attractive tea-gowns. At dinner she must be apparelled with striking elegance. A great amount of nightly gambling is kept up at country house parties. Poker and baccarat are chiefly played. Ultra-swell life, through all the winter months, is one riot of artificiality and pretension. The whole result is a continuous pouring out of money, and it is a truth that though rank and title count at these luxurious assemblages, they are of slight real importance unless wealth backs them. In this way a kind of aristocratic plutocracy has grown up in England, circling about the Prince of Wales, its mild though firm-seated despot. It is he who has set his stamp upon the most costly garments for men at the tea-hour—jackets of brilliant satins and silks and velvets, befringed and embroidered. How the whole system of dauntless extravagance is kept up nobody seems to comprehend. Perhaps Bond street tradesman, with immense unpaid bills, could give some sort of answer. Parisian modistes and milliners might give a similar one.

**MONTCALM'S VASES AND OTHERS.**

An historic vase was recently put under the hammer at Christie's, London. It was one of a pair presented to the Marquis of Montcalm (the defender of Quebec) by Louis XV. The last bid for this splendid work of art was £1,995. One of the largest vases in the world was a present from the late Czar to the city of Paris. It is made from an immense block of jasper, is eight feet high, and is valued at £1,500. Ten thousand guineas paid by the Earl of Dudley for an antique vase and ewer of early Sevres china was the largest sum ever paid for a vase. It was afterwards sold to Baron Schroder for 8,000 guineas. Five thousand guineas were paid at the sale of the Lynes-Stephens collection, in 1895, for an oviform vase of old Sevres porcelain, painted with horsemen and figures, after Wouvermans, and a trophy of arms in two medallions with fluted neck and handles formed as gilt figures of boys, by Dodin and Morin, 15¾-inches high; the price included a pair of oviform, flat-shaped vases of comparatively small value, apart from the one above described, the three being one set, which formed part of the Earl of Pembroke's collection. In Mr. Jones' collection of pottery and porcelain, at the South Kensington Museum, there is an egg-shaped Gros Bleu Sevres vase, with medallions of Cupid and Psyche, which was acquired for 3,000 guineas. The celebrated Barberini or Portland vase, now preserved in the gold chamber of the

British Museum, was purchased by Sir W. Hamilton for £1,000 and afterwards sold to the Duchess of Portland for £1,800.

**TRAINING DOGS OF WAR.**

**F**OR the last five years a society founded under the auspices of Herr Bungartz, the animal painter, has been training Scotch shepherd dogs to assist the relief parties in discovering the whereabouts of wounded in battle, and last week the general in command of the ambulance manœuvres in connection with the 8th German Army Corps near Coblenz allowed four of these sagacious creatures to take part in the exercises.

**MISS EDITH YARRINGTON**

As Jack, in Jack and the Beanstalk.

Their value was abundantly proved, for they tracked down in a few minutes a score of men so concealed that the bearers could never have discovered them in daylight, much less at night. Herr Bungartz gave a lecture at the close of the proceedings on the breeding and education of these dogs of war, and several regiments are keeping small packs of them on their own account.

"Here's something for the good of the caws," remarked the crow, as he called his fellows to discuss the newly-made stack.





## BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Forthcoming  
Canadian Books.

A NUMBER of important contributions to current literature, by Canadians, will shortly make their appearance. It has been no secret for some time that Professor Goldwin Smith has been engaged upon and has practically completed a work on "The Political History of Great Britain," a companion book to a similar work dealing with the United States and published in 1893. But it will come as a surprise to many that he has written a book on "Shakespeare: The Man," which will shortly appear simultaneously in Canada, England, and the United States. (Morang)

IN this connection, it is interesting to note that Dr. Bucke, of London, Ont., whose essay last year on Bacon as the author of Shakespeare's plays aroused some attention both here and in England, leading to some literary revival of the controversy, has compiled a little book, which will, no doubt, be sought for by the admirers of Walt Whitman. It consists of material drawn by Dr. Bucke from Whitman manuscripts, which came to him under the poet's will. The volume is well described as "Notes and Fragments," the product of Whitman's pen in the fifties and sixties. A good deal of light is thrown upon the thoughts, the studies, and the aims which then filled him. In fact, the volume is likely to stand as something of a guide to his mental evolution.

MR. J. MACDONALD ONLEY, of Montreal, who has scored many a success during the past ten years with wholesome, entertaining, and brightly-written works of fiction for lads, has finished another. It is entitled, "Fife and Drum at Louisbourg," and is a stirring story describing the adventures of two boys who accompanied the Boston expedition against Louisbourg. There will be a Canadian edition of it in time for the holiday season. (Morang).

A CANADIAN edition of Dr. Algie's novel, "Houses of Glass," is to be issued shortly. Dr. Algie is a resident of the village of Alton, Ont. Three years ago, unknown to any of his friends, he commenced writing, in his leisure moments, the chapters which now compose this successful book, without, however, any intention of having the work published. One day, during his absence, some friends discovered the manuscript, and, after reading it, insisted on its being published. After some delay, the manuscript was submitted to Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, the author agreeing to submit to his judgment on the matter. A favorable opinion and a letter of introduction to several American publishing houses were received in reply, and the result was "Houses of Glass," published under the pen name of "Wallace Lloyd, M.D." The book made quite a stir and was favorably commented upon by many reviewers. (Gage).

REV. LEROY HOOKER, formerly of Toronto, has written a novel, "Baldoon," which teems with humorous passages, comparable to those of "David Harum." Baldoon is a small settlement in Lambton, on the St. Clair river, and gets its name from the fact that a portion of the Highlanders brought to this country by Lord Selkirk (whose residence at home was "Baldoon House") took up land there. Mr. Hooker has created a vivid picture of the various types of character to be found in a place of the kind. There is sufficient incident and plot enough to make a story. But it is the character-sketching which is "Baldoon's" outstanding merit. The only edition so far, is a tastefully-bound cloth copy retailing at \$1.25, and published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE, the oldest scientific body in Canada, is about to celebrate next month its 50th anniversary, and will issue a memorial volume as the semi-centennial number of its Transactions. The volume, containing about 700 pp., will consist of scientific and historical papers by members of the Institute. The introductory chapters, giving the history of the formation of the society, will be by Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G. For frontispiece there will be a process block of Sir William Logan, F.R.S., the first president of the Institute, taken from a painting of the distinguished geologist by Berthon in 1855. Only a few copies will be offered for sale.

OTHER forthcoming books by Canadians are Mr. Louis Frechette's volume of short stories, previously referred to in this column; a collection of stories by Mr. Wm. McLennan, of Montreal, entitled "In Old France and New"; a volume of verse, "Beyond the Hills of Dream," by Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell, of Ottawa; a number of volumes dealing with phases of Canadian life and development during the 19th century: "Quebec et Lewis," by Mr. Raoul Renault, of Quebec; "History of Canada for Young People," by Miss Jean Mell-wraith, Hamilton; "Lives of the Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada," by D. B. Reid, Q.C.; "Types of Canadian Women, Past and Present," by Henry James Morgan, Ottawa. P.N.A.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE KING'S MIRROR" By Anthony Hope. Tor mo, Geo. N. Morang & Co., Limited  
 "THE AULD MEEJIN' HOUSE GREEN" (Sketches of Rural Ulster). By Archibald McLroy. Toronto, Fleming H. Revell Co  
 "THROUGH THE TIRE SMOKE." By Seumas McManus. Toronto, Geo. N. Morang & Co., Limited.



THE AUTHOR OF "DAVID HARUM."

MANY readers of LIFE who have enjoyed this remarkable book will be pleased to see what is pronounced an excellent portrait of the deceased author. It is said Mr. Westcott was nearly 50 years of age when he began the composition of "David Harum." He had been stricken with mortal illness which unfitted him for his other work, when he took up literature purely as a diversion. After it was finished he submitted it to two Chicago publishers, to two New York firms, and to one in Boston and one in Philadelphia, before it was accepted by a third, a New York publisher.



"Never be in a hurry; do everything quietly and in a calm spirit."—St. FRANCIS DE SALES.

IT sounds unmitigatedly easy to give such advice. Theories are more easily put into words than practical demonstration. At the same time, do many of us even remind ourselves occasionally of the benefit of calm, collected thought and action? Perhaps were we continually to refresh ourselves with St. Francis' precept, we might at last force ourselves to act up to it. Everything to do and no time to do it in, is the unuttered cry of most people. We see it written on their anxious, careworn faces, or judge it is so from their irritability of expression and voice. Everything to do! Yes, doubtless that is no exaggeration of the fact—whether it be the breadwinner of the family, or she who stays at home to see that the bread so won is dispensed as far as is practicable.

Yet, as a general rule, is there not ample time in the day for all that is expected of us, if we set about it in the right way? It depends very much what method we adopt. We rise in the morning feeling, perhaps, that the day is so filled up that we must plunge into a labyrinth of duties from which we can never extricate ourselves. Before we leave the breakfast table we have worked ourselves into a feverish energy that is in itself enough to deter us from accomplishing anything satisfactorily. We fly from one half-finished work to another; we lose time, and endeavor to make half an hour do the duty of 60 minutes. We fuss and annoy our co-workers, our servants, or our family, and when the dinner hour arrives, and we are obliged to sit still for a certain amount of time at the evening meal, our nerves have been strung up to such a pitch that our absence would, in reality, be preferable to our company. Nevertheless, in looking back over the allotted tasks, we discover that had one, or at the most two, been removed, there would have been absolutely no reason to wear ourselves out in the slightest degree; and if the two unusual additions had been properly treated, they need have occasioned no disturbing element. Is this sort of day an unknown experience to anyone?

POSSIBLY it is more common among women than men—as much a result of their differently constituted natures, as of the fact that their daily labor is more regularly mapped out.

Nervous prostration is a malady that seems to increase with the advance of civilization. It may be because we, who have been made in the same image since the world began, endeavor to emulate, in our powers of execution, the mechanical inventions which yearly, monthly, daily, are improved, and rendered capable of putting forth more work, and that more expeditiously. To hurry is our habitual mode of progression. To do things quietly is the last method to occur to us. And the calm spirit is the "x" of the unknown quantity. "No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch of a strong one." Hard as it may sound, the second mark is not the most frequently discerned, more is the pity! Happy are the men and women possessed of a placid, or even somewhat apathetic temperament. They may—that is, they must—miss much that the highly-strung people of quicker perceptions and more sensibility enjoy, but at the same time they escape much of the suffering. They wander through life easily and pleasantly. Hurry and despatch trouble them not. That which they can do, they perform. That which is, to all intents, impracticable, worries them but slightly; with the result that old age, creeping on apace behind them, finds their tread firmer, their eyes brighter,

their tempers infinitely sweeter, and their tongues less venomous, than those of the rest of his victims. And he hesitates a while to lay his relentless hand upon them.

While we of the unrestful minds, the unquiet actions, the anxious faces, are we ever going to try the expediency of a less difficult course? Yes, it is to be hoped! To be feared—no! Yet, as the younger generation grow up, and fill our places, it is of undeniable necessity that they should be led to see the error of our ways, and follow, as far as in them lies, an opposite plan of campaign.

MISS JOHNSON, of Chicago, is visiting Miss Greene, Drummond street.

Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, MacGregor street, gave a very jolly lunch party last week for Miss Miller, of Londonderry.

Mrs. Gillespie and Miss Gillespie, Stanley street, have returned from Halifax, where they were visiting for some weeks.

Miss Beatrice Ritchie, of Ottawa, has been visiting Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Crescent street.

LAST week, Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Fisher and the Masters Fisher and Miss Fisher left for England, where they will spend some months.

On Friday last, Mrs. Frank Stephen entertained a number of her daughters' friends at a very pleasant "mixed" tea. Now that the evenings close in so early, these afternoon gatherings make a cheery end to a round of calls or a long drive.

MISS FLO GREENE, Drummond street, gave a small tea last week for her guest, Miss Johnson.

Mr. Beverley Bogart, of New York, spent a few days in Montreal last week. Mr. Bogart, who is well known here, is a leading spirit among the Canadians who hold their own in athletics in New York.

Mr. A. Whitelaw, who has been spending some weeks in Montreal the guest of Mr. C. H. Gould, jr., Sherbrooke street, returned this week to New York.

THOSE who spent the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day at the M.A.A.A. grounds, and their name was legion, had no reason to complain of lack of entertainment. The afternoon was exceptionally pleasant: one was surrounded by, or, at least, saw at a distance all one's friends and acquaintances; and the game was delightful to watch.

It goes without saying that, from a scientific point of view, the play was not all it should have been, the fact naturally arising from its novelty to the home team. But any fair-minded spectator must acknowledge that, as far as prettiness goes, the Irish mode of procedure is infinitely superior to Rugby as played in Canada. Even the visitors' lack of nose-guards, shin-pads, and other warlike paraphernalia was in itself an improvement. And surely it must be easier to run and kick in a light costume like theirs. Altogether there was an absence of the barbarism we begin to associate with football, and, though they may be in the minority, it is safe to say that there are not a few upholders of the sport that would gladly see English rules and regulations put into practice, to the exclusion of the mixture of American and Canadian play, with which at present footballers content themselves.

MRS. CORISTINE, University street, returned this week from New York where she has been making a short visit.

Mrs. Gillespie, Stanley street, entertained a number of friends at tea last Friday afternoon to meet several of the members of the Irish football team.

IT is with much regret that the many friends of Miss Annie O'Brien have learnt that she will not be able to spend the coming winter in Montreal. She has been advised to try what the air of Saranac, and later the Southern States, will do to alleviate the rheumatism to which she is a martyr.

## SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

**M**R. AND MRS. G. LOW have returned from their wedding trip, and are now settled in their pretty flat in "The Denbeigh," Western avenue.

Mrs. Jarvis, who has been visiting relatives in England during the past year, returned last week to Montreal, and is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Piers, Dorchester street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Macpherson, and the Misses Macpherson, have returned to town from Dixie, and have taken a house on Stanley street.

**M**R. AND MRS. ROBERT ARCHER have returned to Montreal, and have taken Mr. Reid Taylor's house on Peel street, for the winter.

The Rev. C. J. Boulden, of Berthier, spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mrs. Denne, University street.

**O**N Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Davies, "Beausjour," Pine avenue, was at home to a large number of friends, from 5 to 7 o'clock. Her house, which is admirably adapted for entertaining, looked unusually bright and pretty, and in the hall an orchestra of four pieces played a delightful selection of popular music. Though it may reflect on the average taste, it is wonderful how much more keenly the majority of people listen to rag-time music, coon songs, and marches, than anything of a classical nature. Among the guests were noticed: The Misses Galt, the Misses Williams, Mr. Paget Aylmer, Miss Coristine, Mr. W. Murray, Mr. Duff, Mr. Peck, Mr. Sutherland, Miss Evelyn Marler, Miss Forget, the Misses Ward, Mr. H. Eddie, Miss Eddie, Miss Reekie, Miss Day, Mr. J. Thomas, Miss Burke, Mr. M. Burke, Mr. Browning, Miss Piers, the Misses Johnson, Mr. Joseph, Mr. H. Learmont, Mr. Ross Crawford, Mr. H. Rawlings, the Misses Rawlings, Miss Lily Graham, Mr. L. Johnson, Miss Smith, Mr. Smith, Miss Dunlop, Mr. R. Wot, the Misses Sewell, Miss G. Cundell, Miss Donahue, the Misses Taylor.

**A**NOTHER tea on Saturday was that given by Mrs. J. T. Molson, University street, for Mrs. E. P. Winslow, of St. John, N.B.

On Thanksgiving day, a large and most enjoyable luncheon was given by Miss Van Horne, Sherbrooke street.

**M**RS. E. P. WINSLOW, St. John, N.B., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Spragge, Durocher street.

Mrs. F. H. Simms, University street, has cards out for an "At Home" on Monday, October 30, from 5 to 7 o'clock.

**M**RS. J. HOLLISTER WILSON, 1000A Sherbrooke street, will be at home to her friends, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

**T**HE marriage of Miss Gladys White, daughter of Lieut. Col. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, to Capt. J. T. Ogilvie, Royal Canadian Artillery, will take place in Quebec on November 22. Owing to its being of a military character, a somewhat unusual event in Canada, it will evoke no little interest and excitement, even outside the circle of immediate friends and acquaintances.

**W**HILE riding, on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Harold Hampson was thrown heavily, the fall resulting in a fracture of the collar-bone. Though this is a most painful accident, he is to be congratulated on not receiving other and more serious injuries.

**P**ROMPT action in all cases of necessity really seems to be a characteristic of Montreal people, or, to be more general, let us say Canadians. The ready acquiescence of everyone to contribute to the patriotic fund, and the immediate organiza-

tion of a Soldiers Wives' League, prove that most hearts are in the right place, and most hands far from chary about undoing purse-strings. The very idea of our own men turning out to form the much talked of "Canadian Contingent," gives us an insight into the feelings of many a British wife and mother who are giving, ungrudgingly, their nearest and dearest for country and justice. And all we can do to show our sympathy, both for our own and those already at the front, will not be too much. Nor will it, we may be sure, be unappreciated.

**T**HE many friends of Mrs. Newnham, wife of the Bishop of Moosonee, will regret to hear that she is confined to the house through illness of a somewhat serious nature.

Miss Stewart, who has been visiting friends in the United States for some weeks, has returned to town, and is the guest of Mrs. Hooper, Beaver Hall Square.

**O**N Saturday afternoon and evening, the pupils of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Caldwell gave an exhibition of their work, done during last winter's session, at her studio. There was a large attendance of pupils and their friends, and much well-merited congratulation was exchanged, the bulk of the work exhibited being decidedly creditable to the young artists. Amongst the most striking pieces noticed were a cupboard green tea-service decorated with tiny marines; a Sevres blue tea-set with pink roses; a large jardiniere with pink and crimson roses; a tea-service with rich double violets; a set of dessert plates with miniature heads; a set of service plates decorated with Persian designs; and some beautiful specimens of lustre work.

**A** TORONTO engagement that is of interest to many outside of Toronto is that of Mr. Leighton McCarthy, the young gentleman who succeeded his uncle, the late D'Alton McCarthy, as Member of Parliament for North Simcoe, and Miss Muriel Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of "Carbrook," Toronto.

**O**N Thanksgiving evening the Montreal Rugby Football Club entertained the visiting Irishmen to a Canadian Thanksgiving dinner. The president, Mr. E. W. James, occupied the chair, with Mr. J. G. Franks, the captain of the Irish team, on his right. There were also present the following gentlemen: of the Irishmen, Messrs. Nicholson, White, Harvey, Stokes, Dinsmore, Myles, H. H. Boyd, Davidson, H. G. Rowan, R. R. Boyd, McGill, Doran, Stevenson, Lepper, A. C. Rowan, McCredy, of the Montreal, Messrs. Woodhouse, Suckling, Bonin, Henderson, McLean, Jack, Ayherst, Savage, Porteous, Reid, Lewis, Eward Black, Claxton, Finley, McCoomb, and others. Speeches were made by Messrs. Claxton, Black, Finley and James, of the Montreal club, and Messrs. Franks, Nicholson and White, of the Irish team. There were also songs, both patriotic and sentimental, as well as a few offerings to Bacchus. The only name mentioned that called forth anything but enthusiasm was that of Oom Paul, for whom groans were given in the most approved manner, while that of "Balls McGregor" (the wild Irish yell) was received with the most exuberant enthusiasm.

**M**ISS HICKSON, Mountain street, who has been spending some weeks at Saratoga Springs, has returned to town.

Mrs. Woulham left last week for Kingston on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Andrew T. Taylor.

**W**HEN it was suggested in last week's issue that more people might profitably enjoy mountain strolls, it had not then transpired that there was a possibility of their falling in with "big game." To meet a lynx is not an experience to be coveted by everyone, and, though Mr. H. C. Hill is doubtless the richer by a handsome skin, another rambler might not have escaped with his own in good preservation. Cows, to

the feminine mind, are neither a pleasant nor a necessary adjunct to a country walk, but, when it comes to wildcats as chance acquaintance, a certain proportion of the population will uncomplainingly pay calls or stay at home.

**MRS. ANDREW MACPHAIL**, Peel street, gave a very pleasant tea on Saturday afternoon for the Misses Megarry, of Belfast.

On Monday afternoon, Miss Coristine, University street, gave a small tea party for Miss Rathbun, of Deseronto.

**ON SATURDAY**, Trafalgar and its hero, Nelson, came in for their share of commemoration, and in Montreal it is pleasant to note that the glorious day was not forgotten. National heroes are not so plentiful that they can be overlooked. Moreover, since it has been claimed that the victory of Trafalgar has been rivalled—nay, surpassed—by another admiral in another bay, we must pay our tribute of honor and respect the more generously, lest the departed sailor should turn in his grave at such unjust comparisons.

**MRS. WOODHOUSE**, the Misses Woodhouse and Mr. Clifford Woodhouse, who have spent the summer months at Dorval, are once more settled in their town house, St. Luke street.

**A QUIET**, but at the same time very pretty, wedding took place early Tuesday morning in the dainty little Chapel of the Sacred Heart, in the rear of Notre Dame Church. Miss Esther Barbeau, second daughter of Mr. Henry Barbeau, manager of the City and District Savings Bank, and Mr. Auguste Lemieux, advocate, of Foster, Martin, Girouard & Lemieux, were united in the sacred bonds of matrimony. On account of recent bereavement, the ceremony was of a private character, but, notwithstanding the early hour (7.20 o'clock), a large number of friends had congregated in the chapel to witness the marriage of the young girl who, by her sweetness and courtesy, has made a host of admiring friends. The bride and groom were given away by their respective fathers, according to the custom of the Church, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Abba Troie, parish priest of Notre Dame. The musical part of the programme was in excellent hands. During the mass, Mr. Dussault, organist of Notre Dame Church, played with remarkable beauty the grand nuptial march of Widor. Mr. Joseph Saucier sang Saint Saens' "Deus Abraham" in his usual good form. Mr. Hector Bisson very prettily sang Dubois' "Ave Verum." A few members of the Gesu Choir, under the able baton of Mr. Alex. Clerk, rendered most appropriate selections.

The bride, who is a charming, fair-haired girl, looked very graceful and pretty in a most becoming "robe de rue" of grey broadcloth, with skirt, bodice, and coat to match, lined with grey silk. The skirt made with a slight train, had an overskirt with stitched cloth appliqued in diamonds at the bottom. The bodice was beautifully made with low yoke effect of white satin, covered with embroidered chiffon and embroidery of iridescent crystals. Stitched white satin was round the yoke and down the front. The little coat was of the same material with revers of white satin trimmed with guipure lace and sequins. Little straps of stitched cloth fastened the front. The hat worn with this beautiful costume was of elegant grey mirror velvet with cut steel trimmings, grey bird of paradise towards the left side, cut steel buckle and dainty choux of grey velvet at the back. A black and white feather boa completed the costume, and the bride carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, held in a cluster with a big bow of white satin ribbon. A large party of friends and relatives accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Lemieux to the Windsor station, and with the usual rice accompaniment they left on the 8.30 a.m. train for New York, where they will remain about a fortnight. Upon their return they will be en pension at 154 Mance street, where the post

nuptial reception will be held at a date to be mentioned later. A large number of tasteful and beautiful presents were received by the bride, a list of which would be too long to mention. The most noticeable is an elegant diamond ring, the gift of the groom to the bride.

**ON Wednesday morning**, at 7.15, at the church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, St. Denis street, the marriage was celebrated of Miss Lacoste, daughter of Hon. Sir Alex. Lacoste, to Mr. Louis de Gaspé Beaubien, son of the Hon. Louis Beaubien. The wedding was a quiet one, only the immediate relatives and most intimate friends being present. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. Beaubien, uncle of the groom, and the service was unusually impressive, owing to the beautiful music contributed by personal friends of the bride. Mr. Jules Hamel and Mlle. DeLorme, who in turn played the organ, Mr. G. W. Pacaud, the violin, and Mlle. Taschereau, and Mlle. G. Dansereau, who rendered the vocal portions of the ceremony most exquisitely. The bride, who was given away by her father, Sir A. Lacoste, was unattended by bridesmaids. She looked exceptionally well in a smart tailor-made suit of blue cloth, with collar, cuffs, and facings of white, braided in blue and gold. She wore a large hat of blue velvet, with white birds, and carried a huge bouquet of white roses. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Beaubien left on an extended tour in the United States, where they expect to visit New York, Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, and other cities of interest. On their return they will take possession of their new home on Prince Arthur street. The wedding presents were very numerous and handsome, and included a large number of cheques.

**ON Wednesday afternoon**, at St. Paul's Church, the wedding took place of Miss Anna Ewing, daughter of Mr. A. S. Ewing, and Mr. Robert Starke, son of Mr. G. R. Starke. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Barclay, before a large number of relatives and friends, and the church was profusely decorated with palms and chrysanthemums. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. A. S. Ewing, wore a beautiful gown of white satin, and carried an immense bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. Her bridesmaids were Miss Adelaide Ewing and Miss Starke. They wore exquisite frocks of Indian silk and lace insertion, and black velvet picture hats. They carried bouquets of pink roses, tied with long streamers of pink ribbon. The best man was Col. Starke, brother of the groom, and the ushers were Mr. Arthur Gault, Mr. H. G. Cassils, Mr. Lamplough, Mr. Royal Ewing. After a reception held at the residence of the bride's parents, MacTavish street, Mr. and Mrs. Starke left for New York, where they will spend some weeks.

**THE sudden death** of Hon. Peter Mitchell removes one of the last of the Fathers of Confederation—a man of brilliant talents, but who, for some reason, failed to win the material and social success that fell to the majority of his political contemporaries. Mr. Mitchell, it is said, was long regarded as the best parliamentary broker in the Dominion—a bill placed in his hands was almost certain to be passed. This fact shows that he had influence, and knew how to use it—if not for himself, at all events for others.

#### PRAISEWORTHY BREVITY.

**LONDON** Tit-Bits tells a good story of a lecturer who was invited to speak at a local gathering, and, being nobody in particular, was placed last on the list of speakers. The chairman also introduced several speakers, whose names were not on the list, and the audience was tired out when he said, introducing the lecturer: "Mr. Bones will now give us his address." "My address," said Mr. Bones, "is 551 Park Villas, S.W., and I wish you all good-night."

## Our 5-Minute Story

BY THE 6 P.M.

I.

TICK-A-TICK-TICK-TI-TICK went the receiver in the inspector's room, and the sergeant-in-charge snatched up a piece of paper and scribbled down the message as it came over the wires from London to Portsmouth.

At the same moment the door swung open, and Inspector Worthy entered.

"Here's a pickle, sir!" said the sergeant woefully. "Scotland Yard wants to know if we are all asleep down here, as they have heard that a white yacht is waiting in Spithead to take off the Fenian O'Daniel, who may be down here at any moment. They say the yacht's been cruising about for three days, yet we haven't once mentioned it.

"They want to know," continued the sergeant almost in a moan, "if we're asleep down here!"

"Wire back," said the inspector, "that we have learnt nothing yet, and that we have not even received from them the description of O'Daniel."

The sergeant went to the instrument, and rattled up the inspector's message.

"What do they say?" demanded Inspector Worthy, as the ticking recommenced.

"Something about the papers having been sent off eight days ago, and that there'll be an inquiry into our conduct."

"They'll find the tables turned upon them, then," said Worthy grimly, "for the papers have never arrived here. What's that?"

"There's an officer on his way down now," replied the sergeant, "to assist us. Meet the six train."

"We must do what we can in the meantime," said Worthy quietly. "No one's to blame in this station. Call Storm. There's no time to waste—it's five o'clock now."

Tick-ti-tick-tick went the receiver again.

"There you are, sir!" cried the sergeant. "Fancy 'em confessing it! They find they didn't send the papers. That's one to us!"

"Storm," said the inspector, turning to the plain-clothes officer who entered at the moment, "borrow a smart launch, and run about the water looking out for a white yacht with anything suspicious about her. Be back at Stien's Wharf by a quarter-past six sharp."

Inspector Worthy felt relieved when he had thus set the dogs of justice upon the miscreant who had attempted to blow up the Houses of Parliament.

If, however, O'Daniel escaped, the responsibility could in no way fall upon him or his co-workers in Port mouth. Still, so anxious was he to get right on to the business that he reached the station long before the train was due.

The six o'clock is not a favourite train for the Isle of Wright boats, so there are never many passengers by it as far as the Harbour Station. But on this occasion there were fewer than usual—only ten in all—and Inspector Worthy had little difficulty in deciding which of the seven men was the man he had come to meet—a rather tall, clean-shaven man between fifty and sixty, powerfully built, who seemed to note everything around him in a series of rapid glances. He would have slipped past the inspector had the latter not stopped him.

"Pardon; but I think I am here to meet you," said Inspector Worthy genially. "You are Inspector Graves, are you not?"

An expression of understanding came into the man's face, and as he replied a faint smile curled his thin lips.

"Yes—yes!" he said hurriedly. "My name's Graves—Graves. Very good to meet me, but—"

"We were only wired an hour ago, and probably you did not expect to be met?"

"O—no, I didn't," said Inspector Graves; "but pleased to meet you. No offence if I say that I generally like to work alone."

"Not the least; but the Yard sent us word that we were to meet you, and do all we could to help you stop O'Daniel."

"O'Daniel!" Inspector Graves exclaimed. "Yes—yes, of course. We must stop him. That's what I'm down for."

"We were reprimanded for not having reported anything in this connection," Inspector Worthy continued, as they walked down to the gates; "but we have received no official description of O'Daniel, so what could we do?"

"Ha! ha! That's fine!" laughed Graves. "Sorry to have seemed discourteous to you, my dear fellow, but the truth is I generally like to work alone, and I did not know you had been instructed to meet me. However, we've no time to lose—not a moment."

"Inspector Worthy then explained to his metropolitan colleague what steps he had already taken.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Graves; "you couldn't have done better! Let us, then, go down at once to this wharf, and see what your man has to report."

Arriving at Stien's wharf, they found plain-clothes officer Storm impatiently waiting them.

"I've been here some time, sir," he said. "I think I have found the yacht. She's a big steam vessel, and looks like a flyer, if ever a vessel did. No one knows anything of her, and she was coaling fit to break her neck. She only appeared to be waiting for the boat."

"What? The deuce take it!" cried Graves, stamping about the wharf mad with excitement and vexation. "What can we do now? Confound it! Did you notice her name, young man?"

"It was painted out, from what I could see. She's a long boat, and looks like a triple screw."

"That's her! that's her!" Graves cried frantically. "We must run her down somehow! What's the fastest launch you can charter?"

"This is the launch we generally use; she's good for 12 knots," Worthy replied, pointing to the little craft moored to the wharf.

"Twelve knots, by heaven! The yacht can do 30. She's the fastest thing afloat."

"If we were across the water, we might explain matters to the admiral, who might feel inclined to put out a torpedo-destroyer."

"No good, sir," Storm interposed. "All the fast boats are running round the island except the Conflict, and her fires are out, to my knowledge."

"Then what can we do? Overtake her we must!" Graves stamped about the wharf. "What's the next fastest thing at hand?"

"The harbormaster's steam-launch."

"Get it—beg, borrow, or steal it!" cried Graves. "I leave it to you, inspector, to manage; but, for goodness' sake, manage it somehow with the harbormaster."

"She's lying-to with steam up," said Storm. "I passed her on our way in. But she can't do more than 22 knots at the most, and, as she doesn't carry guns, the yacht may defy us."

"That will do, my man," Graves returned impatiently. "I know the trick to stop her. Look smart, inspector, and get the launch over."

II.

It was not long before an exclamation from Storm drew Inspector Graves to the edge of the water, where, by peering through the darkness, he could just discern a neat steam-launch rapidly making across the harbor to the wharf.

"Well done! Capital!" cried Inspector Graves, running up



## PREOCCUPIED.

"Aren't you afraid your husband will be jealous if I talk to you so long?"  
 MRS. FARRINGTON—No. Dear old Jack! He never thinks of me when he has on his golf suit

and down the wharf excitedly. "We'll overtake her yet, for I'll be sworn she won't steam off too fast, for fear of exciting attention."

"Storm," said Worthy, as the launch steamed off and put her nose to the harbor's mouth, "you stand by the helmsman and direct his course, since you know which way the yacht was going. Let's have on every pennyweight of steam, please."

For more than half an hour the launch continued her course over the quiet waters. Every eye on board was strained to catch the first glimpse of the white yacht.

"Two points to port!" cried Graves to the helmsman on one occasion. "I think I guess where she's making for. That's it! Hold her, ease her!"

"What is she making?" he asked the engineer a few minutes later.

"Twenty knots."

"Can't you put it on a little?"

"Impossible!" was the answer. "Every bolt is strained to the utmost."

"What's that?" cried Worthy, pointing to a spectre-like yacht to their port.

"Port—port!" cried Graves. "That looks like her. Storm, that's her!"

"She's not making much—not more than 12 knots," said Storm.

"How will you stop her?" Worthy asked anxiously.

"Wait till we get nearer, and see."

Gradually the launch drew upon the yacht, and when the two were within 200 fathoms Graves sprang to the siren and sounded a series of irregular toots.

"What's that?" inquired Worthy curiously.

"Wait and see. We Yard men know more than you give us credit for," Graves answered. "What is she doing?"

"Slowing down."

The yacht's siren opened and gave forth a loud, long hoot, which Graves answered by two short toots. Then it was seen that the yacht was lying-to, and the launch crept up close under her side.

"What are you?" cried a man, leaning over the bulwarks.

"Drop us the gangway, and I'll tell you!" shouted Graves, with a wink at Inspector Worthy.

"All right, sir; we'll run you down a basket."

"Well, I'm hanged!" muttered Worthy, as the man disappeared. "Whom do they take you for?"

"I hardly know that," smiled Graves. "Probably a messenger for O'Daniel. Anyhow, their mind seems easy."

"Perhaps it's not the yacht we want, or he's not abroad?"

"I half think he's not aboard," Inspector Graves replied. "But I'll find that out. I'll drop the gangway myself, and you and your man can board or come up how you like. Only look smart, for there may be a rough-and-tumble to get through."

The basket came down the side just then, and Graves, making sure that the rope was thoroughly secured, got in. Four quick, strong hands hauled him up, and the next moment he tumbled on to the deck of the white yacht.

Inspector Worthy and Storm stood upon the deck of the harbor-master's launch, and watched eagerly for the gangway to be let down. Presently they heard a ringing cheer on board the yacht.

"Storm," whispered Worthy, "I don't like this. Storm! Storm! She's off!"

The triple screws of the white yacht were beginning to plough the waters, when a man leant over the bulwarks. It was Inspector Graves.

"Worthy, my dear fellow!" he shouted. "You are right;

## FIVE MINUTE STORY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

it's foolish to work alone. I could not have done without your valuable assistance. Accept my card."

And he offered Inspector Worthy a piece of pasteboard at the end of a long boathook.

"Let down the gangway!" cried Worthy, snatching the card and reading the name thereon. "O'Daniel! You—you—O'Daniel? Oh, Lord! Put it on her—put the steam on her?" he cried, turning to Storm. "We must board her some how! Put it on! Here's a mess!"

The yacht cleared the launch. Then, with a violent shudder, the little vessel plunged forward after the yacht. For a few moments not a fathom lay between them. But all of a sudden there was a crack, a hissing of steam. The launch came to a standstill, while the yacht showed a clean pair of heels, and disappeared in the gloom.

"What in the name—!" Inspector Worthy shouted furiously.

"We've split a tube sir!" said the engineer, appearing from below. "It's no good—we can't go on. The most we can do is to run back to the harbor at four or five knots."

The inspector did not reply.

Six hours later he arrived at the police station, where he found a message awaiting him.

"Graves detained at Havant by sudden illness," ran the message. "O'Daniel may attempt to reach yacht before morning. Sending down assistance. Meanwhile do your utmost."

Inspector Worthy groaned.

### THE CZARINA'S LOVE STORY.

THE Czar always loved his orphan cousin, and, as they met somewhat frequently, he did not lack opportunity of discovering for himself that his love was reciprocated, says an English paper. But there were grave objections to the match, and the young lovers had many enemies. The Czar's parents opposed the union with all the emphasis they could command. Princess Alix was a Lutheran, and Nicholas belonged to the Greek Church. To Alexander III., this was almost a fatal objection to their marriage, and everything was done that could be done to convince the young heir to all the Russias that he must accept another bride. Even Queen Victoria joined the little army arrayed against the lovers. Princess Alix was her favorite granddaughter, and she did not wish her to change her religion or to face the perils of the Russian throne. There was another serious objection, too. Both the lovers were delicate, and Alexander III. was naturally anxious that the throne of Russia should be occupied by his son's son. At last, the obstinate Czarowitch was sent on a long voyage around the world, it being hoped that, in the constant change of scene, he would forget his love and come back prepared to do as he was told. The love which had bound Nicholas to his orphan cousin was not, however, a thing that could be put off in a new country, and the heir apparent went back to Russia more determined than ever not to marry unless he loved. The voyage had greatly improved his health, so that part of the objection was removed.

But there still remained the religious objection, and Nicholas pressed his suit. He was fortunate in securing two powerful allies—the then Duchess of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Serge, sister of the Princess. Together, these women were able to overcome the father's objections, but Queen Victoria had yet to be won over. It was no easy task to convert the Queen, but it was done at length. The Duchess of Edinburgh persuaded the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Victoria prevailed upon Her Majesty. Then, as if to compensate the young people for their disappointments, the Queen suggested that they should visit England. Prince Louis of Battenberg invited the Princess to Walton-on-Thames, and hither the young man who

was to rule a hundred millions of human beings came to win the hand and heart of the woman he loved.

One would have thought that now the task was easy, but the Princess was not easily won. If others had felt that she should not change her creed, she herself had felt so even more strongly. Years before, when the Czarowitch first spoke of love to her, she had not listened, because of her horror of having to change her creed, in which she is said to have devoutly believed, and her strong religious nature had only rooted this objection deeper and deeper as the years went by. What happened at Walton, how passionately the devoted Nicholas pleaded, we do not know. But we know that a year afterward, at the wedding of her brother, the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse, and Princess Victoria Melitia of Coburg, the betrothal was publicly announced. The Czarowitch had turned up at Coburg at the last moment, not having been expected until shortly before he arrived. "I am determined at last to have an answer out of her own mouth," he said to his parents as he started. A day or two before the Princess had talked of her lover with tears in her eyes. She gave vent to her religious scruples before her brother. "You do not love him then?" said the Grand Duke Ernest; and the answer, "Oh, yes, I do, I do," showed how painful the struggle in her mind must have been.

The Queen was the first to be informed of the news that the Czarowitch had proposed and been accepted, and there was great joy among their friends that at last the long wooing was over. Then came the illness of Alexander III. and the Princess was summoned to Livadia to nurse the dying Czar. When the monarch passed away, and her lover was Emperor of Russia, Princess Alix wore no signs of mourning. It was a happy thought of the widowed Empress that no needless pain should mar the joy of the bride, who was so soon to share her son's throne, and the house of mourning was brightened day by day by the beautiful, sad figure of the future Empress, dressed in purest white. It was thought best that there should be no delay for form's sake, and the funeral was quickly followed by a wedding. On November 26, 1894, at the age of 22, Princess Alix became Empress of Russia.

### NOT WORK, OF COURSE!

"I'm a little too tired for the office," he said, as he lazily crawled from his soft, downy bed; "Hard work will soon wear a poor fellow away, I think I had better be resting to-day."

"Bill, Bill!" (at that moment his mother he hears) "Your football club captain is waiting downstairs; He's just called to see if you're willing to play in a match with the Wandering Rovers to-day."

"Yes, tell him I am," was the eager reply; "I'll go down to practise a bit by-and-bye. With the Rovers 'tis always a keenly-fought game. No matter which side the victory may claim."

So, that afternoon, in a blazing hot sun That climbed by "degrees" to a hundred and one, He dribbled and tackled, kicked, tumbled and ran As only a British-born footballer can.

And then, when the contest had come to an end, Our hero serenely remarked to a friend, As he toweled his aching and dust-covered frame: "Don't you think we've been having a jolly nice game?"

### THE FATE OF A TELL-TALE.

"OH, George, who opened the canary's cage?" "I did. As you told me a little bird was a-whispering to you when I was naughty. I knew it must be him, as there was no other little bird about, so I opened the cage, and the cat's eaten him. That's wot he's got for telling on me!"

## THE PASSING OF THE TILE.

THE modern silk hat, or "topper," can boast of an ancient lineage, and, though its style has varied with ages, it has always been a symbol of respectability, denoting that the wearer was a cut above the common folk. Beaver was the original material out of which the tile was manufactured. Chaucer describes the merchant on his Canterbury pilgrimage as wearing "on his head a flaunderish beaver hat." In the middle of the next century, there is a list of articles belonging to Sir John Fastolfe, among which is "a hatte of beaver lyned with damaske."

An old song of Elizabeth's reign runs :

The Spaniard's constant to his block,  
The French inconstant ever,  
But of all the felts that may be felt,  
Give me your English beaver

It was not until the seventeenth century that the hat supplanted the cap, which was the earliest form of headgear. In the Roman days, it was worn slung at the back, and only used as a protection in stormy weather. During the reign of Charles I., the "sugar-loaf" was the prevailing fashion, wound with a rich hatband and trimmed with a feather on one side. They were "so incommodious for us," said one of the wearers, "that every puff of wind deprived us of them."

The Puritans wore the same shape, but considered the feather too much a mark of vanity, and they also wore a more modest brim. The Cavaliers even had iron hats made to wear in their wars. One which belonged to Charles I. may now be seen in Warwick Castle. At the time of the Restoration the tall hat passed out of fashion, for Charles II. brought the French periwig home with him, and the broad brim, low-crowned hat was more in keeping with it. Finally, the brim of these picturesque hats grew so extravagant that it became necessary to turn it up, which at first was done at the back, and then anywhere, according to one's fancy. Out of this grew the cocked-hat of William's reign. The lackeys and coachmen of the King of Italy still wear this style on dress occasions, and it is used by other of the Royalty and nobility of Europe.

During Anne's reign the cocked-hat marked the wearer as a gentleman or man of profession, and it was the style to carry it under the arm.

Again, after the first quarter of last century, the tall hat reappeared and became "the favorite mode of quality" and "the polite distinction of fashionable undress." It was later adopted in Paris and known as the *chapeau à l'Anglais*. With many other victims at the time of the French Revolution, the cocked-hat lost its head, and was succeeded by a crescent shape, which inherited the old name. Under the Empire the old shape was revived; but the stove-pipe, with its remarkable hold on life, again crowned men's heads, and has remained with us ever since, in varying degrees of height and breadth.

About the time of Queen Victoria's marriage, the beaver was supplanted by the silk hat, for the supply of beaver was becoming exhausted, and the silk hats were much cheaper. A ballad of the day runs:

When Albert comes to Britain's isle,  
We'll dress him out in the first of style,  
With a shirt and a four-and-ninepenny tile,  
To marry the Queen of England.

The process of making the silk hat of to-day is very interesting. Technically speaking, the hat consists of three parts,

the top, the body, and the brim. There is a wooden block, exactly the shape of the "body," made in five pieces, so that the block may be taken apart for the removal of the hat when it has been shaped, for, as the upper part flares, it would otherwise be impossible. A strip of muslin, the exact size of the block, glued together on the edges, is slipped over the block; shellac is then ironed into the muslin and left to dry; two or three more layers of muslin are wound around the block, each being shellaced as the first, but not cut off separately. After the first layer has been ironed on, the brim is added. A strip of muslin for the brim is stretched on a frame, shellaced, and left to dry, and so on, with from two to four layers for an ordinary hat, though for livery hats this is sometimes repeated six times. This stiffened muslin, which has grown brown from the color of the shellac, and looks like brown paper, is then cut into squares, and a hole cut in the centre to slip it onto the block. This hole is smaller than the block, so that it leaves a rim around it, which is ironed down and serves to make it strong; then the other layers are put around the "body." The crown is added by being ironed on, as the heat melts the varnish and makes it adhesive. When all the parts are put together, a final coat of varnish is given, and it is impossible to feel a seam anywhere. Next comes the covering. First, a strip of the plush is cut for the covering of the brim, and ironed on. Then, a piece on the bias for the body of the hat is slipped onto the form, having had the crown carefully sewn in on the wrong side, after which it is ironed. The joining of the bias seam requires expert workers, who turn it out with no more evidence of a seam than is to be seen in the skin of a plum. The next step is the shaping, or "putting in the curl," as it is called, for up to this time the brim is perfectly flat. First it is pressed by a flatiron, to make it pliable, and then ironed on a form the shape of the curling brim. The hat is then put on to a "brow," shaped like a man's



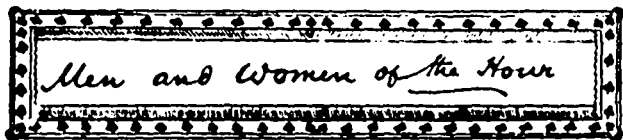
(As the sloop "blanketed" them.) "What a peculiar bald spot Topsals has on his head!"  
"Yes. Do you know what caused it? He is five feet five inches tall, and there is only five feet four inches headroom in his cabin."

head, and the finishing touches are added. Finally, it is ready for the lining, which is done by women.

An English nobleman who has made war upon the silk hat has said that nothing short of a revolution could bring about its downfall. It is possible that this will be accomplished in a truly modern fashion without the shedding of a drop of blood.

Don't forget that despair is one of the gateways of insanity. In this world the demand for excellence will always be greater than the supply.





### AN ADVOCATE OF IMPERIAL UNITY.

IF there is one Canadian whose words and deeds have tended toward that recognition of Imperial unity seen to-day in the sending of troops from the colonies to assist the Motherland in a foreign war, his name is George Taylor Denison. For 30 years Lieut.-Col. Denison has strenuously advocated the unification of the Empire, not only commercially and politically, but in matters of defence. He has contended that the colonies, and particularly Canada, should contribute directly to the military and naval undertakings of the Empire, and no heart could be happier than is Lieut.-Col. Denison's over the ready response that has been made to the call for Canadian volunteers for the Transvaal.

Yet, the frank, soldierly gentleman, whose portrait appears herewith, takes very little credit to himself for the growing attachment of Canadians to the Imperial idea. "I have done



LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON.

nothing," he says, with a laugh, "but play a little upon the feeling that was already in the hearts of the people. It had not been there it could not have been played upon. To arouse a sentiment that is latent is not difficult. The credit belongs to the people, not to any organization or individual."

Indeed, behind the outspoken and aggressive personality of the lieutenant-colonel, there is a modest and retiring disposition, for which he does not always get credit, but which those at all well acquainted with him admire as one of his strongest points.

Five generations of Denisons have worn the British uniform. The lieutenant-colonel's great-grandfather was Capt. John Denison of the 2nd West York Regiment (England), who settled in Canada and ended his days here. His son, the first George Taylor Denison, served as a volunteer officer in 1812 and 1837, commanding a cavalry troop which he had himself organized, and which is now known as the Governor-General's Body Guard. The second George Taylor Denison was a lawyer, but gave his attention principally to militia matters and commanded the troop organized by his father. He was the father of the gentleman here portrayed—who is the third individual to bear the name, and whose son, George, commands one of the four troops of the Governor-General's Body Guard as now constituted.

Lieut.-Col. Denison began his military career in 1855, when he was gazetted a cornet in the troop with whose organization his family had been so prominently identified. Two years later he became a captain; in 1862 he was major, and in 1866 his rank had advanced to that of lieutenant-colonel. He served honorably in the field in both the Fenian Raid and the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. Lieut.-Col. Denison has written extensively, principally on military questions and subjects connected with Imperial unity. In the late seventies he won the first prize offered by the Emperor of Russia for the best history of cavalry, and subsequently he went to St. Petersburg and spent several months there, being presented to the Czar and Czarina.

A founder of the Canada First party, and president of the Imperial Federation League in Canada, he has given of his time, energy and money ungrudgingly, whenever it appeared to him that by so doing he could advance the interest and reputation of his native land. Lieut.-Col. Denison's determined stand against both the Commercial Union and Annexation movements won for him in some quarters the name of a violent extremist. But he maintains to this day that his language and actions were not a bit too strong—that if someone had not taken a vigorous course, the promoters of what are now generally regarded as having been dangerous movements might, perhaps, have gone on unchecked until it was too late to save Canada to the Empire. It must not be supposed, however, that Lieut.-Col. Denison is in any sense a party man. He has lent his services to the Liberals at one time, to the Conservatives at another, according as their respective policies were, in his opinion, conducive or opposed to the welfare of Canada and of the Empire.

His views on the question of Imperial defence, now a very live topic, are well set forth in the following words from his pen:

"There has been in the last 25 or 30 years a revolution in the affairs of the world in reference to national relations and methods of defence. Germany has united, and we remember that it was accomplished under the stress and trial of war. The German Empire was inaugurated in the greatest palace of France, to the sound of the German cannon firing upon the capital city of their enemy. Italy, as the result of three wars, has been united and consolidated. The United States during the last year have launched out into the politics of the world, have adopted expansion as their policy, and are pressing their views on the Filipinos with rifles, maxims and field guns. We have discovered this year once more by hard facts what history in all ages has shown—that nations cannot expect to exist upon the security of their natural moral rights, unless those rights are supported by physical strength. Spain has been taught that might prevails, and she has been crushed and humiliated for doing what the United States are now obliged to do themselves in the Philippine Islands. The greatest lesson of all, however, which this last year has taught us is that which we learn from the impending fate of China. There is a nation of 300 to 400,000,000 of people, honest traders, I am told, certainly most inoffensive and unaggressive; a nation which, from its peaceful character, industrious habits and natural reserve, should have been the last to have aroused hostility. It has neglected its defences and has taken no effective steps to protect itself from wrong, and what do we see now as the result? The nations in the possession of navies and armies are commencing to tear it to pieces and divide the spoils. And what are we in Canada doing? We are following the example of the Chinese, and trusting to the forbearance and sense of honesty of other nations, instead of relying upon our own strength and the strength of the Empire, to which we could better appeal if we did our own share properly. Thirty-eight thousand militia, drilled spasmodically, without the necessary equipment and departments, without reserves or even rifles to arm them, is no contribution to the strength of the Empire. This should be changed at once. We should establish depots for training our fishermen and sailors to supplement the Royal Naval Reserve, and the guns with which to train them, the barracks in which to house them, and the permanent instructional staff necessary to drill them, if judiciously placed in batteries in front of St. John (N. B.), Charlottetown, Quebec and other seaports, would be aiding the British navy, which protects our mercantile marine, while matters could be arranged to make them a defence for those seaports, which at present would be at the mercy of any swift cruiser that, evading pursuit, might approach their wharves. Our militia should be largely increased, and supplies of all kinds provided, and, in agreeing to do our share in developing and strengthening the military resources of the Empire in our own borders, we could fairly ask the Mother Country to remedy a danger which at present menaces the safety of our race."

His long advocacy of such a policy seems now to be nearer realization than ever before.



THE following is said to be an effective and harmless remedy for excessive tan or freckles caused by life in the open air: If you put a tablespoonful of the bes. benzoin in a basin of water night and morning, wash your face and hands in it, and then rub them with a little cucumber cream, your complexion will improve very much and soon become soft and white again.

SEVERAL English women who paint make very comfortable pin money from the sale of their pictures. Miss Kemp Welch received £525 two years ago for a single canvas, and this year she got £500 for another. Miss Dicksee got £250 last year for a painting, and her "Sheridan at the Linleys," which was hung at the Academy this season, brought £262 10s. Mrs. Alma Tadema, of course, often nets a large yearly income from her beautiful work with the brush.

THAT people who are supposed to be in the "sack cloth and ashes" of grief should endeavor to turn their sombre garb into a means of attracting attention in public is not a pleasant reflection to the mind untainted by the shams of ultra-fashionable life. But that the feat can be and has been accomplished, here is proof. A correspondent, writing of the recent brilliant army manoeuvres at Krasnoe-Selo in Russia, remarks that Princess Bariatinsky, who dresses excessively well, and is possessed of that delightful chic which one so often meets with among the higher classes of Russian women, was gowned on the day of the sham fight in a way which showed that even when wearing personal, or court mourning, one is not on that account obliged to abdicate all claim to creating a very favorable and fashionable impression. Her frock was of pineapple batiste dyed a glossy black, made over rustling silk of the same sombre hue, and adorned all over the corsage and for a depth of about eight inches around the skirt with a series of jet fish-scales which sparkled in the sun like black diamonds. Her large black straw hat was covered with jet powdered black thistles, and her sunshade of black lace was also brightened by the greatest quantity of finely cut sparks of jet and black crystal.

DISCUSSING the relative teaching ability of men and women, Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, the noted educationist, says: "It must be admitted that many women principals, even of large schools, are extremely successful. The common assertions that the older boys in the grades need man government, and are less virile and more given to vice when under women principals, are not, he believes, sustained by evidence. When one reflects on the increasing number of able women who, though well-to-do or having their support from others, demand to be usefully active, and on the increasing number of able women who have to win their own bread, one must, apart from all gallantry, wish to keep open women's chance to compete for school principalships, as well as for all other positions which they can successfully fill." At the same time Dr. Andrews does not think that men are naturally less competent than women to teach young children. One of the most successful kindergartners he ever knew was a man, yet he had no special qualification for the work beyond education, devotion and determination.

A WOMAN, it would appear, figured in one of the most famous English newspaper "scoops"—the one that is supposed to have furnished George Meredith with the plot for his "Diana of the Crossways." In 1845, when all the agitation was going on over the corn laws, Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, declared that he would stand fast by them. Yet, at the beginning of December of that year The Times created a sensation by declaring that the Government was about to bring in a bill for their repeal. Everybody was astounded, and the feeling generally was that the statement was not true, and that The Times had been "had." Yet the accuracy of the report was soon established, and then the question arose as to how The Times had found out. Few people ever knew. The night before The Times made its announcement, a Cabinet Council was held, and it was then actually decided to take the momentous step. When the members of the Government separated, one of them, Mr. Sidney Herbert, went to dine with Mrs. Norton, a lady well known in society. The combination of a good dinner, excellent wine,



"I have proposed to her just twelve times, and I shall not propose another time."

"How superstitious you are, Mr. Binks."

and feminine beauty resulted in Mr. Herbert indiscreetly letting the secret slip from his lips. His companion made no remark, but as soon as opportunity afforded she got into her carriage and drove to The Times office with the news. Five hundred pounds was the price demanded, and it was paid. One can admire Mrs. Norton's thrift, but not her code of ethics.

GERALDINE.

#### TWO DEFICIENCIES.

SHE.—You have no sky-scrapers in Montreal, have you?  
HE.—No; and, I'm sorry to say, no earth-scrapers either.

### SOLDIERS WHO HAVE RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

IN civil life the reappearances of those who are believed to have long since been dead are not uncommon; but the vicissitudes of war render such occurrences far more frequent in the army. After any great battle certain men have disappeared, and, although they are not to be found among the slain, the authorities think they are correct in putting them down on the roll as dead, and acquainting their relatives with the fact. As many instances are recorded of this being done, and the assumed dead rising as it were and suddenly appearing among his relatives, one can easily imagine with what surprise, we might almost say terror, such events were received.

Just such an occurrence as this has happened in America during the past few weeks, the war in Cuba being the cause of the error. A young sergeant of the United States army went into action with his men at one of the great battles which took place during the war, and up to a few hours prior to the conclusion of hostilities he was noticed to have escaped unscathed, and was cheering on his men with all the zest of a sincere patriot. Suddenly, however, he disappeared, and his comrades thought he had been struck down by a bullet, one man afterwards swearing that he saw him lying on the ground mortally wounded; but he must have mistaken him for another man, for such was not the case. When the carnage was over, and the dead and wounded had been identified, no trace was to be found of the missing sergeant, and his death was looked upon as a certainty, especially as no prisoners had been taken by the Spaniards throughout the engagement. So things went on, the lost man's relatives being informed that he was dead; but the announcement was made prematurely, for the other day he turned up in the United States, and on arriving at his home found his relatives in mourning for him.

Then he narrated his adventures. He had been wounded in the fray, and as his regiment was at the rear of the opposing force he had fallen from the ranks unnoticed. When night came on he failed to attract the attention of the ambulance wagons, so crawled away to a stream in search of water. The next day the Americans withdrew from the place, little knowing that they had left a wounded man behind them. He eventually fell into Spanish hands, his wounds were dressed, and, at the cessation of hostilities, he was set free, when he at once made his way back to America, and much to the surprise of everyone arrived there safely not long ago.

During the Napoleonic wars, and especially after the retreat from Moscow, such happenings were anything but rare, and day after day stragglers crawled into France, eventually reaching their homes, where they had been numbered with the dead. Families undergoing the deepest affliction were at once plunged into happiness as the figures of those they loved darkened the doors once more, and it is said that in more than one instance the shock was followed by death. But it is not generally known that the great Napoleon himself was once numbered with the dead, and that during the same period. All day long a sanguinary battle had been raging between the French and Russian armies, and as night began to fall it looked as if the slaughter would go on in the darkness, neither side showing any inclination of giving in. The night came on, and the flash of the rifles was all that broke the blackness and penetrated the mist and rain. Suddenly it was discovered that the Emperor had disappeared, and it was feared that when morning broke his body would be found among the slain. The staff withheld the fact from the soldiers, knowing well that the news would immediately demoralize them. When dawn broke the firing began with greater fury, but the missing Emperor was nowhere to be seen, and fears of his death were somewhat relieved by the belief that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. About midday the fact could no longer be hidden that the Emperor was indeed missing, and it seemed that a panic would follow. "Where is the Emperor?" cried everybody. Napoleon, however, was keeping his own councils, and before long he was on his white charger, among

his men again. Where he had come from none knew, but it subsequently transpired that he had been on one of his little rambles, which he was so fond of doing incognito, to see how things were going, and not being as well acquainted with the country as he thought he was, lost his way in the darkness. He played his staff just such a trick at Waterloo by slipping away on foot unseen to another part of the field in order to encourage his men.

A remarkable case took place during the Peninsular War, a young English officer being the cause. He was taken prisoner by the French at Vimiera, and carried into France and imprisoned. Owing to the negligence of the French military authorities, or to wanton cruelty, his identity was not made known to the English, who put him down as dead. For fifteen years he was kept shut up in France; but after Napoleon's transportation to St. Helena he was released and came back to the Mother Country. On arriving home he found his wife was dead, and that his property had been split up by his relatives. At first he was regarded as an impostor, who, hearing of the officer's death, had come in his place to claim his possessions, and, as his imprisonment had altered him considerably, this was quite feasible. However, he soon established his rights, and his property was restored, while he was welcomed as a hero.

A still more remarkable instance is told as having taken place during the same campaign. A soldier disappeared, and it was presumed he had been shot, so information to that effect was sent home to his relatives, and in due time the fact was forgotten.

Many years afterwards, however, a traveler was exploring the Spanish interior when he chanced to be caught in a heavy storm, and sought shelter in the first house he came to. He could not speak Spanish very well, so was agreeably surprised when he heard his host break into English. Presently the storm cleared, and with thanks to his benefactor for his hospitality, the young Englishman rose to go, but the other insisted on his staying the night. After a great deal of persuasion he did so, and, in the course of the conversation which followed, it transpired that the young man was talking to no other than his own father. The veteran soldier had been struck down by a bullet from the enemy, and after the battle took refuge in the house of an old Spaniard, where his wounds were dressed and he was well looked after. He lived with the Spaniard for about six months before he died and bequeathed to the lucky "Tommy" all his possessions, he having no heir, and as they were of considerable value, the soldier did not have cause to regret his wound. After this strange meeting it was not long before the soldier's family took up its abode in Spain.

A rather strange case of mistaken identity is recorded as having taken place during the Franco-German war. A French soldier was killed during the battle of St. Privat, and recognized by his comrades as a certain private of the line. His relatives were informed of the occurrence; but when the war was brought to an end, and the prisoners returned from Germany, the missing man suddenly appeared at home. It subsequently transpired that the man who had been killed and buried on the battlefield was not the right man at all, but a double of him who was supposed to be dead. The relatives of the dead man believed him to be alive, and had to be informed of the mistake.

### A TRUMP QUESTION.

"ONCE," said the colonel, solemnly, "and only once, I had all 13 trumps dealt me."

"Er—I suppose you were the dealer?" suggested a candid friend.

"No, sir!" roared the colonel, "no sir! I was not the dealer!"

"Then may I ask what happened to the trump which the dealer turned up?"

And a terrible silence ensued.

# AN ENGAGEMENT.

(SERIAL STORY)

By SIR ROBT. PEEL, BART.

## CHAPTER I

THAT Arnold Hopetoun was honestly in love admitted of no doubt, and Miss Carstairs was supposed to reciprocate his attachment. His very intimate associates wondered why they did not marry, for Miss Carstairs was not well off, and Hopetoun's salary from the Foreign Office, if it would not provide her with a house in Green street and a brougham, would at least offer an improvement on the position she was occupying at present.

The Hon. Mrs. Carstairs was as poor as a church mouse, and, though her daughter was a beauty, the widow's means were so straightened that the girl's matrimonial prospects were slight indeed.

When Hopetoun met her, and fell prey to her fascinations, she had been staying, as was her annual custom, with some cousins of her late father's—the Marrables of Morecombe—and before her visit terminated they were engaged.

That was 12 months ago, and to-day they were engaged still.

Hopetoun was an ardent lover, and would have committed greater follies than matrimony on £500 a year for the sake of her beaux yeux. What, then, was the explanation of the delay? Had Bella Carstairs mistaken her feelings? Had she given a hasty promise of which she had subsequently repented? Not at all; she was waiting for his position to improve.

Five hundred a year seemed to the girl who had started life with the expectation of marrying the son of a duke preposterous and absurd. She was fond of Arnold, even very fond, but she was tired, inexpressibly, deadly tired of poverty. For years she had borne it; for years she had viewed plain girls driving by her in their victorias while she sat envious in a home-made frock and an omnibus. For years she had looked forward to the day when the prince of the fairy tale should appear at last, and whirl her away to a mansion in Park Lane; and her mother had encouraged her in her ambitions. Five hundred a year—how well she knew what it meant! Moderate ease at the beginning—ease in West Kensington or Notting Hill—and then a continually increasing strain, a cheap nurse, a sloppy servant, a joint one day, and cold meat the next, a theatre once in every two months in the dress-circle.

Yet she loved him! Almost she wished that she did not. Limited as her opportunities were, narrow as was her existence, she was only 27, and she might have done better than Arnold Hopetoun after all, she told herself. Had it not been that there was the likelihood of Lord Drillingham "doing something" for his nephew, the engagement would have been broken a week after it was made; she would have recovered her freedom, and waited for the Fairy Prince anew. But there was the chance. Arnold said Lord Drillingham had a sincere affection for him, and Lord Drillingham could put him into something which would double his income at the very least. With a thousand a year, and their love for each other, life with Arnold would be supportable, and even charming. Why was the wicked uncle so dilatory?—Arnold had been importuning him with requests for months!

She was thinking of all this one afternoon—secretly hating the unknown peer—when Hopetoun was announced. She welcomed him with a radiant smile.

"You are early," she said.

"I was impatient," he answered.

"How pretty! Is there any news, Arnold?"

"No," he said. "I don't know that there is any news, but I want to talk to you, Bella. I—I—look here, darling, I can't

go on waiting for you any longer! Let us marry, and take the goods the gods provide."

"Child!" she murmured. The gentleness of her rebuke was adorable.

"I am not a child," declared Hopetoun; in fact, I believe I may lay claim to being tolerably practical, and you may be very certain that I mean to work Drillingham's interest for all it is worth. But we can do that after marriage! Listen, sweetheart. I can give you comfort, if nothing more—I can give you—well, as much as you have now! What are you afraid of! Trust yourself to me, and I take my oath you shall never have occasion to regret it."

"Do you imagine," she said—"do you imagine it is only of myself I am thinking when I say 'wait'? I am thinking of you!"

"Of me?"

"Of you! Of myself a little, yes, because I am not a baby; but of you, too; of you chiefly, indeed, for it is on you that the burden of the step would fall."

"I'll chance it," said Arnold, stoutly.

"And you would never reproach me—I know that. But I will not let you 'chance it.' It would not be a chance, it would be quite a certainty. Certain disaster of which you would have to bear the burden! It sounds bad, doesn't it? The sound is nothing compared with what the reality would be! Arnold, you have never had to bear poverty—I have! I know what you do not—I know the awfulness of striving to keep up appearance; of endeavoring to make a pound do the work of two. I know how terrible you would find the life you are proposing so confidently. I am too fond of you to condemn you to it. I won't!"

It was tenderly put. Even she believed a great deal of what she said herself while she was speaking. He did not protest any longer; a man has only a certain amount of argument, and many conversations of a similar nature had exhausted much of Hopetoun's power of remonstrance. She gave him tea, and her mother came in, and presently he took his leave.

He was not in high spirits. Thoroughly as her lover may appreciate common sense in a woman, he is apt to prefer a dash of imprudence. She was right, and also she was wrong. He was not a beggar—she was not the daughter of a millionaire. Why was it so dreadful, the life he contemplated? He could not avoid reflecting that the luxuries which must be given up would be his own—his cigars, his many cabs, his little dinners at the club. Bella, on the other hand, would still have all that she was used to. Hang it, if he himself were willing to take the momentous step, why should Miss Carstairs object so strenuously?

Then he blamed his meditations. He was unjust, ungrateful. She had spoken the truth, she had viewed matters nobly; and in return he was villainous enough to reproach her. No, it would not be she who made any sacrifice, who suffered any loss, and by that very token the unselfishness of her standpoint was displayed. She was a good woman, a high-minded, generous woman! A romantic girl who loved him a title as well would have married him long ago careless of the result. He had become so remorseful for his recent bitterness that he went into the first florist's he came to, and sent her a bouquet, which she considered, when it arrived, a foolish waste of a guinea, which might have been much more advantageously expended upon gloves.

After he had dined, he went back to his chambers, and wrote a long letter to his uncle, in which he insisted for the 70th time upon his many claims upon his unappreciative country, and the ridiculous inadequacy of his present post to his requirements. "You assured me," he said, "that you would bear me in mind. I do not want to keep bothering you, but for various reasons, on which it is unnecessary to dilate, the time has come when I must recall your promise to your memory. If I do not get something better than this tin-pot

AN ENGAGEMENT--CONTINUED  
FROM PAGE 19.

berth in the F.O. I shall chuck the whole thing up, and go out to the Cape or New Zealand, and wield a pick-axe, or drive sheep. I am sick to death of my miserable pay, and of everybody's inquiries why you don't do something for me. Lady Seymour asked me last week if you had quarrelled with me. I said, 'No, but you were too busy to remember me, except at intervals.' In view of the fact that it is your boast that you are the most indolent man in town, the reply was a trifle thin; but what else could I answer? She smiled, and I groaned. I object to being asked to dinner next week in order that you may display your cordiality—even if Lady Seymour should be one of the guests. I want a more solid expression. Do look some people up without delay! Go to the Prime Minister himself. Move heaven and earth if need be. I am not a fool; even if the thing should require a man of intelligence, mirabile dictu, I can fulfil it! It is really very cruel of you, this apathy.—Your despondent nephew, Arnold."

Not so indiscreet a letter as might have been presumed by a stranger, for the recipient was not the man to be offended by it, and the ordinary epistle would have had no effect upon his lethargy whatever. That much Arnold had learnt by experience. A sweet, sunny-tempered individual, Lord Drillingham's protestations of affection were entirely genuine, and his promises, when he made them, were truly meant. Only, he forgot—the matter passed through his mind. His son was not ambitious; his daughter had her aunt to play the part of chaperon, and the widower himself was free to take his life as he pleased, unfettered by responsibilities. He had been free to take his life as he pleased, unfettered by responsibilities, for so long that anything in the shape of a duty now assumed wearisome proportions to his eyes while he suffered himself to contemplate it, and he contemplated it accordingly as seldom as was possible. A philosopher! When he clapped Arnold on the back, and exclaimed, "My boy, this foolish berth of yours won't do at all—you have grown out of it!" he spoke with the magnanimous intention of putting him into something better; but when Arnold was gone, the idea never recurred to him any more until the next time they met, and then he would clap Arnold on the shoulder, and say, "My boy, this foolish berth of yours won't do at all—you have grown out of it!" just as he had done on the previous occasion. A trying gentleman!

He was now at Deercourt, composing himself, after the fatigues of the season, by smoking cigars on the lawn, and cantering about the lanes on his cob. A little later the place would be filled with visitors, but just at present Deercourt was empty save for its owner and its hostess. Arnold's cousin—a handsome, unaffected girl—was in his confidence. She knew the motive of his eagerness for advancement, and sympathized with it, which his uncle might not have done. A matrimonial engagement is liable to weaken an elderly gentleman's interest, a woman's it intensifies. Yes, Kate Fanshaw was a very nice girl indeed, and when the letter came, and her father mentioned it to her, she added her own persuasions to the writer's.

"You have been going to do something for him for ages," she said; "you really might, papa."

"I must," said the peer placidly; "yes, I will bear it in mind."

"What does he say—may I look?" She read the closely-covered pages through in silence, and gave them back to Drillingham thoughtfully.

"Poor fellow," she said, "he seems awfully in earnest, doesn't he?"

"Yes, yes, I shall certainly remember the matter. I shall make it my business to push him forward—er—very soon."

"And to begin with—? What shall you try for?" asked

the girl. Drillingham's attention was wandering. He closed his eyes.

"Eh?" he said. "Do you mind pulling down that further blind, Kitty? The sun is rather strong, and I think I could manage to sleep."

## CHAPTER II.

However, he wrote an affable little note in reply to his nephew, the following morning, and for a while Hopetoun felt encouraged by it. Not for very long, because he had had so many similar notes, but just at first—say, for the same length of time as his correspondent's fervour of purpose lasted.

When a week had gone by, he was every whit as despondent as before, and then an idea occurred to him. It was a strange idea, a novel idea: it was, he told himself, the idea of social genius; but the question was whether he could obtain the collaboration that was necessary. About that he was not sure—in fact, he was extremely doubtful, though it was entirely worth while making the attempt. The first thing to be done, though, was to ascertain whether his fiancée would approve, and when he left the F. O. that afternoon—the inspiration had occurred to him in his official chair—he drove to the little Hampstead house forthwith.

The mother and daughter were together.

"I want to speak to you," he whispered, and by-and-by feminine diplomacy had effected a disappearance of mamma.

"What is it?" asked Bella. "Important?"

"Well, yes," said Hopetoun, "I think it may be called 'important.' Give me a kiss before I begin."

She lifted her face and smiled.

"Goose!" she said. "You are mysterious!"

"Because I like to kiss you?"

"No, wretch; that is natural."

"Delicious modesty!" laughed Hopetoun. "Bella, I've a scheme!"

"I hoped you were going to say you had an appointment."

"'Tout vient à lui,' etc! The scheme first, and the appointment will follow. In fact, the scheme is the appointment, in chrysalis form. Give me another kiss, there's an angel—'l'appetit vient en mangeant!'"

"You are very prolific of proverbs to-day," she remarked. "There! Now, impart."

"I am ready—prepare to be startled. Bella, some three-and-twenty years ago—"

"Off, do be serious!" she said.

"I am, I am!" he cried. "Some three-and-twenty years ago, the late Lady Drillingham gave birth to a daughter."

"Well, I know all that—Kate!"

"Precisely—Kate! You have not met her, but you have heard from me that the young lady is a trump. You have also heard from me that the one thing in the world harder to move than my respected uncle is a steam-roller. Well, now, listen. Lord Drillingham has an immense amount of influence. He couldn't make me Prime Minister, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Archbishop of Canterbury, but he could very easily indeed make me the happiest man in the world."

"He?"

"Completed by you! He could, as we both already know, effect that delightful vagueness termed 'putting me into something.' Only his indolence prevents him."

"Why," said Miss Carstairs, interrupting, "waste time by repeating things that we both already know?"

"Bella," he returned, "you are, as usual, right. I won't waste time. In a nutshell, he could, but he's too confoundedly lazy. Well, I've thought of a way of waking him up—but I'm not quite sure whether you'll like it."

"I can answer that in advance: I shall."

"Wait, and hear. If—I say if—my uncle were to understand that Kate's interest in me was something warmer than a cousinly one he would bustle on my behalf indeed. He may be satisfied to let me stagnate in the F. O. as his nephew, but as his future son-in-law—"

"What?" she exclaimed.

"I thought I should startle you. As his future son-in-law he'd be in a red-hot fever to make a coming man of me—coming somewhere! You follow me? I propose to persuade Kate to join me in a plot—to tell him she wants to marry me. In all his life he has never denied her anything, and after his first explosion was over—I suppose he would explode to begin with—he'd display something like commendable industry at last. What do you think of it?"

Miss Carstairs mused. "Well—but how would it end?" she asked.

"The deception would have to be sustained for two or three months. When I was really in a substantial appointment, we could tell the old gentleman that he had been fooled. He would not be outrageously angry, I daresay—I should not be the most desirable of partis at the best. We should explain the motive; Kate would be bridesmaid at our wedding; and you and I would live happily ever after. Again, what do you think of it?"

"I don't know," said his fiancee. "Anyhow, I don't think your cousin would agree."

"I'm doubtful of that part of it myself. But she is a pal, Kate—I'm not sure. If she does agree, what then?"

"If she would agree, I don't know that it is a bad plan. It sounds rather silly, but silly things sometimes come off. It would certainly stimulate that lethargic peer to action."

"Rather! He'll positively perspire in his hurry to assist me. 'My talented nephew, young Hopetoun!' 'A really brilliant young fellow, Arnold Hopetoun!' 'You will be serving me, me personally!' I can hear him! A thousand a year? In no time at all I shall be drawing two, three thousand a year. We'll have bays in the carriage, Bella, and a brou-ham for night work!"

They both laughed.

"Go and see what Miss Fanshaw says," advised Bella. "Go and put it to her, and if, like Barkis, she is willing, we'll play the farce out. When shall I see you again?"

"I'll ask for leave to-morrow. If she consents, I'll write you at once; if she refuses, I'll come and tell you so. I wish she knew you Bella; it would make her the more anxious to help us. Your likenesses don't do you anything like justice, darling—upon my word!"

After that, the conversation drifted into purely private matters unnecessary to record; but when Hopetoun departed it was definitely understood that his "inspiration" should be obeyed.

He applied for leave and got it, and, two mornings later, he was steaming out of Euston prepared to put his idea into execution. He had announced his impending arrival by telegram, and when he reached Deercourt platform he saw the dogcart was waiting in the lane behind the gate to meet him.

Ten minutes' drive brought him to the house. Drillingham and his cousin were in the morning-room.

"Glad to see you, Arnold," said his uncle. "I have been thinking of you a good deal of late."

"How are you, Arnold?" said Kate. "We were very glad to get your wire."

Then they had lunch, and afterwards Drillingham, who was nervous of being brought to bay in a tete-a-tete, pleaded letters to write, and retired to have a nap in the library, and Arnold and the girl were alone.

They went out into the grounds.

"What's the news?" said Kitty. "How is She?"

"She' is very well, thank you, but I am a wreck. Kate, this state of things is awful."

"I saw your letter to papa," she said, "and I spoke to him about it."

"And he said—?"

"He said he would certainly bear you in mind. I am awfully sorry for you, Arnold. I remind him as often as I can, but—well, you know papa! I can't say I've done any good, though I've done my best."

"You could do much more," said Arnold, "if you would."

"I?" She stared at him in surprise. "You are not blaming me, too?"



TRAMP—Sav, boss, won't ye help a poor feller?

DUDE—The old story, I suppose—sick wife and two starving children.

TRAMP—No, boss, new story—sick child and two starvin' wives.

"Oh, no, no! I mean you can do much more in future if you will. You and I were always good friends, Kate, weren't we? If I asked a big thing of you—if—if you agreed with me that it would have the desired effect, you wouldn't refuse, I'm sure? It's my life's happiness that is at stake, remember! I love Bella with all my heart. The plan I've thought of is a trifle desperate, and when I tell it to you you'll snub me; but if, in thinking it over, you can bring yourself to agree, I shall be more grateful to you than words can say."

Miss Kate Fanshaw, elegant in Liberty "simplicity"—the sort of frock beighted man contemplates, reflecting how

AN ENGAGEMENT--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

cheaply a woman can manage to look nice—stood still, with parted lips and perplexity in her eyes.

"What are you talking about?" she said rather coldly. "Yes, we are quite good friends—we always shall be, I hope. What does the preamble lead to?"

Hopetoun tugged at his moustache. Somehow it did not seem so easy to suggest now that the moment had come, and he felt that he had unconsciously exaggerated in describing his cousin and himself as "pals."

"What I mean is," he stammered, "that you have always been very sympathetic and all that." He tried to laugh. "Poor relations' are often treated to the cold shoulder, in contradistinction to the fatted calf; but you have never frozen me with fashionable airs, and—well, there was a time—two or three years ago—when we were almost like brother and sister. In plain English, you, and you alone, can help me to win Bella. I've come to-day to find out whether you'll do it."

Under a cedar close by there were two garden chairs. Miss Fanshaw sat down, her white hands folded in her lap, a little pucker of wonderment gathering on her brow. Yes, it was infinitely more awkward than he had pictured it. Hopetoun decided—inmeasurably more. He almost wished that he had not broached the subject at all. He had imagined it would be so easy, so simple, and he suddenly realized that it was an audacious thing that he was here to propose, and that he should be laying himself open to what he inwardly termed an "ugly counter."

However, he had gone too far to retreat. His cousin was waiting patiently for him to proceed, and his silence after so elaborate a prelude was becoming absurd.

"Will you please tell me what you have to say?" she said quietly.

"Yes," he declared, "it is neck or nothing—I will!"

Then he sat down on the other chair and told her

## CHAPTER III.

It was three-quarters of an hour before they rose, and he had had to exhaust all his eloquence to gain the desired result. Still, it was gained now. Kate gave him her hand, and they turned back towards the house together.

"Well, I will help you," she said; "but mind, whether papa consents or not, nobody is to know! It is to be a strictly private 'engagement' while it lasts. Papa, you, and I—nobody else must hear of it."

"Oh, of course not," he said gratefully. "I am immensely obliged to you, Kate; you are doing me an enormous service that I shall never forget."

"When shall I speak to him?" asked the girl.

He hesitated, considering.

"It is for you to 'e," she reminded him. "I have promised compliance, and I will play my part properly—you can depend on me—but the plan of action is yours; you direct the affair, remember!"

"Yes," he said. "Well, I should speak to him as soon as I go, I think. I suppose it would be better for me to go first, wouldn't it? If he is indignant, and—well, if he absolutely refuses to entertain my pretensions, I would rather hear of it by letter—it would be less awkward."

"And it will give him time to think it over," observed Miss Kate. "Yes, I fancy you had better go first. I will confess my 'wild adoration' after your departure."

He looked at her anxiously.

"You'll throw a little warmth into it?" he questioned. "Your tone doesn't sound ardent just now."

"Oh, this is between ourselves. To papa I shall be as sentimental as you can desire. Well, look here; go back to town to-night, and I will write to you to-morrow."

"You will pile it up?"

"I will pile it up, as you call it, earnestly! Don't have any

misgivings about me. If the plan fails, it will not be through any fault of mine, I assure you."

"You're a brick!" he said. "I shall be on tenter-hooks till I hear from you! And let me thank you in Bella's name, as well as my own. You are being quite a benevolent fairy, Kate; it is splendid of you!"

He was, in truth, confident of success. In imagination he already saw himself walking up the nave of St. George's, Hanover Square, with Miss Carstairs in her bridal dress; and on the journey up to Euston he decided where they would live, and if they should have a flat or a house, and many other details which were premature.

The morrow passed without any letter reaching him from his fellow-conspirator, but on the next day but one he received two notes which brought his heart up into his throat.

The first was from Miss Kate, announcing that her father had taken the news "fairly well"; the other was from Lord Drillingham himself, asking him to go down to Deercourt again.

Hopetoun positively trembled with suspense. Neither epistle vouchsafed any precise information, and it was impossible to determine what the term "fairly well" might signify. He derived the most encouragement from his uncle's invitation (though even that might be only a courteous preliminary to a snub), and, after a flying visit to Hampstead, he took his courage in both hands and bought another railway ticket.

Lord Drillingham was in the library when he arrived, and Arnold, disappointed in his expectation of having a word with Kitty first, entered with trepidation.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "This is very kind of you. I won't affect to be ignorant that my cousin has told you of our love for each other, and I thank you for your letter."

Drillingham waved a white hand towards an arm-chair.

"Let us chat," he said. "Kate has surprised me very much. I had no idea of this, none at all! Yes, I am surprised, and you won't mind my saying, Arnold, that I am not exactly overjoyed!"

"Naturally," said his nephew. "No, I could not hope for you to be overjoyed." His fairness was delicious.

"As a man of the world you see it. Kate might have married anybody—I say 'anybody' advisedly. I know that Lady Seymour will resent this attachment bitterly. It is not what we looked for—no, no!" He paused, and delicately flicked off the ash from his cigar. "At the same time," he continued, while Hopetoun gazed at him helplessly—"at the same time, Kate is a girl of remarkably strong sense. She resembles the Drillinghams in both ways—in her intellect and in her beauty. I am not disposed to thwart Kate."

"You are very good," said Hopetoun.

"I like you too—I am very fond of you, my boy. As I think you know, I am endeavoring to serve you officially—I want to see you make your way in the world."

"Then you do not refuse? I—I may hope?"

"What I propose is this. Take a few months, both of you, to make certain you have not mistaken your own minds. In the meantime the matter need not be made public, and I will continue my efforts on your behalf. Come down here as often as you like; see each other as much as you like after we return to town. It can be an engagement to all intents and purposes for the present, and by-and-by, if you are both still sure of yourselves, it can be announced to the world. Does that satisfy you?"

"It delights me," declared Arnold truthfully. "It is most generous of you. I thank you deeply, sir."

"Then," said Lord Drillingham, "go out to Kitty, who is doubtless impatient to see you! and if you will be so good, pull that blind down first; I think I could manage a nap if I tried."

Arnold found her in the morning-room, and seized both her hands and wrung them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Plays & Players

## AT THE CITY THEATRES.

THERE is very little doubt that those who have not read Hall Caine's "Christian," few though they may be, are the ones in the best position to enjoy this much-talked-of creation in its dramatized form. Perhaps this holds good generally with regard to plays arranged from well-known novels. There is always so much variation from the parent work, that people who have freely formed their own opinions and conceptions from the printed page, whether these be favorable and pleasant or the reverse, are almost certain to be hypercritical when they come into contact with the tangible and absolutely defined version of the stage. Herein lies the failure of most dramatizations.

Notwithstanding this fact, there were few who could possibly be dissatisfied with "The Christian," as presented at the Academy of Music this week. Whether or not Glory Quayle, John Storm, Archdeacon Wealthy, Lord Robert Ure, and the other characters, as interpreted by the players of the Ellsler Company, fitted in with the preconceived ideas of the individual auditor, the latter could not but admit that a great deal of strong, intelligent, and effective acting was done. The weakest part of the play was the prologue. During this rather tiresome and tame scene, many may have jumped at the conclusion that they were about to witness an inferior company plod through a performance several sizes too big for them. But the succeeding acts completely dispelled any such notion.

Miss Ellsler is not beautiful, but she is winning, and she takes what is, admittedly, a difficult role in such a way as to make its meaning perspicuous. Mr. J. M. Colville, as the Hon. John Storm, is sometimes lacking in force, and gives one the feeling that he is a little ill at ease and stiff, but, on the whole, his interpretation of his part is satisfactory, and, in the second, third, and fourth acts particularly, he shows to good advantage. Of the others, it may be said that Miss Fanchon Campbell plays Polly Love with a great deal of true feeling and artistic insight—to tell the truth this young lady's acting was more admirable perhaps than any other single feature of the play. Miss Carrie Lee Stokely is a trifle disappointing as Mrs. Callender, the wealthy, kindly old Scotch body. Mr. Frank Weston makes a tolerable Horatio Drake. Mr. Frank A. Egan, a fair Archdeacon Wealthy and Mr. Edward Emery a consistent and capital Lord Robert Ure. The minor parts are presented by capable actors.

The question has often been raised in regard to the leading characters of "The Christian," whether the author had in view individuals whom he had really met. Especially is this so with regard to Glory, John Storm and Archdeacon Wealthy, who are drawn, in both the novel and the play, with remarkable vividness. Mr. Caine, however, asseverates that he allows his imagination free play, and has never reproduced an actual character. The role of Glory Quayle has no prototype in real life beyond his wishing to portray in her the different changes in character, thoughts and emotions which a young girl will have to pass through who is reared in the limitation of a secluded environment, but possesses the ambition and energy to enter the paths of labor monopolized by men, and who falls into the vortex of the "seething Babylon of a great city." Glory, in a way, represents the writer's ideal of womanhood. He has made her with many frailties, and yet with the strong, womanly spirit to know the higher, better part of existence. He places her in the most desperate conditions of temptation to show her womanly strength and power to overcome them. Archdeacon Wealthy and John Storm were suggested by characters from life, but as "worked up" in Mr. Caine's creation have no true prototypes.

In the play the author has eschewed the religious discussions of the novel, and makes the interest centre round the love of Glory and John Storm, rather than round the spiritual and ethical conflicts waged in human hearts. Nevertheless, one feels through the drama the uplifting impulse of a conflict that entails all the strongest feelings on the side of self-sacrifice and holy living. For this reason, the production, without being once didactic, is elevating and truly moral; a work of art of which it can be truly said that it can do no one the smallest harm.

CELLO.

HELD BY THE ENEMY, at the Francais this week, is a play admirably fitted to draw at the present moment when there is so much martial spirit in the air; notwithstanding that it has to do with the Civil War in the United States, and not with our own Tommy Atkins. Artistically staged and well played, it has held the attention and evoked the enthusiasm of big houses. The vaudeville is interesting, and perhaps a little above the average. Rosaire performs some difficult feats on the slack wire. Hart Brothers give a capital musical act; Ensign Macpherson sings ballads and Wilson and Lorraine contribute songs and dances.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS.

THE people of Montreal will learn with great satisfaction that the famous Tissot pictures, illustrating the life and death of our Saviour, will be exhibited in Windsor Hall for one week commencing November 1. Messrs. George N. Morang & Company, Limited, Toronto, the well-known publishers, have secured the pictures for this purpose, and it is through the enterprise of this firm that they have been brought to the Province of Quebec.

IRISH drama, so-called, has given us few, very few, plays that have remained in favor more than two or three seasons, while those that have lived into the teens may be told on one hand. True, the farces, Paddy Miles and On His Last Legs, and the dramas of Inshavogue and The Colleen Bawn were popular for many years, but that was during the old stock days. They never had the test of combination rivalry, so that they may be used in comparison with Kerry Gow and Shaun Rhue. For longevity of life and continuous popularity and prosperity, these two plays are without rivals. Joe Murphy is to appear in these at the Academy, week of November 6, and as he has not been in Montreal for many years his engagement will be heralded with pleasure.

THE 1. is will make a decided change in its bill next week when it is to produce Fairfax, a story of Louisiana. It is described on the programme as a comedy drama, but, although there is much comedy in it, the fact remains that the author, Bartley Campbell, introduces a number of remarkable melodramatic situations which bring the piece within the bounds of the legitimate, relying only on the pretty lines to brighten up what is an interesting plot. It was one of Bartley Campbell's first successes. His Galley Slave was written afterwards. Mr. Henderson and Miss Byron have roles which suit them admirably. This is apparent after a glimpse at the rehearsals which are now in progress. The vaudeville bill will be headed by the Gloss Brothers, who are described as the greatest statue and parallel bar performers in existence.

THE famous extravaganza, Jack and the Beanstalk, is to be shown in all its splendor at the Academy of Music next week, with matinees

Wednesday and Saturday. This production has had such remarkable success that the demand for it could adequately be met only by half a dozen companies, but the management hold to their fixed principle of sending out but one production of the piece—the original and only one—and keeping it up to the high standard fixed at first. The production is a constant succession of surprises and wonders. Among the many features which have been especially admired is the electrical ballet, called "The Birth of the Firefly." The stage is in dense darkness for an instant, when suddenly myriads of little lights appear, in all possible colors, these develop gradually until the exquisite outlines of a bevy of beautiful girls are revealed, moving gracefully to the strains of entrancing music. The process of development continues until finally the dancers appear to be a whirling maze of rapidly moving vari-colored lights, operated by a storage battery from behind the scenes. The cables, one of which is attached to each of the dancers, contain numberless wires, but they are not seen owing to the darkened stage. A man is employed for each dancer, to pay the cable in and out during the progress of this scene, so there may be no danger of the dancers tripping up. This ballet is a mere incident in the production, however, for, from the beginning to the finish of the performance, something of a spirited and an interesting kind is always happening. The intermingling of the characters made famous the world over in the good old nursery rhymes affords endless enjoyment. Jack has become the son of Old Mother Hubbard, whose famous poot dog has acquired a great number of wonderful tricks. Jack's boon companion is Subbad the Sailor, and these youngsters are in love with Mary Quite Contrary and Little Miss Muffett, respectively, while Old King Cole becomes smitten with Mother Hubbard. The Forty Thieves are the henchmen of the giant, whose principal repast consists in eating the four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. In this case, though, the pie is not such a funny thing to set before the king, as it is beautiful. The pie is brought in all right, but, when the pie is opened, the four-and-twenty blackbirds prove to be as many beautiful young ladies, dressed to resemble blackbirds, and who proceed to dance a picturesque ballet. Jack and Jill, Johnnie Horner, Red Riding-hood, Mary who had the little lamb, and many other nursery characters are pressed into service to provide a highly delightful and altogether diverting entertainment.

## ACADEMY.

Beginning MONDAY, October 30.  
Matinees—WEDNESDAY-SATURDAY.

ORIGINAL  
and only  
PRODUCTION  
of the famous  
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WEEK OF OCT. 30th.

Bartley Campbell's Pretty Comedy Drama

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## CARDS AND THEIR ETIQUETTE.

THE etiquette of cards and card-leaving, as observed in fashionable circles in England, has been coming in for a share of attention in the society press. The subject is one upon which there is a good deal of divergence of practice, but a high authority gives a number of rules which may be depended upon.

As regards the regular routine of afternoon card-leaving, it may be mentioned that in the hurry and bustle of these fin de siècle days the compromise of "cards" was very much superseded that of "calls" in the mind of the society woman of the period. Time is precious, and acquaintances are many; and, whereas, a dozen years ago a lady asked if her friend was at home, she now considers her duty amply done if she leaves cards, perhaps, twice in the year.

Questions have been asked as to whether arrivals in town should open the calling campaign by leaving cards upon their entire acquaintance or if they should wait patiently for their friends to take the initiative and call first on them. Common sense rather than custom should be allowed to decide the question in favor of the new-comers at once leaving cards on everyone they know for the purpose of announcing their return.

It is considered civil to return a first card or call without much delay; certainly within a week. A woman who knows the world takes care to return both cards and calls in kind; she would not venture to pay a call instead of leaving a card, if the lady who left the card is of higher standing in society than herself. On the other hand, if the woman of position returned a card by a call it would be a gracious and friendly action on her part.

Another burning question seems to be the leaving of cards after entertainments. Cards should be left after dinners, balls, parties, concerts, and weddings, but never after teas and luncheons. They should be left the next day, if possible, but this rule is quite as often honored in the breach as in the observance, any time within a week being considered allowable. Cards must be left whether the invitation has been accepted or refused.

Sometimes when one lady is calling on another she finds her friend's carriage waiting at the door, and, if so, she would either beat a retreat and return another day, or, if time was precious, would content herself with leaving cards. She would hardly care to ask for admittance, as "not at home" is almost the certain reply; and if she were admitted, there would be a distinct gain in having detained the lady called upon from her drive.

In point of fact, there is often considerable difficulty nowadays in finding anyone at home; a great many people drive between three and five, and a woman may go from house to house through a long afternoon, without getting a glimpse of the people she really wishes to see. But as society becomes larger and card-leaving a more formidable business, perhaps the failure of the old-fashioned "call" may not be as regrettable as it seems.

Cards to inquire after friends during an illness should be left in person. The words "To inquire" must be written on the card, and if the friend is staying at an hotel the name should be written also. When a death has occurred, cards of inquiry need not be left on the bereaved family until after the funeral has taken place.

People seem in doubt as to whether ladies can leave cards on a man. The rule is that they should not do so; and even if a single man entertains, women seldom leave cards on him after the party. If a widower or bachelor gives a ball at his own house, sometimes a woman will leave her own card and her husband's afterwards.

Married women leave their husbands' cards as a matter of course, but mothers seldom undertake the task of leaving cards for their sons, or sisters for their brothers, young men usually

preferring to perform this duty for themselves, or, as too often happens in these days, to leave it undone altogether.

By the way, girls are never allowed to have visiting cards of their own; even in the most up-to-date set, their names appear printed below that of their mother, on her own visiting card. Only very mature spinsterhood gives a single woman the doubtful privilege of an independent card. If a girl, an orphan or otherwise, should reside with her brother, or a motherless girl with her father, her name must be printed beneath that of brother or father, but on a lady's, not on a man's, visiting card. The father or brother would naturally have an independent card of his own, of the usual size, on which the young lady's name would not appear.

Funeral and wedding cards have simply ceased to exist, and it is old-fashioned to send a large printed card, "With thanks for kind inquiries," after recovery from an illness. Most people simply write the words on their ordinary visiting cards, and leave them when driving, or send them by a servant. Cards must never be sent by post. This rule applies equally to town and country, and to all sorts and conditions of men and women. Turning down the corner of a card means that it has been left in person. Cards are never left on the daughters of a house.

If a mother undertakes the business of leaving the cards of her son or sons with her own, the lady returning them should be careful to leave a card of her husband's on each of the young men. If she is unmarried or a widow, she naturally does not leave cards on men. The cards themselves should be plain and simple; anything fanciful or showy, such as glaze that looks like satin, old English letters, or gilded lettering, is unheard of in good society. The cards should be fairly thick. Questions have been asked as to the way in which names should be printed. Titles appear in full, without the prefix "The," but no honorary rank, such as "M.P.," "K.C.B.," etc., is ever printed.

## WILL KIPLING LIVE?

ALTHOUGH Kipling has undoubtedly written some good things, he has unquestionably been overpraised. A good deal of this is just unthinking "hurrah," but there are now and again indications that all the world has not parted with sanity on the subject of this much-lauded author. Along comes a compatriot who admonishes Mr. Kipling that he is in danger at any moment of losing three-quarters of his vogue, because it is unlikely that the sentiment of Imperialism—whose apostle he is—will continue indefinitely to hold the interest of Englishmen. The writer rather neatly says that it is not Kipling's indisputable ability alone that has given him his vogue, but that, at least, 75 per cent. of his popularity is due to the fact that his writings have encouraged a certain national state of mind. "All that is utilitarian and materialistic, all that is inimical to thought and favorable to action, all the external rowdiness and latent Puritanism with which this century is closing so surprisingly in England, find their exact echo and confirmation in Mr. Kipling's books." This bold writer says further that Mr. Kipling has been, and now habitually is, overpraised, and that the language adopted towards him would be excessive, because unbalanced and irrational if it were applied to Sir Walter Scott, to Tennyson or to Hugo, and the writer is warned that he will suffer a swift decadence in popularity in the day when the fickle public shall demand philosophical reflection from its poets, or tender sentiment, or the symbolism of aerial melancholy. "There will be no 'Recluse,' and no 'In Memoriam' and no 'Kubla Khan' to be expected of Mr. Kipling." This and similar attempts to discriminate in the praise of Kipling are regarded by the writer's fanatical admirers as attacks. "Meanwhile," says a literary paper, "a gullible general public buys and reads the thrifty author's every book, under the impression that a second Shakespeare has dawned upon the world of letters. Some day they will know better; meanwhile they are amusing."

**A COMICAL CUSTOM.**

**I**N Spain the fan is seductive; in other countries it expresses the emotions more plainly than the face can pretend to do. But it is in China alone that the fan plays an important and indispensable part in high-class etiquette.

Spanish cavaliers may fan themselves on the watch, Japanese and Chinese workmen may fan various parts of their body with one hand while toiling with a burden in the heat of the day; but nowhere is any use of the fan so ridiculous as that in vogue among the mandarins, the elite of the Middle Kingdom.

In order to appreciate the joke fully, the reader must know that when a mandarin on horseback or in a sedan-chair meets another on foot, the exigencies of etiquette demand that he shall stop and alight, even if it is only to bestow the most microscopic bow. Naturally, this everlasting stopping and getting down to greet a mere acquaintance is very irritating to an indolent Celestial, but his inventive genius is in that, as in many other sybaritish tendencies, quite equal to the occasion.

This is the way in which they get over the difficulty. Each mandarin is attended by a fan-bearer, carrying a thing somewhat more of a screen than a fan, and when the recognition of a passer-by seems inevitable, it is the duty of these bearers to interpose their wooden screens so that their master's view is obstructed, and he is prevented, as if by accident, from exchanging the arduous salutation. If the man on foot has no fan-bearers, he has, of course, a hand fan, and this he puts up before his face at the right moment, in the most ridiculous way imaginable.

So useful is this piece of fan etiquette among the Chinese that it has come to be regarded, not as a dead cut, but as an actual salutation, so that the rule about alighting has become almost obsolete. From this peculiar custom the Chinese have derived one of their many names for the fan, viz., "screen the face."

**RALPH IN CANADA.**

**I**T DOES not seem that any one needs to be assured of the value of good nature both as a shield against the kicks of fate and as a spur to the enjoyment of this world's blessings. Every man, and certainly every traveler, has found that a good temper or a kindly humor has bridged some very unpleasant breaks in the even tenor of his way. I remember breakfasting one day in Calgary, in the Northwest Territories of Canada, when it was a very new town, and hearing an Englishman complain of finding no washbowl and pitcher in his room.

A very "tough" and desperate-looking waiter led him to a room in which there were a wooden trough, a water-bucket and a towel. He said to him: "If that ain't a good enough place for you to wash in, why, you needn't to wash, d'ye see?"

When the Englishman came to the table he complained again, this time of the quality of the beefsteak which was served to him.

This was more than the insolent and acutely sensitive waiter felt called upon to endure, so he said: "Look here, that's the steak you git, and that's the steak you're going to like; now, you eat it and like it, d'ye understand?"

The man could have knocked the waiter down, but he would probably have been shot, or roughly handled by the waiter's friends, but by ignoring the offence and behaving good-naturedly he made himself seem what he really was, the lout's superior.

In the Kootenay Country I stopped at what was sometimes called the "Hello Hotel," and also sometimes the "Telephone House," because only the frame and outer walls were up. There were no boards on the floors, and you could stand in any room in the house and order what you wanted from the office by calling down between the floor beams.

The barber in that hotel liked to boast of his depravity and

to be considered a hardened and desperate character. He told me about himself while he was shaving me. Whether he was entirely jocular or partly mad, I don't know, but he kept on accusing me of being afraid of him.

"I'm dreadfully afraid," said I, "but you see I am perfectly helpless. You have got me tucked into this chair; and I'll have to starve whatever you choose to do. Have it over quickly; that's all I ask." This amiable indifference puzzled him more than any course I could have adopted.

JULIAN RALPH.

**A RICH MAN'S VALENTINES.**

Andrew Carnegie, having recently opened another free library, is about to build himself a new home in New York City. It is said of the "Steel King" that whenever he gives a free library he builds a new residence, and vice versa. The most striking feature of the establishment is to be the grounds, which will be laid out like those of Edinboro' town. The palace will cost up in the millions, but, as Mr. Carnegie himself puts it, will be no more of a treasure to him than the first house he built in this country for his mother, which cost under \$900. As he devotes much time to argumentative writing, Mr. Carnegie has a literary workshop in his present residence in New York, and will have one even more extensive in the new home. His present workshop is a joy to the young who are allowed in it. The walls are covered with photographs, rough sketches and cartoons cut from the newspapers. A little boy, the son of a railroad man, once remarked upon this collection: "Papa, doesn't Mr. Carnegie get more comic valentines than anybody else in the world?"

**THOSE OPEN CARS.**

**W**HEN first I got pneumonia  
 'Twas on a rainy day;  
 In an open car I rashly sat  
 And shivered all the way.  
 'Twas in the pensive autumn—  
 The distance was not far,  
 But I caught a chill  
 That just failed to kill,  
 On the too-late open car.  
 Oh, the draught-haunted open car—  
 It is better to tramp, by far,  
 Than run risk of the grippe  
 Or a chill in a trip  
 On the too-late open car.

**SOCIETY ANNOUNCEMENT.**

**A** STRIKINGLY original, although impromptu, entertainment was given at the residence of Mr. Henry Newpop last evening. The performance began at 11.30 p.m. and ended 17 minutes later. The following was the programme which was carried out with dash:

1. Vocal Solo . . . . . Baby Newpop
  2. Rapid-Fire Repartee . . . . . Mr. and Mrs. Newpop  
 (Incidental music by Baby Newpop.)
  3. Monologue in Outlandish Tongue . . . . . Mr. Newpop
  4. Cake Walk . . . . . Mr. Newpop  
 (Accompanied by Baby Newpop.)
  5. Selections from Wagner . . . . . Baby Newpop
  6. Lullaby Song . . . . . Mr. Newpop
  7. Walking Barefooted on Tacks . . . . . Mr. Newpop
  8. High Jumping . . . . . Mr. Newpop
  9. Tall Swearing . . . . . Mr. Newpop
  10. International College Yells . . . . . Baby Newpop
  11. Trio . . . . . Mr., Mrs. and Baby Newpop
  12. Imitation Snoring . . . . . Mr. Newpop
  13. Dead Silence . . . . . Mrs. and Baby Newpop
- P. H. C.

## POINTS FOR INVESTORS.

STILL another week finds little change in the situation of the financial markets. It is true that the news of the results of military operations in South Africa have tended to impart a more cheerful tone, but any movement that has so far arisen from this fact was confined to the speculative and not to the investment wing on the street. While the latter admit that the late developments are promising, inasmuch as they infer a prompt settlement of the troubles in the Transvaal, rather than a long, protracted struggle, with its ill effects, they contend that the money situation will have to become clearer before any radical or healthy expansion in activity is permissible. But, while they take this stand on the situation, they agree that a majority of the standard securities are now selling pretty near their legitimate value, and that, were it not for the limitations imposed by the money market, the wonderfully strong underlying conditions undoubtedly warrant an upward movement. The expectation seems to be, therefore, for a quiet but steady market, until the restraint now imposed is removed. At the same time, it is evident that there is enough investment capital looking for employment to absorb whatever offerings of the better class of shares come from speculative hands. This means, of course, that investors having satisfied themselves that existing business conditions will continue, and that they will be reflected in a very high average of earnings, are convinced that they are getting the full value of their money in securities bought at the present level.

This reasoning is especially applicable to Canadian Pacific, which has moved up quite sharply of late, selling at 95, a recovery of 8 1/4 points from the recent low level. London demand has had a good deal to do with this strength, and the expectation is that it will be continued, unless there is some serious reverse in South Africa, which seems unlikely now. Broadly speaking also, the demand is justified, entirely apart from the speculative considerations that may be actuating some people. The increased use of transportation facilities in connection with the enormous business activity now prevalent, and the requirements of a large agricultural movement, will be likely to prevent any diminution of the remarkable earnings which have prevailed throughout the past year or 18 months in the case of this road, as of other railways on this continent. Indeed, some people are talking of the price going to par, if no untoward circumstances arise, and, though this may be a sanguine view, it is quite certain that Pacific ought to be a good purchase on any break that may occur.

Apart from this stock the only other activity displayed was in the mining group, which are dealt with separately. The remainder of the list supplies little to report but there have been some whispers on the street lately that a move in Richehen is not unlikely.

R.

THE market, during the past week, has developed considerable strength especially in the higher-priced stocks, and it looks as if the corner had been turned and there would be a steady improvement from this out. The scare has passed away, and people have realized that there was nothing to warrant a decline in War Eagle, which led the downward movement. Payne is steady, without much trading, and it is hardly likely that there will be much doing in it before operations are resumed in the mine. On the other hand it looks as if War Eagle might go back to its original price. The fact that the Centre Star has been over-subscribed for demonstrates that there is plenty of money for good mining propositions from bona fide investors. Republic has advanced in sympathy with the rest of the market. Virtue, too, is higher, on the rumor that the Cumberland is making a very good showing and that there is a prospect of a dividend before six months are over. Big Three has not joined in the advance, from the fact that there are still several big blocks of stock for sale. Brandon and Golden Crown is strong on a report of further satisfactory developments.

Trading in the rest of the list has been fair, without any material improvement, except a sale of Knob Hill at 85. The only stock that may be considered weak is Deer Trail. Ever since the point came from Spokane that it was a good purchase at 25, it has continued to decline. It is the lowest-priced dividend on the list, and, if one can believe reports, is the cheapest. The trouble is that the control is held in the State of Washington, and experience has taught the mining investors that a very large gram of salt has to go with the reports sent east from that State, the ideas of veracity among the mining men there being totally different from ours. The boom in Rambler Cariboo goes along without bringing out stock, showing that probably, outside of the interested parties, there is not much held, for, in the present state of the mining industries in the Sloean District, it is held to see what outside manipulation should advance the stock 2 or 3c per day.

To judge from the demand of the Golden Star, it looks as if that stock had grounded on bottom, certainly, if it is ever going to pay a dividend again, it is a fair enough gamble at the present price. Bullion has just

paid a dividend, but it has not had the effect of advancing the price of the stock. Olive has passed its dividend, which is rather disappointing, considering all one heard about it a little while ago, and knowing that the management is an honest one.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

October 25.

## MR. HENRI BOURASSA, EX-M.P.

THIS is a portrait of Mr. Henri Bourassa, ex-M.P., who has resigned his seat (Labelle) on account of the Government's action in sending Canadian volunteers to assist in the South



MR. HENRI BOURASSA, EX-M.P.

African War. He is the son of Napoleon Bourassa, the distinguished French-Canadian author, architect and painter, and of Azelie, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Louis Papineau, the leader of the Rebellion of 1837 in Lower Canada. He was 31 years of age on September 1.

## PROPHECY.

In the dim distant future, at night,  
When the hoar-frost of age shall have silvered your hair,  
By the slow-dying embers' red light,  
You shall sit sadly musing. I shall not be there.  
From out the dim mist of past years,  
You shall see spectres hauntingly float 'round the room;  
Well-known voices shall speak in your ears,  
And mock with faint laughter your old age's gloom.  
You shall dream your youth over again:  
Recall me, your first love, and my foolish despair,  
And, crooning my favorite strain,  
Sigh: "My praises he sang while as yet I was fair."  
And I shall lie deep in the mold,  
A man child returned to the great mother's womb,  
Forgetting the sorrows of old  
In the God-given, long-lasting night of the tomb.

Montreal.

LOUIS MACLEON.

## A PRIME MINISTER'S HOBBIES.

THE new French Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, is an ardent angler. He is not only president of the Council of State, but president of the Roanne Fishing Club. In his letter to his fellow-fishermen accepting the honor, he wrote: "The presidency of an anglers' club is perhaps that for which I feel myself most prepared by conscientious study and practice for which I never find sufficient leisure." Besides his fishing hobby, M. Waldeck-Rousseau is credited with painting on china and making Japanese sketches for fans.

**COULDN'T SPEAK JAPANESE.**

It is said that the only time James G. Blaine was nonplussed was while he was Secretary of State. One of the applicants for a Consulate in Japan was the late Samuel Kimberley, of Baltimore, who died in the service in Central America. After he had presented his credentials Mr. Blaine said:

"I should like to appoint you, Mr. Kimberley, but I have made it a rule to recommend no one who does not speak the language of a country to which he is sent. Do you speak Japanese?"

"Cert-tainly, Mr. B-Blaine," stammered Mr. Kimberley. "A-a-ask me s-s-something in J-J-Japanese and I'll a-a-a-answer you."

Mr. Blaine hadn't a word to say, but the Japanese post went to another man, all the same, and Kimberley went to Central America.

Another story is told of Kimberley equally creditable to his nimble wit. One day he met a young woman who threw her arms impulsively around his neck and kissed him. Seeing her mistake, she drew back and angrily asked:

"Aren't you Mr. Jones?"

"N-n-no, madam," replied Kimberley, bowing; "I'm n-n-not, but I w-w-wish to thunder I w-w-was."

**WHAT THE PRISONER SAID.**

A CELEBRATED Irish judge was once trying a case where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter, and the latter replied.

"What does he say?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing, my lord."

"How dare you say that when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it?"

"My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir. Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that ould woman, with the red bed-curtain round her, sitting up there?'"

At which everybody present roared.

"And what did you say?" said the judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'Whist, ye spalpeen! That's the ould boy that's going to hang yez.'"

"Selly, I want an explanation from you. I saw you kiss young Johnson this evening." "Well, papa, he kissed me first."

"Help, help!" cried a man who was attacked by thieves on the highway. "Don't excite yourself," said one of the robbers. "We can do without assistance."

An Irishman meeting a fellow-countryman inquired of him what had become of a mutual friend. "Arrah now, honey," answered the other, "Paddy was condemned to be hanged, but saved his life by dying in prison!"

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 "Never!"  
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My world is round—is glad, is glad!  
 And not a sound is harsh or sad.  
 In earth's sweet chime.

My world is gay, to-day, to-day!  
 Old Care's away! Did not she say  
 "My heart is thine?"

My world is bright, to-night, to-night!  
 There is no night! All, all is light,  
 For she is mine!

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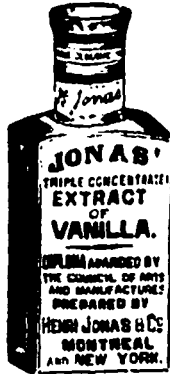
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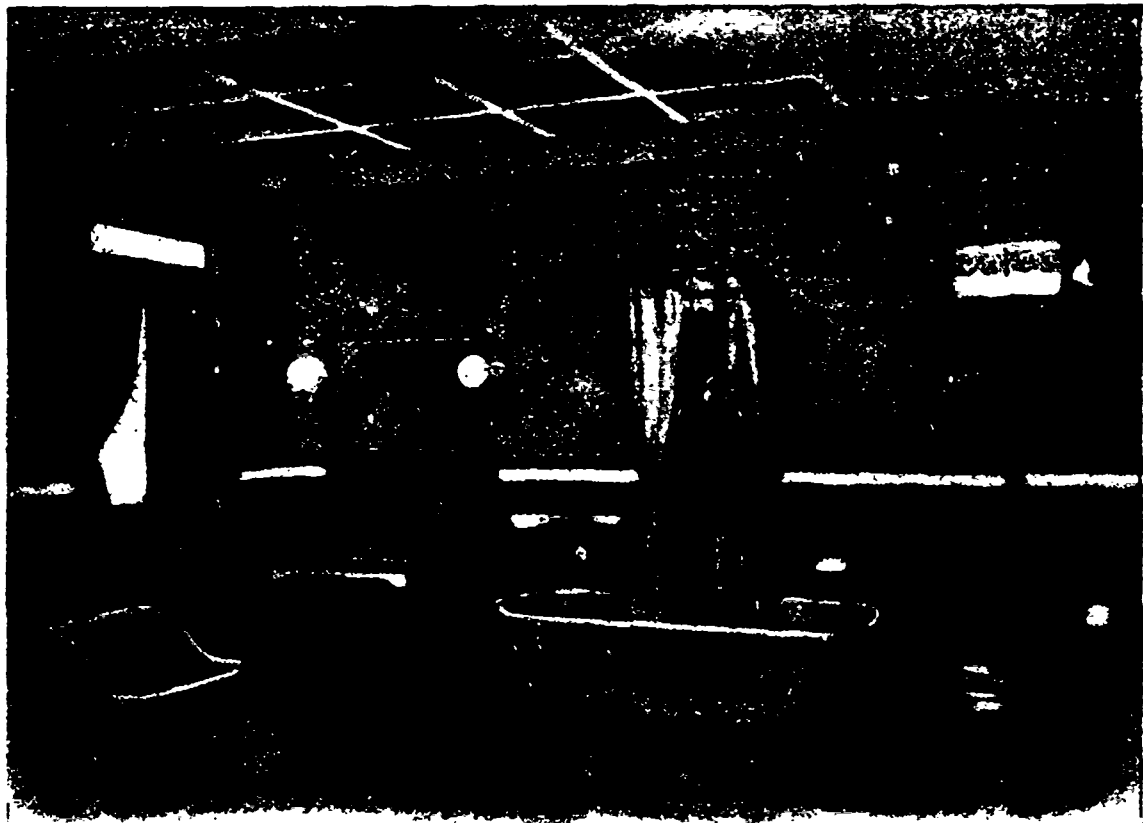
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