



# MONTREAL LIFE

A Paper devoted to the Home Life of Canadians and to Canadian Affairs



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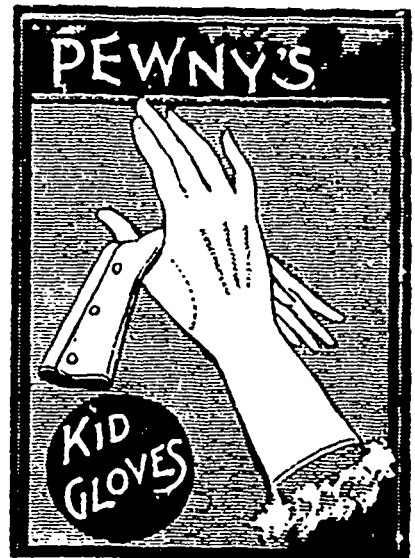
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# MONTREAL LIFE.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1900.

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## LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

MR. TARTE displayed a fine courage in going to Toronto, at the invitation of the Young Liberals, to speak on the political issues of the day. Pronounced courage is one of the prominent virtues of the "Master of the Administration," as his enemies delight to call him—in profound oblivion to the fact that the terms imply a decided compliment to the ability and force of character of this much-abused Minister. Mr. Tarte is nothing if not courageous, and, in these days, when political difficulties are settled by "sunny smiles," and leaders have a different story for almost every constituency in the country, it is a bracing surprise to find someone who has the honesty, the sincerity and the good sense to be himself and to stand by his opinions, no matter what section of the Almighty Electorate he is addressing. All the bigotry in the Dominion is not in the Province of Quebec. Mr. Tarte has been vilified and misrepresented in Ontario to a scandalous extent. Three months ago his effigy was burned and his name hissed in that Province, and I have no doubt that had party or official duties called him, at that time, to Toronto, he would have run no small risk of getting a reception too torrid to be seasonable. So strong was public prejudice against the man, in Ontario, that Liberal papers, in deference to their readers, were compelled to denounce him, and even *The Globe* grew gingerly in handling his name.

YET, Mr. Tarte accepted the first invitation to visit Toronto, and the surprising thing is that he not only won a flattering reception, but wholly effaced the wrong impressions that had preceded him. Nor did he succeed in this by lick-spitting and knuckling under. He simply took the same stand as he had always taken. He frankly told his auditors what he thought, without apology or excuse; without insincere appeals to local sentiment; and without obscuring himself in a cloud of words. He freely admitted that he had not felt any very strong inclination to send the first contingent, for reasons which he explained. But, when it appeared that the British Empire had become involved in a great war, he had waived all objections and heartily concurred in the sending of more troops. He told his hearers plainly that they must not expect to make Englishmen of their French-Canadian fellow-citizens. "If all those who are not Englishmen were expelled from the British Empire," he continued, "the Queen would have few subjects. We are French-Canadians. We have the right to be French-Canadians. We are going to stand by that right, and we mean at the same time to enjoy the same privileges and the same rights that you enjoy."

THESE words, spoken as it were in the enemy's country, are surely not the words of a dangerous demagogue or firebrand, but rather those of a courageous and sincere patriot. No Canadian politician has ever been more systematically belied than Mr. Tarte. But the truth will out, and, despite abuse and misrepresentation, the people of this Dominion will, in time, come to value him at par. When Mr. Tarte asserts, as he did in Toronto, that he is prepared to stomp Quebec in favor of colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament, everyone who knows the man knows that he is speaking the truth. Few people in Ontario, I presume, are aware that he was one of the first of Imperial Federationists, and is still an active and honored member of the League. Few also, I presume, have heard the story I referred to a few months ago in

this column: the story that when Mr. Tarte was about to undergo that dangerous operation in Paris, and drew up a solemn document in the nature of his testament, his closing words were a passionate appeal to his sons to ever remain loyal to Canada and to Great Britain. This story is no mere fairy tale. I have it from a man who saw the document with his own eyes.

IT would be painful to contrast Mr. Tarte's straightforward conduct with the wearisome wobbling of his leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose weakness and unfitness for his position I referred to at some length last week. Sir Wilfrid shone at the opening of Parliament as Lady Minto's escort. He was resplendent in gold lace, and, we are told, "looked more distinguished than ever." Sir Wilfrid certainly has the good fortune to look distinguished; no one will deny that. But, like the owl, he causes one to wonder whether looks mean anything, after all. Without doubt, he shines as a lady's escort; he is at his best at some harmless tea-splash or sewing-circle. He is at his second best when there is occasion for fine words and airy flights of diction; at blowing the pretty but useless bubbles of oratory he certainly has few superiors. But, as for the more substantial attributes of statesmanship and command—well, it is unfortunate one cannot indicate in cold type that expressive little shrug of the shoulders which the French give when they mean that something is hardly up to the mark.

IF I may still be permitted to harp on the string of politics, I would say that without question a growing man in the Dominion arena is the Hon. William Stevens Fielding. When the Premier of Nova Scotia joined the Federal Cabinet, there were fears, in some quarters, that, like the Premier of New Brunswick, he was a narrow local politician—devoid of "grasp," and incapable of that order of statesmanship required for a large, diversified, and developing country. Not so, however. While Mr. Blair has remained the narrow provincial, Mr. Fielding has proved himself the broad national. And he has the invaluable faculty of making friends wherever he goes. He has appeared at several political gatherings in Ontario, and at every one of them he has left a favorable and a lasting impression. Mr. Fielding is no village attorney, but a man of capacity and force, who will quietly, but surely, make his way towards a national reputation. A good thing it would be for the Liberal party if some of the pettifogging nonentities, now holding down seats around the Council-board, could be replaced by men like Tarte, Fielding and Mulock; men who are strong administrators, and, at the same time, bear themselves successfully amongst the people.

THE Boers were represented in a despatch last week as fleeing in the utmost terror before a party of Canadians, of whose skill as sharpshooters they are said to have heard. If the Dutch farmers are living in dread of the marksmanship of the first contingent, they are easily frightened: for, while there are, perhaps, an average number of good shots in the regiment, there are a lot of men who would have difficulty in hitting a barn door at 50 yards. As a matter of fact, experience in shooting was not brought into question in enlisting men for the first contingent; practically everyone was taken who could pass the medical examination; and it is most unfortunate that the statement should have gone abroad, without contradiction, that the regiment was a body of picked marksmen, for, if they

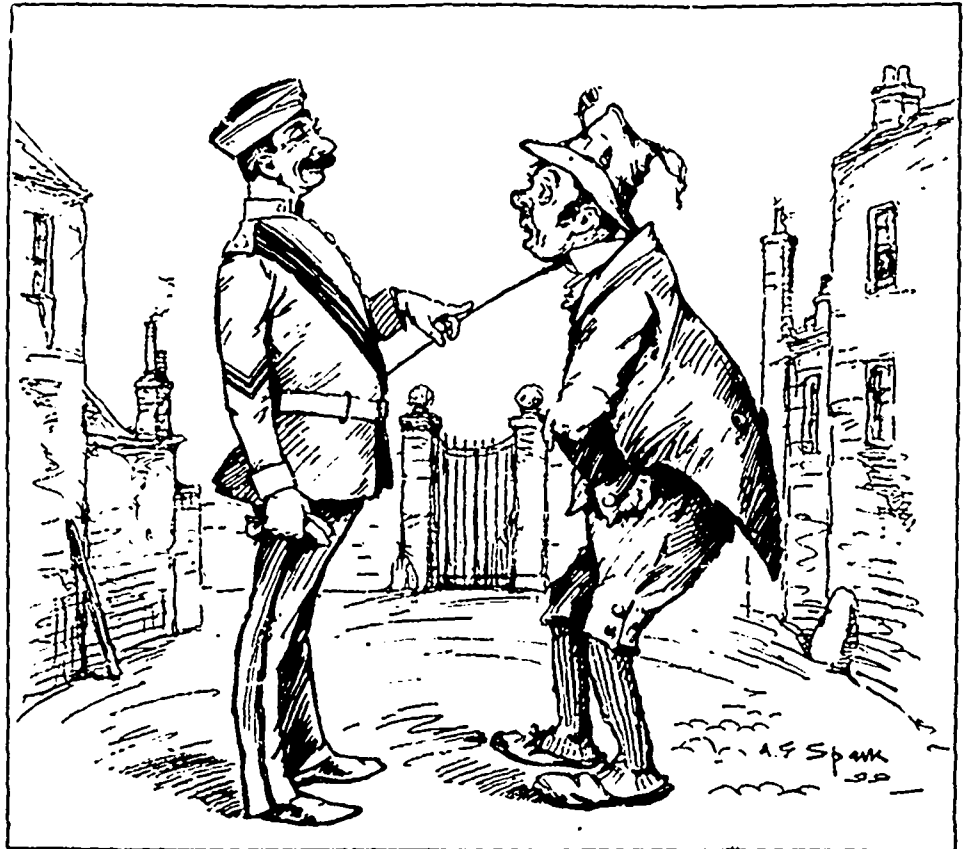
## LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

ever get into action, our boys cannot maintain this reputation, and will become a laughing stock. The first contingent was meant to be an expression of Canada's devotion to Imperial interests. As such it fulfilled its mission. But, as a fighting force, it is doubtful if a more inefficient body has been placed in the field in South Africa. This is no reflection on the bulk of the men composing it. They are, doubtless, brave enough and willing enough, but they are not sharpshooters, and, unfortunately, many of them are the rawest of the raw. A large number of the officers are poor tools, who should never have been entrusted with precious human lives. I am glad to say that in the second contingent, which was organized for fighting purposes, not as a species of political pyrotechnics, a marked improvement was noticeable in the stamp of both officers and men. I have it on very excellent authority that Col. Otter's corps has been found practically useless, except as a force of laborers, and is at the present time something of a white elephant on the hands of the military authorities at the Cape.

PROPOS of the war, here is a strange exemplification of the old saw that truth is stranger than fiction. On January 12, Mr. Paul Caron had a cartoon in LIFE, representing an ostrich as accosting a soldier, who has dropped his rifle in fright and astonishment. The very next night the following incident occurred in South Africa: Private William Wilkens, formerly of the Royal Scots, Montreal, was on guard, and, while walking up and down on his long beat, thinking of those at home, he heard a footstep—a rare thing to hear in a military camp after lights are out. Private Wilkens called "Halt! Who goes there?" and, receiving no answer, repeated the challenge three times, and then fired. A body fell to the ground with a thud, and, on examination, Private Wilkens found he had been disturbed by a big ostrich. His ball had struck it in the breast, and, as a souvenir of the strange occurrence, Private Wilkens sent home one of the bird's feathers.

I HAVE no wish to enlist LIFE in the religious controversies that are so absorbing to a certain type of mind and stage of intelligence, for nothing could be more injurious to good citizenship and the cause of true religion than these periodical games of pulley-haul, between different sections of the Christian church, for converts or proselytes. Following Father Younan's "mission" to Protestants, we are to be treated to a Presbyterian "mission" to Roman Catholics. If this sort of thing be followed to its legitimate conclusion, where will it

end? We have a large Jewish colony in Montreal, a great number of Chinamen, who look up to Confucius, and, doubtless, there are also adherents of the Greek church, of Mohammedanism, and it may be even of Mormonism, not to mention the Hornerites, and the many denominations of the Protestant body. Why should not each of these sects start a mission to convert all the others into "the only" right path? To men, broadened by contact with the world, who have learned to judge their fellows by their deeds, rather than by the altars they worship at, it is pitiful to see people going about making such a fuss over abstract articles of faith. When will the sons of men learn to keep their hands off one another's religions?



NOT ANXIOUS FOR A TRIP SOUTH.

RECRUITING SERGEANT—Now's your chance, me blov. A free trip to Atakv, and lots of glory when you get there.  
 PAT—But s'pose I'm kilt, Sargint, phwat about the glory then?  
 SERGEANT—Shute ye li still have the phisant recollections av th' thrip to console yer.

Half the misery in the world has been caused by attempts to make everybody think alike on matters of faith. Nations have been plunged in blood by the quarrels of ecclesiastical councils, and, though men no longer resort to force to settle such differences, there is much of the old spirit still abroad. It is a spirit that should be layed rather than invoked, for it tends to be destructive to the peace of the community. One is on pretty safe ground in asserting that these proselytizing movements always do more harm than they accomplish good.

FELIX VASE.

"A GIRL should never marry a man that she may reform him," writes Margaret Sangster, "If he is in need of reformation let him prove himself worthy by turning from evil and setting his face steadfastly and perseveringly to good before he asks a girl to surrender herself and her life to him."

The thief who stole a sheep on New Year's night maintained that it is customary to take stock early in the year.

## Points for Investors

**A**LTHOUGH references to mining matters in this column have been few, the recent bolt from the blue fanned by Messrs. Gooderham and Blackstock has been the chief topic and most important incident in the financial world of the past week. The number of those who have money invested in War Eagle and Centre Star is very large, both in Montreal and Toronto. It seemed almost incredible that mines which have been shipping—the one close on to 2,000 tons per week, the other an average of 1,000 tons—should suddenly close down on shipments, cease dividends, and recede to a position where the past two years count for naught. It is a case marked by gross mismanagement and gross ignorance on the part of the directors, and shows, moreover, a most haughty disregard for the investing public. The blow came with awful suddenness, and with a severity which might have been more properly ameliorated. Very hard things have been said, not merely by brokers and speculators, but by conservative men of means and substance. When such a disaster so quickly eventuates, it is always magnified.

### THE POT AND THE KITTLE.

In regard to War Eagle, the case is not so bad as Centre Star. The fact is that the former manager of the mine, anxious to make a good showing, had been devoting himself to getting out the ore at the expense of the development work. Then followed the installation of inadequate machinery, adding to the difficulties of development. In the meantime a new manager came in, but he was not able immediately to examine into conditions thoroughly. So the mine ran on, putting forth large quantities of ore, making an excellent shipping record, but stripping itself of its reserves. Messrs. Gooderham and Blackstock not being practical mining men did not appreciate the real situation. In October last, Mr. George Gooderham stated in a most public manner that he expected an increase in dividends shortly after the deferred annual meeting in February. The public relied on this statement now proved to be most ill-founded. After making such a prophecy it would seem policy to prepare the mind of the public, to let matters down more easily and without the terrible depreciation which such a bold announcement caused last Tuesday. There is one thing to be said, the directors have let the public know the worst—to every one's disadvantage it is true.

### CENTRE STAR'S COLORABLE APPEARANCE.

While the War Eagle case does not look culpable, the flotation of Centre Star bears a very nasty look, and if it were not for the well-recognized integrity of the chief owners, some action most unpleasant to them might well be taken. Look at the facts. In October, Centre Star was floated at a premium of 50c. per share, and so good was it announced to be that it was given as a special advantage to War Eagle shareholders only. Semi-officially it was announced that dividends of one per cent. per month would begin in January. The first dividend was declared on January 15, prior to the payment of the last instalment on the shares due only last week. This last payment, amounting to \$1,750,000, was gathered safely in, and two days later the announcement comes that the mine would stop shipping, and dividends would be suspended. Had a sharp mining operator from Spokane followed this course of action, he would be in jail by this time. Again, one must remark that the case looks nasty, but, again, it is attributable to ignorance of mining conditions.

Had Messrs. Gooderham and Blackstock a sufficiently wide grasp of affairs they would have restored public confidence in themselves and their property by holding up the market and buying in the floating thousands of shares, or else would have advanced sufficiently to have prevented extreme action.

### THE WORST THAT CAN BE SAID.

I think I have stated the worst that can possibly be said. There is no ground for those who impute any acts, beyond those of ignorance, negligence and disregard for the public. The mines themselves are no worse off. The gold is still there in large quantities, and after several months' reorganization and development they will resume their shipping, probably on a much more favorable basis, and will bring in greater profits than ever to the shareholders. My advice to the latter is to stand by their guns, put their stock away in their strong boxes, and possess their souls in patience. They will get a "square deal," even if the directors do not pay much regard to public policy or public comment. It is a most excellent time to purchase either stock.

### THE EFFECT ON ROSSLAND

The most unfortunate feature of the mining crisis is that the bottom must, in a measure, be knocked out of Rossland for the time being. There will be little left for the smelter to do, and mining investments will receive a set-back from which they will be long in recovering. The seriousness of conditions is aggravated by the tight condition of the money market.

### THE GENERAL OUTLOOK GOOD.

While the mining situation is devoid of comfort, the financial outlook otherwise is good. Money is getting easier, now that the large financial centres see that England has settled down into what may be a protracted, but yet a victorious struggle. Canadian institutions have begun to appreciate the fact that the war will only benefit this side of the Atlantic, not that it won't benefit England also in the end. With the universal prosperity still continuing, the purse strings are beginning to be loosened. Outside of mines, Canadian securities have shown no depreciation during the past week. C.P.R. continues on its firm and steady course, as it

deserves. The Montreal favorite stock, Royal Electric, and the Canadian General Electric in Toronto, are appreciating.

### TORONTO RAILS.

A letter addressed to me by "Toronto Citizen" approves the course I have taken in regard to Toronto Street Railway. It may interest him to know that weeks ago I pointed out the short life of the franchise, to which he alludes. He adds that the rolling stock, equipment and buildings are not worth a dollar more than the four millions of bonds, and that, on the expiration of the franchise, there will be little left for the ordinary shareholder, and concludes by commending me for the opinion I have expressed that Toronto rails cannot be regarded as a secure investment. The latest development is the demand of the city of Toronto that the company construct eight new lines to relieve the pressure of traffic on the present routes. Part of this plan, at all events, must be carried into effect, and it will entail a large outlay on capital account while there will not be an increase in earnings proportionate to the increased cost of operation. At the same time, Toronto is growing so rapidly that the earning power of the company must be ever increasing. For January alone the increase was \$18,013.

### TWIN CITY'S GREAT RECORD

Twin City is destined to be the best traction investment of all the street rails listed on Canadian exchanges. Its earnings are now showing increases close on to five figures every week, controlling the suburban and the interurban lines of two fast growing cities. Twin City has immense possibilities.

### A SHINING EXCEPTION.

The English investor has been so frequently nipped in Canadian land projects and other lines of speculation, not by Canadians themselves, but by mismanagement of his fellow-countrymen, or by the cupidity of the London financial sharks, who ever pursue the policy of keeping the meat and giving the hide and tail to the B.P., that it is pleasant to read the report of the Canadian Land and Ranch Company, an English company operating in the Northwest cattle trade. This company, after providing £2,000 for loss of cattle, and placing £2,000 more to the credit of reserve, pays a dividend of 7½ per cent. and a bonus of 5 per cent.—a most exceptional record.

### EASY MONEY TO RULE.

While the War Eagle and Centre Star episode has checked the market very slightly, it is likely for the next month or two that money will be tolerably easy. In the United States, a period of great ease in money is expected. Prices of stocks are rapidly assuming the old marks, and even industrials have completely recovered. The Iron and Steel Companies' announcements of dividends have helped public confidence greatly. General Electric has gone up to 130 on the report that the annual statement will show a revenue of about 20 per cent. The sister company on this side of the line, Canadian General Electric, is going to show an equally strong statement at its annual meeting next week.

Those who bought stocks at the time of the Christmastide depression will have every reason to congratulate themselves—always excepting the mines. Now is the time to buy them.

FAIRFAX.

### MINING SHARES.

**T**HE market may be described as having been struck by a cyclone, and there is little else talked about than the extraordinary action of the directors of the War Eagle and Centre Star.

There is but little question that their action regarding War Eagle is a wise and conservative one, but the way in which it was done is what has brought them into discredit; in ordinary cases (for which we have had many precedents in past years), when the directors of a company have decided to make any important change in the dividend, or other matters in which investors are interested, it has been customary to make the announcement through the chairman of the Exchange, or in the public press; but, in this case, it appears that not only had the directors decided upon their action some days previously, but the circulars were actually printed a day before they were issued, and someone got the information in time to unload a fair amount of stock on the unsuspecting public.

With regard to the Centre Star, the directors are to be commended for not listing their stock; but in face of the circumstances, it certainly does look as if they had taken advantage of the investors by letting them in at 150, and paying one dividend.

The Toronto Mining Exchange has never commended itself very highly for its method of doing business; but it has always been understood that these two great properties were handled by men who did not look favorably upon the brokers' methods of floating stock, and that they were far above anything like stock-gambling.

We have always warned our friends against having anything to do with Spokane exploits, but we fear we must now come nearer home, and recommend them to keep clear of Toronto. Our own city is not altogether free from shady promotions, but still we have the best record, and investors will do well in future to stay with propositions that are controlled at home, and by people that we know.

There is but little to say regarding the general list; it is all more or less weak, and the high-priced stocks have more or less felt the want of confidence. Republic, especially, is weak, and looks as if it might have a further decline. In the low-priced ones, Big Three is a little firmer, caused presumably by shorts covering. Deer Trail is becoming a little more active, and now that the new certificates have been delivered, it looks to us as if, at the moment, it is the best purchase of any of them.

Should the closing down of these big mines in British Columbia have the effect of bringing the labor union to terms, a great step towards the furthering of mining enterprises will have been gained, and a lesson will have been learned to buy dividend-paying mining stocks, not on their prospects, but on the return they give to investor.

Montreal, February 8. ROBERT MEREDITH.



## EMERGENCY ...GENERALS.

FAMOUS SOLDIERS WHO HAVE GOT US OUT OF TIGHT CORNERS

THE sudden summons to Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener to proceed to South Africa has had several parallels in our history.

It was at the urgent desire of the King (George III.), that Lord Cornwallis, though known to be opposed to the policy which had provoked the American Colonies to war, went out to America to supersede Sir William Howe, who had proved himself an utterly incompetent general during the hostilities with the revolted colonists. Unfortunately, Lord Cornwallis's colleague—General Clinton—was as hopelessly incapable as Howe, and spoiled all his plans. Cornwallis, however, justified his selection by beating the Americans at Brandywine River, Camden, and Cowpens, and by capturing Philadelphia. And it was no fault of his that, shut up in Yorktown, like White at Ladysmith, surrounded by superior numbers and deserted by his blaudering colleague, he was compelled to surrender.

When Wellington—then Sir Arthur Wellesley—was sent out to Portugal in 1809, to do what Sir John Moore had failed to do—drive the French out of the country and hold it against them—the task set him was a stupendous one. And, despite his great victory at Talavera—neither his own officers nor the Government at home had any confidence in his ability to defeat Napoleon's marshals.

The press teemed with attacks upon his incapacity, the Common Council of London presented a petition to Parliament urging his immediate recall. Spencer Perceval—the Premier—whilst unable to suggest anyone better fitted for the task, told Wellington plainly that if he stayed in the Peninsula he must do so on his own responsibility, as the Government washed their hands of the business. But, though the Government, the press, the public, and his own officers were all against him, Wellington never despaired.

"I conceive," was his manly and dignified reply to the Premier, "that the honor and interest of our country require that we should hold our ground here as long as possible, and, please God, I will maintain it as long as I can." Everyone knows how he falsified all the gloomy prophecies of his detractors, and, after an unparalleled series of victories, drove the French out of Spain. There, indeed, was an emergency general who was equal to facing the crisis he was called upon to meet.

There are many now living who can well remember the storm of popular indignation, which, 50 years ago, fell upon Lord Gough, when the news came that the Sikhs had repulsed him at Chillianwallah. "Send Sir Charles Napier out at once!" cried the press. And the Government, in a fit of panic, asked the hero of Mecanee, the conqueror of Scinde, to go out and supersede the hot-headed Irishman who had got us into such a mess with his "Tipperary tactics." But Napier was on bad terms with the directors of the East India Company, and declined to go.

The Duke of Wellington sent for him, and said curtly: "Either you go, Charles, or I do." So there was nothing left for Napier but to go. Never was a general more unjustly accused than Lord Gough. Chillianwallah was not a repulse, but a victory, though one gained at terrible cost, and by no means decisive. That it was not complete, however, was not Gough's fault, but that of one of his subordinates, who made a most serious blunder, and so upset the general's calculations.

Gough, however, chivalrously took the responsibility, and scorned to reply to the attacks made upon him. But when Napier arrived at Calcutta, there was nothing left for him to do, for Gough had shattered the Sikhs and brought the campaign to a glorious close by the decisive victory of Goojerat.

Sir Charles Napier, with that generosity which characterized him, declared that no one could have conducted the war more ably than Lord Gough had done, and that the country had treated him with gross injustice. It may be that Sir Redvers Buller's repulse at the Tugela was also owing to the blunder of a subordinate, and that he, like Lord Gough, keeps a chivalrous silence on the subject, trusting to time to vindicate his character.

The next great crisis which called a famous soldier to the front was the Indian Mutiny. When appalling news of the revolt of the Sepoys, with all its accompanying horrors of outrage and massacre, reached England, Lord Palmerston at once sent for the veteran Sir Colin Campbell, and asked him to take the supreme command of the army in India. Sir Colin had distinguished himself in the Peninsular War, in the North-American Campaign of 1814-15, in the Chinese War of 1842, in the Punjaub Campaign of 1848-49, and in the Crimea. He was then 65 years of age, worn with wounds and toil; but he, without a moment's hesitation, accepted the charge. "How soon will you be able to start, Sir Colin?" asked Palmerston. "To-night!" was the prompt reply of the old soldier. And, as a matter of fact, he did start the next day. How nobly he fulfilled the duty entrusted to him is a matter of history.

Twenty years later another thrill of horror went through the country on receipt of the tidings that a large British force had been annihilated by the Zulus at Isandhlwana. The astounding carelessness of Lord Chelmsford in neglecting the commonest scouting precautions, and leaving his camp without even such an ordinary defence as a trench or a wagon-langer, roused a storm of public indignation. There was a general cry for his recall, and the Government was quick to recognize the necessity for prompt measures. Within 15 days of the arrival of the dreadful news, Sir Garnet Wolseley—as he then was—with 8,500 men, was on his way to the Cape to supersede Lord Chelmsford. Sir Garnet had gained the confidence both of the Government and the people by his successful conduct of the Red River Expedition and the Ashanti War, and the country felt that the task of retrieving the disaster at Isandhlwana was safe in his hands. But before Wolseley had reached the scene of operations, Lord Chelmsford had fought and won the Battle of Ulundi, which crushed the power of the Zulus, and he was, therefore, able to resign with honor.

There can be little doubt that Sir George Pomeroy Colley was prompted to make his desperate movement upon Majuba Hill by the dread of being superseded by Sir Evelyn Wood, who had been appointed his second in command.

When the disaster was known in England, the Government turned its eyes, as it has turned them now, upon Sir Frederick Roberts, whose splendid achievements in Afghanistan had made him the idol of the army and of the country. With a force of 12,000 picked men, Roberts was at once despatched to Cape Town. When he arrived there, to his intense chagrin and the fierce indignation of the troops, he was told that peace had been signed, and the war was over. Not a soldier was disembarked, and within 48 hours Lord Roberts and his men were on their way back to England, enraged and disgusted at the ignominious and humiliating termination of the expedition.

"WHAT is needed, and will ever be needed, to help the poor of the slums," says Mrs. Ballington Booth, "is patient, devoted work on the part of those who have practical common-sense and a vital faith with as many individuals as they can reach and save. Slumming as a "fad" is dangerous, and from the standpoint of the residents an impertinent intrusion."

Mr. Henry Peck, who represents the well-known house of Hill Bros., Naval and Military Tailors, London, England, is at the Windsor, where he will be glad to see his friends either before 10.30 a.m. or after 4 p.m.

## The Appendicula Vermiformis.

A SKETCH.

BY ARTHUR SILVERBURN HARDY

WHEN a boy his comrades called him Lucy. His real name was Lumous Almorin Cox.

He had a round, bullet-shaped head, thin flaxen hair, small eyes of a dull blue, unadorned with lashes, a fair complexion, and the figure of a Spanish water-jar. His nickname, therefore, indicated no physical graces, but certain feminine qualities which were betrayed in a timid, reticent bearing, and a disinclination to join in boyish sports. At 30 he was much the same—shy, silent and solitary. His vocabulary was astonishingly small and monosyllabic, and when suddenly accosted he stammered a little.

For ten years he had been a clerk in the office of Steese & Sons. No one knew whence he came or where he lived. He was always at his desk when his fellow clerks arrived. At noon he took from its peg the hat whose narrow brim rendered his round face so ridiculous, and retired to the basement, eating his lunch on an empty box which stood just outside the engine-room. This box was known as Cox's dinner-table. The janitor never thought of removing it, and even came to words with the offer, a new arrival, who on one occasion threw his waste into it. In the office, it is true, they sometimes laughed at him and joked at his expense, but they no longer teased him as his playmates had done when he was a boy. Now that he had become a man, it was impossible to do so without a sense of shame. It was like annoying a woman.

At five o'clock he wiped his pen carefully, closed his books, took his hat in his hand and said, "Good night, friends." He had spoken these words some three hundred times a year for ten years, yet they cost him a visible effort. He waited till his hand was on the knob of the door before uttering them, and disappeared so quickly that no one had ever been able to reply to them. If you have seen a young girl who, firing a gun for the first time, presses the trigger nervously, closing her eyes to all consequences, you will have an idea of the way in which this salutation was delivered.

On one occasion, through curiosity, the bookkeeper followed him. It was a shameful action, and he knew it; for in relating the next day his discovery he felt bound to say, "Just for fun, you know—I had nothing to do—indeed, a mere accident." It was a winter night. The air was full of snowflakes, which glittered in the glare of the lights, as the wind eddies hurried them to the slime of the pavement, where they were instantly obliterated. Cox had no overcoat, and his office jacket, buttoned closely about his fat figure, was drawn in tight folds above the hips in a comical manner. He hurried along the crowded sidewalk with a short, quick step, glancing now and then at some brilliantly illuminated window, and finally disappeared in one of those dingy brick houses, whose shutters are decorated with the sign, "Table board and lodgings." His watcher, stepping into a neighboring archway, waited patiently. After some time the door opened and Cox re-appeared. He had changed his jacket for a long coat of black broadcloth, much worn and shabby, but scrupulously clean. Where was he going? On some gallant adventure?—to some rendezvous? With the same quick step he turned into a side street and entered a dimly lighted basement. Through the low, steaming window could be seen a few tables on a sanded floor, a counter on which were ranged some unsavory-looking dishes, and behind which a man in his shirt sleeves was frying tripe over a smoky brazier. Perceiving his customer, the man nodded and placed before him a glass of milk and a saucer

of oatmeal. The clerk poured the milk, which was very blue, into the saucer, and began to eat hurriedly. This performance was purely mechanical. The body requires so much food at regular intervals. "Well, then, take it!" he seemed to say. From time to time he glanced at his silver watch. Evidently this repast was but the prelude to something of more importance, something of which he was thinking, his small eyes twinkling with anticipation, and a faint smile hovering about the corners of his mouth. Having finished, he drew a five cent piece from his pocket, paid his modest bill, and went out.

The streets were filled with cabs and the sidewalks thronged with people. It was the hour of the pleasure-seekers. Emerging from the deserted by-way he joined this throng and passed with it under the illuminated arch of the Tremont Theatre, taking his place in the file already formed before the ticket office. When his turn came, to the astonishment of the bookkeeper, this man who ate his lunch on a box in the cellar and dined on a saucer of oatmeal, drew a dollar bill from his frayed wallet, and, receiving his check, passed through the gate with the nonchalance of an old theatre-goer. Why not? Five cents for the pleasures of the stomach, a hundred for those of the mind. Admirable division.

The house was crowded. Wyndham was playing *The Private Secretary*. Be it said here, however, that it mattered little to our hero who or what occupied the stage. As may be supposed, he was no art critic. Comedy or tragedy were equally acceptable to him. The essential thing was that there on that stage was enacted all that life from which circumstance exiled him, and to which, even in its humble forms, timidity would forever keep him a stranger. And here, under his eyes, almost within his touch, life defied before him. Kings, nobles, soldiers, heroes, villains, charming women, spoke to him. Innocence, crime, passion, temptation, love, everything which in his own pale existence seemed but shadows, were here realities. In the chair which he occupied he truly lived; all else, the street, the office, his shabby room, was a dream. His neighbor, chatting in a low voice with her escort in full dress, little thought what tightenings of the heart, what convulsive little gasps, repressed with difficulty, were going on beside her. That quick cough was only a device to bring forth a large red handkerchief, which had secretly conveyed away—O! how many tears!

When he went out again into the street he carried with him all this glorious life. Hurrying homeward, falling asleep in his narrow bed, copying letters at his desk, all these people talked to him. The pretty soubrette made love to him, the heroine in peril threw herself on his breast, the villain made him dark proposals; and these scarcely audible sounds and sudden gestures which escaped him at his desk, to the great surprise of his fellow clerks, were the replies, tender, assuring, defiant, as the case might be, which he made to these overtures.

On this evening he was particularly happy. At every amusing situation his shoulders shook with suppressed laughter. How could these people make such mistakes? He would have done very differently. Between the acts he read laboriously the advertisements of the programme, or listened to the conversation about him. In this innocently surreptitious way much of interest mingled with the monotonous strain of his existence. At his left two gentlemen were conversing.

"Anatomically anything is possible nowadays to the surgeon, provided only the proper antiseptic measures are taken. The air, the hands, the instruments, everything may be sterilized. This well done, a good operator has little to fear. The rest is like digging in the streets. There are pipes of all sorts, gas, water, steam, drainage, to be The operator who is sure of his anatomy knows how to do

## APPENDICULA VERMIFORMIS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

this. We have a fellow now, Jones, in the surgical ward, who would be a wonder to the profession of twenty-five years ago. A man was brought in the other day, pale, emaciated—he had two weeks to live. He had swallowed his teeth. They were lodged in the oesophagus about two inches above the diaphragm, and every effort to dislodge them had failed. Jones thought it all over.

"Look here," he said to the no reason why I should not open your stomach, put in my hand, and take those teeth out. Such a thing has never been done, but, I repeat, anatomically there is no obstacle. In a fortnight you will be a dead man, anyway." Well, the fellow jumped at the idea, and to-day I saw him walking in the yard. He will be discharged shortly."

"Marvelous," said his companion.

"Yes, it is marvelous. Antiseptics have done for the operator what anaesthetics have done for the patient. Take abdominal surgery for example. The old operators did not dare to attack this cavity. Now, if we can but insure asepsis, experience justifies daring. There was a case last month of sarcoma—a tumor you know. Jones removed a metre of the smaller intestine. 'This is of no use,' he said, so he cut it off, and joined the ends."

"And the patient recovered?"

"Perfectly—a woman. By the sixth day the ends were united, and on the twenty-eighth she was discharged. You know the *appendicula vermiformis*?"

"No."

"It is a little blind sac below the caecum. Its function is not known. A grape or apple seed, or even a husk of oatmeal, lodging there, produces serious, often fatal, consequences. A young man—"

The bell had rung and the rising curtain checked the conversation.

The little clerk had devoured every word. Yes, indeed, it was marvelous! Think of it! to cut open one's stomach! to remove a metre's length of the intestine! And that little sac, the *appendicula vermiformis*, how funny it was! He remembered that his mother had obliged him to remove the seeds of grapes, and had forbidden him to eat those of apples. Did she know then of this *appendicula vermiformis*? But the denouement of the comedy was at hand, and he became absorbed once more in the actors.

That night, however, while undressing, the conversation he had overheard recurred to him. He regarded himself curiously as he buttoned his night dress. So he too had this *appendicula vermiformis*. It was perhaps the length of these strange words that fascinated him. Lying alone in the darkness, it suddenly occurred to him that he would like to see this singular object. But how? Doubtless it would be represented in the plates of some scientific work, a treatise on anatomy, for example. And amid the roar of the wheels which rose from the pavement to his attic room might have been heard these words uttered in a thin, high voice with great determination. "Capital idea! We shall see it!"

It was remarked on the following day that the little clerk, instead of descending as usual into the basement to eat his lunch, went out into the street. In an alley near by was a bookstand, where he hoped to obtain what he desired. He managed to eat a mouthful as he went, and to make away with his hard-boiled egg while examining the books on the shelves. The custodian of these dilapidated volumes, quick to discern the serious purchaser, accosted him. Was he looking for anything in particular?

"The *appendicula vermiformis*," stammered the clerk. "That is to say, have you, perchance, an anatomy?"

"A superb one, a first edition. A little worn, perhaps, but that is nothing. The contents are intact. What is a binding, after all?"

Munching his last crust of bread, Cox turned over the leaves eagerly. "Carpenter's Human Physiology—The Human Functions—Food and its Destination—The Digestive Processes"—ah! "A View of the Organs of Digestion"—Every part numbered to correspond with the description—"No. 40, the caecum; No. 42, the *appendicula vermiformis*." There it was, exactly as it had been described, a little blind sac below the caecum. And what a place for a seed to lodge in.

"It is yours for one dollar."

"I will see about it."

"Seventy-five cents, then," said the dealer, as his customer moved away.

All the afternoon, copying so many figures, it was not strange that these two haunted him, .75. Every invoice, every bill of lading, had this fraction; every comma recalled this singular appendix to the caecum. Before closing his books he examined his wallet. Seventy-five cents, that meant no theatre again for a week—that was all.

Trudging homeward that night, he had under his arm a brown volume.

From that day the little clerk studied this question with assiduity. He even braved the lady who presided at the desk of the Public Library, asking timidly for Surgical Reports, Manuals of Medicine, and the like. Colic, irregularity, sensitiveness to pressure in the right lumbar region, disturbed digestion, susceptibility to cold—he knew all the symptoms.

Early in the spring a man presented himself at the surgical ward of the General Hospital and inquired for Dr. Jones. It was the little clerk. His round face had become emaciated. His legs were weak and trembled.

"What can I do for you?" asked the surgeon.

His visitor twirled his hat in his hand, speaking with difficulty. "I have an apple seed in the *appendicula vermiformis*."

Jones regarded him with astonishment with which was mingled that distrust of the practitioner for one who makes his own diagnosis.

"Nonsense," he ejaculated.

Cox shook his head sadly. Pressed by the surgeon, he narrated his experience with a naïvete which, to another than Jones, would have been heartrending; the conversation at the theatre, his change of diet, at last one day, by accident, without thinking, thrown off his guard, he had eaten an apple. Then colic, sensitiveness in the right iliac region—in short, the usual symptoms.

"This man is crazy," thought Jones. Still, he ordered a bed prepared. The case was certainly interesting.

A consultation of the house surgeons was decided upon.

"The man is a monomaniac," said Jones. "Still, something must be done. Look here! I will perform the operation, that is to say, I will pretend to. We will etherize him and show him his apple seed."

The little clerk was delighted. He was thinking of the man who so soon after the removal of his teeth from the oesophagus was walking in the garden. "I hope it is not too late," he said, feebly.

On the morning of the operation Jones was dumfounded to hear that the little clerk had died during the night.

At the autopsy the *appendicula vermiformis* was found empty.

Mr. Chas. Rowe, representing E. Tautz & Sons, sporting and military tailors, London, England, will be at the Windsor, February 14 to 28.

## People We Hear About.

### MONTREAL'S NEW SENATOR.

CASGRAIN is becoming quite a common name in the political life of Canada—common in respect of numbers, but not common otherwise, for the public men who bear that patronymic (and who, by the way, are all related to one another, though not all on the same side of the political fence), are distinguished for ability and eloquence. Nor is there any reason to believe that the latest acquisition to the number, the new Senator for Lotbiniere district, will fail to do justice to the traditions of the family.

The new Senator's grandfathers, on both the paternal and maternal sides, were distinguished public men—the Hon. Chas. Eusbe Casgrain being the first Minister of Public Works of Canada, and the Hon. Jacques Baby being Speaker of the Legislative Council of Ontario, in the old days when that Province had two chambers. His father, the Hon. P. B. Casgrain, was M.P. for L'Islet from 1872-91, and in 1882 was the only Liberal elected in the lower part of the Province. His uncle, the Hon. C. E. Casgrain, is the only French-Canadian Senator from Ontario, and his cousin, the Hon. T. Chase Casgrain (son of the Senator from Ontario), is M.P. for Montmorency and one of the leaders of the French wing of the Conservative party.

So it will be seen that there is a good supply of Casgrains in the public councils of Canada, and that they are not all agreed upon political questions, by any means.

Other distinguished members of the family are the Rev. Abbe Casgrain, uncle of the new Senator, and Capt. Philippe Henri du Perron Casgrain, his brother. The former is famous as a biographer and historian. The latter has had an honorable career in the British army, and is a remarkable linguist. Indeed, military and linguistic talents run side by side in the Casgrain family. The new Senator has a perfect command of both French and English, and speaks in either with fluency and grace. His brother, the Captain, besides possessing the usual linguistic attainments of a traveled and educated gentleman, is a Government prizeman in Hindustani, and medalist in Russian.

Sir Alphonse Pelletier, Speaker of the Senate, is Mr. Casgrain's uncle by marriage. When the Senator from Lotbiniere rises to speak, he will therefore address one uncle, while a second will listen to him from the benches; and over in the Commons, at the same moment, his cousin may be killing the very arguments he is adducing, or vice versa.

The Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain is 44 years old and was born in Old Quebec. His first public service was as assistant secretary to the Canadian department at the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, in 1876. He is a Provincial Land Surveyor for three Provinces—Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba—and in 1881 was admitted a Dominion Land Surveyor. He is engineer for several important corporations and stands well in his profession. Socially, he is a very pleasant and estimable man, and although a strong partisan, has just as warm friends in the Conservative camp as amongst his own comrades-in-arms. He was the founder of the Montreal Liberal Club and became its first president. He is also vice-president

**PREVIOUS ARTICLES.**—Major Girouard, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Haile, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Herbert, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 12; Mr. Chas. R. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Professor Gobelin Smith, November 10; Dr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Gen. Goodenham, November 24; Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archbishop Bevilacqua, December 8; Mr. Charles Beaumont, December 15; Mayor Parent, of Quebec, December 22; The Hon. Justice Warkie, December 29; Sir Wm. E. Meredith, January 5; Mr. W. E. Doran and Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, M.P., January 12; Lord Kitchener, January 19; Archbishop Lewis, February 2.



THE HON. J. P. B. CASGRAIN.

of the Club National, and a member of the Reform Club, the Club Canadien, St. James' Club, and the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club. His social popularity is evidenced by his having been elected president of the Montreal Club.

In 1885, Mr. Casgrain married Ella, only daughter of the late James W. Cook, M.P. for Dundas—a niece of Messrs. H. H. and Simon Cook, both well-known Ontario Liberals.

His appointment to the Senate seems to have been popular with both parties, and the voice of criticism, which is usually loud at such times, in one camp or the other, has not been heard to any extent. H. G.

### NOTES ABOUT EMINENT PEOPLE.

(FIN-DE-SIECLE JOURNALISM.)

IT may not be generally known, but it is a fact for which we can vouch, that the Prince of Wales always takes liquid, in some form or another, whenever he wants it.

Lord Salisbury, if in health, eats something every day, frequently, indeed, three times a day.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, may often be seen at church, and is very attentive to his devotions.

Mr. Tarte, though sometimes absent-minded, has never yet been known to go to bed without disrobing. We have this on excellent authority.

Chief of Police Hughes combs his hair before breakfast, and does not use a baton on his neighbors.

Lord Charles Beresford, when on duty, invariably puts on uniform; he has, however, several suits of plain clothes, and always a clean collar.

In his younger days, Sir Henry Irving was an actor.

When composing his operas, Sir Arthur Sullivan is always busy making notes.

Mr. E. S. Clouston signs his name several times every day. Otherwise he has no remarkable eccentricities.

Senator Drummond reads the newspapers, and generally laughs when he is amused at anything.

Mr. Chamberlain ("Joe") has been known to sleep six hours at a stretch; he evinces a decided objection to be shaved with a dull razor.

Curiously enough, his great rival, Oom Paul, never stands to have his hair cut.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier does not wear a colored shirt on state occasions. He prefers a sleeper to a day car when traveling by night.

On very wet and dirty days, the President of the United States prefers driving to walking; he never carries a stick and an umbrella at the same time.

The Sultan of Turkey puts one foot down after another when he is walking—never both at once.

## Life in "Slippery Places."

THE ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF A WELL-BRED ENGLISH  
BOY SENT OUT TO ROUGH IT IN  
CANADA.

PAPER NO. 4. IN A "TIE CAMP."

AT the risk of repetition, I must again preface my remarks by saying that these papers give the literal experiences of a certain class. I allude to men of education and refinement, who, finding themselves compelled by circumstances to earn their own living in a country where these supposed advantages have little marketable value, are, perforce, obliged to do so in an unwonted manner, viz., to make their "hands keep their head," instead of the usual obverse. The few who have grit enough to survive the ordeal and "resurrect" themselves from their inharmoonious surroundings, generally keep their mouths shut on the subject, under the impression that to do otherwise would place them at a disadvantage.

Now, the writer has the audacity to affirm that far more "kudos" attaches to one who, having fallen from high estate, yet manages to win his way back thereto, than to a mere "ranker," who makes his way to a superior position. The latter, if he fails in his attempt, has nothing to lose, is not worse off than he was before, and cannot know the sting of failure; whereas, the former, handicapped by previous habits and associations, finds the reascend of the ladder a very "via dolorosa" to his unaccustomed feet, each rung being only regained at the expense of his heart's blood.

One would imagine that this idea would find favor in a confessedly new country, where the writer has often been told "education aint no use," and where a man is supposed to be honored, or the reverse, for the sake of the four fleshy walls he stands up in, and not on account of ancestry or otherwise. Not so; the Dignity of Honest Labor (in capitals, please, printer) is all very well to talk or write about for a political oration, but (a word in your ear) it wont wash! I think it is Thackeray who says, "However blunt a character the son of a worthy washerwoman might be, he would hardly allude, with delight or gratification, to the maternal tubstill he had become a Field Marshal or a Bishop, at least." So it seems that the spade and the wheelbarrow must be relegated to the limbo of dishonored memories till such time as the gold of the millionaire sheds its refining ray over them. However this may be, I will ask you to accompany our hero through one more scene of fiery ordeal, in the shape of life in a lumber camp, and leave you to judge whether he pans out good metal. We will imagine the scene of his "engineering" operations closed down for the winter. Having demanded his "time," he finds to his consternation, that about every other day is marked down as "wet," and consequently a dies non, and, as his board bill has been running all the time at hotel prices, he is not overburdened with surplus cash, and may think himself lucky in obtaining this, instead of being presented with an order on the company, whose offices are, we will say, 5000 miles off, and to reach which would cost about twice as much as is due to him. By advice of his "butty," who is loath to part with him, a start is made in search of some timber limits, owned by the railway contractors, who have established a camp there for getting out railway ties.

Having invested in a pair of antediluvian snowshoes, fit for a son of Anak, our novice soon discovers that hob-nailed boots are adapted neither for snowshoeing nor for ordinary peregrination; but, notwithstanding these disadvantages, he manages to reach the desired haven of the camp, consisting of a log-shanty and stables on the banks of the Papineau, a tributary of the St. Grignon river, at the foot of a series of falls or rapids. Being welcomed by the cook, who is the "boss" of the shanty in the absence (and very often in the

presence) of the foreman, a "square meal" of genuine pea soup, with the inevitable pork and beans, is forthcoming and despatched in such masterly fashion that the good-will of the culinary powers is won over. The "boys" being yet in the woods a cursory inspection of the shanty may be indulged in. The walls are of long, rough horizontal logs notched into one another at the angles, the spaces between filled in with dry clay, and the roof is of "scoops" or hollow trunks split in half and laid vertically one-in-one-out like English pantiles, the interstices being filled with hay. At one end are the cook's quarters, partitioned off by young balsams, stuck close together. The floor is the hard trodden earth, with the exception of a sidewalk of superannuated ties, along the bunks at each side and around the stove. There is a double tier of primitive bunks around the whole length of the shanty, formed of young balsam trunks laid lengthwise on uprights, and thickly strewn with their green branches, which, covered with a pair of double blankets, forms a fair substitute for mattress or pailasse. The pillows consist of the sacks containing each man's "kit," and, with a pair of double blankets for covering, the whole forms a couch one is glad enough to turn into, the aroma of the pine branches having a soporific effect.

The "boys," whose acquaintance one shortly makes, are, for the most part, French-Canadians, who speak better English than French—the former being good idiomatic Saxon whereas their native tongue is a patois, "not understood of the (English) people," though one did take a French prize at school.

Having had much experience, the writer pleads guilty to a strong predilection for the French-Canadian in his native element of bush and river, having found him largely sympathetic, simple and kind-hearted. While he smiles at one's genuine endeavor to adapt one's self to circumstances, he will meet one half way. This is more than can be said of compatriots, who rate one at once as a "sanguinary" greenhorn—a butt, to be hulled; but I suppose comparisons are odious, and I feel I am treading on thin ice. We do not take long to get initiated into the mysteries of "swamping," i. e., making rough roads, for easy access to and from the camp, by removal of stumps and rocks, and cutting of bush and undergrowth, and are soon promoted to axe and saw. One soon learns to spot the hemlocks that will give three or more ties of regulation size, and to fell them, notch the proper length and roughly score the trunk its whole length. The teams take them down the skid-ways to the sawyers on the river bank, who cut them into lengths, and make a square pile of ties close to the water's edge ready for the culler. The writer was once told off for this important duty, which is to brand all ties of the regulation length, breadth and thickness, with the initials of the railway company—all not so marked being rejected as culls. All went well till the snow disappeared, when the first half-dozen rows nearest the ground were found to be butts, or short pieces a foot long, but showing fair ends of orthodox size all duly branded.

Such is the ordinary winter routine which goes on till the ice is out of the lakes, and the rivers at high water. Then ensues the "drive," a season of hard work and hardship awful to contemplate, very few of the old hands remaining for it, as river-driving requires a specialist. The object now being to get the ties to their destination, the pikes are promptly tumbled into the river to make their way at their own sweet will, until stopped by the booms at the mouth of the river or entrance to a lake. Many of them stick along the banks, or getting caught on the rocks, form a "jam." If the bush on the bank allows, the stragglers are pushed off into the current by means of long, iron-shod poles, but woe be to you if you miss the one you poke at; it is like missing the Quintan in olden time, only, instead of going over your horse's head, you go on your own into the river! As these truants delight to circle round in a back water, it is often necessary to wade into the

icy water to one's arm pits, armed with a short stick with a sharp pick at the end, called a pickaron, with which you guide them into the channel. A "jam" is a more serious affair, which generally occurs at the head of the rapids.

The centre of the river is usually swept clear of the ties by two or three boats. When a jam occurs these must lie just outside, with a couple of men in each, to "hold her up" with the oars, while the others clamber on to the jammed ties, and push them off, one by one, till they feel the whole mass going. Then, it is a case of "sauve qui peut"; you must scramble for the boats or the bank; if you succeed in gaining either, O. K. and da capo; if not, well, in such a case, many a good fellow's "time" has been made up for all eternity—as a solitary grave here and there along the banks testify.

If a lake intervene before reaching their destination, the ties have to be boomed and towed en masse to the other end of the lake; and, if there be a contrary wind and rough water, they get adrift, and have to be chased around for days, while many become waterlogged and sink, the cause of many a discrepancy in the cutter's books.

During the drive, the cook and his assistants follow on shore, with provisions, culinary "impedimenta," tent and blankets, and meals are got haphazard, while dry clothes are a luxury not to be thought of. The safety—I will not say the comfort—of the men is to a great extent in the hands of the foremen, some of whom are utterly callous, and, if danger arise, look to the safety of the teams rather than the men, who can easily be replaced, while horses are scarce! I will only remark further that many a poor fellow gets nothing for his winter's work, but a "skinful of whiskey." Touts and crimps lie in wait for the "June rose" as well as for Jack ashore.

The system is to give orders for the amount due to each man on the company for whom he has worked, whose offices may be a long way distant, and the order too often changes hands for a trifle at the nearest centre of civilization. Strange it is, but experience is not always a successful pedagogue! And now, cui bono? All very true you say, but why write about it? Because, I would say in effect, to those who are apt to declare they would sooner break stones on the road than submit to their hard fate. "Think twice, your 'stone breaking' would not earn salt to your porridge!" Remember, there is scope for heroism at the desk as well as in the desert; courage may be shown at the counter as well as in the camp—verbum sap—vale!

ONE OF THE BOYS.

### GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

PREPARED FOR "MONTREAL LIFE" BY MR JAMES HINGSTON,  
B.A., OXFORD UNIVERSITY, AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
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Three forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the week at large; the second shows how persons born on this day in any year, will fare during the next 12 months, and the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life. The present series began with December 1, 1899, and back numbers of LIFE, when available, cost 10c. each.

**SUNDAY, February 11.**—A favorable day for intellectual or spiritual work, but otherwise rather luckless than fortunate.

This will not be an eventful year. The only serious danger threatened is loss of money through ill-advised loans or unwise speculation.

Many of the children born to-day may become noted for their originality. For many others, financial loss is foreshadowed. In other respects their lives will be rather uneventful.

**Monday, February 12.**—Senseless disputes are foreshadowed for to-day, wherefore persons of a hasty temper should keep a strong guard on themselves.

As regards business and domestic affairs, this will be a prosperous year, and many young people will fall in love

before it ends. It will be well, however, to guard against accidents.

Children born to-day will become respectable members of society and will be fairly fortunate in all their undertakings. Some annoying changes are foreshadowed, but they will only be temporary.

**Tuesday, February 13.**—A good day for journeys, but hardly propitious for any other purpose.

This will be a good year for business, journeys and love affairs. Misfortune, however, is threatened in the form of family sickness and law-suits or other quarrels.

Exceedingly rash and quick-tempered will be the children born to-day, yet good fortune will attend them in many undertakings, and, if they do not wilfully wreck their own lives, their closing years should be happy.

**Wednesday, February 14.**—No favors should be asked of anyone to-day, and pains should be taken to avoid idle controversies.

A decidedly unsatisfactory year this will prove, the principal dangers threatened being business losses, serious opposition from competitors or others, and much worry through young people.

A love of change will be a marked characteristic of children born to-day, and, as "rolling stones gather no moss," they will not thrive whether they work for others or on their own account. Untruthful they will also be, and altogether blind to their own interests.

**Thursday, February 15.**—A dark, unfortunate day with hardly a glimmer of good luck in it.

Money losses and domestic affliction are threatened during this year, and young people whose birthday it is will have cause for sorrow. Business enterprises undertaken now will hardly prove satisfactory.

In their love affairs to-day's children will not be fortunate, and in their home life some sorrow awaits them. Those among them who have to earn their own living will thrive best by working for employers.

**Friday, February 16.**—Rather a colorless day, though good for negotiations and business generally.

This will be a quiet year and it is improbable that any remarkable event, either good or bad, will occur while it lasts.

Children born to-day will be sagacious and thoughtful, and the outlook is that they will be fairly prosperous through life.

**Saturday, February 17.**—Property may be sold to advantage to-day, but in other respects the outlook is doubtful.

A disastrous year this is likely to prove as regards business, and much sorrow is also threatened through family affliction. Those whose birthday it is are advised not to undertake any new ventures.

Wayward and reckless will be the children born to-day and little good fortune is foreshadowed for them. Indeed, a love of dissipation may ruin some of them, both boys and girls.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,

Room 35, 1368 Broadway,  
New York.

"Gabriel."

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

### NEXT WEEK.

**A**N article that is at once entertaining, instructive, timely, and brilliantly humorous will be published in LIFE next week—entitled "Vice Regal Etiquette, or How to Do It and How Not to Do It at Rideau Hall." It has been written by one thoroughly posted on the forms and usages of the little "mock court" at Ottawa, and will be valued and enjoyed by those who have occasion to frequent the capital. In view of Parliament being now in session it is a most timely contribution.

## A QUARTETTE OF RECENT COMPOSERS.

Four Montreal Women Who are Successful as  
Writers of Music.

MUSICAL composers, even as amateurs, are more rarely met with than are creators in any other field of art. Musical composers among women are rarer still. Although Montreal has never been accused of taking precedence as a city of musical note, it has, nevertheless, produced, in addition to the many talented musicians who call the metropolis home, a number of composers of undoubted ability amongst whom



MISS H. M. MacGOWAN.

women have well played their part. Of these, no mention would be complete without the name of Mrs. Clarke Murray, who, at one time, wrote a good deal of excellent music, but in the press of other duties and responsibilities has been obliged to abandon creative musical work for the present.

Mrs. J. Whitney was also known in musical circles as a composer some time since. Of the more recent composers, we this week introduce to those of our readers, who have not already made their acquaintance, a quartette of ladies whose work has received favorable notice.

BEATRICE MAUDE MacGOWAN is a daughter of Dr. H. W. MacGowan, of Knowlton, Que., and a niece of Rev. Charles Kollitt, assistant minister of the church of St. James the Apostle. Miss MacGowan resides, during the winter, with her uncle in this city, in order to pursue her musical education under more advantageous circumstances than would be possible in her native town. Here she studies harmony with Mr. Horace Keyner, Mus. Bac., and the cello with Mr. Louis Charbonneau who prophesies for her a very successful artistic career.

Miss MacGowan is a diligent student, with face turned towards the mecca of musical workers—a course in Germany. She has just received from the publisher, F. A. Mills, of New York, the advance copies of her maiden efforts in composition. They consist of a series of six songs, which the publisher has voluntarily proposed to bring out on a royalty instead of, as is usually the case, at the expense of the composer. This fact, alone, is a strong testimonial to their merit.

most ambitious effort is Mrs. Burns' translation of the following verses of Victor Hugo:

If a charming meadow green  
Heaven bedewed there be,  
Where the flowers in fairest sheen  
Bloom eternally;  
Where the emerald grasses twine,  
Where the eye of day doth shine,  
Place thy yielding hand in mine,  
Let us thither flee.  
If there be of love a dream,  
From all trouble free,  
Where the light of heaven doth beam  
Beautiful to see,  
A dream by heaven filled,  
Where soul in soul is stilled,  
A nest there I would build  
A home for thee.

To these lines this clever young musician has given a setting that carries out, with great fidelity, her conception of an "Idyl." The Bed-time Song is also prettily quaint and original, both in words and music, and ought to be very popular with that large class of persons who admire tender lullaby strains.

Mr. Sumner Salter, theorist of the Virgil Clavier School of New York, and warden of the American Guild of Organists, speaks very highly of Miss MacGowan's work, and has requested her to send in everything she jots down, as there is certainly a place for her in the ranks of musical composers. Accordingly, she has now submitted to the publisher four additional songs and a solo for the violoncello.

A CHARMING little song that has given much pleasure wherever it has been sung, was published about a year ago by the Hatch Music Company, Philadelphia, for the author, Mrs. Maud Steel Muir. Mrs. Muir, who was born in Melbourne, Que., has studied under some of the best teachers in Montreal, since graduating from Stanstead Wesleyan College. Her first appearance in Montreal musical circles was made in 1895 when she acted as accompanist at a concert given in the Windsor Hall by Max Heinrich and Charles C. Simple, the Belgian violoncellist.



MRS. CHADWICK.

Mrs. Muir, finding music her most natural mode of expression, has composed in a desultory fashion for some half-dozen years, during which time



she has written several songs and a couple of anthems, but without any idea of publication, until she was asked by some who had heard it to put *To Dreamland* into print.

The music was originally written for other words beginning,

Rock-a-by, lullaby, bees on the clover,  
Cooing so drowsily, crying so low,

which appeared in an old number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The manuscript was copied by a niece of Mrs. Muir's who sang it at several places in the vicinity of her summer home near Ottawa. It became a favorite and many requests for copies were made. Finding how well her little song had been received, Mrs. Muir concluded to publish it.



MRS. MUIR.

It was necessary, of course, to obtain the author's permission to make use of his verses, but the back number of *Scribner* had become lost, and with it all clue to the author's name and address. However, Mrs. Muir's husband, Mr. G. Ernest Muir, found an excellent way out of the difficulty by writing the words of *To Dreamland*.

Lullaby, lullaby, summer days over  
Hush dare the song-birds as homeward they go,  
Lullaby, lullaby, dear little rover,  
Out into dreamland, oh go, go, go! oh go!  
Out into dreamland, oh go, go, go!

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, play time is over,—  
Tears in the blue eyes that sleepily close,—  
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, dear little rover,  
Out into dreamland he goes, goes, goes! he goes!  
Out into dreamland he goes, goes, goes!

Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, waking is over,  
Hush! darling, sleep, and awake not till dawn,  
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, dear little rover,  
Out into dreamland he's gone, gone, gone! he's gone!  
Out into dreamland he's gone, gone, gone! Oh, gone!

Both the words and the music, which is full of tender *pianissimo* passages, combine to render *To Dreamland* one of the sweetest slumber songs that have been produced anywhere in recent years.

The Montreal Women's Club has made arrangements for having five of Mrs. Muir's songs sung at its next meeting on February 12. Mrs. Muir is working more systematically during the present winter, and has invoked the muse to considerable purpose, having written three piano pieces and four songs, which will be published in the near future.

**MRS. BERTHA ERITH CHADWICK** is a native of London, Ont. She was early taught the rudiments of music by her mother, and afterwards received a good musical education from her father, Professor Erith, of London, England.

Mrs. Chadwick, together with Miss Carling, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Hatton Moore, daughter of J. L. Hatton, a great English composer, organized the Woman's Morning Music Club of London, Ont., and it was in connection with this club that she produced her first work in composition. At a concert given by the club, the programme was to consist of musical settings of the poem beginning "Thou art like a lovely flower" (*Du*

*bist wie eine blume*). It was found that 14 numbers had been prepared, all being solos, which, it was feared, would be rather monotonous. To remedy this defect, Mrs. Chadwick arranged the song very cleverly as a quartette for ladies' voices.

Mrs. Chadwick is a member of the Ladies' Morning Music Club of Montreal, in which, besides sometimes acting as accompanist, she takes an active part in training ladies in part songs. At a concert recently given by the club, some of Mrs. Chadwick's music was rendered, which speaks well for it, as the club is decidedly critical in its selections.

It is not, however, as a composer that Mrs. Chadwick is best known, but as an accompanist and organist, having acted in the latter capacity very successfully in churches in London, St. John, N.B., and Montreal. Her first appearance as an instrumental musician was made at the age of four years, when she played a melodeon solo at a concert in London, Ont.

LAST mentioned, but by no means least, is Miss Louisa Morrison, who is well-known to concert-goers as a vocalist of much ability. She is also a successful teacher of voice culture according to the Italian school.

As a composer, Miss Morrison has produced quite extensively. Her published work includes: A barcarole called *Venice*, which has been sung in the Eastern States, and since by a leading Boston soprano in Ottawa, where it was very favorably received; the *Clementine Waltz* (vocal), written for Madame De Vere-Sapio, who sang it frequently at concerts in New York and elsewhere; the *Victorian Chorus*, dedicated to the "Vies," and a large number of other pieces, of which *Ma Fiancee* is perhaps the favorite. The words of *Ma Fiancee* were written by Jules Martin, a Parisian litterateur, who sent them to Miss Morrison. The song is dedicated to the late Jehin Prume, and it is said that it was much admired in Paris, where it was sung by an eminent baritone.

Miss Morrison is now about to send to a London, Eng., publishing house four new songs, amongst which are an *Arabian Love-Song*, with violin and cello obligato, a *Hindoo Love-Song*, and a *berceuse* or lullaby. The manuscripts of these have been submitted to such authorities as



MISS LOUISA MORRISON.

Moretz Rosenthal, New York, and Krehbiel, musical critic of *The New York Tribune*, both of whom speak in very high terms of the dramatic power and faithful treatment of her Eastern subjects.

Miss Morrison is a native of Montreal. Much of her musical education was gained in New York, where she studied harmony under Dr. Austin Pierce, and singing under Prof. Hensler. Miss Morrison is going to London next year, and afterwards to Paris and Germany, there to pursue her work of composition as well as the study of music.

E. BOTTING.

AN interesting pupils' demonstration of the Fletcher music method ("music without tears") was given at the Karn Hall last Saturday afternoon, by the local teachers, Mrs. H. O. Wilson and Miss Elizabeth Davidson. The demonstration, which covered the work of the method in a comprehensive way, could not but be a revelation to the large number of parents and others interested in the teaching of music. In addition to the technical numbers, the programme included many pianoforte selections, charmingly rendered by the pupils.



# LADY MARY

By  
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

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

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.

Miss Cade accompanied me to Lady Mary's door, even following me in for a step or two. Her mistress, after a glance at me, which might have meant welcome, or indeed almost anything, turned to the companion. "Have you sent Trout out on the errand I mentioned?" she quietly questioned.

"Not yet, Lady Mary. But I will attend to it, now that I have succeeded in finding Miss Rutland for you. Am I to understand that it will be necessary for her to go in any case?"

My eyes were on Miss Cade's face, and having the clue to what she said, I fancied that I read a sinister meaning.

"Yes," Lady Mary returned, thoughtfully. "Decidedly she had better be sent in any case."

Had it not been for my eavesdropping, I should have paid no attention to these words. That the housekeeper should go out upon an errand would not have interested or excited me in the slightest degree. But as it was I clenched my hands for self-control, and the palms were chill and damp.

The door closed after Miss Cade, and Lady Mary sat studying my face with beautiful, expressionless dark eyes.

"You are not looking well," she said. "You certainly had a very trying experience yesterday. I think a change of air and scene would do you good."

"So she does actually mean to try and put me away out of Donald's reach!" I mentally exclaimed. But, after all, there was a certain sense of relief in the suggestion. If I were to be taken away, nothing was meant to happen in the Dark House, and in a boat or train I would cry out and appeal for protection, even to some stranger.

Hope rose again in my heart, and perhaps the color to my face. Lady Mary's large eyes were still thoughtfully fixed upon it.

"I see, you would like the plan," she said. "You shall go, if you will. Why should you not travel and see the world? You will have plenty of money by-and-bye, and even now, out of your allowance, you need not be stinted. I have been thinking matters over. There must be no ill-feeling between me and your father's daughter."

I shuddered a little at this, but I hoped that she did not see it.

"This is but a dreary house for a young girl to live in," she went on. "And I am but a dull companion. Yet what can I do? By the terms made in the codicil to your father's will I was appointed sole guardian. You were to live here with me during your minority. That was distinctly stated, as you have been told."

"Liar!" the word formed itself into my mind, but it did not leave my lips, nor did I raise my eyes.

"There is but one way in which you can escape." (Did she, I wondered, speak that word by accident or design?)

She paused after it for an instant, and then went on: "Only one way that I can see, and that is by marriage. You could marry, you know, with my consent. I spoke hastily an hour ago. Imagine the difference, Eve, between life at

Sombermere Court and journeying through all the countries you must often have longed to see—Germany, France, Italy, Spain. Can you fancy a more ideal existence with a man who loves you?"

I did not know how to understand her now. "Towards what was she leading me with her glowing word-pictures?"

"No, I cannot, if I loved him, too," I answered, cautiously.

"You are a child yet, and do not know what love means. Any man of brains and heart could teach you."

"I have loved Sir Donald Howard," I obstinately responded, "ever since the first day I saw him. I didn't quite realize it then, but I do now. Are you speaking of him to me?"

Lady Mary was silent. She rose and moved across the room once or twice, and then came back to me, mystically smiling. "What if I have relented—what if I do mean Donald Howard?" she asked. "Would you be willing to marry him—to-night?"

I could not repress a little gasp of surprise and incredulity.

"You think I am jesting," she said. "Well, we shall see. I was always rather fond of surprises. Perhaps I have a pleasant one in store for you now. I wish you well, Eve, though you may not believe me. I have not been all to you that I might, perhaps, for I do not understand young girls. Never since I was one myself have I had to do with a girl before."

It seemed strange to picture this dark, beautiful, secretive personality in young and innocent girlhood. But I made no comment.

"I, too, would like to leave this house for a time," she continued. "I have borne a good deal of sorrow, and been shut up here with it for long. If you were happily married I should be free to go away, that is, as free as one can be, so pressed for money as I. Now you see why I have been trying to arrange this sudden step for you. Sir Donald Howard has been here——"

I flashed a glance at her, but she went on speaking, undismayed.

"Answer my question, Eve. If a marriage could be arranged between you for to-night, would you agree?"

Let me see him and answer him the question," I boldly ejaculated.

She scarcely appeared to hear. "You know," she said, "Scotland is not far off. Things of that sort can be managed quite differently there. Your father and I were married in Scotland quite as suddenly, by the way. Donald has already crossed the border, and if you wish I will myself take you to meet him there?"

"When?" I questioned, shortly.

"Almost at once. We should have to start in the course of a couple of hours at latest. We ought to go before."

"Please give me ten minutes," I said, "in which to think it over."

"Certainly. I will not advise you one way or the other. I have shown you the contrast between the two ways of life, and explained why I am willing that you should go. Stay here and think. I will leave you alone."

She got up and went into the adjoining room, which I had never entered, but knew to be her bed-chamber. Ten minutes to decide! The time allotted was none too long.

I did not believe for a moment that Lady Mary meant honestly by me. I was sure that she was trying to trick me, and, despite my old lurking fear and distrust of her, she might so have tricked me had it not been for the terrible letter that burnt against my bosom, branding her a murderer. But now I looked upon the plan she had proposed merely as a snare of some sort in which she hoped that I might be induced to fall.

Yet, I thought, what better could I do? In traveling surely some chance would be granted me of making known

my peril. Once outside the Dark House, with its shrouding trees and the lake, which might hide many a deadly secret, Lady Mary Raven should find that girls could not safely be done away with in this latter half of the nineteenth century.

I would be a fool, I told myself, if I let my one opportunity of grasping safety slip by me. She did not dream that I knew her for what she was. She would believe that she had hoodwinked me, and in her delusion might lie protection for me.

Between two evils (both of which loomed black as some unfathomed pit before me) I believed that in deciding to go from the Dark House I should be choosing the lesser.

When, at the end of exactly ten minutes, my stepmother returned, I told her that I should be ready to start for Scotland at whatever time she might think best.

Her face lightened somewhat at the words, and she began suggesting, with a show of interest, quite like an ordinary woman, such things as in her opinion I ought to take with me.

"You can come back, if you like, after your honeymoon," she said, "and everything shall be ready for you. But meanwhile you will want a few things, and you can hardly buy anything until you reach Paris, where Donald is sure to take you after a while."

I acquiesced, half-dazed, and, escorted to my room by Miss Cade, who had returned to Lady Mary's boudoir, I commenced, with her ostentatious assistance, to do a little packing.

Evidently Miss Cade had been instructed not to let me out of her sight. Evidently, also, the result of her cooking was not to be tested since I had given my consent to go. What lay before me I knew not; but I thought I could guess what I was escaping.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### THE JOURNEY.

The old coach which had brought me to the Dark House for the first time, now months ago (months which seemed like years), stood ready to receive us when we descended—Lady Mary, Miss Cade and I.

My companions would, they informed me, return next morning to Sombermere Court. As for me, I would be left in the care of my husband.

I longed to cry out my loathing of them and their deceit, but I held my tongue. "Wait!" I said to myself over and over again. "At the station at Keswick, perhaps. There will be people there; that will be my time."

And even as I so assured myself I wondered whether, when the fateful moment came, I should have the requisite courage to do that which would turn all eyes upon me—to denounce Lady Mary Raven as her husband's murderess.

Sometimes as we three strangely assorted ones drove joltingly on together, I furtively pressed my hand against my breast, until I could feel the sharp folded edge of the letter against my delicate skin. There would be my proof. It must be handed over to someone in authority.

At last we had reached the outskirts of the town. The time for action would be coming now. My heart began beating with a sense of suffocation. I could hardly breathe; but I controlled my features, knowing that I was being stealthily regarded by a pair of eyes under the falling crape veil.

The station at last! Did they really mean to carry me to Scotland, and, if so, what was their real purpose? It was Miss Cade who slipped away to secure the tickets, leaving me standing beside Lady Mary, dwarfed by her commanding height.

There were one or two porters about, and three or four rustic-looking people, very anxious and concerned for their shabby luggage.

I gazed wistfully at each face. Could I make my sensa-

tional appeal to one of those dull, countrified bumpkins? Would they not shrink from me in horrified astonishment, and believe me to be mad?

Mad! I remembered now how it had been given out over the countryside that I was so. Doubtless it had been but a "canny" bit of preparation for some emergency such as this.

If the station master would only come out, I thought longingly, I might be able to speak to him. And there was the letter. I could place it in his hands.

As I debated confusedly in my own mind what I had better do—anxious to take the one tide in my affairs at the flood, yet fearing to defeat all by precipitancy—the rushing noise of an incoming train began to boom in my ears. I must decide in a moment.

A porter, wheeling some luggage, passed near me. Nervously I took a step forward and opened my trembling lips. Lady Mary pulled me back. "Take care!" she said. "You will be hurt if you get in the way of these men."

"I've got a carriage," exclaimed the voice of Miss Cade; and between the two I felt myself being hurried along.

This was not the season of the year for many passengers at Keswick, but as I walked reluctantly on, with Lady Mary and her companion efficiently hemming me in, I saw a group of young men in knickerbockers, who were evidently climbers.

They were all talking and laughing together, and their careless merriment seemed to remove them out of my sphere. But I gazed at them wistfully, and, moistening my lips, which were so dry that I could scarcely speak, I managed to articulate the one word, "Help!" The youths turned and stared, as though not sure they had heard aright.

"What is the matter, my child?" queried Lady Mary, in her most melodious contralto tones. "Did you stumble or hurt yourself?"

She had me by the arm, bending over me. The young men turned away again. I was half-lifted, half-pulled into a first-class carriage. The train was moving out of the station when a kindly-faced old gentleman made an attempt to follow us in.

"This compartment is reserved," said Miss Cade, sharply, pointing to a slip of paper pasted upon the window; and the old man, murmuring something, passed on.

"How thoughtful of you, Elizabeth," breathed Lady Mary. "I'm glad you remembered to speak about reserving the carriage. It is so much more agreeable to travel by ourselves."

One more hope gone! A helpless feeling began to settle coldly over me. And yet I determined that nothing on earth should prevent me from appealing to someone—no matter how rustic, how humble—at our stopping place.

I hazarded a few questions regarding our destination and Donald's whereabouts, not because I expected to place the slightest reliance upon the answer I should get, but because I was curious to see what they would be.

We were to drive to an inn, and Donald was to meet us there, having previously made arrangements for our accommodation, and so on. Miss Cade had, she said, found a moment in which to wire him, at Lady Mary's request, while we waited for the train at Keswick.

So much had taken place during this day that I found it difficult to realize it was still early in the afternoon. I had expected to meet my lover at the station at 8.30 that morning, and I had been deceived. Where was he now? How many dreary miles separated me from him and his protection, though so few hours had passed?

This part of the world was undiscovered country to me. At each station at which we slowed down I looked out expectantly, with the window open, pleading the closeness of the air. But nobody came near enough for me to address; and if I had screamed aloud, with none at hand to help,

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doubtless Lady Mary or her companion would unhesitatingly have stopped my mouth.

At last Miss Cade rose and began gathering together our scanty pieces of luggage.

"Here we are!" Lady Mary said.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## AT THE SIGN OF THE GREEN DRAGON.

The train had drawn up at a small and insignificant station, which seemed to consist of a narrow platform and a roof sheltering a number of benches.

Night was beginning to fall at last, and on a lighted lamp which we had passed my eyes had caught the name "Macclestown."

"Have you ever been here before?" I demanded of Lady Mary, a little sharp note of apprehension ringing in my voice.

She answered me calmly. "Never; but that does not signify. We are to meet Donald at an inn, as I said. It is called, I think, the Green Dragon. An old-fashioned name, and no doubt an old-fashioned house. But I daresay we shall be comfortable enough. On such an interesting occasion as this small inconveniences will hardly matter."

First Miss Cade and then Lady Mary stepped down upon the platform, and the former held out a helping hand to me. I disregarded it, however, and descended unassisted, glancing eagerly about me as I did so.

We seemed to be the only passengers for Macclestown, with the exception of two men, whom I dimly perceived through the falling darkness in the distance, wrapped up in long travelling cloaks or mackintoshes with flapping capes.

As I looked, they hurried away without stopping for any luggage, and we three were alone on the platform, save for the porter.

The train had only paused for an instant at this unimportant station, and our travelling bags were in our hands. We had no other luggage which would necessitate the attention of a porter. Summoning all my courage however, I called to the one who appeared to be busy with some large crates which had been deposited on the platform. I must not lose my last chance.

"Porter, come here!" I desperately cried. He came, slouchingly.

"We shall not need you, thanks," said Lady Mary. "We are to be met from the Green Dragon."

"I want him! I need him!" I panted. "Porter, take me away from these women! They—they mean to do me harm. Take me to the station master, and I will explain!"

"Be still, foolish girl!" commanded Lady Mary, but playfully, rather than sternly, while Miss Cade transfixed me with a Sphinx-like glare of rage.

"Pray, pay no attention to this strange trade, porter," my stepmother went on. "It is a sad case. To-morrow we are going to Dr. Allison's. You know the place, I daresay."

The porter favored me with a stare of sympathy. "Puir lassie!" he mumbled, turning away, as though he would no longer harrow his feelings with a sight so pitiful. Evidently he did know Dr. Allison's place, and evidently, too, the very mention of it was an explanation in itself.

But I had crossed the Rubicon, and my hesitation had all gone. Fire seemed to rush through my veins. I essayed to run after him, but Lady Mary and Miss Cade each caught me fiercely by an arm. Their fingers, as they pressed into my flesh, were sharp as talons.

"Help!" I cried, thickly, catching my breath with a despairing sob. "Don't believe them! They are murderers."

Miss Cade had been doing something with a bottle and

handkerchief which, with her free hand, she had pulled from her pocket.

"My poor, dear little girl!" she bleated, coaxingly. "Now, don't—don't distress yourself. Here, my pet, take your medicine, that's a good child!"

The handkerchief was pressed to my face. I struggled, gurgled a little, and all life seemed to ooze out at my finger-ends. I stared up at the roof of the platform, where a light or two appeared to dance dizzily, and then I did not care what might happen next.

"The poor lamb will be quiet and good now, I'm sure," I still heard Miss Cade murmuring, and Lady Mary was speaking gently in her sweet, low, contralto voice.

I did not fall. I did not quite lose consciousness, but volition was gone. I felt myself being moved along. I felt that I was walking, though my limbs gave way under me slightly at the knees, and I was being supported on each side.

In a moment more a man came running towards us—a man who looked like a servant or a porter at some cheap hotel.

"Take our bags, please," I heard Lady Mary say; "I suppose you have a carriage waiting."

The man mumbled something in reply, and we followed him down a dimly-lighted staircase, which led out into the night.

I fought agonizingly with the lethargy which was upon me, and had managed to utter some inarticulate sound, when I found the handkerchief furtively clapped over my nose and mouth again.

Then the ground melted away from under my feet, and I lapsed into strange dreams, in which I was always jolting onward through the dark, with a hum of voices in my ears.

Lights gleamed about me after a while, and there came a growing sense of physical warmth and comfort.

It seemed to me that it would be a great effort to open my eyes—an effort that would be hardly worth while to make. My eyelids felt like heavy obstacles, which it would take all my strength to move. I think that some moments must have passed before I tried to do so. Then, with a sensation as though a cord, which had held them down, had snapped apart, with a surprising shock, my eyes opened widely.

I was lying on a lounge, propped up with pillows, in the corner of a small room, near a fireplace, in which I could hear the snapping of coals as they ignited. It was a vulgar room, with a low, stained ceiling, and soiled, gaudily-flowered wall paper.

The lounge on which I reclined was of black horsehair. At some distance stood a round table, with an unshaded lamp in the centre, and a number of dishes scattered about. A steam rose from some of them, which indicated that they contained hot viands ready to be eaten. I sickened slightly at the sight.

Lady Mary and Miss Cade stood by the fire, with their backs turned towards me, and they were conversing together in low, earnest tones.

"It was a surprise to me, I assure you," my stepmother said. "I thought, as you did, that she was coming with us in all good faith."

"Spiteful little cat!" ejaculated Miss Cade. "She might easily have ruined everything. Luckily you had been wise enough to choose Macclestown, so close to Dr. Allison's, and that accounted for it all."

"It is as well to be prepared for emergencies, as I have often tried to impress upon you, Elizabeth," softly returned Lady Mary. "And now, while she is resting so comfortably after her journey, I propose that we finish our supper. We shall both be the better for it, I think."

I heard all this, as part of my dream, but as the two

women moved and turned their faces in my direction, a sudden realization that I was not asleep, but waking, came to me. At the first movement, which warned me that I should presently be observed, I closed my eyes again, and lay back on the cushions, motionless, as before.

"It has taken effect beautifully," said Miss Cade, laying a hand upon my forehead. "Her face is warmer now, but still cool and quite moist. I think, if you choose, it would be safe to have him come in."

"No, not now," Lady Mary responded. "It is not necessary that he should come yet."

They sat down at the table, and a faint clatter of dishes and clinking of knives and forks began.

Gradually I was coming to myself. I still felt oddly lethargic and indifferent to all that went on around me. Voices sounded hollow and far away. And yet I had regained enough sense to understand that I had arrived at a crisis of some sort.

"What does it mean? What shall I do?" The words repeated themselves over and over in my clouded brain, until they set themselves to a sort of halting tune, and lost their meaning from much repetition.

"If they know that I am awake, what will happen?" I asked myself, as consciousness grew clearer, desperately trying to trim the lamp of reason, that once more the flame might burn bright and steadily.

"Better to feign sleep," I thought, "and, perhaps, I shall gain some inkling of their plans. Maybe I shall find out why they have brought me here, and what they intend to do with me."

They were still in the midst of their supper, when I heard a faint rapping at the door. One of them, I dared not look to see which, rose and opened it, and there was the buzz of whispering, not a word of which could I hear.

At last steps returned into the room, and there was more whispering at the table, while the door remained open, as I could tell from the draught of the colder air.

"We must wake her up just enough for the responses, 'yes' and 'no.' Give her a cup of coffee," I heard Lady Mary say.

"For the 'responses!'" I wondered what that could mean. Could they have actually intended that I should be married? And, if so, where was the bridegroom?

Furtively I opened my eyes, and glanced under drooping eyelashes towards the door. I could almost have sprung from the sofa and cried aloud as I saw Valentine Graeme standing there, with a sullen, dark-faced stranger peering over his shoulder.

In an instant I had shaken off the effects of the chloroform, or whatever was the drug which had been given me. But with a strong effort I kept my presence of mind, and lay perfectly still. Fortunately, neither of the men had seen me open my eyes. They were eagerly watching Miss Cade, as she stood bending over Lady Mary and whispering to her at the table.

I saw my stepmother take in her hand a coffee-pot, and begin pouring the dark, muddy-looking fluid into a cup. Then I closed my eyes, trying to subdue my panting breath.

"A fig for legality!" Lady Mary exclaimed, in scornful response to some murmur of Miss Cade's. "She will believe in it. She will consider herself married, and then it will be too late for her to draw back. Afterwards the thing can be done over again if necessary, though in my opinion they will be legally man and wife within the hour. Here, try to get some of this coffee between her teeth."

At last I knew what responses would be required of me. And I determined that no power on earth would force me to make them. I would die rather; and much as I had

feared death earlier in the day, the thought of it now seemed to hold no terror for me. Each moment I grew more excited, but I was not afraid.

Surely, I argued, they could not marry me to this wretch against my will. I would feign utter unconsciousness at first, and then, if it seemed wiser, I would shriek out: "No, no!" and cry for help.

In a moment or two I felt a hand slipped under my neck, my head was raised, and a teaspoon held to my lips. I made no effort to swallow, and I let my head fall back as though I were fainting or dead.

"You've given her too much," Valentine Graeme said. "She doesn't seem to have any life left in her."

By the sound of his voice I knew that he had come into the room, and must be standing quite near me.

"Valentine is right," said Lady Mary. "She must be easily affected by drugs. You should have been more careful, Elizabeth. We are wasting time now. What is to be done?"

The door had been softly closed, and a man's voice, which I had not heard before, commenced to speak.

"It really doesn't matter, so far as we are concerned, my lady. A simple bend of the head at the right time will be all-sufficient, I assure you. Oh, I shall see that they are bound faster to each other than in many a Scotch marriage I have known. She would have a good deal of trouble to undo the knot again, even if she tried, which she won't, for other reasons beside the scandal. I think you may leave our friend Graeme here to see to that. But my part, if you like, may begin now."

"Ah, if a bend of the head will suffice, perhaps it is as well that she is as she is. There might have been some trouble about obtaining the responses, after all. Move away, Elizabeth, and do not trouble with the coffee any more. I will sit beside her and—er—see that she conducts herself becomingly during the ceremony."

Lady Mary laughed softly as she spoke these last words, and I heard a rustle of her silk-lined gown approaching me. Miss Cade removed her arm from under my neck, and my head fell back again on the pillows.

An awful despair was upon me. My hope had been that, unless I made the "proper responses," as they had said, their scheme must fall. But now it seemed that even so much was unnecessary. I felt like a helpless child who knows not which way to turn.

A hundred questions which I knew not how to answer rushed into my brain at once.

If they married me to him, could I not free myself from him at once? But suppose I could not? No, I must not trust to that. I had accomplished all the good that was to be got out of my feigned unconsciousness. I had heard the discussion of their plans. The time had surely now come to surprise and startle them with sudden protest—sudden action—if I would save myself.

Miss Cade had released me and moved away. I must not wait until Lady Mary had taken her place, or I should be at a disadvantage. I knew her physical strength and her determination of old.

With a spring which caused them all involuntarily to start away from me in dismay, I had leaped from the sofa, and rushed to the door.

The shrieks that I gave utterance to sounded almost blood-curdling, even in my own ears. I had not dreamt that I could scream like that. I had got the door open, and in another instant I would have been in the passage outside, had not Valentine Graeme caught me roughly by the arm and dragged me back again.

But I had not fought in vain. I heard the sound of doors being thrown open below and footsteps running up-stairs.

(To be Continued.)

## WAR AND ITS METHODS.

SOME HUMOROUS THOUGHTS ABOUT WHAT HAS BEEN, IS, OR MIGHT BE, BY "SINBAD."

OF course, we all understand that the day when haughty despots could run a lawn-mower over their shrinking serfs is past and gone. A new generation is arising, which requires its liberties kept on ice, and served up to it like caramels with a pair of tongs in every box. Yet we are still confronted with the horrors of war. Civilization, in its effort to stretch forth its mighty hand and grab every thing in sight, still considers, as one of its brightest and most hopeful features, its endeavors to despatch its opponents to a better world, with all the facilities of a refined society and the speed of an amateur physician. And at the present moment the world is in doubt whether the censorship or the slot machines are most harrowing to its nervous sensibilities.

Yet, for sometime past, it has been evident that the practice of war is becoming dangerous to the public health. So long as war was confined to the placid combats in Cuba, where more of the combatants succumbed to the local whiskey than to the Mauser, and everybody got their pictures in the magazines, the only thing that worried us was the sudden accumulation of heroes that were suddenly thrust upon our hands. Even the mule of San Juan had garlands on its grave. But these South-African combats are a very different thing. There can be no doubt that during the present unpleasantness, when a man can fire a gun so fast that it sounds like winding up a Waterbury watch, a number of estimable gentlemen have been compelled to assume their angel plumage at the exact moment when they were most needed in society. And that thus the theatres, the social functions, and the five o'clock teas, have suffered. Girls have to buy their own candy and matinee tickets, and the appearance of a man at a "small and early" creates as much excitement as that of a mouse in a woman's suffrage convention. In fact, the framework of society has been rudely shaken, and we have heard of instances where young ladies, in default of their usual consolers, have been compelled to kiss the cat for the sake of its whiskers.

The argument that more people are annually despatched to join the "Heavenly Choir" by the trolley cars of this continent than by all the warfare of the past decade does not apply. Men are run over by the trollies at bargain-counter rates. While those who succumb to warfare cost more than a supper to a Parisian danseuse. Hence, in these times of strict economy, there are many sound reasons for preferring the trolley as a method of reducing the census. It is convenient; and we are accustomed to it. Besides, we ought to patronize home industries; and not send young men out to South Africa to be pumped full of lead by alien enterprise. The present crude methods of punching holes in our fellow citizens in order to convince them of the error of their ways should also be abandoned, and, by proper attention to detail, war might be converted into a society function, where the casualties would be less than at an inter-collegiate football match, and where the contestants could wear flowers in their buttonholes instead of on their coffins.

Hence, I am glad to see that a branch of the Society for the Amelioration of Warfare has been established in Boston. There is a great work before such a society. There are many improvements they might safely introduce that the public would appreciate. In the first place, under the present barbaric system, battles are often fought in spots where the car-service is miserably defective and there is not a decent hotel for miles. Often there is not sufficient beer even for the non-combatant officers, and instances have been known where these heroic examples of the survival of the fittest have found their throats too dry to be able to criticize the movements of the fighting line. No accommodations are provided for spectators, and the convenience of the public is entirely disregarded.

Then, again, the system of a victorious commander bringing home a string of strange prisoners, when there is only a

box of sardines in the house and the cook has gone over to see her mother, cannot be too strongly reprobated. It is difficult to get prisoners to wipe their feet, and their appetites are often unduly stimulated by adversity. They block up the passages and demoralize the servant girls. One cannot paste them to the exterior for fear of spoiling the walls, and to nail them to the sidewalk would obstruct the traffic. The question of the disposition of prisoners is, therefore, one that should be taken up by the society. One method suggested is that they be provided with dress-suits and hired out to evening parties where men are in demand. Another is to use them for voting purposes and collect their wages from the "machine." A third is to present one of them as a bonus to each of the maiden ladies who would, naturally, form the great bulk of the members of the society. It may be objected that this would be cruel. But it would be preferable to allowing them to march in the parades of the unemployed or boiling them down for glue.

We are not aware, as yet, who is to be the guiding spirit in this great movement upon behalf of suffering humanity. But, if a suggestion be admissible, we would like to present the name of Lieut. Hobson of Merrimac fame. No man ever achieved more military glory with less injury to himself and his enemies than he did. His name has been on the bulletin boards in letters larger than those allotted to General Buller, and he has never hurt a living soul. He has had more columns of eulogy poured forth on him than any living statesman. He has performed a deed before which Napoleon might quail. He has kissed an entire Kansas Woman's State Convention. And he is still alive. Such a man combines the courage of the warrior, with the harmlessness of the tin-soldier, and the osculatory powers of a temperance lecturer. Above all he knows how to work the papers. Under his skilful guidance war would lose all its horrors. It would become a society function, flavored with vanilla and served up at pink teas. Let a united people then rise up and demand Lieut. Hobson for their leader and war will become a popular recreation, and glory will be given away with every pound of tea. Censorship will be taught in the kindergartens and every family can have a little war of its own. The task of reducing the surplus population can safely be left in the hands of our modern transportation facilities, and, considering the recent improvements in the bicycle, we have no need of war to remove our citizens to a better land with promptitude and despatch. Hence, the society for the amelioration of war has a broad field before it, and its meetings will have focussed upon them the same eager speculation with which a becalmed yachting party regards the fate of the last match.

SINBAD.

## A NEW STORY.

A NEW story, of special interest to Canadians and particularly to Montrealers, will be commenced shortly in MONTREAL LIFE. We refer to "Antoinette de Mirecourt," a tale of Montreal after the conquest, by the late Mrs. Leprohon, who died in 1879. This charming story—the most charming written by the distinguished authoress—was published in 1864 by the late John Lovell, and won much praise. It was translated into French and ran through two editions in that language. It has never been republished in English, and is now out of print—only a few stray copies being in existence. The older generation of Montrealers will recall the story with pleasure and will find it most interesting to re-read it after all these years. The younger generation will be surprised to find what excellent literature was turned out in Canada 40 years ago. It is a story no Montrealer, young or old, should miss. Next week we hope to be able to publish a sketch of Mrs. Leprohon's life and work. She was, in her day, perhaps the most distinguished writer in the British Provinces.



AS it is the fortune of the onlooker to see the greater part of the game, it gave me no little amusement to hear various comments by those whom my remarks last week concerned. And one struck me as not wholly without reason. "It is all very well for the married women to criticize us. In what way do they put themselves out for us? How many strive to see if we are not better on acquaintance, than just to meet casually? To whom are we to look up, as a model from which to cast ourselves?"

Or rather, to adhere strictly to truth, perhaps those were not the exact words. I never pretend to remember, as some do, precisely the expression of another. But that was the gist of it, at least. To begin with, it is always the plan of the preceding, let us say, generation, to be dissatisfied with the one stepping into its shoes. Was there ever a man who did not think his small boy's behavior compared very unfavorably with his own at the same age? Is there a woman who does not deplore, as her mother did before her, the influence of the present time over her daughter's conduct and demands? Do any of us hesitate to say that when we were children, things were very differently managed. In fact, from the pictures we so graphically draw, our parents must have been unwarrantably disagreeable, we ourselves most unmitigated little prigs, and life for the young, in general, hardly worth living.

And so it is that the young married women, or, at any rate, many of them, seem to forget in the twinkling of an eye that there was a time when elderly tongues wagged over their manners or the lack; their faculty for enjoying themselves without counting the cost; their inability to behave with the decorum they now find so easy to preach.

IN a great many cities we find that the married women, not content with their early gaiety, demand the attention and admiration the young girls are entitled to; and that one is apt to see pretty little debutantes lining the walls, and those who had been out some years, while these girls were in the nursery, having all the fun. That, however, is a state of things Montreal has never been asked to witness, and it is to be hoped, never will. No, the fault here lies principally in that, like the French and the English societies, the married people, and the younger and youngest set, do not mix sufficiently. There are a few, very few, young married women, who courageously adhere to the friends to whose class but a few months back they belonged. They give dinners for young people, and supper parties for those who are still at an age to go for the fun, not the menu. And neither by thought, word, nor deed, do they imply that because they have taken upon them the cares of married life, they have also added on a multiplicity of years, and an aptitude for imagining that youth is synonymous with folly and bad manners, and generally displeasing characteristics.

And these are the people who can exercise an influence that will bear much fruit, and bring them back increase, an hundred fold. "Here are people," think the young men and the young girls, "who can be jolly, without verging on boisterousness; who can indulge in gaiety without setting aside responsibilities; who are, in fact, something of a pattern for us to copy in most of the small indefinable points that are indispensable in the make-up of even the most unimportant members of society." They may not say so; for, in youth, we are not so ready to acknowledge shortcomings, but they begin by feeling their defects and by imitating others' virtues.

BUT what do the majority of the married critics do? Do they attempt, in any way, to reform where they recognize so adroitly the need of it? Not at all! They continue to entertain, and be entertained by, the same set, year in and year out, like the ancient Scottish Clan. And their conversation, ideas and pursuits remain as unchanged, and of as circumscribed coloring, as the tartans of the MacIntoshes, or MacDonalds, or any other Maes. They are shocked at the ways of society, as represented by the younger members; but, as it affords them so much interesting employment to stand aloof and comment, it certainly would be quite ridiculous for them to lend a little leaven with which to leaven the whole lump. Contact with those infected does not always mean a spreading of the contagion, if proper measures are adopted; especially if, in our earlier days, we were subjected to the malignant disease—was it diphtheria, or merely a sense of infallibility, that lingered some time before its fever died down?

Yes, the girls are right who claim that criticism alone will not work the wonders that material help will do. Theory is one thing, practice another. And we all discover that a vivid memory of our own discrepancies is inclined to make us lenient towards those of others.

WITHOUT doubt, nothing could have been more successful than the dance given last week at the Kennels, by Mrs. R. W. MacDougall, University street. On all sides one hears enthusiastic remarks, and not from debutantes only, but from those who need something very near perfection to elicit complimentary comments. A dance at the Kennels is completely spoiled if too many are invited, and the hostess very wisely decided to invite a number that could enjoy it, rather than increase the invitation list so that everyone could have nothing but discomfort.

Mrs. MacDougall wore a very handsome gown of yellow satin, while Miss MacDougall and Miss Rathbun (Deseronto), who received with her, both looked exceptionally well in white.

Very fortunately, the weather was most propitious for the long drive out. Had the entertainment been on Thursday of last week, it does not seem probable many would have arrived safely in town again to tell the tale.

MR. AND MRS. G. R. HOOPER and Miss Wilder returned this week from a short visit to Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Stanley Smith, who have been spending some months in Montreal, returned last week to England by the Teutonic.

Major George W. Cameron's appointment to the Strathcona Horse is well received, not only because of his personal popularity, but because he is recognized to be a thoroughly capable and intelligent officer. Major Cameron was formerly with the 5th Royal Scots.

On Friday, Miss Reford gave a very pleasant luncheon for Miss Montizambert, of Kingston, who is visiting her.

Last week, Mrs. R. MacDougall Paterson, Drummond street, also was hostess at a large luncheon for Mrs. F. L. Hutchinson.

Montreal people certainly were fortunate last week in being permitted to hear two such artists as Bispham and de Pachmann. The recital given by the latter on Friday evening could not be more enjoyable, and the large audience, a very representative one, was most enthusiastic—even in spite of the very chilly atmosphere of the hall, which might have driven many away, had the programme, to say nothing of the musician, been less interesting.

Mr. Pachmann seemed so thoroughly to enjoy himself in playing, that he infected everyone with the same spirit; and, in spite of the many numbers he had given, he responded at the end most generously with three encores.

Among those present were noticed: Mr. J. Abbott, the Misses Abbott, Mrs. R. MacD. Paterson, the Misses Angus, Miss Sise, Mrs. S. Greenshields, Mrs. A. Murray, Mr. and Mrs.

## SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

H. C. Scott, Miss Scott, Miss Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Miss Parker, Mr. E. W. Parker, Mr. Stikeman, Miss Stikeman, Miss Branstone, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Mr. and Mrs. A. Taylor, Dr. Shepherd, Miss Shepherd, Mr. M. Ogilvie, Mr. G. F. Benson, Mr. H. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Drummond.

**L**AST Friday evening, a very jolly dinner was given at the Forest and Stream by a number of bachelors. The whole party went out by train, and, after an excellent dinner, dancing was indulged in until quite a late hour, Miss Riley, the pianist, having been engaged for the occasion. It was without doubt a pretty chilly night, but fortunately the cold was of a still sort. Consequently, the drive home was greatly enjoyed, in spite of several threatened upsets. A kingfisher is a big vehicle to overturn, but, when it does so misbehave itself, the result is not pleasant for those concerned. However, about two o'clock everybody reached home without any mishaps that could not be laughed at.

Among the party were: Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Mackenzie, Miss M. Stephens, the Misses Cassils, Miss Greenshields, Miss Bond, Miss M. Bond, Miss Burke, Miss Rawlings, Miss Gault, Miss Eadie, Miss Stearus, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Napier, Miss Marler, Mr. D. Cameron, Mr. Budden, Mr. H. Mackay, Mr. H. Drinkwater, Mr. J. B. Paterson, Mr. E. Burke, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Mr. Humble, Mr. W. F. Angus, Mr. C. F. Sise, jr.

No doubt many musical people in Montreal will hail with pleasure the Lecture Song Recital, to be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Morning Musical Club, by Mr. William Shakespeare, the well-known English teacher of singing, on February 26. Quite a number of Montrealers have studied under this eminent man, and Bispham, the baritone, who delighted us last week, is also one of his pupils, I believe.

Nowadays, people collect everything from postage stamps and old china down to the paper bands on cigars (an actual fact) but, perhaps, one of the most interesting collections possessed by anyone in Montreal, is that of over 100 miniatures owned by Mr. C. R. Hosmer. The collection was purchased in its entirety by Mr. Hosmer in Paris, which is not, perhaps, as interesting a way of acquiring one as picking up each treasure one's self. Many of the miniatures are of famous people, court favorites, actresses, etc., and are most beautifully framed, or surrounded by jewels. Doubtless, most of them could tell pathetic stories. Some, cherished possessions, parted with only from dire necessity; others, gladly disposed of, when the passing fancy for the subject of the painting had faded away, and another miniature carried next the heart; all, or nearly all, works of art, a single example of which one would be proud to own. Such a collection has to be most carefully looked after, as the dry heat of a Canadian house is apt to crack the ivory upon which the painting is usually done. But certainly it is worth the trouble and care. Mr. Hosmer also has a collection of snuff-boxes worthy of attention, I am told.

**T**HE Historical Tableaux, to be given at Her Majesty's on February 16, in aid of the Patriotic Fund, promise to be most delightful. No pains are being spared in making the whole programme a most attractive one; and the latest attraction, we hear, is that Mrs. Peyton Carter is to come on to recite *The Absent-Minded Beggar*. So everyone possessed of any superfluous and unset gems, to say nothing of loose gold coins, will do well to remember them on this occasion; as, from what we gather in English papers, the recital of the poem induces a shower of valuables from the audience.

It is a point worthy of comment that all the committee of organization is made up of people and of many interests connected with a multitude of charitable works. How is it

that those who have the most to do, are always the ones willing to add to their burdens? From the names on the honorary committee, it is likely that the event will be a most fashionable one. And with such an object, no one can help hoping that the affair will be very successful.

**B**Y degrees, as was foretold, long-lost relatives of our South-African commanders are cropping up. In Montreal alone we will soon have a happy little colony of up-to-this-time unheard-of connections of illustrious people. Lord Roberts, I believe, is the favorite. No doubt he would be somewhat surprised, to say nothing of being gratified, were he presented to these second, third and fourth cousins. Still, a man must have relations. And why should not the places be filled by Canadians, as well as anybody else?

The January sales are, I suppose, over by now. Certainly, it gives one a most pleasurable feeling to purchase a pair of gloves or boots, or a smart hat, and pay about a third less than one usually does. But what a time and opportunity it is for those possessed of the shopping mania to purchase a hundred and one things for which they have no present need, and, in all likelihood, no future. There is horrible fascination for some people in a tableful of china ornaments once 50 and 60c., now 25c.; they have no ferns for the fern-pots, candlesticks are useless where electric light is used, cocoa-jugs and pot-pourri jars they could do without, but in they gather a stock sufficient to start a ten-cent shop. And who has sufficient thought for the morrow, that will not be here till July, when thin dresses are in requisition, to expend January's allowance on muslins and gingham, even if they are going at 50 per cent., less 5 for cash? Most people are still suffering from Christmas extravagances, and the receipts for winter suits and furs are yet unfiled. Yes, January sales are unmistakably delightful institutions, but the fault lies in the fact that they are not held in April.

**M**RS. J. D. CRAWFORD, "Thornholme," has returned from Toronto, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. C. Annesley.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Allan, Stanley street, have returned from a visit of some weeks to Halifax.

Last week, Mr. H. Molson, 1018 Sherbrooke street, gave a very pleasant dinner party.

From the window I have been watching a small boy, in scarlet toque and sash, and with a shovel twice as big as himself, eagerly helping the man who in all haste fills his snow cart preparatory to driving to the dumping place.

Such energy I have seldom seen. In plunges the shovel, in time with that of his older and considerably bigger companion, and into the cart goes a block quite half as large. And though the small arms seem to be working a little more slowly, they persevere. Yet not a cent will he get, not even the bliss of driving that skinny horse down the street. Only the honor of assisting a corporation laborer. What a pity more of us do not enjoy working for the pleasure of it, not the reward!

On Wednesday, Mrs. H. Lovell Spackman entertained a number of friends at a very pleasant euchre party.

Mr. James Angus, youngest son of Mr. R. B. Angus, returned a little while ago from Cambridge, where he has been studying for several years. Except for short summer holidays, Mr. Angus has been absent from Montreal for a long time, having studied on the Continent previously to entering Trinity College. Mr. Dyson, a college friend, is visiting him at present.

**M**R. MEREDITH PERCY, only son of Mr. Charles Percy, "Weredale Park," will, in all probability, go out to the front with Strathcona's Horse. Mr. Percy is a student at McGill, but he will put his studies on one side to join the ranks. He is a tall, well built young man, and exceedingly athletic, having carried off many trophies at the college sports this year and last. Though not of age yet, he is being allowed



to follow his own bent, which perhaps, with boys, is occasionally the wiser plan in matters of this kind. The ones that are kept at home against their will seldom add materially to the happiness of the family circle that they were not permitted to break.

Mr. R. B. Van Horne has returned from Newfoundland, and is spending a short holiday in town with his parents, Sir William and Lady Van Horne.

Half season tickets have now been issued at the Victoria rink. Consequently, last Saturday one saw many new faces. From all appearances this season is being a most successful one at this particular rink. At any hour one chooses to look in, a number are skating; and the desolate air it wore for the greater part of the day and week last year has quite been shaken off.

An interesting and rather peculiar idea in the handkerchief line is what is known as the "Absent-Minded Beggar" handkerchief. Messrs. Brown, Graham & Co., of Glasgow, are the originators of the novelty, and they denote one penny per dozen on all they sell to the Kipling fund for the soldiers' wives and families. The handkerchief has imprinted upon it a map of South Africa, and portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, and Lord Roberts; also the patriotic poem set to music in treble line. The manufacturers procured the permission to use the poem from The London Daily Mail.

LAST week, while out riding, Miss M. Rawlings, youngest daughter of Mr. Rawlings, Simpson street, had a nasty accident. Her horse stumbled and rolled, and as a result Miss Rawlings sprained her ankle very severely. However, she may be congratulated that, though painful enough, nothing more serious happened.

Miss Keefer, of Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. R. Mackay, Mackay street.

Miss J. Scott, Redpath street, has left on a visit of some weeks to her sister, Mrs. H. L. Morse, Boston.

Yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Shirres, Peel street, entertained a number of friends at tea.

The many friends of Prof. Penhallow, of McGill, will regret to hear of the illness of his son, Mr. Percy Penhallow, who has been studying in Boston.

MISS DOROTHY LYMAN, McTavish street, has returned from Washington, where she has been for some weeks the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Cassels.

ON Wednesday evening, Mrs. R. B. Angus gave a very delightful dance. Mrs. Angus' dances are always looked forward to as perhaps the most pleasant in the year. This year, however, on account of the distressing state of things in South Africa, all thoughts of their customary large ball were given up; and, instead, a very small and informal dance was given, the guests being principally "buds" with a few older people.

The Montreal Ladies' Curling Club again came off with flying honors, when, on Monday night, they defeated the Lachine club by a score of 37 to 19. The trophy played for was that which Montreal won from Quebec a week or so ago.

Miss O'Brien, Halifax, is visiting Mrs. Bond, "Bishop's-court."

On Saturday evening, Miss Monk, Oxenden avenue, entertained a number of friends at a very jolly snowshoeing party.

During the day, and in the evening, lately, the park has been quite gay with snowshoers, and those on skis. To the uninitiated, the performances of the latter are nothing short of miraculous. One feels, as one watches their downward flight at express-train rapidity, that they are either suicidal in their intentions, or possess a large amount of courage. As for head-

long researches into the heart of the nearest snowdrift, or unpremeditated attacks on defenceless tree-stumps, these seem merely to add to the pleasure of the sport.

THE latest letters received from Mr. Norman Barclay, son of the Rev. J. Barclay, D.D., with the Canadian contingent in South Africa, state that, though he has been suffering from a severe attack of malarial fever, he is now gaining strength. The Boers are, therefore, not the only enemies to contend against. These fevers are even more subtle in their attacks, and are very much harder to rout.

Mr. H. Everard Smith, who has been visiting in Montreal for some months past, returned to England this week.

Reports are being circulated as to the likelihood of, at least, two more dances to be given. But, if so, there is not much time to be lost, considering that Lent begins on February 28. And though, as a whole, we Montrealers do pretty nearly everything else in the way of enjoyment during that season, we do draw the line very tightly as far as dancing is concerned. Euchre parties, skating, and snowshoeing parties are never, or by very few, put under the ban. And yet, to some, these are by far greater sources of enjoyment than any ball would be; just as I have no hesitation in saying that many of the people who would refuse anything but fish on Friday infinitely prefer it to the meat they courageously deny themselves. One thing unquestionably leads to another. I began by speaking of rumored dances and end up with fish.

This afternoon it is hoped the Symphony Orchestra will draw a very large audience to the Windsor Hall. The fact that Mr. William Rieger is to sing is one to insure the success of the concert, if all we hear regarding his singing is true.

It is always pleasant to hear of Montreal artists being appreciated in larger centres; and, from what we gather, Miss Ella Walker has been making a decided hit in London with her Coon songs. Although not verified, I did hear a report that she had sung for the Prince of Wales. Miss Dolly Walker, her sister, who went to England for the purpose of studying artistic photography, has relinquished that idea. She was well and favorably known for her exquisite needlework here; and embroidered linen and various fancy work which we are really beginning to tire of, is quite new among the English people.

Miss Maggie Ramsay, Peel street, is still visiting in Toronto, where, from all accounts, she appears to be enjoying herself immensely, numberless entertainments being given in her honor.

I hear that a statue of the late Sir George Kirkpatrick is to be erected in Kingston by the county council. At one time the late Lieutenant-Governor's son, Mr. Willie Kirkpatrick, used to be stationed in Montreal, where he was very popular.

AS a large number of people expected the match which took place at the Arena rink, on Saturday night last, to be all "Shamrockie," there was naturally not as good a turnout as there would have been had the teams being more evenly matched. The Shamrocks did not make as great a victory out of it as they might have, though. Quebec put up a fairly good game at times, but they lacked system and "follow-up" play. As they expected to lose, they played altogether on the defensive, but they managed to score two games to their opponents eight. Everyone is now looking forward, with keen interest, to the series of matches which come off next week between the Montreal Shamrocks and Winnipeg Victorias, and they certainly ought to be the fastest games ever seen in this city. These who want to get a first-class view of these games should procure their tickets at once, as there will undoubtedly be a great rush for seats. But there is one consolation for those who are always late and rush in at the last moment—they can get a good view of the matches from all parts of the place. This is another great advantage of Canada's largest and most up-to-date rink.



## ✿ Mainly About People. ✿

**M**ONSEIGNEUR FALCONIO, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, has taken as his residence in Ottawa a very beautiful and spacious house on Theodore street, lately built by a wealthy contractor for his own use. Monseigneur Falconio has a very large retinue of servants, and it is evident that he will live in much state. The house he has chosen is eminently adapted to entertaining, the rooms on the lower floor being connected by arches, the hall is in marble, supported by pillars. In the basement is a large swimming bath.

**H**ON. WILLIAM MULOCK takes a great interest in things military, if perhaps not to such an extent as Dr. Borden, who must think of transports night and day. A short time ago the former was the proud recipient of the long-delayed medal given to Canada's brave soldiers of the sixties. "I, Private William Mulock" would seem strange reading, but only the three last words are engraved on it.

**I**T is sad to disillusionize people, but, when history-making is going on, accuracy in description should be striven for. The Canadian Mounted Rifles bore proudly away the guidons or standards with which they were presented by Her Excellency Lady Minto, and they read in some papers that their name and the bold Elliot motto, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" were embroidered by the charming fingers of the Countess of Minto. No doubt, if time could have been given, Lady Minto would have blended the silken threads as skilfully as she paints, but, failing this, the order was given to an expert worker in embroidery in Ottawa, who now believes in the motto, "Palman qui meruit ferat."

**M**RS. ACHILLE FRECHETTE, who has been spending the last few months in Montreal, where her son, Mr. Howells Frechette, is a student at McGill, has returned to Ottawa. She is, as probably all know, the sister of Mr. W. D. Howells, the American novelist, and is married to a brother of Mr. Louis H. Frechette. She writes very prettily herself, and is a contributor to the leading American magazines. A charming woman to meet socially, she has a great many friends in Ottawa, which she has for so long made her home. For the past two winters she has held fortnightly conversaziones at her rooms, where people of literary and artistic tendencies resort, and where there is much "high thinking," if there be no marked evidences of "plain living." William Wilfred Campbell, with his shaggy brows and great intellect, Duncan Campbell Scott, and the sweetest singer of all, now fled, Archibald Lampman, used to gather there, with lovers of science and art, and directing all the conversation, unnoticeably, would be the clever host and hostess, who only seemed to listen. Miss Marguerite Frechette is now an earnest art student in Montreal, having inherited her father's talent for painting.

**T**HE late Earl of Ava, who was deeply mourned in Canada, and France, as well as in England and Ireland, retired from the army eight years ago, but the military instinct was strong within him, and he must needs go as a war correspondent to South Africa, where he had already served with Methuen's Horse in Bechuanaland in 1884-85. The Earl was as much at home in Paris and New York as in London. He was one of the first of "the eldest sons" to go to the front, but his military instincts were not surprising, Lady Dufferin herself belonging to a famous fighting race—the Irish Hamiltons. Lord Frederick Blackwood is the only one of the



THE LATE EARL OF AVA.

brothers now in the army, but Lord Basil, who is also at the front, though a student, has never allowed love of lore to interfere with love of adventure.

An Ottawa correspondent of *LIFE*, referring to the falling of skiing at the capital this winter—due, no doubt, to the dearth of snow—calls to mind a regretful memory of scenes on the snow-clad hills two years ago, in which Lord Ava took chief part. Driving far out into the country, skiing was indulged in and then came the "snow party." A block of snow was carved out as a table, and, in a deserted hut nearby, tea was brewed. Then the merry group brought out hampers, and ate and drank around the spotless tablecloth.

**T**HIS is a new story of the height of politeness. It is told by Angus Evan Abbott, the author, and is absolutely true. Mr. Abbott is a Canadian by birth and education, and on first going to England he was, as most Americans and Canadians are, eager to catch a glimpse of the Queen; but as Her Majesty did not live in his suburbs, Mr. Abbott's wish remained ungratified for some time. However, one day he found himself in Portsmouth and learned that the Royal yacht, with the Queen and Princess Beatrice aboard, was to cross from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth. Hastening down to the landing-place, he discovered that there was not the ghost of a chance of catching sight of Her Majesty on land, so he went to the waterside, hired a small boat, and rowed out into the great harbor. Pushing out from the inner port, wherein rode a mighty fleet of battleships and cruisers all a-flutter with hunting in honor of the Queen, the writer found himself on the broad outer bay, alone, except for a dotted line of men-of-war's boats, indicating the route to be taken by the Queen's yacht. Pulling in his oars and allowing the boat to float at will, Mr. Abbott got his glasses focussed ready for the Queen's yacht and put in his time reading a book. All at once he heard a voice sounding as though it came from the clouds. It was gentle, aristocratic of accent, and apologetic in diction. It said, "I beg your pardon, but would you mind letting us pass?" Glancing quickly up, Mr. Abbott beheld the bow of the mighty battleship *Minotaur* towering over his little row-

boat like a precipice; and peering over the brow of the cliff of iron was the calm face of a naval officer. The ship was swinging slowly into harbor, and was but a few yards away, coming directly toward the tiny rowboat. In the words of the novel, "To seize the oars and pull for his life was the work of an instant." When Mr. Abbott was clear of the battleship, the naval officer, not a ghost of a smile on his face, said, "Thank you very much," and the ship crept past. Mr. Abbott claims that naval officer to be the politest man living.

Mr. Abbott's work is not so well-known in Canada as it should be. He was born at Wallacetown, Ont., 38 years ago, and, after being educated, as he says, "at the tail end of a plough on a poplar swamp farm, at press work, and the poker table," he became a newspaper reporter, finally drifting to London. His books are "The Gods Give my Donkeys Wings," "The Gods Gave my Donkey Wings," and "Under the Eaves of Night." His recreations are cricket, lacrosse and billiards, and he frequents three London clubs—the Press, the New Vagabonds, and the London Sketch.

MRS. VICTOR WILLIAMS, of Winnipeg, is a daughter of Mr. Hugh Sutherland, and her husband, Major Williams, goes to Africa as captain of "B" Squadron in the 1st Battalion of the second contingent. His sister is married to a brother of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain has cabled to Mrs. Victor Williams asking her to go across to England and stay with her while her husband is in South Africa. Major Williams is a son of Lieut.-Col. Williams, who represented East Durham in the House of Commons for some years, and who took part in putting down the Northwest Rebellion.

IN the rush and turmoil of public life, or even of modern life, Sir Henri Joly de Lothimiere is like those men of chivalrous renown who stand out in the history of Old France. He is the possessor of an old-time courtliness of manner, as rare as it is charming. His grandfather, the Marquis de Lothimiere, was well-known in court and military circles in France. That the spirit of war has invested the descendants of the old Marquis is evident. One of Sir Henri's sons is an officer in India, another, Captain Gustave de Lothimiere, of the Royal Engineers, is now in South Africa, as also are his two sons-in-law, Capt. Nanton and Capt. Greenwood. Sir Henri is seen much in society, where he is a great favorite with the ladies, to whom he is a most devoted cavalier. His particular point of attention consists in feeding them, and at the door of the refreshment-room at any large function at the capital one is sure to see him either going in or coming out every few minutes with a different lady.

LORD ALBEMARLE, who has been placed in command of the City of London Volunteers for South Africa, is of interest to Canadians, his mother having come from this country. The late Lord Albemarle was a Protestant, but his Canadian wife was a Catholic, hence his daughters were brought up Catholics, and his sons Protestants. There are several municipalities in Canada called Albemarle and Keppel. The family can boast a splendid veteran in their great uncle, Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, who is 90, and an attached friend of the Prince of Wales. His son, Capt. Colin Keppel, is equerry to the Duke of Coburg, while a brother of Lord Albemarle, Mr. Derek Keppel, is equerry to the Duke of York. The appointment of Lord Albemarle to command the City of London Volunteers is, doubtless, a recognition of the distinguished services of his father, more popularly known as Lord Bury, to the volunteer movement in its initial stages. Lord Bury succeeded his father, one of the last survivors of Waterloo, only a short time before his own death, when he was succeeded by his own son, the present Lord Albemarle, then Arnold Keppel. The latter, although he was a short time in the Coldstream Guards, has not seen much soldiering. He is, however, a most enthusiastic yachtsman, and sails his own boat in all the South Coast regattas during the yachting season. He married the only daughter of Lord Egerton of Tatton, and the Keppel family place—Quidenham, in Suffolk—having come into the market, owing to depressed times, was bought by Lord Egerton and settled on his daughter, so that the head of the Keppels enjoys his own again.

## BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

THE Poole Publishing Company, Toronto, have in press a "Life of Dwight L. Moody," and they announce that it will be ready to place in the hands of the public during the early part of February. The book will be published in paper and cloth binding, and will contain over 20 illustrations. This book is sure to have a very large circulation, as the price has been made so low that the great mass of the people may secure it.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL once pointed out as a peculiar feature of literary statistics the remarkable fondness of authors for the rolling R in the noms de plume which they adopt? A still more striking feature, perhaps, is the importance of color in titles. The preference for *couleur de rose* is scarcely less remarkable; take, as an instance, a few of the more recent, and observe how the tone is gradually heightened: "Red Rock," Thos. Nelson Page; "Red Pottage," Mary Cholmondeley; "The Red Axe," S. R. Crockett; "The Red Kat's Daughter," Guy Boothby; "The Scarlet Herring," Ewd. Abbott Parry; "The Scarlet Woman," Joseph Hocking; "A Crimson Crime," Mauville Penn. The modern novel is a terrible machine, and its writers have every claim upon our sympathy. One can see at times the force of Macbeth's dictum—"This is a bloody business."

DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has just published a thoughtful and readable volume entitled "Great Books as Life-Teachers." (Fleming H. Revell Co.) Doctor Hillis is a wide and omnivorous reader, and the present work shows to what good end he has read. The author draws his teachings from such works as "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Komola," "The Scarlet Letter," "Les Miserables," and "Idylls of the King." No one who is familiar with Doctor Hillis' writings need be told that these essays are original in thought and brilliant in literary style. The author is a man of rare imaginative ability, and he has the infrequent gift of investing with interest and dignity the most commonplace theme.

DR. NANSEN is just now busy with the scientific work on "The Far North" of which he is the editor. This work, dealing with the zoology, ornithology, geological structure and remains of the polar region traversed by him, is to be published in parts, the first being nearly ready; it will be completed in about two years.

MR. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, the young English war correspondent, has made in "Savrola" his first attempt at the writing of romance. His point of departure he found, as so many others have found it, in Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda." His hero is a young politician in one more of those petty States which contrive—in fiction—to seethe with tremendous disturbances, almost unnoticed by the great Continental Powers. Laurania is described as a kind of South American State, of the tumultuous sort, set down in the midst of Europe. It is ruled by an unscrupulous dictator, who is ultimately deposed through the exertions of Savrola. Molaro loses his life when the crash comes. The young democrat marries his widow. She, in fact, falls in love with him early in the book, and the inevitable complications ensue. The tale is brief and it is briskly told. The situation celebrated is one from which the author has had difficulty in extracting his hero and heroine without some smirching of their skirts. But the difficulty is neatly overcome. Molaro's wife is hardly as loyal to him as she might have been, but she is deftly carried over the hard places; and though Savrola flees at a moment when slight looks suspicious good grounds for his conduct are ingeniously provided. Altogether "Savrola" is a very promising story.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LOST HEIR. A novel. By G. A. Henty. With full page illustrations by Ernest Prater. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

PARSON KELLY. By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. "Longman's Colonial Library." Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

## THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

### AT THE CITY THEATRES.

A DISTINCT improvement is observable this week at the Theatre Francais, where *The Woman in Black* is on the boards. The new leading lady, Miss Therese Maxwell, who appeared at the Academy a few weeks ago in the title role of that very clever play, *The Purple Lady*, takes well with the public and there is little doubt that she will be a decided success. The other members of the company, including Miss Lillian Buckingham, whose departure from Montreal will be much regretted, all do well in their respective parts, and *The Woman in Black* must be set down as one of the distinct successes of the Francais this season. The vaudeville numbers are also quite excellent.

THE dramatic criticisms of the daily press of Montreal are, at times, strangely misleading. On Tuesday, *The Gazette* praised *Quo Vadis* extravagantly, but took up a somewhat critical attitude towards *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness*. *The Herald* divided its laurels about equally between the two, giving the latter, however, the preponderance of praise. *The Star* alone came out flat-footed in regard to *Quo Vadis*, condemning it, as it deserved, in unmitigated terms, and praising the Academy play. But even *The Star* could have said more for Miss Sanders and her company, without doing the least injustice for as a matter of fact, *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness*, as seen at the Academy this week, is without doubt the best all-round production from a literary and dramatic point of view, we have had in Montreal since Mrs. Fiske entertained us with *Becky Sharpe*. The play, it is true, may not be altogether Dickens, neither was *Becky Sharpe* altogether Thackeray. But both were natural and powerful pictures of human life, such as one seldom sees in these days of light opera nonsense, spectacular lavishness, and New York Casino vulgarity. Miss Sanders and her company are a remarkably strong collection of cultured and talented actors. There is not a weak spot in the cast—it is all good, and, moreover, like the book, the play is wholesome and uplifting, notwithstanding the vice and crime it portrays with such power. Most emphatically, *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness* is a play to be seen.

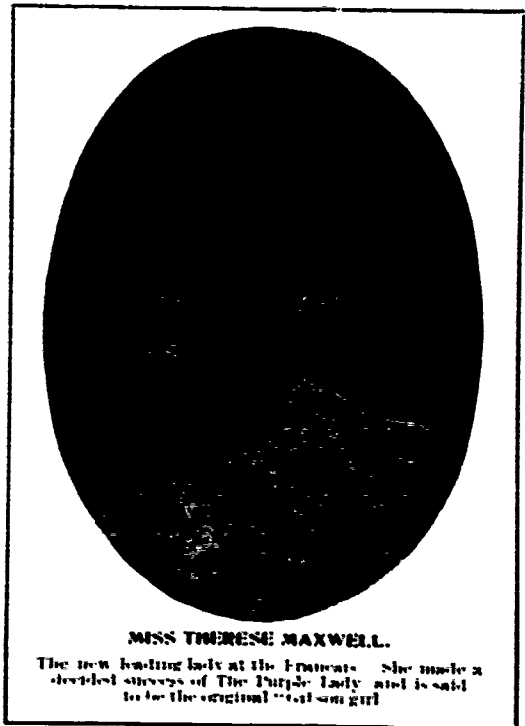
IT is difficult to speak temperately of a production that turned out to be such a hopeless and helpless caricature as *Quo Vadis* at Her Majesty's this week. A dramatization of Senkiewicz's great novel, in order to be even passable, would require the most elaborate setting and mechanical effects. Even with these, it is doubtful if *Quo Vadis* can be dramatized in such a way as not to be rendered ridiculous. As presented by the company at Her Majesty's, it was simply a travesty. The burning of Nero's gardens with human torches, and the struggle of Ursus in the arena, with the infuriated aurochs, were dead failures in the line of scenic and mechanical effects, and could not but create mirth, where very different feelings should have been inspired. The company, in my opinion, is also remarkable for its weakness. With all due allowance for the disappointment one inevitably feels, in seeing on the stage characters whose acquaintance has been made in a book, there was not a single member of the cast who came up to expectations. The people in Mr. Chase's play are not the people Senkiewicz pictured at all. The *Petronius* of Mr. Lauren Reese is not the cynical, clever, ultra refined rascal of the novel; the absurd buffoon Mr. Chase gives us for Nero is no more like Senkiewicz's Nero than *Aver's Almanac* is like *Artemus Ward His Book*, and so it was with all the others, with possible exceptions in the *Empress* and *Chilo Chilonides*. Another point. The public have a right to demand that the culture of a company attempting such a play as this, should be, at least, sufficient to warrant against barbarous mistakes in pronunciation. Yet *Petronius*—the artist of elegance—*forsooth*—makes two distinct syllables of *Louis*, while several other members of the cast give "ch" the soft sound in pronouncing *Chilo Chilonides*. These are but samples of blunders unpardonable in such a production. Evidently the actors should go to school before attempting a classical work of the kind in hand.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

PLAY-GOERS will be pleased to learn that the Academy, which has never been "dark" since the season commenced, will remain open without a break during the remainder of the winter, and will provide a truly excellent bill of fare. The plays for the coming weeks at the

Academy will include the following, in the order named: *Edwin F. Mayo* in *Puddin' Head Wilson*; *Gratton Donnelly's* *For Fair Virginia*; *Lewis Morrison* in *Frederick the Great*; *Al G. Fields* Minstrels; *Sir Henry Irving* and *Miss Ellen Terry* in *Robespierre*; *The Little Minister*; *Zaza*; *Miss Julia Arthur* in *More than Queen*; *Jerome Sykes* and *Edna Wallace Hopper* in *Chris* and the *Wonderful Lamp*; *George Edwards*'s musical comedy *The Runaway Girl*; a pastoral play, *The Dairy Farm*; *Joseph Haworth* in *Fred Whitney's* version of *Quo Vadis*; and then another New York Casino success, *The Belle of New York*. We are also to have a return visit from *Miss Blanche Walsh* and *F. A. MacDowell* in their gorgeous production of *Cleopatra*. Financially, the season has been one of the most satisfactory in the history of the Academy.

THE coming to our city on February 12, for one week, of *Edwin Mayo* in his play of *Puddin' Head Wilson* is announced with pleasure. This sterling actor and his beautiful play will ever have a host of admirers and a warm welcome at the Academy. Mr. Mayo's performance is too well known to need extended comment. Of the many interesting features of the play, which Frank Mayo made from Mark Twain's Missouri story, and which is being so artistically and elaborately produced by Mayo and his excellent company, none are more striking than the fidelity of adherents to the fashions of the period. Mr. Mayo has given the subject much study and nothing but absolute correctness will suffice. There are the men with the old buff antebellum pantaloons, with straps and narrow bottoms, swallow-tail coats double-breasted and brass buttoned, frilled shirt fronts, fancy vests, grand old stocks, square-toed shoes, and ancient bell-crowned hats, all of which give an elegance, an air of southern chivalry, a dignity men carried with them to years ago. More attractive perhaps, are the voluminous flounces and frills of the women folk, and the great hoops and a spread of silk and ermine that imparts a degree of richness not seen since the days before the war, when the South



MISS THERESE MAXWELL.

The new leading lady at the Francais. She made a decided success of *The Purple Lady* and is said to be the original "cat-in-the-hat" girl.

was the soul of aristocracy and every woman reigned a queen. *Little Rowy*, of dear old is a vision of fluffs and flowers, too lovely for words, too dainty for pen, but the really elaborate gowns are those worn by Aunt Patsy, the mother of Rowy. One of the gowns now worn by Patsy is the bridal costume of the mother of the young girl now so successfully filling the role. She is the daughter of a Confederate general who attained much prominence during the late civil war. The costuming of the slave girl *Rowy* is a study in the gaudy taste of the negroes and a combination of color, produced with marvellous effect. Nothing has been spared in costuming these characters, months were spent on most trivial details, and the result is perfection. Folds and fashion plates of 1850-59 were pored over and costumers and modistes were employed regardless of time and expense. Indeed, with the work of the scene painter and costumer, when the curtain rises on Mr. Mayo's

play, it is hard to believe you are not gazing on an old painting of a past Missouri scene until the voices of the actors rouse you from your reverie and the painting comes to life.

At the Francais next week that splendid farce comedy *Lost--24 Hours*, is to be reproduced. It was, as will be remembered, written by W. A. Tremayne and Logan Fuler and was seen in Montreal some years ago. Robert Hubbard was playing it then, and he made an unequalled hit. A well known critic said: "Its fun is spontaneous, not too rapid for the comfort of one's buttons and by no means slow, while the little glimpses of pathos here and there are rescued, by the delicacy of their treatment from the inconsistency which might make them incongruous pathos. The audience indulged *Lost--24 Hours* cordially, both by laughter and applause. The vaudeville bill is to be headed by Sisson and Wallace, who are acknowledged to be among the best sketch teams now on the vaudeville stage.

**SOCIETY NEWS.**

THOSE who attended the third recital given by Miss Abbott at the Art Gallery, on Tuesday evening, had no occasion to compare it unfavorably with the two previous ones. Miss Abbott is astonishingly happy in her choice of artists; and Mr. Theodore Van Yorkx delighted the audience with his very pleasant singing, as none the less did Miss Lillian Littlehales, with her cello. The programme was an excellent one, and the various numbers were enthusiastically received. The gallery was filled, as usual, with a large and representative audience. Perhaps at no other concerts in Montreal is society so well represented as at those of Miss Abbott. The Art Gallery is, without doubt, a most charming place to hold such entertainments.

On Friday last, Mrs. Allan R. Macdonnell, 1160 Dorchester street, gave a large and most enjoyable euchre party.

On Tuesday morning, the marriage took place at Notre Dame church, of Miss Bertha Boyer, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Boyer, and niece of the Hon. Arthur Boyer, to Mr.

Jules Hamel, of the Bank of Hochelaga. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the relatives and intimate friends being present, and the bride wearing a traveling dress, instead of the customary white and orange blossoms. Mr. and Mrs. Hamel left for New York, where they will spend some weeks. The bride was one of last season's debutantes and is very popular in French society. Mr. Hamel is extremely musical, and is well-known in musical circles here.

On Saturday, quite a number of people took advantage of the delightfully bright afternoon to drive out to the Montreal Hunt, have tea, and listen to the music. This idea of the committee has turned out to be an excellent one, for there are numberless people who are glad of some fresh "play" for Saturday afternoon. And a drive with an object is much pleasanter than one without. Mr. and Mrs. M. Davis took out a very large party of friends, and several well-known people, with horses of their own, did likewise.

Among those mentioned as looking exceptionally well at the recent drawing-room in Ottawa, was Miss Gertrude Drury, who is visiting Mrs. Fred Carling. Miss Drury and her sisters, one of whom married a British officer in India, and another is carrying on her profession of nurse in the same far-away land, have always been most popular in Montreal, and deservedly so.

Miss Wilder, who has been visiting Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mark street, returned this week to Boston.

The poet is born, but the poetess is often maid.

An author who lives in a garret should be able to write tip-top stories.

It is a recent fashion to invite those who have sent presents to come and see them on some day shortly before the wedding, if they are not to be displayed at the reception.

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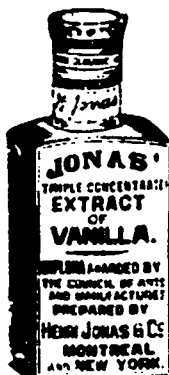
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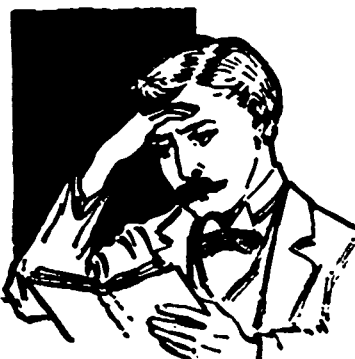
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**DO WOMEN BUY STOCKS?**

JUST how far Montreal women are interested in mining stocks is not generally known, but, through the courtesy of Mr. Kelly, of Kelly & Larmonth, mining brokers, LIFE learned a few facts that will doubtless prove of interest to its many readers.

"In the first place," said Mr. Kelly, "it is a great mistake to suppose that women are not so successful as men in mining operations; indeed, they usually make a good deal more money than men. They possess, to a very marked degree, many of the qualifications which are essential to successful speculation, they rarely sell precipitately, and are good losers, when they do lose, which is seldom. In confirmation of this, I may say that my observation has proved that the judgment shown in the selection of stocks by women has been almost invariably wise. I hardly know to what to attribute their success—whether it is their intuition, or whether they have more time to study the market—but, the fact remains that they are keen, shrewd buyers, not looking for 'pointers,' but acting solely upon their own judgment.

"During the past two months, many instances of the good judgment exercised by women handling mining stocks have come before us, and, in the case of the dividend payers particularly, we have noticed that the selling orders were placed not at the end, but at the beginning of the slump, occasioned by disastrous war news, while, upon the other

hand, purchasing orders have been placed, and are still being placed for good stocks, and are being filled daily at prices, that, when one stops to think calmly of the situation, must appear simply ridiculous. Take as instances Republic paying 12 per cent. and selling at 96½; Montreal-London paying 18 per cent. on par (24c) selling at 25; Deer Trail Consolidated selling at 11c. and actually paying, as it has done for the last two years, a monthly dividend of 25 per cent. upon the investment. The same argument holds with the non-dividend payers, and one is at a loss to explain why, having convinced one's self of the merit of the proposition before investing (this should always be the case) mining stock that is absolutely good is thrown indiscriminately upon a weak market simply on account of an adverse war report. Mining stocks are not carried upon margin, and there is nothing in the war that should tend to hammer such really good stocks as Virtue, Knob Hill, Slovan Sovereign and many of the lower priced, but equally meritorious, stocks upon the list of the Montreal Mining Exchange.

"It is a well-known fact that Lady Frances Cook conducts an extensive brokerage business in London, England, and that American women deal very largely in stocks; indeed, many of the latter have a ticker in their homes, and by this means are able to watch the rise and fall of stocks in which they are interested, while others deal through their brokers, directing them what and when to buy and sell."

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