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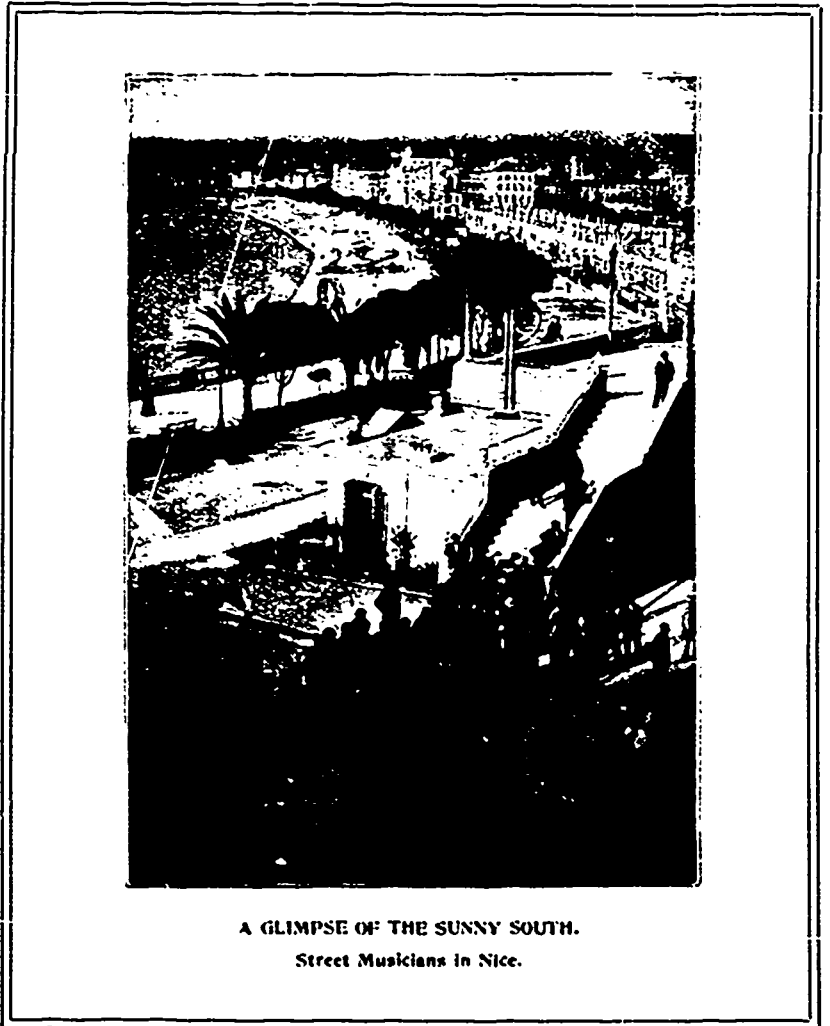
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COUNT TOLSTOI is recovering from his recent severe illness and is again at work upon his interminable revisions of the proofs of his "Resurrection." The American edition of this novel, we are informed, will be brought out before next autumn.

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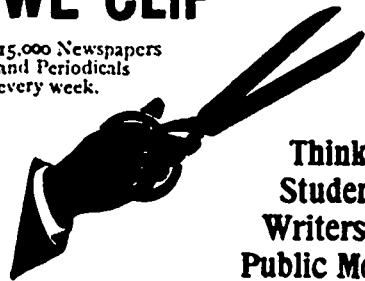
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MONTREAL

The husband of a woman who is lec-
turing in Arkansas on "How to Man-
age a Husband" committed suicide last
week. No other cause is assigned for the
rash act.A play called "The Girl from Chicago"
is to be tried in New York. The jokers
will now arise en masse and declare that
there will be little trouble in making it
go after the managers get it on its feet.

MONTREAL LIFE.

48-9 Board of Trade . . . Montreal.
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109 Fleet Street, E.C. . . London, Eng.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1900.

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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

I HAVE received the following letter from a well-known gentleman who signs himself "Old Montreal Liberal":

DEAR FELIX VANE,—I have not the pleasure, so far as I know, of your personal acquaintance, but I must commend your remarks of late on certain political leaders in Canada. What you say about Sir Wilfrid Laurier is right. It looked at one time as if he was going to be a veritable Moses for the Liberal party, a man around whom all could rally, and whose lead all could unquestioningly follow. But a great many Liberals of the old school no longer look on Sir Wilfrid in this light. I must say he has not turned out to be the strong man we expected, and I agree that at present he is a source of weakness to his party. His right-about-face on the question of sending troops to Africa was a painful exhibition. He pleased neither Liberals nor Conservatives, neither French nor English. He distinctly lost prestige at that time, but this was not the first occasion when he showed that he either did not know his own mind or did not know the mind of his Cabinet. Sir Wilfrid has high ability of a certain kind and can be respected, but is weak, hopelessly weak, as a leader. I regret that this should be the case, because it would be difficult and painful to replace him. Regarding Mr. Tarte, I do not quite agree with you. He is not nearly as bad as he has been painted, but I, in common with many Liberals, do not altogether worship him. Reformers of the old school are not enthusiastic about the present leaders of the party. Sir Richard Cartwright, with all his faults, would be an abler and safer man in command than any of the later acquisitions. He is, unfortunately, getting old, and is quite crippled at times. One thing is certain—the Liberal party needs a thorough reconstruction if it is to hold its ground.

THIS letter probably represents the sentiments of a considerable element in the Liberal party. But, as I have before pointed out, the Government, though not satisfactory to a portion of its followers, and though cordially hated, as was to be expected, by strong Conservatives, is not likely to be ousted by the aggregation of lame, halt and blind at the head of the Opposition. The electorate has largely repented towards Sir Charles Tupper and his son, and would, perhaps, be willing to accept them if there were not so many disreputable persons at their heels. Some of these people will have to go, or all hope of a Conservative return to power is as chaff in a gale of wind. It may be that the public is unjust in its dislike of certain names hitherto prominent in the Tory honor roll, but a party in quest of power has to consider conditions as they exist not as they ought to be. There is an adamant prejudice against Messrs. Haggart and Montague. Mr. Foster has no personal following, and is generally looked upon as a professional gabber, without any deep convictions outside of his one article of faith that whatever the Grits do is wrong. It is doubtful if Mr. Clarke Wallace is a source of much strength in Ontario, and certainly in those Provinces where there is a large Roman Catholic element his name will have to be kept in the back-ground.

ONE thing the Opposition might do that would give it a good fighting chance in the next elections. If the names of a provisional Cabinet were made public, attached to a brief, progressive platform that could be easily understood by the people, the electorate might be induced to give the Conservatives another trial. The names of the prospective Ministers would have to be those of good, solid men, with a stake in the country, and with a reputation for personal success at their backs—men who would inspire confidence in the business community. The platform, as I have said, should be simple,

straightforward, clear-cut, and easily understood. This course might be open to the objection that it is contrary to precedent to announce a Cabinet slate before the Governor-General had approved of the names—the choice of Ministers being a prerogative belonging exclusively to the Crown. But, as everyone knows, this prerogative is one of the fictions of the constitution. And why should not the public be taken into the confidence of a party seeking its mandate? If we knew the names of the men whom a party proposes to place in charge of our business, we should not have to accuse ourselves, as we have sometimes done, of having bought a pig in a poke. I am aware that such an announcement as I propose might work some havoc amongst individuals who nourish hopes of attaining to Cabinet rank. But a party is better without the support of hangers-on who are only after place and position; and the added strength that would be acquired in the country by an Opposition that would thus take the electorate into its confidence would more than counterbalance any weakness incurred from the lukewarmness or desertion of disappointed placemen and beelers.

THE proposal to send more troops to Africa surely calls for calm consideration. Is the British Empire in such dire straits that its entire resources must be enlisted in order to preserve its prestige or its physical body from destruction? If so, by all means let us send our last dollar and our last man. But, if not, why should we drain our young country, which we have developed so painfully and slowly, of its young men, when we have already demonstrated the practical unity of the Empire and shown the world that in case of need the Mother Country can depend on the support of all her children? I was surprised to see that Mr. Chamberlain put the matter so bluntly and ungracefully in the British House of Commons last week. "There is no sacrifice we are unwilling to make," he is reported to have said, "and there is no sacrifice we are unwilling to ask of the colonies if we think it necessary." The colonies, in my humble opinion, should be left free to say for themselves what sacrifice they are prepared to make for South Africa. The value of their aid in the eyes of the world lies in its being voluntary. If the least pressure is brought to bear from Downing St., it will be reiterated that Great Britain has clubbed her possessions into line—the very charge that is already being laid at her door by her enemies in Europe and the United States. In Canada we need all the young men we have produced and more than all. It is a very great sacrifice for us to send them abroad, for, even if they do not die of wounds or fevers, they may cast in their lot with strangers and never return to the land of their birth. This sacrifice we are prepared to make rather than see the Empire wiped out. But even then we will insist on deciding the question for ourselves, and will not suffer the least compulsion. There is another point to be considered. Granting that the present war is one in which we can heartily sympathize and zealously enter, are all future wars of Great Britain certain to be of the same character? And if on some occasion in the years to be we wish to refrain from sending troops, can we do so without our action being misunderstood in Britain and misrepresented throughout the world? This point was made by a prominent English-speaking lawyer in Montreal in private conversation, and it causes one to stop and think. Mr. Chamberlain must not press us too far, unless the utmost necessity exists. There are many who think this Imperial politician is arbitrary and

LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

reckless, and there may be some ground for the belief. I am not saying that the present war could have been avoided had the Colonial Secretary been less domineering, though some very well-informed and sober-minded people are sure of it. But I do say that Canada should and must consider her new relations to the Mother Country, calmly and independently. She owes it not only to herself but to Great Britain to decline to be rushed into a position from which she may later on wish to be released.

• • •

A YOUNG fellow of 20, who has scarcely tasted life, whose career is sketched out in his mind's eye only—a career filled with good works, with the noble labors of the teacher, and the holy practices of religion—steps out of the door of his college to take part in some games his pupils are indulging in

one; for the desire to bear oneself well and die nobly must make men, to a certain extent, oblivious to consequences. To be cut down by Providence in cold blood, as it were, seems infinitely more terrible. It is difficult to reconcile accidental deaths, as we in our ignorance term them, with our ordinary religious theories and conceptions. Why was it that the piece of ice, hanging for so many days directly over the door from which Brother Girard made his exit, fell at the precise moment and on the exact spot that made it a message of death to an inoffensive young man? No one can tell. On its natural side, this strange confluence of events was a simple coincidence. But it has a side that is not explained in this off-hand way, and he who could dispose of the problem would be a more profound theologian than the world has yet seen.

• • •

It is a great wonder that many more people are not killed by falling ice in Montreal than statistics show. Owing to the



"WAR IS HELL."

Such is General Sherman's definition of War, and this celebrated picture carries it out with terrible truthfulness.

during recess. At the particular instant when he puts his foot to the ground, a mass of ice that had been gathering for days on the roof overhead descends with no warning and fells him to the ground. He is carried into the college, and there, without regaining consciousness or framing one last word, passes away into the Unknown, unaccompanied by the loving kiss of mother, sister or sweetheart—for the young man has no relatives living, and his life of devotion has precluded the formation of any ties beyond those of friendship. Such, in a few words, is the sad story of Brother Girard, killed at St. Henri last Friday. We are so accustomed to hearing of sudden deaths, especially in these days, when war is hourly reaping its horrible harvest, that we pass by such an occurrence as the above with scarcely a reflection. But there seems to me to be something peculiarly pathetic about Brother Girard's death. The man who was killed in battle knew the danger of his calling, was fired by the joy of conflict, and felt the resistless impulse of mighty movements in which he was but a puny factor. It is, perhaps, not such a terrible thing to be shot down in the fight, with old comrades and friends about

style of architecture some genius introduced in this city—a style not well adapted for such a climate as ours—the average pedestrian goes about during every soft spell throughout the winter, feeling as blissfully certain of existence as he would were a dozen Boers lurking behind every chimney-pot, Mausers in hand. I have seen a score of narrow escapes in as many days. The mansard roof is chiefly responsible for snow and ice slides. It is not a safe style of roof at all for Canadian cities. Walls should be carried up plumb, and in any future building by-law the council should prohibit mansards, except at a distance of from 10 to 15 feet back from the sidewalk according to the height of the building.

FELIX VANE.

"Long engagements are unlucky," cried the Boers as they ran from their attackers.

The three cups of wine which are popularly supposed to be sufficient for a man may be classified as: First, the cup that cheers; second, the drink up; and, lastly, the hiccup.

Points for Investors

THE most important incident of the week was the declaration of the C. P. R. half yearly dividend on the earnings of the last six months of 1899. I have reiterated the statement that a 5 per cent dividend could be looked for, and I pointed out that there were prophecies of a 6 per cent return. The half yearly dividend of 3 per cent makes the return for last year 5 in all. There is considerable discussion now as to whether this declaration means that half yearly dividends of 3 per cent will be continued. It does not necessarily follow that such would be the case, but C. P. R. has started out with such splendid gains in earnings during the month of January and the first week of February that I believe the directors in July next will be justified in declaring another 3 per cent for the current half year.

THE FIGURES OF THE STATEMENT

I had made a forecast of the C. P. R. statement some time ago in this column, and I find I was substantially correct. With gross earnings of \$29,230,938, working expenses, \$19,000,672, the net earnings were \$12,230,105. The income from other sources was \$1,150,108, making a total net income of \$13,380,304. After paying fixed charges, a yearly dividend of 4 per cent on the preference stock and a return of 5 per cent on the common, the company has a surplus of \$2,204,847 which ought to be sufficient to meet every possible new requirement in the way of rolling stock or roadbed improvement.

DECREASE IN EXPENSES

A gratifying feature of the year's business is the proportionate decrease in operating expenses as compared with the previous year, and this was accomplished at a time when railway materials of all kinds were advancing. The home traffic and freight were however so heavy that the company had not to go far afield to secure business for its rolling stock. I should think that 110 would be a fair figure for the stock to reach in two months' time, unless disasters occur to the market. At present, profit taking, which has been long awaited, is keeping the price in check.

GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW ISSUE

Another Canadian stock which I have had frequent occasion to mention is Canadian General Electric. During the past week this stock showed an appreciation of 12 points, and will, I expect, go still higher. The reason of the rise is that the company will make a new issue of \$300,000 common stock. This issue is made for the purpose of meeting the requirements of the company's very largely growing business, which has advanced by leaps and bounds during the past two years. I think I am correct in saying that the company do about 80 per cent of the electrical manufacturing business of Canada. So great has been the development of electrical power, railways and lighting companies, that the Canadian General Electric Company, which supply local concerns and railways with their principal machinery, have fallen away behind their orders. In order to keep up with their business, they will erect a large new factory at Peterborough in addition to the present extensive works, and will also place themselves in a position to manufacture the largest kind of electrical machinery without going to the expense of importing any from the United States, as has been done in the past. The company control all the patents of the American General Electric Company, which also had a most successful year. The American General Electric Company are stated to have earned 21 per cent on their capital stock in 1899. Canadian General Electric Company, if their full earnings are stated, have probably earned about 25 per cent. Every holder of three shares of the present common stock of the company will receive one additional share. The price at which the new shares will be issued has not been stated, but will probably be 125. The Canadian General Electric Company is now a 10 per cent dividend paying stock, and the quotation for present shares should, on its merits, be close on to the 200 mark. I can confidently recommend this stock to the investor.

WAR EAGLE FIRMER.

The excitement in War Eagle has, in a large measure, subsided, and more credence is now being given to the statement that the genuine cause of the shut-down was the labor trouble. This may have been an incentive, but it can hardly be considered as anything like the principal reason. Now, that the first panic is over, the stock has appreciated, but it will probably be many months before the mine is again shipping, and there is likely to be a decline in the meantime.

G. I. R.'S DIVIDENDS

The Grand Trunk, as I previously indicated, has celebrated its prosperous year by giving larger returns to the stockholder, and the first preferred and second preferred have come in for the benefits. Both these issues may now be considered as on a good investment basis.

THE HALIFAX TRAMS

The Halifax Street Railway Company, with a net profit of \$61,798, as compared with \$54,748 for the previous year, shows a healthy advance. The company has paid a 5 per cent dividend and has a surplus on the year's business of \$21,798.

FAIRFAX.

IN a previous issue reference was made to the letter received from Mr. R. B. Howell, with the Canadian contingent at Modder River; and it was mentioned that he was a brother of Dr. Howell and grandson of the late Archdeacon Leach. It has since been discovered this was a mistake. Mr. R. D. Howell, of whom we believed we were speaking, is still in the Northwest.

Mr. Jack Walker, of Staten Island, N.Y., was among the New Yorkers who came up last week to play hockey and spend a few days in Montreal. Mr. Walker is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Norman Walker, of Staten Island, whom everybody remembers as a constant visitor in Montreal, when she was Miss "Taff" Wiman.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Clark Murray addressed a meeting of ladies, at the Windsor Hotel, to further her new scheme of organizing a federation of women, to be known as "The Daughters of the Empire." As far as can be gathered, the plan seems to have been received with favor by women in other cities, but it did not appear to take hold very effectually upon those present on Tuesday.

What with patriotic entertainments, the as yet not satisfied fund, and the many projects in the hands of the Local Council of Women, people are, many of them, loth to embrace fresh responsibilities; and the actual object of this idea does not strike one as being very tangible. However, a second meeting was to be held yesterday morning, Thursday, when, doubtless, what the "Daughters" are expected to do will be made plainer.

In the death of Dr. Aspinwall Howe, at one time Rector of the High School, we have lost one of the most respected members of society in Montreal. So much has been said in all the papers about his career that it is not necessary to repeat. One of the late Dr. Howe's daughters married, we believe we are correct in stating, a son of the Right Hon. Lord Aylmer, of Richmond, P.Q., and brother of the Hon. Mrs. Lovell Aylmer, who, until recently, has been living in Montreal.

On Wednesday evening, the Hon. T. Berthiaume, proprietor of La Presse, and Mrs. Berthiaume gave a large and most successful ball at the Place Viger Hotel, in honor of the debut of their daughter, Miss Berthiaume.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Leslie H. Gault gave a very enjoyable lunch in honor of Miss Wilder, of Boston. The guests were: Mrs. Huntley Drummond, Mrs. Wm. Hope, Mrs. R. W. Reford, Miss Beatrice MacDougall, Miss Ewan, Miss Lillian Gault, Miss Coristine, Miss Edythe Gault.

On Friday evening, Mrs. Leslie H. Gault gave a very pleasant little dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Smellie, of New York. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. David Morrice, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gault.

A MOST interesting and exciting game of hockey, between the Quebec team and Montreal seven, took place last Saturday night at the Arena. This was probably the fastest game in the Senior League series that has come off this winter. The teams were evenly matched, and the score was kept pretty well balanced throughout, Montrealers being victorious by a score of six to their opponents five. The large crowd which turned out on Saturday night not only saw the hockey match, but an effort on the part of Neilson, the skater, to lower the half-mile record. He did it in 1.32 4-5 seconds.

✿ Mainly About People. ✿

MR. COTES, who is well-known to the Canadian public as Sara Jeanette Duncan, and who has issued a new book, "The Path of a Star," visited her old home in Brantford, Ont., a year ago, when her many friends gave her a warm welcome to her native city. Mrs. Cotes is a prolific writer, and since the appearance of her first volume, a decade ago, entitled "A Social Departure"—which met with great success in Canada as elsewhere—she has published a book annually. Mrs. Cotes' home is in Calcutta, India, where she and Mr. Cotes extend their kind hospitality to many distinguished men and women in the world of art and literature.

A few years ago, when Sara Jeanette Duncan published "An American Girl in London," she was presented to Her Majesty at Court, and was chaperoned by a titled lady in London society, where her striking personality and genial disposition made her everywhere a social favorite. She is tall and graceful, with dark brown hair, deep blue eyes, and a very sweet expression.

WHEN Sir Evelyn Wood had a command in South Africa, he always looked after the bakery. The moment his men camped the ovens were set going, and the general insisted on their being always at work when the column was not actually moving.

THOUGH their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Minto, think that Ottawa has many desirable points as a place of residence, they never conceal their disgust with the state of its thoroughfares. Lady Minto says that when her English visitors are driven from the station to Government House, their first impressions, through the bumping and jolting they get, are so bad that she is ashamed for the city. At the theatricals, held recently at Rideau Hall, the audience laughed, though the joke was all against them, when Captain Graham sang this chorus to one of his amusing songs:

For there ain't no place like Ottawa
Nowhere across the sea,
Though its roadways and sidewalks
Are as bad as they can be!
Though its streets are sometimes snowbound,
Its inhabitants are free,
And I think that good old Ottawa
Is good enough for me.

MADAME CALVE tells this story on herself: "When I went to the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels, in 1881, I made my debut as Marguerite. My second performance was to be Cherubino. At that time I was very slight. My neck and arms were thin, and so, of course, were my legs. I did not think I could possibly appear in breeches without something to make me look a little plumper. So I went to the costumer of the theatre and told him I wanted some pads. He made them according to his own ideas of what beautiful legs should be, and sent them to me so late that I had no time to try them on. I don't know what I must have looked like when I stepped on the stage thin and girlish from the waist up, but provided with the most enormous calves. After the first act the manager rushed around to my dressing-room. 'My Heavens!' he exclaimed, 'where in the world did you get those legs? They certainly are not your own.' I admitted that they were not, and said I thought I was too thin to dispense with pads. 'Don't you know,' he said to me, 'that a young girl with straight slender legs is far better suited to the part of a page than when she disfigures herself with such things as those? Take off the pads and go out in your own legs.' I decided to follow his advice. When I came on the stage again I was thin, but at least symmetrical. The effect on the audience was startling. I seemed to see the people in the theatre craning their necks to discover what had happened to change me so. The conductor of the orchestra stared at me as if the eyes would pop out of his head. After a moment or two the cause of the

astonishing alteration in my looks seemed to be understood, and there was a titter of laughter through the audience. Since that time I have never worn pads."

AT the exhibition held recently in Ottawa by the Woman's Art Association, a beautiful set of china plates was shown, the work of Mrs. Willie Allan. Famous kings and queens in equal number were painted in a most skillful way by this talented artist, and it seemed impossible that they could be put, as they often have been, to the uses of the dinner table. Mrs. Allan spends hours, too, at her embroidery, and has just completed a magnificent altar cloth for Christ Church Cathedral.

GEORGE WYNDHAM, Under Secretary of State for War, who made a telling defence of the War Office in the Imperial Parliament lately, and thereby became a candidate for full Cabinet rank, is of all the politicians on the Tory and Unionist side of the House of Commons the one who commands the greatest amount of personal good-will and sympathy of the Irish Nationalist party. They cannot forget that he is through his mother the great-grandson of that Lord Edward Fitzgerald who was the leader of the Irish Rebellion in 1796, and who died of wounds sustained in that struggle. Indeed, the Irish members of the House have often congratulated him on his extraordinary resemblance to his famous Irish ancestor. This has doubtless gone far toward securing their indulgence for the many hard knocks which he administered to their party while private secretary and chief lieutenant to Arthur Balfour during the latter's tenure of the Irish Secretaryship.

Tall, with a well knit, graceful figure, regular features, with black hair and moustache, his expression conveys an impression of mingled vivacity, intellectual brilliancy and loftiness of view that renders him one of the handsomest men in England. His voice is both rich and sonorous, without either harshness or monotony. Altogether, he looks what he is, namely, a thoroughbred Englishman, with a refining touch of French and Irish. Married to the widowed Countess Grosvenor, he is to-day the stepfather of the young Duke of Westminster, who is the greatest ground landlord in the United Kingdom.

IT is not generally known that Lord Dufferin's third son, Lord Basil Blackwood, is a brilliant artist and blessed with an abundant sense of humor. Under the modest initials of "B.B." he illustrated a witty book entitled, "More Beasts for Wors: Children," the verses for which were written by Mr. Beloe, the author of several books for children.

ALONDON morning paper tells of an amusing correspondence, on a small matter, which has recently passed between Mr. Rudyard Kipling and a London firm of publishers. There arrived, care of this firm, which deals extensively in American books, a letter addressed from America to Mr. Kipling. It was re-posted direct to him at Rottingdean, with a formal note in these words:

The enclosed letter has just reached us from America, and you will see we had to pay a letter-fine of 3d. on it.—Your obedient servants,

GAY AND BIRD.

The following acknowledgment reached Messrs. Gay and Bird a few days later, dated, of course, from Mr. Kipling's house, the Elms, Rottingdean:

DEAR SIRS,—Mr. Rudyard Kipling desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 30. The letter you enclose was from a firm of pirate publishers on the Pacific Slope, and Mr. Kipling is glad to learn that you are only 3d. out of pocket by it.—Faithfully yours,

S. ANDERSON.

To this, it seems, Messrs. Gay and Bird replied in these terms:

In forwarding you the letter from America addressed to our care we thought we were doing a courteous act. We did not know from whom it came, but, because it was "from a firm of pirate publishers on the Pacific Slope," your secretary reports that you are glad to learn that we are only 3d. out of pocket by it. This strikes us as the action of an "Absent-Minded Beggar."—Yours faithfully,

GAY AND BIRD.

P.S.—Kindly put the 3d. in the tambourine

THE surname "Kruger" is of German origin. In North German villages the local inn is generally called a "Krug," the word signifying the vessel—jug. The innkeeper who handles these jugs, "Kruge," is called the "Kruger."



'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

By L. T. MEADE, author of "Richard Maitland," "Consul," etc.

THE time was midsummer. A girl in a very plain and neatly made cotton dress was standing by an open window. Creepers twined all round the window, some of them peeping into the room. Jessamine, monthly roses, and the deep waxy petals of the magnolia were amongst the blossoms.

A light, soft breeze fanned the girl's cheeks and brought into the room great wafts of sweetness from the flowers which surrounded the window, and which filled the beds in the garden beneath.

"Hallo, Sally!" exclaimed a gay voice, "there you are as usual in one of your daydreams. What are you exciting yourself about this morning? It is neither choir-practising day nor school-treat day. As far as I can tell, there is nothing going on—nothing whatever, and yet you look— Stop dreaming if you can, and let us begin breakfast. Do come and take your place at the head of the table."

Sally Erskine followed her sister without another word. She seated herself before the tea-tray, and with a quick, rather impatient movement began to perform her office of tea-making.

Anne Erskine cut slices of bread from the loaf, and scolded two round-faced, ruddy-looking boys. Mr. Erskine raised his eyes from a letter he was reading and nodded affectionately to Sally.

Shortly afterwards Sally was heard to exclaim excitedly, after pouncing on a letter beside her plate: "I've got the scholarship, papa. Scholarship from The Minerva Magazine—thirty pounds a year for three years. I am first on the scholarship list. The editor says so; this is his letter. Oh, who would have believed it possible! Now I may go to Newnham or Girton."

"What does Sally mean by saying she has got a scholarship, Anne?" asked Mr. Erskine.

"I'll explain it to you, papa.—Sally, do eat your breakfast and allow me to speak. You are scarcely responsible at the present moment.—It is this way, papa. Sally and I have taken The Minerva Magazine for the last year. You have noticed it, I am sure, for I've seen you reading it. Well, papa, The Minerva Magazine offers a big prize—a scholarship they call it—to the girl who comes out first in a certain competition. She has to go through a very stiff training, and the person who adjudges the prize is a real live professor."

"It is thirty pounds a year for three years. And six hundred girls competed for it. And it isn't a prize; it is a scholarship—the Minerva Scholarship. I'm distinguished for life. Oh, do let me give you another good hug!"

Mr. Erskine rose hurriedly to his feet. "I'm going out," he said. "I ought to be in the four-acre field now. See that the boys go off to school in good time, Anne. Sally isn't quite responsible.

He nodded in a gentle, affectionate way to his family and left the room. Anne hurried her brothers over their breakfast, and Sally, her cheeks flushed, her eyes like stars, read and re-read her precious letter.

As soon as the two girls found themselves alone, Sally looked full at Anne, and said in an emphatic voice: "Then the matter is quite settled; I go to Newnham in October."

"My dear Sally, you know how strong our father's prejudice is."

"We must get over it, Anne. My mind is made up. I shall spend three years at one of the women's colleges, and then start a career of my own."

"I don't believe our father will consent," said Anne, "and even if he did, thirty pounds a year would not cover your expenses."

"No; but thirty pounds a year will help largely towards them; and then you must not forget I have my share of mother's money. I shall be of age in a few weeks now, and then the money is my own absolutely. Oh, Anne, life seems really worth living at last!"

Sally sprang from her seat at the breakfast-table as she spoke; she was a tall, slightly built girl, with clear, open, brown eyes, a round face with rosy cheeks, a good-humored mouth, and a white, rather broad forehead.

Anne was small, thin and pale; she was generally considered Sally's inferior, both in appearance and ability, but she was far more reliable than her elder sister.

The Erskines were not a rich family. Mr. Erskine had inherited a small farm from his father. He was supposed to manage it entirely himself. Whether he did manage it is an open question; he certainly contrived to lose money over it year after year. Sally was the ostensible mistress of the old farmhouse, but Anne did most of the work and took more than her share of the trouble. Mr. Erskine was gentlemanly and inert. He was fond of his children, but he did not like them to worry him. He disliked undue excitement of any sort. His breakfast hour this morning had not been at all to his taste, and in his heart of hearts he owned to a feeling of regret that Sally should have got the scholarship.

"These new-fangled ideas are the ruin of women," he murmured, as he walked slowly to the four-acre field. "Sally won't be herself for days after this undue excitement. What will be the consequences? Nothing fit to eat will appear upon the table. Those hard-boiled eggs I ate at breakfast are giving me indigestion already. Oh, if women would but recognize the fact that they are sent into the world to be good daughters first, and good wives afterwards!"

On his way home to early dinner Mr. Erskine was overtaken by a pleasant-faced young man, who owned a farm adjoining his own.

"How do you do, Tom?" said Mr. Erskine, nodding to him. "Are you coming to join our dinner? I warn you, you had better not. There'll be nothing fit to eat." And then he told him of the scholarship and Sally's success. "But you seem glad at the news?"

"Well," replied Tom Ross, "from my own point of view, I suppose I ought to be sorry, because she'll be less inclined than ever to say yes to me. Still," continued the young man, carried away by a vision of Sally's ecstasy, "I'm honestly glad for her sake, for she has deserved this prize. I'll come back with you, Mr. Erskine, and take my chance of a badly-cooked dinner."

"Tom," said Sally, rushing out to meet her lover, and grasping him by the hand, "I know papa has told you, so I need not go over the news again. Anne and I have been arranging everything, and we have just written to Newnham for particulars with regard to the entrance examination. If all is well, I hope to enter Newnham in October. What's the matter, Tom? Aren't you delighted; don't you congratulate me?"

"Yes, Sally, I congratulate you."

"Aren't you glad?"

"For your sake I am glad, but"—

"Oh, don't let us have any dismal 'buts' to-day. If you intend to be very nice and cheerful, and if you mean to take my part during dinner, you may stay and play tennis afterwards."

Tom Ross promised vehemently; he would uphold Sally, and look cheerful, and be as nice and as apparently delighted as if he were her brother; nevertheless, he could not help a queer sort of ache which filled his heart whenever he looked at the bright, excited girl. She had never been

LOVE AND DUTY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

more charming; her little saucy speeches were never more piquant; her quick, bright, sunshiny way had never proved more fascinating. Even Mr. Erskine could not help smiling when he looked at her; and the boys stopped devouring pudding to laugh at her witty remarks; while Anne's small pale face was lit up with absolute worship.

But Tom's heart would go on aching, for he felt down in its depths that Sally was farther away from him than ever. She knew his greatest wish; she knew that he lived for her alone; but he was well aware that the event of to-day had put an almost impassable barrier between him and his hopes.

After dinner Sally addressed him eagerly.

"I shall be three years at Newnham," she said; "we won't see much of each other during that time."

"No," he replied, sally; "but if I thought"--

"Oh, please, Tom, don't think anything. All my future career is delightfully planned, and I must not disclose it at present, even to you. Oh how happy I feel! I've only one slight thing left to dread--my little tussle with papa."

"By the way," said Ross, suddenly, "I am told that life at one of the women's colleges is expensive. You can't manage to live at Newnham on thirty pounds a year, you know, Sally."

"No, Tom, but don't you remember, I shall be of age on the first of August, and I am then to have a thousand pounds of my very own? That is my share of mother's money. Anne is to have a thousand pounds also when she's of age. I mean to take some of that money to supplement the thirty pounds a year. Why, Tom, what is the matter? How white you have turned!"

"It's the sun, I expect," said Ross. "Let us go and stand in the shade, Sally. Did I hear you aright when you said you were to have a thousand pounds the day you came of age?"

"Yes, that is the half of my mother's money. Can you possibly know anything about it? How queer you look!"

"The sun struck on my head rather fiercely. Shall we have a game of tennis? There's Charlie looking unutterably things at us for not beginning."

"But do you know anything about the money?"

Ross did not answer, he seemed suddenly to have turned deaf.

Sally gave him a queer, perplexed look, then, laughing off or undefined fear, she entered heart and soul into the game.

A couple of days afterwards she found an opportunity to acquaint her father with her decision, and discussed the matter fully while walking beside him. But he uttered a decided negative, and said she would never get his consent to go to college. And he found plenty of old-fashioned opinions to back up his decision.

"I shall never give you permission to go to college; so you had better drop the subject, once and for all."

"Not once and for all," said Tom Ross, who had been standing like a sentinel by the roadside, and who now nodded to Sally and joined the group. "I know all about the matter under discussion, Mr. Erskine, and it cannot be dropped in this summary fashion. It must be thrashed out, and you must give adequate reasons for denying Sally her very natural wish."

What was the matter? Why did Sally suddenly slip her hand out of her father's arm, and give Tom Ross a quick, excited glance of gratitude? And then, why did the little coward put wings to her feet and run away?

Tom linked his arm in Mr. Erskine's and immediately began to speak, and Mr. Erskine never even knew that Sally had left them.

Two hours later Mr. Erskine and Tom Ross returned together. Sally was pacing listlessly up and down in front

of the house. When Mr. Erskine saw his daughter - we went at once into the house, but Ross came up to the young girl's side, and, taking both her hands in one of his, said, in a voice of some agitation:

"It's all right, Sally; you are to go."

She turned white when he said this, clasped her hands and looked away. Suddenly tears of relief and joy filled her bright brown eyes.

"Yes, Sally," continued Ross, "it's all right for you. You are to have the wish of your heart. You are to go out of this snug little nest into the cold world. You are glad to go. Oh, Sally, Sally, I hope the world will treat you well!"

"Yes, Tom, it will, it will. Oh, I am so excited I can scarcely speak calmly. I can scarcely thank you, dear Tom, but my heart feels full of thanks. You do not know what it would have been to me had this wish of mine come to nothing. I think I should have gone about with a broken heart. Don't laugh, Tom; girls' hearts can be broken when the wish which lies nearest to them is denied."

"When the wish which lies nearest to them," repeated Ross, in a sad voice; "and is this your very, very dearest wish, Sally?"

He looked at her anxiously. His honest, blue eyes gazed straight into hers. She returned their glance frankly and fully. Then some message with which they were full seemed to penetrate into her heart and give her pain. She looked away, and a quick blush mounted her cheeks.

"Tom," she said, "you are the dearest and best fellow in the world; but I must have my wish; I must go to college and learn all those things which make women strong and brave and useful; those things which are now recognized as part of a good woman's education. I have got brains, and I will use them; I must cease to be a doll."

"Oh, you were never that," he answered. A sigh which he could not prevent escaped him. Soon afterwards he took his leave.

That evening Mr. Erskine called Sally to him and said a few words to her.

"I do not approve of your scheme," he said, "but I yield to your wishes. Circumstances oblige me to defer my own feelings to yours. You can go to college, Sally, and turn yourself into one of those odious men-women. It is Ross' doing; you have him to thank for it; the fact is you do not half deserve that good fellow's honest affection."

Sally pouted when her father said this; she was in no mood just now to think much of Tom. The money would be forthcoming; her wish was granted. In October she could go to Newnham, and then, hey, presto; she had all the world before her. Never was a girl happier than this one during the next few weeks.

Sally consulted Ross about each step in her future career. Should she go in for a wranglership? or should she take up classics? or should she be quite modern, and learn French and German so well that they should be considered her native languages?

"I should like to take up every subject," she exclaimed once or twice in her enthusiasm.

Mr. Erskine heard her make a remark of this kind. It was the only one who never laughed or seemed cheerful about her prospects.

"Go in for everything, certainly," he remarked, with sarcasm, "and fail. That sentence of yours was exactly what I should expect from a woman, Sally."

But summer days end; and a very abrupt stop was put to this period of mirth and holiday-making.

One morning Mr. Erskine did not make his usual appearance at the breakfast-table. Anne went up-stairs to see what was the matter. She found her father looking weak and languid; he said his heart troubled him, and if Anne liked she might send for their old friend, Dr. Barnes.

The doctor arrived in the course of the morning; he made a careful examination of his patient, and then said some

words to poor little Anne which startled her very much. She managed to hide her feelings while in her father's presence, but Sally found her afterwards in a state almost bordering on hysterics, for the old doctor had given Mr. Erskine only a few days to live.

Tom Ross appeared on the scene as a matter of course, and was most helpful to the girls. He sat up night after night with the invalid, and did more for his comfort than any hired nurse could have done.

A certain morning came when the young fellow appeared with a blanched face, and asked for Sally.

"Your father wants you," he said to her. "He asked for you several times during the night, and now he will not be denied. I do not think he can live out the day, Sally; and—and—I could not help it, dear."

Tom's look was full of deprecation. Sally wondered what was the matter. What was it that he could not help?

She entered her father's room in her white summer dress, the bloom of early summer in her cheeks and lighting up her eyes. She could not realize that death was already on the threshold of the home. Everyone spoke of Mr. Erskine's danger, but Sally did not recognize it a bit. She felt sure that he must soon be well again. She entered the room now, hushed in her mood, but by no means despondent.

"Well, dear papa," she said, her voice set a little lower than its wont, but her tone cheerful. "You have sent for me, papa; I am so glad you want me," she continued. Then her eyes fell upon the grey and dying face on the pillow, and all further words were arrested. She dropped on her knees by the bedside and laid her blooming cheek against the dying man's cold hand.

"I want you to promise me something, Sally," he said, in a harsh and broken voice. "I have something to tell you, and I want you on your part to make me a promise."

"Of—of course, papa."

That evening Mr. Erskine died. There was mourning and weeping in the house; but, to the surprise of everyone, Sally scarcely shed a tear.

Old Dr. Barnes did not like her appearance. He said the blow had stunned her, and that in reality she was feeling her bereavement much more than her sister and brothers.

Something had certainly occurred which had taken all the May sunshine look out of her face. She made no confidences, however, and spent most of her time moping in her own room.

"I shall be quite glad when Sally goes away to Newnham," said Anne, speaking to Tom Ross. "I never did know that she was so much attached to papa. All the spring seems taken out of her life."

Tom made no reply. His own face looked haggard and worn. He was the best of brothers to Anne, but she noticed that he ceased to confide in her. His blue eyes looked full of trouble when she spoke of Sally.

Mr. Erskine was dead a fortnight, and Anne seemed slier and thinner than ever in her deep mourning.

"By the way, Tom," she continued, looking up at him, "we know nothing yet about the—the affairs."

"What affairs, Anne?"

"The money. We don't know how we are left; Mr. Johnson, my father's man of business, promised to call to see us, but he has not yet done so. I know that Sally and I inherit a thousand pounds apiece from our mother, but—What is the matter, Tom? How white you look!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted a boyish voice. "Is that you Anne, coming away as usual? Oh, and Tom Ross is with you, of course. Why, Tom, you're looking pasty. George and I have had such a race over the moor. We met the postman, and he gave us a letter. It's for Sally; it's her scholarship, I expect. The *Minerva Magazine*

is written across the flap of the envelope. Lucky Sally, say I! Wouldn't George and I like to have a dip into that thirty pounds. What is it, Ross? what do you want?"

"Give me that letter," said Ross.

He took it out of the boy's unwilling hand, then taking him by the shoulders, pushed him gently out of the room.

"Now, Anne," said Ross, coming up to the young girl and speaking eagerly, "if you like, I'll give this letter to Sally. I expect Charlie is right, and that there is a cheque in it. If so, it will give me just the opportunity I want. Can't you send her down to me here; or, better still, send her into the garden, where I can meet her."

"How white you look, Tom! and your hand trembles."

"You know, Anne, what all this means to me. But can't speak of it even to you. Run, like a deer, and ask Sally to come to me."

Anne departed, and Tom went out into the garden.

A great excitement was over him; he was shaken out of his habitual calm.

The evening was lovely, and the last rays of a glorious sunset were fading from the sky, when Sally, dishevelled in appearance, red rims around her eyes, and her bright hair pushed untidily back from her forehead, came out into the garden.

She, too, was in black, but her mourning partook of the disordered state of her mind. It was not trim and neat like Anne's, but was put on carelessly. Her black dress did not become Sally. She needed light and soft draperies to set off her peculiar bright beauty.

The girl who advanced timidly now to meet Tom Ross looked something like a delicate flower broken at the roots. She held her garden hat on one arm; her steps were very slow.

"See what I've got for you, Sally," said Ross.

He came towards her, holding up the letter. She looked at it with listless indifference. He turned the envelope and showed the words *Minerva Magazine* written across the flap.

"It's the scholarship money, Sally," he whispered. "You'll want it, you know, dear, to help towards your expenses at Newnham."

"I'm not going," she said, suddenly turning white as death. "You know that, Tom, and it's very, very cruel of you to torture me."

"I thought you had some stupid idea of that sort in your mind," said Ross. "I am very glad you have come out here, so that we may fully talk over the whole matter. Give me your hand, Sally—how cold it is?—Why do you turn away from me? Why have you kept aloof from me during these miserable days?"

"Tom, you know the reason."

"Yes, my poor little love, I do know. Come, we'll walk up and down here where no one can see us. Sally, I did not want your father to say what he did to you, but I don't think he was quite responsible that morning, and the knowledge weighed on him. I'd have given half of all I possess to save you from the trouble I knew his words would bring."

"I promised him," said Sally, in a slow, listless voice. "He told me all about it, and I made my promise. I said I'd give Newnham up. It's not such a trial as you think, Tom," she continued, looking steadily at him, while tears blimmed into her eyes. "The heart has gone out of me, somehow, and I never could go in for a wranglership, or any of the nice things I used to talk about, when I felt fresh and springy and young. The dreadful thing about me, however, is this, Tom, that I can't thank you—you, who have been noble—yes, noble; but I can't thank you."

"It wasn't noble of me to do things for you. I'd give my life gladly for you, so you can understand that a little money means nothing."

"Father told me," continued Sally, "what you had done. He said he had spent the two thousand pounds which he had in trust for Anne and me, and that you had given

LOVE AND DUTY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.

It back to him on condition that he let me go to Newnham. He said that he could not die with the load of all this obligation on his mind. He said he must tell me, that I at least must share the secret with him. He said—he said," continued Sally, now bursting into heart-breaking sobs, "that my duty was to marry you, and not to be a learned lady."

"Oh, poor little Sally!" said Ross, gulping down a catch in his throat. "What if I don't agree with him? What if I want you to be learned, and wise, and great? You can't turn against my wishes; you can't be my wife if I say no."

Sally began to dry her eyes with fierce rapidity.

"Tom," she said, "the first thing to do is for you to take back that two thousand pounds I know Anne will not touch it, and, of course, I will not."

"I am afraid you are both powerless in the matter, Sally. Half the money is yours when you come of age, which will be in a day or two. Anne will not receive hers for over a year. You cannot give it back to me, my dear," continued the young man, bending towards her, "without casting dishonor on your dead father. You must keep the money, and you must also keep the secret, in order to shield his memory. You have no other alternative, Sally. I am sorry for you, but I cannot help you in this."

"Don't speak to me for a minute or two," said Sally. "Go away for a few minutes, let me be alone."

Ross obeyed her at once. She stood and watched his retreating figure. How manly he looked—how upright! He did not want to marry her, he said so. And yet she must keep that hateful, hateful money. As to Newnham! the thought of it was torture in her present mood.

"Tom, Tom," she called, in a shrill, wild tone.

He turned at once. She ran to meet him.

"Take me!" she said, "quick, quick, before I change my mind. I'll have you instead of Newnham. I have always loved you; yes, I have always loved you; but I was blind and wilful, and I would not look into my own heart. I did not know half what was in you, and it seemed so dazzling to be learned, and to use one's brains. But I don't care for anything in the world now, except—except you, Tom, and you must have me. you mustn't say no."

"Is that true, my little darling? Is it true that you love me?"

"Of course it's true; it's the very truest thing on earth."

"Well, then look here; we'll make a bargain. I'd hate to have a doll for a wife. I do adore clever women, with heaps of brains. Suppose you go to Newnham in October for my sake; and suppose you pass your examinations for me, and then afterwards Sally—Oh, what is the matter?"

Ross stopped abruptly, for Sally's arms were flung tightly around his neck, her head rested on his shoulder, and he felt her warm tears.

"I am the happiest girl in the world," she whispered "but it isn't now because I have won this"—she threw her unopened letter on the grass—"but because of you; because you love me, and I love you with my whole heart."

GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

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

Three forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the world at large; the second shows how persons born on this day in any year, will fare during the next 12 months, and the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life. The present series began with December 1, 1872, and lack numbers of 1872, when available, cost 10c each.

SUNDAY, February 18.—A seasonable day for journeys, but otherwise doubtful.

Those who have the good sense to avoid unseemly quarrels may find this a prosperous year. Employees should be especially careful not to incur the displeasure of their employers.

Children born to-day will prosper, and many of them may attain to high positions. Some difficulties with employers or other superiors are foreshadowed, but they will not seriously mar the career. Girls born now will not be entirely happy in marriage.

Monday, February 19.—Good fortune will come to many to-day, but their enjoyment of it will be marred by quite as much evil fortune.

Those who speculate during this year are likely to lose money, and trouble is also threatened through angry letters or other documents. For journeys or a change of occupation the time is rather propitious.

Active, ambitious and full of life will be the children born to-day. If they would prosper in the business world, they should look for salaried positions, and refrain from going into business on their own account.

Tuesday, February 20.—A propitious day for business, but not good for domestic or love affairs.

This will be an active and successful year. Many employes will be promoted and many young people will fall in love and will have a gay time at dances and other entertainments.

Considerable good fortune is foreshadowed for the children born to-day, and, if they only take ordinary precautions, they will find their life on earth both happy and profitable.

Wednesday, February 21.—Unseemly disputes are foreshadowed for to-day, and the hot-tempered will find it difficult to avoid them.

Quarrels and business losses are threatened during this year, and pains should be taken to avoid them. The prudent will not find it difficult to act on this advice.

Few children born to-day will be fortunate, and the most unfortunate will be those who have not learned to curb their terrible temper. Girls born now will not be happy in marriage.

Thursday, February 22.—This is not a good day on which either to look for employment or to solicit favors of any kind from persons in authority.

To employes loss of position, and to others business reverses are threatened during this year. Young widows, whose birthday it is, will receive offers of marriage.

Only by making a valiant fight can to-day's children hope to succeed in life, and even then their success is not likely to be great. Girls born now will not live happily with their husbands.

Friday, February 23.—No legal or other important documents should be signed to-day, and, if possible, no journeys should be undertaken.

This year will bring with it much social and domestic enjoyment and many of those whose birthday it is will fall in love or marry before it ends. Some business annoyances and changes are threatened, but they may not prove of much account.

Children born to-day will be generally respected, and there is little doubt that their career will be prosperous. Many of them too, will be highly talented and will win much popularity through their accomplishments.

Saturday, February 24.—Many will receive benefits to-day from women and influential persons.

Neither as regards health nor business will this be a favorable year, and only those who exercise extreme prudence in every direction can reasonably be certain of good fortune in any measure.

Little good luck is foreshadowed for to-day's children except for those who obtain salaried positions and are fortunate enough to win the good graces of their employers. Girls born now will be tempted to act imprudently in youth.

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.

Vice-Regal Etiquette.

HOW TO DO IT AND HOW NOT TO DO IT WHEN YOU ARE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

By Ella Walton.



TO commit a breach of etiquette equals, in the minds of many, the enormity of transgressing the decalogue. The humiliation of finding that they have turned down the wrong corner of a visiting card is as great as that of an officer when deprived of his decorations. This, in ordinary society. When the etiquette of a vice-regal court is disturbed, the miserable sinner is certain that he merits instant decapitation.

The people who enjoy the hospitality of Rideau Hall may be divided into three classes, as regards behaviour. There are those who look upon the place as a kind of free show, closed to the public on Sundays, to which one man's right is as good as that of another; those who are timid and fearful that they will not show due respect to the occupants; and the ones who know just what to do.

Rideau Hall is given to the Governor-General as his home, and as such is entitled to the same privacy as the home of any other man. He is not bound to invite generally. That he does so is from a good-natured desire to give pleasure, and because it is customary. "Indignant ratepayer" and "Loyal Canadian" tell the sympathetic public how "I registered at Government House, and, in the name of all that is loyal and just, why was I not invited there?" They do not consider that, as the Governor-General entertains at his own expense, he can choose his own guests. Though Rideau Hall is Government property, a man has no more right to an invitation there than he has to demand a seat on the floor of the House of Commons, because that building belongs to the nation.

High or low, the world is difficult to please. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, more democratic in many things than their predecessors, took in nearly everyone who wrote their names in the great books. Then, all over the country, it became a by-word that "anyone can be invited to Rideau Hall if they register." Consequently, the functions there were composed largely of the "any ones." Under the present regime a little pruning took place, making the "open sesame" not always dependent upon a man's ability to write his own name.

We will suppose that you are a stranger in Ottawa. You take rooms at the Russell House, where most of the M.P.'s and their families reside during the sessions, and unpack your dress-suit or dainty gowns of silk, prepared in anticipation of the social doings of the gay capital—not the least of which are the functions of vice-royalty. You go to Rideau Hall, as a loyal subject, with an eye to future invitations, to make a call, which is done by writing your name in a book, always open in the great hall. At the door stands a tall, good-looking Dominion policeman. If you think that you have, as a ratepayer, several shares in the property, you disregard the door bell and walk in; otherwise, you ring, as you would at any gentleman's house. The orderly opens the door, and you write your name. Then you go home and wait. If, upon inquiry, it is found that you have not embezzled a smaller sum than \$50,000, that you have not sold cotton in a less quantity than

the bale, or that you have not kissed your neighbor's wife on the Sabbath day, you receive an invitation card, with a gilt coronet and monogram at the top. If this card requests an answer, send one at once; and, especially, if it is for a dinner, if possible, do not fail to go. It is no easy matter, when a plan of the table has been arranged for over 100 guests in order of precedence, to have to change it all, which happens if a number of the invitations are not answered until the last day, or when several people telephone at the last moment that they will be unable to attend.

The functions given by their Excellencies are State dinners and State balls, garden parties, skating parties, both afternoon and evening, dinners, balls, dinner-dances, and, by some of the viceroys, theatricals. The wife of the Governor-General gives small teas, to which she invites a few chosen friends, but she never makes calls, nor do their Excellencies ever accept invitations to private houses. The other members of the vice-regal household often attend balls, etc., given by individuals.

After all of these functions, above mentioned, except skating and garden parties, which are informal affairs, a new registration is expected. This is equivalent to an after-dinner or party call.

I may say here that this much-abused word "function" can only be properly used when referring to entertainments given by royalty and vice-royalty or to State affairs. When a society reporter writes in gushing, glowing terms, describing Mrs. Smith's "At Home" as "the smartest function of the season," don't believe it.

None of these rules apply to the drawing-room held by their Excellencies in the Senate Chamber. The passport there is that you go in evening dress and furnish yourself with two visiting cards upon which your name is written.

Frequent registration is desirable, to avoid complications and unnecessary trouble; as, for instance, in case of the death of a husband or wife, when the A.D.C., unaware of this fact, sends invitations for the two. Then, there is the unnecessary work of sending hundreds of invitations to the people who register and remain in Ottawa for but a short time. Invited residents who register their guests' names will always get a card for them as soon as possible. At the skating and garden parties it is considered no breach of etiquette to leave without shaking hands with their Excellencies, for, as they move about among the people, there is often the difficulty of finding them and of forcing one's way through the crowd not yet ready to leave.

Upon being announced by the orderly, you make a curtesy if a lady, bow low if a gentleman. But, like the good children who are seen but not heard, you must not stop to speak, unless their Excellencies begin the conversation.

In considering the etiquette of Rideau Hall one always thinks of the orderlies, Sergeants Rogers, Coild and Clark, who for so many years have been a part of its social mechanism. Further, as a parody on the well-known song, "What is Home Without a Mother?" can be added, "What is Rideau Hall without the A.D.C.'s?" People who only see them as the staff in attendance upon their Excellencies, do not perhaps think of the many other duties that require their attention. The greater part of these come through each day's mail. Many of these letters are upon subjects that an editor would

VICE-REGAL ETIQUETTE — CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

answer as "unavailable," but they all receive a carefully worded reply. There are personal requests, letters from societies asking for patronage, and the dedication of all sorts of things. Of these, the greater part are musical compositions, dedicated to Her Excellency, which, fortunately, she is not obliged to hear played. Great tact and judgment are required in dealing with matters oftentimes as delicate as a maiden's first love affair.

It is conceded by everyone that the staff of a Canadian Governor-General has never been composed of men of greater ability and good nature than the present A.D.C.'s. It is difficult to say who has the greater number of friends and admirers—Mr. Arthur Guise, the tall, jolly Irishman; Capt. Mann, always obliging and ready for any kind of fun that wants to spring up, or Capt. Graham, with his own original genius, quietly extracting from the disagreeables of life the amusing element. Some of the trials of an A.D.C. were sung and told in these verses by the versatile author himself at the close of the theatricals recently given at Rideau Hall:

FOLLOW THE A. D. C.

Ladies and gentlemen take my advice
Follow the A. D. C.
Whether he's nasty or whether he's nice,
Follow the A. D. C.
People imagine his duties are light,
But I have seen him with letters to write,
Silently sitting up half the night!
Follow the A. D. C.

Follow the A. D. C.
The wonderful A. D. C.
And whether your stay be short or long,
He'll see to your wants, you can't go wrong,
So follow the A. D. C.
The wonderful A. D. C.
It's twenty to one
He'll show you some fun
If you follow the A. D. C.

If you're inclined for a party or ball,
Follow the A. D. C.
Nobody else is of service at all,
Follow the A. D. C.
Though in appearance he may look a cad
Though, as is likely, his manners are bad,
Whether he's happy, or whether he's sad,
Follow the A. D. C.

Follow the A. D. C.
The wonderful A. D. C.
And whether you're stay be short or long,
He'll see to your wants, you can't go wrong,
So follow the A. D. C.
The wonderful A. D. C.
For every maid
Should follow an aide,
Yes, follow an A. D. C.

For further information I add the following rules, written by a gentleman who is an authority upon vice-regal etiquette:

1. On entering Government House it is customary to ring the bell once, and then open the front door, and walk right in. The habit of pushing the door ajar and creeping in on all fours cannot be commended, as it is one calculated to give the orderly on duty the impression that you have designs upon the umbrella stand, and that your intentions towards the hat-rack are not strictly honorable.

2. On registering in the visitors' book you are expected to write your name distinctly, and, if possible, to spell it correctly. When entering a long list of your friends' names it is not necessary to simulate their handwriting, as this only makes the deciphering of the feigned signatures all the more difficult and doesn't deceive anybody.

3. It has so often been asked how much guests at Government House are expected to eat, and whether loyalty demands that they should eat at all if they are not hungry, that we feel sure we shall not be over-estimating their Excellencies' hospitality if we assure our readers that all guests at Rideau Hall will be bitterly disappointing their hosts if they do not consume more food than is good for them. It is not, however, usual to take anything away from the supper table in one's pockets, except, of

course, an occasional bun or an orange, to assuage the pangs of hunger on the way home.

4. When entering a private room it is considered correct to knock first with the second joint of the first finger of the right hand, but, in the case of a reception or sitting-room, it is generally sufficient to cough outside the door and shuttle one's feet upon the mat before intruding, though the custom of having a little difficulty with the door-handle is not to be condemned.

5. On receiving an invitation to attend a social function at Government House it is considered good form to send a reply within the month, and the practice of telephoning at the last moment to say you are not coming is one that cannot be too strongly discouraged.

6. There is an idea abroad that the entertaining at Rideau Hall is at the expense of the Government, but this is an entirely erroneous one. So it is never necessary or even advisable to refuse a second helping of bread and butter, under the impression that by so doing you are conferring a benefit upon the national revenue or causing a wan smile to flicker for a moment upon the faces of the members of the Finance Department.

I might add to this that you are not supposed to ask his Excellency for his photograph—you can buy one at Notman's. Nor must you chip off a bit of the venerated plaster that covers the outside walls of Rideau Hall to carry off as a souvenir. The historic edifice might tumble if you did.

THIS is a cut of the new coat of arms of Laval University, manufactured by Mr. R. Hemsley for a number of friends of the institution, who will present it to the University, where it will be placed above the tribune in the hall of the Law Faculty. It is, unquestionably, a work of art, and a triumph of enamel work. The shield proper is 12 inches high, and at its widest part 12 inches wide, divided into four quarterings, of which the fields are red and blue enamel, alternately. Each quartering bears in raised metal one of the emblems of the various faculties of the University. Theology is represented by a cross, science by the serpents, sacred to the medical profession, law by the scales of justice, and arts by an open book. From the top of the shield spring up, in all directions, rays of gold. On either side of the shield is placed a green branch of academic palms, each leaf having been made and enamelled separately, and fixed in its place on



the branches. When the enamelled shield is placed in position it will be mounted on an oak shield 10 feet above the tribune. The uninitiated have no idea of the difficulty of manufacturing such a large piece of enamelled work. It is believed to be the largest of its kind ever made in America, and Mr. Hemsley proudly regards it as his magnum opus to date.

The enamelling industry, established in Montreal only a few years ago by Mr. Hemsley, has flourished exceedingly, and is now one of the chief arts of the city, over 100 hands being constantly employed in the manufacture of pins, brooches, spoons, etc., and, certainly, some beautiful work is turned out. Not only is the Montreal and Canadian trade supplied, but the goods are exported to Europe and Australia, the high tariff of the United States being all that prevents Mr. Hemsley from entering that market also. The processes of manufacture are complicated and delicate, and Mr. Hemsley deserves much credit for the success he has attained in the art.

People We Hear About.

SOME STORIES OF GEORGE T. FULFORD.

THE MARVELOUS CAREER OF THE MAN WHO HAS MADE A FORTUNE OUT OF PILLS, AND HAS NOW BEEN RAISED TO THE SENATE OF CANADA.

NOT long since, a number of gentlemen, of whom Mr. George T. Fulford, the new Senator from Brockville, was one, were discussing the current report that the Massey-Harris Company divided a million and a half dollars' profit last year. The statement was canvassed as almost incredible, but Mr. Fulford modestly suggested that it might be so, quietly remarking, "there are others." As a matter of fact, it is said that Mr. Fulford's patent medicine business netted him over \$1,000,000 last year.

By way of showing the enormous turnover of some of the successful enterprises of this sort, it may be stated that the gentleman who looks exclusively after the advertising of one of the largest proprietary medicine firms of the United States received \$64,000 as his commissions from this source last year. Yet, it was not many years ago that this same man—a clergyman from the Old Country—stepped upon the wharf in Montreal with but \$10 in his pocket. Such are the fortunes to be made in a patent medicine business, successfully conducted. Some of them, indeed, seem to be modern exemplifications of the ancient story of Midas. Whatever they touch turns into gold, and whoever touches them brings down a cloud of precious dust, as a bee is powdered with pollen.

Of course, this only applies to the successful patent-medicine enterprises. In no industry is there a larger proportion of failures. Millions have been lost, as well as made, by men with a burning desire to cure the ills of the race.

Mr. Fulford began business on a small scale, going into partnership with a doctor in Brockville who had a number of good formulae. Finally, his partner, dissatisfied with results, offered to sell out his interest, and Mr. Fulford bought it for a comparatively small sum—for the business had not at that time assumed very large proportions. That was about ten years ago, and since then his career has been simply phenomenal. He has amassed a large fortune, and is now called to the Senate of the Dominion. I have it from a most reliable source that in 1897 Mr. Fulford spent \$935,000 in advertising alone; that in 1898, the amount rose to \$985,000, and that last year it went over \$1,000,000. These figures give one some conception of the immense proportions of his business. He is obliged to make trips around the world in connection with it, and, immediately after taking his seat in the Senate, left for England, accompanied by Mrs. Fulford, to relieve his chief advertising manager for a time. Mr. Fulford has two daughters in attendance at the Royal Victoria College in this city, and these young ladies have a complete equipage, with coachman and footman, at their command.

Somehow, the impression has gained ground that the new Senator was originally a citizen of the United States. This is not the case, however. Mrs. Fulford was born and raised under the folds of the star-spangled banner, but her husband is a native of Brockville, where he was born 48 years ago. Both of his parents came from U. E. Loyalist stock. He received a good public school education, and, after a course at the Belleville Business College, became a druggist. Though it is only of late years that Mr. Fulford has "made money hand over fist," he was from the first a wide-awake and successful business man.



THE HON. GEO. T. FULFORD.

He has traveled widely, and, being alert and observant, has learned lessons and gathered information where many men would have seen nothing worth remembering. In a word, he is a keen, wide-awake, well-informed man of the world. He is likely to prove a decided acquisition to the Senate.

It is interesting to note that Brockville is the headquarters of more than one large proprietary medicine business. Mr. Comstock, Member of Parliament for that constituency, is at the head of such a concern. Like Mr. Fulford, he is a member of the Liberal party, which seems to have a monopoly of the patent medicine men.

SANDERS.

A BUSY LITERARY MAN.

MR. HENRY J. MORGAN'S hands are very full just now, as, in addition to preparing new editions of his "Eminent Canadians," "Bibliotheca Canadensis," and "Men and Women of the Time," he is giving close attention to what may be regarded as his magnum opus, namely: "Types of Canadian women, and women connected with Canada, past and present; a picture gallery illustrating the rank, talent and beauty of the women of British North America." For this work he has collected a vast number of portraits, many of them copied from old family miniatures and paintings, belonging to the nobility of France and England. A lady who was in Ottawa, recently, informs us that it is perfectly wonderful what an amount of valuable material Mr. Morgan has collected for the letterpress. He is certainly doing a great work for the women of Canada, more, in fact, than has been done for the women of any other country along that line. Montreal, especially, will be proud of her record in this exhibit of eminent and beautiful women.

THE Lord Bishop of Quebec will give an illustrated lecture in the parish hall of the Church of St. John The Evangelist on Monday evening, February 19, on the history of the English branch of the Catholic Church, his subject being: "The need of the Reformation of the Church, and how it really came about."

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 XXX.

THE NAME OF DR. ALLISON.

One more heartrending cry I was able to give, and then then Valentine Graeme had wound his hand in the neck of my dress, strangling me until I gasped for breath.

In the struggle (for I writhed in his grasp with the strength of desperation), the fastenings of my frock broke open at the throat, and, to my horror, my father's letter, which had been tucked inside the bosom of my gown, fell out upon the floor.

I saw that Miss Cade swiftly stooped and picked it up, and then I saw no more, for I was dragged back into the room by Valentine, while Lady Mary and her companion spoke outside in the passage with those who had been brought upstairs by my outcry.

Very roughly I was seated upon the sofa from which I had lately risen, my head pressed back upon the hard cushions, and Valentine Graeme's hand held heavily over my mouth.

His eyes glared at me with the anger of one who has been thwarted by a creature so much weaker than himself, that he had confidently counted upon its impotence to disarrange his plans. The hand upon my mouth was hot, and smelt of tobacco; and the physical aversion I felt for the man was so strong that it overpowered all other sensations.

Strange voices conversed with Lady Mary and Miss Cade on the other side of the door, excitedly at first, and then, as calm answers came, gradually becoming quieter. There were two voices, one a rough bass, with a Scotch "burr" in it, and the other shrill and disagreeable. No doubt the landlord and the landlady of the Green Dragon had run upstairs to demand what uncouth noises were disturbing the peace of their inn.

I could hear very little, but the words "Dr. Allison," spoken by my stepmother, reached me now and again. Again this dreadful "Dr. Allison." Did they really mean to take me to him, or was his name but uttered as a plausible excuse? I was inclined to think, from the few words that I had overheard between Lady Mary and Miss Cade a short time ago, that the latter explanation was more probable.

I struggled no longer, for I found that I was a mere nothing in the hands of Valentine Graeme. I would wait, I resolved, and save my strength until he should prove careless for a moment, as he might if I remained passive in his grasp.

At the end of five minutes I could hear the footsteps of the man and woman going downstairs, creaking on each step as they went. Doors shut below, and a great guffaw of laughter came up, as though the explanation of the outbreak had caused merriment to the crowd in the bar. It was apparent that I need look for no help in that quarter.

Evidently the name of Dr. Allison had accounted satisfactorily for everything that had already happened, or

might happen later on. Still, Lady Mary and Miss Cade did not return, and I could see that Valentine Graeme grew impatient at their prolonged absence.

"Go out, there's a good chap, and see what's keeping them. I can't leave this wild cat here," he said to the man of the dark and sullen countenance, who had accompanied him into the room.

Obediently the door was opened, the hand over my mouth increasing its pressure, but my eyes were free to rove. Eagerly I looked out into the passage. A paraffin lamp with a tin reflector was placed on the opposite wall, and under it stood my stepmother and her companion. Their heads were close together—they were reading the letter which Miss Cade had picked up.

My heart leaped, and so convulsive a shiver suddenly shook me from head to foot, that Valentine Graeme's fierce, glisty eyes were turned upon me questioningly.

They knew now that my father's murder was a secret to me no longer. What would be the consequences to me of this knowledge of theirs I could not guess, but I believed that they would be the worst.

Even if I submitted to being made the wife of this man whom I hated, they could not feel themselves safe from my vengeance; they would know that at any moment I might speak and tell what I had learnt. To be sure, I should have no proofs, now that the letter had fallen into their possession. Still, my word alone might be enough to arouse suspicion, and bring out evidence against them which, by this time, they had ceased to fear.

No, I told myself, with an odd, impersonal coldness, there was scant hope for me now. Lady Mary Itaven was clever enough to account for my absence in some plausible manner, if she once absolutely determined to rid herself of me.

If it had been possible that I might be spared, the finding of the letter, which I had concealed, pretending ignorance, had cut off all chance of escape. How fiendishly prudent the woman had already shown herself in my case!

How she had arranged the trap for me, how she had worked with Valentine Graeme and his accomplice, how she had brought me to Macclestown, a place evidently so near to some private asylum for the insane that she was absolutely protected from the dangerous consequences of any outcry or protest I might make. No doubt many wretched mad men and women begged for help in the railway station at Macclestown, accusing of treachery the sorrowful friends who would assign them to the care of Dr. Allison. What was a scream, or a sob, or a struggle more or less?

Lady Mary looked up at the opening of the door and concealed the letter, placing it in her pocket, as I thought. Then she and Miss Cade, after a whispered word or two, moved away from each other and came slowly into the room. Lady Mary was first, and my straining eyes caught hers and held them, or rather my gaze seemed held by hers. There was hatred unutterable, unmistakable, in the glance—a look which might almost have been a sword to pierce and kill. But in a moment she had turned away.

"Lock the door, Elizabeth," she quietly said. "We must have a few minutes' undisturbed conversation."

She sat down by the table, with its unappetizing remains of supper, and her long white fingers began to drum out some monotonous tune. Her eyes were fixed upon them thoughtfully as they moved. But presently she looked up and said:

"You may as well release her, Valentine. There can be no marriage to-night, nor at any time. We have tried to make you a happy woman against your will, Eve, and you have rendered it impossible. Well, we were ready for failure, though we did not expect it. The consequences must be upon your own head. You can accomplish no good by

screaming and creating a scene, as has just been proved to you. You will only be thought mad, and, upon my word, I believe you are so. What possible objection could you have had to Valentine as your husband? He is young, handsome, loving—a man to be proud of—such a chance as you will never have again. Yet you refused and insulted him.

"I realized that, when too late, you would surely regret your foolishness, and I attempted to compel your obedience, as though you had been a child, knowing that it would be for your good. How have you rewarded me? But I will not waste time in recrimination. I have ordered a carriage, and we will leave this place, which has been the scene of a failure more disastrous for your future than you may now dream."

"A carriage! But what reason have you——" began Valentine.

Lady Mary stopped him. "It will take us to Dr. Allison's," she said, "and from there we shall be able to engage another."

Suddenly I found myself free to move. The tobacco-scented hand had fallen away from my mouth, the grasp that had pinioned me down to the sofa had relaxed, and I sprang to my feet, not knowing what next to do.

Hesitatingly, expecting to be stopped, I moved towards the door. My hand was on the knob when Miss Cade's arm stole round my waist from behind (I could see her ugly, veiny hand, with its prominent knuckles, creeping along my black dress), and then a handkerchief was again pressed over my mouth and nose. It was pungent with the same smell which had choked me and sent my senses to sleep in the railway station. I knew it, I dreaded it overpoweringly, yet I could not resist. The same giddiness stole over me, the same weakness and relaxing of my muscles, the same confusion of ideas and indifference to future events I yielded to the influence, and felt myself succumbing with a helplessness that would mean my death. The very ringing in my ears sounded a clamor of warning, but presently the echoes died.

Consciousness came with a sense of great uneasiness, and sadness deeper than tears. I was being lifted out of a carriage. A cool drizzle of rain drifted across my upturned face and into my eyes as I opened them.

I could see a high wall of brick, with a door in it, and beyond, at a distance, the roof of a tall house showing among trees.

The carriage drove away with a grinding of wheels along a hard road. We were left before the door in the wall. Trailing creepers swayed about it in the damp wind.

There was a pleasant smell of earthiness and flowers wet with rain, a smell which would bring back that scene to my mind should I live to be a century old.

My head rested against someone's shoulder, but there was no delicious sense of protection or peace as there had been with Donald. Rather was there fear and repulsion at the touch, but I was past struggling or attempting to escape. I think I must have moaned slightly, however, or stirred, for again that nauseating handkerchief was waved before my face.

I felt myself nodding once more, and went off into a strange land of dreams, broken sometimes by a knowledge that another carriage had been summoned, that we were in it, that we were driving rapidly, that voices were talking in my ears, that we had stopped, and that there were lights and ringing of bells and the whistling of a railway train.

There was always a vague sense of discomfort, and once I became aware that I was lying at full length, my head propped up on a shawl-covered bag, on the seat of a railway carriage. I saw the faces that I knew and hated, but scarcely had my eyes fairly opened before the handkerchief waved again.

After that time passed on unheeded by me.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE SECRET ROOM.

A ray of brilliant sunlight lying across my eyes awoke me, and I became aware of a great chattering of swallows. They seemed to be close to my ears, and their shrill cries made my head throb. It was already aching horribly; my first conscious gasp had told me that.

I lay stretched upon some hard surface, but so utterly weak and spent was I that I had not energy to move, to turn my eyes and look about with curiosity at my surroundings. I was also very ill, with qualms of a faint sickness, which came and went. I was dull and stupid, too, feeling a stolid indifference to my fate.

Consciousness merely included a knowledge of Ego—a troublesome knowledge, which meant pain and a weariness unspeakable.

I must have lain motionless for a long time, rendered miserable by the shrieking of the birds and the shaft of sunlight which fell straight down upon my face. At last I moved my head irritably, and the shock with which my eye mirrored the place in which I lay roused all my dormant faculties.

I raised myself on my elbow and gazed about me.

I lay on a mattress on the bare floor, and, by stretching out my hands, could almost have touched the stone walls which shut me in. The roof, also, was of stone, and was scarcely six feet above my head.

Here and there was a round opening in the wall, something like those let into ancient fortresses for the use of archers, though not so large nor so frequent, and in these the swallows had built their nests.

Beside the mattress on which I lay stood a chair, and on the chair was a plate of biscuits and a glass of water.

Where was I? I asked myself in sheer bewilderment. Was this strange place a cell at the Dr. Allison's, whose fatal name I had so often heard of late? It might be so, and yet I had not fancied that an asylum would contain such a place as this.

Painfully I dragged myself into a sitting posture on the mattress. The effort of rising made a hundred hammers beat in my head, and a wave of sickness rush over me. I had to remain quite still for a moment before the feeling in some slight degree passed off.

When I was better I scrambled to my feet, and then had to lean, panting and almost ready to faint, against the cold stone wall.

The chilly surface touching my throbbing temple revived me, and I stepped out into the middle of the floor. The roof was within a few inches of my head, scarcely more than half a foot. Apart from the chair and mattress there was no furniture of any description in the room. Nor could I find any means of entrance or exit. I passed my hands along the walls, but all seemed solid. There was no way in or out. I might have been in one of those glass retorts in which the princesses, in the fairy tales of my childhood, were imprisoned by the wicked dragons, and of which I had once laughingly spoken to Rose. I grew frightened and cold, and forgot my illness for the moment. The fact that I did not even know where I was added to the terror of the situation.

I peeped out through one of the small interstices between the stones, half filled with straws and sticks, brought up by the busy swallows.

I looked down upon what seemed a forest of trees, pines and cedars and beeches. Away in the distance lay an expanse of dark water, and mountains billowed to the horizon. I was at Sombermere Court!

Certainty was worse than uncertainty had been. "They have brought me back here to kill me!" I said aloud.

All my courage had gone as my strength had gone. I thought of the terrible isolation of the Dark House—how I had told myself, even in the first days of my residence

LADY MARY—CONTINUED
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there, and long before my suspicions had been aroused, what a convenient place it would be for a crime.

We were, literally, miles removed from any other habitation save the porter's lodge. Anything might happen and people would never know. I might scream until my voice broke and nobody would hear. Was there not a legend of a cry that rang out at night over the dark waters of the mere? and would not any chance passer-by but walk the faster, in his haste to turn his back upon so gloomy and desolate a scene?

I fell, rather than sat down upon the mattress again, and began to review my situation. Even had I not identified the black trees that shut in the Dark House, I might have recognized the plate which held the scanty store of biscuits. I had seen others of the same quaint, old-fashioned pattern on the breakfast and luncheon table downstairs.

Sure as I was that I had been brought back in the night to Sombermere Court, I could not imagine where it was that they had imprisoned me. It was such a circumscribed room. The walls all of stone, with openings by which one could judge the thickness. I could not think of any part of the house in which it was likely to be situated. Besides, it must be exceedingly high. I seemed to look down upon many of the trees.

I got up again and stared out of one of the interstices, through which the sunlight poured. My view was extremely limited, so narrow was the open space, but I fancied that I must be looking down from the front of the house. Suddenly I thought of the tower, though I did not see how this room could be there.

First of all, the tower was built over the passage which ran into the great hall. Then one ascended a flight of steps and arrived at my room. Above that, as we had discovered, was another. The main house consisted only of the ground floor and the one over that, and the tower apparently rose but one storey above. That accounted for the room Mrs. Rayne and I had seen as we went up the secret staircase, and no more. Where, then, was this tiny cell, six feet high and not more than eight or nine feet across?

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SOUND IN THE NIGHT.

I was completely puzzled. It was impossible to guess where they had put me, or even what they meant to do to me. I was only sure that Lady Mary did not mean that I should leave this hidden room alive.

As I lay on the mattress, to which I had miserably returned, after my short and hopeless tour of exploration, the ray of brilliant sunshine which had fallen straight as a dart into my upturned eye, traveled further down, and at last was gone entirely. It was not yet dark in my prison, but I thought that the coming of evening was casting its shadows before. What should I do in this place, all alone, when night fell? Night! That would be the time they would choose for their work.

My eyes filled with pity for my own helplessness and my youth, as I thought of Donald, deceived into believing I was far away. I should never see him again. He had saved me once, but to do so a second time was out of his power.

So vivid was the picture of his face which rose before me, that I could almost persuade myself I saw him—that his eyes looked into mine as they had when we were together at Keswick.

Thoughts of him revived me like cordial. I found myself once or twice planning, for our future, and then the recollection of the present, and the fact that I was already

virtually dead to him, came back with a more agonizing distinctness than before.

To my surprise, I found myself at last very hungry. It was a long time since I had had anything to eat. I had always wondered, until now, how it could be that those condemned to immediate death could bring themselves to swallow food or drink, as I had read that they often did with a good appetite, but to-day I understood how it might be.

I asked myself, with a sick shudder of horror, if they meant to starve me—to let me stay here alone, unheeded, in my agony until merciful death stepped in and ended it. But then I remembered the biscuits and the water which stood on the chair by my bedside. Would they have put them there if they had intended me to die by starvation?

Slowly I raised myself and looked wistfully at the plate and the tumbler. I stretched out my hand, and then let it fall. If the water or the biscuits had been poisoned? What if it were that that they had meant?

I would not, I told myself, fall like a fly into the web that had been spun for me. I turned away my eyes from the chair and what it held, that hunger might not tempt me irresistibly.

This was the choice that had been offered my father, I thought, he must starve, or eat the poisoned food which was brought him, while he lay too weak to rise from his bed. And he had accepted the latter alternative as likely to bring relief from suffering more speedily than the other.

Tears rose and burnt in my eyes, but did not fall. My thoughts turned to my beautiful mother, who had died so young; whom Lady Mary Raven had so cruelly maligned. I hated her for those lies which she had spoken, perhaps, more intensely than for any of her sins against me. She had taken my father's life, she had tried to take away my mother's reputation. Whatever else she might now mean to do would be a sin less heinous than those which stained her past.

Sometimes, as night fell relentlessly, I dragged myself up, and walked about the contracted room, pressing my face against the chinks, through which the light came no more. How should I bear the hunger and the fear and the awful pall of darkness that was closing in around me? I began to feel that I should go mad. My mouth was so dry that I could scarcely move my lips, which felt hard and stiff, as if my face had been a mask.

At last, in desperation, I snatched up the glass of water and began to drink, but when I had swallowed a few drops I set down the tumbler with a hand that trembled.

My doubts and fears had been confirmed. I was sure now that the water had been poisoned, so strange, so faintly bitter was the taste.

I had taken very little, scarcely an appreciable quantity, yet I wondered if it would be enough to kill me. For a long time I stood still and waited, expecting to be seized by some strange spasm of anguish—but it did not come.

I lay down again at last, and wiped a cold moisture from my forehead. Again as I did so I pitied myself, for the dampness of terror had twined the soft, loose hair about my face into little rings. They felt childish and suggestive of the dainty prettinesses which belong to beauty and young girlhood as I passed my hand across my forehead. Donald had admired my hair and stroked it that never-to-be-forgotten night at Keswick, saying it was like a "crown of woven threads of copper and gold."

I wished that I were able to cry, but I could not. I lay huddled together on the hard mattress, shivering with physical cold and the chill of a hundred terrors. Night—darkest night—was on me now, with all its mysterious noises and alarms.

The swallows in their nests, tucked into the deep chinks in the stone walls, stirred and rustled in their sleep, and my heart throbbed with a dull, bursting pain. A moaning

wind swept over the pines below in the distance, and I started up, shaking as though in an ague fit.

If I had not been half-starved and weak with the bodily and mental fatigue I had undergone, I might have passed through the ordeal with something more of courage.

At the Green Dragon I had forgotten my fears, and fought bravely for my liberty, until the drug had stolen a sense and strength away. But then there had been a tangible danger to confront, and, besides, I could see my enemies. Here it was the darkness, and the eerie noises of the night (which make the most awful of all silences), that terrified me beyond control.

At each sound, or imagined sound, I would say to myself, "Now—now it has come! Now someone is stealing towards me through a hidden entrance which I do not know, to kill me! There is no mercy. Death must come. Now—now!"

But still it did not come, and at the end of some interval of strained listening the horror would have to be lived all through again.

Hours must have passed, though, perhaps, not so many as I fancied. It seemed to me that the light of a new morning must presently dawn, but very possibly it was in reality scarcely past midnight, when at length I did hear a sound which was unmistakably ominous.

Fifty times had I imagined it before, but now that it actually shocked my ears at last I knew that the others had been but the innocent nestling of the birds, or the wind that had already sung a dirge for me among the trees.

I rose to my knees and crouched there, my icy hands clasped over my breast. I felt as though I were slowly freezing into stone. I think if I had known that life might be mine for a cry, or even a single movement, I could have made neither.

Close to the bedding on which I knelt I heard a faint creaking, as if someone had stepped upon a loose board. Then came a sharp crack, and the corner of the mattress towards which I faced was gently and slowly lifted.

(To be continued.)

AN INTERESTING PARALLEL.

HOW THE PROGRESS FROM YOUTH TO MANHOOD OF THE WHITE MAN AND THE CHINAMAN COINCIDE—AND ALSO HOW THEY DIFFER—SINBAD AIRS HIS KNOWLEDGE OF MONGOLIAN CUSTOMS.

THE occurrence of the festival of the Chinese New Year, which happens—as do most of the events of the almond-eyed celestial—at exactly the wrong moment according to Caucasian idiosyncrasies, has naturally drawn the attention of thoughtful observers to the many differences that exist between these denizens of the effete East and the robust nations of the wild and woolly West. Yet these differences are much slighter than we fondly imagine. And, in many of his customs, and more particularly in his domestic epochs, the Chink approaches as closely to the Caucasian as he does in his reverence for the mighty dollar.

In its infancy the Celestial baby certainly is at a discount in comparison with its Caucasian rival. The latter is rose-pink in color, and can consequently turn a beautiful purple black every time it chokes. But the celestial is old-gold; and consequently a deep mahogany is the best it can do in the way of coloration. Both, however, are thumped upon exactly the same spot in order to induce them to resume their normal complexions, and both resent this treatment in precisely the same manner. The first real difference comes when the Chink is about seven years old, when a ceremony is performed, called "tying the knots." This is performed by knotting red

worsted around the juvenile's wrists to render him docile, and is very effective when supplemented by a judicious use of the maternal slipper on his exterior. During the ceremony the relatives howl at the top of their voices to express their gratification and annoy the neighbors. And, at the close, there is a feast from which the guests emerge several shades yellower than usual. In the case of the Caucasian this ceremony is usually performed by the juvenile devouring an assortment of green apples which ties the average boy into more double knots than a mile of binder twine. In this case the boy does his own howling. And the share of his family in the festivities is confined to filling him up to the neck with pain-killer.

The second great event in the life of the young Mongolian is that of the "investiture of the slipper." From the fact that he only gets the slipper once in the course of his career we may argue either that the juvenile Chink is exceptionally good, or that his father prefers to use a baseball bat. Here, again, a feast forms part of the ceremony, and the banging of gongs is considered a mark of good form. In the case of the Caucasian boy the frequency of this ceremony destroys its solemnity. The average Canadian boy will receive the slipper upon that portion of his frame reserved for correctional purposes from three to five times per day according to the vigor and activity of his mother. In his case there is no need to bang a gong to attract the attention of the neighbors. The boy will announce the occurrence of the ceremony himself. Neither does any feast follow. On the contrary, the investiture of the slipper is apt to be followed by a perfectly involuntary fast.

The third momentous epoch in the life of the aspiring Chink is termed the "Passing Through the Door." In this case an elaborate door of bamboo, covered with tin-foil, is erected, through which the young celestial is solemnly pushed by his father and mother. The door is then burnt with many ceremonial observances, and the company proceed to fill themselves up to the larynx with a light collation, some of the delicacies in which would turn a Caucasian pale-green. This is to typify the fact that the young Chink is old enough, and ugly enough, to start a laundry of his own; and that the sooner he does so, the better it will be for his health. With the Caucasian this ceremony usually occurs at that period in his career when he develops an inordinate love for pomatum and patent leather shoes, and is not quite sure whether he is suffering from love or indigestion. It differs from the Chinese ceremony in the fact that it occurs unexpectedly, and obviously without the consent of the victim. It is generally performed by the father of his very best girl, who uses the toe of his boot for the purpose. And the victim is often propelled with such vigor through the door as to go flying down the steps and land all in a heap on the sidewalk. So far from rejoicing, the Caucasian youth who has "passed through the door" usually indulges in language that cuts large livid streaks in the Canadian climate, and limps off as dejectedly as a budding bicyclist who has incautiously tackled a strip of wet asphalt.

Thus we can see that the same ceremonial observances mark the same epochs in the growth of both the Caucasian and the Chink. We have simply adapted and altered them to suit an age of progress and rapid transit, while the Chink still performs them in the same manner as he did when Noah was commencing to predict a wet spell. It is the same with his dress. He continues to wear the clothes that were fashionable when Confucius was looked upon in the light of a dude, while we can revel in golf stockings and bicycle suits that can discount an Italian sunset and make a circus-poster turn pale. But the fundamental customs of the two races are largely identical. We are both swayed by the ethics of the peculiar grade of society to which we belong, and both display the same desire to dodge the water-rate. And there is one thing to be said about the Chinaman. He is not two-faced. If any Chinaman ever possessed two faces he would certainly wear the other one.

SINBAD.

An Honor to Canadian Womanhood.

Something About the Late Mrs. Leprohon, whose famous story of Montreal is to be published in LIFE.

[As already announced, LIFE will very shortly commence the publication as a serial of Mrs. Leprohon's famous romance of Montreal, "Antoinette de Mirecourt," which has been out of print since 1861. Many of our readers will doubtless be anxious to know something of Mrs. Leprohon's life and work. The following sketch of her written by Mr. John Reade, of The Gazette, at the time of the posthumous publication of her poems in 1881, will be found most interesting.—Editor LIFE.]

WHEN, in after ages, the literature of Canada comes to be written, it is to be hoped that among the mighty sons and daughters of genius, now unknown, or as yet unborn, some room will be kept for the brave and loving pioneers, who "gave the people of their best," and sang the songs of duty and patriotism and hope, ere life in our young land had ceased to be a struggle. With the growth of wealth and the spread of prosperity, will come leisure for more than material interests; and thus, in course of time, the author who has something to say will find an audience, prepared by culture and not too busy to listen to it. And, as supply is generally commensurate with demand, there will then be a literary class of corresponding merit. At least, something like this has been the rule in the progress of nations. But if those who come after, thus favored by circumstances, surpass their predecessors in literary skill, not less deserving are the latter, who, with little prospect of reward, bore the burden and the heat of the day. This early stage in a nation's literature has, indeed, an interest and a value of its own, which only meet with due appreciation from a judicious and grateful posterity. If it has not the rich, warm splendor of the later morning, it has the welcome promise of the dawn, and a tender beauty of its own.

In this band of pioneers, Mrs. Leprohon must be conceded a distinguished place. None of them has employed rare gifts of head and heart to better purpose, none of them had a wider range of sympathy; none of them did more willing service, with the purest motives, in all good causes. And, it may be added, none of them was more happy in attaining, during life, the admiration and friendship of a large, though select, circle of every creed and race among her compatriots.

Rosanna Eleanor Mullins was born in the city of Montreal, in the year 1832. It is almost unnecessary to state that she was educated at the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame, so numerous are her affectionate tributes to the memories of dear friends associated with that institution. Long before her education was completed, she had given evidence of no common literary ability. She was, indeed, only 14 years old when she made her earliest essays in verse and prose. Before she had bid adieu to the years and scenes of girlhood, she had already won a reputation as a writer of considerable promise, and as long as Mr. John Lovell conducted The Literary Garland, Miss Mullins was one of his leading contributors. She continued to write for that excellent magazine until lack of financial success compelled its enterprising proprietor to suspend its publication. It was some time before another such opportunity was given to the Canadian votaries of the muses of reaching the cultivated public. In the meanwhile, however, the subject of our sketch—who had, in 1851, become the wife of Dr. J. L. Leprohon, a member of one of the most distinguished Canadian families—was far from being idle. Some of her productions she sent to The Boston Pilot, the faithful representative in the United States of the land and the creed to which Mrs. Leprohon was proud to belong. She was also a frequent and welcome contributor to several of the Montreal journals. It is a pleasing evidence of her gentle thoughtfulness for a class which many persons in her position regard with indifference that she wrote, year after year, the "Newsboy's Address" for The True Witness, The Daily News and other newspapers.

One of the most pathetic poems, "The Death of the Pauper Child," may also be mentioned as a striking instance of that sweet charity which comprehended, in its sisterly range, the poor, the desolate and the suffering. The Journal of Education, edited by the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, himself an honor to Canadian literature; The Canadian Illustrated News, edited by Mr. John Lesperance, distinguished both as a poet and a novelist; The Saturday Reader, The Hearthstone, and other periodicals, both in Canada and elsewhere, were always glad to number Mrs. Leprohon's productions among their most attractive features. She had always a ready pen, the result of a full heart and far-reaching sympathies, and, therefore, was frequently asked to write on subjects of current interest. Among her "occasional" poems may be mentioned the touching stanzas on the "Monument to the Irish Emigrants," those on the "Old Towers" at the "Priest's Farm," those on the renewal of her vows by the Lady Abbess of the Congregation of Notre Dame, the poem on the "Recollet Church," and the address "To the Soldiers of Pius the Ninth." One of her most important efforts of this kind was her translation of the cantata composed by M. Sempe on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada in 1860.

JUST a word as to Mrs. Leprohon's prose writings. Though in this sketch we have dwelt upon her as a poet, it is as a writer of fiction that she has won her most marked popular successes, that she has reached the hearts of the two great communities of which this Province is composed. For no less than four of her most elaborate tales have been translated into French; these are "Ida Beresford," "The Manor House of Villerai," "Antoinette de Mirecourt," and "Armand Durand." Besides these she wrote "Florence Fitz Harding," "Eva Huntingdon," "Clarence Fitz Clarence," and "Eveleen O'Donnell." In "Armand Durand," we have a courageous struggle with adverse fortune which is at last crowned with success. The sad consequences of secret marriage, unblessed by parental consent, are unfolded in "Antoinette de Mirecourt," one of the finest of Mrs. Leprohon's novels. * * * Of her merits as a novelist, one of the ablest of French-Canadian critics writes thus: "Gifted with a deep knowledge of the human heart, she finds in domestic life the subject of attractive pictures, full of delicacy and good taste, which she dramatizes with remarkable power. Her charm lies, not in any complication of intrigue or in problems hard to solve, but in a skilful working out of details, in incidents which fix the reader's attention, in the conception of her characters, in the painting of personal traits, in purity of thought, in sweetness of sentiment, in beauty of style, in the harmony of the parts, and in the most scrupulous regard for morality." This is high praise, and it comes from a high authority. We will simply add that with a few necessary changes it may also be applied to Mrs. Leprohon's poems.

From this imperfect sketch of Mrs. Leprohon's literary life, it will be seen that she was no sluggard. But we would leave a wrong impression if we gave it to be understood that all her time was passed in the writing of either poems or tales. Far from it. They constituted but one phase in a life nobly, yet unostentatiously, consecrated to the duties of home, of society, of charity, and of religion. Mrs. Leprohon was much more than either a poet or a novelist—she was, also, in the highest sense, a woman, a lady. Had she never written a verse of poetry or a page of prose, she would still have been lovingly remembered for what she was as wife, as mother, as friend. It is, in great part, because they are associated with her in these more endearing aspects, that they are the true mental and moral offspring of her very self, that those who knew her will find in them so much to prize. Alas! these and loving memories, that can scarce be separated from them, are now all that is left of her. On September 20, 1879, after a tedious illness, endured with Christian resignation, she passed away. She did not live to receive the reward that was her due on earth, but that which is above is hers, and her works live after her, and a memory that will not perish.



"Reading maketh a full man * * * If he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know what he doth not" —BACON.

IN the course of a conversation, and apropos of mutual friends, someone said to me, "Oh, yes, they can discuss all the books of the day. I never knew people so conversant with what everyone is reading."

"They must devote a great deal of time to reading. I find I get through very little, even of light literature, at this busy season."

"On the contrary, they read very little."

And on my looking perfectly mystified at this evident contradiction, he explained their custom was to read very thoroughly *The Bookman*, *Book Chat*, *The Review of Reviews*, and sundry other magazines, teeming with literary comments. And, as can easily be understood, it takes but a very insignificant fraction of time to glance over a good review and obtain the gist of the novel, or whatever it may be, as compared with ploughing through some 300 pages and forming your own conclusions as to merits and demerits. Of course, it keeps them up-to-date; it lends them an air of being well-read; and where most of our knowledge is, to a certain extent, superficial, no doubt it matters little to court superficiality in this particular also. Personally, I am very fond of the magazines in question. It is pleasant to be cognizant of what various writers are doing, what books may soon be expected from them, what the public thinks of those already placed before it. But I should be sorry to confess that my knowledge of English literature, be it only some of the modern stuff that bears that name (as some bear honorary degrees, having little title to them), was founded upon what other people had to say of it.

One's opinion may be a poor one, with little wisdom or understanding to back it up, but surely it, at least, gains by being the outcome of one's own concentrated powers of criticism. Very much better to hear a person valiantly declare a clever book nonsense, because his wits were not sufficiently sharpened to appreciate its subtleties, than to listen to him apostrophizing, in someone else's words, what one knows him to be absolutely incapable of understanding.

IN spite of the knowledge that there are numerous reading clubs, and that the National Home Reading Union scatters its lists and magazine to a certain extent amongst us, I should not say that, as a whole, society people in Montreal are well read. I am not dreaming of comparing them with those of other Canadian cities, for I do not know enough of these strangers to speak. But I have no hesitation in saying that, in the aggregate, composed of men young and old, matrons and maids, we are sadly below the average we should attain, where a thorough knowledge of the literature made or being made for us, is concerned. A large proportion seem to imagine and cling with tenacity to the idea that any serious reading, reading that would benefit them, and enlarge their minds, should be confined to students, to "the college set," to the objectionable blue-stocking type. The newspapers and novels are all they can hope to digest, they contend.

If they took the best available out of this class of literature they would do well enough, but do they? How many people we know, who cannot even spare time to read the articles of any import in the daily news, and who "always skip the descriptive bits in so and so's novels. They are so tiresome."

It depends very much on the education of the young people here, as to whether in later years they can be qualified as "well read." Not the machine-made education of the high schools, but the home education, which can be begun before they are considered eligible to hold a pen, or trace their names.

I know any number of girls of 15 or 16 who devour any and every novel that enters the house, be it suitable or unsuitable for their delectation; for the rules that once restricted the youthful to books highly flavored with the essences of the Religious Tract Society, and teeming with marvelously adapted morals, have long been relegated to the past. They read rubbish, not because they are incapable of understanding anything else, but because their tastes have never been judiciously directed into those channels which lead to something worth while assimilating.

THE taste for good reading, improving reading, like everything else, cannot be acquired all at once by even a slightly vitiated taste. And after a course of "the Duchess," where one's reasoning powers, even one's higher sensibilities, were never once called into play, it is impossible to take kindly to, or seize upon with avidity, the works of Walter Pater, the essays of Emerson, or the novels of George Meredith. Yet this is a mistake those ambitious of self-improvement not infrequently make. "I'm going to read something deep" (this is always a favorite term)—"I'm tired of reading trash." So, as they previously underestimated their mental capacity, they now err as fatally by overestimating the same; just as surely as the man with doubts and misgivings about his faith, hitherto lively enough, grapples with the questions as prepared for learned theologians, and plunges more deeply into the slough of despond, instead of contenting himself with the elementary works fit for his feeble grasp.

YES, we most of us belong to reading clubs. What do we gain by them? For an hour or so a week we sit in one another's drawing-room, and listen to the, most probably execrable, reading aloud of one of the members. If the book is a little above our easy understanding, three-fourths of us show our absolute boredom by our expressionless, inattentive faces, our scarcely disguised yawns. We make no attempt to derive benefit, or exercise our inert brains. Finally, worn out by our indifference, those to whom the book gives pleasure suggest a change. With avidity we seize the idea. And in consequence we spend two hours' valuable time listening to some story we could read equally well at home, and which, after all, though affording amusement, does little else. We do not even trouble to criticize the style of writing, and if we can recollect the name of the author, our astonishment is as great as that of our friends.

An unfair summary of the reading club as we know them? Well, truth only wounds. And such is this institution as Society knows it. Nearly all of us are fond of discussing books, but it is a pastime only to be indulged in, when, to our knowledge, those with whom we converse are possessed of as small an intimacy as our own with really great works. There are few people who have a fatal and disagreeable knack of wresting from us what we do not know, rather than what we do. They strip our assumed feathers ruthlessly from us, and it is not pleasant to be found only a jackdaw, when among a certain set we have successfully masqueraded as a peacock. Assuredly, as Bacon has said in a slightly discursive way, we have need of much cunning to seem to know what we do not.

YESTERDAY afternoon, Mrs. Bentham, 724 Sherbrooke street, gave a very pleasant afternoon euchre party.

Last week, Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy, Dorchester street, entertained the members of the euchre club of which she is a member. This club consists of 20 ladies, and no outsiders are invited unless one of the members is unable to be present.

This week, Mrs. E. S. Clouston, accompanied by her daughters, Miss Osla and Miss Marjorie Clouston, left New

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York for Genoa, with the intention of spending some months abroad. Mrs. Clouston and the Misses Clouston have spent little of their time in Montreal for some years past, and their many friends have consequently enjoyed this last visit, somewhat lengthier than usual.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Reed and Miss Reed are among the recent departures for England, via New York.

Miss Klemm, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. H. Bethune, Dorchester street.

Among the large luncheons given last week was one on Thursday, when Mrs. G. May, Sherbrooke street, entertained a number of friends.

QUITE a number of large teas were given last week, the hostesses on the various occasions being Mrs. C. E. Gault, Metcalfe street; Mrs. Mackay, Mackay street; Mrs. Shirres, Peel street; Mrs. J. P. Cleghorn, University street; Mrs. Cook, Mackay street.

Mr. and Mrs. David Morrice and Miss Morrice left this week for the Southern States, where they will spend some weeks. Miss Muriel Gault accompanied them.

Mrs. Napier, who has been visiting Mrs. E. H. King, Dorchester street, returned this week to Peterboro'.

Judging from the avidity with which the seats were bought up for the patriotic entertainment at Her Majesty's this evening, the fund ought certainly to be increased considerably.

We were somewhat surprised last week to be apprised by a daily paper that the "lady golfers" had been competing for a tea-kettle. At least, the headline told us that; and a vigorous discussion began as to whether such a short thaw could render the greens in condition, or whether it was a new idea to have snowdrifts for bunkers. Then someone read the paragraph, which, without apology, went on to speak of the curling match won by Miss Marguerite Macpherson. And our minds were set at rest.

WHEN it is a tendency of so many to stand still, if they do not retrograde, it is a satisfaction to note that the Symphony Orchestra still progresses; for the concert on Friday was, undoubtedly, a demonstration of the headway they are making under Professor Goulet. The programme was an extremely well-chosen one, all the numbers being enjoyable; and there is no doubt about it, ordinary concert-goers love to hear music with which they are conversant. Perhaps the Peer Gynt suite of Greig's evoked the most enthusiasm, for each part was encoored in turn. The audience was the largest that has yet attended, though I hope that at the next there will be even a greater number present. Among those I noticed were: Mrs. F. Stephen, the Misses Stephen, the Misses Abbott, Mr. J. Abbott, Mr. C. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Benson, Mrs. W. T. Benson, Miss Godfrey, Mrs. Strangman, Mrs. Gillespie, Miss Gillespie, Mrs. C. Nelles, Miss Bethune, Mrs. L. J. Papineau, Mr. Budden, Mrs. E. H. King, Mrs. M. Davis, the Misses Ward, Mr. H. Eadie, Mr. Ogilvie, Miss Sise, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Drummond, Mr. Pangman.

Mr. Beverley Bogert, of New York, has been spending some days in Montreal with his brother, Mr. Clarence Bogert.

Last evening, Thursday, the president of the Victoria rink, Mr. E. MacDougall, and Mrs. MacDougall, gave a large and very pleasant skating party.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Wonham, of Staten Island, have been visiting Mrs. Wonham, 1018 Sherbrooke street. Mr. Wonham, in company with some other New York hockey players, came up to play a friendly match in the Victoria rink last Saturday. At one time Mr. Wonham used to play in the St. Nicholas rink team, as did several other Canadians.

PERHAPS never has there been a ball given in Montreal which has excited more comment, of a hugely complimentary nature, than that given at the Art Gallery last

Friday by Mr. F. E. Meredith and Mr. J. B. Allan. At first the idea of fancy dress or poudre being essential seemed to give rise to consternation, for we are very much averse in Montreal to stepping aside from the beaten track. But gradually everyone entered into the spirit of it, and one heard little else but lively discussions about old fancy dresses or new ones, and as to the most becoming shades for colored revers; while, on the day of the ball, powdered heads were to be seen in some houses from the early hour of 9 o'clock a.m., many having found it impossible to get the hairdresser later. The whole arrangements of the dance were, perhaps, as near perfection as it is possible to bring such things. The two huge galleries were never crowded and there was plenty of room to sit out. The scene presented when the entertainment was in full swing simply beggars description; for the costumes, as a whole, were unusually handsome, and wonderfully well thought out. In fact, one heard so many described as "quite the belle of the ball," that one was obliged to give up attempting to decide who carried off the palm.

Supper was served in a large class-room, at little tables, and also in the gallery; and here a most delightful innovation was made, for each of the ladies found at her place a bunch of either violets or carnations, and two silver pins with which to pin them in. Not one of the least features of the evening was the presence of the Countess of Minto, who, with Lady Vera Gray, Captain Graham, A.D.C., and Mr. Guise, A.D.C., came down specially from Ottawa for the occasion. Lady Minto was not in fancy dress, but looked exceptionally well in a handsome brocade, and poudre, as was Lady Vera Gray. To give detailed accounts of all the dresses, or even a third, would be impossible.

Among those who looked especially well were: Mrs. Hugh Allan, Miss Maud Angus, Miss M. Greenshields, Miss Howard, as "Portia" (not "Pasha," as a daily paper said) Miss M. Clouston, Miss D. Lyman, Miss Stearns, Miss Hickson, Miss May Stephens, Mrs. W. Hope, Miss L. Forget, Mrs. C. Meredith, Miss Thibaudeau. And certainly one of the very prettiest costumes was that of Miss Beatrice Allan, who was in the palest of green satin, veiled in green chiffon and embroidered with silver sequins. Most of the men wore ordinary evening dress, with colored revers. Many, however, were poudre, and others again had their buttons covered with the same color as their revers, cuffs the same and stripes down their trousers. Mr. C. J. Hickson had revers and waistcoat of very gorgeous tartan, while a huge cairn-gorm fastened in a buttonhole of heather of no small dimensions. Mr. W. F. Angus wore a remarkably handsome costume, similar to that worn by the Indian Prince in *The Great Ruby*. Mr. Colin Campbell looked especially well in a long driving coat of the early years of this century, and knee breeches; and the two hosts were most striking in the same costumes they wore at the historical ball a year or so ago, while there was a fair sprinkling of soldiers and courtiers and other "fancy" characters.

Few people were home much before 3 o'clock, the dancing of Sir Roger de Coverley, in a most spirited manner, bringing this very jolly evening to a close.

WHILE mentioning the Symphony Orchestra I must not omit any mention of Mr. William Rieger, whose solos were tremendously appreciated. He has sung in Montreal before, and certainly merits the high opinion of him held by all who have heard him. His voice is charming, and he is free from any affectation, which, though it is difficult to explain why, is usually the hall-mark of tenors. The applause was most vociferous after each of his numbers, and he was very agreeable about responding. Mrs. Ives accompanied him very ably, the only pity being that the piano was strung up to concert pitch and seemed to strain his voice slightly at times.

Miss Hodgins, of Toronto, is visiting Mrs. T. M. Tait, Ontario avenue.

The services on Sunday last in most of the English churches were most impressive. The special hymns and prayers for

time of war are wonderfully beautiful, and the order of service, as arranged by the Lord Bishop, made even the most careless feel the solemnity of the occasion. The Bishop himself preached at St. George's. The Rev. O. Troop, of St. Martin's, and the Rev. H. Kittson, of the Church of the Advent, were especially happy in their sermons, full of reference to war in general and the present one in particular. Somebody was heard to say that, though it was in keeping to sing "God Save the Queen," it was far from evincing humility to play "Rule Britannia." And why should Britannia be humbled, I should like to know? Each individual, no doubt, attending the service was supposed to cultivate "a humble and contrite heart," but that was that they might be more fit to uphold the glory of the country, that Britannia may continue to rule the waves. Let us wait till we have had all the spirit crushed out of us before we speak of it being unseemly to sing triumphant songs.

Lieut.-Col. Foster, D.A.G., was in town in order to be present at the ball last Friday.

Lucky, indeed, were those people who could fall back upon family possessions in which to array themselves last Friday. Miss Dorothy Lyman wore her grandmother's wedding-dress of ivory satin, and very sweet she looked in it, too; and Mr. Tylee, of St. Therise, had on a uniform worn by his great-grandfather.

MRS. DENNE, University street, has cards out for a euchre party on Friday, February 23.

Last week, the members of the McGill Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, Metcalfe street, gave a very jolly drive. The invitations had been sent out for a snowshoe party, but the weather was responsible for the change of plans. After driving for an hour or so, all the guests returned to the chapter house to supper and games. The abode of this fraternity is a most delightful one, and demonstrates very ably how extremely well bachelors can keep house; though the brass plate on the door, inscribed with the three Greek letters, is responsible for one small boy in MacTavish street replying to another, who asked the meaning of it: "Oh, didn't you know! It's a Chinese boarding house."

Judging from all one hears, the ball to be given by the Britannia Football Club on Friday, February 23, ought to be a very successful one. The idea of raising funds by means of a ball is an excellent one, and might be adopted by the various athletic clubs to great advantage. In nearly all cities the annual balls of the cricket, golf, or football clubs are events of importance during the season.

On Tuesday evening, Miss Ramsay, Peel street, entertained the members of her euchre club, and a number of other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gilmour and the Misses Gilmour, who, as usual, have spent the winter months in Montreal, leave very shortly for their home in Trenton. Miss Carrie and Miss Hazel Gilmour were two of this season's debutantes, and were extremely popular, and deservedly so. In this, they were but following in the steps of their mother and aunts; for in Montreal there have never been greater favorites than all the daughters of the late Mr. Alexander Campbell.

Among those who gave luncheons last week were: Mrs. Waddell, Sherbrooke street, who entertained a number of friends to meet Mrs. Brooks, of Sherbrooke; Mrs. Frank Stephen, Sherbrooke street, and Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy, Dorchester street.

Mr. William Moat, "Johnson," Shropshire, son of the late Mr. Robert Moat, left last week for the Transvaal with a detachment of yeomanry. At the beginning of the war Mr. Moat volunteered for other service, as it seemed unlikely that the yeomanry would be called out. But he must be infinitely better pleased to go with the corps to which he has been attached for a number of years.

Miss Robertson, Phillips Square, has returned from a short visit to Quebec, whither she went in the interests of the Foundling Hospital, of which she is first directress.

Mrs. Morgan, Brockville, is visiting Mrs. Waddell, Sherbrooke street.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. A. A. Browne gave a large and very pleasant tea for her niece, Miss Labatt, of London, Ont., who is visiting her.

Mrs. Harvey, of Hamilton, has been spending some days in Montreal, the guest of Mr. J. B. Paterson, Sherbrooke street.

Mrs. R. L. Gault, Sherbrooke street, entertained a number of friends at tea on Monday.

Miss Frances Watt, Stanley street, has returned from Brooklyn, N.Y.

TO-NIGHT, at the patriotic entertainment, a number of well-known young ladies are to sell souvenir programmes in the theatre. This is rather a new idea, and no doubt quite a large amount of money will be made. For, if you have not a programme, you certainly will want to buy one; and if you did not want one, it would be difficult to refuse a very smart Red Cross Nurse when she proffered you one for the modest sum of 25 cents. The innovation savours curiously of "Words and libretto of the opera," as heard between acts, or the dispensers of ice water and opera-glasses. But, for a good object, one will do anything. And could there be a better one than the relief of our soldiers?

This week, I believe, Miss May Carr-Harris, daughter of Prof. Carr-Harris, of Kingston, is to leave on the long journey to Egypt, where she will be married, on her arrival, to Mr. James Gunn, son of Hon. Alexander Gunn, also of Kingston, who went out this autumn to assume a position under Major Girouard. One hears of numberless girls coming out to our Northwest from England to be married, but it does not often happen that Canadians are obliged to travel so far as South Africa.

It is rumored that the marriage of Miss Madge Ward, daughter of Hon. J. K. Ward, to Mr. Harold G. Eadie, eldest son of Mr. George Eadie, will take place early in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sinclair and Miss Sinclair, who have made Montreal their home since last spring, leave this week for England, thence to Florence, where they will reopen their beautiful old villa.

Great surprise and much regret has been evinced since it has been learned that Mr. and Mrs. Kingston and Miss Kingston have decided to leave Montreal and make Ottawa their home. For very many years Mr. and Mrs. Kingston have lived in the same house, 1050 Dorchester street, and ever dispensed that open-handed English hospitality that, more is the pity, seems to be rapidly dying out; and it is no fulsome flattery to say that their's has always been one of the pleasantest houses to visit, or be entertained at, in Montreal. Montreal society is, indeed, a loser by this unexpected change; and Miss Kingston's presence and work will be much missed in the many charitable organizations with which she has been associated. Miss Aimee Kingston, who has been in London for some months, has lately arrived in Australia with her brother, Mr. Charles B. Kingston.

From New York comes the news that the W.C.T.U. in London is not in favor of Mrs. Langtry's bazaar in aid of the British soldiers, because it is proposed to run a bar in connection. I certainly think the union is right in making this objection on this occasion, though, sometimes, temperance workers are inclined to allow their views to run away with their common sense. As, for instance, when one of the papers was besieged with letters from correspondents whose temperance spirits had been lashed into a fury because some Band of Hope had engaged the Windsor Hall for their entertainment, and the hall belonged to a "Liquor Hotel"—a proceeding, they complained, totally out of keeping with the views they upheld. Could fanaticism go further!

Fancy work, just now, is being put very much on one side. There are few houses into which one goes that bandages are not in evidence; either in the neat rolls, or in the bales of cotton, flannel and gauze, or in the process of tearing and measuring and cutting. And men are pressed into the service, too, and make their rolls very nicely and with infinite precision; while the housemaid, no doubt, does not feel kindly disposed towards the new industry, when it devolves upon her to pick up the threads and ends, that stick to the rugs with a tenacity worthy a better cause.

St. Valentine's Day.

AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS SOME CURIOUS OLD
OBSERVANCES OF THE FESTIVAL.

"HALL, to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou, indeed, a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar. Thou comest attended with thousands and tens of thousands of little Loves, and the air is 'Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings'; singing cupids are thy choristers and thy preceptors; and, instead of the crossier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee."

With such fervor was the patron saint of lovers welcomed by his devotees a few decades ago. Now, alas! in this practical age of higher education and cool, hard-headed wisdom, he is become little more than a name. His oracular and prophetic character is gone. Year after year he comes around to enter a feeble protest against being utterly consigned to oblivion, but there are few to do him reverence.

How the good, old saint used to smooth the way for timid lovers! What dainty, satisfactory billets-doux he supplied ready-made in satin and lace paper, with the device of a bleeding heart in one corner, and a not too sensible "madrigal" in white letters on a pink ground!

Not everywhere, even yet, are his friendly offices wholly despised. In homely rural districts, where the subtle aroma of sentiment, that lingers about those foolish, fragile little missives, appeals instinctively to the naive rustic mind, St. Valentine's Day is hailed with delight by many an anxious swain, upon whose bashful heart love, like a worm in the bud, has preyed ever since the first time he walked home from the church sociable with Susan, in the moonlight. He has been upon the point of declaring his passion every Sunday night for what seems to him ages, but, beyond the preparatory clearing of the decks of his throat for action, he has never been able to get any further.

But February 14 brings the tide in his affaires du coeur, which, taken at the flood, leads on to bliss and matrimony. He studies the small stationer's windows covertly, but attentively. From a bewildering array of cupids, and silver doves with amorous scrolls in their beaks, clasped hands, and hearts suggesting every stage of the prevalent disorder, he finally selects a chaste design of two golden hearts joined by a silver arrow, and underneath a four-line stanza of poetry. John can't read the words through the window-glass, but he can see that it is poetry, and consequently the natural and proper medium of communication between lovers.

John passes and repasses the shop door six times before he can muster courage to enter. But at last he makes a dash, and does it. The pretty shop-girl looks up with a smile that throws him into a perfect Turkish bath of confusion. John feels quite sure the shop-girl knows all about Susan. But he realizes, too, that if he lets this chance slip, it is all over with him. So he desperately stammers out his request, and feels some small return of confidence when once the fateful missive is in his possession. The shop-girl brings him a pen and ink, and, obligingly, shows him the space on the second page reserved for original contributions, and John, whose feelings have raised him to the sublime height of poesy, slowly and painfully traces in a large, uneven hand:

I want you for my valentine,
I'll be your's if you'll be mine

adding in a sudden access of tenderness,

The rose is red, the violet blue,
Sugar's sweet, and so are you.

The exquisite sensation of relief that follows a trying and difficult ordeal carried to a successful issue, pervades John's being to the exclusion of every other emotion when once the golden hearts have been committed to the post-box and safely started on their hopeful errand.

Notwithstanding the desuetude into which the romantic old custom has fallen—possibly from its degeneracy into the

"comic" or caricature element—it is interesting to trace its origin and the considerable extent to which it was formerly observed. The custom of "choosing a valentine" was a sport practised in the houses of the English gentry as early as the year 1476. Many antiquarians suppose that it originated in the Roman practice of celebrating the "Lupercalia," sometime during the month of February, on which occasion, amid a variety of ceremonies, names of young women were put into a box from which they were drawn at random by the young men.

St. Valentine was a priest of Rome martyred in the third century, but what he ever did that placed him in the difficult and delicate position of arbiter of the fate of lovers does not appear. Wheatley says, "St. Valentine was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing a valentine upon his festival took its rise from thence." But as all the saints were supposed to have been famous for their love and charity, this description does not throw much light upon the matter after all.

A more popular version ascribes the origin of the custom to the rural tradition that on February 14 every bird chooses its mate. In the "Midsummer Nights' Dream," occurs the reference,

St Valentine is past;
Begin these woo-birds but to couple now?

Old John Dinton offers the same explanation in his British Apollo:

Why Valentine's a day to choose
A mistress, and our freedom lose,
May I my reason interpose,
The question with an answer close,
To imitate we have a mind,
And couple like the winged kind.

The choosing (?) lay always in the realm of chance. Witness Gay's description:

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirping find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should house-wives do),
The first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true love be.

And Shakespeare has poor Ophelia sing,

Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine!

Later, the custom of giving presents was introduced. In Pepys' diary, that curious record of domestic life in the time of Charles II., he complains: "I am this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5, but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." And two days afterwards he adds, "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others." This practice of giving presents among the unmarried presumably constituted a relief from the obligations of matrimony, but frequently the chance encounter terminated in wedlock, particularly when the accidents of beauty, wealth, or other considerations were likewise favorable.

Among the humbler ranks, where superstitions always flourish most vigorously, various devices were resorted to with a view to influencing the augury. The "Connoisseur," a collection of essays written in 1754-56, gives an amusing report of the arts of a certain forward miss. "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yoke, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it?—Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

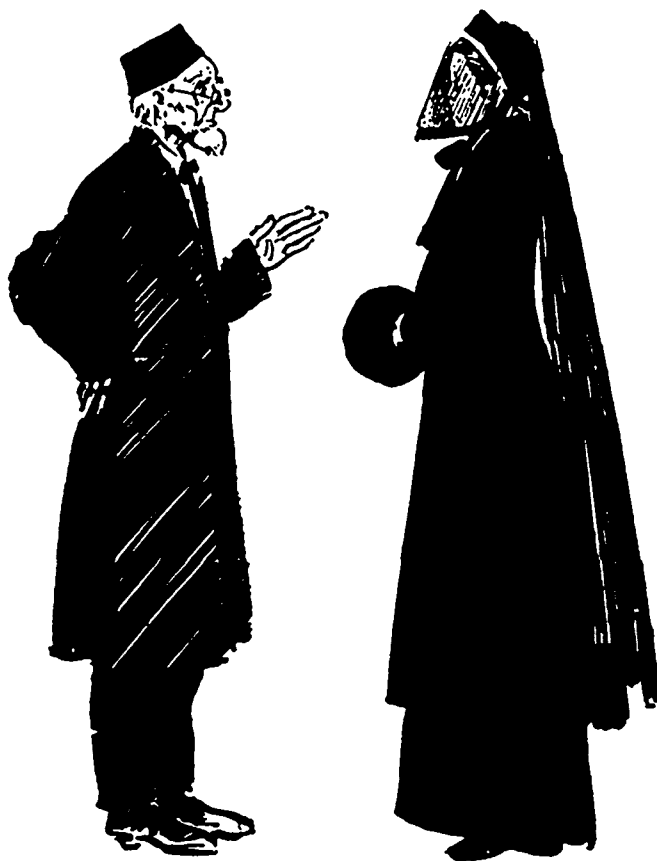
Ah, well! there have been worse usages than that of St. Valentine, but the world grows older and wiser and discards one by one its games and fairy-tales and youthful fancies. But, still, we who have out-grown legendary lore for ourselves must heartily wish success to "all faithful lovers who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans with old Bishop Valentine and his true church."

WHAT GIVES POPULAR SONGS THEIR VOGUE.

WHAT makes a vulgar song popular, or gives a popular song its circulation? Or, to put the question in a still more comprehensive form, how can we account for the surprising vogue of certain songs and pieces that are not a bit better than 1,000 others of their class not successful, and vastly inferior to many gems of the great masters that are neglected, except by the chosen few? So asks Henry J. Finck, in Lippincott's.

To patriotic feeling many poor melodies owe their popularity. During our civil war a number of songs were written and sung with fervor—songs, which, now that the particular sentiments associated with them have passed away, have become obsolete, because their musical merit was not great enough to insure them life apart from the political conditions that gave birth to them. The Germans have a national song which would never have attained its present vogue but for the patriotic words associated with it—"The Watch on the Rhine"—which Wagner justly sneered at as an insipid product. The French "Marseillaise," on the contrary, is a truly inspired tune which would have deserved lasting favor apart from its words and patriotic sentiments. England and Russia also have admirable national hymns. Our own "Yankee Doodle," I am glad to say, is being gradually relegated to the background in favor of the infinitely superior "Star Spangled Banner," and it is to be hoped it will be ultimately disavowed entirely as unworthy of a nation's approval.

Much better than "Home, Sweet Home," from a musical point of view, is the almost equally popular "Old Folks at Home," in which the melancholy of homesickness is as admirably voiced in the melody as in the words. Not all of Foster's plantation melodies are as inspired as that one; "Hard Times, Come Again No More," for instance, and "Old Black Joe" are poor, while "Melindy May" and "Old Dog Tray" are indifferent. "Nellie was a Lady," on the other hand, is original music, and "Massa's in the Cold Ground" is a gem of musical sentiment. The popularity of such songs, and of others of the same class, such as the quaint and lovely "Nancy Till," Hays's "Susan Jane," and Emmett's "Dixie Land," is not difficult to account for, since they have artistic merit and appeal to universal sentiments. Yet, in looking at them technically, we see that they are characterized by one peculiarity which is essential to songs that touch the multitude—their harmonies are extremely simple, consisting of little more than the tonic, sub-dominant, and dominant triads, that is, supposing you are playing in the key of C, the chords comprising the notes c, e, g; f, a, c; g, b, d. These chords constitute the mere alphabet of harmony, but nine tenths of the English, Americans, and Italians too, are quite content with them, never caring to enter that wonderland of harmonic progressions and modulations which is a musician's chief delight. In this respect America's latest and greatest song-writer, Edward MacDowell, is immeasurably beyond Stephen Foster. But, while MacDowell's songs are sung only by a few thousands, Foster's are sung by the million. Since both are charming melodists, it is obvious that the secret of Foster's superior popularity lies in the simplicity of his harmonies. Had he, like MacDowell, revelled in the harmonic world explored by Bach, Schubert, Chopin, Wagner, Liszt, and Grieg, no minstrel would ever have spread his songs over the country. Even with the musical public the harmonic sense is a recent acquisition. The old-fashioned Italian operas used to be immensely popular,



WHAT DID HE MEAN?

TILL DOMINIE—Aw, Mistress MacGregor, it's sair-harted I am to hear of yer bereavement.

MISTRESS MACGREGOR (whose husband has been reported killed in the war)—But they say, noo, that Tam was on'y taken prisoner and na' illt.

TILL DOMINIE—Weel, weel, ye see it does na' do to be too optimistic.

though their interest was almost entirely melodic. Schubert's publishers were constantly objecting to those novel harmonic progressions and modulations which we now find so delightful. They begged him to simplify his accompaniments. To this day, indeed, the most widely popular of his songs is the one which has the simplest harmonies—the mediocre Serenade

FULLY 8,000 people were at the Arena rink on Monday night to see the first match of the Stanley Cup series, between Montreal Shamrocks and Winnipeg Victorias. And who wouldn't have turned out to see such a game? From start to finish it was fast, clean and most exciting. Such a splendid exhibition of hockey has never been witnessed in this city before. While the defence of the Shamrocks seemed rather weak at times, their forward line did excellent work. But the Winnipeg team put up the best all-round game, their system of playing and combination being superb. The game seemed to vary a great deal at times, one side making a good spurt and then the other. When the whistle blew for half-time, the score stood two to two. Excitement at the start of the second half was tremendous. Winnipeg scored two more, while their opponents only managed to make an additional one, the final score being four to three in Winnipeg's favor. During the last 10 minutes the Victorias had a tendency to "kill time," while the Shamrocks did their utmost to try and even things before call of time—but it couldn't be done. Mr. Northey, of the Arena, was certainly a busy man on Monday night, and he and the management of this rink deserve a great deal of credit and praise for the manner in which they handled the large crowd.



**THEATRES
AND ENTERTAINMENTS**

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

THERE are two very fair plays at the city theatres this week—Puddin' head Wilson at the Academy, and Lost—24 Hours at the Francais. Mr. Edwam Mayo's company, in Mark Twain's delightful creation, present an interesting, laughable and, at times, highly artistic production. The story is too well known to need repetition. Mr. Frank Mayo, who dramatized it, preserved all of its essentials and sacrificed few of the embellishments, with the result that Twain's inimitable spirit has been preserved in the play. Special stress is laid on the historical correctness of the costumes and stage-settings. The company, as stated, is thoroughly capable and has not suffered since its last visit here.

Things are going with a decided swing at the Francais since the general reorganization of the stock company and the installation of Mr. Lucius Henderson as stage manager. This week's play is full of "ginger"—I do not mean this in any unpleasant sense—perhaps "snap" would be the word. In general outline it is not unlike *The Purple Lady*, the play in which Miss Maxwell made a success on the road. The vaudeville is good. As this is Miss Buckingham's last week at the Francais, as heavy woman, friends of that talented young lady should not miss the opportunity of seeing her last performance, in which, I can assure them, she does not fall below her past record.

• • • • • C. H. L.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

THERE is certain to be an immense audience at Her Majesty's to see the historical tableaux to night and, from all accounts, the entertainment will be excellent.

FOR the next Symphony concert, on the afternoon of February 23, the programme will contain the *Dragons de Volars* overture by Maillard, two movements from Beethoven's second symphony, the *Larghetto* and *Allegro Molto*—a suite by Massenet, *Les Frimuges*, played with great success last season, several little things for strings and Waldteufel's popular waltz, *Les Patineurs*. The vocalist will be Miss Jardine-Thomson of Toronto, who has returned after five years of successful concert work in England, Scotland and France, to fill concert engagements in Canada and the United States. She is highly spoken of and will, no doubt, be looked forward to with interest.

OUR theatregoers are to have an opportunity to see the famous comedy *The Little Minister*, shortly. It will be presented at the Academy by Mr. Charles Frohman's company. The play has achieved great success, and the presentation is greeted everywhere by large and fashionable audiences.

WHILE Frederick The Great was considered by the masses as cold, haughty, reserved and extremely sarcastic, to his soldiers he was a typical phalanx, being known to his men as "Father Fritz," and he always referred to them as his children. Lewis Morrison will present this famous individual to us at the Academy next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with matinee Saturday afternoon. Mr. Morrison has a fortune in this new spectacular comedy, for the character is one that appeals to all lovers of social, political and religious liberty. Frederick was a character whose execution can be hung in the gallery of heroes, and prove worthy the companionship of most illustrious personages.

THE Theatre Francais for next week announces a rare and unusually good programme in French. It is a play which is acknowledged to be one of the best of its kind ever written, and, into the bargain, Mr. Henderson, the leading man of the Francais, is to play the part of Karp, the pianist, a role which he himself originated with Mr. Koyler, and in which they practically pantle starred some years ago. The play needs no introduction to Montreal theatregoers, as the story of the struggling young poet and pianist is already well-known. There is little doubt that the selection is an exceedingly good one. Mr. Henderson is a pianist of much note, and his performance is likely to attract a large number of such musically inclined folks as do not, as a rule, care much for the drama. Mr. McGrane will be seen as John Paden, Jr., the poet. The piece will also serve to introduce the Francais' latest important addition, Miss Alma

Whitsall. Miss Whitsall will take up the work of Miss Esther Moore and Miss Buckingham. She has been used to roles in stock companies, is an exceedingly handsome young woman, knows thoroughly well how to dress, and, judging by all reports, is just the actress wanted by the Francais. At the head of the vaudeville bill will be the Metweefs, the team of Russian dancers, who have been making a great hit in this country. There will also be *Raguel* and *Amour*, the singers, and others.

THE story of *For Fair Virginia*, in which Mr. Russ Whytal will appear at the Academy of Music for three nights and Wednesday matinee only, commencing Monday, February 19, is as follows: Virginia Esmond is a Southern woman, her husband is a Northern man. At the outbreak of the war, they are visiting his people in New York. She is a woman of strong convictions, and, after numerous vain efforts to persuade her husband to espouse the cause of the South, she returns alone to her Virginia home. Her husband, together with his little son, Julian, and his sister, Nell Esmond, rejoins her in a few days, and she again urges him to cast his fortunes in with the South. He is as firm in his Union convictions, however, as she is in hers. They quarrel, and she bids him go to his Northern friends. In an affecting scene he says farewell to his little son, whom he intrusts to uncle Zeb, a typical old negro family servant. After Esmond's departure, John Laughlin, a former suitor of his wife, now an officer in the Confederate army, seeks to establish tender relations with Mrs. Esmond, but is repulsed. He vows vengeance and becomes her enemy. In the course of the war the Esmond mansion becomes the headquarters of Laughlin, who has become a general, and this situation furnishes scope for a number of thrilling developments. The final act reveals the death of the villain, Laughlin, the fall of Richmond, the reunion of husband and wife after the close of hostilities, and the happy issue of the affair de coeur of Nell Esmond, who had fallen in love with a Confederate officer.

DOWN AT THE FARM.

O!l, the days long ago I remember so well!

They come to me now like a magical spell;
They fill me, they thrill me with exquisite charm,
For they make me a lad again down at the farm.

I see the old attic—the place of retreat,
Where we slept 'neath the sound of the rain's dancing feet;
Where we painted and feathered in Indian-like style,
Or longed to be Crusoe, on some distant isle.

I remember the spring at the foot of the hill,
And the brook that flowed on down by Perkins' mill;
And the wonderment grew, as we went to and fro,
To know where it came from, and where it would go.

I remember the road where the travelers went by,
And the dust that rose up like a cloud toward the sky;
And the pedlars with packs whose wonderful store
Was the newest and best—"prices just for the poor."

I remember the field with its ripening grain,
And the wild flowers growing down in the lane;
The forest, too, trembled with Autumn's red glow,
And hunting time came, and the white falling snow.

The ice-covered pond, lying hard by the way,
And, school having ceased ere the close of the day,
How often we scampered—impatient to wait
For the fun and the joy of a jolly good skate.

As I sit in my room with the worry and dread
Of city life's battles for shelter and bread,
The days long ago, with their exquisite charm,
Make me long, even now, to be down at the farm.

JOHN J. HIXON.

The marriage of Miss Paula Boas, daughter of Mr. B. A. Boas, to Mr. Melvin H. Davis, son of the late Mr. S. Davis, has been arranged to take place February 27.

Miss Reba Goltman, accompanied by Miss Ethel Chapman, of Philadelphia, has gone to Ottawa to visit friends for a few weeks.

COULD ENGLAND BE INVADED?

WILLIAM LE QUÉVEN, the author, has been talking about the military possibilities of an invasion of England. He says "when I published my book on the Great War, Lord Roberts called upon me, and we had an interesting chat. One of the subjects we discussed was whether England could be invaded by France and Russia. I asked his opinion, and he replied, 'Well, Napoleon had a scheme for the invasion of England, and there is no doubt that one or two Powers combining would be able to land a sufficient force on the south coast between Brighton and Eastbourne, where there is a natural base. Once landed, we should have much difficulty in getting them out.' There is undoubtedly a real danger that the French might fit out an expedition with the ostensible purpose of punishing one of their own colonies, and when the transports were ready there might be a sudden descent upon

our shores. In 1894 I visited all our coast defences, and I must say that their weakness was appalling. At Tynemouth, which commands the whole of the shipping on the Tyne, there were only four old-fashioned guns, three of which were dismantled, and the wood of the gun platforms was so rotten that I could put my finger into the holes. Is it not an extraordinary thing that our mobilization scheme for home defence can be purchased for a shilling, while in foreign countries the greatest secrecy is observed with the corresponding manual?"

SIR MICHAEL FOSTER, who has just been elected M.P. for London University, succeeding Sir John Lubbock, is one of the most eminent of living physiologists. He was here in 1897, during the meeting of the British Medical Association, and has many warm admirers among the medical profession.

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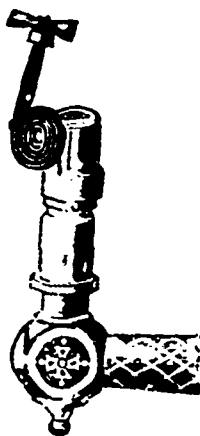
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