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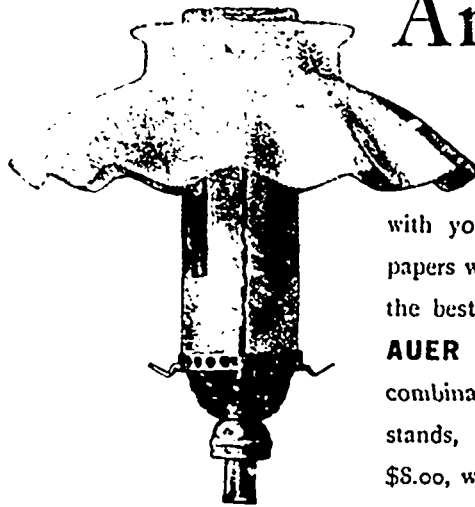
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# MONTREAL LIFE.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1900.

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## LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

HOW fickle is the public in its likes and dislikes, its admiration and its indifference! Never was the capriciousness of the long-eared drove we call "everybody" more strikingly demonstrated than in connection with the Boer War. A few weeks ago it was "Buller, Buller, Buller." One could not pick up a newspaper without reading of the character and exploits of this man, who was hailed as a conquering hero, the defender of the Empire, the one officer in the British army preeminently fitted by character and experience to subjugate South Africa. Now it is "Roberts, Roberts, Roberts." The old Irishman is the greatest fighter that ever lived, if we are to believe the newspapers. Just wait till he reaches South Africa, and then look for big things. This, of course, is identically the same stuff as was written and said of Buller a couple of months ago. But Buller was so unfortunate as to meet with a reverse, for which, it would seem, that not he, but a subordinate, was, after all, responsible. Now, suppose "Bobs" also comes to a dead halt against some stone wall of merciless disaster. Is there any doubt that in such case he also would at once lose caste in the eyes of the readers of newspapers and arbiters of the fate of empires? Thus it ever has been, and I suppose ever will be, with popular heroes—up to-day and down to-morrow, dependent upon continuous success for their frail tenure of public confidence, inestimably lowered by a single faux pas in the eyes of the great world that vulgarly—but perchance wisely—measures everyone by the simple foot-rule of failure.

WE have all seen this thing time and again—in politics, in business, in a hundred and one walks of life. How we bow down and worship before the fetish of success! Everybody wants to "whoop it up" for the popular man, of whom much is recorded or predicted. But the moment the record is discounted, or the prediction unfulfilled, not only is our loyalty weakened, but we feel a positive grudge in our hearts, in that the idol we had set up has turned out to be made of clay. "And this is the man on whom England depended!" exclaimed everyone, when Buller was beaten. The press echoed the sentiment. Behind the words were mingled feelings of disappointment, despair and rage. But now the fickle crowd are appeased by the promise of signs and portents from a new source, and another prophet is raised up in Israel.

THERE is a contemptible side to the vulgar hero-worship of the common herd; but there is a practical, and not dishonorable, side also. It is well that the world is a stern judge; that it demands much, and demands it incessantly. No one can safely rest on his laurels, or live on the interest of a reputation put by for safe-keeping, like money in a bank. A few manage to do so, but for the majority it is impossible. And it is well that it is so. Otherwise, there would be an almighty temptation to drop into a rut and stay there. The world, after all, is not peopled by fools; mankind may have a vulgar standard by which to judge the individual and the event, but it is an intensely practical standard. It asks no questions about motives, but it is unremittingly inquisitive about results. It wants to know what has actually been done, and its verdict is according to the evidence. Future generations may revise and amend this verdict, but in the immediate present the judgment of the people who look for practical results is what "goes." We have all felt the good of the world's estimate, urging us on to renewed efforts and greater watchfulness. We know that we are being daily weighed in the balance—not with minute accuracy, it is true, but, on the whole, justly—and the consciousness of this fact is not, perhaps, altogether evil.

THE other day an exaggerated and sensational report of an alleged Chinese outrage against a mission in British Columbia was wired east and printed in the daily papers. The following day the correct version of what had occurred came to hand proving that the first report had been written either by a correspondent anxious to supply a sensation, or by some anti-Chinese advocate, whose vision had been distorted by his prejudice. I am not by any means a friend of Chinese cheap labor, but I must say, from personal knowledge and experience, that the many faults of John Chinaman are more frequently exaggerated than his few virtues are even grudgingly extolled. We don't want the cheap and too often immoral East competing with and contaminating honest Canadian families; and yet we might as well make up our minds that the western world has a grave problem to face and to solve in the Chinese question, and the best way to solve it hardly seems to be the ostrich-like policy of exclusion and isolation which many well-meaning people have proposed. I am glad to see that this question is being taken up in a very serious strain by several writers worthy to be heard. A thoughtful article is published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, which I would commend to the attention of my readers.

IT is entitled "The Future of the Chinese People," and concludes with the following words, which I think are worthy of repetition, because it is not to be expected that everyone who peruses this column will see the original article: "Men are disposed to think lightly and superficially of problems that do not immediately concern themselves; but the question, 'What of China?' will not down by its being dismissed from thought. It enters as an important factor into the great world problems that are now pressing for solution. It is a question not only concerning the future of one-fourth of the human race, but also concerning the influence of that portion of the race upon the other three-fourths. The vast potential resources of China, the labor power of the people, and their undeveloped capacity to share in the consumption of the products of the world's industries will compel statesmen and students of political and social problems to acquire that knowledge of China which, as yet, is possessed only by the few; and the opportunity for the religious and social renovation of that people will more and more draw out the interest and claim the help of Christian teachers and philanthropists. Already the forces that are destined to create a new China are beginning to operate upon the lives of the people. The nation is waking from its long dream of the past to live in the present. There are many 'signs of the times' which assure us that the day is not far distant when China will be delivered from its effete civilization, will enjoy a stable and well-ordered government, will enter upon a period of material prosperity, and will come under the power of those motives which have their source in the vital truths of the Christian revelation."

I HEAR that Upper Canada College, Toronto, which is, perhaps, the finest non-sectarian school for boys in the Dominion, is becoming a great financial success under the principalship of Dr. George R. Parkin. I am told that the college was operated last year at a profit of \$10,000; that the present accommodation is taxed so that more pupils cannot be taken; and that a large sum is to be spent in building residences for the boys upon the "house" system, whereby 10 or 12 individuals are grouped together under one roof. The recent history of Upper Canada College goes to show that the establishing in Canada of a great school on the lines of Eton or Rugby might be undertaken with good promise of success. A considerable and growing number of Canadian boys are in attendance at the great English public schools. There are several colleges in both Quebec and Ontario, any one of which might form the nucleus of such an institution for Canada.

FELIX VANE.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

IN April the fourth examination for the Montreal Musical Scholarship in the Royal College of Music will be held, and the announcement of this fact is occasioning some stir amongst musicians in this city and neighboring places. It is interesting to learn that this scholarship was founded at the instigation of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, by Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona, for the benefit of residents of the district of Montreal. The first examination was held in 1896. The Prince of Wales, president of the college, as well as the founders, expressed the wish that the selection of examiners for the scholarship should rest with the Governor-General of Canada, and, accordingly, Lord Lansdowne at that time invited the Philharmonic and Mendelssohn Societies, of Montreal, to nominate each one examiner—the third to be selected by His Excellency. The examiners appointed in pursuance of this arrangement were Messrs. Joseph Gould, Couture, and Mills, the first acting as chairman. For the second examination, Mr. Mills having left the country, Mr. L. A. Maffre was appointed by His Excellency in his stead. In 1891, at the suggestion of Sir Donald Smith, Messrs. Gould, Couture, and Reyner, were the examiners, and in 1895, Lord Aberdeen invited the same three gentlemen to act. Mr. Gould having expressed a desire to be relieved of the duties devolving upon an examiner, Lord Minto has appointed in his stead Mr. G. W. Cornish, who, with Messrs. Couture and Reyner, will conduct the forthcoming examination.

The competition is held only at intervals of three years. The scholarship is tenable for three years and provides free musical education at the Royal College, with a sum of 50 guineas per annum for maintenance. Those who have won it in the past are: Miss Ella Walker, singing, 1886; Miss Sarah E. Russell, A.R.C.M., pianoforte, 1891; Miss Beatrice La Palme, violin, 1895. Of these the first named is still in London, where, until recently, she was a soloist at St. Paul's Cathedral; Miss Russell is in Montreal, and is well known in musical circles as a teacher of pianoforte; while Miss La Palme is still studying at the Royal College.

. . .

SOME three years ago, those who had the privilege of hearing Miss Jane Newman sing in Montreal, prophesied that a brilliant future awaited her in the musical world, for her voice possessed a volume, compass and sweetness which critics considered extraordinary. A course of hard study in Germany and France, under the best tutors, has developed the marvelous quality of her vocal powers, and the young artiste will, in all probability, take a high place amongst the singers of the day, and also add renown to her native land. It is always pleasing to hear of the success of Canadians abroad, and it will therefore be a source of gratification to Miss Newman's friends in Canada, to learn that, at a recent church festival, held at Crewe, England, the most successful numbers were sung by her, and that, *The Guardian*, in a criticism of the artists, states that "a very pleasing feature was the beautiful rendering given by Miss Jane Newman of Handel's 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair' and 'The Reaper and the Flowers.'" Miss Newman is at present in Italy, but we hope to hear her voice in Montreal before long.

. . .

MR. F. A. MILLS, music publisher, 45 West 29th street, New York, is publishing some excellent things of late, and establishing a reputation for introducing the most popular airs of the day. Amongst those recently issued are "You and I," a very catchy waltz-song; "Narcissa," an intermezzo for piano; "Remus on Broadway," a pretty cake-walk; "Two Roses," song, and "There is a Heart," an unusually beautiful song.

## AMONGST OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE future of Cuba and Porto Rico, the Philippine question, financial legislation in the new Congress, Secretary Root's report, the British reverses in South Africa, and the recent progress of American municipalities are some of the topics editorially treated in the January Review of Reviews.

The New Lippincott, for January 1900, begins the year with a complete novel, full of fresh sensations and amusing episodes, called "The Bread Line," by Albert Bigelow Paine. This is a tale of fun and love in New York's bohemia, beginning with New Year's night at the Model Bakery on Broadway, where some comrades encounter "The Bread Line," and ending there, after a year spent in trying to start a newspaper in a bohemian studio. Love plays a signal part in redeeming the hero. The significant series of stories on *Mormon Life*, by Mrs. J. K. Hudson, begins in this number with "The Third Wife." These should prove as useful a weapon against the renewed menace of polygamy as Congressional action.

"An American Mother" will conceal the identity of one of the most prominent women of the day in the authorship of a series of singularly frank articles about to begin in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The articles will deal with the vital questions entering into modern American womanhood, and the directness of their character is in a way revealed in the title of the first article, "Have Women Robbed Men of Their Religion?" which the writer boldly answers in the affirmative. The series will then go on and deal with the exact conditions prevailing in girls' colleges revealing an unusually keen insight, and drawing some emphatic deductions which will awaken unusual interest.

The January Century contains a poem by Rudyard Kipling, "In the Matter of One Compass," Dr. Mitchell's story, "The Autobiography of a Quack," ends in this issue, but another serial by Dr. Mitchell will begin in the March number. It is called "Dr. North and His Friends," and one who has read the manuscript calls it "an epitome of the science, culture and common sense of the nineteenth century."

Scribner's for 1900 includes J. M. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" (serial); Theodore Roosevelt's "Oliver Cromwell" (serial); Richard Harding Davis' fiction and special articles; Henry Norman's "The Russia of To-day"; Articles by Walter A. Wyckoff, author of "The Workers"; short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White; special articles on the Paris Exposition; Frederic Ireland's articles on sport and exploration; "Harvard Fifty Years ago," by Senator Hoar. Notable art features will be the Cromwell illustrations, by celebrated American and foreign artists; Puvion de Chavannes, by John La Farge (illustrations in color); special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by Walter Appleton Clark, E. C. Peixotto, Henry McCarter, Dwight L. Elmendorf and others.

## NOTHING IS LOST.

NAUGHT goes to waste, though years may flit,  
And change is what the people love;  
Those old-time anecdotes will fit  
The brand-new hero like a glove.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Edythe Gault, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. H. Gault, "Bracehead," to Mr. S. H. Lever, of New York.

The Lingari Club gave an evening of euehre and music last night (Thursday), in Drummond Hall.

Mr. W. A. Tremayne left for New York on Tuesday. While away he will see *The Dagger* and *The Cross*, his new piece, which is being played at Newark by Mr. Robert B. Mantell.

# Points for Investors

THE year 1899, just closed, was a remarkable one from every view point, but particularly in business and finance. It was a year of unprecedented prosperity throughout the world, and Canada shared to the fullest extent in the general uplift. The upward movement of values in all lines, both of staples and securities, was something remarkable, and, linked with the immense growth of business and a record-breaking production, there was an advance in staple values which would have been in itself sufficient to make the year a record-breaker.

**CANADA'S BANNER YEAR.**

Canada, being on a sounder basis, both as regards business and finance than the United States, profited to the full. While agricultural exports from the United States declined slightly, those from Canada increased largely. Our export trade in home products shows an increase in round figures of \$85,000,000, or a gain of nearly 25 per cent. over last year. Our import business largely increased, and Customs duties alone will aggregate \$2,000,000 more than in 1898.

**INCREASES IN EARNINGS.**

The Canadian carrying companies will show remarkable statements. Of all railroads on the continent, the C. P. R. has been prominent in its percentage of improvement, some \$3,000,000 more being earned this season in gross returns, while net earnings will show a gain of about \$1,800,000. The Grand Trunk will show an increase in gross earnings of nearly \$2,500,000. Montreal Street Railway has earned about \$160,000 more in 1899 than in 1898. Toronto Railway's increase will be over \$110,000, and its net increase still greater in proportion.

**C. P. R. FIGURES.**

An advance statement in approximate figures can be given of the C. P. R.'s balance sheet, which will be published probably late next month:

Gross earnings for the year.....	\$ 29,350,000
Working expenses .....	17,150,000
<b>Net earnings .....</b>	<b>\$ 12,200,000</b>
Add net interest on deposits and loans from other sources and railroad companies .....	425,000
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$ 12,625,000</b>
Deduct fixed charges .....	6,775,000
<b>Surplus for the year.....</b>	<b>\$ 5,850,000</b>
Deduct 4 per cent. on dividend preference .....	473,000
<b>Balance .....</b>	<b>\$ 5,377,000</b>
Deduct 4 per cent. dividend on common .....	2,600,000
<b>Balance .....</b>	<b>\$ 2,777,000</b>

It can easily be seen that an additional 1 per cent. on common stock, \$650,000, could easily be paid, and if the precedents of American railroads are followed it will be paid.

The above statement takes no account of last year's surplus of \$1,051,000, which may be applied to the improvements in the physical condition of the road.

**BANKS AND INDUSTRIES.**

Bank statements will indicate the great growth of business. There are \$34,000,000 more on deposit now than at the same time last year. The manufacturing industries have advanced in equal proportion. Of the prominent industrials, both Royal Electric and Canadian General Electric will exhibit large increases in earnings. It has also been an excellent year for the cotton companies.

East and west the development in natural resources has

been great. The Dominion Coal Company and the Dominion Iron and Steel Company will make a treasure house of Nova Scotia. In British Columbia the mines are still in their infancy, and Sir William Van Horne thinks that \$2,000,000,000 is a low estimate for the production of the mines of Southern British Columbia in the next 20 years. The pulp of Canada is another line of development which will mean great things for the country in the future.

Under these conditions, with an artificial and unnatural depression in the prices of stocks, the new year now offers unequalled opportunities to the investor, who cannot go far wrong in choosing any of our sounder securities.

**THE MAYOR AND TORONTO STREET.**

The election of a mayor in Toronto on a platform opposed to the Toronto Railway Company need not be looked upon with any alarm by the shareholders. The company itself does not fear anything from Mayor Macdonald, whose only power can lie in making the company live thoroughly up to their agreements and the Act. The first move will be, doubtless, to compel the company to provide rear vestibules for the cars, as decided by the Ontario Court of Appeal. As I have stated before, one difficulty with traction stocks is their exposure to harassing municipal attacks or legislation. I have pointed out that Montreal and Toronto Railway stocks have always been held too high, and I see no reason to change my opinion. The Toronto Railway Company's annual meeting will be held on January 18, and, while there will be a good statement presented, an increase in dividends is hardly warranted.

**WAR EAGLE PROSPECTS.**

Other companies, whose annual meetings will be held in February, are The Caribou Hydraulic Mining Co., The War Eagle Mining Co., and The Canadian General Electric Co. I gave a statement of the Caribou Hydraulic's prospects a short time ago. There has been no change in the not very encouraging situation. A period of patience must be borne by the shareholders.

The War Eagle company's adjourned meeting on February 20 will be looked forward to with great interest. The mine has been producing, in spite of the alleged defects in machinery, close to 2,000 tons each week. Mr. George Gooderham promised that an increase in the dividend would be effected by February or shortly afterwards. The output of the mine is sufficient to warrant a double dividend, but in view of the machinery's condition there will probably be some delay in declaring the increase, which will have to be made, however, sooner or later.

The Canadian General Electric Company's annual statement will show an increase in the net profits of the company for the past year of nearly \$100,000. The net profit on operating account will be about \$275,000. After the dividend of 8 per cent. and the bonus of 2 per cent. have been paid, there will still be a balance of \$150,000 to be applied to rest account and equipment. This stock is as good as any in the market. The company has orders for six months ahead, and finds difficulty in meeting the demands upon its capacity.

**WAR AND TIGHT MONEY.**

The continuance of the war should not necessarily make money tighter. Already, with the new year, there are signs of easement in the old world capitals, and by the end of the next half-year we may expect to see everything loosened up. In that event there will be surprising advances over present prices in most of our standard stocks. FAIRFAX.

**THE FRENCHMAN'S JOKE.**

**BARTENDER.**—"What'll y' have?"  
**FRENCHMAN.**—"I will take a drop of contradiction."  
**BARTENDER.**—"What's that?"  
**FRENCHMAN.**—"Vell, you put in de visky to make it strong, de vater to make it weak, de lemon to make it sour, and de sugar to make it sweet. Den you say to your friend, 'Here's to you!' and you take it yourself."



## Mainly About People.

ONE of the Queen's most valued treasures is a curio presented to her by Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, the man to whom the British people the world over are now looking as to the most capable organizer and administrator in the army. This treasure is the Mahdi's Koran, and was presented to Her Majesty during Lord Kitchener's visit at Windsor after the battle of Omdurman. It was in a very dilapidated condition when it arrived: the binding was broken, the leaves in disorder and none but an Arabic scholar could be trusted to set it right. But the British Museum is equal to any demands on scholarship. Thither the Mahdi's Koran was sent, and now it has been restored to Her Majesty so beautifully repaired, and with the disordered leaves so completely rearranged, that the Queen is quite delighted, and has sent her special thanks to the authorities of the museum. A companion treasure to this is a Bible that belonged to Gordon, the great man whom the Mahdi did to death. It is the one he used to read through his campaign in China. He left it with his sister when he went to the Soudan; and by her it was presented to the Queen. There is something strangely impressive in the sight of this volume, as it lies in the great corridor, in a curiously beautiful casket of finest enamel, with sides of crystal. The casket is supposed to have been brought from Spain by Catherine of Braganza, the long-suffering wife of one of the worst of England's monarchs. The strange, life-like sense of Gordon's presence, when you see his Bible, is increased when, on looking at it, you find that it is open at St. John's Gospel, and that pencil marks in Gordon's handwriting cover the margin. You almost feel as if Gordon, though dead, still speaketh.

WHEN Brigadier-General Lawton, who was killed the other day in the Philippines, was first coming into great prominence in connection with the campaign there, a statement gained currency in the Canadian press that Lawton was an Ontario man. This turns out to be incorrect. His parents lived at Fort Wayne, but he was born at Manhattan, Ohio—now a suburb of Toledo. He served in the Civil War as a private and later as colonel of the 30th Indiana Volunteers. Like so many eminent men he had studied law as a young man, but since 1867 he had been in the regular army. Lawton was regarded as a natural military genius, but there was nothing of the disciplinarian or martinet about him. Whenever he met a private from one of his old regiments he sat down and talked with him and expressed the closest interest in the welfare of half the individuals in the command, calling each one by his nickname. After an inspection of Huachuco he had to wait several hours for a train at the little station seven miles from the fort. The agent happened to have served as a private at one time under Lawton, and the two chatted familiarly for an hour or two, Lawton becoming so absorbed that he took the train without his overcoat and valise, having to have them sent after him the next day. As an Inspector-General he frequently found affairs as they should not be, but he used to say: "When you find a fellow in a hole don't crowd in on him, try to help him out. Many an officer felt the benefit of this trait of Lawton's character. He never excused or forgave dishonesty or deceit, and he never permitted himself to be imposed upon, but in a deserving case for sympathy he was all tenderness and helpfulness.

MANY of our readers will be interested in the accompanying portrait of Lady Sybil Lascelles (nee Beauclerk), the bride of Capt. Lascelles of the Scots Guards, who was formerly A. D. C. to His Excellency the Governor-General. Lady

Lascelles is a sister of the present Duke of St. Alban's, and niece of Lady Minto, and made many friends in Canada by her unaffected, fearless manners. The Beauclerks have the blood royal in their veins. The first Duke of St. Albans, according to accepted report, being a son of Charles II and "Nell" Gwyn, the actress who reigned supreme in the affections of that monarch. The relations subsisting between the second Charles and "Nell" Gwyn have formed the subject of much speculation and gossip—not only during the reign of the merry monarch, but since; and they are at present being exploited in a series of short stories in a well-known English magazine. Many amusing stories are told of "Nell." There can be little doubt that she was a very clever actress—a kind of Gaiety girl of that period—and a good-looking and fascinating woman—"a mighty pretty soul," says Pepys. On one occasion we learn that "reciting an epilogue in a hat of the circumference of a large coach wheel (a 'matinee hat'), her little figure looked so droll as to lead King Charles to take her home in his coach for supper." Charles became very fond of her, and though she could scarcely read or write, the short, stout little woman, with the red hair and small feet, knew how to manage her royal admirer right well. She would speak to him, as she did to all, in the coarsest language, and insist upon having her own way. She hated her French rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Madame de Sevigne records that "the actress is as haughty as mademoiselle. She insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the King from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference." "Nell" was always popular with the people, who were under the impression that she had induced Charles to found Chelsea Hospital and who considered her one of themselves and thoroughly orthodox and "English." Almost the last words of Charles II.—whom you cannot help liking for some things—were, "Do not let poor Nellie starve." Mrs. Gwyn did not long survive her "Charles the Third," as she called the merry monarch. Apoplexy carried her off at the early age of 37. She made a pious and penitent end, and amongst the charitable objects which she requested her son to carry out was one for the releasing of poor debtors out of prison. It is interesting to note that the lady whose picture appears herewith showed, while in Canada, the same independent, self-reliable spirit as Nell Gwyn is reputed to have had. She rode about in street cars, just like an ordinary mortal, and a correspondent in Ottawa writes: "Once I saw her crossing Sparks street with a good-sized brown paper parcel. Whether it contained boots or bon-bons, it furnished a lesson for some of the lesser lights in the social armament, who would feel degraded if they carried home a spool of thread." Her husband, Capt. Lascelles, as everyone knows, is a son of the British Ambassador to Germany.



## The Wrong Bottle.

—BY—  
J. JOHNSON LEAK.

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I WRITE this story on one condition—that my name is not published. It is a chapter—a terrible chapter—of autobiography. I write it because I think it may act as a warning to others.

There are three little words in an old private diary of mine which have literally eaten themselves into my heart—three short words written in Greek. I am not going to say what these words are. They are too dreadful to be exposed to the eyes of a public who could not feel the horror I felt when I wrote them.

These were the circumstances which compelled me to write them. I had been going through a period of awful hard work. Smallpox had been raging furiously in the small northern town in which I had lived for several years. One night I felt I was in for a spell of the malignant disease. My eyes seemed to have gone woefully astray. I could see certain things in my surgery which I knew did not exist; I could not see certain things which I knew were right before me.

I was just feeling as bad as I could feel when there was a ring at the surgery bell. The surgery door was half open, and I could hear the message, "Please ask the doctor to come up to the Squire at once."

Squire Chesters was one of my oldest friends. I could hardly struggle into my coat, but I did my best and succeeded. I could not sit upright on the back of my old mare, all I could do was to throw the reins over her head and trust to instinct and Providence.

When I reached the sick-room I saw my old friend sitting upright on the bed.

"Well, Jim, I'm glad you have come. You can't do me any good. I'm done for. I'm going to die before morning, but I wanted to make a dreadful confession to you before I go. The curse has been heavy on me, and I feel that it is descending to my lad—or it will descend if I don't get it off my mind."

The old man looked dreadfully terrified, but I could not see any signs of disease about his face.

"Nonsense; don't talk such rubbish. You are the most robust-looking dying man I ever saw, and I have seen a good many."

"What I am telling you is true, and we haven't much time."

I sounded his chest; applied the stethoscope to his heart. Still, I could not find a dangerous symptom. The heart was fluttering a bit queerly, but it was nothing to cause any anxiety. I tried to pacify my old friend, but he refused all my ministrations.

He sent the nurse out of the room, and then said to me, "Jim, bend down to me, and listen to the tragic story of a dying man."

"You are not dying, and I would rather not listen to any story you have to tell—that is if it is anything which will make the blush rise to your cheek when we meet in days that are to come."

"Listen. Jim, once I killed a man."

"Killed a man?" I cried, aghast.

"Yes, and now he is killing me," he moaned.

Here was something beyond my skill as a physician. All I could do was to comfort him.

"Yes, he stepped in between me and my love—and—and I killed him, stabbed him to the heart in a deep, black wood which grows on the borders of Cape Town. I followed him for months, followed him nearly around the world, and then I

brought him to bay. Oh, my God, light up the room! There's his ghost coming to laugh at me now. See, see, see! Can't you see it?"

"This is absurd, Charles. You are dreaming. I'll send you a tonic, and I'll bet you £100 to one that you are about all right before the end of the week."

"It's no bet. I can't gamble on my deathbed."

As I was leaving my old friend I laughingly told him that I would mix him a bottle that would soon put him all right.

"No, I've done with your three doses a day," he replied, with an attempt at light banter.

"Well, good-day, I'll see you in the morning."

"Yes, I'll be lying here, dead. Good-bye, old friend." He held his hand to me, and I shook it.

As I rode through the gathering twilight I felt convinced that my friend was not suffering from any dangerous disease. He was in a state of extreme nervous prostration, and just in a condition for inviting all manner of real and imaginary terrors to take possession of him. That was all.

It was not dark when I entered the surgery. The twilight was rapidly fading into night, but as I knew the position of every bottle in the surgery I did not think it necessary to put a light to the gas.

I took down a bottle of quinine, measured a good strong dose, filled up with indispensable aqua pura, handed the bottle to the coachman, who had come with me for the purpose of taking it back, heaved a sigh of relief, and went straight to bed. Just as I was getting into bed I suddenly remembered that I had not replaced the bottle on the shelf. I had left it on the table. I was too tired to go downstairs again, so it remained where I had left it.

I was not at all anxious about my friend. I knew there was no danger. I did not believe in the ghosts of murdered men coming back to the earth to haunt to the grave the men who had given them a fair quittance from this world. I am too much of a materialist to believe any such nonsense. But I did think a great deal about the terrible story I had been compelled to listen to. My friend was one of the most lovable of men—upright, honorable, grand, noble to a fault. But behind the peaceful face there was, I knew, a heart that knew something of passion, a heart that would almost compel his hands to slay anyone who had bitterly and cruelly wronged him. I believed the story. I was compelled to believe it. The old man was not delirious when he told it. He was excited, that was all. Certainly he was in the possession of all his faculties.

When I awoke in the morning I was soon convinced that I had come to the point of tragedy. Going straight into the surgery I saw a bottle standing on the table. There was a terrible word staring at me—glaring at me like a wild tiger. That one word was "Poison."

"My God, I have killed him," I cried.

I staggered about the little surgery like a drunken man.

The echo of that wild, self-accusatory cry had hardly subsided ere the maid entered. I stared at her wildly.

"Are you ill, sir? I knocked three times, but could not get an answer."

"What is it?" I asked, excitedly.

"The coachman from Mr. Chesters is here, sir."

"Show him in," was all I said.

I made a strong effort to be calm, but it was difficult work. Here I was face to face with a mistake which was a crime. That bottle was pointing the finger of condemnation at me. It may be nothing but imagination, but it is none the less terribly true that as I gazed at the small bottle it faded away before my eyes, and its place was taken in the twinkling of an eye by a rope which dangled from a cross-bar. The maid had heard my cry. Of that I was certain. The maid and I had never been on good terms—in fact, she was under notice when I literally gave myself into her hands.

The coachman entered without knocking—at least I did not hear a knock.

"Your master —"

## WRONG BOTTLE—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"Is dead, sir. Died in horrible convulsions."

I staggered.

"What is the matter, sir?" he asked, and his great, solemn eyes were fixed upon me.

"Oh, nothing, nothing—only I did not expect it, and Mr. Chesters was my nearest and dearest friend. How long did he live after you reached home last night?"

"Only a few minutes, sir."

That was enough. These few words completed the pyramid of horrible testimony against me. I had murdered my dearest friend. That morning, with a trembling hand, I wrote those three terrible words in my private diary. They constituted the only salve which I could apply to a lacerated conscience. They consisted of a plain and honest confession of my guilt to my own soul. If I were arrested they would bear their testimony against me, and I was willing that they should. I had committed my crime, and I thanked God that I was strong enough not to flinch from the punishment which I momentarily expected. But I was determined, for my own sake, for the sake of a dear daughter also, not to unnecessarily run my head into a noose.

Two years elapsed before the denouement was reached, and it startled me more than the knowledge which I then had.

I am proud of my only daughter. I suppose I have no right to say so in this public manner. But she was a comfort to me when this great trouble came and wrung my old heart. She was pretty—nay, more than that. She was lovely, and I was afraid the time was not very far off when someone would come and try to rob me of my one comfort. In this surmise I was right, and in the coming of this wooer I was brought face to face with the great sorrow which had blotted out my happiness. She, like a coy maiden, tried to hide her love from me until, I suppose, she could give me unquestionable evidence that her sacred love was returned.

But I forestalled her explanation. Passing through a dark wood which skirts my house, one moonlight evening, I heard a rustling of trees close beside me. This rustling was not caused by the wind. I was satisfied of that, for there was not a breath of air. Somehow the thought came home to me that I had disturbed some sweet confidences, and I was about to pass on. But I heard a sweet voice which startled me. It was the voice of my own daughter.

"Oh! Evelyn, I love you," pleaded a strong, earnest voice. "Please do not talk any foolish rubbish about the difference in our position. You the daughter of a man I have learned to honor—a man I have almost loved since childhood."

"And you are the —," said a laughing voice, but I could not catch the last word.

"Well, yes, I suppose I am, but you must put that down to my father's account, not mine."

I was dreadfully curious to know who was this candidate for the honor of relationship with me.

Just at that moment the grand old moon steered out of a bank of thick clouds, and I saw everything.

Just beneath a tree, not more than five yards from me, I saw my daughter. A pair of arms were around her neck, and her lovely face was turned towards the heavens. Just then the young man bent his head and kissed her.

It was Charles Chesters, the son of the man I had poisoned not two years ago.

Like a flash of lightning the story of agony came back to me; I saw the old man lying upon his bed stiff and rigid. I seemed to see him lying in the grave in which I had chained him long before his time. It was too much for me. I groaned and staggered on through the blackness.

Through the long hours of that dreadful night I had a terrible struggle with myself. Charles Chesters was a young man esteemed above all others. If I had possessed the power

to make my son-in-law I could not have made one more to my taste. He was like his father—a man any other man could always respect and almost any woman love. That was the difficulty of it. If there had been a flaw in his character I could have put my foot upon the proposal, and perhaps I could have crushed the passion before any hearts were broken.

The result of the struggle was this: I could not give my dear daughter to the son of the man I had murdered, murdered accidentally, but still murdered. I was superstitious enough to feel that the shadow of the dead man would rise up and blot out their happiness. It was a dreadful feeling, a horrible feeling, and I could not get away from it.

I was not surprised to see Mr. Chesters walk into my surgery on the following day. It appeared to me to be about the most matter of fact thing in the world, I knew exactly what he would say to me, and I thought I knew pretty well what I would say to him. I had arranged the whole thing in my mind.

"You never come to see us now," he began, quietly. "You were a constant visitor at our house before father died."

I trembled at the mention of his father. I said not a word.

"I hoped that I should have the honor of retaining your friendship as my father did," he continued, but I could not open my lips. I was trying to steel my heart against this young man, but I could not do it.

"Doctor, I have a very serious question to ask you. If you are in a hurry I shall not ask it now."

"What is it?" I asked sharply, rudely.

He looked at me so strangely.

"I want your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"I cannot discuss that subject with you," and I am afraid I put a rasping emphasis on the personal pronoun.

Mr. Chesters turned pale.

"May I ask why?" he asked in earnest tones.

"No. It is a matter I cannot explain. Good-day."

I rang my table bell, and the maid appeared. Mr. Chesters rose, and frankly offered his hand. I took it and trembled. I was on the point of breaking down completely.

"Your daughter has confessed to me, rightly or wrongly, that her life's happiness is bound up in mine. Are you sure you are doing right in taking a step which will mar that happiness?"

There was tremendous force in the question. I reeled under its weight. My lips were sealed.

"At least, may I have the sorrowful satisfaction of seeing her before I go?"

"You may—on the one condition that you do not ask her to do anything you know to be in opposition to my wishes."

"I think you know sufficient of me to trust me that far without asking me to give you a definite pledge."

When he had left the room I threw myself upon the sofa, and, old man though I was, I burst into tears—wild, passionate, unavailing tears. As I lay upon the sofa in a stupefied state I felt a gentle touch upon my shoulder. I thought it was my daughter. I could not bear to look into her lovely eyes, and I buried my head in the sofa blanket.

Then, something which I cannot explain took place. I heard a gentle voice. Oh, some of my readers will laugh, and think I am an old fool, but they would not laugh if they had heard that voice which spoke to my soul rather than to my ears. "You did not poison me, dear old Jim. I never took your physic. That man's ghost killed me."

I looked up. I was alone in the room, and the gathering darkness was flooding the surgery. How long I had been in that state of semi-trance I do not know. At first I was very much inclined to scoff, and think I was going stark staring mad, but an indefinable something prevented me from going to this extremity.

I rang the bell, and the maid appeared.

"Has Mr. . . . left the house?"

"No, sir."

"Please ask him if he will step this way for a moment."

"Yes, sir."

A moment later Mr. Chesters shadowed the doorway. Brave fellow though he was, he could not hide the tear stains which marked his cheeks. Oh, don't laugh at those tear stains. They showed the nobility of the man.

"Was I rude to you?" I asked.

"No; you were apparently under strong conviction upon the questions I asked you, and I was, and am, prepared to respect those convictions."

"By the way, what has become of that old coachman of your father's?"

"Jackson?"

"Yes."

"When father died he said that he had driven him so long that he could not find in his heart to drive anyone else, not even his son. So I respected his feelings and pensioned him off. He is living in a cottage in the wood. He has been failing lately."

Just as Mr. Chesters was leaving the room a note was handed to me.

In the presence of Mr. Chesters I opened it. It was signed "Yours sorrowfully, Robert Jackson."

The letter was written in a feeble hand, and it contained this remarkable statement: "Your physic is powerless to cure me, but I have a matter on my mind which I want to unburden to you alone before I die. You were kind to me in days which were happier. Please come at once, or death may be in before you."

"Mr. Chesters, come to me to-morrow. I may—I only say may—have a different decision to give you."

The young man's eyes gleamed. There was the light of a true love in them.

The tragic story of a broken heart which I listened to in the cottage of the dying coachman removed an old burden from my shoulders as well as from his.

As I was leaving the house to obey the mysterious message my daughter met me. There was a look of sweet submissiveness on her dear face. She kissed me lovingly, and said in pleading tones, "I love him, but I love you also, and I will never leave you as long as you desire me to remain under this dear roof."

This gentle submission to my will smote me more than any acts of hot and wilful rebellion.

"My child, I am trying to find what is likely to conduce to the happiness of you both."

"Yes, I know, father."

I could bear no more of this. I left the house hurriedly, wondering what this poor, heartbroken fellow could tell me. I was sure that it was something connected with the death of Mr. Chesters, and I had a vague feeling that the hour of my deliverance was at hand. But how? That was the point. I could not imagine.

I entered the cottage silently. Mrs. Jackson met me.

"My husband is very bad, sir; I am glad you have come."

"What is the matter?"

"Heartache, I think; he never seemed to get over the death of his old master."

There was a corroboration of my hopes, my fears.

When I looked at the poor fellow I could see that death had run a close race with me. If he had a story to tell me he would have to tell me quickly. With him death was a strong runner.



#### A GREAT FEAT.

My wife doesn't want to vote, but does what I call strong-minded.  
In what direction?

Well, she can read a doctor book clear through without getting symptoms of any of the diseases.

"Why did you not send for me earlier, my good man?"

"Don't call me that. I am not a good man. You cannot do me any good with your physic. You cannot mend a broken heart, can you?"

"No, I am afraid not, but I can soothe it," I replied.

"Listen, quick. Death is coming through the portals. You remember the night of Mr. Chesters' death?"

"I do. Go on, please."

I was anxious not to be baffled by death just at the moment of supreme crisis.

"You gave me a bottle of medicine for him, and told me to go quickly. I did not go quickly. I met a friend, and he asked me to go down and have a drink with him, and one drink became two, and two three. When I got home the old master was dead."

"Thank God!" I cried.

The poor fellow looked at me strangely. He did not see anything in that story to thank God for, but I did. After these two years of mental torture, I knew I had not killed my dear old friend. My heart was on the point of bursting.

"I have always felt it on my conscience that I killed the old man by that delay. You remember you told me that if I did not lose any time the medicine would cure him before the spasms reached his heart."

"But now I am glad you did not give him the medicine."

"Why?"

"Because I made a mistake."

"Oh, what a relief that is to me! I wish I had known that two years ago."

"I wish I had known what you have told me two years ago. It would have prevented a lot of heartache. But on the morning after he died you distinctly told me that you reached home in time, and the medicine was given to him, and that he died a few minutes afterwards."

"Yes, it was a lie, and the curse of it has followed me these two years."

Then there was silence. I knew I was in the presence of death. He had unburdened himself of his secret, and had secured relief in his last moment.

When I saw Mr. Chesters in the evening I had another story to tell him. Over a drop of smoking punch we discussed the question near to all our hearts, and we settled everything amicably. I simply told him that something had happened which compelled me to change my decision, and he was too happy to bother about asking questions. I have a notion to this day that he thought I had taken too much of the punch, but I cannot help that. I could not hide the happiness which was brimming up in my heart.

When my daughter came into the room she looked at me.

"Why, father, you look 10 years younger than you did yesterday."

"I am 20 years younger. Here, go and be happy, you incorrigible young couple. You have my blessings."

Aye, they took the blessings, and were happy. The curse was removed.



I HAVE, before now, alluded to my abhorrence of statistics and I fancy the majority of my readers share the same distaste. But occasionally unvarnished figures illuminate a subject, and cause one to think and to see as all the fine writing and subtle argument in the world cannot do. While the majority of us stoutly defend the right of women to be usefully employed, we are all fair enough, I trust, to admit that what we glibly call the "industrial freedom of women," has its dark and threatening, as well as its bright and hopeful, side. A preacher, in St. Paul, Minn., recently quoted some startling figures, in an address on "Women in the Industrial World."

ACCORDING to his statement, there were in 1880, as shown by the census, 2,600,000 women employed in the United States. In 1890, the number had grown to nearly 4,000,000. Of that number the majority are between the ages of 14 and 25. Of these, one-fourth lose their health. So they have confessed to Government investigators. But, according to the speaker, the case is even worse than yet appears. He quoted figures to show that women are most largely engaged in the mechanical and industrial trades. Sixteen per cent. of the boot and shoe makers are women, 25 per cent. of the cigarmakers, 48 per cent. of the bookbinders, 48 per cent. of the carpet-makers, 43 per cent. of the hands in woollen mills, 53 per cent. in the cotton mills, 50 per cent. in the silk mills, 70 per cent. in the knitting mills, and out of the whole manufacturing work of the United States 15 per cent. is done by women. In trade and transportation men still have the bulk of the places, though here in 10 years women rose from 3 per cent. of the packers and shippers to 26 per cent. Basing his conclusion on these and similar statistics, the preacher asserted that in a short time women will be producing the bulk of all products, except agricultural, that the people of the United States consume or sell.

GOING still further, he pointed out that, during the ten years from 1885 to 1895, the tendency to employ young girls in many lines of manufacture was rapid and appalling. In the making of awnings, tents and sails, the number of young girls under 18 years of age increased 118 per cent. In clothing manufacture, during the same period, they increased 258 per cent., in cotton and woollen goods 138 per cent., in the log trade, one of the most bothersome of human occupations, they increased 350 per cent., while in making furniture, bedding and upholstery the girls increased 210 per cent. One-third of the working women, as they are called, in the United States to-day are under 18 years old. In Massachusetts in 1897 there were more than half as many women as men engaged in all industrial occupations, including manufacture of lumber, construction of railways and working in metals in the list.

NOW, what conclusion is to be drawn from such figures? "Women," asserted the speaker, "are employed and men turned out because the one is cheap and the other is dear. But for this wholesale incursion into the mechanical world workingmen would have been busy continuously, and wages would have been higher." He overlooked the fact that in many cases women are employed because they are not only cheaper, but neater, steadier and more deft of hand than men. Still, in the main, his conclusion seems sound. But where is the remedy to be found? He points out none. A great many women are forced to gain their own livelihood, it is far better that they should do so by honest and moral, than by dishonest and immoral means. But there is no doubt that girls, who



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO,  
who has consented to be named Honorary President  
of the National Council of Women.

are not compelled to work, should think several times before they enter into competition with men. They need not die of ennui, there is plenty to occupy them usefully and pleasantly in the neglected fields of charity and good works. On the other hand, men who are able to maintain their sisters and daughters, but who, from stinginess, prefer that they should earn their own living, are both shortsighted and selfish; they are helping to cut the ground from under their own and their sex's feet.

"MANY girls will have noticed, I am sure, that as our lives advance our ambitions are apt to become more simple," writes Helen Spencer in the course of a discussion of "The Ideals and Ambitions of Girls." "The great plans we had as girls of 13 or 14 settle gradually to simpler ambitions. We learn gradually to know that in smaller duties better fitted to our hands lies the greatest happiness, and the possibility for fullest and richest development. Almost every girl, when she first begins to realize that she will probably never fulfill all her girlish ambitions because they are many of them beyond her possibilities, will have the inclination to 'give up,' as the children say. This is apt to be the beginning of real discontent, and it ought to be battled with. Let a girl once try to fully realize what it means to be the inspiration of some one person's life, the sunshine in the darkened lives of some one or two people, and she will then understand how it may fill her life almost to the brim with happiness."

Here is some excellent advice from the pen of Margaret E. Sangster—advice that ought to be heeded by some of us who are never worried by empty purses; and that is to promptly pay the seamstress, the milliner, the charwoman, the maid, the person who in any small sum or sums is a creditor. Great suffering and inconvenience arise from heedlessness in this regard, and the woman who forgets to defray her small obligations inflicts a deeper injury on the helpless than her inexperience can fathom.

GERALDINE.

## LIFE IN A CANADIAN BARRACK.

By "Sergeant What's His Name"

"The men and the horses—Victorian's sons." KIRKUS.

AT a time when Europe has been gravely talking of a general disarmament, and immediately supplemented the world-conference by preparing as assiduously as ever for war, there are many of our people who think that, far from looking forward to "eternal peace," this nation of Canada, at least, ought to increase her defences and inaugurate an army more in proportion to her vast extent. I am aware that it is a minority, at present, who think so, but I believe a large minority, and by no means composed of the least far-sighted of Canadians. However that may be, there are many in country and town who know little of the manner in which our handful of trained defenders live, so perhaps a glimpse of barrack life may be interesting to such.

For somewhat more than seven years, I have lived within a few paces of a barrack occupied by a troop of cavalry. The "reveille" has been the first sound I have heard in the morning, and "lights out" frequently the last at night, so that a good many of the virtues and vices of the Canadian Tommy Atkins have come under my notice.

Pretty much the same arrangement prevails in all barracks the men's rooms being above the stables. The quarters consist of dormitories, each apportioned to 10 men or so; mess-room, wash-room, and kitchen. The cook by the way is an important factor in military life. He usually has an assistant, and, escaping nearly all drill parades, is very much his own master, but it behooves him to have meals on time, or vacate his post. Sufficient bread, meat and tea are provided, but any extras must be found from the soldiers' pay, and can be purchased before each meal from the canteen sergeant. The mess room is decorated with pictures of the Queen, Lord Wolseley, favorite officers, or local comrades in arms, and on occasions like Christmas, or when the long room is cleared out for a dance, the men spare no time or labor, in arranging, with a great deal of skill, mottoes and festoons of greens about the portraits, or in draping flags and placing swords artistically. In the dormitories, the folding bedsteads are reduced to half their size during the day to afford more space, and the blankets, etc. are neatly rolled and strapped within the mattress. Each man attends to his own corner of the room, and an orderly-man, appointed daily, sees to the sweeping, and the performance of the general details that make up military neatness. Upon a shelf and several pegs above the bed's heads, in scrupulous and exact order, are the military belongings of each individual, and a painted box, inscribed with the name of the regiment, holds all his other possessions. Periodically the officers visit the rooms and hold a "kit inspection." Each soldier stands at attention beside his cot, and every article of his kit must be in its place—not a strap unbuckled, a button missing, or a helmet cover awry, or the orderly corporal will have a word to say to him later. The sergeants' mess is furnished with piano and billiard table, and is a favorite rendezvous for civilian friends, who there enjoy unrestrictedly the advantages of a kind of club. If unmarried, the sergeants live in barrack, and usually have a room to themselves, if space will permit. The canteen, and the guard-room, where the sentries turn in when relieved, and where prisoners are kept till sentenced, are the remaining divisions of the quarters.

The horses are very carefully housed, and the saddlery and accoutrements immaculately kept. A full dress mounted parade is a beautiful sight. Horse and man seem welded

together, every inch of leather is polished, helmets and cross belts pipeclayed, and chains, spurs and swords burnished till they dazzle the eyes that look upon them, and jingle and clank in time to the impatient pawing of the halted squadron, or the measured thunder of a wild canter. Some of the horses are very intelligent, and, after a few months, understand the different commands as thoroughly as their riders. Over the stall of each horse is its name—those of "A" Troop beginning with A, as "Alina," "Arab," "Aurora," and those of "B" Troop with B, etc. The soldier's day commences at 6.30 a.m. in winter, and 5.30 a.m. in summer. At that hour the "reveille" sounds, and half an hour later "stables," at which the whole regiment turn out to roll-call and stable duty, and usually ride out for an hour to exercise the horses. A hurried breakfast awaits them on their return. Sometimes the recruits have a riding lesson in the yard, without saddle or stirrups, and it is very amusing (for the onlookers) to see a man here and there suddenly lose his balance, and dive unceremoniously over the horse's head, especially if it is winter, and he disappears up to his waist in soft snow, leaving only two wildly-agitated legs visible. "Morning parade" is at 9 a.m., when the colonel appears, and holds his "court" in the "office." Prisoners are brought before him, marching between a private and a corporal carrying carbines, and sentenced according to the offence, or, if the misdemeanor be very grave, reported for court martial. Then half the parade go to riding-school; the remainder are divided into parties for drill or fatigue duty of various kinds, and the recruits of the awkward squad are conducted to a quiet corner by a corporal, and initiated into their first acquaintance with "tenshun," "right and left turn," and "stand-at ease." The trumpeters retire as far as possible (sometimes not far enough) from the public ear, and practise the "calls."

Guards, consisting of an N.C.O. and three men, in full marching order, are mounted at 9 a.m., or at 6 p.m. If the regiment has a band it plays at this ceremony. As the incoming guard marches up in front of the guard-room, the old guard turns out, and they salute each other by presenting arms. A sentry from the new guard is then "posted," the "relieved" man falling in on his own guard. The N.C.O. then inspect the cells, etc. together, and sign the guard room report, and then the old guard marches off the ground, the new guard again presenting arms. The sentries are on their post for two hours at a time, and the guard mounted for either 12 or 24 hours. Their duty is, firstly, as the order-board has it, "to protect all Government property in the vicinity of their post"; to see that no soldier leaves barracks improperly dressed, to warn off loiterers, and to summon soldiers whose "girls" come to inquire after their health at the portal. The latter, however, is not laid down in the Regulations. When the troop is below strength, or when there is extra duty to be done, only a "flying sentry" is posted, a kind of "go-as-you-please" man, whose sole weapon is a riding whip, and whose duty is simply to act as messenger, and make himself generally useful. From 10 p.m., when the gate is locked till midnight, is heard continually the challenge "Halt, who goes there?" and the answer "Friend," in all tones of voice, always loud, but not always either steady or distinct. The N.C.O. of the guard is called to open the gate and repeat the formula: "Pass, friend, all's well." At 11.30 p.m. "visiting rounds," announces the officer of the day, who inspects the guard, and after that the cry of "gate" becomes less frequent, for only a few good-conduct men have "passes" to remain out beyond midnight. But a description of the guard has led us away from the morning routine. At 11.30 a.m. the various squads

CANADIAN BARRACK.—CONTINUED  
FROM PAGE 13.

are dismissed," and "stables" sounds again. The words of this call are as follows:

Come into the stable  
All ye who are able,  
And give your horses some hay and some corn.  
For if you don't do it  
The colonel will know it,  
And then you will rue it as sure as you're born

Immediately after the horses are fed, the men have their own dinners, and at this meal the officer of the day passes through the mess-room, and receives complaints, if there are any, with regard to the food. At 2 p.m. the "assembly" sounds again for instruction in sword or lance exercise, or further fatigue, which continues till 3.30, and after that the soldier is free, with the exception of "stables" at five, to go out, if he has leave, or to occupy himself at his own sweet will within the walls of the barrack. The sunset call, or "retreat," most musical of the trumpet calls, is played as the flag is hauled down, at varying hours, according to the season. Then, at 9 p.m., comes "tattoo," when defaulters must show up with the guard; at 10, "last post," and fifteen minutes later two long-drawn notes order "lights out." Darkness and silence encompass the quadrangle, except for the sentry's measured tread and the faint glimmer of a solitary lantern. The silence is often rudely disturbed, however, by some belated and "excited" member of the regiment who cannot recollect the "word," and who vents his impatience to be admitted by sundry kicks on the gate and unprintable reflections on the army in general, and the guard in particular. He plunges head first into the gate as it opens, is picked up by the N.C.O., and, after some struggling and noisy snatches of song, interlarded with other things, is scientifically deposited in the guard-room.

Sunday is usually a "day off." Such men as care to do so may go to church, unless on duty, and each alternate Sunday is "parade" day for either Protestants or Roman Catholics, when adherents of the different denominations are supposed to attend some religious service. When the soldier stays in on Sunday afternoon he either spends the time in sleeping or in doing odd jobs, such as mending up his "kit," etc. Most barracks, however, have some sort of a library, if the men care for reading.

One day is very much like another, only varied by a general "clean-up" of the interior of the rooms, inspections, reconnaissance, rides, or special instruction in scouting and cavalry field tactics. Occasionally the whole regiment has a "picnic ride," going twelve or fifteen miles into the country, with provisions and fodder for the day, and returning late at evening, very dusty and sunburned, but noisily demonstrative over the incidents of the outing.

Sometimes the fire alarm is sounded, and the whole barrack is thrown, apparently, into the wildest confusion. But each man has his assigned post to fill, and order declares itself in the midst of the excitement. Each man first leads out his horse, covering the animal's head with his serge; then detachments pass out the saddlery, kits, etc., all Government property thus coming first. Other men are engaged in drawing of water and imaginary using of hose.

"Pay-day" is a very happy (?) occasion for Tommy, but he has a rooted objection to keeping money long about him, and before evening a great deal of what is paid out in the orderly-room finds its way into the hands of the tavernkeepers "down town."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN A FUTURE NUMBER.)

## GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS

Prepared for "Montreal Life" by Mr. James Hingston, B.A.,  
Oxford University, and published weekly.

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THREE forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the world at large; the second shows how persons, born on this day in any year, will fare during the next twelve 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, and back numbers of LIFE when available cost 10c. each.

Sunday, January 7.—A pleasant Sabbath this will prove. Those who have friends cannot find a better day for visiting them.

A good year this will be both for business and journeys. Care, however, should be taken to keep in good health and to guard against accidents. This latter advice seems to apply especially to those who travel much by rail or water.

Children born to-day may try to achieve much in life, but their success will not be great. In patience they will be lacking and a fiery temper will be their most marked characteristic.

Monday, January 8.—This day is favorable for domestic and love affairs, but bad for business. Those holding subordinate positions are advised to be unusually attentive to their work.

Business complications and worries are threatened during this year and time and money may be wasted in tiresome disputes. For young people of both sexes the year is propitious, and many betrothals will take place before it ends.

Pleasant in some respects will be the lives of children born to-day, but fortunate from a worldly standpoint they can hardly be. Rarely will these children be satisfied with anything, and constant will be their endeavors to better themselves in life. Not often, however, will they succeed.

Tuesday, January 9.—This is one of those days about which nothing positive can be predicted. Prudent are they who stay quiet while it lasts.

Young ladies, whose birthday this is, should be careful not to place too much confidence in new acquaintances. As regards business and money matters the outlook is very promising.

Children born to-day will be steady, thrifty, and thoughtful and hence they are bound to prosper. Exceeding success may not be theirs, but they ought never to lack money and few will derive more intellectual enjoyment out of life than they.

Wednesday, January 10.—A good day for business and every hour possible should be utilized in this way.

Business worries and illness in the family circle are threatened during the coming year. Otherwise the outlook is fortunate and those who work with fitting energy are sure to reap the fruits thereof.

Ambitious and energetic will be to-day's children, and those among them who have to make their own way in the world are sure to succeed. Some troubles and disappointments are foreshadowed for them, yet they may not prove serious.

Thursday, January 11.—A bad day for money matters and for business generally. Nothing should be begun on a day like this.

Persons who risk their money in any way during this year are almost certain to lose it, and even business men of established reputation are likely to lose money if they embark in outside ventures. Employes are advised to be unusually attentive to their duties.

Girls born to-day will not live happily with their husbands, and to them, as well as to boys, poverty is distinctly foreshadowed through reckless extravagance. Those who have to

work for their living will do well to look for salaried positions, as they will never prosper if they go into business on their own account.

Friday, January 12.—Many worries (perhaps trifling) are foreshadowed for to-day, and it is especially advisable to keep as quiet as possible and to refrain from arguments and controversies of any kind.

This will not be a good year for journeys, and those who expect much profit from their business will be disappointed. Frascible persons are cautioned not to engage in useless quarrels, and all those whose birthday it is are advised not to brood over troubles, but to face them bravely, knowing that they will soon pass away.

An aversion to hard work will be a marked characteristic of children born to-day. Lazy they may not be, but they will be convinced that the world owes them a living and, as the world never acknowledges such a debt, they will not succeed in life unless they are taught at an early age the value of industry. Girls born now will be unhappy in marriage.

Saturday, January 13.—A seasonable time for disposing of property, but not a good time for any other project.

Cupid will be very busy with the young people, whose birthday this is and a joyous welcome they will give him. As regards money matters and health the prospect is not so favorable, but by due forethought the threatened losses and sickness may be avoided.

Very fond of pleasure will be the children born to-day and of permanent prosperity in worldly affairs there is little evidence. Parents should exercise a special guard over girls born to-day as otherwise their love of pleasure is likely to bring them to serious harm.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,  
"Gabriel."

Room 35, 1368 Broadway,  
New York.

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

## BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

"A Bit of Atlantis." "DOUGLAS ERSKINE" is the nom de plume of the Montrealer who has given to the world this new contribution to the literature about the fabled island concerning which men have speculated since the days of Plato. The publisher is Mr. A. T. Chapman, and the printers, Messrs. John Lovell & Sons. The book is profusely illustrated by Messrs. R. G. Mathews and H. Julien, and altogether is gotten up in a substantial and creditable way. The dedication is to the late Sir Wm. Dawson, who died while the volume was in press.

I confess that it is a rather disappointing book to read.

"A Bit of Atlantis" is not by any means devoid of literary merit, but good material for interesting writing has been spoiled in several cases by clumsy handling, and at times the improbability of the events narrated is too palpable. He who writes of impossibilities should have the magic quill of a Haggard, in order that the reader may forget, for the time being, that he is sailing on the wings of nonsense. The lengthy introduction is the most interesting and profitable portion of the book. The chapters tracing the antecedents of the hero are unnecessarily drawn out. Strange to say, the story is unrelieved by a single line of conversation. This is a serious defect, not only rendering pages heavy in appearance, but also making them really monotonous reading: while it leaves the characters in the haziest light, more like spectres than men and women of flesh and blood. There would seem to be but little doubt that "A Bit of Atlantis" is a first attempt. As such, it should not be judged too harshly. Still, it is the duty of the critic to point out defects and to give, as far as possible, a true estimate of what is passed beneath his judgment. He must do this not only in justice to himself, but also in justice to the author and in justice to those who read his criticisms. It is



HER IDEA OF LITERATURE.

"Do you care for Ruyter's books?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. They are bound just too lovely for anything."

painful to criticize adversely—particularly to criticize adversely a local book. But, "Douglas Erskine," whoever he may be, will survive the unfavorable opinions which "A Bit of Atlantis" is certain to encounter, and if he should try again he may do a great deal better.

"The Lotus Eaters and Other Talks."

MR. FRED. B. R. HELLEMS is known to many Canadians. He resigned a fellowship at the University of Toronto in 1895, when his professor, Mr. Wm. Dale, M.A., was dismissed from the arts faculty for criticizing university policy. Mr. Hellems, whose home is in Welland, Ont., then traveled for a year in Italy and Greece, perfecting his knowledge of the classics, and on his return to America he became a professor at the University of Colorado. He has just had printed in book form a number of addresses and papers hitherto read or published. The volume is dedicated to the students of the University of Toronto and of the University of Colorado, "in grateful appreciation of kindness in times past and present." Mr. Hellems is opulent, from a literary point of view, in being possessed not only of a well-stored mind, but of a delightful style, and these "talks" are fine pieces of English, indeed. I wish I had space at my disposal to make copious quotations. The following paragraph from the preface will suffice to show how neatly Mr. Hellems can turn a phrase:

"As could be seen at a glance, there is no striving for originality. The painful effort to be original, perhaps because success is far beyond my own reach, I make bold to regard as one of the greatest curses in our modern life. On the other hand, I have borrowed freely from the men who have influenced me the most: Homer, whether he was one demigod or a thousand men; Plato, the Greek Ruskin; Ruskin, the English Plato; Matthew Arnold, the unerring; and Shelley, whom the muses loved."

CLAXTON.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Beyond the Hills of Dream." (Poetry.) By W. Wilfred Campbell. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Company.



# 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 XV.

### A BOLD STROKE.

I stared at him in angry amazement, without attempting to answer.

"You're the sort of girl one has to take by storm," he went on. "And the reason why you have got to give me your promise is, that I'm running away with you. Do you understand, my darling, I'm running away with you now! You won't see the 'Dark House,' as you choose to call it, again until you are Mrs. Valentine Graeme."

There was something in his face and in his voice which told me that he was not attempting merely to frighten me with one of the rough jests of which he was so fond, but that he was in deadly earnest.

Still, without speaking a word, I made a sudden wild attempt to spring out of the dog-cart, which now—in his desire not to overtake Sir Donald—was traveling at less headlong speed than before. But, quick as a flash, he had caught me round the waist, holding me to him with a grasp of steel.

"You see, that's no good," he said, with forced quietness. "But you've my full permission to scream as loudly as you please. Howard won't hear you. He's got too far away by this time, and there's not another soul, I'll wager, within at least a mile. There's hardly such another lonely road in the kingdom."

"You are wicked and cowardly!" I cried, my voice quivering. "But I'm not afraid of you. Sooner or later we are sure to pass someone, and then I will call out for help."

"Do!" he sneered, half-laughing. "Do you know what is thought about you in this part of the country? It's generally supposed that you are mad. Whatever you say or do will only be put down to that. People will think: 'There is that poor mad stepdaughter of Lady Mary Raven's. What a pretty girl she is, and what a pity she's out of her mind!' Then they'll give a sympathetic sigh, and stare, and pass on. That's all the good you'll do yourself."

A desperate fear and anger set me trembling, my very teeth chattering, for so had my mind been prepared for this bit of intelligence, that I did not doubt his statement in the least. But I determined that he should not see how he had succeeded in frightening me.

"If it is your object to get me to marry you," I said scornfully, "you are setting about it in a very strange way. Not only are you making me hate you ten times more than before, but how will you induce anyone to perform a marriage ceremony between you and a woman who is supposed to be insane? You are defeating your own ends."

"Trust me for that," he laughed. "I've been prepared for an emergency of this sort for some time. You only played into my hands, my dear, by proposing this little trip. Why, our banns have been read in a little church in Keswick these two weeks. There's only one more to go, and I'll see that you're safely taken care of during that time. I know the very people for the job; they'd do anything for me."

"Does Lady Mary know and approve this plan of yours?" I asked as calmly as I could.

"Not she. But there's nothing on earth she wants as much as the marriage, and there's a certain reason why it will be very much to her advantage to have it hurried on. She'll be only too glad to hear from me that the thing is on the road to being accomplished. You had shown signs of being unmanageable, you see, and Lady Mary doesn't like being thwarted. She'll be thankful the work has been taken out of her hands. And when she stops to think of it, she'll see, as I do, that there was only one way of getting you—and that is this way, the one I've taken."

"It remains to be proved whether it will be effectual," I said. "I think you'll find it more difficult than you fancy, in this latter part of the century, to marry a girl against her will."

He laughed aloud, coaxing the horse with a word to fly along the road faster, as at last Sir Donald's carriage had driven out of sight.

I did not speak again, for, with a heart beating so loudly that the sound of it seemed to drum confusingly in my ears, I set myself to thinking matters over, and, if possible, devising some manner of escape.

I did not for one moment believe that Valentine Graeme could succeed in having any marriage ceremony performed over us against my will. But I thought it not improbable that he would be able to keep me in duress somewhere, with the intention of tiring me, or frightening me into giving my consent.

No such potent crisis as this had ever arisen in my life. I felt myself face to face with a great danger; and yet, now that I had overcome the first natural alarm at the man's startling words, I was no longer afraid. To be sure, my heart was beating faster than it had ever done before, almost threatening to burst my bosom, it seemed to me; but it was not with fear—only a tremendous excitement.

When I had sat quietly and in silence for a few moments, Valentine Graeme fixed his eyes upon me keenly.

"Well," he said, "are you making up your mind to the inevitable? I am not so wholly undesirable as a husband after all. You can't say I'm bad looking; a good many women have thought the contrary. Neither am I dull or stupid, and I've got fair prospects in my profession, young as I am. You may think I want you for your money; but, if you do, that's a sign that you aren't cursed with the vanity of your sex, for you're an uncommonly handsome girl, and I'm head over ears in love with you."

"Thank you," I drily said.

"Not at all. I see, at anyrate, that you're going to be sensible, and not make a fuss, which won't do you a particle of good."

"Where are you taking me?" I asked.

"To a pleasant little farmhouse, where you will be the guest of some friends of mine until I can claim you as my wife. Oh! everything is going to be done in order, I assure you. Though you're under age, you know, and the marriage could be disputed by your legal guardians, of course, as a matter of fact, nothing of the kind will happen. And after this little escapade—this elopement, in fact—it would scarcely be worth your while to try to get out of it. Oh! we shall settle down to being a very happy couple in time, and I fancy the moment when you will heartily thank me for this day's work, my dear Eve."

We drove on in silence for some time, and I leant back with an air of nonchalance. But I could see that Valentine Graeme watched me continually out of the corner of his eye, as if ready with a spring to prevent any sudden attempt at escape.

At last we were approaching the outskirts of Keswick. Still the road was lonely, and since Sir Donald's brougham had passed out of sight neither vehicle or pedestrian had we seen. I wondered whether he actually meant to drive me through the town; and, in spite of the hint he had given me regarding my supposed madness, I determined to appeal so

earnestly for protection to the first persons I should see, that my outcry could not be put down to insanity.

I soon found, however, that there was no such luck in store for me. Just as my heart leaped at the welcome sight of distant houses, we turned away into a road branching off from the one we had traveled, and flew along at a more rapid pace than before.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you about your shopping," said Mr. Graeme, "but you can attend to all that when you are married. You won't have long to wait."

He probably did not expect an answer. At all events, he got none. And in less than quarter of an hour we had driven between a couple of dilapidated gate-posts, and up to the door of a squat, repulsive stone building, which might in older days have been something rather more ambitious than a farmhouse.

The place was wild and desolate, and though within two or three miles of the town of Keswick, might, judging by the look of it and its surroundings, have been the only dwelling in a wilderness.

If the inmates of this house were indeed the loyal servants of Valentine Graeme, as he would have me believe, the chances of escape began to seem dim and far away.

As the dog-cart drew up before the door (which was set back in a porch of rough stone, with a stone seat on either side) there began at once a great barking and yelping of many dogs, some of which—a lean and hungry-looking crew of mongrels—came leaping about our wheels and the horse's feet.

Valentine Graeme gave a peculiar "halloo," and in a moment or two the door was opened by an old woman. I had only to look at her to tell myself that here was the twin sister of Mrs. Trout, the housekeeper at the Dark House.

"Ha, Mr. Valentine," she cried, "we didn't expect you to-day, but we're ready for you in spite of that. We've been ready for the last ten days and more, ever since we got your letter. And so this is the young lady? How do you do, my dear miss?"

"I have been brought here against my wish," I began hastily. "This man has decoyed me away from home, and it will be at your peril that you assist him, or try to keep me here. You are Mrs. Trout's sister, I am sure. I have been kind to her. She likes me, and she will be very angry with you if any harm comes to me."

"But no harm is coming to you, my dearie," crooned the old woman. "You're going to get a handsome young husband. There's many a girl would be only too glad to be in your shoes to-day."

While she spoke Valentine Graeme leaped out of the dog-cart and held up his hands to help me down, but, quick as a flash, I had snatched the whip and given the horse a violent cut with it across his back. If he had started away, as I had hoped and believed that he would do, I think that even then there would have been a good chance for my escape, but, unfortunately for my calculations, the animal began to rear and swerve, the dogs bounding up around him, and though I lashed out wildly once again, Valentine Graeme had sprung to his head and caught at the check-rein.

I was now absolutely desperate. I had scented freedom—my fate seemed to be in my own hands—and I did not mean to yield without a struggle. I stood up in the dog-cart, swaying from side to side, and hearing the old woman's shrill scream in my ears, I struck wildly with the long whip at the man's dark, excited face.

The lash caught him across the cheek, raising a welt as it fell, and I shuddered at the oath he flung at me. Again—again the whip whirled around his shoulders, and when he still clung to the reins, with the whole force of my arm I turned the whip upon the poor horse again, hoping he might drag Valentine off his feet.

It was all like the confusion in some horrible dream. The barking of the dogs, the rearing horse, the sound of his iron shoes as once they lunched out and struck the cart, the oaths of Valentine Graeme, and the cries of the woman. I had made

out that she was frantically appealing to someone to "come," and at the moment when escape seemed sure a huge figure dashed around the side of the house, rushing straight for the dog-cart. Before I was quite conscious of what had happened to me, or how it had come about, I had been caught in a pair of great bare arms and landed on the ground.

I staggered as I was suddenly released, and the old woman set me forcibly down on the stone seat.

"What a mad cat—what a mad cat!" I heard her mutter. And then I wondered with a pang if my wild action could not be made to tell against me.

I sat where she had placed me (her hands still on my shoulders), panting and dizzy. My desperate attempt had ignominiously failed, and I began to be afraid of the consequences of it.

I was very weak now, with the reaction after my violent exertion, and trembling from head to foot. I think a child could have held me.

In a few moments more the shirt-sleeved, blue-trousered giant, who had snatched me from the dog-cart and deposited me so summarily on the ground, had taken the horse's head from Valentine Graeme, and, having succeeded in controlling and quieting the animal, was leading him away, a procession of dogs following.

Breathing hard, and wiping a trickle of blood from his face, Mr. Graeme stood before me. "I shan't forget this soon," he said between his teeth. "You need a master, and you shall have one—you shall have one, never fear."

The look in his eyes might well have frightened an older and braver woman than I.

"Take her indoors, Rachel," he went on. "I think she will like to go to her room at once. Make her as comfortable there as you can, for some days must pass before she will come out again."

"I'm not so sure of that," I said mentally. But I held my tongue, and did not resist when the woman he had addressed as "Rachel" led me inside the house.

It was a bare and dreary hall, paved with stone. On either side were doors, and a broad, shallow staircase ran up the middle. Thus we ascended, Valentine Graeme standing beneath to see that his instructions were efficiently carried out.

For the first time a leaden hopelessness began to settle down upon me, as Rachel guided me to a low black door at the end of the upper hall. Resistance I knew would be worse than useless. I had played my last card in that line, and it had failed. We were three to one, and of those three I was the weakest. Even the old woman towered above me, and her arms, showing below the sleeves, which were half rolled up, looked stout and muscular.

My only hope of escape from this house would lie in strategy, though I inwardly vowed that do to me what they would, they should never force me to marry Valentine Graeme.

"What is your name, please?" I asked ingratiatingly, as my gaoler stooped down and began fumbling with the knob of the door.

"Perhaps 'twould be just as well if you called me naught but Rachel," she replied. "Here, miss, this is your room—not very grand, but such as it is, 'twas Mr. Valentine's when he was a little boy."

"Ah, did he live here, then?" I questioned, with a certain interest, and a feeling that I might possibly find out something which it behoved me to know.

Rachel gave a start, and bit her lip, without replying (ready to feign deafness, no doubt), and I knew that she had inadvertently let drop a piece of intelligence which she now considered it would have been more prudent to keep to herself.

The room was reached by the descent of a few steps, and, though of considerable size, had only two windows, both small, and set very high up in the wall. It would have been hard to find a securer prison.

The bare necessities of the toilet were all there, and I was

LADY MARY--(CONTINUED  
FROM PAGE 17.)

promised such additional articles as I should want from Rachel's own plenshing. The prospect was not an attractive one.

When she had gone and I had heard the grating of the key in the lock, I flung myself down upon the high, old-fashioned bed, and tried to build up some skeleton plan for the future.

One great and burning question in my head was: Had Lady Mary been cognizant of her nephew's plot? To be sure, he had told me that she was not; but I had no faith in his word, and, besides, he had plainly intimated that she would consider the bold course he had adopted a way out of her difficulties where I was concerned.

If this was the case, then, I need look for no help from her. But I thought of Mrs. Rayne, and (I hardly understood why) I thought of Sir Donald Howard. He was going away, so Mr. Graeme had said, for "many a long day."

He would help me, if he knew, I told myself, and the sharp sting of tears was in my eyes as I realized that he would never hear what evil had befallen me until long after his aid would be too late.

But Mrs. Rayne. She loved me, and, knowing that I had been driven to Keswick by Mr. Graeme instead of Miss Cade, she would suspect mischief when I did not return at the proper time, and she would go as far as a woman could towards moving Heaven and earth to save me.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A FRUITLESS ATTEMPT.

Judging by the sick pangs of hunger which had begun to sap my vitality, I should think that hours must have passed before I heard someone turning the key in the lock. I sprang up, ready to confront any new crisis which might have arisen.

I had been afraid that the opening door would show me Valentine Graeme, come to try and extort a consent from my weakness, but to my relief it was only Rachel carrying a tray with two or three smoking dishes.

She regarded me with unconcealed and lively curiosity, and it suddenly occurred to me that I might attempt to bribe her. Unfortunately, I had forgotten my watch, but I had with me eight or nine pounds which I had intended to expend in Keswick.

"Am I right in thinking you are Mrs. Trout's sister?" I inquired.

"That's as may be, dear miss," was the laconic answer.

"I like Mrs. Trout," I went on, "and I like her black cat. I gave it some salve for its wounded leg, and she was very grateful. Perhaps you would not be so ready to serve Mr. Graeme if you knew that he had broken the poor creature's leg merely because he was angry with it for jumping upon him. Oh! he is cruel and wicked! I don't see how one woman could deliberately scheme to make another his wife."

"I'll tell Mr. Valentine you said so," she grimly replied. But I thought I had seen a kindling in her faded eye at the mention of Mrs. Trout and her black cat.

She had set down the tray, and drawn up a chair for me at a small, bare table, and now she was stolidly making for the door. But I flew after her, and intercepted her before she had reached it.

"Oh Rachel," I cried, "won't you have pity on me? I will give you anything—do anything for you you may ask, if only you will help me to get away from here to-night. Whatever reward Mr. Graeme may have offered you for detaining me, I will double—treble it—if you will let me go. Did you know that I would be a great heiress? I shall have more money, when I come of age in a few months, than you ever even dreamt of, and will give you hundreds of pounds—a thousand pounds—if you will show me how I may escape."

"Ah, but when you're married your money will be Mr. Valentine's. He can give me what he likes for saving you for him. You hadn't thought of that, miss, I suppose?" and she chuckled a little, making a slight effort to free herself from my hands, which desperately held her by the dress.

"No—no: he will not have it," I cried. "It will be settled on myself; I am sure of that. My father would not have let it be the other way. Oh, can't you see that I shall be able to do a great deal more for you than he? I will give you my word in writing if you choose."

The old woman's eyes twinkled, though whether with cupidity aroused by my offer, or only anxiety to repeat it to Mr. Graeme, I could not guess.

"Will you think over what I have said?" I implored, as she released herself from my clinging hands, and wedged her thin body through the cautiously-opened door.

"Oh, yes, I'll think over it, miss, dear," she returned, and I was again left alone to wonder whether it were possible that my words had really made some faint impression on her mind.

As darkness fell I heard the sound of heavy footsteps pattering along the passage, then a breathing at my keyhole. Night was coming on, and a faint grey, ghostly gleam at the two windows was the only light which was left me. In the dark the sound of the regularly-drawn breaths seemed horrifying. My flesh crept with a shuddering chilliness. Already, I thought with a bitter pang of self-contempt, my nerve was beginning to go.

The breathing continued for some moments, and then came a light patter of feet upon the bare boards. A whispering began, and my strained hearing told me that Valentine Graeme and Rachel were softly consulting together. The woman's voice talked on uninterruptedly for a time, and the man gave vent to a stifled laugh.

I would have given anything if I could have heard the words they said.

The heavy footfalls died away, but, though I expected Rachel's entrance, all was still, and she did not come in. Probably, I thought, she had gone to another room near by.

Presently, as I sat waiting, with tense nerves, and the grey light faded utterly from the windows, I was startled by the sudden barking of the dogs and the sound of carriage wheels. My heart leaped with the unreasoning hope that someone had found me out and come to save me, but in a moment more I became aware that the carriage was going away from, not approaching, the house. There was some comfort even in this discovery, for there was the hope that the departing one might be Mr. Graeme, and it was a relief to fancy that he might, for the time being at least, be absent from the house.

Half an hour must have passed, I should think, when the turning of the key in the door brought Rachel to me once again. She had brought me a bowl of oatmeal porridge, which would be, she said, my last meal for the night.

There was a certain uneasiness or nervousness in her manner which made me look up at her inquiringly. "Have you thought over what we were talking about?" I queried.

"Mr. Valentine's driven into Keswick," she said, by way of answer. "He's gone to make some arrangements about the wedding. Somehow, he's to manage that it shall be held in the house."

"I didn't know marriage ceremonies could be performed in private houses," I retorted anxiously.

"Sometimes they can, if it's proved that people aren't able to attend churches."

This announcement came like the knell of hope. I had counted, if all meanwhile should fail, upon being able to free myself from my captor the moment he should venture to take me into Keswick.

I could not speak, and she went on slowly: "He'll be away a couple of hours or so to-night."

There seemed to me to be a subtle meaning in her words. "I have with me eight sovereigns," I said, "and you see I have some rings and a pearl brooch. Even if you wished you could

not take them from me against my will, for so far Mr. Graeme would protect the woman he wishes to marry, I have no doubt. But they are all yours the moment I am outside the gates of this place. And I swear to you by all that is sacred, you shall have half my allowance until I become of age. After that, what I told you this afternoon. And I shall send you the money through Mrs. Trout, if you do not wish me to know your name. Besides, you will have the consciousness that you have done a good action, if that be an added inducement to you."

"H'm!" she muttered. "I could not go with you to the gates, but I might be able to put you outside the house door. After that you'd have to do the best you could for yourself."

"Ah, I should be thankful, and I would keep my promise, even for that!" I exclaimed. "Anything—being lost in the night—would be better than staying here."

"Mr. Valentine doesn't seem to have gone to work the right way with you, missy," she commented. But I scarcely heard what she said.

"What about that great giant of a man who pulled me out of the dog-cart to-day?" I questioned. "Is there any chance that I should meet him? Could you keep him occupied somewhere else, Rachel?"

"Oh, he won't trouble you," she said. But she looked down, not meeting my eyes, and there was an expression on her withered old face that puzzled and frightened me. I remembered the whispering and laughing in the passage outside my door, and a cold distrust took hold upon me.

"You are not going to be so horribly cruel as to deceive me?" I pleaded.

She shook her head. "Of course not, missy. Why should I do that?"

"Why, indeed," I echoed, "when you would lose everything, and gain nothing? I shall never cease to be grateful for your help. You shall see—you will never repent this night's work. But when shall it be? Oh, don't let me waste any time. I must get away without a moment's delay, so that I may be safe somewhere, and out of harm's way, before he comes back here from Keswick."

"You're quite right there," she admitted. "The sooner you start, if you are determined, the better."

Still, I did not like the look of her face or the queer inflection of her voice. "What time is it, please?" I asked.

"Just gone 7 o'clock. Come on. There's no one in the house but our two selves. Mr. Valentine went off trusting me, thinking you were safely locked up, and never dreaming you would be let out. I shall have hard work, missy, to make him believe this running away isn't my fault. I shall have to tell him that you pushed past me—that I didn't know how strong you were. And, after the horse-whipping you gave him this morning, perhaps that story won't be so hard for him to take in."

She made me eat a little of the porridge, and then she held open the door for me to pass out. The passage was dark, and I had difficulty in finding my way to the stairs. I was almost too supremely excited to be terrified, and yet I had still that heavy, sick feeling of distrust.

The silence in the house seemed fairly to echo around us as we went groping down the stairs, but in a way it was reassuring. It seemed to bear out Rachel's assertion that she was quite alone. The big front door was bolted and chained, and the noise of unlocking rang out with a strange metallic sound. At last it yielded to her efforts. I felt a cold breath of wind, with a hint of snow in it, stinging my face.

"This is as far as I can go with you. But you've only to run straight on, and turn as the road turns till you come to the gate. You can't miss. And then, if you're wanting to go to Keswick, you take the right—that's all."

"I thank you with all my heart for taking compassion upon me," I said.

But suddenly I felt agonizingly conscious of the fact that I was a frail, young, and inexperienced girl—that I was going

out into the bitter darkness and into the unknown alone and unprotected. I thought again of Sir Donald Howard, far away and forgetful of me, and there was a sob in my heart. But I pulled myself courageously together, buttoning the highest button of my sealskin cloak, and drawing my hat further down over my eyes. At least, I reminded myself, whatever happened to me, whatever mishaps and disasters might be destined for me, I had at least a chance of freedom, and I must take it without hesitation.

"Here is my purse," I said tremulously. "You may count the money if you like. You will find it as I told you, and a few shillings over. Here, too, are my rings—only three, but they are good stones, and you can sell them profitably. Now, good-bye, Rachel, and thank you again. I shall never forget you as long as I may live."

She took the things from me and opened her lips as if she would speak. Then she closed them again tightly, with a hardening of the face.

I stepped out of doors, and she quickly shut the door behind me. The loud sound of it jarring in its frame, started me, and set me running at the top of my speed along the frozen road, which I could feel, but could not see.

At first I found myself straying in the darkness upon the frozen grass, and this frightened me, for I knew that if I once lost the road in this black night I might spend a fruitless hour or more groping my way to the gates. But after a moment's delay my feet found the hard, bare, unmistakable ground again, and I was thankful. It seemed like a good omen of what was to come.

I had not gone many yards beyond the house, however, when, to my consternation, the dogs set up a loud yelping—a very bedlam of sound.

Among the shrill outcries of different mongrels there was one deep, bell-tone note, which I thought must belong to a huge, unclassified creature I had seen that morning bounding up at the head of the rearing horse. He had looked a fierce beast—pitiless because of his very ugliness and unlovableness, I had vaguely thought, and now I feared him.

I sped along, with my heart knocking in my throat, but in a moment a dozen forms were circling round me and leaping to my shoulders. Through the depths of the darkness I could just discern them and fancy the glaring of wild eyes, and the uncertainty of their shapes rendered them the more terrifying.

My first impulse was to cry out for help, and then I miserably remembered that here there was no help for me, that human presence was to me shunned, not courted. I must fight my way among the dogs alone as best I could.

"Down, down, good dogs!" I ejaculated, with as firm a voice as I could command. "Good dogs, good dogs!"

But they only bayed and yapped the louder, circling around me, refusing to let me pass.

Then, in desperation, mingled with great fear, I struck at them with my hands. One, a half-bred Irish terrier I think he must have been, I lunged off, as he tore my skirt with his teeth, running on, unimpeded by their rush, for a few seconds.

But just as courage struggled back to my heart there was a deep, angry baying in my ears, and a pair of huge paws bore down my slight shoulders.

The great dog's hot breath was in my face, and I thought that his long, pointed teeth would meet in my flesh. His weight was tremendous, or seemed so to me in that moment of fear, and my knees gave way under me.

"Help! Oh, help!" I shrieked involuntarily. Someone answered laughing, and, with a new horror, I grew conscious that it was the voice of Valentine Graeme.

The woman had deceived me. He had not gone to Keswick after all.

"Good old man, Doone!" he cried. "Hold her, hold her, let's see how she likes it."

I was down under the dog, and his teeth worried and tore at my sealskin. I could hear the irritable rending of fur and tightly-sewn stitches.

"Say the word and I'll take him off!" shouted Valentine. "You struck me across the face with a whip this morning, young woman; it's your turn to suffer now. At a sign from me the dog spoils your beauty for you. But give me the promise I want, without any more fuss, and I'll fling the beast as far as I can see him. What do you say?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Plenty of Paving Material for the Streets of a  
Well-known Locality But One Vice that  
Weak Man Never "Swears Off."

THIS is the season of the year when the road commissioners of that tropical locality, where the streets are paved with good resolutions, lay in enough raw material to boulevard their highways for a decade to come. For there are few men who do not make some good resolutions on New Year's Day. And still fewer who keep them, owing to the fact that the human temperament is as uncertain as a 5c. cigar, and as liable to change as a dollar bill at a charity fair.

There is probably only one of our pleasant vices that is not solemnly laid upon the shelf on New Year's Day. And that one is the habit of keeping a dog. Once that insidious weakness has fixed its fangs in the human soul, it is as difficult of detachment as a porous plaster from a fat man. No matter in what form it appears! Whether the object of masculine adoration be a fox terrier pup, with a record for long-distance howling, which should be seized by the point of its miserable tail and whirled into space, or whether it be a "sporting" dog, whose pedigree elevates it to the dignity of an African fetish—the result is the same. Its owner becomes a terror to his friends. And his capabilities for toying with the truth are improved to an extent which inclines the public generally to regard him with suspicion. For no such abstruse conundrums come up about any other of our domestic pets, as are constantly arising about the dog. Why it should be so, is a mystery. But then, the dog has always been a secret and mysterious animal, whose ways are as inscrutable as the contents of a mutton pie. Popular belief asserts that no matter how aristocratic his lineage may be, the knowledge of the average dog about his father is hampered by limits. And no matter how upright may have been his career during the period that he adorns society, the ultimate disposition of his remains is still a subject of painful conjecture. Kind-hearted people refrain from whistling when they pass the doors of cheap restaurants. And tales are rife of metallic license-tags being discovered in dishes where their presence was not indicated in the menu. Hence, the dog occupies a dual position. Alive, he is Dr. Jekyll. Dead, he is Mr. Hyde. While he is a tangible dog, that can be grasped by the ear and admonished to adhere to the paths of virtue with the toe of the boot, his owner simply adores him. But the moment he dies he becomes an object of suspicion. In fact, sometimes when he is officially dead, but practically alive, he soars to the elevation of an enigma.

Let me give a case in point. An estimable citizen of Montreal possessed a pug of such supernatural ugliness that he won a prize at every bench show he was exhibited at. In his joy at possessing such a canine idol, the citizen fed him on assorted viands to such an extent that his hair began to fall off with the velocity of a small boy off the roof of a two-storey house. Now, no one would give a prize to a bald pug; so the citizen's adoration faded as rapidly as a cheap overcoat. He resolved to drown the unfortunate victim of misplaced generosity in the bosom of the mighty St. Lawrence, where his stormbeaten corpse could be lulled to repose amid the historic bones of the adventurous sea-rovers of ancient days. Accordingly, he hired a juvenile assassin to accomplish the fell deed. On his way to the hereafter the unconscious pug met an acquaintance, who inquired his destination of the miscreant entrusted with his execution, and interceded for his life. Accordingly, the pug was not hurled into the turbid bosom of the mighty river. Instead, he was conveyed into a new home

by the scruff of where his neck ought to have been, and summarily treated to a diet of brimstone and dog-whip, which turned him out practically as good as new.

But, right here comes in the question as to who legally owns that dog. The villain who was hired to assassinate him having failed to complete his contract, or return the dime given him therefor, does the proprietary right revert to the original owner? Or, did the tendering of the dog by the owner to the villain for purposes of assassination constitute a deed of gift? If it was a legal gift cannot the villain convey the dog as his personal property in fee simple? Or, was the drowning a legal condition of its bestowal? And, in this case, must not the dog be drowned first, as a necessary preliminary to a perfect title? It is no use for the present holder to aver that he has no use for delinquent dogs. This plea cannot be held to controvert the intention, expressed or implied, of its original owner. Nor can the original owner claim what he has formally given away. Hence, the dog in question is leading a dual life. Officially, he is dead. Practically, he is alive. And we all know what people say of human beings who lead dual lives.

Here is one simple example of the mystery that surrounds the earthly career of even the most ordinary pup that annoys a neighborhood, and confers a vicarious happiness upon its owner. There are other and darker ones surrounding his decease. Even when his fat little corpse is consigned to the ash-barrel, we regard his remains with gloom. The frugal Italian who removes him from our vision know best what becomes of him. And he merely smiles and is silent. Possibly we may meet him again. But who knows in what form? Can we wonder, then, that the dog is looked on as an abstruse psychological problem?

SINBAD.



WE have received a copy of the annual report for the past year of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music. It gives the fullest information as regards the work done in Great Britain and the colonies during the past year. Some idea of this may be gathered from the fact that over 11,000 separate examinations were held throughout Great Britain and Ireland. In Australasia over 4,000 candidates presented themselves, which, considering that these examinations have only been established there within the last three years, is a source of much gratification to the board. Gibraltar appears, however, to enjoy the unique distinction of being the one centre outside the United Kingdom that pays its way. As hitherto, the outlay in connection with the establishing of colonial examinations has been simply enormous, and the board is only beginning to recoup itself. The universities of Adelaide, Tasmania, Cape Town, and the Vancouver Conservatory of Music have incorporated these examinations into their musical curriculum, and it is expected that well-known local centres of musical training will shortly do so. We notice that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, who took the chair as president of the board at the annual meeting at Marlborough House, tendered his personal thanks to Mr. Frederic H. Cowen for his services rendered in connection with last year's Canadian examinations, and that His Excellency the Governor-General (President of the Canadian Council), Lieut.-Col. J. Bayne MacLean (Hon. General Representative for Canada), and Lieut.-Col. J. I. Davidson (Hon. Representative for Toronto Local Centre), are singled out for special votes of thanks for valuable services rendered. The local secretary reports having received applications from teachers and colleges in the United States to enter for the June practical examinations at both Montreal and Toronto Local Centres. As intending candidates must be brought to the nearest Canadian Local Centre, this may act as a gentle hint to those who do not seem willing or unable to recognize the value of music examinations though offered at their very doors



Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportion'd thought his act.—

IT IS an ever-abiding fact that among the generality of people a course directly opposite to the above is the one most sedulously pursued. We are all prone to continue conversation long after our supply of anything worthy the name of "thoughts" has become exhausted; and it seems as though the "unproportioned thought" receives more attention on all occasions than its subject matter warrants. Ordinarily speaking, it would appear that the more trivial the subject, the less important the action, the more it is worthy of discussion, the more lights are brought to bear on the motive.

Gossip is popularly supposed to be the special product of small places. In reality, it is the production of small minds, and they, alas! flourish in as goodly numbers in the crowded cities as in the veriest hamlets. The more people there are to discuss, the more frequent and interesting can the discussion be. And, in a centre such as Montreal, the numerous sets and cliques furnish, one for the other, inexhaustible topics of a very similar nature. It is a mistaken idea which holds that gossip is generated in the minds of the venomous-tongued only. It is an industry that passes through many processes before it reaches its highest perfection; and though the scandal-monger may be the wholesale distributor, or even the middleman, he or she is not necessarily the creator of the raw material. There is a certain class of people who, perhaps, give more material aid in flooding the market with this particular article, than anyone else. Without malice aforethought, or any reprehensible intention, they repeat anything and everything that comes to their ears. They have few ideas of any consequence, they are not capable of holding opinions of any weight, they cultivate no interests, beyond the petty interest in personalities. And when, therefore, they babble unconcernedly of their neighbors' doings, it is because they have nothing within them worthier of expression. But, unfortunately, they scatter ruthlessly the seed that is eagerly sought after by those of more subtle mind and keener perceptions, who know full well how to sow in order that a harvest of tares may be gathered in.

AGAIN, what incalculable injury is effected by that failing, noticeable in so many, that must be designated as inaccuracy. What inestimable faith one puts in the person one knows to be absolutely correct in the simplest statements. Yet, how many do we know? One cannot help occasionally feeling sympathetic for the wrongdoer, who, to get out of a tight corner, prevaricates. But, perhaps, the most contemptible being is the one who, without rhyme or reason, except perhaps to arouse momentary excitement or passing admiration, perverts the truth. Is it any wonder that where such people live and have their being, gossip runs riot? The smallest slip they will convert into the most egregious crime, the most innocent mistake under their handling will assume the color of a wilful misdemeanor. And in such apparently good faith will they build up their wrong constructions upon the conduct of others, that, as well as their listeners, they will high convince themselves as to their own sincerity.

Self-absorbed people are not the most lovable, perhaps. They have frequently a tendency to descend largely upon their total abstinence from meddling in the affairs of those around them; but usually it is a means to an end. Letting their

Items for this department should be in the hands of the editor on Tuesday, if possible. No news whatever can be taken after Wednesday at 5 p.m.

fellow-creatures severely alone must add hugely to the time to be spent upon themselves.

There are too many of us in this world—and we are formed after a fashion too dependent one upon the other—to ignore aught but causes and effects touching the individual only. At the same time, did we measure the harm done, the friendships broken, the lives ruined, the good ends frustrated, the evil ones encouraged, by our inability to discriminate as to what may be repeated, and what, if listened to, forgotten, we would surely be appalled at what may be accomplished—half the time unwittingly.

As somebody has pertinently remarked, there is a time to talk and a time to be silent, or words to that effect. And a lesson is contained in them from which few could not derive benefit.

. . .

MR. W. L. LARKIN, of the Bank of Montreal, Chicago, spent a few days in town last week, to attend the marriage of his cousin, Miss Naomi Molson.

Mr. T. D. Law, of Toronto, has been spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Law, "Bellevue House."

Mr. James Fyche, who spent last week in Montreal, has returned to Milton, Mass., where he is at present engaged in work.

Mr. Bergen, Baltimore, has been visiting Mr. Jack Meagher, Sherbrooke street, during the holidays.

It occasionally seems as though the "liberty of the press," as far as personal remarks are concerned, was extended beyond its proper confines. It may please some few, but to me it is atrocious impertinence, to speak of anyone in private life in this way; "The Ottawa beauty, Miss —, has returned home." This item, I rejoice to say, was not in a local paper. It may be thought ridiculous to take offence at well-meant admiration; but, after all, admiration is something to be accepted with due regard to the bestower. And the average woman, of either beauty or talent, but more especially the former, hardly can be anxious for the society column of a daily paper to set forth her charms for public criticism.

. . .

LAST week, the marriage took place of Mr. Angus Mac-Murphy, solicitor for the C. P. R. in Toronto, and Miss Helen Craick, of Port Hope.

Mr. H. Mulliken, who, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Alger, Jr., spends most of the year at Grande Mere, Que., has been making a short stay in Montreal, where he has numerous friends among the golfing men.

It was astonishing to note what a very large share, comparatively speaking, of the daily news was devoted to the mention of Christmas dinners. From time immemorial it has been the custom in Montreal, as much as elsewhere, to partake of dinner on that day. Generally speaking, it is not an evening on which the various members of the family choose to dine out; and assuredly most housekeepers endeavour to make the repast as appetizing as possible. But evidently some one considered it all a novel proceeding in this usually unoriginal city, and we read with breathless interest that Mrs. Brown and her family sat down to dinner on Christmas night, and that Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Robinson, and many others did likewise. How much better to have found out those who, by necessity, had to forego the cheery meal, and published their names! Such information might have benefited many in our midst.

Mr. C. F. Sise, Jr., has left town on a visit of some months to Washington.

Mrs. J. N. Greenfields, accompanied by Miss Greenfields, who has recently returned from school in Germany, after an absence of three years, has left town for Danville, Que., where they will entertain a large house party at their country home, "Isleigh Grange," during the holiday season. The Masters Greenfields are also spending their holidays there, upon their return from Bishop's School, Lennoxville.

## SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

AS was anticipated, the ball given by Sir William and Lady Van Horne, last week, was most successful in every particular, though, naturally, it was a disappointment to both hostess and guests that Mr. R. B. Van Horne, for whom the dance was given was prevented from being present. Programmes were again brought into requisition and were received with pleasure by the practical minded who prefer to map out their evening beforehand and leave nothing to chance. With little space for discriminating it is safe to say that the generality of gowns worn were extremely smart and fresh; for it is for balls of this kind that most sensible people reserve their newest evening dresses. Among those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. E. MacDougall, the Misses Howard, Mr. C. P. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. MacTier, Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Young, Mr. W. F. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mr. H. G. Eadie, Miss Eadie, Miss E. Gault, Mr. M. H. Gault, Miss Porteous, Mr. J. Porteous, Miss Hampson, Mr. G. Hampson, the Misses Dunlop, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Miss Blackwell, Miss D. Lyman, Miss E. Holland, the Misses Bond, Mr. W. L. Bond, Miss Coristine, Mr. Coristine, Mr. J. Fyche, Mr. Snow (Boston), Mr. G. G. Lewis, Mr. B. Humble, Mr. G. A. Farmer, Mr. F. E. Meredith, Dr. J. Barclay, the Misses Rawlings, Mr. W. Rawlings, Miss L. Peterson, Miss M. Stephens, Mr. G. W. Stephens, the Misses Clouston, the Misses McCallum, Miss Shepherd, Mr. E. Shepherd, Miss E. Scott, Mr. M. Scott, Miss Sise, Mr. C. Sise, Mr. P. Sise, Mr. Bolton, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Jongers, Mr. L. Shepherd (Boston), the Misses Ward, the Misses Dobell (England), Miss Galt, Mr. P. Griffin, and Mr. R. O. King.

ON Thursday, last week, Mr. and Mrs. H. Montagu Allan gave a large and very delightful dinner for their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Allan, of Boston. It was essentially a hunt dinner. The dinner tables, two in number, were most effectively decorated with red roses and lily of the valley, and into every possible course in the menu the hunting color was introduced, the red soup, red sauces and ices almost conveying the idea of being fearfully as well as wonderfully made. The dinner cards were extremely pretty, different hunting scenes being sketched on each; and the pink coats and satin knee breeches of the men, together with the exceptionally handsome gowns of the ladies, lent a most festive appearance.

Mr. Bryce Allan, though pink coated like the rest, wore the yellow facings of the Myopia Hunt, of Boston.

Mrs. H. Montagu Allan looked extremely well in a gown of white satin, veiled in black.

Mrs. Bryce Allan wore a lovely dress of white lace, a tiara of diamonds, a collarette, and chain of the same jewels.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. C. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. C. McEachran, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Miss Howard, Miss Arnton, Miss A. Hall, Mr. Galarneau, Mr. F. E. Meredith, Mr. A. Hamilton.

Shortly after dinner a number of guests arrived, and an informal dance in the large ballroom ended a most pleasant evening. Among those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clouston, the Misses Clouston, Mr. C. Howard, Miss M. Howard, Miss M. Stephens, Mr. G. W. Stephens, jr., Mrs. H. Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. S. Martin, Mr. C. Bogert, Mr. James Ross, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Allan, Mrs. Shaughnessy, Miss Shaughnessy, Mr. J. B. Allan, Mr. A. E. Ogilvie

MRS. E. S. CLOUSTON and Mrs. Hector Mackenzie each entertained a large number of friends at dinner, preparatory to attending the small dance at "Ravenscrag."

Mrs. Rawlings, Simpson street, is giving a large dance on Tuesday, January 9th.

This evening, the bachelors of Montreal are giving their ball at the Windsor, which has been looked forward to with

pleasant anticipation for some weeks. There is little doubt that it will be a most successful entertainment.

Miss L. Dunlop, Sherbrooke street, left this week on a visit of some weeks to New York.

The Symphony concert of last Friday was quite well attended, and the programme was a pleasant one, though not such, perhaps, as to appeal to the average concertgoer. The overture from "William Tell" received a great deal of applause, and Guy Ropartz's "Serenade" was of that light character which always seems to be appreciated. Few present, however, seemed educated up to a very great enjoyment of Mozart's Symphony in G minor. Nevertheless, the orchestra selections were, on the whole, as usual, quite enjoyable. The selection of "Oh Thou that tellest," from the "Messiah," was a most suitable number for Christmas week; but, though far from pretending to be a musical critic, I cannot say I thought the selection of the soloist equally acceptable. Of course, a really very pleasing contralto is difficult to find, but there was a lack of clearness in Mrs. Perriton's enunciation that was, in itself, a disappointment. Mr. Renaud, perhaps, will show to greater advantage when he has gained more confidence. And it seemed as though he and the orchestra did not quite play into one another's hands, so to speak. There were a large number of representative people present, but, as most of them have season tickets and attend every concert, it is scarcely necessary to give their names on each occasion.

MRS. MACNAB, Ottawa, is spending some weeks in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. Robert Cassels, Peel street.

Last Friday, Mrs. Arthur Boyer, Sherbrooke street, gave a very pleasant dance in the ladies' ordinary of the Windsor. In the past year or so the ordinary has become quite popular for dances, and undoubtedly it is a very excellent place for entertaining. Among those invited were: Miss Thomas, Mr. J. Thomas, Miss G. Roy, Mr. J. Hamel, Mr. V. Beaudry, the Misses Forget; Mr. L. Galarneau; the Misses McCallum, the Misses Dawes, Mr. W. Murphy, Miss Thibaudeau, Mr. A. Aunos, Miss M. Stephens, Mr. G. W. Stephens, jr., the Messrs. Robertson, Miss Dansereau, Mr. P. Lacoste, Miss E. Strathy, Mr. E. Strathy, the Misses Bond, Mr. W. L. Bond, Mr. E. Burke, Mr. A. Hooper, Mr. G. A. Farmer, Mr. D. Hingston, Miss Eadie, Mr. H. Eadie, Miss Lyman, Mr. G. Boyer, Mr. R. Crawford, Mr. C. Wotherspoon, Miss A. Beaudry, the Messrs. Davidson.

Miss Aimie Budden, who has been spending some months in Paris, has returned home.

ON Tuesday evening, Miss Helen and Miss Muriel Stikeman, Dorchester street, entertained a number of friends from 7.30 to 10 o'clock.

On New Year's night, Mrs. Shirres, Peel street, gave a very pleasant dinner-party for Mr. Shepherd, of Boston, Mass.

Master Gordon Shirres, who has been so long at the Victoria Hospital with typhoid fever, has sufficiently recovered to return home.

Mr. A. C. Smith, of Quebec, has been spending a few days in Montreal this week.

Mr. Doull, Boston, is visiting his nephew, the Rev. A. J. Doull, Elm avenue.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. D. Ross-Ross, Elm avenue, gave a very successful tea.

AS is usual, New Year's morning at Victoria rink was pleasantly spent by a large number of members. The family tickets and the lower price of boys' tickets have, no doubt, tended towards swelling the membership list. Few people were on the ice much before 12 o'clock, but by that time there was a goodly number of waltzers, and many lookers-on stood about the door—their favorite spot—or greeted one another cheerily in the hall or the directors' room. The band played an excellent programme, ending with an inspiring Sousa march—I ought to know which, but, like most people,

I find it hard to put the right name to the right march—and everyone formed into the long double line, which seems, to a spectator, to perform most intricate figures as it twists in and out, up and down.

Shortly after half-past one, the president, Mr. E. Macdougall, and the directors, gave a very jolly lunch party for quite a large number of friends in their rooms upstairs, and for the rest of the day the rink was closed in order to enable the employes to enjoy a little holiday-making. Among the skaters were noticed: Miss Sise, Mr. C. F. Sise, Miss Marler, Mr. J. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. G. Napier, Mr. M. Bethune, the Misses Bond, Mr. W. L. Bond, Miss M. Ramsay, the Misses Ewan, Mr. J. Meagher, Miss Forget, Mr. Wotherspoon, Mr. H. Wotherspoon, Miss M. Molson, Miss M. Stephens, Mr. Skinner, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Miss Riddell, Miss B. MacDougall, Mr. B. MacDougall, Mr. H. Budden, Miss E. Scott, Mr. M. Scott, Mr. P. Griffin, Mr. Burgland (Baltimore), Mr. S. Martin, Mr. J. MacIntyre, the Misses Stephen, Mr. and Mrs. Peers Davidson, Miss M. Pangman, Mr. C. Pangman, Mr. H. Baby, Mr. R. MacCunn, the Misses Gilmour, Miss Davidson, and Miss N. Maclean.

**S**PEAKING of skating, it is quite amusing to note the evident inconvenience for which the present fashion of trailing skirts is responsible. A train, even if it be of heavy cloth or tweed, never has been or will be suitable for skating in. Yet, with some women, the impossible seems possible, and consequently they appear with "the yard of extra dry goods," as The New York Sun puts it, either gathered up in voluminous folds at the risk of freezing the hand, or allowed to gracefully (?) float upon the ice, apparently to ease the labor of the man with, not "the hoe," but the long besom, that pit-fall of the unwary. A few, scorning the absurdly long gown, have rushed to the other extreme and donned their golf skirts, more sensible undoubtedly, but far from becoming. To look well, when skating, one should wear one's skirts at that length which is said "to clear," or perhaps do a shade more than that; and several of the newest skating suits seem to have struck the happy medium with equally happy results. If the Rational Dress League would turn their energies towards the abolition of long skirts, instead of the introduction of knickerbockers, their crusade would be to some purpose.

**M**R. AND MRS. F. L. HUTCHINSON have returned from their wedding trip, and are spending some days at the Windsor, while deciding upon a suitable residence.

The Ladies' Curling Club is again in full swing, and play has been resumed with much enthusiasm at the Montreal Curling Club by a large number of members. What with curling and skating, a great amount of time is spent on the ice by all the young married and unmarried ladies. One would imagine that housekeeping duties and various domestic doings would suffer. But "an infinite capacity" for accomplishing all things seems to be allotted to the athletic woman of to-day.

How very sensible, and at the same time becoming, are the new toques, many of them made entirely of fur, while others are heavily trimmed with it. They fit closely to the head and protect the forehead in a way that should ever be adhered to in a climate such as this. Not one woman in a hundred looks well in a fur cap, any more than one in five times that number looks presentable in a masculine headgear of cloth. But toques of velvet and fur combined can be manufactured to suit any type of face, and are greatly to be encouraged.

Miss Eva Scotte, Ste Hyacinthe, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Whitehead.

New Year's Day seemed to be spent, for the most part, very quietly in Montreal. In fact, throughout the holidays, a certain amount of inexpressible, yet perceptible, gloom has been gradually permeating everyone. Ever since the outbreak

of the war the feelings of all have been strung up to the highest pitch, and little worries of everyday life have consequently taken more hold than they are wont to do. A subduing influence seems at work everywhere, and, perhaps, among those who spend their time straining every nerve in the pursuit of excitement, it will have its good results.

The decision of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club to postpone its annual ball is much to be commended. Let us, at least, do without public expressions of a gaiety that ill-becomes the present time.

#### SOME VERSES A LA DRUMMOND.

**A** WELL-MEANING person, who lives in Toronto, but who was born in Montreal, occasionally wearies his friends with eloquent defences of the French-Canadians. Lately he wrote an English friend of his in Montreal, one of his customary panegyrics of the French. The Montreal man, being of a waggish temperament, said nothing, although tickled at sentiments so Quebecesque emanating from Toronto. He bottled up his retort until Christmas. On Monday it arrived by express. Carefully wrapped up in tissue paper, and concealed in the recesses of a safe box, were the following articles: A roll of simon pure tabac, four clay pipes, a box of sulphur matches, a habitant's knife, and a bladder pouch, the smoking outfit of many a stout Canadian. With the outfit were the following verses, written a la Dr. Drummond:

Salut mon vieux, de tin she's come  
For mak de small present,  
I tink of bien des choses for you,  
But ca prends trop d'argent.

Perhaps you lak a trotter horse,  
She's go in 2.15,  
An mak de habitants jaloux,  
Dat's what you call it, "green."

Or ma-be 't is a nice French girl,  
Who's fader own de farm,  
Wit plentee monee on de bank,  
An deux cents betes a cornes.

I tink of hall dees tings an more,  
For you ma frien to give,  
An den I pass on Grande Bonsecours,  
(Dat's far from where I live).

De place she's full of habitants,  
More full you never saw,  
He's hall call hout when I come near,  
"Achetez mon bon tabac."

"He's good for smoke, he's smell not bad,  
He's sell a bon marche,  
He's beaucoup mieux dan strong tabac  
Dat's come from far away."

I say, "Je prendrai une torquette,  
Faut marchander la dessus,  
You hask too much for your tabac,  
Faut otez un petit peu."

Prosper Laplume, Celestin Taillefer,  
Et Melasippe Dupre,  
He's hall dere for buy tabac  
An watch me what I pay.

I fight dat man trois heures et demi,  
He hask deux sous de trop,  
But when he see I know some ting,  
Bi gosh he let him go.

En fin I get mon bon tabac  
A bon marche, an so,  
I sen him hoff on big hexpress,  
Dat's go on To-ron-to.

I hope she's arriver corree  
You fin him a ton gout,  
An now mon cher ole habitant,  
I tink I say adieu.





### A MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN PREMIER.

EVERY country has its political "might have beens." Nor is there necessarily any stigma attaching to such a description of leaders who have failed to attain to positions which they strove for or which were conceded to them by popular predilection. England had its Charles Bradlaugh, its Lord Randolph Churchill, and still has its Sir Charles Dilke. In the United States it is notorious that many of the ablest



SIR WILLIAM MEREDITH

leaders of public opinion have not reached the Presidential chair—Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Blaine and others might be named as examples. Amongst the political "might have beens" of Canada, Edward Blake and the late D'Alton McCarthy are perhaps the most conspicuous, but there is another scarcely less so in the person of Sir William Ralph Meredith, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of

**PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS:** Mayor Toronto, September 1; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Bagel, September 29; Mr. W. J. Conventry, Mr. Louis Herbette, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 17; Mr. Chas. E. Hosmer, October 29; Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denton, October 27; Principal Grant, November 2; Professor Godwin Smith, November 19; Mr. Jas. Stewart, November 11; Mr. Geo. Casselman, November 21; Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archdeacon Strachan, December 8; Mr. Cleophas Beauséjour, December 1; Mayor Parent of Quebec, December 22; The Hon. Justice Wurtzel, December 23.

Ontario, and sometime leader of the Conservative party in that Province.

It is doubtful if Canada has ever produced a political leader who in his own Province, and amongst his own people, was more popular, and at the same time more respected, than Sir Wm. Meredith. Though his name was connected with some of the most rancorous campaigns in the history of the country, he always retained the respect of his political opponents, and even of the Church which considered itself imperilled by his policy. The late Archbishop Walsh was one of his warmest personal friends. Sir William was far more of a popular hero than the opposing forces could produce, yet, they thrashed him handily, time and again. Wherever he went to speak, he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, his personal magnetism was felt by every man with whom he shook hands; while his orator was of an elevated, and at the same time,

popular order. But, though the people of Ontario revered and admired him, they never gave him what he asked for—a mandate to form a Cabinet and govern the Province. So, after his fourth rejection by the people, and when, strange to say, he was at the very zenith of public confidence, he retired from politics—accepting the Chief Justiceship, and later a knighthood. It is a singular proof of the esteem in which he was held, even by the party which denounced him as a dangerous man and his policy as subversive of the constitution, that provision was made in the Provincial estimates for a salary of \$2,000 a year to him, as leader of the Opposition, in addition to his sessional indemnity. This was the first time in the history of Parliamentary government under the British flag that such an office as leader of the Opposition was officially recognized. Mr. Meredith, however, declined to receive anything beyond a private member's pay.

A gentleman who has known Sir William since 1858—when he was but 18 years of age—says that he was then a slim, somewhat retiring youth, very handsome and very winning. His father, the late J. W. C. Meredith, was a man of the very highest character. After his call to the bar in 1861 he practised in London, and though, from the first, he was a careful lawyer—naturally industrious and with an excellent legal head, he did not at first attain to much prominence in counsel work. He, however, established himself in the affections of the entire bar of Western Ontario, by his generous professional conduct. As his reputation rose, he was often asked for advice upon knotty legal problems by brother lawyers, and he always gave it freely and cheerfully—particularly to younger members of the profession. His popularity was attested by his election as a bencher of the Ontario Law Society years ago, when

the system was made elective, and by his return at every subsequent election—almost always at the head of the poll. His reputation as a lawyer steadily rose, and, after his removal from London to Toronto in 1888, he was in receipt of a large salary (\$13,000), as corporation counsel and head of the city's legal department. Though very popular as a lawyer, Sir William can hardly be said to be popular as a judge. His blunt treatment of the bar is said to have given great umbrage on occasions.

Sir William is an exceedingly handsome man. When he sat in the Legislative Assembly, at Toronto, he was easily the best-looking man in the house. His large frame, iron grey hair and beard, sparkling eyes and olive skin make an ensemble that one cannot easily forget.

He is passionately fond of flowers, and takes a great pride in keeping his garden in a neat condition. His devotion to horticulture is a comparatively recent fancy. If one should call on him at his beautiful residence, during the summer recess, when the courts are closed, one would be likely to find him either smoking a quiet pipe in his library, or out in the garden with rough clothes on, working away like any common laborer. In such plight I found him one day last August. He wore boots that many a tramp would not deign to look at a second time; his clothes were, to say the least, not of the most recent date; his hat was what is commonly known as a "slouch"; his face was covered with perspiration, and his hands with dirt. He was directing and assisting in the operations of a couple of men who were building a stone wall. "Can you tell me where I can find Sir William Meredith?" I asked, for, although I had seen him a score of times, I did not recognize him. A merry light shone from the eyes of the man en deshabille before me as he acknowledged himself to be the gentleman whom I sought—the Chief Justice of Her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas; Q.C., LL.D., a senator of the University of Toronto, knight, and so forth and so forth.

Sir William was, at one time, looked upon by his admirers as a coming man in the sphere of Dominion politics. But there was always unconcealed opposition when his translation from the Provincial to the Federal arena was mooted—not from any dislike of him as a man, nor from any mistrust of his ability, but because it was feared by many that he would be a stormy petrel in Dominion party counsels as he was in those of Ontario.

The Merediths, as a family, have strangely distinguished themselves. One brother, Edmund, is a leader of the bar in Ontario, practising at London, of which city he has been mayor; another brother, Henry Vincent, is well known to Montrealers as manager of the Montreal branch of the Bank of Montreal; while still another, the Hon. Richard Martin Meredith, is a judge of the High Court of Justice of Ontario.

SANDERS.



## THE GIRL ON THE ATTIC FLOOR.

A SKETCH.

THE girl in the third floor front was having a pretty bad "quarter of an hour," as the French say. It had grown too dark to paint any longer at her picture, so the girl was standing idly by the window with her elbows planted firmly on the sill and her chin buried in the palms of her hands, regardless of the little smears of chrome yellow and permanent blue that decorated her fingers.

The room felt damp and chilly, and had a strong smell of turpentine and oils; by and by the girl would open the window and shiver a little, while the painty odors slowly made their escape. Then she would go out and have supper in her solitary corner at the cheap restaurant which her soul abhorred, and after that the long, lonely evening would drag on interminably while she tried to help it on its tedious passage with a book, or anything else that would take her out of herself a little while.

But just now she was giving herself up to the dubious luxury of a twilight reverie, not a very cheering one, to judge from the settled gloom in her big brown eyes and the dejected droop of her slender figure.

The girl was mentally contrasting, for the hundredth time, the sober, grey reality of the actual present with the brilliancy of her plans and visions only a year ago—a year that had dragged so drearily along and yet had seen so little accomplished. And she had expected to do so much. Had not her teachers predicted great things for her future? But, ah, the difference between being at the top in "a little Iberian village,"

and gaining a foothold even on the lower rounds of the ladder "in Rome!"

The "handsomely appointed studio" of her castle in the air had resolved itself into this one dingy little room with its threadbare carpet, ugly, cheap furniture, and hideously papered walls. The glowing newspaper notices, which she had been wont to read in imagination, full of profusely adjectived references to the "talented young artist," had not as yet got beyond a few lines of paid advertisement which had been powerless to create so much as a ripple on the sluggish current of art-work sales.

To be sure, she had succeeded in disposing of two or three pretty little landscapes, at auction sales in the Fraser Hall and elsewhere, but, for the most part, her work, the pictures that represented all the hopes and fears and struggles of a whole year of her life, were lying in the art-stores, waiting for a recognition that seemed no nearer than at first, till she was heart-sick of calling to inquire about them.

Learning to labor and to wait is such weary work. It is hard enough to endure even while we feel that the divine spark is in our souls and will burst into the full flame of recognized power some day. But when doubt comes—doubt of our acceptance with the gods—when we say to our secret selves, not "I fail for a time because the world is not ready," but, alas! "I fail because the true germ is not within me," then, indeed, it is a brave soul that can rise to fresh effort, determined to win by patient plodding what cannot be wrested at once save by the strong arm of genius.

The girl had got to this low plane of self-distrust, and was suffering the agonies that only blighted ambition can know. The view from her window was as cheerless as her own thoughts. Over the roofs of the houses she could get a glimpse of the top of Mount Royal, her earliest friend in Montreal. She had often found it inspiring to look up to his grand old head, towering above the city's struggle and turmoil, but to-day he had quite lost his friendly aspect, and loomed up darkly forbidding, like the hill of success, which was so dreadfully hard to climb, for all but the gifted few.

By and by, the narrow, rain-soaked streets, the grey, grimy houses opposite, the draggled, uncomfortable-looking men and women hurrying along the sloppy pavements under dripping umbrellas, the stolid Chinaman shuffling carelessly along under his sack of clothes—all the dull, sordid sights of a cheap street—faded from the girl's consciousness. Half a block away, an Italian street piano player was hammering out "The Banks of the Wabash," and, listening to the melancholy little tune, the girl's thoughts traveled far away.

As plainly as though she had been looking in upon it through the window, she could see the big farmhouse kitchen all warm and glowing with the combined light of the softly-shaded lamp on the table, and the crackling wood fire in the big shining stove in the centre of the room. How long it seemed since she had seen a wood fire, and heard its cheerful crackle! How she longed to see and hear one this cheerless, rainy evening! It always burned so bright and clear in that kitchen stove, and perhaps it wasn't raining there.

And the table, with its snowy cloth and shining dishes, and good, honest-looking, home-made bread and butter, and fruit, and real cream, and chicken that was tender, and everything that had a natural taste, and nothing that tasted artificial!

And above all, the dear motherly figure, in her plain black gown and big apron, moving quietly about arranging the table—without anyone to help, just as if she had no grown-up daughter, the little boy with a picturebook on his knees before the fire, its light falling on his chubby face; the grey-haired father in his shirt sleeves talking over Lord Methuen and the "Bores" with the village schoolmaster—a homely picture enough, just the country peacefulness, and quiet, and content she had been so eager to turn her back upon. For what?

Next week there was a card, "Furnished Room to Let," in the window of the room on the third flat.

## THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

### AT THE CITY THEATRES.

**T**HERE has been greater uniformity of excellence at the theatres this week than perhaps in any other week since the season opened. Augustus Thomas' Arizona, James A. Herne's Hearts of Oak, and Richard Mansfield's late New York success, A Social Highwayman, are three plays of more than average merit, and when presented by able artists and with good scenery, as they have been this week at Her Majesty's the Academy and the Francais respectively, theatre-goers should have cause to rejoice.

Arizona, as its name implies, is a Western play, and it must be said it fairly breathes of the free mountain air. The plot, though not novel, is full of sustained interest, and at times grows quite exciting. It is the old, old story of a brave and noble man undergoing the torture of silent self-sacrifice in order to shield the reputation of an erring woman. The real villain is finally brought to book in a most dramatic and unexpected manner. Mr. Theodore Roberts, as Henry Canby, a big-hearted millionaire rancher, is the bright particular star of the company. The part in his hands becomes one the equal of which is seldom seen on the stage. The whole company is good, but Mr. Roberts is excellent.

A quite different type of play is Hearts of Oak, which is a story of self-sacrifice, sans the villainy that spices Mr. Thomas' work. Mr. Herne's dramas have an atmosphere all their own, and they never fail to delight a large class of theatre-goers, who appreciate honest sentiments and simple pathos portrayed with as little blood and thunder, and other nerve-rasping accessories as possible. A strong company presents Hearts of Oak at the Academy. Mr. E. P. Sullivan (an old Montreal boy) as Terry Dennison is exceedingly good.

The reputation of the Theatre Francais stock company will certainly be enhanced by this week's production of A Social Highwayman. This is a well-conceived and well-written play, and it is presented with genuine success by the Francais company. The honors are pretty evenly divided amongst the players, and distinctions would be invidious. I will merely say in conclusion that the Francais is a place well worth visiting this week.

CELLO

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

**T**HE opening number at the next concert of the Symphony Orchestra, on the afternoon of January 12, will be the overture to Martha, to be followed by that delightful symphony, Schubert's Unfinished. This work is a great favorite with the public, and we could hardly imagine a season going by without hearing this beautiful composition at least once. As the orchestra is familiar with it, it will, no doubt, be played in a manner to satisfy the most critical. Another fine work, which will be received with great favor, is the Rai Mo-que, 1st suite by Rubinstein. This number never fails to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. A novelty will be introduced in the shape of a concerto for harp and orchestra, the harp part to be played by Miss Martha Kesma, a sister to the young lady who played a harp solo at a previous concert. The playing of this concerto won the medal at the Paris Conservatory two years ago. A charming little work, Reve apres le Bal, by Boussiet and Shumann's Traumerer for strings will round off a programme which should prove one of the most delightful ever given by this organization. We have been requested to state that the larger attendance this season will enable the management to add an extra rehearsal. This will, undoubtedly, be of great benefit to the orchestra, and should be appreciated by the public.

**T**HE version of Dumas' Musketeers, in which James O'Neill will be seen at Her Majesty's Theatre, next week, was written by Sidney Grundy, the distinguished author of Sowing the Wind, for Beechholm Tree, who played it for eight consecutive months at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. Mr. O'Neill's triumph in the same play at the Broadway Theatre, New York, was one of the notable events theatrical last year. The story of Grundy's version, which the author called The Musketeers, with an accent on the "T", in contradistinction to the numerous other versions that were floating about at the time, is as follows: The Comte de la Fere is in love with Anne de Breuil, but an abrupt ending is put to their romance by the interference of the "stranger," whose brother has been plied and disgraced by Anne, and who, in order to mark the woman as a felon for life, brands her on the right shoulder



**JAMES O'NEILL.**

As D'Artagnan in *The Musketeers*.

with the fleur-de-lis. Later in the play the Comte de la Fere becomes Athos, one of the musketeers, and Anne de Breuil changes into Miladi, one of Cardinal Richelieu's spies. D'Artagnan, a lad from Gascony, in search of his fortune, and on his way to Paris to enlist in the famous corps of the Musketeers, meets at an inn by accident with Richelieu and Miladi. They believe that they can use the impetuous boy in one of their numerous schemes against the Queen, Anne of Austria, and Miladi therefore sets about to ensnare him. This is not a very hard task, as D'Artagnan is ready to fall in love with every woman he meets. However, the final outcome of their meeting in Miladi's apartments turns out to the woman's discomfiture, as D'Artagnan discovers that she is Anne de Breuil, and guesses her purpose in wanting to use him. After a fiercely fought duel with Rochefort, the head of the Cardinal's Guards, D'Artagnan escapes to his humble lodgings in the house of Bonacieux. There he meets Constance, the daughter of his landlord and who is a trustworthy maid to the Queen. The Gascon promptly falls in love with the fair girl and she induces him to assist the Queen and the Duke of Buckingham in getting an opportunity for a final interview, before the Duke's departure for England. Meanwhile, Miladi has been commissioned by the Cardinal as one of the ladies-in-waiting on the Queen. She overhears the interview, and sees the Queen giving Buckingham a jeweled shoulker knot as a memento. When Richelieu learns of this, he induces the King to invite the Queen to a state ball, asking her to wear all her diamonds, so that the King may notice the absence of the knot, which was a present from him to the Queen. Anne of Austria sees through the Cardinal's scheme, and is at her wits' end as to how to secure possession again of the knot, until D'Artagnan volunteers to overtake the Duke and regain the jewel. This he does with the assistance of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. The Queen is saved, Richelieu and Miladi banished from Court in ignominious disgrace, and D'Artagnan wins the hand, as he had won the heart, of the beautiful Constance.

**M**ANAGER SPARROW has concluded negotiations with Managers Wm. A. Brady and Thos. O'Rourke by which he will present, at the Academy of Music, next week, through the medium of the longograph, the famous 25-round battle between James Jeffries and Tom Sharkey, which took place at Coney Island, November 3. This is the same entertainment that is now being viewed by New York's 400, the theatre being filled with the most fashionable audiences. The pictures begin when the men enter the ring, and end with the last round. At every production, thus far, both the champion and Sharkey have had their admirers present, who, at times, indulge in cheers for the rival pugilists, just as they did during the progress of the battle. Some idea of the

magnitude of this entertainment may be gathered when it is stated that, in order to reproduce this battle, 400 arc lights were required. There were employed 11 electricians, 12 skilled operators, four cameras and two huge special feel wires. The pictures make an entertainment two hours and a half in length, every moment of which is vividly interesting and thrilling. They will be shown beginning with Monday evening, January 8, and every afternoon and evening thereafter.

**C**OMMENCING Sunday afternoon, January 7, the Sunday afternoon concerts will be continued weekly, instead of fortnightly as originally announced, and this decision is being greeted by the musical folk with pleasure. Miss Murphy will be the vocalist, and Mr. Herbert Spencer the violin soloist. The latter, with Mrs. Turner, is to play the Greg. Sonata in F, and the trio composed of Mrs. Turner, and Messrs. Spencer and Charbonneau, are down for Mendelssohn's second trio.

**T**HE Theatre Francais will make a decided change in its programme for next week jumping from *A Social Highwayman* to farce comedy, *Delmonico's at Six* is one of the brightest and most-taking comedies ever seen in Montreal. It is free from all suggestiveness and is just the kind of thing that should take at this popular family playhouse. The Francais stock company is particularly suited to farce comedy. On the vaudeville programme will be a number of good acts, including Little Estella Merrill, who has just closed an important engagement in the title role in *The French Maid*. She will be remembered, however, chiefly by her clever work in the *Gipsy*, when she played the part of Mollie Seymour. The Frederick brothers, a comedy musical team, will make their first appearance in this city.

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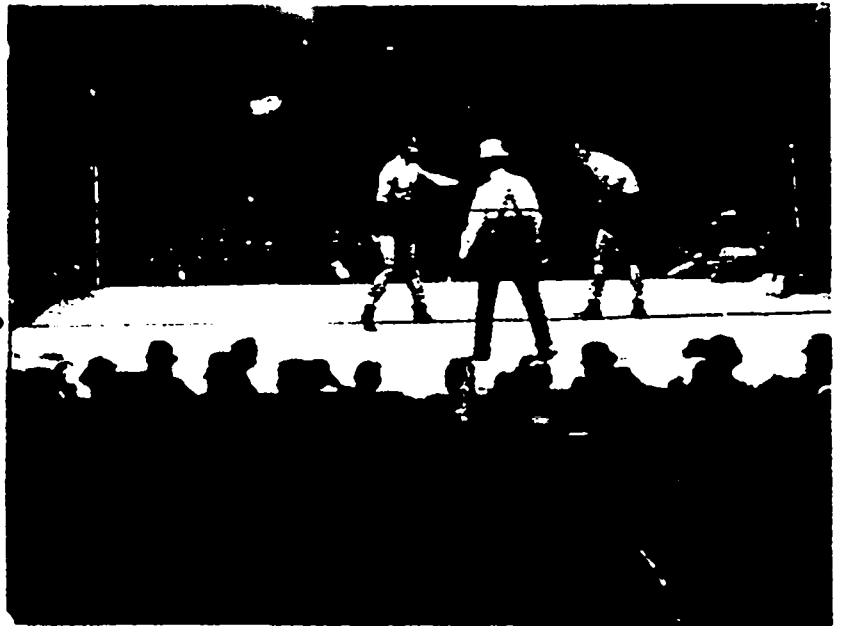
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do out there?

TOWNE.—Started a paper.

DOWNE.—What was the name of it?

TOWNE.—A subscription paper to get  
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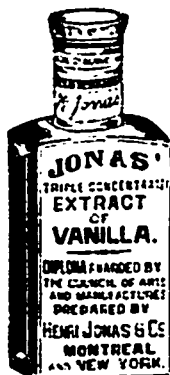
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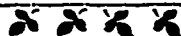
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## A PREDICTION.

IT'S all very well to make fun of President Kruger's whiskers just now, but there is a probability that he'll have a close shave when the British get into Pretoria.

## THE SECRET.

MRS. DORCHESTER—You seem to be so happy and contented.

MRS. SHERRROOKE—Well, I manage to be just deaf enough not to hear some things, and just blind enough not to see others.

## 1800—1900.

THIS an old-fashioned diary,  
All yellowed with age,  
Though a delicate perfume  
Still clings to each page,  
And the writing that hues it  
Is faded to brown,  
Since great-grandmama jotted  
Occurrences down.

In precision of language,  
That shames us, she tells  
Of the fashions and routs,  
The beaux and the belles,  
Of the year eighteen hundred,  
When she was just twenty,  
A sweet, winsome maiden  
With lovers in plenty.

She was wife and was mother,  
But these pages show  
The ways of her girlhood  
A century ago,  
In her delicate spring time,  
When youth had no fears  
Of grieving to come  
With accretion of years

But the lovers have moldered  
To dust—and she too;  
Sweet maid of the olden time,  
Tender and true!  
So modest, so witty—  
Alack does she know  
How much pleasure she missed  
Just a century ago?

With no golf and no tennis,  
No bicycle steed;  
No electrical carriage  
To go at full speed;  
With no telegraph message—  
Those poor lovers, too;  
Before "phones" were invented  
Pray what did they do?

Though the centuries change,  
Human nature's the same;  
And a maid is a maid—  
Till she changes her name,  
And despite new inventions,  
The world is still young,  
Love weaves his fresh garlands,  
Has songs still unsung;  
So instead of regretting  
The ones passed away  
We'll adore, while we have them,  
The girls of to-day!

E. M. NORRIS.

## AMBIGUOUS.

A PASSENGER on a shipwrecked vessel was saved almost by miracle. Arriving at a village from which he could telegraph, he wired a friend as follows: "Our vessel went



"Did that bottle of medicine do your aunt any good?"  
No—as soon as she read the wrapper she got three new diseases."

down with all hands except myself. Break news gently to my wife."

## THE NATURAL THING TO DO.

ACTOR.—When I stand on the stage I see nothing, and am conscious of nothing but the role I am playing. The audience disappears entirely!

CRITIC.—Well, I can't blame the audience much for that!

## PERUVIAN ARMY DISCIPLINE.

THIS military story is printed in a Lima paper: A man belonging to the Peruvian artillery was ordered to be flogged, and there was no regulation cat handy with which to inflict the castigation. The officer in charge, who was a strict disciplinarian, decided to defer the carrying out of the order until the official scourge, which he at once requisitioned, should arrive. It was about a year before the cat was supplied by the authorities. By that time the soldier had been dead several months!

## NOT AT ISSUE.

FIRST LAWYER.—You are a cheat and a swindler!

SECOND LAWYER.—You are a liar and a blackguard!

THE COURT (softly).—Come, gentlemen, let's get down to the disputed points of the case.

## PEN POINTS.

WHEN two women are said to resemble each other, both are secretly vexed.

One of the queer things in life is that the frocks in old photographs were once considered pretty.

You can always tell how much a husband loves his wife by the way he holds an umbrella over her in a shower.

Whenever you come across a man who is continually finding fault with his surroundings, you can be sure he's wrapped up in himself.

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UNDOUBTEDLY the best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

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