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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

MOST of us have noticed that those born in the same month in any year have the same general characteristics; but when we study the lives of those born on the same day and year the resemblance is most striking, not only in character, but in good and bad fortune. The ancients reduced this subject to a science by the comparison of thousands of lives. They found that mankind generally was affected by the movement of the heavenly bodies. Good or bad times always occurred when certain planets were in the same position with regard to each other and to the sun.

There are many in business who will not engage a man for an important position without first studying his character as shown by the modern astrological chart. Two leading life insurance companies use it constantly. MONTREAL LIFE has added this subject to its other attractive features, and, beginning with this week's issue, three forecasts will be given for each day in the 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 coming year; the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, are likely to fare during life.

The department will be edited by Mr. James Hingston, B.A., an Oxford University graduate, and for many years the literary critic of one of the big New York dailies. He has made a special study of astrology, and, in fact, he now devotes all his leisure to it. He is looked upon as one of the greatest authorities on this subject.

TO read the twaddle about the mayoralty that appears from time to time, in both the editorial and news columns of the daily papers, one would conclude that Montreal was a third or fourth-rate town or small village, instead of the metropolitan city of Canada. It seems that a sort of *modus operandi* was adopted some years ago, and has remained in force to date, under which each of the more numerous sections of Montreal's population has had in turn the honor of the chief magistracy. This unwritten convention may have worked very well in its day. But, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, is it to be binding forever?—no matter what conditions may arise, or what the requirements of this growing centre may become. If the English Protestants, the French Catholics and the Irish Catholics, have severally a heaven-appointed right to elect a mayor once in so many years, why should not the Hebrews have the same right? And by the same process of reasoning, as the city grows larger, may not the Italians, the Armenians, and even the Chinese in time, participate in the privileges and benefits of an arrangement which, being based on a supposed principle of equal rights, should be elastic enough to embrace every important and respectable element of the population.

OBVIOUSLY, it would be absurd to carry such an agreement to its logical conclusion. No great city could be properly governed under a system the chief and avowed object of which was merely to hand around, to this section and that, the post of highest honor and trust, like the presidency of a baseball club or the sinecure of a poundkeepership under some village Pooh-bah. I am not discussing Mayor Prefontaine's qualifications for his high office, nor yet his claims for the honor of a

third term, but I simply want to point out that a city of the size and importance to which Montreal has now attained should elect its chief magistrate because of his ability and fitness, without regard to any extraneous and non-essential consideration, such as race, religion or language. Surely we have had enough of village politics in the past. This is one of the great commercial cities of America, and we should at last attempt to look at municipal matters through larger glasses than we have hitherto been doing—that is, if we expect to set our city in order, and to give it the place it is entitled to.

WHAT a wonderful thing the British Empire is becoming—nay, what a wonderful thing it has already become! The enthusiasm of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and of the present war, were required in order to bring out in all their marvellousness, the striking characteristics of the great federation (I think one may now use the term) that has come into existence under the British flag. It was easy enough to say that the Queen had more Mahometan than Christian subjects; that there were more brown men than white men under her sway. But, until the Jubilee and the events of the past year or two made clear the meaning of such statements, they were mere empty intangibilities, void of significance to the average Britisher. To-day, we see the troops of a half-dozen widely separated colonies hurrying to South Africa to fight for Imperial interests. The men of five continents—Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and America—will make up the British forces under General Buller. There has been nothing like this in the history of the world. The nearest approach to it was in the time of world-wide Rome, and, again, the days of the Emperor Charles V., who had the greater part of Western, Central and Southern Europe under his sway.

IN this connection, I notice that a striking event, illustrative of the breadth of British institutions, has just taken place in Ontario. Dr. Acland Oronhyatekha, son of the well-known head of the Independent Order of Foresters, made application for a commission in the Kingston Field Battery, and it was approved and forwarded to the Militia Department for confirmation. Young Oronhyatekha's application is unique, as he will be the first full-blooded Indian in Canada to receive a commission in the Royal Canadian militia. An empire that has room for the ambitions and talents of all its citizens, of whatever origin or color, is not in much danger of falling to pieces through disloyalty, which is bred most surely and quickly where men's opportunities of serving the State are not equal.

THE milkmen of Toronto are credited with having formed a trust, and at the same time the public are informed of an effort on the part of the wholesale hardwaremen of the Dominion to organize with the object of cutting down unnecessary expense and preventing needless competition. It is hard to say how far combinations of this kind may justifiably go. A trust is not necessarily an evil, by any means. If, by effecting large savings in some directions, it is able to reduce the price of the article it handles and at the same time to make increased profits—as appears to have been done in the case of some combinations—the trust is truly working in the interests of the public, though it may be seeking only its own interests. The

CURIOUS WEEKLY FORECASTS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GABRIEL'S FORECASTS FOR THE WEEK.

Friday, December 1.—An excellent day for financial affairs and business generally. Those who remain idle may miss some golden opportunities. For making purchases and for speculating there will be no other time quite as favorable during the week.

This will be a prosperous year for business, and there is little doubt that the bank accounts of those born on this day in any year will be larger next December than they are now.

Fortunate will be the children born to-day. Success will be the result of all their undertakings, and the outlook is that they will attain to a high position in life.

Saturday, December 2.—A doubtful day this is, neither good nor bad. It is rather favorable for journeys, however, and men who have business or social relations with women may profit thereby.

Much worry about business and other matters is indicated during the year, and there is also danger that there will be some domestic or other changes which will cause anxiety.

Restlessness, a love of Bohemianism, and a decided disinclination to settle down permanently anywhere will be the leading characteristics of children born to-day. When they grow up, such children often become famous travelers, but they are seldom fortunate in any other direction. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Sunday, December 3.—A seasonable day for social intercourse, though there is some danger of domestic wrangles. Churchgoers are likely to hear a better sermon than usual, and persons interested in any kind of intellectual work will profit by attending to it.

Some accidents are foreshadowed during this year, as well

as annoyances through lawsuits or other complications. Business activity is also indicated, but rash ventures should be avoided.

Success in life will be somewhat marred for children born to-day, by reason of their quick temper and their propensity to do reckless deeds. Such children will fare better by working for others than by going into business for themselves. Girls born to-day will not live happily with their husbands.

Monday, December 4.—Young men, who are courting, may propose to-day with a fair hope of success, and all those who are thinking of asking a favor of anyone, cannot find a more favorable time.

Success in love affairs, danger of illness, worry about business matters and some financial loss probably owing to ill-advised loans are the chief events foreshadowed for this year.

Children born to-day will not be very fortunate, at least so far as worldly affairs are concerned. As employes, they may manage to lead quiet, inoffensive lives, but disaster will surely befall them if they undertake any serious enterprises themselves.

Tuesday, December 5.—There are no marked indications of good or evil fortune in any direction to-day, and, therefore, those who are contemplating any important work will do well to postpone it.

This will be a fairly prosperous year, but proper care must be taken to avoid the loss of money. Accidents should also be guarded against.

There is danger that children born to-day will suffer at least once during life from serious accidents resulting in broken limbs, and the outlook is that they will not make much headway in the world if they go into business for themselves.

Wednesday, December 6.—No favors should be asked of any one to-day, and employes should take care not to offend their employers. Business will be stagnant, and new enterprises will make no progress.

Persons in employment should be unusually careful during the coming year, as there is some danger that they will lose their positions. Falls or other personal injuries are also foreshadowed. Young women, whose birthday this is, will be fortunate in love, and business men will prosper.

Very fortunate will be the children born to-day, and it will be surprising if they do not, sooner or later, attain to a high position in life. The chief danger which threatens them is that they will meet with many accidents.

Thursday, December 7.—This is an excellent day for persons seeking employment, and they are advised to pursue their search zealously. It is also good for brokers, lawyers, and those engaged in mercantile and literary pursuits.

An excellent year this is for those in any kind of business, and especially for employes, since there is a good chance that they will receive either promotion or an increase of salary. The dangers to be avoided are law-suits, unseemly disputes, and physical excesses leading to ill-health.

Children born to-day will be bright and clever, and, if proper pains are taken with their education, they will very probably obtain excellent positions, where their talents and versatility will do them good service. Prosperous they will be during life, though they may expect some unfortunate periods.

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

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

John Quarterdollar and Nancy Nichol were married at Providence, R. I., the other day. How like 30 cents they must feel!

LOOKING-GLASS--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.

hardwaremen disclaim any intention of forming a trust, but, if they are going into an organization to do away with the worst evils of overcompetition and to bring about a saving of expenses, this organization will be virtually a trust, whatever it may be called. However, it need not, on that account, be disadvantageous to the retailer or the consumer. The modern business world is commencing to see pretty clearly that the gain of one does not always imply the loss of another.

THE generosity of Sir W. C. Macdonald towards educational interests knows no bounds, seemingly. Following his many princely gifts to McGill, came the announcement of his donation to found and support manual training classes in every Province of the Dominion; and scarcely had the public been made aware of his action in this matter, when it became known that he had offered funds to endow a professorship in memory of the late Sir William Dawson in McGill University. What a delightful thing it must be to have the means to carry on one's fancies in such matters upon the broadest and most generous scale! And how much more delightful, after years of money-making and contact with the sordid world, to have the will as well as the power to be liberal. The trouble is in too many cases that as the power increases the will decays. But, in Sir William's case, the power and the will seem to have grown together.

THE proneness of people to accept benefits without inquiring too closely whence they come, lest any lurking tenderness of conscience might be touched, is illustrated by a paragraph that seems quite apropos in discussing Sir William Macdonald's benefactions. It seems that the Board of Church Extension of the American Methodist Episcopal Church is pushing a plan, which originated in Baltimore, to build 100 new churches in the West. The Messrs. Buckingham Brothers, cigar manufacturers, of Baltimore, made a proposition to the Board to give \$1,000, provided 24 other business firms would give an equal amount each, to be paid at the rate of \$250 annually, for the building of 100 new churches in the West. The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church do not approve of the cigar and tobacco business, but there was no hesitation about accepting the offer of the \$1,000. Just so, I venture to say, there are many parents bitterly opposed to tobacco, who, nevertheless, send their sons to be educated at McGill, largely with money that has been made by the handling and manufacture of this commodity. For my own part, I take no stock in the attitude of extremists who look upon tobacco and similar luxuries as evil, whether used in moderation or excess, but if I did, in order to be consistent, I should be very careful not to touch, for selfish purposes, the fruits of a trade which my conscience condemned.

FELIX VASE.

"WON'T you tell me what is really nervous prostration?" queried a man of a woman. "I hear of this one of my acquaintances (chiefly femme) and of that being victims of this fashionable disease, but I have not the slightest idea what the symptoms are."

"I do not know how to describe it exactly," she answered. "It is when you order a poached egg for breakfast, for instance, and they bring you a fried one, and you burst into tears; or when you go into hysterics because the cook sends you word she wants a new saucepan; or when you consider your husband an unfeeling brute, because he tells you to cheer up and asks you to go to the theatre. These, or something like them, are the premonitory symptoms; the next stage is mild lunacy."



Grant Allen's
Last Novel.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Well, everything is in a name. The late Grant Allen wrote many books, some good, some bad. He published them, as a rule, over his own signature. But only last August there appeared a novel, "Rosalba," which we are now told was written by him, but which bore on the title page the name "Olive Pratt Rayner." "Even professional critics," writes one of them in England, "were taken in by the pseudonym." That was natural enough. "Rosalba" was better than any other novel Mr. Allen ever wrote. What is more interesting is that he himself seems to have been completely metamorphosed by his adoption of the signature. It gave him a different outlook on life, changed his method, stimulated his imagination, did everything to make him turn an entirely new aspect of his writing faculty to the public. The gulf between "Rosalba" and, for example, "The Woman Who Did," is immense, and we stand in amazement at the ability of the novelist to bridge it toward the close of a long career. A friend of his writes to *The Academy* that "the one note of his life I can swear to was his absolute sincerity and honesty in all those opinions that people have suggested he adopted for the sake of attracting attention." The test of his sincerity must have been severe to a writer who once said that "if he had his choice he would rather sweep a crossing than earn his living by the pen." But since we must believe that he was sincere when he wrote "The Woman Who Did," we can only feel, with "Rosalba" in our hands, a deeper chagrin and bewilderment. Why, we ask with painful emotion, did this versatile man—scientist, traveler, poet, novelist and critic, wait until his fiftieth year to write a book like "Rosalba," so joyous and so sunny?

Cy Warman's
"The White
Mail."

"THE railroad story is a comparatively new thing in literature, and its best a very good thing," writes E. S. Martin. "Mr. Kipling appreciates it, and has used some phases of it to admirable purpose. In one story he has brought out the personal qualities of locomotive engines, and in another the progress of a railroad king across the continent to meet his son is a delightful bit of writing. Think what a splendid monster the locomotive is. We can never get quite used to it any more than our far-away ancestors could get used to the mastodon. Railroadng, with its constant perils, its rush, its change of scene, its vast importance and its intricate organization is a feature of the most striking interest in our civilization. As a background for fiction it is the next best thing to soldiering in wartime, and soldiering in time of peace it beats out and out. Cy Warman has written some good railroad stories, which most of us have read in the magazines, as well as a good deal of verse which has appeared in print. In 'The White Mail' he has traced the progress of Tommy McGuire from the lowest place in railroad service to the highest. He dedicates the book to his son, and doubtless intends it for the edification of youthful readers. So much of it as pertains strictly to railroadng is written of a full, practical experience, and is fit to interest the grown-up reader; but when it comes to love-making, and to such aspects of life as are not conveniently observed from the immediate vicinity of a line of steel rails, somewhere between Indiana and Utah, Mr. Warman's grasp weakens, and his exposition of character will seem to the average novel-reader to be crude."

Books They are
Talking About.

"THE YELLOW DANGER." By M. P. Shiel. (R. F. Fenno & Co.) The author pictures in his strange story an imaginary awakening of China, and the overrunning of Europe by Mongolian hordes. A clever conceit, and not altogether improbable, if war and plague, introduced from China, should turn all of Europe into a charnel house.

"Where Angels Fear to Tread." By Morgan Robertson. (The Century Company.) The author of these tales of the sea has been a sailor for many years, and brings to his task of writing marine adventures both knowledge and experience. These tales deal with the battleships and pirates, naval conditions of the past, and the future possibilities of war at sea. All of these stories have appeared in the popular magazines.

"Active Service." By Stephen Crane. (Frederick A Stokes Company.) One of the first sentences that strikes the eye is: "And you want to marry"—his voice grew tragic—"you want to marry the Sunday editor of *The New York Eclipse*." This is what the heroine's father says to her. We must confess that our sympathies are at once enlisted for the father. However, we have to get used to viewing the Sunday editor of *The Eclipse* in a romantic light, just as the father must. He takes the girl to Greece; but it is no use to try to outwit a Sunday editor. The latter goes to Greece also. There is a good deal of New York slang in this story, which is more reportorial than literary in style.

"Mackinac and Lake Stories." By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. (Harper.) The smell of the forest is in Mrs. Catherwood's volume of short stories, and with her wildwood glamour she has blended a delightful vein of romance. "Marianson," which heads the collection, is a beautiful and touching little idyll. A flash of humor enters "The Black Feather," and a more poignant note is struck in "The King of Beaver." All the stories are swiftly told, with, we are glad to say, not too much dialect. Mrs. Catherwood has never been more readable than in this pleasant volume.

"San Isidro." By Mrs. Selmyer Crowninshield. (Herbert S. Stone & Co.) Mrs. Crowninshield's new novel is a study of relentless destiny working its cruel way through circumstances expressive on the surface of nothing but peace and happiness. Between the white planters and the women of mixed blood on her West Indian island, there is amity, there is even love, until some woman of unimpeachable descent comes to sweep the easy-going lover off his feet and turn her predecessor into a rejected and despairing creature. One gathers from "San Isidro" that all this is common enough, but Mrs. Crowninshield has found in her Agueda, the heroine of the book, a woman who lifts the usually squalid experience to the plane of romantic tragedy. Don Beltran is a weak man, one sees at the outset, yet the girl's devotion to him seems justified. The appearance of Felisa, who robs Agueda of her love, quickens the movement of the drama greatly, but there is nothing forced about the climax, it flows with genuine pathos from a succession of events in the treatment of which the author shows clear insight into human nature. There are two crises in the story, one affecting Gil Silencio and his bride, Raquel; the other implicating Beltran, Agueda and Felisa. The former is rounded out less felicitously than is the latter. But in both cases the author is indubitably clever in diverting. "San Isidro" is a capital romance, full of Southern color and emotion, and of a certain exotic attraction.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"SUSPENSE" By Henry Seton Merriman. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.
"MORE CARGOES." By W. W. Jacobs. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.
"THE SCARLET WOMAN." By Joseph Hocking. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.
"THE SKY PILOT," a tale of the Foothills. By Ralph Connor, author of "Black Rock," etc. The Westminster Company.
"TWO MISS JEFFREYS." By David Lyall. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.
"YOUNG APRIL." By Egerton Castle, author of "The Pride of Jennico." The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

The Great Brown-Pericord Motor.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "Micah Clarke," "A Study in Scarlet," etc.

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IT was a cold, foggy, dreary evening in May. Along the Strand blurred patches of light marked the position of the lamps. The flaring shop windows flickered vaguely with steamy brightness through the thick and heavy atmosphere.

The high lines of houses which led down to the Embankment were all dark and deserted, or illuminated only by the glimmering lamp of the caretaker. At one point, however, there shone out from three windows upon the second floor, a rich flood of light, which broke the sombre monotony of the terrace. Passengers glanced up curiously, and drew each others' attention to the ruddy glare, for it marked the chambers of Francis Pericord, the inventor and electrical engineer. Long into the watches of the night the gleam of his lamps bore witness to the untiring energy and restless industry which was rapidly carrying him to the first rank in his profession.

Within the chamber there sat two men. The one was Pericord himself—hawk-faced and angular, with the black hair and brisk bearing which spoke of his Celtic origin. The other—thick, sturdy, and blue-eyed, was Jeremy Brown, the well-known mechanic. They had been partners in many an invention, in which the creative genius of the one had been aided by the practical abilities of the other. It was a question among their friends as to which was the better man.

It was no chance visit which had brought Brown into Pericord's workshop at so late an hour. Business was to be done—business which was to decide the failure or success of months of work, and which might affect their whole careers. Between them lay a long brown table, stained and corroded by strong acids, and littered with giant carbons, Faure's accumulators, Voltaic piles, coils of wire, and great blocks of non-conducting porcelain. In the midst of all this lumber there stood a singular whizzing, whirring machine, upon which the eyes of both partners were riveted.

A small square metal receptacle was connected by numerous wires to a broad steel girdle, furnished on either side with two powerful projecting joints. The girdle was motionless, but the joints with the short arms attached to them flashed around every few seconds, with a pause between each rhythmic turn. The power which moved them came evidently from the metal box. A subtle odor of ozone was in the air.

"How about the phlanges, Brown?" asked the inventor.

"They were too large to bring. They are seven foot by three. There is power enough there to work them however. I will answer for that."

"Aluminum with an alloy of copper?"

"Yes."

"See how beautifully it works!" Pericord stretched out a thin nervous hand, and pressed a button upon the machine. The joints revolved more slowly, and came presently to a dead stop. Again he touched a spring and the arms shivered and woke up again into their crisp metallic life. "The experimenter need not exert his muscular powers," he remarked. "He has only to be passive, and use his intelligence."

"Thanks to my motor," said Brown.

"Our motor," the other broke in sharply.

"Oh, of course," said his colleague impatiently. "The motor which you thought of, and which I reduced to practice—call it what you like."

"I call it the Brown-Pericord motor," cried the inventor, with an angry flash of his dark eyes. "You worked out the details, but the abstract thought is mine, and mine alone."

"An abstract thought won't turn an engine," said Brown doggedly.

"That was why I took you into partnership," the other retorted, drumming nervously with his fingers upon the table. "I invent—You build. It is a fair division of labor."

Brown pursed up his lips, as though by no means satisfied upon the point. Seeing, however, that further argument was useless he turned his attention to the machine, which was shivering and rocking with each swing of its arms, as though a very little more would send it skimming from the table.

"Is it not splendid?" cried Pericord.

"It is satisfactory," said the more phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon.

"There's immortality in it!"

"There's money in it!"

"Our names will go down with Montgolfier's."

"With Rothschild's, I hope."

"No, no, Brown; you take too material a view," cried the inventor, raising his gleaming eyes from the machine to his companion. "Our fortunes are a mere detail. Money is a thing which every heavy-witted merchant in the country shares with us. My hopes rise to something higher than that. Our true reward will come in the gratitude and good-will of the human race."

Brown shrugged his shoulders. "You may have my share of that," he said. "I am a practical man. We must test our invention."

"Where can we do it?"

"That is what I wanted to speak about. It must be absolutely secret. If we had private grounds of our own it would be an easy matter, but there is no privacy in London."

"We must take it into the country."

"I have a suggestion to offer," said Brown. "My brother has a place in Sussex on the high land near Beachy Head. There is, I remember, a large and lofty barn near the house. Will is in Scotland, but the key is always at my disposal. Why not take the machine down to-morrow and test it in the barn?"

"Nothing could be better."

"There is a train to Eastbourne at one."

"I shall be at the station."

"Bring the gear with you, and I shall bring the phlanges," said the mechanic, rising. "To-morrow will prove whether we have been following a shadow, or whether fortune is at our feet. One o'clock at Victoria." He walked swiftly down the stair and was quickly reabsorbed into the flood of comfortable clammy humanity which ebbed and flowed along the Strand.

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The morning was bright and spring-like. A pale blue sky arched over London, with a few gauzy white clouds drifting lazily across it. At 11 o'clock Brown might have been seen entering the Patent Office with a great roll of parchment diagrams and plans under his arm. At 12 he emerged again smiling, and, opening his pocket-book, he packed away very carefully a small slip of official blue paper. At five minutes to one his cab rolled into Victoria Station. Two giant canvas-covered parcels, like enormous kites, were handed down by the cabman from the top, and consigned to the care of a guard. On the platform Pericord was pacing up and down, with long eager step and swinging arms, a tinge of pink upon his sunken and sallow cheeks.

"All right?" he asked.

Brown pointed in answer to his baggage.

"I have the motor and the girdle already packed away in



"Yes I was awfully fond of that girl and I believed her to be perfect, but I saw something about her last night that made me tired."

"What was that?"

"Another fellow's arm."

THE GREAT MOTOR--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

the guard's van. Be careful, guard, for it is delicate machinery of great value. So! Now we can start with an easy conscience."

At Eastbourne the precious motor was carried to a four-wheeler, and the great phlanges hoisted on the top. A long drive took them to the house where the keys were kept, whence they set off across the barren Downs. The building which was their destination was a commonplace, whitewashed structure, with straggling stables and outhouses, standing in a grassy hollow which sloped down from the edge of the chalk cliffs. It was a cheerless house even when in use, but now with its smokeless chimneys and shuttered windows it looked doubly dreary. The owner had planted a grove of young larches and firs around it, but the sweeping spray had blighted them, and they hung their withered heads in melancholy groups. It was a gloomy and forbidding spot.

But the inventors were in no mood to be moved by such trifles. The lonelier the place, the more fitted for their purpose. With the help of the cabman they carried their packages down the footpath, and laid them in the darkened dining-room. The sun was setting as the distant clatter of wheels told them that they were finally alone.

Pericord had thrown open the shutters, and the mellow evening light streamed in through the discolored windows. Brown drew a knife from his pocket and cut the packthread with which the canvas was secured. As the brown covering fell away it disclosed two great yellow metal fans. These he leaned carefully against the wall. The girdle, the connecting bands, and the motor were then in turn unpacked. It was dark before all was set out in order. A lamp was lit, and by its light the two men continued to tighten screws, clinch rivets, and make the last preparations for their experiment.

"That finishes it," said Brown at last, stepping back and surveying the machine.

Pericord said nothing, but his face glowed with pride and expectation.

"We must have something to eat," Brown remarked, laying out some provisions which he had brought with him.

"Afterwards."

"No, now," said the stolid mechanic. "I am half starved." He pulled up to the table and made a hearty meal, while his Celtic companion strode impatiently up and down, with twitching fingers and restless eyes.

"Now then," said Brown, facing round, and brushing the crumbs from his lap, "who is to put it on?"

"I shall," cried his companion, eagerly. "What we do to-night is likely to be historic."

"But there is some danger," suggested Brown. "We cannot quite tell how it may act."

"That is nothing," said Pericord, with a wave of his hand.

"But there is no use our going out of our way to incur danger."

"What then? One of us must do it."

"Not at all. The motor would act equally well if attached to any inanimate object."

"That is true," said Pericord, thoughtfully.

"There are bricks by the barn. I have a sack here. Why should not a bagfull of them take your place?"

"It is a good idea. I see no objection."

"Come on then," and the two sallied out, bearing with them the various sections of their machine. The moon was shining, cold and clear, though an occasional ragged cloud drifted across her face. All was still and silent upon the Downs. They stood and listened before they entered the barn, but not a sound came to their ears, save the dull murmur of the sea and the distant barking of a dog. Pericord journeyed backwards and forwards with all that they might need, while Brown filled a long narrow sack with bricks.

When all was ready the door of the barn was closed, and the lamp balanced upon an empty packing-case. The bag of bricks was laid upon two trestles, and the broad steel girdle was buckled around it. Then the great phlanges, the wires, and the metal box containing the motor were in turn attached to the girdle. Last of all a flat steel rudder, shaped like a fish's tail, was secured to the bottom of the sack.

"We must make it go around in a small circle," said Pericord, glancing around at the bare high walls.

"Tie the rudder down at one side," suggested Brown. "Now it is ready. Press the connection and off she goes!"

Pericord leaned forward, his long sallow face quivering with excitement. His white nervous hands darted here and there among the wires. Brown stood impassive with critical eyes. There was a sharp hurr from the machine. The huge yellow wings gave a convulsive flap. Then another. Then a third, slower and stronger, with a fuller sweep. Then a fourth which filled the barn with a blast of driven air. At the fifth the bag of bricks began to dance upon the trestles. At the sixth it sprang into the air, and would have fallen to the ground but the seventh came to save it, and fluttered it forward through the air. Slowly rising, it flapped heavily around in a circle, like some great clumsy bird, filling the barn with its buzzing and whirring. In the uncertain yellow light of the single lamp it was strange to see the loom of the ungainly thing, flapping off into the shadows, and then circling back into the narrow zone of light.

The two men stood for a while in silence. Then Pericord threw his long arms up into the air. "It acts!" he cried. "The Brown-Pericord Motor acts!" He danced about like a madman in his delight. Brown's eyes twinkled, and he began to whistle.

"See how smoothly it goes, Brown!" cried the inventor. "And the rudder, how well it acts! We must register it to-morrow."

His comrade's face darkened and set. "It is registered," he said, with a forced laugh.

"Registered?" said Pericord. "Registered?" And he repeated the word first in a whisper, and then in a kind of scream. "Who has dared to register my invention?"

"I did it this morning. There is nothing to be excited about. It is all right."

"You registered the motor! Under whose name?"

"Under my own," said Brown sullenly. "I consider that I have the best right to it."

"And my name does not appear?"

"No, but—"

"You villain!" screamed Pericord. "You thief and villain!" You would steal my work! You would filch my credit! I will have that patent back, if I have to tear your throat out." A sombre fire burned in his black eyes, and his hands writhed themselves together with passion. Brown was no coward, but he shrank back as the other advanced upon him.

"Keep your hands off!" he said, drawing a knife from his pocket. "I will defend myself if you attack me."

"You threaten me?" cried Pericord, whose face was livid with anger. "You are a bully as well as a cheat. Will you give up the patent?"

"No, I will not."

"Brown, I say, give it up!"

"I will not. I did the work."

Pericord sprang madly forward with blazing eyes and clutching fingers. His companion writhed out of his grasp, but was dashed against the packing-case, over which he fell. The lamp was extinguished, and the whole barn plunged into darkness. A single ray of moonlight, shining through a narrow chink, flickered over the great waving fans as they came and went.

"Will you give up the patent, Brown?"

There was no answer.

"Will you give it up?"

Again no answer. Not a sound save the humming and creaking overhead. A cold pang of fear and doubt struck through Pericord's heart. He felt aimlessly about in the dark and his fingers closed upon a hand. It was cold and unresponsive. With all his anger turned to icy horror he struck a match, set the lamp up, and lit it.

Brown lay huddled up upon the other side of the packing-case. Pericord seized him in his arms, and with convulsive strength lifted him across. Then the mystery of his silence was explained. He had fallen with his right arm doubled up under him, and his own weight had driven the knife deeply into

his body. He had died without a groan. The tragedy had been sudden, horrible and complete.

Pericord sat silently on the edge of the case, staring blankly down, and shivering like one with the ague, while the great Brown-Pericord motor boomed and hurtled above him. How long he sat there can never be known. It might have been minutes or it might have been hours. A thousand mad schemes flashed through his dazed brain. It was true that he had been only the indirect cause. But who would believe that? He glanced down at his blood-spattered clothing. Everything was against him. It would be better to fly than to give himself up, relying upon his innocence. No one in London knew where they were. If he could dispose of the body he might have a few days clear before any suspicion would be aroused.

Suddenly a loud crash recalled him to himself. The flying sack had gradually risen with each successive circle until it had struck against the rafters. The blow displaced the connecting gear, and the machine fell heavily to the ground. Pericord undid the girdle. The motor was uninjured. A sudden, strange thought flashed upon him as he looked at it. The machine had become hateful to him. He might dispose both of it and the body in a way that would baffle all human search.

He threw open the barn door, and carried his companion out into the moonlight. There was a hillock outside, and on the summit of this he laid him reverently down. Then he brought from the barn the motor, the girdle and the phlanges. With trembling fingers he fastened the broad steel belt around the dead man's waist. Then he screwed the wings into the sockets. Beneath he slung the motor-box, fastened the wires, and switched on the connection. For a minute or two the huge yellow fans flapped and flickered. Then the body began to move in little jumps down the side of the hillock, gathering a gradual momentum, until at last it heaved up into the air and soared heavily off into the moonlight. He had not used the rudder, but had turned the head for the south. Gradually the weird thing rose higher, and sped faster, until it had passed over the line of cliff, and was sweeping over the silent sea. Pericord watched it with a white drawn face, until it looked like a black bird with golden wings half shrouded in the mist which lay over the waters.

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In the New York State Lunatic Asylum there is a wild-eyed man whose name and birthplace are alike unknown. His reason has been unseated by some sudden shock, the doctors say, though of what nature they are unable to determine. "It is the most delicate machine which is most readily put out of gear," they remark, and point, in proof of their axiom, to the complicated electric engines, and remarkable aeronautic machines which the patient is fond of devising in his more lucid moments.

"LIFE'S" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

LIFE'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER is to be issued next week and will be a superb edition—beautifully illustrated, handsomely printed, with a dainty cover design in attractive colors, and containing a number of brilliant short stories, special articles, poems, etc., by Canadian and foreign writers of repute. There is no doubt that this will be the handsomest and best Christmas paper for the price ever issued in Canada. No expense has been spared in its preparation, and only the best artistic and literary work obtainable has been admitted to its columns. It will make a superb present to send to friends in distant parts of the world, being truly representative of Canadian literature, art, and business enterprise. Orders may be left with newsdealers, or sent direct to the offices of the publishers, 18-19 Board of Trade, Montreal, and 26 Front St. West, Toronto, and 109 Fleet St., E.C., London, Eng. The price, considering the size and quality of the number, is the lowest ever touched in Canada—10 cents per copy.



AN easy way of removing a ring that has grown too tight for a finger is to thread a needle with thread that is strong but not too coarse. Soap this needle and pass it eye first under the ring on the inside and toward the palm of the hand. Pull the thread through a few inches, and wind the other end of it around the finger toward the nail, and then unwind the end that has been passed under the ring. With this unwinding the ring will come off.

MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON relates a funny experience of hers of recent date. She was requested to speak before a club upon the subject, "The Influence of Environment Over Heredity." She thought it all over carefully, as to the inner life and as to the outer life, but she felt it all to be a muddle. She picked out such notables as the Emperor of Germany and the Prince of Wales for examples, and in studying them she found the Emperor of Germany with a German father and an English mother, a thorough German, and the Prince of Wales, with an English mother and a German father, all English. She appealed to a man, who told her this story:

"There was once an Irishman, a bog trotter, who lived in a shanty in the mud out in a vacant lot. He was a bog trotter in appearance and in character all his life, never rising above it. But he had a big family of children, all of whom went to the public school, and one, a bright boy, even worked his way through college, and is now a professor of Greek in his alma mater—and his father is still a bog trotter."

And so she gave it up, and changed the subject to something she felt better acquainted with, "The Heart of a Little Child."

AMONG the methods employed by carefully groomed women to perfume the coilure is the thin silk wadded nightcap, which is saturated with sachet powder. Other women slip tiny sachet bags into the pompadour frame.

THE cry is: "Trim it with fur!" no matter what you order—especially opera cloaks. What a craze! What prices. What a bonanza for furriers! Every noted tailor or gown-maker is keeping a natural history museum of skins belonging to furred beasts. The whole skin is the craze.

WHEN black lace has lost its freshness, says a woman who looks carefully after the details of her own wardrobe, wash it first in lukewarm water and a little melted soap. Then prepare a deep blue water, and mix with it some gum arabic. The usual proportion is one tablespoonful of gum arabic to a pint of the water. Dip the lace in this mixture, squeeze lightly with the hands, and then pin the lace out on a clean piece of muslin to dry. When nearly dry, iron on the wrong side. Another method is to dip the lace in a mixture of milk and water, squeeze well then iron with a sheet of tissue paper over it. Black veils can be freshened in the same way as black lace.

For washing white lace, prepare some soap lather and half fill a wide-mouthed bottle or jar with it; place the lace in it, and shake well, holding a clean cloth over the mouth of the jar to keep the water from escaping. As the water becomes dirty change it for fresh soapy water. When the lace is clean rinse in clear water, then dip in a mixture of dissolved gum arabic and water in the proportion of one teaspoonful to half a pint, squeeze gently in the hands; pin out on a clean cloth, fastening the plain part of the lace first,

afterward the points. Be careful to make the lace even while wet; then, when nearly dry, iron lightly on the wrong side over a thick ironing blanket or sheet.

Common lace may be washed in lukewarm soap lather by squeezing with the hands, then starched in thin hot-water starch. After starching roll it in a cloth, and when it is nearly dry it may be ironed on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron.

In coloring white or cream laces, if a deep yellow is desired use yellow ochre or coffee. It is best first to test the shade on a small piece of muslin before putting the lace in. When using coffee great care must be taken to see that no grains are allowed to get on the lace, as that would make it spotted. It is a good plan to mix the coloring material with the starch to insure even coloring and yet not take the stiffness out.

THERE is a form of mental exercise in regard to which the outside world hears nothing whatever as to whether or not it is practised among girl students in schools or colleges, and that is debating. At any time an excellent educational force, it is of special moment to the woman sex, now that girls and women are addressing audiences all over the world on subjects that take in the wide range of every human interest. Debating, properly carried on, has the unqualified endorsement of so distinguished an educational leader as President Hadley, of Yale, who urged a body of 200 Yale students, that had assembled in answer to a call to consider this college subject, to give heed not alone to the substance of debate, but to the manner of it as well, the students being advised to deliberately cultivate rhetorical style.

THE queen jewel of the moment is the emerald—not the diamond cut emerald we are most familiar with, but large square-cut stones, green cubes set in diamond frames, for every purpose a stone of such value could be put to. An emerald from India is also high in favor, and newly introduced in elaborate necklaces with separate pendants, having floriated diamond settings. As cabochons of great size, oval and square, as well as in pear-shaped drops, they are exquisitely lovely. In color they are paler than the more precious emerald, and have less brilliancy, but their effect is none the less beautiful and imposing for corsage and neck adornments. Opals from Mexico, colossal in size, but less aflame with vibrating color, are having their success as corsage brooches—heart-shaped, mounted with a rim of large and brilliant diamonds. There is a massiveness about this ornament which suits some tastes far better than more artistic conceptions. The turquoise is still a great favorite, as it must always remain, but it has been so ruthlessly imitated in pinchbeck, that the craze is no longer what it has been. Pearls reign triumphant year after year, being found in greater beauty and size than was thought possible when their modishness was slumbering. Now, one string alone is looked upon as a certificate of social value, and one's rank is determined by the added rows, length of string and the size and lustre of the individual pearls. These stones retain their brightness and color by being constantly worn, it is said; and for that reason has the fashion crept in of wearing one or more strings above the high neck-band of one's gown. Foreign women are never seen without them, night or day.

GERALDINE.

THE Montreal Conservatory of Music will hold its 26th pupil concert at the Conservatory, 938 and 940 Dorchester street, to-morrow (Saturday), at 3 p.m. sharp. A lengthy and interesting programme has been prepared.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK W. NEWMAN sailed by the St. Louis, on Saturday last, for the South of France, owing to Mr. Newman's continued ill-health.

A TRIP ON THE STREET CARS

Timon Expatiates on the Delights of
Travel on a Montreal Trolley.

IT would baffle even the most astral of the Mahatmas to predict with any kind of exactitude the time at which the average man will reach his suburban home if he is forced to take a car down-town anywhere in the vicinity of six o'clock at night. Car after car may pass him, it is true. But their back platforms are a tightly wedged mass of struggling humanity on which only a dynamite cartridge could make any impression, and whose centre a Yale half-back might hesitate to "buck." How the conductor wedges his way through the crowd no one can imagine who does not know what marvels in the way of compression the human frame can withstand. And the manner in which respectable citizens cling desperately to the rear rail, with their legs streaming out behind the car, shows that—taken in the light of a gymnastic exercise—a ride on the street cars is not without its compensations.

Say that our citizen is sufficiently active to spring upon the two inches of vacant space on the footboard and force his way on to the platform. Inside of 10 seconds he wishes he had not. On one side he is ground against a horny-handed son of toil with a few hundredweight of plaster on his clothes. On the other is wedged a grimy individual who has apparently been bathing in machinery oil and dried himself with lamp-black. Behind him is a fat man with a red nose smoking a pipe, one whiff of which would drive a dog out of a tanyard. Honest wage-earners, more or less grimy, are ground slowly against him until, by the time he has gone two blocks, his new overcoat presents a spectacle that causes his wife to burst into tears. By the time the motorman has taken him 50 yards beyond his crossing, and started the car with a jerk that sends him off the footboard on to his hands and knees in the mud, he is mad clear through. He says things that would make a porcelain pug turn pale. And, although he may be naturally as harmless as a stuffed canary, one short trip on the cars converts him into as great a menace to society as an unripe apple. When he arrives at his domicile there is a look in his eye that would make a cigar-store Indian crawl under the counter. His wife never ventures to ask him as to the whereabouts of the groceries he was told to order when he went down town. It would be as much as her life was worth. She peeps through the keyhole, while his remarks take the varnish off the wainscoating, in readiness to fly into the back kitchen and hysterics in case trouble should arise over the baby. But relief often comes when least expected. It is about this time that the cross-eyed woman over the way steps over to borrow the front steps to receive her bean on. Then the volcano explodes. The children take refuge in the coal bin and the family dog crawls under the refrigerator for safety. But the worst is over. The paroxysm is past. His language dies away into a series of cursory remarks that gave the Recording Angel time to get his second wind. Time pours vaseline on his frayed sensibilities. The cat is able to emerge from its sojourn in the coal scuttle, and the baby can be rescued from the back bedroom and brought into the light of day before it becomes black in the face from suppressed gratitude. Benzine and the clothes brush work wonders on the coat. And by the time night has settled her dark canopy over a slumberous world, and the elusive Leonid has started in to dodge the astronomers, he is once more a Christian and a father.

But think how much more beautiful his homecoming would be, if he were treated on the cars more like a human being and less like a bale of rags! Fancy if he could step on to a comfortable car, and, as he snuggled into a cosy seat, where the stove could burn a hole in his wristbands, ask the conductor

pleasantly about his family and whether he abstained from the demon rum! Imagine him ascending the car like a civilized Christian, instead of being hauled on by the nape of the neck, having the box jammed under his nose before he can gasp for breath, and then being thrown off in a dazed condition at the wrong corner to the accompaniment of a fantasia on the gong! Suppose that we were deprived of that delicious uncertainty as to whether our next stopping place would be in the bosom of our family or in the morgue? Would it have any deleterious effect on the company's dividends? or, would it make Montreal too like Heaven?

At the present moment, a ride on the cars is attended with all the excitement of a meeting with a mad dog in a dark lane. We may attain the end aimed at, or we may not. If we arrive at the crossing a second late, we may yell and wave our arms until the whole neighborhood have their heads out of the window. But it will not attract the attention of the conductor. He chooses that moment to go to the front of the car to tell the motorman a funny story about his aunt. Then comes the nice long wait, while we figure up how it is that with a three-minute service it is 20 minutes before the next car comes along, going so slow that there is moss on the hind wheels. This is bad enough. But it is worse when we get to where we want to transfer. There we are usually treated to a panorama of every one of the various lines that the company operates—except the one we want. Cars from all kinds of queer routes, where they have a passenger once a week, and the motorman shakes hands with him and calls him "Billy," and the conductor gives him a cigar, shamble along. And then the roadway becomes so bare that the victim begins to be afraid that the company has no more cars.

But everything comes to him who waits. At last, the right car looms into sight, at the very verge of the horizon. It stops at every corner, and dawdles along until the waiting crowd dance an exasperated war-dance upon the pavement. But the motorman knows his business. He waits until a timber-truck, three-quarters of a mile long, gets between him and the intending passengers. Then he puts on a burst of speed. It is in vain for them to shriek or wave their umbrellas. He receives their comments on the brazen backler of a sardonic smile. The conductor is inside putting a piece of wood the size of a clothes-peg into the stove, with all the solemnity of a religious function. He is far too busy to be worried by the public. So the car flashes past with the velocity of a scalded dog, and the crowd has a chance to exhaust its vocabulary before they can make up their minds whether to go through the whole experience again or walk. And yet we wonder why men drink!

TIMON.

THE Winston Churchill who has been distinguishing himself in South Africa, is not the Winston Churchill who won distinction as the author of "Richard Carvel." The one in Africa is the late Lord Randolph Churchill's son, and went to the front as one of the two correspondents of *The Morning Post*. His father's versatility and unconventionality are said to be his. He has served in the army as a cavalry officer, but he was so seldom with his regiment, and so often engaged in recording and criticizing the deeds of generals in the field, that he fell in with the growing opinion that there was something irregular in a subaltern holding such a position with regard to his military superiors, and resigned his commission to devote himself to novel-writing, politics, and war correspondence. He was in Cuba with Martinez Campos during the first stage of the insurrection, and he saw fighting among the northwestern passes of India, and on the "stricken field" of Omdurman. It is remarkable that there should be two Winston Churchills—the name being an odd one—and more remarkable still that they should both be writers of growing fame. The author of "Richard Carvel" is a citizen of the United States, but this does not prevent his being constantly confused with his namesake in South Africa by the press of his country.



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

SIR W. C. MACDONALD.

SO sensitive is Sir William C. Macdonald about having his photograph appear in any public print, that even the publishers of the "Annual" of McGill University, the institution for which Sir William has done so much, have often in the past had considerable difficulty in obtaining a picture of him for their book. Nor is this desire to avoid unnecessary publicity any mere affectation on his part. Sir William is naturally a quiet and

extremely modest man. Easily approached, and courteous to the interviewer, he yet becomes very determined and even abrupt in his manner the moment such a thing as the giving of a photograph for the purpose of illustration is hinted at. He will not hear of such a thing. And so, the journal that wishes to give its readers his portrait has to resort to some surreptitious mode of obtaining one of the very rare photographs of this distinguished citizen of Montreal.



SIR W. C. MACDONALD.

If system and method are elements in winning success, it

is no wonder that Sir William has made a name as one of Canada's most successful business men. His private office is the tidiest and neatest I have ever been in. Verily, there is a place for everything and everything in its place.

The millionaire tobacco manufacturer is just now prominent through his princely gift of \$62,000 to establish an additional chair in geology at McGill, in memory of the late ex-principal, Sir William Dawson, but it is but yesterday that the people of the Dominion were made aware of his gift of sufficient money to establish and maintain, for three years, manual training classes in one city in each Province from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Prior to making these gifts in behalf of education, Sir William had already given \$1,650,000 to McGill University, in aid of the departments of mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, mining engineering, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, architecture, law and the professors' pension fund. Such munificence entitles him to rank as one of the great philanthropists of America; and, as The London Times has said, if the engineering and physics departments of McGill are the most perfectly equipped in the world, as is claimed, the fact is due to the generosity of a single individual, and that individual is Sir W. C. Macdonald.

Sir William is now 66 years old, and has been a resident of Montreal for 45 years. Like so many Canadians who have made a distinguished mark, he is a native of the Maritime Provinces, his birthplace being Tracadie, Prince Edward Island. He comes of Scotch Roman Catholic stock. His father was the Hon. Donald Macdonald, sometime President of the Legislative Council of Prince Edward Island, and his paternal grandfather was Capt. John Macdonald, eighth chief of the Clan Macdonald, of Glenaladale, who, after founding several Scotch settlements in Prince Edward Island, served under the British during the American Revolutionary War as a captain in the 84th, or Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment.

Sir William, in speaking of the grant made by him for the establishment and maintenance of manual training classes, told me that there was a popular misapprehension that the object was to give technical education. The real aim was purely educational, however, and the classes would not be technical classes in any sense. They would be for the purpose of training the mind in conjunction with the hand. "As a

rule, children don't like books," said he, "and these classes will help children who have this aversion. They will handle tools, learn to do things for themselves, and come into contact with reality. In the Old Country, it has been found that manual training classes do not hinder children in their book-training, but really stimulate them in it, as they afford a pleasant change which is so gratifying to the mind that the children take to the work with avidity. The classes will be operated in connection with the public schools, and will be for boys from 9 to 14 years old."

Sir William was careful to give the chief credit for the founding of these classes to Professor Jas. W. Robertson, of Ottawa. "I found that Professor Robertson was anxious to establish such classes," said he, "and only required the means, and all I did was to put the latter at his disposal."

Thus, did this generous philanthropist make light of a gift, the amount of which he does not yet know, and will not know precisely till the close of the three years, during which the classes are to be maintained at his expense. J. A. T.

LORD METHUEN.

WE were accustomed to hear a good deal not so long ago about the degenerate aristocracy of Great Britain. That there are dissolute noblemen, as there are dissolute laboring men, cannot be denied, and perhaps the temptations of one who has wealth, social position, and leisure, are uncommonly strong and seductive; but the idea that the British nobility is on the down-grade, physically, mentally, and morally, is not borne out very well by the events of recent years. On the contrary, there seems to be a tremendous amount of virility and talent of a high order in the ranks of the aristocracy.

Lord Methuen, who has been doing some hard and brilliant fighting with his small column of troops in South Africa, is a case in point. This nobleman has had an eventful career, and his personality is most interesting. He was 54 years old



LORD METHUEN.

on September 1, and is the third Baron Methuen, his full name being Paul Sanford Methuen. He has previously seen service, on the Gold Coast, at Ashanti, and in Bechuanaland. He was also assistant military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1877, and military attache at Berlin from that year until 1881. He has held many other important military offices, amongst them that of commandant at headquarters in Egypt in 1882; and Deputy Adjutant-General in South Africa, 1888. He was promoted to the rank of major-general nine years ago.

Lord Methuen's frank, agreeable face is an index to his character. As an officer, he is energetic and exacting, demanding much of those under him, but not sparing himself.

It is related of him that when he was in Bechuanaland, hesent out a junior officer and a squad of men with a message, which it was important should be delivered to a native chief, many miles distant, within 48 hours. The young officer, either from lack of nerve or natural incompetency, returned about 23 hours after being sent out, without having delivered the message. He claimed to have lost his way. Methuen was raging, and roundly cursed the incompetency of his subordinate. But there was no time to be lost, and a second miscarriage could not be risked. Therefore, jumping on his horse, he set out in person, with a handful of troopers behind him, and, notwithstanding that darkness had fallen, made the chief's camp in three or four hours, and was back at his own headquarters in good time to prevent anything going amiss through his absence. Then calling the young officer before him, he sternly said: "The next time I give you anything to do, sir, I want you to do it, and not to return until it is done." The lesson was a good one for the youngster, and, shortly afterwards, Lord Methuen entrusted him with another difficult commission, which was promptly and thoroughly executed.

The incident is characteristic of Lord Methuen's treatment of subordinates. He demands much of them, but never lets a man be permanently shamed or discouraged by a single mistake, so long as it is in his power to give him an opportunity to retrieve his self-respect. A. L. M.

Points for Investors

THE present is a time most favorable for investment in sound Canadian stocks. One hears a great deal about the "tightness of money," but this is a condition which is a reality for the speculator but does not affect the man who has money laid by and is looking for profitable fields for outlay. Owing to the great expansion of business in Canada during the present year, and the growth of trade in all directions, more money is required by manufacturers, traders, merchants of all descriptions, but at the same time there is much well-earned increment from the same sources increasing every day and seeking an outlet of investment. The fortunate possessors of these increments can regard the present stringency of money as a cant phrase sufficiently real in its operation to act as a most healthy tonic against inflation, while enabling the man of ready money to secure investments at a lower rate than otherwise would obtain. In this column I propose weekly to point out the directions which can best be followed by those who seek reliable investments capable of appreciating in value. The country is developing all the time, and present conditions point to an uplift in all sound quarters.

On the Canadian 'Changes, during the past week, especially in Montreal, there has been distinct advancement in many stocks. Royal Electric stands out as the most notable of these. While the financial writers of the daily press ascribed only manipulation as a reason for the upward movement, the advance was well founded on increased earnings and a most favorable statement which is to be issued for the present year. Electrics may be generally considered the soundest of industrials, for the business is yet in its infancy, is capable of much wider development, and possesses an ever-expanding field. Consequently, as the year nears its close, there has been a marked advance in electric stocks all over the continent, and Royal Electric is only following a general lead set by General Electric in the United States, and Canadian General Electric in Canada. An increase on the present 8 per cent. dividend is practically assured, if not in January, certainly in the next half year, and, with still wider fields for operation in manufacturing electrical appliances, and with the growth of Montreal and its constituent and adjacent municipalities, Royal Electric, provided as it is with a goodly rest fund, can well be said, even at present prices, to be a sound proposition. But it is high enough from the investor's view point.

The best industrial stock in Canada to-day, and one that offers a splendid return, is Canadian General Electric. This stock should be listed on the Montreal Exchange, for the Company's operations extend all over the Dominion, and, in a national sense, it holds the lead in electrical manufacturing. With only \$900,000 common stock, and \$300,000 preferred at six per cent., it has a larger earning power than the more local electrics of higher capitalization. Its recent rise from 165 to 180 has been due to the almost assured fact that its previous annual dividend of eight per cent. is to be increased on December 15 to 10 per cent. per annum, and the statement of the year's business will be so excellent that a large fund will be carried forward to rest account. This company's business is not dependent on franchises at all, but on well acquired patents, and a consolidation of the Thomson-Houston and Westinghouse forces in Canada, following a similar lead in the United States. Last year the net profits were \$182,000. This year they will reach \$275,000. Those who want a good purchase should buy Canadian General Electric on the Toronto Stock Exchange. Toronto Electric Light has been showing a very slight advance. This company is in a most flourishing condition, but is not likely to increase its present dividend. At

138 with a 7 per cent. return the stock is at a firm price. It cannot recede, because the company will this year show an increase in the net earnings of about \$28,000, bringing up its balance close on to \$100,000. It is hampered in paying dividends on \$2,000,000 common stock and has 400,000 debentures at 4½ per cent. but it is quite equal to the task. Its property is overcapitalized, but its future is great.

Of all local electrics, the London Electric Light Company, with only \$500,000 stock and a 6 per cent. dividend, that is likely to be raised to 7 per cent. next June, is a most sound investment at 120. It is a foster child of Canadian General Electric.

Bank stocks are another excellent media for investment at the present time. The best of all, with regard to future possibilities and for gilt-edged investment, is Dominion Bank, with its 12 per cent. dividend, purchasable now at 270. Operating an enormously growing business on only \$1,500,000, this institution is the next applicant for increased capital, and present stockholders will be able to secure new holdings on a most favorable basis. The Dominion's success in Montreal and its new Northwest business, ever increasing, demand more capital.

Street railway stocks are to be avoided at present prices. Both in Montreal and Toronto street rails there has been too much inflation. The inflation is better founded in the Montreal Railway which is going ahead by leaps and bounds and has a fairly safe franchise, but it is now high enough, while Toronto Street Railway, with an insecure franchise, absolutely terminable in less than a score of years, is absurdly high at 110 on a 4 per cent. basis. While Toronto is progressing remarkably and the street railway earnings are increasing and increased returns for shareholders are a fair possibility, Toronto rails are not an investment.

Those who like railroad investments, and nothing is sounder than a well-directed and expanding railroad, can comfort themselves with the thought that our own Canadian Pacific Railway is making strides as remarkable as any road on the continent to-day. For several weeks it has been leading all the American roads in its earning increases. After payment of \$8,300,000 for covering the fixed rates on bonds and the preference stock and the present dividend of 4 per cent. on its \$65,000,000 common stock, the C.P.R., on December 31, will still have a surplus on the year of \$3,000,000. It has been branching out in many new lines, but the meeting in February may very properly see its way clear to allowing the common shareholders an additional 1 per cent. Whether such increase is made or not, C.P.R. offers a most attractive investment. It is worth buying and holding in one's strong box.

The slight flurry in Duluth this week resulted from the report that Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul had made a traffic arrangement with the Duluth road. This stock cannot be considered in the light of an investment, though it may, on its low basis, prove a good thing for long-waiting speculators.

Twin City Rapid Transit was also to the fore. There is no question that Minneapolis and St. Paul are growing very fast, and Twin City's receipts are leaping up with a monthly increase of \$30,000 to \$40,000, so that, in spite of its very heavy load of common stock, Twin City would appear all right at present prices.

FAIRFAX.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL, who, since 1862, has supplied the weekly cartoon to Punch with hardly a break, is nearly 80 years old, and is as well and as busy as ever. He was born in London, and has hardly left the great city for more than a week at a time during the last 40 years. Few men have done more than he to form public opinion in England. He has been more or less handicapped in his work by his loss of an eye. It was accidentally put out by the slip of a foil in the hand of his father when the two were fencing together. Sir John philosophically consoles himself by the reflection that Heaven bestowed on men two eyes as a precaution against such accidents.

LADY MARY

By
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

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

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—The Hon. Eve Rutland, daughter and heiress of Lord Raven, hears from Mrs. Goring-Anderson, her schoolmistress, that her father is dead. Eve is 20 years old, and has been kept at the school all the year around since childhood. When she first came her father had married a second wife, Lady Mary, of the Dark House, whom Eve has never seen, and it turns out that this will Lord Raven has provided that his daughter shall be consigned to her step-mother's care for one year, till she comes into her fortune. Mrs. Rayne, music mistress at the school, who knows Lady Mary and her evil reputation, implores Eve not to trust herself to her stepmother's house without a trusty friend near her, and she offers to go with her to the house in Cumberland.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE PLAN.

"I BEG of you, my child," she said, "to trust me, and not to try and see that photograph. I have no right to keep it, still less right to let it be seen by you, of all people in the world! Oh, don't think me mad, Eve, dear, to talk so strangely, and to make a mystery out of such a small thing! But there's an old sorrow of my own very closely connected with that picture. I can neither bear to throw it away nor to look at it even myself. Will you forgive me, and shall we say no more about it?"

"But—but I thought——"

I hesitated, staring wistfully at her, as with trembling fingers she replaced all the fallen photographs in the envelope.

"I seemed to know the woman's face. If I could have looked at it only for a moment I'm sure I should have remembered when and how—and everything about it, though it must have been long ago. And the man who had been taken standing by her side——"

"Hush, dear, please! please! You are mistaken. You could not have remembered either of the faces. There are so many chance resemblances, you know. It would only humiliate me to have you see and speculate upon the poor photograph. Let us talk of something pleasanter—something belonging to the future, not the past. Shall I tell you whose picture it was which I gave you to pass your opinion upon?"

"If you like," I replied a little coldly, for I felt that I had been treated as a child.

"He will be your nearest neighbor in Cumberland. That is, his place—Rodesdale Manor it is called—is not more than two or three miles from the Dark House. He is Sir Donald Howard now, for his father is dead, and—and I think, though he is abroad a good deal, that perhaps he will be at home when you arrive. You see, a great many years ago, his mother and I were friends, and I hear from him sometimes. I'm sure he would be a good neighbor to have, and, if you ever wanted any advice—or help of the sort a man could give a girl, you might safely go to him. He isn't so young as he looks in the photograph. Two or three years past 30, I fancy, and though, as you thought, he was once a soldier, he isn't one now."

"Oh! over 30, and not a soldier!" I had come near to losing my quickly-kindled interest in the young man of the eagle-eyed, clear-featured face.

"If you meet him, as I'm sure you will, dear, don't speak of

the soldiering days. It's a sore subject, for he loved his profession, and, through a terrible misunderstanding and a cruel injustice, he had to give it up. Some day, if you like, and you are interested in hearing about him, I'll tell you how it happened. But now we may not have much time together, and there are so many things which concern you far more nearly to say. You told me a few minutes ago that you looked forward to loneliness and neglect at the Dark House. I hope you may be mistaken—oh, with all my heart I hope so! But, if you would let me go, I might be of some little comfort to you there in—in ways you don't think of now, perhaps. If you were willing, as I said, I could make it possible. I would do anything to be with you, Eve. You are an heiress and a young woman of position. They could not refuse to let you have a maid, and—I would be that maid."

I actually gasped. "Mrs. Rayne, you must be dreaming. Even if—if I said 'yes,' it couldn't be done. Everyone would know. And you forget Mrs. Goring-Anderson. She would speak to the people whom my stepmother is sending for me, and——"

"No, dear, she would not speak." Mrs. Rayne insisted, her white, thin hands nervously clasping and unclasping themselves. "Mrs. Goring-Anderson owes me money, and something else besides, for, when she was ill with brain fever, I nursed her, if you remember, and, some people thought, saved her life. She is not a demonstrative woman, or a very warm-hearted one, but she isn't ungrateful; and once she said that if a time should ever come when she could repay me for what I had done she would be glad. As for the money, I let her have a little that I had hid inside when she had lost more than she could afford in a speculation, and was called upon to pay in a hurry. I have never pressed her, for I have so little use for money, and now I am glad that there is a debt of gratitude between us. Trust me to win Mrs. Goring-Anderson's permission to do what I wish, and I think I can promise to clear the way. Only say that you will take me with you, and, unless you choose it, no one at Wellington House, except Mrs. Goring-Anderson, need ever know."

I looked at her with a certain keenness of analysis which was new to my youth and inexperience. "You have some special reason for wishing to live in the place you call the Dark House," I pronounced thoughtfully, pausing between my words.

Her pale cheeks flushed deeply. "I admit that. I have a reason for wishing to live in the Dark House—while you are there. And it is a strong one. If you consent to trust me at all, you must trust me so far. And if you do take me with you, there's just one thing I will ask in return for a very slavishness of devotion which I am ready to give you. Never let Lady Mary even suspect that I am anything but what I seem. Above all, don't hint that I've ever seen or heard of her before, and don't tell her, or anyone else, that Lady Howard and I used to be friends. I should warn Sir Donald, and he and I would be as strangers to each other, of course."

"Perhaps I oughtn't to promise. Perhaps you wish to injure Lady Mary," I impulsively exclaimed.

"I swear to you that I have no thought of injuring her or anyone. Will you trust me and take me, Eve?"

I did not reply for a moment. I was thinking. Never before had I liked Mrs. Rayne so well. Her eyes shone out like stars as she eagerly watched me through the dimming glasses, and her white face seemed lit from within, like a semi-transparent alabaster lamp. Her manner and her look both convinced me, for the time, at least, that she was wholly disinterested in that odd, intense affection for me, which I was still at a loss to understand. The atmosphere of her love seemed to envelop me, and thaw the ice in my hard young heart. Now, in the upheaval of old landmarks, it was good to have someone older than I to cling to—someone who was honestly fond of me.

I projected my mind down the lazy vista of the future, and pictured myself an inmate of the Dark House, living alone

with the unknown stepmother, who had never tried to win my love. Only an hour ago I had been wishing for any change, so that it took me away from the monotonous routine of Wellington House, with its eleven years of dull, grey memories. Now that the change had really come, or was about to come, I found myself shrinking from it, and telling myself that this one thing of all others was what I would least have chosen. If only my father had lived, and I could have made him care for me, everything would have been different; but at the Dark House it seemed to me that presently I should be oppressed with the same sense of monotony I had rebelled against, while I should also have to bear a loneliness I had never known at school. Only Lady Mary and myself! that prospect did not spell happiness for me, and I thought more graciously of poor Mrs. Rayne, the faded singing teacher, than I had ever thought before.

Certainly I should have preferred Rose as a companion, if I could have had her, and, perhaps, if all went well, when she had left school something of the sort might be arranged, rather than the governessing to which the girl looked forward with so much distaste; but that consummation devoutly to be wished could not come until next summer—and the months between stretched drearily long in anticipation. Mrs. Rayne would be better than no one, poor dear; but, I could not fathom the mystery of her wanting to go, and I was not used to mysteries. There had been none in my 20 years of life, so far as I knew the history of those years.

"I'm not sure that it wouldn't be sheer selfishness to have you with me in Cumberland," I said doubtfully, feeling still as if I were in a dream from which I could not wake. "My maid! why, it would never do, Mrs. Rayne. I couldn't let you wait on me—do things for me that maids are supposed to do; though, if I didn't, and you were there, there'd be gossip, of course, and the truth might come out. I needn't mind that, for myself, perhaps, but you appear anxious to have it kept secret. I should like to have a friend with me—and I do believe now that you are a friend—but for many reasons—"

"Ah, there are no reasons if really you would care to have me," she implored; and the tremour in her sweet, low voice began to seem oddly pathetic to me, I scarcely realized why. "Would you care, Eve—would you?"

She reached out to take my hands, and I let her have them, though they lay but passively in her warm, eager grasp. This curious, unexpected manifestation of her affection touched me, and I felt my nerves vibrate with the magnetism of it, yet I would not commit myself—I would not let myself go, for fear, after all, I should be proven foolish for turning to her with an answering regard, as the sunflower turns to the sun—for fear some day I should find that I had been cheated, and this mysterious, white-haired woman's protestations had been merest froth and moonshine.

"Yes, I would care," I replied conservatively. "But I would care more if I could understand. I am not conceited enough to believe that anyone could find life tolerable in a remote country house, living in a subordinate position, disguised, entirely for the pleasure of my society. Tell me the other reason why you wish so much to go, and if it seems to me a good one, somehow the thing may be managed."

"There is nothing to tell," she persisted, "except that which is connected with you. You would have Sir Donald to advise you, if you needed advice, I hope, but if you wanted a friend by your side—I should love to be that friend. Oh, I don't wonder that you can't understand, for you are not old and lonely, with all your life behind you, and only one interest left alive in it, like a solitary plant that thrives in a neglected garden run to waste. But so it is with me, and you are the sole interest what remains for me. Love can't be measured and explained—it wouldn't be worth much if it could, perhaps—and I can't tell in just so many words why I feel towards you as I do.

"I can only say to you that the love is there; and I can show it, if you will accept my plan, and let me go away with

you into the new life. It would be a joy to wait on you—to be your maid, dear. I have often wished to lay my hand upon your hair—to touch you—to mend your dress if you tore it, to do a hundred little things for you, which would be my duty as well as my happiness then."

I stared at her, the hardness in my heart melting away like snow in the warmth of noon. I had never thought so very much about this pale, earnest woman with the winning voice before. She had been only a fitting shadow in my life, no more—mentally relegated among the outsiders, those who were old and dull and ugly and not particularly interesting in themselves; but now my curiosity was pricked regarding her. I wondered what her career had been, and what sorrows had brought her to the present pass of desolation, when the love of a stranger was a boon to crave and make many a sacrifice to win and hold.

"Haven't you any relatives of your own?" I questioned.

She started and shivered a little, as if I had inadvertently touched a sore spot, then shook her head, with a catch in her throat that kept her from answering for an instant. "None to whom I am of any importance," she murmured.

"What a pity," I said, "because"—I stammered slightly for fear of "gushing," a schoolgirl fault for which my long experience of Wellington House had taught me to feel a certain shy scorn—"because you seem so kind and loving, you know. You ought to have had a daughter to care for, Mrs. Rayne."

She turned half away from me, but I saw her bosom heave. "So I ought, so I ought," she repeated. "But many joys are denied to us in life—for some wise purpose, I have no doubt."

"Had you never any children?" I went on, half-frightened at myself for the question, yet prompted to ask it by a not unkindly curiosity.

"Only one, my dear. If she had been—spared, she would have been very nearly of your age now. Perhaps—that is the reason I have been so drawn to you."

"And did she die a long time ago?"

"I lost her when she was a very little child." She had been making a strong effort to control her voice, but it broke at last, and, at the sound of the stifled sob, I ran to her and caught the frail hands, which, a few moments before, had so wistfully held mine. All the old doubts of Mrs. Rayne were gone.

"I understood her now, or thought I did, and I was moved to do something which it had never occurred to me to do before. I stood on tip-toe and voluntarily kissed her.

"I will trust you—I do trust you," I said. "And, if there is no other way for us to be together but the one you propose, let us try that, and I will make it as light and pleasant a life as I can. You've made me feel I need you."

She returned my kiss with a species of fervid earnestness.

"Thank God!" I thought I heard her murmur beneath her breath.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HAPPENED BY THE WAY.

It was hard to make the girls, and Rose in particular, believe that I was actually going away. But the day after the arrival of the telegram which had told me that I was fatherless, Mr. Valentine Graeme, Lady Mary's nephew, appeared upon the scene.

He brought with him, to act as my chaperon and attendant, a person who answered to the name of "Miss Cade," and who was, he informed Mrs. Goring-Anderson, his aunt's confidential woman or companion, several grades above the ordinary lady's-maid.

Mourning had been hastily ordered for me, and a ready-made frock and coat had been procured (needing only a little alteration) at a shop which Mrs. Goring-Anderson considered not only the most reliable but the "smartest" in London.

I was sent for to see Mr. Graeme in the drawing-room, and as the principal of the school murmured a few words of introduction, I looked up to see that my stepmother's nephew was

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an unusual-looking, if not a very handsome man. His skin was as dark as a gipsy's, and he had great black eyes with heavy lids and dark circles underneath, which showed blue under the deep olive of his complexion. His lips were full and red, the upper one being so short, that when his mouth was in repose it showed a gleaming white line of teeth, and his figure would have done more credit to a prize-fighter than to a solicitor of refined ambitions.

As he was the first man, save the few masters in the school, with whom I had ever so much as shaken hands, I was inclined to feel an interest in him and congratulate myself on at least one of my traveling companions. Still, as he pressed my small fingers with his big ones, looking full into my eyes, I found myself shrinking from him a little. He might be interesting as a specimen of that (to me) unknown quantity, man, but I could not fancy myself ever wishing to claim Mr. Valentine Graeme for a friend.

"I am sorry that our acquaintance should have to begin at what must be a sad time for you, Miss Rutland," he said in a deep voice that had yet, oddly enough, an almost effeminate suspicion of a lisp in it whenever he came to a word with an "R." He spoke, also, rather as if he were repenting a lesson well conned. "However, I mustn't forget that you never knew Lord Rutland as many girls know their fathers, and I hope for that reason your life will not be so darkened by his loss."

It was true that my love for my father had been a mere romantic sentiment—a feeling which I expected myself not to fail in—rather an emotion which ran with my blood and beat with every heart throb. It was true that it would be impossible for me to miss him, because he had never been mine to miss; and yet I somehow resented Mr. Graeme's assumption that this must be the case.

There was no real sympathy in his words, and his big black eyes expressed curiosity as to my personal "points," rather than the vague something which I knew I needed and wanted in my new life, yet could not have defined.

I did not know what to say to him, but I murmured something under the criticism of Mrs. Goring-Anderson's eyes; and having evidently done all that was required of me in the direction of Mr. Graeme, Miss Cade, my stepmother's companion, was brought up to be introduced.

She was of that indescribable age when it is charitable to say of a woman that she is fifty, though so unattractive did the strange-looking being appear to be both in mind and body that it could not have personally mattered to a soul on earth if she had been seventy.

As Mrs. Goring-Anderson, aided and abetted by Valentine Graeme, made us known to each other I gazed up and up until my head almost lay back on my spine, so remarkably tall was Miss Cade. My eyes traveled from a pair of large, flat feet, along considerable plains of short, dark cloth skirt, thus reaching still higher altitudes of bodice and cape, until at length they attained the rarefied region of face, under the unbecoming shadow of a pork-pie hat. Miss Cade must have been fully six feet in height, and as I was not quite five feet four she appeared to be a giantess, recalling tales of ogresses who fattened on plump infants, which had horrified me in my childhood. Her arms were abnormally long, her hands huge and ungainly; and when she sat down she had an unpleasant habit of crossing one leg over the other, shaking the foot which was off the ground, and cracking the joints of her fingers with a secret, surreptitious air.

The long, oval face was noticeably large, shaped like an egg, with the yellow skin drawn so tightly over it that it shone on every eminence, of which, counting the nose, there were several of conspicuous proportions. In the centre of her forehead was a curious prominence of bony formation, which made her narrow eyes appear to slope away underneath like

those of a rabbit. As she smiled at me her upper lip protruded, seemingly to swallow up and completely obscure the insignificant lower one; and so hateful was the effect, that I felt a babyish desire to cry out, cover my eyes with my hands, and run away.

I controlled myself, however, and under the compulsion of the moment was able to answer such questions regarding my health and my readiness to start for Cumberland as Miss Cade chose to ask me.

Mr. Graeme had business which would keep him from leaving on that day; but on the next he would be at my service, he said, and meanwhile Miss Cade would be glad to occupy herself in sight-seeing, as she seldom had an opportunity of coming to London.

Rose Lorimer was far more interested in my account of Mr. Graeme than in that of my stepmother's companion. But Mrs. Rayne, I could not help noticing, listened with a certain well-nigh shuddering intentness to the description I gave her of Miss Cade.

That night I could not sleep. Strange visions of the future were in my mind, and whenever I closed my eyes the black ones of Valentine Graeme, the grey-green ones of the ugly old woman who lived with my stepmother, seemed peering at me out of the darkness.

Despite my bitter complaints to Rose, I would now have stayed at Wellington House if I could, and I wondered at my old self (already it appeared my old self) for my ingratitude and dissatisfaction. I was up early, and Rose and I had half an hour in the garden together before she was obliged to say good-bye and go to her school duties. Of course, we promised to write each other once a week at least; but I may as well say here that many strange and unforeseen circumstances were to prevent me from keeping my part of the bond.

It was the first time since I (a sedate child of nine) had been taken from my old home in Surrey to Wellington House, Hampstead, London, that I had traveled, save in a carriage or district railway train. The sensation of having broken old ties, and of venturing into an unknown world, had at least the charm of novelty, if no other. Mrs. Goring-Anderson had relaxed something of her cold stateliness in bidding me farewell. The teachers had been decorously sorry to see the last of me, and never before had I realized how well I liked some of the girls, or how well they liked me.

At length it was all over—the packing and the good-byes, and the last looks at well-remembered rooms—and, gowned in the deepest mourning, I sat in a first-class carriage steaming out of Euston Station. Opposite me was my stepmother's nephew and man of business, Valentine Graeme. By my side, though with a bag and a book or two between us, sat Miss Cade, expecting evidently to be treated as an equal by me as well as Mr. Graeme. It had not taken me long to decide that she was unenduring—a woman whose very presence affected one like the clammy touch of a snake.

It did not augur well, in my opinion, that my stepmother could tolerate her, much less have placed her in a position of trust.

Both Mr. Valentine Graeme and Miss Cade endeavored to be agreeable, and each had something pleasant to say about Lady Mary and the welcome I would receive at my new home. But I was shy and nervous, and not able to respond in as unconstrained a manner as perhaps I ought to have done. And besides, I felt uncomfortable to think of poor Mrs. Rayne, who, in the character of Nichols, my maid, had been relegated to a second-class compartment to herself.

I knew that I was expected to talk, yet I had nothing to say, and it was a relief to me when Willesden, the first stopping place, was reached. How glad, how inexpressibly glad, I should be, I told myself, if only someone else would come into our carriage!

Such a contingency had evidently entered Miss Cade's mind as well, for she had said, rather sharply, as the crowd hurried to and fro on the platform outside our window:

"Really, Mr. Graeme, it was quite thoughtless of you not to have had this carriage reserved. It would be so unpleasant if we were to be disturbed by strangers. Perhaps it isn't yet too late."

But it was too late, for even as she spoke the door was flung open, and a young man sprang in. Another, with the unmistakably smug look of the valet, handed him a small bag and something that appeared to be a travelling writing-case. Then, after a word or two of direction, the door was slammed shut, and the new-comer sat down in the corner of the seat occupied by Mr. Valentine Graeme.

Until that moment I had not observed his face, nor, perhaps, had the others; but now, as he casually glanced across at me, and then at Miss Cade, I easily recognized the original of the photograph Mrs. Rayne had shown me on a certain memorable day, now more than a fortnight ago. Despite the damaging fact that he was past thirty, and no longer had a right to wear the uniform which I admired so heartily, I could not help admitting to myself that he was interesting—might, without much effort, be made the hero of a romance—and that I was extremely glad he had come into my carriage.

Was it only a very curious coincidence, I wondered, or had Mrs. Rayne written him and in some way influenced him to bring about the apparent accident?

The thought, and the effort to look as if he were a complete stranger to me, brought a flush to my cheeks, of which I was uncomfortably conscious.

I tried to absorb myself in the book I had with me, and turn over the pages naturally and easily, while I heard Miss Cade address him, with some impressment, as "Sir Donald," exclaiming over the strangeness of the meeting.

"Are you going all the way to Cumberland?" she inquired. "And do you really mean to stop there for some time?"

Though she spoke with a show of cordiality, and evidently wished to give him the impression that she was delighted at the unexpected chance which had brought him into our carriage, I somehow felt a keen conviction that she would far rather have had him somewhere else.

"You and Mr. Graeme have never happened to meet, I think," she went on. "You have been away so much, and he so seldom leaves London—since he came back from Africa—I mean—er—you have never run across each other."

Why, I asked myself curiously, had Miss Cade thus stumbled over the mention of Africa, and hastily endeavored to cover it up, as if she had made a mistake?

The two men were looking at each other. I could see both faces from under my downcast lashes, as I held up my book, and I puzzled myself over their expression. Either I was morbidly ready to jump to a conclusion, or there was unconcealable scorn written on the countenance of Sir Donald Howard, and a vicious, almost alarmed resentment on that of my stepmother's man of business.

"Unless I'm very much mistaken, Mr. Graeme and I have met before, Miss Cade."

I liked Sir Donald's advice. And I wondered why we were not made known to each other. Would it not be the proper thing to introduce him to me, as evidently he was an acquaintance of Lady Mary's (else he would not have been on speaking terms with her companion), and henceforth I was to be one of his neighbors? Perhaps, I said to myself, an introduction in such circumstances would not come under that mysterious but potent heading, "good form," for I had no knowledge that was not theoretical of the usages of society.

"I haven't," drawled Mr. Valentine Graeme, "so distinct a memory of things in Africa as you appear to have."

Why I could not tell, but I knew that he had said something both cruel and terrible.

I hated the man for the venom he had hidden in his simple-sounding words. Perhaps it was the ominous pause that followed his speech and the little convulsive jump Miss Cade gave (which I could feel as I sat near her), that pieced out my intuition.

I felt a bright color leap to my cheeks, as if someone had struck me across the face, and, glancing involuntarily towards the opposite side of the carriage, I emitted an angry flash of the eyes at Mr. Graeme, and then found that Sir Donald Howard's were fixed upon me.

I think mine must have said to him: "I do not know what wrong you have suffered, but whatever it may be, I sympathize and constitute myself the champion of your cause." He answered me, saying: "I understand you, and I thank you. I meant to be your friend through a sense of duty; I am now, and henceforward, your friend from choice."

But then I had always a vivid imagination. I am only certain of my own thoughts. As to his, I might too easily have been mistaken.

During the passage of this telegraphic, or rather telepathic, message my book had seized the opportunity of sliding to the floor.

The hero of the photograph bent over and picked it up. "Thank you, Sir Donald," I ejaculated before I had stopped to think.

Miss Cade looked at me sharply, and saw me covered with typical schoolgirl blushes. "What—have you, too, met Sir Donald Howard before?" she exclaimed suspiciously.

"No—I—that is—" I had begun to stammer, losing my presence of mind, and forgetting how easily I could excuse myself by saying I had but just now heard her repeat his name. I supposed there must have been something in my manner of pronouncing it which betrayed my former knowledge of him, and I seemed in my own eyes so foolish and so gauche, that I might have been long in regaining self-possession, had not Sir Donald himself come to my rescue.

"May I not be allowed to know Miss Rutland?" he asked. "Lady Mary wrote me she was expecting her, and you see I had only to set my wits to work to guess that this was she. While perhaps you're not aware, Miss Cade, that you have spoken my name at least three times within the last five minutes."

The crisis was tided over. But I knew now that Mrs. Rayne had written, had enlisted his friendship for me, and he was fulfilling a promise to her already.

He was certainly a very handsome man, notwithstanding what I considered his approaching middle age, and if I had not been told, I should have supposed him to be about six or seven-and-twenty. He looked every inch a soldier, and even the bronzed skin, contrasting so oddly with the short, crinkly, fair hair, told of exposure and perhaps adventure. I made up my mind that Mrs. Rayne—or "Nichols," as I knew I must now bring myself to call her—should tell me the story at which she had more than hinted. And then in another instant I was wondering if it would not be something like treachery to listen to a tale which maybe he would not care to have me hear.

"Oh, if Lady Mary has written you," repeated Miss Cade with a certain stiffness, her rabbit-eyes traveling from him to me, and back to him again.

The next time that Sir Donald spoke I ventured rather shyly to answer him. And presently it came to pass that we were actually in conversation together, tacitly, for the moment, leaving the other two out.

"Have you ever been in Cumberland before, Miss Rutland?" he asked.

I shook my head, smiling a little. "I have never been anywhere," I said, "except in imagination. In that way I have done a good deal of traveling."

"I'm not sure it isn't a good way," Sir Donald answered, looking very kindly at me with eyes that prophesied a friendship I longed to have begin.

"One is never disillusioned when one only sees places and things in the imagination. In that world the gloss is never worn off."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW THEY FOOL THE PUBLIC.

Theatre-going readers of "Life" admitted to the secrets of the Stage by an ex-Manager.



REALISM has become as great a craze upon the stage as in fiction and every other department of art. Those who saw two men in divers' suits fight a duel, in *The White Heather*, at the Academy of Music this week, were only looking upon an evidence of the same craving for "the real thing" as induced Rudyard Kipling to extract some pretty rough oaths from the mouth of Thomas Atkins, or attracted James Tissot to the Holy Land to spend years in acquiring accurate information for his pictures of the life of Christ. The sphere of the stage-manager has widened since the days when Vincent Crummies considered the introduction of a pump and two tubs on the stage a notable achievement in realism. A drawing-room scene is now furnished with almost as much care and expense as if it were actually an apartment in London's West End, while the inevitable attack in a modern military drama is incomplete without the aid of a complement of Maxim guns. Where there is such close adherence to reality, part of the credit is due to the upholsterer and the ordnance manufacturer. It is in the invention of subtle devices by which the spectator is completely illusioned, frequently by means which he would hardly suspect, that stage-craft is raised almost to the level of an art.

An instance of the care bestowed by Sir Henry Irving in perfecting even a minor illusion is shown in his dressing of the part of "Mathias" in *The Bells*. The first scene represents the interior of the burgomaster's house, the time is winter, and through the latticed window the snow is seen falling thick outside. The privileged visitor behind the scenes on a night when *The Bells* is produced, will see, placed near the sidewings, a tub containing soap and water, which a boy keeps stirring into a fine, creamy lather. Before "Mathias" appears on the stage, all cloaked and booted, he steps into the tub, and the boy splashes the lather over his person. The next minute the burgomaster enters the house, and, having presumably come through the snowstorm, he is apparently covered with the white flakes, which gradually melt and disappear from sight in a way that natural snow could hardly hope to excel.

Even at the beginning of his career the eminent Lyceum manager displayed his genius for inventing original effects. While the youthful member of a provincial stock company, he was, on one occasion, cast for a mock supernatural character in burlesque. With the object of making the character appear to have long, claw-like fingers, he painted the back of his hands with dark streaks that ran upward from the space between each finger. To render the illusion more consistent, his fingers were never closed while he was on the stage, but always spread out against his dark-colored costume. Old playgoers who saw the actor in this part describe the effect as singularly weird and sinister.

Water can be imitated on the stage in a variety of ways. In one of the set scenes in *The Lights of London*, by Mr. George R. Sims, the author of a brilliant story for Christmas *LIFE*, the villain throws his accomplice into the water, and, immediately after, the hero leaps in to rescue him. Each time the body disappears in the turbid stream—represented, of course, by an open trap, with a soft mattress conveniently placed in the cellar below—a handful of salt is tossed up through the open trap, to imitate spray splashing off the surface of the water.

An ingenious contrivance has been used on the stage to simulate a stream of water trickling from a fountain. A transparent glass tube, spiral or corkscrew shaped, and gradually thickening towards its base, is fixed between the mouth of the ornamental dolphin above and the bottom of the basin, which is covered with a sheet of glass. Concealed in the framework

of the fountain is an automatic appliance by which the glass tube is set revolving, giving it all the appearance, even at a short distance, of a jet of running water.

To exhibit a life-like and apparently well-fed dragon, measuring some 20 feet from his crested head to his flapping tail; to induce him to roll his fiery red eyes in their sockets, and snap his huge jaws regularly every two minutes, while he drags his body tortuously along the stage, may seem an incredible, not to say dangerous, experiment. Yet the dragon, to be seen in London pantomimes, might be safely introduced as a domestic pet into any household. Terrific as he looked, his body was only the wrapper that enclosed a number of cleverly drilled little boys, who, closely following one another in a crouching posture, directed the movements of the monster.

But when they stage Wagner's operas in first-class style, they give us a dragon that "goes one better," for he actually belches smoke. Mephistopheles has been known to make his first appearance before old Faust in a cloud of vapor, tinted a weird green by the skilful manipulation of the lime-light. A real steam-launch pulling real smoke from a real funnel, and darting hither and thither in a tank of real water, was some time ago a feature in an up-to-date play of society life. Then, in a set-scene with a built-up cottage, a picturesque effect is sometimes obtained by showing a wreath of smoke issuing from the chimney. The method by which this effect is produced contradicts the proverb, "where there is smoke there is fire," for a quantity of hot water poured upon a shovelful of quicklime will create smoke enough to simulate the smokiest of chimneys. The possibilities of smoke or steam as an aid to illusive effect have not yet, however, been exhausted. Probably the day is not far distant when some enterprising manager will introduce behind the footlights—but, we hope, no farther—a realistic imitation of a London fog.

Shipwrecks on the stage are invariably depicted as occurring at night, or in the obscurity accompanying a thunderstorm; doubtless with the twofold object of heightening the impression and concealing the means by which it is attained. A thrilling incident in James A. Herne's *Shore Acres*, recently seen in Montreal, is the passage through a stormy sea of a small boat, containing three of the characters, who are making their way to the lighthouse. To the spectators in front, the slow and perilous progress of the tiny craft looks wonderfully realistic, but when seen from behind it has rather a funny aspect. The "raging billows" are agitated by scene-shifters stationed at the wings, in the manner usually employed in shaking carpets. The "property" boat is a mere profile—the model of one side of a boat—which the actors behind it grasp by the gunwale, and sway vigorously up and down, while they walk leisurely across the stage, their feet hidden by the raging billows aforesaid.

Playgoers who were abroad and witnessed the early artistic productions of Les Cloches de Corneville, may remember that, in the scene representing the Crusaders' Hall in the haunted chateau, the variegated colors of the stained-glass window were reflected on the floor, apparently cast by the light of the moon shining through the window. But, on the stage, the poetic effects of nature are not always reproduced by the agency that would most readily suggest itself to the uninitiated. Although the window was a painted transparency, lit from behind by limelight, to convey the impression of clear moonlight outside, this illuminating medium did not supply the cast shadow; limelight, so employed, would have been too powerful for the purpose. There was, therefore, set in the side-wings, a magic lantern, containing a slide, on which was painted a fac-simile of the window. This lantern threw the colors of the stained glass correctly upon the floor of the stage.

In *Ours*, a play produced with considerable success in London not long ago, there were certain effects, which, for forcibly conveying the desired impression by thoroughly legitimate means, have never been surpassed. The second act closes with the departure of troops for the Crimea, and the climax is so skillfully worked up as to work up the audience to



IT would be a shock to most of us to discover how very frequently conversation would languish, were we severely to exclude from it the state of the weather, and the equally changeable state of our servants. A well-known woman, who, at one time, made Montreal her home, will ever be remembered for the stern rebuke administered to a well-meaning visitor who happened to refer to the lowness of the temperature—"Is it cold? I don't know. I never discuss the weather!" The outside frigidly no doubt penetrated the drawing-room after that.

But the servant question cannot be dispensed with so easily or so readily. The comfort of oneself and one's family lies very near one's heart, and, though very often bad management is responsible for its absence, at the same time, the most provident housekeepers are worried and harrassed by the incapability of their servants, and their unwillingness to be taught. The time has gone past when young girls entered service, and stayed in the same family until they came to be proud of being considered, to a certain extent, a member of it, and felt its interests to be their own. Now, the very best of them are always ready to change, for no apparent reason but the desire for novelty and pastures new.

In Canada, we can still be thankful that the feeling of all being equal, "Jack as good as his master," though rife among some, does not run riot, as across the line. But, nevertheless, the idea is growing apace that domestic service is something to be shunned, as beneath the dignity of the daughters of respectable farmers or small tradesmen. For my part, I should infinitely prefer living in a well-ordered house, whether in the capacity of cook, tablemaid, or housemaid, to spending my days in an ill-ventilated shop, at the beck and call of the public. But how many, nowadays, would I find among the class that should undertake such work to agree with me? Either in the belief that such positions are more compatible with their dignity, or, tempted by a more rapid advance in wages, into shops, offices, mills, and dressmaking establishments they flock, with the result that, in many cases, we are left to train and tussle with the lowest class of emigrants, or the scum of Montreal slums, as domestic servants. Is it any wonder that many people attempt to do without help, or have recourse to keeping fewer servants than their houses really require, rather than waste time and money in a ceaseless changing of thoroughly hopeless, incapable women?

NOT a few householders here have tried, and some with success, the experiment of employing a Chinaman as a "maid-of-all-work." Yet, though John is scrupulously clean, an excellent launderer (?)—I suppose one can't say "laundress"—he, somehow or other, does not lend an air of comfort to the house, as he flaps about in his extraordinary slippers, with his pigtail coiled about his head. And, though his cooking may be also very often superior to that of an ordinary "general," personally I would live in an agony of fear as to the possibility of strange ingredients in his stews and ragouts, soups and entrees.

Another plan adopted quite frequently at the present time is that of having a good plain cook, or a general servant of a most superior type, with, as a helpmeet, a page, or "Buttons." His wages, to begin with especially, are not high, and he can, and will, do many extra things that a housemaid neither

could nor would accomplish. He is invaluable for running messages; taking orders; shovelling snow; bringing in coal; attending to the furnace, stove and grates; cleaning windows, boots and knives, and can be of great use in the kitchen, too. Of course, to keep him in "buttons" is apt to be expensive, as a growing lad will soon appear in his livery, like "Tommy Traddles," all arms and legs. But, for people of moderate means, a goodly stock of white linen jackets will keep him smart and neat, whether for opening the door or attending to his other duties. The carrying out of this plan, however, depends very materially upon the discovery of the right boy. I suggest the idea, because, in other cities, many have found it worked well, and, doubtless, in Montreal it has succeeded admirably among a few.

Personally, I have found—or, rather, several of my friends have done the finding, while I looked on—that an untrained boy in the house is apt to be a fair imitation of the oft-quoted, possibly maligned, bull and its behavior in a china shop. If one picks out a small ingenuous youth of some 12 or 14 years, with the idea that "as the twig is bent," etc., one speedily learns that, before one can impress much upon the untrained mind, he has first to be broken of the habit of sliding down the banisters, shooting the sparrows with a catapult when he should be polishing windows, snowballing the butcher-boy when apparently shovelling the steps, or playing marbles on the way to the post-box; to say nothing of a heartrending aptitude for smashing "Crown Derby"—or what takes its place, according to one's means—while, with infinite care, he washes jam pots, or even the granite ware, in the kitchen.

On the other hand, if a youth who has reached an age of discretion, say, 16 or 17, is employed, one has to be equally circumspect. For, though childish things are put away, one is not any the more pleased to find he smokes cigarettes while he dries the silver—and those from his master's smoking-room; that he has an ill-disguised objection to keeping early hours, and that dime novels are apt to interfere considerably with the accomplishment of such minor details as domestic duties. In spite of these disadvantages, and probably they are the worst that can be conjured up, to those who have not so experimented, and are worried beyond endurance, the proposition is worthy of a trial.

There are many things sadly in want of speedy reformation, and who knows the time for such may not be far distant, as far as domestic service is concerned in Montreal? When, firstly, girls of the working classes make up their minds that housework is not drudgery, nor beneath the dignity of self-respecting people; when mistresses, as a whole, remember, that those over whom they have authority, are, in the main, of a mould not so totally dissimilar to their own; and last, but not least, when the immigration or emigration societies of the Mother Country can be successfully disabused of the misapprehension that Canada craves the privilege of acting as a dumping-ground for their refuse population, then, and then only, may we expect to have our homes well-ordered at a very much smaller sacrifice of pains and means.

THE marriage of Miss Gladys White, daughter of the late Alfred White, and Captain A. T. Ogilvie, R. C. A., which took place at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, last week, is an event of interest to Montreal people, almost as much as to Quebecers. For the bride has been a frequent and popular visitor here, and has a large connection of relatives in this city, while the groom was at one time a resident of Montreal, where his people still live.

Judging from accounts that come to me, the wedding, which was of a military character, must have been extremely pretty. The gowns of the bride and her bridesmaids were unusually smart, and, in conjunction with the handsome uniforms of the ushers, the general effect was wonderfully striking. Military weddings are very uncommon in Canada,

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.

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and form a pleasant break in the tedious similarity of such pageants.

Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie will spend the winter at Aldershot.

MISS CLAUDIA BATE, one of Ottawa's most popular young ladies, arrived in Montreal last week, and will spend a week or so with Mrs. Coristine, University street.

Dr. Harold Thomas, son of Mr. Wolferstan Thomas, left last week to spend some months in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Paterson, and Miss Paterson also left recently to spend the winter abroad.

This winter, as last, Miss Abbott has decided to give a series of concerts at the Art Gallery, during January and February. There is every reason to expect that these concerts will be most enjoyable, for Miss Abbott means to obtain the services of the best artists procurable, and all her friends feel that the management of such a series is in excellent hands.

LAST week, a successful reception, attended largely by the most fashionable of French society, was given by Madame H. Gerin-Lajoie, 577 Sherbrooke street. The excellent programme of music was much appreciated, some well-known amateur musicians taking part, and Dr. Frechette delighted the guests by his recitation of "Le Violon de Santa Claus," his own composition.

These "musicales," which take the place of dances to those whose dancing days are over, form a most pleasant mode of entertaining, and it is only a regrettable fact that they are not more frequent.

TALKING of weddings, to how many people is a detailed list of wedding presents where not a saltspoon or a pickle-fork escapes mention of any special interest? There may, of course, be some cormorants of the daily papers who have time for everything they contain—even the patent medicine testimonials—and every taste must be catered to. But, to the average reader, would not as much pleasure and profit be derived from poring over a catalogue and price-list, let us say, of Birks', the jeweler, or the bargain-day advertisement of a departmental shop?

LAST week, Mrs. T. C. Kidd gave a very pleasant tea at her pretty house, in University street. Mrs. Kidd is always a most charming hostess, which is in itself a sufficient reason for any entertainment being successful. Tea was served in the dining-room, and also in the cosy library upstairs, which was a capital idea, when the general run of tea-goers insist upon crowding into the tea-room and remaining there. Mrs. R. W. MacDougall poured out tea and was assisted by Miss Scott, Miss Dunlop, Miss L. Dunlop, the Misses Ewan, Miss B. MacDougall, Miss Mills, Miss Cooke, Miss C. Brainerd. Among the guests were: Lady Tait, Mrs. G. C. May, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Miss Cooke (Quebec), Miss Thomas, Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Hamilton, Miss Eadie, Mrs. F. Bond, Miss Bond, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Miss Parker, Miss M. Gillespie, Mrs. J. M. Pangman, Mrs. H. Woulham, Mrs. W. Woulham, the Misses Drury, Mrs. Porteous, Miss Hampon, Miss Miller, Mrs. W. W. Watson, Mrs. Penhallow, Mrs. Denne, the Misses Galt, Miss Riddell, Mrs. J. P. Dawes, the Misses Dawes, Mrs. Marler, Miss E. Marler, Miss Allan, Mrs. S. Taylor.

THE first symphony concert of the season, given last Friday by Professor Goulet's orchestra, was attended by a large and fashionable audience, which shows that the efforts of the conductor bid fair to be appreciated. The opening number, "Greater Britain," being of a patriotic character, hardly received the applause it should have done, being, as it was,

intended to appeal to the loyalty of those present. But several of the succeeding numbers were eucored, the gavotte of Thomas, perhaps, being the most appreciated. The more strenuously Montrealers support the symphony orchestra, the better work it will be able to accomplish, and these afternoon concerts contribute largely to the pleasure of the winter.

Among the well-known people present were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Mr. A. W. Hooper, Mr. G. Gillespie, Mr. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Wurtele, Miss E. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Mrs. H. Macculloch, Mr. R. Macculloch, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Miss Allan, Mr. W. L. Bond, Mr. H. Eadie, Miss M. Ward, Miss L. Ward, Mrs. Shaughnessy, Miss Shaughnessy, Mrs. Frank Stephens, the Misses Stephens, Mrs. G. F. Benson, Miss Miller, Miss Coristine, Miss Bate (Ottawa), Mrs. E. H. King, Mr. Henry Budden, Mrs. Alex. Murray, Mrs. Gardiner, Mrs. R. McD. Paterson, Mrs. S. Greenshields, Mrs. Porteous, the Misses Drury, Mrs. Pangman, Miss Pangman.

MISS CRAIG, daughter of G. B. Craig, Esq., of Thornaby-Tees, England, is spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. J. Harte, Summerhill avenue.

St. Andrew's Ball has ever been, in Montreal, an event of no little importance. And this year is no exception to the rule. Everything that could be done to add to its success, has been carried out conscientiously by the various committees, composed of well-known and capable Montreal men. Owing to its taking place so late in the week, no account can be given in this issue, which is regrettable, but unavoidable.

Yesterday afternoon a large tea was given by Mrs. E. C. Lyman, MacTavish street.

Mrs. C. F. Sise, Sherbrooke street, returned this week from a short visit to Boston.

THE annual bazaar of the Industrial Rooms will be held next week in the Windsor Hall, on Monday and Tuesday. Not only is the object of this bazaar a very worthy one, but the class of articles sold is such as to tempt many purchasers; for, in addition to the fancy-work, sweets and toys, that usually comprise the stock of a sale, one has ample opportunity for replenishing one's wardrobe with the most dainty lingerie, or plainer, but equally well-made, underwear. When one sees among those in charge of the various stalls, such names as Mrs. John MacDougall, Mrs. John Turnbull, Mrs. Hugh Graham, Mrs. H. B. Yates, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. McWilliams, Miss Smith, one entertains little doubt as to the success of the enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock Buchanan have recently returned from Murray Bay, and have taken up their residence at 1219 Dorchester street for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan are among the oldest and warmest admirers of this favorite Canadian watering-place, and, frequently, from the lateness of their stay, are afforded an opportunity of seeing it in its winter dress, as well as that of late autumn.

It is rumored that the marriage of Miss Naomi Molson, daughter of Mr. J. T. Molson; and Mr. C. B. Robbin, Bank of Montreal, may take place early in the new year, but, as yet, there is no definite announcement of the event.

Miss Doull, Halifax, is visiting Mrs. Fyshe, MacTavish street.

DR. James Barclay, son of the Rev. Dr. Barclay, has decided to practise in Montreal, and has taken an office at 159 Metcalfe street. Since his graduation he has been associated with the various hospitals in Montreal, and has also filled the position of surgeon on one of the P. and O. steamers. His many friends here are pleased that his final decision will keep him among them for some time to come.

In spite of the many discussions ament chain letters, with their pros and cons, another has been started in Montreal this autumn—its object being the enriching of the Patriotic Fund. The intention of the promulgator of the scheme, we doubt not, was of the best, and certainly it seems a simple method of

collecting money. But, since the experience of Miss Schenk, and her chain letters, for the United States soldiers' ice fund, the idea has not been a popular one with anybody. There are many people who object neither to the expenditure of 10 cents, nor the task of writing three letters, but who find it difficult to pick out three friends whom they don't mind losing! For to address to the average person a chain letter is tantamount to waving a red rag at an unchained bull. One usually regrets the experiment. A well-known and popular bachelor, it is said, received no less than 15 of these missives. The expenditure for him was therefore \$1.50, but probably he would have gladly given three times that amount rather than write the 45 letters that he really did magnanimously despatch.

ANOTHER marriage which will take place in December, is that of Mrs. Alain MacDonald, niece of Sir Wm. C. Macdonald, to Mr. Walsh, of this city.

The latest idea of the Earl of Beauchamp, that youthful Governor of New South Wales, is to have a Bible-class in the parish in which Government House stands. At least, an English paper is responsible for this information. No doubt the class will be well attended, especially if composed of the opposite sex. We shall expect to hear of the formation of social clubs among the household domestics, with addresses on culture by the chief butler, lectures on the ethics of modern society by his excellency's valet, and book chats by the chef. So quickly does one thing lead to another, and especially when such departures have already been in vogue among "those in authority over us."

Last week, under the auspices of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a lecture, followed by afternoon tea, was given by Madame Anna Savigny, and quite a large number of people attended. As we hear that the lecturer gave her services gratuitously, criticism must be charily offered. At the same time, we cannot refrain from imagining that the intelligence of the audience was somewhat underestimated. Little anecdotes about the noble horse and the sagacious dog are no doubt entertaining, and perhaps may stimulate our interest in these animals, but they hardly supply us with much food for reflection. The food was there in the shape of refreshments of various kinds. The reflection was—, but after all why blame anyone? Accidents will happen in the best regulated societies.

ON Friday, Mrs. C. H. Godfrey entertained a number of friends at a most successful euchre party. It was the first meeting of a club, to which several well known people belong, and which will meet every fortnight. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, Miss Parker, Miss C. Ramsay, Miss Cook, Miss A. Cook, Miss Dunlop, Miss L. Dunlop, Miss Davidson, Miss Black, Dr. Shepherd, Dr. Laffeur, Mr. Ashworth, Mr. H. M. Molson, Mr. R. Davidson, and Mr. Bogart.

Mr. Harry Brainerd, who has not been well for some little time past, is confined to the house by an attack of typhoid fever, which, however, is said to be of a mild form.

Miss Ethel Arnton left last week on a short visit to New York.

Miss Jeffrey, Melbourne, P.Q., is visiting Mrs. Alec. Paterson, Simpson street.

It is with regret that Mrs. James Ross' many friends learn that she has decided to spend the winter in London, with her son, Mr. Jack Ross.

Miss Stewart, of Scotland, who has been the guest of Mrs. Alec. Sinclair for some time, is now visiting Mrs. W. F. Torrance.

A VERY pleasant luncheon was given last week by Miss Muriel Greenshields, Peel street, most of the guests being "Buds" of this season, who at present are being made much of, and should be enjoying life to no small extent. The guests were:

Miss Lily Peterson, Miss B. MacDougall, Miss A. Shaughnessy, Miss B. Forget, Miss O. Clouston, Miss M. Clouston, Miss H. Gilmour, Miss C. Gilmour, Miss M. Cassils, Miss B. Allan, Miss M. Bond.

On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Wotherspoon, Victoria street, gave a very jolly tea for a number of Mr. Cecil Wotherspoon's friends.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. A. Harris, Peel street, gave a large tea.

Miss Alice Ward, Rosemount avenue, has been visiting friends in Sherbrooke for some days.

MRS. J. C. Hatton, Metcalfe street, has been giving a series of afternoon teas, the last of which took place on Monday afternoon. This admirable plan of entertaining a small number of friends at a time might be followed by many other people with advantage; for then the hostess can enjoy a little chat with each of her guests, instead of merely being transformed for an hour or so into an automaton, hardly conscious of whom she shakes hands with or welcomes.

Madame Rover Roy, Sherbrooke street, has issued invitations for a large afternoon tea on Monday, December 4.

EVERYONE familiar, and I trust there are few who are not, with Mary Cholmondeley's delightful writing, will welcome with delight the latest production of her pen, "Red Pottage," which is included in Harper's Christmas catalogue of new publications. The review of this book in The Saturday Review leaves little doubt as to its excellence. But, even supposing the plot not to be up to the mark, which is unlikely, her bright, amusing, and graceful style, wholly without affectation, and imitated with but poor success, makes one keen to possess this new novel.

Mrs. G. R. Hooper returned this week from a short visit to Boston.

Mr. B. M. Humble, the secretary of the Mount Royal Club, will leave early in the week for Wilkesbarre, Pa., to attend the marriage of Mr. F. Hutchinson, of the Bank of Montreal, and Miss Payne, which takes place on December 6. Mr. Humble is to be "best man" at this event, which is a subject of interest to many Montrealers.

The news that Mr. F. Wolferston Thomas, who has been far from well for some time past, is now able to be out for a short time every day is very welcome. Mr. Thomas is ever so occupied with public affairs that it is small wonder that the public preserve a lively interest in his welfare.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Rykert have taken up their residence at 586 Sherbrooke street. Mrs. Rykert will receive on Wednesdays.

HUMAN WAR RELICS SELL WELL.

"I DON'T think that any class of men were so astounded at the fuss made about the bringing of the Mahdi's skull as were dealers in curios—men of my own class—for human war relics are the very commonest things imaginable, and we can sell them at once always."

The personage who thus spoke from his own point of view is one of the best-known dealers in curiosities of all kinds in London, and he went on:

"I should greatly doubt if most of our officers have even considered the matter, for there are few of them who have been on active service who have not owned or handled relics of their human enemies. One of the very greatest of our generals—one who is noted as a humanitarian—has the ear of an enemy, that he cut off himself, under a glass case in his drawing-room.

"Another great general who lives at Brighton has in his house there a perfect mortuary, from dried New Zealand and half-caste Canadian heads to a nose that he found at Cawnpore. Lord Wolseley, who also has a house at Brighton, knows this collection well, and has, I believe, added to it. When the present war is over we shall, as a matter of trade, have all sorts of human relics offered to us."

HOW THEY FOOL, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.

a great pitch of patriotic enthusiasm. Yet, we see only a London drawing-room, with four or five of the dramatic persons looking from a balcony window at the various regiments which are supposed to be passing in the street below. But we hear the brass and life and drum bands playing the farewell marches, the sharp peremptory commands of the officers, the continuous tramp of the men as they file steadily past. That impressive tramp, tramp, of marching soldiery investigated, is simply produced by a couple of assistants behind the scenes, who "mark time" on the boards, and another couple who do the same in a shallow box containing cinders.

In the next act are introduced some telling "winter effects." Here we have the interior of a rudely constructed hut, occupied by the English officers at the seat of war in the Crimea; this is a built-in scene with a "practicable" door, the only entrance to the hut, on the right hand side of the stage. At the beginning of the act the wind is heard shrieking and moaning outside, and when anyone enters or leaves the hut he opens the door just sufficient to let him pass through, then quickly closes it to prevent it being blown inward. In the momentary opening of the door we hear the wind shriek louder, and catch a glimpse of the white waste outside, with the snow driving in clouds against the door.

Rather elaborate preparations are necessary to faithfully reproduce this effect. The outside of the hut door is first profusely covered with pads of cotton-wool. Then there is placed opposite to it, in the side-wings, one of the large riddles used by builders' men to sift sand and lime, and which resembles the frame of an ordinary door strung with wires. Two men stand behind the riddle with a plentiful supply of bran and salt mixed, which, every time the door is opened during the progress of the storm, they toss rapidly through the wires, aiming always at the door. The wires cut through the bran and salt, and give the compound the flaky appearance of drifting snow, the bran being used to soften the heavy swishing sound of the salt.

To further emphasize the severity of the Crimean winter, when Hugh Chalcot, late the lounge about town, rises yawning from his couch, and prepared for his morning toilet, he finds that the water in the bucket has frozen over-night. Now, no stage-manager would, for a moment, think of putting real ice in that bucket, he has choice of two simple and inexpensive expedients, by which he can produce the desired effect, even in the dog-days. He may cover the bottom of the bucket with a layer of sand, place a common dinner-plate on the top of the sand, then fill the bucket three parts full of water. Or, instead of the sand and plate, he can fix two cross-bars of thin wood between the sides of the bucket, above the surface of the water. "Ice, as usual," remarks Chalcot, as he taps the plate—or the laths—with a crowbar, to convey the idea that the substance is ice. When a more vigorous blow breaks the obstruction, and the water splashes over the sides of the bucket, the illusion is complete.

EX-MANAGER.

THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARY."

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON, the author of MONTREAL LIFE's new continued story, "Lady Mary," is more widely known in England than in America, although a native of this continent. Her maiden name was Alice Muriel Livingston, and she was born at Livingston "Manor House," on the Hudson river, near Poughkeepsie, 30 years ago last June. In 1894 she married Mr. C. N. Williamson, founder of Black and White, a well-known paper, and has since resided at "Hill Farm," Walton-on-Thames. Mrs. Williamson was educated privately, and at 21 went on the stage and acted with Mr. Daniel Frohman's company and others. She later starred

with her own company, and in 1892 went to England as correspondent for a syndicate of United States papers. She then began writing for Black and White, The Sketch, and other journals of the metropolis. Her recreations are traveling and reading. She has published "The Barn Stormers," a novel embodying some of her stage experiences; "Fortune's Sport," in 1898; "A Woman in Grey," in 1898, and "Lady Mary," which is now appearing in MONTREAL LIFE under a special arrangement. Mrs. Williamson's career is looked upon by critics as presenting a rich promise of great distinction in the future.



TWO SPHERES.

WHILE eager angels watched in awe,
God fashioned with His hands
Two shining spheres to work His law,
And carry His commands.

With patient art He shaped them true,
With calm, untiring care;
And none of those bright watchers knew
Which one to call most fair.

He dropped one lightly down to earth
Amid the morning's blue—
And on a gossamer had birth
A bead of blinding dew.

It flamed across the hollow field,
On tiptoe to depart,
Outvied Arcturus, and revealed
All heaven in its heart.

He tossed the other into space
(As children toss a ball)
To swing forever in its place
With equal rise and fall;

To flame through the ethereal dark,
Among its brother spheres,
An orbit too immense to mark
The little tide of years.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ZOLA'S REAPPEARANCE IN SOCIETY.

LAST year, M. Zola disappeared from the stage of Parisian life as suddenly and mysteriously as if, to follow out the theatrical simile, he had gone down the trap. In the interval he wrote "Fecoudite," bought socks under alarming linguistic conditions in the Buckingham Palace Road, and witnessed from afar the upshot of his sturdy campaign for Dreyfus. Meanwhile, passers-by flung stones at the windows of his deserted house. But now he is back in the glare of the foot-lights again, or, to be more correct, of the electric light, for his first appearance in Paris was at the first night of Wagner's Tristan and Isolde, a few days ago. Very little curiosity was manifested by the crowded audience in the presence of his well-known figure among them, and this, I take it, is a good sign, tending to show that the terrible passions aroused by the "affaire" are beginning to calm down. As a matter of fact, Zola's appearance at a Wagner premiere in the heyday of his popularity would have aroused much curious comment, for, as he has often told the world, he has no musical ear. I think it probable that his visit to the Opera was in the nature of an experiment. If so, it succeeded perfectly; perhaps too well, for the experimenter was hardly even noticed, still less hooted or "conspued."

Mainly About People.

NO war in British history has been marked by such an eagerness on the part of all classes in Great Britain to participate as has characterized the present struggle. The aristocracy, true to its best traditions, has given freely of its scions in the Empire's cause, and, until the cruel war is over, there will be as much bitter anxiety in the castles and palaces of the old land as in its humbler homes. For instance, the Marquis of Lansdowne (who has certainly served his country well in the past) has said farewell to his eldest son, the Earl of Kerry, an officer of the Grenadier Guards. His brother, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, is a lieutenant in the First Dragoons, the "Royals." These are Lord Lansdowne's two heirs, and if they should perish the family title will become extinct.

IN view of the coming engagement of Sir Henry Irving, in Montreal, everything concerning the great actor is of interest. Like Moliere's "Medecin Malgre Lui," Sir Henry is a threefold doctor, without ever having studied for a degree. He has received the degree of Doctor from the Universities of Cambridge, Dublin, and Glasgow, and he was Rede lecturer for Cambridge in 1898. Dr. Irving, of the Lyceum Theatre, delivered his Rede lecture in the Senate House of Cambridge University in June, 1898, on "The Theatre in its Relation to the State." In the course of his lecture, he reminded his audience that the actors or players were retained in the "rogues" category of the Vagrant Act until well into the present century, when some Parliamentary draughtsman, less hidebound to precedent than his predecessors, drew his pen through the obsolete clause.

LORD TENNYSON, Governor of South Australia, has presented to the Public Library of Adelaide the MS. of the first poem written by his father in the capacity of laureate. It is that piece of verse written in March, 1851, and dedicated to the Queen, which concludes thus:

By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.

The opening line of the second stanza:

Victoria, since your Royal Grace,

was originally written:

I thank you that your Royal Grace

"Kindness," as now printed in the fifth stanza was in the first draft "sweetness." "Rulers of your blood" was originally "scions of your blood." "The bounds of freedom broader yet," was changed by the poet to "wider yet."

IN most families the birth of a great-grandchild is considered quite an event, and there is something venerable and awe-inspiring even about the title great-grandmother. It is an interesting task merely to conjure up in imagination the serried ranks of Her Majesty's descendants. At the present moment Queen Victoria has 32 great-grandchildren, of whom 13 are princesses.

A PRETTY story is told of Miss Ellen Terry. To assist a certain charity in the provinces, she offered a kiss to be put up to auction. The bidding was brisk, and had advanced in three leaps from two guineas to 30, when, without further parley, the round sum of £100 was offered. There being no higher bid, the kiss was knocked down by the auctioneer to a colonel in one of England's crack regiments, who came forward to meet the blushing actress. But, to the surprise of all present, the colonel introduced a dear little fair-haired boy, explained that it was his grandson's fifth birthday, and that he had

acquired the kiss as a birthday gift for him, whereupon Miss Terry took the child in her arms and discharged her debt with interest.

MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON, the clever Indian poetess and

reciter, tells a good story which shows the tastlessness some well-meaning women occasionally display. At the close of an entertainment, where Miss Johnson had given a number of her poems, a lady rushed up to the reciter, congratulated her effusively, and exclaimed in apparent astonishment, "You don't mean to say that your father was really an Indian?" "Certainly," answered the dusky elocutionist, who is not at all ashamed of her Mohawk blood.

"Well," remarked the lady in the tone of one who is going to say something very flattering: "really, to look at you I never would have thought it."

"Indeed," said Miss Johnson coolly, "and may I ask, madam, if your father was a white man?"

"To be sure he was," with a stare of mingled amazement and indignation.

"Oh!" said Miss Johnson, smilingly, "to look at you I never would have thought it."

LONG before the Transvaal trouble, the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, present British Colonial Secretary, was famous the world over for two things: his orchids and his monocle. His costly collection of orchids is one of the finest in the world. It is said that once in Paris he saw a rare orchid, the duplicate of one he had recently added to his own collection. He asked the price. "20,000 francs," replied the dealer.

The Englishman paid the money, and then, throwing the flower on the floor, crushed it with his heel. However reliable this incident may be, the following is vouched for: Since boyhood Mr. Chamberlain has worn a monocle. When the young man first entered Parliament his fame as a municipal reformer had preceded him. Among the visitors who were present on that occasion were Lords Beaconsfield and Carnarvon. The commoner had won his election to the House by his vigorous opposition to the great Conservative's methods. As he came into the chamber Lord Carnarvon leaned forward and said:

"Here comes young Chamberlain."

"Ah!" replied Beaconsfield, as he took in the young man from tip to toe.

"What do you think of him?"

"He wears his monocle like a gentleman," replied the Premier.



MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Plays & Players

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

ROSE COGHILAN is always delightful. Not only clever herself, she has the happy faculty of surrounding herself with clever subordinates, and, like Irving, she insists on the staging and scenic effects of her productions being first-class throughout. The result is brilliancy and fascination. In *The White Heather*, both these qualities are present in even more marked degree than in Miss Coghilan's former plays. The story is full of pace and sustained interest, and, if the theme is somewhat threadbare, the shabby spots are cleverly covered up in a mass of good dialogue, episodes, climaxes, and spectacular features. The submarine scene, in which two divers fight with knives, is highly realistic, and alone worth going to see. The supporting company, as already indicated, is a strong one. Mr. John F. Sullivan, Miss Coghilan's leading man, is a capable and natural actor. The humorous features of the play are supplied by Mr. John W. Wold, as Edgar Trefusis, an absurdly exaggerated type of barnstormer, who labors under the delusion that he looks like Jean de Reszke, and Miss Georgia Lawrence, as Lady Mollie Lushaw. Of course, Miss Coghilan is also, at times, very funny, but the leading vein of her part, underneath all its humor, is womanly and serious. Those who have not yet seen *The White Heather* should do so before the engagement closes.

At the Theatre Francais, a timely play is on the boards this week—*The Kafir Diamond*, a South African romance. It receives an honest and interesting handling by the capable stock company which nightly attracts such large audiences to the comfortable little east end theatre. A good vaudeville programme, as usual, adds to the attractiveness of the bill.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

THE *CUCKOO*, an adaptation by Charles Brookfield from the French of the late Henri Meilhac's *Farce of Decore*, will be acted for the first time in this city at the Academy of Music, next Monday night, December 4, continuing for one week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. A Charles Frohman company, headed by Joseph Holland and Amelia Bingham, will appear in the interpretation. The Meilhac

farce was immensely successful in Paris. When recently transferred to the London stage, as adapted by Brookfield, it made an instantaneous and emphatic hit—the opposition of the censor of plays exciting public interest to the point of aiding the play to make a sensation. The success of Charles Frohman's American production at Wallack's Theatre last spring was one of the notable events of a season already distinctive for its many extraordinary successes. The play, ran for two months to immense houses, and was only withdrawn on account of the approach of warm weather. Since then it has toured the large American cities, meeting everywhere with the most signal success. The story of *The Cuckoo* concerns a man and his wife who are at domestic war. Although middle aged, he is not without vanity, and is taken in by the wiles of a handsome siren. The wife is pursued constantly and fervidly by a chap with a penchant for exhibiting his bravery at any and all times. When the husband is absent in pursuit of the siren, the wife consents to dine at a rustic inn with her admirer. On the way, he rescues a man from drowning, and later, subdues an escaped lion. These feats naturally attract attention, and his companion is recognized. The editor of a wide-awake paper, supposing her companion to be her husband, publishes an account of the brave deeds, crediting them to the husband's name. When the latter is confronted with the account he is astonished, but the wife insists that he must have been dining at the inn with another woman. To deny would be to necessitate an explanation of his whereabouts, so he meekly accepts the mingled public honors and domestic humiliation—the more meekly in that the siren has laughed at his protestations after wheedling a goodly sum from his purse. In addition to Mr. Holland and Miss Bingham, the cast will include, Eleanor Moretti, Charles Bowser, Clayton Whyte, Frank Lee Short, C. St. Aubyn, David McCartney, H. S. Lewis, Joseph A. Weber, Fulton Russell, Harry Lewis, Augusta Chase, Nora Dunblane, Annie Wood.

THE THEATRE FRANCAIS, next week, is to produce an old favorite *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The piece is too well known to need any fulsome praise. It is regarded by critics as one of the most remarkable plays ever written, in which the foibles of English society are brought out. This is done in *Lady Windermere's Fan* in a most interesting manner, and, while there is just a touch of French risqué in the piece, still, it is a perfectly pure and wholesome play. The stock company should be able to give it a good production. At the head of the vaudeville bill will be the *Broadway Trio*, composed of two men and a woman, who have earned distinguished success for themselves on the vaudeville stage. Wallie Clarke is spoken of as an excellent comedian, and Edward Marville is a new and original tramp contortionist.

TWO of the greatest hits of last season were scored by Sydney Rosenfeld, whose farce, *The Purple Lady*, will be the attraction at the Academy of Music, on December 11. *The Purple Lady* was exceedingly popular at the Bijou Theatre in New York last season, and will undoubtedly meet with as cordial a reception from our theatre-goers.

ACADEMY NEXT WEEK

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Scene from *The Cuckoo*, at the Academy of Music, next week.

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A VERY pleasing event took place the other evening at Karn Hall, when the pupils and friends of Professor von Konigsberg presented him with a beautiful silver cabinet, as a token to mark the occasion of his recent marriage. Before the presentation took place several excellent selections were rendered by Mr. F. Morris, pupil of Professor von Konigsberg. Several piano selections were also given during the evening by Miss Lillian Craig and Mr. Robert McDonald, both pupils of Professor von Konigsberg. Among those present were: Mrs. C. W. Lindsay, Miss Craig, Miss Parkes, Miss Studer, Misses Abraham, Miss Wilson, Miss McManis, Misses Kellery and Miss Silver; Messrs. Professor Landry, George Leithhead, Dr. Giles, Wm. Wilson, Robt. McDonald, A. Winter, Fred Morris, G. M. Sin and many others.

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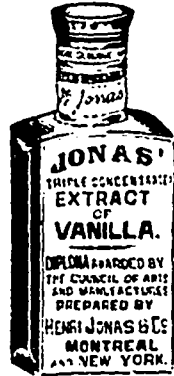
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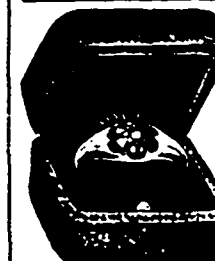
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AGENTS FOR CANADA.

LATE SOCIETY NEWS.

THIS EVENING, Mrs. Harry Magor, Bishopstreet, is giving a large euchre party.

On December 14, Mrs. H. L. Rutherford, Pine avenue, will give a dance in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fulton, who are visiting her.

To-morrow afternoon, Saturday, Mrs. Louis Sutherland, University street, will give an "At Home."

Mrs. W. Hope, Mountain street, gave a very pleasant little tea on Tuesday afternoon, for her cousin, Miss Jarvis, who is visiting her from Buffalo.

Mrs. Townsend, of Birkenhead, England, daughter of Mr. John Crawford, Verdun, has decided to spend the winter in Montreal with her family.

ON Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. F. Minden Cole gave a very pleasant tea at the rooms of the Woman's Art Association. I believe it is the intention of the various members of the committee each in turn to give such an entertainment. All those invited by Mrs. Cole enjoyed not only meeting one another, but examining the exquisite work done by members of the association. The china-painting, or ceramic work, seemed to be unusually deserving of praise. And, as everything, or, I fancy, nearly all exhibited, is for sale, people on the lookout for pretty Christmas presents, will find many temptations to spend money.

On Monday afternoon, a most interesting meeting was held by the Montreal English branch of the Aberdeen Society. Mrs. R. L. Macdonnell was in the chair, and on the platform were the following ladies: Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Gillespie, Miss Laidlaw, Comtesse des Etangs, Mrs. J. M. Oxley, Mrs. Louis Masson. Judging from the reports read, the past year has been a most successful one as regards the work accomplished. Many interesting and amusing letters were read from the various recipients of literature provided by the association, and Dr. Barclay and Professor Colby gave most able addresses.

Too much cannot be said in favor of this estimable organization, which provides the Northwest settlers with amusement and instruction. After the business of the year was disposed of, the meeting assumed a more social character, and all present enjoyed five o'clock tea before leaving.

ON Tuesday evening, Mrs. J. Coristine, University street, gave a very large euchre party for her guest, Miss Bate, of Ottawa.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Crescent street, gave a very jolly little dinner party previous to attending the St. Andrew's Ball.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, Sherbrooke street, entertained a number of friends at dinner.

IT is said that Mr. A. F. Gault has purchased the beautiful old place on Lake Memphramagog, for many years owned by Captain Gully, R. N. It is quite an extensive property, and is singularly lovely in its situation. Captain Gully and his family will most probably make England their home.

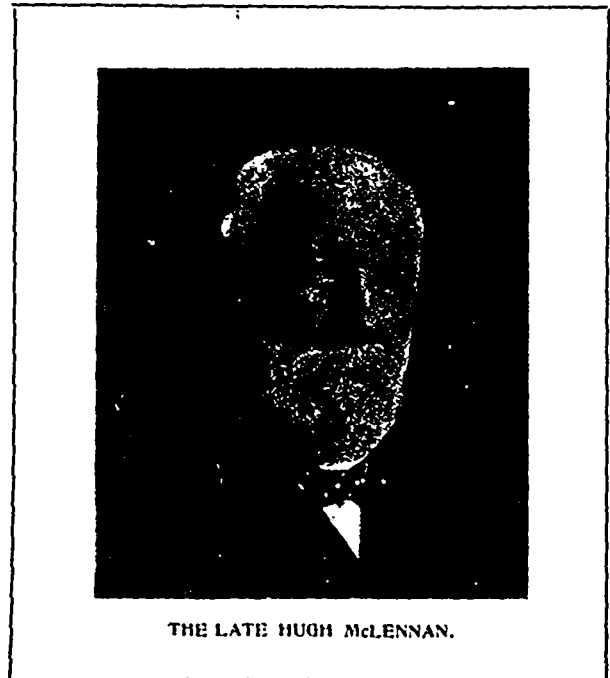
NEW GERMAN STAMPS.

GERMANY proposes to alter the design of her new postage stamps. That aggressive eagle is to give place to a more peaceful, but not less significant, symbol of a united empire. The figure, or rather the bust, of Germania is to appear on the series of stamps, which will usher in the New Year. It is curious how the Fatherland has stuck to its eagle. England has had her lion shilling, but it is now rather a rarity. When Napoleon first put his head on the five-franc pieces of a new Empire the Gallic cock took a very back seat on that handsome coin. The postage stamps of the present French Republic are the most artistic in Europe. The service is symbolized without any suggestion of dynasty, or indeed country

It will be interesting to see what the head of "Germania" will be used. A mere abstraction, a face that suggested nothing, would be an unfortunate way out of the difficulty. And yet there are as many types of German beauty as there are of British. There will be not only new stamps, but new values, 3d., 4d., 5d., and others to follow.

GOLF has been invading the coast of France for some years, and now the "ancient and royal game" has captured Paris, at least what The Figaro calls a "golf's club" has been established, and links secured near Maison Lafite. Among the "golfeurs" are the Marquis de Jancourt, who is president of the club; Count Paul Esterhazy, Prince Borghese, Count de Pourtales, M. Jean de la Lombardiere, and other members of the French aristocracy, as well as leading members of the English and American colonies. The French vocabulary will soon be enriched by a few curious looking words, such as golfe and le nibhek (pronounced neehlek).

THE late Hugh McLennan, of whom this is a characteristic picture, is justly mourned by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr. McLennan was one of Montreal's most eminently successful business men. For nearly 60 years he had been a resident of this city, but his career, as a man controlling large interests, may be dated from 1853, when, in conjunction



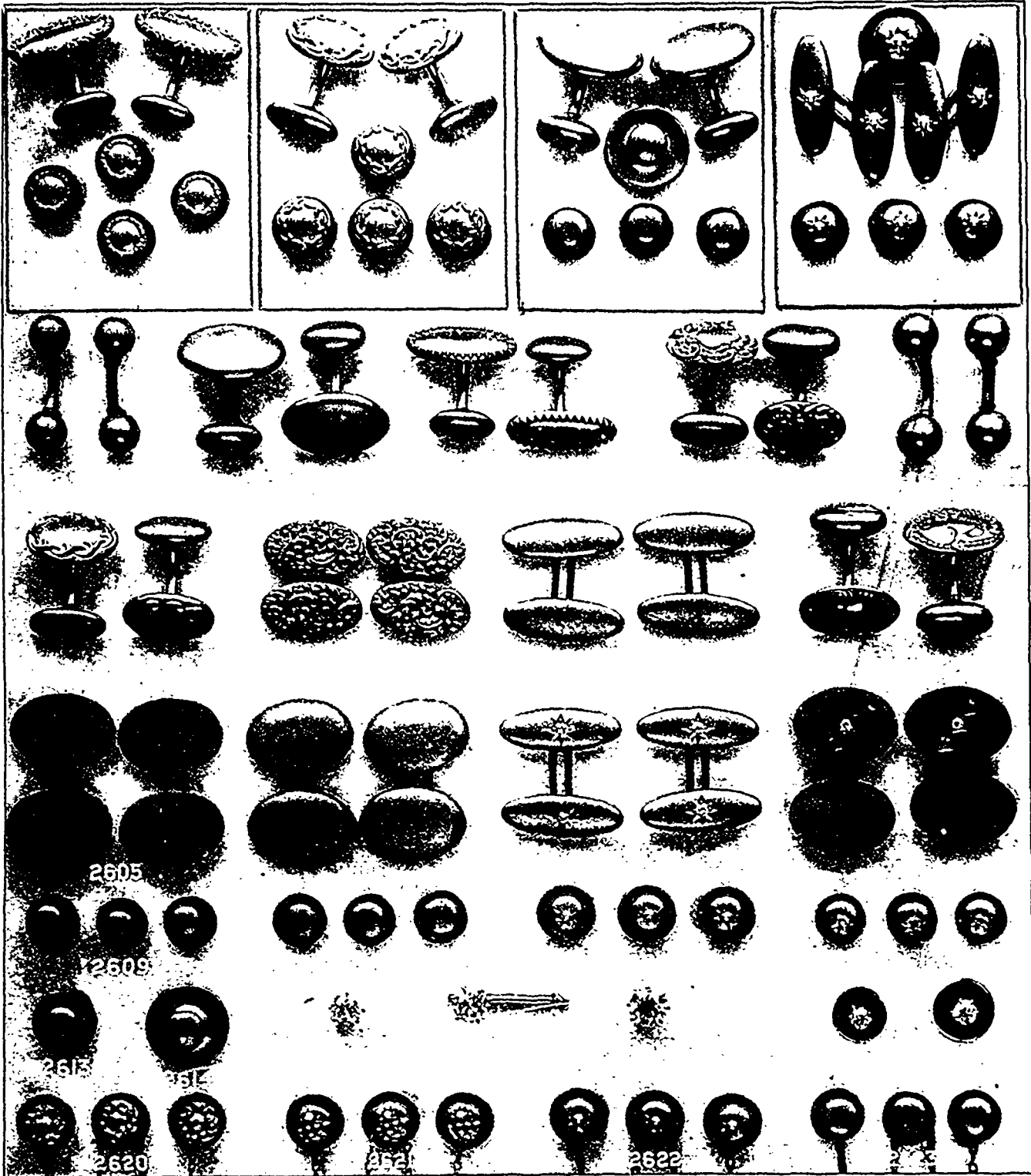
THE LATE HUGH McLENNAN.

with his brother, the late John McLennan, M.P., he entered the grain and transportation business. From this beginning there developed the Montreal Transportation Company, of which Mr. McLennan was still president at the time of his death. Mr. McLennan served as president, or on the directorate, of many other important financial and commercial organizations, as well as on the executive council of the Dominion Board of Trade, the Harbor Commission, the Board of Governors of McGill University, and numerous philanthropic and social organizations. He was, indeed, a man whose life was filled with duty and activity of one kind and another, and he will be greatly missed wherever his wise, liberal and dignified counsels were wont to be heard. The tragic circumstances surrounding his death, within a few hours after he had followed the remains of his friend, Sir William Dawson, to their resting place, are still but too fresh in the minds of readers of LIFE.

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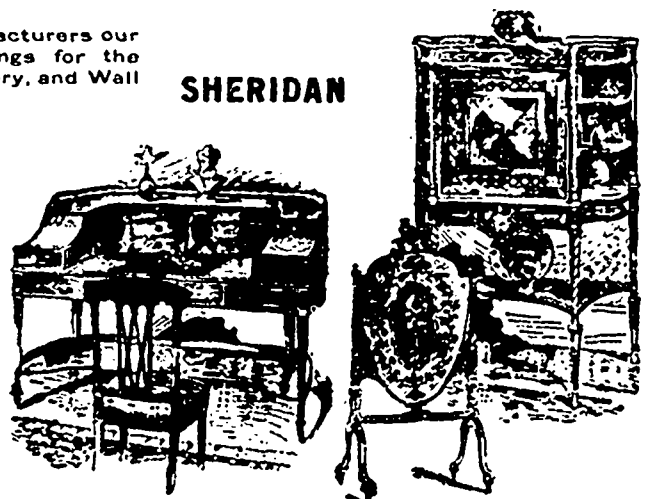
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