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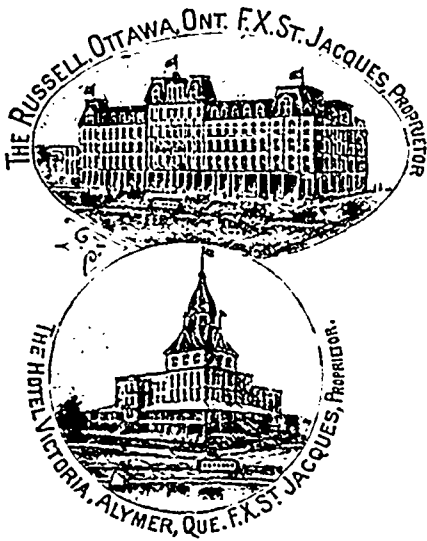
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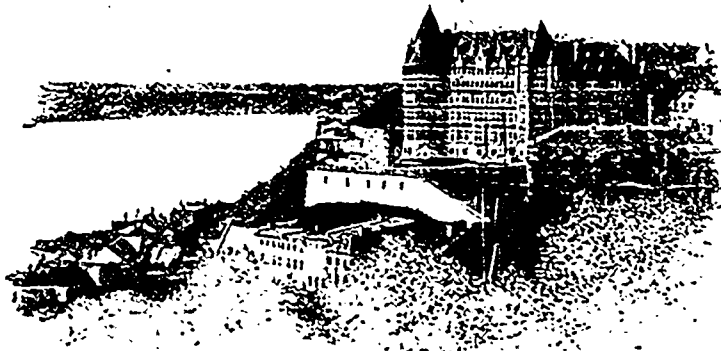
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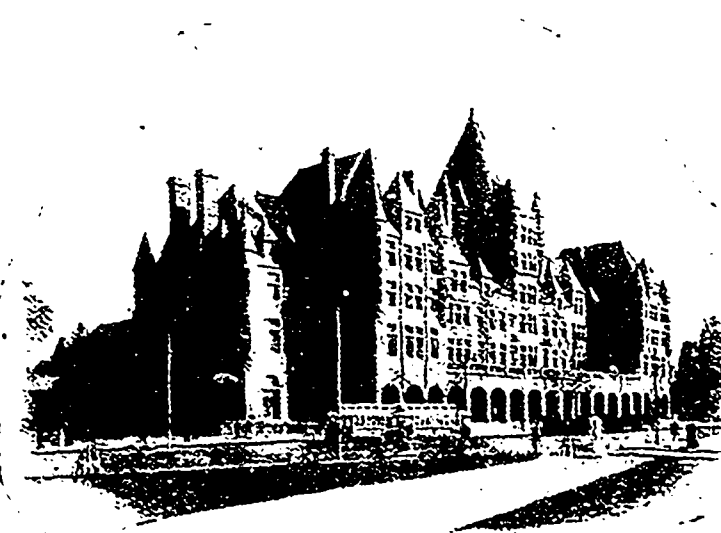
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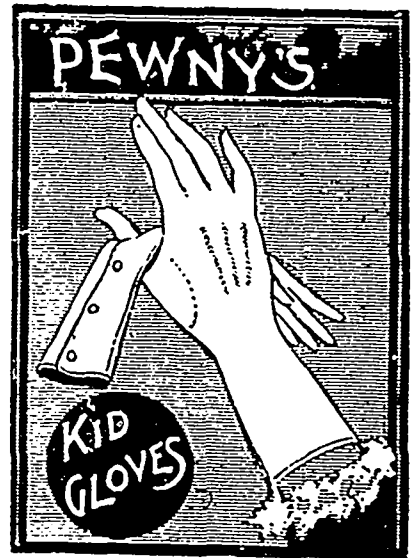
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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

NOT a great many men in the British Empire, wealthy as that Empire is, have the means to equip and maintain an armed force such as Lord Strathcona proposes to send to South Africa, and high as the tide of patriotism has swelled since the present conflict began, there are few of those who have the means who would be prepared for the sacrifice. Lord Strathcona's donation to the Imperial arms is characteristic of the man who has spent so freely of his millions in the cause of education, the healing of the sick and other good works. I often wonder what a man experiences, who, having started out in life poor and humble, finds himself rich as Midas and able to indulge his whims or back up his opinions upon the most elaborate and expensive scale. What should I feel like, and what would you feel like under such circumstances? Would our hearts remain simple and uncorrupted, or would they shrivel up into the miserable proportions of a miser's, like the hearts of so many who have become rich and powerful?

IT is easy to say that Lord Strathcona is giving only dollars, while others are giving sons, brothers and husbands—their very flesh and blood. All honor to those who bade near and dear ones what might prove, and in many cases has proved, a last farewell, as they marched off to the field of conflict. But very few, after all, really "give" their relations as an offering upon their country's altar. The young men, in most cases, do the giving themselves, and their parents, sisters and sweethearts or their wives, have to abide by a decision in which they have scarcely been consulted. And then the gambling spirit is naturally strong in the human breast, and people are prepared, even in war time, to take big chances, trusting that kind Fortune will somehow pull through the particular ones in whom they are interested—however she may neglect other people's darlings. So, all things considered, we must not say, because one man's contribution is in hard cash, out of his own pocket, and another's is mere acquiescence in a decision which he has probably not helped to form, and may, indeed, have opposed, that therefore the contribution of the former is of less value, sentimentally or otherwise, than that of the latter. For my own part, I take a good deal more stock in the opinions of him who backs them up with dollars and cents, than in those of the individual who merely shouts and sheds tears.

SPEAKING of Lord Strathcona, his unanimous election to the high office of Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, is a much greater honor than Canadians generally realize, because it is a position very much sought after. It is the first time anyone has been elected without a contest, in all these generations. It is really a great compliment to Canada, for Lord Aberdeen, Sir Edward Gray, Bart., M.P., and Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, each declined to be a candidate against, as he is now called in England, "The Grand Old Man of Canada." Sir Hugh Reid, by the way, is associated with Canada, although he has never crossed the ocean—his father and mother are both sleeping their last sleep in Canadian soil.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, a Yankee illustrated paper that has been making a bid for a Canadian circulation, is the most grossly anti-British and pro-Boer of all the United States publications that have come under my notice. The unfairness of the weekly in this matter extends even to its illustrations, which, since the opening of the war, have apparently been designed with the special object of casting odium upon British statesmen and soldiers, and arousing sympathy and admiration for the Boers. The editorials have been even more glaringly one-sided than the illustrations, and the recent seizure of American flour, consigned to Delagoa Bay, is described in a recent number as a "practical violation of the territorial rights of a neutral but feeble power." How the seizure of contraband of war on the high seas is a

violation of territorial rights remains to be explained. This virtuous and consistent paper has never uttered a word of protest against the war the United States is waging in the Philippines against a people who helped the Americans to turn the Spanish out, and who are now fighting for their independence as truly as the Dutch of the South African Republics are, and for far better cause. The Transvaal is constantly held up to the pitying gaze of mankind as a small country against which the might of a vast empire is being brought to bear, and now tears of sympathy are besought for feeble Portugal. Did we hear anything about the feebleness of Spain two years ago? Were we reminded then that it was a small and backward nation against which it was an outrage to array in armed conflict resources of the mighty United States? I rather think not. It is questionable how far Canadians should patronize papers that are constitutionally and habitually hostile, and not merely hostile, but grossly unjust, to everything British.

TALKING of Anglo-American relations, it must not be forgotten that, however the "noisy Fido's" of journalism, such as Collier's Weekly, may snap and snarl at the British lion, and however much room there may still be in the States for common sense and knowledge of history, some advance has certainly been made towards a better understanding on the part of the Americans of what the British Empire signifies. Apropos of this a good story comes from London, where Sir Thomas Lipton was recently dined by the Carlton Club. As most people know, what we on this side the Atlantic call an "elevator" Englishmen call a "lift." At the dinner to Lipton a speaker got off a rather clever play on the two words. Lipton's famous threat to "lift that cup" gave the after-dinner orator his chance. He said: "Sir Thomas is perhaps not wholly successful as a lift, but, in the important matter of bettering the relationship between the two great English-speaking peoples and placing international sport on a high plane, he has proved himself a mighty elevator."

THE HON. THOMAS B. REED, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, is devoting a good deal of time to literature since his retirement from politics, and judging by his efforts so far the famous "man from Maine" is likely to make as great a success of writing as he did of ruling the noisy assembly over which he so long presided. The following passage, which occurs in a discussion of how the world is growing better, strikes me as equal in conciseness of form and elevation of thought to anything that has appeared in the periodical press in many years:—"Our idea, then, is that improvement in morality and religion, like improvement in government, is part and parcel of civilization, and results from the same cause. If not from the same cause, whence does it come? No man will deny that the religion of this country is better than the religion which burned men for opinions, believed in ghosts and witches, led John Rogers to the stake, and put John Bunyan into Bedford jail. The difference is marked and wide. Between those days and these there have been no new miracles, no new revelations. Men are not more fervent; rather less so. Religion engrosses men's minds less rather than more. Nevertheless, the statesman, though still not without guile, less less, seldom murders, loves liberty more and power less. Mercantile morality is higher, attorneys' pettifog less and help justice more, and the time is coming when all men will realize, as some do now, that Mr. John Rand paid William Pitt Fessenden at his death a finer compliment when he said that 'he won every cause he ought to have won' than if he had said he won every cause. If you say that preaching religion and teaching morality have done this, then will you tell us why the higher life we live now was not sooner preached and taught, and if sooner preached and taught, why not sooner practised? The plain answer is that until the world knew as much as it does now it was not possible to preach or to practise."

FELIX VANE.

THE "BOBBY'S" FAULTS AND FOIBLES.

SINBAD DISCUSSES THE WEAK POINTS OF THE LAW'S MIXIONS, BUT SHOWS THAT THEY ARE NOT WITHOUT REDEEMING FEATURES

WHEN the excited stranger rushed up to the prominent citizen and inquired how he could get a policeman, that astute Montrealer replied that the surest method he could think of at the moment was to insert an advertisement in the "want" columns of the evening press. And he would be a bold man who would deny that this was correct. For, on our up-town streets especially, the sight of a policeman is as rare as the discovery of a diamond ring in a five-cent pie. Of course, we know that we have policemen. Those daring spirits who are in the habit of frequenting resorts where the cup that cheers and also inebriates oscillates to and fro across the marble counter, admit that they have seen Montreal policemen in the flesh. They describe them as coy and shy birds who slide in through mysterious side doors and cough deferentially behind their hands as the proprietor pouts out for them a measure of condensed ecstasy with a squeeze of lemon in it. But the average citizen sees them only in funeral processions and at the City Hall. Where they conceal themselves in the interval between pay-days, is as great a mystery as where the *campagna* fans go to. Evidently the Duke of Plaza-Toro, whose powers of concealment are celebrated by Gilbert and Sullivan, was a comparatively public character compared with a policeman on his beat in a locality where cooks are hospitable and basement-kitchens handy. No one ever yet heard of a citizen discovering a policeman when he was wanted. But we have often heard citizens expressing the wish that the police force were concealed in a locality where, for obvious reasons, they do not cut any ice, and where a blast furnace is used for cold-storage.

From the municipal returns we learn that the police consist largely of picked men. But some of them appear to have been picked before they were altogether ripe, and hence their intellects have suffered. At least we may fairly argue so, when we notice the deferential manner in which they approach a gentleman who has oscillated from cheerful mirth to prospective homicide with the suddenness of a small boy falling from a back bedroom window, and compare it with the truculence with which they break the news that an icicle, one and a quarter inches long, is clinging to the off hind leg of the water-pipe, when the man of the house is out and only the women are around.

Of course, we do not expect Chesterfieldian manners from a man who spends his life in one long anxious struggle to keep out of trouble. The effort to remain out of sight of the public, and in sight of the aldermen, must involve an expenditure of grey matter which not even the dodging of an angry bull in a small stable-yard would require. The task of hiding behind a shade-tree until a fight is over, and then emerging hastily and demanding where the offenders are, in the proper tone of majestic authority, demands histrionic ability of no mean order. And, although the average policeman has a massive intellect, he does not always have it with him. Yet a policeman is sometimes called upon to decide questions, beside which the celebrated query, as to what would happen if a thunderstorm in top-boots met a roasted snowball, sinks into comparative simplicity. He may be asked anything from the direction of a street car to the pedigree of a pup. And he cannot always reply by rubbing the end of his nose with his baton and smiling feebly. Saloon-keepers, with consciences so strict that they will not open their umbrellas on Sunday without the consent of the Chief, appeal to him on abstruse points as to municipal law. Fluffy haired blondes consult him as to sleigh fares, and the possibilities of evading the dog tax. And the task of deciding the exact amount to be charged for a drive from Montreal Junction to the abattoirs, when there is, on one

side, a pair of soft pleading blue eyes, and, on the other, a hackman with a "pull" in the Ward, is one that might make Machiavelli nervous. In fact, there must be times when the policeman looks for relief from a tight place as anxiously as Ladysmith, and wishes with the same fervor that a small boy displays when confronted with a mince pie that he could get out of sight as rapidly as chocolate ice-cream at a sewing circle.

For, after all, the policeman's lot is not all beer and skittles. There are times when he slides as quickly into trouble as a pantomime dude down a greased toboggan slide. There are times when he has no more chance of remaining concealed than an extra dollar in a civic appropriation, and when he is forced into the same undesirable publicity that an oyster has to contend with when the knife exposes his internal economy to a cold world with as much callous indifference as a "yellow" journal displays in laying bare the domestic troubles of a prospective candidate. Many a policeman will endorse Gilbert's famous aphorism that his lot is not a happy one. For there are times when his appearance so far from inspiring awe is the signal for a general onslaught which converts him into a mere lay figure for the imposition of arnica and sticking plaster. And for one time that he is summoned to partake of cold mutton in a cosy kitchen, he is summoned 10 times to persuade a mad dog to evacuate the premises or is required to crawl under the coal bin after a burglar so loaded up with weapons as to resemble a hardware traveler's sample trunk.

So, after all, we may well pardon the policeman some of his errors of omission. He is more difficult to find than the family hammer, and slower in coming than an oyster stew in an aristocratic restaurant. But he has his redeeming features. He never startles us with brilliant coruscations of intellect. He never withers us with caustic repartee. He never makes us feel like 30 cents. On the contrary, he usually sends us away with our heads swelled—sometimes by the consciousness of superiority, and sometimes by the judicious use of his baton.

SINBAD.



COMMUNISTIC PRINCIPLES.

THE late Colonel Ingersoll managed his household on purely communistic principles. There were several members of the family, which, besides himself, included his wife, his two daughters, his son-in-law, his mother-in-law, and his brother-in-law. All of these stood on an equality, and a common treasury was kept in a strong-box for their support and for whatever use each chose. This box was kept supplied with money by the Colonel and the two other men of the family. To it each member went for whatever he or she required. Money was taken in such quantity as the taker wished and no memorandum was made nor explanation given. If one of the men wanted a horse, he bought it with the money in the strong-box; if one of the ladies wanted a fur coat, she took the necessary money from the same place.

They must have been a very united family of very unselfish members when they could live in such freedom without one or the other taking advantage of the lack of restraint. But it's said to have worked admirably.

MISS MURIAL ROBERTSON, of New York, is visiting Miss Reba Goltman, St. Catherine street. Miss Robertson is a pianist possessed of much talent and her many friends here had a treat in her playing. Before her departure for home she will visit Ottawa and Toronto.

Points for Investors

AT the time of writing, the position in South Africa is analogous to that of the stock market. It has been uphill work against Boers, and the relief advance has been very gradual. So with stocks. Since the slump of December there has been a slight upward tendency, gradually growing stronger, but there are still days of doubt and suspense. Relief is coming, but there may yet roll by some weeks, and even months, before the change is decisive.

CANADIAN STOCKS STRONG BY COMPARISON.

At the present time Canadian stocks, however, are remarkably strong, everything considered, and comparing the quotations with those of the Republic to the south, the comparison is such as is well deserved by the intrinsic merits of the leading securities of the Dominion.

For example, C.P.R. stock is around 94, or only about four points below its highest mark of the year; Royal Electric stands around 192, or close to high-water mark. Bank stocks have shown very little depreciation. The traction stocks have suffered most, as they deserved.

THE TORONTO RAILWAY'S STATEMENT.

The annual meetings are now commencing, the first one of notability being that of the Toronto Railway Company last week. The earnings statement of the company had already been foreshadowed in this column, but a more detailed examination of the statement even further bears out the opinion I have frequently advanced, that present prices are too high for this 4 per cent. stock. Gross earnings in 1899 increased \$122,924, but net earnings increased only \$51,400, while net profit showed an advance of merely \$28,000. This showing is not sufficient to warrant any further advance in the stock, especially as the Mayor of Toronto is beginning to hammer away at many points in which he claims the company is not living up to its charter requirements. The operating expenses of the company increased 1.4 per cent. for the year, owing chiefly to the general advance in the cost of materials. Operation is likely to continue to increase with the further municipal demands made upon the company, and with the still further rises in materials that are likely to continue during the coming year. The company owes on accounts, wages and dividends, nearly \$160,000. As against this, it has \$127,000 cash and \$19,000 in outstanding accounts receivable, so that it does not go into the new year with any great cash surplus to its credit.

ELECTRICITY AND GAS.

When electricity first came to the front as a great factor in lighting, the opinion was then expressed that the days of gas companies as illuminating factors were ended, but the last ten years has not borne out the prophecy and now the gas companies seem on as stable a basis as ever. It is interesting, however, to note that the subject is now being renewed, and The New York Commercial expresses the belief that gas and oil will soon be used only as fuel and that the Standard Oil magnates now recognize the mistake they made in not getting in on the ground floor when the electric movement at the large centres of population was more in its infancy. Now, there appears to be a battle royal on, between the great electric traction syndicate of Whitney, Elkins and Widener on the one hand and the Standard Oil interests on the other, to secure electric control. The great traction syndicate, which has been securing control of surface lines in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore and other large cities, expects to amalgamate the street railway and electric lighting and power systems in each centre. A similar movement has been discernible in Canada. In Montreal, the prospect of closer alliance between the Street Railway and Royal Electric Company sent up the latter stock 30 points. In Hamilton, the Cataract Power Company has complete control of the traction, light and power interests of the city. It is likely that such will be the tendency in all large cities. In spite of any prophecies that electric light will drive out gas and oil, it is to be observed that Standard Oil stock sold last week at 500, the highest point in its history. The company has had a year of enormous profits, and it is on the slate to declare an extra dividend in March.

PULP IN THE FUTURE.

Incidentally I referred to pulp as one of the great resources of this country. The Quebec Government has made an excellent move in allowing a rebate on stumpage dues relating

to all wood that is milled into pulp in the Province. The English investor has already appreciated the value of Canadian pulp, and it would be advisable for Canadian investors to give attention to any reliable companies that may offer their holdings to the public in the future.

THE WAR'S EFFECT ON MINES.

The effect of the South-African War on the London mining market should be to induce further attention to British Columbia mines. The English investor will, in future, prefer stocks that are situated in well-secured districts of British possessions, and the mines of Southern British Columbia have also great advantages in transportation and ease of access over those of Australia and South Africa.

CANADIANS BUYING IN NEW YORK.

The business on the Canadian Exchanges has not been very active the past two or three weeks, one cause being the uncertainty over the operations in South Africa, which has been previously alluded to. Another salient factor is found in the large amount of speculation which is being done by Canadians in New York stocks. The present is regarded as a favorable time for the purchase of American securities, and a great deal of money that would otherwise be invested in Canadian stocks is being spent in New York. This has the effect of reducing the business on Canadian Exchanges, and, consequently, dealing has been on the light side. I have already spoken of the great risks and disadvantages under which Canadians labor in speculating in American stocks, but gamblers never learn wisdom until forced by strict necessity to do so.

THE WAR EAGLE DIVIDEND.

My prophecies in regard to War Eagle stock last week were fulfilled even sooner than expected, and during the last few days the stock has shown a rising tendency, due to the large shipments made last week, and to the fact that the time for the proposed increase in dividends is now drawing near. There is a great deal of uncertainty as to what the increase will be. For my own part, knowing the very conservative tendencies of Messrs. Gooderham and Blackstock, I am inclined to the view that the dividend will not be doubled, but it will be increased to such an extent that, in view of the capabilities of the mine and its proved opulence, \$3.50 per share would be a fair figure to expect the stock to react within the next two months.

THE STRENGTH OF C.P.R.

The strength of the C.P.R. as distinguished over all other railroads is well founded. The railroad has opened up on first three weeks in the New Year with greater business than the same period last year, and we may expect very large increases in the net earnings for this period, owing to the immunity from heavy storms that all the western roads have experienced this winter. There have been no heavy snow blockades and an immense amount of operating expenses has been saved. I think the shareholders can confidently look to a 5 per cent. dividend on common being declared in March.

INVESTORS BUYING.

One feature of the Montreal Exchange dealings at present is encouraging. Merchants and capitalists, not speculators, are most prominent in the dealings recorded. These transactions may be on the lighter side, but the majority of them are for investment purposes. Certainly the present is a most favorable time for the genuine purchaser.

A NEW TELEPHONE COMPANY.

The flotation of a new telephone has been largely advertised in Toronto. I had occasion to speak of the value of Bell Telephone stock and its brilliant prospects. In the telephone business competition need not be greatly feared, because the whole value of a telephone lies in the number of users, and it is almost an impossibility for a new company in any large city, even at reduced rates, to secure a sufficient clientele to induce custom.

FAIRFAX.

MINING SHARES.

THE market has a decidedly better tone since my last report, and is fairly active at slightly better prices. The only weak feature is Montreal-London, which comes out very freely when there are any buyers. The cause of the weakness has not yet transpired, but evidently there is a "nigger on the fence" somewhere. Golden Star made a bad break this afternoon, due, no doubt, to something that transpired at the meeting to-day, but which has not yet been reported here. Payne sold down to a dollar on liquidating sales. War Eagle has been very erratic on small business, ranging from \$2.45 to \$2.70 bid. In Republic there is little doing, and the stock is not in much favor just now; it is reported that barely 25 per cent. of the stock of the subsidiary company was subscribed for. Deer Trail is becoming more active and stronger, and, as I anticipated, there will probably be a further advance in the stock; the circular regarding the transfer to the new company is out, and it appears

(Continued on page 31.)

GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS

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

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Three forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the world at large, the second shows how persons, born on this day in any year, will fare during the next 12 months, and the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life. The present series began with December 1, 1899, and back numbers of L.I.E. when available, cost 10c each.

Sunday, January 28.—A pleasant day on the whole.

Illness and financial loss are threatened during this year, as well as ill-luck to those who undertake new enterprises. By prudence the misfortunes menaced may be avoided.

Children born to-day will fare best by working as employes. Girls born now should receive a careful, moral training, as a great peril threatens them in early life.

Monday, January 29.—Good and evil are promised for to-day in about equal proportions. Special wariness, therefore, should be exercised in all matters.

This will be a successful year, provided no money is risked in speculation. Young women are cautioned not to put too much faith in the words of those who woo them.

Prudent, prosperous and esteemed will be the children born to-day. Girls born now will be favorites in society, and they are cautioned not to pay too much heed to the fulsome flattery of their admirers.

Tuesday, January 30.—A brisk day for any business that is pushed with proper energy. Foolish are they who remain idle.

For business this will be a good year. Law-suits should be avoided and women are advised not to make hasty engagements or marriages.

Children born to-day will be industrious, patient and intelligent, and their career, on the whole, will be satisfactory.

Wednesday, January 31.—A hazardous day on which to start any new enterprise, but otherwise not unfortunate.

As regards money matters this will be a propitious year. To women it will bring many unscrupulous admirers, but not many true lovers, and foolish will they be who put faith in the promises of the former.

Girls born to-day will become engaged very early in life. They, as well as boys, will be generally prosperous, and those born in a lowly station are likely to climb several rungs of the social ladder.

Thursday, February 1.—Not auspicious for money matters, and doubtful in other respects.

The chief misfortune threatened during this year is financial loss through loans to irresponsible persons. Otherwise the outlook is fortunate.

Clever, honorable and good-hearted will be the children born to-day, and there are many evidences that they will succeed in whatever they undertake.

Friday, February 2.—Favorable for courtship and marriage, but only during the early hours.

There will be much happiness in the family circle during this year, but annoyances are threatened in business and through journeys. A host of young people will fall in love before the year ends.

Children born to-day will be erratic, quick-tempered and too fond of pleasure. Spendthrifts they will also be, and this extravagance may cloud their latter years.

Saturday, February 3.—A good day on which to make purchases, ask favors or go a-courting.

While business will prosper during this year, there is much danger of illness or accidents, as well as of trouble through petty quarrels. Loss of position to careless employes is also indicated.

Ingenious, generous and quick-witted will be to-day's

children, but the value of money they will find it hard to learn, and there is danger that they may need money before they die. To girls born now some matrimonial infelicity is foreshadowed.

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

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

AN unusually large and fashionable audience attended Miss Abbott's second recital on Tuesday evening, at the Art Gallery; and realization quite came up to anticipation of the enjoyment provided. Mr. Marcossou's numbers were very much appreciated throughout. Perhaps his rendering of Preislied from *The Meister Singer*, and *Finale a la Zingara* of Wieniawski received almost more applause than any. Two encores, a *Serenade* of Pierné's and a *Berceuse*, were enthusiastically applauded. Miss Grace Preston was also heard to great advantage in a number of songs, which ably demonstrated the surprising compass of her voice. Her response to the obstinate encoring after *Good Night* was very pleasing, for she sang two charming little songs to her own accompaniment, playing most exquisitely. After the concert, everyone present was at liberty to enjoy the loan collection in the large gallery, and many people remained to do so.

Among the audience were noticed: Sir Melbourne and Lady Tait, Mr. Justice Wurtele and Mrs. Wurtele, Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Hon. G. A. Drummond, Mrs. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Miss Parker, Mr. E. W. Parker, Mrs. King, Miss Napier, Mr. and Mrs. Fayette Brown, Mrs. H. C. Scott, Miss Scott, the Misses Roddick, the Misses Angus, Mr. W. F. Angus, Mr. J. C. Hickson, Miss M. Hickson, Miss C. Brainerd, Miss Thomas, Miss Monk, His Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia, Mrs. Gillespie, Miss Gillespie, Mr. Maccum, Mrs. Stephen, the Misses Stephen, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Drummond, Mr. J. B. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Grant, Miss Grant, Miss Stikeman, Miss Branstone and Mr. J. Try-Davies.

ON Wednesday, the ladies of the Montreal Curling Club entertained the visiting members of the Quebec Curling Club at lunch at the Kennels, going out in a special car, kindly provided by Mr. G. R. Hooper. In the afternoon a very pleasant tea was given at the Montreal rink, at which a large number of curlers and their friends were present.

This afternoon, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Sherbrooke street, is giving a large tea.

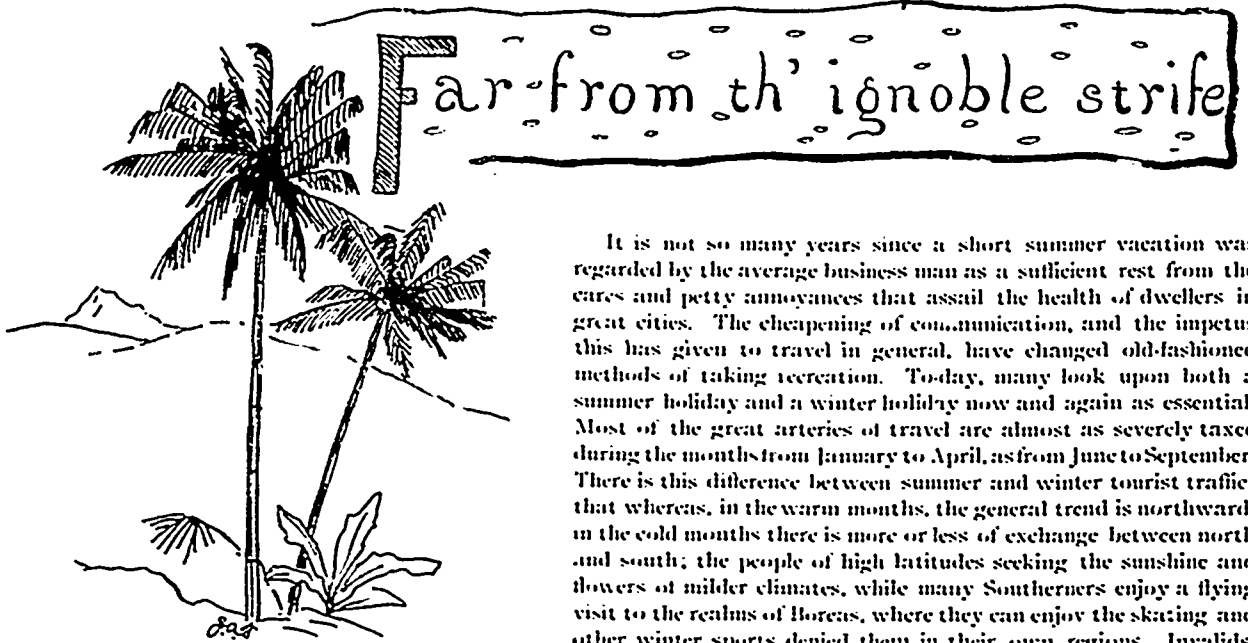
Mrs. Stearns, Peel street, is also entertaining a number of friends at tea.

His Lordship Bishop Courtenay, of Nova Scotia, arrived in Montreal this week and is visiting Mr. Wolferstan Thomas, "Llangorse House."

The news of the serious illness of the Abbe Bolduc, cure of Cacouna, was heard with much regret by the many Montrealers who spend their summers at "the Canadian Saratoga." Greatly beloved by his parishioners, he also has a firm hold on the respect and liking of the English residents. A man of intellect and cultivation, far in excess of what is required in his present position, his genial presence and ready wit would be very much missed by those who, though of another fold, can still appreciate sterling merit wherever it is to be found.

On Tuesday afternoon, Miss Thomas, "Llangorse House," gave a very pleasant tea for Miss Wilder, of Boston. Among those invited were: Miss Wilder, Miss Ewan, Miss Howard, Mrs. K. D. Young, Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mrs. R. W. Reford, Miss Carruthers (Chicago), Miss Miller, Miss Molson, Miss Monk, Miss Branstone, Miss Cundill, Miss Brainerd, Miss Cooke, Miss Dunlap and several others.

On Wednesday, Mr. G. W. R. MacDougall gave a very jolly little luncheon at the Forest and Stream for Miss Carruthers.



It is not so many years since a short summer vacation was regarded by the average business man as a sufficient rest from the cares and petty annoyances that assail the health of dwellers in great cities. The cheapening of communication, and the impetus this has given to travel in general, have changed old-fashioned methods of taking recreation. To-day, many look upon both a summer holiday and a winter holiday now and again as essential. Most of the great arteries of travel are almost as severely taxed during the months from January to April, as from June to September. There is this difference between summer and winter tourist traffic; that whereas, in the warm months, the general trend is northward, in the cold months there is more or less of exchange between north and south; the people of high latitudes seeking the sunshine and flowers of milder climates, while many Southerners enjoy a flying visit to the realms of Boreas, where they can enjoy the skating and other winter sports denied them in their own regions. Invalids, convalescents, and persons of weak vitality, of course, must escape the raw winds and chilling snows of winter. But for people in the

enjoyment of exuberant strength and spirits, it is a matter of choice where they will spend the cold months. Many Canadians and residents of the Northern States go to Florida, California, the resorts of the Atlantic coast, Bermuda, or even to the Mediterranean. But it is astonishing what a large number of Southerners come north for a short time to get a mouthful of cold air, and have their eyes refreshed by a glimpse of the white, dazzling snow. And a well-known society paper in the United States is authority for the statement that the ideal plan of those who have the means, is "to spend the winter months in Canada, and the early spring in the south."

ATLANTIC COAST RESORTS.

WE are accustomed to look upon the ocean and its manifold attractions and bracing breezes as something to be especially appreciated and approached only in the summer. At Atlantic City, within only three hours of New York, and directly accessible from all parts of the West and South, the conditions are completely changed. Here, where there has grown up one of the foremost all-the-year-through seaside resorts in the United States, there is a surprise in store for the visitor who, for the first time, seeks it as a place for a winter sojourn. The winter temperature of Atlantic City is astonishingly mild, the reason being that the Gulf Stream tempers the air that blows from the sea and gives it, with just enough northern vigor to free it from any enervating qualities, that distinctly gentle touch that is so soothing and restful for tired brains or worn bodies. A large number of good hotels, with glass-enclosed piazzas, the famous "Boardwalk" or promenade, from which one views the beach, the sea-front trolley line, the lighthouse, the Casino, the Country Club, and the golf links, are amongst the attractions which, in addition to dry, bracing air, render Atlantic City an ideal winter resort.

Lakewood is another New Jersey resort that is becoming popular with winter tourists.

VIRGINIA.

OLD POINT COMFORT, Va., with its two magnificent hotels, its historic environs, and its surf-bathing on the Hygeia beach, is a famous winter resort. To those who love a short sea voyage, with summer at its finish, no trip can surpass that to Old Point Comfort on the magnificent steamers that now run there from New York. A great attraction, too, of the Point, is the fleet of war vessels which so frequently rendezvous in the waters of the beautiful Chesapeake, and whose officers do so much to make the hotel life unique and gay. Aside from this most celebrated of her resorts, Virginia is rapidly growing in favor with others scattered by her shores and 'mid her mountains.

NORTH CAROLINA AND FLORIDA.

NORTH CAROLINA, too, is becoming noted as a State of winter health resorts, Asheville being the most celebrated, and her sister State, South Carolina, is of equal reputation.

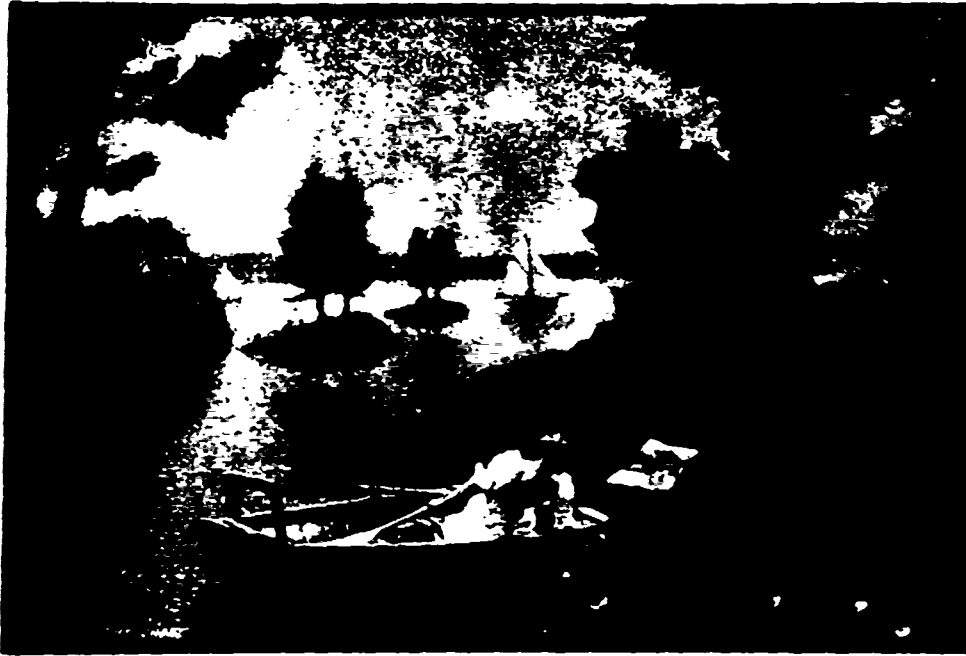


THE EFFECT OF CLIMATE.

Mrs. STOWPVE (at the door).—Look a-here, Simon Stowpve, you're just getting as lazy as a sleepy old dog. There you've ben smokin' yer eyes out agen that tree for the past four hours, an' our winter is a-beggin' due to arrive this very afternoon.

WINTER RESORTS--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Aiken having attained wide celebrity for its health-giving qualities. But, passing further down, either by water or by splendid vestibuled train, that land peculiar unto itself stretches its pine barrens for miles and miles. For Florida, as a whole, is disappointing. One who is a stranger to it is apt



to imagine in advance that it is a land flowing with milk and honey, carpeted with flowers, and so it is in spots. At least two-thirds of Florida, however, is sand, covered with pine trees and palmetto scrub, through which roam deer, and scuttles the ubiquitous land tortoise or gopher. It is the climate of Florida that makes it the famous winter resort it is, and its chains of magnificent hotels, with their artificial gardens, are unequalled the world over. The naturally beautiful parts of this country of Ponce de Leon are its hammock lands, with their tropical vegetation, its lakes and its rivers. All else of beauty man has redeemed from the sand

BERMUDA.

FROM New York one can reach Bermuda by steamer for \$30, or \$50 return, including berth and meals. There is no finer climate in the world than that of the Bermuda group. Winter temperature cannot be found below the fifties, nor does the mercury show beyond the eighties in summer. The leading fruits of Bermuda are the banana and melon. Grapes and peaches are also produced. There is a great abundance of fish—as many as 168 varieties having been observed. Angel-fish are an esteemed table delicacy. The natural beauties of Bermuda are great, but perhaps the chief charm is the society of English officials and their families, naval and military officers, etc. One of the standard attractions is the great dockyard at Ireland

Island. A steam launch maintains regular service between Hamilton and this point. A large arsenal establishment and an extensive basin, which will accommodate a whole fleet at anchor, are found here. Pre-eminently the chief feature is the enormous floating drydock. This monster was built at Sheerness, in 1868, and towed hither across the Atlantic, arriving safely after a voyage of 56 days. It will accommodate the largest ironclads. A great point in favor of Bermuda is the absence of fresh-water marshes. The porosity of the coral rock causes the absorption of rainfall at once. All the water used for domestic purposes is caught from the rainfall in reservoirs placed upon the hills, or in tanks with which all houses are supplied. Hamilton, the capital of the islands, has some good hotels, with all modern conveniences, tennis courts, croquet lawns, etc.

CALIFORNIA.

PASSING from the most easterly portion of the continent to the most westerly, one finds that perhaps the most attractive part of all America is California—which represents not only the climax of natural beauty, but the most romantic page of American history. In summer, the Golden State is a heap of blinding, choking dust, but in winter it is in all truth a garden of fruits and flowers, a land of ceaseless sunshine and song. The marvelous trip across continent in palatial cars, the sublime scenery of illimitable plain and rugged mountain, captivate the senses and hold us enthralled. Southern California, to those who can, or are compelled, to afford the expense of getting there, is described by all who have been there as a paradise. To go into a description of the hundreds of places of interest which one passes through on this trip, would take volumes. The historic towns and buildings of the farther West, its lovely resorts and its Titanic mountain ranges, its seas, its rivers and its lakes, have been storied over and over again by many eminent writers representing almost every civilized country. One must go to really believe.



This picture represents the actual deer killed by the Collingwood Hunt Club during the fifteen days of the open season, from November 1 to November 15, 1898, in the vicinity of Blackstone Bay (Georgian Bay District). They were killed within the prescribed days of the open season, and the number taken did not exceed the legal restriction of two deer to each hunter. (By permission of Grand Trunk Railway.)



Three C. P. R. Hotels.

CANADIAN CITIES AND SCENES.

AS an all-the-year-round resort for the pleasure-seeker, there is no country—not even those which boast of their palms and vines and their “spicy breezes”—that can surpass Canada. Summer and winter alike, the Dominion affords to the visitor characteristic sports and recreations not to be had elsewhere. To the man or woman in possession of sound health, there is no more invigorating and delightful climate at all seasons of the year than that of

Canada, maple-land, land of great mountains,
Lakesland and river land, land ‘twixt the seas.”

The scenery of the Dominion is too varied and too magnificent to be described except at great length, but, as it has become better known to travelers its fame has steadily expanded, and the two great railway systems of Canada have carried more tourists and sight-seers during the past two or three years than at any previous time in their history. Canadians themselves are also learning to appreciate the beauties and advantages of their own country, and while, as their wealth grows, the amount of foreign travel increases, the patronage of home attractions is becoming yearly more popular.

In the eastern cities of the Dominion—more particularly Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa—one finds a truly charming mixture

of the French and English civilizations, of the antique and the modern. These, with their neighboring parks and resorts, their canoeing, fishing, sailing, etc., are amongst the most delightful summer cities in the world; but in winter their attractiveness is equally pronounced. They possess a charming social life, and to the lover of wholesome outdoor sports, or the seeker after the romantic, quaint and picturesque in life, present attractions not equalled north of the Mexican border.

MONTREAL.

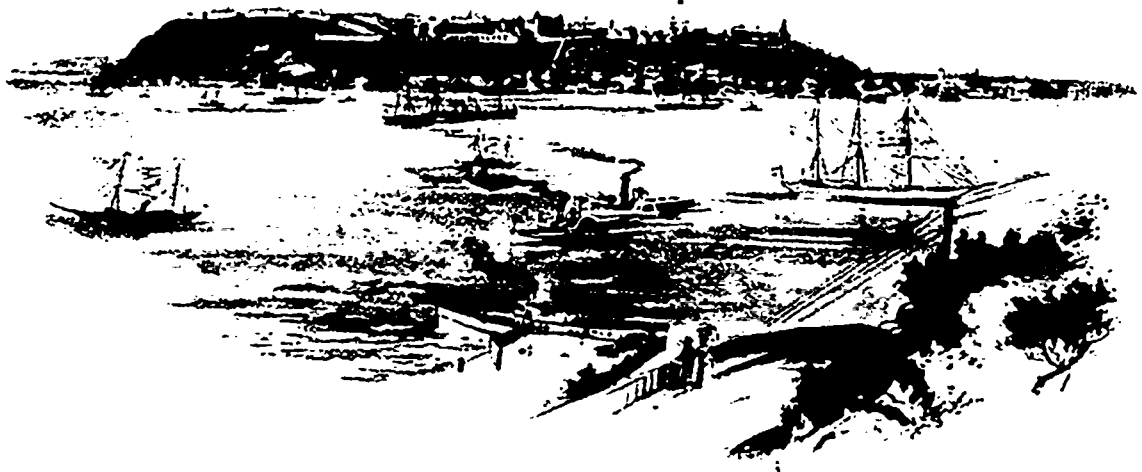
MONTREAL is the most populous and wealthy of these cities and in point of both natural and architectural beauty is one of the grandest in America. It is delightfully located on an island in the St. Lawrence River, just below its confluence with the Ottawa, and stretches along the bank of that magnificent waterway for five miles and backwards for more than half that distance, being built on a series of terraces, the former levels of the river or of an ancient lake, which terminate in Mount Royal, whose summit and wooded slopes form one of the grandest public pleasure grounds on the continent.

Montreal is interesting historically, for here—then the Hochelaga of the Indian—Jacques Cartier came in 1535, and Champlain chose the site of a city 81 years later. Here Maisonneuve fought hand to hand encounters with the red man, here was the headquarters of French trading and exploration through the trackless West; and here dwelt those fearless adventurers of the early days—La Salle, the discoverer of the Mississippi, Du Lhut, the founder of Duluth, Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, and Bienville, the founder of New Orleans, and others whose names are not forgotten in American history. Here Indian and French and British and American struggled for mastery, and in 1775 General Montgomery and the Colonial forces occupied the town for a short period.

The city is adorned by numerous beautiful parks and squares, among them two that are most picturesque—the Mount Royal Park and St. Helen’s Island. Pleasant drives wind around the mountain, from which the city derives its name, and lead to the summit, from which there is a glorious panorama of a rarely-placed city and the broad valley of the St. Lawrence, through which the gleaming river flows to the sea. Beyond are the peaks of Beluil, rising abruptly from the plain, eastwards of which the Green Mountains of Vermont can be distinguished on a clear day. To the distant south are



Montreal, from Notre Dame Church.



QUEBEC—by permission of C. P. R.

WINTER RESORTS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

the famed Adirondacks, and along the north run the Laurentians, which claim precedence in antiquity over the rest of the earth's mountains.

There is no other large city in America, where a quarter or a half hour's journey will traverse so many scenes of varied natural beauty or places of historic interest, or a few hours' railway trip will take one to more picturesque solitudes of mountain, lake and stream.

QUEBEC.

THOUGH not so large, progressive or wealthy as Montreal, Quebec is quite its equal in general attractiveness. The quaint old-walled place is the most interesting spot historically on this western continent, and combined with this feature is a picturesque location, perhaps unequalled in the world. Quebec is like a transplanted city—a French town of olden times set down in American surroundings, in which the chief characteristics of medieval Europe and modern America are deftly

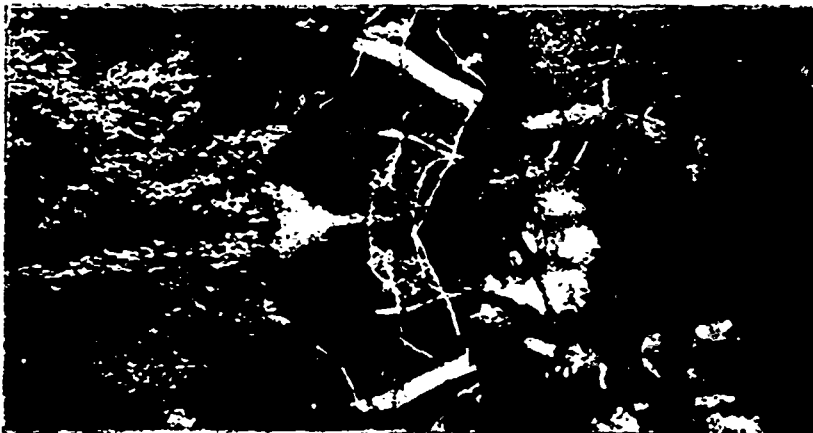
and delightfully interwoven—and around it are clustered a host of legendary memories.

All about this ancient stronghold—first of the French, then of the English—every spot has been the scene of stirring events. Here it was that the early discoverers of the northern part of America first landed, and where European civilization was first planted. Here lived those illustrious and chivalrous adventurers, whose exploits shed lustre on Old France, and from here, at one time, the whole country, from the Great Lakes to the Mexican Gulf, was governed. Here the French made their last fight for empire in this western world on the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm heroically fell. Quebec is surrounded by picturesque spots—the Falls of the Montmorency, 100 feet higher than those of Niagara, and the Chaudiere Falls, second only to the great cataract; Ste. Anne de Beaupre, for two centuries and a-half the mecca of thousands of devout pilgrims seeking restoration of health at the sacred shrine, where a magnificent edifice, raised to the dignity of a Basilica by Pope Pius IX., has been erected, and which is reached by a short railway trip; Beauport, bombarded by Wolfe in 1759; Lorette, an Indian village, where the remnant of the once powerful tribe of Hurons is located; Levis, across the St. Lawrence, where there are large military forts and engineers' camps; and many picturesque villages which dot the landscape, and where the curious primitive customs of the early French settlers still prevail.

One of the finest tourist hotels in the world—the Chateau Frontenac—is situated on the Duferin Terrace, Quebec—the longest promenade known.

OTTAWA.

OTTAWA is remarkable not only for its beauty, but as the capital city of Canada. As such, it has an official life which is the nearest approach this side the Atlantic to a Court society, and which is rendered aristocratic by the constant



Shadow River, near Lake Rosseau, on line of G.T.R.

presence of titled ladies and gentlemen from the Mother Country. The Parliament buildings are accounted, architecturally, the most beautiful structures on this continent. They stand out boldly on Parliament Hill, overlooking the Ottawa, in all the beauty of seemingly varied architecture. They were erected at a cost of about \$5,000,000. The octagonal-shaped library in rear of Parliament is one of the most complete in America. Other objects of interest are the Chaudiere Falls, Rideau Hall, the home of the Governor-General of Canada; Rideau canal, built in 1827 for military purposes; Major Hill Park, the city buildings, extensive saw-mills, and the timber slides by which the square timber from the Upper Ottawa passes down without damage into the navigable waters below. To go down these slides, as nearly every visitor does, is an exciting and exhilarating experience. Opposite Ottawa is the French city of Hull, and combined, they have a population of about 70,000.

In all these cities, winter sports—skating, hockey, tobogganing, snow-shoeing, etc., as well as those of summer, are enthusiastically pursued in their proper season.

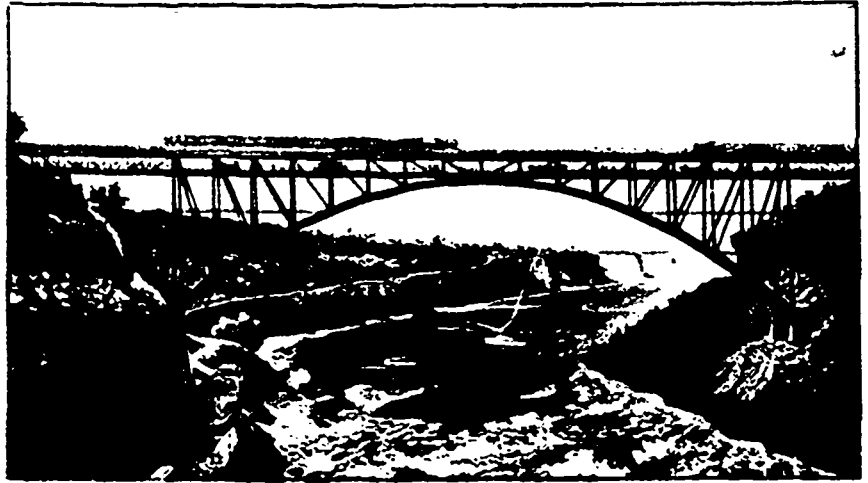
BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WEST.

IN opening up Western Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway gave to the pleasure-seeker some of Nature's most favored spots. The mild and salubrious climate of portions of British Columbia is as yet only half appreciated, but its scenery is already famous the world over. Thousands of globe-trotters now annually pass through on the round-the-world excursions of the C. P. R., and, in time, it is certain that the western confines of Canada will become the objective point for myriads of tourists desirous of beautiful scenery and pleasant temperature combined.

NIAGARA FALLS.

EVERY year myriads of human beings visit "the" Falls, which is accounted the natural wonder par excellence of the American continent. Both summer and winter the stream

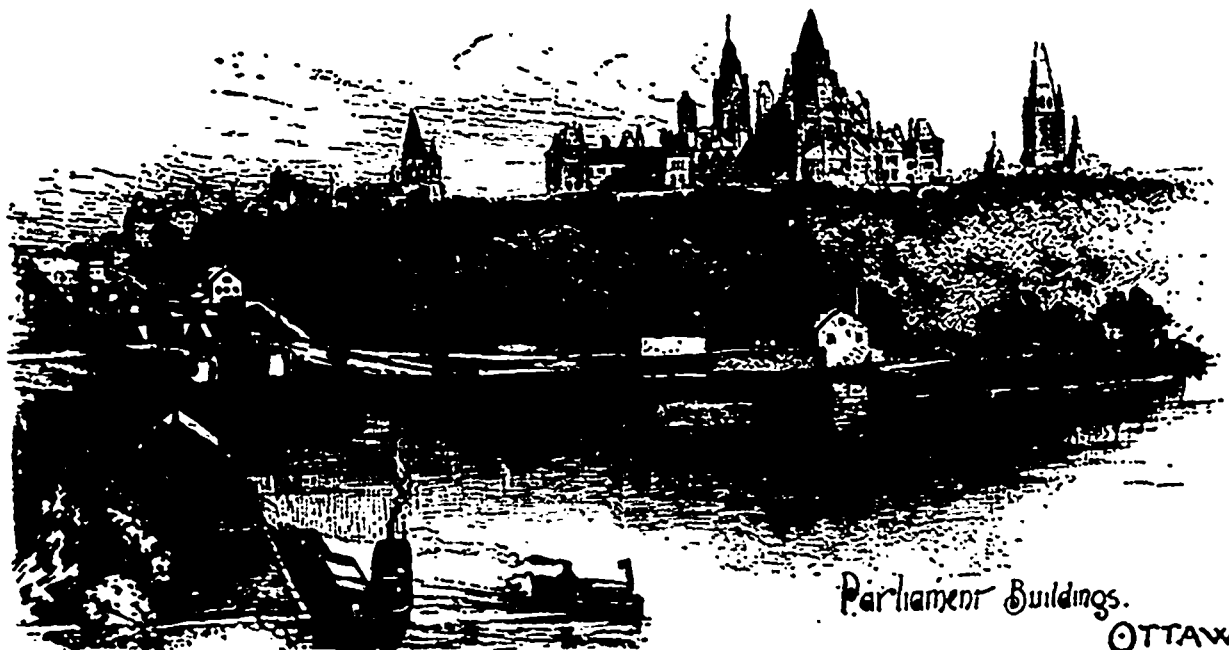
of tourist traffic towards Niagara is amazingly great. Indeed, the attractiveness of the Falls is accentuated by the advent of the Frost King, who builds fairy palaces of frozen spray, decks the rocks and trees with strings of pearls, and diamonds surpassing in beauty the skill of all earthly lapidists, and in his



Grand Trunk Single Arch Steel Bridge over Niagara River.
(The Falls in the Distance.)

sterner moments erects ice bridges and pyramids of crystal entrancing to the human eye and intellect. Good hotels and boarding houses abound, and the accommodation for visitors is nearly always equal to the demand upon it.

The sublimity of the cataract and gorge need no description. Nearly all people who travel at all have seen them, and their grandeur has been celebrated everywhere by the most gifted writers. Second in wonder to the works of Nature in this "workshop of the gods" is the handiwork of man as seen in the new steel arch bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway. It stands exactly where for more than 40 years the world-renowned suspension bridge had spanned this gorge, and was so long regarded as the crowning triumph of engineering skill. Scarcely less wonderful than the bridge itself is the fact that its construction was completed without the interruption of traffic, the old bridge serving its regular uses until the new bridge was sufficiently advanced to allow of its removal. The engraving herewith will give a good general idea of the structure, and the principles involved in its construction. From



Parliament Buildings.
OTTAWA.

WINTER RESORTS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

abutments on either bank springs a steel arch, spanning the gorge, with its highest point 226 feet above the water. The span between the piers is 550 feet, and a trussed span at each end 115 feet long connects the arch with the bluff. The total length of the bridge with its approaches is over 1,100 feet.

MUSKOKA.

THE "Highlands of Ontario," as Muskoka has been not inaptly termed, are famous, and have long been so, as a charming summer resort. But it is not only during the heated months of July and August that the pleasure or health-seeker lies away to these northern wilds. In the fall and early winter they are a hunter's paradise; while the sanatorium for consumptives at Gravenhurst offers those who suffer from pulmonary troubles a comfortable all-the-year-round home, in a region that has been proven one of the most healthful and salubrious in the world. Being situated at an altitude of more than 1,000 feet above the sea-level, the air is found to be most invigorating and pure, and its efficacy is pronounced for cases of consumption and pulmonary weakness.

During the 1898 season, more than 6,000 hunters went up into the Muskoka Lakes District and contiguous regions for deer hunting, and the results were most satisfactory to the sportsmen. Instead of decreasing, the deer are increasing throughout this district. In addition to deer, bear, fox and partridge are numerous in particular localities, while trout, bass and maskinonge furnish sport in due season for the disciples of Walton.

AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The following account of a winter cruise about the Mediterranean was written for LIFE from notes from the diary of Mr. H. Markland Melson, who made the trip on the steamer *Auguste Victoria*.

THE countries about the Mediterranean are unquestionably the most attractive in the world to the average tourist, whether one is moved by the curiosity of the scholar and antiquarian, or merely by the desire to feast upon the beautiful and quaint, while escaping the rigors of the northern winter. Every year the famous watering places and resorts of the Riviera, the Italian and Sicilian coasts, Algeria, etc., are crowded with visitors from Northern Europe and America. For the people of the Western Hemisphere, one of the most popular and convenient means of seeing the beauties and enjoying the other delights of the Mediterranean, is by steamer (Hamburg-American line) from New York to Madeira, etc. The whole trip covers nearly 13,000 miles and occupies 67 days, the rates of fare being from \$450 to \$1,200, according to accommodation. Passengers pay their own expenses while on land, as well as the cost of landing and embarking; they may, however, remain on board, during the steamer's stay at any port, and meals are served as usual. A representative of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, the world-renowned tourist agents, accompanied the steamer, with whom all arrangements for inland tours, etc., may be made.

One of the chief charms of a winter cruise about the Mediterranean is that no great heat is experienced. One can wear an overcoat without discomfort at nearly all times. Nevertheless, it is advisable to take along a quantity of light clothing for use whilst making inland trips.

MADEIRA.

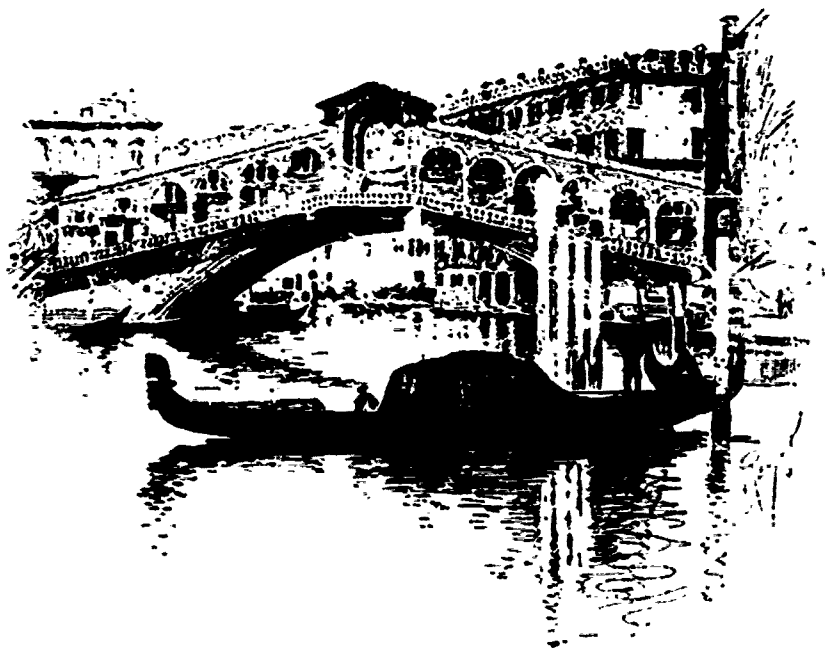
THE voyage from New York to Funchal, Madeira, the first port of call, occupies about seven days. After resting upon nothing but a waste of waters, the eye is delighted with the charms of Madeira, often described as "the finest of the Atlantic Isles." The island rises from the sea in magnificent outline, and the capital, Funchal, is built on an abrupt slope with mountain peaks in the background, on one of which stands a grim old castle, once strongly fortified. The climate is delightful, and a great many people spend the winter at the fine hotels, prominent amongst which is Reid's, beautifully situated on a point overlooking the sea. There are, at Funchal, a casino and garden conducted on the same lines as those at Monte Carlo. Many quaint customs survive. For example, the roads are paved with small stones, as hard as granite, and very firmly set; and over these sledges are drawn by bullocks, the driver carrying a bag of grease, with which he oils the pavement. No horses are to be seen. A favorite trip for visitors is up the mountain side by the Funchal railway and down by coasting sledge. This vehicle is in general use, and there is probably no other place in the world where business men may be seen every day going to their offices, sliding downhill on a sled, which descends with the velocity of a toboggan. Perennial verdure clothes Madeira, and the drives about the island are most beautiful.

GIBRALTAR.

THE approach to Gibraltar is exceedingly interesting. The Straits are entered off Cape Trafalgar, where the shores of Europe and Africa gradually approach each other, until at Tarifa they are only 12 miles distant. Soon the great rock, which has been turned into the famous fortress of Gibraltar, rises majestically from the sea and captivates the eye. It is needless to describe the great galleries and tunnels. Looking down over the plain from the Alameda, one may see the English sentries on one side of the boundary and the Spanish sentries on the other, a few yards away. There is an interesting drive from Gibraltar to Lincea, where a fine bull arena is to be seen.

ALGIERS.

FROM Gibraltar one goes to Algiers, which offers a beautiful panorama as it rises in steep terraces from a well-sheltered bay, scarcely inferior to that of Naples. It is an interesting



IN VENICE.



CUPID ON ICE.

The Little Archer, though lightly clad, does not need to go south for the winter.

WINTER RESORTS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

trip to go by train from Algiers to Blidah, to see the Government stud. The horses are fine, but small. The cascades in the neighboring mountains are well worth a visit. Here wild monkeys may be seen disporting in the trees. No visit to Algiers is complete without a run through the Arab quarter, where a panorama of many strange and amusing sights is ever before one. Algiers is clean and picturesque, abounding in specimens of Moorish architecture, in shops and bazaars, and surrounded by the old Kasbah (citadel) at the top. There is a fish market, with all kinds of Mediterranean fish of most brilliant colors. The Cathedral of Notre Dame de l'Afrique should not be omitted from one's itinerary. It is an old mosque converted into a church, and is most interesting.

Algiers is very French in architecture and general appearance, and, at times, it is easy to fancy one's self in Paris. The chief charm of the place is the variety and quantity of the costumes.

GENOA AND VILLEFRANCHE.

ON reaching Genoa, "the superb," one cannot do better at first than drive about town. The picture galleries and the Campo Santo leave a deep impression. The statuary at the vaults in the latter is truly wonderful. There are many fine mansions, churches, etc., to be visited. A charming side-trip is to the Villa Pallavicini, where there are lovely gardens, fountains, a grotto, etc.

From Genoa one may go to Villefranche, and on to Nice either by boat or coastwise by tram or carriage. The trip by land takes one along the celebrated Riviera, which is one of the most picturesque regions in Europe, the road winding around precipitous cliffs, washed by the surf of the Mediterranean and crowned with the venerable ruins of towers erected in by-gone centuries. The charm of the scenery is enhanced by the vast expanse of the beautiful Mediterranean Sea, with its ever-varying hues, changing from the deepest blue to soft purple in the distance. The season at Nice begins with the races early in January, and closes with a great regatta at the beginning of April. On fête days the streets are alive with dominoes, and it is an entertaining thing to walk amidst the throng.

MONTE CARLO, SYRACUSE AND MALTA.

TOURISTS, as a rule, like to visit Monte Carlo, where the large gambling-rooms, crowded with those who play for pleasure as well as those who play for gain, are a sight long to be remembered. Monte Carlo, Monaco, Mentone, and several other interesting places can easily be reached by carriage from Nice.

From Villefranche to Syracuse the water trip is most delightful. If Vesuvius should be active the smoke and flame can be plainly seen, while Etna's snow-covered peak stands out against the blue sky in cold and quiet grandeur. Syracuse has a wealth of interesting sights—its natural beauties vying with its classical relics. Amongst the latter are the catacombs and the old Greek amphitheatre, hewn out of the solid rock in the fifth century.

Malta possesses an interest for all British subjects, as one of the chief naval stations of the Empire. It is also replete with historical memories, and will forever be associated with the renown of the order of knights that bore its name. Amongst its sights the Church of St. John and the gardens are deserving of special mention. There is nearly always a large fleet of warships at anchor in the harbor, and at night the electric signalling is watched with wonder by the visitor.

ALEXANDRIA, CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

ALEXANDRIA, the next port of call, is the centre from which one journeys to Cairo, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the ruins of Memphis, etc. The street scenes of Cairo are unique.

This city may be compared to a living museum of all imaginable and unimaginable phases of existence, of refinement and degeneracy, of civilization and barbarism, of knowledge and ignorance, of Paganism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. These marvelous scenes cannot fail to strike everyone most forcibly. By steamer, one can go up the Nile to the ruins of Memphis, with the colossal statue of Rameses II., or to Joseph's Well, and many other points of interest. It is easy to fancy that a trip such as this would be marred by uncomfortable heat; as a matter of fact, one finds Egypt only pleasantly warm in the winter months. At Cairo, there are magnificent recreation grounds, and it is somewhat surprising to see polo, golf, football, etc., all going on at once in this city of the desert.

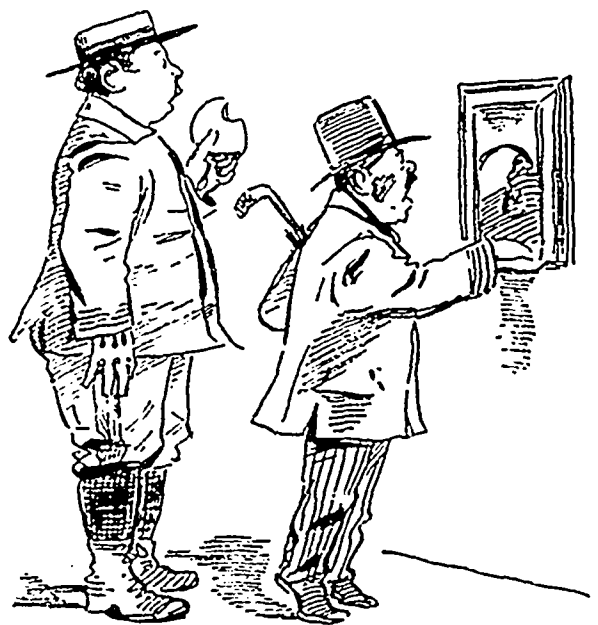
THE HOLY LAND AND ASIA MINOR.

LEAVING Port Said, the traveler is soon within sight of the Holy Land. Passing Sodom, Gomorrah and Bayreut, the ship casts anchor at Jaffa, and passengers are landed in open boats. The trip from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and thence to Jericho, is one of the most absorbing imaginable. But the many places hallowed by history or legend in this, the cradle of our religion, could scarcely be dealt with adequately in an article such as this, and had better be omitted altogether, rather than treated of superficially. Returning to Jaffa, and once more boarding the ship, one proceeds to Smyrna.

This is a place of 350,000 inhabitants. There are said to be five or six Smyrnas, one on top of the other. The city presents a beautiful appearance from the water, and contains many relics of antiquity. But Smyrna's attractiveness is overshadowed by that of Ephesus, which is reached by rail. The excavations made here have been very successful, and many imposing remains of ancient civilization have been laid bare. The temple of Diana, the theatre and the old docks may be mentioned specially.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

LEAVING Smyrna, one passes through the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora to Constantinople. The view of the Turkish capital from the water is proverbially beautiful, but the illusion is largely dispelled on landing, for the city is dirty and the streets are filled with miserable curs, which, because



A FAMILY JAUNT.

"Say, Mr. Ticket Clerk, will my little boy here go for half price? He's under age."



AN EARLY MORNING PRIZE.

(Muskoka Lakes District, 1900. By Permission of the G.T.R.)

popular superstition holds them sacred, no one will dare to kill. Here one is likely to get a touch of real winter. On the Black Sea, thousands of wild ducks and many porpoises may be seen. The sights of Constantinople are many and impressive. If one is fortunate enough to gain admission to the treasury, through the good offices of his Government's representative, one may see a great store of magnificent jewels and precious ornaments. The New Palace is well worth a visit, but it is chiefly remarkable from the fact that the present Sultan never sets foot in it. Dame rumor asserts that the memory of a great crime, said to have been committed there, deters the superstitious monarch. The famous Mosque of St Sophia is grand and majestic. Within the visitor cannot fail to be impressed by the bold span of the arches and the still bolder sweep of the dome, while the eye is at once bewildered and charmed by the rich decoration. The first stone of St Sophia was laid in 502 by Emperor Justinian, and 10,000 workmen are said to have been employed upon the work, which cost no less than \$5,000,000. To add to its splendor, the temples of the ancient gods at Heliopolis and Ephesus, at Delos and Baalbec, at Athens and Cyziens were plundered of their columns. Many others of the 400 Mosques in Constantinople are surpassingly beautiful. The Tombs of the Sultans are visited by nearly all tourists. If one has the good fortune to be in Constantinople on a Friday, a scene of great magnificence may be witnessed. On that day the Sultan goes to Mosque ("goes to church" would hardly sound right) with tremendous pomp and ceremony, being accompanied by his entire household—wives, children, ministers, generals, and even favorites from his stables. He is drawn by most spirited horses, which, on his return, he himself drives—for His Majesty is no weakling, but an expert horseman.

Sometimes this polite Oriental is very condescending and generous to strangers, and, if so, they may not only be lunched at his Palace, but afterwards may receive at their ship, as an earnest of the Sultan's good-will, packages of cigarettes, tobacco, and sweetmeats.†

GREECE.

RETURNING from Constantinople, the steamer's next call is at the Piræus, the seaport of Athens. The modern Athens, around which cluster so many memories of "the glory that was Greece," is well-built and clean, and has many beautiful buildings. Manifestly it is impossible to deal with the thousand and one points of interest to be seen here—the Acropolis, the Temple of Athena, the Parthenon, the Stadion, etc. Modern Athens is a town of 84,000 inhabitants. In 1834, when the seat of government was transferred thither from Nauplia, it had dwindled down to a poor village of about 300 houses.

PALERMO.

FROM the Piræus, the steamer goes to Palermo, the military, judicial and ecclesiastical capital of Sicily, a city of nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants, justly entitled to the epithet "In felice," on account of its magnificent situation and delightful climate. Here one should not fail to visit the villa of Count Tasco, the chapel of which is considered the finest

† Such an honor was recently conferred on the passengers of the Auguste-Victoria. Mr. Molson and his fellow tourists were lunched in the Palace gardens, but the royal host did not personally appear. Afterwards the Sultan sent 100 cigarettes and a half-pound of tobacco to each gentleman, and a large bag of bon-bons and Turkish delight to each lady, the gifts being taken out to the steamer, shortly before her departure, by the Imperial steam yacht.

WINTER RESORTS--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

palace chapel in the world. The catacombs are extensive and very impressive. Palermo is one of the most pleasant stops of the trip. It is a prosperous, clean and pretty place.

NAPLES.

PASSING the celebrated Islands of Ischia and Capri, the steamer casts anchor in the magnificent Bay of Naples, which, from the most ancient times, has been the object of enthusiastic admiration. Naples is the most populous town in Italy (over 500,000 inhabitants), and is annually visited by thousands of strangers in quest of enjoyment or health. It lies at the base and on the slopes of several slight hills, rising from the sea in amphitheatre-like form. South of it appears, in isolated majesty, Mount Vesuvius, with its active crater, the "Forge of Vulcan." The plain around, as well the slopes of Vesuvius, are luxuriantly fertile, and one of the most densely peopled districts in the world. A walk to the top of Mount Vesuvius and a glance into the crater, with some examination of the old lava floods, form an experience no visitor should forego. A trip should also be made to the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The places of interest on the south side of the bay are Castellamare, Sorrento and the Island of Capri. Castellamare is a famous summer resort for the Neapolitans; from here a beautiful road leads to Sorrento, charmingly situated amid luxuriant lemon and orange gardens on rocks rising precipitously from the sea. The distance by rail from Naples to Rome is only five hours, so that excursionists can visit the Eternal City with ease.

From Naples the steamer goes to Genoa and thence returns to New York. One may return home with her, or continue on in quest of health or pleasure, as inclination, time and money direct.

THE RIVIERA DESERTED.

THE effect of the recent attacks upon the English people and the Queen which have been appearing in the Paris papers is most apparent upon the Riviera, writes a Nice correspondent, where the business classes are in despair, and predict a ruinous season. Cannes and Nice are empty, and Mentone is not nearly as full as usual. Across the frontier at Bordighera and San Remo every villa is taken.

In this connection a correspondent at Mentone points out that others than the French on the Riviera are suffering from the present boycott. "France is represented on the French Riviera, but does not people it. The natives are chiefly of Italian extraction. The hotelkeepers are largely Swiss, German and English, the waiters German and Swiss. The shopkeepers are of various nationalities. The largest hotels in Mentone, Monte Carlo and Beaulieu are the creations of British capital. The English proprietors, who chiefly cater for the English, suffer most by their absence."

Apropos of Anglophobe feeling in France, we are told that an English traveler asking in a Sedan hotel the other day for a glass of cognac, the hotelkeeper refused to serve him on the ground that he was a "Prussian." "No, I'm an Englishman," replied the tourist. "Just as bad," retorted the hotelkeeper. The cognac was eventually brought, however.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

MONTREAL LIFE will be pleased to answer without charge the inquiries of regular readers as to winter travel and resorts in all parts of the world. Preparations are already under way for our annual Summer Resort Number, to be published early next summer.

Railways, Proprietors of Hotels, Parks, etc., desiring space in that number should communicate at once with the Publishers, 18-19 Board of Trade, Montreal, Canada.

Life in "Slippery Places."

HOW A WELL-BRED ENGLISH BOY FARER ON A CANADIAN FARM, BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH THE EXPERIENCE.

PAPER No. 2. ON THE ROAD.

IN a former article it was sought to convey some idea of the experiences undergone by a young English fellow of ordinary parts and abilities, who had been induced, by false representations, to relinquish what is termed "sedentary employment" for the imaginary delights of a "free, open life, beneath the canopy of Heaven."

We left him somewhat dis-illusioned and of the opinion of a friend of the writer's, who, when driven to camp out for three successive nights, remarked, "the canopy of Heaven sounds mighty fine, but it makes d—d bad blankets!"

Before I quit the former scene of "Life on a Farm," I would say in justice to the "hired man" (who did not appear to advantage) that he is, as a rule, of a type superior to his English counterpart: he expresses himself well, and in good English, and dresses "fit to kill" on Sundays, whereas his imported confrere speaks (if he ever opens his mouth at all), an incomprehensible dialect, and conducts himself generally in a clumsy and loutish fashion, but (ay! and "here's the rub") they both understand their business, which far counterbalances any graces of mind or body with which the so-called pupil may be endowed. They are in their element, he is not, "hinc illa lachrima" (that's all the trouble!) With this digression, we will follow our neophyte in his endeavors to better himself. Being situate far from the madding crowd on Section Blank of Township Somewhere, of the County of Somewhere Else, this is no easy matter, but he resolves to make a bee-line for the nearest centre of civilization. Experience in chopping kindling wood having taught him how to use an axe without decapitating himself (or the axe), he forthwith proceeds to "blaze" a tree here and there, to search on his knees for trails, and to conduct himself generally as a happy combination of trapper, voyageur and coureur-au-bois! As he has had no opportunity to learn the art of "blowing in the stuff," he probably is the proud possessor of a few dollars, wherewith to keep the wolf from the door. If of a reflective turn of mind he institutes comparisons between himself and Martin Chuzzlewit (after the latter had been kicked out by Pecksniff), and experiences the sensations its author desired to realize, when he expressed a wish "for once to enter into the feelings of one absolutely free, with no ties, no responsibilities, no object in life, with, say, 10 shillings in his pocket for immediate necessities!" If moderately lucky, our wayfarer has, by this time, "hit the track" (Anglice—come upon the railroad). Whether it be the Wabash and Ohio daylight route, or the Kentucky and Rio Grande Central, the C.P.R. or the G.T.R., is all one to him—it must needs lead somewhere! So he proceeds to foot the ties with renewed energy. For the first mile or so incipient insanity causes him to try to step on each tie in succession, carefully taking two paces between each (why he should do so I cannot explain, any more than why no man can pass a load of hay without taking some!) He is then tempted by the devil to count the ties, but gives up this idea at the second thousand, and before reaching a state of confirmed lunacy, falls into the shambling gait of the habitual tramp, becoming utterly oblivious of his surroundings. Should he chance to meet any of the genus named, the following colloquy ensues:

"Ave yer got a chew pardner. No? Aint yer got a snipe? Feel in yer pockets. Say! aint yer seen nary house along? I aint had a bite to-day, must get something to chaw somewheres." Well, well! a "slippery place," my friends; and calling to mind something about "casting the first stone," you



RUNWAY, MOUTH OF MOON RIVER.
(Muskegon Lakes District, 1900. By Permission of the G.T.R.)

refrain from telling the poor devil that all the "chaw" he is likely to get will be in connection with the big dog you met a mile below, taking home the cows!

Be the day weary or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong.

and as the sun sets the old song rings in his ears, and through the twilight shadows our poor boy sees familiar faces, and above the murmuring of resting nature hears familiar voices comforting his solitude.

Have you ever, reader, experienced utter solitude? Not that sought out voluntarily for the sake of quietness and reflection, not that enforced by penitential chamber, but the solitude when one is utterly alone with nature in silence as yet unbroken by voice of man, knowing that all around you, animate and inanimate, is yet fresh from the hands of its Creator, and has been seen by no eye but yours and His, who "in the beginning" declared it to be very good. A peaceful, surely a sinless scene! But is it so, that the trail of the serpent is here also? Does all creation "groan and travail, waiting for the adoption, to wit, redemption?" For answer, look in the eyes of the stricken deer! Feel the fluttering heart of a wounded bird! Must these suffer for man's transgression? "Then thought I to understand this, but it was too hard for me."

"These are black vesper's pageants" you say, morbid reflections! Be it so, I only know it is amid such scenes and by the aid of such reflections that the "Peace, perfect Peace" (we are so fond of singing about in our fashionable town churches) is more often realized than amidst the busy haunts of men.

Let us imagine that our hero, refreshed by repose, "recubans sub tegmine fagi," his toilet performed in the mirror of the running brook, has had the good fortune to strike a round-

house, signal station or aboriginal depot. Here he is advised (contrary to all rules and regulations but with brotherly kindness which prevails among train hands in every clime) to "jump a freight, to go up to the switch and she'll be along in half an hour." Now to successfully "jump a freight" (Anglice deposit yourself uninvited on a freight ear) is an acrobatic feat requiring both skill and judgment. Just as you make the attempt "she" (with the perverseness of her sex) invariably "backs up" (or down) throwing you into the position which, I believe, in nautical circles is termed "athwart hawse"—the nobler portion of your anatomy being inside, while your legs dangle gracefully outside the ear, and you have to wriggle and squirm like an eel to get them inside before they litterly scrape acquaintance with the abutments of the next bridge or viaduct! Having succeeded in this, a request for "backs' rest" of either money or tobacco probably ensues. If this be forthcoming you are as free of the caboose as Kitchener is of the city of London, and are O.K. for the next big junction. Should you refuse or not be in a position to comply with the request, you possibly may find the door locked, with a label outside, "Return empty to Turbot Lake." You are assured of the emptiness of both yourself and the ear, but that sinister allusion to the lake is not reassuring!

If the reader cares to follow these true experiences, he can pick them up next week at "the junction."

ONE OF THE BOYS.

IN TIME OF WAR.

"REVERSE," "defeat," the words went round,
And steeled each heart and nerved each hand.
Not so success's trumpet sound
Could fire the land.

—ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

LADY MARY

By
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

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

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CHAPTER XXII.

LADY MARY MAKES A PLAN.

I leant back in my corner, wretched beyond words, and without desire to question Lady Mary as to the way in which she had learnt of my abduction by her nephew, or, indeed, upon any other matter.

But if I had no curiosity she had the wish to enlighten me. Taciturn and reserved, as I had known her, she now seemed inclined for conversation.

With an air of having forgotten my futile rebellion—perhaps considering it too babyish for her consideration—she entered into lengthy and elaborate explanation.

How anxious she had been when I did not return at dinner-time; how she had feared an accident. Then how her nephew came galloping home on horseback at about 11 o'clock at night; how he had finally confessed everything, even to the way in which I had been taken from him.

"His conduct was inexcusable," she went on, "as I impressed upon him, perhaps particularly for the reason that it was calculated to put me in a false position, though I think and believe, indeed, that no one who knows me will need to be assured that I had no hand in it. To be sure, I have always been very fond of my nephew, and it would have rendered me happy if you could have learnt to care for him in due time. But in his impatience he made a fatal mistake by attempting to coerce you. I think he sees that now, and is repenting his actions and his lost ground in great bitterness, for I insisted upon his leaving the house early this morning, and he has been forbidden to return.

"Knowing Sir Donald Howard, and valuing him as I do, I was sure that, having been enabled to remove you from Valentine's charge, he would put you in some place of safety for the night. Still, I was anxious, and started off for Keswick, as you see, at the earliest possible moment. I cannot think that I have been to blame in the affair, unless because my faith in my poor misguided nephew was too implicit."

I had not answered her, though, as she talked on—evidently so condescending as to be anxious, fully to clear herself in my eyes—the great and indefinable influence she had exerted over me began sensibly to diminish, melting like snow before the sun at noonday. The very fact that she should emerge from her mysterious cloud of seclusion and reserve, and step down from her pedestal for the purpose of entering into explanations with me, seemed somehow to reduce her to my own level. I could look at her and judge her somewhat as an equal. For the moment, at least, she loomed no longer above me as a darkly beautiful mystery, belonging to an unknown sphere.

I sat in silence for the most part, saying within myself, to statement after statement made by that rich monotone of her contralto voice: "I do not believe you—I do not believe you. I think that you are lying to me."

My one comfort in the thought of my return to the Dark House was the recollection that I should be going back to Mrs. Rayne. I felt at last that I loved her dearly, and appreciated her, that I longed to see her, and that her sym-

pathy and advice would be a priceless boon, of which, till now, I had never made half enough.

I should have much to say when I could shut myself up with her in the tower-room, away from prying ears and eyes; and I would thank her over and over again for her promptness and courage in sending a messenger to Sir Donald Howard. My present situation might be bad enough, but it was Heaven compared to what it would have been had I been allowed to remain under the tender mercies of Valentine Graeme. And, in his absence, life at the Dark House, with a vista of love opening in the distance (far off as it might be) would be more supportable than that of old.

When Lady Mary had said what she wished to say, she, too, became silent. Once in a while I glanced furtively across at her, and always she sat in the same position, her hands placed together, and, in their black suede gloves, lost in the blackness of her lap; her face bent down, the long eyelashes shadowing the white cheeks, and the red lower lip slightly held in by the sharp, perfect teeth, which alternately gnawed it, and let it go.

It became a fascination to me to watch this. Though it was her own lip, Lady Mary seemed inclined to torture it, and then, just when it had escaped, seize remorselessly upon it again. I hated to watch it, and yet it was difficult to turn my eyes away.

Was it possible, I asked myself, that in 180th Lady Mary had been, as Mrs. Rayne had hinted, "the woman who stood by and laughed" when Valentine Graeme twisted and broke the leg of the unfortunate black cat?

Suddenly she looked up, and caught me with my eyes fixed upon her—and no longer with that childish adoration of her beauty which had possessed me at first in older days.

Her glance met mine, and I was somewhat embarrassed by her searching regard. Scarcely knowing what I said, I stammered, with a painful blush: "I was thinking that you looked as if you were making some plan."

She drew in her breath sharply between her teeth, and, narrowing her eyes as she looked at me until they showed a mere gleaming line between the black eyelashes—like a glitter of water under reeds—she said, with a curious smile: "You are right, Eve. I was making a plan. I was planning for your future. But who knows whether or not it will be carried out? It depends upon you and so many unexpected things."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GONE!

The Dark House looked darker than ever on that inauspicious day of my forced return—more gloomily deserving of its gloomy name.

Great black clouds piled up over the mountains which rimmed around the horizon, and a rushing wind swept with a peculiar moaning sound through the pines. It was cold, too, with a cold that came biting direct from the east, and I was physically so chilled and miserable as I stepped from the carriage under the frowning pent-house which shadowed the low front door, that for the moment my spiritual troubles were crowded into the background. There was no fire in the great hall, and an air of carelessness and desolation seemed to pervade the house.

"I will go at once to my room, if you will permit me, Lady Mary," I stiffly said. "I daresay Nichols will be there, and a fire."

"There will be a fire, of course," said my stepmother, with an emphasis I could not quite understand. But I went upstairs, leaving her gazing after me, and waiting, perhaps, for a conversation with Miss Cade.

There was, as she said, a fire in my bedroom. The place would have looked cosy and homelike enough if I had not felt that it was but a part of my prison—in fact, not much better than my own private cell.

Mrs. Rayne, however, was not there. I was disappointed

and disheartened at her absence, even though it was very possible that she had not yet heard of my arrival.

I longed to see her sweet, sad face, to pour out my troubles to her, to ask her advice, and see whether she thought it possible that we might send a letter to Sir Donald Howard by the same messenger she had so effectually employed before.

I waited a moment, thinking that she would be sure to come flying to me the instant she learnt I was in the house, but 10 or 15 minutes passed, and I rang the bell with which I was in the habit of summoning her.

This time it did not bring her with her usual willing haste, and I rang again, and yet again.

At last a vague alarm seized me. Possibly anxiety on my account had made her ill, and she was lying in her cold room in the servants' quarters, at the other end of the house, unable to rise and come to me.

To this room I had never been, and I hardly knew where to find it, but I opened my door, and had gone hesitating down a few of the steps which led from the tower-room to the main part of the house, when I met Miss Cade coming up.

"Ah, my dear, dear Miss Rutland," she exclaimed, with a hideous smile, which seemed to open across her whole face, "what you have passed through! And to think that it all came about through my illness. That gave the naughty young man his chance, and he seized upon it. Too dreadful of him; but there, I am just romantic enough, even at my age, always to think one can forgive anything to a man passionately in love. Don't you think so?"

"I have never thought about it," I returned, with some asperity. "And Mr. Graeme is not in love with me, and never was. Can you tell me anything about Mrs.—about Nichols, I mean? I've rung for her several times, but she doesn't come, and I was going to find out if she were ill."

"I was just on my way to speak to you about her," smiled Miss Cade ingratiatingly. "Indeed, Lady Mary sent me to ask if I could do anything to help you in her place."

"She is ill, then?" I exclaimed in alarm.

"Oh, no—no, dear Miss Rutland, Nichols is not ill."

"What is she doing, then, that I cannot have her with me? Is she busy for Lady Mary? I—I thank you for coming, but I would rather have her."

"I am so sorry that I won't do as well," said Miss Cade, an ugly sparkle in her rabbit-like eyes, "for, unfortunately, you will be deprived of Nichol's services to-day, and, indeed, for the future, for—Nichols is gone."

"Nichols gone? Gone where?" I echoed blankly.

"That I do not know," said Miss Cade, betraying her satisfaction at my discomfiture, despite her silken tones. "All I know is that she was extremely impertinent to Lady Mary last night, and that Lady Mary was obliged to discharge her on the spot. She was very sorry to have to do so, of course, but there was no other course open, with regard to her own dignity. Would you believe it, the creature refused to go, refused to pack, refused to do anything but stay where she was—in Lady Mary's own house, too! She had finally to be actually turned out, bag and baggage, and put outside the gates of the park. Perhaps, though it is inconvenient just now to you to lose her services, it will be better in the end, for so violent a person would have been sure to indulge in some temper or impertinence to you sooner or later, and you are saved the unpleasantness of having to discharge her."

Mrs. Rayne "violent!" Mrs. Rayne "impertinent!" or in a "temper!"—the words sounded the veriest babble of nonsense in connection with her personality—her soft voice, her sad, sweet face, with the wistful eyes hidden behind their ugly dark glasses. I felt sick at heart. With Mrs. Rayne gone I was indeed alone at the Dark House. And the thought of the shy, sensitive woman loyally refusing to be sent away from me until, as Miss Cade said, she had been "actually put outside the gates of the park," brought the tears to my eyes. But they were tears of anger against Lady Mary, as well as sorrow for my own faithful friend.

I had an intense longing to stamp my foot, to shriek out my impotent rage at being thus despoiled and cheated, to dash the furniture about, and do something which would spite Lady Mary—the cold goddess who sat serene upon her throne and ordered my undoing. And had I been a few years younger—a little less schooled in self-control—I might have yielded to the temper which had been a trial to me.

As it was, I could not wholly master it. Perhaps I did not wish to do so. And pushing Miss Cade impatiently out of the way, as she would have barred my exit with her own unwieldy person, I surprised her by running past her down the steps, and along the hall down to Lady Mary's room.

I heard her calling, first entreatingly, then peremptorily after me, and I knew that she was following as swiftly as she could.

But though I should have been no match for the great raw-boned woman in an encounter of strength, I was as fleet as a bird, and easily outstripped her.

I did not wait to knock at the door of Lady Mary's boudoir, but opened it boldly and went in.

She was writing at her large, uncompromising-looking desk, and turned with astonishment and displeasure painted upon her handsome face.

"Why do you rush in upon me unannounced like this?" she questioned sternly.

"Why did you send my maid away during my absence?" I retorted without flinching.

She rose and towered over me, making me feel small and insignificant. "I do not choose to defend or explain my action to you further than has already been done, Eve," she said. "Nichols made herself intolerable. Let that be enough. And remember this is my house, though you are welcome in it. I cannot allow myself to be treated with disrespect, even by you or anyone connected with you. Nichols had to go. But a new maid shall be found for you—younger, more desirable than the other woman in every way."

"I do not wish for the services of a new maid," I returned. "I was attached to Nichols. She was necessary to me, and I do not think you had any right to send her away the moment my back was turned, especially as I was not voluntarily absent. I want Nichols to come back, Lady Mary."

"That is impossible," she coldly said.

Her icy demeanour, her mercilessness, fairly drove me mad. I felt that it would be as easy to hate as to fear her.

"It cannot and shall not be impossible," I retorted. "I must have her; if you refuse me the one gleam of brightness which has been mine in this house I shall leave it. I will not stop."

She smiled unpleasantly, with a deep fire in her eyes. "I am sorry that your stay in my house is so disagreeable to you; but, unfortunately for both of us, perhaps it cannot be curtailed. You must remain under this roof until you have passed your twenty-first birthday. Then, and not till then, can you choose for yourself. Meanwhile, I shall endeavour to make you as comfortable as I can, and hope that you will show yourself amenable to reason."

"But I have chosen for myself!" I cried desperately. "Do you think, after what has passed, I can stay here for the greater part of a year, wearing my life out? No; I have promised to be Sir Donald Howard's wife. He loves me, and I love him, and we are not to be kept apart as you have done for some purpose, Lady Mary, in the past. Many, many girls have married much younger than I. My own dear mother did, I have heard, and there is no reason in the world why you should object to my marrying long before I am one-and-twenty. If I cannot have Nichols again under your roof, why, she shall come to me under a roof of my own, that is all."

I was fairly frightened at the boldness of my own tirade, and, having finished, I stood eyeing her—panting.

At the mention of my mother and her marriage, a strange change passed over the countenance of Lady Mary—a change that I could not in the least understand. Always pale, she

LADY MARY--CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 23.

grew even paler still, the color leaving the beautiful red lips. She glared at me as if she could have killed me where I stood. And I did not know why. Though she had been my father's second wife, I did not see that the mention of the first—so long dead—need rouse her to jealousy or anger.

"Your mother—your mother!" she echoed bitterly, as if the words I had spoken after had not reached her ears. "You bring up her early marriage as an argument in favor of your own! Why, you could scarcely do worse. Don't you know, have you never been told, that she came near ruining your father's life? That she deceived him; that she went away with another man, leaving you, a little baby, to the mercy of strangers? Eve, you are a fool!"

"And you—you are a wicked woman!" I breathed, "to blacken the name of a mother to her daughter. A poor mother, dead for many a long year, but still not safe from the tongue of slander. Yet you were my father's wife!"

"Yes, because he divorced her, and looked to me, when he could hold up his head after the disgrace which had fallen upon him, for sympathy and consolation."

A red flame of fire seemed to leap in waves before my eyes. For the moment I was beside myself. I did not know what I was doing until I became conscious that I had struck Lady Mary. I had struck her with my hand across her face, which had reddened responsively, and I stood looking at her at last, feeling sick and horrified, my fingers tingling.

I wondered dully what she would do with me. And yet I was not sorry that I had yielded to my passion. She had insulted my mother—the memory of one who was to me a bright, beautiful vision, a fairy creature, rising radiantly out from the clouds of the past—and I was glad that I had done what I could, without delaying, to avenge the wrong, even though knowing, feeling as I did, that I had been guilty of a dreadful thing.

I was prepared for a blow in return, or a grasp upon my shoulders which would leave its mark upon the tender flesh for many a long day. But Lady Mary did not strike me. Nor did she touch me at all. She merely gazed at me and smiled, the red tracks of my fingers showing distinctly upon the camellia white of her cheek.

I knew little of life—little of character. The human document was still to me a sealed book. But somehow I felt by instinct that the smile my stepmother gave me was more deadly than a blow.

A long moment passed in silence, and then she spoke. "You have astonished me. I did not know what a violent disposition you were afflicted with—how much you resembled the unfortunate woman of whom I just spoke. If you have now finished your errand with me, perhaps you would be good enough to leave me. After what has happened, it is not much to ask."

I had meant to say that I would not go until she had given me the assurance I required, but with her burning eyes fixed steadily upon me in a strange, compelling gaze, I found myself almost involuntarily moving towards the door.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

As I stood in the dark corridor outside Lady Mary's room, I felt like a desperate, hunted criminal at bay.

She had thwarted me, and I realized it. I seemed to be powerless against her. She would not allow Mrs. Rayne to come to me again—I was sure of that. She would move heaven and earth to keep me from Donald. The fire in her eyes haunted me, and I shivered with an inexplicable fear of her.

While I had been about to slip between her fingers, while there was still a chance that I might escape, she had been

persuasive and suave. She had tried to impress upon me her possible consent to my becoming Donald's wife. She had tried to make me believe that she had had no hand in Valentine Graeme's abominable plot. But now that, like a trapped rabbit, I was helpless behind the bars again, she was showing already the iron hand which had been hidden in the glove of velvet.

"Helpless! Helpless!" I repeated the words bitterly, half-aloud, and the sound of them filled me with rebellion.

"It shan't be!" I said between set teeth. "Not another night shall I stay under this roof. Now that she has insulted my mother's name I owe her no duty. I think even my father would see that. Donald will be coming here to claim me. Well, I will go to him and meet him half-way."

A sudden resolution warmed my heart with renewed life.

Trout, the old housekeeper, had helped Mrs. Rayne. Perhaps she would know where she had gone; perhaps Mrs. Rayne had left some message for me with her. Trout liked me, I knew—or thought I knew—because she was grateful for what I had been able to do for her favorite, the crippled black cat. Now, having cast my bread upon the waters, it might return to me in the form of aid from the housekeeper, if I made up my mind to escape from the Dark House.

It ought not to be so difficult a matter, I thought, especially with Donald outside to receive and take me away, as I was sure he would be. And, after what had passed in Lady Mary's boudoir, it appeared to me that life under her roof had become an impossibility.

So pondering, I had paused in the corridor—outside her room, hesitating a little whether I should at once boldly go and endeavor to find the housekeeper, or whether I should wait until later—wait until I learnt whether there was a chance that Donald would come and demand his fiancée of Lady Mary—wait, and, if necessary, employ a little strategy.

But as I hesitated I heard Lady Mary's bell loudly rung. There was anger and impatience in the sound of the ring, and I was convinced that the summons had something to do with me. Orders were to be given to the servant concerning me, perhaps. Indeed, it seemed probable; and I determined that I would hear what these orders were to be.

I had not often been admitted to my stepmother's rooms, and never had I been in those which had been tenanted by my father, now occupied, as I had been told, by Miss Cade. What if I knocked at one of those closed doors? If Miss Cade were absent I might hide myself, if only for a moment, and learn whether or no I had been right in fancying that my stepmother meant to give orders regarding my treatment in her house. If Miss Cade answered my knock no harm would have been done. I should have gained an excuse to linger for a moment or two, and could easily account to Miss Cade for tapping at her door.

There was no time to hesitate if I wished to carry out my plan. Lady Mary was not a woman to tolerate delay in the answering of her bell, and in another moment I should doubtless hear footsteps coming along the hall.

I rapped firmly, but I hoped not loudly enough to attract the attention of Lady Mary in her room across the way.

There was no response, and again I set my knuckles impatiently to the panel. As I did so, the expected steps made themselves audible in the distance, and recklessly I opened the door and stepped inside. Then I stopped, and, feeling a little guilty at eavesdropping, for the first time in my life I put my ear to the keyhole.

I heard the knock at Lady Mary's door, and a muffled reply from within. I could not see which, among the small staff of servants, had answered my stepmother's summons. The passage into which I peered was too dark for that, and, to my bitter disappointment, whoever it was, instead of receiving Lady Mary's commands on the threshold of her room as I had foolishly expected, passed inside. "Close the door!" I heard a deep contralto voice say, and a clicking noise told me that she had been obeyed.

There was nothing for it now, if I was still determined to

learn whether my fate were on the point of being decided, but to steal out of my hiding-place and listen at Lady Mary's door.

My hand was on the knob, and I had taken a step into the hall, when, to my dismay, I saw Miss Cade herself turning the corner which led into Lady Mary's wing.

She did not see me, for her eyes were fixed upon the address of a letter which she held in her hand. But escape was impossible. I had got myself in a trap; and perhaps I had deserved it, for deliberately planning to overhear a conversation not intended for my ears. I shrank back again into the room, which had once been my father's, and was now sacred to my stepmother's companion.

Scarcely stopping to think what was really best to do, I ran across the room (which, instead of being furnished as a sitting-room like Lady Mary's opposite, appeared to be a bed-chamber), and tried the door which connected with the room beyond. It was locked, but the key was under my hand, and, turning it hastily, in an instant I was on the other side, the door closed behind me.

At first I seemed, to my surprise, to be in total darkness; but presently, as I stood still, waiting for what might be about to happen next, my widely-dilated eyes grew somewhat accustomed to the gloom.

Evidently this room was unoccupied; and evidently, also, it had been my father's bed-chamber.

There were three windows, the heavy curtains of which were all drawn, allowing only a dim, grey twilight to penetrate their folds. All looked gloomy, cold, and unexpressibly dreary, and a curious feeling oppressed me that I was in a chamber of the dead.

I was safe from Miss Cade's intrusion, I fancied, for I told myself that she would not care to enter here. Though she had informed me that this suite had been given her by Lady Mary, it was plain to see that for some reason she had only chosen to avail herself of the outer room. Perhaps, I thought, it was here that my father had died, and Miss Cade might have some superstitious prejudice against occupying the bed-chamber.

I could hear her moving about in her own room, opening and shutting drawers, and I began to wish that she would go to Lady Mary, and give me an opportunity to escape. By this time it would be far too late to carry out my design of eavesdropping, but now I felt that I should be thankful only to be housed again in my own tower-room, there to mature some feasible plans for the near future.

Ten or fifteen minutes passed, and still she did not go. She had stopped moving about, but I could hear her coughing her little habitual dry, hacking cough from time to time.

Suddenly I bethought myself of the other door leading into the hall. I had seen a second one from the outside matching those of Lady Mary's suite opposite, and I knew that it must belong to this room. I had not remembered it at first, because no door was visible, but now that I had recalled its existence I was relieved, and began looking about for it.

In one corner of the room was a huge, old-fashioned four-poster, heavily canopied. Between two of the windows stood an equally old-fashioned dressing-table. There was an escritoire, also two or three easy-chairs, and a tall wardrobe with a mirror, where all the faint light which crept through the curtained windows seemed to concentrate itself, reflecting the furniture in a ghostly way. But still the door was hidden, and at last I decided, with a regretful pang, that it must be concealed and blocked by the huge wardrobe.

"Poor father!" I said to myself. "What a gloomy room to lie dying in—dying for so long, as they say he was. Nothing to please the eye—only the black, oak-paneled walls, and the dark furniture, ranged stilly around them."

Dust lay thick upon everything, and I made up my mind that the room had been unused since my father's death—almost untouched, indeed. On the table between the windows stood candles half-burnt down. A man's dressing-gown lay across

one of the easy-chairs. On a small stand near the bedside was a litter of bottles, such as collects in a sick-room when the nurse is indifferent to the tidiness of her patient's surroundings.

A species of unpleasant fascination drew me to the bed, stepping softly, that my movements might not be heard in the adjoining room.

Gently I pushed back the curtain, knowing that I should see nothing terrifying, yet picturing involuntarily the face of my father as I had seen it last, years before, only grown older, whiter, and sadder.

An odd sensation of anger crept over me when I saw that the bed, though provided with a purple silk coverlet, and pillow-cases elaborately embroidered, was tumbled, as though it had been changed or straightened since the day that its dead occupant had been taken away.

I laid my fingers lightly on the pillow, murmuring again: "Poor father!" and as I did so something seemed to stir under my hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



ENGLISH CONVENTIONAL TYPES.

WHAT could be more absurd than the conventional types of the nations—those types which we see and accept almost every day, asks *The London Globe*? England is peculiarly unfortunate. To express our national characteristics we have a choice of two figures, either a burly farmer or a lion. The British lion gets some little support from heraldry, and the national vanity is flattered by the analogy of our powers to those of the king of beasts. But otherwise, how little appropriateness there is in representing us by an animal which most Englishmen have only seen in the degrading captivity of a menagerie, which has never, within historical times, inhabited their islands, and about which they know almost nothing. Considering, also, the chronically depressed state of British agriculture, it seems an ironical thing that the British nation should be typified by a farmer. If he were a manufacturer, or a merchant, or a seaman, there would be some appropriateness, but the stout eighteenth century John Bull with whom we are so familiar from allusion and picture is a being quite unknown to us in the flesh. He is just a good example of the time-honored, inaccurate, conventional type. All vigor and suggestiveness have long departed from the figure. But we are too indolent to replace him.



In the Highlands of Ontario.



FROM time almost immemorial, it has been proclaimed that "manners makyth the man"—though it would be infinitely easier to understand the adage inverted. "Man makyth the manners," most assuredly. Otherwise, they would not need so much improvement. The fact of the matter is that, as a general rule, we are all so satisfied with our manners, or lack of them, that we refuse to benefit by any suggestions or hints that we might assimilate most judiciously. Perhaps the younger generation are more ignorant of the fitness of things than their elders. But that does not mean that the latter were free from blame in their earlier days. No, were it so, they would likely have trained the young idea to shoot in a less objectionable way. It is merely that many have gained by age and experience a knowledge that should have been instilled in youth. Consequently, they cannot yet be reckoned as competent teachers.

By reason of the superiority, of which, as yet, no mover for women's rights has been able to deprive them, let us speak of men first; or rather what constitutes the term "men" here. It would be quite untrue to say that they differ very materially from their same class in any other place. But it would be pleasant to be able to say, instead of affirming they are no worse than the rest of their species, that they are much better. And can we? To begin with, in Montreal, the transition from the nursery to the ball-room is performed with too much rapidity. A boy, who has been perhaps a leader among his colleagues at a large school, is apt to feel, on his return, fit to conquer worlds. Authority once tasted is difficult to do without. If his people were wise, they would allow him breathing space in order to get rid of his sense of importance. Then he would plunge into society recognizing the natural feebleness of his strokes, instead of imagining he is there as an instructor. Even if he is now a college man, even a president of his year, an all-important factor in university doings, there are older men and better who have been all that, and yet do not assume a position of command in the ball-room, at the rink, at the dinner, etc. The term hobbler-boy is becoming obsolete. No one would answer to it nowadays. For the schoolboy of last term is the man about town of this season, and his enlargement of manner, coupled with the supply of sense, which hardly meets the demand of his new position, renders him amusing, if nothing more. And it is to him that the girl, who has been out several seasons, must needs look pleasant and animated. To him, though he may be but 18, and in his first evening suit, is accorded the privilege of asking her, or not asking her, to dance, as he chooses. And if there be no programmes especially, she must stand, as in the market-place, while he decides whether she dances well enough, whether she looks sufficiently smart, or whether there is not someone else he would care to honor first. The newly-made autocrat finds power very sweet. It is only later when he discovers that, in reality, he is a leader of himself alone; that it takes insight and perceptions quicker than he possesses, even to set a fashion, that he is content to own himself the unit he has ever unconsciously been.

It is a pity that so few of these masculine "hubs" realize that there are other qualifications necessary to a successful society man, besides the knowledge that to wear a made-up white tie is the undoing of one, or the possession of a frock coat and patent-leather boots absolutely indispensable. Even an ability to talk entertainingly about actresses and late suppers, or a wonderful discretion as to the most to be

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.

desired brands on a wine card, will not alone give the prestige he covets. Neither will a lofty disregard of wallflowers, a total incapability to dance with someone to whom his hostess may wish to introduce him, or a surprising discrimination as to "bounders," as he understands the term, or those who are in the swim and those who are not, really set him upon a pinnacle.

NOT that these points are noticeable in him alone. Far from it! But seeing them in others, he emulates what he would be wiser to discountenance. Girls may be foolish, frivolous, empty-headed, anything one pleases to say. In itself, however, that is hardly a reason that men, and especially young ones, with totally unformed characters, should, if they entertain this opinion of womankind, be content to keep upon the same level. Brains are not any more to be left uncultivated than an aptitude for wearing the most approved clothes in the most approved way. Because at nineteen one's knowledge of literature, one's stock of general information, one's appreciation of persons and things is neither large nor varied, it does not follow that at 25 one's altitude and power of mind should have received no improvement. Ignorance that is smiled at in a youth is not easily forgiven in a man, even if everyone is sensible of the fact that he dances admirably, and knows all the right people. Fools have frequently rushed in where angels modestly drew back.

To be liked, even esteemed, a man, or the boy who feels himself a man, need not assume or possess all the virtues under Heaven. Absolute perfection is not glanced at with a kindly eye in this imperfect world. It is quite often stigmatized as priggishness. But he who wishes to be popular, has many things to which he must attend. He must acquire, as far as it lies in his nature, a considerable amount of unselfishness, a desire to please beyond that which is prompted by "a means to an end," a feeling of security in his own position as a gentleman which enables him to be courteous to everyone. Above all, or withal, an ever-present dissatisfaction as to the broadening of his faculties and sensibilities. All this, together with an innate or cultivated knowledge of the thing to do, and the recognized way of doing it, will insure his success in society as Montreal knows it, or even in those higher flights which are beyond our philosophy, in the narrow boundaries of a colonial existence.

LAST week a very pleasant little event took place (Thursday morning) at the Ladies' Curling Club, at the Montreal rink. After a large number of members had assembled in the club room, the president, Mrs. E. A. Whitehead, in the name of all present, presented Miss Bebe Hutchins with a very handsome clock, that she might carry away to Rossland as a souvenir of her many old friends, and their affection for her, besides being a reminder of how time flew when spent with stones and brooms. I don't know whether Miss Hutchins was "genuinely surprised," as we are always told, but, at all events, she made a most capital little speech, expressive of her pleasure and her incapability of ever forgetting the many jolly remissions at that particular club. Miss Hutchins will go out to Rossland quite alone. But her wedding will take place from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macintosh (Miss Eileen White) in Rossland.

Mr. Doull, Miss Doull and Miss Gertrude Hanson have left for Cuba, where they will spend some months.

This evening, Miss Helen Parker, Stanley street, is entertaining the members of the euchre club to which she belongs.

ON Friday, Mrs. G. F. Benson, Ontario avenue, gave a very pleasant dinner and theatre party. The guests were Miss Gillespie, Mr. T. Gillespie, Miss Strathy, Miss Miller, Mr. D. Miller, Mrs. D. Law.

What do people see in "The Absent-Minded Beggar," that incites every man with any pretensions to a voice to sing it,

and every woman with elocutionary powers (or without them) to recite it on every possible occasion? Thrown off, as it were, to encourage people to "Pay, pay, pay," it no doubt admirably answered the purpose. But I have no compunction in saying that if it had appeared anonymously in one of our papers, or had had the name of Alfred Austin affixed, in the first instance, it would have gone unnoticed; in the second, it would, perchance, have been torn limb from limb. "What's in a name?" Well, at present, pretty nearly everything!

Mrs. Frank Buller, Drummond street, will give a large euchre party on Tuesday evening.

The marriage of Miss Bertha Boyer, niece of the Hon. Arthur Boyer, Sherbrooke street, to Mr. Jules Hamel, has been arranged to take place early in February.

THE sombre old Victoria rink never held a pollier party of people than on last Friday night, when the 23 ladies previously mentioned entertained some 250 guests. A very pretty and subdued effect was produced by the shading of the arc lights with pink paper, and numbers of Chinese lanterns were suspended from the gallery. It seems as though the weather was not in favor of skating parties—for either the thermometer registers below zero on such occasions or we are treated to recollections of spring, in the shape of torrents of rain, and a temperature to match. On Friday, the latter course was adopted, and before the end of the evening the ice was rather deep in a very fair imitation of slush. But soft ice is, in reality, the best for waltzers, so no one complained.

The programme contained nine waltzes, the lancers, one or two extras and the grand march, led by Mr. E. MacDougall and Miss Bond, which took place just before supper. As usual, supper was served in the directors' room, where a table in the centre was reserved for the chaperones, in the hall and the large tea-room, and, notwithstanding the large number of people, there was comparatively little crowding. There were no programmes, and the hostesses looked after their guests extremely well, though their responsibilities were somewhat lightened by the fact that there were a number of men over.

The circle of waltzers was unusually large, which, perhaps, accounted for the numerous "spills" and collisions, which are almost as bad as an actual fall. But when one has once mastered the art of waltzing, even in a slight degree, ordinary skating loses its charms. Probably the best waltzers to be seen at the Victoria are: Mrs. Houll, Mrs. Edgar MacDougall, Miss Bond, Miss A. Ewan, Miss Scotte, Miss M. Bond, Miss G. Murray, Miss D. Campbell, Mr. M. Bethune, Mr. H. Baby, Mr. J. Savage, Mr. T. Allan, Mr. H. Budden, Mr. and Mrs. J. Allmon, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Miss Greenshields, Miss Watt, Mr. J. Meagher, Miss E. Scott. The last waltz ended about 1.45, when, the band striking up "For Auld Lang Syne," a huge circle was formed, and, with much swinging of arms and singing, or rather shouting, everyone skated around several times before dispersing. And now the wish is that someone else, with equally hospitable ideas, will give us successful a party at no distant date.

WHILE the young and athletic were bestirring themselves at the rink on Friday, the older members of society, and the artistic, were enjoying the opening of the Loan Exhibition at the Art Gallery. And one has only to hear the names of the artists whose pictures are being exhibited, to rest assured that the evening was profitably and pleasantly spent by all lovers of art. This exhibition is for members and their friends only, as usual, so that if one does not belong to the Art Association, one does well to cultivate artistic friends. Last year, the galleries were crowded daily at a similar exhibition. Those who did not care so much about the pictures enjoyed the music, and a chat and a cup of tea with their friends.

On Friday last, Mrs. Baumgarten, MacTavish street, gave a large tea for her guest, Miss Laura Smith, of Ottawa, sister of Dr. Laphorn Smith. Mrs. Baumgarten's house is very commodious, and, though the number of guests present was unusually large, there was little crowding. Mrs. Otto Donner, Miss Millie Monk, and Miss Annie Wheeler poured out tea in the dining-room. The decorations of the table were red and white roses and red ribbons.

Last week, Mrs. Meighen, Drummond street, gave a very pleasant luncheon for Miss Wilder, of Brookline, who is at present visiting Mrs. Ewan, 1080 Sherbrooke street.

A very jolly snowshoe party was given last week by Mr. Douglas, 860 Sherbrooke street. Mrs. G. K. Hooper chaperoned the party, owing to Mrs. Douglas being taken up with the illness of her small son. The tramp was out to the Montreal Hunt, and everyone was very ready for the excellent supper awaiting them there. If some few were not energetic enough to refuse the chance of driving home, it must be remembered that nearly all the guests had been at Mrs. Shaughnessy's ball the night before. And the spirit is often willing when the flesh is weak.

THE tea given last week by the Women's Branch of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society, at the Chateau de Ramezay, was a most successful one. The proceeds of the "Historical Ball," to all intents, have been used very judiciously in the fitting up and arranging of a salon, the counterpart of those of early French days, and a living-room such as the aristocrats who came out to this new, and to them barbaric, country, had to content themselves with. Neither of these rooms, as yet, has reached completion, by any means. But capable people have the work in hand, and no doubt, it will be finished as speedily as possible. The president, Mrs. de Bellefeuille Macdonald, Lady Lacoste, Lady Van Horne and Miss Roddie received in the salon, while tea was served in the council-room by members of the committee. A very good programme of music was carried out, Miss Sise, Mrs. G. Cantlie and Miss Tasehereau contributing numbers. For those who take any interest in things historical, there was sufficient pleasure in examining the various relics and pictures, of which there is now an admirable collection.

Teas and other entertainments at the Chateau are really to be encouraged, for people who would not trouble to visit there of their own accord, will go when specially invited, and one is occasionally ashamed to own to visitors in the city that one is totally unfamiliar with places with which, after a week's visit, strangers are conversant. "I speak as I do know," for until a very short time ago I had never been even inside the gates of this historic building, and only went then because a stranger had asked to be conducted thither.

THE Major-General Arthur Fitzroy Hart, whose name is so prominent in the South-African war, is of the same stock as the well-known Hart family of Three Rivers and Montreal. He has a facial resemblance to his cousins, the late Colonel Arthur Wellington Hart and to Mr. R. A. Baldwin Hart.

The following Montrealers were registered at the Hotel Pleasanton, San Francisco, California, January 1: Dr. Campbell Davidson, SS. Tartar, Manila, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brennan, Denver, Colorado.

The Arena is as popular a place of resort this winter as ever. The hockey matches, so far, have been well attended, and as the season progresses there is no doubt the interest will increase. The Winnipeg vs. Shamrocks matches in February are being looked forward to with keen anticipation. Under the efficient management of Mr. Northey, the Arena continues to be the chief centre of attraction during the winter months for those interested in sport and athletics.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Beatrice Allan, eldest daughter of Mrs. J. S. Allan, and grand-daughter of Mr. Andrew Allan, "Jonontah," to Mr. Herbert Marler, eldest son of Mr. W. de M. Marler. Miss Allan, who made her debut last winter, is a great favorite in Montreal society. Some five years she spent in England, and consequently received most of her education there. Mr. Marler is a graduate of the McGill Law School, and follows his profession in the office of his father, the well-known notary.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, 308 Stanley street, gave a very pleasant dinner, on Wednesday evening, for Mr. and Mrs. H. Stanley Smith. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith, Mr. Stikeman, Miss Stikeman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meredith, Miss Gillespie, Mr. J. B. Allan, Lieut.-Col. Henshaw.

On Saturday evening, Mr. James Ross, Peel street, gave a small but very pleasant musicale for his sister, Mrs. Grace, who is visiting him. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clouston, Mr. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy, Miss Young (Milwaukee), Mr. and Mrs. Porteous, the Misses Drury, Miss Sise, Miss Abbott, Mr. J. Abbott, Mr. A. W. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. F. Taylor, the Misses Van Horne, Mr. Whitehead.

Mr. David Law left this week for Vancouver, where he will spend some weeks.

Mr. Frank S. Meighen has returned from England, where he has been spending the last two months. Mr. Meighen, it will be remembered, went with the purpose of taking a course at Aldershot, and, if possible, going out to the front. It is probably a keen disappointment to him that he was unable to carry out the latter idea. But, no doubt, his people are very pleased to see him safely back on this side of the water.

ON Monday afternoon, Miss Ella Molson, St. Matthew street, gave a very pleasant little tea for Miss Wilder, of Brookline. Among those invited were: Mrs. A. D. Durand, Mrs. J. Peck, Mrs. K. D. Young, Miss M. Thomas, Mrs. H. S. Molson, Miss Pentland (Quebec), Miss Ewan, Miss Wilder, Miss Cook, Miss Miller, Miss Sise, Miss Bond, Miss Cumill, Miss Brainerd, Miss Dunlop, Miss Campbell, and others.

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Miss Napier, Peterboro', is visiting Miss Dobell, Peel street.

Last week, a very jolly subscription dinner and dance was given at the Montreal Hunt. About 40 of the younger set were present, and Mrs. W. M. Dobell chaperoned the party. These "dinner-dances" have been quite popular this winter, and very nice they are. For the Kennels really do not possess a room large enough for anything but a small dance, and "small and early" is a suitable motto for entertainments given so far out of town.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mountain street, gave a dinner party for Miss Carruthers, of Chicago.

Mrs. Raymond, St. Andrews, N.B., is spending some weeks in town, the guest of Mrs. W. W. Watson, Redpath street.

Mr. Reginald Gault, son of Mrs. R. L. Gault, Sherbrooke street, leaves very shortly for the Northwest, where he intends spending some time on a ranch, for the benefit of his health.

Miss Grier, of Hamilton, is visiting Mrs. Woodhouse, St. Luke street.

SOMEbody was agitating very strongly the other day the need of a crusade against Sunday supper parties. The generality of people in Montreal are, I think, deserving of little censure in regard to Sabbath-breaking. But it seems a pity for the custom to grow, of inviting a number of people to your house on Sunday evening, necessitating late hours, and a double amount of work for the servants. Surely one's cook is entitled to one free evening, and this plan of entertaining denies it to her. With one or two intimate friends to join the family, a simple meal, where each one may help himself, and attendance may be dispensed with, is a pleasant institution. But, as with every other entertainment, the more usual it becomes the more elaborate it is made, until supper is, in reality, almost a dinner, served an hour later. I do not, possibly, break the Sabbath any more extensively by inviting six people to my house instead of two. But the more guests, the more work for those who deserve consideration, once a week at least. And all would do well to recollect this.

"WHERE TO PUT UP."

ANY of the following named hotels can be recommended to tourists by MONTREAL LIFE. Terms and other particulars can be had on application to the proprietors by post card or letter.

WASHINGTON HOTELS.

THE Raleigh and the Ardmore are two leading hotels in Washington. The Ardmore is one of the most comfortable family hotels in the American capital, centrally located on 14th street, between Pennsylvania avenue and F street, convenient to cars and places of interest. It is conducted on both the European and American plans. The Raleigh is on Pennsylvania avenue, corner of 14th street, opposite the beautiful new post office, and is conducted on the European plan. It is absolutely fireproof, and has the reputation of a strictly first-class modern hotel.

HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

ONE of the most charming tourist hotels is the Hotel Green, at Pasadena, San Gabriel Valley, California. The climate of this valley is most delightful, fruits and flowers abound, while the scenery is most picturesque, presenting many romantic drives amidst rugged canyons and

rolling foothills, with the high peaks of the Sierras Madres in the distance. All-the-year-around outdoor sports may be enjoyed—bicycling, riding, driving. There are large tennis courts and golf links in connection with the hotel. Hotel Green consists of two large new buildings, connected by a fireproof covered viaduct. It is only two hours distant by electric car from the coast, where there are excellent bathing beaches. Within easy reach, is the old mission of San Gabriel, founded in 1771 by the Franciscan monks. The season at the hotel lasts from November 23 to May 10.

AVON SULPHUR SPRINGS SANITARIUM.

THE Sanitarium, at Avon, Livingston Co., New York, is a noted health resort and comfortable home for persons in need of rest and recuperation. The appointments are thoroughly first class, and the situation is charming.

THE GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL.

VISITORS at Atlantic City, New Jersey's famous winter resort, cannot do better than put up at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Virginia avenue and the beach. Although one of the most renowned of hostels, the Grand Atlantic has reasonable rates and this spring will offer special inducements. It has every modern convenience—steam heat, elevators, large heated sun parlors, superb view and central location.

OTTAWA'S LEADING HOUSE.

THE Russell House, Ottawa, is fortunate in having a popular proprietor and, as everyone knows, this counts for a great deal in the management of a successful hotel. The Russell is the headquarters of the leading public men of Canada, while in the Dominion capital. It is a beautifully appointed house. The proprietor has a summer and winter resort at Aylmer, P. Q., a few miles distant, which guests at the Russell can reach by trolley car from the door of the hotel. The tobogganing and other winter sports at Aylmer are very attractive.

TWO MONTREAL HOTELS.

ALL the hotels of the Canadian Pacific Railway are renowned for their excellence. The Place Viger, Montreal, is one of the best of the number and is truly a palatial building. It is built of grey limestone and Scotch fire brick in the quaint style of the French Renaissance. The ground floor is laid in marble mosaic, the woodwork is of quartered oak, the walls and ceilings are laid in gold leaf with chaste decorations, and the main staircase is of Corona marble. The building is as nearly fireproof as human ingenuity could make it.

The Windsor has for years enjoyed a reputation as one of the best hotels in America and the largest in the Dominion. It is conveniently situated, facing Dominion Square, within five minutes of the Windsor (C. P. R.) and Bonaventure (G. T. R.) stations. Both as a family and a commercial hotel, it is all that careful management and good appointments can make it.

CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

TO meet the requirements of the annually increasing volume of tourist travel, there was recently erected by the C. P. R., at the base of the Citadel, Quebec, a magnificent fireproof hotel, the Chateau Frontenac, a stately seven storey structure, erected after the style of the French chateaux of the sixteenth century, but, of course, embracing nineteenth century ideas of spaciousness, convenience and elegance. Over 1,000,000 judiciously spent dollars have given the world this marvel of architecture. Crowning the cliff, on which the famed Dufferin Terrace stretches its great length—the longest promenade known—hundreds of feet above the St. Lawrence and the Lower Town, the perspective of the city, stream, and landscape seen from the windows of this unique hotel is magnificent—a scene of both historic fame and majestic grandeur—a view of mountain valleys, river and island, from an elevation such as no other city boasts.

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SALAD OR SAWDUST.

THEY had wandered into a picture gallery to escape a shower, for, having known him since her school days, she felt no hesitation whatever in telling him that she "had a holy horror of spoiling her best hat and getting the bottom of her eight-yard skirt muddy."

"I don't think much of this collection," she said disdainfully, after they had looked at the water colors that adorned the walls. "Not more than half a dozen of them are worth the frames around them. Who ever saw water like that?"

"Or snow like this?" added her companion, regarding a midwinter landscape decorated with deep purple tints. "The man that painted that must have been a South Sea Islander. Why do they hang such awful daubs? I believe I could do as well myself."

"Maybe you could, but it wouldn't be accepted. A name's worth a great deal in a picture gallery."

"And out of it too, sometimes," he said, with evident meaning in his tone.

She turned sharply and looked at him. "Now you're going to talk nonsense again, and if you do I declare I'll—" She hesitated, as she looked out of the window.

"You won't go home," he said, following her gaze. "It's simply pouring, and you'd be drenched before you reached the corner. You needn't be alarmed; I'm not going to talk nonsense. It was your own guilty conscience that made you jump on me in the first place. You know you would never have given that man a second glance if it hadn't been for his lig name."

They had sauntered into a side room where the pictures were so few and far between, and so poor, that apparently no one considered them worth a glance; so the two had the whole room to themselves.

"I have told you a dozen times," she said, "that his name has nothing whatever to do with it. It's the man I like; he has beautiful manners, and I admire his character. I tell you once for all that if he proposes I shall accept him."

"You needn't take the trouble to tell me that," he said moodily. "I know it. It was on his account you threw me over the fence last fall, but for the life of me I can't see the attraction. What is there in his character that you admire? He's as two-faced as the Evil One himself."

"He's not two-faced at all, but you're very rude, and as cross as a bear, so, for goodness' sake, change the subject. Oh, see! From this window we can look right into the cafe of the Staunton. Let's watch the people and make bets on what they're eating. There's a couple just sitting down now. See, he's asking her if she'll have something, and evidently she likes it, for she nodding her head. Now he's calling the waiter. I guess it's a salad. What do you think?"

"Oh, I don't care whether it's salad or sawdust. Why didn't that fellow meet you to-day?"

"He's away on business," she said, still intent upon the cafe. "I didn't expect to come to town until to-morrow, but mother wanted some things she couldn't wait for. I'm sorry—"

"That's right, say it, don't mind me! You're sorry she couldn't wait, so that you could come in to-morrow and meet him. I'd like to meet him too, and break his neck."

"Oh, let up!" exclaimed the girl impatiently, and with a good deal more emphasis than elegance. "You're actually worse than Aunt Margaret."

Silence for a few moments, during which he watched the rain, and she the people in the cafe. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Look at that girl just sitting down at the table by the window. Did you ever see such an amazing hat? To use your expression, it looks like the 'night before Christmas'—but pardon me, you seem interested. Perhaps she is a friend of yours."

"You needn't apologise. I never meet the lady, although I have seen her once or twice before. Some people consider her very handsome."



After having seven trunks, four valises and a hat box checked, Mr. Humpick didn't do a thing but swear when he boarded the train as above for a three weeks' sojourn "down South."

"I don't think much of their taste. She looks like a drum-major. I suppose that is one of her admirers with her now. I wish he'd take the seat opposite instead of getting behind that post. I'd like to have a good look at him."

"Shall I run over and tell him to change it?" her companion asked. "Perhaps he would, to oblige you."

"You needn't bother. I think she's telling him to do it now. See, he's moving; now we can see what he looks like—Oh, Dick!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Dick, and gave a long low whistle. She turned fiercely upon him.

"Did you know he was over there with that girl?"

"I swear I didn't. I couldn't see him any better than you could. I'm not a bit surprised, though, for I've seen him with that girl before." Dick couldn't refrain from this last bit of intelligence.

"And he told me he was called out of town for the day on business!"

"Let's go home," suggested Dick, who felt happy enough to dance all over the picture gallery, if he had dared to express his feelings. "It's stopped raining, and you're getting excited."

"Go home!" she exclaimed. "No, indeed! Do you see that empty table next to theirs? I'm going right over there to have something to eat, and you are going with me."

"It's a go," said he, and they went. Again Dick didn't care whether it was salad or sawdust; he was too happy to know the difference, but the young woman who resembled a drum-major wondered what made her companion suddenly grow so sullen and morose, and thought he must be troubled with an attack of indigestion. She knew nothing of the "pretty girl with a large bank account" who had just slipped from his grasp.

C. McJ.

THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

THE Great Ruby at Her Majesty's, The Rounders at the Academy, and Young Mrs. Winthrop at the Francais this week, have afforded the theatre-goer a varied range of attractions. The Great Ruby is one of the most absorbing plays imaginable, and as a spectacular has not been excelled here this season. The balloon scene is thrilling, and as realistic as a glimpse of cloudland could be made on the stage. There is a whole army of people in the cast, and one is surprised at the uniformity of excellence throughout the company. The Great Ruby is distinctly a good thing, presented by exceptionally talented players, with any amount of pretty scenery and elaborate effects. The Rounders, like most adaptations from the French is both naughty and funny. In fact, the piece evokes roars of laughter, but these are not occasioned wholly, or even in the main, by humorous situations—they are due principally to the characterization given their roles by those uproarious comedians, Seabrooke and Don. There are some clever songs, some catchy airs, and some pretty women in the piece. At the Francais, the main interest centres in the new leading lady, Miss Stella Rees, who plays the title role in Young Mrs. Winthrop with a degree of success that leads one to expect better things when Miss Rees shall have a less insipid part. The play is a society drama of average merit, and is produced by the stock company in a fairly effective manner. The vaudeville turns are most amusing and enjoyable.

(Continued)

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

THE production of such a play as *Crust of Society*, from the French of Dumas, by William Seymour is a difficult task for a stock company, but the Theatre Francais has proven its ability to overcome greater obstacles than this, and, in reproducing it next week, Manager Phillips has reason to look forward to very big business. The *Crust of Society* ran in New York and London as have few plays of modern times. It is full of exceedingly brilliant scenes, clever epigrams, bright and witty dialogue, and gives opportunity for stage-setting and costuming not often

found in society dramas. Oliver St. Alban is a character which should suit Mr. Henderson admirably, and in Mr. McCrane, Captain Northcote should be given a characterization that will be worth talking about. Of course, Miss Rees, the new leading lady, will play Mrs. Eastlake Chapple, a part always enjoyed by the leading ladies of stock companies, which are privileged to produce this play. The vaudeville bill is to be headed by Dixon, Bowers and Dixon, a trio of artists who are doing a number of country characters. As their act has been seen here before, it can truthfully be spoken of as one worthy of the reputation of the Francais.

THREE little sketches of the ladies and gentlemen composing the stock company at the Theatre Francais, which are being given in these columns one each week, are proving particularly interesting to the readers of LIFE. This week, LIFE has chosen as the subject of its sketch Mr. Thomas J. McCrane, known in theatrical parlance as the

heavy man of the company. This implies that Mr. McCrane plays all the heavy roles, or, in other words, the villains of the plays. Such is true, to a certain extent, but fortunately for the Francais, Mr. McCrane's versatility has enabled him to portray a line of characters so utterly dissimilar as to entitle him to more than an ordinary share of praise for his work at this popular theatre. The very fact that Mr. McCrane comes back to Montreal, season after season, is in itself proof of his extreme popularity. This season, Manager Phillips was rather fortunate in getting him back, as he had been offered a role in an important production at Broadway Theatre,



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POINTS FOR INVESTORS--(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

that now it only requires the issue of the new certificates to complete the transaction.

It has often surprised those who have endeavored to trade in the Rossland market that they are seldom able to buy or sell at the prices quoted in the papers. It certainly does seem strange, but, as a matter of fact, the brokers out there have very different methods to ours, and were their association located in the East, it would not be looked upon as an Exchange at all. I have just received a letter from a broker who is an official of a company whose head office is located in Rossland (I omit names), but the letter is instructive, as showing how little conception they have of what a quotation means. He says: "I notice in the report that some of the brokers on your Exchange are 'bearing' (our stock) to beat the band, offering 15 for it; well, this is an insult, and I wish you would call the bears off. If you can get me a quotation on 10,000 at 26, I wish you would kindly wire, at my expense, as I may get parties here to take it. It is not our fault that we are not shipping," etc.

The ore shipments from Rossland for the past week show up well, and there is a notable increase in both the War Eagle and the Centre Star, but, unfortunately, to counteract this, the labor question does not seem to be any nearer a settlement, and, until the matter is finally decided, and work is resumed throughout the Kootenays, there is not a great deal of encouragement for the investor, still the demand for mining investments is increasing, and the evidence is still stronger that we have passed the turning point.

Montreal, January 24.

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ARTHUR MASSEY, Hon. Sec'y M.A.A.A. Rink.

THEATRES—Continued.

New York, and which might, from a managerial standpoint, have given him more fame than an engagement in Montreal. He, however, accepted Mr. Phillips' offer to come back; and it may be said without any hesitation, that he has more than fulfilled all the expectations of both public and manager. Before coming to Montreal Mr. McGrane was chiefly interested in such plays as *Motjeska*, *Madame Sans Jene*, *Jamashenck*, etc. In all he has played about 100 roles since he has been in Montreal, of which the following are a number. Lord Darlington, in *Lady Windemere's Fan*; Count Eytloff, in *Gloriana*; Von Haklerwald, in *Aristocracy*; Gardiner, in *Captain Swift*; Orloff, in *Diplomacy*; Joe Vernon, in *In Mizozora*; Col. Laughlin, in *For Fair Virginia*; Cattermole, in *The Private Secretary*; the Parson, in *The Danites*, and Derblay, in *The Ironmaster*.

At the Academy of Music, the return of Edwardes' delightful opera, *A Greek Slave*, is announced for next week. The company presenting this melodious vehicle succeeded in creating a decidedly pleasant impression during the previous engagement, and many requests were made to Manager Edwards, for him to prevail upon the management of the company to extend the original time for at least another week. But neither company nor house could so shift dates as to enable *A Greek Slave* to remain in Montreal during the present week. And it was only



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by changing the entire route of the company, for nearly a month, that Manager Edward L. Bloom was able to sign a contract for next week with Manager Edwards. In Quebec, where the opera was presented on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and in Ottawa, on Wednesday, and in Toronto, Thursday and Friday, the performances were attended by the largest and most select audiences of the season. The reception in all three cities was most enthusiastic.

MRS. DR. WM. PATTERSON, accompanied by her niece, Miss Edith M. McDougall, left on Friday evening last for Portland, whence they will sail per ss. Californian for a three months' trip abroad.

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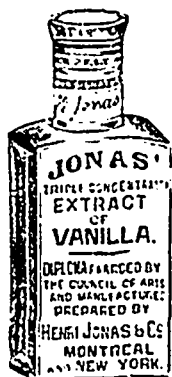
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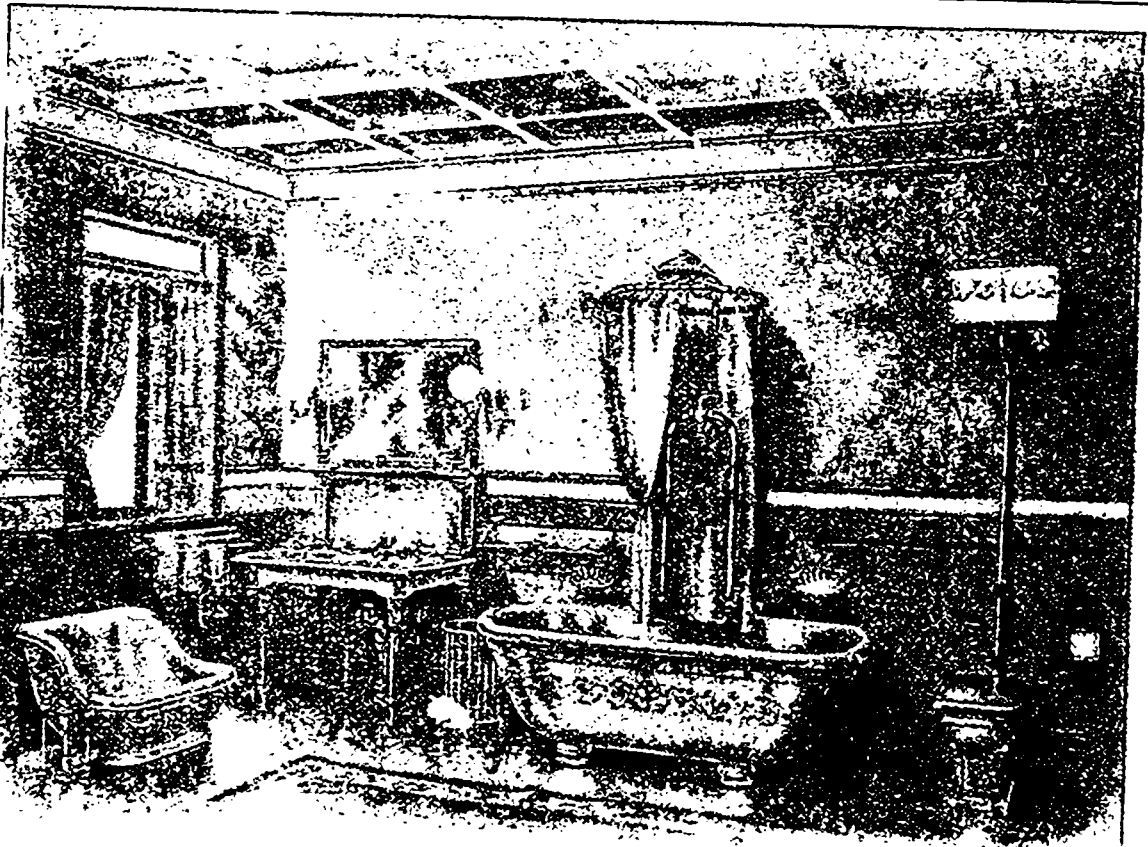
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