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MONTREAL LIFE.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1900.

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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE late, lamented P. T. Barnum believed that people like to be humbugged. I do not know whether Mr. Barnum's magnificent aggregation of fakes met with more pronounced success in Great Britain than in the United States but, if not, it should have done so—for of all people John Bull is the most easily humbugged and clings the most tenaciously to his pet illusions. John has lately been hugging a varied assortment of these interesting articles with almost savage fondness, nor will he suffer friend or foe to slacken by a hair's breadth his embrace. One of these illusions is that the majority of the people of the United States entertain feelings of cordial friendship—not to say affection—for Great Britain. While there has undoubtedly been some improvement in American public opinion with regard to the Old Country, we who live, as it were, in the next house to Uncle Sam's and can see from our windows every day what goes on in his back yard, are fully aware that a large number of that worthy's children are quietly heaving rocks at their grandfather's conservatory. But John Bull will not believe that such a thing is possible. How could his own flesh and blood be so basely ungrateful, after all he has done to establish a good family feeling? No, no, he will not believe it—and is, in fact, resolved never to believe it, even should it be true a hundred times over. And so, the American attempt at interference in the South-African squabble, instead of meeting with a curt snub that would have greeted a similar attempt from any of John Bull's near neighbors, is graciously declined with honeyed words that smack suspiciously (in American ears) of a cringing desire to purchase friendship at any price—even at the price of national dignity.

THEN, there is another of John Bull's pet illusions—the illusion that Canada is four-fifths inhabited by Frenchmen, unable to speak or understand English, but more loyal to the British flag than the Queen herself, and ruled by a French Premier who cannot sleep at night for thinking how he can strengthen the Empire. This is an especially sacred article of John Bull's faith at present—and he will suffer no sacrilegious hand to disturb it. I am not writing a political paragraph of the "old flag" variety, for the miserable attempts of both the parties in this country to monopolize all the loyalty in sight, and incidentally to convict the other party of veiled treason, are unspeakably contemptible in my eyes, as in the eyes of most plain men. But it is sheer rot for anyone to say that the French-speaking population of Canada is as anxious or as willing as the English-speaking population to rush to the aid of Britain in her hour of need. We could not expect them to be, nor would any representative French-Canadian claim so much for his compatriots. Yet we have highly-colored descriptions in the English papers of whole companies of Canadian troops in South Africa in which the commands are given solely in French. And such miracles are held up to the gaze of an astonished world as proofs of the beneficence of British rule and of the intense loyalty and adamant unity of all the heterogeneous elements living under the Union Jack.

NO Empire in the world's history has been characterized by such a large measure of local self-government and so wide a recognition of sectional institutions as the British Empire. The French language has been preserved in Canada under the sacred guarantee and protection of the law. The

French-Canadians have their own laws, their religion, and their educational system intact. Similarly, in Cape Colony, the Dutch have been treated with the largest measure of liberality. The fact that Canada has a French Premier and the Cape a Dutch Premier is pointed to with pride as a proof of British liberty. Even in India, the prejudices of an insanely superstitious population are respected, and the rights and prerogatives of the local rajahs are, outwardly at least, maintained. John Bull nurses the idea that this is the best way to build and hold together an Empire. Thinking men are commencing to ask themselves, is he right?

CANADA is contented and, it is safe to assume, will never be the scene of internecine strife. But are the Dutch in South Africa loyal to Britain because of her beneficent rule? The very reverse seems to be the case. Give a man an ell and he wants a yard. The Dutch, instead of being assimilated, have remained a separate and peculiar people, nursing the dream of a great Dutch African republic—disloyal at the very heart to the flag in whose shadow they live. Small wonder if it is easy to convince the people of Europe and the United States that Britain is a tyrannical oppressor, when the very people whom she claims to have nurtured in kindness rise up against her. We who live under the flag know that the cause of their defection is not oppression, but, on the contrary, that very kindness which is at once Britain's virtue and her weakness. But foreign nations do not know the facts as we know them, and are only too likely to ask sneeringly how it is that well-treated subjects are also disloyal subjects. John Bull, with characteristic sang froid, pays no heed to such signs and portents, nor does the idea so much as occur to him that his methods may be wrong. It is one of his many pet illusions that a conquered people should preserve not only their liberty but their language, and, in fact, everything else they have the cheek to demand. That he will soon give up this illusion is as unlikely as that the St. Lawrence will flow into Hudson Bay. After all, wrong though he may be, we cannot but admire the old fellow for the pertinacity with which he sticks to his opinions.

IF, as some people believe, a general Dominion election will be sprung in a few weeks—and certain proceedings in the House assuredly point that way—it is remarkable that the Government should have sent both Mr. Sifton and Mr. Tarte out of the country. As everyone knows, these are the two most abused men in the Administration. Can it be possible that the Government is heaving all the Jonahs overboard until the storm be past and the political waters are once more untroubled? Either there is going to be no election for some moons to come, or the Liberals do not want Messrs. Tarte and Sifton to the fore in the fight.

PROBABLY in no other country in the world would it be possible to even discuss such a project as the wilful destruction of so historic a place as the Plains of Abraham. It is not to our credit that the move should have been contemplated; and still less creditable is it that there should be any hesitancy about taking steps to prevent so monstrous a sacrilege. Unquestionably, the Government ought to acquire the great battlefield, even should a high price be demanded. Fancy our neighbors allowing one of the memorable fields of the Revolution or of the Civil War to be cut up into building lots and sold!

LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

The blood of two peoples and of two heroes has drenched the Plains of Abraham. There it was that the great struggle between France and England for the right to colonize the New World was brought to a decisive close. It is sufficient to state the bare facts to convince every man with a pinch of sentiment in his composition, that it would be nothing short of a national disgrace to allow the Plains of Abraham to be destroyed.

ARE bank clerks underpaid? Following both the Ponton case and the Banque Ville Marie cases, we have heard a good deal about the wretched salaries paid to this class of men. His Honor Judge Wurtele, in his charge to the jury in the Baxter-Lemieux trial, spoke of the false economy of the directors in paying Lemieux too small a salary to keep him decently in the style his position demanded and out of the way of temptation. While careful to say that this constituted no excuse for Lemieux's conduct, Judge Wurtele deplored the fact that so many men handling large sums of other people's money were paid penurious salaries. There is no doubt that what the judge said was right. Considering their responsibilities and temptations, the employes of banks, I believe, are in general poorly remunerated. But they are not the only people, by any means, who suffer in this way, and in their case there are compensating advantages that should not be lost sight of. The calling is an eminently respectable one, and as a rule furnishes an entree into good society; the hours are short; and the work is chiefly of a routine character. On the other hand, the large amount of leisure time at the disposal of bank clerks is a peculiar source of temptation from which the man who is always busy—even though he be underpaid—enjoys immunity. On the whole, however, my sympathy for underpaid bank clerks is less than for the thousands of men in other callings who do hard physical or mental labor uncomplainingly, every day in the year, and in the end receive a poor pittance and have small promotion to look forward to. For these have often none of the compensations that help to save the humdrum work of a bank from becoming intolerable. It seems to me that there is a great deal too much sympathy for bank clerks and a great deal too little for bookkeepers, office clerks, stenographers, shop-people and mechanics—thousands of whom are wretchedly underpaid and know 10 times as much as the kid-gloved young men of the banks about the bitter struggle for existence.

AN inadequate salary is a standing invitation to steal to the man who handles other people's money. But it is not requisite to be the guardian of funds in order to have the tempter hovering about the desk or bench. The underpaid employe—no matter what his occupation—is tempted to be dishonest. He may not have the chance to make away with cash that does not belong to him—but stealing is not the only form of dishonesty. A man may be tempted to do slipshod work, to waste his time, to lose interest in his employer's concerns, and, worst of all, to lose interest in his own future and suffer himself to become a mere drudge. In the end his penalty, if he yields, is much the same as that of the man whose crime was to steal the money of others passing through his hands. He loses his grip and becomes a failure as truly as the defaulter who goes to jail.

OF course, no man need be dishonest, no matter what his temptation; and some men never would be dishonest under any circumstances. But the metal of which these were made must have been very rare when humanity was being moulded. Temptation and opportunity are a strong combination which few have the power to resist. Yet temptation and opportunity together do not, in most cases, form a real excuse for wrong-doing, for we all know that temptation is oftener based on fancied than on real necessity. Dishonest people, as

a rule, steal to provide themselves with luxuries, not with necessities; and most of the men who have gone wrong in banks did so because they wanted to indulge in wine, women and cards—or to have the clothes, the amusements and the pocket-money of acquaintances beyond their own station in life. The penitentiaries are full of people who will tell you they were forced into a career of crime and will bitterly accuse other people for their misfortunes. But get at the facts, and there are few doing time because they yielded to a justifiable temptation. I have yet to hear of an embezzler who merely took enough to settle with the butcher or the coal dealer, or of one whose peculations were not for the purpose of squaring the accounts of riotous living and vice

FELIX VANE.

SOCIETY NEWS.

HIS LORDSHIP the Bishop of Montreal who has been confined to the house with a slight attack of la grippe is now well on the way to recovery. Ever since his last most serious illness he has found that even the slightest cold must not be trifled with.

Atlantic City must at present be like a second Montreal, so many people have gone there during the last few weeks or are going. Mrs. Bagg and Miss Mitcheson, Sherbrooke street, are spending some weeks there, as are also Mr. and Mrs. R. Stanley Bagg, the Misses Bagg and Master Bagg. Mrs. Mulholland, too, will make a short stay at this most popular resort.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. A. F. Gault, "Rokeby," entertained a number of friends at a very delightful euchre party.

Mrs. G. F. Benson, Ontario avenue, who has been ill for the past fortnight, is now convalescent.

Miss Riddell, Sherbrooke street, has left on a short visit to Grande Mere, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Alger, Jr.

Though of an informal nature, the skating party given at the Arena on Monday evening by a number of bachelors was very much enjoyed. Everybody enjoys skating, and the idea of skating in that huge rink where so many exciting hockey matches have been played pleased most of those invited. The ice was excellent and there was room for two large circles of waltzers.

ON Tuesday morning, at the Victoria Rink, the strains of a piano-organ induced quite a number of people to skate. And it was hard to imagine from the coolness, almost coldness, of the atmosphere, and the delightful ice, that it was so balmy out of doors. To waltz one certainly needs music, and an organ always sounds so weird in the huge building that it creates no little merriment, especially as the "grinder" when he finds that one waltz apparently suits is apt to imagine that a good thing bears unlimited repetition.

Mrs. Charles Eliot, of Ottawa, has been spending a few days in Montreal at the Windsor in order to see her brother, Capt. E. C. Hamilton.

THE LOVE THAT PURIFIES.

MEN there be who to woman are drawn
By those passions mere beauty inspires;
When, to feed these alone, must they pawn
Future's dower for present desires.

Could a man, while thus minded, but find—
Beauty least of her gifts—that in store
A woman hath wit, pure heart, chaste mind—
Crystal depth none with taint may explore:

And aroused, through her impulse for good,
To a striving for something that's better,
Back he shrinks from the brink where he stood—
Whence have plunged. Then, fetter by fetter,

Bonds are loosed which base passion had wrought,
Till the Life of his Soul be renewed;
Scorns now the vain thing once he sought,
And by Better the Worse all subdued:

Comes there Love—Love that's best! And its joy
Cheering heart, filling soul, now they find,
Wholly freed from the baser alloy,
Such the Love that uplifts all mankind.

Montreal.

B. A. MACN.

Points for Investors

THE general prosperity in Canada to which we have had occasion to refer oftentimes in this column was tabulated in the Finance Minister's Budget speech last week. The Government supporters naturally took advantage of the opportunity to ascribe all the blessings of good times to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his policy. Providence was a very poor second, while the general uplift everywhere else, after a period of depression, was hardly mentioned. It is unnecessary to mention the great increases in imports and exports, in railway earnings, Customs revenues, bank clearings, etc., because I have mentioned all these some two months ago. The most important news item in the Budget programme was the increase in the preferential duty in favor of Great Britain from 25 per cent. to 33½ per cent. A move in an excellent direction.

EUROPE IS BUYING.

In the financial and market situation the past week has seen no startling developments. British and European capital is becoming more confident now that the termination of the war is approaching and there was a very sensible increase in buying transatlantic orders for American stocks.

THE GOODERHAM HAUL.

Last week I made a passing reference to a letter received by me, signed "Toronto Citizen." His remarks were so much to the point that I quote them verbatim:

"The adjournment of the War Eagle meeting to February from November, and the flotation of Centre Star on a basis leaving the syndicate with 2,000,000 shares, costing the holders 25 cents, while the public paid \$1.50 per share, has a strange look to say the least. \$2,000,000 cash paid for Centre Star is capitalized at 3,500,000 shares of \$1 each, 500,000 being treasury shares—then 1,320,000 shares are offered at \$1.50 or \$1,980,000—cash. Now, assuming that \$480,000 cash for 320,000 shares went into treasury, the syndicate got \$1,500,000 cash back out of the original purchase price. Then, one dividend is declared and a shut down comes before it is even paid. Had this been a United States flotation what terms would it probably have been described in?"

"I do not hold a share of either War Eagle or Centre Star, so am not touched at all, fortunately.

"Montreal is mainly to blame for the absurd prices of Toronto Street Railway and War Eagle, and for the possibility of floating Centre Star on such a basis as was achieved."

C.P.R. FROM A UNITED STATES VIEWPOINT.

The New York Evening Post in a recent issue has an interesting article on the Canadian Pacific Railway's report. It deals chiefly with the increase in the capital account. The writer reviews, first of all, the wonderful gains made by the road in revenue account. He points out at the same time, however, that there has been an increase in round figures of \$25,000 in the preferred and debenture stock. While a large portion of this sum has been devoted to the acquisition of other lines, and the building of new lines and extensions, he says that a certain portion of it has been devoted to improvements and betterments that under the system of American railroad bookkeeping would be deducted from the revenues. The writer says that the C.P.R. has in this respect followed the English system of bookkeeping, but, at the same time adds that in all other respects the directors have followed American precedents, especially in the construction, management and equipment. I have no doubt, in reply to this article, the directors may be able to say that the improvements charged to capital account were only those of a permanent character

and that distinction was made under this head between permanent and recurrent betterments.

I think that C.P.R. stock is susceptible of a considerable advance over present figures. In view of its 3 per cent. half-yearly dividend likely to be continuous it should soon reach 110.

TORONTO RAILS AND NEW ISSUES.

In the not distant future Toronto Railway will probably be following Montreal's example and making a new issue of stock to cover the new routes which will soon have to be opened up. I do not think that there will be any particular advantage to the current shareholders in the new issue which would be given out pretty close to par. The stock is worth about 75c. Twin City in the course of an uninteresting market has been showing a slight and well-merited advance. I have more regard for this stock than for any of the Canadian tramways.

ROYAL ELECTRIC'S ELEVATION.

I have not been able to comprehend the reason why Royal Electric stock should be held up to such a high-water mark. It looks as if the insiders were determined to prevent any drop, although it would seem to me at least a year before the present prices should be intrinsically warranted. The future, it seems to me, has been altogether prematurely discounted.

TRUSTS WILL COME HERE.

There will be a period in Canada not now long distant when, with the war settled and a great exaltation all round, the opportunity for new flotations and combinations will eventuate. I anticipate a general welding together of many of our large industries. Trusts will have to come here just as across the border. We Canadians, however, will be able to profit by the experiences of our neighbors and act more conservatively. A well-founded, properly capitalized industrial combination is an excellent institution.

If all the money used for Canadian speculation in New York stocks was applied to Canadian stocks the same activity could be created here. It would not be altogether desirable, but it would retain in the country a large amount of money annually lost in the New York and Chicago markets.

FAIRFAX.

MINING SHARES.

THERE has been a fair business doing during the past week, but the market has relapsed into that lethargic condition which often occurs at this period of the year. There is but little news coming from the mining centres; most of the British Columbia companies have closed down, and there is nothing in the way of rumors or news to encourage the speculator or investor.

The high-priced stocks are somewhat heavy, and show a slight decline. The low-priced ones are steady and some of them quite firm. The most noteworthy movement has been in Decca; the management of that concern has heretofore poo-pooed the market quotations for its stock, as being altogether fictitious, but when it went to its shareholders with a further issue of treasury stock it realized the fact that the stock exchange quotations were an important factor. After consulting on the matter, it is reported some of the directors decided to take a hand in the market; with the result that the stock has advanced nearly a hundred per cent., and seems to be coming more into favor. There is nothing new in the Granby shares, with the exception that the decline is explained by the sale of a defaulting bank cashier's stock. It thus remains to be seen whether the decline is temporary or not. Deer Trail dropped to 9 on what looked like a bear movement, but is recovering and is fairly strong. It is said that the directors have decided to pay the dividend quarterly, and it is possible that it may be increased to 1 per cent., that is 4 per cent. for the year.

It looks as if the market might remain dull and flat for the next three weeks, but any little buying would soon start prices skywards.

Montreal, March 28.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

PULPIT WIT AND HUMOR.

CASES IN WHICH PREACHERS HAVE CAUSED A LAUGH
BY THEIR CHOICE OF TEXTS.

IN a recent address before the London Sunday-School Union, Dean Farrar, speaking of ministers who take bits of sentences as texts, told how a distinguished ecclesiastic, lately deceased, had once preached a very famous sermon on the text, "Hear the Church." Everybody knows that there is no such text, it is merely a fragment of a verse. Archbishop Whately remarked, "He might just as well have chosen 'Hang all the law and the prophets.'" But more curious things than this are on record in the matter of sermon-texts. When ladies wore their "topknots" ridiculously high, it occurred to Rowland Hill to admonish them from the pulpit, and he did it by means of the words, "Topknot, come down," which he evolved from Matthew xxiv. 17, "Let him which is on the house-top not come down." Of course, nothing but the exceeding quaintness of the preacher could have excused such a liberty with the sense and sound of the sacred text. It was almost as bad as Swift's uniquely brief discourse on the text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "My friends," said the Dean, as he closed the book, "if you approve of the security, down with the dust." As a matter of fact, it is usually only the quaint preachers who do venture on such liberties.

The New England Puritan fathers were especially good at this kind of thing, partly, no doubt, because they shared to such an extent their domestic joys and sorrows with the members of their congregation. When Abby Smith, daughter of Parson Smith, married Squire John Adams—whom her father disliked so much that he declined having him home to dinner—she chose this text for her wedding sermon: "John came neither eating bread nor drinking water, and ye say he hath a devil." The high-spirited bride, it is interesting to note, had the honor of living to be the wife of one President of the United States and the mother of another. It is indeed almost incredible what things were done by the New England divines in the way of making their texts suitable for occasions and events. Mrs Earle tells of a cleric giving out one morning as his text, "Unto us a son is born," thus notifying a surprised congregation of an event which they had been awaiting for some weeks. Another—a cynical bachelor, we may be sure—dared to announce this abbreviated text: "A wonder was seen in heaven—a woman."

The great Spurgeon used to warn his students against the inadvertent choice of mal-apropos texts, and instanced a case in which a curate who had lately been married chose as the basis of his discourse the words: "The troubles of my heart are enlarged: oh! bring me out of my distress." This instance of Mr. Spurgeon's is capped, however, by the text of the country minister who had been appointed chaplain to a penitentiary and chose for his farewell sermon the verse: "I go to prepare a place for you." There is a story of another chaplain who addressed the prisoners on one occasion from the words, "It is good for us to be here"; but this case wants authentication.

There is a very good story told of a certain clergyman who had undertaken a sea voyage for the first time. He was very sick for three days, but he was able to preach on the Sunday; and the worthy man could think of nothing better for a subject than the text from Revelation, "There shall be no more sea." He was thoroughly persuaded that the drying up of the ocean was a part of the heavenly blessedness to come—for had he not been very sick on the Atlantic! Another clergyman, the Rev. Edward Massey, was persuaded that vaccination was an evil to be denounced from the pulpit. To find a text prohibiting it in Scripture would be a difficulty with most people; but Mr. Massey was like the injudicious cleric of whom it was said that "If there's an ill text in the Bible that creature is sure to get hold of it", and he found his want supplied in these words, "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils, from the sole of his foot unto his crown."

Texts can very often be made peculiarly appropriate to the passing circumstances of the time. A year or two ago a minister in the neighborhood of Glasgow, who had been an unsuccessful candidate at the parish council election, took his revenge on the Sunday morning by choosing for his text the words from Job, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you. But I have understanding as well as you. I am as one mocked of his neighbors; the just, upright man is laughed to scorn." When the old "repeating" tunes were first introduced they so scandalized many of the clergymen that the latter felt called upon to preach special sermons against the innovation. One belligerent parson found his text in Amos, "The songs of the temple shall be turned into howling."

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 LIFE, when available, cost 10c. each.

Sunday April 1.—A timely day on which to pay visits to friends.

A very fortunate year, much prosperity in business and the acquisition of useful new friends being clearly foreshadowed. Women will derive much joy from their love affairs, and all will be more inclined to pleasure than usual.

Children born to-day will be aided greatly in life by wealthy friends. The girls are likely to marry well early in life.

Monday, April 2.—Hardly a favorable day for any purpose.

Business troubles, perhaps trifling, and illness in the family are threatened during this year; yet many benefits may be expected from influential friends. Women who act indiscreetly with members of the opposite sex may expect trouble.

To-day's children will thrive in business and will be much aided by powerful friends. Girls will marry before they are 20, and their married life will be happy.

Tuesday, April 3.—A good day for courtships, marriages and social enjoyments.

This year will be fortunate as regards journeys, business and domestic affairs. Young people will also be lucky in their love affairs.

Talented, honorable, highly respected and unusually successful throughout life to-day's children will be.

Wednesday, April 4.—Quarrels should be avoided to-day.

Little good fortune will come during this year, the principal dangers threatened being illness or accidents, unseemly disputes and loss through speculation and rash journeys.

Generous and extravagant to-day's children will be, and, if they would be sure of some prosperity, they should work for others and not attempt to go into business on their own account.

Thursday, April 5.—An unlucky day.

Illness, quarrels and much ill-luck in business are foreshadowed for this year. "Don't worry, and be careful of your money" is my advice to those whose birthday this is.

There are unmistakable indications that the children born to-day will be lazy, intemperate, often untruthful and will meet with hardly any good fortune throughout life. Parents should take the utmost pains to train such children properly.

Friday, April 6.—No favors should be asked of any one to-day.

An unlucky year on the whole, the outlook being that employes will lose their positions and other business men will meet with heavy losses. Lawsuits and illness or accidents are also foreshadowed.

Difficult will it be for to-day's children to earn their own living and more than once they may be sorely in need of money.

Saturday, April 7.—A timely day for traveling and for signing legal documents.

Energetic persons will find this an active year for business. Children born to-day will be quick-witted, alert, constantly at work and generally prosperous.

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.

UNDER THE WHITE FLAG.

I.

"MISS Grant!" exclaimed Captain Eaglet, R.A.M.S., gazing admiringly at the girl beside him, "my colleague and I want to know the secret of your influence upon our wounded soldiers! Do you know," he laughed, "I believe they think a deal more of you than they do of me! Now, own up—what do you do to them?"

They were standing in the anteroom of the hospital in Mafeking, listening to the hoarse screaming of the shells as they tore their way overhead. Suddenly one dropped in the roadway outside, and exploded with a crash that seemed to shake the building. The girl instinctively clutched the man's arm, then dropped it again.

"I'm so sorry to be frightened," she said quickly. "But then I'm only a woman, you know!"

Only a woman, it is true; but they all loved her—old and young, high and low. When the siege had begun the young American girl had found herself, with a maid and a huge Saratoga trunk, locked up in the beleaguered city. When the women and children had been afforded opportunities of leaving, the colonel commanding—an old and tried soldier—had attempted to urge upon the girl the necessity of her departure. His remonstrances, however, had ended in a stammered apology as he noticed the indignant look on the lovely face before him.

"What!" she had said. "Leave you all here, with no one to read to you when you are sick? Leave you here, without a woman to admire you all? Never!"

And so it had been; and not a man there but felt better for her companionship. Wondrous confections were sprung upon the astounded soldiery; and, with a choky feeling about the throat, men told each other how Miss Grant's kindest smiles and prettiest dresses were lavished on the wounded.

She commandeered for her helpless charges the wines and fruits stored up by the far-seeing mess-president, taking his cherished stores from under his very nose; and they loved her yet the more. For the first time in military history a woman was made an honorary member of a mess.

"Hang it all!" one subaltern exclaimed, "it's just like the old times we read about! Don't you chaps remember that the knights then used to fight for the lady they loved? Gad! I'll take any of you chaps on whenever you like!" He stared half-defiantly round as he spoke, but the others said nothing, for he but expressed their feelings.

Only one man held aloof, and no one wondered at it, since Major Dalgetty, proud owner of three medals and his pay, had been for years left pretty much to himself. The corps was proud of him, looked up to him, but hardly loved him, for he was a man of but few friendships. Still, as he stood watching outside Miss Grant's quarters one morning he looked the beau-ideal of a soldier.

"Who did you say, Mary?" cried Miss Grant in wonder.

"Major Dalgetty, miss. He says he won't keep you a moment, if you could step outside and speak to him," replied the servant.

Rose Grant hardly knew why her color came and went as she tried to muster up courage to see what her visitor wanted, but at length she left her quarters, with her heart beating a shade quicker than that organ usually did.

"I'm awfully sorry to trouble you, Miss Grant," he began jerkily, "but my servant, who has been in my company for years, has just been shot through the chest and is at the hospital. He is asking for you, and—"

"I'll go at once!" was the instant reply.

"Yes; but, you see, Miss Grant, our padre's ill, as you know, and—there. I've led too rough a life to read to the poor chap. You know what I mean." He looked hard at nothing just then.

"Pray Heaven I have such a one to read to me when I lie dying!" was the woman's inward prayer as she hurried away, not daring to trust herself to speak.

The major sighed heavily and followed her; he hardly understood women then.

Quickly she reached the side of the wounded man, a soldier of long service, and gazed compassionately down upon him. He was gasping for breath and his whole face brightened when he saw the door open and the girl come in.

"I haven't much time, miss," he gasped; "but I've something to say to ye before I go. Bring your head down a bit lower and open a book, for I don't want the major to hear what I am going to say."

Leaning against the door, Dalgetty watched the fair head bend down lower over the dying man, and he blessed her in his heart.

"You see, miss, asking yer pardon, every man in the garrison fair worships the ground you tread on! Straight!" he muttered. "Don't turn your head away, miss; it's not to flatter ye that I'm telling ye this, but to explain meself. We men have watched yer, and wondered which of our betters ye'd take to—agen asking yer pardon. Now, miss, there's one man I know—an officer, too—who loves ye better than anyone else—fair mad about ye he is, and he's too proud to tell yer. He's poor, and he's nothing to boast about; but he's a man, and I know it. He's been father and brother and master to me for years, and I'm going to pay him back now. Yes, miss, it's the major I'm talking about; and there he stands, and hasn't a thought of what I am saying to ye. A bit closer, miss—that's it!" The voice was low now and faint, but the ears it was intended for lost not one word. "In his pocket, miss, just over his heart, is a picture of you; and, though he don't guess I know it, yet I've seen him kiss it lots of times. Don't be too hard on him, miss; and forgive a poor soldier for speaking to ye like I've done. I fair owed him one, miss!"

"French"—the lovely face was scarlet now—"you're the best friend I have ever had! Be comforted, for I love your master better than my life, and he shall know it soon!"

"Straight?" The dying voice was full and round.

"Straight!" she breathed into his ear.

"Ah, that's good!" he said thankfully. "I've paid off the old score at last, miss, haven't I? Heaven bless him!"

The major said never a word as he escorted her back to her quarters, but she knew by his face that the dead man had spoken truly.

II.

"Dalgetty," said the chief, "the Boer trenches are getting too near, two men were shot in the street to-day. Tonight, after ten, get your company together and make a sortie. Get into the trenches if you can with the bayonet, and see that every rifle is empty before you start. One shot would spoil your chance. After you've disturbed them"—both men smiled grimly—"scatter and squander, and get back as quickly as you can, for the firing will be heavy, I expect. Wounded must stay where they fall till daybreak. Don't forget that, for we can't afford to lose any more men."

"Very well, sir," replied the major. "We'll beat the Boers up, never fear!"

Absolute silence was maintained in the garrison about the movement, and it was not until the sound of heavy firing startled everyone that the news of the sortie became known. Miss Grant had noticed Dalgetty's absence at

UNDER WHITE FLAG—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

mess; but duties were so heavy that most times three or four were absent, and she had not commented on the fact. Now she understood, and an awful fear gripped her by the heart. She ran to her room, and, slipping on a heavy fur cloak, hurried down to the main gate.

"Sorry, miss," cried the sentry: "you can't pass. Our men will be coming back now. Stand back; here they come!"

From the darkness could be heard the sound of trampling feet, whilst the roar of musketry crackled up and down from the Boer trenches.

"Here they come!" was the cry; and the garrison crowded to welcome back their heroes. In her black cloak Rose Grant was almost invisible, and in the shadow of the gate she waited and prayed that her loved one might be safe.

Out of the gloom came panting men thronging into the gate, but an officer junior to Dalgetty was in charge of the company. A sergeant brought up the rear, and Rose stepped out of her refuge as the crowd of men momentarily halted in their passage into the town.

"Sergeant, where is the major?"

The man stared, so surprised was he to see a woman there.

"He's wounded, I'm afraid miss." Under the lamplight he saw her face grow deathly white.

"Sergeant!" She laid her hand on his arm. The perplexed man grounded his rifle heavily on a soldier's foot.

"Look out, sergeant!" was the indignant protest.

"Get me away from this gal, you fool!" the sergeant whispered. "She's asking arter the major! Beg pardon, miss; I hear the officer calling me!" And, gently releasing her hand, he moved away.

Without a thought of the risk she was running, Rose Grant slipped past the sentry in the confusion, and was speeding along across the veldt, whilst around her and overhead sang and buzzed the bullets like venomous insects.

In the mess-hut the triumphant tale was being told, and loud regrets were uttered for the missing major, every man hoping that even now he might only be a prisoner. Suddenly an orderly came in with a message for the chief, and all turned with curiosity to watch the colonel's face. They watched its ruddy color fade away and no man spoke whilst they saw him pour out a general's peg of whiskey and hold it to his lips. They even heard the glass tinkle against his teeth, so sudden was the hush.

"Gentlemen, Miss Grant is reported missing," said the chief, in a dull voice. "She was seen by Sergeant Price at the main gate as the troops came in, and she asked where Dalgetty was; and—I fancy—she's gone to find him." The jerky sentence was finished, and almost simultaneously every man drained his glass and rose abruptly.

"I think I'll turn in now, sir," said one.

"Yes; I'm a bit done, too," said another.

A stern smile of exultation swept across the wrinkled face of the colonel as he looked round on his "boys" as he called them, with justifiable pride.

"Halt!" he cried; and every man was still. "You all know that I would give my right arm to bring that girl safely back again, but I have other duties to perform. Your lives, gentlemen, belong to your Queen and country, and you have no right to risk them on the errand you are all going upon. Yes; don't pretend you weren't. You wouldn't have been officers of the 10th if your way to 'turn in' didn't lie out yonder! But I won't have it! If any man quits camp to-night without my orders, by the Lord Harry, I'll drumhead court-martial him, and shoot him, if he were my own brother! Good-night, gentlemen!"

And out on the lonely veldt a shrieking, quivering woman crept forward toward the twinkling lights of the Boer position. She knew that those lights were the enemy tending their wounded and towards them she must go to find her lover. Once, as a bullet whistled by her, she lay on the ground and cried in the extremity of her terror, but then the thoughts of the man, lying perhaps at his last gasp, nerved her, and she crept forward once more.

Once she stumbled over a body, and an impulse seized her to run away and turn her back on her duty. With a terrible shrieking she passed her hand over the cold, still

face, and her heart bounded, as she knew, even in the darkness, that the man beside her was a youth on whose face the dawn of manhood had scarcely risen.

On, on she pressed, until she heard a low groan on her right. She coughed, and a faint cry of "Help!" sounded as music to her ears; for in those broken tones she recognized the voice of the man for whom she had risked so much.

"Help!" he moaned. And, feeling cautiously as she went, the heroic girl gained her lover's side.

"Help, for the love of Heaven!" The cry went to her heart, and dropping down on her knees beside the wounded man, she rained kisses upon his upturned face.

"My darling, it is I—Rose Grant! Thank Heaven you are still alive!"

"Rose Grant!" he muttered. "I'm dreaming! That won't do! That's the beginning of the end!"

"George, George, speak to me!" she cried. "I've come from the town to find you, and I'm horribly afraid, darling!"

Then George Dalgetty knew that his time of loneliness was overpast, and that life for him was to be one long dream of happiness. There, on the ground—with a bullet through his leg—suffering torture, he learnt how love can sweep everything away into forgetfulness. Her watchful ear heard his teeth chatter, and off came her cloak.

"Silence! I won't listen!" she said, as she wrapped the warm fur round him. "Now you rest your head against my shoulder, and we'll wait until daylight comes. I've got some of the cloak round me, too."

And so, through that chilly night, huddled together for warmth, the two lovers lay, the woman with her young arms round him, heartening the man to bear the pain of his shattered leg. Just before daybreak a Boer patrol, still searching for the wounded, almost fell over the prostrate figures.

Flashing a lantern over them, a low grunt of astonishment broke from the party, and Rose instantly sprang to her feet.

"A woman!" the man exclaimed, in English. "Hi, Albrecht, here is a wounded ronek and a woman!" His shout attracted the rest of the party, who hurried up.

"Keep quiet, George!" Rose said firmly. "This officer is wounded in the leg, and I, his affianced wife, am looking after him."

"But how came you here?" asked the field-cornet in charge of the patrol, speaking with a strong German accent.

"I heard he was missing last night, and I came to find him," she answered simply, whilst the light still illuminated her face. The man looked down on the soldier covered with the cloak, and then at the girl, and he removed his cap and fumbled with something on his breast.

"Madam," he began, "do you mean to say that you left the town in the face of our fire and searched for this soldier?"

"He was my future husband," she replied.

"Great Heaven," he muttered, "what courage!" Directly daylight comes the soldier shall be carried in under a flag of truce to the town, and our surgeon shall come to him at once, madam. I am a soldier of fortune, and fight where I can get my hire; but once I was a German officer. I fought in the Franco-Prussian War, and Prince Frederick Charles—God rest his soul!—gave me with his own hands the Iron Cross for valour. I have been proud of it; but will you keep it as a gift from a soldier to one more worthy of it?"

He handed to her the Cross, which she took, and held out her hand in the lamplight, whilst the rough men standing round wondered at the scene.

The German raised the dainty hand to his lips, and then turned and gave orders to his men to fetch the surgeon. "Good-bye!" he said simply.

Hardly had daylight broken before a white flag was seen by the besiegers at the main gate of the city, and promptly answered by another from the Boer lines. At once a party of men left the gate and streamed out on the veldt, meeting their enemies perfectly calm in the neutral zone. The colonel was with his men, and at once began to ask about Miss Grant.

"We have tended your wounded officer, sir," said the field-cornet. "Here comes your missing lady. If all your men are animated by her spirit I fear our task will be a heavy one."

As the stretcher party came in sight, with Rose walking beside it, Boer and Briton broke into a storm of cheering, and, thus welcomed, Dalgetty and his future bride made their triumphal entry into Mafeking.

People We Hear About.

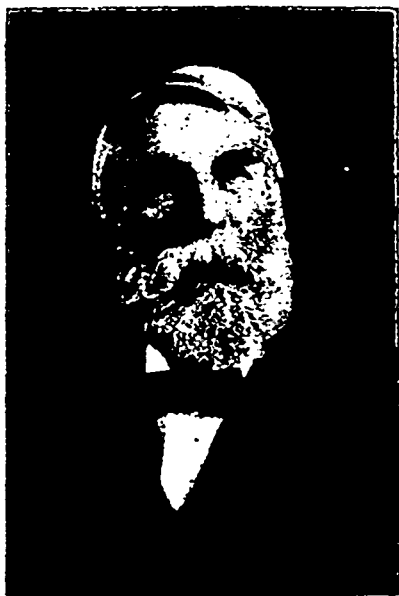
A GREAT CANADIAN INVENTOR.

THE MAN WHO CONCEIVED THE MAGAZINE RIFLE—JAMES P. LEE'S SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

EVERYONE has heard of the Lee-Enfield, Lee-Metford and Lee-Sharp rifles, but few have heard anything of their inventor, for he is a man whose exceeding modesty amounts almost to a fault, and who has shunned personal publicity to such an extent that his features—not to mention the outlines of his career—have only once or twice appeared in print. It will be a surprise to many Canadians to learn that the great gun inventor can practically be claimed by them as a fellow-countryman. True, he was born in Scotland, but at the age

of five years he came to Canada with his parents, and it was in this country that he received his education, learned his trade, and began experimenting with mechanical principles. Since 1857 he has lived abroad—mostly in the United States and Great Britain.

James P. Lee was born at Hawick, in Scotland, nearly 70 years ago. His father, George Lee—a watchmaker—emigrated to Canada and settled at Galt, Ont., with his family. The future



MR. JAMES P. LEE.

inventor was brought up to his father's trade, and became a thorough expert at it. When 19 years old, he left Galt and started in business for himself in Chatham, Ont., remaining there nearly four years, when he went to Wisconsin. It was there that he commenced to experiment with a view to improving the mechanism of guns. After a couple of years he returned to Canada, going to Owen Sound, Ont., where his father and the family had settled, and where he continued his experiments for a couple of years. He was, at that time, without regular employment, lived in a very humble manner, and was looked upon by many as a "crank." His time was chiefly spent pottering about in a small foundry, where he built an engine that was not a success.

In the meantime he had brought his rifle to a comparative degree of perfection, and the outbreak of the Civil War in the

United States furnished him his opportunity. He went to Washington and exhibited his invention to the War Department; and although it was not adopted—the Springfield carbine having already been chosen—he received so much encouragement that he resolved to go on with his experiments. Success gradually came to him. The first magazine gun he invented was taken up by the United States Navy, and by the Chinese Government. In the seventies he began the manufacture of side carbines and sporting rifles in Milwaukee, but the Remington Company's competition was too strong and this venture was not a success. In the eighties the British Government took up his invention and re-armed the whole regular force with the Lee-Metford. A new bore for the rifle-barrel having since been adopted, the weapon became known as the Lee-Enfield, manufactured at the Government's own works at Enfield. This rifle is not, however, the final form of Mr. Lee's principle, as perfected by himself. The principle has been developed and revised by him in the Lee straight-pull rifle, which is now used exclusively in the American Navy and which Mr. Lee considers a perfect weapon. In view of recent criticisms of the Lee-Enfield on the strength of what has been happening in South Africa, it is interesting to note that the inventor himself considers that rifle comparatively inferior to the straight-pull. He is making minor alterations, from time to time, in the mechanism of the latter, but he considers it to embody the highest application of the magazine principle. It weighs only 8½ lb., and the cartridge is so light that 150 rounds weigh only the same amount. The bullet will carry four miles, and at two yards will penetrate ½ in. steel, while at 30 yards 62 inches of plank are pierced like so much pasteboard. The bore of the rifle-barrel gives three turns in its own length.

Mr. Lee's income, since the Boer War broke out, must be enormous. He gets a royalty of 50c. per rifle from the British and United States Governments. He is, however, a very simple, modest man, of frugal habits; and though he has traveled a great deal, and been entertained and honored by many men of high official and social position, he is always most unassuming. If there is one incident he is inclined to talk about, it is the presentation to him, by Duke Alexis, of Russia, of a superb diamond, on the occasion of the Duke's visit to America.

Mr. Lee claims to have constructed the first typewriter, but, being engrossed in his gun schemes, he turned it over to the Remington Company, which started to manufacture it. Shortly afterwards the company failed and the business was put into the hands of trustees. Three men—two of whom were employes of the Remingtons, one as a bookkeeper and the other as an office boy—took up the typewriter, and patented the essential parts. For a long time all manufacturers of typewriters had to pay them royalties, and the three are, to-day, worth millions of dollars.

Mr. Lee has a sister, Mrs. Robert Turnbull, in Galt, Ont., and a brother in Owen Sound, Ont., who carries on the old family trade of watch-repairing. One of his sons is a successful electrician, living at Hartford, Conn. Mr. Lee's wife died in London, Eng.

F. E. E. SIMSON.

PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—Major Girouard, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Boul, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Herlette, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. R. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denton, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10; Dr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Geo. Goolerham, November 24; Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archibishop Bruchas, December 8; Mr. Cleophas Bensiolell, December 15; Mayor Parent, of Quebec, December 22; The Hon. Justice Wurtelle, December 29; Sir Wm. R. Meredith, January 5; Mr. W. L. Doran and Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, M.P., January 12; Lord Kitchener, January 19; Archbishop Lewis, February 2; Hon. Senator J. P. B. Casgrain, February 9; Hon. Senator Geo. T. Fullard, February 16; Wm. Gilson, M.P., February 23; Mr. Hector Mackenzie, March 2; Mr. Donald MacMaster, Q.C., March 9; Sir Wm. Hingston, March 16; Mr. James Ross and Mr. Robert G. Reid, March 23.

THE tortoise is a great sleeper. The Spectator has had a story of one which was a domestic pet in an English house. As his time for hibernating drew nigh, he selected a quiet corner in the dimly-lit coal-cellar, and there composed himself to sleep. A new cook was appointed soon after. She knew not tortoises. In a few months, with the lapse of time, the tortoise woke up and sallied forth. Screams soon broke the kitchen's calm. On entering that department the lady of the house found the cook gazing in awe-struck wonder, and exclaiming, as with unsteady hand she pointed to the tortoise: "My conscience! Look at the stone which I've broken the coal wi' a' winter!"



AT the British Museum, an interesting collection of prints of fashions, dating back to the eighteenth century, is on exhibition. The collection is loaned by the Princess of Wales, to whom it was bequeathed by Sir William Fraser, the most discriminating curio collector of the day. A correspondent, writing of these prints, says: "In view of the present tendency towards Empire and Directory modes, these pictures should prove peculiarly applicable; while the turban toque, with rampant, uncurled ostrich plumes, the *bonne-femme* skirt, and the huge, flat mull, are all repetitions of the reign of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, to say nothing of fichus, than which no drapery is better loved at the present day, and close-fitting elbow sleeves, deeply ruffled. Nor, short of powder and those curls about the neck, are our latter-day coiffures very violently dissimilar to those worn during the Louis Seize reign. The dressing of the Directory time I have always hugely admired. It is the epitome of the picturesque, lacking the voluminosity of the Louis Seize, and the unpleasantly suggestive skimpiness of the First Empire. The Directory coat, with its large buttons, double capes disappearing behind large pointed velvet revers, and full skirt, owns an elegance quite supreme. Its re-introduction, if I mistake not, was attempted some nine years ago, but for some reason inexplicable it then failed to secure any pronounced success. However, there is a much more encouraging promise that a better fate will be accorded it in the near future. But the vogues of the Directory time altogether lend themselves to an infinite variety of aspects, and never will they have been more decoratively aided in the matter of buttons, buckles, and jabots than just now. My private impression with regard to the Empire frock is that it will not be extravagantly patronized. There is just one, and only one, type of figure capable of doing its long, semi-revealing lines justice. And while it crosses my mind, let me hint that the gathered skirt, characteristic both of the Directory and Louis Seize periods, is a very possible adoption by the woman only averagely endowed with inches, and hinting, perhaps, at embonpoint. I know many are laboring under the reverse impression—hence the warning."

THE Countess of Aberdeen has accepted the presidency of the Aberdeen centre of the Women's Branch of the Scottish Red Cross Society, by special request of the Duchess of Montrose, who is president of the society.

THE city of Paris has just received a splendid legacy—the largest, in fact, that has ever been left to it. It amounts to 5,000,000 francs, and is bequeathed by Mlle. Marie Genevieve Tames, who herself had inherited the money from Dr. Dubrel. The legacy is to be devoted to the establishment of three institutions, an orphanage and a school of architectural design in the eighth arrondissement of Paris, and the rest to such public or private works as the municipal council may deem advisable.

LADY SYBIL GREY, second daughter of Earl and Countess Grey and niece of Lady Minto, is destined to make her court curtesy this coming season. Her eldest sister, Lady Victoria Grey, of whom a portrait appeared in this paper last week, came out at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, and their uncle, Capt. Holford, gave a ball in her honor at Dorchester House of which he is the owner. The Countess of Morley is an aunt of these ladies, and their father, Earl Grey, being a rich man as well as a great peer, pretty Lady Sybil's introduction to society bids fair to be arranged in pleasant places. Perhaps the most interesting debutante of 1900 will be Miss Jeanne

Langtry, daughter of Mrs. Langtry—"Mrs. De Bathe" still seems so unfamiliar. Miss Langtry is an extremely handsome girl, and Mrs. Cornwallis West is to be her social godmother. Miss Langtry is not perhaps so beautiful in an orthodox fashion as her celebrated mother, but she has, in addition to pretty features, a quite noticeable air of high breeding and refinement. She is also very highly educated, and has been kept in strict seclusion during her childhood and early girlhood—a fair and carefully guarded flower. The young lady is said to possess a handsome dot.

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY has acquired what is understood to be the laurel crown of the modern story teller—her novel "Red Pottage" is to be put upon the stage. She is dramatizing it herself with skilled assistance.

IN London, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has surprised everyone by making an unequivocal success with a serious play in a small theatre hitherto the home of farce-comedy. Magda, at the Royalty, is the fashion of the hour. It seems almost inappropriate to speak of gowns in connection with a great artistic achievement; but Mrs. Campbell's dresses in Magda merit description. Her first is a long, clinging evening dress, cut *princesse* fashion, made entirely of a glittering, transparent embroidery of crystal beads. Under this is worn a slip of maize-colored silk, embellished at the bottom with ruffles of maize-colored chiffon. The last dress has a skirt of white and pale gold brocade, veiled with a second skirt of white chiffon. Bodice and overskirt are of mauve grey crepe de chine. The overskirt is made of long, square panels caught with silver ornaments a little below the waist line. The bodice is relieved by a yoke and sleeves of lattice-work, made of narrow black velvet studded with jewels. With this gown, on entering, Mrs. Campbell wears a long cloak of emerald green velvet, richly trimmed with chinchilla, and a halo-shaped black hat trimmed with a half wreath of shaded pink roses.

A CORRESPONDENT of The Rider and Driver (New York), severely criticizes a statement in an article, "English at Fox Hunting," viz., "ladies generally dress in dark blue habit—for them a high hat and veil are indispensable." The correspondent says: "I have hunted for the past two years with a pack of fox hounds, and at times with Her Majesty's stag hounds, and I can only remember one dark blue habit in either field, and that was replaced after the Christmas sales by a smart dark grey melton one. The tall hats on ladies I could easily count on the fingers of one hand, and veils are rare (never the blue or grey variety shown in old prints by Leech and his time) and are only used to steady the hats. I have heard my wife and other hunting women often wish they could wear them, but they found the brauches tore them and they interfered with their sight. Then the knot of cherry or scarlet ribbon at the throat—Ye Gods! A tight collar and plain white Ascot scarf, or, better still, a regular hunting stock and full scarf, with a gold horn or crop pin, the bowler hat (or, as we call it in America 'derby') and dark grey or black safety habit, is what is always used by ladies who hunt here. I believe with the regular hunting women of Quorn and Pytchley, the most fashionable packs, the tall hat is said to be coming in again, but is still the exception, not the rule."

THE Philadelphia Ledger says that a bacteriologist asked a woman who did not usually have to go on very dirty streets if he might make an experiment on one of her skirts. It was a comparatively new one, and received daily brushing. He found on part of the skirt binding at the hem the following small menagerie. Two hundred thousand germs, many bearing diphtheria, pneumonia and tonsillitis; also collections of typhoid and consumption microbes. To say the least, I do not think Philadelphia's streets are dirtier than Montreal's, so what would be the result, one wonders, of a bacteriological examination of walking skirts here. Such startling scientific disclosures as the above may be used as a crushing arraignment of the long skirt. But, after all, they might also be used as the basis of an argument against walking in the city at all, for our feet must touch the pavements, and boots will pick up germs with the same ease as skirts. Perhaps, like the Hollanders in their homes, or like certain Orientals in their temples, we ought always to leave our shoes at the door as things unclean. But even then, geratophobia—that worst of modern nightmares—would probably pursue us into our homes, through the keyhole or up the water-pipe! So what are we to do?

GERALDINE.

AN ADMIRABLE CHARITY.

The Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf Mutes and the Blind—Interesting Description of the Methods It Employs—Many Prominent People Enlisted in the Work.

PERHAPS no institution is better known to a large portion of Montreal people of all grades of society, than the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf Mutes and the Blind. It occupies a capital site on the Cote St. Luke road, below the Cote St. Antoine road, about 10 minutes from the picturesque ruins of Ville Marie Convent. Behind it stretches undulating, tree-dotted farm-land, broken by carefully planted orchards, while, from its windows, one enjoys a wonderful panorama which embraces Mount Royal, the Lachine rapids, a glimpse of Lake St. Louis, and the Lake of Two Mountains, to say nothing of the Victoria Bridge, and the purple crest of Belœil.

Most of us, possessed as we are of sight, hearing and speech, hardly even dare to imagine or measure what the deprivation of any one of these three would mean. The incalculable horror of being, perhaps, suddenly stricken deaf, or dumb, or blind, is too terrible to think about. How much more appalling to have never, from one's birth, enjoyed the possession of those



One of the Girl Inmates.

faculties most of God's creatures have had bestowed upon them. And yet, strange as it may appear, a visit to "Mackay" has far from a depressing effect. In fact, the patience, the cheerful acceptance of a Will higher than all earthly powers, the perseverance which conquers obstacles, insurmountable one would suppose, practically demonstrate invaluable lessons. Though, with the exception of the superintendent and instructors, all the inmates of the institute are afflicted in regard to hearing or sight, it would not be easy to find a happier, more contented congregation of human souls.

Up to 1869, little or nothing was known in this Province about the instruction of deaf mutes and the blind. It was then that Mr. J. B. McGann came to Montreal, with several pupils, and lectured on the necessity for such a school, and the steps to be taken for its formation. It is to the credit of the enterprise of Montrealers, that within two years the "Protestant Institution" was opened, with 14 pupils.

At first it occupied a small house on the Cote St. Antoine road. But in 1876, the late Mr. Joseph Mackay magnanimously offered to erect new and more suitable buildings on the present site. In 1877, the foundation stone was laid, and the following year the Earl and Countess of Dufferin formally declared it open. Ever since, the institution has been under vice-regal patronage, and has, I think, always been in a flourishing condition, owing to generous legacies bequeathed by well-known Montrealers, the bequests of the late Messrs. Mackay being the largest.

Among those who have ever taken the liveliest interest in this splendid work are Mr. Wolferstan Thomas, the present president, Mr. Charles Alexander, Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas, Mrs. P. S. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacKay, Mr. George Durnford. The elective governors and the board of managers number in their lists many influential citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. James Widd, themselves deaf mutes, were the first superintendents. They were followed by Miss McGann, daughter of Mr. J. B. McGann, previously mentioned. Some years ago, Miss McGann became Mrs. J. Imrie Ashcroft, and she and Mr. Ashcroft were joint superintendents. Since the death of her husband, Mrs. Ashcroft has ruled alone. And it may be most sincerely asserted that no one better qualified for the position could be found. Her work and her influence are of the highest character possible. One has only to visit the institution to realize the affectionate regard in which she is held by all her pupils.



A Bright Pupil.

There are, at the present time, between 60 and 70 pupils in residence. Under 10 of these are blind, and the rest are, the larger number, totally deaf—I do not say "dumb," because in most cases it is the deafness which is responsible for the dumbness, and these children are taught to speak. The institution also receives those of defective hearing and imperfect speech, and their progress is marvelous. These, it may be mentioned, receive the education of ordinary schools, and that in a class by themselves, the manual alphabet and signs not being used at all. The children, one and all, however, receive, and are retentive of an amount of general knowledge which is nothing short of miraculous. Many of the boys and girls have entered the institution in a condition one might almost term imbecilic—not from any weakness of mind and brain, but simply because, being of poor parentage, their faculties have not had any opportunity of being developed. And three months after their entrance the most



"STANLEY."

ADMIRABLE CHARITY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

marked improvement is noted, for, little by little, they are taught to think, to express what they think by signs, or on their fingers, and their whole expression becomes changed by reason of the gradual stirring of the dormant intellect. Reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history (English and Canadian), grammar, scripture, even natural philosophy, English literature, elementary algebra and French, are all on the curriculum, and the examinations passed in these subjects would be creditable to any school. For it must not be forgotten that many, in fact nearly all, have first to be taught the names of even the most common objects, and things most in use. As far as being able to show the pupil the object and name it, this sounds easy enough. But when one thinks of all the abstract words and phrases that must be explained, then



Hockey Club of the Mackay Institution.

one understands, in a small measure, what unceasing labor and patience is needed on the part of the teachers.

It is most difficult to explain what the method is by which the deaf mutes are primarily instructed. For, remember, when they first enter, they would not understand the language of the hands. I have seen it demonstrated by Mrs. Ashcroft but am not sufficiently up in it to transmit the little knowledge I possess to others.

There are now three classes which are taught orally. That is, signs and the manual alphabet are not employed, but the pupils read the lips of the instructor and answer orally. Every child is given the opportunity of learning to speak, but if he or she shows no especial aptitude, too much time is not devoted to this branch of their education. Perhaps one of the most interesting exercises to watch, is that on the blackboard, when Mrs. Ashcroft writes the most extraordinary hieroglyphics, which represent the position of the tongue in the mouth when certain words are being uttered, and which are read by the children with the utmost facility. By this mode they pronounce the most unpronounceable words of any language.

Apart from, or rather together with, the usual school

instruction, useful trades are learned by all the boys, comprising shoemaking, carpentering, cabinetmaking, chair-caning (for the blind especially) and printing; while the girls learn dress-making, domestic economy, plain sewing and fancy-work. Music and drawing are also taught, the former giving great pleasure to the blind, who are apt pupils. The printing done at the institute is really excellent, as anyone who has seen the annual reports, bound and printed by the pupils, can testify. And, as a result of their careful teaching, three or four boys, deaf mutes, have obtained very good positions in the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa.

During the last year a kindergarten system has been adopted with great success for the tiny children, who are just as capable of enjoying the various plays and occupations as ordinary little boys and girls. No doubt they are even cleverer, for one always notices the deftness and gracefulness with which the deaf and dumb use their hands. And while still dealing with facts, it must be noted that this institution is not an asylum, but rather a boarding-school; for, while on recommendation, some are educated and looked after without charge, the majority of pupils are paid for either by friends or their own people. Nearly every class of society is represented there; though it may be added that no favoritism is shown, and the humbler ones are treated with quite as much consideration as their richer companions, and friendships are formed irrespective of wealth or position. The staff consists of the superintendent, Mrs. Ashcroft, with five assistant teachers and four instructors in the workshops, and a visiting professor of music, Mr. Septimus Fraser—he himself blind.

It is all very well to write an account of this interesting institution, but the pleasant way of acquiring knowledge is to pay a visit oneself; for nowhere does one receive a warmer welcome. The walk out, at any season of the year, is delightful, whether the route chosen is along Western avenue, or by the more circuitous Cote St. Antoine road. And walking parties with "the Mackay" as their destination are far from unusual. Not long ago a number of us set out on this long-talked-of expedition, and it may be honestly said that the only subject of regret was that we had not more time to spend with the children and in looking into the many matters of interest. On our arrival, we spent a short while in the superintendent's cosy little sitting-room, where we fully appreciated very excellent tea after our walk in the bracing air, and a chat about pupils we had previously known. We also looked at several photographs recently taken, of especial interest being the large group of last year's hockey team, as sturdy and smartly dressed a lot of boys as any boarding-school might hope to present. Thence we went into the large sunny class-room, opening into a second room of equal size. There were seated two small boys engaged in a game of "Halma," the one a deaf mute, the other of defective hearing. The former had been hurt slightly at hockey, but looked jolly enough and both made friends with us instantly, the latter being most anxious we should know he could both hear and speak a little. Meanwhile,

several boys, rosy with the cold and the exercise of a vigorous game on the capital rink in the playground, had been summoned. No doubt, they were loth to leave the hockey practice, but they dissembled their feelings most successfully. Mrs. Ashcroft asked them numerous questions which they answered in most articulate, if somewhat unmodulated, voices, proving their capability in lip-reading. They also spoke to us on their hands, evidently quite astonished that any of us could understand or reply in the same way.

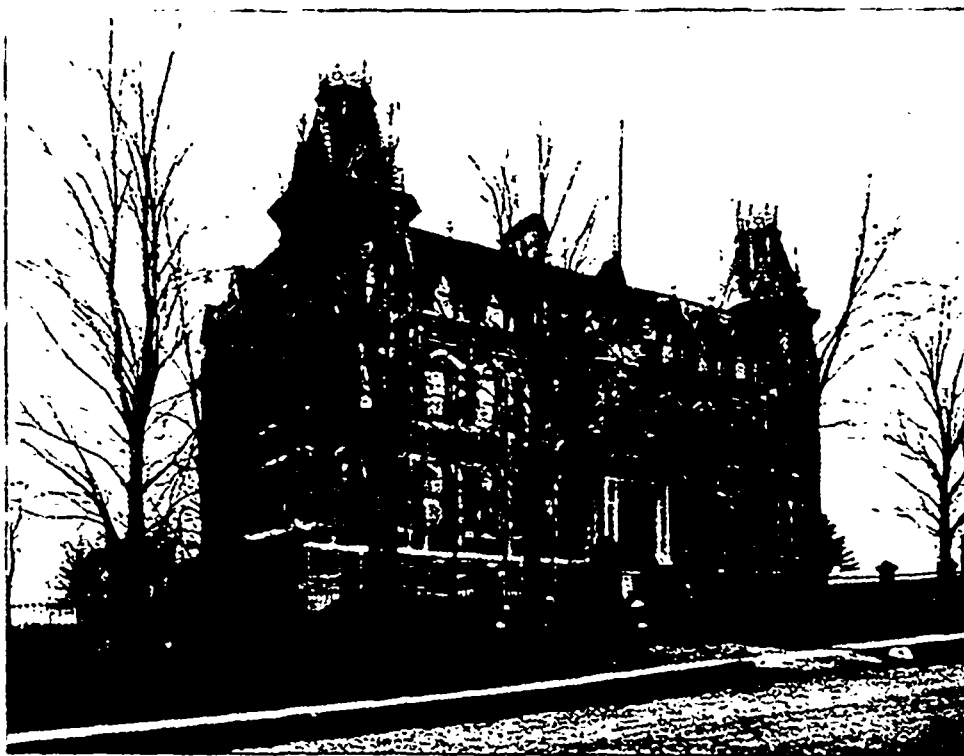
The superintendent then asked us to give words, the sounds of which she translated into the peculiar signs I have spoken of, upon the board. And promptly each boy pronounced at sight the various words, some of which were Latin and Greek. They also said our names with great clearness after looking at them described, as they were, in these Chinese-looking characters. I regret I cannot remember the name of the young lady, one of the eldest pupils, who recited for us "Crossing the Bar," and "Rock of Ages," in the sign language, perhaps the most graceful performance it is possible to imagine. Even had the signs not been interpreted by Mrs. Ashcroft, line by line, so descriptive were they, that one easily guessed their import. Several of the girls have had lessons in Delsarte, which has much to do with the charm of the rendition.

In the second room we were shown by a blind pupil the process by which they can print the raised type for the blind. And here we were followed by a small and friendly boy, who had brought with him a dear little girl in a sailor dress, from whose appearance it was difficult to guess that in any way she was afflicted. Evidently he was a tremendous admirer, for he amused us not a little by his repeated invitations to us to kiss her rosy cheeks, and held up a lock of her golden hair that we might see the sun shine through it. Such sentiment it is to be hoped, will blossom out in poetry, as he grows to man's estate. Then, up the broad stairs we mounted, and there, in the hall, where the piano stands, we listened to numerous songs by a grown-up pupil, who, I believe, is only partially blind. Some of the party had been frequent visitors, but the others were filled with amazement at the sight of one pleasant bedroom after another, some with two beds, others with three, or but one, and all comfortably furnished. The greater part of the furniture, washstands, bureaus, tables, chairs, wardrobes, etc., have been made in the shop by the boys, and would speak well for the skill of any cabinetmaker. On the same floor is the little library well stocked with instructive works and story books, neatly arranged in book-cases of "home-manufacture"; while a delightful little corner-cupboard, admirable for a medicine cupboard, filled us all with a desire for similar ones. On the top storey are more bedrooms and dormitories, but we had no time to ascend any further. As we came down, on our way to the dining-room and offices, we met one of the governesses. She had been busy making sweets in honor of a small blind boy whose birthday was being celebrated by a little tea-party at which he was entertaining all the blind children, or at least his particular friends. And it struck us all how very unlike the ordinary

institution this sounded; so very much more like the home it is—for all the large and diverse family gathered under its roof. The dining-room, with its tea tables laid for the evening meal, looked very cheery and bright, and here again we could not refrain from admiring the beautifully made and carved sideboard.

We had but a moment to peep into another schoolroom, where nearly all the girls were congregated, for, except at meals and studies, the boys and girls are kept strictly apart, and very jolly they all looked, seated about with their sewing or games, and to all intents very pleased to see us, and anxious to have a little conversation.

And here I may say that the variety of subjects upon which the older pupils are competent to converse is surprising. They read, or have read to them, the daily papers and the magazines, and evince a thorough knowledge of current events, and a store of general information that might put to shame many a person of our acquaintance. No doubt they know quite as much as, if not more than, any of their more fortunate brothers and sisters concerning the present war. For I can well remember my astonishment at all they knew regarding the Spanish-American War and, previous to that, the conflict



The Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf Mutes and Blind.

between China and Japan. Every Sunday afternoon they have service in their class rooms, conducted every alternate Sunday by the Rev. John Campbell, D.D., and anyone who has heard Dr. Campbell address children or read his book of children's sermons, entitled "Sundays in Yoho," can understand the privilege they enjoy. On the intervening Sundays various well-known clergyman officiate. A cordial invitation was extended to us to be present at some of these services, which could not fail to interest one, no matter of what age.

But alas! we had some distance to go, and the afternoon was rapidly showing signs of giving place to evening. Reluctantly we bade farewell, with many promises, most readily given, to repeat the visit at no far off date. And, as we walked down the winding road, the setting sun gleaming through the ruined towers of Ville Marie, and lighting up many a dome and spire in the distant smoke-laden city, with the sheet of frozen river and snowy hills beyond, we one and all agreed that never had an afternoon been more pleasantly or more profitably spent.

On a subject as interesting as this, at least to the writer, much more might be written, for to many salient points no allusion has been made. Suffice it to say that every visitor to the Mackay Institution comes away with the unuttered prayer, or at least tenacious of the feeling, that such a good work may long continue, and spread its influence abroad, and that funds may ever be forthcoming when extension or improvement necessitates their increase.

M. G. C.

Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Lopronon.

CHAPTER XI.

Major Sternfield, whose equanimity had been considerably ruffled by his meeting with Louis Beauchesne, did not stay long; and after he had taken his departure, the letter which Louis had brought was again read, and its contents discussed by both ladies. The somewhat arbitrary though kindly tone of the epistle was triumphantly pointed out by Mrs. D'Aulnay as an irresistible proof of the truth of her theory respecting the unreasonable tyranny of fathers, where their daughters' affections were concerned; and her conjectures with regard to the extremities Mr. De Mirecourt would proceed to in order to enforce his wishes, put Antoinette into a state of feverish restlessness which effectually banished sleep from her pillow that night. A severe headache, which confined her the ensuing morning to her room, was the consequence; so that when Sternfield called with some book or trifling message for her, he found no one but Mrs. D'Aulnay in the drawing-room. His visit, however, proved anything but wearisome; for his companion took advantage of their *tete-a-tete* to frankly communicate to him the contents of the letter of which Louis had been the bearer; informing him, at the same time, of Mr. De Mirecourt's intense prejudices against foreigners, and of his formally declared determination to never allow his daughter to marry one. Sternfield's stay was unusually protracted; and, towards its close, had any curious eye glanced into the drawing-room, it would have seen him in the act of holding Mrs. D'Aulnay's hand, whilst voice and eyes were alike eloquent in preferring some request. For a long time the lady hesitated and wavered; but, at length, touched by his entreaties, she bowed her head in token of assent.

"Thanks, thanks, my true and generous friend!" he vehemently exclaimed. "You have saved Antoinette and myself."

"I do not feel so sure of that. I can do but little for you. Everything depends on your influence with my fair cousin herself; but you can call again this afternoon, and I will give you an opportunity of pressing your suit."

Mrs. D'Aulnay kept her word; and when Major Sternfield repeated his visit at a later period of the day, some inevitable writing obliged her to leave the room shortly after his entrance, whilst, singularly enough, though several acquaintances called, none found their way into the drawing-room. After a time Sternfield took his departure, whilst Antoinette, with a flushed cheek and contracted brow, escaped to her own room. Thither she was soon followed by Mrs. D'Aulnay, who found her pacing the apartment with quick, nervous steps, and heightened color.

"What is the matter, Antoinette? Are you still ill?" she inquired in a kind tone.

"Ill, and unhappy," was the hurried, agitated reply. "Shall I, or shall I not confide in you?" and the speaker looked earnestly, wistfully into her cousin's countenance, which wore a look of innocent unconsciousness.

Oh! could Antoinette's better angel have spoken then, how he would have urged her to turn from that dangerous mentor, and place her confidence in those who would have proved more worthy of the trust. But it was the soft musical tones of Mrs. D'Aulnay that made themselves heard, as she gently insinuated her affection for Antoinette, and her earnest desire to promote the latter's happiness in all things. Little by little she at length drew from the young girl a confession, that Sternfield, who seemed by some wonderful instinct (so poor Antoinette in her simplicity said) to have divined the contents of the letter which Louis had brought, had been using every possible entreaty and argument to induce her to a secret marriage.

"And what answer did you give him, dear?"

"Of course, I peremptorily refused," was the petulant reply. "Why, you are almost as bad as Sternfield himself, Lucille, to ask me such a question."

"Well, child, abuse me if you will, but I really do not condemn his proposal as strongly as you seem to do. Once wedded, your father would have no alternative but that of forgiving and receiving you again into favor; whilst now, he may forbid your union with Sternfield, under threats so severe, that you dare not disobey him."

"Well, if he does so, I must submit," rejoined Antoinette, moodily. "I cannot, I dare not, deceive him to such an extent."

"What, submit! Yield up the man you love for a father's whim—sacrifice the happiness of your whole life to a mere prejudice!"

"Filial duty and affection are neither whims or prejudices," retorted Antoinette indignantly. "Papa has always been kind and indulgent, and to deceive him so terribly would be indeed but a poor return for all his affection."

"Perhaps you are right, child," was the quiet reply; "and I begin to think it would be as well on the whole to obey him on every point. Louis will make a good, humdrum sort of husband; and even if your conjugal happiness occasionally prove somewhat monotonous—even if you regret at times the never-to-be-recalled past—your filial duty and your own conscience will prove your reward."

"Lucille, you are very provoking to-day! Rejecting a secret marriage with Major Sternfield is one thing, and wedding Louis Beauchesne is another."

"Oh! you will find them synonymous, cousin mine. Uncle De Mirecourt is not a man to be trifled with, and your refusal to wed the suitor he may choose for you will prove as unavailing as would the struggle of a linct against the strong grasp that would seek to place it in a cage. But you look flushed and feverish, dear child. Seek your pillow, and take counsel from it."

Alas! Antoinette did so, instead of seeking direction from that unfailing source of light which would have guided her footsteps so unerringly amid the snares into which they had wandered. Still, for two days she scrupulously avoided any mention of Sternfield's name, evading, with equal care, all further discussion regarding him, with Mrs. D'Aulnay; and the latter began to think the handsome Englishman's chance was a hopeless one, when help came to his cause from a quarter, the very last from which it might have been expected. This was in the shape of a very severe, very imperious letter from Mr. De Mirecourt to his daughter, mentioning that he had just heard from a lady, who had recently left Montreal, of the notorious flirtation she was carrying on with some English officer, and that he was coming to town in a week to put an end to the affair by hurrying on her marriage with the husband he had chosen for her.

This letter, most certainly ill-judged and arbitrary, corroborating so fully all Mrs. D'Aulnay's late predictions, had a most pernicious effect on Antoinette's already wavering mind, and she had recourse again to her cousin for advice and encouragement. 'Tis needless to say in what shape the latter administered it; and she now openly and constantly spoke of an immediate and secret marriage as the only alternative left.

CHAPTER XII.

Additional cause of mental trouble and anxiety presented itself in the absence of Major Sternfield, who, since Antoinette's indignant rejection of his proposal, had not returned to the house.

Whether this was the result of disappointment and wounded feeling, or that of simple calculation on his part, it is impossible to say. If the latter, he certainly proved himself a clever tactician, for his absence served his cause far more effectually than his presence could have done. Left almost entirely to herself—for she felt too unhappy to see any of the general run of "callers" who daily presented themselves in her cousin's

salons—half-distracted by fears of her father's forcing on her marriage with Louis, or visiting on her the full weight of his anger if she resisted, she missed with an acuteness, a feverish anxiety, she would have heretofore deemed impossible, the honeyed words, the tender protestations which of late Audley Sternfield had so constantly breathed into her ear.

Mrs. D'Aulnay, who, partly out of kindly feeling to Antoinette, as well as to Sternfield, whose mutual happiness she thought could be alone secured by marriage—partly out of a silly sentimentalism, seeking excitement of some sort or other—was determined to bring about their union, if possible; so far from doing anything in her power to alleviate Antoinette's very apparent wretchedness, strove rather to increase it. Now, affecting to look on the latter's marriage with a suitor she did not love, as inevitable, and pitying her in consequence; then, gently blaming her timidity, her obstinacy in refusing to wed the one she did. These exhortations she always concluded by repeating that once her young cousin was united to Sternfield, they would have no difficulty in obtaining her father's forgiveness, though the latter would inevitably keep his word of wedding her to Louis if no obstacle, beyond his daughter's unwillingness, presented itself. Another time she would wonder, and comment on Sternfield's protracted absence—hint, that discouraged by Antoinette's coldness and contemptuous rejection of his suit, he had abandoned it, or perhaps turned his attentions to some other quarter where they would be more flatteringly received; and then she would leave Antoinette to reflections which dyed her brow with humiliating blushes, and made her heart ache as it had never ached before. It was at the end of such a conversation that Mrs. D'Aulnay rose to dress for a drive, in which Antoinette had petulantly declined joining her, saying:

"Well, it is probably better for all parties that Sternfield has ceased his visits here, for what could they avail but to render you both more wretched. In two days at farthest, your father will arrive; and before another month you will be Louis's very obedient, very loving wife."

"Never!" she vehemently exclaimed. "I shall live and die single first."

But as reflection brought up before her the inflexible determination of her father's will when once fully bent on any point, the passionate flush on her cheek faded, and she wearily leaned her head on the small table near her, faint and sick at heart. From her father, her thoughts turned to the recreant Audley, who had wearied so soon of a lover's supplicating attitude, and the quickened beating of her heart as his image mentally rose before her, even though irritation mingled with the warmer feelings she entertained for him, whispered more energetically than aught else could have done, "that now, at least, she ought not to become the bride of Louis." The opening of the hall door, announcing the probable advent of some visitor, but increased the morbid irritation of her feelings; and as the door of the apartment in which she was sitting unclosed she impatiently exclaimed, without raising her head from the arm on which it was bowed:

"Not at home, Jeanne, not at home to anyone."

"Still less of all others to me, Antoinette," whispered a deep musical voice beside her; and her quickly raised, startled glance, encountered the dark eyes of Audley Sternfield, fixed in pleading, deprecating entreaty upon her.

"Forgive me, my beloved, this once, for thrusting Jeanne aside, and forcing myself on your presence unannounced, but I have just learned that Mr. De Mirecourt arrives to-morrow, and I have that to say to you which must be said. Tell me, first, though, that you forgive me"; and he caught Antoinette's hand, which she passively suffered him to retain, averting from him, however, her pale and troubled countenance. "I have come, mine own, to implore your forgiveness for the annoyance I caused you in our last interview—to atone for my madness and folly."

"You have taken time to do so," returned his companion, her delicate lip nervously quivering.

Oh! unwary, inexperienced Antoinette, how much was unconsciously implied, acknowledged in that childish reproach! Major Sternfield's triumphant glance told he took in its full import; but, in tones of softest humility, he continued, as he seated himself beside her:

"You ordered me from your presence, my own Antoinette, and I dare not seek you again till your anger, which my presumption had perhaps justly evoked, was somewhat appeased."

But why follow that wily man of the world through his course of passionate entreaty, deprecation and well-feigned despair? What chance against him had the yielding, child-like Antoinette, unsustained as she then was by the religious principles, to whose holy suggestions she willfully closed her heart? As might be foreseen, the tempter triumphed; and on his again repeating, for the twentieth time, his proposal of an immediate marriage, she at length bowed her pale cheek on his shoulder, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"This evening, my beloved," he whispered, as he pressed her cold, still half-reluctant hand to his lips, again and again.

Antoinette's tears flowed still faster, but she spoke not. Her silence, however, was answer enough for her lover, and he continued: "kind Mrs. D'Aulnay will befriend us as she has ever heretofore done; and here, in her drawing-room, Doctor Ormsby, the chaplain of our regiment, will unite us by those sacred bonds which will give me the blessed right to call you all my own."

"Dr. Ormsby!" repeated Antoinette, with a bewildered look, which told the peculiar circumstances of a secret marriage now fully dawned for the first time upon her. Yes, it must indeed be so. No Catholic priest would, or dared, marry her thus privately and secretly. Her father, too, was daily expected—no farther time allowed for hesitation, for delay. Woefully as the young girl had retrograded from the standard of truth, and pure, strict uprightness, which had been hers when she first arrived beneath Mrs. D'Aulnay's roof—negligent as she had had latterly grown in prayer, and in the fulfilment of all her religious duties, enough remained of olden feelings and principles, to make her shrink from the idea of a clandestine marriage, unhallowed by a father's blessing, and that religious benediction, which she had been taught from childhood to regard as so solemn and necessary a part of the marriage service. Sternfield saw her increased trouble, and divined at once the cause. Eloquently he spoke of Dr. Ormsby's worth and goodness, and gently insinuated how little mattered slight differences of ceremonies.

"Ah! yes," interrupted his companion, with a slight shudder, "to you it is but a ceremony—to me it is, or ought to be, a sacrament."

"But, my beloved, our nuptials shall be blessed and solemnized again, if you wish it, by a clergyman of your own faith, whenever your father shall have been informed of our marriage—nay, before then—to-morrow, if you are willing. Antoinette, my own Antoinette, what is there that love like mine would hesitate to grant you?"

Silenced, though not convinced, she made no reply, for passion at that moment spoke louder in her heart than principle; and now every obstacle vanquished, every objection overcome, Sternfield poured forth his ardent expressions of love and gratitude, unmindful, almost careless in the proud height of his triumph, that tears were still flowing down her pale cheek, and that the little hand he held so closely was as cold as one of her own Canadian icicles. This singular lover's interview was brought to an end by Mrs. D'Aulnay's entrance, some short time after; and a glance at Sternfield's happy, triumphant countenance, so forcibly contrasted by the pale, agitated face of his companion, enabled her to form at once an accurate guess at the real state of matters. Antoinette rose on her cousin's entrance, and left

ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.

the room, but not before Sternfield had imprinted a kiss on her hand, whispering in an audible tone:

"This evening, my Antoinette, at seven."

"Well, Major Sternfield, I see you have diligently improved your time. So day and hour are settled!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, fixing a penetrating glance on her military friend. Perhaps the exultant triumph that beamed on his handsome face, slightly jarred with her sentimental ideas of what a lover's reverential devotion should be, infusing, probably, at the same time, some uneasy fears into her mind, regarding the absolute certainty of Antoinette's future wedded happiness—a thing of which, till the present moment, she had never entertained even the shadow of a doubt. The quick-sighted Sternfield detected at once the cloud on Mrs. D'Aulnay's countenance, slight as it was, and, probably divining the cause, instantly advanced towards her, exclaiming:

"My dear, kind Madame D'Aulnay, you, who have listened so indulgently, so patiently, to all my doubts, hopes, and fears, will not wonder that I am nearly intoxicated with joy, when I tell you that Antoinette has consented to become mine by the holiest of all ties, this very evening. Oh, best and dearest friend, I could kneel to you, if you would permit it, to pour forth my thanks—my unbounded gratitude."

The handsome speaker seemed very much in earnest, and the lady, completely appeased, smiled kindly upon him, as she rejoined:

"Enough, Major Sternfield. I believe in your sincerity. And now, if this solemn affair is really to come off this evening, I must send you away, for I have a great deal to do."

The young man kissed the fair hand held out to him; an act of gallantry which the speaker, who was equally proud of her pretty tapering fingers, and splendid rings, seldom objected to, and hurried away. Mrs. D'Aulnay did not at once seek Antoinette, for the one glance she had obtained of her tearful, pale face, on entering the drawing-room, told it would scarcely prove a propitious time for consultation or discussion yet. Instead, she proceeded to her own chamber, and rang for Jeanne, with whom she was closeted a half-hour, giving her some household directions. Then she sought Mr. D'Aulnay, and chatted another half-hour with him, incidentally mentioning that she and Antoinette expected a couple of gentlemen friends in the evening, a precaution which she knew would infallibly keep her husband in his library. The early winter evening was rapidly closing in; and giving a passing glance at the drawing-rooms, to assure herself that lights and fires were brightly burning, she sought her young cousin's room. The latter was standing near the bedroom window, her forehead pressed against the panes as if she were watching the snowstorm wildly raging without, the falling flakes of which, caught up by the fierce wind, were whirled against the casement, or blown about in blinding masses, obscuring for the moment everything in earth or sky.

"Good heavens, child!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, almost angrily, "what are you dreaming about? Five o'clock, and priest and bridegroom expected in a couple of hours!"

Her annoyance was excusable, for Antoinette still wore the soft dark stuff she had put on in the early part of the day, and no ribbons, flowers, or lighter garments lying about, betokened any intention of assuming a more suitable costume. But as the young girl slowly turned her pallid, tear-stained face, towards the newcomer, the heart of the latter smote her, and she felt she must console and encourage, instead of finding fault.

"Come here, Antoinette, darling, to the fire," she kindly exclaimed: "you will take cold near the window. It is time to think, too, about what you will wear this evening, for you must look your very best."

The bride-elect made no reply, but the expression of wretchedness on that usually bright and sparkling countenance, told

how indifferent all minor details were to her then. A violent struggle, fierce as that of the storm she was watching, had been passing in her breast during the previous hour; and better thoughts, and good inspirations had been combatting powerfully for the mastery. The strife was not yet over; for, as Mrs. D'Aulnay, alarmed at her pallor and silence, drew her towards her, repeating her questions, she whispered:

"Lucille, I cannot, I dare not venture on this terrible step! 'Twould be a union unblessed by God or man."

Mrs. D'Aulnay sank into a chair, in speechless amazement and indignation. Antoinette De Mirecourt's destiny was trembling then in the balance. One word of good advice, one encouraging look, would have given her strength to have drawn back from the precipice on which she was standing; but, alas! that strengthening word of look came not, and, instead, her companion burst forth:

"Are you mad, utterly mad, Antoinette? Your consent, your promise given—your lover, with the clergyman, whose assistance he has asked, on their way here—"

"But my father; oh Lucille, my father!" gasped forth the girl, her cheek turning to still deathlier whiteness.

"Don't speak to me about your father!" retorted Mrs. D'Aulnay, now fairly roused to anger. "The harm, if harm there is, is entirely his doing. What right has he to dispose of you to Louis Beauchesne, as if you were a farm or field he wished to get rid of? Decide, now and forever, between the husband he has selected for you, and the one your heart has chosen. Aye! choose between Louis Beauchesne and Audley Sternfield. But I am wasting words, my poor little cousin," she added in a softened tone: "your final choice is already made, though that wayward heart shrinks from acknowledging it. I see I must be your tire-woman for the occasion; and 'tis as well, for I am determined Audley shall feel proud of you."

CHAPTER XIII.

Turning to Antoinette's wardrobe, she hastily selected a rose-colored silk dress, and, bringing it forward, exclaimed:

"You are too pale for white this evening; besides, as we are comparatively alone, it might excite the remarks of the servants. This soft, warm color will give something of that glow to your complexion in which it is so sadly deficient to-night."

Under Mrs. D'Aulnay's skillful fingers, the process of dressing was a speedy one; but if hours had been lavished on the task, the result could scarcely have been more successful. Major Sternfield had indeed a lovely bride.

"Come to the drawing-room, now, you little nervous creature," the elder lady smilingly exclaimed. "You must be seated there quietly for half an hour at least, before they come in, for I can hear the beating of your heart as plainly, almost as the ticking of yonder pendulum."

Once in the drawing-room, Mrs. D'Aulnay took good care to leave her companion little time for serious reflections; for she passed from one subject to another, with a vivacity and rapidity of utterance, which almost overpowered Antoinette's already over-tasked brain. Once, however, perhaps from weariness, she suddenly paused, and a long silence ensued. Antoinette's eyes were fixed on the floor, and, by the light of the lamp on the table near her, in whose full radiance she sat Mrs. D'Aulnay earnestly scrutinized her features. There was something in their peculiar set expression which sent an uneasy fear through that lady's heart as to the wisdom of the step which she was strongly encouraging, if not almost forcing the young girl committed to her charge, and suddenly, impulsively she exclaimed:

"Tell me, Antoinette, darling, do you not truly, deeply love Audley Sternfield?"

For the first time that day, something like a smile flitted over the girl's face, as she replied: "Why, you have told me yourself a hundred times that I did, after questioning and

cross-questioning me more strictly than any lawyer could have done."

"Yes, but does not your own heart tell you that you do?" was the rapid, almost agitated inquiry.

For a moment Antoinette was silent; and then, as memory called up before her the fascinating handsome Sternfield, with all his boundless devotion to herself, a shy smile played round her lips, and she murmured, "yes."

"Thank you, sweet cousin, for the avowal!" replied Mrs. D'Aulnay, throwing her arms around her; and feeling almost as delighted with the acknowledgment, in her new-born anxiety, as Sternfield himself could have done. "Thank you a hundred times; and now I will ring for Jeanne to bring you a glass of wine. You look bent on being nervous and provoking, by-and-bye."

It was Jeanne who answered the summons, and when her mistress exclaimed, "Let tea be given in the drawing-room; I expect a couple of friends," she rejoined, "Oh, madame, nobody that could help it would venture out to-night; 'tis most fearful weather!"

Her mistress quietly smiled in reply, inwardly thinking how terrible would be the storm which could prevent one of their expected guests from coming. As the door closed upon Jeanne, a furious blast struck the casement, and caused Antoinette to give a nervous start.

"'Tis all for the best, dearest," was her companion's smiling remark. "We need be under no apprehensions of unwelcome intruders dropping in. Ah! there are our friends," she added, as voices and footsteps sounded in the hall, and sundry stampings betokened the new-comers were endeavoring to divest themselves of the snowy covering with which the storm had favored them. In another moment Major Sternfield and his companion, Dr. Ormsby, were in the drawing-room, and the ceremony of introduction was gone through. The clergyman, a young, intellectual-looking man with dark earnest eyes, replied briefly, almost coldly, to Mrs. D'Aulnay's flattering welcome, and, as soon as they were seated, stole an earnest scrutinizing glance towards Antoinette, beside whose chair Sternfield was already bending. Neither the pink hue of her dress, the heated atmosphere of the drawing-room, nor yet the presence of her lover, had brought color to her cheek, or animation to her eye; and the minister's earnest gaze grew yet more serious, and his expression more thoughtful, as he watched her. Rapidly, imploringly Sternfield whispered in the girl's ear; and at length, when Mrs. D'Aulnay, whose patience was almost exhausted by the want of gallantry of her clerical guest, exclaimed, "Antoinette, dear, we must not trespass on Dr. Ormsby's valuable time," she briefly, almost irritably replied, "I am ready."

Mrs. D'Aulnay turned quickly to the door, which she noiselessly fastened, and then moved to the table near which the remainder of the party were now standing. For a moment Dr. Ormsby's calm, earnest glance rested on Antoinette, and he then gently said:

"You are very young, Miss De Mirecourt, and 'tis a life-long engagement on which you are about to enter. Have you weighed well its duties and its purport?"

"It seems to me that your question, Dr. Ormsby, is a very singular and unnecessary one," interrupted Sternfield with a dark frown.

"I am but doing my duty, sir," was the grave, stern reply; "or rather, I fear I am about to overstep it, in keeping the promise I have given you. However, as I am here, and if Miss De Mirecourt is still determined to wed you thus privately and hurriedly, 'tis not for me to raise opposition now."

Antoinette again repeated in an almost inaudible voice, "I am ready." In a few moments, those solemn words, "They whom God hath joined let no man put asunder," rang in their ears, and Antoinette De Mirecourt and Audley Sternfield were man and wife. After a few brief words of felicitation, Dr. Ormsby rose to take leave. In vain Mrs. D'Aulnay begged him to remain to partake of some refreshment—in vain the handsome bridegroom, who had now completely recovered his equanimity, repeated her entreaties: he was resolute. As he shook hands with Antoinette, she laid her little hand on his arm, and whispered in a tone inaudible to her companions:

"Promise me that you will keep my secret."

"That promise," he kindly rejoined, "I have already tacitly given Major Sternfield, and to you I now repeat it. Need I say it shall be sacredly kept?"

"Thank you, and bear witness, Dr. Ormsby," she rejoined in a louder, though more agitated, tone. "that I tell Major

Sternfield, in your presence, that till the marriage shall have been publicly acknowledged to the world, and celebrated again by a Roman Catholic priest, he and I shall be but friends to each other."

Dr. Ormsby gravely, kindly bowed his head, and then left the room, and as the yawning domestic showed out the tall stranger, he carelessly wondered at his early departure, little dreaming what a powerful, life-long influence his stay, short as it had been, had exercised over the future destinies of two of the occupants of the drawing-room. Meanwhile, the parties in question were standing quietly around the tables if nothing unusual had happened; and Mrs. D'Aulnay and Major Sternfield were exchanging some commonplace remarks about Dr. Ormsby's gentlemanly manners and appearance; but the lady stole many a secret, uneasy glance towards the silent bride, the pallor of whose cheek had given place to a feverish vivid scarlet, such as the keenest wintry air, or the most violent exercise, had never perhaps yet called to it.

When the door closed upon the clergyman, Antoinette abruptly withdrew from Sternfield the hand he had immediately caught in his, and poured herself out a large glass of water, which she swallowed in a single draught; but the little fingers trembled so violently in raising it to her lips, that part of its contents were spilled on her bridal dress.

Mrs. D'Aulnay, naturally thinking that the lovers might wish to exchange a word alone, had, at first, quietly turned to leave the room; but a quick glance from the bride, half imploring, half authoritative, had warned her to stay. Unwilling to increase the agitation she read so plainly depicted in the latter's face, she addressed some commonplace observation to Sternfield, then walked to the window; whilst Audley, probably actuated by a similar dread, repressed the ardent words that rose to his lips and continued to address her in the subdued strain of gentle affection which he justly divined would alone prove welcome at the moment to his trembling bride.

"What a fearful night!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, as she drew together the crimson curtains shading the window near which she was standing. "'Tis, snowing, storming, and drifting in a manner that will effectually block up the roads for days to come. Your father, Antoinette, cannot possibly arrive to-morrow."

"A welcome respite!" was the secret thought of all parties, but a thought to which no one gave expression; and then Major Sternfield took occasion to inquire, with much seeming interest, how many miles it was to Valmont. Shortly after, Mrs. D'Aulnay rang for tea, which was quickly served up, and all three continued to affect a composure and calm which none really felt. Another hour passed over, all circumstances considered very heavily; and then the hostess warned Sternfield by a glance towards the time-piece, that it was time for him to leave.

After a friendly clasp of the latter's hand and a few whispered words of gratitude, he turned to his shrinking, girlish bride, and, folding her in his arms, murmured, "My wife, my own!" For a moment that bright young head rested on his shoulder, and then with a convulsive sob, or rather gasp, she faltered:

"Audley, Audley, never give me cause to repent the irrevocable step I have taken to-night!" Another embrace was his only reply; and he left the apartment with a light step and a proud triumph in his face which was certainly not reflected from the countenances of his companions.

"Come to rest, Antoinette, darling!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, when they were alone. "I will go with you to your room and wait to see you in bed."

The girl passively obeyed; and when her gay evening dress was laid aside, and her rich heavy braids of hair gathered up beneath the little snowy cap which made her fair young face look doubly youthful, she knelt before her prie-Dieu, but only to rise from it a moment afterwards, vehemently exclaiming, "Oh! Lucille, I cannot. I dare not pray to-night!"

"And, why not, you dear, fanciful little creature!" It seems to me prayer is doubly incumbent on you now that you have a handsome, devoted husband to pray for. But do not mind it to-night: I see you are really ill and your hand is burning. Lie down at once."

Antoinette passively submitted, but the step brought no repose to mind or body; and for several hours her cousin sat at her bedside, listening anxiously to the moaning and incoherent ravings which immediately ensued whenever sleep overpowered her, or soothing the nervous fancies or terrors which marked her waking moments. At length, about an hour after midnight, she sank into a deep, dreamless slumber; and Mrs. D'Aulnay retired to her own couch, more anxious and troubled than she would acknowledge even to herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BECOMING A NEWSPAPERMAN.

SINBAD RELATES SOME OF HIS FIRST EXPERIENCES AS A REPORTER.—INTERVIEWING A SUBSCRIBER.

IT is a curious thing that very few young men—in this country at all events—start out in life with the deliberate intention of becoming newspapermen. They usually first endeavor to be good. And it is only when they discover that the straight and narrow path is so jammed with flabby, weak-eyed men with sore noses and spavined intellects, whose only chance to live off their fellow men is the religious racket, that they realize that their prospects of making a living by being good are as vague as those of an amateur detective getting into a cock-fight. It is then that, in desperation, they seek a career of crime and take to journalism.

Fortunately, if these journalistic aspirants are born poor, they have one redeeming feature. No one ever accuses them of being honest. In fact, they are usually as crooked as if they had been born millionaires. Hence, the men who have begun their careers as journalists, and worked their way up to be newspapermen, do not despise them utterly, even if these literary aspirants do imagine that all newspaper workers are bad men who wear diamonds and can smoke domestic cigars without becoming deathly sick. I know my own reception was not a chilling one. The city editor, it is true, took one look at me and then buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. But the other reporter recognized the fact that I was about 20 pounds heavier than he was and uncomfortably muscular. Consequently he was genial enough. Indeed, he told me once afterwards (when I had him down on the floor and was going to hammer some intelligence into him with the fire-shovel) that he loved me like a brother. But, from subsequent occurrences, I doubt whether this totally unsolicited testimonial upon his part was strictly founded upon fact. However, at the time I was pleased, and took him forth and purchased him a drink of local whiskey so powerful that it took all the buttons off his overcoat, except one, which he had fortunately fastened on with soda-water wire.

My first assignment was to write up a plaster of paris trout in a glass case—one of those manufactured in Chatham street, New York, for the purpose of sale to anglers with elastic consciences, who like to lie over the blood-curdling experiences they went through in the course of its capture. The piscatorial prevaricator who owned it told me how that particular trout sprang out of the roaring mill-race with a blood-curdling whoop, and got a half-Nelson on him before he could think of even one short prayer. He went on to describe how his faithful dog attacked the trout in the rear, and thus gave him time to break away and climb a tree. He shed tears while he narrated how the trout started to climb the tree after him, holding the trembling dog by one ear, and how the ferocious fish drove him, inch by inch, to the very topmost branch, using language that one usually hears only in church and on the ball-grounds. Finally, just as he felt the trout's hot breath upon his cheek, he bethought himself of a comic patent-medicine almanac in his breast-pocket, and held it out. The trout saw the point of one of the jokes and turned dizzy. In his effort to recover his mental balance, the paralyzed fish opened his mouth so wide that he swallowed the dog and dropped dead of hydrophobia. This, our esteemed subscriber informed me, was the reason that he never took water in his.

During this narration I had kept my own mouth open so wide that my lungs were beginning to get as freckled as my character. Before I could get it closed the subscriber had got his second wind and started to tell me a snake story.

He said he had once owned a pet rattlesnake. He got it from a friend who had quit drinking and consequently had no further use for it. And he loved it because it was such a daisy to scare his friends with. He said the snake would simply wriggle with delight when he produced it casually during a social evening, and religious men climbed up on the bureau and solemnly swore off. But one night it showed an entirely different phase of character. Its proud possessor was awakened by a chorus of yells and screams, and, rushing into the parlor, he found that the faithful snake had coiled itself round the body of a burglar. On the floor lay a dark lantern and a kit of tools, and the snake had its tail out of the window rattling for a policeman. Overcome by this display of courage and presence of mind, its owner went hurriedly through the burglar's pockets and burst into tears. Since then, he said, he had always carried snakes around in his boots.

By this time, I was in a comatose condition. I had no clear idea how I reached the office nor what kind of explanation I could make to the city editor. Fortunately there was no need. A miscreant had broken into the office, while the staff was endeavoring to stand off the proprietor of an adjacent beanery, and stolen the safe. This, in itself, would have been a calamity. But there was worse behind. In that safe was our only half-ton of coal. And in the face of a cataclysm like this, the city editor was scratching himself bald in the effort to get type large enough for a scare head that should do justice to the subject. Under these circumstances, I was able to slide into my seat without comment and regain sufficient of my normal composure to strike the cashier for an advance on my salary. I did not get it, of course. I remember that fact with ghastly distinctness. But it soothed and comforted me to go through the formula.

SINBAD.



MRS. LUSHLEY —Oh, you needn't try to conceal your condition. You're holding the paper upside down.

MR. L.—I know't m'dear—did it on purpoh—somesing here no deshent man oughter read.



MARCH, April and May, are, if I am not mistaken, set down as the spring months. So, no matter what are the conditions underfoot or overhead, we are enjoying spring, whether we realize it or not.

It is a season which, however it may be apostrophized by poets, never approaches Montreal in a gentle, illusive way. It is generally heralded by the heaviest snowstorm of the year. The intermediate portion of its visit is a period of impassible streets, fit for neither sleighs nor carriages, when every crossing is an impromptu plunge bath, and one alternately wishes for wading-boots and carries one's rubbers, after which it invariably decides to be a "rapid-change artist," and give an imitation of summer. So, having barely discarded our furs, we find even the new spring suit uncomfortably warm. In Canada—in Montreal at least—we seldom suffer from a monotonous similarity in weather and climate from day to day. If "variety is the spice of life," we experience no lack of seasoning.

BUT speaking of spring reminds one of Easter, and Easter, in its turn, calls to the mind new hats and new gowns, and the thousand and one "fads and fancies" (as the ladies' journals and fashion notes, in general, call them) which will be thrust upon us in all their glory in a few weeks. It is as extraordinary, as it is deplorable, to note how far some women will go, in regard to making themselves ridiculous, as long as fashion excuses it. I verily believe that were nose-rings to be advocated in "Hints to the well dressed" or "Of interest to women," there would be some deluded persons who would smilingly thus adorn themselves. There has possibly never been a hat or bonnet made that cannot be sold, no matter to what lengths the distorted imagination of the milliner has run riot. The idea of the average purchaser of feminine headgear seems to consist in getting as much as possible for the necessary sum to be expended—such minor details as good taste or suitability never being considered.

It is difficult to repress a shudder as one's memory reverts to the plague of "Rough-Rider" hats which visited Montreal, as well as everywhere else, last summer and autumn. They were simple, it is true. But, oh! those bandaged crowns and flaunting quills, and the various modes of setting them upon the head; to say nothing of the absolute indifference of the wearers, as to whether they were the type, the figure, the height, to have one at all.

As to skirts, one has a hopeless feeling as to any improvement in them. Only a vivid imagination could conjure up anything worse than these trailing garments are at present. Yet, none but an optimist expects fashion to suggest anything reasonable. Surely we have swept the streets long enough. Surely, as a gymnastic exercise, skirt-holding has been indulged in sufficiently. It is a refreshing sight to see a girl walking briskly along the streets, with hands free to carry purse or parcels, and a skirt which clears the ground, and is not wrapped about her with the careless grace (?) that makes a display of silken lining and ruffles possible.

HOW curious that, difficult as we all find it to follow good advice—to shape our ends to those of others when it is a question of material benefit—it is a matter of the utmost simplicity to put into practice the merest hint of some unknown modiste or tailor, who "creates" without rhyme or reason, and with the carelessness that generally character-

izes work that those who execute it know will not be refused. It is unreasonable to expect that fashion should ever remain stationary. Nor is it to be desired, unless a happy medium could be struck. It would have been a pity to have worn forever the balloon sleeves of a few years ago, and yet the skin-tight coverings of the arm, at the present time, are not so much more desirable. The sheath-like skirts of to-day are certainly far from universally becoming. Yet, who has a word in favor of the voluminous folds, heavy with haircloth and impossible to hold up at all, that were worn uncomplainingly not so long since?

Men should be a far less worried and miserable set of beings than women, when one thinks of the comparatively few, or, at least, less obvious, changes in their garments, or the making of them. Of course, frock coats have a way of lengthening or shortening; overcoats a tendency towards a requisite tightness or looseness, fit or misfit. But a man in a suit of two years back does not present the extraordinary appearance of a woman in a dress of the same age. A man, probably, is painfully conscious that the flaps of his pockets are cut the wrong way, that his top hat has too curly or too straight a brim, that his covert coat should be minus that seam in the back, that his shirt should be all one color instead of striped, or not colored at all; that his necktie should be a bow not a four-in-hand, and green instead of blue—while the woman to whom he is talking is no doubt thinking he looks remarkably well turned out, and quite as well as the man next him who takes a pride in possessing all the recognized accessories of the existing fashion. Not that I mean to even suggest that it is not necessary for a man to be up-to-date. No, only that it is far easier for him to preserve a semblance, at least, of being so.

RATIONAL dress, as understood by the Reform League, will never be attempted, it is sincerely to be hoped. But a rational way of dressing is possible for everyone of good-breeding and common sense. With little trouble one can keep in with the times, without stepping before them. Exaggeration in dress is quite as undesirable as in language. To buy what is becoming to oneself seems a simple plan. Yet one finds the majority of people wear what they see is becoming to a friend. To buy little, and that good, is perhaps the greatest of all economies. It is better to wear one perfectly-made dress for a year, than half a dozen of ill-fit in the same length of time.

But in these days, when half the suggestions one reads in magazines, books and papers are in connection with dress, perhaps the best advice is—think and speak as little about it as is possible, and concentrate thought and energy and talent on a worthier object.

MRS. W. F. TORRANCE, The Sherbrooke, has left on a short visit to New York.

Dr. W. H. Drummond is visiting friends in Halifax and St. John, where he has been delighting them with his readings.

Miss Branstone, who has been spending the winter with her aunt, Miss Stikeman, Dorchester street, left this week for her home in Wimbledon, England.

On Friday, Lady Hickson, Mountain street, gave a very pleasant luncheon of 12 for Mrs. E. C. Hamilton. Among the guests were: Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Macdougall, Miss Howard, Miss Robertson, Mrs. A. A. Allan, Miss Dow.

MRS. J. H. ROUTH, Drummond street, will spend some weeks at Colorado Springs, for the benefit of her health.

Though occasionally, I suppose, unpleasant subjects are dragged into prominence, "to point a moral and adorn a tale," it is difficult to realize that such plays as Zaza can possibly brighten the love of society, if society thinks fit to be represented at it. Granted, that it does not materially harm anyone, does it improve them in any particular? And, because everyone is aware that all existing facts are not what they ought to be, is that a reason for thrusting them upon us, when

SOCIETY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

we are supposed to be seeking pleasure. Most of us know that the city owns and uses scavenger carts, but few care to follow them about, or stroll in the neighborhood of the incinerator. I should like very much to know how many school-girls and schoolboys were permitted to attend the theatre last week. But I do not covet the privilege of an acquaintance with the parents who allowed them.

MISS EDITH DRURY, of Kingston, is visiting Miss Phyllis Porteous, 1160 Dorchester street.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Angus W. Hooper entertained a number of friends at dinner at the St. James Club, to meet Capt. and Mrs. E. C. Hamilton. The guests included Miss Angus, Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hope, Miss Macdougall, Mr. Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lyman, Victoria street, leave very shortly for Bermuda, on a holiday of some weeks. Mr. Lyman has not been well for some time, and it is expected that the change of climate will be of great benefit.

THE Marteau concert on Friday evening, was, from every point of view, a most enjoyable one. Though his last appearance here was some time ago, everyone had too vivid a recollection of his talent not to entertain a very pleasurable anticipation of the concert. He is too well-known to need any further criticism of his performance. Suffice it to say, he was not one whit below his high standard of excellence on this occasion. The orchestra, too, was in capital form, and showed the results of all the extra practice indulged in of late.

M. Henri Marteau has greatly changed, as could only be expected, since Montrealers last saw him, for then he looked a mere boy. However, his manner is as simple and unaffected as ever.

The audience was tolerably large, and very representative. But there is one thing that Montreal theatre and concert-goers require to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest." And that is, that it shows no surprising amount of good-breeding, to say nothing about consideration, to invariably stroll in some time after the advertised hour. It is impolite to the artist, and it is most disturbing to those who have arrived at the proper time, and do not care to be pushed past in the middle of a much-to-be-appreciated number. Of course, to a certain extent, the fault lies with the management, who should peremptorily forbid the doors being opened during the numbers, once the concert has begun.

Among those present were: The Misses Abbott, Mr. J. Abbott, the Misses Angus, Miss Arnton, Miss May Stephens, Mr. Paterson, Miss Gillespie, Miss Sise, Mr. H. C. Scott, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Mrs. Mcighen, Miss Mcighen, Mrs. R. W. Reford, Miss Riddell, Miss Hampson, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Mr. A. W. Hooper, Mr. G. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Coristine, Mrs. S. Green-shields, Miss Cassels, Mr. J. Grant, Miss Grant, Mr. T. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Mr. J. Try-Davies, Miss A. Galt, the Misses Molson.

THE afternoon dance given by a number of musicians, under Prof. Gruenwald, in aid of their fund, was hardly what might be set down as an unmitigated success. It was given in Stanley Hall, and the floor was excellent, as was the orchestra, composed of 30 pieces. But the trouble was that though they piped, it was evident that few cared to dance. The idea was suggested early in the winter, and most of the well-known people received letters asking for their support in making the venture a success. Now, lax as we may be in regard to most lenient observances, we do, as a rule, draw the line at dancing. Therefore, it seems to me that it would only have been kind to

have apprised the musicians of this fact, and prevented their going to so much expense and trouble for nothing. Personally, I am not fond of dancing in the afternoon, any more than for cards at that time, or ice cream for breakfast. But, doubtless, many are. And, perhaps, if it had been suggested to Prof. Gruenwald, he would have arranged to have it after Easter. It is extraordinary how little interest the majority of people take in what does not materially affect them. The musicians are very much to be sympathized with in what was to them, no doubt, a serious financial loss.

CAPT. and Mrs. Hamilton, and little Miss Beryl Hamilton, who have been visiting Mrs. D. Lorn Macdougall, at the Windsor, left this week for Vancouver, to continue their trip around the world.

Mr. H. C. Scott, Sherbrooke street, who has been confined to the house for some weeks with a very sharp attack of la grippe is now convalescent.

LAST week, a very pleasant luncheon was given at the Mount Royal Club, by Principal and Mrs. Peterson, for Mr. and Mrs. Stobart, of Winnipeg.

Another chain letter, I see, has been begun. To most of us this is not pleasant news. It really seems as if in a short time, all the money in the country would be amassed into these various Patriotic Funds. This new one is in aid of the "wives, widows, and orphans of Britain's fighting men, and to better equip Canadian troops." The Family Herald and Weekly Star seems to have the management of it, and the names of the subscribers are to be engrossed on parchment and sent to the Queen. One cannot help feeling sorry for Her Majesty as one daily hears of fresh lists and addresses, and goodness knows what else, that she is to be asked to wade through.

MR FRANK P. BROTHERS, Manager of the Demerara Electric Company, formerly manager of construction of the Montreal Street Railway, accompanied by Mrs. Brothers, went through to New York on the D. & H. train Sunday night en route to South America. Mr. Brothers goes via Barbadoes, Trinidad, etc., to Georgetown, British Guiana, where he is undertaking the construction of an electric railway, similar to the one he installed in Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. Brothers expects to be absent about six months. He was accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Norman S. Rankin.

AN engagement, the announcement of which created no little interest and excitement in Montreal this week, is that of Miss Muriel Howard, eldest daughter of the late Dr. R. P. Howard, to Mr. Bertie Severs, of the Bank of Montreal, of Vancouver, her cousin, and nephew of the late Mrs. Howard. The wedding has been arranged to take place on April 25. It is a very usual thing to speak of the popularity of various people. It may mean much or little. But it may be said, in all sincerity, that Miss Howard has ever been one of the greatest favorites in Montreal society. So that, while congratulating her, it cannot be forgotten that in future her home will be in Vancouver, a subject of great regret to her many friends here. It seems that Miss Howard and Mr. Severs have been engaged ever since the latter's removal to British Columbia. It is seldom that Montreal people allow secrets of this nature to remain hid.

Another engagement that occasioned much surprise is that of Miss Maggie Ramsay, fourth daughter of Mr. W. M. Ramsay, to Mr. Gordon Osler, of Toronto.

TO-MORROW afternoon, a "Musical At-Home," in aid of the Patriotic Fund, is being given at the Victoria Rifles' Armoury, from four to seven. A collection will be taken by the "little daughters of the regiment" (why not "of the Empire?"), and I believe a number of ladies, as Red Cross Nurses, will dispense tea. No doubt it will be a most pleasant

entertainment. The lady patronesses are: Lady Johnson, Lady Tait, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Mrs. Hugh Graham, Mrs. G. H. Duggan, Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mrs. E. Rawlings, Mrs. Charles Strangman, Mrs. G. F. C. Smith.

Miss Cooke, Mackay street, leaves next week to spend some time at Atlantic City.

Miss Annie O'Brien, Sherbrooke street, has returned from Saranac Lake, where she has been spending the winter for the benefit of her health.

Miss Noel has arrived from New York to stay with Mrs. Colin Campbell, Metcalfe street.

Miss Gair, who has been visiting Mrs. Dunlop, 912 Sherbrooke street, returned this week to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Kirk Greene, Redpath street, have left town to spend some weeks in the Southern States.

Mrs. Frederic Stobart left this week for Winnipeg, after having spent some weeks in town, the guest of Mrs. Ernest Stuart.

Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Sherbrooke street, gave a very pleasant luncheon last week for Mrs. E. C. Hamilton.

Dr. and Mrs. Shirres and Master Gordon Shirres, Peel street, leave very shortly on a trip of some weeks to the Southern States.

Among the Montrealers enjoying a holiday at Atlantic City are Mr. and Mrs. George Smithers and the little Misses Smithers.

ON Saturday evening, Mrs. James Coristine, University street, gave a delightful dinner for a number of Miss Coristine's friends.

Now is the time, or at least for the ensuing fortnight or so, to emigrate from one's native city, if it happens to be Montreal. Even the most enthusiastic admirer of "our city" must admit that, at this particular part of the spring season, it is not at its best. Walking and driving are equally bad. And though overhead it is indeed lovely, one has unfortunately to contemplate one's feet most of the time.

Mrs. LeMoynes, Compton, has arrived in Montreal to visit the Rev. Canon Anderson and Miss Anderson, Mountain street.

Mrs. F. L. Lyman and Miss Dorothy Lyman, MacTavish street, left this week for Bermuda, where they will spend some weeks.

On Saturday last, Mrs. S. Finley, Bishop street, entertained a number of friends at tea. Among the guests were: Mrs. F. A. Gault, Professor and Mrs. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, the Misses Van Horne, Rev. T. McWilliams, Mrs. McWilliams, Lady Hickson, the Misses Hickson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gault, Mrs. M. H. Gault, Miss E. Gault, the Messrs. Gault, Professor and Mrs. Walton, Dr. and Mrs. Peterson, Dr. Craik, Dr. and Mrs. Buller, Dr. and Mrs. Finley, Mr. and Mrs. Botterell, Miss Botterell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fry, Professor and Mrs. Penhallow, Mr. and Mrs. M. Davis, Mr. H. W. Davis, and Mr. H. H. Sands.

Mr. Lever returned this week to New York after a short visit in town.

THE Very Rev. Dean Carmichael is ever looked upon as a most eloquent preacher, but of late he has been excelling himself. His sermon some weeks ago apropos of the troublous times in South Africa is one that will linger in the minds and hearts of all who heard it. And on Sunday, at St. George's, preaching from the text "Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah; we found it in the fields of the woods," he delivered a wonderfully beautiful sermon, a sermon such as to stir up patriotism in the most approved sense of the word, in all his hearers. We are most of us ready to evince patriotic sentiment, of an emotional, sometimes merely hysterical calibre. But it is well for us all to listen to words that penetrate deeply, instead of momentarily ruffling the surface.

Lieut. the Hon. R. Lygon, who was killed at some distance

from the camp at Modder River, was a brother of Lord Beauchamp, the Governor of New South Wales, and was once in Canada.

ALREADY everyone's thoughts, more or less, are being turned in the direction of summer plans, and summer houses, especially those on "the Lake Shore." At Dorval, Mr. W. de M. Marler's house has been taken by Mr. H. C. Scott for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hutchinson, at present stopping at the Windsor, have taken Mr. R. Hutchins' charming little cottage at the same resort.

Many a householder is paying visits to his summer residence to attend to the requisite repairing, or discover that perhaps nothing is necessary.

According to New York despatches, we are to be well treated in the way of Royal visitors in the near future. First of all we hear that the Duke and Duchess of York are to make a Royal progress throughout Canada. And now we are told that the Prince of Wales is to come too. It is a pity the news came through New York. Otherwise we might have entertained some hopes, and, subsequently, such important visitors.

A GARLAND OF VERSE.

GOD'S GOLD.

WHY dread thou the hunger, why fear thou the cold,
When filled is the world with God's own gold?
The buttercup's gold, as it floods the fields,
To a thousand hearts its treasure yields.
The clouds in the west that seek to borrow
Day's vanishing gold—the hope of to-morrow.
The golden sunshine that lives in the sky,
The glittering stars that gleam on high.
And oceans of gold, rise, swell and fall,
In billows of grain; in the songbird's call.
The golden heart that never will fail,
The golden spirit that never will quail.
Why fetter thy soul in search of gold,
When close at thy feet lie treasures untold?

Ottawa.

ELLA WALTON.

SONG—LOVE AND FAME.

A SOLDIER turned from his love away
With a heavy heart and sad:
For the call to arms dispelled the dream
Of a future that seemed rose-clad:—
And the maiden wept as she said "Good-bye"
And pressed his hand in pain,
For she felt the heart she loved so well,
Would ne'er meet hers again.

The battle stay'd as the sun went down,
And dying and wounded lay,
In serried heaps on the blood-stained ground
At the close of a fearful day;
But amid the stress and above the strife
Of that scene of awful shame,
The voice of the warrior cried aloud
"My darling I die—for Fame."

At eve the maiden wandered along
The shore where first they met;
And her voice rang o'er the wind-swept waves
With a tender and sad regret:—
"Why tarry so long my cherished one—
I come to your home above."

The lingering light died down in the west
As the maiden died—for love.

Montreal.

H. DRUMMOND-HASTINGS.

CONFLICTS.

WHAT is the strife but battle won,
Though thick the dead lie on the ground?
The end is rest when the day is done;
Silence after the clashing sound.

Ottawa.

ELLA WALTON.

* Mainly About People. *

THE name of Andrew Carnegie is by most people associated with strikes, combines, and libraries. There is a story connecting the great iron king with an island, a woman and a clock. Mr. Brashier, of Pittsfield, the well known astronomer, owns an island, which he has named Urania, in one of the beautiful Muskoka lakes. When Mr. Carnegie heard that it was Mr. Brashier's intention to emigrate to Canada for the summer months, he asked his acceptance of a handsome clock, valued at \$75, towards the furnishing of the summer residence. Mrs. Brashier, upon being told of this, asked if he would give her, instead, a clock costing \$3 00, and \$72.00 in money, with which to purchase needful articles of furniture. Mr. Carnegie was much pleased with the lady's good sense and allowed her to make her own purchases.

IN the paragraphs about Mrs. Hayter Reed the other week, mention was made of Lady Aberdeen's indifference to external objects. Here is another story. At the banquet given by the citizens of Ottawa, at the Russell, for Lord Aberdeen, Lady Aberdeen and a number of the wives of prominent men attended to hear the after-dinner speeches. One of her friends wishing to give to the bedroom, used as a dressing-room, a more homelike appearance, borrowed of some of the lady boarder's pine cushions, photos, and the other little knick-nacks that usually grace "my lady's" dressing table and mantel. Telling about it afterwards, she said: "And I might have saved myself the trouble, for Lady Aberdeen just stepped inside the door, threw her wraps on the nearest chair, and, without even giving one glance to the other side of the room, where the looking-glass was, swept out again."

THE Hon. A. S. Hardy has other notable traits besides the ones mentioned in LIFE recently. He is a most ardent and successful fisherman. His holidays are usually spent on the Georgian Bay and in the Muskoka district. A lady who was at the Belvidere, Parry Sound, last year, describes the enthusiasm of ex-Premier Hardy. No one saw him go away in the early morning before the rose-light of dawn dispelled the night shadows on the great bay. But his return at night with "big John," the Indian guide, was the occasion of an ovation. The great ugly features of the Indian would look still more instructive in his efforts to smile whilst holding up the great strings and baskets of fish, and Mr. Hardy, tired, but with the satisfaction that only a true sportsman can feel, would exchange compliments with the ladies on the piazza. With the latter, Mr. Hardy is always a great favorite, his clever and well-informed mind making him very companionable, and his gentlemanly manner and ready tact having the effect of putting everyone at ease. The determined spirit of the man is shown by this story of the guide. Says big John: "Mr. Hardy wanted to fish in one lake. I told him no fish there, but he would go and he fish, fish all day and say 'Oh yes, bye-and-bye we'll soon have him.' I wait and say nothing, and when night comes, Mr. Hardy says, 'Now we go home.' I laugh, because he think he know better than 'big John' where the fish are."

AMONGST those who left for South Africa with the Strathcona Horse was a son of Hamilton MacCarthy. Mr. MacCarthy is well known as the sculptor of some beautiful pieces of statuary. Amongst his works are the statue in Toronto of Sir John A. Macdonald, done in marble and bronze; a bust from life of the Countess of Aberdeen, and a statue of Colonel Williams, at Port Hope. His work has been exhibited in the

English Royal Academy and several of the crowned heads of Europe and members of the nobility have pieces of it in their possession. He takes a great interest in everything military. Heredity plays an important part in this characteristic. One of his ancestors, Sir Charles MacCarthy, commanded the British forces at the Cape, in 1824, and met a tragic death at the hands of the natives. A granduncle was in the Peninsular War on the staff of General Preton. Colonel Taylor, of Stony Creek fame, was his grandfather, on the maternal side. Capt. MacCarthy, another ancestor, was a celebrated painter and sculptor. His father was noted through Europe for his fine equestrian groups and paintings.

IN a paper read at the Woman's Historical Society by Mrs. Friel, of Ottawa, on the early history of that city, many interesting stories of its founder, Colonel By, were given. With his sappers and miners, he camped where the Parliament Buildings now stand. In connection with this now noted site, the story was told that once, when the Earl of Dalhousie was walking with a friend on the Quebec side of the Ottawa river, he pointed over to the hill where now stands the "crown of towers," and said: "His grace the Duke of Wellington says that if the waterways of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers are ever connected, there is where the Houses of Parliament will stand." Colonel By was described as a fine, soldierly looking man, 5 feet 10 inches in height, a pubescent citizen, and an efficient officer, who rode a handsome black horse. His determination is shown from this incident. Colonel By, as is well known built the Rideau canal. At Hog's Back, four miles from Ottawa, a large dam was erected, which burst several times. Upon being told that it might be impossible to make a dam at this point, Colonel By said: "I will build it if it has to be built of half-dollar pieces."

AN interesting place to visit is the home of the nephew of the great Chelsea sage. It is a picturesque farm house, two miles from Brantford, Ont. When you enter the drawing-room, the portrait of Thomas Carlyle greets you. Opposite is a striking picture of his wife, Jane Welsh, as well as one of his intimate friend Goethe, and an original one of John Knox, all presented to his namesake nephew. You examine the quaint old watch worn by the author of "Sartor Resartus" during his life. It's a large old-fashioned timepiece, with a steel chain and two seals attached, on which is stamped the Carlyle arms—two griffin's heads—and his motto: "Humilitate." As you leave "Biedly Knowes," named by Thomas Carlyle when he purchased the farm as a gift for his nephew, a feeling of reverence for the donor pervades the heart. In the words of his biographer Arnold—"The voice of the old man eloquent ought never to be hushed, and as long as English letters endure never will be."

REV. ARMSTRONG BLACK, who came to Canada recently to fill the pulpit of St. Andrew's church, Toronto, is a worthy son of Scotland. His is a striking personality. He is a man of large mould, physically and intellectually, combining the qualities of the eloquent speaker with those of the artist and man of affairs. His book published recently, entitled "The Evening and The Morning," is a bright gem added to our religious literature, and shows the delicate weaving of the thought and fancy of his versatile mind. Mr. Black is likely to be a great force in the church, as well as in the literary circles of his adopted country.

MR. J. P. WHITNEY, the leader of the Ontario Opposition, is one of those silent imperturbable workers who, without bluster and without advertising, invariably accomplish their ends. In his early days in the House and, indeed, until he assumed the leadership, Mr. Whitney was not often heard in debate, although he was always recognized by both sides as a strong man. When he was elected as the head of his party, he

deliberately set himself to what seemed to many a desperate task. His own party was at sixes and sevens; he had a majority of 27 against him in the House. His success is apparent, when to-day the Conservative party in the Province is united and enthusiastic, and the Government can scrape together a bare half-dozen on a division. Mr. Whitney's speeches are marked by a straightforwardness and vigor that command attention, and his powers of "smashing" an adversary are such that very few on the Ministerial benches care now to cross swords with him in debate. As a leader he is tactful, intrepid and sagacious. He makes up his own mind and has the entire confidence of his party, and it begins to look as if he is "the man" selected by Providence to grapple with "the opportunity" that has arisen of late in Ontario.

MRS. RUFUS POPE, wife of the witty member for Compton, Que., is one who never fails to spend the greater part of the session in Ottawa. She has with her the eldest daughter, Miss Lottie Pope, who is to be seen at all the gay assemblies of the season. Miss Ethel Pope, the second daughter, is the fortunate possessor of a very fine voice. She has been for some time studying in Portland, under the direction of Professor Taylor, of Boston, to which city she will go next year. She hopes to sing at some future time in grand opera, and her voice is said to justify her study. Mr. Pope's two young sons, aged 17 and 15, are students at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, where their abilities are thought highly of.

THE dinner parties given by the Speaker and Mrs. Bain are said by those attending them to be most delightful, as the host and hostess are excellent in their respective positions. At a recent one, on adjournment to the drawing-room, Mrs. James A. Smart, wife of the Deputy-Minister of the Interior, was prevailed upon to display an accomplishment in which she excels—that of whistling. Her notes were clear and sweet as a bird's, and it seems a pity that this talent, owned by so few, is not more popular, and that Mrs. Smart is not more often heard.

IT has fallen to the lot of some fortunate Canadians to get glimpses of South Africa at this history-making period, enjoyed by few. Hon. W. B. Searth and two of his daughters took passage on one of the ships taking hay to South Africa, Mr. Searth, as Deputy-Minister of Agriculture, going out in charge of the cargo. Arrived at East London, there came an opportunity to go on an armored train to Sterkstroom and Molteno, the latter camp within five miles of the enemy at that time. Some of the officers were somewhat fearful of the advisability of these adventurous Canadian girls going so near the heart of things, but others said there was no danger, and in great comfort they rode to Molteno where they had lunch in the camp. It was decidedly a novel experience and one which they will always remember, no doubt. They were within sight of Stormberg, where General Gatacre's progress was checked for so long. General Gatacre and General Brabant were on the same train as the daughters of Mr. Searth.

M. DE FANCOUVAL, formerly Belgian Consul in Ottawa, is now Ambassador to Chili. This position is said to be worth no less than \$12,000 a year. The house in Ottawa which he occupied still bears over the entrance the Belgian coat-of-arms, but the pleasant little dinner parties are things of the past, and dust has settled upon the floors. Herr Donner, the new consul, and his wife have been, since their arrival in Ottawa, last August, staying at the Russell, and the former has an office in the same block. It is said that, like many of us, he is house-hunting but cannot find a residence just suitable. He is anxious to entertain.

Madame Donner must find the time hang rather heavily, for she can speak not a word of English and knows absolutely nothing of the gentle art of fancy-work, nor does she care for

reading. Therefore, her only resource lies in visiting the ladies in the Russell, or throughout the city, who can speak French. She is, however, fond of cards, so she may not be so dull as to wish her husband recalled. M. de Fancouval found Canada too cold; M. Fallon, the vice-consul, grew homesick and went home after a short stay—so it would seem that the Belgian Government has been kept busy in making appointments to our capital.

MRS. KING, wife of Mr. Justice King, of the Supreme Court, is exceedingly popular. She is the embodiment of good nature, stout and motherly-looking, with most beautiful white hair, and with a hearty welcome for everyone. She entertains largely and in very delightful fashion, dresses handsomely and altogether appears one well contented with her lot. Judge and Mrs. King, with Miss Roma King, who is not yet out, leave in June for Paris, there to see the wonders of the Exposition. While in Ottawa, Mrs. King is very often to be seen driving with Mrs. Sifton, whose near neighbor and great friend she is. The Sifton horses, by the way, are of excellent breed, and Mrs. Sifton is a great lover of them.

THE wife of "the most abused man in the Administration," with a houseful of merry, chubby little ones—five sons in all—to whom she devotes very many hours, finds yet much time to enjoy the pleasures of society and entertain her friends. She is always in request as a patroness or chaperone. Her dark eyes are brimful with fun, wherever fun is to be found. She is altogether a very delightful woman to know.

Another good quality she has—that of never forgetting an old friend; and is apparently quite free from any taint of snob-bishness. She takes a keen interest in politics and is known to have a shrewd insight as well as an accurate knowledge—being quite often present at the debates. But she quite refuses to bring her influence to bear upon her husband in behalf of aspiring or disappointed Liberals.

Her boys are dear little fellows, whose bringing up shows what a sensible mother they have. On one, indeed, is showered an extra measure of mother-love and care and tenderness, for the little one with the wistful eyes has long been a sufferer from hip disease, though hopes are now entertained for his recovery. Last year for months he lay in a plaster case, and ever by his side to read or talk to him was the devoted nurse who had so many other duties to perform. Now he is able to go about with the aid of a crutch, and is a pupil at one of the city kindergartens.

Mrs. Sifton accompanied her husband on his trip to Europe, where he is undergoing an operation for deafness.

SEVERAL years ago, when Professor Charles G. D. Roberts was living in Canada, he was awakened one night by hearing a burglar at his window. It was bitter cold, and the snow was two feet deep on the ground. The burglar was warmly clad and the professor wore only his nightgown. Nothing daunted, however, he sprang to the window. The housebreaker started back in alarm and made for the back fence. With a spring the professor leaped through the window, carrying the sash with him.

"Stop!" he shouted.

The burglar sped on. In an instant the professor was at his side. He caught him by the coat collar, snatched a club from his hand, threw it on the snow, and then, with his bare feet, kicked him to the fence, over which he threw him as if he had been a log.

When the professor returned to the house he found that he was badly cut by the window glass, and that his feet had been frost-bitten. It was several weeks before he was able to leave his house, but he never was troubled by burglars again.

GENERAL CRONJE has a nephew living in Kensington who, like many another young Boer of good prospects, is studying for a professional career. He does not inherit the family instincts, and considers the war, in his own phrase, "all rot." He also holds strong views about Kruger and Joubert, and hopes that they will be "speedily wiped out." His uncle, "Slim Piet," is a fairly rich man, and if he has any choice about his place of exile, will probably elect for England, where he could buy up some farming property and settle down.

THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

JEFFERSON DE ANGLIS as a fun maker "has lost nothing" cunning in the past six months and *The Jolly Musketeer* met with as hearty a reception on Monday night as it did at the same theatre last September. This comic opera represents a type of which there are but too few examples. It is a positive relief to see a comic opera of a musical comedy which does not owe its attractiveness to the fact that it is a leg show. There is nothing particularly brilliant about the music of *The Jolly Musketeer*, but it is nicely staged, simple and amusing in plot, and full of wholesome, rollicking fun. De Angelis fairly babbles over with sportiveness, and his horse play never seems forced. He is ably supported by a company embracing the same principals as accompanied him last September.

ON Wednesday evening a very pleasant musical entertainment was given at Karn Hall under the direction of Mr. C. E. Sedert of the Montreal Conservatory of Music, in aid of the fund for sick and wounded soldiers in Africa. The programme entailed selections by pupils of the violin, vocal and piano classes of the conservatory, and arrangements for mixed instruments. The entire entertainment was of a high class, reflecting great credit upon both instructors and pupils.

FOR the remainder of the season the Symphony Concert will take place every Friday afternoon. For the next concert, a very attractive programme has been arranged. The 7th Symphony of Schubert will be given for the first time in Montreal. It will be interesting to compare it with the now well-known Unfinished. Miss Myers, one of our most brilliant pianists, will play the Second Rhapsodie, by Liszt, and Miss Feller, a soprano of whom great things are expected, will make her first public appearance at this concert in a selection from Semiramide.

THIS and last season's musical success, *A Runaway Girl*, which ran for months at Daly's and 4th Avenue theatres last year and the year before, and which has this season been presented in all of the leading cities throughout the country, will be the attraction at the Academy of Music week of April 16. By arrangement with the Augustus Daly estate, the pretty farrago of fun and melody will be presented by a picked company of players and singers, headed by Mr. James J. Powers, who plays, of course, the part of an English no-key tipper, in which he made such a pronounced hit last season. Miss Marie Celeste, who is well and favorably known in the field of light comic opera, will be the Winifred Cox of the production. Paula Edwards, the originator of the role of Carmelita, the Italian gypsy with a Yorkshire dialect, in last season's production at Daly's, as well as Van Rensselaer Wiesner, Rachel Booth, Max Baker, Jeanne Fowler, Carolyn Gordon, Arlur Cunningham, Joseph C. Lay, George Tesson, Chas. Ruthven Smith, Maurice Abloy, and others well known, will also be in the cast. *The Boy Gussied Right*, *The Soldiers in the Park*, *The Dick Amnies*, *Song Follow the Man from Cook's*, and many other taking melodies have made the piece popular.

CHRS and the *Wonderful Lamp*, the new Klaw & Erlanger and B. D. Stevens extravaganza, with its Sousa music and its clever witty book by Glen MacDonough, will receive its initial presentation in Montreal at the Academy of Music, the week of April 2. The extravaganza will also introduce Jerome Sykes and Edna Wallace-Hopper as stars, a supporting company of 100 people, a profusion of magnificent scenic effects, a beautiful electric ballet, a quaint dance of the dolls, and Sousa's newest march, *The Man Behind the Gun*. The entire production was staged by Ben Teal, and is upon the most elaborate scale of anything that Klaw

& Erlanger and B. D. Stevens have yet attempted. The story of *Chris* and the *Wonderful Lamp* is an interesting one. *Chris Wagstaff*, a boy about town having fallen in love with *Lanny Wiggins*, her parents plan to end his courtship by sending *Lanny* to *Miss Prisms Finishing Academy*, a New England boarding school for the daughters of the aristocracy. *Chris* follows her, and during an interval in his attempts to see *Lanny*, attends an auction in the village where he bids in an antique lamp. It is developed that the lamp is the one made famous by *Aladdin*, and that whoever holds it may ask what he pleases of the *Genie*, the lamp's obedient slave. *Chris* at once enlists the *Genie's* services in his efforts to see *Lanny*, and the two gain entrance to *Miss Prisms' Academy* in the guise of two professors, who are expected at the commencement exercises. The two bogus professors are finally unmasked, and in answer to *Miss Prisms'* threats of arrest, the *Genie* transports everybody present to *Aladdin's* mystic kingdom in *Lithera*. The arrival of *Chris* and his party breaks the spell that has held *Aladdin* and his court in unbroken slumber for 2,000 years. *Aladdin* meets *Lanny* and promptly falls in love with her, while the *Genie* demoralizes the court by the introduction of extremely modern customs and amusements. The plaid *Litherians* are made familiar with cigarettes and champagne suppers. Several schemes of *Aladdin's* to recapture the lamp, and with it his power over the *Genie*, are blocked by *Chris*. At last the lamp is stolen by *Aladdin* while *Chris* sleeps, and the mortal visitors are made prisoners by the *Litheran* army. They are condemned to death, but a merciful provision of the *Litheran* law postpones their execution. By this provision a condemned prisoner shall be pardoned if he succeeds in doing an impossible task selected by *Aladdin*. Tasks of this nature are assigned by *Aladdin* to the prisoners who struggle vainly to accomplish them. As they are about to be handed over to the sack and bow string, the recapture of the lamp by *Lanny* saves them. With the limitless powers of the *Genie* again at their command, *Chris* and his allies bid farewell to *Aladdin* and *Lithera*, and set sail for Connecticut. *Chris* wins *Lanny*, the *Genie* sacrifices his supernatural attributes, and is accepted by *Miss Prisms*, and a brilliant finale brings the story to a close.

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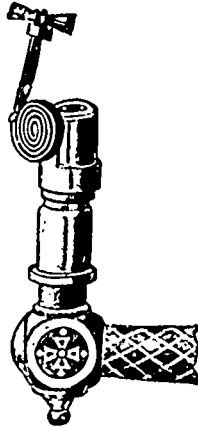
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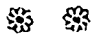
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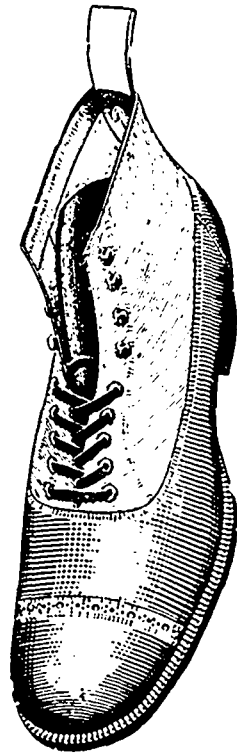
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