

The Metropolitan

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WALDEMAR WALLACH, Proprietor.

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The Metropolitain

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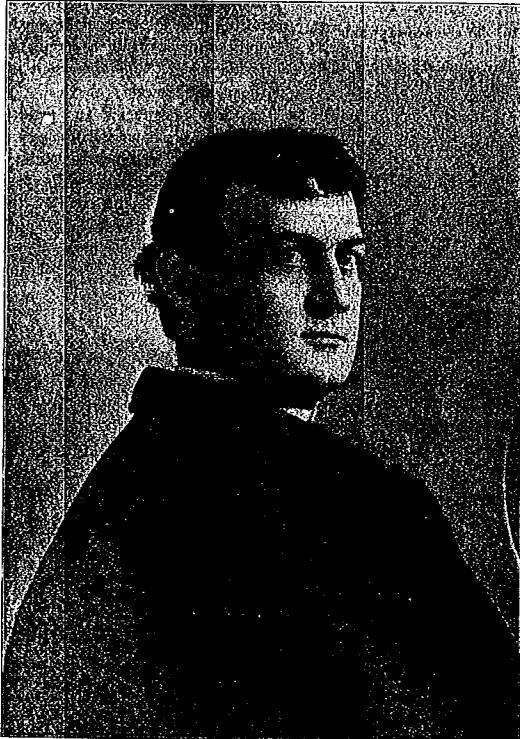
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NOTE AND COMMENT

"From grave to gay; from lively to severe."

THE WAR between Spain and the United States has been, up to the fight at Manilla, a peaceful war. During the first fortnight a mule was killed. This was regrettable enough, for even a mule has natural rights, and might well protest against a situation which was none of his making, and which, without explanation or apology, undertakes to cut him off from the land of the living. To make up for the absence of the sanguinary element, which constitutes the "glory" of war, we have had a vast deal of buncombe and bombast from both sides. We were told, on the one hand, that the United States would not be content with freeing Cuba, but would wipe out Spain from the map of Europe; while, on the other, we learned that the Spaniards would easily defeat the American "pigs," who were composed of the offscourings of the earth. The Governor of the Phillipines — a monumental imbecile — issued a proclamation in which he asserted that it was the intention of the American "infidels" to forcibly convert the Spanish nation to Protestantism, and called upon every Spaniard to die at his post rather than endure such a calamity. The American correspondents, thus early in the game, have given the reins to their imagination. A shot fired at random, becomes a heavy bombardment, which is accompanied by a great loss of life. The capture of a small trading schooner is an achievement equal to Trafalgar. It was felt that in the absence of real fighting, fighting must be invented. For if there be not fighting, and wounds and agony and promiscuous death, what is the meaning of war? Go to! Are you to suppose that, war having been declared, the public is to be defrauded of the due amount of horror?

The heavy bombardment which wrecked the forts and caused a great loss of life, becomes, at Madrid, a repulse to the Americans, who, after firing several hundred shots, only succeeded in taking the life of a poor mule. Shall not the Cortes, shall not the Spaniards, laugh consummately



MARK SMITH

Of the Opera Company which begins its Summer Season at the Academy of Music, Monday Evening next.

at a people who make a glorious victory out of the death of a humble four-footed non-belligerent? Rather, shall not the whole world amuse itself at the idle bombast on both sides, which magnifies the trifle unworthy of notice in a condition of real warfare? Contrast the vain-glorying of Spain and the United States with the toroeness and valour which marked the official description of the battle of Atbara in the Soudan—a battle in which the valor on both sides was desperate, which meant the opening up—one had almost said—of a whole continent to civilization, and which was only won by the English at the point of the bayonet, after a protracted struggle in which the

element of the heroic was constantly in evidence.

BOMBASTUS FURROSO is always a ridiculous figure. Let us laugh at him. He is a vain braggart. He would pose as a devil of a fellow, when, in truth, he is an arrant coward. He uses big words and slinks out of sight in the moment of danger. He is a newspaper correspondent, or a foolish senator, or a garrulous general, or even a great nation in a moment of ebulliency. The mule may be taken as a sort of farcical curtain-raiser. The capture of the fishing smacks is in the nature of a joke to temper the ingubriousness of the tragedy to follow at Manilla.

WHAT a pity that the Hon. Mr. Sherman waited so long to learn wisdom! In office the ex-Secretary of State was in the nature of a fire-brand. In the retirement of private life he utters the words of sobriety and wisdom. How shall we account for this contradiction? Mr. Sherman now states plainly that the war is a mistake; that the Cubans should have been satisfied with the offer of Spain; that there is no adequate justification for the United States to go to war on behalf of the insurgents; and that the trouble of the latter will only commence when the Cubans have been freed from the Spanish power. Did Mr. Sherman seek to impose his view upon the President and the Cabinet, and was he overruled, or did he hold his tongue and assent to the war, waiting for the moment of release from office to declare his real sentiments?

* * *

MR. SHERMAN has used words which the sober second thought of the American people will endorse. As the war progresses the question will be asked with painful insistence—"What, after all, are we giving our blood and our treasure for? Was the case so desperate that there was no other recourse? Were the resources of diplomacy exhausted? Are we fighting for humanity or for revenge?" The first would be a noble motive; the second would be unworthy of a great people, as even the wise men of the heathen have told us ages ago that he only is magnanimous and noble who, able to resent an injury, refrains from displaying a spirit as ignoble as that manifested by him who did the wrong.

* * *

SPAIN will lose Cuba; but Cuba free will be a more serious problem for the United States than Cuba under the Dominion of Spain. Should the emancipated Cubans be left to their own devices after the war, the world will see a second Hayti, given over to revolution, tempered by assassination. For an evil which might have been suppressed but for the sympathy shown the insurgents, there will be the precipitation of anarchical conditions to which a period can only be put by effecting that which has been solemnly disclaimed before the whole world—the annexation of the island.

* * *

It would soon that our American friends are disappointed that the Canadians have not expressed enthusiasm for

their cause in the present war. Let them consider, for a little, the treatment to which they have subjected us. What about '37? What about the Fenian invasion, when they openly offered their sympathy to the hordes which crossed the border, determined to subvert our Government, and refused us all compensation for the acts of the desperadoes and murderers? Can we forget the refusal of commercial intercourse, the oppressive laws designed to debar Canadians from employment in the United States; the petty spirit shown in turning our men and women back from the "land of the free"; the refusal of mining rights to Canadians while the demand is made that in our own territory Americans be placed upon an equal footing to our own citizens; the refusal, for years, to pay our poor sealers the indemnity to which they had been declared entitled; the constant threats that if we do not conform in every particular to the demands of a powerful neighbor we shall be annexed whether we are agreeable or not; the bullying attitude assumed towards a people who simply desire to be allowed to work out their destiny in peace.

YES, we might forget all this, and desire ultimate success to our neighbors in the present struggle, bound to them as we are by the ties of race and language and similarity of institutions and genius, while at the same time stating our frank belief that no adequate cause has been shown for the action of the United States in calling upon a nation of equal sovereignty to clear out of her own premises which she possesses by every legal and moral right. Conscious of the hypocrisy of the plea of humanity on the part of a nation which glories in the record of the devastation wrought by Sherman's army in its march to the sea, which acknowledges to ten thousand lynchings within its borders in a year, and which refuses civil or social recognition to the negroes to free whom it squandered nearly a million of lives and billions of treasure,—we might still desire the triumph of a nation which is, in vital regards, a copy of our own writ large, and the people of which, by ties of blood and language and origin, are our brothers. And this is the desire of every Canadian; but the sense of justice is not to be stifled; and whether our American friends are pleased or not, we must place ourselves on record as protesting against the bullying attitude which makes peremptory demand upon a neighbor to vacate her rightful premises under threat of chastisement at the hands of a superior power which, conscious of strength, does not hesitate to use its forces in perpetrating what is clearly an illegal act.

WAR—in a day when industry has achieved its most notable triumph! War—in the closing years of a century, the latter half of which has been marvellous for every species of social and moral amelioration! War—in a day when the best song in the world is a song of peace; when art has expressed its most delicate conception of beauty, when education, all diffused, has softened the manners and habits of nations; when the true heroes and heroines are presented as staunching the wounds and assuaging the pains of humanity; when the dream of the poet seemed, in every sane and wholesome and

alleviating and softening agency, beautifully congruous:

"When the war drum throbbed no longer
and the battle flags were furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of
the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold
a fretful world in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt
in universal law."

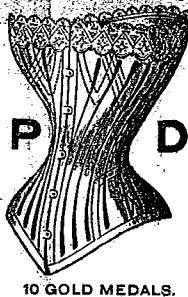
DID it not seem only yesterday that we heard the Christian Church, in all its branches, proclaiming that the Sermon on the Mount had verily become—from being a beautiful dream, which poor humanity could never realize—the rule of individual and national conduct? What a stupendous mockery! And what a world-crime for that nation which, casting away every gain of civilization and art and culture and philosophy and religion—appeals to the primordial passions and forces of the savage!

No wonder one who had seen war in all its horrors, exclaims:—

"Away with the themes of war! Away
with war itself!
Hence from my shuddering sight, to never
more return that show of blackened,
mutilated corpses.
That hell unpeopled and raid of blood, fit for
wild tigers or for lop-tongued wolves,
not reasoning men,
And in its steel speed industry's campaign,
With thy undaunted armies, engineering,
Thy penants labor, loosened to the breeze,
Thy bugles sounding loud and clear."

THE departure of the Rev. Dr. Rose from St. James Methodist Church will be a severe loss; not merely to the members of that congregation, but to the intellectual life of the city. Dr. Rose, during his nine years' residence in Montreal, managed to conquer a unique place in the general regard. In the first place, he was a man of the largest charity, disdaining the narrow limits of denominationalism, as indicating the measure of tolerance and love. In his solicitude he embraced every creature of every name and sect. Inspiring optimist that he was, he saw the angel latent in every human being. In the out-reach of his desire, he burst the barriers of difference and saw in each man a brother, equally regarded by Him whose chief name was Love. Singularly gifted, thoughtful, scholarly, he yet—and this is at once the marvel and the value—was of a shrinking modesty which never once blew the shrill trumpet of self-praise. Is this a small thing? I tell you, in a braggart day, this is a grace of ineffable preciousness! We know that public men write out their own speeches for the press, putting in the applause at the nice moment. We have known religious teachers to write their own praise and send it to the papers—still expecting human creatures to believe in them!

AND Dr. Rose was no mere echo; but a strong, fresh, and independent teacher. He must not be confounded with the rut of ministers who are content with a platitudinous exposition of orthodox tenets. He had a distinct message to his fellow-men. He was a deep thinker, an earnest student of life in its varied aspects. An omnivorous reader, he used the materials of his research with judgment; but he never gave second-hand thought to his people. His discourses were thought out to their conclusion. And these were models of clearness. Nothing was slurred



The Finest of all Imported Corsets.

over, nothing was ambiguous. The thought was expressed in a polished diction; was always large and magnanimous and noble. He taught doctrine, but he expressed a great humanity. He towered above the narrowness of sects. He dealt, for the most part, with human experience, and here he was strong and vital, proving his closeness to, and his sympathy with, the life we now live. Always tender and pitiful, his message was informed by the spirit of love, while a certain beautiful poetic insight and expression lifted his theme immeasurably above the plane of the ordinary sermon. In a word, the man was at once scholar and teacher and poet; an optimist, who put something of his own hope into every breast; a sympathetic personality who subtilely read the measure of others' grief, and applied the assuagements of his own buoyant faith and love. Dr. Rose was heard every Sunday by hundreds belonging to other denominations in the city. No creature was ever listless while he was speaking. The simplest found something in him which could respond to the thought uttered. The scholars were met upon the plane of culture. Such a man cannot be replaced. And this is only halting praise for Dr. Rose.

ONE must at least admire the faith and courage of our temperance friends. They are preparing for the plebiscite in the sure belief that if the people vote for the prohibition of the liquor traffic the Government will at once bring in a measure in conformity with the vote. The Government, we know, has no such intention. When challenged on the subject by the Hon. Mr. Foster, the Premier was silent. The Government is playing with the temperance people as the Conservative Government played them, in the belief that, as they could probably muster a number of votes, it is well to assume the appearance of friendliness to the cause they advocate. Quebec will vote "no" by an overwhelming majority. If the whole Dominion voted "yes," it would not mean the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Thousands will vote "yes" who do not mean in the least to be deprived of the opportunity to indulge in alcoholic stimulants if they desire to do so. The question will be simply regarded in its academic sense; and the voters, conscious that no measure will follow the vote, will say "yes" in large numbers. Let our temperance friends be well persuaded that the only way in which prohibition will ever be brought about is to return a sufficient number of members of Parliament pledged to prohibition rather than to party, to compel the Government of the day to deal with the question not by a plebiscite, but by a statute.

Nor that I mean to affirm that our drinking habits are on the increase, making such an experiment of the most urgent moment. On the contrary, the habits of our people are constantly improving in this regard. In social life wine is still put upon the table; but to drink to excess is a grave social offence punished with banishment. Time was when clever men would be endured despite their irregular habits; but the common school has altered conditions, and the keenness of competition makes it incumbent upon all men who desire to succeed to offer a clear brain and a steady hand in the great industrial and commercial world where a constant vigilance and an incessant energy are the price paid for the supremacy of position.

THOSE who are looking for the abolition of the liquor traffic are like boys who pursue, through brake and bog, a will-o'-the-wisp which always eludes; the imperative need—in order to secure foothold in commercial or social life—of the unclouded brain, will more and more make for an abstemious people.

Mr. Bok, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, writes a timely article dealing with the effects upon women of the free comradeship of athletics. He is in favor of every form of athletic exercise in which women can properly engage; but he points out a tendency on the part of women in large centres to permit the men to forget that they (the women) are as much entitled to respect and reverence while on the bicycle, or engaged in any athletic sports with them as they are in the drawing room.

In the meantime, a work of real utility could be wrought if our temperance friends all over the Dominion, instead of pursuing a phantom, would follow the example set them by Bishop Fallows, of Chicago. This right-reverend divine, an ardent prohibitionist, came to the conclusion that the only way to fight the drink evil was by substitution—that is, by offering a substitute for the saloon, equally attractive. Accordingly, he started a Christian saloon—music, light, brightness, games, smoking, chatting, clean service, baths, lavatories—all the adjuncts of the modern saloon—without the whiskey. The experiment was an unqualified success. It was bound to be. The majority of men found in the saloons, if asked to state their reasons for frequenting such places, would answer that they desire that light and warmth and good cheer which they were unable to enjoy in their homes. In so far as I have seen anywhere in Canada, a temperance restaurant is the very antithesis of the saloon in those regards which constitute its most powerful appeal to its patrons. There is a fixed notion that a total abstainer should be thankful for untidiness and gloom, for waiting girls down at heels, for meals ill-cooked and poorly served, for a general slatternliness which is offered in the form of a penance for being virtuous.

I HAVE adverted to this subject more than once, and will only add now that if Bishop Fallows' idea were carried out in Montreal I have every confidence that it would pay from the start, besides setting up an admirable object lesson for the general imitation.

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May 7, 1898

THE METROPOLITAN.

In other words, Mr. Bok argues that women should always, for their own sake, insist upon the sex difference, and never allow men to talk to them with the freedom which they employ when with chums of their own sex. A laxness in this regard is obvious, and the effects of it are pointed out. That men and women should enjoy their sports together is admirable; but the woman, if she desires to be respected, should, from the very beginning, make it known, gently and courteously, but firmly, that although she mingles with the men, she is not of them, and that she is not inclined to forfeit one jot of that respect which she exacts in the drawing room.

WHEN this position is abandoned, and the man finds that he can be as free in speech and attitude as he can with men, there may be comradeship, but the woman has fatally declined. In the man's thought she has become sadly and irreparably cheapened; he may like to be with her, and enjoy talking freely to her, but he no longer respects her. And it is of the essence of the sex difference that the man shall respect and reverence the woman, whose mission is to throw a softness and beauty and modesty over human relations. The teaching is that while women may freely enjoy all the privileges of the new day, they should never place themselves in a position in which they could not demand the respect due to a lady.

If men cease to respect woman it avails little that she is emancipated from the old fashions and the old ideas, some of which might still be defended on the ground of modesty and womanliness. For if women do not set the example of refinement and reticence and reserve to men, how shall society continue to go forward?

MR. BOK also urges modesty in athletic and bathing dresses, and points out the indecency of women wearing skirts about hotels and other public places which would be the proper abbreviation for young girls, and of dawdling about the beach or lying about in unbecoming attitudes with dripping bathing dresses. This doubtless has point at the great resorts in the United States, but it can certainly be said of our Canadian women, that while they have taken up athletics with spirit, they have not forgotten what was due to womanly modesty. There may be a radical departure which cannot be foreseen; but the unnecessarily abbreviated bicycle skirt or the scanty bathing dress would, at present, be punished by social ostracism.

WHILE war affects every form of industrial product, it also leaves its mark upon the intellectual domain. Producing upon the mind all the effect of a nightmare, it stupefies alike the writer and the reader. The fictional writer may fulfil his contract; but the public is given over to gloomy or shuddering pre-occupations. The frightful possibilities of modern war appal the imagination. That war itself should still be possible in the world is a frightful contradiction. The last great war upon this continent is, to the present generation, a remote memory. And the last thirty

years of this century have been worth more to humanity than a cycle of Cathays. It was known that armaments were increasing; that guns were becoming more deadly in their searching and carrying qualities; the tramp of armed men on the continent of Europe still made the earth tremble. Nevertheless, had we not the augmentation and supremacy of industry; was not the common school of which none were bereft, a new evangel to the race, teaching the wonderful note of brotherliness; had we not our calm philosophies; did not our poets sing the triumphant song of mechanics as the potent force of the modern world?

THE effect, therefore, of actual war is to stun the mind. There comes a haunting sense of horror which neither poetry nor philosophy nor religion can exorcise. Of what avail are beautiful or pious sentiments when we hear the reverberation of the dynamite gun? How are we bettered by the profoundest thought when this seems expressed in the sudden murderous wiping out of beautiful innocent lives?

So long as a single blade of grass, anywhere on this broad earth, is stained red with blood, philosophy and culture and wisdom, and the deepest thoughts of religion but declare their ineffectuality, and man confesses kinship with savage nature—"red in tooth and claw."

OLD FOGEY.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A WIARTON LADY WHO WAS NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.

Her Trouble Began With Swelling of the Glands—This Was Followed by General Collapse and Heart Weakness—Doctors Said She Could Not Recover. But To-day She Is Enjoying Good Health.

From the Echo, Wiarton, Ont.

Mrs. Jas. Overend, who lives in Wiarton, makes the following statement in regard to a remarkable cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People:—"I am 30 years of age and have lived in Wiarton for the past six years. Previous to this I, with husband, who is a stone mason, were residents of Chesley. About four years ago there came a swelling on the right side of my neck which grew as the time went on until in about six months it had grown as large as a goose egg. I consulted a physician and he lanced it. This physician diagnosed my case as enlargement of the glands, and said I would get well after it was lanced. This operation gave me temporary relief, but it was only a short time before the lump again began to grow, and in six months I was worse than ever. In the meantime I had been prescribed for by different physicians and taken several patent medicines, but none of them gave me more than temporary relief. About three years ago I left Wiarton for Chesley, thinking probably a change would improve my health. I consulted a physician there, and he said the trouble was incurable and might end fatally. Discouraged I returned to my home in Wiarton, much worse than I was when I left, and believing I had come home to die. Before I left for Chesley I had been attacked occasionally with fainting spells; on my return these occurred more frequently and of longer duration. With the least excitement I would faint dead away. I had become very weak and

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Of interest to
the Fair Sex.

Paris, April 17.

There are some odd overskirt effects attained by the use of lace, black lace apron fronts, especially, being used in this way. A gown of old rose moire silk is cut princess fashion and trimmed with jet and Chantilly lace. An embroidery of jet and lace figures extends about the bottom of the skirt, sloping down to a V in front. An apron of the lace is loosely draped about the bodice and allowed to fall in a deep point down the front of the skirt, the lace point being extended by embroidery of jet. An extremely pretty way of trimming a sleeve is shown in this gown. The sleeves are cut close to the arm, and the lace apron, which finishes in bib fashion on the bodice, is drawn over and puffed out over the tops of the sleeves. This gown suggests another similar to it in color. The material is a poume in old rose, and the trimming is of black lace and jet and coral embroidery. The embroidery of black and coral is lovely on the dull silk, and with an insertion of lace figures it makes the entire blouse. The waistband is of coral velvet.

A Doucet gown is a green and white striped silk, the green being the soft shade that is appearing now in the foliage. This is lined with rose satin, and, over the hips and the entire blouse bodice the silk is cut out in a scroll pattern and filled in with black lace, through which shows the bright lining. Both the design and the color effect are lovely. Another Doucet gown is an odd affair of reseda green silk, with a trained skirt cut with deep flounce about the bottom that is scalloped and trimmed with several rows of black velvet. A scalloped ruffle with the same trimming passes about the shoulders, bertha fashion, down the front in revers, and joins with the skirt of the basque, which is trimmed in the same manner. An elaborate chemisette and vest are made of mouseline de soie, ecru lace and narrow black velvet ribbon.

The couturières are certainly doing their best to make popular some form of the double skirt, and if only some few of their attempts have as yet proved successful the chances are that we shall finally grow to like some such form of garment. One of the latest attempts is indeed graceful, but I am afraid a trifle difficult to describe. The gown on which it occurs is a red foulard silk, trimmed with ecru guipure lace. The skirt is cut close about the hips, and in the back two scant flounces are added to it. These should hardly be called flounces, for they are not at all full, and simply appear as parts of additional skirts. They are edged by entredoux, which runs up the true skirt. The bottom of the skirt in the back is also edged with lace, which runs up the sides and crosses the other lines of lace. In this way we have the appearance of a triple skirt in the back, the lace edging, in each making, half-way up the back of the skirt, three squares that cross each other. The bodice has sleeves trimmed in lengthwise fashion by the entredoux and three rows of lace down the front and back; there is a tiny yoke of tucked mouseline de soie, and the bodice extends over the top of the sleeves in wings.

We shall undoubtedly see a number of red gowns at the summer watering-places. Foulard silk comes in a charming shade of red and makes a good wearing as well as stylish gown, and some delightful toilettes are already being built of red silk gauze. I have seen something "chic" made of the latter, with a trimming of yellow lace and tiny ruffles of dull green gauze: the combination may not sound tempting, but an artistic hand was concerned in the arrangement.

The dressmakers promise us a return of the elbow sleeve, and while nothing will be as pretty as the puffed elbow sleeve, now, alas! a thing of the past, the new model shown is exceedingly attractive. It is close to the arm, but cut to puff out a trifle at the top, and is finished at the elbows by a full ruffle.



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Here is a description of a charming frock for a young girl: The material is one of the new silk muslins, showing a pattern of large pink roses on a pale blue transparency. The skirt hangs free from the lining, and is trimmed about the bottom by a narrow ruffle headed by a lattice pattern done in narrow black velvet ribbon. The sash is of pink silk, with long fringed ends, and the pink occurs again in a tucked yoke that is framed by lace entredoux and partly covered by a lattice-work of velvet. The lace about the yoke is arranged in two scallops front and back, and the neck, half-low, is finished in the same manner. The elbow sleeves are after the pattern just described, and are finished by a band and ruffle of pink silk, the velvet trimming being mounted on the band.

Alpaca will appear again this summer for "smart" tailor-made costumes, and will probably be sprinkled with small buttons. Black velvet buttons on a light blue alpaca look well, and vest front, worn with a suit of this kind, would be of white mousse-line trimmed with narrow black lace. We may also expect a lot of small pearl buttons on navy blue and black suits, and small steel buttons are also fashionable. For suits of this kind there is a new short jacket; it is as short as the bolero, but double-breasted and made with revers; with it is worn a high sash fitted to the figure.

There are many one-piece gowns that can hardly be called princess, for they have not the close effect of a true princess. The lace overskirt arrangement already described is really draped over a princess foundation, and another form has the skirt mounting in the form of an apron over the bodice to meet in bristles on the shoulders. This form is pretty for a foulard gown, with sleeves and yoke of lace, and is graceful when the fullness is gathered front and back at the waistline. This may be held by an ornament or simply attached to the foundation, for this model is prettier worn without a belt.

A lovely blouse bodice is pleated in bias folds, the small ones coming from the shoulders and under the arms to meet in fine do-né in the centre of the back, and in front open to show a fancy vest.

Armed for Emergencies

A housewife is sometimes at her wits end to know what to prepare for dessert. With a set of Hansen's Juniper Tablets and Arthur Desso's "Painted Peacock's Tail" you have more than thirty recipes for making Juniper the need for emergencies, always prepared for the unexpected. Many delicate desserts than can be made with Juniper Tablets will be found in the booklets, which are plied and moulded into pretty forms, they are pleasing to the eye as they are delicious to the palate. The genuine Hansen's Juniper Tablets are made in tablets one inch and are sold by druggists and confectioners for 40 cents. They are accompanied by the booklet.

ART PIANOS EMPIRE AND IONIC DESIGNS.

It would be impossible to conceive of pianos more beautiful in tone and design than the last Nordheimer Pianos received this week in our warerooms. The tone is of that subtle and melodious quality—rare alike to human voices as well as to musical instruments, and found in only a very few of the world's best Pianos.

The cases are in designs of pure art. No cheap elaboration of detail—only relief here and there to the fine walnut and mahogany veneers.

We are prepared to quote special prices on these superb instruments, and to take old Pianos in exchange.

WAREROOMS,

Lindsay, Nordheimer Co., 2366 St. Catherine St.

TO THE MOON.

White moon you seem to ride
An Arab steed of snow,
Breasting the howling wind—
Tossing the clouds aside,
Pearing no depths below.

Through your bright silvery road,
On the angry bellow,
My love comes sailing fast,
Safe to his sweetheart, showed
By your guiding pillar!

Pearless you reign for me,
Though star-gems round you light,
We know their jealousy!
Lovers look but to thee,
Radiant Queen of Night!

ISABEL.

HOW TO CLEAN THE CARPETS.

With the presence of the house-cleaning season, the easiest and best way to clean carpets is a question worthy of consideration.

The methods employed in the British factories for cleaning velvet, moquette, Aubusson and other heavy carpets is to be commended for its simplicity as well as the good results obtained. Two large pails of hot water are provided, one clear and tepid, the other hot and soapy, made so by shaving white soap into water. Plenty of good, strong, white cotton rags are a requisite, and a scrubbing brush may be added if care is taken not to apply it too vigorously.

A square of the carpet is then taken at a time and the surface washed quickly with a clean cloth and this soapy water.

An Englishwoman recommends the following: Take up as much of the soiled water as possible; then wring out the cloth into a third pan of tepid water and with a cloth wrung from the clean water, wipe the

soaped and cleaned surface thoroughly, wiping deftly over, but not wiping in. Now wipe with clean cloths until it is as dry as possible.

Proceed in this way until the entire surface is covered. Change the water frequently, and when finished let the dry, sunny air sweep over and raise the tuft of the weaving until it is as good as new. This washing is good for the textile, and should be done every six months, if possible.

He—"Would you marry a one-eyed man?"
She—"Why, gracious, no!" He—"Then let me carry your parasol."

Probably You're Going

To the seashore, almost certain
near the water. Remember last
year how you envied those who
could plunge into the surf or
river and enjoy a good swim?
Time for you to learn before
going this year. ON THE
TROLLEY at the LAURENTIAN,
a little exertion, and you can't
help it.

LAURENTIAN BATHS,

Gor. Craig and Beaudry Sts.

Ladies' Days—Monday Morning
and Wednesday Afternoon.

May 7, 1898.

THE METROPOLITAN.

About People.

The Countess of Shaftesbury, whose death took place recently on board her yacht in the Mediterranean, was the mother of the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Alton House. Her Ladyship, who was predeceased some years ago by her husband, was a daughter of the late Marquis of Donegal. The deceased lady went out in her yacht with a view to meeting her son, Lord Shaftesbury, who had just returned from Australia, where he had been acting as A. D. C. to Lord Brassey for the past four years.

Among the cherished treasures of the Czarina is what she playfully calls her "black diamond." This is a small block of common household coal, which (Cassell's Journal says) reminds her of one of the most novel experiences of her life. When, some years ago, as Princess Alix, she spent some time in Wales, she expressed a wish to descend a coal mine. Every facility was naturally offered to the adventurous and beautiful princess. She descended 1,500 feet into the bowels of the earth, and with her own hands, dislodged some blocks of coal, one of which she now cherishes as a souvenir of a new experience and unconventional days.

Chatting with an old soldier the other day (says an *Outlook* correspondent) I tried to find out the secret of Lord Roberts' popularity. "Why," was the reply, "that's easy enough to see. He'll never stand any nonsense; but he looks after his men as no one else can or will. We used to say at Aldershot that 'good dinners and good boots' was 'Bob's' motto; but, mind you, you can't humbug him. I remember him coming in one day when we were at mess. 'Well, Adjutant,' says he 'any complaints today?' 'No, sir,' says the Adjutant, pat. A cheeky youngster jumps up with 'Please, sir, my dinner isn't all right.' 'Oh,' says Lord Roberts—he was Colonel then—"why didn't you complain to the Adjutant?" No answer; so putting the youngster on one side the Colonel sat himself down on the bench with soldiers close at each elbow, and just polished every morsel from the plate. 'Don't see anything the matter with it,' said he, without a smile, and walked away. We had a good laugh, I can tell you; but the man looked queer enough when he saw his dinner whisked off in that pretty fashion."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the famous librettist, has a horror of being interviewed. Upon one occasion he was invited by a woman journalist to give her a "conversation" for professional use. He replied that his terms for such interviews were twenty guineas, whereupon the lady wrote that she would await her opportunity and write his obituary notice for nothing. Mr. Gilbert, angered by the impertinence of his would-be interviewer, wrote one or two letters of remonstrance to the papers, in which he made rather disparaging comments upon her methods. The letters were published, unfortunately for the harassed gentleman, and the woman promptly sued him for libel and lost her case. Mr. Gilbert very kindly released her from the payment of costs enacted by the court.

The German Emperor ascribes his health and vigor to the excellent advice of his physician. He says: Eat fruit for breakfast; eat fruit for lunch. Avoid pastry and hot cakes. Take pectorates only once a day. Do not take tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day, wet or fine. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone always made it a point to attend the servants' balls given at Hawarden Castle. On the last occasion of this kind, Mrs. Gladstone, then eighty-five years of age, opened the ball by dancing with the butler.

It was in the Parliament of 1886-1892 that Sir Willard Lawson repeated Mr. Gladstone's celebrated phrase, "the classes are against the masses," and then turning to the late Mr. Hamar Bass, corrected himself, amid a roar of laughter in which Mr. Bass good-humoredly joined, "I ought

father to say, 'the classes against the classes!'"

The eight women colonels of the German Army, who draw swords only semi-officially, and their salaries regularly, are—The Queen; the Empress of Germany; the Dowager Empress, wife of the late Frederick III; the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia; the Queen Regent Sophia and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands; the Duchess of Connaught; and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Edinburgh), sister of the Emperor of Russia.

Mr. Moody, the American evangelist, in an interview in the *Advance*, while speaking of the English church, remarked that not a member of the Royal Family ever heard the great Spurgeon preach. "It is true," asked the interviewer, "that the Prince of Wales came to hear you preach?" "Yes, but he was not the Prince." And was she affected as the story goes? "Yes, but she went to see Dean Stanley, and he rubbed it all off. And then I expressed myself about Dean Stanley."

We owe a new Gladstone story to the introduction in a French translation of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." A chronicler there states that, "one night, after returning home from the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone picked up from his drawing-room table a copy of 'Treasure Island,' left there by a member of the family. He began to read it, became entranced and utterly forgetful of time, and only recalled his lost night's sleep when he turned the last page as morning was breaking."

ANECDOTES.

A WAY OUT OF THE DILEMMA.

Tom Reed was once to make a speech in Vermont, but was unable to do so, because the heavy rains had destroyed parts of the little railroad. Accordingly he sent this telegram: "Cannot come; washout on the line." In a few hours the reply came: "ever mind; come anyway. Borrow a shirt."

A PROHIBITIVE TARIFF.

A grizzled farmer down in Mississippi went to a newspaper office to have a notice inserted about the death of a relative.

"What air your charges?" he asked of the manager.

"We charge two dollars an inch."

"Oh, h—l!" said the farmer, "I can't afford that. William he was six feet and three inches."

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

Here is a good story about Dumas pere which will bear repeating:

In the days of his affluence some one went to Dumas for 50 sous to help buy a friend.

"What was he?" Dumas asked.

"A baillif, sir," replied the borrower. Durval's eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note which he thrust into the man's hand.

"You say it cost 50 sous? Here are 100. Bury two of 'em.

A JUDICIAL ATTITUDE.

Men who have worn the judicial ermine generally have certain privileges in court that the struggling young lawyer would make any sacrifice to obtain. A newly admitted member of the bar made a suggestive remark to ex-Judge Curtis, of New York, about this, and the old gentleman became very angry. When he gets mad he lets himself loose. He did so on this occasion, but finally wound up with, "I am a fool! I am the biggest fool on earth!" The youngster attempted to soothe him with the remark: "Judge, all men are fools at times. I have been a fool myself." The enraged old lawyer glared at him. "You a fool?" he sneered. "Yes, and a bigger fool than you, judge." This caused the judge to tear the little hair left upon his venerable head. "I deny it, sir!" he shouted; "it is a lie! You could never be a bigger fool than I. You have not the capacity, sir; not the capacity!"

ANYTHING BUT THAT.

The London *Telegram* prints a funny story of the order known as grueuses. A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but

affectionate care. "Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now, what can I get for you?"

With a wan smile he answered, feebly, "Well, I seem to smell a ham cooking somewhere. I think I could do with a little bit of that."

"Oh, no, John, dear," she answered, promptly, "you can't have that. That's for the funeral."

Mrs. Cleveland has never lost her admiration for her husband in the joys of motherhood; although the bill, a son has filled the cup of happiness to overflowing for both parents.

During a visit of one of Mrs. Cleveland's Washington friends to the Cleveland's new home in Princeton, the mother proudly displayed the new boy to her guest. "But," said the visitor, in the course of the conversation, "I thought the boy was named for his father. The papers said so the day after he was born." "No," replied Mrs. Cleveland, handing the boy back to his waiting nurse, and speaking in a matter-of-fact tone, "his name is Richard Folsom. There was but one George Washington, and there can be but one Grover Cleveland."

A certain French King, seeing at court a man said to be very like him, blurted out, "You are very like our family; is it possible that your mother was much at court?" "No, sir," said the man, "but my father was."

The Prince Regent, being in Portsmouth one day, and seeing Jack Towers across the street, shouted out in his royal way, "Hullo, Towers, I hear you are the greatest blackguard in Portsmouth!" Towers replied, with a low bow, "I hope your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my character."

Some eight or ten years ago there appeared in an Austrian newspaper an advertisement with the heading: "Sure Cure for Red Noses." The prescription would be mailed to any address on the receipt of ten florins. Johanna Jansburger, a poor fellow afflicted in that way, concluded to give the cure a chance and mailed his ten florins. Promptly the answer came and was couched in these terms: "Your remittance has been duly received and credited. We take great pleasure in forwarding the prescription, which is very simple. Keep right on drinking and the nose will turn blue."

An Irishman, having paid a fine in a police court, stood waiting before the judge. The rest of the story is best told by himself: "What are ye waitin' for?" says his honor. "For me recaips," says Oi. "But we don't give recaips," says he. "But ye must," says Oi. "What for?" says he. "Well, Oi'll tell ye, yer honor. When Oi die Oi expect to go to heaven, an' whin Oi get to the Golden Gates Saint Peter will say, 'Have ye paid all yer bills, McManus?' Oi'll say, 'Oi have,' an' thin he'll ask me for the recaips, an' Oi'll take them out of me pocket, all done up in a nate little elastic. 'Have ye paid all yer joines?' he'll say thin. 'Oi have.' 'An' where the recaips?' An' thin Oi'll have to go hunting all over h—l to foind yer honor. Oi got me recaip."

An English hostess was entertaining about three hundred people at a reception and had provided only about seventy-five seats. In despair, she said to a compatriot: "Oh, if am so distressed! Not three-fourths of these people can sit down!" "Bless my soul, madam!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter with them?"

On a plantation, the property of a wealthy Charlestonian, dwelt a queer character, Pompey by name. Whenever Pompey was ill, which occurred with alarming frequency, he was wont to inaugurate a limited revival meeting on his o'n behalf, the burden of which was: "Oh, may de good Lawd God Almighty take poor Pompey home!" This became so monotonous, and the lamentations so vociferous that a band of neighbors determined to test Pompey, and incidentally affect a cure. Accordingly, one evening, when his plaintive lament had been more clamorous than usual, they stealthily repaired to Pompey's habitation, where he was accustomed to lock himself in. Suddenly a low rat-tat-tat was heard upon the cabin door. "Who's dah?" came from within.

In, receiving no response, Pompey was about to resume operations, when another knock was heard. "Who's dah?" called Pompey in a thoroughly frightened quiver. "De good Lawd God Almighty, come to take Pompey home!" "It's a slob name, heh, sah," he cried excitedly; "Pompey done gone an' moved tree weeks ago, sah, shuh!"

An itinerant parson tells that way out in the backwoods he went one day to a settler's house, and entered to have a talk with the inmates. The old woman of the house became much interested in the preacher's discourse, and requested that he conduct family worship. She also insisted upon hunting up her family Bible, to be used upon the occasion.

She left the room to look up the Bible, but seemed to have hard work finding it. The minutes passed, and she came not. The preacher had time to grow impatient before the old woman reappeared, with a few catered leaves in her hand. She handed them over, with an apologetic air. "I am awf, sorry, parson," she explained, "but the fact is, I didn't know I was so near out of Bibles!"

A party of Stamford professors undertaken, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the depths of an old Tholiumne mine. One of the number relates the following startling incident:

On his descent in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a mica for a fellow passenger, he perceived, as he thought, unmistakable symptoms of eak places in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half way from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the basket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow if we get up safe to-day, sir."

Aunt Cherry Mallory was recently put on the witness stand at Adams Station, to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by a Louisville & Nashville passenger locomotive. A correspondent of the Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle: After being sworn she was asked by the wise lawyer if she saw the train kill this hog. "Yes," she said, "I seed it." "Well, said the lawyer, "tell the court in as few words as possible all you known about it." "I kin do dat in a mighty few words," said Aunt C., clearing her throat, and with one eye on the lawyer, said: "Hit jus' tooted and tuck 'im."

The marriage of Miss Ettie Egan, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Egan, to William H. Mowat, son of Mr. J. McGregor Mowat, took place on Wednesday, 27th April, at the residence of the bride's father, 72 Aylmer St. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Fleck, B. A. The bride was gowned with broadcloth silk, with orange blossoms in her hair and carried a bouquet of roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Maud Egan, and the maid of honor, Miss Mandie Mowat. The groom was accompanied by Mr. Robert N. Ahern and Mr. Richard Egan, Jr. About forty guests sat down to the wedding supper. The happy couple, who were the recipients of many beautiful and costly presents, left by the 10.30 train for Cornwall, where they will take up their future residence.

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SUBSTANTIAL, WELL COOKED, WELL SERVED, } 25c Meal
In Town

Open from 7.30 a.m. till 9 p.m. (Special Open late for supper or private parties ordering before 8 p.m.)

AMUSEMENTS.

To those who have witnessed some other of John A. Steavens' plays such as "Unknown," "Christmas Bells," etc., "The Mask of Life" will be a pleasant surprise. Whilst by no means faultless, and containing the usual amount of melo-dramatic improbability, it at least possesses several strong situations, and tells a fairly consistent story. If these were only clothed in more fitting language it would be almost a good play, but it is needlessly verbose; about a quarter of the words are superfluous whilst the good old-time melo-dramatic sentiments which have done duty since the flood are scattered profusely through the length and breadth of it. The best situation is that at the end of the second act, where Count Ivan, in unmasking the supposed spy discovers his own wife. This is worked up to by a series of clever complications and is effective. In this scene Harrington Reynolds did especially good work. The third act though, talky is also good—and was very well played by Mr. Reynolds, Florence Roberts and T. J. McGrane. The comedy element is weak and tame worn, evolved from the love affairs of an English serving man and a French maid. The parts are played by Francis Byrne and Nellie Calahan respectively, who'd do their best to produce fun from a barren soil. Harry Mack as a doctor and Walton Townsend as a Nihilist conspirator are both good. The rest of the characters are of minor importance. The Luciers, in their musical act are one of the best vaudeville features we have had this season and deserved the applause. Oakley and Hustead are fair, and the little dog who assists them is excellent. May Walsh sings several ballads acceptably.

The Beryl Hope Stock Co. closed their engagement at the Queen's last Saturday. The final performances were devoted to the production of Stage Manager Sedley Brown's play, "A Woman of the People." The play possessed a good many merits, the chief one being that it is out of the ordinary line, and original. The characters are clearly drawn types, and mostly true to nature; on the other hand the motives from which some of them act and upon which a good deal of the plot turns, are strained and rather far-fetched. It is, however, far ahead of the cheap thrash with which the stage is today overloaded. The language is clear and concise, the plot outside of the above mentioned improbabilities is consistent, and claptrap is conspicuous by its absence. The ladies of the company appeared to particular advantages in this play. Beryl Hope, as Joe Wilson, the erring but loving and warm-hearted woman of the people, did a good piece of work. Dickie Delaro, a character sketch of the gossipy, mischief-making old maid, was excellent; as was also Clara Knott's performance of Betty Hemback; whilst Charlotte Severson made a charming Olive Goodwin. Amongst the men the best of the work fell upon Howell Hansell, as Robert Mortimer, and Sedley Brown, as Miggs. Both were good. The play was very prettily and tastefully staged.

The company left for Ottawa on Sunday night to fulfil a four weeks' engagement. A number of friends were assembled at the station to wish them good-bye.

The following is the cast that will produce "Castle" at the Stanley Hall next Wednesday evening, May 11th at the benefit tendered to Miss Freda May: Hon. Geo. D'Alroy; Mr. Reg. O. Thicke; Capt. Hawtree, Mr. Jack Rose; Eccles, Mr. W. A. Tremayne; Sam Geridge, Mr. Herbert Cochran; Dixon, Mr. Chas. Norman; Marquise St. Maur, Miss Kathleen Kinsella; Esther Eccles, Miss Birdie Lavers; Polly Eccles, Miss Freda May. Tickets are in great demand, and it looks as if the affair would be an unqualified success.

"The Pulse of New York" is running to good business at the Royal. The Thomson Tots, two very clever children, are the chief feature of the performance, but there are also some other very clever specialties.

A bill of great merit is promised for the Théâtre Français next week. In the first place, the re-engagement of

Hairdressing . . .

NEWEST STYLES IN WAVING
AND TINTS

Complexion Treatment.

MANICURE.

BORDEN STRUCTURES

in Coiffures, Fringes, Switches,

OUR STOCK OF HAIR

IS UNEQUALLED

Ladies can examine and select
our goods in strict privacy.

Miss Johnstone Bennett, the famous character sketch artist is one of the most important of the season. There will also be the first appearance in Montreal of Pete Baker, the great German comedian, since his parting with his old partner, Tom Farron. This will in all probability be Mr. Baker's last public appearance before again joining hands with Mr. Farron and starring under the old firm name of Baker & Farron. The stock company is to produce a double bill commencing with the successful curtain raiser "The Kitchen Belle." When this little piece was first written it was all the rage in London as a curtain raiser, and was afterwards played in New York by some of the best companies the metropolis ever knew. Following this will be Sydney Grundy's capital farce-somewhat "Snow Ball." Though "Snow Ball" is not of the class which has been made so popular of late, still it is more of a standard production, and will probably be in existence and be entertaining people, when the majority of the farce comedies of to-day are dead and forgotten. Little Fanny Granger who is said to be a pleasing soubrette, is also on the bill, making a programme of excellence that is decidedly hard to beat.

The Théâtre Français management is making active preparations for the first performance on any stage outside of New York, of John Drew's and Maud Adams' great Empire Theatre success "Butterflies." It was this play that crowded the Empire to standing room for many months previous to the parting of Mr. Drew and Miss Adams. It will be given a performance in Montreal that will be in keeping with its great merits.

Edward E. Rose is one of the most remarkable men in the theatrical business. The writer knew Ed. Rose when he was quite a young man, a good actor and an all-round clever fellow. It was in the days of the big successes of the Boston Museum Stock Company. When William Seymour retired from the stage management of the Museum many expected the position would fall to an old man, but great was the surprise when Rose was appointed. When Mary Anderson made her farewell productions in London, she offered Mr. Rose the stage management. The offer was a flattering one, and he resigned his Boston engagement and remained abroad for two years. On his return to America the syndicate then building the "Castle Square" Theatre in Boston offered him the absolute management of the new house. Mr. Rose accepted, and astonished the profession when he announced that he would manage the theatre, write a play for the opening week, would personally direct all the rehearsals and play the leading role. The opening night came; "Captain Paul" was produced, and was a great success in every respect. Mr. Rose is interested in several ventures, but gives to the Beacon Company his personal attention. The company plays a three weeks' engage-

ment at the Queen's Theatre, starting on Monday afternoon next with "The Man From the West," with Mr. Rose in the title role. The prices for the daily matinees will be ten, twenty and twenty-five cents, while at night the prices will range from fifteen to fifty cents.

The White Crook Burlesques will again be seen at the Royal next week.

GYMKHANA.
PROGRAMME, MAY 11 AND 12.
Evenings.

1, Overture, "Band of the Royal Scots"; 2, Potato Race; 3, Lancers; 4, Tilting at the Ring; 5, Fencing; 6, Thread and Needle Race; 7, Overture. Intermission for Refreshments; 8, Musical Ride; 9, Potato Pegging; 10, Bill Posting; 11, May Pole Ride; 12, Music, Band; 13, Tortoise Race; 14, Alarm Race. God Save the Queen.

MATINEE, THURSDAY 12.

1, Overture, Band Royal Scots; 2, Grand March and Fancy Drill; 3, Potato Race; 4, Music, Band; 5, Lancers (ladies and gentlemen); 6, Tortoise Race (boys); 7, Thread and Needle Race; 8, Quadrille Ride. God Save the Queen.

MARK SMITH.

Everyone one knows jolly, good natured Mark Smith whose cut appears on the first page of this paper, and everyone has seen him in one of the many characters which he has made popular, for no comedian in America has the credit of so many successes. Last week he convulsed his audience with his infinitesimal characterization of the Marquis Imari, in "The Geisha" and next week he will be seen in the character he originated in this country and which is one of the best he has ever sung, that of Pooh Bah in "The Mikado." Mr. Smith for so ten years played and originated the comedy roles of each production at the home of opera, the New York Casino, and his versatility is indeed well-known for the name Mark Smith is a household word in all parts of this continent. Mr. Smith is very ambitious and enters into an undertaking with that enthusiasm which guarantees success. He too is a very busy man, not only acting as his own stage manager and rehearsing the company some two or three times each day, but aside from that he manages his company and is the directing and controlling spirit in all business matters.

Mark Smith is the son of an illustrious sire. The elder Mark Smith was an actor of great ability and power, and many of the older theatre-goers will call up to memory this talented actor of the old school, who was a contemporary of Booth, the elder Salvini, Charlotte Cushman and McCullough.

Mr. Smith is now entering upon an undertaking that will be very interesting to the better class of theatre-goers and music lovers, and which it is hoped the Montreal public will appreciate.

at. Next Monday night he will inaugurate a limited summer season of comic-opera at the Academy of Music, presenting only the best and most popular light operas. For this engagement he has retained the entire company that has been supporting him in "The Geisha," and has also added to the personnel of the company, making it undoubtedly one of the most capable stock opera companies in the city.

The first opera presented will be "The Mikado" which will occupy the stage of the Acad. all of next week commencing Monday. Special scenic effects have been painted by a large force of scene painters and entirely new and elaborate costumes will be worn. As the expenses of a stock organization are not so great as a traveling one, the great saving being in railroad and transportation charges, Mr. Smith has decided to give the public the benefit of this saving and has reduced the prices of admission. A special feature will be special bargain matinees on Wednesday and Saturday when the best seats in the theatre will be only twenty-five cents.

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For INFANTS,
INFALLIDS,
and the AGED.

This delicious and highly nutritious Food has been used with remarkable success in the rearing of Infants, and by delicate and aged persons in England for many years. It can now be obtained in sealed tins of leading Chemists, &c., in the Cofoniés, and will prove a boon to mothers and nurses.

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Thoroughly reliable saddle horses for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Also a splendid lot of Hunters ridden last season. First-class liveries for hire. Special attention given to boarding.

Telephone 4464. Open all hours.

The Tichborne Claimant.

"I am sincerely obliged to you for allowing me to call on you, but let us understand each other; and let me be frank. I wished to see you, not because I believe in you, but because I think that you are one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived. Still, I must not forget the courtesy due to a host. Am I to address you as Sir Roger Tichborne or as Arthur Orton, or am I to assume that you are neither?" It was with these words that I introduced myself a year or so ago to "The Claimant." He evidently liked this bluntness, shook my hand warmly, laughed very good-naturedly, but with a rather sad expression, and motioned me to a seat. "Ah," he said, "I have brought this on myself by the great mistake of my before I signed that confession in 'The People'?" I replied frankly that I did not, and thinking that this would be life; but, tell me, did you believe in me a good opportunity of getting him to talk about himself, I said, "Will you let me tell you what seemed to me the points most conclusive against you in the trial?" He said, "Certainly, I shall be most interested to hear." "Well, the first was the utter obliteration from your memory of all that it had been proved Roger Tichborne had learned from his tutor and at Stonyhurst; the second was your going off to Wapping on the first night of your arrival in London, and the third was your denial that you had ever been at Lloyd's rooms, when it was proved conclusively that you had searched the books there." His replies were very pertinent and ingenuous. He said, "Will you believe me when I say that these things are as strange to me, to whom they actually happened, as they can be to you? I could never understand how it was that I so completely lost my memory, which is ordinarily a very good one. It was perhaps due to my having delirium tremens two or three times (for in those days I was terribly addicted to drink), and to the fevers I had in the bush. But as for the visit to Wapping, it was perfectly natural, and nothing was so unfairly represented in all my trial. The facts were these: I landed about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Day and drove straight to Ford's Hotel in Manchester Square, where I had some dinner about 5, and having nothing to do that evening (for my mother, whom I expected to meet, had not arrived), I thought I couldn't do better than keep a promise I had made to Orton that I would call on his people and tell them how he was doing, because I knew I should have no time to do this later on when business began. So I took a four-wheeler and went off, and that was the reason I went to Wapping on the night of my arrival. As for visiting Lloyd's, I can say that I have absolutely no recollection of having been there, and at the present moment do not even know where Lloyd's is."

He talked in a low tone, without emphasis and with a curious half-indifference, alternating with a certain furtive observant attention to the impression he was making. His voice was soft and caressing, his accent a overdone attempt to mimic the fine words being minced and drawled in an singular mixture of affected refinement and natural vulgarity, some of his gentleman, and some, like "ouise" and "putt" (for "out"), betraying less cultivated associations. The twofold life which he had led was thus plainly indicated. His features were very striking, and produced quite a different impression from that given by the public portraits. His massive face and head with its long and abundant white hair, gave him an almost noble appearance. The forehead, nose, chin and jaw were anything but plebian. What spoiled his head were the ears, the lobes of which were most remarkable, being long, flabby, pendular and flat. His eyes were large and prominent, not shifty, but not always easily and satisfactorily meeting you; they had a curious askance look sometimes which, combined with twitching and down-rolled thick black eyelashes, was not at such moments, captivating. Taken as a whole, and seen in profile, there was nothing in his features to indicate the qualities which have made his name infamous. He talked with the utmost freedom of his life and his experience. In his youth, he said, he had no pretension to any virtue and

had been a perfect rogue, he would drink two bottles of brandy at a sitting and eat at nothing! His anecdotes, whether true or not, were as entertaining as endless. Strange though it may seem, he gave one the idea of a man who was naturally frank, simple and straightforward, and who had by no means either the temper or the characteristics of the charlatan. This was illustrated in a most curious way. When he spoke of his own life and adventures, he had all the air and accent of a man who was telling the truth. But the moment he identified himself with "Roger Tichborne" his whole manner changed, the glance became turvie, his movements uneasy. I amused myself with watching him, and he was aware of it. "And where," I would innocently ask, "is Arthur Orton now?" Instantly his glance was averted and directed thoughtfully to the ceiling or inquisitively around the room, and out came the palpably falsehoods! "Well, you know I believe him to be the madman in the Sydney asylum." I asked him whether during the trial he did not get so muddled that he really did not know who ways knew who he was?" but added slyly, "I said, "when I looked at you." He laughed and replied, "Oh, I always knew who I was," but added that at times he was bordering on the state indicated by me. He explained that he had drawn up the statement acknowledging that he was Arthur Orton because at that time he and his young wife were almost starving, and that he had been promised £3,000 if he would do so, but he added, again in falsetto, that his identity with Sir Roger was so indisputable that no affidavits or recantations on his part could affect it. It is a proof of the courage and pluck of the man that when I asked him if he would be willing to live all his life over again just as it had been, he replied, "I know what you mean," and, after a pause, said, "Yes; I would, with all its cares and troubles."

There was an undefinable attractiveness about the man not wholly to be accounted for by his unaffected courtesy and good nature, his extreme kindness of disposition, his generous appreciation of any services which had been done him, the utter absence of any bitterness or rancour when speaking of his opponents, his touching tenderness to his young wife, the courage and resignation with which he bore the accumulated miseries of his latter days—ill-health, intense pain, penury, almost starvation. Truly in his case the wheel had come full circle, and when I saw him last, lying on a wretched pallet, without a fire, with no food but a crust of bread, friendless, penniless, hopeless, I thought of the truth of Goethe's line,

Alle Schuld racht sich auf Erden.

This at least may be said of him, that he had lived, and that he was, when, which, after all, are honorable distinctions.—The Saturday Review.

WEALTH IN MINE DEBRIS.

There are some men in this world who have to toil for a mere apology of a living—and then there are others. One of these latter is Mr. Luce, of Cargo Muchacho. Luce's experience reads like a romance. For twenty years he had knocked about the coast, on the desert, in the mountains, prospecting and mining, and had finally, by hard work and the closest economy, managed to scrape together a few hundred dollars.

One day on the shores of the Colorado, some twenty miles north of Yuma, he met an old Mexican, who told him of a deserted mine some ten miles back from the river and seven miles north of Hedges. Luce's interest was aroused, and he visited that mine, to find there an abandoned twenty-stamp mill which had pounded away for many years and finally shut down. He then learned the story. The mill was on leased ground. The lessor had optioned the property on shares and had done fairly well, although the ore was not entirely free milling. One day the vein "pinched out." The mining man was sure he had simply lost the lead, and that it was there all right, but the owners refused to put up a cent to help him find it again, and, tired of living on the desert, he threw up the whole business and left.

Luce examined the property and discovered that there was a small

mountain of tailings, the accumulation of years, piled up behind the mill. He tested these tailings with cyanide. Then he measured the pile roughly and estimated there was over 100,000 tons of the stuff there. That night he wrote to the president of the company in New York City, offering them 10 cents per ton for the tailings on a basis of 100,000 tons. The president read the letter, looked surprised, and called the directors together. They read the letter, looked wise, tapped their foreheads significantly, and laughed to each other.

"This poor fellow Luce should be called 'goose,'" said one.

"Desert's proved too much for him—probably gone datt," observed another.

Not one of them thought those tailings were worth anything, and they had almost entirely forgotten that old mine out on the Colorado desert. But they answered the letter, telling Luce to go ahead.

This was in April last year. On receipt of the letter Luce immediately erected a cyanide plant, costing him about \$100 of his own and his friends' money. Then he hired fifteen Mexicans and Indians and began work on those tailings. The other day some representatives of the mine company were returning from San Francisco, and, passing through the desert, they thought they would visit the mine.

"How are you?" said Luce. "Glad to see you. By the way, we might as well fix up our little accounts now as at any time," and so saying he threw the astonished Gothamites a check for \$10,000. Then he explained that in the nine months he had been running the cyanide plant he had cleaned up \$45,000, and that there was plenty of tailings in sight to net him \$200,000 within three years.—San Diego Sun.

L.

Love draws us near, beneath the shadow of his wings,
We cannot stray nor fall,
Even though thy pathway lead where summer sunshine flings
It's blessings over all,
And mine, beset with gloom and evil fortunes stings
And sorrows gall.

They road may lie mid stones and desert sands,
And mine through pastures green,
Yet love keeps ward and holds us in his hands
Strong, pure, serene.

I long to hear thy voice, to see thy loving face;
Yet since this may not be,
My soul shall follow thine through chartless unknown space
To all eternity.
God is our strength and in His sweet, unfailing grace,
Thou'll wait for me.

Even though our ways be severed and a misty veil
Keep us apart,
Love's sun is shining and the quivering phantom pale,
Before his dart;
We'll meet at last, for God doth never fail
Join loving heart to heart.

Then falter not nor faint, where'er we stray,
This comfort's dear.
The night's far spent and fast the golden day,
Breaks sweet and clear,
The day of love, of peace, whos: sovereign sway
Dispels all fear.

SOLWIN.

Three different waiters at an hotel asked a prim, precise little man at dinner if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked the question, "Is it compulsory?" "No, sir," said the waiter, "I think it's mock turtle."

Mother—"How's this, Tommy? You've been fighting Billy once again, when I forbade it. Tommy!" Didn't you tell me to return good for evil, ma?" Well, he gave me a bad lickin' yesterday, and I gave him a good one to day!"

CARDS.

Telephone 2324 P. O. Box 1199

**W. H. WEIR & SON,
STOCK BROKERS,**

113 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

W. H. WEIR, F. H. WEIR;

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All Stocks and Bonds bought and sold for margin or for cash. Correspondents in New York.

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No. 11 St. SACRAMENT STREET.
H. G. Strathy, member Montreal Stock Exchange since 1870.

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L. D. S. D. D. S.
Surgeon Dentist.

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The Metropolitan.

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MONTREAL, MAY 7, 1898.

On St. Francois

Xavier Street.

Thursday, May 5, 4 p.m.

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Reported by Gordon Strathy & Co., Stock
Brokers, 11 St. Sacrement street.

	Lowest.	Highest.	Closing.
B. of Montreal	240	240	240
Ontario Bank	102	102	102
Molsons	900	900	900
Merchants	173	174	174
Quebec	126	126	126
National	90	90	90
Commerce	137½	137½	137½
Hochelaga	160	160	160
Peoples	—	—	—
Nova Scotia Bk.	—	—	—
Can. Pac. Ry.	80½	83	83
Duluth Ry. pfd.	—	* 4	—
Duluth Ry. com.	—	* 2½	—
Mont. Tel.	—	1724	—
Bell Telephone	170	170	170
Royal Electric	146	150	150
Toronto Ry.	89½	96	95
Montreal Street Ry.	243½	252	252
" New.	244½	248	248
Montreal Gas Co.	178½	188	187
Richelieu & Ontario	89	96	96
Commercial Cable	166	176	174
Montreal Cotton	142	142	142
Dominion Cotton	85	90	90
Colored Cotton	—	* 40	—
D. Coal Co. pfd.	98½	103	103
" com.	—	* 17	—
Heat and Light	—	* 29½	—
Auer Light	—	—	—
Halifax Street Ry.	120	128	128
Cornwall Ry.	—	—	—
St. John Ry.	—	128½	—
Jacques Cartier Bank	—	103	—

* Bid.

The recovery of the stock market since Thursday, the 21st April, (two weeks ago to day) shows that the natural tendency of securities is to advance, also that nothing is so unsettling to prices as suspense. Since war was declared prices have steadily advanced. Fourteen days ago, Toronto Ry. sold at 80, and to-day at 95½; Canadian Pacific Ry. sold at 70½, and to-day at 83½; Cable Co. sold at 157½, and to-day at 175½; Street Ry. sold at 239, and to-day at 252; Dominion Coal Co. Pr. sold at 92, and to-day at 103; Dominion Cotton sold at 84, and to-day at 90; Montreal Gas Co. sold at 168½, and to-day at 187½; Richelieu & Ontario sold at 82½, and to-day at 96.

* *

Considering the money market and the still unsettled state of affairs, we would advise caution in buying stocks now after such a rapid recovery, and if money is going to range at 5 p.c. or over for next few months, investments only paying 4 p.c. will have to be very gilt-edge to maintain their price.

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Banks stocks were strong and held their own well during the late very weak market.

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FINANCIAL GOSSIP.

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York. From last Friday, until the moment of writing, prices of the leading active stocks have risen steadily from 4 to 8 points, and they close at their highest figure. The only exception is Canadian Pacific, which has hung back in sympathy with London. But, even this stock closes a point and three-quarters higher than last Friday, and it is selling in New York above its parity here.

How steady and continuous the rise has been is best shown in the following table:

	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.
Montreal Street	246	246	247½	249	250½	252
Toronto Street	90½	90½	93½	94	95½	—
Halifax Trans.	120	—	127	126	128	—
Mont.	81½	83½	83	82	83	—
Cable	—	1	1½	1½	1½	—
Gas	179	189	183½	184	175½	—
Royal Electric	146	—	—	—	150	—
Richelieu	91	91	91½	91½	95	96
Dom. Coal Pfd.	99	—	99	101	103	103

This sudden and heavy rise is, of course, no more due to the ordinary conditions that usually govern this market than was the equally sudden and equally inexplicable fall which preceded it. So far as the factors which ordinarily make for a rise are concerned, the situation was precisely the same a fortnight ago that it is now.

* *

The two railways were making equally good returns, and the street railways showed just as good increases in their earnings two weeks ago when Pacific sold at 70½, street railways at 240, and Toronto Street at 80, as they do to-day. The prosperity of the country was never checked. Ordinary business, transportation, and finance have met with no shock; not even with a tremor of distrust. But the stock market is a law of itself. And because New York—where there certainly were very good grounds for a fall in values—started a small-sized panic, this market followed like a flock of sheep. Margins were swallowed up, weak bolders forced out, and sufficient stock dumped on the market to enable the "shorts" to engineer a very fair imitation of Black Friday.

* *

Now there was no reason, outside of pure sympathy and sentiment, for that disastrous drop. And it is to be feared that the same purely artificial sympathy is responsible for the present rise to a very large extent. It is true the prosperity of our leading financial, agricultural and transportation interests warrant a return to the level of prices which existed before the war scare started. But there is an uncomfortable feeling among conservative brokers that the public which stampeded out of stocks on the declaration of war, is rushing back solely on the strength of Commodore Dewey's reported victory at Manila, and nothing more; and that if that victory prove to be a Pyrrhic one—and the absence of any confirmatory news from the American Commander is a disturbing factor—they may face about again with equal rapidity.

* *

Then again there is the question of the big U.S. war-loan, which must shortly be placed upon the market, and which must certainly unsettle the financial market and tend to tighten money.

* *

No doubt the recent conference between the Secretary of the Treasury and the New York banks over the terms of the issue, as well as the methods of financing it, allayed public apprehension regarding it very largely. But the fact that its must withdraw from circulation a large amount of the funds now in active use cannot be ignored. In order as far as possible to avoid this a system of depository banks is to be adopted which will hold the sums collected from the popular subscription subject to the call of the Government. As the Treasury now has a surplus of one hundred and eighteen millions over and above the gold reserve, and as this will be supported by the revenue from the hundred million dollar additional taxes, it is unlikely that these bank credits will be heavily drawn upon at any one time. Of course the Government will only draw such amounts as are necessary for actual expenditure, and it is hoped that, as the money taken out will be immediately returned to circulation through payments for supplies, etc., there will be no considerable amount withheld from active use at any one time.

* *

This argument would hold good enough were all the payments to be made in the United States. Unfortunately most of the payments to the troops will be spent in Cuba, and those for war munitions and supplies would require to be made in Europe, owing to the lack of the time necessary for their manufacture in America. Thus the money would not immediately circulate in the United States, and this would certainly make money tighter in

Wedding Presents

* * * * *

When that interesting event takes place this spring you will have occasion to see some of our elegant SILVER and CUT GLASS GOODS. It is safe to say that no other house in Canada caters so successfully in this connection as ours. We have everything from Plated Goods to the best Rockford Solid Sterling Silver.

GENUINE
Doulton Salad Bowls

FROM \$9.00 UP.

TEA CADDIES,

Cut Glass, Sterling Silver Cover,

FROM \$5.50 UP.

W. ROGERS,★

See that this cut is distinctly stamped on all Knives, Spoons and Forks, as a guarantee of quality.

Re-Plating of all kinds promptly done.
Old goods made to look like new.

* * * * *

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.,

1794 NOTRE DAME STREET.

New York. Then, again, we do not know who is going to take up this loan; whether it will be the general public, the banks, or the large corporations. Outside of its absolute security a 3 p.c. U.S. bond should not be particularly attractive to investors when time money brings 6 p.c., sound securities 4 p.c., and the country savings banks pay 3½ p.c. But, then, one never knows what the public will do in sentimental crises like the present. We must also remember that the volume of ready money in the United States has never been larger than it is today, and that of the large sums now awaiting profitable investment, part might be put into these bonds and still leave ample for investment in the ordinary channels of trade and industry. In fact we must wait and see what the future will bring forth. But this very uncertainty should teach investors and speculators caution. At the present the bull element is in the saddle and the public are rushing in—as they always do—to buy on a rising market. But their seat is by no means secure, and there are too many clouds on the financial horizon to warrant any particular confidence in the immediate future.

* *

The Dominion Coal Company has received several large orders this week including one of 10,000 tons from the Royal Electric Company which has hitherto been using Scotch Coal, the price of which has gone up considerably, and one of 10,000 tons from the Canada Atlantic Railway to be delivered at Coteau. In addition the Company has lately sold large quantities to the Imperial Government for delivery at Halifax. As an 8 per cent. stock there can be nothing better than Coal for investment around 103.

* *

Halifax Heat and Light is again being enquired after advanced bid prices. The Company has sold out all the coke it had on hand and the consumers it seems are more than satisfied with results. The new ovens are in working order and giving the best of satisfaction. The company is now in good shape and, it is said, a dividend of not less two per cent. will be paid before the end of the year.

* *

Dominion Cotton is worth watching. It

is rumored that the Company intends to shortly go back to the 8 per cent. dividend which was reduced to 6 per cent. about three years ago. The statement for last year's business was an exceptional one. The net profits were \$500,783. Out of this amount, \$2,000 interest on bonds was paid, and also \$15,000 bad debts written off. When the new management took hold, \$166,000 was taken off for depreciation of assets, etc. After deducting interest on bonds, etc., the net earnings amounted to \$423,000. The Company is now expected to earn 15 per cent. or over. As we said before, the stock will stand watching.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STREET.—You can judge for yourself. The earnings of Montreal Street for the seven months ending with April show an average increase of .34¢ per day, and average earnings daily of \$3,672. Toronto Street for the last four months shows average daily earnings of :29¢ and an average daily increase of \$127.

FORGE.—Yesterday was settling day on the Paris Bourse and this always causes dullness on the continent. This rendered Spanish Fours flat—outside of war news.

INSURANCE.—Certainly. Lloyds are now insuring at small premiums on the possibility of war complications between France and the United States and France and England. But no significance is attachable to these. They are often placed by timorous owners.

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2440 St. Catherine Street.

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The two railroads were making equally good returns, and the street railways showed just as good increases in their earnings two weeks ago when Pacific sold at 70½, street railways at 240, and Toronto Street at 50, as they do to-day. The prosperity of the country was never checked. Ordinary business, transportation, and finance have met with no shock; not even with a tremor of distrust. But the stock market is a law of itself. And because New York—where there certainly were very good grounds for a fall in values—started a small-sized panic, this market followed like a flock of sheep. Margins were swallowed up, weak bidders forced out, and sufficient stock dumped on the market to enable the “shorts” to engineer a very fair imitation of Black Friday.

* * *

Now there was no reason, outside of pure sympathy and sentiment, for that disastrous drop. And it is to be feared that the same purely artificial sympathy is responsible for the present rise to a very large extent. It is true the prosperity of our leading financial, agricultural, and transportation interests warrant a return to the level of prices which existed before the war scare started. But there is an uncomfortable feeling among conservative brokers that the public which stampeded out of stocks on the declaration of war, is rushing back solely on the strength of Commodore Dewey's reported victory at Manila, and nothing more; and that if that victory prove to be a Pyrrhic one—and the absence of any confirmatory news from the American Commander is a disturbing factor—they may face about again with equal rapidity.

* * *

Then again there is the question of the big U.S. war-loan, which must shortly be placed upon the market, and which must certainly unsettle the financial market and tend to tighten money.

* * *

No doubt the recent conference between the Secretary of the Treasury and the New York banks over the terms of the issue, as well as the methods of financing it, allayed public apprehension regarding it very largely. But the fact that its must withdraw from circulation a large amount of the funds now in active use cannot be ignored. In order as far as possible to avoid this a system of depositary banks is to be adopted which will hold the sums collected from the popular subscription subject to the call of the Government. As the Treasury now has a surplus of one hundred and eighteen millions over and above the gold reserve, and as this will be supported by the revenue from the hundred million dollar additional taxes, it is unlikely that these bank credits will be heavily drawn upon at any one time. Of course the Government will only draw such amounts as are necessary for actual expenditure, and it is hoped that, as the money taken out will be immediately returned to circulation through payments for supplies, etc., there will be no considerable amount withheld from active use at any one time.

* * *

Halifax Heat and Light is again being enquired after advanced bid prices. The Company has sold out all the coke it had on hand and the consumers it seems are more than satisfied with results. The new ovens are in working order and giving the best of satisfaction. The company is now in good shape and, it is said, dividend of not less two per cent. will be paid before the end of the year.

* * *

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* * *

THE METROPOLITAN

May 7, 1898

Wedding Presents

When that interesting event takes place this spring you will have occasion to see some of our elegant SILVER and CUT GLASS GOODS. It is safe to say that no other house in Canada caters so successfully in this connection as ours. We have everything from Plated Goods to the best Rockwood Solid Sterling Silver.

▲▲▲

GENUINE

Doulton Salad Bowls

FROM \$9.00 UP.

▼▼▼

TEA CADDIES,

Cut Glass, Sterling Silver Cover,

FROM \$5.50 UP.



W. ROGERS, ★

See that this cut is distinctly stamped on all Knives, Spoons and Forks, as a guarantee of quality.

Re-Plating of all kinds promptly done.
Old goods made to look like new.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.,

1794 NOTRE DAME STREET.

New York. Then, again, we do not know who is going to take up this loan; whether it will be the general public, the banks, or the large corporations. Outside of its absolute security a 3 p.c. U.S. bond should not be particularly attractive to investors when time money brings 6 p.c., sound securities 4 p.c., and the country savings banks pay 3½ p.c. But, then, one never knows what the public will do in sentimental crises like the present. We must also remember that the volume of ready money in the United States has never been larger than it is today, and that of the large sums now awaiting profitable investment, part might be put into these bonds and still leave ample for investment in the ordinary channels of trade and industry. In fact we must wait and see what the future will bring forth. But this very uncertainty should teach investors and speculators caution. At the present the bull element is in the saddle and the public are rushing in—as they always do—to buy on a rising market. But their seat is by no means secure, and there are too many clouds on the financial horizon to warrant any particular confidence in the immediate future.

* * *

The Dominion Coal Company has received several large orders this week including one of 10,000 tons from the Royal Electric Company which has hitherto been using Scotch Coal, the price of which has gone up considerably, and one of 10,000 tons from the Canada Atlantic Railway to be delivered at Coteau. In addition the Company has lately sold large quantities to the Imperial Government for delivery at Halifax. As an 8 per cent. stock there can be nothing better than Coal for investment around 10%.

* * *

Halifax Heat and Light is again being enquired after advanced bid prices. The Company has sold out all the coke it had on hand and the consumers it seems are more than satisfied with results. The new ovens are in working order and giving the best of satisfaction. The company is now in good shape and, it is said, dividend of not less two per cent. will be paid before the end of the year.

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* * *

is rumored that the Company intends to shortly go back to the 8 per cent. dividend which was reduced to 6 per cent. about three years ago. The statement for last year's business was an exceptional one. The net profits were \$500,783. Out of this amount, \$2,000 interest on bonds was paid, and also \$15,000 bad debts written off. When the new management took hold, \$166,000 was taken off for depreciation of assets. After deducting interest on bonds, etc., the net earnings amounted to \$423,000. The Company is now expected to earn 15 per cent. or over. As we said before, the stock will stand watching.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STREET.—You can judge for yourself. The earnings of Montreal Street for the seven months ending with April show an average increase of .34¢ per day, and average earnings daily of \$3,672. Toronto Street for the last four months shows average daily earnings of 2,901 and an average daily increase of \$127.

FORGE.—Yesterday was settling day on the Paris Bourse and this always causes dullness on the continent. This rendered Spanish Fours flat—outside of the dearth of war news.

INSURANCE.—Certainly. Lloyds are now insuring at small premiums on the possibility of war complications between France and the United States and France and England. But no significance is attachable to these. They are often placed by timorous owners.

Baldness Positively Cured

2440 St. Catherine Street.

MME. IRELAND, CANADA'S HAIR SPECIALIST,

Has added FACIAL MASSAGE and MANICURE to her entire new treatment of the hair.

Ladies try her Herbal Toilet Soaps for the Hair and Complexion.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

May 7, 1898.

British Columbia Mines.

The following is a list of the principal mining stocks dealt in in this market, with approximate prices, furnished to the METROPOLITAN by R. Meredith & Co., mining brokers, 61 St. Francois Xavier street:
Big Three.....\$0 71
Canadian Gold Fields.....0 8
Dawsonites.....0 10
Deer Park.....0 134
Evening Star.....0 54
Fern.....0 72
Golden Cache.....0 75
Gold Hills Devs.....0 10
Granite Creek.....0 10
Great Western.....0 11
Iron Colt.....0 11
Iron Mask.....0 41
Josie.....0 27
Jumbo.....0 50
Le Roi.....7 20
Monte Christo Con.....0 224
Montreal Red Min.....0 15
Noble Give.....0 18
Poorman.....0 12
St. Elmo.....0 54
Silverine.....0 5
Tin Horn.....0 15
Two Friends.....0 12
Van Ada.....0 4
Virginia.....0 25
War Eagle Con.....1 424

The market for mining stocks has been strong during the past week. War Eagle has recovered seven points. All the Monte Christo Con. that was offering here has been bought, and there is a good demand for Deer Park and Iron Mask, also some enquiries for Fern.

The Rossland market is reported as being active, and a large number of shares changing hands at advancing prices. The accident to the LeRoi has not affected the price of the stock; or of any others, and latest reports are that the shipping of ore will soon be resumed.

Now that many of the mines in British Columbia are developed to such an extent that they will shortly be on a dividend paying basis the following clipping from an American journal is interesting as showing the enormous profits in successful mining. The Calumet and Hecla is a copper mine in Michigan: "On January 1st, 1898 the stock of both the 'Calumet' and the 'Hecla' was quoted at \$30 per share and this included all the assessments levied — \$15 on Calumet and \$25 on Hecla. A purchase of 100 shares in either at \$30 would have cost \$3,000, and this since increased to 250 shares is now valued at \$530 per share or \$132,500, giving a net profit on stock of \$129,500. During this time the dividends paid were \$131,250, making the net value in 1898 of original investments \$260,750."

I hear that work on the Cariboo Hydraulic is about commencing. Mr. Hobson was to be on the ground last week, and construction on the new ditch is to be proceeded with at once.

The West Kootenay Power and Light Co. is getting into shape. At the annual meeting recently held it was stated that the plant at Bonnington Falls is complete, and ready to generate electricity. All that now remains before the Company delivers power to the Rossland Camp is the completion of the local sub-station and the finishing of the line.

I am sorry to note that the promoters of the Fairview Camp are still endeavouring to "boom stock," and if the statement is theirs it is no wonder that people have lost confidence in Tin Horn.

The London Mining Journal commenting on the delusive reports of prospectus has the following: "A recently registered London Company dealing with mine claims at Fairview, B. C. a free milling gold mine—the Smuggler—which though fairly promising, is yet in its first stage, and has not up to date earned an initial dividend, is styled one of the famous mines in America."

The following is from a Western mining paper: "The development of the mineral resources of southern British Columbia is attended by the most gratifying results, the output of gold, silver and copper being rapidly and steadily on the increase. It

is only a year or so ago that successful mining was confined to a small area in the Slocan. Now, however, there is a dividend paying mines from the foothills of the Rocky Mountains to the Okanagan valley and from the International boundary to districts north of the main line of the C. P. R."

May 5th. R. Meredith;

Social and Personal.

Among the recent departures for Dorval for the summer months are Mr. C. C. Clagett and family.

Mrs. G. R. T. Ward and Miss Ward, of Kenwood, Chicago, are the guests of Mrs. Ward's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hood, University street.

Dr. D. McEachran, Mrs. McEachran and Miss McEachran have left town for Dorval where they will spend the next few months.

It is with pleasure we extend our hearty congratulations to Miss Frances Cameron on her gaining the Gold Medal at McGill University. This intellectual young lady is a daughter of Major-General D. R. Cameron, C.M.J., and a grand-daughter through her mother of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.

Mrs. T. P. Butler, wife of Col. Butler, who has been confined to her residence for some weeks, is able to be around again and has taken her departure for Beaconsfield where the family will reside for the summer.

Mrs. W. H. Kelso and family have moved out to their summer residence, "Glen Morriston," Norwood, Sault au Recollet.

Mrs. James Cooper and Mrs. James Wright left last week to spend a few days in New York regardless of the prospects of bombardment.

Mr. J. W. Worth has left for the Adirondacks where he will remain for some weeks for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Dobbin have given up their apartments in the Sherbrooke and gone to the Windsor while their cottage at Dixie is being put in order for the summer.

Mr. Graham S. Dobbin is still at Mount Clemens Springs where he is deriving much benefit from the water.

The wedding of Mr. George R. Wilson and Miss Peggy Mackenzie, of Ottawa, will take place on the 21st inst.

Mr. W. B. Smith has moved out to his summer residence at Norwood, Back River.

ALAS!

She took my hand
In sheltered nooks;
She took my candy
And my books.

She took my flowers
Without demur;
She took the gloves
I sent to her.

She took my ring,
With tender smile;
She took my time
For quite a while.

She took my kisses,
Sweetly sky;
She took, I must
Confess, my eye.

She took my gifts—
Whatever I'd send;
She took my rival
In the end.

JAMES BARRETT KIRK.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The Canadian Magazine has opened its eleventh volume with a bright May number. W. A. Fraser, the Canadian Kipling, who has won so much praise in New York and London, contributes a weird tale of India. Elton Harris, the bright Prince Edward Island writer, is author of a charming English love-story. Professor Adam Shortt, of Kingston, contributes the leading article of the month, and in it criticizes the social life of Canada, showing wherein we

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THE BEST HOUSEHOLD DYE

the one doing most with least trouble and best result is

Made in England

Maypole Soap

The cleanest, fastest Dye for soiled or faded materials of any kind—woollen—silk—cottons, etc., because it Washes and Dyes at the same time. Sold in all colors by Druggists. Sample of work free.

Canadian Depôt, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

Annual Spring Consignment**TURKISH RUGS, CARPETS, PALACE STRIPS, PORTIERES, ETC.**

The subscribers have received on consignment direct from the Orient a choice collection of

Turkish, Persian and India Rugs, Carpets and Strips, Portiers, Embroideries, &c.

Which will be sold by public auction at No. 231 St. James street,

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS, MAY 10 AND 11,

At 2.30 o'clock each day.

*This consignment comprises some choice Antique Rugs, also fine examples of modern Rugs. The Carpets are all splendid specimens of the weavers' art, many of them of superior quality, such as the Agra, Anatolian, Bangalore, Yorches, Cashmere and Turkish, and Indian Palace Carpets. Some extra large size Carpets are suitable for board, committee and club rooms. The collection is now on view, and can be seen any time at the above address.

Catalogues will be mailed to any address (in or out of the city) on application.

M. HICKS & CO., Auctioneers.

Amusements.**Theatre Francais**

W. E. Phillips, Lessee and Manager.

WEEK OF MAY 9th.

GRAND TRIPLE BILL—

"The Kitchen Bell,"

and "SNOWBALL,"

AND RETURN OF

JOHNSTONE BENNETTE.

Prices 10, 20 and 25c. Box office open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ACADEMY

NEXT WEEK

Matinees—Wed. and Sat.

THE MIKADO

Gorgeous production by the MARK SMITH OPERA CO.

SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES,

NIGHTS—15, 25, 50 and 75c.

MATINEES—25c. only; all seats reserved.

Gallery, 15c, Matinees and Night.

Next week—Pirates of Penzance.

QUEEN'S

NEXT WEEK

Every Afternoon and Evening.

THE BEACON STOCK CO.

Presenting the Dramatic Success

THE MAN FROM THE WEST

A Strong Cast, including Mr. Ed. E. Ross.

SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES

Daily Matinees—10, 20 and 25c.

Night Prices—15, 25, 35, and 50c.

Next week—"Condemned to Siberia."

THEATRE ROYAL

Every Afternoon and Evening.

THE WHITE CROOK BURLESQUE COMPANY

A Brand New Show. Up to Date.

Popular Prices—10, 20 and 30c.

Next week—Another Big Burlesque Co.

"John, if you don't quit referring to me as 'the old woman,' I'll make you sorry for it." "What will you do dear?" "I'll be a new woman."

Sporting Gossip.

Montreal has started off well all events this year in the Eastern League. Two victories over a strong team like Providence are not to be sneezed over at the very opening of the season and the changes in the nine ought to make it easy for them to retain their lead. Clarke, the San Antonio second baseman, was not fast enough for his company and has been released, and in his place we have Schiebach, a veteran player, who was released by Syracuse, because he proved to have a very weak batting eye last season. But as a fielder he is a corner, and they say he is a lightning short-stop. This is to be his position in future, Miller being moved to his old place at second base. Hughes has also been released. He overworked his arm and the club could not afford to carry him round on the chance of his recovery.

Wilkesbarre seems coming up to the front. Rochester had to bite the dust twice as they could not find Cookley when bats were needed, although they pounded Keenan good and hard. The Syracuse Stars also had to take their medicine twice from Buffalo, for the Bisons punched Lampe's curves easily although they were not so successful with Mullarky. On Monday the Stars woke up and pounded Farmer Brown all over the field. Cochrane was substituted in the sixth innings, and not a hit was made off his delivery, but it was too late then to save Buffalo. Toronto had a little the better of Springfield, and the clubs now stand: Wilkesbarre, Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Syracuse, Springfield, Providence and Rochester. It is little curious to see the two tailenders of last season the leaders in this.

"Our Own" Dooly is playing the game of his life. And he is in fast company too. In the two games with Providence he has accepted thirty chances without an error, and made five hits out of seven times at bat, which figures out a batting average of .714. To add to the glory he has stolen a couple of bases and participated in a double play.

Toronto's two first games with the Springfield "Ponies" were somewhat of the weird and yellow order. The weather was warm and clear but there was a fierce wind which made the fielding very dubious.

The Springfield Club of the Eastern League will not play Sunday games at home or abroad this season. Three causes are given by J. E. Sanborn, the base ball editor of the Union of that city: Opposition of home patrons on moral grounds, protests of the players on account of decreased salaries and the shortened season, and the big cut in the visiting club's share in the receipts in Sunday games. The part the protests of the players cuts is significant in view of the published statement that many Eastern League players will refuse to take part in games on the Sabbath this season. The courts would not permit players to be fined or suspended for refusing to play on Sunday as it is clearly in violation of the law of the land. It is a legal axiom that no contract can compel a man to do that which the law forbids. The players are dissatisfied with the reduction in salaries and the shortened season, and are disposed to do as little as possible to earn the pay they will receive. As Sunday games are the chief source of revenue for many of the clubs, a refusal on the part of the players to take part in them would bring about a crisis. It is hardly probable that they will go so far, however, but their complaint against a short season and scaled salaries is not groundless.

Fancy Artby Irwin signing Arlie Latham for Toronto! What memories of the raimy days of ball his name brings back to us when he was the recognized "clown" of the ball field. Poor old "Lath" will prove a drawing card no doubt, but his arm is said to be so bad, however, that he can not throw well across the diamond. He was in the Eastern League two years ago, with Scranton. Since then he has played with the Columbus Club of the Western League and last season

was with the Mansfield, O., Interstate League Club.

New York's cranks and roasters are praying for warm weather so that Rusie can get his arm into working order, up down there they have been having the same cold miserable May that we have. If the Indianapolis wonder can ever get into any sort of shape he may make Hughes and some of the new star pitchers very weary.

Of course everyone in Baltimore is talking of Hughes and his great feat in shutting out Boston without a hit. Undoubtedly it is a feat that has not been paralleled since the pitching distance was increased. It was claimed in the despatches of that same day that Breitenstein had not allowed a hit to Pittsburg the same day, but now comes the score, kept by Ben Mulford, one of Cincinnati's best and most experienced scorers, in which he gives Pittsburg one hit. Three hits were scored against Young by the Cincinnati scorers in the game in which it was claimed Young did not allow the Reds a hit last fall. But in Hughes' performance, not only was his pitching against the champions of the League, but there could be no difference of opinion as to the lack of hits. Three of Boston's best scorers saw the game, and not one differed from the local scorers.

The scorer's work is going to be a little novel this season. He has new things to tabulate this trip, chief of which will be the omission of earned runs and the skeleton way of dealing with stolen bases. Earned runs never were of any value, inasmuch as they showed no more indications of a pitcher's value than a column of the size of bats worn by the different twirlers would have done, but stolen bases are a different proposition. Under the new rules the scorers must only put down "a steal as is a steal." If an error is made, or a passed ball intervenes it is not steal. This will cut out a large number of stolen bases from every record, but not as many as might be supposed. In every case the gentle and kindly scorer, on seeing the ball jiggled or fumbled, will remark: "It's an error, but he would have stolen peace with his conscience by taking both the error and the steal."

Dan Brouthers has begun his twentieth season as a professional ball player, having settled his salary differences with the Springfield Club. Age has not dimmed his eye, or diminished his vigor, and Dan is already counting on carrying off the batting honors of the Eastern League this year as he did last.

Tomorrow week we see our own team on the St. Catherine Street Grounds for the first time this year. The new grounds are a daisy, and need a fast team to show up at all on them; while the stand is the finest and most comfortable in Canada. It is a pity that the Sunday games must be played outside of the city, and thus we must journey out to the Shamrock grounds once a week when we have strangers here. But a man will go a long distance to see a good ball game and the Shamrock grounds are not to be spoken lightly of.

"If I were managing a team that won the pennant I would resign my position just as soon as the season closed and engage myself to a team that had finished at the foot of the list," observed Manager Bancroft the other day. "A manager that wins the pennant has his troubles even after that if he remains in the same city. The public is peculiar. Because a team wins one season it expects it to do so every season thereafter, and if it fails the cause is laid at the door of the manager. A losing team is always looking for a manager that has won a pennant. He will act as a drawing card, and, no matter how poor the team may be, the public has hopes in the new manager. When you take charge of a losing team you have nothing to lose. The worst you can get is the best of it. If you happen to take a better position in the race than your predecessor you are a hero, while when you are with a championship team you can't do better than you did the season before, but you stand every chance to lose your reputation."

To those of our cranks and "fans"

THE METROPOLITAN.

INSOMNIA

Speedily wrecks both brain and body.

Sleep is food to the overstrung nerves and tired muscles, but the reactionary effects of Alcohol or Narcotics prohibit their frequent use.

To induce that refreshing sleep which strengthens the healthy and restores invalids, the system needs soothing and satisfying with easily digested recuperative nourishment, and the safest, surest "sleeping draught" is a cup of

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HIGH CLASS WALL PAPERS, CARPETS, RUGS, CURTAINS AND FABRICS.

The most Artistic Drapery and Decorative House in Canada. Moderate prices.

NEW YORK MANTEL AND DECORATING CO., 2338 ST. CATHERINE ST.

These goods have been selected in Europe and U. S. personally by our MR. W. HENRY BELL, Consulting Decorator and Designer.

who intend to do scoring the following views of a Syracuse expert who holds that according to the new rules it will be easier to score this year than ever, although the national committee did make a number of ambiguities.

The summary is shortened. Last year it was so long that no scorers paid attention to it even in official scores with the result that no two put the same items in the summary. This year earned runs have been dropped altogether, attempts to give a satisfactory definition of them having failed annually since their introduction. The "left on bases" and "first base on errors" departments put in last year are out of date. And names of players struck out, given bases on balls and hit by pitcher are not given. Sacrifice hits are supposed to be given in the box score and scorers generally will put them in the summary as usual. They are so few that it is absurd to give them a separate column.

The asterisk that give a detailed definition of various plays is done away with. If a man is out under the trapped ball rule, the man who should have caught the ball gets the put out. If a batted ball hits a runner, the fielder who lay in wait for the ball gets the put out. An out for running out of the line and for interference goes to the man who would have made the out. The catcher gets the out on a bunt hit for third strike or third strike muffed with a man on first. The star may be used to explain that "one out when winning run was scored," but even there it is preferable not to use it. If the put outs add up 20 the explanation can be no other than "one out when winning run was scored," since some one gets credited for every put out made.

The only change in the base hit rule is that a "base hit must not be scored in any case where a base runner is forced out on a play."

The new rule as to assists is that "assists must be credited to every player who handles the ball in a play which results in a base runner being called out for interference or for run-

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WRAY'S WINE VAULTS

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For good cooking and excellence of service, combined with moderate rates, it has no equal in town.

Patronized daily by Montreal's leading business men.

Choice Wines and Liquors always in Stock.

Give us a trial and you will never go elsewhere.

NOTE THE ADDRESS,

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MR. EDWARD BROOME,

Organist Douglas Church, Montreal.

Fellow of the Guild of Organists, London, Eng.
Holder of two certificates in Pianoforte playing of the Royal Academy of Music, London.

First prize winner in Composition four times in succession at the Royal College of Music in Wales.

Holder of three Gold and Silver Medals.

Gives Lessons in Pianoforte and Organ Playing.

Singing and the Theory of Music, and

Prepares Pupils for Examinations.

Upwards of fifty certificates, diplomas, prizes and medals have been awarded Mr. Broome's pupils recently at examinations of the Royal Academy, Trinity College and Royal College of Music, and Musical Association of Wales, and at the Royal College of Singing pupils hold cathedral appointments in England.

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899 DORCHESTER STREET,

2nd fl., 3rd fl., Windsor Hotel.

Telephone No. 4937.

ring out of the line." This is made necessary by the adoption of the rule away with the star; and is right and proper.

The rules about errors is changed in two cases, one to correspond to the new base stealing rule, and one to answer a question that the league has been asked for years and never before answered. This second is that no error shall be charged against an infielder who attempts to complete a double play unless he throws so wild that an additional base is gained.

The other rule and the stolen base rule are best read together. They are, in the original English:

"An error shall not be scored against the catcher for a wild throw to prevent a stolen base, unless a base runner advances an extra base because of the error."

"A stolen base shall be credited to the base runner whenever he reaches a base he attempts to steal unaided by a fielding or a battery error or a hit by a batsman."

That is, if the catcher tries to cut off a man at second and the ball goes into center field there is no error, unless the man reaches third and the runner gets a stolen base. If the throw is good, and the second baseman muffs a good throw, evidently he gets an error and the runner doesn't get his steal. The rule doesn't work all ways. It is not clear whether "a hit by a batsman" means a base hit or a ball hit anywhere, a matter that means a good deal. The intent is apparently the latter. With a man on first a ball may be hit that puts the man out at first, lets the runner to second and yet is no sacrifice. It is not evident whether the man gets a steal or not. When a man comes home on a fly caught what does he get? Under the new rule it never matters whether an attempt is made to put a man out or not. With a man on first and third the man on the base anyway," and so make first walk to second and gets a steal.

The western cities are not likely to see much of the cycling cracks this season except some of the foreigners who are booked for long tours. There is more money for cyclists in the East. Thanks to enterprising promoters and wheel workers, to clever newspaper education, to good roads to good tracks and fine accommodations, the people of the East, who are by nature and environment not nearly so liberal in support of sport as those of the West, have been led to thoroughly appreciate the beauties of cycle racing. That is something the people of the West have not had done for them. As a consequence such riders as Bald, Cooper, Kiser, Gardner, Stevens and McPartland, will find themselves very busy in the East during this coming season, with scarce time on their hands to make the long time and money-devouring jumps necessary to prosecute a prolonged campaign in the West. The geographical location of the cycling towns of the East gives that section of the country a decided racing advantage over the West. The cities are closer to one another. Railroad fare and other expenses are consequently much lower than they are in the West. Even the hotel expenses of the riders are less. Jumps are very short, being but a night's ride at most, and more frequently a mere matutinal jaunt from New York, which will be the center of the racing world this year. Riders who know how trying long railroad rides do not court them assiduously.

If Corbett and Fitzsimmons do not quit talking and get a move on, they will soon be lost sight of as pugilists. The new faces that have come into the arena to take their places are live, progressive fellows, and just now the eyes of the pugilistic world is on them. In a very few days Jeffries and Sharkey will meet and Kuhlin and McCoy will come together. Later the winners of these two bouts will be matched, and it is safe to say the victor in this final bout will be hailed champion of the world, and Corbett and Fitzsimmons will be lost sight of for good.

Peter Jackson has retired from the ring, giving as a reason the statement that the youngsters like Jim Jeffries who are coming up are "too speedy for him." Steve O'Donnell met one of these youngsters in Troy the other night and came to greet at his hands. It is a long time since there was a first class Trojan in the ring, though Troy gave us three champions—John Morrissey, John C. Heenan and Paddy Ryan—in the merry days gone by. The

new aspirant for this fame is called "Stockings" Conroy, and he must be a "warm baby." O'Donnell is famed for his fistic skill, and not long ago Billy Maude said that Steve could whop any one whose reputation did not scare him, or words to that effect. Conroy didn't have any "reputation" that had reached the Metropolis, but he had no difficulty in flooring Steve several times.

So far as the three year old's of the eastern tracks and stables have been scanned they seem to be deplorably weak in class. Unless Bannockburn and Plaudit can show something better than has been done by the three-year-olds that have raced at Nashville and Memphis this year, big Derby will not furnish much in the way of high-classed sport. Lieber Karl, who last week ran away with the Tennessee Derby is doubtless a pretty fair sort of colt, but it must be remembered that running away from mediocre animals as Goodrich, Isabey and Wilson is not running away from anything of true Derby calibre. True, Bannockburn, until attacked by catarrhal fever, showed something like Derby form at Little Rock, and he would doubtless have placed the Tennessee classic to the credit of Col. McGuigan but for his mishap. During the past week considerable money has been bet on Bannockburn in the winter book at Louisville. Notwithstanding the lack of illness the McGuigan colt has been again played so liberally that his price now stands at 6 to 1. This would indicate that "Umbrella Bill" has succeeded in bringing his colt around all right, but the history of catarrhal fever is that while horses may have apparently fully recovered from it, and may work as well as ever and with all their former speed, just when you are not looking for it they suffer a relapse and are worthless for the balance of the season.

SPAIN'S LOCAL COLOR.

New York Truth.

Madrid, the capital of Spain, has a population of over 500,000, an increase of 300,000 in 30 years.

Madrid street cars are run by mule power.

The capital's water supply comes from the Guadarrama mountains, twenty-two miles away, by an aqueduct costing \$25,000,000.

The city has been known to history for over a thousand years and Philip II, made it his capital in 1560. The Madrid climate is described as "nine months winter, and three months hell."

Three hundred years ago the city was in the midst of dense forests; now its environs are as barren as a desert.

Madrid is 2,500 feet above the sea.

The heart of the city is Puerta del Sol, an ordinary square from which all street car lines radiate and which is the centre of traffic, amusements, hotels and cafes.

The first class hotels are quite modern, with French cooking, and menus in French.

The cafes are large but not elegant; the chocolate is good and the coffee is bad. Various sherbets and compounds of lemon, sugar and water are famous.

The cafes are very democratic; all classes frequenting them, and the waiters are called by clapping the hands, as American Senators and Representatives call "pages on the floor.

Goat's milk is the milk of the country, what little pasture there is being devoted to bulls instead of cows.

The milk of the goat is so unwholesome in summer, that a proverb has grown out of it: March milk is good for yourself, April milk is good for your brother, and May milk is good for your mother-in-law."

Spanish bread is heavy and unappetizing, with alligator skin crusts.

Almuerzo, or breakfast, is served from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Strawberries, small but good, are eaten with sugar and the juice of an orange squeezed over them.

Puchero is the famous national dish, being a mixture of everything. De Anolis says of it: "It is in regard to the culinary art, what an antiquity is to literature. It is a little of everything and the best."

The Spanish climate is antagonistic to strong drink, and Spaniards drink but little wine, and that mostly French.

Madrid is a night city, the inhabitants being in evidence only from 7

Nestlé's Food possesses this especial value: Its nutritive properties will so nourish and strengthen the infant, that it will be fortified against the étièvating effects of the heated term. As a preventive of Cholera Infantum Nestlé's Food is invaluable.

Lemire, Miles & Co., 53 St. Sulpice Street, Montreal.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD

P. M. to 2 A. M. The Spaniards spend most of the day in sleep and in resting after a heavy meal at 11 or 12 o'clock.

No city in the world has more private carriages, in proportion, than has Madrid.

The national amusement is bull fighting, and it is the most cowardly and unsportsmanlike amusement known to man or brute.

Religious holidays are as numerous as flies in summer.

Toledo, where the famous "Toledo blades" are made, has a population of 20,000 people, and 30,000 dogs. Three thousand blades a year are made now, and they are inferior to the old original kind.

Andalusia is the "Garden of Spain."

Modern Cordova and Toledo are "skeleton cities."

Cordova a thousand years ago had a million people. Now there are 50,000.

The cathedral at Seville and the mosque at Cordova are masterpieces of Christian and Mohammedan architecture.

Seville, with 400,000 people at one time, now has 135,000.

Time is not money in Spain.

Public lotteries in Spain are as numerous as bull fights, and about as creditable to the country.

Newspapers are very few and far between.

The cigar stores have a monopoly on the sale of postage stamps, and they cannot be bought at the post office.

Jerez, pronounced Hareth, is the home of the wine known as sherry. The city has 60,000 people, many of whom are English.

Spain has only one-fourth as much forest as Prussia, and less than half as much as Italy or France. The wood for sherry barrels comes from America.

Cadiz is the seaport town of Jerez, and was founded by Hercules 1100 years B. C., so the legends say. Its houses are all whitewashed and hurt the eyes. A chicken is worth 75 cents and most of the fresh meat comes from Tangier.

Southern Spain is overrun with smugglers.

"American" in Spain means "South American," "North Americans" are classed with the English under the general name "Ingleses." Even soda water is known as an "English drink."

One of the attractive features in connection with the Bicycle Gymkhana which is to be held in the Victoria Rink, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 11th and 12th, in aid of the Day Nursery, will be the Flower Booth, where there will be on hand a choice assortment of fresh cut flowers, plants and flower baskets. The ladies in charge will be Mrs. George R. Murch and Mrs. J. K. Onward, assisted by Miss B. Hutchins, Miss A. Cook, Miss Anna Morrice, Miss May Stevens, Miss Belle Oswald, Miss Muriel Greenfield, Miss Maggie Ramsey, Miss Evelyn Marler, Miss Eva Scottie, Miss Ethel Gault.

Mr. Richard White and Miss White have returned home from an extensive trip through Texas and other points.

LA BANQUE VILLE MARIE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of three per cent. for the current half-year (making a total for the year of Six per cent.) upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank of Montreal is declared, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its Branches, on and after

WEDNESDAY, the 1st Day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to 31st of May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at its Head Office on Tuesday, the 21st day of June next, at noon.

By order of the Board,

W. WEIR, President.

WHY ARE FRAMELESS EYE-Glass MOUNTINGS THE BEST?

BECAUSE they are stronger than any other make.

BECAUSE the Lenses will not wear loose.

BECAUSE they are much neater.

MADE TO ORDER BY

THOS. ALLAN & CO.,
2266 St. Catherine Street.
Open Saturday Night.

The Strathcona, On Lake St. Louis, Upper Lachine.

This well-known summer resort has been put in thorough repair for the coming season. Entirely refitted and remodeled. Electric light, electric bells and all modern improvements for the comfort and welfare of guests.

The lake and its environs and its facilities for rowing, sailing and fishing make it one of the most attractive spots for a summer outing on the island; only twenty minutes from Montreal by the G.T.R. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE CUISINE.

The Choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars will be found at the bar.

DANIEL O. FRYE, Proprietor.

Box 107, Lachine, P. Q.

Now Open ...

The finest and Best Furnished European Plan Hotel in Canada,

Savoy Hotel

10, 12, 14 and 16 Victoria Street.

The cuisine of this hotel is remarkable for its excellence, and reasonable prices.

A large number of Dining Rooms which will accommodate from 4 to 60 guests.

E. H. DUNHAM & CO., Proprietors.

DR. W. GEO. BEERS, DENTIST.

He has resumed practice in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Crathere.

699 Sherbrooke Street,
Corner Park Avenue.
Telephone 4620.

Short Story...

AT THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

By Alphonse Daudet.

I know not if it be from lack of habit, but I can never enter the Palais de Justice without an uneasiness, an inexplicable heart pang. That grating, those great courts, that stone staircase—so vast that every one mounts it in isolation, enveloped in his individual torment. The antiquity of the structures, the melancholy clock, the height of the windows, and also the mist of the quay, that moisture that clings to walls that skirt the water, all give you a foretaste of the neighboring prison. In the halls the impression is the same, or more vivid still, because of the peculiar company which peoples them, because of those long black robes which, like the solemn gestures, because of those who accuse, and the unintelligible records, the eternal records spread out everywhere on the tables, carried under the arms in enormous bundles, overflowing.

There are great green doors, noiseless and mysterious, from whence escape—when they are ajar—gusts of voices severe or weeping, and visions of school benches, platforms black with caps, and great crucifixes leaning forwards. Muskets ring out on the flags. Simmering rumblings of carriages pass shaking the arches. All these noises blended together, are like a respiration, the panting breath of a factory, the apparatus of justice at work. And hearing this terrible machine at labor, one desires to shrink within himself, to withdraw for fear of being caught, even by a hair, in this formidable gearing, which one knows to be so complicated, treacherous, destructive.

I was thinking of this the other morning, in going to see an examining magistrate before whom I had, in behalf of a poor devil, to recommend a stay of proceedings. The hall of witnesses, where I was waiting, was full of people, sheriff's officers, clerks engrossing behind a glass partition, witnesses whispering to each other in advance of their depositions, women of the people, impulsive and garrulous, who were telling the officers their entire lives in order to arrive at the affair that had brought them there. Near me, an open door lit the somber lobby of the examining magistrate, a lobby which leads everywhere, even to the scaffold, and from which the prisoners issue as accused. Some of these unfortunates, brought there under a strong escort by way of the staircase of la Conciergerie, lay about on the benches awaiting their turn to be interrogated, and it is in this ante-chamber of the convict prison that I overheard a lovers' dialogue, an idyl of the faubourgs, as impassioned as "Oarystis," but more heart-breaking. Yes, in the midst of this shadow, where many criminals have left something of their shuddering, o'er their hopes, and of their rags, I saw two beings love and smile; and however faded was this smile, the old lobby must have been as astonished by it—as a miry and black street of Paris, where it penerated by the cooing of a turtle-dove.

In a listless attitude, almost unconscious, a young girl was seated at the end of a bench, quiet as a working woman who waits the price of her day's labor. She wore the calico bonnet, and the sad costume of Saint-Lazare with an air of repose and of well-being, as though the prison regime were the best thing she had found in all her life. The guard, who sat beside her, seemed to find her much to his taste, and they laughed together softly. At the other end of the lobby, wholly in the shadow, sat seated, handcuffs on wrists, the Desgeux of this Manon. She had not seen him at first; but as soon as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she perceived him and trembled:

"Why that's Pignot . . . he Pignot!"

The guard silenced her. The prisoners are expressly forbidden to talk to each other.

"Oh! I beg of you, only one word!" said she, leaning far towards the remotest part of the lobby.

But the soldier remained inflexible.

"No . . . no . . . It can't be done . . . only if you have some message to give him, tell it to me, I will repeat it to him."

Then a dialogue was entered into between this girl and her Pignot, with the guard as interpreter.

Much moved, without heeding those who surrounded her, she began:

"Tell him I have never loved any one but him; that I will never love another in all my life."

The guard made a number of steps in the lobby, and redoubled his gravity as though to take in the proceeding all that was too kindly, he repeated:

"She says she has never loved but you, and that she'll never love another."

I heard a grumbling, a confused stammering which must have been the response of Pignot, then the guard went back with measured step towards the bench.

"What did he say?" demanded the child all anxious, and as though waiting were too long: "Well, tell me what he said, now?"

"He said he was very miserable!"

Then carried away by her emotion and the custom of the noisy and communicative streets, she cried out loud:

"Don't be weary, m'am! . . . the good days will come again!"

And in this voice still young, there was something piteous, almost maternal. Plainly this was the woman of the people with her courage under affliction and her dog-like devotion.

From the depths of the lobby, a voice replied, the voice of Pignot, wine-soaked, torn, burned with alcohol:

"Va done! the good days . . . I'll have them at the end of my five years."

He knew his case well; that one!

The guards cried: "Chut! . . . Keep quiet!" . . .

But too late. A door had opened, and the examining magistrate himself appeared on the sill.

Skull cap of velvet, grizzled whiskers, mouth thin and evil, the eye scrutinizing, distrustful, but not profound, it was just the type of an examining magistrate, one of those men who thinks he has a criminal before him always, like those doctors of the insane who see maniacs everywhere. That one in particular had a certain way of looking at you, so annoying, and so insulting, that you felt guilty without having done anything. With one glance of the eye he terrified all the lobby:

"What does all this noise mean? . . . be silent, addressing the guards.

Try to do your duty a little better."

Then he closed his door with a sharp click.

The municipal guard taken to task, reprimanded, looked around a moment for some one upon whom to lay the blame. But the little girl said nothing more, Pignot sat quiet on his bench . . . All at once he perceived me, and as I was at the door of the hall, almost in the lobby, he took me by the arm and jerked me around brutally.

"What are you doing there, you?"

GAY AND OTHERWISE.

The clergyman fished patiently, and at last hooked a fish. The fish gave a rush down stream, the line parted, and the minister's hopes and part of his fishing tackle vanished simultaneously. He said nothing for almost a minute, and then, turning to his friend, remarked: "John, if my religious training had been neglected, what do you suppose I would have said?"

A Peeblesshire farmer, at a social meeting after the minister and schoolmaster had spoken, was asked to say a few words, and this is something like what he said: "What can I say? There's the meenister, his heid's fu' o' theorphy; an' the sculemaster, his fu' o' books; an' a' you ladies' heads are fu' o' marriage; while look at me, I'm just an agricultural man, an' ma heid's fu' o' beats!"

Many years ago, when Dr. Walker was in practice in Kilbirnie, he happened to remark to a son of St. Crispin, who was a bright scholar at school, but who had become a shoemaker: "Man, Jamie, I'm vexed to see you drivin' tackets an' cobblin' auld shoon; surely thou who got sic a guid education could do something better than that!" Jamie replied: "Nae doo! I could ha'e done something better than this, an' got far better i' the wort"; but I couldnae be a doctor like versel', because I'm no cruel knaw; I couldnae be a lawyer, because I never could tell lees a' my days; an' I couldnae be a minister, for I never was a hypocrite, and there wad naethin' left for me but the cure o' seas!"

"My wife," said the man who wanted to air all his private history, "actually thinks more of a little idiotic, sausage-shaped pup dog we've got than she does 'o me." "And I'll venture to say," said the man with a great fondness for saying mean things, "that it isn't much of a dog at that."

Customer—"I want a few red herrings." Fishmonger—"Don't keep'em, mum. We've no call for 'em in this neighbourhood."

Customer—"She seems to have very little influence with her husband." May—"In-

Not the Finish Only.

The Wearing Qualities of



Are proverbial. The surest, safest wheel you can buy is the Columbia. Twenty-third year of leadership in cycle building. All models ready for delivery.

Columbia Chainless,	\$140.00.
Columbia Chain Wheel,	\$ 85.00.
Record Specials,	\$ 55.00.
Jubilee Specials,	\$ 35.00.

ALL FULLY GUARANTEED.

High Grade Bicycles to rent by Week and Month.

W. H. FLIGG,
1740 Notre Dame St.

"How that?" "Well, mum, the people here is mostly teetotal, an' they're afraid o' being led into temptation."

Grateful Father (with deep feeling)—"It was a brave act, young man. At the peril of your life you have saved my daughter. How can I ever repay you?" Brave Recuer—"Would ten bob be too much, sir?"

Mother—"What are you examining so closely, Johnnie?" Boy (at the window)—"A hair, mamma." Teacher said in Sunday-school that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and I'm looking for the number on this one."

Literary Aspirant—"What steps are necessary when you want to get out a book?" Bonus (who has had some experience)—"Several thousand steps will be necessary if it takes you as long to find a publisher as it generally takes me."

"I'd like to know who is sending me these anonymous letters," said the head of the firm. "And wat's that?" asked the porter. "A letter without any signature, of course. This makes the third I have received in two weeks." "Perhaps," said Mike, "the poor man cannot write his name at all."

Mamma—"And you are to have a new suit of clothes for Christmas." Johnny—"Oh, ps'haw. I expected to have a good time Christmas, and now I suppose you'll want me to spend the whole day being careful of those new clothes."

Elder Sister—"Come, Clarence—take your powder like a man. You never hear me making any complaint about such a little thing as that." Clarence (severely)—"Neither would I if I could daub it on my face; it is swallowin' it that I don't like."

Mr. Justwed (chopping his eggs in two)—"My dear, don't you know the difference in cooking hard-boiled and soft-boiled eggs?" Mrs. Justwed—"Why, certainly; hard-boiled are cooked in hard water, and soft-boiled in soft water. Any greeny ought to know that."

Mrs. Peck (reading)—"Every man gets what he deserves." Mr. Peck (musingly)—"If that's true, it strengthens the theory that men are punished for their sins here on earth."

Mistress—"Mary you didn't half dust the front room. I was in there just now, and I could write my name on the mantelpiece."

Domestic—"Ah, men, what a thing it do to have an education."

Lady (engaging servant)—"I ought to tell you that we are all strict teetotalers here. I suppose you won't mind that?" Mary Jane—"Oh, no, mum! I've been in a reformed drunkard's family before."

Fond Mother—"Yes, sir, I have a little boy, who is only 10, yet he writes beautiful poetry." Old Editor—"Well, there's some hope for 'em when you catch 'em young; you can whip it out of 'em easier then."

Bridget (watching her mistress pack a big box of provisions for the boys at boardingschool)—"An' sure, innum, yes must put in th' hamper, so they'll hav somethin' to open it wid."

Irene—"She seems to have very little influence with her husband." May—"In-

deed?" Irene—"Yes; she can never get him to spend more than he can afford."

Miss Singleton—"They say that happy marriages are rare. Tell me, did you ever have any trouble with your husband?" Mrs. May Tied—"No trouble that I recollect, except in getting him."

BUY
Coleman's
SALT
THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5-lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all grocers.

Ask for
Eddy's

when you order
matches. Then
you will be sure
of having the best.

JACQUES CARTIER BANK.

DIVIDEND No. 65.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and a half (2½) per cent. for the current six months, equal to a dividend of 5 per cent. per annum, has been declared on the paid-up capital of this institution, and will be payable at the office of the Bank at Montreal, on and after Wednesday, June 1st next.

The transfer books will be closed from May 17 to May 31 inclusive.

The general annual meeting of the directors will be held at the office of the Bank at Montreal, on Wednesday, June 1 next, at noon.

By order of the Board of Directors.
TANCREDE BIENVENU,
General Manager.

Social and Personal.

Mr. R. W. Parker and Mr. David Law, Jr., who have much enjoyed their holiday abroad, are expected to return by the "Parisian," due here on Sunday.

Mr. A. T. Paterson, Mrs. Paterson and Miss Paterson have returned to town from their usual spring holiday in the South.

The Knoll, the beautiful residence of Mr. Thomas C. Crane, at Point Claire, is once more opened for another season, Mr. and Mrs. Craffe having returned to their winter residence in Toronto.

The return of Mr. Wilfred Skaife from his annual winter visit to Cuba is welcomed by his many friends.

Mrs. G. R. T. Ward, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Margaret Ward, has arrived in town from Kenwood, Chicago, on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Hood, University St.

Among the well-known summer residents who will shortly take possession of their cottage at Dorval are Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Muir, who have returned from a six weeks' visit to England.

Mr. J. Cassie Hatton, Q.C., and Mrs. Hatton, after an absence of four months abroad, are expected to return to town next week.

Among those who will make their summer headquarters at Dorval is Mr. Fysche, Assistant-General Manager Merchants' Bank. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bethune have also taken a cottage at Dorval for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Kennedy, who returned from their annual visit to England by the Yorkshire, are spending a few days with their relatives in Quebec, before returning to Montreal en route to their country house at Dorval, of which they will shortly take possession for the season.

Miss Sparks, of Ottawa, passed through town last week on her way to England by the "Scotsman." Her absence will be much missed by the summer colony at the Algonquin, St. Andrews, N.B., of which she was a popular habitue.

Mr. C. Coristine is among the arrivals in town this week on his return from England by the "Yorkshire."

Miss Lee, of Virginia, is among the American visitors in town. She is the guest of Miss Howard, 1088 Sherbrooke Street.

The first garden party of the season at Rideau Hall on Saturday was a brilliant success. Lady Aberdeen with her usual energy had organized an entirely novel programme in a reproduction of an old-fashioned May Day celebration. The initial ceremony was the election of the Queen of the May which took place in the ball room. The six candidates were Miss Ethel Hamilton, daughter of His Lordship, the Bishop of Ottawa; Miss Davies, daughter of Sir Louis Davies, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; Miss Muriel Dobell, daughter of the Hon. R. R. Dobell; Miss Maud Edgar, daughter of the Speaker of the House of Commons; Miss Marion Scott, daughter of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture; and Miss May Griffin, daughter of the Librarian of Parliament. A charming queen was elected in Miss Hartmiller, who, duly crowned, robed and garlanded with flowers, was escorted to her throne, her long bairn being supported by a pretty group of four little girls. The throne, a charming bower of greenery and flowers, was erected at the south-eastern end of the Conservatory, where the Queen of the May held her court. On the lawn was a gallily decked Maypole around which was executed with grace and precision many old-fashioned dances. Ideal weather added much to the beauty of the scene. The ladies of the Ottawa Golf Club have already inaugurated the opening of the season by some very smart teas, the first of which was given by Mrs. H. K. Egan, president of the club.

The Puppy Show at the Kennels, at Côte des Neiges was attended by quite

a number of those interested in this year's entry of young hounds. A number of ladies graced the occasion. Among those present were Mr. George Hooper, M. E. H., Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McEachran, Mr. and Mrs. David Morris, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. G. C. May, Baron and Baroness de Longueuil, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cainés, Mr. Leopold Galanteau, Miss Lamontagne, Miss Amos, Mr. J. Alexander Stevenson, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. C. J. Allaway, Mr. Haig Sims, Mr. A. E. Ogilvie, Mr. B. McLennan, Mr. F. S. McIglen, Mr. Colin Campbell, Captain Matthews, Mr. S. Coulson, Mr. H. Curran, Mr. T. Irving, sr., Mr. W. Tenney, Mr. E. Hughes, Mr. Newton Drummond, Mr. William Drysdale. After the awards were made by the judges, an adjournment was made to the club house where the prizes were presented and some excellent speeches were made. A large number of men are at present at work laying out the grounds which, when completed will make the club house an ideal country retreat.

Mr. J. Wolferstan Thomas, who has just completed the third year of a promising career at McGill, entertained a congenial party of his fellow students at dinner on Tuesday evening at Llangorse House, the residence of his father, Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, the surroundings of which, enhanced by all that the most cultured taste can devise, lend an additional charm to the rights of hospitality which were admirably filled by the youthful host.

The marriage of Dr. J. W. Stirling to Mrs. Bayne, eldest daughter of Mr. Howard Primrose, was celebrated at St. James Church, Picton, N.S., last Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. Falconer. Dr. and Mrs. Stirling will shortly return from their wedding journey.

Dr. James Stuart returned to town this week from a professional visit to Lady Meredith, wife of the late Chief Justice, Sir William Meredith, whose serious condition remains unchanged.

Among those who are contemplating an early departure from town for the summer months are Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, who will shortly take possession of the Manor House at St. Hilaire, for the next six months.

Miss Beatrice Allan, who has spent the winter in England with her aunt Mrs. W. H. Benyon, at Bournemouth, has returned to town after an absence of several months.

Mrs. Leslie H. Gault, who proposes to spend the summer in Scotland, at Eastwood, Giffnock, with her mother, Mrs. Anderson, is among the approaching departures for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Allan, who are on their way to Toronto to be present at the Horse Show, for which Mr. Allan has taken a box, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Montague Allan at Ravenscraig during the past week. Mrs. Allan shares to the full extent her husband's tastes for outdoor sports, and is one of the most noted horsewoman of the Myopia Club.

Mr. Charles Notman and Mrs. Notman have returned to town from their wedding trip.

Mrs. Torr, who is among the recent arrivals from Quebec, is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Allan, 237 Stanley Street.

Lady Hickson and Miss Hickson have returned to town from a few weeks' visit to Lakewood, N.J.

Before returning to Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Molson, of Belmont Hall, have been enjoying a short stay at Laurier in the Pines, Lakewood, N.J.

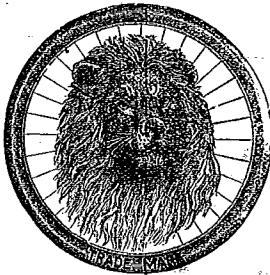
Professor J. G. McGregor and Mrs. McGregor left for England last Saturday by the Galilee.

The Baron de Longueuil and Baroness de Longueuil have prolonged their stay in Montreal longer than usual, since their return from Florida. They will shortly leave for Scotland, where they possess a delightful country seat.

Mr. J. T. Ross and Mrs. Ross are among this week's arrivals from England by the Yorkshire.

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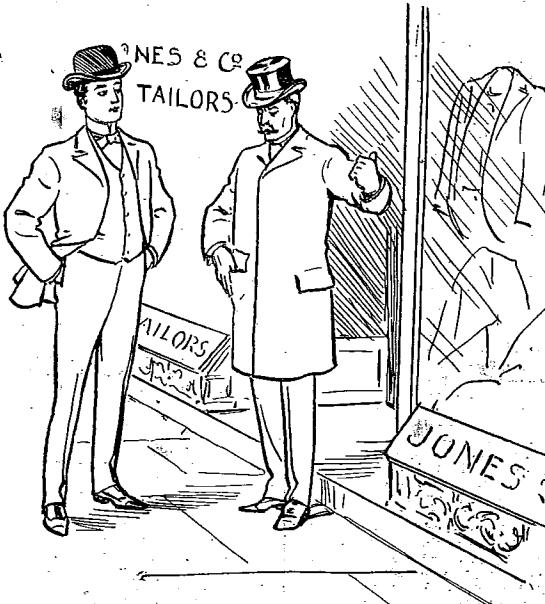
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What is the matter, old man?

Why, I have had it in mind to get the MOORE PATENT POCKETS in my next suit for weeks, and the first thing I do when ordering is to forget to tell my tailor to put them in.

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Little Anthony.

By Lottie Shipman.

(Continued from last week.)

Aunt Ursula's Story.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues,
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, destroying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.
And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space, to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied—and that is Fate!"

Susan M. Spalding.

"Dear," he continued presently, "you want to know when my story commences?" At a large Concert Hall, little Ursula, where your Aunt, and a well known musician—whom we will call Professor Ulric—met for the first time. It was the first practice for a large concert, at which your Aunt and the Professor were to be the principal attractions. Professor Ulric was a foreigner, of Swedish or Polish extraction I think, and had not been more than three years in this country on the night of that first fatal meeting. He was certainly a musical genius, and although your Aunt had never met him—before the night of which I speak (for this concert was to be her first public appearance since leaving school), she had read most glowing accounts of his performance, and treasured the articles which he contributed to our little musical journal for the true artistic instinct which shone through every line. "Only one with a true artist's soul could write as this man," she declared. Poor child! Even before they met she had woven something of a halo about him, born of her romantic fancies. I laughed at her earnestness, but your father, looked grave, and one evening the conversation turning upon music—as it nearly always did—your father looking at Ursula very gravely, said: "I have always heard that musicians make very careless husbands, and 'though this may not be the case, yet I should not like to think that you would ever marry one, Ursula." And she answered seriously, "Well dear Jack, I do not think that I would care to marry any one else, for no one loving music as I do, could be quite happy with a companion who could not fully comprehend and sympathize with my—but here I broke in quickly, for I saw she was off on what I called one of her high flights—and poor Jack was watching her so anxiously. "That is all very well, my dear little sister, but I never knew a young lady yet who married the Prince Charming of her imagination; he is nearly always the very opposite to her dream Knight, and yet the true Prince in the end. So your future partner my dear, may not know A from B on the piano." She laughed, and pretended to box my ears, but your father still looked grave. Poor Jack, he always took everything so seriously; thought twice before he spoke, and seemed to believe that everyone else did the same; yet I fancied that I knew Ursula best, although I never watched her so closely as your father did. Ah, well I remember her pretty excitement when she discovered that the Professor was to play at her concert—as she laughingly called it. Your father and I were both present at their introduction in the concert hall, for it was a practice

night, and as Jack was down for a solo, I was in a chorus, we were both, and I was in a course; we were both in attendance. It was early in May, and such a beautiful evening, for though I did not dream of the sorrow that was to follow upon that fatal evening, yet every incident of that night, stands out clearly before us. I recall our Lily's (the title born of one of Jack's fancies) subdued excitement as we gained the pretty square before the hall. The moon was shining on the playing fountain, and she stopped to pass her fingers through the crystal showers—"to charm them for the evening," as she told us, and I knew she had some pretty thought about purifying them for her beautiful art. Dear little hands! They were always white as snow. We met Dr. Marsden at the door, and kept near your Aunt as much as possible all evening, and when she stepped upon the stage, he followed her every movement with such sad, admiring eyes, it made my heart ache for him. Poor lad! He had just passed then, but his medical skill is widely known now; yet he has never forgotten your aunt, for only this fall—upon one of his yearly visits to the old homestead in Q.—I met him at the cemetery gate; we went together, and standing by Ursula's grave, he looked at me sadly and said: "She was, and ever will be, the only love of my life." Ah, child! How different had been your aunt's life had she only cared for poor Marsden. Well, well, those things are in wiser hands than ours. But let me return to that evening. She had never heard Professor Ulric play, but I knew the treat in store for her, and watched him closely when I saw him approach the piano. He told me long after that he felt her deep earnest gaze searching his very heart, claiming his best, and his whole soul went out in longing. I know he played as I had never heard him, filling that vast hall with such glorious harmony, such marvellous music, that even the most phlegmatic nature must be moved to emotion, and my dear, your foolish uncle felt that he must like him from that hour. "For he must have noble soul I thought," to play like that. Music is such a grand, enabling art, that any one mastering its wondrous power (that is if any one can ever fully learn the secrets of this divine art) must surely imbibe, some of its great tenderness, truth, and beauty, for the treasures of his soul. Now, my child, you can imagine the effect of such music on a temperament like your aunt's. And that was the beginning of the end, Q—is not such a large town, and two artists like the Professor and our darling would naturally see a good deal of each other. At every concert they were in demand, then there were the practices, socials—an, but you know all the opportunities that can offer, when two young people are strongly attracted to each other. Already predisposed in his favor, I soon grew sincerely attached to him—indeed it was impossible to see much of Ulric, and not like him. But Jack was not so easily won over; he watched Ursula closely, tried to prevent all unnecessary meeting with the Professor, and chid her rather sternly if she chanced at any social to show Ulric more favor than the other admirers who usually clustered about her. Although I was five years older than your father, it was he who ruled. He was so firm, and strong, indeed his will was iron; when he once made up his mind upon a certain point, you could not change him. And thus it was, my child, that the music lessons I was giving you was ended. But you remember the day when I was praising you for the really rapid manner in which you had mastered the first piece you had coaxed me to give you—when I would still have kept you to exercises only—your eyes were glowing child, and your face was radiant, when your father entered the room. He looked at you in surprise, and then glanced at your aunt's portrait hanging over the piano. "Yes, she grows very like her, I said, following his glance," especially in her emotional moments—for she has poor Ursula's temperament also." And then as if to prove my words, you jumped up calling out eagerly, "Oh, but she was beautiful, and I am ugly; yet I don't care how I look, if I learn to play as well as she did—for Uncle Ben has told me how beautifully she played, para—but, O, she could never love music more than I do." You stooped as you spoke, and kissed the

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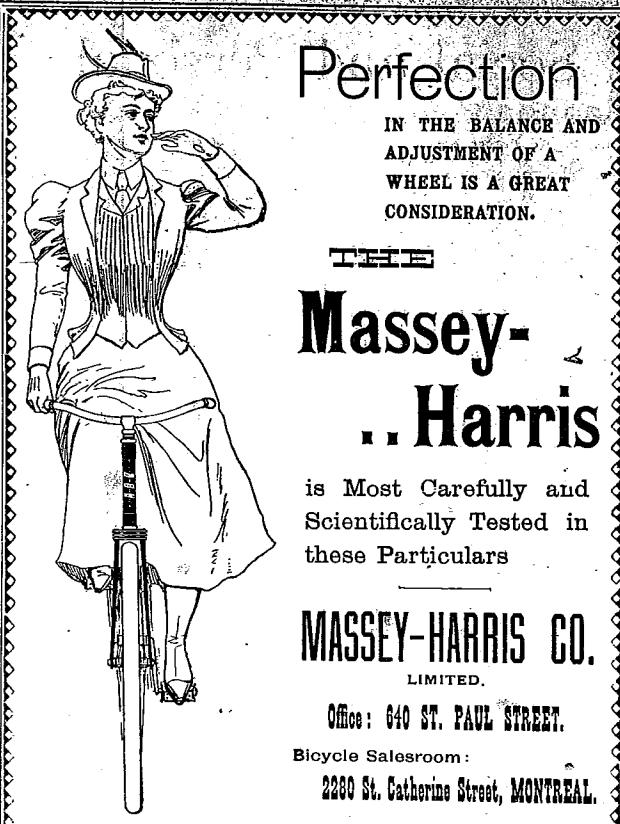
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piano keys impulsively, then threw up your arms clasping them at the back of your head—as we had seen her do so often—and looked at your aunt's picture earnestly. Your father grew white as death, and walking over to the piano, tore the piece of music in half. "I forbid you to give her another lesson, Ben," he said sternly "music was Ursula's curse, and my little girl is very like her in character, and disposition, but she shall not have our poor darling's fate." He caught you up in his arms, kissing you passionately, and I could not say anything to him then. But he was just as firm when I pleaded with him later, reminding me how blind I had been in the past, and that silenced me, although I felt he was making a sad—and for you poor child—a cruel mistake. But he meant it in love, little maid remember," and Uncle Ben stroked her hair tenderly, for a stifled sob had escaped poor Ursula, who could never think calmly of that scene, and her Uncle had brought it so vividly before her. He had comforted her then very tenderly, and her father had tried to make up for the cessation of the music lessons by every means in his power; but she had suffered more keenly than either of the brothers had imagined, burying it down deeply in her little aching heart. But there were times when some traces of it would appear. Kind hearted Uncle Ben, felt very sorry for her, and this evening when she had answered his proposition with that sudden pathetic cry—"that's just it, uncle, I could never hope to reach my standard now,

so I prefer not to play at all"—he had detected the faint bitterness that had been born of that disappointment. "Perhaps it were better to tell her our Ursula's story," he reflected, "and then she may see more clearly what morbid fear caused her father to exact the sacrifice of her. Poor Jack! He never entered a concert-hall after his sister's death, and I think he grew to almost hate the sound of a musical instrument; but he loved his little daughter very tenderly, and I thank God that the brave girl never betrayed what the sacrifice really cost her." And so Benjamin Grey was telling Ursula her Aunt's story.

Chapter V.

Aunt Ursula's story. Continued.

"Ah, dear, our earthly dreams are done!
Yet one sweet thought your words repeat—
Beyond the stars, beyond the sun,
We soon shall meet, we soon shall meet!"

F. Ferguson

"It was three months after the concert," he resumed presently, breaking the silence which had followed upon his last speech, "and I was writing in this very study, when your father came in looking much disturbed. "Where is Ursula?" he asked abruptly. "She came in a short time ago," I answered, "but complained of a headache, so I think she has gone to lie down." "Ben" he said hurriedly, "we must stop this intercourse between Ursula and Ulric. I have just seen him come out of the hotel in a sad state of intoxication—confirming some rumors that I have been hearing about him of late." I dropped my pen in dismay, for I had grown sincerely attached to the man, and though some suspicion of his steadiness, had been causing me much uneasiness of late, this confirmation of my fears filled me with dismay; for if Ursula—but no, I forced away the thought—she was not one to give her heart so easily; look at her indifference to poor Dick Maraden (handsome as a young Apollo) and Ulric, was plain to ugliness." Yet in spite of this reasoning, some strange fear made me answer sharply—"I'd like to know how you are going to keep her from seeing and



speaking to Ulric in this small town! why they are almost obliged to meet once a week at least, besides those "I know," he interrupted hastily, "but it is time she saw something of the world outside of this town, and look here, Ben, you know you need a vacation, and you have been talking of doing the continent for some time; well, there is really nothing to keep you from starting off next month, and taking Ursula with you." Now, there was nothing strange in this proposal, for—as Jack said—I had been speaking of taking a long vacation for some time—as the business was safe in Jack's hands, and he would not care to leave home now I know, having just become engaged to sweet Elsie Vane (your mother, my dear) so I said I would tell Ursula to prepare, "for she will be delighted at the prospect." We said this almost simultaneously, yet I think there was a doubt in both our minds, even as we spoke. Then your father left the room, and presently I heard him leaving the house. I went to the window to watch him going down the street—Ursula and I were very proud of our handsome Jack—I knew he was going to see pretty golden-haired Elsie, for he had pinned a rose in his button hole, and it was a deep pink—your mother's favorite I knew, my dear—he paused a second, and Ursula, suddenly recalled a conversation which she had once heard between two old friends of her mother's, respecting Benjamin Grey's strange disinclination for matrimony, and the younger lady had said, "I always thought he was fond of Elsie Vane, also, although she never suspected it I know." Now something in her Uncle's voice when he mentioned her mother's name, had recalled to Ursula this conversation heard in her childhood. But he had resumed his story once more, "I had not watched your father out of sight, when Ursula stood by my side, and I was startled at sight of her pale, sorrowful face. "I want to speak to you Ben," she said quickly, and I saw that she was trembling violently, so I drew her on to the sofa by my side, patting one of her cold little hands—as I had always done when she came to me with her childish confidences—and although no longer a child, it seemed to soothe and reassure her, and hiding her face upon my shoulder, she said brokenly, "I know what Jack told you, for I—I saw him also." But Ben, it is too late now; I love him with all my heart and soul, and God will give me strength to help him to fight with this temptation—for he loves me, Ben—he told me so last night, and I—I would die to save him." "Oh, Ursula darling!" I cried in dismay, started at this passionate outburst; and then I tried to reason with her, and show her what a risk she ran in trusting her future to such a man. "Marrying a drunkard to reform him, is madness Ursula; many a girl has been foolish enough to do it I know, but to their ruin and certainly not to the man's salvation." But who said he was a drunkard?" she questioned passionately, "this is the first time that any one has seen him in this state, and who knows how he may have been tempted. Ben, Ben, it is too late to reason now; for I could rather be miserable with him than happy with any one else." My heart ached as she spoke, for this man had grown strangely dear to me also; but then another thought awoke, and my sorrow turned to anger, "Ursula," I said sternly "you say Professor Ulric confessed his love for you last night, you promised to become his wife, now, what ask you, should be the feelings and conduct of a true man at such a time? Yet the very next morning, this man makes a public exhibition of himself in the street. Why is it an insult to you, and your pride alone should—but I checked myself startled into sudden calmness by the wild, yet imploring look in her eyes, and she had raised her hand unconsciously, yet as though to shield herself from a blow. "Come Ursula, you must lie down, and we will talk of this later," and I took her up in my arms like a child, and carried her to her room; for she looked so white and weak, and clung to me tightly with both little hands. "You will not tell Jack?" she answered brokenly, as I placed her upon the sofa, and crossing over to the window, drew down the blinds to shut out the glaring sunlight. "No, I expect to see Professor Ulric first," she caught my arm quickly. "Be calm Ursula," I said rather

too sternly I fear. "I shall not speak to Jack this week, and will tell you before I do so." She buried her face in the pillow with a sob, and all my sternness vanished. She had no mother to comfort or help her, poor child, only two rough men gathered her into my arms and let her cry without restraint. "Ah, my dear, my dear, I must hurry over what is coming. The very next day I received a letter from Professor Ulric, with one enclosed for you poor darling. But let me tell you briefly. He had married when only nineteen years of age—a very beautiful woman, but much below him in station—and the marriage had turned out very unhappily, for the woman had flattered a rustic lover to marry Ulric solely for the latter's position—as she told him herself—but a short time after their marriage adding frankly—"that she loved her country lover still, but she thought it would have been a fine thing to be a gentleman's wife—to say nothing of a musician's—but bitterly regretted her mistake." Well they separated by mutual consent. Ulric settled a generous allowance upon her, and then determined to live for art alone. He had means, was fond of travel, and so the years passed, bringing him comparative happiness. His love for his wife died an early death—as such love must do, when born only of a youth's fancy for a pretty face, and with no sympathy of soul, or mind, to strengthen, and purify it. And so by some strange chance he wandered to the this little town, and met our Ursula—but I am wrong to call it chance, there is no such word; an all wise, but most mysterious Providence, rules all things. He loved our poor little one, with all the strength of his strong passionate nature, and it was the real love of his life—as the future proved. He would leave Q—. She must not suffer also." Ah, how often he had said this during those summer months. Then the moment came when his heart triumphed over will, courage, honor—all that should have sealed his lips forever—but he seemed to forget all, in his wild selfish longing to hear that the woman he had so dearly loved him also in return. Then the full cruelty of his conduct dawned upon him—for he realized even more clearly than we did—the wondrous strength and passion, of the heart he had won. It was to drown remorse that he had acted, as so many weak men have done before him; and now he had left Q— for ever. "But believe me," he wrote, "even the intense hatred you must now bear me, Mr. Grey (and justly I know) yet even it must be satisfied, did you know what I suffer?" Well child, I know now, that the poor fellow spoke truly, but the passion that filled my heart as I read—all it is well that God watches over us at such moments to keep us from temptation, for had Ulric stood before me then he had never left the room alive. He told Ursula all in his letter, with what prayer for pardon I do not know, but I do know that she forgave him, even as she read, and the reading broke her heart. Yet she thought more of his suffering than her own; for the strength, nobility, and unselfishness of a true woman's love—ah, my God! It is almost a terrible thing. She begged me not to tell your father, and made such brave efforts to be the same Ursula. But the shock had told very cruelly upon her, and I hurried the preparations for our departure. I saw your father watch her with wistful anxiety but when he questioned me about Ulric's sudden and puzzling departure from Q— and hoped it had nothing to do with Ursula's changed appearance!" I answered him briefly, and sternly (something had never done before I think child) and next day we started for the Continent. My dear, your father would have followed Ulric to the end of the earth had he known the truth, and that would have killed or crazed your aunt. And yet—and yet—had I known the end then, I could not, or would not have stopped him! There was a short pause, and then he continued. "We had been traveling for some months, and I was growing sadly anxious about Ursula. True she was always ready for any amusement proposed, always interested in my plans, but I saw through her pitiful little efforts, and she was gradually growing weaker, and thinner, while the look in her now pale face made me only for God to keep Ulric from crossing my path. In our wander-

ings, we had gained the beautiful little seaport town of M—here were your aunt, strolling alone one afternoon on the almost deserted beach, met Ulric. He had only arrived the night before, and was quite ignorant of our presence in the place. And now they stood face to face on the narrow path of a rocky eminence overlooking the sea. He should have been strong for her sake at least, and turned away without a word; but the shock of her sudden appearance, and the anguish and terror, caused by the woeful change in the bright-eyed, merry girl he remembered, were more than he could bear, and he was holding her hands in his, imploring her wildly, passionately—"to go away with him at once." They were beyond the observation of the few loafers on the beach below, and I was away fishing for the afternoon, but I heard all the particulars of that sad interview later (from Ulric himself). Our poor Ursula! Weary with her long struggle, tired in body and mind, and longing—O, so madly—to rest in those loving arms! And he was suffering. Life, music, had lost all charm without her. Ah, surely the world were well lost for such love! God have pity! Is it the waves that murmur "better death than dishonor?" Be brave Ursula, for his sake as well as your own. But the pleading voice of the man she loves, is very tender. Yet now roaring waters seem in their ears—she cannot hear him so distinctly—her hand went up to her throat, and touched a bunch of lilies. She was in pure white dressed to meet the bridegroom—better death than dishonor?" The grass and earth are damp on these stones; she will stain her white robe. "No, no, my darling! For your sake and mine, farewell!" It was a heartbroken cry—and then there was a sudden splash. They were standing upon a cliff, her back was to the sea, and she had been dragging gack slowly as he pleaded; then came that piteous cry, and quick, unguarded movement—nay, it was unguarded. When I returned to the hotel that evening I was met by the Doctor with a very grave face, and learned the truth (as he knew it). My sister had been saved from drowning by Professor Ulric—who had only arrived in the town the previous afternoon, and strolling upon the beach this morning, had seen my sister walking upon what was familiarly known as "the cliff path," she must have been very near the edge, and by some sudden careless movement, lost her balance, falling over the cliff. The Professor had jumped in immediately of course, but it was a brave deed, for the current was strong and he was almost exhausted when he gained the shore with his precious burden. I need not tell you my feelings, child, as I hurried up to my sister's room. She had been ordered to bed immediately, and the Doctor hoped she would be all right in the morning; but I knew how weak she was before this shock, and felt almost hopeless. Well Ursula, she was very ill next day, and I telephoned for Jack. I had seen Ulric at J—'s request, and even the first glimpse of his face, proved to me how true had been his words—"that his suffering must satisfy the most intense hatred"—and indeed a great pity for him sprang up in my heart. When Jack arrived, our Ursula was very weak, and a few days later we had given up all hope. Jack heard all the sad truth at his sister's bedside; but there could be no anger then, with those loving eyes looking so beseechingly into his—for the boon she craved—"forgiveness for the man she loved." Then Ulric's agonized face was dreadful to see, and so they clasped hands by our poor darling's bedside; but your father's face grew rigid as marble when their hands first met. That had been no chance slip on our Lily's part (as Ulric knew) and I think the knowledge slowly broke his heart, for he lived but three years after her. "Mr. Grey," he said to me once, "I can hear her crying: 'No, no, my darling, for your sake as well as mine, farewell!'" It rings in my

ears from morning until night. Yet thank God he did not break down his remorse with the truth. He promised on his dying bed that he would never touch another drop of liquor! and he kept his word; so it may be truly said of our Lily, that she had died to save the man she loved." Well child, I was with poor Ulric also when he died; and one afternoon (just a few days before the end) when I was sitting by his sofa, he turned to me suddenly, and raising one of the long beautiful hands that I had always admired so much, said solemnly: "When we meet in Heaven Ben, she will know that I have kept every promise I made her." There was a long, long silence. Ursula's tears were falling fast, but presently she asked tremulously: "Did you hear anything more of Professor Ulric's wife?" "Yes, child. But eight months after our darling had been laid to rest, poor Ulric received a foreign paper with the notice of her death. Ah, surely

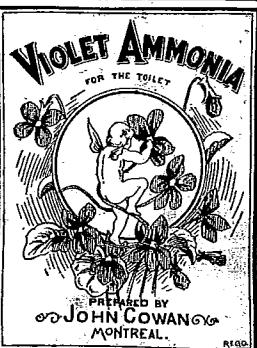
"God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret
sleep
Of him he loved so well."

Yes it is a sad story, but I am glad I have told you my little maid, for your poor father suffered, he loved his sister so passionately. He did not return to — for some time after her death, and then, it was only to marry your mother, and take her away to W— (which town your mother had always preferred to Q—). Jack wished me to live with them, and close the poor old Grange, but this I could not do. Poor boy! He had grown to hate the place, for the very reasons that have made it dearer to me than ever. But then our dispositions were very different my dear. To

see the familiar objects that she had loved so tenderly, it would have been torture to him. But these very objects were my comfort, seeming to bridge the great distance between us, and almost assure me of her presence. Sometimes I fancied that she must be hovering over the dear old place—as if she could not quite leave it—and so must be glad to know that I was guarding her little treasures and keepsakes still." "Oh, Uncle Ben, it is the saddest story that I have ever heard." He sighed heavily. "It was all ordained so my dear, by a wiser hand than ours"—and he repeated the beautiful lines:—

"God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell!"

[To be Continued.]



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speaking to Ulric in this small town? why they are almost obliged to meet once a week at least, besides those "I know," he interrupted hastily, "but it is time she saw something of the world outside of this town, and look here, Ben, you know you need a vacation, and you have been talking of doing the continent for some time; well, there is really nothing to keep you from starting off next month, and taking Ursula with you." Now, there was nothing strange in this proposal, for—as Jack said—I had been speaking of taking a long vacation for some time—the business was safe in Jack's hands, and he would not care to leave home now I know, having just become engaged to sweet Effie Vane (your mother, my dear) so I said I would tell Ursula to prepare, "for she will be delighted at the prospect." We said this almost simultaneously, yet I think there was a doubt in both our minds, even as we spoke. Then your father left the room, and presently I heard him leaving the house. I went to the window to watch him going down the street—Ursula and I were very proud of our handsome Jack—I knew he was going to see pretty golden-haired Effie, for he had pinned a rose in his button hole, and it was a deep pink—your mother's favorite I knew, my dear—he paused a second, and Ursula, suddenly recalled a conversation which she had once heard between two old friends of her mother's, respecting Benjamin Grey's strange disinclination for matrimony, and the younger lady had said, "I always thought he was fond of Effie Vane, also, although she never suspected it I know." Now something in her Uncle's voice when he mentioned her mother's name, had recalled to Ursula this conversation heard in her childhood. But he had resumed his story once more. "I had not watched your father out of sight, when Ursula stood by my side, and I was started at sight of her pale, sorrowful face. "I want to speak to you, Ben," she said quickly, and I saw that she was trembling violently, so I drew her on to the sofa by my side, patting one of her cold little hands—as I had always done when she came to me with her childish confidences—and although no longer a child, it seemed to soothe and reassure her, and hiding her face upon my shoulder, she said brokenly, "I know what Jack told you, for I—I saw him also." But Ben, it is too late now; I love him with all my heart and soul, and God will give me strength to help him to fight with this temptation—for he loves me, Ben—he told me so last night, and I—I would die to save him." "Oh, Ursula darling!" I cried in dismay, starbled at this passionate outburst; and then I tried to reason with her, and show her what a risk she ran in trusting her future to such a man. "Marrying a drunkard to reform him, is madness Ursula; many a girl has been foolish enough to do it I know, but to their ruin and certainly not to the 'an's salvation.' But who said he was a drunkard?" she questioned passionately, "this is the first time that any one has seen him in this state, and who knows how he may have been tempted. Ben, Ben, it is too late to reason now, for I could rather be miserable with him than happy with any one else." My heart ached as she spoke, for this man had grown strangely dear to me also; but then another thought awoke, and my sorrow turned to anger, "Ursula," I said sternly "you say Professor Ulric confessed his love for you last night, you promised to become his wife, now, what I ask you, should be the feelings and conduct of a true man at such a time? Yet the very next morning, this man makes a public exhibition of himself in the street. Why is it an insult to you, and your pride alone should—but I checked myself startled into sudden calmness by the wild, yet imploring look in her eyes, and she had raised her hand unconsciously, yet as though to shield herself from a blow. "Come Ursula, you must lie down, and we will talk of this later," and I took her up in my arms like a child, and carried her to her room; for she looked so white and weak, and clung to me tightly with both little hands. "You will not tell Jack?" she answered brokenly, as I placed her upon the sofa, and crossing over to the window, drew down the blinds to shut out the glaring sunlight. "No, I expect to see Professor Ulric first," she caught my arm quickly. "Be calm Ursula," I said, rather

too sternly I fear. "I shall not speak to Jack this week, and will tell you before I do so." She buried her face in the pillow, with a sob, and all my sternness vanished. She had no mother to comfort or help her, poor child, only we two rough men gathered her into my arms and let her cry without restraint. "Ah, my dear, my dear, I must hurry over what is coming. The very next day I received a letter from Professor Ulric, with one enclosed for you poor darling. But let me tell you briefly. He had married when only nineteen years of age—a very beautiful woman, but much below him in station—and the marriage had turned out very unhappily, for the woman had jilted a rustic lover to marry Ulric solely for the latter's position—as she told him herself; but a short time after their marriage adding frankly—"that she loved her country lover still, but she thought it would have been a fine thing to be a gentleman's wife—to say nothing of a musician's—but bitterly regretted her mistake." Well they separated by mutual consent. Ulric, settled a generous allowance upon her, and then determined to live for art alone. He had means, was fond of travel, and so the years passed, bringing him comparative happiness. His love for his wife died an early death—as such love must do, when born only of a youth's fancy for a pretty face, and with no sympathy of soul, or mind, to strengthen, and purify it. And so by some strange chance he wandered to this little town, and met our Ursula—but I am wrong to call it chance, there is no such word; an all wise, but most mysterious Providence, rules all things. He loved our poor little one, with all the strength of his strong passionate nature, and it was the real love of his life—as the future proved. He would leave Q—. She must not suffer also." Ah, how often he had said this during those summer months. Then the moment came when his heart triumphed over will, courage, honor—all that should have sealed his lips forever—but he seemed to forget all, in his wild selfish longing to hear that the woman he had so dearly loved him also in return. Then the full cruelty of his conduct dawned upon him—for he realized even more clearly than we did—the wondrous strength and passion, of the heart he had won. It was to drown remorse that he had acted, as so many weak men have done before him; and now he had left Q—for ever. "But believe me," he wrote, "even the intense hatred you must now bear me, Mr. Grey (and justly I know) yet even it must be satisfied, did you know what I suffer?" Well child, I know now, that the poor fellow spoke truly, but the passion that filled my heart as I read—all, it is well that God watches over us at such moments to keep us from temptation, for had Ulric stood before me then he had never left the room alive. He told Ursula all in his letter, with what prayer for pardon I do not know, but I do know that she forgave him, even as she read, and the reading broke her heart. Yet she thought more of his suffering than her own; for the strength, nobility, and unselfishness of a true woman's love—ah, my God! It is almost a terrible thing. She begged me not to tell your father, and made such brave efforts to be the same Ursula. But the shock had told very cruelly upon her, and I hurried the preparations for our departure. I saw your father watching her with wistful anxiety but when he questioned me about Ulric's sudden and puzzling departure from Q—and hoped it had nothing to do with Ursula's changed appearance?" I answered him briefly and sternly (something I had never done before I think, child) and next day we started for the Continent. My dear, your father would have followed Ulric to the end of the earth had he known the truth, and that would have killed or crazed your aunt. And yet—and yet—had I known the end then, I could not, or would not have stopped him." There was a short pause, and then he continued. "We had been traveling for some months, and I was growing sadly anxious about Ursula. True she was always ready for any amusement proposed, always interested in my plans, but I saw through her pitiful little efforts that she was gradually growing weaker, and thinner, while the look in her poor pale face made me yearn to God to keep Ulric from crossing my path. In our wander-

ings, we had gained the beautiful little seaport town of M—here your aunt, strolling alone one afternoon on the almost deserted beach, met Ulric. He had only arrived the night before, and was quite ignorant of our presence in the place. And now they stood face to face on the narrow path of a rocky eminence overlooking the sea. He should have been strong for her sake at least, and turned away without a word; but the shock of her sudden appearance, and the anguish and terror, caused by the woeful change in the bright-eyed, merry girl he remembered, were more than he could bear, and he was holding her hands in his, imploring her wildly, passionately—"to go away with him at once." They were beyond the observation of the few loafers on the beach below, and I was away fishing for the afternoon, but I heard all the particulars of that sad interview later (from Ulric himself). Our poor Ursula! Weary with her long struggle, tired in body and mind, and longing—O, so madly—to rest in those loving arms! And he was suffering. Life, music, had lost all charm without her. Ah, surely the world were well lost for such love! God have pity! Is it the waves that murmur "better death than dishonor?" Be brave Ursula, for his sake as well as your own. But the pleading voice of the man she loves, is very tender. Yet now roaring waters seem in their ears—she cannot hear him so distinctly—her hand went up to her throat, and touched a bunch of lilies. She was in pure white dressed to meet the bridegroom—better death than dishonor?" The grass and earth are damp on these stones; she will stain her white robe. "No, no, my darling! For your sake and mine, farewell!" It was a heartbroken cry—and then there was a sudden splash. They were standing upon a cliff, her back was to the sea, and she had been dragging gack slowly as he pleaded; then came that piteous cry, and quick, unguarded movement—nay, it was unguarded. When I returned to the hotel that evening I was met by the Doctor with a very grave face, and learned the truth (as he knew it). My sister had been saved from drowning by Professor Ulric—who had only arrived in the town the previous afternoon, and strolling upon the beach this morning, had seen my sister walking upon what was familiarly known as "the cliff path," she must have been very near the edge, and by some sudden careless movement, lost her balance, falling over the cliff. The Professor had jumped in immediately of course, but it was a brave deed, for the current was strong and he was almost exhausted when he gained the shore with his precious burden. I need not tell you my feelings, child, as I hurried up to my sister's room. She had been ordered to bed immediately, and the Doctor bade her she would be all right in the morning; but I knew how weak she was before this shock, and felt almost hopeless. Well Ursula, she was very ill next day, and I telephoned for Jack. I had seen Ulric at Jue darling's request, and even the first glimpse of his face, proved to me how true had been his words—"that his suffering must satisfy the most intense hatred"—and indeed a great pity for him sprung up in my heart. When Jack arrived, our Ursula was very weak, and a few days later we had given up all hope. Jack heard all the sad truth at his sister's bedside; but there could be no anger then, with those loving eyes looking so beseechingly into his—for the boon she craved—"forgiveness for the man she loved?" Then Ulric's agonized face was dreadful to see, and so they clasped hands by our poor darling's bedside; but your father's face grew rigid as marble when their hands first met. That had been no chance slip on our Lily's part (as Ulric knew) and I think the knowledge slowly broke his heart, for he lived but three years after her. "Mr. Grey," he said to me once, "I can bear her crying: 'No, no, my darling, for your sake as well as mine, farewell!'" It rings in my

ears from morning until night. "Never thank God he did not strike down his remorse with the lightning bolt, for he promised our dying sister that he would never drink another drop of liquor" and he kept his word; "so it may be truly said of our Lily, that she had died to save the man she loved." Well child, I was with poor Ulric also when he died; and one afternoon (just a few days before the end) when I was sitting by his sofa, he turned to me suddenly, and raising one of the long beautiful hands that I had always admired so much, said solemnly: "When we meet in Heaven Ben, she will know that I have kept every promise I made her." There was a long, long silence. Ursula's tears were falling fast, but presently she asked tremulously "Did you hear anything more of Professor Ulric's wife?" "Yes, child. But eight months after our darling had been laid to rest, poor Ulric received a foreign paper with the notice of her death. Ah, surely—

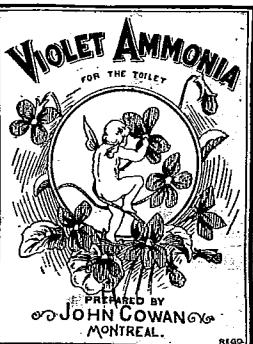
"God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret
sleep
Of him he loved so well."

Yes it is a sad story, but I am glad I have told you my little maid, for your poor father suffered, he loved his sister so passionately. He did not return to — for some time after her death, and then, it was only to marry your mother, and take her away to W— (which town your mother had always preferred to Q—). Jack wished me to live with them, and close the poor old Grange, but this I could not do. Poor boy! He had grown to hate the place, for the very reasons that have made it dearer to than ever. But then our dispositions were very different my dear. To

see the familiar objects that she had loved so tenderly, it would have been torture to him. But these very objects were my comfort, seeming to bridge the great distance between us, and almost assure me of her presence. Sometimes I fancied that she must be hovering over the dear old place—as if she could not quite leave it—and so must be glad to know that I was guarding her little treasures and keepsakes still." "Oh, Uncle Ben, it is the saddest story that I have ever heard." He sighed heavily. "It was all ordained so my dear, by a wiser hand than ours"—and he repeated the beautiful lines:

"God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell!"

[To be Continued.]



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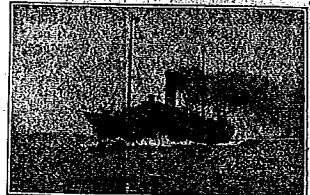
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