

Saturday Mirror

No. 1.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 1, 1913.

TEN CENTS.

BY THE WAY

THE illustrated weekly journal is now an established feature of the periodical output of practically every important civilised city on the globe. On this continent in particular it has developed a strength and an influence, together with a circulation, more astonishing even than those of the daily press. People buy a daily newspaper because it is necessary; they cannot afford to be without the news of the day. But they buy a weekly because they like it. On the whole, it seems to us, it is better to be liked than to be necessary.

Montreal is now—or rather was last week—the only city of its size on the continent to be entirely lacking in any periodical of the kind to which we allude. Efforts have been made at various times in the last few years to place such a periodical on a successful basis, but they have failed—the reason for failure being evident in every case in some defect of organization or misconception of aim in the paper itself. That Montreal is willing and able to support a weekly illustrated journal of merit we have not the slightest doubt. We shall endeavor, to the best of our ability, to supply the merit.

A striking example of what may be achieved in the field of weekly journalism is afforded by the pioneer paper built up by Mr. E. E. Sheppard of Toronto under the name of "Toronto Saturday Night." The general style of that paper has been followed and developed in a score of large American and Canadian cities with remarkable success. We have no apology to make for the fact that our readers will find in this paper some of the characteristics of some of these journals, with modifications due to the difference between Montreal and other places and also to the fact that we are starting fresh to the task in the year 1913, instead of inheriting a tradition and a policy founded years ago. We have a large sense of the freedom of youth, and we propose to revel in it while we are young; and we herewith warn our readers to expect a lot of things that have "not been done" in Montreal journalism hitherto.

We should prefer to allow the policy of this paper to speak for itself; but for many reasons the first issue of a periodical such as this can hardly be a fair sample of the average product, and a word of explanation may be needed. In a few weeks we expect to get into our stride and to explain ourselves by deeds rather than editorials. Primarily, this is a journal of comment. It will comment upon the passing show of life, and especially of Montreal life, in a manner that will seek to be always entertaining and sometimes informing. The daily newspaper presents the passing show, but does not annotate or illuminate or, to any adequate extent, illustrate it. In our columns the best artists of pen and camera will illustrate it, the best writers will illuminate it, and we ourselves shall annotate it. We shall devote particular space and attention to the social and personal phases of Montreal and Canadian life. We shall not burden our readers with dissertations on the magnitude of Canada's resources or the growth of her trade, that being a task which is more than sufficiently attended to already. On the other hand we shall endeavor to pay more attention than usual to the intellectual, aesthetic, moral and spiritual strivings of our fellow-Canadians, believing that if Canada is to be a nation she must have a mind and a soul as well as a large revenue. We shall cherish the profoundest contempt for party politics—a contempt which we believe is shared by more Canadians than most people think. We shall seek no scandals for the sake of scandal-mongering, but when a head seems to need hitting for the public good we shall hit it freely.

THE birth of this paper was not without travail. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that its christening was the occasion of unusual excitement.



When the publishers, unable to decide for themselves, determined to let the publisher they had the tremendous response that would follow their invitation. From the time the first announcement was made up to the closing hour of the contest, suggestions rained in upon the editor by the thousands. Since each suggestion was accompanied by the required price of the first issue the task of examining and classifying the offerings was somewhat mitigated. The pile of names was offset by the pile of dimes. The result of the competition will be found elsewhere in this issue—that is, if the judges arrive at any decision. At the time this is being written the jury is still out. In any event, the publishers are well-satisfied with their experiment. They have produced a new phenomenon in newspaperdom—namely, a periodical whose first issue

is bought and paid for before the wheels of the presses have begun to turn out the number. They hope that those who entered into the competition are equally satisfied with the result and that these friends, so easily gained, will not desert them either soon or later. The excellencies which you fail to note in this initial issue will surely appear in later ones if you will but give us the encouragement of your sustained support.

THE news that Mr. Brenton A. Macnab, late of the Montreal Daily Star, is suing Colonel the Honorable Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, for defamation of character in connection with the Star's crusade against the Ross rifle of a few years ago, is extremely interesting. The Star's campaign, it will be recalled, was one of the most bitter ever waged by that newspaper. It would have done credit to a weightier cause. Unfortunately for the Star, the Ross rifle, which it so bitterly attacked, turned out to be a very superior weapon when tried out. It enabled the Canadian marksmen who used it in competitions to carry off the bulk of the honors. At the time of the crusade there were numerous rumors afloat concerning the attacks. Perhaps if Mr. Macnab's suit is brought to trial the truth will come out.

ALAS, another much-worshipped idol is discovered to have feet of clay. "Fra Elbertus," otherwise Elbert Hubbard, leader of the Philistine cult at East Aurora, N. Y., who comes to Canada on occasions and gets us to pay a dollar a head to listen to him advertise his business, has pleaded guilty in the United States district court at Buffalo to sending immoral literature through the mails, paid a fine of \$100 and promised not to do it again. The marvel is that the East Aurora "fra" got away with it for so long.

WE note by the Washington dispatches that the American savants are not only getting ready to celebrate the hundred years of peace with Canada, but that they are also increasing their armament of the Great Lakes.

THE Montreal Herald is deserving of the gratitude of the long-suffering street railway patrons of this city for its fight to obtain better conditions from the Tramways company. If ever a public utilities corporation set at defiance public opinion and ignored the duty which it owes the people, the Montreal Tramways company is that corporation. It is common knowledge, as the Herald asserts, that the immediate effect of the present company's acquisition of the street car facilities of Montreal was the exploitation of the property and of the public for the benefit of the company's shareholders. Every one is also aware that little or no attempt has since been made to make the service adequate to the people's demands or to keep the property up to a reasonable state of efficiency. From start to finish it has been a case of "the public be d—d." We are not so sure that the remedy proposed by the Herald is the right one. Instead of giving the company more streets we should say, if it were possible, take away from them, those which they have and which they use so badly. The search for a prod to bring the Tramways Company to time must go still farther than has been suggested. It should go back to Quebec and should seek out the Provincial Administration which is forever blocking the way to civic improvement in Montreal, especially when the tender feelings of the Tramways crowd are under

"Stop only at taking Human Life."



Following the withdrawal of the Franchise Bill from the British House of Commons, thereby destroying the hopes of the British Suffragettes for the franchise at this sitting of Parliament, the word has gone out from the Suffragette headquarters in London to resume active militancy and to "stop only at taking human life." As a result the London police have been kept busy frustrating the efforts of the women to destroy property and to attack the English political leaders. Arrests have been numerous. A reign of terror prevails in the British capital. Our picture shows Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, leader of the Suffragettes, and a firm believer in the efficacy of militant tactics.

consideration. What Montreal needs in dealing with this and other similar problems is a large measure of Home Rule. She does not seem likely to obtain while the present powers that be control things at Quebec.

A CLERGYMAN in a Western city denounced, from his pulpit, a teacher in a high school for taking part in drunken New Year's revels in the company of one of his former girl pupils. The charge was made that both teacher and pupil were disgracefully intoxicated in a public place. Asked to produce evidence to prove his charge, the preacher sheltered himself behind the claim that he was a servant of God and responsible to no one else for his pulpit utterances. Investi-

gation by the authorities, however, brought out that the teacher had been the guest of his former pupil's parents at a dinner given in an entirely respectable club; that the parents were present; that neither the teacher nor the pupil had drunk anything intoxicating and that no one was disgracefully, or otherwise, drunk. The preacher has since been too busy pursuing his holy calling to have time for apology. Perhaps many of those awful stories about New Year's orgies which find their way into publicity through the moral reformers have as little foundation as this one. Let us hope so.

BY burning the only copy of "Tom Jones" in the public library at Doncaster, England, the civic library committee of that town have probably started more immature readers to perusing Fielding than previously knew of Tom Jones' existence. Perhaps Doncaster is the place where the donkeys come from.

"THERE are some people who are unteachable, incapacitated by nature from seeing that white is white and black is black by a perverseness begotten of prejudice and a species of monomania which makes them think that their own opinion is not only the sole opinion which the country will follow, but the sole opinion it can follow."—The Montreal Star.

To readers of the Star the truth of this is self-evident.

EVEN Toronto has never gone to the length of forbidding tights on the stage," says Manager Judge of the Princess Theatre in discussing the attempt of the Montreal Morality Squad to ban these delectable garments from the local stage. What stronger reason could Chief Campeau ask for over-ruling his Morality Squad.

NOT the least of President Taft's compensations, upon his return to private life on March 4th, will be his ability to resume his summer outings at Murray Bay. And he will be welcome, too, notwithstanding his "parting of the ways" and "the tie that binds" breaks.

IN the matter of this Naval question the Liberals, both in and out of Parliament, seem to be all at sea. CADILLAC.

The Winning Name

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR,
The City Hall,
Montreal, Jan. 29, 1913.
To the Montreal Publishing Co. Limited:
Gentlemen: We, the undersigned committee, have examined the names submitted for the New Paper and decide that the most suitable suggestion is the "SATURDAY MIRROR."
(Signed), ARSENE LAVALLÉE,
Mayor of Montreal.
L. R. GREENE,
Pres. Montreal Publicity Assn.
T. KELLY DICKINSON,
Editor "FINANCIAL TIMES."

MESSRS. MONTREAL PUBLISHING CO.
LIMITED:

Gentlemen: We have examined the coupons submitted to us in your name competition and we find the person entitled to the Five Hundred Dollar First Prize is

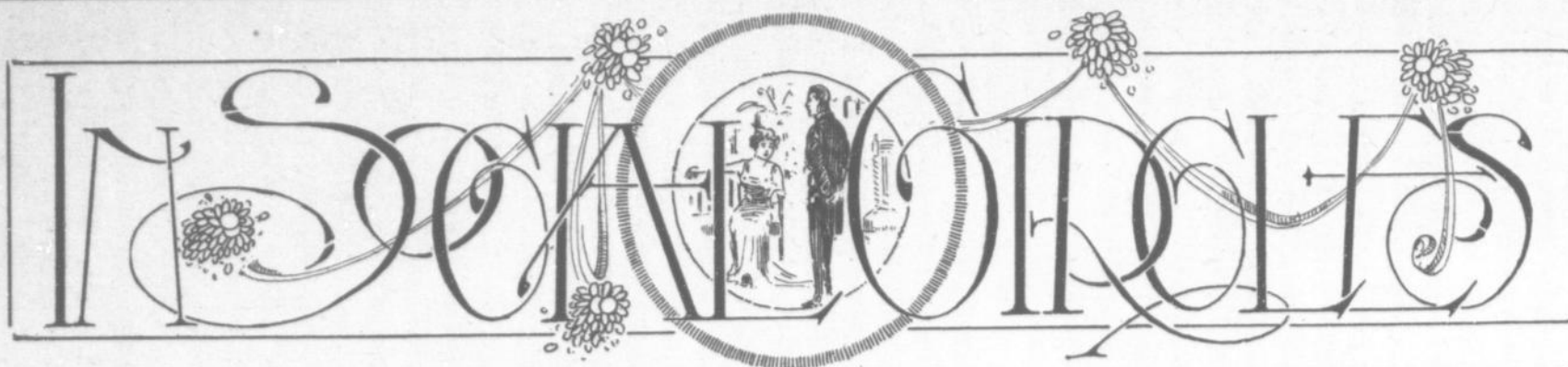
MRS. PAT KELLY,
2478 Waverley Street, Montreal.

Yours very truly,
MACINTOSH & HYDE,
Chartered Accountants.

Owing to the great number of suggestions received—there being upwards of 10,000 persons taking part in the Competition—it has been found impossible to present a complete report in this issue. The full list of Prize-winners, together with a complete report of the Contest, will be given in next week's issue.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE BEST DESIGN.

Owing to the late hour at which the name of this paper was selected, there was no time to consider the best design for a title. The design appearing at the top of this page is a temporary one. To stimulate Montreal artists, both professional and amateur, in designing a suitable title for this paper, using the words, "Saturday Mirror," the publishers offer a prize of Twenty-five Dollars for the best design submitted on or before Tuesday, February 11. Designs should be ready for the engraver, and may occupy any reasonable space. Address, Saturday Mirror, 275 Craig Street West.



ALL Canada rejoices over the news that H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, who has been seriously ill in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal for several weeks, is now convalescent. Sympathy for the Duchess and for H.R.H. the Duke and H.R.H. the Princess Patricia is widespread and the hope is everywhere entertained that the restoration of the Duchess to complete and lasting health will be speedy.

The Charity Ball for the benefit of the Montreal Maternity Hospital, which was held at the Windsor hotel on Tuesday evening, was, like its predecessors, a most successful and enjoyable function. An extended account of the event will be found elsewhere in this issue.

A great number of guests were present at the tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Chase Casgrain at the Ritz Carlton on Saturday afternoon. The classic scheme of decoration of the beautiful ball-room formed a most desirable background for the number of recherche toilettes that were to be seen, and to this the bank of pink flowers across the buffet lent an added effect.

There was excellent opportunity for noting the 'last cry' in smart afternoon gowns. The very becoming deep purple dress worn by the hostess had a draped tunic of velvet and the skirt, of satin, was arranged with horizontal folds to the height of the knee. The bodice was relieved with artistic touches of cherry colour and a cape of rich embroidery and shadow lace was worn across the shoulders. A purple hat with a "couronne" of ostrich feathers completed the attire. Mrs. A. Chase Casgrain wore black with handsome oriental embroidery in different shades of blue.

Mrs. Martin, who is organizing the "At Home" for the Montreal Day Nursery, was one of the ladies who helped with the tea. Her exquisite dress of pale grey crepe de Chine was noticeable even in a roomful of lovely gowns, the tunic of shadow lace lending an especially elegant effect. Mrs. Greenshield also assisted. She, too, was handsomely attired in grey. Mrs. C. A. Harwood and Mrs. Archer were also pouring tea.

The galaxy of charming girls who dispensed refreshments included Miss T. Elaine Casgrain, Miss Tinsonnault, Miss Guerin, Miss La Coste, Miss Philippe McMaster, the Misses de Beaujeu, and Mrs. de Varennes. The pretty afternoon frock worn by Miss Tinsonnault afforded an excellent example of the rising popularity of peacock blue, that delightful shade too long neglected. A well-known leader of French Canadian society was also gowned in this colour; in her case the material chosen was a rich satin and the skirt was adorned with beautiful floral panels in natural tints.

Miss Philippe McMaster, who, since her arrival from England has been having a perfectly royal time, was the guest of honor at the bright dinner-party given by Mrs. Farquhar Robertson on January 25th.

Lady Aitken is staying with Mrs. Stephen Heward of Strathcona Ave. Amongst Mrs. Heward's other guests are Mrs. C. W. Drury, Mrs. Drury of Halifax who is a widow of the late General Drury and Miss Arabella Drury.

Miss Pardee has her two nieces stay with her, Miss Adele and Miss Charlotte Dupuy.

Colonel and Mrs. Melson Crawford have returned from St. Catharines to their home on Sherbrooke street.

Miss Eva Rolston is entertaining Miss Hildred Williams, who has arrived in town from Riviere du Loup.

Colonel the Hon. Samuel Hughes has returned to Ottawa after spending a few days in Montreal.

In the Ritz Carlton on Saturday afternoon I noticed Mrs. Forbes Sutherland in a picture dress of pale apricot satin, the skirt drapery raised to show a flounce of white lace. There were bands of narrow black velvet secured by diamond brooches at the neck and a big black hat set off the effective "ensemble."

Mrs. John McKaye was there too, at the tea hour, delightfully attired in violet chiffon over white with bands of periwinkle blue satin on the bodice and a violet hat.

Another pretty dress was Mrs. Roddick's faience blue satin relieved with yellowish lace. Madame de Hann, wife of the Austrian Consul, was most graceful in a superbly draped navy satin. The toilette worn by Mrs. Boyer of royal purple was specially noteworthy for the artistic arrangement of black maltese lace over white on the bodice. Several of the ladies were wearing black, amongst others Mrs. Jarvis, in a velvet suit with sables, Mrs. Prentiss and Mrs. Pillow.

The hotel was so full of guests that afternoon that the revolving door was never still a second. Amongst them were Sir Alexandre and Lady Lacoste, Mrs. Johnson, Madame and Mlle. Lajoie, M. and Mme. Duchatel, the French Consul and Mme. Bonnin, Mr. and Mrs. La Vergne, Mr. Langue-doe, the German Consul Herr Laug, etc.

The afternoon party given by her mother, Mrs. M. Moffatt, for that attractive debutante, Miss Ethel Moffatt, went off admirably. Mrs. Moffatt's pink satin dress was veiled with gold broadened tulle, which gives a very rich effect. Miss Moffatt wore a lovely white frock from Paris covered with lace, which had an embroidery



H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

The sympathy of every true-hearted Canadian was freely given to the Vice-Regal household during the time of the Duchess of Connaught's recent severe illness, and the rejoicing over her recovery is general in every city and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

of tulle roses in delicate shades, a most charming ingenue frock. Mrs. T. Hodgson and Mrs. J. Grimm poured tea and coffee, whilst Mrs. H. Birks served the ice cream.

Narcissi and tulips formed the spring-like floral decorations at the pleasant dance given by Mrs. A. Crathern McArthur at her house on McGregor street on Friday. The party was given in honour of Miss Alexandrina McArthur who was much admired in a very becoming dance frock.

At the tea given by Mrs. James H. Webb, Claudioboye avenue for Mrs. J. E. Knox of Toronto, pink carnations and daffodils were used for decoration. Mrs. Webb wore a pretty green silk dress and Mrs. J. E. Knox was in grey.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Brainin, 2588 Park Avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miriam, to Dr. Samuel Ortenberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Ortenberg.

Miss Ida F. Croft, daughter of the late Richard Boulby Croft and of Mrs. Croft, Cobourg, will marry Mr. Charles A. Munson, M.P., of Cobourg, early in February.

Sir Lomer Gouin addressed the Women's Canadian Club of Quebec on January 24th, taking for his subject the "Canadian West." The speaker divided the history of the west into two periods, before and after the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He rendered a tribute to the splendid courage of the pioneers who had watered the virgin prairies with their blood and sweat, and concluded by eulogizing the woman of Canada as one of the principal factors in the prosperity of the country.

Sir Lomer and Lady Gouin have been spending a few days in Montreal on their way to New York and thence to Europe.

There was a vivid note of originality about the Japanese dinner given at the Ritz Carlton Hotel on January 26th. The scheme of decoration included fans, pools of gold-fish, parasols and those delightful Japanese lanterns that always give an air of mystery to any entertainment which they adorn. The newly arrived prima donna, Miss Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, were present and thoroughly appreciated the artistic effect, which was due to the skill of the clever specialist, Mr. Ettore Pasquale, who has just arrived from the south of France.

Among the guests were Sir Montagu and Lady Allan and party, Mr. H. V. Meredith and party, Mr. B. Hosmer and party, Mr. McKay and party, and Countess de Bar le Due and Countess Boigday who are on their way to the south of France.

News of a smart military wedding comes from Toronto. On January 25th Miss Marie Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. Percy Rutherford, was married to Captain Douglas Bowie, R.C.D., at St. James Cathedral in that city. The Rev. J. Russell McLean, chaplain of Stanley Barracks, performed the ceremony. The material chosen for the lovely bridal gown was ivory charmeuse, softly draped, trimmed with pearls, passementerie and further adorned with a Brussels point lace veil. Miss Rutherford carried a bouquet of white orchids. The three bridesmaids were Miss Somerville, Miss Brown of Montreal and Miss Jones of Quebec. Their white cloth dresses were relieved by Watier blue girdles and they wore black velvet hats with paradise plumes. Each bore a bouquet of American Beauty roses and an enamel vanity box on a long gold chain, gifts of the bridegroom. Captain Bowie's gift to his bride was a gold mesh bag.

Mr. Clifford Darling was best man and the ushers were Mr. Gerald Han-

som and Mr. Saxe Brown of Montreal, and Mr. Norman Nelles, M.R.C. Colonel Nelles, who gave the bride away and the ushers and bridegroom all wore full dress uniform. The bridal reception was held by Colonel and Mrs. Nelles at the Prince George.

Late in the afternoon Captain and Mrs. Bowie left for New York, en route to Bermuda. The bride's travelling dress was a black cloth suit with a black and white hat and chinchilla fur.

As Captain Bowie is stationed at St. John's, Quebec, the newly married couple intend to reside there.

The dance at Victoria Hall, Westmount, given by the members of the Mount Royal Tennis Club on Jan. 23, was a bright affair, everything going with a swing from first to last. There must have been quite a hundred and forty people present. The band was good and so was the floor, likewise the supper. There were quite a number of pretty frocks. Very effective was the silver tunic on Mrs. Gault's satin dress of blush rose colour. Mrs. A. D. Anderson had on a white satin veiled with jonquil colored tulle. The other hostesses were Mrs. J. L. McCullough and Mrs. Guy Dobbin, both very handsomely gowned.

Miss Ethel Hurlbatt, principal of Victoria College and former principal of Queen's College, Baker Street, London, is indisposed and is taking a short holiday at Lake Placid to recruit her strength.

That charming woman and brilliant speaker, Mrs. Henshaw of Vancouver, interested a cultured and numerous audience at the Art Association the other evening with her enthusiastic and fascinating account of the Far West. The lecture was called "Mountain Trails in the Rockies" and such was Mrs. Henshaw's choice of language and contagious ardour that the listener could only long for an air ship or any other method of rapid flight to visit the scenes of beauty so graphically described. Mrs. Henshaw lived for more than two decades in the West. She is a daring climber, a keen sportswoman and an excellent shot, also a botanist of renown.

Quite a bevy of good-looking girls helped to dispense tea at the afternoon party given by Mrs. W. Robertson Ross on Friday last for her daughter, Miss Monica Ross. Amongst them were Miss Muriel Craven, Miss Marion Rendell, Miss Edith Shuter, Miss Jeanne de Crevecoeur, and Miss Marjorie Lindsay.

Mrs. H. J. Fisk has had a pleasant visit to Toronto, where she stayed with her brother, Mr. G. Beardmore.

Mrs. Anderson of Point Lefdi, Quebec is visiting her son, Dr. Anderson of Park avenue.

Miss Young of Westmount is leaving shortly for Winnipeg to meet her aunt, Mrs. Stevens. From there they will go on to Santa Barbara, where they expect to remain until the spring.

The tea given by Miss Lee of 318 Grosvenor avenue on Friday, Jan. 24, was a very pleasant function. Mrs. Willie Robertson of Toronto and Mrs. Garnett Dickson assisted the hostess who looked extremely nice in a mauve dress of a becoming shade. The tea table was decorated with white and green, narcissi being largely used.

The Keramic Department of the Art Association and also the Sketch Club are contributing some very interesting specimens of their work to the Women's Suffrage Exhibition.

Colonel Burland has consented to address the Women's Canadian Club at Toronto on Feb. 8th, on "Some Aspects of Imperial Defence."

Lord Basil Blackwood, who has been a guest at the Ritz-Carlton

ing the last week is a son of the celebrated Ambassador of the Victorian era, the Earl of Dufferin and the grandson of the authoress of the world famous poem "The Irish Emigrant." The Lady Dufferin who composed these verses was one of the beautiful trio of Sheridan sisters.

The great popularity of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel was specially attested on Jan. 23rd. when so many guests came to supper after the opera and other social engagements that an impromptu dance was organized. Among those present were Sir Hugh and Lady Graham, Miss Alice Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Sutherland, Mayor Grant, Mrs. Walter Long, the Hon. Francis Scott, Miss Martha Allan, the Hon. Angus Mac Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hosmer, W. Beaulieu, Mr. and Mrs. de Hann, Miss Shaughnessy and Miss Edith Shaughnessy, Miss Holland, Miss Helen Robertson, Miss Macmaster, Miss Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Morden, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Henshaw, Messrs. E. B. Hosmer, Chas. Christie, R. Redford, Essol Hall, Hickson, Swing, Furlong, Gordon and Mackinnon.

Eschewing the conventional bridal white Miss Agnes Fitzgerald chose to be married in a travelling costume of navy blue velvet and very seasonable and becoming was her attire. We wonder that more brides do not adopt this plan. Mr. Henry Hecklinger was witness for the bridegroom, Mr. Gordon Hecklinger. Mr. Jas. Fitzgerald of Quebec, the bride's brother gave her away.

Several Montreal brides received for the first time since their marriage during the last few days of January.

Mrs. John Heffernan's rooms were quite crowded at 245 Mance street on Tuesday.

Mrs. Victor Elliott Dawson (Miss Linda Selwyn) received for the second time at her flat in King George's Apartments on Jan. 23rd. Some very chic toilettes were to be seen.

Eva Harrington and Mrs. Leslie Skelton helped to dispense the delicacies of the buffet, whilst Mrs. Spencer Dale Harris and Miss Claire Harrington looked after the tea. It was a pleasure to note the artistic scheme of color decoration pursued in the arrangement of the flowers. Malmesbury Carnations, tulips and Chinese lilies adorned the refreshment room but the hue predominating in the drawing room was yellow, in varied tones, flowers, lamp and candle shades alike. Mrs. Dawson wore the bridal gown with its trimming of priceless lace. Her mother, Mrs. Selwyn of Ottawa, who assisted her daughter to receive had selected a costume of grey charmeuse, veiled with marquisette and having touches of mauve.

On the following day Mrs. Thos. Dennison received her girlhood's friends at 143 de l'Espece street, Outremont. The reception lasted during the afternoon and evening and there was a constant stream of guests.

We wish every success to the entertainment to be held at the Ritz-Carlton on Feb. 17 in aid of the Montreal Day Nursery. This kindly institution (the equivalent of the creche of other countries) makes it possible for poor women (charwomen and others), who go out to work by the day, to have their children properly looked after during the mother's absence. It is a boon not only to the poor women themselves but to their employers. Many charwomen and dressmakers who go out for the day lose work because of the child that they bring along with them to their employers' house. The poor child doesn't know what to do with itself, probably gets into mischief and as a consequence the mother loses the job.

Miss Miller of Frankfort, Toronto, has been staying with her aunt, Mrs. Martin, in Park Avenue. This popular young lady's friends have been delighted to welcome her and she has been the guest of honor at many delightful reunions. Mrs. Birts invited a large company to meet Miss Miller a few days ago.

That popular hostess, Mrs. Raoul de Lorimier gave an enjoyable card party on Jan. 23rd. The Misses Lafleur and E. la Coste of Ottawa were amongst the guests, so was Mlle. Lajoie, who, as our readers will remember was amongst the first of Montreal girls to take the B.A. degree. Other guests were Misses C. La Violette, M. Chauvin, H. Gervais, G. Montiel, M. Brisset, B. Labelle and M. Vantelet. Mrs. de Lorimier wore a different shade of ultra marine blue with perfect success and her daughter was wearing a quite bewitching frock of pale turquoise with a diaphanous over dress with wee pink rosebuds.

A most interesting wedding of the early part of the month of February will be that of Miss Ruth Chambers, daughter of Canon and Mrs. Chambers, with Mr. N. W. Marshall, son of Mrs. John Marshall. The function takes place on Monday next, Feb. 3rd, at Christ Church Cathedral at 4.30 p.m. The charming personality of the bride-elect makes her the beloved of a wide circle of admirers. As most of our readers know, Canon Chambers edits the Weekly Star. In his early days Canon Chambers worked among the Indians, where he had some interesting and even amazing adventures.

Mrs. Henry Kavanagh gave a most successful bridge party at her house on Lorne avenue on Jan. 23rd. The artistic gown worn by the hostess was of cream silk with a paisley border skillfully arranged in the form of a tunic. Fringe of a soft tone of blue completed the costume.

Mrs. Purcell, wife of Judge Purcell, gave an afternoon party at Prince Arthur Apartments on Wednesday, Jan. 29.

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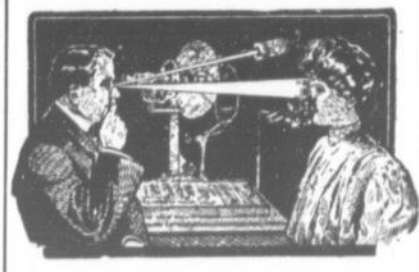
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Canadian Stores: TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

A lovely bride and a handsome bridegroom played the chief parts in the wedding at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Westmount on Tuesday, Jan. 21st, when Miss Mabel Steel was married to Mr. William Arthur Mattinson. Miss Steel is the niece and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Baillie, whose family has furnished more than one charming bride of late. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. James Baillie, and the bridegroom was attended by Mr. Gordon Campbell as best man. Very attractive was the bridal dress of white satin with its soft veiling of white lace. The bride wore a simple coronet of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The maid of honour, Miss Gertrude Mattinson, was effectively attired in pale yellow veiled with cream tulle. The dainty frocks worn by the two bridesmaids, Miss Cera and Miss Ruth Baillie, had a Dresden Chin effect. Pale blue predominated and black velvet hats were worn. Mrs. Baillie wore a handsome gown of black satin, adorned with a rich design in paillettes. Mrs. Mattinson, the bridegroom's mother, was wearing grey striped silk. Amongst the guests I noticed Miss Eleanor Perry, the clever artist, whose work was on exhibition a little while

ago. Her graceful frock of white chiffon was inset with Irish point and a white beaver hat with black feathers and a crimson rose completed an attractive ensemble. Mr. and Mrs. Baillie held a reception for the young couple after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mattinson left by the 6 o'clock train for New York. The bride's travelling dress was dark brown and she wore a handsome set of mink fur and a pretty brown hat.

Lady Garneau gave a brilliant ball at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, on Jan. 28th, in honor of her daughter, Miss Jeanne Garneau.

Madame Mantel, wife of the Minister of Inland Revenue, has returned to Ottawa after a lengthy visit to St. Jerome, where her country house is situated.

Lt. Col. Lowther has been the guest of T.H.R. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught for a few days. He has now returned to Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Benning, who have been staying at the Ritz-Carlton but have now returned to New York, were entertained at the Forest & Stream Club last week by Mr. and Mrs. F. F. McGill.

(Additional Society News on Page 13.)

THE DAILY MONTREAL

BY BERNARD K. SANDWELL

THE writer of this column is perhaps better known to Montreal theatre-goers under the pen name of "Munday Knight," with which for nearly twelve years he has signed the dramatic column and the reviews of current shows in the Montreal Herald. Mr. Sandwell has had a longer continuous experience of dramatic criticism in Canada than any other writer with one exception; and he is one of the three Canadian critics who have been honored by selection to act as judge in the Earl Grey Trophy Competitions. In Montreal his pronouncements have long been recognized as exceptionally illuminating, just and authoritative.

LADY Gregory's Irish Players are not, as players, quite so astounding as we were led to expect. It is, of course, a good many years since they began to play together, and the original strength of the company may have been impaired by some of the losses that are inevitable when a stock company begins to attract attention and its members begin to receive bids from commercial managers. The present article is written, owing to the exigencies of printing, after attendance at the first performance only; and while we have to admit the great power, beauty and lucidity of Sara Allgood's "Kathleen-ni-Houlihan" and the poetic force of Fred. O'Donovan's "Christopher Mahon", the rest of the company has not so far given any indications of genius. Generally speaking, moreover, their manner of utterance is recitational rather than conversational, a method that may be thoroughly suited to the fine-spun allegories of Yeats but does not seem to be the best style for that delicious piece of peasant naturalism, "The Playboy of the Western World." The "Peggy Mike" of Miss Eithne McGee was almost wholly lacking in the more elusive qualities—wistfulness, poetic imagination and the sense of fatality—and the consequent loss to the play on its poetic side can scarcely be conjectured.

The interest of the performances thus far has lain, therefore, in the plays presented. "Kathleen-ni-Houlihan" is a mere flash of allegory, of tremendous depth and beauty and great patriotic feeling, but almost without action. It has been done in Canada, though not in Montreal, by the Margaret Eaton School of Elocution at Toronto, and depends almost wholly on the voice declamatory power and symbolic expression of the leading actress.

"The Playboy of the Western World," the first play of the late J.M. Synge to be presented in Montreal, made an instant appeal by the rich and racy vigor of its comedy; the marvelous beauty of its language was probably noted little except by those who had read it or witnessed it before. As for the hostility that has raged against the piece, the reasons for it, and their weakness, were both equally apparent. A young man of peevish temperament, who thinks he has killed his father but never had any intention of doing so, wanders into the cabin of Peggy Mike and her father after an eleven days' flight from justice, and tells of his crime—less from a desire to confess than from vainglory, because all around him think that he is a fugitive for some much less notable deed. For two acts the entire population of Peggy's little world is lost in admiration of "the man who killed his dad" and during those two acts the reason for their admiration are obscure to themselves and possibly to the audience. If there were nothing but those two acts, there might be basis for the charge that Synge painted the Irish peasantry as lovers of paricide. The third act makes every thing perfectly clear; the father, badly damaged but not killed, comes in pursuit of his wayward son, and another fight follows in which the father is again left for dead, and this time there is no doubt about the feelings of the peasants concerning such a crime, for they all unite in the effort to hand the criminal over to justice. It was not, we see therefore, the crime which fascinated them in the first two acts, but the "story," the dramatic situation, for which their irrepressible imaginations readily supplied all sorts of extenuating motives and elements of heroism. It is not in the least surprising that zealots for the good name of Ireland should have "seen a head and hit it" when this play was produced, for zealotry is always careless; but it is quite certain that the play has only to be known for all such hostility to disappear.

There may have been some hostility to the piece on other grounds, which took refuge under the general charge of misrepresentation of Irish morals. In both language and action the piece is a rich and racy portrait of peasant life in all its primitiveness; at various stages of its performance on Monday evening a number of persons left the theatre, probably on account of the vigor of the language rather than of the ethical contents. The same occurrence took place, it will be remembered, at the first performance here of Shaw's "Man and Superman", which has had no difficulty in establishing itself as a part of our regular repertoire. The language in question might be objected to on the ground of irreverence, if it were not so perfectly evident, that there is no irreverence in



MISS JULIE HERNE.

Daughter of the famous American actor and playwright; she will appear at the Princess during the week of February 10 in the leading role in "Bought and Paid For".

the minds of the characters which utter it.

MONTREAL has never had a better example of the importance of "working over" in the production of a musical piece than was afforded last week in "The Merry Countess". It was not only the title that was brought up-to-date (that change was effected in New York), but the whole piece which had been absolutely renovated in London. Apparently hardly any of those who attended it realized that this was in its origin identically the same piece as had been presented here under its proper title of "The Night-Birds" a short season ago, and had then, in spite of the presence of Fritz Scheff and a very strong singing cast, registered an absolute and lamentable failure—being in fact the most atrocious bore of the entire season.

The Fritz Scheff company did nothing but learn by rote the words and notes of a piece produced in 1874, of which hardly even a tradition is extant. Nothing could have been more soulless or perfunctory, and there was not a breath of life about the whole performance. For the English revival, of which the present production is a close copy containing several of the original players, the work of Strauss and more especially of his librettist was so completely overhauled that only the main outline of the action remains. I do not wish to suggest that all that was imported into it was matter of the highest art, but the net result of it was to distract attention from the thin places of the plot and produce a uniform effect of light amusement. Musically there was little left but the tunes, for everything was transposed and re-arranged so as to lighten the demands made by Strauss upon his singers. The role of the lady's-maid, which in the original is a high soprano, was sealed down for Miss von Busing, the consequence being that neither that charming actress nor the music itself got a chance to show much brilliance; and both solos and ensembles were heavily cut in order to make time for specialties and comedy.

NEXT WEEK's booking at the Princess is "Mutt and Jeff", a musical extravaganza of the more popular order which has been seen here before. It will be followed by a series of bookings of much interest. "Bought and Paid For" is perhaps the most famous of the full-blooded order which followed hard upon the success of "Paid in Full", and contains some extremely sensational and daring scenes. "The Bird of Paradise" is another somewhat elemental drama which had a substantial success in New York, and which deals with the passion of a civilised American man for a Kanaka girl of the Hawaiian Islands. These will be followed by the Gilbert and Sullivan company, practically the same in personnel as that which has already been heard here with such favor upon two past occasions, presenting this time not a single opera but a repertoire of three or four of the most enduring masterpieces of the great English collaborators; in a musical sense at least this will probably be the most notable event of the Princess season.

The week after next will witness the opening of the second Montreal season of the Manchester Players

from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. This company, which consists for the larger part of the same personnel as last year, will spend five weeks in Montreal, and will during that time present eight plays, in which the modern English drama will be much less extensively represented than it was last season. That this change is due to the peculiarities of Montreal taste rather than to any desire on the part of the players or of Miss Horniman to side-track the modern dramatists, may be taken as certain. Of the plays announced—all of which are of sufficient length to provide an entire though rather abbreviated evening's entertainment—four are classic and four are the work of this generation; last season there was one classic against a dozen or so of moderns, of which several however were curtain-raiser only.

The classic of last season, "She Stoops to Conquer," will of course be repeated, as it was the most emphatic hit of the engagement. But the other three classics announced for this year are fortunately of considerably greater artistic interest. One of them, "Twelfth Night", is likely to give us an entirely new insight into the possibilities of Shakespearean acting without the assistance (and interference) of elaborate scenery and over-dressing. The two Sheridan comedies, "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" are both of a kind to bring out all the finesse and subtlety of which the company is capable.

Of the modern pieces, three are repetitions from last year, but they are distinctly the most important of the 1912 modern repertoire: Masefield's "Nan", Galworthy's "The Silver Box", and Shaw's "Candida". The fourth is the work of an author who has been much read here but has not yet been seen on the stage. Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants" is certainly one of the most readable works that the modern English dramatic movement has produced, and its keen and gentle satire should be particularly brilliant when presented by a well-balanced company of clever people.

The personnel of the company is interesting. One of course knows nothing, as one always does know nothing, about the qualifications of those Manchester players whom one has not seen; the absence of personal publicity is so delightful that we shall certainly not complain because we are not provided with a biographical record of the newcomers. Such changes as there are in the company are mainly accounted for by the tremendous success of "Hindle Wakes", which, originally produced in London as a part of the regular Horniman repertoire, has now been handed over to the business charge of Mr. Edwin T. Heys, manager of the Manchester Players here last year, and which still, I believe, engages the services of Miss Goodall, Miss Ada King, Mr. Charles Bibby and Mr. Herbert Lomas.

We shall still have with us that very fine and imaginative artist, Milton Rosmer, and the profoundly emotional Irene Rooke; and we shall still have Edward Lander, Frank Darrah, Cecil Brookling, Ernest Haines, Muriel Pratt and Doris Bateman. The places of the absentees will be filled by half-a-dozen new players, who will have had plenty of time to acquire the Gaiety Theatre method. It should not be forgotten that it is not any supernatural ability on the part

of one or all of the Manchester Players that makes that company so supremely effective, but the spirit of the whole presentation and perfect balance of all parts. Mr. Lewis Casson, by the way, is an absentee whose disappearance does not seem to be accounted for by the "Hindle Wakes" bookings, and who may be rather seriously missed.

The "Twelfth Night" production is a thing to be anticipated with unmitigated joy. It is, according to all English accounts, a thing of the richest and most Elizabethan humor. Mr. Stanley Drewitt, who had small chance to show his special merits here last year, presents a Malvolio which has been spoken of in the highest terms, and I think that we may look forward to an evening of rollicking fun in the company of artists who are not afraid to unbend because they are uttering the lines of the "Bard of Avon". Reverence for a great dramatist is an admirable quality, but on this continent it too often goes the length of making players intone their language as solemnly as a priest intones the religious formulae.

THE occupation of His Majesty's Theatre by the Opera is by no means such an unmixed benefit this season as it was a year or two ago. When it was first founded, the Opera rescued that very pleasant theatre from the hands of a booking agency which was utterly unable to provide decent attractions for half its houses. Today that same booking agency has control of probably one-half of the really interesting plays undergoing presentation on this continent. While it is improbable that we should have seen anything like all of them had the theatre been available for bookings—for the leading producers of this group have long exhibited a profound and possibly excusable antipathy for Montreal,—it seems to be beyond doubt that we are doomed to miss several attractions of much merit which have already played in Toronto and Ottawa. Conspicuous among these is Otis Skinner's production of "Kismet" with its extensive borrowings from the rich pictorial symbolism of the Orient that has been placed at the disposal of the modern stage by Russian and German producers. We have as yet seen no example of that Oriental influence—the influence of Leon Bakst and of Max Reinhardt—in Montreal, except in a portion of the entertainment provided by Gertrude Hoffman's company of Russian dancers; though we have seen several New York burlesques in which the purely mechanical devices employed in its are parodied without the slightest indication of the spirit.

THE good old English word "playhouse" seems to have passed into desuetude. Nor is it wholly surprising, for there is no longer any object left to which it can be applied.

We have theatres galore. A new one has been built in Montreal, on the average, every year during the last ten years, though it must be admitted that a few have been torn down or converted to base uses in the same period. But we have no playhouses.

Any building in which the public gather for the purpose of attending entertainments requiring the sense of sight can be qualified as a theatre. The claim made by a certain class of houses to a monopoly of this title is absurd. A building does not become a theatre because you are required to go into it at 8.15 and remain until 10.45, instead of dropping in when you like and leaving when you have had enough. It does not become a theatre because the persons engaged in the performance appear and re-appear throughout the evening instead of doing all they know in twenty minutes and then going home to supper and leaving the stage to somebody else. Above all, it does not become a theatre by reason of charging one dollar and fifty cents of Canadian currency. These distinctions are accidental. A theatre is purely and simply a place for the exhibition of spectacles.

Now a playhouse is something considerably more than this. Obviously it is a house for plays. Since any play has necessarily its spectacle side, a playhouse is a place for the exhibition of a certain kind of spectacle, and hence is a kind of theatre. But it is seldom indeed that our theatres of the present day are used for the performance of plays; almost as seldom as the "opera houses" of the last generation (which still survive in most of our Canadian villages) were used for the performance of operas. The modern play is as a matter of fact the last kind of entertainment for which the modern theatre is constructed; and one reason why the modern play is not more popular is that it fits so badly in its surroundings.

Eugene Walter is still working over the same old ground on which he made his first success in "Paid in Full," a second and even greater success in "The Easiest Way," and a fine and growing collection of failures. When he succeeds in getting a breath of humanity and personal observation of life into his plays they are all the better; when they fail, "Fine Feathers," which was produced at the Astor Theatre in New York last week, is a study of the difficulty experienced by a young man with \$25 a week in keeping a wife with expensive tastes. Alan Dale says of it: "Once again the eternal irredeemable squalor of the lightly 'salaried man,' the rebellion of the pretty little fading wife with a taste for millinery, the dreadful 'home' with the struggle to keep in the warm



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS ANTONY IN "JULIUS CAESAR"

William Faversham's impersonation of Antony in "Julius Caesar," along with his direction of the performance of the whole work by a singularly powerful cast, constituted the finest piece of Shakespearean impersonation that Montreal has seen for several years. The company was only in its third week when it played here, and no photographs of the players in character were then available. The above portrait shows how supremely Mr. Faversham is fitted by nature, by his gifts of physique, intellect and magnetism, to impersonate that impelling young Roman senator who might have ruled the world but for his love of ease and luxury. "Julius Caesar" has been an immense success in New York, Boston and elsewhere.

air in winter and keep out the mosquitoes in summer; the entrance into this sorry Eden of the Serpent, and—final discords, ugly, sinister and ill-omened. These small materials are made up into a play of seven characters (each with a talking velocity of at least seventeen thousand words a piece). It was a miniature peninsula, which was surrounded on nearly all its sides by stars, who acted it, over-acted it, super-acted it, and hyper-acted it. It strongly suggested (Paid in Full) without that drama's human note, though shorn of its dissertations, it was at times striking and interesting.

The leading role—one of the strongest and most emotional in modern American dramas—in "Bought and Paid For," which will be presented at the Princess the week after next, is being taken by Miss Julie Herne. Miss Herne is a fine example of the value of heredity in acting. A very few real old-timers in Montreal may possibly remember that famous old play, "Hearts of Oak" in which James A. Herne and his wife, Catherine, were the stars, and almost everyone that can go back a generation in his memory remembers Mr. Herne's wonderfully artistic "Uncle Nat" in "Shore Acres." Then there was a play that came between these two called "The Minute Men," a transcript of Revolutionary times which was not a great financial success, but in which Julie Herne's mother gave a most wonderful performance of the patriotic maiden of '76, and Herne's own play of "Margaret Fleming," in which Mrs. Herne created a furor in New York. Miss Herne's performance of "Virginia Elaine" is surely a verification of the old saying, "Blood will tell."

Julie is one of the four children left to perpetuate the Herne school.—Chrystal, the elder, a well-known actress, Dorothy, now retired and the wife of Montrose J. Moses, the critic, John T., the youngest and only son, who is just beginning with "The Man from Home," and Julie herself. Miss Herne's performance of "Virginia Elaine" is surely a verification of the old saying, "Blood will tell."

The latest Lehar operette, "The Man With Three Wives," seems to have made a considerable hit at Weber & Fields' Theatre. The Shuberts announce that this organization will form the basis of a company to be known as the "International Light Opera Company," which they will endeavor to make into a repertoire light opera organization of the highest standard. The continued good fortune of the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Company, which is now on tour, has proved conclusively that the public takes a special and affectionate interest in permanent organizations. The new company will offer only modern original works. It will be run as a "Non-Star" organization, and one of the leading artists is the

brilliant young Canadian, Miss Alice Yorke. Others are Cecil Lean, Sophie Barnard, Dolly Castles, Charlotte Greenwood, Dorothy Webb, Ida Jeanne, Cleo Mayfield, Robert G. Pitkin, Leslie Kenyon, Stewart Baird, Arthur Geary, Sydney Grant and Harold Robe.

The Messrs. Shubert have instructed Mr. Granville Barker to engage two English companies to tour the country next season in "Fanny's First Play", the new Bernard Shaw comedy which is now nearing its 200th consecutive New York performance at Wm. Collier's Comedy Theatre. It is apparently to be presented in Montreal in the near future.

One of the special features of "The Honeymoon Express," the new Winter Garden production which is to open next Monday evening, will be a miniature ballet. This is being prepared by Theodore Kosloff, who was stage director for the historic "Saison des Ballets Russes".

PRINCESS

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WEEK FEBRUARY 10th
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Direct from 500 Consecutive Performances at Wm. A. Brady's Playhouse, New York.

The Charity Ball

Annual Function of Montreal Society comes up to its traditions—Presence of Royalty adds to the Brilliance of the occasion.

TUESDAY night was clear and fine. Had the weather been inclement it would hardly have lessened the numbers that attended the Charity Ball, so great is the interest inspired by that popular function. Windsor Hall was brilliantly illuminated and by half-past eight sleighs were speeding through the frosty streets and discharging their passengers at the entrance.

By nine o'clock the corridors were fast filling with a handsomely dressed expectant crowd, all eagerly looking for the coming of the royal party to open the Ball. A bugle blast sounded at intervals and kept interest on tip toe. The idea obtained at first that Their Royal Highnesses and Suite would pass between the rows of guests in the corridor. Gradually, however, a move was made to the large ballroom and an extra was danced pending the arrival of the distinguished patrons.

The band played enchantingly. The floor was perfect. Tall ferns concealed the whereabouts of the musicians and tall white spirea and vivid crimson Zinerarias made a gay floral parterre at the edge of the platform.

LADY DRUMMOND



Patroness of the Charity Ball.

LADY LACOSTE



Patroness of the Charity Ball.

Red velvet seats had been placed for the royal party at one side of the room. The brilliant chandeliers glowed like yellow tulips; banks of tall daisies were arranged between the pillars and garlands of green entwined with scarlet poinsettia festooned the entire room, giving it the semblance of a bower. Suddenly the whisper spread, "They have come!"

A cordon was formed, making a charmed circle, within which the Quadrille of Honor was to be danced and without which clustered an eager throng of gazers.

As "God Save the King" was played by the band H. R. H. the Duke entered with the 1st Directress, Mrs. Reford on his arm, H. R. H. Princess Patricia entering with Principal Peterson of McGill and followed by the members of the Ball Committee.

After T. H. R. had greeted the friends the Quadrille was danced. The Princess Patricia looked beautiful in a robe of artistic and original design. An under dress of satin was shaded from mulberry to deep coral, with a double overdress of black chiffon worked with silver and having scalloped borders. A folded sash of mulberry satin completed the attire. H. R. H. wore two orders.

Miss Adam, who was in attendance, wore a handsome dress of white brocade with a border of fur at the waist and a cluster of pink roses at the hem. The Royal Quadrille made a noteworthy study in exquisite gowns, effective in contrast, yet blending harmoniously. Lady Allan's gorgeous tomato red brocade velvet, with the pleated basque bodice and draped skirt, the whole relieved with gold tissue was a feast of rich color. This gown, more than any other, served to bring out the exquisite strong emerald of Mrs. Miller's dress which was embroidered in heavy black and steel and worn over a subtle shade of blue.

Mrs. Reford was magnificent in a cloth of silver, adorned with silver flowers and trails. A tiara of diamonds was worn and a collar of pearls, while a large cluster of diamonds adorned the front of the bodice. The costume worn by Mrs. Holt of black shadow lace over white satin, the black lace again veiled by white and covering bands of perfect taste and exquisite in finish for all the lace was in shaped panels.

Mrs. E. Cains was in forget-me-not blue satin with a short white chiffon tunic adorned with tulle work of pearls and lace drapery on the bodice. Mrs. Chipman's gown of shot mauve and pink silk was delicately pretty in color. Mrs. Peterson's dress of Albee blue satin had a tunic of black net shadow lace adorned with diamante embroidery and there were touches of pale pink.

The general effect was a kaleidoscope of colour. On the whole there were very few white dresses worn save by debutantes, and even amongst these interesting and charming band there were those who had selected their pet colour to make their appearance in Montreal society. Amongst debutantes in white were Miss Ethel Perigo, Miss Dorothy Philips and Miss C. Pratt. Miss Ethel Perigo was in ivory satin with one of the new draped skirts, veiled with dew drop net and

adorned with crystal and pearl trimming. Miss Dorothy Philips was in white charmeuse, that material that always drapes so gracefully and lends itself most charmingly to arrangements of folds. Miss C. Pratt was also wearing white charmeuse, her dancing frock being veiled with tulle. The bright rose tinted dresses worn by the Misses Edna and Winnifred Perigo formed a most effective contrast to the debutante attire of their younger sister. Deep pink in a variety of shades was one of the most popular colours of Tuesday evening. Bright evelamen pink was to be seen, generally expressed in satin or charmeuse, also a vivid rose that suggested the hue of a particularly good strawberry pie. That reminds one that, in their anxiety lest the rooms should become inconveniently heated, the management had erred a trifle on the side of chilliness. Wraps were in great request during the evening and the pretty fashion of swathing the shoulders in tulle, that obtains at the moment, was very advantageous.

Several of the ladies carried bouquets, pink roses being much in evidence, but to my mind none of the flower adornments were so attractive as the big bunches of violets that, with their quiet hue, struck an effective note in some of the dresses.

Swansdown was to be seen on many frocks, especially those worn by quite young girls and very soft and becoming it is. The draped tunics and skirts lend themselves to original effects. Nothing could have been prettier than a tunic of gathered white tulle with a straight border of crimson roses that looped delightfully over the underdress as the wearer danced.

Brocades were in favour, several quite young girls wearing this rich material and often a very vivid shade. A tall fair girl looked very well in one of vivid emerald patterned with silk flowers. The gown was cut straight and narrow to under the arm pits and lace formed the draped upper bodice. Very distinguished was the exceptionally lovely toilette worn by Mrs. C. Ernest Gault. Black net palleted with oxidize and silver covered a cerise under-dress, the oxidize and silver forming a yoke design. Gold shoes were worn and a large white aigrette worn in the hair. Mrs. Victor Buchanan, who came with Mrs. Gault looked very well in a simply cut pale blue gown. Mrs. J. G. Ross wore a lovely gown of coral satin veiled with black shadow lace, embroidered with diamond trimming and had a black aigrette in her hair. Lady Lacoste wore a dress of black velvet with rare old lace on the bodice.

We append a list of other noticeable gowns.

Miss Ardenwrieth was in pale turquoise with a long stole of pailletted net. Mrs. Bryce Allan wore a very handsome dress of very pale grey brocade.

Miss Hazel Allen was wearing a handsome gown of white, heavily trimmed with silver brocade. Miss Frances Caverhill (debutante) was wearing a white gown with trimmings of diamante and chiffon.

Miss Margery Brouse of Toronto wore a beautifully cut princess dress of black charmeuse veiled with black chiffon and edged with silver braid.

Mrs. Wilfred Hovey had on a white satin gown, with an over-dress of draped tulle having hand-painted roses and diamante trimmings.

Miss Lois Cahan was wearing a beautiful gown of American Beauty charmeuse satin, with corsage of shadow lace and net overdress, with heavy pearl trimmings.

Mrs. Chadwick of Ottawa, wore an attractive gown of vivid violet that became her extremely.

Miss Beatrice Caverhill's dress of pink tulle had tiny touches of blue, beautifully trimmed with garlands of roses.

Mrs. Stacey Coristine was handsomely attired in yellow charmeuse satin with ermine and brilliant trimmings.

Mrs. J. Creelman wore pink crepe de chine trimmed with cream lace with an overdress of dew drop chiffon.

Mrs. Huntley Drummond was wearing a gown of white satin with a pretty over-dress of net, beautifully embroidered with silver and pearls.

Mrs. T. J. Drummond was in a handsome gown of turquoise blue, with lace trimmings.

swathed sash of vieux rose velvet and diamante trimming.

Miss Cornelia Kohl was wearing a very handsome gown of white satin.

Miss Christine Somerville was attired in pale pink satin with pannes of purple.

Miss Spencer had on a very striking black and silver dress, the black satin material being draped with silver lace.

Miss Kathleen Sweeney of Toronto looked well in a gown of white satin with trimmings of silver and marabout.

Mrs. S. R. Townsend was attired in a cream lace gown draped with pink.

Miss Marjorie Townsend was wearing a pretty gown of pink satin heavily trimmed with brilliant and American Beauty velvet.

Miss G. Wanklyn's pink satin was veiled with tulle and having silver trimmings.

Miss Weir's dress of pale emerald charmeuse had a kimono bodice adorned with white bugles. A shaded paradise plume was worn in the hair.

Mrs. White was gowning in vieux rose charmeuse with a collar of beautiful points de Venise lace.

Mrs. David Wigmore's graceful dress of blue tulle was draped with spangled net and blue chiffon.

Miss Learmonth of Quebec wore pale blue tulle silk with a collar of Irish lace.

Mrs. P. H. Levin was in grey satin with a long tunic embroidered in steel. A bouquet of mauve orchids was worn.

Mrs. W. D. Lighthall's dress of white crepe de chine was veiled in black Chantilly lace.

Miss Alice Lighthall was in pale pink charmeuse veiled with diaphanous vieux rose.

Mrs. Sybil Lighthall wore light pink veiled with white and having silver trimmings.

Miss Irene Lyonnette of Edmonton, N.B., was wearing a Grecian gown of flesh-colored satin, draped with Grecian embroidery, and heavily trimmed with brilliants and pearls.

MRS. T. J. DRUMMOND



Patroness of the Charity Ball.

Miss Mills of Toronto was in rich white satin with a draped over-dress having a panel with festoons of pearls. Bright red rose proved very effective.

Mrs. E. H. Patterson in black satin brought her niece, Miss Dorothy Patterson who was in crimson satin with a bodice of white lace veiled in red chiffon.

Mrs. Hal Panikman was in sky blue net with a lovely tunic of gold tissue. A bouquet of mauve orchids was worn.

Mrs. J. A. Mann looked well in a gown of blue charmeuse satin.

Mrs. H. V. Meredith was attired in pink satin having a chiffon over-dress of the same trimmed with sequins and with diamond ornaments.

Miss Edith McIntyre wore a gown of white satin, with an embroidered net over-dress adorned with diamante and crystal.

Mrs. J. Moffat had on a handsome gown of pink Duchess satin, with a pink and gold over-dress of Brochee ninnon, with bodice of lace and diamante trimmings.

Miss Moffat was attired in a gown of coral satin, with bodice of embroidered net, and over-dress of coral Brochee velvet, with trimmings of diamante over white.

Miss Muriel Moffat wore a gown of flesh-colored satin with a green Brochee ninnon over-dress, with silver lace and diamante trimmings.

Miss Ethel Moffat (debutante) was wearing a Paris gown of white Duchess satin, with a handsome over-dress of lace embroidered in tulle roses in pastel shades, and diamante trimmings.

Mrs. Hanford McKee was wearing a beautiful gown of pale blue satin, with over-dress of ninnon and diamante trimmings.

Miss E. Power O'Brien was wearing a pink crepe de chine gown over pink charmeuse with lace and pearl trimmings.

Miss Robertson had on an effective gown of pale cerise satin, the bodice being of cerise chiffon draped over white.

Mrs. Farquhar Robertson was attired in a gown of green satin veiled in green and black, with crystal and sequins.

Miss Monica Ross was attired in white satin with swansdown and brilliant trimmings.

Mrs. Scott was attired in a restful and becoming shade of mauve satin. There was an over-dress of ninnon and violets were worn.

Mrs. E. J. Sargent was gowning in flesh-colored charmeuse satin, trimmed with crystal and rhinestones, with touches of black velvet.

CANADIANS IN PARIS.

The mild winter is attracting many visitors to Paris. To Canadians, accustomed to the rigors of 20° below, it must seem something of a down South winter resort. Among those enjoying the winter gaieties are Lieut. Col. and Mrs. William A. Grant of Montreal (Hotel James and Albany), Mr. and Mrs. W. Morton of Montreal (Hotel Continental), Mr. A. M. Duekett and Mr. A. W. Birnie of Montreal (Grand Hotel), Mr. and Mrs. H. Croft and Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Matson (Elysee Palace), Misses H. and M. Walker, and Miss M. Reddy of Montreal (Hotel Marlboro), Miss A. Maclean and Miss L. Cote of Montreal (Hotel de Calais).

Toronto folk in the gay city on the Seine include Mr. F. Kenyon (Hotel Continental), Mr. and Mrs. Duncan O. Bull (Grand Hotel), Mr. Jeffrey Bull (Hotel de Louvre).

From Quebec come Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Rhodes and Miss Rhodes, Mr. Tinson (Hotel Continental) and Mr. J. E. Tanguay (38 Avenue de Lamotte-Piquet) and visitors from Edmonton include Mr. and Mrs. G. Harrison, Mr. A. Brunie and Captain and Mrs. V. C. Mulvey.

PARADOXICAL.

"I'm sure I should not act tonight. The show's comedian maintained. 'I don't know what it is, but I Am feeling funny!'" he explained.

—Lippincott's

Clara Butt

Clara Butt, foremost of living contraltos, with her glorious voice and marvellously vivid personality sang to an immense and most enthusiastic audience at the Princess Theatre on Monday night.

The concert began on the arrival of T. R. H. the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia and their suite who occupied a box bearing the Royal Arms and draped with flags. The entrance of the royal party was greeted by the playing of "God Save the King."

Mr. Kennerly Rumford, Madame Butt's husband, received a hearty reception and his pleasant personality and musical baritone gained the good opinion of the audience. He gave Strauss's mysterious "Allerseelen" and "Traum du dich die Dämmerung" with much taste; and then sang Wolf's "Der Gartner" and a delightful song cycle of Grieg's with an inherent musical instinct.

The entrance of Clara Butt was the signal for a burst of cheering. Apart from the phenomenal reputation that had preceded her, Clara Butt's is a personality that fills the house. Attired in a magnificent garment of vieux rose crepe brocaded in velvet and sparkling with gorgeous diamonds, the stately singer courtesying deeply, first made her obeisance to the occupants of the royal box and then, radiantly smiling, acknowledged the deafening plaudits that thundered from all sides.

It is some 3 or 4 years since I last had the pleasure of hearing the great contralto, and it was a delight to note how much she has gained in purity of production and in flexibility. There is an added sweetness, too, in the wonderful, resonant notes of the upper register and more softness in the rich, deep chest notes.

No finer exponent could be conceived for the wonderful solidity and depth of Handel's music than Madame Butt in her rendering of "Rend'li Sereno" (Sosarme) and "Lusinghe piu Care" (Alessandra). In Schumann's enchanting "Mussaum" she showed a quality of imagination which must have been precisely what the composer intended, whilst her singing of Schubert's "Die Allmacht" was perfect in impressive simplicity.

The next cycle given by Mr. Kennerly Rumford formed an effective contrast and included such fascinating numbers as "The Gentle Maiden" (old Irish air) "Mollen Oge," and that rousing ballad "King Charles," all of which delighted the audience.

Then the two "Sweet Singers" gave Thomas's "Night Hymn At Sea" which so mysteriously recalls the fall of evening as a ship passes on its way. The duet served to show how perfectly the voices blended.

Madame Butt's last cycle included "L'Angelus," which brought out the peculiarly resonant quality of her superb voice and among other songs, "The Lost Chord," I confess to being rather tired of "The Lost Chord" but as Madame Butt has a voice like an organ her singing of it is unique.

We were all charmed to see how heartily T. R. H. the Governor-General led the applause. Madame Butt and her husband received the congratulations of the royal party during the performance.

HOWLERS

English school children are credited with having given these answers in examinations:

"The seven great powers of Europe are gravity, electricity, steam, gas, flywheels, and motors, and Mr. Lloyd-Georges."

"During the interdict in John's reign, births, marriages and deaths were not allowed to take place."

"A kelt is part of a Scotchman's dress."

A SECRET OF SUCCESS

Charles Frohman was talking to a Philadelphia reporter about the importance of detail.

"Those who work for me," he said, "follow my direction down to the very smallest item. To go wrong in detail, you know, is often to go altogether wrong—like the dissipated husband. A dissipated husband, as he stood before his house in the small hours searching for his latchkey, muttered over and over to himself:

"Now, which did my wife say—hic—have two whiskies an' get home by twelve, or—hic—have twelve whiskies an' get home by two?"

The Victorian Order Financial Campaign in Montreal.



The picture shows: Sitting—Mrs. T. Fessenden, vice-president, on the left; and beside her, in the order named, Mrs. J. R. Dobson, treasurer; Mrs. T. Ludington, president, and Mrs. A. M. Robertson, second vice-president. The ladies are counting the day's receipts.

PARFUM

A perfume of rare and subtle delicacy—fleeing, elusive, yet strangely persistent and wonderfully true—"La Caresse."

A composite flower odor, daintily suggestive of all that is lovely in Nature and Music and Art.

"La Caresse" ranks among perfumes as diamonds among jewels or gold among ores. If you appreciate highest quality you will never tire of "La Caresse."

\$2.50 an ounce at your Druggist's—and worth it. Send for sample to

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.
of Canada, Limited, 40 St. Gabriel St., Montreal.

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

I know a man who's always got
A quick and certain cure
For every ill or ailment that
A mortal can endure
He always wants to try it out
When'er his friends are sick,
But when he's feeling punk himself,
He calls a doctor quick.

I know a man who knows just how
To fix your touring car.
He stands upon the curb and tells
You what a chump you are.
But when his lawnmower starts to squeak
He knows just where to drop
The oil to make it run again,
And sends it to the shop.

I know a man who tells you how
You should invest your dough:
How you should place your bankroll so
That it will thrive and grow.
But still this frenzied financier
Has never got a cent:
His wife takes in plain sewing so
That they can pay the rent.

Whenever I encounter one
Who blows and blows and blows,
I have my opinion on
How much he really knows.
His conversational gababo
Has got the head of wood
The quiet party is the one
Who's certain to make good.

—Chicago Journal.

A BALLADE OF BARREN ROSES

(By Gertrude Bartlett, in the Atlantic Monthly.)

There sounds his step receding on the stair,
The bridegroom's, that my love could not detain;
For whose captivity the woman's snare
Of veiled brows, was woven all in vain.
A rose I held he keeps with tender care
Tell him, dear Jesus, that no blossom blows,
For its own beauty, howsoever rare,
The Lord of life loves not a barren rose.

The destiny of roses is to bear
Their scarlet fruit through dread autumnal rain
And hold upon the crystal drifting air
Of winter days, the cups that pour again
Nectarine loveliness for earth to wear
When all the verdure now her bounds
Incloses
Is gone forever, lily with the tare.
For this our Lord loves not a barren rose.

What thought of his is left for me to share,
Aroused from that rapt dream in which
we twain
Lighted our little lamps of joy, to flare
Along a single path to Love's domain?
Will he, in that mysterious region where
The ruby chalices on his vision glow,
Exceeding all the stars, remembrance spare
To one his Lord loves not, a barren rose?

IF WE UNDERSTOOD

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

—Rudyard Kipling

Mr. and Mrs. Wechsler of New York announce the engagement of their daughter, Augusta, to Mr. Chas. H. Kandestien of Montreal.

Miss Reine Archambault, daughter of the well-known K.C., Mr. Y. L. Archambault, is engaged to Mr. I. A. Belisle, notary of St. Eustache, P.Q.

COMPLIMENTS.

Said a certain eminent actor, who at the age of 59 looks no more than 35:

"I try to keep my hair on and my stomach off—that is the true secret of perennial youth."

Then he told one of his famous stories illustrative of the horrors of corpulence.

"A fat man," he said, "could not help laughing one day at the ludicrous appearance of a very bow-legged chap—one of those arch-looking chaps you know."

"Though a total stranger to him, the fat man slapped the bow-legged chap on the back and said:

"By jingo, brother, you look as if you'd been riding a barrel."

"The bow-legged man smiled and poked his forefingers deep into the fat man's soft, loose stomach."

"And you look as if you'd been swallowing one," he said."—Washington Star.

GRAND OPRY

Grand Opry, as a form of entertainment, can't be beat.
I love to cough up ten good bones and buy myself a seat.
To hear some howling tenor from some low-browed foreign land
Come forth and yell a lot of stuff that I can't understand.

I simply dote on listenin' for sev'ral mortal hours,
While them high-priced sopranos exercise their vocal powers.
I think I get my money's worth, oh, yes, of course, I do,
And I am always sorry when the jamboree is through.

There's nothing I like half so well, and for a chance to go,
I'd walk five miles in my bare feet right through the ice and snow.
I know what you are thinking, I've got your thought wave quite,
You're thinking 'I'm a liar, and I guess you're thinking right."—Chicago Journal.

SLAYERS

"Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some do it with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!"

"Some kill their love when they are young,
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
Some with the hands of Gold;
The kindest use a knife, because
The dead so soon grow cold."—Oscar Wilde.

A LONG REIGN

The king of Montenegro, who is figuring so much in the news of the day, has had one of the longest reigns of any contemporary sovereign, having occupied his throne for 49 years. In length of reign he is only exceeded by the Austrian emperor and the king of Greece, and by Prince John of Liechtenstein, who has ruled over this little principality for 54 years, two years longer than the king of Greece. By a peculiar coincidence all these four rulers succeeded at the same age—18 years.—London Globe.

What's the Matter With Montreal?

SCENES LIKE THESE SHOULD AROUSE MONTREAL TO ACTION.



MONTREAL'S SLUM QUESTION.—A Stable converted into a Four Tenement Building situated in the rear of the buildings on one of our main streets. In the direction pointed by the arrow is an underground tenement in which three deaths from tuberculosis occurred within eighteen months in the families of three consecutive occupants.



MONTREAL'S SLUM QUESTION.—Interior view of a Two-room Slum Tenement which shelters five people. Each of these rooms is about eight feet square, the back one being dark.

By GEO. HAMBLETON.

WHAT'S the matter with Montreal?

"She's all right," you were no doubt about to reply with that easy-going insouciance which characterizes the Montrealese. But is it? (If I may already drop the petulant feminine.)

Have you ever met a Montrealese, knowing anything of Montreal, who was really willing to challenge comparison with his city?

He will properly praise the mountain, but the mountain was there before Montreal and successive civic administrations have only surrounded it with dirty streets.

He may extol the beauties of the island, but the mountain was there before Montreal and successive civic administrations have only surrounded it with dirty streets.

Depend upon it, it is only the young and inexperienced Montrealese who has the courage to assert that in this or that important particular, Montreal is far in advance of New York or Paris, Berlin or Vienna.

The trouble is that the Montrealese takes little interest in the affairs of his city. Let me endeavor to sketch a little scene I saw a short time ago:

The street is narrow and filthy with accumulations of dirt and refuse. The roadway between the sidewalks (you can only call them sidewalks by courtesy, for they are scarcely fit to be walked upon) is heaped with slushy snow which looks as though it will lie there till the warm days of Spring. The ribbon of blue sky is veiled with a tangle of wires. In the shack on the other side of the way some poor family have their home. The tiles seem to be madly racing over one another in an endeavour to bury themselves in the slush below; and the roof bends and billows as though it were riding on some turbulent tide. There is a chimney-stack nearby which strives to emulate the leaning tower, and a neighbouring row of houses are all quarrelling with the street-line.

Children are playing in the street in spite of the filth—indeed the filth has become to them almost as a playmate. They have the heavy, hopeless, dispirited look of the slum-child inured to despair and want.

Where, think you, is this—the East End of London or the slums of New York? Not at all. It is merely what may be seen in a score of Montreal's by-streets and lanes. It is St. Maurice street to be precise, as the writer saw it—a little east of McGill near Notre Dame.

But let me give a few instances of slum-dwelling in Montreal, as related to me by a nurse of the Victorian Order of Nurses. They represent cases which have actually received the assistance of the Order:

We had a case in St. Felix street not long ago. There was a family of four living in two rooms which were mainly underground. The only light they had was from a very small window. They paid \$9 per month in rent.

Here is another, from near Mance street this time:

The water-pipes had burst and there had been no water in the house for two weeks. The only water the had was obtained from neighbours. The man, his wife and four children were all sick and living in one room. Upstairs lived another family of nine. Complaints had been made to the landlord about the pipes, but he said the repairs would cost too much.

Take this from Delisle street:

The place consisted of two rooms and was built against a shed. There was one little window to the front room but none to the back. The only entrance to the back room was by a door-way leading from the front. There was a coal-oil lamp in the back room with no means of ventilation except through the front. In this place lived a family of six.

A final instance quoted from the last annual report of the Order:

"Everybody agrees that Montreal is the worst administered city on the continent."—Sir Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec.

Our nurses frequently encounter shocking conditions in the course of their work. Not long ago, a nurse was called in to attend a Russian dying of tuberculosis. He was in a room without a window, and the door, the only means of ventilation, was not only closed but covered by a thick curtain. The atmosphere was so dreadful that the nurse fainted.

Our Slums as Bad as Any in the World.

If the plain truth is to be told, there are slums in Montreal as bad, in proportion to the size of the city, as in most centres of population in Europe. And it stands to the discredit of the Montrealese that no serious endeavour has been made to solve the problem of the slum. The City Council is busy with its internal warfare; the cry of the Board of Control is that it has no money; the citizen apathetically pays his taxes, and vaguely wonders when drastic amendments to the City Charter will effect some definite and tangible reform. Meanwhile, the great city is throwing out its tentacles in a haphazard way which must result eventually in a widening of the slum-area. Rents are rapidly increasing. The average quality of housing improves little if any. The poor family is called upon to pay \$8 a month for a covered shack in the heart of the slum-area.

Consider how Germany deals with her cities. Compare Montreal with Dusseldorf on the Rhine. Dusseldorf is primarily an industrial town. It stands on the border of the Black Country of Germany. Its growth had been rapid. It might have had the sylvan delights of Grimsby. But Dusseldorf encouraged manufactures by planning its city; trade is never permitted to be a disfigurement. Dusseldorf is under no pall of smoke for the simple reason that no factory is allowed to be built on the side of the city from which come the prevailing winds. The streets are wide, clean and planted with trees. The city is ringed with well-planned suburbs. It grows on a definite and well-ordered scheme.

So with Frankfurt, so with German cities generally. Nuremberg in Bavaria, which glories in its mediaeval buildings and its old-fashioned ways, could give lessons to Montreal on the cleaning of the streets.

Slums are Not Our only Disadvantages.

But town-planning on the lines of the German cities is scarcely a possibility for Montreal, at any rate for years to come. It is an ideal, a thing to be discussed in the abstract. Hope of its realization may be deferred till the Greek calends. The Montrealese has other, and perhaps more pressing disadvantages to overcome. Here are a few:

- (1) Inefficient transportation facilities.
 - (2) Inefficient cleaning and lighting of the streets.
 - (3) Heavy taxation.
 - (4) Poor and costly water supply.
- It needs no clamorous critic to point out that Montreal is sadly behind the times in the matter of transportation. The street cars are large and comfortable. Some of them. Other are of the period before modern transportation plans were evolved. The city worker who hails from suburbia has little cause to complain of the fares although he is occasionally entitled to complain of the service out of the rush hours. And in the rush

hours, there is not the slightest doubt of his right to make a strong protest. The service at such times is totally inadequate. It scarcely meets half the demand made upon it. You may find the strap-hanger in most cities, but not in many is the genus so highly developed as in Montreal. He stands by himself. You may recognize the Montreal strap-hanger by his sureness of foot, his unerring swing into a moving car, the ease and dexterity with which he will strap-hang without a strap, and maintain his equilibrium while reversing the laws of gravity. He is an equilibrist from necessity, an acrobat by force of habit, a contortionist from inability to be anything else.

To see him at this best stand at the corner of Bleury and St-Catherine street, or at any of the important points of intersection, about six o'clock in the evening. The crowd tramples through the slushy snow and invades the car. It is a whirlwind of passengers, sweeping past the conductor and densely packing the vehicle even to the platform and the steps. As the car moves away, the less skilled of the equilibrists cling to it like limpets.

It would be amusing were it not so near to tragedy.

Such is the tramway service of the commercial metropolis of Canada. It was the defence of the Montreal Street Railway Co., and presumably it is that of the Montreal Tramways Company, that to place more cars on the present routes would only increase the congestion. And, so far as it goes, the defence is probably reasonable. But it leaves the strap-hanger only the bare consolation of his strap.

The situation as long passed the point of being tolerable.

Our Streets a Source of Disgrace.

"The Street Cleaning Department," remarked the Montreal "Star" recently, "is like the Turk awaiting death. It cries 'Kismet' and bows its submissive head."

The "Star" added:

In 1913, we are led to expect, matters will be better because \$1,347,000 will be expended on roads instead of \$693,000 set apart in 1912. As things now are, one is compelled to wade through a sea of mud on to a car most probably overcrowded and reeking with the smell of sodden clothes. The floors are wet and filthy because people are forced to cross wet and filthy streets. Yet people wonder that tuberculosis is not stamped out!

Under the old regime, the condition of the streets was attributed to patronage. Aldermen urged the demands of their respective wards and picturesquely declared a former chairman of the Road Committee before the Cannon Commission, "to the strongest went the prize" (au plus fort, la poche).

To-day, it is another story. The Board of Control complains (or at any rate complained before the Quebec Legislature a few weeks ago) that the City Council is to blame in having held up reports by calling "next meeting." The Aldermen retorted that no important report was returned without the Board of Control amending it in some important particular, often an inaccuracy. The Legislature supported, in the main, the Controllers' contentions. The Board was granted increased powers. Under an amendment to the City Charter, every report of the Board of Control "which has not been rejected or amended within thirty days from its receipt by the Council, shall be deemed adopted and shall take effect from the expiration of such delay."

It now remains to be seen what can be done for the streets. The Board of

Control has its increased powers although, presumably, work might still be seriously delayed by the Council holding up a report with amendments. The light snowfall during the present winter must have meant a considerable saving to the city. Will 1913 mark a great step forward in the matter of streets? Without wishing to be unduly pessimistic, the writer ventures to predict that no great reform may be expected until, among other things, further radical changes have been made in the constitution of the city's government.

Our Taxation is Higher Than in Most Cities.

That the taxation in Montreal is heavy, the Montrealese knows only too well. But how heavy it is as compared with other municipalities, it is next to impossible to say. The lack of uniformity in the method of levying taxation makes comparisons misleading. Endeavours have been made both by public officials and private individuals to draw up comparative tables, but they have all had to avow their inability to find a really reliable guide through the maze. Till some uniformity among the different municipalities is established, accurate comparisons cannot be drawn.

But there is one tax—the water tax—which permits of fairly accurate comparisons. It is a tax which hits the citizen particularly hard both because the rate of taxation is high, and because the citizen does not feel that he is getting an adequate return. The quality of Montreal water has improved somewhat since the day when, giving evidence before Commissioner Cannon, the Superintendent of the Water Works, described it as being, during part of Spring and Autumn, "undoubtedly dangerous to public health." Yet it is not now beyond reproach. Its appearance is against it. The supply is often erratic. And for this water, (obtained from the river) the citizen has to pay a heavy tax, yielding a profit to the city.

In Montreal, the tax for dwelling houses is five per cent. on the assessed rental. How does this compare with the rate in other cities? Let me quote a local paper which recently discussed the question in its columns:

In Cleveland, (Ohio,) the water rate for a dwelling house of 12 rooms amounts to \$11.50—bath, \$2; laundry, \$2; rest of dwelling, \$7.50. For such a dwelling in Montreal the charge would be fully twice as much.

In Cincinnati, (Ohio,) the annual water-rate for a ten-roomed house, including bath is \$13. For a similar house in Montreal, the rate would average 25 per cent. higher.

In Rochester, a dwelling assessed at a valuation of \$3,000 has a water rate of \$13; the rate in Montreal for a like dwelling would be over \$17.

In New York, rates are computed on a basis of frontage, width and height; thus, a three storey dwelling with a 25 feet frontage has a water tax of \$15. This is 25 per cent. less than what is charged in Montreal under like conditions.

Is the Lack of Civic Spirit to Blame?

The Montreal water tax was reduced in 1908. But revenue has increased as assessments and rentals have crept upwards. The City is still able to make an annual profit of something like \$200,000 on the sale of its water.

And what is the remedy for this laxity in administration? When, on September 20th, 1909, the citizens approved of the creation of a

Board of Control, it was felt by many that reform was at hand. The day of patronage was over. Ward influence would be stamped out. But three years have gone and the streets are still a disgrace to the city. The tramway service has not improved. The slums we have always with us. Has the new system failed in its purposes?

There are many members of the City Council who would unhesitatingly support a return to the old order. But theirs, at any rate, is a policy which leads nowhere. They would steer the barque safely past Scylla, merely to wreck it on Charybdis. On the other hand, the plea is raised for government by a small council elected by the citizens at large, instead of by wards. Again, there is the claim—it

was vociferously argued before the Legislature—for more autonomy (indefinite term!) that Montreal shall rule in Montreal. Other suggestions and plans there have been almost without number.

Whatever amendments may be made to the city charter, one thing is certain: there will never be any lasting good till the Montrealese rouses himself from his apathy. Montreal might be one of the noblest cities in the world. Its magnificent sweep of country, the majesty of its river and the beauty of its mountain are such as Dusseldorf and Frankfurt cannot equal. But they are as a squandered heritage.

And for it the Montrealese has only to thank his lack of civic spirit.

The Marriage Laws of Quebec

Many English and other emigrants come to Canada to make their home here. It often happens that when they leave the Old Country they are engaged to be married. Circumstances may make it impossible for the man to go home to be married. The girl comes out to Canada and the marriage takes place as soon as it can be arranged. The couple are married according to the laws of the province of Quebec, which are peculiar and restricting and which are different to the marriage laws that obtain in other provinces of the Dominion. At the same time, such a British carelessness in these matters, many knots are tied even in the course of a single year without the couples having more than the haziest of notions that such disabilities exist. Canadians, having suffered much from the inadequate provisions of the Quebec marriage law in the past, are at length bestirring themselves to get it altered. Madame Gerin-Lajoie, a brilliant student of law and the wife of one of Montreal's leading advocates, compiled a treatise a few years ago a considerable part of which deals with this subject. Madame Lajoie gives courses on law in schools. She has many pupils in Montreal, especially in the convents, where her book is in use and where her young pupils follow the lesson with the keenest interest. So, if the women of the present generation are to get justice and equality of treatment, those who are now growing up will be able to seize the victory.

We speak on this page to English-women coming to Canada that they may know how they stand and use all their influence to get their position altered.

Briefly, there is no Married Women's Property Act in Canada. Things here are even worse, very considerably worse than they were in early Victorian England and the time before. Couples married without a marriage contract are governed by the common law, which is that of community. That is to whatever property there is belongs to a common fund of which the husband becomes the proprietor and master. The rights of the two are very unequal because, though in theory the two share alike, there is nothing to prevent the husband from dissipating the common fund by reckless extravagance as he is the administrator; whereas the wife cannot administer, so the husband never stands to lose. The consorts may possess personal property besides the common property, which is called their private property, this, however, does not include revenues and the husband alone administers the private property of himself and his wife. With regard to the common property, he handles it not only as administrator but as proprietor.

It is possible, however, to make a marriage contract under which there is separation of property. Under this arrangement the wife administers her own property; she must, however, contribute according to her means,

to the expenses of marriage and the support of the children. Many wives choose this arrangement as they think it makes their position more secure than under the legal community. They do not realize, however, that if the husband dies without a will, the wife's position remains exactly what it was under the marriage contract. He might have been a comparatively poor man at marriage and a millionaire at death, but the wife cannot lay claim to his millions. She can only claim the possibly very moderate sum assessed to her at the time of her marriage.

Again, under both the "community" and "separation" contracts it is not possible for a man to enrich his wife during marriage, save by gifts of jewellery and other personal matters. To avoid the inconveniences of this arrangement the curious custom of "dons d'avenir," gifts of the future, has long been practised. This means that at the time of marriage the man may give his wife an imaginary sum to come to her in the future. He can put this sum at any figure he likes although at the time the gift was made he may have actually owned very little or, nay nothing. This gift is paid as he gains. Creditors have often been the loser by this law as the money that should be their's is set aside (sometimes fraudulently) as part of the "dons d'avenir" of the marriage contract.

The marriage law of Quebec is founded on the old Roman Law and is an unworthy relic of the time when woman was in a position of slavery and it was feared that, where her personal influence was strong, she might despoil her husband!

The system is full of contradictions and absurdities with which it is not possible to deal in a brief article but the few points on which we have touched will show our readers how insecure is the position of women under this law and how necessary it is that it should be altered.

HOW HE KNEW.

Sherlock Holmes, the great detective, looked critically at the cigar that the little, thin, pale-faced man had just given him.

"You're married, sir," he said, "and you have a wife that is very fond of expensive gowns, fashionable hats, and other luxuries?"

"Yes, that's indeed true. But—"

"You have four or five daughters that are very extravagant, and a couple of sons that spend just as freely?"

"You astound me. But—"

"You have a mortgage on your house."

"Everything is just as you say. But please tell me how you know all this?"

The great detective made a very dry face and, looking as if he would suffocate, said laconically: "The cigar."—Argonaut.

CUISINE IN THE BLACK BELT

A traveler stopped for luncheon at the small railway station eating-house in a Mississippi town. An old darkey shuffled up and announced in a gruff voice that the bill of fare consisted of ham, eggs, corn-bread, and coffee. After due deliberation the traveler stated that he would like some ham, eggs, corn-bread and coffee. Such a pretentious order for one person only appeared to stagger the aged servant. But he soon recovered his equanimity and started toward the kitchen. Then he returned and came back with this inquiry: "Boss, how will yo' hab dem eggs, blind or lookin' at yer?"

THE CLASS OF FASHION

NEW TAILORED WEAR ANYTHING BUT MANNISH

THE woman who has a leaning toward the mannish in tailored wear, who abides by straight, plain skirts, coat-sleeves and small revers in imitation of effects worn by the sterner sex, will be very much out of it this season; and the only thing that can be done with a last-year tailored suit along utilitarian and masculine lines, will be to slash its skirt, bind every visible edge with silk braid, add cuffs, collar, and a belt of contrasting material, and strew ornate buttons with attending loops over the surface.

Tailored wear is now a compromise between the trig, conventional street costume long established as correct in the civilized West and the voluptuous draperies of the Far East. Harem styles have invaded Europe and even the tailor must fall into line and make his skirts simulate baggy Oriental trousers or his custom will be lost. Everything tailored that has come out of Paris this spring shows the Oriental influence in more or less marked degree, though each couturier has put into his or her models those personal touches that give interest and individuality to the modes.

Paquin sticks to the long coat which she insists is most becoming and graceful to all figures. Drecoll bides midway between the long and short lengths with cutaway models abbreviated at the front but sloping sharply downward at the back. Callot and Poirer, the daring ones, come out boldly with the most absurd little jackets scarcely reaching below the waistline. But in all these expressions of the mode there is one touch of kinship; seams are evidently under the ban and rare is the tailored coat that does not disguise by some trick of cut or trimming, the ordinary back and side seams by which an ordinary tailored coat is fitted. Sometimes the back panel spreads out in tabs that reach around to the front; sometimes pocket motifs rise from the hip almost to the armhole; again the armhole will be carried down to the waist, the front and back sections of the garment lapping under a single button. A Poirer suit is built in this way. The short coat having a strong Chinese suggestion with its straight, unfitted lines, and its huge armholes. There are no sleeves in this Mandarin-garment, the full draped sleeves of the bodice protruding through the armholes of the coat. The Poirer suit, which is built of bottle green sicilienne, is unique and daring but it bids fair to influence spring fashions to a marked degree.

Sicilienne, mohair and a mixture of mohair with

worsted which is light, supple and very lustrous, have been used by the couturiers for many of the new coat and skirt costumes intended for wear in the Southern winter resorts. The silks, light sicilienne—an admirable fabric for spring and summer wear, and especially for travelling wear—is especially favored, and most women will be glad to see a revival of these practical and satisfactory warm weather suitings. A Drecoll suit of sage green mohair and worsted mixture with a corded ottoman weave was worn as a going away costume by a bride starting out for Palm Beach



A SKILFUL USE OF STRIPED MATERIAL.

Here again is noticeable the endeavor to cover up seams in the coat. The cross arrangement of the material in both skirt and coat is well planned, and the pipings and collar of red silk give liveliness and individuality to the black and white serge suit. Patent leather buttoned boots, a black handbag and black and white hat add the finishing touches.

last week. This sage green suit had a most interesting collar of a new zigzag woven cotton stuff with threads of black, pale yellow, and white, and the buttonholes, of which there are many on the coat, are embroidered in black, white, and sage green, the buttons being large white pearl balls. This Drecoll suit has a skirt draped in the "Arab" style—baggy about the knees but very close at the ankles—and dainty boots of patent leather with French heels and buttoned tops of gray suede will accompany the suit.

Another familiar fabric revived this year is lansdowne, a mixture of silk with worsted which has inimitable draping qualities. Lansdowne is as soft and clinging as charmeuse and would be impossible for the conventional type of tailored suit in mannish style, but used in the draped, Oriental effects of this season it is enchanting. A coat and skirt suit of faded rose lansdowne was worn at Palm Beach last week by a young matron whose costumes are the despair and envy of her feminine acquaintances. The skirt was caught up in but one place, but oh, the artfulness of that single drapery which made the whole garment fall in lines of grace and distinction. The coat, if coat it could be called, was a Russian blouse affair of broadened velvet with raised gray velvet figures on a ground of faded rose silk. A girdle of crushed satin belted the Russian coat and the small hat of undulated black horsehair had a long, straight ostrich feather in the grayish rose tone of the costume. High heeled buttoned boots peeped beneath the dragging, draped skirt.

It is the exceptional skirt now that is not slashed, either in front or at one side, the slash at the back is not as often seen this season. Sometimes the lashed edges are bound with braid and they may lap far enough to hide the boot completely or they may have quite a frankly revealing cut. Of course all this publicity of the foot calls for very dainty footwear and boots are worn with the modern tailored gown that would have been considered out of place anywhere except in a drawing room a few seasons ago. The Frenchwoman affects Louis heels even with her walking boot, but with tailored street costumes the smartly dressed American woman usually prefers a Cuban heel, as high as she fancies, but rather straight in line. Buttoned boots are the requirement with all formal and semi-formal street costumes and one may have dull calf boots with tops of suede or patent leather boots with tops of dull calf, suede or cloth. The faceted glass buttons are not favored for street wear, flat riveted buttons being the smarter sort. Tan boots are worn with outing and knockabout costumes and there is a new tan leather which may be wiped clean with a damp sponge when soiled, and which does not

acquire stains from muddy or wet pavements. Very smart are walking boots of this new tan leather in the new buttoned style with very low tops and heels as low as those on a man's boot.

Simple tailored suits for early spring wear will be

brightened by coat collars of sheer machine embroidery—now more fashionable than lace for such purpose. Callot is using frills of very fine St. Gall embroidery in lacy pattern on her short, jaunty coats in an effect that is particularly feminine and dainty; but the less frilly collar of soft, fine embroidery and lawn will be preferred by most women for ordinary wear.

When Eugenics Prevail

DON'T marry the clinging vine girl. In spite of her bewitching beauty, what you interpret to be maidenly reserve and innocence may be only weak-mindedness, according to Dr. Victor C. Vaughan of the medical faculty of the University of Michigan, in a lecture on "Eugenics and Race Betterment."

"It is a regrettable fact that the female moron, especially in early womanhood and when of high grade, is very attractive," said Dr. Vaughan. "Her face has the doll-like beauty so fatal to the callow youth. She appeals to her admirer, and he interprets her weak-mindedness to be maidenly reserve and innocence."

"Many a young man of excellent stock has fallen a victim to the bewitching moron girl. Her vine-like clinging will entwine her lover or any other post within her reach. Every family physician knows how dangerous such marriages are, how disastrously they end. I wish I could tell every young man to shun the frivolous but attractive girl. She is to be found in every community. The object of the eugenist is not to multiply her kind, but to exterminate her."

"Social duty has compelled me more than once to witness the marriage of a young man of sterling worth to a moron girl, and always I have been tempted to cry out against the outrage."

Dr. Vaughan also made a direct appeal to the young women when he said:

"Do not marry a man of bad habits with the hope of reforming him. Even if you succeed in this attempt, which most frequently fails, you will likely bear children who will repeat the faults of their father. Do not marry any man unless you wish your children to be like him."

Dr. Vaughan deplored the conditions in this country that keep a decent young man, poor in purse, from loving and trying to marry a bright girl because she happens to be an heiress. The result is, according to Dr. Vaughan, that the rich girl is often compelled to marry a fool, be he a foreign one with a title or a native without, and in either case she seems doomed to become the mother of fools.

"The eugenist does not propose that marriage selections shall be determined by statute," said Dr. Vaughan, "but it does propose to so educate the young that selections shall be made on more rational grounds than is now done. The eugenist will endeavor to induce the state to restrict the reproduction of the obviously undesirable, restrict reproduction in the weak-minded, insane, alcoholic and criminal and deny parenthood to those suffering with diseases that would cripple offspring."

"In one county in Michigan is a group of families, all closely connected by intermarriage, only five per cent of the members of which are mentally normal. The total cost for the maintenance of defective members of these



BRAID EDGES ARE THE CRAZE.

A binding of narrow silk braid at all edges of this tailored costume gives an inestimable air of chic to the whole model, and most of the exclusive, custom tailored models show this braid binding. The suit pictured is an especially smart cutaway model of dark blue serge with a binding of black braid at all edges and a turnover black panne collar also bound with braid. The arrangement of the pleats in the skirt is graceful, and the little vest of red silk is admirable for wear over open-necked blouses of embroidery or net.

families in Michigan state institutions has been over \$86,000. From these families there are now 38 in the Home for the Feeble-Minded at Lapeer, 113 feeble-minded at large and 22 leading lives of shame."

"The most distressing thing with which eugenists are at present concerned is the inheritance of defective mentality," he said. "The prevalence of feeble-mindedness in this country is becoming alarming. I do not want to be thought an alarmist or a pessimist, but the American people are threatened with the spread of mental and moral degeneracy."

"There must be laws preventing the marriage and reproduction of the unfit," said Dr. Vaughan. "In an effort to determine who are unfit, surveys are now being made by men and women trained for this work. My plan would be that a health officer or commissioner should be located in every densely populated county in the country and his time should be given to the preservation of health. He should locate every case of inheritable defect, physical, mental or moral, and be ready to advise as to measures necessary to prevent the reproduction of the unfit; study the conditions under which the wayward children are being reared; ascertain whether their homes are unfit for them, or they unfit for their home; whether their defects are due to nature or to nurture; become acquainted with the tendency toward degeneration, and thus stifle crime before it is born."

"Crime is a disease due to heredity or environment, and at present we permit it to breed and come to maturity in our midst."

WHERE THE FIGHT BEGINS.

AMONG other good works, the Russell Sage Foundation is fighting loan sharks, says the *Saturday Evening Post*. To that end it has prepared a motion-picture film portraying the experience of a clerk who fell into the hands of a cutthroat lender. In the Foundation's circular describing this film the story begins as follows:

"A clerk, on account of the illness of his child, finds himself in great need of money. He happens to see in the morning paper the alluring advertisement of a loan company, offering confidential loans without security at low rates. He goes to the loan company" and so on.

Of course he sees the alluring advertisement in the morning paper. In the same morning paper he might have found alluring advertisements of quack medicine, consisting mostly of whisky and opium, but guaranteed to cure the little patient at only a dollar and a half for the large bottle and a dollar for the small. If this clerk were convinced that his child's health required change of climate he could find in his morning paper alluring advertisements of fake land agents, offering a fine little farm at merely nominal figures on monthly payments. Or he could discover alluring advertisements of swindling investment concerns that would rob him much more thoroughly than the usurer.

This stricture no longer applies to all morning—or evening—papers. Some of them will no longer go into hand-and-glove partnership with daylight robbers of the poor and ignorant by selling advertising space to them; but a good many others still act as touts for swindlers. Glance over the advertisements in your own morning paper. If they include the bait of loan sharks, quacks and fake investments gauge its editorial pretensions accordingly.

HOW TO DISPERSE A CROWD

The day before Christmas a band of Salvation Army soldiers took station at Broad and Wall streets. A reporter, who was listening to the remarks of the Salvation leader, said to a policeman: "They ought to get a good collection today." "The crowd won't last long when the hat starts," answered the officer. The collection amounted to about \$1.75.

"Did you ever hear the story of the new recruit on the police force when Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner?" asked the policeman. "The young officer had donned his uniform for the first time and Roosevelt sent for him. 'Pat, suppose a crowd should collect on Broadway and you were the only officer on the scene. How would you disperse it?' 'Start a collection,' he replied."

HIGH RURAL INTEREST RATES.

It is figured that, counting commissions and renewal charges, the 12,000,000 farmers of the United States pay \$310,000,000 of interest on borrowed capital at the rate of 8½ per cent a year. This is because each farmer insists on going it alone rather than working with his neighbor under the form of a co-operative credit system, such as enables the German farmer to do even better than that. Farm loans at 4½ per cent. would make it much easier to get people to stay on the land or even go back to it, especially if the loan could be liquidated by a series of payments covering a period of twenty years. Some middle western states are doing this now and are entirely satisfied with the results.



THE SLASHED SKIRT A SPRING FEATURE.

Everything in Paris—in the skirt line—is slashed now and many of the new American coat and suit models show the slashed suggestion in greater or less degree, which means that the slash of the skirt may reveal the trim buttoned boot very frankly or show it now and then in even more coquettish manner. This Collet Socurs suit evidences the daring and individuality of this house which follows the mode yet makes nothing that is commonplace. The short coat slopes at the back to the hip and is very chic with its single button just below the bust.

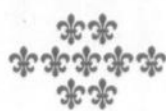


THE VEST APPEARS ON MANY NEW SUITS.

Though all women cannot stand the broken-up effect produced by a vest of contrasting color at the coat front, there are figures to which this style is particularly becoming. The spring suit illustrated here has a vest of black and white striped panne velvet, the vest rising to form a high collar band over which turns a Robespierre collar of black velvet. The suit is built of dark blue serge with trimmings of braid and fancy buttons. At one side are flat pressed pleats and the length is right for walking, the skirt hem falling to the instep of the buttoned boot.

Montreal's Beautiful Homes

I.—The Palatial Residence of Sir Hugh Graham on Sherbrooke Street West



It is only natural that Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, should contain many of the finest homes in this country. It is a city of great wealth, the home-city of many wealthy men, whose growing income has caused them to increase home comforts and gather around them objects in which they take pride. That is the reason why the older cities contain the most beautiful homes, residences in which men who have done much toward progress delight to spend their hours of relaxation and, with cultivated taste, surround themselves with the beautiful things of this world. The home-loving spirit combined with success in a growing and prosperous country has filled this city with dwellings which are the delight and pride of the owners.

Not the least of these splendid residences is that of Sir Hugh and Lady Graham, situated at the corner of Sherbrooke and Stanley streets. There are more pretentious dwellings within the limits of the city, but it is doubtful if there is a better example of a refined and studiously selected home. The grey stone exterior is rather inclined toward severity, the few decorative features being in the Gothic style of architecture. It bears every evidence of studied design and careful workmanship in execution, and is absolutely in keeping with its surroundings. The entrance follows the Colonial feeling, which is heightened when one enters the house.

The entrance hall is roomy and well proportioned. It is decorated in a paneled effect of ivory enameled mahogany and dull red, executed after the Colonial style of interior decoration. The ivory and red of the mural embellishments blend harmoniously with the dull red, hand-made Persian carpet. At the far end of the hall, beyond a decorative feature consisting of fluted columns, is a magnificent Caen-stone carved mantle which is surmounted by an artistic stained window representing a pastoral scene. The beamed ceiling and wide, sweeping stairway carry the Colonial idea up to the upper hall which is decorated in the same style executed in white and dull red.

The hall is furnished in beautiful and harmonious style. In fact, it has been said by an authority that it contains some of the finest examples of Renaissance furniture in Canada. Much of this has been obtained by Sir Hugh and Lady Graham during their travels. At the foot of the stairway are two magnificent candelabra, the fluted columns of which are in perfect harmony with the mural decorations. These candelabra are really jewels. They are specimens of Italian workmanship of superb design, heavily gold plated and exquisitely hand chased. Among other notable articles are to be seen a beautifully carved walnut screen of Spanish workmanship, and a large carved walnut cabinet which comes from Italy. Placed upon this cabinet, and in various other parts of the hall, are a number of exquisite vases from the most noted potteries of Europe.

The decorations of the stately dining room are after Sheraton, a style much in vogue in Britain since the seventeenth century. The walls are paneled in mahogany inlaid with satinwood and ebony. The mantle is of dark green marble framed in carved mahogany, and furnishes a touch of color in the harmonious ensemble. The heavy Persian rug, designed specially to agree with the general effect, is of a soft green field through which is woven a self design and border. The furniture is made from the finest Spanish mahogany, the chairs being of Chippendale design, exact copies of some in the South Kensington Museum, Sir Hugh himself assisting in taking the measurements. The china cabinets and two buffets are fine examples of Sheraton furniture executed in mahogany in keeping with the general effect. Suspended from the center of the ceiling is a massive cut glass chandelier of French design and workmanship which casts a soft light throughout the room. Over the man-



THE LIBRARY IS FURNISHED AFTER CHIPPENDALE WITH CLASSIC BRONZES AND PICTURES.

tel hangs an excellent portrait, by Harris, of Lady Graham and daughter, painted during the childhood of the latter, while at the other end of the room, over the sideboard, is a portrait of Sir Hugh by the same artist.

The drawing room is charmingly decorated in simplified Louis sixteenth style, and is a pleasing combination of blues and gold. The walls are paneled in silk striped tapestry of the period, making a most artistic combination with the white enamel woodwork. The mantle is of Carrara marble ornamented with ormolu and is a copy of one of the mantels at Fontainebleau, no expense having been spared to make it artistically perfect. A decorative feature of this beautiful room is the plate glass panels in the doors which are ornamented with grillework of most artistic design. The rug is of Louis XV, Aubusson design, in soft tones of blue with chintz border, made specially for the room in order to ensure perfect harmony in the general color scheme. The furniture is probably the best example of the period in Canada, all executed in blue and gold, in fact, blue, gold and white are the only colors in the room. On the walls hang four large old French mirrors, perfect examples of this style of decoration. The writing table, which was obtained by Sir Hugh in Paris, is a beautiful example of Louis fifteenth style mounted with hand chased ormolu enrichments. In selecting the ornaments in this room the greatest care has been exercised to eliminate the slightest sign of incongruity.

The library is the room which completes the main floor of this residence. It is decorated and furnished after the Empire period in a pleasing combination of red and drab. The mahogany furniture is after Chippendale and the bronzes and pictures are all of classic interest. In the bay window hang exquisite curtains of Empire design which are worth far more than their weight in gold.

HE HAD A NAME

Patrick, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone rang vigorously several times and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver, and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do. "Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?"

"Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye tink Oi am a box-car?"

When a man can write big checks it never worries him not to be able to write poetry. —New York Press.

Another advantage Adam had was that when he came back from a party he didn't have to talk to Eve about what the women had on. —Dallas News.

"Is your son an optimist?" "No, sir. No eye doctors in this family." —Baltimore American.

Husband: "Who's the smartest woman in your club?" Young Bride: "The one you married four months ago."



THE STATELY SHERATON DINING ROOM.

NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS

A gentleman who had acquired riches rather quickly purchased an estate on the banks of the River Clyde which adjoins those of Lord Blantyre and Sir Charles Bine-Renshaw. Strolling through his place one day he happened to go too far and was accosted by a burly Scotch gamekeeper, who in language more forcibly than polite ordered him off the grounds. Remonstrance only produced more language from the remonstrant.

"Sir," said the pompous one, "do you know who I am? I am the Falls of Ardeer!"

"I don't care if you are the Falls of Niagara," said the gamekeeper, "ye're gaun out o' this."

THEY WOULDN'T STAY

In London the saloons are open on Sundays between the hours of three and five in the afternoon. A couple of roughs were standing in front of one of these accommodations waiting for it to open when a Salvation Army captain who was passing said:

"Men, don't you know that when you enter a saloon you enter hell?"

"That's all right, old top," piped one of the roughs, "they'll throw us out in a couple of hours."

MEETING THE EMERGENCY

Leading Man in Traveling Company—"We play Hamlet tonight, laddie, do we not?" Sub-manager—"Yes, Mr. Montgomery."

Leading Man—"Then I must borrow the sum of two pence." Sub-manager—"Why?"

Leading Man—"I have four days' growth upon my chin. One cannot play Hamlet in a beard!"

Sub-manager—"Um—Well—We'll put on Macbeth!"—Punch.

Sir Hugh Graham's Residence



THE EXTERIOR IS OF STUDIED DESIGN AND CAREFUL EXECUTION.

Inquisitive Old Gentleman: "And what are you digging for, my good man?" Knight of the Pick: "Money?" I. O. G.: "You don't say! And when do you expect to find it?" K. of P.: "Saturday night."—Judge.

"This inn must be very old," remarked the tourist. "Would you like to hear some of the legends connected with the place?" "Tell me the legend of this curious old mince pie. I notice it every time I come."—Washington Herald.

BUT HE GOT THE DISCOUNT

There is a very prominent Chicago business man who always wears a very demure expression of countenance, although he is fond of a joke. One day he walked into Barnes' hat store and soberly inquired whether the house made discount to pastors. Mr. Barnes himself was on hand to assure him that they did, and would allow him the usual 20 per cent off. The solemn man then said he would like a becoming hat. Several were shown him, and after a good deal of thought and inquiry he finally selected one marked \$5.00, which Mr. Barnes said he would sell him for \$4.

The solemn man put it on and contemplated himself for some time in the mirror. Was the hat becoming to a man in his profession? Mr. Barnes was confident it was. Would his congregation be likely to take any exceptions to it? Mr. Barnes was confident they could not. Then the solemn man looked at himself some more, and after making another inquiry as to whether it would be sure to please his congregation produced his \$4. Then he started out. At the door he paused and inquired again:

"They can't find any fault with it, can they?"

"Most certainly not," said Mr. Barnes confidently.

"Because if they do," said the solemn man, as his hand was upon the door-latch, "they can go to h—!"

DIDN'T WANT A ROOM

Dan Sully, the former cotton king, was talking on the piazza of his hotel at Watch Hill, R. I., about matrimony. "You can easily tell," he said, "whether or not a man is happily married."

"How can you tell?" a guest demanded.

"Well, for instance, there was a chap who came up here from New York in June to engage a room for himself."

"I only want a small room," he said, "for the month of August, while my wife is travelling in Europe."

"So I showed him a small room; but he said:

"No; my wife wouldn't care about this. A good view, you know, isn't essential. Haven't you something cheaper?"

"I showed him a smaller, cheaper room; but he shook his head."

"My wife," he explained, "doesn't think I need to be on one of the parlor floors. Haven't you got an attic room?"

"I showed him the cheapest, smallest room in the house."

"How much is this room?" he asked.

"I mentioned a very low rate."

"Oh, dear!" he said, frowning; "my wife thinks I ought to get a room for half that."

"Then I looked the poor chap right in the eye."

"See here," said I; "you don't want a room. What you want is a divorce." — Louisville Times.

SQUELCHED

Lina Abrahams, the light opera prima donna, tells of an amusing little incident that occurred in a western town during her travels. She says:

"I strolled into a public library unaware of my surroundings and everything except my prearranged plan to get a book on the art of acting. Just as I was about to enter an inner room I was interrupted by an attendant, who tapping me on the shoulder and pointing to a most bedraggled-looking tramp cur that had followed me into the edifice, said coolly:

"Does not admit."

"That's not my dog," I replied.

"But he followed you," said the old man.

"Well, so did you," I retorted. Whereupon the attendant growled, the dog whined and then they both went out." — New York Telegraph.



THE ENTRANCE HALL OF COLONIAL DESIGN CARRIED OUT IN IVORY AND RED PANELLING.



THE DRAWING ROOM.—A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF LOUIS SIXTEENTH DESIGN.

The New Paper.

EDITED BY EDWARD BECK.

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"To H—— with a Library."

THE announcement that the Montreal Board of Control will ask for an appropriation of \$500,000 to build a public library has awakened one citizen to a lively interest in public affairs. He writes to the Board, "To—— with a library till we get streets fit to walk in!" He adds plaintively, "Don't you think so?"

This is the first positive and decided preference we have seen expressed in favour of any particular site for the library. A few suggestions have been timidly advanced by people suspected of having real estate to sell, but they have all been condemned by other people with properties of which to dispose.

About the desirability of streets fit to walk in, there can be no two opinions. But why mix up two questions which have nothing to do with each other? Montreal is rich enough to afford both books and sidewalks and both are fair subjects for discussion.

The great danger is not that the library will interfere with the improvement of the streets; but that the library will be about as unsatisfactory as the streets. It is simply impossible to imagine a public library under the control of the powers that be in Montreal, being of much use to many people. The people need good reading, Heaven knows, and good books are so abundant and so cheap, that the people need to have their interest stimulated and guided, much more than they need a big literary dump with the inspiring legend over the door, "Rubbish may be shot here."

Let there be no misunderstanding, Montreal needs a first-class public library and it will get one when one of her public-spirited millionaires decides to establish and endow one, and to personally assume the responsibility of its organization.

Some day we shall get it, let us hope as part of something more; something conceived in the spirit of Sir Walter Besant's "Palace of Delight," to "awaken in dull and lethargic brains a new sense, the new sense of pleasure, to give the people a craving for things of which as yet they know nothing, to cultivate a noble discontent, to teach them to be critical, to cease to look upon life as a daily uprising and a down-sitting, a daily mechanical toil, a daily rest."

Do You Know What You Know?

IN the early days of state education lots of timid souls were afraid that the general education of the masses would result in unfitting them for work, that is to say the hard work, rough work and dirty work and at any rate would "give them ideas above their station" and make them discontented. To-day the worst feature of our educational system is that so many millions of people while dissatisfied with the rate of wages, the cost of living and social conditions which are exceedingly bad, are suffering from a deadly contentment with amazingly low standards of knowledge.

Nor is this prevailing ignorance confined to the poor. Both rich and poor would be the better for a little divine discontent in this matter.

The average man makes the mistake which has been pointed out by Professor Soddy of assuming that familiarity with a thing is equivalent to knowledge hereof. After alluding to the upward progress of the human race being classified with succeeding eras distinguished as the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age and the Steel Age, he asks, "How many people blessed with a liberal education would be at a loss if asked offhand what steel is and how it is distinguished from iron?"

The average modern man is so familiar with the uses of iron and steel that he thinks he knows something about them. He really knows little more about iron and steel than the paleolithic man knew about iron and steel.

Carry the idea a step farther. The world is well into the Age of Electricity. How many of the people who use the telephone, the telegraph, the electric car, the electric light, or any work of the dynamo every day of their lives know anything whatever about these things? And the worst of it is that they are perfectly contented to remain in ignorance.

The next time you are delivering a temperance lecture ask anybody in your audience to define "alcohol." The chances are that nobody will answer correctly and it will not be entirely through lack of familiarity with the subject.

To prevent any awkward contretemps you had better look up the subject yourself, in case somebody asks you to answer your own conundrum.

While you are about it you might also look up "soda-water," because if you are like most of the people who are familiar with that exhilarating beverage (mixed or straight) you do not know whether it owes its stimulating qualities to soda or soap.

We do not pretend that the masses would be enor-



mously benefitted by knowing all about iron, steel, electric inventions, alcohol and soda-water, but we do contend that they would be immeasurably better off if they could be aroused to a realization of the advantages of a higher education than any of which they have dreamed for themselves and for their children.

Too many men have a lofty contempt for pure science and a profound disbelief in any new practical application of science, until it is forced upon them by familiarity. There is no arrogance like the arrogance of stupendous ignorance.

The Latest in Mergers.

TWO more interesting mergers are announced, one a combination of some of the biggest steel industries of the United States and Canada, with a Canadian charter and a capital of \$1,100,000,000 and the other a \$25,000,000 combine of millinery manufacturing and jobbing firms. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, is given as the authority for the story of the steel combine which it is said will include besides the company named, the Youngstown Steel & Tube, Midland Coal, Pennsylvania Steel, Cambria Steel, and Laclede Iron Works companies in the United States, and the Dominion Iron and Steel Corporation and the Steel Company of Canada.

The incorporation of the merger in Canada will make it difficult to secure its dissolution under the Sherman Act by the United States Government, although it may not save the directors and officers of the combined companies from pains and penalties.

All that the Dominion Government can do to discipline the merger under the law as it stands, is to withhold tariff protection or bounties from all engaged in the steel industry in Canada, guilty or not guilty—unless, indeed, it should revert to the extreme measure of refusing to grant the mergerites the privilege of subscribing to the party funds. The surprise and the shock might kill several public spirited Canadian millionaires. It would, however, be hard, we imagine, to find a precedent for any Canadian Government going to such an extreme.

The invasion of Canada by the big steel trust may be a good thing or a bad thing for the Dominion. It is not necessary to go over the whole argument for and against huge combinations. Sufficient to say that Canada to-day needs a great deal more steel than she can get; that the need will constantly increase; that the Dominion has great quantities of the raw material from which steel is made and needs big capital to work it.

At first sight it appears difficult to reconcile the statement that the Dominion contains great quantities of the raw material from which steel is made with the fact that the Dominion Iron & Steel Company and the Nova Scotia Steel Company have for some years been importing their red hematite ore from the Wabana Iron Mines in Bell Island off the east coast of Newfoundland.

Technically-speaking an important distinction is made between "ore" and "metaliferous rock." Crudely expressed if a ferruginous rock will pay to work, it is iron ore, and if it will not pay to work it is only metaliferous rock. Obviously this depends upon a number of conditions, and what is not ore to-day may become ore next year. For instance the construction of a railway or the providing of facilities for water shipment, the discovery of a cheap and near coal supply, the exhaustion of higher grade ore sources, the provision of cheap electricity for smelting, or the influx of cheap labour may effect the conversion of a comparatively low grade ferruginous rock into a profitable iron ore.

Authorities say that as a general rule rock containing less than 35 per cent. of iron is not worth working and the ores actually mined throughout the world vary from 25 to over 60 per cent. Values are also very seriously affected by the nature and extent of the impurities to be got rid of.

The most profitable raw material for steel manufacture in Canada is red hematite. The deposits are numerous and some of them extensive, but for one reason or another comparatively few of them have been worked.

A good deal of prospecting has been done and some systematic exploratory work in the country north of Montreal has resulted in the discovery of some enormous deposits of high grade hematite, containing little in the way of impurities which are expensive to get rid of. One island in Hudsons Bay is reported to contain millions of billions of tons of this kind of hematite.

What effect the \$25,000,000 millinery merger will have in Canada can only be conjectured. It was organized in Chicago at a meeting at which were present a hundred he-milliners representing twenty-one big concerns and representing fourteen cities besides Chicago, extending from Pittsburgh to San Francisco and from Louisville to St. Paul.

It is to be hoped that this has nothing to do with the threatened war between the sexes predicted from Paris, but if it is going to make hats any dearer and the bills any bigger, it may lead to much strife. It does not, however, look like a movement of the militant suffragettes. They would probably begin firing the man milliner and end by setting fire to his artistic creations.

The cost of manufacture has probably as little to do with the price of millinery as it has with the price of old masters. The price of a woman's hat is based entirely upon what lovely woman is willing to let somebody else pay for it. When a woman wants to express unqualified contempt for another woman's hat, horror at its inartistic design and unsuitability to the wearer and positive loathing for the materials of which it is composed, she is apt to characterize the whole thing in terms of dollars and cents. This method has its advantages, it saves long explanations in terms "which no fellow can understand," and it avoids the danger of inadvertently incidentally treading on the wrong woman's hat.

Then to some ladies a high price is the chief attraction about a hat (to a mere man it would seem the only attraction in some cases). If a sufficiently ugly hat could only be copyrighted, it would fetch a big price, even if the material only cost a quarter and the labour, seven cents. The average Philistine will never appreciate the most expensive hat until it becomes fashionable to wear them with the price tickets on.

AT a recent meeting of the Cork Board of Guardians a resolution was moved requesting "all officials who cannot prove their relationship with at least three members of this Board to resign immediately, so that their places may be filled by our friends, as we are of opinion that this course will end all disputes and complaints in future." This resolution was withdrawn, the gentleman who was anxious to put an immediate end "to all disputes and complaints in the future," probably deciding like Mrs. Malaprop that it was not worth while to "anticipate the past."

But if the Cork Board of Guardians can do as well as this, what may we not hope from an Irish Hansard?

FAMILIAR INCIDENTS

With the Photographer

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

I WANT my photograph taken," I said. The photographer looked at me without enthusiasm. He was a drooping man in a grey suit, with the dim eye of a natural scientist. But there is no need to describe him. Everybody knows what a photographer is like.

"Sit there," he said, "and wait." I waited an hour. I read the *Ladies Companion* for 1912, the *Girls Magazine* for 1902 and the *Infants Journal* for 1888. I began to see that I had done an unwarrantable thing in breaking in on the privacy of this man's scientific pursuits with a face like mine.

After an hour the photographer

it is, I've learned to love it. And this is my mouth, not yours. These ears are mine and if your machine is too narrow,"—here I started to rise from the seat.

Snick! The photographer had pulled the string. The photograph was taken. I could see the machine still staggering from the shock.

"I think," said the photographer pursing his lips in a pleasing smile, "that I caught the features just in a moment of animation."

"So!" I said, bitingly, "features, eh? You didn't think would animate them, I suppose? But let me see the picture."

"Oh there's nothing to see yet," he said, "I have to develop the negative first. Come back on Saturday



"YOUR NOSE IS WRONG!"

opened the inner door.

"Come in," he said severely. I went into the studio. "Sit down," said the photographer. I sat down in a beam of sunlight filtered through a sheet of factory cotton hung over a frosted skylight. The photographer rolled a machine into the middle of the room and crawled into it from behind.

He was only in it a second,—just time enough for one look at me,—and then he was out again, tearing at the cotton sheet and the window panes with a hooked stick, apparently frantic for light and air.

Then he crawled back into the machine again and drew a little black cloth over himself. This time he was very quiet in there. I knew that he was praying and I kept still.

When the photographer came out at last, he looked very grave and shook his head.

"The face is quite wrong," he said.

"I know," I answered quietly, "I have always known it."

He sighed.

"I think," he said, "the face would be better three quarters full."

"I'm sure it would," I said enthusiastically, for I was glad to find that the man had such a human side to him.

"So would yours. In fact," I continued,—"how many faces one sees that are apparently hard, narrow, limited, but the minute you get them three quarters full they get wide, large, almost boundless in—"

But the photographer had ceased to listen. He came over and took my head in his hands and twisted it sideways. I thought he meant to kiss me and I closed my eyes.

But I was wrong. He twisted my face as far as it would go and then stood looking at it.

He sighed again.

"I don't like the head," he said. "He went back to the machine and took another look."

"Open the mouth a little," he said. "I started to do so."

"Close it," he added quickly. "Then he looked again."

"The ears are bad," he said, "droop them a little more. Thank you. Now the eyes. Roll them in under the lids. Put the hands on the knees, please, and turn the face just a little upwards. Yes, that's better. Now just expand the lungs! So! And hump the neck,—that's it,—and just contract the waist—ha! and twist the hip up towards the elbow,—now! I still don't quite like the face,—it's just a trifle too full, but—"

I swung myself round on the stool. "Stop," I said with emotion but, I think, with dignity. "This face is my face. It is not yours, it is mine. I've lived with it for forty years and I know its faults. I know it's out of drawing, I know it wasn't made for me, but it's my face, the only one I have,—I was conscious of a break in my voice but I went on,—such as

BANISHING THE AVALANCHE

Along the side of an Alpine railroad an ingenious device has been put into use to prevent avalanches from falling upon the track. A wall has been built which intercepts the sliding snow and forces it to precipitate itself in a leap, whereby it clears the roadbed and hurries itself into a canal upon the other side.—Exchange

It's easy enough to be pleasant.

When things break your way all is well.

But the man who can smile

Is the man who can smile

When he attends a dinner and his name is on

the list of speakers and the man who speaks

just ahead of him gets up and tells the story

That he was all ready to tell.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Many Things

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things."

YOU have doubtless read at some period of your life about some unfortunate though fictitious personage who has been "cast from the heights into the depths" or who has "fallen in a night from a sublime happiness to dark despair." This is an unfortunate occurrence that often happens to the people of Mr. Garvie, Miss Libbey and other writers of the Garvie-Libbey School.

Well, that is how I feel just now.

The other evening I visited a friend who has an alarm clock. He has also a son. The alarm clock is a quite ordinary affair, which you can buy for 99 cents at the most expensive stores, while the son has an unholy capacity for generally upsetting things, which I have never seen equalled. On the evening prior to my visit he upset the alarm clock, and out of this simple and by no means uncommon accident, springs my general feeling of disgust with all things mundane, and my dismal forbodings in regard to things which are not mundane, my general all-gone feeling of the soul, in fact.

It was a sadly mangled corpse, the keys were badly bent, and the interior construction rattled dismally when you shook it up. All attempts to wind it failed because the moment the operator removed his hand from the key the spring jumped back to its original position and you were no further ahead.

There were ladies present. One of them said:

"The spring is broken."

I have never yet come across a case of disrupted clock mechanism when someone did not declare that the spring was broken so the remark was passed over in silence.

A suggestion that we lubricate the interior with vaseline applied on the end of a match was also scorned, and finally we came to the conclusion that we had to remove the entrails in order to successfully conduct any repairs.

There is a mechanical instinct latent in every man, I don't care what he does to earn his daily bread, and the suggestion as to dissection was received with loud acclamation. Accordingly we unscrewed the little keys from the back, and removed the rear wall, as it were. We also took off the bell which was perched on top, and by dint of considerable twisting, finally succeeded in removing the works without damage.

It was at once evident that the trouble lay in the fact that most of the balances had been knocked what we used to call "skew-iff" in my younger days, by the fall. All the eggs were balanced on a thin framework of near-brass which fitted over the rear of the works, by the simple method of boring holes in the frame and slipping the sharpened ends of the cog axles into the holes. One of the wheels has slipped its moorings altogether and was embarked on a pointless tour of inspection in the inner regions. I tried to persuade it to return, Prodigal-son wise, with the end of my little finger. I made two attempts and failed, whereupon the head of the house, who is an impatient man, though old enough to know better, remarked:

"Here, let's take the back off."

Accordingly we started to take "the back" off, meaning by "the back" the framework of near-brass above alluded to. It was secured by minute brass nuts at the four corners. They had taken off two of them before it dawned upon me that if they once lifted that piece of brass every wheel in the whole shebang would collapse in irreparable ruin. With a cry of horror I exclaimed:

"Don't do that! for the love of Mike!"

They stopped, and as well as I was able I explained what would inevitably happen if they continued their ruthless course. Then we started to put the nuts back on.

I think I mentioned that they were minute. I take it back. They were microscopic. There were five of us gathered around that kitchen table and it took us three-quarters of an hour by actual timing to get those nuts back on again, and then we only did it by balancing them on the screws and hitting them firmly with the coal hammer, which was the only suitable weapon we could find to give them a "start."

In some sort of fashion we did ultimately get them fixed. And then I managed to persuade the wandering wheel to return to position, only to find three other wheels jolted out of place either by the original fall or our subsequent ministrations. We got them back, and wound it, and it went.

It is safe to presume that Alexander felt triumphant when he conquered his last world, and that the various victorious monarchs who have succeeded in chastising the Turk in the Balkans are at the present time feeling slightly chummy.

But neither Alexander nor the Kings of Bulgaria, et al, felt anything like as good as I did when that clock ticked. Actually ticked. Altogether we had struggled with that cheap time piece for three hours and sixteen minutes and finally it ticked. I was "in the heights" as Mr. Garvie puts it.

We put it together again without mishap except that we put the face frame in wrong, which didn't matter. I carried it reverently to the son and his room and set it on his table, and walked away on tip toes. When I left the house it was ticking merrily.

I met him on the street next day. He said: "You're a fine clock fixer. The blame thing stopped in the middle of the night, and I was late again this morning."

I could have killed him.

To-day I met the Head of the House. He said: "The clock? Oh, it's going fine. I got to work on it with some vaseline and a match, and now it's keeping fine time. I knew what it wanted all the while."

This makes two murders which I might have committed. F. B. E.

TWO OF THE NEWEST SUITS



SILK FACINGS ADD VARIETY TO THIS SUIT.

In this season of ornate tailored effects the little suit pictured here seems unwontedly plain, but facing of silk on the revers and under the edges of the sleeves gives a contrasting note of color that is very modish. The suit is built of taupe serge, the silk facings being in king's blue shade and the coat is further trimmed with gun metal buttons. The lines are trim and the skirt, in short walling length, reveals equally trim buttoned boots of the new tan leather which does not become stained from wet pavements.

FRENCH STYLE IDEAS REPRODUCED HERE!

Paris couturiers now are disguising the seams of the coat by every possible device of cut and trimming. This coat of very light tan serge, built for Southland wear, hints at the French idea of covering up seams by oddly shaped motifs at the sides of the coat. The skirt suggests a slash but is really straight and rather narrow at the lower edge, showing the walking boot in buttoned style. A collar of machine embroidery in one of the new lace imitations is laid over a second collar of moire silk in a deep violet shade.

Heroines of Fiction

1.—LADY CICELY in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

EACH week the editor of THE FEMINIST will select a character from some fairly well-known work of fiction, and will consider that character analytically. There seems no reason why we should confine ourselves to any one time or style; the more diverse the women whom we discuss the more likely we shall be to derive pleasure and benefit from the discussion. One week we may select the heroine of a Greek play; the next, some creation of George Moore's; the third, some rebel feminine of H. G. Wells'. All readers of THE FEMINIST who would like to have a favourite heroine discussed here are begged to write and name her. I shall be guided largely in my choice of heroines by what my readers say.

Perhaps, as THE FEMINIST is an ultra-modern venture, it will be appropriate to choose a character from the most ultra-modern of our writers. George Bernard Shaw. All of us read Shaw; most of us admire him, and many have seen his plays. Let us therefore choose the most delightful of his feminine creations for our first study.

I shall begin by a rash statement—that Lady Cicely in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is, to me, the most ideal character in fiction. She most nearly approximates what I should wish the woman of the future to be. She is the most feminine creature imaginable and yet she is a human being before she is a female.

Lady Cicely's age is not mentioned in the play; yet, from various indications we gather that she has attained what Shaw, in another play, calls, "the prime of womanhood—thirty-six to forty-five."

Here let us pause for a moment. We are face to face with a phenomenon of the twentieth century. Shaw has struck a new note in fiction with this bold saying. We are all familiar with the chivalrous and charming proverbs of former centuries, "Old Maids lead apes in hall!" and similar statements. Yet here, in the twentieth century, we find the most brilliant of our playwrights choosing, as heroine of his most delightful play, a woman who would have been in other ages, a most unqualified "old maid!"

In the beginning of the last century, there were three classes of respectable women. First, young girls who were ranked high or low according to their ability to attract men and make "good" matches; second, married women who wore little caps soon after the wedding and vegetated till death; third, those miserable beings, "old maids" who, being neither young nor married, were justly treated with universal disrespect.

These were the "good old times" to which we are always being asked to go back. Now turn to this work of the twentieth century, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and behold

this amazing anomaly; a woman who, instead of being despised for not possessing a husband, is admired and respected by every man whom she meets, and loved by younger men than herself as well as older. More wonderful yet! we hear nothing of her beauty; apparently her position depends on something more subtle than a fine pair of eyes.

Such a character as Lady Cicely's could not have been conceived by our immediate ancestors. What, oh what, would the Vicar of Wakefield have said to her? She moves through the play, a winning, smiling, indomitable force, moulding everyone with whom she comes in contact, leaving no evil circumstance untouched, refusing to countenance any unkindness or injustice; and all with the utmost sweetness and apparent unconsciousness. She is the only woman in a company of degraded and vicious brigands; yet, one after another, all submit to her cheerful interference and do what she advises. Even the captain, Black Paquito, a soured and embittered misanthrope with but one purpose in life—revenge—is turned by her from that purpose which she renders ridiculous in a few quiet words. She is a born leader; a few words from her alter lives and change destinies.

But what would the good Vicar have said to her? Can you imagine him politely requesting her to make goose-pies and leave argument to him?

Cicely typifies the modern outlook in its most winsome form; she is always womanly but never weak. True, the heroines of all time have resembled her in this respect. In the most degenerate ages we have always had women who set tradition at defiance, and insisted on following Shakespeare's advice, "To thine own self be true!" In the eighteenth century we had Elizabeth Fry. In the nineteenth century we had Florence Nightingale. Lady Cicely, however, seems to me not so much an exception as a type; a type of true womanhood in its modern form. She was not a public character, a saint or a genius; just a woman of the twentieth century whom no one ignored because she was no longer young or despised because she was unmarried. A woman who was, in short, a human being before she was anything else, just like all the men whom we respect and emulate.

"A Winchester school master whom we will call The Worm That Turned once, says H. W. Nevins, wrote in his report: "This boy has no special aptitude, power and qualification; will make an excellent parent." We see the fine satire of it when applied to a future father, but it is very much the view we hold of most women though it does not in the least follow that a particular woman's true vocation is motherhood, any more than fatherhood may be a man's."

The Suffragette Exhibit.

THERE'S no pleasure in living if you're to be coked up for ever and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel," says Mrs. Poyser.

Throughout the ages women have been "dribbling their minds out by the sly." Only here and there a Mrs. Poyser has arisen—to be crucified in one age, or out in another, as the case might be. But today "nous avons change tout cela."

Nearly all the literature at the coming Suffrage Exhibit is written by women; and all of it has—I think—been written during this century. It is, to my mind, the strangest and most significant portent of this strange and portentous age in which we live—the sudden, turbulent, steadily increasing output of feminist literature.

"Schlieman may uncover one Troy after another, six separate cities deep," says Elizabeth Robins, "and never come the nearer to what Helen thought. All that is not silence is the voice of man. . . If I were a man and cared to know the world I lived in I almost think it would make me a shade uneasy—the weight of that long silence of one-half the world."

But now the long silence is broken. For the first time we are learning what women really think of themselves and of the world in which they live. For the first time we are learning that that peculiar and inexplicable sex, long regarded as "a cross between an angel and an idiot," has ideas of its own shared, we fear, by neither angels nor idiots.

Among so much that is good it may be difficult to choose. But let me entreat those who intend to visit the Suffrage Exhibit not to miss Constance Smedley's "Woman", Laurence Housman's "Rawling Brotherhood", Masfield's "My Faith In Woman Suffrage", Maude Royden's "Pelain Answers To Tangled Statements", and, last but not the least, Nevins's "Men and Women's Votes". Dean Walton's "Marriage Law in Quebec" is like the old toast, "Woman"—she needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself.

Those who have seen Masfield's "Nan" will lose no time in procuring "My Faith In Woman Suffrage". It is rumoured that the Manchester Players will produce "How the Vote Was Won" by Cicely Hamilton and Christopher St-John. This too will be in stock. The feminist writings of Bernard Shaw, Zangwill, the Earl of Selbourne, Lord Robert Cecil, Beatrice Harraden, Elizabeth Robins and Lady Constance Lytton and countless others can be procured at moderate prices in an attractive form. This is an opportunity such as Montreal may not see soon again, to get in touch with some of the greatest minds of the day and to obtain from them an insight into the real meaning of the feminist movement.

The Exhibit opens on Saturday, February 1, and will run for two weeks. Lectures, debates and other attractions will add to its interest; and an excellent home-made tea will be served daily.

The Feminist

A Twentieth Century Woman's Page

Edited by FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS

For Women Who Think

TEXT FOR THE DAY

"My dear, I never dispute your abilities to make a goose pie and I beg you'll leave argument to me!"
—From "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD"

SAID our much-beloved Vicar of Wakefield to his less-beloved wife: "My dear, I never dispute your abilities to make a goose pie, and I beg you'll leave argument to me!"

Low be it spoken! Though we fear few husbands, to-day, would have the temerity to proffer a similar request, is not this request made very often by editors to their women readers? Do they not say in effect, "My dears, we never dispute your abilities to make lobster croquettes and frilly breakfast caps, and we beg you'll leave intelligent discussion to us, the masters of creation!"

Will we? If, as is often asserted, "the twentieth century belongs to Canada," then, still more, does the twentieth century belong to women. It is fitting, therefore, that a representative Canadian journal should throw open its pages to women, should invite the women of Canada to speak freely on those topics nearest their hearts.

It is unfortunately true that in many circles it is still necessary for a woman to feign imbecility if she does not wish to be thought quite mad. But we are inaugurating a circle of our own, here and now.

The aim of THE FEMINIST is an ambitious one. It is to present, as far as possible, all intelligent points of view on all absorbing questions relating to women.

We wish this page to be a "Woman's Page" in the deepest and fullest sense of the word. We wish it to be a page—the first, perhaps, of its kind in Canada,—where Woman and the things of Woman may be freely and fully discussed by the thinking women of Canada. We may, we think, safely promise that no view shall be debarred because of its audacity or its vehemence, because of its conservatism or its radicalism. "Is it worth while?" will be the only question asked.

WHAT is Woman?

This is a question which only the most ignorant will attempt to answer confidently. The most we can assert, with any degree of surety, is that she is evidently something like and yet unlike what she was supposed to be in Mid-Victorian days.

When the first steamship was making its first trip across the Atlantic, learned men were proving conclusively that it was impossible for any vessel propelled by steam to cross the water. When the question of higher education for women was first mooted learned men were proving conclusively that it was impossible for any woman to do things which numbers of women have done and are doing daily.

Therefore we must assume to begin with that Woman cannot be classified dogmatically. The truth is that we do not know exactly what Woman is.

It is with the aim of finding out, approximately, what the Canadian woman of the twentieth century is that we are issuing this page. Lobster sauce and frilly breakfast caps have been and are so adequately dealt with in other "Woman's Pages" that we propose to drop them for the present and devote ourselves to a third issue often raised,—the best way to make home happy.

It has occurred to us, in this connection,—an audacious thought, perhaps!—that a good way to make home happy may be to make the home-maker happy. In order to achieve this end it will be necessary to devote some time and thought to the nature of the Home-Maker—Woman!

WHAT is woman?

Without question the woman of to-day differs vastly from the woman of a hundred years ago. Imagine Evelina or Arabella in a modern novel! Compare, for instance, "Lady Cicely" in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" with Miss Burney's "Evelina." Lady Cicely is so feminine, so captivating, that the most hide-bound feels her charm; yet she does things, which, in Miss Burney's day, would have brought about her confinement for life. What has brought about this change? And is it a change for the better or the worse?

What is the ideal woman? Bernard Shaw says that the great difficulty in evolving the Superman lies in the fact that no one of us is very sure as to what he believes the Superman to be. Is not this true? If you were asked to-day to sit down with pencil and paper and write a description of the kind of man you wished the world to be populated with in the future, would you find it an easy task?

So with women. We do not know what the ideal woman is—what we want the woman of the future to be. One thing we do know—that we do not want her to be what the earlier nineteenth century considered an ideal woman. We sometimes say that we do, but we contradict ourselves immediately afterwards. If, in one breath, we say that we want a woman to stay at home and look after her house, we in the next, speak with pity of the man whose wife does this very thing—attends solely to her housekeeping, takes no interest in her husband's business or profession, and refuses to accompany him to places of amusement or to mix in places of society. Miss Cicely Hamilton's description of the "wife all men would like, who never thinks or rides a bike," is hailed with general amusement. We do not seriously want such a woman to be mistress of our home or mother of our children. But what do we want?

What is our ideal? What do we wish the woman of the future to be?

Here we encounter a diversity of opinions. One thing is certain; we are at the parting of the ways. Woman cannot be what she has been in the past; she must be more or less. Scientists cannot help us greatly, for they differ as widely on this point as on every other; some asserting boldly that women are, biologically, the superior sex, and, sociologically, the beginners of all arts, trades and governments; others asserting that women are, manifestly, an inferior creation and have been so held from the beginning of time.

LESTER WARD once published an article—in, I believe, the "Forum"—discussing the superiority, as he considered, of the female sex, viewed biologically. Mr. Grant Allen replied to this article and he so clearly defined the beliefs of many men (and women) in his reply that I believe it may be worth while to quote at some length from it.

"I believe it to be true," he says, "that she is very much less the race than man; that she is, indeed, not even half the race at present, but rather a part of it, told specially off for the continuance of the species, just as truly as drones or male spiders are parts of their species told off for the performance of male functions, or as 'rotund' honey-ants are individual insects told off to act as living honey jars to the community. She is the sex, sacrificed to reproductive necessities."

But Charlotte Perkins Stetson believes that "Woman's natural work as a female is that of the mother; man's natural work as a male is that of the father; but human work covers all our life outside of these specialties. Every handicraft, every profession, every science, every art, all normal amusements and recreations, all government, education, religion, the whole living world of human achievement, all this is human."

Which is in the right? With which do you agree?

WE must avow that we have a prejudice in favour of considering women as human beings, and not as appendages to men. But we allow that, if we study certain phases of human development, we can see Grant Allen's point of view. But are these phases transient? We are, at present, inclined to think so.

BECAUSE this is a woman's page, please do not think that men are debarred. Indeed, any opinion from a man on a subject of so much importance to men as women cannot but be valuable. Two types, only, of men, we do not crave to hear from: the man who says that he knows everything about women, and that "they are all alike"; and the man who says that he knows nothing about women because "you never find two alike at any one time and you never find one alike twice." Both views, in our judgment, are correct, and both are superficial. Women, like men, are all alike in many particulars and, also like men, are all unlike in many particulars. And much of man's misunderstanding of woman arises from the fact that he will create in his mind an image which he calls woman and then become hopelessly puzzled when the living woman, "the average human being" does not square with this purely imaginary conception.

"Man," says Cicely Hamilton, "being determined that we live in a world apart, spends his time inventing explanations for our conduct; which conduct would be quite comprehensible if he would condescend to apply to us those laws which he applies to every other living being."

She thinks that man has quite made up his mind, à la Grant Allen, that woman is wife and mother and nothing more; but then, being obliged to see that she acts at times as though she were something more—not higher, mark you, but more—he is driven to a further conclusion. "Woman is not only wife and mother, but a thoroughly incomprehensible wife and mother."

She points out that each man sees in woman what he wants to see. Man's attitude towards woman has been, by turns, sentimental, savage, adoring, contemptuous—anything but open-minded and deductive. Thus the troubadours saw in her a spiritual incentive to song; the Mahometans consider her flesh without soul; the Fathers of the Church, "in the habit of giving hasty and nervous consideration to the subject, denounced her at intervals as sin personified."

Which of these widely differing views is the correct one? She goes on to point out that the modern man apparently craves in a wife an inspiration, plus a good general servant. "He is frequently disappointed!" she wickedly adds. But perhaps there is no reason why he should be disappointed. Perhaps woman's highest sphere is to inspire good deeds and cook good dinners at one and the same time—ridiculous as it may sound.

WOMEN of Canada, we want to know your views on this all-important topic. What do you believe yourselves to be? What do you wish to be? This is an "Open Court." Write us freely of your beliefs, your ambitions, your aims. We believe that there is a vast mine of unexplored intelligence in Canada. We wish to draw its treasures to the light.

Perhaps we can all agree on one point: the most conservative and the most radical alike. Woman's highest mission is to be a successful wife and mother. But how to attain that end! What constitutes a successful wife and mother? An animated frying-pan or a human broom is hardly likely to produce an intellectual or forceful son; and unfortunately, heredity has no Salie law.

Then, another point! It seldom occurs to any of us that an unmarried woman who has never had a child may, paradoxical as it appears, be a better race-mother than her next-door neighbour who marshals a family of ten to school every morning. If the former, as a nurse or doctor, saves a hundred children's lives in her lifetime, she is a ten times better mother and of ten times more value to the race than that mother of ten. If she, as a philanthropist, supplies food and warmth to thousands of neglected starving infants every year, and, by so doing, saves a thousand lives in her lifetime, she is a hundred times better race-mother than the mother of ten. No woman is debarred from a spiritual maternity, and when we speak of motherhood as woman's highest calling, we must always bear that in mind.

THE German Emperor is quoted as saying that a woman's world should consist of "church, cooking and children." It is a wise saying, but surely an unnecessarily comprehensive one. Had he said that children alone should constitute a woman's world, he would have said enough; for the intelligent care of children implies all knowledge, all wisdom. We are beginning to realize that; we are beginning to see that the condition of the coming race should be the one end and goal of right-minded people. When we strive to make things better for ourselves we do it to the end that things may be better for our children.

We have always done this; each of us has fought and worked that his children may be exempt from strife and want; but our present aim is broader. We desire not only that our children shall not want or suffer; we desire that the children of king and peasant alike shall be equally free from care. It is not only a broader and grander ambition; it is also a more rational one.

Our ideal, we may then assume, is identical, whatever our political leanings. We disagree only as to the methods to be followed in gaining our end; and we call for opinions from both men and women as to what should constitute the world of women. And we ask for views on the vital question; have men a world apart from women? Are men and women essentially different, or has custom and environment developed differences? And, granting these differences, are they beneficial or harmful?

We have the view expressed by a Canadian essayist that men and women are essentially unlike; that the unlikenesses are not only necessary but valuable; and that the race will cease to exist when women become "masculine." Yet, as this writer describes women as being "un-moral, in-moral, mindless, heartless, unsympathetic," and so mean that they do not even know when they are committing a meanness, it is somewhat difficult to see what he means when he declares that the race is only kept in existence at all by the dissimilarity of men to women. It would seem to a lay mind that the race would be distinctly improved by all the females becoming masculine if masculinity implied virtue of so high an order.

Oliver Schreiner believes, on the other hand, that no race can rise above the level of its mothers, and that, whenever we find a race dominating, achieving prominence of any sort, we find its women the equals and partners of its men; and that, whenever we find a race sinking, remaining in the background, we find its women in a subject position. We invite opinions on these points.

THEN there is the question—much discussed at present—of the franchise, dominion and municipal. There is militant suffrage as opposed to suffrage gained by constitutional means. There are the laws relating to women and children in the various provinces of our dominion. What opinions have my readers on these points?

We cannot undertake to publish all the letters we receive or even, perhaps, to reply to all. But we reiterate the request with which we began this page. Write to us, one and all, men and women; tell us frankly what you believe and hope for; and we will not only reply whenever possible to any points raised for general discussion, but will publish the whole or portions of such letters as we believe to be of general interest to the community.

Help us to make THE FEMINIST an epoch in journalism; help us to show the men of Canada what the women of Canada are thinking and striving for to-day; help us to create a "Woman's Page" that will be worthy the women of our country.

TEXT FOR FUTURE SER-MONETTES

"The woman, the cat, and the chimney should never leave the house."—Old Proverb.

"Man, woman, and the devil are the three degrees of comparison."—Old Proverb.

"Man is the whole world and the breath of God; woman the rib and the crooked piece of man."—Sir Thomas Browne.

"There is no evil without a woman at the bottom of it."—Old Proverb.

"As much pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go bare-foot."—Old Proverb.

"A man has two happy days with his wife; the day he marries her and the day he buries her."—Greek Proverb.

"I'm not denyin' that women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men!"—George Eliot.

"Woman is not only wife and mother, but a thoroughly incomprehensible wife and mother!"—Cicely Hamilton.

Counsel for the Defense

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By
LEROY SCOTT
Author of
"To Him That Hath,"
Etc.

THE room was thick with dust and draped with ancient cobwebs. One corner was filled with a literary junk-heap—magazines, broken-backed works of reference, novels once read by everybody but now forgotten. The desk was a helter-skelter of papers. One of the two chairs had its burst cane seat mended by an atlas of the world; and wherever any of the floor peered dimly through all this debris, it showed a complexion of dark and ineradicable greasiness. Altogether, it was a room hopelessly unfit for human habitation; which is perhaps an indirect manner of stating that it was the office of a successful newspaper.

Before a typewriter, at a small table beside the open window, sat a bare-armed, solitary man. He was twenty-eight or thirty, with a deal of bone and muscle, and with a face—but not to soil this early page with abusive terms, it will be sufficient to remark that whatever the Divine Sculptor chiseled his countenance to portray, plainly there had been no thought of carving an Apollo. He was constructed not for grace, but powerful, tireless action; and there was something absurdly disproportionate between the small machine and the broad and hairy hands which so heavily belabored it.

It was a custom with Bruce to write the big local news story of the day himself—a feature which had proved a stimulant to his paper's ever-growing prestige. To-morrow was to be one of the proudest days of Westville's history, for it was to see the formal opening of the city's greatest municipal enterprise, its thoroughly modern water-works; and it was an extensive and vivid account of the next day's program that the editor was pounding so rapidly out of his machine for that afternoon's issue of the *Express*.

Now and then, as he paused an instant to shape a sentence in his mind, he glanced through the window across Main Street to where, against the front of the old courthouse, shirt-sleeved workmen were hanging their country's colors about a speakers' stand. Then his fingers thumped madly on.

He had jerked out the final sheet, and had begun to revise his story, making corrections with a very black pencil and in a very large hand, when there sauntered in from the general editorial room a pale, slight young man of twenty-five. The newcomer had a reckless air, a humorous twist to the left corner of his mouth, and a negligent smartness in his dress which plainly had its origin elsewhere than in Westville.

The editor did not raise his eyes. "In a minute, Billy," he said shortly. "Nothing to hurry about, Arn."

The young fellow drew forward the atlas-bottomed chair, leisurely deposited himself upon the nations of the earth, crossed his feet upon the window-sill, and lit a cigarette. About his lounging form there was a latent energy like that of a relaxed cat.

He gazed rather languidly over at the square, its sides abustle with excited preparation. Across the fronts of stores hunting was being tackled; from upper windows, crisp cotton flags were being unrolled. As for the courthouse yard itself, to-day its elms and shrubs were lifeless save for the workmen about the stand, and an occasional frock-coated lawyer, his vest demurely unbuttoned to the warm May air. But to-morrow—

The young fellow had turned his head slowly toward the editor's copy, and, as if reading, he began in a drawing, declamatory voice:

"To-morrow the classic shades of Court-House Square will swarm with a wildly cheering multitude. In the speakers' stand the Westville Brass Band, in new uniforms, looking like so many grand marshals of the empire, will trumpet forth triumphant music fit to burst; and from this breeze-fluttered throne of oratory—

"Go to thunder!" interrupted Bruce, his eyes still racing through his copy.

"And from this breeze-fluttered throne of oratory," continued Billy, with a rising quaver in his voice, "Mr. Harrison Blake, Westville's favorite son, the Rev. Dr. Sherman, president of the Voters' Union, and the Hon. Hiram Cogshell Calloway County's able-bodied orator, will scatter prodigal and perverted eloquence upon the populace below. And Dr. David West, he who has directed this magnificent work from its inception to the present—he who has laid upon the sacred altar of his city's welfare a rare devotion and a lifetime's scientific knowledge—he who—

"See here, young fellow!" The editor slammed down the last sheet of his revised story, and turned upon his assistant a square, bony, aggressive face that gave a sense of having been modeled by a clenched fist, and of still glowing at the blow. He had gray eyes that gleamed, dogmatically from behind thick glasses, and hair that brushed combed to subdue. "See here, Billy Harper, will you please go to thunder?"

"Sure; follow you anywhere, Arn," growled Bruce. He took a cigarette, broke it open, and poured the tobacco into a black pipe, which he lit. "Well—turn up anything?"

"Governor can't come," replied the reporter, lighting a fresh cigarette. "Hard luck! But we'll have the crowd anyhow. Blake tell you anything else?"

"He didn't tell me that. His stenographer did; she'd opened the Governor's telegram. Blake's in Indianapolis to-day—looking after his chances for the Senate, I suppose."

"See Dr. West?"

"Went to his house first; but as usual he wouldn't say a thing. That old boy is certainly the mildest-mannered hero of the day I ever went up

against. The way he dodges the spot-light—it's enough to make one of your prima-donna politicians die of heart failure. To do a great piece of work, and then be as modest about it as he is—well, Arn, I sure am for that old doe!"

"Huh!" grunted the editor.

"When it comes time to hang the laurel wreath upon his brow to-morrow, I'll bet you and your spavined old arrangement committee will have to push him on to the stand by the scruff of his neck."

"Did you get him to promise to sit for a new picture?"

"Yes; and you ought to raise me five a week for doing it. He didn't want his picture printed; and if we did print it, he thought that old relic of the eighties we've got was good enough."

"Well, be sure you get that photo,

The Hon. Hiram is certainly one citizen who'll never go broke buying himself a bushel to hide his light under!"

The editor glanced at a page or two of it with wearied irritation, then tossed it back.

"I guess we'll have to print it; but weed out some of his flowers of rhetoric."

"Pressed flowers," amended Billy. "Swipe the Hon. Hiram's copy of 'Bartlett's Quotations,' and that tremendous orator would have nothing left but his gestures."

"How about the grand jury, Billy?" pursued the editor. "Anything doing there?"

"Farmer down in Buck Creek Township indicted for kidnapping his neighbor's pigs," drawled the reporter. "Infants snatched away while fond mother slept. Very pathetic. Also that second-story man was indicted

but the celebration down to bones," Bruce called out.

And with that he passed out of the office and down the stairway to the street.

II

DESPITE its thirty thousand population—"Forty thousand—and growing, sir!"—loyally declared those disinterested citizens engaged in the sale of remote fields of ragweed as building lots—Westville still was only half evolved from its earlier state of an overgrown country town. It was as yet semi-pastoral, semi-urban. Automobiles and farm-wagons looked hubs familiarly upon its highways; cowhide boots and patent leather shared its sidewalks with democratic equality. There was a stock-broker's office that was thoroughly metropolitan in the facilities it afforded the elite for relieving themselves of the tribulation of riches; and adjoining it was Simpson Brothers & Co's store, wherein hickory shirred gentlemen bartered for treshing-machines, hay-rakes, axle-grease, and such like articles of Arcadian commerce.

There were three topics on which one could always rouse an argument in Westville—politics, religion, and the editor of the *Express*.

A year before, Arnold Bruce, who had left Westville at eighteen, and of whom the town had vaguely heard as a newspaper man in Chicago and

water-works, Mr. Bruce, is, hardly I need say, a source of pride to us all. To you especially it has had a large significance. You have made it a theme for a continuous agitation in your paper. You have argued that, since the city's new water-works promised to be such a great success, Westville should not halt with this one municipal enterprise. You have urged that the city should refuse the new franchise the street-railway is going to apply for, take over the railway, run it as a municipal—

"Yes, yes," interrupted Bruce impatiently. "But who's dead? Who wants the line of march changed to go by his grocery-store?"

"What I was saying was merely to recall how very important the water-works has been to us," the prosecutor returned with increased solemnity. He paused, and having gained that heightened stage effect of a well-managed silence, he continued: "Mr. Bruce, something very serious has occurred."

For all its ostentation, the prosecutor's manner was genuinely impressive. Bruce looked quickly at the other two men. The agent was ill at ease, the minister pale and agitated.

"Come," cried Bruce, "out with what you've got to tell me!"

"It is a matter of the very first importance," returned the prosecutor, who was posing for a prominent place in the *Express's* account of this affair—for however much the public men of Westville affected to look down upon the *Express*, they secretly preferred its superior presentation of their doings. "Dr. Sherman, in his capacity of president of the Voters' Union, has just brought before me some most distressing, most astounding evidence. It is evidence upon which I must act both as a public official and as a member of the arrangement committee, and evidence which concerns you both as a committeeman and as an editor. It is painful to me to break—"

"Let's have it from first hands," interrupted Bruce, irritated by the verbal excelsior wrapped about the prosecutor's fact.

He turned to the minister, a slender man of hardly more than thirty, with a high brow, the wide, sensitive mouth of the born orator, fervently bright eyes, and the pallor of the devoted student—a face that instantly explained why, though so young, he was the town's most popular clergyman.

"What's it about, Dr. Sherman?" the editor asked. "Who's the man?"

"About the water-works," Mr. Kennedy has said, "the minister answered in a voice that shook with agitation. 'There has been some—some crooked work.'"

"Crooked work!" ejaculated the editor, staring at the minister.

"Crooked work!" repeated Bruce.

"You are certain of what you say?"

"Then you have evidence?"

"I am sorry—but—but I have." The editor was leaning forward, his nostrils dilated, his eyes gleaming sharply behind their thick glasses.

"Who's mixed up in it? Who's the man?"

The minister's hands were tightly interlocked. For an instant he seemed unable to speak.

"Who's the man?" repeated Bruce. The minister swallowed.

"Dr. West," he said. Bruce sprang up.

"Dr. West!" he cried. "The superintendent of the water-works?"

"Yes." If the editor's concern for the city's welfare was merely a political and business pose, if he was merely an actor, at least he acted his part well.

"My God!" he breathed, and stood with eyes fixed upon the young minister. Then, suddenly, he sat down again, his thick brows drawn together, and his heavy jaws set.

"Let's have the whole story," he snapped out. "From the very beginning!"

"I cannot tell you how distressed I am by what I have just been forced to do," began the young clergyman.

"I have always esteemed Dr. West most highly, and my wife and his daughter have been the closest friends since girlhood. To make my part in this affair clear, I must recall to you that of late the chief attention of the Voters' Union has been devoted to the water-works. I never imagined that anything was wrong; but speaking frankly, after the event, I must say that Dr. West's position was such as made it a simple matter for him to defraud the city should he so desire."

"You mean because the council invested him with so much authority?" demanded Bruce.

"Yes. As I have said, I regarded Dr. West as above all suspicion; but a short time ago some matters—I need not detail them—aroused in me the fear that Dr. West was using his office for—"

"For graft?" supplied Bruce.

The minister inclined his head. "Later, only a few weeks ago, a more definite fear came to me," he continued in his low, pained voice. "It happens that I have known Mr. Marcy here for years; we were friends in college, though we had lost track of each other till his business brought him to Westville. A few small circumstances—my suspicion was already on the alert—made me guess that Mr. Marcy was about to give Dr. West a bribe for having awarded the filter contract to his company. I got him alone—taxed him with his intention—worked upon his conscience—"

"Mr. Marcy has stated," the prosecutor interrupted to explain, "that Dr. Sherman always had great influence over him."

Mr. Marcy corroborated this with a nod.

"At length Mr. Marcy confessed," Dr. Sherman went on. "He had arranged to give Dr. West a certain sum of money immediately after the filtering plant had been approved and payment had been made to the Company. After this confession I hesitated long upon what I should do. I shrank from disgracing Dr. West; at the same time, I had a duty to the city. After a long struggle, I decided that my responsibility to the people of Westville should overbalance any feeling I might have for an individual."

"That was the only decision," said Bruce. "Go on!"

"But at the same time, to protect Dr. West's reputation, I decided to take no one into my plan. Should

his integrity reassert itself at the last moment, and cause him to refuse the bribe, the whole matter would then remain locked up in my heart. I arranged with Mr. Marcy that he should carry out his agreement with Dr. West. Yesterday, as you know, the council, on Dr. West's recommendation, formally approved the filtering plant and sent a draft to the company. Mr. Marcy was to call at Dr. West's home this morning to conclude their secret bargain. Just before the appointed hour I dropped in on Dr. West, and was there when Mr. Marcy called. Saying that I would wait to finish my talk with Dr. West till they were through with their business, I took a book, and went into an adjoining room. I could see the two men through the partly opened door. After some talk, Mr. Marcy drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Dr. West, saying in a low voice: 'Here is that money we spoke about.'"

"And he took it?" Bruce interrupted.

"Dr. West slipped the envelope unopened into his pocket, and replied: 'Thank you very much; it will come in handy just now.'"

"My God!" breathed the editor. "Though I had suspected Dr. West, I sat there stunned," the minister continued; "but after a minute or two I slipped out by another door. I returned with a policeman, and found Dr. West still with Mr. Marcy. The policeman arrested Dr. West, and found the envelope upon his person. In it was two thousand dollars."

"Now, what do you think of that?" Kennedy demanded of the editor. "Won't the town be thunderstruck?"

Bruce turned to the agent, who had sat through the recital, a mere corroborative presence.

"And this is all true?"

"That is exactly the way it happened," replied Mr. Marcy.

Bruce looked back at the minister. "But didn't he have anything to say for himself?"

"I can answer that," put in Kennedy. "I had him in here before I sent him over to the jail. He admits practically every point that Dr. Sherman has made. The only thing he says for himself is that he never thought the money Mr. Marcy gave him was intended for a bribe."

Bruce stood up, his face hard and glowering, and his fist crashed explosively down upon the table.

"Of all the flimsy defenses that ever a man made, that's the limit!"

"It certainly won't go down with the people of Westville," commented the prosecutor. "I can see the smiles of the jury when he produces that defense in court."

"I should say they would smile!" cried Bruce. "But what was his motive?"

"That's plain enough," answered the prosecutor. "We both know, Mr. Bruce, that he has not earned anything from the practice of medicine since we were boys. His salary as superintendent of the water-works was merely nominal. His property is mortgaged practically to its utmost value. Everything has gone on those experiments of his. It's simply a case of a man being in a tight fix for money."

Bruce was striding up and down the room, staring fiercely at the worn lineoleum that carpeted the prosecutor's office.

"I thought you'd take it rather hard said Kennedy, a little slyly. 'It sort of puts a spoke in that general municipal ownership scheme of yours, eh?'"

Bruce paused belligerently before the prosecutor.

"See here, Kennedy," he snapped out, "because a man you've banked on is a crook, does that prove a principle is bad?"

"Oh, perhaps not," Kennedy admitted.

"Well, suppose you cut out that kind of talk, then. But what are you going to do about the doctor?"

"The grand jury is in session. I'm going straight before it with the evidence. An hour from now, and Dr. West will be indicted."

"And what about to-morrow's show?"

"What ought we to do?" Again the editor's fist crashed upon the desk.

The celebration was half in Dr. West's honor. Do we want to meet and hurrah for the man that sold us out? As for the water-works, it looks as if, for all we know, he might have bought a lot of old junk for us. Do we want to hold a jubilee over a junk-pile? You ask what ought we to do. There's only one thing to do, and that's to call the whole confounded performance off!"

"That's my opinion," said the prosecutor. "What do you think, Dr. Sherman?"

The young minister wiped his pale face.

"It's a most miserable affair. I'm sick because of the part I've been forced to play—I'm sorry for Dr. West—and I'm particularly sorry for his daughter; but I do not see that any other course would be possible."

"I suppose we ought to consult Mr. Blake," said Kennedy.

"He's not in town," returned Bruce. "And we don't need to consult him. We three are a majority of the committee. The matter has to be settled at once; and it's settled, all right."

The editor jerked out his watch, glanced at it, then reached for his hat.

"I'll have this on the street in an hour—and if this town doesn't go wild, then I don't know Westville."

He was making for the door, when the newspaper man in him recalled a new detail of his story. He turned back.

"How about this daughter of Dr. West?" he asked.

The prosecutor looked at the minister.

"Was she coming home for the celebration, do you know?"

"Yes. She wrote Mrs. Sherman that she was leaving New York this morning, and would get in here to-morrow on the limited."

"What's she like?" asked Bruce.

"Haven't you seen her?" asked Kennedy.

"She hasn't been home since I came back to Westville. When I left here she was a tomboy—mostly legs and freckles."

The prosecutor's lean face smiled.

"I guess you'll find she's grown right smart since then. She went to one of those colleges back East—"

(Continued on page 11)

The Temporary Vice-Regal Residence.



MR. JAMES ROSS HAS PLACED HIS FINE RESIDENCE ON PEE STREET AT THE DISPOSAL OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES, DURING THEIR PRESENT STAY IN MONTREAL.

if you have to use chloroform. I saw him go into the court-house a little while ago. Better catch him as he comes out and lead him over to Young's gallery."

"All right. But, Arn," drawled the young fellow, his feet still upon the window-sill, "this certainly is a slow old burgh you've dragged me down into! If a leading citizen wants to catch the seven-thirty to Indianapolis to-morrow morning, I suppose he sets his alarm to go off day before yesterday."

"What's soured on your stomach now?" demanded the editor.

"Oh, the way it took this suburb of nowhere thirty years to wake up to Dr. West! Every time I see him, I feel sore for hours afterward at how this damned place has treated the old boy. If your six-cylinder, sixty-horsepower, seven-passenger tongues hadn't remembered that his grandfather had founded the place, I bet you'd have talked him out of the town long ago!"

"The town didn't understand him," "I should say it didn't!" agreed the reporter.

"And I guess you don't understand the town," said the editor. "Young man, you've never lived in a small place."

"Till this, Chicago was my smallest—the gods be praised!"

"Well, it's the same in your old smokestack of the universe as it is here," retorted Bruce. "If you go after the dollar, you're sane. If you don't, you're cracked. Dr. West starts off like a winner, so they say; looked as if he was going to get a corner on all the patients of Westville. Then, when he stopped practicing—"

"You never told me what made him stop."

His wife's death from typhoid;—I barely remember that. When he stopped practicing and began his scientific work, the town thought he was fooling away his time."

"And yet two years ago the town was glad enough to get him to take charge of installing its new water system!"

"That's how the city discovered he was somebody. When they began to look around for an expert, they found that no one they could get had a tenth of his knowledge of water-supply."

"That's the way with your self-worshipping crossroad towns! You raise a genius—laugh at him, pity his family—till you learn how the outside world respects him. Then—hurrah! Strike up the band, boys! When I think how that old party has been quietly studying typhoid fever and water-supply all these years, hardly ever leaving his laboratory, with you bunch of hayseeds looking down on him as a crank, I get so sore at the place that I wish I'd chucked your letter into the waste-basket when you wrote me to come!"

"It may have been a dub of a town, Billy, but it'll be something different before we get through with it," returned the editor confidently. "But whom else did you see?"

"Ran into the Hon. Hiram Cogshell on the street, and he slipped me this precious gem." Billy handed Bruce a packet of typewritten sheets. "It's a carbon of his to-morrow's speech. He gave it to me, he said, to save us the trouble of taking it down,

ed who stole Alderman Big Bill Perkins' clothes. Remember it, don't you? Big Bill's clothes had so much diameter, that the poor, hard-working thief couldn't sell the fruits of his industry. Pathos there also. Guess I can spin the two out for a column, if you want it."

"Spin 'em out for about three lines," returned Bruce in his abrupt manner. "No room for your funny stuff to-day, Billy; the celebration crowds everything else out. Write that about the Governor, and then help Stevens with the telegraph—"

and see that it's carved down to the bone." He picked up the typewritten sheets he had finished revising, and let out a sharp growl of "Copy!"

"That's your celebration story, isn't it?" asked the reporter.

"Yes." Bruce held it out to the "devil" who had appeared through the doorway from the depths below.

"Wait a minute with me, Arn. The prosecuting attorney stopped me as I was leaving, and asked me to have you step over to the court-house for a minute."

"What's Kennedy want?"

"Something about the celebration," he said. "I guess he wants to talk with you about some details of the program."

"Well, why didn't he come over here, then?" growled Bruce. "I'm as busy as he is, and quite as important!"

"So-so, we're on our high horse, are we?"

"You bet we are, my son! And that's where you've got to be if you want this town to respect you."

"All right! She's a great nag, if you can keep your saddle. But I guess I'd better tell Kennedy you're not coming."

Without rising, Billy leaned back and took up Bruce's desk telephone, and soon was talking to the prosecuting attorney. After a moment he held out the instrument to the editor.

"Kennedy wants to speak to you," he said.

Bruce took the phone.

"Hello! That you, Kennedy?..... No, I can't come—too busy. Suppose you run over here..... Got some people there? Well, bring 'em along..... Why can't they come? Who are they?..... Can't you tell me what the situation is?..... All right, then; in a couple of minutes."

Bruce hung up the receiver and arose.

"So you're going, after all?" asked Billy.

"Guess I'd better," returned the editor, putting on his coat and hat. "Kennedy says something big has just broken loose. Sounds queer. Wonder what it can be!" and he started out.

"But how about your celebration story?" queried Billy. "Want it to go down?"

Bruce looked at his watch. "Two hours till press time; I guess it can wait."

Taking the story back from the typewriter, he tossed it down beside his typewriter.

He stepped out into the local room which showed the same kindly tolerance of dirt as did his private office. At a long table two young men sat before typewriters, and in a corner a third young man was taking the clicking dictation of a telegraph sounder. "Remember, boys, keep everything

New York, but whom it had not seen since, had returned home and taken charge of the *Express*, which had been killed him by the late editor, his uncle. The *Express*, which had been a slipped, dozing, inoffensive sheet under old Jimmie Bruce, showed suddenly a volcanic energy. The new editor used huge, vociferous headlines, instead of the whispering types of his uncle; he wrote a rousing, rough and ready sort of English; occasionally he placed an important editorial, set up in heavy-faced type and enclosed in a black "box," in the center of his first page; and from the very start he had had the hardihood to attack the "established" order, and to preach unorthodox doctrines.

The wealthiest citizens were outraged, and hotly pronounced Bruce to be a "yellow journalist" and a "red-mouthed demagogue." It was the common opinion of the better element that his ultra democracy was merely a pose, a mask, an advertising scheme, to gather in the gullible subscriber and to force himself sensationally into the public eye. But despite all hostile criticism of the paper, people read the *Express*—many staid ones in secret—for it had a snap, a go, a tang, that at times almost took the breath.

Bruce stepped forth from his stairway, crossed Main Street, and strode up the shady court-house walk. On the left side of the walk was an irreproachably draped nymph of castor, a tiptoe in an arid fountain; on its right stood a statue of the city's founder, Colonel Davy West, wearing a con-skin cap and leaning upon a long deer rifle.

He entered the dingy-court-house, mounted a wooden stairway, browned with the tobacco-juice of two generations of litigants, and passed into a damp and gloomy chamber. This room was the office of the prosecuting attorney of Calloway County. That the incumbent might not become too depressed by his environment, the walls were enlivened by a steel engraving of Daniel Webster, frowning with multitudinous thought, and by a map of Indiana—the latter dotted by industrious flies with a myriad nameless cities.

Three men arose from about the flat-topped desk in the center of the room—the prosecutor, the Rev. Dr. Sherman, and a rather smartly dressed man whom Bruce remembered to have seen once or twice, but whom he did not know. With the first two the editor shook hands; the third was introduced as Mr. Marcy, agent of the Acme Filter Company, which had installed the filtering plant of the new water-works.

Bruce turned in his brusque manner to the prosecuting attorney.

STORIES

By O. HENRY

The Trimmed Lamp

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OF course there are two sides to the question. Let us look at the other. We often hear "shop-girls" spoken of. No such persons exist. There are girls who work in shops. They make their living that way. But why turn their occupation into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as "marriage-girls."

Lou and Nancy were chums. They came to the big city to find work because there was not enough to eat at their homes to go around. Nancy was nineteen; Lou was twenty. Both were pretty, active, country girls who had no ambition to go on the stage.

The little cherub that sits up aloft guided them to a cheap and respectable boarding-house. Both found positions and became wage-earners. They remained chums. It is at the end of six months that I would beg you to step forward and be introduced to them. Middle-class Reader: My Lady friends, Miss Nancy and Miss Lou. While you are shaking hands please take notice—cautiously—of their attire. Yes, cautiously; for they are as quick to resent a stare as a lady in a box at the horse show is.

Lou is a piece-of-work ironer in a hand laundry. She is clothed in a badly-fitting purple dress, and her hat plume is four inches too long; but her ermine muff and scarf cost \$25, and its fellow beasts will be ticketed in the windows at \$7.98 before the season is over. Her cheeks are pink, and her light blue eyes bright. Contentment radiates from her.

Nancy you would call a shop-girl—because you have the habit. There is no type; but a perverse generation is always seeking a type; so this is what the type should be. She has the high-rattled pompadour, and the exaggerated straight-front. Her skirt is shoddy, but has the correct flare. No furs protect her against the bitter spring air, but she wears her shot broadcloth jacket as jauntily as though it were Persian lamb! On her face and in her eyes, remorseless type-seeker, is the typical shop-girl expression. It is a look of silent but contemptuous revolt against cheated womanhood; of sad prophecy of the vengeance to come. When she laughs her loudest the look is still there. The same look can be seen in the eyes of Russian peasants; and those of us left will see it some day on Gabriel's face when he comes to blow us up. It is a look that should wither and abash man; but he has been known to smirk at it and offer flowers—with a string tied to them.

Now lift your hat and come away, while you receive Lou's cheery "See you again," and the sardonic, sweet smile of Nancy that seems, somehow, to miss you and go fluttering like a white moth up over the house-tops to the stars.

The two waited on the corner for Dan. Dan was Lou's steady company. Faithful? Well he was on hand when Mary would have had to hire a dozen subpoena servers to find her lamb.

"Ain't you cold, Nancy?" said Lou. "Say, what a chump you are for working in that old store for \$8 a week! I made \$38.50 last week. Of course ironing ain't as swell work as selling lace behind a counter, but it pays. None of us ironers make less than \$10. And I don't know that it's any less respectful work, either."

"You can have it," said Nancy, with uplifted nose. "I'll take my eight a week and bad bedroom. I like to be among nice things and swell people. And look what a chance I've got! Why, one of our glove girls married a Pittsburgh steel maker, or blacksmith or something—the other day worth a million dollars. I'll catch a swell myself some time. I ain't bragging on my looks or anything; but I'll take my chances where there's big prizes offered. What show would a girl have in a laundry?"

"Why, that's where I met Dan," said Lou, triumphantly. "He came in for his Sunday shirt and collars and saw me at the first board, ironing. We all try to get to work at the first board. Ella Maginnis was sick that day, and I had her place. He said he noticed my arms first, how round and white they was. I had my sleeves rolled up. Some nice fellows come into laundries. You can tell 'em by their bringing their clothes in suit cases, and turning in the door sharp and sudden."

"How can you wear a waist like that, Lou?" said Nancy gazing down at the offending article with sweet scorn in her heavy-lidded eyes. "It shows fierce taste."

"This waist?" cried Lou, with wide-eyed indignation. "Why, I paid \$16 for this waist. It's worth twenty-five. A woman left it to be laundered, and never called for it. The boss sold it to me. It's got yards and yards of hand embroidery on it. Better talk about that ugly, plain thing you've got on."

"This ugly, plain thing," said Nancy, calmly, "was copied from one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing. The girls say her bill in the store last year was \$12,000. I made mine, myself. It cost me \$1.50. Ten feet away you could tell it from here."

"Oh, well," said Lou, good-naturedly, "if you want to starve and put on airs, go ahead. But I'll take my job and good wages; and after hours give me something as fancy and attractive to wear as I am able to buy."

But just then Dan came—a serious young man with a ready-made necktie who had escaped the city's brand of frivolity—an electrician earning \$30 per week who looked upon Lou with

O. Henry, regarded by many as America's foremost short-story writer of modern times, "had the punch." He knew how to tell a story and he had stories to tell. Unhappily, O. Henry's pen is now forever idle. His work is done. O. Henry's stories are, perhaps, not as well known in Canada as they might be. Hence, we regard ourselves as fortunate in having been able to secure the Canadian serial rights to some of his best stories. "The Trimmed Lamp," which is here given, is considered by some as his masterpiece. It is indeed a classic. Even those who have once read it will derive much pleasure from another perusal.

the sad eyes of Romeo, and thought her embroidered waist a web in which any fly should delight to be caught. "My friend, Mr. Owens—shake hands with Miss Danforth," said Lou. "I'm mighty glad to know you, Miss Danforth," said Dan, with outstretched hand. "I've heard Lou speak of you so often."

"Thanks," said Nancy, touching his fingers with the tips of her cool ones, "I've heard her mention you—a few times."

Lou giggled.

"Did you get that handshake from Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher, Nancy?" she asked.

"If I did, you can feel safe in copying it," said Nancy.

"Oh, I couldn't use it at all. It's too stylish for me. It's intended to set off diamond rings, that high shade is. Wait till I get a few and then I'll try it."

"Learn it first," said Nancy wisely, "and you'll be more likely to get the rings."

"Now, to settle this argument," said Dan, with his ready, cheerful smile, "let me make a proposition. As I can't take both of you up to Tiffany's and do the right thing, what do you say to a little vaudeville? I've got the tickets. How about looking at stage diamonds since we can't shake hands with the real sparklers?"

The faithful squire took his place close to the curb; Lou next, a little peacock in her bright and pretty clothes; Nancy on the inside, slender, and soberly clothed as the sparrow, but with the true Van Alstyne Fisher walk—thus they set out for their evening's moderate diversion.

I do not suppose that many look upon a great department store as an educational institution. But the one in which Nancy worked was something like that to her. She was surrounded by beautiful things that breathed of taste and refinement. If you live in an atmosphere of luxury, luxury is yours whether your money pays for it, or another's.

The people she served were mostly women whose dress, manners, and position in the social world were quoted as criterions. From them Nancy began to take toll—the best from each according to her view.

From one she would copy and practice a gesture, from another an eloquent lifting of an eyebrow, from others, a manner of walking, of carrying a purse, of smiling, of greeting a friend, of addressing "inferiors in station." From her best beloved model, Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher, she made requisition for that excellent thing, a soft, low voice as clear as silver and as perfect in articulation as the notes of a thrush. Suffused in the aura of this high social refinement and good breeding, it was impossible for her to escape a deeper effect of it. As good habits are said to be better than good principles, so, perhaps, good manners are better than good habits.

The teachings of your parents may not keep alive your New England conscience; but if you sit on a straight-backed chair and repeat the words "prisms and pilgrims" forty times the devil will flee from you. And when Nancy spoke in the Van Alstyne Fisher tones she felt the thrill of noblesse oblige to her very bones.

There was another source of learning in the great departmental school. Whenever you see three or four shop-girls gather in a bunch and jingle their wire bracelets as an accompaniment to apparently frivolous conversation, do not think that they are there for the purpose of criticizing the way Ethel does her back hair. The meeting may lack the dignity of the deliberative bodies of men; but it has all the importance of the occasion on which Eve and her first daughter first put their heads together to make Adam understand his proper place in the household. It is Woman's Conference for Common Defense and Exchange of Strategic Theories of Attack and Repulse upon and against the World, which is a Stage, and Man, its Audience who Persists in Throwing Bouquets Thereupon. Woman, the most helpless of the young of any animal—with the fawn's grace but without its fleetness; with the bird's beauty but without its power of flight; with the honey-bee's burden of sweetness but without its—Oh, let's drop that simile—some of us may have been stung.

During this council of war they pass weapons one to another, and exchange stratagems that each has devised and formulated out of the tactics of life.

"I says to 'im," says Sadie, "ain't you the fresh thing! Who do you suppose I am, to be addressing such a remark to me? And what do you think he says back to me?"

The heads, brown, black, flaxen, red, and yellow bob together; the answer is given; and the party to the thrush is decided upon, to be used by each thereafter in passages-at-arms with the common enemy, man.



MONTREAL ART GALLERY.—"INCOMPARABLY THE FINEST BUILDING IN MONTREAL."

Thus Nancy learned the art of defense; and to women successful defense means victory.

The curriculum of a department store is a wide one. Perhaps no other college could have fitted her as well for her life's ambition—the drawing of a matrimonial prize.

Her station in the store was a favored one. The music room was near enough for her to hear and become familiar with the works of the best composers—at least to acquire the familiarity that passed for appreciation in the social world in which she was vaguely trying to set a tentative and aspiring foot. She absorbed the educating influence of art wares, of costly and dainty fabrics, of adornments that are almost culture to women.

The other girls soon became aware of Nancy's ambition. "Here comes your millionaire, Nancy," they would call to her whenever any man who looked the role approached her counter. It got to be a habit of men, who were hanging about while their women folk were shopping, to stroll over to the handkerchief counter and dawdle over the cambric squares. Nancy's imitation high-bred air and genuine dainty beauty was what attracted. Many men thus came to display their graces before her. Some of them may have been millionaires; others were certainly no more than their sedulous apes. Nancy learned to discriminate. There was a window at the end of the handkerchief counter; and she could see the rows of vehicles waiting for the shoppers in the street below. She looked, and perceived that automobiles differ as well as do their owners.

Once a fascinating gentleman bought four dozen handkerchiefs, and wooed her across the counter with a King Cophetua air. When he had gone one of the girls said:

"What's wrong, Nancy, that you didn't warm up to that fellow? He looks the swell article, all right, to me."

"Him?" said Nancy, with her coolest, sweetest, most impersonal, Van Alstyne Fisher smile; "not for mine. I saw him drive up outside. A 12 H.P. machine and an Irish chauffeur! And you saw what kind of handkerchiefs he bought—silk! And he's got dactyls on him. Give me the real thing or nothing, if you please."

Two of the most "refined" women in the store—a forelady and a cashier—had a few "swell gentlemen" friends with whom they now and then dined. Once they included Nancy in an invitation. The dinner took place in each spectacular cafe whose tables are engaged for New Year's eve a year in advance. There were two "gentleman friends"—one without any hair on his head—high living ungreed it; and we can prove it—the other a young man whose worth and sophistication impressed upon you in two convincing ways—he swore that all the wine was corked; and he wore diamond cuff buttons. This young man perceived irresistible excellencies in Nancy. His taste ran to shop girls; and here was one that added the voice and manners of his high social world to the frank charms of her own caste. So, on the following day, he appeared in the store and made her a serious proposal of marriage over a box of hemstitched, grass-bleached Irish linens. Nancy declined. A brown pompadour ten feet away had been using her eyes and ears. When the ejected suitor had gone she heaped carboys of upbraids and horror upon Nancy's head.

"What a terrible little fool you are! That fellow's a millionaire—he's a nephew of old Van Skittles himself. And he was talking on the level, too. Have you gone crazy, Nancy?"

"Have I?" said Nancy. "I didn't take him, did I? He isn't a millionaire so hard that you could notice it, anyhow. His family only allows him \$20,000 a year to spend. The bald-headed fellow was geying him about it the other night at supper."

The brown pompadour came nearer and narrowed her eyes.

"Say, what do you want?" she inquired, in a voice hoarse for lack of chewing-gum. "Ain't that enough for you? Do you want to be a Mormon, and marry Rockefeller and Gladstone Dowie and the King of Spain and the whole bunch? Ain't \$20,000 a year good enough for you?"

Nancy flushed a little under the level gaze of the black, shallow eyes. "It wasn't altogether the money, Carrie," she explained. "His friend caught him in a rank lie the other night at dinner. It was about some girl he said he hadn't been to the theater with. Well, I can't stand a liar. Put everything together—I don't like him; and that settles it. When I sell out it's not going to be on any bargain day. I've got to have something that sits up in a chair like a man, anyhow. Yes, I'm looking out for a catch; but I's got to be able to do something more than make a noise like a toy bank."

"The physiopathic ward for yours!" said the brown pompadour, walking away.

These high ideas, if not ideals—Nancy continued to cultivate on \$8 per week. She bivouacked on the trail of the great unknown "catch," eating her dry bread and tightening

her belt day by day. On her face was the faint, soldierly, sweet, grim smile of the pre-ordained man-hunter. The store was her forest; and many times she raised her rifle at game that seemed broad-antlered and big; but always some deep unerring instinct—perhaps of the huntress, perhaps of the woman—made her hold her fire and take up the trail again.

Lou flourished in the laundry. Out of her \$18.50 per week she paid \$6 for her room and board. The rest went mainly for clothes. Her opportunities for bettering her taste and manners were few compared with Nancy's. In the steaming laundry there was nothing but work, and work and her thoughts of the evening pleasures passed under her iron; and it may be that her growing fondness for dress was thus transmitted to her through the conducting metal.

When the day's work was over Dan awaited her outside, her faithful shadow in whatever light she stood. Sometimes he cast an honest and troubled glance at Lou's clothes that increased in conspicuity rather than in style; but this was no disloyalty; he deprecated the attention they called to her in the streets.

And Lou was no less faithful to her chum. There was a law that Nancy should go with them on whatever outings they might take. Dan bore the extra burden heartily and in good cheer. It might be said that Lou furnished the color, Nancy the tone, and Dan the weight of the distraction seeking trio. The escort, in his neat but obviously ready-made suit, his ready-made wit never startled or flashed. He was of that good kind that you are likely to forget while they are present, but remember distinctly after they are gone.

To Nancy's superior taste the flavor of these ready-made pleasures was sometimes a little bitter; but she was young; and youth is a gourmand, when it cannot be a gourmet.

"Dan is always wanting me to marry him right away," Lou told her once. "But why should I. I'm independent. I can do as I please with the money I earn; and he never would agree for me to keep on working afterward. And say, Nancy, what do you want to stick to that old store for, and half starve and half dress yourself? I could get you a place in the laundry right now if you'd come. It seems to me that you could afford to be a little less stuck-up if you could make a good deal more money."

"I don't think I'm stuck-up, Lou," said Nancy, "but I'd rather live on half rations and stay where I am. I suppose I've got the habit. It's the chance that I want. I don't expect to be always behind a counter. I'm learning something new every day. I'm right up against refined and rich people all the time—even if I do only wait on them; and I'm not missing any pointers that I see passing around."

"Caught your millionaire yet?" asked Lou with her teasing laugh.

"I haven't selected one yet," answered Nancy. "I've been looking them over."

"Goodness! the idea of picking over 'em! Don't you ever let one get by you Nancy—even if he's a few dollars shy. But of course you're joking—millionaires don't think about working girls like us."

"It might be better for them if they did," said Nancy, with cool wisdom. "Some of us could teach them how to take care of their money."

"If one was to speak to me," laughed Lou, "I know I'd have a duck-fit."

"That's because you don't know any. The only difference between swells and other people is you have to watch 'em closer. Don't you think that red silk lining is just a little bit too bright for that coat, Lou?"

Lou looked at the plain, dull olive jacket of her friend.

"Well, no I don't—but it may seem so beside that faded-looking thing you've got on."

"This jacket," said Nancy complacently, "has exactly the cut and fit of one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing the other day. The material cost me \$3.98. I suppose her's cost about \$100 more."

"Oh, well," said Lou lightly, "it don't strike me as millionaire bait. Shouldn't wonder if I catch one before you do, anyway."

Truly it would have taken a philosopher to decide upon the values of the theories held by the two friends. Lou, lacking that certain pride and fastidiousness that keeps stores and desks filled with girls working for the barest living, thumped away gaily with her iron in the noisy and stifling laundry. Her wages supported her even beyond the point of comfort; so that her dress profited until sometimes she cast a sidelong glance of impatience at the neat but inelegant apparel of Dan—Dan the constant, the immutable, the undeviating.

As for Nancy, her case was one of tens of thousands. Silk and jewels and lace and ornaments and the perfume and music of the fine world of good-breeding and taste—these were made for woman; they are her equitable portion. Let her keep near them

if they are a part of life to her, and if she will. She is no traitor to herself, as Esau was; for she keeps her birth-right and the pottage she earns is often very scant.

In this atmosphere Nancy belonged; and she thrived in it and ate her frugal meals and schemed over her cheap dresses with a determined and contented mind. She already knew woman; and she was studying man, the animal, both as to his habits and eligibility. Some day she would bring down the game that she wanted; but she promised herself it would be what seemed to her the biggest and the best, and nothing smaller.

Thus she kept her lamp trimmed and burning to receive the bridegroom when he should come.

But, another lesson she learned, perhaps unconsciously. Her standard of values began to shift and change. Sometimes the dollar-mark grew blurred in her mind's eye, and shaped itself into letters that spelled such words as "truth" and "honor" and now and then just "kindness." Let us make a likeness of one who hunts the moose or elk in some mighty wood. He sees a little dell, mossy and embowered, where a rill trickles, babbling to him of rest and comfort. At these times the spear of Nimrod himself grows blunt.

So, Nancy wondered sometimes if Persian lamb was always quoted at its market value by the hearts that it covered.

One Thursday evening Nancy left the store and turned across Sixth Avenue westward to the laundry. She was expected to go with Lou and Dan to a musical comedy.

Dan was just coming out of the laundry when she arrived. There was a queer, strained look on his face.

"I thought I would drop around to see if they had heard from her," he said.

"Heard from who?" asked Nancy.

"Isn't Lou there?"

"I thought you knew," said Dan. "She hasn't been here or at the house where she lived since Monday. She moved all her things from there. She told one of the girls in the laundry she might be going to Europe."

"Hasn't anybody seen her anywhere?" asked Nancy.

Dan looked at her with his jaws set grimly, and a steely gleam in his steady grey eyes.

"They told me in the laundry," he said, harshly, "that they saw her pass yesterday—in an automobile. With one of the millionaires, I suppose, that you and Lou were forever busying your brains about."

For the first time Nancy quailed before a man. She laid her hand that trembled slightly on Dan's sleeve.

"You've no right to say such a thing to me Dan—as if I had anything to do with it!"

"I didn't mean it that way," said Dan, softening. He fumbled in his vest pocket.

"I've got the tickets for the show to-night," he said, with a gallant show of lightness. "If you—"

Nancy admired pluck whenever she saw it.

"I'll go with you, Dan," she said. Three months went by before Nancy saw Lou again.

At twilight one evening the shop-girl was hurrying home along the border of a little quiet park. She heard her name called, and wheeled about in time to catch Lou rushing into her arms.

After the first embrace they drew their heads back as serpents do, ready to attack or to charm, with a thousand questions trembling on their swift tongues. And then Nancy noticed that prosperity had descended upon Lou, manifesting itself in costly furs, flashing gems, and creations of the tailors' art.

"You little fool!" cried Lou, loudly and affectionately. "I see you are still working in that store, and as shabby as ever. And how about that big catch you were going to make—nothing doing yet, I suppose?"

And then Lou looked, and saw that something better than prosperity had descended upon Nancy—something that shone brighter than gems in her eyes and redder than a rose in her cheeks, and that danced like electricity anxious to be loosed from the tip of her tongue.

"Yes, I'm still in the store," said Nancy, "but I'm going to leave it next week. I've made my catch—the biggest catch in the world. You won't mind now Lou, will you?—I'm going to be married to Dan—to Dan!—he's my Dan now—why, Lou!"

Around the corner of the park strolled one of those new-crop, smooth-faced young policemen that are making the force more endurable—at least to the eye. He saw a woman with an expensive fur coat and diamond-ringed hands crouching down against the iron fence of the park sobbing turbulently, while a slender, plainly-dressed working girl leaned close, trying to console her. But the Gibsonian cop, being of the new order, passed on, pretending not to notice, for he was wise enough to know that these matters are beyond help, so far as the power he represents is concerned, though he rap the pavement with his nightstick till the sound goes up to the furthestmost stars.

A Minimum Wage for Wives

WHY not a minimum wage for wives? asks James Douglass in LONDON OPINION. If a miner is entitled to a minimum wage, surely a wife is also entitled to it. A strike of miners has brought this country to the brink of ruin. A strike of wives would not be so calamitous, but it would cause a great deal of domestic inconvenience. The question of wages for wives has been raised in New York by the refusal of Mr. Peck to pay one of his wife's little bills. Mrs. Peck ordered a motor coat, a taffeta coat, and three suits. The bill came to £113. Mr. Peck declined to pay it on the ground that out of his income of £9,000 a year he allows Mrs. Peck £300 a month for pin money and £7 a week for cabs and lunches. My sympathies are with Mr. Peck. The most extravagant wife ought to be able to make both ends meet on £4,000 a year, nearly half her husband's income.

But undoubtedly a wife ought to have a fixed income of her own. She ought not to be dependent upon the alms given to her by her husband. The position of a wife who has no money of her own is sometimes intolerable.

Her pride is hurt in a thousand little ways by her servile status. Her husband may be affectionately generous, but his affection and his generosity do not wholly compensate her for her parasitic position. As co-partner in the home, as the mother of children, as the domestic economist, as the organizer of social relationships, as the tireless housekeeper who supervises the household staff, guards against waste, plans the meals, and keeps the family machine running smoothly, she earns her salary. No man has a right to exploit the labours of love. No man has a right to withhold the wages due to a willing slave. It ought to be the husband's pleasure and glory to make his wife economically free.

It is not good for any human being to be either a slave or a slave-owner. Human nature is human nature, and the servile state invariably injures both parties. It ought not to be so, but so it unquestionably is. It may seem very romantic and very chivalrous that the husband should be the benevolent protector of the wife, and that the wife should be the trustful ward of her husband. But it does not work in real life. In plain terms, the wife is at the mercy of her protector, just as the slave is at the mercy of the slave-owner; and it is not good for either of them to know this, even if the course of their life runs smooth. The perfect slave is demoralized by his slave-ownership.

THE case for a minimum wage for a wife is complete. How can it be fixed? I am disposed to suggest that the wife's wage ought to be half the surplus income of the household. After paying the common expenses the balance ought to be divided. If the husband wishes to be generous he can do so out of his share, and vice versa. The husband ought to pay for all his clothes and personal luxuries, and the wife ought to pay for all her clothes and personal luxuries. Their savings ought to be their own, so that both husband and wife would have a rainy day fund. This arrangement would prevent an extravagant husband or wife from impoverishing the family, and it would enable a wife to make provision for her own future. It is grossly unjust that a wife, after twenty or thirty years of married life should suddenly find herself without a penny. There are thousands of wives who are utterly in the dark as to their husband's affairs, and who live perpetually on the edge of a precipice. If they could save out of their salary they would be delivered from a nightmare of foreboding. I think it is the duty of fathers to insist upon an arrangement of this sort, for, unless it is made before marriage, it is not likely to be made afterwards.

Counsel for the Defence

(Continued from page 10)

Vassar, I think it was. She got hold of some of those new-fangled ideas that women are crazy over now—about going out in the world for themselves, and—"

"Idiot, all of them!" snapped Bruce.

"After she graduated, she studied law. When she was back home two years ago, she asked me what chance a woman would have to practise law in Westville. A woman Lawyer in Westville—oh, Lord!"

The prosecutor leaned back and laughed at the execrable humor of the idea.

"Oh, I know the kind!" Bruce's lips curled with contempt. "Loud-voiced—aggressive—bony—perfect fright!"

"Let me suggest," put in Dr. Sherman, "that Miss West does not belong in that classification."

"Yes, you're a little wrong about Katherine West," agreed Kennedy. Bruce waved his hand peremptorily. "They're all the same. But what's she doing in New York? Practising Law?"

"No, she's working for an organization something like Dr. Sherman's—the Municipal League, I think she called it."

"Huh!" grunted Bruce. "Well, whatever she's like, it's a pretty mess she's coming back into!"

With that the editor pulled his hat tightly down upon his forehead and strode out of the court-house, and past the speakers' stand, in front of which twin flags were being festooned. Back in his own office he picked up the story he had finished an hour before. With a sneer he tore it across and trampled it under foot. Then, jerking a chair forward to his typewriter, his brow dark, his jaw set, he began to thump fiercely upon the keys.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"The Thinker"

Rodin's Marvellous Creation in Bronze. One of the Montreal Art Gallery's Treasures, whose significance is not appreciated by every spectator.



THE THINKER BY RODIN, VIEWED FROM RIGHT. FROM BRONZE IN THE MONTREAL ART GALLERY.

(By C. L. Sibley.)

We rail about our civic government, we candidly admit our shame at the condition of the streets, but, are we proud of Montreal? Just ask us! I know I am.

There are many things about Montreal that have given me a thrill of pride in my time. I won't attempt to enumerate them. I want to talk about just one of those things—the one that has given me the greatest thrill of all. I mean our new Art Gallery. You notice I say "ours." It is true that it was built by a private association, with funds largely provided by a few private members of that association—but it is ours all the same: yours and mine and all the rest of the citizens, because it has been decided that on two days in every week it shall be open free to all.

I will not soon forget the thrill of pride I experienced a few days ago when I found myself for the first time inside this beautiful marble pile—pride not only at what I saw there, but at the still more beautiful idea which the building represents. That building is a concrete expression of the noblest conception of citizenship. It means that here in Montreal we have men whose feeling of responsibility to others stretches out beyond their own families, beyond their own little "set," and embraces the whole population of Montreal, French and English, rich and poor. That is why this noble pile, filled with art treasures, is to be thrown open to the public twice a week. That is why the almost priceless Leamont collection of pictures was bequeathed to the Art Association on this condition. They know the spiritual solace, the broadening and ennobling influence of the fine arts, and they want all the people of all the city to have the opportunity to share in the pure enjoyment and the opportunity to cultivate refinement of taste which these arts afford.

Do you feel with me the real patriotism and the real citizenship which were behind the building of this Art Gallery and the decision that for two days in every week it shall be the people's own? I think you will if you try to realize what the city itself would be like if those elected to govern it were animated by the same principles which have actuated the group of men who have built this Art Gallery.

I won't try to describe the building—incomparably the noblest specimen of architecture in the city. You have probably seen it for yourself, and if you have not, you have no doubt read the descriptions which the daily papers have given of it, and have thus gained a general idea of it. Nor do I want to speak in detail of the numerous art treasures which it contains. I shall probably have much to say about these in future articles. I want, in this article, to draw attention to just one little piece of sculpture which the Gallery contains, and to make that illustrate my point—which point is this, that in the realm of the fine arts, the new Art Gallery will serve to keep us as a city fully abreast of movements in the world of art as we are in those of industry and commerce.

The exhibit I refer to is the bronze statue of "The Thinker," by that great French sculptor, August Rodin, acquired for the permanent collection of the gallery for \$2,000. It is a small copy, made by Rodin himself, of a colossal work that aroused a storm of controversy when it was first exhibited in Paris.

The controversy involves the whole discussion as to that great revolutionary development of modern art, Impressionism. You see, therefore, how educational is this one bit of statuary.

There was a time when landscape painting, with its realistic drawing of the objects of nature—with the composing and arranging of an accumulation of curious details into a balanced picture. The next step was to give moral significance to objects—to express their soul, their nature. Finally the soul was identified with light itself, and landscape painting has become "volatile and fluid, a mere music of colors, a caress of transparent lights, through which we can see the scene serving as a pretext, like the theme of a sonata, reappearing through its variations."

That is Impressionism in landscape painting. It has its equivalent in portrait painting in the "Intimism" which seeks to give a glimpse of the soul of the individual rather than to impart realistic solidity to form and feature. This painting of the mood of the moment in painting the individual is not the absolute discovery of modern artists. Leonardo da Vinci surprised its secret in the "Mona Lisa," but its development is entirely a modern achievement.

Now if we turn from landscape and portrait painting to sculpture, we see that Rodin is trying to do for sculpture exactly what the Impressionists have done for painting. He seeks to express the mood of the moment; to give a vision of the mystery of the inner life. His most famous example of this is his statue of Balzac, which was exhibited in the Salon of the Champ de Mars in Paris, in 1898. It is an astonishing piece of work, so upsetting all previous ideals of memorial sculpture that many connoisseurs who went to the Salon to see it, were simply aghast at it. Here was not a grave solemn figure of the great writer, with a marble collar and marble creases in his marble trousers, but an indeterminate figure, wrapped in a huge cloak which he held about his neck, with head poised in action and face full of intelligence and meaning. It was the spirit of the man arrested and solidified; its fleshly trappings ignored.

A storm of polemic broke out. The statue was fiercely denounced and fiercely defended. "C'est Balzac qui est sorti de son lit pour recevoir un crâne," said one, and Paris laughed—the smile was so diabolically ingenious and apt. But the controversy went on, and to such effect that the Société des Gens des Lettres, which had commissioned the statue, disavowed its legal obligations in regard to the work.

The same controversy which the statue of Balzac aroused was renewed over the figure of "The Thinker," when it was exhibited in 1904. Rodin says of his work: "My model has a brain and a heart. My bronze or marble, therefore, must think and feel. It is not only the ensemble of the body which is beautiful, but each part has its individual beauty, and, what is more, its significance. What makes my 'Thinker' ('Le Penseur') think, is that he thinks not only with his brain, with his knitted brow, his distended nostrils and compressed lips; but with his clenched fists and gripping toes."

Rodin now has an assured place in contemporary art, but connoisseurs are by no means decided as to his permanent place among the immortals, nor as to the permanent effect of his work on sculptural art. A good, downright example of what those who criticize his work adversely think is supplied by the famous writer Max Nordau, who says of this very work in our new Art Gallery:

"The Thinker" is not only naked, but also flayed. Its anatomy is executed with obtrusive importance without the covering epidermis, and its vital warmth. The enormous exaggeration of the muscles, the impossible assertion of strength which is expressed by the extreme contraction of all the muscles, are well known



THE THINKER BY RODIN, VIEWED FROM LEFT. FROM BRONZE IN THE MONTREAL ART GALLERY.

features of sculpture in its worst period of decline. There is still, however, a distinction between Rodin and the rocco sculptors, who confused fleshy tumors over the whole surface of the bodies of their statues with the power of portraying artistically. At any rate, the latter had a correct knowledge of myology, or the subject of the muscles, whereas Rodin's anatomy is shockingly inaccurate. Rodin invents muscles where they do not exist, and never did exist.

Two mighty ridges, ending below in sausage tips, run down the Thinker's back, which perhaps are intended for the two longissimi dorsi. In this case, however, they are howling blunders as regards their attachment, their whole course, and their form. The muscles of the forehead and temples are treated quite as arbitrarily as those of the back. Where Nature only recognizes thin cutaneous muscles and ligatures, there Rodin put bumps which remind one of blood tumors after blows from a club, and impart to the face an appearance of evil Verschlagenheit. As a record the Thinker stands on the same level as the anatomical plates in Japanese manuals of the healing art of the time of the Shoguns.

This, however, is not the worst. The intellectual element fares even worse with this one who calls himself so pretentiously "The Thinker." The flayed man sits crouching, with a distinctly crooked hump, on a sharply-edged block of stone. His toes clasp convulsively into the ground. He holds a clenched fist before his mouth, and seems to bite it fiercely. His bestial countenance, with its bloated, contracted forehead, gazes at threateningly dark as midnight. He who has to interpret the figure without the help of a title will, from a back view, conclude it is something writhing in agony on a rack; and from a front view, a criminal meditating over some foul deed.

Its mien and bearing would suggest a designation such as "The Fallen Titan," "Lucifer's Rebellion," or "Ca'n before he murdered his brother." The last thing one would think of would be to look for a mind working behind this bulky forehead, or to imagine that thought was supreme in this body seized by a spasm of rigidity in all its muscles. The name given by Rodin to this wretched performance sounds like a scoff or a calumny, and it might be thought the misled artist, robbed by his fanatics of all self-criticism, had intended to make a malicious parody of Michael Angelo's "Penseroso."

Here, then, is opportunity for singularly interesting and profitable study. Go to the Art Gallery and appraise for yourself the movement which Rodin is inaugurating in the realm of sculptural art. See first the plaster casts which are there of the coldly-perfect works of the ancient Greeks, so long the classic models of all sculptors. And then go and look at the work of Rodin, which tries to express not cold perfection of form and line, but the impress of mind upon matter.

In that contrast you have summed up for you one of the greatest controversies in the modern world of art. Here, right at your doors, you can appraise for yourself the heaven that is working in the art centres of the world.

And that statue by Rodin, so interesting and so significant, is only one little feature suggestive of what this Art Gallery will mean in the intellectual life of the City of Montreal.

SICK OF LOVE

A Washington woman has in her employ as a butler a dumpy and satisfied man who not long ago permitted a chocolate-colored damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse. "One day when the mistress of the house had occasion temporarily to avail herself of the services of the butler's wife it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brought them in conjunction the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion."

Strindberg

The rise of August Strindberg to a position of international fame (it would not be surprising if one his plays should be performed in Montreal in ten years or so) is going to simplify existence very greatly for the antifeminists. Henceforth all that is necessary, in order to crush an advocate of the emancipation of women—and it does not matter what it is a question of emancipating them from—is to say, with sufficient scorn and conviction, and with an air of finality: "Have you read Strindberg?" or "My dear lady (or sir as the case may be), the great dramatist Strindberg—" or, if you happen to forget his name, simply: "But, as the Swedish dramatist says,—and you will never have to go any further.

Never, that is, until the world has digested Strindberg (which will take some time) and found out how much of his tremendous "plaidoyer" is good evidence and good argument, and how much is the mere invention or exaggeration of an intensely zealous advocate. For Strindberg was the slave, the most unspokeable abject slave, of the sexual power of the various women who held him each for the time being, and he resented that slavery with all the force and bitterness of a man who knows his own intellectual predominance and hates the slightest feeling of inferiority in any relation of life. Eventually the world will sort out Strindberg's arguments and passionate arraignments and discern which of them are fair and which are false, just as we have to a large extent discovered the elements of prejudice and bias in Ibsen. In the early days of "A Doll's House" it was sufficient for a young lady who wanted emancipation to point to Ibsen's declaration of the right of every human being to complete self-development, and the only answer that her opponent could make was that Ibsen was a fool, which was obviously untrue because a fool cannot write good plays. In the case of Strindberg, to say that he was a fool would not be only inaccurate (which does not matter so much in argument) but also unfashionable. The latter objection is fatal.

Throughout the whole of the literary work of this giant of creative intellect there runs the obsessing idea of protest against the exorbitant power of woman, of demand that she be made once more subject unto her master as in the old patriarchal days. If we were to assume that this was the reasoned conclusion of a calm and unprejudiced man, of an artist working in the plastic material of human life in general rather than in that of his own life in particular, we should be placing Strindberg upon a throne of authority to which he has really no claim. He is no detached and superhuman mind, viewing the faults and virtues of men and women with equal sympathy. On the contrary he is one of the most sublime and unabashed egotists who ever photographed their inmost mental processes for the contemplation of the human race. His plays can be enjoyed as plays without any knowledge of his personality; but they cannot be valued as a guide to life without a full knowledge of the kind of life in which they were evolved. For the acquisition of that knowledge the volume—still, I believe, suppressed in Sweden—entitled "The Confession of a Fool" is indispensable.

There are undoubtedly plenty of marriages quite unhappy as that of which Strindberg strikes a man's record (it would be entertaining if nothing else to learn what the woman thought about it all) in this appalling volume, but it may be doubted if any such has ever been recorded before with such heart-rending fidelity. Strindberg was a librarian in the Royal Library at Stockholm and already enjoyed a slight measure of literary fame at the date when the tragedy opens. He was a son of the people, with an excessive endowment of that sensitiveness and easily-wounded pride common to the low-born man of genius in a community where birth is of more importance than brains. He attracted the attention of an unhappily-married Baroness, with the "artistic temperament," which took the form of a longing to go on the s'age, and with an unusually large endowment of the common feminine desire for admiration. It is difficult to tell how much of what he sets down as being his current impressions of her from time to time was really present in his feelings at the moment of which he writes, and how much was read into his recollections by subsequent developments; but if his descriptions are accurate he presents an extraordinary case of a man under full hypnotism of sexual passion, who could yet with a sort of second consciousness discern and hate the chains that bound him. Bitterly he scorns himself for his submission: "Down on your knees, Samson! Put your head in her lap, press your cheeks against her knees, ask her to forgive you for the cruel words with which you have lashed her—and which she didn't even understand! Slave! Coward! You lie in the dust before a stocking, you, who thought yourself strong enough to conquer a world! And she, she only loves you when you debase yourself; she buys you cheaply at the price of a few moments of gratified passion, for she has nothing to lose."

After the divorce of her husband the Baroness married Strindberg, and the deterioration in her character was apparently rapid. Strindberg, who was incapable of making any allowances, seems to have regarded her lapses as the natural coming-to-light of inherent defects of character, for he himself was incapable of being influenced in a moral sense by any surroundings however base; but some consideration must be had for the very undesirable society in which the woman found herself as a divorcee who had married a man after being his mistress, and as a theatrical artist.

AUTOS and AUTOISTS

By J. HERBERT HODGINS

YEAR ROUND MOTORING

Judging from this season in particular, coupled with the winter records of the past few years Montreal has reached the stage of year round motoring. Mr. Wilson, sales manager of the Motor Import Co. of Canada says he believes the whole atmospheric conditions of Montreal must be changing. Scarcely since motoring became so pronounced a means of travel have winter conditions been a handicap. The winters of today do not seem to be as severe as fifteen or twenty years ago. Automobile dealers in Montreal will bear me out in this. And the result is borne out in the increasing demand for cars.

Dealers maintain there never has been better winter for sales than the present. In other years sales fell away with the coming of fall. Not so this year. Sales have been well maintained.

PROSPECTS FOR THE SPRING

Sales agents are around with the larks these days and as blithesome. The auto call is loud and insistent. The spick and span 1913 models are arriving with all their new wrinkles. Orders for cars already show an estimated increase in several of the larger firms' orders over 1912 of fully 35 per cent.

There is a very heavy sale of second hand cars. Of course they are going at "knocked down" prices, in the majority of instances. The man who can fully "pay the price" MUST have the electric self-eranking, electrically lighted car. It is astonishing the number of new models that are already driving the streets of Montreal. Though in the majority of instances the owner is "hanging on" to his old car while the dirty weather lasts. He would reserve using his latest purchase until the finer weather comes.

AFTERMATH OF THE SHOW

With reported sales that will run up to \$500,000, and with a total attendance of 40,000 persons, Montreal's seventh annual automobile show held at the Drill Shed and 65th Army, from January 4 to 11 smashed all records. Coupling the local sales with sales to dealers at outside points, from samples shown the total will exceed one million dollars. All of which is very emphatic evidence of the increasing interest and demand for motor cars.

OTTAWA'S SHOW

The Ottawa Motor Show will run from February 10 to 15. Manager Louis Blumenstein is arranging to make this one of the big social events of the year. It is interesting to note that the Capital City of Canada has now more automobiles in proportion to its population than any other city in the Dominion.

MOTOR CALENDAR

February 1-8—Chicago pleasure car show.
February 3-8—Washington D. C.
February 10-15—Chicago truck show.
February 15-15—Minneapolis.
February 15-15—Ottawa show.
February 12-15—Geneva, N. Y.
February 15-22—Newark, N. J.
February 15-22—Albany, N. Y.
February 16-23—Richmond, Va.
February 17-22—Hansan City pleasure car show.
February 18-19—Madison, Wis.
February 18-21—Grand Forks, N. D.
February 19-23—Topeka, Kans.
February 19-23—New Orleans, La.
February 20-23—Canandaigua, N. Y.
February 24—March 1—St. Louis, Mo.
February 24—March 1—Memphis, Tenn.
February 24—March 1—Cincinnati, O.
February 24—March 1—Omaha, Neb.
February 24-27—Kansas City truck show.
February 26—March 1—St. Dodge, Ia.
February 26—March 1—Glen Falls, N. Y.
March 3-8—St. Louis City, Ia.
March 3-5—Cincinnati commercial show.

SPARK PLUGS

Word has just been received by the Motor Import Company of a 3,000 mile trip in mid winter that gives a fine test of the Franklin car. Oliver Light, Franklin dealer in Regina, Sask., arrived in Syracuse, Monday, Jan. 13, having made the 3,000 mile trip from Regina in a "Little Six" touring car. Mr. Light was accompanied by A. W. MacIvor and H. Acaster, both prominent men in Regina. The party left Regina Dec. 16. The primary motive in making the trip was to make good a bet that the Franklin "Little Six" could make the trip from Regina to the factory without any trouble this time of year. Mr. Light arrived in Syracuse three days ahead of his allotted time. The party came

of somewhat second rank. Strindberg was utterly insensitive to the mere acquaintances who surrounded him, but his life could be made or marred by the one or two intimate associations of his home; his wife, on the other hand, cared little for the domestic hearth, and was given to intense and sudden feminine friendships, which evoked lamentable suspicions in the minds of Strindberg and other people, and whether the suspicions were justified or not there is no doubt that the women in question exercised a very damaging influence over her. In the end he came to doubt the legitimacy of her children since his marriage with her, a doubt which struck at his egoism in a peculiar way: "I loved them, for they had come into my life as a pledge of my future existence. Deprived of the hope to live again in my children, I floated in mid-air, like a poor phantom, breathing through roots which were not my own."

Chief among the preserving ingredients which poor Strindberg lacked was the sense of humor. His wife's dog, which he had hated for seven years and which had been a perpetual bone of contention, reached the stage of life when its extinction became a necessity; after a farewell feast at which the dog received the breast of a chicken and the husband the bones, the wife started for town with the aged animal. After two days she returned and when her husband approached at the landing stage to kiss her she pushed him aside. "Carrying in her arms a large parcel of extraordinary shape, she walked on, slowly as if she were walking in a funeral

thoughout without any mishaps and the car did not give them any mechanical trouble at any time and no spare tires were carried. Several bad storms were encountered, particularly in North Dakota, where snow drifts three or four feet high had to be negotiated. The sloping hood of the Franklin and the windshield served as an effective snow plough.

Montreal will have four new cars this year. They are Abbott-Detroit models, three being 34-40 three passenger roadsters and will be used in the department of public works. The other is a 44-50 roadster for the city engineer.

Mr. B. P. S. Ritter, manager of the Grand Central Palace, New York City, where the N. Y. show was held in the city for the Montreal show. One of the best of the smaller exhibits I have seen" was his tribute to the local show. Mr. Ritter made arrangements, while here with railway authorities for the bringing to Montreal next summer of the Travelling Vacation Exhibition.

The Reo that made the much talked of across Canada run—the instrument that carved out the National All-Red Highway—was an interesting at the Montreal show. Driver Hancy was there too.

Of outstanding interest at the Montreal show was Mr. U. H. Dandurand's big Fiatman automobile. This car which gives all the comfort of home is unique among motor cars. Not long ago one of the enterprising "movie" made a film of Mr. Dandurand's car, while on a tour.

Fawcett! comparing the owner of an automobile with a man who owns a street piano! Yet one very original sales agent in praising the new electric starters told us "it gets you away from the hurdy-gurdy" methods of the past models."

The Lozier announces a new light six in five models: Montreal five-passenger touring body and equipment, \$3,250; Metropolitan four-passenger fully enclosed limousine body and regular equipment, \$4,450; Touring three-passenger coupe body and regular equipment, \$3,850. The motor develops more than 50 actual horsepower and a new standard of Lozier Workmanship.

A Packard statement says: "The latest day's business for mid-winter in the history of the Packard Motor Car Company was recorded on the morning of Jan. 12, when sales orders were received aggregating a quarter of a million dollars. For two months total sales were greater in volume than ever before in November and December. The scores of sales contests reveal the fact that dealers in the fifteen largest cities averaged a fifty-two per cent increase in business over any previous records for the same period."

The Royal Automobile Co., of Montreal, in the future will be a business enterprise. Automobile Garage Co., Ltd., with a \$50,000 capital. The company will maintain salesrooms at its present location, St. Denis and Ontario Streets, where the members of Cole, Stevens-Duryea and Apperson.

The Cadillac Motor Car Company has sold to the Japanese Imperial Household five 1913 Cadillac limousines. These will be the first American cars to go to the Imperial Household, as heretofore the members have used Italian, French, English and German makes.

Left drive, electric, self-starter and centralized control principal features of the cars exhibited by the Packard Motor Car Co. in the New York show.

The Studebaker has two 35's and three 25's making a complete circuit of a course of 1,100 miles with its star, and finish in Detroit. The run includes Cleveland, Toledo and Cincinnati. The purpose is to determine which cars will first give evidence of the strain that is being placed on them.

The latest report of J. Drake, treasurer of the Hupp Motor Car Company of Detroit, who is making his second tour of the world in a Hupmobile, is from Bombay, India. Mr. Drake while there was the guest of H. S. Gibbs, government construction engineer on water power development and electrical projects, and also the Hupmobile representative for India.

An automobile laundry is the latest addition to Detroit's business enterprises. Automobiles will be put through cleaning, drying and polishing processes and given back to the patrons in first class condition within 20 minutes after they enter the place. Rugs and cushions will be cleaned with compressed air.

"Panama will be soon a valuable market for American-made automobiles," said Bert Lambert, treasurer of the Hupmobile Motor Car Co., on his return from a vacation in the canal zone. "The building and opening of the Panama canal, will soon mean a new and larger market for the cars. Already there are scores of cars on the isthmus and the development of good roads by the United States government will open new fields for the motor car to conquer."

The conversion of New Jersey, a northern state to the plan of the good roads promoters, will be of much interest to all good roads promoters.

"There will be a reduction of 10 per cent in the prices of Goodyear Motor Truck Tires," announces C. W. Martin, manager motor truck department of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio. This reduction is made possible by reason of our large volume of business in motor truck tires. For the 1912 season something more than 200,000 tires have gone out from the motor truck factories, equipped with Goodyear truck tires. That means, we believe, at least, 20 per cent. of the total trucks built.

procession, with a certain rhythm as if to the strains of a funeral march. The parcel held the corpse!" To take such a woman seriously was fatal.

And after all this the man was simply unable to stay away from her. He went to Vienna, and saw resemblances to his wife in the most beautiful pictures in the art galleries, wrote her letters by the yard, and finally tore home long before he had planned. Yet by this time his suspicions were building up unimaginable fabrics of horror concerning not merely his wife's present life but her behavior in her earliest youth, and he soon left for Copenhagen to investigate matters which, even if true, were of no importance compared with the horrible present state of his family life. It is impossible to regard him at this stage as perfectly sane, though after his divorce he recovered full control of his reason. B.K.S.

ONLY POLITICAL FRIENDS

Several days ago a man called on Mayor Shank and asked for a permit to peddle until Jan. 1, saying he would take out a license at that time, and it could be dated back. The mayor was accommodating and accompanied the man to the city controller's office. "Here's one of my very best friends," said the mayor to Fred B. Akin, deputy city controller. "He wants a permit to peddle to Jan. 1." "I guess we can arrange that," replied Akin. "What is his name?" "Say," said the mayor, turning to his friend. "What is your name?" "Indiana's News."

ALL CORRECT

"I feel like thirty cents," said Peff. "And so do I," said Britty. "A man who passed said to himself: 'Those two guys look like sixty.'"

Exchange

OTTAWA SOCIETY

BY BETTY

Ottawa, January 31st, 1913.

A MARRIAGE of widespread interest took place in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church last week when Miss Helen Gilmour Ferguson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Stewart Ferguson, was united to Mr. John Clough, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Blake Clough, of Memphis, Tennessee. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. T. Herridge, Mr. J. Edgar Birch presiding at the organ. The sacred edifice was beautifully decorated for the occasion in a color scheme of green and white, the pews set aside for the guests being marked by broad white ribbons; on the entrance of the bride party, the full choir sang, "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden," and during the signing of the Register, Miss May Britton's rich contralto voice rendered, Barnaby's "Oh, Perfect Love", with good effect. The bride who was given away by her father, wore a handsome gown of Ivory satin charmeuse, with a square train, a panel of old Spanish lace falling from the shoulders at the back, was caught low down, on the train, in a knot among the draperies, coming from the front and sides; the bodice was composed entirely of the lace, with trimmings of brilliants, and brilliant buckles; the long tulle veil, being arranged in mob cap effect had a wreath of Orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of Lily of the Valley and she wore the Groom's gift, a solitaire diamond "Lavalier" set in platinum, hanging from a fine Platinum chain. The Maid of honor, Miss Georgie Ferguson, sister of the bride, and the two bridesmaids, Miss Sally MacFarlane and Miss Muriel Allen, were gowned alike in coral pink, (Nell) satin charmeuse, with long cut-away coats, faced with black velvet, and edged with folds of tulle, and having black velvet ties, they carried bouquets of deep pink sweet peas, and wore the groom's gift, gold band bracelets. Mr. Ingram Fearing, of Boston, as best man, and the four ushers, Mr. Jack Sifton, Mr. Hamilton May, Mr. Percy Shaver, and Mr. Frank Ferguson, brother of the bride, all wore the gifts of the bride, ruby and pearl tie pins. After the ceremony a large reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, who received with her daughter wearing a gown of violet satin charmeuse, with trimmings of gold lace, veiled in soft tulle, her hat, of violet, was trimmed with white ostrich plumes, and a band of the same. Mr. and Mrs. Clough left on the afternoon train for New York, en route for their future home in Memphis, the bride travelling in a suit of violet broadcloth, with cut-away coat, and a blouse of violet nylon, over shadow lace, her hat of velvet, had trimmings of French flowers, and she wore seal furs, with trimmings of sable. Among the out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Eaton, sister of the groom, Senator and Mrs. Frost, Mr. LaBelle, and Mrs. and the Misses Allen, of Smith's Falls; The Montreals, were Mr. and Mrs. George Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. George Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sparrow and Mr. Jack Sparrow, also Miss Florence Keeler, of Prescott.

AMONG recent dinner hosts, have been the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Rogers, who entertained at the Chateau Laurier, whose guests included the Hon. Louis and Madame Coderre, The Hon. the Speaker of the Senate and Madame Landry, The Speaker of the House of Commons and Mrs. Sproule, Hon. Henry and Mrs. Corby, Hon. T. and Mrs. Crothers, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Frapp, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sharpe, Mr. Bradbury M. P. and Miss Bradbury, Mr. Francis Shepherd M. P. and Mrs. Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Snider, Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, Mr. J. D. Taylor, M. P., Mr. W. F. Garland M. P. and Mrs. Garland, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Carriek. Sir Louis and Lady Davis entertained at dinner, when covers were laid for eighteen, the guests invited being Hon. Frank and Mrs. Cochrane, Hon. George H. Perley, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Duff, Colonel and Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin, Mr. and

Mrs. Archibald Parker, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Ewart, Miss Mina Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, and Major-General McKenzie. Madame L. P. Pelletier, entertained at a very enjoyable Bridge party, when cards were played at six tables; Mrs. J. G. Foster, Mrs. William McDougall, Mrs. Edgar Rhodes and Mrs. H. McDonald Walters were the prize winners; the tea table was prettily arranged with crimson roses, Mrs. Eugene Fiset and Mrs. L. C. Panet presiding, Mrs. Simeon Leveille serving the ices.

Miss Gouin, of St. Louis, Que., who has been visiting Mrs. Louis Coderre, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Hardman, of Montreal, is visiting her mother Mrs. H. F. McCarthy. Mrs. Mark Workman, Mrs. Charles Workman and Miss Bertha Lamontagne, of Montreal, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rosenthal, in whose honor their hosts entertained at tea, wearing a gown of rose colored charmeuse, and was assisted in receiving by her mother Mrs. Mark Workman, and aunt Mrs. Charles Workman, Mrs. Adolph and Mrs. Sam Rosenthal presided over the tea table, and were assisted in serving by Miss Daisy Workman and Miss Bertha Lamontagne, Miss Bahm, London Eng., Miss Mary Stewart, Miss Edith Brownlee, and the Misses Evelyn and Elsa Rosenthal.

Miss Marion Fortier, of Montreal who has been visiting Miss Helen Dowling, has returned to her home accompanied by Miss Dowling who will be her guest for some time.

Miss Bowie, of Montreal was the guest of honor at a luncheon party given for her by Mrs. W. C. Edwards, those invited to meet her being: Mrs. Edwin Frost (Smith's Falls), Mrs. Colin Forbes of London, Eng., Mrs. Drysdale Holbrooke, Miss Blackburn, Mrs. Colin Sewell, of Perth, Mrs. E. A. Petrie, Miss Edith and Miss Florence Wilson.

Madame Turgeon, of Quebec, who has been the guest of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, has left her home and is shortly sailing for England and the Continent.

Miss Adine Tache, of Montreal is visiting her uncle and aunt, Captain and Mrs. George Babin.

Mrs. Basil Fraser entertained at tea, being assisted in receiving by her sister Miss Hopkirk and Mrs. James Halliday, of Quebec; Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Alice Fraser poured tea and coffee, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Campbell Laidlaw, serving the ices.

Mrs. Henri Tache entertained at tea, in honor of some out of town visitors, receiving in a gown of purple charmeuse satin, with overdruss of grey nylon and touches of silver; Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Fiset poured the tea and coffee, Miss Josephine Tullion serving the ices, assisted in serving by Miss. Elizabeth and Miss Jeanne Chasse. Among the guests were Madame Brousseau and Madame Charles Verge, of Quebec, Madame Parent, Madame Louis Coderre, Madame Simon Leveille, Mrs. Guy Toller, Mrs. Arthur Dorey, Mrs. Archie Stewart, Miss Lily McGee, Mrs. W. H. Davis and many others.

Mr. Justice and Madame Audette, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sharples, in Quebec.

Dr. C. A. E. Harris, is sailing from New York, for England, next month.

Miss Evelyn Maynard is in Montreal, the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Maynard.

The engagement has been announced, of Miss Katie Hazen, daughter of the Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries to Mr. Hugh MacKay, son of Mr. W. Malcolm MacKay, of St. John, N. B.

The Hon. Charles and Madame Marcell have returned from Montreal to their apartments at the "Wendall".

The Speaker of the Senate and Madame Landry entertained at a very delightful dinner party at the week end when covers were laid for forty eight, the table decorations consisting of choice ferns and daffodils.

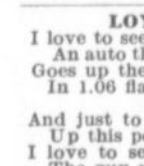
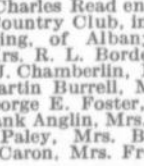
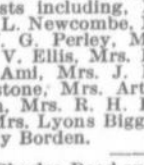
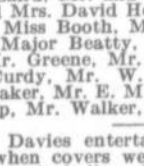
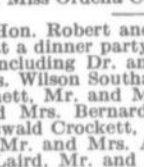
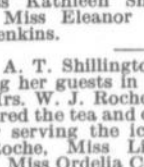
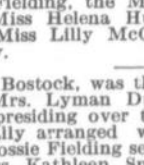
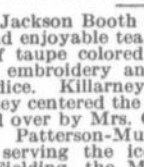
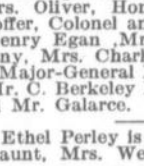
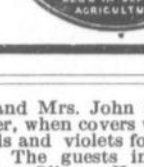
Mrs. Walter Long, has returned from a brief visit to Montreal.

The Government Leader of the Senate, Hon. J. A. Loucheud, entertained the members of the Upper House, at dinner in the Parliamentary Cafe, Sir George Ross, Leader of the Opposition sat on the right of the host, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell on the left, a most enjoyable evening was spent. The Hon. and Mrs. E. L. Borden entertained at a dinner party, when their guests were, the Speaker of the Senate and Madame Landry, the Premier of Prince Edward Island and Mrs. Matheson, Hon. Henry and Mrs. Corby, Hon. Rudolph and Madame Lemieux, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. James MacKay and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sharpe.

Madame Landry entertained at a luncheon party in the Speaker's Chambers, the hostess being gowned in deif blue chifon velvet with trimmings of cream lace. The guests included, Mrs. George E. Foster, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, Mrs. Walter Beardsmore (Toronto), Mrs. W. S. Fielding, Mrs. William McDougall, Madame Rudolph Lemieux, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. Alfred Frapp, Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Mrs. J. L. Chabot, Madame Eugene Fiset, Mrs. Proulx, Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mrs. George Paley, Mrs. S. N. Parent, Mrs. Ralph Jones, Mrs. Charles Harrison, Mrs. Walter Long, Mrs. Douglas Street, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. Frank Beard, Mrs. Henri Tache, Mrs. Fred Paget, Madame Verger, Madame Brousseau of Quebec, Mrs. E. H. Faribault, Mrs. Elzear Roy, Mrs. E. F. St. Denis, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. Lemoine.



Victrola IV \$20



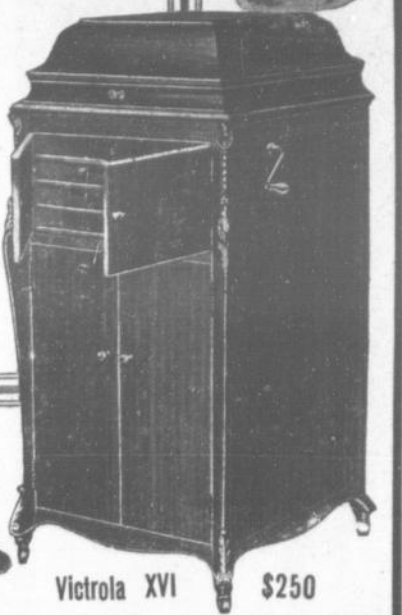
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Society

(Continued from Page 2.)

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Ewart entertained at dinner, when covers were laid for eighteen, Daffodils and violets formed the table decorations. The guests included, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver, Hon. Nesbitt and Mrs. Kirchhoff, Colonel and Mrs. J. G. Foster, Mrs. Henry Egan, Mrs. Vidal, Mrs. King, of Albany, Mrs. Charles Read, Miss Lily White, Major-General McKenzie, Mr. P. D. Ross, Mr. C. Berkeley Powell, Colonel Ramsay and Mr. Galore.

Miss Ethel Perley is in Quebec, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Webb.

Mrs. Jackson Booth entertained at a very large and enjoyable tea, wearing a handsome gown of taupe colored satin, with touches of blue embroidery and some rare lace on the bodice. Killarney roses and lily of the Valley centered the tea table, which was presided over by Mrs. Gerald Bate and Mrs. George Patterson-Murphy, Mrs. Ernest Linton serving the ices assisted by Miss Edith Fielding, the Misses Rose and Jean Fleck, Miss Helena Huxford, Miss Muriel Allen, Miss Lily McGee and Miss Hilda Murphy.

Mrs. Bostock, was the hostess at the tea hour. Mrs. Lyman Duff and Mrs. Frank Oliver presiding over the table, which was artistically arranged with golden daffodils, Miss Flossie Fielding served the ices assisted by Miss Kathleen Snowdon, Miss Molly Bonar, Miss Eleanor Machado, and Miss Ruth Jenkins.

Mrs. A. T. Shillington entertained at tea, receiving her guests in a gown of pale green satin, Mrs. W. J. Roche and Mrs. V. V. Rogers poured the tea and coffee, Mrs. Frederick Shaffer serving the ices, assisted by Miss May Roche, Miss Lillian Smythe, Miss Cramm, Miss Orelia Conn and Miss Benoit.

The Hon. Robert and Mrs. Rogers entertained at a dinner party at the Chateau, the guests including Dr. and Mrs. Chabot, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Southern, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Clare, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Hepburn, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald White, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meighen, Mr. David Laird, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. David Henderson, Lt. Colonel Clarke, Miss Booth, Miss Irwin, Mr. J. H. Fisher, Major Beatty, Mr. Donald Sutherland, Mr. Greene, Mr. Cockshutt, Mr. F. B. McCurdy, Mr. S. J. Ord, Mrs. J. P. Featherstone, Mrs. Arthur Dorey, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. R. H. Haycock, Mrs. L. K. Jones, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. W. T. White and Lady Borden.

Mrs. Charles Read entertained at luncheon at the Country Club, in honor of her guests, Mrs. King, of Albany, the other guests being Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Kirchhoff, Mrs. E. J. Chamberlin, Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Martin Burrell, Mrs. Douglas Hazen, Mrs. George E. Foster, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mrs. George Paley, Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Mrs. Adolph Caron, Mrs. Fred. Carling.

LOVE
I love to see
An auto that
Goes up the street
In 1.00 flat.
And just to finish
Up this poem,
I love to see
The guy walk home.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

EARNED A REST
Mrs. Nat Collins of Choteau, Mont., famous as the cattle queen of Montana, and who was one of the first white women to enter that state, is passing the winter in Canmore. When her husband became an invalid 20 years ago she took personal charge of the immense range and cattle business, and has conducted it ever since. She published an account some years ago of her 40 years on the plains.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clothilde Duval, daughter of the late Mr. George Duval and niece of Mrs. Edward Murphy to Mr. Ford Sherwood of Ottawa. Mrs. J. G. McCarthy, 61 Drummond St., who is Miss Duval's aunt, gave a tea in honor of the engagement on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. W. Scott Hutchinson, eldest son of Mr. Justice Hutchinson of Sherbrooke, is engaged to Miss Margaret Evelyn Waters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Waters, Mount Pleasant avenue, Westmont. The wedding is set for February 6.

The next dance of the Braelee Club will be held in Victoria Hall, Westmont, on the evening of St. Valentine's Day, Friday, February 14th. The committee includes, Mr. J. J. Milloy, Jr., Mr. W. R. MacLaren, Mr. Reg. Stroud, Mr. G. G. Hodges, Mr. M. S. Milloy, Mr. G. W. Blacklock, Mr. C. E. Kane, Mr. W. A. Kennedy, and Mr. E. Prime. The Braelee's "At Home" last Friday evening was thoroughly enjoyable and attended by about one hundred and eighty persons. The hall was effectively decorated in the club's color combination of brown and yellow.

The ball given by the Lieut.-Governor at Winnipeg last week was the first of a series of three dances to be given at Government House. Mrs. Homer Dixon took the place of her mother, Mrs. Cameron, who was not able to appear on account of a heavy cold. The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Dixon received the guests in the green and rose drawing-room, which made an effective back ground to the varied and beautiful toilettes of the ladies and to the handsome scarlet uniforms of the officers. The orchestra played in the ball-room from behind a screen of palms. Mrs. Dixon's gown, of a lovely shade of blue chifon, was accented by a tunic of Limerick lace was worn over. Mrs. Homer Dixon was noted for her tasteful toilettes when she stayed in Cairo a season or two ago.

The delightful American custom of girl parties is obtaining in Montreal. There was a very successful example at the Ritz Carlton on Monday, Jan. 27th, when Miss Winnifred Tait entertained fourteen girl friends at lunch. The table decorations formed a scheme of yellow carried out chiefly in jonquils. Amongst the guests were Miss Beatrice Hanson, Miss Madeline de Althea Graham, Miss Alexandrina McArthur, Miss Hester Peek, Miss Edythe Ross, Miss Edith Creelman and Miss Ridout and Miss Philippa Macmaster. It was in honor of the last two ladies that the luncheon was arranged.

Mrs. F. Gilday, Bishop street, received quite a large number of guests at her "tea" on Saturday last. She was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Pope of Cookshire, and by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Thos. Gilday, Sen'r. Mrs. F. Gilday wore a most distinguished gown of purple velvet, Mrs. Pope was in "bleu marin" relieved with touches of cherry colour, and Mrs. Gilday Sen'r, wore black satin handsomely relieved with white lace. Yellow tulips and purple orchids formed the very original floral decorations at the tea table, where Mrs. McLeannan dispensed tea and Mrs. R. H. Craig served coffee. Mrs. A. R. Penneyrout cut the ices. Miss L. Armstrong, Mrs. C. C. Ronalds, Mrs. Ernest Blackburn and Miss Beatrice Grant were amongst the ladies assisting.

Mrs. D. W. Campbell gave a very successful tea last Friday at her residence on Cote des Neiges Road. The rooms were prettily decorated for the occasion with daffodils, ferns and orchids. The hostess looked charming in a dark blue velvet gown. Mrs. E. A. Robert and Mrs. J. G. Ross poured the tea and coffee, while Mrs. A. E. Cook and Mrs. McLennan cut the ices. The young ladies assisting were the Misses Hodgson, the Misses Ross, Miss Kathleen Drummond, Miss Dorothy Thompson, Miss Eileen Thompson, Miss A. Gardener and Miss M. Waugh.

The engagement, just announced, of Lady Ada Edwina Stewart Roberts,

has a world-wide interest. Admirers in both hemispheres of this lady's famous soldier father, Field Marshall Earl Roberts, all write to wish her happiness. The bridegroom is Major Henry Frederick Elliot Lewin, of the Royal Field Artillery.

The engagement is announced in Flushing, N.Y., of Miss Ethel J. H. Crosby, daughter of the late Mr. Allan Howard Crosby, of New York, to Mr. Alured A. Cunningham, of London, England.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Talpis, 34 St. Louis Square, announce the engagement of their niece, Miss M. Lerman to Mr. S. Halpern, of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Foster, Ottawa, announce the engagement of their daughter, Katherine, to Mr. Carroll Atkins, son of the late J. Somerset Atkins, of Winnipeg. Mr. Carroll Atkins is a nephew of Dr. C. W. Colby, of Montreal.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frederica Alice Farrell, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Farrell, to Mr. William J. Dunn, son of Mr. Michael Dunn. The marriage will take place on February 3rd, in St. Anthony's Church.

The marriage takes place in England this month of Naomi Veronica, younger daughter of Colonel Anstey, late Royal Engineers, and Mrs. Anstey, of 45 Beaufort Gardens, London, to Sir George Houstoun-Boswell, late Grenadier Guards, of Blackadder, Berwickshire, Scotland. Sir George is the grandson of the late Sir Hugh Allan, of Montreal.

From England comes the news of the engagement of Lady Beatrice Edith Mildred Cecil, elder daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury and granddaughter of the late Marquis, Premier of England and leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Lords. Lady Beatrice is to marry the Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, M.P. for the Denbigh District, only son of Lord and Lady Harlech of Brogyntyn, Shropshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watson, recently of Glasgow, Scotland, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Mary Niven, to Mr. Frederick Ernest Fox, youngest son of Mr. Thomas M. Fox, of Westmont.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. Beatrice Mignault, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Mignault, of Cookshire, Que., to Mr. Arthur Brault, of Calgary, Alberta. The marriage takes place the latter part of the month.

Miss Vivian Boulton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Colton, is engaged to Mr. Walter Willison, son of Sir John and Lady Willison.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cassilis announce the engagement of their daughter Miss Agnes Shearer Cassilis to Mr. John Pullen of Montreal.

The engagement is announced of Miss Winnifred McLaughlin, daughter of the late Mr. John McLaughlin, to Mr. William J. Ryan, son of the late Mr. John J. Ryan. The marriage will take place in St. Agnes Church on January 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Eaves, Mount Stephen Avenue, Westmont, have returned from New York.

Mrs. Bell Glendenning, Mackay street was the hostess at an enjoyable "bridge" on Friday evening, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Eugene Walker, of New York.

His honor, the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Langellier gave an at home, at Spencer Wood, Quebec last week. Signora Cortesi and the Misses Cortesi who have been the guests of Mrs. R. Carlyle Jamieson, Sherbrooke street, are leaving early this week to visit friends in Hamilton and Toronto. They will sail for Italy about the beginning of February.

The marriage of Mr. A. Z. Reid, manager of the Molson's bank Ste. Flave Station to Miss Maria L'Arve of Mont Joli is announced to take place Jan. 14th.

Mrs. Robert Shipman announces the engagement of her daughter, Roberta Ward, to Meredith S. Hayes of New York. Mr. Hayes is the son of Dr. and Mrs. M. D. Hayes of

Hendon, London, England. The marriage will take place quietly Jan. 22nd.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ellison announce the engagement of their daughter Rebecca, to Mr. Maurice Rubin, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rubin.

Miss Winnifred McLaughlin, daughter of the late Mr. John McLaughlin, is to be married to Mr. W. J. Ryan, in St. Agnes Church.

Miss Berthe Chevrier of Rigaud was married on Tuesday, Jan. 7th, to Mr. A. E. Saucier of Montreal.

Miss Nina Florence Franhum of Montreal, formerly of London, England is engaged to Mr. Robert Kirkpatrick Scott of Aberdeen, Scotland.

Mrs. Hebert Troop, formerly Miss Sladen, received for the first time since her marriage on Jan. 28th and 29th at 92 Ste. Famille Street. The hostess wore a becoming dress of Saxe blue satin relieved with shadow lace and was assisted by Mrs. Gerald Bogert who was in black and white satin. Pink carnations and hyacinths and daffodils in profusion adorned the reception rooms.

Mrs. Gordon Blackader (Miss Kathleen Newberry received for the first time since her marriage on January 27th in the Carlton, 242, Sherbrooke. The hostess was attired in a graceful Brussels lace. Mrs. Blackader senior assisted in receiving, wearing a handsome black satin dress veiled and draped in black net embroidered in jet. Brilliant red picotees formed an effective floral decoration to the tea tables. Mrs. Colin Kemp and Mrs. William Redpath dispensed refreshments assisted by Miss Hester Peek, Miss Constance Sutherland, Miss Forbes Sutherland, Miss Jean Bovey, Miss Brenda Hebben and Miss Kathleen Black.

Very enjoyable was the dance given at Ottawa on January 27th by the daughters of the Hon. C. J. Doherty and Mrs. Doherty at 322 Frank Street. The Misses Doherty entertained in honour of Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick who is to be married to Mr. Monty Bate on February 4th.

The Misses Doherty received the guests with their aunt, Mrs. J. P. Cassidy of Montreal and Miss K. Fitzpatrick. The bride elect wore a fascinating frock of pale blue satin trimmed with rare lace. The hall, library and drawing room were used as sitting out rooms, dancing taking place in the drawing room which was a perfect bower of pink flowers.

Amongst those present were:

Miss Muriel Allen, Miss Dorothy White, Miss Ethel Perley, Miss Katie and Miss Frances Hazen, Miss May Roche, Miss Edith Cochrane, Misses Beatrice and Gabrielle Belcourt, Miss Violet Biggar, Miss Marie Beard, Miss Beatrice Chadwick, Miss Mary Grey, Miss Mollie Black, Miss Pauline Hecker, Miss Hilda Sherwood, Miss Labatt of London, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. John Hackett of Stansfeld, Que., Miss Mildred Lamb, Miss Antoinette Parker, and Messrs. Monty Bate, Lucien Lamothe, Watt, Creighton, David Parker, Arthur Black, Mr. Skene, Captain Doucet, Messrs. Douglas Nelles, Irvine, Livius Sherwood, Hugh Fraser, Chas. Fellows, John Allan, Palmer Wright, Norman Lyall, W. Warden.

Miss Fleurance Nantel daughter of the late Hon. G. A. Nantel, was married to Mr. Paul Watel of Paris France, on Tuesday, January 28th, at St. James Cathedral which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with palms and white flowers. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Bruchesi. The bride who was given away by her cousin, Mr. E. P. Lachapell, was wearing a becoming gown of white charmeuse. The best man was Senator L. O. David, and the groomsmen were Mr. Beady Leblanc and Mr. Horace Perodeau. The two bridesmaids Miss Pauline Lemieux and Miss Paule Dansereau, were gowned alike in pink nylon de soie costumes, with large picture hats. Little Miss Marguerite Garnain acted as flower girl, and was wearing a pretty dress of white nylon de soie and carried a basket of sweet peas. The ushers were Mr. Pierre Charbon and Mr. Rene Beaulieu. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Ritz-Carlton, and later Mr. and Mrs. Watel left for a honeymoon trip at Palm Beach, Florida, on their return from which they will take up their residence in Paris.

Principals in the Latest Ottawa Society Wedding



MR. ALEXANDER LORN McDOUGALL.

MRS. ALEXANDER LORN McDOUGALL NEE MISS HOPE FORSYTHE WURTELE.



To-day's Dinner— A Hundred Dishes in a Single Packet.

Whatever there is for dinner to-day, you can improve it by the aid of Edwards' Soup. First of all, empty a packet of Edwards' into water and let it boil for half an hour, stirring now and then.

If it's a joint, just stir a little of the made soup into the gravy and note the improvement in flavour and savour.

If it's a stew you'll be surprised how much more tempting you can make it by adding Edwards' Soup.

If it's the dreaded "cold dinner" you certainly need Edwards' Soup in the kitchen to-day. Warm those cold pieces up, and add the made Edwards' Soup and you have already made a hash fit for a prince.

If it's a soup, just pop a little Edwards' Soup in the saucepan when you start—you'll never forget to do it again.

EDWARDS' SOUPS

Edwards' Soup is a grand thick nourishing soup in itself—it comes to you in dry granulated form all ready for the saucepan.

5c. per packet.

Edwards' Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The brown variety is a thick nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

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YOUR MONEY AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT BY THE INSIDER

THE annual meeting of the Crown Reserve Mining Company held last week was full of tremendous significance to the shareholders. I remember the first annual meeting of the company when shareholders who had "backed their luck" went in hundreds to the meeting and heard Mr. Cohen's report of developments which seemed to point to the possession of a great mine. At this distant date we now know that there was no exaggeration—underestimation, we might call it—and Crown Reserve has done all and more than the most enthusiastic shareholder dreamed of. To think that the stock of this company went a-begging at six cents a share, and that the mine has produced since that time silver having a net value of nearly \$8,000,000, makes the mine one of the world-romances of mining companies.

This is not all, because, within the past twelve months the directors took a portion of the company's surplus, secured an option on a likely looking prospect at Porcupine, developed or prospected the same, and now has a new mine, without increase of capital and in every sense strictly velvet. The mine at Porcupine has enough gold ore in sight to justify the president's statement that the nominal capital of Crown Reserve is there waiting to be removed. Thus the romance of Canada's great silver mines is to be continued, and notwithstanding that the company already has made several millionaires and has set up thousands of shareholders, past and present, with the where-withal to participate in Canada's general business development, it produces, like the conjuror and the rabbit trick, another source of revenue, which already assures the repayment of the entire Crown reserve capital, but gives every evidence of becoming a permanent dividend payer on the capital controlled by the parent company. Col. John Carson and his associates have demonstrated the wisdom of conducting mining operations on a business-like basis, and the foolishness

of going off at half-cock in the expensive operation of gold mine development.

Just how closely is international finance and business interwoven was never better demonstrated than by the phenomenal depreciation in European securities between 30th Sept., and 12th. Oct. 1912, when the Balkan war was declared. The market depreciation amounted to the stupendous total of \$7,000,000,000. If our so-called humanity will permit of war, there is something, touching the pockets, which will act as a very decided brake upon the war-making machinery of the ambitious chancelleries.

Very little information was given out at the annual meeting of the Carriage Factories, but I have a strong belief that what was given to the shareholders, was extremely conservative. It seems that the company has written off with an unusually liberal hand, and no one can say that this is not in the best interests of the shareholders, though it is not the kind of thing to impress the stock market operators. If the management has cut everything down to the bone, there is great promise of a fine statement during the current year. The company's gross business shows a healthy sales organization, and with practically all of the organization expenses wiped out and the fact that the economies for which consolidation was made, there should be a substantial surplus which should make the preferred stock look cheap at around current levels.

There now seems to be little question as to the dividend increase of Detroit United stock and though some traders profess to look for a seven per cent rate, I do not expect such a liberal change from the present rate of dividend. In all the circumstances the shareholders will be thoroughly satisfied with a six per cent rate. If the franchise questions were settled it would be a different matter, but so long as there is political uncertainty the company is not likely to encroach upon its profits to a greater extent than is necessary to meet the shareholders' reasonable requirements.

C. P. R. looks to me to be the "best buy" on the list when the Balkan affair is finally eliminated as a market factor. I would not go so far as to advise the purchase of the stock while there is any possibility of a further flare-up over the Balkan-Turkey mess, but I will go so far as to say that C. P. R. at ten points higher than the current market price will be a good buy when the Peace is finally declared. C. P. R. has been thoroughly liquidated on the Continent, there is a considerable short interest in the stock in Germany and New York, and this will be a big factor in a sudden advance when Europe decides to take back the stock which was sold during the entire period covered by the Balkan war. We must also take into account the very heavy increases in the company's business, such increases being all the more significant on top of the phenomenal gains of the corresponding weeks of 1912 over 1911. I believe that within six months of the declaration of peace C. P. R. will go to within 5 points of the 300 mark.

It appears to be pretty well demonstrated that the Montreal purchasers of the Standard Coal Mines Company will have beautifully engraved certificates to hang upon the walls of their homes, which ought to have the effect of an artistic education, if it does not prove a lesson to people to shun those security offerings which will pay 3,000 per cent. and which "will positively advance next Tuesday."

On the resumption of a bull campaign in the general list in Montreal and Toronto, I look for a vigorous advance in the market price of Twin City stock. This security has been neglected for some months, and is relatively the cheapest traction stock on the market. Sooner or later the market will wake up to find the stock in the neighborhood of a twenty per cent. premium.

Despite the comparatively poor crop year which somewhat affected Dominion Canners profits, and the fact that the stock had a substantial rise at the time the initial dividend and bonus were declared, I believe that the stock should have great attraction for the speculative investor. Under normal conditions the profits are enormous, being many times the amount of dividend requirements. A great proportion of past profits has been put back into the plant, and I believe that within two years the dividend will be nearer ten per cent. than the present six per cent. rate. The company is having more competition than in the past, but competition is exceedingly healthy if not overdone. The only cloud I see is the remote possibility of Governmental interference on account of the Company's profit-earning capabilities. The strictly conservative investor cannot do better than look around for some of the gilt-edge high yielding securities now being offered by the best class bond houses. I look for a gradual appreciation in the market for municipal and public utility bonds and as these bonds mature at a long-distant date, the investor will have an assured income of high yield and absolute safety. I am not alone in this viewpoint, as some of the best-informed bond houses are already urging their clients to take advantage of the golden opportunity.

The industrial preferred stock is rapidly becoming the fashion as a "business man's investment." The man who is not entirely dependent upon dividends for revenue and who can watch the business of the country

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS

PLAIN, CHILI, TOMATO SAUCE.

For the Worker a
nourishing Strength
Producing and Satisfying Meal.

ABSOLUTELY
THE BEST



For the Epicure a
Dainty Palatable
and Appetizing
Dish.

COOKED TO
A NICETY

CLARK'S "Chateau" CONCENTRATED "Brand" SOUPS

Highly concentrated, prepared only from the purest and best material.
Saves kitchen labor, requires only the addition of water, and heating.

THE FINEST OBTAINABLE.



W. CLARK, MONTREAL.

carefully, is attracted by the comparatively high yield and the possibility of market enhancement if the general prosperity is maintained.

HOW HE KNEW

Mr. Andrew Wilson knows a man who has an absolute habit of doing things the wrong way round. His friends have long speculated whether it is malice or merely absentmindedness. The other day A.A.W. had business in the Bank of Montreal, where it will be remembered the entrance and exit doors are marked respectively "Out" and "In". As Mr. Wilson and a friend came down the big hall from the counter a figure disappeared through the door.

"There goes Blank," said Mr. Wilson. "How on earth do you know," said his friend "you only saw a piece of his back."

"Yes, I know," said the Stock Exchange ex-president, "but he went out by the in door."

COMPLIMENT FOR CARUSO

Mr. Murray Williams, stock broker, employs an Italian to tend his furnace, whose name is Michael Angelo and who discourses in broken English in the liquid tones which go only with a birth certificate dated Naples or Milan. He has also a violin and a bunch of Caruso records. The other evening Murray was rendering "La Donna E Mobile" for the benefit of his family, when up spake his young son:

"Is he singing in French?"
"No; in Italian."

"There," said the stockbroker's little daughter, "I thought it sounded like Michael Angelo's voice."

FIGURED IT OUT

At a trial in Macon recently a Negro was on the witness stand, says the Times-Democrat. He testified that a man who had been knocked down lay on the ground five minutes and the opposing lawyer challenged the statement. To test the accuracy of the witness he took out his own watch and asked the Negro to tell him when five minutes was up. The Negro told him correctly. As he was leaving the court room the lawyer caught up with him.

"Plum," he said, "I'll forgive you if you'll tell me how you did it."

"Yes, boss," said the Negro. "Ah just figured it out."

"Figured it out?"

"Yes, sah, by de clook on de wall behine you."

He: "I know that Storms, the come-dian, would come to the front." She-

"Has he, has he?" He: "Yes. You remember he used to play the part of the hind leg of the elephant in the pantomime? Well, now he plays the front legs."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Socialism for Ladies.

In spite of the blizzard of Thursday last an interesting and interested audience met in large numbers in the Association Hall of Victoria College to hear Professor Skelton of Queen's University, Kingston, speak on Socialism, before the Women's Canadian Club.

The President of the Club, Mrs. Walton, welcomed the lecturer in a graceful speech.

The lecturer defined Socialism as the seamy side of the advance of industrialism, which had its serious as well as its prosperous side. It was not the creation of a few men's brains but the natural development of circumstances. It was the protest by the working man against the aggression of capital. A hundred years ago the predominating type of industry was the small workshop. There was no elaborate machinery and it was possible for the master to be in close relation with the man. During the last century, however, there have been tremendous changes. The machinery in use is most complicated, thousands of workmen are employed and operations are on a gigantic scale. In old days an industrious workman might hope one day to be in the position of master and, in a small way, an employer of labor. Such a thing was not possible now and the point most visible to the men was that they had no voice in the distribution of capital. The workman gets more and more discontented as he finds it impossible to take any guiding part in the huge system.

The workman of today has better wages than the workman of a century ago; and the law protects him better. It seems strange to some observers that the advance in the prosperity of workmen has advanced side by side with industrial discontent. The point to be remembered is that the workman of today compares himself, not with his own ancestor but with the man he meets on the street who is obviously better off than himself. The invention of the cheap newspaper has made it easy to spread industrial discontent. The sins of wealth are continually kept before the poor man. He has asked himself what expedient should be adopted to enable him to get control of capital. Shall it be done by the State? Or by co-operation and organization so that the industries shall be self-administered.

Socialism deals with the enlightenment of capital, the analysis of capital and the substitution of capital. It condemns wasteful competition, the adulteration of food, it protests against the way the poor are treated

and against shams, such as the rage for so-called Queen Anne styles in furniture. In speaking of the adulteration of food Professor Skelton alluded to the story of the factory girl whose business it was to make the wooden pips for the raspberry jam. Socialism protests against financial frauds, bad working conditions, too long hours.

Over half the organized Socialists in the world are to be found in Germany; in fact, every third man in Germany is one. The Universal suffrage brought in by Bismarck some forty years ago enables the German working man to take an active part in affairs. Also, the German capacity for organization has had a good deal to do with building up the Socialist party. The German Socialist Party in the Reichstag is becoming more like the English Radical Party. Other political parties make use of the Socialist Party as a means of expressing discontent with any existing measures.

In France Socialists are less numerous. France is an agricultural country, a land of peasant proprietors; a land of small workshops, dealing in lines of industry that call for individual skill. The number of people to whom Socialism would appeal is not great. But although Socialism in France never had the strength or the numbers that it had in Germany it has more influence on the Government as it is in touch with the advanced Radical party.

In England Socialists have never had much authority. They can let off steam in Hyde Park without police interference and no one is the worse. Besides, Trades Unionism is strong in England. At one time Trades Unions were immune as a body from legal proceedings but the Taff Vale decree decided that they could be summoned. It was after this decree that the Labor Party was founded.

The lecturer gave a lucid account of Syndicalism, which attacks Socialism, declaring that it is out of touch with the working man, having absorbed the House of Commons atmosphere. The chief weapons of Syndicalism are "Sabotage" and "general strikes". Sabotage is a system of annoying the employer without actually going on strike.

At the conclusion of the lecture Miss Campbell offered the thanks of the Club in a few well-chosen words. Amongst those present were Messdames Greenshields, Evans, Ballantyne, Stevens, Gault, MacTier, Scott, Thom, Reford, McDougall, Baubien and Misses Trenholme and Campbell.

The Merry Westmounters

Some of the Leading Hits in the Very Latest Farce Revue.

CAST.

Ex-King Jo-Jo, deposed monarch of Westmount..... Mr. William Galbraith
King Jo-Jo, emperor of Westmount..... Mr. McA. Murphy
Count Slam Slam, prime minister of Westmount..... Mr. McKergow
Count Flam Flam..... Mr. McLagan
Count Jam Jam..... Mr. Shepherd
Baron Ham Ham..... Mr. Brown
Baron Cam Cam..... Mr. Graftey
Baron Bam Bam..... Mr. Lamb
Bell-O the Court Jester..... Ex-Ald. McBride

Shades of departed Westmounters, members of municipal association, civic officials, and (a few) ordinary citizens, to be used as needed.
Opening chorus of Shades of Departed Westmounters.

O to be in Westmount
Now Election's there
And Galbraith's making speeches
And war is in the air.
The robin sings in Westmount
As loud as he knows how,
But his dulcet tones can't reach you
They're making SUCH a row
In Westmount, now.

King Jo-Jo's song. Scene in front of Victoria Hall. Enter King Jo-Jo, followed by the Jester.

Jo-Jo sings.
Old King Cole was a merry old soul as often has been stated
But to my mind his merriment is sadly over-rated.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, with splendid regularity
And with these extraneous aids acquired a name for jocularly.
Now gaze on me and you'll observe, a monarch tried and trusty,
Who has a "rep" for funny stuff that isn't half so dusty.
Ha ha! ho ho! he he he he he he!
I need no outside help at all to rouse hilarity.
Ha ha! ho ho! he he he he he he!
I need no outside help at all to rouse hil-ar-it-ee.
Jester.—He needs no outside help at all to rouse hil-ar-it-ee.

Court Jester's song. Scene—Interior of Upper Level Fire Station.
Court Jester sings.

In all the ancient history
That is not wrapt in mystery
You'll find if you should care to seek
Some mention of the Jester's cheek.
Talking front or talking back
The Jester never words will lack,
He always has a lot to say
And that is how he earns his pay.

Chorus.
O a jolly good job had the Jester,
A jolly good job had he,
And there never was a better Jester
Than you find here in me.
His line of conversation wasn't brainy,
But he always made an awful lot of noise.
So though I hate to boast, or other folks to roast, WELL,
How about me for a Jester, boys?
Chorus (civic officials, and ordinary citizens),
How about him for a Jester boys?

The Chairman's song. Sung by King Jo-Jo, with chorus of members of Municipal Association. Scene—Interior Victoria Hall.

In set deliberation
After solemn meditation
Of duly affidavit Electors
We have made our nominations
And appointed to their stations
All the Court officials, dustmen, and inspectors.
Let no one dare prevent us
Or attempt to contravert us
On pain of sudden death with awful torture.
For I'll take them each by each
And I'll make them each a SPEECH
And when I make a SPEECH, it is a scorching.

Chorus.
Ordah! please (a wallopp with the gavel).
Let no one dare to whisper, cough, or smile, or sneeze.
Ordah! please (a wallopp with the gavel).
Ordah! please (a wallopp with the gavel).
See how everybody cringes to my ORDAH, PLEASE!

King Jo-Jo.—We will now put the motion.

Bell-O.—I object. The roof leaks.

King Jo-Jo.—Ordah, please!

Ex-King Jo-Jo.—Fellow citizens. Hear me. I WILL speak.

King Jo-Jo.—Ordah! please. I will now put the motion. Carried unanimously.

First Ordinary Citizen.—What was the motion?

Second Ordinary Citizen.—How on earth should I know?

Curtain.

The Montreal Opera

Some Reflections on the
Third Season which has
just been brought to a close

THE third season of the Montreal Opera Company has just closed. The first season was one of eight weeks but the second and third have been of one month's longer duration. Unquestionably the general quality and standard of the performances given has improved each year; obviously the taste for opera has been more widely developed.

It was inevitable that this should have been accomplished only at a considerable financial loss to those responsible for the expenses of the enterprise. Grand Opera is, and always will be, a luxury, until our whole social system has been revolutionized. But Grand Opera also is a form of art which is steadily becoming more cosmopolitan in its appeal. In this connection, Montreal has made headway more rapidly than Boston, whose citizens claim the leadership in the artistic life of the United States, or Chicago, whose people, whenever they find time to give the subject a moment's thought, violently dispute Boston's superior claim.

I believe that Montreal wants Grand Opera today; I am convinced that Canada will want it tomorrow. But I am also compelled to conclude that at the present moment we have come to a crucial phase of our artistic development. Let us, therefore, examine this phase, and endeavor to discern what the future may be assumed to hold in store.

A consideration of the existing operative situation necessarily involves a brief retrospect. The past season has witnessed performances six nights a week for twelve weeks. Including double bills, we have had seventy-eight representations of Grand Opera. In addition, there have been twelve concerts given on Saturday afternoons. Colonel Meighen, to whose enterprise and public spirit is due, as everybody must recognize, the fact that opera has been established in this city, is on record as stating that the close of the season brought with it for himself and those associated with him "a disillusion little short of brutal." He estimates the total expenditures in round figures at \$144,000, and the gross receipts at \$125,000.

This would indicate a face deficit of \$19,000. The actual fact, however, is that after deducting the theatre's percentage and other expenses additional to those of the actual performances, the Montreal season shows a deficit of approximately \$35,000. The company has gone on tour, and advance sales and this week's business in Quebec indicate that the tour will close with a small deficit of about \$5,000. Thus the total discrepancy between receipts and expenditures for the full season in and outside of this city will probably be about \$40,000. These figures, roundly, may be accepted as official.

This was the amount of the deficit for the season of 1911-1912. Colonel Meighen himself defrayed the total deficit for the first season, but last year he was aided to some extent in meeting the \$40,000 shortage by a guarantee fund. The exact amount of this fund has never been made public, but I am in a position to state that it was not sufficient to relieve Colonel Meighen of more than a very minor proportion of the responsibility for making good the loss.

Sir Montagu Allan who has charge of the guarantee fund has issued a circular to a number of the wealthiest citizens in Montreal, asking them to come to the assistance of the company. It is upon the result of this appeal that the future—not the existence—of Grand Opera in Montreal depends.

When the Montreal Opera Company was organized, it was publicly announced that it would be controlled by an advisory board. But it is stating a simple fact to say that the company, since its inception, has been largely, if not wholly, under a one-man control. When Colonel Meighen undertook the sole responsibility, it was only natural that he should feel inclined to control the organization he was financing.

There can be no possible question as to the sincerity and the disinterestedness of Colonel Meighen's attitude. But we have to deal with facts as they are. If a business man employs a manager, he does not, if he is wise, interfere with that manager's management, so long as he is getting results. When the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York engaged Signor Gatti-Casazza, they gave him a free hand in regard to administration. They have not come between him and his work. The results have fully justified not only the wisdom of their choice but also the wisdom of their policy. The case of Grand Opera establishment to the lavish generosity of one of its millionaires, Mr. Jordan, is even more appropos. Mr. Jordan and his associates are content to leave the administration of the company to Mr. Henry Russell; and in that instance also the results have shown that they were well advised so to do.

In both cases—and similar examples could be cited—the general public, which pays to hear Grand Opera, has been satisfied. But it is useless to try to disguise the fact that in Montreal there has been no small amount of dissatisfaction.

Now the selection of an operative repertoire is beyond any argument the duty of the Director-General. But in this respect it has not been Mr. Jeannotte, but Colonel Meighen, who has made the selections. It is inevitable that an enthusiastic amateur will be influenced, in such a case, by his personal preferences rather than by public considerations. No other explanation is possible, in my opinion, of the fact that we have had six performances of "Faust" and five performances of "Romeo et Juliette."

If the public response to these occasions was unsatisfactory from a box office standpoint, the public is not to blame. It is very easy to have a great deal too much of a good thing. To play "Romeo et Juliette" five times in twelve weeks is to invite a half-empty house.

Moreover, the division of operas has been another cause of dissatisfaction. Twelve French operas have been presented, and nine Italian. Of the former, forty-six performances have been given. Of the latter, thirty-two. Some of the selections of operas were made against the opinion of the Director-General. Messrs. Whitney, Winthrop, and their associates in New York, do not dictate to Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Toscanini as to the repertoire; Mr. Jordan and his associates in Boston do not dictate to Mr. Russell; and Andreas Dippel has a free hand in Chicago.

The closing weeks of the opera saw another gravamen of complaint. Operas announced for certain nights were changed without any apparent cause; casts were changed to a still greater extent. I am well aware that in every opera house in the world such changes are occasionally rendered imperative, either by reason of the sudden illness of artists or some other uncontrollable cause. But when they are made without any such cause, then they constitute a valid ground for the public to complain.

At the commencement of the season the subscribers were given to understand that there would be no repeat performances on subscription nights in the same week. The fact that this undertaking has been not observed has been another source of dissatisfaction on the part of the subscribers.

Colonel Meighen is quoted in a French paper as saying:—

"The public has not given us the support that we expected." In support of this statement he is further quoted as stating, in the same paper:—

"During January we gave 'Aida' with artists of the first class, including Signor Zeni, who sang for the first time in Montreal on that occasion. That night we had a right to expect a fine audience, had we not? Well, the deficit was \$700." Other similar cases were cited.

But in the case of this particular performance of "Aida" and in some other cases, the public are unjustly blamed. The officials of the opera company themselves stated on the nights in question that the house was sold out. I personally saw every seat filled, and scores of people standing at the back, or two of the occasions quoted as nights when the public did not support the opera as it ought to have done.

The fault lay in the fact that the capacity of the theatre, at the prices charged, was inadequate to permit of receipts which would meet the expenditure. The public is not to blame if the seating capacity is insufficient to allow of the expenses being met. Colonel Meighen cannot help that fact, either; but he ought not to lay the blame of the public.

The opera management have three remedies. The first is to abandon the one-man control above the Director-General, and either leave things entirely in his hands—as New York, Boston, and Chicago do,—or appoint a small advisory body that will be such in reality, and not merely in name, as has been the case here hitherto. The second is to cut down the season from twelve to eight weeks for Montreal. The third is to raise the prices, or to secure such a guarantee fund at the outset of the season as shall permit of arrangements being made with the knowledge that a deficit will be met without complaints in the public press and begging letters sent out at the end of the season.

The increased cost of producing opera nowadays is not due, as so many people think, to the higher

salaries stars are paid. I have the authority of Robert Grau, the son of the famous Maurice Grau, of Metropolitan fame for the statement that Caruso receives very little more than Jean de Reszke did, and that apart from Caruso there are no singers on the Metropolitan Opera House roster who are receiving the sums paid in his father's day, when Melba had \$1,600 a night; Calve, \$1,750; Eames, \$1,000; Nordica, \$800; Ternina, \$800; La Salle, \$600; Plancon, \$600; Edouard de Reszke, \$800; and Victor Maurel, \$600.

If the Montreal Opera management find that they cannot meet their expenses on nights when they have expensive stars singing, then there is only one recourse: either increase the prices or avoid engaging the stars. The latter would not be a politic move, as it would tend to decrease public interest. But I am confident that an increase in the prices would not result in a falling-off in public patronage of the opera.

The solution of every difficulty is, of course, the establishment of an Opera House here. Opinions differ as to the time being ripe for such an undertaking. The cost would be exceedingly heavy, of course, and opera alone would not begin to pay a satisfactory interest on the investment. But if a real estate organization built an Opera House with business premises attached, there is good reason to believe that the investment as a whole would pay well enough.

For the present, however, we have to deal with things as they are, and at present His Majesty's theatre is the only building in this city in which Grand Opera can be given with satisfactory artistic results. A taste for opera has been created and requires to be satisfied. We shall have an opera season next year, but the problems to be solved are, as I have indicated such as call for co-operation between the paying public and the producing organization. Without this there can be no satisfactory results.

Nothing in the foregoing is intended to be construed as suggesting that the season's opera was not, on the whole, a marked advance on what had been given in the two previous seasons. The operation of a working exchange arrangement with the Boston Opera Company has enabled Montreal to hear several artists whose standing is high in the world of music, and at least three whose reputation is worldwide.

It has also given us three or four different interpretations of several famous roles, such as Scarpia, Tosca, and Mimì; and—what is of even greater importance—it has set a standard from which the Montreal Opera Company must in future work upwards—a standard that has created an appetite among opera-goers here for something superior to the opera they had had before.

If I were asked what I considered the most notable performances, I should be inclined to say:—Edvina's Louise; Carmen Melis's Thais; Jean Riddez's Herod; Elizabeth Amsten's Aida; Maria Claessens's Amneris; Zeni's Manrico and Rhadames; Rossi's Scarpia and Count di Luna; and Fornari's Figaro. These ten interpretations were every one up to a really great standard; they were incomparably the dominating features of the season, alike in strength of characterization, in dramatic power, and in vocal charm.

It seems a great pity that the dearth of good tenors should have struck us so forcibly this season. While there is little justification for the dictum that a tenor is not a man but a disease, it is unfortunately true that a bad tenor is much worse than the carache. The French lyric tenor of the company, M. Conrad, was a failure. The robust tenor, M. Lafitte, possesses a very fine robust tenor voice, and at times, in certain roles, was

a delight to hear, although his acting was rarely above the level of mediocrity, and his singing in general lacked skill in coloring. It is useless to cast a robust tenor for a lyric tenor role and expect him to achieve success. M. Lafitte trying to sing the Flower Song in "Carmen" is about as near what one has a right to expect as M. Clement trying to sing "Di Quella Pira" in "Il Trovatore" would be. Similarly, to cast Jean Riddez, a born tragedian, as the fat, jolly, simple-minded Boniface of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" savors of the irresponsible.

However, in some instances the management had little or no choice. No attempt had, apparently, been made to fill the place of Colombini, and of all the members of the previous season's organization, he was unquestionably the most sorely missed. The imitation tenors who came in a stream from Boston—and were shipped back almost as quickly—created an impression little short of painful.

In baritones we have been singularly fortunate. The highly polished art of Fornari, of Polesse, of Riddez, of Rossi, could not be excelled anywhere on the North American continent today. Huberty and Goddard have upheld the bass section; and Claessens, in the three roles of Amneris, Azucena and Herodiade, has exemplified the highest operatic traditions. Mme. Scotney gave us a fine example of the soprano gymnast. The coloratura singer is, however, little more than a freak in opera when she can do hardly anything but sing.

The disappointment of the season was Maria Gay as Carmen. Years ago Mme. Gay possessed something of charm. Today she seems to go out of her way to vulgarize, almost brutalize the role. It is inconceivable why any opera singer should find it necessary to dig both hands down between Jose's collar and his neck by way of a preliminary carass; to spit out pieces of the fruit she is eating, by way of showing her Bohemianism; to throw things around the stage like a fury; to costume the role of Carmen like a poverty-stricken washerwoman; to smash her lover in the face with a bunch of roses; to run around like a gawky trollop; and to positively shriek by way of expressing passion.

To crown it all, what can be said of such a singer when she waves her hand familiarly to H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught in the Royal box? One can only express the hope that Mme. Gay will never again be brought here to sing Carmen.

Mr. Clerk-Jeannotte is to be congratulated upon having achieved signal success in staging and mounting, with his small but devoted band of assistants. Only those familiar with the technique of the stage know the difficulties with which he has had to contend. In the circumstances, his achievements have been notable, in more instances than one. They afford an additional reason why he should be allowed to do his own work in his own way.

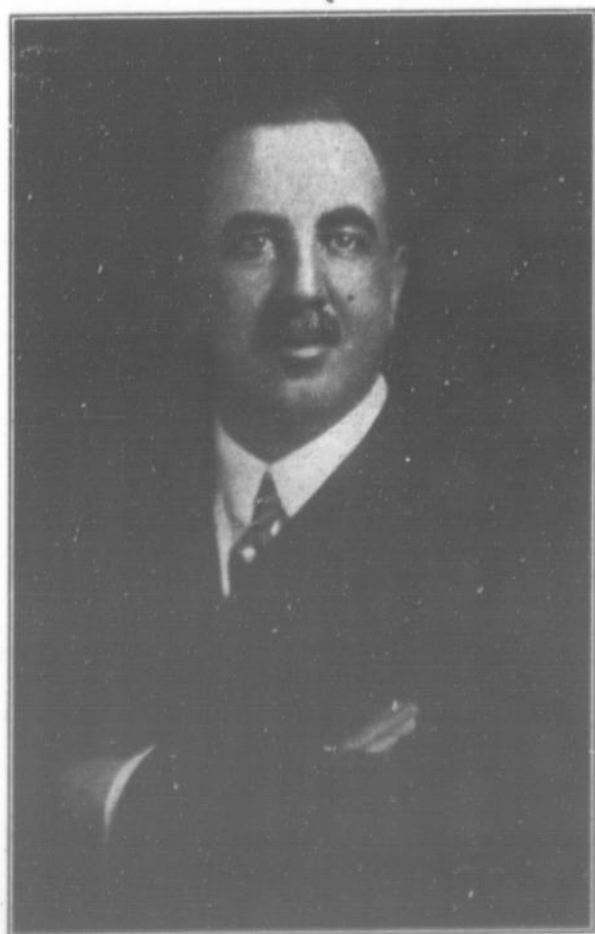
The conductors, Signor Jacchia and H. Hasselmann, have both added to their reputation as gifted chefs d'orchestre. We are fortunate in having had them with us, and hope to see them here for many seasons in the future.

Much that might be said must necessarily be left unwritten in such an article as this. I would like, however, in closing to emphasize once more the necessity for putting this grand opera enterprise on a practical working basis of permanence. Unless this is done, the outlook for the future cannot be described as rosy. Given such reforms as have been indicated as essential, however, there is no reason why Montreal should not, in a few years' time, be firmly established as one of the world's best operatic centres. I commend the cause of Grand Opera to those of our citizens whose private purses and public spirit are sufficiently big to bear the burden and stand the strain. Colonel Meighen has led the way with a generosity worthy of the greatness of the cause. Who will follow his lead?

—S. Morgan Powell.

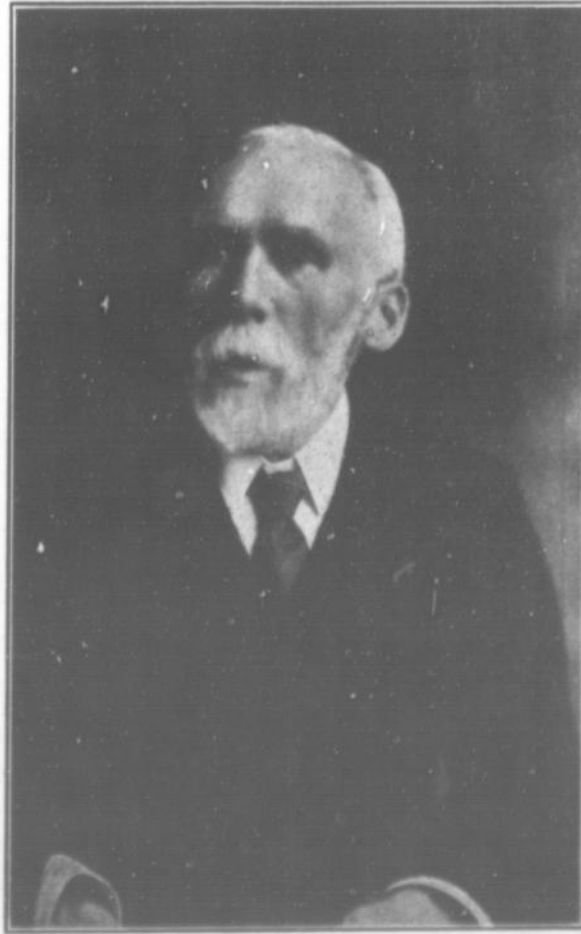
There is at least one good joke in "The Merry Countess": "Don't be hard on them. Remember, boys will be boys." "Yes, I know. I used to be a chucker out at the Mount Royal Club!"

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN HOSPITAL.



At the recent annual meeting of the Western Hospital Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon was elected president for the coming year, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Peter Lyall.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.



At the recent meeting of the Royal Victoria Hospital Mr. James Ross was elected president for the coming year, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Sir Edward Clouston.

Necklaces FOR THE Debutante

IN CHOOSING a gift for the debutante, we would remind you that the necklace is the jewel chosen more often than any other. Knowing this, and anticipating a large demand for Debutante Gifts this coming season, our Jewellery Department has now on display an exceedingly large and important collection of Necklaces, set with Pearls, Peridots, Amethysts, Coral, Turquoise, etc., in various combinations of the most unusual character.

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With the "Mobies"

OF all forms of popular amusement today, there is none that ranks higher in public favor than the moving pictures. In spite of the many criticisms the silent drama has received, its ever increasing popularity entitles it to be recognized as one of the greatest forms of modern entertainment. And every day other values of the films are coming to the front. Manufacturers are just beginning to realize the great field there is in producing pictures that educate as well as entertain. This branch of the industry might be said to be limited by nothing but the imagination of the film producers. It is almost untouched as yet.

The purpose of this column of criticism, comment and gossip, the first in Canada devoted to motion pictures, is to keep the public in touch with the latest news everywhere, but in Montreal in particular. We will be glad to hear the opinions of our readers on any pictures they have seen or on any subject relative to motion pictures.

Montreal's electric theatres now number something like sixty, with new ones opening up almost every week. In seating capacity these houses average about seven hundred each and it is a slack night when the ushers are not holding the people back to keep the aisles clear and conform to the law. Many of the theatres open in the morning and all find the afternoon business is worth encouraging. The great majority of these places of amusement are open seven days in the week for the fifty-two weeks in the year. It needs only a little calculation for the uninitiated to realize how the five and ten cent show business is paying one.

All who saw "The Battle of the Long Sault," a two part production of a local company of film manufacturers producing "Brian" films, will be

interested in the next "Brian" release, "The Lone Traverser" or "The Trail of the White Beaver" which will be seen here very shortly. It is a picture of life among the early Hudson Bay fur traders in Canada. "Canadian pictures for a world-wide trade" is the slogan of this new company, a pioneer in the Canadian field of film producing and by all reports their pictures are being well received wherever shown.

Frank H. Warnicker, for the last five years manager of the Lyric Hall, cleared out his desk last week, shook hands with the ushers, and with a few other heart-breaking formalities, severed his connection with that theatre. Mr. Warnicker is to manage a new film exchange in Toronto and if the traits of character that have marked him out as a "live wire" during his long connection with the Lyric do not suddenly fail him, the new exchange is assured of success. We regret his departure while exulting in his step up. You cannot keep a good man down.

It was one night recently during the run of "Our Empire Navy" at a local theatre that one man displayed his vast ignorance of modern forces. Some slight trouble threw the house into darkness for a few moments.

"What made the lights go out?" demanded one of the audience of the operator at his projecting machine in the gallery.

"The bottle of electricity got cracked and it's all leaked out," was the answer.

"Well, can't you get some more bottles?" asked the inquisitive one.

"The fellows down there on the stage have some but they won't give us any," kidded the operator and was believed.

E. W. W.

At the bank—Clerk: "You must get someone to identify you. Someone who knows that you are Michael Clancy." Clancy: "Fwat's th' matter wid yez? Don't yez suppose Oi know who Oi am?"—Judge.

Oh, Mystic Rose, the Heart of Jew; fair Creative source from which all beauty flows Ever transfusing Love, hush! now my prayer; Resume, for love's own sake, one barren rose.

ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

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Address.....

ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES

The collections for the Royal Victorian Order of Nurses formed an interesting feature in the doings of the week preceding our issue and all interested in the vital question of home nursing rejoice that a large sum has been gathered. We think, however, that it is not sufficiently understood that the Victorian Nurses are intended, primarily, to be at the service of the poor. Well-to-do people can afford to get a nurse under the usual circumstances and pay 3 dollars a day for her services. There are far too many cases of Victorian Nurses being supplied in families who can well afford to get a nurse from the Canadian Nurses Association.

What is greatly wanted in Montreal is a general knowledge of home nursing. It is to be hoped that this will spread in homes in the city as the number of skilled nurses increase. In the meantime would not a series of lectures on home nursing and ambulance prove popular and useful?

Teacher: "Why, Jimmy? Have you forgot your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier going to war without a gun?" Jimmy: "I'd think he was an officer."—Boston Record.

ALL MADE CLEAR

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," cried one, "you can walk and run as well as a man!"
"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.
"Can you ride a horse and swim, too?"
"Yes."
"Then you must be as strong as a man!"
"I am."
"And you wouldn't let a man beat you— not even if he was your husband—would you?"

Indeed, I wouldn't," the missionary said. The mandarin's eight wives looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said softly:

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid!"

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Sports and Pastimes BY OLD BOY

ABOUT this time the local figure skaters are putting the finishing touches to their preparations for the competitions to be held here and in Ottawa during the month of February. The number of competitors will be comparatively small for it is a rather remarkable fact, taking into consideration the facilities which abound here for skating, that the number of figure skaters is so small. Time was when skaters in Eastern Canada used nothing but rockers for ordinary skating everyday. Then came hockey and with hockey came the flat skate and nowadays the Canadian youngster takes his earliest skating lessons on the flat blades. The rockers are almost entirely discarded even by the grown-ups.

Time was when Canada could boast of a world's figure skating champion in Louis Rubenstein of Montreal who journeyed all the way to St. Petersburg to win his laurels. To-day Canada can scarcely produce a skater of championship calibre. O. B. Haycock, of Ottawa, appears to approach more nearly the standard set in the great International competitions of Europe than any other and it is doubtful whether Mr. Haycock himself is thoroughly conversant with all the beautiful movements required in a competition like that to be held in Vienna this month when the best of the world's figure skaters will foregather for a week's tournament. Not that all European skaters are necessarily figure skaters, but the fact remains that figure skating is brought to a greater point of perfection there, where the winters are short and ice not always plentiful than here where natural ice can generally be counted on for nearly three months in the year. But then, of course, Europe has not, as yet, the hockey craze. When European skaters chase the puck on flat skates figure skating may become one of the almost forgotten arts there as here.

But there is still hope for Canada. Lord Minto started a work of revival during his stay in Ottawa. Earl Grey followed it up during his vice-regal career in Canada and now His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught has come forward with the substantial encouragement of a very handsome trophy for figure skating. In Montreal the Earl Grey skating club, with headquarters at the old Victoria Rink, is flourishing while the new Winter Club, whose handsome home on Drummond St. was recently opened, has already filled its membership. Both clubs specialize, more or less, in fancy skating so that in time some figure skaters of calibre sufficiently high to compete at the International tournaments in Europe may yet be produced.

THE public continues to show its appreciation of the beauties of amateur hockey by carefully avoiding the Arena save when the professional teams are playing there. Exactly why goodness only knows. Hockey as hockey is just as entertaining a sport when played by the amateurs as by the professionals. Not so many years ago the mere mention of the fact that the Victorias were to play at the Arena was enough to pack the rink. Last week, when Victorias met their old rivals Montreal the big building was comparatively empty. And yet the game played by the crimson-clad Victorias and the team of the Winged Wheel was just as interesting, in every way, as the matches played by hired men brought from all parts of the Dominion to play hockey for pay. There is, moreover, the absolute certainty that hockey as played by the amateurs is "on the level" as the saying goes. The marvellous reversals of form in the professional race last year and again this year have engendered a scepticism among the hockey following public. And yet when there is the choice between the amateur and the professional article the public chooses the professional stuff. Perhaps there may be a revulsion of feeling in this matter some day. Let's hope so.

A CASUAL visit to any of the gymnasiums attached to the various branches of the Y. M. C. A. any of these winter evenings leaves the impression that of all indoor games basketball is the best just as it appears to be the most popular. At the central "Y," the North End Branch, the Railroad Branch and the Westmount branch the various floors are kept busy practically every minute with basketball when there are not classes in physical instruction on hand. It was in Montreal and in the gymnasium of the old Y. M. C. A. building on Dominion Square, if one is not mistaken, that the first basketball game was played. For it fell to the lot of one George Nasmith, in his day of McGill and the Montreal Y. M. C. A. to devise the game which has become one of the most popular features of gymnasium activity all over this continent. Nasmith prophesied a future for basket ball. In this case, at least, the prophet is not without honour in his own land.

THE old, old question of the playing of the amateur with or against the professional threatens to turn the soccer world of Canada topsy turvey during the next few months. The A. A. U. of Canada forbids the soccer men to play against the professional. The International Federation, with which the Canadian soccer fraternity have recently become affiliated, does not forbid the amateur to play against the pro. The International Federation, now a world wide organization embracing affiliated associations in practically every part of the world, take the stand that if there is to be professionalism in soccer at all the best course to pursue is to recognize it openly and, if necessary, sanction the playing of the pure amateurs with the pure professional. For the International Federation, or its component parts, have found that it is best for the game that the amateurs should remain pure and that the amateurs, who might become impure through the taint of money, shall be recognised as professionals. The hard and fast line is drawn between the two classes. The professional finds his level in his own class and, to tell the truth, as far as playing ability goes that level is considerably above that of the amateur. Which is but natural seeing that the pro, was once, necessarily, and only became a pro when he became too good to remain an amateur. But the Federation does not believe that the amateur becomes tainted because he plays with the man who gets the money. Canadian amateur soccer is thus between two stools. Its alliance with the A. A. U. of Canada forbids it to do what its affiliation with the International Federation permits. What the outcome of the situation will be it is hard to predict. Probably the Canadian soccer men will, themselves, divide on the question.

A WEEK or so ago we had with us the pick of the light harness horses of the country in the winter carnival at Delorimier Park. The light harness horse has steadily been gaining in favour and the recent meeting has brought about one of the finest gatherings of its kind in the country—a gathering that would have set the late, lamented W. King-Dodds talking and writing for a twelvemonth. The fact that many marks were lowered on the ice track here indicates once more that the rigour of the Canadian winter is not absolutely against the getting of horses into racing condition as has so many times been argued.

FREQUENTERS of the Mount Royal Riding School are getting a good deal of fun and, incidentally, acquiring considerable skill in horsemanship with the game of aerial polo recently introduced to the Hill-side Avenue tan bark rink. Aerial polo is nothing more nor less than a glorified game of battledore and shuttlecock on horse back. Tennis racquets take the place of the battledores of our childhood's days and an inflated toy balloon the place of the shuttlecock. The game is to drive the balloon by means of the racquets through a goal—obviously a nice performance when the propelling is done from the back of a lively steed. The game is a novelty and has "caught on" at the Riding school where it gives a spice of excitement to the horse back exercise.

FOR ski runners and snowshoe tramps the present winter has been about the most discouraging imaginable in Montreal. Those who are fortunate enough to be able to get away to the Laurentians for the week ends, however, have been rather more fortunate. While the snow has not been over abundant in the mountain districts there has been sufficient to make skiing and snowshoeing pleasurable, which is more than can be said of the same pastimes in Montreal. Many week end parties to the Laurentians have been made up during the past month. The beautiful district between Piedmont and the end of the C.P.R. line through the Laurentians is fast becoming as popular in winter as in summer and more and more excursions may be expected as time goes on and the pleasures of winter camping better understood. It was the writer's pleasure the other day, to look over a set of photographs of a winter camping trip just completed by a couple of young Montreal men. Leaving the railway at Nantel they were driven ten miles into the bush after which their outfit, comprising tent, blankets, collapsible stove and a fortnight's provisions were packed on a toboggan and drawn the remainder of the distance—eight miles—to the camping ground. The campers experienced all sorts of weather from rain to zero temperature and returned after the trip feeling finer and fitter than when they left and with every appearance of robust health. One of the most remarkable of the set of pictures taken of the camp and its surroundings was of one of the campers taking a mid-way run across a lake with absolutely nothing between him and the weather but a pair of mocassins. About mid-way on a bright day when the mists had lifted and all moisture gone from the air the atmosphere was so dry that a romp across the snowy plain of the lake dressed a la nature was a real pleasure and not a hardship, it was explained. Rather a Spartan form of enjoyment but one which evidently had its strong points to judge from the appearance of those who had partaken of it.

OLD BOY.

Fond Mamma: "Here's a photo of my little boy when he was a baby, and I want you to make one of him as he is now." Photographer: "But haven't you brought him with you?" Fond Mamma: "No, I thought you could make an enlargement from this." —Pele Mele.

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AT THE ORPHEUM.

The chief attraction at the Orpheum next week will be the dramatic sketch, "The Attorney", with William Weston in the leading role and a company of six talented supporters. This



MISS FRANKLIN MAE.
Who appears with William Weston in "The Attorney" at the Orpheum next week.

little play tells a thrilling story and moves rapidly from one telling situation to another.

Bert Levey, the novelty cartoonist, uses a specially constructed apparatus which projects his cartoons upon a screen while he is drawing them, and enables the audience to watch every stroke of his pencil on a greatly magnified scale.

"The Piano Movers and the Actress" will supply a wealth of comedy with McDevitt, Kelly and Irene Lucey as the fun-makers. Cooper and Robinson, colored comedians; Frank Mullane, the Irish-American Hebrew; Burly and Burly, English comedians from the London "halls" in "The Scot and the Dude"; the "Act Beautiful", a wonderful dog turn; and other features are also offered.

Hire Sisten, the furniture king, having made his pile, settled down to the pursuits of a country gentleman. He invited his friend, Plane Figger, to make a stay with him. One day, armed with the latest appliances for dealing out sudden death, he and his friend trudged over the brown furlows, but at the end of three hours they were still looking for something to start the bag with. Suddenly a hare got up. Bang! came from Hire Sisten. Bang! came from Plane Figger, and over went the four-footed one.
"My hare!" shouted the former furniture king.
"My hare!" cried his friend. They argued as to whose weapon had worked the mischief. Then the keeper was called up to adjudicate.
"You'd take your oath it's your 'are, would you?" he turned to Hire Sisten, fiercely.
"If necessary, certainly."
"And you'd swear 'twas your 'are?" triumphantly to Plane Figger.
"I would."
"Then think yourself lucky you're escapin' seven years apiece for perjury, 'cos it 'appens to be my dog!"

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One of these treasures is a new servant girl who is just exactly like a new broom. You get us? The other two are statues—lovely plaster reproductions of the Venus of Milo and the Apollo Belvedere.
Enter the new servant with a new broom. Starts in to live up to proverbial wisdom by making a clean sweep. Down goes a statuette with a smash! The servant goes out to confess. "Plaze, mum," she says, tearfully, "I've bruk a statoo."
"Oh! dear, The Venus?"
"No, mum, 'twas Mither Venus I bruk. His wife wor busted before I came."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Book Canvasser: "In these volumes you have the whole sum of human knowledge in convenient form." M. Meek: "Thanks, it's no use to me." Book Canvasser: "But your wife perhaps?" Mr. Meek: "Oh, she knows it all already."—Sydney Bulletin.

Her friend: "I suppose now that you are married your husband does bring you flowers any more?" M. Youngbride: "Oh, yes, he does. On last night he brought home a cat flower."—Boston Transcript.

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