

The Saturday Mirror.

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[16 Pages]

Five Cents.

Is the Country in the Mood for Another Election?

APPARENTLY the leaders of the Liberal party believe that an election, precipitated at the present moment, upon the naval issue, would result in a popular majority against the Government proposals. There is nothing to prevent a Canadian politician from believing anything about an unfought election. A gambler is entitled to believe that the long-odds horse will come in first. A litigant is entitled to believe that the plea which has been rejected by five consecutive courts in Canada will be accepted by the Privy Council. A political leader is entitled to believe that his party will win. All three of them will have to pay the price if they act on that belief and lose.

The price, to the Liberal party in the present instance, is likely to be pretty heavy. It is a very serious matter to throw the country into the turmoil of an election upon a false alarm. It is particularly serious at the present moment, because Canada is in the midst of a period of grave financial difficulties, due to her urgent need for money for a continuance of development work and to the dead set which is being made in the financial centres of the Old World against her getting it. It is serious, because for over two years now the proper legislative work of the Dominion has been held up, first by the obstructive conflict over the reciprocity proposals, then by a year of time-marking on the part of the new Government and blockading tactics on the part of the Senate, and now finally by the long and bitter debate on the naval proposals. It is serious, finally, because it introduces into the very middle of the political arena a question which we believe the great majority of Canadians would much prefer to keep out of politics altogether—the question of our relations with the great Empire to which we owe allegiance. If the Liberals can prove in a general election that the Government is acting in the naval matter contrary to the wishes of the people of Canada, they will be justified in taking this serious step; but if they fail they will pay a tremendous price.

What The Liberals Might Gain.

TO the impartial observer in this part of Canada, it must necessarily seem that the chance they are taking is a very long one, the risk disproportionately great. There are one or two cogent reasons why Liberal leaders should desire to put their fortunes to the test at an early date and on an issue of their own making, but do they outweigh the objections? There must inevitably in the near future be a change of leadership in the Liberal party, by which the present widely-known and honored chieftain will be replaced by a man of comparatively small calibre, probably amidst a good deal of heartburning and faction rivalry. It would be much better for the party if the transfer could be postponed until the Liberals are in power with three or four years before them in which to habituate the country to the new ruler. Further, a second election, if successful, would obliterate the fatal mistake of Reciprocity from the public mind, and give the party a new start. These reasons make an early contest highly desirable from the Liberal point of view—always supposing that there is a reasonable hope of Liberal success. But is there such a hope?

Upsetting Business Conditions.

OUTSIDE of the columns of the militant party newspapers, the fight against the Borden naval proposals has failed, so far as we have been able to perceive, to evoke the slightest response in the country. Certain elements in the Prairie Provinces, which lost most heavily by the defeat of Reciprocity and are therefore still resentful against the party which effected that defeat, have passed resolutions against the Borden proposals, but their opposition is as purely partisan as that of the Manitoba Free Press and the Toronto Globe, and represents no change from the electoral situation as shown at the last election. We have the utmost faith in the "national spirit" of Canada, but we do not believe that that spirit demands the immediate establishment of a Canadian Navy on the scale embodied in the Liberal counter-proposal, or objects to the granting of Canadian financial support to the British Admiralty upon a temporary or "emergency" arrangement. The French-speaking electorate must necessarily be left cold and disinterested in any contest between the three-battleships policy of Borden and the "manned and maintained" policy of Laurier. Finally, the country is in a state of general prosperity which will not be impaired for some time to come, so far as the man in the street is concerned, even by the continuance of the money stringency, and in Canada the party which is attacking the status quo has a poor time of it except in bad times.

Even if the Liberal politicians are convinced of the advisability of a general election, it may still be necessary to convince the financiers who support that party, for general elections are not carried on in this country by "popular contributions." This is where the hard-headed business man comes in. Is he going to think it worth while?

"**ADRIANOPE May Resist Three Weeks.**"—Headline in daily paper. Every other community that we know of succumbed to it, but the effects are not lasting.

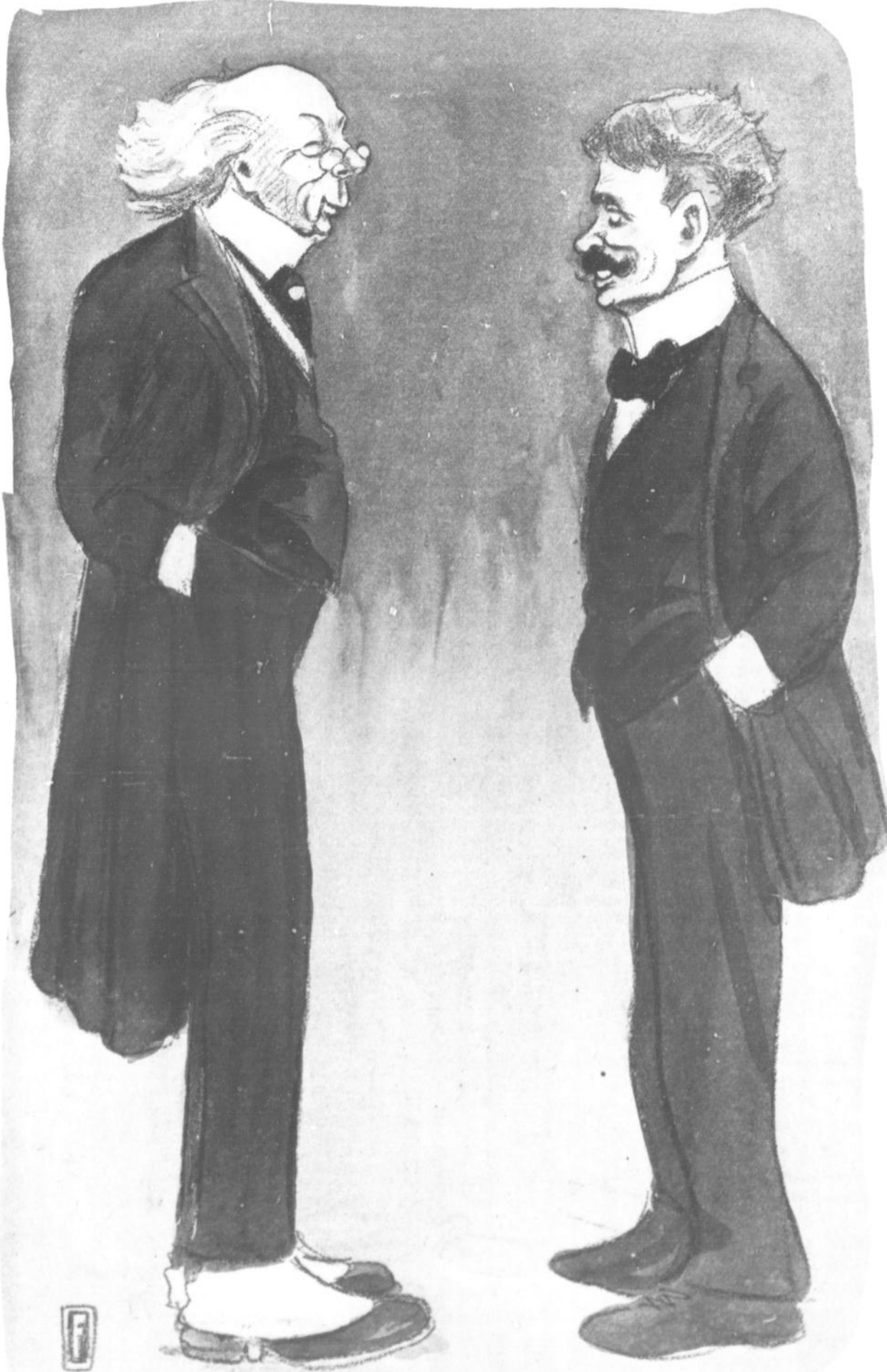
English Financial Houses in Plot to Boycott Canadian Securities.

The True Inwardness of the Revulsion of Sentiment Among British Investors in Regard to Canada.

FOR about eight months Canada has been made the victim of what is beginning to amount to a boycott on the part of the great financial interests in England which have hitherto made large profits by introducing Canadian securities to the British public.

The extraordinary revulsion of feeling in Great Britain concerning Canadian securities has been generally ascribed to natural causes—to the fickleness of the British investor, to the rise of rival bidders for British money, to a genuine belief that it is possible for a nation to be too prosperous and that Canada has been approaching that dangerous pinnacle of success. But the SATURDAY MIRROR today makes the statement, with the most positive conviction of its truth, that the prevalent

excess of imports over exports—a perfectly natural phenomenon in a country which is attracting new population and new money in enormous quantities—was just as marked then as it is now, and had been going on for almost as long, seeing that it began with the dawn of the present century. The campaigners selected their moment very wisely. In proportion as the pressure resulting from the Balkan War increased the difficulty of floating any kind of financial proposition and compelled Canadians in search of money to accept more and more onerous terms, the campaigners pointed to these concessions as evidence of an alleged public distrust of Canadian offerings, when as a matter of fact the public was simply indisposed to advance money for



"WELL!"

distrust of Canada among British investors has been deliberately brought about—or at the best has been dexterously played upon, exaggerated and turned to service—by a number of leading financial houses whose motive is simply the serving of their own business ends.

Campaign Artfully Planned.

IF the British investor had been left to himself, if he had not been plied with hints and suggestions and innuendoes, as to the terrible results of an excess of imports over exports, and the extravagant pace at which Canada was using up money, by his chief financial advisers in the press and in high positions in the business world, he would be taking exactly the same view of Canadian developments and prospects as he was a year ago. The campaign against "Canadian over-borrowing" has been most carefully and delicately worked up. Eight months ago there was hardly a whisper of it. The

any purpose whatever, Canadian or otherwise. Canadian standard securities gradually went down in price, in company with the standard securities of every other class listed on the London Stock Exchange; but it was the Canadians alone at whom the finger of scorn was pointed, and the campaigners invariably omitted to mention that the recession in our securities was accompanied by an almost equal recession in many other classes. And all the while our critics, or the more responsible of them at any rate, safeguarded themselves by constantly admitting that the "fundamentals," the "basic position," of Canadian finance were sound and proper; in other words, Canada would eventually do all right with the money she already had, but she must not be allowed to have any more. The seeds of suspicion were sown in season and out of season, at first through the lighter financial papers, gradually

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.

Woodrow Wilson Starts Off Like a Statesman.

PRESIDENT WILSON is credited (unofficially as yet but on good authority) with a strong desire for the repeal of the "free tolls" provision of the Panama Canal Bill. If the report be correct—and it tallies well with what we know of the character of the new President—he will be giving better evidence of true presidential quality than President Taft gave in the entire four years of his office. That Mr. Taft would never personally have been guilty of such a piece of sharp practice as that famous evasion of treaty responsibilities is pretty certain; but his pliability, his openness of mind and his general disinclination to take a definite stand of his own resulted in the Presidency being prostituted during his term to serve the ends of politicians and business men of the baser sort. Whatever mistakes President Wilson makes, they will not be those of inaction or indeterminateness.

President Wilson's attitude is described by the Republican press as a repudiation of the Democratic platform upon which he was elected. If that is so, one can only conclude that it is at times an admirable thing for the United States to have a ruler with the courage to repudiate some of the absurd promises which party conventions make in their anxiety to outbid one-another for office. No party platform can be considered half as important as the honor of the nation, and the honor of the American people is at issue in the question whether the Canal Treaty shall be construed in the sense in which an impartial outsider would have read it or in the sense which could only be assigned to it by selfishly-interested parties. Mr. Taft's proposal to have the American reading passed upon by a tribunal specially hand-picked to suit the American claims was ludicrous and unworthy of the chief magistrate of a great nation. If President Wilson is unable to effect the elimination of the free-tolls clause from the bill, it is to be hoped that he will at least succeed in having it submitted to a genuine arbitration.

Hats Off to Col. Hughes, Who Has a Mind of His Own!

HERE'S a military salute to Minister of Militia, Colonel, the Honorable Sam Hughes, M.P., for being a commanding officer who knows how to command! There was no subtle political hedging about his remarks last week on the subject of the canteen. There is no canteen under his command, and there never will be any canteen under his command, and that's the end of it. There have been ministers of militia who appeared to be looking around for somebody to tell them what to do, but that is not our Colonel the Honorable Sam Hughes. He knows what he doesn't want and he doesn't want it.

On all considerations of efficiency he is perfectly right. The idea that a man fights better on a glass of beer or "three fingers" of whiskey is as obsolete as the British military tactics of the early days of the Boer war. Colonel Sam Hughes had no hesitation in telling the tacticians just how obsolete they were in those days, just as he has no hesitation in chucking the canteeners out of the Canadian army now. He is a more thoroughly pleasant spectacle now than he was then, for now he is in a position to which the attitude of command is becoming and appropriate, whereas in 1900 he was a subordinate officer and as such was expected by the Empire not merely to "do and die"—for which he was always ready—but also "not to reason why," a species of restraint which was far beyond his powers.

If the camp and other military operations conducted by the Canadian forces were a species of picnic or pleasure-party there might perhaps be something to be said for the policy of allowing the participants to pursue their ordinary habits in regard to the purchase of stimulants. But they are not. They are organized for the training of men in the habits and accomplishments of soldiers, and the nearer they get to real soldiering the better they will do their work. The physiological effect of alcohol is detrimental to accuracy in shooting, to endurance, to watchfulness and to esprit de corps. We tolerate alcohol, under as many restrictions as we dare place upon it, in our ordinary lives because it seems that it cannot be entirely eliminated; but there is no reason why we should make it part of the official provisions for the camps in which our young men are trained to habits of self-control and submission to duty. The object of Col. Hughes is to give Canada the best militia force possible, and for that object the suppression of the canteen is a wise and proper measure.

Is the Status of a Wife in this Province That of a Chattel?

ONE of these days either the Government at Quebec is going to wake up to twentieth century ideals, or a band of militant suffragettes will wake them up with a rude shock. Women suffer from many disabilities in all countries, but in no civilized country on earth does the law place them so low in the social scale as in this, the largest province in what we proudly claim to be the most progressive country within the

British Empire. Dean Walton, of McGill University, is doing a service to the whole community by his repeated exposures of the defects of the law as applied to the married women of the province. I remember perfectly well when he started out in a tentative way to point out how unfair it was that if a man should die without a will in this province his relatives might step in and carry off not only possessions that rightly should belong to the wife, but actually the wife's property as well. Since that time he has delivered many public addresses on the subject, and each time he brings forward new phases of the subject more amazing than the last, and more than ever indicative that we white people here in the Province of Quebec used to regard woman not so much as a helpmate as a chattel.

The world has travelled a long way since the time when woman on the North American continent was merely a squaw to do the chores, and man her lordly master and possessor. It has also travelled a long way since the barbarians invaded France, and brought with them to that country the law of community which the French later brought to Canada. Under that law of community the possessions of husband and wife were looked upon as really belonging to the male line only. They were the legitimate spoils of the husband's relatives upon his death. The wife counted not, for she was not his wife as we understand that sweet and noble word. She was his woman. The distinction sums up the whole difference between savagery and civilization. For civilization begins with the elevation of woman from a possession to a helpmate.

* * *

WILL anybody say that the women of Montreal are behind the women of any other part of the world in character and intelligence? Would any husband in Montreal think of referring to his wife as his woman—let alone dare to do so? The idea is more than absurd. It is repugnant. Yet the laws relating to our mothers, our wives and our daughters are the laws that men established before the race had emerged from barbarism—the laws that degraded woman; that made her merely a possession; that regarded her simply as a useful and necessary appendage of tribal man. Therefore, Montreal is alone among the great cities of the world, and Quebec Province alone among civilized countries, in refusing to recognize the sanctity of the family life upon the death of the husband. Just as the men of savage tribes used to squabble and fight for the possessions of a dead member of the tribe, including his women, so a horde of people here in Quebec are legally entitled to invade a home and divide the spoils of a dead man. The wife's claims amount to practically nothing. When a man dies, in the eyes of the law his wife is not the legal head of the family—she is a cast-off possession of the dead man.

* * *

THAT, in effect, is the degrading position to which the wife and mother is relegated by law in the Province of Quebec. You do not believe it? I do not doubt you. But ask any member of the Canadian Club who heard Dean Walton's address last Monday, if, after hearing it, he could come to any other conclusion than the one I have stated. One instance that Dean Walton gave impressed itself upon my mind particularly. Said he:

"A wife has no right of succession to her husband if he leaves relations within the twelfth degree. So far as I know, Quebec is in the proud position of being the only civilized country which lays down this great principle. The marriage contract may give the wife something, but in many cases it is not much, because, fortunately, people marry young, when they have not much to give. Suppose two young people marry who have very little money. All that the husband feels able to do by way of provision for his wife is to insure his life for \$5,000. Later on he becomes rich and at his death he leaves a million dollars. If he has made no will the wife will get \$5,000, and the husband's nearest relation will get \$995,000. Within the twelfth degree is down to fifth cousins. Yet the law says they are more nearly related to you than your wife. It is time you began to look them up."

* * *

PRETTY stiff that, eh? If that were only one instance one might be tempted to think this was only a bit of absentmindedness on the part of the original law-makers. But it is only one among scores of disabilities and indignities and cruel injustices which are forced upon women by law in this enlightened province. Take another illustration quoted by Dean Walton:

"The capable wife of an incapable husband starts a shop and employs her husband to smoke his pipe at the door. After twenty years the husband dies without a will. The wife has then saved \$10,000. She must hand over \$5,000, half of her own earnings, to her husband's heirs."

Sold Out!

Last week the entire edition of the Saturday Mirror was sold out before noon on Saturday.

Several thousand additional copies could have been sold had they been available.

Owing to the high grade character of the Mirror the paper has to go to press early in the week, and for this reason it is impossible to increase the number to meet late demands.

We are printing several thousand more copies this week than last. In order to make sure of getting a copy, however, readers should place a standing order with their newsdealers.

One Reason Why Civic Conditions in Montreal are Bad.



Here are two down-town churches—the Dominion Square Methodist church (on the left) and the Stanley Street Presbyterian church (on the right). Both have been sold by the congregations which built them for a price very greatly in excess of their cost. Both are now in the market and are held for speculative purposes. As they are still used as churches they contribute nothing to the city treasury in the way of taxes. The speculators are thus enabled to hold them for a rise in price and to escape tax-paying. The church on the left is assessed at \$271,750. Its real value is very much higher. These are but two instances of where tax-exempt property is held for speculation. The down-town streets of Montreal are dotted with religious edifices decorated with "For Sale" signs of the real estate dealers. As already pointed out by the "Saturday Mirror" the assessed value of property in Montreal which escapes taxation amounts to \$131,690,564, or one fifth of the entire assessable value of the city.

Yet another illustration showing how our laws deliberately degrade woman from her rightful position even while her husband is alive:

"The husband and wife live happily together for some years and save a little money. Then the husband takes to drink or forms an attachment for another woman. In this latter case the wife cannot get a judicial separation unless the husband is obliging enough to keep his concubine in the same house as his wife."

"But what man in his senses does this? The husband, whether drunken or unfaithful or both, proceeds to sell the house, to pawn the furniture and to squander every cent which the wife by years of self denial has helped to save. She can do nothing. Reduced to want she goes out to work by the day. When she comes home at night her husband has the legal right to take her earnings from her and spend them if he chooses on drink or on the wife's successor in his affections."

* * *

THUS, whichever way you turn, our laws deliberately proclaim one thing, and that is that the wife is the possession and not the equal of her husband. At whatever point the law touches her interest, it emphasizes not her rights but her disabilities. The other day I was in one of our banks, and a woman of refinement and intelligence came in to deposit some money. The bank manager could not allow her to do so, because her account would be swelled to the fabulous total of \$500.

"You must get your husband's signature permitting you to deposit any sum of \$500 and above," said the bank manager.

"But I don't want my husband to know I have the money," said the woman. "He—he will spend it."

"It can't be helped," said the manager. "The law requires his signature giving permission."

I asked the manager about this afterwards.

"There are only two places in the world where such a law obtains," he said. "They are the Province of Quebec and Cuba."

* * *

NOW supposing woman suffrage prevailed in Quebec, would such unjust and insulting laws as these be allowed to stand any longer on the statute books? I think of these things when I hear men decrying suffragettes and their militant methods. And it occurs to me that some day, not so very far in the future, if we men do not insist on the Legislature wiping out these relics of barbarism, our womenfolk will rise in their might and demand equal rights under the law. And if those equal rights are ignored, would I for one moment decry militant methods as bold and startling as those of the suffragettes in England? I would not. Rather would I cheer them on in a fight which in that case would be a fight for civilization and liberty. It may be answered that most of the evils I have quoted might be partly remedied by marriage contracts and by every husband making a will as to the disposition of property. I answer that these things are not the true remedies. People should not have to make special legal contracts to protect themselves from the law of the State. It is the duty of the State to protect them, not to legalize robbery—and worse.

* * *

THE out and out lies which are being so solemnly put on record in the investigation by a Commission into the property-juggling scandal which has so worked up the Catholic School Board, form a sad commentary upon the state of the public morals. There was a time—at least, I like to think there was—when to take his oath upon the Word of God was a very solemn and binding thing upon a man. Nowadays, all the solemnity of the act seems to have passed away. A man will kiss the Book as a sign before God that he will tell the truth and nothing but the truth, or hold up his hand and swear before the Almighty that he will do it, and then will utter the most brazen lies.

Why is it that so many men no longer seem to fear the perpetration of such blasphemy? The only answer

that I can see is that the tendency coincides with the decay of religion as an active force in everyday life. It is a sad thing to confess, but religion appears to be losing its force upon the masses. Old faiths and creeds are toppling, and nothing is replacing them. While Christendom is a theatre of warring creeds, and parsons are quarrelling over such petty things as whether church canons have been violated because a preacher speaks the word of God under a roof built by people not professing the Athanasian Creed—while these things are happening, men are reverting to Paganism. There is a mighty work for national righteousness to be done, and the churches are not keeping up with that work. CADILLAC.

CAN YOU MAKE A MIRRORGRAM?

Here is a pleasant, interesting, and profitable occupation for your unoccupied evenings. A simple, amusing task, which may bring you a reward altogether out of proportion to the expenditure of time and trouble involved.

Below are printed six words. They are simple, everyday nouns of not more than eight letters. Can you take one of these words, the one which suits your fancy best and make a sentence or phrase, the initial letter of each word of which is a letter in the word you chose, using the letters in the order in which they appear in that word, and the sentence having some bearing upon the meaning of the word chosen? Simple, isn't it? Say, for instance, you take the word "Women." From it you can construct the following sentence:

"World's Oldest Mystery, Excepting Nothing." Or: "Whimsical Often, Many Exceptions Notwithstanding."

Of course you could make a much better Mirrorgram than that out of "Women." Try one, and see what you can do with it.

For the best Mirrorgram constructed out of any one of the six words given below the SATURDAY MIRROR will give a prize of ten dollars. To the next best a prize of five dollars, and to the ten next in line a consolation prize of one dollar each. The best replies will be published in next week's SATURDAY MIRROR.

With your Mirrorgram, you must send the coupon below, on which the words for this week are printed. You may send as many Mirrorgrams as you please provided only that you send a coupon with each attempt.

The Editor is the sole judge of your efforts. His decision is final.

Now, choose your words, get out the dictionary and make your Mirrorgram. Ask your friends about it.

MIRRORGRAM COUPON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY MIRROR. I enclose my entry for the Mirrorgram Competition. I agree to accept the decision of the Editor of the SATURDAY MIRROR as final.

Name

Address

This Week's Six.

Women	Money	Winter
Hockey	Lover	Brains

LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

The missing letter in last week's competition was the letter "N" from the word "Front," on Page 11, column 3 and line 108. The prize-winners, according to the order in which the answers were received, were as follows:

First Prize—\$10—Miss M. Bateau, Three Rivers, Que. Second Prize—\$5—Alicia Adams, 659 Belmont avenue, Westmount, Que.

Consolation Prizes—\$1 each—Mrs. William Pitts, 1534 Park avenue, Montreal; T. O. Murray, 87 Hutchison street, Montreal; Herbert Kennedy, 27 Sixteenth avenue, Lachine; Edith Gallety, 193 Ash avenue, Montreal; Mrs. J. Marden, 1453 St. Urbain street, Montreal; A. M. Edwards, Sherbrooke, Que.; M. H. Grey, 58 University street, Montreal; A. M. King, 160 Grenadier Road, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Sills, 2318 Esplanade, Montreal; Robert Carow, 2318 Park avenue, Montreal.

English Financial Houses in Plot to Boycott Canada.

(Continued from Page 1.)

through even the most conservative, until at the present time it seems to be more difficult to sell a gilt-edged Canadian offering in London than the most precarious security from the Malay States or the Argentine.

Financial Press is Hostile.

THE SATURDAY MIRROR makes the statement without hesitation, that this condition of affairs is largely due to deliberate hostility on the part of leading financial interests towards Canadian business. That hostility is reflected in a large part of the press of the United Kingdom. The frivolous and insincere character of the criticisms of that press is manifest from their attitude towards successive municipal issues from this country. When we seek a low rate of interest we are persistently told that we have no business to expect to get our money so cheaply, and when we bow to the English demand and offer a higher rate we are told that there must be something rotten in the state of Canada or we should not be willing to pay so much. Equally insincere is the holding up for public execration of such flotations as Dominion Sawmills and Alberta Lands as typical Canadian promotions; the writers of these articles know as well as Canadians do that these companies were controlled by London directors, and that in any event these lamentable blunders are only an infinitesimal proportion in the long list of successes by which Canada has enriched the English investor.

Dislike Canadian Competition.

THE hostility of English financiers, which has inspired this campaign, is due very largely to their discovery that Canadian financial institutions have been setting up branches in Great Britain and have become serious competitors in the business of purveying securities to the British public. There was a time when all Canadian securities had to be "placed" in the British market by one or other of a group of high-class British security houses, but with the growth of this country and the increasing realization of its investment opportunities it has become possible for Canadians to dispense with this rather costly assistance and dispose of their own securities direct to the British buyer. The British houses which formerly handled these securities thus find themselves at the same time deprived of an excellent source of supply for the commodity which they sell, and also confronted by a new competition in the selling. To replace the Canadian issues which they can no longer handle, they have been forced to look elsewhere for securities which cannot reach the British market without their aid; and to hamper their Canadian competitors in the security-selling business as much as possible they are carrying on an organized campaign for the decrying of all Canadian offerings. A case in point is this; one of the largest London houses with Canadian connections—a firm which has a Canadian in its partnership, and which has formerly done some of the most important work in placing Canadian offerings in England—has absolutely boycotted Canadian issues for several months past, and has turned its entire attention to United States public-service corporations. Of course business is business, and we have no right to complain of them for picking up or dropping Canadian securities whenever they like; but it is houses like this which are now busy casting suspicion upon Canadian offerings and seeking thereby to create a diversion in favor of the Argentine Republic, the United States, Mexico, South Africa and Australia.

Canada Wants Only Fair Play.

THE MIRROR is fully aware of certain unfavorable factors in the Canadian situation for the moment, but in the case of our municipal bonds there is no precedent and sane argument which can be brought forward for treating them as anything but an absolutely safe and gilt-edged security. What Canada wants today is fair play at the hands of the British press.

English financial writers claim to have a greater and more accurate knowledge of Canada than Canadians have; they assure us that their perspective is improved by distance and is unwarping by enthusiasm. Unfortunately, it may be warped by something else, such as a desire on the part of the more influential London financiers to steer the public demand into channels more profitable to themselves.

An eminent British banker, member of the Board of the biggest bank in Scotland, a hard-headed business man, came to Canada lately with an admitted prejudice against us on account of our tremendous development, which he said was unprecedented and must be due to boom conditions. He toured Eastern and Western Canada thoroughly, and when he returned to Montreal he said to the friends who asked him impressions: "Gentlemen, you have the greatest heritage that was ever conceived since the world began. I came out here with a strong distrust of Canada, but I find that the natural resources and the market advantages of the country justify everything that has been claimed for it. On my return to London I intend recommending that every member of every board of directors on which I have a seat should make a personal visit to your country on the ground that it is impossible to judge of the prospects it offers by simply sitting at home reading reports and statistics in the light of ancient economic theories."

Here was a man who had tried both the "London perspective" and the Canadian close-at-hand view of the situation, and found that the latter was the only trustworthy one. If the critics in London would only accept the opinions of Canadian bankers and financiers, who are thoroughly in touch with conditions here, instead of taking their views from armchair theorists (with or without an axe to grind) at home, they would come to very different conclusions.

Kicks and Ha'pence

Some Opinions of Our Readers—
Flattering and Otherwise.

I am certainly interested in your paper and am delighted with the graceful style of writing which reminds me of "T.P.'s Weekly." My only objection is to the spelling. Having received my schooling in Scotland I feel I shall never get used to the Yankee style of dropping the u in such words as "honour" and dropping the me at the end of programme, etc. All papers which I have read here use such terms as "Back of" instead of "At the back of" and announce that a certain person will leave for the West "Tuesday" instead of "on Tuesday." Of course for all I know there may be a West Tuesday and an East Tuesday.

I am certain your paper will be a big success if you maintain your present standard. I will continue to read it and have already recommended it to my friends.

WALTER B. McLEAN,
2386 Mance street, Mont.

* * *

"I am going to give you a few simple truths, and let the people of Montreal think for themselves. You said that your paper would be a civic paper, now, your civic news takes up a very small space. No doubt it is made of extra good paper, but in the subject matter I fail to find anything extraordinary. It is largely made up of theatrical news and stories. There may be some good plays, but there are so many frivolous ones, and life is too short to take chances. I could buy some far better Mirrors in Toronto, for less than yours. If you would print less theatrical news, more civic news, and a good sermon every week, I am sure you would be more likely to obtain a good class of readers. Hoping your paper will improve."

G. HALL,
40 Sullivan Street,
Toronto, Ont.

* * *

"Why, oh! why, in your first issue, too, had you to antagonize many by giving at least a quarter of the first page to a picture of Mrs. Pankhurst. If you must have pictures, please give us those of men and women we want to see, or at least can respect. Mrs. Pankhurst in the Windsor Hall, and Mrs. Pankhurst in London, are, I assure you as different as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

WESTMOUNTER.

* * *

"I desire to congratulate you upon the highly successful launching of this very important journalistic enterprise. Judging from the style, make-up and general literary excellence of the paper it will certainly do what all journalistic ventures of the kind are hoped by their sponsors to do. 'fill a long-felt want.'"

A. M. SUTHERLAND, Ottawa.

* * *

"There is room in this city for a new weekly and Montrealeers should encourage a home production of this kind. I wish you courage and success. Your venture will need the energy, tenacity and spirit of a Captain Scott."

A. M. STEELE, Montreal.

* * *

"The Saturday Mirror is a very good one, and much like the English illustrated newspapers, which I feel sure will appeal to all your readers. It is a paper that has been needed."

(MRS.) MADGE RILEY,
Blackpool, England.

* * *

"I have carefully read over the first three numbers of your publication and am pleased with it. There ought to be a field in Montreal for such a paper among the English speaking people."

D. M. GILMOUR, Montreal.

* * *

"I think fixing the price at five cents was a master stroke of policy. At a time, the Mirror—to some—might be a luxury. In exchange for a nickel it is a necessity to all."

EDWARD L. WOOD,
127 Bayle Street, Montreal.

* * *

"The Baby's Blue Eyes" is a story much below what we expected from your paper. Perhaps you did not see it. Let us hope not."

NO NAME, Westmount.

* * *

"I have the highest admiration for your paper. It is a great literary treat, and I have taken it since the first issue."

R. McDONALD, Montreal.

* * *

I am quite pleased with your paper as I find it both instructive and entertaining. I predict for it a large circulation."

J. A. DAWSON,
623 Victoria avenue, Westmount

* * *

"Your 'Mirror' is splendid. It is a treat to see such good things come from a Canadian newspaper office."

C. E. BILLINGS, Ottawa.

* * *

"The Saturday Mirror is without doubt of high order and certainly merits the support of all Montrealeers."

LILIAN BULLING,
112 St. Luke Street, Montreal.

* * *

I am particularly pleased with the stand the Mirror is taking on the question of women's suffrage."

B. M. AUSTIN,
117 Drummond street, Mont.

* * *

I like your paper very much and I want to go in for every contest you have, win or lose."

ELSIE WEBB,
70 Walker avenue, St. Henry.

* * *

"The only objection I have is very poor proof reading."

A. KICKER, Montreal.

The Week in the World

Montreal.

A foreigner named Marchtrium died of typhoid fever in the Montreal jail without having been examined by a medical man. He was arrested on a charge of loitering and appeared before the Recorder while dying, the facts not being discovered until after he had died.

Proceedings at the Royal Commission enquiry into the Longue Pointe school site graft charges become quite interesting. The witnesses contradict each other, making perjury self-evident.

The City of Montreal succeeds in floating a permanent loan of \$7,000,000 in spite of the fact that other attempted flotations have lately failed.

Claiming that he owns the land as far as the center of the earth, Mr. H. B. Rainville seeks to prohibit the C. N. R. from tunneling under his property.

Following the charges made by Mr. J. H. Roberts that the Frisco Soda Water Co. were acting as brewery agents without a licence, officers of the Inland Revenue Department raided the premises and seized a large quantity of beer.

Fire destroyed the three storey building of the C. H. Catelli Company in the north end, the loss amounting to \$70,000. Chief Tremblay said the water pressure was a disgrace.

The Quebec Board of Censors of moving picture films held their first meeting. They will inspect and sanction all films shown in the Province.

The Westmount Council passes a by-law which extends the area in which apartment houses and stores may be erected.

The withdrawal of deposit accounts from the City and District Bank, after a week in the incipient stage, developed into a run on the bank.

Canada.

The Government is making arrangements for elaborate terminals at Le Pas, Sask., in connection with the Hudson Bay Railway consisting of car shops, repair shops, round houses and trackage.

Twenty-three suffragettes, including twelve of the male species from Toronto took part in the great Washington suffragette parade on Inauguration Day.

The complete immigration figures for January just

intense interest in Europe throughout the past month, resulted in the conviction of eighteen of the twenty-two accused, four of them being sentenced to death.

The Moroccan revolt against Spanish rule is being fostered by Mussulman priests, necessitating the increase of Spanish forces in Morocco.

The dreadnought Koenig, launched at Wilhelmshaven, Germany, in the presence of the Emperor William, is the first warship to carry fourteen-inch guns.

Bitter feeling between the Socialistic and Church elements of the Austrian Reichsrath resulted in a general fight in which a dozen deputies were injured, five so seriously that they may die.

Russia and Great Britain are reported to have entered into a secret agreement regarding Tibet and Mongolia similar to the agreement which resulted in the partition of Persia.

Sixty-four of the crew of the German torpedo boat destroyer S 178 were drowned when the vessel was rammed and sunk by the cruiser York of Heligoland.

France has announced that the Government will support Turkey's protests against paying the \$3,000,000,00 indemnity, objecting to the heavy drain upon Turkish finances because of the vast amount of French capital invested in Turkish securities.

The Deadlock in Parliament.

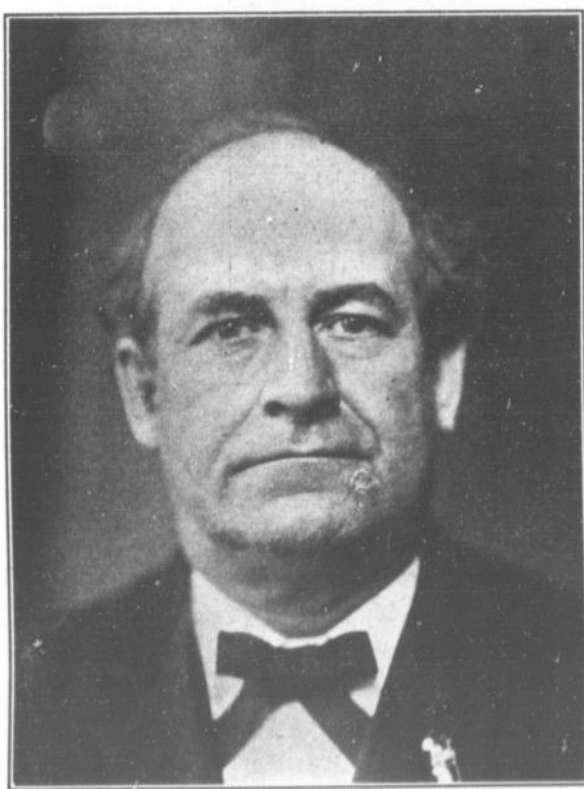
THE closing hours of the debate on the passage of the second reading of the Naval Bill foreshadowed obstruction on the part of the Opposition, when the Hon. Chas. Murphy demanded an explanation in regard to the differences between the Premier and the Hon. F. D. Monk, declaring that the Bill would not be allowed to pass until such explanations had been made. The Hon. Frank Oliver also went on the warpath, renewing his demand for redistribution and a plebiscite. Nevertheless, the vote took place at the close of the following session, when the Government carried their measure by a majority of thirty. The amendment of Mr. J. P. O. Guilbault, proposing that the measure should be submitted to the people on a plebiscite, and that of Mr. J. G. Turfitt, declaring for redistribution and an appeal to the people, were first discussed by division, the former being defeated by the startling

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.



Inaugurated as Twenty-eighth President of the United States.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.



Secretary of State in the new United States Cabinet.

issued show the year to have made a good beginning. They show an increase of 2,024 in arrivals at ocean ports and 687 from the U. S., being 53 and 13 per cent. respectively over those of last year.

Father Giroux, a Jesuit missionary-colonizer, arrived in Winnipeg with the advance guard of 2,000 settlers who are to take up home in the Peace River district.

Fire at the Riondon Paper Mills in Merritt, Ont. caused damage to the extent of \$150,000.

Nova Scotia introduces legislation to aid in combating tuberculosis. Municipal sanatoria and clinics are to be established throughout the Province, all being under the supervision of a Public Health Officer.

Declaring that there would be fewer accidents to steam ships if a high standard of vision was maintained among St. Lawrence river pilots a Quebec oculist told of cases where men had obtained certificates after his rejection and that nothing was done when the matter was reported.

Fire at Palmerston, Ont., destroyed that branch of the Canada Malting Company, doing damage to the amount of \$100,000.

British.

Sir William H. White, the celebrated naval architect, died suddenly at a London hotel. He started life as an apprentice in the Devonport naval dockyards and rose to be chief designer to the British Admiralty.

For the first time in its history, a woman will act as president at a British Association meeting when Ethel Sargent, a leading botanist, presides over the botanical section meeting at Birmingham.

The United States Navy Department order 275 Whitehead torpedoes from the British factory.

Keir Hardie was mobbed by the students of Manchester University and forced to abandon his meeting.

It is believed in Constantinople and in London that Sir Edward Grey will proclaim the annexation of Egypt this year.

King George and Queen Mary gave a small dance at Buckingham Palace, only four hundred being present.

What is said to be the severest earthquake ever felt in New Zealand occurred around the city of Wellington. Chimneys were demolished and many houses damaged, while many people were injured by falling debris.

It is said the battleship New Zealand will be selected as the flagship of the Pacific fleet to be maintained by Australasia.

United States.

The Senate confirmed the appointment of Irwin B. Laughlin as first secretary of the United States Embassy at London. He is a Taft nominee but the appointment has been held up, along with 2,000 others, by the deadlock between Republicans and Democrats.

It is believed that twenty people lost their lives in the fire which destroyed the Dewey Hotel at Omaha, Neb., which did property damage to the amount of \$1,000,000.

President Taft presented to Captain Rostron the gold medal authorized by Congress for his courage and gallantry in rescuing the survivors of the Titanic disaster.

Mrs. Mabel Mills, wife of Texan banker, was beaten and robbed of \$45,000 in cash on a main street of a Chicago suburb.

District Attorney Whitman estimates that the police graft collected in New York city amounts to about \$12,000,000 yearly.

The monster suffragette parade in Washington received such unsympathetic treatment from the authorities and populace that the women who took part declared themselves to be ashamed of the National Capitol.

Europe.

Instead of demolishing a large mass of rock in connection with harbor improvements at Gijon, Spain, the explosion of a heavy charge of powder killed many tons of stones among the assembled spectators, hurling fifty and injuring nearly two hundred.

The trial of the auto bandits in Paris, which has created

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Personal
Attention.

Miss Emily Shirley, entertained at the tea hour on Saturday March 1st, at the residence of her sister Mrs. V. Bertram Whittle, on Old Orchard Avenue. The hostess was wearing a handsome gown of blue charmeuse satin, trimmed with lace, and a lovely corsage bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. She was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Whittle, who was gowned in pink with a beautiful overdress of silver chiffon, and wore American beauty roses. Masses of red carnations were used to decorate the drawing room, while large double yellow jonquils and purple sweet peas were used in the dining room. Mrs. Clarence Dumaresq and Mrs. George Driscoll poured the tea and coffee, while the ice was cut by Miss Shirley. The young ladies assisting to serve were Miss Kathleen Trihey and Miss Eva Poirier.

Mrs. G. Boardman Layton gave an informal "Five Hundred" party on Monday, March 4th, at her home in the St. Luke Apartments in honor of Miss Louise Chandler of New York. Cards were played at five tables.

Mrs. John N. Warrington, Tower Avenue, who has been visiting her brother Mr. C. L. P. Hayden, at Saranac Lake, has returned to town.

* * *

Miss Ethel Morgan, who has been in town for some weeks, the guest of Mrs. Garnet Retallack, and Mrs. Spaidal left this week for her home in Ottawa.

Mrs. J. B. Persse, with her daughter Miss Lorna Persse, who have been spending some weeks in town visiting Mrs. A. J. Brown and Mrs. R. E. Thorne, left for Winnipeg on Tuesday, March 6th.

Mrs. Walter Dorion, who has been visiting in Ottawa has returned to town.

Mr. Colin C. Doran, who has been visiting for some weeks in Nassau, has returned to Montreal.

Miss Pauline Laurier has returned from Ottawa where she has been visiting her aunt, Lady Laurier.

The Misses Cora and Ruth Baillie left on Thursday, March 6th, for a trip around the world.

Mrs. W. C. J. Hall, of Quebec, who has been the guest of Mrs. E. J. Cockburn, Cedar avenue, for some weeks, is now visiting Mrs. P. P. Hall, Lansdowne avenue, Westmount.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Joseph and Miss Marguerite Joseph have returned from New York, and Miss Sybil Joseph, who has been visiting in Philadelphia, has also returned to town.

Miss Maud Macdonald left last week for New York, where she will spend some time.

Lady Chapleau and her niece, Miss Chapleau, of Ottawa, left on Sunday, March 2nd, for Naples. Before leaving Lady Chapleau engaged a suite of rooms at La Corona Hotel, where she will reside upon her return.

Miss Edna O'Malley, who is at present in New York, attended the mid-Lenten musicale of the Brooklyn Cathedral Club, given on Thursday evening February 27th, and was also a guest at the dance of the Quakers in Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, evening. At the ball Miss O'Malley wore a handsome gown of pink charmeuse veiled in rhinestone and pretty silver embroidery.

THE SHORT CUT.

Money may represent power, but the less money a man has the quicker a doctor will cure him.—Baltimore American.

BOY SCOUT EXHIBIT.

One of the most significant movements of the day will be brought into some prominence on Saturday, March 8th, when the Boy Scout Exhibition will be opened at The Victoria Hall, Westmount.

The Boy Scout movement brings the rising masculine generation into line with modern life, developing in the boys order, method and punctuality and furnishing them with the ideal, without which all life is dry and imperfect.

There are some 40,000 boy scouts in Canada and only 1,800 of these are in Quebec, but although Quebec is far behind her sister province of Ontario, where there are over 8,000 scouts, in point of numbers, this province has a summer camp, Tamaracouta, in the Laurentian Mountains which is the only scout camp in Canada.

ST. PAUL'S GIRLS' CLUB.

The St. Paul's Girls' Club was opened on Thursday night by an inaugural tea in the fine rooms underneath St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. After the tea there was a programme of music. There was a good attendance of club members, who received a hearty welcome from the president, Mrs. Wellington Dixon and the vice-president, Mrs. Bruce Taylor, who acted as principal hostesses.

His Majesty's Theatre

Miss Horniman's Company

This Afternoon and Evening

She Stoops to Conquer

Repertoire for last week of Season.

Mon. Eve. and Wed. Mat. She Stoops to Conquer

Tues. & Wed. Eves. The School for Scandal

Thurs. THE SILVER BOX

Fri. & Sat. Eves. What the Public Wants

Saturday Matinee NAN

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Orchestra Playing
Every Evening

IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

MRS. PEERS DAVIDSON presented the silver trophy cups that formed the prizes for the handicap double played at the Ladies Montreal Tennis and Badminton Club in the Royal Highlanders armories on the occasion of the monthly tea. The tea table was beautifully decorated with white and yellow spring flowers and was in charge of Mrs. Allister Mitchell and Mrs. Victor Buchanan, who poured tea, assisted by Mrs. Cecil Gordon, Mrs. Grant Macintosh and others. Among others present were Mrs. H. H. Vaughan, Mrs. Gibb Carsley, Mrs. William Prentice, Mrs. Clarence McCuaig, Miss Hazel Brownlee and Miss Violet Walker. Only six teams competed, Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Robinson winning from Mrs. Doble and Mrs. Ruggles; Mrs. C. F. Lane and Mrs. Ashby from Mrs. Finnis and Mrs. Morden, and Miss Henderson and Mrs. Stevens from Mrs. C. C. Hole and Mrs. Duclos. In the finals Miss Henderson and Mrs. Stevens won from Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Ashby.

The Duke of Connaught entertained at the annual South African dinner at Ottawa on Paardeberg Day, Saturday, March 1st.

Lord Grey presided at the meeting of the Colonial Section of the Royal Society of Arts on Tuesday, February 28th, when an address on "Openings for Educated Women in Canada" was delivered by Miss Ella C. Sykes, author of "A Home-Help in Canada."

Miss Eleanor Creighton, of Toronto, and Miss Nan Macpherson, of Toronto, intend to leave Canada about the middle of April for a trip of some months' duration through the British Isles and on the Continent.

Mr. Frank Wayland Becket, of New York, and formerly of Montreal, is spending some time in London, stopping at the Queen Anne's Mansions.

Miss Guerin, Edgehill avenue, was the hostess at a luncheon last week given in honor of Miss Phillipa Macmaster. Covers were laid for fourteen. Pale pink tulips and greenery were used for the decorations.

Mrs. A. G. Lomas spent a few days in town last week visiting Mrs. J. A. Pillow of Macgregor street.

The following were among passengers by the Allan liner Victorian, sailing from Liverpool for Halifax and St. John on February 28th: Lord Ashburnham, Mr. Kirk Greene, Commander Macdonald and Miss Montizambert.

Among the Montreals who have been staying at the Hotel Belmont, New York, lately, were Dr. C. W. Vipond, Mr. W. A. Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Norman B. Starke, Mr. F. H. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McCall and Miss McCall, Miss Darling, Miss K. W. Grier, Mr. G. D. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Swales, Mr. A. B. Chaffee, Mr. J. D. Furlong, Mr. Colin McCuaig and Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Gear.

The Ladies' Outremont Curling Club entertained at luncheon last week for their visitors from St. Lawrence Club, with whom they played a friendly match. Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Mackenzie poured tea and coffee and were assisted in serving by Miss Fensenden, Miss Quirk and Mrs. McGillivray.

MRS. ELIZABETH G. WAYCOTT.



Largely instrumental in forming the recently organized Club of American Women in Canada.

Among those present were Mrs. W. E. Ramsay, Mrs. Chipchase, Miss E. Cairns, Mrs. Annett, Miss Lily Idler, Mrs. J. M. Almond, Mrs. Norman Smith, Mrs. Hill, Miss Finnie, Mrs. Reipert, Mrs. Stackhouse, Mrs. Goodeild, Mrs. White, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Munro, Miss Tweedle and Mrs. Mackay.

Miss Lois Grimmer, of St. Stephen, N. B., is in town, the guest of Mrs. Andrew A. Brown, Crescent street. Mrs. A. W. McDougall sailed from New York for Bermuda on Tuesday, March 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. L. Ross and the latter's sister, Miss Ina Matthews, of Toronto, are sailing by the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria from New York to spend the Easter holidays in England with Master Ross.

The marriage took place in Vancouver, on Saturday, March 1st, of Mr. Richard Knox Walkem, brother of Mr. Hugh Walkem and of Mrs. Henry Joseph, to Miss Eleanor Ruby Rudolf, only daughter of Mrs. W. H. Rourke, of Shaughnessy Heights.

The marriage of Miss Helen Warburton, niece of Mrs. R. H. Warburton, Dorchester street west, to Mr. H. Percival Ross, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Ross, will be quietly celebrated in St. Andrew's Church, Westmount, on Wednesday, March 12th.

On February 26th, in New York City, Mr. Lawrence A. Schwann, of London, England, son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles E. Schwann, Bt. P.C.M.P., was married to Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss, late of Halifax, N.S. Mr. Schwann is well known to Montreals.

Mrs. J. A. Mackay was the hostess at an informal luncheon of eight covers last Tuesday, in honor of Miss Dole, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Fraser, who have been spending some time in New York, are expected home early next week.

Mrs. J. H. Ferguson and Miss Florence Campbell, of Ottawa, who have been in town visiting their sister, Mrs. Walter Kearns, have returned home. Miss Lilian Campbell, is remaining

with Mrs. Kearns, some time longer. Mr. G. G. Burnett, of Toronto, is in town, the guest of his brother, Dr. William Burnett, Mackay street.

Mrs. T. Chase Casgrain gave a perfectly appointed luncheon of twenty-five covers at the Mount Royal Club, last Tuesday, in honor of Miss Phillipa Macmaster. The decorations were done with quantities of daffodils, narcissi and violets.

The St. Lambert's Tuesday Musical Club are presenting Rhys-Hibert's comic operetta "Bulbul" in St. Lambert's Town Hall this evening, March 8th and on Monday the 10th.

Mrs. George Vipond is returning from abroad by the Victorian, which is due to arrive at St. John the end of this week.

Miss Greenfield and Mr. and Mrs. Oswald, have been visiting at the Lake Placid Club, Essex, N.Y., recently.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Davison Ewing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ewing, to Mr. James Bearman Bryson, of Ottawa, will be quietly celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, 100 Sherbrooke street west, at half-past six o'clock on Tuesday, March 18th.

Miss Muriel McConnell has gone to Vancouver for an extended visit with her aunt, Mrs. G. S. McConnell.

Dr. F. J. Hackett gave a most interesting lecture at St. Anthony's Villa, 865 Dorchester, west, on Feb. 26th, on "The Evolution of Nursing." It was one of a series of monthly lectures given before the Young Ladies Canadian Benefit Association, which has for its object the moral and physical help of its members. Dr. Hackett traced the gradual development of nursing knowledge from the ignorance of the middle ages to the sanitary and hygienic methods of today. He alluded to the work done by Miss Florence Nightingale and mentioned that she gained much of her knowledge from the Sisters of Charity who, at that time, were in charge of the Paris Hospital (where Miss Nightingale worked for some years) and also from the Deaconesses Institute at Kaiserswerth, in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tombs, Mount Pleasant avenue, Westmount, attended the wedding of Miss Mary Hanna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hanna, to Mr. Albert Victor Lewis, which took place on Thursday evening February 27th, at "Thornliebank" Castle Frank road, Toronto.

His Excellency, Nicholas de Passek, Imperial Consul General of Russia to Canada, is staying at the Ritz-Carlton. Miss Lemesurier, of Quebec, is spending some time in town, the guest of Mrs. C. H. Lemesurier.

Mrs. Leonard, of Boston, is in town the guest of Mrs. J. A. Mackay, Sherbrooke street, west.

On Tuesday, March 11th, the Morning Reading Club, will hold a meeting in the studio of the Art Association. Mrs. A. W. Cochrane will be the speaker, her subject being "The Jester," from Shakespeare. His Exits and his Entrances.

Mrs. Bruce Taylor gave a very interesting lecture on "Balalaustons Adventure," on Tuesday afternoon, at the Women's Art Society Browning Study Class, which was held in the studio. Tea was served during the afternoon, and was in charge of Mrs. E. M. Renouf and Mrs. J. J. Louson.

Mrs. James Hutchison, who was in the chair, gave Mrs. Taylor a pleasant surprise when she presented her with a beautiful bouquet of fragrant shaded tulips and ferns. Those who assisted to serve tea, were Mrs. William Burnett, Mrs. J. Warden Paterson, Mrs. Norman Brown, Miss Chadwick, Miss Lester, Miss Gertrude Fisher, Miss Eva Currie and Miss Lavinia Stuart. Those present included Mrs. J. R. Hutchison, Mrs. W. G. MacNaughton, Mrs. J. M. Almond, Mrs. William Northey, Mrs. Norman Smith, Miss Currie, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. J. T. Donald, Mrs. W. L. Jamieson and Miss Carrie Hill.

The wonderful human charm of Dickens' stories can still hold audiences spell-bound, although certain critics are pleased to call the author of "Pickwick" old-fashioned and out of date. Victoria Hall, Westmount was completely crowded on March 4th, when Mr. Speaight, of London, gave a long selection, excellently rendered from "The Tale of Two Cities." The entertainment was under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship and was to obtain funds for the maintenance of a cot at Montreal Foundling and Baby Hospital to be called after "Tiny Tim."

Mrs. Norman Smith, McCulloch avenue, Outremont, and her son, Mr. Richard Smith, entertained at an informal "Five hundred party" and dance, last Monday evening. The decorations were carried out with masses of lovely roses and daffodils. Among those present were noticed the hostess' mother and sister, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Lee-Jones, Miss Ruth and Miss Cora Baillie, Miss Mildred Robertson, Miss Marjorie Rennie, Miss Lemesurier, of Quebec; Miss Mildred Campbell and the Messrs. W. Baillie, L. H. Brennan, Wilfred Jones, Brown and Percy Bennett.

Thirteen years ago the handsome widow of Lord Randolph Churchill and the mother of Mr. Winston Churchill, astonished London Society by her re-marriage with Mr. George Cornwallis West some twenty years her junior. Cornwallis West deserted her last December, his wife has instituted a suit against him. Mrs. George Cornwallis West was Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York. She was prominent in London Society for

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FOURTH FLOOR

The American Women's Club.

The Club of American Women in Canada met at the Windsor Hotel on Tuesday afternoon, which was "Inauguration Day" in the United States. The occasion was appropriately celebrated by an altogether delightful address on "The Inauguration of George Washington" by Principal Hill of the American Congregational Church. There was a very large attendance, several new members having signed on since the last meeting. Other visitors of distinction were Mr. Howard, the president, and Mr. Blake, the secretary of the American (men's) Club, who both addressed the assembled ladies. Mr. Howard congratulated the American women on the business-like way in which they had set the club on foot. American men were very proud of what American women could do and there was no other country where women had such a prominent position as the United States. The first American child, born 1560, was a girl, one Virginia Dare. Many American women in history had upheld and suffered for the rights of their sex. There was Anne Hutchinson, who was turned out of her community for stating that women had a right to think; and May Dyer, the Quakeress, who was sentenced and hanged for a similar reason. When we compare the times those women lived in with the spectacle of the Suffragette procession fling past the President, we realize that the position of women has improved. The methods of the English Suffragettes were regrettable. They would do better not to fight men with men's weapons but with their own.

If the women of England were to decree that there would be no roast beef and plum pudding until women had the vote, the men would fall on their knees and give them what they asked.

Mrs. Waycott, who presided, spoke of the gratification it afforded the members of the Club to welcome Messrs. Howard and Blake and Principal Hill and pointed out that women's liberty and men's chivalry went hand in hand and added that there was no country where women had more liberty or men were more chivalrous than America.

Principal Hill began his address on George Washington by alluding to the contribution that the United States bring to Canada and the addition to the world's life for which Americans were responsible.

The story of George Washington refusing to tell a lie was banded about and joked at but not denied, and it formed a very notable commentary on his reputation and showed, more than a hundred years after his death, how much faith there was in the high and noble character of the man. The greatest riches of a nation were its men and women and the greatest treasures amongst its riches were its heroes.

George Washington was his nation's

idol yet there was nothing dazzling in his personality; he made no fine speeches and gained no brilliant victories. It was an extraordinary thing that the early history of the nation should go back to a man of that character. It had been rightly said of him that his genius was so perfect in all its parts that you only began to understand it when you began to analyze it. A sculptor said of him that he only realized Washington's beauty when he began to do it in marble and it was the same with his character. His courtesy was so great that even the humblest felt at home in his presence.

At the height of his greatness an acquaintance walked bare-headed beside him. "Put on your hat, my man," he said. "I have done no more than you. You did your best, I did no more." George Washington is a little known man to-day because people get tired of hearing him praised, but we lose the inspiration of the national spirit and the inspiration of great manhood if we do not read the story of his beautiful life. He represented four generations of American life and the character of his genius has been described as typically American by reason of its versatility, the vivacity of his intellect and his mental dexterity.

His humility was remarkable. After he had been elected President of Congress, Washington was urged to become king but he refused to encourage this tendency in the national life. He resisted becoming President of the United States with all the power of his manhood but he was the nation's unanimous choice.

It is difficult to-day to realize how little of government there was then; just the different States, no army or navy or commerce. He had to take his place at the head of the nation and organize all this.

His journey from his country home to New York for his election was like a royal progress. By his character and ability he won the respect of lands beyond the sea for the United States which at that time had no prestige.

Envy and malice assailed him, but those who attacked him are forgotten, whilst his memory is perpetuated. He was the greatest of good men and the best of good men.

At the conclusion of the address the company adjourned to another room for tea. A large table was beautifully decorated with the American flag and with tulips. The band of the Windsor Hotel played a spirited selection of American airs. "Yankee Doodle" and "Down South" were greeted with applause. Mrs. Saxe-Holmes and Mrs. Harry Cook poured the tea and coffee.

There was some pleasant music during the afternoon. Miss Mattinson sang and Mr. Henry Casey played the violin, Miss Charlton being the accompanist.

were assisted by Mrs. T. H. Miller and Miss Robertson.

Among those present at the Ritz-Carlton dinner, which was served "Neige and Azure" last Sunday, were Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy and party which included Sir Thomas and Lady Tait, Doctor and Mrs. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Cains, Mr. Brushol, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Robinson. The table decorations were beautifully carried out with greenery and blue sweet peas. His Excellency Count Bonin, also entertained a party, including the consul of Norway.

The Right Hon. James Bryce is in Ottawa as the guest of T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Government House.

Mrs. William Hodgson, Pine avenue west, was the hostess last Wednesday at a most enjoyable "Bridge." Cards were played at seven tables, and the decorations were carried out with quantities of deep pink tulips and ferns.

(Continued on page 5.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY GIFTS

Price - 30c Sure! I hope you are well And don't far away. Faith! I'm thinkin' of ye This St. Patrick's Day.	Price - 75c Here's to the land of the Shamrock so green, Here's to each lad and his darling colleen. Here's to the ones we love dearest and most. And may God save old Ireland! That's an Irishman's toast.	Price - 75c Art to be sure I'm proud I'm Irish.
Price - 40c Here is that ye may never die nor be kilt till ye break your bones over a bushel of glory.	Price - 25c Is your Irish heart full of gladness? Like a gleam of the sun's yellow ray: If it is, my dear, there are two of us That are glad this Saint Patrick's Day.	Price - 35c Fill me a cup till I drink to Saint Patrick. Drink to the harp-strings, the songs that beguile! Drink to our emblem, the mystical shamrock—Up with you! Down is the Emerald Isle!
Price - \$1.00 Wert thou all that I wish thee: Great, glorious and free, First flower of the earth, And first gem of the sea!	Price - \$1.15 I'm thinkin' of one and only one, And sure—that one is ye.	

AS SHOWN BY

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PHILLIPS SQUARE

Mrs. J. G. McKay, formerly Miss Margaret Nichols, received for the first time since her marriage on Thursday afternoon, March 6th, at her residence 286 Prudhomme avenue, which was beautifully decorated through out, with masses of pink and yellow tulips. The hostess received her guests, wearing her handsome wedding gown of white chamoisee satin, heavily trimmed with lace. Mrs. R. H. Macdonald and Mrs. C. K. Calhoun were in charge of the tea room, pouring tea and coffee, and

OTTAWA SOCIETY

BY BETTY

OTTAWA, Friday, March 7th.
 Mrs. Alfred E. Frapp entertained at a particularly enjoyable luncheon party, the table being effectively arranged with purple hyacinths and lilies of the valley. The guests included Mrs. Thomas Crothers, Madame Landry, Mrs. J. H. Cloran, Mrs. Rufus Poppy, Mrs. J. H. Rainville, Mrs. J. Roberts-Allen, Mrs. W. G. Perley, Mrs. Charles Brennan, Mrs. F. C. Mulkins, and Mrs. Crawford Ross.

A luncheon was given by Mrs. Frank Oliver, at which covers were laid for twelve, and the guests included, Mrs. Coffey, of London, Ont., Mrs. Law, of Yarmouth, N.S., Mrs. Charles B. Dougherty, Mrs. Emmanuel Devlin, Mrs. Frank Scott, Miss Stella Proctor, of Brighton, Mrs. T. Ellery Lord, Mrs. Carrigan, Mrs. A. A. McLean, of Charlottetown, Mrs. Nakamura, and Mrs. George P. Graham.

Mrs. W. B. Northrup entertained at a luncheon party, in honor of Mrs. Charles Fisher, of Cochrane. Sweet peas and lily of the valley centered the table, and the other guests were: Mrs. Basil White, Mrs. Gerald Bate, Mrs. Hatfield Pringle, Mrs. W. E. Phillips, Mrs. Allan Jones, Mrs. G. F. O'Halloran, Miss Milly White, Miss Elsie Keefer, Miss Edith Macpherson, and Miss Annie Moylan.

The Very Rev. G. F. Coombes, D.D., Dean of Rupert's Land, and Mrs. Coombes, have arrived from Europe, and while in Ottawa en route for their home in Winnipeg, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cory.

Mrs. McCroney has arrived from Saskatoon, and will spend the balance of the session with her husband, Mr. George McCroney, M.P., at the Chateau Laurier.

Dr. and Miss Fisher, of Montreal, who have been spending a fortnight with the Hon. Sydney Fisher, have returned home.

Miss Mabel Gildersleeve, of Kingston, has arrived in Ottawa, to be the guest of Mrs. Victor Rivers and sister, Mr. J. J. Carrick, M.P., and Mrs. Carrick, have sailed for England, and expect to be absent for some weeks.

Mrs. R. S. Minnes entertained at a very enjoyable tea, given in honor of her guest Miss Eva Welch, of Quebec, those invited to meet her being Mrs. Clarence Burritt, Mrs. Simon J. McLean, Mrs. Clyde Caldwell, Mrs. Kenna, Mrs. Dahl Laurie, Mrs. Herbert Trotter, the Misses Low, Mrs. Barnett McLean, Mrs. E. R. Bremner and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Howland and Miss Violet Wadsworth, of Toronto, spent the week end at the Chateau Laurier.

Mrs. George E. Foster was the hostess at an interesting Bridge party of four tables, when the prizes were won by Mrs. W. A. Buchanan, of Lethbridge, and Mrs. A. A. McLean, of Charlottetown; the other guests included, Mrs. J. L. Chabot, Miss Hilda Dawson, of Montreal, Miss King, Mrs. Thomas Mulvey, Mrs. Edward Farrer, Miss Eva Boldue, Mrs. Secretan Dunbar, Mrs. Ruggles Wright, Mrs. A. G. Doughty, Mrs. E. P. Hartney, Mrs. L. M. Fortier, Mrs. Hugh Guthrie, Mrs. E. R. Cameron and Mrs. W. M. Brophy.

Mr. Eddie Keefer, has arrived in town from Mexico City, and is visiting his uncle Mr. Charles H. Keefer. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond Gowen, spent a few days in the Capital, en route from Quebec, to their home in Vancouver, B.C.

Mrs. Charles Brennan was hostess at a delightful luncheon, covers being laid for twelve, and the table arranged with daffodils, tulips and violets. The guests were, Mrs. Frank Cochrane, Madame Lemeux, Mrs. Gerald Bate, Mrs. William McDougall, Mrs. George Desbarats, Mrs. James Mills, Mrs. J. L. Chabot, Mrs. L. K. Jones, Mrs. Carleton Monk and Mrs. Frank Oliver.

Mr. and Mrs. Armand Lavergne, of Quebec, have been spending some little time in Ottawa, as the guests of the Speaker of the Senate and Madame Landry. Miss Marguerite Taschereau is also staying with her mother, Madame Landry.

Colonel J. P. Landry, of Quebec, has been the guest of the Speaker of the Senate and Madame Landry, during the military meetings, which have been taking place in the Capital.

Colonel Jeffrey Burland, of Montreal, who came up to address the Woman's Canadian Club, was the week end guest of his sister, Mrs. H. M. Ami.

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Casgrain, were the guests of honor at a supper and theatre party given in their honor, by Dr. and Mrs. McKelvey Bell.

Mrs. Sam Hughes was the hostess at a delightful luncheon, followed by "Bridge," when cards were played at four tables, and the guests included, Madame Pelletier, Mrs. W. T. White, Mrs. Crothers, Mrs. George E. Foster, Mrs. Edgar Rhodes, Mrs. Alfred Frapp, Mrs. James Mackay, Mrs. J. E. Armstrong, Mrs. William McDougall, Mrs. W. A. Buchanan, Mrs. Frederick Schaffner, Mrs. Arthur Hamilton, Mrs. S. J. Donaldson, Mrs. Bernard Hepburn, Mrs. H. W. Bowie, Mrs. Norman Learmonth, Mrs. W. H. Bennett, Mrs. Secretan Dunbar and Mrs. T. C. Boyle.

Mrs. T. Ellery Lord, entertained at a luncheon, at the Country Club, in honor of Mrs. Ernest Fellowes; who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Reiffenstien. The other guests were Mrs. Henry Ayles, Mrs. T. G. Brigham, Mrs. Ruggles Wright, Mrs. William Garrioch, Mrs. Douglas Cameron, Mrs. E. R. Bremner, Miss Edith Wilson, Mrs. Frank Scott, Miss Edith Wilson, Miss Stella Proctor, Miss Blackburn, Mrs. Joseph Irvin and Miss Rose Wright.

Mrs. W. C. Edwards, entertained at a luncheon, when covers were laid for fourteen, and the guests included, Lady Borden, Lady Laurier, Mrs. N. A. Belcourt, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Hugh Guthrie, Mrs. E. M. Macdonald, Mrs. Everard Fletcher, Mrs. John Sinclair, Mrs. Fred Lambert, Mrs. Andrew Blair, Mrs. J. V. Ellis and Mrs. Lyman Duff.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia attended by Miss Adam and Captain Buller, A.D.C., occupied the Royal Box, at the lecture given in the Russell Theatre, by Captain Rold Amundsen. Among others noticed in the audience, were Captain and Mrs. Walter Long, Hon. Robert and Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. and Mrs. Fred Carling, Miss Gladys Carling, Colonel and Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Commander and Mrs. Henry Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Hon. W. C. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bate.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, with a party from Government House, were present on Wednesday evening in the Hall of the Collegiate Institute, to listen to the story of the Balkan war, as told by Mr. Angus Hamilton, who during that time, was representative of the Central News of London, Eng; Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes was in the chair; the proceeds of Mr. Hamilton's lectures, go towards the Lady Lowther fund in Constantinople, and the British Legation fund, in Sofia.

Colonel and Mrs. Lyons Biggar entertained at an "At Home," in honor of the officers of the Army Medical Corps and their wives, who were in town for the military conference; Mrs. Biggar received her guests wearing a gown of old rose satin, with trimmings of fur and lace. Mrs. Henry Ami presided at the tea table assisted by Miss Sophie Howard, Miss Violet Biggar and Miss Grace Drayton; among those present were, Colonel Stewart, Montreal, Colonel and Mrs. Clarke, Quebec, Major and Mrs. Lafferty, Quebec, Captain Scott, Winnipeg, Major and Mrs. Robertson, Quebec, Captain Anderson, Major Simpson, Maj. Sadler, Colonel Dodge, Colonel and Mrs. Nelles, Colonel Ramsay, Commander and Mrs. Irving Miles, Commander and Mrs. Henry Thompson, Sister Pope and Sister Macdonald, of Halifax, Colonel and Mrs. Secretan Dunbar, Captain and Mrs. Basil White, Major and Mrs. Kennis-Betty, Major and Mrs. George Patterson-Murphy, Major and Mrs. Lawrence Bogart, Mrs. Martin Burrell, Mrs. Britten Francis, Mrs. Hammond Gowan, Mrs. P. D. Ross, Miss Mabel Gildersleeve, Kingston, Mrs. Jessie Webber, Toronto, Major DesRosier, Major Harris, and many others.

Mrs. William Duthie entertained at the tea hour, in honor of her sister, Miss Laura Walker, of Montreal. Mrs. Duthie receiving in rose pink chaise longue, with trimmings of lace and hand embroidery, was assisted by Miss Walker, who was smartly gowned in pink satin; Mrs. J. A. Seybold and Mrs. T. M. Birkett presided at the tea table, and were relieved during the afternoon by Mrs. Archie May and Mrs. Donald Hector McLean, assisted by Mrs. Dahl Laurie, Mrs. Oswald Finnie and Mrs. E. R. Bremner.

The Speaker of the Senate and Madame Landry entertained at a dinner party. The table was elaborately decorated with crimson roses and carnations. The guests included, the Hon. George H. and Miss Ethel Perley, Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Crothers, Hon. W. J. and Mrs. Roche, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Belcourt, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Baird, Hon. Senator and Madame Choquette, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Prince, Hon. Senator and Madame Casgrain, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur de Celles, Mr. and Mrs. Armand Lavergne, Mr. and Mrs. P. Davis, Major and Mrs. Robertson, Colonel Landry, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick.

The "At Home" to be given on the twenty-fifth of March, by the ladies auxiliary of St. Patrick's Home, will have the following ladies as chaperones, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Lady Fitzpatrick, Lady Laurier, Mrs. Dennis Murphy, Mrs. C. J. Doherty, Mrs. H. J. Cloran, Mrs. D'Arcy McGee, Mrs. M. P. Davis and Miss Murphy. Mrs. W. C. Edwards and her sister, Miss Edith Wilson, are sailing from New York, shortly for a six weeks' trip on the Laurentic, for Barbados, Dr. Westrope McDougall will also be a passenger on the same trip.

Mrs. H. K. Egan entertained at a dinner party followed by a game of "Bridge," covers were laid for sixteen. Lord Francis Scott, who has been acting temporarily as A.D.C. to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, has left for England, where he will rejoin his regiment.

Lady Laurier was the hostess at a particularly enjoyable "Bridge" given in honor of her guests, Miss Lemeux and Miss Pauline Laurier, of Montreal. Cards were played at five tables, the prizes being won by Miss Gabrielle Lefleur, Miss Kitty Power and Miss Jeanne Faribault. The tea table, which was arranged with pink tulips, was presided over by Miss Pauline Hecker and Miss Lemeux. Among those present were Miss Constance McDonald, Miss Muriel Anglin, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Hectorine Lefleur, Miss Renee Sauvalle, Miss Edith Cory, Miss Ena Boudreau, Miss Beatrice Belcourt, Miss Frances Faribault, Miss Gabrielle Caron, Miss Eugenie LaCour, Miss Jeanne Danes, Miss Lulu Barsalon, Miss Paineaud, of Quebec, and Miss Germaine Roy.

BETTY.

In Social Circles

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

LADY ALLAN left on Monday, March 3rd, by the "Mauretania," for England, and will be absent for about two months.

Mrs. Homer Curry, who has been spending the winter very quietly on account of her health, is regaining strength and hopes soon to take up her accustomed social duties. Mrs. Curry, known to the public, as Miss Madeline Homer, was early remarkable for her exquisite voice and became the favorite pupil of the famous Pauline Viardot Garcia. Delicate health obliged her to forsake the concert platform and having perfected a marvellous method of voice production, for some years she has devoted herself to teaching. It is a disappointment to many who know Mrs. Curry's rare gifts that she does not yet feel strong enough to act as music convener to the New American Club.

There are at present three pupils of Mrs. Curry's ready to make their bow to the public, all young and all possessed of lovely voices. Miss Raphael, a mezzo-soprano, has been heard and approved by the impresario, Mr. Ruben. Miss Cross, who has a lovely lyric soprano voice, is the soloist at the Church of the Messiah and sang a selection from "St. Paul" very beautifully last Sunday. Miss Josette Gagnon of Quebec, who is the fortunate possessor of a big dramatic soprano, is at present in Montreal for two

ONE of the most successful events of the season, was the tea, given by Mrs. J. Wynne Smith, on Thursday, February 27th, at her residence on Windsor avenue, Westmount. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, with flowers and greenery. Pink sweet peas, tulips, and quantities of lovely roses, were used in the drawing-room, where the hostess received, wearing a handsome gown of mauve brocade satin, veiled in purple nylon, that fell in soft folds, making a charming back ground, for the heavy jewelled trimmings. A large corsage bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids was worn. Mrs. J. Wynne Smith was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Hilda Smith, who was wearing a gown of the palest shade of yellow, beautifully brocade, with pretty pinnies over accordion-plated chiffon, with a bunch of deep purple violets and ten roses. Miss Pearl Smith assisted her mother also, wearing a lovely white satin dress, veiled in pink chiffon, and trimmed with tiny pink rosebuds. She carried a bouquet of Killarney roses. Mrs. E. Littler, who also assisted, was wearing a pale blue chiffon gown trimmed with pink shaded roses, and carried a fragrant bouquet of sweet peas. Pink tulips and ferns were used to decorate the hall, and in the tea room jonquils, daisies, and violets were artistically arranged on the table in a large silver filigree basket. Mrs. William Lavers and Mrs. J. S. Prince



The Bore: "In my opinion an artist ought to be able to draw anything from an elephant to a gasometer." The Artist: "Well, old man, if you'll undertake to act as model I can give you a happy combination of both."

months continuing her studies with Mrs. Curry.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rainville, gave a successful and perfectly appointed dinner, last week, at the Ritz-Carlton. Amongst the guests were noticed, Mr. and Mrs. Decarie, Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Brinacomb and Mrs. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Robinson have returned to Calgary. They have been spending some time in town the guests of the later's parents Mr. and Mrs. E. C. B. Fetherstonhaugh, and also in St. John, N.B., where they visited Mr. Robinson's mother, Mrs. Barclay Robinson.

Miss Phyllis Baker, who spent a few days in the Laurentian Mountains, the guest of Mrs. Walter Molson, has returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ambrose spent the week-end in Hamilton.

Miss Jessie Paterson-Smyth and Miss M. Cameron carried off the Shield of the Delta Sigma Society of McGill, held on Feb. 26, at Victoria College. The resolution was "That women should have equal political rights with men." These two skilful young speakers represented the first year and took the affirmative.

Father C. F. Gibney, parish priest of the vast parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Long Island City, N. Y., is taking a holiday and is at present at the Ritz-Carlton. He is accompanied on his trip by his niece, Miss Henrietta Kellett, who is on the staff of Brooklyn High School. Father Gibney made a tour of the world two or three years ago, during which he obtained a splendid collection of photographs. He has promised to lecture for the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at Outremont and Hochelaga whilst in Montreal.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Maud Chapman, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Chapman, to Mr. Sydney D. Brigan, of Los Angeles, formerly of Vancouver.

The engagement is announced of Florence, daughter of Major R. G. Leekie, Sudbury, Ont., to Mr. A. G. M. Mainwaring, of Cambridge, England, headmaster-elect of St. Albans, Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carson "Romilly House," Kingston, announce the engagement of their daughter, Vera Louise, to Mr. Hubert Stethem, Royal Canadian Dragoons, St. Johns, Que., eldest son of W. J. Stethem, Esq., "Oakhurst," Westmount.

AFTERNOON TEA AT THE EDINBURGH CAFE



EDINBURGH CAFE

436 St. Catherine Street West

AMONG the Montrealeers who went up to Ottawa, to attend the Military Conference, last week, were, Mrs. F. Minden Cole, Mrs. E. B. Busted, Mrs. David Scott, Mrs. Henry Blatchford, Miss Compton-Burnett, of London, England, and the Rev. Dr. Johnston and Mrs. Johnston.

Mrs. Philip J. Turner, left on Friday, February 28th, for Barbados, B. W. I. She will return to the city at the end of April.

Mr. T. R. McCarthy and Miss McCarthy, who have been spending some time in Europe, are expected home shortly.

Mrs. Ernest Latter spent the last week in Ottawa, the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. C. Bowles.

The famous American pianist, Arthur Shattuck has been staying with the Duke of Westminister, at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, England, one of the show places of the Old Country and especially famed for the great beauty of the gardens. Whilst a guest of the Duke, Mr. Shattuck played at a charity performance in which the beautiful Princess Henry of Pless, sister of the Duchess of Westminister, took part. Princess Henry, was one of the Cornwallis-West girls. She has undoubtedly gifts, singing and acting in a style with which few amateurs can compete.

Mrs. Walter Spencer has been visiting in Sherbrooke, the guest of her brother-in-law, Dr. G. M. Hume. Miss Louise de Sola, was the hostess last week, at a charming luncheon for debutantes. Covers were laid for ten, the table decorations being carried out with masses of fragrant white hyacinth, yellow jonquils, and lovely deep purple violets.

Mrs. Grant Morden entertained at lunch on February 26th at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Among her guests were Mrs. Watts and Mrs. Wilgess of Vancouver, Miss Godfrey, Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Brinacomb.

Edmond Clement, the French tenor received several old friends at the Windsor Hotel on Saturday. Accompanied by Mlle. Artette Carlyle and Messrs. Lafarge and Gauvin, he climbed the mountain during Sunday's snow storm and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Miss Bernice Coyle, who has been spending several weeks in Toronto, the guest of her uncle, Mr. George Warwick, has returned to town, and Miss Ruby Coyle, who has been spending several days in Shawbridge has also returned to the city.

The marriage will take place shortly after Easter of Miss Sally Hillyer, sister of Mrs. J. A. Pillow to Mr. George H. Hannah, Sr.

The soft shaded lights and sweet strains of music gave an added charm to the successful dance, which was held by the St. Lambert Twelve O'clock Club, in their town hall on Friday evening, February 28th. Quantities of lovely pink flowers and greenery were used to decorate the hall, and there was a programme of twelve dances and three extras. The eighty members and their friends were received by Mrs. Ridgedale and Mr. Dawson. Supper was served at small tables at about eleven o'clock. Among those present were noticed, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, the Misses Ridgedale, Miss Louise Hodges of Westmount, the Misses Madeline and Marjory McDonald, and the Misses Hughes, Dawson, Morris, Dix, Walker, Lucas, Grose, Ramsay, Ellis, Courtman, Tatum, Ward, Andrews, Drummond, Horsfall, Goodchild, Clarke, McKenna, Cookson, Robertson, Le Magerie, and the Messrs. Bragg, Bourne, Dixon, Jordan, Potter, Church, Orchard, Rommell, Jacques, Ellis, McDonald, Meeham, Hart, S. Bourne, Dix, Tremaine, Storer, Whimbeys, Spinney, Sprague, Laycock, Lamontagne, Vroom, Tyrrel, Madler, Locke, Hill and Thomson.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Irene Glasford, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Glasford, of Montreal, to Mr. Frank Waring of Vancouver, took place in Vancouver on Wednesday, March 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Miller, of Quebec, sailed from Halifax on Saturday, March 1st, by the S.S. Tunisian for a trip to Europe.

Miss Black and Miss Laura Black of San Antonio, Southern California, who have been spending the winter in town, the guests of the Misses Mathewson, Sherbrooke street west, are returning to their home shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Grier, are expected back from New York shortly.

VERY successful was the dance given by the Alpha P. Club, in St. George's Club house, on Tuesday, February 25th. Over a hundred guests were present, and were received by Mrs. F. A. Purdy and Miss Richardson. The supper table and large hall were beautifully decorated in blue and gold.

Among the guests were noticed Miss Elsie Stewart, Miss Delia Purdy, Miss Evelyn Stewart, Miss Enid Owens, Miss Gilchrist, Miss Doyle, Miss Bertha McEwan, Miss Rhind, Miss Gwen Hall, Miss O. Fraser, Miss J. Wright, Miss F. Grace, Miss A. Woods, Miss Marguerite Powter, Miss Edythe Shuter, Miss Dorothy Lane, Miss J. Allan, Miss Hope Sorley, Miss Edythe Allan, Miss Marion Kenner, Miss Jessie Morison, Miss Hazel Shaw, Miss Brownie Russell, Miss Garth, Miss Irving, Miss Queenie Rice, Miss R. Mackay, Miss Potvin, Miss Margaret Waud, Miss Edith Dettmers, Miss White, Miss Nolan, Miss Andrews, Miss Gladys Williams, Miss Marjorie Douglas, Miss Elsie Brown, Miss Dorothy Reidy, Miss Irma Usher, Miss Roston, Miss Blacklock, Miss Muriel McGibbon, Miss Maybelle MacMillan and the Messrs. A. D. Wolfe Smith, William P. Muir, Fred McHattie, Ronald T. Somers, J. R. Cockfield, L. T. Pennal, S. A. Cornell, E. S. Smith, E. E. Barlow, Eric Fraser, W. A. Kennedy, W. H. Barlow, Frank Mead, A. H. Coates, Randolph M. Andrews, Leonard Whiteside, Duncan A. McNiece, H. S. Paul, D. H. Johnson, Charles Delphin, John Hyde, Peter Cameron, John Howe, K. Forder, R. B. Hall, U. H. Beck, H. J. Lange, William Hyde, G. E. Robertson, E. W. Waud, Jr., W. I. Goodhough, J. W. Fairfield, W. H. Jackson, R. S. Dettmers, Earl Powter, G. W. Blacklock, W. Graham Scott, W. H. Fisher, Jr., M. B. Williams, Chester F. Kolsch, J. P. Collins, G. Hadriell, Lloyd Parsons, L. Spencer Henderson, Campbell Macfarlane, Gordon Miller, Wm. S. B. Lockhart and Dave Williamson.

Miss Mary Wells Capewell, who has been the guest of the Misses Mathewson, Sherbrooke street west, has returned to Boston.

Miss Tena Gates, who has been visiting Mrs. Garnet Retallack, has returned to Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Shorey and Miss Shorey sailed by the White Star liner, Cedric, from New York on Tuesday, March 4th, for the Mediterranean. Other passengers by the same boat were Mr. and Mrs. H. Austin, Lady Chapeau, Miss K. J. Chapeau, Miss L. S. Baillie, and Dr. D. Handfield, also Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Matthews, of Ottawa.

Miss Elizabeth Dutton Henderson, daughter of Mr. Robertson, late of Grove Street Institute, Glasgow, was married to Mr. Hugh McLaren, formerly of Glasgow, on February 26th.

The wedding, which was a very quiet one, took place at the residence of Mr. F. Hyde, 386 St. Catherine's Road. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. R. Dobson, of St. Giles Presbyterian Church. The bride wore a gown of soft grey charmeuse with a veil of orange blossoms and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and white roses. Mr. Hyde gave the bride away and Miss Sara McLaren, the bridegroom's sister, was maid of honor. About thirty intimate friends attended an informal reception after the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Carson and Miss Carson are in town.

The presence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught lent special distinction to the dinner given by the Hon. the Minister of Militia in the Parliamentary Cafe, on the occasion of the Military Conference. On rising to reply to the toast of "The Governor-General," His Royal Highness was greeted by a continuous round of applause; Sir McKenzie Bewell, Major Barker (Hamilton) Colonel McLean, Major Baker and Captain King, responded to "The Parliament of Canada." Admiral Kingsmill, Colonel Davidson, Colonel Steele, Colonel Bott, Colonel Turner, Colonel LaBelle and Major Griesbach to "The Army and Navy." Sir Frederick proposed "Our Host," Colonel Hughes replying in a most apt manner. Mr. J. McCormack Clarke and Mr. Cecil Bethune sang some very stirring songs and the "Guard Band" was in attendance.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Charles Kingsmill entertained at an "At Home" for the members of the Rideau skating club, and a few personal friends on the evening of March 5th.

Montreal's Beautiful Homes

"Ravenscrag,"—The Home of Sir Montague Allan



"Ravenscrag," Commandingly situated on an eminence within the well kept grounds.

PICTURESQUELY situated in the midst of commodious grounds which are verily carved from the southern slope of Mount Royal, perhaps no other city residence in Canada is built on quite so commanding a site as Ravenscrag, the Montreal house of Sir Montagu Allan. It is hard to imagine a more ideal location, access to the business duties and social pleasures of city life is so easily attained yet the surroundings can only be compared with those of some old English manor house. Even the views obtained from within are of a most suburban nature, and it is difficult to conceive that one is in the heart of the metropolis when viewing surroundings usually associated with country life.

The residence is situated on top of an undulating eminence within the well-kept grounds, and the forty years which have elapsed since it was built have only been sufficient to blend the house and grounds into one harmonious whole. The design of the exterior follows the imposingly simple lines of the Italian Renaissance period, the material used being the native limestone which is so well adapted to the needs of large buildings under our climatic conditions. Being planned by Messrs. Hogle and Davis of this city, the exterior is therefore, wholly a product of this island. The decorations of the exterior are slight, it relying mainly on design and material for its imposing appearance, and, despite its massive grandeur, there is nothing ostentatious in the structure.

The entrance door of a residence has been likened in importance to the first chapter of a story—it should undisappointingly suggest what to expect. If such is the case, the massive, carved oaken doors of Ravenscrag amply fulfil their mission. They open into a charming marble floored, stained glass and tapestry walled vestibule which follows the Italian Renaissance feeling and which unquestionably excites the appetite for more.

The glass panelled door, its arched design following the style of the period, leads into the entrance hall and, after crossing a transverse apartment of the same nature, into the reception hall. These stately apartments, the one running from south to north and the other from west to east, are decorated along the imposing lines of the Italian Renaissance period. The fluted columns and finely moulded cornices are in old ivory enamel, while the

panelled walls are in ivory and old Flemish tapestry. The entrance hall is floored with black and white marble tiles, the others with oak, the matched rugs of the three apartments blending harmoniously in color and design. Perhaps the feature of the reception hall is the beautiful carved Caen stone mantel, an addition to the original de-

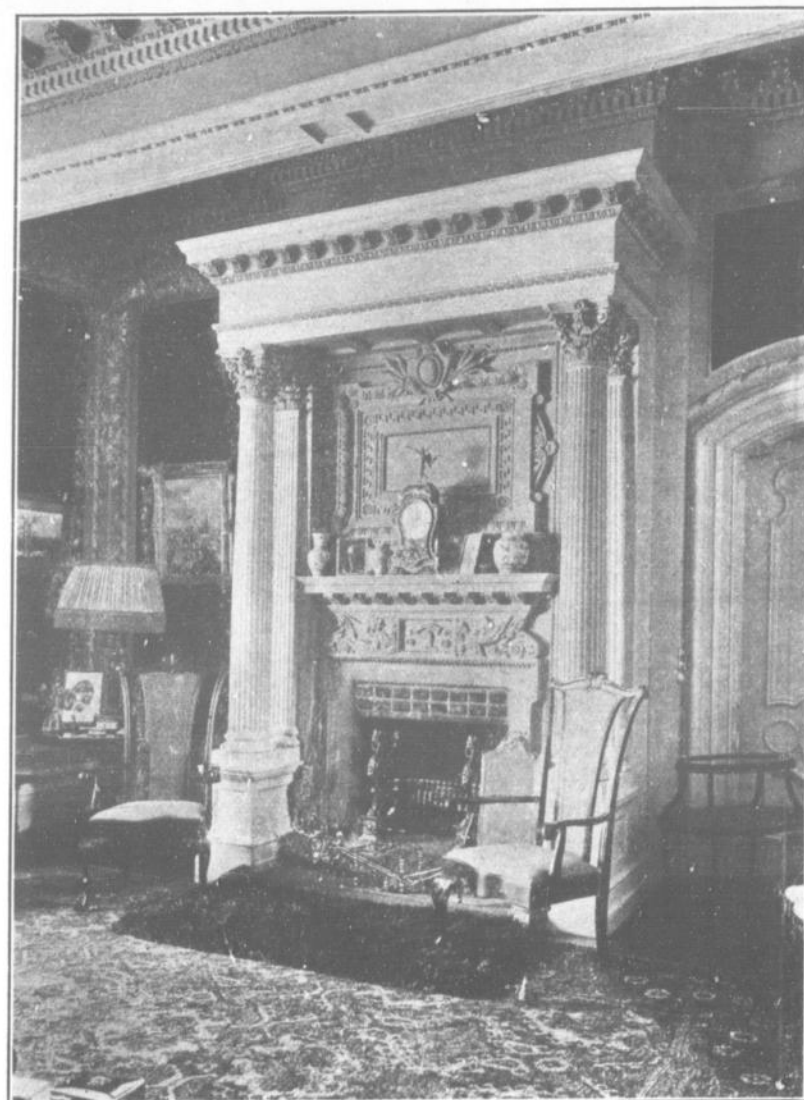
notably around the fine fireplace, are pleasing examples of Chippendale.

To the left of the entrance hall, one enters a charming reception room which is decorated after the general period design in delicate lavender, and which contains a handsome Carrara marble mantel. From this apartment entrance is had into the draw-

ings. The exquisitely carved Carrara mantel is surmounted by a massive period mirror the companion of a yet more massive one, supported by the attendant marble topped consol table, which adorns the west side of the room. The heavy rug is of Aubusson design in delicate shades of rose and green harmonizing with the soft greys and rose of the Louis XV furniture and with the mural decorations. The two heavy cut crystal chandeliers are matched by the smaller lighting fixtures and are in keeping with the general decorative effect.

Through a door in the west side of this room one enters the billiard room and ball room, both decorated after modified Louis XIV designs. The former occupies the entire width of the house and is decorated in pale green and white with parquetry floor, the heavy silk hangings being a pleasing combination of red and green. It is connected with the ball room by a wide columned archway, planned in such a manner that the removal of the table enables it to be utilized as a part of the ball room when necessary.

The magnificent and commodious ball room occupies the entire width and height of the house, its parquetry floor, fluted columns, and vaulted ceiling, combining to produce a most impressive effect. It is decorated in pale green and gold with medallions of unquestionable merit adorning the vaulted ceiling. Three beautiful cut



A beautiful Caen stone Mantel is the feature of the Reception Hall.

its windows one obtains a fine view of Mount Royal. It follows the Italian Renaissance feeling in general design but is somewhat modified by dull red tapestry paneled walls. This room contains a wonderful amount of

the heavy silk hangings of the windows. The heavy Indian rug of dull reds, blues, and green is harmonious and contains the necessary elements of warmth to the feeling of such an apartment.

The dining room is situated to the east of the entrance hall and is one of the apartments comparatively redecorated. The work has been carried out in Georgian design, the carved oak woodwork and green and gold silk tapestry walls making a very effective combination. The ceiling is heavily beamed and paneled, its stateliness making itself felt throughout the room. A feature of the decorative effect is the fine green marble mantel inset with bronze plaques which adorns the north wall. The heavy Persian rug is of dull green color and forms a suitable setting for the carved oak and leather upholstered furniture.

The stairway leads from the east of the transverse hall to the upper hall which is decorated in dark green and ivory enamel and which occupies a central position throughout the length of the residence, giving easy access to the various chambers. One of the most pleasing rooms on this floor is the charming Louis XV boudoir which is a perfect example of a period room decorated in pearl grey and rose.

Bell's Galleries are responsible for the decorations throughout.

FOR our ancestors, who had oxen drag into their halls huge logs to feed the fire before which the stag was roasted whole, the vast open fireplace was all very well, but, nowadays, unless we are blessed with very elastic purse strings or have an unlimited wood supply, it is quite as insincere as an enameled complexion.

SONG.

My heart is a lute to your lips,
Whereon, what you list, you shall play.
A psalm of passion, perhaps,
Or—a song at the close of the day.

My heart is a viol to your eyes
From whose strings, as your glances
them sweep,
All my secretmost longings arise
Like giants refreshed with sleep.

My heart is an instrument mute
For your lips and your eyes are withdrawn.
And the voices of viol and lute
May not wake when the player is gone.

CECIL W. LANE,



The halls follow the imposing lines of the Italian Renaissance period.

orative scheme yet perfectly harmonious. The furniture is now all of period design, but is well selected so as not to strike a jarring note of incongruity. The five principal pieces, desk, table, and chairs, are beautiful examples of inlaid work, satinwood on mahogany, of Flemish design and in accord with the rural tapestry. Other pieces,

ing room. This spacious apartment follows the Italian Renaissance feeling, the panelling and medallions of the walls and ceiling being splendid examples of Italian workmanship. The color scheme is grey which is brightened and enlivened by the warm tints in the frescoes and medallions and by the richness of the hang-

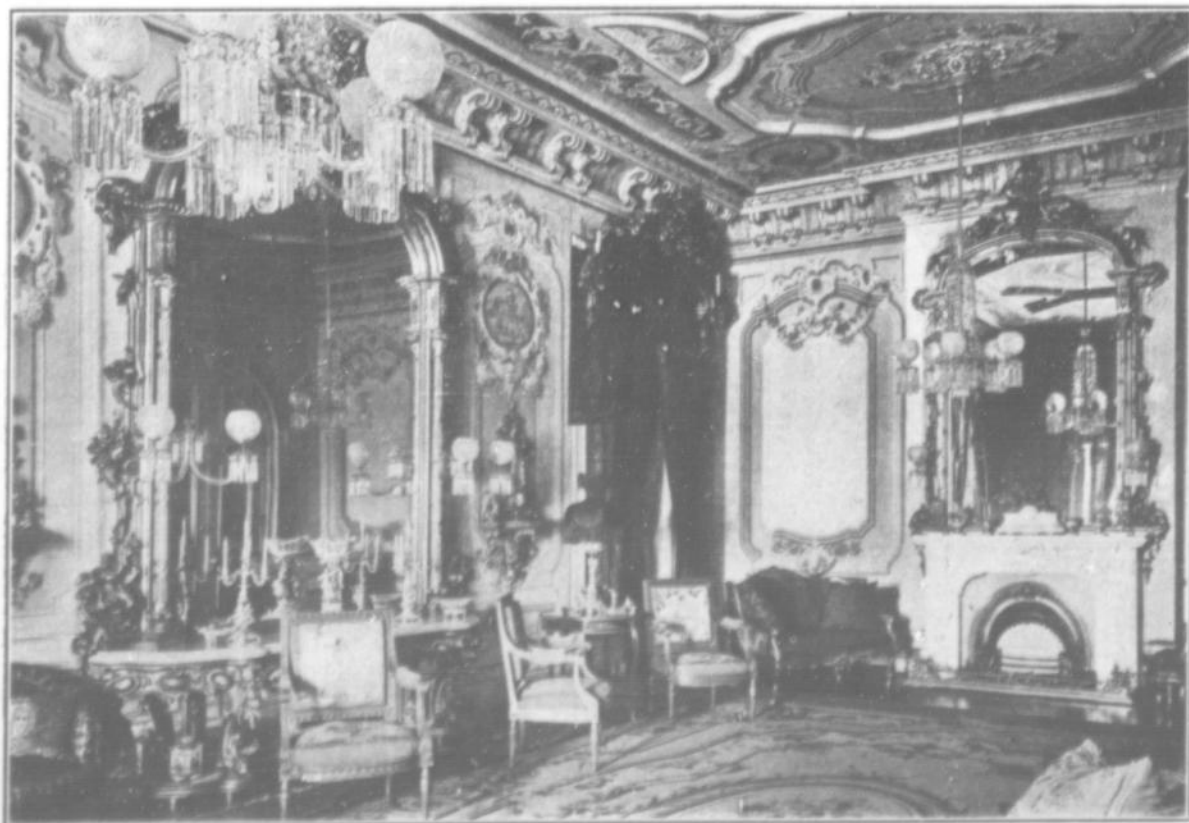


The Library contains much Carved Mahogany in decorative effect.

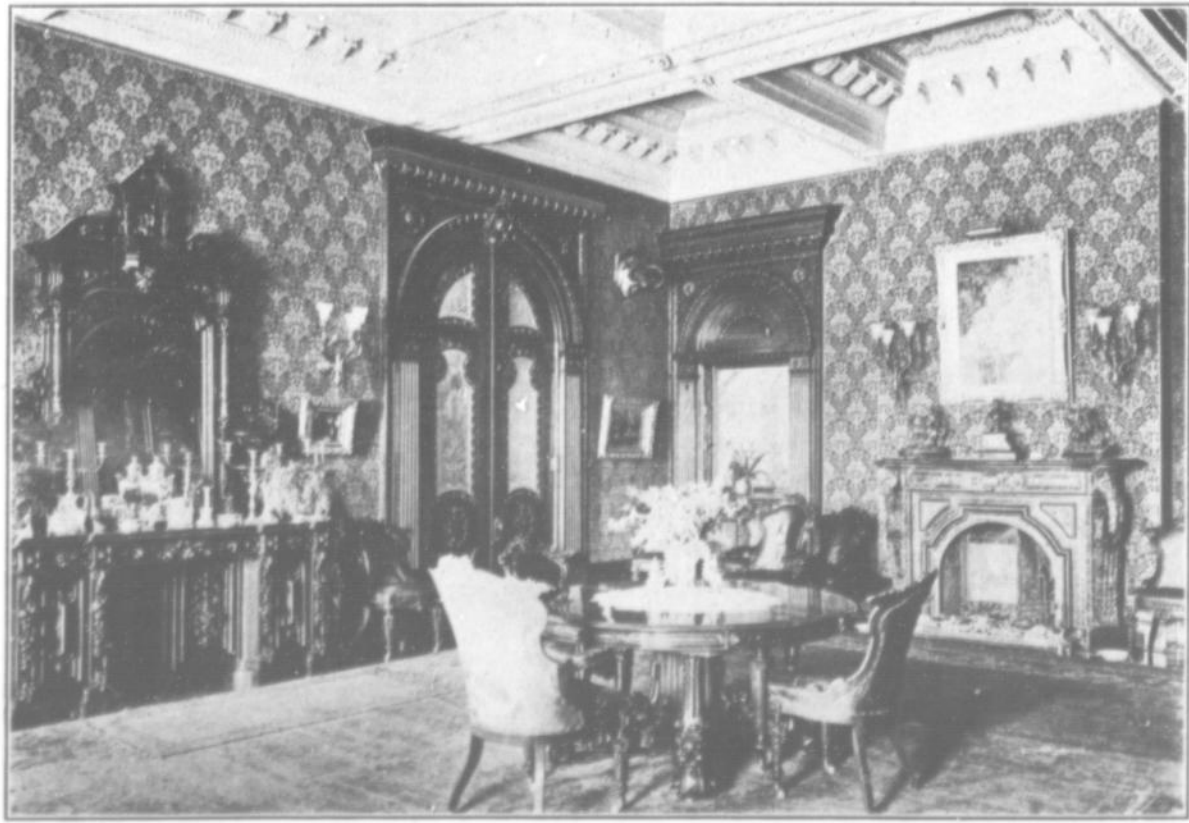
crystal chandeliers serve to enhance the decorative effect as well as give ample illumination. The musicians gallery occupies the upper part of the entrance to the extensive conservatories which are situated at the western end of the residence.

The library is situated across the hall from the drawing room and from

carved mahogany both in its fixtures and furnishings. One end of the room is fully occupied by the mantel and bookcases which are fine examples of the woodcarvers art, while two tables and two cabinets match this work in design and workmanship. The upholstery is in dull red with gold fleur-de-lis design and matches



The drawing room follows the Italian Renaissance feeling.



The Georgian Dining Room is in oak and green silk tapestry.

For Women Who Think	The Feminist "I confess myself altogether feminist."—H. G. Wells. A Twentieth Century Woman's Page	Edited by FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS
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TEXT FOR THE DAY.

"Woman—a creature who cannot reason and who pokes the fire from the top!"
—AN EPISCOPAL DEFINITION.

SERMONETTE.

THE majority of us, however hotly we may deny the fact, cherish at least one pet superstition. Some will not begin anything on a Friday, others take particular pains to avoid walking under a ladder. Some hate to see three black crows in the sky, others regard a broken mirror as a calamity. Some feel that a drop of patent medicine taken over night will make a whole man of an invalid, others that the act of dropping a piece of paper into a slot will change a woman into a man. Superstitions are as varied and as irrational as are the people who hold them, they are common to no one clime, to no one race; they flourish under the blue skies of Florida as happily as under the Icelandic heavens.

There is a popular superstition, variously expressed, to the effect that the female of the genus homo is not a reasoning being. It would be interesting to trace the origin of this superstition, as there is, apparently, even less ground for believing in it than for believing that people born on Xmas day can see ghosts. The text for to-day is, with eminent suitability, chosen from the sayings of a famous bishop whose name I have forgotten. (N.B.—He got this information regarding woman intuitively, we find no record of the belief in Holy Writ). Let us consider now what the female of the genus homo has done to differentiate her so completely from the male of the same species, let us decide for ourselves whether this exceptionally popular superstition has any basis in fact.

And first let us bear in mind one curious point, the irrationality of the female is only observed in the human species. No one ever suggests that a mare fails to win a race because she is a mare, or that a horse can more readily be taught to earn his own—or rather, his master's—living because of his superior masculine ability. When a hunting man owns a dog who is a good retriever he never attributes his pet's talents to his sex, nor does he say, when disappointed in the day's bag, that "it serves him right for taking a female out hunting." Try to imagine if you can a dog fancier insisting on receiving more pay for a male than for a female terrier on the ground that the former, being a male, was necessarily possessed of greater talent and superior mental force!

It is only in relation to the human species that this superstition is held. Biologically, as we see, there is no basis for it.

* * *

WHAT has psychology to say?

I have yet to find a psychology, which, dealing with the human mind, divides that mind into two compartments—male and female—and gives separate information regarding each. The processes of the human mind are dealt with independently of sex. Even at a time when women were forbidden higher education on the ground that the inferiority of their minds rendered such education abortive—even then, I say, in the very colleges which women were forbidden to enter, psychology dealt with the processes of the human mind and neglected to announce that only male minds were human. Psychology has never noticed this curious imaginary division between the male and the female intellect.

But now we come to sociology; and we find to our surprise that when the human race first emerged from savagery, females held the reins of government, were responsible for all the beginnings of art and industry, and made the first rude laws. Moreover we find that Socrates, the wisest man of whom we have any historical record, resorted to Aesop's fables for instruction, and avowed himself to have received great benefit from her teachings. This looks somewhat as though Socrates had dissented from the popular view.

Cleely Hamilton's sayings on this subject are refreshingly original and naive. She says, "On every occasion on which I have been more or less politely—but always firmly—informed that I had no reason, but could console myself for the deficiency by the reflection that I possessed the usual feminine quality of intuition, I have made a point of bringing the person who made the remark to book by insisting on an exact definition of the term. In every single case within my own experience the exact definition—as I have been careful to point out—has been not insight, but instinct. . . . We are supposed to know what we want without knowing why we want it."

In short, she says, she discovered that her mind was supposed to work "in a series of disconnected and frog-like jumps;" while a man could trace the progress of his thought, step by step.

She offers an explanation for this popular hallucination which seems to me sane and satisfactory. My commendation of her theory is possibly the more enthusiastic because I had already arrived at the same conclusion for myself.



Published by the Suffrage Atelier.

UNTIL very lately the occupations of men and women have been quite separate. Thus different mental activities have been called into use. We all know that a woman who has practised the piano daily from childhood will perform runs and arpeggios with an ease which to an untrained performer verges on the miraculous. So men, after spending twenty years or so in the business world, will acquire a facility for business which, to a totally untrained woman seems supernatural. When she feebly attempts to follow the man's rapid calculations or interrupts him with some foolish comment, he naturally leaps to the conclusion

who think." I thank him sincerely for his kindness in writing to tell me so.

The second gentleman repeats the gratifying comments of the other writers, and makes a suggestion of great interest, namely that a comparison be instituted between the respective theories of Ellen Key and Charlotte Perkins Gilman. I shall quote more fully from his letter in a subsequent edition, and shall then discuss these authors. I thank these three people again; it is pleasant to receive letters at all, but doubly pleasant when these letters are signed.

Space will not permit of my answering all the letters received this week, but I shall answer two very briefly.

HALF-CONVERTED.—I should be delighted to give you a list of literature and to tell you of a place where you could procure it, but since the exhibit closed there is no place in the city where Suffrage pamphlets are sold. There will be one very soon. In the meantime may I recommend Olive Schreiner's "Women and Labour," Elizabeth Robin's "The Convert," and Charlotte P. Gilman's "Women and Economics." These three will cover most of the ground, and all can be procured at any bookstore and—I think—in all libraries.

SOJHIE MAY.—That quotation is from Byron. I believe that it was addressed to the Greeks. You have not, I think, quoted quite correctly, the exact words are, "Hereditary bondsman! know you not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

R.S.S. Unless the writer expressly state otherwise, the names attached to letters will be published with the answers. It is not necessary to sign your real name, or even your real initials if you do not wish them to

Heroines of Fiction.

"RIZPAH," From the Poem of Tennyson.

A MID that store-house of tales, tragic, mournful, and powerful, the Bible, one tale has always stood out in my mind with peculiar horror; the tale of that Rizpah, whose seven sons were hanged and who sat in the dust, guarding their bodies from the vulture.

Tennyson's ballad of the modern Rizpah is not less stirring, nor less horror-fraught than is the Old Testament story. Let us consider the modern Rizpah our heroine to-day. Let us leave Shaw's brilliant powerful women, Shakespeare's proud, resourceful creations, and let us turn to one of the saddest and most helpless figures in all fiction—the figure of that weak, poor woman whose son died on the gallows for robbing the mail.

"I came into court to the judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale, God's own truth—but they killed him, they killed him for robbing the mail. . . . God'll pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls of the air, But not the black heart of the lawyer who killed him and hanged him there."

* * *

TO-DAY this story seems one of peculiar ghastliness. A young man in the pride of life makes a silly bet with other youths; he fulfills the bet, throws the purse among his friends—is captured, brought to trial and "hanged in chains for a show." Just such a silly prank as any thoughtless, feather-brained boy might contemplate and carry out in a moment of bravado; and because of it, his life is cut short, his mother's heart is broken, his short's reason is darkened. When she emerges from the mad-house. . . . "Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left."

I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you call it a theft?—My baby, the bones that had

THE STately BALLROOM AT RAVENSCRAG.



This beautiful room, one of the most striking of any in Montreal, follows the French style completely and is in keeping with the spacious apartments and fine appointments of the rest of the mansion.

that her feeble female brain cannot, under any circumstances, compass the flights to which his own can soar. So far, so good. But—some fine day he finds her leaping to conclusions on other subjects; conclusions at which he scoffs but which he afterwards finds verified. What then? Must he conclude that she reasons more rapidly than he? Never. He solemnly concludes—no! that her mind has developed in certain channels while his has developed in others—but that God, in his great wisdom, has given the poor unreasoning one a special gift of intuition or instinct similar to that with which He has endowed the lower animals.

Well! this is a reasonable conclusion enough—until one begins to think about it! But when one does—doesn't it seem rather like arrant nonsense?

Answers to Correspondents.

Two of the most charming letters received by me this week were signed by the writers (one a man, one a woman) both of whom requested me to withhold their names. I do not know whether this means that they are unwilling to see their letters in print; but I shall take the safe course of leaving these letters unpublished. A third note, also signed, is from a man who does not place any embargo on my publishing his name and letter, but here, also, I shall err on the side of prudence. Perhaps it may be best to answer these three letters together, quoting such of their contents as may seem necessary.

* * *

The lady is kind enough to say that my page is "both refreshing and instructive." She wishes to say a word in appreciation of it, and of the fact that the editor of the "Mirror" has realized that women will consider such a page a compliment. She apparently feels that the publication of such a page is a compliment, and goes on to say that she "has heard many flattering comments on the department." For all this pleasant information I thank her sincerely, and trust that "The Feminist" will continue to merit her approval. She will not, I am sure, object to my quoting from her letter as I fulfil the request to withhold her name.

The first gentleman informs me that, though it is a "page for women who think," it is also read "by men

appear. If you sign a name, it is always understood that you expect your letter to be answered under that name.

BITS ABOUT BISHOPS.

The Bishop of Peterborough, England, has been considerably in the limelight recently, for no other reason than that he likes to smoke a pipe, which appears to be a far worse sin than robbery with violence to some people's ideas.

One of the clergy in the Peterborough diocese, has considered it his duty to publicly rebuke the Bishop for this "pernicious habit," but the Bishop was not disturbed. Asked how about it by a newspaper reporter, he replied in mock horror. . . . "Shocking!", and gave it as his opinion that the whole affair would probably end in smoke.

It is about this Bishop also that the story is told that he desired to engage a butler, and among the applicants was a very suitable man, who admitted that he enjoyed a glass of beer with his meals. He hinted, however, that he would agree to abandon the habit if the Bishop objected.

"You are very calm about it," was the Bishop's reply. "I am sure I would never give up my pipe half so easily."

Talking of Bishops, there is Dr. Earle, Bishop of Marlborough and Dean of Exeter, who celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday in January last. He still actively engages in the work of his large diocese. Asked for some rules by which longevity might be obtained, Dr. Earle submitted the following highly interesting maxims. Live simply and deserve no foe.

Find a safe doctor; rarely take his pills.

Sleep when you are sleepy and get up when you wake.

Work hard, muse much, encourage lively thought.

Hate none.

Believe that happiness is earned, not bought.

Don't bother about health.

Don't have a fad.

Live in the past as well as the future

sucked me, the bones that had laughed and had cried. . . .

Theirs? Oh no! they are mine—not theirs—they had moved in my side."

The ballad ends with her death—the one moment of relief from the tension of the tragedy, the one sad rift in the black clouds of grief and madness. Had she lived the disaster had been intolerable; as she dies we draw a sigh of relief—and try to forget the bitter cry of the hapless mother.

But have we a right to forget it?

* * *

WE are living to-day under different conditions. Men are no longer hanged for stealing; mothers no longer weep their sons murdered for boyish pranks. But we live in the midst of other horrors. We are surrounded on all sides by calamities, cruelties, injustices, so hideous that when for a moment the curtain lifts we sink back appalled.

We are always prone to think that the barbarities of our own age are less unpardonable than the barbarities of other ages. We are accustomed to some; others we never hear of. Only when a Tennyson embodies some anguish in deathless verse do we feel the pang.

There are women in Belfast at this moment who work twelve hours a day for four shillings a week. On these four shillings they have to support themselves and in many cases their children. While they are at work these children, unable to protect themselves, have been killed by fire, have been mutilated by many cruel accidents. Is Rizpah's tale more tragic than these tales?

To how great a degree are we responsible for the slums which are accumulating in Montreal? How many of the deaths among children last summer can be laid at our door? What have we done for the Rizpahs of our country?

When we realize that thousands of infantile deaths occur annually because of our imperfect Food Laws; when we realize further that we cannot alter or improve these Food Laws while we, ourselves, remain voteless; when we realize that some among us are pouring indignation on the women who are attempting to make a better country for the future race in the only way that experience

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At The Japanese Auction.

"HO-O-O-AH," said the auctioneer. "Ha! what a beauty, what a beauty. Here's something nice, now, here's something out of the ordinary."

"A real Sat-suma tea set, six cups and six saucers, making twelve pieces in all. You know, this is the very finest goods, and absolutely the only one we have in the collection. All hand-painted and inlaid in gold. Every piece signed by the artist."

"How much will you give me for this be-autiful set?"

Silence.

"Now you know, them as bids on these goods gets 'em, and them as don't lose the opportunity of a life-time."

"What'll you give me to start 'em at. You know, if you went into one of these de-part-ment-al stores up-town, Morgan's or Goodwin's or one of them places, you pay ten or twelve dollars for this same identical goods. Now what'll you give me to start 'em? Anybody give me ten dollars? nine? eight? seven? six? Anybody give five? three? two? one? One dollar. Thank you. You would. I would too. Gentlemen says one dollar for this fine Sat-suma tea set, all hand painted and inlaid in gold."

Gentleman says one dollar. Anybody say two? I am bid one dollar for this fine Sat-suma tea set twelve pieces all hand painted every piece signed by the artist. Anybody say one fifty? No? One twenty-five then, who'll give one and a quarter? I don't know which part you're bidding on but it all goes together. One twenty-five, six, thank you. Now who'll give one fifty? Thank you. One-fifty is bid. Who'll give one seventy-five?

"I'll say this. Anybody as buys this set for ten dollars and you don't want it, leave it in the store. That's all. All genu-vine Sat-suma hand painted with the Goo-shaw gel decoration and all inlaid in gold. Won't wash off nor wear off, and every piece signed by the artist, and I am bid one seventy-five. Going at one seventy-five. Who'll give two? Who'll give one-eighth. Would you, sir? Would you give more than one seventy-five for this fine set. You wouldn't. Well, all right. But you'll be sorry, mind."

"All right, sold for one seventy-five. This gentleman here with the green tie. Not sold, but given away. Now what's the next thing I can give away to these people here?"

"Ha! Well, well, well, here's something particularly nice, now. This is a vase of the well known peach bloom china with a daffodil, or a something like that, a flower on it. This is all high class goods, you know. You're bidding on the real stuff when you buy here. You know you can't get this stuff at the five, ten, fifteen cent stores. No, sir!"

"How much for this fine vase, do to put flowers in in your dressing room? All peach bloom work stamped and signed. You know this is very expensive china. You see, first of all the artist colors the whole of the background in that delicate yellow tint except the flowers and then he shades

has shown to be really effective; and when we realize that future citizens will look back on us with just the same unbelieving horror as that with which we now look back at the times of "Rizpah," do we not begin to realize that it is time for us to view life from a new standpoint?

Rizpah waits to-day for her murdered child; will you comfort her by the assurance that you have no time for fads, or will you stop the murder?"

F.F.W.

"Well, what'll I give away now. If you see anything you want, you know, point it out, and I'll put it up for you. Ha! What have we here? My word, what a beauty, what a beauty. Here's something nice now. Here's something out of the ordinary."

"A real Sat-suma tea set, six cups and six saucers to match, making twelve pieces in all. All the very finest goods, and absolutely the last one in the collection. All hand painted and inlaid in gold and every piece signed by the artist. How much for this be-autiful set. Start it where you like, your price is mine."

F.B.E.

The Saturday Mirror

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SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1913.

Our Influential Press.

THIS Tramways muddle is somewhat of an eye-opener, if you stop to think about it. The *Herald* has been demanding justice up and down the scale for something like four months, now. The *Star* has been demanding justice, tempered with mercy enough to make it clear that it is the *Star's* justice and not the *Herald's* that it wants, for rather less than the same period of time. And now behold the *Witness*, beseeching the Tramways Company and the Civic authorities to "Get Together", which is shocking language for the *Witness* to use. Moreover, the *Herald* has appointed an "expert" and the *Star* has appointed an "expert", and both papers have hurled scornful insinuations at each other's "experts" ever since the appointments were announced. The *Witness*, being a little late on the "expert" game, is denouncing both papers for appointing "experts". So there you are. And in the meantime the *Annexite*, the *Westmounter*, the *Outremontier*, and the *East Ender*, not to mention the *Point St. Charles* man or the *Verdunite*, still sway pendulously, something after the style of faded morning glories, from their respective straps, poking their respective papers into their neighbor's respective eyes and making vain attempts to keep their respective pedal extremities from beneath those of their fellow sufferers. Now, how much influence do the daily papers in Montreal possess, anyway, if all this mountain of hullabaloo can with such terrible labor produce so non-existent a mouse?

A Disgraceful Incident.

Rattle his bones
Over the stones.
He's only a pauper
Whom nobody owns.
—Hood.

A FEW nights ago the Montreal papers recorded, in plain language and almost without a comment, the story of a man in needy circumstances who was arrested as a vagrant and lodged in jail. As he seemed ill it was taken for granted that he was either shamming or drunk. In point of fact, he was actually at an advanced stage of typhoid and he died four days after his admittance into prison, having received no proper nursing and the doctor who examined him not having recognized his malady. The report also says that every effort was made to find information about this man. Was there ever such a triumph of red tape over ordinary human intelligence. The man was ill and in agony in front of these officials and, whilst they hunted for statistics, he died. Accidents happen and the best of men are sometimes mistaken in their judgments, at the same time it is very hard to realize how any who take their duties seriously can have allowed such a horrible thing to happen.

Sticking to a Good Name.

THE town of Sioux Lookout, after a brief experience of bearing the name of "Graham," has gone back to its original nomenclature. We congratulate the town, the Sioux tribe, the whole institution of lookouts, and finally the Hon. George P. Graham, who is at present sufficiently young and energetic to attend to his own commemorating. The process of sticking the names of living persons, who are too close at hand to be viewed in perspective, upon towns and villages and rural municipalities which have done nothing to deserve it is becoming far too common in Canada. We have, in fact, so many new places to name that when this commemorative policy is adopted there are not enough commemorable persons to go round, and quite a number of settlements in the West appear to have been named after the first Pullman-car porter who climbed off the train to arrange a step for the debarcation of the passengers. Let Sioux Lookout cling tight to its present appellation, for fear that somebody may re-baptize it from the list of names in the dead-letter office.

Our Inadequate Speech.

THE Women's Press Club of Toronto entertained some of the artists of the Montreal Opera Company the other afternoon. It seems that a lack of French on the part of the English-speaking hostesses and of English on the part of the kings and queens of song caused a slight hitch in the proceedings. It is not everyone who has a sufficiently agile play of facial expression to entertain and be entertained without the use of the voice. Why is so little attention paid to foreign languages in our system of education? The English and the French are the worst offenders in this respect. Germans, on the contrary, take infinite pains to speak fluently at least one tongue besides their native one. The polyglot facilities of Russians and Greeks are well known. It is possible to go into shops in country villages in Norway and Sweden and be served by a man or woman who talks excellent English. Even if Chaucer's prioress could not speak the "Frenche of Parys" she got along quite well conversationally with the French of "Stratford-atte-Bowe." It was better than nothing.

The Sins of the Children.

PUNISH parents for the depredations of their children, says Mrs. Charles B. Stover, Park Commissioner of New York. This is very nice but it puts a terrible power into the hands of the naughty boy, and it puts the parents in a most embarrassing position. If they spare the rod, the youngster may depredate and they will suffer for his depredations. If they threaten to chastise him, he replies: "All right, give me a licking and I will do a depredation;" then when you say "it really hurts you more than it does me," you will be telling the truth for once.

Songless Singers.

WHEN the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill was passed the Welsh members who had voted for it, tried to sing "Land of Our Fathers" in the language of their fathers. A sympathetic London weekly admits that "as a musical effort the effect was ludicrous." Perhaps it was something of this kind prevented Frank Oliver from trying to sing "God Save the King." When a man doesn't know the words, doesn't know the music and doesn't know how to sing, he should confine himself to "Songs Never Sung."

Canada in London:

A Weekly Causerie.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LONDON, MARCH 1ST.

THE news that the Canadian Government is prepared to share in the sacred responsibility imposed upon their countrymen by the dead heroes of the Antarctic has been received with every acclamation of enthusiasm. It is felt that that bare interchange of consolatory telegrams which takes place between countries at times of national disaster has been supplemented by a very concrete expression of sympathy.

Though the average Englishman knows nothing of Canadian politics and is very little concerned whether Sir Wilfred Laurier or Mr. Borden holds the reins of office, he will tell you that Canada is giving three Dreadnoughts to the navy. He understands that and will remember it as a direct act of confidence and friendliness. He may pay little attention to the courtesies of kings and politicians, but now he is telling his neighbor that Canada is "stumping up" to help the widows and children of four brave men. The practical touches his heart and he feels a natural respect for a country which follows words with deeds.

There is no doubt that in London many generous hands have so far been withheld by an uncertainty as to the action of the Government in the matter. Mr. Asquith explicitly stated that the responsibility lay with the country and that the country as a whole must bear it, but no definite announcement has yet been made. The result, as Mr. J. M. Barrie pointed out in a letter which recently appeared in the London press, is that the subscriptions from private persons have not represented the feeling of real admiration and sympathy which is widespread throughout the country.

M. R. BECKLES WILLSON, the well known writer on Canada, has this week published a new book on Quebec which is sure to attract considerable attention. Mr. Willson, who now resides at Westerham, General Wolfe's native village, in Quebec House, Wolfe's birthplace, does not adopt an altogether uncritical attitude to Canada and Canadians. In a chapter headed "Montreal Characteristics" he writes as follows:

"There are a few secular institutions whose headquarters are in Montreal, which in their potency, their pervasiveness and their wealth almost rival the church. Of these are the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Grand Trunk Railway and the Bank of Montreal. The magnates of these institutions (which by the way are housed in monster edifices suggesting public departments) move like pontiffs and cardinals, from club to office, from office to racetrack or hotel, their every movement followed by the rapt attention of the whole community. Rumors of their plans, their 'deals', their daily increasing personal wealth, form in many English-speaking circles the current staple of conversation. One is sometimes in despair at the rank materialism which such preoccupation induces. One feels how spiritually and intellectually narrowing it must be to cling to ideas so exclusively commercial; and more than once have I turned with relief to the company of men who have quite openly and frankly ceased to worship at the shrine of the great god Success, or to that other and larger and yet more difficult society in the eastern part of the city who have never (as yet) worshipped there at all. Yet there has always been a fraternity of scholars and poets of both races in Montreal, whom I have always thought of as sojourners themselves in their engulfed state by reading each other's books and poems, while waiting for the waters of materialism to subside. Perhaps after the present real estate 'boom' has had its day, the rising generation in Montreal will settle itself and cultivate intellectual sobriety and the aesthetic amenities of life."

Mr. Willson regrets the absence of a "worthy theatre" in Montreal and remarks it as astonishing that the city should possess no "great public library." It is only fair to state that Mr. Willson's book abounds in tributes of admiration to the Province of Quebec and its capital.

Another critic of Canada, Miss Ella C. Sykes, whose book "A Home Help in Canada" was based on her own actual experiences, is to lecture at the Royal Society of Arts on Feb. 25th on "Openings for Educated Women in Canada." Earl Grey, the former Governor-General is to be in the chair.

A YOUNG Canadian violinist of exceptional calibre, who has made her appearance in London before, is again heard here in recital. Miss Rhoda Simpson, who has secured the direct patronage of Lord and Lady Strathcona and Mr. and Mrs. J. Norton Griffiths, was educated at St. Mary's Catholic Academy in Winnipeg. She studied her instrument at Liege, Belgium and at Leipzig, where she appeared with great success at a concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra. The Landgraf of Hesse, who heard her play in Dresden, took a great interest in her, and asked her to his castle of Holstein. At her first recital in London on June 4th of last year she was very well received by the critics and every success is looked for in her second appearance. Miss Simpson owes a great deal to the encouragement of her Canadian friends who, besides Lord and Lady Strathcona, include Mrs. Robert Rogers of Winnipeg.

Speaking of Lord Strathcona, it is interesting to notice that that veteran representative is to be supported by Prince Alexander of Teck when he takes the chair at the Festival Dinner of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic to be held at the Hotel Metropole on April 16th.

A Canadian born who has lately received preferment is the Rev. Prebendary Storrs who till recently was Vicar of that venue of the fashionable wedding, St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Prebendary Storrs has been appointed to the vacant Deanery of Rochester, the position once held by that famous horticultural cleric Dean Hole. He was born at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, and educated at the Collegiate School at Windsor, before taking up his residence, at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

OTHER items of social intelligence are—that two grandsons of the late Sir Hugh Allan, Sir George Houston-Boswell, Bart., and Capt. H. H. Gribbon are shortly to be married, the first to Miss Anstey, a daughter of Col. Anstey, and the second to Miss Marjorie Bruce, a daughter of the late Capt. Bruce, R.N., of Waterloo, Hants. Sir George Houston-Boswell is to be married at Brompton Parish Church on Wednesday Feb. 26th, and Capt. Gribbon at Denmead, Hampshire on March 5th. Mrs. F. J. W. Heubach of Winnipeg and Miss Heubach have arrived in London and are staying at the Carlton Hotel. Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, manager in London of the Bank of Montreal, with Lady Williams-Taylor and Miss Brenda Williams-Taylor have left London for Cannes, where they are to join Mr. and Mrs. James Ross on their yacht *Glenairn* R.Y.S. for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

The Imperial Society of Knights has received a contribution of £500 from Senator Sir Lyman Melvin-Jones of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton Griffiths have left London for the continent for a few weeks as have also Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macmaster.

Mr. C. D. H. Macpherson of Winnipeg is staying at the Hotel Russell.

Mr. H. Gagnier, of the "Saturday Night," Toronto, is in London.

A SUIT for dissolution of partnership in New York has brought to light the meanest combination yet in restraint of trade. Nothing less than a cemetery trust, forced to get possession of cemeteries in different States at foreclosure sales and if not profitable enough to turn them into building lots.

FAMILIAR INCIDENTS

IV.—My Unknown Friend

By STEPHEN B. LEACOCK

HE stepped into the smoking compartment of the Pullman where I was sitting alone.

He had on a long fur-lined coat and he carried a fifty dollar suitcase that he put down on the seat.

Then he saw me.

"Well, well!" he said, and recognition broke out all over his face like morning sunlight.

"Well, well," I repeated.

"By Jove," he said, shaking hands vigorously, "who would have thought of seeing you?"

Who indeed, I thought to myself.

He looked at me more closely.

"You haven't changed a bit," he said.

"Neither have you," said I heartily.

"You may be a little stouter," he went on critically.

"Yes," I said, "a little, but you're stouter yourself."

This of course would help to ex-

plain away any undue stoutness on my part.

plain away any undue stoutness on my part.

"No," I continued, boldly and firmly, "you look just about the same as ever."

And all the time I was wondering who he was. I didn't know him from Adam: I couldn't recall him a bit. I don't mean that my memory is weak.

On the contrary, it is singularly tenacious. True, I find it very hard to remember people's names; very often too it is hard for me to recall a face; and frequently I fail to recall a person's appearance; and of course clothes are a thing one doesn't notice. But apart from these details, I never forget anybody and I am proud of it. But when it does happen that a name or face escapes me, I never lose my presence of mind. I know just how to deal with the situation. It only needs coolness and intellect and it all comes right.

My friend sat down.

"It's a long time since we met," he said.

"A long time," I repeated with something of a note of sadness. I wanted him to feel that I too had suffered from it.

"But it has gone very quickly."

"Like a flash," I assented cheerfully.

"Strange," he said, "how life goes on and we lose track of people, and things alter. I often think about it. I sometimes wonder," he continued, "where all the old gang are gone to."

"So do I," I said.

In fact I was wondering about it at the very moment. I always find in circumstances like these that a man begins sooner or later to talk of the 'old gang' or 'the boys' or 'the crowd.' That's where the opportunity comes in to gather who he is.

"Do you ever go back to the old place?" he asked.

"Never," I said, firmly and flatly. This had to be absolute. I felt that once and for all the 'old place' must be ruled out of the discussion till I could discover where it was.

"No," he went on, "I suppose you'd hardly care to."

"Not now," I said very gently.

"I understand. I beg your pardon," he said, and there was silence for a few moments.

So far I had scored the first point. There was evidently an old place somewhere to which I would hardly care to go.

That was something to build on.

Presently he began again.

"Yes," he said, "I sometimes meet some of the old boys and they begin to talk of you and wonder what you're doing."

"Poor things," I thought, but I didn't say it.

I knew it was time now to play a bold stroke; so I used the method that I always employ. I struck in with great animation.

"Say!" I said, "Where's Billy? Do you ever hear anything of Billy now?"

This is really a very safe line. Every old gang has a Billy in it.

"Yes," said my friend, "sure—Billy is ranching out in Montana. I saw him in Chicago last spring—weighed about two hundred pounds—you wouldn't know him."

No, I certainly wouldn't, I murmured to myself.



"Well, Well," he said, and recognition broke out all over his face like morning sunlight.

"And where's Pete?" I said. This was safe ground. There is always a Pete.

"You mean Billy's brother," he said.

"Yes, yes, Billy's brother Pete. I often think of him."

"Oh," answered the unknown man, "old Pete's quite changed—settled down altogether"—here he began to chuckle—"why Pete's married!"

I started to laugh too. Under these circumstances it is always supposed to be very funny if a man has got married. The notion of old Pete (whoever he is) being married is presumed to be simply killing. I kept on chuckling away quietly at the mere idea of it. I was hoping that I might manage to keep on laughing till the train stopped. I had only fifty miles more to go. It's not hard to laugh for fifty miles if you know how.

But my friend wouldn't be content with it.

"I often meant to write to you," he said, his voice falling to a confidential tone, "especially when I heard of your loss."

I remained quiet. What had I lost? Was it money? And if so, how much? And why had I lost it? I wondered if it had ruined me or only partly ruined me.

"One can never get over a loss like that"—he continued solemnly.

Evidently I was plumb ruined. But I said nothing and remained under cover waiting to draw his fire.

"Yes," the man went on, "death is always sad."

Death! Oh, that was it, was it? I almost hiccupped with joy. That was easy. Handling a case of death in these conversations is simplicity itself. One has only to sit quiet and wait to find out who is dead.

"Yes," I murmured, "very sad. But it has its other side too."

"Very true, especially, of course, at that age."

"As you say, at that age, and after such a life."

"Strong and bright to the last I suppose," he continued, very sympathetically.

"Yes," I said, falling on sure ground, "able to sit up in bed and smoke within a few days of the end."

"What," he said perplexed, "did your grandmother—"

My grandmother! That was it, was it?

(Continued on page 12)

Many Things

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

AS you may be aware, the Senate of Canada is now sitting. The Senate is of course, a very important section of our political machinery, and without the Senate the whole fabric of our great and glorious Dominion would crumble, totter and very quickly fall to earth in disintegration and decay. If you think I am exaggerating the matter, all you have to do is ask the nearest Senator. Any Senator will do, irrespective of party, for whatever cataclysmic political upheavals may rend the Senator from time to time, no Senator has yet been found so base, so utterly beyond redemption, as to suggest that the Senate is anything but the cornerstone of our Constitution, the only prop and stay of representative Government in this country.

SUCH being the case you may believe that I was amazed, shocked, not to say astounded to learn in the course of a casual perusal of the Senate Hansard the other day, on no less authority than that of the Hon. Senator Pope, that "in the opinion of the Senate, the apartments at its disposal for the accommodation of its committees and its members are entirely inadequate to its wants." The Hon. Senator Pope was very positive on the point, indeed he even went so far as to move a resolution on the matter, although I am sure it must have grieved him sorely to think that so bitter a taste as the condemnation of the Chambers in which the Senate of Canada sits, should have devolved upon his shoulders. Speaking in support of his motion, the Hon. Senator Pope made the following solemn announcement: "We have no accommodation now for ladies in this end of the building. . . . Some eight or nine additional Senators will be coming in soon, and in view of these facts some enlargement of this end of the building should be made."

NOW it seems to me that this is one of the most enormous, most serious crises that the country has ever faced. I call upon the men of this fair Dominion to be calm in the face of this tremendous impending calamity. For if the Senate of Canada has not sufficient room for its deliberations, why, then it is obvious that its deliberations will be curtailed. If its activities have not the space needed for their proper accomplishment it seems terribly likely that its activities will be lessened. In this tremendous moment when the very life of the Senate of Canada is endangered, we need big, brave, men, who will come to our aid, unthinking of danger and recking naught of private ends, remembering only that the cornerstone of our national existence is threatened with collapse, that the Senate of Canada, in fact, is going to the demolition bow-wows, because it has no accommodation for ladies, in its end of the building.

FAR be it from me to pose as a jingo or an alarmist. The frightful assertions of the anti-reciprocity gentlemen, who so gallantly saved the Dominion from annexation by the greedy hordes of the United States, left me comparatively unmoved, and the front page despatches stating that the German Emperor and a couple of aides-de-camp were planning a motor boat trip to Brighton with the idea of turning the great industries of the United Kingdom into interior fillings for German wieners, caused me no more than a slight shiver of alarm, but with so frightful a calamity as the curtailing of the Dominion Senate's facilities for the entertainment of its lady friends facing us, I feel that something must be done, and done quickly. As I said, I have no desire to pose as a jingo, or an alarmist. Still, I feel that it would be a cruel kindness to conceal any of the ghastly details of this impending tragedy from my readers, and so I am impelled to go on to a speech made in this connection by the Hon. Senator Power, who very properly expresses his regrets "that the Divorce Committee, which is a very important committee, and one that sits very often, should be obliged to sit in the basement." Oh! shame! shame! What possible dignity can there be attached to a divorce decree issued by a committee which meets in the basement! Signed probably by a chairman whose seat was an upturned trunk, and whose dais was the coal bin. Again I say, Shame!

FURTHERMORE, do not let us allow our grief at this horrible disclosure to cause us to overlook that other vital factor in this frightful emergency, the fact that some eight or nine additional senators will be coming in soon. This appeals to me as one of the most pitiful issues in the whole affair. Here the Government, blinded in its arrogance, and pursuing its reckless headlong course to perdition regardless of expense, goes and shoves another eight or nine Senators in a building which already has no accommodation for the entertainment of ladies, and in which its most important committee is reduced to sitting in the basement. Such a step cannot too heartily be condemned. The electors of Canada, upon whom the ultimate responsibility for this frightful state of affairs rests, should arise in their might and demand a referendum, or a recall, or something, quickly, before those other eight or nine Senators enroach on the already overcrowded confines of the Senate Buildings. As things are at present, there is no accommodation for ladies in that end of the building. What will happen when the eight or nine new Senators plant their massive forms inside those sacred portals? Perhaps even there will be no accommodation for Senators! Awful thought! They might abolish the Senate for want of room and put something useful in its place.

Perdition! In the event of such an upheaval what should we do for whiskers?

F. B. E.

Plays and Players

By BERNARD K. SANDWELL

THE Manchester Players will enter the last week of their five-weeks stay at His Majesty's on Monday next, and the programme which they will render during the week will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The Princess Theatre has no engagement for next week, so far as is known at the moment of writing this column, owing to the cancellation of the Marie Dressler booking. The engagement of Miss Maud Fealy and her company in "The Right Princess" at the Princess Theatre did not open until Tuesday, and a review of the performance will be found on another page.

I HAVE still been unable to summon up any great enthusiasm for the English Georgian comedy as presented by the Manchester Players. Since, however, both "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" seem to have received a large measure of appreciation from the local public, I am constrained to admit that some at least of that appreciation is probably due to merit in the performances. Unfortunately the public did not show any materially greater appreciation for the performances of "Twelfth Night," a comedy written by one who is surely as definitely established in the temple of the accepted classics (which even a respectable Montrealese may properly patronise) as Sheridan, and performed with an extraordinary degree of beauty and poetic sympathy. The Horniman performances of Sheridan and Goldsmith could, I am confident, have been duplicated by any well-picked organization of competent players. The Horniman performances of "Twelfth Night" were a revelation of the Shakespearean spirit, understood and interpreted by people who know and love it as few modern actors have done.

It requires no genius to overcome the difficulties of presenting Sheridan on the modern stage, because that stage is in essentials the same as in his day. To present Shakespeare on the modern stage—to cater to the modern demand for a certain degree of pictorial effect, without sacrificing the rapidity of movement and freedom of imagination which are essential—calls for something so near genius that it is hard to tell them apart. The Manchester "Twelfth Night" was produced by Lewis Casson, while not the best actor of the group which visited us last season was certainly the inspiring and directing mind of most of the fine work then done by the company. He has adopted a system of employing one full stage-setting in each act, representing the most important and "atmospheric" scene in the act, and rendering that scene with great solidity, depth and richness of color, thus satisfying the modern need for the visible betokenment of high life and luxury and fantastic beauty, which to Shakespeare's contemporary audience were sufficiently conveyed by the imagery of his language. When the action of the piece moves away from this principal spot in each act, the change is effected without disturbing the set-scene, by the simple process of drawing curtains of neutral tint in front of it, the line of this new curtain background receding from the proscenium to a considerable distance back in the centre of the stage, and by the use of a few slight and suggestive properties, such as the prison-door in the scene of Malvolio's final humiliation. By this method and this disposition of the stage, all interruption of the rapid current of the play is avoided, and we move from scene to scene without the least break in the illusion, just as Shakespeare intended his audience to move, instead of being recalled to prose and actuality every few minutes by a long interval for scene-shifting. The same rapidity and continuity can of course be obtained by the use of drop-scenes; but in that case all illusion is destroyed by the flatness of the background and the bas-relief effect of the players, whereas the curtain device allows of the use of a considerable depth of stage and puts the actors into their proper position in a space of three dimensions. A feature which facilitates this handling of the stage is the erection of two very plain and inconspicuous doorways, one on each side of the stage immediately next to the proscenium arch, which fit equally into a full-set stage or a shallow street-scene or interior.

THE setting for the main scene in each act was most artistic. Without the slightest obtrusion, the least distraction of the attention, these scenes created just that impression of opulence and splendor which is proper to the rich and lavish life pictured by the dramatist. Sunny, green gardens, with balustraded walks and backgrounds of towering poplars, amid which parade gay revellers and plotters in the most sumptuous of Elizabethan costumes, of coloring somewhat primitive and in no wise Parisian but eminently proper to a sea-coast town in Italy.

To Mr. Casson also was probably due not a little of the spirit of infectious and enterprising gaiety with which the whole piece was carried out. Half at least of the company may have played it with him in Manchester. They revelled through it, like dancers executing a step they love. To see Milton Rosmer in the high poetic-pathetic comedy of the deceived and self-deceived Malvolio, and Irene Rooke in the light-hearted masquerade of Viola to gain some idea of what acting is, in comparison with the little one-act players to whom we have to listen most of our time. Rosmer was very refined, almost too dignified throughout in the foolishness of Malvolio, but it was the dignity of a ceremonial servant, and not the inappropriate dignity of a tragic character which Sothorn read into the part when it was last presented here. The Olivia of Christie Laws was hardly adequate, but it is a thankless part anyhow, and the difficulty of making her rather blue-stocking speeches carry across the footlights and at the same time of avoiding the ridiculous in her hurling herself at "Cesario's" head is enough to puzzle a more eminent actress.

WHEN these notable players first came into our midst we were entertained with a lot of unmitigated rubbish about the horrible mixture of voices and accents in the average American touring company, and the sublime homogeneity of the Manchesterians. The first part of the text had some truth in it, but if we thought we were going to be relieved of all conflict of tongues by the arrival of Miss Horniman's players we must have been sadly disappointed. The company now playing at His Majesty's, which as we have seen can perform Shakespeare with splendid poetic effect, is as heterogeneous a mixture of accents as could be accumulated by ransacking the British Isles. It includes London, several varieties of North of England, a pronounced and charming Irish, and several minor varieties—all of which does not in the least prevent its performances from being harmonious and beautiful. The fact is that provided a man speaks English without vulgarity and in a manner to show that he has mixed with people of refinement, the mere local qualities in his speech are no disfigurement, any more than the hereditary lineaments with which nature has adorned his face. Of course, localisms that have not been modified by education or culture, that are so pronounced (or mispronounced) as to make it impossible to imagine that the player really is the character which he represents, or that he is anything but a native of Connecticut or South Carolina or Toronto, are debarred from this charitable estimate. There was one New England dame in the New Theatre Company's performance of Pinero's "Thunderbolt" who moved the whole scene from the North of England to Bridgeport, Conn., every time she spoke.

"THE Silver Box," which was revived by the Manchester Players on Saturday and for the first half of this week, has lost none of its power to shock and to worry us. Perhaps Irene Rooke has not quite that appalling submissiveness that marked the Mrs. Jones of Ada King, and certainly some of the minor characters were less accurate; we had not, for instance, that unsurpassable sketch of the lady from Piccadilly by Muriel Pratt, and Violet Vorley was far from being a good M.P.'s wife. But the main thread of the piece moved with the same horrible precision and fatality to its predestined end, the crushing of a helpless soul, and the effect on the audience (which is by now

better acquainted with the aim of Galsworthy than it was when the play was first shown here) was just as intense.

THE Manchester Players have only one more week in Montreal, after which they move on to convince Toronto, Chicago and Boston of the high calling of the repertory theatre. In a way Montreal has had the small end of the stick in this engagement. The company, which had never played together in its entirety although more than half of its members were old stock-fellows, was not allowed

A VERSATILE CHARACTER ACTOR.



Mr. Edward Landor, of the Manchester Players, who has given a remarkable exhibition of varied powers of comedy in a wide range of characters.

time for a single rehearsal other than those on board ship before opening here, and ever since they arrived they have been busy "licking into shape" a series of performances which will be infinitely more smoothly done in the later-visited cities than they have been here. The amount of work which is being imposed upon the abler members is such as would effectually ruin the repertory-theatre idea if it were made a general practice, for it would rob its actors of all time for relaxation, social intercourse and study. Mr. Rosmer had a leading role in every one of the eight performances of last week, besides the responsibilities of manager of the tour and of producer of one of the heaviest productions. Nothing of that kind could have occurred last year, when the company was well enough supplied with experienced players to give everybody a rest at least a third of the time. So far as the present engagement is concerned, the Manchester Players are not much better off than the players of a twelve-show-a-week stock company such as the Orpheum accommodates every summer.

HIS MAJESTY'S make some announcements for the dates following the Manchester engagement, which are interesting, if they are to be realized. For the first week (opening a week from Monday) we are offered "Officer 666," an American farce which, according to the testimony of all who saw it in New York, is capable of being excessively amusing if well handled. There are a good many companies on the road presenting it. It will be followed by "The Old Homestead," and that in turn by "The Quaker Girl" (one of the few really meritorious English musical shows in America this season, already heard here at the beginning of the season) and by Alice Lloyd in "The Rose Maid." Later bookings are Raymond Hitchcock in "The Red Widow" and Henry Miller in "The Rainbow."

"IN the Barracks," the latest miniature musical comedy prepared for the vaudeville stage by Jesse Lasky, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. It comes from the combined pens of Cecil De Mille, Robert Hood Bowers and Grant Stewart. The cast contains three players of prominence—Myles McCarthy, Nellie Brewster and Frank Rushbrooke—and a large supply of military uniforms and pretty girls. Further entertainment will be provided by the Apollo Trio, hand-to-hand balancers; Tony Hunting and Corinne Francis in a comedy skit entitled "The Love Lozenge"; Charles Drew and the lone minstrel, and other turns.

THE chief and most excellent reason why we shall not have the pleasure of seeing Marie Dressler and her players at the Princess next week is that they are very successfully appearing at the West End Theatre, New York. What they are presenting appears to be even more of a vaudeville show and less of a "piece" than Miss Dressler's usual programme. Among other things they perform two acts of "Camille," with Miss Dressler as Prudence. After they are through with doing it seriously they give a burlesque of it, with Jeff de Angelis as "Almond" and Marie as "Camille." It sounds like a mixture of grand opera and George Cohan, and if there were anybody left in the world who cared what happened to "La Dame aux Camelias" one can imagine his feeling some resentment about it. It is one thing to burlesque a work which somebody else is putting before the public attention, but to resurrect it yourself for the sole purpose of making it ridiculous seems a trifle brutal. Robert Drouet, once leading man in the local stock company when His Majesty's Theatre was Proctor's, is the Armand of the serious performance. The evening's entertainment is eked out by a number of other vaudeville turns and dancing specialties. Montreal may have missed some amusement but not, I should judge, much art.

We are evidently getting into the season of the lighter shows in New York, although it is only March. The only other novelty of last week was May Irwin in "Widow by Proxy." It is needless to attempt to convey any idea of this piece to those who know Miss Irwin's style and great abilities as a farceur, and useless to those who do not.

ONE of the most dangerous tendencies of the modern stage—and indeed of the modern novel and several other forms of art—is indicated in the following observations of the New York Dramatic Mirror upon a certain scene in "The Bridal Path," a scene to which reference was made in this column last week, as being a natural development of the successful audacity shown by the writer of "Bought and Paid For." Says the Dramatic Mirror: "The comedy is designedly built up with a view to sensational effects and to appeal to the taste for prurient developments. It frankly discusses problems of parental and domestic intimacies, but falling from the lips of chaste maidenhood they are roughly charged to the account of brayed modernisms, rouginess at the head of them." Which may be a trifle obscure as English, but is eminently truthful as a statement of fact.

THE situation created by the agreement between the Shuberts and the Klaw & Erlanger group is being gradually illuminated. The generally accepted theory in New York is that the theatres dropped from the list of high-grade bookings will be filled by a gigantic moving-picture organization, now in process of formation, in which Klaw & Erlanger will be the moving spirits. The idea apparently is that picture versions of notable plays and spectacles will form the staple of the bill at these houses, and it is already reported that Daniel Frohman is to contribute a picture-record of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and that Charles Frohman is going to submit Maude Adams' "Peter Pan" to the camera. The Shuberts, through their associates Reinach and Cox, are believed to be associated with the same plan.

This report is of the highest interest to Montreal, where there is every reason to suppose that under the new agreement one of the existing high-grade houses will be promptly withdrawn from the regular dramatic booking list and occupied by motion-pictures. The almost universal conclusion is that that house would necessarily be His Majesty's does not seem to be an absolute foregone certainty, if the agreement between the two parties is sufficiently close to permit of the booking of each other's attractions in each other's theatres; for if it were absolutely free and unfettered choice as to which of the two theatres should carry dramatic productions and which should cater to the picture public there are many reasons in favor of leaving the drama to the west-end playhouse. But if each party is still to be unable to book its shows at the other party's theatre there can be very little doubt which of the two would be first to abandon Montreal as a dramatic field, and it would not be the booking-office which controls the newer and more central theatre.

It should be noted that the new organization intends to present only the biggest dramatic hits of the last five or ten years. The theaters will be devoted exclusively to this new type of entertainment. It is hoped that such plays in picture form will attract an entirely new clientele, quite distinct from that upon which "movie" managers depend for patronage in other houses.

THE Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Company did considerably better work at the Princess Theatre in the latter part of last week than they did in the earlier part, and demonstrated that their vocal deficiencies in "The Mikado" were largely the result of temporary indisposition. "The Pirates of Penzance" is a charming opera and not at all difficult to perform, and the Ruth of Miss Kate Condon was a remarkably satisfying piece of work. The company should never have undertaken to present "Patience," and their performance of that delicately satiric opera was one of the saddest things ever witnessed on a Montreal stage; Mr. Hopper, after courageously refraining from gagging any of his other roles (beyond an additional verse about suffragettes in "The Policeman's lot is not a happy one,") brought the "greenery-gallery young man" song up to date with

AT THE ORPHEUM.



Myles McCarthy, who sings in Lasky's Latest Musical Comedy, "In Barracks," at the Orpheum next week.

some peculiarly choice and apposite Broadway slang, and generally introduced into the aesthetic atmosphere of the mid-Victorian piece a large quantity of the subtlety and finesse of Weber and Fields.

THE New York Dramatic Mirror is very anxious to have the Hornimans in New York. "Why," it enquires, "cannot our numerous New York drama leagues, amidst all their activities of recommendation, censoring and discussion, find time to unite on the very useful project of inviting Miss Horniman's Manchester company to come to New York? Is the recent statement of a progressive manager that New York really wants nothing artistic, true? We can hardly believe it. Unadvertised, the Irish Players are steadily increasing the patronage at Wallace's. Annie Russell's admirable venture of reviving some of the old English comedies met with modest financial success. Norman McKinnel in Rutherford and Son was warmly and sincerely liked. If Miss Horniman's company does not come to New York, we are optimistic enough to believe that the opportunity to have them here will have been missed, not through lack of interest, but through lack of knowledge.

AMUSEMENTS.

M.A.A.A. RINK--BAND FIXTURES
KNOWLES' MILITARY BAND
 Will be in Attendance—Weather Permitting
 Tuesday and Thursday Evenings and Saturday Afternoon

Footlight Gossip

THE question of Tyrone Power and Cassius' face will not down. Mr. Power, having separated himself from Mr. Faversham because he did not approve of the lineaments of Mr. Keenan, impersonator of Cassius in that organization, is now forming a "Julius Caesar" company of his own, which will venture to predict will be a very Power-ful company. He has already started rehearsals, and will open shortly at Halifax, N.S. As yet no word has come forth concerning the identity of the actor whose face pleases Mr. Power so much better than Mr. Keenan's did that he is willing to mingle his tears with its owner's in the tent scene. Meanwhile, whether Mr. Power has got another Cassius or not, Mr. Faversham has got another Brutus in the person of R. D. Maclean, late of the MacLean-Hanford-Tyler-Drofna company which has been giving Shakespearean performances, said to be of considerable distinction, in the middle West.

At the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, a scene in "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" was booted when produced Feb. 18, and Robert Courtneidge, lessee of the theatre, was greeted with shouts of "where's the censor?" when he attempted to speak. But the criticism, generally speaking, is favorable and a run is predicted for the piece by the Telegraph.

"Value Received," a new comedy by Augustin MacHugh, author of "Officer 666," under the direction of William A. Brady, is already in rehearsal at the Playhouse for early production. Cyril Scott has the leading role.

"The Geisha" is to be revived by Mr. Arthur Hammerstein in New York. The production will be made at Weber & Field's Theatre upon the conclusion of the engagement there of "The Man With Three Wives." The latter production goes to Boston March 24th, and will likely remain there until the finish of the season.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company is to make a slight departure from its usual custom. This Spring the revival will be "The Beggar Student" by Milloker. The organization, however, will still be known as the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Company and it is already announced that after this revival, the company will begin its third tour of the principal cities. More time, however, will be spent in the east and south the coming season.

"The American Maid" by John Phillips Sousa has succeeded Harry Lauder at the Broadway Theatre, New York. This piece was originally "The Glass Blowers."

It is announced that the managers of the new Princess Theatre in New York, William A. Brady and Lee Shubert, will "discourage" the presence of persons under 18 years of age, not because of the intention to present salacious plays, which will not be included in the offerings, but because it is believed that many of the short plays written by well known authors contain dramatic presentation of modern topics not suitable to younger playgoers. It would be nice to know whether this announcement is made from a desire to save the morals of the young or to attract the disolute among the old, and also why, if this is the sort of a playhouse it is to be, it was endowed with the youthful and innocent title of "Princess." Some idea of the programme is given by the list of plays to be produced soon under the management of Holbrook Blinn, the clever English actor remembered here for his Napoleon in the musical version of "Sans Gene"; it will include "Fanny Free," a light comedy in one act by Stanley Houghton; "Fear," which ran for 300 nights at the Grand Guignol in Paris; "The Switchboard," a comedy in one act by Edgar Wallace, and "Any Night," a melodrama by Edwin Ellis, which had its original production at a Lambs' gambol.

ALLEGORICAL PLAY AT STANLEY HALL.

The dramatic talent for which the Jewish nation has ever been famous was well exemplified in the interesting allegorical play performed on Feb. 25th, at the Stanley Hall by the Montreal Daughters of Zion. Rachel, the great French tragic actress, Bernhardt, most famous of stars of the modern stage are only two of the dramatic geniuses who owe their origin to the race.

"The Dream of Bath Zion," is descriptive of the history of the Jews since their expulsion from Palestine. The four scenes displayed in turn, Romans taking Jews into exile, Moslem victories, Jewish persecution and lastly the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem by the settlers (Zionists).

"Miss Horniman's Manchester company is now in America, and will visit some Canadian cities and Chicago. Boston is already planning to give them the very modest guarantee which they require before visiting a city. New York can easily do as much. It is hardly necessary to speak of the artistic worth of this excellent repertoire company. Even in England, the Manchester players have made something of a stir. Their naturalness, simplicity and vigor make their performance of such plays as Galsworthy's Silver Box a delight to the discriminating. It would be, indeed, a pity if New York should miss these players."

ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

"IN THE BARRACKS"
 Jesse Lasky's latest and most pretentious miniature musical comedy with MYLES MCCARTHY.
APOLLO TRIO
 Wonderful European hand to hand Balancers.
TONY HUNTING AND CORINNE FRANCIS
 In the clever comedy skit "The Love Lozenge."
CHAS. DREW & COMPANY
 In the laughable comedy sketch "Mr. Flynn from Lynn."
EDDIE ROSS
 The lone minstrel with the banjo.
LOUGHLIN'S DOGS
 A very amusing and interesting trained animal act.
WEEKLY GRAPHIC—Showing the news of the world.
OTHERS
 Up 5948—Telephones—Up 74.

On ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT March 17th

The Dramatic Section of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association will present
"My Geraldine"
 The Romantic five-act Drama of Irish Life, By BARTLEY CAMPBELL.
 The Princess Theatre has been secured for this production, and the Ticket Sale opens to-day at Mulcair Bros., Tailors, 376 Notre Dame West.

WHO'S SHOR?

of to-day. The setting was most effective and the procession of Eastern princes, Roman guards, monks and people of different nationalities was very picturesque. Miss Ruth Gower showed the true dramatic instinct in her rendering of the part of the heroine, Bath Zion. The same remark applies to Mr. Ralph Groner, who played "Ben Judah," the representative of the Jewish people. Miss L. Wetstein, under whose direction the piece was produced and staged, received well deserved congratulations and was presented with a bouquet of pink roses. An enjoyable dance followed the play and was kept up until a late hour.

THE CREATOR OF NAN.



Miss Irene Rooke, the admirable actress of the Manchester Company who has given Montreal its first view of several of the most important characters in modern English drama.

THE MAGIC SENTENCE.

Jerome S. McWade, a wealthy sociologist, has recently been making a scientific study of salesmanship. "The one important point about salesmanship," he said at a salesman's banquet, "is to win, with your first sentence, the liking and esteem and admiration of the buyer. Isn't that so?" "Hear, hear," the salesmen assented, tapping the table with their knives. "And there is one magic sentence," Mr. McWade continued, "which will win from every buyer this liking and esteem and admiration, and will open up a splendid opportunity for large sales. 'The sentence must be spoken in a tone of sincere and reverent admonition. It is this: 'You work too hard.'"

AMBITIOUS.

"Has your husband any special ambition?" "Yes, indeed. He's living in constant hope that some day he'll own a few shares of stock in a corporation that annually cuts a melon."—Detroit Free Press.

Counsel for the Defense

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

Dr. West, superintendent of the Westville Municipal Waterworks, is arrested on a charge of having received two thousand dollars in return for installing an Acme Filter in the waterworks. An envelope containing the money is found on him, but his answer to the charge is that he chose the Acme filter because it was the best offered, and that he understood that the envelope contained a much smaller sum donated to the town hospital, in which he is interested. Arnold Bruce, editor of the Westville Express, bitterly attacks West in his paper. West's daughter, Katherine, returns from Vassar where she has studied law to Westville, and at once undertakes her father's defence, while she conceives a bitter hatred of Bruce on account of his flaying of her father in the Express. She struggles on hopelessly throughout the summer making no headway, until two days before the trial commences, when the Clarion, an opposition paper to the Express, publishes an editorial demanding that the city abandon its attempt to paper the water works which have been steadily deteriorating all summer, and sell out to a private company. This inspires her with an idea that the whole graft charge is a plot to get her father out of the way, and disgust the citizens of Westville with municipal ownership of the waterworks, in order that some corporation may step in and buy the plant at a bargain. Enthusiased with the new idea she rushes out to consult Mr. Blake, the leading lawyer in Westville, on this new aspect of the case.

She rushed down-stairs. But she did have to lose a second, and many of them, for when she called up Mr. Blake's office on the telephone, the answer came back that Mr. Blake was in the capital of the State, and would not return till the following day on the one-forty-five.

It occurred to Katherine to advise with Old Hossie Hollingsworth, for during the long summer her blind, childish shrinking had changed to warm liking of the dry old lawyer. She had discovered, too, that the horrifying heresies which it had been his delight to utter a generation before—and on which he still prided himself—were now part of the belief of many an orthodox divine. But she decided against conferring with Old Hossie; her adviser and leader must be a man more actively in the current of modern affairs. No, Mr. Blake was her great hope, and precious and few as were the hours before the trial, there was nothing for it but to wait for his return.

She went up to her room, and her excited mind, now half inspired, went feverishly over the situation and all who were in any wise concerned in it. When she came to Bruce, her hands clenched the arms of her wicker rocker. In a flash, the whole man was plain to her, and her second great discovery of the day was made.

Bruce was an agent of the hidden corporation!

The motive behind his fierce desire to injure her father was at last apparent—to destroy Dr. West was his part in the conspiracy. As for his rabid advocacy of municipal ownership, and all his fine talk about the city's betterment, that was mere sham—merely the virtuous front behind which he could work out his purpose unsuspected. No one could quote the scripture of civic improvement for his purpose more loudly than the civic despoiler.

She always had distrusted Bruce; now she knew him. Many a time through the night her mind flashed back to him from other matters, and she thrilled with a vengeful joy at the thought of tearing aside his mask.

It was a long and feverish night to Katherine, and a long and feverish morning. At a quarter to two o'clock she was in Mr. Blake's office; and a few minutes later the lawyer came in. He had not been told that she was waiting, and at sight of her sitting beside the window, he came to a sudden pause; but the next instant he had crossed the room and was shaking her hand.

For that first instant Katherine's eyes and mind, which during twenty-four hours had had an almost more than mortal clearness, had an impression that Blake was strangely agitated; but the moment over, the impression was gone. He placed a chair for her at the corner of his desk, and himself sat down, his dark, strong, handsome face fixed on hers.

"Now, how can I serve you, Katherine?"

There were rings about her eyes, but excitement gave her color.

"You know that to-morrow is father's trial?"

"Yes. You must have a hard, hard fight before you."

"Perhaps not so hard as you may think." She tried hard to keep her tugging excitement in leash.

"I hope not," said he.

"I think it may prove easy, if you will help me."

"Help you?"

"Yes. I have come to ask you that again."

"Well—you see—as I told you—"

"But the situation has changed since I first came to you," she put in quickly, not quite able to restrain a little laugh. "I have found out something!"

He started.

"You have found out, you say—"

"I have found out something!" She smiled at him happily, triumphantly.

"And that?" said he.

She leaned forward.

"I do not need to tell you, for you know it, that the big corporations have discovered a new gold-mine—or rather, thousands of little gold-mines; that all over the country they have gained control, and are working to gain control, of the street-car lines, gas-works, and other public utilities in the smaller cities."

"Well?"

She spoke excitedly, putting the case more definitely than it really was, to better the chance of winning his aid.

"Well, I have just discovered that there is a plan on foot, directed by a hidden some one, to seize the waterworks of Westville. I have discovered that my father is not guilty. He is the victim of a trick to ruin the water-works and make the people willing to sell. The first thing to do is to find the man behind the scheme. I want you to help me find him."

A greenish pallor had overspread Blake's features.

"And you want me—to find the man?" he said.

"Yes. I know you will take this up, simply because of your interest in the city. But there is another reason—it would help you in your larger ambition. If you could disclose the scheme, save the city, become the hero of a great popular gratitude, think how it would help your Senatorial chances!"

A Story of Love, Law and Politics

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

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He did not at once reply, but sat staring at her.

"Don't you see?" she cried.

"—I see."

"Why, it would turn your chance for the Senate into a certainty! It would—but, Mr. Blake, what's the matter?"

"Matter?" he repeated huskily.

"Why—why, nothing."

She gazed at him with deep concern.

"But you look almost sick!"

In his eyes there struggled a wild look. Her gaze became fixed upon his face, so strangely changed. In her present high-wrought state, all her senses were excited to their most intense keenness.

There was a moment of silence, her eyes gazing into his. Then she stood slowly up, and one hand reached slowly out and clutched his arm.

"Mr. Blake!" she whispered in an awed and terrified tone. She continued to stare into his eyes. "Mr. Blake!" she repeated.

She felt a tensing of his body, as of a man who seeks to master himself with a mighty effort. He tried to smile, though his greenish pallor did not leave him.

"It is my turn," he said, "to ask what is the matter with you, Katherine!"

"Mr. Blake!"

She loosed her hold upon his arm, and shrank away. He rose.

"What is the matter?" he repeated.

"You seem upset. I suppose it is the nervous strain of to-morrow's trial."

In her face was stupefied horror.

"It is what—what I have discovered!"

"Your discovery? What you call your discovery would be most valuable, if true; but it is a dream, Katherine—a crazy, crazy dream."

She still was looking straight into his eyes.

"Mr. Blake, it is true," she said slowly, almost breathlessly. "For I have found the man behind the plan!"

"Indeed! And who is he?"

"I think you know him, Mr. Blake."

"Better than any one else."

He smiled and left him.

"Who?"

She continued to stare at him for a moment in silence. Then she slowly raised her arm and pointed at him.

The silence continued for several moments, each gazing at the other. He had put one hand upon his desk, and was leaning heavily upon it. He looked like a man sick unto death. But soon a shiver ran through him; he swallowed, gripped himself in a strong control, and smiled again his strained, unnatural smile.

"Katherine, Katherine," he tried to say reprovingly and indulgently—but there was a quaver in his voice—"you have gone quite out of your head!"

"It is true!" she cried. "All unintentionally I have followed one of the oldest of police expedients. I have suddenly confronted the unsuspecting criminal with his crime, and I have surprised his guilt upon his face!"

"What you say is absurd! I can explain it only on the theory that you are not yourself."

"Never before was I so much myself!" In this moment, when Katherine felt that the hidden enemy who she had striven so long to find was at last revealed to her, she experienced more of anguish than of triumph.

"Oh, how could you do such a thing, Mr. Blake?" she burst out. "How could you do it?"

He shook his head and tried to smile at her perversity—but the smile was a wan failure.

"I see—I see!" she cried. "It is just the old story. A good man rises to power as the champion of the people—and, once in power, the opportunities, the temptations, are too much for him. But I never—no, never thought that such a thing would happen with you!"

He strove for the injured air of the misjudged old friend.

"Again I must say that I can only explain your charges by supposing that you are not in your right mind."

"Here in Westville you believe it is not a woman's business to think about politics," Katherine went on. "But I could not help thinking about them, and watching them. I have lost my faith in the old parties, but I had kept my trust in some of their leaders. I believed some of them honest, devoted, indomitable. And of them all the one whom I admired most, ranked highest, was you. And now—and now—oh, Mr. Blake!—to learn that you—"

"Katherine! Katherine!" He raised his hands with the manner of exasperation, yet indulgent, helplessness.

"Mr. Blake! Mr. Blake! You know you are now only playing a part! And you know that I know it!" She moved up to him eagerly. "Listen to me," she pleaded rapidly. "You have only started on this—you have not gone too far to turn back. You have done no real wrong as yet, save to my father and I know that he will forgive you. Drop your plan—let my father be honorably cleared—and everything will be just as before!"

For a space he seemed shaken by her words. She watched him, breathless, awaiting the outcome of the battle which she felt was waging within him.

"Drop the plan—drop it, I beg you!" she cried.

His dark face twitched; a quivering ran through his body. Then by a mighty effort he partially regained his self-mastery.

"There is no plan for me to drop," he said huskily. "Your charges are so absurd that it would be foolish to deny them. They are merely the ravings of a hysterical woman."

"And this—is your answer?"

"That is my answer."

She gazed at him for a long moment. Then she sighed. "I'm so sorry!" she said; and she turned away and moved toward the door.

She gave him a parting look as he stood, pale, quivering, yet controlled, behind his desk. In this last moment she remembered the gallant fight this man had made against Blind Charlie Peek; she remembered that fragrant, far-distant night of June when he had asked her to marry him; and she felt as if she were gazing for the last time upon a dear dead face.

"I'm sorry—oh, so sorry!" she said tremulously. "Good-by!"

Turning, she walked with bowed head out of his office.

VIII

KATHERINE stumbled down into the hot and dusty glare of Main Street. She was still awed and dumfounded by her discovery; she could not as yet realize its full significance and whether it would lead; but her mind flashed with thoughts that were unfinished and questions that did not await reply. She felt a sickening amazement at this new revelation of Blake's character and development. She marveled how a man once so splendid had come to sell his soul for money or ambition. She speculated on what Westville would think and do—Westville that worshipped him—if it but knew the truth. She wondered how she was to give battle to an antagonist so able in himself, so powerfully supported by the public. She reflected upon the strange caprice of fate that had given her, as the man whom she must fight, her former idol, her former lover.

Shaken with emotion, her mind shot through with these fragmentary thoughts, she turned into a side street. But she had walked beneath its drought-withered trees no more than a block or two when her largest immediate problem, her father's trial on the morrow, thrust itself into her consciousness, and the pressing need of further action drove all this spasmodic speculation from her mind. She began to think upon what she should next do.

Almost instantly she thought of the man whom she had definitely connected with the plot against her father, Arnold Bruce, and she turned back for the square, afire with a new idea. She had made a great advance, as she believed, by suddenly confronting Blake with knowledge of her guilt; might she not make some further advance, gain some new clue, by re-confronting Bruce in like manner?

Ten minutes after she had left Blake's office Katherine entered the Express Building. From the first floor sounded a deep and continuous thunder—that afternoon's issue was coming from the press. She lifted her skirts and gingerly mounted the stairway, over which an office-boy was occasionally seen to make incantations with the stub of an undisturbing broom.

At the head of the stairway a door stood open. This she entered and found herself in the general editorial room, ankle-deep with dirt and paper. In one corner a telegraph-receiver chattered away unheeded. In the center, at a long table, typewriters before them, sat three shirt-sleeved young men reading copies of the Express, which had just been brought up from the nether regions, moist with the black spittle of the beast that there roared and rumbled.

At sight of her tall, fresh figure in the doorway, a red spot in her either cheek, defiance in her brown eyes, Billy Harper, quicker than the rest, sprang up and crossed the room.

"Miss West, I believe," he said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I wish to speak with Mr. Bruce," was her cold reply.

"This way," and Billy led her across the deep carpet of proofs, discarded copy, and old newspapers, to a door beside the stairway that led down into the press-room. "Go right in," he said.

She entered. Bruce, his shirt-sleeves rolled up and his bare forearms grimy, sat glancing through the Express, with his feet crossed on his littered desk, a black pipe hanging from one corner of his mouth. He did not look up, but turned another page.

"Well, what's the matter?" he grunted between his teeth.

"I'd like a few words with you," said Katherine.

"Eh!" His head twisted about. "Miss West!"

His feet suddenly dropped to the floor; he stood up and laid the pipe on his desk. For the moment he was uncertain how to receive her, but the bright, hard look in her eyes fixed his attitude.

"Certainly," he said in a brusque, business-like tone. He placed the atlas-bottomed chair before his own. "Be seated." She sat down, and he took his own chair. "I am at your service," said he.

Her cheeks slowly gathered a higher

color, her eyes gleamed with a triumphant fire, and she looked straight into his square and rather massive face. Over Blake she had felt an infinity of regret and pain; for this man she felt only boundless hatred, and she thrilled with a vengeful, exultant joy that she was about to unmask him—that later she might crush him utterly.

"I am at your service," he repeated. She slowly wet her lips and gathered herself to strike, alert to watch the effects of her blow.

"I have called, Mr. Bruce," she said with slow distinctness, "to let you know that I know there is a conspiracy under way to steal the water-works, and to let you know that I know you are near its center!"

"What?" he cried.

Her devouring gaze did not lose a change of feature, not so much as the shifting in the pupil of his eye.

"Oh, I know your plot!" she went on rapidly. "I know every detail! The first step was to ruin the water-works, so that the city would sell and sell cheap. The first step toward ruining the system was to get my father out of the way. And so this charge against my father was trumped up to ruin him. The leader of the whole plot is Mr. Blake; his right-hand man yourself. Oh, I know every detail of your infamous scheme!"

He stared at her; his lips had slowly parted.

"What?" You say that Mr. Blake—

"Oh, you're trying to play your part of innocence well, but you cannot deceive me!" she cried with fierce contempt. "Yes, Mr. Blake is the head of it. I just came from his office. There's not a doubt in the world of his guilt—he has admitted it. Oh—"

"Admitted it?"

"Yes, admitted it! Oh, it was a fine and easy way to make a fortune—to trick the city into selling at a fraction of its value a business which, run privately, will pay a large and growing profit!"

He had stood up, and was scratching his bristling hair. Katherine also rose.

"And you!" she cried, glaring at him, her voice rising to a climax of scorn. "You! Don't walk the room!"—he had begun to do so—"but look into my eyes. To think how you have attacked my father, maligned him, covered him with dishonor! And for what? To help you carry through a dirty trick to rob the city! Oh, I wish I had the words to tell you—"

But he had begun again to pace the little room, scratching his head, his eyes gleaming behind the heavy glasses.

"Listen to me!" she commanded.

"Oh, let me have it—all you want to!" he cried out. "Only don't ask me to listen to you!"

He paused abruptly before her, and his eyes, half closed, stared piercingly into her face. As she returned his stare, it began to dawn upon her that he did not seem much taken aback. At least his guilt bore no near likeness to that of Mr. Blake.

Suddenly he made a lunge for the door, jerked it open, and his voice descended the stairway, out-thundering the press.

"Jake! Oh, Jake!"

A lesser roar ascended:

"Yes!"

"Stop the press! Rip open the forms! Get the men at the linotypes! Be alive down there, every soul of you! You, Billy Harper, I'll want you here in two minutes!"

He slammed the door, and turned on Katherine. She had looked upon excitement before, but never such excitement as was flaming in his face.

"Now give me all the details!" he cried.

"She it was that was taken aback. "I—I don't understand," she said.

"No time to explain now. I've been all wrong about your father—perhaps a little wrong about you—and perhaps you've been a little wrong about me. Let it go at that. Now for the details—quick!"

"But—but what are you going to do?"

"Going to get out an extra! It's the hottest story that ever came down the pike! It'll make the Express, and"—he seized her hand in his grimy ones, his eyes blazing, and an exultant laugh leaped from his deep chest—"and we'll simply rip this old town wide open!"

Katherine stared at Bruce in bewilderment.

"Oh, won't this wake the town up?" he murmured to himself. He dropped into his chair, jerked some loose copy-paper toward him, and seized a pencil. "Now, quick—the details!"

"You mean—you are going to print this?" she breathed.

"Didn't I say so?" the editor answered sharply.

"Then you really had nothing to do with Mr. Blake's—"

"Oh, rot! I beg your pardon. But this is no time for explanations. Come, come!"—he rapped his desk with his knuckles—"don't you know what getting out an extra is? Every second is worth half your lifetime! Out with the story!"

Katherine sank weakly into her chair, beginning to see new things in this face that she had so lately loathed.

"The fact of the matter is," she confessed, "I fear I stated my information a little—a little more definitely than it really is."

"You mean you haven't the facts?"

"I'm afraid not—not yet."

"Nothing definite that I could hinge a story on?"

She shook her head.

"I didn't come prepared for—for things to take this turn. It would spoil everything to have this made public before I had my case worked up."

"Then there's no extra!" He flung down his pencil and sprang up. "Nothing doing, Billy," he called to Harper, who that instant opened the door; "go on back with you."

He began to walk up and down the little office, scowling, his hands clenched in his trousers-pockets. After a moment he stopped short, and looked at Katherine half savagely. "I suppose you don't know what it means to a newspaper man to have a big story laid in his hands and then suddenly jerked out?"

"I suppose it is something of a disappointment."

"Disappointment!" The word came out half groan, half sneer. "Disappointment! If you were waiting in church, and the bridegroom didn't show up; if—oh, I can't make you understand the feeling!"

He dropped back into his chair and scratched viciously at the copy-paper. She watched him in a sort of fascination till he abruptly looked up. Suspicion glinted behind the heavy glasses.

"Are you sure, Miss West," he asked slowly, "that this whole affair isn't just a little game?"

"What do you mean?"

"That your whole story is nothing but a hoax? Nothing but a trick to get out of a tight hole by calling another man a thief?"

Her eyes flashed.

"You mean that I am telling a lie?"

"No. You lawyers doubtless have a better-tasting word for it. You would call it, say, a 'professional expedient.'"

She was still not sufficiently recovered from her astonishment to be angry. Besides she felt herself by an unexpected turn put in the wrong regarding Bruce.

"What I have said to you is the absolute truth," she declared defiantly. "Here is the situation—believe me or not, just as you please. I ask you, for the moment, to accept the proposition that my father is the victim of a plot to steal the water-works, and then see how everything fits in with that theory. Bear in mind, as an item worth considering, my father's long and honorable career—never a dishonoring word against him till this charge came."

She went on and outlined the reasoning that had led her to her conclusion.

"Now, does not that sound possible?" she demanded.

He had watched her with keen, half-closed eyes.

"H'm! You reason well," he conceded.

"That's a lawyer's business," she retorted. "So much for theory; now for facts."

She gave him her experience of half an hour before in Harrison Blake's office. The editor's boring gaze was fixed on her all the while.

"And now I ask you this question—is it likely that even a poor water system could fail so quickly and so completely as ours has done, unless some powerful person was secretly working to make it fail? Do you not see it never could? We all should have seen it, but we've all been too busy, too blind, and thought too well of our town, to suspect such a thing."

His eyes were still boring into her. "But how about Dr. Sherman?" he asked.

"I believe that Dr. Sherman is an innocent tool of the conspiracy, just as my father is its innocent victim," she answered promptly.

Bruce sat with the same fixed look, and made no reply.

"I have stated my theory, and I have stated my facts," said Katherine. "I have no court evidence, but I am going to have it. As I remarked before, you can believe what I have said, or not, believe it. It's all the same to me. She stood up. "I wish you good afternoon."

He quickly rose.

"Hold on there!" he said.

She paused at the door. He strode to and fro across the little office, scowling with thought; then he paused at the window and looked out.

"Well?" she demanded.

He wheeled about.

"It sounds plausible."

"Thank you," she said crisply. "I could hardly expect a man who has been the champion of error to admit that he has been wrong and accept the truth. Good afternoon!"

Again she turned away and reached for the door-knob.

"Wait!" he cried. There was a ring of resentment in his voice, but his square face, which had been grudgingly non-committal, was now aglow with excitement. "I believe you're right!" he cried. "There's an infernal conspiracy! Now, what can I do to help?"

"Help?" she asked blankly.

"Help work up the evidence? Help reveal the conspiracy?"

She had not yet quite got her bearings concerning this new Bruce.

The Glass of Fashion

Reflections from the Fashion Centres of Europe and America

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF
THE LATEST THINGS
IN WEARING APPAREL



Neckwear, The Transformer.

Collarless Net Guimpes For Wear With Silk Blouses—The Shoulder-Point Collar of Lace Or Embroidery Gives a New Line.—Narrow Neckties Are Attached To Pleated Frills.—Fluffy Bows of Lace And Tulle For Spring Days.

NECKWEAR plays such an important part in costume now that the woman who ignores it makes a grievous mistake. The simple frock of inconspicuous color, smartened by a modern and effective bit of neckwear is infinitely better style than an elaborate costume of expensive stuff wrongly finished at the neck, or having attached to it an untidy lace yoke and collar, or one showing signs of wear because its incorporation with the bodice has made it hard to remove for freshening.

Indeed, few bodices are now made with hard and fast neck-finishings. There is usually a way of ripping out a lace yoke or of removing a collar and of basting in the same after it has been treated to a sample cleaning process. Most trotteur frocks are accompanied by separate yokes and stock collars of sheer net, or by turned down collars of lace embroidery, the latter sort being just now the more fashionable sort.

And, by-the-bye, these separate lingerie collars have a new line which is important for smartness. They are neither round nor square but combine the two dimensions, the back of the collar falling only an inch or two below the top of the bodice while at the sides it extends outward in deep points over the shoulders. From the tip of the shoulder-point the collar slopes inward in an oblique line to the front of the neck, where is set a gay little bow of picot ribbon, usually heading a graceful jabot. Picot ribbon is another new neckwear note and is a bit smarter just now than velvet or silk, although bows of moire ribbon are seen on well dressed women. The neck bow is somewhat larger than it was last season and is tied naturally instead of being made in pump style, the long loops and ends being pulled out at either side, one over the other, so that the bow makes a straight line across the top of the jabot. Sometimes a long jabot pin is set across the bow to keep the loops and ends in place.

The neckbow may be black, navy blue, or some other dark color matching the hat trimming; but Dutch blue bows are worn by women with blue eyes. Pale pink, blue, or other light pastel shades, are never worn in neck-bows by modishly dressed women with tailored street costumes. A new idea is the narrow band of ribbon encircling the neck and tied at the front in a little bow, a wide pleating of lace being attached to the lower edge of this narrow ribbon band and lying flat on the bodice. Such a neck dressing, if smart and modern, is extremely trying to the face and should only be worn by young girls and women having fresh contours and perfect throats.

With the tailored suit of serge or mohair, having an ordinary type of coat with mannish collar and lapels, the high boned stock looks neatest and trimmest, although some women seem to be able to wear collarless blouses successfully with such coats. The smartness of the stock this year depends on its height. It must be very tall at the back, at least, and must fit with exquisite precision. It may be made of shadow lace, of net or of lace veiled with net, and well dressed women have tiny buttons and loops or invisible hooks and eyes at the back of such stocks, the easy fastening by means of metal collar pins not now being tolerated by Dame Fashion. At the front of the stock may be hung a pleated jabot, topped by a pert bow of ribbon, or the collar may be finished with a fluffy bow of lace or of malines. The airy malines neck bow is back in favor, and nothing gives the springlike touch to a tailored costume like one of these fluffy, soft tulle bows beneath the chin. If the stock and yoke below it are to be of net, it will be better to use two layers of very fine net, running the collar stays at back and sides between the net sections with tiny hand stitches. Shadow lace veiled with fine net makes a soft and becoming stock and one that has a surprising amount of durability.

The tub silk blouse with its open, rolling collar, or its high, mannish collar demands a special sort of necktie. With the mannish collar may be worn a narrow four-in-hand tie of dark silk, and be sure and select a tie long enough to reach from the collar almost to the waistline. The short four-in-hand tie reaching to the bust is a feminine makeshift—usually indulged in because of the cheaper price of such ties—which inevitably spoils the trig look of a mannish shirtwaist. Tub silk blouses striped in delicate pastel colors may be matched with ties in the same color as the stripes. For example, a young woman going south for the late winter season, has provided herself with three smart golfing shirts; a white one with a dark red knitted silk four-in-hand tie, a lilac and white shirt



TAILORED TRIMNESS ABOUT THIS NECK DRESSING.
The little collar with its neat suggestion is accompanied in this case by a long, narrow jabot which touches the waistline, and the effect has somehow the trimness of a negligee collar and four-in-hand tie. The collar is of machine embroidery in an Appenzell imitation, and the lace-bordered jabot is of white net. Over the trotteur frock of prune corded linsdowne, a silk and worsted weave much liked this spring, the white collar and jabot are most effective. The simple sailor hat with its elongated brim at the back is trimmed with huckle feathers in shades of reddish brown.



TULLE IS ALWAYS BECOMING UNDER THE CHIN.
Many a plain face is made prettier by a fluffy tulle bow beneath it to soften the contours; and the full tulle ruche is even better than the tulle bow. The ruche pictured here is of pale gray malines and accompanies a matinee frock of night blue chiffon veiled with black net and trimmed with jet. The hat is of smoke gray plush with an ostrich wreath in shaded blues, and the charming costume is completed by trim boots of patent leather with buttoned tops of gray suede.

with a lilac four-in-hand and a blue and white striped matched by a blue Barthea tie. These neat outing shirts will accompany short skirts of white serge, a dark gray Mackinaw coat, stitched cloth outing hat and low heeled golfing boots of the washable tan leather which muddy links will not stain with ugly dark marks.

The collarless guimpe of net is a dainty accessory which may be slipped on under bodices rounded out at the top, or blouses having very open, Robespierre collars.



COLLAR OF THE NEW LACE-LIKE EMBROIDERY.
Machine embroidery effects in imitations of handsome laces are among the novelties in collar wear this spring. The collar pictured here is a St. Gall embroidery imitation of Venise lace and though worn, as pictured, over a little trotteur frock of blue mohair, is really intended as a trimming for a luxurious negligee or a summer evening wrap of light silken stuff. The embroidery is in a creamy tone rather than pure white.

These net guimpes are, of course, sleeveless, and at the lower edge an elastic is run which holds the guimpe firmly in place, just below the bust. The edge of the net, around the neck-opening is finished with dainty scalloping or buttonholing and sometimes a touch of embroidery is added below. Net jabots have also this fine machine scalloping at the edge of deep Vandye points and though such neckwear does not launder as sturdily as more firmly finished material, it is exceedingly dainty and pretty in character.

Machine embroideries in the new lacy St. Gall patterns are a feature of spring neckwear and wondrous are the effects, and the numbers of effects, that have been achieved with these embroideries. Sometimes lace is combined with the embroidery, or touches of gay silk in tiny revers, pipings and covered buttons will make the neck dressing very chic and modish. The fachu motif is observed in various modifications. A trotteur frock of dark blue linsdowne, worn the other day at a fashionable restaurant luncheon was graced by a charming fachu of St. Gall embroidery in a Carriekmaecross pattern, crossed over an inner vest or chemisette of tucked net, a blue picot ribbon bow being set at the crossing of the embroidery which fell in a soft cascade.

THE BEST EMERALDS.

The finest emeralds are found in the Republic of Colombia, at the famous Muzo mines in the department of Boyaca, seventy miles north by west of Bogota, which have been worked since 1558. The Spaniards mined there in the middle of the sixteenth century, but withdrew after a time, owing to continual fighting with the Indians; with the result that for a while the locality of the mines was unknown. They are now worked by an English company, in partnership with the government. The emeralds at Muzo occur in calcite veins running through black carboniferous limestone in all directions and at all angles. Often the limestone is covered with earth, in which bushes and trees are growing; this has to be cleared before prospecting is possible. When calcite veins have been located, the side of the hill is dug away in "banks," usually by Indians, whose chief tool is a steel bar forged to a point at one end. The pieces of calcite vein are examined superficially for emeralds, and are then set aside for conveyance to the sorting-shed, where a detailed examination is made, and the emeralds are divided into fifteen grades according to color, transparency, size, freedom from flaws, and so on.

The Wedding Ring

THE marriage ceremony, more so perhaps than any other, is surrounded by customs and ideas the products of old time superstitions and beliefs, most of which center on the ring. A whole book could be written on wedding rings and the varying ideas concerning them which exist in different countries. For instance the Anglo-Saxon custom is now to wear the golden symbol of matrimony on the third finger of the left hand, the reason for which is due to an old superstition that a vein connected it with the heart.

This, however, is quite a fallacy, but a much more poetical reason for the selection of this finger is the fact that it is more dependent on the next or middle finger than on the others, and cannot be raised—or moved—independently as can the other fingers of the hand.

Then, too, with regard to the choice of the left hand, it must be remembered that it is usually less active a member of the body than the right, and, therefore, a safer for the ring which is to be worn through life.

The left hand, however, is not always chosen. In Germany, Belgium and France, the third finger of the right hand is usually selected as the "wedding finger," and in these countries the same ring frequently serves as a betrothal and nuptial ring, the only difference being that it is worn—during the engagement—on the third finger of the "left" hand, where it is placed at the "exchange of rings" which forms an important and binding part of the betrothal ceremony, and is transferred to the corresponding fingers of the right hand at marriage.

The wedding-ring has not, however, always been worn on its present finger in this country, and at one time found a home on the lady's thumb! Later on, at the nuptial ceremony, it was successively put to each of the other fingers of the left hand—beginning with the thumb—with the formula: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"—which brought it to its final resting-place on the third finger. In the time of George I. it was removed to the thumb after the ceremony.

The wedding-ring is "as old as the hills," an old Latin word ascribing its invention to Tubal Cain, and the meaning of the circlet in the following quaint words: "The form of the ring being circular, that is, round, without end, importeth this much, that mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from one to another, as in a circle, and that is, continually and for ever."

But it has not always been the plain circlet we now know, nor has it always been of gold, iron having been used by the Romans. Various other substances have been composed in the course of ages since then, whilst key and certain rings have done duty on more than one occasion in its history.

Ornamental Wedding Rings.

In the time of Queen Mary Tudor plain rings were evidently only indulged in by the lower classes, as she elected that the ring which sealed her unfortunate espousal with Philip II. of Spain should be the same as that worn by her meaner subjects. That of Mary Stuart and Darley was red. Sir Thomas Gresham's wedding ring—in the time of Queen Elizabeth—was a very beautiful affair, and was made to open and reveal a beautifully-worked figure of a child.

A certain ring of French design the writer has in mind is also a beautiful symbol of the union of two in matrimony. It is a plain affair, the circlet divided into two, in the manner of the old "gimmel" rings, one portion being worn by each of the two lovers during their short betrothal. At the marriage, however, the two portions were locked together to form one ring—on which the date was inscribed, and which was worn by the wife till her death.

Then, too, "posy" rings must not be forgotten, and there are many of these in existence in private collections, as well as in the British and South Kensington museums, some of which have very quaint "posies" inscribed on them.

Jewish wedding rings are wonderfully elaborate affairs, in most cases being ornamented with beautifully wrought little temples and other objects, in highly-raised ornamentation, which, in not a few cases, project at least half-an-inch from the band, which is of the same width. These are only used during the celebration of the ceremony.

Men and Wedding Rings.

It is now becoming more and more the fashion in England for men to wear wedding rings, one which has much to commend it, though in Europe it is the custom for married men to do so. In any case, however, it is but a reversion to a very old one, as is evidenced by the story or legend of the Roman youth, who removed his ring, when playing at ball, during the wedding feast, and placed it on the hand of the statue of Venus. The lady, however, according to the legend, took a fancy to the outward symbol of marriage—which she had dispensed with in her various entanglements—and declined to give it up, claiming him as her husband. It was only through the efforts of a necromancer that she was induced to waive her claim to give up the ring to its rightful owner.

CONCERNING BAGS.

The newest models of the silver link cordeliere from the Rue de la Paix are hung from white grosgrain moire ribbon, not over a quarter of an inch in width. When, as is usually the case, the bag is studded with diamonds, the ribbon is attached to the bar by diamond clasps, and is provided with circular slides of diamonds by means of which it can be shortened or lengthened at will.

Very smart among the plainer bags are those of black moire made with metal mountings and clasp covered with the silk. These as well as the silver mesh bags are hung from moire ribbons, about an inch in width and just long enough to slip over the arm.

Plain black velvet bags are studded with rhinestones or with real brilliants; in fact, the vogue of the paillette in gowns and accessories is at its height.

The small change purses made from seed pearls are now enriched by copious sprinklings of diamonds among the meshes. These purses are mounted on plain bars of platinum, which close by small clasps headed by a single pearl or a single diamond.



THIS EMBROIDERY COLLAR HAS A NEW LINE.
The shape of this collar suggests the broadly opening Robespierre with flat jabots falling from the points at either side; but the whole collar is made of machine embroidery on one of the marvelous hand looms of Switzerland which produce effects like hand work. For example, the border pattern of the collar follows the mixed effect of the edge and the pattern on the flat jabot portion suggests picots. The collar brightens a trotteur frock of navy blue worsted and mohair mixture, and the turned back cuffs are also of machine embroidery in a lacy pattern.



A SMART, RATHER THAN PICTURESQUE, JABOT.

For certain types of costume these stiff and dignified frills of pleated net are very well adapted. The pleated jabot pictured here gives just the right touch of freshness and modernness to a simple trotteur frock of sage green mohair and worsted mixture. At the top of the jabot is set a flat bow of green silk and the tall collar of silk matches the bow. The inner side of this collar is of white satin and three crystal buttons hold back the turned over points against the green collar.

The Burden of Books, And How To Bear It.

BY F. T. DALTON.

IN the course of last year there were published in Great Britain (according to figures given in the "Bookseller") just under 13,000 books. This is, no doubt, under the mark, for many books do not appear in the publishers' lists, and escape calculation. We can safely say that, Sundays apart, on an average, nearly fifty new books come to the birth daily, and each new book means anything from 50 to 1,000 copies. Every day of the year, then, the number of books which the public is expected to read is increasing by thousands; every day the brain of the reading class is pelted with an unceasing blinding storm of printed words; every day new thoughts or new expressions of old thoughts are added in incalculable profusion to the mental house of the world.

One thing is certain—that the more rapidly and profusely that storehouse is filled up, the less valuable do its contents become. One is almost inclined to think that the greatest disaster the civilised world has ever suffered was the invention of printing. Certainly it is arguable, with less suspicion of paradox, that the amazing developments in the way of rapid printing, and in the facilities for the distribution of printed matter, are by no means an unmitigated good. Is it consistent with any true ideal of culture? Does it make any culture worth having easier for the individual to attain, or more difficult? Cast the minds back two thousand years, and in the groves of classical Athens, or, later, among the literary circles of Augustan Rome, you will find the meaning of culture far better understood than it is to-day. Books, even in those days, were written and were read, but a book was the product of a rare mind. Its advent was hailed as an event; its contents were studied and discussed at leisure. The thoughtful men and women of the Platonic or the Ciceronian circle, if they woke in a world where fifty new books a day were offered for their perusal, would, we fancy, very soon have come to regard literature as one of the idols of the market-place, and the habit of indiscriminate reading one proper to the crowd of meaner intelligences and baser minds.

Or pass to an age nearer our own—the age of the Revival of Learning. The human mind was richer by centuries of thought and history than it had been in the day of ancient Rome and Athens. Books were many, literature flourished, and it was the period of great imaginative creations. Above all, it was the period of intense interest in intellectual things, and of minds enriched and chastened by reading, thought, and learning. But what would its finer spirits—Erasmus, More, Colet, Sidney—have thought of a world smothered, as we are, by an unceasing avalanche of new books, the good lost to sight amongst the bad, and none able to ensure the leisurely attention which alone can do justice to a work of merit? They also would have thought, it is to be feared, that the proper training of the mind was hard to come by in such a world.

Yet the wide dissemination of literary matter, inevitable as it has become, need not make us despair. The burden of books has to be borne; it may even be welcomed as a blessing if we know how to bear it. And the secret must be learnt from the humanists of those old days which we have just recalled. There were fewer books then, and they got the best out of them by two methods: first, the leisurely and careful perusal of a single well-chosen book, or a single subject, and, secondly, by a practice, which was the chief means of education to the Greeks of old—the practice of thrashing a subject out with a friend, and bringing one mind to test and strengthen another. Both plans may seem difficult for the solitary reader anxiously seeking to know something of the riches of literature, of the bearings of the great problems of thought or history, of the strange and beautiful things in the world of nature, but, at the same time, groping his way helplessly in the vast maze of printed matter, with no guide to put him on the right path or like-minded friend with whom to compare notes of progress. But his plight is not irremediable.

In the ocean of print which is engulfing the world there is only one way of keeping the head above water—only one way, to change the metaphor, of keeping the mind a healthy instrument and of deriving true enjoyment and real profit from reading. The one thing useful is to be systematic—not to weaken the faculty of attention and fritter away the power of thought by reading nothing but periodicals and an occasional chance novel, but to recognise that reading is an art which must be acquired; and to learn an art it is necessary, at any rate, for most people, to put oneself under a master, confident that the more guidance one has in setting out the more profitable and the more engrossing will the practice of the art become. So only can the burden of books be borne—not only without fatigue, but with willing effort that will never fail to brace and invigorate the mind.

ANNA PAVLOVA'S BOOK.

Madame Pavlova is too busy dancing just now to think of turning author. She has in her possession, however, says "The Book Monthly," a series of letters to which some day she will probably give publicity. They are letters written to her by young English admirers of her beautiful dancing, children, girls and boys. The epistles were addressed to her as a sort of fairy godmother who does nothing but dance and dance, and so they have almost the note of a fairy book. Madame Pavlova values them greatly, puts them among her most treasured possessions, and would not part with them for anything.

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Chapters From the Classics.

IV.—The Princess Who Preferred a Convent To a Court.

From "JOSEPH BALSAMO," by Alexandre Dumas.

CHAPTERS XXVII.

MME LOUISE OF FRANCE.

THE King's eldest daughter awaited him in the great gallery of Le-brun, the same in which Louis XIV., in 1683, had received the Doge Imperiali and the four Genoese senators sent to implore pardon for the republic.

At the further end of the gallery, opposite the door by which the king must enter, were three or four ladies of honor, who seemed in the utmost consternation. Louis arrived just at the moment when groups began to form in the vestibule, for the resolution which the princess had taken only that morning was now spreading on all sides through the palace.

The Princess Louise possessed a majestic figure, and a truly regal style of beauty, yet a secret sadness had left its lines on her fair forehead. Her austere practice of every virtue, and her respect for the great powers of the state—powers which for the last fifty years had only obtained a semblance of respect from interest or from fear—had caused her to be regarded with veneration by the court. We must add that she was loved even by the people, although a feeling of disaffection toward their masters was now general. The word tyrants had not yet been heard.

She was loved because her virtue was not stern. She was not loudly talked of, but all knew that she had a heart. She manifested this every day by works of charity, while others only showed it by shameless self-indulgence. Louis XV. feared this daughter for the simple reason that he esteemed her. There were even times when he went so far as to be proud of her; and she was the only one of his children whom he spared in his sharp rillery or his silly familiarities. He called her madame, while the Princesses Adelaide, Victoire, and Sophie he named Loque, Chiffe, and Graille. Since the period when Marshal Saxe carried with him to the tomb the soul of the Turennes and the Condes, and with the Queen Maria Lezinska passed away the governing mind of a Maria Theresa, all became mean and worthless around the throne of France. The Princess Louise, whose character was truly regal, and, compared with those around her, seemed even heroic, alone remained to adorn the crown, like a pearl of price amid false stones and tinsel. We should be wrong in concluding from this that Louis XV. loved his daughter. Louis, it is well known, loved no one but himself; we only affirm that he preferred her to all his other children.

When he entered, he found the princess in the center of the gallery, leaning on a table laid with crimson jasper and lapis lazuli. She was dressed entirely in black, and her beautiful hair, which was without powder, was covered by a double roll of lace. A deeper shade of sadness than usual rested on her brow. She looked at no one in the apartment, but from time to time her melancholy gaze wandered over the portraits of the kings of Europe, which ornamented the gallery, at the head of whom were those of her ancestors, the kings of France.

The black dress which she wore was the usual traveling costume of princesses. It concealed large pockets, still worn as in the time of the good housewife-like queens, and the Princess Louise, imitating them in that, also, had the numerous keys of her chests and wardrobes suspended at her waist by a gold chain.

The king's face assumed a serious expression when he saw how silent all in the gallery were, and how attentively they awaited the result of the interview between him and his daughter. But the gallery was so long that the spectators at either end might see but they could not hear what passed; they had a right to see—it was their duty not to hear.

The princess advanced a few steps to meet the king, and taking his hand, she kissed it respectfully.

"They tell me you are setting out on a journey, madame," said he, "are you going to Picardy?"

"No, sire," she replied.

"Then, I presume," said he, in a louder voice, "that you are about to make a pilgrimage to Noirmoutiers?"

"No, sire. I am going to retire to the convent of the Carmelites at St. Denis, of which you know I have the right to be abbess."

The king started, but he preserved his countenance unmoved, although in reality his heart was troubled.

"Oh, no, no, my daughter!" he said; "you will not leave me. It is impossible you can leave me!"

"My dear father, it is long since I decided on abandoning the world. Your majesty permitted me to make that decision; do not now, I entreat you, my dear father, oppose my wishes."

"Yes, certainly, you wrung from me the permission of which you speak. I gave it, but still hoped that when the moment of departure came, your heart would fail you. You ought not to bury yourself in a cloister; by acting so, you forget what is due to your rank. It is grief or want of fortune which makes the convent besought as a refuge. The daughter of the King of France is certainly not poor; and, if she be unhappy, the world ought not to know it."

The king's thoughts, and even his language, seemed to become more elevated as he entered more and more into the part he was called on to play—that of a king and a father. This is, indeed, a part never played ill, when pride and regret inspire the actor.

"Sire," replied the princess, perceiving her father's emotion, and fearful that it might affect her more deeply than she desired at that moment, "sire, do not, by your tender-

* Tag, rag, and scrap.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, France's greatest novelist, is perhaps best known to English readers through "The Three Musketeers" and the companion novels of that splendid series of war and adventure. Yet his wonderfully simple descriptions of life in the time of the Louis, XV and XVI, show nowhere to better advantage than in the Marie Antoinette series, which faithfully portray the life of the unfortunate Queen of France, from the time she enters France from the Court at Vienna as the affianced bride of the Dauphin, to the day of her tragic death.

Of these books, "Joseph Balsamo" is the first. In this novel, the sorcerer on whose shoulders Dumas lays the whole responsibility for the overthrow of the monarchy in France is introduced under the name from which the novel takes its title, although in the later books of the series he figures as the Count of Capriostro.

The chapter which we have chosen to reproduce has no vital bearing on the plot, but is remarkable for the beautifully tragic language with which Dumas makes Louise, the eldest daughter of the vacillating, spineless, pleasure seeking King, foretell the destruction of the monarchy and the downfall of her family.

When the chapter opens, Louis has just been summoned to his daughter's side. She, disgusted with the Dubarry regime, and the frivolity and hollowiness of Court life, has finally decided to retire to the Convent of the Carmelites at St. Denis.

ness for me, weaken my resolution; my grief is not vulgar grief, therefore, my resolution to retire from the world is not in accordance with the usual customs of our day."

"Your grief?" exclaimed the king, as if from a real impulse of feeling. "Have you, then, sorrows, my poor child?"

"Heavy, heavy sorrows, sire."

"Why did you not confide them to me, my dearest daughter?"

"Because they are sorrows not to be assuaged by any mortal hand."

"Not by that of a king?"

"Ah, no, sire!"

"Not by a father's hand?"

"No, sire, no!"

"But you are religious, Louise; does not religion give you strength?"

"Not sufficient strength yet, sire; therefore I retire to a cloister in order to obtain more. In silence, God speaks to the heart of man—in solitude man communes with God."

"But, in acting thus, you are making a sacrifice for which nothing can compensate. The throne of France casts a majestic shadow over the children of its kings. Ought not this reflected greatness to be sufficient for you?"

"The shadow of the cell is better, sire; it refreshes the weary spirit; it soothes the strong as well as the proud—the high as well as the low."

"Do you fear any danger by remaining? In that case, Louise, cannot the king defend you?"

"Sire, may God, in the first place, defend the king!"

"I repeat, Louise, that mistaken zeal leads you astray. It is good to pray, but not to pray always—and you so good, so pious! can you require such constant prayers?"

"Oh, my father! never can I offer up prayers enough to avert from us the woes which threaten us. If God has given me a portion of goodness—if for twenty years my only effort has been to purify my soul—I fear, alas! that I am yet far from having attained the goodness and the purity necessary for an expiatory sacrifice."

The king started back and gazed at the princess with surprise.

"Never have I heard you speak thus before, my dear child," said he; "your asetic life is making your reason wander."

"Oh, sire, do not speak thus of a devotion the truest that ever subject offered to a king, or daughter to a father, in a time of need. Sire, that throne, of which you but now so proudly spoke as lending a protecting shade to your children—that throne totters. You feel not the blows which are dealt at its foundations, but I have seen them. Silently a deep abyss is preparing, which will engulf the monarchy! Sire, has any one ever told you the truth?"

The princess looked around to discover whether the attendants were far enough to be out of hearing of her words, then she resumed:

"Well, sire, I know the truth. Too often have I heard the groans which the wretched send forth, when, as a Sister of Mercy, I visited the dark, narrow streets, the filthy lanes, the dismal garrets of the poor. In those streets, those lanes, those garrets, I have seen human beings dying of cold and hunger in winter, of heat and thirst in summer. You see not, sire, what the country is—you go merely from Versailles to Marly, and from Marly to Versailles. But in the country there is no grain—I do not say to feed the people, but even to sow for a new harvest—for the land, cursed by some adverse power, has received, but has given nothing back. The people wanting bread, are filled with discontent. The air is filled in the twilight and at night with voices telling them of weapons, of chains, of prisons, of tyranny; and at these voices they awake, cease to complain, and commence to threaten. The parliaments demand the right of remonstrance—that is, the right to say to you openly what they whisper in private, 'King, you are running the kingdom—save it, or we shall save it ourselves.' The soldiers with their idle swords furrow the land in which the philosophers have scattered the seeds of liberty. Men now see things which they formerly saw not, for our writers have laid all open to them; they know all that we do, and frown whenever their masters pass by. Your majesty's successor is soon to be married. When Anne of Austria's son was married, the city of Paris made presents to the new queen; now it is not only silent, and offers nothing, but you have been obliged to use force to collect the taxes to pay the expense of bringing the daughter of Caesar to the palace of the son of St. Louis. The clergy have long ceased to pray to God; but, seeing the lands given

away, privileges exhausted, coffers empty, they have begun again to pray, what they call the happiness of the people. And then, sire, must I tell you what you know so well—what you have seen with so much bitterness, although you have spoken of it to none? The kings, your brothers, who formerly envied us, now turn

AFTER 100 YEARS.



Miss 1813 (left) meets Miss 1913 (right) to discover that nothing has changed in a century—so far as clothes are concerned! —The Bystander.

away from us. Your four daughters, sire, the princesses of France, have not found husbands, and there are twenty princesses in Germany, three in England, sixteen in the States of the North, without naming our relations, the Bourbons of Spain and Naples, who forget us, or turn away from us like the others. Perhaps the Turk would have taken us had we not been daughters of his most Christian majesty. Not for myself, my father, do I care for this, or complain of it. Mine is a happy state, since it leaves me free, since I am not necessary to any one of my family, and may retire from the world—in meditation and in poverty pray to God to avert from your head, and from my nephew's, the awful storm I see gathering on the horizon of the future."

"My child, my daughter! it is your fears which make the future appear so dreadful."

"Sire, sire, remember that princess of antiquity, that royal prophetess. She foretold to her father and to her brothers war, destruction, conflagration, and her predictions were laughed at—they called her mad. Do not treat me as she was treated. Take care, oh, my father!—reflect, my King!"

Louis XV. folded his arms, and his head sunk on his bosom. "My daughter," said he, "you speak very severely. Are those woes which you announce caused by me?"

"God forbid that I should think so! They are the fruit of the times in which we live. You are whirled on in the career of events as we are all. Only listen, sire, to the applause in the theater which follows any allusion against royalty. See, in the evenings, what joyous crowds descend the narrow stairs of the galleries, while the grand marble staircase is deserted. Sire, both the people and the courtiers have made for themselves pleasures quite apart from our pleasures. They

amuse themselves without us; or, rather, when we appear in the midst of their pleasures, they become dull. Alas!" continued the princess, her eyes swimming with tears, "alas! poor young men, affectionate young women! love, sing, forget, be happy! Here, when I went among you, I only disturbed your happiness. Yonder in my cloister, I shall serve you. Here, you hid your glad smiles in my presence, for fear of displeasing me. There, I shall pray—oh, God! with all my soul—for my king, for my sisters, for my nephews, for the people of France—for all whom I love with the energy of a heart which no earthly passion has exhausted."

"My daughter," said the king, after a melancholy silence, "I entreat you not to leave me—not at this moment, at least; you will break my heart."

The princess seized his hand, and fixing her eyes, full of love, on his noble features, "No," said she, "no, my father—not another hour in this palace! No; it is time for me to pray. I feel in myself strength to redeem, by my tears, those pleasures for which you sigh—you, who are yet young. You are the kindest of fathers, you are ever ready to pardon!"

"Stay with us, Louise—stay with us!" said the king, pressing her to his heart.

The princess shook her head. "My kingdom is not of this world," said she, disengaging herself from her father's embrace. "Farwell, my father! I have told you to-day what for ten years has lain heavy on my heart. The burden became too great. Farewell! I am satisfied—see, I can smile; I am now, at length, happy—I regret nothing."

"Not even me, my daughter?"

"Ah, I should regret you, were I never to see you again, but you will sometimes come to St. Denis? You will not quite forget your child?"

"Oh, never, never!"

"Do not, my dear father, allow yourself to be affected. Let it not appear that this separation is to be a lasting one. My sisters, I believe, know nothing of it yet; my women alone have been my confidantes. For

Montreal Women's Club.

Lady Drummond Leads in Discussion on Social Service and Common Sense.

LADY DRUMMOND was the first of the three speakers who addressed the Women's Club on Social Service on Monday afternoon. In pleasant and distinct tones that warmed as the speaker touched on some point that especially awoke her enthusiasm or her sympathy, Lady Drummond spoke very beautifully on organized charity; a subject that develops manifold aspects of interest in the hands of sincere workers. Charity organization, said Lady Drummond, was one of the subjects that run to platitudes. So was Woman; but Woman, as a subject, was at least, poetic whereas Charity Organization was to all appearances unpoetical and uninteresting. Yet the two first great promoters of Organized Charity were among the most interesting and delightful of women, Octavia Hill, who died much beloved a few months ago, and Josephine Shaw Lowell, a strong, sweet character, whose memory is venerated in New York, as the city's saint.

* * *

To be successful the organization of charity must not be a men's or a women's movement only. It must work by the combined efforts of both sexes. One of the first organized effort, which was made in 1830, was made by the men only and protestants only. This soon expired as the results were unsatisfactory. The first attempts to administer charity in a systematic and desirable manner were made in Scotland. This was the Society for the Suppression of Beggars. It was not associated with any particular form of religious thought and it did some good work. In 1833 there was a closer approximation to modern methods in the large parish of St. Cuthbert's Edinburgh, which was divided into six sections, each section being subdivided into ten districts with a manager for each district. The work was voluntary and the arrangement didn't run at all smoothly. The general conclusion to which the results of this work pointed were that workers should be paid and properly trained, rather than that a society be dependent on voluntary untrained efforts.

* * *

At the time of the formation of the great Scotch and English Societies for the Organization of Charity workers in this cause were much influenced by certain famous men, such as Dr. Chalmers, Dean Stanley and Kingsley. John Stuart Mill in his 'Principles of Political Economy' drew attention to the ethics that should govern the laws of giving. Such ideas were entirely novel to a generation that had imbibed the principles of charity inculcated in Miss Edgeworth's novels, in which, it will be remembered, good children were always urged to give pennies to beggars. But a new way of studying this problem now began and those who considered the needs of the poor looked at the consequences of assistance and at the consequences of relying on assistance. The poor were to be taught to develop their active energies, encouraged to labour, to exercise self-control, rather than to be ever willing to accept alms. Not only should men who have money give to those who have none; it is even more desirable that men who have character give to those who have none by making them self-reliant.

* * *

Under the influence of this school of thought charity organization gradually developed. The aim in administering relief is not so much to give as to show the person who is to be helped how to overcome difficulties. As a well-known writer says 'What is life for but to overcome difficulties?'

* * *

A certain science of social help has developed, the scheme of which includes enquiry concerning the nature of the case, relief based on knowledge and records for reference. There are committees for wide social questions and for particular problems. Schools of social science have grown up and

* * *

him through the window, moving towards the waiting room. He didn't seem going very fast.

* * *

I waited.

The porters were calling, "All aboard! All aboard!" There was the clang of a bell, a hiss of steam, and in a second the train was off.

Idiot!—I thought—he's missed it; and there was his fifty dollar suit case lying on the seat.

I waited, looking out of the window and wondering who the man was anyway.

Then presently I heard the porter's voice again. He evidently was guiding some one through the car.

"Ah looked all through the car for it, sah," he was saying.

"I left it in the seat in the car there behind my wife," said the angry voice of a stranger—a well dressed man who put his head into the door of the compartment. Then his face too beamed all at once with recognition. But it was not for me. It was for the fifty dollar valise.

"Ah, there it is," he cried, seizing it and carrying it off.

I sank back in dismay. The 'old gang'! Pete's marriage! My grandmother's death! Great heavens! And my money! I saw it all; the other man was 'making talk' too, and making it with a purpose.

Stung!

And next time that I fall into talk with a casual stranger in a car, I shall not try to be quite so infernally, extraordinarily clever.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

My friend looked quickly out of the window.

His face was agitated.

"Great heavens!" he said, "that's the junction. I've missed my stop. I should have got out at the last station. Say, porter, 'he called out into the alley way, 'how long do we stop here?'"

"Just two minutes, sah," called a voice back. "She's late now, she's makin' up tahnme!"

My friend had hopped up now and had pulled out a bunch of keys and was fumbling at the lock of the suit case.

"I'll have to wire back or something," he gasped, "confound this lock—my money's in the suitcase."

My one fear now was that he would fail to get off.

"Here," I said, pulling some money out of my pocket, "don't bother with the lock. Here's money."

"Thanks," he said grabbing the roll of money out of my hand,—in his excitement he took all that I had—"I'll just have time."

He sprang from the train. I saw

Better a day of strife Than a century of sleep; Give me instead of a long stream of life The tempests and tears of the deep. —Standard Times.

ART AND ARTISTS BY PALETTE

THE ARTS CLUB of Montreal had an auspicious opening of its new rooms, 51 Victoria street, Saturday evening. The club is a new one and is designed to bring artists, writers, musicians and others closer together and to foster a spirit of Bohemian friendship among them. The existence of the club is largely due to the interest of Mr. W. S. Maxwell, A.R.C.A., one of the two talented brothers who designed the Art Gallery, and if environment can inspire aesthetic endeavor, there should be no lack of it in those who will frequent the Club, whose furnishings and decorations were also designed by Mr. Maxwell.

The exterior of the building is Spanish in character with rough cast cement walls; the cornice is of the awning type and covered with green glazed Spanish tiles, the ground floor being utilized as a showroom for objects of a select nature. But the exterior does not give any idea of the beauty of what is inside.

The main room is for exhibition purposes, where it is planned to hold shows of the different members' work every three weeks, the display of paintings, etchings, black and white work, Japanese prints and other results of artistic endeavor which only occasionally are shown in larger galleries. In design it is an adaptation to modern conditions of an old Elizabethan hall. From vertical walls the ceiling is played to the flat roof. The plaster work is carried out in the style of the same period, one of the features of the room being a huge carved mantel and large fireplace. The door and window openings are of stone with deep reveals, as is customary of that period, while the walls are hung with Japanese golden grass cloth which gives a background of soft rich gold color, showing the pictures to splendid advantage. The lighting of the apartment by day is by means of a large north-light studio window, ten feet wide and fourteen feet high, there being a large Japanese bench beneath it. The light from the window is supplemented by a skylight which makes ventilation perfect.

At night the pictures are lighted by six reflector lights, there being no light in the eyes of the visitors. For ordinary purposes table lights with old Italian carved wood columns with Japanese silk shades, are utilized, in addition to which there are two sixteenth century German wrought iron cranes, converted into electric light fixtures.

The furniture consists of Davenport sofas, easy chairs with verdure tapestry upholsterings, and in the centre of the room there is a massive carved Elizabethan refectory table, while Windsor chairs complete the character of the room. On the floor are Persian rugs deep in tone and while rich in effect do not compete with the coloring in the pictures.

This main club-room is entered through a small exhibition corridor draped with grey fabrica cloth, the wall lighting being of the indirect type. Over the entrance door and window in the same wall there are two painted lunettes one by Mr. Maurice Cullen, R.C.A., vice-president of the club, and another by Mr. Clarence Gagnon, A.R.C.A., the latter subject being a winter scene at Baie St. Paul. Over the mantel there is a temporary panel to be replaced later by a decoration from the brush of Mr. William Brymner, President of the Royal Canadian Academy.

In the front of the building, there is a billiard room, with beamed ceiling, the walls being covered with grey grass cloth. This room by day is lighted by a window of leaded glass draped with tapestry curtains. On the same floor is an office, a cloak room and toilet room.

The officers of the club are Mr. W. S. Maxwell, A.R.C.A., president; Mr. Maurice Cullen, R.C.A., vice-president; Mr. F. Cleveland Morgan, secretary; Mr. George G. Fox, treasurer, and the following council: Mr. William Brymner, P.R.C.A.; Mr. Geoffrey Porteous, Mr. David McGill, Mr. Guy Brock, and Mr. Herbert D. Raine.

The opening was sans ceremonie. The invitations read "informal." It was essentially a free-and-easy "drop in" affair and the amusement and fraternizing commenced as soon as the guests arrived. There were excellent pictures to look at, "church warden's" to smoke, while a big log fire roared in the grate. There was a large turnout of the members of the Pen and Pencil Club, its president, Mr. John E. Logan, congratulating those responsible for the founding of the Arts club upon their labors. During the course of the evening the president Mr. W. S. Maxwell outlined the objects of the club and citing conversations he had held with members of the Arts and Letters Club, in Toronto, had learned that the majority of its members would willingly sacrifice anything but their membership in it. The guests and members provided the entertainment during the evening a stand-up supper being available in the billiard room.

Among those present at the inaugural gathering were, Mr. William Brymner, P.R.C.A., Mr. W. S. Maxwell, A.R.C.A., Mr. Robert Harris, C.M.G.; R.C.A., Mr. Maurice G. Cullen, R.C.A., Mr. G. Horne-Russell, R.C.A., Mr. A. F. Dunlop, vice-president of the Royal Canadian academy, Mr. W. H. Clapp, A.R.C.A., Mr. Alfred Laliberte, A.R.C.A., Mr. A. Suzor-Cote, A.R.C.A., Mr. J. C. Franchere, A. R. C. A., Mr. H. de Haan, Austrian consul, Mr. David McGill, Mr. John E. Logan, Mr. G. M. Brock, Mr. Walter Stenhouse, Jr., Mr. Paul B. Earle, Mr. D. H. MacFarlane, Mr. Frederiek G. Todd, Professor H. F. Armstrong, Mr. J. S. Lewis, Mr. Paul T. Sise, Dr. H. J. Stuart Nichol, Mr. A. Dickson Pat-

erson, R.C.A., Mr. David Shennan, Mr. Sidney Carter, Col. T. P. Butler, Dean Walton, Mr. W. C. Languedoc, Mr. A. Wilkie Kilgour, Mr. Paul Caron, Mr. Bernard K. Sandwell, Mr. E. Eldon Deane, Mr. J. C. Simpson, Dr. J. Douglas Morgan, Mr. John Edward Hoare, Mr. Warich Chipman, Mr. J. B. Fitzmaurice, Mr. Herbert Raine, Mr. H. Mortimer Lamb, Mr. Edwin J. Cox, Mr. G. Godfrey Burr, Mr. B. S. Burland, Professor Ludlow, Mr. Herbert T. Shaw, Mr. L. T. Kilpin, Mr. P. Henderson, Mr. Arthur E. Anderson, Mr. K. R. Macpherson, K.C., Mr. Francis E. Lloyd, Mr. F. Cleveland Morgan, Mr. Arthur V. Rosaire, Mr. H. W. Ashley, Mr. George G. Fox, Mr. D. S. Walker, Mr. Jas. A. Baylis, Dr. Andrew Macphail, Mr. A. F. Byers, Mr. Fred G. Robb, Mr. R. J. Wadsworth, Mr. G. Porteous, Mr. Wilfrid M. Barnes, Mr. G. Furlong, Mr. L. R. Green and Mr. St. George Burgoyne.

FORTUNATELY, before the invitations had been printed the discovery was made that the date set in the printed circular sent to artists in-

In Musical Circles.

LEUTENANT-COL. MEIGHEN has characterized as "rumors, largely exaggerated," the various statements which have been made in the public press during the past week as to the possibility of the total discontinuance of the Montreal Opera Company as we know it. "The whole thing is a matter yet to be decided," he said to THE MIRROR, "and not until the directors get together and discuss the situation can any announcement be made as to the future. We have now had three years' experience, and know exactly what public response we may expect; how we will act in the face of that knowledge is a matter yet to be decided."

To outsiders it would seem that the public response has on the whole been remarkably good, and that the main difficulty against which the Company has had to contend, both here and during its Toronto visit, is the lack of a sufficiently large theatre to accommodate a paying house. If that is so, then the way seems clear for the building of the long-talked of Opera House in Montreal, provided other public-spirited millionaires are prepared to join with Col. Meighen in the scheme. If there are other considerations besides the one mentioned militating against financial success, then the best we can hope for

the programme. However, the proceeding enchanted the gallery. Mr. Maurice Lafarge was an ideal accompanist and also performed two piano solos most agreeably.

The next star pianist to come to Montreal will be Leopold Godowsky, famed especially for his very marvelous technique. To display this exceptional power he has arranged piano studies in a particular manner. For instance, he has combined the "Etudes" of Chopin in such a manner as to play always two of them at the same time. He does this without in any sense violating the artistic spirit of the original, whilst at the same time he surrounds them with incredible difficulty. This is the outlet that Mr. Godowsky chooses for the extraordinary over-measure of speed, facility and power with which he is endowed.

Leopold Godowsky was born in 1870 and at the age of fifteen made an American tour in the course of which his reputation as one of the first pianists of the age was made. He has been composing since he was seven years of age. One of his most enthusiastic admirers is the aged Emperor of Austria, who has appointed him head of the Master School for Piano at the Imperial Royal Academy at Vienna. This is a very important government post and carries with it a

ARTHUR STRINGER'S NEW YORK LETTER



NEW YORK, March 3, 1913.—Just off Fifth Avenue, in Twenty-Ninth Street, is the Little Church around the Corner. Directly across from this is the Little Bookshop, around the Corner. In this shop, more suggestive of Bond Street than of Broadway, may be seen many a celebrity and book-lover browsing along the crowded counters and shelves. The owner and guiding spirit of this shop is Mitchell Kennerley. The shop is his toy. His real profession is that of a publisher. And among New York publishers there is no more interesting personality than that of this same Mitchell Kennerley. He is a clean-cut young Englishman who came from London a number of years ago to show America that she has no monopoly

First you stir up your soul. Then you take the lid off. Then you paint what's in your soul, as you see it, after being stirred up. In some instances, apparently, you get a human face that looks like a fried egg. At another time you get a nude lady descending a stairway, with the general effect exactly like that of a bunch of British Columbia pine-shingles being scattered by a windstorm. Or you get a meditative lady, like Brancusi's "Mlle. Pogany," whose head looks like a hard-boiled egg balanced on a lump of sugar. Or you get landscapes, as I heard the well-known novelist exclaim, "looking as though they had been crocheted by his grandmother in colored wool."

BUT behind all this seeming madness there is a vitality, a youthfulness and courageous animalism, a stampeding fight back to reality, that combine to lift even aberration out of the ridiculous. Monet, thirty years ago, startled Paris with the same madness. Today, the world has devoured what was truth in Monet, made it their own, and rejected the trivial falsities the same as a hungry man rejects the seed from his raisin pie. There is much of Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse and Picasso that the twentieth century will have to hurt its teeth on before the newer impressionistic movement can be swallowed.

But in the meantime all New York is swarming to see their canvases and sculptures, and after the pale insipidities of the usual art exhibition is being shocked into fresh and disturbing appreciation of the fact that painting, like any other product of man's spirit, changes and grows. And the key-note of the present exhibition, it seems to me, may be epitomized in the statement that it represents an eager struggle of intellectualized sensation. That sounds rather highfalutin' and high-brow, I'm afraid, but I'll try to make it plainer by reverting to Brancusi's goggle-eyed lady who looks so much like a hard-boiled egg.

WHAT has the artist done here?

He's shaped a woman's head and left it almost as round and bald as a hen's egg. He has tried to simplify a human being into an idea. Geometrically, the head of this human being might be called an elliptical sphere. This sphere is attached to the neck by an external line which seems both a tangent to and a prolongation of the head-curve, though the line itself presents a flat curve, balanced on the other side of the face by still fuller curves. Enlarged and elliptical eyes interrupt the geometrical convexity of the face, with brows arching downward at a tangent to the curve of the head-dome. In other words, Brancusi had reduced a woman's head and neck and forearms to the simplest terms of geometry. He had gone the Greeks one better. Even Aristotle and Plato expounded the structural basis of all form as being geometrical.

But our new Futurist, accepting this, has also stripped away the disguise of what may be called the accidental elements of nature, and unified a human face into a rhythmic and harmonious whole, making everything subservient to that frantic, and at first startling, struggle for unification. That he has made the eyes, for instance, several times larger than they could possibly be in any human head, is, according to our Futurist, the prerogative of the artist. To accentuate certain features of a composition at the expense of the others is what personalizes his product, differentiating his soul (always with the lid off) from the mere lens of the camera. It is all very interesting, and in the meantime it is all leading to rooms and rooms of discussion. And, incidentally, it is acquainting Americans with the fact that they have a number of great artists of their own, although a few of the younger spirits may still betray the labor-pains of a new movement-birth.

STILL another attempt at Grand Opera in English has met with only qualified success. It is, indeed, with slightly saddening failure. Walter Damrosch's operatic adaptation of "Cyrano," which was put on at the Metropolitan the other night, has not exactly set the Hudson on fire. The stage settings were truly beautiful, the cast was a capable one, including Amato, Alda, Riccardo Martin and Reiss, and the conductor for the occasion was Hertz himself. But the music, on the whole, while rich in orchestral coloring, seemed wanting in distinction and lamentably undistinguished by charm. Unfortunately, too, there was a fourth act that was dull—and weak last-acts make strong food for storage warehouses.

As for the English book, it might as well have been in Latin or French or German. The sheer richness of the orchestration and the size of the auditorium combined to swallow up any lingering ghost of the native tongue as it reached the house from those Latin throats. Martin, it is true, is a native born American from Kentucky. But ten years of study in Italy has so denationalized that blue-grass singer that when I heard him give Tosti's "Good-bye" in English at a Metropolitan Sunday Concert he was unable even to articulate the word "good-bye," but made it "Gud-a-bye! Gud-a-bye!"

ARTHUR STRINGER.

The Picture Postcard Hero.

"The man who invented picture postcards ought to have his statue on the top of the Eiffel Tower. The millions of headaches he has saved people go to places now not to exhaust themselves by seeing them, but to buy picture postcards of them." The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol, by W. J. Locke.

AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW ARTS CLUB ON VICTORIA STREET.



From a flashlight photograph of the group of painters, writers, musicians and "good fellows" generally who were present at the opening of the new quarters of the Montreal Arts Club last Saturday evening. Mr. W. A. Maxwell, seen in the foreground, was the prime mover in organizing the club and is its first president.

tending to exhibit at the thirtieth annual spring exhibition of the Art Association of Montreal was incorrect. The date given for the private view was March 20th and the formal opening on the following day. As Varnishing Day fell on Holy Thursday and the public opening on Good Friday, it has been decided to postpone the private view until Easter Monday following which the show will remain open until April 12th. This advancing of the opening date, however, does not allow intending exhibitors additional delay in sending in their works, for judging commences March 8th.

The exhibition of oils and water-colors by Mr. Randolph Hewton and Mr. Alex. Y. Jackson closed on Saturday. The attendance in the lecture hall of the art gallery where the pictures were shown was good and a few sales were made. Both these young artists had work hung in the inaugural exhibition of the Arts Club and will be represented at the coming annual spring show. It is their intention to work for some months in this country before returning to Europe.

One of the most encouraging signs of local artistic times was manifested at the annual meeting of the Art Association of Montreal when the vice-president, Mr. H. V. Meredith, who presided, announced that the efforts made by the council of that body to obtain immunity from taxation promised to bear fruit—the Board of Control having been most sympathetic in the reception of the state of affairs explained by himself, Mr. C. J. Fleet, K.C., and Mr. J. B. Abbott, secretary of the association.

The other encouraging note was the report of the building committee which indicated that while the balance required to provide for authorized expenditure, in connection with the new gallery, to December 31st last, was \$164,136.32, that the balance had since been reduced to \$5,336, and this, in view of the enormity of the undertaking, quite warranted Mr. Meredith's remark when he said the building was virtually free of debt.

The other items in the report were equally encouraging—that Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught had graciously consented to become patrons of the association; that the efforts taken to obtain relief from taxation have resulted in a remission of the taxes paid on the new building for 1911 and that with further leniency in this respect the association will be enabled to open its doors on certain days during the week free of charge.

The membership list now totals 1,785, and Mr. H. V. Meredith in touching on the unavoidable increased cost of maintenance of the new building pointed out that this would have to be provided for, the possible alternatives being the increase of membership or an advance in the membership fees, though the latter means could

seems to be a restricted season, and possibly a restricted company. The latter would be a great pity, for the Montreal Opera Company, on this past season's ambitious scale, was a great factor in the social life of the city, and a remarkable educating influence.

SEATS were placed on the stage to take the overflow of the audience at Edmond Clement's concert at the Princess Theatre on Monday night, and there was some "guying by the gods" when rather after the hour when the concert should have begun, the curtain rose to show some nearly empty benches decorated here and there with a few persons who straightway became a target for the wit of "Le Paradis."

Edmond Clement was warmly received by the Montrealers who had often enjoyed his singing the winter before last. The French tenor is at his best in light and florid music of which there were several examples in the interesting programme selected. There were occasional traces of fatigue and a certain hardness was audible in the sustained notes in the middle register, as for instance when singing Rognon's "Chant de Paques." Monsieur Clement was at his best when singing some melodious old French songs. This came in the last part of the programme and the singer was attired in eighteenth century dress, which was appropriate to some of the ballads but unsuitable to others such as troubadour songs.

Mlle. Odette Carlyle used her melodious soprano with skill and charm and fully deserved the warm applause that fell to her share. She was heard to the fullest advantage in Alexandre George's "Hymne au Soleil."

Both artists sang admirably in Schumann's "Sous la Fenetre," and in Godard's "Duo de Dante."

It is questionable however whether the methods of the stage are suitable for the concert platform. When a gentleman in ordinary evening dress sings a love song with a lady it is surely better taste for him not to walk off the platform with his arm round her waist, as happened in the early part of

not be utilized at present as the old rates now prevail and the subscriptions for the current year have been paid.

The officers were re-elected as follows:—President, Mr. James Ross; vice-president, Mr. H. V. Meredith; honorary treasurer, Mr. C. J. Fleet, K.C.

The following councillors were elected for two years:—Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. A. Baumgarten, Mr. Guy M. Drummond, Mr. C. B. Gordon, Mr. E. B. Greenhields, Mr. C. R. Hosmer, Mr. D. Morrice, Mr. H. Montagu Allan, Sir William Van Horne. For one year—Mr. Herbert Molson, Mr. Hugh Paton, Dr. W. Gardner, Dr. F. J. Shepherd, Mr. J. R. Wilson, Mr. D. A. Watt, Mr. J. B. Learmont, Mr. H. S. Holt and Mr. W. R. Miller.

very big salary, but by a special arrangement with the Austrian Government Mr. Godowsky is permitted to travel where and when he wishes without special permission from his government.

Rostand's tragedy of "Cyrano de Bergerac" has lately been made into an opera by Walter Damrosch and produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Considerable liberty has been taken with the original plot in order to gain compactness. The death of Cyrano, for instance, which is delayed in the original until fifteen years after the death of the handsome but brainless Christian, takes place in the opera almost at the same time. It will be remembered that in the book Roxane, the winning, romantic heroine, unable to endure absence from her lover, Christian, follows him to the battlefield, where he is shot. Roxane retires to a convent and is visited daily by Cyrano and is killed in her presence by a missile flung by a hidden enemy. The author of the libretto gives him a hero's death just after the battlefield, also in Roxane's presence whose eyes are opened to the truth.

The New York critics seem to agree that Damrosch's music reveals much technical skill but lacks originality. It is permeated with suggestions of Wagner.

The performance was remarkable for spirit and finish. Mr. Amato, who took the title role was especially successful in the last act and sang the death music with much pathos. Madame Alda sang and acted splendidly as Roxane.

Madame Enid Martin Hanson will give a concert at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on Wednesday March 12th, at 8.30 p.m. She will be assisted by Madame Marguerite Froelich, Mr. Fellowes Hanson and Mr. Georges Brewer.

The famous contralto, Julie Culp, will sing at the entertainment to be given on Tuesday, March 11, at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of the Montreal Foundling and Baby Hospital. Miss Culp, who has created a furore in Paris and in New York, where she is hailed as the greatest lieder singer of the day, is the possessor of a mezzo-contralto voice of very wide range, which she uses to display a wonderful variety of expression. She is a Dutchwoman who sings in four languages besides her own, Italian, French, German and English. She is especially successful with the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Beethoven.

The accompanist with Miss Culp will be Conrad Van Bos, who, it will be remembered, played for Dr. Wurrner, when he sang in Montreal two years ago.

"The man who would do anything in this world must first deposit his heart in the bank of some woman's keeping."—The Antagonists, by E. Temple Thurston.

Some "Spirits" Delight in Playing Practical Jokes on Would-Be "Investigators"

Give Messages from Persons who Have Not Yet "Passed Over" and Indulge in Other Senseless Antics—Holding Conversation Through the Means of a Moving Table—Spirits Who Want to Know about Mundane Affairs.

(By John Fisher Russell.)

IN my last article I told of my introduction into the kindergarten stage of Spiritualism, and of the frank bewilderment of myself and friends at the strange antics which we ourselves were able to make a table perform. What those antics had to do with Spiritualism, I must confess, I was unable to see, but then, as my friend the Spiritualist explained, you have to learn to walk before you can run, and you have to learn the alphabet before you can write.

On another evening he undertook to demonstrate the next stage in Spiritualism to us. A plain oak table two feet six inches square was selected as the instrument of communication between us and the spirit world. This table was standing on a rug, and before we sat down for our séance, the Spiritualist had the rug removed. He explained that while it was not impossible for the table to be "moved" while standing on a rug, it was better for it to stand upon the wooden floor, as "communication" could be established much more easily with the table standing on wood.

One of the party remarked that this looked as though the real influence moving the table was the setting up of some form of electricity.

There was a party of half a dozen of us in the room, and there was nothing at all of mystery about the way in which the Spiritualist started to make his demonstration. No lights were lowered; no silence was enjoined; no ban was put on laughter or even half-jesting remarks about the spirits. Four of us sat down at the table, not because four only were necessary to the experiment, but because if the six of us had sat down we would have been crowded.

"Lay the palms of your hands flat upon the table. Let them rest there of their own weight," were all the instructions we got from the Spiritualist.

We put our hands upon the table. Almost immediately one of our number announced that his hands had grown stone cold. Another remarked that he could feel what seemed to be cold waves of air beating upon his hands and arms.

"You often feel that when the influence is strong," remarked the Spiritualist. "It is one of the signs."

A Message from the Spirits.

WHILE we were sitting there looking at each other's hands and discussing the cold feeling of which two of our number complained, the table suddenly began to move. It began a circular sliding motion, almost as though a swaying hand were moving it.

"Now I'm going to show you something that will astonish you," said the Spiritualist. "I'm going to get a message from the spirit world. I will ask some questions, and if the answer is 'Yes,' the table will tap three times on the floor. If the answer is 'No,' it will tap only once."

His face became very serious as he looked at the table and asked, "Is anybody here?"

I thought at first that the question referred to us, but I quickly realized that what in reality the Spiritualist was asking was, "Is there somebody in the room with us who is invisible to us?" It seemed to me a ridiculous thing for a grown man, apparently in his sound senses, to address such a question to a mere, ordinary, everyday table.

But look! One side of the table was slowly rising. It rose about an inch, and then fell back to the floor. This it repeated three times, the legs making three distinct raps on the floor.

"That's not loud enough," said the Spiritualist. "Rap louder!" The table immediately became more energetic. It thumped the floor three times like a hammer.

"There's somebody here," said the Spiritualist. "Now I'm going to ask some questions, and the answers will be given by the table spelling out the words by raps on the floor. Thus one rap will mean 'A,' two raps 'B,' three raps 'C' and so on throughout the alphabet."

"Who is here?" asked the Spiritualist. The table rapped on the floor thirteen times we saying one letter of the alphabet after each rap. The thirteenth letter of the alphabet is "M." Therefore the first letter of the first word of the message was "M." After a short pause the table began again. It rapped fifteen times before it stopped. That meant "O." Then it rapped twenty times. That meant "T." So it went on till the word "Mother" was spelled out.

"Whose mother is it?" asked the Spiritualist.

The table spelled out the name of the Spiritualist himself.

"Do you want to speak to me?" asked the Spiritualist.

The table rapped three times for "Yes."

"That's funny," said the Spiritualist, looking very serious. "As far as I know my mother is alive. I have never known her to come to me in this way. It is usually those who have 'passed over' who come with messages."

Then he addressed the table again, "Give your message," he said.

Are You Fooling?

ALL this time we were sitting with our hands on the table, for only

in this way could whatever power moved the table be exerted.

The table began rapping the floor again. It rapped out a disjointed series of letters, something like "t j k r m y b t n q."

The Spiritualist looked angry. "It's some spirit fooling," he said. "Are you fooling?" he asked of the table—or of the influence that was moving the table.

The table thumped three times—"Yes."

"Then clear out! Get out of this!" said the Spiritualist, harshly. After that the table did not respond to his questions. There was no more movement in the table that night.

The Spiritualist explained that there were good and bad spirits, that some were full of mischief and pranks and were always trying to play off jokes on people. Others were distinctly evil spirits. It was dangerous to have anything to do with either mischievous or evil spirits. Some people attracted nothing but evil influences from the spirit world; in-

Then inquiries came for other friends which, of those who were present in the room, only the young man knew. It was an intimate personal little chat about how so-and-so was doing, and who had taken Sam Brown's place in various little social organizations, and so on. Our friend the young man was deeply affected. There were tears in his eyes before the "conversation" was over—because it brought home to him so intimately the tragedy.

The "talk" had been a gossip one about various people known to the dead Sam Brown and the young man, and the latter said certain things were mentioned in the talk which the table rapped out that nobody but he and the dead Sam Brown knew of.

Too Intimate for Comfort.

AFTER the "spirit" above referred to had rapped out "Good bye," another one came. This time it was the dead sister of one of our number, and the message was "Don't grieve about me. I am happy here. Tell Robert when you see him (Robert was her brother) that I want to speak to him."

This was getting altogether too intimate and personal to be comfortable. What all of us—with the exception of the Spiritualist—had started out with in a spirit of fun suddenly seemed to be bordering on the sacrilegious.

We stopped by mutual consent. For my own part, mystified as I was by the fact of the table moving and rapping, I had an idea that hypnotic influence, or some form of magnetism,



"Does anybody here know anyone named Sam Brown?"

timacy with such people, or seances in their company, were things to be shunned.

An Inquisitive Spirit.

NEEDLESS to say, I was not very much impressed with the results of this seance. Another evening the Spiritualist and myself happened to meet at a friend's house, and we had another seance. At this there was present a young man whom the Spiritualist had never seen before. This young man joined in with those who laid their hands on the table.

The rapping of the table began, in just as easy and apparently natural a manner as before. This time when the Spiritualist asked who it was that was moving the table, it spelled out the name of a man. As this is a true story, I cannot give the real name, so I will say that it answered "Sam Brown."

The Spiritualist looked around at us inquiringly.

"Does anybody here know anybody named Sam Brown?" he asked.

The young man previously referred to had become very pale, and was nervously biting his lip.

"Yes, I do," he replied. None of the rest of us did.

The Spiritualist asked the table if it had a message for the young man. It rapped the floor three times—"Yes."

"Go ahead, then," said the Spiritualist.

The table then rapped out the following startling question: "Did Tom Jones (this was not the real name mentioned) get drowned at the same time as I did?"

We were all genuinely interested now. Here was something like a question from the spirit world.

"Do you know anything about a drowning?" asked the Spiritualist of the young man.

"Yes," he replied. "It was two years ago. There were four of us in a canoe. It got upset. Two of them were drowned. One of them was Sam Brown. The other was Tom Jones."

"Yes," said the Spiritualist, addressing the table, "Tom Jones was drowned."

"I thought so," rapped back the table. "I've been looking for him everywhere on this side, but I can't find him."

Mark the significance of that sentence—"on this side."

or some natural phenomena of that kind were responsible for the moving of the table. As for the fact of its rapping, it seemed to me that if four persons willed a table to rap it was ten chances to one that unconsciously they would exert the power which would accomplish it.

Similarly it seemed to me that after the first letter of a "message" had been rapped out, the concentrated minds of those with their hands on the table would automatically add other letters, and by a species of thought transference there would be joint action in making the table rap and stop rapping, thus piecing out a "message."

But if that is so, how came it that at the seance I have described a "conversation" took place about people that only one of our number knew? Did his thoughts, at the suggestion of something supernatural at work on the table, naturally revert to the figures in the greatest tragedy in his life, and were his thoughts so intense that they imposed themselves upon our minds and caused us automatically to join him in asking questions and making remarks such as would naturally come to his mind if he himself had already had imposed upon him by another mind the thought that somebody who was dead wanted to speak to him?

What's the Explanation?

IN other words, does the fact of a certain number of people laying their hands on a table, and holding their minds in a receptive and expectant condition, naturally cause the thoughts that would come welling up out of one's inner consciousness to be transferred from one mind to the other, with the result that the most vivid tangible expression by the unconscious but conjoint wills of the whole?

I have since attended many seances of the kind, and have helped at the rapping out of many messages. All the messages have seemed to me to be trivial, and not worth the trouble of any spirit to come from the other world to give.

But I am frankly mystified at the strength of the influence—whatever it is—that moves a table when people, no matter whether "experts" or inexperienced amateurs, sit down at it and lay their hands upon it.

The Right Princess.

APPARENTLY, neither the author, nor the producer, nor the press agent, nor the advance agent, nor anybody else connected with the production of "The Right Princess," which made its bow to Montreal audiences this week at the Princess Theatre, preliminary, we understand, to production on Broadway, were able to find, even in the wide confines of Webster's Dictionary, suitable words with which to describe this offering by Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham. On some of the advertising it is true, "The Right Princess" was described as "a play of unusual beauty," but for the most part the gentlemen who wrote the descriptive matter on the programmes and advance notices, were content to call it "a play" and were probably jolly glad to be able to let it go at that.

Without the obsession of any over-powering desire for a second view of "The Right Princess," we must confess that having seen it once, we are quite unable to catalogue it. It is not a drama, and it is a little too polite for melodrama; beside the plot is too thin. It is not comedy, although there are some touches of farce about it, but unfortunately most of the farcical situations were obviously intended by the author to be intensely serious. It is not a problem play, except in so far as it presents an absolutely impossible situation. After lengthy cogitation, there is no conclusion to be reached.

Sir William Hereford, a British baronet, has fallen from a vicious horse in boyhood and severely damaged his head. He has grown up physically while his brain refused to advance, and when the play starts

YOUR MONEY AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT

BY THE INSIDER

THERE are a great many investors in Montreal and district who own the common shares of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, and who may have been disturbed by the recent weakness in the market price of the stock and the fact, as outlined in the annual report, that the company did not earn its six per cent. dividend on the common stock during the past fiscal year. I trust that none of my readers will be induced to sacrifice their holdings on these two accounts. They have a good investment in "Scotia Steel," giving a fair yield on the amount of purchase and offering undoubted opportunities for the future. Although the directors have not offered any support to the declining market in the past two or three months, this does not mean that they have not the best interests of the shareholders at heart. It is very often not good tactics to give artificial support to a market, though on other occasions a little "inside" support is beneficial.

In regard to the recent decline in Scotia Steel, it is just possible that the Canadian market has had to take a little of the large English holdings. The average English speculative investor seldom "takes a chance." That is to say, if there is any international disturbance which may develop into serious political trouble, the big holders of "foreign" securities will invariably get from under in their desire to keep the cash position as strong as possible.

Selling not Significant.

In the case of Scotia Steel's weakness, I merely offer this theory as one explanation for the decline. I do not believe that there has been any "significant" selling preparatory to the publication of the annual report, for the simple reason that the so-called insiders have been aware of the comparatively small profits which would be shown for the fiscal year, and they also have been aware, for some months of the improvement in the market for the company's products.

We can assume, therefore, that the decline in this popular Canadian industrial stock has been an immediate result of the feverish conditions which have dominated the market situation since the commencement of the conflict in the Balkans.

Lowering the Average of Cost.

If the conservative investor has Scotia Steel common stock at much higher prices than those current, I might advise the consideration of a further small purchase, with the object of "evening up," or, in other words, reducing their average. I cannot of course predict the immediate course of the market for this stock, as it may go lower, but I can confidently recommend the stock at a point or two above the 80 mark.

A Profitable Business is Smart-Woods.

I WOULD like to draw my readers' attention to the securities of the recently organized Smart-Woods, Limited. I have reason to believe that the company intends making application to the Montreal Stock Exchange to have its \$1,500,000 preferred and \$1,500,000 common stock listed at an early date. It will be remembered that the securities of the Smart Bag Company were listed on the Montreal Stock Exchange, though there was not at any time an active market for the stock because of the small floating supply on the street. With the consummation of the merger between the Smart Bag Co. and Woods Limited, and the acquisition of several subsidiary companies subsequently taken into the merger by the control of a majority of stock, there will be a better opportunity for the public investor to share in the profits of a most successful industrial company.

Earnings are Large.

The Smart-Woods Company is the biggest single customer of the Dominion Textile Company. It has a strong position with the trade and since the merger has secured the services of the best administrators and expert managers in the business in Canada. The earnings of the Smart Bag Company in 1912 are shown as equal to 24 per cent. on the common stock before amalgamation, though I have reason to believe that the company "wrote off" with a liberal hand owing to the abnormal profitable years of 1911-1912, a policy which reflects the conservative character of the directors. The Woods Ltd. also enjoyed exceptional prosperity in the past year. Col. Smart is president of the company, and what he does not know about that business would hardly be worth while learning.

The Two Classes of Securities.

The preferred stock pays 7 per cent. dividends and is redeemable at 110 in case of liquidation or re-organization, coming after the common stock, upon which an initial dividend of 5 per cent. per annum has just been declared. The preferred is a 7 per cent. cumulative stock. I would recommend my readers to consider a small purchase of the common stock when it can be obtained on the open market, with the idea of holding indefinitely. The company could conservatively pay ten per cent. on this common stock, even at this stage of its re-organization, and I am confident that it is but a matter of a couple of years or so when the dividend payments reach that level.

I am not "inspired" when making this prediction. I am fully aware of the strength of the company's strategic position, the great and growing market for its products, and the able executive control, past earnings and future contracts. All that is needed is the continuation of the prosperity of the Dominion as a whole, which of course should go without saying.

Ready's Brewery Profits.

I AM creditably informed that the directors of Ready's Breweries Limited, have under consideration an interim dividend of one per cent. on the company's common stock, to be paid sometime in May next. This will come as a pleasant surprise to the investors who participated in the public offering of \$115,000 preferred stock at par with 50 per cent. bonus common stock last November. I may remind my readers that the earnings of this company for six years averaged 26.70 per cent. on the preferred and 19.70 per cent. on the common stock per annum. The 1911 earnings, after preferred dividends, amounted to a sum equivalent to 27.50 per cent. on the common stock outstanding.

Very Large Earnings and Profits.

The earnings of Ready's Breweries Limited for the current year are very much over those shown at any time previous to the injection of new capital in November last. It will require little imagination on the part of my readers to realize what this stupendous rate of profits on the capital will mean to the holders of the common stock. At the time of the last public offering of stock the company showed an equity of \$66 per share behind the common stock.

INSIDER.

NEVER EMPTY BEFORE.

A newspaper man recently entered the customers' room of one of the five largest brokerage houses in the Street and was astounded to find it empty. The ticker was working along merrily, the clock indicated that it was business hours in the Street, and the furniture was in its usual place. Believing that some accident must have occurred in the private offices, he ran in there.

"What's the matter in the customers' room?" he asked one of the partners.

"Why do you ask?" questioned the partner.

"There's nobody in there. I thought something had happened."

"So there has. It's the first time that office has been empty between 10 and 3 to my knowledge since I came with the concern ten years ago, and it goes to show how business is breaking for us. In the meanwhile I will see that the ticker boy and the office manager stay in there to keep up a semblance of business anyway." And he hurried away as if he had a big order to look after.

A BORROWER'S DIFFICULTIES.

Not long ago a small investor desired to borrow \$400 to make some payments on property he had purchased, says the Wall Street Journal. Now, this investor had sufficient gilt edged securities but he did not have a bank account. He was well known to many people in Wall Street, including several officials of banks. He wanted to get the loan on seven shares of Norfolk & Western common stock worth \$750. He did not care to borrow the money from a brokerage house nor from a private individual as he did not desire to risk the investment to even the slightest degree, so he interviewed several banking officials he knew. In each instance he was politely rebuffed with "It is too small for us" or "We only loan money to our depositors." One of the bank officials gave him quite a severe lecture and said: "If we lent money in small amounts, even on gilt-edged securities, we should have a line extending from the Battery to Harlem."

The applicant pointed out that his collateral was much better than much on which the institution would loan money, and, furthermore, the margin of safety was greater. "That does not matter," said the official. "We won't bother about such a small affair." Later the investor left his stock with a friend and received his \$400. If he ever gets rich he is going to organize an institution which will loan money to deserving investors no matter how small the transaction might be, and he says the concern will make money, too.

RURAL CREDIT.

The Texas Farm Life Commission is making a special study of rural credit. Edwin Chamberlain of San Antonio is head of the sub-committee having this particular feature in hand. Texas farmers, it is found, pay \$21,000,000 on borrowed money, the loans averaging \$500, and the rate of interest about 10 per cent.

A valuable lesson may be learned from the services which the Bank of France offers to small traders and cultivators. The Paris office of that great institution, during a recent year, held 2,238,000 bills, of values ranging from \$2 to \$10. There were 1,536,216 bills of amounts of \$10 to \$20, and those above \$20 numbered 4,218,384, making a grand total of 8,223,964. This wonderful service is one of the secrets of the earning power, as well as the saving power, of one of the most prosperous nations on the face of the globe.

FOLLOWING SUIT.

Wife (as hubby is leaving house)—Henry, I wish you'd send this package by parcels post for me.

Hub—Certainly! Is there anything you want me to bring home from the meat store or the fish market?—Boston Transcript.

A. E. FLETCHER

Bridge Ave. and Notre Dame St., LACHINE.

SPECIAL AGENT FOR Saturday Mirror.

AUTOS and AUTOISTS

By J. HERBERT HODGINS



ELEVEN Pierce Arrows, selling at \$5,550 each have been sold in Montreal within the past five weeks. This is probably a record of its kind. It is not only a tribute to the car itself but also to the selling power of the new firm, the Grenier Warrington Motor Co., the Montreal agents for the Pierce Arrow motor car.

This firm is one of the latest to handle automobile business in Montreal. The Grenier Warrington Motor Co. began business since the first of the new year. Both partners are men of extensive ability and experience in the local automobile world. Mr. Aimie Grenier, who is manager, has had three years' experience with the Comet Motor Co., as sales manager. Mr. G. T. Warrington, sales manager, was also formerly connected with the Comet Motor Co., and altogether has been identified with the automobile trade for about 15 years (practically before it became a trade).

"Sales of motor cars will this year easily establish a record for Montreal everywhere in fact," was the opinion expressed by Mr. Grenier. "Advance sales today are far greater than ever, so early in the season. Of course the open winter has had a great deal to do with this."

"Previous to this year there were, for instance, about 25 Pierce Arrow cars in Montreal. So far this season we have sold eleven of our highest priced cars here. I consider this a remarkable showing. I am confident that by May 1, we will have sold and delivered in Montreal in all 25 new Pierce Arrows. That will give some idea of the strides in the automobile business."

The Pierce Arrow, of course, is the "rich man's" car. In every case owners of a Pierce Arrow must have their own chauffeurs. And with the increasing number of cars comes the problem of the chauffeur.

"It's practically impossible to get a chauffeur in Montreal at present," Mr. Grenier said. "If a man would get a chauffeur he must 'steal' him from another."

Chauffeurs' salaries are going up all the time. It's almost impossible to get a \$20 per week man any more, judging from the experience of men who own cars. Many chauffeurs in Montreal today are getting \$35 a week.

Auto Licenses.

AUTO licenses for the province of Quebec are creeping to the 4,000 mark. Already 3,579 licenses have been issued so far this year.

The official figures which I have obtained from Mr. E. F. Jones, provincial issuer of auto licenses, at Quebec are:—

Total number of licenses issued 1912 2,577.
Total number of licenses issued 1913 3,579.

The number of licenses issued so far this year for the city and district of Montreal are 2,478, which gives an approximate increase of 875 over last year.

Of course it will readily be seen that a very great number of the newly purchased cars have not yet been delivered. In addition many others have not yet received their numbers. But the showing so far is a very good indication of the result at the end of the season.

The number of licenses issued this year for the city and immediate district of Quebec total 327, which gives an increase over last year of 75.

Taxing the Auto.

Mr. C. M. Bowman is a motorist. More than that he's M.P.P. for North Bruce, Ontario. One day during the past week Mr. Bowman had a meteoric jump into the provincial legislature spot light. Mr. Bowman introduced a resolution calling for a "more" comprehensive and adequate policy to promote the construction of good roads through the province and that for the maintenance of roads, motor car owners should be taxed 50 cents per horse power on their cars, this tax to be capitalized.

"I am a motor owner myself," said Mr. Bowman, "and I think I owe the roads something, for I have, like others used them roughly at times. I would be willing to tax myself higher if I could levy higher fees upon the 12 or 15 thousand other motor owners. This would increase the revenue by something like \$300,000 from license fees alone, this to be expended on good roads."

Mr. Bowman's resolution was well timed. At the same moment the 11th annual convention of the Ontario Good Roads' Association was in session in Toronto, and here are some of the resolutions it was putting through:

That the Provincial Government should give a grant towards the maintenance as well as the construction of roads;

That the Government's proportion towards the cost of building permanent roads should be increased from one-third to one-half;

That automobiles should be either taxed per horsepower or per weight, the revenue thus received to apply towards the maintenance of roads;

That in apportioning the municipalities' share of the cost of building permanent roads an assessment should be made against the properties benefited, somewhat after the local improvement plan;

That the statute labor system should be abolished;

That the Government should regard permanent roads in the same light as railroads, which were subsidized to the extent of \$6,000 a mile;

That goods roads as a medium of quicker transportation would be the chief factor towards repopulating the rural sections;

That good roads would do much towards reducing the cost of living;

That the license fee on autos should be raised from \$4 to \$25 a year, and the revenue applied toward road-making.

But Mr. Bowman is a Liberal in that overwhelmingly Conservative legislature. Mr. W. C. Chambers, an-

other M.P.P., who is "with the government" presented a bill to levy upon motors as per weight which, if passed by the government, as it likely will be, will net the province a nice tidy sum in increased revenues. Also this fund will be devoted to good roads.

Sir Edmund on Roads.

SIR EDMUND WALKER, speaking before the Ontario Good Roads Convention reviewed road making and its effect upon nations from Roman times to the present, and contrasted Ontario roads with those of other countries.

"Our roads are unspeakable—in fact, abominable," he said. "Neither townships nor counties could build roads to a degree of general satisfaction. The only way was for the Government to do it, he announced, amid applause."

"If Ontario had only good roads there would be twenty-five thousand autos owned in Toronto alone in a very few years. Then, if each auto was taxed \$25 a year instead of \$4, there would be an annual revenue of over half a million dollars, which could be applied toward road-making. To his mind, \$25 was a more reasonable license fee than \$4. Transportation lay at the very bottom of civilization. Rome had recognized this 2,000 years ago, and had held her Empire together by promoting good roads."

Factories in Ontario.

Since the first motor show was held in Toronto eight years ago, automobile factories have been started in seventeen Ontario towns and cities. There are large manufacturing plants in Brantford, Orillia, Brockville, Oshawa, Windsor, St. Catharines, Berlin, Amherstburg, Petrolia, London, Ottawa, Bowmanville, Ingersoll, Guelph, Galt, Walkerville and Kingston. Toronto and West Toronto have several large plants making auto engines, batteries, bodies and other parts.

Make Good with Farmers.

"There must be some good reasons for the wide use which the thrifty and practical farmers are making of automobiles, throughout the country, and more particularly of the high quality low priced makes," says R. E. Olds, president of the Reo Motor Car Company. "The motor car evidently must pay the farmer good dividends on investment for he is not given to spending money foolishly. He must get a goodly measure of results by way of saving time, labor and money with his motor car. He and his family must be getting much pleasure, comfort and satisfaction with the automobile so long as the use of power vehicles continues to increase so remarkably everywhere among farmers."

One of our live and enthusiastic farmer patrons recently wrote us how his automobile furnished the power for blowing hay over 100 feet up into a hay mow whereby one man now easily did more than what three men and two horses formerly did. This he does by jacking up the rear axle and harnessing the motor to one of his old discarded blowers. I can pretty nearly realize the joy and satisfaction which came to this man as a result of saving much time, labor and money with the power plant of his motor car while utilizing a discarded farm implement.

A recent English invention is the vacuum cleaner for motor-cars. It is a simple device readily attached to any machine and is operated by the exhaust gases from the engine passed through a nozzle and vacuum chamber. The exhaust gases create a suction in the hose as they leave the nozzle and suck out any dirt or dust through the cleaning tool or brush. It takes up no space in the car and is installed just at the muffler cut-out valve, by cutting out a short section of the exhaust pipe ahead of the muffler. Now one can finish a long, dusty day's run and clean up the car and the clothes in a few moments.

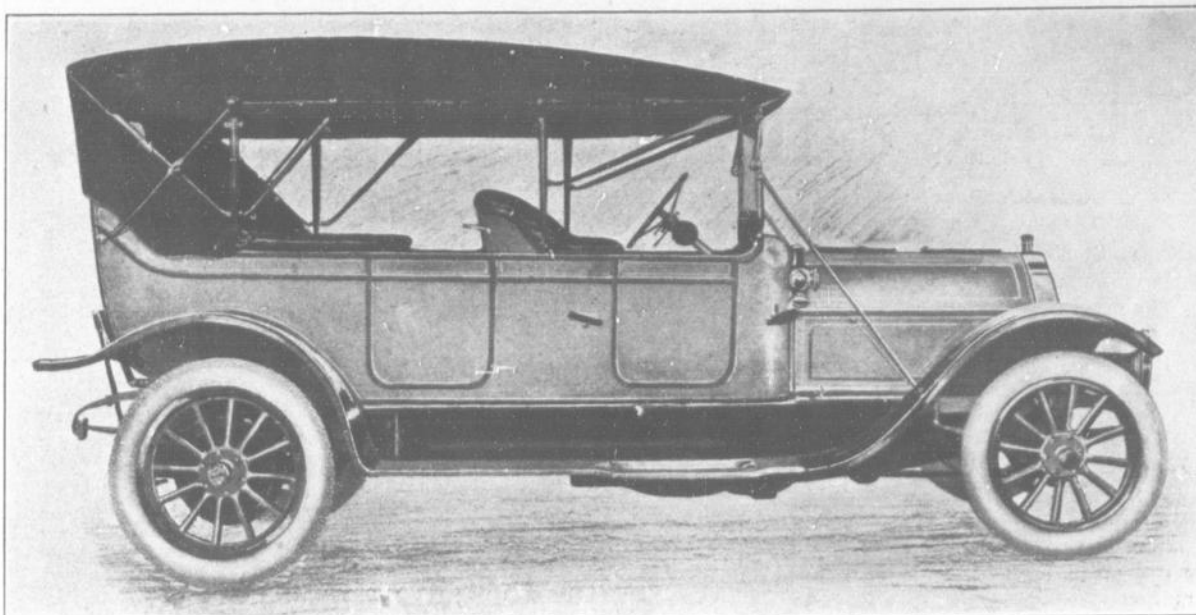
Messrs. Grenier and Warrington have opened a fine new salesroom at 21 Phillips Square, where they are showing the Pierce-Arrow car. Mr. Warrington states that they will shortly open up a Pierce-Arrow garage, something hitherto not enjoyed by the local buyers of Pierce-Arrows, and something which will be much appreciated. This department will be run at cost, and will be a trouble remover, and the Company will carry a full line of accessories.

The Royal Automobile Co. is now incorporated into a new concern called the Auto & Garage Co., Ltd., incorporated at \$50,000, all paid in. The officers are Geo. A. Seward, president, H. Beauregard, vice-president, Dr. E. Dufau, secretary-treasurer, and Mr. H. Dansereau, sales manager. The company have opened a garage with Mr. E. Borlittier at the head. The cars handled will be the Stevens-Duryea, the Cole, Jack Rabbit and Krit. The salesrooms are as known under the old name, 362 St. Denis st., and the garage, corner Ontario and Providence Lane.

Mr. Gareau of the Gareau Motor Car Co. has a new line of cars for 1913 and they include the Marmon at \$5,225, the National at \$4,500, the Kusset at \$2,300 to \$4,200 and the Canadian car, the Tudhope, at \$1,650 to \$2,500. With such a showing the Gareau Company should be able to satisfy the most fastidious.

Among the many artistic show rooms opened by the Auto Companies in the city is that of the Montreal Motor and Truck Co. with salesrooms in the new Birks Bldg. Mr. S. K. Roberts is in charge and the cars are the well known Locomobile and White trucks; two very good makes of cars. The Locomobile—limousine—sells for \$7,000, f.o.b., Montreal, and the touring car, \$5,650 and \$6,500, all complete.

The Pope-Hartford car that followed in the wake of the old famous bicycle of the same name, have a fine showing of cars in three showrooms on University st. Mr. W. A. Allen, the manager says: "Yes it's the same fine Pope-Hartford and furthermore, we now give Pope-Hartford owners Pope-Hartford service. We have factory experts here, a well-equipped



PIERCE-ARROW

6-Cylinder—48 Horse-Power—Model B.

Price \$6450—All Complete—F.O.B. Montreal

The reputation of the Pierce-Arrow is, in a general way, too well known to need comment. It is, as it is known to be, the finest car built to-day, bar none. In the matter of detail, those little refinements, that go far toward making the car of to-day a luxurious means of locomotion, the Pierce-Arrow excels here also, as it does in general car construction.

The new model Pierce-Arrows carry with them more equipment than has ever been included on any standard car before. It includes a top, wind shield, self-starter, electric generator which supplies the current for all lamps, and charges the storage batteries, a full complement of eight lamps; consisting of two electric headlights, two combination electric and oil side lamps,

one combination rear lamp, electric number illuminator, a dash lamp for gauges and switches, a clock and autometer lamp, electric horn and bulb horn, demountable rims with two extra, four cylinder power pump, autometer and clock, full set of tools, gasoline gauge, shock absorbers, extra tire and rim carriers, with a lock, trunk rack, coat and blanket rail, foot rest, gasoline primer, and locks, with a universal key for the hood, dash cabinets and tool and supply departments.

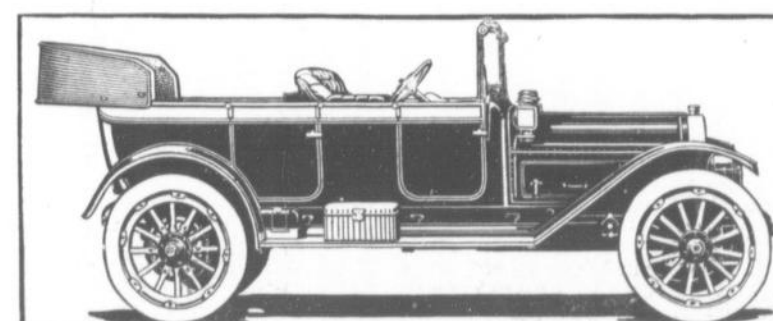
Another item of news to the buyer of a Pierce-Arrow car: we will shortly open a service for Pierce-Arrow Cars, where your car will receive the best of attention.

Come into our new show rooms and see this car. Demonstrations by appointment.

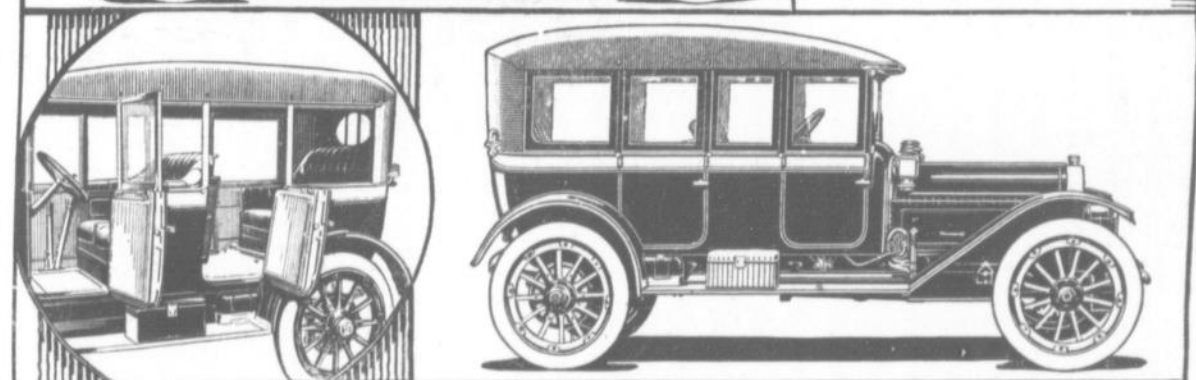
THE GRENIER-WARRINGTON MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED

21 PHILLIPS SQUARE

MONTREAL



A "TWO-PURPOSE" CAR
WITH THREE USES
Family Closed Car
Touring Car, top up
Touring Car, top down
The latest Stevens-Duryea production



THE STEVENS-DURYEY CONVERTIBLE PHAETON

PRICE, \$7,200, all Equipped, in Montreal

A DISTINCT INNOVATION.

Here is really something new—not merely added refinements, but something new in the actual motor car construction. And it's something that will be appreciated.—One Car—made to answer THREE DISTINCT USES—a closed car, glass windows, etc., a touring car with cape top, or a wholly open touring car.

This car may be changed from one form to another in a few minutes—open, for nice weather—top up, for when you want it, and a wholly enclosed car—glass windows, etc., beautifully finished in every way, for formal social occasions and bad weather—in other words—a Limousine. This car is remarkable and must be seen to be appreciated. Let us show it to you.

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work shop, and will sell more cars this year than last as a result of this. When it is considered that they sold 51 cars here last year—and newcomers in the field—the reader may judge what they intend doing.

BEHIND THE WINDSHIELD.

The Motor (England) in a review of the so-called invasion of the American-made car into England goes on to analyze the secret of the American success. It attributes the present condition to 5 causes summarized as follows:—First, to the low cost of production and low price of the cars, which is made possible by the standardized production methods applied in their manufacture; second, special inducement to the purchasers of the cars in offering them completely equipped machines, which gives the car the appearance of a bargain in another way; third, the ample reserve power afforded by the use of relatively large power plants; fourth, simplification of the mechanism; that is, power plant and driving units; fifth, energetic business methods.

It is appropriate, in this automobile age that the first freight train for the west, over the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, should be a train of automobiles and vehicles from the McLaughlin Carriage Company of Oshawa. January 27, the McLaughlin Carriage Company sent out the first G. T. P. freight train for the west, bound for Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton and intermediate points. This train comprised 35 cars, loaded entirely with automobiles and vehicles from the McLaughlin Carriage Company, 680 vehicles in all, valued at \$150,000. The freight paid on this remarkable shipment was \$7,369.

Toronto's pleasure cars are said to be worth a grand total of \$10,000,000. Mr. J. C. Eaton has the largest stable of autos and the most valuable car owned in the Queen city, a regal Rolls-Royce \$13,000 limousine.

So successful was Toronto's auto show which closed last Saturday night that the management next year will enlarge it to double its present size. Two other exhibition buildings will be used bringing the rental floor space to 200,000 square feet. Over one million dollars worth of cars were sold in the nine days. Mr. E. M. Wilcox who has managed the shows in Montreal, Toronto and other cities in the past was in charge of arrangements.

Torpedo submarine is the rather formidable name of the new double door tire trunks that are absolutely fireproof. A hose may be turned upon it and the contents will remain dry. It is also equipped with the combination safe lock.

Running a moving-picture machine is the latest example of using the gasoline automobile motor as a by-product. A citizen of Portland, Ore., does it.

According to Major-General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the United States army, more money was spent in the United States last year for automobile tires than was appropriated for the navy, while the salaries of the chauffeurs amounted to more than was spent on the army.

Again the motorcycle has proven a money-saver for Uncle Sam. For a long time opium smugglers have operated along the Canadian boundary, and were able to pass over the border in automobiles and escape. The practicability and economy of the motorcycle in other departments has now caused the government officials to try it in this field also, where it is daily many times more than "earning its living." One customs detective alone at Blaine, Wash., has seized \$15,000 worth of the contraband drug within a comparatively short time.

A schedule in bankruptcy of the Knox Automobile Company of Springfield, filed at Boston this week, shows liabilities of \$1,286,409 and assets of \$1,380,386. The total unsecured liabilities amount to \$1,261,337.

Old advice is sometimes a good thing, particularly when it comes to the question of overloading an automobile. Motorists should bear in mind that cars are built to carry a certain weight, and to load beyond that point is unwise and sure to prove disastrous to the car itself.

THE CITY STRIDE.

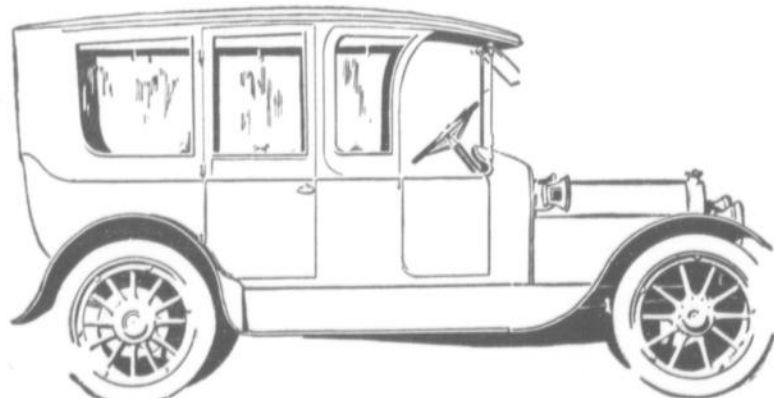
Are we losing the art of walking gracefully? "The modern City walk," said the director of a West End gymnasium to a London "Standard" representative, "is really a most ugly affair. It consists of a short, quick, jerky step largely on the toe, coupled with a general jerkiness and nervous tension in the body movements. This is largely due to the fact that people walk more quickly than formerly, and that the pavements are more crowded, so that pedestrians have to shorten their stride to avoid treading on each other's heels. Very few people nowadays seem really to walk at all in the City. They simply race in a nervous haste the whole time, each striving to pass the other on the narrow pavements, and regarding with intense irritation any person who blocks their way by walking at a more reasonable pace."

INTERFERENCE.

"You say you object to your wife's interest in suffrage for financial reasons?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Flimgilt. "It interferes with her bridge-playing."

—Washington Star.



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YOUR chief object in deciding to purchase a certain Motor Car is to obtain the maximum amount of service. Other reasons may influence you to a certain extent. Comfort, beauty and convenience are all strong factors, but in the final analysis the shrewd buyer finds that his decision is based upon a good investment in satisfactory service. What can the car do? How good will its performance be in the long run? Write us, and we will gladly give you names of Montreal Marmon Car owners who will answer.

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Sports and Pastimes

By Old Boy

THE new hockey rules adopted at the commencement of the season, have gone through the test of the winter and the critics will now, probably, pass judgment on them. Some hypercritical experts have already done so. To be strictly accurate critics of this class passed on the rules before they had been put to the test at all. Summed up their judgment was contained in a two syllable word beginning with letter "s" and ending with the letter "n" with a double "t" in between. Having taken up a position such as this before the test was actually made, the critics mostly from Toronto, find it hard to change their attitude.

BUT looking over the season just closed with the calm judicial mind of the man who is willing to be "shown" other critics may begin to point out the weak spots. It seems generally accepted that the six men game goes. The return to the seven men style in mid-season was a dismal failure. Neither players nor spectators liked it and the wish of the spectators was deferred to and the curtailed variety put on again. For, you understand, this National Hockey Association, is virtually in the show business and must "put on" that which will bring in the dollars. In other words the N. H. A. must produce what the public wants. The public wants fast spectacular hockey as played by six men. Very good. The public must have it. And so it goes.

THERE are some things about even six men hockey, however, which will bear criticism now that the season is over. Like the poor, whom we have always with us, there must always be fouls in any robust game. When there are fouls there must also be penalties—and it was in the matter of fouls and penalties that the N. H. A. made the most sweeping changes this season. Ripping up the previous rules, the N. H. A. substituted some to which neither players, fans, officials nor critics were used and there has been more or less confusion.

With the curtailed teams it was necessary in order that the public might have the game always before them, to keep six men on the ice all the time. Neither the public nor the critics have any legitimate "kick" coming in that regard. The day when hockey was made ridiculous by wholesale benchings, the days when a team started the game with seven men and finished up with as many as the rulings of the referee permitted, have gone by.

Experience has shown that the benching of a player for an intentional or accidental breach of the rules was hardly the ideal system and so came about the system of fines for major or minor fouls. This year the N. H. A. thrust a third class of foul on the unsuspecting public and adopted a system of signalling by the referee so that everybody might know which was which. It takes time to accustom the public to changes in rules and it is questionable if, even yet, many of the regulars at the Arena are quite sure in their own minds what a match foul is, of what a major foul consists, and what a player must do before he can get a minor foul, or even what the referee means when he holds up his right hand or his left or both. Possibly even some of the referees don't know—for one of them undoubtedly held up the wrong hand a few nights ago and the decision had to be changed on the official scoring sheet.

THEORETICALLY the new rules were all right in many particulars. Unfortunately, however, the rules are capable of different interpretations which is a failure shared in, of course, with nearly all rules. So many men so many minds, what is a foul with one referee is perfectly fair with another. The written law in the matter of match fouls seems to be quite inadequate in the N. H. A. code, whoever may be the referee.

LET us consider a concrete case. Player A, trips player B. Player A has therefore committed a minor foul and, if it be his second offence, receives a fine of two dollars. All right. Now Player B, when Player A, tripped him got "ugly", and, recovering his footing, probably handed player A a cross-check across the face cutting player A's face badly, but not badly enough to necessitate his absenting himself from the game. According to the rules Player B. deserves a match foul penalty, or at any rate the twenty-five dollar fine the match foul incurs. But the referee cannot inflict a match foul because Player A. has not had to be carried off the ice.

WHEN Player A. received that crack across the face, however, he, you may be sure, made up his mind he was going to get even, and when the opportunity occurs he takes a crack at Player B. and raises the gore. The upshot of it all is that after each player has committed two major fouls each goes off for twenty minutes when, according to reason and common sense the first player to start the real trouble should have gone off in the first place. Our own contention is that he should have gone off for good at that. Because the fact that he was in the game at any time following his deliberate attempt at "splitting" was simply an incentive to the other fellow to get even. Meanwhile the public, which is ostensibly watching a hockey match, becomes fevered with apprehension of what may happen when the two do come together.

IN short the match foul looks more or less of a failure. Briefly the match

foul requires that the player fouled should have been deliberately fouled with an intent on the part of aggressor to do grievous bodily harm. It was evidently in the minds of the framers of the rule that a player fouled with intent to do him bodily harm would necessarily be forced to absent himself from the game for the sake of repairs. Actual experience this season has shown that it is possible for a player to hand out punishment deserving of a match foul without necessarily putting the victim out of business. Under such circumstances the referee has no option but to award a major penalty.

If the National Hockey Association does nothing else to the rules next year it might well give that match penalty problem a raking over.

AN Australian cricket team will visit the Dominion during the coming summer and will play a two day match in Montreal in June. What the personnel of the team will be is not yet announced or whether the team is a genuinely representative side from the Antipodes or merely an aggregation of tourists out to "do" Canada and the great U.S.A. R. B. Benjamin, better known as a wrestling promoter than in connection with cricket, is handling the arrangements from the Australian end. It will not be R. B. Benjamin's first visit to Montreal when the Australian team arrives here next June. R. B. B. was here two winters ago in charge of a Hindu wrestler who performed at Sohmer Park in one of the usual hippodroming encounters.

THE Dominion Football Association has thrown down the gauntlet to the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada, and the next move will be watched with interest. The Association men want their clubs to be able to play against professional teams, if they feel so disposed. The A.A.U. will not recognise the professional or countenance the mingling of amateurs and professionals under any circumstances. Wherefore the D.F.A. has threatened to forego an alliance which existed between them and A.A.U. of Canada. It is hardly likely that the A.A.U. will refuse to take up the glove thrown down and the organization of an all-amateur football association may be the result.

The whole affair will be watched with interest no less in Canada than in Europe where the Dominion Football Association is affiliated with the International Federation.

STRANGE rumblings and mutterings in the distance prove, on closer listening, to be the Lacrosse Magnates preparing to save the national game. Lacrosse as a sport in the Province of Quebec is noted, principally, for its lack of organization and for the lofty aims of the lacrosse magnates. Comes February and the smell of spring in the air and the lacrosse magnates hie themselves to certain quiet nooks and there and then lay the plot for the season.

Going on past performances, as the horsemen say, the plot will develop something like this. The lacrosse magnates will meet quietly in one corner. Then they will separate and meet other lacrosse magnates in some other corner. Somebody will write a letter to the papers and somebody else will make a frantic appeal to save the national game. Having decided on a policy—whether they shall be friends or whether they shall eat each other's throats, metaphorically speaking, the lacrosse magnates will meet some more. And then the real excitement will begin with the still hunt after players.

It's great sport, this Saving of the National Game every spring.

THE Province of Quebec branch of the Royal Life Saving Society is preparing to map out a very extensive programme for the coming summer. President Louis Rubenstein, who was recently re-elected for the third time, is making arrangements for demonstrations at practically all the summer resorts within reasonable distance of the city. During the four years of its existence the Quebec branch of the R.L.S. has done some excellent work, thanks mainly to the whole hearted and energetic manner in which Louis Rubenstein and Secretary Leonard G. Norris have thrown themselves into the work.

AT the time of writing the weather looks as little like baseball as possible but the calendar reminds one that in a very few days now the Hopes of Montreal will be assembling at Charlottesville, Virginia, for their preliminary spring capers. The pennant of the International League has not yet been claimed for the Royals for the simple reason that the war correspondents are not yet on the spot. The battery men are going into camp a little earlier than the rest and the little won't be very long now before we shall be regaled with such items as these:

"In Manager Bransfield certainly has a find. He hit .365 in the League last year and should make good in the International."

"Taken all the way round Manager Kitty Bransfield appears to have a championship aggregation at his command."

And so on.

The Whitlock Golf Club.

MONTREAL and vicinity is not any too well supplied with golf courses and it is good news to many golfers who are on the waiting lists of the different clubs to know that a new golf club has been started at Hudson Heights, on the C. P. R. short line and the Lake of Two

A HUMAN AEROPLANE.



A. Olson, of Montreal Ski Club, in action. His magnificent style has thrice won him the style and distance championship of Canada.

In the World of Films.

A POLITICAL fraud avenged is the sum and substance of the story told in "The Land Swindlers" which will be seen at one of the best of the local picture houses shortly. In it Detective Wm. J. Burns himself plays the leading part with Alice Joyce one of the supporting company. The crime-finder's instrument of detection, now very well known as the dictaphone, is introduced on the screen with telling and sensational effect.

The head of a typical American family in moderate circumstances is tempted by an alluring advertisement telling of the fortunes that can be made in the South by the purchase of rich but untitled land. The family give up their savings to purchase this land and are taken to their new home, which turns out to be a wretched white washed cottage in the South surrounded by worthless land. A United States senator had secured its possession for almost nothing. A young congressman learns of the fraud, little realizing that the girl he is engaged to is the daughter of the head conspirator, Senator Archer. His attempt to right the wrong by an appeal to Congress fails. He now appeals to a detective and they start a painstaking investigation.

The installation of the dictaphone and its practical workings are shown very plainly and in all details. The senator and his confederates discover how they have been trapped and the senator seeks refuge in flight. He is located on an ocean liner by means of wireless and rather than suffer disgrace destroys himself by means of poison while the young congressman is delivering an impassioned speech on the floor of the House against land frauds. When the senator's daughter becomes reconciled to her father's violent death she marries the young congressman, the man of her choice.

Nothing in these reels is left to the imagination of the spectator. He sees the very land which has been palmed off on the unsuspecting citizen and is taken to the Capitol of the nation where the great fraud was hatched. Wonderfully true glimpses of official Washington are included in the scenic selections.

"THE Curse of the Great Southwest" is said to be something absolutely new in the cowboy line of pictures, and is booked at a St. Lawrence street theatre for next week.

Great herds of cattle and the clever work of cattle rustlers near the Mexican border are worked into a three reel feature. Several ways of discouraging this particular form of thievery are demonstrated, and an interesting love story involving two women and a newly elected sheriff has been woven into the incidents of the chase and capture of the cattle rustlers which enhances the value of the pictures. There is lots of excitement, plenty of good scenic effects and perfect photography combined to make this a picture worth seeing. The principals in the cast are members of a new company working in the south and include the following: Don Gozolo, Miss Josephine West, Frank Carter, "Scout" Maish, Charlie Irwin, Pauline Irwin, and J. Herbert Knowles, all of whom are famous riders and ropers.

THE next in the Sherlock Holmes series of detective dramas is billed for the coming week, and is entitled "Silver Blaze." The title role is played by "Silver Blaze" a beautiful piece of horseflesh, which her owner, Colonel Ross expected to win the Derby. But one morning the stable boy is aroused from a deep sleep caused by a dog, to find the horse gone—and the jockey, Shraker,

lady members, non-resident lady members, intermediate members, junior members and boys and girls.

The officers of the club are: President, Mr. Arthur J. Darling; vice-president, Mr. Geo. W. Kent; treasurer, Mr. W. W. Williamson, secretary, Mr. T. Yates Foster. Directors:—Messrs. J. H. Hutchison, W. D'Oyley Hutchings, Geo. W. Wood, W. E. J. Luther, George Darling, Joseph Wilson, E. S. Jacques, Fred W. Hutchison, and auditor, Mr. George Pyke.

Information regarding membership may be obtained from any of the executive or directors or from the Secretary, Mr. T. Yates Foster. 215 Metcalfe street, Westmount.

dead, with a crushed skull in the open field nearby. The detective investigates the case as a favor to his friend the Colonel, and though he does not produce the favorite insists that she should not be scratched from the race. The race is run and Sherlock goes up to the winner, an apparently unknown horse and with a little water and a soft cloth removes from her forehead a dark stain which had covered up the great blazing white mark which had given the beautiful animal the name of Silver Blaze. The jockey Shraker had stolen the horse by drugging the stable boy but was thrown and kicked by the racer, which suddenly halted his villainous plans. Trainer Brown had found Silver Blaze in the open field and thought to make her unrecognizable with a little paint but he had not calculated on the genius of Sherlock Holmes.

A BIG spectacular historical production, "The Knights of Rhodes" is a first-run feature to be here the first of next week. It takes us back to the time of the capture of the famous Island of Rhodes by the Sultan Soliman's army and vividly depicts the luxurious grandeur of the Sultan's Court. The entrancing eastern atmosphere is present in every scene.

"RED and White Roses" a coming of the modern stage dramas in its handling of social problems. "Red Rose" is an adventure paid by a villainous politician to entangle a rival candidate in a scandal that shall cause the rival's wife, "The White Rose" to leave him on the eve of election. The plot succeeds, the rival losing the election, but he learns of the base stratagem and tries to make amends. He is led to believe his wife has suicided and destroys his own life. "Red Rose" is filled with remorse and her better nature asserts itself. New happiness for young hearts is the main consequence of the tragedy.

A NEW set of Balkan War pictures, with a lecturer and stereoscopic views are booked for one night at a west end theatre towards the end of the month. The programme will be a high class entertainment above the ordinary.

ONE result of the war among the film men in the States and Canada is to give the patrons of the popular priced houses in Montreal the advantage of seeing many new pictures before they are released in New York, Chicago or any of the large American cities. Many features have been shown here fully a week before the announced date of their first run. Both factions are securing the rights in many cases to the same pictures and the ones to get them on the screen first are the ones to benefit.

E. W. W.

A POST-IMPRESSIONIST VIEW.

The snaky twilight crawls and clanks;
A scarlet shriek thrusts home;
The jig-saws snags among the planks,
Where, lush and loud,
Plump, plastic, proud,
The coupons crowd
Along the road to Rome.

Acrid, essential, winged with eyes,
The powdered plummet drops;
The beaded bonnet draws and dies,
And, foul or fair,
Calm Neverwhere
Inscribes his square
Amid the halt and hops.

Oh! anguish of the slaughtered shaft
That skims the sullen looms!
Oh! vaguely vaulted overdraft!
Oh! savage spin
Of twain and twin,
While out and in
The shapeless secret booms.

—Punch.

Around the Armouries

The Military Conference.

THE conference, which opened on February the 28th, was still proceeding at the time of writing. Therefore it is impossible to chronicle many actual happenings, or new arrangements as definitely made. Montreal, the 4th Division, was well represented at Ottawa, and many officers were present at the noteworthy dinner given by Col. Hughes. There were about 250 officers, representing the various units of the militia, from Halifax to Victoria, present as guests of the minister, who was honoured by the company of Field Marshall H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught on his right hand, while on his left sat Chief Justice Davidson, of Montreal, in uniform of a colonel.

Many speeches were made, notably by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, Col. Sam Hughes, Chief Justice Davidson and admiral Kingsmill. The dinner was a great success despite the fact that it was "Dry," the Hon. Minister being determined to ram home his attitude on the canteen question in no half hearted fashion!

The conference settled down to business on Saturday, and will have, we trust, succeeded in gaining many important concessions. One of the chief innovations desired is that, in the future, a N.C.O. may be permanently attached to each regiment of militia, a very sound proposal.

THE C. A. S. C. convention passed a resolution recommending that palace horse cars be used for long distance transportation of horses, and it was also resolved to request the government to adopt as standard a more comfortable boot for the men than at present in use. Nothing is worse on the march than poor, uncomfortable footwear; a shoddy article is the shortest sighted economy possible. At least let the soldier march to possible death in comparative comfort, he will march both faster and farther. Major DesRosiers, of the 4th Army Service Corps, who was one of the officers attending the conference from Montreal, has designed a special dinner wagon, which is confidently expected to prove useful and beneficial to troops, when on the march, as well as when in camps, if the design is adopted by the department. The idea enables preparations for meals to be commenced while actually on the march, so that by the time camp is pitched, meals would be ready, and considerable valuable time saved.

THE Artillery Association elected Lt. Col. Lacey R. Johnson, of Montreal as president, no better selection could have been made. At a meeting of the executive in Ottawa, the annual report was presented, in which several recommendations were made. Chief among these, were that allowance for artillery horses during training be increased from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; that the maximum value placed on a horse, to be paid in case of injury, be increased from \$200.00 to \$250.00, and that veterinary depots be established in training camps.

Several other recommendations of lesser importance were also made, all of which will be submitted to the department in due course. A reasonable grievance of officers was also mooted; at present they are required to pay full inventory value for all articles lost, despite the age that article may have attained!

It is suggested that a yearly depreciation loss be adopted, so that, in case of loss, full value would not be paid on articles of several years' service! We sympathize heartily with this recommendation, as well as with others brought forward. Inspector Mackenzie announced that ten new Howitzer field batteries would be created during the next three years. One brigade of three batteries will be apportioned to the province of Quebec.

Camp arrangements are going ahead steadily, the provisional dates already published having been confirmed by the department.

Better camps and camping arrangements are promised for the annual training this year, while, at the same time, pressure will be used to bring about the presence of full complements of both officers and men. Leave of absence will only be granted for very good and satisfactory reasons.

INSPECTION. General Sir Ian Hamilton will inspect the forces this year, probably accompanied by Lord Dundonald, this fact is causing considerable enthusiasm.

THE 3rd. Field Battery has arranged its annual dinner for the 29th. prox. A gymnastic class commenced on Monday last, under an English instructor, a good number turned out. Sergt. Major Slade started a standing gun drill class on Tuesday.

1st Grenadier Guards.

Lectures on, and training in musketry are the chief objects of activity with the guards at present. Each company in turn has an evening instruction, and competitions have been arranged during the week, for which prizes are offered.

A "soccer" club is being organized, and will affiliate with the P.Q.F.A. in due course, before the annual meeting. On Saturday night the officers indoor baseball team met the 5th. Highlanders in their league match; a considerable crowd of spectators were present and witnessed a fair game. The Highlanders won by the narrow margin of 2 runs, final score being 12-10. The guards were the more consistent team, and may be considered somewhat unlucky to lose. Their fielding was excellent also. We regret that both sides found it necessary to dispute the umpires' decisions on more than one occasion, and caused considerable delay in the game. It might be remembered that presumably competent umpires are chosen, and that it is the duty of players to be sportsmanlike and abide by his decisions, even if they disagree. This "chewing the rag" amongst players and umpire is much to be regretted.

and is liable to spoil the game as well as engender bad feeling between two regiments, which should be avoided at all costs.

THE Victoria Rifles on Wednesday the 26th rather unexpectedly defeated the Highlanders in the most interesting game of the series. The score was 18 to 12, and was clinched by the Vies. in the third innings, in which they piled up 13 runs. They also added 5 more in the 8th. The Highlanders were very consistent scoring two runs in 5 innings and one in two others, but could not touch the big score made by the Vies.

For the losers Eric McCuaig, the league's energetic secretary and promoter, was seen in good form as pitcher, and was unlucky in having the two large scores in the 3rd and 8th against him. He held the Vies, down in 6 innings. McCuaig, Molson and Wallace also played good ball. For the Vies Gunn as pitcher was nobly assisted by Porteous at the bat, while Payve, McRobie and Currie were also in form. About 1,500 spectators were present, and got full measure of recompense for their journey to the Craig street armory. On Saturday the combined A.M.C. and A.S.C. team vs. the artillery was called off owing to the lateness of the hour.

At present the Highlanders lead the Infantry section of the league owing to the fact that the Vies, have 2 more games to play. Should they win both, they will tie the Highlanders as they doubtless will do. In the case these two regiments will play off on the 12th for the honor of playing the cavalry section leader for the cup.

The Vies, team as well as the Highlanders go to Toronto on the 15th to play some games with the regiments there. We wish them all success on their tour, which is a good sporting effort on behalf of both regiments. To-night, Saturday, the 65th meets the 3rd, and a victory for the 3rd seems likely on form.

In the men's league the 3rd field battery are leading, being undefeated in their last 4 games. The C.O.C. have suffered one defeat, that at the hands of the 3rd field battery, and may yet give the latter a fight for the championship.

Schools, Classes & Examinations.

There are about 50 officers attending the provisional school in the drill hall, we wish them luck in the examinations which come off next week, on military law, tactics and administration.

A signalling class opened on Monday in the drill hall, others will be opened after conclusion of the provisional school. We hope officers and N.C.O.'s and men will not forget the importance of this badly neglected branch of military science, and will turn out in good numbers, as well as turn out good signallers.

There will also shortly be a three weeks class for N.C.O.'s of the army medical corps, in the drill hall on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. The object of the class is to enable N.C.O.'s to qualify for rank, and save a journey to Halifax.

The C.O.T.C. examinations are due shortly. Also examinations in the lectures given by Col. English and Capt. Tyrrell, will be held early this month. Intending competitors are requested to give in their names to the registrar, Mr. J. A. Nicholson.

The New Maxim Gun.

We promised, in a recent issue, to give details of the new machine gun adopted by the British War Office, and which will shortly be issued to the cavalry. The question of issue to infantry is still under consideration. The gun is the new Vickers rifle calibre automatic gun, and has been under consideration for 3 years. The tripod mounting was originally its weak point, and inferior to the Woolwich pattern. This has now been improved by the addition of a newly invented tripod, which allows the gun to be fired in 3 positions, steadily and well. Its chief advantage is lightness. Our present maxim weighs about 60 lbs. The German type of maxim 40 lbs., while the Austrian "Schwarzlose" gun weighs 38.6 lbs. The new "maxim" weighs barely 36 lbs.

One of the essentials of maxim gun detachments is mobility, consequently every pound of weight saved is of highest importance, so long as efficient shooting is preserved. Another excellent feature is the cooling arrangement of the new gun. The water is allowed to go right back over the bullet chamber of the barrel, and 25,000 rounds have been fired at high speed from one barrel, with good targets obtained. The feeding arrangements are also good and better than in the Austrian pattern.

We understand this gun has also been adopted by the Russian army, Italian army and navy, as well as by the Japanese and Turkish navies. That is to say, the chief Powers with recent war experience.

Military Aviation has apparently been pushed to the front as a topic for serious consideration in England recently. The mysterious visits by night of some airships, or ships, on the east coast at places of military and naval importance, have roused public interest to a considerable degree. It is now said that five million dollars may be expended in organizing and increasing Great Britain's aerial fleet. There is talk of a deputation to Ottawa on the same subject.

Germany's new Zeppelin recently gave a very satisfactory account of herself. She remained aloft 13 hours and was in constant communication with a wireless station at Karlsruhe during the flight. Reports are also current of highly successful experiments in bomb dropping from airships, which latter were invisible to soldiers on terra firma beneath.

Hubbubs—What is your idea of the most deceptive thing in life? Subbubs—Well, just off-hand, I should say a five-minute's walk from the station.—Chicago News.