20 Pages.

The Herald.

Pages 1 to 8.

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HOW MONTREAL WILL KEEP THE JUBILEE

A Complete and Accurate Programme of the "Doings" Published Now for the First Time.

EVERYBODY WILL JUBILATE.

Celebrations Commence To-Day and Will Continue Until Tuesday—Westmount Opens the "Ball" This Afternoon.

SATURDAY.

9 a.m.—Excursion from Windsor street station to Hudson Heights.
9.10 a.m.—Excursion from Bonaventure station to Otterburn Park.
2 p.m.—City Bicycle Clubs assemble near Windsor Hotel.
2 p.m.—H.M.S. Talbot open for visitors.
2.30 p.m.—Westmount School Celebration.
2.30 p.m.—Bicycle Fancy Dress Parade starts from Windsor Hotel.
5 p.m.—Unveiling of W.C.T.U. Fountain at Westmount.
7 p.m.—Excursion by R. & O. N. Co. to Sorel and Quebec.
8.30 p.m.—Diamond Jubilee Dinner of Victoria Rifles at Windsor Hotel.
8.30 p.m.—Imperial Veterans Drill at Drill Hall.
11 p.m.—Arrival of 53rd Battalion from Sherbrooke.

SUNDAY.

7.10 a.m.—Arrival of 57th Peterborough Rangers.
8.15 a.m.—Corpus Christi Mass at Notre Dame Church.
9 a.m.—Fete Dieu Procession from Notre Dame Church.
10.15 a.m.—Special Jubilee Service, Temple Emmanu-El (Jewish), Stanley street.
11 a.m.—Sailors from H.M.S. Talbot visit Trinity Church, St Denis Street.
11 a.m.—Special Services in the churches of the city.
2.15 p.m.—Victoria Rifles meet at Armory.
3 p.m.—Address on "The Jubilee" at Calvin Church Sunday School.
3 p.m.—Sons of England Service, Church of the Advent, Westmount.
3.15 p.m.—Regiments assemble on Champ de Mars.
3.30 p.m.—Church Parade starts from Champ de Mars.
4 p.m.—Church Parade Services in St. James R.C. Cathedral, Christ Church Cathedral, and St. Paul's Church.
5 p.m.—Jubilee Service in the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogues on Stanley street.
5 p.m.—Regiments re-assemble on Phillips' Square for return march.
7 p.m.—Jubilee Sermon by Prof. Steen in St. Stephen's Church.
7 p.m.—Foresters' Jubilee Service, St. Jude's Church, corner Coursol and Vinet streets.
7 p.m.—"The Victorian Era," sermon by Prof. Warriner in Zion Church, Mance Street.
8 p.m.—Jubilee Te Deum at Notre Dame Church.
9 p.m.—Arrival 14th Battalion from Kingston at Bonaventure (G.T.R.) Station.

MONDAY.

8 a.m.—Scandinavians rally at 75 Inspector Street.
7 a.m.—Veteran Firemen Rally at Central Fire Station.
7 a.m.—Point St. Charles Oddfellows meet at 590 Wellington street.
8 a.m.—Independent Order of Foresters rally on St. Louis Square, near St. Denis Street.
8 a.m.—Irish societies meet at corner Craig and Alexander Streets.
8 a.m.—All societies taking part in Jubilee Civic Parade assemble at Champ de Mars.
8.30 a.m.—Scotchmen meet at Mechanics' Institute, St. James Street.
9 a.m.—The Civic Parade starts from Champ de Mars.
12 noon.—Civic Parade passes reviewing stand on Dominion Square.
2 p.m.—H.M.S. Talbot open for visitors.
2 p.m.—Athletic Games at the Exhibition Grounds.
2.30 p.m.—Excursion from St. Gabriel Locks up Lake St. Louis.
7.30 p.m.—Jubilee Banquet at Windsor Hotel, the Mayor presiding.
8.30 p.m.—Illuminated Parade of Bicycle Clubs of western suburbs, starting from Ste. Cunegonde City Hall.
9 p.m.—Illumination of City and Squares.
9 p.m.—Illuminations by Residents of Bleury Street.

TUESDAY.

7 to 8 a.m.—Arrival of the R.M.C. Cadets from Kingston, Governor-General's Foot Guards, etc.
10.30 a.m.—Troops for Review will proceed independently to Logan's Park.
11 a.m.—Military Review on Logan's Park.
Noon.—Military Parade from Logan's Park to Drill Hall.
Noon.—Royal Salute Fired at St. George's Club House, Westmount.
Noon.—Royal Salute Fired by Montreal Field Battery at Logan's Park.
2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.—H.M.S. Talbot open for Visitors.
8.30 p.m.—Illuminations on Bleury Street.
8 to 11 p.m.—Bonfires and Pyrotechnic Display at Westmount.
8.30 p.m.—Illuminations in City.
8.30 p.m.—Display of Fireworks and Bonfire from summit of Mount Royal, at head of Peel street.

SATURDAY.

WESTMOUNT CHILDREN'S DAY.

To-day is "Children's Day" at Westmount and arrangements are being carefully carried out. Cards of invitation have been sent to each family in the municipality and each family may send a child under the age of sixteen years to participate in the festivities. Each child will have a numbered card with his, or her, name written on the back, and in order to obtain admittance to the enclosure at Westmount Park it will be absolutely necessary to have these cards. Only one child from each family will be admitted to this enclosure. On entering the enclosure each child will be presented with a silk Union Jack and a streamer with the inscription "Victoria Jubilee, 1837-1897. Westmount." The flags and streamers will be presented to the children by Mayor Evans. A stand has been erected for the accommodation of the children, and the band of the Victoria Rifles will furnish music.

At the conclusion of the children's entertainment the unveiling of the fountain presented to the town by the ladies of the W.C.T.U. will take place. This will be about five o'clock.

V. R. C. DINNER.

The Victoria Rifles Reserve Association hold a dinner to-night at the Windsor in honor of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. The event promises to be a great success as the members and their friends have subscribed freely. The hour named is 8.30 p.m.

FANCY DRESS BICYCLE PARADE.

The bicyclists are to have their parade to-day, and at 2 p.m. the city clubs will muster on Dorchester street, west of the Windsor Hotel. The parade will be a fancy dress one, and clubs will muster in the following order: Montreal Bicycle Club, Wanderers, Voltigeurs, Young Men's Christian Association, Primrose, Victoria Rifles Cycle Club, Montagnard, Overland, Tid-Bits, Westmount, Point St. Charles, Warwick.

At 2.30 p.m. the procession starts off, taking the following route: Dorchester Street, Phillips Place, Phillips Square, Union Avenue, Sherbrooke, Church, and Ontario Streets, Notre Dame Street, Place d'Armes Square, St. James, Inspector, Notre Dame, Murray, Wellington, Charlevoix, Notre Dame Streets, the Glen, Western Avenue, Dorchester, Mountain, Sherbrooke, Mansfield, Dorchester Streets, Dominion Square.

SUNDAY.

FETE DIEU PROCESSION.

At 8.30 a.m. on Sunday High Mass will be celebrated at Notre Dame Church, after which the annual Fete Dieu procession will take place.

The following societies will take part in the order named:,

Schools of Notre Dame Congregation.
The Orphans of St. Joseph's.
The Congregation of Notre Dame de la Victoire.
The Congregation of the Holy Name of Mary.
The Ladies of the Holy Family.
The Grey Nuns.
The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame.
The Christian Brothers' Pupils.
The Scholars of Mount St. Louis College.
The Mount St. Louis Cadets.
The Scholars of St. Mary's College.
St. Mary's College Cadets.
Pupils of the Montreal College.
The Congregation of Men.
The Gentlemen of the Grand Seminary.
The Clergy.
The Dais.
The Churchwardens,
The Bar.
The Medical Profession.
The Merchants' Association.
The Benefit Societies.
The Congregations of St. Patrick's and St. James Parishes.

The route followed by the procession will be as follows: From Notre Dame Church via Place d'Armes, St. James, St. Lambert Hill, St. Lawrence, St. Catherine, St. Denis, Champ de Mars, Gosford and Notre Dame to the Church, where the Tantum Ergo will be chanted, followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A repository for the Host is to be erected at the corner of St. Denis and St. Catherine streets.

It is expected that the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Del Val will take part in the procession and officiate at the Pontifical Mass to be sung in Notre Dame Church.

TEMPLE EMMANU-EL.

At the Temple Emmanue-El, Stanley street, a special jubilee service will begin at 10.15 a.m. The programme will be as follows:

Opening voluntary.. .. ..
Patriotic air.. .. .."The Queen's Song"
Prayer .. .."Victoria Our Queen"
Address.. .. ..
"God Save the Queen," Hebrew and English versions.
Benediction.. .. ..
Postlude.. .. ..Triumphal March

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S R. E. CHURCH.

Special Diamond Jubilee services will be held at St. Bartholomew's Reformed Episcopal Church, both Sunday morning and evening. The church will be tastefully decorated for the occasion, and special music will be rendered by the choir. Prof. J. E. Webster will preside at the organ, and a bright and hearty service may be expected. The Rev. Archibald H. Grace will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

At both services a feature will be the singing of the new jubilee hymn, "O King of Kings," which was composed by the Bishop of Wakefield, and set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. This hymn is to be sung in all the churches of the United Kingdom to-morrow, but as no copies of the music have as yet reached this country the words have been set to music by Prof. J. E. Webster, organist and choirmaster of St. Bartholomew's Church, and this music will be used.

AT CALVIN CHURCH.

At Calvin Church the Rev. J. Loyall George, M.A., will address the Sunday-school at 3 p.m. His subject will be "The Jubilee of Queen Victoria." The teachers and scholars of the St. Henri branch are earnestly requested to be present.

THE CHURCH PARADE.

According to the brigade orders, the corps taking part will assemble on the Champ de Mars at 3.15 p.m.

The order of march will be as follows:
District officer commanding and staff.
A squadron 6th Hussars.
Third Field Battery.
Second Regiment Canadian Artillery.
First Prince of Wales Rifles.
Fifty-third Battalion of Sherbrooke.
Third Victoria Rifles of Canada.
Fifty-seventh Battalion of Peterborough.
Fifth Royal Scots.
Sixth Fusiliers.
Sixty-fifth Battalion Mount Royal Rifles.
Veteran Volunteers.
Imperial Army and Navy Veterans.

The formation of the brigade will be in line of quarter columns, and the corps placed in the above order. The brigade will proceed by St. James street, Beaver Hall Hill to Dorchester street, proceeding thence to the above mentioned churches under the command of the senior officer present.

Divine service will be attended in the churches as follows:

Christ Church Cathedral—D. O. C. and staff, A squadron 6th Hussars, 1st Prince of Wales Regiment, 53rd Battalion, 3rd Victoria Rifles of Canada, 6th Fusiliers, 57th Battalion Peterborough Rangers.

St. Paul's Church—3rd Field Battery, 2nd Regiment Canadian Artillery, 5th Royal Scots of Canada, Veteran Volunteers, Imperial Army and Navy Veterans.

St. James Roman Catholic Cathedral—65th Battalion Mount Royal Rifles.

On conclusion of the divine services the troops will form on their markers in mass of quarter columns on Phillips Square, Phillips Place and Dorchester Street, the head of the column close to St. Catherine Street, facing north.

On coming out of the several churches, the commanding officers will form up their units independently and march thence to their place in the brigade column, in their original order.

The brigade will then proceed by way of Union Avenue, Sherbrooke Street east, St. Lawrence and Craig Streets to drill hall, where the brigade will be dismissed.

On arrival at the corner of Bleury and Sherbrooke Streets, the 6th Hussars 3rd V. R. C., 53rd and 57th Battalions will proceed to their respective headquarters.

The order of march will be in column as far as practicable.

TRINITY CHURCH.

Special Jubilee services will be held in this church on Sunday at eleven o'clock in the morning and at seven in the evening. The officers and men of H.M.S. Talbot will attend the morning service. The Ven. Archdeacon Mills, D.D., will preach at both services.

ST. JAMES R.C. CATHEDRAL.

The music at the Jubilee Church parade service will be as follows: "Pange Singua" by Maes; "Ave Verum" by Th. Dubois, (tenor solo sung by Mr. Ed. Lebel), Te Deum (Gregorian,) Tantum Ergo by A. Sullivan. "Laudate Dominum omines gentes," by C. Gounod. Organist, Mr. R. O. Pelletier; choir master Mr. G. Couture.

CHALMER'S CHURCH.

Jubilee Sunday will be celebrated in Chalmer's Church with appropriate services. Special regard has been paid to the music which will include Dantes Te Deum; "How Shall We Praise Thee:" the Bishop of Wakefield's new hymn "O King of Kings," music by Barnby; 'Victoria, our Queen," with an added stanza composed specially for the occasion. Both services will be begun by the Doxology and closed by the National Anthem. In the Sabbath school, 3 p.m., the two odes to the Queen by the former and present poets laureate will be recited, "Victoria, our Queen," sung, and an address given on the youthful life of the Queen. It is expected the services will be well attended, and of more than ordinary interest.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

The musical portion of the church service on Sunday afternoon in the catnedral will be as follows:—Opening voluntaries, "Andante in F.," Henry Smart, and Rule Britannia; processional, "Onward Christian Soldiers;" opening anthem, "God Save the Queen;" responses, Talis; Proper Psalm, cxxi., Turle; Deus Miserea tur," Bayley in F.; Anthem, "Hallelujah Chorus," Messiah, Handel; Hymn, "O God our Help in Ages Past;" organ solo during offertory, "Cavatina," J. Raff: Steiner's Sevenfold Amen after the Benediction; concluding voluntary "Grand Choeur," in D. G. MacMaster.

The chaplain of H.M.S. Talbot has consented to preach the sermon, and invitations to attend have been extended to His Excellency the Governor-General, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, His Worship the Mayor, Sir Alex. Lacoste, Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, and Chief Justice Tait, Superior Court. Apart from the seats reserved for these dignitaries, all of the seating capacity of the cathedral will be taken up by the troops.

JUBILEE IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

The Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Stanley Street, above St. Catherine, will hold a special choral jubilee service on Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Special prayers for the Queen will be offered, and Rabbi de Sola will deliver the sermon. "God Save the Queen," will be sung in Hebrew and English. The National Anthem was also sung at the close of the regular Sabbath service to-day.

SPECIAL TE DEUM.

To-morrow (Sunday), night at 8 o'clock will witness the performance of the grand Te Deum service, in Notre Dame Church. Already the seats have been about all disposed of, and a immense gathering is assured. The musical service will be such as has seldom been heard here, and will comprise the following selections:—

Opening triumphal march—J. O. Dussault.
1. 1st symphony, 1st movement, Mr. Guilmant—Mr. Dussault, organist of Notre Dame, with orchestral accompaniment.
2. Domine, Salvam Fac Reginam (God Save the Queen), Gounod—Choir of 500 voices.
3. Allegro, Widois' 3rd symphony—Mr. Pelletier, organist of St. James' Cathedral.
4. Gloria in Excelsis, from Riga's Mass—Choir.
5. Organ Solo—Mr. Illsley, organist of St. George's (Anglican) Church.
6. Finale, Guilmant's 1st symphony—Mr. Dussault, with orchestral accompaniment.
7. Concluding voluntary, Toccato, Widor—Mr. Dussault.

MONDAY.

THE CIVIC PARADE.

At 8 o'clock on Monday morning the various societies taking part in the immense civic parade will assemble at the Champ de Mars.

At 9 o'clock the procession will start from the Champ de Mars as follows:— :

Continued on Page 5.

The Habitant's Jubilee Ode.

By W. H. Drummond.

I read on de paper mos' ev'ry day all about Jubilee
An' grande procession movin' along, an' pas'in' across de sea,
Dat's chil'ren of Queen Victoriaw comin' from far away
For tole *Madame* w'at dey tink of her, an' wishin' her *bonne santé*.

An' if anywan want to know *pourquoi les Canayens* should be dere
Wit' res of de worl' for shout "Hooraw" an' t'row hees cap on de air,
Purty quick I will tole heem de reason w'y we feel lak' de oder do,
For if I'm only poor *habitant* I'm not on de *sapré fou*.

Of course w'en we tink it de firse go off, I know very strange it seem
For fader of us dey was offen die for flag of *L'Ancien Regime*,
From day w'en de *voyageurs* come out all de way from ole St. Malo,
Flyin' dat flag from de mas' above, an' long affer dat also.

De English fight wit' de Frenchman den over de whole contree,
Down by de reever, off on de wood, an' out on de beeg, beeg sea,
Killin', an' shootin', an' raisin' row, half tam' dey don't know w'at for,
W'en it's jus' as easy get settle down, not makin' de crazy war.

Sometam' dey be quiet for leetle w'ile, you t'ink dey don't fight no more,
An' den w'en dey're feelin' all right agen, Bang! jus' lak' she was before.
Very offen w'ere beatin' dem on de fight, sometam' dey can beat us, too,
But no feller's scare on de 'noder man, an' bote got enough to do.

An' all de long year she be go lak' dat, we never was know de peace,
Not'ing but war from de wes' contree down to de *St. Maurice*;
Till de las' fight's comin' on Canadaw, an' brave *Generale* Montcalm
Die lak' a sojer of France is die, on Patton of Abraham.

Dat's finish it all, an' de English King is axin' us stayin' dere
W'ere we have sam' right as de noder peep comin' from *Angleterre*.
Long tam' for our moder so far away de poor *Canayens* is cry,
But de new step-moder she's good an' kin', an' it's all right by an' bye.

If de moder come dead w'en you're small *garçon*, leavin' you dere alone,
Wit' nobody watchin' for fear you fall, an' hurt youseff on de stone,
An' noder good woman she's tak' your han' de sam' your own moder do,
Is it right you don't call her moder, is it right you don't love her too?

Bâ non, an' dat was de way we feel, w'en de ole *Regime's* no more,
An' de new wan come, but don't change moche, w'y, it's jus' lak' it be before
Spikin' *Francais* lak' we alway do, an' de English dey mak' no fuss,
An' our law de sam', wall, I don't know me, 'twas better mebbe for us.

So de sam' as two broder we settle down, leevin' dere han' in han',
Knowin' each oder, we lak' each oder, de French an' de Englishman,
For it's curi's t'ing on dis worl', I'm sure you see it agen an' agen,
Dat offen de mos' worse *ennemi*, he's comin' de bes', bes' frien'.

So w'e're kipin' so quiet long affer dat, w'en las' of de fightin's done,
Dat plaintee is say, de new *Canayens* forget how to shoot de gun;
But Yankee man's smart, all de worl' know dat, so he's firse fin' mistak' wan day
W'en he's try cross de line, *fusil* on hees han', near place dey call Chateaugay.

Of course it's bad t'ing for poor Yankee man, De Salaberry be dere
Wit' *habitant* farmer from down below, an' two honder *Voltigeurs*,
Dem feller come off de State, I s'pose, was fightin' so hard dey can,
But de blue coat sojer he don't get kill, is de locky Yankee man!

Since den w'en dey're comin' on Canadaw, we alway be treat dem well,
For dey're spennin' de monee lak' *gentilhommes*, an' stay on de bes' hotel.
Den "*Bienvenu*" we will spik dem, an' "Come back again nex' week"
So long you was kip on de quiet, an' don't talk de *politique!*"

Yass, dat is de way Victoriaw fin' us dis Jubilee,
Sometam' we mak' fuss about not'ing, but it's all on de familee,
An' w'enever dere's danger roun' her, no matter on sea or lan',
She'll fin' dat *les Canayens* can fight de sam' as bes' Englishman.

An' onder de flag of *Angleterre*, so long as dat flag was fly—
Wit' deir English broder, *les Canayens* is satisfy leev' an' die.
Dat's de message our fader geev' us w'en dey're fallin' on Chateaugay,
An' de flag was kipin' *dem* safe den, dat's de wan *we* will kip alway!

PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Full List of the Successful Pupils at the Examinations Held Recently.

AN EXCELLENT YEAR'S WORK.

Boys and Girls Who Have Applied Themselves to Study During the Past Twelve Months Now Have Their Reward.

The large assembly hall in the High School was filled to the doors by pupils and their friends, who had come to see the distribution of prizes won during the year. Ven. Archdeacon Evans was in the chair and on the platform were Rev. Dr. Shaw, Rev. Dr. MacVicar, Rev. Dr. Ker, Rev. Dr. Benson, Rev. A. J. Mowatt, Rev. E. I. Rexford, Mr. Justice Archibald, Dr. T. D. Reed, Mr. H. B. Ames and the members of the teaching staff.

The annual report was presented by Rev. E. I. Rexford, the principal. The attendance was larger than ever before, there being 546 girls and 682 boys. Out of 41 boys and 28 girls, who had written on the A.A. examination at McGill, 36 boys and 22 girls have been successful. The principal then read the names of prize-winners, and said that the leaving class had a splendid Jubilee memorial in the record they had made in their examinations.

The prizes were then distributed to the pupils of the several forms, the proceedings being varied by the singing of patriotic songs, etc. The commissioners' medals went to Mabel Armstrong and Fred. Tees, the Governor-General's medal to William James Scott, and the prize for the best collection of plants to Evelyn Molson.

Rev. Dr. MacVicar, chairman of the Protestant School Commissioners, addressed a few words to the pupils, after which the meeting closed.

The following is a complete list of the prizes awarded at the recent examinations for the boys and girls of the High School:

BOYS' SECTION.

Transition Class—Charles Bickerdike, conduct; George Hannah, 1st general proficiency; John Ogilvie Hastings, general proficiency; George Hutton Kohl, application to study, general proficiency; Fredrick Mann, general proficiency; Allan McKay, conduct; Robert Paul, punctuality; Basil Price, genral proficiency.

Boys.

2nd Preparatory Division "B."—Howard Fraser, conduct; Fred Swift, punctuality.

2nd Preparatory Division "A."—George A. Browne, general proficiency; Ross Clarkson, general proficiency and conduct; Charles Cushing, general proficiency; Frank C. Edgar, general proficiency and punctuality; William T. Keyworth, general proficiency; C. Stuart le Mesurier, 1st general proficiency and punctuality; Robert Adams Reid, application to study, general proficiency and punctuality; Cyril Clift Rendell, general proficiency; H. Oscar Weber, general proficiency and conduct.

3rd Preparatory Division "B."—Ernest Booth, 1st general proficiency; Ralph Peck, recitation, punctuality; Herbert Simpson, conduct.

3rd Preparatory Division "A."—George Cairns, general proficiency, punctuality; Percy Childs, general proficiency; Harold Featherstonhaugh, general proficiency, conduct; Roy Hastings, general proficiency; Leslie Lilly, conduct; Grover Michaels, general proficiency; Harold Morris, general proficiency, punctuality; Russell Paterson, 1st general proficiency, conduct, recitation; Luther Sutherland, general proficiency, conduct; Geoffrey Turpin, general proficiency.

First Form—Division "B."—Hugh Morris—Application, conduct; Hazen Porteous, first general proficiency; Reed Reynolds, conduct, punctuality; Willie Starr, punctuality; Philip Stewart, punctuality.

First Form—Division "A"—Stuart Allen, general proficiency; Logie Armstrong, general proficiency, punctuality; C. Angus, general proficiency; D. Cushing, general proficiency, punctuality; Arthur Hirsch, general proficiency; Charles Mitchell, general proficiency; Gordon McLean, punctuality; Dow Mansell, conduct; George Shearer, general proficiency, conduct; David Seymour, first general proficiency, recitation, Elston Mills' memorial prize; Allyn Seymour, general proficiency; Rae Smith, conduct; Kenneth Strathy, conduct; Kenneth Turnbull, conduct; Reginald Wadsworth, general proficiency, conduct; Robert Walker, punctuality.

Second Form—Division "C"—W. Robertson Copland, conduct; William Paul, punctuality; Kenneth G. Strachan, punctuality.

Second Form—Division "B"—George Ewing, conduct; Robert Higgins, punctuality; Wanlock Reid, punctuality.

Second Form—Division "A"—Eugene Angers, general proficiency; Bruce S. H. Carman, punctuality; Hubert Clark, punctuality; Arthur McKay Creighton, conduct; George Nelson Davidson, general proficiency; Henry Hadley, conduct, general proficiency; C. Sydney Lyman, conduct; Duncan Eberts Macintyre, general proficiency; Arthur Collingwood Oxley, first general proficiency, (medal), recitation, punctuality, conduct; H. D. Picken, conduct; G. Bruce Renaud, conduct; Allan Ross, general proficiency; Herbert Thaxter Shaw, general proficiency, punctuality; Ivan Delancy Smith, punctuality; Richard Tippet, general proficiency.

Third Form—Division A.—John Gordon Archibald, general proficiency; Meredith Gibson Brown, punctuality; Howard Milton Christmas, punctuality; Douglas Clarkson, first general proficiency, commercial medal and punctuality; George Alexander Fraser, general proficiency, recitation; Reginald Robb Hendery, conduct; Harry Fardley Morris, conduct; Arthur Roderick Scott, punctuality.

Third Form—Division "B"— Gerald Holland, conduct; James McMichael, punctuality; James Morris, punctuality; William Peel, punctuality, application to study; Ernest Salter, punctuality.

Third Form—Division "C"— Walter Gurd, conduct; Sidney Lamb, conduct; Alex. McLean, punctuality; Frank Nutter, recitation; Ernest Taylor, punctuality; Archie Thomson, punctuality.

Fourth form—Division A—Lockie Brims, punctuality; W. Gordon Brown, general proficiency, punctuality; Donald Grant Campbell, general proficiency; Henry Wells Ford Cliff, general proficiency, punctuality; Robert Arthur Costigan, general proficiency, punctuality; Reginald A. Fletcher, punctuality, Gilbert Francis, punctuality; Fraser Baillie Gurd, general proficiency; Alfred G. Jackson, general proficiency, conduct; Fred M. Johnson, general proficiency; Ralph G. Johnson, first general proficiency and medal recitation; George Kydd, general proficiency and punctuality; Henry Melbourne Lamb, general proficiency; George Leveille, general proficiency, conduct; Arthur Edward Liffiton, general proficiency and punctuality; David Cameron Logan, general proficiency; punctuality and conduct; Theodore Adolf Lomer, general proficiency and punctuality; William W. Marshall, general proficiency; Walter Molson, general proficiency; Talbot M. Papineau, general proficiency; Ernest Piche, general proficiency, punctuality and conduct; Harold Vosper Shaw, general proficiency; Wilbert Smith, general proficiency; Herbert C. Strachan, punctuality; John D. Sutherland, general proficiency.

Fourth Form, Division "B."—Samuel Blumenthal, general proficiency; James W. Brown, punctuality; Charles J. Chaplin, general proficiency, conduct; Henry T. Diplock, general proficiency; Ernest C. Leet, punctuality; J. Baird McLaughlin, punctuality; Wilford C. McLeod, general proficiency; Rennie O. McMurtry, recitation; C. Lester Patrick, punctuality; Ernest D. Strachan, punctuality; Edward T. J. Stuart, punctuality; Stanley B. Wilson, 1st general proficiency.

Fourth Form, Commercial course—J. A. Bremner, punctuality; Fred Clark, punctuality; Ernest Clark, conduct, general proficiency; H. W. De Courtenay, general proficiency; Walter Jarvis, conduct; W. W. King, general proficiency; Angus McIntosh, punctuality, 1st general proficiency and medal; Chester H. Plant, conduct; W. Stenhouse, general proficiency; E. G. Wray, recitation, general proficiency.

Fifth Form, Classical Course—Fred Brown, general proficiency; George S. Cameron, general proficiency, punctuality; Arthur B. Chandler, punctuality; Guillaume C. Couture, punctuality, general proficiency; Norman B. Crawford, punctuality; Charles de Pencier, general proficiency; Frank H. Fox, conduct, punctuality, general proficiency Joseph Jenkins, general proficiency; Gerard R. Lomer, general proficiency, conduct, punctuality; Arch. P. Marshal, general proficiency; Orich B. McCallum, 1st general proficiency; Edward Pownall, general proficiency, conduct; Arthur R. Roberts, general proficiency, punctuality; W. B. W. Robinson, general proficiency, punctuality; Warren Sunister, conduct; George A. Simpson, general proficiency; Harry A. Watson, general proficiency.

Fifth Form, Science Course—Charles Robert Duncan, punctuality; Alex. Sherwood Hart, general proficiency; Alex. Wm. McLeod, conduct, general proficiency; Wm. Ernest Nelson, conduct, punctuality, recitation, 1st general proficiency; Louis Weinfield, punctuality.

Fifth Form—Commercial Course—Chas. Allan Hodgson, punctuality, general proficiency; R. Archie Lockerby, punctuality; Henry Nelson Osborn, first general proficiency, punctuality, conduct, recitation; Howard Henderson Patch, general proficiency; John Fletcher Shaw, conduct; Fred. Walker Sparrow, punctuality; Donald Young, punctuality.

Sixth Form—Classical Course— Albert Victor Brown, punctuality, general proficiency; Geo. Percy Cole, conduct; Robert J. Harper, general proficiency; John McDonald, conduct; Shirley McMurtry, general proficiency; Charles F. Moffatt, conduct; John Alfred Ryan, general proficiency; Wm. James Scott, general proficiency; Fredk. James Tees, first general proficiency, conduct, daily recitation; Hy. Williams, conduct.

Sixth Form—Science Course—J. Archibald, Bennet, punctuality; Hugh D. Cameron, conduct, punctuality; John H. Edgar, punctuality; Ernest de W. Fenwick, punctuality; Norman C. Holland, daily recitations, general proficiency; Frank Johnson, conduct; Fred. Barbour Lima, general proficiency; Verner L. Plant, punctuality; Albert W. Smith, conduct; George A. Walton, punctuality; Percy W. Ward, 1st general proficiency; Richard Graham, conduct.

Sixth Form—Commercial Course—Reginald Gnaedinger, best standing, Remington medal; Edgar G. Parkins, punctuality.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Kindergarten.

Hilda Baylis, punctuality; Mabel Burden, punctuality; Lottie Wray, punctuality

Kindergarten—Hilda Bayhs, punctuality; Mabel Burden, punctuality; Lottie Wray, punctuality.

Transition Class—Kathleen Browne, general proficiency; Myrtle Brown, general proficiency, conduct; Ethelwynne Clarke, general proficiency, punctuality; Emily Carbary, conduct; Alice Gardner, general proficiency, conduct; Louisa Hodges, conduct; Katie McGregor, general proficiency; Beatrice McLaurin, general proficiency, conduct; Helen Nairn, general proficiency, punctuality; Marion Radford, general proficiency; Grace Reinhardt, general proficiency, conduct; Margaret Seath, conduct; Kate Victoria Smith, general proficiency, conduct; Isobel Starke, first general proficiency, conduct; Helen Taylor, general proficiency; Marjorie Wallace, conduct; Muriel Warriner, general proficiency, conduct; Marion Waugh, general proficiency, conduct.

Second Preparatory—Jean Allan, general proficiency, conduct; Dora Baylis, first general proficiency, conduct, punctuality, recitation; Gertrude De Cow, punctuality; Jean Gammell, punctuality; Madeleine Kohl, general proficiency, conduct, punc-

Continued on Page 8.

Summer Resorts and Personals

PERSONALS.

Mr. L. Forget who was in Quebec this week has returned to town.

* * *

Madame Gerin-Lajoie, daughter of Lady Lacoste, has left town for Vaudreuil.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Marion, of this city, are guests at the Russell, Ottawa.

* * *

Mr. J. L. Hibbard, of Montreal, is visiting friends at Iron Hill.

* * *

Mr. L. M. Fauteau, the well-known contractor of this city is in Ottawa on business.

* * *

Lieutenant-Governor Sir Adolphe Chapleau arrived in town on Thursday. He will return to Quebec on Monday.

* * *

Mr. W. P. Virtue and Mrs. Virtue left town recently for Valois where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

* * *

Mr. James Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, and Miss Wilson leave for Europe on the Parisian to-day.

* * *

Mrs. de Lima, of New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newman, of Westmount.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope, who have been spending a few weeks in Toronto have returned to town.

* * *

Miss Nellie Gomery and Miss Garth, of Montreal, are on a visit to Mrs. Wilkins, of Abbotsford.

* * *

Mr. Charles Bell, of Montreal, visited his home at Kars this week, to be present at his sister's wedding.

* * *

Mr. H. H. Hutchins has been out of town for a few days, visiting his father, Mr. Rodney Hutchins, of East Farnham.

* * *

Sir Alexander Lacoste and Lady Lacoste will leave town shortly for Kamouraska, where they will pass the summer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Peers Davidson who were at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Friday, are expected in Montreal to-day, arriving by R. & O. steamer.

* * *

Mr. J. F. Lee, general agent passenger department C. P. R., Chicago, is in town. Mr. Lee is an old Canadian, and was welcomed back by many friends.

* * *

Mrs. Frank May and family, will leave town shortly for Highgate Springs, where, as usual, they will spend the summer holidays.

* * *

Mr. R. W. Tyre and family left town this week for Carillon, Quebec, where they have taken a cottage for the summer months.

* * *

Madame Marchand, wife of the Hon. Felix Marchand, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Raoul Dandurand, Crescent Street.

* * *

Mr. Ernest Carus-Wilson gave his popular lecture on "Ceylon" before a good-sized audience in St. George's Church, Ottawa, on Wednesday evening last.

* * *

The Rev. Dr. Mackay, of this city, delivered the preparation sermon for the sacrament in the Presbyterian Church at Beauharnois, last night.

* * *

Miss Helen Reid, who has been pursuing a musical course in New York, has arrived in town, and is staying at the residence of her father, Mr. Robt. Reid, Union Avenue.

* * *

Mrs. C. J. Fleet and family, Ontario Avenue, are preparing to leave town shortly for Metis where they will occupy their pretty cottage for the summer months.

* * *

Captain Ross and family have left town for their delightful summer residence at Leggett's Point, situated midway between Grand Metis and Little Metis, where they will spend the summer.

* * *

Ald. Penny paid a short visit to his farm at Georgeville this week. The Misses Williams, Mrs. John Murray, and Mr. M. L. Williams are among the recent arrivals from Montreal to Georgeville.

* * *

Mrs. Garth-Bulmer and Miss Bulmer will come into town from Rosemere for the Jubilee celebrations. During their stay in town they will be guests at the Windsor.

* * *

Miss Hollinshead sang at the Epworth League Concert at St. Johns, P.Q., on Thursday evening last. Her singing took the house by storm, and she was rapturously applauded.

* * *

Mr. Peers Davidson and Mrs. Davidson have been staying at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, this week, and are now on their way to Montreal. They will spend the summer at Mr. Justice Davidson's residence at Dorval.

* * *

Among the latest Montrealers to arrive at Knowlton, are Mrs. and Miss Fanning; Mrs. Dr. Drummond, with nurse and child; and Mr. Warren Lynch, who has returned home from McGill College.

* * *

Lady Hickson, accompanied by the Misses Hickson and the Messrs. Hickson, left town this week for Ste. Anne de Bellevue, where she will take up her residence at Boisbriant for the summer.

* * *

Professor Ashley Carus-Wilson and Mrs. Carus-Wilson, will take their departure for Metis, where they have taken a cottage for the season, immediately on Mrs. Carus-Wilson's return from Halifax.

* * *

A pretty wedding took place at Glen Robertson, on Wednesday last, when Miss Jennie, daughter of Mr. P. Hamilton, of Glen Robertson, was married to Mr. W. H. Taylor, engineer on the Canada Atlantic Railway. The best man on the happy occasion was Mr. W. Masterman, of Montreal.

* * *

Sir William Dawson and Lady Dawson left town this week to take possession of their charming country residence at Metis. Later on they will be joined by Mr. W. Bell Dawson and family of Ottawa, and Professor B. J. Harrington and family who occupy cottages near by.

The marriage of Miss Albie F. R. Lewis daughter of Rev. Mr. Lewis, rector of Iberville, to the Rev. Stephen H. Mallinson, of St. Andrew's Church, Back River will take place in the Parish Church, Iberville, on Tuesday, the 22nd inst., at half-past five. The father and brother of the bride will officiate.

* * *

The general committee of the ladies in connection with the British Medical Association has been divided into sub-committees, the following ladies being placed at the head of each. Music committee, Mrs. Prume; five o'clock tea committee, Mrs. George Armstrong; excursion committee, Lady Hingston; garden party committee, Miss Guerin.

* * *

Mrs. Campbell MacDougall, and her sisters Mrs. McCarthy and Miss McDonald, daughters of the late Hon. D. A. McDonald, leave for England on Saturday, June 26. They are contemplating a long stay abroad and will probably be absent about three years. Mrs. MacDonald will take her little daughter, Miss Beatrice MacDougall, with her.

* * *

The marriage of Mr. W. A. Hendrie, druggist of this city to Miss Edith Rope Kennedy, of Ottawa, took place on Wednesday evening last. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Mr. R. N. Kennedy, Ottawa, brother of the bride the Rev. J. S. Hughes officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Lillian Hendrie, sister of the groom, and Mr. T. Boswell of Montreal acted as best man.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Beique, of Sherbrooke Street, gave a most enjoyable reception on Thursday afternoon, to the members of the Commission of Arbitration on the Behring Sea question, for which body Mr. Beique is counsel. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, with cut flowers and palms. The list of invited guests was as follows: Of the Americans—Hon. Judge Putnam and Mrs. Putnam, Hon. D. M. Dickinson, and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Lansing, Mr. Warren, and Mr. Anderson; Hon. Justice King and Mrs. King, Hon. F. Peters and Mrs. Peters, Sir Charles Hibbert and Lady Tupper and Mr. Badwell. Among the Montrealers who were invited to meet the distinguished guests were Hon. C. A. Geoffrion and Mrs. Geoffrion, Hon. L. H. Davies and Mrs. Davies, Hon. J. Israel Tarte, and Mrs. Tarte; Mr. Kleckowski, the French consul; Sir Alexander and Lady Lacoste, Senator J. R. Thibaudeau and Mrs. Thibaudeau, Senator Alfred Thibaudeau and Mrs. Thibaudeau, Hon. Senator Forget and Mrs. Forget, Hon. Felix Marchand, Hon. J. E. Robidoux, and Mrs. Robidoux, Hon. H. Archambault, and Mrs. Archambault, His Worship Mayor Wilson-Smith, and Mrs. Wilson-Smith, Hon. Judge Baby, and Mrs. Baby, Hon. Judge Wurtele and Mrs. Wurtele, Hon. Judge Alderic Ouimet and Mrs. Ouimet, Hon. Judge Tait and Mrs. Tait, Hon. Judge Jette and Mrs. Jette, Hon. Judge Taschereau and Mrs. Taschereau, Hon. Judge Mathieu, and Mrs. Mathieu, Hon. Judge Gill and Mrs. Gill, Hon. Judge Loranger and Mrs. Loranger, Hon. Judge Pagnuelo and Mrs. Pagnuelo, Hon. Judge Doherty and Mrs. Doherty, Hon. Judge Archibald and Mrs. Archibald, Hon. Judge Curran and Mrs. Curran, Hon. Judge Papineau, and Mrs. Papineau, Hon. Judge Dugas and Mrs. Dugas, Recorder De Montigny and Mrs. De Montigny, Mr. David Morrice and Mrs. Morrice, Mrs. A. Prevost, Mrs. J. Beaudry, Mr. and Mrs. G. Lavioletie, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Smythe, Hon. Arthur Boyer and Mrs. Boyer, Mr. and Mrs. Rouer Roy, Mrs R. de Beaujeu, Dr. and Mrs. Rottot, Dr. and Mrs. Brodeur, Dr. Lachapelle, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Hall, Mr. N. W. Trenholme, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macmaster, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. St. Pierre, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Greenshields, Mr. and Mrs. E. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Rainville, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frechette, Mr. G. Sadler and Mrs. Sadler, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lafontaine, Mr. and Mrs. J. Grenier, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Roy, Mr. and Mrs. Alp. Boyer, Hon. L. O. David and Mrs. David, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Monk, Dr. and Mrs. Leduc, Dr. Barry and Mrs. Barry, Dr. de Lotbiniere Harwood and Mrs. Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. Lerodeau, Mr. and Mrs. J. X. Perrault, Mr. and Mrs. G. Drolet, Lieut.-Col. Strathy and Mrs. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holt, Mr. and Mrs. S. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gagnon, Mr. and Mrs. James Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Brunet, Mrs. Berthelot, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, Mr. and Mrs. H. Venning, Mr. and Mrs. Simard, Mr. and Mrs. Rodolphe Lemieux, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Loranger, Mrs. Berthelot, Mrs. Belcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Vautelet, Mr. and Mrs. C. Turgeon, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Couture, Mr. and Mrs. C. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. A. Beaudry, Mr. and Mrs. A. Geoffrion, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hamilton, Mr. A. Chauvin, Mr. S. Thompson, Mr. Bourassa, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cusson, Prof. and Mrs. Wallard, Mr. and Miss Laframboise, Mr. and Mrs. L. Beique, Mr. F. Steber, Mr. W. H. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. Hepworth, Mr. and Mrs. Beaudry, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. A. Surveyer, Mr. McTavish Watt, Mrs. J. Leman, and Mr. Dessautes.

MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS

From Chronic Catarrh—But Instantaneous Relief Follows the First Application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Don't Neglect the Simplest Cold in the Head, it May Develop Into This Disgusting Malady Almost Before You Can Realize It.

Rev. Dr. Bochror, of Buffalo says:—"My wife and I were both troubled with distressing catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. We consider it a godsend to humanity, and believe that no case can be so chronic or deeply seated that it will not immediately relieve and permanently cure."

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame street, and J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine street.

BUFFALO BILL'S ROUTE.

On Monday morning Buffalo Bill—the last of his romantic kind—will lead his world's riders over the civic procession's route, leading the warriors of all nations in peaceful errand: Down St. Lawrence to Craig Street, on Craig to Delorimier Avenue, Delorimier Avenue up to St. Catherine Street, on St. Catherine Street to Peel Street, down Peel to Notre Dame, on Notre Dame as far as St. Lambert Hill, then by St. James Street to Victoria Square, from Victoria Square to Craig Street and Bleury, then by Bleury up to the Exhibition Grounds.

SUMMER RESORTS.

LONGUEUIL.

The B. C. H. met on Tuesday of this week at the house of Mrs. A. W. H. Jones.

* * *

Mr. M. J. A. Prendergast, general manager of the Bank of Hochelaga, has returned to his summer residence.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lousan, will spend the summer months with Mr. Andrew Hardie, Gardenville.

* * *

The regular fortnightly hop will take place this evening, and the club house will be suitably illuminated by way of a Jubilee celebration.

* * *

We are informed that Mr. George Roberts handsome summer residence is to be occupied this season by Mr. J. B. Lafleur, secretary-treasurer of the Mutual Fire Insurance Co., of the city of Montreal.

* * *

A serious fire occurred on Sunday evening last at Montreal South, whereby Mr. Bechand lost his dwelling and its contents. We understand he was partially insured.

* * *

There will be lively times on the tennis courts of the boating club this afternoon, June 19th, when matches will be played against St. Lambert tennis players. The programme consists of four single sets, two double and two mixed. The ladies of the B. C. H. will serve 5 o'clock tea to the participants.

* * *

It is reported that there are many large farms in the neighborhood without an acre under seed owing to the unusually wet weather during the proper seeding time. Local amateur gardeners are also complaining, but still there are some gardens giving bright promise of excellent results.

* * *

One of the attractions of the sail to and from the city on the "Hosanna" this week is the picturesque camp of the Montreal Field Battery, upon the island. If the beautiful island of St. Helen were not so near home it would undoubtedly be more appreciated by Montrealers. Its natural beauty places it high in rank among the many gems of the St. Lawrence.

* * *

In honor of the Queen's diamond jubilee there will be special services and sermons in St. Mark's Church, conducted by the pastor, the Rev. J. Gilbert Baylis, B. D., on Sunday, June 20th. The church will be appropriately decorated with flags and banners; the choir will render Sir Joseph Barnby's anthem, "Victoria our Queen," and the offertory will be a special one for the benefit of parish funds. The local Sons of England are expected to attend in a body.

* * *

Early on Sunday morning, June 13th, a number of members of the local court of the Catholic Order of Foresters, responding to the call of their secretary, Mr. Alex. Jodoin, crossed to town to take part in the city celebration. They were accompanied by the Longueuil band, which played some excellent selections on its return march from the ferry landing to the Roman Catholic church. It disbanded at the latter place, after an enthusiastic wind-up in the shape of "Vive le Canadienne."

* * *

Many Longueuilers were interested in the passing inward of the Royal Mail steamer Parisian, on her way to port, about noon on Sunday last. She was decked with flags, including the small red one which indicates the presence of the commodore of the Allan fleet. The Parisian's commander, Lieut. R. Barrett, being a Royal Navy Reserve man, one of the few who came to Montreal, exercised his right and flew the blue ensign over the stern of his ship, which by the way, many consider the most graceful vessel to look at from the river-side, of the many that pass Longueuil.

* * *

The closing exercises of the public school which is under the jurisdiction of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, of the parish of Longueuil, took place on Thursday evening last. There was a very large attendance of parents and others interested in the school. The children sang "O Canada, Fair Canada," for an opening selection. Then followed a short address by Mr. William Cooper, chairman of the board. From the interesting report read by Miss Butler, the head teacher, it was learned that there were 61 scholars on the roll, being four less than last year, and that the average attendance had been 42, being seven better than the previous year. Out of 41 who took the examinations, 37 had passed, and Miss Grace Moffat came out head of the school with a percentage of 84 marks. The calisthenic class under the care of Miss R. C. Baker-Edwards did some excellent marching and bar-bell work. The model lessons conducted by Miss Davidson, the assistant teacher, and by Miss Butler, exhibited the proficiency of the scholars in various branches. The prize-winners in the different grades were presented with books and bronze medals. All the scholars received Jubilee medals, and even the teachers and school commissioners shared in the distribution. The Rev. J. G. Baylis, B.D., made the presentations. The commissioners present were Messrs. W. Cooper, James McClure, W. R. Moffat, and J. Seddon. The secretary-treasurer, Mr. Fred Hamilton was also in attendance.

* * *

The concert given by Miss Marie Hollinshead in the Town Hall on Monday evening, June 14th, was a decided treat for the townsfolk. Mr. James H. Campbell opened the entertainment with a piano solo (a) "Andante" by Ashmall and (b) "Handicap March" by Rosey. Later in the evening he played "Valse Brilliante" by Wollenhaupt, and for each of his numbers he received recalls. Miss Hollinshead was in excellent voice, and so delighted the audience that she found it necessary to respond to encores after each of her songs. Among other selections she sang "Blue Eyes," by Gerald Lane; "Connais-tu le Pays," by Ambroise Thomas; Gounod's "Ave Maria"; "Dear Heart," by Mattei; "The Gleaners Slumber Song," by Matthew and "Louisiana Lou." Upon Miss Hollinshead's second appearance before the audience, she was presented with a beautiful bunch of flowers, tied with boat club colors. They were the gift of the ladies of the B.C.H., and the presentation was made by Mrs. A. W. H. Jones, president of the society. Mr. Fred S. Hickey caused endless merriment with his comic songs, and needless to say his recalls were imperative. He sang "Come Down McGinnis," "Johnny Took the one I Wanted," "Honey does You love Your Man," and several other laughter-provoking songs. Mr. W. Campbell proved to be quite as popular as the other entertainers, and his fine baritone voice was heard to great advantage in such songs as "The Unseen Kingdom," by Gerald Lane, and "O Happy Day." The concert would have been an unqualified success had the attendance been as large as the excellence of the performance warranted.

* * *

One of the most interesting events of the past week was the closing exercises of the private kindergarten class conducted by Miss Ethelwynne H. McClure. The Rev. J. Gilbert Baylis, B.D., acted as chairman, and in opening the proceedings offered some appropriate remarks, eulogistic of the excellent work accomplished by Miss McClure. A properly conducted kindergarten is of almost inestimable value in a community and cannot fail to be highly beneficial to the mental, moral and physical training of the children privileged to attend.

The opening songs were—(1) "The Merry Helpers"; (2) "The Good Morning Song"; (3) "Thumbkins Says I'll Dance"; (4) "Weary Little Fingers." Little Miss Dorothy Wilks recited "Curly Locks," the Masters Ralph Barton and Gerald Brice, "Counting Lesson," and Miss Madge Tees, "Rat-a-Tat." Then folllowed some "Songs of the Flowers", viz.: "Pretty Little Violets," "Pansies," "Forget-me-not," "Spring Flowers." For this performance the little ones were decked with crowns and garlands to indicate the particular flower which each represented. "Pussy at the breakfast table," was charmingly recited by Miss Pussy Johnson, and Miss Edna King quite captivated the audience with "Grandma." Several kindergarten games were indulged in, namely: (1) "The Little Worm"; (2) "The Busy Workers"; (3) "The Pigeon House," and (4) "The Wheel Barrow." At this point a short address prepared by Miss McClure was read and well received by an appreciative audience. Some miscellaneous songs such as (1) "The Grass-hopper Green"; (2) "In the branches of a tree,"; (3) "Jenny, her walk is taking" were well rendered and so were the two recitations which followed, viz.: "Baby" by Miss Ella Willson and "Nice Doggie" by Master Clifford Ryan. Songs and games such as (1) "The Fishes"; (2) "The Clock"; and (3) "The Farmer" brought the programme to a close with the exception of a "Flag March" in which each little one carried a red ensign with the Dominion coat-of-arms upon it. After doing a lot of pretty fancy marching the class led the audience in singing the National Anthem, and thus patriotic sentiments are inculcated. Miss McClure is to be congratulated upon the success she has achieved with her class, and upon the excellent exhibition of its development presented at "Lorne Cottage" on Saturday afternoon, June 12th. Miss Alice McClure performed the oft-times thankless task of accompanist, with unusual taste and skill. The march selections were especially attractive and noteworthy. The children were photographed and entertained to five o'clock tea after the performance.

Among the invited guests present at the closing were observed the following: The Rev. J. G. Baylis, and Mrs. Baylis, Mr. and Mrs. David Tees, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. E. A. Barton, Mrs. Arthur Wilks, Mr. and Mrs. William Ryan, Mrs. J. B. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Willson, Mr. and Mrs. King, Rev. Mr. Law, Miss Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. John Tooke, Miss Winifrede Stephen, Mrs. William Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Dun Cameron, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Ahern, Mr. W. T. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McClure, Miss Annie Norris, the Misses Hamilton, Mr. James McClure, and Miss McClure, the Misses Tooke, Miss Alice James and others.

POINTE CLAIRE.

Mr. Byrd has arrived and occupies No. 9 Shaw Cottage.

* * *

The Jubilee will be celebrated here by bon fires on the 24th inst.

* * *

Mrs. Duchesneau spent a few days with her family in St. Hyacinthe.

* * *

Several houses were rented this week at Lakeview. Mr. Nelles' cottages will be occupied.

* * *

Miss McMahon, of Ottawa, has been spending a few days with Mrs. W. E. Shaw, who resides in one of her cottages.

* * *

Mr. Bolton has arrived in No. 6, Mr. Shaw's cottage. They will be all occupied before the end of the week.

* * *

Mr. Duchesneau made at the last meeting a proposition to the Council to have a public demonstration made in honor of the Queen's Jubilee, but the majority as usual, thought that the year's prospects were so bad that they had no money to spend for a luxury, but a royal salute will be given by Mr. Ernest Malette's big cannon at 8 o'clock Monday morning, with illumination at night by private citizens.

* * *

KNOWLTON.

Some new residences are being erected this season.

* * *

The new water works have proved a great boon to the village.

* * *

Although the season has been an unusually cold one the visitors from Montreal are beginning to arrive.

* * *

Mrs. R. Gallagher and Master Cedric are stopping at "The Lennox," which has this season been opened to receive summer visitors.

* * *

New sidewalks are being put down in the village, and things are brightening up to greet the many who yearly gather on the shores of Brome Lake.

* * *

Some very choice mountain springs have been thrown into a reservoir, and now the old wells are being filled up, and the choicest drink flows from the convenient but unromantic taps.

* * *

NORTH HATLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher are at their cottage for the summer.

* * *

Mr. W. Brown, of Lennoxville, was at Glen Farm on the 15th.

* * *

Mr. Kelly of Montreal, was at Glen Farm from the 12th to the 14th.

* * *

Miss Wood is here again for the summer. She is building a cottage at Fairy Glen.

* * *

The beautiful cottage Mrs. Starro is building is about ready for occupancy. Mrs. Starro has been in Hatley for the past two weeks.

* * *

Your correspondent regrets to announce the death of Mr. Isaac Gordon, one of Hatley's oldest inhabitants. To residents it seems like losing an old land mark.

* * *

There are about one hundred guests here now and among them a large number of familiar faces. Many boats, canoes, etc., are making things look lively and summer like.

* * *

N. D. M. Bradt, real estate agent, and Mayor of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, with his wife, have been visiting relatives here. Mrs. Bradt left Hatley about sixty-one years ago, and this is her first visit to her native place. They are greatly pleased with their visit, finding Canada far better than they expected.

* * *

The steam launch Massawippi made her first trip June 12. Everyone was pleased to see her out. She will soon be making her daily trips. Mr. Putney says he thinks she will run faster than ever, as the new boiler is larger and stronger than the old one, giving the wheels more power.

* * *

MURRAY BAY.

Mrs. Blake, wife of the Hon. S. H. Blake, Toronto, has arrived here to take up her residence at Mille Roches, her spacious country house, where, according to her usual hospitable custom, she will entertain a succession of house parties throughout the summer. Mrs. Blake was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Frank Moss, Miss Moss and Miss Morgan, of Toronto.

* * *

GEORGEVILLE.

Ald. Penny and family, of Montreal, will take up their residence for the summer at Georgeville on the 22nd inst.

* * *

Mrs. John Murray, Mr. M. L. Williams, Mrs. and the Misses Williams, of Montreal, are at Georgeville for the summer. Mrs. Murray will occupy "Dunkeld" her son's handsome property here.

* * *

VALOIS BAY.

Mrs. McWilliams is living in Lakeside for a few weeks.

* * *

Miss Ashton is visiting with Mrs. Woodhouse, Valois.

* * *

Miss L. Salisbury spent Saturday with Mrs. R. N. Scott, Lakeside.

* * *

Mr. George Woodhouse has moved out to Valois for the summer.

* * *

Miss Ethel Evans is staying with Miss Florence Prowse for the summer.

* * *

Mrs. Southwell is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Virtue, for the summer.

* * *

Mr. Lockerby and family intend moving out to Strathmore after the Jubilee.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. Virtue who have taken Mr. Barlow's house, moved out last Saturday.

* * *

Miss Carrie Jones was out spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. R. N. Scott, last week.

* * *

There will not be much doing here during Jubilee, as nearly everybody is going to town for Monday and Tuesday.

* * *

Miss A. Jones and Mr. Walter Stanley spent Sunday and Monday at Lakeside. They rode out from Montreal on their wheels.

* * *

Mr. Robert Jones' new building is almost finished. He intends giving a housewarming shortly after the Jubilee, at which all will be welcome.

* * *

It is intended to have a grand concert here within the next few weeks. The new committee are booming things at the beginning of the season.

* * *

The moon has been so bright for the past week that the ladies and gentlemen of Valois have been doing a considerable amount of bicycle riding at night.

* * *

The latest thing with the boys of Lakeside is boxing and numerous black eyes are looked for very shortly, especially if "Little George" stands up too often in front of Walter Ewing.

* * *

Quite a number of the boys rode out on their wheels last Saturday from the city, but were compelled to go home on the train on account of the rain. It is hoped they will have better luck next time, as the residents are always glad to see them.

* * *

The accommodation for bicycles which was not ready last Saturday, is now finished and any persons coming to the boat house on their wheels, can feel that they have a perfectly safe place to leave them, while they are in dancing.

* * *

Wednesday night the first children's dance of the season was held, Miss Riley being present as usual. The children seem to enjoy these dances so much that it is intended to have one every Friday evening during the summer.

* * *

The sidewalk between Valois and Lakeside has at last been started, and it is hoped they will continue at it till it is finished, as it is very hard on the ladies having to walk up to the boathouse through the dust which is very thick about here.

* * *

Last Saturday night's hop was, as usual, a grand success, there being a much larger crowd present than the week before. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Whyte, Miss A. Jones, Miss Johnson, Miss M. Lafferty, Mr. and Mrs. W. Tower, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jones, Miss A. Butterworth, Miss G. Prowse, Miss Ethel Evans, Miss Florence Prowse, Miss Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Miss P. Marler, Miss Ethel Oswald, Mr. J. Riley, Mr. J. E. Gatehouse, Mr. Lionel Smith, Mr. T. Y. Foster, Mr. Walter Stanley, Mr. F. Rogers, Mr. Arthur McPherson, Mr. Percy Brown, Mr. A. Hutcheson, Mr. Walter Ewing, Mr. George Cheese, and many others.

* * *

LACHINE.

Miss Mabel Gilbert is on a trip to Radnor Springs.

* * *

Mr. H. Kellar is visiting his uncle, Mr. Miles, at Vaudreuil.

* * *

Miss Ida has returned home after a very pleasant trip to the States.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Murray have moved out to their summer cottage at Dorval.

* * *

The first lawn tennis match of the season will be played to-day between Lachine and Montreal.

* * *

Mr. George Balfour, manager of the Union Bank, has taken possession of his summer residence at Dixie.

Mr. Walter Thornloe is staying with his uncle, Mr. R. C. Thornloe, on Phoenix avenue.

* * *

The Sunday-school picnic of St. Andrew's Church will be held on the 26th inst. to Mr. W. W. Ogilvie's grove at the rapids.

* * *

A very enjoyable concert and ice-cream entertainment was given by the Band of Hope on Wednesday evening. A nice programme was prepared by the members, who were helped in their entertainment by several ladies and gentlemen from the city.

* * *

Very few boating or bathing houses have made their appearance along the river front yet. This is probably on account of the high water, which is higher at this time than it has been for some years. It gives the shore a somewhat vacant look, while there should be a beach of over one hundred feet from the road.

* * *

A very charming solo was rendered by Miss Alice Young. Miss Young has a rich sweet contralto voice, and her songs gave great pleasure to the audience. Miss Patterson, of Montreal, also contributed to the evening's amusement with some very good recitations. Refreshments consisting of ice-cream and cake were passed round, but owing to some mismanagement the ice-cream gave out before half of those present were served. The pleasant function ended with the singing of the National Anthem.

* * *

It is a rare treat for the residents of Lachine to see such a dramatic entertainment as was given them in St. Stephens, on Tuesday evening, by Miss May Reynolds, and she is to be congratulated upon her success. The hall was nicely decorated for the occasion, and was crowded to the door, standing room being at a premium. The audience was mostly gathered from along the lake side, although a very fair crowd came out from Montreal. In the farces, "Courtship Under Difficulties," and "The Mousetrap," Miss Reynolds did her roles remarkably well, and was greeted with great applause. The Zingari Quartette, Messrs. Wolver, Simpson, Bacon and Tooke, rendered some delightful selections during the evening. Miss Reynolds was assisted in her entertainment by Mr. Mackay Edgar, Mr. H. Gordon, Miss Nena McLean, the Misses Meagher and Miss Mabel Cassils. The concert closed with the National Anthem, and was altogether an unusual success, and will be a pleasant memory to those who were present.

* * *

RIMOUSKI.

Arrivals at the St. Lawrence Hotel for the week included F. X. Readman, Portneuf; A. C. McKay, Quebec; J. H. Woodward, Barmingham; J. F. Sparrow, Annapolis; P. A. Portugais, Quebec; Joseph Turgeon, Quebec; Mrs. Walter Gordon and daughter, London, England; Lawrence Pike, New York; F. S. Hodges, Boston; Mrs. Graves, Bermuda; Peter Miller, Pictou, N.S.; A. Gagnon, Riviere du Loup; Joseph Lamarche, Montreal; R. Nolin, Cedar Hall; C. Thomas, Cedar Hall; M. J. Pettigrew, Quebec; J. H. Clerk, Montreal; J. B. A. Beauchemin, Montreal; J. W. Barrington, Niagara Falls; J. W. Adams, Quebec.

CALEDONIAN SPRINGS.

Arrivals at the Grand Hotel, Caledonia Springs, for the week ending June 17th, 1897, were: Mrs. W. H. Alford, Miss M. F. Banks, Hon. A. W. and Mrs. Ogilvie, Mrs. Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Girouard, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dickson, W. Searles, Miss Hammel, James A. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Reid, Mrs. W. B. Mathewson, Miss Binmore, Miss Atkinson, Miss C. Atkinson, Mrs. G. W. Simpson, C. Simpson, — Garland, Joseph Townsley, J. Kent, Mrs. Colin McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. E. Greenshields, Miss Margaret Greenshields and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Ewing, Mrs. Redpath and maid, Mrs. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pringle, S. T. Greenlees, Ewan McLennen, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Hart, Miss Muriel Hart, Henry Saxe, Miss Annie Saxe, Mr. and Mrs. Arch. McIntyre, Miss McIntyre, Miss Marguret McIntyre, Miss Alice McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wear, Mrs. McDevett and nurse, J. P. Lindsay, Lady Galt, Miss Galt, Mrs. E. A. Roe, S. E. Lichtenhein, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs Shirley Ogilvie, child and nurse, John R. Arnoldi, Mrs. J. R. Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. James Jarvis, Mrs. A. C. Chambers, Master Willie Chambers, S. Ogilvie, P. F. Turgeon, Mrs. Herbert O'Meara, Miss O'Meara, Mr. Sheriff Sweetland, Ottawa; S. Brock, J. Gwynne, A. Blackburn, Rev. Rural Dean Phillips, Hawkesburry, Ont.; His Grace Archbishop James Vincent Cleary, Kingston, Ont.; Rev. J. D. O'Gorman, Gananoque, Ont.; John Higginson, S. T. Eastey, L'Original, Ont.; S. N. Parker, St. Albans, Vt.; Hon. W. E. Sanford, Hamilton, Ont.; F. P. Brad, Smith's Falls, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cameron, Fort William, Ont.; A. H. Moore, M.P., Mrs. DeWitt, Miss DeWitt, Magog, Que.; Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Blaisdell, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lewis, C. S. Garland, Montreal.

SHERBROOKE.

Dr. P. Pelletier and wife sail on Saturday per SS. Parisian for Europe. Their stay in England will be shortened as the doctor intends to pursue special studies of his profession in Paris hospitals.

* * *

DORVAL.

Mr. J. B. Hooper is away for a couple

* * *

Mr. Harold Eadie left Tuesday evening for a trip to Halifax.

* * *

Mr. James Torrance intends taking a trip to different western points during the summer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Murray are now located in their summer residence at Dorval.

* * *

Mr. Geo. W. Hamilton and family have arrived at their Dorval Island cottage, next to Mr. Geo. W. Eadie's,

* * *

Mr. Hy. K. Wicksteed intends to take up one of Mr. Murray's cottages for his family now at Cobourg, Ont.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hosmer were out this week with a party of fifteen to spend an afternoon with Mr. Doull.

* * *

Among the guests now at Dorval are Mr. D. G. Kennedy at his brother's, Mr. Murray Kennedy.

* * *

Mr. F. W. Ashe, of Norwood, Ont., is staying with Mr. W. S. Clouston for a few days.

* * *

Mr. E. S. Johnston is now located at Mr. J. B. Allan's for the summer with Mr. J. S. Meredith and Mr. F. E. Meredith.

* * *

Mr. A McKim is coming to Dorval again this summer and will be located with Mr W. S. Clouston near the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club.

* * *

Mr. Ernest Kennedy has just arrived from British Columbia, where the gold abines, and is staying a few days in Dorval with his brother, Mr. Murray Kennedy. He brought quite a number of pieces of gold taken from Rossland mines and other mines in British Columbia.

Dorval never had a summer train service equal to this year. The G.T.R. has put on three additional suburban trains to Dorval; the 12.10 p.m. from Montreal runs through to Dorval, reaching Dorval at 12.42 daily, except Sundays, returning leaves Dorval at 1 p.m., also the 5.45 p.m. is now running to Dorval, instead of only to Lachine wharf. It reaches Dorval at 6.16 and returning leaves Dorval at 6.25 p.m. A new train will leave for Dorval at 2.15 p.m. on Saturdays to accommodate the Royal Golf and Royal St. Lawrence Yacht clubs, also the Forest and Stream members.

* * *

ST. LAMBERT.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Henry were visitors in the village on Wednesday.

* * *

Decorations for Jubilee Day are expected to be very general.

* * *

Mr. R. P. Fleming, accompanied by several friends spent Monday evening here.

* * *

The family of Mr. Michaud, the G. T.R. agent have arrived and taken up their residence here.

* * *

Mr. P. M. Pickham has returned from a business visit to the Eastern Townships and Maritime Provinces.

* * *

Several bicycle riders have been warned against riding on the path walks, and the next or final warning they'll receive will be a $5 fine from his Honor the Mayor.

* * *

The "Special" had a run after a path walk "bike" a few evenings ago, captured and warned him against the repetition of the offence.

* * *

A crowd of boys here now, make night hideous with their hootings and yellings and the "special's" eagle eye is upon them. It is to be hoped he will give them a lesson.

* * *

Of late cows have been making pretty free with the gardens about the river side and foot of Victoria Avenue. So on Monday afternoon the "special" captured five of the culprits and impounded them

* * *

A public meeting was held last night in the Town Hall with the Mayor in the chair, to discuss the water and drainage by-laws which are to be voted upon next Saturday, the 26th June.

* * *

The junior baseball club are meeting with great success in their house-to-house collection for the benefit of the club's funds. They play a match with the Point

FAREWELL SOCIAL.

HEARTY SEND-OFF TO REV. D. C. SANDERSON.

Riverside School Closing—Bonnet Hop—Point Football Team to Play Valleyfield.

The farewell social tendered to Rev. D. C. Sanderson and his family by the congregation of Centenary Methodist Church last evening was, considering the occasion, a really pleasant affair. All were bent on making the last social at which their pastor and his family would be present a merry one, but at times some incident would emphasize the fact that they would soon part, and then, strive as they might against it, a feeling of sadness would take possession of them. If appearances count for anything, Rev. Mr. Sanderson and the members of his family have a warm place in the hearts of the Centenary Methodists.

The social was a decided success. Mr. McMann, superintendent of the Sunday-school, presided and conducted proceedings in a highly satisfactory manner. A number of songs were rendered by Miss Fanny Hall and Mr. Nutter, and recitations were given by Mrs. Belle Harrington Hall, the talented elocutionist, and also Mr. Cowan. Speeches were made by Rev. D. S. Hamilton, W. A. Kneeland, B.C.L., Ald. Turner, Alfred Mills, George Clapp and others.

Miss Nellie Sanderson, daughter of the pastor, was presented with a handsome B le by the Sunday-school class of which she was a member. Mr. W. H. Scott, teacher of the class, made the presentation Mrs. Sanderson was presented by the members of the congregation with a beautiful pair of curtains. Mr. E. Dickson, who made the presentation, took occasion to refer to the many amiable qualities of their pastor's helper, and spoke in eulogistic terms of her work in the church and Sunday-school A pretty Jubilee jardiniere was also presented to Mrs. Sanderson by the ladies of the congregation. To Mr. Sanderson the assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. S Brenham, on behalf of the congregation, presented a handsome reclining chair.

The Rev. Mr. Sanderson replied in a fitting manner. His heart was full. He was much pleased with the testimonies of love which had been offered him and his family. He looked back over the three years he had spent in Point St. Charles with pleasure, and thanked all for the kindness which had been shown him and his family. He hoped they would treat their new pastor as well and aid him in his work among them with as hearty good will.

Rev. D. S. Hamilton expressed his sympathy with the congregation in parting with the pastor whom he esteemed very highly, and bade Mr. Sanderson and his family "God-speed" in their new field. Mr. W. A. Kneeland, representing St. Mathew's Church, tendered the Centenary congregation the sympathy of the Presbyterians of the Point, and wished Mr. Sanderson every success in the future.

The closing exercises at Riverside School yesterday afternoon were attended by a large number of Point people. Patriotic songs were sung in true British style and speeches were made by Rev. D. C. Sanderson, who occupied the chair; Rev. D. S. Hamilton, Principal Kneeland, B.C.L., and others. The prizes were presented by the Rev. Mr. Sanderson and Principal Kneeland. The following scholars received the Commissioners' scholarship to the High School: May Smith, Mary Pringle, and Andrew Lavers.

Principal Kneeland in presenting May Smith with a silver medal for cookery, took occasion to remark that in this branch of work the Riverside had led all the other schools in the city.

The prize-winners in the senior class were: Alice Holman, general proficiency; Maud Kirkland, Jeanie Donaldson and Lucy Selling, conduct; Nellie Sanderson, Flora Broadhurst, May Clarke, Charles Walton, David Oliver, George Mitchell, S. Turnbull, and George Peterson, punctuality.

The G. T. Boating Club held a most successful bonnet hop last evening. Songs and recitations were rendered by various members and dancing was indulged in very much. The following officers were present and took part in the proceedings: President D. Robertson; first vice-president, W. C. Jenkin; second vice-president, W. J. E. Wall; treasurer, H. Harrison; secretary, R. McLean; Captain G. Ewart, Assistant-Captain Robert Starke, Committeemen L. Duckett, Joseph Wilson, Jr., A H Morgan, Joseph Asselin, R. Bryne and James Lees.

One of the "Point" football teams left this morning for Valleyfield, proposing to defeat the Valleyfield boys in a match this afternoon. The team was composed of the following: J. Callaghan, John Smith, E. Cornell, James Smith, M. Durcan, J. Durchmore, J. Chilton, J. Marshall, J. Fleet, W. McQueston and L. Jehu.

The Victoria Jubilee Lodge, No. 14, Sons of England, picnic committee met last evening in Fraternity Hall, and made the final arrangements for the picnic at Otterburn Park to-day The following form the committee: Bros. A. Tailing, R. Penk, A. Tattersall, W. G. Murdock, A. Watson, S. Sideswell, W. Trickey, J. T. Woodall, H. Sweatland, F. Munday, J. Yates, J. P. Hartley, J. Page, W. Hill, H. Hill and E. A. Veary. The committee desire to thank the following donors of prizes for the races: Ald. Connaughton, Ald. R. Turner, S Carsley Co., J. Blumenthal & Sons, R. J. Stewart, T. Pearson, G. May, Bush & Read, T. Corbell, Boisvert Bros., Alf. Delorme, Geo. Clark, J. R. Guest, A. O. Galarneau, J. T. Ewart, M. McGuinn, T. Reynolds, Mrs. Wm. Anderson, H. Thomas, Wm. Currie, S. Clendinneng, Armstrong & Petit, T. M. Taylor, J. Head, H. Crevier, E. Upton, Wm. Monteith, F. S. Thompson, C. J. Doherty, A. Michaels, N. K. Fairbanks Co., E. Cavanagh & Co, H. A. Wilder, J. Allan, James Corcoran, A. E. Morris, Cole & Thompson, H. Withall, J. Horsfall & Son, George Bowell, J. T. Woodall, Mrs. Harrison, Charles Duquette, A Friend.

Rev. W. R. Cruikshank, of St. Matthew's Church, was in Ottawa yesterday.

STANLEY HOTEL AND CAFE.

Corner of Osborne and Windsor Streets.

A. Beliveau, Proprietor.

A great city has always among its distinguished features one which persons of all degrees thoroughly understand and appreciate, namely that of elegantly appointed and well managed hotels. Montreal has several institutions of this kind, a noteworthy one being the "Stanley Hotel" and cafe, centrally located corner Osborne and Windsor Streets, opposite Dominion Square and C.P.R. depot.

This hotel was opened, March, 1892, by Mr. A. Beliveau, who has completely refitted and refurnished it. The building is of brown stone, five stories high, handsomely designed, having a balcony on the west side and another overlooking Dominion Square, the finest square in Montreal. The hotel is supplied with all modern conveniences, steam heat, electric light, and bells, etc., while the sanitary arrangements and means of escape in case of fire are perfect.

The ladies' parlors are commodious and handsomely finished, and the Stanley Hotel has most excellent accommodation for 200 guests. The public restaurant and dining hall is elegantly decorated, and there are ten private dining rooms, which can be opened into one for private dinner parties, when required. The rates vary from $2 to $5.00 per day, according to room and location. These rates are remarkably reasonable, when the superiority of the accommodation and the exceptionally high standard of the cuisine are taken into consideration.

This is a special feature with Mr. Beliveau, the proprietor, who is a judicious and enterprising purveyor. He is noted for having at all times the choicest and best in the market upon the table, and plenty of it, with a distinguished chef and competent assistants, are employed.

The hotel is carpeted throughout with the finest Moquette and velvet carpet, and the furniture chiefly mahogany and antique oak. Mr. Beliveau caters to the best classes of citizens, and many prominent men are permanent guests.

The proprietor, Mr. A. Beliveau, who conducted the Canada Hotel for twenty years, is widely known for his business ability, general disposition and strict probity.

We heartily recommend those who appreciate the comforts of a first-class hotel at very moderate rates to make their headquarters at the Stanley, when visiting Montreal.

THE CITY TO PAY $11,188.

Judge Loranger rendered judgment yesterday in the three following actions for damages against the city, resulting from its neglect to proceed with the expropriation of Stanley Street. The amounts granted were as follows:—J. A. Stevenson, $5,895.44; George A. Greene, $3,174.45; Frank Buller, $2,018.37.

MUSIC ON WHEELS.

We do not know whether Mr. H. H. Godfrey is a Canadian or not but from the fact that his songs are strictly Canadian in tone and are published in Toronto we take the fact for granted that he is one of us. At any rate he seems to have the power of writing songs that drive Canadian audiences to wild enthusiasm. His three songs "The Land of the Maple," "The Story of the Flag," and "Hark! the Drum," have been the phenomena of Canadian publications, so immense has been their sale. He now appears in a new role; as the bard of the wheelmen, and the public of this Dominion will soon be whistling, singing and humming the catchy melody and rippling words of his new song, "On Wings of Steel," which is described by the Ontario and American papers as the best bicycling song ever written. The swing and dash of everything he has written is simply irresistible. His compositions may not be of the highest type but there is no denying their popularity, and popular songs of a clean, wholesome type, are only too rare.

CIVIC RECEPTION.

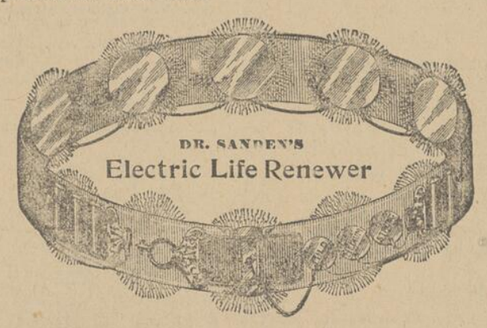
A civic reception to the officers of H.M.S. Talbot will be held next week in the Mayor's parlors, when the citizens will have an opportunity of personally welcoming them to the city. The Police Band has been placed at the disposal of the sailors during their visit to the city.

His Idea.—"Isn't the Emperor of Germany the grandson of the Emperor William the First?" "Yes; but he thinks he is the great grandson."—Puck.

What Makes Men Strong?

ELECTRICITY—The Fountain of Youth, the perpetual energy which sustains all animal life. It is the source from which springs the bubbling spirit of joy in young manhood. It is the vital element which keeps up the nerve force in old men to a good old age. When the body is charged with it the vital powers are strong. Confidence flashes from the eye and the step is firm. Without it—well, how is it with you? Are you weak, gloomy, wanting physical and brain force? If you are weak you should begin at once using this amous appliance for weak men.

Why Not Be Strong?



This Gives Strength.

This appliance is the result of twenty years of close study, anp contains all the recent improvements known to science. It is, in fact, a perfect battery made in the form of a belt, to be worn on the body while the patient rests.

ARE YOU NOT TIRED OF USELESS DRUGGING?

No doubt you have tried medicines and failed. Why not try Nature's own remedy in this simple but thoroughly scientific way? Improved Electric Suspensory Free with all Belts.

IT CURES YOU WHILE YOU SLEEP.

The electric current from this belt is felt as soon as it touches the body. This is warranted under a forfeit of $5,000. It can be regulated to any power required, while the belt is on the body, and is worn while you sleep without the slightest trouble.

"THREE CLASSES OF MEN"

is the title of a neat illustrated pocket volume I have just issued, exclusively for men. It gives in plain language the effects following youthful indiscretion and later excesses, as Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Drains and Losses, Varicocele and Atrophy, or undevelopment, also Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Kidney Troubles, etc., and points out an easy and sure cure at home WITHOUT DRUGS OR MEDICINES. It also gives a truthful resume of my thirty years' wonderful success with my Electric Belts in these cases, and every young, middle-aged or old man suffering the slightest weakness should read it and know exactly where he stands. It is sent free, sealed, by mail upon request.

DR. SANDEN, 156 St. James St., Montreal.

Office Hours—9 to 6, Sundays, 11 to 1

SOUVENIR OF THE JUBILEE

One of the Finest Souvenirs of the Queen's Jubilee is

THE JUBILEE RUG

Offered to the public by the proprietors of the Merrill's Carpet Store, 1661 Notre Dame.

The Jubilee Rug Measures 56 inches by 26. It is made of Axminster Carpet. In the center there is the royal arms and in its four corners the coats of arms of Canada, India, Cape and Australia. It is sold for $2.50 only.

The proprietors of the Merrill's Carpet Store take pleasure in showing them to visitors whether they buy or not.

DON'T FORGET THE ADDRESS—

Merrill's Carpet Store,

1661 - NOTRE DAME STREET - 1661

Robillard & Co. - - - - - - - - - Proprietors.

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RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SUNDAY SUBURBAN SERVICE

Special train leaves **Windsor Station** at 10.00 a.m. on Sundays for Pointe Fortune, Vaudreuil, Hudson and intermediate stations. Returning arrives Windsor Station, at 9.25 p.m.

Special train leaves **Dalhousie Square** on Sundays at 9.15 a.m. for **St. Jerome, St. Rose and Intermediate Stations.**

Returning arrives Dalhousie Square at 9.45 p.m

QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

SINGLE FARE.

Good going June 21st and 22nd, good returning until June 23rd, 1897.

DOMINIO DAY.

Rates and Tickets on application.

New Route to Caledonia Springs

Montreal—Lachine, Chateauguay & Waterloo.

A special train will leave Windsor Street Station at 2 p.m. on Saturdays for Waterloo and intermediate stations. Returning, will leave Waterloo at 6.30 a.m. Mondays until September 13, 1897, via Sutton Junction.

CITY TICKET AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE, **129 St. James St., next to Post Office.**

JUBILEE

Clothing Buyers will do well to call at our establishment before making their purchases. We are certainly the largest Clothing Dealers in the City and the cheapest as well. The Variety of goods for men and boys is so vast that you cannot help been properly suited. A few of our many Jubilee bargains are worth calling your attention to. We have 500 pairs of Men's Pants worth from $2 to $3, which we offer all through the coming week for 98 cents.

350 men's suits worth from $7 to $12, choice of any in the whole Lot at $4.78; over 300 Boys' 3 piece suits, any one of which is cheap at $3.50 to $4.50, during this the greatest holiday week of the century $2.79. No less than 700 children's suits, ages 4 to 12, in 2 pieces sold heretofore at $3 to $4, now for $1.79.

1000 Blouse Suits worth $1.50, for 98 cents besides novelties of all kinds, many of which you will see displayed in our windows, with prices marked in plain figures.

Keep in sight the fact that we are manufacturers and that you buy from first hands if you come to us.

We will keep open Evenings until 10 p. m. during holiday week.

Workman's

Mammoth Clothing House

1888 and 1890

NOTRE DAME STREET,

Adjoining the Balmoral and Cadillac Hotels.

MARK WORKMAN, Proprietor.

PATENTS.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Send a stamp for our beautiful book "How to get a Patent", "What profitable to invent," and "Prizes on Patents". Advice free. Fees moderate MARION & MARION, EXPERTS, Temple Building, 185 St James St., Montreal. The only firm of Graduate Engineers in the Dominion transacting patent business exclusively

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FIGURE IT OUT . . .

American Machines $120.00
Empire - - - - - - 35 00

A SAVING of $85 00 BY PURCHASING AN

EMPIRE TYPEWRITER

Superior in many features. Simplicity, Durability, Visible Writing, Strength. Universal Keyboard.

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The Bishop Engraving and Printing Co., 169 St. James St., Mrs. Bullock, (Shorthand Institute), 97a Temple Bld'g, 181 St. James St., and R. W. Kerr, 2230 St. Catherine St.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal.—Circuit Court.—No. 4025.—Narcisse Pageau, plaintiff, vs. Maria Guindon and vir, defendant. On the twenty-eighth day of June instant, 1897, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the place of business of said defendant, No. 145 Plessis street, in the city of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of carts, express, and carriages, etc., etc. Conditions cash. Alph. St. George, B.S.C. Montreal, June 18th, 1897.

ELM MARKET, WESTMOUNT, 4151 St. Catherine Street, Corner Elm Ave.

W. H. KENWOOD.

The Old Reliable Family Meat Market. All kinds of Choice Meats, Poultry, Game, etc., on hand. Delivery everywhere. Table delicacies of all descriptions a specialty. Poultry and fish cleaned and delivered free. Bell Telephone 4857. Everything in season.

RAILROADS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

1897--DOMINION DAY--1897

First-Class Return Tickets will be issued —at— SINGLE FARE

On June 30th and July 1st, 1897, valid for return leaving destination not later than July 2nd, 1897; and on same dates at FARE AND ONE-THIRD,

Valid for return leaving destination not later than July 5th, 1897.

DOMINION DAY EXCURSIONS.

Shamrock Lacrosse Club to Cornwall and return..... $1 25
Special train at 10 a.m., returning leaves Cornwall at 7 p.m.

St. Anthony's C.Y.M. Society, to Iberville and return..... 60c
Special trains at 9.30 a.m. and 1.35 p.m., returning leave Iberville at 6 p.m.

St. Mary's Court, C.O.F., to Otterburn Park and return..... 60c
Special trains at 9.45 a.m. and 1.30 p.m., returning leave Park at 6 p.m.

Clan Maclennan, No. 46, to Ormstown and return..... 80c
Special train at 8.30 a.m., returning leaves Ormstown at 5 p.m.

Oddfellows, to Highgate Springs and return..... $1.00
Special trains leave at 9 a.m., returning leaves Springs at 5.30 p.m.

St. Gabriel T. A. & B. Society to Burlington and return..... $1.35
Special train at 8.15 a.m., returning steamer leaves Burlington at 5 p.m.

Royal Arcanum, Laurentian Council, to Ausable Chasm and return..... $1.50
Special train at 8.10 a.m., returning leaves Ausable Chasm at 4.30 p.m.

A. O. U. W., to St. Hyacinthe and return..... 75c
Special trains at 8.50 a.m. and 1 p.m., returning leaves St. Hyacinthe at 6 p.m.

St. Anne's and return by steamer.... 80c
Lachine and return by steamer..... 50c

C. W. A. Meet at Chatham, Ont.
For the above meet round trip tickets will be sold at reduced rates.
From Kingston and all stations west thereof tickets good going June 30th and July 1st.
From all stations east of Kingston tickets good going June 29th and 30th and July 1st.
All tickets good to return, leaving Chatham until July 5th, 1897.

To Racers—Special rates and limits. For full particulars as to rates, etc, apply to any G.T.R. agent.

SUNDAY SERVICE FROM MONTREAL.

June 17th.

7.50 a.m. for St. Hyacinthe and Quebec.
9.00 a.m. for Toronto.
9.30 a.m. Sub. for all stations to Vaudreuil.
1.30 p.m. Sub. for Lachine and all stations to Vaudreuil.
4.55 p.m. for Ottawa.
7.00 p.m. for New York via D. & H.
7.10 p.m. for New York via C.V.R.
8.00 p.m. for Toronto.
8.25 p.m. for Boston and New York.
9.00 p.m. Sub. for Rockfield and all stations to Vaudreuil.

VAUDREUIL TO MONTREAL.

6.31 a.m. for St. Anne's and Montreal; arrive 7.15 a.m.
10.55 a.m. all stations to Dominion; arrive Montreal 11.50 a.m.
10.49 a.m. for St. Anne's, Pt. Claire, Dorval and Lachine; arrive Montreal 11.30 a.m.
5.43 p.m. for St. Anns', Pt. Claire, Valois, Dorval, Lachine, Dominion; arrive Montreal 6.30 p.m.
7.12 p.m. for all stations to Dominion; arrive Montreal 10.55 p.m.
A train leaves St. Hyacinthe at 5.30 p.m. and arrives Montreal 6.50 p.m.

Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

Reduced rates between all stations in Canada.

City Ticket Offices—137 St. James street and Bonaventure Station.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 12th October, 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

Leave Montreal by Grand Trunk Railway, from Bonaventure Street Depot 8.00
Leave Montreal by Canadian Pacific Railway, from Windsor Street Depot, except Saturday 19.50
Leave Levis 14.30
Arrive Riviere du Loup 17.50
Arrive Trois Pistoles 18.50
Arrive Rimouski 20.25
Arrive Ste. Flavie 21.00
Arrive Little Metis 21.23
Arrive Campbellton 24.30
Arrive Dalhousie 1.55
Arrive Bathurst 2.36
Arrive Newcastle 4.00
Arrive Moncton 6.30 15.50
Arrive St. John 10 30 13 00
Arrive Halifax 13.30 22.15

The trains to Halifax and St. John run through to their destinations on Sunday.

The Buffet Sleeping Car and other cars of express train leaving Montreal at 8.00 o'clock run through to Halifax without change.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Montreal and Halifax, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

Through tickets may be obtained via rail and steamer to all points on the Lower St. Lawrence and in the Maritime Provinces.

For tickets and all information in regard to passenger fares, rates of freight, train arrangement, etc., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON,
Eastern Freight and Passenger Agent, 128 St. James Street, Montreal.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N.B.
8th October, 1896.

WANTED

Immediately

At Lachine Rapids.

500

LABORERS

WAGES

$1.25 PER DAY.

100 Horses and Carts

WAGES

$1.75 Per Day.

Apply on the Works.

Wm. Davis & Sons.

W. REINHOLD.

Clearmont Farm Dairy,

Fresh Milk, Cream, Buttermilk, Fresh Print Butter, New Laid Eggs, and One Cow's Milk for Delicate Children a Specialty. Delivery free of charge. Orders by mail or telephone promptly attended to.

Sanguinet Street, St. Louis.

Telephone 6668.

PIANOS

WE are about to make extensive alterations in our premises and business, which will necessitate the immediate disposal of our extensive stock of Pianos, Organs and musical merchandise, some $30,000 worth. To close out this stock within the next 60 days we are prepared to quote prices which will make every Instrument offered a veritable bargain. Terms $10 to $25 cash, and $5 to $10 monthly, if desired. Extra special discount for cash. Below we quote a partial list of Pianos, all in warranted playing condition.

SQUARE PIANOS.

Steinway & Sons (Extra fine Piano.)	$225	Steinway & Sons (Cost originally $800.)	$200
Haines Bros.	175	Ernest Gabler	175
Vose & Sons	150	Stanley & Son	150
Mathuschek	125	Vose & Sons	125
Vose & Sons	100	Vose & Sons	90
Hood & Co.	90	Nunns & Clark	85
Pierson & Co.	75	Hood & Co.	75
Dunham & Co.	65	Stodart	50

UPRIGHT PIANOS.

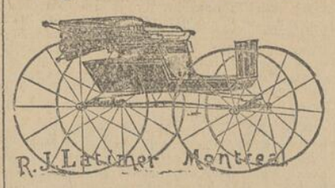
Chickering (Walnut Case)	$250	Chickering (Rosewood)	$250
Heintzman & Co.	185	Heintzman & Co.	190
Haines Bros.	200	Nordheimer	200

On every new Piano in our Warerooms we will make a large and liberal reduction. Terms of payment to suit purchasers. Call, if only to see stock. If out of town write us.

Nordheimers'

213 St. James Street.

Any Chance of Selling You a Buggy?



An Express Wagon, light or heavy. Anything for a horse to draw. We have all kinds in stock. Good goods, low prices, easy terms. Give us a call. You will save money by dealing at

LATIMER'S 592 St. Paul Street

We have a nice stock of harness at very low figures.

SEASON GOODS

Hammocks,

Fishing Tackle,

Ice Cream Freezers

Ohio Wire Doors & Windows

JUST RECEIVED.

NEW STOCK

STAR SAFETY RAZORS.

L. J. A. SURVEYOR,

6 St. Lawrence Main St.

For 40 Years

"THE PEOPLE'S" REFRIGERATOR.

They Speak for themselves.

All Styles,

45 Sizes,

Hard and Soft Woods.

PRICES CUT IN TWO this season.

ONE PROFIT FROM MAKERS TO HOUSEHOLDER

GEORGE W. REED & CO., MANUFACTURERS,

785 Craig street.

LIVERPOOL, LONDON & GLOBE Insurance Company.

Canada Board of Directors:

Edmond J. Barbeau, Esq., - - - Chairman
Wentworth J. Buchanan, Esq., Deputy do
A. F. Gault, Esq. Sam'l Finlay, Esq.
Edward S. Clouston, Esq.

Amount Invested in Canada, $ 1,350,000
Available Assets, - - - $ 53,169,135

MERCANTILE RISKS accepted at lowe urrent rates.

G. F. C. SMITH, Chief Agt. for the Dominion

SUB-AGENTS:
JOHN G. R. DRISCOLL. THOS. HIAM
GEO. R. ROBERTSON & SONS.

Special Agent French Dept.—CYRILLE LAINUR

The Bavarian

LIQUID MALT EXTRACT

—WITH HOPS—

THE NEW NUTRIENT TONIC.

A Genuine Medicinal Preparation — and NOT LAGER BEER in disguise.

The Medical Hall,

COLONIAL HOUSE, Phillips Sq.

Headquarters for Prescriptions.

Gold, Silver and Steel Eye-glasses And Spectacles.

1640-1642 NOTRE DAME ST

CORN ex S. S. ARCADIA.

Sale at Quebec at 3p.m., Monday, June 21st.

We have received instructions to sell for account of "whom it may concern" about 15,000 BUSHELS CORN, slightly damaged, being part of the SS Arcadia's cargo.

The sale will take place at the Canadian Pacific Railway elevator, Quebec.

Terms—Cash.

A. J. MAXHAM & CO., Auctioneers.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Elmire Gervais, spinster, Celina Gervais, wife of Arthur Haywood, and of this last duly authorized to these present, and Delina Gervais, wife of Elie Jodoin, also duly authorized, living all in the city of Nashua, in the New Hampshire State, one of the United States of America, the their quality of presumptive heirs of Julie Gervais, wife of Joseph Chabot, and from this last separated from bed and board, and both absentees from this Province, will present to the Superior Court, sitting in and for the district of Montreal, a petition to be sent in possession, conjointly with their co-heirs, viz.: Gideon Gervais, laborer, of Montreal; Rosanna Gervais, spinster, of Montreal; and Francois Xavier Gervais, son, of the parish of St. Hughes, in the district of St. Hyacinthe, of the properties of said Julie Gervais, at the opening of said court, on the fourteenth of September next, 1897, at the Justice Palace, in Montreal, and all persons who have, or may have, some right to exercise against the said Julie Gervais are required to present his claim before the said court, on or before the day of the presentation of this petition. Montreal, 17th June, 1897. Bergeron & Cousineau, attorneys for said petitioners.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal.—Circuit Court of the District of Montreal, No. 3531.—Edward Goyer, of the parish of St. Laurent, district of Montreal, merchant, plaintiff, vs. Dame Philomene Charlebois, of Montreal, widow of the late Thomas Binette, in his lifetime farmer, of St. Joseph du Lac, district of Terrebonne, in her quality of tutrix to her minor children born of her marriage with the said Thomas Binette, defendant, and Gervais Cosineau, of the said parish of St. Laurent, farmer, tiers saisi. The defendant is ordered to appear within two months. Montreal, 14th June, 1897. By order. J. aCrtier, deputy clerk C.C.

The Herald.

FOUNDED 1808.

DAILY EDITION:

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603 Craig Street, Montreal.

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REPRESENTATIVE IN QUEBEC AND LEVIS—E. E Cinq-Mars.

AGENT IN OTTAWA—For subscriptions and advertising, T. A. BURNS, 565 Sussex Street.

WEEKLY EDITION—A commercial and family newspaper. 75 cents per year.

UNION LABEL

MONTREAL, JUNE 19, 1897.

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Readers of The Herald going out of town for the summer may have the paper sent to any address in Canada or the United States for twenty-five cents a month.

Leave order at office, or with any newsdealer.

WHEN HE GETS TIME.

Mr. Atwater, ex-treasurer of the Province, has returned to the city after an absence during which certain statements were published which have impugned very seriously his political reputation. His only public utterance upon these statements was made to The Herald Thursday when he was asked whether he had anything to say, and replied that he had not had time to read the papers.

This reply suggests the thought that Mr. Atwater is less candid than we might expect of an ex-minister of the Crown. He might have refused to discuss the subject or he might have said he had not time to discuss it, just then. But it is scarcely reasonable that even so old a politician as the ex-treasurer, with his two or three years wear and tear in office, can, as his reply would indicate, have become so calloused to the publication of a sequence of circumstances which reflect so seriously upon him.

What are these circumstances?

In May 1896 Mr. Atwater issued 3½ per cent. 40 year bonds of the Province to the amount of three million dollars, in round figures. He sold them for 105 and took vast credit to the Government for that high price. Six months or so later he passed through the legislature a bill empowering him to convert the bonded debt of the Province to a 3 per cent. basis. The argument which he made in behalf of this measure was the only argument which can be made for the conversion of a debt. The policy of conversion is not a new one nor peculiar to Government indebtedness. It is practiced also in connection with large railway and commercial corporations. Always it is advocated upon the ground that the holder of a bond about to mature will be anxious to exchange it for a longer-dated bond, and will therefore give a shade more for the new bond, and take a shade less for the old one, in order to make the exchange. This was the ground upon which Mr. Atwater obtained from the Legislature the power to convert. He continually referred in his speeches to the bonds which will fall due within the next few years; these were what he was anxious, he said to convert. Never once did he speak of converting the bonds issued in May, 1896; it would have been too absurd. What, therefore, is the surprise of everybody at discovering, since Mr. Atwater left the Treasury Department, that the only bonds which he did actually convert—the only ones which he arranged, definitely, to convert were those of that issue of May, 1896. The extent, therefore, of his conversion was to substitute bonds due thirty-nine years hence for others due forty years hence. Where, in this, is the much-talked-of opportunity for bargain-driving? How much would the holders of bonds due thirty-nine years hence shave off their value for the sake of getting a bond due forty years hence? The truth is that the Province got the worst of the exchange on both sides of the deal. Mr. Atwater actually bought back the 3½ per cent. bonds of May, 1896, for 115.66—5.66 more than he had sold them for eleven months before; and he actually sold the new three per cent. bonds at ninety or three and a half per cent. less than the price at which their purchaser immediately proceeded to re-sell them.

Is this the measure of Mr. Atwater's business ability? Or is it the measure of his political necessities—the elections being upon the Government? Did his own re-election as well as the elections in other constituencies prevent him from making a bargain that would be better for the Provincial Treasury? Has Mr. Atwater not time to read about all this? Has he not time to attend to his political reputation?

These are not our statements; they are the official statements. Even if he has not read them in the papers he is still, we are sure, quite familiar with them. And won't he tell the tax-payers of the Province, who must pay that $154,000 difference between the sale of bonds at 105 and their re-purchase at 115.66, how it was possible for him to get hold of that whole issue of May, 1896, en bloc, when he wished to re-purchase it? Surely he will try to find time to tell the Province, whose trust he has abused, something about that extraordinary conversion?

POEM BY DR. DRUMMOND.

The Herald considers itself fortunate in being the medium through which the reading public of Canada is to-day presented with a new poem by Dr. W. H. Drummond. The title "The Habitant's Jubilee Ode," explains the motive of the poem and indicates its appropriateness to the time. Dr. Drummond has placed in the mouth of the French-Canadian habitant expressions representing what is, no doubt, the dominant feeling of this large class of the population of the Province in regard to the Jubilee. There is no straining to find in the breast of the habitant an exaggerated and unnatural affection for Great Britain, but he is presented as taking a common sense and practical view of the situation and of his relation to the Empire. The two races, in the opinion of Dr. Drummond's habitant, have won the respect of each other by prowess shown in battle, and the "Canadians," since coming under British rule, have found a kind "step-mother" under whose care they are allowed their own laws and the use of their own language. They have been treated as liberally as they could expect and therefore why should they not rejoice on these days of Jubilee?

Dr. Drummond has clothed these thoughts in appropriate garb and the Habitant's Jubilee Ode will certainly be accepted as one of the best contributions by Canadian writers to the literature of the Jubilee.

In our issue of the 9th and 10th March last, we published under the heading of "Scandal in Laval," 'A clever political scheme," two articles, exposing what we there termed "an audacious attempt to stuff he electoral list," and to "trick the electors of this country." In these articles we have referred to Mr. J. T. Cardina, advocate of the City, as being interested in the scheme in question. After enquiry we are pleased to say that we were misinformed, and that the purchase of lots made by Mr. Cardinal in St. Vincent de Paul was a regular transaction in the ordinary course of business.

An Unclaimed Freight Sale.

Freight sheds are not cool places at the best of times, but yesterday morning the Grand Trunk shed on Mountain street was like the inner chamber of a Turkish bath. It was stuffy and unwholesome, for it was filled with people most of whom do not bathe. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to discover this. They pressed in a dense mass round Thomas J. Potter, auctioneer, and he, poor man, stood as high up as he could while he disposed of the unclaimed freight and baggage which has accumulated during the past year. The great proportion of the bidders were of Hebraic cast of feature. They eyed one another narrowly, and anxiously. They bid cautiously and sparingly. Some, with lips pursed and fingers nervously intertwining, were plainly as much excited as the average man is at a horse race, and their disappointment at losing a bargain—save the mark!—was keen as though thousands were involved.

And what an amazing lot of rubbish most of the stuff was! Of course there were things of use, but these, to the casual eye at any rate, were few indeed. Never did raven gather so foolish a hoard as that upon which Mr. Potter exhausted his eloquence this morning. A piece of rubber hose, a box of empty snuff kegs, an empty oil case, a car seat back, a block of granite, a broken grindstone, a case of fly-paper, pieces of an old horse rake, a bag of cement which had been wet through, empty tubs, empty bottles, empty barrels, empty pails, empty bags, a bundle of bed slats, two cradle ends, a box of rat traps, a broken gas stove, a waggon body, two yeast cakes, boxes of iron castings, a barrel of tea sweepings—these are a few lots selected at random from a hundred and fifty or so, and every lot found a buyer.

"Now, here's a good thing," said the versatile auctioneer, holding up a frame with several barbed wires strung across it, "lot 42, one sample wire fencing. How much am I offered for it? A splendid thing for keeping the baby from tumbling down stairs. How much am I offered?"

The Jews were coy. They didn't seem to care a merry rap whether the baby fell down stairs or not, but a fond father on the outskirts of the sweating group was more solicitous of the child's welfare.

"Ten cents," he said.

"Ten cents I'm offered," repeated Mr. Potter, mechanically. "Going at ten cents! Gone!" and then when the fond parent found himself in possession of his bargain he realized that the baby in one day would scrape enough of his hide off on the barbed wire gate to make a small valise, he decided to let the kid fall down stairs if it wanted to.

But all the lots were not like this. There was lot 93, for instance, briefly catalogued as "1 barrel spirits." There was no hint as to what the barrel contained, as the marks had been carefully obliterated. It was a thirty gallon barrel, and the weight showed it to be full or nearly so.

The bidding started at a dollar, and ran briskly up to ten. Then the bids became scattered. Up it went by 50 cents and then by 25 cents bids to fifteen dollars. All had dropped out now but an old lady with a wonderful brogue and a man in very dirty clothes. The old lady came out triumphant, and the barrel of spirits was hers for $20 flat.

"That's the best bargain this morning," whispered a man who should know to me. "That barrel is full of high wines, worth $4 a gallon. I guess the old lady had an inside tip."

Omar Khayyam's wonderment as to "what the vintners buy one half so precious as the stuff they sell" was suggested by most of the goods disposed of. The wonder in this case was, however, how on earth the dealers can sell stuff one-half as rotten as the stuff they buy. Looking curiously at the scene stood a customs' house man, who, by the way, is well-known in the lacrosse world.

"To whom do these people sell all the things they're buying?" I asked.

"I give it up,' he answered, "it's always been a mystery to me. Look at that old man over there, he's got the most remarkable collection of stuff I ever saw, but he's never satisfied except when he's buying some more rubbish."

He indicated an old man dressed in dingy black, who, standing on a keg of nails, was making desperate advances of ten cents at a time in order to get a frowsy-looking bundle of bedding.

"He has a place off St. Antoine street simply chock full of all sorts of stuff," continued my informant. "I went up there one day, and was simply astounded. He has old engines and old boilers, sewing machines that are years out of date, furniture, stoves, piles of scrap iron, a pile of clocks about ten feet high, and, oh, I don't know what else. He's got a place about as big as Sohmer Park full of the worst lot of stuff I ever saw. I asked him what he did with it, and he told me that he knew where he could place every bit of it, but," added my friend in a burst of confidence, "I think he was a liar."

The element of uncertainty does not enter into the contest for possession of unclaimed freight. It is the sale of the baggage that brings the true speculator to the front.

There was something pathetic about those piles of unowned trunks, valises and bundles, with their lot numbers chalked on them. Somehow or other, it suggested a morgue, and one could imagine an adjoining room with stark, magnied corpses awaiting identification by means of what baggage was left. Of course, the idea is not very coherent, but there is something gruesome and uncanny about this buying of dead people's things, for it is safe to assume that many of the trunks and valises were owned by men or women who are food for worms now. Trunks there were of all shapes and sizes, from the humble, well-roped box of the immigrant to the lordly Saratoga which my lady takes to the seaside. Portmanteaus there were, hat-boxes there were, and valises galore. Umbrellas were done up in bundles of a dozen, and of these bundles there were fifteen or sixteen. There were kits of tools, camp beds, guns and a bundle of hockey sticks, which, perhaps, some team, disgusted after defeat, had allowed to go into quod. Even a baby carriage filled with an assortment of tiny clothes had found its way to this place. As the auctioneer reached these things the fun began, fun which was somewhat lessened by the order of the company which forbids the opening of the trunks in the shed. Buyers had to take home their purchases to learn what sore of pig it was they got in their poke. Bit by bit the pile of stuff disappeared. Some people may have got bargains, but it is very certain that many more did not.

"Well," said a railroad man, "at one sale like this I know a man who bought an old battered trunk for $4.50, and when he opened it he found it full of old silver, nearly $350 worth in all. I bought a tea service of him myself for $40, and got it cheap at that. But you don't get silverware in every trunk you buy on spec."

REV. DR. MOORE.
Moderator of the Presyterian Assembly.

IN PUBLIC ESTIMATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND HAS AN EXALTED POSITION.

It Cures Have Made It Popular in Every Home.

The tone, character and quality of the testimony published in favor of Paine's Celery Compound has firmly established its position in the homes of all intelligent and thoughtful Canadian people.

Paine's Celery Compound has always appealed to the people with honest statements and solid facts. Some doubters—with honest purpose—have taken the trouble to write to, and in many cases have interviewed, the writers of published testimonials, and in every instance have been convinced that Paine's Celery Compound effected cures that were wonderful and marvellous.

Paine's Celery Compound claims a field not filled by any other medicine known to medical science. It is the medicine on which the poor disappointed sufferer may rely after all other medicines have failed to cure; it is the only saver even after the dread word "incurable" has been uttered by the physician.

To the weak, debilitated, nervous, broken-down and despondent, Paine's Celery Compound gives a fresh and joyous existence. It quickly imparts nerve power, strength and buoyancy of spirits, and gives a fresh lease of life. Try it, sick one; one bottle will convince you that you have laid hold of a true life-giver.

THE BOSTON CITY SEIZED.

Carl Becherer and Franz Loos, doing business in this city under the style of "Becherer & Loos," took a "Saisie Conservatoire" against the American Packet Company and the captain of the vessel Boston City. The company had entered upon a contract with plaintiff for the transportation of goods. Three cases of knives were shipped lately on board the Boston City and during the voyage one case was opened and 132 dozen of knives disappeared, causing a loss to plaintiff of $191. Judge Curran allowed the vessel to leave this morning, but the company had to give security of $191.

"SHOOT THE RAPIDS."

Take Park and Island cars for Lachine wharf. Last Cars connecting with boats leave Post Office 7.40 a.m. and 4.25 p.m. Sundays, 2.45 p.m. only.

VICTORIAN ORDERSUBSCSIPTIONS

An executive committee having been formed in Montreal for the purpose of collecting funds for the Victorian Order of Nurses, all collections made in Montreal should be sent to Mr. A. M. Crombie, President of the Bank of Commerce, who has consented to act hon. treasurer. All other communications to be addressed to the hon. secretary, Prof. Bovey.

GET THE FRESH AIR.

Mr. Fred Catudal is to formally open his summer gardens at Notre Dame de Grace on Tuesday night. The grounds are beautifully laid out and there is provision for hundreds of guests. The Sunday afternoon receptions will be a feature hitherto unknown in Canada. A very high "look out" has been built from which all Montreal can be seen. Catudal's is only a few minutes walk from the cars and is a delightful bicycle ride.

FORCED TO RETRACT.

A few days ago, Mr. L. W. Demers, advocate, of this city, published a letter in the "Daily Record," accusing the lawyers of practising delays in bringing on cases, as a general rule. Mr. Arthur Globensky summoned him to appear before the Council of the Bar, where he was ordered to prove his allegations; and on his being unable to do so, he was told to retract, which he did yesterday morning in the same paper.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

Let us quote you prices and show you some of the latest ideas in fine Scotch tweeds, for summer wear. I guarantee to satisfy the most exacting customer in the way of fit. I personally fit all garments purchased out of my store. How about that spring overcoat? I have a complete stock of overcoatings at the lowest prices. C. W. Mayotte, Notre Dame Street.

HOW IS THIS?

Dr: Laberge and Mr. Haines were at the City Hall yesterday and complained to the City Clerk that their names had been used as among the plaintiffs in the recent seizure of the City Hall, when they had given no authority to have them so used. Mr. Roy, the city attorney was also seen and he declares that he has found quite a number of similar cases.

The offices of the Lindeman Truss, are removed from Canada Life to 12 McGill College Avenue. 'Phone, 4402. Personal attention given, and every case guaranteed.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Miss Lottie Langdote took an action for damages against Wm. Lloyd for breach of promise. Judge Loranger yesterday granted $400 damages, defendant having neglected to file an appearance.

Coleman's Celebrated DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM SALT

PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED

CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION

CLINTON, ONT. 6

Amherst Park.

A few of the numerous inducements offered to purchasers of lots at

Amherst Park...

Low Prices. Easy Terms. Clear Title Deeds.
High Grounds, Wide Streets.
Salubrious Locality,
Sidewalks laid down, Trees Planted.

Proximity of Churches, Schools and Electric Cars, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Invest in One or More Lots before prices are higher.

See the Lately Opened Sherbrooke Avenue.

Take the St. Denis and St. Henry Cars, visit the park and judge for yourselves.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned at Head Office.

GOOD BUILDING SAND FOR SALE.

145 ST. JAMES STREET.

C. C. E. BOUTHILLIER, Sec.-Treas.

TELEPHONE 2618.

Something Up-to-Date

If you require anything in the way of a Trunk, Valise, Travelling Bag, Hand Bag, Hat Box, or almost anything made in leather, drop in and see our stock. It is new. It is complete. It is up-to-date. Our custom extends into the best families in Canada. No other house can compete with us in the way of prices.

Geo. Barrington, Sons & Co.,

1753 Notre Dame Street.

Next Door to Morton, Phillips & Co.

Jubilee Pianos

Piano Manufacturers to Her Majesty the Queen of England.

The following is a copy of the letter advising the selection of one of our Pianos:

Gentlemen:—

I am pleased to nfom you that Her Majesty the Queen has chosen one of your pianos for Windsor Castle. The selection was made by Mr. Dyson, of Messrs. Dyson & Sons, Windsor, specially appointed tuner to the Queen, their Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany. Yours truly,

(Signed), H. H. PELLOW.

WILLIS & CO., 1884 Notre Dame Street, (Near McGill Street), MONTREAL,

Sole Agents for the KNABE, BELL and WILLIAMS PIANOS.

"STOWER'S" LIME JUICE CORDIAL

"Is an honest production from natural fruit. As a drink it is delicious—in the sick chamber it is of great value; nothing of its class comes near it." Thus writes Dr. King, an eminent English physician and medical officer of health.

All grocers sell it.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO.,

MONTREAL.

General Agents for the Dominion.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Aids Digestion.

Some dealers try to palm off imitations to obtain a big profit. See that the trade mark name "Tutti Frutti" is on each 5c. package. Save coupons for latest books and prizes.

The Cooked Meat Store,

579 Wellington Street, Pt. St. Charles. (Right at the Subway.)

is re-opened for the Sale of Choice Cooked Meats, Confectionery, Home-made Bread, Pastry, Pies, etc. Pic-nic Baskets will be one of our specialties. A Lunch Room in connection. Please favor us with a call.

1,000 ISLANDS Most charming Resort

Island View House

Now open. Telegraph and telephone communication. For terms apply to THEODORE LEAR, Prop.

Rockport, Ont.

AUCTION SALE OF Timber Berths.

Department of Crown Lands,
(Woods and Forests Branch).
Toronto, June 2nd, 1897.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT under authority of Orders-in-Council, Timber Berths as hereunder mentioned in the NIPISSING, ALGOMA, and RAINY RIVER DISTRICTS, viz.:—the Townships of Rathbun, Kelly, Davis, the North half of Scadding and that part of Hanmer South of the Vermillion River, all in the District of Nipissing; the Township of Coffin additional, and certain small areas on the Spanish and Biscotasing waters in the District of Algoma; and berths 36 and 37 sale of 1892, D 3, D 4, D 5, D 6, on Manitou Lake, and certain small scattered areas in the District of Rainy River, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE o'clock p.m., on WEDNESDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of AUGUST next.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa and Rat Portage.

J. M. GIBSON,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

N.B.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

DRINKING IS NOT A BAD HABIT

That is if you drink water purified by

Price's Charcoal Filters

The greatest boon to your family. Call and see them.

THE G. R. LOCKER CO.,

1749 Notre Dame Street.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

Tenders for Stables.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Stables," for the construction of stables for the Scavenging Department on the "Amos property," belonging to the city and situated in St. Denis Ward, according to the plans and specifications to be seen in the office of the architect, L. R. Montbriand, No. 230 St. Andre street, will be received at the office of the undersigned, up to noon on TUESDAY, the 29th instant.

Separate tenders must be given for bricked and unbricked buildings; and the structures must be completed not later than the 1st of September, 1897.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

L. O. DAVID, City Clerk.

City Clerk's Office,
City Hall,
Montreal, 17th June, 1897.

OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION,

Daily Excursion to

CARILLON $1.00.

Jubilee Excursion to

OTTAWA $2.00.

Tickets good from 18th to 23rd.

Ticket Offices:—

137, 138, 178 St. James Street, Windsor & Balmoral Hotels, Bonaventure Depot,

Head Office:—

165 COMMON STREET,

Canal Basin.

ROAD DEPARTMENT.

Tenders for the Supply of Coal for 1897.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Road Committee, and deposited in the office of the City Clerk, will be received up to twelve o'clock noon, on FRIDAY, the 26th day of June, 1897, for the supply and delivery of coal required by the Road Committee during the year 1897.

Specifications and forms of tender, together with all information, can be had at the office of the undersigned City Surveyor, in the City Hall.

No tender will be entertained unless submitted on the said forms.

The tenderers must furnish samples, otherwise tenders will not be entertained.

The Road Committee reserves the right to reject the lowest or any tender.

PERCIVAL W. ST. GEORGE,
City Surveyor.

City Surveyor's Office,
City Hall,
Montreal, June 16th, 1897.

The First INSPECTION.

Of the Karn Piano will show what they really are, and the first chord struck will tell the inexperienced ear what music really is. We have a very liberal term of payment that places a good piano within the reach of all.

MONTREAL BRANCH:

D. W. KARN & CO.,

2344 St. Catherine St.

Jubilee Fires

Should by all means be avoided. The Chemical Compartment Fire Pails are a perfect Chemical Fire Engine; easy to operate, effective. Just the thing to have handy during the illumination.

COST, ALL LOADED, $1.50.

John Martin, Sons & Co.,

GENERAL OUT-FITTERS,

455 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Telephone 1193.

Our Motto

Good goods, Careful delivery, prompt attention. Give us a trial.

MURPHY BROS.,

GROCERS.

509 St. James Street.

OPPOSITE G. T. R. DEPOT.

MESNARD & DAOUST,
Architects,
Members P. Q. A. A.
103 St Francois Xavier St.
Corner Notre Dame. Montreal
Telephone, Bell: 2452.

Notice to Consignees.

The Allans' SS. Sarmatian, Johnston, master, from Glasgow, is entered at Customs. Consignees will please pass their entries without delay.

H. & A. ALLAN,
Agents.

Notice to Consignees

The Dominion Line (Elder, Dempster & Co.) SS. Memnon, Bales, master, from Bristol, is entered at Customs. Consignees will please pass their entries without delay.

ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO.,
Agents.

AMUSEMENTS.

QUEEN'S

Matinees: Wednesday, Thursday AND Saturday. One Price 10c

Waite Opera Co.

SUMMER OPERA SEASON.

Nights: 25c All Seats Reserved. One Price

This week—"FRA DIAVOLO."
Next week—"THE 2 VAGABONDS"

THEATRE FRANCAIS

W. E. Phillips, Lessee & Manager.

Matinees Daily except Wednesday and Friday

LAST TIMES OF

Ten Nights in a Bar-Room

and Six Big Vaudeville Acts.

NEXT WEEK—E. M. and Joseph Holland's Great Success,

A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN

For the first time at popular prices, and WILLIS P. SWEATNAM, the famous Minstrel.

Prices 10c, 20c and 25c. Telephone 6616.

THEATRE ROYAL,

SPARROW & JACOBS MANAGERS

ALL THIS WEEK, Starting JUNE 14th, Matinee daily.

THE TRIALTY SPECIALTY CO.

AND THE GREAT

PUGILISTIC CONTEST,

14 Rounds by the Wonderful Motograph.

Matinee Prices 10 and 20 Evenings Reserved 10c Extra

COMING—A Big Surprise.

1837—QUEEN'S JUBILEE—1897

A Fascinating Attraction!

World's Photographic Marvel

LUMIERE'S

CINEMATOGRAPHE

of Lyons, France.

Motion Photographed "Next to life itself."

HAS NO RIVAL!

Daily Continuous Performances—Afternoon and Evening, at the

PALACE THEATRE,

78 and 80 St. Lawrence Street.

10c—Admission—10c. Come and you will be amazed. Change of Views weekly.

SOHMER PARK.

Every Afternoon, 3. Evening at 8.

THIS WEEK—First time in Canada of

PRINCE AKIMOTO'S

ROYAL YEDO JAPANESE TROUPE

Other great attractions. An entire new bill.

Admission as usual, 10 cents.

Bicycles checked.

Next Week—The wonders—The Rossows.

BOUT DE L'ILE PARK

At the eastern end of the Island

Commonly known as Cushing's Grove,

Is only reached by means of the Belt Line Electric Railway. A fifteen minutes' service is given every afternoon.

Take the Notre Dame or St. Catherine street cars, and transfer at La Salle Avenue, Maisonneuve.

I. O. F.

All the members of the Independent Order of Foresters are requested to take part in the Jubilee Procession in a body on Monday next, the 21st instant, with their banners and regalia, and the Royal Foresters in full dress uniform. The point of meeting will be St. Louis Square, on St. Denis Street, above Sherbrooke, at 8 o'clock a.m. sharp.

F. S. MACKAY,
High Chief Ranger.

A. Frank Ibbotson, L.D.S.

Surgeon Dentist,

176 Bleury St., corner St. Catherine

Office phone, 3889. Residence phone, 3046.

HIGHLANDERS and LOWLANDERS

Shoulder to Shoulder.

The members of the St. Andrew's Society, Caledonian Society, Clans Maclennan and Gordon, Montreal Highland Society, Sons of Scotland and Kilted Sons of Scotia and all Scotchmen and descendants of Scotchmen in the city of Montreal, are requested to muster for the Civic Parade in celebration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee on Monday, 21st June, at 8.30 a.m., at the Mechanics' Institute, No. 204 St. James street.

By order of the Committee.

DONALD MACMASTER,
Pres. of St. Andrew's Society.

S. S. BAIN,
Pres. Caledonian Society.

INDEPENDENT ORDER of ODDFELLOWS

MONTREAL BRANCH.

Every member of our Order in this city is requested to meet at Oddfellows' Chambers, 251 St. James Street, June 21st, at 8 a.m. sharp, to attend the parade in honor of the Diamond Jubilee of Our Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

Regalia—Lodge Badges. Visiting and non-resident members cordially invited to attend.

The Manchester Unity of Oddfellows will take part.

Canton Mount Royal members will attend in full dress uniform.

By order.

JOHN MILLER,
D.D.G.M. No. 1 District.
HENRY L. COHEN,
D.D.G.M. No. 2 District.

Art Association

PHILLIPS SQUARE

GALLERIES OF PAINTINGS.

Open Daily, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

ADMISSION—25 Cents,

Canadian Royal Art Union.

Free Classes in Art

Open October 1.

PUPILS MAY REGISTER at ONCE

Daily Art Distributions.

4 o'clock each Afternoon.

12.30 on Saturday.

238 & 240 St. James St.

PIANO FOR SALE.

A $400 PIANO for sale; never used; can be seen at warerooms. Sold at a sacrifice. Address PIANO, Herald Office.

HOW MONTREAL WILL KEEP THE JUBILEE.

Continued from Page 1.

ENGLISH SECTION.

The societies in the English section will fall in line in the following order:
St. George's Society.
Sons of England.
Irish Societies.
St. Andrew's Society.
Caledonian Society.
Order of Scottish Clans.
Scotia's Kilted Lads.
Highland Society.
German Society.
Scandinavian Society.
Independent Order of Oddfellows.
Manchester Unity of Oddfellows.
Canadian Order of Oddfellaws.
Independent Order of Foresters.
Knights of Pythias.
Temperance Societies.
Citizens.
Veteran Firemen.
Fire Brigade.

ODDFELLOWS' SECTION.

The Manchester Unity of Oddfellows are making preparations for their part in the great parade and will carry with them a handsome silk banner that belonged to a lodge that was instituted at London in the year 1837, the year that Her Majesty was crowned. This banner bears the British Coat of Arms on one side and on the reverse is a full figure of Her Majesty at that time and although sixty years old is in a good state of preservation and will be carried immediately behind their band. They have also several other banners about fifty years of age which will also have a place in their section.

The Grand Marshal of the Montreal District has decided to place the brethren in the following order.

Band.
Banner.
Chapter members in regalia.
Wardens in regalia.
Tylers in regalia.
Banner.
Brethern with aprons and badges.
Past Grands, with aprons and badges.
Banner.
Secretaries in Regalia.
Vice Grands in Regalia.
Noble Grands in Regalia.
Grand Masters in Regalia.
Past District Officers in Regalia.
Present District Officers in Regalia.

The Manchester Unity section will be under control of the District Grand Marshal P.P.G.M. Pratt and will be headed by the fine band of the I.O.O.F. of Farnham, Quebec who have been specially engaged for the parade.

TUESDAY.

THE MILITARY REVIEW.

The grand military review will take place at Logan's Park on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock. The various corps will proceed there independently, and will be formed in three brigades, drawn up in line of quarter columns, facing west. Following will be the order from the right:

First Brigade—Duke of Connaught's Own Canadian Hussars, Montreal Field Battery, Ottawa Field Battery, Naval Brigade of H.M.S. Talbot, Gentleman Cadets of the Royal Military College, Second Regiment of Canadian Artillery.

Second Brigade — Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa, 5th Royal Scots, 53rd Battalion, Sherbrooke; B Company, First Regiment, Vermont National Guards, 6th Fusiliers, 57th Battalion, Peterboro'.

Third Brigade—1st Prince of Wales Rifles, 14th Princess of Wales' Own Rifles, Kingston; 65th Mount Royal Rifles; 43rd Ottawa and Carleton Rifles, 3rd Victoria Rifles.

The first brigade will be commanded by Lieut.-Col. Cole, Garrison Artillery; the second by Lieut.-Col. Strathy, Royal Scots, and the third by Lieut.-Col. T. P. Butler, Prince of Wales.

THE PARADE.

After the review the corps will leave Logan's Park by the Boulevard. They will then proceed as follows: Via Rachel and Amherst streets, along Cherrier and Ernest (north side St. Louis Square), down Laval avenue, along Sherbrooke street, west to Peel, south to Dominion Square, along Dorchester, east down Beaver Hall Hill to St. James street, east to St. Lambert Hill, and thence to Drill Shed.

On arrival at Dominion Square the visiting corps and the corps not located at the Drill Hall will leave the procession and proceed direct to their headquarters.

WESTMOUNT'S SALUTE.

On Tuesday at noon a royal salute of twenty-one guns will be fired by the Second Regiment of Canadian Artillery, at Westmount Park, on the boulevard opposite the St. George's Club house. This will be under the auspices of Westmount Lodge, Sons of England.

From 8 to 11 p.m. the town will be illuminated and pyrotechnic displays will be given on the mountain and in Westmount Park. The illuminations will include bonfires and a lighting up of the park with arc lights and 1,000 Chinese lanterns.

The band of the Victoria Rifles, forty strong, will perform the following programme of music in the park: March, "Coronation," Meyerbeer; overture, "Grand Festival," Leutner; waltz, "Over the Waves," Roses; gavatte, "Au Village," Gillet; selection, "Nabuco No. 2," Verdi; humoresque, "On the Plantation," Puerner; jubilee anthem, "Blessed be the Lord thy God which delighteth in thee to set thee on His throne, to be King for the Lord thy God, because thy God loveth Israel, therefore made He thee King, to do judgment and justice," 2 Chron. ix, 8. Bridge; quartette from "Rigoletto," Verdi; selection, "Pride of Scotland," Round; march, "El Capitan," Sousa.

THE IRISH SOCIETIES.

The Irish societies will parade in the following order:—
Marshal in Chief—Ald. Kinsella.
Jaunting car and Piper.
Young Men's Societies of Different Parishes.
Religious Societies.
English speaking Catholic Citizens.
Band and Banners.
Jaunting car and Orhestra.
Temperance Societies.
Irish Clergy in Carriages.

MERCHANTS' CLERKS WILL ASSIST.

The Union of Retail Merhants' Assistants proposes to take a prominent part in the big procession on Monday. The members of all nationalities and of branches in all parts of the city will meet at the Central Hall 122 St. Denis Sreet at 8 a.m., on Monday with flags and banners, and march to the Champ de Mars.

A large proportion of the retail merchants have signified their intention of giving the clerks every encouragement by closing their stores altogether on this day.

THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY.

Arrangements for the fireworks display on Mount Royal have been completed, and it will take place at 8.30 p.m. on Tuesday.

THURSDAY.

SPECIAL JUBILEE SERVICE.

The Jubilee celebration will last during several days of the week. For Thursday morning next, the directors of the Young Women's Christian Association are arranging for a Jubilee service to be held in the lecture hall of their new building on Dorchester St. Invitations will be sent to all charitable organizations in the city under the supervision of the ladies of Montreal. The service will last a couple of hours, and will be patriotic as well as religious in character.

NOTES.

Every Scandinavian residing in Montreal is earnestly requested to take part in the procession on Monday next, and for that purpose to be at the meeting place, 75 Inspector Street, on Monday morning at 8 o'clock sharp, to receive badges, etc.

One of the finest displays in the line of Jubilee decorations is being made by Mr. William Martin at his restaurant on McGill Street, between St. James and Notre Dame Streets. He has erected a platform in front of his place where an Hungarian Band will be stationed and discourse sweet music. The stand is gorgeously decorated with bunting and electric lights. The same will apply to the interior and exterior of the restaurant. Mr. Martin deserves credit for his public-spirited action.

The young men at 1781½ Bleury Street intend showing their loyalty to Her Most Gracious Majesty by having a red, white and blue streamer stretched across the street with the words in very neat design "God Save Our Queen": also an elaborate display of flags, and the letters V. R. burning in gas. The windows will be illuminated with lanterns, and the display promises to be one of the finest on the street.

Special Notice.

FREE JUBILEE SOUVENIRS.

A beautiful hand-painted novelty, also a piece of music for piano, entitled "March of the Royal Guards," as played by Sousa's band, will be presented free by Mr. W. H. Leach, 49 Metcalfe Street, agent for the celebrated Morris pianos, to all visitors calling Saturday, Monday and Tuesday.

The Stanley House is a favorite resort for bicyclists. Bicycles looked after A spacious lawn and cool balconies where refreshments may be served in comfort. Corner of Windsor and Osborne Streets.

THERE ARE FEW WOMEN

Who are exempt more or less from backache. Their peculiar physical organisation renders them susceptible to this distressing ailment, and the need of some reliable strengthening agent is imperative, Dr. Coderre's Plasters when worn over the afflicted part, will soon relieve all form of back and side ache, and prove an invaluable assistant to those women whose duties will not permit them to enjoy a season of rest. 25 cents.

There are 780 men now employed at the Ladhine Rapids Hydraulic Works. Thursday was pay day and the contractors Messrs. W. Davis & Son, paid out $12,000 in wages.

The most noteworthy window for a Jubilee display is Bannister's, Corner Victoria and St. Catherine Streets, his beautiful collection of portraits of the Royal Family is in itself a study, and besides many other distinguished men. No need to mention his lovely display of Jubilee boots and shoes they are there in great force, and appeal to all who desire the best and most desirable in footwear.

NOTRE DAME ST. DECORATIONS

Notre Dame street does not intend to let the other streets in the city get ahead of them in the way of Jubilee decorations judging from the appearance of Alex. Nelson & Co., 1864 Notre Dame Street, the well known hatters and furriers who have their windows tastefully decorated, and also showing a large British lion mounted on their glass case at their door entrance.

Miss LIZZIE V. DONAHUE

Whose Case Baffled the Physician's Skill.

Restored to Health by DR. CODERRE'S RED PILLS.

The saying that only those who have been ill can thoroughly enjoy the blessings of health, is undoubtedly true.

To undergo physical suffering until existence has become a burden; to note the daily lessening of vital force, seeing naught in life but a helpless season of torture; and then be as it were snatched from the grave, with the full realization of a speedy return to health, must certainly give one a keener sense of the enjoyment of life's blessings, than would have been possible had no previous ailment existed.

This is well illustrated and verifid in the following letter.

MISS LIZZIE V. DONAHUE.

67 Pleasant Street, Lowell, Mass.

Franco-American Chemical Co

Gentleman—For the past two months I have been taking your Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and am so gratified with the result, that I feel that I must write you out of pure joy of heart, with the hope that others may be benefitted in like manner.

For a long time I had been in failing health. There seemed to be a growing lack of vitality. Each day I was painfully conscious that I was growing weaker and weaker, my face was colorless, and my aching head and back rendered life a constant season of torture. At last I was compelled to go to bed and summon a physician. His efforts to restore my health were partially successful, but still there was something about my case that seemed to baffle his skill. At last I was persuaded to try Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and the result has already surpassed all my expectations. I am to-day feeling like a new woman, I shall gladly recommend this remedy at every opportunity, and you have my consent to the publishing of this letter. Respectfully yours. LIZZIE V. DONAHUE.

When suffering humanity is provided with the remedy for its relief, the virtue of which is clearly established as by this excellent testimonial, would it not be strange if many others did not avail themselves of its potency? We want every suffering woman to reflect upon this. We want them to carefully read this lady's letter, for we know that her case is but the duplicate of thousands of others.

In Dr. Coderre's Red Pills is found a reliable and certain remedy for female weakness. It is not a case of try it and see if it will help you, but try it and it will help you.

Our experience in the treatment of this class of disease has not been for naught. We are daily being made aware of the virtues of our remedy, by the willing testimony of glad women, who, however skeptical they might have been, are to-day enthusiastic in their praise of the excellent home treatment afforded by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills.

Further information relative to the diseases of women will be cheerfully furnished by our French Specialist, who will at the same time give you all the necessary advice for home treatment absolute y free. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are for sale everywhere. Price 50c. per box, 6 boxes $2.50, mailed on receipt of price. These pills are sold in boxes only, never in bulk Address FRANCO-AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO., Medical Department. P. O. Box, 2306, Montreal Canada.

...PERSONAL...

CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWING AND DEFORMED NAILS, CALLUS, WARTS, ETC.,

Skilfully Treated Without Pain

R. GOLTMAN, CORN DOCTOR.

2223 St. Catherine St. (opposite Queen's Block.)

Walker's

PURE CANDY

2206 St. Catherine Street,

Second Door East of University.

202 ST. JAMES STREET, and 239 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.

We make our Candy fresh daily as usual. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

Jubilee Neckwear....

We have them in all the latest colors and shapes. Bows, Four-in-hand and Puffs, 25cts, 50cts, 75cts. Also Buttons and ribbon.

See our new Plaid Shirts with separate cuffs, only $1.00.

Have a Look at Our Windows.

BLAIS & LOVE

133 St. Peter Street.

DRUNKENNESS

CURED by BROWN'S SPECIFIC, a secret, safe and positive remedy. No taste, no odor. Can be given without the patient's knowledge. It destroys the diseased appetite for stimulants and restores to the victim his powers of resistance to temptation. Cure guaranteed. Sent by mail. Sold in drug stores. PRICE $1.00. Sample FREE. N. A. MORKILL, 805 DORCHESTER STREET, MONTREAL.

Arrested for Cutting

Norman Macdonald, of Westmount, 4105 St. Catherine Street, has arrested the attention of the Westmount people, by showing that he has the finest assortment of Teas and Coffees, etc., at Cut Prices. Call and investigate for yourselves before buying elsewhere. Store between Elm and Wood Avenues.

These Competitions will be conducted monthly during 1897.

FIRST PRIZES—10 Stearns' Bicycles EACH MONTH.

SECOND PRIZES—25 Gold Watches EACH MONTH.

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the postal wrapper (top left hand corner) with the number of the district competitor lives in. The districts are as follows:

NAME OF DISTRICT.
1 Western Ontario, consisting of Counties York, Simcoe and all Counties W. and S. of these.
2 Eastern Ontario, consisting of Counties Ontario, Muskoka and all Counties E. and N. of these.
3 Province of Quebec.
4 Province of New Brunswick.
5 Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

SEND THIS TOP PORTION

$1,625 Given Away EACH MONTH IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

The bicycles are the celebrated Stearns, manufactured by E. C. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., and Toronto, Ont. Each wheel is guaranteed by the makers, and has complete attachments.

RULES. 1. Every month during 1897. In each of the five districts, prizes will be awarded as follows:

The two competitors who send in the largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Stearns' Bicycle with complete attachments.

The five competitors who send in the next largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Gold Watch, value $25.

2. The competition will close the last day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., as final.

LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO.

Important Announcement

We beg to inform our FRIENDS and the PUBLIC that our Stock of

REFRIGERATORS AND BABY CARRIAGES

Bedroom, Dining Room, Parlor and Library Furniture is now complete.

We respectfully solicit your patronage.

H. A. WILDER & CO.,

234 McGill. - BRANCH : 2415 St. Catherine Street.

MOTHS MUST GO !!

IMPROVED ANTI-MOTH PAPER.

This is the Genuine Moth Paper and has been before the public for 12 years, with increasing favor. See that you get it, for its merited success has brought worthless imitations. 10c per package, 3 for 25c.

Sold Everywhere and Manufactured Only by

REGENT PHARMACAL CO., MONTREAL.

WANTED, HELP.

Reliable man in every locality, local or travelling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment, commission or salary, $65 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars write, "The World Medical Electrical Co.," London, Ont., Canada. 142

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED—At once, a general servant, at 406 St. Antoine Street. 142

DENTISTS.

PERSONAL—Boston Dental Parlors, 1856 Notre Dame Street. Beautiful sets of teeth for ten dollars. Fit and quality guaranteed. Painless extracting a specialty; all charges moderate.

ROOMS TO LET.

Advertisements under this head half a cent a word per insertion. Six insertions for the price of four.

TO LET—Double and single rooms, on bath-room flat, gas, hot and cold water; transients accommodated during Jubilee. 942 Dorchester Street. 145

WELL! WELL! WELL!

Jubilee Day is near at hand, and all those wishing to be "in it" in the way of Foot Wear, can secure some of the choicest of lines from us. We have just received a large stock of beautiful Boots and Shoes, and in order to show my friends that I still intend looking after them as in the past, I am going to sell the following lines as follows: Men's Ox Blood, from $2.50 up; Men's Black Bals, from $1.25 up; Ladies' Tan and Black Shoe, from $1.25 up; Boys' Cast Iron Boots, for which we are gaining a fast reputation, all prices; Children's Chocolate, Black and Tan, all prices. T. FESSENDEN, 4109 St. Catherine Street. Bell Tel. 5036.

Uneasy Rests the Head

that wears a crown may apply to rulers of kingdoms and empires, but not to us. The head that wears one of our gold or porcelain crowns rests in ease and comfort. Don't have your decayed teeth extracted. Modern dental science has devised means by which they can be utilized and new sound teeth placed on them. The process is painless.

J. BARKER VOSBURGH, Dental Surgeon,

2416 St. Catherine St. Tel. 3085

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT, No. 1916.

Dame Ezilda Piche, of the City of Ste. Cunegonde, of Montreal, said District, wife of Joseph Juneau, carriage-maker, of the same place, and duly authorized a ester en justice, Plaintiff, versus the said Joseph Juneau, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this cause to-day.

ST. JULIEN & McCULLY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Montreal, 2nd June, 1897.

The Herald is published by The Herald Publishing Company, 603 Craig Street, Montreal. James S. Brierley, Managing Director.

30,000 MEN WANTED

FOR THE SEASON.

Single men, emigrants, dockers, sailors, laborers, clerks, checkers, carters, and others, wanted to avail themselves of the accommodation at the Salvation Lighthouse (Joe Beef's Canteen), 13 Common St., Montreal, (opposite the Allan Line wharf). Beds from 5 cents up. Single rooms, 15 cents; two in a room, 25 cents. Meals from 3 cents to 15 cents. Weekly board and lodging from $1.65 to $3.00. Check room for baggage. Free baths with soap and towel. For other particulars apply to the Superintendent.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

BUSINESS CHANCE—Fine assorted general stock, with rent of premises and dwelling, very low, in a good country locality. Would give easy terms to a good party. Address or call at 430 St. James Street for information. 142

ROOMS AND BOARD.

GOOD BOARD AND PLEASANT ROOMS—Apply 43 Anderson Street. tf

BOARD AND ROOMS—At low rates; table board; meals at all hours. Near Dalhousie Square Depot. 1428 Notre Dame Street. 142

COMFORTABLE HOME—For a gentleman, with or without board; good table. Terms moderate. S., 96 Shuter Street. 147

ROOMS—With or without board, in English family, first-class: near Dalhousie Square Depot. Apply 1377 Notre Dame Street. tf

TO LET—Furnished Bedroom, with use of kitchen. Four dollars per month. Apply at 25 Argyle avenue. 148

TO LET—Furnished Bedroom, with use of kitchen; four dollars per month. Apply at 25 Argyle avenue. 149

FOR SALE.

Advertisements under this head half a cent a word per insertion. Six insertions for the price of four.

COPPERS for sale. Apply at Herald Office. tf

FOR SALE—Common-sense Roach, Bed-bug and Rat Exterminator, in tins, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1. Will return money if it does not clean your house. Tobacconist, 71 Main Street. 147

FOR SALE—For the million, kindling $2.00; cut maple, $2.50; Mill Blocks, $1.50; tamarac blocks, $1.75; cut any length, delivered. J. C. McDiarmid, Richmond Square. Tel. 8353.

LOST.

LOST—From 1020 Cadieux Street, a St. Bernard pup, answering to the name of Jumbo. Anyone returning the same to above number, or 13 Laval Avenue, will be suitably rewarded.

BOARDERS WANTED.

BOARDERS WANTED—In private family; excellent accommodation for a few gentlemen; lessons in French if desired. Apply for address to "Cuisine," Herald Office. 144

FURNISHED ROOMS.

FURNISHED ROOMS—With or without board, on bath-room flat. 730 Lagauchetiere Street. tf

BULMER & BULMER

Builders, Carpenters and Joiners, 4230 St. Catherine Street.

Tel. 4655. Westmount.

Practical experience in all lines of building, and the manufacturing of all joiner work required therein. Also all lines of hardware in stock. Special attention to jobbing. Personal supervision to all our work. It will pay you to try us.

Jubilee Illuminations.

H. E. P. BULMER.

4230 St. Catherine Street. (Between Greene and Olivier Avenues.) Tel. 4655.

A full line of Chinese Lanterns, Candles, also Bunting of all kinds now in stock. Everything complete for Jubilee Day, June 22. The lowest living prices prevail. Please call and inspect stock.

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED

Notre Dame St. Montreal's Greatest Store. June 19th

"The Store that is Increasing Faster than any Store in Montreal To-day."

Given Away Free! A Jubilee Medal! Given Away Free! A Jubilee Medal!

With every Boys', Youths' and Men's Suit bought Saturday and Monday. A handsome embossed Souvenir Medallion Portrait of Her Majesty the Queen. This is not an ordinary lead medallion, but one which can be worn by any gentleman.

Boys' Summer Clothing

Boys' Cotton Shirt Waists	25c
Boys' Flannelette Blouses	40c
Boys' Fancy Point Blouses	45c
Boys White Cotton Blouses	68c
Boys' Linen Coats	95c
Boys' Navy Blue Blouses	65c
Boys' Flannelette Coats	$1.15
Boy's Galatea Suits	$1.10
Boys' Linen Suits	$1.15
Boys' Man-O'-War Blouses	$1.15
Boys' Tweed Suits	$1.35
Boys' Jersey Suits	$1.75
Boys' Navy Norfolk Suits	$1.50
Boys' Crash Suits	$1.45
Boys' Scotch Tweed Suits	$2.95
Boys' English Serge Suits	$3.65
Boys' Worsted Suits	$4.80

THE S. CARSLEY CO., LTD.

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS

Regular 81

At CARSLEY'S Monday

59 cts

Buy Your SHIRT WAISTS

At Carsley's Regular 81.

MONDAY

59 cts

These Shirt Waists are made of fine Organdie Muslin, and would be sold in the regular way for $1. We offer them on **Monday at 59c each.**

Write for Summer Catalogue. Mail Orders Carefully Filled.

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 192 to 194 St. James St., MONTREAL

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

OPEN TO-NIGHT TILL 9.30 O'CLOCK.

NOTICE—GIVEN AWAY FREE.

A Beautiful Souvenir Photo of the Queen will be given away Free to all our customers on Monday.

Jubilee Decorations.

COTTON JUBILEE BUNTING all Shades and Colors. Price 5c per yard.
JUBILEE FLAG BUNTING, Fast Colors, 10c per yard.
JUBILEE STRIPED BUNTING, Colors, Red, White and Blue. Widths, 27 and 40 inches. Prices from 10c per yard.
ALL WOOL JUBILEE BUNTING, 18 and 24 inches wide. Colors, White, Sky Blue, Red, Orange, Green, Navy Blue, Cream. Prices, from 20c per yard.
JUBILEE FLAGS—COTTON FLAGS, 5c, 13c, 15c, 20c, 40c, $1.00.
WOOL BUNTING FLAGS, 75c, $2.00.
SILK FLAGS, 25c, 40c.
PAPER STREAMER FLAGS, 10c per dozen.
JUBILEE CHINESE LANTERNS, 10c, 15c, 25c each.

Jubilee Souvenirs.

Beautiful Bust of the Queen, a miniature fac-simile of Bell's famous work, now the personal property of Her Majesty. Price, only 39c.

Two Beautiful Steel Engravings, representing the Coronation and the Drawing-room of 1837. Price, per pair, $3.75 and $6.75 respectively. Can also be bought separately.

Embossed Photo of Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, in Artistic Brass Frame. Price 75c.

Large Etching of Her Majesty, with fac-simile of Her Autograph. Price $1.75.

Beautiful Photos of Her Majesty, from 5c to $1.45—Cabinet size, 5c.

Jubilee Handkerchiefs, Jubilee Buttons, Badges and Brooches. 5,000 to select from, 3½c each.

JUBILEE SOUVENIRS OF ALL KINDS.

JUBILEE MUSIC—Vocal and Instrumental.

Country Orders Filled With Care.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

2343 St. Catherine St., Corner of Metcalfe St.

Terms Cash. Telephone 3833.

For Sick Women

Has your doctor failed to cure you? I am an experienced woman's nurse, and I have A Home Treatment for your weakness which will not fail. I will forward full private advice and description FREE upon receiving your address with stamp. I wish to reach those women only who require assistance, hence I adopt this method, as I can explain fully by letter the action of my remedies.

Mrs. E. Woods, 578 St. Paul St., Montreal.

HARPER'S

RETAIL: Stalls 24 & 25, St. Lawrence Market.

WHOLESALE: 18 St. Phillip Street.

PURELY PORK SAUSAGES and Thistle Brand HAMS and BACONS

Are Standards of Excellence

Buy from Advertiser and mention Herald.

ASK YOUR DENTIST WHOSE

CARBOLIC TOOTH WASH

you should use for Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth and he will tell you

COVERNTON'S,

which is the ORIGINAL and BEST in the market. For sale by all druggists.

—PREPARED BY—

C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Cor. of Bleury and Dorchester Sts.

TELEPHONE 1377.

FOOD FOR THE SICK

The Diet Dispensary carefully prepares food for the sick at reasonable prices, thus facilitating and relieving the work of the household in the care of the sick. The poor are supplied gratis upon presentation of order from physician, clergyman or visiting nurse.

175a ST. ANTOINE STREET

AMONG THE SPORTS

Entries for the Lepine Park Races Announced.

GOOD RACING EXPECTED.

Montreal Baseball Team Easily Defeats Ogdensburg.

Yesterday's Results at Ascot—Local and General Sporting News of the Day.

The following are the entries for the trotting and pacing races to be held at Lepine Park, commencing on Tuesday of Jubilee week. The high quality of the horses entered makes it a certainty that the sport will be very enjoyable and exciting. Owing to the 2.25 class on the second day not filling, Secretary Lepine has substituted a 2.24 race in its stead.

First Day—Tuesday.

Purse, $150; 2.35 class—

N. S. Jonnson, West Lebanon, N.H., b.g., N.S.

H. P. Home, Hammer, N.H., b.m. Daisy B.

E. Reeves, St. Hyacinthe, Que., b.g. Sobol jr., by Sobol.

A. Langevin, Montreal, b.s. Eddie Dubreuil, by Princeps 536

P. Morris, jr., Ottawa, Ont., b.m. Kittie L.

G. M. McPherson, Kemptville, Ont., Dr. H.

Purse $150; 2.50 class—

J. S. Simmon, Montreal, ch. m. Lady Vrowsky, by Vrowsky, 2.18¼.

N. S. Johnson, West Lebanon, N.H. b.g. N.S.

T. Cannon, Montreal, ch.m. Daisy M., by Almont.

Jos. Girard, Montreal, br.g. Pea Picker.

A. Cardinal, Montreal, blk.m. Sucie C.

G. M. McPherson, Kempville, Ont., Dr. H.

Purse, $250; 2.20 class—

Charles Taylor, White River Junction, Vt., g.g. Factory Boy, by Billy Bashaw.

F. M. Dorion, St. Philippe d'Arzenteuil, Que., ch.m. Amelia, by Albert W., 11333.

Dr. Lecalir, Lachine, Que., br.g. Joe W., by Superior, 3780.

H. S. Soule, Fairfield, Vt., b.g., Duex, by Deuxmillion, 4207.

St. Lawrence Stables, Three Rivers, Que., b.g. Jimmie B., by General Brock, 10141.

G. M. McPherson, Kemptville, Ont., b. s. Don Diego, by Hermit, 3923.

Second Day—Wednesday.

Purse, $100; named race.

Jos. Girard, Montreal, ch.g. Boston Wilkes, by Boston Globe, 7772.

C. Legault, Montreal, blk. m. La Presse.

T. Cannon, Montreal, ch.m. Daisy M.

M. Bahen, Montreal, b.m Aileen Oge.

A. Taillefer, Montreal, ch.g. Panet Boy.

Purse, $200; 2.24 class.

F. C. Simpson, St. Andrew's, Que., ch.g. Little Joker, by Goldfinder.

A. J. Merrill, St. Albans, Vt., Miss Maxie.

G. M. McPherson, Kemptville, Ont., b.m. Alice G., by Juggler Boy.

N. Gelinas, Three Rivers, ch.g. May Girl, by Sim Watson.

P. A. Gouin, Three Rivers, gr.m Grey Bird, by Star Ethan, Jr.

Purse, $200; 2.30 class.

H. P. Home, Hamner, N. H., b.m., Daisy B.

M. Moody, Terrebonne, Que,. gr.m. Azora, by Muscovite, 2.18.

G. M. McPherson, Kemptville, Ont., Annie Sprague.

Dr. Prive, Montreal, ch.s Rouville, by Harry B.

A. Langevin, Montreal, b.s. Eddie Dubreuil, by Princeps, 536.

J. Lowry, Montreal, b.m. Marie Maria.

Third Day—Thursday.

Purse, $150; 2.40 class—

N. S. Johnson, West Lebanon, N.H., b.g. N.S.

H. P. Home, Hamner, N. H., b.m., Daisy B.

F. X. Gougeon, Montreal, ch.g. Maceo, by Muscovite, 2.18.

E. Reeves, St. Hyacinthe, Que., b.m Mollis.

A. Cardinal, Montreal, blk. m. Sucie C.

A. Langevin, Montreal, b.s. Eddie Dubreuil, by Princeps, 536.

Jos. Girard, Montreal, br.g. Pea Picker.

Dr. A. Cheval, Montreal, b.s. Randolph Bashaw, by Lord Randolph.

P. Morris, Jr., Ottawa, Ont., b.m. Kittie L.

G. M. McPherson, Kemptville, Ont., Dr. H.

Purse, $300; 2.12 class—

Chas. Taylor, White River Junction, Vt., b.g. Robert B., 2.12, by Anderson Wilkes.

W. S. Brown, Montreal, br.m. Last Request, 2.11¼ by Bourbon Wilkes 2345.

W. S. Brown, Montreal, b.g. Little Pitt, 2.13¾, by Lapidist Chief.

A. J. Merrill, St. Albans, Vt., ch.s. Jones Ordway, 2.13¾, by Alcyone, 732.

G. M. McPherson, Kemptville, Ont., b. s. Don Diego, 2.19¼, by Hermit, 3923.

RESULTS AT ASCOT.

London, June 18.—At the fourth day's racing of the Ascot Heath meeting to-day, Mr. Leonard Brassey's bay colt Bay Ronald, four years old, won the Harwick Stakes. This race is of 2,000 sovereigns added to as weepstake of ten sovereigns each, play or pay, for three years old and upwards, the second horse to receive five per cent. of the whole stakes. Six horses ran the mile and a half. Lord Cadogan's b.f. Lowly was second and Mr. H. Bass' The Novitiate, third.

Mr. Richard Croker's bay horse Americus ran second in the race for the Queen's Stand Plate, Prince Soltycoff's bay horse Woolsthorpe being first. Mr. Rucker's Red Heart was third. This race is of 800 sovereigns, added to a sweepstake of ten sovereigns each, the second horse to receive 100 sovereigns out of the race, and the third horse to receive 50 sovereigns out of the race; for two-year-olds and upwards.

The Alexandra Plate was won by Mr. W. Low's bay colt St. Bris. Mr. Hamar Bass' Queen Wood was the only other horse running.

ROWING AND SAILING.

GOSSIP FROM HENLEY.

London, June 16.—The Winnipegs, who have just arrived in Henley, in order to compete at the regatta, which begins on July 14, are in good form. They have recovered from the effects of the voyage from Canada, and are established in comfortable quarters. Secretary Cooper and Committeeman Brakespear, of the Regatta Committee, called upon the Canadian oarsmen and warmly welcomed them. Messrs. Cooper and Brakespear told the Winnipeg oarsmen not to mind the criticism of the Field, which has reflected upon their amateur standinfi, saying that the English oarsmen are pleased to have them compete.

The Canadians are pleased with the course. They declare that what the Henleyans call rough water is considered glassy water in Winnipeg. To-day the Canadians paddled as far as the island. Trainer Murphy has slightly altered the rig of the Canadian boat, but he says the visitors will row their own Winnipeg stroke and will not attempt to copy English methods. The Canadians, on Monday, will begin taking long spins of six to nine miles daily. The people of Henley are quite impressed with the muscular, clean limbs of the Winnipeg oarsmen, and already declare they are dangerous.

QUOITING.

MONTREAL QUOITING CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the Montreal Quoiting Club was held last evening, Mr. James Scullion, president, in the chair. There was a large attendance of members. After some routine business was transacted one new member was admitted. The team for to-day's match with the St. Lawrence Club was arranged, also the team for the medal matches.

SCHEDULE LEAGUE MATCHES.

The teams playing to-day in connection with the league schedule matches are the following:—

Riversides vs. Dominion, on the Riverside grounds.

Montreal vs. St. Lawrence, on the St. Lawrence Club grounds, corner of Shaw and Dorchester Streets.

BASEBALL.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Buffalo, June 18.—Following are the results of to-day's games in the National League :—

At New York—

	R.	H.	E.
New York.. .. .. ..01010300x—	5	6	0
Cleveland.. .. .. ..00000000—	0	3	2

Batteries—Seymour and Warner; McDermott, Cuppy and Zimmer.

At Philadelphia—

St. Louis.. .. .. ..021005010—	9	15	3
Philadelphia.... .. ..10011100—	4	12	4

Batteries—Donohue and Douglass; Johnson and Clements.

At Baltimore—

Baltimore.. .. .. ..10370000x—11	16	0	
Pittsburg.... .. .. ..30110101 3—	9	16	2

Batteries—Corbett and Bowerman; Hawley and Sugden.

At Washington—

Washington.. .. .. ..00011402x—	8	10	1
Louisville.. .. .. ..10010001—	3	4	1

Batteries—McJames and McGuire; Fraser and Dexter.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Baltimore..	33	9	.785
Boston..	32	12	.727
Cincinnati..	27	16	.627
New York..	24	17	.585
Philadelphia....	24	23	.510
Cleveland..	22	22	.500
Brooklyn..	22	22	.500
Pittsburg..	20	23	.465
Louisville..	17	27	.386
Washington..	16	26	.380
Chicago..	17	28	.377
St. Louis..	9	38	.191

EASTERN LEAGUE GAMES.

Buffalo, N.Y., June 18.—Following is the result of the games played in the Eastern League to-day :—

	R.	H.	E.
At Rochester—			
Rochester.. .. .. ..0340200000—	9	18	4
Buffalo.. .. ..3015000001—10	12	3	

Batteries—McFarlan, McFarland and Frary; Brown, Wadsworth and Smith.

At Syracuse—

Syracuse.. .. ..040010010—	6	11	4
Toronto. .. ..22200002—	8	14	3

Batteries—Lampe, Mason and Ryan; Staley, Norton and Casey.

At Scranton—

Scranton.. .. ..001001022—	6	9	1
Springfield.. .. ..01101022—	7	15	3

Batteries—Morse and Boyd; Mains and Duncan.

At Wilkesbarre—

Wilkesbarre.. .. .. ..000001002—	3	6	3
Providence.. .. .. ..21101200x—	7	11	2

Batteries—Odwell and Conding; Hodson and Dixon.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Syracuse....	28	12	.700
Buffalo....	26	14	.650
Springfield..	20	19	.512
Providence..	20	21	.487
Scranton....	16	20	.444
Rochester..	18	23	.439
Toronto..	18	23	.439
Wilkesbarre..	12	25	.316

TROUBLE IN THE WIND.

Montreal, June 16th, 1897.

To the Captain of The Herald Baseball Club, care Montreal Herald Company, city :

Dear Sir,—We, the Aberdeen Baseball Club hereby challenge you to play a game of baseball on Fletcher's Field on Tuesday, the 22nd of June (weather permitting.)

This game to be the final, as your club has won one match and we have succeeded in defeating you once.

Hoping that you will see fit to accept this challenge, we remain.

Yours very truly,

"ABERDEEN BASEBALL CLUB.

H. C. DeWITT, Capt.

The above challenge is hereby accepted.

LOUIS CAPLAN.

Capt. Herald Newsboys B.B. Club.

Epps Cocoa, Grateful and Comforting

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately-flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in tins, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Limited, Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England."

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

In the matter of HERCULE FAUTEUX, of Ste. Cunegonde, Insolvent.

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction, at No. 60 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal,

WEDNESDAY, the 30th of JUNE, 1897, At Eleven O'Clock A.M.,

The following immoveable properties :

1.—A piece or lot of land situate in the Town of Ste. Cunegonde, County of Hochelaga, known and designated under numbers 2388, 2389, 2400, 2401, of the Official Cadastre of the Parish of Montreal, with a house, sawmill, and its accessories, and other buildings thereon erected, bearing civic numbers 195 to 225, of Duvernay Street, Ste. Cunegonde.

2.—A piece or lot of land situate in the Town of Ste. Cunegonde, County of Hochelaga, known and designated under numbers 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, of the Official Cadastre of the Parish of Montreal, with a house and other buildings thereon erected, bearing civic numbers 143 to 171, of Duvernay Street, Ste. Cunegonde.

3.—A lot of land situate in the Town of Ste. Cunegonde, on Duvernay Street, County of Hochelaga, known and designated under numbers 2360 and 2361, of the Official Cadastre of the Parish of Montreal, without buildings.

4.—A piece or lot of land situate in the Town of Ste. Cunegonde, County of Hochelaga, known and designated under numbers 2476 and 2477 of the Official Cadastre of the Parish of Montreal, with a house and other buildings thereon erected, bearing civic numbers 43 to 51 of Vinet Street, Ste. Cunegonde.

5.—A lot of land situate in the Town of Lachine, known and designated at the Plan and Book of References of the Official Cadastre, for said Town of Lachine, as sub-divisions 117 and 118 of lot number 916.

For other particulars, apply to

LAMARCHE & BENOIT,
Joint Curators.

1709 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

MARCOTTE BROS.,
Auctioneers.

Every Day is Bargain Day

AT THE

Club Shoe Store

Our stock is entirely new and the Prices away down.

JUST LOOK AT THIS FOR VALUE.

Ladies' Dongola Buttoned, patent or corded tip, at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00.

We have Ladies' Oxfords, perfect beauties, hand turned, at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75. Best value in the city.

Boys' Shoes in great varieties, at $1.25, $1.40, $1.75 and $2.00.

Our Misses' and Children's Department is full of Bargains.

The Club Shoe, Goodyear Welt, any color, any shape. $3.00. Best Shoe in the city.

CLUB SHOE CO.,

2417 St. Catherine Street, - - - COR. STANLEY.

...If You Want a Wheel...

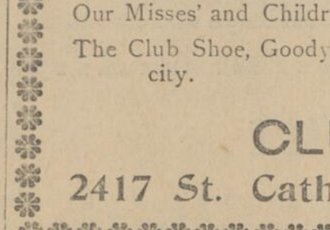
Now is your chance to get a good wheel cheap. Our instructions are imperative. "Close out all American machines regardless of cost shall handle English wheels exclusively in future." The result is we are offering a $100 high-grade American Bicycle for $48. There is not an ounce of cheap material in the whole machine. All the latest improvements, flush joints, boltless adjustment, Dunlop Tires.

Fully $48.00 Guaranteed

THE GRIFFITHS CYCLE CORPORATION Ltd.

100 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

OPEN EVENINGS.



Standard of the World

$100 to all alike.

Practically tested by fast riders, rough riders and fair riders. 1897 Columbias have not been found wanting in speed, strength and beauty. 5 per cent. Nickel Steel Tubing, patent flush joints and direct tangent spokes are some of the new features.

HARTFORD and RECORD

$75, $65 and $50.

Bicycles to Rent,

W. H. FLIGG,

1740 Notre Dame St.

BICYCLE ACCESSORIES

Tires, Cements, Wrenches, Oil Cans and Bells, Lamps, Chains, Coaster's Cork Grips, Cycle Oil, Cyclometers, Recording thousand mile repeat, Locks, Valves, Steel Balls, Wood Rims, etc.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Mountain City Cycle Co.

2361 St. Catherine St.

T. G. HAWTHORN, Proprietor

TELEPHONE 3012.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT

In re J. M. DESCHATELETS, Grocer, of Montreal, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, J. P. Villeneuve, have been appointed curator to the estate of the said J. M. Deschatelets, by judgment of the Superior Court, dated the 15th June, 1897.

The creditors of the said J. M. Deschatelets are requested to file their claims at my office within thirty days of the present notice.

J. P. VILLENEUVE,
Curator.

Office of Monsarrat & Villeneuve, Accountants and Commissioners, S.C., 12 Place D'Armes Square, Montreal.

CITY HALL, MONTREAL, JUNE 11TH, 1897.

THE WARWICK CYCLE M'F'G CO., Montreal.

DEAR SIRS,—I take great pleasure in adding my testimony to that of many others as to the merits of the

1897 WARWICK WHEEL

WITH THE

PNEUMATIC CUSHION FRAME

I find it much superior to the rigid frame, and several friends of mine who have tried my wheel have expressed an enthusiastically favorable opinion of its merits. Wishing you success.

I remain yours sincerely,

(Signed),

F. H. BADGER.

—LOCAL AGENTS—
A. Ahern, 325 St. James St
J. A. Denis.....236 Main St.
J. M. Smith, Y.M.C.A. Bldg.
A. W. Ward.....Lachine.
J. W. Stewart & Co., 23 Bleury Street.
J. A. Guimond, Cor. Mountain & Notre Dame Sts.

J. SLOAN & SON,

Fine Footwear!

Large Store! Large Stock! Great Variety!

LOWEST PRICES,

Goods Specially Suitable for This Warm Weather.

DENT'S DONGOLA KID SHOES, TURNS, from $1.50 up.
LADIES' DONGOLA KID SHOES, TURNS, from $1.00 up.

GENT'S CANVAS SHOES.

OUTING BALS, OF CANVAS, with Rubber Soles.
Large Assortment of COLORED GOODS.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEAR FOR THE HOLIDAYS. GOOD, STRONG and CHEAP.
If you need Children's Wear and cannot come, send the youngsters along; they will receive the same attention as their elders.
GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES and GUARANTEED to be as represented.
Visitors to the City in need of Footwear will find it to their advantage to call upon us.

Corner of St. Antoine and Mountain Streets.

BELL TELEPHONE 2352.

A Feast For Furnishers

Fire visited our warerooms some time ago. Though the damage done by fire was slight, quite a lot of our stock was injured by water. We have picked out all the goods that were much damaged, and will dispose of them later by auction. With the rest of the goods, those slightly damaged and those not damaged at all, we will inaugurate a great

CLEARING DISCOUNT SALE

We will give discounts of from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. off all the Furniture in our store. This sale starts on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23rd. Here is your best chance to furnish a new home, or fill up the vacant spaces with good, serviceable, artistic furniture. If you fail to investigate the merits of this great Furniture Feast, you directly insult your pocket-book.

Price particulars later.

Renaud, King & Patterson,

Artistic Furniture House—652 Craig St.

WE ARE STILL SELLING

ADMIRAL No. 3's

At $60.00. $55.00 Cash,

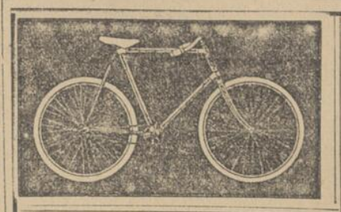
AS THE GREATEST BICYCLE VALUE IN TOWN.

DID YOU GET YOURS?

LATIMER & MORRIS,

2410 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Nothing to Touch the No. 4 for Ladies at the Same Figure. See It.



The White For Jubilee Week.

On MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, we will offer our Celebrated WHITE Bicycles, March Davis, Admirals, and other makes of Bicycles at a Special Reduction for three days. All our wheels are of the latest design. Best material and workmanship, and are fully guaranteed by the makers, and countersigned by us.

Do not miss this opportunity if you want a first-class wheel at a low price.

Twenty-five per cent. reduction in all Sundries, comprising Lamps, Bells, Cyclometers, Clips, Cements, Grips, &c.

BICYCLE LIVERY.

LATIMER & MORRIS, 2410 St. Catherine St.

Telephone 3832.

Repairs promptly done and work guaranteed.

A Jovial Jubilee...

Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria celebrates, this month, the sixtieth year of a prosperous, happy reign. What changes and advancements have been made in those sixty short years! Think of the progress made by our own city. Then you did not have the electric cars which now bring economical housewives to our store for everything and anything in the hardware line at a money-saving price. You can get more for your money here than any other store will give. If you are not perfectly satisfied on this point you can have your money back, and your car fare if you come from a distance.

What are you going to do Monday and Tuesday? Go fishing? It's a grand sport if you're properly equipped. We can fix you up with all the necessary articles, Rods, Lines, Hooks, Sinkers—everything, at a lower price than anyone else will ask you. If you want a Bicycle we can supply that too. There is safety on our wheels, for they were carefully picked out. We have the best low-priced good wheel you could wish to ride. Or we can sell the best high grade wheel on the market. All our wheels are price-worthy. In fact we haven't an article in the store that is not well worth the price we ask, and our price you'll always find a little lower than the other fellows. What summer goods are you wanting just now? Here are some of our prices: Refrigerators, in hard or soft wood, from $6.50 upwards; Metallic Ice Chests, from $4.50 upwards; Ice Cream Freezers, from $1.50 up; Fly Screen Doors, from 70c up; Hammocks, from 34c to $3.50; Coal Oil Stoves, from 50c to $12.50. You're always welcome to call in and see the goods these prices represent.

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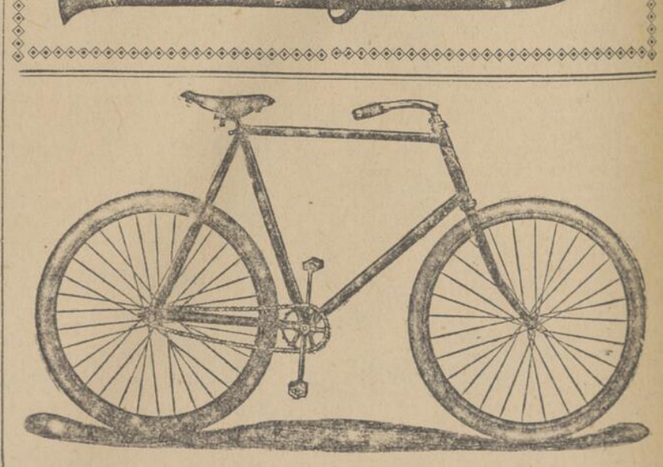

THE STERLING BICYCLE

"BUILT LIKE A WATCH." NEW STOCK OF THE AMERICA TRUSS FRAME BICYCLES, JUST RECEIVED.

THE CELEBRATED "CLIPPERS" IN ALL GRADES.

CLIPPER TANDEMS and New Wheels in Livery,

JAMES FERRES, 11 Phillips Square,

Lessons at A. R. Macdonald's Academy, St. Catherine Street.

JUBILEE CARPETS

Everything now tends towards our great Jubilee Celebration

All CARPETS Bought at THOMAS LIGGET'S

Will be worthy of this great Historical Event.

A CURTAINS, DRAPERIES and RUGS

In Newest Effects, Latest Styles, and at our marvellously Low Prices for qualities shown.

THOMAS LIGGET,

1884 Notre Dame street, Montreal.
2446 St. Catherine street, Montreal.
175 to 179 Sparks street, Ottawa.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES.. Government Municipal and Other First-Class Bonds.

Suitable for Trust Estates, Banks, Insurance Companies and Permanent Investment, bought and sold by . .

E. WILSON SMITH, Investment Broker
British Empire Building.
1724 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
First-class Investments always on hand.

THE PAST WEEK IN BUSINESS.

The Feeling Appears to be a Little Brighter.

IMPROVEMENT EXPECTED.

Some of the Leading Features of the Week.

Reports From Other Trade Centres—Better Tone at Toronto—Western Trade.

The Week's Changes.

Advanced	Declined
Bran	Hay
Shorts	Wheat
Cheese	
Cattle	
Sheep	

Failures in Canada for the week, 36 against 36 for the same week last year.

WITH the weather more summer-like this week, a somewhat brighter feeling is noticed in the general wholesale trade. Not that the volume of business has shown any material expansion in the city, because it still keeps about the same but merchants as a rule are feeling a little more confident than they were, and the impression seems to be that just as soon as the holidays are over and things get settled down, business will come in for a good-sized and general improvement. As matters stand to-day there appears to be a moderately good consumptive demand for most leading lines, but a good many buyers are still trading in a hand-to-mouth fashion. Reports from outside points, however, are of a more encouraging nature and the trade of the whole country, judged by railway earnings, must be on the mend. While the failure record is no better than this time last year, it is certainly no worse, so on this score there is no particular cause for complaint.

The Week's Features.

There were a number of fairly important features this week, although the changes in values were on the whole not many. In the early part of the week a slightly firmer feeling was noticed in cheese in sympathy with higher prices in the country, but later on owing to the absence of shippers from the market there was a sagging tendency noticed, which carried prices down just a fraction. But in the country there was no perceptible change and it is not reported that there is any falling off in the movement to the other side. Local grain was rather irregular. Bran and shorts were up 50c a ton and hay 50c lower, while oats ranged from 2½c up. In the grocery market there was nothing new to speak of. The demand for rice was fair and new crop Japan teas met with very little attention. The dry goods market was quiet, while in boots and shoes and paints there was a fair business done.

Toronto Trade.

Toronto, July 17.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly statement of trade in Canada says: Wholesale trade at Toronto shows some improvement this week. The summerlike weather has been beneficial, the demand for goods being stimulated thereby. General stocks of merchandise are comparatively light at country points, and the outlook is more encouraging. Prices as a rule are firm for the leading staples. Imports of dry goods during May were larger than usual. The railways are doing a large and increasing business and bank clearings show considerable improvement over the corresponding periods of two or three years. Prices of wheat, however, are lower this week and, in fact, are the lowest of the year. This is not unusual for June, when prices of this cereal are always low. The finer growing weather is partly responsible for the weakness of prices. A good hay crop is expected and, in consequence, there is a slight decline in prices. Potatoes, on the other hand, are higher, and prices of both cattle, live hogs, and hides show a slight advance. Cheese is firmer. The money market is easy, call loans being quoted at four per cent. and prime commercial paper discounted at six per cent. Speculation on the Toronto Stock Exchange has been fairly active during the week. Bank shares are higher in some cases, while miscellaneous securities have some irregularity within the past few days.

The Boom in Stocks.

Towards the close of the week the boom, if it can be called such, in the stock market, flattened out somewhat, and prices after holding fairly steady around the top notch showed a tendency to ease off somewhat. But in the main changes did not amount to a great deal, and the level of the market is only a little under the high mark. It looked towards the close of the week as if the big bull interest which had closed out at a profit were trying to work a reaction and get in again at lower prices.

The features of the week were Montreal Street Railway, and Gas. There was an active trade done in both with Gas, perhaps, showing the most animation of the two.

The remainder of the list also received a fair amount of attention at times with a good deal of business in Cable, Cable bonds and Toronto Railway. The bonds mentioned were in fair demand, and again sold a little higher.

Canadian Pacific shares were rather easier in sympathy with something of a declining tendency, in London. The stock in that market sold according to the "ticker" as low as 61¾, with sales here at 61. There were two new securities listed during the week, Cornwall Electric Railway and the St. John Railway Company. There will be a session of the Stock Exchange on Monday, but none on Tuesday.

Money Keeps Easy.

One of the notable features of the financial situation the country over is the easiness in money, and nowhere does it seem more pronounced than in Montreal. Most of the leading banks in their statements show a decided increase in interest bearing deposits, while on the other hand they have reported extreme difficulty in placing funds at anything like a profitable figure. Call loans here are quoted on the basis of 3½ to 4 per cent., and, elsewhere rates are equally easy. Quotations at some of the centres are as follows:—

	Call.	Time.
Montreal	3½ to 4	
New York	1 to 1½	2 to 3
Boston	1½ to 3	2½ to 4
Chicago	3 to 4½	5 to 6
Philadelphia	2 to 2½	3 to 3½
Baltimore	3 to 5	4 to 8

Call money in London is quoted at ½ per cent., and short and three months' bills at 15-16 to 1 per cent. Open market and bank rates at important continental centres, reported by special cables, were quoted as follows:—

	Market.	Bank.
Paris	1½	2
Berlin	2½	3
Hamburg	2½	3
Frankfort	2½	3
Amsterdam	2½	3½
Brussels	2½	3
Vienna	3½	4
St. Petersburg	5½	6½

Local Grain Situation.

In the early part of the week the local grain market did not give very much promise but later on it was stirred up a little owing to the increased interest being taken in the market by exporters. On the whole their purchases did not amount to a great deal but the disposition to trade served to make holders a little firmer in their views.

Towards the middle of the week oats were marched up a little and are now quoted on the basis of 26½c to 27c, with sales in Ontario at 21c on the basis of north and west freights. Peas have not shown much change locally and are quoted at 49½c to 50c. In Liverpool Canadian peas have been cabled at four shillings two pence.

In the other grades such as rye, buckwheat and barley there has not been a great deal done, one of the features being the limited supply of buckwheat.

Advices from Manitoba on the wheat crop are much more encouraging, good rains have arrived in many sections, which have brightened the prospects materially. The crop bulletin issued by the Manitoba Department shows a large acreage under wheat.

Trade on the Coast.

A late report from Vancouver says:—"Wholesalers report business much improved chiefly owing to the activity in mining, fishing and lumbering, and the necessary loosening up in the money market, owing to the unprecedented demand for supplies from the numerous camps. New Westminster reports a very promising outlook for the district, owing to the centralization of the canning industry,—five new canneries being in operation this season within the city limits—and the establishment of a large factory for the manufacture of salmon cans.

"Reports from Victoria state that May business is on the whole ahead of April, and in excess of May, 1896, and jobbers all report satisfactory trade.

"There are a number of changes in the market. Dairy produce has had rather a sharp decline. The California commodities are about off the market, and Manitoba produce is supplying the market fully. Old potatoes are nearly out and are dropping rapidly in price. New onions have taken the place of the old and are quoted lower."

Business in Manitoba.

A report on trade from Winnipeg says: "The general rains this week have made a wonderful improvement in the feeling, and the crop outlook is considered excellent. Business is fairly good in most branches and prospects are considered very favorable. The development of mining, east and west, is providing a better market for agricultural products. The agricultural districts of the northern and western portions of the territories have greatly benefited by the population, which has gone into the Kootenay country, thereby giving them a closer market for their products. The western live stock interest is also greatly benefited thereby, The produce of the Edmonton district of Northern Alberta is now finding a profitable market in the Kootenay, especially since the reduced freights went into effect. The Winnipeg jobbing trade has also been materially benefited by the development of the mining districts, both east and west, The report that the Crow's Nest road will be gone on with this year, has caused a better feeling in city trade circles, as it will add considerably to the trade of the city. Business with country retailers is reported favorable, but the city retail trade is rather quiet."

THE CHURCHES.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Christ Church Cathedral—8 a.m. Holy Communion; 11 a.m., Jubilee Service and Holy Communion. Preacher, Rev. F. I. Steers, M.A. 4.15, Jubilee service, and Church parade. 7 p.m., Jubilee service. All seats free. Preacher, the rector. Daily service 5 p.m. Thursday, St. John Baptists Day, Holy Communion, 10 a.m., Rev. Canon Norton, D.D., rector of Montreal

Church of S. John the Evangelist, corner St. Urbain and Ontario streets—Rev. Canon Wood, M.A., rector; Rev. Lenox I. Smith, curate. Holy Communion at 8 and 11 a.m. Matins, 10.15. Even-song at 7.

Special Notice.

Special services to commemorate the 60th anniversary of Her Majesty's accession will be held in the church of S. John the Evangelist on Sunday next at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. A special form of service will be used with appropriate hymns and both services will have orchestral accompaniment. The Te Deum will be an important feature of the service.

Church of St. James the Apostle—Rev. Canon Ellegood, rector. Morning prayer at 11 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o clock.

Trinity Church—Morning prayer, 9 a.m. Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Preacher, Rev. C. T. James. Evening prayers, 7 p.m. All are cordially invited. Strangers welcomed and shown to seats.

St. Simon's Church, St. Henri, corner of Notre Dame and St. Elizabeth avenue—Services at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Rector's Bible Class and Sunday-school at 3 p.m. Services every Wednesday evening at 8. Rev. Frank Charters, rector.

St. Martin's—Rev. G. Osborne Troop, rector. 8 a.m., Holy Communion. Special Jubilee services at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. Children's services at 3.30 p.m. Strangers welcomed

St. Stephen's Church, corner St. Paul and Inspector streets—Ven. Archdeacon Evans, D.C.L., rector. Morning service 11 a.m. Sunday-school and rector's Bible class for men and women at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Preacher at both services, the Rector. Service in the chapel at 8 p.m. on Wednesday.

Church of the Advent, corner of Wood and Western Avenue—Rev. Henry Kitson, rector. Services at 11 a.m and 7 p.m. All seats free.

St. Jude's Church, cor. Coursol and Vinet streets.—Usual services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Bible classes at 10 a.m., and 3 p.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Preacher, Rev. Canon Dixon.

St. Thomas Church, Notre Dame street east. Morning service, 11 a.m. Sunday school, 3 p.m. Evening service, 8 p.m. J. Frederick Renaud, rector.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Stanley Street Church, near the Windsor Hall.—Special Jubilee sermons at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school, pastor's class and Chinese school at 3 p.m. The C. E. S. meets on Monday at 8 p.m. Weekly meeting for prayer on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Strangers cordially invited. Rev. F. M. Dewey, M.A., pastor.

St. Paul's Church, Dorchester street.—Rev. James Barclay, D.D., pastor, will officiate at both services. Seats free at Sunday evening service. St. Paul's Mission, St. Charles street—Sunday school at 3 p.m. Evening service at 6.30 o'clock. St. Paul's Mission—Cornar Charlevoix and Charles Street, Sabbath School at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7. Hearty singing. All are welcome. Rev. W. Wilber MacCuaig, Church Missionary.

St. Gabriel Church.—Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Strangers welcome. Sunday school at 3 p.m. C. E. meeting at 8.15 p.m.

Crescent Street Presbyterian Church.—Rev. A. B. Mackay, D.D., pastor. Services will commence at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Preacher, the pastor. Sabbath school and Bible class at 3 p.m.

Erskine Church, Sherbrooke street, head of Crescent street.—Rev. A. J. Mowatt, pastor. The pastor will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 3 p.m. C. E. Society Monday at 8 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Strangers and friends cordially welcomed.

Westmount Presbyterian Church.—Rev. M. Stewart Oxley, B.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN.

The Advent Christian Congregation, Conservatory Hall, 2269 St. Catherine Street—Bible Conference at 11 a.m. Service at 7 p.m., Elder Wm. W. Robertson officiating subject, "What, as Christians, we owe our Country."

BAPTIST.

Grace Church, Westmount—Services at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. 3 p.m., Sunday school and Bible class. Weekly evening meetings as usual. Rev. W. H. Graham, Pastor

First Baptist Church.—The pastor will preach at both services. Sunday school and Bible classes every Sunday at 3 p.m. Young People's Association every Monday evening at 8 p.m. Regular church prayer meeting every Wednesday, at 8 p.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

East End Baptist Tabernacle, 1006 and 1008 St. Catherine street.—Sunday services—Prayer service, 9.30 a.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Preaching service, 7 p.m. Thursday evening, prayer service at 8 p.m. A cordial welcome awaits you at all these and 7 p.m. Sabbath school at 3 o'clock, services.

METHODIST.

St. James Methodist Church, corner St. Catherine and City Councillors Streets.—Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., pastor. Divine worship at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Preaching by the pastor. Sunday school at 9.45 a.m. and 3 p.m. Public service in lecture room on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Epworth League on Saturday at 8 p.m.

Mountain Street Methodist Church, corner of Torrance Street—Rev Manly Benson, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Preacher at both services, the pastor. Sunday-school and Bible classes, 3 p.m. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Monday, 8 p.m. Mid-week service, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

Dominion Square Methodist Church—Rev. T. Mansell, pastor. Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m Morning, solo by Miss Hollinshead, "Hear us, Oh Father" (Gounod), evening solo by Mr. W. Campbell, "The Unseen Kingdom" (G. Lane.) Sabbath school and Bible classes, 3 p.m. Prayer services on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. E. L. of C. E., Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Strangers welcome to all services.

Centenary Methodist Church—Rev. D. C. Sanderson, Pastor. Morning Service, 11 a.m. Afternoon open session of Sabbath school. Evening service, 7 p.m.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Bethlehem Church, corner Clarke and Western avenues, Westmount.—Public worship at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. All made welcome. Pastor, Rev. R. Hopkin.

Point St. Charles—Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Evening theme, "The trumpet of the Jubilee." Sabbath-school and Bible class, 3 p.m.

Calvary Church—302 Guy Street, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., the pastor, Rev. E. M. Hill.

Emmanuel Congregational Church,—Cor. Stanley and St. Catherine streets.—Pastor, Rev. E. C. Evans, D.D. Morning service, 11 a.m., Sunday-school, Bible and Chinese classes at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Seats free at all services.

Zion—Services at 11 and 7. Rev. W. H. Warriner, M.A., B.D., pastor. Morning subject, "God and Mother"; evening subject, "The Victorian Era."

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

St. Andrew's Church.—Morning service, 11 a.m. Evening service at 7. The pastor, Rev. J. Edgar Hill, M.A., B.D., will officiate. Young women's class and Sunday-school at 3 p.m.

REFORMED EPISCOPAL.

St. Bartholomew.—The Rev. Archibald Grace will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school and Bible classes at 3 p.m. Mid-week service on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Special Notice.

The choir of this church will be augmented and assisted by the Misses Scott, altos; Mr. Wm. Sharpe, Mr. Clarence McNeice and Mr. Thomas Clarke, tenors, and Mr. Youngson, baritone. The additional and special music at the morning and evening services will be as follows: The National Anthem—Tenor solo and chorus; Te Deum, Dr. Dykes' service in F; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Dr. Bunnett's service in B flat; Gounod's anthem, "Send out thy light," and the Jubilee hymn, "O King of kings," words by the Bishop of Wakefield; the music composed expressly for this occasion, by the organist and choirmaster, Prof. Jno. E. Webster. Special hymns will be sung at these services.

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Protestant House of Industry and Homes, Longue Pointe.—At 2.45 o'clock p.m. divine service will be conducted by the Rev. H. J. Evans, M.A.

SHAAR HASHOMAYIM SYNAGOGUE.

A Jubilee will be held at the above synagogue, McGill College, avenue, at 7.30 p.m. The service will be conducted by the Rev. Canton V. Rosenstein, and the Rev. Rabbi Isidore Myers, B.A., Several Psalms and hymns will be chanted, and the National Anthem, as well as a Jubilee anthem, composed by Rev. Isidore Myers, will be sung in Hebrew, and in English. During the service will be recited the special prayer which has been composed by the chief Rabbi to be used on Sunday in all the synagogues in the British Empire.

"SHOOT THE RAPIDS."

Take Park and Island cars for Lachine wharf. Last Cars connecting with boats leave Post Office 7.40 a.m. and 4.25 p.m. Sundays, 2.45 p.m. only.

In Polly's Garden.

Sweet Mistress Polly steps with pride,
Her lofty airs dispel the gloom;
Let her great name be published wide—
She has the first sweet peas in bloom.

Real Estate by Auction

Of a Very Nicely Situated Corner Property at Montreal West, facing the C.P.R. Station. Solid Brick and Stone, containing eight rooms, summer kitchen, bath room and large conservatory, all heated by Daisy furnace, and furnished with electric fixtures; also fine large Stables and Summer House. Grounds contain over 10,000 sq. feet.

Sale at 11 o'clock, Monday, the 21st inst. at 1823 Notre Dame street.

STEPHENS & WARNECKE, Agents.
WALTER M. KEARNS, Auctioneer.

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MOUNT ROYAL.
RICE.
MILLS BRAND.
PATNA. BURMAH.
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Proof against ignition by accident

Capital Safety Match

In neat sliding boxes. For Pocket and Household use.

Ask your dealer for them — THE E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, Hull

The Lancashire Belt

Is the original of Camel Hair and other imitations, and has

Stood the Test for 36 Years.

Twenty-four International Highest Awards. The British Government, War Office, Admiralty, India and Colonial Offices, Foreign Governments and Railways etc., are supplied by this Celebrated Brand.

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Specifications, Plans, Estimates and Supervision of Steam and Electric Plants, Power Transmission, &c.
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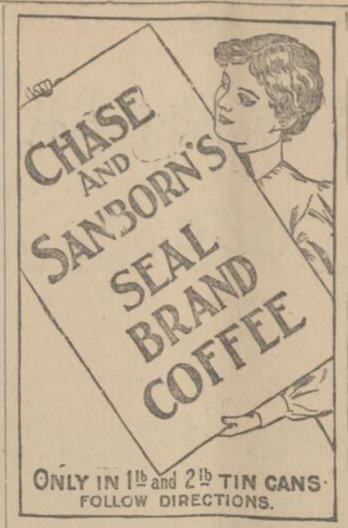

Dr. J. Collis Brownes' CHLORODYNE.

Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, and the whole story of the defendant, Freeman, was literally untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—Times, July 10.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, etc.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in Cholera was Chlorodyne.—See Lancet, December 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne is a certain cure for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Colic, etc.

☞ Caution—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" in the stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell St., London, Eng. Sold at 1s 1½d; 2s 9d.

THE GROVE,
Beaconsfield.

These handsome cottages (furnished) will be rented for $150.00 each.

Board, each, per week, $6.00.
" Children, " $3.00.

Will be open by Saturday, 15th inst.

Apply at the Merchant's Lunch Rooms, 24 Hospital Street.
F. UPTON, Prop.

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ST. LAWRENCE HALL
135 to 139 St. James Street, MONTREAL.
HENRY HOGAN, Proprietor.
The best known Hotel in the Dominion

THE ST. ELMO.
Cor. of McGill and Recollet Streets.
The Best 25c Dinner in the city.
BEST ALES, WINES and PORTER on Draught or in Bottle.
Polite Attention Prompt Service

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,
MAX. BACHMAN
Hungarian Band every Sunday in Queen's Hotel Parlor 5 to 6

1 DINING ROOM—6 to 8.
Special Table d'Hote Dinner Sunday, 75 cents.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,
Opposite Bonaventure Station.
This well-known hotel, so conveniently situated for travellers, is re-opened, under the management of Mr. Gedeon Forest.
The table is first-class, and the cuisine under the charge of an experienced chef. Moderate charges and careful attention guaranteed. The dining room will remain open after the usual dinner hour every night from 8 to 12, on the European plan.
GEDEON FOREST, Proprietor.

BREWERS.

J. H. R. MOLSON & BROS.,
Ales and Porter Brewers.
Have always on hand the various kinds
ALE & PORTER
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Families Regularly Supplied.
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ESTABLISHED 1809.
1837-Jubilee Ale-1897

Wm. Dow & Co. have on hand a limited quantity of a special brew of Strong Ale, bottled in pints only, guaranteed four years in wood, and of the same character as Scotch 10 guinea Ale.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs.—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair.

Springhill. WM. DANIELS.

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JUNE 21st, 22nd and 23rd,

On EXPOSITION CO.'S GROUNDS,
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Reflex of the Reality and Romance OF AMERICAN PIONEER HISTORY

Allied with all the known Horsemanship of Primitive and Martial Fame.....

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST

—AND—

CONGRESS —OF— ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.

An exact duplicate, man for man and horse for horse, of the exhibitions given at the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, all summer in New York in 1894, and in 500 of the principal cities of Europe and America, to which has been added many

Important and Novel Features,

Bringing it strictly up to date, and

Organized on the Most Lavish Scale.

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Perfected in all the details and exhibited under the joint direction of the world-acknowledged greatest three managers of vast public exhibitions.

NATE SALSBURY, JAS. A. BAILEY & COL. WM. F. CODY,

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In a colossal manner, equalling if not surpassing the magnificence of massive magnitude at New York, London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, and at the Columbian World's Fair, Chicago. NEW, ENLARGED and AUGMENTED.

The Original Wild West

Is utterly unlike anything else in the world.

READ THE ARRAY

That Nations Furnish and Races are Exhausted to Complete.

All kinds, all colors, all tongues, all men fraternally mingling in the picturesque racial camp. All born HERIDITARY PRINCES OF THE SADDLE.

100 INDIAN WARRIORS

Ogallalla, Brule, Uncapappa, Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe Tribes.

20 Russian Cossacks of the Caucasus,
50 American Cowboys,
30 Mexican Vaqueros and Ruralies,
30 South American Gauchos,
50 Western Frontiersmen. Marksmen, Etc.
25 Bedouin Arabs,
Detachment of U. S. Cavalry.
Detachment of U. S. Artillery,
Royal Irish-English Lancers,
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Col. W. F. CODY—BUFFALO BILL

Who will positively appear in person and take part in both the afternoon and evening exhibitions.

Annie Oakley and Johnnie Baker,
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THIS ENORMOUS OUTFIT IS TRANSPORTED IN

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Using its own specially constructed rolling stock, the largest of Travelling Commissary, Dormitory and Equerry Accommodations, complete in every particular and equalling the requirements of the modern methods of moving

A Fully Equipped Army in Time of War

CARRYING ALL THE PARAPHERNALIA NECESSARY TO

A Covered Grand Stand Seating 20,000 Persons

Assuring Perfect Protection from Sun or Rain.

So organized and arranged as to camp close to the city in an easily accessible location. On the first day of arrival there will be given

A FREE STREET CAVALCADE

At 10 A.M., by detailed detachments from each division (Wild Horses, Buffalo, Cattle, etc., being necessarily guarded in camp), "So that he who runs may read." The march will be enlivened by

Three Magnificent Bands of Music,

Led by the Famed, World-Traveled

BUFFALO BILL'S COWBOY BAND

At night, a Brilliant Electric Display by the largest Portable Double Electric Plant of 250,000 candle power yet constructed for any similar purpose. Two circuits ensuring a perfectly reliable illumination, making night as light as day.

TWO EXHIBITIONS DAILY, RAIN OR SHINE

Afternoon at 2 o'clock; Night at 8 o'clock. Doors Open One Hour Earlier.

NIGHT AS LIGHT AS DAY AND AS COMPLETE IN DETAIL

General Admission, 50c. Children Under 9 Years, 25c

Numbered coupon actually reserved seats, will be sold on the day of exhibition at O'Brien & Colcott's steamship ticket agency, 143 St. James St. Bicycles checked upon the grounds.

PRIZE WINNERS AT THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Continued from Page 1.

tuality; Yvonne Lomer, conduct; Hilda Loud, conduct; Muriel Millen, punctuality; Brenda Molson, general proficiency, conduct; May McNally, general proficiency; Mary Reid, general proficiency; Gladys Taylor, general proficiency; Dorothy Thomson, punctuality; Beryl Fenwick, general proficiency, conduct.

Third Preparatory A—Ethel Allen, general proficiency; Edith Boyd, general proficiency; Ida Couture, first general proficiency, recitation; Jessie Cream, general proficiency, punctuality; Mabel Crocker, general proficiency; Edna Hadley, general proficiency, conduct; Edith Karley, general proficiency; Alberta Lamontagne, general proficiency; Violet Liffiton, conduct; Mary McLeod, conduct, punctuality; Beryl Oxley, general proficiency; Frieda Scarff, general proficiency, punctuality; Anna Schafheitlin, general proficiency, conduct; Ruth Scriver, general proficiency, conduct; Mary Snowdon, general proficiency; Constance Vipond, general proficiency.

Third Preparatory B—Isabel Bickerdike, general proficiency, conduct; Marion Blaiklock, recitation; Ethel Jackson, punctuality; Louise Seymour, general proficiency.

First Junior—Marjorie Allan, conduct; Dorothy Belcher, general proficiency; Elsie Beveridge, conduct; Edna Craig, Commissioners Medal for first general proficiency; Muriel Fetherstonhaugh, punctuality; Irene Miller, recitation, conduct; A. Nairn, punctuality; Mildred Parkins, punctuality; Hazel Robertsen, genral proficiency; Francis Scriver, general proficiency; Hedrig Schafheitlin, general proficiency; Gertrude Schafheitlin, general proficiency, conduct; Nellie Smith, conduct; Margaret Taylor, general proficiency, conduct; Nita Whiteside, punctuality; Stella Wilson, punctuality.

Second Junior—"A"—Inez Baylis, punctuality; Theodora Brown, punctuality; Mildred Corneil, general proficiency, conduct; Mabel Dawson, 1st general proficiency, recitation, conduct; Elsie Fenwick, general proficiency; Gertrude Haigh, conduct; Nellie Kelson, conduct; Adele Lomer, punctuality; Doris Lomer, punctuality; Bertha Michaels, first general proficiency, conduct, punctuality; Marjory Robertson, conduct; Elsa Scarff, punctuality; Gladys Smith, conduct.

Second Junior—"B"—Mary Davidson, conduct; Annie McLeod, punctuality.

Third Junior—Irene Adams, general proficiency, punctuality; Eleanor Crossby, punctuality; Amy B. Fraser, conduct; Muriel Hodges, conduct; Elsie Learmonth, conduct; Lulu McConnell, conduct; Rosebud Michaels, first general proficiency, recitation, conduct; Ruth Miller, general proficiency, conduct; Eva Morgan, punctuality; Gladys Parkins, punctuality; Barbara Radford, general proficiency, conduct, punctuality; Lillian Rodger, punctuality; Gertrude Sheppard, punctuality; Constance Swift, punctuality; Maude Weary, punctuality.

First Senior "A."—Ethel Armstrong, punctuality and conduct; Drusie, Barnard, general proficiency; Lilias Dick, general proficiency, conduct, punctuality, and daily recitation; Evelyn Gillean, punctuality; Amelia Hammond, general proficiency, conduct, and punctuality; Ruby Henderson, punctuality; Victoria Kimber, general proficiency, punctuality and conduct; M. Gertrude Knox, conduct, and punctuality; Winifred Larmonth, general proficiency and conduct; Gertrude Lindsay, general proficiency, and conduct; Ethel Murphy, general proficiency, conduct and punctuality; Florence Pearsons, general proficiency, conduct and punctuality; Gertrude Peel, general proficiency and punctuality; Isabel Shearer, general proficiency, conduct and punctuality; Lottie Stanton, general proficiency and conduct; Maude Stewart, general proficiency, conduct, and punctuality; Gertrude White, general proficiency; Muriel Wilson, 1st general proficiency; Louie Woodruff, general proficiency.

First Senior, "B."—Florence Budge, conduct; Bessie Fotheringham, general proficiency; Gertrude Gray, punctuality; Annie Lauterman, general proficiency and conduct; Edith McLeod, general proficiency and recitation; Edith Minto, punctuality; Edith Rose, punctuality and conduct; Louise Salsbury, punctuality; Ida Silcock, general proficiency.

First Senior—"C"—Mabel Aird, general proficiency, recitation and conduct; Alice Brown, conduct, and punctuality; Gertrude Downey, conduct; Jessie Eveleigh, general proficiency; Ethel Hubbell, punctuality; Barbara Park, conduct; Eve Swift punctuality; Ethel Vipond, conduct.

Second Senior —"A"— Lillian Adams, punctuality; Mamie Bray, conduct and punctuality; Gertrude Cayford, general proficiency; Jeanie Dease, general proficiency; Grace Featherston, punctuality; Margaret Hadrill, conduct, punctuality and general proficiency; Ethel Hostler, conduct and punctuality; Lily Idler, conduct and punctuality; Helen Lundie, first general proficiency, recitation, conduct and punctuality; Matilda Mason, conduct and punctuality; Catherine Mackenzie, punctuality, and general proficiency; Helen McDunnough, conduct and general proficiency.

Second Senior—"B"—Bessie Craig, conduct; Gladys Fenwick, recitation; Ella Hughes, punctuality; Eva Kneen, conduct; Georgina McBain, general proficiency.

Third Senior Class—Mable C. Armstrong, first general proficiency, recitation, conduct, punctuality; Winifred Bennett, general proficiency; Jessie M. Budden, conduct; Ellen M. Budden, conduct; Ethel Darling, conduct; Daisy W. Day, conduct; Dora Powney, punctuality, conduct; Blanche Fraser, conduct; Elma E. Gosling, conduct; Elizabeth Hudson, conduct; Hilda King, punctuality, conduct; Adelaide McConnell, punctuality; Evelyn Molson, general proficiency, conduct; Kate G. Patterson, conduct; Edith Reid, conduct; Florence Smith, conduct; Bertha Tomkins, punctuality; Pearl Thurston, conduct; J. Eva Warriner, punctuality, conduct; May Wilkinson, conduct; Elizabeth Wright, punctuality, conduct; Mildred Winters, conduct.

Itching, Burning Skin Disease Cured for 25 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting, and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 25 cents.

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame street, and J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine street.

SETTLERS FROM DAKOTA.

Winnipeg, June 19.—A party of twenty-seven farmers of North Dakota, who are moving into the Dauphin district to settle, arrived yesterday, and left for their destination last evening. The party bring with them a large quantity of effects and stock.

A NOBLE FAMILY.

Popular and Well Known in Canada.

For many, many years a very noble family, popular and well-known, have conferred great blessings on Canadian homes.

This family to which we refer has served the homes of Canadians faithfully and well; they have brightened the pathway of many a sad woman when the clouds were dark; they have cheered hearts when times were dull and money scarce; they have been a blessing to thousands of husbands and children, helping them to dress better so that mothers, fathers, and children were enabled to face the world as handsomely dressed as their wealthier friends and neighbors.

These popular, tried and helpful friends are the Diamond Dyes, the same in power, work and usefulness to-day as they were twenty years ago.

There are many imitations of these celebrated Diamond Dyes, worthless and dangerous to use. Beware of these deceptive dyes, as they can never do good work.

When you purchase dyes see that the name "Diamond" is on every envelope. With the Diamond Dyes success is always sure and certain.

NO MORE DREAD OF THE DENTAL CHAIR.

Teeth extracted by our late scientific method. No pain or bad results. Applied to the gums. Absolutely painless. No sleep producing agent or cocaine. We are not competing with cheap dental establishments, but with first-class dentists at prices less than half charged by them.—Dr. A. Brosseau, 7 St. Lawrence.

The fire works on Mount Royal Tuesday night can be seen to fine advantage from the lawn and balconies of the Stanley House, facing Dominon Square. Corner Osborne and Windsor Streets. Telephone and have a seat reserved at a nominal cost.

Telephone the Stanley House, opposite the C.P.R. depot Windsor Street and secure a seat on a cool balcony, at a nominal cost, for Monday's big procession.

Before deciding on the locality for your summer vacation you will find it to your interest to make inquiries about the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, the new route to the far-famed Saguenay and the only rail line to the delightful summer resorts and fishing grounds north of Quebec, and through the Canadian Adirondacks to Lake St. John and Chicoutimi. Trains connect at Chicoutimi with Saguenay steamers during season of navigation for Tadousac, Caouna, Murray Bay and Quebec. Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John has first class accomodation for 300 guests, and is run in connection with the Island House, at Grand Discharge, of Lake St. John, the centre of the "ouananiche" fishing grounds. Apply to the Ticket Agents of all principal cities. A beautifully illustrated Guide Book free on application.

Mother House of the Congregation de Notre Dame:

Montreal, Aug. 24, 1895.

Mr. C. W. Lindsay, Montreal,
Agent Heintzman & Co., Pianos.

Dear Sir,—It affords us much pleasure to testify that up to the present the Heintzman & Co., Pianos in use in the different convents of our order, including Villa Maria, have given the greatest of satisfaction, especially as regards durability.

(Signed),
The Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame.

C. W. Lindsay, 2366 St. Catherine Street, Wholesale and Retail Agency for the Heintzman & Co., Pianos.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

Why be afraid of the dentist when you can get your teeth extracted and replaced without the least pain at Dr. J. G. A. Gendreau, Surgeon-Dentist, 20 St. Lawrence Street., Montreal. False teeth without plate, Gold Crown, Vulcanise, Aluminum Plates etc.

BALMORAL HOTEL, MONTREAL.

Now under new management. Leading down-town hotel. First-class accommodation and bill of fare. Terms moderate.

If you are troubled with a cold or a cough, **Menthol Cough Syrup** will surly cure you.

DO YOU SMOKE.

If you want a really good cigar, one that will give you pleasure and make you forget your troubles ask for my brand. Only the best tobaccos kept in stock. Ross, 20 Chaboillez Square. (Agent for Fortier's Cigars and Cigarettes.)

DAMAGED GOODS AT LOW PRICES

Notwithstanding the damage caused to our establishment by fire and water, we will continue our business in the same place, and now offer "jobs" at very low prices. N. Quintal & Fils, Wholesale Grocers, 274 St. Paul Street.

THE OCCIDENTAL.

If you wish to treat your friends well during the Jubilee time the best thing you have to do is to offer them a dinner at the "Occidental" No. 594 Lagauchetiere Street, the only restaurant where you will find the most excellent cuisine and the home comfort.

Are You Nervous?
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.
Superior Court.

Dame Philomene Dompierre, of the Town of Maisonneuve, in the District of Montreal, wife of Napoleon Massy, contractor, of the same place, duly authorized to Ester en justice, Plaintiff, versus the said Napoleon Massy, contractor, of the Town of Maisonneuve, in the District of Montreal, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted on the seventh day of the month of May instant, in the present case, by Plaintiff against Defendant.

PREFONTAINE, ST. JEAN,
ARCHER & DECARY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

AUCTIONEERS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For particulars, see advertisements in another column.

RAE & DONNELLY—Sale of Furniture, ing, Woollens, etc., Friday, June 18, 1 Beaver Hall Hill.

SUCKLING & CO.—Salvage Sale of Clothing, Woollens, etc., Thursday and Friday, June 17 and 18, 1 Beaver Hall Hill.

MARCOTTE BROS.—Sale of Canadian Wines, etc., Thursday, June 24th, 69 St. James Street.

MARCOTTE BROS.—Sale of Groceries, Thursday, June 24th, 69 St. James street.

RAE & DONNELLY—Sale of Dry Goods, etc., Wednesday, June 16, 243 St. James Street.

Money Saved

By selecting your next suit from our fine assortment of importations now in stock. We are prepared to supply your every need in our line at shortest notice, giving positively the finest material and workmanship at surprisingly reasonable rates. It costs you absolutely nothing to examine our goods, which will convince you of their merits. Our style and fit are faultless, quality unsurpassed, and prices always at the lowest ebb.

Cilfford & Ferris,
51 Phillips Square.

A Young Woman's Beauty

Woman, to captivate, must enjoy good health—it is the secret of a good figure, a fine carriage, a fresh complexion—in a word, of most of a woman's charm.

No means is surer to give an elastic step, the full, rounded curves of health, the blushing roses on the cheeks, than a course of Pabst Malt Extract. The "Best" Tonic.

Motherhood

A mother's health is a sacred trust which she must treasure for the sake of her children. She must keep herself strong, well, cheerful.

Doctors all over the United States and Canada recommend Pabst Malt Extract as invaluable for mothers.

The Breadwinner

He also needs his health. It's the safeguard of his family. His business requires all the energy of strength to keep pace with his competitors. To him the listless work of poor health means ruin.

Pabst Malt Extract, a liquid food, is unrivalled for fitting both body and mind for the strain of modern business.

Pabst (The "Best" Tonic)
MALT EXTRACT

Is a liquid food highly recommended by physicians in the United States and Canada for convalescents, overworked men or women, nursing mothers, nervous disorders, and as a delicious health beverage.

The following is a sample of the letters which reach us constantly from physicians:—

Chicago, Sept. 14, 1894.

I take pleasure in saying that I have used Pabst Malt Extract in several cases of anaemia and indigestion, and have found it just the tonic required.

(Signed) E. J. NICKERSON, M.D.

THE PABST BREWING CO., Montreal Branch, 66 McGill Street.

1864
Notre Dame Street.

CHILDREN'S STRAW HATS
Prices from 25c to $1.25.
BOYS', YOUTHS' and MEN'S.
From 40c to $1.75.
Drab and Fawn, Soft and Stiff Hats,
From $1.50 to $2.50.
Latest Style SILK HATS,
$3.00, $4.00, $5.00.

ALEX. NELSON & CO., 1864 Notre Dame Street.

The Belt Line Railway runs along St. Lawrence River to Bout de L'Ile. The Park (formerly Cushing's Grove) is an ideal picnic ground, and fitted up with spacious pavilions, family swings, hammocks, etc. Fifteen minute service every afternoon. The St. Catherine and Notre Dame street cars connect at La Salle avenue, Maisonneuve.

Agreable to Taste.
Quick to Act.
Sure to Cure.
No Cure, No Pay.

For a pleasant and enjoyable outing take a run over the Montreal Belt Line Railway. It is the longest and best equipped electric line running out of Montreal. Fifteen minute service. St. Catherine and Notre Dame street cars connect at La Salle avenue, Maisonneuve.

No Other Bath In All The World

can compare with the Laurentian for the purity and cleanliness of its water—it flows from the famous Laurentian Spring and never stops flowing. Open daily; and Sunday till 10.30 a.m.

Laurentian Baths,
Cor. Craig & Beaudry Sts.

Ladies' Days—Monday Morning and Wednesday Afternoon.

Jubilee Supplies.

FLAGS in all sizes, Jubilee, Union Jack, Dominion, Royal Standard, French, American, etc.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE LANTERNS, in all shapes, sizes and colors.

WHITE PARAFINE CANDLES for Lanterns.

Red, White and Blue Cotton and Paper BUNTING in endless variety.

Souvenir Jubilee Pins and Buttons.

Commencing to-day in our post office we will offer for sale a full range of the new JUBILEE STAMPS just issued by the Government. Call early, supply limited.

We are pleased to announce the opening of the Hamilton's Pharmacy in our establishment, with a complete stock of fresh and pure drugs. Prescriptions carefully filled by competent men. Open evenings and Sundays.

A pretty, natty, comfortable and inexpensive costume for Jubilee outing. SHIRT WAISTS that are cut right, made right and fit right, ranging in prices from 39c upwards.

SEPARATE SKIRTS in all materials. Our special leader is made of fine Spotted Duck, full width, fit perfectly, and hang well. Price, 59c.

STRAW SAILORS in fine white straw, with band embroidered VR. 1837—1897, only to be had here. Price, 75c.

LEATHER BELTS in new shades of Jubilee red and white metal buckles, at 15c.

GLOVES in silk and taffeta, in all colors, white and black special value at 25c.

VEILING, special line of handsome plain and figured silk veiling, in all the new coloring, special, at 12½c.

Visitors to the city doing the Jubilee festivities are invited to visit our store. Don't fail to see our great electric illuminations on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Worth coming miles to see.

HAMILTON'S,

St. Catherine and Peel Streets
And Dominion Square.

CALLING IN CREDITORS.

In the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.

No. 102—In the matter of Dame J. Catherine Kinsella, of the City and District of Montreal, spinster, merchant, there doing business as such alone, under the name of M. Elliott & Co., Insolvent.

The creditors of said Insolvent are hereby ordered to appear before one of the Judges of this Court, in the Court room for Insolvency matters, in the Court House, at Montreal, on the twenty-sixth day of June, instant, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, in order to give their advice touching the appointment of a curator and inspectors to the property of the said insolvent.

H. COLLARD,
Deputy Prothonotary, C.S.

Montreal, 17th June, 1897.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Notice of Dividend.

A dividend of two per cent. has been declared, payable at the Company's Office in Montreal, on the 15th day of July next, to shareholders of record the 30th June, 1897.

CHAS. P. SCLATER
Sec. Treasurer.

Montreal, 17th June, 1897.

WANTED—At Lachine, a second-hand light skiff or canoe, in good water-tight condition; cheap. Write "W," Herald Office.

MEN'S Laced Shoes,
SOLID and STYLISH.
Black, from One Dollar.
Tan and Chocolate, from One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents.

RONAYNE BROS.,
Chaboillez Square.

FOR JUBILEE WEEK ONLY.

Very Fine Old Port Wine, per qt.	50c
Canadian Wine, per qt.	20c
Canadian Club, per bottle	85c
Walker's Imperial Rye, per bottle	70c
Charles Due & Co.'s Three Star Brandy	85c
John De Kuyper Gin, large	90c
John De Kuyper Gin, 3 half-pints	55c
Key Brand Gin, small	25c
Key Brand Gin, 3 half-pints	50c

A full assortment of Flasks and Half Bottles on hand to choose from.

A. D. GILLIES,
430 St. James Street.

READ OUR ADS FOR THE LATEST FADS.

A Record Breaking Reign...

Queen Victoria has held the sceptre of Great Britain longer than any Sovereign in British history. It is a record breaking reign worthy of the loyal demonstrations Her Canadian subjects are making.

What advancements have been made in that sixty years of successful ruling. What a difference between the haberdashery store of sixty years ago and the furnishing stores of to-day. There is nearly as much difference between the many so-called haberdashery stores and our model establishment of the latest fads and fashions for men. Here is some special Jubilee Haberdashery News.

A TIE TIP.

Royal Blue Neckwear is the only thing that will be recognized by Dame Fashion this year. All sweldom acknowledges it; you should wear it. We have them in all the shapes and patterns, at 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Loyal Handkerchiefs.

Royal Purple looks well on a silk handkerchief. We have them in many designs. Purple border with white ground—complete purple handkerchief with white pattern—or White handkerchief with Jubilee pictures of Queen Victoria in the corner. They are the vogue and show your loyalty.

Holiday Shirts

The kind of shirt that gives comfort and coolness for the hot weather. We have a complete line of stylish Colored Shirts in all the latest designs—novel color combinations—all sizes. Then you'll be wanting Negligee Shirts. We have all the fashionable styles in them. Stiff and soft bosoms—attached and detachable collars and cuffs. Every style and size to suit the most fastidious dresser.

Our One Dollar White Shirt

You've had this kind of Shirt.

Every one gets fooled on this kind of a shirt some time in their lives. Tears in the wash—never fits—never is comfortable—always wrong in some way.

But you don't have to wear them.

Try the kind of shirt we make. It will stand more trips through the laundry wringer than any other shirt on the market.

You're sure of a perfect fit—that's the way we make them—all shapes, all sizes. Call in and see what we can do for you in the way of a comfortable shirt.

You Are Always Welcome

To call in and see what is latest and best in Haberdashery.

Munroe Bros.,

2246 St. Catherine Street.

Pages 9 to 12.

The Herald.

20 Pages.

90TH YEAR. No. 143. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1897. PRICE ONE CENT.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

WHAT THE WORLD WAS LIKE SOME SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Progress in Social and Scientific Spheres Which Queen Victoria Has Seen Since Her Coronation Day.

ASTONISHING ADVANCEMENT.

Inventions Which Have Lost Their Novelty to Us Were Not Known When Victoria Came to the Throne—Extraordinary Changes in Every Field of Human Activity.

In June, 1837, Victoria, who was then a young girl of eighteen, ascended the throne of England, on the death of her uncle, William IV. Her sixty years' reign, the longest of any English sovereign, has covered a period of progress and prosperity unequalled in the annals of history. No other sixty years have seen such strides of science, such marvellous development in education, such wise legislation for the betterment of humanity, such growth in religious tolerance, such miracles of invention, such strengthening of the bonds between nations, such universal advance toward higher living. And this progress has been attained during the reign of a woman—the wise and good Queen Victoria.

When Victoria was called to the throne the United Kingdom contained 26,000,000 people. To-day it has over 39,000,000. The "wise men" of the time said the nation would go to pieces. They claimed it could never govern its home and colonial possessions. Under Victoria the new territory acquired alone is over one-sixth larger than all Europe. To-day Victoria rules over 402,514,000 people, or twenty-seven per cent. of the population of the globe. Her Empire extends over 11,399,316 square miles, covering twenty-one per cent. of the land of the world.

The United States, at the time of Victoria's coronation, had only 17,000,000 people; to-day it has 70,000,000. Arkansas, Missouri and Louisiana were then Western frontier States. All the territory west of the Mississippi contained less people than Philadelphia has to-day. Our present trans-Mississippi population exceeds in number that of the whole country in 1837. Our territorial area has increased seventy-five per cent.; our national wealth has increased about seventeen hundred per cent.

AUSTRALIA UNEXPLORED.

Australia was chiefly important as a penal colony in those days. The greater part of its territory was then unexplored. Its total population in 1837 was 345,000. Now it is over 3,300,000. To-day its trade exceeds that of all Great Britain at the beginning of Victoria's reign. The city of Melbourne then consisted of a church, an inn, three shops, twenty huts and a kangaroo-meat market. It is now Australia's largest city, with 500,000 people.

Africa was an almost unknown territory. Maps of the period showed the interior of the country almost absolutely unexplored. In South Africa, Cape Colony alone was known. Victoria has seen one-third of the country rescued from the natives and brought under civilization by Livingstone, Baker, Stanley, Speke, Du Chaillu, Johnston and a host of other explorers. Plantations, farms and great cities are now on the sites of African deserts and forests of sixty years ago.

New York and Philadelphia were the only cities in the United States in 1837 with populations of over 200,000. To-day there are seventeen such cities, whose combined population is 11,000,000. Sixty years ago their population was less than half a million. Chicago was then a village of only 4,000 people. To-day only five cities of the world exceed it in number of inhabitants.

BOOKS AND KNOWLEDGE.

Books then were few in comparison with now. The public libraries of the United States, all put together, had only half a million volumes in 1837. This is less than the Boston Public Library contains to-day. Three of our American libraries have together more books than were in all the public libraries of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales when Victoria ascended the throne.

Ignorance was general. Forty per cent. of the men and sixty-five per cent. of the women of Great Britain could not write their own names when Victoria became their Queen. The national education system was but three years old; its money grants amounted to only $300,000. Uncle Sam now spends $140,000,000 a year for teachers and superintendents of our public schools.

No telephone carried messages sixty years ago. To-day a man speaking in Boston can be heard in St. Louis, 1,300 miles away. Twenty million dollars is invested in telephones in the United States alone. The wires would encircle the globe sixteen times. An average of ten messages a year is sent to every one of our 70,000,000 people.

Emigrants to America came in sailing vessels in the early days of the reign. They had to provide their own food, as the ship supplied only water. The trip usually took thirty days. Sometimes storm and contrary winds extended the trip to two or three months. Sickness, suffering and starvation often resulted from lack of adequate food among the passengers.

NOT A SINGLE CABLE

No submarine cable—not even a foot—lay in the ocean sixty years ago. Now millions of messages are sent every year, and the waters of the globe are threaded with over 170,000 miles of wire—sufficient to stretch three-quarters of the distance from the earth to the moon.

Seventy-eight elements are now known to science. Twenty-four of these have been discovered during Victoria's reign. The instrument that made these discoveries possible is called the spectroscope. It is so marvellously delicate that it can detect the presence of one two-hundred-millionth of a grain of salt.

Authors famed the world over to-day were practically unknown when Victoria was crowned. Longfellow had written no poetry; Emerson was unknown; Poe's best work was unwritten; Lowell was a boy at college; Hawthorne had not written a line; Dickens had published but one book; Bulwer was just becoming popular; no one knew Robert Browning. Darwin's life-work was not begun; Herbert Spencer was a name unheard of; Tennyson was known to but few; Ruskin had written nothing; Alfred Austin, the new poet laureate, was a babe in the cradle. Few authors now living had written a line when Victoria became Queen. Most of the popular writers of our contemporary literature were unborn sixty years ago.

GREAT SOCIAL REFORMS.

Great social reforms belong to Queen Victoria's reign. The degrading practice of flogging has been abolished in the armies and navies of America and England. Children are no longer permitted to work in the mines of Britain. Press gangs no longer force men into the service of the Queen's navy. The Red Cross Society, approved by forty-nine nations, has softened the horror of war. The transportation of criminals, with its many evils, has been suppressed. Executions are no longer conducted in public. The treatment of criminals has become humane. Factory laws and building acts make life easier for the poor.

Trans-Atlantic steamers, making regular trips, did not exist in 1837; now there are over ninety. Steamers in those days were wooden affairs with paddle wheels. The iron steamer with the screw had not yet appeared. The accommodations were poor; the "modern improvements" that make ocean travel a delight were undreamed of. The time for a trans-Atlantic trip was then about fourteen days. Now it can be made in five days and a quarter.

Electricity was in its infancy when Victoria became Queen. Electric lights, electric power, the telegraph, electric cars, electric bells—the thousand applications of electricity to every-day life belong to the past sixty years.

MARCH OF ASTRONOMY.

Astronomy has made great advances during Victoria's reign. Powerful telescopes have revealed millions of unknown stars in space. Neptune was discovered by two astronomers, working separate and alone. The spectroscope has shown the metals burning in the sun. Wheatstone, Leverrier, Kirchoff, Secchi, Lockyer and Bunsen are among the world's great men who have helped astronomic progress of the past sixty years.

Political unity and government by the people have made great progress in Victoria's reign. She has seen Prussia, Bavaria and over twenty small states consolidated into the great German Empire. France has passed through many changes, but, since 1870 has greatly strengthened her republican government. Italy has been a unified kingdom for only twenty-six years. Switzerland's squabbling cantons were unified into a strong and model republic in 1848. Great Britain has had thirty-eight wars in the last sixty years, and in every one she has been victorious.

Canals for the passage of great ships were unknown sixty years ago. To-day these modern engineering triumphs have made wondrous short-cuts in travel. Six of these great canals of the world, aggregating 240 miles, have cost the tremendous sum of $550,000,000.

Medicine and surgery have made wondrous strides since Victoria became Queen. Deaths from amputation have been reduced one-half by Lister's antiseptic treatment. The smallpox mortality has been lessened seventy-five per cent. by the compulsory vaccination act. Anaesthetics have made daring surgical operations possible. Many so-called "incurable" diseases have been conquered. The germ theory has worked great reform in treating contagious diseases.

PROGRESS OF RELIGION.

Irreligion and infidelity were the order of the day in England sixty years ago. Nine out of every ten workingmen were professed infidels. Those who could read at all read the works of Thomas Paine and Robert Taylor, men whose writings were filled with disbelief. Not one workingman in a hundred ever opened a Bible. The number of church attendants was much less in 1837 than now.

Music was practically ignored. Hymn-books were unknown. Musical education was without system. The struggling Royal Academy of Music was the only British institute that gave scientific teaching. The best music was difficult to secure and was very expensive. Churches were often without music. In even the greatest cathedrals the "scanty musical service rattled in the vast edifices like a dried kernel to small for its shell."

Steel was an expensive metal when Victoria was crowned. The Bessemer process of making steel by forcing cold air through liquid iron, invented by one of her subjects, caused the price to fall at once from $300 to $30 per ton. The inventor netted $5,000,000 in royalties. In forty years his invention saved the world the inconceivable sum of $1,000,000,000!

Light and air were taxed when Victoria became England's Queen. The tax on windows brought in £1,000,000 a year to the treasury. Poor people blocked up windows to escape payment. It was common practice to paint rows of windows on the solid wall of a house. This was done so that hasty passers-by, mistaking semblance for reality, might not accuse the inmates of being poor.

Thirteen crimes were punishable with death when Victoria took up her duties as sovereign. The number of capital crimes was later reduced to nine in England. Now there are but two—high treason and willful murder. The death penalty has practically been abolished in Bavaria, Denmark, Belgium, Prussia, and Sweden, and in some of the States in this country.

STREET LIGHTING UNKNOWN.

Street lighting was unknown, except in the large cities, when Victoria was crowned. New York could boast of only 300 oil lamps and a few lonely gas lamps. In smaller towns, when the moon was not shining, citizens who had to be out after nightfall carried lanterns.

Railways were just beginning in those days. The world's mileage was only 1,600 miles; now it is over 420,000. In 1837 twenty miles an hour was considered good time; now we have regular trains making over fifty miles an hour. Cars were then lighted with candles and heated with cheap stoves. There were no double tracks, no telegraph stations, no baggage checks, no printed railway tickets, no modern sleeping cars, no vestibule cars, no library cars, no air brakes, no safe coupling apparatus, no dining cars, no smoking cars.

No telegrams of congratulation greeted the young Queen at her coronation, for telegraphy was unknown. To-day London receives news of a fire in India in less time than the news could have been sent from one end of the "Strand" to the other, sixty years ago. In the United States an average of 112 messages are sent every minute, day and night, the year round.

Running water in houses did not exist, even for royalty, sixty years ago. In New York rain water was largely used, and most houses had cisterns. The wealthy used water brought in casks from the upper wards of the city. The water so procured cost over a dollar a hogshead.

Seventeen Presidents have ruled in the United States since Victoria became Queen. Only three of them are now living. The thrones of Europe have changed many times. Victoria has been contemporary to twenty-eight Kings, six Emperors, four Czars, three Queens, thirteen Presidents, ten Princes, five Sultans and many petty rulers of smaller States of Europe and Asia.

THE GREAT INVENTORS.

Inventive science has made marvelous progress in every department during Victoria's sixty years as Queen. Cantilever bridges have surprised the world. Travel has been wonderfully quickened by street cars, cabs, trolleys, cable cars, elevated roads and other triumphs of invention. In 1837 there were no typewriters, no passenger elevators, no modern bicycles, no soda-water fountains, no horseless carriages, no chemical fire extinguishers, no ironclads, no perfecting presses. Fully chronicling the inventive progress of the last six decades would make it seem as if nothing had been done of real consequence to man's comfort before 1837.

Slavery existed throughout the world sixty years ago. In the second year of Victoria's reign emancipation was complete in England. Ten years later France and South American republics freed their slaves. Russia and the United States followed in 1863. Then Brazil declared its slaves free in 1871, Portugal in 1878, and Cuba in 1886. To-day slavery has been abolished throughout all parts of the civilized world except in portions of Africa.

International copyright did not exist. A plea was signed, in the year of Victoria's ascension to the throne, by fifty-six British authors. The plea was warmly approved by the best American men of letters, and was then presented to Congress. Not wishing to act hastily in the matter Congress took it under consideration, and, after thinking it over—for about fifty-four years—actually passed an international copyright law in 1891.

PHOTOGRAPHY UNKNOWN.

No snap-shots were taken of the coronation ceremonies. Photography was then unknown. In the past sixty years it has joined hands with all the sciences. It has revealed to the astronomer stars invisible through the most powerful telescopes. It has shown the marvelous anatomy of microscopic forms of life. It has popularized the great paintings of the world, advanced literature and education in endless ways, and made scenes in contemporary life permanent for posterity.

Gas was unheard of—or rather it was heard of, but there was strong prejudice against it. Candles were used in the churches in the early Victorian days. Two candles, stuck in tin candle-holders, were allotted to each pew. By judicious snuffing they were coaxed to burn during the service, while a diffused odor of smoking wicks pervaded the sanctuary.

Eleven daily papers satisfied all England when Victoria was crowned, and these were in London. Their aggregate circulation was 40,000, one-quarter of which was held by the Times. London had fifty weeklies and thirteen monthlies to supply its million and a half of citizens and practically all other parts of the kingdom. The daily papers were as heavy as dumbbells. There were no illustrated weeklies, no humorous papers, no war correspondents, no interviewing. There were very few advertisements, and each had to pay an almost prohibitive tax.

All great modern tunnels of the world have been built during Victoria's reign. The Hoosac, Mont Cenis, St. Gothard and Arlberg have been completed within the last twenty-six years. The world has 1,142 noteworthy tunnels; over 1,000 have been built since 1837.

COMFORTS HAVE INCREASED.

Home comforts have increased wonderfully during Victoria's reign. Before she ascended the throne there was no steam heating. Flint and tinder did duty for matches. Plate glass was a luxury undreamed of. Envelopes had not been invented and postage stamps had not been introduced. Vulcanized rubber and celluloid had not begun to appear in a hundred dainty forms. Stationary wash-tubs, and even wash-boards were unknown. Carpets, furniture and household accessories were expensive. Sewing machines had not yet supplanted the needle. Aniline colors and coal-tar products were things of the future. Stem-winding watches had not appeared; there were no cheap watches of any kind. So it was with hundreds of the necessities of our present life.

Queen Victoria has over seventy descendants, over sixty of whom are living. She has had nine children, seven of whom are living, and innumerable grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Her sons and daughters who are living are: The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Edinburgh, the ex-Empress Frederick, of Germany; the Princess Christian, the Marchioness of Lorne, and the Princess Beatrice. Among her descendants are princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, one Emperor, two empresses, one marchioness and a lady.—By William George Jordan, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

RECEIVING THE MESSAGE.

William IV. died about two o'clock in the morning of June 20, 1837, at Windsor Castle, and immediately high official messengers set off to Kensington Palace to summon Victoria, then just eighteen, to the Throne. The messengers reached Kensington about five in the morning. They found the Princess in "such a sweet sleep" that her attendants were loath to waken her. "In a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

SHIPPING.

CUNARD LINE.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.

NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL

Calling at Queenstown.

Umbria	Sat. June	26,	1.00 p.m.
Lucania	Sat., July	3,	8.00 a.m.
Etruria	Sat., July	10,	1.00 p.m.
Campania	Sat., July	17,	8.00 a.m.
Aurania	Sat., July	24,	noon.
Umbria	Sat., July	31,	3.00 p.m.
Lucania	Sat., Aug.	7,	noon.
Etruria	Sat., Aug.	14,	3.00 p.m.

EXTRA SAILING.

Aurania ..... Tues., June 22, noon.

The steamers of this line have for over fifty years an unequalled record for the safety and comfort of their passengers.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Cabin, $75 and upwards. Second Cabin, $42.50 to $50, according to the season, steamer and accommodation.

Steerage tickets to and from all parts of Europe at very low rates.

Through bills of lading given for Belfast, Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp and other ports on the Continent and for Mediterranean ports.

For freight and passage apply at the Company's Office, No. 4 Bowling Green, New York.

VERNON H. BROWN & CO., General Agents.

THOMAS WILSON, Agent, 30 St. Francois Xavier Street,
BENJAMIN & WESTON, 10 Place d'Armes Square. Montr.

BLACK DIAMOND LINE

S.S. CAPE BRETON	2500 tons capacity
S.S. LOUISBURG	2450 tons capacity
S.S. CACOUNA	2000 tons capacity
S.S. COBAN	1350 tons capacity

The above A 1 Iron Steamships will run regularly throughout the season from

MONTREAL TO

Charlottetown, P.E.I., North Sydney, C.B., St. John's, Nfld

NEXT SAILINGS.

S.S. COBAN	Monday	June 21
S.S. BONAVISTA	Monday	June 28
S.S. COBAN	Thursday	July 8
S.S. BONAVISTA	Thursday	July 15

To be followed by other sailings at regular intervals of about every nine days.

These vessels have comfortable cabin accommodation. For freight or passage apply to

Peake Bros. & Co., Charlottetown, P.E.I., Vooght Bros., North Sydney, C.B., Harvey & Co., St. John's, Nfld., or to

KINGMAN, BROWN & CO., 14 Place Royale, Montreal.

Aberdeen Atlantic Shipping Co.

LIMITED

Regular and Direct Sailing Between MONTREAL, ABERDEEN and NEWCASTLE every three weeks.

S.S. Lord Gough, 3655 tons, on or about 14th June, to Aberdeen and Newcastle.

S.S. Hankow, 3594 tons, will sail from Montreal on or about June 30th.

First-class accommodation for Live Stock, Flour, Butter, Cheese, Grain and all kinds of merchandise.

Through Bills of Lading granted to all points in Canada and United States.

For rates of freight and other particulars, apply to

MUNDERLOH & CO., General Agents for Canada, 61 St. Sulpice Street, Montreal.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines.

AMERICAN LINE FOR SOUTHAMPTON.

Shortest and most convenient route to London No transfer by tender. No tidal delays. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris by special fast twin screw Channel steamers.

I. cabin, $100 and upwards; II. cabin, $42.50 to $60.

Berlin, June 19, 10 a.m. | Ohio, June 26, 10 a.m.
St. Louis, June 23, 10 a.m. | Paris, June 30, 10 a.m.

RED STAR LINE FOR ANTWERP.

I. cabin, $75 and upwards; II. cabin, $38 and upwards.

Berlin ..... Wednesday, June 19, 10 a.m.
Friesland ..... Wednesday, June 23, noon.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY, 6 Bowling Green, New York

W. H. Henry, 116 St. Peter Street, Mechanics' Institute Bldg.,
W. F. Egg, 129 St. James Street,
Benjamin & Weston, 10 Place d'Armes Square,
D. Battersby, 178 St. James Street, } Montreal.

NEW POULTRY FOOD.

Green Cut Bones. One price, 20 lbs. for 50c. M. HEINRICHON, dealer in grain, 3043 Notre Dame Street., St. Henri. P.O. Box 22.

SHIPMAN & GRIFFITH, Funeral Directors and Embalmers, 2356 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL. Open Day and Night. Telephone 3030.

SEALE & SON, Funeral Directors and Embalmers, Cor. Beaver Hall and Dorchester Street. Bell Telephone, 3469. Montreal

SHIPPING.

DOMINION LINE

ELDER, DEMPSTER & COMPANY'S

Regular Line of First-Class Steamships.

—MONTREAL—

—TO—

BRISTOL (Avonmouth) and LONDON

Consisting of the following first-class Steamers:—

S.S. MILWAUKEE (new)	7,317 tons
S.S. MONTCALM (bldg)	7,000 "
S.S. MONTROSE (bldg)	7,000 "
S.S. MONTEZUMA	6,357 "
S.S. MERRIMAC	4,117 "
S.S. QUEENSMORE	3,878 "
S.S. MARINO	3,819 "
S.S. ASHANTI (new)	3,400 "
S.S. BELGIAN KING	3,379 "
S.S. LYCIA	3,282 "
S.S. ETOLIA	3,270 "
S.S. MEMNON	3,176 "

Steamers of the above line insure at first-class rates, and are fitted up with all the modern improvements for carrying Live Stock, Butter, Cheese, Grain, and every description of general cargo, and are intended to be despatched from Montreal as follows:

TO BRISTOL (Avonmouth).

S.S. ASHANTI	June 17
*S.S. MEMNON	June 24
*S.S. MERRIMAC	July 1
*S.S. ETOLIA	July 8

And Weekly Thereafter.

TO LONDON.

S.S. MONTEZUMA	June 19
S.S. MARINO	June 26
S.S. MILWAUKEE	July 3

And Weekly Thereafter.

For rates of freight and other particulars apply to

ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO., 219 Commissioners St., Montreal.

Toronto Agency:—

R. DAWSON HARLING, 23 Scott St.

Chicago Agency:—

EARLE & MASSEY, 6 Sherman St.

*Steamers marked thus are fitted with cold storage.

DOMINION LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.

VIA LONDONDERRY.

Steamer.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
Scotsman	May 8 daylight,	May 9, 9 a.m
Labrador	May 22 daylight,	May 23, 9 a.m
Ottoman	May 29 daylight,	May 29, 2 p.m
Vancouver	June 5 daylight,	June 6, 9 a.m
Scotsman	June 12 daylight,	June 12, 2 p.m
Labrador	June 26 daylight,	June 27, 9 a.m

S.S. CANADA will sail from Boston 24th April, 29th May, and 3rd July.

Rates of passage, to Londonderry or to Liverpool:

First Cabin—$52.50 to $90.00 single; $105 to $180 return.

Second Cabin—$34.00 to $36.25 single; $66.75 to $69.00 return.

Steerage to Liverpool, Londonderry, London, Glasgow, Belfast or Londonderry, including a plentiful supply of provisions, cooked and served, and every requisite for the voyage ..... $22.50 and $23.50

Cape Town, South Africa $86.50

Glasgow, Londonderry and New York Service (from New Pier, foot of W. 21st Street, New York.)

From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From New York.
28 May	State of Nebraska	11 June
11 June	Mongolian	25 June
25 June	State of Nebraska	9 July

Rates—1st Cabin, $45 to $60; return tickets, $90 to $110. Second Cabin, to Glasgow or Londonderry, $25; return tickets, $64.15. The Steamships Mongolian and State of Nebraska are not surpassed for excellent accommodation for all classes of passengers.

The Saloons are forward, Staterooms near the centre of the ships promenade deck, the entire width of the vessel, and two-thirds of the length. Electric lights throughout, and electric bells in every stateroom.

London and Montreal Service.

From London.	Steamship.	From Montreal on or about
27 May	Rosarian	13 June
2 June	Ormidale	20 June
9 June	Brazilian	27 June
16 June	Monte Videan	4 July

And Weekly Thereafter.

Glasgow and Montreal Service.

From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From Montreal on or about
20 May	Buenos Ayrean	8 June
27 May	Norwegian	15 June
4 June	Sarmatian	22 June
11 June	Sardinian	29 June
18 June	Buenos Ayrean	11 July

And Weekly Thereafter.

Liverpool, Halifax, Philadelphia and St. John's Service.

From Liverpool	From St. John's and Halifax	From Phila. or about	From St. Glasgow.
9 May	22 May	Assyrian	10 June
2 June	5 June	Corean	24 June
16 June	19 June	Siberian	8 July
			13 July

H. & A. ALLAN, 25 Common Street, Montreal.

FURNESS LINE.

REGULAR SAILINGS—MONTREAL TO MANCHESTER.

S.S. Baltimore City	May 25
S.S. Stockholm City	June 5
S.S. Straits of Menai	June 19
S.S. Straits of Sunda	July

And Fortnightly Thereafter.

Hansa-St. Lawrence Line

REGULAR SAILINGS—MONTREAL TO ANTWERP AND HAMBURG.

S.S. Carlisle City	May 21
S.S. Boston City	June 16
S.S. Carlisle City	July 14

And Monthly Thereafter.

For rates of freight and all other information, apply to Earle & Massey, 6 Sherman Street, Chicago; J. H. Duthie, corner Yonge and King Streets, Toronto, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO., 17 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.

BEAVER LINE

SUMMER SERVICE.

Montreal to Liverpool.

From Liverpool.	Steamers.	From Montreal.
Sat., May 15	Lake Huron	Tues., June 1
Sat., May 22	Lake Superior	Sat., June 5
Sat., June 29	Lake Winnipeg	Wed. June 16
Sat., June 5	Lake Ontario	Wed. June 23
Tues., June 15	Lake Huron	Wed. June 30
Sun., June 20	Lake Superior	Wed. July 7

Weekly Thereafter.

Until further notice the steamers of this Line will call at Queenstown, during the summer season, for passengers, on the voyage from Liverpool only.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

FIRST CABIN—Single, $47.50, $50.00 and $60.00. Return, $95.00 and $114.00 according to steamer.

SECOND CABIN—To Liverpool or London, $34.00. Return, $66.75.

STEERAGE—To all points at lowest rates, including outfit.

For further particulars as to freight or passage, apply to

D. W. CAMPBELL, Mgr.

D. & C. MACIVER, Hospital Street, Tower Buildings, Liverpool. Montreal.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED.)

ST. LAWRENCE LINE.

SS. "CAMPANA," 1,700 tons,

Is intended to sail from Montreal on

MONDAY, JUNE 21ST,

At 2 P.M.

And afterwards on every Alternate Monday during the season,

Leaving Quebec the day following at noon.

For FATHER POINT, GASPE, MAL BAY, PERCE, CAPE COVE, SUMMERSIDE, CHARLOTTETOWN and PICTOU.

Has excellent accommodation for passengers. Electric lights and all modern comforts.

No cargo received after noon of Sailing Day.

Tickets for sale at all the principal ticket offices.

For Freight, Passage and Staterooms, apply to

J. G. BROCK & CO., Agents, 211 Commissioners Street.

R. & O. JUBILEE EXCURSION

SINGLE FARE.

Good going June 21st and 22nd, good returning until June 23rd, 1897.

QUEBEC, Rt., $3.00. THREE RIVERS, $1.50, SOREL, 75c

SATURDAY to MONDAY Excursions at same rates, see time table. Grand Orchestra on board.

CHANGES—Quebec boat will stop at Levis, beginning Monday. Quebec to Montreal boat now leaves at 5.30 p.m.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, City Passenger Agent, 128 St. James Street, opp. Post Office.

Go to —

Wall & Walsh,

THE PRACTICAL PLUMBERS.

We have had a large experience in all kinds of Plumbing, such as Gas Fittings, Iron, Tin or Brass Work, putting up Gas Stoves, Electric Fittings, etc. We guarantee our work to be satisfactory and charges moderate.

WALL & WALSH, 562 Craig Street.

FOR SALE.

At a Bargain.

Lot 30 x 75, brick house, shed and stable No. 148 St. Hypolite street. Apply at once, 13 Mitcheson avenue.

SHIPPING.

ALLAN LINE.

Royal Mail Steamships.

Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal Royal Mail Service—Calling at Londonderry

From Liverpool.	Steamships.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
27 May	*Numidian	12 June	12 June
4 June	*Parisian	19 June	20 June
11 June	Carthaginian	26 June	26 June
18 June	*California	3 July	4 July

*Steamers marked thus are Mail Steamers, carrying all classes of passengers.

The Saloons and Staterooms are in the central part, where least motion is felt. Electricity is used for lighting the ships throughout, the lights being at the command of the passengers at any hour of the night. Music Rooms and Smoking Rooms on the promenade deck. The Saloons and Staterooms are heated by steam.

RATES—Cabin: $52.50 and upwards, according to steamer, location of, and number of persons in room. A reduction is made on Round Trip Tickets except on the lowest rate.

Second Cabin—To Liverpool, London, or Londonderry, $34.00 and $36.25 Single $66.75 and $71.50 Return.

Steerage—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast or Londonderry, including a plentiful supply of provisions, cooked and served, and every requisite for the voyage ..... $22.50 and $23.50

Cape Town, South Africa $86.50

Glasgow, Londonderry and New York Service (from New Pier, foot of W. 21st Street, New York.)

From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From New York.
28 May	State of Nebraska	11 June
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25 June	State of Nebraska	9 July

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London and Montreal Service.

From London.	Steamship.	From Montreal on or about
27 May	Rosarian	13 June
2 June	Ormidale	20 June
9 June	Brazilian	27 June
16 June	Monte Videan	4 July

And Weekly Thereafter.

Glasgow and Montreal Service.

From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From Montreal on or about
20 May	Buenos Ayrean	8 June
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From Liverpool	From St. John's and Halifax	From Phila. or about	From St. Glasgow.
9 May	22 May	Assyrian	10 June
2 June	5 June	Corean	24 June
16 June	19 June	Siberian	8 July
			13 July

H. & A. ALLAN, 25 Common Street, Montreal.

FURNESS LINE.

REGULAR SAILINGS—MONTREAL TO MANCHESTER.

S.S. Baltimore City	May 25
S.S. Stockholm City	June 5
S.S. Straits of Menai	June 19
S.S. Straits of Sunda	July

And Fortnightly Thereafter.

Hansa-St. Lawrence Line

REGULAR SAILINGS—MONTREAL TO ANTWERP AND HAMBURG.

S.S. Carlisle City	May 21
S.S. Boston City	June 16
S.S. Carlisle City	July 14

And Monthly Thereafter.

For rates of freight and all other information, apply to Earle & Massey, 6 Sherman Street, Chicago; J. H. Duthie, corner Yonge and King Streets, Toronto, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO., 17 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.

Ulster Steamship Co'y,

LIMITED

"HEAD LINE"

Montreal and Quebec to Belfast and Dublin.

The following first-class steamers are intended to continue the regular service between the above-named ports:

S.S Torr Head	5,911 tons
S.S. Ramore Head	4,444 tons
S.S. Malin Head	3,467 tons
S.S. Inishowen Head	3,056 tons
S.S. Bengore Head	2,458 tons
S.S. Dunmore Head	2,229 tons
S.S. Teelin Head	1,667 tons
S.S. Glen Head	1,600 tons

PROPOSED SAILINGS.

Steamer.	For	About
S.S. Ramore Head	Dublin	July 1
S.S. Bengore Head	Belfast	July 4
S.S. Dunmore Head	Dublin	July 5
S.S. Malin Head	Belfast	July 8
S.S. Inishowen Head	Dublin	July 12
S.S. Torr Head	Belfast	July 21

To be followed by other steamers fortnightly. Through bills of lading granted from all points in Canada. For freight and other particulars apply to G. HEYN & SONS, Belfast, Managers Ulster Steamship Co., Ltd.; PALGRAVE, MURPHY & CO., Dublin; HAROLD KENNEDY, Quebec; WM. THOMSON & CO., St. John, N.B., or

McLEAN, KENNEDY & CO., Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET CO.

(Hansa-St. Lawrence Line.)

The only Direct Line between Hamburg, Antwerp and Canada, affording regular sailings.

SUMMER SERVICE.

Steamer.	From Hamburg.	From Antwerp.	From Montreal.
Arcadia	April 10	April 14	May 3
A steamer	April 24	April 28	May 13
Ambria	May 8	May 12	June 2

Steerage tickets are issued for passage to and from Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy and France, via Hamburg and Antwerp, at lowest rates of passage.

Importers of German and Belgian goods will find it to their advantage by having their goods come by Hansa-St. Lawrence Line, via Hamburg or Antwerp. Through Bills of Lading issued in connection with the Canadian and American railways to principal points in Canada.

For further particulars apply to

JAMES THOM, Manager, 13 St. John Street, Montreal.

JOHNSTON LINE.

Regular Sailings.

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

S.S. Oakmore	about June 20
S.S. Parkmore	about June 27
S.S. Baltimore	about July 7
S.S. Barnesmore	about July 11
S.S. Rossmore	about July 14
S.S. Oakmore	about July 21
S.S. Parkmore	about July 28

For rates of freight, through bills of lading, and full information, apply to all railway agents; Wm. Johnston & Co., Ltd., Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Boston; 218 La Salle Street, Chicago; 208 Railway Exchange Building, St. Louis, or to

WM. JOHNSTON & CO., Ltd., Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

RICHELIEU

The Prince of Table Waters.

PURE, SPARKLING, REFRESHING.

For sale at the Clubs, Hotels, Restaurant and all first-class groceries. Telephone 1120.

SHREWSBURY

By Stanley J. Weyman.

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PART I.—CHAPTER I.

That the untimely death at the age of fifty-eight of that great prince, Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury, my most noble and generous patron, has afflicted me with a sorrow which I may truly call acerbus et ingens, is nothing to the world; which from one in my situation could expect no other, and on the briefest relation of the benefits I had at his hands, might look for more. Were this all, therefore, or my task confined to such a relation, I should supererogate indeed in making this appearance. But I am informed that my lord duke's death has revived in certain quarters those rumors to his prejudice which were so industriously put about at the time of his first retirement, and which, refuted as they were at the time by the express declaration of his sovereign, and at leisure by his own behavior, and the support which at two great crises he gave to the Protestant succession, formed always a proof of the malice, as now of the persistence, of his enemies.

Still, such as they are, and though, not these circumstances only, but a thousand others have time after time exposed them, I am instructed that they are again afloat, and find favor in circles where to think ill of public men is held the first test of experience. And this being the case, and my affection for my lord such as is natural, I perceive a clear duty. I do not indeed suppose that any one can at this time of day effect that which the sense of all good men failed to effect while he lived—I mean the final killing of these rumors; nor is a plain tale likely to persuade those with whom idle reports, constantly furbished up, of letters seen in France, weigh more than a consistent life. But my lord's case is now, as I take it, removed to the Appeal court of posterity, which nevertheless a lie constantly iterated may mislead. To provide somewhat to correct this and where from future historians may draw, I who knew him well and was deep in his confidence and business at the time of Sir John Fenwick's conspiracy — of which these calumnies were always compact—propose to set down my evidence here; shrinking from no fulness, at times even venturing on prolixity, and always remembering a saying of Lord Somers, that the most material part of testimony is often that in which the witness values himself least. To adventure on this fulness, which in the case of many, and perhaps the bulk of writers, might issue in the surfeit of their readers, I feel myself emboldened by the possession of a brief and concise manner of writing, which, acquired in the first place in the circumstances presently to appear, was later employed by constant practice in the composition of my lord's papers.

And here some will expect me to proceed at once to the events of the year 1696, in which Sir John suffered, or at least 1689. But softly, and a little, if you please, above; inasmuch as the particulars which enabled my lord's enemies to place a sinister interpretation on his conduct in those years, had somewhat to do with me. Therefore, before I can clear the matter up from every point of view, I am first to say who I am, and how I came to fall in the way of that great man, and gain his approbation; with other preliminary matters relating to myself, whereof some do not please at this distance, and yet must be set down, if with a wry face.

Of which I am glad to say, the worst comes first, or at least early. And with that, to proceed, promising always that, as in all that follows, I am no one and the tale is my lord's, I shall deal very succinctly with my own concern and chancings, and where I must state them for clearness of narrative, will do so currente calamo, as the ancients were wont to say, and so forthwith to those more important matters with which my readers desire to be made acquainted.

Suffice it then, that I was born near Bishop's Stortford, on the borders of Hertfordshire in that year, so truly called the Annus Mirabilis, 1666; my father, a small yeoman, my mother of no better stock, she being the daughter of a poor parson in that neighborhood. In such a station she was not likely to boast much learning, yet she could read, and having served two years in a great man's still-room, had acquired notions of gentility that went ill with her station as they were little calculated to increase her contentment. Our house lay not far from the high road between Ware and Bishop's Stortford, which furnished us with frequent oportunities of viewing the king and court, who were in the habit of passing that way two or three times in the year to Newmarket to see the horseraces. On these occasions we crowded with our neighbors to the side of the road, and gaped on the pageant, which lacked no show of ladies, both masked and unmasked, and gentlemen in all kinds of fripperies, and mettlesome horses that hit the taste of some among us better than either. My mother was ever foremost and the most ready on these excursions; yet it was not long before I learned to beware of her hand for days after, and expect none but gloomy looks and fretful answers, while my father dared no more spell duty for as much as a week than refuse the king's taxes.

Nevertheless ,and whatever she was as a wife—and it is true she could ding my father's ears, and, for as handsome as she was, there were times when he would have been happier with a plainer woman—I am far from saying that she was a bad mother. Indeed, she was a kind, if fickle and passionate one, wiser at large and in intention, than in practice and in small matters. Yet if for one thing only—and putting aside natural affection, in which I trust I am not deficient—she deserved to be named by me with undying gratitude. For having learned to read, but never to write, beyond, that is, the trifle of her maiden name, she valued scholarship both by that she had, and that she had not; and in the year after I was breeched, prevailed on my father, who, for his part, good man, never advanced beyond the neck verse, to bind me to the ancient grammar school at Bishop's Stortford, then kept by a Mrs. G.——

I believe that there were some who thought this as much beyond our pretensions as our small farm fell below the homestead of a man of substance; and for certain, the first lesson I learned at that school was to behave myself lowly and reverently to all my betters, being trounced on arrival by three squire's sons, and afterward, in due order and gradation, by all who had or affected gentility. To balance this, I found that I had the advantage of my master's favor, and that for no greater a thing than the tinge of my father's opinions. For, whereas, the commonalty in that country, as in all the Eastern countries, had been for the Parliament in the late troubles, and still loved a patriot, my father was a King's man, which placed him high in Mr. G——'s estimation, who had been displaced by the Rump and hated all of that side, and not for that only, but, and in a greater degree, for a thing which befell him later, after he had withdrawn to Oxford. For being of St. John's College, and seeing all that rich and loyal foundation at stake, he entered himself in a body of horse which was raised among the younger collegians and servants; and doubtless if he had been so lucky as to lose an eye or an arm in the field of honor, he would have forgiven Oliver all, and not the King's sufferings only, but his own. But in place of that, it was an ill-chance to be one of the troop that, marching at night by the river near Wallingford, took fright at nothing and galloped to Abingdon without drawing rein; for which reason, and because an example was needed, they were disbanded. True, I never heard that the fault lay with our master, nor that he was a man of less courage than his neighbors; but he took the matter peculiarly to heart, and never forgave the Roundheads the slur they had unwittingly cast on his honor; on the contrary, and in the event he regularly celebrated the 30th of January by flogging the six boys who stood lowest in each form, and afterward reading the service of the day over their smarting tails. By some, indeed, it was alleged that the veriest dunces, if of loyal stock, might look to escape on these occasions; but I treat this as a calumny.

That the good man did in truth love and favor loyalty, however, and this without sparing the rod in season, I am myself a bright and excellent example. For, though I never attained the outward flower of scholarship by proceeding to the learned degree of arts at either of the universities, I gained the root and kernel of the matter at Bishop's Stortford; being able at the age of 14 to write a fine hand, and read Eutropius and learn and teach the horn-book and Christ cross to younger boys. These attainments, and the taste for polite learning, which, as these pages must testify, I have never ceased to cultivate, I owe rather to the predilection which he had for me than to my own gifts; which, indeed, though doubtless I was always a boy of some parts, I do not remember to have been great at the first. Sub ferula, however, and with encouragement, I so far advanced that he presently began to consider the promoting me to the place of usher with a cane in commendam; and doubtless would have done it but for the fit that took him at the first news of the Rye House plot—which a friend imprudently brought to him when he was merry after dinner—and at one and the same time carried him off, and deprived me of the best of pedagogues.

After that, and learning that his successor had a son whom he proposed to promote to the place I desired, I returned to the school no more, but began to live at home, at first with pleasure, but after no long interval with growing chagrin and tedium. Our house possessed none of the

"I plodded twelve miles to Ware."

comforts that are necessary to idleness, and therefore when the east wind drove me indoors from swinging on the gate, or sulking in the stack-yard, I found in it neither welcome nor occupation. My younger brother had seized on the place of assistant to my father, and having got thews and experience ambulando, found fresh ground every day for making mock of my uselessness. Did I milk, the cows kicked over the bucket, while I thought of other things; did I plow, my furrows ran crooked; when I threshed the flail soon wearied my arms. In the result therefore the respect with which my father had at first regarded my learning wore off, and he grew to hate the sight of me loafing in the doorway, my sleeves too short for my chaffed arms, and my breeches barely to my knees. Though my mother still believed in me, and occasionally, when she was in an ill-humor with my father, made me read to her, her support scarcely balanced the neighbor's sneers. Nor, when I chanced to displease her—was she above joining in the general cry and asking me, while she cuffed me, whether I thought that cherries fell into the mouth and meant to spend all my life with my hands in my pockets.

To make a long story short, at the end of twelve months, whereof every day of the last ten increased my hatred of the home surroundings, the dull strip of common before our door, the duck pond, the horizon and the twin ash trees on which I had cut my name so often, I heard through a neighbor that an usher was required in a school at Ware. This was enough for me, while, of my family, who saw me leave with greater relief on their own account than hope on mine, only my mother felt or affected regret. With ten shillings in my pocket, her parting gift, and my scanty library of three volumes packed among my clothes on my back, I plodded the twelve miles to Ware, satisfied the learned Mr. D—— that I had had the small-pox, would sleep three in a bed, and knew more than he did; and the same day was duly engaged to teach in his classical seminary, in return for my board, lodging, washing and nine guineas a year.

He had trailed a pike in the wars, and was an ignorant, but neither a cruel, nor, save in pretence of knowledge, a dishonest man; it might be supposed therefore, that, after the taste of idleness and independence I had had, I should here find myself tolerably placed and in a fair way of promotion. But I presently found that I had merely exchanged a desert for a prison, wherein I had not only the shepherding of the boys to do, both by night and day—which in a short time grew inconceivably irksome, so that I had to choose whether I would be tyrant or slave, but also the main weight of teaching, and there no choice at all but sometimes taking that corner for the limit of a brisk walk to and fro, which made it natural to wheel again at that point.

Notwithstanding these ruses, however, and though Mrs. D's voice, raised in anger, frequently bore witness to her neighborhood, it was some time before I caught a glimpse of the person whose fate, more doleful than mine, yet not dissimilar, has awakened my interest. At length I espied her, slowly crossing the garden, with her back to me and a yoke on her shoulders. Two pails hung from the yoke. I smelled swill, and in a trice, seeing in her no more than a wretched drab, in clogs and a coarse sacking apron, felt my philanthrophy brought to the test, and, without a second glance, turned away in disgust, and thought no more of her.

After that I took a distaste for that corner, and I do not remember that I visited it for a week or more, when at length, chance or custom taking me there again, I saw the same woman hanging clothes on the line. She had her back to me, as on the former occasion, but this time I lingered watching her, and, whether she knew or not that I was there, her work presently brought her towards the gap in the fence beyond the water barrel, at which I stood gazing. Still I could not see her face, partly because she did not turn my way and partly because she wore a dirty, limp sunbonnet, which obscured her features. But I continued to watch; and by and by she had finished her hanging; and took up the empty basket to go in again; and thereon, suddenly in the act of rising from stooping, she looked directly at me, not being more than two, or at the most, three paces from me. It was but one look, and it lasted, I suppose, two seconds or so; but it touched something in me that had never been touched before, and at this time of writing and though I have been long married, and have children, my body burns at the remembrance of it. For not only was the face that for those two seconds looking into mine of rare beauty, brown and low-browed, with scarlet, laughing lips and milk white teeth and eyes of witching, brighter than a queen's jewels, but in the look, short as it was and passing, shone a something that I had never seen in a woman's face before, a something, God knows what—appeal, or passion or temptation—that on the instant fired my blood. I suppose, nay, I know now, that the face that flished that look at me from under the dirty sunbonnet could change to a marvel, and in a minute, and as by miracle, become dull and almost ugly, or the most beautiful in the world. But then, that and all such things were new to me, who knew no woman, and had never spoken to a woman in the way of love, or thought of one when her back was turned so knew, that when it was over, and she was gone without a second glance, I went back to the house another man, my heart thumping in my breast and my cheeks burning, and my whole being oppressed with desire and bashfulness and wonder and curiosity, and a hundred other emotions that could not permit me to be at ease until I had hidden myself from all eyes.

Well, to be brief, that in the space I have taken to tell it, changed all. I was 18; the girl's shining eyes burned me up, as flame burns stubble. In an hour, a day, a week. I can no more say within what time than I can describe what befell me before I was born—for if that was a sleeping, this was a dream and passed swift and confused at one—I was madly and desperately in love. Her face, brilliant, mischievous,alluring, rose before the thumed grammer day, and the window of the fetid crowded bedroom by night, and filled the slow gray dawnings, now with joy and now with despair. For the time, I thought only of her, lived for her, did my work in dream of her. I kept no count of time, I gave no heed to what passed round me, but I went through the routine of my miserable life, happy as the slave that rich in the possession of some beneficent drug defies the pain of labor and the lash. I say my miserable life, but I say it, so great was the change, in a figure only and in retrospect; Mrs.D. might scorn me now, and the boys squabble round me, yet, that life was no longer miserable nor dull, whereof every morning flattered me with hopes of seeing my mistress, and every third day or so fulfilled the promise.

With all this, and though from the moment her eyes met mine across the fence, her beauty possessed me utterly, a full fortnight elapsed before I spoke with her. In the interval I saw her three times, and always in the wretched guise in which she had first appeared to me, which so far from checking my passion augmented it by the full measure of the mystery and charm, with which the sordidness of her dress, in contrast with her sparkling beauty, invested her in my mind. But, for speaking with her, that was another matter and one presenting so many difficulties (whereof, as the boy's constant presence and Mrs. D's. temper were the greatest, so my bashfulness was not the least) that I think we might have done another fortnight and perhaps a third to that, had not a certain privilege on which Mr. D.'s good lady greatly prided herself, come to our aid in the nick of time; and by bringing us into the same room (a thing which had never occurred before, and of itself threw me into a fever) combined with fortune to aid my hopes.

(To be Continued.)

Humor of the Day.

First Populist—I see some of the railroads are carryin' bicycles free.

Second Populist—They are, eh? Then they ought to be made to carry folks that don't ride wheels free, too—just to even things up.—Puck.

She—And you say you would die for me? Mr. Boresome—A thousand times! She—Would you mind doing it just once—right away? You know papa has just been elected Coroner and he hasn't had any practice yet.—Harlem Life.

"You," said he, "are such a jolly person."

"And you," said she, "are a jollier."—Indianapolis Journal.

"This is a wonderful age of invention," remarked the young man of serious inclinations.

"Yes," replied the skeptic, "and the new machines we are getting do not show that fact nearly as much as the stories invented by the inventors about the things they are going to invent."—Washington Star.

HEART'S HEALER.

Mrs. Mugger, Wife of Capt. Charles Mugger, of Sydney, C.B., Got Relief in 30 Minutes From Heart Disease of Four Years' Standing, and Declares She Owes Her Life to Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

"It affords me great pleasure to commend Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I was sorely afflicted with heart trouble, accompanied with dizziness, palpitation and smothering sensations. For over four years I was treated by best physicians, and used all remedies known to man. I determined to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. The first dose gave me great relief inside of thirty minutes. I used two bottles, and feel to-day I have been completely cured."

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame street, and J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine street.

For Younger Readers

JICKLINGS EXPERIENCE.

It therefore fell like a thunderclap on Jickling when, the evening before the first day of the Fair,, Asheton said to him:

"Mind, Jickling, I won't have you going to the Fair, for you'll be certain to come to grief in some way if you do; and I've made up my mind that 'grief' and you are to be kept apart this half. If I hear you've been to the Fair, you shall have double-fagging for a month, and something else besides."

Not go to the Fair! Even Stumps and Blazepole thought this a stretch of prerogative, and looked compassionately on Jickling, as though he were being victimized. As for Jickling himself, he said nothing; but I readily guessed, from the expression that stole over his stubborn face and flashed out of his shifty eyes, that to the Fair he meant to go, all prohibitions notwithstanding, nor was I wrong

The next morning, which was the first morning of the Fair, at about half-past eight, that is after first school, I was engaged in taking a "bun and coffee," at Brown's, the pastry-cook's, in the midst of a crowd of other hungry boys, when I felt an arm laid upon my sleeve tuggingly, and I recognized the voice. It was Jickling's, and he said:

"I say, Rivers, I'm going to the Fair. Will you come?"

"And fagging?" I asked, astonished.

"I'm going to shirk it," said Jickling.

"And prayers?"

"I shall shirk them, too," was his answer.

"I dare'nt," I ejaculated, timidly.

"Then, you're a funk," responded Jickling, with great contempt. "This is just the time for the Fair. All the masters are busy between nine and eleven; there'll be two at the most there, probably one; and we've got two whole hours and a half before eleven o'clock school. I'm going whether you do or not, but I must say, I shouldn't like to funk a 'swishing' as you seem to do," sneered Jickling, with diabolical derision.

"I don't funk a swishing," I protested, blushing up to the rots of my hair.

"Then you funk a licking from Asheton for shirking fagging," cried Jickling waxing more diabolical; "I don't care that for Asheton," he continued, with a snap of his fingers, "and I'm just going to the Fair now on purpose to spite him, the brute."

Some more conversation ensued between us; importunately tempting on his side, feebly resisting on mine; and the upshot of it was that, several other boys agreeing to join the party, I no longer had the moral courage to hold aloof, and in another ten minutes I was crossing Windsor Bridge with a beating pulse, throbbing heart, and eyes strained to see if they would not behold a master spring up, like a jack-in-the-box, at the next street corner.

At Bachelor's Acre lay the focus of the Fair, there were circuses, shooting-galleries, skittle-allies, Aunt-Sallies, roulette tables, and all the fun that is popularly described as "fast and furious." One could buy gilt gingerbread there, flashy porcelain, false noses, masks, and other interesting objects, and indulge in such cheap gambling as may be offered by betting pence on marbles, set to race down an inclined plane studded with pins. If you wanted excitement, your way lay to the Acre, and thither, of course, we all sped.

By this time we had forgotten that such people as masters existed, and a little intoxicated by the beating of drums, the squeaking of pandean pipes and the braying of horns, and the noise of the merry-go-rounds, we turned a ready ear to the blandishments of a costermonger, who had behind his barrow got a roulette table, screened by a kind of sackcloth contrivance of poles ad ropes, and warranted to be as "safe as the bank."

Jickling, who had gathered practical experience of Windsor Fair the year before, was up to a good many moves on the board and his first step, when behind the sackcloth screen, was to exclaim in his quick, wild voice, as he laid a shilling's worth of pence on the table:

"Now, no master can see us here; so if this fellow or anybody else cries out 'beware', it'll be a false alarm, mind that."

I suppose the words could hardly have been out of his mouth, when, without the slightest warning, without a single premonitory indication of peril, the visage of the Reverend Mr. Jones, a stern master, intruded itself behind the canvas screen, and froze us all, including the costermonger-croupier himself, I think, positively ror.

Mr. Jones must have seen us at a distance, before we had passed behind the breathless with astonishment and tercanvas, and he now contemplated us with the calm, sure, and sardonic eye of a sportsman who has got all his fish in the net and need not hurry himself. In his right hand he carried a pocket-book, from which he proceeded to draw the pencil, ready to write our names down.

The space of awful time that we stood looking at one another—he, grimly elate, we, speechless,—can scarcely have exceeded ten seconds, but it remains branded on my memory as if it had been ten hours. My sensations were as if the soles of my boots had become of lead and soldered me to the earth.

Then Jickling, who had inspirations of genius in such moments, abruptly dashed his handkerchief over his face, and pulling me by the hand, shouted wildly:

"Come! if we bolt, he can't catch us all!" And saying this, he dived through the aperture facing that where the master was tanding, and rushed out precipitately, forsaking his pence to their fate, I following him, and the rest plunging after us.

Mr. Jones had made too sure; he had paused just one triumphant second too long to consider his haul before calling us for our names, and here was the result. But he was a man of energy and quickly buckled to. Though all the nine of us had flown headlong and in different directions—dexterously eluding the grabs he made to right and left of him—he did not forget who was the author of this misadventure, he without a moment's hesitation started after Jickling and me, leaving the other seven to go their ways unhindered.

No pair of gazelles ever ran as Jickling and I were doing. Over the rugged ups and downs of Bachelor's Acre we leaped and bounded, with our hair flying to the winds, and our eyes starting out of their sockets—at least, I answer for mine. Jickling, more cool, buttoned up his jacket as he ran, kept his elbows well pressed to his sides, and threw his head back to give his legs all their fair play.

But, straight as the crow flies, the Reverend Mr. Jones was bearing down upon us—our start of him not being more than fifty yards. The moment's agony which burst upon us when we made this discovery may be readily conceived. But it was no use feeling agonized.

"There's a passage down there which leads across Peacock Street to the Great Western Station," gasped Jickling. "Keep up, Rivers, don't blow yourself." And this was no vain caution; for, short as the distance was we had covered, I already began to feel as if I could not go much further at this rate.

Precisely as we reached the station, a train of old Etonians from Oxford and Cambridge—coming to see the fair—steamed in, and these, understanding at a glance what was the matter, when they saw Jickling and I running, broke into shouts of laughter, and gaily joined in the chase as spectators to see how it would all end.

Any disinterested stranger who beheld the spurt that followed through Windsor Thames Street, must have wondered at the sight. Two well-dressed boys, with streaming faces, running at the top of their speed, as if they had been stealing spoons; fifty yards to the rear of them a clergyman of the Church of England, with a most unchristian glare on his countenance, also putting his best foot foremost; and around and behind the clergyman, the mob of University men unable to hold their cigars in their mouths from laughing, and doing their utmost to impede Mr. Jones' progress by getting in his way whenever he seemed to be gaining too fast on us.

There was one Oxford man especially—whose name I afterwards learned was Martingale, Lord Martingale—who did us valiant service. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and this "boy hunt" was to him like drinking fine elixir. Racing along by our sides, with his eye-glass screwed in his left eye, and his lavender-gloved hands describing frantic gyrations in the air, he bellowed voiceferous encouragements to us in a tort voice:

"Now then, young 'uns, go it! I'll back you to win at five to one! If you're not caught, you breakfast with me at the 'White Hart' to-morrow,—champagne and all the deuce—and a five-pound tip for both of you. Go it, I say, go it!"

His Lordship's noise was so terrific, and in a general way the scene was so tumultuous, that it brought out tradesmen to their doors; windows were thrown up; some ladies paused on the pavement to look and exclaim pitingly, "What a shame it was to chase those poor boys so;" dogs began to bark, and all the tag-rag and bob-tail of Windsor—scattered among the Fair booths—hurried up hooting, and formed a befustianed rabble that may have been two hundred strong by the time we were at the bottom of Castle Hill, after a race that left Jickling and me with hardly the ghost of a breath in our bodies.

It became urgent now to take some immediate resolution. We could not go on longer like this. If Mr. Jones did not give up the chase—as it was not likely he would do with so many looking on, and after the exasperation of a fall he had sustained—we must inevitably be overtaken, for our legs were not of a strength to cope with his.

Jickling, undaunted to the end, called on me for a final spurt. We were now in the Datchet Road, close to the South-Western Station. In half a minute we had reached the door and dashed through, right into the midst of a crowd of people taking tickets for the next train. A guard attempted to stop us; Lord Martingale, who was running by our side, pushed him aside with an oath. Down the platform we sped, stumbling over luggage, jostling passengers, and trampling an unfortunate dog underfoot, amid piercing shrieks, from his mistress.

At the extremity of the platform Jickling, leading the way, jumped down right in front of the engine that was about to start, crossed the line in disregard of the chorus of shouts and imprecations set up by stokers and porters, ran for a short distance between the two lines of rails, and then struck off towards some wast ground skirting the towing-path by the river side—Martingale and I close at his heels.

By this sharp move we gained nearly five minutes start of Rev. Mr. Jones, who had to wait on the platform till the train had started; but then—there being no objection to his crossing the line—he took up the chase once more and followed the identical path that we had taken. The very gallantry of the struggle we were making seemed to him the most cogent reason for bringing us to punishment; and, accordingly, as Jickling and I were pelting along the towing path at about half a mile from the station, congratulating ourselves on our escape, Martingale looked round and suddenly exclaimed with real dismay in his voice:—

"By jove, he has stolen a march on us, and here he is!"

Something seemed to break inside of me; it was my last spring of courage giving way—we had run so desperately—our hopes had so revived at the thought that by passing through the Station we had given our pursuer the slip—that, to find all this was useless, and that we were on the very point of capture, was indeed cruel.

Martingale, almost as much concerned as we, cried out, with something very like emotion:

"Well, never mind, dash it! I'd rather do what you've done than win the Derby. You're a pair of young bricks—that's what you are—I'll give my solemn word for it!"

But this was after all but cold comfort. There we were with the towing-path before us, an open space of meadow to our right, and the river rushing in a broad swift stream to our left. Escape was impossible.

In this despairing moment Jickling turned abruptly round—like a young cub at bay—looked at me with fire in his eyes, and in a voice of frenzy cried:

"I say, can you swim?" A thrill seemed to shoot through Martingale; he glanced at the river and then at me.

"Yes," I gulped, with a great dry sob; for, indeed, I could swim, having learned that accomplishment at home.

Jickling stroked the perspiration that was bathing his forehead, looked hungrily at me again, and in that moment his Ishmael countenance was radiant.

"But swim—in your—c-c-clothes?" he stammered. "Can you? Will you take your oath you can?" and he clutched me by the jacket.

"I'll take my oath I can, I panted, with the amazing courage of fear and hopelessness.

"Well, look here," said Jickling, darting a distracted glance behind him, "I'll believe you, and we'll swim for it. Only, hark, if you drown, I'll drown myself, too; and if I do that (there is no depicting the solmenity with which he pronounced the next words) my father, who is coming home from India next Christmas, will write to 'The Times' and say it was your fault."

I think I felt the terrible weight of this threat, but Martingale, who apparently saw nothing to laugh at, turned round and made a sudden and violent use of his handkerchief. When he showed us his face again I could have sworn his eyes were not clear.

(Continued Next Saturday.)

How the Story Grew.

As Kitty Coleman and Maggie Weir were going to school one morning, Kitty said:—

"I was over at Uncle Fred's last Saturday, and came near staying too late. We had such fun that I did not notice how near the sun was setting, and I was very much afraid I might meet a tramp."

"Did you meet one?" inquired Maggie.

"No one but Johnnie Gates. He was coming down the hill whistling, and with a big watermelon under his arm. I was scared at first, but when I saw who it was I got over it."

At recess, Maggie said to Mary Ford:—

"Kitty told me that she saw Johnnie Gates carrying a great big watermelon on Saturday evening. Wonder where he got it and what he is going to do with it."

Before school, Mary whispered to Sallie Bates:—

"Johnnie Gates was seen carrying a great big watermelon on Saturday evening. I wonder if he got it honestly."

"Mrs. Hart's melon patch was robbed about that time; maybe that's where it came from," answered Sallie.

At noon Sallie told Susan and Jennie: "I know something, and I'll tell you if you won't breathe it to a soul."

"Oh, no, we won't," cried both girls in one breath; "what is it?"

"Why, Johnnie Gates robbed Mr. Hart's melon patch one night last week."

"Oh, dear, isn't that awful!" exclaimed Susie.

"I always thought that Johnnie was not so much better than the rest of us, for all he made believe he was so honest," said Jennie.

"He couldn't have done it alone," Sallie said.

Whereupon Jennie hastened to a group of school girls who were in the house, and told them "Johnnie Gates and a lot of other boys robbed Mr. Hart's melon patch and destroyed all they could not carry away."

Just at that moment Johnnie himself came in whistling, and looking like anything but a thief. "Oh, girls, get together quick; I've got something for you, and it's most school time."

The girls looked at each other, and with little movements of disgust turned away. Why, what's the matter with you all? Hurry up, as the bell will ring!" cried Johnnie.

"We know what you've got, Johnnie Gates," spoke up Sallie, "and we don't want any of your stolen melon, and I think you should be ashamed of yourself."

"Who says I stole a melon?" cried Johnnie, in an excited tone; "I guess he'll better not tell me so. I was over at Uncle Henry's Saturday night, and he gave me a splendid one, and I saved it on purpose to give you all some; but if that is the way you are talking about me, you may do without."

"Well," said one of the girls, "that is what I heard, anyway."

"Who told you? I'd like to know."

Then all began to talk at once, and became so excited that they did not notice their teacher was in the room until she spoke to Johnnie, asking him to explain the cause of the confusion. Then she carefully examined into the matter until she found that it all came from Kitty Coleman saying that she had met Johnnie with a melon.

The children that had taken part in the story felt somewhat ashamed of themselves when they saw how much the story had grown in their hands.

The teacher said: "I hope every one of you will learn a lesson from this incident, and just now, before the habit becomes fixed, resolve that you will tell nothing but what you know to be true, and that what you do tell, you will tell exactly as you heard it; and not tell anything to injure another, even if it is true. I hope Johnnie will forgive you, and that you will never forget the lesson you have learned to-day."

I am glad to say that Johnnie did forgive them, and gave them a piece of the melon all round; and I hope that neither they nor any of my little readers will grow up to be gossiping men and women.

Curing a Truant.

A teacher in a large public school at Peckham has recently been much annoyed by the persistency with which one of her scholars plays truant, says a Scottish paper. She was on the point of reporting his case, when she spoke to one of the lady supervisors. This lady believes in kindness rather than harsher measures, and told the teacher to send the offender to her house the next time he was troublesome.

So one afternoon there appeared at the lady's house a boy. The supervisor was all smiles and attention, and she treated him to a "spread" the like of which he probably had never enjoyed before. He was soon made to feel perfectly at home.

"Now," thought the benefactress, "is the time to preach my little 'sermon.'" So she put before him the evils of playing truant and besought him to be a model boy in the future.

Imagine her surprise when he said to her:

"I ain't the boy that runs away, ma'am. He gave me a penny to come here in his place."

Little Goldenhair.

Goldenhair climbed up on grandpapa's knee;
Dear little goldenhair, tired was she—
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head,
"What has my darling been doing," he said,
"Since she rose with the morning sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one,
"I cannot tell so much things I have done,
Played with my dolly, and feeded my bun;

And then I jumpt with my little jump-rope
And then made out of some water and soap
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope;

Then I have readed in my picture-book,
And Bella and I, we went to look
For smooth little stones by the side of the brook;

And then I come home and eated my tea,
And then just climbed up on to grandpapa's knee,
And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little hand pressed,
Until it had dropped upon grandpapa's breast—
Dear little goldenhair, sweet be thy rest.

We are but children. Things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night oversandows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as goldenhair's lay.

And oh! when a weary may we be so blest,
And sink like the innocent child to our rest,
To find ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

THREADS And THRUMS.

WOMAN'S REALM.

FASHIONS And FANCIES.

THERE are a number of people in this nice big world who don't fit in any place. They are round pegs in square holes, and they are very miserable. Often they are only unfortunate, but sometimes they are very faulty. It was my privilege some time ago to look over a stock of letters written by applicants for a certain position, and a good many of the writers were misfits for this life any way. What a tone of condescension some took! What brags they were! What embalmed perfection, rested in the souls of some.

They were greedy for money, yet sparing with the work to earn it.

It is a noble thing to pity the poor and unfortunate, if you point your pity with something tangible and more filling, but it cannot be doubted that a good deal of pity is wasted so far as the recipients go.

Heaven helps men who helps themselves, and humanity needn't break its back trying to help some who are not helped of Heaven for the very good reason that they wouldn't lift their littlest finger to help themselves.

—

What a sleepy quiet and restful little place Sault aux Recollets is. We wheeled through it the other day—out past quiet fields, and rich-smelling ploughed land, between rolling meadows and swamp lands with their tangled growth. The roads were especially attractive. The green is so bright and the trees have such a sprightly way of fluttering the folds of their bright new gowns. The sun flooded down on us in the afternoon but as we stood on the bridge and watched the brown river speeding away beneath us, there was a touch of evening in the air. And it came upon us as we dawdled on our homeward way—a glorious evening with long velvety shadows creeping from tree to tree, with the sweet little song of the vesper sparrow, and a splendid sky with cumulus clouds heaped in the vest, lurid clouds, merging into slate ones, to the north and curdled over the zenith with a touch of rosy light against their smoking gray.

Blue Monday.

"Born on Monday, fair of face."
"Wedded on Monday wedded for wealth."
"Sneeze on Monday sneeze for a letter."
"Wash on Monday, all the week to dry."

So say the old proverbs, but we pay little heed to proverbs in these days, and Monday itself has degenerated. We no longer worship the moon on this particular day. In fact Sunday is the generally accepted time for the gathering together of those young folks who are the most devoted admirers of Her Majesty—the moon. And the second day of the week is more often devoted to the ignominious blue bag and dreaded as the day of cold mutton.

We seldom like the beginning of tasks, Holidaying has an enervating effect upon the workaday principles of character, and that we have made the beautiful moon-day, a day of dread, is all in a piece with our insane habits of attempting more than we can do, doing more than we ought and flustering ourselves into heart disease with what we do manage and perform.

It is far from pleasant to entertain that conviction which presses itself upon our sleep-drugged brains at awakening-time and makes us realize that this special morning is Monday. We can make our Mondays, as well as all other days, fit to live in if we will, but we mostly don't. To a good many people the conviction is followed up by the feeling that the hurry and scramble of life must begin, and they set to and do their best, but the dread has its effect on both them and their work.

Coming after the respite from toil, which the previous day should bring oftener than it does, there is naturally a slight encroachment upon Monday's working hours. In business the rush on Saturday and the rest on Sunday leaves many little fag-ends to find completion on Monday. It would be reasonable to suppose that business men and house-keepers and school-teachers would ease the load of work on Mondays. But we don't. We go on the assumption that double must be done to make up for Sunday, and though experience teaches that it never is, we persist in making it "blue" Monday with a consistency that might yield a fortune if set to work in a better place.

In the down-town world, there is more tardiness on Mondays than on any other day. If furnaces are choked, or underfed, or over-worked, it is a part of the day's disagreeableness. If perishable goods are frosted, or withered by neglect, it is because of hurry on Saturday, absence on Sunday and tardiness on Monday. In fact it takes the big world a long time to thoroughly waken up on this the first working day, and the wheels of life must have some time ere they run with the speed and smoothness that we look for.

But as there are less women in the schools and in the business world—which we are pleased to call the "outside"one—and, too, as we house-keepers, in our egotism believe, they are less-important women, it is to the house-keepers Monday, too often a "blue" Monday, we must reason for cause and shout for cure.

In the first place it is the traditional, universal wash-day. Why, indeed, unless as the proverb goes, it leaves all the week to dry, it would be hard to say. It is not the most convenient, because it is a crowded day, and because the pantry is more than likely in a state of waning attractiveness Yet if the laundress can come on Monday she is told to come, if the day is fine the maid washes, and the house-wife performs her own laundry work, does it on Monday unless there is to be untoward company for dinner.

But some good reformer-woman has laid the axe at the roots of the traditional custom, and from quite another reason. She says all linen should be mended before it is laundried, and that therefore Monday ought to be the mending day and Tuesday the wash day of the world.

Now while there are a good many people who mend too much, who forget the new cloth and old garment reference in Holy Writ, there is doubtless quite as large a number who neglect the proverbial stitch in time. So that nothing can be argued against the mending day. It is not that there should not be mending, nor that there should not be a mending day. Most of us would quarrel with the ardent reformer from quite a different piece of ground. We would require, and too, I think, most correctly, that all linen should be clean before we ply our patient craft. It is not a matter of economy it is only one of self-respect—that requirement of nicety from ourselves and others—which keeps us as near heaven as any of the other virtues. For you may be clean and not godly, yet you can't be godly and not clean.

To hear the average householder, masculine and plural, talk learnedly of wash days, one would think he remembered to buy the blueing and soap and starch, made up the basket and did the entire washing and rinsing and hanging out to dry. But bless him, he doesn't. The affair is very much the affair of the "spindle-side" of the house.

The home-maker, whose maid of all work does the washing, will not fail to discover the credited blueness of the Monday, unless she be the wise possessor of a good habit of mind. If she will load up the day with routine work to be executed with the same neatness and despatch as on other days; if she will worry over the weather, the smell of soap suds, and the maid's shortcoming, she will be very miserable. And home-makers are, more than any other people, reflectors. As to the work—there are a good many little duties, which in common humanity to the busy servant over the tub, the mistress must either do herself or leave undone. And of the two, the leaving undone commonly requires most strength of mind now, if it is possible. She probably flits around the house with a dust cloth, sets the chairs in order, and disorder, warns off the ragman, brings in the letters, plans an easy luncheon (and perhaps prepares it), and relieves her maid of all the routine work that she can. But there are days when graver business, proper pleasure, or the awful unexpected in some pressing form prevents the home-maker from setting in order the chairs and china, and dusting the mantels. That is the time to bring forth the good habits of mind. It is one thing to be indolent, and it is one thing to see even life's plainest duties in their proper proportion to other departments of life. There are times when an untidy house may be positive credit. The credit would be given, especially by the neighbors or your dearest friends; but most people have kept house for folks outside long enough. There are women who go on making wash day a dread to every living thing within their reach; who vent their order-quality-gone-sour on the cat, the children, the servant, the man of the house, and the very grocery carrier that brings her the day's purchases.

It may be the pride of a home-maker to triumphantly assert that her dinners are as good on wash day as on any other, but it is a mean little pride that has to be nourished with somebody's blood. If it is her's, she is unfair to herself and those who have a right to her best self; if it is the life of the poor servant whose every muscle is taxed long before the clothes reel is drifted with white linen, it is more than unfair. It is easy to have carefully-cooked and tastefully-served meals that are quite simple of preparation. If a meal should ever be simple, why should it not, on this day of hard work? Fruit cooked down south by that ideal cook—the sun, is a welcome dessert for simple-souled folks. Why should tired-out arms roll pie crust or beat eggs? Time is saved and strength economized by simple living, and more than all—health is preserved. I don't say fruit for dessert seven times a week. No one with a New England hankering for pies, or an old England preference for puddings would dare to suggest a simplicity of such Thoreauan scantiness. But if you have simple fruit one night, why not on the night of the busiest working day?

Now is it blue Monday because it is wash day? I think you will say no. It is not that we are too fond of clean clothes, or that we have too many of them, or that they are too clean. It is that we women load ourselves with more burdens than we can cheerfully carry and groan on instead of easing the load. We have departed from the true lines of the first wash day. We won't follow nature closely enough, nor learn our wash day wisdom from her. No one dare say she is not a good laundress. She does her work very effectively, cleanses blossoms and leaves and blades of grass, removes oil from buildings, purifies the gutters and sweetens the air, but she does commonly leave the earth-floor in quite a muss, and we have learned to put up with it.

We must develop our proportion bump and cultivate our senses of fitness. Then we can be happy, even if there is an odor of soap suds down the back stairs.

It is the crowding of two days' work into one, the making of unnecessary labor, the lack of calculation and the inability to see incompleteness or disorder, where completeness or order are beyond strength or time, which make of the moon-day a blue Monday.

Correspondence.

Yankee Cousin—You were very kind to send me the pretty booklet. How daintily you have mounted them! They are precious frail little souvenirs of a fine outing, and I thank you very heartily. By quoting those words "crushing out" so frequently, I much fear you scarce believe my guessing true and are laughing at me in your sleeve.

Julia H.—You are sincere, generous, with good executive ability and lack of cheerfulness.

Peel—You have probably inventive genius (you would never have produced this penmanship if you hadn't) a good deal of vanity, energy, well-developed imaginative faculty, decision and independence.

Manda—In this enlightened age you ought to feel quite proud that you are able to earn your own livelihood.

Jack—Does it ever occur to you that most people are too busy to bother with lazy people. Look in the dictionary under "Pre."

Mercy K.—

We must love and unlove and forget dear,
We must fashion and shatter the spell
Of full many a love in a life, dear,
'Ere life learns to love once and love well."

I don't know who wrote it, and it's years since I saw it, but it came back to me along with some other tid-bits of memory, when you quoted the first line.

"Shamrock."—You're bound to be something green aren't you? My dictionary lets erratic mean eccentric sometimes, and that is the meaning in which I wrote. I'm glad you haven't any enemies. A good hater, as a rule, makes a good lover—intensity (thank goodness) swings both ways. Yes, I should think you were persevering.

Sybil—I'm afraid you are a little vain, a little thoughtless, truthful, energetic and cheerful.

Witch Hazel—In this writing I see self-sufficiency, energy, quick- temper, fondness of outdoor life, vanity and a tendency to exaggerate.

Billy Magee, Ottawa.—Yes I have often been in Ottawa during the sessions, and I quite agree that it is all very lovely. I've canoed up the canal and up the river Ottawa, picnicked up the Gatineau, fished at Hog's Back, tramped all about Rockliffe, walked to Britannia, driven to Chelsea, and bumped in a slow-going tram all the way out to the Pickanock; a hotel known as Eliard's gives you good entertainment and fresh air, and the back yard of which seems to run up the side of a mountain."

"Whispers."—You are ambitious, energetic, cautious, reticent and unsomish, but you have an almost unconquerable habit of growing irritated. I think you are likely over-sensitive.

Columbine—If he is visiting your woman friend and you tell her you are sorry you were out, she will suggest to him to come again, or, if you wish, write a note and tell him so. Write again.

Peggoty—You are very kind to tell me so frankly that you enjoy the Woman's Column and what part of it. My readers' appreciation helps wonderfully to keep me at it. I do not think you are selfish or vain, but about the stubbornness I scarcely know. A friend once told me her husband told her she had a great deal of judicious firmness. Perhaps that is the kind of firmness you have. I hope so. Your writing indicates, moreover, sensitiveness, a quick sympathy, energy and abruptness of manner and speech which comes from speedy thinking, and a lack of patience.

Inza—Most people are misunderstood, more or less; but usually I think you will find that we are as well thought of as we deserve, and so very often we are too kindly judged. You are abnormally sensitive, cautious and precise, but you have a warm little heart I know, so don't try to creep into your shell and grieve over things in general, but make the best of everything. Cultivate hope.

"Barkers."—This shows order, indecision, carelessness, sincerity and pride.

Auntie—Don't you think you are over-fidgetty. You know the old saying "Old maid's children, and bachelor's wives are always perfect?" I would rather not read your hand-writing.

Lisa—Read Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune." It is an ideal love story, sweet and pure and strong with splendid characters and a rollicking humor bristling from the tongue of a fellow called MacWilliams.

B. H.—Sensitiveness, irritability, envy and prejudice are shown in this writing. Of course you are not happy. You think too much about yourself and your various little tooth-aches and pride-pricks.

Saunders' Billy wants to know what "philosophy" is. Generally speaking, Billy, it's something you think you have till you want to use it, and then it isn't there. It's the oil that takes the squeak out of the hinges of life; it's a mixture of grit and humor and courage and patience, it's good to have and hard to get, not for sale, can't be begged or stolen. Have some?

Bella—Prudish women are Satan's imitations of good ones. I've often wondered what they were let live for.

Minnie—Patience is shown in your writing, so use it to keep you happy while you wait. Perhaps he will agree bye and bye. Meanwhile you need not be idle. You can give yourself a start by reading and thinking. You are generous, gentle, ambitious, unselfish and decisive.

"Helen" and "Katie"—See "Minie."

M. D. S.—I wrote the answer to your friend Miss M. You did not tell me under what name to indicate yours, so I am using these initials, and I hope you will find it without difficulty—my Quebec reader. I am pleased that you like the columns in the Woman's Realm. In your writing I see energy, good executive ability, ambition, sincerity, self-reliance and impetuosity. Now isn't that correct?

El Brino—Yes, I've seen worse writing, but I think I could read an inky fly's feet-marks by this time. Now for your delineation. You are persevering, brave, self-reliant, firm (not always "judiciously" I'm afraid), cheerful and conscientious.

Young Wife—Don't listen to any tales about your husband. The time to find all that out was before you married him. You can obtain divorces for only two reasons in Canada.

Jimmy—I prefer not to.

Hope—I don't remember what I said, but whatever the other showed, this indicates generosity, precision, neatness, ambition, self-reliance and good mental equipment. You are perhaps not riotously cheerful, but I think you make the best of life in a sensible way, and that you are fairly content.

Madge No. 2—What a frivolous little mortal you must be. Do you think life is all sugar-sticks and roses and bows and smiles? Don't you dare to think of being married till you are five and twenty at least.

Jennie K.—Aren't you determined and cautious and conscientious and a little suspicious? The enclosed shows a mercy disposition, carelessness, generosity, good-nature and loquacity.

Mary B.—I have no objection to discussing any question of interest to women in these columns, but I scarcely think an attack such as you outline would be of any real service or do any good. I certainly think that women are much to blame for consenting to receive as friends, men who are known to be not good men. But I also believe that upon such subjects the quiet and persistent living out of principles is of more use than shouting them from the house-tops.

Madge Merton

The Queen's Sunshade.

Her Majesty has all her life had a curious penchant for trifles. In the course of her travels on the Continent she will frequently purchase some cheap little thing which has caught her fancy, and insist on having it about her, and sometimes will wear some fancy article picked up in this way, to the infinite concern of the Princesses During one of her visits to the South of France, the Queen noticed in a shop in Nice, I believe, a very pretty little black and white sunshade exhibited for sale at the low sum of one shilling. A sunshade for a shilling, and such a pretty one too! Her Majesty was charmed, and for once in her life experienced the thrill of securing a real bargain. I have it on authority that rarely had anything so cheap been seen even at a clearance sale. Alas! for the feelings of her mortified daughters, the Queen carried that "odious" little shilling sunshade in season and out of season the whole summer through. She even desired to return to her first love with renewed ardour the following year, but by dint of much coaxing and persuasion from the Princess of Wales, to whose gentle influence the Queen is very amenable, she was induced to relinquish it upon general occasions, although we believe that she gave it an airing as a special treat (to herself) occasionally. There is no disloyalty in repeating such little stories, for do we not honor and reverence the Queen because of her simple-hearted womanliness, and we love her none the less that she has her little "ways" just like other dear old ladies whom we love.

Dandelion

The violets spring in meadow-grass,
Deep down their blue eyes gleam;
The cowslip haunts the marshy glade,
Or lingers by the stream.

The daisy nods in sun-kissed fields,
Beneath a June-time sky;
The buttercups the roadside love,
Where busy crowds pass by.

But dandelions, dear dandelions,
They wander everywhere,
And bright their sunny heads will shine,
Be weather dark or fair.

They surely are the children's friend,
They dot the country grass
They peep from dingy city nooks
To smile at all who pass.

Yet dandelions, alas! grow old,
Their tresses turn to gray,
And careless lips and idle breeze
Will waft them all away.

—Alix Thorn.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

The model here illustrated is of figured organdie. The organdie skirt is worn over a foundation skirt of plain blue lawn, and is trimmed with two flounces of the organdie, which are cut circular and are trimmed on the bottom with rows of shirred organdie. The corsage is made of the organdie and is bloused over a tight-fitting lining of plain blue lawn, and is prettily trimmed with lace insertion set into the organdie, the material beneath being cut away. It is also trimmed with bands and small bows of ribbon. The lining fastens down the centre of the front while the organdie corsage fastens on the left side under the lace insertion in the front. The sash and choker are of green taffeta ribbon, finished on the edges in scallops of white. The sleeves are made of organdie, cut in two pieces, and made up without a lining. They are shirred in puffs at the top and above the elbow.

The Fashions.

Shirts are delightful in their unending variety. You can begin in the morning with one of Paisley flannel, nattily box-pleated; and later on in the day exchange it for one of fine cambric or silk. Either the silk or cambric may be horizontally tucked at the yoke, while for silk, the front may be adorned with guipure, and for cambric, with embroidery. Should we need to be still more smart, a fascinating bolero may be superadded. The turned-down collar and stock are charming; the bolero, in dull heliotrope, with hemstitched frills, is admirable on lean figures, and gives them exactly the air of amplitude that is craved by the artistic eye. The stock is quite old-world in its simplicity, but it is nevertheless very spruce, and when well adjusted gives the neck a certain dignity of pose that nothing else can give.

Here are some dresses for the Diamond Jubilee of June 22nd. One is of delicately spotted muslin—quite infantine in its simplicity—with delicate lace trimmings of Valenciennes. The other is of lemon-colored cotton, insertioned with white, and finished with a pale leather belt. The shapes of the bonnets correspond. The same designs are being made of lemon-colored silk insertioned with white with a lettuce green bonnet and cowslips, and white silk spotted, wyith orange velvet waist belt and orange velvet bows in a leghorn bonnet with white feathers. Spotted silks are getting very popular, even more popular than the chine ones which stare out at you from every shop window. Diamante materials or materials rayed with metallic threads are handsome to look upon, but they belong but to the drawing room and display ill-taste when worn unblushingly in omnibus and public thoroughfare.

A summer cycling suit of pale grey homespun (that will wash like a handkerchief), should find a place in every wardrobe. It should not be too ornate. White revers of cloth and immaculate collar, cuffs, and stock are decorations enough. A single smokepearl button should fasten the front, and a belt of grey lizard skin might go round the waist. For afternoon tea on return home you can burst forth effulgent in a silk blouse with a lace yoke which will effectually disguise all signs of wear and tear and fatigue. The semi-classical bodice drapery can be edged with dolly ribbon velvet and a cascade of lace. A bolero for eternal wear with skirts of silk, cotton, linen, or crape can be made of navy cloth lined with white and braided with white. Heliotrope, lemon, yellow, mauve, rose and cream can appear in conjunction with this serviceable envelope.

Plain Hussar jackets of navy serge braided look rather natty with white cloth revers and cuffs, and golfing capes made of blue serge and lined entirely with white cloth are very pleasing as wraps for summer evening, for driving out after sporting parties, or for covering you on the river after sundown.

Of waistbands we can never have too many leather ones, pointed to go with strictly masculine suits, to gather together the floppy shirt or the Norfolk coat, and jewelled ones for gowns of silk to accentuate the feminine note when we want to be especially fascinating. White belts only really appear to advantage on white frocks—they are apt otherwise to unnecessarily enlarge the appearance of the waist; but with white frocks nothing could be more charming. Swiss belts are most economical for persons disinclined towards dressmakers' bills, for one belt of this kind, made by a really good modiste, will serve to make any blouse or shirt elegant.

SHE COULD NOT EAT

The Statement of a Lady Who Was a Dyspeptic.

Afflicted With Pains in the Stomach, Nausea and Vomiting—Constipation—Headaches, and Other Distressing Symptoms Followed.

From Le Sorelois, Sorel, Que.,

Dyspepsia and kindred disorders of the digestive organs are becoming alarmingly prevalent among the people of all classes, and it is safe to say that there are few ills afflicting mankind productive of more real misery than indigestion. It is said that happiness and a good digestion go hand in hand, and the statement contains more truth than has been generally admitted. It may be safely said, therefore, that the medicine that will cure dyspepsia is a blessing to mankind, a promoter of human happiness, whose good work cannot be too widely known. Such is the opinion of Mrs. P. Lussier, of Sorel, Que., and it is because of this that she gave the following statement to a representative of Le Sorelois. "For some time past," she said, "I had been suffering from a malady that at first I could not define, but which proved to be a severe attack of dyspepsia. After each meal I felt a sensation of over-fullness, even when I had eaten most sparingly. This feeling was accompanied by severe pains in the region of the stomach, and frequently by nausea, and sometimes vomiting. Constipation followed, which added to my misery. In the interval I suffered from fever and slight headache, and became generally indisposed. At times the pain in the stomach was less severe. My appetite was leaving me, I had no taste for anything, and at this stage my son, Alfred, assistant manager of Le Sorelois, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time urging me to read an article in that paper which related to the cure of a person similarly afflicted. I was skeptical, and did not believe the pills would help me, but a few days later I re-read the article and decided that I would try this medicine, and I have much reason to be glad that I did so. I took a couple of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after each meal and little by little perceived that my digestion was becoming more easy. I continued the use of the pills for a little more than a month, and have pleasure in stating that my cure is complete. At my age (66) one greatly appreciates being able to enjoy one's meals, and I bless the day I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I heartily recommend them to other sufferers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, locomoter ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache and prostration, diseases of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, and restores pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, and in men cure all cases arising from worry, overwork, or excesses. Sold by all chemists and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50. There are imitation pills colored pink against which the public are warned. The genuine pills are put up in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Take nothing else.

Ones.—"Julia, you did not accept Mr. Fitz-Jones?" "I was afraid to; he proposed to me on bargain day."—Chicago Record.

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We have received instructions from

Messrs. N. QUINTAL & SONS,

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ST. JAMES ST. ROOMS,

—on—

THURSDAY, 24th inst.,

in lots to the trade and without reserve, about

$5,000 WORTH of GROCERIES

slightly damaged by fire and water, and comprising Black, Green and Japan Teas, Spices, Salt and Rice in Bags, Canned Goods in Tins and Bottles, Wheat Flour, Barley, Prepared Flour, Soap, Sugars, Condition Powder, 10 cases of Lobsters, Brushes and many other articles. Also for account of insurance companies two Kegs of Dry Paints, one Keg of Dye damaged in transit across the ocean, and a large number of good consignments.

SALE AT 10 A.M.

MARCOTTE BROS., Auctioneers.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

In the matter of J. B. LAFOREST, Ste. Perepetue, insolvent.

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction, at 69 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal.

FRIDAY, the 25th JUNE, 1897,
At 11.30 a.m.

The following moveable assets :—

Dry Goods	$735 56
Groceries and Provisions	87 40
Hardware and Stationery	191 91
Boots and Shoes	124 72
Store Fixtures and Rolling Stock	82 50
Lumber and Manufactured Windows	170 00
	$1,392 09
Book Debts as per list	$1,678 33

The store will be open for inspection of stock on Thursday, the 24th instant.

For other particulars apply to—

LAMARCHE & BENOIT,
1709 Notre Dame st.,
MARCOTTE BROS., Montreal.
Auctioneers.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

In the matter of JOSEPH DUSSAULT, 2669 Notre Dame street, Montreal, insolvent.

The undersigned will sell by public auction at 69 St. James street, Montreal,

FRIDAY, THE 25th JUNE, 1897,
At 11.30 o'clock a.m.,

The following moveable assets :—

Crockery, Glassware and Pottery	$196 67
Hardware, Graniteware, Toys, etc	319 36
Store Fixtures	46.20
	$562 23

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We have received instructions of Mr. R. White, Collector of Customs, to sell at our rooms, on THURSDAY, 24th INSTANT, at 10 a.m., 7 octaves and 14 kegs of French Wines, 6 barrels of Port and Canadian Wines, Liquors, etc. No reserve, and in lots to the trade.
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Twenty Pages.

The Herald.

Pages 13 to 20.

SUMMER FICTION SATURDAY SUPPLEMENT.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1897.

THIS WEEK'S NEW STORY

AT MAT ARIS LIGHT . . .

. . . By John Arthur Barry.

(Copyright, 1897, by John Arthur Barry.)

MY friend Harding was head keeper of one of the finest lighthouses in the world, and I was free of it at all hours. But it was o' nights that I loved best to join the old man on his watch and sit on the balcony and gaze out at the great ocean illuminated at minute intervals by the flood of white radiance that seemed to pour forth a greeting to the silent ships as they passed and repassed, or came straight for the harbor mouth.

Harding was a square-built, gray-haired man, with a strong, determined face, all brown and wrinkled by sun and storm, and eyes that burned like live coals under shaggy white brows.

At odd times, athwart the concentrated beams that seemed to hit the far horizon would sail ships, glorified momentarily as they passed through, with every spar and sail rope sharply outlined by the sudden brilliance; but more often they slid along between light and water, ill defined phantasmal blobs of smudge, out of which, when the fancy took them to make their numbers, would spout forth many colored fires, all incomprehensible to the untutored eye as the dim fabrics they proceeded from.

But Harding and his assistant signalmen read off ships and numbers as easily, apparently, as if it was broad daylight, and the telegraph would repeat at intervals: "Large square-rigged ship with painted ports, steering E by N. Made her number 23,745." Or, it might be, "Steamer, black funnel with white band, brig-rigged, deep, bound south, showed no number." But nothing large or small ever escaped the eagle lookout kept from that eyrie on the great cliff, where the only sounds that broke the long night silences were the wash of the waves on the rugged kelp-grown rocks 400 sheer feet beneath, and the subdued hum of the big dynamo in the basement.

This, you will see was no isolated light stuck forlornly hundreds of miles from anywhere. It was an establishment over which Harding presided—quite a little settlement of government offices connected with the important department of harbors, rivers and trade. His salary was high; so was the efficiency of the service he headed. And he was not adverse to a little judicious praise now and again. On one of these occasions I had said something respecting the speedy identification of a foreign cruiser, and the prompt writing of details to the capital whilst yet the warships crept quietly in as if desirous of escaping attention, and little guessing that, long ere she reached the port, a score of nine-inch guns, to say nothing of submarine mines and Brennan torpedoes, would have blown her to atoms had she disregarded the challenge of the warned guardship at inner point. Well, I had complimented him on the ceaselesss vigilance maintained and he chuckled, well pleased and hemmed and remarked, "Now, that reminds me!"

Usually a taciturn man, and one engrossed in his business, he was difficult to "draw." Often enough, he had said as much before with no result; often matters had followed well worth the hearing. In my case I knew silence was best.

It was a wild night, with a "southerly" blowing great guns, keeping the sea flattened into a vast milky-white expense of foam, that kept up a long drawn, continuous roar at the foot of the cliffs in fitting accompaniment to the shrieking blasts that wrestled and tore around the great tower, as if striving to shake it from its foundations deep down in the solid rock.

"Come along to my room," said Harding at last, after a good look around, "and we'll have a pipe and a glass of grog whilst I tell you about another lighthouse I ran, and another man-o'war that I watched some twenty-five years ago now."

Descending into his private snuggery beside a bright fire, I took one of the big arm-chairs whilst Harding operated with hot water, case-bottle, lemons and sugar, and, after fixing matters to his satisfaction, filled his pipe and said:

"Ay, it must be about five-and-twenty years now since the day I sat one the steps of the sailors' home, in Singapore stone broke. I'd been first mate of a ship called the Star of Africa, that the skipper managed to run slap on to a rock in the Straits of Sunda. It wasn't my fault, nor did I lose my ticket, like the captain. All the same, I found it precious hard to get another ship.

"Owners as well as masters have fads and prejudices in this respect—not perhaps as regards a first time. But this happened to be my second wreck running. So my luck, you see, was dead out. Actually, only for bananas I might have starved. Bananas and water fill up and satisfy right enough, only it takes you all your time to keep the supply going. Presently, as I sat there, digesting my second or third breakfast, out came the master intendant, and said he: 'Harding, if you'll stay here till the moon turns blue you'll never get a ship. But a billet's turned up that perhaps is better than nothing. The Dutch,' he went on, 'have built a lighthouse somewhere down yonder on the Bornean coast, and a second keeper is wanted, wages 80 guilders a month and rations. It's the merest fluke that I happened to hear of it. Will you take it?"

"'Would a duck swim ?'

"'All right, then, come along to Van Veldt & Co's. office, they'll take you on

Having replenished the glasses and refilled and lit his pipe, Harding proceeded.

my recommendation. The Dutch agents did so without question. More, they paid me a month's wages in advance, and sent me in one of their steamers round to Batavia, where I was to get fresh orders. Arrived there, I was kept waiting a month. But as I had good quarters and plenty to eat and drink, I didn't mind a bit spending my 'dead horse' in this way. One day, however, I was told to get my belongings on board a little fore-and-aft schooner which had been loading stores for the newly-built lighthouse.

"We were ten days on the passage, and when we brought up at our destination, and I saw what I'd come to, I'd have taken ten days on bananas and water to get away again.

"From a thickly wooded point a reef ran nearly three-quarters of a mile out into the Macassar Straits. At the extreme end of Mat Aris—as the point was called—stood the lighthouse. You'd ha' laughed ! Imagine a sort of shed, shaped like one of those oval-topped meat safes, built on a platform resting on on piles forty feet high. That was all. From the shed there ran a corduroy bridge with handrail, some thirty feet back shoreward, to another and a larger platform, where, in a large hut, we were to live. The only way to get down to terra firma was by ladders. At low water all you could see was mud and dozens of alligators, who used to come down a river close to for salt water bathing. Everywhere, almost down to the sea, stood great trees 150 feet high, growing close together, elbowing each other, so to speak; and, as if that wasn't enough, creepers, ferns and undergrowth of all descriptions filled up every vacant chink between them. On this impenetrable face of woodland the efforts of the workmen and builders had merely left a slightly scratch—even by this time rapidly greening over. Nature heals her scars in that country almost as soon as received. The light itself was merely a big lantern carrying eight wicks, kerosene fed, and hung to the roof of the meat safe. That it had been badly wanted, primitive as it was, the remains of several ships emphatically witnessed.

"My boys was there already, a cross-bred, surly-looking customer—father Dutch, mother Malay. She kept house for us—a skinny old hag, with a nose like an eagle's, and a bigger mustache than I could boast of in those days. Her son's name was Peter—Peter Klopp.

"Presently the schooner went away and left us. And what a life it was ! Nothing to do after trimming the lights of a morning and sweeping bucketsful of moths out of the roundhouse, except sit and smoke and look out across the straits to Celebes —just a blue line of high mountains in the distance—sleep, eat, watch the ships coming and going, or pull faces at the monkeys up amongst the tall trees that waved their heads 70 feet above ours.

"At times the traffic was pretty thick; it was always peculiar. Jinks from Swatow, bound for Amboyna and Ceram for sandalwood, swallows' nests and beche de mer; 'country wallahs' from Penang and Singapore, going round to Benparmassin for coffee and rice; steam tramps from Australian ports loaded up to their gunwales with coal for Manila; and smart little topsail schooners flying any flag that took their fancy, and ready to pick up anything that wasn't too hot or too heavy for them, from a bushel of nutmegs to a holdful of 'blickbirds.' But, with the exception of a Dutch gunboat, the Blitzen, acting as a sort of seapatrol, who called on us at long intervals, we had no visitors at that Aris point.

"Peter and his old hag of a mother I soon discovered were confirmed opium smokers, an when they went in for a regular spree, and began to suffer a recovery, they made things hum in 'Monkey island,' as I called it. Once I was fool enough to interfere and stop Peter from choking the life out of her. For thanks, the pair turned on me; but I managed to dress them down, although Peter nearly got his knife into me. And I can tell you," laughed Harding, pausing in his story, and rising to conjure again with the kettle and other adjuncts, "that two to one, with precious little room, and a break-neck fall if you're not careful, isn't as funny as it might be."

Having replenished the glasses and refilled and lit his pipe, Harding proceeded :

"Well, after this, I could see that the two had taken a down upon me; and as I, on my part was heartily sick of the whole contract, I told the officer who commanded the Blitzen, next time she called, that I wanted to leave; and that the sooner he found a substitute the better I should be pleased. For answer he called me an English schelm, which means rascal, and told me that I had agreed for two years, which was a lie, and that there I should stay. Also, that he'd make it his business to see that I didn't get away.

"Seeing that escape, for that's what it really came to, by water was not to be thought, of, except by swimming, and the sharks pretty well put that out of the question, I determined to see what the land side was like. A muddy-banked river emptied itself just below the lighthouse and this one day, I started to follow up. But I didn't follow long. I don't believe I got a mile before I was mother-naked and nearly bitten and stung to death. Every bush and shrub, nay, the very flowers, seemed to carry a thorn. And what with fireants, mosquitoes, leeches, centipedes, stinging flies, and, worse than all, a blamed caterpillar that drops on to you off the leaves and sticks hairs into you that break off in your flesh and fester, I can assure you it was the roughest picnic I ever had. Why, I almost thought I could hear the alligators chuckling as I made home again. Certainly Peter laughed for the first time since we'd been mates on Monkey Island when he saw the plight I was in.

"A day or so after this the gunboat sent her gig ashore again, and, from the hammock I had slung in my portion of the big hut, I could hear much laughter among the Dutchmen as Peter detailed my adventure, I heard also allusions to some other verdamde Englander, and a long talk bout the light and bearings, the gist of which, for want of a more intimate knowledge of the language escaped me. Next morning I saw Peter marching off along the narrow strip of bank that separated bush from sea, with a tailblock over his shoulder, and, though wondering mightily what he could be up to, I wasn't going to show my curiosity. A tailblock, by the way, I ought to tell you, is the common block, that you reeve a rope through, only to one end of it is attached a long tail of plaited stuff, usually, by which it can be made fast to a spar or bolt, slow or aloft. Very little gave me food for thought in those days, and I puzzled over this till Peter came back, and rummaging among the stores, walked off once more with a coil of new ratline line, and in the same direction.

"He did not appear at dinner, and, as I finished my mess of rice, salt fish and pickled mangoes, I said to the hag, 'What has become of Peter?' 'He's gone to set a trap for an orang-outang whose tracks he saw at the foot of the ladders yesterday,' she replied, grinning and leering. 'And,' added she sarcastically, 'if you don't believe me, go and look, only leave your clothes behind, most misbegotten of English fools.'

"Peter came home that evening, and in the interest created by a new visitor in those waters, and whose acquaintance I at once sought some means of making, the incident of the tail-block was completely forgotten.

"Dutch soundings, it appeared, having been found so unreliable as to bring a good few British vessels to grief, that Government, characteristically enough, had despatched a vessel to correct them without giving the Dutch notice, or saying by your leave, or anything else.

"And although we, or rather I, was unaware of it, H.M.S. Badger had for some time been thus engaged at the upper portion of the straits. Now she appeared off Mat Aris busy, in sporting parlance, wiping the Blitzen's eye, very much to the disgust of the latter's officers, whose specialty, if they possessed one, was supposed to be surveying.

"The Badger was a paddle-wheeled, brig-rigged old tub, sure enough. But she was British; and as I started and stared through the glasses at the white ensign and the good red cross flying from her peak, I was tempted often to swim off to her as she puffed and churned away, fussing around after her boats like an old hen after her chicks.

"But when I looked at the black, three-sided fins sticking up at high water right alongside our piles, I felt my toes tingle, and thought better of it, trusting that some day she'd send a boat to give us a call, I determined that go I would if all the Dutch in the East Indies were to try to stop me.

"That Peter guessed my thoughts and notions I could see from the mean, yellow-brown, grinning face of him. And I'd try to get his dander up sometimes. "Look at that Peter," I'd say. "That's my country flag. There's no slaves underneath its folds, sweating and toiling, half starved and taxed to death's doors like there is under yours. Hip ! hip ! hooray ! Rule Britannia and God save the queen ! and to hell with all half-breeds." He didn't understand all of it, of course, but he used to shake his fist at the Badger, and look as nasty as a hatful of snakes.

"Twice while I was on watch—as we used to call the intermittent, sleepy lookout we kept at Mat Arris—the Blitzen's boat came ashore, and I could hear the officer and Peter each time having a long confab together. During the night the old hag always used to have coffee ground and hot water on the fire, so that we could make our own if we wished for a drink.

"One night, shortly after the Dutch officer's last visit, coming in and rousing Peter to take his watch, I brewed myself a cup before turning in: It tasted very bitter, and I didn't finish it, but almost before I'd time to undress I was dead to the world. I woke in a fright, dripping with

(To be concluded next Saturday.)

TWO YOUNG PEOPLE.

ALONG the country road sauntered an old man; his hair was white, his face clean shaven, his dress neat. His hands were clapsed loosely behind him, his eyes were bent on the ground, and so deeply was he thinking that he did not see the quick stepping, bright eyed little old lady coming towards him until she spoke.

"Day dreaming, Israel?" she said in a half laughing tone. "I do believe you'd walk right over me and never know I was there, if I didn't give warning of my approach."

The old man gave a start and looked up, his blue eyes brightening and his face breaking into smiles.

"Well, well, Mary!" he said, shaking both her hands and holding them for an instant afterward. "I am glad to see you. I was thinkin' only yesterday that 'twas about time you was back from Ellen's. And how be you? You're lookin' real chipper."

"I do feel as smart as ever I did in my life, only other folks won't believe it. Katie, now, thought I oughtn't to stir out of the house to-day, being as I came from Ellen's yesterday; but I told her I had been hived up long enough, and I was going to walk out as far's the old Bates place if it finished me up."

"So, long sence I've seen ye, I guess I'll turn round and go too."

"How are you, Israel?"

"My health is first rate, but I'm mighty tired of bein' a gentleman of leisure."

"I heard you had gone to live with James."

"Yes; I had a cold last winter—just a common, ordinary cold—and you'd 'a' thought it was pneumony at the very least. Marthy and James took turns stayin' with me, and the upshot of it all was that it wa'n't safe for me to be livin' alone, and I must go and live with them. And I tell you, Mary, there ain't been a day nor a night that I haven't been homesick."

"I know just how you feel," said the little old lady, sympathetically. "'Twas just so with me when I broke up and went to live with my granddaughters."

"Ain't they kind to ye?" 'asked the old man, solicitously.

"Oh, land, yes," laughed the little old lady. "They couldn't be kinder. They arrange everything for me, between 'em. I must stay with Katie in summer, because it's cooler and pleasanter in the country then; and I must spend my winters with Ellen, because her house is heated with a furnace and there's more goin' on in the city. And they're both dreadful afraid I'll overwork, or not get sleep enough, or eat something that won't agree with me, or hurt my eyes, or have a fall, or something equally awful. It's well meant; but there! Israel, sometimes I feel as if I'd just like to overwork, and eat what would disagree with me, and sit up till midnight, and read by the light of the moon, and fall down three or four flights of stairs, so I could feel a little free and independent."

The old man threw back his head and laughed.

"My feelin's, my feelin's, exactly," he said. "James and Marthy are enamost as keerful of me, and on top of that they're mortal afraid I'm goin' to do some rash thing or other—give away my property, or sell some of my land, or cut the timber The latest is, as I found out by accident, they think I may take a notion to get married! Of course I hain't thought of doin' it, but I do like to tease 'em a little, by pretending I'm interested in this or that young girl. I can't hardly keep my face straight when I see the scairt way they look at one another"; and the old man's eyes twinkled.

The old lady laughed merrily.

"I don't think Ellen or Kate ever worried about me that way," she said. "If they should get such a notion—my! wouldn't they be in a stew! I'd have to have a chaperon, sure."

"Well, here we be at the Bates place; be you goin' in?"

"Yes; I thought I would, a minute. Can't you come in too?"

"No; I guess I better be steppin' along toward home, or Marthy'll be wonderin'."

So they parted.

It was perhaps a week later that the old man, strolling along in a different direction, again met the little old lady, and again turned to walk with her. Neither was so gay as on the former meeting. The little old lady's eyes were almost sad, and her companion noticed it.

"Something's frettin' ye, Mary," he said in a troubled tone.

She called up a troubled smile "Oh, it ain't much of anything," she said, "only somehow I feel as if I'd outlived my usefulness. I haven't a word to say against Katie or Ellen; they're both good women and mean to do just right, but you can't help knowing it when folks look on you as a burden and a care. It don't seem to me I need to be, if they'd only let me work; but they won't, and if I speak of hiring a few rooms somewhere and doing for myself, they are dreadful hurt, and won't hear a word of it."

"It ain't right!" said the old man, feelingly, "it ain't right. You ought to be allowed to do as you're a mind to, Mary."

"There!" exclaimed the little old lady with a laugh. "Now, I've gone and stirred you up, I daresay I've made things out a sight worse than they are. Do you remember, Israel, how many times we've gone over this road, to school?"

"Yes; I remember." Then he gave her a sharp glance. "Do you remember how, comin' home from singin' school one night, you promised to marry me, and then before we got to your father's, you quarrelled with me and said you wouldn't?"

"I remember, Israel! And then to think I should go and take up with Ezra! But there! I don't like to think of it. I suppose it was all for my good somehow, and probaly for his."

"I suppose so. They say marriage is for discipline, and I guess there's no doubt we both got a good deal more of it than we would have if we'd had each other."

"There's Katie standing in the door, watching for me," said the little old lady. "She warned me that she should worry if I didn't get home at four; apparently it's past the time," and she sighed gently.

The old man stopped for a minute to speak to Katie, and then walked slowly on.

After this, for two weeks and over, there was rain, and fog, and mud and east winds.

Then came a perfect April day, with soft air, and sun, swelling buds and springing grass. In the forenoon of this day the old man knocked at the door of the house where the little old lady lived, and inquired for her.

"She's gone up the road a little way," said Katie. "I didn't think she ought to, the ground is still so damp, but she does so like to be out in the open air, I had to let her go."

He found her sitting on a big oak log by the roadside, and sat down beside her.

"Mary," he said, after they had talked for a while of the weather, the birds, the progress of spring and the beauty of the day. "I have been thinkin' of a good many things since I saw you last,"

"For instance, Israel?" she said.

"For instance, Mary, I've thought what a sensible idea it would be for us to make up our quarrel of fifty odd years ago, and get married after all. Wait!" he added hastily, as she seemed about to speak. "Wait a minute, and let me say a little more. Everybody calls us old; but we ain't old. We feel just as young as we ever did, and a sight younger'n we have sometimes."

"Yes; that's so."

"We ain't in our second childhood, either,, and we're both mortal tired of bein' treated like children. Nor we don't want to be worked for and waited on all the time; we want to do some of the workin' and waitin'."

"That we do, Israel."

"Now the old house is just as I left it, furnitur' and all; James was mighty anxious to let it, but I put my foot down—I drew the line there. Everythin's all ready to go right to housekeepin' 'cept provisions; and we could get some girl to do the work——"

"I shouldn't want any girl, Israel; I could do the work for two, easy."

"Well, if we was sick or anythin' we could afford to have somebody. And we could keep a horse and a cow and a few hens, and have a garden. We could plan things and talk 'em over together, and go visitin', and have company, and do everythin' to suit ourselves. Don't you think we'd take a sight of comfort together?"

"I'm sure of it, Israel. But what would James say? And what would Ellen and Katie say?"

"I've thought of that too, and I don't believe they'd make any serious objections if we make our wills first, and fix it so the money'll eventually go where it would if we didn't marry."

"Well, perhaps they wouldn't."

"Then you'll accept my proposal, Mary, won't you?"

She did not answer at once, and he watched her face anxiously.

"Israel," she asked at length, a little wistfully, "why do you ask me? Why don't you marry some younger, smarter woman?"

He looked at her as if surprised at such a question.

"Why, Mary," he said, "there ain't any other woman I care anythin' about but just you; and besides, I do want to see you feelin' free and independent, and happy."

A tear sparkled in the little old lady's eyes, but a smile hovered about her lips.

"Israel," she said, "I guess you can consider that old quarrel of ours as made up."

The Omnibus.

... From the Speaker.

ALL that follows was spoken in a small tavern, a stone's throw from Cheapside, the day before I left London. It was spoken in a dull voice, across a greasy tablecloth, and amid an atmosphere so thick with the reek of cooking that one longed to change it for the torrid street again, to broil in an ampler furnace. Old Tom Pickford spoke it, who has been a clerk for fifty-two years in Tweedy's East India warehouse, and in all that time has never been out of London; but when he takes a holiday, spends it in hanging about Tweedy's and observing that unlovely place of business from the outside. The dust, if not the iron, of Tweedy's has entered into his soul; and Tweedy's young men know him as "The Mastodon." He is a thin, bald septugenarian, with sloping shoulders and a habit of regarding the pavement when he walks so that he seems to steer his way by instinct rather than sight. In general he keeps silence while eating his chop; and on this occasion there was something unnatural in his utterance, a divorce of manner between the speaker and his words such as one would expect in a Sybil disclaiming under stress of the god. I fancied it had something to do with a black necktie that he wore instead of the blue bird's-eye cravat familiar to Tweedy's; and with his extraordinary conduct in refusing to-day the chop that the waiter brought, and limiting his lunch to cheese and lettuce.

Having pulled the lettuce to pieces, he pushed himself back a little from the table, looked over his spectacles at me, then at the tablecloth, and began in a dreamy voice:—

"Old Gabriel is dead. I heard the news at the office this morning, and went out and bought a black tie. I am the oldest man in Tweedy's now—older by six years than Sam Collins, who comes next; —there is no mistake about it. Sam is looking for the place; I saw it in his eye when he told me, and I expect he'll get it. But I'm the oldest clerk in Tweedy's. Only God Almighty can alter that, and it's very satisfactory to me. I don't care about the money. Sam Collins will be stuck up over it, like enough; but he'll never write a hand like Gabriel's, not if he lives to be a hundred; and he knows it, and knows I'll be there to remind him of it. Gabriel's was a beautiful fist—so small, too, if he chose. Why, once, in his spare hours, he wrote out all the Psalms, with the headings, on one side of a folio sheet, and had it framed and hung up in his parlor, out at Shepherd's Bush. He died in the night—oh, yes, quite easily. He was down at the office all yesterday, and spoke to me as brisk as a bird. They found him dead in his bed this morning.

"I seem cut up about it? Well, not exactly. Ah, you noticed that I refused my chop to-day. Bless your soul, that's not on Gabriel's account. I am well on in years, and I suppose it would be natural of me to pity old men, and expect pity. But I can't; no, it's only the young that I pity. If you must know, I didn't take a chop to-day because I haven't the money in my pocket to pay for it. You see there was this black tie that I gave eighteenpence for; but something else happened this morning that I'll tell you about.

"I came down in a 'bus as usual. You remember what muggy weather it was up to ten o'clock—though you wouldn't think it, to feel the heat now. Well, the 'bus was packed, inside and out. At least, there was just room for one more inside when we pulled up by Charing Cross, and there he got in—a boy with a stick and a bundle in a blue handkerchief.

"He wasn't more than thirteen; bound for the Docks, you could tell at a glance; and by the way he looked about you could tell as easily that in stepping outside Charing Cross Station he'd set foot on London stones for the first time. God knows how it struck him—the slush and drizzle, the ugly shop-fronts, the horses slipping in the brown mud, the crowd on the pavement pushing him this side and that. The poor little chap was standing in the middle of it with dazed eyes, like a hare's, when the 'bus pulled up. His eyelids were pink and swollen; but he wasn't crying, though he wanted to. Instead, he gave a gulp as he came on board with sack and bundle, and tried to look brave as a lion.

"I'd have given worlds to speak to him; but I couldn't. On my word, sir, I should have cried. It wasn't so much the little chap's look. But to the knot of his bundle there was tied a bunch of cottage flowers—sweet williams, boy's love, and a rose or two—and the sight and smell of them in that stuffy omnibus were like tears on thirsty eyelids. It's the young that I pity, sir. For Gabriel, in his bed up at Shepherd's Bush, there's no more to be said, as far as I can see; and as for me, I'm the oldest clerk in Tweedy's which is very satisfactory. It's the young faces, set towards the road along which we have travelled, that trouble me. Sometimes, sir, I lie awake in my lodgings and listen, and the whole of this London seems filled with the sound of children's feet running, and I can sob aloud. You may say that it is only selfishness, and what I really pity is my own boyhood. I dare say you're right. It's certain that, as I kept glancing at the boy and his sea-kit, and his bunch of flowers, my mind went back to the January morning, sixty-five years back, when the coach took me off for the first time from the village where I was born, to a London charity school. I was worse off than the boy in the omnibus, for I had just lost father and mother. Yet it was the sticks and stones and flower-beds that I mostly thought of. I went round and said good-bye to the lilacs, and told them to be in flower by the time I came back. I said to the rose-bush, 'You must be as high as my window next May; you know you only missed it by three inches last summer.' Then I went to the cow-house, and kissed the cows one by one. They were to be sold by auction the very next week, but I guessed nothing of it, and ordered them not to forget me. And last I looked at the swallows' nests under the thatch—the last year's nests—and told myself that they would be filled again when I returned. I remembered this; and how I stretched out my hands to the place from the coach-top; and how at Reading, where we stopped, I spent the two shillings that I possessed in a cocoanut and a bright clasp-knife; and how I broke the knife in opening the nut; and how, when I opened it, the nut was sour; and how I cried myself to sleep, and woke in London.

"The young men in Tweedy's, though they respect my long-standing there, make fun of me at times, because I never take a holiday in the country. Why, sir, I dare not. I should wander back to my old village, and —— Well, I know how it would be then. I should find it smaller and meaner; I should search about for the flowers and nests, and listen for the music that I knew sixty-five years ago, and remember; and they would not be discoverable. Also every face would stare at me; for all the faces I know are dead. Then I should think I had missed my way and come to the wrong place; or (worse) that no such spot ever existed, and I have been cheating myself all these years; that, in fact, I was mad all the while, and have no stable reason for existing—I, the oldest clerk in Tweedy's! To be sure, there would be my parents' head-stones in the churchyard. But what are they, if the churchyard itself is changed?

"As it is, with £300 per annum and enough laid by to keep him, if I fail, an old bachelor has no reason to grumble. But the sight of that little chap's nosegay and the thought of the mother who tied it there, made my heart swell as I fancy the earth must swell when rain is coming. His eyes filled once and he brushed them under pretence of pulling his cap forward, and stole a glance round to see if any one had noticed him. The other passengers were busy with their own thoughts, and I pretended to stare out of the window opposite; but there was the drop, sure enough, on his hand as he laid it on his lap again.

"He was bound for the docks and thence for the open sea, and I, that was bound for Tweedy's only, had to get out at the top of Cheapside. I know the 'bus-conductor—a very honest man—and, in getting out, I slipped half-a-crown into his hand to give to the boy, with my blessing, at his journey's end. When I picture his face, sir, I wish I had made it five shillings, and gone without a new tie and dinner altogether. Q.

Tim; Or, the Shifting Scene.

By Wamba.

IT could never have happened in real life," said Miss Prudence Ephris, firmly

"Never in real life," I murmured, politely.

"And yet, and yet, it seems so—one reads of these things in books."

"That is the peculiarity of the more unreal sort of life—it is so like the more realistic kind of fiction," I replied.

Miss Prudence thought over this for a moment. Then she said, "Is that intended to be brilliant, Mr. Wamba?"

I had really not intended it to be anything; still, in self-defence, I was bound to say something. "Well," I said, "it is unintelligible, therefore, I suppose, brilliant."

Miss Prudence has no taste for satire, and she did not immediately reply. We were sitting on the lawn of Mrs. Chancey's fine house. Inside we could see the dancers revolving in the great ball-room, and the music floated slowly out on the soft air. Below lay the dark waters of the harbor, and the opposite shore flashed out a thousand lights. They looked like silver and gold gleaming in a superb veil; the probability is that they were merely street lamps in squalid suburban streets. But sentiment can do anything, and the night is the most arrant sentimentalist of us all. We had been discussing "Florida's Fate"—that wonderful novel which everyone is reading. You know the story, of course. Human passion is read there by a master mind. Florida marries, and two hours afterwards discovers her mad mistake: her husband wears a shop-made tie; life with him is, therefore, impossible. It was here that Miss Prudence had made her first remark.

She began again: "It is a great risk."

"What, a shop-made tie?" I said.

"Don't be stupid," she answered, digging a tiny pointed toe into the gravel walk that skirts the lawn. "Marriage, I mean."

"Why take it?" I suggested.

"But, of course, in Florida's case," went on Miss Prudence, disregarding my question, "she never really cared for him at any time; she couldn't have."

"And she didn't give herself a fair chance to get into the habit," I observed.

"That, I should say, would be impossible," she answered emphatically.

"Impossible!"

"Utterly impossible; utterly undesirable, too. But," she added, with that inconsequential feminine logic that so floors us when the "problem" is not a mathematical one, "one must marry sometime."

"There is temperance work," I hinted.

Miss Prudence gave a movement of repulsion.

"Politics and social movements, I continued."

"For mannish women and womanish men," she cried.

"Well, then," I began slowly, "if there's no way out of it but a husband, and one's affinities don't ——"

"Oh, I know what you mean," she broke in. "If one's affinities are not mutual, we should not marry."

To tell the truth, I was heartily glad of the interruption, for I was fairly floored for the next word. "That's it exactly," I said. "And if you find that you really cannot care for poor Jim Ashleigh, why—"

"It's of Florida we're talking," she interposed. I have since come to the conclusion that she's been admirably christened Prudence.

"Of Florida, of course," I corrected myself.

"And she never could have, though she might have thought she did."

"I'm sure you've read her character better than I have," I said. In point of fact I had never read "Florida's Fate;" moreover I hate allegory in conversation.

"If only she could have found it out before," she went on.

"It would have spoilt the story," said I.

"How heartless you are, Mr. Wamba," she answered back—and there was a moving little tremble in her tones, as if her own heart were easily stirred. "There are indeed such things as affinities."

"There are, indeed, Miss Prudence. I've experienced them. This is an atmospheric one, I think," said I—for at this moment a huge dark cloud quite engulfed the moon, which before had been staring down bright and unwinking. We were sitting in one of those "sociable" seats in which, though you nominally sit back to back, you are much nearer together—on occasions—than with any other seat I know of. I think the sudden darkening of the moon must have obscured the place and time, and recalled a bad habit I have of sprawling. I threw out my right arm. When the cloud had cleared away, Miss Prudence was standing.

"Mr. Wamba!" said she.

"I beg your pardon," said I. "A mere accident."

"It was not intentional?" she said doubtingly.

"Merely an affinity," I answered appealingly.

We sat down again; and there was a silence for a moment or two. The suspicion of a smile hung about her eyes, I thought.

"It's a glorious night," I said vapidly.

"Oh," she took me up quickly, "what a glory is there not in some of these nights. Have you ever noticed the stillness of some of them, Mr. Wamba—when you seem to hear the sea lapping and nestling against the old earth, as if, like a mother, it would put an erring child to sleep?"

I must confess I am confoundedly bad at this sort of thing. Moreover, my training at the Bar makes me shun the mind that will generalise when it should particularise, and here, if ever, it was necessary to stick to the point. Still it is wise sometimes to hold the candle to—to Sentiment. I had a happy idea: I quoted, "Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air, Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

"How beautiful," she said, "what a perfect description. Was that addressed to the night?"

"No, to you."

"Mr. Wamba!"

"Still," I went on, my passion for facts luring me to my downfall, "I don't see that all the poetry in the world and all the stars in the heavens will make up for a false move in marriage."

"Too true," she sighed. "If one could only go back!"

"There is time yet," I pleaded.

"Is there? Can there be time?" she asked eagerly.

"It would be a matter of justice to him," I argued.

"Would he look at it in that way?"

"If he's a decent fellow," I argued. I made the most liberal allowance for the decency of my fellow-man at this moment.

She sat twisting her fingers for a moment. Then she laid one of her tiny hands on my coat sleeve, which immediately became an electric battery. "I know I can trust you," she cried; "it is true I do not love him, I cannot. I ought not to marry him. I know you will think me, perfectly odious to tell you all this; but I don't know what it is, the night or what, but—but——"

It was a kindness to relieve her embarrassment. I purposely cut in: "Do not go on, do not go on," I said soothingly, "It's not such a dreadful matter as you think."

"I can trust you," she said, looking up.

"Leave it to me," I said confidently. "If he's a gentleman—and I know he's that—he'll take it without crying out. But promise to leave it all to me; I feel that I've been greatly to blame."

"You?" she said. But at the time I did not notice the tinge of wonder in her voice.

"And of course," I went on, "somebody else ought to have come into the running before this."

"Dear old boy, he's always been in the running, as you call it."

I thought it allowable to squeeze Mrs. Prudence's hand here, and placed my own on the chair elbow with that intention. Her's was not there, however, and I went on:

"There's the question of coin, of course. I don't know whether a poor man has any right to ask a woman to give up a man with £7,000 a year."

"Oh," she said "I wouldn't give much for a girl who wouldn't risk something," and she gave a superb toss of her head. You see she was already the dominant partner.

"And it's not quite so hopeless as it once was,"

"No," she said, and she gave me a sly little glance, "I think we're making quite an income now."

"And there's to be no more talk of idleness," I said, pursuing the advantage.

"No," she answered, with decision; "that's gone."

"And the carelessness that Someone complained of once," I added. When I do turn an eye inwards I don't spare myself.

"It never existed," she cried; "it was all imagination."

"And the taste for racehorses?"

"Racehorses," she echoed back, "you're mistaken there, Mr. Wamba, my cousin Jack never gambled."

"What," I almost shouted, leaping to my feet. "Your cousin Jack—have you been talking about your cousin Jack?"

She looked at me for half a moment with a puzzled air. Then a dawning light came into her face, and her eyes began to smile. Perhaps it was only my vanity. I thought I saw a silent tear spring and driven away.

"Oh," she gasped, "were you—did you really think you were the——" and alas for my vanity, I regret to say that she laughed. It may seem incredible, but she laughed. Then she said, "That was ever so long ago."

"Prudence, ma deer, you ought to be back in the hoose the noo," said a voice behind us—

We both turned round. It was Miss Epris's Scotch aunt. I detest aunts; but Scotch aunts are the most virulent of the species. This one glared at me in a way very peculiar to more dangerous specimens.

I tried to bow. I think I merely scowled.

"Come auntie," said Mrs. Prudence, "Mr. Wamba would like to stay out here in the cool air a little longer—he has a headache.

She laid a malicious stress on the word head.

A Young Wife.

... By J. M. Barrie.

(From the Graphic.)

In precisely two hours from now, Marriot and his wife, who have been abroad for their honeymoon, are due at London Bridge Station, where I am to meet them. I have had the strangest letters from Marriot about his wife, who seems to have something on her mind, and though I cannot make out what the trouble is, I have decided to write an article about it before going to the station. I will not post the article until I have had a moment in private with Marriot, who may by this time have solved the mystery. If he has anything further to tell I will add it in pencil.

Some six weeks ago I was "best man" at their marriage in Edinburgh. Marriot is an old friend, but I had not met the lady before. She was pleasant and pretty, however, and I liked her. You may care to know that her age is twenty-one. I discovered this immediately after the ceremony, because in Scotland a bride and bridegroom have to sign their ages instead of, as in England, merely stating that they are of full age. They seemed very devoted to each other. I cannot say that I noticed anything suspicious or wild about Mrs. Marriot. If she was agitated I put it down to natural causes. I have now reason to fear that I did not mark her sufficinetly.

They went first to Paris. Perhaps a week had elapsed before Marriot wrote to me. It was a long letter, and I never read it through, as I happened to need a pipe-light just then, but what I glanced at showed me that he was ill at ease. "I love her more than ever," he wrote bravely, "though I evidently never knew her rightly until now. You who saw her bright and animated cannot guess how deep her feelings are. Last night we were at the theatre, and I noticed that she did not pay much attention to the acting. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears, and she asked me to take her back to the hotel. From some conversation I had with her I see that she did not catch a word of what the actors said. I entreated her to tell me of what she had been thinking so deeply, but she would not. She implored me never to question her on the subject, and her hands shook so that when I took hold of them mine shook too. It does seem a little odd, but women are such nervously fashioned creatures——" Then I lit my pipe.

Marriot's second letter came from Monte Carlo. "You will be surprised to see that we are here," he wrote. "I am surprised myself. I cannot understand Marian. She used to speak of gambling with abhorrence, yet it was she who dragged me here. I am very anxious about her. She pines for excitement, keeps me at the tables for hours, and is sometimes quite hysterical. Twenty times in a day she shows me that she is devotedly attached to me (unworthy though I am); then suddenly she seems to remember something, her face becomes white, and she draws back as if in presence of some nameless dread. More than once I have thought that she has begun to hate me; but——"

Then came a letter from Naples. "Why do you not answer my letters? The plain truth is that this secret of Marian's (for there is no doubt that she has a terrible secret) is becoming a wall between us. She is rushing me over the Continent, as if unable to rest anywhere. Is it possible that she is being pursued? She will tell me nothing. To-day I handed her a cheque for five hundred pounds, thinking that perhaps she had debts on her mind, but this only seemed to add to her distress. 'Take it,' I said, 'as a spontaneous gift from your loving husband.' Her reply (it was almost a shriek) rings horribly in my ears. 'Husband!' she cried, 'how do you know that you are my husband?' 'You are my wife,' I answered in agony. 'Who can tell?' she said, and ran to her bedroom, where she locked herself in. I think I am going mad."

Next week their address was Rome. "I cannot give you an address," he wrote, "for we wander miserably and aimlessly. You remember my telling you she was thoroughly domesticated! I am now convinced that she loathes the very sight of me. My touch makes her shudder. A few days ago I told her that if she did not confess everything to me we should have to separate. A dreadful scene followed, which ended in my promising never to refer to her secret again. She admits, you see, that she has a secret. Perhaps I should not write of these matters to you, but I am heart-broken, and you are my only real friend. Surely you can clear this mystery up. I am too agitated to consider it calmly. I hope I have not led you to think that I have ceased to love her. There are still moments when I think she loves me. You write novels, don't you? If so, you must often have had occasion to reflect upon the female character. I look to you for enlightenment."

Then this morning I had a telegram: "We arrive in London Bridge to-night. Eight. Meet us.—Marriot."

In forty minutes I shall meet them if their train is up to time, and unless Mrs. Marriot has at the last moment decided to go to Moscow instead. But what to say to Marriot? I have fifty theories, as, for instance, that his emotional bride fell in love with the best man at the wedding. Yet this best man was very careful. Marriot asks my advice as a novelist. Well, such a situation is not uncommon in novels, and then the wife's secret is that she was married secretly years ago to a handsome villain. She thought him dead, but immediately after her second marriage he reappears to drive her distracted. Probably this is Mrs. Marriot's trouble. Poor Marriot, when I tell him my suspicions —— But it is twenty to eight. I must be off to the station.

Just time to add in pencil that Marriot and his wife have arrived, both very happy. All is well. She has confessed. Her secret was that she had given her age as twenty-one, when she was really twenty-two. She feared that this had made their marriage illegal. How adorable women are.

"Our Lady of Plenty."

CANADA TO KIPLING.

A well-known member of the Anglo-Canadian community in London sends these lines to the Canadian Gazette:

A nation spoke to a poet
  Who had sung of her over-seas:
You have sung in the East to the East, Rudyard,
  But never in lines like these.
For this I tell you, Rudyard, and that shall be told to you
From the grim grey rocks of Halifax to Western Cariboo:
"A daughter am I in my mother's house, but mistress in mine own."
For that which is true stands steadfast when that which is false has flown,
And what ye have writ of the East shall stand, be it in verse or prose,
Not so of the lines where ye christened me false—"Our Lady of the Snows."

Our sun shall laugh you to scorn,
  Our vineyards mock at your song,
Our clustering grapes and our golden corn
  Shall send the world along
To the outermost cap of the whirling earth wherever a star hath shined,
Over the seas to Rudyard on the wings of the warm west wind:
"Hath seen our western prairies waving with golden grain?
Hast felt the Chinook breezes waft summer back again?
Ye sing as one who is dreaming and never as one who knows,
For our dear 'Lady of Plenty' is no 'Lady of the Snows.'"

We send our grass-fed cattle
  In droves from the teeming West,
Of our grain in its rich abundance
  We freight your ships with the best
We feed your starving poor at home with fish and fruit and meat,
Who lie in the grip of the east wind while we bask in the noontide heat.
And this I tell to you, Rudyard, and that shall be told to you
From the grim grey rocks of Halifax to Western Cariboo:
"A daughter am I in my mother's house, but mistress in mine own.
And that which is true stands steadfast when that which is false has flown.
Ye have writ mayhap of the East in truth, but the soft west wind that blows
Fans the cheek of "Our Lady of Plenty," not "Our Lady of the Snows."

THE BARON'S QUARRY.

By Egerton Castle.

(From Temple Bar.)

"OH, no, I assure you, you are not boring Mr. Mansfield," said this personage himself in his gentle voice—that curious voice that could flow on for hours, promulgating profound and startling theories on every department of human knowledge or conducting paradoxical arguments without a single inflection or pause of hesitation. "I am, on the contrary, much interested in your hunting talk. I doubt, for instance, if even you, Major Travers, notwithstanding your well-known exploits against man and beast, notwithstanding that doubtful smile of yours, could match the strangeness of a hunting adventure in which I played an important part."

"I was returning home after my prolonged stay in Petersburg, intending to linger on my way and test with mine own ears certain among the many dialects of eastern Europe. On the road to Hungary I bethought myself opportunely of proving the once pressingly offered hospitality of the Baron Kossowski.

"You may have met the man, Major Travers, he was a tremendous sportsman, if you like. I first came across him at McNeil's place in remote Ireland. Now, being in Bukowina, within measurable distance of his Carpathian abode, and curious to see a Polish lord at home, I remembered his invitation. It was already of long standing, but it had been warm, born in fact of a sudden fit of enthusiasm for me"—here a half-mocking smile quivered an instant under the speaker's black moustache—"which, as it was characteristic, I may as well tell you about.

"It was on the day of, or rather, to be accurate, on the day after my arrival, towards the small hours of the morning, in the smoking-room at Rathdrum. Our host was peacefully snoring over his empty pipe and his seventh glass of whiskey, also empty. The rest of the men had slunk off to bed. The baron, who all unknown to himself had been a subject of most interesting observation to me the whole evening, being now practically alone with me, condescended to turn an eye, as wide awake as a fox's, albeit slightly bloodshot, upon the contemptible white-faced person who had preferred spending the raw hours over his papers, within the radius of a glorious fire's warmth, to creeping slily over treacherous quagmires in the pursuit of timid bog creatures (snipe shooting had been the order of the day)—the baron, I say, became aware of my existence and entered into conversation with me.

"He would no doubt have been much surprised could he have known that he was already mapped out, craniologically and physiognomically, catalogued with care, and neatly laid by in his proper ethnological box, in my private type museum.

"You, I had thought, with your broad shoulders and deep chest, your massive head that should have gone with a tall stature, not with those short, sturdy limbs; with your thick red hair, that should have been black for that matter, with your wide-set, yellow eyes, you would be a real puzzle, to one who did not recognize in you equal mixtures of the fair, stalwart and muscular Slav with the bilious-sanguine, thick-set, wiry Turanian. Your pedigree would no doubt bear me out; there is as much of the Magyar as of the Pole in your anatomy. Athlete, and yet a tangle of nerves; a ferocious brute at bottom, I dare say, for your broad forehead inclines to flatness, under your bristling beard your jaw must protrude, and the base of your skull is ominously thick. And, with all that, capable of ideal transports; when that girl played and sang to-night I saw the swelling of your eye-lid veins, and how that small, tenacious, claw-like hand of yours twitched. You would be a fine leader of men—but God help the wretches in your power!

"So had I mused upon him. Yet I confess that when we came into closer contact with each other even I was not proof against the singular courtesy of his manner and his unaccountable personal charm.

"Our conversation soon grew interesting; to me as a matter of course, and evidently to him also. An observation which he made, not without a certain flash in his light eyes and a transient uncovering of the teeth, on the Irish type of female beauty, suddenly suggested to me a stanza of an ancient Polish ballad, very full of milk-and-blood imagery, of alternating ferocity and voluptuousness. This I quoted to the astounded foreigner, in the vernacular, and this it was that metamorphosed his mere perfection of civility into sudden warmth, and, in fact, procured me the invitation in question.

"From Czernowicz, therefore, where I stopped some time, I wrote, received in due time a few lines of prettily worded reply, and ultimately entered my sled in the nearest town to, yet at a most forbidding distance from, Yany, and started on my journey thither.

"On the afternoon of my second day's drive, the snow, which till then had fallen fine and continuous, ceased, and my Jehu, suddenly interrupting himself in the midst of some exciting wolf story, quite in keeping with the time of year and the wild surroundings, pointed to a distant spot against the grey sky to the north-west, between two wood-covered folds of ground—the first eastern spurs of the great Carpathian chain.

"'There stands Yany,' said he.

"I looked at my far-off goal with interest. As we drew nearer, the sinking sun, just dipping behind the hills, tinged the now distinct frontage with a cold, copperlike gleam, but it was only for a minute; the next the building became nothing more to the eye than a black irregular silhouette against the crimson sky.

"Before we entered the long, steep avenue of poplars, the early winter darkness was upon us, rendered all the more depressing by grey mists which gave a ghostly aspect to such objects as the sheen of the snow rendered visible. But even as the tall square building rose before us above the vapor, yellow lighted in various stories, and mighty in height and breadth, there broke upon my ear a deep-mouthed, menacing bay, which gave at once almost alarming reality to the eerie surroundings.

"'His lordship's boar and wolf hounds,' quoth my charioteer calmly, unmindful of the regular pandemonium of howls and barks which ensued. I alighted in the court of honor, and while awaiting an answer to my tug at the bell stood, broken with fatigue, depressed, chilled and aching, questioning the wisdom of my proceedings and the amount of comfort, physical and moral, that was likely to await me in a tete-a-tete visit with a well-mannered savage in his own home. Yet when the door opened, there stood a smart chasseur and a solemn major-domo who might but just have stepped out of Mayfair; and there was displayed a spreading vista of warm, deep-colored halls, with here a statue and there a stuffed bear, and underfoot pile carpets were strewn with rarest skins.

Marvelling, yet comforted withal, I followed the solemn butler.

"When I had recovered bodily warmth and mental equilibrium in my downy armchair, before the roaring logs, and during the delicious absorption of my second glass of tea, I turned my attention to the French valet, evidently the baron's own man, who was deftly unpacking my portmanteau, and who, unless my practiced eye deceived me, asked for nothing better than to entertain me with agreeable conversation the while.

"'Your master is out, then,' quoth I, knowing that the most trivial remark would suffice to start him.

"True, monseigneur was out; he was desolated, in despair (this with the national amiable and imaginative instinct); but it was doubtless important business. M. le Baron had the visit of his factor during the midday meal; had left the table hurriedly, and had not been seen since. Madame la Baronne had been a little suffering, but she would receive monsieur.

"'Madame!' exclaimed I, astounded. 'Is your master then married? Since when?'—visions of a fair Tartar, fit mate for my baron, immediately springing somewhat alluringly before my mental vision. But the answer dispelled the picturesque fancy.

"'Oh yes,' said the man, with a somewhat peculiar expression. 'Yes, monseigneur is married. Did monsieur not know? And yet it was from England that monseigneur brought back his wife.'

"'An Englishwoman!'

"My first thought was one of pity; an Englishwoman alone in this wilderness—two days' drive from even a railway station—and at the mercy of Kossowski! But the next minute I reversed my judgment. Probably she adored her rufous lord, took his veneer of courtesy—a veneer but perilously thin—for the very perfection of the most exquisite polish, I grant you, of chivalry. Or perchance it was his inner savageness itself that charmed her; the most refined women often amaze one by the fascination which the preponderance of the brute in the opposite sex seems to have for them.

"I was anxious to hear more.

"'Is it not dull for the lady here at this time of the year?'

"The valet raised his shoulders with a gesture of despair that was almost passionate.

"Dull! Ah, monsieur could not conceive to himself the dulness of it. That poor Madame la Baronne! not even a little child to keep her company on the long, long days when there was nothing but snow in the heaven and on the earth and the howling of the wind and the dogs to cheer her. At the beginning, indeed, it had been different; when the master first brought home his bride the house was gay enough. There were visits month after month; parties, sleighing, dancing, trips to St. Petersburg and Vienna. But this year it seemed they were to have nothing but boars and wolves..

"I did not think it right to cross-examine the willing talker any further, but I confess that, as I made my way slowly out of my room along the noiseless length of pessage, I was conscious of an unwonted, not to say vulgar, curiosity concerning the woman who had capitvated such a man as the Baron Kossowski.

"In a fit of speculative abstraction I must have taken the wrong turning, for I presently found myself in a long, narrow passage I did not remember. I was retracing my steps when there came the sound of rapid footfalls upon stone flags; a little door flew open in the wall close to me, and a small, thick-set man, huddled in the rough sheepskin of the Galician peasant, with a mangy fur cap on his head, nearly ran headlong into my arms. I was about condescendingly to interpellate him in my best Polish, when I caught the gleam of an angry yellow eye and noted the bristle of a red bear—Kossowski.

"Amazed, I fell back a step in silence. With a growl, like an uncouth animal disturbed, he drew his filthy cap over his brow with a savage gesture and pursued his way down the corridor at a sort of wild-boar trot.

"This first meeting between host and guest was so odd, so incongruous, that it afforded me plenty of food for a fresh line of conjecture as I traced my way back to the picture-gallery, and from thence successfully to the drawing-room, which, as the door was ajar, I could not this time mistake.

"It was large and lofty and dimly lit by shaded lamps; through the rosy gloom I could at first only just make out a slender figure by the hearth; but as I advanced, this was resolved into a singularly graceful woman in clinging, fur-trimmed velvet gown, who, with one hand resting on the high mantel-piece, the other hanging listlessly by her sire, stood gazing down at the crumbling wood fire as if in a dream.

"My friends are kind enough to say that I have a catlike tread; I know not how that may be, at any rate the carpet I was walking upon was thick enough to smother a heavier footfall; not until I was quite close to her did my hostess become aware of my presence. Then she started violently and looked over her shoulder at me with dilating eyes. Evidently a nervous creature, I saw the pulse in her throat, strained by her attitude, flutter like a terrified bird.

"The next instant she had stretched out her hand with sweet, English words of welcome, and the face, which I had been comparing in my mind to that of Guido's Cenci, became transformed by the arch and exquisite smile of a Greuse. For more than two years I had had no intercourse with any of my nationality. I could conceive the sound of his native tongue under such circumstances moving a man in a curious, unexpected fashion.

"I babbled some commonplace reply, after which there was silence while we stood opposite each other, she looking at me expectantly. At length, with a sigh checked by a smile and an overtone of sadness in a voice that yet tried to be sprightly:—

"'Am I then changed, Mr. Marshfield?' she asked. And all at once I knew her; the girl whose nightingale throat had redeemed the desolation of the evenings at Rathdrum, whose sunny beauty had seemed (even to my celebrated, cold-blooded aestheticism) worthy to haunt a man's dreams. Yes, there was the subtle curve of waist, the warm line of throat, the dainty foot, the slender, tip-tilted fingers—witty fingers, as I had classified them—which I now shook like a true Briton, instead of availing myself of the privilege the country gave me, and kissing her slender wrist.

"But she was changed; and I told her so with unconventional frankness, studying her closely as I spoke.

"'I am afraid," I said gravely, 'that this place does not agree with you.'

"She shrank from my scrutiny with a nervous movement and flushed to the roots of her red-brown hair. Then she answered coldly that I was wrong, that she was in excellent health, but that she could not expect, any more than other people, to preserve perennial youth (I rapidly calculated that she might be two-and-twenty), though indeed, with a little forced laugh, it was scarcely flattering to hear one had altered out of all recognition. Then, without allowing me time to reply, she plunged into a general topic of conversation which, as I should have been obtuse indeed not to take the hint, I did my best to keep up.

"But while she talked of Vienna and Warsaw, of her distant neighbors and last year's visitors, it was evident that her mind was elsewhere; her eye wandered, she lost the thread of her discourse; answered me at random, and smiled her piteous smile incongruously.

"The door creaked behind us; and the baron entered, in faultless evening dress. Before she turned towards him I was sharp enough to catch again the upleaping of a quick dread in her eyes, not even so much dread perhaps, I thought afterwards, as horror—the horror we notice in some animals at the nearing of a beast of prey. It was gone in a second, and she was smiling. But it was a revelation.

"Perhaps he beat her in Russian fashion, and she as an English woman was narrow-minded enough to resent this; or perhaps merely I had the misfortune to arrive during a matrimonial misunderstanding.

"The baron would not give me leisure to reflect; he was so very effusive in his greeting—not a hint of our previous meeting—unlike my hostess, all in all to me; eager to listen, to reply; almost affectionate, full of references to old times and genial allusions.

"'Just as I came in, did I hear my wife say there was nothing for you to do in this place?' he said presently to me. Then, turning to her:

"'You do not seem to know Mr. Marshfield. Wherever he can open his eyes, there is for him something to see which might not interest other men. He will find things in my library which I have no notion of. He will discover objects for scientific observation in all the members my household, not only in the good-looking maids—though he could, I have no doubt, tell their points, as I could those of a horse.

"'It is good,' he went on gaily, "that you should happen to have this happy disposition, for I fear that, no later than to-morrow, I may have to absent mysef from home. I have heard that there are news of wolves—they menace to be a greater pest than usual this winter, but I am going to drive them on quite a new plan, and it will go hard with me if I don't come even with them. Well for you, by the way, Marshfield, that you did not pass within their scent to-day.' Then, musingly: 'I should not give much for the life of a traveller who happened to wander in these parts just now.' Here he interrupted himself hastily, and went over to his wife, who had sunk back upon her chair, livid, seemingly on the point of swooning.

"His gaze was devouring; so might a man look at the woman he adored, in his anxiety.

"'What! faint, Violet, alarmed!' His voice was subdued, yet there was an unmistakable thrill of emotion in it.

"'Pshaw!' thought I to myself, 'the man is a model husband.'

"She clenched her hands, and by sheer force of will seemed to pull herself together. These nervous women have often an unexpected fund of strength.

"'Come, that is well,' said the baron, with a flickering smile; 'Mr. Marshfield will think you but badly acclimatized to Poland if a little wolf-scare can upset you. My dear wife is so soft-hearted,' he went on to me, 'that she is capable of making herself quite ill over the sad fate that might have, but has not, overcome you. Or, perhaps,' he added, in a still gentler voice, 'her fear is that I may expose myself to danger for the public wear.'

"She turned her head away, but I saw her set teeth as if to choke a sob. The baron chuckled in his throat and seemed to luxuriate in the pleasant thought.

"At this moment folding doors were thrown open, and supper was announced. I offerd my arm, she rose and took it in silence. This silence she maintained during the first part of the meal, despite her husband's brilliant conversation and almost uproarious spirits. But, by and by, a bright color mounted to her cheeks and lustre to her eyes. I suppose you will all think me horribly unpoetical if I add that she drank several glasses of champagne one after the other, a fact which perhaps may account for the change

"After supper—an exquisite one it was—we adjourned together, in foreign fashion, to the drawing-room; the baron threw himself into a chair and, somewhat with the air of a pacha, demanded music.

"She hesitated a moment or two, then docilely sat down to the piano. That she could sing I have already made clear; how she could sing, with what pathos, passions, as well as perfect art, I had never realized before.

"When the song was ended she remained for a while, with eyes lost in distance,

very still, save for her quick breathing. It was clear she was moved by the music; indeed she must have thrown her whole soul into it.

"At first we, the audience, paid her the rare compliment of silence. Then the baron broke forth into loud applause.

"'Brava, brava! that was really said con amore. A delicious love-song, delicious—but French. You must sing one of our Slav melodies for Marshfield before you allow us to go and smoke.'

"She started from here reverie with a flush, and after a pause struck slowly a few simple chords, then began one of those strangely sweet yet intensely pathetic Russian airs.

"The baroness got up abruptly. She looked white and spent; there were bistre circles round her eyes.

"'I am tired,' she said, with dry lips. 'You will excuse me, Mr. Marshfield, I must really go to bed.'

"'Go to bed, go to bed,' cried her husband gaily. Then, quoting in Russian from the song she had just sung: 'Sleep, my little soft white dove; my little innocent, tender lamb!'

"She hurried from the room. The baron laughed again, and, taking me familiarly by the arm, led me to his own set of apartments for the promised smoke. He ensconced me in an armchair, placed cigars of every description, and a Turkish pipe ready to my hand and a little table on which stood cut flasks and beakers in tempting array.

"After I had selected my cigar with some precautions, I glanced at him over a careless remark, and was startled to see a sudden alteration in his whole look and attitude.

"You will forgive me, Mr. Marshfield,' he said, as he caught my eye, speaking with spasmodic politeness. 'It is more than probable that I shall have to set out upon this chase I spoke of to-night, and I must now go and change my clothes, that I may be ready to start at any moment. This is the hour when it is most likely these hell-beasts are to be got at. You have all you want, I hope,' interrupting an outbreak of ferocity by an effort after his former courtesy.

"It was curious to watch the man of the world struggling with the primitive man.

"'But, baron,' said I, 'I do not at all see the fun of sticking at home like this. You know my passion for witnessing everything new, strange and outlandish. You will surely not refuse me such an opportunity for observation as a midnight wolf-raid. I will do my best not to be in the way if you will take me with you.'

"At first it seemed as if he had some difficulty in realizing the drift of my words, he was so engrossed by some inner thought. But as I repeated them, he gave vent to a loud cachination.

"'By heaven! I like your spirit,' he exclaimed, clapping me strongly on the shoulder. 'Of course you shall come. You shall,' he repeated, 'and I promise you a sight, a hunt such as you never heard or dreamt of—you will be able to tell them in England the sort of thing we can do here in that line—such wolves are rare quarry,' he added, looking slyly at me, 'and I have a new plan for getting at them.'

"There was a long pause, and then there rose in the stillness the unearthly howling of the baron's hounds.

"'Hark at them—the beauties!' cried he, showing his short, strong teeth, pointed like a dog's, in a wide grin of anticipative delight. 'They have been kept on pretty short commons, poor things! They are hungry. By the way, Marshfield, you can sit tight to a horse, I trust? If you were to roll off, you know, these splendid fellows they would chop you up in a second. 'They would chop you up,' he repeated unctuously, 'snap, crunch, gobble, and there would be an end of you!'

"'If I could not ride a decent horse without being thrown,' I retorted, a little stung by his manner, 'after my recent three months' torture with the Guard Cossacks, I should indeed be a hopeless subject. Do not think of frightening me from the exploit, but say frankly if my company would be displeasing.'

"'Tut!' he said, waving his hand impatiently, 'it is your affair. I have warned you. Go and get ready if you want to come. Time presses.'

"I was determined to be of the fray; my blood was up. I have hinted that the baron's Tokay had stirred it.

"I went to my room and hurriedly donned clothes more suitable for rough night-work. My last care was to slip into my pockets a brace of double-barrelled pistols which formed part of my travelling kit.

"When I returned I found the baron already booted and spurred; this without metaphor. He was stretched full length on the divan, and did not speak as I came in, or even look at me. Chewing an unlit cigar, with eyes fixed on the ceiling, he was evidently following some absorbing train of ideas.

"Presently, far, far away, came a faint tinkle of bells; so faint, at first, that I thought it was but fancy, then distincter. It was even more eerie than the silence I thought, though I knew it could come but from some passing sleigh. All at once that ceased, and again my duller senses could perceive nothing, though I saw by my host's craning neck that he was more on the alert than ever. But at last I too heard once more, this time not bells, but as it were the tread of horses muffled by the snow, intermittent and dull yet drawing nearer. And then in the inner silence of the great house it seemed to me I caught the noise of closing doors; but here the hounds, as if suddenly becoming alive to some disturbance, raised the same fearsome concert of yells and barks with which they had greeted my arrival, and listening became useless

"I had risen to my feet. My host, turning from the windows, seized my shoulder with a fierce grip, and bade me 'hold my noise;' for a second or two I stood motionless under his iron talons, then he released me with an exultant whisper:—

"'Now for our chase!' and made for the door with a spring. Hastily gulping down a mouthful of arrack from one of the bottles on the table, I followed him and, guided by the sound of his footsteps before me, groped my way through passages as black as Erebus.

"After a time, which seemed a long one, a small door was flung open in front, and I saw Kossowski glide into the moonlit courtyard and cross the square. When I too came up he was disappearing into the gaping darkness of the open stable door, and there I overtook him.

"A man who seemed to have been sleeping in a corner jumped up at our entrance, and led out a horse ready saddled. In obedience to a gruff order from his master, as the latter mounted, he then brought forward another which he had evidently thought to ride himself and held the stirrup for me.

"We came delicately forth, and the Cossack hurriedly barred the great door behind us—I caught a glimpse of his worn, scarred face by the moonlight, as he peeped after us for a second before shutting himself in; it was stricken with terror.

"The baron trotted briskly towards the kennels from whence there was now issuing a truly infernal clangor, and, as my steed followed suit of his own accord, I could see how he proceeded dexterously to unbolt the gates without dismounting, while the beasts within dashed themselves against them and tore the ground in their fury of impatience.

"He smiled, as he swung back the barriers at last, and his 'beauties' came forth. Seven or eight monstrous brutes, hounds of a kind unknown to me; fulvous and sleek of coat, tall on their legs, square-headed, long-tailed, deep-chested; with terrible jaws slobbering in eagerness. They leapt around and up at us much to our horses distaste. Kossowski, still smiting, lashed at them unsparingly with his hunting whip, and they responded, not with yells of pain, but with snarls of fury.

"Suddenly Kossowski raised himself from his strained position; under his low fur cap his face, with its fixed smile, looked scarcely human in the white light; and then we broke into a hand canter just as the hounds dashed, in a compact body, along the trail.

"But we had not gone more than a few hundred yards before they began to falter, then straggled, stopped, and ran back and about with dismal cries. It was clear to me they had lost the scent. My companion reined in his horse, and mine, luckily a well-trined brute, halted of himself.

"We had reached a bend in a broad avenue of firs and larches, and just where we stood, and where the hounds ever returned and met nose to nose in frantic conclave, the snow was trampled and soiled, and a little further on planed in a great sweep, as if by a turning sleigh. Beyond was a double-furrowed track of skaits and regular hoof-prints leading far away.

"Before I had time to reflect upon the bearing of this unexepected interruption, Kossowski, as if suddenly possessed by a devil, fell upon the hounds with his whip, flogging them upon the new track, uttering the while the most savage cries I have ever heard issue from human throat. The disappointed beasts were nothing loth to seize upon another trail; after a second of hesitation they had undertood, and were off upon it at a tearing pace, and we after them at the best speed of our horses.

'Some unformed idea that we were going to escort, or rescue, benighted travellers flickered dimly in my mind as I galloped through the night air; but when I managed to approach my companion and called out to him for explanation, he only turned half round and grinned at me.

"Before us lay now the white plain, scintillating under the high moon's rays. That light is deceptive; I could be sure of nothing upon the wide expanse, but the dark, leaping figures of the hounds already spread out in a straggling line, some right ahead, others just in front of us. In a short time also the icy wind, cutting my face mercilessly as we increased our pace, well-nigh blinded me with tears of cold.

"I can hardly realize how long this pursuit after an unseen prey lasted; I can only remember that I was getting rather faint with fatigue, and ignominiously held on to my pommel, when all of a sudden the black outline of a sleigh merged into sight in front of us.

"I rubbed my smarting eyes with my benumbed hand; we were gaining upon it second by second; two of those hell-hounds of the baron's were already within a few leaps of it.

"Soon I was able to make out two figures, one standing up and urging the horses on with whip and voice, the other clinging to the back of the seat and looking towards us in an attitude of terror. A great fear crept into my half frozen brain—were we not bringing deadly danger, instead of help to these travellers? Great God! did the baron mean to use them as a bait for his new method of wolf-hunting?

"I would have turned upon Kossowski with a cry of expostulation or warning, but he, urging on his hounds, as he galloped on their flank, howling and gesticulating like a veritable Hun, passed me by like a flash, and all at once I knew."

"And I confess it seemed to me a little strong, even for a baron in the Carpathians. The travellers were our quarry. But the reason why the Lord of Yany had turned man-hunter I was yet to learn. Just then I had to direct my energies to frustrating his plans. I used my spurs mercilessly. Whilst I drew up even with him I saw the two figures in the sleigh change places; he who had hitherto driven now faced back, while his companion took the reins; there was the pale blue sheen of a revolver barrel under the moonlight, followed by a yellow flash, and the nearest hound rolled over in the snow.

'With an oath the baron twised round in his saddle to call up and urge on the remainder. My horse had taken fright at the report and dashed irresistibly forward, bringing me at once almost level with the fugitives, and the next instant the revover was turned menacingly towards me. There was no time to explain; my pistol was already drawn, and as another of the brutes bounded up, almost under my horses's feet, I loosed it upon him—I must have let off both barrels at once, for the weapon flew out of my hand, but the hound's back was broken. I presume the traveller understood; at any rate he did not fire at me.

"In moments of intense excitement like these, strangely enough, the mind is extraordinarily open to impressions. I shall never forget that man's countenance, in the sledge, as he stood upright and defied us in his mortal danger; it was young, very handsome, the features not distorted, but set into a sort of desperate, stony calm,—and I knew it, beyond all doubt, for that of an Englishman. And then I saw his companion—It was the baron's wife.

"It takes a long time to say all this; it only required an instant to see it. The loud explosion of my pistol had hardly ceased to ring before the baron, with a fearful imprecation, was upon me. First he lashed at me with his whip as we tore along side by side, and then I saw him wind the reins round his off-arm and bend over as I felt his angry fingers close tighty on my right foot. The next instant I should have been lifted out of my saddle but there came another shot from the sledge. The baron's horse plunged and stumbled, and the baron, hanging on to my foot with a fierce grip was wrenched from his seat His horse, however, was up again immediately, and I was released, and then I caught a confused glimpse of the frightened and wounded animal galloping wildly away to the right, leaving a black track of blood behind him in the snow, his master, entangled in the reins, running with incredible swiftness by his side and endeavoring to vault back into the saddle.

"And now came to pass a terrible thing, which, in his savage plans, my host had doubtless never anticipated.

"One of the hounds that had during this short check recovered lost ground, coming across this hot trail of blood turned away from his course and with a joyous yell darted after the running man. In another instant the remainder of the pack were upon the new scent.

"As soon as I could stop my horse, I tried to turn him in the direction the new chase had taken, but just then, through the night air, over the receding sound of the horse's scamper and the sobbing of the pack in full cry, there came a long scream, and after that a sickening silence. And I knew that somewhere yonder, under the beautiful moonlight, the Baron Kossowski was being devoured by his starving dogs.

"I looked round with the sweat on my face, vaguely, for some human being to share the horror of the moment, and I saw, gliding away, far away, in the white distance, the black silhouette of the sledge."

"Well?" said we, in divers tones of impatience, curiosity, or horror.

"Well," repeated he, "what more do you want to know? It will interest you but slightly, I am sure, to hear how I found my way back to the Hof; or how I told as much as I deemed prudent of the evening's gruesome work to the baron's servants, who, by the way, to my amazement, displayed the profoundest and most unmistakable sorrow at the tidings, and sallied forth (at their head the Cossack who had seen us depart), to seek for his remains. Excuse the unpleasantness of the remark; I fear the dogs must have left very little of him; he had dieted them so carefully. However, since it was to have been a case of 'chop, crunch, and gobble,' as the baron had it, I preferred that that particular fate should have overtaken him than me—or, for that matter, either of these two country people of ours in the sledge.

"One thing you may be sure of, I had no mind to remain at Yany an hour longer than necessary. I even contrived to get well clear of the neighborhood before the lady's absence was discovered.

"But how do you know," said one of us, "that the man was her lover?—he might have been her brother or some other relative?"

"That," said Marshfield, with his little flat laugh, "I happen to have ascertained—and, curiously enough, only a few weeks ago. It was at the play, between the acts, from my comfortable seat (first row of the pit), I was looking leisurely round the house when I caught sight of a woman in a box close by, whose head was turned from me, and who presented the somewhat unusual spectacle of a young neck and shoulders of the most exquisite contour—and perfectly grew hair; and not dull grey, but rather of a pleasing tint—like frosted silver. This aroused my curiosity. I brought my glasses to a focus on her, and waited patiently till she turned round. Then I recognized the Baroness Kossowski, and I no longer wondered at the young hair being white.

"Yet she looked placid and happy; strangely so, it seemed to me, under the sudden reviving in my memory of such scenes as I have now described. But presently I understood further; beside her, in close attendance, was the man of the sledge, a handsome fellow, with much of a military air about him.

"During the course of the evening, as I watched, I saw a friend of mine come into the box, and at the end I slipped out into the passage to catch him as he came out.

"'Who is the woman with the white hair?' I asked. Then, in the fragmentary style approved of by ultra-fashionable young men—this earnest—languid mode of speech presents curious similiarities in all langrages—he told me: 'Most charming couple in London—awfully pretty, wasn't she? He had been in the Guards—attache at Vienna once—they adored each other. White hair, devilish queer, wasn't it? Suited her, somehow. And then she had been married to a Russian, or something, somewhere in the wilds, and their names were——' But do you know," said Marshfield, interrupting himself "I think I had better let you find that out for yourselves, if you care."

New Yorker—I envy you Jersey commuters every time I compare your situation with mine.

Jersey Commuter (tickled but wondering)—Why?

New Yorker—Oh, you get such beautiful views of New York.—Judge.

The Toys Talk of the World.

"I should like," said the vase from the china store,
"To have seen the world a little more.

"When they carried me here I was wrapped up tight,
But they say it is really a lovely sight."

"Yes," said a little plaster bird,
"That is exactly what I have heard;

"There are thousands of trees, and oh, what a sight
It must be when the candles are all alight."

The fat top rolled on his other side:
"It is not in the least like that," he cried.

"Except myself and the kite and ball,
None of you know of the world at all.

"There are houses, and pavements hard and red,
And everything spins around," he said;

"Sometimes it goes slowly, and sometimes fast,
And often it stops with a bump at last."

The wooden donkey nodded his head:
"I had heard the world was like that," he said.

The kite and the ball exchanged a smile,
But they did not speak; it was not worth while.

Grandma Perkin's Farewell.

: : : By James A. Morley.

THE cold gray of the early dawn stole stealthily in the windows of the old-stealthily in the windows of the old-fashioned, weather-beaten house by the lake-side. The lake itself lay dark and cold, and the wash of the waves on the shore, sounded mournfully and fatefully. The old poplar by the gate stood a grim, tall sentinel, keeping watch and ward over the approach to the house, which branched from the main road. A large elm threw its protecting arms over the small dwelling, a few yellow fluttering leaves still clinging to its branches. Inside soft footsteps wandered from room to room, and a voice in whose tones a sweetness still lingered, would break on the stillness, followed by a little quavering laugh, or a sigh, for Grandma Perkins was saying good-bye to the old homestead, in which she had hoped to live out the measure of her days. A small, bent figure clad in black, a little gray woolen shawl drawn closely round the drooping shoulders. A sweet old face lined with many sorrows, a brave spirit looked out of the still bright eyes, and the same brave hopefulness had carried her over many a sore bereavement, until even the three-score years and ten were but dreams of the past. A pathetic picture had anyone been there to see.

"I'd jes' like to see the sun shining on the lake once more, but I'm 'fraid 'twont clear up, can't expect much sunshine in November I s'pose. I do jes' wonder ef I've fergotten ennything. I guess I'll go up-stairs agin."

And the old lady toiled patiently up the steep stair-case to the roomy unceiled garret above, where from poles fastened to the rafters hung ears of yellow corn, bunches of herbs, sweet marjorum, mint, fennel, and dried marigolds. For Grandma Perkins was famed throughout the neighborhood for the efficacy of herb-teas and salves.

"I jes' b'lieve I'll git the old knapsack Josiah bought when we went to Boston on our weddin' tower, an' put some ef them herbs in," she continued, carefully selecting the bunches, "an' mebbe John's wife would like some catnip fer the baby. I guess city babies would find catnip tea kin' o' soothin'. Babies be the same all over the world, ef grown folks ain't."

From a nail in the rafter Grandma Perkins took down a capacious carpet bag, whose collapsed sides and faded colors bore evidence of long years of use.

"John sed not to hev too much baggage 'cause Eliza Ann wouldn't like it, but I don't think she'll object to herbs, they're powerful sweet-smellin' ennyway." And Grandma Perkins stuffed the bag with the fragrant harvest of her last season's gardening, until it assumed dropsical proportions.

"Oh, and there's my spinnin' wheel, the firs' present Josiah give me after we wuz married," and she drew the wheel out from its dusky corner under the slanting roof placed her foot on the treadle, picked up a snowy length of wool, which nad been left on the wheel, fastening it to the distaff with dexterous fingers, swiftly drawing out the thread, the old familiar hum of the quickly revolving wheel filling the chamber with its music. And as she spun, memories of days gone by came trooping past. The lover of her youth, strong and stalwart, but loving and tender withal, the simple wedding in the meeting-house, the home-coming. How well she remembered as if 'twere yesterday. The lilacs were in bloom, their fragrant odor gave her sweet greeting as she walked shyly up the garden path, hand in hand with her Josiah. Then children's faces came and went, leaving empty arms, and empty heart, that even Josiah's deep sympathy failed to solace, till only John, her youngest born was left.

Suddenly she arose and peered out of the window, a heavy mist was rolling in from the lake, folding the old house in its soft embrace.

"Lands sake how dark it's gittin', an' Deacon Stokes wuz to take me over to the Junction at ten o'clock. An' now mother, John sez, you're only to bring what you can pack in a trunk. I musn't fergit. Eliza Ann won't hev enny old rubbish around, John sez. An' deary me"—with a long quivering sigh, "How I would like to take the old wheel, seems mos' like an old friend, an' the cradle thet John wuz rocked in, thet Josiah made, but I dassent, I dassent, an' Eliza Ann sez I musn't bring my feather bed, 'taint san'tary. The deacon sez she means 'taint hulsome. I never hear tell of goose feathers, an' live ones too, givin' ennybody a sickness afore an' I'm an old old woman turned eight-six. Well, well, it jes' seems years an' years sence Josiah wuz took, an' its only the las' summer thet ever wuz. Now I'll say good-bye to the old loom."

And she slowly felt her way across the uneven floor, to the north windoy, where stood the loom looking bare and gaunt in the dim light. It was a lonely little figure that perched itself upon the long, narrow bench that faced the loom, and trembling fingers that passed up and down the tightly-stretched threads of the warp.

"Deary me to think its six months gone sence Mis' Stokes helped me reed the warp fer this bed spread, the very day Josiah wuz took sick. I mos' fergit what pattern I meant to hev'. An' John used to call the old loom his bank, he said mother jes' wove bank notes, 'cause the carpet I wove paid fer his schoolin', an' books, an' I felt prouder than a queen, to think thet me an' an' the old loom sent John to college. Yet John never took to farmin'. He hed aspirations, he sed, fer a higher plane, an' wanted a wider sphere of action than the old farm could give him. I wuz jes' 'fraid Josiah would feel hurt, when John sed he mus' git above the narreness of farm life. But Josiah wan't a bit disappinted, tho' him an' me had planned that John would stay on at the old humstead, an' we hoped to hev' Priscilla Bascom fer a daughter, fer Priscilla wuz smart ez a steel trap, an' han'some ez a picter; an' how she would color up ez red ez a rose when John spoke to her. Josiah sez, 'Ruth, dear, we'll let our boy hev his way, we won't stan' in his light, or handicap him. The schoolmaster sez he hez a logical mind, p'raps he'll be a lawyer, or a doctor, or p'raps,' an' I remember now Josiah's voice trembled, an' his afce lit up, 'p'raps the Good Lord will call him to the ministry, an' we would both give him up willin'ly fer that.'

"An' so Josiah plowed an' plowed, an' I spun an' wove, to help our dear boy along. An' how John did study. The school master sed "He burned the midnight oil to some purpose. Tho' twan't oil; 'twas tallow dips, I sed. An' when John did leave us, how Josiah would watch fer the mail. No matter how dead tired he waz, he'd hitch up old Dobbin, an' drive over to the Corners fer the letter. I always knew whether he got one or not. Ef there wan't enny, he'd jes drive up to the barn, an' put Dobbin up, an' tend to the chores, an' ef there wuz one, old Dobbin would come like a streak down the hill. Then I'd put Josiah's old red bandanner out the south winder, an' Priscilla would come over an' read John's letter to us. Fer ez time went on, John's letters wuz very hard fer me to understan'. He sed at first he wuz a Freshman. I understood thet, then he wuz a semaphore, or a sophomore, an' thet Prescilla would explain. I guess it jes meant thet each year he hed more learnin'. Then he sent the college colors to Prescilla. A little piece of ribbin, all striped, an' Prescilla wore 'em, 'jes peepin out of the bosom of her dress. Then there wuz always a message fer Prescilla, an' how she would pink up when she came to it. An' John always hed a little joke fer me 'bout the bank. 'Hoped 'twould be able to pay good dividends, an' if he sent a cheque would it be honored,' an' so on.

"But deary me I'll never ferget the night John's letter came, when he wan't really ours any longer. Prescilla hed come over early, so ez to make some butter-nut candy—Josiah hed cracked the butter-nuts, an' picked out the meats the night afore, fer it wuz John's birthday thet week. I'd made a batch o' doughnuts, an' a poun' cake, an' a fruit cake, Prescilla helped me stone the reasons, an' hed put John's name on in pink sugar, an' I told Josiah to drive me a box from Dalton's store to pack 'em in. Josiah come in jes beamin' with a cracker-box in one hand, an' holdin' out John's letter in the other. He tossed the letter in Prescilla's lap, an' sez to me:—

"'I got a big box Ruth dear, so ez you could put some russetts an' spys in.'

"I see it all now ez plain ez can be. We had a roarin' fire on the hearth, fer it wuz a "nippin night," Josiah sed. An' how the flames did glance, an' dance all glinty-like on the old clock face, an' the dishes on the dresser wuz all light an' sparkle. Prescilla fingered the letter over, ez if she wanted to jes hold it fer a while, looked at the pos' marks, then opened it with a little tender sort o' smile. John sed 'he wuz well an' happy, an' hed the brightest of prospects before him, an' tho' he wan't on the top rung of the ladder, he soon hoped to be. He hed thet very day entered upon his new duties ez confidential clerk to the President of the Universal Trust Co. Bank.'

"Then Prescilla stopped readin' all of a suddent, an' drew in her breath kind o' sharp, an' hard. I wuz jes' goin' to speak, when she went on, but her voice sed a far away sound: 'Dear father an' mother,' John sez, 'I hope you will fergive me, but I thought I would wait till everything wuz settled. I am married to Miss Eliza Ann Tressider, eldest daughter of Amas Belknap, president of the above named bank.'

"I jes' give a little cry, an' Josiah caught my han', an' sez: 'Hust Ruth dear.' Prescilla read the letter to the end, an' folded it up, an' put it back in the kiver, an' laid it on the table. Then she went into the south room, an' put on her hat an' coat, an' come out, an' shet the door softly behind her, an' come up to me, an' put both arms roun' my neck an' held me tight fer 'bout a minit. Then she turned to Josiah, an' sez 'I'm ready to go home.'

"Josiah never spoke, but went an' harnessed old Dobbin an' drew her home. Poor pretty dear; an' she wuz to hev stayed all night.

"Then after some time John brought his bride to see us. But they only stayed a few hours, tho' Prescilla come over an' helped me bake cakes an' pies, an' turkey, an' chicken fixins'. Eliza Ann sed they hed an engagement thet night, a theatre party, thet they couldn't possibly postpone.

She wuz very beautiful, an' fond of John, but seemed so proud an' cold-like, thet I dassent offer her a parlor carpet I hed jes' finished weavin' an' sewn together. An' it wuz reel han'some striped, red an' blue, an' yeller, onta a green warp, an' I hed got the dyes, jes' beautiful shades, like a rainbow, the colors mixed so good. An' now Eliza Ann hez a baby, a fine han'some boy, John sez. I did hope Eliza Ann would call baby Josiah fer one name, but they christened him Algernon Cuthbert Tressider. But deary me; nuthin seemed the same after thet night John's letter came tellin' of his marriage. Then thet spring after Prescilla caught a bad cold, an' didn't seem to rally, tho' I made slippery ellum tea, an' hoarhound, an' liquorice, an' linseed cough mixture. But nuthin' did her enny good, an' then I see she wuz jes' slippin' an' fadin' away. An' when the corn huskins' commenced, an' the maples wuz turnin' all red an' gold, Prescilla left us. An' the night Prescilla died, Josiah hed a stroke, an' somethin seemd to tell me, I should soon be left alone.

"But, deary me; it's jes' gittin' darker, an' darker. An' I'm so cold, I'm all of a tremble. I mus' hev been up garret more than two hours. An' after all I musn't fergit I'm goin' to John an' the baby."

Grandma Perkins, shivering with cold and tremulous with excitement, picked up the carpet bag, feeling her way carefully to the head of the stairs. In the dim uncertain light, she lost her footing, her hands were thrown out, vainly grasping for some support; she swayed helplessly to and fro for a second, and with a little faint cry for help, fell headlong to the bottom of the steps.

An hour later Deacon Stokes came driving down the hill through the mist, his speed accelerated by the thought that Grandma would be thinking her old neighbors had forgotton her. For during the night, the deacon's horses had broken out of the pasture-field, and though the deacon had made an early start, urged by the anxiety of his wife, he had had a long, weary search through brush and brake, finally finding the truant span two miles away on the marsh, contentedly browsing on the sweet green aftermath.

"Grandma 'll laugh when I tell her what a hunt I hed fer them durned, pesky critters," soliloquised the deacon. "Reel cheery Grandma is. I hope John's wife 'll be good to her."

Fastening his team to the gate-post, the deacon walked up the garden path, between the leafless lilac bushes to the house. Not meeting with any response to his knock, he opened the door, which led immediately into the kitchen. All was cold and silent. The fireplace, which was wont to glow with hospitable warmth and welcome, yawned dark and cavernous. The huge back log lay black and charred. The polished and-irons framed a pile of gray cold ashes.

"No fire," muttered the deacon. "Surely Grandma can't hev overslep." A sudden fear seized his heart. A glance in at the open door of the south room, then a hasty stride into the buttery, and woodshed beyond. But the usual hearty neighborly greeting was lacking. "Up garret I guess, looking over old treasures," said the deacon, reassuringly. "But I don't like there being no fire on the hearth." The deacon's quickened steps were suddenly arrested, as he lifted the latch of the door which led to the upper room. There, to his horrified gaze, at the foot of the stairs, lay the little black and grey clad figure, with white cap and still white face.

Tenderly the frail form was carried into the south room, and laid on the bed, "Thet Eliza Ann wouldn't hev." The deacon folded the small toil-worn hands over the faithful heart, and silently left the house.

Next day, in answer to a speedy summons, John Perkins looked once more, and for the last time, at the sweet face, so calm, so rapt. It was the mother of his early boyhood's recollection. The lines of care were gone. The mysterious change had smoothed away the marks, that long years of toil and trouble had so deeply graven.

"We all thought the world of Grandma," said the deacon, as he stood beside John. "She wuz loved an' honored, far an' wide, an' would hev been welcome to hev made her home with enny of us. Grandma hed more trials than Providence wuz jes' responsible fer, I reckon; trials thet made her more fit fer heaven. mebbe. An'," continued the deacon, "God preserveth the tears of His saints, but I dunno by I would feel jes' comfortable to be the one thet wuz the cause of 'em. An'," with a stern gleam in his eye, as he glanced keenly at John, "when Priscilla Bascom, who was like a daughter to your mother, died, an' then Josiah, she hedn't ennybody belonging to her wuth livin' fer, in my opinion, tho' the hull country side would hev gladly kep' her with us."

And good Deacon Stokes turned away, leaving John Perkins to some very bitter and painful reflections.

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LADY KILLARNEY'S HUSBAND.

... From The Cornhill Magazine.

IT was a fine afternoon in the beginning of July when Mr. Thomas Sidcup, esq., strolling along Piccadilly, saw coming towards him, a short way off, his old friend and crony, Lord Killarney. The earl's clothes hung about him loosely; his hat was placed rather far back on his head; he had a dejected and neglected air, as if he cared litt'e now what happened to him.

"Hullo, Killarney! you don't seem particularly bright to-day," exclaimed Tom, as he shook hands with his friend.

"Yes—eh? No. Well; I dare say not," responded the Earl, twisting his long grey moustache as he spoke.

"Anything happened?"

"Yes; something has happened," said His Lordship, with a sickly smile.

"Somebody threatening to make you a bankrupt?"

"Not exactly. They know it would be of no use. Any little rent that comes in goes into the pockets of the lawyers and the mortgagees."

"What is it, then?"

"I'm going to be married."

Tom did not know whether congratulations or condolences would be more suitable, so he merely exclaimed:

"You don't say so!"

"Yes. You see I have racing debts as well, and they had to be met. There was no way out of it."

"The lady has money, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. Plenty. Mrs. Poole is a widow. Her husband's firm was Jacobs & Poole, the bankers. She has a fine place in Yorkshire, and a house in town."

"Then you're in luck, old fellow, and I congratulate you," said Thomas Sidcup heartily. "You'll find you'll shake down together after a bit. Half the year you will do the magnate down in Yorkshire; and we shall have some capital shooting. Then for the season you will be in London. What more can you desire?"

The Earl was not unwilling to be encouraged in his desperate enterprise; yet a foreboding filled his heart, as, bidding his friend good-day, he walked away, meditating on the face and form, the carriage and deportment, of Mrs. Joseph Poole.

* * * * * * *

The wedding took place before the end of the season, and it was not until March that the Earl and his Countess came back to town. One day in April Sidcup met him in the Haymarket.

"How well you are looking!" was Tom's greeting.

"Well? Yes. I believe I'm getting stout, if you call that looking well?"

"Anything wrong, then?"

"Everything's wrong, Tom; I give you my word I'm the most miserable beggar on earth. I wish I were that crossing-sweeper. I wish I were dead!"

"Don't, Killarney. Don't give in like that," said his friend in a soothing tone.

"Her Ladyship's out to-night, going to a big missionary meeting," said the Peer, as a sudden idea occurred to him. "Come and dine with me, and I'll tell you all about it. She is going to stay with some of her friends—won't be back till to-morrow."

Tom accepted the invitation, and at half past seven that evening he entered Lady Killarney's house in Park Lane. The dining-room, the dinner, the host and the servants were alike gloom and dreary. Killarney, however, brightened up under the influence of a few glasses of old port, and when the servants had retired he began to relate his trials and grievances.

"The fact is, old man," said he, "I can't call my soul my own. You know I've no money. She holds the reins, and gives me a sovereign now and again, as if I were a schoolboy."

"Good gracious!"

I would have asked you to dine at the club instead of in this mausoleum of a place, but I haven't been able to pay my subscription. She has got to be very religious of late, and fills the house with Low Church persons and Dissenting ministers, and they go on in a way that's enough to drive a fellow mad. As for Sundays, they are too horrible to speak of. No dinner—only cold beef and tea, upon my sacred word of honor. No smoking allowed indoors—oh, it doesn't matter for to-night. The smell will be gone by to-morrow."

"Lady Killarney keeps a very good table," said Sidcup, anxious to mention one alleviating circumstance.

"Ugh! Eating and drinking isn't everything. And within the last few weeks her Ladyship has taken to—you won't guess? —teetotalism! Isn't it awful?"

A look of pain and disgust overspread the Earl's still handsome face, and was reflected in that of his friend.

"She gives away tracts, addresses meetings, and actually threatens to send all the wine in the house to a hospital, or pour it into the sink!"

"She must be mad," muttered Tom.

"And that fellow," continued the earl, nodding his head towards the butler's pantry, "has private directions not to do what I tell him, if it is against his mistress's orders."

"Monstrous! I wouldn't stand it, Killarney. I'd bolt!"

"Bolt? Without a ten-pound note in the world? No; she has me tight enough"; and the unhappy earl groaned aloud.

At that moment the dining-room door was thrown wide open, and a majestic figure, clothed in silk and fur, made its appearance.

"Algernon!"

The fumes of the cigars almost choked her ladyship's utterance.

"This is disgraceful," said Lady Killarney, as she slowly advanced to the table. "Turning my dining-room, the dining room of a Christian woman, into a tap-room!"

"Pooh, my dear," said the nominal head of the establishment, determining to brave it out before his friend, "it's only a cigar. We wouldn't have smoked if I had known you would be home to-night. Let me introduce to you my old friend Sidcup—Mr. Sidcup, Lady Killarney."

"I shall speak with you to-morrow, Algernon. Good evening, sir"; and Lady Killarney swept out of the room, ignoring altogether the attempted introduction, and addressing her last words to a vacant spot about six inches above Mr. Sidcup's head.

Honest Tom for some time sat silent, Suddenly he started up, struck the table with his fist, upsetting as he did so his glass of claret, and seized his friend's hand.

"Killarney," he said, solemnly, "I'll be your deliverer! I pledge myself to it. You shall be set free, and be your own man once more!"

The earl shook his head.

"I've no doubt you'll do your best; but —you don't know Lady Killarney."

"Never mind. I'll do it, on condition that for the next two months you follow all my directions. You promise that? Very good. In less than a fortnight you and I set out for Killarney."

* * * * * * *

A bright May morning makes even the Strand look cheerful; and on this particular forenoon that thoroughfare was even more crowded than usual; for the May meetings were in full swing. The entrance to Exeter Hall was blocked by a large crowd of well-dressed people—country parsons and their wives and daughters, wealthy retired tradesmen, rich old ladies, and a sprinkling of good young men. It was the field day of the United Kingdom Temperance Alliance; and the announcement that, in addition to a colonial bishop, the meeting would be addressed by the Countess of Killarney, had attracted a great assemblage.

At the door of the hall were three or four young men who were busily engaged in distributing leaflets among the people who entered the building; and the good folk not only accepted the little papers (as the frequenters of Exeter Hall invariably do on such occasions), but carried them inside, that they might look them over when comfortably seated. Among the arrivals was the Countess of Killarney. She, too, received a leaflet; she, too, carried it with her into the hall.

The cheers that greeted the countess had hardly died away, when the illustrious convert to the temperance cause, taking her seat on the platform beside the colonial bishop, glanced at the tastefully gotten-up circular in her hand. It was not a new tract, nor a notice of a sermon, nor an advertisement of a charitable society. It was headed with the Killarney arms, and ran thus :—

FINEST WHISKEY IN THE WORLD ! !
Lord Killarney and Co.
Are the sole distillers and proprietors
—of—
THE KILLARNEY WHISKEY.
Distilled from the finest barley, and the pure waters of the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. It is Wholesome, Invigorating, Appetizing.

On the opposite side was a prospectus of the company; the chairman of the board of directors being the Right Honorable the Earl of Killarney, C.B., and the vice-chairman Thomas Sidcup, Esq.

The large and highly respectable audience soon became aware that something was in the wind. The pale green-tinted circulars could be seen passing from hand to hand in the crowded hall, accompanied by the lifting of eyebrows, the shaking of heads, the wagging of beards, in one corner a suppressed groan, in another an audible titter. For Lady Killarney to address the meeting under these circumstances was plainly impossible; she left the hall in a state of speechless indignation, while the colonial bishop hinted in guarded terms at "the libellous insult which had been offered to an honored and hitherto spotless name." It was the first time the name of Killarney had ever been thus spoken of by the clergy; but the bishop was evidently thinking of the title as belonging to the lady rather than to her husband.

Lady Killarney reached Park Lane in a state of suppressed fury, and despatched telegrams in all directions for her lord and master. Receiving no answer to these messages, she sallied forth next morning for a certain Lane in the Ward of Cheap, where the London office of Lord Killarney & Co., was situated, that she might confer with Mr. Thomas Sidcup, whom she rightly deemed to be the prime mover in this foul conspiracy.

She was received with all imaginable politeness, even with deference. She was not, of course, aware that her erring spose was stationed in a large closet opening off Mr. Sidcup's room, in which the company washed its hands at the close of its day's labors.

Without deigning to utter a word in reply to Mr. Sidcup's greeting, the injured woman marched up to his table, placed the obnoxious circular on his desk, laid a manly forefinger on the paper, and looked the evil-doer in the face. He merely smiled in return.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" demanded the lady, in awe-inspiring tones.

"It means a little industrial enterprise, Lady Killarney; and I hope it will have the effect of affording work for some of your husband's tenants, and profit for himself."

"Sir! Do you mean to tell me that this thing is true ? That my husband has lent his name to a dirty trading company" —("Pretty well this, for the old bill-discounter's daughter," thought Tom,— "is bad enough: but I cannot believe that the earl, my husband, is personally engaged in this unholy, this accursed traffic. It cannot be. Mr. Sidcup, if that is your name, where is my husband?"

"In Dublin, I beleive, Madam, trying to find customers for our Peat Reek Brand, five years old, at two-and-nine—or else in Edinburgh (they drink a good deal of whiskey there). At least his lordship intended going north. I won't swear he has actually gone."

"Mr. Sidcup, this must be stopped," said her ladyship, firmly.

"I am afraid I hardly understand. What must be stopped?"

"This thrice accursed——"

"Your ladyship will excuse me — James," he said to a clerk, who was pottering about the room, "leave those letter-books alone, retire, and close the door behind you. We must be careful, Lady Killarney. The use of —ahem !— profane language is strictly forbidden in the office; and the example, your ladyship understands, the example is most contagious."

"Sir!"

Even the hardened Thomas Sidcup quailed for a moment beneath that eye. For the first time he fairly realized the position of his friend, Lord Killarney.

"I said that accursed traffic, sir. A traffic which ruins men, body and soul." (This time Mr. Sidcup let the word pass without remark.) "And I say it must be stopped. The company must be dissolved."

"What ! Dissolve Lord Killarney & Company! The most flourishing concern in the market—shares rising every day—a fortune to be made in it—never!"

"If Lord Killarney had wanted money he could have come to me for it," said the lady loftily.

"Perhaps he didn't like to trouble your ladyship; and, at any rate, that resource was denied to me,' said old Tom, with his sweetest smile.

"What do you want for your shares?" asked the countess abruptly.

"Do you mean them all?"

"Every one."

"Forty thousand pounds," said Tom promptly.

"Forty thousand fiddlesticks!"

"Pardon me, Lady Killarney, I did not offer the shares to you. The company is a genuine working concern, brewing its own whiskey on your husband's estates in Ireland." (He did not think it worth while to mention that the "distilleries" consisted of three stills, two of them, until lately, illicit ,the third barely finding employment for one man and a boy.) "We don't interfere with anybody; and we—"

"Didn't you interfere with my meeting, yesterday?" asked the countess.

"I ! How ? What meeting ? I'm afraid I hardly comprehend." said Mr. Sidcup.

"Well; never mind. But forty thousand pounds is out of the question. Seven thousand would be too much."

"Indeed, madam, you are mistaken," said Tom, earnestly.

"I will not submit to such robbery. I will consult my solicitor," said Lady Killarney, rising and shaking out her ample skirts as she spoke.

"Of course you can do that, Lady Killarney. I think you will find, however, that ever since the passing of the Married Women's Property Act, a husband is entitled to hold shares apart from his wife, exactly as if he were unmarried," said Tom, with perfect gravity.

"Then, sir, it is a most infamous law, and it ought to be altered at once."

Tom only bowed.

"I cannot endure that this should go on," said the countess after a pause. "The scandal of the inconsistency would be too notorious. No; my work would be spoiled. It would be said—— Oh, good heavens ! the world would say that my horses and carriages—the very dress on my back, were paid for out of the proceeds of this ac——, this abominable trade, all the time that I was denouncing it !"

"I confess that people might, and probably would, put some such construction upon the facts."

"That would be absolutely intolerable."

Tom shook his head in melancholy fashion.

"Can't you suggest something?" asked the countess, after another pause.

"Well; if I might give a hint, I should say—come to terms with Lord Killarney. He is our largest shareholder—three thousand ten-pound shares."

"How much paid up on them?"

"Admirable woman !" murmured Tom Sidcup to himself. Then aloud : "All issued as fully paid up—the price of the land, the name (great thing that), the distilleries, the good-will, and so on. I'll show you the deeds in a moment."

Lady Killarney inspected the deeds with the greatest care, nad she was quite enough of a lawyer to know what they meant. She had a vague feeling that she was being swindled; but how she could not clearly see.

"If your ladyship would take my advice," said Tom, when the deeds had been duly perused, "I would not pay all that money down. Make an agreement to pay your husband an annuity—say fifteen hundred a year—in lieu of the money or the shares. Then it will be really taking money out of one pocket and putting it into the other." The other shareholders, Tom thought, could be bought up privately, one by one, after she had possessed herself of Lord Killarney's interst in the undertaking.

"And remember, Lady Killareny, you must have it a condition of the bond upon which the annuity will be secured, that at no time, and under no circumstances, must your husband take part in the manufacture or sale of spirituous or malt liquors, or permit his name to be used by any person or any company manufacturing or vending them, else the bond is to become void and the annuity is to cease."

Lady Killarney was reassured by this disinterested advice; and after she and Mr. Sidcup had settled one or two other details of the scheme, she left the office in a comparatively calm frame of mind.

"Tom," said the earl, emerging from the closet, "you have saved me !"

After a few more interviews between Lady Killarney and Sidcup—who actually began to be a bit of a favorite with her ladyship before the end of the negotiations—the matter was settled; the annuity deed, securing to the earl twelve hundred a year for life, was duly signed, sealed, and delivered, and "Lord Killarney & Co., Limited," ceased to exist.

A week after his emancipation, the earl entertained his friend at Richmond, and presented him with a gold cigar case "in token of the grateful friendship of Algernon Cyril, Earl of Killareny." Curiously enough, that very evening a large parcel was delivered at Sidcup's chambers. It contained an enormous time-piece, bearing an inscription' "From Rebecca Anne, Countess of Killarney, in acknowledgment of the disinterested kindness of her friend, Thomas Sidcup, Esq." Tom promptly removed the inscription-bearing plate, and sent the thing to a pawnshop.

By degrees they learned to make allowances for each other's tastes; and Lord Killarney played the host for his wife's parsons and temperance orators, on the tacit understanding that for the autumn and winter months the house in Yorkshire would be kept up for his undistrubed occupation. The earl took his wife about to drawing-room meetings and "conferences," and even consented once or twice to preside at these gatherings; while she tolerated the smell of cigars, and never inquired at what hour his lordship got home from his club. Altogether, there are many couples in England who do not get on together nearly as well as Lady Killarney and her husband.

The Navy and the New Woman.

. . . By Cutcliffe Hyne.

(Concluded.)

"I know nothing about Lord Cochrane, Mr. Silva. He was dead before my time. But whatever people may have done to him, I can tell any one who cares to hear, that the man who's talking to you now is a bit of an awkward handful to laugh at. No sir, I expect there'll be trouble over it, but you may tell Miss La Touche we shall have the Cancelario if she'll stay in Tampique bay till I can drive this old lavender box up to her."

For a minute Silva stared in silent wonder. "Then, captain," said he, "all I can think is you must have enormous trust in your crew."

Capt. Kettle bit the end from a fresh cigar. "You should go and look at them for yourself," said he, "and hear their talk, and then you'd know. The beasts are fit to eat me already."

"How did you get them on board?"

"Well, you see, sir, I collected them by promises—fine pay, fine ship, fine cruise, fine chances and so on—and when I'd only this smelling bottle here to show them they hung back a bit. If there'd been only twenty of them I don't say but what I could have trusted them on board with a gun and some ugly words, but sixty were too many to tackle, so I just said to them that El Almirante Cochrane was only a ferry to take us across to a fine war steamer that was lying out of sight elsewhere, and they swallowed the yarn and stepped in over the side. I can't say they've behaved like lambs since; the grub's not been to their fancy, and I must say that as a bedroom the hold hurt their delicate noses, and between one thing and another I've had to shoot six of them before they understood I was skipper here. You see, sir, they were, most of them, living in Callao before they shipped, because there's no extradition there, and so they're rather a toughish crowd to handle."

"What a horrible time you must have had."

"There has been no kid-glove work for me, sir, since I got to sea with this rose garden, and I must say it would have knocked the poetry right out of most men. But personally, I can't say it has done that to me. You'd hardly believe it, sir, but once or twice, when the whole lot of the brutes have been raging against me, I've been very nearly happy. And afterwards, when I've got a spell of rest, I've picked up pen and paper and knocked off one or two of the prettiest sonnets a man could wish to see in print. If you like, sir, I'll read you a couple before you go back to your whaleboat."

"I thank you, skipper, but not now. Time is on the move, and Donna Clotilde is waiting for me. What am I to tell her."

"Say, of course, that her orders are being carried out, and her pay being earned."

"My poor fellow," said Silva with a sudden gush of remorse, "you are only sacrificing yourself uselessly. What can you, in a small sailing vessel like this, do with your rifles against a splendidly armed vessel like the Cancelario?"

"Not much in the shooting line, that's certain,' 'said Kettle, cheerfully. "That beautiful agent sold us even over the ammunition. There were kegs put on board marked 'cartridges,' but when I came to break one or two so as to serve out a little ammunition, for practice, be hanged if the kegs were'nt full of powder! And it wasn't the stuff for guns even: it was blasting powder, same as they used in the mines. O' sir, that agent was the holiest kind of a fraud."

"Silva wrung his hands. "Captain," he cried. "you must not go on with this mad cruise. It would be sheer suicide for you to find the Cancelario.' '

"You shall give me news of it again after I've met her," said Capt. Kettle. "For the present, sir, I follow out Miss La Touche's orders, and earn my £12 a month. But if you're my friend, Mr. Silva, and want to do me a good turn, you might hint that if things go well I could do with a rise to £14 a month when I'm sailing the Cancelario for her."

III.

The outline of Tampique Bay stood out clearly in bright moonshine, and the sea down the path of the moon's rays showed a canal of silver cut through rolling fields of purple. The green painted bark was heading into the bay on the port tack, and at moorings before the town in the curve of the shore, the grotesque spars of a modern warship showed in black silhoutte against the moonbeams. A slate-colored naptha launch was sliding over the swells towards the bark.

Capt. Kettle came up from below, and watched the naphtha launch with throbbing interest. He had hatched a scheme for capturing the Cancelario, and had made his preparations, and here was an interruption coming which might very well upset anything most ruinously. Nor was he alone in his interest. The bark's topgallant rail was lined with faces, all her complement were wondering who these folk might be who were so confidently coming out to meet them.

A Jacob's ladder was thrown over the side; the slate-colored launch swept up, and emitted—a woman. Capt. Kettle started, and went down into the waist to meet her. A minute later he was wondering whether he dreamed or whether he was really walking his quarterdeck in company with Donna Clotilde la Touche. But, meanwhile the bark held steadily along her course.

The talk between them was not for long.

"I must beseech you, miss, to go back from where you came" said Kettle. "You must trust me to carry out this business without your supervision."

"Is your method very dangerous?" she asked.

"I couldn't recommend it to the Prudential insurance," said Kettle thoughtfully.

"Tell me your scheme."

Kettle did so in some 40 words. He was pithy, and Donna Clotilde was cool. She heard him without change of color. "Ah," she said, "I think you will do it."

"You will know one way or another within an hour from now, miss. But I must ask you to take your launch to a distance. As I tell you, I have made all my own boats so that they won't swim, but if your little craft was handy my crew would jump overboard and risk the sharks, and try to reach her in spite of all I could do to stop them. They won't be anxious to fight that Cancelario when the time comes, if there's any way of wriggling out of it."

"You are quite right, captain, the launch must go, only I do not. I must be your guest here till you can put me on the Cancelario."

Capt. Kettle frowned. "What's coming is no job for a woman to be in at, miss."

"You must leave me to my own opinion about that. You see we differ upon what a woman should do, captain. You say a woman should not be president of a republic; you think a woman should not be a sharer in a fight; I am going to show you that a woman can be both." She leaned her shoulders over the rail and hailed the naphtha launch with a sharp command. A man in the bows cast off the line with which it towed, the man aft put over his tiller and set the engines a-going; and like a slim gray ghost the launch slid quietly away into the gloom. "You see," she said, "I'm bound to stay with you now." And she looked upon him with a burning glance.

But Kettle replied coldly, "You are my owner, miss, and can do as you wish. It is not for me now to say that you are foolish. Do I understand you still wish me to carry out my original plan?"

"Yes," she said, curtly.

"Very well, miss; then we shall be aboard of that war steamer in less than fifteen minutes." He bade his second mate call aft the crew, but instead of remaining to meet them he took a keen glance at the bark's canvas, another at her wake, another at the moored cruiser ahead, and then, after peering thoughtfully at the clouds that sailed in the sky, he went to the companionway and dived below. The crew trooped aft and stood at the break of the quarterdeck waiting for him. And in the meanwhile they feasted their eyes, with many different thoughts, on Donna Clotilda la Torche.

Presently Capt. Kettle returned to deck, aggressive and cheerful, and faced the men with hands in his jacket pockets. Each pocket bulged with something heavy, and the men, who by this time had come to understand Capt. Kettle's ways, began to grow quiet and nervous. He came to the point without any showy oratory.

"Now, my lads," said he, "I told you when you shipped aboard this lavender box in Callao that she was merely a ferry to carry you to a fine war steamer which was lying elsewhere. Well, there's the steamer just off the starboard bow yonder. Her name's the Cancelario, and at present she seems to belong to Pres Quijarra's Government. But Miss La Touche here, who is employing both you and me, just for the present, intends to set up a government of her own, and as a preliminary she wants that ship. We've got to grab it for her."

Capt. Kettle broke off, and for a full minute there was silence. Then some one amongst the men laughed, and a dozen others joined in.

"That's right," said Kettle. "Cackle away, you scum. You'd be singing a durent tune if you knew what was beneath you."

A voice from the gloom—an educated voice—answered him:

"Don't be foolish skipper. We're not going to run our heads against a brick wall like that. We set some value on our lives."

"Do you?" said Kettle. "Then pray that this breeze doesn't drop (as it seems likely to do), or you'll lose them. Shall I tell you what I was up to below just now? You remember those kegs of blasting powder? Well, they're in the lazarette, where some of you stowed them, but they're all of them upheaded, and some of them carries the end of a fuse. That fuse is cut to burn just twenty minutes, and the end's lighted. Wait a bit; it's no use going to try to dowse it. There's a pistol fixed to the lazarette hatch, and if you try to lift it that pistol will shoot into the powder, and we'll all go up together without further palaver. Steady, now, there, and hear me out. You can't lower away boats and get clear that way. The boats' bottoms will tumble away so soon as you try to hoist them off the skids. I saw to that last night. And you can't require any telling to know there are too many sharks about to make a swim healthy exercise."

The men began to rustle and talk.

"Now, don't spoil your only chance," said Kettle, "by singing out. If on the cruiser yonder they think there's anything wrong they'll run out a gun or two, and blow us out of the water before we can come near them. I've got no arms to give you, but you have your knives, and I guess you shouldn't want more. Get in the shadow of the rail there, and keep mid till you hear her bump. Then jump on board, knock everybody you see over the side, and keep the rest below."

"They'll see us coming," whimpered a voice. "They'll never let us board."

"They'll hear us," the captain retorted, "if you gallows-ornaments bellow like that, and then all we'll have to do will be to sit tight where we are till that powder blows us like a thin kind of spray up against the stars. Now get to cover with you, all hands, and not another sound. It's your only chance."

The men crept away, shaking, and Capt. Kettle himself took over the wheel and appeared to drowse over it. He gave her half a spoke at a time, and by invisible degrees the bark fell off till she headed dead on for the cruiser. Save for the faint creaking of her gear no sound came from her, and she slunk on through the night like some patched and tattered phantom. Far down in her lazarette the glowing end of the fuze crept nearer to the powder barrels, and in imagination every mind on board was following its race.

Nearer and nearer she drew to the Cancelario, and ever nearer. The waiting men felt as though the hearts of them would leap from their breasts. Two of them fainted. Then came a hail from the cruiser: "Bark ahoy! are you all asleep there?"

Capt. Kettle drowsed on over the wheel. Donna Clotilde, from the shadow of the house, could see him nodding like a man in a deep sleep.

"Carrajo! you bark there! Put down your helm. You'll be aboard of us in a minute."

Kettle made no reply; his hands sawed automatically at the spokes, and the glow from the binnacle fell upon close-shut eyes. It was a fine bit of acting.

The Chilians shouted, but they could not prevent the collision, and when it came there broke out a yell as though the gates of the pit had been suddenly unlocked. The bark's crew of human refuse, mad with terror, rose up in a flock from behind the bulwarks. As one man they clamored up the cruiser's side and spread about her decks. Ill-provided with weapons though they might be, the Chileans were scarcely better armed. A sentry squibbed off his rifle, but that was the only shot fired. Knives did the greater part of the work, knives and belaying pins, and whatever else came to hand. Those of the watch on deck who did not run below were cleared into the sea, the berth deck was stormed and the waking men surrendered to the pistol nose. Then from behind them came the roar of an explosion, and the spurt of dazzling light, and the men shuddered to think of what they had so narrowly missed. And, as it was, some fragments of the bark hit upon the after deck as they fell headlong from the dark night sky above.

Donna Clotilde went onto the upper bridge and took Captain Kettle by the hand. "My friend," said she, "I shall never forget this."

And she looked at him with eyes that spoke of more than admiration for his success.

'I am earning my pay," said Kettle.

"Pah!" she said. "Don't let money come between us. I cannot bear to think of you in connection with sordid things like that. I put you on a higher plane, Captain," she said, and turned her head away, "I shall choose a man like you for a husband."

"Heaven mend your taste, miss," said Kettle; "But—there may be others like me."

"There are not."

"Then you must be content with the nearest you can get."

Donna Clotilda stamped her foot upon the planking of the bridge.

"You are dull," she cried.

"No," he said. "I have my clear sight, miss. Won't you go below, now, and get a spell of sleep? Or will you give me your orders first?"

"No," she answered, "I will not. We must settle this matter first. You have a wife in England, I know, but that is nothing. Divorce is simple here. I have influence with the church; you could be set free in a day. Am I not the woman you would choose?"

"Miss La Touche, you are my employer."

"Answer my question."

"Then, miss, if you will have it, you are not."

"But why? Why? Give me your reasons! You are brave. Surely I have shown courage, too! Surely you must admire that?"

"I like men for men's work, miss."

"But that is an exploded notion. Women have got to take their place. They must show themselves the equals of men in everything."

"But you see, miss," said Kettle, "I prefer to be linked to a lady who is my superior—as I am linked at present. If it pleases you, we had better end this talk."

"No," said Donna Clotilde, "it has got to be settled one way or the other. You know what I want; marry me as soon as you are set free, and there shall be no end of your power. I will make you rich; I will make you famous. Chili shall be at our feet; the world shall bow to us."

"It could be done," said Kettle with a sigh.

"Then marry me."

"With due respect, I will not," said the little man.

"You know you are speaking to a woman who is not accustomed to be thwarted."

Captain Kettle bowed.

"Then you will either do as I wish or leave this ship. I give you an hour to consider it in."

"You will find my second mate the best navigating officer left," said Kettle, and Donna Clotilde without further words left the bridge.

He waited for a decent interval and then sighed and gave orders. The men on deck obeyed him with quickness. A pair of boat davits were swung out-board and the boat plentifully victualled and its water breakers filled. The Cancelario's engines were stopped, and the tackles screamed as the boat was lowered to the water and rode there at the end of its painter. Capt. Kettle left the bridge in charge of his first officer and went below. He found the lady sitting in the commander's cabin, with head pillowed upon her arms.

"You still wish me to go, Miss?" he said.

"If you will not accept what is offered."

"I am sorry," said the little sailor, 'very sorry. If I'd met you, miss, before I saw Mrs. Kettle, and if you'd been a bit different, I believe I could have liked you. But as it is——"

She leaped to her feet, with eyes that blazed. "Go," she cried, "Go, or I will call upon some of those fellows to shoot you.' '

She sank down on the sofa again with a wail. "O, go," she cried; "if you are a man, go and never let me see you again."

Capt. Kettle bowed and went out on deck. A little later he was alone in the quarter boat. The Cancelario was drawing fast away from him into the night, and the boat danced in the cream of her wake.

"Ah, well," he said to himself, "there's another good chance gone for good and always. What a cantankerous beggar I am!" And then for a moment his thoughts went elsewhere, and he got out paper and a stump of pencil and briskly scribbled an elegy to some poppies in a cornfield. The lines had just flitted gracefully from his mind, and they seemed for too comely to be allowed a chance of escape. It was a movement characteristic of his queerly ordered brain. After the more ugly moments of his life, Capt. Owen Kettle always turned to the making of verse as an instructive relief.