

rigged a sail cloth over some leaning trees, so that when the thunder-cloud burst upon us we were as snug as could be. A fire was started, tea made and ham fried. Meanwhile the wind blew very hard, and every now and then we could hear a crash on the mountain side when some half-rotten or burned tree would succumb to the blast. The storm soon spent itself, and we once more got afloat. We decided to put in the night at McMarten's, and had reason to regret that we did not push on and camp in a good locality. The place was infested with sand-flies and mosquitos. We spread our blankets on the floor of the biggest room, extemporised pillows, and attempted to woo the drowsy god, but the drowsy god wouldn't be wooed to any appreciable extent. The flies wooed us, though, and they won. Not a wink did any of us get, and I was heartily gratified when the word to get up was given. We took a cup of tea and a bite of bread, said good-bye to Mr. Rankin and his companion, and, just as the stars began to fade, we stepped into the canoe and were soon gliding over the dark waters. Settling well down among the blankets, I fell asleep, and did not awake until the sun was well up. After we left the lake the journey was full of excitement, as we ran all the rapids but one. The sensation of passing through one of these wild places in a bark canoe is indescribable. The cool, dignified demeanor of the Indians, especially the bowsman, inspires one with a feeling of security; yet the chances of swamping seem exceedingly great. But this is only the experience of a novice. The Indians will tell you there is not the slightest risk, and indeed the records fully bear them out. They are extremely careful, and always closely inspect any pitch which they think a rise or fall in the water may have changed. We got through without the slightest mishap and reached Mattawa early in the evening of the second day.

I should not conclude this narrative without bearing testimony to the *esprit de corps* which pervades every branch of the Hudson Bay Company's service. From the casual voyageur to the highest official I met, all appeared to entertain for "the Company" a feeling akin to loyalty to one's Sovereign, and for the Chief Commissioner this feeling found expression in sentiments indicating the very highest personal esteem. In these days when we hear so much of that foolish, unhappy spirit which prompts "Jack" to imagine himself "as good as his master—and a great deal better," it seemed to me really refreshing to come into contact with a community untainted by the disease which, under the fair-sounding name of "Socialism," threatens to eat the heart out of civilization. I am not lauding anything approaching humiliating servility, but simply that proper respect for elders and those in authority without which there can be no happiness in the family circle nor stability in the State.

Before concluding this chapter I would like to express my thanks to Messrs Rankin, Warnock, and the other officers of the Hudson Bay Co. for innumerable kindnesses; to Captain Mullan, of the staunch steamer *Mattawa*; to Captains Hunt, Pegg and Murphy, of the Union Forwarding Co., for courtesies and kindly attentions. I hope that next season many seeking a healthful change will follow in my footsteps and explore the Upper Ottawa. I am sure that any who do so will thank the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for having drawn attention to a section of country hitherto unwrapped in almost as much mystery as Stanley's "Dark Continent."

TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

The hour grew late, and Mr. Brand paced his chamber in moody silence. The train had come in, but his messenger had not returned, and the merchant was troubled—troubled by a vague sort of doubt, which haunted him in spite of his faith in Lake. A staid, sober old trader of long experience, had said that Lake was too young to fill the important position which he held, but Mr. Brand had never found his trust in Tom misplaced.

Having heard rumours concerning a house with which he had extensive dealings, the merchant had dispatched Lake to London, telling him to make inquiries, and in any case to get the partners of the firm in question to settle their account.

So Lake had gone from Liverpool to London. The time for his return passed, and still he did not come.

A lady entered, and stole to the merchant's side. Her own sweet face was anxious, and there was a tremor in the music of her voice as she said: "Do you think he will be here to-night, dear papa?"

"I hope so, Mary; but it is very late."

"Is there no other train?"

"Only the night express, and that does not stop except at the central stations."

"Perhaps he will come, papa; he would not mind coming ten miles, even if he had to walk."

"He should not have missed the train," said Mr. Brand sternly; "punctuality is an imperative duty with men of business."

"But, papa, something may have happened to detain him."

"Nothing should detain a man who has given his word."

The fair pleader was silenced; her father was angry, and, knowing his strictness of principle, and how inveterate was his dislike to any breach

of discipline, she did not venture to speak again.

The time dragged slowly on; Mr. Brand continued his restless walk, and Mary sat subdued and quiet, watching him. She saw that he was listening as the night express went whirling by, and from the depths of her heart there went up a prayer that Lake would come safely home. The girl loved him, would have staked her life on his truth, and knew that he was not beyond his time through any weakness or wrong.

Two slow, weary hours passed. Mr. Brand was reading the commercial news; but, for the first time in his life it did not interest him. He was thinking of the young clerk, and the heavy sum of money that would be in his possession should the London firm have paid him. And Mary, reading her father's countenance, felt chilled and pained by the slur cast on her lover's honesty by his suspicions; her every thought was a denial to his doubts, and, as the rapid clatter of a horse's feet rang out, she ran to the window.

"Look!" she said, dashing the curtain aside with eager hands; "look, papa; I said he would come—I knew he would."

The merchant's stern face relaxed with a smile of pleasure; he was not emotional or demonstrative, but his daughter's gladness pleased him.

There were a few moments of expectancy, and then Tom Lake came in. He went straight to Mr. Brand, only noticing, with a bow, the lovely face whose glance thrilled his soul.

"They have paid," he said, quietly, as he placed a thick pocket-book in the merchant's hand; "but I think we were only just in time."

"Indeed?"

"There was a consultation at the banker's before I could get cash for the check."

"Do you think they will break?"

"Hopelessly. They have given me an immense order, but it would not be wise to forward the goods."

"You did not hint that we had the slightest fear?"

"No, but I was glad to get the money; £12,000 would have been a heavy loss."

"It would have done me serious injury just now."

"And yet," said Tom, gravely, "this morning the odds were considerably against it ever reaching you."

"How?"

Tom took two chairs, placed them side by side near the fire, led Mary to one, and seated himself in the other. He had done his duty as the merchant's clerk, and was now Mr. Brand's prospective son-in-law and partner.

"I had an adventure," he said; "I was the hero of a strange story in a ride by express."

Mary bent forward to listen. Tom clasped her hand in his own. Mr. Brand sat opposite them, interested in the speaker's manner, as he began:

"When I got the check I had an idea that all might not be well, so, to make sure, I presented it at the banker's. There was, as I told you, a consultation before they cashed it, and, while the consultation was going forward, I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days. I had met him often at the race-course, in the billiard-room, and in other places more or less respectable. Now, he was changing a check for some petty amount, and was evidently astonished by the immensity of the order I had presented. I left the bank with my pocket-book full of notes, and found that I had lost the train. The next would be the night express, so I strolled into a billiard-room. There was some clever play going on, and I stood watching the players till some one challenged me to have a game. If I have one special vanity it is my science with the cue. I accepted, and as I did so a strange feeling, which had been growing upon me, took a sudden turn which startled me.

"The challenge was from the man whom I had noticed at the banker's. There was nothing strange in the fact of his being in the room, one of his favourite resorts, but I was possessed by the vague shadow of a single idea. I had read somewhere of a man being followed and plundered in a train, and somehow I associated the story with the man before me. It was the first time I had ever paid him any particular attention, but I gave him full observation now. The more I looked at him the less I liked him. He was handsome, gentlemanly, with a fair form and elegant figure full of suppleness and strength. His manner was singularly unassuming, his face frank and genial, but by looking closely at him you could see something sinister-looking in the depth and softness of his eyes.

"I never liked a stranger to be affable and prepossessing, and my friend was the very pink of affability and grace.

"We played for an hour with alternating success. He was an amusing companion, well informed and had travelled; but I was shy of conversation. I left him, and still having some time to spare, went to the Temple.

"When, at the expiration of some thirty or forty minutes, I emerged into Fleet-street, almost the first person upon whom my gaze fell was my late antagonist at billiards.

"I thought there was something more than a mere coincidence in this second meeting, since we stood together at the banker's. He was in a cigar shop opposite, but with a companion.

"Not a hundred yards from the Temple gate stood a man whom I recognized with a very welcome feeling. It was George Vixen, the detective.

"He was fashionably dressed, and looked an

aristocrat of the first water. I went up, and greeting him as I should an old familiar friend, held out my hand and said: 'Come with me; I have something to say.'

"He shook hands in the most natural way possible. I took his arm, and we entered an adjacent hotel.

"I told him of my suspicion, told him of the sum in my possession, and of the journey I had to perform by rail.

"I saw that, watching through the glass of the door, he was taking a mental photograph of the two men.

"'They mean business,' said Vixen, quietly, 'but I shall be with you. We must part at the door, or they will see that we have scented the game.'

"'And you, I said; 'how will you act?'"

"'I will travel to Liverpool by the night express.'

"He left me. I had no fear now, knowing him to be a clever and determined fellow.

"Taking a casual glance across the road, I saw my man with his companion. It was quite evident that they were tracking me, though I lost sight of them before reaching St. Paul.

"I strolled along the churchyard, wandering nearly to Islington, then went through the city again before I made for the station. My acquaintance of the billiard room did not come in sight, though I kept well on the alert.

"I took my ticket, lingering almost to the moment of starting before I entered the carriage, but my man did not appear. Two men were in the compartment with me. I could not see the face of one, and the other was a stranger.

"The bell rang. The guard had just time to put a bewildered old gentleman in by my side, and we were off.

"The man whose face I had not seen turned towards me.

"I could hardly repress an exclamation. There was no mistaking that frank, genial countenance, nor the lurking devil in those eyes, whose softness was so sinister.

"He had me, then, at last. Vixen had broken in his promise, and I was left to travel that perilous journey alone with the man who had followed me so skilfully, another who might be his confederate, and an old gentleman who, after grumbling out his indignation against all railway servants and locomotive-travelling in general, was fast asleep in the corner.

"That the intentions of my billiard-player were bad was manifested by the fact of his having assumed a false moustache and beard. They added to the beauty of his face, but lent to his eyes that sleepy, cruel glitter that is characteristic of the Asiatic.

"He spoke to me, remarking the oddity of our being travelling companions, and grew unpleasantly familiar. I answered him, not wishing to appear churlish or afraid, knowing that I could trust something to my own strength should the worst come.

"We had made the last stoppage, and were rolling through the gloom, when among other topics our conversation touched on jewellery. He drew a showy ring from his finger, telling me it was a curious piece of workmanship, having a secret spring, which he said I could not discover.

"I took it, searched in vain for a spring, and then, returning it to him, it dropped and rolled under my feet.

"I stooped to pick it up, and so did he; but at that moment when my head was down, he had me tightly by the throat, and threw me to the carriage floor.

"His confederate was upon me in an instant. I could scarcely breathe, and could not struggle, for a heavy knee was upon my chest and two strong brutal hands were crushing the life from my throat.

"Though the horror of the situation did not last a minute, it seemed an eternity to me. I felt the ruffian's hand searching for the pocket-book, and I strained desperately for a chance of resistance.

"Their work was nearly done. Cramped in that small space I was powerless, and the veins in my head and throat were swelling like sinuous bars, when the old gentleman in the corner awoke and came to my assistance. I heard a low whirr of some weapon in its descent, and my first assailant reeled from me, stunned. Then the old gentleman, with a strength and rapidity of action wonderful to see in a person of his age, seized the scoundrel, lifted him away and dashed him down on a seat.

"There was a brief struggle, and then I heard a sharp click. Scoundrel the second had a pair of handcuffs on.

"They were more prompt than I had expected, said the old gentleman, removing his woollen comforter, with which he fastened my first assailant's hands behind him, 'and a railway carriage does not afford much scope for a struggle.'

"The pocket-book was safe. The ruffians were securely bound, and the old gentleman, who, without his spectacles and muffler, stood out in bold and pleasant relief as the detective, kept guard over them.

"At the station they were handed over to the custody of the police. I was all right by that time. Vixen rode with me as far as the hotel nearest here, and to-morrow he will call to see if I am any the worse for my ride by express."

The contents of the pocket-book were Mary's bridal dowry.

The detective speaks of the senior partner of the firm of Brand & Lake as the most hospitable and generous man he ever met in the course of his professional career.

HEALTH OF LITERARY MEN.

Professor Francis W. Newman says: I have never in my life had the habit of making alcoholic drink an ordinary beverage, and have retained my childish dislike for it. In my own estimate, I have had always a good appetite, but others call me a small eater. My habit was to dine on the first solid dish which presented itself: this goes a great way to save one from eating too much. I have maintained the same weight all my life since early youth—that is, for more than fifty continuous years—and have remained wiry, without any fat. If I may advise any one, it is to eat the very least in quantity which will keep him in health. Any superfluous food must either derange health, or use up (in chemical process to get rid of the superfluity) force which else would be at his voluntary disposal. It is a great thing in advancing age to be light as a boy. My digestion was always painful, until I became a vegetarian, ten years ago; but though painful, I make no doubt it was successful, to judge by the state of my skin, and my unchanged weight. But I regard abstinence from flesh-meat to be an advantage to an intellectual and sedentary person, scarcely inferior to abstinence from wine, ale, etc. Sedentary I suppose I must be called; yet I have from youth been an active walker, and still, at seventy-two, walk very sharply, though seldom long distances. Above all, I covet sleep. The more I sleep the better I am. No student should grudge himself sleep. I count seven hours normal; and six too little; if I can get now and then eight, my brain is stronger for it, and I can work more hours after it. Perhaps I ought not to conceal that I am sadly out of harmony with the prevalent doctrine of the day concerning hardihood. When I was a young man I had my own theories about bracing and hardening my body. I slept on a hard straw mattress. I generally scorned a greatcoat, at least a warm one. In Asiatic travel I had plenty of necessary hardships. I slept with open window in most seasons, but trial brought me around to an opposite conviction. At University College, London, I found that the young men with open necks had no such immunity from cold and cough as I enjoyed through my wraps. One of my greatest distresses there was wrapping (loud) against their coughs and nose-blowings. Except in warm summer, I seldom rise early, because I become cold in sitting still, especially after the night has chilled the room: Once only in seventeen years was I absent from my lecture-room in London through inability to use my voice; an inability caused only by struggling against the noises of coughs, etc. But my dear wife (whom I lost last year) said that in more than forty years she had not known me to have a cough. Yet, at this moment, I am the weaker from having foolishly "roughed it" eight years ago, when in September sudden cold came on after great heat, and I had no winter flannels with me. Let me add, that I hold to Cicero's advice (given to a student), "Take exercise, so much as is needful for health; but not so much as will conduce to the greatest bodily strength." I have no doubt that hard, muscular work stupefies the brain. I have as much manly strength as my duties require. Not long back, a person standing at my side, while I spoke loud to a large audience for an hour and a quarter, told me that my last sentence was uttered as vigorously as my first, and that he had watched in vain to hear me failing. But of course in lifting weights, etc., I could not be called anything but a weak man. What does it matter? Each has his own speciality. With no padding of fat, I am glad of good thick clothing; or in bed, of soft undercloth or feather bed. I shun linen sheets and everything glossy; preferring rough cotton. In short, I try to nourish and cherish my skin, and find it succeeds. Dry rubbing suits me far better than cold baths.

LITERARY.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY is writing a novel called "Don Quixote."

JOAQUIN MILLER weeps because Italy is not his native land. We join our tears with his.

THE sixth and concluding volume of "Pepys' Diary" will be issued in London at the end of this month.

DR. Philip Schaff says it is thought that the Revised New Testament, at least, will be published in 1880.

JAMES R. RANDALL, author of the song "My Maryland," has taken editorial charge of the *Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel*.

A LONDON publisher spent \$12,500 in advertising a new magazine before the first number was printed, of which 100,000 copies were subsequently sold.

EVEN Dean Stanley is going to write a book about America. He says he thinks the new government building for the State department at Washington is going to be one of the grandest buildings in the world.

DEAN Arthur Penrhyn Stanley is the original Arthur who won the heart of Tom Brown at Rugby, by kneeling down at his little bed, in the presence of a rough crowd of boys, and saying his prayers before retiring.

AN answer to Mr. Gladstone's latest literary indiscretion will appear in the November number of one of the magazines. It will be from the pen of a well-known Liberal M.P., who knows a little more about the actual condition of things in the United States, and the combination of qualities and circumstances which go to make up commercial and manufacturing supremacy than the ex-Premier.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.