

## 14 Kt. Gold Buckles.

Our new goods include some very chaste designs in SOLID GOLD BELT GARTER and CZARINA BUCKLES—Plain Enamelled and Set with Pearls. These are finer goods than have ever been shown in Canada hitherto. Whilst the requirements of our trade demand such goods, our stock includes a most exceptional line of similar goods in STERLING SILVER, most artistic in design and most reasonable in price.

**Ryrie Bros.,**

JEWELERS,

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

flying system in space five thousand six hundred and fifty millions of miles. But, vast as this sounds, our solar system sinks into a speck when one reflects that if we should represent the interval between the sun and the earth by one inch, then to put *Aldebaran* into his proper place and proportion our chart would have to be nine leagues wide. —Sir Edwin Arnold, in *North American Review*.

### RIVULI MONTARI.

Of the many pleasures of life which fall to the lot of the leisurely in summer time, none is more grateful than to lounge with a rod among green pastures, and by quiet waters. When the sky is blue and haze fringes the meadow, and the lark keeps time, with its song, to the ripple of the stream, earthly cares take to themselves wings, and content comes over the mind. Yet ever and anon—mayhap a breath of cool air from the hills is the cause—a man awakens to the fact that he is merely dreaming away his time in a lotos-eater's paradise; that he is getting as lazy as an ox, and as weak and enervated as a tailor; that, in truth, his only rewards have been a brown skin, and a certain irrational peace of mind. So he girdeth up his loins and hasteneth homewards, vowing to spend his days henceforward in climbing mountains, and tramping over moors, and fishing in rocky burns in the far recesses of the hills.

A day on the hills is full of varied pleasures. A feeling of exhilaration seizes a man as he tramps over the dew-covered grass and the green shoots of the young heather, with the "caller" mountain air blowing about him. He heartily despises lie-abed loungers, albeit he was one himself the day before. Every little incident or sound gives him delight—the finding of a curlew's nest, or a group of parsley ferns, the cry of the black grouse, the confused murmur of awakening life from the valley. He stops now and then to bury his head in a bank of wild thyme, or watch an adder gliding among the bracken. His heart leaps with joy, when he reaches the stream, to see the clear brown water eddying round gray whinstone rocks, and falling in cascades into pools where the black moorland trout lie. The fish are very easily caught if you once understand their habits. It is no use to stand on a bank with your shadow falling on the stream. In such a position you might whip the water till Domesday, and get nothing. But if you can cast from behind some rock toward the foot of one of the dark lim pools, you will often have the pleasure of getting a dozen or two in one place. It is no uncommon thing here for a man with three flies, at one cast, to get a trout on each.

Sometimes the sights which one sees by these streams are unique. I know one burn where the colour of the water is quite the purest sapphire. The ruddy brown of some of the mosses and lichens, the warm green of the oak ferns, and the emerald grass contrast strangely with the gray rocks and white shingle. But

to see such places you must tramp many miles. They are only to be found in the heart of the great upland region of Tweedside. Wordsworth never penned a truer line than when he wrote:

True beauty dwells in deep retreats.

At one time nature must have been more attractive than she is now-a-days. When a kelpie dwelt in every stream, and fairies danced on the green sward, and an honest herd was in hope (or fear) of meeting a brownie when he went out to the hill, with what strange feelings a man must have fished these waters. But science and matter-of-fact philosophy have driven away these idle dreams and left us only the rocks and the heather. It is easy to see how simple people believed in such beings. A curl of foam is often like some living thing, and the sound of angry waters might be mistaken for the cry of a malignant demon. Here we are on classic ground. Yon blue, broken-backed hill in the distance is Bodsbeck Law, the scene of Hogg's famous tale. You can see from the tops of some of these fells the green Eildons, cleft in three by the Devil at the command of Michael Scott, where Arthur and his knights, as the story goes, lie sleeping until the chosen warrior comes to blow the magic horn and set them free to right the wrongs of the earth.

Sometimes I have gone for long walks over the moorland, and slept at night in herd's cottages. It seemed like a journey into fairyland. Each day brought new pleasures and new scenes. Freedom and clear air work a wonderful change in a man's disposition; and, when I came down to the valleys again, I looked with a kind of compassionate condescension on all lowlanders. But if you are young and strong, what is there to hinder you from sleeping *sub celo* with a plaid round your shoulders? In a mild night of June, in some sheltered corrie, a bed of bracken is a couch for a king.

A man's whole nature is freshened. He may be a porter, or underpaid clerk in town; but here he feels himself on a level with the kings and great ones of the earth. In the valleys he may have little substance and much sorrow; on the moors he is rich with the riches of nature which are not bought with money, but fall to the lot of the man, be he peer or peasant, of good and honest heart. He wins freedom and lightheartedness—a freedom, not of turbid revolutionaries, and a gaiety possessed by no feather-brained reveller. He may be ambitious of vain things, but the cool breath of Athena in the heavens blows away all idle fancies from his brain. It the old days men of ruined fortunes—broken men—took to the hills and lived a free and easy life. So we, who have not done all we wished in the world, can find much comfort and not a little pleasure in the mere borderland of such an existence. —*Gentleman's Magazine*

### PERILS OF MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.

Under the title of "A Journey to the Sacred Mountain, Siao-Outai-Shan," Henry Savage Landor, in *The Fortnightly*, gives a pleasant, chatty description of travel in the interior of China, which he, presumably undesignedly, rendered doubly interesting by subjecting himself to a perilous incident of mountain travel which he thus describes:

"Not far from the temple, a curious natural bridge of ice over a stream was quaint and pretty, and the huge Siao towering over my head, with large patches of snow and ice on its slopes, made me long for the next morning, to ascend its highest peak. The next morning came, and at 5 a.m. I set out on the steep track, accompanied by a Mongol guide. As I was walking too quickly for him, he was soon left far behind, and I proceeded by myself, sure that I could find my way without him. Things went well until I had reached an altitude of over 9,000 feet, when the track I had followed seemed to branch off, and one branch went to the southwest, the other to the northwest, round one of the smaller peaks. I took the southwest one; it took me to a point where no human being could go any farther. Where I was, the slope of the mountain was such that it required a steady foot not to be sliding down into a precipice; a little farther, a long glacier extended from top to bottom of the mountain, so I left the track and attempted to climb the lower peak, just above me, to see if from that point of vantage I could discover the right trail. It was easier said than done, especially as I was carrying a water-color paint-box and a block slung to a strap

on my shoulders; still, after a good deal of hard work, and going upon my hands and knees I managed to crawl up to the top. I was so hot, and the view was so lovely from up there, that I sat on a stone on the edge of the slope and opened my paint-box to take a sketch. As I was sorting out the brushes, unluckily the stone on which I was sitting gave way, and I started sliding down the almost perpendicular slope, and no effort on my part to stop my involuntary tobogganing was of any avail. I tried to clutch the ground with my nails, I seized every projecting stone in hopes of stopping my precipitous descent; but, *helas!* at the speed I was going it was no easy matter to hold on to anything that I even managed to clutch.

"There I had death staring me in the face, for another hundred yards would have brought me on the edge of the precipice, and over I would have gone, taking a fatal leap of several hundred feet. My hair stood on end, as every second I was approaching the dreaded spot; and how well I remember the ghastly sound of my heavy paint-box which had preceded me in my disastrous descent. How well I remembered the hollow sound of it, banging from boulder to boulder, echoed and magnified a thousand times from one mountain to another. Then there was a final bang from down far, far below; the echo weakly repeated it, and all was silence once more. Another half minute and the echo would have repeated a hollower sound still! I shut my eyes.

"A violent shock, which nearly tore my body in two, made me think that I had gone over; but no . . . as luck would have it, I had suddenly stopped. I opened my eyes, but I did not dare move, for my position, though much improved, was far from being safe yet. I was now only about ten or fifteen yards from the edge, and in the most violent state of excitement, partly due to the bright look-out of the delayed leap and at the pleasant hope of saving my life altogether. I was half unconscious when this happened, and it took me some minutes to realize how and where I was. I knew that I was hanging somewhere, but to what I was hanging, and from what, and how, I did not know, as I was hanging from my back. It was a state of suspense, but that was all!

"As I slowly got my wits about me again, to my great horror, I discovered that as yet my life was hanging to a hair like Damocles' sword. My coat and a strong leather strap which I had slung under my arm had just caught over a projecting stone, and that was what had stopped me from proceeding any farther towards certain death; but the slightest false movement on my part, as a jerk, might still place me in great danger. Slowly, as my back was slightly resting on the almost perpendicular slope, I tried to get a footing, and when this was done the great difficulty was to turn round. After several minutes of anxiety, which seemed ages, this feat was also successfully accomplished, and there I stood, half-lying, with my body on the ground, and clutching the rock that had saved my life, until my commotion had entirely passed away, and I began to crawl up as I had done before, as best I could, cat-like fashion.

"I reached the treacherous trail again, and followed it back to where it parted, and there I found the guide, squatting on his heels, and quietly smoking his pipe. He showed me the right track, and away I walked by myself again, as he was such a slow walker. I made him give me my oil-paint box, which he was carrying for me, and with it, following a comparatively easy but steep track, I first reached a sort of a small, solidly built shed, and then climbing up the steeper and fairly dangerous part of the track, finally reached the summit of the highest peak. I said 'fairly dangerous,' for the last few yards before one reaches the top of the pinnacle are not more than one foot wide, and on both sides is a precipice, the end of which one can hardly see. In fact the performance for those few yards was not unlike tight-rope walking, only at an altitude of about 12,000 feet.

"The summit of the highest peak is nothing but a huge barren rock, and on the top, only about ten feet in diameter, the credulous pilgrims have erected a small wooden shrine, some three or four feet square and six feet high. The poor bronze images of Buddha inside it were stuffed with bits of paper, for which purpose a special hole is provided at the base of the image, and on which prayers were written, or else 'wishes' that pilgrims were anxious to obtain." —*Literary Digest*.