

attached, and she and her aunt want to hang on to that tight, I guess."

"Oh, I had no idea either of them had a fortune," remarked Carleton, looking at him curiously.

"Didn't I mention it to you? Oh, yes, Edith has a nice tidy little sum, \$8,000 or so a year," said Clifford, exaggerating. "One could do a lot with that, eh, my boy? and have rather a jolly time with a nice little steam launch—no more darned work in the office, and dinner at the club every day."

"One would think you cared more for the lucre than the lady," said Carleton, dryly.

"Oh, well, old chap, you know I'm not very susceptible, and I admire her immensely, and all that, which is more than lots of fellows do. Now the other one has nothing, and you have cash of your own, so it's all very well, but what can a poor devil without a cent do?"

Carleton did not feel called upon to point out what the gentleman in question might do, and he could not help feeling that Fred was flattering himself unduly about Edith's liking for him, so he rose to terminate the conversation, which he found rather distasteful, as also being dubbed "my boy," and "old chap," by Clifford.

"I am glad 'she' is not rich," was his last thought, as he drifted away into the deep sleep of healthy manhood.

The next day Aline still remembers as one of the most remarkable of her life. They were all on deck early, and the wild, lonely scenery of the Saguenay hemmed them in on every side. The boat threaded its way through the tortuous channel of the narrow stream, narrow at least in comparison to the St. Lawrence, the opaque blackness of the water, testifying to its unfathomable depth. The sullen-looking mountains, rising on every hand to a great height, and seeming ready to topple over the intrepid little steamer that dared to explore their deepening solitude, sank abruptly into the flood, without a slope, and they expected to see a great bear, or perhaps, some earlier animal, which man has long since classed as "extinct," part the branches, and gaze with startled eyes at the first invader of his lonely haunts. The solemn, expectant hush of opening day hung in the fresh atmosphere, not a vestige of habitation could be seen, and they found it easy to imagine that they were the first intruders who had ever sailed on these wilderness waters.

"The Saguenay always reminds me of that line of Byron's in his address to the ocean," said Carleton to Aline, as they stood together on deck. "If we substitute the word 'ancient' for 'azure,' it might have been inspired by this scene."

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine ancient brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

It was almost a shock to come upon the flourishing town of Chicoutimi, deep in the fastnesses of these everlasting hills, which were old before Egyptian history was written. They were quite pleased, when, after a few hours' stay, in which they, of course, visited the church, and saw something of the village as well the steamer started on its return trip, and the traces of civilization disappeared again round a wooded point.

All morning they admired, and talked, and speculated on the unknown histories of their fellow-passengers; and as they sat at dinner in the saloon, some one called out that Cape

Trinity was in sight, and there was a hurried stampede for the deck. There, on the right of the vessel towered the huge, bare cliff, 1850 feet above the deck, its three terraces leaning back one above the other, and distinctly visible on this veritable "rock of ages," the tiny statue of the Virgin, which has returned the gaze of thousands of Saguenay tourists for six months of many past years, and during the other six has had no company save the spirits of the air and the monsters of the deep.

The boat shut off steam, and drifted slowly in right under the impending mass, and we read in the guide-books, with a "pleasing fear," that the water under the keel was 2,000 feet deep. The girls thought they might have touched the rock with a boat oar, but when the Captain handed Aline some pebbles from a bucket placed on deck for this purpose, saying, "Try to hit it then," she found that her utmost effort only caused them to fall with a dull splash into the water, far short of the mark. Nor were the men more successful, so deceptive is distance when ordinary methods of measuring are not available. Up they gazed, right into the sky, till their eyes were strained, and their heads ached with the doing of it, and then the boat slipped into Eternity Bay, where mountain overlapped mountain, each over 1,000 feet high, and where the dark water lapped without a sound against the fringed bank, and seemed to hold the sublime secrets of nature in its inviolate keeping. The steamer's whistle awakened reverberating echoes that struck back and forth among the purple hills, first startlingly loud, and coarsely inharmonious, then "thinner, clearer, farther going," till, in the far, dim distance they died away in sobbing whispers, only to start up again in answering melody, like the "horns of Elf-land faintly blowing."

At the other side of the portal of the Bay, stands the twin giant, Cape Eternity, more beautiful, but less imposing than Trinity, for it is covered with forest. The sublime majesty of these great capes tinges the contemplation of them with something of a religious awe, as it did for those who named them. "Vast silence, like a strong, black sea," broods forever over the treasure-house of nature, and one can believe, that centuries ago, some Indian dreamer, with the film of death upon his eyes, would turn his canoe feebly towards the great gate-way with its solemn sentinels, feeling that within must be the abode of "the Spirit who walks unseen."

(To be continued.)

ETHEL: "When does your breach of promise suit take place, Clara?" Clara (sobbing): "To-morrow." Ethel (sympathizingly): "I am very sorry to see you so overcome, Clara, dear." Clara: "Oh, it's nothing, Ethel; I am simply practising for the jury."

SOCRATES was of opinion, that if we laid all our adversities and misfortunes in one common heap, with this condition, that each one should carry out an equal portion, most men would be glad to take up their own again.—*Plutarch*.

WE cannot know what future honor may depend on the way we do the simplest, most commonplace thing to-day.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

You make but a poor trap if you go and bait it with wickedness.—*Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede."*

Club Life for Women

A TWO VIEWS

... BY ...

SARAH GRAND and MRS. FRANK LESLIE.



WITHIN a few months of each other the question of club life among women in contrast with the home life has come under discussion by two famous women. Sarah Grand in *The*

Woman At Home a few months since presented the English view of the situation, and Mrs. Frank Leslie in the current issue of *Success* gives her impressions of conditions on this side of the water.

SARAH GRAND.

This famous author and student of social questions is of the opinion that club life with women goes a long way to help in the education of the woman—to make her acquainted with public affairs and gives to her a breadth of view that cannot be attained alone in the home. We give an extract from Sarah Grand's paper which will show very completely her view, and which is discussed in her usual vigorous style:

"It was thought by certain people when clubs for women were first talked about, that family life was threatened, that the wife and mother would be beguiled from her home duties, and the husband would suffer neglect. This was quite a natural supposition, because it was very much what had happened in the case of men's clubs—the father of the family had been taken from home, and the home had suffered. For the home required both the father's and mother's influence, the masculine and the feminine, as does the State. The work of neither sex is complete without the help of the other. Women seem to have appreciated this fact sooner than men did. At any rate, that the home should suffer by the establishment of clubs which offer educational advantages to women was very far from being the idea of the foundation of such clubs. No earnest high-minded woman ever trifles with her home duties.

"It is certainly an extraordinary anomaly that anything but the best in the way of education should ever have been thought good enough for women. When one considers what the position of a woman is in her household; what qualities of head and heart she requires; what knowledge, judgment, and discretion; what tact and tenderness, and what strength, it is simply amazing to think that households were ever well-conducted in the days when girls were pitch-forked into matrimony straight from school with no better equipment for their new duties than an imperfect acquaintance with the pianoforte and a smattering of arithmetic, geography, and history. And the fact that there were such excellent wives and mothers in the bad old days, when women had to rely on themselves entirely for the means of culture, just shows what good material women have in themselves to work upon when they choose to set to work.

"There used to be a good deal of sentimentality expended on the subject of the Women's Sphere; but by a curious contradiction, beneath all the sentimentality one could detect a certain contempt for the posi-