

time. A gentleman in a grey ulster and a blue Tam o' Shanter of portentous dimensions broke into the conversation by assuring the handsome young bride that she would be as safe in green Erin as in the arms of her mother. Looking at the young lady it was easy to see that this speech was involuntary Irish blarney, a compliment to her handsome face. "You will meet the greatest kindness here, you will have the heartiest welcome on the face of the earth," he continued.

"But there is a great deal of disturbance, is there not?" asked her companion.

"Oh, the newspapers exaggerate dreadfully—shamefully, to get up a sensation in the interest of their own flimsy sheets. There is some disturbance, but nothing like what people are made believe by the newspaper reports."

Old lady—"Why are Irish people so turbulent?"

Tam O'Shanter—"My dear lady, Ireland contains the best people and the worst in the world, the kindest and the cruelest. They are so emotional, so impulsive, so impressionable that their warm hearts are easily swayed by demagogues who are making capital out of influencing them."

Old lady—"Making money by it, do you mean?"

Tam O'Shanter, with a decided set of his bonnet—"Making money, of it! Yes, by all means. They have got up the whole thing to make money. But here in Belfast, where you are going," with a bow to the bride, "all is tranquil, all is prosperous. In fact all over the north there is the same tranquillity, the same prosperity."

Here, a new voice, that of an enthusiastic supporter of the Land League, joined in the conversation, and the controversy becoming personal the ladies disappeared into the ladies' cabin. There was an echo of drunken argument that was likely a continuation of the land question until the wind increased to a gale. The little boat tossed like a cork on the waves; there was such a rattle of glass, such a rolling and bumping of loose articles, such echoes of