

THE BATTLE WON.

CHAPTER XXI.

BLUE AND WHITE WINS!

Six ladies trotted into the arena for the open race, each in a black riding habit, with a knot of coloured ribbon on her shoulder—Nessa wearing blue and white. Alone in a box near the winning post sat a very small man in a very big fur coat. A field glass hid the greater part of his face, leaving little visible but a hooked nose, a tufted chin, and a waxed moustache. Nessa felt sure she heard the French girl by her side whisper to another, "Voilà le patron!" Fergus on his thoroughbred stood in the middle of the open space with the bouquet for the victor in his hand.

The signal was given as the girls came round in a fair line to the starting place, and Nessa was left behind at the very offset. Her intelligent mare, having learnt by the experience of the two preceding nights that she was to keep back resented the cut with which Nessa intimated a change of tactics, and rearing up, pawed the air shaking her head viciously under the sting of the whip.

Every eye was turned to the girl with the blue and white favour. To some it was a marvel how she kept her seat; all were on the look out for an accident. Another cut as the mare came to her feet brought her to a sense of the new duty before her, and, with an impetuous spring, she dashed after the other riders. Nessa was half a dozen lengths behind as she passed M. Duprez, and there was a ring of applause through the building when it was seen, that, despite her disadvantage, she intended to try for a place. The mare understood it and tore over the tann, picking up lost ground so well that when Nessa passed Duprez again she was no more than a length behind the rest, who stuck close together. The little man gave an approving sweep of his glass and smiled enchantingly—a Frenchman.

A thunder of applause greeted Nessa as she came along on the second lap, still working hard. The other riders, who alone were unconscious of Nessa's delay in starting, were at a loss to understand the unusual excitement. Mrs. Redmond, however, who headed the race, took the applause to herself, and elated by this testimony of admiration, kept her mare to it with whip and heel, putting her a clear length before the rest. But in finishing the second lap, Mrs. Redmond became conscious of a rider gaining on her, and, glancing back, found Nessa close on her heels.

The audience rose, and, craning forward, became wild with excitement. Duprez himself rose and leant forward in the box to see how the girl was coming on. The mare's head was level with Mrs. Redmond's shoulder as they passed him. The two riders heard the little man cry, "Blue and white wins!" as they passed, and then understood what it was the audience cried as they rushed round in the final lap. "Blue and white wins!" was on every tongue.

"No, by Jove, she doesn't!" retorted Mrs. Redmond between her set teeth, thrashing her mare afresh. But she had plied her whip from the start and her mare was dull to the sting. Nessa had been merciful, and her mare strove her utmost to show that she needed no incentive.

"Now for it, Mignon!" cried Nessa, half intoxicated with excitement as they rounded the end.

Mignon threw herself forward with a mighty effort, and in a tumult of applause they passed the winning post, and the bell rang.

"I don't bear you any grudge, chummy," said Mrs. Redmond, as they walked their mares side by side to the opposite side of the ring. "You nearly got in."

"I did get in," said Nessa, feeling convinced that she was ahead of her friend before her mare gave the last magnificent leap that decided the race.

Mrs. Redmond laughed insolently. "We shall see about that directly," said she.

They came to a stand in front of the orchestra. Mr. Fergus rode up to the umpire, took his award, and trotted across the arena. With a touch of her whip, Mrs. Redmond stepped out to meet him.

"Very good second," he said, with a smile; and, passing her, he handed the bouquet to Nessa, with a few words of congratulation as he raised his hat, which were drowned in the thunder of applause that greeted the award.

Mrs. Redmond turned white with fury upon Fergus, swore at him, and, putting her mare to a trot, cut across the arena to the exit to mark her displeasure. It was the very worst thing she could have done; for the audience, kindly disposed towards the defeated when defeat is taken with a good grace, is quick to resent anything like an exhibition of spleen towards its favourite. A distinct hiss followed the vexed woman out of the arena, giving place to a storm of applause as Nessa, with the bouquet in her hand, trotted slowly round the arena bowing her acknowledgements.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Redmond, with such venomous jealousy burning in her heart as only unfortunate creatures like herself know, betook herself to the dressing room, sent for brandy and soda, and poured out her grievances to the dressers, who listened in silence, and did not even pretend to sympathize with her, for not a soul in the place liked the woman. When she was called for the steeplechase, she sent the grinning call-boy with an insulting message to Fergus and never budged from her seat.

The race was run without her, Nessa winning easily. The girls, delighted with Mrs. Redmond's defeat rather than with her friend's victory, waited on the stairs to congratulate her, and trooped up to the dressing room laughing loudly and chatting, with the express intention of mortifying the common enemy.

Mrs. Redmond had her bonnet on, having purposely wished to show the lot that she was not afraid of them. A silence fell on the girls as they entered in expectation of a scene. Nessa laid down the three bouquets she had won, and went to her friend with outstretched hand. Mrs. Redmond took no notice of this overture, and occupied herself with the fastening of her glove.

"I'm off," she said; "you can stay and settle it with Fergus. He'll expect something for his favouritism."

"Oh, that's tommy nonsense," said one of the girls. "You tried all you knew to get in and lost by a neck. The audience wouldn't stand injustice—and you know it."

"You'll have to put up with your beating as we have," said another.

"I don't know why any of us should take a defeat personally," said Nessa. "It's the horses who win; not we. You'd have won with my mare."

"I don't know about that," said the boldest of the party. "If Totty had your temper as well as your mare, she might win."

"At any rate, she wouldn't have got hissed."

Mrs. Redmond, who had prepared some smart things to say, forgot them all under their shower of taunts. She could only assume a look of disdain as she marched to the door; but the last sting was unendurable, and, turning at the door, she poured forth a volley of coarse abuse that made Nessa shudder, and took away all the delight of her success, and distracted her infinitely.

"Mr. Fergus wants to see you, miss," said the call-boy, as Nessa was going down from her room.

She went into his office, where she found him seated with the little man in the big coat—M. Duprez. The impressario rose, took off his hat, and made a most ceremonious bow. Then he paid her an elaborate compliment on her horsemanship, which Nessa made out pretty well, and replied to in such "French of Stratford-att-Bowen" as she could command, but with a natural grace and self-command which more than compensated her faulty pronunciation. She was no longer a raw school girl.

"You understand my wishes with respect to this young lady," M. Duprez said to Fergus; and with another deeply respectful bow to Nessa, he withdrew.

"The boss," said Fergus, in a low tone, as the door closed. "You saw him, I suppose. I never saw him so enthusiastic before. Well, you took the whole audience. That France of old Mignon's made it a regular coup de theatre all through. But you handled her finely—by George, you did! If you had put the whip on, she'd have turned rusty, and left you out in the cold."

They talked about the race for five minutes, and then he said—

"Totty made a fool of herself. I know she would. I told you how it would be. Look here—she's just sent this in."

He showed her their agreement, torn into half a dozen pieces.

"What does it mean?" Nessa asked, anxiously.

"Why, it means that she breaks her engagement, and don't intend to come again. For my part, I'm jolly glad. She's a good horsewoman, but she always upsets the show wherever she goes. I told you the other day that I shouldn't have taken her on except to get you. I knew you were too good to be lost. Of course, your success means a success for me. Duprez wants a delighted with you; and I tell you, candidly, it's as good as a note for fifty pounds to me. Well, now Totty has broken this engagement, it allows me to make a fresh one with you; and I offer you individually the same price I proposed to pay Totty for both—four guineas a week. In addition to that, besides the bouquets, which the dressers are always glad enough to get from you at five shillings each, there will be a money prize of ten shillings to the winner, five shillings to the second, and a consolation prize of a pound for the girl who makes the highest number of third places in the week. You are to have l'Esperance, the governor says. It'll be a handicap so far as you are concerned; the rest will have a fair start, and you'll have to beat 'em. You see, these races are the most attractive thing in the whole show, and we're going to make a star of you. Look! this is going into all the papers, and will be billed all over London before the end of a week."

He held up a sheet of paper on which M. Duprez had scrawled in large letters;—

HIPPODROME RACES:

BLUE AND WHITE WINS!

This took Nessa's breath away. She sat blinking, looking at the sheet of paper with blinking eyes that seemed dazzled by the words, and a warm flush in her face.

"Now," continued Fergus, "I have called the time when you ought to break with her for good and all, and she'll give you a good opportunity, I bet, before she goes to sleep, or lets you sleep. Go away from her, and get nice little diggings of your own in a respectable street—"

"Oh, I cannot!" exclaimed Nessa, earnestly, though with an accent of regret.

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"I can't separate from her against her wish. And I can't accept this brilliant offer."

"Don't say that—why?"

"It would mortify her so cruelly."

"She would have no hesitation in mortifying you if it were in her power."

"That doesn't matter. I have told you that I am under a great obligation to her. I owe her my life!" Nessa said, impressively.

"You may not like her, Mr. Fergus."

"Nobody does," growled Mr. Fergus, by way of parenthesis.

"Then she is the more unhappy. And I must not—I cannot—do anything that would add to her unhappiness."

Mr. Fergus was vexed; and he looked it as he jabbed his pen into the table in morose silence. He was thinking of himself and his relations with Duprez, who had expressed his wishes significantly; but he glanced up, and catching sight of Nessa, her cheek pale now, and her dark lashes wet with a tear, his selfishness vanished.

"You are a brick, Miss Dancaster," he said. "Didn't foresee this, though; might if I'd reflected a bit, for any one can see you're not an ordinary girl."

He rose, stuck his hands in his pockets, and looked at the floor between his feet.

Nessa rose also, but he didn't attempt to terminate the interview.

"I'll tell you what, dear," he said, suddenly, looking up. "I'll square it with Totty. You leave it to me. I needn't say that, though. Some girls would go home and tell her what has passed in here, to show up their own generosity. You won't—I know precisely the mean lot that have to do that. Only just you manage to go out for a walk to-morrow morning about ten or eleven, and stay out till one. I'll drop in and see Totty. She can be squared; I know her. She'll put up with a beating every night, if I make it worth her while. I see my way clearly enough now," he added, cheerfully. "She'll come into the show again to-morrow—especially if she thinks she is forcing me to eat humble pie; and she's welcome to thank that, for all I care. But you and I will have

that agreement all the same, and we'll get the posters up on Monday."

And on Monday, sure enough, all London was wondering what was the meaning of the bills on the boarding—Hippodrome Races: Blue and White wins!"

CHAPTER XXII.—STICKING TO IT.

It was a great hit. The hippodrome races were the talk of the town. The common theme of discussion was whether the races were run fairly or not, was it an arranged thing that Blue and White should win against such odds, and it became the thing to go to Arcadia and decide by personal observation?

In the dull season before Christmas, when other places of entertainment were doing bad business, the hippodrome drew "big houses." The management had lighted upon Nessa in the very nick of time. There had been an enormous development in public taste for everything connected with sport, and through Nessa the Hippodrome had succeeded in taking the tide of Fortune at the flow. But independent of her skill and audacity as a horsewoman, she attracted the crowd by her youth and beauty. She was called upon to sit for a fresh photograph every three times a week; her portraits were stuck in every place of vantage in the building; they were carried in pockets by the programme boys; they were in all the shop windows; she was shown, in coloured posters, flying over a five-barred gate, with her knot of parti-colored ribbon streaming from her shoulders, and "Blue and White wins!" for a legend. Viola Dancaster was, in fact, all over London.

Nessa's salary was doubled and doubled and doubled again. She might have commanded any terms she chose to make. In her place Mrs. Redmond would have made her fortune. Nessa was not greedy of gain. She enjoyed her life so much that it seemed to her almost too bad to take money for what gave her such delight. It is doubtful if she fully realised the value of money, never having had more than a few shillings at a time. She was glad of course, to live in a better house, and dress well, but her desires only went one step further, and that was to discharge her obligations to Mrs. Redmond. To her she handed over all the money she made, taking what she needed for her own immediate requirements with something almost like an apology.

As she came to know men and women better, and obtained a clearer perception of the motives that govern their actions, her faith in Mrs. Redmond's disinterestedness died away and she ceased even to like the woman; but for that reason she felt more strongly than ever bound to discharge Mrs. Redmond's continually-reiterated claim on her gratitude.

One morning, when Nessa had risen almost to the zenith of her popularity, Fergus said to her—

"Miss Dancaster, which would you prefer—money or a horse?"

"The horse," replied Nessa, without a moment's reflection.

As she came to know men and women better, and obtained a clearer perception of the motives that govern their actions, her faith in Mrs. Redmond's disinterestedness died away and she ceased even to like the woman; but for that reason she felt more strongly than ever bound to discharge Mrs. Redmond's continually-reiterated claim on her gratitude.

"I knew it!" cried Fergus, slapping his thigh in satisfaction. "I bet a fiver you would choose the horse. Well, now, my dear, you've only got to choose which horse it shall be. We'll walk down the stalls—perhaps there's one in the stud I can let you have."

"I don't quite understand you."

"It's like this: there's a lot of betting goes on in the canteen among the mashers—the habitués, you know—and you've put a lot of money in some of their pockets. Well, they want to make you some sort of recognition, and they have asked me to do it in as delicate a manner as possible. I'm a bad hand at that sort of thing, you know, but I thought you would not refuse a gee-gee."

"But I can refuse it," said Nessa, very seriously. "If—"

"If there were any mortal reason why you should. But there ain't. Now, look here: I've got the money. Every man subscribed, but who gave a fiver or who gave fifty, I don't know; and if I had to return the pleasure, I shouldn't know where to begin, and should end, ten to one, in sticking to the lot myself. If you refuse it, I shall consider that it's because I am wanting in delicacy, and I shall be horribly mortified, and so will every one else."

"If you really think I might take it—if you could advise your own sister to take it—"

Nessa said, casting a longing eye down the row of sleek horses.

"I wish to Heaven I had a sister worthy of such a compliment! Now, what do you think of Caprice?"

Nessa thought Caprice was lovely, and so she went down the line, admiring one after the other, quite at a loss which to select from so many worthy of selection. Then suddenly she stopped with that look which was as beautiful on her face as the shadow of a cloud on a sunny landscape.

"How much money might I have instead of the horse?" she asked.

"Two hundred guineas."

"Then I think I'll take the money if it's all the same."

"Oh, of course it's all the same, my dear," said Fergus, cheerfully as he could for it meant the loss of his bet—five pounds out of pocket. "Will you have a cheque or notes?"

"Notes," said Nessa, with a sigh and one long, regretful glance at Patatrice.

"Now, what the deuce is she going to do with the cash?" wondered Fergus, when the transaction was concluded and Nessa nodded a sunny "good-bye" to him from her hansom.

Nessa drove to all the shops she could remember going to with Mrs. Redmond, Vanessa Graham, paid up, and found herself in the end with barely enough to pay her cab fare home.

"Now they can't send her to prison for getting things under false pretences," she said to herself; and thought no more of Patatrice.

She had no fear for herself now, and held Redmond in contempt; and this fearlessness arose partly from a change in her own character, and partly because the danger was less. Physically and mentally her strength was vastly increased by the exercise in which every faculty of body and mind was daily called into play. She was no longer helpless and friendless. An inexperienced girl just run away from school might easily get out of the way, but it was another thing with a young woman whose face was known all over England. Kidnapping was out of the question while she had a voice and the courage to call for help; and a dozen doctors could not prove her of weak mind in face of the witnesses she could bring to attest the contrary. She

reasoned that the instinct of self-preservation would restrain Redmond from attacking her if accident led him to discover that she was Viola Dancaster, seeing that such course would lead only to an exposure of his own villainy.

Amongst the men of the world who frequented the canteen was an eminent Q. C. One night he said to Fergus, who was always open to receive a cigar, and willing to talk about the show—

"I don't see Miss Dancaster here. All the other girls drop in pretty regularly."

"Perhaps that's the reason why Miss Dancaster doesn't."

"Hum! Considers herself a cut above them, eh?"

"No; there's none of that confounded nonsense about her. She thinks not the worse of others because she respects herself."

That hardly explains, Mr. Fergus, why the presence of other young ladies causes Miss Dancaster to absent herself."

"I'll endeavour to make it clear even to the meanest comprehension," retorted Fergus, smartly. "You gentlemen adopt a style of conversation in the presence of those young ladies which Miss Dancaster could not listen to with pleasure. She used to come in here once, and liked it. She drank champagne here with the rest, and seemed to like that too. But not for long. When she found that the women who drink champagne here cease to be ladies, she dropped that; and when she found that gentlemen who came here took the privilege of laying aside good manners, she dropped you, too. On the whole, I should think the loss is yours, for a more charming young lady doesn't exist."

"Oh! she is a young lady."

"I should have thought even you could see that."

"Thank you, Mr. Fergus."

The Q. C. turned the cigar in his lips, looked at the ash as he expelled a thin whiff of smoke, and then, fixing one eye on Fergus, said—

"Should you be surprised to learn that the young lady is heiress to a considerable fortune?"

"Not a bit. If she had a title I should not be astonished. From the very first I have believed that she has been driven from home."

"What reason have you for supposing that?"

"Her education—manners—face—figure; everything shows birth and breeding."

"You have no other evidence than such as you might take in judging the character of a horse, I suppose, Mr. Fergus?"

Fergus acknowledged the hit, and said he needed none better.

"Now, would you ask Miss Dancaster if her name is Vanessa Grahame?"

"I dare say I could, but I'm quite sure I wouldn't."

"Unless it were to the young lady's advantage," suggested the Q. C.

"That would alter the case certainly."

"I think I can show you that you may ask the question without impertinence. I have lately taken into my office a clerk. His name is Levy. This young man, without knowing the interest I took in Miss Dancaster, asked my opinion in a case where certain soundrels have conspired to rob Miss Grahame, not only of her fortune, but her liberty also, and possibly her life. If his story is true, I believe there would be no difficulty in punishing at least one of the offenders, and restoring Miss Grahame to the position she has been forced to relinquish. Now, if Miss Vanessa Grahame and Miss Viola Dancaster are one and the same person, I might be disposed to take up her case from a feeling of respect with which I fear, Mr. Fergus, you hardly credit me."

"Oh, you're a gentleman at heart: it's your manners I find fault with," Fergus said, brusquely, as he knitted his brow.

"Thank you, sir," replied the Q. C., with mock politeness. "The first thing is to find out if Miss D. is Miss G., and that you can know by putting the question to her point blank, as I certainly should if I had the pleasure of speaking to her instead of you."

"Restoring Miss Grahame to her position means taking Miss Dancaster out of the show. You are asking me to do too much," said Mr. Fergus, gloomily.

"But you'll do it, all the same, Mr. Fergus, unless I am greatly mistaken in your character."

Fergus made no reply to this. It was hard lines to sacrifice his own interests for those of a friend. But it looked as if he must. Nessa had admitted that her life had been saved by Mrs. Redmond.

"Her life isn't in jeopardy now, is it?" he asked.

"Yes, it is, my friend. Her life must be in jeopardy while those rascals have the chance of profiting by her death."

"I'll see about it," said Fergus, coldly.

The next day he found an opportunity to speak to Nessa in private.

"Now, don't you say a word till you've heard all I have to tell you," he began. And then he recounted, as closely as he could remember, all that had passed the night before between himself and the Q. C.

"There you are, my dear," he said, in conclusion. "Now it's for you to say whether you wish to be known as Miss Dancaster or Miss Grahame."

Nessa reflected for a few minutes, and then she said—

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Fergus, and very grateful to your friend; but I do not wish to be known by any name but Viola Dancaster."

"But if your life is in danger?" suggested he.

"My life is not in danger," replied Nessa, in a tone of conviction; for she had quite resolved that Redmond was powerless to harm her.

"I'm glad to hear it, with all my heart. But there's your position to think about."

"I have thought about that. I am very happy here—happier than ever I have been in my life. I like the people here—every one. I have what I desire. The excitement is such a delight to me that I pity those who only look on. I do not think I could live without this nightly pleasure. It is everything to me. I would not lose it even if my life were in danger."

Fergus breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"Then what am I to tell this fellow?" he asked.

"Tell him that Viola Dancaster refuses to acknowledge any other name."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

During the Argentine insurrection, the iron-clad fleet, which had joined the revolutionary movement, bombarded Buenos Ayres for two days, killing a thousand persons, wounding 5,000 and destroying many fine buildings.

THE NEW GAS GUN.

Trial of a Marvelous Rifle Invented by M. Giffard.

At the headquarters of the London Scottish Rifles on July 23rd, some interesting experiments were conducted with Mr. Paul Giffard's appliance for the employment of liquefied gas as an explosive or, to be more strictly accurate, one should say as a means of propelling projectiles—in place of gunpowder. Mr. Paul Giffard's scientific reputation as inventor of the pneumatic tube and of the "Giffard injector," so largely used in connection with steam power, stands so high that any invention to which his name was attached would be worthy of attentive consideration.

The weapon now introduced by him, however, is something more than an ingenious appliance; it is a discovery which not only promises to revolutionize the gun other purposes as a motive power. Those who are interested in the Giffard gun claim that it is the military weapon of the future. The idea of using liquefied carbonic acid gas as a propulsive power is not new, but M. Giffard is the first who has turned it to practical account.

The gas gun is a model of simplicity, so far as one can judge without examination of the discharging mechanism, in which much of the merit of M. Giffard's invention lies. A small cylinder, called a cartouche is attached to the barrel of a rifle or smooth-bore gun. This cylinder contains liquefied gas enough to discharge 220 shots, equal to about 50 bullets of an ordinary service rifle, with a velocity sufficient to kill at 600 yards. There is no other explosive. The bullet is simply dropped into an aperture of the barrel, which is hermetically closed by pressing a small lever, and the loading is complete. When the trigger is pressed a small quantity of liquefied gas becomes released and expands in the breech chamber. There is no powder report than the drawing of a champagne cork makes; no smoke, and no fouling of the barrel. In all these respects M. Giffard's gas gun seems to fill the requirements of an ideal weapon for warfare; but whether in other respects liquefied gas has advantages over ordinary explosives for military purposes remains to be proved. The inventor says there would be no difficulty in refilling the cylinders with gas on the battlefield; but it is obvious, even if that be the case, that reserve cylinders would have to be supplied to each man in order to make up the number of rounds now thought to be necessary; and as the bullets would of necessity be carried in addition, the ammunition for a gas gun would weigh just as much as ordinary cartridges, weight for weight.

The charge of liquid liberated for each round is regulated by a milled screw, and each charge, as liberated, is contained in a special chamber, from which it is released by the pulling of a trigger. The bullet is dropped separately into an orifice in the breech-lock. In the rifles shown the bullets were round, but elongated bullets can be used. When the guns were discharged a rush of vapor was seen issuing from the muzzles. But it instantly faded away, and the bullets flew with strict precision to the targets. Barrels which had been repeatedly discharged in the past two months were shown to have suffered no corrosion. The pressure of the gas and fluid in the above magazine was 500 pounds on the square inch, and this pressure is maintained up to the last drop of fluid. The preparation of the liquefied gas involves no mechanical power; but the needful pressure is got entirely by the chemical manipulation of ordinary substances, such as carbonate of soda.

Prince and Crown Princess.

Twenty years ago, at the close of the Franco-German War, another war was declared, of which the newspapers had no bulletins. That was a war between a man and a woman. The man was Prince Bismarck and the woman the Crown Princess of Germany, the daughter of Her Majesty the Queen and the mother of the present Emperor. The Princess Victoria has been a student of politics from her childhood, and had become, as was inevitable, an advanced Liberal. Bismarck, who at one period of his life had been a Liberal himself, had crystallized in his old age into a bigoted and venomous Tory. His idea of governing Germany was by the sword; hers was by educating the Germans until they were fit to manage their own affairs without interference by the ruling family. Between the two collisions were frequent and savage. Once Bismarck tried to close the Empress's salon; she moved to the Italian lakes and refused to return to Berlin till the tyrannical police measure was revoked. On another occasion he poisoned her son's mind against her. But she hid her time, regained her control over William, and this time she assumed the aggressive and caused the Chancellor's overthrow. Now, in his exile, he proposes to publish documents setting forth her repeated interference in public affairs, in order to make her odious. He will probably discover before he is through that a man who undertakes to fight a woman had better be doubly armed.

The Ocean Cattle Trade.

Mr. Plimssoll's crusade against certain United States cattle exporters for the cruelty which he alleges they practice in loading cattle on vessels has its phases of interest to Canadians. English advices show that an effort is being made to bring Canadians within the scope of Mr. Plimssoll's charges. The evidence in possession of the department at Ottawa shows that so far as Dominion cattle exporters are concerned there is little ground for complaint. The Department of Agriculture long ago issued regulations on this subject and inspectors appointed by the Government are on hand at and the animals properly cared for. Dr. McEachern, chief veterinary inspector, in his last report states that owing to the superior advantages of the St. Lawrence route for shipment and the excellence of the steamers and carefulness of ship-owners and agents to carry out any suggestion made by the Government inspectors with reference to space and ventilation, the mortality of Canadian cattle at sea continues to be light and as a rule the condition in which the animals land in Great Britain is very satisfactory. He suggests, however, that an effort should be made by both shippers and ship agents to provide better attendants to feed and care for the cattle. By this means the shipments of live stock are to reach the British markets in the best possible condition.

Montreal will shortly be visited by the North American and West India squadron.