

four hours, a disabled steamer in the offing, with no one along the coast—not even a Caliban—to appeal to, were in a bad plight. It was well that we had with us the champion of the Toronto Bay. He and Sheriff Smith, of Barrie, volunteered with the mate and one of the crew to take the jolly boat, rig up a sail, and make for Owen Sound, a distance of forty miles, for assistance—the assistance needed being another steamer to come up and tow the *Ploughboy* to Collingwood, the passengers taking to the assisting vessel. It was pleasant to see with what alacrity the volunteers, to whom I have referred, undertook the arduous task, involving much danger, and much time if they were to succeed. Nothing daunted, however, they left the steamer with many a cheer and God-send to stimulate them to exertion in their perilous work. They reached Colpoys' Bay in safety, there met a party of friendly Indians, made portage of the peninsula, and arrived at Owen Sound on Sunday, during church hours. No sooner was the intelligence given of the disablement of the *Ploughboy* and the danger of the passengers than the bells of the churches in Owen Sound were set a-ringing; the alarm was sounded; young men, with a nobility of purpose ever to be remembered, volunteered to act as sailors for the steamer *Canadian*. Captain Smith, the captain, was found, and in a very short time Mr. Morrison and Sheriff Smith had the satisfaction of being on this fine steamer, surrounded by a relief crew of stout hearts and willing hands, en route to relieve the wrecked passengers, on the shore of the bay above Cabot's Head.

But how were the passengers on the beach occupied all that Sunday till the steamer arrived for their rescue? The sight to the observer was a queer one. Here was burning a camp fire, surrounded by half-clad men and women, the unfortunate passengers of the *Ploughboy*, who had set out with such hopes and fond expectations from Toronto, drying their garments wetted by the waters in their efforts to reach the shore from the disabled steamer. Part of a lady's dress would be hanging from the limb of a tree, of another lady's from another, flanked by the cast-off garments of some gentleman in the distance. The whole scene appeared like a gipsy camp, with more than one queen adorned with head-gear that would have astonished the citizens of Toronto, if the style had been presented there. About six o'clock in the evening of this Sunday, word was passed around the camp that a steamer was in sight in the distance.

She was not long in coming into full view, to the great delight of the shipwrecked passengers. What running to and fro then took place? A bonnet had to be picked up here, a hat there, and belongings everywhere. When all were collected together the passengers were marshalled to be shipped aboard the relieving steamer. They were a motley crew; and glad to be received by the good and true men of Owen Sound, who manned the steamer *Canadian* for their rescue. It was with difficulty the Colonel was persuaded to join his old fellow-passengers on the relief boat—the *Ploughboy* and sable cook, who might have been one of his constituents, seemed to have charms for him quite superior to any change of quarters. At length all were got aboard; the *Ploughboy* was taken in tow and we steamed away for Collingwood.

On the way down the lake by some means was picked up a piece of a wreck, which had been in the water for a very long time. It had peculiar marks in it which gave rise to much speculation. The Commissioner of Crown Lands, always ready for a joke, submitted the treasure-trove to the Colonel for his inspection and opinion as to its antiquity. A knot of passengers were got around, as it were a coroner's jury sitting on this piece of wood with its cabalistic figures, fretted over with indentations and seeming hieroglyphics. The Honourable Philip Vankoughnet gravely suggested to the Colonel that it was perhaps a war club of the Hurons, the tribe which in ancient days had their wigwags in this region. Some were sure it was a piece of wreck of a boat of the Jesuit Fathers, lost in their early exploration of these waters; others pronounced it a float. Many and various were the opinions as to its origin. The Colonel at last came forward to sum up the argument, and proceeded to give "an opinion as was an opinion." "Listen, my fellow-passengers," says he, "I have it: it is but a fungus." It was not very clear to many what a fungus meant, nor was the Colonel very lucid in his explanation. However the Colonel insisted that his superior rank gave him the right of decision. So a fungus it was decided to be, though many still believed it to be a float, and none could conscientiously decide that it was a war club.

The voyage down the bay with the *Ploughboy* in tow was not an unpleasant one; the storm had subsided, and all seemed as happy as they could be after such a disaster. The *Canadian* arrived about midnight in Collingwood where a Northern railway train was ready to receive the unfortunate passengers. When we arrived in the city the following morning the rumour had been rife that we had all been drowned. The escape from shipwreck was certainly on the verge of the miraculous. We reached our homes in the early morn, and by our firesides were able to relate the adventures of a voyage which promised so well, but which fate and foul weather cut off in the manner I have described off Cabot's Head, the huge promontorial cliff on the southern shore of Georgian Bay.

D. B. READ.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Biological Society, M. L. Vaillant offered some remarks concerning the way in which *Antennarius marmoratus*, a curious fish already studied by Agassiz, builds its nest. Each nest is made of one seaweed (of the Sargasso Sea), the different twigs being brought together and made fast to each other by the fish by means of a pasty sort of substance provided by the animal itself. Agassiz thought that separate bits of seaweed were used; but it is shown that it uses the whole of the twigs and branches of a single plant, which, of course, allows of much easier work.—*English Mechanic*.

## SECOND LOVE.

THE air was balmy with orange blossom,  
She was wrapped in whiteness fold on fold;  
The bridegroom's heart beat high in his bosom,  
His sweet sad past was faded and cold.

But through the rapturous music poured  
Round joyous faces, and laughter unchid,  
She saw his dead wife's coffin lowered,  
And heard the rattle of earth on its lid.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## MONTREAL LETTER.

MADAME JANASCHKE has been acting for us during the past week, and I fear she leaves Montreal with not too flattering an opinion of our artistic sense. "Legitimate drama," says the tragedienne, "is at a discount in America." We may be consoled, therefore, by the fact that our neighbours' taste is as bad as ours. Less complimentary houses than those which have greeted Janaschke cannot be remembered since Salvini's appearance here. Why this should be the case, who shall explain? We are the most incomprehensible public you can imagine. Scalchi and Campanini throw us into ecstasies, but so do the thieves' duettes and "leg exercise" of *Erminie*. However, I suppose the ordinary run of semi-cultivated Europeans can scarcely plead innocent of a preference for tuneful music and "catchy" airs. But the point where we do show decided inferiority is in an utter incapacity to appreciate art pure and simple, quite irrespective of its exponent. People often laughingly express the opinion that America affords a refuge for decayed artists. On the contrary, in no country do they need so fully to possess their youthful vigour. Artistic life must have reached a very high state of development when an actor who is fast approaching the confines of everything earthly can still enrapture for the art alone that is in him; when, notwithstanding the loss of physical charms, and a voice roughened with use, the old fire lightening the eyes, flushing the cheek, and animating every gesture, evokes applause as phrenetic as in times past.

I don't know exactly what we expected to see, but the Madame Janaschke who entered the little private sitting room at the Windsor Hotel with grave, stern face, and in Quaker-like morning wrapper of black, was a surprise. She regarded us at first not too favourably, for her experience with the over-imaginative representatives of the press has not been as a rule very satisfactory. However, when we assured her that our intention was not to feed the hungry with highly seasoned fibs, she became more communicative.

Madame Janaschke is a Bohemian, and she seems proud enough to be of that race which has given Europe some of the most famous artists this century can boast. She belongs to the old school, where girls commenced to study in their teens, and knowing how hard a master is Art, served him with all their hearts and with all their might. In these degenerate days, when an actress is made, not born, we cannot reverence too deeply the few priestesses of a true but languishing worship that are still amongst us; and Janaschke is one of these. Though she was admirably tolerant in her criticisms, she certainly deems artistic taste sinking in America. Fire and blood, and all such vulgar scenes as one may witness any day upon the streets, when represented on the stage are the people's delight. Nothing, it seems, could have surpassed the success of a New York actress who lately was self-sacrificing enough to allow herself to be thrown into a huge tank of water, thence to be rescued like a half-drowned rat.

"What are you Montrealers made of?" asked Madame Janaschke, "I bring you the most moral plays, an excellent company, and I play to empty benches." Then after a pause, "You have a prodigious number of churches here." This fact, strange to say, never seems to produce any effect on foreigners other than that of mild surprise. To one who had seen the Bishop of Prague take his seat in a theatre along with other ordinary human beings, Canadian austerity was puzzling in the extreme.

One should go to see Janaschke, if for no other reason, to revive our notion of what a real actress is. She is no beauty, as she says herself, and far from young; but her fire and passion, her admirable conception of her rôle, and above all, a most marvellously expressive face, are, I think, from a dramatic point of view, far more worthy our study and applause than the snowy shoulders of a Mrs. Langtry, or the cloudy hair of Mrs. Potter.

At the annual meeting of the Art Association on Friday, it was decided not to open the gallery on Sunday. As you remember, perhaps, ten thousand dollars were offered to the Association, provided they should permit the poorer classes to enjoy one day of the week what the rich have the privilege of seeing the other six. In a very feeling speech the Hon. Mr. Justice McKay dwelt long upon the baneful results that would surely follow all efforts to make Sunday as cheerful as any other day. He hoped the members would consider before they agreed to accept Mr. J. H. R. Molson's terms of accepting ten thousand dollars to violate God's day. I am sure this was not Mr. Molson's special aim in making the kind offer on behalf of his friends, nor do I suppose to any one, with the exception of Judge McKay, has the idea occurred. There was really very little rancour shown in this delicate discussion. The old time-worn arguments for and against Sunday opening were brought forward with dignified calm. From a financial as well as from a religious point of view, Sunday opening was considered by some as unprofitable. The loss would be, roughly speaking, about \$350, for, estimating at one hundred the number of members likely