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THE MONTREAL WHOLESALE NEWS

Vol. XXII.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880.

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THE CANADIAN SINDBAD.

HE DOES WITH THE OLD MAN OF THE RAIL PRETTY MUCH WHAT HIS PREDECESSOR DID WITH THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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WANTED,

A first-class Canvasser and Collector, speaking both languages. Liberal inducements offered at our offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, to an energetic man.

None but those who have experience, and the best references need apply.

TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Aug. 14th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 80°	65°	72°	85°	46°	67°
Tues. 69°	65°	67°	72°	46°	57°
Wed.. 76°	56°	66°	62°	52°	57°
Thur. 77°	65°	71°	74°	53°	64°
Fri.. 76°	64°	70°	75°	52°	63°
Sat... 75°	63°	69°	75°	52°	63°
Sun... 79°	63°	71°	71°	60°	65°

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LETTER PRESS.—Revenue and Expenditure—Manchester and the Premier—Ontario and Quebec—White Wings (continued)—In the Abbot's Seat—Fashion Notes—Musical and Dramatic—Literary—A Song—Humorous—Breloques pour Dames—History of the Week—Our Illustrations—Varieties—Gleaner—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 28, 1880.

MANCHESTER AND THE PREMIER.

The English mail has brought us a full report of the important interview, at London, between the President and Directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce represents a school of *doctrinaires*, who, in questions of trade, hold supreme sway in England. This interview was, therefore, remarkable, as being the first practical rub between the Government of Canada after the adoption of a protective policy, and the Manchester school, as represented by its chosen men. Its President, Mr. ARMITAGE, M.P., naturally led off in the representation which he desired to make, and he was followed by Mr. MASON, M.P.; Mr. BIRLEY, M.P.; Mr. SLAGG, M.P.; Mr. AGNEW, M.P., and others. These are all men of local eminence, and their representations not only embraced the question as one of trade policy, but also the aspect of the relations between the Dominion and the Mother Country. The Canadians, however, could not take any exception to their utterances on this last most delicate point, as they distinctly admitted the utmost freedom of action as the perfect right of the people of the Dominion. The point of their contention was that unrestricted trading was the policy most likely to establish the most loyal and friendly relations between Canada and the Mother Country. They did not even treat us as dependents, but as nearest of kin, before whom there is a great future, in which their people had a great interest, as well in trading relations as in finding homes to settle; and they referred in friendly tones to the financial operations which they understood it was an object of the Canadian Ministers in England to promote. They, however, saw nothing but Free Trade; all else in their eyes was heresy too rank for serious discussion, and they, of course, endeavoured to show that the Canadian N.P. was not only detrimental to English trading interests, but burdensome to Canadian consumers of manufactures. There were some other little points, such as amelioration of the sample post regulations, respecting which they were promised that an inquiry would be made with intention to meet their views.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD, in his answer, told them that he did not consider it advisable to discuss the elementary questions of Protection and Free Trade, but he gave them to understand that the Free Trade doctrines had been very thoroughly examined by the men who were responsible for the Canadian tariff. He reminded them, moreover, that England was almost alone, not only in Europe, but in the world, at least in the extent to which she had carried the Free Trade theory; and, further, that the English were in the position of having nothing to offer in exchange for commercial treaties with countries which now close their ports against English commerce. He told them, also, that the Canadian tariff had been less determined by questions of Free Trade and Protection than by the fact of the relations of Canada with that very highly protected country, the United States, which, under the protective system, had, at least, succeeded in establishing in its midst prosperous and flourishing manufactures. He further told the deputation one important fact—viz., that when we threw all our ports open, the Americans simply laughed at us, when we asked them to renew a reciprocal treaty in natural products. But they had scarcely had a year of experience of the present tariff, when there arises an agitation all along the line, from Boston, in the east, to the towns on the Mississippi, in the west, for reciprocity again. This at least establishes the principle which, otherwise, should be plain to common sense, that when men go into a negotiation to make a bargain in trade relations, as well as in anything else, they will be much more likely to be successful when they have something in their hands to offer in exchange for what they ask, than after throwing away everything and then saying, "See! follow our splendid example!" On another point, Sir JOHN assured the deputation that, in the Canadian tariff, the highest range of duties was levied on those articles which were manufactured in the United States, and which could also be with special advantage manufactured in Canada, while it dealt most lightly with those articles which were manufactured in England. That, at least, was the principle of the tariff, and Sir JOHN said, if there were any special articles in which it could be shown that injustice had been done, the Government would be willing to consider them. He further stated that, in the circumstances of Canada, direct taxation could not readily be resorted to, and that high customs duties were necessary for revenue. He told the deputation that he could not promise any material reductions.

There was another point, which we have before discussed in these columns, respecting which the First Minister made some representations to the deputation; this was that the opening out of the Canadian North-West will, within ten years, afford an ample food supply for the people of England, and then will come a time for reciprocity between England and Canada. This may appear to be very wild to the *doctrinaires* of to-day. It is, however, very likely that the logic of facts will, within the coming decennial, prove much more potent than the assertion of theories. When circumstances come to permit the initiation of a policy of this kind, England will be in a position to compel, if not absolute Free Trade, at least very great amelioration of tariff by the United States and other countries, which she may in vain expect until she is able to use some more potent argument than mere words.

A COMPANY is being formed to put better omnibuses on the streets of London, and a large amount of capital has been subscribed. It seems that the plan which is in vogue in France of having separate seats for each passenger, with rails between every person is to be adopted, and the omnibuses are to be made longer, airier, and more comfortable, and there will be a system of correspondence like that in Paris. This would be a great improvement and a great boon to people in London, and visitors to the capital also, inasmuch as at present the omnibuses of London, are, as a rule, too dirty to enter, and to redolent of unpleasant odours for anybody who has a sensitive nasal organ.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

A writer in *L'Opinion Publique*, of this city, institutes a comparison between the two oldest Provinces of the Dominion, drawn from the reports of the Census of 1871. The author's avowed object is to show the inferiority of Quebec to Ontario, and to use the information with the patriotic purpose of stimulating the activity and enterprise of his countrymen. If we go over the same ground to-day, it is not at all with a similar intention. We see no good to be gained by pitting one Province against another, especially a Province that is so peculiarly situated as Quebec, against one that enjoys such climatic advantages and such homogeneity of population as Ontario; but while we cheerfully accord to the latter the proud distinction of the Empire Province, there may be no harm in showing the former wherein she may improve and develop her resources. A friendly rivalry between these two great Provinces can only result in good to themselves as well as to the whole Dominion.

	Ares.
The territorial extent of the Province of Quebec, excluding water areas, is.....	120,018,966
That of the Province of Ontario is.....	65,097,643
Giving an advantage of..... in favour of Quebec.	54,018,964
The settled area of Ontario is.....	16,161,676
That of Quebec is.....	11,025,786
Difference in favour of Ontario. Or nearly one-half more than the settled area of Quebec.	5,135,890
The area under cultivation in Ontario is.....	6,537,448
In Quebec it is.....	3,714,304
Difference in favour of Ontario..	2,823,134
Area in pasture:—	
Ontario.....	2,089,177
Quebec.....	1,948,182
Difference in favour of Ontario.	145,995
The population stands:—	
Ontario.....	1,620,851
Quebec.....	1,191,516
Surplus in Ontario.....	429,335
In Ontario the produce of the field yields.....	\$84,280,850
In Quebec.....	41,637,950
Difference in favour of Ontario.	\$42,643,800
Or almost double	
The value of agricultural implements and live stock in Ontario is.....	\$139,263,574
In Quebec.....	\$3,711,762
Difference in favour of Ontario..	\$55,551,812

There is a general opinion that the difference in the products of the field should be compensated in great measure by the products of the forest. Yet, notwithstanding the immense wooded areas of Quebec, the figures that Ontario furnished in 1871 were greater in value and quantity than Quebec. The record is:—

Ontario.....	\$29,273,738
Quebec.....	25,950,986
Difference in favour of Ontario.	\$3,322,752
Capital employed in manufactures and industry:—	
Ontario.....	\$37,874,016
Quebec.....	28,071,868
Difference.....	\$9,802,142
And the total value of products:—	
Ontario.....	\$114,706,799
Quebec.....	77,265,182
Difference.....	\$37,501,617

Leaving figures aside, it appears that the agricultural class in Ontario receives on an average \$100.10 more than in Quebec, besides having \$28 more per head in a capital of agricultural implements, stock, &c. And each person, man, woman and child, employed in manufactures receives annually \$44 more in Ontario than in Quebec. Calculating the federal tax at \$10 a head, it forms only 3 per 100 on the revenue of Ontario, while it rises to 5 per 100 in Quebec.

The writer then goes on to inquire into the causes of this disproportion. He affirms, and affirms truly, that the intelligence of the Quebec people is at least equal to that of the Ontario people, but insists

that the fault lies in an absence of education, or in false methods of instruction. The number of persons who can neither read nor write is only 150,599 in Ontario out of a population of 1,620,851 souls, while in Quebec the number is 436,593 out of a total of 1,191,516. Unquestionably the chief defect lies here, but it seems to us that the author, in his zeal for the reform of his race, overlooks several other potential drawbacks, all of which are not so easy of correction. It must be acknowledged in all fairness that the French Canadian population labour under very great disadvantages arising from a difference of language, traditions and customs, and it is not altogether their fault if these conditions have retarded their progress. In matters of this kind change is a matter of time and patience, but much has and is being done, and we have no doubt that the next census will give a better showing for the Province of Quebec.

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE.

The corrected Revenue and Expenditure returns have been published in the *Official Gazette* for the fiscal year 1879-80. Sir LEONARD TILLEY's estimate of the total revenue in March was \$24,450,000, but in this he included \$700,000 for Customs and \$600,000 for Excise paid in the previous fiscal year, in anticipation of the new tariff, for goods intended for consumption in this. He has actually received \$24,768,585, or \$318,585 in excess of his estimate. The expenditure he estimated at \$24,978,000, or an anticipated deficit of \$528,000. His actual deficit, according to the figures, following the principle of estimate, is only \$393,127. Things are, therefore, better than expected, and the months of July and August have shown great elasticity, so much so as to render any further deficits improbable. It may be mentioned that the custom receipts are \$157,565 over the estimate. The expenditure was also more than the estimate, the total figures being \$25,161,712, against an estimate of \$24,978,000, as above stated. The increase on this head arose from the deposits in the Post-Office Savings' Banks, calling for increased interest, and from increased traffic on the Government railways, increasing the working expenses. But, of course, there was increased revenue, and the increased deposits in the Post-Office Savings' Bank are a sign of increased prosperity. Of course, when the \$1,300,000 of the Finance Minister's estimate is taken out of the previous fiscal year it will make that look so much the worse.

SCIENTIFIC.

ADOLF MAYER has discovered that oxygen has no direct influence upon fermentation. When potassium hydrogen tartrate was added to a strong syrup containing yeast, the cells of the yeast grew rapidly and the fermentation was easily accomplished.

THE committee appointed by the French Government has recommended that the prize of \$100,000 be awarded to Prof. Graham Bell for his invention of the telephone, and that a prize of \$3,000 be given to M. Gramme for his magneto-electric machine.

THE "fifteen" puzzle has been brought to the attention of so learned a body as the Royal Society, Edinburgh. At the meeting on June 7, Prof. Tait sent a note on the theory of the puzzle, and gave a rule for determining whether a particular arrangement was solvable or not.

FROM an examination of a photograph of the spectrum of the planet Jupiter, Prof. Henry Draper finds that there is an absorption of solar light in the equatorial region of the planet, and a reproduction of intrinsic light at the same place. He reconciles these apparently opposing statements by the hypothesis that the temperature of the incandescent substances producing light at the equatorial region of Jupiter did not suffice for the emission of the more refrangible rays, and that there were present materials which absorbed those rays from the sunlight falling on the planet.

PROF. J. A. EWING lately described a new seismograph before the Seismological Society of Japan. There is one of the instruments now in course of construction at the University of Tokio. It draws two curves representing on a magnified scale two rectangular components of the horizontal movements of a point on the earth's surface, in conjunction with the time, when an earthquake occurs. The curves are drawn by two levers, which have their short ends in contact with the bob of a long pendulum, and their long ends free to slide across the face of two surfaces, which are kept moving continuously by means of clockwork.

THE following is the system of disinfection recommended by the Austrian government for vessels that had cases of small-pox on board: Sulphur to the extent of 12 grains per cubic metre of space to be disinfected is to be burned in an earthenware basin, placed in the centre of some sand to prevent all risk of fire. All the linen, clothes, &c., are to be hung across the cabin, which is to be hermetically closed for three hours, and afterward exposed to the strongest possible draughts of air for twelve hours. Then the walls, floor, ceiling, &c., are to be washed with one kilogramme of lime or one-half a kilogramme of chloride of zinc to every hundred litres of water.

SONG.

A hundred spears for thee, sweet love,
Are snapt like withered reeds;
Beneath thy glance my trusty lance
Bears down the stoutest steeds.
Whilist thou art true
The foe shall rue
The hour I charge in flight,
Shouldst thou be frail,
My strength shall fail
To wield the sword aright.

Thus sang a brave and faithful knight,
One long past summer's day;
With glittering crest, and lance in rest
He sought the fiercest fray;
Another knight,
With eyes as bright,
But never a heart as true,
Has knelt, I wist,
And lightly kist
Two lips of crimson hue.

Alas! the foeman's angry steel
Has pierced a vital spot;
"Ah, me!" he cried, as thus he died,
"Sweet maid, hast thou forgot!"
His cold, white face
Of kindest grace,
With bitter tears she wet,
Ah, well-a-day!
No more, they say,
Did this fair maid forget.

Montreal. BARRY DANF.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ANNUAL RACE MEETING OF THE MONTREAL SWIMMING CLUB.—The fifth annual races of this club took place, on last Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a fair number of spectators. Much interest was taken in the various contests, the fancy exhibition and the professional race being especially good.

ACCIDENT AT ST. ANN'S RAPIDS.—Drowning accidents, and especially cases of death caused by indiscreet adventure in "running the rapids," have unhappily been of only too frequent occurrence lately, and to the number of those already chronicled must now be added yet another, whereby the lives of two human beings have been sacrificed. The victims in the present instance were Mr. Albert Pratt, a brother-in-law of Dr. Lavolette, of the firm of Lavolette & Nelson, druggists, of Notre Dame street, and a boatman named Lefebvre. The scene of the catastrophe, which took place on Wednesday of last week, was St. Alban, a village near Lachepotiere, a station on the North Shore Railway, some 57 miles from Quebec, where Mr. Pratt was spending a few weeks with his brother, Mr. Frederick Pratt. Young Mr. Pratt had taken a skill for the purpose of running the rapids at this point, and while descending them in company with Lefebvre the boat capsized and the unfortunate young man and his companion were drowned. Mr. Pratt was a son of the late Mr. John Pratt, of this city.

PIC-NIC AND GAMES OF THE THISTLE BENEFIT SOCIETY.—The Thistle Benefit and Social Society held its first annual gathering on Saturday afternoon, of last week, on the grounds of the Montreal Lacrosse Club. Considering that the Society is a very young one, and is, at present, comparatively unknown, the attendance at the picnic and games was remarkably large. Some two thousand persons were present, the sexes being about evenly divided. As a matter of course a large number of kilts and tartans were displayed, and the music of the bagpipers was heard at every turn after the sun had reached its meridian. The members of the Society assembled at their hall, Craig street, about one o'clock, and then, headed by the fine band of the Royal Corps, marched to the grounds. The weather was magnificent. At intervals, dark clouds overspread the sky, and threatened more moisture than was absolutely necessary to quench the thirst of the crowd assembled, but the rain considerably held aloof until after the proceedings were over. The games were opened by a match at quoits, and the rest of the programme was successfully carried out to the satisfaction of the competitors and the pleasure of the spectators.

THE KNIGHTS' TEMPLAR CONCLAVE AT CHICAGO.—The encampment was located on Lake Park, and was seven-eighths of a mile long—extending from the Exposition building on the north to Park Place on the south—by three hundred and fifty feet wide, from Michigan Avenue to the railroad line. This entire space was occupied by a city of tents, erected at comfortable distance to admit free circulation of air and comfortable movements. There were 775 tents, 14 x 14 feet in dimension, and capable each of accommodating seven persons; 360 tents, 9 x 9 feet each, designed to accommodate three persons; 10 headquarter tents, each 20 feet in diameter; 50 tents, 16 x 20 feet each, divided into four apartments; 25 tents, 9 x 8 feet, divided into two rooms each; 4 tents 16 x 42 feet, and various others of lesser dimensions, and designed for various purposes. These were arranged as far as practicable in the shape of crosses, triangles, hollow squares and circles, designed to represent knightly forms. Monday, August 16th, was devoted to receiving and escorting of the visiting commanderies. Three receptions were given at 8 o'clock in the evening, at each of which the Templar guests were welcomed. One took place at New Central Music Hall, another at McCormick Hall, and the third at Farwell Hall. At each of these receptions an interesting speaking and musical programme was observed. At 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, August 17th, a salute was fired, and two hours later, 10 o'clock sharp, the grand parade and review by Most Eminent Grand Master Hurlbut and the officers of the

Grand Encampment took place, followed by the escort of the Grand Encampment to the Asylum on Lake Front. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and hourly thereafter until 6 o'clock, there were boat excursions on the lake. At 8 o'clock in the evening a grand reception *musicale et dansante* was given under the auspices of Apollo, Chicago and St. Bernard Commanderies of Chicago, in the Exposition building. On Wednesday, August 18th, in the morning at 9.30 o'clock, the grand competitive prize drill took place at the Chicago Jockey Club Park, located some five miles westward from the grand Asylum. Preceding the drill exercises there was a fraternal park reception at the same place, conducted by the three commanderies of the city—Apollo, Chicago and St. Bernard. At 8 o'clock in the evening performances were provided at McVicker's, Haverly's and Hooley's Theatres, and at other places of amusement for the gratuitous and complimentary entertainment of Templar guests and their ladies, under the direction of Apollo, Chicago and St. Bernard Commanderies. Thursday, August 19th, the last day proper of the conclave was devoted to such entertainments as the exigencies of the occasion required. Friday and Saturday, the remaining days of the week, were gala days.

The effect of the fifteen arches on Wabash Avenue, together with the Grand Encampment Asylum and the Lake Park arch, were simply superb, the former presenting a vista of gorgeous ornamentations and embellishments almost as far as the eye could reach. The business houses and residences were decorated with corresponding taste and liberality, and presented a magnificent combination of colour and display never before equalled in that or any other city. The Lake Park arch fronting the west of the Grand Encampment Asylum is 35 x 57 feet and some 40 feet high, built around a tree, whose green clad top and drooping branches were a fitting apex of the structure. On the east and west sides were balconies each with capacity for thirty musicians, who gave afternoon and evening concerts during the entire week. The roof was decked with flags and pennants, while the four sides of the arch were beautifully ornamented with shields bearing the arms of the Grand Commandery of Illinois, the banners of the three Chicago Commanderies, and other knightly emblems.

BIBLES WITH QUEER NAMES.

STRANGE EDITIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

An interesting collection of Bibles was recently exhibited in London, which comprised copies of all the editions that, because of peculiar error of the printers, or from some other reason, have been known by strange names. Among the Bibles on exhibition were the following:

THE GUTENBERG BIBLE.—The earliest book known printed from Movable Metal types, is the Latin Bible issued by Gutenberg at Mentz, A. D., 1450.

THE BUG BIBLE.—Was so called from its rendering of psalm xci. 5: "Afraid of bugs by night." Our present version reads, "Terror by night." A. D., 1551.

THE BEECHES BIBLE.—The Geneva version is that popularly known as the Beeches Bibles, from its rendering of Genesis iii. 7: (Making themselves Beeches out of fig-leaves.) This translation of the Scriptures—the result of the labors of the English Exiles at Geneva—was the English Family Bible during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth and till supplanted by the present authorized version of King James I.

THE PLACE-MAKERS' BIBLE.—From a remarkable typographical error which occurs in Matthew v. 9 "Blessed are the place-makers," instead of Peace-makers. A. D., 1562.

THE TREACLE BIBLE.—From its rendering of Jeremiah viii. 22: "Is there no Treacle (instead of Balm) in Gilead?" A. D., 1568.

THE ROSIN BIBLE.—From the same Text, but translated "Rosin" in the Douai version. A. D., 1609.

THE HE AND SHE BIBLE.—From the respective renderings of Ruth iii. 15—one reading that "She went into the city." The other has it that "He went." A. D., 1611.

THE WICKED BIBLE.—From the fact that the Negative has been left out of the Seventh Commandment, (Exodus. xx. 14) For which the printer was fined £200; A. D., 1531.

THE THUMB BIBLE.—Being one inch square and half an inch thick, was published at Aberdeen. A. D., 1670.

THE VINEGAR BIBLE.—So named from the headline of the 20th chapter of Luke, which reads as "The Paradise of the Vinegar," instead of the Vineyard. A. D., 1717.

THE PRINTERS' BIBLE.—We are told by Cotton Mather that in a Bible printed prior to 1702, a blundering typographer made King David exclaim that "Printers (instead of Princes) persecuted him without a cause." See psalm cxix., 161.

THE MURDERER'S BIBLE.—So called from an error in the sixteenth verse of the Epistle of Jude, the word "Murderers," being used instead of "Murmurers." A. D., 1801.

THE CANTON MEMORIAL BIBLE.—Wholly printed and bound in 12 hours, but only 100 copies struck off. A. D., 1877.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A LADY appeared in Park Lane soberly and sanely dressed as regards costume, bonnet &c., and wearing Indian moccasins!

THE times can't be so very hard when £250,000 an acre is given for a freehold site, even if it be in Park Lane. This was the rate at which some property belonging to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners was sold the other day.

Among the minor details of fashion are specially to be noticed the increasing mode among the upper classes of wearing anklets, not only for balls, but *filles* and garden parties, &c., the return to favor of the chataleine bags; most welcome additions to the toilette.

It is whispered that the bad news from Candahar had a great deal to do with Mr. Gladstone's illness. With the chill he caught from indifference to the weather and the night, the exaggerated annihilation news acted so depressingly on the nervous system, that what he might have shaken off under ordinary circumstances, accelerated the prostration that incipient fever and slight lung congestion had predisposed him to suffer.

WHEN Mr. Augustus Harris makes his bow before the curtain at the end of each scene at Drury Lane he is received with a very hurricane of hisses. The audience identify the talented actor with his part, and, while manly yells denounce his rascality, ladies with tender hearts and powerful emotions, ejaculate "Wretch" and "Villain," with flashing eyes and threatening hands. It is a lucky thing for the lessee of Drury Lane that these excited spectators cannot get nearer to him. The *World* is likely to have an extensive run.

Mr. Bulkeley Hughes has been recently mentioned as "the oldest member of the House of Commons." In respect to age that is the fact, the honorable gentleman having been born on the 26th July, 1797. He accordingly attained his 83rd year on Monday week—an auspicious occasion upon which we tender him very hearty congratulations. The "father" of the House of Commons, however, is Mr. Christopher R. M. Talbot, the honorable member for Glamorgan-shire. He is six years the junior of Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, but he has been in Parliament since 1830.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LORD EDWARD CLINTON, commanding the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, and Major Bunbury, junior major, had sent in their applications to retire from the Service, when the order reached Aldershot last week for the Battalion to proceed to India. They at once applied for permission to withdraw their "papers," and will embark with headquarters. Both officers will quit the Service as soon as order is restored in Afghanistan; they would not, however, allow themselves to be gazetted out whilst there was any chance of their being ordered on active service.

AN electric light company on a grand scale is shortly to be floated. Everything is in readiness for the financial venture, but it is deemed expedient to defer bringing out the company until the Stock Exchange magnates have returned from their holidays. It is tolerably certain the attempt will succeed for the electric light has already been extensively adopted, its general undertaking in this country being the lighting of the Victoria Embankment, which it does from Westminster to Blackfriars with a result that is generally satisfactory. The authorities of the City of London are contemplating another trial of the electric light in the coming winter.

THE GLEANER.

EDISON has in the last eleven years patented 233 articles.

MRS. LANGTRY is no longer called the "Jersey Lily," but the "Amber Witch."

A TRAVELLING Montenegrin smokes while his wife carries the baggage on her head.

GEORGE PEABODY'S London poor fund has increased from \$2,500,000 to \$3,500,000.

SINCE it has been announced that Tanner will lecture there has been a general regret that his fast was successful.

"MOTHER STEWART," who originated the temperance crusade in Ohio, is now labouring in the South with indifferent success.

SEVERAL of the brigand chiefs in Italy have, in the course of their careers, figured as champions of Mazzini, of the Pope, of Victor Emmanuel, and as Garibaldians.

THE census-taker at Wakefield, N.C., found a man sixty-five years of age, who is the father of twenty-nine living children, twenty-six of whom are by one wife.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury recently entertained six hundred of the poorer people at Lambeth, and sent each visitor away with a beautiful bunch of flowers.

ON the day the Cincinnati Convention nominated Hancock, Mrs. Margaret Perry of New Orleans gave birth to triplets, two boys and a girl, who have been named Hancock, English and America.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, August 16.—A pending rupture between Austria and Servia is talked of.—Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, died at Bergen, in Norway, recently.—The last brigade of General Stewart's force has reached Gundaumk without opposition.—Great Britain maintains her opposition to Austrian presidency of the Danube commission.—Rioting was resumed in Belfast yesterday, and the excitement at Dungannon, which commenced in the riots of Sunday, still continues.

TUESDAY, August 17.—The Prince and Princess of Wales yesterday presented colours to Welsh reinforcements departing for India.—The Russian Government has declined to negotiate with China on questions in dispute between the two Powers.—A letter has been received from General Primrose in Candahar stating that he has provisions and water sufficient to last 45 days.—General Roberts' progress south has so far been unopposed. The rumour of Ayob's co-operation with Abdurrahman Khan is not credited in military circles in London.—In his statement of Indian finances in the House of Commons yesterday, Lord Hartington said the probable war expenditure in Afghanistan would amount to £18,000,000.—Lord Hartington, in the House of Commons yesterday, referring to the Porte's request for an extension of time to carry out the cessation of Dulcigno to Montenegro, expressed himself in favor of granting such extension.

WEDNESDAY, August 18.—The Radicals are getting up an agitation for the abolition of the House of Lords, and the substitution thereof of an elective Senate.—The fact of Russian officers being in the Afghan army, fighting against the British, has been communicated to the Court at St. Petersburg, who, however make a clean denial of it.—A despatch from Cork says a plot to blow up the barracks in that city, which are situated just over the Southern & Western Railway, was discovered on Tuesday night. Another despatch denies the truth of the above. Immediately on receiving the news of the discovery of the plot, Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, started for Cork to consult with the authorities and investigate the affair.

THURSDAY, August 19.—In consequence of the recent riots in different parts of Ireland, and the affair at the Cork barracks, it is probable that the Coercion Act will be revived by the Government.—The storming of Candahar was begun by Ayob Khan, but so far the troops of General Primrose succeeded in repulsing it. The British are 3,000 strong, and the Afghans number 20,000 men.—Roumania complains of Russian interference.

FRIDAY, August 20.—Germany joins France in declining to accept England's proposition of armed interference in behalf of Greece.—The British Government do not intend as yet to enforce the Irish Coercion Act.—There are further reports of tenant riots in Ireland.—Mr. O'Connor has a bill for the abolition of the House of Lords.—Trouble is apprehended between the Alaska and British Columbia Indians.

SATURDAY, August 21.—A terrible hurricane, resulting in great destruction of property, is reported from Jamaica.—Numerous land meetings were held in various parts of Ireland yesterday. Government reporters were present at most of them.—Captain Pilgrim, who abandoned his vessel, the *Jeddah*, in the Red Sea, has had his certificate suspended for three years.—The King of Italy has placed the Royal villas at Mr. Gladstone's disposal, should he visit Italy for his health.—Belgium is preparing extensively for the International Congress to be held in her capital on the 11th prox.—The Cork Land League have rescinded their resolution denouncing the robbery of arms from the *Juno*.—Despatches from Calcutta say General Gough is to garrison the Khyber Pass. The garrison at Candahar has made a sortie on the Heratees and severely punished them.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE girl who chalks her cheeks thinks it is better to mark the miss than miss the mark.

A WOMAN cannot become a successful lawyer. She is too fond of giving her opinion without pay.

THE two urchins who played "escaping from the wreck" by using their mother's holiday dough-tough for a life-boat, were lashed together.

HANCOCK'S letter of acceptance is an able document, but a Philadelphia woman has made the startling discovery that it doesn't mention what style of bonnets will be fashionable this fall.

TEXAS society is agitated over the question of whether or not the groom at a wedding should wear his revolver belt outside or inside his dress-coat.

YOU may have seen a young man on one side of a gate and a maiden on the other side. Why they talk so long is because a great deal can be said on both sides.

STORIES first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten.—[Russia. But rules of conduct first enforced at the same place leave a far more vivid impression.

WHAT a monotonous life it must have been in Eden without those cheering aphorisms that now everywhere brighten up the landscape, making every rock, tree and fence to bourgeon out into such gratuitous advice as "Purify your blood!" "Chew Spherical Pine-put!" "Consumption can be cured!" etc., etc., etc.

THERE was an entertainment given up town one evening not long since which was voted "splendid" with "heaps of fun," "delightful time," "exquisite," etc., and it seems their principal amusement was repeating very fast the following:

As I went in the garden I saw five brave maids,
Sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids,
I said to these five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds,

Braiding broad braids; braid broad braids, brave maids.

At a social reunion, a few evenings ago, the question was asked: "Of what sort of fruit does a quarrelsome man and wife remind you?" The young lady who promptly answered "A prickly pear" got the medal.

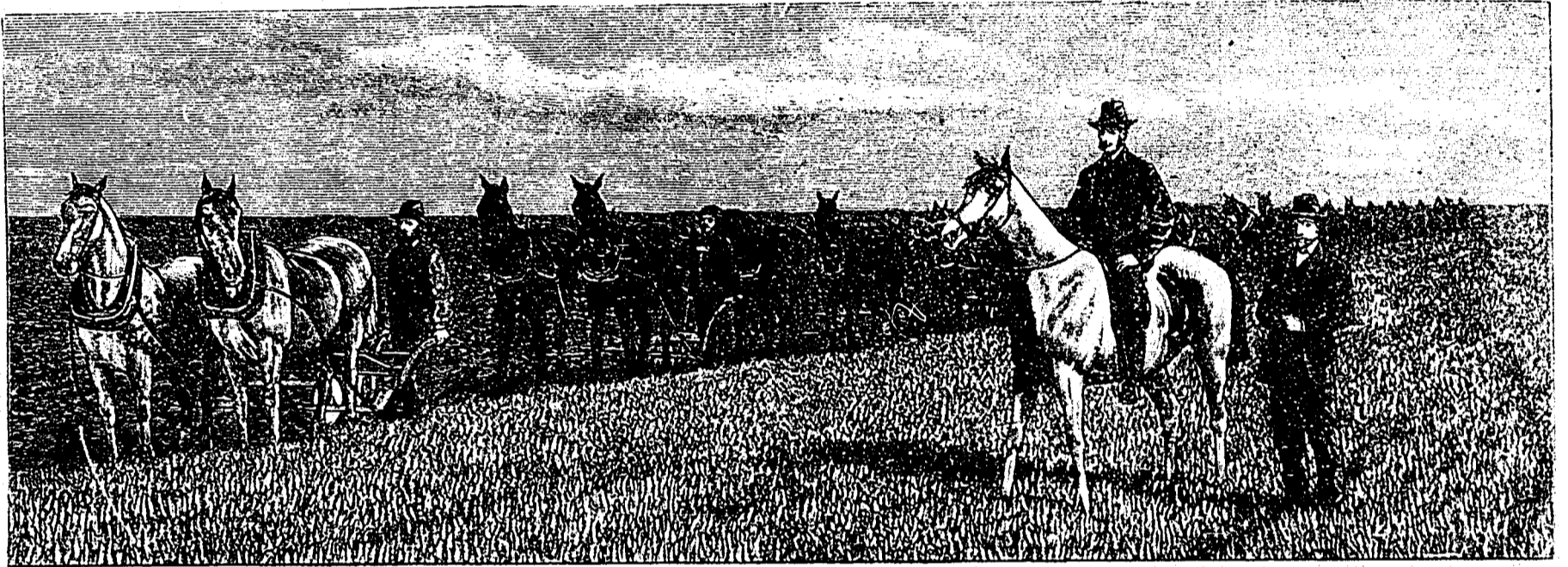
He talked love to her, and dove to her,
And tried to squeeze her hand,
While she sat up and "yesed" and "noed,"
And yawned behind her fan—
(Because she had sat up the night before
With a fellow she had an awful fondness for).

MISERABLENESS.

The most wonderful and marvellous success, in cases where persons are sick or pining away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patients for doctors), is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer, when they can get Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs" in another column.



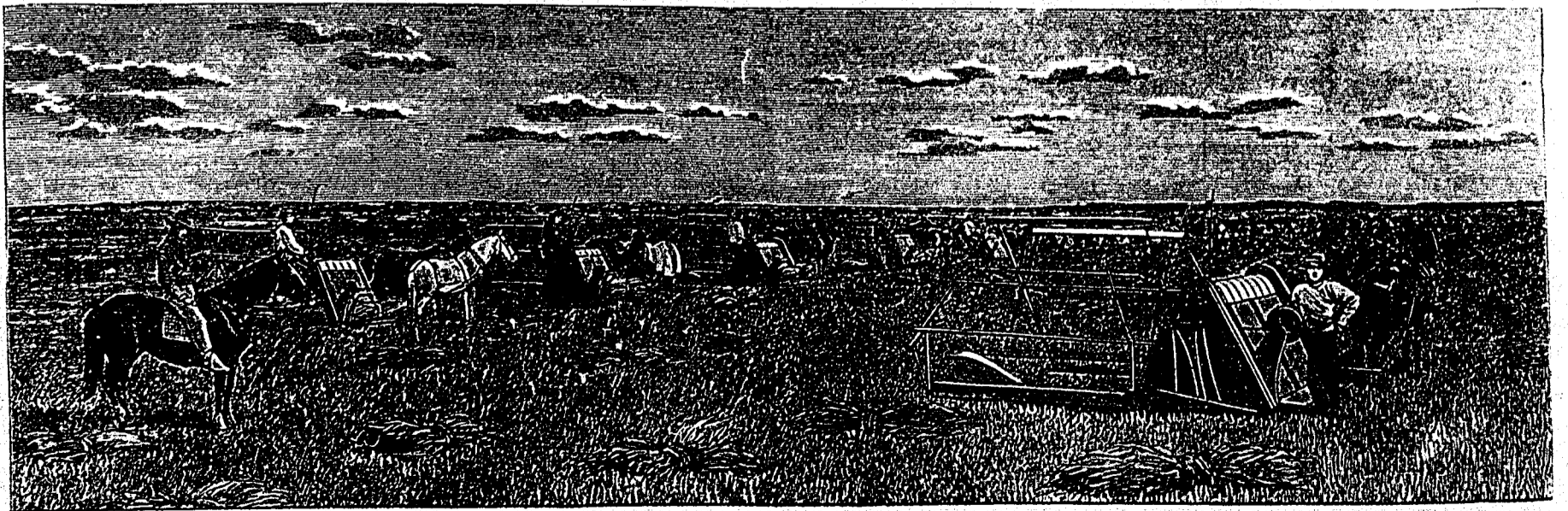
BREAKING UP THE LAND



PLOUGHING

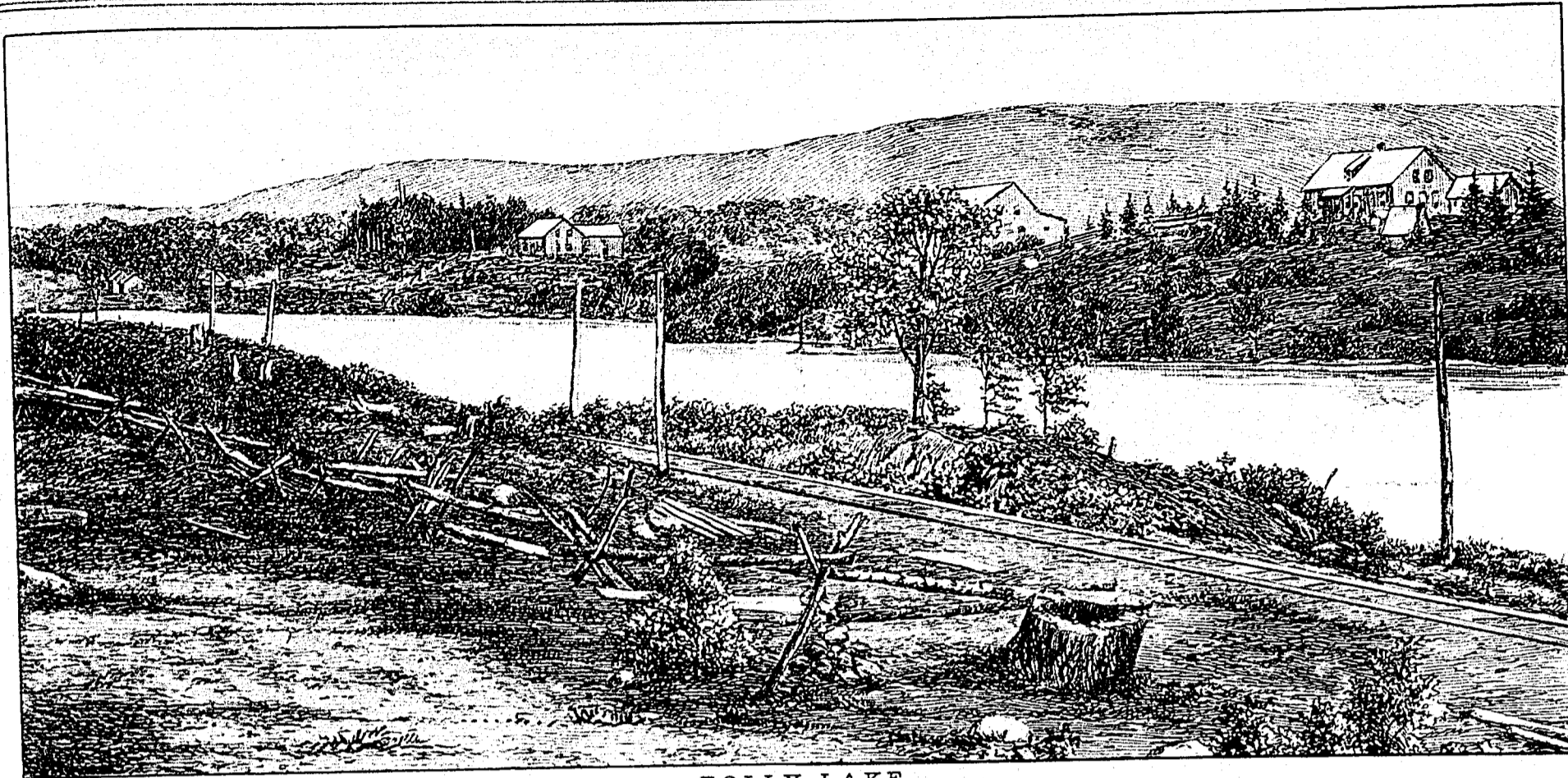


HARVESTING

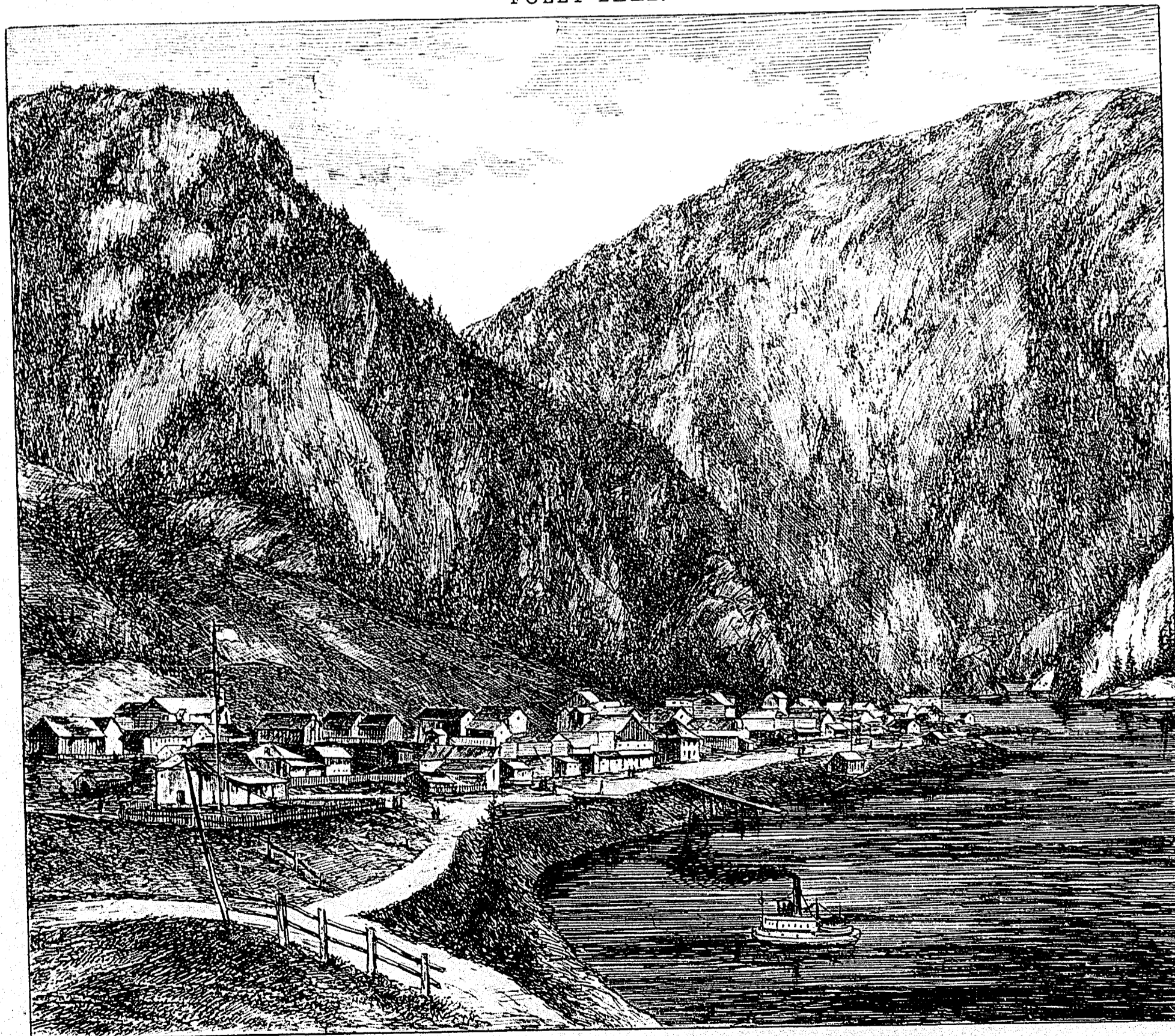


REAPING AND BINDING

FARMING IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY.



FOLLY LAKE.



THE CITY OF YALE, B. C., NEAR THE TERMINUS OF THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. G. PINDER.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

A stillness wraps in calm the summer day,
Unbroken by a sound, save when the breeze
A moment rustles through the parched trees,
Then leaves them motionless. The sultry air—
Hot as the breath of fevered patient—seems
Conscious of coming storm: the cattle crowd
With low-bowed heads beneath the elm-clumps awed
By some dread instinct of they know not what,
Save that 'tis ill impending. All the sky
With thickly gathering clouds is overcast,
Dark leaden clouds, their edges tinged with red,
All ominous of storm; the quick, big drops
Of rain begin to fall—a rumbling peal
Of distant thunder, low reverberates
Along the hills: more thickly fall the drops,
Comes down a deluge—and the lightning gleams
In quick, successive flashes: louder still,
And louder roars the thunder—till gives rein
The tempest to its fury: awing man
And beast alike by its sublimity.
Its wrath at length the storm begins to hate,
A wrath too fierce to last: the thunder grows
Fainter and fainter, and the lightnings cease;
The rain-drops patter feebly through the leaves,
Till they at last are spent: bright diamonds,
Of Heaven's purest water, glittering hang
On leaf and blade, and flower: once more the birds
Resume their for a while suspended song:
The cattle leave the shelter of the boughs,
And seek again the pastures: all the air
Is filled with fragrance sweet, the cooling gift
Of storm beneficent, and once again
From her enforced torpor wakes the earth.

IN THE ABBOT'S SEAT.

Looking the very impersonation of contented idleness, Frank Carew lay on the hill-side above the ruined abbey of Furness, and pondered the embodiment in canvas and pigments of the fancies with which the June sunset had inspired him. For three of the brightest of summer weeks the young A.R.A. had occupied himself in multiplying sketches of the abbey ruins, until scarcely a feature of their beautiful decay but was lodged in his portfolio. The chapel was there, roofless, windowless, its altar gone, grass clasping closely the few gravestones that remained: but as majestic in its desolation as ever it had looked in those days of Catholic prosperity when the Cistercian monks of Furness chanted prayers for the souls parted from that dust over which their feet were treading.

Carew lay dreamingly under his favourite tree looking down on the gray stillness of the abbey, and trying to give substance to the shadowy fancies that connected themselves in his mind with the cawing of the black chisters opposite. At length he started up with an exclamation:

"I have it—I have it. Time, midnight: the moon at its brightest: the ghost of old King Harry just stealing into the chapel, and a crowd of rooks perched on the sedilia, and cawing curses on the robber who left the central niche of the three seats empty of an abbot. 'King Harry the Eighth Visiting the Abbey of Furness.' If my right hand remembers its cunning, I'll hold my own in the academy next May."

A downward scramble among trees, bushes and bits of crumbling masonry, and Carew crossed the arch into the ruins. A light laugh struck upon his ear.

He sprang up the wall and looked toward the sedilia. Apparently the scene actually revealed was more satisfactory than that for which the laugh had prepared him, for he at once leaped down into the chapel, and walked towards the stone steps to his left.

A figure in no way ghostly had already risen from the central niche of the three worn recesses that still adorn the ruined chapel of Furness; and, with great brown eyes bent shyly on the intruder, seemed doubtful whether to remain or not. This successor to the abbots of old days wore as unpretendingly tasteful a dress as an English girl of eighteen summers could figure in, and had a face of the order that one hesitates whether to call plain or handsome, and ends by pronouncing signally attractive. A Madonna done in marble might have had those tintless cheeks and that look of seriousness.

"So it was you that laughed, Miss Margaret," said Carew. "It's a sin to waste such sweet sounds on the abbey ghosts. I protest I'll paint you as Medusa if you go on keeping tryst and making merry with the Furness ghosts while every-day mortals like Frank Carew can't get so much as a smile from you."

"I've known Furness and its ghosts and its legends ever since I was old enough to walk from our cottage to the ruins," said the girl somewhat coldly. "Mr. Carew and I have only been acquaintances for a matter of three weeks past."

"The pleasantest weeks in Mr. Carew's life! I was thinking to have ended my stay here in another three weeks or so; but something the abbey spectres whispered to me just before I intruded on you inclines me to make the three weeks three months. Will you be as hospitable as your friends, the ghosts?"

"How hospitable?"

"Will you join with them in inviting me to remain?"

"Oh no."

The negative was so disdainful, and the girl turned away with so abrupt a haughtiness that she was at the further end of the chapel before Carew had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to stir tongue or foot. In the twilight glowed for a single instant the apparition of a dark-blue dress, a pale cheek, and certain dark curls falling with graceful decorum on the whitest of necks; then sunlight and the shadow in question faded away together, and within and without the ruins all was blank and gray.

Carew walked toward the sedilia and sat down where the departed apparition had, ten minutes earlier, been meditating.

He sat for a few minutes thinking silently, a queer expression of mischief and perplexity working in eye and lip. That barbed little arrow of a "No" evidently rankled in his mind.

"Doesn't care for the society of mortals, I suppose. This girl has lived with ruins and legends till she is a sort of embodied dream herself. If I were Rip Van Winkle or one of the Seven Sleepers, I might win a gracious word from her; but being an every-day piece of humanity her goddess-ship scorns me. Such a 'No' from a mouth of eighteen summers! I'll paint that face—I'll—"

"Mrs. Wolfe," said Carew to his landlady, when the pair met next morning in the spacious garden attached to the cottage where he was staying. "I think your daughter has the strangest look I ever saw on any girl's face. Where on earth did she pick it up?"

"In Furness here, Mr. Carew. The lass has lived all her life but the first four years in this very house; and the old ruin is almost all the playmates she ever had. When Maggie was scarce high enough to climb into the abbot's seat she would sit by the hour under the stone dragons in the chapel; and now that she's three inches taller than her mother she goes there still. In the daytime, when we're both busy about the house, she's content with now and then taking a peep at the abbey from the window; but her first hour after rising and another before it's dark she spends at the altar-end of the chapel—dream—dreaming of the jewels that are hidden there."

"Oh, it isn't the dead old abbots she dreams of, then! What may these jewels be, Mrs. Wolfe?"

"A king's ransom in pearls and rubies, Mr. Carew. The story my grandfather used to tell me forty years ago, and that I often told Maggie when she was a bairn just able to understand me, says that in the Wars of the Roses an abbot of Furness had a—but I'll leave the legend to Maggie to tell. It suits her tongue far better than mine, and she runs through it much more prettily."

"I'd rather hear it from you," said Mr. Carew.

"And I'd rather my daughter told it. The child's so jealous already of the time you spend in the ruins that I'm sure, if she thought I'd been saying anything to you about the legend, she'd come to me crying, 'Mother, get a new lodger. If Mr. Carew stays with us, he'll be trying to find the treasure.'"

"These are all the treasures I'm likely to find in the abbey," said Carew, opening his portfolio of sketches. When his companion had passed a couple of minutes in inspection and admiration, he added: "Of course, Miss Wolfe does not put any real truth in this nonsense about abbots and rubies."

"Sometimes she does—sometimes not. I've known her to sit for an hour at a time in the abbot's seat there, trying to think where the casket could be hidden, and then start up with a little laugh at herself and hurry away. It's thinking of her father and me that makes her take these wild fancies, Mr. Carew. Poor as you see my husband to-day, he kept a better stable ten years ago than Kennett does at his big house on the hill there; and if James Wolfe is now a ruined man, James Wolfe has himself to thank for it. I'm free in talking to you, sir, for there's little to hide from you after that scene the other evening. Oh, but Maggie's miserable about her father and me! I think she fears sometimes that he'll bring us on the parish before he's done; and the thought's like a continual burning to her. She wants to go and help in Miss Postlethwayte's school at Uverstone; and glad Miss Postlethwayte would be to have her; for little as the child was when we took her from boarding there, she had learned almost all that the old lady could teach her. But I can't part with her—she's the only being on earth that can do anything with my husband—the only thing left me to care for, or that cares for me. And now, Mr. Carew, I must run in—there's eight o'clock striking, and Maggie will be wondering why I don't come to help her in getting breakfast ready."

"I wonder what the girl thinks of me," was Carew's self-reproachful ejaculation, uttered within hearing of no creature but the rocks, after breakfast, the speaker walked down toward the abbey. "What should a girl like this Margaret Wolfe, dividing her strange life between dreams the past and the miseries of the present, know of the meaningless talk men indulge in toward girls whose society they find pleasant for the hour, but don't care to retain for life? I'll talk no more nonsense to this Diana of eighteen. After all," Carew halted, and looked back through the trees at the cottage he had left.

"No, not a wife," the painter muttered, walking on again. "I don't care to take a wife away with me from Furness. A picture's all I want."

Enter the chapel when he might, Carew failed to find its shadowy desolation brightened by the presence of Margaret Wolfe; and he had received from London the canvas and other materials that he wrote for, and had spent a day or two in meditation over his projected picture before he again saw her in the abbey ruins.

One afternoon, toward the end of June, Carew had walked across the fields to the ancient town of Dalton. King Harry VIII. was by this time hopelessly banished from the painter's thoughts; it was the fair form of Margaret that he contemplated placing in the abbot's seat.

He had already sketched, rapidly yet carefully, the sight on which his eyes had rested

when, on that never-to-be-forgotten evening of early June, he climbed to the window-gap of the ancient chapel and looked toward the sedilia. Contrasted alike vividly with the shadows that crept along broken tombstones and waving grass, and the sunset that touched with flame all the sky above the ruins, the still figure of Margaret Wolfe leaned slightly forward from the niche it occupied; her serious face and deep, dark eyes giving her the aspect of some ensainted phantom. With that face and those strangely beautiful eyes, as they appeared in the sketch that he had executed, Carew, however, remained dissatisfied. Labour as he might, his brush had failed to catch the expression that he had noted upon the girl's face—a something neither of earth nor heaven.

And in the sweet June twilight the painter walked back from Dalton toward the abbey ruins, his own face wore an expression curiously serious for one who was ordinarily among the lightest-hearted of living knights of the brush. There was a presence in the little Furness town that loaded the midsummer air with pestilence, and turned men's thoughts from business and pleasure to the terror and mystery of death. As quietly as the darkness that was entering with him, did Carew pass forward into the ruined chapel and toward the familiar niche. The face and form of Margaret Wolfe, absent from the place for a dozen evenings past, looked out once more on him from the sedilia, thoughtful and maidenly as ever.

While Carew still stood hesitating whether to go forward or withdraw, she ended his difficulty by rising and approaching him. "Good evening, Mr. Carew," was her salutation—offered coldly, but without any trace of the constraint that, since their former dialogue in the ruins had made few and awkward the words exchanged by the embarrassed pair. "You have been to Dalton—have you not?"

"I have been there all the afternoon," he replied. "And you had better not come near me."

"For fear of the fever, you mean! We have it in our house already. My father has been two or three times at Dalton lately, and to-day he finds himself too ill to rise. If you think there is risk of infection in coming up to our house to fetch your things, I will put them together and send them to whatever address you may give me."

"If I think there is risk of infection!" returned Carew. "You had reason the other evening, Miss Margaret, for thinking me impertinent, but I don't know what cause I have given you to fancy me cowardly."

Neither moon nor star had as yet glimmered out on this June twilight. Through the half-darkness of the ruined chapel Carew perceived the girl's eyes bent on him with a look—he knew not whether of anger, wonder or pleasure—that made them shine starlike.

"Shall I be much in your way if I still stay here?" he asked. "I shall need very little attendance—most matters I can manage for myself, and for dinner I can walk over, when necessary, to Dalton. Not much danger of my carrying fever with me—it's all over the town already."

"Are you not afraid of taking it yourself, Mr. Carew? If you come back to our house to-night how do you know but it may be never to leave it again alive?"

"You evidently look upon me as a very nervous and fanciful kind of person," said Carew.

"If you were not fanciful would you be an artist? I don't think you are very nervous, though; no one who was nervous would seek the company of that terrible fever. But really, Mr. Carew, what good can you do by staying? It is very friendly and generous of you to wish it; but what use will it be?"

"Who will nurse your father through his illness?"

"My mother and myself, certainly."

"And do you imagine that you two women will be sufficient? Have you any idea what, in a case like your father's, the delirium will be?"

"We can get help from Dalton."

"The fever will prevent you, in such weather as this, and in a town like Dalton, there is certain to be an outburst of the disease that will drive everything into flight and confusion. Don't throw away a volunteer helper, Miss Wolfe; you may find it a difficult matter to replace me."

The girl hesitated. "And your sketching she said at last."

"My sketching is finished, and the picture I am setting about can wait. I assure you I'm as little afraid of being inconvenienced as of dying of the fever."

What a marvellous amount may at times be clearly expressed, yet left unspoken! As if the eye had been a mirror into which each looked and perceived the secret of the other's mind, Margaret knew that Carew, in saying "I will stay," added mentally, "in order to be near you;" Carew discerned that Margaret, had not her heart somehow been at conflict with her judgment, would gratefully, but decisively, have declined his offer and entreated him to leave.

"Let us see what my mother will think of your wish to remain," she said, presently, when she had given her hand to him in token of thanks, and he pressed the proffered fingers warmly. They went slowly forth from the ruins and up the path that led to the cottage, both as silent as the twilight. If either thought of the disdainfully-ended interview of a fortnight back, it was to wonder that such a scene had been. If either reflected that Margaret Wolfe and Francis Carew had known each other,

in all, five weeks, it was with an undefined sense that the talk just ended had magically changed those weeks to years.

Mrs. Wolfe behaved as her daughter had known and Carew had more than suspected she would behave. In times of distress her sole refuge was to cling to whatever stronger nature happened to be near her. She was so ready to avail herself of Carew's proposal that she altogether forgot to thank him.

As the July days grow hotter and hotter, and the reports from Dalton became more and more gloomy, Carew, although his step remained light and his voice cheerful, began to draw in the Furness air as though it choked him. Out at Furness Abbey there was, happily, no death-bell to depress with its frequent toll both the sick and those who watched by them; but the ravings of the sufferer were even more oppressive to a listener than such a bell would have been. Wolfe had lived for years past the life of the habitual drunkard; and he was now dying the death of one. Three days of acute delirium, during which the patient tasked to the utmost the young artist's strength and endurance, gave place to stupor, with intervals of low mutterings, in which, like Falstaff, the sick man "babbled of green fields"—those green Furness fields across which he was not again to stagger home from an evening's carousing. Then followed coma-vigil; and the glassy, meaningless eyes that stared unchangingly from the pillow told those gathered round the bed that he who lay there was marked for death.

Wolfe died in the night; Margaret and the doctor only being with him. When Carew rose next morning, to take, if necessary, his turn at watching, he met the widow at the door of the death-chamber. "Oh, Mr. Carew," she said wildly, "Maggie has the fever. My husband's dead, and she will die, too!"

The anticipated news of Wolfe's death was forgotten in the sudden danger for the living. For a moment Carew stared blankly at the grief-stricken face before him, unable to realize that such words had, indeed, been uttered. "Does Dr. Edmondson think it will be a severe attack?" he said presently.

"He does—he does. He won't say so; but he does. Oh, she'll die, Mr. Carew—she'll die, as her father died last night, and as her mother will die after her. There won't be time to put a stone over James' grave before Maggie and I are lying beside him in the new cemetery at Dalton." She laid her face to the wall and burst into an agony of tears. "Leave us, Mr. Carew, leave us, before the fever takes you, and you die, too."

To Carew's vigorous nature this paroxysm of helpless grief came as a call to action that made him instantly the master of his own. "Leave you Mrs. Wolfe! Why, when could I better be of use! Where's Dr. Edmondson?"

"Come back to Dalton. He says he'll send us a nurse if he can find one."

"I must see him. Sit by your daughter, please till I return. You don't mind being left alone in the house with her and—"

It was now broad daylight. Mrs. Wolfe, well understanding Carew's half-spoken meaning, could, therefore, with sufficient confidence, answer, "No." The artist added a few words of encouragement and consolation, and hastened off.

The doctor, a will-o'-the-wisp flitting from patient to patient, had secured no nurse, and had little hope of obtaining one. "The few women in Dalton fit to be trusted with the care of a fever-patient have their hands more than full already. If you could go over to Uverstone, though, for me, Mr. Carew—"

"To Lancaster, if you like, doctor."

Dr. Edmondson scribbled a few words, addressed them, and gave Carew the necessary directions.

The July days crept slowly past, a succession of blazing noons and sultry evenings that parched and cracked the Furness fields into a ghastly similitude to those cheeks and lips on which rested a still fiercer breath than that of the sun—the burning kiss of fever. Day by day the furnace-like atmosphere aided doubtful reports from the sick-room to oppress Carew with more cruel fears concerning Margaret. Now that he no longer saw her, and could not in delicacy venture further than to the threshold of the chamber where she hovered between life and death, the full extent of the impression this singular girl had made upon him was gradually revealed. He wrought feverishly and assiduously at his picture, that by painting her pure, serious face as it appeared in health, he might distract his mind from the thought of it when flushed with the delirium of fever.

The pear tree that, when the artist opened his window, nodded before him branches laden with ripening fruit, stretched other branches toward the chamber-window of the sick girl. When both casements stood open for the heavy summer air to enter, words spoken in the one room struck on the ears of a listener in the other. Leaning out toward the pear tree, Carew had already caught on several occasions the voice of Margaret Wolfe, weak from illness, and too indistinct for his ear to separate its faint accents into words.

He was leaning thus in the early morning of the first of August, drinking in deep draughts of a fresher air than had fanned his cheeks for weeks past, and rejoicing in the cool breeze that sang softly among the leaves of the patch of woodland opposite. Rain had fallen in the night—the first shower for nearly a month—and all nature lay green, dewy and healthful in the smiling August dawn. Carew, his artist's

imagination quickened by the beauty of the scene before him, half believed that the goddess of the morning, sweet Aurora, was herself in presence.

"She is come to cool your parched lips with her kisses, my poor Margaret."

A laugh, dissonant and mirthless, jarred on the ears of the young painter as he murmured this fancy to himself. It was difficult to realize that it came from the lips he apostrophized.

"See, mother, see, the abbot is trying to take the casket from me! Oh, mother, what hundreds of pearls and rubies they are in it! We'll sell them in London, and buy the old house again, and have as much land as we had before father began to drink. Lady Dorothy doesn't like the plan, she says. There's her ghost behind the others. Oh, how pretty she is—what lovely blue eyes, and what an innocent face for a woman that was so wicked! Hers is just the hair to twist strings of pearls in. Take the casket—take it—for fear the ghosts should be too strong for me. There's more of them rising, hundreds of them—the room's full of their faces. Oh, what horrible creatures! Keep them off, mother; don't let them come near the bed. Where's Mr. Carew?—he would drive them away. Oh, mother, their cold hands are touching me! Oh, help, help!"

With the girl's scream ringing in his ears, Carew hurried out of the room and house. He painted nothing that day; the exquisite mental pain occasioned by Margaret's delirium had unfitted him to handle the brush. A weary time spent among the abbey ruins gave place to a sleepless night, and when, on the following morning, he attempted, by way of breaking the painful monotony of his thoughts, to resume his picture, the result was so unsatisfactory that he cast the brush from him in despair. The three succeeding days were among the most painful that Carew had ever spent.

On the fourth, an hour or two after he had risen, there came a light tap at his room door. Opening it, he found himself confronted by Mrs. Wolfe's frightened face and despairing eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Carew," she wailed, "my child's dying! the doctor says she may pass away without waking from the stupor she's in. Come and see her once again before she dies."

Carew had never more than a confused and misty recollection of the minutes that followed. He remembered dimly a somewhat large room, airy and fresh and cool, as befits the chamber in which science and affection contend with the demon of fever. The exhausted nurse had retired to her own room to rest; but from the pillows of the bed there looked forth a wasted, strangely-solemn face, more beautiful in its strange stillness than it had been in the serene seriousness of health. The eyes were closed; it seemed the face of one dead.

The great grief that already wrapped her with its shadow had imparted to the mother a self-restraint and dignity that in ordinary seasons were foreign to her nature. She burst into no loud paroxysm of weeping, nor did the anguish stamped upon her features find expression in multiplied complaints. For the first few minutes that the pair stood there, all Mrs. Wolfe said was: "There's death in her face, you see, Mr. Carew, God's taking from me my daughter."

"I want you to paint her for me," she went on presently. "There never was such a face as hers in Furness; and now she's dying, she's more beautiful than ever. Paint her, Mr. Carew; give me a picture of her sweet face, that when she's gone from me I may have something to look on that will remind me of her, and keep me from going mad."

Carew, unable to trust his voice, silently signed assent. He fetched his sketching materials, and fell quietly to work. Mrs. Wolfe, after watching him for a while in silence, felt her grief rising chokingly in her throat, and went away to her own room to sob and pray.

The August day stole on, still and breathless, as if the wind and the birds in the woods, and the very leaves and waters had all hushed themselves in recognition of the presence of death. About the time when the western sky was flushed with a fever of sunset, and shadows like coffin-palls were trailing across grass and woodland, Carew had laid down his brush and looked from the imaged face that had grown beneath his skilful fingers to that other face shrouded by curtain and pillow. He had finished his task.

Mrs. Wolfe had returned to the bedside of her insensible daughter and sat now in a chair by one of the windows, lost in sorrowful thoughts, and motionless as the twilight. Carew stepped lightly past her and bent over the face on the pillow. Would those sealed lids never unclose again? Must this stupor, as the physician had feared, glide insensibly into an enduring sleep?

"It looks like sleep," he thought. He touched the widow gently on the arm. "See, Mrs. Wolfe, how happy her face is. This is sleep that God is giving her. It can't be death."

His companion rose and the two stood side by side, looking earnestly on wasted cheek and drooping eyelash. "Oh, if she would but open her eyes again," said the mother, sorrowfully.

As if the wish had been a summons, the eyes of the sleeper unsealed themselves, and Margaret looked at the two before her. "Mother," she said, in that most delightful of voices—the voice of the rescued one who has passed safely the crisis of fever and shaken off its delirium—"Mr. Carew!"

In the Academy exhibition of the following year, few pictures were more noticed than the

single canvas contributed by Francis Leigh Carew, A. R. A. The scene of this painting was laid in the chapel of the ruined Abbey of Furness; the hour was that of midsummer twilight. From the central niche of the three seats of carved stone that still adorned the chapel, a girlish face looked forth, wondering but undismayed, upon the apparition that confronted her. This was the ghostly figure of an abbot, unsubstantial yet distinct, and frowning malignly upon the fair creature before him. The girl held in her hand an antique jewel-casket, from which a wealth of pearl and ruby had showered out into her lap. This treasure the dim hand of the phantom was extending to reclaim.

Three or four days after the opening of the exhibition there halted before the already purchased picture a young couple for whom it evidently possessed no common interest. The hour was unfashionable, and the room almost empty, and to these facts, rather than to the thin veil, and eyes aglow with radiant happiness, Margaret Carew owed it that no inquisitive stare and whisper proclaimed her, revealed to others than her husband, as the original of the ghost-confronted maiden of the picture.

"I found something better in the abbey than pearls and rubies, Frank," she said at last. Then, as Carew, disturbed from his vision of midsummer twilights, and rooks sailing in the glow of sunset above an ancient ruin, looked round at her, her eloquent eye and mobile lip whispered to him, "My husband."

Carew made no answer until they had reached home, nor, indeed, for a day or two afterward. One morning at breakfast, however, he suddenly set before his wife a vividly-tinted sketch of her face in its bridal aspect of blushing happiness.

"Pearl and ruby, Margaret," he said, pointing to the scarlet lips and white, small teeth revealed by the smile that parted them. "I found them in the abbey of Furness."

VARIETIES.

BEACONSFIELD.—Lord Beaconsfield, when speaking the other night on the Government bill about landlords, looked exceedingly well—as sunburnt and vigorous as if he had just come from hay-making at Hughenden, and his speech, especially towards the close, was marked by much animation, and by all his own felicity of phrase. For the first time for many years he wore a white waistcoat and light trousers. The task of speaking for over an hour was one that cost him a severe physical effort, but the signs of exhaustion were discernible not so much in his voice, which to the last filled the lofty chamber, as in his manner. It was remarked also that towards the close of his speech he took copious draughts of water—an unusual thing with him. Otherwise he displayed a good deal of what may be called his old House of Commons style. There was the same habit of leaning both hands upon the table, fingers outside—the same trick of keeping his handkerchief in his right hand.

THE TRICOLOUR.—The French themselves do not know what is the origin of their present national colours. Although the rage for the tricolour is to-day at its height—Although scarves and bonnets, and even parasols and gloves, have been made in party-coloured hues to celebrate the Republican fête—it remains still a matter of doubt what is the historic meaning of the emblem of the Revolution. The most probable account of its adoption is that the blue and red were borrowed from the ancient badge of the City of Paris, used by the citizens as far back as 1353. It is supposed that the white of the Bourbons was added in deference to the wishes of the Garde Nationale, which was still loyal to the King, but a writer in the *Journal des Debats* is of opinion that Louis XVI. himself, with his own hand, made the change, when at the foot of the staircase of the Hôtel de Ville he placed in the white cockade of his hat the ribbon offered him by Bailly. However this may be, it was some time before the tricolour, used as mere ornament in the hat, became a National flag.

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGES.—Universal languages have their periods like all mundane things. English we are assured is just entering upon its universal rôle. French is declining from its sway. Before that, Latin was the universal language. Its immediate predecessor on the throne was the Phœnician. Only about a century ago Latin was the tongue of the cultivated world. University lectures were commonly delivered in Latin, and students could wander from one foreign seat of learning to another confident that their progress would be delayed by no such barrier as the modern confusion of tongues has erected in the republic of letters. Latin was the language of diplomacy. The Hungarian Parliament discussed affairs of state in Latin, Oliver Cromwell wrote Latin despatches by the hand of John Milton, William of Orange talked well in the same tongue, Sir Robert Walpole always spoke Latin to George I., the king not understanding English and the minister being ignorant of German, while Gustavus Adolphus conversed with Dugald Dalgetty and the Scottish mercenaries who flocked to his standard in the same universally understood tongue. Sir Isaac Newton wrote his "Principia" in Latin, and Dr. Gregory his "Conspicua." It was, indeed, only after the century came in that learned men ceased to apologize for publishing their thoughts in the "vulgar tongue."

NIAGARA FALLS DRY.—The Right Rev. Bishop Fuller, of Niagara, having been taken to task for saying in a public lecture that owing to

the quantity of water being diminished in the Niagara River by the winds drying up Lake Erie, the Falls of Niagara were once dry for a whole day, he re-asserts his statement, and says—"That day was the 31st day of March, 1848. I did not witness it myself, but I was told of it the next day by my late brother-in-law, Mr. Street, M.P. Happening to go out to his place the next day, he told me that his miller (for he had a grist-mill on the rapids above the falls) knocked at his bedroom door about five o'clock in the morning of that day, and told him to get up, as there was no water in the mill race and no water in the great river outside of the race. He said that he was startled at the intelligence, and hurried out as soon as he could dress himself, and then saw the river on the edge of which he had been born, thirty-four years before, dry. After a hurried breakfast he and his youngest daughter (then unmarried) went down about three-quarters of a mile to the precipice itself over which there was a little water running, that, having provided himself with a strong pole, they started for Table Rock, and walked near the edge of the precipice about one-third of the way toward Goat Island, on the American shore, and having stuck this pole in a crevice of the rock, and Miss Street having tied her pocket handkerchief firmly on the top of the pole, they returned. He said that he then turned his view towards the river below the falls, and saw the water so shallow that immense jagged rocks stood up in such a frightful manner that he shuddered when he thought of his having frequently passed over them in the little *Maid of the Mist* (as I often had done). He then turned towards home, and drove from the Canada shore some half mile towards Goat Island."

PATTI AT HOME.—Nothing is talked of in operatic circles but the magnificent fête given recently by Patti to a few choice *affidés* of the Press, at the Castle of Craig-y-nos-Ystradeynlais, in the valley of Swansea, which for completeness and regal liberality surpasses anything of the kind ever beheld in that part of the country since the world began. The guests were few in number, but all of them chosen from the *élite* of the Press, both English and foreign. Dr. Filippo Filippi, of the *Perseveranza* of Milan, with Adrien Marx, of the *Paris Figaro* (the latter having arrived from Paris expressly to assist at the festival), together with several English journalists, accompanied the fair Adelina to her Elizabethian castle. The rest of the company consisted of Nicolini, Franchi, Emanuel, &c. On leaving the train at Swansea, carriages were found ready to convey the guests to Ystradeynlais in time for dinner. All along the road, from the place to the castle, the enthusiasm of the peasantry was excited to the highest pitch, and the impression of the high rank and even royal antecedents of the fair purchaser of Craig-y-nos Castle was rife amongst them. The castle is splendid—forty thousand pounds of the diva's earnings have been expended on the purchase, and as much more on the repairs and embellishments. The dining hall is painted in panels, and in each panel is represented a scene of one or other of the operas in which the fair warbler has obtained the most success—*Traviata*, *Aida*, *Semiramide*, &c., &c. In all of these she is represented singing her duo with Nicolini. The gardens and grounds are magnificent, and the panorama beheld from the windows perfectly sublime. The whole country was astir at the announcement of the fireworks, which were to be let off from the terrace, and even in the remote region of Ystradeynlais more than a thousand people had gathered on the lawn by one o'clock in the day, willing to wait till midnight for the sake of the show. Fire balloons in profusion were sent up, to the great amazement and delight of the spectators. Many of these balloons bore the inscription "God bless Patti!" which excited the wildest enthusiasm, others that of "God bless Nicolini!" which only excited the greatest wonder. Then came the crowning triumph of all—the bouquet representing Patti herself amid a whole shrubbery of laurel wreaths and roses. At twelve o'clock, when all was over, a loud and earnest appeal was sent up from the crowd to the place where Adelina sat enthroned, to induce the diva to sing. At first she objected, but when it was represented that many of these honest peasants had trudged many a mile over the mountains expressly to hear her voice she consented, and with the most charming good nature she trilled forth the simple melody of "Home, Sweet Home." "The scene," writes an eye-witness, "was one never to be forgotten. The night was calm and fair; the crowd stood listening in breathless attention. Not a sound was heard save the echo of that heavenly voice, which seemed to reverberate sweet and clear over hill and valley until it died away amid the stillness of the night. I have heard the prima donna many times at her very best in some of her most popular roles, surrounded by all the splendours of the opera, but never did her voice produce such deep effect, such soul-stirring emotion, as when in the Welsh valley, beneath the stars of heaven, and before an audience composed of the untutored, simple peasantry of the country she warbled forth with intense feeling the simple notes of "Home, Sweet Home!"

THEODORE THOMAS, who returned last week from Europe, has brought with him several musical novelties by distinguished composers which are not to be published anywhere in Europe till they have been brought out by him in New York. They have met, he says, with the endorsement of the best living critics, who have heard them in private.

LITERARY.

JEAN EUGENE HARTENSBUSH, Spanish dramatic author, has died at Madrid at the age of seventy-four.

E. C. Z. JUDSON ("Ned Buntline") resides at Stamford, Delaware county, N. Y., and is said to be a hale old man.

A CHAUCER for schools is in preparation by Mrs. Haweis, in response to a request from many influential teachers that she should prepare such a work.

DR. GUNN, one of Tanner's watchers, says in his book on the subject, that the *New York Herald's* independent watch cost that journal between \$1,600 and \$1,700.

A DIGEST of the Government blue books relating to the Zulu war has been prepared by Bishop Colenso of Natal. The work is 750 pages long and was wholly set up by Zulu type-setters in the Bishop's private printing office.

FASHION NOTES.

BREAKFAST caps grow in favour. ALL outdoor dresses are made short. THE Pilgrim suit originated in England. FLUFFY crimps and bangs are out of date. DERBYS never go entirely out of fashion. JERSEY costumes will be worn next month. PLAIDS will be revived in early fall millinery. POMPADOUR silks are growing in popular favour. MANY narrow ruffles appear on early fall dresses. BEADED silk jerseys will be worn in the early fall.

THE nightgown with shirred waist is a new fancy. SIDE combs of shell, jet, coral and ivory are used again. WHITE evening bonnets will be as fashionable as ever.

IT is admissible to go anywhere now with a short dress. OSTRICH tips and plumes will be in high favour this fall. PLUSH will take the place of velvet in millinery next winter.

MANY ruffles or flounces on skirts will be a feature of fall fashions. CHINESE Corah silks in flowered designs will form parts of fall toilets.

RED pleatings around and under the bottom of dresses increase in number. WIDE canvas belts are more fashionable than either leather or ribbon ones.

GOLD lace, gold ribbon and gold braid will be used to excess in early fall millinery. THE fashionable evening colour takes the name of Ophelia; it is a dark shade of heliotrope.

MARGUERITE sleeves, puffed in the armhole and at the elbow, appear on some of the lately imported Parisian costumes.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MONJESKA and Wales smoke together. VERDI is at work on his opera of "Otello."

THE *Athenaeum* says that piano-forte making is not a trade, but a craft. VICTOR MASSE, the French composer, has finished the score of his opera, "Une nuit de Cléopâtre."

MISS KATE FIELD, who has just added an entertainment on Paris to her repertoire, leaves London for New York on September 9.

DAN RICE has already retired from the religious field and is fitting up a floating circus for the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

MISS LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON, the actress, died suddenly on Sunday last in Paris. She was born at Saragossa, Spain, in the year 1850.

MR. HENRY IRVING says that he has in his possession a play by Mr. Tennyson—a remarkable play—which he will produce during the coming season.

MR. MAX MARTEK has received an invitation from the board of directors of the College of Music in Cincinnati to accept an important position in that institute.

"LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR," the latest opera-bouffe, by J. Offenbach, will be produced at the Standard Theatre, on September 13, by M. Maurice Grau's French opera company.

M. GOUNOD is about to write an oratorio in three parts, called "The Redemption," for the Birmingham festival of 1882. The libretto, of which M. Gounod is himself the author, is already written.

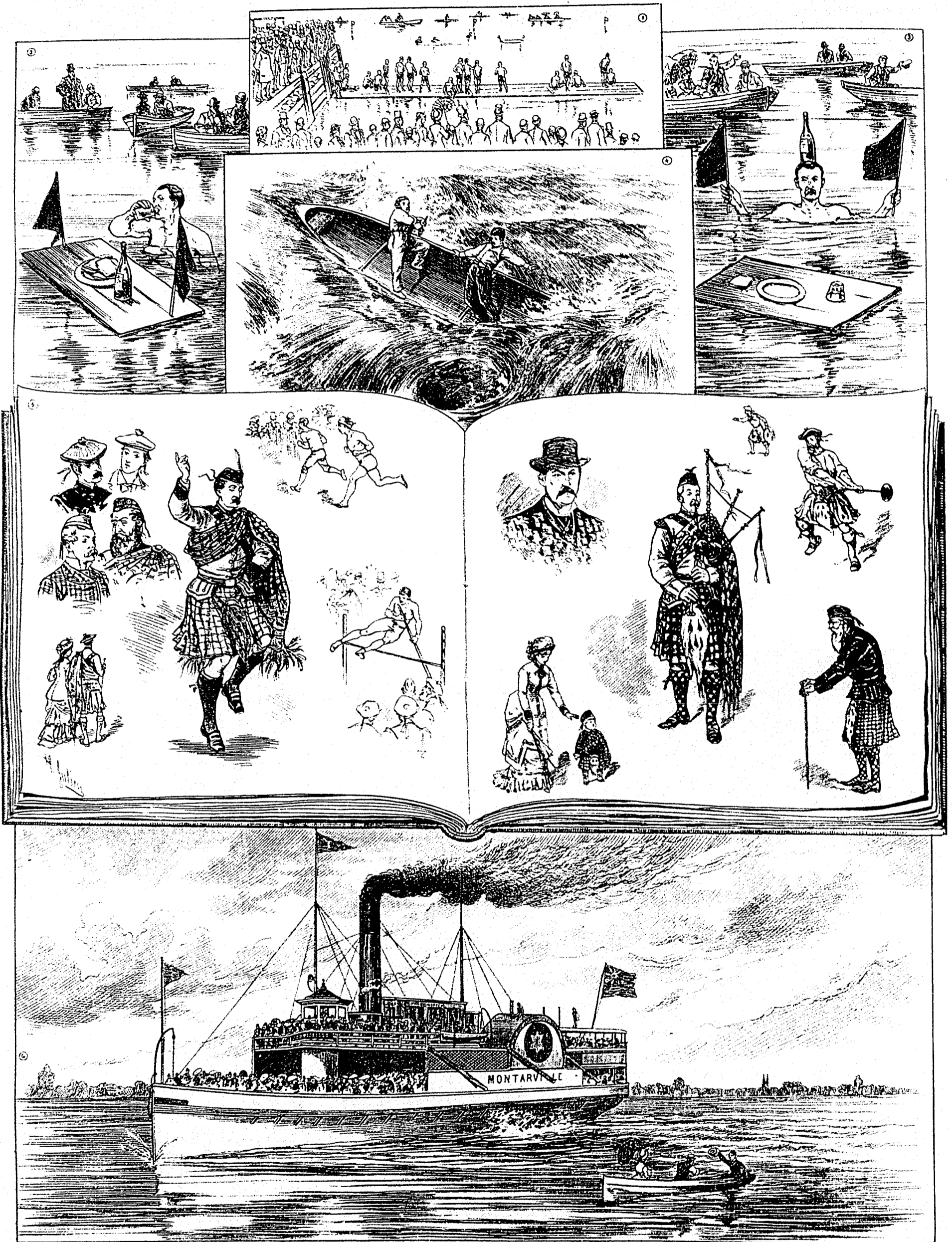
MADAME PATTI says that her favourite opera is "Rigoletto," and her favourite musician Rossini; while, after some little hesitation, she says she has a sincere admiration for Wagner.

IT is said that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan divide upwards of £2,500 by the American season of "The Pirates of Penzance." The legal expenses incurred in the protection of the copyright against pirates amounted to about £1,200.

A REPRESENTATION of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus in English was given last night at Queen Anne's Mansions. The performance has proved beyond a doubt the acting capacities of Greek tragedy, when treated in the modern manner, with the aid of facial expression. The limitations of the ancient stage were all forgotten, when the accomplished woman who played Clytemnestra appeared at the palace door with her bloody axe, and thrilled the audience with her powerful representation of the mighty murderer. She made a bold attempt in also undertaking the part of Cassandra; but in her effort to produce contrast she too much recalled the distractions of a tender Ophelia, though she was delivering the utterances of unavailing prophecy.

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE.

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvellous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.



1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE MONTREAL SWIMMING CLUB COURSE. 2 AND 3. FEATS OF THE MALTESE SWIMMER. 4. ACCIDENT AT THE ST. ANN'S RAPIDS. 5. SKETCHES AT THE MONTREAL THISTLE BENEFIT SOCIETY CELEBRATION. 6. EXCURSION AT ISLE GROSBORIS.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MILITIA.

Major-General Luard, the newly-appointed General commanding the Dominion Militia Forces, has arrived at Ottawa with his family and entered upon the duties of his office. Gen. Luard served in the Crimea in the 77th Regiment, from March, 1855, and on the staff as Brigade-Major to General Stranbenzee, and D. A. General at head quarters from June, 1855, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol, and was decorated for his services with (Medal with Clasp, Brevet of Major, Sardinian and Turkish Medal, and 5th class of the Mejidie.) He also served in China as Brigade-Major with the Second Brigade in 1857-58, and was mentioned in despatches as the first soldier to mount the walls of Canton. For his services in this campaign, he was rewarded with the Brevet of Lieut. Colonel and Medal with Clasp. He also served in Canada as D. A. General on the staff of the then commanding General Sir Hastings Doyle.

VARIETIES.

A NOBLE DEED.—The Empress Eugénie, on her departure for South Africa, was charged by the Queen with two wreaths, which were to be placed on the graves of Lieutenants Melvill and Coghill, who were killed after the battle of Isandula, while attempting to save the colours of the 24th Regiment. Mrs. Melvill, who is now on a visit to Penzance, has received a note from the Queen, enclosing an extract from a letter received by her from the Empress, which extract (in French) is in the Queen's own handwriting. It says:—"We have placed the wreaths with which we were entrusted upon the graves of Lieutenants Coghill and Melvill. If, as I believe, the dead see that which is done for them, these gallant officers will be happy in the consciousness that they have not been forgotten by their Sovereign, whose colours they gave their lives in order to save. The site of the graves is a grand one and very wild; a little further and they would have been saved. It was the loss of their horses that caused their death."

LAST WORDS OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Some of the reports which the Prince Imperial had prepared of the reconnoitring work in which he had taken part have been recovered. The last of these documents, dated May 31, the day before he died, was marked by an excep-

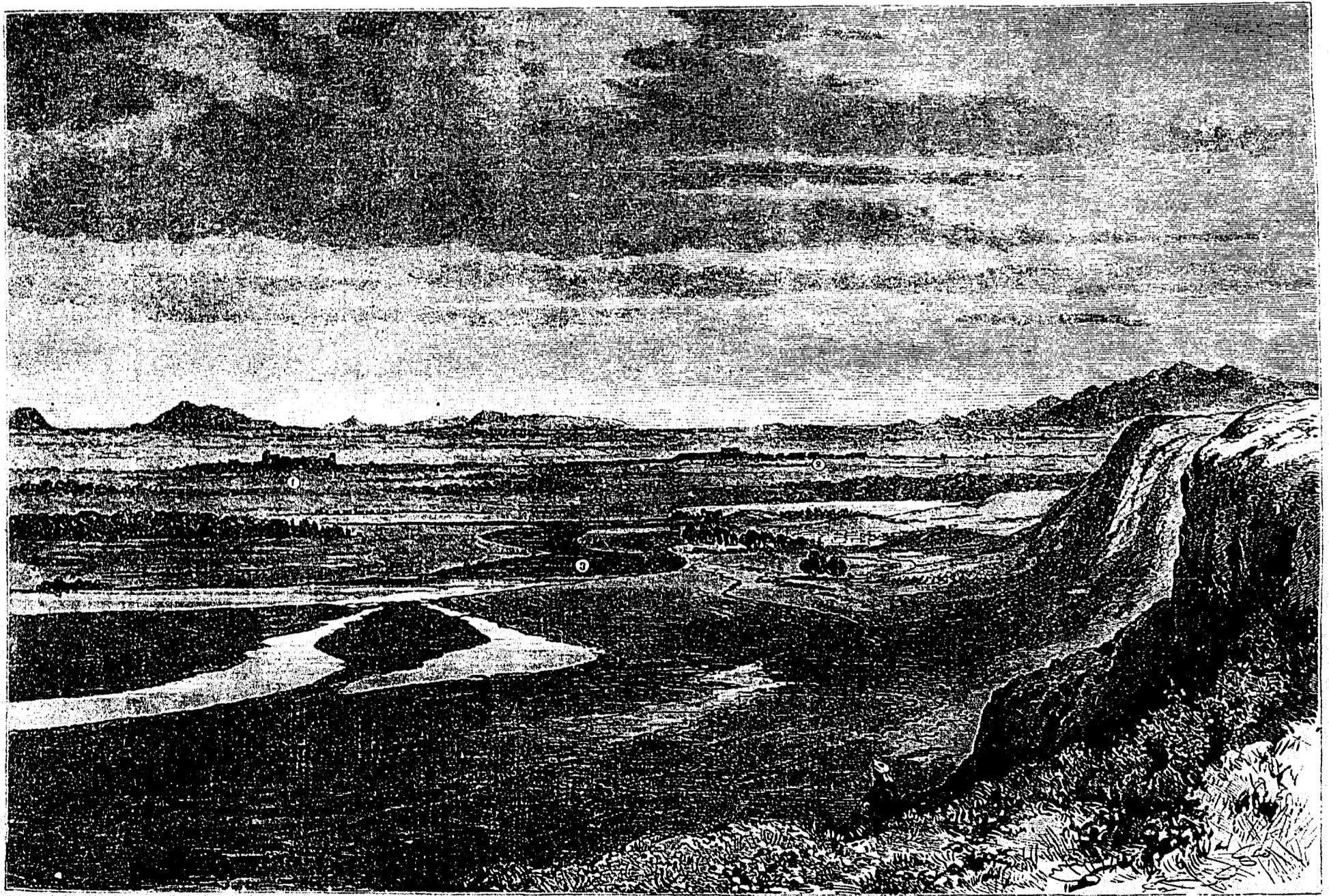


MAJOR-GENERAL LUARD, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MILITIA OF CANADA.
From a Photograph by Topley.

tional grasp of military detail and an unusual mastery of his subject in one so young. It is not generally known that in the pocket of his overcoat, subsequently recovered, was found a scrap of paper, torn out of a note-book, on which were set down the passing notes of the day's movements, from the moment of leaving Kopje Allein "to find a camping ground for 2nd Division," to 1.20, when he jotted down these words, "extremity of either ridge between the Itombokala and the Ityotozi, south; go ahead; good camping ground on slope south of donga." A rough but vivid pencil sketch is given below, with the chief points in the landscape not only delineated, but named. Under this is written, "taken from extremity of spur between Ityotozi and Itombokala." These were the last words written by the Prince.

PARISIAN SOFTAS.—Few Parisians, if called upon to give an opinion of what a softa might be, would connect the expression with the idea of a boulevard "swell." The word is suggestive of Constantinople and Cairo, it conjures up an Oriental halo of Imauns and mosques, Hodjahs, and Mollahs, and Muezzins, rather than the notion of a Mahometan student who dresses in the latest Paris style, whilst strictly observing the precepts of the Koran. See yonder the elegant young Parisian who, on leaving the Café Anglais after partaking of a choice breakfast, thrusts the *Figaro* into the pocket of his overcoat, and meditatively wends his way to the suburban quarter of Ménilmontant, where a genuine mosque on the Oriental system, with a prayer-house and Softa-school, in which the secrets of the Koran and the Sunnah are explained, have existed for many years past. This fashionable young man is a real live Parisian Softa, whom the hour of study and meditation has recalled from the terrestrial delights of the Boulevard des Italiens. The Moslem colony in Paris consists of several hundred souls, and its annexes. The Paris Softas dress well, frequent the theatres, patronize fashionable restaurants, and drive round the Bois de Boulogne; but that does not prevent them from squatting down on a mat and listening fervidly to the profound teaching of a bearded dervish learnedly expounding the true meaning of the precepts of the Prophet.

The members of the Savage Club entertained at dinner the eminent American actors now in London. Mr. Bret Harie and the Lord Mayor were among those who received invitations to be present; Mr. Barry Sullivan was announced to take the chair, supported by Mr. Irving, Mr. Toole, and other distinguished English actors.



1. Castle of Girisahk. 2. Old Girisahk. 3. Ford and Ferry crossing the river at Abbaza.

THE AFGHAN WAR.—THE VALLEY OF THE HELMUND, SCENE OF THE LATE DISASTER.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thule;" "A Daughter of Heth;" "In Silk Attire;" "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton;" "Kilmenny;" "The Monarch of Mincing Lane;" "Madcap Violet;" "The Three Feathers;" "The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killeena;" "Macleod of Dare;" "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart;" etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

VILLAINY ABOARD.

It is near midday; two late people are sitting at breakfast; the sky-light overhead has been lifted, and the cool sea-air fills the saloon.

"Dead calm again," says Angus Sutherland, for he can see the rose-red ensign hanging limp from the mizzen-mast, a blaze of colour against the still blue.

There is no doubt that the *White Dove* is quite motionless; and that a perfect silence reigns around her. That is why we can hear so distinctly—through the open skylight—the gentle footsteps of two people who are pacing up and down the deck, and the soft voice of one of them as she speaks to her friend. What is all this wild enthusiasm about, then?

"It is the noblest profession in the world!"—we can hear so much as she passes the skylight. "One profession lives by fomenting quarrels; and another studies the art of killing in every form; but this one lives only to heal—only to relieve the suffering and help the miserable. That is the profession I should belong to, if I were a man!"

Our young Doctor says nothing as the voice recedes; but he is obviously listening for the return walk along the deck. And here she comes again.

"The patient drudgery of such a life is quite heroic—whether he is a man of science, working day and night to find out things for the good of the world, nobody thanking him or caring about him, or whether he is a physician in practice with not a minute that can be called his own—liable to be summoned at any hour—"

The voice again becomes inaudible. It is remarked to this young man that Mary Avon seems to have a pretty high opinion of the medical profession.

"She herself," he says, hastily, with a touch of colour in his face, "has the patience and fortitude of a dozen doctors."

Once more the light tread on deck comes near the skylight.

"If I were the Government," says Mary Avon, warmly, "I should be ashamed to see so rich a country as England content to take her knowledge second-hand from the German universities; while such men as Dr. Sutherland are harassed and hampered in their proper work by having to write articles and do ordinary doctor's visiting. I should be ashamed. If it is a want of money, why don't they pack off a dozen or two of the young noodles who pass the day whitening quills in the Foreign Office—?"

Even when modified by the distance, and by the soft lapping of the water outside, this seems rather strong language for a young lady. Why should Miss Avon again insist in such a warm fashion on the necessity of endowing research? But Angus Sutherland's face is burning red. Listeners are said to hear ill of themselves.

"However, Dr. Sutherland is not likely to complain," she says, proudly, as she comes by again. "No; he is too proud of his profession. He does his work; and leaves the appreciation of it to others. And when everybody knows that he will one day be among the most famous men in the country, is it not monstrous that he should be harassed by drudgery in the meantime? If I were the Government—"

But Angus Sutherland cannot suffer this to go on. He leaves his breakfast unfinished, passes along the saloon, and ascends the companion.

"Good morning," he says.

"Why, are you up already?" his hostess says. "We have been walking as lightly as we could, for we thought you were both asleep. And Mary has been heaping maledictions on the head of the Government because it doesn't subsidize all you microscope men. The next thing she will want is a license for the whole of you to be allowed to vivisect criminals."

"I heard something of what Miss Avon said," he admitted.

The girl, looking rather aghast, glanced at the open skylight.

"We thought you were asleep," she stammered, and with her face somewhat flushed.

"At least, I heard you say something about the Government," he said, kindly. "Well, all I ask from the Government is to give me a trip like this every summer."

"What," says his hostess, "with a barometer that won't fall?"

"I don't mind."

"And seas like glass?"

"I don't mind."

"And the impossibility of getting back to land?"

"So much the better," he says, defiantly.

"Why," she reminds him, laughing, "you were very anxious about getting back some days ago. What has made you change your wishes?"

He hesitates for a moment, and then he says—

"I believe a sort of madness of idleness has

got possession of me. I have dallied so long with that tempting invitation of yours to stay and see the *White Dove* through the equinoctials that—that I think I really must give in—"

"You cannot help yourself," his hostess says promptly. "You have already promised. Mary is my witness."

The witness seems anxious to avoid being brought into this matter; she turns to the Laird quickly, and asks him some question about Ru-na-Gaul light over there.

Ru-na-Gaul light no doubt it is—shining white in the sun at the point of the great cliffs; and there is the entrance to Tobbermorry; and here is Mingary Castle—brown ruins amid the brilliant greens of those sloping shores—and there are the misty hills over Loch Sunart. For the rest, blue seas around us, glassy and still; and blue skies overhead, cloudless and pale. The barometer refuses to budge.

But suddenly there is a brisk excitement. What though the breeze that is darkening the water there is coming on right ahead!—we shall be moving anyway. And as the first puffs of it catch the sails, Angus Sutherland places Mary Avon in command; and she is now—by the permission of her travelling physician—allowed to stand as she guides the course of the vessel. She has become an experienced pilot; the occasional glance at the leach of the top-sail is all that is needed; she keeps as accurately "full and by" as the master of one of the famous cup-takers.

"Now, Mary," says her hostess, "it all depends on you as to whether Angus will catch the steamer this evening."

"Oh, does it?" she says, with apparent innocence.

"Yes; we shall want very good steering to get within sight of Castle Osprey before the evening."

"Very well, then," says this audacious person.

At the same instant she deliberately puts the helm down. Of course the yacht directly runs up to the wind, her sails flapping helplessly. Everybody looks surprised; and John of Skye, thinking that the new skipper has only been a bit careless, calls out—

"Keep her full, mem, if you please."

"What do you mean, Mary! What are you about?" cries Queen T.

"I am not going to be responsible for sending Dr. Sutherland away," she says, in a matter-of-fact manner, "since he says he is in no hurry to go. If you wish to drive your guest away, I won't be a party to it. I mean to steer as badly as I can."

"Then I depose you," says Dr. Sutherland, promptly. "I cannot have a pilot who disobeys orders."

"Very well," she says, "you may take the tiller yourself"—and she goes away, and sits down in high dudgeon, by the Laird.

So once more we get the vessel under weigh; and the breeze is beginning to blow somewhat more briskly; and we notice with hopefulness that there is rougher water further down the Sound. But with this slow process of beating, how are we to get within sight of Castle Osprey before the great steamer comes up from the South?

The Laird is puzzling over the Admiralty Sailing Directions. The young lady, deeply offended, who sits beside him, pays him great attention, and talks "at" the rest of the passengers with undisguised contempt.

"It is all haphazard, the sailing of a yacht," she says to him, though we can all hear. "Anybody can do it. But they make a jargon about it to puzzle other people, and pretend it is a science, and all that."

"Well," says the Laird, who is quite unaware of the fury that fills her brain, "there are some of the phrases in this book that are verra extraordinary. In navigating this same Sound of Mull, they say you are to keep the 'weather shore aboard.' How can ye keep the weather shore aboard?"

"Indeed, if we don't get into a port soon," remarks our hostess and chief commissariat-officer, "it will be the only thing we shall have on board. How would you like it cooked, Mary?"

"I won't speak to any of you," says the disgraced skipper, with much composure.

"Will you sing to us, then?"

"Will you behave properly if you are reinstated in command?" asks Angus Sutherland.

"Yes, I will," she says, quite humbly; and forthwith she is allowed to have the tiller again.

Brisker and brisker grows the breeze; it is veering to the south, too; the sea is rising, and with it the spirits of everybody on board. The ordinarily sedate and respectable *White Dove* is showing herself a trifle frisky, moreover; an occasional clatter below of hair brushes or candlesticks tells us that people accustomed to calms

fall into the habit of leaving their cabins ill-arranged.

"There will be more wind, sir," says John of Skye, coming aft; and he is looking at some long and streaky "mare's tails" in the south-western sky. "And if there was a gale o' wind, I would let her have it!"

Why that grim ferocity of look, Captain John! Is the poor old *White Dove* responsible for the too fine weather, that you would like to see her driven, all wet and bedraggled, before a south-westerly gale? If you must quarrel with something, quarrel with the barometer; you may admonish it with a belying pin if you please.

Brisker and brisker grows the breeze. Now we hear the first pistol-shots of the spray come rattling over the bows; and Hector of Moildart has from time to time to duck his head, or shake the water from his jersey. The *White Dove* breasts these rushing waves and a foam of white water goes hissing away from either side of her. Speine Mòr and Speine Beg we leave behind; in the distance we can descry the ruins of Aros Castle and the deep indentation of Salem Bay; here we are passing the thick woods of Funeray; "Farewell, farewell, to Funeray!" The squally look in the south-west increases; the wind veers more and more. Commander Mary Avon is glad to resign the helm, for it is not easy to retain hold in these plunging seas.

"Why, you will catch the steamer after all, Angus!" says his hostess, as we go tearing by the mouth of Loch Aline.

"This is a good one for the last!" he calls to her. "Give her some more sheet, John; the wind is going round to the north!"

Whence comes the whirling storm in the midst of the calm summer weather? The blue heavens are as blue as the petal of a crane's bill; surely such a sky has nothing to do with a hurricane. But wherever it comes from, it is welcome enough, and the brave *White Dove* goes driving through those heavy seas, sometimes cresting them buoyantly, at other times meeting them with a dull shock, followed by a swish of water that rushes along the lee scuppers. And those two women folk—without ulsters or other covering; it is a merry game to play jack-in-the-box, and duck their heads under the shelter of the gig when the spray springs into the air. But somehow the sea gets the best of it. Laugh as they may, they must be feeling rather damp about their hair; and as for Mary Avon's face—that has got a bath of salt water at least a dozen times. She cares not. Sun, wind, and sea she allows to do their worst with her complexion. Soon we shall have to call her the Nut-brown Maid.

Brisker and brisker grows the breeze. Angus Sutherland, with a rope round the tiller, has his teeth set hard; he is indeed letting the *White Dove* have it at last, for he absolutely refuses to have the topsail down. The main tack, then; might not that be hauled up? No; he will have none of John of Skye's counsels. The *White Dove* tears her way through the water—we raise a cloud of birds from the rocks opposite Scalladale—we see the white surf breaking in at Craignure—ahead of us is Lismore Light-house, perched over the whirling and struggling tides, shining white in the sunlight above the dark and driven sea.

Ahead she goes: the land she knows!

—past the shadowy ruins of Duart, and out and through the turbulent tides of the lighthouse rocks. The golden afternoon is not yet far advanced; let but this brave breeze continue, and soon they will descry the *White Dove* from the far heights of Castle Osprey!

But there was to be no Castle Osprey for Angus Sutherland that evening, despite the splendid run the *White Dove* had made. It was a race, indeed, between the yacht and the steamer for the quay; and notwithstanding that Mary Avon was counselling everybody to give it up as impossible, John of Skye would hold to it in the hope of pleasing Dr. Sutherland himself. And no sooner was the anchor let go in the bay, than the gig was down from the davits; the men had jumped in; and the solitary portmanteau was tossed into the stern, and Angus Sutherland was hurriedly bidding his adieux. The steamer was at this instant slowing into the quay.

"I forbid any one to say good-bye to him," says our Admiral-in-chief, sternly. "*Au revoir*—auf Wiedersehen—anything you like—no good-bye."

Last of all he took Mary Avon's hand.

"You have promised, you know," she said, with her eyes cast down.

"Yes," said he, regarding her for an instant with a strange look—earnest, perhaps, and yet timid—as if it would ask a question, and dared not—"I will keep my promise." Then he jumped into the boat.

That was a hard pull away to the quay; and even in the bay the water was rough, so that the back-sweep of the oars sometimes caught the waves and sent the spray flying in the wind. The *Chevalier* had rung her bells. We made sure he would be too late. What was the reason of this good-natured indulgence? We lost sight of the gig in at the landing-slip.

Then the great steamer slowly steamed away from the quay; who was that on the paddle-box waving good-bye to us?

"Oh, yes, I can see him plainly," calls out Queen T., looking through a glass; and there is a general waving of handkerchiefs, in reply to the still visible signal. Mary Avon waves her handkerchief, too—in a limp fashion. We do not look at her eyes.

And when the gig came back, and we bade

good-bye for the time to the brave old *White Dove*, and set out for Castle Osprey, she was rather silent. In vain did the Laird tell her some of the very best ones about Homesh; she seemed anxious to get into the house and to reach the solitude of her own room.

But in the meantime there was a notable bundle of letters, newspapers, and what not, lying on the hall-table. This was the first welcome that civilization gave us. And although we defied these claims—and determined that not an envelope should be opened till after dinner—Mary Avon, having only one letter awaiting her, was allowed to read that. She did it mechanically, listlessly—she was not in very good spirits. But suddenly we heard her utter some slight exclamation; and then we turned and saw that there was a strange look on her face—of dismay and dread. She was pale, too, and bewildered—like one stunned. Then without a word, she handed the letter to her friend.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

But she read the letter—and, in her amazement, she repeated the reading of it, aloud. It was a brief, business-like, and yet friendly letter, from the manager of a certain bank in London. He said he was sorry to refer to painful matters; but no doubt Miss Avon had seen in the papers some mention of the absconding of Mr. Frederick Smethurst, of ——. He hoped there was nothing wrong; but he thought it right to inform Miss Avon that, a day or two before this disappearance, Mr. Smethurst had called at the bank and received, in obedience to her written instructions, the securities—£. S. Five Twenties—which the bank held in her name. Mr. Smethurst had explained that these bonds were delivered to a certain broker, and that securities of a like value would be deposited with the bank in a day or two afterwards. Since then nothing had been heard of him till the Hue and Cry appeared in the newspapers. Such was the substance of the letter.

"But it isn't true!" said Mary Avon, almost wildly. "I cannot believe it. I will not believe it. I saw no announcement in the papers. And I did give him the letter—he was acting quite rightly. What do they want me to believe?"

"Oh, Mary!" cries her friend, "why did you not tell us! Have you parted with everything?"

"The money!" says the girl—with her white face, and frightened pathetic eyes. "Oh, I do not care about the money! It has got nothing to do with the money. But—his—his—was my mother's only brother."

The lips tremble for a moment; but she collects herself. Her courage fights through the stun of this sudden blow.

"I will not believe it!" she says. "How dare they say such things of him? How is it we have never seen anything of it in the papers?"

But the Laird leaves these and other wild questions to be answered at leisure. In the meantime, his eyes are burning like coals of fire; and he is twisting his hands together in a vain endeavour to repress his anger and indignation.

"Tell them to put a horse to," he says, in a voice the abruptness of which startles every one. "I want to drive to the telegraph office. This is a thing for men to deal with—not weenies."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ULTIMATUM.

When our good friend the Laird of Denny-mains came back from the post-office, he seemed quite beside himself with wrath. And yet his rage was not of the furious and loquacious sort; it was reticent, and deep, and dangerous. He kept pacing up and down the gravel-path in front of the house, while as yet dinner was not ready. Occasionally he would rub his hands vehemently, as if to get rid of some sort of electricity; and once or twice we heard him ejaculate to himself, "The scoundrel! the scoundrel!" It was in vain that our gentle Queen Titania, always anxious to think the best of everybody, broke in on these fierce meditations, and asked the Laird to suspend his judgment. How could he be sure, she asked, that Frederick Smethurst had really run away with his niece's little property? He had come to her and represented that he was in serious difficulties; that this temporary loan of six or seven thousand pounds would save him; that he would repay her directly certain remittances came to him from abroad. How could he, the Laird, know that Frederick Smethurst did not mean to keep his promise?

But Denny-mains would have none of these possibilities. He saw the whole story clearly. He had telegraphed for confirmation; but already he was convinced. As for Frederick Smethurst being a swindler—that did not concern him, he said. As for the creditors, that was their own look-out; men in business had to take their chance. But that this miscreant, this ruffian, this mean hound should have robbed his own niece of her last farthing—and left her absolutely without resources or protection of any kind in the world—this it was that made the Laird's eyes burn with a dark fire. "The scoundrel! the scoundrel!" he said; and he rubbed his hands as though he would wring the fingers off.

We should have been more surprised at this exhibition of rage on the part of a person so ordinarily placid as Denny-mains, but that every one had observed how strong had become his affection for Mary Avon during our long days on the Atlantic. If she had been twenty times his own daughter he could not have regarded her

with a greater tenderness. He had become at once her champion and her slave. When there was any playful quarrel between the young lady and her hostess, he took the side of Mary Avon with a seriousness that soon disposed of the contest. He studied her convenience to the smallest particular when she wished to paint on deck; and so far from hinting that he would like to have Tom Galbraith revise and improve her work, he now said that he would have pride in showing her productions to that famous artist. And perhaps it was not quite so much the actual fact of the stealing of the money as the manner and circumstance of it that now wholly upset his equilibrium and drove him into this passion of rage. "The scoundrel! the scoundrel!" he muttered to himself, in these angry pacings to and fro.

Then he surprised his hostess by suddenly stopping short, and uttering some brief chuckle of laughter.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "for the leeberty I have taken; but I was at the telegraph-office in any case; and I thought ye would not mind my sending for my nephew Howard. Ye were so good as to say—"

"Oh, we shall be most pleased to see him," said she, promptly. "I am sure he must have heard us talking about the yacht; he will not mind a little discomfort—"

"He will have to take what is given him, and be thankful," said the Laird, sharply. "In my opinion the young people of the present day are too much given to picking and choosing. They will not begin as their parents began. Only the best of everything is good enough for them."

But here the Laird checked himself. "No no, ma'am," said he. "My nephew Howard is not like that. He is a good lad. And as for his comfort on board that yacht, I'm thinking it's not that, but the opposite, he has to fear most. Ye are spoiling us all, the crew included."

"Now we must go in to dinner," is the practical answer.

"Has she come down?" asks the Laird, in a whisper.

"I suppose so."

In the drawing-room we found Mary Avon. She was rather pale, and silent—that was all; and she seemed to wish to avoid observation. But when dinner was announced the Laird went over to her, and took her hand, and led her into the dining-room, just as he might have led a child. And he arranged her chair for her; and patted her on the back as he passed on, and said, cheerfully—

"Quite right—quite right—don't believe all the stories ye hear. *Nil desperandum*—we're not beaten down yet!"

She sat cold and white, with her eyes cast down. He did not know that in the interval her hostess had been forced to show the girl that paragraph of the *Hue and Cry*.

"*Nil desperandum*—that's it," continued the good-hearted Laird, in his blithest manner. "Keep your own conscience clear, and let other people do as they please—that is the philosophy of life. That is what Dr. Sutherland would say to ye, if he was here."

This chance reference to Angus Sutherland was surely made with the best intentions; but it produced a strange effect on the girl. For an instant or two she tried to maintain her composure—though her lips trembled; then she gave way, and bent her head, and burst out crying, and covered her face with her hands. Of course her kind friend and hostess was with her in a moment, and soothed her, and caressed her, and got her to dry her eyes. Then the Laird said, after a second or two of inward struggle—

"Oh, do you know that there is a steamer run on the rocks at the mouth of Loch Etive?"

"Oh, yes," his hostess—who had resumed her seat—said, cheerfully. "That is a good joke. They say the captain wanted to be very clever; and would not have a pilot, though he knows nothing about the coast. So he thought he would keep mid-channel in going into the Loch!"

The Laird looked puzzled; where was the joke?

"Oh," said she, noticing his bewilderment, "don't you know that at the mouth of Loch Etive the rocks are right in the middle, and the channel on each side? He chose precisely the straight line for bringing his vessel full tilt on the rocks!"

So this was the joke, then; that a valuable ship should be sunk! But it soon became apparent that any topic was of profound interest—was exceedingly facetious even—that could distract Mary Avon's attention. They would not let her brood over this thing. They would have found a joke in a coffin. And, indeed, amidst all this talking and laughing Mary Avon brightened up considerably; and took her part bravely; and seemed to have forgotten all about her uncle and his evil deeds. You could only have guessed from a certain preoccupation that, from time to time, these words must have been appearing before her mind, their commonplace and matter-of-fact phraseology in no way detracting from their horrible import: "Police officers and others are requested to make immediate search and inquiry for the above-named; and those stationed at sea-port towns are particularly requested to search outward-bound vessels." The description of Mr. Frederick Smethurst that preceded this injunction was not very flattering.

But among all the subjects, grave and gay, on which the Laird touched during this repast, there was none he was so serious and pertinacious about as the duty owed by young people

to their parents and guardians. It did not seem an opportune topic. He might, for example, have enlarged upon the duties of guardians towards their helpless and unprotected wards. However, on this matter he was most decided. He even cross-examined his hostess, with an unusual sternness, on the point. What was the limit—was there any limit—she would impose on the duty which young folks owed to those who were their parents or who stood to them in the relation of parents? Our sovereign mistress, a little bit frightened, said she had always found her boys obedient enough. But this would not do. Considering the care and affection bestowed on them—considering the hardly-earned wealth spent on them—considering the easy fortune offered to them—was it not bounden on young people to consult and obey the wishes of those who had done so much for them? She admitted that such was the case. Pressed to say where the limit of such duty should lie, she said there was hardly any. So far good; and the Laird was satisfied.

It was not until two days afterwards that we obtained full information by letter of what was known regarding the proceedings of Frederick Smethurst, who, it appears, before he bolted, had laid hands on every farthing of money he could touch, and borrowed from the credulous among his friends; so that there remained no reasonable doubt that the story he had told his niece was among his other deceptions, and that she was left penniless. No one was surprised. It had been almost a foregone conclusion. Mary Avon seemed to care little about it; the loss of her fortune was less to her than the shame and dishonour that this scoundrel had brought on her mother's name.

But this further news only served to stir up once more the Laird's slumbering wrath. He kept looking at his watch.

"She'll be off Easdale now," said he to himself; and we knew he was speaking of the steamer that was bringing his nephew from the south.

By and by—"She'll be near Kerrara, now," he said, aloud. "Is it not time to drive to the quay?"

It was not time, but we set out. There was the usual crowd on the quay when we got there; and far off we could descry the red funnels and the smoke of the steamer. Mary Avon had not come with us.

"What a beautiful day your nephew must have had for his sail from the Crinan," said the Laird's gentle hostess to him.

Did he not hear her? Or was he absorbed in his own thoughts? His answer, at all events, was a strange one.

"It is the first time I have asked anything of him," he said, almost gloomily. "I have a right to expect him to do something for me now."

The steamer slows in: the ropes are thrown across; the gangways run up; and the crowd begins to pour out. And here is a tall and handsome young fellow who comes along with a pleasant smile of greeting on his face.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?" says Queen T., very graciously—but she does not call him "Howard" as she calls Dr. Sutherland "Angus."

"Well, uncle," says he, brightly, when he has shaken hands all round, "what is the meaning of it all? Are you starting for Iceland in a hurry? I have brought a rifle as well as my breech-loader. But perhaps I had better wait to be invited!"

This young man with the clear, pale complexion, and the dark hair, and dark gray eyes, had good looks and a pleasant smile in his favor; he was accustomed to be made welcome; he was at ease with himself. He was not embarrassed that his uncle did not immediately answer; he merely turned and called out to the man who had got his luggage. And when he had got him into the wagonette, and were driving off, what must he needs talk about but the absconding of Mr. Frederick Smethurst, whom he knew to be the uncle of a young lady he had once met at our house.

"Catch him!" said he with a laugh. "They'll never catch him." His uncle said nothing at all.

When we reached Castle Osprey, the Laird said in the Hall, when he had satisfied himself that there was no one within hearing—

"Howard, I wish to have a few meenutes' talk with ye; and perhaps our good friends here will come into the room too—"

We followed him into the dining-room, and shut the door.

"—just to see whether there is anything unreasonable in what I have got to say to ye."

The young man looked rather alarmed; there was an unusual coldness and austerity in the elder man's voice.

"We may as well sit down," he said: "it wants a little explanation."

We sat down in silence, Howard Smith looking more concerned than ever. He had a real affection, as we knew, for this pseudo-uncle of his, and was astounded that he should be spoken to in this formal and cold manner.

The Laird put one or two letters on the table before him.

"I have asked our friends here," said he, in a calm and measured voice, "to listen to what I have to say, and they will judge whether it is unreasonable. I have a service to ask of ye. I will say nothing of the relations between ye and me before this time—but I may tell ye frankly—what doubtless ye have understood—that I had intended to leave ye Denny-mains at my death. I have neither kith nor kin of my own blood; and it was my intention that ye

should have Denny-mains—perhaps even before I was called way."

The young man said nothing; but the manner in which the Laird spoke of his intentions in the past sense might have made the most disinterested of heirs look frightened. After all, he had certainly been brought up on the understanding that he was to succeed to the property.

"Now," said he, slowly, "I may say I have shown ye some kindness—"

"Indeed you have, sir!" said the other, warmly.

"—and I have asked nothing from ye in return. I would ask nothing now, if I was your age. If I was twenty years younger, I would not have telegraphed for ye—indeed no, I would have taken the matter into my own hands—"

Here the Laird paused for a moment or so to regain that coldness of demeanour with which he had started.

"Ay, just so. Well, ye were talking about the man Smethurst as we were coming along. His niece, as you may be aware, is in this house—a better lass was never seen within any house."

The Laird hesitated more and more as he came to the climax of his discourse; it was obviously difficult for him to put this restraint on himself.

"Yes," said he, speaking a little more hurriedly, "and that scoundrel—that scoundrel—has made off with every penny the poor lass had—every penny of it—and she is left an orphan—without a farthing to maintain her wif—and that infernal scoundrel—"

The Laird jumped from his seat; his anger was too much for him.

"I mean to stand by her," said he, pacing up and down the room, and speaking in short ejaculations. "She will not be without a farthing. I will reach her, too, if I can. Ay, ay, if I was but twenty years younger, and had that man before me!"

He stopped short opposite his nephew, and controlled himself so as to speak quite calmly.

"I would like to see ye settled at Denny-mains, Howard," said he. "And ye would want a wife. Now if ye were to marry this young leddy, it would be the delight of my old age to see ye both comfortable and well provided for. And a better wife ye would not get within this country. Not a better!"

Howard Smith stared.

"Why, uncle!" said he, as if he thought some joke was going forward. We, who had been aware of certain profound plans on the part of Denny-mains, were less startled by this abrupt disclosure of them.

"That is one of two things," said the Laird, with forced composure, "that I wished to put before ye. If it is impossible, I am sorely vexed. But there is another; and one or the other, as I have been thinking, I am fairly entitled to ask of ye. So far I have not thought of any return for what I have done; it has been a pleasure to me to look after your up-bringing."

"Well, uncle," said the young man, beginning to look a little frightened, "I would rather hear of the other thing. You know—eh—that is—a girl does not take anybody who is flung at her, as it were—it would be an insult—and—people's inclinations and affections—"

"I know—I know—I know," said the Laird, impatiently. "I have gone over all that. Do ye think I am a fool? If the lass will not have ye, there is an end to it; do your best to get her, and that is enough for me."

"There was another thing—," the young man suggested, timidly.

"Yes, there is," said the Laird, with a sudden change in his manner. "It is a duty, sir, ye owe not to me, but to humanity. Ye are young, strong, have plenty of time, and I will give ye the money. Find me out that man Smethurst; get him face to face; and fell him! Fell him!"—the Laird brought his fist down on the table with a bang that made everything jump, and his eyes were like coals of fire. "None o' your pistols or rapiers or trash like that!—no, no!—a mark on his face for the rest of his life—the brand of a scoundrel between his eyes—there! I will ye do that for me?"

"But, uncle," cried the young man, finding this alternative about as startling as the other, "how on earth can I find him? He is off to Brazil, or Mexico, or California, long ere now, ye may depend on it."

The Laird had pulled himself together again.

"I have put two things before ye," said he, calmly. "It is the first time I have asked ye for a service, after having brought ye up as few lads have been brought up. If you think it is unfair of me to make a bargain about such things, I will tell ye frankly that I have more concern in that young thing left to herself than in any creature now living on earth; and I will be a friend to her as well as an old man can. I have asked our friends here to listen to what I had to say; they will tell ye whether I am unreasonable. I will leave ye to talk it over."

He went to the door. Then he turned for a moment to his hostess.

"I am going to see, ma'am, if Mary will go for a bit walk wi' me—down to the shore, or the lake; but we will be back before the hour for dinner."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW SUITOR.

It is only those who have lived with her for a number of years who can tell when a certain person becomes possessed with the demon of mischief, and allows sarcasm and malignant

laughter and other unholy delights to run riot in her brain. The chief symptom is the assumption of an abnormal gravity, and a look of simple and confiding innocence that appears in the eyes. The eyes tell most of all. The dark pupils seem even clearer than is their wont, as if they would let you read them through and through; and there is a sympathetic appeal in them; the woman seems so anxious to be kind, and friendly, and considerate. And all the time—especially if it be a man who is hopelessly dumbfounded—she is revenging the many wrongs of her sex by covertly laughing at him and enjoying his discomfort.

And no doubt the expression on Howard Smith's face, as he sat there in a bewildered silence, was ludicrous enough. He was inclined to laugh the thing away as a joke, but he knew that the Laird was not given to practical jokes. And yet—and yet—

"Do you really think he is serious?" he blurted out at length, and he spoke to this lady with the gentle innocent eyes.

"Oh, undoubtedly," she answered, with perfect gravity.

"Oh, no; it is impossible!" he said, as if arguing with himself. "Why, my uncle, of all men in the world,—and pretending it was serious—of course people often do wish their sons or daughters to marry a particular person—for a sensible reason, to keep estates together, or to join the fortunes of a family—but this—no, no; this is a joke, or else he wants to drive me into giving that fellow a licking. And that, you know, is quite absurd: you might as well drag the Atlantic for a penknife."

"I am afraid your uncle is quite serious," said she, demurely.

"But it was to be left to you," he answered, quickly. "You were to say whether it was unreasonable. Surely you must see it is not reasonable. Neither the one thing nor the other is possible."

Here the young man paused for a moment.

"Surely," he said, "my uncle can't mean, by putting these impossible things before me, to justify his leaving his property to somebody else? There was no need for any such excuse; I have no claim on him; he has a right to do what he pleases."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Queen T., promptly. "Your uncle is quite resolved, I know, that you should have Denny-mains."

"Yes—and a wife," responded the young man, with a somewhat wry smile. "Oh, but you know, it is quite absurd; you will reason him out of it, won't you? He has such a high opinion of your judgment, I know."

The ingenious youth!

"Besides," said he, warmly, "do you think it very complimentary to your friend, Miss Avon, that any one should be asked to come and marry her?"

This was better: it was an artful thrust. But the bland, sympathetic eyes only paid him a respectful attention.

"I know my uncle is pretty firm when he has got a notion into his head," said he, "and—and—no doubt he is quite right in thinking that the young lady has been badly treated, and that somebody should give the absconder a thrashing. All that is quite right; but why should I be made responsible for it? I can't do impossible things."

"Well, you see," said his sage adviser, with a highly matter-of-fact air, "your uncle may not regard either the one thing or the other as impossible."

"But they are impossible," said he.

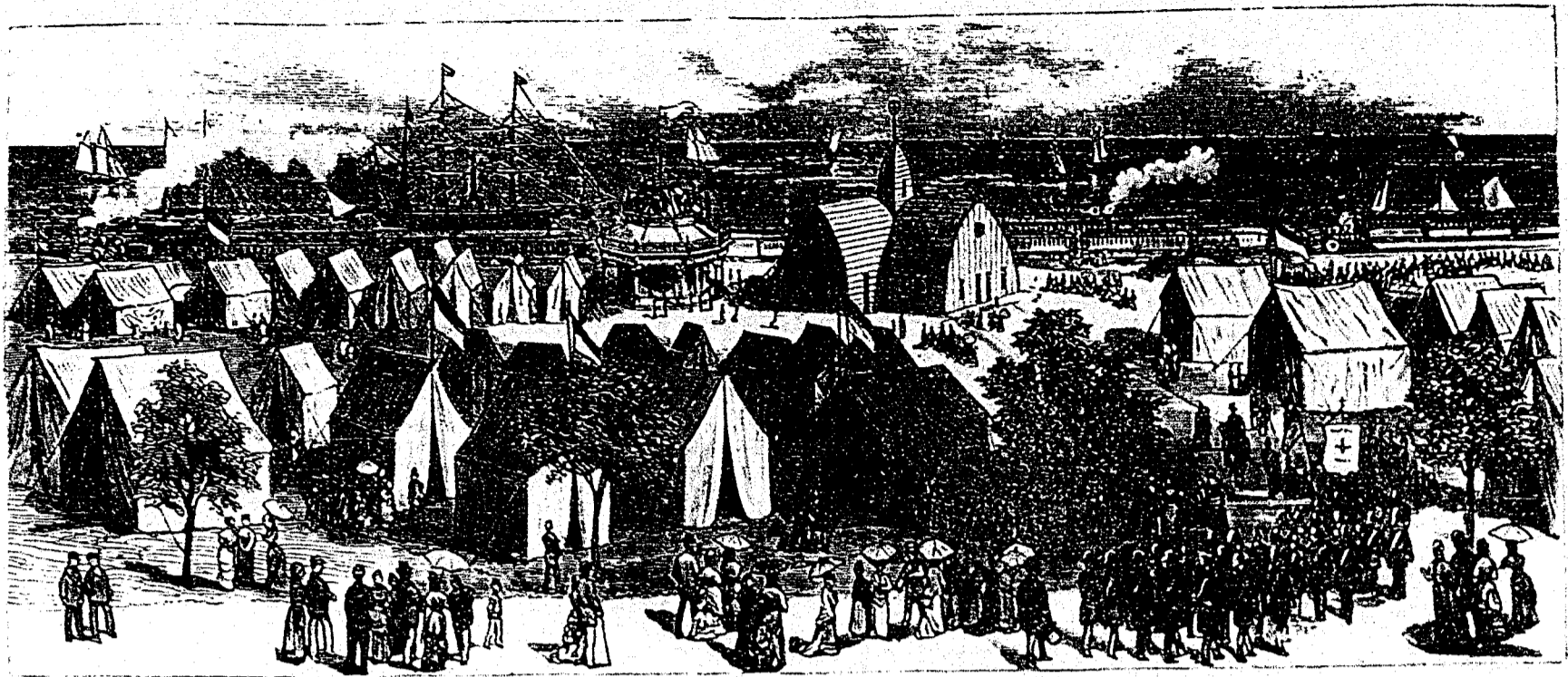
"Then I am very sorry," said she, with great sweetness. "Because Denny-mains is really a beautiful place. And the house would lend itself splendidly to a thorough scheme of redecoration; the hall could be made perfectly lovely. I would have the wooden dado painted a dark bottle-green, and the wall over it a rich Pompeian red—I don't believe the colours of a hall can be too bold if the tones are good in themselves. Pompeian red is a capital background for pictures, too; and I like to see pictures in the hall; the gentlemen can look at them while they are waiting for their wives. Don't you think Indian matting makes a very nice, serviceable, sober-coloured dado for a dining-room—so long as it does not drive you pictures too high on the wall?"

The fiendishness of this woman! Denny-mains was being withdrawn from him at this very moment; and she was bothering him with questions about its decoration. What did he think of Indian matting?

"Well," said he, "if I am to lose my chance of Denny-mains through this piece of absurdity, I can't help it."

"I beg your pardon," said she, most amiably; "but I don't think your uncle's proposal so very absurd. It is the commonest thing in the world for people to wish persons in whom they are interested to marry each other; and very often they succeed by merely getting the young people to meet, and so forth. You say yourself that it is reasonable in certain cases. Well, in this case, you probably don't know how great an interest your uncle takes in Miss Avon, and the affection he has for her. It is quite remarkable. And he has been dwelling on this possibility of a match between you—of seeing you both settled at Denny-mains—until he almost regards it as arranged. Put yourself in his place, as Mr. Reade says. It seems to him the most natural thing in the world, and I am afraid he will consider you very ungrateful if you don't fall in with his plan."

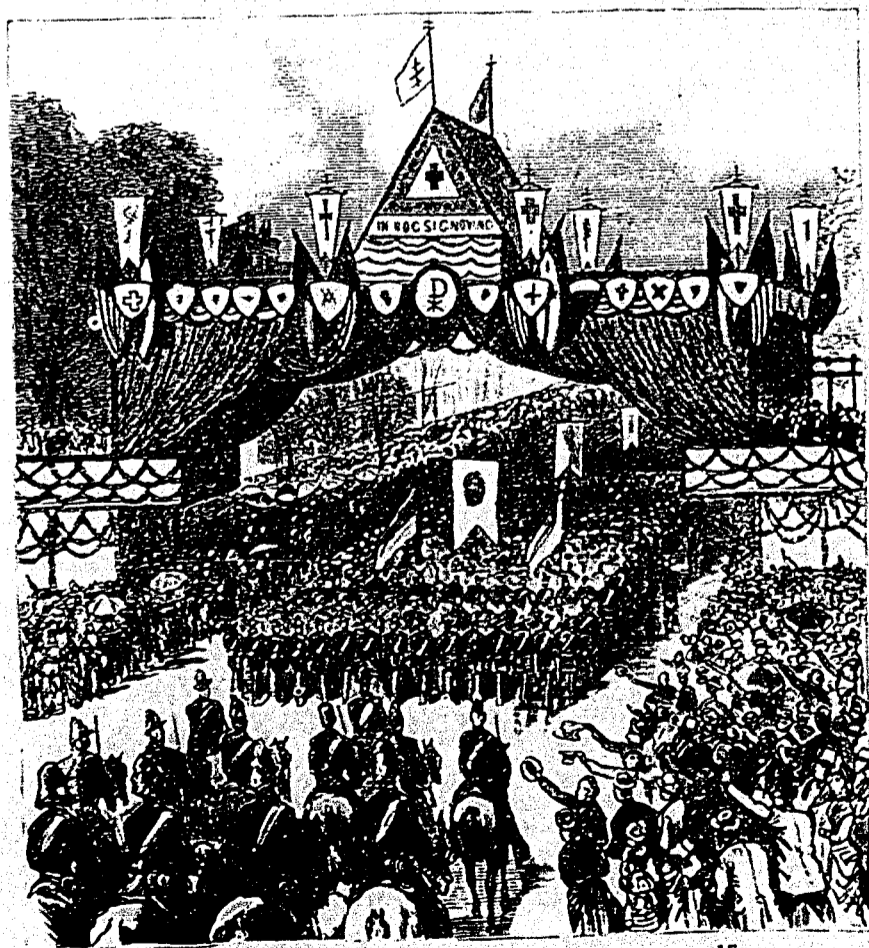
Deeper and deeper grew the shadow of per-



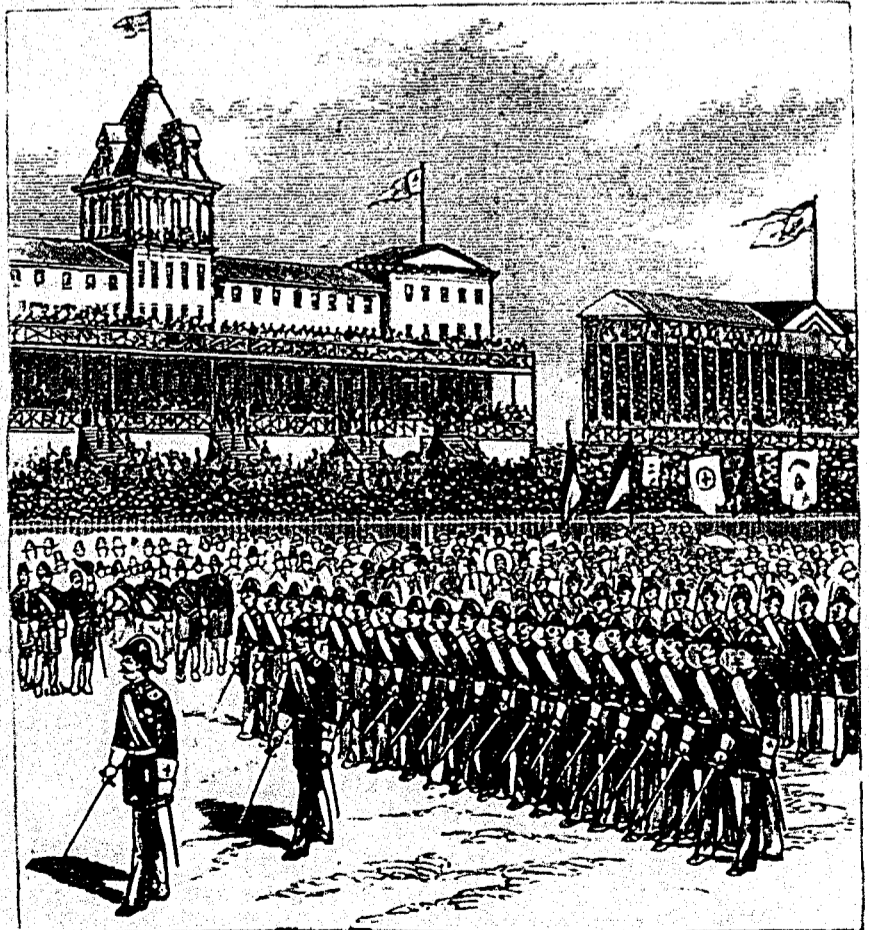
THE ASYLUM AND ENCAMPMENT ON LAKE FRONT PARK.



DINING THE KNIGHTS AND GUESTS IN THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.

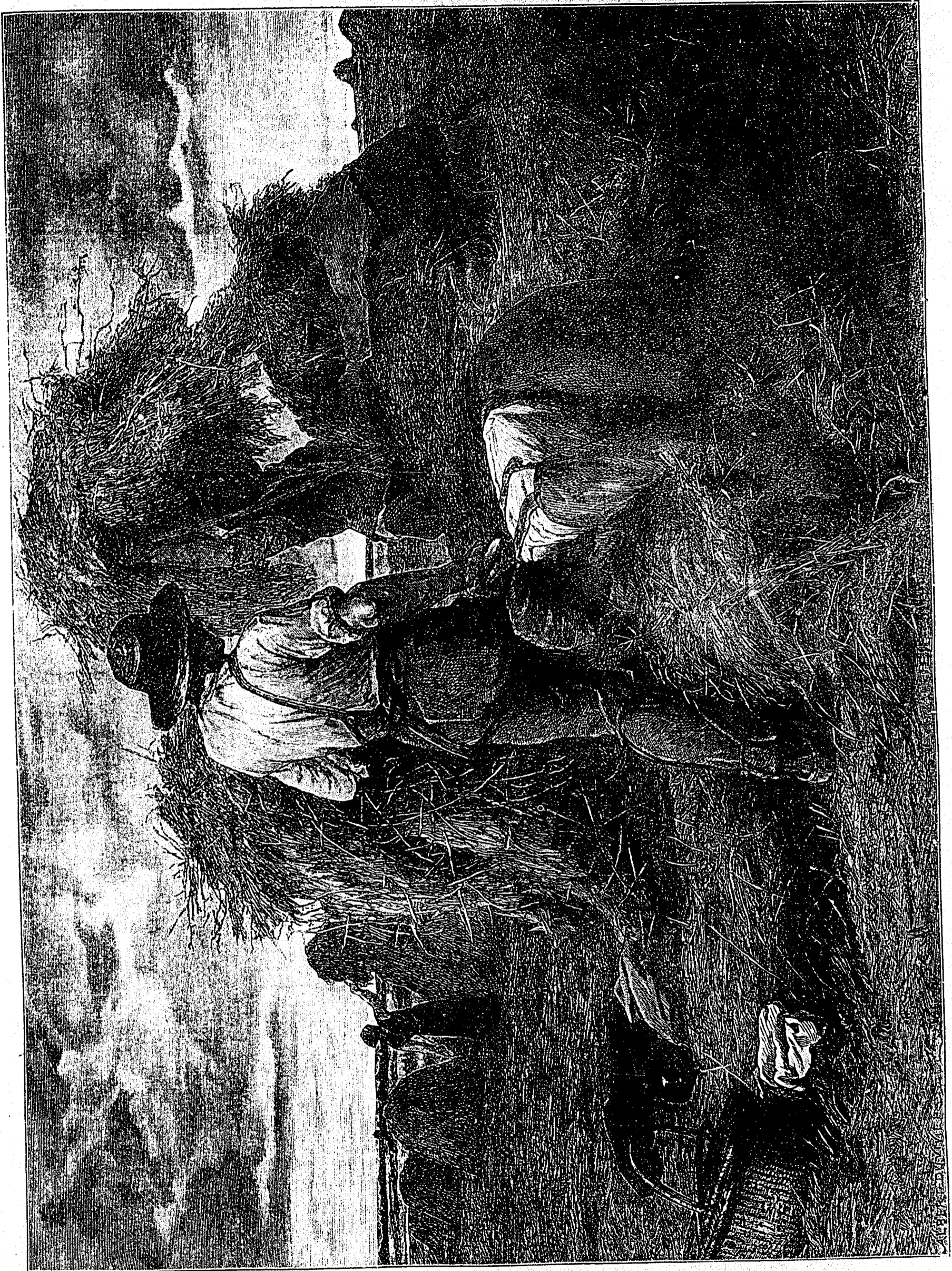


REVIEW OF THE PROCESSION ON WABASH AVENUE, AUGUST 17TH.



GRAND COMPETITIVE PRIZE DRILL AT THE CHICAGO JOCKEY CLUB PARK.

TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS AT CHICAGO.



THE HARVEST.

NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the British American Bank Note Company, for the election of Directors and other business, will be held at the office of the Company, 81, John Street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 7th September, 1880, at FOUR O'CLOCK, P.M.

By Order, GEO. JNO. BOWLES, Secretary.

Montreal, 20th August, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Snowploughs, Wing-ploughs and Plungers.

A PART from the Tenders to be received for Rolling Stock on the 1st of OCTOBER next, Tenders will be received by the undersigned until noon on WEDNESDAY, the 8th of September next, for the supply of Six Snow-ploughs, Six Wing-ploughs and six Plungers, for use on the line in Manitoba to be operated during the coming winter.

Drawings and Specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, and at the Station Masters' Offices in St. John and Halifax, on and after MONDAY, the Twenty-third instant.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 16th August, 1880.

IN PRESS—TO BE PUBLISHED IN JANUARY, 1881

LOVELL'S

Gazetteer of British North America:

CONTAINING the latest and most authentic descriptions of over 7,500 Cities, Towns and Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-west Territories, and other general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, etc., of over 1,800 Lakes and Rivers; a TABLE OF ROUTES, showing the proximity of the Railroad Stations, and Sea, Lake and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, etc., in the several Provinces, (this Table will be found invaluable); and a neat Coloured Map of the Dominion of Canada. Edited by P. A. CROSBY, assisted by a Corps of Writers. Subscribers' names respectfully solicited. Agents wanted.

Priced \$3—Payable on Delivery.

JOHN LOVELL & SON, Publishers.

Montreal, August, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

THE time for receiving tenders for the supply of Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, to be delivered during the next four years, is further extended to 1st October next.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 26th July, 1880.

CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case Name on all 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

FOR ADVERTISING IN THE Canadian Illustrated News MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SNIFFIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES, NEW YORK.

ROBERT MILLER,

ROOKBINDER

AND WHOLESALE STATIONER,

15 Victoria Square, Montreal.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry, Cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 17-19-52-362, 55 College Street.

SEND 10c. to the Queen City Card House, Toronto, Ont., for 25 Pretty Bird and Floral Cards, 25 new Transparent, 25 White Bristol, or 5 neat assorted Cards, with name. 12 Turn down card, gilt beveled edge, very handsome, 20c. Outfit 10c.

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A MAMMOTH FAIR — OF — SURPASSING MAGNITUDE

— AND — GRANDEUR! IN THE CITY OF

MONTREAL,

SEPTEMBER

14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd & 24th.

A Programme never before excelled on the Continent. A Fortnight of Exciting Spectacles and Delightful Amusements.

Eight Magnificent Exhibition Buildings, making one of the most complete Fair Grounds in America.

The Exhibition proper will embrace a Grand Display of Ingenious Machinery, in motion, showing the Process of Manufacture, together with the various Agricultural, Horticultural, Industrial and Mineral Products of the Dominion, and Contributions from the Outside World.

The Incidental Attractions are on a magnificent scale, and embrace a combination of sights which may not be witnessed again in a lifetime.

A Lacrosse Tournament,

Consisting of a series of exciting matches amongst the crack Clubs of the world, showing the National Game in all its perfection and presenting the finest opportunity to witness Lacrosse ever given in this or any other country.

Torpedo Explosions

In the harbor, showing the modes of torpedo warfare with their thrilling spectacular effects.

A Superb Display of Fireworks

With illuminations of the Mountain by Bengal fires and magnificent aerial pyrotechnic exhibitions, including the discharge of two hundred bomb shells of the largest size, bursting in mid-air and filling the heavens with showers of gorgeous stars.

Balloon Ascensions.

Mammoth Musical Festivals.

Grand Athletic Feats.

Electric Light Exhibitions.

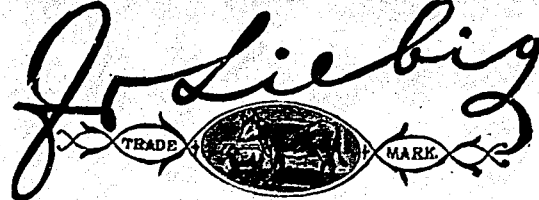
Music by three Military Bands in the Public Gardens every Night.

Exciting and edifying fun for the million.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO AND FROM THE CITY.

SEE PROGRAMME.

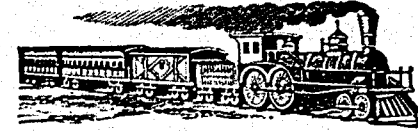
LIEBIG COMPANY'S



EXTRACT OF MEAT

FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES. CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c. "Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years." To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Wednesday, June 23, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows include: Leave Hochelaga for Hull, Arrive at Hull, Leave Hull for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Quebec, Arrive at Quebec, Leave Quebec for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome, Arrive at St. Jerome, Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga.

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.

All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

GENERAL OFFICE, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

TICKET OFFICES, 13 Place d'Armes, and 202 St. James Street, Montreal.

Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.

L. A. SENECAU, Gen'l Supt.

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MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange,

DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty.

G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

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The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of illustration, including half column description, \$30; quarter-page of illustration, including quarter column description, \$10. 10 per cent. off on cash payments.

INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal-orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.

This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matter connected with our Manufactories, Foundries, and Machine Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

Mr. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW Times Building, NEW YORK, is authorized to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY

(LIMITED)

CAPITAL \$200,000,

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3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

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12 POWER PRESSES

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4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,

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Established 1865.—13,000 now in use.

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SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
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IMPORTER OF

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ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS.

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50 Gold, Chrome, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all, 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples, 10c. Heavy Gold plated Ring for club of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford, Ct.

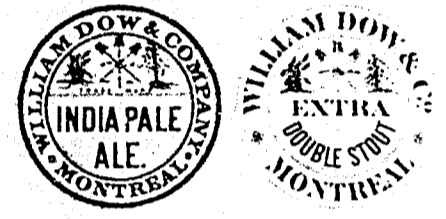


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St. Louis Hotel
ST LOUIS STREET
QUEBEC
The Russell Hotel Company
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This Hotel, which is unrivalled for size, style and locality in Quebec, is open throughout the year for pleasure and business travel, having accommodation for 500 Guests.

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BREWERS and MALTSTERS,
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Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 156-52-50

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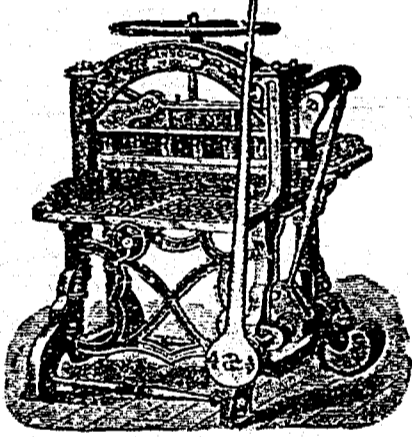
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LAUNDRY BAR.
Ask for it, and take no other.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
Trade Mark. | Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

This is the wonderful **Hansons' Diamond of Science**, artistically mounted in a heavy gold band ring, guaranteed 14 karats pure "fine". The stone is two carats and is claimed 99 per cent. pure diamond, and is the most beautiful gem in the world. It is a perfect triumph of chemistry, dazzling in brilliancy as the noon-day sun. It is hard, exquisitely cut, and stands every test, and will blue with barbers' razors, occasionally, will blue with increased splendor each season. The price of this same as engraving, sent free to any address, is five dollars. We manufacture them in clusters of seven stones, or in single solitaires brilliantia, twice the size of the above for eight dollars. Guaranteed to be delivered, safe and prompt. 23 St. Nicholas St., Address registered letter or P.O. order to William Walkerton & Co., Box 189, Montreal.

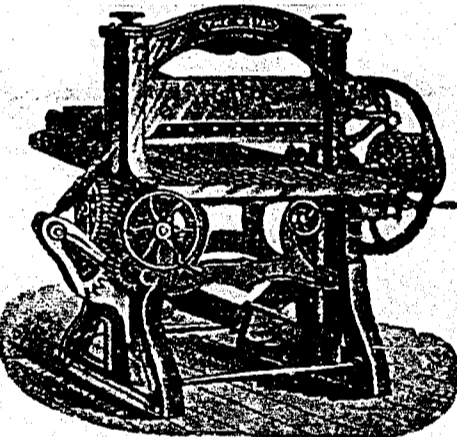
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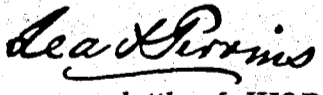


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30 inch. 32 inch.



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