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# Wholesale News

Vol. XXII.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1880.

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OUR MINES.—ONE OF THE FOUR PILLARS OF THE PROSPERITY OF CANADA.

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When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

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Aug. 14th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon... 81°	66°	73°	Mon... 75°	53°	64°
Tues... 86°	66°	76°	Tues... 72°	52°	62°
Wed... 80°	68°	74°	Wed... 78°	54°	66°
Thur... 80°	69°	74°	Thur... 74°	55°	64°
Fri... 81°	65°	73°	Fri... 82°	55°	68°
Sat... 80°	64°	72°	Sat... 80°	55°	67°
Sun... 70°	67°	70°	Sun... 74°	64°	69°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 21, 1880.

### MINISTERS AND THE RAILWAY.

It will not be a surprise to the readers of this journal to be told that the ministers in England have completely succeeded in their mission, and that men of ample capital have undertaken the task of building the Pacific Railway. We had no doubt from the first that Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, Sir CHARLES TUPPER and Hon. J. H. POPE did not go on a bootless mission, and so stated. They had, in fact, in their hands when they went, ability to command success.

We believe it will be found that the scheme they have proposed is one that is carefully guarded; and it is of a nature to command at once both the confidence of capitalists and the people of Canada. The Ministerial explanations proper will, of course, be reserved for communication to Parliament; but probably it may earlier transpire that capitalists have accepted a land payment for the work; the land only to be given in proportion to the work done.

No more important question could be proposed for the acceptance of the Dominion; and the day of its settlement may be marked as the whitest in our annals. The influx of one hundred millions of active capital, and the untold millions that will come in with thirty to fifty thousand settlers a year in the North-west as the work proceeds, will within the next ten years make such an era of prosperity as this country has never known before, and for which the most sanguine among us are not prepared.

We have noticed in some of the papers, even in one of our Montreal contemporaries, some expressions regarding the possible "calamitous" results of land monopolies, and the "disasters" which might arise from fastening them upon us. But surely the people who use language of this sort are singularly ignorant of the history of this continent for the last ten years. Why, the United States Government within that time has given two hundred millions of acres of its western lands to build railways. And what have they done? They have built many thousands of miles of railways; they have induced settlement by millions; and in

short have created a prosperity and a growth of wealth so unexampled as to constitute one of the wonders of the world. The interest of these western land companies is the most rapid settlement possible; first that they cannot live unless they sell and settle their lands; and second, that population and production are necessary for traffic by their railways.

If these facts are unfortunately unknown to some people who yet undertake to instruct others, it is happy for the people of Canada that they are known by the eminent men in whose hands, for the time being, are the reins of Government on one side, and on the other by men who have the control of capital. These latter, moreover, know that the country to be opened up is as large as the continent of Europe in extent, and almost illimitable in its great resources, especially in the fact that it contains the wheat zone of the continent of North America.

We doubt if the system of party journalism which leads to blind attack on every act of the Government, whether it is for good or ill, will ultimately bring much profit to those who are responsible for it; and we are glad to notice that the leading Opposition organ in this city has risen superior to this weakness, in the matter which we are discussing, at least. We hope that yet many of the Opposition papers will rise above party for the sake of the prosperity of our common country.

### BOHEMIAN JOURNALISM.

An incident which occurred in Montreal, last week, has perhaps been made too much of from a personal point of view, but professionally, as it affects the standing and good repute of journalism, it deserves more than a passing notice. One morning we read in the papers that a "Bohemian Club" had been established in Montreal. The *modus operandi* seems to have been of the simplest and most primitive character. Some two or three persons met, and without further ado proceeded to the election of officers, choosing gentlemen, the majority of whom were not present, who knew nothing of the objects of the meeting, and who especially had not the slightest acquaintance with the prime mover in the matter. This rather cavalier style of doing things might perhaps have been overlooked had the objects of the association been clearly and definitely placed on a high plane, and had a reasonable guarantee been furnished of its stability. But neither of these requisites was made apparent and a flavour of the direct contrary was furnished by the name of the club. Thereupon nearly all the newspaper men of the city resolved to hold aloof from it, and several sent their recusal to the press, accompanied by some severe commentaries.

We thoroughly agree with the gentlemen who acted thus, and for two reasons—because the time is not yet ripe for a permanent journalistic society here, and because, when it is established, it must be Bohemian neither in name nor in deed. Several attempts have been made within the past five or six years to institute a Press Club, in Montreal, but with the exception of the Kuklos, which survived through a whole winter, thanks to exceptionally favourable circumstances, all trials have resulted in ignominious failure. We shall not stop to discuss the reasons therefor. The fact is there and should stand as a deterrent against any similar efforts for some time to come. And we strenuously object to have the reproach of Bohemianism attached to our profession. There are tainted wethers in every flock, but, as a rule, we make bold to say that no class of men deserve public respect and recognition more than do the toilers in the field of journalism. Almost all of them are men of education and culture, and as such cannot but have gentlemanly instincts and affiliations. Their work is necessarily of the wear and tear description, especially on a morning paper, where the terrible strain of night labour

is indispensable, but it is the best tribute to their mental and moral habits that they bear the burden so well. Some people may be charitable enough to interpret the word "Bohemian" in a mild sense, but those who know the origin of the term, and the associations linked to it by the writings of MURGER and THACKERAY, cannot feel complimented in having it applied to them, when once they have got through sowing their wild oats, and have taken to a profession from which they contemplate deriving both an income and a measure of reputation. With the return of better times, we trust the journalists of this city will soon be enabled to establish a club that shall faithfully represent them socially as well as professionally.

### THE CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN.

We are glad to see that the regular publications of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal have resumed in their old form, and in a typographical dress which reflects much credit upon the printers, Messrs. English & Somerville. The contents of the present number are varied and interesting. Among other features is a paper by Mr. Edward Murphy entitled: "Some Notes on old Montreal" which has the only defect of being too short. It is satisfactory to know, however, that Mr. Murphy's project of a work on the "Streets of Montreal" will be taken up by a prominent member of the Society and put through without delay, taking for its basis the copious notes which Mr. Murphy has been collecting for years. A great want will thus be supplied and we shall soon have for Montreal what Mr. LeMoine did for Quebec—in papers which originally appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR MINES.—The front page cartoon of the present issue has reference to the remarkable development of our mining interests, which has taken place of late. The Government of Quebec have passed a most elaborate Act in this sense, and reports from Nova Scotia and the Ottawa Valley, received only last week, leave no room to doubt that these countries are exceptionally rich in even the precious metals. With the return of prosperity we may look forward to operations on a large scale for the development of our mineral sources, which, with lumber, the fisheries and grain, form the pillars of the Dominion.

BULL-FIGHTING IN NEW YORK.—The long-talked of bull-fight came off in New York on Saturday afternoon, July 31st, in the new amphitheatre on Seventh Avenue, after an unexpected legal fight for possession of the entrance money at the box-office. At about 5:30 the band struck up a march, and light Spanish toreros, dressed in gaudy costumes, and with their richly-colored capes hanging from their shoulders, advanced into the arena. None of them seemed to be under forty or forty-five years of age. They were led by Senor Angel Valdemore, the chief, and took off their curiously-shaped black hats when the crowd cheered them. The toreros separated in the centre of the ring, after the manner of opening the "grand cavalcade" of a circus, and selected their cloaks, which had been hanging on the inner barrier; then the bull-fight began, but it was a farce all through, and the fizzle was so transparent that it was not repeated on the following day.

THE WIMBLEDON PRIZES.—The meeting terminated with the presentation of the prizes. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Princesses of the family and the Duke of Cambridge, arrived at four o'clock. The presentation took place on a raised platform erected near the front of the enclosure, before the Cottage. The Royal party were received by the Earl and Countess of Stanhope, Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay, Colonel Stephens, Col. Oxley, Captain St. John Milinay, the Secretary of the Association, and other members of the Council, Mr. Childers, Secretary of State for War, Sir Stafford Northcote, Colonel North, Earl Waldegrave, and others. An interesting part of these proceedings was the presentation by the Princess of Wales, who is a Dame Chevalière of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, of the silver medal awarded by the Duke of Manchester and the Chapter to Captain G. Fred. Harris, 3rd Buffs (Camp Adjutant), for his gallantry in saving the lives of five persons at a fire in Dublin. The presentation was made before the distribution of the prizes, Her Royal Highness graciously addressing a few words to the recipient, and pinning the medal on his breast.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.—We have another fatal boating accident to chronicle this week. A number of gentlemen were rowing at the Chats, in the Ottawa district, when their embarkation was sucked into an eddy, and one of their number was thrown out into the seething waters. Seizing a plank, he clung to it, but it turned round, till he was finally obliged to abandon

his hold and disappeared like a shot, leaving the plank still revolving. His companions lingered on the brink of the cauldron, but were powerless to assist him.—Another accident was the collapse of a house in the east end of this city, containing an over-load of grain. Three boys were buried under the ruins, and one was smothered to death.—We give also a representation of the narrow escape of a woman and her little daughter, near Ottawa, who, while picking wild berries, were attacked by a large bear. The animal chased them for some distance, but, thinking better of it, returned to the bushes, where he devoured all the collected berries and then amused himself by tearing up the two hats that had been left behind.—We add a view of a novel baptismal service which took place, a few days ago, in the St. Lawrence, near the Victoria Bridge, according to the rites of the Adventist Church.—The matches of the Twelfth Annual Prize Meeting of the Quebec Rifle Association form the subject of another sketch. The meeting this year extended over four days, and was, in every respect, a most successful exhibition, testifying to the zeal and devotion which animates the volunteers of this Province for everything connected with their improvement and efficiency.

THE FAST OF FORTY DAYS.—At noon on Saturday, August 7th, Dr. Tanner completed his feat of abstaining from food for a period of forty consecutive days. During the last week of his fast he took but little walking or carriage exercise, and experienced several severe attacks of sickness. Early on the thirty-eighth day he was taken violently ill, and declared that some unscrupulous person had tampered with his spring water. So strong was he in this belief that two of his watchers endeavored to prove his suspicions groundless by drinking of the water themselves. The result was that they, too, were taken similarly ill. One of them, Dr. Miller, gave it as his opinion that the water had been impregnated with tartar emetic. Besides exhibiting much irritability, Dr. Tanner at times acknowledged a feeling of extreme weakness, and yet at no time did he lose confidence in his ability to hold out to the last minute of the fortieth day. Music was his favorite diversion from the beginning of the fast. By it he seemed to become excited and animated. But on the thirty-ninth day he would allow no music, with one exception. Then the watchers began to realize how weak and worn the doctor was. Everything irritated him. If his attendants conversed in a whisper at the distance of the length of the gallery, he peevishly requested them to stop. Any noise or movement jarred upon his overstrained nerves. Visitors were almost unbearable. Nothing went right. Suffering terribly himself, he communicated his feelings of discomfort to those around him. His face revealed his condition more plainly than ever. It was pale and haggard, and seamed with deep lines. His fits of sickness have told upon him severely. Additional interest was created in his case on Friday morning when a letter from Dr. William H. Hammond was published. This eminent physician expressed his belief that the watching had been honestly done, that the faster had faithfully abstained from all food but water, and that he had succeeded far better than the writer had thought he would. He thought that Dr. Tanner had not succeeded in showing that his organism is differently constituted from any other, for he has suffered as others would have suffered under like deprivations, and that he had shown that these alleged instances of fasting a month or more without symptoms of inanition being produced are fraudulent or otherwise deceptive. He concluded with the belief that the investigations made of Dr. Tanner during his fast have been superficial and restricted. The amount and character of the exhalations from the skin and lungs ought especially to have been analyzed. The weighing seems to have been very imperfectly performed. That, therefore, the scientific results are not what they should have been, but that, nevertheless, enough has been shown to cause us to modify our view in regard to the effects of inanition on the human body.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is said that the new Dublin theatre will hold 3,500 persons or 500 more than could be accommodated by the building burnt down in February.

A PLAY called "California Through Death Valley," purporting to depict Mormon atrocities, was acted in Salt Lake City by a travelling company. The manager hoped that the Mormons would create a riot and so advertise his enterprise, but they did not such thing.

The London Times says of "The Gilded Age" that "to conceive that the play in which Mr. Raymond is now appearing at the Gaiety theatre is believed in America to be a good play would be a libel on the national intelligence, which could be rightly punished only in the court of Judge Lynch."

THE AMERICAN theatre, Philadelphia, never had a drop curtain, but used instead a painted scene that slid together from the sides. The shrewdness of the manager is now made manifest. A long neglected law imposing a special tax of \$500 a year on each theatre is now to be enforced, and back payments for many years are demanded. But the act defines as theatrical all places of amusement using a drop curtain, and thus the American is exempted.

An alleged cable despatch to the New York Herald brings over the following story about Sarah Bernhardt: She is extremely sensitive of newspaper criticism. Not long ago she said: "One thing would prevent me from going to America—namely, if I felt that the newspapers would treat me too severely. Some London papers have treated me very kindly. I once complained to the Prince of Wales of the matter, and he replied, 'My dear friend, you are not so badly spoken of as my mother is.'"

MOEQUITOES.

Inhabitant of fen and swamp, Whom the first gleam of lighted lamp Allures at nightfall from their damp And marshy borders, Among whose noxious weeds encamp Your boon marauders,—

If in the twilight, after work, We please in darkened rooms to lurk, Plitting a-near us in the mirk, You bum your vices, And drive a Curstian, like a Turk, To frequent curses.

Then, when to couches we betake Our bodies sore from bite and ache, Your sly approaches keep awake The drowsy watchers, And, like bad cadilladers, you make A host of scratchers.

Little avails the finest gauze To save us from your mordant jaws; Your searching eyes discover flaws In gown and tucker, Through which your little windpipe draws Our blood, you sucker.

I wonder what fell happening First gave your shape its buzzing wing, And taught your little throat to sing Its sharp falsetto; Or showed you how our flesh to sting With keen stiletto.

It must have been infernal hate That moved the furies to create An insect thus insatiate Of human diet, And bade it nightly irritate Our rest and quiet.

A QUEER CRAZE.

Wal 'twas curius the way it happened, and I ain't got tired tellin' about it yet. It was swelterin' hot that day, the sort of weather when folks would be glad to take off their flesh and sit down in their bones. There hadn't been a drop of rain for four weeks, and everything looked thirsty. I went about in the afternoon very sorrowful-like, spinnin' the flowers and thinkin' that the time was a-comin' when some one else would be watchin' 'em. Things had been gettin' harder ever since Brother Ruben was lost on his last voyage, and I hadn't been able to pay the mortgage interest, and old Squire Jones was gone, and everything in the hands of that wild son; and I'd got notice if the money wasn't paid by the 30th of June everything would be seized. I didn't rightly know how I was goin' to make a livin' either. I was gittin' elderly—nigh sixty—and when folks are as old as that they're like cats, and don't care about new homes. So I sat down very melancholy at the window, and looked out at the little scrap of a garden where I'd worked for years, and began to think of the time when I was a ship of a girl and not so bad-looking, and Polumina Sawyer used to come and see me and bring me a memento, as he called it, from every voyage. Lor, the house was just cluttered up with queer old things that Rube and he brought, that wouldn't bring a sixpence at a voodoo. Poor Polumina! He was wrecked on a strange coast, and no one knows where his grave is. I reckon he had a present for me with him; but I'll never get that one. Ah, me!

I was a-seetin' very retrospective-like when I see Miss Vanburen a-comin' in the gate. No hot weather could quench that woman's ardor for visitin'. She had her sun-bonnet in her hand, and couldn't stay a minute of comin'. But I knew her tricks and her manners, and begun a-tuin' over in my mind what I could give her. You see, I'd been a swim' lately, and hadn't the usual supply in the house, but I wasn't goin' to deman myself before Hetty Vanburen. She's a mournful lookin' woman at the best of times, with a husband who drinks and there was plates at her head, and six re-licking, raving children. Well, that's neither here nor there. She comes in with her mouth drawn down and her eyes turned up; and I sez: "Whatever's happened to you, Mrs. Van, says I."

"Why, I thought I must come over and console with you," she says, a-tuin' over the word 'console' with a sort o' rebsh. "He says as how he heard down-town that Lile Jones was a-goin' to sell you out root and branch, and I thought it was 'only neighbourly' to come over and see of 'twas true. He don't get things straight more'n half the time, 'cos he 'sees through a glass darkly,' as the minister says."

"I own I was took a-back at havin' the affair published afore I had time to think it over, as you might say. "It's real neighbourly," sez I, kind o' bitter, "to come over and take tea with me once more; for you see yer opportunities in that line will be nipped in the bud if it's all true. "Then it is true?" "Yes!" I sez, kind a desperate; "very soon, I s'pose, the place that knows me so well will know me no more; and the tears come into my eyes. I'm a lone, lone woman, and where I'll drift I don't know. "T'wouldn't bring much at a voodoo," she says, lookin' round very keen like. "No, I s'pose not; rubbish most of it." "But you've got some good linen as I'd like," she says, in a manner I considered unfeelin', "and this ere amcheer's comfortable. I'm sort o' need to this amcheer, and I wouldn't mind biddin' it in at private sale if you'd wait a bit for the money. "I was sort o' disgusted at her selfishness—never seemin' to feel how used I was to the amcheer, or how it hurt me to think of partin' with the things.

"It's a melancholy world," she says, the next minute. I think, perhaps, that she'd forgot about the condolin'. "A pilgrim's progress of a male, and blessed be them what's got nothin'. I sometimes wish I was out of it all when he gets the tantrums and sends the plates flyin' at my head. I give you my word we ain't got a whole plate in the house, and we wouldn't have a thing to eat off if it wasn't for that cement they call straten, as I mends 'em with continual. And abuse—you wouldn't believe it, Miss Haddock; a-tellin' me to go to—devilish place, you know. Says I, you'd better be wishin' me in heaven, says I, coz I'd be more out of your way."

"Every one's got their cross," I sez, sighin'. "I've got more'n my share," she sez, drawin' down the corners of her mouth. "Sarattan Haddock, you was a wise woman never to tie yourself to any male critter. Why it seems more like heaven to git over here to a little peace and quietness; and wotever I'm goin' to do when you're gone—!"

"I ain't gone yet," sez I, sort o' snappish—cos I couldn't bear her takin' it for granted that there wasn't a chance for me. We're such curius critters, you see! I kept a clingin' to the hope that God was goin' to work some miracle for me. Now He did, and this is how it came about. I excused myself to go and put on the tea-kettle, and then I found I hadn't a blessed thing for tea. I had milk in the house, but nary an egg, and what kin a body do without eggs. I only had a couple of hens, and they was a-setting and steady purposed to bring up a family. So, thinks I, I'll just throw on a sun-bonnet and step over to Neighbour Parker's and git some, and Miss Van will never surmise the state of my larder. Lor, I wouldn't a-had the neighbours know that I hadn't a bit of chipped beef in the house for a fortune.

So I picks up a plate—a queer looking thing, a monstrosity I calls it—that Rube had bring home once. It had a snake-like life curled up in the middle of it, and for fear it wouldn't be natral enough it was riz on the stuff, looked as if you could knock it off most, and I often wished I could, for I couldn't stomach the thought of eatin' off it while that varmint was coiled up there; an' as if that wasn't enough, there was snails all around it, and on the border two lizards and beetles and various bugs—coloured like life, looking as if they'd just lighted there, and more curious still, if there wasn't two fish laid out with their scales a-shinin'. I never set much store by the thing, but grandma had a great liking for crockery, and she had a pitcher that watched it, so on her account I had never given it away. "One good of the voodoo," I sez, with a sigh, "will be clearin' out all this rubbish as I suppose will go for a song."

Well, I hurried over the track and caught Miss Parker skounin' her milk, and she was very accommodating about the eggs. When I got to the road again there was a great train steppin' the way. It was so long, thinks I, I'll never take the time to go round, but just step up the steps and down on t'other side. I was up without givin' it a second thought, when, Lor! if the pesky thing didn't give a start like it was shakin' itself and the most diabolical snort ye ever heard, and was off like the wind! And I was so skeered I tilted that there plate till the eggs rolled off and lay all smashed about my feet. I could have cried. I hadn't any money to pay for the ride, and I stood starrin' about me in a daff way, wonderin' what Miss Van was a thinkin', when the conductor came along.

"You can't stand on the platform, my good woman," sez he—"not allowed." "I'm lost! I'm on the wrong train—I mean, I don't want to be on no train at all!" sez I, quite mixed up. "Put me out at the next station, if you please!" "He looked at me sharp, and then said: "Well, we won't charge you nothin' for sittin' down," and he sort of pushed me into the car. I stood, after I got in, for a minute scarcely seeing where I was, when a middle-aged gentleman got up and offered me his seat. He was so polite I was quite surprised at the way he kept a starrin' at me; and then he says somethin' to his daughter, a young woman in sage green, sittin' next to me—somethin' that sounded like 'real palacy,' and I supposed they was a-talkin' French.

The daughter had a good-lookin' young woman if she hadn't had her hair like a Skye terrier, and a large sunflower in her bonnet, and she talked to me very friendly like. And at last I made bold to say: "Wotever is your yah a starrin' at. Do I look like a madwoman?" "He's a-lookin' at that plate," says she. "Would you like to sell it?" "Lor, I might as well," sez I, sighin'; and my heart was so full I up and tells them strangers somethin' of my troubles. "I have a fancy for that plate," sez the gentleman, with a real feelin' manner, "and perhaps you've got other things like it at home. We may find a way to help you; who knows?" "Lor! thinks I, here's another man who likes rubbish as well as Rube did. So, of course I invites 'em cordial. It would benice to have a little money of I did have to turn out on the cold world. And, bless us, before we stopped at Langley, if he hadn't given me his card and a hundred dollars for the plate with all them reptiles a-coilin' and squirmin' over it. I couldn't believe my eyes, and took the up-train and got back home in a perfectly dazed manner. Miss Vanburen had gone home in a huff,

and I got down and counted out that money, and looked at it as if it was fairy gold. I most s'pected it would be nothin' but leaves in the mornin'; but there it was, just the same, and then I remembered the visit they had promised, and I hunted about for the truck that had always been in my way, and so troublesome to keep clean. It was all about and lots in the garret. I sot it all out on the kitchen-table, and couldn't help laughin' when I looked at it. There was the queerest-looking monsters, dragons and such, rearin' up on their tails with gapin' mouths, enough to frighten a child into a fit. There was a pair of square little pots, lookin' like they was shakin' their fat sides laughin'. They was dull gray, and had Adam and Eve on 'em a shakin' an apple-tree. I never had 'em about, cos I thought 'em improper. Then there was one plate of a greenish-yellow glaze, with sober black-and-brown figures on it. Wal, nothin' very takin' about it, you would say; but that ere gentleman—Mr. Bruhold the card called him—took it up in his hands with a worshipin' look.

"It's a Honry-Doo!" sez he, most in a whisper, with a look on his face like a fellow who's been to the anxious seat and got religion—sort of a rapt look as if the world might wag on; he was happy whatever came. "Never knowed if it's called a honry-do or a honry-doo!" sez I. "Rube brought it home once, and seems as if it might be more useful than the kind with critters sprawlin' over it." "Well, if he didn't up and offer me three hundred dollars for that plate. Sez he, 'I won't take advantage of you, for you don't know the valley of the things, an' you've told me yer in a fix. But what you've got on that table's worth more than your house and lot, and I'm ready to pay the money down!'"

I looked at the young gal to see how she took her pa's speech, but she seemed as pleased as Punch, and was a-exclaimin' over this and screamin' fairly over that, till I began to think I was dreamin' and I'd soon see them go up in smoke as smelt of brimstone like a fairy story I'd heard on. It wasn't for me to refuse this offer under the circumstances, you see. But my heart misgave me as it wasn't doing right. Would you believe it, he'd paid me fifteen hundred dollars for the stuff I would have sold to a ragman only for the sake of Rube and my old lover! Why, I was sot up. I only owed Lile Jones five hundred, and there was a cool thou sand to put in the bank!

"The young lady was so friendly when I was hustlin' around gettin' an empty box and straw for the packin' that I made bold to ask her a question. Her pa was a-fixin' the things in a box careful as if they'd bin live babies. "He isn't just all right here, is he?" sez I, touchin' my forehead. "I see you indulged him, as I s'pose he has got plenty of money to pay for it, but it's a sort o' craze, isn't it?" "Well, if she didn't laugh in a very on-feelin' manner. "Yes, it is a sort of a craze," she sez, "it's called the Keeramic craze."

VARIETIES.

AN INTERESTED COURTESY.—We reported some time since that the Queen intended sendin' an interesting present to the President of the United States. In 1852, the *Resolute*, which formed part of the expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin, was abandoned in high latitudes. She was recovered by a whaler in 1854. The United States Government purchased her, fitted her anew, and sent her as a present to Queen Victoria as a token of goodwill and friendship. The *Resolute*, so abandoned and so restored, has been broken up, but of her timbers a writing table has now been made at the Queen's command by a Bond street tradesman, and this writing table, with an inscription recording the facts, is to be presented by the Queen to Mr. Hayes, "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving-kindness, which dictated the offer of the *Resolute*." The writing table is pretty and substantial. It will form part of the furniture of the White House.

THE DOMINICANS.—The French Government has been outwitted by the Dominicans of Arcachon, where this religious Order is held in high esteem by the population. The Dominicans of Arcachon have devoted themselves to the nautical education of young men of good family who wish to enter the navy, and as none can be admitted into the French navy without having served for a certain time on board a merchant ship, the Rev. Fathers are possessed of vessels of their own, whereon the pupils may be initiated into the mysteries of nautical science with far more ease and propriety than if allowed to mix with the rough sailors of the merchant navy, and hear the rude and sometimes blasphemous language of the men of all nations, of whom the crews are usually composed. The Dominican Fathers have two ships, the one the *Sainte Elme*, on which serve many young men of the highest families in France, amongst others the young Marquis de Nettancourt and the young Count de Cayla, grandson of the "tendre Octavie" of Beranger, and friend of Louis Dix-huit. The *Sainte Elme* is to be sold immediately in accordance with the terms of the law, by which the religious communities are enjoined to leave their schools at once. But the young pupils in this case will be transferred immediately to the *Immaculata*, the other vessel belonging to the Dominicans. This vessel was given them by Pope Pius IX., and has always

been held sacred. It is a noble vessel, and was presented to the Order on condition that the State cabin should be converted into a chapel, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. In this chapel the Almoner has been accustomed to say Mass every Sunday morning. The Dominicans have taken refuge on board the *Immaculata*, where they continue their instruction and receive pupils in spite of the decree, founding their resistance on the plea of the vessel being a private chapel. The plea has been submitted to the consideration of the Government. Meanwhile Father Budraud, who has been himself an old sea lion, has signified to weigh anchor with all on board, should the Commissaire de Police set his foot on the deck, and to make sail at once for Vittoria, where the Order has already established a great portion of the brethren, driven from their different convents throughout France.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, August 9.—According to the latest reports the Eastern question, so far as its Montenegrin aspect is concerned, has been already settled. Admiral Sir Hercules Robinson, now Governor of New Zealand, has been appointed to succeed Sir Bartle Frere as Governor of the Cape Colony. The election at Liverpool was won by the Conservative candidate, Lord Claud John Hamilton, by a majority of 191, over the popular Liberal, Plimsoll. This gives a gain of one seat to the Conservatives, the late member, Lord Ramsay, now the Earl of Dalhousie, being a Liberal. Mr. Foster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, said last night that what the Government had sent troops to Ireland, it was to give confidence, and not because there was the slightest danger of a rising. The Government have received information that there has been a large importation of arms into Ireland from America.

TUESDAY, August 10.—The Emperor of Austria and Germany met yesterday and proceeded together to Icoit. The final result of the French Constituents-General elections show a net gain of 30 for the Republicans. Ayoub Khan is reported to have been wounded while endeavouring to prevent a quarrel amongst some of his followers. The Lahore police and the population have had a disagreement about the posting of Land League notices, in which the police came off second best.

WEDNESDAY, August 11.—The fast train running between Edinburgh and London ran over an embankment near Berwick on Tuesday night. Four persons were killed and a number seriously wounded, hardly a single passenger escaping injury. Attached to the presentation of the jury in the Seanabaka disaster investigation, were indictments against a number of persons connected with the running and inspection of the vessel, charging them with manslaughter. General Roberts' force for the relief of Candahar numbers about 10,000, exclusive of some 8,000 camp followers. He is confident of success. The numerous parts of Afghanistan and the district around Jelalabad are reported to be fairly quiet.

THURSDAY, August 12.—The Serbian Commissioners have been recalled from Vienna. Volunteers from all parts of Greece are sending their names. A Wall street broker offers \$1,200 to be completed for in a fasting match. Further innovations are feared in Silesia as a result of continued heavy rains. A quantity of rifles were stolen from the Norwegian ship *Jano*, in Cork harbour, yesterday, by supposed Fenians.

FRIDAY, August 13.—The Albanians and Montenegrins have had an engagement at Podgoriza. The Turcomans have burned two Russian provision depots in the Attek Valley. A pot is on foot to rescue the murderers of the Boys at New Ross, who are confined in Kilkenny jail. The Powers are deliberating over England's proposal to stir up the Porte with a second collective note. Several arrests have been made in connection with the robbery of arms from the *Jano* in Cork harbour, and most of the rifles have been recovered. It is said that Prince Charles of Romania has obtained the support of Germany and Austria in the event of his having occasion to refuse the right of way through his domains for Russian troops.

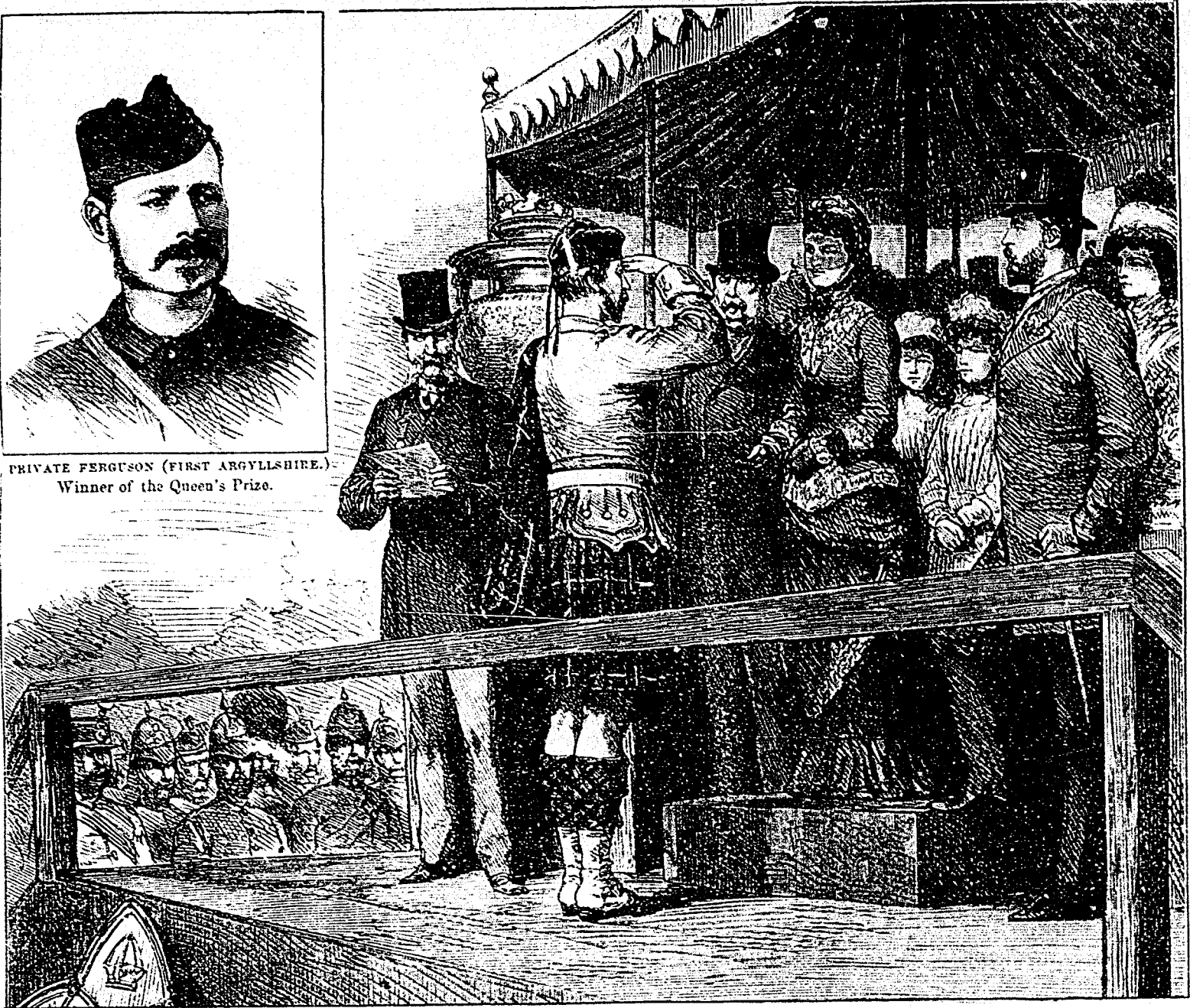
SATURDAY, August 14.—Ayoub Khan's Heratic troops are said to have deserted his standard. The Porte has demanded an extension of time to execute the cession of territory to Montenegro. A number of English officers, captured at the Heland River, are said to be kept prisoners by Ayoub Khan. Ayoub Khan's irregulars, who occupy the villages adjacent to Candahar, are placing guns in position for the bombardment of that city. General Stewart's march towards Candahar has been so far unopposed. His forces are said to number 30,000, including camp followers, with 20,000 camels. German officers are volunteering for the Turkish army. Germany and Austria have urged the Porte to occupy the Balkans. Serious riots occurred in Glasgow yesterday, occasioned by Home Rule meetings, during which a number of policemen were seriously injured. Serious riots are also reported to have taken place at Portadown, in Ulster, between Orangemen and Catholics.

A MARRIED man committed suicide in his room at a popular summer resort the other day. The provocation is not known, but it is supposed that his wife was unexpectedly summoned home and left her husband behind to pack her trunk. There are some things a man can do as well as a woman, but packing a woman's trunk is not one of them.

JOHN LOVELL, of Montreal, will publish, on the 18th inst., his advanced Geography for the use of Schools and Colleges, edited by a gentleman residing in Ontario. In its 148 pages will be found a large quantity of useful information relating to the Countries of the World, embellished with 45 Coloured Maps and 210 illustrations. It will be on sale at the Bookstores. Price \$1.50.

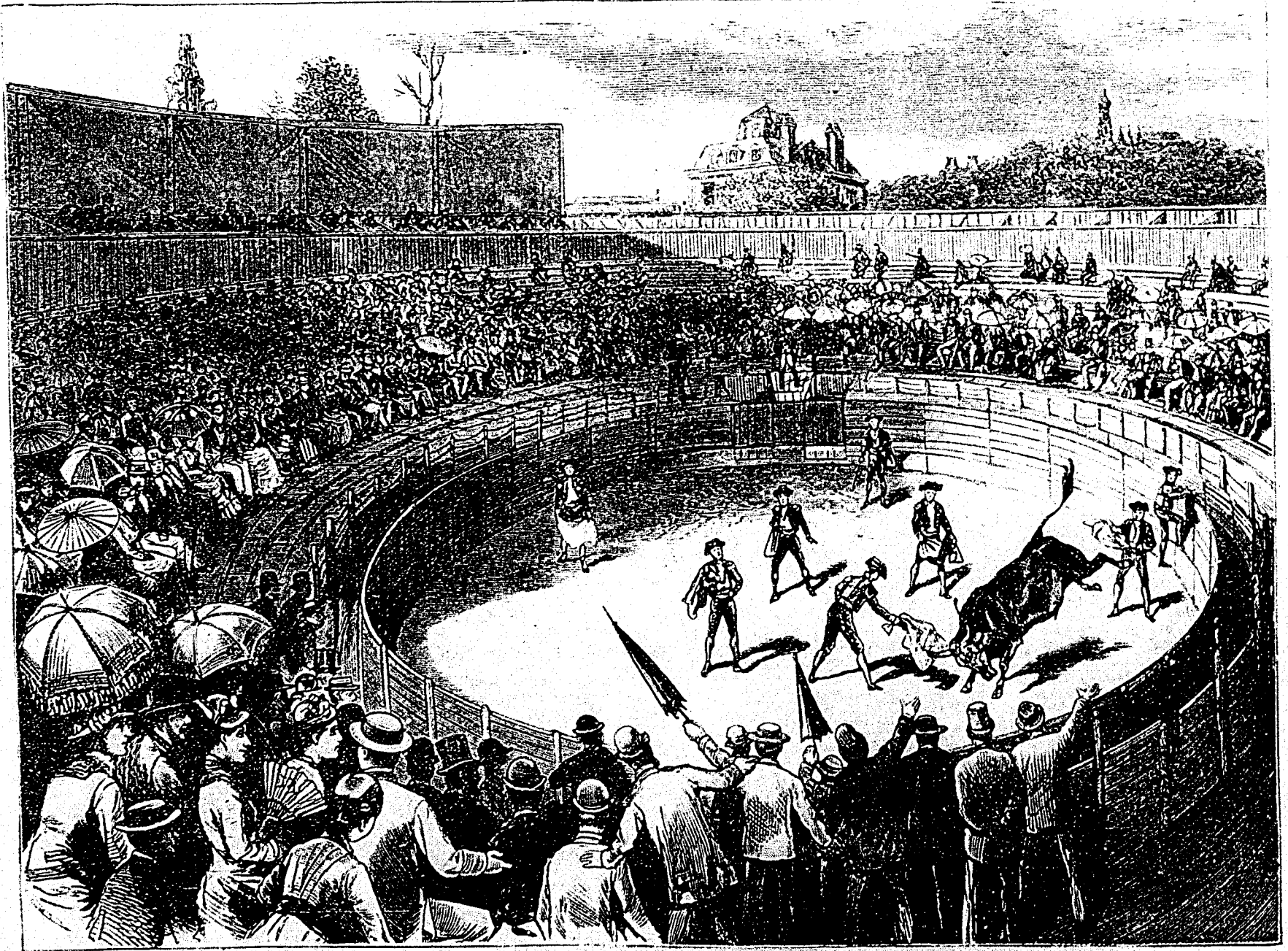
IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE.

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.



PRIVATE FERGUSON (FIRST ARGYLLSHIRE.)  
Winner of the Queen's Prize.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE WIMBLEDON PRIZES BY H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



THE RECENT BULL FIGHT AT NEW YORK.

**THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY CUP.**

This splendid piece of workmanship was presented by the Accident Insurance Company of Canada for competition by the respective volunteer corps of the Province of Quebec in recognition of the special and valuable services rendered by them in maintaining the public peace on the several occasions upon which they have been called out. The valuable gift is a credit both to the enterprising Company by whom it was offered, and to the corps to whom it was offered, and a brilliant example of recognition was thereby given which we should like to see other corporations imitate. Our engraving is from a photograph by Notman & Sandham.

**THE GLEANER.**

MONJESKA'S son studies engineering in Paris.  
 A WHITE swallow has been seen at Hertfordshire.  
 THE Duke of Wellington's plate has been estimated to be worth \$1,500,000.  
 WAGNER is called the outcome of the German revolution, because he fought on the barricades.  
 Six hundred thousand foreigners and people from the country came to Paris to witness the National Fête.  
 THE Ottawa Valley people have this season one of the largest harvests that has hitherto been reaped in Eastern Ontario.  
 THE Prussian Government is said to be considering the question of the advisability of abolishing civil marriages.  
 THE Princess of Wales, when she takes her daughters into society, has a fashion of dressing them in toilettes harmonizing with her own.  
 THE new religious sect which has made its appearance in Russia is called the Kolikorskaya. Here is one more chance for Beecher to turn his coat.  
 It was found in Manchester, England, that the draining and paving of twenty streets diminished the mortality to the extent of 20 in 119.  
 THE number of women who paint and blacken their eye-lashes is not given in the census report. The industry has increased wonderfully since the last census was taken.  
 KANSAS school teacher: "Where does our grain go to?" "Into the hopper." "What hopper?" "Grasshopper!" triumphantly replied the scholar.  
 IN former years Austria used to import a considerable quantity of sugar and export little. Bounties having stimulated home production,



THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO'S CUP TO THE QUEBEC VOLUNTEER CORPS.

there are now no imports of sugar, but large exports.  
 MR. GLADSTONE said in a recent speech that beer had "its high priests and its hierarchy." Shortly afterwards Sir W. Lawson christened the hon. member for Derby "Archbishop Bass."  
 THE intimacy between Francis Joseph and King William is said to be as strong as ever. It is said that they have a secret understanding to protect one another against the joint attacks of two or more enemies.  
 THE Rev. John Morse, a clergyman of Dexter, Maine, has been suspended by a church council because of "his freaky and mulish spirit of perversity." This is supposed to correspond to murder in the second degree.  
 A SHREWD farm hand bought for \$160 the big meteor which fell in Emmet county, Iowa, last year, and was laughed at by his companions for what they conceived to be his idiocy. He has now sold it to the British museum for \$6,500.  
 THE frigate *L'Original* sank in 90 feet of water before Quebec 124 years ago. Lately she was broken up with dynamite, other means of moving her having failed. Her oak was as sound as ever, but her iron was rusted completely away.  
 A BOSTON Spiritualist has published a "Predicting Almanac, containing predictions of the winds and the weather for every day, with the hieroglyphic magic circle," whatever that may be. This prophet predicts improved trade and a fruitful year.  
 IT took General Garfield thirty-four days from the day he was nominated to get his letter into satisfactory form, and it took General Hancock thirty-six. General Garfield's letter contains about 2,272 words, and General Hancock's about 970 words.  
 HOWARD HARROFF, a murderer in prison at Youngstown, O., believes that the ghost of his victim walks through the grated door into his cell every night. The conscience-stricken wretch screams out with terror, and implores the jailers not to leave him alone.  
 LAST December the London Peabody fund of \$2,500,000 had grown to \$3,500,000. The trustees up to that time had housed 9,905 persons in 2,355 separate dwellings. The average weekly earnings of the head of each family in a Peabody house were \$6, the average rent \$1 and a single room 50 cents.  
 One of the most interesting bits of news for grouse shooters is that birds have been seen on the Prince of Wales' property at Sandringham. It has been held to be impossible for grouse to flourish so far south as Norfolk, and the Prince has endeavoured to upset this notion by trying to acclimatise the birds on his estate.



DR. TANNER'S FAST.—HIS APPEARANCE ON THE THIRTY EIGHTH DAY.

## SUMMER RESORT CONVERSATION.

"I heard it!"  
"Who told you?"  
"Her friend."  
"You don't say!"  
"Tis dreadful!"  
"Yes, awful!"  
"Don't tell it, I pray."

"Good gracious!"  
"Who'd think it!"  
"Well! Well! Well!"  
"Dear me!"  
"I've had my suspicions!"  
"And I, too, you see!"

"Not bolt them!"  
"Nor scold them!"  
"And the wash!"  
"Look right clean!"  
"I get some!"  
"Frank Siddalls!"  
"The name I have seen."

"I'm going!"  
"Do stay, love!"  
"I can't!"  
"I'm forlorn!"  
"Farewell, dear!"  
"Good-bye, sweet!"  
"I'm so glad she's gone!"

## BROWN'S WIFE;

OR,

## THE COST OF THE CENSUS.

"Two thousand a year, a nice house and garden, and forcing pits that produced the finest pines in England—that's what the last census but one cost me," remarked my friend Brown, as we sat sipping our wine in his hospitable mansion, after the ladies had left us.

When a man makes a remark like the foregoing one, it invariably means that he has some story or anecdote ready, which will explain his apparently ambiguous words, and is hoping he will be asked to repeat it. I was not so unfriendly as to misunderstand the hint, and inquired with due surprise and interest, how the census of 18—came to be such a costly affair to Brown.

"Ah," replied my friend, "that's a long story." (I had thought it would be): "but it's a true one, all the same. But for that blessed census paper, Minnie and I would have stepped into a snug little fortune twenty years ago. You know, I suppose, that I was left an orphan very early in life, and that my old uncle, my only surviving relative, adopted me. You didn't know it? Well, you do now, then. My poor mother was my uncle's only sister; they had been left fairly well off by their parents. My uncle embarked his money in business, and grew rich; my mother married in opposition to his wishes, lived a miserable life for six years, and then was left a penniless widow, with one child—myself. My father, whom I don't remember, lived just long enough to break his wife's heart and gamble away her fortune—she only returned to her brother's house to die. It must be confessed that my uncle's experiences of matrimony, as seen in my sister's case, were not encouraging; perhaps this was the reason of his settling down into the confirmed old bachelor that he did. He loved his sister extremely—there was considerable difference in age between them—and he had been her guardian and protector till the day of her ill-starred marriage. That produced a coolness, but he opened his heart and home to her in her trouble, and accepted the charge of her orphan child. I was brought up in his house, educated at his expense. I believe he was really fond of me after his fashion, but the one great trouble of his life had soured him. He never recovered the loss of his sister; he never forgave the memory of her husband, the man who had stolen her from him.

"Marriage, in the abstract, became abhorrent to him; and it was always with a tone of teary vexation that he spoke of his friends making fools of themselves by entering into the fetters of wedlock. He lived a very quiet life in his snug house at Clapham, and devoted himself year by year more and more exclusively to the task of money-making. He was not a miser; his establishment was comfortable and affluent one, but I believe that, as time went on, his strongest affections began to centre round that money. He always talked of me as his heir; but at the same time I was by no means liberally supplied with resources for extravagance in the present. On my leaving school I was promptly promoted to a clerk's stool in a merchant's house and there I was found about twenty years ago, in the enjoyment of a salary of £120 a year, and no prospect of a further increase. I no longer resided at Clapham. My uncle had retired from business and become more reserved and unsociable in his habits than ever. Now I was getting on in the world, he remarked, I could afford to maintain myself; and I was nothing loth to exchange the dreary dullness of the Clapham mansion for the freedom even of dingy lodgings in London. My uncle paid my rent, and I received an occasional present from him. I was not extravagant, and managed well enough; things were cheaper twenty years ago. I really believe one reason of my uncle's close-fistedness was a dread lest, if I were thought well to do, some matrimonial snare might be laid for me. 'You'll have everything here one day, William,' he would say in moments of rare expansion, 'and I hope you will keep things together as I have done. But remember, don't make a fool of yourself and marry. Look at your poor

mother's lot; why, if she hadn't thrown herself away, she might have been alive and happy now. None but fools, sir, fools or knaves, go and get married.'

I listened dutifully enough. My temptations to commit the sin of matrimony were small. We had no visitors to Clapham except a business friend or two of my uncle's, generally old bachelors like himself. Mrs. Corbet, the house-keeper, encouraged my uncle in his solitary habits. It would have been a sad misfortune to her had he been converted from his anti-matrimonial views, and led to install a mistress at the Lawn. Mrs. Corbet had a good situation, and she knew it. She lived with my uncle a great many years, and was a handsome, well-preserved woman of fifty or thereabouts, almost a lady in appearance and manners. My uncle had a great opinion of her; I had not. From my childish days I knew she regarded me with jealousy and aversion, although concealed under a studied smoothness of manner. She was a widow with one son, a youth of some years younger than myself. I believe she looked on me as the great obstacle to this boy's fortune. I do not think she could have cherished the idea of ever inducing my uncle to marry her; but I am sure she fancied that if he were quite alone in the world he would be as likely to bequeath his money to his faithful house-keeper as to leave it to the hospitals. Then her darling, her idol, would be a rich man. I will do her the justice to say that it was rather for the sake of her son than herself that she coveted the old man's money. A cold-hearted woman, not too scrupulous in compassing her ends, she yet loved that boy—a somewhat graceless youth—wi had intense devotion. But for me she might have been able to make him rich. Children are keen observers, and Mrs. Corbet's stilled dislike was no secret to me in my boyhood, although I did not think my uncle perceived it. As I grew up she disliked me yet more; it was gall and wormwood to think of me as my uncle's heir. This troubled me little. I knew my uncle was not likely to disinherit me in favour of a stranger, unless we had some dire quarrel, and there was not any likelihood of such an event occurring. Since I had taken up my abode in London I did not see much of my uncle, and infrequent intercourse is often no slight preservative to family concord. When sent for I went to Clapham; but my uncle detested 'droppers in,' and it was an understood thing that my visits were only acceptable when asked for.

"I had plenty of work in Messrs. Harlie's office, and found amusement for my leisure hours. Perhaps a tinge of my uncle's unsociableness ran in the family, for I never thought my rather solitary existence disagreeable. I had no introductions in London; and, although I got on terms of acquaintanceship with some of my fellow-clerks, our intimacy was confined to a walk or a visit to the theatre in company. I never visited at their homes, nor, indeed, cared to do so. I was fond of reading; I sketched a little. I had been accustomed to do without companions all my life; and my life at Islington was at least a far livelier one than my previous existence at Clapham had been.

"But when I was just twenty-five a new era opened in my life. It began in a very commonplace fashion, some new lodgers came into the rooms over mine. I think I should have hardly observed this fact had not their predecessor been a noisy medical student; and the blissful lull that took place after his departure induced me to inquire one day, when I paid my rent, if the upstairs room were now tenanted at all. Yes, they were; a widow lady and her daughter had taken the rooms; I should find them quiet neighbours. 'I suppose so,' I said carelessly, thinking that at least they would not bring home a party of noisy students late at night; and I thought no more of the new lodgers. But after that day I constantly met them on the stairs as I was going to my work, two slender figures in deep mourning, each carrying what looked like a roll of music; whence I inferred they went out giving lessons.

"I suppose it was the monotony of my life that made me observe any trifle that varied it; but I began sometimes to think a little about my fellow-lodgers. I did not even know their names, and of course had never addressed them; but one day, in descending the stair, the young lady had dropped her roll of music, and I picked it up and returned it, receiving a 'thank you,' in what struck me as the sweetest voice I ever heard. After that I ventured to lift my hat when we encountered each other on the staircase, and the ladies would bow in return but there was something in their manner that checked any attempt at further acquaintance. 'Quite the ladies, and hold themselves rather high,' my landlady informed me, 'although they went out teaching. Mrs. Morten was a clergyman's widow, and obligated to do something for herself. Very regular with their rent, like yourself, sir.'

"I cannot trace how that casual meeting with my fellow-lodgers grew to be a feature in my day's engagements; but, although our greeting was a silent one, I should have been sorry somehow had I gone out too early or too late to encounter those black-veiled figures. I was sure they were very poor; neatly as they were always dressed, I could see their garments were well worn and they worked very hard. They often came home later than I did from business, and sometimes when I was returning from the rare dissipation of a visit to the theatre I could see the light still burning in the sitting-room above mine. My garrulous landlady informed

me that the ladies 'did a sight of writing' when they were at home, whence I inferred that they occupied themselves either with copying or some such employment in their leisure time. Thus passed some months; then came a change—only the younger lady went out daily. After observing this I inquired of the landlady if Mrs. Morten was indisposed. Yes, the poor lady was 'queerish,' and miss had persuaded her to keep at home a day or two. Meeting Miss Morten on the stairs next day, I ventured to inquire after her mother, and was answered gently and courteously, but not in a manner that encouraged further advances. My fellow-lodgers were decidedly reserved.

"However, having broken the ice, I regularly inquired after the sick lady every time I met the younger one, and was surprised to find how the sweet face, momentarily lifted to mine in reply, dwelt in my memory all day.

"Mrs. Morten did not get better; anxious lines were showing themselves in the daughter's face, and my landlady told me that she thought Miss Morten was working too hard. I was really becoming interested in my neighbours, engaged in fighting the battle of life—so hard to lonely women. I could see it was the old sad story—illness bringing increased expenses, and means failing to meet them, the poor girl working double to supply the mother's failing powers. Strangers as they were to me, I pitied and sympathized with them.

"One evening my musings were interrupted by a tap at my door, and on opening it, to my extreme surprise, I found Miss Morten on the threshold. In brief, agitated words she apologized for her intrusion; but her mother was taken so suddenly worse, the landlady and servant were out, she was afraid to leave the invalid; would I pardon the liberty, and—I will go for the doctor at once, I cried, seizing my hat and hurrying off before the poor girl could stammer out her apologies and thanks; and, being fortunate to find that gentleman at home, we soon returned together. Of course, I did not accompany him upstairs, but, after some interval, he came to my room.

"Are those ladies relatives or friends of yours?" he inquired.

"I explained that they were not.

"I fear the case is a hopeless one," he said gravely.

"If they have friends they should be communicated with at once. The young lady does not realize the danger, but I believe Mrs. Morten is sinking rapidly. It is a case of low fever, not infectious, but a very bad type; I should say greatly induced by over-work of some kind, and probably augmented by insufficient nourishment."

"I hinted that I believed that the ladies were none too well off. 'Probably,' very probably, said the doctor—he was a kind-hearted man, but cases of genteel poverty were so common in his experience that his interest in them was somewhat dulled. 'I will look in again to-morrow; but, I repeat if the ladies have any friends they ought to be communicated with.' I found means of conveying this opinion as gently as possible to Miss Morten shortly afterward, and at the same time requesting her to employ my services in any way they could be of use. She thanked me with the same gentle reserve of manner. I was very good, but there was nothing she required.

"But the weeks went by, and I gradually acquired a slight intimacy with her. Mrs. Morten lingered on, steadily declining. I dared not offer any assistance that looked like pecuniary aid; but I used to bring daily gifts of fruit and flowers for the dying woman—I am afraid I said they were presents to me from the Clapham hot-houses—and I went on errands; and once—the night before poor Mrs. Morten died—I finished some copying that Minnie had promised to send to the publishers that day, and could not quit her mother's pillow to complete.

"Poor, gentle Minnie! those days of trouble brought us much together. I soon learned all her little story. Obligated to leave the pretty country vicarage after her father's death; coming to London, hoping to be able to earn a living with her mother; working hard, living scantily; it is the old, old tale of hundreds of poor women, well-born, well-educated, left alone in the world, without assistance, to fight their way as best they can. The Mortens had no friends in England. Mr. Morten's brother had emigrated years ago and settled in Australia, Minnie had not heard of him for a long time, and did not know his address. Mrs. Morten had been an orphan. A cousin of her father's was the only person Minnie could apply to for either advice or assistance; but he was a hard, cold man, with a large family, very unlikely to do much. Nevertheless, when poor Mrs. Morten died, Minnie did write to him, asking, not for pecuniary help, but for employment; perhaps he could obtain her a situation as governess or companion. His reply came the day of the funeral. I had made the simple arrangements, and now Minnie and the kind-hearted landlady—who had accompanied her on her sad journey—had returned. I went up stairs to see if I could be of any further service. I found Minnie weeping bitterly, and she at last showed me her cousin's letter.

"I never felt such a fervent desire to kick a fellow-being as I experienced on reading that letter. What a creature the writer was! It was a long epistle. His surprise at being applied to 'by so distant a connection' took a full page to express itself. Then he had a good deal to say about Mr. Morten's 'sinful imprudence' in not providing for his family after his decease (the

value of his living having been £150 a year); and then came such a jeremiad about 'hard times' and his own heavy expenses, that I began to despair of ever coming to a reply to Minnie's request for advice and aid. At last I got to the real pith of the letter. The cousin, who was a rich man and had been under considerable obligations to Minnie's father, made the orphan girl the following munificent proposal: He quite agreed that she was too young to continue living in lodgings and going out giving daily lessons, as she and her mother had done. He could not see his way to obtain her any employment, and could not support her in idleness ('I never asked such a thing,' broke in poor Minnie, with flushing cheeks), and, therefore, everything considered, it seemed her wisest course to try and track out her uncle in Australia, 'a nearer relative than I, and more bound to assist you.' The writer was willing to advance the sum for a steerage passage to Sydney, and trust to 'your gratitude and sense of honesty to repay me out of your first earnings.' Once arrived at the colony, Minnie would doubtless be able to discover traces of her uncle, or obtain some employment. Anyhow, she would be cheaply off her cousin's hands. 'A steerage passage,' and to arrive friendless in an unknown country—and the man had young daughters of his own! I looked at the fair, delicate girl. Minnie had borne up bravely for a long time, but a sense of utter desolation seemed to fall on her now.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried piteously. "I took her cold little hand. 'Do not take a steerage passage to Australia. Stay in England and—marry me.'

"Of course, it was a foolish business. I always acknowledge that, though neither of us ever regretted it for a second afterward. It seems like a bad moral to our imprudence that our marriage should have been such an exceptionally happy one; but there—so it was. After all, we had seen a great deal of each other during those weeks of Mrs. Morten's illness, and had grown more intimately acquainted with each other's character and disposition in this intercourse than we could have during a whole London season's parties. It was seeing the deep, unselfish affection that existed between Minnie and her mother that first opened my eyes to the loneliness of my own lot. No one had ever loved me after this manner. My uncle had conferred benefits on me, but I could never recall hearing an encouraging word from his lips, nor observed him to show a symptom of affection for me. Had he done so I might have acted more openly toward him; but he had never cared to win my confidence, and I therefore had less scruple in withholding it.

"We were married quietly about a month after Mrs. Morten's death; Minnie in her deep mourning, our good landlady our only wedding guest. It happened to be the time of my usual annual holiday, and I took my bride to a quiet little watering-place on the Normandy coast, where we spent three weeks of such peaceful happiness that I really think that I forgot all about my uncle and his probable feelings when he heard of my marriage.

"Minnie's tender little conscience was uneasy at the idea of appearing deceitful, but I quieted her by promising to explain everything on our return. 'So much better than writing letters.' She, poor little soul, was ignorant of Uncle John's views of matrimony in general, and had but little fear of consequences. I was too happy to think about them at all.

"On our return I found a letter from Uncle John announcing that he had been ordered to Buxton to drink the waters; Mrs. Corbet was going with him. If he liked the place he might be away a month or two; I need not go to Clapham till I was sent for. This came like a reproach; of course I must tell him, but

"Let it be done, as Mat doth say:  
'Ye,' quoth the earl, 'but not to-day.'"

"We are all prone to put off a disagreeable task as long as possible.

"Time went by, such a new life of happiness had opened before me, only a man who had led my solitary, unloved existence could truly appreciate the change. The bright face at the 'threshold to greet me on my return from work; the daily sweet companionship; the home look Minnie's skillful fingers gave to our shabby little rooms; the growing consciousness that I had won a prize far above rubies in my wife—my cup of happiness seemed indeed full. But in this workaday world sordid and commonplace considerations insist on being taken into account; and wonderful house-keeper as Minnie was, she could not succeed in making the income that sufficed for one person prove equally satisfactory for two. At first she had insisted (sorely against my wish) in continuing some portion of her daily tuition, but circumstances now obliged her to give this up entirely. We had been married six months, and there was a prospect of our happiness—and our expenses—being bye-and-bye increased. Minnie was in delicate health, and the idea of our marriage being still a secret one seemed to prey on her mind. We were deceiving my uncle, she persisted; it was not honest; and though my affection for my uncle was not so vivid as to make me equally sensitive on this point, I felt that, with the expected increase in our expenses, I ought to endeavour to earn more. Uncle John might, if he chose to use his influence among his city friends, easily procure me a far better situation than I now held; but, then, would he choose when he knew of the crime I had committed?

"I did not despair; all my life hitherto I had

been obedient to his wishes; he had never paid a bill for me, nor received a complaint from my employer; surely he might overlook the one instance in which I had run counter to his will, especially when he heard all the circumstances and saw Minnie. I had worked myself up into quite a sanguine frame of mind, when I one day received a summons to Clapham. Uncle John rarely wrote letters, but he now sent a brief line inviting, or rather requiring (Uncle John's invitations were always of a peremptory character) me to stay with him for a week or so, as he was laid up with the gout, and dull. I could go to and fro to my work; he only wanted me to play cribbage in the evening. I did not like the idea of leaving Minnie, but the invitation could not be refused; besides, it offered a good opportunity for telling my secret. Uncle John's fits of the gout always affected him mentally in one or two ways. Sometimes he became melancholy, and would talk of his solitary old age and lonely life. If he were in this mood it would be an excellent time to break the news of my marriage. Minnie would brighten his dull home as she had done mine, and bring back the sunshine that had left his health when his sister married and went away. But too often the gout influenced my uncle after another fashion. He would become so fearfully irritable and testy that even Mrs. Corbet hardly dared speak to him. In this case it would have been madness to allude to Minnie at all.

"I duly arrived at Clapham, and discovered that the gout was affecting Uncle John disagreeably. Never had I seen him worse-tempered. He had been six months at Buxton, and the change had done him no good. It had been an expensive trip, and he was angry with himself for having gone, and the doctors for having sent him. Then, as ill-luck would have it, the son of a city acquaintance had just made an imprudent marriage against his father's wishes, and Uncle John was very full of it, and expected me to join in his condemnation. Now, as I was just as great a sinner myself, I could hardly in conscience anathematize young Robinson, and my lack of sympathy irritated my uncle.

"The weary days dragged by; I had been at Clapham three weeks, and had not found a single opportunity for disclosing my fatal secret. Sometimes I managed to get a hasty glimpse of Minnie while in town for my work; but I was heartily sick of our separation, and often half resolved to speak out boldly to my uncle and end this wretched state of suspense.

"Fate was about unexpectedly to grant my wish. The census paper had arrived, and Mrs. Corbet one day reminded my uncle that it would be called for that morning, and was not filled up. It was one of Uncle John's worst days—the gout was in his right hand and he could not write. I was summoned to act as secretary; my uncle was testy—he liked to do everything himself. I was to fill up the paper under his eye, to make sure that I committed no blunders, and was elaborately instructed where to write, etc. Alas, the first glance at that fatal paper sent my wits astray! Not alone did a prying government desire to know the age and sex of its subjects; they must also reveal if they were married or single! And I was to fill this up at my Uncle John's elbow! With a vain attempt to put off the evil day, I wrote the required particulars regarding Uncle John and Mrs. Corbet as slowly as possible and then paused.

"'Haden't I better put down the servants' names next?' I asked, feebly.

"'Servants! Pshaw! Put yourself next.'

"'But I ought to fill up the census in London,' I urged with a sudden hope. 'This is not my actual home.'

"'You slept here, last night, idiot, didn't you?' said Uncle John, who had waxed irritable at my slow caligraphy; 'and you've been here three weeks as well. What's the fool staring at? You know your name and age, don't you? Fill it in here, under Mrs. Corbet's, only you're single.'

"'Was I? I rapidly debated what was best to be done. I believed dire pains and penalties were attached to a fraudulent filling up of the census; but I would cheerfully have taken my chance of being detected by the government did I describe myself as a bachelor. That risk was not a very serious one. But on the other hand, I could not write a statement under Uncle John's own eye that I might have to disavow next day; at the same time this was clearly not a moment to reveal my marriage.

"'Can't you write your own name?' cried Uncle John, wrathfully; and, as I still lingered, chance came to my aid. The doctor arrived. I held him as a beneficent genius.

"'This paper will be called for to-day, sir,' I said, seizing it; 'perhaps while you are engaged with Mr. Jones. I will take it down stairs and finish filling in the servants' names; and, without waiting for a reply, I hurried off, feeling as if I had escaped a precipice.

"I called up the servants, filled in their names and my own (truthfully, of course), and lingered in the hall till the messenger called, consigning the precious document to him with my own hands to escape prying eyes. Alas, I neglected one precaution; I did not see him out of the garden! The danger I had escaped had really given me such a shock that I thought I would light a cigar and take a quiet stroll in the shrubbery to calm my nerves. Well, it had ended right at last, but I resolved to take the earliest opportunity of making my confession; this state of concealment was growing unbearable.

"Please, Mr. William, your uncle wants to

speak to you at once,' Mrs. Corbet interrupted my reflections.

"There was a look of malicious triumph in her face that alarmed me. I threw away my cigar and followed her in trepidation. Yes, my worst fears were realized; there sat my uncle, almost speechless with rage, the fatal census paper open before him, demanding in a choking voice the meaning of 'this—this disgraceful statement!'

"I shall always think Mrs. Corbet had suspected my secret. Perhaps she had friends in London who knew of my marriage. Anyway, it was at her suggestion that the messenger was called before he got clear of the garden to enable Uncle John to make sure I had filled up the paper properly. Thus the secret was disclosed.

"I need not dwell on the scene that followed. Another hour saw me on my road homewards, no longer oppressed by a secret, certainly, but at the same time devoid of all further expectations from Uncle John. I never saw him again. Next day came a parcel containing all the small personal possessions I had left at Clapham, also a cheque for £50 in a blank envelope, and this closed my intercourse with my uncle.

"I did not accept my banishment without a struggle, I wrote, Minnie wrote; our letters were returned to us unopened. Then I tried calling in person at the house, but could not get admittance; my uncle was not well enough to receive visitors.

"Three months afterward I saw the announcement of his death in the *Times*, and received a formal invitation to the funeral from the family solicitor. I went, and remained to hear the will read; as I expected, my name was not mentioned. The document (dated the day after the filling up of that fatal census) bequeathed everything unreservedly to his faithful and attached friend and housekeeper, Mary Corbet.

"Many people advised me to dispute the will on the ground of 'undue influence'; but I was too poor to embark in a costly lawsuit; and besides, my uncle's prejudice against marriage was so well known that it could not be denied that I had wounded him in his tenderest point by marrying Minnie, and might have expected to be disinherited in consequence. Old Mr. Williams, the solicitor, told me he had often tried to put in a good word for me during my uncle's illness; but Mrs. Corbet watched him so closely that it was impossible to speak to him in private, and of course her influence was all against my interests.

"Fifty thousand pounds and the house and grounds was a good deal to lose! but a chancery suit is a terrible thing for a poor man to embark upon, and there seemed great doubt if I should succeed in gaining a verdict after all. So I decided to let Mrs. Corbet retain her ill-gotten spoils. They did her very little good after all; her worthless son ran through her money, and went to the dogs a good deal faster as a rich man than he was doing as a poor one. I don't know what became of him at last; Mrs. Corbet died, a poor woman, about six years ago. She left Minnie a little plate and jewelry—all that remained of Uncle John's things. I suppose her conscience was not quite easy about that will.

"And how did we get on? Well, that £50 tided us over the terrible time when Minnie's life hung on a thread, and I thought I was to buy my boy with the loss of my wife. When Minnie got strong again, and the baby was flourishing, we were both too happy to trouble about Uncle John's money. Then I began to work in earnest, as I had never done before. Just at that time Messrs. Hardie wanted to send a clerk abroad on some rather difficult and delicate business. They offered me the work. I was fortunate enough to execute it to their entire satisfaction, and on my return was promoted to a higher post and a better salary.

"We had a struggle for some years, but altogether we prospered. I rose at Messrs. Hardie's; Minnie was the queen of good managers. I don't know, taking everything into consideration, that Uncle John's money would have made us much happier.

"After we had been married some years and were getting on tolerably in the world, Minnie's long-lost uncle came back from Australia a rich man. He was so pleased finding us doing well, and not wanting any assistance from him, that he left us a snug little legacy when he died, that just enabled me to purchase a partner's share in my employer's business; and, as you see, it we're not actually rich now, we're not in poverty. Still, I shall always say the census cost me £50,000.

"Or rather, Mrs. Brown did," I remarked, slyly.

"Ah," said Brown, with a softening light on his good-humoured middle-aged face, "in that case I got full value for my money."

A LITTLE girl who had been on a railroad train when an accident occurred was told by her mother that she ought to thank God for her escape from injury when she made her evening prayer. She did it in this way: "Thank you, O God, for not letting me get hurt to-day; but the next time I go to the city I'll go in a waggon."

PHYSICIAN (to government clerk): "Well, what do you complain of?" G. C.: "Sleeplessness, doctor." Physician: "At what time do you go to bed?" G. C.: "Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours."

Full many a gem of spurious ray serene The spotless shirts of hotel clerks do bear! Full many a simple, ignorant sardine Believes their parent stones of value rare! And that's where they're fooled!

HEARTH AND HOME.

FRIENDS AGREEING BEST SEPARATE.—In an article in *Chamber's Journal* on "Clever Married Women," the writer recalls an incident in the life of a notable woman:—"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was a great benefactress to her country, and a very clever and beautiful woman; but she was not quite fitted for domestic life; though, however, she chose to reside abroad while her husband remained in England, they regularly corresponded with each other on the most friendly terms. Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu was by no means deficient in talent; he was the intimate friend of Addison, and distinguished himself in Parliament as an able and upright politician. He was much older than his wife; and it is very probable that Lady Mary would never have accepted him in spite of his entreaties, had it not been to escape from a more distasteful marriage, into which her father endeavoured to force her. Few young ladies would like to imitate her example, and elope with a man with whom they were not in love; but the high-spirited daughter of Lord Kingston would not be given away against her will."

FOOT NOTES.

AN advertisement appeared in Philadelphia for "a young man as ticket seller to travel with a variety troupe." The hundreds of applicants were each told that an advance of \$4 to buy a ticket to Boston, where the company was to gather, would be necessary. After collecting a large amount of money in this way the swindlers fled.

KENTUCKY still indulges in barbecues, which are attended by thousands of people. A venerable coloured man in Boone county has superintended every one that has been held in his neighbourhood these forty years. At the last one the roast consisted of two hogs, six hogs and twenty-five sheep. After the feast the people danced and listened to political speakers.

It is about six centuries since the Cathedral of Cologne was founded, and the approaching conclusion of the great work is at last announced in the German papers. During the last few years it has been pushed on with surprising vigour, the voluntary subscriptions coming in apparently in greater profusion in proportion as the number and privileges of the Roman Catholics decreased in North Germany.

It has been proposed in Paris to place tablets on the house in which both Camille Desmoulins and Danton lived while members of the convention. *Figaro* says the notion is a good one, but in order to give historic completeness to the inscription on the tablets they should read: "Guillotined as Moderates and Reactionaries, April 5, 1794, at the instigation of Robespierre."

The British regiments in Afghanistan are:—Cavalry—6th Dragoon Guards and 9th Lancers. Infantry—1st Battalion of 15th Foot, 2nd Battalion of 7th Foot, 2nd Battalion of 8th Foot, 2nd Battalion of 9th Foot, 1st Battalion of 12th Foot, 2nd Battalion of 14th Foot, 1st Battalion of 25th Foot, 51st Regiment, 59th Regiment, 2nd Battalion 60th Rifles, and the 66th, 67th, 72nd, 85th, and 92nd Regiments. This is exclusive of the native regiments.

A PORTLY man registered at the Merchants' Hotel, Philadelphia, and insisted upon getting the best room in the house. He laid down a travelling-bag and a glittering watch, and said to the clerk: "I wish you would let me have \$20. I'll leave these as security. It's too late to draw any money from the banks. I'll get a draft cashed to-morrow and make it all right with you." The clerk lent the money, and the stranger never came back for the brass watch and bag full of old papers.

A NEW religious sect, known as the Keolikovskaya, has made its appearance in Russia. Its members hold that the Holy Church of Russia was taken to heaven three centuries ago, when the patriarch Nikon made corrections in the Bible and other church books. Since then there have been false priests and a false church. These sectarians perform what is called "tearful purification" over infants, instead of baptism; that is, the parents and friends shed tears over it for six weeks, and so purify it from original sin. They never assemble for common prayer, but everybody prays at home.

THE Empress Eugenie's return to England was welcomed in a kindly fashion. Princess Beatrice boarded the steamer off Yarmouth from the yacht *Alberta*, and remained with the Empress until they reached Southampton. A British knight presented a bouquet to Eugenie, accompanied by some extremely poor verses written by his daughter; and the ex-Empress in a very pretty and graceful fashion thanked for their courtesy all the steamship officials who had attended her upon her journey.

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.

DOCTORS AND NURSES.—While it is necessary to make a firm stand against a matter of such vital importance as the encroachment of nursing bolis on what must ever be the business of medical men, it would indeed be a calamity to lose the services of ladies altogether from general hospitals. It is not too much to say that nursing could never have reached its present pitch of excellence and refinement except by the co-operation of women from the higher and more educated classes of society. And if modern nursing is to retain its position as a refined art in the institutions where it has already become firmly planted, and is to gain a footing where it has as yet failed to do so, the presence of ladies in its ranks will be an essential condition of success. Ladies, however, must not suppose that it is necessary or even desirable that the business of nursing should become obsolete among women in a lower scale of social life. They and the ladies both have their appropriate duties and positions in a hospital. A judicious mixture of the two is what is wanted, and not a one-sided monopoly. In a hospital ward, which is the nursing unit, there are, as a rule, three grades of nurses—the "sister," the staff-nurse, and several under-nurses. The "sister" has the supreme authority there, both over nurses and patients, and is responsible to the hospital authorities for her conduct of the ward. It is evident that such a one requires to be not only a person of ability and tact, but also of education, knowledge of the world, and refinement.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A FITTING opportunity—The visit to the dressmaker.

THEY toil and they spin and wash dishes and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like—a coloured girl at a dress ball.

SAYS a French critic, "I like a girl before she gets womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish."

AN Aberdeen woman has applied to be appointed constable, despairing of catching a mac any other way.

A PERSIAN proverb says, "Ten measures of talk were put down upon the earth, and the women took nine."

A LITTLE girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

MARRIAGE is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse or unfortunateman in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.

"I WONDER," said a bonnie lassie, "what our Jock sees in the lassies that he likes them so well; for my part, I wasna biggie glad for a' the lassies ever I saw."

SOME crusty, rusty, fusty, musty, dusty, gusty curmudgeon of a man gave the following toast at a celebration: "Our fire engines—may they be like our old masts—ever ready, but never wanted!"

THE term "old maid" is generally applied to a nasty, snappy, disagreeable woman, who has allowed old age to sour her. Maiden ladies who are amiable and good are never called "old maids," no matter what their age may be.

"SHALL the husband keep a wife informed of his business affairs?" asks an innocent. There is no necessity, she will find out five times as much as he knows himself without the least trouble.

A YOUNG lady remarked that she should like to have bicycles so arranged that she and her beau could both ride. Being asked where her fellow should sit, she emphatically remarked, "On the little wheel behind, of course." And still the young men go on marrying.

GIRLS, when your mothers attempt to give you tally by coaxing you to learn to cook, think of that young lady of Chicago who took cooking lessons, and the night before she was to be married tried soft shell crabs for her Adolphins. The hot fat splattered in her face, and she had to be painted before she could be married.

"THIS is a nice time of night for you to be coming in," said a mother to her daughter, who returned from a walk at 10 o'clock. "When I was like you," continued she, "my mother would not allow me out later than 7 o'clock." "Oh, you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl. "I had, you young jule," said the mother, "a nicer mother than ever you had."

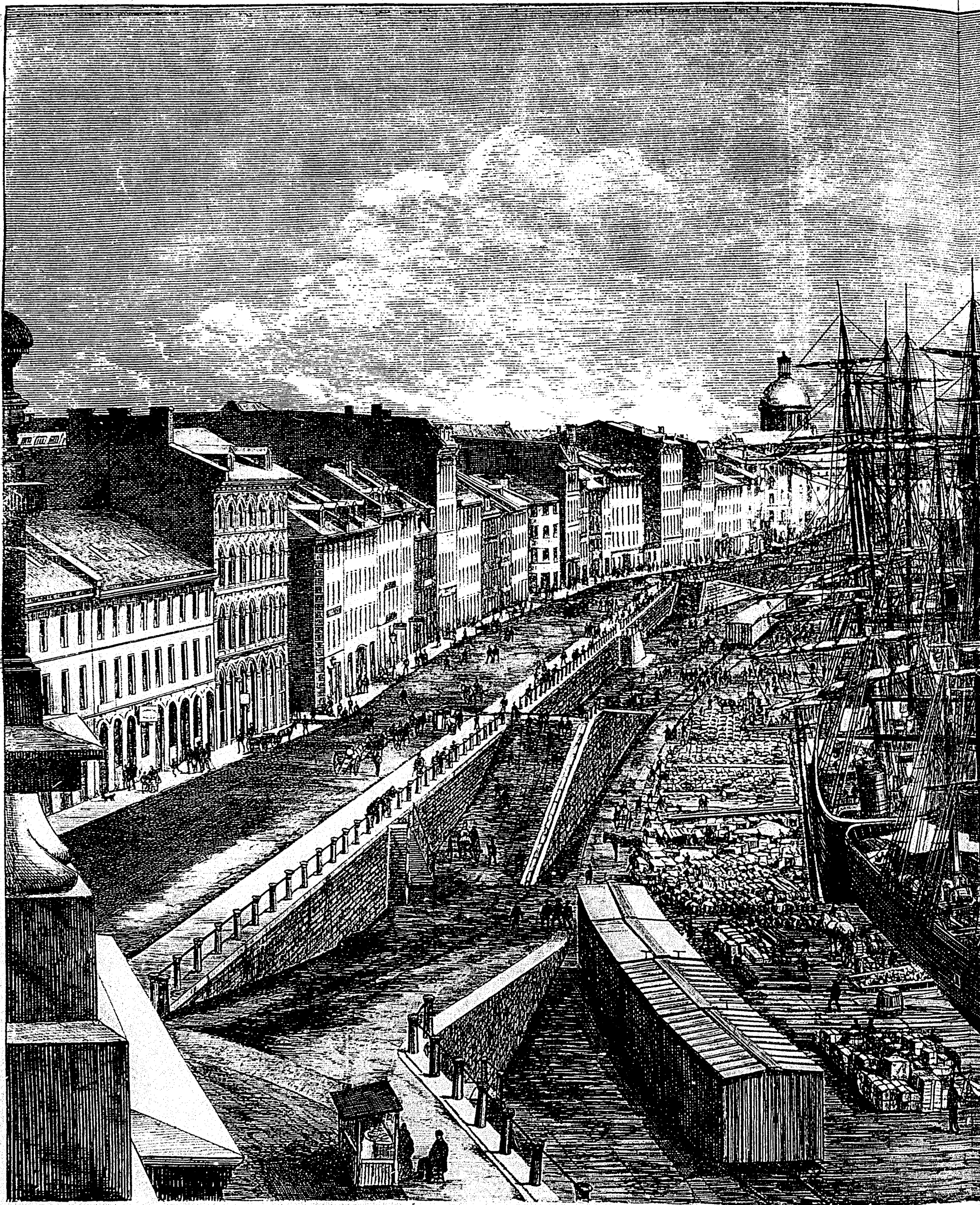
"FATHER, I really must have a new muslin dress for this summer," Annie, dear, I would like to get you one if I could afford it; but it costs \$ every time it is done up, and you will have to wear your silks, I am afraid." "It is expensive, father, I admit, but Charles thinks it is awfully cheap, and I never shall catch him unless I play economy. Don't you see, it will pay in the end?"

Down Broadway the other day there was an entanglement of carriages, and an old lady in an omnibus squealed like a peacock: "Oh, they shall be killed!" "Pardon, madam," said another of the passengers, "What can you fear? Don't you see that our omnibus is so much heavier than the carriages that it is we who will crush them." "Ah, yes, that's so," said the lady smiling, reassured.

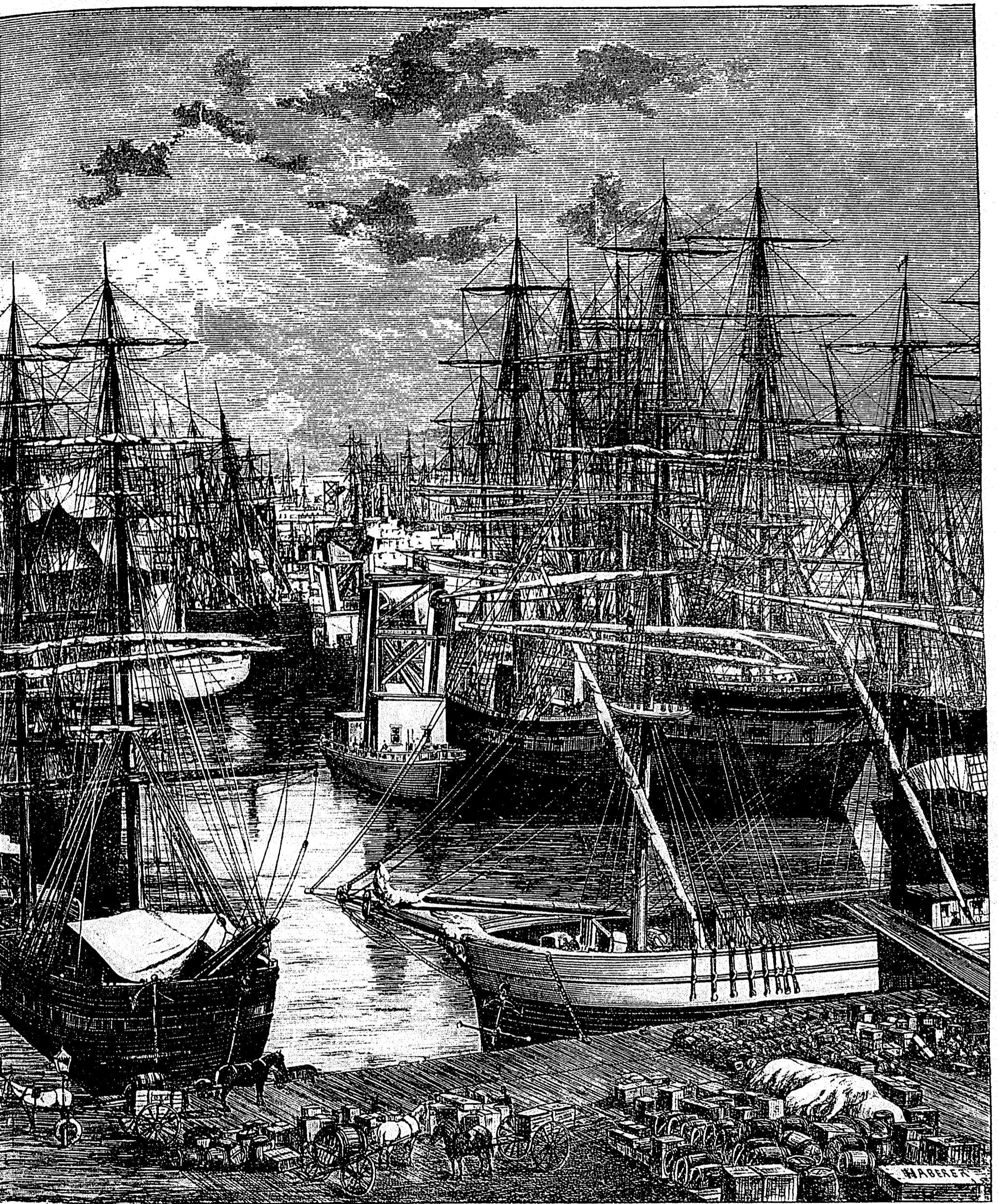
THE latest and worst case of lover's revenge comes from Australia. A young man whose affianced went back on him and broke off their engagement received a note from her asking him to return the lock of her hair which he had. He looked over his trunk, he collected a heap of tresses, culled from various sources during his love-making career, and forwarded them in a bundle to his late lady-love, including a note to the effect that he had really forgotten which was hers, but she might select it from those forwarded and return the rest at her earliest convenience. The story got out, and the neighbourhood felt so warm for her that she went on a prolonged visit to her country cousins.

THERE is an American custom which is wholly at variance with Parisian fashion, and which hardly commends itself to the dispassionate observer, either for its reasonableness or its beauty. It is that adopted by young ladies in the United States of carrying to balls a number of bouquets, each being presumably the offering of some male friend or admirer. In Paris nobody ever carries a bouquet to a ball or party, and it must be confessed that in this instance the French fashion is the wiser one. No Parisian beauty would ever consent to load herself with ten, fifteen or twenty bouquets. She would consider herself as sipping the floral drippings of some favourite prima donna or ballet dancer, did she consent to so encumber herself.





THE SHIPPING OF MONTREAL.—THE FUTURE



THE GREAT FREE PORT OF THE DOMINION.

## 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 Phœnix;" "Kilmenny;" "The Monarch of Mincing Lane;" "Madcap Violet;" "The Three Feathers;" "The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killcena;" "Macleod of Dare;" "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart;" etc.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### EVIL TIDINGS.

We had indeed returned to the world; the first thing we saw on entering the saloon in the morning was a number of letters—actual letters, that had come through a post-office—lying on the breakfast table. We stared at these strange things. Our good Queen T. was the first to approach them. She took them up as if she expected they would bite her.

"Oh, Mary," she says, "there is not one for you—not one."

Angus Sutherland glanced quickly at the girl. But there was not the least trace of disappointment on her face. On the contrary, she said, with a cheerful indifference:

"So much the better. They only bother people."

But of course they had to be opened and read—even the bulky parcel from Strathgovan. The only bit of intelligence that came from that quarter was to the effect that Tom Galbraith had been jilted by his lady-love; but as the rumor, it appeared, was in circulation among the Glasgow artists, the laird instantly and indignantly refused to believe it. Envy is the meanness of the passions; and we knew that the Glasgow artists could scarcely sleep in their beds at night for thinking of the great fame of Mr. Galbraith of Edinburgh. However, amid all these letters one of us stumbled upon one little item that certainly concerned us. It was a clipping from the advertisement column of a newspaper. It was enclosed, without word or comment, by a friend in London who knew that we were slightly acquainted, perforce, with Mr. Frederick Smethurst. And it appeared that that gentleman, having got into difficulties with his creditors, had taken himself off, in a surreptitious and evil manner, inasmuch that this newspaper clipping was nothing more or less than a hue and cry after the fraudulent bankrupt. That letter and its startling inclosure were quickly whipped into the pocket of the lady to whom they had been sent.

By great good luck Mary Avon was the first to go on deck. She was anxious to see this new harbour into which we had got. And then, with considerable dismay on her face, our sovereign mistress showed us this ugly thing. She was much excited. It was so shameful of him to bring this disgrace on Mary Avon! What would the poor girl say? And this gentle lady would not for worlds have told her while she was with us—until at least we got back to some more definite channel of information. She was, indeed, greatly distressed.

But we had to order her to dismiss these idle troubles. We formed ourselves into a committee on the spot; and this committee unanimously, if somewhat prematurely, and recklessly, resolved—

First, that it was not of the slightest consequence to us or any human creature where Mr. Frederick Smethurst was, or what he might do with himself.

Secondly, that if Mr. Frederick Smethurst were to put a string and a stone round his neck and betake himself to the bottom of the sea, he would earn our gratitude and in some measure atone for his previous conduct.

Thirdly, that nothing at all about the matter should be said to Mary Avon; if the man had escaped, there might probably be an end of the whole business.

To these resolutions, carried swiftly and unanimously, Angus Sutherland added a sort of desultory rider, to the effect that moral or immoral qualities do sometimes reveal themselves in the face. He was also of opinion that spare persons were more easy of detection in this manner. He gave an instance of a well-known character in London—a most promising ruffian who had run through the whole gamut of discreditable offences. Why was there no record of this brave career written in the man's face? Because nature had obliterated the lines in fat. When a man attains to the dimensions and appearance of a scrofulous toad swollen to the size of an ox, moral and mental traces get rubbed out. Therefore, contended our F.R.S., all persons who set out on a career of villainy, and don't want to be found out, should eat fat-producing foods. Potatoes and sugar he especially mentioned as being calculated to conceal crime.

However, we had to banish Frederick Smethurst and his evil deeds from our minds; for the yacht from end to end was in a bustle of confusion about our going ashore; and as for us—why, we meant to run riot in all the wonders and delights of civilization. Innumerable fowls, tons of potatoes and cabbage and lettuce, fresh butter, new loaves, new milk; there was no end to the visions that rose before the excited brain of our chief commissariat officer. And when the laird, in the act of stepping, with much dignity, into the gig, expressed his firm conviction

that somewhere or other we should stumble upon a Glasgow newspaper not more than a week old, so that he might show us the reports of the meetings of the Stratigovan Commissioners, we knew of no further luxury that the mind could desire.

And as we were being rowed ashore, we could not fail to be struck by the extraordinary abundance of life and business and activity in the world. Portree, with its wooded crags and white houses shining in the sun, seemed a large and populous city. The smooth waters of the bay were crowded with craft of every description; and the boats of the yachts were coming and going with so many people on board of them that we were quite stared out of countenance. And then, when we landed, and walked up the quay, and ascended the hill into the town, we regarded the signs over the shop-doors with the same curiosity that regards the commonest features of a foreign street. There was a peculiarity about Portree, however, that is not met with in continental capitals. We felt that the ground swayed lightly under our feet. Perhaps these were the last oscillations of the great volcanic disturbance that shot the black Coolins into the sky.

Then the shops: such displays of beautiful things, in silk and wool, and ennuing wood-work; human ingenuity declaring itself in a thousand ways, and appealing to our purses. Our purses, to tell the truth, were giving. A craving for purchase possessed us. But, after all, the laird could not buy servant-girls' scarfs as a present for Mary Avon; and Angus Sutherland did not need a second waterproof coat; and though we reached the telegraph-office, there would have been a certain monotony in spending innumerable shillings on unnecessary telegrams, even though we might be rejoicing in one of the highest conveniences of civilization. The plain truth must be told. Our purchases were limited to some tobacco and a box or two of paper collars for the men; to one or two shilling novels, and a flask of eau-de-Cologne. We did not half avail ourselves of all the luxuries spread out so temptingly before us.

"Do you think the men will have the water on board yet?" Mary Avon says, as we walk back. "I do not at all like being on land. The sun scorches so, and the air is stifling."

"In my opinion," says the laird, "the authorities of Portree are deserving of great credit for having fixed up the apparatus to let boats get water on board at the quay. It was a public-spirited project—it was that. And I do not suppose that any one grumbles at having to pay a shilling for the privilege. It is a legitimate tax. I am sure it would have been a long time or we could have got such a thing at Strathgovan, if there was need for it there; ye would scarcely believe it, ma'am, what a spirit of opposition there is among some of the Commissioners to any improvement, ye would not believe it."

"Indeed," she says, in innocent wonder; she quite sympathizes with the public-spirited reformer.

"Ay, it's true. Mind ye, I am a Conservative myself; I will have nothing to do with Radicals and their Republics; no, no, but a wise Conservative knows how to march with the age. Take my own possession; for example as soon as I saw that the steam fire-engine was a necessity, I withdrew my opposition at once. I am very thankful to you, ma'am, for having given me an opportunity of carefully considering the question. I will never forget our trip round Mull. Dear me! it is warm the day," added the laird, as he raised his broad felt hat and wiped his face with his voluminous silk handkerchief.

Here come two pedestrians—good-looking young lads of an obviously English type—and faultlessly equipped from head to heel. They look neither to the left or right; on they go manfully through the dust, the sun scorching their faces; there must be a trifle of heat under these knapsacks. Well, we wish them fine weather and whole heels. It is not the way some of us would like to pass a holiday. For what is this that Miss Avon is singing lightly to herself as she walks carelessly on, occasionally pausing to look in at a shop—

And often have we seamen heard how men are killed or undone, By overturns of carriages, and thieves, and fires in London.

Here she turns aside to caress a small terrier; but the animal, mistaking her intention, barks furiously, and retreats, growling and ferocious, into the shop. Miss Avon is not disturbed. She walks on, and completes her nautical ballad—all for her own benefit—

We've heard what risk all landsmen run, from noblemen to tollors, So, Billy, let's thank Providence that you and I are sailors!

"What on earth is that, Mary?" her friend behind asks.

The girls stop with a surprised look, as if she had scarcely been listening to herself; then she says lightly:

"Oh, don't you know the sailor's song—I forget what they call it:

A strong sou-wester blowing, Billy, can't you hear it now?  
Lord help 'em, how I pities all unhappy folks on shore now.

"You have become a thorough sailor, Miss Avon," says Angus Sutherland, who has overheard the last quotation.

"I—I like it better—I am more interested," she says, timidly, "since you were so kind as to show me the working of the ship."

"Indeed," says he, "I wish you would take command of her, and order her present captain below. Don't you see how tired his eyes are becoming! He won't take his turn of sleep like the others; he has been scarcely off the deck night or day since we left Cana; and I find it is no use remonstrating with him. He is too anxious; and he fancies I am in a hurry to get back; and these continual calms prevent his getting on. Now the whole difficulty would be solved, if you let me go back by the steamer; then you could lie at Portree here for a night or two, and let him have some proper rest."

"I do believe, Angus," said his hostess, laughing in her gentle way, "that you threaten to leave us just to see how anxious we are to keep you."

"My position as ship's doctor," he retorts, "is compromised. If Captain John falls ill on my hands, whom am I to blame but myself?"

"I am quite sure I can get him to go below," says Mary Avon, with decision—"quite sure of it. That is, especially," she adds, rather shyly, "if you will take his place. I know he would place more dependence on you than on any of the men."

This is a very pretty compliment to pay to one who is rather proud of his nautical knowledge.

"Well," he says, laughing, "the responsibility must rest on you. Order him below, to-night, and see whether he obeys. If we don't get to a proper anchorage, we will manage to sail the yacht somehow among us—you being captain, Miss Avon."

"If I am captain," she says, lightly—though she turns away her head somewhat, "I shall forbid your deserting the ship."

"So long as you are captain, you need not fear that," he answers. Surely he could say no less.

But it was still John of Skye who was skipper when, on getting under way, we nearly met with a serious accident. Fresh water and all provisions having been got on board, we weighed anchor only to find the breeze die wholly down. Then the dingy was got out to tow the yacht away from the sheltered harbour, and our young doctor, always anxious for hard work, must needs jump in to join in this service. But the little boat had been straining at the cable for scarcely five minutes when a squall of wind came over from the north-west and suddenly filled the sails. "Look out there, boys!" called Captain John, for we were running full down on the dingy. "Let go the rope! Let go!" he shouted; but they would not let go, as the dingy came sweeping by. In fact, she caught the yacht just below the quarter, and seemed to disappear altogether. Mary Avon uttered one shriek; and then stood pale—clinging one of the ropes—not daring to look. And John of Skye uttered some exclamation in the Gaelic; and jumped on to the taffrail. But the next thing we saw, just above the taffrail, was the red and shining and laughing face of Angus Sutherland, who was hoisting himself up by means of the mizzen boom; and directly afterwards appeared the scarlet cap of Hector of Moildar. It was upon this latter culprit that the full force of John of Skye's wrath was expended.

"Why did you not let go the rope when I was call to you?"

"It is all right, and if I was put into the water, I have been in the water before," was the philosophic reply.

And now it was, as we drew away from Portree, that Captain Mary Avon endeavoured to assume supreme command and would have the deposed skipper go below and sleep. John of Skye was very obedient, but he said: "Oh, ay, I will get plenty of sleep. But that hill there, that is Ben Invaig; and there is not any hill in the West Highlands so bad for squalls as that hill. By and by I will get plenty of sleep."

But Invaig let us go past its great, gloomy, forbidding shoulders and cliffs without visiting us with anything worse than a few variable puffs; and we got well down into the Raasay Narrows. What a picture of still summer loveliness was around us!—the rippling blue seas, the green shores, and far over these the black peaks of the Coolins now taking a purple tint in the glow of the afternoon. The shallow Sound of Scalpa we did not venture to attack, especially as it was now low water; we went outside Scalpa, by the rocks of Skier Dearg. And still John of Skye evaded, with a gentle Highland courtesy, the orders of the captain. The silver bell of Master Fred summoned us below for dinner, and still John of Skye was gently obdurate.

"Now, John," says Mary Avon, seriously, to him, "you want to make me angry."

"Oh, no, mem; I not think that," says he, deprecatingly.

"Then why won't you go and have some sleep? Do you want to be ill?"

"Oh, there iss plenty of sleep," says he. "May be we will get to Kyle Akin to-night; and there will be plenty of sloop for us."

"But I am asking you as a favour to go and

get some sleep now. Surely the men can take charge of the yacht!"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes!" says John of Skye.

"They can do that ferry well."

And then he paused—for he was great friends with this young lady, and did not like to disoblige her.

"You will be having your dinner now. After the dinner, if Mr. Sutherland himself will be on deck, I will go below and turn in for a time."

"Of course Dr. Sutherland will be on deck," says the new captain, promptly; and she was so sure of one member of her crew that she added, "and he will not leave the tiller for a moment until you come to relieve him."

Perhaps it was this promise—perhaps it was the wonderful beauty of the evening—that made us hurry over dinner. Then we went on deck again; and our young doctor, having got all his bearings and directions clear in his head, took the tiller, and John of Skye at length succumbed to the authority of Commander Avon and disappeared into the forecabin.

The splendour of colour around us on that still evening!—away in the west the sea of a pale yellow green, with each ripple a flash of rose flame, and over there in the south the great mountains of Skye—the Coolins and Blaven, and Ben-na-Calleach—became of a plum-purple in the clear and cloudless sky. Angus Sutherland was at the tiller contentedly smoking an almost black meerschaum; the laird was discouraging to us about the extraordinary pith and conscientiousness of the Scotch phrases in the Northumbrian psalter; while ever and anon a certain young lady, linked arm-in-arm with her friend, would break the silence with some aimless fragment of ballad or old-world air.

And still we glided onwards in the beautiful evening; and now ahead of us in the dusk of the evening, the red star of Kyle Akin light-house steadily gleamed. We might get to anchor, after all, without waking John of Skye.

"In weather like this," remarked our sovereign lady, "in the gathering darkness, John might keep asleep for fifty years."

"Like Rip Van Winkle," said the laird, proud of his erudition. "That is a wonderful story that Washington Irving wrote—a very fine story."

"Washington Irving!—the story is as old as the Coolins," said Dr. Sutherland.

The laird stared as if he had been Rip Van Winkle himself; was he forever to be checkmated by the encyclopaedic knowledge of Young England—or Young Scotland rather—and that knowledge only the gatherings and sweepings of dusty books that anybody with a parrot-like habit might acquire!

"Why, surely you know that the legend belongs to that common stock of legends that go through all literature!" says our young doctor. "I have no doubt the Hindoos have their Epenides; and that Peter Klaus turns up somewhere or other in the Gaelic stories. However, that is of little importance; it is of importance that Captain John should get some sleep. Hector, come here!"

There was a brief consultation about the length of anchor-chain wanted for the little harbour opposite Kyle Akin. Hector's instructions were on no account to disturb John of Skye. But no sooner had they set about getting the chain on deck than another figure appeared, black among the rigging; and there was a well-known voice heard forward. Then Captain John came aft, and, despite all remonstrances, would relieve his substitute. Rip Van Winkle's sleep had lasted about an hour and a half.

And now we steal by the black shores; and that solitary red star comes nearer and nearer in the dusk; and at length we can make out two or three other paler lights close down by the water. Behold! the yellow ports of a steam-yacht at anchor; we know, as our own anchor goes rattling out in the dark, that we shall have at least one neighbour and companion through the still watches of the night.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### TEMPTATION.

But the night, according to John of Skye's chronology, lasts only until the tide turns or until a breeze springs up. Long before the wan glare in the east had arisen to touch the highest peaks of the Coolins, we hear the tread of the men on deck getting the yacht under way. And then there is a stifling noise in Angus Sutherland's cabin; and we guess that he is stealthily dressing in the dark. Is he anxious to behold the wonders of daybreak in the beautiful Loch Aish, or is he bound to take his share in the sailing of the ship? Less perturbed spirits sink back again into sleep, and contentedly let the *White Dove* go on her own way through the expanding blue-gray light of the dawn.

Hours afterwards there is a strident shouting down the companion-way, everybody is summoned on deck to watch the yacht shoot the Narrows of Kyle Rhea. And the laird is the first to express his surprise; are these the dreaded Narrows that have caused Captain John to start before daybreak so as to shoot them with the tide? All around is a dream of summer beauty and quiet. A more perfect picture of peace and loveliness could not be imagined than the green crags of the mainland, and the vast hills of Skye, and this placid channel between shining in the fair light of the morning. The only thing we notice is that on the grassy

green of the water—this reflected, deep, almost opaque green is not unlike the colour of Niagara below the Falls—there are smooth circular lines here and there, and now and again the bows of the *White Dove* slowly swerve away from her course as if in obedience to some unseen and mysterious pressure. There is not a breath of wind, and it needs all the pulling of the two men out there in the dingy and all the watchful steering of Captain John to keep her head straight. Then a light breeze comes along the great gully; the red-capped men are summoned on board, the dingy is left astern; the danger of being caught in an eddy and swirled ashore is over and gone.

Suddenly the yacht stops as if it had run against a wall. Then, just as she recovers, there is an extraordinary hissing and roaring in the dead silence around us, and close by the yacht we find a great circle of boiling and foaming water, forced up from below and overlapping itself in ever-increasing folds. And then, on the perfectly glassy sea, another and another of those boiling and hissing circles appear, until there is a low rumbling in the summer air like the breaking of distant waves. And the yacht—the wind having again died down—is curiously impelled one way and another, inasmuch that John of Skye quickly orders the men out in the dingy again, and again the long cable is tugging at her bows.

"It seems to me," says Dr. Sutherland to our skipper, "that we are in the middle of about a thousand whirlpools."

"Oh, it is ferry quate this morning," says Captain John, with a shrewd smile. "It is not often so quite as this. Ay, it is sometimes ferry bad here—quite so bad as Corrieveekan, and when the flood-tide is running, it will be riuin like—shit like a race-horse."

However, by dint of much hard pulling and judicious steering we manage to keep the *White Dove* pretty well in mid-current; and only once—and that but for a second or two—get caught in one of those eddies circling in to the shore. We pass the white ferry-house; a slight breeze carries us by the green shores and woods of Glenelg; we open out the wider sea between Isle Ornsay and Loch Hourin; and then a silver tinkle tells us breakfast is ready.

That long, beautiful, calm summer day: Ferdinand and Miranda playing draughts on deck—he having rigged up an umbrella to shelter her from the hot sun; the Laird busy with papers referring to the Strathgovan Public Park; the hostess of these people overhauling the stores and meditating on something conducive for dinner. At last the Doctor fairly burst out a-lughing.

"Well," said he, "I have been in many a yacht; but never yet in one where everybody on board was anxiously waiting for the glass to fall."

His hostess laughed too.  
"When you come south again," she said, "we may be able to give you a touch of something different. I think that, even with all your love of gales, a few days of the equinoxials would quite satisfy you."  
"The equinoxials!" he said, with a surprised look.

"Yes," said she, boldly. "Why not have a good holiday while you are about it? And a yachting trip is nothing without a fight with the equinoxials. Oh, you have no idea how splendidly the *White Dove* behaves!"

"I should like to try her," he said, with a quick delight; but directly afterwards he ruefully shook his head. "No, no," said he, "such a tremendous spell of idleness is not for me. I have not earned the right to it yet. Twenty years hence I may be able to have three months' continued yachting in the West Highlands."

"If I were you," retorted this small person, with a practical air, "I would take it when I could get it. What do you know about twenty years hence!—you may be physician to the Emperor of China. And you have worked very hard, and you ought to take as long a holiday as you can get."

"I am sure," says Mary Avon very timidly, "that is very wise advice."

"In the meantime," says he, "I am not physician to the Emperor of China, but to the passengers and crew of the *White Dove*. The passengers don't do me the honour of consulting me; but I am going to prescribe for the crew on my own responsibility. All I want is, that I shall have the assistance of Miss Avon in making them take the dose."

Miss Avon looked up inquiringly with those soft black eyes of hers.

"Nobody has any control over them but herself—they are like refractory children. Now," said he, rather more seriously, "this night-and-day work is telling on the men. Another week of it and you would see *Insomnia* written in large letters on their eyes. I want you, Miss Avon, to get Captain John and the men to have a complete night's rest to-night—a sound night's sleep from the time we finish dinner till day-break. We will take charge of the yacht."

Miss Avon promptly rose to her feet.

"John!" she called.  
The big, brown-bearded skipper from Skye came aft—quickly putting his pipe in his waist-coat pocket the while.

"John," she said, "I want you to do me a favour now. You and the men have not been having enough sleep lately. You must all go below to-night as soon as we come up from dinner; and you must have a good sleep till daybreak. The gentlemen will take charge of the yacht."

It was in vain that John of Skye protested he was not tired. It was in vain he assured her that, if a good breeze sprang up, we might get right back to Castle Osprey by the next morning.

"Why, you know very well," she said, "this calm weather means to last forever."

"Oh, no! I do not think that, mem," said John of Skye, smiling.

"At all events we shall be sailing all night; and that is what I want you to do, as a favour to me."

Indeed, our skipper found it was of no use to refuse. The young lady was peremptory. And so, having settled the matter, she sat down to her draught-board again.

But it was the Laird she was playing with now. And this was a remarkable circumstance about the game: when Angus Sutherland played with Denny-mains, the latter was hopelessly and invariably beaten, and when Denny-mains in his turn played with Mary Avon, he was relentlessly and triumphantly the victor; but when Angus Sutherland played with Miss Avon, she generally managed to secure two out of three games. It was a puzzling triangular duel: the chief feature of it was the splendid joy of the Laird when he had conquered the English young lady. He rubbed his hands, he chuckled, he laughed—just as if he had been repeating one of his own "good ones."

However, at luncheon the Laird was much more serious, for he was showing us how remiss the Government was in not taking up the great solar question. He had a newspaper cutting which gave in figures—in rows of figures—the probable number of millions of herrings destroyed every year by the solar geese. The injury done to the herring-fisheries of this country, he proved to us, was enormous. If a solar is known to eat on an average fifty herrings a day, just think of the millions on millions of fish that must go to feed those nests on the Bass Rock! The Laird waxed quite eloquent about it. The human race were dearer to him far than any gannet or family of gannets.

"What I wonder at is this," said our young Doctor, with a curious grim smile, "that we had learned to know, coming over his face, that the solar, with that extraordinary supply of phosphorus to the brain, should have gone on remaining only a bird, and a very ordinary bird, too. Its brain-power should have been developed; it should be able to speak by this time. In fact, there ought to be solar school-boards and parochial boards on the Bass Rock; and commissioners appointed to inquire whether the building of nests might not be conducted on more scientific principles. When I was a boy—I am sorry to say—I used often to catch a solar by floating out a piece of wood with a dead herring on it; a wise bird, with its brain full of phosphorus, ought to have known that it would break its head when it swooped down on a piece of wood."

The Laird sat in dignified silence. There was something occult and uncanny about many of the young man's sayings—they savoured too much of the dangerous and unsettling tendencies of these modern days. Besides, he did not see what good could come of likening a lot of solar-geese to the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan. His remarks on the herring-fisheries had been practical and intelligible; they had given no occasion for jibes.

We were suddenly startled by the rattling out of the anchor-chain. What could it mean!—were we caught in an eddy? There was a scurrying on deck, only to find, having drifted so far south with the tide, and the tide beginning to turn, John of Skye proposed to secure what advantage he had gained by coming to anchor. There was a sort of shameful laughter over this business. Was the noble *White Dove* only a river barge, then, that she was thus dependent on the tide for her progress? But it was no use either to laugh or to grumble; two of us proposed to row the Laird away to certain distant islands that lie off the shore north of the mouth of Loch Hourin; and for amusement's sake we took some towels with us.

Look now how this long and shapely gig cuts the blue water. The Laird is very dignified in the stern, with the tiller-rope in his hand; he keeps a straight course enough—though he is mostly looking over the side. And, indeed, this is a perfect wonder-hall over which we are making our way—the water so clear that we notice the fish darting here and there among the great brown blades of the tangle and the long green sea-grass. Then there are stretches of yellow sand, with shells and startish shining far below. The sun burns on our hands; there is a dead stillness of heat; the measured splash of the oars startles the sea-birds in there among the rocks.

Send the birlan on careering,  
Cheerily and all together,  
Ho, ho, clansmen!  
A long, strong pull together,  
Ho, ho, clansmen!

Look out for the shallows, most dignified of coxswains; what if we were to imbed her bows in the silver sand!—

Another cheer! Our isle appears—  
Our birlan bears her on the faster!  
Ho, ho, clansmen!  
A long, strong pull together,  
Ho, ho, clansmen!

"Hold hard!" calls Denny-mains, and behold! we are in among a network of channels and small islands lying out here in the calm sea; and the birds are wildly calling and screaming and swooping about our heads, indignant at the approach of strangers. What is our first duty, then, in coming to those un-

known islands and straits?—why, surely, to name them in the interests of civilization. And we do so accordingly. Here—let it be forever known—is John Smith Bay. There, Thorley's Food for Cattle Island. Beyond that, on the south, Brown and Polson's Straits. It is quite true that these islands and bays may have been previously visited; but it was no doubt a long time ago; and the people did not stop to bestow names. The latitude and longitude may be dealt with afterwards; meanwhile the discoverers unanimously resolve that the most beautiful of all the islands shall hereafter, through all time, be known as the Island of Mary Avon.

It was on this island that the Laird achieved his memorable capture of a young sea-bird—a huge creature of unknown species that fluttered and scrambled over bush and over scaur, while Denny-mains, quite forgetting his dignity and the heat of the sun, clambered after it over the rocks. And when he had got it in his hands, it lay as one dead. He was sorry. He regarded the newly-fledged thing with compassion; and laid it tenderly down on the grass; and came away down again to the shore. But he had scarcely turned his back when the demon bird got on its legs, and—with a succession of shrill and sarcastic "yawps"—was off and away over the higher ledges. No fasting girl had ever shammed so completely as this scarcely-fledged bird.

We bathed in Brown and Polson's Straits, to the great distress of certain sea-pyots that kept screaming over our heads, resenting the intrusion of the discoverers. But in the midst of it, we were suddenly called to observe a strange darkness on the sea, far away in the north, between Glenelg and Skye. Behold! the long-looked for wind—a hurricane swooping down from the northern hills! Our toilet on the hot rocks was of brief duration; we jumped into the gig; away we went through the glassy water! It was a race between us and the northerly breeze which should reach the yacht first; and we could see that John of Skye had remarked the coming wind, for the men were hoisting the fore-staysail. The dark blue on the water spreads; the reflection of the hills and the clouds gradually disappear; as we clamber on board the first puff of the breeze are touching the great sails. The anchor has just been got up; the gig is hoisted on the davits; slack out the main sheet, you shifty Hector, and let the great boom go out! Nor is it any mere squall that has come down from the hills; but a fine, steady, northerly breeze: and away we go with the white foam in our wake. Far-well to the great mountains over the gloomy Loch Hourin, and to the light-house over there at Isle Ornsay; and to the giant shoulders of Ardnaghishnich. Are not these the dark green woods of Armadale that we see in the west? And southward and still southward we go with the running seas and the fresh brisk breeze from the north; who knows where we may not be tonight before Angus Sutherland's watch begins?

There is but one thoughtful face on board. It is that of Mary Avon. For the moment, at least, she seems scarcely to rejoice that we have at last got this grateful wind to bear us away to the South and to Castle Osprey.

CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGH THE DARK.

Ahead she goes! the land she knows!

What though we see a sudden squall come tearing over from the shores of Skye, whitening the waves as it approaches us? The *White Dove* is not afraid of any squall. And there are the green woods of Armadale, dusky under the western glow; and here the sombre heights of Dun Bane; and soon we will open out the great gap of Loch Nevis. We are running with the running waves; a general excitement prevails; even the Laird has dismissed for the moment certain dark suspicions about Frederick Smethurst that have for the last day or two been haunting his mind.

And here is a fine sight!—the great steamer coming down from the north—and the sunset is burning on her red funnels—and behold! she has a line of flags from her stem to her topmasts and down to her stern again. Who is on board!—some great laird, or some gay wedding-party!

"Now is your chance, Angus," said Queen T—, almost maliciously, as the steamer slowly gains on us. "If you want to go on at once, I know the captain would stop for a minute and pick you up."

He looked at her for a second in a quick, hurt way; then he saw that she was only laughing at him.

"Oh, no, thank you," he said, blushing like a school-boy; "unless you want to get rid of me. I have been looking forward to sailing the yacht to-night."

"And—and you said," remarked Miss Avon, rather timidly, "that we would challenge them again after dinner this evening."

"This is a pretty combination: 'we' referred to Angus Sutherland and herself. Her elders were disrespectfully described as 'them.' So the younger people had not forgotten how they were beaten by 'them' on the previous evening."

Is there a sound of pipes amid the throbbing of the paddles? What a crowd of people swarm to the side of the great vessel! And there is the captain on the paddle-box—out all handkerchiefs to return the innumerable salutations—and good-bye, you brave *Glenelg*!—you have no need to rob us of any one of our passengers

Where does the breeze come from on this still evening?—there is not a cloud in the sky, and there is a drowsy haze of heat all along the land. But nevertheless it continues; and, as the gallant *White Dove* cleaves her way through the tumbling sea, we gradually draw on to the Point of Sleat, and open out the great plain of the Atlantic, now a golden green, where the tops of the waves catch the light of the sunset skies. And there, too, are our old friends Haleval and Haskaval; but they are so far away, and set amid such a bewildering light, that the whole island seems to be of a pale transparent rose-purple. And a still stranger thing now attracts the eyes of all on board. The setting sun, as it nears the horizon-line of the sea, appears to be assuming a distinctly oblong shape. It is slowly sinking into a purple haze, and becomes more and more oblong as it nears the sea. There is a call for all the glasses hung up in the companion-way; and now what is it that we find out there by the aid of the various binoculars? Why, apparently, a wall of purple; and there is an oblong hole in it, with a fire of gold light far away on the other side. This apparent golden tunnel through the haze grows redder and more red; it becomes more and more elongated; then it turns a deeper crimson until it is almost a line. The next moment there is a sort of shock to the eyes; for there is a sudden darkness all along the horizon-line: the purple-black Atlantic is barred against that lurid haze low down in the west.

It was a merry enough dinner-party: perhaps it was the consciousness that the *White Dove* was still bowling along that brightened up our spirits, and made the Laird of Denny-mains more particularly loquacious. The number of good ones he told us was quite remarkable—until his laughter might have been heard throughout the whole ship. And to whom now did he devote the narration of those merry anecdotes—to whom but Miss Mary Avon, who was his ready chorus on all occasions, and who entered with a greater zest than any one into the humours of them. Had she been studying the Lowland dialect, then, that she understood and laughed so lightly and joyously at stories about a thousand years of age?

"Oh, ay," the Laird was saying patronizingly to her, "I see ye can enter into the peculiar humour of our Scotch stories; it is not every English person that can do that. And ye understand the language fine. . . . Well," he added, with an air of modest apology, "perhaps I do not give the pronunciation as broad as I might. I have got out of the way of talking the provincial Scotch since I was a boy—indeed, ah! generally taken for an Englishman myself—but I do my best to give ye the speerit of it."

"Oh, I am sure your imitation of the provincial Scotch is most excellent—most excellent—and it adds so much to the humour of the stories," says this disgraceful young hypocrite.

"Oh, ay, oh, ay," says the Laird, greatly delighted. "I will admit that some o' the stories would not have much humour but for the language. But when ye have both! Did ye ever hear of the ladie who was called to his porridge by his mother?"

We perceived by the twinkle in the Laird's eyes that a real good one was coming. He looked round to see that we were listening, but it was Mary Avon whom he addressed.

"A grumbling bir laddie—a philosopher, too," said he. "His mother thought he would come in the quicker if he knew there was a fly in the milk. '*Johnny*,' she cried out, '*Johnny, come into your parritch; there's a fly in the milk.*' '*I'll no droom*,' says he. '*What!*' she says, '*grumblin' again? Do ye think there's no enough milk!*' '*Plenty for the parritch*,' says he—'*kee! kee! kee!*'—harp, eh, wasn't he!—'*Plenty for the parritch*,' says he—'*ha! ha! ha!*' '*ho! ho! ho!*'—and the Laird slapped his thigh, and chuckled to himself. "Oh, ay, Miss Mary," he added, approvingly, "I see you are beginning to understand the Scotch humour fine."

And if our good friend the Laird had been but twenty years younger—with his battery of irresistible jokes, and his great and obvious affection for this stray guest of ours, to say nothing of his dignity and importance as a Commissioner of Strathgovan! What chance would a poor Scotch student have had, with his test-tubes and his scientific magazines, his restless, audacious speculation and eager ambitions! On the one side, wealth, ease, a pleasant facetiousness, and a comfortable acceptance of the obvious facts of the universe—including water-rates and steam fire-engines; on the other, poverty, unrest, the physical struggle for existence, the mental struggle with the mysteries of life; who could doubt what the choice would be? However, there was no thought of this rivalry now. The Laird had abdicated in favour of his nephew, Howard, about whom he had been speaking a good deal to Mary Avon of late. And Angus—though he was always very kind and timidly attentive to Miss Avon—seemed nevertheless at times almost a little afraid of her; or perhaps it was only a vein of shyness that cropped up from time to time through his hard mental characteristics. In any case, he was at this moment neither the shy lover nor the eager student; he was full of the prospect of having sole command of the ship during a long night on the Atlantic, and he hurried us up on deck after dinner without a word about that return-battle at *bezique*.

The night had come on apace, though there was still a ruddy mist about the northern skies, behind the dusky purple of the Coolin hills. The stars were out overhead; the air around us



1. ANNUAL PRIZE MEETING OF THE QUEBEC RIFLE ASSOCIATION. 2. FATAL ACCIDENT IN A GRAIN DEPOT. 3. CAUGHT IN THE EDDY. 4. WATER CART TURNING A SOMERRAULT. 5. CHASED BY A BEAR. 6. BAPTISM IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.



LONDON MORNING AND EVENING DRESS. LONDON MORNING WALKING AND EVENING DRESS. LONDON MORNING AND EVENING DRESS. LONDON MORNING AND EVENING DRESS.  
 LONDON FASHIONABLE WALKING AND EVENING OR BALL DRESS. LONDON WALKING AND EVENING DRESS. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING AND EVENING DRESS.  
 LONDON WALKING AND EVENING DRESS. LONDON WALKING AND EVENING DRESS.

COSTUMES OF THE YEAR 1811.

was full of the soft cries of the divers; occasionally, amid the lapping of the water, we could hear some whirring by of wings. Then the red port light and the green starboard light were brought up from the fore-castle and fixed in their place; the men went below; Angus Sutherland took the tiller; the Laird kept walking backwards and forwards as a sort of look-out; and the two women were as usual seated on rugs together in some invisible corner—crooning snatches of ballads, or making impertinent remarks about people much wiser and older than themselves.

“Now, Angus,” said the voice of one of them—apparently from somewhere about the companion, “show us that you can sail the yacht properly, and we will give you complete command during the equinoctials.”

“You speak of the equinoctials,” said he, laughing, “as if it were quite settled I should be here in September.”

“Why not?” said she, promptly. “Mary is my witness you promised. You wouldn’t go and desert two lone women.”

“But I have got that most uncomfortable thing, a conscience,” he answered, “and I know it would stare at me as if I were mad if I proposed to spend such a long time in idleness. It would be outraging all my theories, besides. You know, for years and years back I have been limiting myself in every way—living, for example, on the smallest allowance of food and drink, and that of the simplest and cheapest—so that if any need arose, I should have no luxurious habits to abandon—”

“But what possible need can there be?” said Mary Avon, warmly.

“Do you expect to spend your life in a jail?” said the other woman.

“No,” said he, quite simply. “But I will give you an instance of what a man who devotes himself to the profession may have to do. A friend of mine, who is one of the highest living authorities on *Materia Medica*, refused all invitations for three months, and during the whole of that time lived each day on precisely the same food and drink, weighed out in exact quantities, so as to determine the effect of particular drugs on himself. Well, you know, you should be ready to do that—”

“Oh, how wrong you are!” says Mary Avon, with the same impetuosity. “A man who works as hard as you do should not sacrifice himself to a theory. And what is it? It is quite foolish!”

“Mary!” her friend says.

“It is,” she says, with generous warmth. “It is like a man who goes through life with a coffin on his back so that he may be ready for death. Don’t you think that when death comes it will be time enough in getting the coffin?”

This was a poser.

“You know quite well,” she says, “that when the real occasion offered, like the one you now describe, you could deny yourself any luxuries easy enough; why should you do so now?”

At this there was a gentle sound of laughter. “Luxuries—the luxuries of the *White Dove*!” says her hostess, mindful of the tinned meats.

“Yes, indeed,” says our young Doctor, though he is laughing too. “There is far too much luxury—the luxury of ill-health—on board this yacht to be wholesome for one like me.”

“Perhaps you object to the effeminacy of the downy couches and the feather pillows,” says his hostess, who is always grumbling about the hardness of the beds.

But it appears that she has made an exceedingly bad shot. The man at the wheel—one can just make out his dark figure against the clear starlit heavens, though occasionally he gets before the yellow light of the binnacle—proceeds to assure her that, of all the luxuries of civilization, he appreciates most a horse-hair pillow; and that he attributes his sound sleeping on board the yacht to the hardness of the beds. He would rather lay his head on a brick, he says, for a night’s rest than sink it in the softest feathers.

“Do you wonder,” he says, “that Jacob dreamed of angels when he had a stone for his pillow? I don’t. If I wanted to have a pleasant sleep and fine dreams that is the sort of pillow I should have.”

Some phrase of this catches the ear of our look-out forward; he instantly comes aft.

“Yes, it is a singular piece of testimony,” he says. “There is no doubt of it; I have myself seen the very place.”

We were not startled; we knew that the Laird, under the guidance of a well-known Free Church minister, had made a run through Palestine.

“Ay, said he, “the further I went away from my own country the more I saw nothing but decades and misery. The poor crayturs—living among ruins, and tombs, and decay, without a trace of public spirit or private energy. The disregard of sanitary laws was something terrible to look at—as bad as their universal beggary. That is what comes of centralization, of suppressing local government. Would ye believe that there are a lot of silly bodies actually working to get our Burgh of Strathgowan to Glasgow—swallowed up in Glasgow!”

“Impossible!” we exclaim. “I tell ye it is true. But no, no! We are not ripe yet for those Radical measures. We are constituted under an Act of Parliament. Before the House of Commons would dare to annex the free and flourishing Burgh of Strathgowan to Glasgow, I’m thinking the country far and near would hear something of it!”

Yes; and we think so, too. And we think it would be better if the hamlets and towns of Palestine were governed by men of public spirit like the Commissioners of Strathgowan; then they would be properly looked after. Is there a single fire-engine in Jerricho?

However, it is late; and presently the women say good-night and retire. And the Laird is persuaded to go below with them also; for how otherwise could he have his final glass of toddy in the saloon? There are but two of us left on deck, in the darkness, under the stars.

It is a beautiful night, with those white and quivering points overhead, and the other white and burning points gleaming on the black waves that whirl by the yacht. Beyond the heaving plain of waters there is nothing visible but the dusky gloom of the Island of Egge, and away in the south the golden eye of Ardnamurchan light-house for which we are steering. Then the intense silence—broken only when the wind, changing a little, gybes the sails and sends the great boom swinging over on to the lee tackle. It is so still that we are startled by the sudden noise of the blowing of a whale; and it sounds quite close to the yacht, though it is more likely that the animal is miles away.

“She is a wonderful creature—she is indeed,” says the man at the wheel: as if every one must necessarily be thinking about the same person. “Who?”

“Your young English friend. Every minute of her life seems to be an enjoyment to her; she sings as a bird sings, for her own amusement, and without thinking.”

“She can think, too: she is not a fool.”

“Though she does not look very strong,” continues the young Doctor, “she must have a thoroughly healthy constitution, or how could she have such a happy disposition? She is always contented; she is never put out. If you had only seen her patience and cheerfulness when she was attending the old woman—many a time I regretted it—the case was hopeless—a hired nurse would have done as well.”

“Hiring a nurse might not have satisfied the young lady’s notions of duty.”

“Well, I’ve seen women in sick-rooms, but never any one like her,” said he, and then he added, with a sort of emphatic wonder, “I’m hanged if she did not seem to enjoy that, too! Then you never saw any one so particular about following out instructions.”

It is here suggested to our steersman that he himself may be a little too particular about following out instructions. For John of Skye’s last counsel was to keep Ardnamurchan light on our port bow. That was all very well when we were off the north of Egge; but is Dr. Sutherland aware that the south point of Egge—Eilean-na-Castle—just pretty far out; and is not that black line of land coming uncommonly close to our starboard bow? With some reluctance our new skipper consents to alter his course by a couple of points, and we bear away down for Ardnamurchan.

And of what did he not talk during the long starlit night—the person who ought to have been look-out sitting contentedly aft, a mute listener?—of these strange fears that must have beset the people who first adventured out to sea; of the vast expenditure of human life that must have been thrown away in the discovery of the most common facts about currents and tides and rocks, and so forth, and so forth. But ever and again his talk returned to Mary Avon.

“What does the Laird mean by his suspicions about her uncle?” he asked on one occasion—just as we had been watching a blue-white bolt flash down through the serene heavens and expire in mid-air.

“Mr. Frederick Smethurst has an ugly face.”

“But what does he mean about those relations between the man with the ugly face and his niece?”

“That is idle speculation. Frederick Smethurst was her trustee, and might have done her some mischief—that is, if he is an out-and-out scoundrel; but that is all over. Mary is mistress of her own property now.”

Here the boom came slowly swinging over; and presently there were all the sheets of the head sails to be looked after—tedious work enough for amateurs in the darkness of the night.

Then further silence; and the monotonous rush and murmur of the unseen sea; and the dark topmast describing circles among the stars. We get up one of the glasses to make astronomical observations, but the heaving of the boat somewhat interferes with this quest after knowledge. Whoever wants to have a good idea of forked lightning has only to take up a binocular on board a pitching yacht, and try to fix it on a particular planet.

The calm, solemn night passes slowly; the red and green lights shine on the black rigging; afar in the south burns the guiding star of Ardnamurchan. And we have drawn away from Egge now, and passed the open sound; and there, beyond the murmuring sea, is the gloom of the Island of Muick. All the people below are wrapped in slumber; the cabins are dark; there is only a solitary candle burning in the saloon. It is a strange thing to be responsible for the lives of those sleeping folk—out here on the lone Atlantic, in the stillness of the night.

Our young Doctor bears his responsibility lightly. He has—for a wonder—laid aside his pipe; and he is humming a song that he has heard Mary Avon singing of late—something about

O Mark na lang, lassie, though I gang awa', For I’ll come and see ye in spite o’ them a’;

and he is wishing the breeze would blow a bit

harder—and wondering whether the wind will die away altogether when we get under the lee of Ardnamurchan Point.

But long before we have got down to Ardnamurchan, there is a pale gray light beginning to tell in the eastern skies; and the stars are growing fainter; and the black line of the land is growing clearer above the wrestling seas. Is it a fancy that the first light airs of the morning are a trifle cold? And then we suddenly see, among the dark rigging forward, one or two black figures; and presently John of Skye comes aft, rubbing his eyes. He has had a good sleep at last.

Go below, then, your stout-sinewed young Doctor; you have had your desire of sailing the *White Dove* through the still watches of the night. And soon you will be asleep, with your head on the hard pillow of that little state-room; and though the pillow is not as hard as a stone, still the night and the sea and the stars are quickening to the brain; and who knows that you may not perchance after all dream of angels, or hear some faint singing far away?

There was Mary Beaton—and Mary Seaton— Or is it only a sound of the waves? To be continued.

LITERARY.

THE three Longfellow brothers—Professor Henry W., the Rev. Samuel and Alexander—are now together at their old home, Portland, Me.

CANON BERTOCCHI, of Rome, is endeavoring to found a new Bibliographical Society, which is to publish, under the title of “*Repertorio Bibliografico*,” a review of all works printed in Italy this century.

THE suggestion that Professor Mommsen should be indemnified for the loss of his library and supplied with a new one at the national expense meets with approval in Berlin, and it seems likely that it will be carried out.

M. JULES VERNE, it is said, is about to visit the province of Oran for the purpose of exploring the marble quarries at Kleber. He hopes to collect the material for a new work of his, to be called “*A Journey to the Land of Marble*.”

MR. GREGG, of Hanover street, Peckham, has now ready (besides *Hamlet*, &c.) the facsimiles of the first two quartos, by Fisher and by Roberts, of Shakespeare’s “*Mistmas Night’s Dream*,” 1609, with introductions by Mr. Edworth.

PROFESSOR WILMANN, the head of the University Library of Göttingen, is now in England for the purpose of studying the arrangements of the great libraries, in order to select the best system for the new Göttingen Library, which is now in course of construction.

THE death is announced of Mr. Thomas Dixon, of Sunderland, the workman to whom Mr. Ruskin wrote the letters afterwards published under the title of “*By W. and T. N.*” Mr. Dixon, who was a corker by trade, took great interest in all matters relating to literature and the fine arts.

ANOTHER piece of historic interest has fallen into the destroying hands of the speculative builder. The Manor House at Stoke, Newington, where Edgar Poe used to school, and which tradition connects with the times of Queen Elizabeth, and the Commonwealth, is about to be pulled down. Of late it has been much visited by American travellers.

FRANK BUCKLAND, the naturalist is suffering from dropsy and finds walking difficult. But notwithstanding these troubles he is a delightful companion, and life is full of interest to him. At home he is surrounded by all his pets. He sits in John Hunter’s chair, regardless of uncomfortable angles. They are convenient for the monkeys.

HUMOROUS.

NEVER cry over spilt milk—there’s water enough in it.

AN undertaker gets his living where another man dies.

“HE is very spry at getting tired,” somebody said of a lazy man.

INQUIRER: “No; the gods never get angry, but they are sometimes incensed.”

IN case of accident on a ferry-boat the safest thing is the big life-preserver. It is tied fast.

IT is not a fair thing for a wealthy congregation to go off on a summer tour and leave a clergyman to preach all by himself.

THE absence of debtors during the summer season makes it impossible for their creditors to afford to leave town.

THERE is probably not a single Jewish officer in the British army, but the French army has Jewish officers of distinction.

VARIOUS key-notes: The baker’s key-note, dough; the sailor’s key-note, sea; the attorney’s key-note, law; the egotist’s key-note, me; and the key-note of Sol, ray.

“This is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization,” a tramp dependently observed, when he discovered that the ham he had taken from the front of a shop was a wooden one.

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

BOSTON Herald: “The *New York Times* accounts for the curious moral phenomenon that all trout fishers are liars by the fact that people who put on woollen shirts and go into the woods lapse into barbarism, in which all men become romancers naturally.”

Do you see that spring over there?” said a settler in Arkansas to a stranger. “Well, that’s an iron spring that is; and it’s so mighty powerful that the farmers’ horses about here that drink the water of it never have to be shod. The shoes just grow on their feet naturally.”

THE committee on political economy of the Limekiln Club “feels to say that de poison who can’t go to a circus an’ keep de good from mixin’ up wid de bad an’ burin’ his general system, had better be done up in a soft rag an’ laid away whar de mice can’t nibble him.” The report was accepted as the sentiment of the club.

A DR. ELLERIDGE, of Lewiston, Me., proposes to fast over forty days. He claims that he can subsist on

magnetism to be drawn from those who have full stomachs. This may be the a-orot of Turner’s fool’s grip on life. Shaking hands with a man who has been to dinner is regarded as a hearty meal by the new philosophers.

“My learned brother,” says the court, kindly but significantly, to a young lawyer who is about to run up his first case—“my learned brother will observe that it is near dinner-time, and that brevity is the soul of summing up.” “May it please your honour, I will not long detain you. I am right; my learned friend opposite is wrong; you are a good judge.” Judgment in his client’s favour, with costs.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers and letter to hand, Thanks.  
R., Hamilton.—Sent letter a week ago.  
E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 284.

The rule in the recent Chess Tourney at Wiesbaden, that two games should be played in one day, was not calculated to produce the best specimens of the competitors’ skill.

Some of the best players are slow players, and, indeed, rapid moving is at all times dangerous, the more especially when the players are under the excitement of Tourney play.

We think it will be found that some of the best games played in past encounters of this nature have been those which occupied the powers of the contestants from six to eight hours before they could be brought to a conclusion.

Besides this, it must be borne in mind that under such a regulation as we have just mentioned, the loser in the first contest of the day would generally be little fitted to begin another, from the depression he would feel after a defeat, and it would need some hours’ rest in order that he might acquire that self-possession, which chess invariably demands.

A fair start in any contest is a great thing, but in a trial of chess skill this could hardly be the case, if it should happen that the loser of a game, which had taxed all his power for half a day, should have for his opponent one who had just vanquished one adversary, and was eagerly looking round for another.

In a Tourney, where the great players of the day are to be pitted against each other, it appears to us that all means should be devised to give each player an opportunity to use his strength untrammelled by any regulation which could be reasonably dispensed with.

Blindfold players are on the increase, and their feats, which were at one time looked upon as marvellous, will soon we fear, sink into the commonplace, and elicit little attention.

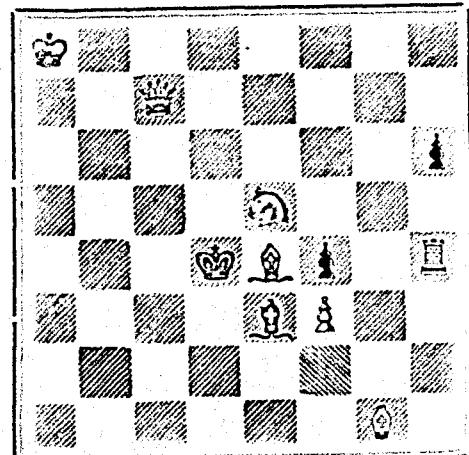
From the *Chess-player’s Chronicle* we learn that Herr Fritz, one of the competitors in Wiesbaden Tourney, has been astonishing the people of Mannheim by conducting twelve games simultaneously, without sight of the board. He is only twenty years of age.

The programme of the French National Tournament for the prizes given by the Government is published in *La Revue des Jeux* of the 3rd of July. Play will begin at the salon of the Paris Chess Circle on the 1st of December next. The entrance fee to the first-class Tournament is sixty francs, and it is open to all who have been licensed in France at least three years, as well as to all Frenchmen born. The entries close on the 10th of November. There will also be a handicap tournament concurrent with the other; prizes, 300 and 250 francs—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 280.

By J. W. Abbott.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 419TH.

(From Land and Water.)

THE WIESBADEN TOURNEY.

The following game was played in the final round of this contest:

(King’s Pinnchetto Defence.)

- White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Herr L. Faulen.)  
1. P to K 4 1. P to K 3  
2. P to K B 4 (a) 2. B to K 2  
3. K Kt to B 3 3. B to K 3  
4. P to Q 4 4. P to Q 3  
5. B to Q 3 5. P to Q 2  
6. P to B 3 6. Kt to Q 2  
7. Castles 7. P to K 3  
8. Kt to R 3 8. Kt to K 2 (b)  
9. Q to K sq 9. Castles  
10. B to Q 2 10. Kt to Q B 3  
11. Q to K 2 11. P to K 4  
12. Kt to B 2 12. P takes Q P  
13. P takes P 13. Kt to K 2 (c)  
14. B to B 3 14. P to Q 4  
15. P to K 5 15. P to Q B 4  
16. Kt to K 3 16. P takes P  
17. K Kt takes P 17. Kt to R B 4  
18. B to B 2 17. Kt to K 5  
19. B takes Kt 18. P takes P  
20. P to B 5 (d) 20. Kt to Q 4  
21. P to B 6 21. Kt takes P (e)  
22. P takes Kt 22. B takes P  
23. R takes B Roques (f)

NOTES.

- (3) A good answer to the King's Flanohetto Defence, though indeed there is scarcely any bad reply to it.
- (b) We have often set these eight moves as a lesson early learned by neophytes, and affording them a fair defence when receiving odds; but they are very far from being commendable in a match game between strong players. It is possible that Herr Paulsen found the time limit of twenty moves per hour too quick for him, and sought to make time by playing these eight moves right off. He is notoriously slow, and unable to do himself justice at these rapid games.
- (c) Mayhap he has nothing better, but it bodes ill for him; his game remains frightfully undeveloped.
- (d) Which is a shot in the lungs for Black.
- (e) A poisonous plaster this for his wound, though in any case he would be in a desperate plight.
- (f) For H Q takes R, then Kt from Q 4 to B 5, winning the Queen.

SOLUTIONS

- Solution of Problem No. 288.**
- White. Black.
- 1. Q to B 5 1. Any move
- 2. Mate accordingly.

- Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 286.**
- WHITE. BLACK.
- 1. B to Q 6 1. Any move.
- 2. Mate accordingly.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 286.

- White. Black.
- K at K Kt 4 K at K R 4
- R at K R 4 Q at Q R 4
- R at Q B 4 Pawns at K R 2.
- B at Q Kt 2 K Kt 2, Q R 2 and
- Kt at K B 5 Q Kt 2.
- Pawn at K Kt 5

White to play and mate in four moves.

IN PRESS—TO BE PUBLISHED IN JANUARY, 1881

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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.

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JOHN LOVELL & SON, Publishers.

Montreal, August, 1880.



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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.

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cakes, Griddle Cakes, &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.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**

**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,  
17-19-20-302 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 cards, gilt beveled edge,  
very handsome, 20c. Outfit 10c.

GRAND  
DOMINION EXHIBITION!

TO BE HELD IN

MONTREAL

— FROM —

14th to 24th SEPT.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

H. E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

OPEN TO THE WORLD!

**\$20,000**  
**IN PRIZES.**

Live Stock, Agricultural Implements, Dairy  
and Agricultural Products, Manufactures, Fine  
Arts, Machinery, &c.

New and Commodious Buildings have been  
erected, and every facility will be afforded to  
Exhibitors.

The track of the Q. M. O. and O. Railway will  
be extended to the Exhibition Grounds.

Many new and interesting features will be in-  
troduced in connection with the Exhibition.

Ample provision is made for the display of  
Machinery in motion, in order that Processes of  
Manufacture may be shown.

A splendid Exhibit will be made of the pro-  
ducts of Manitoba and Indian Curiosities from  
the Great North-West.

A first-class Band of Music will be present every  
day during the Exhibition.

The attractions intended to be offered, in  
addition to the regular Exhibition,  
will be on a grand scale, and  
will include among  
others:

A LACROSSE TOURNAMENT,

Which is intended to comprise a series of match  
games between the four crack clubs of  
Canada, including the present Champions.  
This tournament will probably present the  
finest opportunity to witness a display of  
Lacrosse ever seen in this or any other  
country.

**TORPEDO EXHIBITION IN THE HARBOR,**  
intended to illustrate the effect of torpedo  
attacks in actual warfare and presenting a  
spectacle never before witnessed in Canada.  
The display will be made in the harbor,  
affording a good view for a vast multitude.

GRAND REGATTA,

Including races, at which it is expected a num-  
ber of oarsmen of world-wide reputation will  
compete.

A GRAND PROVINCIAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION

Will take place on the 14th, 15th, 16th and  
17th insts., at which \$1,500 in premiums  
will be awarded.

IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY'S FETE.

GRAND FIREMEN'S PARADE AND EXHIBITION.

HYDRAULIC DISPLAY.

GRAND PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S GAMES.

BALLOON ASCENSIONS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

GRAND MILITARY REVIEW.

HORSE RACING.

Arrangements have been made with the  
Railway and Steamboat Companies  
to run cheap excursions, and  
to issue return tickets at

Reduced Rates

From all parts of the Dominion and  
neighbouring States.

For Prize Lists, Entry Forms, or any other informa-  
tion, apply to the undersigned.

S. C. STEVENSON,  
Secretary, C. of A. and Mf.

or to  
GEO. LECIERE,  
Secretary C. of Agr.

Montreal, 2nd August, 1880.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

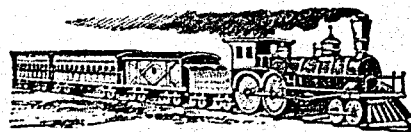


EXTRACT OF MEAT

FINEST AND CHEAPEST  
MEAT-FLAVOURING  
STOCK FOR SOUPS,  
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

"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.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Wednesday, June 23, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS
Leave Hochelaga for Hull	1.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull	10.30 a.m.	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga	1.00 a.m.	8.20 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	10.30 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
Night Passenger			
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec	6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec	8.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga	5.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	8.00 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	4.40 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome	5.30 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at St. Jerome	7.15 p.m.	Mixed	—
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga	—	6.45 a.m.	—
Arrive at Hochelaga	—	9.00 a.m.	—

(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. SENECAI, Gen'l Supt.

**THIS PAPER** MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT **GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S** Newspaper Advertising Bureau (15 SPRECK STREET, WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS. Advertising Agents,

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.  
Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

British American  
**BANK NOTE COMPANY.**  
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  
Practical Science, and the Education of  
Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION,  
5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.  
G. B. BURLAND General Manager.

F. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, including postage... \$2.00  
One copy, six months, including postage... \$1.10

Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.  
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 one column description, \$30; half-page of Illustration, including half column description, \$20; 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 matters 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,  
GENERAL  
Engravers, Lithographers, Printers  
AND PUBLISHERS,  
3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET,  
MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:—

- 12 POWER PRESSES
  - 1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE.
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  - 4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES.
  - 2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES.
  - Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EMBOSSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.
- All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in THE BEST STYLE  
AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALTY.  
The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,  
LOPINION PUBLIQUE, and  
SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN.  
A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department.  
Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

G. B. BURLAND, MANAGER.



# THE BELL ORGAN COMPANY.

LARGEST AND OLDEST ORGAN FACTORY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Established 1865.—13,000 now in use.

Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial, 1871.

Silver Medal and Diploma, Centennial, 1876.

International Medal and Diploma, Sydney, Australia, 1877.

Only Silver Medal for Parlor Organs, Provincial, Toronto, 1878.

Only Medal at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879.

Mr. Hague, of the Merchants Bank, says: "The Organ sent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effect produced by combination of the stops is charming."—For Catalogues, address:

**W. BELL & CO.,**

41-47 East Market Square, Guelph, Ont.

Or J. HECKER, 10 Phillips Square, Montreal.

**Gray's**  
**SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM**  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS  
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

**W. S. WALKER.**

IMPORTER OF

Diamonds, Fine Watches & Jewellery  
ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS,

SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE,

No. 321 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

50 Gold, Chromo, 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.



CONNUBIAL ECONOMY.

Come, Doctor, no more expense than is absolutely necessary.

**RUSSELL**  
**St. Louis Hotel**  
ST. LOUIS STREET  
QUEBEC  
**The Russell Hotel Company**  
WILLIS RUSSELL, President.  
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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OIL & COLOR MERCHANTS.

PROPRIETORS OF THE  
CELEBRATED



**WHITE LEAD.**  
MONTREAL.

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.**  
BREWERS and MALTSTERS,  
MONTREAL.



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. 19-6-52-2



**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF** is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U.S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 50c., 60c., and \$1.00.

**THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.**  
Ask for it, and take no other.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
Trade Mark. (Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.)

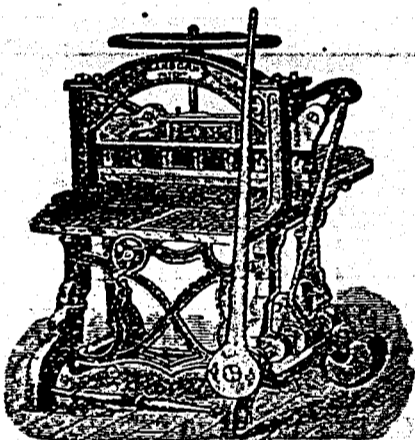


This is the wonderful **Heavenly Diamond of Science**, artistically mounted in a heavy gold band ring, guaranteed to last as long as you live. The stone is the largest and is claimed to be pure, clear, and is the most beautiful gem in the world. Let a perfect triumph of chemistry, dazzling in brilliancy as the sun-day sun. It is hard, perfectly cut, and stands every test, and it glazes with barabara occasionally, will also 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, in single solitary brilliancy, twelve the size of the above for eight dollars. Guaranteed reliable delivery, safe and prompt. 25 St. Nicholas St., Address registered letter to P.O. order to William Walkerton & Co., Box 1864, Montreal.

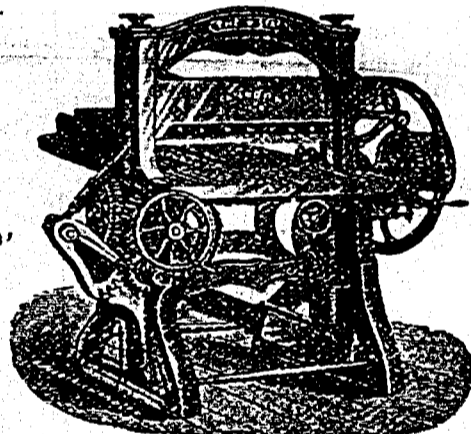
50 TORTOISE, Seroll, Wreath, Chromo, Motto and Floral Cards, 10c. U. S. Card Co., Northford, Ct.

**CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.**  
THE TONIC OF THE DAY

BOOK BINDERS',  
PRINTERS' and  
MACHINE MAKERS'  
NEW YORK, PAPER BOX  
28 Beekman St.  
CHICAGO,  
77 Monroe St.  
GEO. H. SANBORN,  
Standard Machinery Co.



**THE GEM.**  
30 inch. 32 inch.



**THE STAR.**  
30 inch. 32 inch. 34 inch. 38 inch. 44 inch. 48 inch.

In consequence of spurious imitations of  
**LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,**  
which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

*Lea & Perrins*

which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of  
22-13-12 Messrs. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; Messrs. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

**THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.**

TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.



**CAMOMILE PILLS** are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

### VALUABLE TRUTHS.

If you are suffering from poor health, or languishing on a bed of sickness, **Hop Bitters will Cure You.**

If you are simply ailing, if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, **Hop Bitters will Restore You.**

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed your self with your pastoral duties; or a mother, worn out with care and work, **Hop Bitters will Restore You.**

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties; or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, **Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.**

If you are young, and suffering from any indigestion, or are growing too fast, as is often the case, **Hop Bitters will Relieve You.**

If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, **Hop Bitters is What You Need.**

If you are old, and your pulse is feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning, **Hop Bitters will give you New Life And Vigor.**

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

20 Lovely Rose and Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

20 Chromo Cards, no two alike, 10c. with name post paid; samples free. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

THE Household Treasury and Manuscript Receipt Book for classifying and arranging country, medical and other receipts. Foolscap 4to. Half bound in cloth \$1.25, mailed free. CLOUGHIER BROS., Bookbinders, Toronto.