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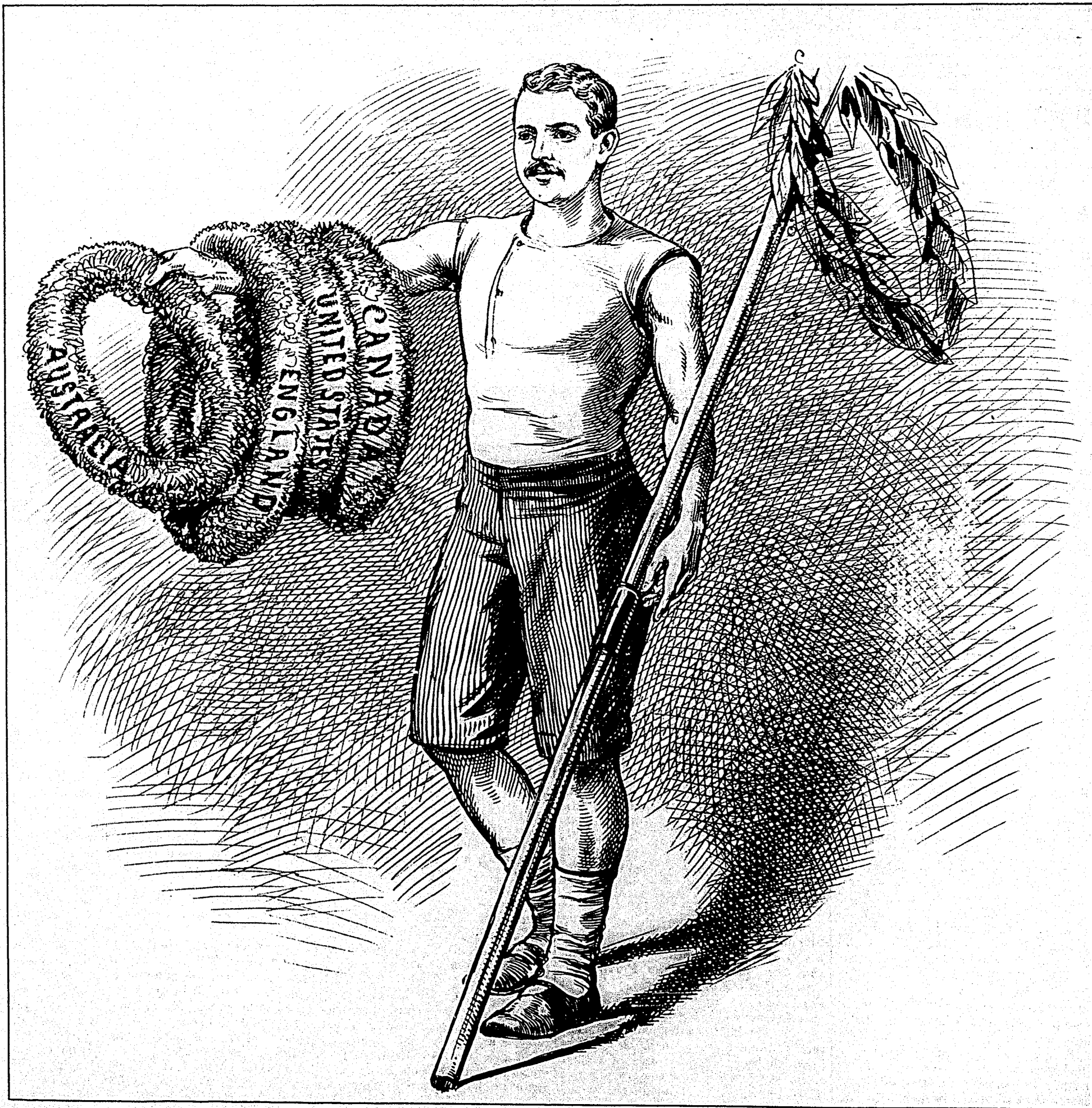
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# FRANK Whitbread News

Vol. XXII.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

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THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

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#### TEMPERATURE.

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

| November 21st, 1880. |       |      | Corresponding week, 1879. |      |      |      |       |      |       |      |      |
|----------------------|-------|------|---------------------------|------|------|------|-------|------|-------|------|------|
| Mon.                 | Tues. | Wed. | Thur.                     | Fri. | Sat. | Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thur. | Fri. | Sat. |
| Max. 33°             | 35°   | 35°  | 36°                       | 34°  | 34°  | 37°  | 35°   | 35°  | 41°   | 35°  | 34°  |
| Min. 25°             | 21°   | 23°  | 26°                       | 19°  | 30°  | 28°  | 28°   | 31°  | 23°   | 25°  | 16°  |
| Mean 29°             | 28°   | 29°  | 31°                       | 26°  | 27°  | 32°  | 31°   | 33°  | 27°   | 30°  | 25°  |

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, November 27, 1880.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are aware that our terms are cash, and that we have the right to exact from each subscriber \$4.50, when his subscription is not paid in advance. The end of the year is approaching and a large number have not yet fulfilled their obligations toward us. But we are willing to afford them another opportunity, and if they will pay up without further delay and save us the expense of sending out a collector, we will accept the \$4.00. We make this proposition with the view of avoiding any further inconvenience, and subscribers will give us credit for this timely notice.

We have done everything in our power to make the paper worthy of public patronage, but it must be remembered that our expenses are three times those of any other paper. The NEWS is an illustrated journal—the only one of its class in the Dominion, and our subscribers cannot fail to understand that we must necessarily depend on them for adequate support in the shape of prompt and regular payment.

#### THE WEEK.

WE may expect stirring news from Russia within a short time. There appears no doubt that the marriage of the Czar with the Princess DOLGOROUKI has been received with feelings of indignation in the best circles, and it would be no wonder if this disaffection, coupled with renewed Nihilist outbreaks, led to grave results.

A FACTOR in the Irish agitation is the attitude of the Papal authority by whom the principles to be observed are set down with remarkable lucidity. The Pope and the Bishops rather encourage the Irish people to seek legitimate satisfaction for their needs, and redress for their wrongs, but incendiarism, destruction of property, and homicide are clearly not among means that can be countenanced. This defines the whole situation in the sharpest and truest outlines.

THE prophets are at variance as to the continuance of the present cold weather. Some predict that the snow will stick; others are equally certain that we may still have a taste of Indian summer. It is to be hoped that the latter may turn out true. If the present snow remains and the cold continues, the winter will date from the 15th November, which is altogether too early. We presume that there have been no such premature indications of winter in the past ten years.

It is a queer spectacle in this nineteenth century, and in old England of all places—the imprisonment of clergymen for ritualistic practices. Rev. Messrs. DALE, ENRIGHT and GREEN have been condemned by the Court of Arches for continuing their ritualistic practices despite the orders of the court. And their imprisonment is not merely nominal, either. These gentlemen are not only deprived of their liberty, but have to submit to the rather rigid code of disciplinary rules.

ALTHOUGH the official organs continue strenuously denying the fact, there seems considerable reason to believe that the British Cabinet are not perfectly harmonious on the Irish question. The Whig wing advocate the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act as an initial measure of repression, while the Radical section are energetically opposed to any step of the kind. Meantime the agitation has not subsided at all in Ireland, nor is it likely to abate now that there is no reason to anticipate a meeting of Parliament before the holidays.

MICHAEL DAVITT on his arrival at Cork, from his recent tour in the United States, made a lengthy statement of the results of his mission which was not altogether satisfactory. He said that, while the public opinion of America was unquestionably favourable to the Irish land movement, the Americans needed further information on the subject, and a great deal of work had yet to be done. Another point that he made is very important, and will doubtless attract serious attention in Ireland. He declared it was vital to the movement that Americans should be convinced the Land League did not give the slightest encouragement to outrages.

THE whole of last week was devoted to boat-racing and the despatches from the Thames course superseded almost every other kind of intelligence. With the portraits of HANLAN and TRICKETT in the present issue, we give an account of the great contest for the championship of the world which took place, last Monday week, the 15th inst. The Hop Bitters Race occupied the three last days of the week, resulting in a decided victory for LAYCOCK, the Australian. That oarsman became so elated in consequence that he next challenged HANLAN for the championship, the race to take place within a brief period.

THE citizens of Montreal, Halifax and St. John are responding nobly to the call of distress which comes from the miners' families at Stellarton. This city has been divided into districts and a number of gentlemen have volunteered as canvassers. Already \$2,000 have been sent on. Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec and other cities will not be behind hand. The need is very pressing owing to the early advent of what bodes to be a severe winter. It is estimated that a fund of \$20,000 at least will be required to meet the wants of the widows and orphans. We publish in the present issue two sketches of the explosions at Stellarton, kindly furnished by a gentleman resident on the spot, and our sketches are accompanied by a description of the appalling catastrophe.

IN publishing the portraits of the distinguished French gentlemen who compose a delegation visiting the Dominion, and more particularly the Province of Quebec, for business purposes, we cannot refrain from alluding to the grand banquet offered them in this city by a large number of our French-Canadian friends. The three gentlemen made remarkable speeches in which they not only expressed their entire satisfaction with the resources of the country, and their confidence in the entire success of the Credit Foncier Scheme, but further declared their admiration of the freedom of our institutions, and the harmony existing between all

classes of the community under the liberalizing influence of the British laws. The introduction of French capital into Canada, and the emigration of French settlers on a large scale, will, we doubt not, tend to strengthen still more the ties which bind our English and French populations.

#### LAKE SAILORS.

The Imperial authorities have given the Dominion a ship of war for the purpose of training our youthful coast population for the sea. There can be but one opinion as to the need of such training. But it is very certain that it is not alone upon the sea coast that marine training is needed. This year the disasters upon the great lakes have been peculiarly distressing and numerous, and there can be no question that the majority of them have been caused by the lack of knowledge exhibited by the crews. There is plenty of room for a training ship upon the lakes as well as at St. John. We know of cases in which vessels have gone out manned by farm labourers out of work, with perhaps a man or two who can point out the manner of unfurling a sail and keeping the ship's head before the wind and steering for a given point. As long as the weather is fair this kind of conduct answers its purpose, but let any storm arise and the poor creatures on board are as helpless and useless as so many sticks of wood. The subject is one which should commend itself to the consideration of the Dominion Government and measures should be taken to prevent unfit persons undertaking the control of vessels on inland waters and also to provide some means of obtaining certified training, the lack of which at present causes much loss of life and property.

#### OUR CATTLE TRADE.

It is not often that official orations, in answer to formal addresses contain very much that is other than platitudinous and stereotyped in character. Now and again there is a departure from the beaten track, and even in the conventional phraseology of such an address as we allude to, there is found matter worthy of study and preservation. In an ethical aspect such a departure was made in the case of Lord DUFFERIN's valedictory speech at Toronto. That speech will always be worthy of perusal from the fact that the sterling advice given in it was not alone applicable to the people of the period, but to all who will follow. In a practical aspect such a departure was made by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in his speech at the opening of the Provincial Exhibition of Ontario. His EXCELLENCY, in that speech, touched upon a subject, at this moment of utmost importance to the people of Canada in general, though, perhaps, of more immediate interest to the farming community. We know now, and have had ample evidence from initiatory experience, that Canada may, if she chooses, be the granary and source of general food supply of Great Britain. We know that it will be, if we choose, from the vast fields of the North-West that the wheat supply will be drawn which, in the future, will take the place of that now purchased in the valleys of the Danube and elsewhere. But at the same time, as the growth of wheat decreases in volume in the older provinces, the latter will more than compensate for the change of producing—once more we say if we choose—the cattle and the dairy produce now imported into England from certain portions of the European continent, and even now in a small degree from this country and the United States. This being the case we should consider carefully the opportunities of the older provinces, and are we taking time by the forelock and preparing for the next quarter of a century? When this reflection is forced upon us, the soundness of the advice given by the MARQUIS of LORNE, on the occasion referred to, becomes more marked. He said to the Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario, "At the present moment you have advantages with regard

to the protection afforded you in the permission given to land your cattle alive in the old country, when it is denied to the States, which cannot be expected to last. It is impossible to urge too strongly the necessity of preparation against a time when American cattle will be again admitted into England. Unless you get the very best stock and produce high graded beasts, you cannot hold your own." Now, do the great body of our farmers act upon this principle? Our Exhibitions always show good stock, but our Exhibitions only represent an infinitesimal portion of the live stock of the country. The magnificent animals in the Townships and at Bow Park could not be excelled, but is this stock being distributed with necessary speed? We fear not. A journey through Ontario will indicate that in this all important matter of stock a large body of the agriculturists show culpable indifference. We know that in the old County of York a gentleman freely offered a short time ago to place at the disposal of the farmers a couple of pure bulls for the purpose of improving the stock of the district. Sooner than avail themselves of this offer, at the cost only of a little trouble, these farmers preferred to jog along with their traditional "runts," and probably are doing so to-day. This we fear is but a typical case. But such a shortsighted policy is one which cannot but be full of disaster and loss to the farmers. At no time does poor stock pay, but in view of the possible trade in cattle open to the country, and the certain competition with the United States, our farmers will be acting a suicidal part if they do not pay the utmost attention to the necessary improvements of their live stock. Among our many agricultural subscribers our note of warning will, we feel, have to be taken in good part. The rumour that the restrictions upon the importation of American cattle into England are about to be modified, makes the remarks of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL doubly important and worthy of attention at the present time.

#### A MORBID NATIONALISM.

We have observed with pain and anxiety, during the past year, a current of unfair complaint and ungenerous criticism, on the part of a few of our French-Canadian contemporaries, relative to fancied cases of injustice to the French-Canadian nationality in the distribution of public offices, and neglect of the French language in official documents. In a heterogeneous community like ours, where harmony is essential on broad lines, however we may differ on minor points, there is no style of controversy more dangerous than this. In individual examples of real or supposed grievance, it is well enough to speak out and seek redress, but when the subject is continually harped upon for the palpable purpose of creating a "sensational," the result is apt to be deplorable. In the instance of one of these papers we are glad to see that the proprietor has intervened by an overhauling of his editorial staff, thus changing its tone, but others still persist in their course. For having mildly protested against his fallacies we have drawn down on our heads the wrath of one of those writers, on two several occasions, without, however, seeing in what way he has mended his case. We venture to state that the English language should be taught as a leading course in all the schools, academies and colleges of the Province of Quebec, in the interest of the French-Canadian youth themselves, because by the end of the century this country will be essentially English, and those who are ignorant of that language would be left in the back ground. What harm is there in stating this? Is it not true? Do not present appearances attend to prove the assertion?

It need not be repeated that no one of us is hostile to the French language, the French nationality, or French habits and customs. If a few affect to look down on these, they only show their folly and ignorance of the essential conditions of our common country. To take a late ex-

ample, none took a livelier interest in the literary successes of M. FROCHETTE, and came forward more heartily to do him honour than the English-speaking people of Montreal. The principal journals of Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, St. John and Halifax, recorded their congratulations in appropriate articles. But this does not prevent us from understanding that our French people would only promote their usefulness by acquiring a proficiency in the English language and literature. The two languages do not clash; rather do they supplement each other. No one would be less a true Frenchman for being an accomplished English scholar. Furthermore, he would find the professions—legal, medical and notarial—more widely open to him, and his path in commercial careers would be greatly broadened and softened. With regard to alleged injustice in the distribution of patronage, and fancied neglect of the French language in official quarters, we repeat that the remedy can be easily applied whenever there is a real fault, and the more that we are positive that there is no intention to do an unfairness. Certainly, if we were so minded, we might retort by alleging several cases where the English people might complain of being slighted. Only the other day, General LEARD brought down upon himself a storm of indignation, by refusing to answer a letter addressed to him in English until it was written in French. The gallant General was clearly wrong and will not likely repeat the offence. Yet, we know of more cases than one where letters sent in English to Departments at Quebec were answered in French, which might be construed into a discourtesy as it was certainly an inconvenience when the party addressed did not know French. But these recriminations would be idle and puerile. Both sides must put up with a little friction, now and then, inseparable from our mixed origins, and the public prints which ought to be the exponents of the highest thought and feeling in the country should set the example in this respect. As we state in a paragraph elsewhere, it is to be hoped that the visit of the French delegates, who were so magnificently banquetted last week, will tend to lessen our estrangements and bind us all more closely together.

#### OUR FRENCH VISITORS.

We publish to-day the portraits of three of the French gentlemen who are on a mission to this country, in connection with the establishment of commercial and financial relations of the greatest importance between Canada and France. Their visit is one of the most important events of the year, and its results promise to be fruitful of the amplest benefit to the Dominion.

The principal of these is M. Joseph Henri Thors. He is a native of Amsterdam, and was born in 1839. From an early age he entered the banking career, and at once distinguished himself by the display of the most brilliant aptitudes. After the German war, he was placed at the head of the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas, the largest institution of its kind on the continent of Europe, with a capital of 120,000,000 francs. Its transactions are on a colossal scale, and it enjoys universal confidence. M. Thors took up arms for his adopted country during the war, and has become a naturalized French citizen. Since his advent among us he has been received with all the consideration due to his talents and his mission, and it is gratifying to know that he expresses his entire satisfaction with what he has seen of Canada.

M. Gustave de Molinari is one of the most distinguished political economists of France, and the author of a large number of works which are cited and consulted as authorities. He was born at Liege in 1819, his father having been an Officer of the Empire. He has been connected with journalism from an early age, and his career on the *Journal des Debats* has given him an European reputation. His mission to Canada is to study our institutions from an economic point of view, and to make such a report as French financiers may use to enter into relations with us. M. de Molinari is well pleased with Canada, and there is no doubt that he will give a satisfactory account of us.

M. De Lalonde bears an official character, inasmuch as he has been sent by the French Government to visit our country, and satisfy himself how far it is a fit field for emigration and colonization. His journey to the Northwest has been so far favourable, that he has made overtures with the Government for the purchase of three entire townships, there, which he intends

to reserve for Alsatian and Lorraine settlers. M. De Lalonde is a gentleman of experience and keen observation, and his sympathy for us is likely to produce the most satisfactory results.

#### COLLIERY DISASTER AT STELLARTON, NOVA SCOTIA.

At seven o'clock on the morning of November 12th, the community was startled by the report of another accident in the Ford pit of Albion mines. The facts are as follows:—Previous to six o'clock, the two night foremen, came to the surface and reported the pit all safe. At five o'clock, the men proceeded as usual to their respective bords, and other places of work. At twenty-five minutes to seven Charles Ross, driver on the fan, while performing his duties, heard a peculiar roar proceeding from the fan, like a heavy rush of wind, lasting two minutes, and a moment later the roof of the fan house, made of plank, was blown in the air, followed by a quantity of brick. He immediately reported the chief engineer, who ordered Ross to increase the velocity of the fan from forty to fifty revolutions per minute. Meanwhile, the great number of men working in the north side of the pit being warned of a disaster by an unusual concussion of air, escaped by way of the cage-pit, which communicates with the Ford by a tunnel. At this time James Hudson, manager, his son Joseph, and under-ground manager, and Robert Simpson, manager of the Drummond mines, had assembled at the pit head, and were holding a consultation. It was now too patent that a great calamity had occurred, and it was believed that thirty or thirty-five men working on the south side had been cut off from all means of escape. Volunteers were called for, but were slow in coming forward, which may in some measure be accounted for by the dread of the late disaster being in their minds. Finally, however, Messrs. Duncan Mackenzie, Fred. Schurman, Rory McDonald, descended and attempted to enter the south side of the working, but found the gas so strong that they could only get a few yards, so immediately returned to the surface. The first party to descend was Joseph Hudson, John McKay, Fred Schurman and a boy named Lewis. At the foot of the shaft they met John Dauber, and proceeded fifty yards to the southward to try to break in the south side. There they found a man named Johnson, unconscious but living. Schurman and Hudson carried him to the foot of the shaft and took him up. He was removed to his residence and will likely recover. Returning to the pit and proceeding to the same spot they found a man named McGillivray lying on his side, insensible, with his arm raised, so as to protect his face. Hudson says:—"I felt his hands which were still warm. I put my hand on his heart to make sure that he was dead. I believe he was, but just then I felt the charge of air, which is always the warning of approaching explosion, and had to rush to the shaft for my life." Hudson and his party then came to the surface, followed a few minutes later by Michael Breen, who came from the north break, and reported stumbling over a man, who was still living, in his (Breen's) effort to reach the shaft, but to have stayed to attempt to render him assistance would have been certain death to himself. The crowd surrounding the office noticed the pull-ways of the shaft in motion, and a rush was made for that spot, when a man was met, who informed Manager Hudson, that Daniel McLean, Rory D. McDonald, Michael Foley and John Foley had come up from the north side, bringing with them Matthew McPherson, who in some marvellous manner had travelled from the south working three hundred yards up the north break on the north side, and yet was ignorant of anything unusual having occurred, and this two hours and a half after the accident. Another exploring party descended, but only got up to where the previous parties reached. They succeeded after awhile in putting up brattices to convey the air in a proper course, but were compelled to return by the foul gas and fear of explosion. During this time the scenes on the surface can be better imagined than described. Work had ceased. Hundreds of people had arrived from New Glasgow, Westville and vicinity; the majority of the population surrounded the works, who knew that over fifty fathers, brothers and sons, who had gone to their work in the morning in the prime of life and enjoyment of perfect health, had met a terribly sudden death. There was no hope. Bereaved wives, mothers and sisters bore their terrible affliction with a heroism of which the oldest miners have no recollection in the previous history of mining disasters. Their grief was too deep for utterance. As the bodies came to the surface, covered with loose rags, the scene was indescribable. Old and middle-aged men cried like children. The bodies were quietly removed to a wagon shop 200 yards distant. The history of the mining on this seam has been one of disaster.

#### AN IMPRISONED RITUALIST.

THE REV. T. PELLHAM DALE'S EXPERIENCES IN HOLLOWAY GAOL.

The Rev. T. Pellham Dale, now in Holloway Prison, in accordance with the sentence of Lord Penzance for contumacy in disobeying the decision of the Court of Arches as to the alleged illegal ritual in his Church of St. Vedast, city of London, has been interviewed. He was found seated with his son, who acts as his amanuensis, in a large double cell, which he oc-

cupies as his sitting-room. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, two or three comfortable-looking chairs, a large table covered with books and papers, and a smaller one on which were refreshments, and a pretty bouquet. A doorway led into a small cell which Mr. Dale uses as his sleeping room. The rector's right hand was bandaged owing to an abscess having formed which prevents him writing. Through the courtesy of the prison officials, however, his son is allowed to be with him two hours daily, and thus enable him to attend to his voluminous correspondence. In reply to questions, Mr. Dale stated that he felt very well, and that his doctor had informed him that there was a slight improvement in his general condition, which had been far from strong for some time past. "How do you like your quarters, Mr. Dale, and are you fairly treated?" I asked the rector. "I have no cause to complain on either score, sir," said he. "The officers here are gentlemen, and Colonel Milman, the governor of the prison, is a very courteous and kind gentleman. As to this room," said he, looking round it, "why it is very like what my rooms were at Sidney College, Cambridge, of which I was a Fellow, and where I was lodged when a younger man. That little cupboard in the corner there with the door to it answers to what at college we called the 'gyp room,' the place we kept our provisions in." "Your cells are, I see, on the ground floor, and they are rather dark, and those sombre yew tree branches outside do not form what one would call a cheerful outlook," I remarked. "Oh," said Mr. Dale, "the room is as good as some of those that young men 'keep in' at college." "Are you permitted to see your friends occasionally?" I asked. "Yes, I have callers every day. Mrs. Dale comes to see me every morning, and one of my daughters accompanies her. They stay about one hour, and in the afternoon my son is with me for about two hours." "What course is it intended to adopt to obtain your release?" I inquired. "That I do not know," Mr. Dale replied. "I have put myself unreservedly in the hands of my lawyer. Of course I am anxious to be restored to my family and congregation, and would like to get out of prison as soon as possible. Indeed, my instructions to my lawyers were to get me out as quickly as I came here, for a certain purpose, but sooner than surrender one iota of principle for which I am kept here, I will stay all my life in prison. I have taken my stand in the interests of the Church of England and her liberties, and am resolved to abide all consequences. Yet we must see when the time comes what is best to be done. At present I do not know that even the writ of habeas corpus will ever be applied for." "Permit me," I said, "to ask you, for form's sake, in view of what you have already stated, if you intend submitting to Lord Penzance's judgment?" "No, certainly not," said Mr. Dale, stoutly, and with more emphasis than he had previously used. "I do not intend to submit to his judgment." "May I ask why?" "Because," said the rector. "I consider his an usurped jurisdiction, and I could not, as a benefited priest in the Church of England, acquiesce in it. I cannot permit a State-made Court to suspend me *ab officio*, but, as far as at present advised, should submit to be suspended *ab beneficio*. That is, the State may take away my temporalities or goods; but I will not allow that the civil power has any authority in spiritual matters. I am a priest in the Church of England, and I hold a benefice. If the State chooses to take away my benefice, justly or unjustly, I am bound as a citizen and a Christian man to submit, even to the spoliation of my goods; but I cannot allow the State to interfere with my spiritual authority, delegated to me by the Bishop at my ordination. What ulterior purposes were to be served in singling my church out I can only suspect, but am not permitted to say. The ostensible reason given is the Ritualistic practices, but I cannot help thinking matters which have no connection with church services have had something to do with it. What we wish to restore is historic Christianity, and that alone. We are Englishmen, and object as much as the majority of our fellow-countrymen to Papal supremacy.

Mr. Dale, who is 65 years of age, refuses to give up the key of his church to the nominee of the Bishop of London, standing on his legal right as to St. Vedast's being his freehold, of which he can only be deprived by force. The Church Association decided that he should be searched and the key taken from him. To this, however, the Governor of the prison refused to accede, unless on the production of a regular search warrant. The case of the rev. gentleman will be brought before the Courts for argument, unless he is set free in the meantime by order of the Home Secretary.

On the first Sunday after his imprisonment he had to put up with poor fare, a bowl of cocoa and dry bread for breakfast and supper, no spoon being supplied, and Irish stew for dinner. He has received the Holy Communion from a London clergyman from out side. In order to pay the costs of his trial, etc., all his books and nearly all his household goods have been seized. Still he does not lose heart.

The Workingmen's Protestant League, by resolution, rejoice that in the imprisonment of the Rev. T. P. Dale, the vicar of St. Vedast, Fosterlane, E.C., the law has with tardiness, to some extent, been vindicated. We have no sympathy with the sentiment that Mr. Dale is punished "for conscience sake" but most earnestly implore that such lawlessness may be put

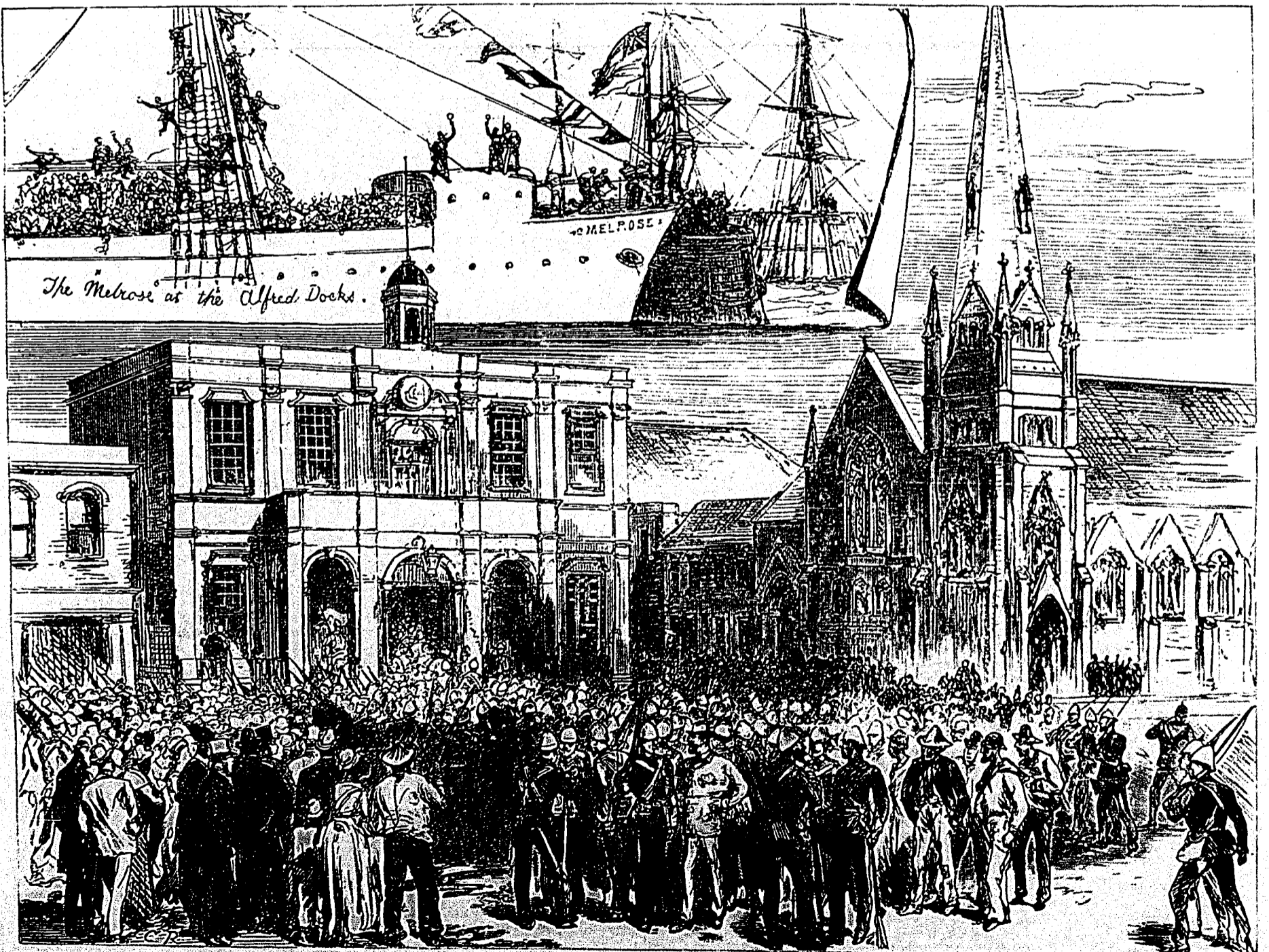
down wherever it exists. The delay in putting the law in execution has greatly fostered the thought among the workmen that "there is one law for the rich and another for the poor," thus annulling the Scriptural injunction that the authority of the magistrate is a terror to evil-doers (law-breakers) and a praise to them that do well. Moreover, if Mr. Dale desires personal liberty and freedom of his conscience, he may at once secure both by relinquishing his position as a clergyman of the Church of England and proceeding to another place according with his erroneous teaching and idolatrous practices.

#### THE SEAMY SIDE OF LETTERS.

Minerva, said an old etymologist, is called, *quia minuat nervos*. Excess of study is, of course, like any other excess, prejudicial to the system. The pursuit of letters, if carried beyond a certain point, is, like other pursuits, attended by physical inconveniences. These, which have been greatly magnified, ultimately result from one of two causes—too much exercise of the mind, or too little exercise of the body. Insanity or indigestion, a disordered head or a disordered stomach, are the avenging Erinyes of the lucubrations of literary libertinism. But the belly suffers far more often than the brain. How many men sit before their books day after day, immovable as the unhappy Indian Fakirs before their gods, deranging their animal economy without any advantage to themselves or society! How many of these sedentary victims lose their appetite without increasing their intelligence! How many, without improving their discernment, destroy their digestion! These are they whom Melancholy follows like a shadow, having marked them for her own. No need for them to drink the bloodless cumin. The least intemperate of them from excessive sensibility serves as a living barometer, and is purged of bile at much less seldom intervals than Horace. The most intemperate is a martyr, if we may believe physicians, to sleeplessness and somnambulism, to convulsions and catalepsy. These men have been known to sink, in a comparative short period, from a voluminous constitution to monogamian caducity. Now, they will even die away like a lamp, from wasting their light of life solely in the service of an ungrateful public. From time to time learned receipts have been given regarding a scholar's diet. But these bookworms will have none of them. They will not even follow the example of Aristotle, and bear about constantly on their belly, in order to assist digestion, a bladder of aromatic oil. They will not confine their food to milk and rice, eggs and oysters, fruit and farina. Illustrious examples are theirs, if they would but follow them. Anacreon is said, during his latter years, to have lived on a regimen of raisins, Newton on bread and water, with wine and boiled chicken on some infrequent opportunity of festal cheer. But at least let the student beware of bacon, and cream, and cider. Nor are sheep's trotters ordinarily adapted to his digestive powers. Tea is little likely to lengthen literary days; and a sucking pig, especially with mustard and pepper, is a very Pandora's box of ills, in which not even Hope remains behind. The literary constitution seems by nature surcharged with black bile. For one fellow of infinite jest, you will find more than fourscore men of sorrows—in their books. But we know by experience that the printed versions of their own wretchedness are not always true. Some of their Complaints, their Epicedia, their In Memoriams, their Elegies, their mournful rhymes would go near to break our hearts for very sympathy's sake, were it not for nature's suggestion that there can be but little suffering in so loud a symphony, and the recollection that our rhymers, like the old shepherd in the ballad, must sometimes feign themselves wretched to show they have wit. When Young, from whom had he been made a bishop the world would probably have had no "Complaint," on the occasion of a family bereavement common to human kind, observed that midnight was sunshine compared to the colour of his fate, the exaggeration of his expression cast a doubt on the sincerity of his sentiment. We look upon it as a mere stratagem of speech, and we are inclined to estimate ninetenths of the wailing burden of his song at little more value than the chattering of a swallow on a barn. Young, however, was able to suffer in silence. He wrote an epitaph for his footman, describing him as a person of perfect piety, and lamb-like patience, but we have from him no obituary evidence of the virtues of his wife. Poets have, of all literary personages, probably suffered the most, which is indeed only natural, as they are least wanted by a world which professes to honour them so highly. But if it is their vanity which makes the sentence of public opinion press hot and heavy upon them, like a tailor's goose, it is also their vanity which prevents that iron instrument uncurling a single hair of their self-satisfaction. A little more of censure, which another might easily ford, would indeed drown them, were they not sustained by an airy opinion of their own merits. Herrick was doubtless made miserable by the slow sale of his "Hesperides," and mourned the meagre revenue of his rhymes; but, on the other hand, he consoled himself with his vast superiority to his fellow-citizens of Devonshire, boors, rocky, enrish, and churlish as their seas. What a crowd of indignant versifiers, who have supplied fuel for many a kitchen fire, have refreshed themselves with reflections on the gross stupidity of their age!



HAULING LOGS IN THE WEST FOR HUT BUILDING.

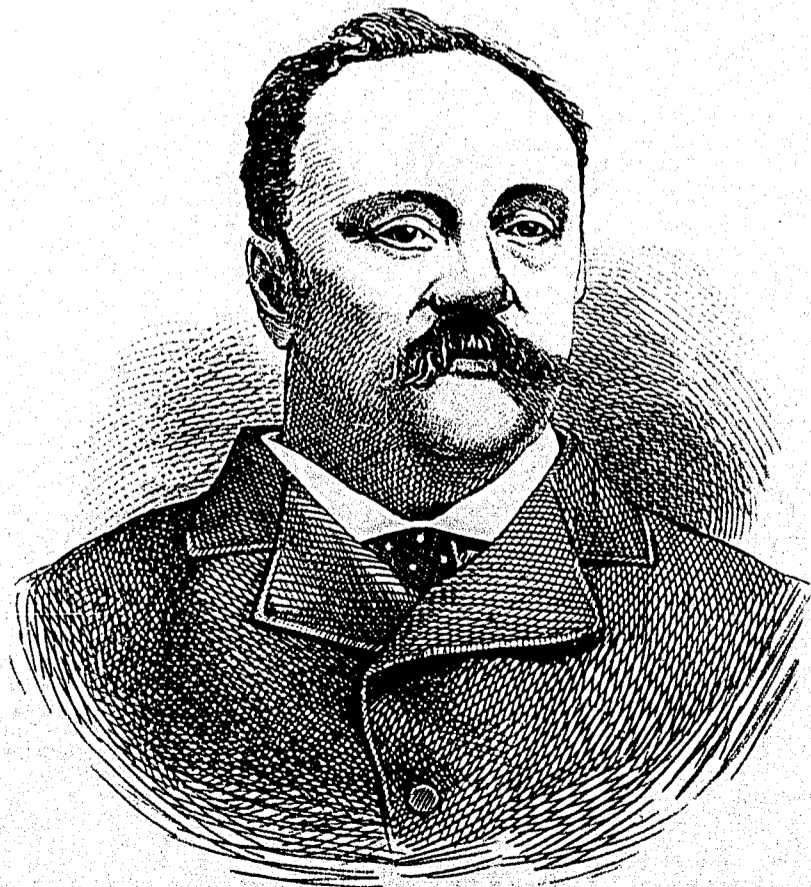


DEPARTURE OF VOLUNTEERS FROM CAPE TOWN FOR THE BASUTOS WAR.

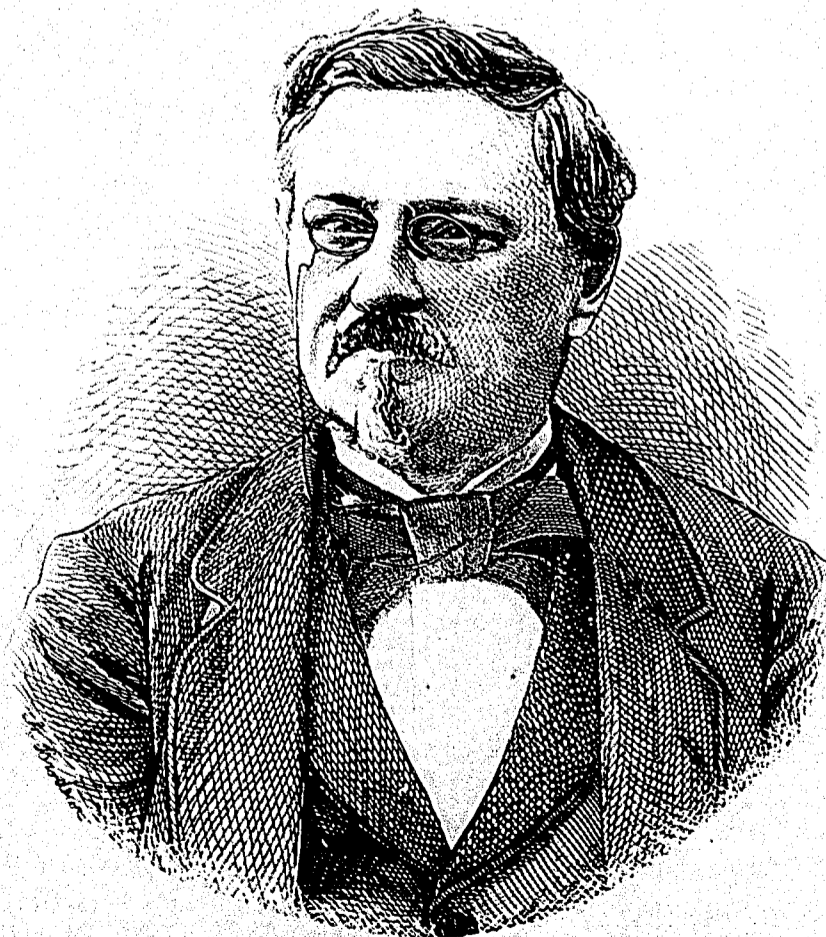
OUR FRENCH VISITORS.



M. JOSEPH-HENRI THORS.



M. DE LALONDE.



M. GUSTAVE DE MOLINARI.

THE FAVOURITE SULTANA.

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.)

Some gentle victims let me save,  
Fair Jewess, from thy ban!  
Oh! cease so many lives to crave;  
Why must his axe the headman wave  
If thou but wave thy fan!

Away with frowns, young mistress mine:  
My band of beauty spare!  
Queen and Sultana, power is thine,  
Show mercy, nor to death consign,  
Each night, some rival fair.

Thou comest, at that thought of war,  
All loving to my knee,  
And ever at the feast I know,  
When thy fond glances fondler grow,  
Those looks some death decree.

Soft are thy tones, but jealousy  
Within thy bosom glows:  
With thee no other spouse can vie,  
Then, wherefore must each blossom die  
To please one envious rose?

Thine am I; heed not, in my arms  
When clasped thy beauty lies,  
That, while one dame each loom weaves,  
A hundred diamonds guard their charms  
For me with burning sighs.

Leave them within their chambers lone  
For half thy bliss to pine—  
Let them, like waves, pass by, unknown—  
Thine is my sceptre, thine my throne—  
My very life is thine!

For thee with slaves my Empire teems,  
For thee from cut the deep  
Stemboat with spires unnumbered gleams,  
And, cradled on the billow, seems  
Some mighty fleet asleep.

For thee my Spahis' splendid show  
To battle swiftly pours  
One long-drawn crimson-turbaned row,  
Each o'er his mate's neck bending low,  
Like sea-man at his oars.

Erz-room, for high ways far renowned,  
Basora, Cyprus famed,  
Fez, where rich golden dust is found,  
Moult, where merchant-kings abound,  
These are thy dower proclaimed.

Thine, too, is Smyrna, that the deep  
Doubt fringed with silvery foam:  
The Ganget's flood, where widows weep,  
And Danube's five swift streams that leap  
Down to their ocean home.

Do Dawn-hour's pale lilies raise  
Thine ire, or Grecian child?  
Or negro girl, with eyes ablaze,  
Who instinct, tigress-like, obeys,  
And loves with frenzy wild?

Deem'st thou for ebony breast I care,  
Or forehead white as day?  
Thy charms are neither dark nor fair,  
But still, methinks, some sunbeam rare  
Hath gild thee with its ray.

No longer, then, the tempest call  
Upon these blossoms here:  
Enjoy in peace thy triumphs all,  
But claim not that a head should fall  
With every falling tear.

Beneath cool plane-trees, watch the wave  
That Zephyr gently curls—  
In baths of sweetest perfumes lave—  
A Sultan must Sultanas have,  
The ataghan, its pearls!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

LOIS: A SKETCH.

CHAPTER III.

"PASSAVANT LE MEILLOR."

-Old French War-Cry.

January has given place to June; instead of frost and snow, and bare branches overhead, a mid-summer sun is shining strong and bright, and the trees that grow around Kelver are green with the greenness of early summer. There is summer everywhere; in the joyous song of birds, in many colours of the gay rose that enrich the garden; and within the dark eyes and on the soft cheeks of Lois Dering, it seems to have also found an abiding-place.

She was standing by the open window of her husband's study, looking over the rich lawn to where the roses show beyond; and as she stands there in her clinging white dress, that is unrelieved by any colour, her lips curved into a happy smile, which is reflected in her sweet eyes, it is hard to recognize the girl with great tragic eyes who said "good-bye" to Robert Moreton some eight months ago.

"Lois."

At the sound of her husband's voice she turned her head.

"That," he said, holding out an envelope, "means, I suppose, that they have come home." The smile faded slowly, entirely away, as she took it; but her husband's eyes were bent upon letters, which had just arrived, so perhaps he did not observe it. Did not observe how the colour also faded away, and the shadow crept stealthily back into the sweet eyes.

But she said nothing, only opened the envelope, and drew forth from it a card gaily monogrammed, which requested the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Dering at a ball to be held a fortnight hence at Siston Manor.

She looked at it a moment, as if she could not comprehend its signification, and then in silence crossing to Sydney's side, laid it down on the table.

He took it up, and whilst reading it, held the hand that had placed it there, imprisoned in his; but he did not glance up at the face above him, only said gently, "I think we shall have to go, Lois, though we are not ball-going peo-

ple. Unfortunately, even we," with a smile, "have to consider the world sometimes."

Nothing more was said then or afterwards on the subject, and the dreaded day came round in due course, as days have a habit of doing, without respect to our feelings.

But in that intervening fortnight the shadow that had been banished crept back, and took up its abode in Lois' eyes; the pathetic droop returned to the sweet mouth.

Once more Sydney Dering might have observed, had he been an observant man, how, whenever he looked up from his writing, the slight figure of his wife was seated on a low stool at his feet, or couched in an easy-chair by his open window, looking abroad with that far-seeing gaze that sees nothing.

Once more, whenever he went abroad, he found a small hand in his, heard a low voice beg to be allowed to go with him.

For, "if," was the unspoken dread deep down in Lois' heart—"if she should come over here, and find me alone again,—or, worse still, if he should come!"

And then she would rise from the piano, or her painting, or whatever was the occupation of the moment, and hasten down the passage with quick, nervous feet, to that room that she felt represented, as far as she was concerned, safety,—to that one whom she had never known unwilling, or unready to receive her.

"Besides the feeling of protection, it is a comfort that he is so absent,—that he notices nothing; does not observe when I am restless and unhappy, or when I am quiet and content, which is a rest," with a sigh, "because I need not even think how I am looking, or what I am saying, when I am with him. His mind is in his books; but I," with a quick, proud smile, "have his heart. Ah," clasping her hands together, "if I were to lose it!"

That great hall of Siston was gleaming with lights; men and women talking, flirting, dancing, quarrelling, were passing to and fro. Mrs. Moreton, resplendent in amber satin, was the admired of every one. Beauty such as hers could not fail to attract attention. But it did not touch the heart in the way that Lois Dering's did, for all that; and if votes had been taken on the subject, there would have been many given to the tall slender woman in trailing white satin,—the woman with the small dark head and dreamy eyes, who moved about with her hand on her husband's arm.

"You will give me a dance?" questioned Robert Moreton, almost eagerly,—an older Robert than we saw eight months ago, not precisely a happy-looking bridegroom; and Lois, at his words, shrank closer to her husband's side, and began some faltering excuse.

But Sydney interposed. "You must dance a little," he said, with a smile, "or people will say I am preventing you. And you should begin, for you know we are not going to stay very late. I am lazy," he went on, turning to Robert, "and not a ball-going man, as I dare say you may remember; so my wife is going to be obedient, and, in consideration of the long drive home, she has promised to leave early."

Mr. Moreton made no reply, beyond a muttered "Balls were not much in his line either," but offered his arm, which Lois took, and almost before she was aware of what she was doing, she found herself walking down the room with Robert, for the first time able to speak to him without fear of listeners, since that terrible eve of his marriage six months ago.

The time was in both their minds. In his, with the remembrance of that question he had asked, the answer to which in common loyalty he had not pressed. The drooping figure, the firelit room, the weeping woman, all were present before him now, and forbade all attempts on his part of common-place ball-room conversation.

With her there was but one remembrance,—that of the bitter words she had heard that night, the threat that had so terrified her; and involuntarily she raised her eyes and glanced round the room in search of the one whom it was her first thought to seek in time of trouble or perplexity. Yes, there he was, standing quite close beside her, though not apparently watching her, and across her troubled heart came a sensation of relief.

And with that sensation of relief she felt capable of thinking of some slight conventional phrase wherewith to break the silence which had hitherto sheltered her; and even as she was about to say it, through all the noise about her, was clearly borne to her ears a strange voice which said, as if in reply to a previous question: "Yes, he was awfully in love with her,—he only married the other for her money."

"And she?"

Something in the significance of the words arrested Lois' attention,—something in the words themselves helped her to a knowledge of whom they were speaking, and with a quick, terrified movement she raised her eyes to her husband's face, even as the voice made answer: "Married Dering for his."

Their eyes met, for he was watching her; and she strove to read in his if he had also heard, but there was no sign if it were so. With a sudden resolve, which blinded her to what others might think or say, "Let me go to him, Mr. Moreton," she faltered; and before Robert had realized what she meant, she was by Sydney's side.

"Ah, no, no!" she cried, her words coming out with something like a sob. And then, restraining herself with an effort, and slipping her arm quietly through his: "Sydney," she said, lifting her head proudly, her eyes flashing, and

a delicate colour rising in her cheeks—"Sydney, would you mind taking a turn round the room with me? I—"

"It is not very amusing for you," he answered gently, "to go to a ball and then to talk to your husband."

"I should like it," she replied softly, laying her other hand on his arm—"just once, please, round the room."

Slowly they did as she asked,—she with her small head lifted, her dark eyes looking into his, and then the music striking up, told them another dance was beginning, and Lois' partner, coming to claim her: "Thank you, Syd," she said in a low voice, with sudden vehemence as she was about to leave him—"Thank you, Syd, so much!" Only Robert Moreton, left partnerless by reason of Lois' sudden flight, perhaps, observed them, but he could not forget the look with which she had left him and turned away with her husband.

"Of course," he muttered, impatiently,— "of course she is fond of him. Did I not tell her so it would be?" half defiantly as if it had been the fact of his telling it that had brought it to pass.

"Moreton has gone, or is going, back to America." The speaker was Mr. Dering, the scene his own breakfast-table, the audience his wife and mother, and the time a month later than the Siston ball.

"Back to America!" exclaimed old Mrs. Dering; "why, they have only just returned from there."

"Not they," corrected Mr. Dering. "Moreton is leaving his wife in England."

At those words Lois raised her eyes quickly, as if about to speak, but she said nothing, and her husband went on: "She—Florence—is going up to Scotland for a month or two, so I asked her if she would care to come here for a few days first."

"When?"

Lois was all eagerness now. "On Monday next; but she will not stay long—only a day or two. She said she would like to see you, mother."

"Ah, Sydney, then you will not be here?"

"No, Lois; I cannot help it. I must go to London as I arranged on Saturday; but I shall only stay as short a time as possible. London is not very tempting at this time of year."

"No," said Lois, kneeling by his side, and speaking more earnestly than the occasion seemed to warrant, "you must not say that. You must not want to come home because London is dull, but because I am here."

"Of course," he answered, throwing his arms about her, and raising her to her feet. "Of course you know how I shall weary till I see you again. The question is rather—No, no," interrupting himself, "we will not ask any questions, but just enjoy the time that is left to us. Let us go the organ; I have something I should like you to hear."

"Good-bye, dear wife." Mr. Dering was just starting for London, and Lois was hovering about him, saying and hearing last words, and for once Sydney seemed to have emerged out of his ordinary quiet self, and to be more disturbed than there seemed occasion for. "I wish you were coming with me. We have never been separated yet since we were married, have we? Take great care of yourself, and do not fret or worry about anything. Will you promise?"

"Yes."

"And if you should really want me, you will send for me at once, will you not—to Gresham Place?"

"Yes. Ah, Syd," with sudden passion, "how good you are to me! You will be always kind to me!" imploringly.

"You are my wife, Lois," he said gently, drawing her towards him; "my dear wife. Good-bye, and God bless you."

He had kissed her and gone, but ere reaching the door he came once more to her side.

"Lois," stooping his head, and speaking very low, but more passionately than she had ever heard him speak before, "would you say, 'Dear Syd, I love you?'"

All in a second the colour died slowly away out of Lois' face. A mingling of utter surprise and many other feelings kept her silent, and in that second's space the glow faded out of Mr. Dering's face, leaving just the kind, gentle look he knew so well.

"Of course," she half stammered; but Sydney's voice cut her sentence in two.

"What nonsense I am talking!" he said. "Words are very unsatisfactory things,—deeds are much better;" and before the colour had returned to her cheeks, he was gone.

"Oh, Syd, Syd!" she cried, when she had realized this fact, sinking down on a chair and covering her face with her hands,—"why did I not say it? Oh, dear Syd, the very first thing that you have ever asked me to do!"

She wept inconsolably for some time; and then remembering that after all he was only going for a week, she dried her tears, with a resolve that the very first thing when he returned—

"Ah, yes," she said softly to herself, "we shall see then."

But in the meantime Florence Moreton's visit had to take place.

She arrived on the Monday, as she had said—harder, colder, more unloving than ever, at least in Lois' eyes; but then, perhaps, she was hardly a fair judge of Robert Moreton's wife.

The day was got through somehow, Mrs. Moreton showing most clearly that her visit was paid to Mr. Dering's mother, not to his wife.

last long," she thought. "Four more days and he will come home,—two more days and she will go;" for this was Tuesday, and on the following Thursday Mrs. Moreton had announced that it was her intention to depart.

"Where is Mr. Dering staying in town?" she asked at dinner on Wednesday night; and his mother replied, "At 4 Gresham Place." "I shall go and pay him a visit whilst I am in London," she went on. "I daresay I shall find him in, and I particularly want to see him before I go to Scotland."

As she spoke she looked full into Lois' eyes, with calm, insolent triumph.

"He will be glad to see you, Florence," said old Mrs. Dering. "He is very fond of you," with a little smile at the unsmiling beauty by her side.

"Other people," she said, with a little stress on the words, "have rather put me out of his good graces, I fear."

"Impossible."

"So I should have thought," she replied shortly; and there the conversation ended,—all conversation as far as Lois was concerned. Her thoughts came faster and faster. If she could only get a moment alone to collect them in!

At length the dinner was over, and she was at liberty to retire to her own room, and think over what was coming.

"Oh, what is she going to do?" she cried, pressing her hands together. And after a moment: "If she tells him what she told me, what will he think? Ah, he will believe her—I know he will. He is so unobservant,—sees so little of what is going on about him that the doubt will find a place in his heart. And," with sudden passion, "he will remember how I said 'Good-bye' to him,—how I would not say I loved him when he asked me,—and he will never know that— Ah," breaking off suddenly, "I could not bear it! It would kill me."

But rising to her feet, and with an effort calming herself, "I must see her. She shall be forced to say what she is going to do."

With hasty steps she traversed the passages that lay betwixt her room and Mrs. Moreton's, and knocking at the door, was bidden to enter.

Florence looked surprised, though, when she saw who obeyed her voice, but she said nothing, leaving it for her visitor to state the cause of her appearance. There was something in the way she turned her head, shading her eyes with a feather fan all the while from the glow of the lamp—something so calm, so relentless—that it made Lois feel herself small and pitiable, and in the wrong, as she stood before her. But any certainty was better than this terrible doubt. "What are you going to see my husband for?" she asked, in tones that she could not prevent from trembling, try as she might.

"I am going to see him," replied Florence, crossing her small feet on the stool before her, and turning her head back to the contemplation of the empty fireplace, "to tell him what his wife forgot to tell him when she married him,—that she was in love with Robert Moreton all the time that she was tripping with him, merely for the pleasure of preventing him from marrying me,—the girl whom it was always intended he should marry;—but that at last prudence triumphed over love, as in such a case it is very likely it would do,—so she married him for what he could give her,—leaving Robert Moreton to console himself with me. I shall also tell him how I warned his wife," with a little scornful emphasis on the word, "that if she would confine her flirting to the past, I would say nothing about my discoveries."

"Mrs. Moreton," interrupted Lois, "you are a hard woman,—an ill-tempered woman,—and you hate me; still you are truthful. I think; and," clasping her hands, "even if you do believe some of the terrible things you say of me, you would not stoop, surely, to tell a lie, to see how much you can make my husband believe, just for the sake of being revenged on me?"

"I shall tell him," went on Florence, in that same cold, hard voice, utterly heedless of Lois' passionate interruption, "how you came to our ball, talked to my husband, and how, the next morning, he told me—his wife—that England was unbearable to him, and that he should go back to America. I may be very blind, but not quite so blind as not to be able to see the cause and effect there."

"No," as Lois would have interrupted, raising her feather fan slowly, "I do not care to hear your excuses,—you can keep them for your husband. It remains, of course, to be proved yet, whether he will take your word or mine."

"I was going to make no excuses," said Lois quietly, proudly, in the pause that followed. "I should think that I had descended to your level if I banded words with you." And without another syllable she left the room.

But alone in her own apartment her courage gave way. The enemy had not altogether had the worst of it, and Lois' aching heart echoed many of her bitter words.

"Was I doing wrong all the time," she cried, as she paced up and down, "when I was trying so hard to do right? Ah! why did I not tell him all? How I wish now I had! I wish I had had any one to warn me—and I am all alone, quite alone now! If she makes him believe her now, when he is everything to me,—ah, it will kill me! Oh, Syd, Syd, dear Syd! my husband, my only friend! why did you leave me?"

She was crying now, bitter, salt tears, that flowed almost unconsciously, as she paced the room, or paused to look forth at the deepening gloom of night.

"She will go to him to-morrow, the first thing,—this may be my last night of peace. She shall have it all her own way,—she has conquered me! Besides, I could not go up with her. And fancy poor quiet Sydney in his study, with two angry women scolding and upbraiding each other in his presence!" And she smiled a little dreary smile at the very idea.

But at that moment a sudden thought struck her; she ceased speaking, and a quick faint gleam brightened the eyes which had been gazing abroad so forlornly. She took out her watch—only half-past nine.

"Plenty of time," she murmured. In an instant she had rung the bell.

"Owens," as her maid entered, speaking hurriedly, with burning cheeks, and eyes still full of tears, "something has occurred which makes it absolutely necessary I should see your master to-night, so I am going by the 10.30 train to town, and I want you to come with me to the station. Can you be ready in five minutes?"

"Certainly, ma'am; but will you not drive?"

"No, no," with nervous impatience; "I want to go quietly," a red streak dyeing her cheeks, "so you must not let any one know I have gone,—you understand?"

"Certainly, ma'am," Owens said again; and she being old and discreet, and having been Lois Grey's maid in the old days before she came to Kelver, Lois Dering felt she might trust her; and turning to her with sudden impetuosity, "So much depends on it, Owens," she said,— "all my happiness," her eyes growing misty again. "Don't let Mrs. Moreton know I have gone."

"It is all right, miss, though I should say 'ma'am,' but having known you before it sometimes slips out,—but they all think you have gone to bed; and how should they know different?"

The London train was just dashing into the station as Lois and Owens found themselves on the platform to meet it. Lois had not spoken all the way; she would not even think of what she was going to do, the words she was going to say.

All she could think of was, that the same roof no longer sheltered herself and Florence Moreton, and that she felt she could not have borne.

She had crept into old Mrs. Dering's room before leaving, and had kissed that elderly lady, somewhat to her surprise, for Lois was not a demonstrative woman as a rule.

"Good-night, mother," she said gently,—she had got in the habit of calling Mrs. Dering by that name, for the sake of gathering about her, if possible, the relationships, at least in name, that she had missed so long out of her life. "Good-night, mother. If— Ah, mother! is Sydney ever unkind?"

"No, no," said the old lady, looking up half astonished at the question, and the fervour with which it was asked. "No, no; he is too just for that."

"But it is more than justice I want," she murmured as she turned away. And it was those words which had been ringing in her ears ever since.

All through that hour's railway, all through the long drive in the rattling cab afterwards, and now as she stood before the dreary dark London house, through the silent street they seemed to be echoing: "Ah, but I want more than justice!"

Who that counts upon that here is likely to be satisfied?

She had rung, how many times was it! The cabman was growing impatient, her own heart was sinking lower, lower. She had never thought of this. Suppose he were not here; that the empty house had seemed too dreary, and he had gone to his club. It was only too probable; and what she should do, alone in London, at this hour of the night! and with feverish strength she rung again—such a peal, that it seemed as if its echoes would never die away; but when they did, lo! there was the sound of shuffling feet, the door was opened by a dirty, slipshod charwoman, and one great difficulty was surmounted,—she was safe inside her own house.

"Where is he—Mr. Dering?" she asked; and at length, when Mrs. Jones had sufficiently recovered her temper and her senses to answer, she pointed to the study door, under which the light was visible; and the good woman speedily retired, visions of mutton-chops having to be cooked at this unseasonable hour of the night, in addition to being awake out of her first sleep, seizing her—and with somewhat hasty steps she disappeared. But not before Lois' nervous hand had turned the handle of the library door, and she stood in the presence of her husband. He was hard at work; the sounds in the house had not even disturbed him,—he was aware of nothing until the door opened, and a low, trembling voice cried, "Sydney, I have come to you!" And looking up, he saw a vision of his wife, but not the happy, contented girl he had left four days ago, but a woman with dark-shadowed, tearful eyes, and pathetically drooping mouth, that told easily enough their own tale of woe.

"What is it?" he questioned, steadying his voice as best he could, and holding out his hand. But she never heeded it.

"Sydney," she said, crossing the room, and standing on the opposite side of the table, looking down at him with wild, terrified eyes,— "Sydney," speaking in quick, nervous tones, "she is coming to tell you that I married you for your money; and, Sydney—"

He held up his hand as if he would stay her words, but she went on, regardless of the sign.

"And she says that I love Robert Moreton,—and that when it comes to believing either her words or mine, that you will not believe mine, because I have deceived you. Oh, Sydney," clasping her slender hands together, "you must believe me!"

"And what must I believe?" he asked, slowly.

He had risen now, and was standing looking down at her white face and frightened eyes.

"Believe!" she repeated, her voice sinking into an earnest whisper. "Why, whatever she says, you must believe I love you. It may be hard," she went on, steadying her voice with difficulty, "because she says such dreadful things, and they all sound so true; but you must put no faith in them; you must try and think, however hard it may be, 'She tried to do right.' It is not justice," a little incoherently, those words coming back to her remembrance—"I want much more than justice."

"And what, then, do you want?"

"Love," she cried, unsteadily.

"Have I ever refused it?" he asked. And then: "My dear," he said, gently, "have I not watched you?—is not that better than any guess-work? The world may guess, may accuse even, but I know." He stretched out his arms as he spoke. "Dear wife," he said, "did you really doubt me? Did you suppose that any one could step between us? Did you really believe I would take any one's word against yours? Ah, dear wife, that shows that I have not quite conquered, even yet!"

His arms were about her now, her head was on his shoulder, her beating heart was growing quieter under the influence of his presence, but she raised her eyes at his words, and asked what he meant.

"It was coming—the love I mean," he replied, tenderly. "Very slowly, but none the less surely, it was taking root in my wife's heart. That day—the day I came up here—it was nearly full grown, was it not?"

"It was there, Syd," she said, the tears falling hot and fast upon the coat-sleeve, "but I did not know it. I never found out what it was till you were gone. Now," clasping her arms about his neck—"now, with all my heart, I can say, 'Dear Sydney, I love you.'"

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

The following interesting conversation is taken from the Ottawa Citizen:

Immediately after last night's lecture, a Citizen reporter called on Mr. Archibald Forbes, behind the scenes, and after being formally introduced to Mr. Forbes, through the courtesy of Lieut.-Colonel Morse, U.S.A., supplemented the introduction by mentioning the fact that he, too, had contributed his quota to the war correspondence of the Daily News, in the shape of a letter during the Franco-German war. Mr. Forbes remembered the letter, and warmly grasped the hand of his interviewer, who at once felt at home.

Captain Chater, A.D.C., here invited Mr. Forbes into the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General to receive his congratulations, after which Mr. Forbes and His Worship the Mayor drove off to the Rideau Club. On their way thither, Lieut. Coleman, of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, having stepped to the side of the carriage to speak to the Mayor, Mr. Forbes remarked to him, "You have a fine lot of slashing men, sir," a compliment the Dragoons will no doubt appreciate, coming as it did from one who has seen so many soldiers.

At the club the reporter laid siege to the war correspondent, when the following conversation ensued:

Reporter, jokingly.—When I heard you were "stuck" in Pembroke, I thought perhaps you might ride down and enjoy a Canadian ride!

Mr. Forbes.—It never occurred to me. That would have been wanting riding; a man must take care of his stamina and his skin, and I never ride wantonly.

R.—On your way down, did you notice anything particular?

Mr. F.—No; but I have noticed one thing in this country. All the hotel clocks are either a quarter of an hour too slow or a quarter of an hour too fast. Hence my bad luck in missing the train I should have caught, and arriving so late.

R.—What are your general impressions about Canada, so far as you have seen it on the present occasion?

Mr. F.—The Lower Provinces struck me very strongly on account of the cheapness and fertility of the land, and it is the place for the English farmer to come to, as he cannot thrive in England to-day. I would advise him to extract the rump of his capital and bring it out here. I would say to him, "If your life were as long as that of Methuselah go further, and after a considerable time you will find civilization there. As, however, your life is only of the ordinarily allotted span, go where there is society, schools, civilization, in fact."

R.—You have not seen much of this Province yet?

Mr. F.—No.

R.—Which of your two lectures most engrosses your audiences?

Mr. F.—Undoubtedly the one I delivered to-night, and this because it deals with living human events, and adventure, ever dear to the human mind. It is pleasanter, too, for me to deliver, but harder, as I have to try to avoid egotism, from which I endeavour to keep.

R.—I have heard it disputed as to whether

Plevna, as written, or Ploona, was the correct pronunciation?

Mr. F.—It is a Bulgarian word, and both Bulgarians and Russians pronounce it as written. The Turks may have some altogether different name for it.

R.—As you saw a sham fight at Halifax, please tell me what you thought of the Canadian volunteers, in juxtaposition with the British regulars?

Mr. F. (emphatically).—Generally speaking, the men in the Lower Provinces are the finest I have seen in the world, especially the men of Prince Edward Island. They are the grandest specimens of physical humanity I ever saw. I was a front rank man in the "heavies," and I would be a rear rank man amidst them. Their weight is, man by man, one-third heavier than that of the regulars. But then, physical superiority counts for nothing in present warfare; the bigger the man the bigger the target; nor is he the best stayer because he is big. It was a sham fight, very sham, indeed, and no criterion as to drill, as the ground was bad, and the General had to resort to antiquated tactics. That matters little, as a man who has seen much fighting, Sir Garnet Wolseley, has already said that the worst drilled militia has drill enough for all fighting purposes. The day of bayonet charges is over, and physique is subsidiary, except as a symbol of endurance. The Spanish soldiers who are small men, but five feet five inches, are the best marching men in the world; they march in sandals, and will march forever.

R.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the press that you once applied for a situation as a reporter on the Globe, as you were "hard up?"

Mr. F.—It is purely a myth. I never was "hard up." I never had an idea of journalism out here. I knew some one connected with a paper in Quebec, and spoke to some one also in Hamilton, and to some on the Toronto Leader, a paper, I believe, now dead, about the prospects of Canadian journalism, but I never applied for a situation as a reporter. I never had an idea of journalism at that time. I never went near the Globe.

R.—I suppose you find a great change in the cities in Canada since your return?

Mr. F.—Little, except in Montreal, which is a live town, and has some charmingly hospitable people. Quebec seems to me to be retrograding; but then, when I was there the military were there, and I had a great deal to do with them. I suppose their absence causes the difference.

R.—Were some great war to break out, would you at once start?

Mr. F.—Certainly. It would be absurd for a war correspondent to continue a lecturing tour. His place is where there is war.

R.—You have said that the Zulus, of all nations, show the greatest contempt for death. How about the Basutos, who are now getting to be troublesome?

Mr. F.—They are equally brave, far craftier and better armed. They will be a more dangerous foe, and the fact stares us in the face that we have brought on their hostility by constant aggravation. They are loyal, courageous fellows. They used to sing hymns all night, and kill Zulus all day. They are the only natives in South Africa on whom we have made any impression of semi-civilization.

R.—How many foreign languages can you speak?

Mr. F.—I can speak no foreign language decently; but I can jabber a dozen.

R.—What do you think of the French soldiers in the late war? Did they ever lose the furia Francesca?

Mr. F.—The French never lost their dash, but they were all "mopped" up.

R.—Have you been in France lately, and have you noticed any improvements in the French army?

Mr. F.—Yes; I was on the battle-field of Sedan last year on the day of the 10th anniversary of the battle; all traces of it are obliterated. I was present at the autumn manoeuvres of the French army; the men are smarter, under better discipline, and work more intelligently. They have greatly improved since the war.

With this the interview was brought to a close, as many of our citizens were waiting to be introduced to Mr. Forbes; so, having thanked him, the reporter withdrew.

LITERARY HUMBUGS.

Things are not always what they seem; and never was this saying truer than when applied to literary productions.

There are more pedants than scholars in this world, and more pretenders than legitimate owners of genius.

The other day, a lady who had passed through a good deal of hard study, and who has done some very clever writing in her way, leaned wearily back in her chair, after a day's reading, with a gesture and exclamation of despair.

"Of what use is it," said she, "that I read and read and try to remember. I seem always at the threshold. Here I was congratulating myself that I knew considerable of literature, and yet I find in my study to-day no less than twenty authors alluded to, of whom I never heard before in all my life."

"Reflect a moment," said a friend. "Perhaps the writers never heard of them before either."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it is the fashion of a certain class of writers to appear learned by seeming to be familiar with ancient, obscure philosophers,

poets, etc., of whose identity the great world is ignorant. They do not quote from them with any sign to indicate that they are generally unknown, but mention them as they would Dante or Milton, or, indeed, Longfellow and Emerson. Yet they may, and probably have, stumbled upon the names as you have stumbled upon them to-day."

"Tell me," said the iconoclast, continuing and turning over the leaves of the books the lady had been reading, "could you not write an article filled with allusions to men of whom you never heard until now? Thus: Here are two books of widely different styles. One I see is a novel, the other a semi-scientific work. Suppose you write an essay and glibly lug in their names and quotations as if they were every-day affairs with you; do you not suppose that plenty of persons would read the article and clasp their hands and sigh as you have done?"

"But what a fraud that would be," said Miss Innocent.

"Exactly, and it is fraud here as well, not because the writers are quoted, but because they are quoted familiarly, as if they were standard authors. No man or woman can keep up with current literature, be well up in the classics and the innumerable books of history, poetry, science, etc., of the last 300 years, as this writer pretends to be, and at the same time delve so industriously into antiquated and obscure books as to be on familiar terms with them. Here are a dozen writers mentioned of whom nine-tenths of the tolerably well-read world never heard. This man has stumbled upon these names as you have stumbled upon them, and it would probably be no more improper for you to assume intimate acquaintance with them than it is for him. There are those, of course, who make a sort of business of this literary research, and spend their time disinterring long-forgotten names; but such persons do not write stories any more than the antiquarian deals in modern dry goods. Therefore, I say, do not despair, only be franker than the writer who has deceived you."

This comment was not unjust to a very large body of writers. There is a false craze to be thought learned, and the less a man really knows the more profound is his air and the longer his words.

With many young people and with those of limited thought and study, culture often means grandiloquence, and lofty words signify wisdom. They are like the woman who entertained Tom Corwin, and, to show that she, too, was a scholar, asked him if he took "condiments" in his tea. "Pepper and salt, madam," said the great statesman and humourist, "but no vinegar."

How long will it be before people will understand that the greatest are the simplest, and that it is only the shallow who try to hide their poverty of thought under the cloak of pompous phrase?

Writers are few, however learned, who are familiar with the lesser authors of the last 300 years, and when a man begins quoting from Plesitarus, and Dache, and Wandesperde, and Wulcy, and Trevlithack, put him down for a humbug or a pretender, unless indeed the subject be such as to call for research in the particular field where these men have laboured, or unless the extracts be given as rare specimens which have been picked up as one accidentally discovers pearls by the sea.

VARIETIES.

THE VALUE OF A WIFE.—Tammias—"Guid mornin', Jeemes. I was glad tae see your guid-wife stapping about again yestreen. Fegs, the new doctor mann be a clever chief." Jeemes—"Clever! Just look at that" (showing doctor's account.) Tammias—"Guid sake! Four pound seven and saxeence for makin' your wife better! Man, ye could hae got a coffin for a pound."

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—1. Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him free use of money. 3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath. 4. Give him full access to wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account of his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue any of these ways and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or will have to moan over a debased and ruined child.

ORIGIN OF THE UNION JACK.—Before the crowns of England and Scotland were united under James I., the flag carried by English ships was white, with the red cross of St. George emblazoned on it; and that hoisted on board the ships of Scotland was blue with the cross of St. Andrew on it; the red lines of the first being perpendicular and horizontal, those of the latter diagonal. Some differences having arisen between the ships of the two countries, His Majesty, to prevent this in future, and to teach his people that they formed one nation, ordained that a new flag should be adopted, having the cross of St. George interlaced with that of St. Andrew on the blue ground of the flag of Scotland. All ships were to carry it at the main-masthead, but the English ships were to display the St. George's red cross at their sterns, and the Scottish that of St. Andrew. On April 12, 1606, the Union Jack was first hoisted at sea, but it was not till the Parliamentary union of the two countries in 1707 that it was adopted as the military flag of Great Britain. Both services, therefore, now use it as the national banner.



**THE GREAT BOAT RACE.**

**HANLAN, THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.**

The true Londoner is impervious to the dispiriting influence of bad weather. He contrives to feel jolly while swallowing mouthfuls of fog, and drizzle does not dampen his spirits. The banks of the Thames, therefore, on Monday morning when a drizzling rain was falling, were peopled with a noisy, hustling crowd at a very early hour. At last the veil of mist was drawn aside, revealing a stretch of smooth water and a clear course. The spectators were thus afforded a good view of the men as they took their places at the moored boats. Shortly after noon Trickett pulled his way out into the centre of the stream, and a few minutes later Hanlan launched from the London boat-house. Hanlan was in his Canadian boat; Trickett used the boat built for him at Manchester, which he calls the "Wentworth," in honour of his antipodean patrons. There was no advantage as to station in such a bad tide, and after the men had shaken hands, Hanlan took the Surrey shore, and pleased his supporters by the way in which he used his sculls in the preliminary spin. He appeared to be in excellent condition, and, when stripped, showed much more muscle than the Australian, who was generally voted light. It was noticed also that Trickett appeared to be care-worn. He stripped to the skin, while Hanlan rowed in a blue jersey. At length the men took up their positions. Mr. Ireland cried "Go," and the boats shot forward, Hanlan taking the lead. Off the boat-house he was half a length ahead; half-way to the concrete wall Trickett pulled into shore. At this point the Canadian was rowing 33 strokes to the minute, while the Australian was rowing three more. At the old wall post Hanlan was rowing in a beautiful, easy style, and was a clear length in advance of his tall competitor, who was constantly looking over his shoulder, as if measuring the short gap that divided them. Off the soap works the son of Anak from the Antipodes began to show signs of punishment, and the Canadian shot the centre arch of Hammersmith Bridge three lengths ahead. At this period of the race he won the bet of 300 to 1 that he would be first through the famous arch. There was just 9 minutes and 20 seconds from the time of the start at the Aqueduct at Putney until the bow of Hanlan's boat, like an arrow on the wing, cleared Ham-



EDWARD HANLAN.

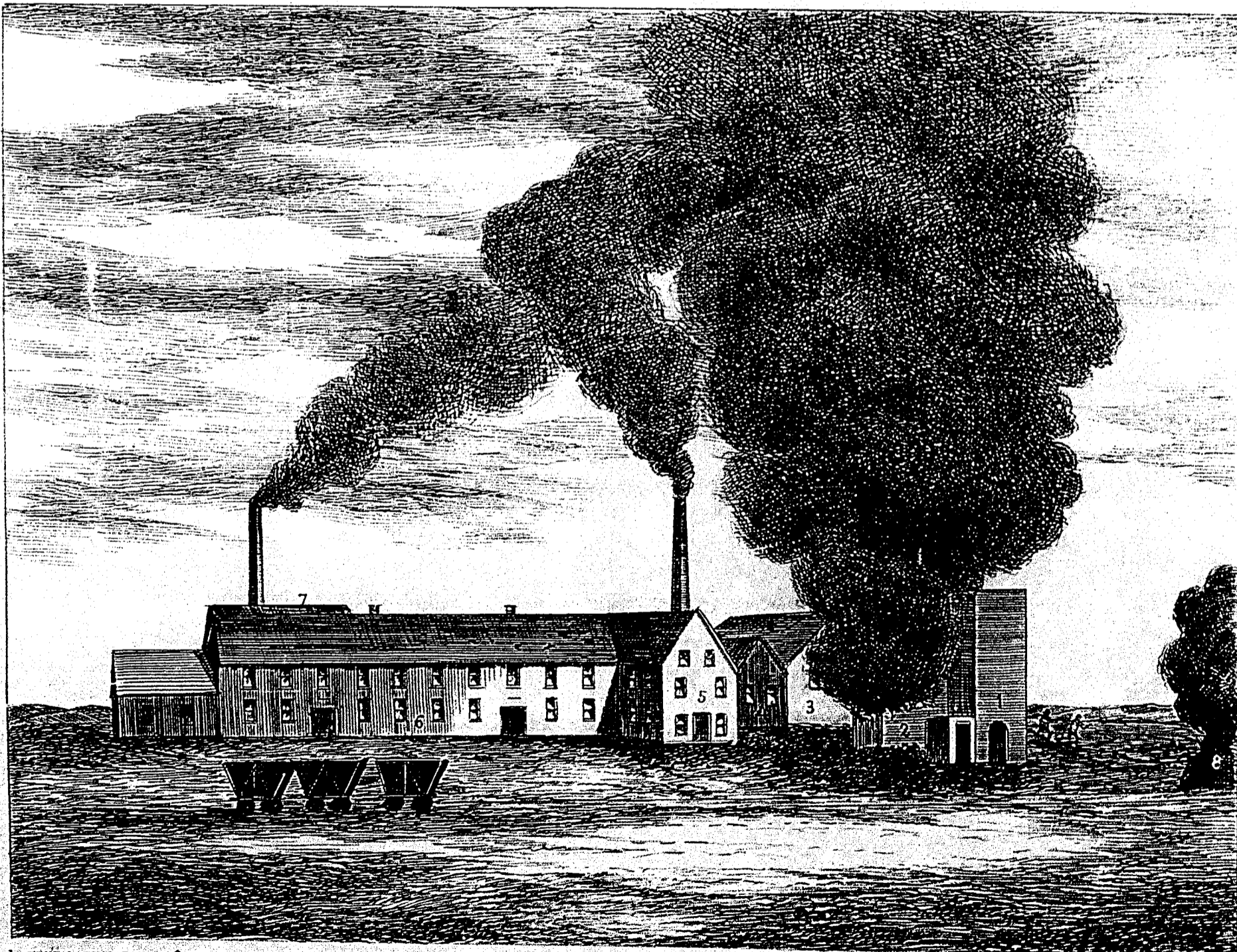
mersmith Bridge. That structure groaned beneath a dense mass of excited people, who cheered as if each was gifted with lungs of brass. Then the Toronto champion clapped on another length and, confident of victory, he contributed a little to the amusement of the spectators at the bottom of Chiswick Eyot by resting on his oars. He lay back in his shell with the most perfect nonchalance, lazily paddling first with one scull and then with the other. The daylight between him and the Australian gradually lessened, and he settled down to work once more. Next came Chiswick Church, which was reached in 15 minutes and 24 seconds from the start. Between this and Barnes, Hanlan again indulged in some playful antics, and stopped at one time to talk to Elliott, who was sculling up the river. He actually waved his handkerchief as he passed his quarters at the Bull's Head. The bridge at this point was shot in 21 minutes and 38 seconds. The race was literally over before Hanlan reached Hammersmith. Trickett was now pulling in the wash of the Canadian, who worked right and left before reaching the winning post, which he passed three lengths ahead, amid the loud cheers of the spectators. The time of the race was 26 minutes and 12 seconds.

PRINCK LEOPOLD is now making preparations for taking up his residence at Claremont, which Her Majesty has placed at his disposal. The "Student Prince," it is said, intends setting up an establishment of his own.

THE Chief Secretary for Ireland will have a choice collection of nicknames in time. Mr. Parnell's designation, "Buckshot Forster," has been copied by another speaker, who styles the Chief Secretary "Pendulum Forster," as he oscillates from the tenants to the landlords from day to day, and hour to hour.

MR. JOSEPH COWEN is probably the only member of Parliament, not an Irishman, who has publicly avowed sympathy with the League, and he has expressed approval of the demand that the State should buy out (if compulsorily) some of the Irish landlords, and re-sell the land in lots to tenants, advancing the purchase money to be repaid by instalments with interest.

MR. MACKONOCHE, on his return from America, met with a pleasant surprise. It may be remembered that the only result of the Ritualistic prosecution in his case was the sequestration for three years of his modest stipend of £140 per annum. His friends have raised enough money to pay him £250 a year for three years. Thus, after twelve years' litigation, the Church Association has lost £12,000, and Mr. Mackonochie has got a present of £300, besides winning the day and going on just as before any lawsuit was heard of.



1. VENTILATING PAN. 2. VENTILATING SHAFT. 3. BOILER HOUSE. 4. ENGINE HOUSE. 5. SAW MILL. 6. CARPENTERS' AND MACHINE SHOP. 7. FOUNDRY. 8. CAKE OVENS. EXPLOSION AT THE VENTILATING SHAFT OF FOORD PIT, ALBION MINES, STELLARTON, N. S.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOS. DORAN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A PRETTY face and an amiable manner may win a husband, but something more is necessary to retain his admiration. When beauty begins to wane, the enduring qualifications of a good wife hold him in the bonds of love and duty; and one of the best qualifications of a good wife is the ability and inclination to make home attractive.

No man should do more of muscle or of brain in a day than he can perfectly recover from the fatigue of in a good night's rest. Up to that point exercise is good; beyond are waste of life, exhaustion, and decay. When hunger calls for food and fatigue demands rest, we are in the natural order, and keep the balance of life. When we take stimulants to spur our jaded nerves or excite our appetite, we are wasting life.

THE real force of personality consists chiefly in its constant upward growth. The spiritual energy which lies at the core of a man's being and inspires all his faculties will, if healthy and sound, increase and strengthen. And, just as the tree grows by assimilating the elements that nourish it; just as the body grows by the reception of food, which, by the process of digestion, is turned into flesh and bone and blood; so the individuality which each man and woman calls "I" must grow, if at all, by assimilating into its own being its proper nutriment from outside of itself.

IT is much easier to bestow money out of a well-filled purse than to take pains to discover the real needs of mind or character and minister to them by wise methods and in a delicate manner. It is much easier to supply the wants of a child than to teach him how to supply them for himself, and far easier to give him the results of our own labour than to train him in those habits of industry and perseverance which will enable him to reap the harvest of his own well-taxed energies. Yet the one is a positive injury, the other an actual good; the one cuts at the root of all human progress and happiness; the other cherishes and nourishes it.

LEARN to be short. Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, and long prayers, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon

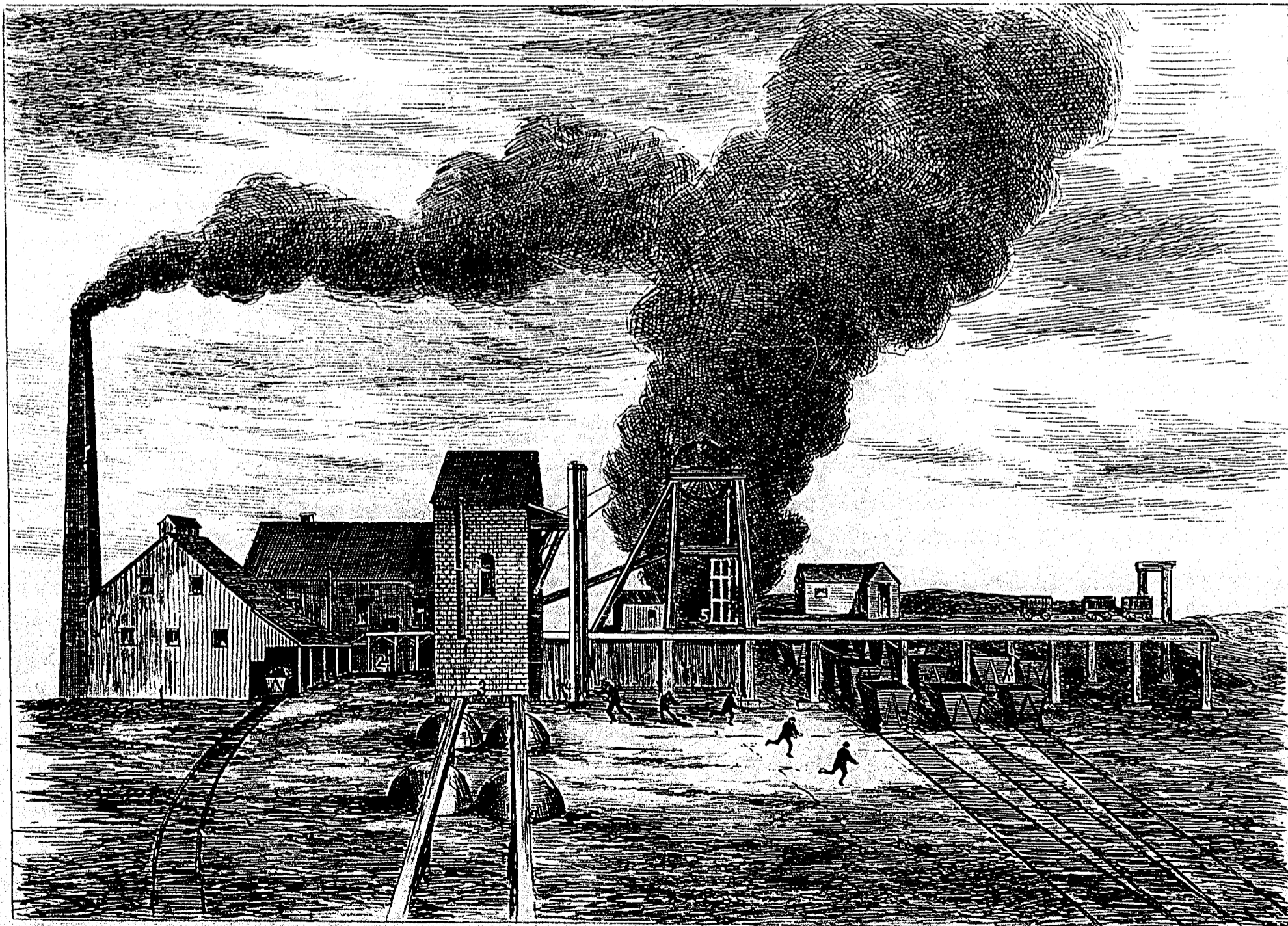


EDWARD TRICKETT.

over, while even pleasures grow insipid, and pain intolerable, if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lop off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive, and get through; if you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace; boil down two words into one, and three into two. Always learn to be short.

"WILL you?" asked a pleasant voice. And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure." It was quietly, but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural, and very affectionate. We thought how pleasant was that courteous reply! How gratifying must it have been to the wife! Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger, whom they have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be of the pleasantest nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife, if she relates a domestic grievance, is snubbed or listened to with ill-concealed patience.

DULL, depressing, dingy days produce dispiriting reflections and gloomy thoughts, and small wonder when we remember that the mind is not only a motive but a receptive organ, and that all the impressions it receives from without reach it through the media of senses which are directly dependent on the conditions of light and atmosphere for their action, and therefore immediately influenced by the surrounding conditions. It is a common-sense inference that, if the impressions from without reach the mind through imperfectly-acting organs of sense, and those impressions are in themselves set in a minor aesthetic key of colour, sound, and general qualities, the mind must be what is called "moody." It is not the habit of even sensible people to make sufficient allowance for this rationale of dulness and subjective weakness. Some persons are more dependent on external circumstances and conditions for their energy than others; but all feel the influence of the world without, and to this influence the sick and the weak are especially responsive. Hence the varying temperaments of minds changing with the weather, the outlook, and the wind.



1. BOILER HOUSE. 2. HOISTING ENGINE HOUSE. 3. PUMPING ENGINE HOUSE. 4. PUMPING SHAFT. HOISTING SHAFT (FOORD PIT.) 5. EXPLOSION AT THE VENTILATING SHAFT OF FOORD PIT, ALBION MINES, STELLARTON, N. S.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOS. DORAN.

# WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

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

## CHAPTER XLVI.

"FLIEH! AUF! HINAUS!"

This splendid scene of life, and motion, and brisk excitement! We flew through the narrows like a bolt from a bow; we had scarcely time to regard the whirling eddies of the current. All hands were on the alert, too, for the wind came in gusts from the Skye hills, and this tortuous strait is not a pleasant place to be taken unawares in. But the watching and work were altogether delightful after our long imprisonment. Even the grave John of Skye was whistling "Fhir a bhata" to himself—something out of tune.

The wild and stormy sunset was shining all along the shores of Loch Alsh as we got out of the narrows and came in sight of Kyle Akin. And here were a number of vessels all storm-stayed, one of them, in the distance, with her sail set. We discovered afterward that this schooner had dragged her anchors and run ashore at Balmacara: she was more fortunate than many others that suffered in this memorable gale, and was at the moment we passed returning to her former anchorage.

The sunlight and the delight of moving had certainly got into the heads of these people. Nothing would do for them but that John of Skye should go on sailing all night. Kyle Akin—they would not hear of Kyle Akin. And it was of no avail that Captain John told them what he had heard ashore—that the *Glencoe* had to put back with her bulwarks smashed; that here, there, and everywhere vessels were on the rocks; that Stornoway Harbour was full of foreign craft, not one of which would put her nose out. They pointed to the sea, and the scene around them. It was a lovely sunset. Would not the moon be up by eleven?

"Well, mem," said John of Skye, with a humorous smile, "I think if we go on the night, there not much chance of our rinning against anything."

And indeed he was not to be outbraved by a couple of women. When we got to Kyle Akin, the dusk beginning to creep over land and sea, he showed no signs of running in there for shelter. We pushed through the narrow straits, and came in view of the darkening plain of the Atlantic, opening away up there to the north, and as far as we could see there was not a single vessel but ourselves on all this world of water. The gloom deepened: in under the mountains of Skye there was a darkness as of midnight. But one could still make out ahead of us the line of the Scalpa shore, marked by the white breaking of the waves. Even when that grew invisible we had Rona light to steer by.

The stormy and unsettled look of the sunset had prepared us for something of a dirty night, and as we went on both wind and sea increased considerably. The southwesterly breeze that had brought us so far at a spanking rate began to veer round to the north, and came in violent squalls, while the long swell running down between Raasay and Scalpa and the mainland caused the *White Dove* to labour heavily. Moreover, the night got as black as pitch, the moon had not arisen, and it was lucky, in this labourious beating up against the northerly squalls, that we had the distant Rona light by which to judge of our whereabouts.

The two women were huddled together in the companionway; it was the safest place for them; we could just make out the two dark figures in the ruddy glow coming up from the saloon.

"Isn't it splendid to be going along like this," said Miss Avon, "after lying at anchor so long?"

Her friend did not answer. She had been chiefly instrumental in persuading Captain John to keep on during the night, and she did not quite like the look of things. For one thing, she had perceived that the men were all now clad from head to foot in oil-skins, though as yet there was nothing but spray coming on board.

Our young doctor came aft, and tried to get down the companion-way without disturbing the two women.

"I am going below for my water-proof and leggings," said he, with a slight laugh. "There will be some fun before this night is over."

The tone of the girl altered in a moment. "Oh, Angus," said she, grasping him by the arm. "Pray don't do that! Leave the men to work the boat. If there is any danger, why don't they make away for the land somewhere?"

"There is no danger," said he, "but there will be a little water by-and-by."

The volume of the great waves was certainly increasing, and a beautiful sight it was to mark the red port light shining on the rushing masses of foam as they swept by the side of the vessel. Our whereabouts by this time had become wholly a matter of conjecture with the anaesthetists, for the night was quite black; however, Rona light still did us good service.

When Angus Sutherland came on deck again, she was on the port tack, and the wind had moderated somewhat. But this proved to be a lull of evil omen. There was a low roar heard in the distance, and almost directly a violent squall from the east struck the yacht, sending the boom flying over before the skipper could get hold of the main sheet. Away flew the *White Dove* like an arrow, with the unseen masses of water smashing over her bows.

"In with the mizzen, boys!" called out John of Skye, and there was a hurried clatter and stamping, and flapping of canvas.

But that was not enough, for this unexpected squall from the east showed permanence, and as we were making in for the Sound of Scalpa we were now running free before the wind.

"We'll tek the foresail off her, boys!" shouted John of Skye again, and presently there was another rattle down on the deck.

Onward and onward we flew, in absolute darkness but for that red light that made the sea shine like a foaming sea of blood. And the pressure of the wind behind increased until it seemed likely to tear the canvas off her spars.

"Down with the jib, then!" called out John of Skye; and we heard, but could not see, the men at work forward. And still the *White Dove* flew onward through the night, and the wind howled and whistled through the rigging, and the boiling surges of foam swept away from her side. There was no more of Rona light to guide us now; we were tearing through the Sound of Scalpa; and still this hurricane seemed to increase in fury. As a last resource, John of Skye had the peak lowered. We had now nothing left but a mainsail about the size of a pocket-handkerchief.

As the night wore on, we got into more sheltered waters, being under the lee of Scalpa; and we crept away down between that island and Skye, seeking for a safe anchorage. It was a business that needed a sharp look-out, for the waters are shallow here, and we discovered one or two smacks at anchor, with no lights up. They did not expect any vessel to run in from the open on a night like this.

And at last we chose our place for the night, letting go both anchors. Then we went below, into the saloon.

"And how do you like sailing in the equinoctials, Mary?" said our hostess.

"I am glad we are all round this table again, and alive," said the girl.

"I thought you said the other day you did not care whether the yacht went down or not?"

"Of the two," remarked Miss Avon, shyly, "it is perhaps better that she should be afloat."

Angus was passing at the moment. He put his hand lightly on her shoulder, and said, in a kind way,

"It is better not to tempt the unknown, Mary. Remember what the French proverb says, 'Quand est mort, c'est pour longtemps.' And you know you have not nearly completed that great series of *White Dove* sketches for the smoking-room at Denny-mains."

"The smoking-room!" exclaimed the Laird, indignantly. "There is not one of her sketches that will not have a place—an honoured place—in my dining-room; depend on that. Ye will see—both of ye—what I will do with them; and the sooner ye come to see, the better."

We this evening resolved that if, by favour of the winds and the valour of John of Skye, we got up to Portree next day, we should at once telegraph to the island of Lewes (where we proposed to cease these summer wanderings) to inquire about the safety of certain friends of ours whom we meant to visit there, and who are much given to yachting; for the equinoctials must have blown heavily into Loch Roag, and the little harbour at Borva is somewhat exposed. However, it was not likely that they would allow themselves to be caught. They know something about the sea and about boats at Borva.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

AFTER THE GALE.

"Well, indeed!" exclaimed the Laird, on putting his head out next morning. "This is wonderful—wonderful!"

Was it the long imprisonment in the darkness of the equinoctials that made him welcome with so much delight this spectacle of fair skies and sapphire seas, with the waves breaking white in Scalpa Sound, and the sunlight shining along the Coolins? Or was it not rather our long isolation from the ordinary affairs of the world that made him greet with acclamation the picture of brisk and busy human life, now visible from the deck of the yacht? We were no longer alone in the world. Over there, around the big black smacks—that looked like so many hens with broods of chickens—swarmed a

fleet of fishing boats; and as rapidly as hands could manage it, both men and women were shaking out the brown nets, and securing the glittering silver treasure of the sea. It was a picturesque sight—the stalwart brown-bearded men in their yellow oil-skins and huge boots; the bare-armed women in their scarlet short gowns; the masses of ruddy brown nets; the lowered sails. And then the Laird perceived that he was not alone in regarding this busy and cheerful scene.

Along there by the bulwarks, with one hand on the shrouds, and the other on the gig, stood Mary Avon, apparently watching the boats passing to and fro between the smacks and the shore. The Laird went gently up to her, and put his hand on her shoulder. She started, turned round suddenly, and then he saw to his dismay, that her eyes were full of tears.

"What, what?" said he, with a quick doubt and fear coming over him. Had all his plans failed, then? Was the girl still unhappy?

"What is it, lass? What is the matter?" said he, gripping her hand so as to get the truth from her.

By this time she had dried her eyes. "Nothing—nothing," said she, rather shamefacedly. "I was only thinking about the song of 'Caller Herring'; and how glad those women must be to find their husbands come back this morning. Fancy their being out on such a night as last night. What it must be to be a fisherman's wife—and alone on shore—"

"Toots, toots, lass!" cried the Laird, with a splendid cheerfulness, for he was greatly relieved that this was all the cause of the wet eyes. "Ye are just giving way to a sentiment. I have observed that people are apt to be sentimental in the morning before they get their breakfast. What! are ye peetying these folk? I can tell ye this is a proud day for them, to judge by the heaps o' fish. They are just as happy as kings; and as for the risk o' their trade, they have to do what is appointed to them. Why, does not that doctor friend o' yours say that the happiest people are they who are hardest worked?"

This reference to the doctor silenced the young lady at once.

"Not that I have much right to talk about work," said the Laird, penitently. "I believe I am becoming the idlest crayture on the face of this world."

At this point a very pretty little incident occurred. A boat was passing to the shore, and in the stern of her was a young fisherman—a handsome young fellow, with a sun-tanned face and yellow beard. As they were going by the yacht, he caught a glimpse of Miss Avon; then when they had passed, he said something in Gaelic to his two companions, who immediately rested on their oars. Then he was seen rapidly to fill a tin can with two or three dozen herrings, and his companions backed their boat to the side of the yacht. The young fellow stood up in the stern, and with a shy laugh—but with no speech, for he was doubtless nervous about his English—offered this present to the young lady. She was very much pleased; but she blushed quite as much as he did. And she was confused, for she could not summon Master Fred to take charge of the herrings, seeing this compliment was so directly paid to herself. However, she boldly gripped the tin can, and said, "Oh, thank you very much;" and by this time the Laird had fetched a bucket, into which the glittering beauties were slipped. Then the can was handed back, with further and profuse thanks, and the boat pushed off.

Suddenly, and with great alarm, Miss Avon remembered that Angus had taught her what Highland manners were.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she called out to the bearded young fisherman, who instantly turned round, and the oars were stopped. "I beg your pardon," said she, with an extreme and anxious politeness, "but would you take a glass of whiskey?"

"No, thank ye, mem," said the fisherman, with another laugh of friendliness on the frank face; and then away they went.

The girl was in despair. She was about to marry a Highlander, and already she had forgotten the first of Highland customs. But unexpected relief was at hand. Hearing something going on, John of Skye had tumbled up from the fore-castle, and instantly saw that the young lady was sorely grieved that those friendly fishermen had not accepted this return compliment. He called aloud, in Gaelic, and in a severe tone. The three men came back, looking rather like schoolboys who would fain escape from an embarrassing interview. And then at the same moment Captain John, who had asked Fred to bring up the whiskey-bottle, said, in a low voice, to the young lady,

"They would think it ferry kind, mem, if you would pour out the whiskey with your own hand."

And this was done, Miss Mary going through the ceremony without flinching; and as each of the men was handed his glass, he rose up in the boat, and took off his cap, and drank the health of the young lady, in the Gaelic. And Angus Sutherland, when he came on deck, was greatly pleased to hear what she had done, though the Laird took occasion to remark at breakfast that he hoped it was not a common custom among the young ladies of England to get up early in the morning to have clandestine flirtations with handsome young fishermen.

Then all hands on deck; for now there are two anchors to be got in, and we must not lose any of this pleasant sailing breeze. In these sheltered and shining waters there are scarcely

any traces of the recent rough weather, except that the wind still comes in variable puffs, and from all sorts of unexpected directions. In the main, however, it is north-by-east, and so we have to set to work to leisurely beat up the Sound of Raasay.

"Well, this is indeed like old times, Mary," Queen Titania cries, as she comfortably ensconces herself in a camp-chair; for Miss Avon is at the helm, and the young doctor, lying at full length on the sun-lit deck, is watching the sails and criticising her steering, and the Laird is demonstrating to a humble listener the immeasurable advantages enjoyed by the Scotch landscape painters, in that they have within so small a compass every variety of mountain, lake, woodland, and ocean scenery. He becomes facetious, too, about Miss Mary's sketches. What if he were to have a room set apart for them at Denny-mains, to be called the *White Dove Gallery*? He might have a skilled decorator out from Glasgow to devise the furniture and ornamentation, so that both should suggest the sea, and ships, and sailors.

Here John of Skye comes aft. "I think," says he to Miss Avon, with a modest smile, "we might put the gaff-topsail on her."

"Oh yes, certainly," says this experienced mariner; and the doctor, seeing an opportunity for bestirring himself, jumps to his feet.

And so, with the topsail shining white in the sun—a thing we have not seen for some time—we leave behind us the gloomy opening into Loch Sligachan, and beat up through the Raasay narrows, and steal by the pleasant woods of Raasay House. The Laird has returned to that project of the Marine Gallery, and he has secured an attentive listener in the person of his hostess, who prides herself that she has a sure instinct as to what is "right" in mural decoration.

This is indeed like old times come back again. The light cool breeze, the warm decks, the pleasant lapping of the water, and our steerswoman partly whistling and partly humming:

"They'll put a napkin round my een,  
They'll no let me see to de;  
And they'll never let on to my father and mither,  
But I am awa' o'er the sea."

And this she is abstractedly and contentedly doing, without any notice of the fact that the song is supposed to be a pathetic one.

Then our young doctor; of what does he discourse to us during this delightful day-dreaming and idleness? Well, it has been remarked by more than one of us that Dr. Angus has become tremendously practical of late. You would scarcely have believed that this was the young F.R.S. who used to startle the good Laird out of his wits by his wild speculations about the origin of the world, and similar trifles. Now his whole interest seemed to be centred on the commonest things; all the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan put together could not have been more fierce than he was about the necessity of supplying houses with pure water, for example. And the abuse that he heaped on the Water Companies of London, more especially, and on the government which did not interfere, was so distinctly libellous that we were glad to alien overheard it.

Then as to arsenic in wall-paper; he was equally dogmatic and indignant about that; and here it was his hostess, rather than the Laird, who was interested. She eagerly committed to her note-book a recipe for testing the presence of that vile metal in wall-papers or anything else; and some of us had mentally to thank Heaven that she was not likely to get test tubes, and zinc filings, and hydrochloric acid in Portree. The woman would have blown up the ship.

All this and much more was very different from the kind of conversation that used so seriously to trouble the Laird. When he heard Angus talk, with great common-sense and abundant information, about the various climates that suited particular constitutions, and about the best soils for building houses on, and about the necessity for strict municipal supervision of drainage, he was ready to believe that our young doctor had not only for his own part never handled that dangerous book, the "Vestiges of Creation," but that he had never even known any one who had glanced at its sophistical pages except with a smile of pity. Why, all the time that we were shut up by the equinoctials, the only profound and mysterious thing that Angus had said was this: "There is surely something wrong when the man who takes on himself all the trouble of drawing a bottle of ale is bound to give his friend the first tumbler, which is clear, and keep the second tumbler, which is muddy, for himself." But if you narrowly look into it, you will find that there is really nothing dangerous or unsettling in this saying, no grumbling against the ways of Providence whatsoever. It was mysterious, perhaps; but then so would many of the nice points about the Semple case have been had we not had with us an able expositor.

And on this occasion, as we were running along for Portree, our F.R.S. was chiefly engaged in warning us against paying too serious heed to certain extreme theories about food and drink which were then being put forward by a number of distinguished physicians.

"For people in good health, the very worst adviser is the doctor," he was saying; when he was gently reminded by his hostess that he must not malign his own calling, or destroy a superstition that might in itself have curative effects.

"Oh, I scarcely call myself a doctor," he said,

"for I have no practice as yet. And I am not denying the power of a physician to help nature in certain cases—of course not; but what I say is that for healthy people the doctor is the worst adviser possible. Why, where does he get his experience? From the study of people who are ill. He lives in an atmosphere of sickness; his conclusions about the human body are drawn from bad specimens; the effects that he sees produced are produced on too sensitive subjects. Very likely, too, if he is himself a distinguished physician, he has gone through an immense amount of training and subsequent hard work; his own system is not of the strongest; and he considers that what he feels to be injurious to him must be injurious to other people. Probably so it might be—to people similarly sensitive; but not necessarily to people in sound health. Fancy a man trying to terrify people by describing the awful appearance produced on one's internal economy when he drinks half a glass of sherry! And that," he added, "is a piece of pure scientific sensationalism; for precisely the same appearance is produced if you drink half a glass of milk."

"I am of opinion," said the Laird, with the gravity befitting such a topic, "that of all stimulants nothing is better or wholesomer than a drop of sound, sterling whiskey."

"And where are you likely to get it?"

"I can assure ye, at Denny-mains—"

"I mean where are the masses of the people to get it? What they get is a cheap white spirit, reeking with fusel-oil, with just enough whiskey blended to hide the imposture. The decoction is a certain poison. If the government would stop tinkering at Irish franchises, and Irish tenures, and Irish universities, and would pass a law making it penal for any distiller to sell spirits that he has not had in bond for at least two years, they would do a good deal more service to Ireland, and to this country too."

"Still these measures of amelioration must have their effect," observed the Laird, sententiously. "I would not discourage wise legislation. We will reconcile Ireland sooner or later, if we are prudent and considerate."

"You may as well give them Home Rule at once," said Dr. Angus, bluntly. "The Irish have no regard for the historical grandeur of England. How could they?—they have lost their organ of veneration. The coronal region of the skull has in time become depressed through frequent skullaloh practice."

For a second the Laird glanced at him; there was a savour of George Combe about this speech. Could it be that he believed in that monstrous and atheistical theory?

But no. The Laird only laughed, and said, "I would not like to have an Irishman hear ye say so."

It was now abundantly clear to us that Denny-mains could no longer suspect of anything heterodox and destructive this young man who was sound on drainage, pure air, and a constant supply of water to the tanks.

Of course we could not get into Portree without Ben Inivaig having a tussle with us. This mountain is the most inveterate brewer of squalls in the whole of the West Highlands, and it is his especial delight to catch the unwary, when all their eyes are bent on the safe harbour within. But we were equal with him. Although he tried to tear our masts out and frighten us out of our senses, all that he really succeeded in doing was to put us to a good deal of trouble, and break a tumbler or two below. We pointed the finger of scorn at Ben Inivaig. We sailed past him, and took no more notice of him. With a favouring breeze, and with our topsail still set, we glided into the open and spacious harbour.

But that first look around was a strange one. Was this really Portree Harbour, or were we so many Rip Van Winkles! There were the shining white houses, and the circular bay, and the wooded cliffs; but where were the yachts that used to keep the place so bright and busy? There was not an inch of white canvas visible. We got to anchor near a couple of heavy smacks; the men looked at us as if we had dropped from the skies.

We went ashore, and walked up to the telegraph office to see whether the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland—as the Cumbrae minister called them—had survived the equinoctials, and learned only too accurately what serious mischief had been done all along these coasts by the gale. From various points, moreover, we subsequently received congratulations on our escape, until we almost began to believe that we had really been in serious peril. For the rest, our friends at Borna were safe enough; they had not been on board their yacht at all.

That evening, in the silent and deserted bay, a council of war was held on deck. We were not, as it turned out, quite alone; there had also come in a steam-yacht, the master of which informed our John of Skye that such a gale he had not seen for three-and-twenty years. He also told us that there was a heavy sea running in the Minch, and that no vessel would try to cross. Stornoway Harbour, we already knew, was filled with storm-stayed craft. So we had to decide.

Like the very small and white-faced boy who stood forth to declaim before a school full of examiners and friends, and who raised his hand, and announced in a trembling falsetto that his voice was still for war, it was the woman who spoke first, and they were for going right on the next morning.

"Mind," said Angus Sutherland, looking anxiously at certain dark eyes; "there is generally a good sea in the Minch in the best of

weathers; but after a three or four days' gale—well—"

"I, for one, don't care," said Miss Avon, frankly regarding him.

"And I should like it," said the other woman, "so long as there is plenty of wind. But if Captain John takes me out into the middle of the Minch, and keeps me rolling about on the Atlantic on a dead calm, then something will befall him that his mother knew nothing about."

Here Captain John was emboldened to step forward, and to say, with an embarrassed politeness,

"I not afraid of anything for the leddies; for two better sailors I never sah ahl my life long."

However, the final result of our confabulation that night was to try to resolve to get under way next morning, and proceed a certain distance until we should discover what the weather was like outside. With a fair wind we might run the sixty miles to Stornoway before night; without a fair wind there was little use in our adventuring out to be knocked about in the North Minch, where the Atlantic finds itself jammed into the neck of a bottle, and rebels in a somewhat frantic fashion. We must do our good friends in Portree the justice to say that they endeavoured to dissuade us; but then we had sailed in the *White Dove* before, and had no great fear of her leading us into any trouble.

And so, good-night!—good-night! We can scarcely believe that this is Portree Harbour, so still and quiet it is. All the summer fleet of vessels have fled; the year is gone with them; soon we, too, must betake ourselves to the south. Good-night!—good-night! The peace of the darkness falls over us; if there is any sound, it is the sound of singing in our dreams.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN COOKERY.

The merit of French cookery is its simplicity. Goldsmith knew nothing about the matter when he talked of "green and yellow dinners" at the French Ambassador's. In fact, he puts himself out of court in recommending such a compound as stewed pig with prune sauce. Fresh pork can only be served roasted; salt pork, boiled. At the same time it must be admitted that in the north of France and in Belgium they serve fruit sauce with sausages. The sauce is none other than the gooseberry fool made of green gooseberries rather less than ripe and unsweetened. The Belgians boast that they, of the whole Gallic race, best understand what is good. A wealthy Frenchman, now residing in the Walloon country, recently endorsed this statement. On being asked why he had expatriated himself, he replied that he had tried four different lands, with the view to ascertaining in which of them the inhabitants kept the best table. "In France," he continued, "I found they ate well but drank bad wine; in Germany they drank good wine but ate the most execrable dishes. In England the eating and drinking were alike bad; in Belgium they were both good."

The majority of Frenchmen certainly drink remarkable stuff under the name of wine; but even the artisans among them eat more palatable food than comfortable shopkeepers across the Channel. And this is due in a great measure to a proper economy of resources. Not only does the French housewife utilize many a scrap which her English sister throws away, but she is chary of her condiments, wisely judging that to mix several is to destroy the flavor of all. Take an English and a French salad. The former is not considered complete by many Britons unless it contain, in addition to the ordinary ingredients, mustard, anchovy, and the yolk of eggs. Often the lettuce is watered by a deplorable "salad mixture" sold in bottles, where vinegar and cream unite in deadly coalition. The condiment of an ordinary French salad consists simply of salt, pepper, vinegar and oil. The oil should be to the vinegar in the proportion of three parts to one. A frequent mistake of the English is almost to reverse the proportion, with consequences painful to the victim and distressing to his friends.

Again, the French hold, regarding meat and vegetables, the same theory as West Indian negroes about rum and water. "Both good, but no mix well." As a rule, a Frenchman thinks that with bread and roast meat he has enough to occupy his attention for the nonce. Vegetables will form a pleasant dish to follow. But then these will not consist of cabbage or cauliflower à la *Pean chaude*. Yet in nine cases out of ten they have no other seasoning than a little fresh butter. The French have always steered clear of a rock on which cooks of other nationalities are constantly coming to grief. They avoid spices like an infectious thing, except in confectionary, where they have their proper place. Germans are terrible sinners in this respect, spoiling excellent bread by adding to it caraway seeds; while Belgians think no vegetable can taste well unless flavored with cinnamon. The worst fault of French cooks is an undue love of garlic. Many a leg of mutton have they thus spoiled for all gourmets but themselves. Another mistake they frequently make is to serve mutton underdone. Beef is the only meat that can thus be served.

There are of course some notable exceptions to the French practice of separating the meat from the vegetables. Fried potatoes are recognized as the natural adjunct to beefsteaks; and turnips are eaten with ducks to the great contempt of the diner. Peas are too good to be

thrown away on this bird. But the most comforting of French dishes in its season is *Perdrix aux choux*. It consists of partridges, stewed with cabbage, and served up with sausages and thin slices of bacon. Pigeons are also served in this fashion. Another cheering mess on a cold autumn day is *Lapin en gibelotte*. You take a rabbit and a moderate-sized eel. Having cut them up, you add mushrooms and small onions, and stir the whole till well mixed; on this a little light white wine—Grave will do—is poured; there should not be more than a sherry-glass. Next, pour about double the quantity of bouillon, and season with salt, pepper, thyme, and parsley. You now withdraw the pieces of eel and the onions, and set the mixture to stew over a brisk fire. When the sauce is diminished by about two-thirds you throw in the eel and onions, and now stew over a gentle fire. The result will bear an application of the Spanish proverb:

"He who lets the Puchero pass  
Must be either in love, or asleep, or an ass."

To which may be added, "or dyspeptic." The dish is for persons of robust digestion. It is a great favorite with the bourgeois classes in little France. A worthy Parisian grocer once took his bride for the honey-day (they are afraid to make it a month in France) to St. Cloud, and treated her to a nice dinner at a popular restaurant. A gibelotte was the crown and glory of the entertainment; and in the ecstasy of their delight the happy pair cut their initials on one of the bones, with what vague dream of poetry one hardly realizes—possibly with the genial wish that the very dog who should crunch it might know of their joy. Twenty-five years of bliss followed, when the pair resolved to celebrate their silver wedding by another trip to St. Cloud and a second dinner at the identical restaurant. Needless to say, a gibelotte was ordered, and that it was pronounced delicious; while the lady was only too pleased at discovering that one of the bones, apparently none the worse for wear, was still doing duty after the lapse of a quarter of a century. Time had not obliterated her initials so lovingly interlarded with her husband's. There is much to be got out of a bone.

A pleasant, sweet dish for winter is "pine-apple salad." Another good salad consists of oranges and apples, carefully peeled and cut in thin (but not too thin) slices. Add plenty of powdered sugar and a little cold water, just enough to form a little juice. A table-spoonful of fine brandy will do no harm. The salad should be dressed a short time before dinner. It ought to stand a little while. An excellent substitute for fruit tarts may also be mentioned. It is simply to serve the fruit and the pastry separately. You have stewed fruit—cold is best—in one dish; in the other, little biscuits or cakes called *merilles*, though in Saintonge the name for them is *bêtises*, fondly, not contemptuously, given. *Bêtises* are neither more nor less than slices of unsweetened pastry, served hot and crisp. Those who don't care for fruit will find them capital accompaniments to a glass of good wine. They may be eaten too with cheese.

Every one knows Abarnethy's receipt for dressing cucumbers. Had the doctor, however, lived in France he would have found there were better uses for this maligned vegetable than to fling it out of the window. The weakest stomach can digest it, cut in slices and stewed in butter, or boiled whole and served with white sauce. And it is at least as good dressed this way as vegetable marrow. A more questionable custom of the French is to eat artichokes raw, with vinegar and oil. They are not bad, but to my mind there are many pleasanter ways of procuring one's self an indigestion.

A word as to a famous French soup. When the morning's reflection is saddened by the remembrance of the previous evening's diversion, a Frenchman turns neither to green tea nor to soda and brandy for solace, but orders himself a basin of onion soup. It is made on this wise:—Melt a little butter in a saucepan; next throw in some sliced onion (quality and quantity are matters of taste). When the onion begins to brown, throw in a little flour. Wait a bit; then add water, pepper, and salt. These are all the ingredients necessary.

A wrinkle for brain-workers—especially for those who are suddenly called upon for an extra amount of work. Too generally they fly to tea and coffee, powerful auxiliaries undoubtedly, but they exact too heavy payment for their services. Brillat-Savarin recommends a cup of chocolate, with the smallest piece of amber powdered and added as one would sugar, though not as a substitute for sugar. He declares this mixture enabled him to get through an immense amount of work, while allowing him to sleep tranquilly when his labors were over. On the other hand, two cups of strong coffee prevented him from sleeping forty hours. Marshal Richelieu, who took Minorena from the English was the inventor of this innocuous stimulant. It's only fault is that it costs money.

THE EVOLUTION OF IDEAS.

Intellectual evolution has become predominant, and the unfolding of ideas has become more significant than the creation of new organs. Instead of producing higher organisms, nature has given to the human species the faculty of invention. By means of this faculty man has transferred the form of the human organs, as well as their functionary and formal relations, to the instruments he invented, and the pro-

ductiveness and receptiveness of the former have thereby been remarkably increased. The evolution of ideas has thus accomplished what the further development of organisms would have done. In the first stone hammer man has unknowingly imitated his fore-arm with closed fist; in the shovel and spoon we see the fore-arm and hollowed hand; in the saw we find a reproduction of a row of teeth; tongs represent the closing together of thumb and fingers; in the hook is a bent finger, reproduced; the pencil is simply a prolongation of the fore-finger; so, we see in all instruments, from the simplest to the most complicated, only an improvement and completion of the human organs; and thus we find that all the inventional thoughts of men are directed towards the same aim as that toward which organic development tends. After a careful consideration of facts before us, few will doubt that in the invention of instruments we have reproduced the human organs, though some one might suggest that this reproduction is not the result of the action of natural laws, but only the consequence of careful contemplation, and say that in nature, as well as in technicals, there are mechanical problems to be solved; and as in the former success is granted by natural selection, so in the latter by industrial progress, that a reproduction of organs can scarcely be avoided, for, if in our instruments the power and usefulness of our organs are to be extended, it is only natural that we give them a corresponding form. The weakness of this reasoning will be apparent if we show that in those products of our thought, which are not the results of a mere practical tendency, and where a further completion of the human organs was out of question, in products where our intelligence had seemingly a perfectly free field for operations, we have been directed by the same laws, and led by the same tendency, which is the basis of all organic development. The development of technical science is based upon a continuous increasing of relations between man and the external world, and is perfectly identical with organic evolution, which takes place under a further differentiation of organs with increasing adaptation. But this is not only true of this single phase of culture. The same organic construction is to be found in the whole world of thought. Ideas unfold and evolve one from the other, and differentiate strictly according to the law of evolution. When the world is ripe for certain ideas they are produced. Before each great discovery a kind of fermentation seizes the minds of humanity, and it is the task of the genius to concentrate the thoughts of his time and bring them to a conclusion.

EDUCATION.—Education, in its broadest sense, is undoubtedly the main business of youth. Theirs is the season of preparation for a future life of action. But we are too apt to regard school and study as the whole of education, whereas it is but a part, and is valuable only as it is made to contribute to the general fund. Often the very best way to prepare to do anything is to begin to do it. Practice makes perfect, and facility in anything is gained chiefly by continual exercise in it. As life consists largely of work, it would seem to be the path of wisdom to accustom the boy and the girl to take some regular share in it suitable to their years, that they may not, upon entering its real business, stand aghast and overwhelmed by the multitude of claims which they are powerless to fulfil. The true end of all culture is to develop efficiency in action and nobleness of character; and the acquisition of knowledge, though important as one means, can never, by itself, produce either of these. It must be vitalised by individual thought and utilised by personal action before it can put real value into one's life or produce anything like an abundant harvest. These processes should go on simultaneously.

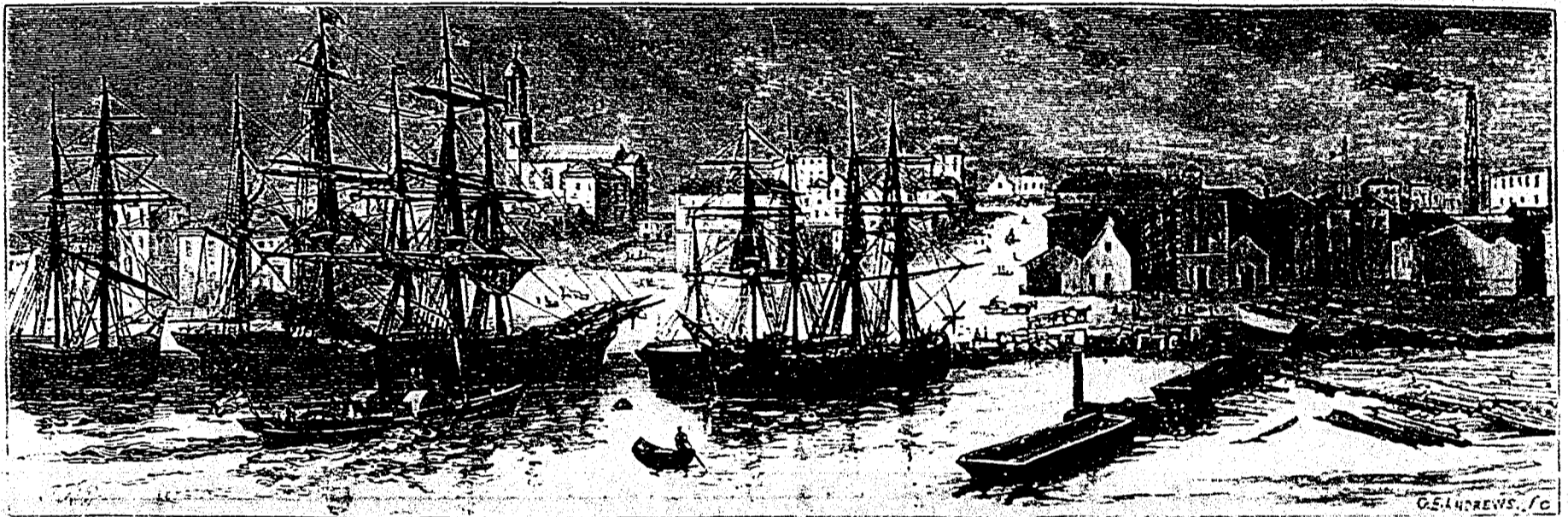
PERSONAL beauty is enhanced by a lovely disposition. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gipsies in the parlour, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result. There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moon-beams though they be, becomes idealized. No arts can do the work of nature.

WE BELIEVE

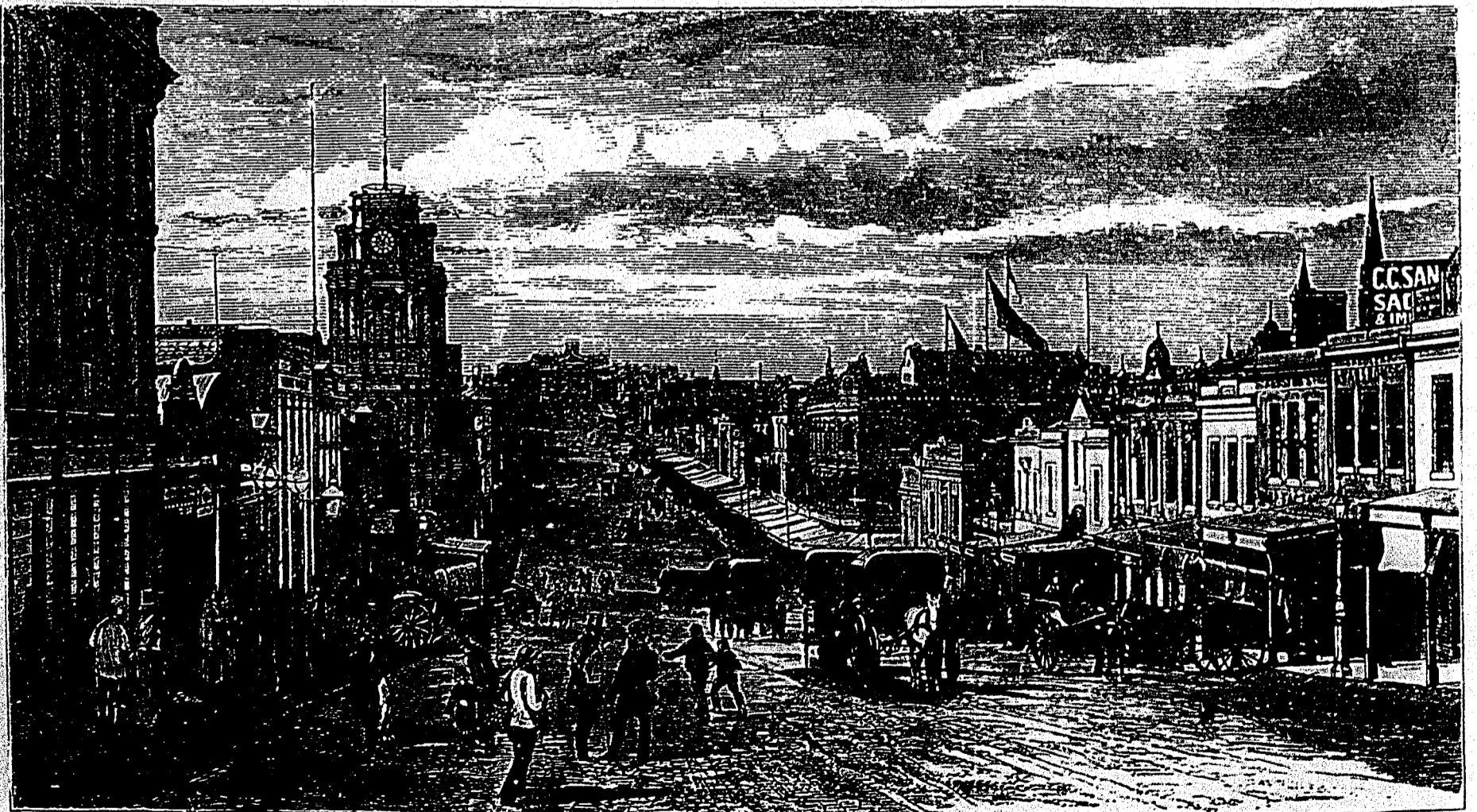
That if every one would use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out, whole families keeping well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to try it.



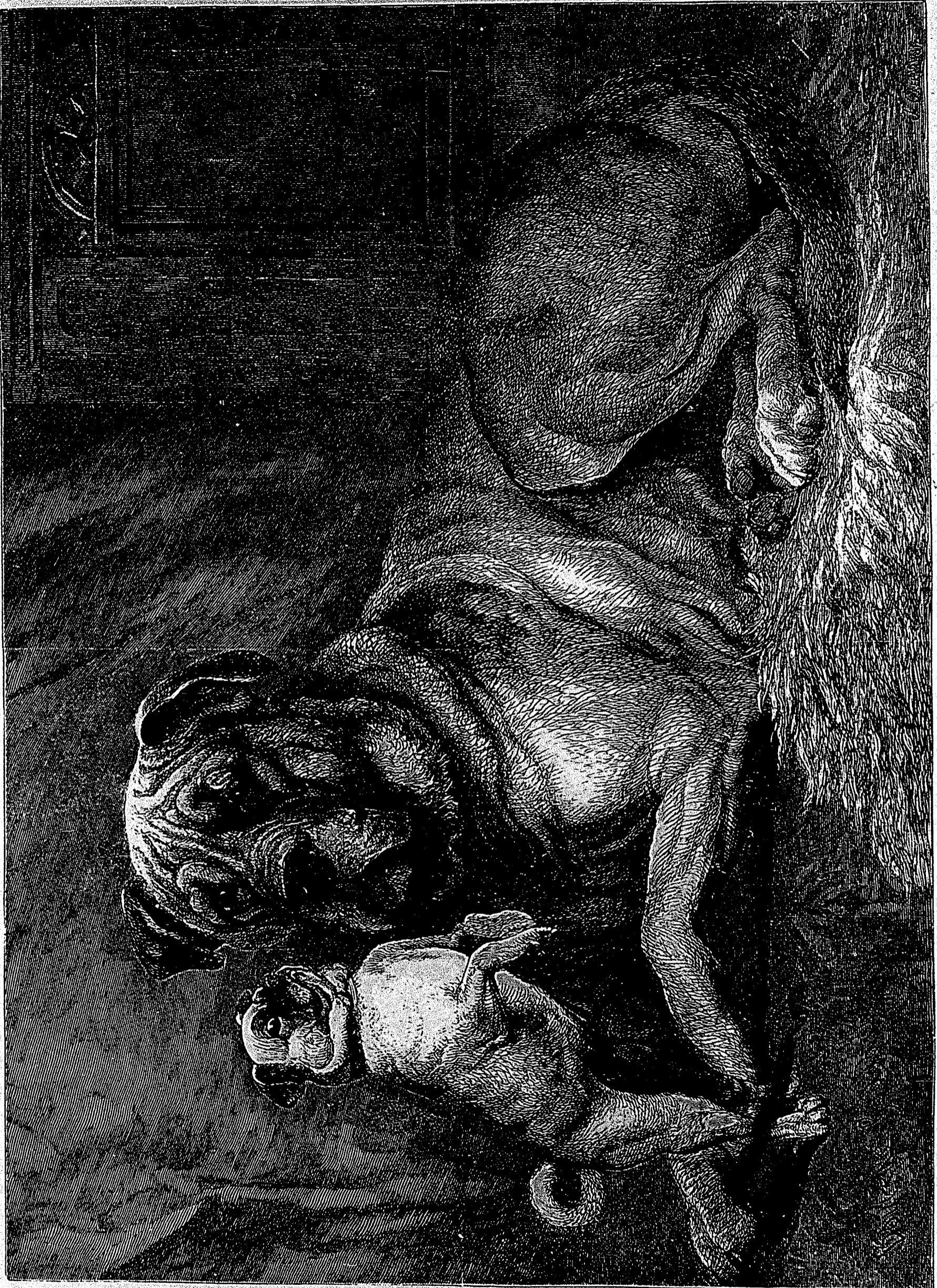
MELBOURNE, FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1833.



MELBOURNE, FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1833.



MELBOURNE AT THE PRESENT TIME—VIEW IN GREAT BOURKE STREET.  
THE GROWTH OF AN AUSTRALIAN CITY.



COMPARISONS ARE ODIUS.

## SONNET.

TO H. B.

Good night, although to linger I were fain,  
Here where thou seest not, 'neath a drifting cloud  
Like bridal veil or sadly trailing shroud,  
As my mood changes with the varying strain  
Of music laden rich with joy and pain,  
Borne from thy casement where I see thee bowed  
O'er the dead keys that answer thee aloud,  
As if, beneath, some fettered soul had lain  
In silent expectation of the kiss  
Of thy soul through the touch of finger tips,  
To awake, as did that fair, long slumbering girl,  
By the soft touch of soulful lips, to bliss,  
Methinks thy soul will pass, not from thy lips:  
But from thy magic fingers, like a pearl.

Montreal.

HARRY DANF.

## AFTER DINNER.

We had finished the substantial part of our meal—that part in which conversation is apt to be sporadic at best—and were dalling with the indigestible nuts and raisins, when Schwackheimer, who had been silent for several minutes, broke forth with this observation: the world is held together by love and hunger!

A terse statement of a great truth, said the Rev. Dr. Softley, wiping his mouth carefully with the corner of his napkin.

Yes, I put in; a very neat expression, in our philosopher's best view of condensed thought.

Oh, don't flatter me! exclaimed Schwackheimer, trying to blush, and hardly succeeding. It is not original; only a quotation from Schiller.

Commendable modesty on your part; but call it what you like, it is one of the best things you ever gave us.

Now, please, no sarcasm! said our Xantippe, from behind the urn; (we call her Xantippe on account of her angelic disposition); Sarcasm leads to quarrels; and I am a believer in the doctrine of the great American soldier; let us have peace!

There are many of the same way of thinking, fair mistress. Let us have peace—when we have won the battle.

Nevertheless, said Schwackheimer to go back to my aphorism, no matter who first uttered it—the truth is there in a nutshell. Take away the affections, and the necessity for providing our daily bread and butter, and society would collapse like a balloon when you punch holes in it.

And which of these two factors in social organization shall we consider the chief?

Love! cried Xantippe; love undoubtedly; for love is the lord of all.

Under favour no! Love is powerful; but not all-powerful. The affections may be guided, and sometimes mastered; but hunger must be satisfied. One of the few things we are obliged to do, whether we like it or not, is to eat. Fortunately, there is some compensation in being allowed to make that duty pleasing as well as profitable by consulting our own tastes as to the manner of eating and the articles of food.

Well, said Softley, we have certainly availed ourselves of the privilege. What is there in earth, air or sea that has not disappeared in the omnivorous man of humanity?

If you ask me that question, I said, I must give it up. If everybody does not eat everything, everything is eaten by somebody. An there really are people who seem to have taken Abernethy's advice in the matter of diet. He told an anxious inquirer once that he might eat everything he liked except the poker, which was indigestible, and the bellows which would be conducive to flatulency.

Think of dried insects, cried Schwackheimer; or the baked puppy, which is deemed so dainty a dish in many Eastern countries; or the half-hatched egg which tickles the palate of a Chinaman; or the *rust*—the decayed flesh which the Faroe Islander considers a special relish at the end of a meal!

Well, I asked, can you tell me the difference between the uncivilized Faroese, and the civilized Englishman whose game must be semi-putrid before fashion allows him to eat it?

A conundrum! said Schwackheimer: I have no answer.

I wonder, inquired Xantippe, what was the diet of Adam and Eve?

She looked toward Softley, who is always expected to lead off when the conversation approaches theological confines; and Softley, folding his hands in the epigastric position, as though preparing for a monologue, remarked that the ancient writings did not appear to speak with definiteness on this subject. There could be no doubt that the supply of fruit and vegetables was extensive and varied; and it was Abel's special duty to look after the sheep, it is presumable that mutton found an occasional place on the table—or whatever article of furniture was used for eating purposes by our first parents. It does not seem probable that they were vegetarians.

No! interjected Schwackheimer, giving the nut-cracker a vicious squeeze. About the first man to confine himself to a strictly vegetable diet was Nebuchadnezzar—and he was crazy when he did it; literally went to grass. You have to come down later in history for the purely granivorous man.

Softley paid no attention to the interruption—it is hard to stop him when he is wound up—and went on with his Scriptural references. Abraham it would be remembered provided a collation for some celestial visitors once; and we find on that occasion butter and milk, veal

outlets and hot biscuit—only wanting the Arabian berry to be a modern breakfast. Moses allowed a varied diet for the Israelites, which included grasshoppers and locusts, but forbade turtle and frog, hare and pork.

Here he paused a moment for a sip of tea, and grasping the opportunity, Schwackheimer who thinks more of Hæckel than Moses, turned back to first principles. There is no doubt, he supposed, that the first idea of primeval man in his uncivilized state, would be to take his food just as he found it, and whenever he felt hungry. Then, as the race developed, accident or analogy would discover many ways of improving the food, nature had provided, and of making eating a pleasure as well as a duty. Perhaps like Charles Lamb's savage, who discovered the beauties of roast pig when he applied his mouth to the finger he had scorched in pulling one of these animals out of a burning hut; and then, in process of time, after creating innumerable conflagrations in order to satisfy his appetite struck on the happy thought that it was not necessary to burn down a house every time he wanted a dish of roast pork. Cooking, no doubt, had its origin in the idea of improving the taste of food. But there is a sound philosophy underlying the operation; for it is an established fact in physiology that the manner of preparing the food has much to do with its digestibility; in other words that digestion is facilitated by tickling the palate.

Do you mean that literally? I asked. If so, then those Roman epicures who tickled their palates with a feather after they had filled their stomachs to repletion improved their digestion thereby.

Certainly, for they emptied their stomachs; which was the best thing for them.

You think, I suppose, said Softley, that you can bring your evolution theories to bear on this matter, and can trace with the passing of years a steady improvement in diet and dieting?

No doubt whatever, was the reply. There is a pleasure of eating which we enjoy in common with the brute creation; it merely requires a sense of hunger relieved by a full stomach. Between this eating as an animal gratification, and eating as æsthetic delight—what the French call *gourmandise*—there is an almost immeasurable distance. The first was the condition of primeval men long ages since; the second is the achievement of civilized man, and has been attained only a few centuries ago. Prehistoric man no doubt took his food uncooked. The first cookery of which history takes notice was of the simplest kind—consisting only of the direct application of fire to the article. A broil seems to have been the favourite preparation of meat in the Homeric age; from which it has been inferred that the Greeks of that time had not discovered the mode of making vessels that would bear the fire. This invention probably reached them from Egypt, and they soon turned it to good account; for the later Athenians, as they were the most cultured people of their day in science and philosophy, showed also their high state of development by the progress they made in gastronomy, in which they excelled the ancient world as much as the French do the modern.

You give the Greeks the palm over the Romans do you?

Of course, outside the profession of arms the Romans were only imitators of the Greeks. When they conquered Greece they tried to take possession of its knowledge and culture as well as of its gold and silver; and when the poets and philosophers flocked to Rome the Athenian cooks went with them. But Roman gastronomy was more noted for extravagance than taste. Vast sums were spent in eating by those who could afford it, as well as by those who could not. It cost \$35,000,000 to supply the table of the Emperor Vitellius for four months, Assicus Cælius, in the days of Trajan spent a fortune on his palate; and finding he had only some \$250,000 left, turned misanthrope, wrote a book, and killed himself for fear he should die of hunger. The merit of some of the most noted Roman dishes—such as one composed of the brains of 500 peacocks or the tongues of 500 nightingales—could only have been in their cost.

Here Xantippe suggested that if the object of eating was simply to swallow money or money's worth, she would be satisfied with the plan of the English sailor, who placed a ten-pound note between two pieces of bread and butter, and make his lady-love eat it, and she looked over to me, as if she rather expected I would take the hint, and make up a sailor's sandwich for her. Instead of trying to satisfy her depraved appetite, however, I asked, Schwackheimer what he thought of cookery in the dark ages.

Just what might be expected. A cultivated, intellect and cultivated palate go together. "The destiny of nations depends upon their manner of nourishment," is one of the aphorisms of that superb literary *gourmand*, Brillat-Savarin. The taste of the Roman people had never been of the highest order; and when their Empire fell they were powerless to exert any ennobling influence upon their conquerors through the medium of the palate. The best of civilization lived on in Christian nations; but the asceticism of early Christianity was not favourable to the æsthetics of dining. Modern theologians differ somewhat from the Apostolic Fathers in their estimate of gastronomy; and here Schwackheimer's upper eye-lid dropped slightly on the side nearest Softley, whose face showed that look of calm content, borne only by those who have spent sixty minutes at the table and enjoyed every one of them. Our philosopher

went on: With the downfall of Rome there ensued a season of darkness for all the arts and sciences—including gastronomy. This great civilizing influence was in a feeble state, but as the race developed, it developed, and in turn helped to develop the race. A revival came at last in the same country—where darkness had fallen. The scene of the *renaissance* was in Italy, and Franco received the rudiments of the science from the Italian cooks who accompanied Catharine de Medicis to Paris. Here it found congenial soil among an æsthetic people; and the history of modern France may be written in the lives of its cooks—great professors, whose talents were devoted to inventing new dishes and improving old ones; artists whose love of their avocation was a sublime passion—like Vatel, who committed suicide because the fish required for a great feast he was preparing had not arrived at the expected time. Said a learned French jurist: "I consider the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star; we have always enough stars, but we can never have too many dishes." There was a man who appreciated gastronomy at its proper value, and France is full of such men. Pity we could not import a few.

To hear him, said Softley, one would think that the palate was the chief organ of civilized humanity. The soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias lay buried in his money-bags; where would you seek the soul of the gourmand?

Don't exaggerate! Preachers labour under the disadvantage of too little contradiction; and, always saying what they have a mind to, they sometimes say too much. Do not make me out more of a gourmand than I am.

No danger of my being able to say too much in your company; or of my saying much without contradiction.

Quite true. We try to preserve you as much as possible from the dangers that beset the cloth. Now, while I do not consider eating the chief object of man's life, I do consider it a very important means of life. Without due regard to this matter perfect health of mind and body is impossible. The diet of the brute creation may do for the savage; and his body may grow strong upon it. But civilized man requires to pay attention to the quality of his food, as well as its quantity: to the mode of preparation, and to the manner of eating. Is it not so?

This last question being addressed to me, offered an opening for the ventilation of my ideas on diet. So I intimated to them that in my opinion there could be no doubt the practical questions involved in this matter are what to eat, and how to eat! And the answers are about as varied as the people who answer. It seems to narrow itself down to a question of personal taste. The proper diet is the diet I approve—or, rather, that I recommend. And I don't know but that the world would get on just as well if people would confine themselves to eating what they wanted, and cease recommending their diet to others. But there is nothing in regard to which people are so ready to give advice as in matters of hygiene. The world is full of self-constituted advisers, many of whom are more ready to point out the right way than to walk in it themselves. And many others point out a road which is not right; or, if right for themselves is not right for others. They seldom appear to think that there is such a thing as individuality; and rashly conclude that what is good for them is good for everybody else—a senseless idea. But it is the aggressiveness of these health advisers or diet reformers that makes them such a nuisance. If there were only one or two of these people, society would hang them and thus escape being bored. But they are as thick as raindrops in a storm, and they nearly all have different schemes. Every little while we hear of some new bobby-horse trotted out, on which to perch all the ills that flesh is heir to; and when the poor beast is well laden his rider drives him off to the country where the proverbial "beggar on horseback" went. Sometimes animal food is the great bugbear. Every one, we are told, should live on vegetables alone; oblivious of the fact, that while the food provided for man in his infancy is exclusively animal, the construction of his digestive apparatus in maturer years shows that his food should be of a mixed character, embracing both animal and vegetable. Sometimes a great hue and cry is raised against bread made from fine flour; but very few people confine themselves to white bread alone; and even if they did the probabilities are that they could sustain life longer on that than any other single article. Brown bread certainly contains all the nutritive elements of wheat; but there are many conditions of the stomach which make it a poor article of diet. The best diet is not necessarily that which contains the most nutriment, but that which will be best digested. Sometimes our reformers abuse sugar; and I have read the opinion of some voluminous author to the effect that among other evils it causes a lack of charity in those who use it. And yet a healthy person cannot keep his system free from sugar; for even though he should swallow none, his digestive apparatus would manufacture it out of his bread and potatoes. I remember some time ago, hearing a learned society ostracise butter. But there is such a universal craving for fat that while the Esquimaux in their ice-houses delight in blubber, the Hindoos under a tropical sun cannot enjoy their daily meal of rice without seasoning it with "ghee," or rancid butter. The inference to be drawn is that there is perhaps less reason for alarm in the matter of diet than some peo-

ple imagine. "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you," was the post-diluvian announcement, according to Moses. That covers a pretty wide range. Experience teaches that certain articles are more nutritious and digestible than others, and sensible people will, as a rule, give these the preference. But every one has to learn from his own experience, as well as from the experience of the mass; and it does not take long to find out, if any particular article disagrees with us, and then if a person has not common sense enough to quit eating what he knows is injuring him, all the advice of his neighbours will be wasted. The chief danger with our modern habits is that of eating too fast and too much. People who look on eating simply as a task to be hurried over as quickly as possible are pretty certain to suffer from this error. Eating should be made a pleasure as well as a profit; a recreation as well as a task. Let us have our food of the best quality and flavour that our circumstances will permit; let us spend over the meal all the time we can possibly spare, and let agreeable conversation enliven the proceedings, instead of that sombre silence which so often gives our tables the appearance of having been furnished only with the "funeral baked meats." In eating fast we seldom know when we have got enough until we have got too much. By diluting our food with conversation the time is unconsciously stretched out; and the agreeable sense of satisfaction will come early enough to prevent the disagreeable sense of satiety. As to the theory that makes general culture and gastronomy marks *paro passu*, there is no doubt it has considerable truth in it—flavoured with a little fancy, gourmands may be a very cultured class; but the brain which is the seat of the highest intellect is frequently nourished from a stomach which is not made the subject of any special care by its proprietor.

You are all ready to give your opinions, exclaims Xantippe, but my opinion is that "enough is as good as a feast," even in the matter of lectures on diet. It surely cannot be said that at this table the preachers do all the talking.

No! struck in Softley; not the professional preachers. But the worst kind of preacher is the lay-preacher; he never knows when he has said enough until his audience gives him a hint.

Be thankful, said Schwackheimer, that you have had to listen to lay-preachers; had the preacher being a professional, the audience would not have dared to give a hint.

And as Xantippe rises, we all follow.

C. T. C.

London, November, 1886.

## THE GLEANER.

A STATUE of the elder Dumas, by Chapu, is to be erected in the Place Malesherbes, near which he lived.

GAMBALDI wants his resignation accepted, and renews it in a letter to the President of the Roman Chamber of Deputies.

A PERFUMER in the Faubourg St. Germain has just compounded a new perfume. It is having a great sale. He calls it "The O'hour of Sanctity."

CHARLES READE, the English novelist, has sent over to be planted in Central Park, New York, cuttings from a mulberry tree at the grave of Snake-speare.

MR. SPURGEON'S state of health is giving his friends the most serious anxiety. His illness is not of the typical rheumatic gout character, and it has taken a more serious turn.

A WORK destined no doubt to excite some further discussion on questions of faith will appear in Paris next spring under the title of *Le Christ*. It is now being completed by Father Dillon, the former orator of the Trinity Church, in his Corsican retreat.

MR. CHARLES KEENE is about to publish a volume of his contributions to *Punch*, containing 400 of his favourite productions. It will be called "Our People," and will add something to the fame which already encircles Charles Keene, the true successor to Leech.

A YOUNG woman, rather prepossessing in appearance, but possessed of a considerable growth of beard, is once a week a visitor to a barber shop at Clinton, Ga. She takes her seat in a chair, just like a man, and quietly submits her face to the lather brush and razor. Showmen have tried to induce her to travel as a bearded woman, but she scornfully rejected their offers.

Not a few of the peers who possess extensive estates in Ireland are believed to have formed themselves, with certain English lords, under the leadership of a member of the late Government, into a party determined to fight to the bitter end any measure which may propose to deal with the existing state of landholding in the state. It is believed that a Government Bill is defeated or unnecessarily delayed, cogent reasons for reforming the House of Lords will then be added to those already so forcibly urged.

GEORGE ELIOT (now Mrs. Cross) appears to be in excellent health. She and her husband have been visiting English country houses, including her own in Surrey. She will now take up her residence at Chelsea, London. Prince Leopold called on George Eliot recently and said he had read "Middlemarch" nine times.

## Ladies, Delicate and Feeble.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this? See "Truths."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. B., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. B. R. F., St. Louis, Mo.—Letter received. Thanks. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 302.

THE HAMILTON CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

We have received from the Conductor the subjoined table, which contains a continuation of the finished games in the Hamilton Chess Correspondence Tourney. From this table it appears that nineteen games were concluded, between the 31st of August and the 1st of Nov., being at the rate of two a week. With such ready combatants, the Tourney will not be of long duration.

Table with columns: Games concluded from 31st August to 1st Nov., 1880. Columns include: No. of Moves, Openings, Drawn, Winners, Attack and Defence, and No. of Games.

We copy the following from the Chess Column of the Toronto Globe and strongly recommend the excellent plan about to be carried out in the Toronto Chess Club, to the consideration of the members of other clubs in the Dominion. Desultory play is always unsatisfactory, and no improvement can be expected unless care is taken to set aside the chance encounters which invariably take place when no methodical arrangement exists to prevent them.

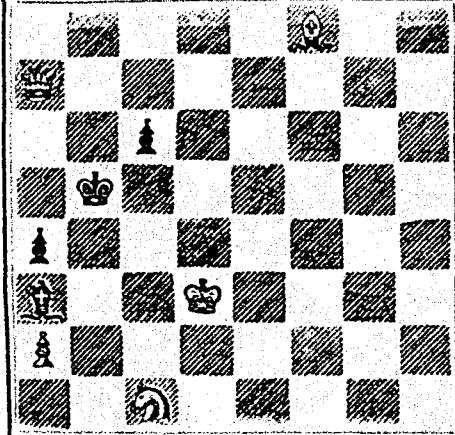
The match between Messrs. Judd and Ettlinger, at Toledo, O., was concluded on Oct. 30, resulting in the defeat of Mr. Ettlinger by a score of 5 to 4. The match was not, as has been stated, for the championship of Ohio, but one between Toledo and Cincinnati. Mr. Judd having challenged all the players of that borough. Mr. Euphrat now has the call, and will next encounter Mr. Judd.—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 301

(From English Chess Problems.)

By R. B. Wernald.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 433RD.

Being one of eight blindfold and simultaneous games played by Mr. Blackburne in London some time ago. White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Mr. Stiebel.)

- 12. Q to B 2
13. P takes B
14. P to Q 5
15. K to R sq
16. R to K Kt sq
17. B to Kt 2
18. B takes P (ch)
19. R to Kt 3
20. R takes Kt
21. R to K Kt sq

White mates in four moves. SOLUTIONS Solution of Problem No. 302

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 300

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 301

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 15.—Germany is increasing her diplomatic and consular corps.—The capital of the Panama Canal Company is to be 300,000,000 francs.

TUESDAY, Nov. 16.—The American Minister in London has laid before the Board of Trade a project for an international copyright treaty.—The Marquis of Sligo has removed all his valuables from his seat in Ireland, and gone to live in London till order is restored.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 17.—Fighting between the Kurds and Persians still continues.—A terrific storm has endangered the allied fleet in Turkish waters.

THURSDAY, Nov. 18.—A treaty has been concluded between the United States and Peking Governments relative to the subject of Chinese immigration.—The winners in the trial heats in the international regatta yesterday were Laycock, Ross, Hosmer and Trickett.

FRIDAY, Nov. 19.—A Paris despatch to the London Telegraph states that there is an unconfirmed rumour of another attempt on the Czar's life, and that he has been fatally wounded.

SATURDAY, Nov. 20.—Another attempt on the Czar's life is reported.—Turkish bondholders are to send delegates to Constantinople.—A Nihilist proclamation says the hour of revenge is near.

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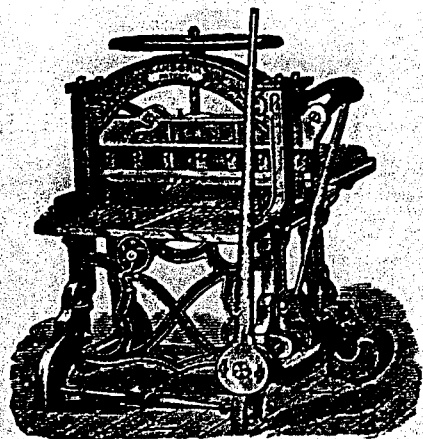
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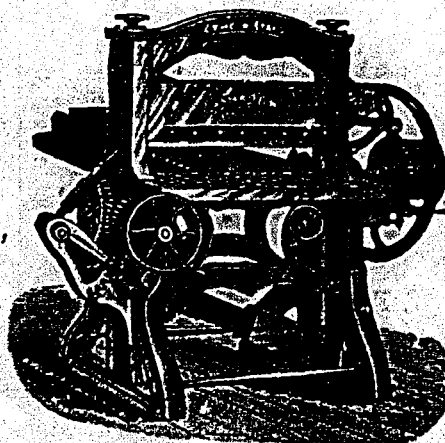
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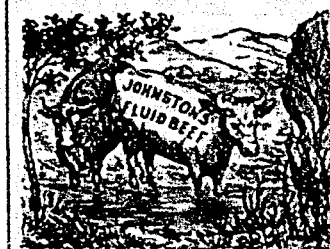
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