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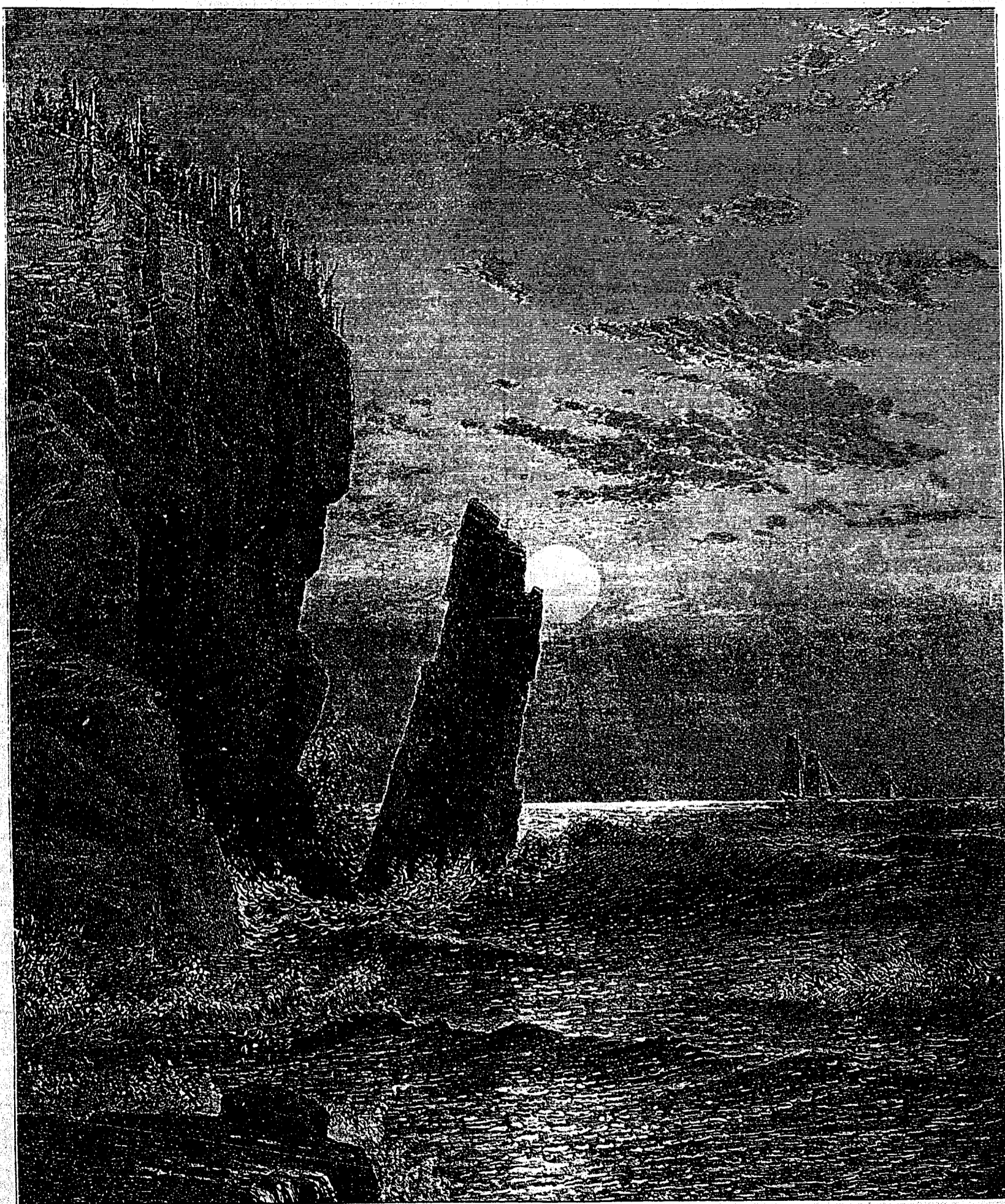
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# THE Whistler's News

VOL XXII.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1880.

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THE GRAND MANAN.—From a Painting by A. T. Bircher.

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## TEMPERATURE.

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

October 8th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 62°	42°	52°	Mon. 73°	54°	63°
Tues. 60°	52°	56°	Tues. 55°	46°	50°
Wed. 67°	55°	61°	Wed. 60°	47°	53°
Thur. 77°	59°	68°	Thur. 59°	45°	52°
Fri. 75°	65°	70°	Fri. 60°	41°	50°
Sat. 76°	56°	66°	Sat. 62°	44°	53°
Sun. 71°	61°	65°	Sun. 67°	51°	60°

## NOTICE.

Among other illustrations we shall present our readers with a sketch of the

GREAT LACROSSE MATCH BETWEEN THE SHAMROCKS vs. TORONTOS.

And also a sketch of the

ANNUAL GAMES OF THE MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB.

Besides a variety of fresh and interesting literary matter.

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LITERARY PRESS.—The Week—The Premier's Statement—Popular Education—The Land of Mystery—Ephemerides—Canadian vs. American Girls—Briac—Brac—Chess—Apotheosis—That Night in June—Heath and Home—Humorous—The Gleaner—Varieties—Breloques pour Dames—White Wings (continued)—History of the Week—Our Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, October 9, 1880.

## THE WEEK.

NOTHING is as yet known in regard to the prospects of a fall session of Parliament to consider the Pacific Railway Contract. It is possible, however, that with the return of the Governor-General and all the Ministers to Ottawa, some decision will be arrived at in the course of this week.

THERE is much curiosity to know what change, if any, will be made in the political direction of the *Globe* by the change in its proprietorship. Three of the principal shareholders are said to be members of the Pacific Railway Syndicate, and it is difficult to see how they can countenance any systematic hostility to the scheme.

THE chief point in the Pacific Railway Contract is the financial strength of the contractors. That must be assured beyond all cavil. In other words, they must have that solid and substantial standing which will guarantee the completion of the road in the time specified, without any danger of hitch or delay.

THERE are rumours of changes in the Dominion Cabinet and it is said that the successor of the Hon. Mr. Masson has been nominated. Mr. CHAPLEAU has beyond cavil a prior claim to the seat, and if he has waived it for the present, it must be because his services are still required at the head of the Provincial Government.

It is to be sincerely hoped that Sir JOHN MACDONALD's prediction of a large German immigration, consequent on the embodiment of German capital in the Pacific Railway, may be abundantly fulfilled. No more desirable element of thrift, honesty and industry could be desired in the building up of our great North-west.

We congratulate the *Gazette* of this city on the maintenance of its new enlarged and more convenient form. One by one,

our chief papers are rising to the proportions of our American contemporaries, thereby giving another proof of the revival of prosperity in the country. There is, perhaps, no surer sign of the growth of a people than the improvement of its press.

THE Eastern question is still in abeyance. The Allied Fleet rides in the landlocked bay of Gravosa, a sketch of which we publish to-day, and the week has been spent in parley. It is clear, however, that this anomalous situation cannot last long, and probably before our next issue we shall have some decisive news. The Porte has displayed all its usual craft and shrewdness, while the Powers may be said to have shown unusual patience.

THE new Cabinet in France is moving very quietly, indeed, as the nature of things seems to warrant. We may not expect much of a startling nature before the meeting of the Assembly. The Prime Minister, M. JULES FERRY, has no special strength of his own, but the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. BARTHELEMY DE ST. HILAIRE, a life-long friend of THIERS, and heir of his pacific principles, has already done much toward allaying any uneasiness which the change of Cabinet might have inspired.

SCHEMES of immigration and colonization on a gigantic scale are spoken of as the direct result of the visit to England of Hon. J. H. POPE, Minister of Agriculture, and Mr. A. P. CARON, M. P. for Quebec County. The services of Rev. A. J. BRAY, of this city, are said to have been secured in this connection. Some of the details have been given to the press, but with neither sufficient authenticity nor minuteness to justify intelligent comment thereupon. It is remarkable that while the Toronto papers have gone into particulars, the official organs at Montreal have been completely silent.

THE Presidential campaign is still raging furiously in the United States, but next week light will be thrown upon the probable result. The State elections in Indiana take place on Tuesday, the 12th inst. It is admitted on both sides that the returns there will practically decide the November battle. If the Democrats carry the State by any majority exceeding 5,000, all the chances will be in their favour. The Ohio State elections take place on the same day and are conceded to the Republicans, but if their majority is curtailed in any way the prospect for them will be still further darkened.

PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS has hit upon a capital idea in suggesting the formation of a company for the purchase and sale of land in different British Colonies and in the United States, with a view to furthering the emigration of small farmers, and for assisting such emigration by loans on the security of the land sold or occupied. The company would set up homesteads on farms of say 100 acres, fence the land, and put it in a condition for immediate occupancy. The tenant, on his part, would be required to pay down a portion of the cost of stocking the farm, and would have to provide for his passage out and support until the farm began to be remunerative. To many small farmers such temporary assistance would be very valuable.

THE good work is still advancing. Every week brings us fresh proofs of the substantial interest which France is taking in her old colony. We have kept our readers regularly informed of these facts as they became public. This week we have a letter from a French gentleman expressing the belief that, by next season, the duty on Canadian built ships in France will be reduced to 40 cents a ton. This will doubtless cause a revival of shipbuilding in Quebec, especially of vessels destined for the French fisheries. We are also in-

formed that Messrs. DIOR BROS. of Granville, France, intend to commence next year running a new line of steamers between that port and Quebec. The writer believes that the line could be supported by the subsidies of \$50,000 promised by the Canadian Government and \$150,000 by the Government of France, as also by the trade in exporting Canadian live stock and phosphates to France. Finally the French Government have given instructions to the Governor of St. Pierre, Miquelon, to lend all the assistance in his power to the furtherance of Dr. Fortin's scheme of telegraphy in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

THE Plantations of Aroostook are about to become celebrated. Everybody has read HOWELL's amiable story "The Lady of the Aroostook," and later we have heard Mr. BLAINE's denunciation of the inhabitants as the cause of the late Republican defeat in Maine. The townships in question are situated on the norther frontier of the State of Maine and adjoin the southern counties of the Province of Quebec, such as Temiscouata and Rimouski, and also the New Brunswick line. The people are of exactly the same race as inhabited this Province, and formed part of Canada before the cession of that territory to the United States by the treaty of 1817. This is by no means the only district lost by the carelessness or ignorance of British diplomatists, and it is well known that the north of Vermont and New Hampshire, and the extreme north of the State of New York, were half French, constituting detached portions of this Province. The inhabitants of Aroostook are, of course, Americans by birth and identified with the political discussions of our American Cousins. They seem to be for the most part Democrats, and their influence determined the late contest in Maine against the Republicans.

## THE LAND OF MYSTERY.

There is a strange fascination about everything connected with Arctic exploration, probably because it combines the two elements of danger and the unknown. Arctic literature is sufficiently abundant and has always proved popular, the narratives of adventure in those glacial wilds furnishing all the zest of the most thorough romance. The latest sensation in this respect is the expedition of Lieut. SCHWATKA, particulars of which have just reached the public. It appears that this gallant officer and his companions have made the longest sledge ride on record—3,251 miles—have endured degrees of cold never experienced before, and discovered important rivers and coasts hitherto unknown. They have furthermore made the discovery of numerous relics of the ill-starred FRANKLIN expedition, and brought home the remains of Lieut. IRVING, third officer of the *Terror*. It will be remembered that Sir JOHN FRANKLIN sailed in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror* in May 1845, and were last spoken in July of the same year. Being equipped and supplied for a three years' service, no apprehension was felt about their safety until that term had long been passed. Then the British Government took measures to reach them, and during the next eleven years no less than twenty expeditions were sent out, including two from the United States. The first clue was found by Dr. RAE, a servant of the Hudson Bay Company, who discovered a number of articles belonging to the FRANKLIN party in the vicinity of King William's Land. Sir LEOPOLD MCCLINTOCK, the actual commander of the North American squadron, lately on a visit to Quebec, followed in the *Poz*—fitted out by Lady FRANKLIN—and he was so successful as to determine the date of FRANKLIN's death—June 11th, 1847—and ascertain that none of his officers or men had survived.

The object of Lieut. SCHWATKA's expedition was also the search for FRANKLIN's remains, and in this he was very successful. The papers of the unfortunate commander were not recovered, as they had been

found by the Nathilles Esquimaux and scattered to the winds or destroyed by children; but other memorials were picked up, such as a piece of each of the boats, a part of the bow of one, the sledge upon which it was transported, a portion of the drag-rope at which the poor fellows dropped down and died, a board of the ship which completed the North-West passage, and, last of all, the remains of Lieutenant IRVING, identified by the prize medals buried with him.

It is necessary to add that there is some doubt as to the authenticity of the relics discovered by the SCHWATKA expedition—that is, as to their being connected with the FRANKLIN party. We may add also, as increasing an interest in Arctic exploration, that Captain HOWGATE, in the *Jeannette*, fitted out by JAMES GORDON BENNETT, has not yet been heard from, and some fears are entertained of his safety.

## THE PREMIER'S STATEMENT.

The speech of Sir JOHN MACDONALD to the Club Cartier, on his arrival in Montreal, confirmed in the main the statements already published respecting the great question of the day for Canada, the Railway to the Pacific. On two very important points, however, he entered upon new ground, and made intimations of great interest. The first of these was that the difficult parts of the Railway, as well as the easy ones, were to be undertaken by the Syndicate at the same time, thus furnishing the country with a continuous trans-continental route from ocean to ocean. The second was that German capitalists from Frankfort-on-the-Maine also formed a part of the Syndicate. We were very glad to receive this news. It is greatly important as a question of immigration to have a German interest in the work. The Germans make the best of settlers, and they have for some years past poured in a thick stream into the United States, where they have already created great wealth by their thrift and industry. All efforts hitherto have been unsuccessful to divert this stream of immigration to Canada, but a German interest in a Canadian Pacific Railway will probably give us a considerable portion of it. Sir JOHN's statement left the question open as to whether there would be a full session, or whether the matter would be left for the ordinary session in February. On this point, his remarks were corrective of the announcement made by the *Times*, and transmitted by the cable, which we have already noticed, to the effect that the matter would be left to the February session. The impression left by a speech of the Postmaster-General would lead us to infer that there is an intention of a fall session; but he stopped short of making the announcement in terms. We have also rumours from Ottawa of activity in the departments, which might lead us to infer an intention to have a fall session. But we have the statement of Sir JOHN that there is not as yet any decision, in fact there could not be, as these lines are written. This, however, may come at any moment. The reference that Sir JOHN made to a sale of 64,000 acres of land under the Rocky Mountains, to Mr. BRASSEY M. P. for his son, is a point of considerable interest. Farms of 64,000 acres are probably larger than it is well to encourage; but they meet English views as to the desirability of large estates, and Sir JOHN said, what we also know from other sources to be true, that there is a decided interest, not to say a fever arising in England, to settle in Canada. This we may expect to continue, and to be productive of benefit to all concerned. It will afford an outlet for the Englishmen, and be at the same time a source of wealth for Canada. Sir JOHN further stated that the Syndicate will undertake to build the road on more favourable terms than the old Sir HUGH ALLAN proposed arrangement. We cannot say that we are surprised at this, although it was for many years declared, by the present Opposition, that the road could not be built on those

terms. A great fact, however, which has appeared during the seven or eight years which have since transpired is that the value of the lands has been better established; while it has also been settled that the great Railway Companies of the Western United States, to whom large tracts of land were given by Congress, as a bonus for the construction of their roads, have sold them to the extent of many millions of dollars, the average price of such sales being over five dollars an acre. Settlement and production have followed with wonderful celerity, thus affording the Railways traffic in addition to the revenue from the land sales that enabled them to build. Men who had studied the question, saw and believed that this could be done, when Sir HUGH ALLAN'S scheme was on the tapis. But the world, and especially the financial world was then more slow to believe it, and especially in the face of the streams of unpatriotic outcry in depreciation, which were poured from Canada. The experience which the past eight years have afforded, in the particulars to which we have referred, have fortunately rendered the repetition of that style of thing impossible, and we may look to an opening in the future which will give Canada the power of Empire among the great nations.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

It was a happy thought to include among the main features of the late Dominion Exhibition specimens of the progress made by pupils in the different schools. The interest which this display elicited was manifested by the crowds that thronged these departments. We believe this is the first time that an exhibition of the kind has been attempted, but we are sure it will not be the last. At Philadelphia and Paris we took pains to show the world the steps Canada has made in the matter of primary or elementary education, and we all remember with pride that Ontario was declared unexcelled by any other country in this respect, while an extremely flattering report was made in favour of Quebec. It was only carrying out the same idea when a similar display was made before the eyes of our own people, that they, too, might have the pleasure of witnessing the progress our schools have made during the past few years.

The chief want of a country like ours is popular education. Circumstances are such that most Canadian children, like their American cousins, are dependent on themselves from early years not only for their fortunes, but often for their maintenance. They have scarcely reached the age of puberty, when they are turned out upon the world to shift for themselves. Good health, strength, and inherited force of character go a great way toward achieving success, but these advantages are developed a hundred fold if they are supplemented by even a moderate degree of schooling. In the case of physical debility, constitutional lack of enterprise or other like causes, the youth has nothing to fall back upon except his mental training, and, if he is deficient, the chances in life are for him very meagre indeed. Hence the duty of parents to provide for the education of their children from the earliest age, and hence, too, the duty of the State to see that this education is not only imparted, but that it is communicated in the readiest and most practical manner. There is no public officer whose duties are of so responsible a nature as the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the Boards of Commissioners, nominated to assist him in the discharge of these duties, may be set down as the custodians of public morality and the representatives of as many families as exist within the bounds of their jurisdiction.

We have said, and we repeat with pride, that much has been done. In whatever else Canada may be pronounced backward and old-fashioned, it is not in the matter of popular education. Yet none are so convinced as those who have themselves directly to do with

the training of youth—that there remains a great deal more to accomplish. We may dismiss the city schools as being more directly under the supervision of the Commissioners, and more amenable to the influence of enlightened public opinion, and direct our attention to the schools in the country parts. There a great deal of improvement may be made in the matter of school-houses and their furniture, in the selection of text-books, in the attendance of the pupils, in the choice of Commissioners, in the visits of Inspectors and in the standard of teachers. The children of farmers should have more inducements held out to them to attend school, and for that purpose the surroundings of these might be made more cheerful than they generally are. The parents also should be encouraged to give their boys and girls every chance to frequent the classes, instead of throwing obstacles in their way, as is too often the case.

These are elementary considerations, of course, but they will bear repetition, and, indeed, they cannot be too frequently impressed upon public consideration. The annual convention of the Protestant Teacher's Association of the Province of Quebec will be held in this city in a few days, and we look to it for a practical discussion of many points connected with this vital subject of popular education. The experience of teachers is invaluable on this score, because they, more than any other class of the community, understand the wants of children, and have reason to deplore the difficulties that are too often placed in their way.

EPIHEMERIDES.

Michaelmas! This is the turning season of the year to which we have arrived, and it marks an era, as being synchronous with the procession of the autumnal equinox. The 29th September is named after Michael, the chief of the angels, or rather the premier archangel. He it was who led the angelic hosts that hurled the Prince of the Morning into "Chaos and Old Night." The legend is first touched upon by St. John, and has been immortalized in the literature of the world by the sublime muse of Milton. The pious mediæval imagination clothed him with a form of power—armour about his chest, a halo around his head, a spear in his right hand and his foot crushing the prostrate body of the fallen Lucifer. That there might be no mistake about it, Michael's red-velvet coloured buckler was shown in a church in Normandy down to 1607, when the Bishop of Avranches had it withdrawn from the gaze of the faithful and conveyed to some lumber room.

Why is the prosaic goose associated with the celebration of Michaelmas-tide?

"September, when by custom (right divine), Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine." Several learned reasons are assigned, and no doubt one or the other *must* be true, but I rather think that the ansérine fancy can be traced to the fact that the bird reaches its full perfection at the end of September. Certainly, no other good reason can be given why Thanksgiving Day can not properly be celebrated without the turkey, that does not attain its full form till the solemn glories of the Indian Summer are upon us. Similarly, while spring chickens may be all very well for the midsummer, the capon is not itself till the bells of Christmas chime his funeral. I venture to say that never did Michaelmas goose taste so sweet as it did to old Queen Bess, who was plucking a wing when the news of the Spanish Armada reached her ears.

In this country Michaelmas is one of the quarterly terms on which rents are paid, and it shares with the first of May the dusty distinction of "Moving Day." In the poorer quarters of this city, for instance, there used to be as much flitting about and shifting of chattels then as at the end of April. I wonder if there is any reference to this in that gay old song, "*Marianne s'en vaet au moulin*," wherein the adventures of a farmer's daughter are described, who went one day to the seigneur's mill, riding on her donkey, and returned with a sorry substitute therefor. The father was very wroth and demanded an explanation, but poor Marianne, who seems to have forgotten whatever had happened, could find no other than this:

"C'est au nord'nal la St. Michel  
Où tous les ânes changent de poil."

I heard this charming song several years ago, under peculiar circumstances. I happened to be in a railway carriage with a squad of Pontifical Zouaves, who were returning home under the guidance of M. le Chevalier de Bellefeuille. They had been singing all the way from the Vermont frontier, and after a pause, caused by the thunder of the train speeding through the Victoria Bridge, one of the boys struck up "*Marianne*," to which all, of course, heartily

responded. The Bonaventure station was reached, and the shriek of the engine whistle came in as a *point d'orgue* just as they finished the couplet.

"C'est au nord'nal la St. Michel."

All was then over. The men stepped out to exchange their gay military dress for the sober habiliments of civic life.

I was reading the other day a very interesting letter, descriptive of a tour of exploration in the Lake St. John district, by "C. M." the able Quebec correspondent of the *Toronto Mail*. Among the many things that pleased me, I was struck by what he said of the large families that he everywhere met. Even in the poorest country lanes, the correspondent noticed that the doors and windows were dark with children. The fecundity of Canadian women has long been an object of observation, and it particularly struck me when I first came to the country. I make it a rule to point out this peculiarity to strangers. I remember, a few years ago being interrogated on this score by an American lady friend and her husband, who were here on a visit. I told her that the average to a family was ten. She was so incredulous that I invited her to a drive into the country for the purpose of ocular demonstration. It was a fine Sunday afternoon when all the families were gathered together, and we found every opening of the houses gorged with youngsters. My friend was persuaded. "Where in the world do they all go to?" was the pertinent query. Ah, where? In calculating the factors of our country's wealth, this natural reproduction is not sufficiently appreciated and consequently not adequately provided for. There is no reason that I can see why these children should be obliged to leave their native villages to become factory slaves in the United States. Side by side with any scheme of immigration, it not antecedent to any, should be plans of colonization. While we have plenty of room for the children of the stranger, we should open our broad acres to the children of the soil.

Further about this human fertility. Some time ago a lady of my acquaintance gave me a remarkable instance of it. She said that her own mother, after nineteen years of wedded life, and at the early age of thirty-six had given birth to sixteen children. When she reached her golden wedding day, these children, having all followed her good example, brought forward their respective families. There stood at the foot of the village altar, on that auspicious morning, eleven children, forty-four grandchildren and eighteen great grandchildren—a total of seventy-three. Of these two were priests, one of whom officiated and blessed the renewed nuptials of his old father and mother, and three were nuns in snowy coifs and penitential robes of serge. There is no need to be sentimental, but I take it, this is about as fine a picture as one would care to see in a long summer's day.

Probably every person who visited that magnificent bazaar, the Dominion Exhibition, closed last week in this city, was asked the question—what object there displayed pleased him best? I do not remember any one asking me that question, however, nor do I suppose that any one cares whether I answer it or not. But I will answer it. There were two things that particularly interested me in the exhibition—the drawings and other work of the pupils of the different schools, and the display of ladies' work in textile fabrics. The former fairly surprised me and they denote an advance in the elements of the graphic art that is quite encouraging. The latter showed marvelous ingenuity and delicacy of fingering, the only lack—and it was a pretty general one—being crudeness of design. I would suggest that that highly useful and philanthropic association, the Ladies' Decorative Society, should take steps to have a separate annual exhibition of such works—say, during the winter.

A. STEELE PENN.

CANADIAN VS. AMERICAN GIRLS.

The following lately appeared from the sprightly pen of the Montreal correspondent of the *Cornwall Reporter*:—"Montrealers went in shoals this summer to the seashore, and while families continue as a rule to patronize the resorts on the Lower St. Lawrence, single young men of the more desirable class flock to American watering-places. Speaking with a leading young Canadian who had been off for a short jaunt to the domains of Uncle Sam, I asked him the reason for his preference.

"Well," he replied, "there are a good many reasons. In the first place, I like to meet new faces and imbibe a few new ideas. One gets enough of Canadians all the year round, without feeling bound to go to Canadian places in summer from mere patriotism. Travel broadens and expands a man's mind."

"Very true," I assented. "Then," said my friend, "The bathing is so much better. The water of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is as ice compared with that at Newport, Cape May or the beaches near Portland."

"How did you like the American girls?" I queried. "Oh! I see you have guessed the chief reason for my summer abandonment of Canada. I admire the American girls very much. Without being forward, the educated and refined American women are so charmingly affable and courteous, that one must like them. Then they

meet a man half or part of the way. You ask one of them to dance or walk or drive and she does not make you feel that she is overpoweringly condescending, as some, not all Canadian women do. For one hate to be made feel that a woman honours me by her acquaintance. I may feel it myself, but it is the being forced into the opinion that is distasteful. Now I don't want you to suppose that I speak absolutely; for you will find prizes at American resorts, but my experiences lead me to give the palm as a general rule to the daughters of the Republic."

"That is not patriotic," I retorted. "Well no, perhaps it is not, but you didn't ask me to speak patriotically but truthfully," was the epigrammatic reply.

I have given this conversation at some length because I have heard similar utterances from other young men whose opinions I respect, and probably some of your fair readers will take up the cudgels on behalf of *les belles Canadiennes*, although you will observe my friend made exceptions."

The editor of the *Cornwall Reporter* ought to be ashamed of himself for inserting such a libel on Canadian girls. He must be either a crusty old bachelor or a confirmed Bluebird. If he did not answer the charge then and there, in the very same number—a circumstance of which we are unaware—his guilt is doubly dyed and the offence of the nature of those that may be forgiven never. "Our girls" praiseworthy! Are they prudes that tramp on snow-shoes, gyrate on skates, twirl the croquet bat, twist the tiller of a yacht and excel in all out-door sports—are they prudes! Such are always open-hearted, open-veiled, open-handed. If they are sometimes "overpoweringly condescending" it is because they know the Sophies they have to deal with. The hand-ome Montreal correspondent of the *Cornwall Reporter* had better look out, or he and his "patriotic" friend, by the irony of fate, may some day find themselves harnessed for life not to prudes, but to shrews, and Yankee ones at that.—E. G. I. N.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Sept. 27.—Ayoub Khan's Cabulite troops have submitted to the Amarat Cabul. A collective note has been presented to the Porte, declining the last proposals. Three thousand troops are en route to reinforce the colonial forces in Basutoland. A faction in Norway is agitating for the repeal of the Union Act and the erecting of Norway into a separate republic. Warning was given to the Glasgow authorities of an intended nihilist plot to blow up the Czar's new yacht *Liraia* now lying at Glasgow. The murder of Lord Moa morrea has created great excitement in the neighbourhood of the occurrence, and it is feared, will do much to increase the already rapidly spreading spirit of violent resistance to landlordism.

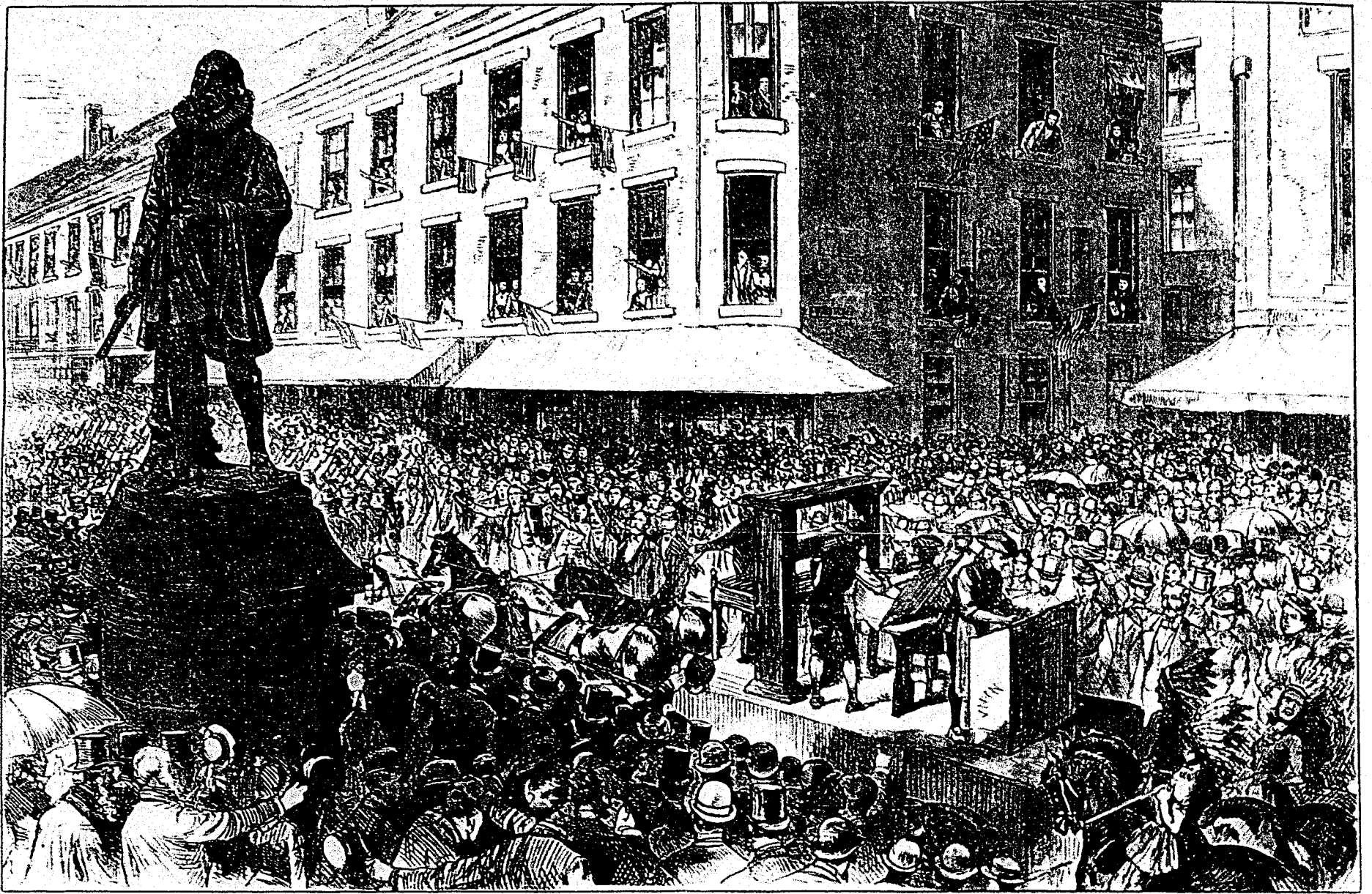
TUESDAY, Sept. 28.—Garibaldi and his son Menotti have given up their seats in the Chamber of Deputies. Serbia despatches say another rising of the Afghan tribes is anticipated early next month. "Bend Or" ran second to "Robert the Devil" at Newmarket yesterday for the 3 year old foal stakes. The Powers have peremptorily demanded of the Sultan the recall of Riza Pasha and the immediate cession of Dulagino. The discovery of a plot to surrender Pologri to the Albanians has led to the arrest of the principal Mohammedans of the town. A November session of the Imperial Parliament is being urged by influential supporters of the Government, on account of the critical aspect of affairs in Ireland and in the East.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 29.—England and Russia are urging a demonstration by the allied fleet before Constantinople. In answer to the Porte's appeal, Germany regretted that the Treaty of Berlin precluded separate action on her part. The Prussian Government have asked that a state of siege be declared in Leipzig and Hamburg, as being hotbeds of socialism. The Porte has renewed the offer of pecuniary indemnity to Montenegro. Another conference is to be held at Berlin at once, to devise effective means of coercing the Porte into compliance with the will of the Powers.

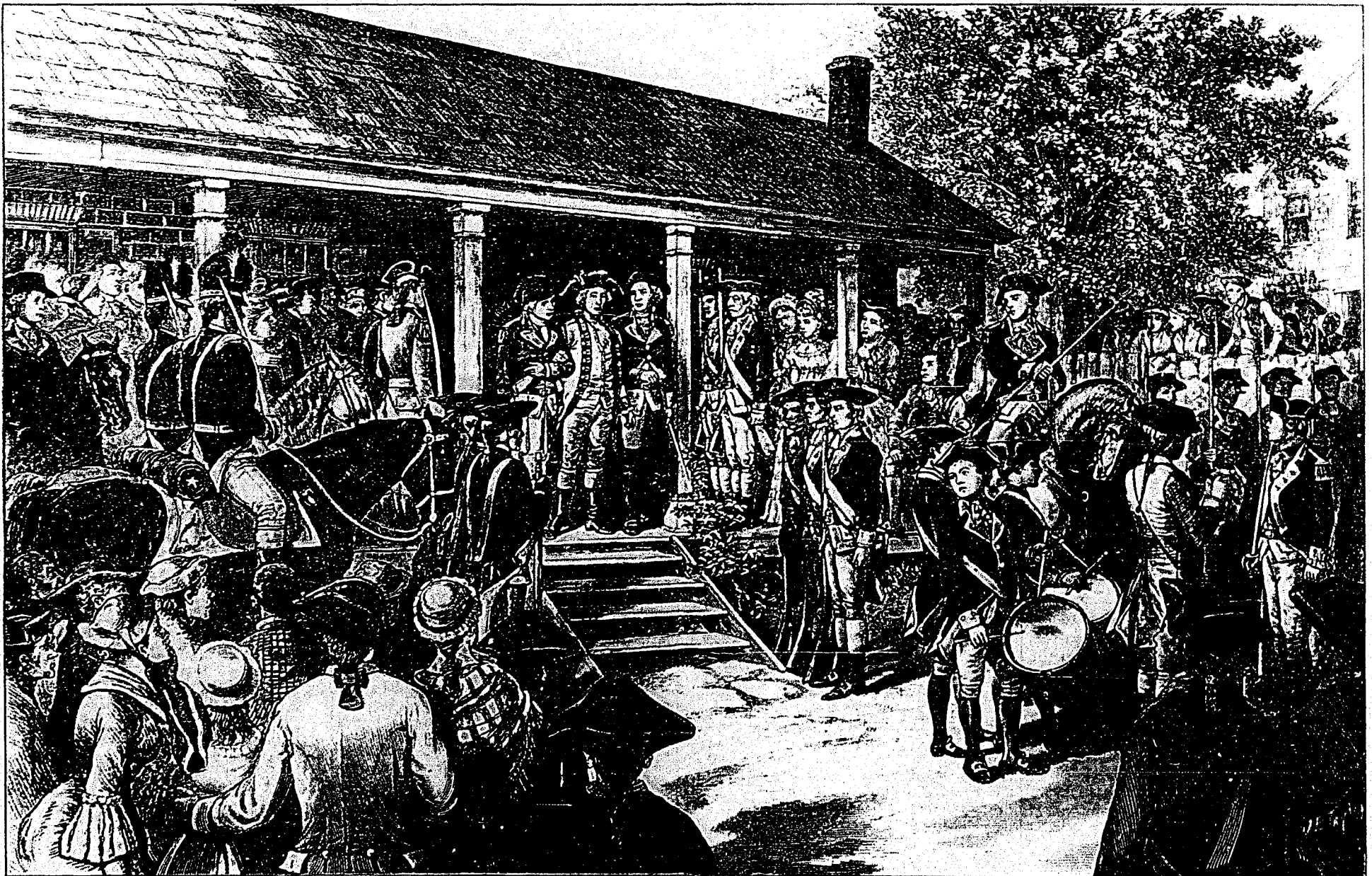
THURSDAY, Sept. 30.—The state of affairs in the West of Ireland is considered to be very alarming. It is said that the Papal Nuncio will leave France if the decrees are enforced. Rumours are rife in Rome of revolutionary movements in connection with Garibaldi. The Government, at the Cabinet meeting yesterday, decided against the renewal of the Coercion Act in Ireland. The funeral of Lord Mountmorres, recently assassinated, took place at Monkstown, near Dublin. The British troops are to remain at Candahar for the winter. Trouble is anticipated from the assembling of the chiefs of Ayoub Khan's party at Lurah. A long meeting of the British Cabinet was held yesterday on the Eastern question, at which, it is understood, a compromise satisfactory to all parties was agreed upon, with the understanding that if necessary, England alone should see the Treaty of Berlin carried out.

FRIDAY, Oct. 1.—The International Exhibition at Melbourne, Australia, was opened yesterday under favourable auspices. The Brazilian subsidy for a line of steamers to run between the Dominion and Brazil has passed the House of Deputies. Twenty-four thousand dollars' worth of tickets were sold within an hour yesterday for the Barnhart season at Booth's Theatre, New York. Great preparations are being made to receive Garibaldi on his entrance into Genoa to-morrow. The Government anticipates trouble on account of his son-in-law being imprisoned there. There are said to be reasonable hopes of a pacific execution of the Berlin Treaty, stipulations being executed by the pressure of the united European Cabinets through their representatives at Constantinople. France has resolved not to quit the European concert. Fresh negotiations are proceeding at Constantinople.

SATURDAY, Oct. 2.—Ayoub Khan threatens to attack Candahar again on his return from Herat. A Berlin despatch says it is reported that the Sultan has signed a circular calling Dulagino to the Montenegrins. More blowed is reported from Ireland: this time a farmer in Sligo and a professional server in Armagh are 10 victims. M. Tizza stated in the Hungarian Diet on Saturday, that it was settled that a disembarkment of troops of Dulagino would be effected. A Constantinople despatch says the Sultan is being invited to defy the Powers. It is also stated that England contemplates new copying Cyprus and re-organizing the Anglo-Turkish convention. The allied fleet is assembling at Cadix. A London League meeting at Kilburn on Saturday was attended by 10,000 persons. The Cork demonstration was very successful as far as numbers went, 30,000 being present. The local notabilities and the clergy are said to have ignored it altogether.



CELEBRATION OF THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF BOSTON. THE PROCESSION PASSING THE WINTHROP STATUE.



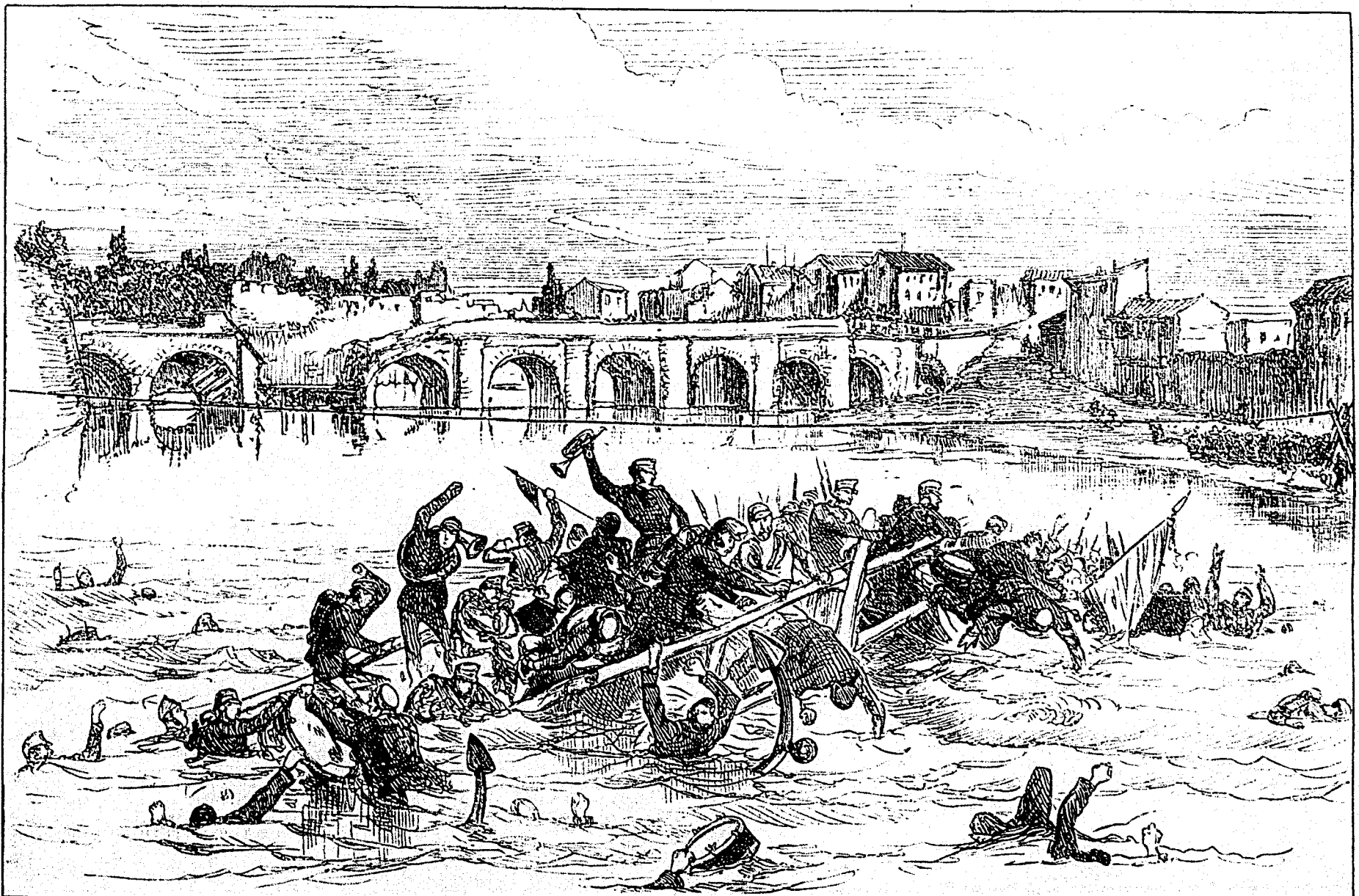
CENTENNIAL OF THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ AT TARRYTOWN, N. Y. ANDRÉ LED TO EXECUTION.



A PIPER OF THE 42ND HIGHLANDERS.—By DETAILLE.



A STROLLING MUSICIAN.—By DETAILLE.



SPAIN.—DESTRUCTION OF A MILITARY PONTOON-BRIDGE, OVER THE EBRO, NEAR LOGRONO.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

CHES APOTHEOSIZED.

I.

Hail noble Chess!—Thou mystic One  
Whence arising, when born, no record shows;  
Didst thou exist when Parth's warm sun  
Melted the glacial period snows?

II.

Remoter in the bygone time,  
Than when tradition's tale began;  
Or poet first commenced to rhyme,  
Or pen historic wrote of man.

III.

Then hadst the wiles for human mind  
And gave it oft a happy hour,  
And when for bliss the brain first pined,  
The transport reached it by thy power.

IV.

The incarnated Vishnu played  
With Siva, the Beneficent,  
And Brahma, the Creator, made  
Thy game the heart's supreme content.

V.

When culking Adam cried "I miss  
The old sib from my shunken side,"  
He in his wrath forgot his bliss  
And "Stale-Mate" called his blithless bride.

VI.

And Ere, perchance, with folding arms,  
Pressed to his breast her welcome weight,  
Ioked to his bearded lips her charms,  
And whispered "Dear old Smothered Mate."

VII.

Methueelah that rare old man,  
It may be loved thy friendly strife,  
And in thy pastime found the plan  
To lengthen out his noisibless life.

VIII.

The Hindoo, indolent, sang a  
Whole lot of stretches to thy fame,  
He knew thee as "Chaturanga,"  
And deftly learned thy wondrous game.

IX.

The languid Persian, fond of ease,  
Of Parsee or of Saphic kind,  
Dreams that in "Schatrencha" he sees  
A solace for the human mind.

X.

Addressing thee, the turbaned Turks  
As "Usoochs" love to term thy game,  
The circumcised Hebrew works  
His tongue round "Scherb" for thee the same.

XI.

The swarthy Moor, of stalwart frame,  
And ceaseless predatory ken,  
Sees in his "Scheque" the only game  
That suits freebooting gentlemen.

XII.

The thirsty Teuton, when besought,  
To see what idol he holds dear,  
Will grunt out "Schache," date him, metu Gott,  
Then draws the grunt to lager beer.

XIII.

For world wide adaptation thou,  
Though times the early forms efface,  
Men's been in cycles past—as now,  
The benefactor of our race.

XIV.

Alone thou art, and ever dost  
All shades of friendship disclaim,  
Thy royal nature could not lose  
For partnership in deathless fame.

XV.

Yet some, with bold, pretentious aims,  
Will ape the poor relations' style,  
And to support their pseudo claims,  
Adduce their nomenclatures vile.

XVI.

First Chess Om comes, a cad, well known,  
To spring from out the mellow earth,  
With him thy nature dare not own  
A consanguinity by birth.

XVII.

Vain Chess Apeaks, that limpid thing  
Colours his thirsty quest—mbsays  
Thou wilt not own,—thou canst not bring  
Thyself to favour watery ways.

XVIII.

And Chess Ible, who urges kin,—  
Is but a new hyte at best,  
Spurn him,—thy purer origin  
Wants no cross, badge, or priestly vest.

XIX.

Then Chess Apple rings at thy door,  
Pray keep it shut,—be nothing loath,—  
His tread would desecrate thy floor,—  
He only is of wild plant growth.

XX.

And Chess, the Persian, low and mean,  
Thrust from thy side, let he defile,—  
Thy hullless nature, shrink I ween  
From contact with a thing so vile.

XXI.

Then Chess Lip comes, with vermin air  
And tempts thy pity with her moans,  
Discard her presence,—let her share  
Her consort's homestead under stones.

XXII.

See Chess Tree now thy steps ascends  
A marine monster,—small-olow,  
Chase him,—for he and all his friends  
Turn human stomachs upside down.

XXIII  
The cream-complexioned Chess El brings  
Her form lypselic now to view  
Disown her, for around her olings  
The worst nightmare sleep ever knew.

XXIV  
Next Chess Terfield,—that false old beau,  
Whose graces mask a villain heart,  
Comes bowing in, oh, let him go!  
He is of thee no counterpart.

XXV  
So pass into oblivion's night,  
Each false and counterfeiting way;  
Nothing is sure but what is right;  
Pretence but ends in sad dismay.

XXVI  
But thou shalt be while time shall last,  
Not to contempt nor disuse prone,  
Thy reign shall be where thought is cast,  
With man's great intellect thy throne.

JOHN BARRY.

THAT NIGHT IN JUNE.

"What a charming day, grandmamma!" says Mr. Wilding, walking into the small morning-room in Penwyn road, South Kensington, and directing a genial glance at the faded remains of what once was beauty, reposing in an antiquated arm-chair. It is a charming day, outside, the sun is beating heavily on road and house and such luckless beings as must walk abroad. The whole earth is bowing before its majesty, going humbly and imploring with faint gasps a breath of air. Inside, the blinds are all pulled down as though to exclude it, and in the grate a fire—an actual, roaring, maddening fire—is burning.

"Charming, is it?" says grandmamma, declining to see the geniality of her visitor. "Can nature produce a charming day in this age? I think it chilly." She is sitting with her knees well into the fire, and with the grim expression that usually greets her grand-son's approach upon her withered lips.

"Why not try a foot-warmer and a fur cloak?" says Mr. Wilding, furtively wiping his brow. "You don't take half care of yourself; and really during the present inclemency—"

"May I ask what has brought you here to-day?" interrupts she, with an amount of ungraciousness difficult to combat. But he is accustomed to her incivility; and as Hecuba is nothing to him and he is less to Hecuba, he hardly takes it to heart.

"An overpowering desire to see you," he replies indolently, but with an admirable assumption of amiability.

"Pray spare your gibes when addressing me," says the old lady tartly. "Keep them for your unfortunate clients, if you have any. Something besides a dutiful consideration for my welfare has brought you here to-day. What is it?"

"What an intelligent person you are, grandmamma," murmurs he largely, with what is meant for enthusiasm, but ends in sarcasm. "Concealment with you is impossible. Another—but, of course, a very secondary—motive has brought me here this morning. The fact is, I have some stalls for the opera, and I thought perhaps Brenda might like to hear Patti again."

"And to hear her with you alone? Certainly not! Nothing of the sort," says Lady Molyneux with emphasis. "If that is your mission, George, it is to be unsuccessful. I shall never give my consent."

"I never dreamt you would," replies the prudent George, who had dreamt it fondly, nevertheless. "Josephine will come with us. You can scarcely object to trusting her with her married sister."

"Humph, Jose! I always say Jose is only half married, that man makes such a fool of her."

"And even if Jose were not in question, why should she not come with me alone?" pursues he, his foot on the fender, his eyes on the repellant old face, so lined and seared with age and querulous discontent. "Surely a cousin may count as a brother any day."

"May it! I don't think so. I can't say how society may regard it in these indolent days, but in my time, one relative was never mistaken for another. Besides, there are cousins and cousins."

"And which am I?" asks he, with so much careless indifference as stings her.

"You are your father's son," replies she bitterly. "No one of the blood ever came to good."

"I can't say you are over civil," returns he with a little insolent shrug; and then the door opens, and Brenda herself enters quickly, and with the unpremeditated manner of one who anticipates an empty room. Seeing George she starts perceptibly, smiles involuntarily and blushes beautifully.

She is a very pretty girl, of middle height, with large dark eyes shaded by lengthy lashes, a riant mouth, and the dearest little nose in the world.

"Ha! Brenda," says grandmamma, looking round—the blush and ready smile have faded by this time, and are a secret between her and her cousin—"come here!"

The girl, having shaken hands with George in a calm, orthodox fashion, goes up to Lady Molyneux's chair, and, standing before her, leans on the top of it. So standing, her face is hidden from grandmamma.

"I have some tickets for to-night. I want grandmamma to let you come and hear Patti," repairs Wilding coolly.

Miss Molyneux is preparing to go into ecstasies over this news, when she is stopped by a vigorous gesture of the hand and a frown from her

cousin. Changing her role on the spot, she says indifferently:

"I have seen Patti so often. It is good of you, George, to think of me; but really—"

"Eh!" says grandmamma, making a praiseworthy but utterly hopeless effort to turn her neck so as to see the flower-like face bending over her chair. "What is it you say? Not care I beg, Brenda, you will not try to copy the *blase* airs that distinguish, and render obnoxious the youth of to-day. I think you ought to go. The tickets are bought, and I object to extravagance. Certainly you should go, if it were not for Disney. Is it that you think he would object?" anxiously.

"I was not thinking of Lord Disney," says the girl proudly.

Wilding is staring very hard at her, and she lowers her eyes, and flushes hotly—he scarcely knows why. Perhaps she fears he may see the repugnance and detestation, and deep grief that disfigure the beauty of her face.

"Even if Brenda is to marry Lord Disney," says Wilding calmly, carefully particular about giving him his formal title, "I do not see—"

"If," interrupts the old dame fiercely; "if indeed!"

"Dost thou answer me with 'ifs'?" says Wilding in a low tone to his cousin, who returns his glance with a faint, a very faint smile.

"Of course she will marry him," goes on grandmamma shrilly. "What! throw even a doubt upon an engagement that has lasted since Brenda was fifteen! an engagement so admirable, so suitable, so splendid with regard to settlements! It is like you, George, to disregard its importance. A girl without a penny; like father, like son; reckless—reckless!"

"Do you think he will break this suitable engagement if Brenda goes to the opera with her sister?" asks Wilding in an impassable tone.

"I don't know, I'm sure, what he may think of it," says grandmamma perplexed. "You see Disney in many ways is—eccentric."

"He would be, you know, at his age," says Wilding slowly.

"What do you mean, George?"

"I mean eccentricity generally accompanies old age," says Wilding obstinately.

"He is not old. Certainly not old. He is just in his prime."

"So difficult to define that word 'prime,'" murmurs he provokingly. "But of course I erred. He can't be old. He is even younger than you, grandmamma!"

"Perhaps, after all, I may as well see Patti again before the season closes," put in Brenda lightly. "As you seem to advise my going, grandmamma, I shall accept George's offer."

"Well, be sure you take my latch-key," "I can't have my servants kept up all night," says Lady Molyneux, determined to sustain her unimpaired ability to its dreary end. "Half-past ten is my hour. And as Jose will be with you, you can let yourself in and go to bed, for one night, without assistance. Core hates late hours." As Core, her ladyship's maid, is virtually mistress of the house, tyrannizing even over the tyrant grandmamma, every one sees the sense of this remark.

"I shan't forget, dear," says Brenda, straightening Lady Molyneux's cap, which has gone somewhat awry during the heat of argument.

"Then I suppose the matter has arranged itself," says Wilding quietly. "Good by, grandmamma. I shall see you to-night, Brenda," holding out his hand. She gives him hers, and raises, to his, eyes luminous and glad. She does not care to conceal from him the satisfaction that warms her heart as she dwells upon the pleasure that lies before her. Perhaps she hardly knows how dangerously sweet that pleasure is. Is it indeed Patti, or George Wilding's voice, she likes best to hear? She has promised to marry Disney, and she will marry him; of course that is quite settled. Nothing can alter that; but just now—now—for a little while out of all her life, why not be happy?

And Jose will be with her. Dear Jose! Nothing can be sweeter than Jose! Once or twice before she has gone to the opera with her and George, and she has always been so engrossed with the music and so deaf to all other sounds, and so absolutely determined not to enter into conversation of any sort, with any one, that Brenda and George might as well have been alone.

"Yes, to-night," she says softly, and smiles at him again, and sends him away outwardly calm; but with a heart that curses fate and grandmamma, and, above all, Lord Disney.

At the appointed hour he calls for her, and at his command she descends the stairs beneath the gaslight, clad in her prettiest gown, with a soft blue cashmere cloak around her, and on her head the daintiest of swansdown hoods, from which her eyes look out, dark and misty and loving. Her hair is roaming at its own sweet will across her low, broad forehead, her colour is somewhat heightened, altogether she looks distractingly pretty as she steps into the night brougham, and they drive away to Cromwell road to take up Jose.

Alas! Jose is not to be taken up! (the expression of sorrow is all my own); upon the stairs, with a huge, white fleecy shawl twisted around her unhappy head, she stands, "like Niobe, all tears."

"It is toothache," she explains in muffled tones. That fiend amongst pains has laid hold of her, and having her safely in his clutches, refuses to release her without a heavy fine. Fred

—her husband—has gone for a dentist to extract this fine.

"And of course it is dreadful, darling, really quite too dreadful, but you see I can't go; so George must have sole charge of you to-night."

Grandmamma will be so angry," says Brenda, nervously.

"Why need she know! Grandmamma is an old bore," says Jose, with heartfelt meaning. She is very young, and is a person of undoubted spirit; and, as a fact, regards grandmamma with irreverence and Lord Disney with disgust and openest disdain. "She will never find it out," she goes on as cheerfully as the fiend in possession will permit her. "If I had listened to all her crotchets and world-worn theories, a year ago, I shouldn't be married to Fred now. Oh! dear, oh! dear, will he never come! This pain is maddening. There, go away, you two; and take great care of her, George, and bring her home directly, you know; and I shall tell Fred to suppress all about the dentist to-morrow."

"It sounds very deceitful, doesn't it?" says poor Brenda.

"It is nothing when you are used to it," replies the married sister.

"And I am sure to be found out; I always am," says Brenda.

"Well, it is all grandmamma's own fault. Oh! her head be it," says Jose, who seems to enjoy the situation far more than the other two. Never be a bugbear, Brenda; you see what awful mischief accrues from making one's self a bogey. Oh, I shall get out of my mind if this hateful pain continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to-morrow and tell me all about it."

The opera is charming, and Patti excels herself; but time flies and bright things fade, and soon the curtain drops and Spanish castles fall; and Brenda, with a sigh, places her hand upon her cousin's arm, and soon they have made their way through the fashionable throng and are speeding homeward through the deserted streets.

As they arrive at No. 7 some clock in the distance chimed twelve. They run up the steps, and Brenda puts her hand in her pocket to draw out the latch-key.

"Be sure you don't commit yourself about Jose's detection," says Wilding; and then he stops short, struck by the change in her face.

"George, did I give you the key?" she asks in a frightened tone.

"No. It was on the sideboard when we came out. I told you to remember it. Have you not got it?"

"I have not. I never brought it at all. I must have given it to you," desperately.

"On sure you did not."

"N—ver—the—box—try. Try your pockets. Try every pocket you have," says Brenda, miserably.

He does try every pocket, one after the other, but in vain, no key is rays itself anywhere.

"Well, never mind," says George, "we must only put a good face on the matter, and ring up the servants."

"Ring! You might ring until morning! You might ring until you were black in the face!" exclaims Brenda with the impotence of despair, "and nobody could hear you. Why, they all sleep at the very top of the house, beyond all hearing; and grandmamma never will get a bell put to their rooms. What is to be done?"

"Come to Jose."

"Jose has no servants' bell either, and they all go to bed early," replied Miss Molyneux on the verge of tears.

"Good gracious," says Mr. Wilding at last, thoroughly roused to a sense of the awfulness of the situation, "what on earth are we to do?"

It is a dark and gloomy night. The "Chaste Diana" has sunk and gone to bed; the stars are nowhere. Not a sound disturbs the silence that envelops the quiet road, except an occasional cough from Fenmore, the coachman, who is waiting with the brougham to convey Wilding home, and who sits upon the box the very model of propriety, and never so much as glances in their direction. Perhaps he is wrapt in fond dreams of days gone by when he and Mr. Fenmore were "ac-courting," and has a secret sympathy for the *tro* on the door-top.

A huge black cat, hideous as a gnomie, springs from some dark corner and with a weird yell rushes across the road and disappears down some area at the opposite side.

"This all comes of doing what I knew was wrong," says Brenda presently, finding her companion silent. "I wish, ungratefully, you had never asked me to go to that horrible opera."

"I thought she sang very well," alluding to Patti. "And I certainly couldn't be expected to know how things were going to turn out," says Mr. Wilding, somewhat aggrieved.

"You shouldn't have listened to Jose; you should have brought me straight home. It is all your fault," says Brenda, most unfairly.

"Well, it wasn't I forgot the latch key, anyhow," says Mr. Wilding, unwisely incensed.

At this unlucky speech his cousin, seeing at last a good opening, gives way to bitter reproach.

"Yes, that is just like you," she says, large tears gathering in her lovely eyes. "To upbraid me now, when I am most unhappy. If you were in trouble, George, I would not treat you so."

"Don't speak to me like that," says Wilding, miserably. "I am far more upset about this unfortunate matter than you can be."

The following are among the terms employed by some nationalities to designate the game of Chess.

\* Chaturanga.—Four members of an army, viz: elephants, horses, chariots and foot soldiers.

† Schatrenscha.—Name of a supposed inventor of the game.

‡ Usoochs.—Famous robbers.

§ Schach.—Check.

¶ Boherque.—Lord, King or Prince.

‡ Bohache.—Theft.

"That is impossible. Grandmamma can't look at you as though she meant to devour you in one bite."

"If I had anywhere to take you," goes on George, "any home of my own, with some old aunt at the head of it, for instance. Lots of fellows have aunts who live with them, grudgingly. But I never saw the aunt that would live with me; and of course a bachelor's room wouldn't do, not if I paced the streets all night. Why on earth am I not married?" says Mr. Wilding, distractedly.

"Is this a time to talk nonsense?" asks Brenda, with sudden vehemence. "Of course, if you were married, I should not be here at all, and that would end the whole matter."

She is looking up at him from under the bewitching hood, with two angry eyes, that say far more than their owner is aware of. Her lips are quivering; two crimson spots enrich each rounded cheek; Wilding, gazing at her extreme beauty, loses his head.

"I am not sure of that," he says unsteadily. "I think if I were married, you, and you only, would be standing just there."

"George! George! have you forgotten?" entreats she, shrinking from him.

"I have forgotten nothing, not even Disney," returns he recklessly. "I know you don't care for that ghostly old corpse, laid out by Poole; how could you? And I love you, darling—darling. Forgive me, Brenda; I should not speak to you like this now, and here, but it has been on my heart for so long, and—I can't help it. But if you will give me even the faintest encouragement, you shall never marry Disney. I swear."

Perhaps he might have said even more, but Miss Molyneux has burst into tears, and has covered her face with her hands, and is sobbing quietly but bitterly.

"Don't do that, Brenda," exclaims he, passionately; "I can stand anything but that. Look here," desperately, "something must be done, you know; you can't stay here all night. Wait one moment."

Running down the steps he touches the devoted Fenmore's elbow and says something to him in a low tone. An earnest conversation follows. Then comes a faint sound as of silver falling upon silver, and then Wilding returns to his cousin's side.

"Come," he says, quietly taking her hand. "I have arranged for you. There is no help for it, Brenda; you must do as I tell you."

Brenda, still crying silently, suffers herself to be led to the carriage, and together they enter it again and drive away.

At luncheon next day, Brenda is singularly silent. Lady Molyneux has fortunately asked few questions about last night's proceedings, and Lord Disney—who is with them—disdains to seek information about anything in which Wilding has had a part. Theodore, Brenda's brother, is also present.

Grandmamma's indifference is all that can be desired; Disney's sullen silence equally happy; and, in fact, all is going merry as a marriage bell, until Theodore unconsciously, but fatally, lets fall a bombshell that blows the blessed calm to atoms.

"I say, Brenda, it was well you forgot your latch-key last night," says this misguiding youth with the utmost *bonhomie*. "I found it on the sideboard after you had left; and but for it could not have let myself in, as I have lost my own."

His sister turns very white. "Brenda's!—my latch-key, you mean," says grandmamma quickly. "But you dream, Theodore; Brenda had it with her at the opera; she herself could not have got in without it."

Brenda casts an anguished glance at Theodore, who is—and, what is worse, looks—distinctly puzzled.

"Explain, Brenda, You surely had it," says grandmamma in a voice that admits of no evasion. Disney, laying down his knife and fork, gazes with half-closed eyes at the embarrassed girl.

"Had what, grandmamma?" asks she faintly, to gain time.

"What? The latch-key. Are you deaf?" says grandmamma.

Brenda is silent. Lies are at any time abhorrent to her, and now to tell one will be useless, as her hesitation has been marked.

"Brenda, speak!" says grandmamma in an awful tone. "You had it with you?"

"Of course she had! What a fuss about nothing. It must have been my own I found," breaks in Theodore, lying valiantly, but vainly.

"I had not, grandmamma," said Brenda bravely, but in accents hardly intelligible.

"Then, pray, how did you come in last night?"

"I did not come in at all," replies Brenda in an agony. "Grandmamma, listen, let me explain—"

But grandmamma is quite past explanation. She has risen, and is standing with both her old withered hands pressed upon the table, as though to support her under this crowning horror, and is glaring at the terrified child with fierce dark eyes.

"Am I to understand," she says, "that you spent last night out of my house?"

"If you would let me speak," says Brenda, sobbing.

"Answer me, wretched girl. Were you with your sister?"

"No. She—"

"Not here, nor with your sister, but with"

George Wilding, I presume. Ha! Not another word! I always knew what would come of your intimacy with that degraded young man."

"This is shocking—shocking," says Lord Disney in his slow, aggravating manner. "And, er—brilliantly—'shocking!' Of course, Miss Molyneux, this—this young man—your cousin—having found more favour in your sight than I have been fortunate enough to find, I beg to resign my present position, and withdraw from an engagement that no doubt is irksome to you. You will pardon me, Lady Molyneux, if I say this is all very sad, very sad," with an elaborate bow.

"Sad—it is disgraceful. Go, girl, to your room, and stay there until I decide what shall be done with you. My roof shall no longer cover one so lost to all sense of—"

Theodore, rising abruptly, goes to his sister's side and passes his arm round her.

"Look here, grandmamma, stop all that," he says with a frown; "it might do at 'the dukes,' but it is out of place here, and I won't have Brenda abused."

Here some one, with a grateful smile, removes his arm from Brenda's waist and places his own there instead. It is George Wilding, who has entered unannounced; just a minute or two before a small, plain woman, who appears, and stands unnoticed in the doorway, with a pretty swansdown cloak and hood upon her arm, that contrasts oddly with her own meaner garments.

"Who is abusing Brenda?" demands George Wilding, looking quietly upon the assembled group, yet with a curious light in his eyes that marks him dangerous in his present mood. "Who is casting even the faintest slur upon her? He shall answer to me for it."

He stares coldly, and somewhat insolently at Lord Disney as he speaks, and that discreet nobleman, dropping his eyeglass, discovers a difficulty in finding it again.

"I've made some beastly mistake, you know. It is all my fault," says Theodore, with extreme contrition.

Here the plain little woman in the doorway, perceiving a lull in the conversation, comes timidly forward.

"Please, Miss Molyneux, I have brought you your opera-cloak," she says "as I feared you might be wanting it again to-night."

"Oh, thank you," says Wilding, turning to her promptly. "Perhaps, Mrs. Fenmore, as you are here, you will kindly tell Lady Molyneux of all your goodness to Miss Brenda last night. How you took her in and made her very comfortable in your own house, when—because of the stupidity of the arrangements in this house—she found herself out in the cold; and how you yourself brought her safely back here this morning."

"Oh! I'm sure my lady," says the coachman's wife, dropping a curtsy, "I'm only sorry I couldn't do more for Miss Molyneux. I count she was desperate uncomfortable, my lady; but I did my best."

"What is all this?" said grandmamma. "I fail to understand; and riddles are an abomination to me."

"When we found it impossible to ring up your servants, and I knew the latch-key had been forgotten, I took Brenda to Mrs. Fenmore's house, where, if not exactly a Belgravian mansion, she was at least as safe as in the house of a duchess," with a kind bow to Mrs. Fenmore. "Don't cry, Brenda; tears are too sacred to be wasted on such a miserable occasion as the present."

"Did Miss Molyneux sleep in your house last night?" asks Lady Molyneux, addressing the coachman's wife and insolently giving Wilding to understand she refuses to credit his story unsupported.

"Yes, my lady; she came to me a little after 12 o'clock, and proud I was, my lady, to be of the least service to her. I brought her back myself this morning, which I hope, Miss—" respectfully to Brenda—"you didn't catch cold, and are none the worse for your strange bed; which Fenmore do say that change of sheets at any time is most dangerous."

"I am quite well, and I thank you very much, Mrs. Fenmore," said Brenda in a stifled tone. As her face is pressed against George's gray coat this is hardly cause for wonder.

"As for you, sir," says Wilding, turning to the discomfited lord, "having heard you with my own ears decline the honor of an alliance with this young lady, I beg to tell you it was just as well you did so; it saved trouble, as she had not the smallest intention of marrying you."

"Sir!" exclaims the aristocratic fossil, taking fire at this insult.

"No, sir, not the smallest," repeats Wilding contemptuously; "she has the good—I mean, of course, the bad—taste to prefer me, which, after all, when one comes to think of it, is only natural. What bond could there be between May and December?"

"Brenda," begins grandmamma, with much wrath.

"Go and put on your things, Brenda," interrupts George sternly. "I shall take you to your sister. Go, my love," in a fond whisper to the trembling girl, who at the word escapes gladly from the room. "You, madam, have behaved infamously towards her," goes on George, determined to carry things with a high hand. "And when you said she should never sleep another night beneath your roof you spoke the truth. Jose will receive her and she shall stay with her until I marry her. I will not

have her heart broken. If you wish to apologize to her for this morning's conduct, you can see her at Cromwell Road."

Having made this galling suggestion, he has the good sense to beat an instant retreat.

"I must say I think you deserve every bit of it," says Theodore to his stricken grandame. "You have acted toward Brenda for the last two years like a regular old Tartar, and here's the end of it."

"Leave the room, you wicked boy," commands grandmamma in a shrill tone; and Theodore for once obliges her, more, I think, because he wishes to go than from any high sense of duty.

"And I have always borne with that boy and humoured him in every respect," says Lady Molyneux, mopping her eyes indignantly. To say I deserve such treatment—I!"

"I can't deny saying I agree with Theodore," says Lord Disney solemnly, with aggravating slowness.

"Eh!" says grandmamma instantly putting down the handkerchief and turning to face the enemy with renewed vigor, as she scents hostility in a fresh and unexpected quarter.

"Yes, yes! You have acted abominably," goes on Disney, who is evidently not afraid of an old woman. "You have accused that charming young lady, your granddaughter, of an indiscretion she would scorn to commit. You have jumped at conclusions, and its—its—its execrable form, madam, to jump at conclusions."

"Form!" says grandmamma witheringly. "what is it you mean by that? Is it the 'human form divine' you are mumbling about! or is it slang you are using! If so, I think it most unbecoming in anyone of our age to ape the vile manners of the present day."

This is a cruel shaft; and the elderly beau, in spite of Poole and Hoby and Rimmel, winces perceptibly.

"You should have investigated matters before going too far," says he, somewhat depressed.

"So should you," retorts she; "you were in a vast hurry, methinks, to relinquish your bride."

"I blame you for it all," returns he fiercely. "Tut, man! Don't think I care for either your blame or censure," says the indomitable old dame, regarding him scornfully. "George Wilding will marry her now, and that puts a finish to it. And I'm not sure I'm not glad of it. Demanding your pardon, Disney, I begin to think he is the better man of the two!"

"Your opinion, madam, is, of course, indisputable," with a low bow. "But yet I flatter myself your granddaughter was willing enough to become Lady Disney, until you—"

"Did you ever hear of young Lochinvar?" asks grandmamma with a maddening cackle; "it reminds me somewhat of your case. And what was that George Wilding said about 'May and December' Ha—ha—good, very good!"

"You are an odious old woman!" says my lord, losing all patience.

"Eh? where's your vaunted manners, Disney? Your courtly bow—your incomparable smile! I will trouble you to leave this room, this instant," says she, striking her gold-headed cane upon the floor with considerable force.

"I obey you, madam, willingly—and now take my leave of it, and of the house, and of you, too, I hope, forever," returns he furiously; and striding up the room and through the hall, passes beyond the portals of number seven—never to return!

VARIETIES.

COST OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—The sums which between 1821 and the present time have been contributed to the cathedral building fund, both from public and private sources, amount to 18 millions of marks (£900,000). This amount has been pretty evenly expended on the erection of the towers and the additions to the church. If to this we add the moneys contributed during past centuries, and notably what has been sunk in the colossal foundations and spent in purchasing various necessary parcels of ground, it will appear that the cathedral, as it now stands, represents about 40 millions of marks (£2,000,000).

INFANTS' FOOD.—The French Commission on Hygiene of Infancy, in awarding the prize in a recent competition of essayists, report that the conclusions generally arrived at lead to the following recommendations. No child should be reared on artificial food when the mother can suckle it, but such food is preferable to placing the child with a wet-nurse, poorly remunerated, and living at her own home. For successfully bringing up an infant by hand, it should be placed under the care of a conscientious, careful and experienced woman, should the mother not be well enough to take it in charge. The best milk is that of a cow that has recently calved, or similarly of a goat, to which should be added during the first week a half part of water, and subsequently a fourth, or less, according to the digestive powers of the child. Glass and earthenware should alone be used; no vulcanized India-rubber mouthpieces or vessels containing lead ought to be employed. In the case of robust children, the offspring of healthy parents, when thus practised, hand-rearing gives good results; but with sickly infants the risk is greatly increased, and where several children are thus reared together it generally results

fatally in spite of any hygienic precautions that may be adopted.

LITERARY.

JULES VERNE is going to the province of Oran to explore the marble quarries at Kleber. He is preparing materials for a new work to be called "A Journey to the Land of Marble."

A NEW critical, social, and satirical journal is about to be issued in Dublin, entitled *The Shaugraun*. This is the first journal of its class published in Ireland.

A VOLUME by C. B. Berry, descriptive of a winter visit made by two business men to the United States and Canada, and entitled *The Other Side; How it Struck Us*, will be published during the autumn.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' poem, "The Iron Gate," read at the Atlantic dinner last year, will shortly be issued in a volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The same house will issue Longfellow's new volume, "Ultima Thule," containing the poems he has written since "Kéramos" appeared in 1878.

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON is about to start a magazine. The *Burlington*, shortly to be published, will admit those stories of society of which Ouida's are the supreme type, and will devote itself as closely to fiction as possible. Of course, it will depend for its eventual success upon Miss Rhoda Broughton's own popularity; and she has at least as much chance of catching the ear of the public as Mrs. Henry Wood, who has done so for many years in the *Argosy*.

FASHION NOTES.

AUTUMN cloaks are very long. PLAIDS prevail in all autumn goods. VERY long cloaks will again be worn. SHIRTING is used on all light wool materials. COLLARS of dresses are made immensely large. GOLD thread crops out in the new black laces.

BASQUES will not go out of fashion this season.

FEATHER ruchings are revived for dresses and cloaks.

JET collars go with black silk and velvet costumes.

LIGHT wool materials will be *de rigueur* until cold weather.

BROCADED fabrics, velvet, silk and wool will be in high favour.

HOODS appear on many sacques, as well as on cloaks and mantles.

PLAIN skirts, with a single narrow balayouse flounce, will be much worn.

VELVET brocades take precedence of all dress fabrics for the coming season.

PUSH will be more used than fur for lining cloaks and wraps this winter.

ALL sorts of pelerines, fichus, shoulder capes, round capes, and mantles are worn as street wraps.

WHITE satin, white nun's veiling, and lace make a lovely combination for bridesmaid's dresses.

RED, heliotrope, and shades of ecru and old gold are the favourite colours of the plush linings of cloaks.

UNCERTAIN shades of green and blue, combined with every imaginable shade of red, prevail in plaids.

TERRANS of white and blue serge, bound around the brim with red cashmere scarfs, will be worn by little children.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

PART II of Grove's "Dictionary of Music" has been published. It extends to the title of "Palestrina."

THE late Miss Neilson was so idolized in America that the photographers are now selling her photographs literally by thousands, so general is the desire of play-goers to possess a *souvenir* of the eminent actress now lost to the stage.

THE celebrated critic, M. Francisque Sarcey, has lately called attention to a plague-spot of the French stage, namely, the enormous expenses entailed upon actresses for dressing in their modern parts. Such a state of things can only act against the morality of dramatic art.

SINGING trashy music hall songs is not a very high class of musical work, but it pays well in London, where favourite singers of this kind of melodies maintain their apartments, with servants, carriages, etc., on their pay for appearing in as many as a dozen different resorts in a single evening.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN writes his compositions in a rather firm but small hand; very precise, and generally clear; no rough stroke, as in Beethoven; no small corrections, as in Mozart; no calligraphic and microscopic changes, as in Haydn. Two qualities shine especially in his music-writing, as in his handwriting—elegance and persistence.

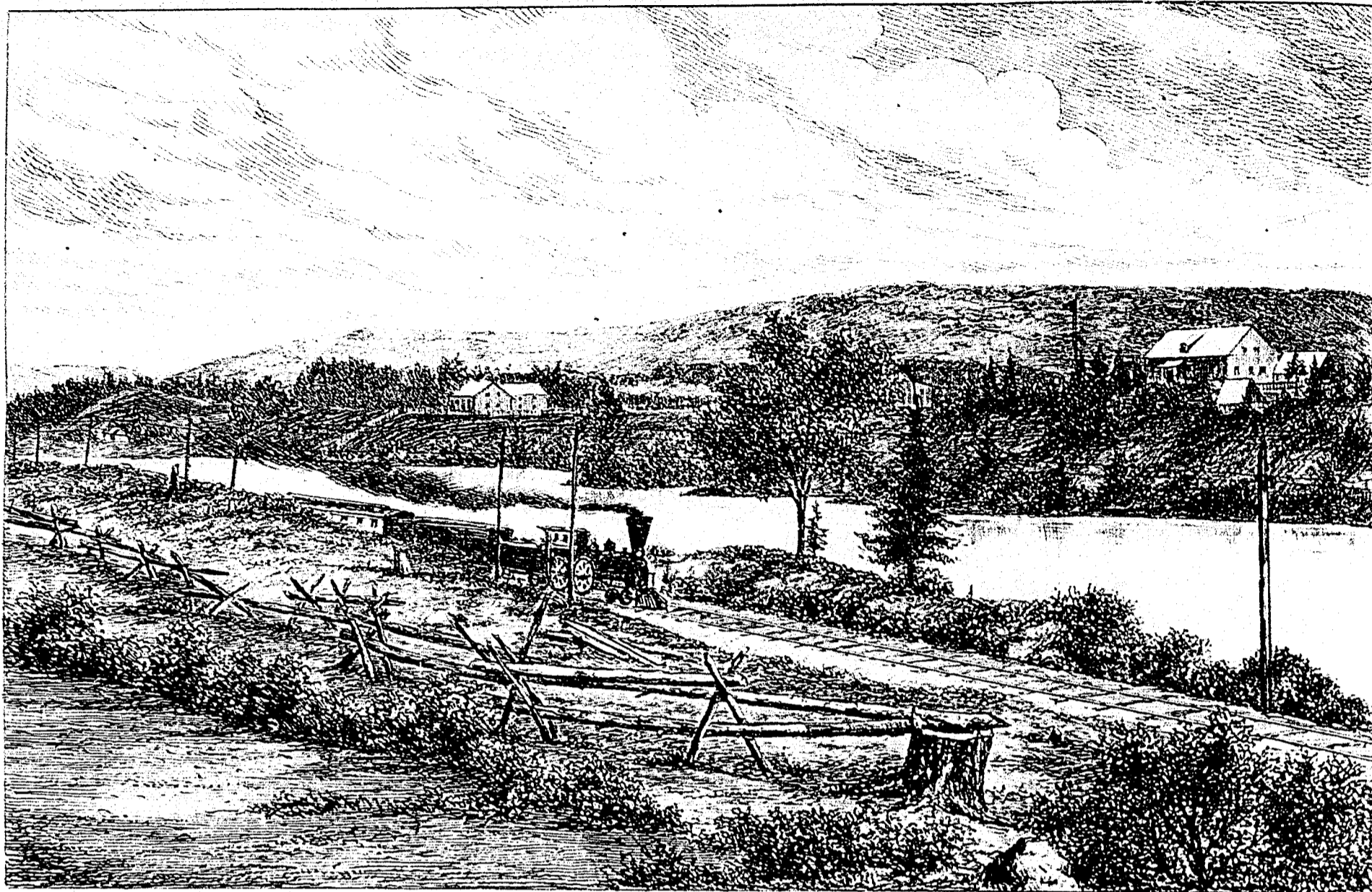
A CONGRESS of church musicians is to be held at the Church of St. Paul, at Milan, this month, to discuss, *inter alia*, the foundation of a Gregorian chapel at Rome, the reform of the organ in Italian churches, the merits of an "American peña," and the music prescribed, permitted, tolerated and prohibited in the Roman Catholic Church. There will also be a discussion on choral organs. It is stated that Abbe Amelli will preside.

ONE of Ola Bull's tricks was, when he had diminished his tone to a nearly inaudible pianissimo, to continue the attitude, as if he was playing, but actually having drawn off the bow entirely from the violin, holding it in the air, and producing no tone whatever; while his audience, in raptures at the softness of his really inaudible sighs, made ear-trumpets of their hands and bent forward, eager to catch the sound which did not exist. Then the violinist, as if suddenly awakened from a trance, bowed to the enraptured audience.

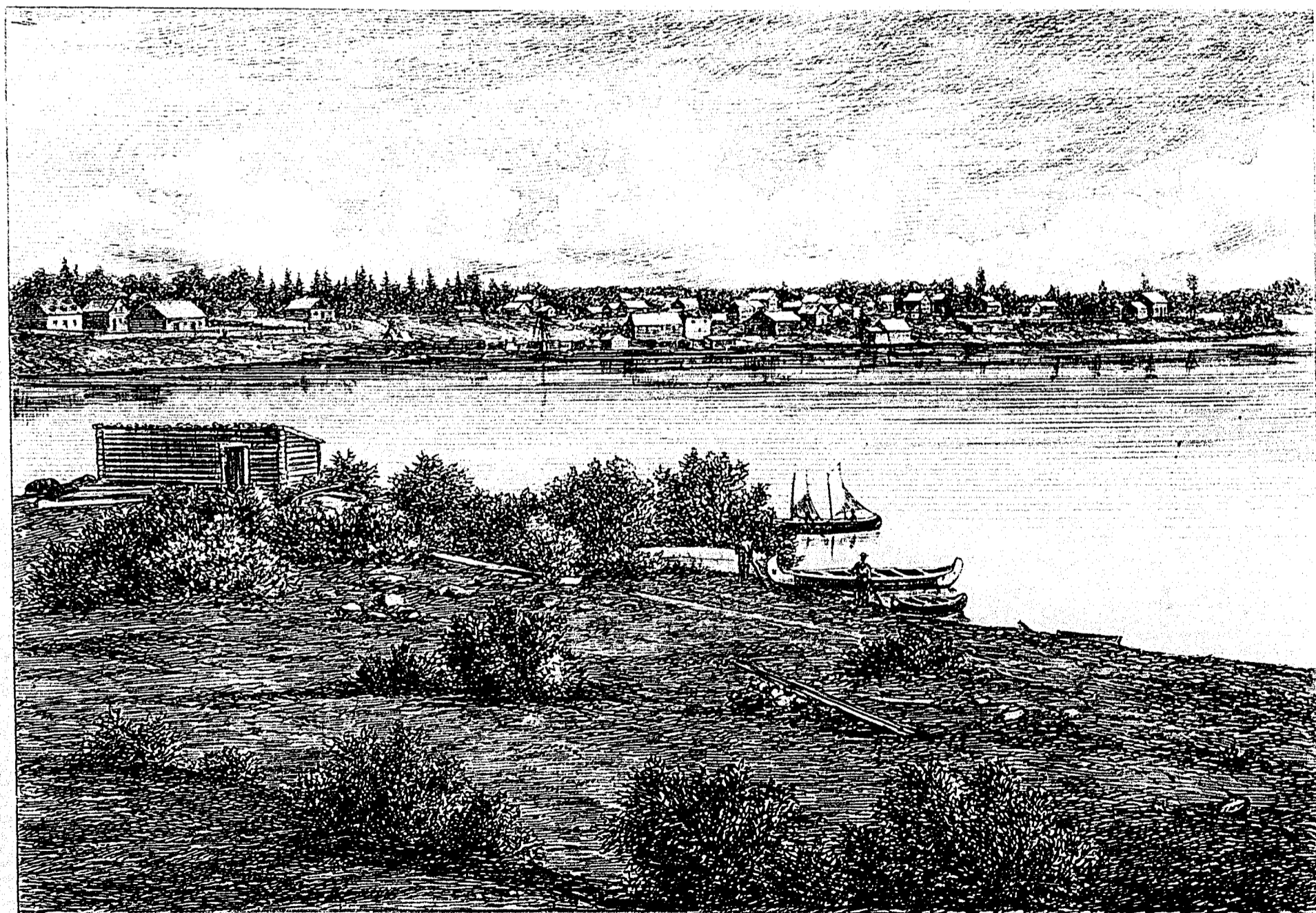
FREQUENTLY as the late Miss Neilson gave her autograph during her last tour, she seldom wrote any quotations save two; and, in their deep and solemn meaning, they seem to have gone forth mournfully, and almost prophetically, from her heart. They were—

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again." (poor Juliet's words) and the well-known line from the French.





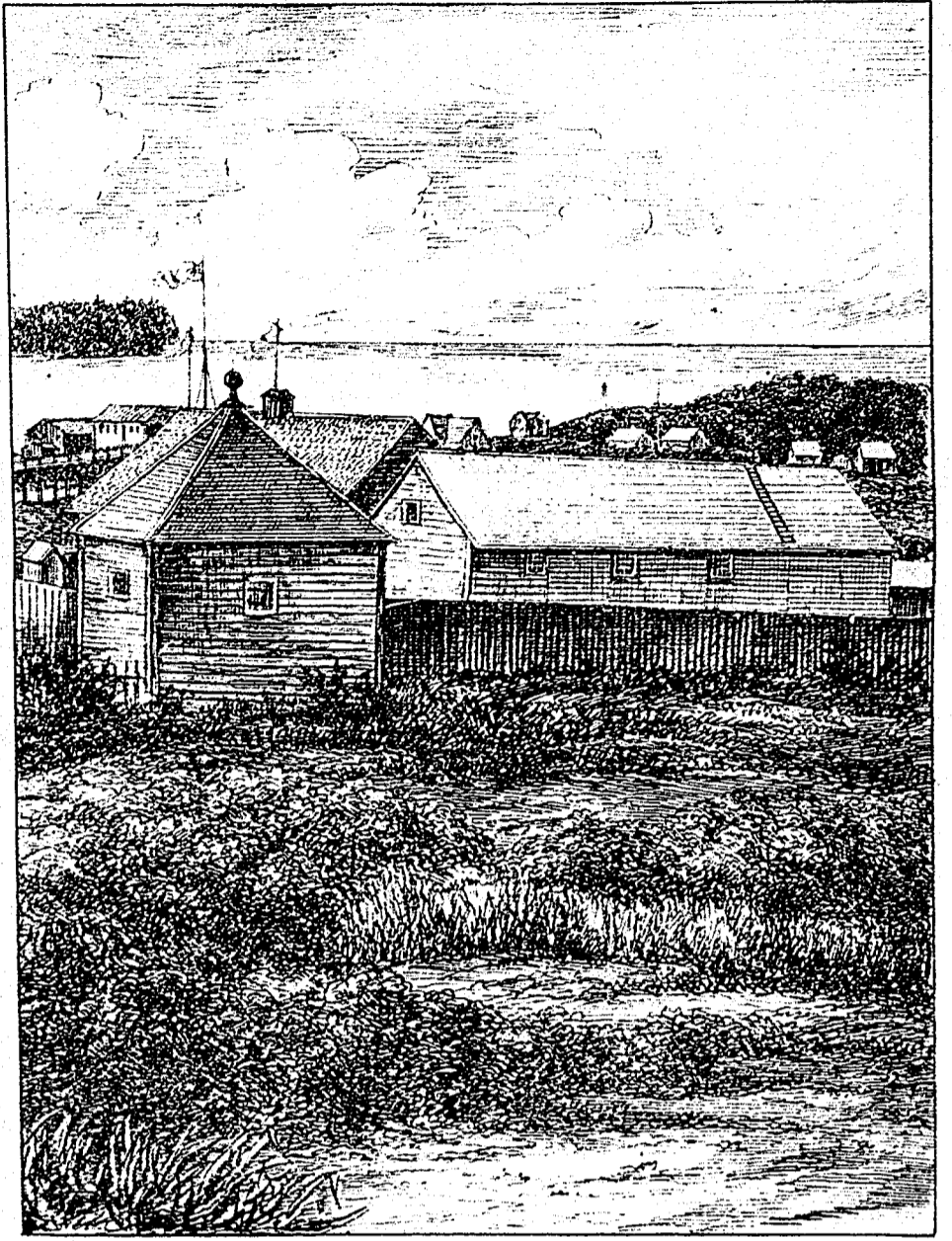
FOLLY LAKE.



RAT PORTAGE, LAKE OF THE WOODS, KEEWATIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. K. SAITER.

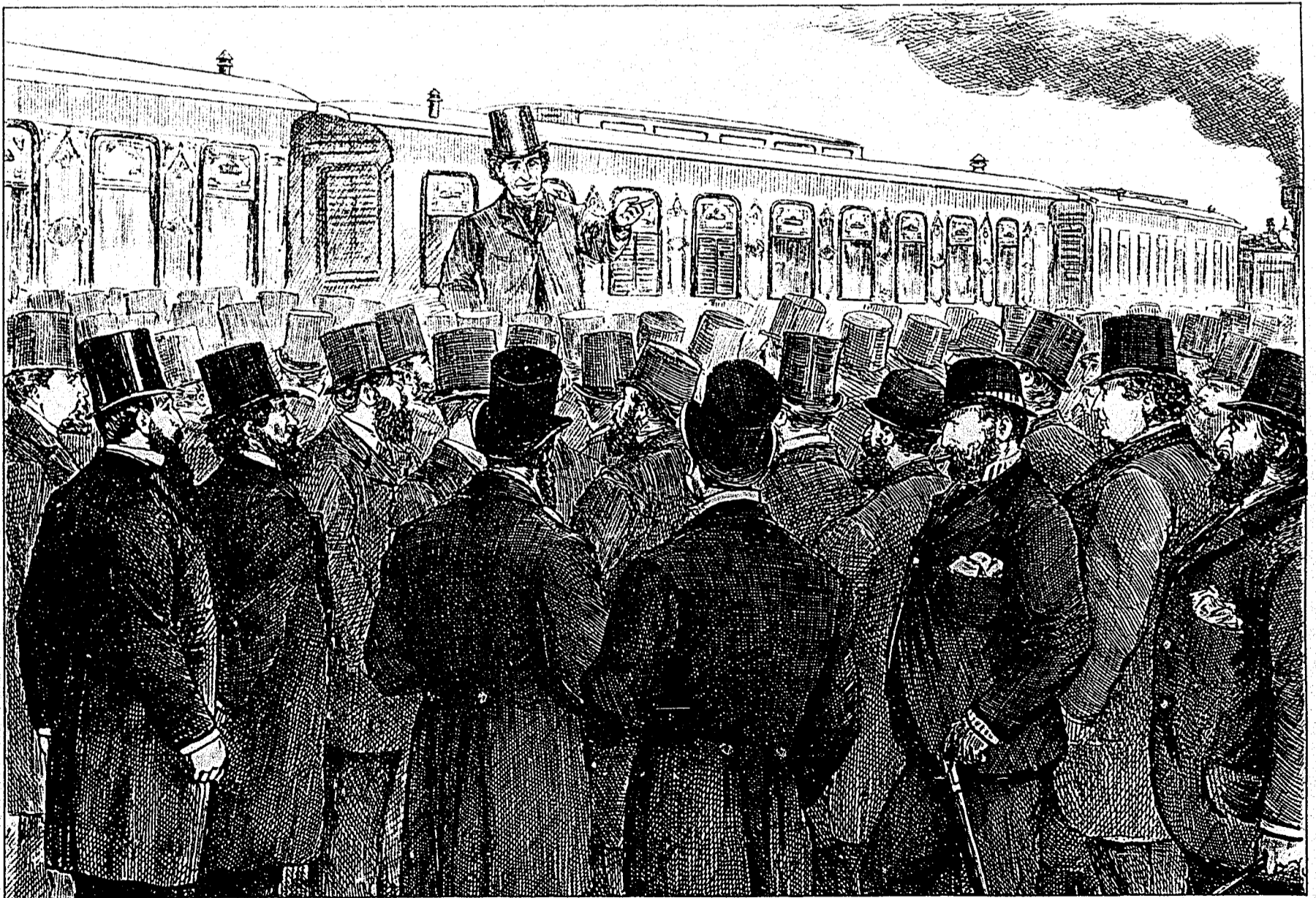


THE HYDAH INDIANS MAKING BASKETS, CHARLOTTE ISLAND, B. C.



OLD HUDSON'S BAY FORT SIMPSON, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SKETCHES.



MONTREAL.—SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD EXPLAINING THE OUTLINES OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY CONTRACT, AT THE HOCHELAGA STATION.

# 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 Phacton;" "Kilmory;" "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 XXXI.

HIDDEN SPRINGS.

"Well, perhaps, it is better, after all," says a certain person, during one of those opportunities for brief conjugal confidences that are somewhat rare on board ship. She sighs as she speaks. "I thought it was going to be otherwise. But it will be all the better for Angus not to marry for some years to come. He has a great future before him, and a wife would really be an encumbrance. Young professional men should never marry; their circumstances keep on improving, but they can't improve their wives."

All this is very clear and sensible. It is not always this person talks in so matter-of-fact a way. If, however, everything has turned out for the best, why this sudden asperity with which she adds,

"But I did not expect it of Mary."

And then again,

"She might at least be civil to him."

"She is not uncivil to him. She only avoids him."

"I consider that her open preference for Howard Smith is just a little bit too ostentatious," she says, in rather an injured way. "Indeed, if it comes to that, she would appear to prefer the Laird to either of them. Any stranger would think she wanted to marry Denny-mains himself."

"Has it ever occurred to you," is the respectful question, "that a young woman—say once in a century—may be in that state of mind in which she would prefer not to marry anybody?"

Abashed! Not a bit of it. There is a calm air of superiority on her face; she is above trifles and taunts.

"If unmarried women had any sense," she says, "that would be their normal state of mind."

And she might have gone on enlarging on this text, only that at this moment Mary Avon comes along from the ladies' cabin, and the morning greetings take place between the two women. Is it only a suspicion that there is a touch of coldness in the elder woman's manner? Is it possible that our love for Mary Avon may be decreasing by ever so little a bit?

Then Angus comes down the companion; he has got some wild flowers; he has been ashore. And surely he ought to give them to the younger of the two women; she is of the age when such pretty compliments are a natural thing. But no. The flowers are for his hostess—for the decoration of her table; and Mary Avon does not look up as they are handed along.

Then young Mr. Smith makes his appearance; he has been ashore too. And his complaints and protests fill the air.

"Didn't I tell you?" he says, appealing more especially to the woman-folk for sympathy. "Didn't I tell you? You saw all those golden plovers yesterday, and the wild duck further up the loch; there is not a sign of one of them! I knew it would be so. As sure as Monday begins you never get a chance! I will undertake to say that when we get to those islands where all the seals were yesterday we shan't see one to-day."

"But are we to stop here a whole day in order to let you go and shoot seals?" says his hostess.

"You can't help it," says he, laughing. "There isn't any wind."

"Angus," she says—as if nobody knew anything about the wind but the young doctor—"is that so?"

"Not a doubt of it," he says. "But it is a beautiful day. You might make up a luncheon party, and have a picnic by the side of the Saint's Well—down in the hollow, you know."

"Much chance I shall have with the seals, then!" remarks the other young man, good-naturedly enough.

However, it is enough that the suggestion has come from Angus Sutherland. A picnic on the Island of the Saints is forthwith commanded—seals or no seals. And while Master Fred, immediately after breakfast, begins his preparations, the Laird helps by carefully putting a corkscrew in his pocket. It is his invariable custom. We are ready for any emergency.

And if the golden plover, and mergansers, and seals, appear to know that the new, brisk working-days have begun again, surely we ought to know it too. Here are the same silent shores, and the calm blue seas and blue sky, and the solitary islands in the south—all just as they were yesterday; but we have a secret sense that the lassitude and idleness of Sunday are over, and that there is something of freedom in the air. The Laird has no longer any need to keep a check on his tongue; those stories about Homesh may bubble up to the surface of

his mind just as they please. And indeed he is exceedingly merry and facetious as the preparations go on for this excursion. When at length he gets into the stern of the boat he says to his companion:

"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton, and Mary Avon, and me."

What ails ye, lass? I have not heard much of your singing of late."

"You would not have me sing songs on Sunday!" she says, demurely.

"No; but I mean long before Sunday. However," he says, cheerfully, and looking at her, "there is a wonderful change in ye—wonderful! Well do I mind the day I first saw ye, on the quay, though it seems a long time since then. Ye were a poor white bit thing then. I was astonished; and the next day too, when ye were laune as well, I said to myself, 'Well, it's high time that bit lass had a breath o' the sea air.' And now—why, ye just mind me o' the lasses in the Scotch songs—the country lasses, ye know—with the fine colour on your face."

And indeed this public statement did not tend to decrease the sun-brown that now tinged Mary Avon's cheeks.

"These lads," said he—no doubt referring to his nephew, and to Angus Sutherland, who were both labouring at the long oars—"are much too attentive to ye, putting ye under the shadow of the sails, and bringing ye in parasols and things like that. No, no; don't ye be afraid of getting sunburned; it is a comely and wholesome thing; is it not reasonable that human beings need the sunlight as much as plants? Just ask your friend Dr. Sutherland that; though a man can guess as much without a microscope. Keep ye in the sun, Miss Mary; never mind the brown on your cheeks, whatever the young men say; I can tell ye ye are looking a great deal better now than when ye stepped on shore—a shilpit pale bit thing—on that afternoon."

Miss Avon had not been in the habit of receiving lectures like this about her complexion, and she seemed rather confused; but fortunately the measured noise of the rowlocks prevented the younger men from overhearing.

"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton, and Mary Avon, and me."

continued the Laird, in his facetious way; and he contentedly patted the hand of the girl beside him. "I fear I am growing very fond of idleness."

"I am sure, sir, you are so busy during the rest of the year," says this base flatterer, "that you should be able to enjoy a holiday with a clear conscience."

"Well, perhaps so—perhaps so," said the Laird, who was greatly pleased. "And yet, let one work as hard as one can, it is singular how little one can do, and what little thanks ye get for doing it. I am sure those people in Strathgovan spend half their lives in fault-finding, and expect ye to do everything they can think of without asking them for a faithing. At the last meeting of the rate-payers in the Burgh Hall I heckled them, I can tell ye. I am not a good speaker—no, no; far from it; but I can speak plain. I use words that can be driven into people's heads; and I will say this, that some o' those people in Strathgovan have a skull of most extraordinary thickness. But said I to them: 'Do ye expect us to work miracles? Are we to create things out of nothing? If the rates are not increased where are the new gas lamps to come from? Do ye think we can multiply gas lamps as the loaves and fishes were multiplied?' 'I'm thinking,' added the Laird, with a burst of hearty laughter, "that the thickest-skulled of them all understood that—eh?"

"I should hope so," remarked Miss Avon.

Then the measured rattle of the oars; it wants hard pulling against this fiercely running tide; indeed, to cheat it in a measure, we have to keep working along the coast and across the mouth of Loch Swen.

"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton, and Mary Avon, and me."

says the Laird, as a playful introduction to another piece of talking. "I have been asking myself once or twice whether I knew any one in the whole kingdom of Scotland better than you."

"Than me, sir?" she says, with a start of surprise.

"Yes," he says, sententially. "That is so. And I have had to answer myself in the negative. It is wonderful how ye get to know a person on board a yacht. I just feel as if I had spent years and years with ye; so that there is not any one I know with whom I am better acquainted. When ye come to Denny-mains, I shall be quite disappointed if ye look surprised or strange to the place. I have got it into my head that ye must have lived there all your

life. Will ye undertake to say," he continues, in the same airy manner, "that ye do not know the little winding path that goes up through the trees to the flagstaff—eh?"

"I am afraid I don't remember it," she says, with a smile.

"Wait till ye see the sunsets ye can see from there!" he says, proudly. "We can see right across Glasgow to Tennants' Stalk; and in the afternoon the smoke is all turning red and brown with the sunset—many's and many's the time I have taken Tom Galbraith to the hill, and asked him whether they have finer sunsets at Naples or Venice. No, no; give me fire and smoke and meestery for a strong sunset. But just the best time of the year, as ye'll find out"—and here he looked in a kindly way at the girl

"—where there is a bit wood near the house, is the spring-time. When ye see the primroses and the bluebells about the roots of the trees—when ye see them so clear and bright among the red of the withered leaves—well, ye cannot help thinking about some of our old Scotch songs, and there's something in that that's just like to bring the tears to your een. We have a wonderful and great inheritance in these songs, as ye'll find out, my lass. You English know only Burns; but a Scotchman who is familiar with the ways and the feelings and the speech of the peasantry has a sort of uncomfortable impression that Burns is at times just a bit artificial and leetery, especially when he is masquerading in fine English, though at other times you get the real lilt—what a man would sing to himself when he was all alone at the plough, in the early morning, and listening to the birds around him. But there are others that we are proud of too—Tannahill, and John Mayne, that wrote about 'Logan Braes,' and Hogg, and Motherwell; I'm sure o' this, that when ye read Motherwell's 'Jeanie Morrison,' ye'll no be able to go on for gretin'!"

"I beg your pardon!" said Miss Avon. But the Laird is too intent on recalling some of the lines to notice that she has not quite understood him.

"They were school-mates," he says, in an absent way. "When school was over, they wandered away like lad and lass; and he writes the poem in after-life, and speaks to her he has never seen since."

"O, mind ye love how aft we left  
The dearest, dearest town,  
To wander by the green burn side,  
And bear its waters crown!  
The summer leaves hung over our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the glen of the wood  
The throstle whistled sweet."

And on the knave above the burn  
For hours together sat  
In the silent joy, till bath  
We very gladness got.  
Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trickled down your cheek,  
Like dew-drops on a rose, yet none  
Had any power to speak."

The Laird's voice faltered for a moment; but he pretended he had great difficulty in remembering the poem, and confessed that he must have mixed up the verses. However, he said he remembered the last one.

"O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Since we were parted young,  
I've never seen your face, nor heard  
The music of your tongue;  
But I could bing it wretchedness,  
And happy could I see,  
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
O' by-gone days and me."

Just as he finished, the Laird turned aside his head. He seemed to be suddenly interested in something over at the mouth of Loch Swen. Then he quickly passed his red silk handkerchief across his face, and said, in a gay manner, though he was still looking in that alien direction:

"This is a desperate hard pull. We had nothing like this yesterday. But it will do the lads good; it will take the stiffness out of their backs."

However, one of the lads—to wit, the Laird's nephew—admitted at length that he had quite enough of it, and gave up his oar to the man he had relieved. Then he came into the stern, and was very pleasant and talkative; and said he had quite made up his mind to find all the seals gone from the shores of the sacred island.

So formidable, indeed, was the tide, that we had to keep well away to the south of the island before venturing to make across for it; and when at length we did put the bow straight for the little harbour, the mid-channel current swept us away northward, as if the gig had been a bit of cork. But the four oars kept manfully to their work; and by dint of hard pulling and pertinacious steering we managed to run into the little bay.

We found it quite deserted. The two lobster-fishers had left in the morning; we were in sole possession of this lonely island, set amid the still summer seas.

But by this time it was nearly noon; and so it was arranged that the men of the party should content themselves with a preliminary expedition, to find out, by stealthy crawlings out to the various bays, where the seals were chiefly congregated, while the women were to remain by the Saint's Well, to help Fred to get luncheon spread out and arranged. And this was done; and thus it happened that, after Master Fred had finished his work, and retired down to his mates in the gig, the two women-folk were left alone.

"Why, Mary," said one of them, quite cheerfully (as we afterward heard), "it is quite a

long time since you and I had a chat together."

"Yes, it is."  
"One gets so often interfered with on board, you know. Aren't you going to begin now and make a sketch?"

She had brought with her her sketching materials; but they were lying unopened on a rock hard by.

"No, I think not," she said, listlessly. "What is the matter with you?" said her kind friend, pretending to laugh at her. "I believe you are fretting over the loss of the money, after all."

"Oh, no; I hope you do not think I am fretting," said she, anxiously. "No one has said that! I am really quite content; I am very—happy."

She managed to say the word.

"I am very glad to hear it," said her friend; "but I have a great mind to scold you all the same."

The girl looked. Her friend went over to her, and sat down beside her, and took her hand in hers.

"Don't be offended, Mary," she said, good-naturedly. "I have no right to interfere; but Angus is an old friend of mine. Why do you treat him like that?"

The girl looked at her with a sort of quick, frightened, inquiring glance; and then said, as if she were almost afraid to hear herself speak, "Has he spoken to you?"

"Yes. Now don't make a mole-hill into a mountain, Mary. If he has offended you, tell him. He would not vex you for the world; do you think he would?"

The girl's hand was beginning to tremble a good deal; and her face was white and piteous.

"If you only knew him as well as I do, you would know he is as gentle as a child; he would not offend any one. Now you will be friends with him again, Mary!"

The answer was a strange one. The girl broke into a fit of wild crying, and hid her face in her friend's bosom, and sobbed there so that her whole frame was shaken with the violence of her misery.

"Mary, what is it?" said the other in great alarm.

Then, by and by, the girl rose, and went away over to her sketching materials for a minute or two. Then she returned, her face still rather white, but with a certain cold and determined look on it.

"It is all a mistake," said she, speaking very distinctly. "Dr. Sutherland has not offended me in the least; please tell him so if he speaks again. I hope we shall always be good friends." She opened out her color-box.

"And then," said she, with an odd laugh, "before you think I have gone crazed, please remember it isn't every day one loses such an enormous fortune as mine."

She began to get her other sketching things ready. And she was very cheerful about it, and very busy; and she was heard to be singing to herself,

"Then fill up a bumper, what can I do less  
Than drink to the health of my bonny Black Boss!"

But her friend, when by chance she turned her head a little bit, perceived that the pale and piteous face was still wet with tears; and the praises of Black Boss did not wholly deceive her.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

A CONFESSION.

What could the solitary scouts, coming back from the various points of the island, know of this quick, unwilling cry of pain, and of the forced calm that followed it? They had their own sorrows. There was a gloom upon their faces. One and all bore the same story—not a seal, not a wild-duck, not even a rock-pigeon, any where.

"But it is a fine thing to be able to straighten one's back," says the Laird, who always seems on the cheerful side; "and we have not given up hope of your getting the seal-skin yet, Miss Mary—no, no. The doctor says the year away hunting just now; when the tide gets low again they will come up on the rocks. So the best thing we can do is to spend plenty of time over our luncheon, and cross the island again in the afternoon. Ay, begun already!" adds the Laird, as he goes up to the canvas and regards the rough outlines in charcoal with a critical air. "Very good! very good!" he says, following the lines with his thumb, and apparently drawing in the air. "Excellent! The composition very clever indeed—simple, bold, striking. And a fine blaze of colour ye'll have on a day like this; and then the heavy black hull of the smack hang in the foreground; excellent! excellent! But if I were you, I would leave out that rock there; ye would get a better sweep of the sea. Don't distract the eye in sea-pieces; bold lines—firm, sound colour; and there ye are. Well, my lass, ye have the skill of constructing a picture. Tom Galbraith himself would admit that, I know—"

But here the Laird is called away by his hostess.

"I would advise you, sir," says she, "to have some luncheon while you can get it. It is a very strange thing, with all you gentlemen on board, and with all those guns lying about, that we are drawing nearer and nearer to starvation. I wish you would give up hunting seals, and shoot something useful."

Here our young doctor appears with certain bottles that have been cooling in the water.

"There must be plenty of rock-pigeons in the caves we passed this morning, on the other island," he says.

"Oh, not those beautiful birds!" says she of the empty jarler. "We cannot have Hurlingham transported to the Highlands."

"Whoever tries to shoot those pigeons won't find it a Hurlingham business," he remarks.

But the Laird has a soul above luncheons, and jarlers, and pigeon-shooting. He is still profoundly absorbed in thought.

"No," he says, at length, to the young lady who, as usual, is by his side. "I am wrong."

She looks up at him with some surprise.

"Yes, I am wrong," he says, decisively. "Ye must keep in that island. Ye must sacrifice picturesqueness to truth. Never mind the picture; keep the faithful record. In after life ye will be able to get plenty of pictures, but ye may not be able to get an exact record of the things ye saw when ye were sailing with the White Dove."

"Well, you know, sir," observes Miss Avon, with a somewhat embarrassed smile, "you don't give me much encouragement. You always speak as if I were to be compelled to keep those sketches. Am I to find nobody silly enough to buy them?"

Now, somehow or other, of late the Laird has been more and more inclined to treat this sale of Mary Avon's pictures as a most irresistible joke. He laughs and chuckles at the mere mention of such a thing, just as if Homese were somewhere about.

"Sell them!" he says, with another deep chuckle. "Ye will never sell them. Ye could not have the heart to part with them."

"The heart has to be kept in proper subjection," says she, lightly, "when one has to earn one's living."

Queen Titania glances quickly at the girl; but apparently there is no profound meaning concealed in this speech. Miss Avon has taken her seat on a shelving piece of gray rock; and if she is concerned about anything, it is about the safety of certain plates and knives, and such things. Her hand is quite steady as she holds out her tumbler for the Youth to pour some water into the chert.

Luncheon over, she returns to her work; and the band of seal hunters, taking to cigars and pipes, sit and watch the tide slowly ebb away from the golden-brown sea weed. Then, with many a caution as to patience and silence, they rise and get their guns, and set out. Already there is a disposition to slouch the head and walk timidly, though as yet there is no need of any precaution.

"Glie-kliche Reise!" says Miss Avon, pleasantly, as we pass.

Angus Sutherland starts, and turns his head. But the salutation was not for him; it was meant for the Youth, who is understood to be the most eager of the seal-hunters. And Mr. Smith, not having his answer pat, replies, "I hope so," and then looks rather confused as he passes on, carefully stooping his head, though there is no occasion whatever.

Then, by following deep gullies and crawling over open ledges, we reach points commanding the various bays; and with the utmost caution peer over or round the rocks. And whereas yesterday, being Sunday, the bays were alive with seals, sporting themselves freely in full view of a large party of people who were staring at them, to-day, being Monday, finds not a seal visible anywhere, though every one is in hiding, and absolute silence must have reigned in the island since ever the lobster-fishers left in the morning. No matter; the tide is still ebbing; the true hunter must possess his soul.

And yet this lying prone for hours on a ledge of exceedingly rough rock must have been monotonous work for our good friend the Laird. Under his nose nothing to look at but scraps of orange lichen and the stray feathers of sea-birds; abroad nothing but the glassy blue sea, with the pale mountains of Jura rising into the cloudless sky. At last it seemed to become intolerable.

We could see him undergoing all sorts of contortions in the effort to wrest something out of his coat pocket without raising any portion of his body above the line of cover. He himself was not unlike a gray seal in the shadow of the rock, especially when he twisted and turned himself about without rising an inch from the surface. And in time he succeeded. We could see him slowly and carefully unfold that newspaper—probably not more than a week old—just beneath his face. He had no need of spectacles; his eyes were almost touching the page. And then we knew that he was at rest, and the hard rock and the seals all forgotten. For we took it that this local paper was one which contained a most important leading article about the proposed public park for Strathgovan, calling upon the rate-payers to arise and assert their rights, and put a check on the reckless extravagance of the Commissioners. The Laird himself was openly pointed at as one who would introduce the luxury of the later Romans into a sober Scotch community; and there were obscure references to those who seemed to consider that a man's dwelling-house should become nothing more or less than a museum of pictures and statues, while they would apply taxes raised from a hard-working population in adornment of places of recreation for the idle. But do you think that the Laird was appalled by this fierce onslaught? Not a bit of it. He had read and re-read it to us with delight. He had triumphantly refuted the writer's sophistries; he had exposed his ignorance of the most elementary facts in political economy; he was always rejoiced to appear before Tom Galbraith and Mary Avon as one who was not afraid to suffer for his championship of art. And then, when he had triumphed over his enemy, he

would fold the paper with a sort of contented sigh, and would say, with a compassionate air, "Poor crayture! poor crayture!" as if the poor crayture could not be expected to know any better.

At last! at last! The Laird makes frantic gestures with his newspaper—all the more frantic that they have to be strictly lateral, and that he dare not raise his hand. And behold! far away out there on the still blue surface a smooth round knob, shining and black. Without a muscle moving, eager eyes follow that distant object. The seal is not alarmed or suspicious; he sails evenly onward, seldom looking to right or left. And when he disappears there is no splash; he has had enough of breathing; he is off for his hunting in the deep seas.

What is more, he remains there. We catch no further trace of him, nor of any other living thing, around those deserted bays. Human nature gives in. The Youth gets up, and boldly displays himself on a promontory, his gun over his shoulder. Then the Laird, seeing that everything is over, gets up too, yawning dreadfully, and folds his newspaper and puts it in his pocket.

"Come along!" he calls out. "It is no use. The saints have taught the seals tricks. They know better than to come near on a working-day."

And so presently the sombre party sets out again for the other side of the island, where the gig awaits us. Not a word is said. Cartridges are taken out; we pick our way through the long grass and the stones. And when it is found that Miss Avon has roughed in all that she requires of her present study, it is gloomily suggested that we might go back by way of the other island, that so haply we might secure the materials for a pigeon-pie before returning to the yacht.

The evening sun was shining ruddily along the face of the cliffs as we drew near the other island; and there was no sign of life at all about the lonely shores and the tall caves. But there was another story to tell when, the various guns having been posted, the Youth boldly walked up to the mouth of the largest of the caves and shouted. Presently there were certain flashes of blue things in the mellow evening light; and the sharp bang! bang! of the gun, that echoed into the great hollows, Hurlingham! That did not seem much of a Hurlingham performance. There were no birds standing bewildered on the fallen trap, wondering whether to rise or not; but there were things coming whizzing through the air that resembled nothing so much as rifle-bullets with blue wings. The Youth, it is true, got one or two easy shots at the mouth of the cave; but when the pigeons got outside, and came flashing over the heads of the others, the shooting was, on the whole, a hap-hazard business. Nevertheless, we got a fair number for Master Fred's larler, after two of the men had acted as retrievers for three-quarters of an hour among the rocks and bushes. Then away again for the solitary vessel lying in the silent loch, with the pale mists stealing over the land, and the red sun sinking behind the Jura hills.

Again, after dinner, amid the ghostly grays of the twilight, we went forth on another commissariat excursion to capture fish. Strange to say, however, our doctor, though he was learned on the subject of flies and tackle, preferred to remain on board; he had some manuscript to send off to London. And his hostess said she would remain too; she always has plenty to do about the saloon. Then we left the White Dove and rowed away to the rocks.

But the following conversation, as we afterward heard, took place in our absence:

"I wished very much to speak to you," said Angus Sutherland to his hostess, without making any movement to bring out his desk.

"I thought so," said she, not without a little nervous apprehension.

And then she said, quickly, before he could begin:

"Let me tell you at once, Angus, that I have spoken to Mary. Of course I don't wish to interfere; I wouldn't interfere for the world; but—but I only asked her, lest there should be any unpleasant misapprehension, whether she had any reason to be offended with you. 'None in the least,' she said. She was most positive. She even seemed to be deeply pained by the misunderstanding, and—wished me to let you know; so you must dismiss that from your mind anyway."

He listened thoughtfully, without saying anything. At last he said:

"I have determined to be frank with you. I am going to tell you a secret—if it is a secret."

"I have guessed it," she said, quickly, to spare him pain.

"I thought so," he said, quite quietly.

"Well, I am not ashamed of it. I have no reason to be ashamed of it. But since you know, you will see that it would be very embarrassing for me to remain longer on board the yacht if—if there was no hope."

He turned over the leaves of a guide-book rapidly, without looking at them; the hard-headed doctor had not much command over himself at this moment.

"If you have guessed, why not she?" he said, in a somewhat hurried and anxious manner.

"And—and if I am to go, better that I should know at once. I—I have nothing to complain of—I mean I have nothing to reproach her with; if it is a misfortune, it is a misfortune—but—but she used to be more friendly toward me."

Those two were silent. What was passing

before their minds! The long summer evenings in the far northern seas, with the glory dying in the west; or the moonlight walks on the white deck, with the red star of Ushinish light-house burning in the south; or the snug saloon below, with its cards, and candles, and laughter, and Mary Avon singing to herself the song of Ulva! She sang no song of Ulva now.

"Mary and I are very intimate friends," says the other, deliberately. "I will say nothing against her. Girls have curious fancies about such things sometimes. But I must admit—for you are my friend too—that I am not surprised you should have been encouraged by her manner to you at one time, or that you should wonder a little at the change."

But even this mild possibility of Mary Avon's being in the wrong she feels to be incompatible with her customary championship of her friend, and so she instantly says:

"Mind, I am certain of this—that whatever Mary does she believes to be right. Her notion of duty is extraordinarily sensitive and firm. Once she has put anything before her as the proper thing to be done, she goes straight at it, and nothing will turn her aside. And although there is something about it I can't quite understand, how am I to interfere? Interference never does any good. Why do not you ask her yourself?"

"I mean to do so, when I get the chance," said he, simply. "I merely wished to tell you that, if her answer is 'No,' it will be better for me to leave you. Already I fancy my being on board the yacht is a trouble to her. I will not be a trouble to her. I can go. If it is a misfortune, there is no one to blame."

"But if she says 'Yes?'" cried his friend; and there was a wonderful joy in her eyes, and in her excess of sympathy she caught his hand for a moment. "Oh, Angus, if Mary were to promise to be your wife! What a trip we should have then!—we should take the White Dove to Stornoway!"

That was her ultimate notion of human happiness—sailing the White Dove up to Stornoway.

"I don't think there is much hope," said he, rather absently, from her manner of late. But anything is better than suspense. If it is a misfortune, as I say, there is no one to blame. I had not the least notion that she knew Mr. Howard Smith in London."

"Nor did she."

He stared rather.

"They may have met at our house; but certainly not more than once. You see, living in a country house, we have to have our friends down in a staccato fashion, and always by arrangement of a few at a time. There is no general dropping in to afternoon tea."

"He never met her in London," he repeated.

"I should think not."

"His uncle, then; did she never see him before?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what does he mean by treating her as a sort of familiar friend who was likely to turn up any time at Denny-mains?"

His companion coloured somewhat; for she had no right to betray confidences.

"The Laird is very fond of Mary," she said, evasively. "It is quite beautiful to see those two together."

He sat for a little time in silence, and then begged to be excused—he would go on deck to smoke. But when, some little time thereafter, we returned from our brief fishing, the dark figure walking up and down the deck was not smoking at all. He paused as the gig was hauled fast to the gangway.

"What luck?"

"About two dozen."

"All lithe?"

"About half a dozen markerel."

And then he assisted Mary Avon to ascend the small wooden steps. She said "Thank you!" as she withdrew her hand from his; but the words were uttered in a low voice; and she instantly crossed to the companion and went below. He stayed on deck and helped to swing the gig up to the davits.

Now something had got into the head of our Admiral-in-chief that night. She was very merry, and very affectionate toward Mary. She made light of her foolish wish to go away to the south. She pointed out that this continuous fine weather was only hoarding up electricity for the equinoctials; and then we should have a spin!

"We are not going to let you go, Mary, that is the long and short of it. And we are going to keep hold of Angus too. He is not going away yet—no, no. We have something for him to do. We shall not rest satisfied until we see him sail the White Dove into Stornoway Harbour."

(To be continued.)

Chic, says a writer in Figaro, appears to be about as difficult to define as "the salt of the earth;" it is neither nobility nor distinction, nor beauty, nor opulence, nor wit: it is chic. It is chic to be noble but all nobles are not chic. A very chic education, according to the Figaro, is to have a private tutor first and to finish with the Jesuits or the Dominicans. It is chic to play at billiards; dominos or draughts are not chic. A man who wishes to be chic must never wear a frock coat before four o'clock for fear of being mistaken for his notary; he may wear old clothes, but his linen must be fine and his socks must be of silk. The article continues, in the same strain concerning rings, liveries, scarf-pins, servants and all the little details of the life of superior persons.

MOTHER'S VOICE.

I stambled blindly on a dark hill-side,  
And panted—above me rose a pleading bleat,  
Sent through the gloom some far off thing to greet,  
And from afar a piteous bleat replied—  
A mother and her lamb disaveered wide—  
Bleat an aching eager bleat, hurrying to meet,  
They met in tender transports at my feet,  
And something in my soul woke up and cried:  
Thrice happy lamb! but ah! what griefs were thine,  
So strayed by evil hap, or evil choice!  
I lonely, helpless, wild with unknown fears,  
I lonely and lost—none healing thy vain fears—  
I lost in the night, left in dark pain to pine,  
I thou couldst not hear thy mother's pleading voice.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A COLOURED widow in Lexington, Ky., who is now drawing a pension of \$2 per month from the Government, recently rejected an offer of marriage, remarking, by way of explanation: "If I does, de gubernment w'll take my pension way, an' nary nigger in Kalatook is wuff \$8 a month to me."

DR. L— called upon a lady acquaintance the other day, and was met at the door by the lady's little girl. He asked her to tell her mamma that Dr. L— had called. The child went up-stairs, and presently returned. "Did you tell your inamma?" asked the doctor. "Yes." "And what did she say?" "She said: 'Oh, pshaw!'"

"DOCTOR," said a lipping fashionable belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding-schools, to a friend of ours, who had just been introduced to her at an evening party. "I doctor, which do you prefer, tholidity of intellect or brillianthy? Thum admire tholidity, but ath for me, as Shaktineare thavth in thith 'Bride of Abydoth,' I prefer tholidity and brillianthy combined." The doctor sank into the nearest chair exhausted.

A DECENTLY-DRESSED workman came to a photographer's recently to have the portrait of his wife taken. While the operator was arranging the camera, the husband thought fit to give some advice to the companion of his life concerning her pose. "Think of something serious," he said, "or else you will laugh and spoil it. Remember that your father is in prison, and that your brother has had to compound with his creditors; and try to imagine what would have become of you if I had not taken pity upon you."

"CAN you keep a secret?" said Mr. Middle-rib, impressively, looking at his wife. "Indeed I can," she exclaimed eagerly, running across the room that she might cling to the lapels of his coat while she listened. "Well," said the "rival man," "you can do a great deal more than I can, then. I never could remember one long enough to tell it." She didn't say a word, but all through his breakfast that morning he kept wondering why the sugar tasted so much of salt, and how under the sun his steak got so full of sand. But he knew enough, or at least he thought he knew enough, not to ask.

HUMOROUS.

A DISTINGUISHED foreigner visiting this country remarked that the United States was the greatest country he ever saw for well-dressed beggars. He referred to the young men who hang around the church entrances. Only paupers do so abroad.

It is said that St. Louis has the politest lawyer in the country. A long and terrific rail of thunder having stopped him in the midst of an address to the jury, on resuming he bowed and courteously said: Gentlemen, please excuse this interruption."

ARTEMUS WARD once told us that the funniest story he ever heard was about an inebriated reporter, who leaned over the railing of the reporters' gallery in the English House of Lords and inquired: "Will sham noble lord please shing a comic shong?"

"Go where there is the most sin, sir," said the old clergyman's coachman, when asked which of the two calls the dominie ought to accept. The good man thought it over, and concluded that where there was most money there would be the most sin. So he accepted the call which offered the most substantial salary.

HAHNEMANN, the founder of the homo-pathic school, was one day consulted by a wealthy English lord. The doctor listened patiently to the patient. He took a small phial, opened it, and held it under his lordship's nose. "Smell! Well, you are cured." The lord asked in surprise, "How much do I owe?" "A thousand francs," was the reply. The lord immediately pulled out a bank note and held it under the doctor's nose. "Smell! Well, you are paid!"

NOT long ago a new railway was opened in the Highlands. A Highlander named Donald heard of it and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was about half the distance to the next station when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown into a park. After recovering his senses he made the best of his way home, when the neighbours asked him how he liked the drive. "Oh," replied Donald, "I liked it fine, but they had an awful quick way in puttin' me out."

If you want to keep your boy at home make it pleasanter for him than the street. Chalk a hopscotch in the hall, put a hoghead of molasses on top in the kitchen, have a dog fight in the back-yard, make a "bully slide" on the cellar door, have a hand-organ and monkey in the reception-room and a German band on the stairs, hire a "Goerues us" to be chafed, let the boy chalk callers' backs on the first of January, throw his base-ball through the windows, ring the bells and run away, and "plug" the cook with fish-balls Sunday mornings; but even then you will have to engage a circus to drive through the premises two or three times in the season to "make it pleasanter than the street."

NEW NOTICE.

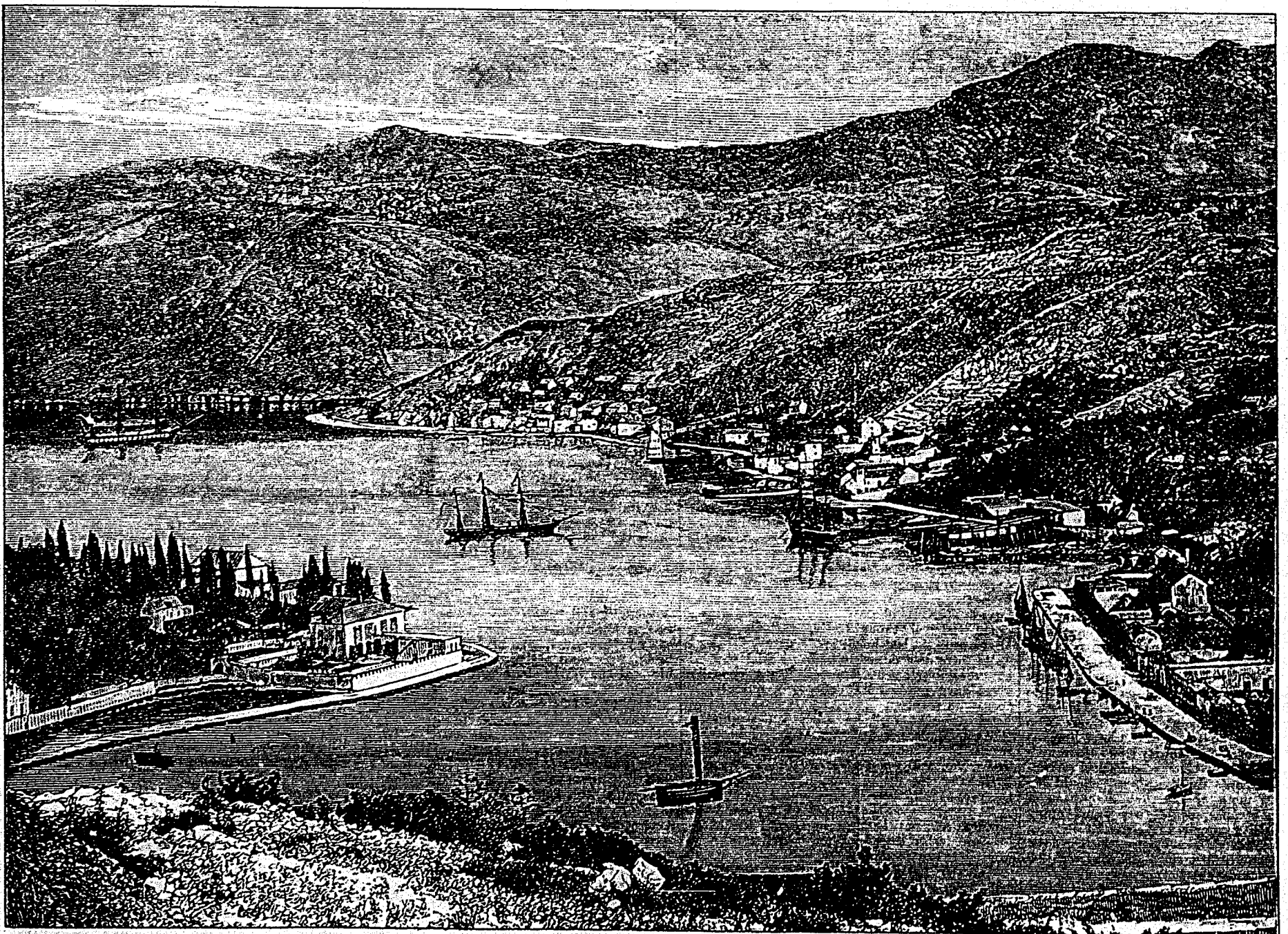
PIMPLY ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE can be driven out of the system by ACCE PILLS. They contain no arsenic or any poisonous drug; nor do they debilitate, but strengthen and tone up, aid digestion, and purify the blood. Box with full particulars mailed to any part of Canada or United States for \$1. Sample packets 25 cents (stamps). Address, W. HEARN, Druggist, Ottawa, Canada.

YOU CAN BE HAPPY.

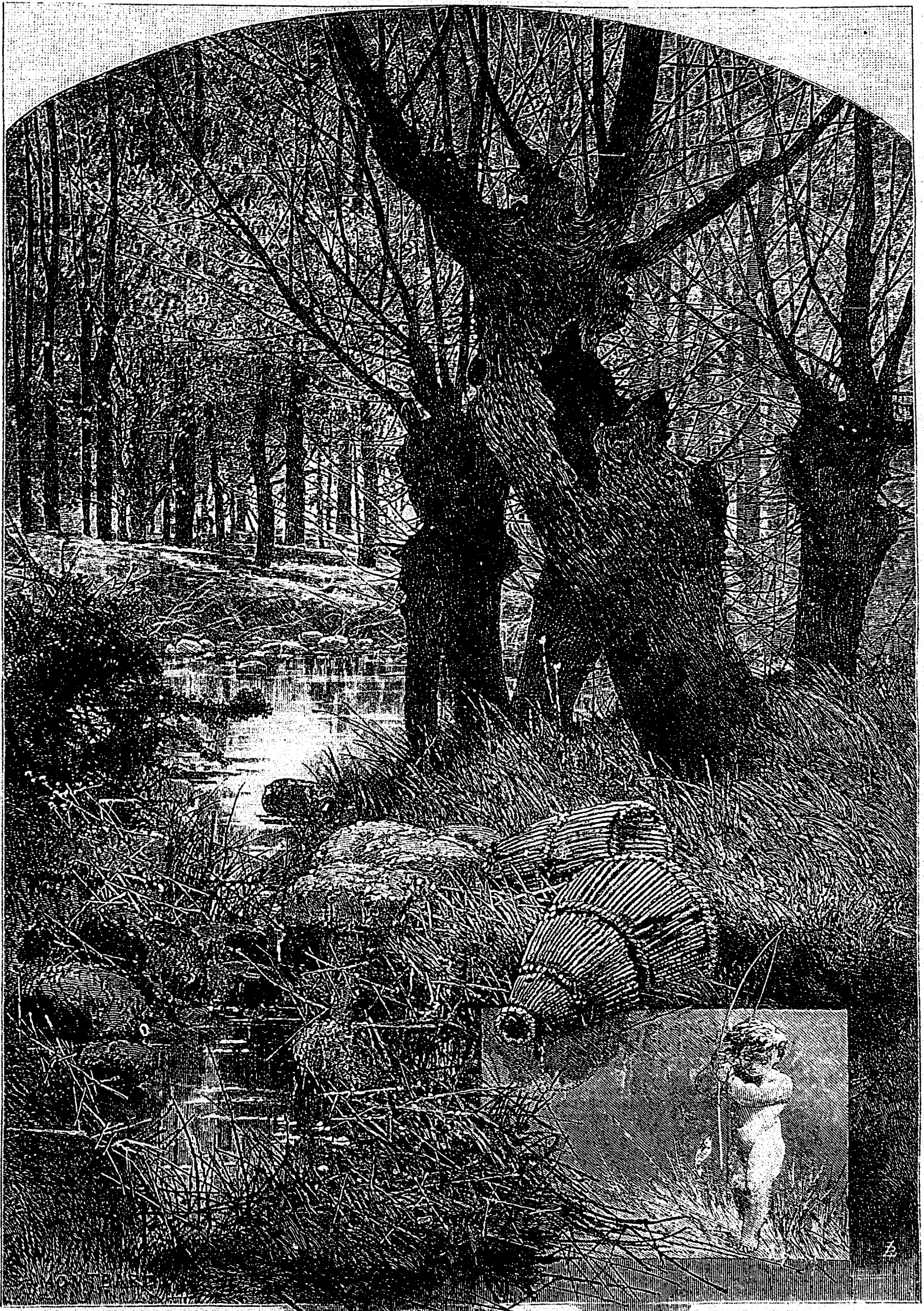
If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with extensive doctors or humbug cure-all, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. See "Proverbs" in another column.



THE WIMBLEDON SCANDAL.—COURT-MARTIAL OF SERGEANT MARSHMAN.



GRAVOSA ON THE ADRIATIC WHERE THE ALLIED FLEET IS ASSEMBLED.



AUTUMN.

## UBI MISER, IBI CHRISTUS.

It was the eve of Easter Day,  
Her heart within was sad;  
"They have taken away my Lord," she said,  
"And how should I be glad?"

"I see the thorns, the cross, the grave,  
The dead hands wounded sore;  
But the risen form of the Crucified,  
Is lost for evermore."

"Why say you so," the answer came,  
"When you this very day  
Have seen the Christ for whom you mourn,  
And wiped his tears away?"

"He suffers with his people still;  
Who binds the broken limb,  
Or fills the aching heart with hope,  
Has done it unto Him."

"A sign," she cried, "that this is so,"  
"Thou hast it in thy breast;  
The token is the peace of Christ—  
Know this and be at rest."

## RAT PORTAGE.

On a low, sandy point, in a small bay, or harbour, on the northern shore of the Lake of the Woods, in the District of Keewatin, and within less than a mile from the outlet of the lake, stands the bustling little town of Rat Portage. The selection of the site reflects the wisdom of its founders, whether viewed in regard to the navigation of the lake, or in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, which passes immediately in rear of the town. A post of the Hudson Bay Company had been established near this spot some few years previously, but it was not until the spring of 1879 that the stranger came to invade the solitude of the "forest primeval," and lay the foundation of the future town where the wolf and the wild Indian had so recently roamed in quiet security. From the facilities afforded for the transportation of supplies, by utilizing the water stretches of the lakes in the vicinity of the C. P. R., the contractors for section B of that line, which commences here, made this their headquarters, and erected their stores, warehouses, offices, and other buildings at the southern extremity of the point, and thus formed the nucleus of the present town. Soon, individual enterprise manifested itself in the erection of numerous shops, boarding-houses and private dwellings, to which were added in due time law and land offices, public jail, photograph gallery, and other places for useful purposes and for amusement and pleasure. In short, we have here all the ingredients that go to make up the usual outfit of a modern frontier town, and what may be considered a true type of Western life and enterprise. Originally the town was laid off in four principal streets, running parallel to the western side of the point; these, again, were intersected by cross streets, at right angles. This regularity of outline, however, does not seem to have been closely observed by the first settlers, who, either from a culpable lack of knowledge of their own, or their neighbours' landmarks, or from an inexcusable disregard of the true line of harmony in their eager pursuit of worldly gain, placed their buildings at random, an error, however, which is now being corrected by the removal of the old buildings and the placing of the new ones in exact line with the streets. The recent discoveries of gold and silver on some of the islands of the lake, as also on the mainland in the immediate vicinity, may reasonably be expected to give fresh impetus to the business and growth of the place; and, indeed, already we hear of extensive preparations going on in view of the expected rush; but until such an event takes place, trade must depend chiefly upon the extensive works going on in connection with the construction of the C. P. R. This place has, also, many attractions for the tourist and pleasure-seeker, who might linger with satisfaction for days viewing the delightful scenery that abounds along the margin, and among the islands, of the Lake of the Woods. Just in front of the town, and away in the distance southward, may be seen a number of small, low islands, covered with a dense growth of birch and poplar, whose rich green foliage, reaching down to the wild grasses that fringe the margin of the lake, and touched here and there with the sombre hue of the evergreen, presents a rare picture of sylvan loveliness. We may also add to this, as a source of pleasure, the frequent glimpses of beautiful water-stretches to be seen from the islands, with numerous craft of almost every description, among which may be heard daily the plashing of the little side-wheel, and the fitful panting of the diminutive propeller, as they thread their way through the tortuous channel among the islands, seemingly impatient of their imprisonment, and eager to gain their freedom in the wider expansion of the lake. Those of a romantic turn of mind also can have their soul satisfied, by a visit to the Falls, on the outlet of the lake, a short distance to the west of the town, and a little way beyond the C. P. R. Here, the waters emerging from the tranquil waters of the lake, are gradually confined to a narrow channel between rocky banks, where the waters rush wildly down over an uneven bed, in a succession of falls, the distance of eighteen feet—perpendicular height—to the basin below. Our sketch shows the northern part of the town, with the Hudson Bay Company's buildings on the left, and numerous stores, boarding-houses and private dwellings in the centre. The contractors' warehouses and other buildings are not seen from this point. The land and canoes in the foreground are on the north-western side of the bay, in close proximity to the C. P. R.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

WHEN the telegram announcing Ayooob Khan's defeat, was read in the House of Lords, the cheers of the Bishops were among the loudest.

THE jockey who lately accompanied a peer into a club for the purpose of dining with him, and whose presence was objected to by the club, has been the cause of the passing of several by-laws in clubs frequented by sporting lords, to the effect that in future jockeys are not to accompany their employers into the clubs to which they belong for the purpose of eating and drinking.

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

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

THE abandonment of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Australia, during the Melbourne Exhibition is caused by a wise prudence on the part of His Royal Highness. Having visited both Canada and India, as Her Apparent and representative of Her Majesty, it would be impossible to proceed to Australia with less prestige than exhibited on those occasions. The present state of the public finances and the uncertainty of the future precluded all idea of asking Parliament to bear the cost of the Royal visit, but in the face of an unavoidably increased income tax, and the Prince of Wales is, therefore, compelled to postpone the State visit he would have loved to make until a more prosperous time.

THE House of Commons has invented a new mode of suppressing bores. One night, recently, while an Irish member was prosing on at great length, to the great discomfort of the House, an honourable member who had fallen asleep began to snore. For that that honourable member, hitherto painfully awake, were evidently grateful. As the Irish member proceeded, snored from the most opposite quarters of the House accompanied him in a kind of spontaneous symphony, while peals of laughter followed every fresh outbreak of the somnolent epidemic. The speaker did not make much headway against this happy combination of slumber and hilarity, and was compelled to bring his remarks to a speedy conclusion.

THE new hat for ladies, the "Makart," is of black felt, worn without either feather, or tassel, or flower. It is flat and round, the brim wide enough to shade the eyes, and becoming to every face, while the blonde complexion with blue eyes grows absolutely irresistible beneath its shadow. The Princess of Wales, when called upon to choose the autumn hats for the young Princesses, rejected at once the Tam O'Shanter in favour of the "Makart." The shape has been adopted from Makart's picture of himself, as seen riding in front of the band of painters forming part of the procession of the trades organized at Antwerp in commemoration of the entry of Charles V. into the city, and was immediately seized upon as a novelty from its very semblance of antiquity.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT found himself in an exceedingly unpleasant position lately. He came into the House in a jaunty manner about nine o'clock and found the House engaged in considering the amendment of Mr. Fowler. Sir William immediately jumped to his feet and proceeded to demolish the member for Wolverhampton with a display of that learning for which "Historicus" is famous, and which Mr. Gladstone so happily described as "portentous erudition." But the moment he sat down Mr. Beresford-Hope jumped up and proceeded to denounce him for attacking an amendment which had been already accepted by Mr. Osborne Morgan. Vainly then did Sir William explain that he criticized only in his capacity as member and not officially as secretary; vainly did he try to be jocular in saying that he was not aware that the amendment had been accepted by the Judge-Advocate-General. "Perhaps I ought to have known it, but I did not." All was useless. He had made a blunder and had to suffer for it. Lord Hartington rose and calmly threw the luckless Home Secretary completely overboard, and assured the House that while Sir William had a perfect right to express his own opinion on the amendment, the amendment was certainly accepted by the Government. Sir William was completely sat upon, and no one seemed very sorry, and it is said that Mr Osborne Morgan was not exactly broken-hearted at the discomfiture of his honourable colleague, who made desperate efforts to look as if he rather liked being snubbed than otherwise.

THERE are many marvels and mysteries about Lord Beaconsfield, but surely not the least is his miraculous retention of the historical curl. Mr. Gladstone, three years younger, is bald save for a few straggling conglomerations of straight hair that thinly cover his crown. Lord Granville, many years his junior, has a bald

pate. Yet Lord Beaconsfield, old even among the long lived members of the House of Lords, has not diminished his stock of hair by a single thread, but rather on great occasions, and gradually as the years advance, he increases it. This is the prime mystery of the phenomenon. Of course more or less hair on the head is a matter not entirely dependable on age. Sir Charles Diike, the youngest of Her Majesty's principal Ministers, is growing grievously bald. Mr. Edward Jenkins, whose rapid advance towards the premiership has been suddenly cut short, is so aggressively bald that he might, like the man in Illinois, put on his hat with a shoe horn. On the other hand, two of the oldest men in the House have really tremendous crops of hair. Nobody knows how old the O'Gorman Mahon is. His natal day is lost in the obscurity of the early ages. It is known that he was in Parliament before the Reform Bill. There are records of his being Admiral of the Chillian Fleet and generalissimo of the armies of Peru, two events which must have followed each other at considerable intervals of time. His age has been guessed at eighty-four, but say he is only eighty, and the marvel remains that he should have such a luxuriant crop of hair. As for Sir Robert Carden, he blushing admits to be seventy-nine, and yet he boasts, the most tremendous crop of hair in the High Court of Parliament. It is, as Lord Randolph Churchill says, like a mop in hysterics, and endows the benevolent alderman with a chronic look of pained surprise, suggestive of his just having heard that a fresh election petition has been filed at Barnstaple. All this is remarkable, yet explicable, but how are we to account for the unquestioned fact that Lord Beaconsfield's hair varies in quantity, being specially abundant on those occasions when he prominently appears in public? He certainly does not wear a wig. Is there any art known to hairdressers by which hair can in more or less bountiful quantity be attached to the human pate?

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Marquis of Anglessea has returned to Paris with his bride, and is said to be in treaty for the purchase of the splendid Hotel Alberti, the finest mansion in the Champs Elysees. The great beauty and splendid toilette of the Marchioness have become the sensation of the Bois. The occupants of the carriages, as well as the pedestrians, wait for the passage of the brilliant turn-out of the Marquis, and follow slowly in its wake as the two magnificent grays proceed *en pas* round the Lac.

A VERY curious scene occurred some evenings since at the Châtelet Theatre where the *Pitules du Diable*, is still being played. A gentleman was so much amused by the fun of the piece that he laughed until his jaw came actually out of joint. The alarm of his wife at this sudden check to his cachinnations may be easily imagined, but the medical officer attached to the building soon restored the laughter's maxillary equilibrium, and the couple returned to their seats, not to lose the end of the play. The gentleman was seen to smile later on, but with evident caution, and as though he feared that merely to open his mouth would place him in the same predicament as before.

THE pick is about to be applied to the walls of the old Hotel de la Providence, where Charlotte Corday alighted on the 11th July, 1793, and whence she started on the 13th to go and murder Marat. The hotel stands at the corner of the rue d'Argout and the Rue Sully, and is included among the blocks to be demolished to make way for the new General Post Office. Strange to say, the same architect who demolished Marat's house has now been called upon to bring to the ground the one wherein Charlotte Corday lived for two days previous to the murder. Her room was in the first story, and the street window was an iron balcony, which has been purchased by M. Jules Claretie, the Paris journalist.

THE fashion of the new hat adopted by the Parisian belles is called *la Clarisse Harlowe*. It is modelled exactly upon the one seen in the engravings to the first edition of Richardson's novel. The brim is very broad, and yet does not conceal the face; the crown is low, and is almost encircled with ostrich feathers of various length, and of many colours. The brim is flexible, and sometimes adorned at the extreme edge with a full-blown rose. A large pale fichu of fine muslin crossed over the bosom, and tied in a huge knot at the waist behind, is worn with the *Clarisse Harlowe* as indispensable "*pour sauceres les proportions*."

THE *corsage académique* promises to be the reigning fashion for the coming winter, and may be called a caprice of fashion more novel than becoming. Whatever the colour of the dress, whatever the material—silk, satin or surah—the broad cuffs and narrow collars must be of scarlet cloth, the latter made to stand up, and both of them embroidered in a wreath of gold acorns, or of dark green cloth worked in lighter green. From the collar to the waist a band of gold or green embroidery terminates the *corsage*, and is to give to our youthful belles as near a resemblance as possible to the *corps saye*, who sit on the benches of the Académie.

THE French word "menu" indicates the care that should be taken and the attention demanded for the smallest detail in the ordering of a dinner. It is almost as much an art to compose a good menu as to cook a good dinner. Of course, the one is nothing without the other, and the best menu would be a failure in the hands of a *gargotier*, just as no art or skill in the preparation of the dishes could make up for a senseless menu. The truth is that simplicity is the main secret of a good menu. The taste and age of one's guest, the time of the year, the climate—we should like to say the weather—all have to be consulted; otherwise a menu degenerates into a *carte de restaurant*. The gastronomic code of Brillat-Savarin, the writings of Alexandre Dumas père, of Carême, Frauchantelli, and many others, are standard works and very profitable reading.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

A BEGGAR, at the street corner, holds out his hand to a passer-by, who, after fumbling in his pocket, says:

"I have no coppers."  
The beggar, very humbly:  
"I would not refuse silver."

SOME of these children's sayings are terrible. The following is the latest French example:  
A little girl inquired of her mother whether it was true that she intended to marry again.  
The mother confessed.  
"Then," said the child, "you will no longer bear papa's name!"

AT the head of a leading business street:  
"Hello! where do you come from, old fellow?"

"From one of my creditors. And, would you believe it, I had the greatest trouble in the world to make him accept a little money!"  
"How was that?"  
"Why, because he wanted much."

IN a restaurant:  
"Waiter, have you any cold veal?"  
"Yes, sir, it's on the fire."

HOW I found out that Forbes did not own a watch and never took a bath:  
One day a friend asked him why he did not go in to bathe.

"Why I? Because I am always afraid to forget my watch in the bath house."  
Then the friend discovered that he did not have a watch, and asked him the reason.  
"Because, if I had one, I should always be afraid to forget it in the bath house."

A SILK MERCHANT, of rather uncertain age, but noted for the elegance of his attire and his gallantry to the sex—especially the young—was in attendance at a large party, not a hundred miles from Montreal. As usual, he was very attentive to the young ladies, and one young fellow, standing apart, inquired of another:  
"Who is the ancient party?"  
"They call him Moiré."  
"Rather a fine old specimen."  
"Just so. A specimen of *moire antique*."

I HAVE just picked up an anecdote of Siraudin, the celebrated Vaudevilleist.  
He was dining on the terrace of Marguery, when suddenly he spied in his broth a magnificent red hair.  
"Waiter!"  
"Yes?"  
"What is this?"  
"That, sir, is a hair."  
"Well!"  
"No doubt it fell from Monsieur's head."  
Siraudin took off his hat.  
Stupefaction of waiter at sight of a billiard ball.

ON hearing somebody relate Sir John's latest joke about the sea-serpent in British Columbia, a disgusted Liberal remarked:  
"He needn't go so far in search of the monster. Old Macdonald himself is the biggest of sea-serpents."

RHYMES have frequently a strange fascination and one catches himself weaving them for hours unconsciously. Last night, having been suddenly awakened, I counted sleep by finding quaint rhymes. Among the curious discoveries I made was this: *October* has no other rhyme except *sobor*. At least I found none, and have not had time to look up Walker's Rhyming Dictionary. And yet *October* is not a *sobor* month by any means, considering the amount of beer that is made, if not drunk.

AMONG the curiosities of English phrase is an expression which allows of a truth and an untruth being uttered in the same breath. For instance, yesterday I heard a friend of mine scold a poor poltroon, reproaching him with the fact that he was afraid of everything and everybody.  
"I am afraid of nothing," was the clever and witty reply.  
LACLEDE.

IT is announced that Salvini, the Italian tragedian, has signed a contract whereby he engages to play five months in the United States, beginning November 25. He will be supported by an American company.

**MY NEIGHBOUR.**

"Love thou thy neighbour," we are told,  
"Even as thyself." That creed I hold;  
But love her more, a thousand fold!

My lovely neighbour; oft we meet  
In lonely lane, or crowded street;  
I know the music of her feet.

She little thinks how, on a day,  
She must have missed her usual way,  
And walked into my heart for aye.

Or how the rattle of her dress  
Thrills thro' me like a soft caress,  
With trembles of deliciousness.

Wee woman, with her smiling mien,  
And soul ecstasially serene,  
She passes me, unconscious queen.

Her face most innocently good,  
While shyly peeps the sweet red blood;  
Her form a nest of womanhood!

Like Raleigh—for her dainty tread,  
When wafted air,—I could spread  
My cloak, but there's my heart instead.

Ah, neighbour, you will never know  
Why 'tis my step is quickened so;  
Nor what the prayer I murmur low.

I see you 'mid your flowers at morn,  
Fresh as the rose-bud newly born;  
I marvel, can you have a thorn!

If so, 'twere sweet to lean one's breast  
Against it, and, the more it prest,  
Sing like the bird that grief hath blest.

I hear you sing! And thro' me spring  
Both musically rippled and ring;  
Little you think I'm listening!

You know not, dear, how dear you be;  
All dearer for the secrecy;  
Nothing, and yet a world to me.

So near, too! You could hear me sigh,  
Or see my ease with half an eye;  
But must not. There are reasons why.

GERALD MASSEY.

**OUR CHESS COLUMN.**

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

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks.  
B., Montreal.—Thanks for the packet of problems. They will be very useful.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 293.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solutions received of Problems nos. 291 and 295.

We have had an opportunity recently of glancing over the Chess Column of *Brooklyn Monthly* for September, and find it a much interesting matter. The Solver's Corner will attract the attention of those who delight in difficult positions, and, doubtless, they will accept the invitation extended to them therein.

The games appear to be well selected, and the names of Mackenzie, DeLamar and Masou, amongst others, will not fail to tempt many amateurs to ascertain with the aid of the b and what these renowned masters of chess were able to accomplish in recent encounters. The problems are beautifully printed.

"Chess on the lawn" has its lovers, and is no longer a thing unknown, but "chess near the sea" is a new luxury to many, both in England and Canada, but as far as the former is concerned it does not appear to be sufficiently appreciated. That they manage these things better in France is evident from the following extract from *Lard and Water*, of the 11th ult.:

"There are some things managed pretty well in France, and amongst them must be included the combination of the sea air with chess. We must hold our ears to our French neighbours in that respect. A similar union has been attempted at Brighton, but not with successful results. The metropolitan chess player goes there amongst other Londoners, but he either cannot or will not play his favourite game when there. We fancy he would, but is unable. The Parisian chessist is more fortunate. He goes to Trouville, and at its casino mixes his chess and his coffee with ozone, deriving a twofold pleasure which he evidently highly appreciates. According to *La Revue* a considerable number of chess-players have lately been assembled at Trouville, amongst whom may be mentioned De Riviere, Bousquet, Hamel, L'esperance, De Mazarin, Max Kann, Louvenstein, Morpize, Chinzery, Desrois, Duray, Vicomte De Cozeau and De Lanotte, the Comte De Tamisier, and the Abbe Vincent. Three games were lately played at the Casino de Trouville by some M. de Riviere and Mr. Hamel, of which we give one above. Until some similar resort be established in this country English chessists might do worse than pay a visit to Trouville in the summer time.

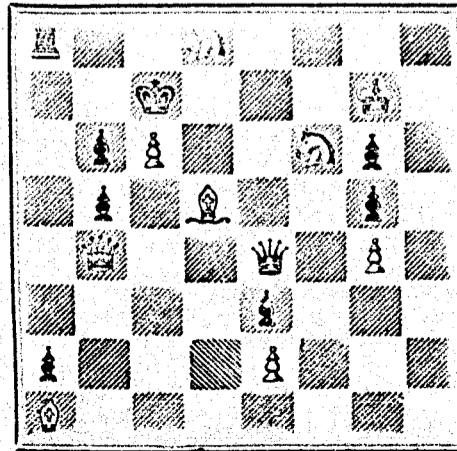
Mr. Sheriff Spens has won the championship of the Glasgow Chess Club and become the possessor of the Macfarlane cup.

Mr. Charles Mohle, of the Manhattan Chess Club leaves for England this week, on a business visit, and the Manhattan Chess Club this loss, for a time, one of its best players. This, with Mr. Mackenzie's absence, probably makes it impossible to arrange for a match with Philadelphia at present.—*Harvard Times*.

**PROBLEM No. 297.**

By W. T. Pierce.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**GAME 436TH.**

Played two years ago in the United States between Messrs. Orchard and DeLmar.

Ray Lopez.

<b>White.—(Mr. Orchard.)</b>	<b>Black.—(Mr. DeLmar.)</b>
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Kt 5	3. Kt to B 3
4. P to Q 3 (a)	4. B to H 4 (b)
5. Castles	5. P to Q 3
6. P to Q B 3 (c)	6. Castles
7. P to Q 4	7. P takes P
8. P takes P	8. B to Q Kt 3
9. Kt to Q B 3 (best)	9. B to K Kt 5 (d)
10. B to K J	10. B takes K Kt
11. P takes B	11. Kt to K R 4
12. K to R sq	12. P to K B 4
13. P takes P	13. Q to R 5
14. R to K Kt sq	14. Q to R 6
15. R to Kt 5	15. P to K R 3
16. B to K B sq	16. Q to R 5
17. R to Kt 4	17. Q to Q sq (e)
18. B checks	18. K to R sq
19. B to K 6	19. Kt to K 2
20. R to K R 4	20. Kt to K B 3
21. Q to Q 2	21. Kt to R 2
22. B to K Kt 5 (f)	22. Kt takes B
23. Q takes Kt	23. Kt takes B P
24. Q takes Q	24. Q R takes Q

And Black won after a few more moves.

**NOTES.**

- (a) Andersen's favourite mode of continuing the attack.
- (b) Some authorities give P Q 3 as the right move here.
- (c) B takes Kt is preferable.
- (d) The best move here.
- (e) Black's play has not helped him in the last few moves.
- (f) A bad move losing the game at once.

**SOLUTIONS.**

Solution of Problem No. 295.

<b>White.</b>	<b>Black.</b>
1. Q to K B 3	1. Any move
2. Mate acc.	

<b>White.</b>	<b>Black.</b>
1. Kt to K 6	1. P moves
2. K to Kt 2	1. P moves
3. B mates	

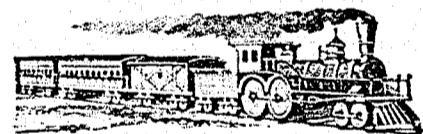
**PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 294.**

<b>White.</b>	<b>Black.</b>
Kt at Q R 4	Kt at K 8
Q at K R 5	R at Q 8
B at Q B 4	B at K B 7
Kt at K R 4	B at Q R 5
Pawns at K R 3	Kt at K B 2
Q R 2, and Q Kt 2 & 5	Pawn at K B 6

White to play and mate in two moves.

**BE YE LIKE FOOLISH.**

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Be ye likewise foolish."  
—H. W., Detroit, Mich.



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**Change of Time.**

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Arrive at Hull	10.39 a.m.	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga	1.00 a.m.	8.20 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	10.30 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
Night Passenger			
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec	6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec	8.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga	5.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	8.00 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	4.40 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome	7.15 p.m.	Mixed	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga		6.45 a.m.	
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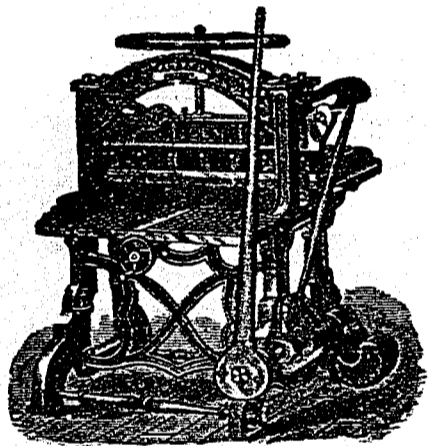
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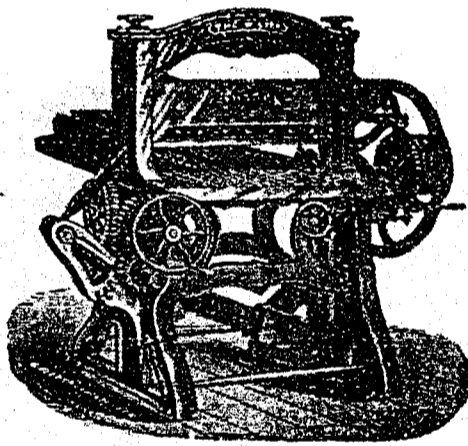
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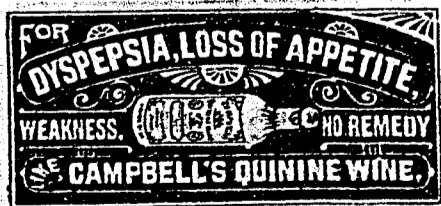
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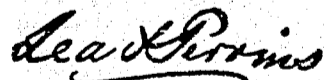
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