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Montreal Free Press

Unobstructed News

Vol. XXII.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880.

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MONTREAL LAYS ASIDE THE MODESTY WITH WHICH SHE WAS REPROACHED AT THE CITIZENS' MEETING, AND ANNOUNCES HER PROGRAMME OF ATTRACTIONS FOR THE GREAT DOMINION EXHIBITION.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

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

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TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

July 31st, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 85°	75°	80°	Mon.. 74°	56°	65°
Tues.. 80°	65°	72° 5	Tues.. 80°	53°	67° 5
Wed.. 78°	65°	71° 5	Wed.. 73°	63°	68°
Thur.. 74°	64°	69°	Thur.. 82°	62°	72°
Fri.. 72°	65°	68° 5	Fri.. 80°	68°	74°
Sat.. 78°	63°	70° 5	Sat.. 85°	67°	76°
Sun.. 78°	64°	71°	Sun.. 86°	66°	76°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 7, 1880.

PACIFIC RAILWAY ROUTES.

A pamphlet has appeared during the week entitled "Startling Facts," relating to the Canada Pacific Railway, its route, the North-west lands, and the Western terminus, by CHARLES HORETZKY, "late of the C. P. R. Surveys." The object of this pamphlet, the time chosen to put it out, and the sending of large numbers to England, have for patriotic object to hamper the operations of the Ministers now in England. Mr. HORETZKY's title to give an opinion on this large question may fairly, as a preliminary, be inquired into. The questions discussed are those of engineering, yet Mr. HORETZKY is not an engineer. He was attached to the Survey in the capacity of a photographer, and being a good walker, came to be employed as an explorer. He tells us that he is "late of the Pacific Survey." The meaning of this, in other words, is that he did not command sufficient confidence from his immediate superiors to make it desirable to retain his services. And we are afraid that in consequence, he does not rise so much superior to the rest of mankind as to be above what is called, "taking it out in spite." We do not say that because of this reason he should not be heard, or any statement he has to make should not be considered, but it is fair that the whole tone of the pamphlet should be viewed in the light of this fact.

Mr. HORETZKY's aim is to show that the lines selected for the Canadian Pacific Railway will take it through a country containing a great deal of bad land. This is as regards the Prairie Region, while as regards the section from the Tête Jaune to Burrard Inlet in British Columbia, he treats it as simple madness. He contends that farther north there is a better country with an easy access to the Pacific through the Pine River Pass, and a much better harbour than can be obtained at Burrard. This harbour, moreover, would lie about four hundred miles nearer to China and Japan, while the road itself would be something like a hundred miles

longer. For ourselves we find in this the only point in the pamphlet which is worthy of serious consideration, and this also seems to have been the opinion of Mr. FLEMING, the late Chief Engineer, as appears from a letter quoted at length.

Mr. HORETZKY endeavours to show that it is folly to attempt to build a railway through the Rocky Mountains at the expense of many millions for the use of the few inhabitants who can settle on its line on the plateaus of the mountains, and on this point he runs into poetic description. He tells us the result of all will be a right of way and "two streaks of rust" as the monuments of Canadian folly. But surely this is very midsummer madness.

The same argument might with ten times greater force be applied to the Union and Central Pacific Railways now in successful operation between Chicago and San Francisco. That railway has much more frightful ranges of mountains to go through. There are more than double the elevations, and a much greater distance. If any body had asked the projectors of that road whether they constructed those enormous engineering works for the use of the inhabitants who lived or who might live on the rocks they pass over, he would justly have been set down as a candidate for the lunatic asylum. The same kind of argument moreover might apply to the long stretches of that railway which pass through the American Desert before coming to the Rocky Mountain district.

The real question is as to the absolutely best route of a through railway not to be built for any locality, but to serve for the vast population which must in the near future occupy the North west.

Mr. HORETZKY is at great pains to give it to be understood that the actual decision of the selection of route arrived at by the Governments of Mr. MACKENZIE as well as that of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, was compassed by means of suppressions of fact, and mutilations of reports, Mr. HORETZKY's among others. Now nobody in his senses can believe any such nonsense as this. And indeed there is a reason given by Mr. HORETZKY with respect to his own reports, viz., they were too long and not sufficiently to the point of the discussion, to justify publication by the Chief Engineer. The world will probably consider Mr. FLEMING's judgment on this point better than Mr. HORETZKY's. While, however, we find no difficulty on this head, we hesitate to express any opinion as to the route which should have been ultimately adopted in view of the important letter of Mr. FLEMING to which we have referred.

Mr. HORETZKY next gives us some high-flown phrases as to the frightful dangers to the people of Canada of fastening on them a gigantic monopoly, by giving to a railway company large tracts of land in the North-West, instead of retaining them in the hands of the Government. It is difficult to read with patience stuff of this sort, in view of the facts which we have plain before our eyes supplied by the history of the last ten years. We have the indubitable fact that the great railway companies of the Western and North-Western States have been within the last 10 years the most successful colonizers that the world has ever seen. Not only the question of their success, but that of their very existence depends on the results obtained; and they are guided to these by a sharp and intense commercial instinct. A Government such as ours, subject to changes of party every five years and spiteful and disgraceful attacks of all sorts to promote the ends of faction, cannot successfully do this work. The prices, moreover, at which these railway companies sell their lands would not, in our opinion, represent so large an amount of money as would be the cost of their propagandism to the Government. We have seen for the last ten years that the propagandism carried on by the companies to which we have referred has been almost entirely free from that kind of attack,

which has almost rendered nugatory the efforts of the Canadian Government as well under Mr. MACKENZIE as under Sir JOHN MACDONALD. If on the other hand, the Canadian Government were to determine to build the road, and pay for it by taxes, the payments would be certain, while the efforts of the Government to sell the lands might be rendered unsuccessful by reason of party attacks.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

We return to this subject again in the present number, being convinced of its importance and of the interest which the public attach to it. It is only one week since the citizens of Montreal, at the instance of the press, took the matter in hand, and already a great deal of useful work has been accomplished. A large and influential general committee has been appointed, and that committee has had an initial meeting at which a finance committee was struck, and a number of sub-committees named. The business of the finance committee is to go about and solicit subscriptions from the inhabitants of the city. It would have been more simple and more natural if the City Council had allotted this sum at once, but as it did not do so, the citizens themselves have to raise the money. The sub-committees have special duties relating to every form of amusement, and from the names of the gentlemen composing them, there is reason to believe that they will accomplish their end.

There is much work to do, however. The permanent buildings in the Exhibition grounds, are not yet finished, as will be seen by a glance at the engraving which we publish this week. The prize-lists, we believe, are not yet published; at least intending exhibitors no further away than Ottawa complain of this. Neither are the posters set up in different parts of the country. We are quite aware that an Exhibition of this kind requires a great deal of labour, and that, in the way of organization, a thousand details are constantly arising to delay progress. We feel sure also that every thing will be ready in time, as the officers connected with the Board of Arts and Manufactures and the Board of Agriculture will re-double their efforts seeing that they are, as it were, under the surveillance of a citizens' committee.

To all our readers, outside of Montreal and the Province of Quebec, we can sincerely recommend this Exhibition as an event of national importance. It is not a mere Provincial enterprise, but its scope embraces the whole Dominion, and it is intended to show what Canada is able to produce in the different branches of agriculture, manufactures and commerce. We know of no more potent means of stimulating the ambition of our people than this general display of native industry, and we look forward to the September Exhibition at Montreal with the assurance that it will go a great way toward contributing to the revival and prosperity upon which we are unmistakably entering.

We are certain that the great Province of Ontario will come forward with her usual spirit, which will be the easier as the Provincial Exhibition will take place just a week before at Toronto. The Prairie Province, we are happy to state, will be even more efficiently represented than it was at Ottawa last year. But it is especially our Maritime Provinces that we would call upon to do their very best in the way of contribution. They and we will mutually gain by knowing each other better, and the readiest way to this knowledge is through commercial transactions of this nature. For our part, we shall continue to do all we can, by pictures and letter-press, toward promoting the success of the Exhibition.

THE announcement is made that Prince Gunther the Second of Schwartzburg-Sonderhausen has abdicated because he has become near-sighted. When he wrote his name he rubbed it out with his nose, and his subjects felt mortified to see their ruler with half a pint of ink smeared on his countenance.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA'S NEW YACHT.—The new Russian Imperial yacht *Livadia*, which may without exaggeration be called a floating palace, was launched a fortnight ago at Govan, near Glasgow. She is of huge proportions, and entirely novel construction, having been designed by the great Russian Admiral Popoff, the inventor of the circular ironclads. The *Livadia* resembles an ordinary vessel, resting upon a sub-structure shaped like a turbot; the object of this peculiar formation being to render the vessel as steady as possible when at sea, and thus to guard against the horrors of *mal de mer*, against which even Imperial *voyageurs* are not always proof. The length of the vessel is 260 ft., breadth 150 ft., depth 50 ft., tonnage 11,609, and displacement 4,000, and she has three screws and three sets of engines, which it is expected will give her a speed of fourteen knots an hour. She will be manned by a crew of 260 men, and carry three swift steam launches, two lifeboats, and other boats, eleven in all.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE HUDSON TUNNEL.—At an early hour on Wednesday morning, July 21st, Jersey City and New York were thrown into intense excitement by the report of a caving-in of the tunnel now being constructed beneath the Hudson to connect the two cities. The scene of this disaster is but a short distance north of the Erie Railway yards. A working shaft 65 feet deep and 30 feet in diameter, walled with brick and with a bottom of concrete, affords the means of entering the tunnel at its western extremity, and into this the sand and silt from the excavation have been forced through pipes, to be afterwards drawn up to the surface. At a depth of 30 feet in this shaft is an air-lock, through which the tunnel itself is entered by way of a temporary tunnel 30 feet long running on a slight decline into the main tunnel, the arch of which at this point has a span of 40 feet. Just beyond, the tunnel divides into two tunnels, each 22 feet high and 20 feet broad, including the two-foot brick walls. The work in the northernmost of the tunnels has been finished to a bulkhead over 300 feet out under the water of the North River. The southern tunnel has been excavated a distance of 25 feet, and the iron shell has been laid and securely braced on all sides. The work here has been abandoned for the time, and the men were engaged in laying the iron shell in the temporary tunnel. The iron plates had been laid and bolted together up to within about a foot of the brick wall of the working shaft. The men must have been laying the last row of plates about the entrance to the air-lock at the time of the accident. These plates are about two and a half feet wide and four feet long, and are curved to fit the brickwork of the shaft. They are bolted together through the flanges on four sides.

THE ALLEGED APPARITIONS AT KNOCK.—The little village of Knock, near Claremorris, county Mayo, Ireland, has lately become famous as the scene of several miraculous visions, and hundreds of pilgrims are now flocking to it, some for devotional purposes only, and others in the hope of being cured of various diseases which afflict them. The first of the apparitions was seen on the night of the 21st of August last year by about twenty persons, who remained watching it from 7.30 until 10 o'clock. They agree in describing it as a kind of raised picture or group of living statuary, standing out, so to speak, from one of the walls of the chapel, the figures being those of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. John, besides which there was the likeness of an altar and a lamb, with a crucifix in the background. On the 2nd of January last, at noon, the parish priest, the Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, and some other persons, saw mysterious lights upon the gable and on the outside of a pillar, supporting a figure, which latter was, however, too indistinct for recognition, whilst on the outside were more pillars and some luminous scrolls. These supposed supernatural appearances have been repeated on several subsequent occasions, and are firmly believed in by thousands of the faithful, who travel from all parts of the United Kingdom to pray at the shrine. A great number of miraculous cures are also alleged to have been effected, lameness, blindness, and deafness being cured by the eating or outward application of bits of the brickwork and cement from the wall, which has been so much picked and scraped away for this purpose that it has now been boarded over. More than 200 such cures are vouched for by those who have taken pains to investigate the cases. An inquiry into the alleged visions and cures has been made by a commission, consisting of learned priests and Church dignitaries, appointed by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, and they have reported officially that the testimony is trustworthy and satisfactory. The Church has, however, as yet made no declaration concerning them, and even among Roman Catholics there are some who still have doubts.

THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM FRANCE.—The three months' term of grace accorded to the French Jesuits to leave their establishments having expired on the 30th June, the Government lost no time in fulfilling their threat of putting the decree of expulsion into force. On the morning of the 1st ult. every Jesuit convent throughout France was forcibly entered by police agents, and their inmates compelled to quit the building. In Paris the chief interest was centred in the headquarters of the Jesuit confraternity in the Rue de Sévres, where, at 4 a.m., M. Clement, a judicial functionary,

and M. Dulac, a police commissary, duly presented themselves at the door and requested admittance in the name of the law. The outer door was opened, and the two officials found themselves in the lobby before the porter's little glass retreat, where the Superior of the convent, Père Pitot, was sitting, with one or two of his friends. The police agents read the decree ordaining the closing of the convent, and requested the inner doors to be opened. This was refused both by Père Pitot and Baron de Ravignan, the latter as director of the lay society owning the premises, who protested against the action of the police as an illegal violation of that right of domicile enjoyed by all Frenchmen, and declared that they would only yield to compulsion. M. Clement accordingly sent for a locksmith, who broke open the inner door, and then M. de Ravignan, calling attention to the fact that force had been employed, said that it was useless to waste any more time, and volunteered to guide the police to the various cells. At each cell the police halted, and summoned its inmate to quit the building; and as one and all refused to comply, the police took each brother gently by the shoulders in turn; and this being regarded as sufficient compulsion, he then shouldered his packet of clothing and left, being generally accompanied by some Deputy or Senator of the Right, of whom several were present during the proceedings. The scene in the street outside was exceedingly animated, though in no way disorderly. A great crowd had congregated to see the Jesuits leave the building, and as each brother passed out, many of the bystanders knelt and asked for a blessing.

LORD DUFFERIN AT ST. PETERSBURG.

The other day Lord Dufferin, the English ambassador, called on his French confrere, Gen. Chanzy, and coldly put to him this question: "How on earth do you manage to kill time here?" From this simple anecdote you may gather some idea of the present state of the Russian capital. The English ambassador is boring himself to death here, and that is saying a good deal, for never in my life did I meet a man who knew how to wile away a dreary day better than Lord Dufferin. To begin with, the ex-governor of Canada is an unwearying worker. He has under him two or three young gentlemen who do nothing but run after each other—in other words, who do nothing. His excellency employs no one but his private secretary, who sleeps in his neighbourhood, and whom he calls up pitilessly at all hours of the night whenever he has an idea which he thinks needs jotting down on paper. From the moment they arrived Lord and Lady Dufferin assumed a prominent place in society here. While the other ambassadors in St. Petersburg have contented themselves with very mixed society, Lord and Lady Dufferin have entertained none but the most aristocratic and select. So exclusive are his receptions that even some members of the diplomatic corps are not admitted to the more private ones. The Dufferin receptions have been much talked of naturally, especially in connection with the charades that are acted at them. The host himself is the central figure of these entertainments. He throws himself into the thing with the greatest ardor. One day, for instance, he welcomed his guests in the costume of a cupid—pink tights, wings and quiver, all complete. On another occasion he donned a Scotch costume and appeared bare-legged. In some charade or other it was one night necessary to work in the word "river." Lord Dufferin calmly piled up two heaps of chairs climbed to the top of one of them, took off his dress coat, waistcoat, and white necktie, threw himself flat on the floor, and began moving his arms and legs about frantically, like a swimmer in distress. He then got up and beckoning to the band to strike up opened the ball in a waltz with Lady Dufferin. The originality of these entertainments and the systematic exclusion of all outside the pale of the most aristocratic society in the empire made a great sensation. But singular accidents happen even in the most aristocratic Russian circles. One day Lady Manclair, the wife of one of Lord Dufferin's secretaries, dropped a jewel worth about \$5,000, at an embassy reception. It was never found. You may imagine what satisfaction the non-elect got out of this story. A very similar affair took place during the transfer of the body of the Empress to the fortress. A court dignitary who was present in the little cathedral suddenly missed his gold watch and chain. None but the highest court personages were in the church, and yet, curiously enough, the missing trinkets never reappeared any more than Lady Manclair's jewel. I should not have heard any more about them had I not been casually informed one day by a weary soldier who asked me to pay the cost of the ferry across the river for him that he was the bearer of a warrant for the arrest of an officer in the guards for this very theft.

TO PREVENT DROWNING.

A Wesleyan minister, the Rev. W. Cowell Brown, has patented, says the Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph, an invention which appears to be a simple and practical means of lessening the number of deaths by drowning. A chemical preparation is inserted in a portion of the coat, waistcoat, or dress. It does not add to the weight or in any way alter the appearance of the garment. The preparation is inserted between the lining and the cloth; in the case of a coat, it is placed on each side of the breast and up the back. The moment a man falls into the water the

coat inflates, and he cannot keep his head under the waves. The invention was practically tested at the swimming bath of the Sheffield Bath Company. First, two small pieces of linen, with part of the preparation inserted between the folds, were thrown into the water. The linen instantly inflated so as to form a miniature cushion and floated about the bath. An attendant of the company then put on a coat with the preparation inserted in it. He first went under a shower-bath, where he was thoroughly drenched, to show that inflation would not take place under the ordinary circumstances of a shower. Under the shower-bath the coat did not alter its proportions in any way whatever. The attendant then took a "header" into the water. He reappeared at the surface almost immediately, and the coat promptly inflated. Entering a part of the bath deep enough to take him up to the eyes, he could not touch bottom at all, and the water scarcely reached his chin. By a struggle he dived partly beneath the surface, but came up again instantly. Divesting himself of the garment, it floated about the bath till it was taken out. The inventor then attached a piece of lead weighing three pounds to his appliance, which presents the appearance of a short, light sleeve, or lining, and threw it into the water. The sleeve on touching the water instantly expanded like a small bolster, and floated about the bath well out of the water, sustaining the lead weight till both were fished out. The experiments were as interesting as they were successful. The inventor states that his apparatus, which would simply form an additional lining inserted in a portion of the garment, would sustain a person in the water as long as he could possibly endure the exposure. For 45 or 50 hours it would be effective for its purpose. In the event of a person losing consciousness, the lining in the back would form a kind of bed, and that in the breast a pair of pillows, against which his head would rest.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE NORTH-WEST.

The story may be freely reproduced as follows: Proceeding to St. Paul via Chicago, General Sherman and party reached St. Cloud, or old Sauk Rapids, over the St. Paul and Manitoba Railroad, and continuing west and north-westwardly till they reached the railroad running due north, down and along the Red River of the North to Winnipeg in the British possessions. Winnipeg is the capital and contains a population of 12,000. And is the centre of the newly developed region, the Province of Manitoba. On arriving there Governor Cauchon received the General with military and civil honours, taking him to his house, where he remained as his civil and military guest about three days. Governor Cauchon is about 64 years of age, a French-Canadian, and a man long associated with public life in Canada. He is exactly similar in appearance, the General said, to the Creoles of St. Louis and New Orleans. He is a man of intelligence and undoubted merit. He is just as familiar with our customs, manners and institutions as any citizen of the United States. So far as being under any control by the British Home Government, he is as independent as the Governor of Missouri. He is an appointee of the Governor-General at Ottawa, holds his office for five years, and has his advisers, or civil cabinet, just like the Governors of our States. All his cabinet are men of intelligence and natives of the Province of Manitoba. He looks forward to the time when he will retire and be relieved from the cares of office, as he is the owner of large landed estates, and is living with his third wife, a young lady of Ottawa.

The Government is a good one, economically and honestly conducted, and apparently as free as this country. All the officials are elective except the Governor-General and the Governors of the Provinces, and perhaps the judiciary, which the General was not certain about. As to any talk of annexation, there is none. There is no more talk of annexation to the United States than there is of the annexation of the United States to Canada.

Sitting Bull is out in the Wood mountains, about 800 miles west of Winnipeg. The people there have no more faith in him than we have on this side of the line. The military police have charge of the Indians. Col. McCloud and Major Welsh of the military police have the right to try and punish Indians for individual crimes, the same as the courts do, and the consequence is they can punish the very Indians who commit any offence, instead of punishing a tribe as we do.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, the proprietor of the New York Herald, is preparing for a very curious match. He has offered to shoot pigeons against M. Dorlodot, a Belgian, in the Bois de Boulogne, for £1,000. The betting at present is on the Belgian.

M. MOLIER, a wealthy young gentleman who moves in fashionable French society, and who is known as the possessor of a private circus gave a fête in that establishment. There was a large attendance of *gens du monde*, sportsmen and actresses, and the performances of the amateur troupe brought together by M. Moliere, passed off very successfully, the night ending at a rather advanced hour in the next morning by a dance and a rather curious collation, composed

of *soup aux choux* (cabbage soup) and unlimited champagne.

AMONG the Jesuits of Paris dispersed was one named Forbes; this is also the name of the pastor of the church of the English Embassy, and who has just been presented with some silver souvenirs on his leaving for England. The subscribers indignantly inform a French journal, which made a confusion in the names, that their Forbes had no connection with the house over the way. Jesuit Forbes was once an officer in the Indian Army, who during a serious illness promised his mother, a Catholic, to become a Jesuit if he recovered.

A MR. GASTALDONI, of Vincenza, has invented a new pianoforte, which can make the sound of each key last as long as the player wishes, just like a violin, flute, or any other instrument, violin or not. And yet it is not an organ, but only a pianoforte. Liszt, Rubinstein, and other great pianists, are quite enthusiastic over this invention, and say that quite a new era in pianoforte playing begins with it. The Government, also, and the Royal Family are encouraging the inventor, though he will probably have to go to England and America with it if he wishes to make any profit by it during his life. There would be plenty of inventors in Italy if there were more encouragement for them.

AN enterprise of a novel kind. M. Dignat, evidently a practical manager, has left Paris for Brussels, with a Theatre, all ready constructed and ingeniously packed in boxes, comprising lustres and seats, which can be put together and taken asunder in forty-eight hours. It was constructed by M. Godin, and the decorations are by M. Robecchi, who has also painted for it five panoramas each, nearly a mile and a quarter long, representing "Nordenskjold's Voyage," "The Coal and Iron Age," "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (from Jules Verne's book), and "Paris by Day and by Night." Now that panoramas are becoming all the rage, this idea might be taken up and improved on.

DURING the siege of Paris, Sarah Bernhardt and Marie Roze were foremost among the heroic women, who devoted their means and energies in organizing relief for the sick and wounded. Or one occasion, when Marie Roze had rendered the ambulance, under Sarah Bernhardt's charge, a particular service, she received a most characteristic letter from Bernhardt of which the following is a translation:—"L'Ambulance de l'Odeon. Dear charming artiste,—Thanks in the name of my wounded! If ever you have need of me, count on my true gratitude.—your admirer, Sarah Bernhardt." After the peace was declared, both Sarah Bernhardt and Marie Roze received the bronze medal and diploma of thanks from the Geneva Convention; and, in addition, a medal from the City of Paris for distinguished services.

AN extraordinary statement appears in the *Journal de Tribunaux*. A train arrived at Metz had for one of its passengers a *quasi courier* from the Emperor of Russia. One of the officials of the French Custom House noticed that the traveller's baggage was very extensive for an imperial courier, and insisted on a search. Couriers from the Sovereigns of Europe, it should be stated are free from being thus "visited" provided that their luggage is marked with the diplomatic seal, but this official had heard that one of these seals had been stolen from the Imperial Court of Russia, and hence his insisting on making a search. He was rewarded by finding in the luggage of this sham courier 24,000 cigars, and the trapped traveller was at once lodged in prison. The next day another "courier" arrived from Russia; his baggage too was visited, and in it were found 25,000 cigars. It is said that this little 'game has been very frequently played of late, till at last the officials of the French *douane* were determined to stop it.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Princess Amazulu, first cousin to King Cetewayo, has rapidly progressed in English civilization; she was last heard of, clothed, and in her right mind, selling cigars at the "annual grand barmaid contest" in London. *Sic transit, &c.*

It is a pleasant thing on the part of Americans to help in decorating our ancient churches. Not very long ago they gave windows to Westminster Abbey, one commemorating the genius of Cowper, the other the quaint poetry of Herbert. Now they are putting a window into St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is to commemorate Raleigh's many visits to America, where he discovered the potato and tobacco.

ONE of the London papers is already sending out a man to China in anticipation of a row. He is under orders to go to Kuldja. How he proposes to go to Kuldja is, however, not so clear. The journey through China would take a man something like five months, if he travels very quickly, but if he is at all slow in his movements he might arrive on the border some time after the war is over and has been forgotten.

LORD GRANVILLE was sixty-five years of age on May 11 last. The birth of a son to him, therefore, is a matter for special congratulation. This is the fourth child by his present countess, his second wife, a daughter of the Campbells of Islay—the fourth child and the second son. Upon the Liberal leaders it would seem that age produces youth. Here is Mr. Gladstone at seventy sitting up all night and seeing the Speaker home, and then going to his room and writing a long letter to the Queen; while the leader of the Upper House, as he verges towards the seventies, can vary the monotony of his struggle with the Peers by fondling his own son of a day or two old.

MR. GLADSTONE'S words—that he should never sit in another Tory Parliament—are differently interpreted by different people. The melancholy interpretation is, that he believes his physical strength may shortly fail him. Another belief is that he is so out of patience with Parliamentary life as it exists in the present House of Commons, that he is determined, come what will, to fight shy of Parliament after the present Government has ended its lease. It has been painfully apparent to Mr. Gladstone's friends that the last few weeks has made a perceptible difference in his appearance, and very much exhausted him. Unlike Earl Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone feels all that he does and says, and therefore the strain upon him is proportionately great.

THE latest fashionable folly is flowers. To do a "great" thing, to be talked about for two days "in society," and to be laughed at by all the rest of the world, an entertainer must now fill his house from the doorway to the ceiling of the drawing-room with a multitude of flowers, including the most splendid exotics. One hostess, giving a ball the other night, spent hundreds of pounds over flowers, which began to fade before the dancing was finished. Flowers were banked and twined everywhere, and they were very lovely. But their chief charm lay in their cost. Some of them which lay about in profusion were a guinea apiece, and that made the hostess proud at the astonishment of her guests. Never, we are told, were landlords nearer ruin; yet for years we have not had such a season as the present, and its extravagant conclusion is worthy of its beginning.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, July 26.—Lord Rosebery has accepted the nomination to the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University.—The Irish compensation bill was passed in the House of Commons last night by a vote of 303 to 237.—A small steamer, with an excursion party on board, was capsized on Lake Bielle, near Berne, and seventeen persons were drowned.—The Chinese Ambassador to Russia has reached Berlin, where he will have a conference with Prince Hohenlohe before proceeding to St. Petersburg.—The Queen is said to have sent an autograph letter to the Sultan, urging his compliance with the demands of the Powers. An ultimatum from the Powers is said to be impending.—Latest advices from China say British and Russian men-of-war which visited the Corea were prevented by the Coreans from effecting a landing. The export of grain from the Corea has been forbidden. There is no further news of the Kuldja question.

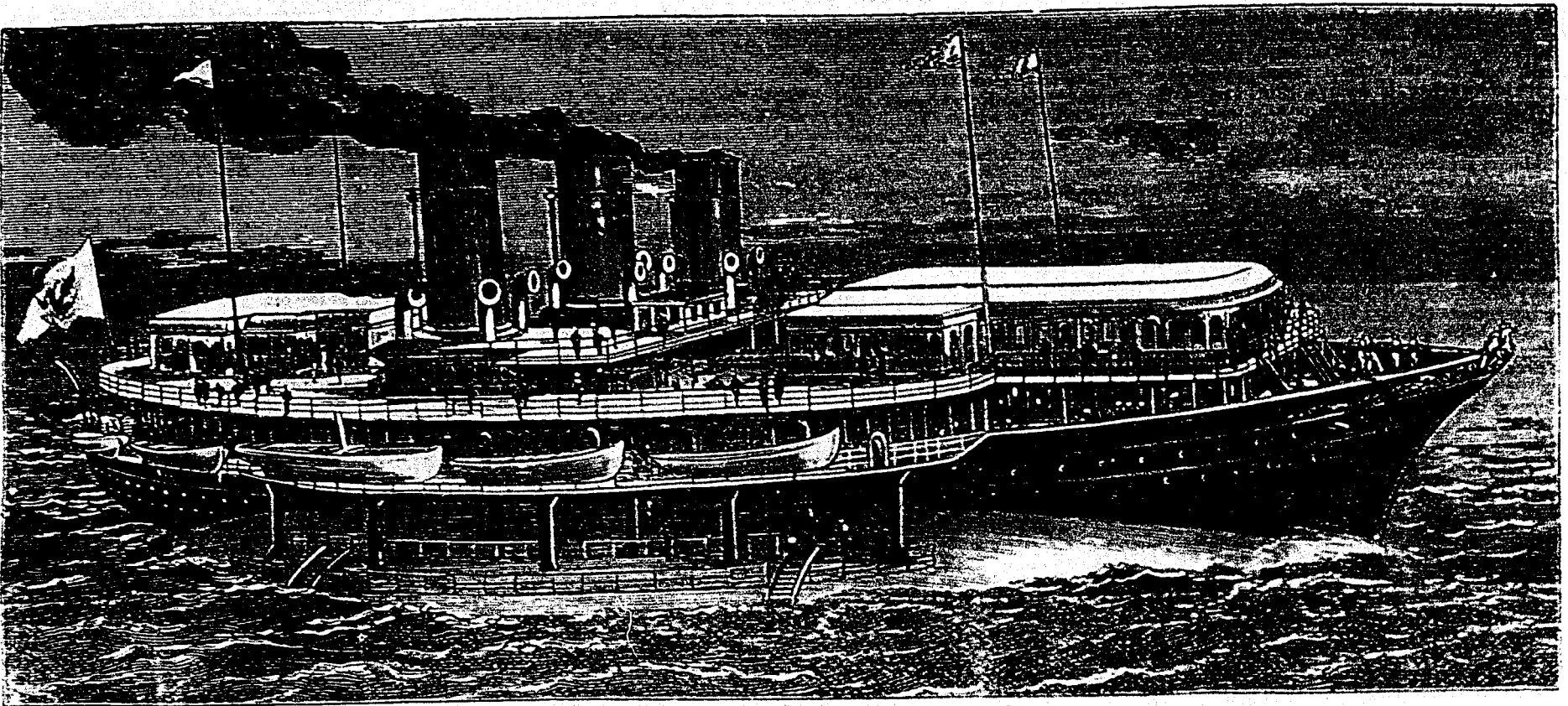
TUESDAY, July 27.—"Reveller" won the Goodwood stakes yesterday.—The eruption of Mount Vesuvius is increasing in extent.—Trickett, the Australian sculler, arrived in London on Monday.—The Porte's reply to the collective note of the Powers was handed to the foreign ambassadors yesterday.—The Irish compensation bill was introduced in the House of Lords last night. Second reading is fixed for Monday.—Cheering reports of the Irish harvest prospects were given at a meeting of the Land League in Dublin yesterday.—Mr. Dillon considered that further donations of money to relieve the distress were not necessary.

WEDNESDAY, July 28.—Servia is mobilizing her army.—Greece has obtained a loan of 30,000,000 francs.—A Fenian revival is taking place in Manchester.—Marine engineers are in great request by the Russian Government.

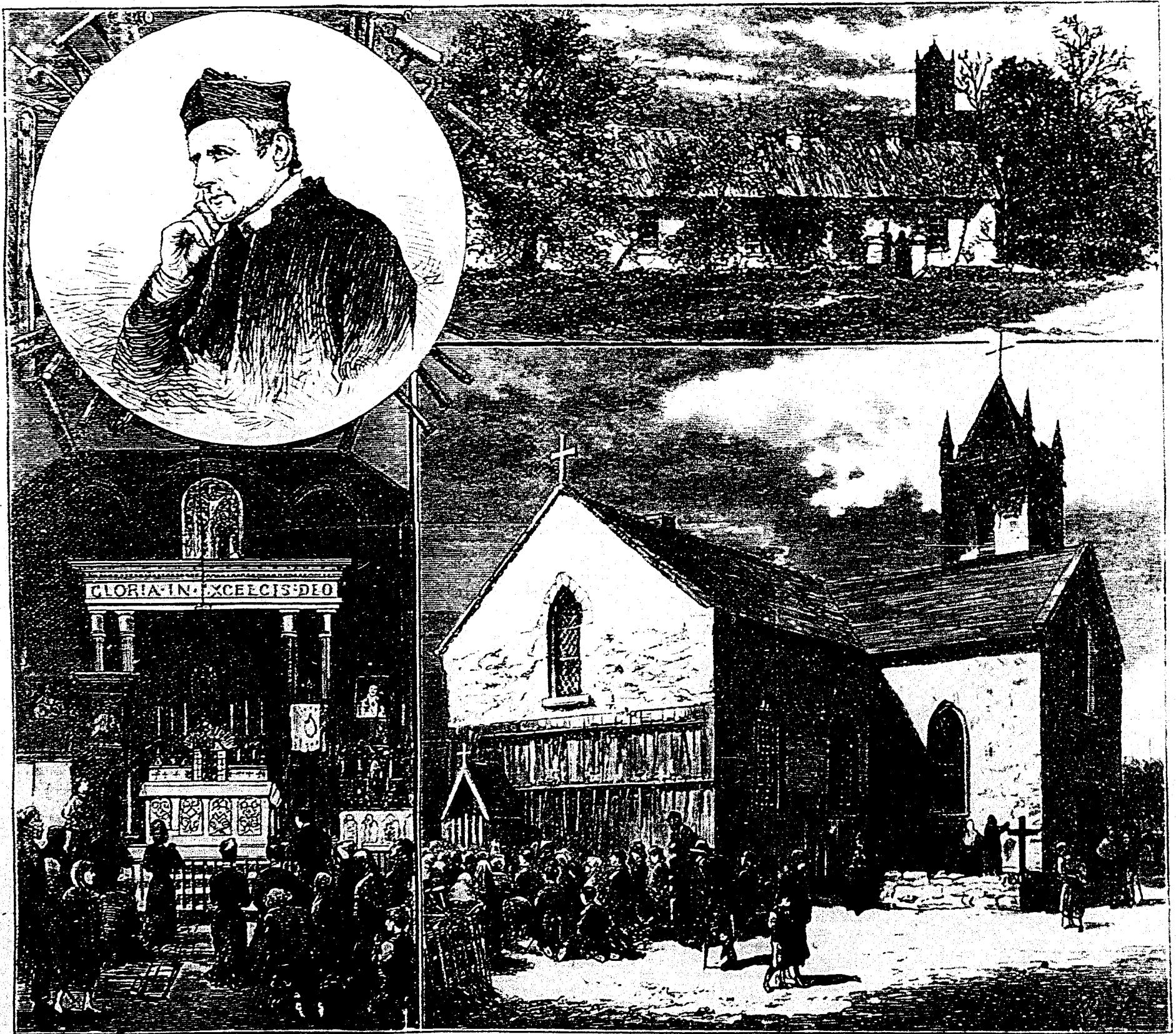
THURSDAY, July 29.—Important reforms in the direction of abolishing army sinecures are being inaugurated in England.—It is said that Sir Fitzroy Kelly is about to retire. Sir Henry James, it is also stated, will be raised to the Bench.—The Legislature of Victoria has passed a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry, who, it is said, will at once resign.—News from Basutoland is more encouraging, and it is hoped the rebellion will be suppressed without the interference of the whites.

FRIDAY, July 30.—An Order-in-Council has been promulgated by the Imperial authorities, making entry to royal naval cadetships without distinction of parentage.—A Montenegrin-Serbian alliance is said to have been effected against the Albanians. The latter have repulsed another attack of the Montenegrins, compelling them to retreat.—The British barquentine *Girl of Devon*, from Plymouth, which arrived at St. John's, Nfld., on Thursday, brought into port with her a figure-head supposed to have belonged to the missing training-ship *Albatross*.—Despatches with regard to affairs in Afghanistan say reinforcements are being forwarded as rapidly as possible. General Phayre is waiting for additional forces, being unwilling to undertake the responsibility of relieving Candahar with the present numbers under his command. There are 20,000 British troops in Cabul, where all is reported quiet. Between 4,000 and 5,000 troops leave England for Afghanistan in a few days.

SATURDAY, July 31.—A new Roumanian Cabinet has been formed.—Mr. Gladstone is confined to his bed with congestion of the lungs.—General Burrows and the remnant of his forces have arrived at Candahar.—The conference of German finance ministers has adjourned without coming to any decision.—Greece intends sending a circular to the Powers in reply to the Porte's answer to the collective note.—Indian papers strenuously urge the appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley to the chief command in Afghanistan.—The Powers have decided that England shall command the naval demonstration against Turkey.

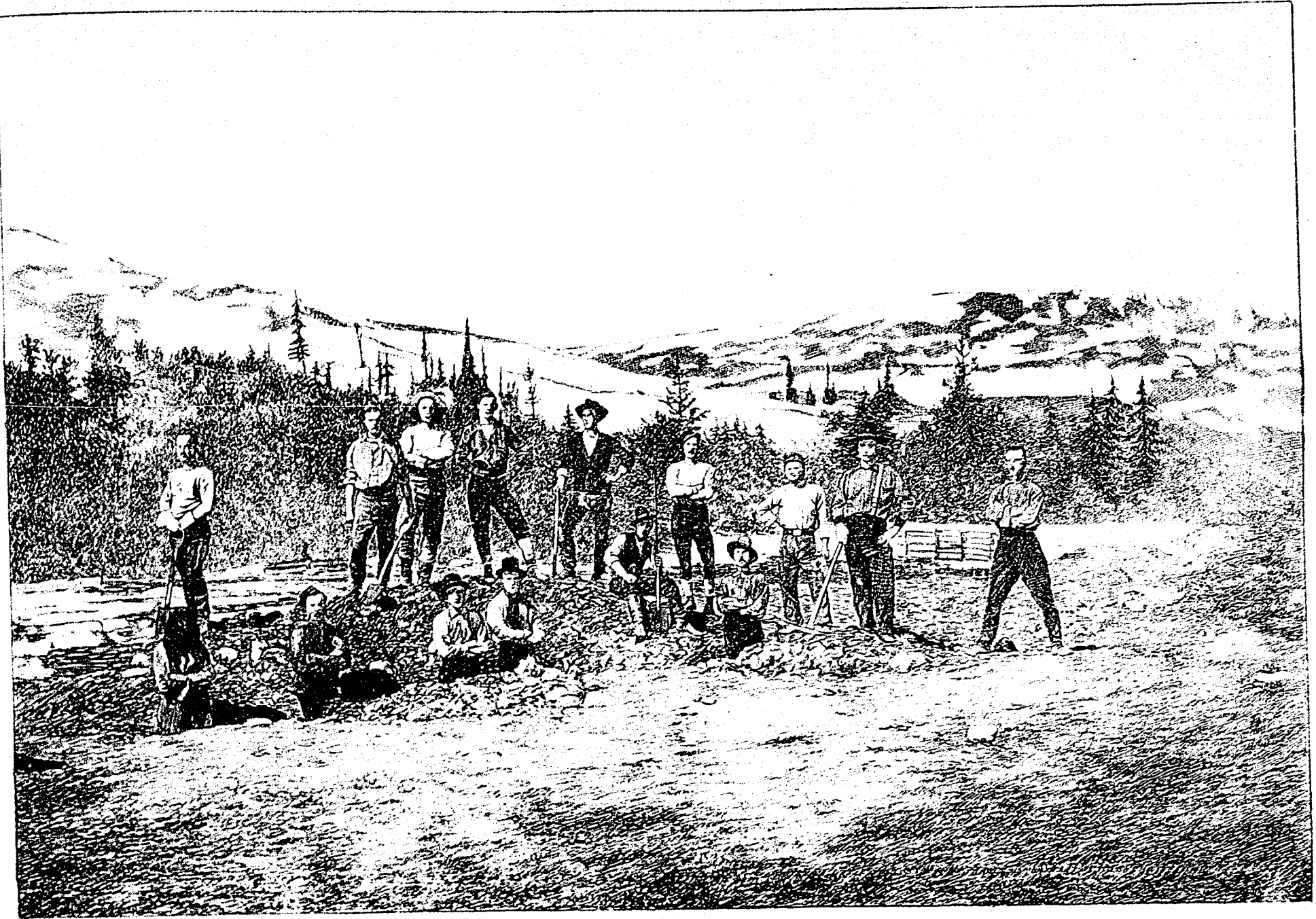


A NAVAL CURIOSITY.—THE CZAR'S NEW YACHT *LIVADIA*.

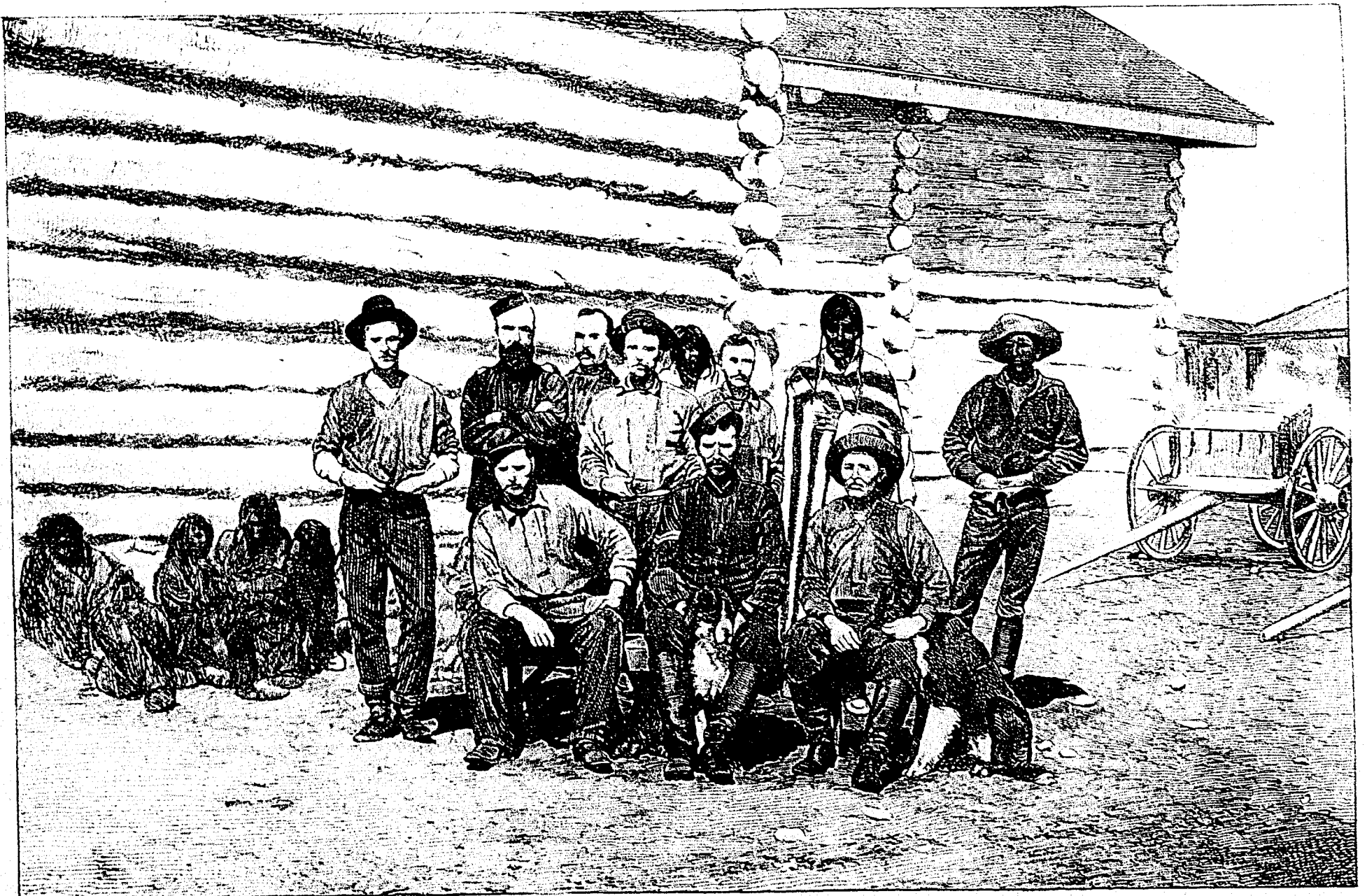


1. FATHER KAVANAGH, THE PASTOR OF KNOCK.—2. FATHER KAVANAGH'S HOUSE AND KNOCK CHAPEL IN THE DISTANCE.—3. INSIDE THE CHAPEL: THE ALTAR.—4. KNOCK CHAPEL: THE GABLE END AGAINST WHICH THE APPARITIONS ARE ALLEGED TO HAVE APPEARED.

THE ALLEGED APPARITIONS AT KNOCK, IRELAND.



FORT WALSH, N.W.T.—MOUNTED POLICE



FORT WALSH, N.W.T.—MOUNTED POLICE

AFTER MANY YEARS.

They stood by the stile 'neath the shade of the trees,
That nodded in time to the rhythmical breeze,
And all of a sudden he dropped on his knees—
His aged, neuralgic, and rheumatic knees—
Plump into the clover before her.
As he crawled to the dew so damp,
Or the bothering pain of a nasty cramp,
As he vowed that she was his guiding lamp—
A sterling, electrical stamp of a lamp—
And he always would adore her!

"Now will you, Susanna, good woman, be mine?"
"Yes, Jacob, good man, I will gladly be thine!"
And she smiled on him with a smile benign—
With a broad, fat grin on her face benign—
As he crawled to his feet before her.
Then in silence they stood there, that aged pair,
And they thought that all nature had grown more fair,
And he fancied above her silvery hair—
Her scanty bob of scraggy hair—
That a halo was hovering o'er her.

They had met and loved in the golden time
When the young heart beats with a strain sublime,
And the rugged world seems set in rhyme—
A musical, mystical, merry rhyme—
And well he did adore her;
But, alas, one unfortunate Sunday night
They'd a most unfortunate lovers' fight,
And she went and married another for spite—
She actually married Tom Smith for spite—
While he wedded Sarah Storer.

Ah 'tis ever thus in this world of ours,
We dash in the dust our dearest flowers,
Then bemoan their fate through the weary hours—
Yes, in sackcloth grieve through the weary hours—
While our hearts grow sadder, sorer,
Poor Jacob's Sarah proved fierce and grim,
Her tongue was stout, though her form was slim,
And the way that she used to go for him—
Used to worry the life right out of him—
Didn't lead him to adore her.

And many a time did Susanna regret
That she'd parted from Jacob in such a pet,
And continually did she fume and fret—
For her former lover did fume and fret—
As she thought how he used to adore her,
For her husband Smith was a gruff old weed,
Whose manners and morals had gone to seed,
And who'd swear when drunk that he wished indeed—
Instead of Susanna he wished indeed,
That he'd married Sarah Storer.

Susanna and Jacob both, I ween,
Looked often back at the "might have been,"
And vowed to themselves that they'd both been green—
A couple of simpletons mightily green—
While their hearts waxed sadder, sorer,
But it happened Susanna's husband fell,
And broke his neck in a neighbour's well,
And sad in sooth am I to tell—
Poor Jacob's sorrow I cannot tell!
That soon died Sarah Storer.

Thus Susanna and Jacob were free once more,
Though not the same as they were before,
For he'd children six, and she had four—
All his six were boys, and all girls her four—
And each of the ten was a roarer.
Though Susanna and Jacob were older, I ween,
And she more fat, and he more lean,
Their hearts felt just as young as they'd been—
They were not so green as they then had been—
When first he bent before her.

And now, as I started at first to say,
He knelt at her feet on a summer's day,
And she gave her loving heart away—
Gave her sixty-four-year-old heart away—
To the man who knelt before her.
Then he took her home with her children four,
To live with him for evermore,
Or at least till their loving lives were o'er—
Till their happy and peaceful lives were o'er—
And more did he adore her.

Right happily did the days go by,
Till Susanna made Jacob's youngest cry
By planting the broomstick over his eye—
She blackened the little robin's eye—
When Jacob swore he'd floor her.
But she pulled out his forelock and called him a loon,
And ended in earnest the honeymoon,
That had started sweet but ended soon—
It was coming long, but it ended soon—
And now he don't adore her.

C. E. JAKEWAY, M.D.

Stayner, Ont.

PROSE AND POETRY.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

By the author of "Lazy Dick."

CHAPTER III.

A NEW RELATION.

Millie won golden opinions at her aunt's. She was such a dear, gentle, obliging, little thing everybody said. "Just her ruther all over again," Aunt Mildred would remark, fondly stroking the bright brown hair. There was a universal outcry whenever she spoke of returning, so she remained the rest of the summer in Newfoundland, and then went to Halifax, where her aunt insisted upon keeping her till the end of October. Then her father wrote to say that he could not do without her any longer, everything was going to rack and ruin; Sylvia was so careless; it was time for her to come back and look after things again. So home Millie went, not by water this time though she fought hard to keep her promise, but all her objections were over-ruled.

"It is too late in the year, you will catch your death of cold," her aunt said.
In vain Millie pleaded that as she lived by the sea she could not see much difference in returning on it. The truth was when her Aunt did get an idea into her head it was no good attempting to convince her that she was in error.

"There, there, don't say anything more about it, I'm sure I'm right my dear, and I want to send you back looking so well and pretty and give them a lesson to take better care of you in future. Of course it's more sensible to travel by railway; why we've had a frost for the last four nights."

"But we've had such a fine open fall, aunt," persisted Millie.

"Yes, but who knows how long it will continue? Remember the hurricane last week; you might have a week of weather like that and I should be in an agony till I heard of your safe arrival. No, no, my child, unless you wish to thoroughly vex me, you will return by railway."

After this there was nothing for it but to accede to her aunt's wishes. But she was dreadfully sorry in her heart, eh? Come, come, my good friend, no importunate questions if you please. At least you need not expect me to answer them. I am not quite so base as to betray the dear little thing's confidence. "Well and pretty," indeed she looked as she stepped from the carriage into her father's arms; and I can tell you he was glad enough to have her again, though he did not value her half as much as he ought. Even Sylvia seemed pleased, and the two sat up till late that night talking over Millie's visit.

"Do you think she will ask me next time?" said Sylvia, anxiously.

"I hope she will. I talked a great deal about you Syl, dear," replied Millie, kissing her sister affectionately. The generous little thing had quite forgotten and forgiven old quarrels, and was thinking how nice it was to be at home again, and how very beautiful her sister was.

"Let me do your hair for you to-night," she said; and taking the brush from Sylvia's hand, she stood by her smoothing out her long, silky, yellow tresses as she talked.

"How is my dear Mr. St. James and Mrs. St. James too?"

"Oh, pretty well, and asking after you every day of their lives."

"Mr. Graem has gone home, I suppose?"

"No, he hasn't. He's not going to return to college till after the Christmas vacation."

"Are you and he as good friends as ever?"

"Oh yes, we can't afford to quarrel or we should each be reduced to our own sweet society and 'nothing but it.'" Here Sylvia looked at her fair reflection in the glass and smiled.

"I hope you won't flirt too much with him unless you care for him, Syl; because of the rector especially. I should die of shame if you did any harm to anybody belonging to my Mr. St. James."

Sylvia laughed. "Harm," she cried, "we both know what we're about, you young simpleton. If they thought there was any danger for their precious innocent they'd take him out of my dangerous way, though," she added, a little bitterly, "they'd be glad enough to get you for him. Perhaps you won't object; you think there's no one like him I daresay?"

"Indeed I don't," was Millie's quick retort, "he can't hold a candle to my Captain Morton."

The rector was in his study writing his sermon the next morning when the door opened and Millie walked in.

"Mrs. St. James told me I should find you here and that I shouldn't disturb you," she said, sitting down on her old seat, a foot-stool, by his chair, and looking up with eyes of reverent affection. He looked unfeignedly glad to see her and smiled like an angel upon her.

"Now the room seems itself again with my little Millie here," he said. He laid his hand upon her curly head and was silent a moment. I believe the pure, tender soul was blessing her. There are some people who live in such an atmosphere of holiness that their whole lives are nothing more than one long prayer.

"I've had such a lovely visit," Millie said, presently.

"So I perceive, you look quite young again," he returned, playfully.

"No you're teasing me so I shan't tell you anything about it, though I know you're dying to know," retorted this naughty, small maiden; but you may be sure she didn't keep her promise. At least Mrs. St. James when she came in an hour afterwards said she found the girl as long-winded as a Member of Parliament in the middle of a speech.

The days were very short now but still remarkably fine, though it was a late fall that year.

"Navigation closes to-morrow," said the Lieutenant, coming in one night to the cosy sitting-room where a fire was blazing, and Millie was putting a few finishing touches to the pretty tea-table.

"We must expect winter now," said Tom Graem, who was going to spend the evening with them, and was standing with his back to the fire winding wools for Sylvia, who held the skeins on her pretty white hands, preferring to be idle as usual.

"Oh, we may have three weeks more weather like this," replied the Lieutenant. "I remember one year when there was green grass on the ground on the fifth of December. Green grass, mind you," he repeated, with emphasis.

"Look here at my leaves, papa," said Millie, who was arranging a gorgeous bouquet of maple leaves, ferns, scarlet geraniums, and Virginia creeper in a tall glass; "I picked them all this afternoon, fancy—" She stopped suddenly, turning to the door which the servant opened at that moment saying: "Some one to see the Lieutenant."

Apparently the visitor did not wait for further announcement for he followed close upon the footsteps of the maid. The color flashed into Millie's face when a tall fellow in blue serge strode across the room to her father.

"My dear uncle, after infinite labor I've found you at last. I don't expect to be remembered, considering you never saw me before, and you won't be glad to see me, perhaps, when you know

me better; nevertheless, a forlorn wretch like myself is glad enough to find a real, live relation."

The old, brave, kindly voice; the old, bright, winning face; to Millie's eyes the speaker was unchanged.

"Who the dickens are you?" cried the astonished Lieutenant.

"Your nephew, sir. At least you're my great uncle. Let me explain. Do you remember your sister Emily writing you a letter some thirty years ago in which she informed you that her eldest son Henry had just emigrated to Australia?"

"Well, now you remind me of it, I do," said the Lieutenant, slowly.

"I am his son," said the stranger, "his only child. My father died when I was sixteen, my mother, the year following."

"And what have you done since?"

"Roughed it," said the Captain, quietly. "I've been knocked about here and there and everywhere, but I'm tough you see. Through the interest of a friend of my father's in Australia I got the command of a ship, having passed the necessary examinations. I'd always been fond of the sea and even when quite a small chap spent half my time among the shipping at Sydney; and—here I am."

All this time he had never looked at Millie though he was intensely conscious of her presence, but in his manner might be traced the self-respect of a man who was bent upon proving the truth of his assertion, and after that of having his relationship willingly recognized, or not recognized at all. But the Lieutenant did not keep him in doubt for he put out his great, broad hand and spoke in his heartiest manner.

"Welcome, my boy, welcome; you must make a long stay with us now you have found us. Your name?"

"Marcus."

"Here, girls," and he turned to his daughters, "come here and be introduced to your cousin Marcus. You've heard me speak of your Aunt Emily many a time; well here's her grandson."

Then Morton turned to them at once. Sylvia held out her hand and welcomed him in her sweetest voice, sweet indeed to him for she said: "To think Millie that your Captain Morton should be our cousin after all." He regarded her for a moment with honest admiration, which was by no means lost upon that young and innocent creature; then he passed her with a proud glad face to Mildred.

"Well," he enquired, with a happy laugh, "are you willing to have me for a cousin?"

"I don't know yet," said that cautious young woman, but there was that in her manner which satisfied him.

"How did you find us out?" asked the Lieutenant, as they sat down at the tea-table, and the Captain replied:

"After my father's death our English correspondence soon dropped; naturally when the correspondents were unknown to each other and my grand-parents were both dead. Besides I was never in the same place many days together. I knew, however, when I came to this country that I had a great uncle somewhere. Then this summer when I met Miss—Leslie—" he hesitated looking at Mildred.

The Lieutenant burst into his huge laugh, "Come, come," he cried; "no ceremony. Christian names among cousins, you know, besides that title belongs to Sylvia."

The wicked fellow availed himself of the privilege with the utmost alacrity.

"When I met Millie then, we happened to speak upon the subject. Soon after I wrote to England making some inquiries, and after some delay received a letter furnishing the necessary information."

"Your meeting with Millie was a singular coincidence," remarked Sylvia.

"It was a very lucky one at any rate," said the Captain; and Sylvia blushed and took the words as a compliment to herself. All the evening she was particularly gracious to this new-found relative and snubbed poor Tom Graem most unmercifully who, by the way, we have quite forgotten, and who would have fared badly that night had it not been for gentle little Millie. She took pity upon him and for the sake of her beloved rector exerted herself considerably for his entertainment. The consequence of this innocent proceeding was that the two young men having been introduced were merely distantly civil and parted later on each furiously jealous of the other, the Captain scenting a rival afar, and Tom, vice versa. For Tom had some time ago arrived at the conclusion that Sylvia was "not good for much," but Millie "was the dearest little soul in the world."

CHAPTER IV.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

Millie in her own home was very different from Millie on board the *Saracen*; that the Captain soon found. More gentle and unselfish than even he had imagined, but grave and pre-occupied as one bearing the weight of a good deal of responsibility; lacking too, as a rule, that innocent girlish playfulness that had been so charming in his eyes. She had gone back into her old way of keeping her eyes down when speaking or otherwise; a habit the Captain thoroughly detested. A thin wall of reserve was rising between them, which he strove manfully but vainly to break away. His three weeks of hard-earned holidays were slipping away and he had made no headway at all he said to himself with a sore heart. Was it all Millie's

fault though? Hardly, I think; for, of course, if he was never absent from Sylvia's side how was she to know what was in his mind? For Sylvia was always beautiful, always gracious, and so kind. It was she who showed him all the beauties of the place, took him here and there and was never, never tired. Did he like poetry? Oh how nice! She doted on it herself. Perhaps some day, with a pretty show of modesty, she would let him see some of her poor attempts if he would promise not to laugh at them. A promise the poor fellow rashly gave. And what a beautiful life a sailor's must be, she was sure.

"Pretty hard work," he told her with a laugh.

"Ah! but so poetical; just fancy—"

"All the sunsets, and moonsets, and the stormlets," broke in Millie with biting scorn. The conversation had been altogether between the other two hitherto; somehow Sylvia always contrived that it should be so; she had a delicate way of ignoring your existence which might be polite, but was to say the least of it, exasperating. At Millie's speech she lifted up her beautiful face to Morton with a deprecating gesture.

"Ah, Millie! she always spoils a beautiful ideal," she exclaimed.

"With her dreadful, dreadful common-sense." He answered Sylvia, but turned to Mildred. She was looking down as usual so he did not see her fun-beaming eyes. They grew very grave in an instant, however, with the expression he used to call discontented, but which was in reality only sad.

"There!" cried Sylvia, triumphantly. "You see you really should try not to be so prosaic, Millie, my dear; even Marcus notices that. Why, where are you going?"

"To see about dinner," replied Millie walking off. Morton was just going to follow when Sylvia stopped him with the question,

"Oh, do you think I have offended her? I'm so afraid I have," and she looked sweetly distressed.

"Then you'd better go and beg her pardon," he said, bluntly.

"Oh, I daren't," she exclaimed; "you don't know Millie's temper;" here she sighed.

Marcus felt angry and wretched, he hardly knew why. He was too loyal a lover to listen to a whisper that was injurious to Millie, but at the same time he did not want to quarrel with Sylvia. He liked her very much and admired her too. Why shouldn't he? The simple-hearted fellow would have said; for he was not half so shrewd as Tom Graem, and no match at all for a clever woman like Sylvia. He thought besides that to have her for his friend might aid his cause with regard to Mildred. After Sylvia's last amiable speech, therefore, he walked up and down uneasily, watched by her bright eyes.

"Sisters should never quarrel," at last he said, gravely.

"Much you know about it," thought Sylvia in disdain, but she said: "That's just like you; always so considerate; I declare, Marcus, that's why we've all fallen in love with you;" and she gave him a little admiring glance. As ill-luck would have it, Millie passed the door just then, saw him blush and heard the words,

"I wish that were true, Sylvia."

Certainly, to all appearances, the Captain seemed devoted to Sylvia. All that afternoon she kept him by her side, reading out of a closely written book, pages and pages of verse, and forbids us to say poetry. Millie went out for a walk, met Tom Graem on her return, and they both came in at sunset bright and glowing with rapid motion and laden with shells and sea-mosses.

"Still at it?" said the naughty small maiden, as she saw Sylvia with her book at the window held up to the waning light. "How you must have enjoyed yourself!" she continued with calm sarcasm, turning to Marcus; and then, in spite of his seeming bad treatment of her, the little generous heart relented; he looked so unlike his happy self.

"There, Syl!" she cried, "you'd better stop now I'm in the room. Come, Captain Morton, and help me to arrange these."

He came with alacrity, and in pity for his afternoon penance, she came out of herself and gave a vivid description of her afternoon ramble, now and then resorting to his sallies as she used to do on board the *Saracen*, and laughing her pretty, rare laugh. Morton was almost beside himself with delight at the unexpected change, and worked harder than Dr. Watt's little bee at improving the shining hour.

"I haven't collected shells enough to finish my grotto," said Millie, as she put on the last piece of sea-weed. "How pretty that sea-urchin looks there, Captain Morton."

It was one he had just been laying by her sea-weed. Her little hand lay close to his own and he longed to touch it. A moment later he yielded to the temptation.

"Millie," he said, softly, "don't call me 'Captain Morton,' it hurts me so. Why won't you look at me?"

She raised her lovely eyes to his face and saw a real sadness there.

"I can't call you anything else," she faltered.

"You can call me Marcus. Sylvia does, and I'm your cousin as well as hers."

"You don't mind my calling you Captain?" Millie still objected shyly.

"Yes, I do. I mind it more than anything else in the world," he said, savagely.

Just a gleam of mischief was lurking round her quiet little mouth. "Well, I'll call you cousin, if you won't look so cross," she said presently.

"Marcus," he urged, gaily, "and you won't

know me. They say nothing transforms a human face like joy."

"Except soap and water," said Millie, reflectively, a vision of her Sunday-school boys rising before her, and then her gravity gave way at the sound of his merry laugh.

"Well, that's a handy broad hint," he exclaimed, "but I won't be even offended if you'll call me Marcus."

"No, cousin," said Millie, uncompromisingly. "Marcus, I say," he repeated, coaxingly, "and then I'll bid farewell to every tear and wipe my weeping eyes."

"Here's a handkerchief," said Millie, holding out her own and laughing likewise.

"Say the word," and the absurd fellow spread it out upon his hand. Tom Graem and Sylvia were upon towards them wondering what all the fun was about.

"Don't be so silly or people will remark us," said Millie with merry reproach.

"I'm not a soldier so I can't lean upon my sword; but for a sailor the correct thing is to lean upon his oar and wipe away a tear." Here he affected to do so. Thank you so much for saying it at last."

"I didn't," said Millie, stoutly.

"Yes, you did. You finished your sentence with 'Marcus,'" and they both took their places at the tea-table, shaking their heads violently at each other and like themselves once again.

"I think you might call him Marcus," said Sylvia to Millie that night as they were undressing; "you know why he wants you too, of course."

"Why?" said Millie, blushing.

"Because I asked him to tell you to do so," replied her sister, promptly. And the dear girl slept as sweetly that night as if there were no lie upon her conscience.

So the Captain found the next day to his intense disappointment that Millie had fallen back again into her painful reserve, and he tried in vain to account for it. But that afternoon when they were out walking and Sylvia had monopolized her cousin as usual, he watched Millie walking on with Tom Graem, talking freely and laughing now and then, and he laid her strange manner towards himself, as he thought, at the right door.

"She cares for him, that's plain enough," was his sage reflection; "and he's jealous, that's plainer still, so she doesn't want to make him more so. Well, I won't spoil her happiness, I'm not quite so bad as that, I hope. I'll make friends with Graem. But oh, Millie, my precious Millie, if I had only been the man. Well, there's only four days left of my holidays and then I'll try to forget her. But I can't forget her, hang it," he added savagely, with a stamp of his foot which made Sylvia turn round and ask him what was the matter.

"Only temper," he told her with a grim smile.

So Morton, noble-hearted fellow, flung no more bitter sarcasms at Tom Graem, but frequently addressed him as one gentleman should address another; afterwards he left the girls at the cottage and walked home with him, and Tom actually took a liking to his dangerous rival; he couldn't help it; in fact, no one could when the Captain assumed his winning manner. When they parted Morton said significantly: "I wish you all success, Graem, you understand me?"

"Yes," replied Tom, surprised, but much gratified.

"You will be very happy, you ought to be; though she's too good for you or any man," said Morton, speaking in a deep voice of strong feeling.

"That she is," said Tom, heartily, and with a shake of the hand, they parted.

To be continued.

FASHIONS FOR CANADIAN TRAVEL.

Ladies who propose making the Canadian trip from the United States can not be too strongly advised that warm wraps and woollen dresses are indispensable. Any lingering fancy for lawns and linens can be dismissed at once as out of the question.

The materials found most satisfactory are serges and coarse flannels, dark gray, dark blue, and black being found to be the most serviceable colors. But little drapery upon the skirts, blouse or coat, and trimmings of colored braid form the uniform for the Western journey. Heavy underwear and a warm outside wrap are indispensable, and both in one satchel or shawl strap, available at any moment, not checked with one's baggage, and as useless in an emergency as if safe at home.

An English walking jacket is preferred to the loose wrap, as it is never in the way, falling off the shoulders and fettering the arm, but is trim and tidy. Flannel or tweed for dress and jacket resists the moisture, and does not pucker nor crease or grow limp in the mountain air or sea-side mist.

Dark blue, trimmed with red braid or white braid—the latter vastly pretty, but open to the objection of soiling quickly—or grey; trimmed with red or dark blue braid, are colors habitually used. A pretty suit is made of dark blue flannel with long basque waist, the coat tails lined with red flannel. The plain overskirt is draped into the underskirt, and edged by a red cording, the same that edges collar and cuffs. If the figure is slim, no prettier style than the blouse waist and open sailor collar is possible. The buttons should be plain and solid. Plain bone buttons quite unadorned are the best style. The lingerie is generally of dark percale or ecru linen.

Let me describe the toilets of two sisters that after a week of travel looked as fresh as when donned the first day. They were in half mourning, and their black dresses of light weight cashmere were made with a simple basque and a plaiting at the foot of the skirt; over these were worn very stylish grey dust coats of a very dark grey color, cut off at the waist in the Prince Albert style, and fully double-breasted, fastened by a double row of smooth black buttons. Their hats were of lustrous black braid, with scarfs of black silk fringed at the ends and following the coggle shape, dark grey gloves and lingerie of black and white striped percale. These costumes stood those days of railroad travel and those days of boating without being shabby in any degree. Only a half kerchief of color about the throat or hat alone is needed to take away the too sombre look of these toilets and make them models of quiet elegance.

On the mountains and boats broad-brimmed straw hats tied down by a broad band of flannel like the dress or a broad band of ribbon are picturesque and effective, and sometimes this effect is enhanced by a bird-wing stuck in the side. These "paillassons," as the fashionables call them, are the coarsest and commonest straw hats, such as are found in all the country shops. English walking hats of light straw, trimmed simply with a bird's wing and band or light veil of tulle, are favorites. They keep in place upon the head and shade the eyes from the glare of the sun, and are becoming with a simple coiffure.

The Canadians fancy particularly dark blue costumes with a broad mantle of splendid red flannel as thick as felt or fine military cloth, one end of which they fling gracefully over the left shoulder. Very many of the mantles have deep capuchin hoods, a fashion brought out by Louise of Lorne when she came last from the old country. They were designed to take from it something of the undressed effect of the Jersey, and are worn with many toilets when the basque is a plain one, the ends of the hood that encircle the neck tied loosely beneath the dress collar. Now and then a fluttering suit shows itself, with bright facings fluttering in the wind and the waist girdled by cord and tassel. They have altogether a rather nightgown effect, and are most baggy and unlovely.

A fair quality of dark flannel, the skirt killed to the knee, and above that a wrinkled scarf, lost in soft, but not voluminous draperies up the back, make a very good model for a walking dress for mountain tramps and the St. Lawrence river boats, with close waist and English walking coat of flannel to match. So long as the dress is dark, simple, and not easily mussed, the other details inspire no interest in the minds of one's fellow travellers.

Those whose hair curls naturally or to whom a plain pompadour is becoming, should be grateful, for they are spared much solicitude, for mountain breezes convert the fluffish crimps into dragging pig-tails in brief space. Bandoline curls in rings or small scallops, according to which ever is the most becoming, are safer than everything else.

A connoisseur in their mysteries says if they be made quite stiff with bandoline, and then pressed close to the brow, it takes a great deal of heat, a great deal of wind, and a great deal of exercise to make them lose their place. This hair-dressing is too stiff to be pretty, but it is preferable to limp crimpless locks that once were crimped. By pressing a handkerchief on the curls while they are wet, and half drying them, they do not, when half dry, show the gray, powdery look that bandoline gives the hair.

Dogskin gloves are found to give excellent service for travelling, and those with high-wristed gauntlets are considered very stylish. Shoes for mountain walking should be thick-soled and laced in front, the upper of soft kid. Thick soles, flat heels and square toes are their characteristics.

Colored petticoats and colored hosiery are universal, scarlet with the dark dresses producing the best effect. Simplicity in dress, and the least possible luggage, are the prescriptions for a pleasant trip.

CLARA DE VÈRE.

HANCOCK'S DOG.

THE NOMINEE TELLS OF A COMICAL EXPERIENCE AT HIS OWN EXPENSE.

Gen. Hancock told a good story yesterday, as he stood conversing with a group of visitors on the piazza of his residence at Governor's Island. "Since my nomination," said the general "I have received many letters from people whom I knew many years ago—people whom I thought were dead. Some of the letters are highly amusing. For instance, a man wrote me the other day recalling the fact that we had once been acquainted, with the assertion that his dog had once upon a time bitten my boy in the face. By the way, that reminds me of another dog story. Years ago, when I was stationed in California, I owned a valuable Irish red setter, a splendid dog. One day that dog disappeared. One of the neighbors informed me he had seen a Mexican tie the dog behind his wagon and drive away with him. I searched high and low for my missing canine and was unsuccessful for a long time. Finally, as I was walking through the town one very hot day, I saw a stranger, a Frenchman, passing along the street with my dog. I approached the gentleman and remarked as pleasantly as I could: "Excuse me, sir, but that is my dog."

"Oh, no," said the Frenchman, "that is my dog."

"That cannot be," I rejoined "for I raised him."

"Yes, it can be," he replied "for I raised him."

"The consequence was we became engaged in an altercation about the dog, and altercations were dangerous out in that country. After we had spent some time discussing the matter in the warm sunshine—it was a terribly hot day—I made a proposition which I expected would settle the controversy. 'I'll tell you, my friend,' said I, 'what I will do. My physician knows this dog. If you will accompany me to his house he will prove it is my dog.'"

"The Frenchman manifested some reluctance to going, as it was an extremely warm day, but he finally consented and we walked about a half a mile to the doctor's house. When we arrived there the doctor readily identified the animal. 'Certainly, general,' said he, 'that is your dog.'"

"Now, sir," said I to the Frenchman "are you satisfied?"

"No," he replied "that is my dog and I do not propose to relinquish possession of him!"

"I called the dog 'Rover' and he wagged his tail. The Frenchman called him by some other name and he wagged his tail again. Seeing no other way out of the difficulty I suggested to the Frenchman that we go to my house and ask Mrs. Hancock to identify the dog. My friend at once objected to this proceeding. The weather was growing warmer and the visit to my house involved another walk of half a mile. After an argument I persuaded him to go, and together we reached the house. Mrs. Hancock was introduced and we laid the case before her from our respective stand-points. Imagine my astonishment when, after looking at the canine, she said "Why, general, that isn't your dog at all, and your dog certainly was not named Rover."

"Then I began to apologise to my French friend, but the more I endeavored to pacify him, the more excited and angry he became. It was some time before I could subdue his temper and persuade him to accept my hospitality."

HEARTH AND HOME.

DEFICIENCIES.—A sense of one's own deficiencies is a salutary thing, or the reverse, according to the use that is made of it. It imparts to us more zealous effort, if it makes us re-olupte in our purpose of living a worthier life than we have hitherto spent, its benefit is great; but, if it arouses no more healthful frame of mind than a feeling of regret that we have accomplished so little, and an indolent and despairing conclusion that there is not much use in trying to do anything more in the world, then it is merely an additional hindrance to a life already marred by failure.

ORDER.—There is scarcely any such thing as beauty without order; or, if there be, it is always sadly impaired by disorder. And order, we know, is the very parent of use. The orderly person can do more work, in less time, and do it better, and with less fatigue, than one who is disorderly. He does not need to spend any time in looking for tools or materials, for he knows just where to find them; nor does he suffer the annoyance of having to do without things that are lost or broken, for he rarely loses or breaks; and the orderly woman can find her things at the first trial, even with her eyes shut. Good order is of itself one kind of beauty; and it is as useful as it is beautiful. And all the other kinds of beauty are in themselves orderly, and promote order.

DOMESTIC THUNDER-STORMS.—"Not many lovers, I suppose," says Robert Collyer, "have found that their wedded life answered quite to the dreams of their courtship—not quite. Mine didn't. Yet who would enter a complaint against Heaven because May does not quite match with October? If my experience can be of any use, I think a thunder-storm, so that it does no serious mischief, may sometimes clear the atmosphere under the roof about as well as it does outside. And so sure, I am of its blessing, that, when I hear people say they have lived together five-and-twenty years and never had the least difference, I wonder if they have not had a great deal of indifference. It is the lesson we have to learn, too, through our saddest and most painful bereavements."

HABITS.—Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions. Whatever we do often we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, as I before observed at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished, and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild," in that scene where he is represented at playing at cards with the Count, a professed gambler. "Such," says Mr. Fielding, "was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware that Mr. Wild had no money to pay him."

FRIENDSHIP.—If friendship be delightful; if it be, above all, delightful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world; how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with a closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who had an interest in every event that has been related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or our hatred; who have honoured with us those to whom we have paid every filial honour in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart! Every dissension of man with man excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

HUMOROUS.

A FAINT heart never won a fair lady, but a faint whisper often catches her.

THE world owes no man a living, but it gives him a good breakfast just before he is hanged.

THE Albany Journal advises young men to drink whisky only in those months that have "k" in their names.

THE New Haven police quickly quelled a street fight by throwing water on the combatants with a fire engine.

NO, it is not a criminal offence to slam a door, but there are many offences that are criminal which are more easily forgiven.

THE following notice may occasionally be found posted upon the door of a Parisian newspaper office: "Gone to fight a duel, will be back in half an hour."

A BOSTON theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church as naturally that to many of the audience it seemed so real that they went to sleep.

"A FASHIONABLE London diner-out will average three dinners a week," says the Brooklyn Eagle. Poor devil! Even a country editor averages better than that.

IT'S about an even thing between man and the orange peel. Sometimes the man throws the orange peel into the gutter, and sometimes the orange peel throws the man into the gutter.

CHARLEY BACKUS says Davy Force has parenthetical legs. This is almost as good as his description of the countryman with a rheumatic leg, which looked like a quarter past six.

A MAN may object to wear button-hole bouquets, but it's astonishing with what fortitude he goes through the ordeal of having one pinned on, if the donor happens to be young and pretty.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BABBLE-ON was founded by women.

A CRUEL husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

NONE of the Cincinnati nobles raise their hats to a lady until they have passed by her two feet.

A BAD little Philadelphia boy made his mother's hair rise the other day. He stole her switch for kite bats.

POCAHONTAS saved the life of John Smith, but she was a poor, ignorant savage, and didn't realize what she was doing.

HANLAN has a sister who can push him hard at rowing in a two-mile race without once dropping a stitch in her side.

WHEN John Monigrip's wife asks for a dollar or two for current demands he smiles sweetly as he says, "True love, darling, seeks no change."

MISS RIVIERE of Charleston, (S.C.) has a court dress once worn by Marie Antoinette. It is of purple satin, and is still in good condition.

AN Illinois girl with a breach-of-promise case testified that it was the usual thing for girls to show their love letters to fifteen or twenty other girls, in order to make them jealous.

B STON had a vinegar inspector, but he resigned on learning that a Woman's Suffrage convention was to be held at the Hub, saying that the salary he received would not compensate him for any extra work.

ONE reason why Leadville has no schools is because all the schoolmams who go there find husbands between the depot and the hotels, and don't care a cent whether school keeps or not.

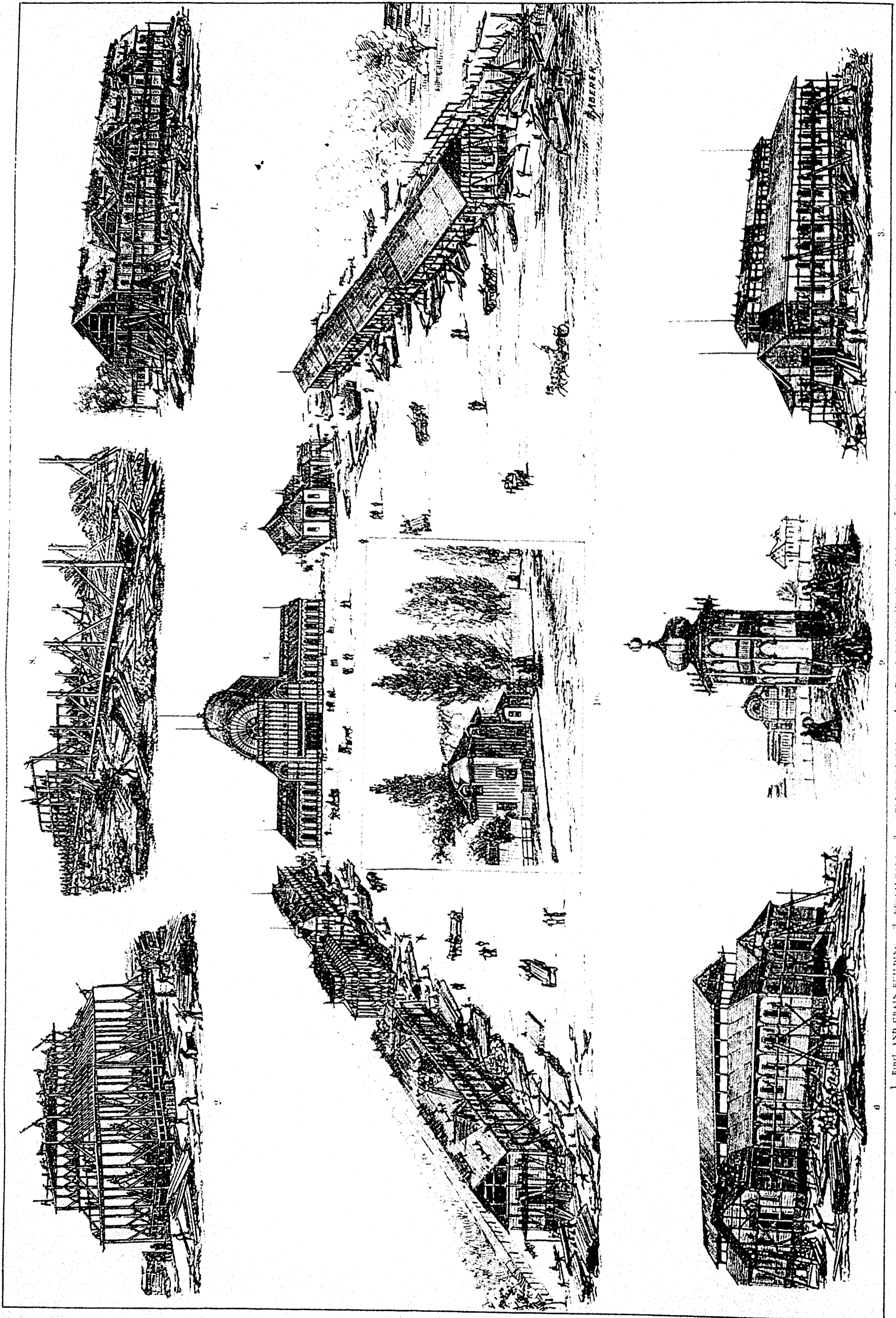
"SEE here, Georgie," said a fond mamma, to her little son as they walked on the beach, "what a lot of nice little round stones." "Yes," grumbled Georgie, as he cast a searching glance around, "and not a blessed thing to throw 'em at!"

A COQUETTE came out of a fancy goods shop loaded with purchases. "You have renewed your provision," said a rival. "Don't speak of it; I have quite ruined myself! I have bought a thousand things I do not need, among others six tooth brushes." "Ah, one for each tooth," said the other sweetly.

INDIGNATION among the passengers in a railroad car is reported from Ohio because a lady let her pug dog drink out of the tin cup attached to the water cooler. She replied to a remonstrance by assuring them that her dog's lips were cleaner than those of the tobacco-chewing man who objected. He retorted that he could whip any man who would become her champion, but nobody volunteered.

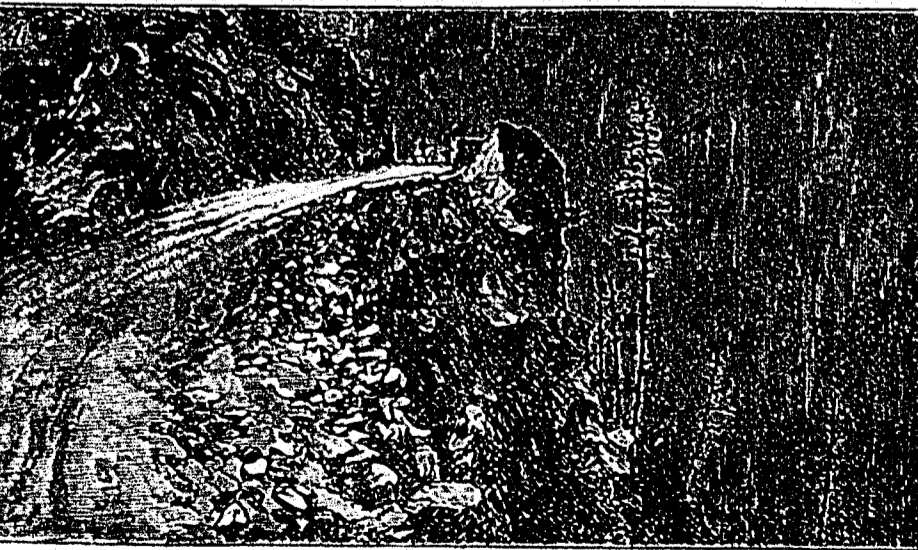
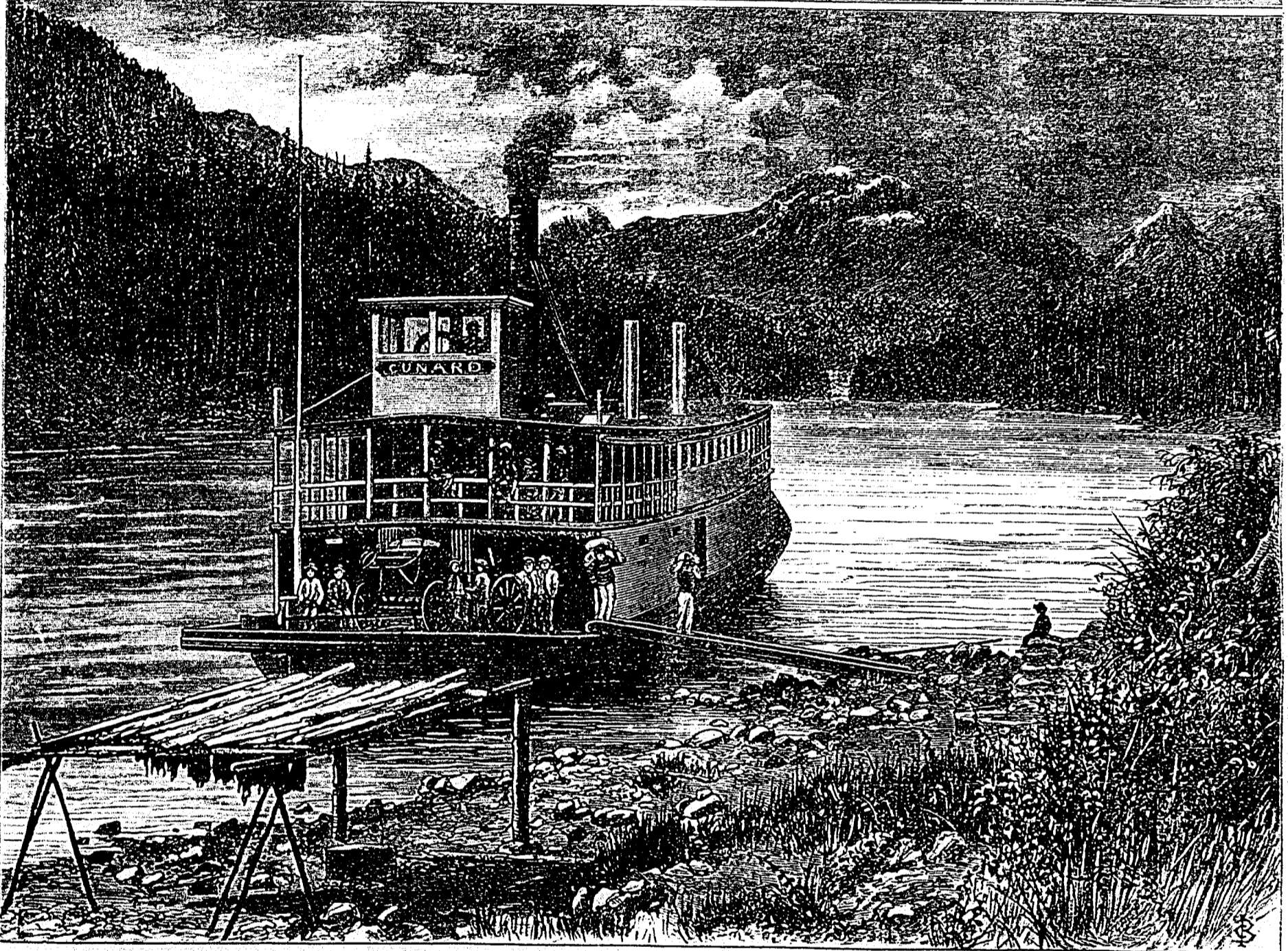
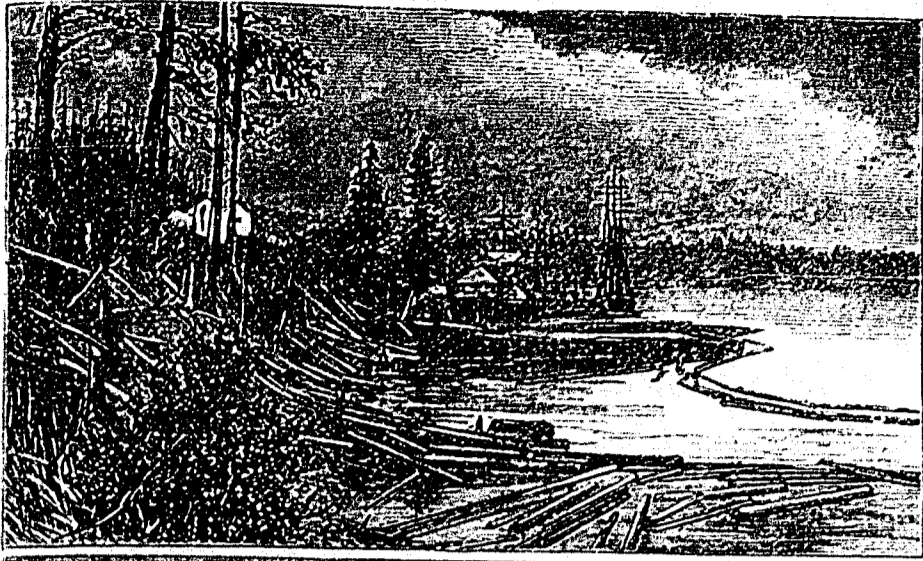
INDIGESTION.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.



1. ROOF AND CHAIN BEARING. 2. RESTAURANT. 3. CARRIAGE BUILDING. 4. CENTRAL PARADE (MAIN BUILDING). 5. POETRY READING. 6. MACHINERY HALL. 7. SHEEP FENS.
 8. ICE FENS. 9. ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN. 10. THE OLD QUAY, OPPOSITE THE EXHIBITION GROUND.

MONTREAL. THE DOMINION EXHIBITION. THE PERMANENT BUILDINGS ON THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.



1. BURRARD INLET, THE PROPOSED TERMINUS OF THE LINE.—2. THE TOWN OF YALE, FRASER RIVER.—3. EMERY'S BAR, THOMPSON RIVER, WHERE THE RAILWAY WILL CROSS.
 —4. CHAPMAN'S BAR BLUFF, STAGE ROAD BETWEEN YALE AND CARIBOO.—5. ON THE LILLOETT ROAD.
 BURRARD INLET AND ENVIRONS. EASTERN TERMINUS OF THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

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

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued.)

After dinner, in the lambent twilight, we set out with the gig; and there was much preparation of elaborate contrivances for the entrapping of fish. But the Laird's occult and intricate tackle—the spinning minnows, and spoons, and India-rubber sand-eels—proved no competitor for a couple of big white flies that Angus Sutherland had husked. And of course Mary Avon had that rod; and when some huge lithe dragged the end of the rod fairly under water, and when she cried aloud, "Oh! oh! I can't hold it; he'll break the rod!" then arose Brose's word of command:—

"Haul him in! Shove out the butt! No scientific playing with a lithe! Well done—well done!—a five pounder, I'll bet ten farthings!"

It was not scientific fishing; but we got big fish—which is of more importance in the eyes of Master Fred. And then, as the night fell, we set out again for the yacht; and the doctor pulled stroke; and he sang some more verses of the *biolin* song as the blades dashed fire into the rushing sea:—

"Proudly o'er the waves we'll bound her,
As the stagbound bounds the heather!
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together,
Ho, ro, clansmen!
Through the eddying tide we'll guide her,
Round each Isle and breezy headland,
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together,
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

The yellow lamp at the bow of the yacht grew larger and larger; the hull of the boat looked black between us and the starlit heavens; as we clambered on board there was a golden glow from the saloon skylight. And then, during the long and happy evening, amid all the whist-playing and other amusements going forward, what about certain timid courtesies and an occasional shy glance between those two young people? Some of us began to think that if the Laird's scheme was to come to anything, it was high time that Mr. Howard Smith put in an appearance.

CHAPTER IX.

A WILD STUDIO.

There is a fine bustle of preparation next morning—for the gig is waiting by the side of the yacht; and Dr. Sutherland is carefully getting our artist's materials into the stern; and the Laird is busy with shawls and waterproofs; and Master Fred brings along the luncheon-basket. Our Admiral-in-chief prefers to stay on board; she has letters to write; there are enough of us to go and be tossed on the Atlantic swell off the great caves of Canna.

And as the men strike their oars in the water and we wave a last adieu, the Laird catches a glimpse of our larder at the stern of the yacht. Alas! there is but one remaining piece of fresh meat hanging there, under the white canvas.

"It reminds me," says he, beginning to laugh already, "of a good one that Tom Galbraith told me—a real good one that was. Tom had a little bit of a yacht that his man and himself sailed when he was painting, ye know; and one day they got into a bay where Duncan—that was the man's name—had some friends ashore. Tom left him in charge of the yacht; and—ah! ha! ha!—there was a leg of mutton hanging at the stern. Well, Tom was rowed ashore; and painted all day; and came back in the afternoon. *There was no leg of mutton!* "Duncan," says he, "where is the leg of mutton?" Duncan pretended to be vastly surprised. "Iss it away?" says he. "Away?" says Tom. "Don't you see it is away? I want to know who took it!" Duncan looked all round him—at the sea and the sky—and then says he—then says he, "Maybe it was a dog,"—ha! ha! hee! hee! hee!—"Maybe it was a dog," says he; and they were half a mile from the shore! I never see the canvas at the stern of a yacht without thinking of Tom Galbraith and the leg of mutton." and here the Laird laughed long and loud again.

"I have heard you speak once or twice about Tom Galbraith," remarked our young Doctor, without meaning the least sarcasm; "he is an artist, I suppose?"

The Laird stopped laughing. There was a look of indignant wonder—approaching to horror—on his face. But when he proceeded, with some dignity and even resentment, to explain to this ignorant person the immense importance of the school that Tom Galbraith had been chiefly instrumental in forming; and the high qualities of that artist's personal work; and how the members of the Royal Academy shook in their shoes at the mere mention of Tom Galbraith's name, he became more pacified; for Angus Sutherland listened with great respect,

and even promised to look out for Mr. Galbraith's work if he passed through Edinburgh on his way to the south.

The long, swing stroke of the men soon took us round the successive headlands until we were once more in the open, with the mountains of Skye in the north, and far away at the horizon, a pale line which we knew to be North Uist. And now the green shores of Canna were becoming more and more precipitous; and there was a roaring of the sea along the spurs of black rock; and the long Atlantic swell, breaking on the bows of the gig, was sending a little more spray over us than was at all desirable. Certainly no one who could have seen the Doctor at this moment—with his fresh-colored face dripping with the salt water and shining in the sunlight—would have taken him for a hard-worked and anxious student. His hard work was pulling stroke-oar, and he certainly put his shoulders into it, as the Laird had remarked; and his sole anxiety was about Mary Avon's art-materials. That young lady shook the water from the two blank canvases, and declared it did not matter a bit.

These lonely cliffs! becoming more grim and awful every moment, as this mite of a boat still wrestles with the great waves, and makes its way along the coast. And yet there are tender greens where the pasturage appears on the high plateaus; and there is a soft ruddy hue where the basalt shines. The gloom of the picture appears below—in the caves washed out of the conglomerate by the heavy seas; in the spurs and fantastic pillars and arches of the black rock; and in this leaden-hued Atlantic springing high over every obstacle to go roaring and booming into the caverns. And these innumerable white specks on the sparse green plateaus and on this high promontory; can they be mushrooms in millions? Suddenly one of the men lifts his oar from the oarlock, and rattles it on the rail of the gig. At this sound a cloud rises from the black rocks; it spreads; the next moment the air is darkened over our heads; and almost before we know what has happened, this vast multitude of puffins has wheeled by us, and wheeled again further out to sea—a smoke of birds! And as we watch them, behold! stragglers come back—in thousands upon thousands—the air is filled with them—some of them swooping so near us that we can see the red parrot-like beak and the orange-hued web-feet, and then again the green shelves of grass and the pinnacles of rock become dotted with those white specks. The myriads of birds; the black caverns; the arches and spurs of rock; the leaden-hued Atlantic bounding and springing in white foam; what says Mary Avon to that? Has she the courage?

"If you can, put me ashore?" says she.

"Oh, we will get you ashore, somehow," Dr. Sutherland answers.

But, indeed, the nearer we approach that ugly coast the less we like the look of it. Again and again we make for what should be a sheltered bit; but long before we can get to land we can see through the plunging sea great masses of yellow, which we know to be the barnacled rock; and then ahead we find a shore that, in this heavy surf, would make matchwood of the gig in three seconds. Brose, however, will not give in. If he cannot get the gig on to any beach, or into any creek, he will land our artist somehow. And at last—and in spite of the remonstrances of John of Skye—he insists on having the boat backed into a projecting mass of conglomerate, all yellowed over with small shell-fish, against which the sea is beating heavily. It is an ugly landing-place; we can see the yellow rock go sheer down in the clear green sea; and the surf is spouting up the sides in white jets. But if she can watch a high wave, and put her foot there—and there—will she not find herself directly on a plateau of rock at least twelve feet square?

"Back her, John!—back her!"—and there-with the Doctor, watching his chance, scrambles out and up to demonstrate the feasibility of the thing. And the easel is handed out to him; and the palette and canvases; and finally Mary Avon herself. Nay, even the Laird will venture sending on before him the luncheon-basket.

It is a strange studio—this projecting shell-crusted rock, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth by an impassable cliff. And the sounds beneath our feet—there must be some subterranean passage or cave into which the sea roars and booms. But Angus Sutherland rigs up the easel rapidly; and arranges the artist's camp-stool; and sets her fairly agoing; then he proposes to leave the Laird in charge of her. He and the humbler chronicler of the adventures of these people mean to have some further exploration of this wild coast.

But we had hardly gone a quarter of a mile or so—it was hard work pulling in this heavy sea—when the experienced eye of Sandy from Islay saw that something was wrong.

"What's that?" he said, starting.

We turned instantly, and strove to look through the mists of spray. Where we had left the Laird and Mary Avon there were now visible only two mites, apparently no bigger than puffins. But is not one of the puffins gesticulating wildly?

"Round with her, John!" the Doctor calls out. "They want us—I'm sure."

And away the gig goes again—plunging into the great troughs and then swinging up the giddy crests. And as we get nearer and nearer, what is the meaning of the Laird's frantic gestures? We cannot understand him; and it is impossible to hear, for the booming of the seas into the caves drown his voice.

"He has lost his hat," said Angus Sutherland; and then, the next second, "Where's the easel?"

Then we understand those wild gestures. Pull away, merry men! for has not a squall swept the studio of its movables? And there, sure enough, tossing high and low on the waves, we descry a variety of things—an easel, two canvases, a hat, a veil, and what not. Up with the boat-hook to the bow; and gently with those plunges, most accurate Hector of Moidart!

"I am so sorry," she says (or rather shrieks), when her dripping property is returned to her.

"It was my fault," our Doctor yells; "but I will undertake to fasten your easel properly this time"—and therewith he fetches a lump of rock that might have moored a man-of-war.

We stay and have luncheon in this gusty and thunderous studio—though Mary will scarcely turn from her canvas. And there is no painting of pink geraniums about this young woman's work. We see already that she has got a thorough grip of this cold, hard coast (the sun is obscured now, and the various hues are more sombre than ever); and, though she has not had time as yet to try to catch the motion of the rolling sea, she has got the colour of it—a leaden gray, with glints of blue and white, and here and there a sudden splash of deep, rich, glassy, bottle green, where some wave for a moment catches, just as it gets to the shore, a reflection from the grass plateaus above. Very good, Miss Avon; very good—but we pretend that we are not looking.

Then away we go again, to leave the artist to her work; and we go as near as possible—the high sea will not allow us to enter—the vast black caverns; and we watch through the clear water for those masses of yellow rock. And then the multitudes of white-breasted, red-billed birds perched up there—close to the small burrows in the scant grass; they jerk their heads about in a watchful way just like the prairie-dogs at the mouth of their sandy habitations on the Colorado plains. And then again a hundred or two of them come swooping down from the rocky pinnacles and sail over our heads—twinkling bits of colour between the gray-green sea and the blue-and-white of the sky. They resent the presence of strangers in this far-home of the sea-birds.

It is a terrible business getting that young lady and her paraphernalia back into the gig again; for the sea is still heavy, and, of course, additional care has now to be taken of the precious canvas. But at last she, and the Laird, and the luncheon-basket, and everything else have been got on board; and away we go for the yacht again, in the now clearing afternoon. As we draw further away from the roar of the caves, it is more feasible to talk; and naturally we are very complimentary, about Mary Avon's sketch in oils.

"Ay," says the Laird, "and it wants but one thing; and I am sure I could get Tom Galbraith to put that in for you. A bit of a yacht, ye know, or other sailing vessel, put below the cliffs, would give people a notion of the height of the cliffs, do you see? I am sure I could get Tom Galbraith to put that in for ye."

"I hope Miss Avon won't let Tom Galbraith or anybody else meddle with the picture," says Angus Sutherland, with some emphasis. "Why, a yacht! Do you think anybody would let a yacht come close to rocks like these? As soon as you introduce any making up like that, the picture is a sham. It is the real thing now, as it stands. Twenty years hence you take up that piece of canvas, and there before you would be the very day you spent here—it would be like finding your old life of twenty years before opened up to you with a lightning-flash. The picture is—why, I should say it is invaluable, as it stands."

At this somewhat fierce praise, Mary Avon colours a little. And then she says with a gentle hypocrisy—

"Oh, do you really think there is—there is—some likeness to the place?"

"It is the place itself!" says he, warmly.

"Because," she says, timidly, and yet with a smile, "one likes to have one's work appreciated, however stupid it may be. And—and—if you think that—would you like to have it? Because I should be so proud if you would take it—only I am ashamed to offer my sketches to anybody—"

"That!" said he, staring at the canvas as if the mines of Golconda were suddenly opened to him. But then he drew back. "Oh, no," he said; "you are very kind—but—but, you know, I cannot. You would think I had been asking for it."

"Well," says Miss Avon still looking down, "I never was treated like this before. You won't take it? You don't think it is worth putting in your portmanteau?"

At this the young Doctor's face grew very red; but he said boldly—

"Very well, now, if you have been playing

fast and loose, you shall be punished. I will take the picture, whether you grudge it me or not. And I don't mean to give it up now."

"Oh," said she, very gently, "if it reminds you of the place, I shall be very pleased—and—and it may remind you too that I am not likely to forget your kindness to poor Mrs. Thompson."

And so this little matter was amicably settled—though the Laird looked with a covetous eye on that rough sketch of the rocks of Canna, and regretted that he was not to be allowed to ask Tom Galbraith to put in a touch or two. And so back to the yacht, and to dinner in the silver clear evening; and how beautiful looked this calm bay of Canna, with its glittering waters and green shores, after the grim rocks and the heavy Atlantic waves!

That evening we pursued the innocent lithe again—our larder was becoming terribly empty—and there was a fine take. Big of more interest to some of us than the big fish was the extraordinary wonder of colour in sea and sky when the sun had gone down; and there was a wail on the part of the Laird that Mary Avon had not her colours with her to put down some jottings for further use. Or if on paper; might not she write down something of what she saw; and experiment thereafter? Well, if any artist can make head or tail of words in such a case as this, here they are for him—as near as our combined forces of observation could go.

The vast plain of water around us a blaze of salmon-red—with the waves (catching the reflection of the zenith) marked in horizontal lines of blue. The great headland of Canna, between us and the western sky, a mass of dark, intense olive green. The sky over that a pale, clear lemon-yellow. But the great feature of this evening scene was a mass of cloud that stretched all across the heavens—a mass of flaming, thunderous, orange-red cloud that began in the far pale mists in the east, and came across the zenith overhead, burning with a splendid glory there, and then stretched over to the west, where it narrowed down and was lost in the calm, clear gold of the horizon. The splendour of this great cloud was bewildering to the eyes; one turned gratefully to the reflection of it in the sultry red of the sea below, broken by the blue lines of waves. Our attention was not wholly given to the fishing or the boat on this lambent evening; perhaps that was the reason we ran on a rock, and with difficulty got off again.

Then back to the yacht again about eleven o'clock. What is this terrible news from Master Fred, who was sent off with instructions to hunt up any stray crofter he might find, and use such persuaders in the shape of Gaelic friendliness and English money as would enable us to replenish our larder? What! that he had walked two miles and seen nothing eatable or purchasable but an old hen? Canna is a beautiful place; but we begin to think it is time to be off.

On this still night, with the stars coming out, we cannot go below. We sit on deck and listen to the musical whisper along the shore, and watch one golden-yellow planet rising over the dusky peaks of Rum, far in the east. And our young Doctor is talking of the pathetic notices that are common in the Scotch papers—in the advertisements of deaths. "*New Zealand papers, please copy.*" "*Canadian papers, please copy.*" When you see this prayer appended to the announcement of the death of some old woman of seventy or seventy-five, do you not know that it is a message to loved ones in distant climes, wanderers who may forget but have not been forgotten? They are messages that tell of a scattered race—of a race that once filled the glens of these now almost deserted islands. And surely, when some birthday or other time of recollection comes round, those far away

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe,

must surely bethink themselves of the old people left behind—living in Glasgow or Greenock too, perhaps—and must bethink themselves too of the land where last they saw the bonny red heather, and where last they heard the pipes playing the sad "Farewell MacCruimin," as the ship stood out to sea. They cannot quite forget the scenes of their youth—the rough seas and the red heather and the islands; the wild dancing at the weddings; the secret meetings in the glen, with Ailasa, or Morag, or Mairi, come down from the sheiling, all alone, a shawl round her head to shelter her from the rain, her heart fluttering like the heart of a timid fawn. They cannot forget.

And we, too, we are going away; and it may be that we shall never see this beautiful bay or the island there again. But one of us carries away with him a talisman for the sudden revival of old memories. And twenty years hence—that was his own phrase—what will Angus Sutherland—perhaps a very great and rich person by that time—what will he think when he turns to a certain picture, and recalls the long summer day when he rowed with Mary Avon round the wild shores of Canna?

CHAPTER X.

"DUNVEGAN!—OH! DUNVEGAN!"

Commander Mary Avon sends her orders below: everything to be made snug in the cabins, for there is a heavy sea running outside, and the *White Dove* is already under way. Farewell, then, you beautiful blue bay—all rippled into silver now with the breeze—and green shores and picturesque cliffs! We should have lingered here a day or two, perhaps, but for the

report about that one old hen. We cannot ration passengers and crew on one old hen.

And here, as we draw away from Canna, is the vast panorama of the sea-world around us once more—the mighty mountain range of Skye shining faintly in the northern skies; Haleval—Haskoval still of a gloomy purple in the east; and away beyond these leagues of rushing Atlantic the pale blue line of North Uist. Whither are we bound, then, you small captain with the pale face and the big, soft, tender black eyes? Do you fear a shower of spray that you have strapped that tightly-fitting ulster round the small graceful figure? And are you quite sure that you know whether the wind is on the port or starboard beam?

"Look! look! look!" she calls, and our F.R.S., who has been busy over the charts, jumps to his feet.

Just at the bow of the vessel we see the great shining black thing disappear. What if there had been a collision?

"You cannot call that a porpoise, anyway," says she. "Why, it must have been eighty feet long!"

"Yes, yacht measurement," says he. "But it had a back fin, which is suspicious, and it did not blow. Now," he adds—for we have been looking all round for the re-appearance of the huge stranger—"if you want to see real whales at work, just look over there, close under Rum. I should say there was a whole shoal of them in the Sound."

And there, sure enough, we see from time to time the white spoutings—rising high into the air in the form of the letter V, and slowly falling again. They are too far away for us to hear the sound of their blowing, nor can we catch any glimpse, through the best of our glasses, of their appearance at the surface. Moreover, the solitary stranger that nearly ran against our bows makes no appearance; he has enough of the wonders of the upper world for a time.

It is a fine sailing morning, and we pay but little attention to the fact that the wind, as usual, soon gets to be dead ahead. So long as the breeze blows, and the sun shines, and the white spray flies from the bows of the "White Dove," what care we which harbor is to shelter us for the night? And if we cannot get into any harbor, what then? We carry our own kingdom with us; and we are far from being dependent on the one old hen.

But in the midst of much laughing at one of the Laird's good ones—the inexhaustible Househ was again to the fore—a head appears at the top of the companion-way; and there is a respectful silence. Unseasonably north dies away before the awful dignity of this person.

"Angus," she says, with a serious remonstrance on her face, "do you believe what scientific people tell you?"

Angus Sutherland starts, and looks up; he has been deep in a chart of Loch Braacadale.

"Don't they say that water finds its own level? Now do you call this water finding its own level? And as she propounds this conundrum, she clings on tightly to the side of the companion, for, in truth, the *White Dove* is curvetting a good deal among those great masses of waves.

"Another tumbler broken!" she exclaims. "Now who left that tumbler on the table?"

"I know," says Mary Avon.

"Who was it, then?" says the occupant of the companion-way; and we begin to tremble for the culprit.

"Why, you yourself?"

"Mary Avon, how can you tell such a story?" says the other, with a stern face.

"Oh, but that is so," calls out the Doctor, "for I myself saw you bring the tumbler out of the ladies' cabin with water for the flowers."

The universal shout of laughter that overwhelms Madame Dignity is too much for her. A certain conscious, lurking smile begins to break through the sternness of her face.

"I don't believe a word of it," she declares, firing a shot as she retreats. "Not a word of it. You are two conspirators. To tell such a tale about a tumbler—"

But at this moment a further assault is made on the majesty of this imperious small personage. There is thunder at the bows; a rattling as of pistol-shots on the decks forward; and at the same moment the fig-ends of the spray come flying over the after part of the yacht. What becomes of one's dignity when one gets a shower of salt water over one's head and neck? Go down below, madam!—retreat, retreat, discomfited!—go, dry your face and your bonny brown hair—and bother us no more with your broken tumbler!

And despite those plunging seas and the occasional showers of spray, Mary Avon still clings bravely to the rope that is round the tiller; and as we are beating over for Skye on one long tack she has no need to change her position. And if from time to time her face gets wet with the salt water, is it not quickly dried again in the warm sun and the breeze? Sun and salt water and sea-air will soon chase away the pallor from that gentle face; cannot one observe already—after only a few days' sailing—a touch of sun-brown on her cheeks?

And now we are drawing nearer and nearer to Skye, and before us lies the lonely Loch Breatal, just under the splendid Coolins. See how vast the slopes of the mountains appear to come sheer down to the lake; and there is a soft, sunny green on them—a beautiful, tender, warm colour that befits a summer day. But far above and beyond those sunny slopes a different sight appears. All the clouds of this fair day have gathered round the upper portions of the

mountains; and that solitary range of black and jagged peaks is dark in shadow, dark as if with the expectation of thunder. The Coolins are not beloved of mariners. Those beautiful sunlit ravines are the sweet haunts of hurricanoes that suddenly come out to strike the unwary yachtsman as with the blow of a hammer. *Stand by, forward, lads! About ship! Down with the helm, Captain Avon!*—and behold! we are sailing away from the black Coolins, and ahead of us there is only the open sea, and the sunlight shining on the far cliffs of Canna.

"When your course is due north," remarks Angus Sutherland, who has relieved Mary Avon at the helm, "and when the wind is due north, you get a good deal of sailing for your money."

The profound truth of this remark becomes more and more apparent as the day passes in a series of long tacks which do not seem to be bringing those far headlands of Skye much nearer to us. And if we are beating in this heavy sea all day and night, is there not a chance of one or other of our woman-folk collapsing? They are excellent sailors, to be sure—but—but—

Dr. Sutherland is consulted. Dr. Sutherland's advice is prompt and emphatic. His sole and only precaution against sea-sickness is simple: resolute eating and drinking. Cure for sea-sickness, after it has set in, he declares there is none—to prevent it, eat and drink, and let the drink be *brut champagne*. So our two prisoners are ordered below to undergo that punishment.

And, perhaps, it is the *brut champagne*, or perhaps it is merely the snugness of our little luncheon-party that prompts Miss Avon to remark on the exceeding selfishness of yachting and to suggest a proposal that fairly takes away our breath by its audacity.

"Now," she says, cheerfully, "I could tell you how you could occupy an idle day on board a yacht so that you would give a great deal of happiness—quite a shock of delight—to a large number of people."

Well, we are all attention.

"At what cost?" says the financier of our party.

"At no cost."

This is still more promising. Why should not we instantly set about making all those people happy?

"All you have got to do is to get a copy of the *Field* or of the *Times*, or some such paper."

"Yes; and how are we to get any such thing? Rum has no post-office. No mail calls at Canna. Newspapers do not grow on the rocks of Loch Braacadale."

"However, let us suppose we have the paper."

"Very well. All you have to do is to sit down and take the advertisements, and write to the people, accepting all their offers on their own terms. The man who wants 500*l.* for his shooting in the autumn; the man who will sell his steam yacht for 7,000*l.*; the curate who will take in another youth to board at 200*l.* a year; the lady who wants to let her country-house during the London season; all the people who are anxious to sell things. You offer to take them all. If a man has a yacht to let on hire, you will pay for new jerseys for the men. If a man has a house to let, you will take all the fixtures at his own valuation. All you have to do is to write two or three hundred letters—as an anonymous person of course—and you make two or three hundred people quite delighted for perhaps a whole week!"

The Laird stared at this young lady as if she had gone mad; but there was only a look of complacent friendliness on Mary Avon's face.

"You mean that you write sham letters?" says her hostess. "You gull those unfortunate people into believing that all their wishes are realized?"

"But you make them happy!" says Mary Avon, confidently.

"Yes—and the disappointment afterwards!" retorts her friend, almost with indignation. "Imagine their disappointment when they find they have been duped! Of course they would write letters and discover that the anonymous person had no existence."

"Oh, no!" says Mary Avon, eagerly. "There will be no such great disappointment. The happiness would be definite and real for the time. The disappointment would only be a slow and gradual thing when they found no answer coming to their letter. You would make them happy for a whole week or so by accepting their offer; whereas by not answering their letter or letters you would only puzzle them, and the matter would drop away into forgetfulness. Do you not think it would be an excellent scheme?"

Come on deck, you people; this girl has got demented. And behold! as we emerge once more into the sunlight and whirling spray and wind, we find that we are nearing Skye again on the port tack, and now it is the mouth of Loch Braacadale that we are approaching. And these pillars of rocks, outstanding from the cliffs, and worn by the northern seas?

"Why, these must be MacLeod's Maidens!" says Angus Sutherland, unrolling one of the charts.

And then he discourses to us of the curious fancies of sailors—passing the lonely coasts from year to year—and recognizing as old friends, not any living thing, but the strange conformations of the rocks—and giving to these the names of persons and of animals. And he thinks there is something more weird and striking about these solitary and sea-worn rocks fronting the great Atlantic than about any comparatively modern Sphinx or Pyramid; until we regard the sunlit

pillars, and their fretted surface and their sharp shadows, with a sort of morbid imagination; and we discover how the sailors have fancied them to be stone women; and we see in the largest of them—her head and shoulders tilted over a bit—some resemblance to the position of the Venus discovered at Milo. All this is very fine; but suddenly the sea gets darkened over there; a squall comes roaring out of Loch Braacadale; John of Skye orders the boat about; and presently we are running free before this puff from the north-east. Alas! alas! we have no sooner got out of the reach of the squall than the wind backs to the familiar north, and our laborious beating has to be continued as before.

But we are not discontented. Is it not enough that the golden and glowing afternoon wears on, to listen to the innocent prattle of Denny-mains, whose mind has been fired by the sight of those pillars of rock. He tells us a great many remarkable things—about the similarity between Gaelic and Irish, and between Welsh and Armorican; and he discusses the use of the Druidical stones, as to whether the priests followed serpent worship or devoted those circles to human sacrifice. He tells us about the Picts and Scots; about Fingal and Ossian; about the doings of Arthur in his kingdom of Strathclyde. It is a most innocent sort of prattle.

"Yes, sir," says Brose—quite gravely—though we are not quite sure that he is not making fun of our simple-hearted Laird, "there can be no doubt that the Aryan race that first swept over Europe spoke a Celtic language, more or less akin to Gaelic, and that they were pushed out, by successive waves of population, into Brittany, and Wales, and Ireland, and the Highlands. And I often wonder whether it was they themselves that modestly called themselves the foreigners or strangers, and affixed that name to the land they laid hold of, from Galicia and Gaul to Galloway and Galway? The Gaelic word *gall*, a stranger, you find everywhere. Fingal himself is only *Fionn-gall*—the Fair Stranger; *Loch-gall*—that is, the familiar Dugald—or the Black Stranger—is what the Ilay people call a Lowlander. *Ru-nn-gall*, that we passed the other day—that is the Foreigner's Point. I think there can be no doubt that the tribes that first brought Aryan civilization through the west of Europe spoke Gaelic or something like Gaelic."

"Ay," said the Laird, doubtfully. He was not sure of this young man. He had heard something about Gaelic being spoken in the Garden of Eden, and suspected there might be a joke lying about somewhere.

However, there was no joking about our F.R.S. when he began to tell Mary Avon how, if he had time and sufficient interest in such things, he would set to work to study the Basque people and their language—that strange remnant of the old race who inhabited the west of Europe long before Scot, or Briton, or Roman, or Teuton had made his appearance on the scene. Might they not have traditions, or customs, or verbal survivals to tell us of their pre-historic forefathers? The Laird seemed quite shocked to hear that his favourite Picts and Scots—and Fingal and Arthur and all the rest of them—were mere modern interlopers. What of the mysterious race that occupied these islands before the great Aryan tide swept over from the East?

Well, this was bad enough; but when the Doctor began to declare his conviction that no one had the least foundation for the various conjectures about the purposes of those so-called Druidical stones—that it was all a matter of guess-work whether as regarded council-halls, grave-stones, altars, or serpent-worship—and that it was quite possible these stones were erected by the non-Aryan race who inhabited Europe before either Gaul or Roman or Teuton came west, the Laird interrupted him, triumphantly—

"But," says he, "the very names of those stones show they are of Celtic origin—will ye dispute that? What is the meaning of *Carnac*, that is in Brittany—eh? Ye know Gaelic?"

"Well, I know that much," said Angus, laughing. "*Carnac* means simply the place of piled stones. But the Celts may have found the stones there, and given them that name."

"I think," says Miss Avon, profoundly, "that when you go into a question of names, you can prove anything. And I suppose Gaelic is as accommodating as any other language."

Angus Sutherland did not answer for a moment; but at last he said, rather shyly—

"Gaelic is a very complimentary language, at all events. *Bann* is 'a woman'; and *bannachd* is 'a blessing.' *An ti a bhannachd thu*—that is, 'the one who blessed you.'"

Very pretty; only we did not know how wildly the young man might not be falsifying Gaelic grammar in order to say something nice to Mary Avon.

Patience works wonders. Dinner-time finds us so far across the Minch that we can make out the light-house of South Uist. And all these outer Hebrides are now lying in a flood of golden-red light; and on the cliffs of Canna, far away in the south-east, and now dwarfed so that they lie like a low wall on the sea, there is a paler red, caught from the glare of the sunset. And here is the silver tinkle of Master Fred's bell.

On deck after dinner; and the night air is cooler now; and there are cigars about; and our young F.R.S. is at the tiller; and Mary Avon is singing, apparently to herself, something about a Berkshire farmer's daughter. The darkness deepens, and the stars come out; and there is one star—larger than the rest, and low down, and burning a steady red light—that we

know to be Ushinish light-house. And then from time to time the silence is broken by, "Stand by, forrard! 'Bout ship!" and there is a rattling of blocks and cordage and then the head-sails fill and away she goes again on the other tack. We have got up to the long headlands of Skye at last.

Clear as the night is, the wind still comes in squalls, and we have the topsail down. Into which indentation of that long, low line of dark land shall we creep in the darkness?

But John of Skye keeps away from the land. It is past midnight. There is nothing visible but the black sea and the clear sky, and the red star of the light-house; nothing audible but Mary Avon's humming to herself and her friend—the two women sit arm-in-arm under half a dozen rugs—some old-world ballad to the monotonous accompaniment of the passing seas.

One o'clock: Ushinish light is smaller now, a minute point of red fire, and the black line of land on our right looms larger in the dusk. Look at the splendor of the phosphorous-stars on the rushing waves.

And at last John of Skye says in an undertone to Angus—

"Will the Jeddies be going below now?"

"Going below?" he says in reply. "They are waiting till we get to anchor. We must be just off Dunvegan Loch now."

Then John of Skye makes his confession.

"Oh, yes; been into Dunvegan Loch more as two or three times; but I not like the dark to be with us in going in; and if we lie off till the daylight comes, the Jeddies they can go below to their beds. And if Dr. Sutherland himself would like to see the channel in going in will I send below when the daylight comes?"

"No, no, John; thank you," is the answer. "When I turn in, I turn in for good. I will leave you to find out the channel for yourself."

And so there is a clearance of the deck, and rugs and camp-stools handed down the companion. *Deoch-an-dheòras* in the candle-lit saloon! To bed—to bed!

It is about five o'clock in the morning that the swinging out of the anchor-chain causes the yacht to tremble from stem to stern; and the sleepers start in their sleep, but are vaguely aware that they are at a safe anchorage at last.

And do you know where the brave *White Dove* is lying now? Surely if the new dawn brings any stirring of wind—and if there is a sound coming over to us from this far land of legend and romance—it is the wild, sad wail of Dunvegan! The mists are clearing from the hills, the dale breaks wan and fair; the great gray castle, touched by the early sunlight, looks down on the murmuring sea. And is it the sea, or is it the cold wind of the morning, that sings and sings to us in our dreams—

"Dunvegan—oh! Dunvegan!"

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

THE English lord whom Miss Vanderbilt is to marry is in debt about a quarter of a million of dollars.

LEADVILLE, from an uninhabited spot, has become a city of 40,000 inhabitants in less than three years.

THE death is announced of the celebrated Danish Arctic explorer and interpreter, M. Carl Petersen, who was born in 1813.

It is said that seventeen editions of the life of Garfield are in preparation by different writers for circulation during the canvass.

THE heat has been so intense on the farm lands south of Tennessee that even the negroes had to leave the corn and cotton fields during the middle of the day.

THE fastest cutter yacht in England is the *Fandora*, hailing from the Clyde, and owned by a Scotchman. She is very large, is the first racing yacht ever built of steel, and is carrying everything before her.

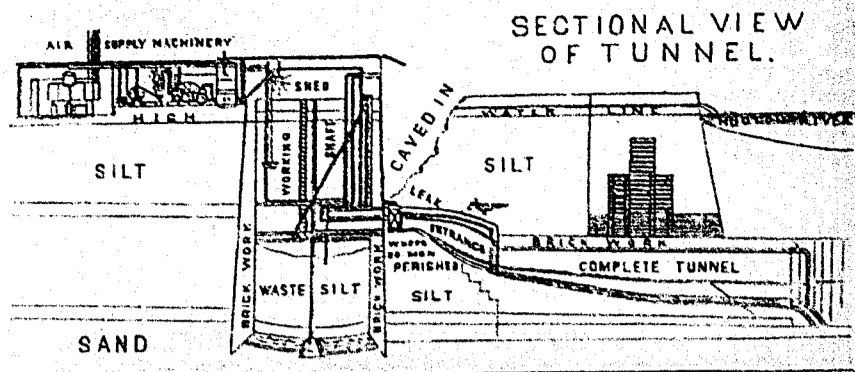
A SOLDIER under the first Napoleon has been found by the census enumerator in Calcasieu parish, La. His name is Pierre Lanette. He was captured after the battle of Moscow and sent to Siberia. He is now eighty-seven years old.

THE German sculptor, Muller, whose statue of "Prometheus Bound" has been bought for 60,000 marks by the government and placed in the Berlin National gallery, was, when a poor boy, a cook in a Munich hotel.

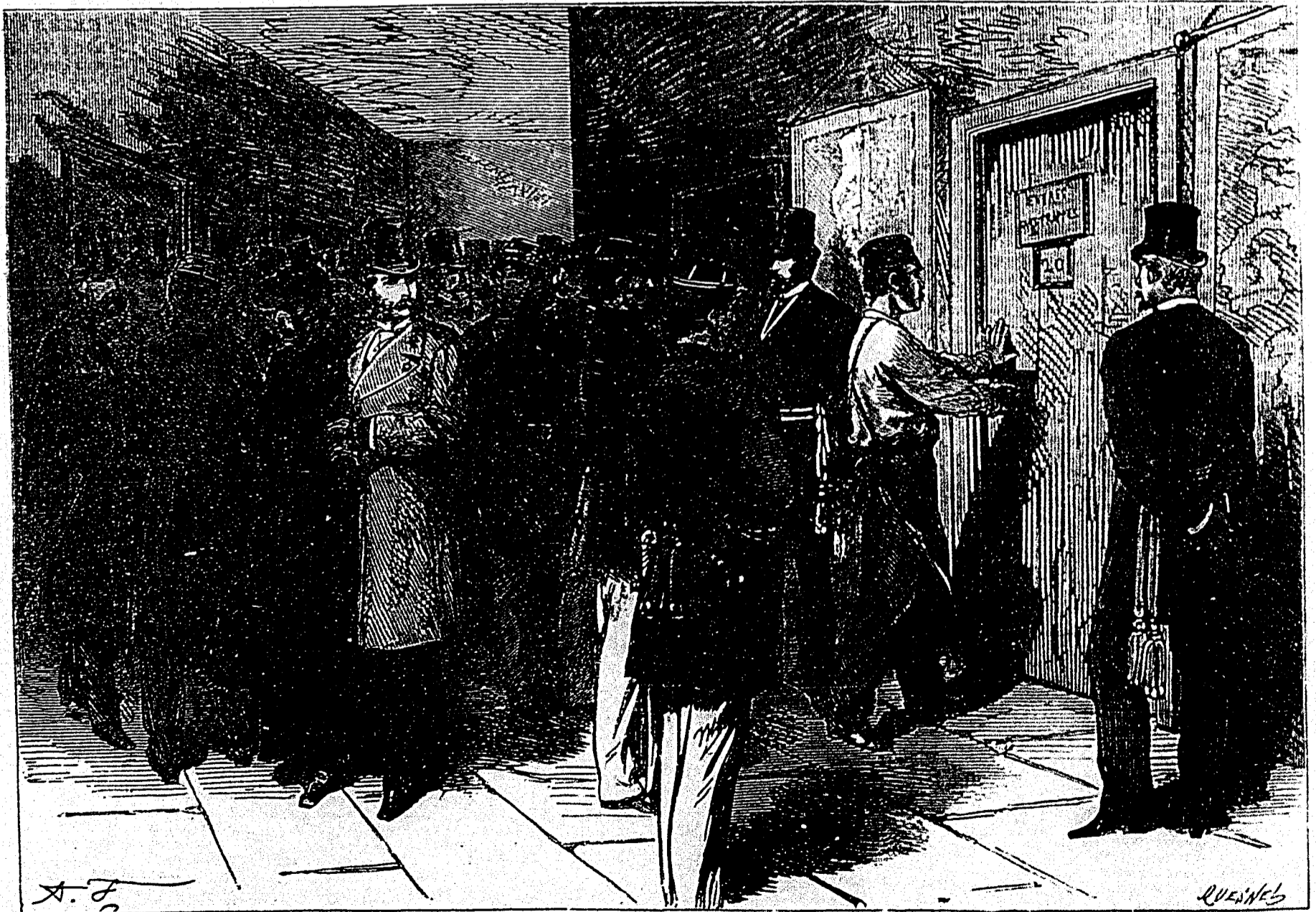
THE Empress of Austria carries her hunting tastes even into the decoration of her table. She has ordered in London a magnificent china service for breakfast, dinner and dessert, which is to be ornamented with hunting scenes, after designs by the best British animal painters.

ON her return to England at the end of this month the Empress Eugenie will only stay for a few days at Chiselhurst, as she intends to spend the autumn at Arenberg, her beautiful place on Lake Constance. Before going to Switzerland the Empress will pay a visit to Queen Victoria at Osborne.

THE year 1880 is destined, it is believed, to be very memorable in the ecclesiastical annals of Germany, inasmuch as not only is it to see Cologne cathedral completed, but the venerable cathedral of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, part of which was burnt in 1867, restored. Interest in this structure centres in the electoral chapel, in which the Archbishop of Mainz used to crown the German Emperors, who were then anointed before the high altar. The first was thus crowned in 1562, the last in 1792.



THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL ACCIDENT AT JERSEY CITY.



EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS IN PARIS.—THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE READING THE DECREE OF EXPULSION BEFORE BREAKING OPEN THE INNER DOOR.



THE MONUMENTAL GROUP OF PROMETHEUS UNBOUND BY MULLER, NOW BEING EXHIBITED IN BERLIN.

THE GHOST OF THE LABURNUMS.

"Why do you not invite me to the Laburnums, Fan?"

"Because it is so lonely there, Rae." "For that reason I shall come," said pretty Raphaella Fairlie. "I shall come and keep you company for a whole week, just as soon as I can get away from the city. I knew you and Phil were moping," nodding her curly head sagaciously.

A sudden gravity went over Fannie Brudenel's gentle countenance, yet her eyes brightened expectantly.

"I should love to have you there, of course," was all she said.

When train time came and Fannie had left Rae's pretty studio and the city, the little artist still sat daintily touching the photograph she was colouring, and evidently closely thinking of something else. She was not sure that Doctor Philip Brudenel would exactly approve of her going to the Laburnums, but she meant to go for all that, for she loved him, and she could plainly see that he had cares and perplexities of which she knew nothing. And though they had been engaged over a year, he made no proposal of marrying soon, only looked moody when the subject was approached. Rae so enjoyed his company that she could live with him in the black hole of Calcutta, she declared to herself, but probably Philip did not think so. Anyway, she was going to the Laburnums, his home at Lowshore, because she felt that her love gave her a right to know what was troubling him.

Ten days later she locked her studio door and steamed away to Lowshore, and soon the depot carriage had set her down at the door of a tiny cottage hid in laburnum trees.

Fannie kissed her affectionately.

"What a delightful apparition you are, Rae," she said, and led her into a little sitting-room.

Everything was very plain, and very, very tiny. Rae thought, accustomed to spacious city apartments; and when Fannie had taken her hat and travelling-satchel, and gone to spread a lunch for her, Rae looked around and saw that the carpet was threadbare and the furniture extremely old-fashioned.

Suddenly a door opened, and an old lady, leaning on a cane, tottered into the room. Her face, bordered by a snowy cap, had a strange, white, puffy look, but she yet showed signs of having been very pretty in youth.

"What are you?" she asked Rae. "A fairy! Do you think you can better our fallen fortunes? No, no! that can never be!"

Rae's cheek burned under the strangely significant words, but she guessed immediately that the old lady's mind was wandering; then Fannie entered the room.

"Come, mother, come and rest now," she said, gently, and drew her from the room. She came back, saying to Rae: "My mother is demented. Do not be troubled by anything she says."

It was evening when Doctor Philip brought his fine presence into the tiny home. His start of delight on beholding Rae was succeeded by a rather sad smile.

"What pleasure did you expect to find here, child?" he asked, holding her hand.

"Perhaps I did not come for pleasure, Philip."

"For what then?"

"Profit."

"I find very little of that here."

Two days passed. Rae saw plainly what the life was at the Laburnums—monotonous, meagre; but ever since Philip had first brought his sister to her studio, Rae had loved Fannie, who was older than herself, and patiently becoming one of the sweetest of old maids. So she enjoyed sisterly talks with Fannie. Philip was absent most of the time.

In one of these confidential chats Fannie said:

"You ought to have come in the early autumn, Rae—it is prettier here then. In November we have nothing attractive—literally nothing. I have often expressed the wish to Philip to have you visit us; but he always speaks of the contrast between your life and ours—you in the city, with access to so much that is entertaining, and we so shut out from the world. But because it is you. I think, Rae, that I will show you the house in the Hollow."

"The house in the Hollow, Fan?"

"Yes, our ancestral home; for Philip and I came of a prosperous race, poor as we now are, and the old house is full of what is beautiful and rare. Get your hat and we will go now."

Through long lines of laburnums, across a tiny kitchen-garden, along a decaying orchard into a slope still green in the November sunshine. At one end of the valley which opened towards the sea, where white sails were noiselessly flitting, stood a large and handsome house of painted brick, with oval windows and other picturesque effects.

"It is not an old house," said Fannie. "It was built by my grandfather, in his last days, as a wedding present to my mother. The old house which had formerly stood here he had pulled down and this built. He intended to reside with his only daughter when she married Israel Beauclair, a French Jew, whom he had chosen for her. But my mother fell in love with her music-teacher, Ross Brudenel, and eloped with him, and grandfather wrote and bade her never to come back. But when Philip and I were fatherless, my mother came, in her great extremity, and begged her father's assist-

ance. Grandfather gave her the cottage we now have, and allowed her a small income with which to bring us up, but never forgave her. At last he died, willing all his property to a distant cousin in India, who has never come for it. The house stands empty, with all its beautiful furniture, and the rich fields lie fallow, while Philip barely supports us with his small practice. Lowshore is a distressingly healthy place," with a faint smile.

The interior of the house was finished in rich foreign woods, the floor, polished like glass and laid with costly rugs and tapestries. The furniture was of mahogany and velvet, long mirrors and dark paintings adorned the walls. It was indeed a handsome house, speaking of almost limitless wealth.

"There are thousands of dollars' worth of silver in the bank at Shoreborough," said Fannie, "and rents accumulating there which will be a small fortune in itself. But we have nothing."

"How hard! how cruel!" cried Rae. "I should not think your grandfather could rest in his grave to have you and Philip with all your refinement and culture, spending your lives in a hand-to-hand scramble for bread."

"They say he does come back and wander uneasily about here," said Fannie, carefully closing shutters and doors and coming out into the sunshine. "But, of course, such stories are told of all such places. Philip says he does not believe a word of it," with marked emphasis which made Rae turn and look at her.

"But you do, Fan."

"Twice people have tried to sleep there and declared that grandfather appeared to them. I should not dare to try it, for I am a timorous thing at best, and—"

The intensity of Rae's thoughts made her quite deaf to what further her companion was saying. This fortune was Philip's right. No wonder he was sad, moody and hopeless of their marriage as he was situated and seemed fated to continue to be.

"The will was made immediately after mamma's marriage," said Fannie, standing under the laburnums and looking up at the great house. "Poor mother says that he told her on his deathbed that he made another will—perhaps in her favour. But what she says goes for little. Her state is very strange since a fever she had just after Philip came of age—her talk so wild and foolish—and yet she seems to understand some things in our affairs that we do not see till afterwards. It is almost uneasy to think over the strange knowledge she has had during these past years," and Fannie fell into a fit of musing.

They walked back to the tiny cottage. Rae's veins thrilled with excitement, but Fannie went soberly about getting tea. They kept no maid, this poor disinherited family, and Rae learned that Philip's own hands tilled the little kitchen-garden, while every labour of the household was performed by Fannie.

She could not sleep that night after she had gone to her tiny bedroom. The moonlight seemed to disturb her and make her brain wildly active. What influence strung her nerves!—for when all was still and the night far advanced she rose, and, dressing, donned her warm sealskin sacque and cap, and came out into the hall. She took a bunch of keys from their nail there, and, selecting one which she had seen Fannie take, held it tightly in her slim, white fingers as she went out into the night.

In the moon's white light she went steadily through the long lines of laburnums, across the tiny kitchen garden, along the decaying orchard, into the Hollow. She stood a moment before the great still house, listening to the roar of the sea. Strangely enough, she did not feel afraid. If she thought of the presence of an unseen spirit, it was to appeal to it prayerfully for help.

Another will. It must be. At least it would do no harm to search, and that is what she had come for.

She left the hall-door wide open and let the moonlight flood the tiled hall. It streamed through the chinks of the shutters, which she opened, one by one, as she fitted keys to drawers of all kinds. The task was no light one, for in every niche was cabinet or escritoire. But there were no papers anywhere. Many things which must have been the personal property of old Squire Brudenel she found, but nowhere his will.

"Oh, if I only could—if I only could!" she said, sadly, "and it would restore Philip to his rights!"

Rat, tat, tat—the sound of a cane on the tiled floor. Rae turned for the first time, her eyes wide with fright. The enthusiasm with which she had entertained her generous purpose had made her utterly forgetful of herself. Now some one was coming.

The door swung slowly on its tarnished silver hinges. A quaint, bent little figure, leaning on a cane, advanced into the room and paused beside a handsome carved armchair which stood before a table. Lifting the cane, the bent little old woman knocked smartly thrice on the seat of this chair, filling the room with a hollow sound, then, resuming her feeble walk, she passed out of the apartment by another door.

Tremblingly, doubtfully, Rae curiously approached the chair. The blows of the cane seemed to have disturbed or broken the seat, for it was awry, plainly revealing a cavity beneath. Turning the chair to the light, Rae looked within and saw distinctly a folded paper.

It was a large sheet, yellow and thick as vellum. Her hands trembled as she unfolded it and read, "My last will and testament, Paul Brudenel," and it dropped to the floor.

Snatching it up she ran—ran swiftly out of the house, and flew noiselessly and shaking to Fannie's door.

"I have found it—I have found it!" she cried, flinging her arms around the amazed, white-robed figure who admitted her to Fannie's chamber.

"Found what? Are you sick? Are you crazy?" asked gentle Fannie Brudenel.

"The other will—within a chair—an old armchair in the house in the Hollow. A ghost showed it to me!" answered Rae, holding the paper aloft.

"There was a knock at the chamber-door."

"Sister, what is the matter? What disturbs the house?"

It was Philip's voice.

"I have found the will! Come in and read it!" cried Rae, dragging him in.

She gave him the paper; she lighted a lamp. He was forced to read. Struggling for calmness as he proceeded, he read to the end. Yes, late, but not too late, the precious document was found—the second will of Paul Brudenel, unconditionally bequeathing all he possessed to these two, his grandchildren.

In the exciting talk which followed, no one heard a slender cane go rat-tat-tat past the door but when the blue morning light dawned and Fannie bestirred herself to get breakfast, she went first to her mother's room.

"Philip," she said, coming back, "mother has had one of her bad nights again. She has been up and away. I must have slept very much more soundly than usual; she never eluded me before. She is very much exhausted."

Philip went instantly to attend to his mother. When, the next day, she seemed restored to her wonted condition, and Rae had minutely told her story, they closely questioned Mrs. Brudenel as to her visit to the house in the Hollow, and tried to discover if she had any knowledge of the hiding-place of the will. But nothing could be gained from her disordered mind. She would only shake her head and smile.

"How dared you go on such an expedition to that lonely place at such an unbecoming hour, Rae?" asked Philip, the next evening, when embraced by his arm, they had talked over the happy prospect of their immediate union.

"I was inspired," she answered, laughing, but with a look of awe creeping into her beautiful eyes. Then, as she remembered that strange night, she gently embraced him.

"All for love, Philip. It was done all for love."

WOMAN IN THE WORKING WORLD.

I confess that I am not at all sure that if certain rosewood doors were flung wide open to certain of our working women that they would at all be inclined to enter. Still it would be hard to make any autocrat believe that, wouldn't it? To illustrate: I know a certain recognized leader of fashion and society, a cultivated, elegant woman, who can entertain a whole roomful of company, whose word and whose opinions are laws in the circle in which she moves. This lady will not only owe her milliner for six months at a time, will not only bargain and bargain with her seamstress, and finally tell the overworked sewing-woman to come again for one, two and three months at a time when she asks for money, will let them both see the hard, selfish, contemptible side of her nature, and which she keeps covered up from her own friends, but will furthermore pass her debtors on her way to church with a haughty stare as if she saw them not. To be sure to the finer quality of woman such snobbish treatment acts rather as a tonic, but to the timid, shuffling working-girl, who has started out in the world full of pride at her importance as a bread-winner and a helper, glad in a shy way of her high rank in nature's aristocracy, such a sneer comes like a wet blanket. This last spring a certain very nice club of young gentlemen proposed giving a reception to their young lady friends. A certain young gentleman whom I know sent in the name of a very charming and lovely young lady for an invitation to the reception. Her name was refused and the mortified applicant demanded the reason. The committee was very sorry and as far as they were concerned there was no reason at all; but the other young ladies, who were all high toned, would be sure to object, because she worked in a store! And I do believe if those young lady guests had been told the estimation that was placed upon their ideas of the nobility of work by the gentlemen of the club, that to the last woman of them the lesson would have been one life-lasting in its value, and they each would have recognized their duties to each other as women as perhaps they had never done before.

VARIETIES.

BAVARIANS AT HOME.—The Bavarians are great hands at festivities, and lose no possible opportunity of indulging in dancing, which is their favourite amusement. A wedding-dance that lasts only an entire day and night is looked upon as a very poor affair, and sometimes as much as six days and nights are devoted to such festivities. Their mode of dancing, although not wanting in energy, must be a far from graceful performance. After commencing with what

a recent traveller says resembles an Irish jig, the favourite and crowning feat of the Bavarian dancer is to raise himself on the shoulders of his fair partner, resting his head there while his feet perform a tattoo, fly-fashion, on the low ceiling of the dancing-room. It is certainly as well, as the writer from whom this information is derived remarks, that Bavarian women's backs are strong and their hips broad.

SPECULATING IN POSTAGE-STAMPS.—A prospect of the introduction of the penny-post, a story is told by a commercial traveller who was at that time doing business in the Channel Islands. An English shilling brought thirteen Jersey pennies in exchange, so, when the penny stamp came into the island, they were sold for a Jersey penny. Thirteen were sold for an English shilling, and our friend was not long in finding this out. So he bought up all the local stock of stamps—some four hundred pounds worth—and sold them when he crossed the water, realizing about eight per cent on his bargain. Other commercials followed suit, and the officials at the General Post-Office were astonished at the number of stamps which were required for insignificant little Jersey. Settling-day came—and with it the explanation. The enterprise was speedily stopped.

FADING IN CHURCH.—It seems strange at first sight, but not at all wonderful when we come to look closely into the conditions and circumstance of the case, that fainting in church should be a frequent occurrence, and in some congregations even reach the proportions of an epidemic. There can be no question that the ventilation of many churches and places of worship, which are wont to be crowded, is radically defective, and the vitiated atmosphere inevitably affects the weakly as a powerful depressant. This is a matter which requires attention. Medical officers of districts might bring more influence to bear on churchwardens and the wardens of chapels, that measures may be taken to receive the ingress of pure air without draught and the escape of foul vapours. Meanwhile it cannot be doubted that there is room for a little serious argument on this subject, and ministers might do well to remonstrate from the pulpit with congregations in which the "halat" of fainting is prevalent. In some of the chapels attached to lunatic asylums there are special apartments for the accommodation of epileptics who have "fits." It would almost seem that in some churches and chapels there should be rooms set apart for the retirement of those who contemplate fainting.

FERN WINDOWS.—Let us see how the shady windows of a dwelling-house may be made beautiful by the presence of ferns. We will begin at the basement. Here we shall find, as in thousands of London and other city houses, a window or windows looking out upon what is popularly called the area. Such windows are invariably immersed in shadow, and, given up as they are to the domestics of the household, one may perhaps not infrequently see, as one passes, the window-sills adorned by modest pots containing geraniums, calceolarias, fuchsias, or the golden-green leaf and golden flowers of the sweet but modest musk-plant. Rarely do we see ferns in such windows. But why should they not be there? Let them by all means be mixed with such flowers as will thrive in these windows. But, when flowers need to be excluded, by reason of the unoblongevity of the situation, let the ferns at least remain. By the tasteful arrangement around and about such windows of virgin cork, with provision of "pockets" for ferns, or by the skillful use of cement and pieces of stone, or brick disguised as stone by a sprinkling of the dry powder of cement—like provision being made for drainage—an "area" light may be made really charming. Or suppose the basement windows of a house are half below the garden or area level. In such cases there will be a space commonly called a "well" outside such windows, having usually three bricked sides in addition to the window side. By putting a glass top or frame to such a space an admirable little fern-house will be created, in which ferns will thrive, and find excellent protection against winter frosts. With trowel and cement it will be easy, in a "well" like this, to establish a miniature "Fern Paradise."

MALARIAL FEVER.

Malarial Fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigour to the aged and infirm always. See "Proverbs" in other column.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks.
H., Ottawa.—We have sent a letter to your address. Please answer.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Solution received of Problem No. 285. Correct.

Now that the match between Zukertort and Rosenthal is finished, there will be a lull in chess matters, but it is very important for the maintenance of public interest in the game to keep up the excitement among amateurs and others, both at home and abroad, and, therefore, it is very likely that we shall soon hear of another encounter between two or more of the professionals of the day, which we trust may be of a more attractive nature than the one just concluded. In speaking in this way, we do not refer to the skill of the combatants, as that, in previous contests, has given to each a standing in chess which few

can reach, and of which they may well be proud, but the large number of draws in the late match, and the small number of games scored by the one player, as compared with the victories of his antagonist, prevented that exciting interest in the final results which is always manifested when the competitors are neck and neck throughout a long and stubbornly contested race. Mr. Rosenthal seems to have a large share of public favour on his side, and whether from personal character, or sympathy for him on account of his want of success, the manner in which he has been spoken of by leading public journals, which devote a portion of their space to the game, must have been in every way agreeable to him. It may appear singular to many, that in a contest of this nature, both players should so pertinaciously keep to the same mode of opening the game. Eight times M. Rosenthal began his game with the Ruy Lopez opening, which circumstance, we suppose, must prove his faith in his selection, especially when so much was at stake. If we recollect rightly, a similar adherence to one particular opening occurred in the contest, some time ago, between Schultze and Blackburne. In this latter instance, the Scotch gambit seemed to be the favourite on both sides. We trust that the whole of the games in the Zukertort-Rosenthal match will shortly be put in form, so as to place them within the reach of chess-players generally.

For improvement in play, nothing is equal to the study of the best games of the best players, and although in the late contest many of the games were drawn, we can assure our young friends that when two players of the force of Rosenthal and Zukertort can so carry on a game as to neutralize each other's best efforts over the board, there is not much in it which will amply repay the student for his time and trouble should he play over with great care every move from the beginning to the end.

CHESS IN ITALY.

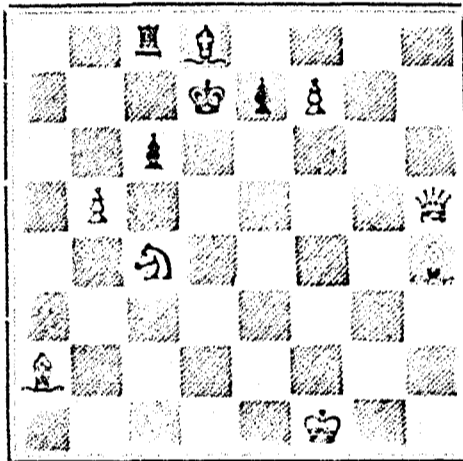
It is contemplated to hold a National Tourney on the occasion of the National Exhibition, which is to take place at Milan in 1881. A provisional committee to carry out this object has already been formed. The tourney of the Philological Chess Circle at Leghiera, in which the Duzo Gambit was the compulsory opening, has been won by Sig. Brucchi.

The book of the second Italian Chess Congress was to be published last month. — *Chess-Player's Chronicle.*

Twenty-two competitors have entered the Meester Tourney at Wiesbaden, including Messrs. Blackburne, Mason, Schwartz, English, Dauter, Blackburne, &c.

The proceedings commenced on Saturday last (July 3rd), when, after some discussion, it was arranged that play should begin on the following day, and be concluded thereafter, eight hours every day until the end of the tourney. — *Illustrated London News.*

PROBLEM No. 286. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME (7TH). Evans Gambit.

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------|
| White.—(Kobalch.) | Black.—(Parker.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K Kt to B 3 | 2. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. B to B 4 |
| 4. P to Q K 4 | 4. B takes K P |
| 5. Castles | 5. Kt to K B 3 |
| 6. P to Q B 3 | 6. B to K 2 |
| 7. P to Q 4 | 7. P takes P |
| 8. P takes P | 8. K Kt takes P |
| 9. P to Q 5 | 9. Kt to B 4 |
| 10. B to Q 3 | 10. Kt to B 4 |
| 11. B to B 4 | 11. Kt takes B |
| 12. Q takes Kt | 12. Castles |
| 13. P to Q 6 | 13. P takes P |
| 14. Q to Kt B 3 | 14. P to Q Kt 3 |
| 15. Kt to Q 5 | 15. Kt to A 2 |
| 16. B to K 2 | 16. Kt to B 4 |
| 17. Q to K 3 | 17. Kt to K 2 |
| 18. Kt to Q 4 | 18. B to B 3 |
| 19. R to Q B 6 (ch) | 19. P takes Kt |
| 20. Kt takes B (ch) | 20. P takes Kt |
| 21. Q to K R 6 | 21. P to Q 4 |
| 22. B takes P | 22. Q to Q 3 |
| 23. P to K B 4 (ch) | 23. B to K 4 |
| 24. B to B 4 and wins (ch) | |

NOTES.

- (a) An excellent move.
- (b) The end of some beautiful play.

SOLUTIONS

Solutions of Problem No. 286

White. Black.

- 1. B to K R 3
- 2. Q to K 4
- 3. Q mates
- 1. K to K B 3 or 5
- 2. K to K 4

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 284.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. K to K B 2
- 2. K to K 3 mate
- 1. K takes B

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 285.

White. Black.

- K at K Kt 2
- R at K Kt 6
- B at K B 6
- Kt at K 6
- Pawn at K B 3
- K at K R 3
- B at Q 7
- Kt at K R 4
- Pawns at K R 3, and K Kt 4
- K at K R 3
- B at Q 7
- Kt at K R 4
- Pawns at K R 3, and K Kt 4

White to play and mate in three moves.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

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

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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

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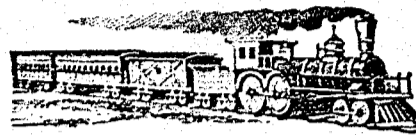
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Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Wednesday, June 23, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS
Leave Hochelaga for Hull	1:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	5:15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull	10:30 a.m.	12:45 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	5:00 p.m.	9:00 p.m.	10:10 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	8:00 a.m.	6:30 a.m.	4:40 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome	5:30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome	7:15 p.m.	Mixed	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga		6:45 a.m.	
Arrive at Hochelaga		9:00 a.m.	

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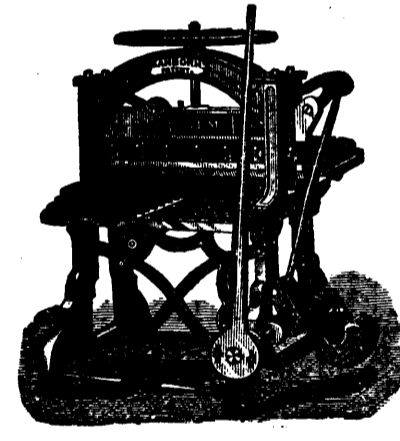
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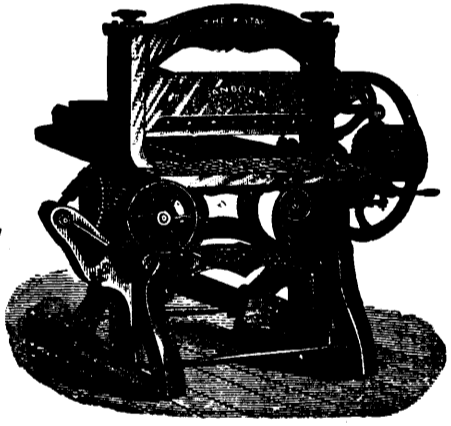
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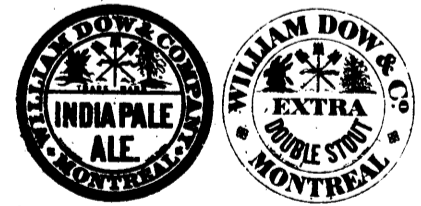
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