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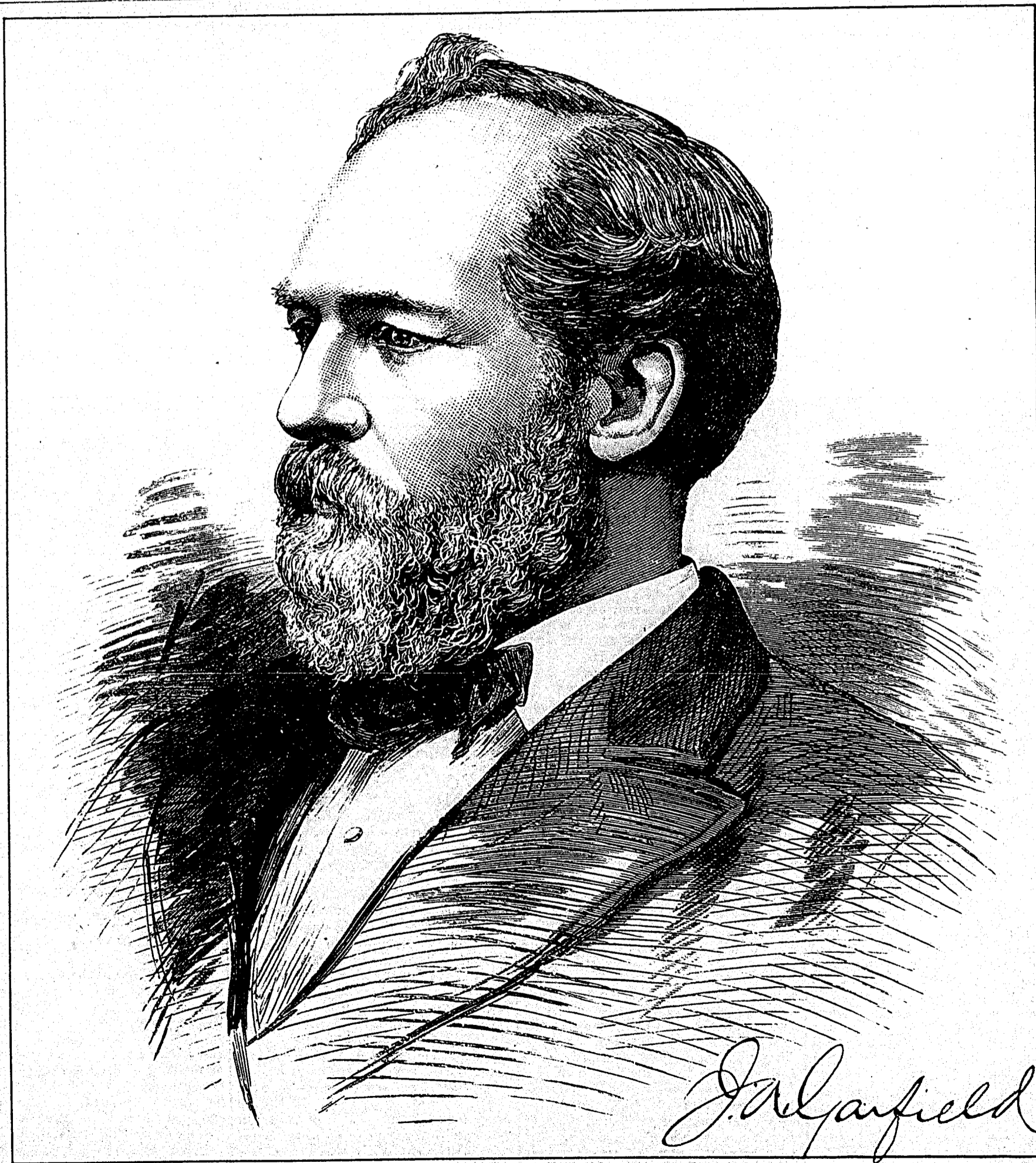
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1880.

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HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD,
PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

| November 14th, 1880. | | | Corresponding week, 1879. | | |
|----------------------|------|-------|---------------------------|------|-------|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | Max. | Min. | Mean. |
| Mon.. 41° | 32° | 37° | Mon.. 47° | 33° | 41° |
| Tues. 41° | 31° | 36° | Tues. 56° | 42° | 49° |
| Wed.. 44° | 31° | 38° | Wed. 50° | 46° | 48° |
| Thur. 42° | 33° | 43° | Thur. 48° | 40° | 44° |
| Fri. 41° | 35° | 40° | Fri. 46° | 34° | 40° |
| Sat.. 41° | 33° | 35° | Sat.. 44° | 34° | 40° |
| Sun.. 35° | 25° | 30° | Sun.. 51° | 40° | 47° |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, November 20, 1880.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

THE WEEK.

We are glad to see that active mining operations are being prosecuted in different parts of the Dominion with success. Gold in working quantities is found in Beauce, and the French capitalists who are at present visiting this country will be invited to explore them.

STELLARTON, Nova Scotia, has acquired a terrible reputation. The colliery accidents which have occurred there within the past two months have resulted in an appalling loss of life. The last explosions were of so extraordinary a character as to call for Government interference in the way of a thorough search into the causes of the tragedy and effective legislation to prevent its repetition.

ANOTHER old relic is to disappear from the earth, and the poetry of charity will make way for the prose of modern science. The Hospice on the top of Mount St. Gothard, founded four hundred years ago, will be permanently closed two years hence. The reason is that the opening of the tunnel has rendered it useless. At present the Hospice affords shelter, food and a bed to 20,000 people yearly, and is supported by public and private charity. The ride through the tunnel will cost only 20 cents.

HALIFAX is on the point of losing the last chance which it enjoyed of being con-

sidered the winter port of the Dominion. The Allan Line, will no longer make it their freight depot in or out, and intend to call there only for the shipping and delivery of mails, as they must, according to contract with the Federal Government. Boston will now practically be our winter port, whereas the citizens of Halifax are naturally much exercised. The sooner they take effective steps to alter this untoward direction of things the better.

AFTER the disastrous experience of the ravages of the epizootic in the winter of 1872-73, it is a wonder that our Veterinarians have not found more effective means to meet the plague. We are aware, of course, that prevention, as in the analogous case of influenza, is the best remedy, but the people should have been instructed to meet the disease in its initial stages. For want of this information, there has been a general lack of preliminary treatment, and the consequence is that the malady is playing havoc among our horses.

It appears quite certain that Lord BEACONSFIELD is about to inflict another novel upon the public. We are assured that "Endymion" will appear in December, under the auspices of the Longmans, who have secured the copyright for the fabulous sum of \$50,000. The power of a name could no further go. Much as we admire his political genius, we have always been so unfortunate as to see very little merit in the literary compositions of DISRAELI. Indeed, his "Lothair" looks very much like rubbish. We should be only too happy, for the reputation of the noble author, that this, probably his last, work may belie our judgment by being superior to all his other writings.

We publish to-day the portraits of the two Federal Ministers who were sworn in last week. The portfolio of Militia and Defence went to the Hon. A. P. CARON, member for Quebec County. He is the eldest surviving son of the late Hon. R. F. CARON, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and was born in the Ancient Capital in 1843, being therefore only in his 37th year, and thus the youngest of our Ministers. Mr. CARON is an alumnus of Laval and McGill Universities, and adopted the profession of the Bar, in which he has been very successful. He first entered public life in 1873, when, after an unsuccessful candidature at Bellechasse, he was returned for the County of Quebec, which he has represented with much credit to the present time. The advent of Mr. CARON to office has been received with general favour by his political adversaries as well as his friends. He is genial, talented and full of energy, while his administrative capacity was displayed during the several years that he acted as Parliamentary whip for his party. Of Hon. Mr. MOUSSEAU we published a portrait and biography, two years ago, on the occasion of the prominent part which he then played in Parliament. He took a high station in his party, by the stand he occupied regarding the knotty LETELLIER question. Mr. MOUSSEAU is a gentleman of perfect education, polished manners and keen political instinct. In the turn of the wheel we shall not be surprised to find him occupying the responsible office of Minister of Justice.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE.

Just as we are about to close our forins preparatory to going to press, we receive the intelligence of the result of the great boat race, rowed on the forenoon of the 15th inst., on the Thames, between EDWARD HANLAN, of Toronto, and EDWARD TRICKETT, of Sydney, New South Wales. The course was the historical one between Putney and Mortlake, the scene of so many eager contests between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge Universities. The stakes were the sum of two hundred pounds a side, the Championship of Eng-

land and the Sportsman's Championship Challenge Trophy. The brief telegraphic announcement was that the invincible little Toronto boy won easily by three lengths, leading his adversary from Hammersmith Bridge to the end of the course. It seems that the Australian took first water and kept it for a brief space, when HANLAN spurted and assumed the lead, which he retained afterward all through. So little apparent effort was required of him to hold ahead of his adversary that he resorted to his old tricks—which, we must say, we never admired—of lying back in his boat, bathing his head, waving his handkerchief to the crowds on the shore, and giving other proofs of his coolness and confidence. At no time did TRICKETT appear to be a match for him, and the victory of the Canadian appears to have been a foregone conclusion from the first.

It goes without saying that we are very proud of the triumph of HANLAN. He is a Canadian, he is an athlete, and he is a modest conqueror withal. We are of opinion that simple NED HANLAN has done as much to make Canada known in England as any agent of emigration ever sent there. He has also done his share in giving zest to one of the manliest and most wholesome of out-door sports, thus keeping up a British tradition which is inseparably connected with the history of the Mother Country. We further believe that the Champion has, in the midst of inevitable and strong temptations, endeavoured to maintain his profession free from much of the corruption and dishonesty that attend all games of hazard. On his return to Canada, therefore, we think he is entitled to a fitting reception, both as a successful oarsman and an honest man.

It is wonderful the interest which the general public takes in events of that kind. Men who never attended a boat race in their lives stood absorbed in the chill morning air, while the snow was falling fast, perusing the bulletin boards, or discussing the result with their friends. Of the money which changed hands on the occasion, we have nothing to say, except this, that the heavy betting on this side was an additional proof of the confidence which his Canadian friends reposed in HANLAN'S ability to win honourably.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND.

Matters are approaching a climax in Ireland, and the end cannot be far. Nor can any one in his senses doubt what that end in effect will be, so far at least as the dreams of the Land Leaguers are concerned. Of the utter hopelessness of insurrection all reasonable men must be convinced. Half a dozen regiments ought to suffice to crush it, even were the party more secure of home support than it is. But, in fact, it has been conclusively proved that the strongest, if not the largest, section of the inhabitants of Ireland, are in favour of law and order.

In the past decade a notable change has come over the scene, and the hopes of a united Ireland have been scattered to the four winds. Disestablishment has partially satisfied the Roman Catholic clergy, and the prospect of the expected concessions in the matter of education will have a still further mollifying effect. The attitude lately assumed by the hierarchy, as evidenced by the Cork and Cloyne resolutions and the pastoral of Archbishop McCabe may be quoted in proof of this. The Church has ceased to be identified with the rapid march of events, and has, in effect, resigned the leadership of the popular party. Of external help, the Irish Nationalists of 1880 can have but little hope. The Americans in particular are absolutely without sympathy with a purely agrarian movement, and of continental aid Ireland has surely learned to beware. "The Irish have made a diversion, what more do you want of them?" Napoleon's policy would be the policy of to-day in the improbable case of a continental movement in support of the rebels.

With the disasters of 1798 and the

hopelessness of a struggle commenced under far less favourable auspices before them, it is well that Ireland should see clearly whither it is that Mr. PARNELL and his colleagues would hurry her. And at last they have shown their hands in this present time.

One good at least has come to us out of such evil. Englishmen seem to-day in a fair way of understanding what the Irish grievances really are. For, little sympathy as we have with Mr. PARNELL, there is no man who really knows the history of Ireland during the past century that can fail to sympathize with her. In truth the great difficulty with which she has had to contend, of late years at all events, has been the failure of Englishmen, and English statesmen in particular, to understand what were her wrongs, and what redress she needed. The systematic misrepresentation of the hierarchy, the fatal misunderstanding of the people by their landlords, with its result in absenteeism and agent rule, the draining of her natural resources by the sponging of Irish rents in England; all these have been real and not fancied wrongs. Robbed on all sides; neglected by her landlords; the prey of unscrupulous agents; the catspaw of still more unscrupulous agitators; throughout misunderstood by her rulers, and goaded to madness by their indifference; Ireland has indeed passed through a vale of sorrows. Much of this no doubt is already altered for the better; the yoke of an alien establishment has been shaken off, and the landlords of to-day suffer, we believe, mostly for the sins of their predecessors; but it is folly to shut our eyes to the truth of the picture, and much may be hoped for in the way of a settlement, when the position of the aggrieved party is more clearly recognized.

What that settlement is to be is harder to predict. The present agitation has apparently directed itself to a single end, the so-called agrarian question. That Ireland does really occupy a peculiar position in reference to the tenure of land may be easily conceded without admitting the principle that the confiscation of a man's estate can be justified any more than the confiscation of his purse. The present issue is but the end of a struggle which has been going on since the conquest, and in which the true right of the conquering nation to the lands wrested from the conquered has never been thoroughly conceded; while the utter estrangement in the majority of cases between landlord and tenant has been the death-blow of that devotion which the Irish peasant is ready enough to bestow in return for personal kindness.

The possibility of avoiding the crisis has been all along in the hands of the landlords. That the memory of original confiscation and misrule has given place to the most friendly relations in individual cases, goes far to prove that it might have been so in all. While other landlords are flying in terror from open threats or ill-concealed fears of assassination, it is comforting to read of the friendly relations between the landlords of more than one large estate and their tenants; and the expressed determination of several noble owners of land to spend a longer time than usual amongst their Irish dependents this winter. But after all we can make allowances for both sides, and the absentees of to-day have for their excuse that absenteeism with them is hereditary and has been forced upon them as the result of the misconduct of their predecessors.

The real issue of the difficulty is in the hands of men who seem determined to face the matter boldly. Liberals and Conservatives are united upon the question that such men as PARNELL shall outrage law and justice no longer, and whatever may be the issue of the Land League prosecutions, we may rest assured that quiet will be speedily restored, by legal measures and legal forms, if possible; but if these fail, terrorism will be met by the bayonet.

Beyond this, however, the present Government seem to be awake to the fact that

a more permanent manner of relief is needed than the mere repression of the present agitation. Mr. PARNELL's opposition to the Compensation Bill is sufficient to show that he at least wants nothing which shall allay the irritation. He is of the true agitator school, whose existence depends on the disturbances they themselves create, and whose worst enemy is the peacemaker. That the Irish question will be dealt with in an open and generous spirit, the temper of the present Government leaves us no room for doubt. The Liberals have always been ready to initiate acts for the relief of Ireland, which in the eyes of many may seem to savor even of injustice; the trouble has been that hitherto, they, in common with their political opponents, have never attained to a knowledge of what was wanted. They believed mistakenly that disestablishment would be the needed *panacea*. Disestablishment was an accomplished fact, but the settlement was as far off as ever. The Land bill, from which so much was hoped, met with a like measure of unsuccess; and an Education bill proved equally abortive. Now the cry is "Ireland for the Irish," and we may well believe that the concession of Home Rule itself would have met the views only of a very insignificant portion of the community, and left the Irish question as far as ever from a peaceable solution. To this fact we cannot but believe the more moderate Home Rule party are at last awake. The indispensable prelude to Home Rule is a united Ireland, and day by day such a union is becoming more and more impossible.

English statesmen have at all events at length had their eyes thoroughly opened. Whether they will succeed to-day or tomorrow in satisfying the Irish nation is an open question. For ourselves, we believe that the change must be social and not political. But England has learned now, for the first time, the true story of Irish wrongs, of Irish grievances, of Irish transgressions. When the diagnosis is complete, the cure may be hoped for.

ANTI-CHINESE RIOT IN DENVER, COLORADO.

The city of Denver has recently been disgraced by a temporary reign of mob-law quite as indefensible and violent as that which has occasionally prevailed in San Francisco during the anti-Chinese agitation. The origin of the brutal proceedings of the mob seems to have been in the antipathies to the Chinese roused by partisan publications, that in the event of the success of General Garfield the State would be flooded with Chinese, and all white labour driven out. On Saturday night, October 30th, a political procession carried transparencies through the streets with inscriptions and cartoons tending to excite animosity against the Chinese. A considerable portion of the rougher element became intoxicated, and on Sunday made an assault on Chinese houses, tearing down some twenty-three of them, destroying the contents and beating and driving out the occupants. One Chinaman was hung over his front door, and several badly beaten and wounded with stones and other missiles. For a time, during the evening, the mob had uncontrolled possession of the city, marching from street to street, and carrying consternation everywhere. The Fire Department was ordered to throw water on the rioters, but the mob attacked the firemen, and badly wounded two of them. A special police force was finally sworn in, and at the end of ten or twelve hours comparative quiet was restored. Many Chinamen escaped the brutalities of the mob by being rescued from the back-doors of their dwellings while their assailants were demolishing the front doors. At one time a crowd of miscreants raised a disturbance near the post-office, but within ten minutes it was estimated that a thousand citizens, nearly all armed, were on the ground, and all the rioters at that point were arrested and sent to jail. A number of fires were also started, but no serious damage was done.

The Chinese population of Denver does not exceed 150 in all, and the assault upon them was in every respect unjustifiable. Good citizens condemn the outrage. A large number of arrests of persons concerned in the riot have been effected, and an effort will be made to vindicate the law which they so causelessly violated.

CONCERT IN AID OF THE HERVEY INSTITUTE.

The concert given in the new Queen's Hall, on Friday evening, the 12th inst., was a decided success. The singing of the medical students

far outstripped their former efforts, some voices among them being very fine. The rendering of the part songs, especially "Sweet and Low," reflected great credit on the ladies and gentlemen taking part therein. The soloists were all home talent, and acquitted themselves admirably. Miss Crompton's rendering of "Come into the Garden, Maude" as an encore, was by far her best attempt, and was another proof of that young lady's talent. Miss Donnelly sang an *Ave Verum*, and being encored she kindly responded; this lady is a very promising artist. Miss Jarvis sang *Sognai* very acceptably, her voice is powerful and pleasing, and gave for an encore "One, Two, Three." Mr. W. Walter Denyer sang a *carolina* by Mercadante, "Ah! Si questo," a very difficult solo, requiring fine execution, which was well rendered by that gentleman, but the selection was of too high an order to thoroughly please the audience, which was made manifest towards the end of the programme by his receiving an encore for "Awake" by Adams, a song of no musical merit whatever; as an encore he gave "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," in that style now known to most of our lovers of music. Mr. MacLagan's accompaniments were mostly too forcible. Of the instrumental part of the programme Mrs. Dr. Roddick's piano solo was warmly received, and she kindly responded to an encore. The quartette did not appear to advantage, being too weak for the hall. Dr. Roddick acted as chairman in his well-known genial manner. The Rev. Dr. Sullivan addressed the audience with some appropriate and amusing remarks. We think the acoustic properties of this hall have been overrated as the soloists did not appear to as great advantage as heretofore.

COFFEE ON WHEELS.

Dr. John W. Kennion, formerly a journalist in the city of Brooklyn, has been engaged for the past five years in preaching to the neglected and outcast population of New York, on the public streets, in the hospitals, and wherever else he could get an audience. The results of his labors are said to have been very satisfactory. Large crowds gathered to hear the lay preacher, and many were led to a better course of life. His success is largely due to the common-sense method of his work. If men and women are hungry, he feeds them; if they are homeless, he gives them shelter; if destitute of comfortable clothing, he supplies their needs as far as possible; and if out of work, he finds places for them. At the same time he seeks to reform their lives, and having first made them comfortable in body, he finds them more willing to listen to his exhortations.

In his efforts to reclaim the drunkard he soon found that something more was necessary than the mere advice to him not to drink. If he must not take whisky, he must have something else, and Dr. Kennion gives him good warm coffee and nice fresh bread. These are borne on a cart made expressly for the purpose, and are served out to all that come. The cups are not the common tin vessels, but nice porcelain-ware, and the poor creatures are delighted to drink from them. The scene of our picture is the square opposite the Roosevelt Street Ferry, where on a Sunday afternoon a crowd had gathered to be fed and listen to the preaching. It was a promiscuous assemblage, and many of those present were from the very lowest orders of humanity. Dr. Kennion's scheme is a very good one, and deserves to be copied extensively in all the large cities. A cup of hot coffee and a piece of good bread given on a cold day to some poor wretch might prevent a murder or a suicide, and in many a case would go far toward redeeming a fallen man.

FOOT NOTES.

OFFENBACH.—Offenbach, the musical composer, eagerly accepted the homage paid him, and any amount of adulation. He was the idol of the Parisians, and young France acclaimed him in the streets, following him to his house on the evening of each great success, and hoisting him shoulder high, while some danced round him, and all sang the merry strains which echoed in their memories. He was as simple as a child in most worldly matters and extraordinarily credulous. M. Albert Wolff, one of his friends and companions, writing to the Paris *Figaro*, relates how he and some of his companions, hearing that Offenbach would stop at their hotel at Etretat, organized a triumphal reception in his honour. A collection of arms and costumes belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood was requisitioned, and half a dozen halberdiers worthy of figuring in an *opéra comique* were equipped and drawn up in battle array in front of the hotel. A lad, also dressed up, was mounted on a donkey as a herald, and arrangements were made to receive the composer with a salute from two small cannon. When his carriage drew up, the halberdiers presented arms, the drums beat, and the trumpet sounded, while M. Wolff presented the keys of the hotel on a plated salver to the *maestro*, who thought the whole thing was real, and, wiping the tears from his eyes, embraced his friend, and said, "Oh, this is indeed too much! These good people are too kind!"

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."—The tenor Duchesne was the hero of an interesting incident during the fighting at Chateauaudin, the anniversary of the defence of which place has just been celebrated. It was ten at night; the Paris

Franc-tireurs, who had been fighting all day against odds of 20 to 1, were retreating. The Prussians were masters of the town, which was lighted up by the burning houses. Eleven wounded Franc-tireurs, abandoned in the Hôtel de Ville, had fallen into the arms of the enemy and were in danger of being executed. Among them was Duchesne, the lyric artist. They were all searched and their papers examined carefully by a Prussian captain, who, in looking through Duchesne's portfolio, came across a paper containing the names of a number of operas. "What is this?" he asked. "It is a list of the operas I sing." Among others was the name of Weber's great work. "Ah," returned the captain, who was a musician, "you are an opera singer, and have sung in *Der Freischütz*. Where was that?" "In Paris, at the Théâtre Lyrique." "Then I must have heard you; you sang with one of our countrywomen, Mlle. Schreder, did you not?" "That is so." The captain appeared to reflect; he drew Duchesne aside, and then while passing through a dark street said, "Run for your life." Duchesne did not wait to be told a second time; although wounded he was not disabled, and succeeded in escaping from the town during the night, and was thus able to create the part of Romeo to Madame Carvalho's Juliette in Gounod's work at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

RETAIATING MUSICALY.—When the future composer of the *Barber of Seville* was quite a young man, the manager of the San Mosè Theatre at Venice became seriously annoyed with him in consequence of his having engaged to write for another Venetian theatre—the Fenice—and treated him with so much incivility that Rossini determined to be revenged upon him. The manager, moreover, had been malicious enough to give Rossini a libretto so utterly ridiculous that to make it the basis of a tolerable opera was out of the question. Rossini however was bound to set it to music, and, in default of doing so, would have been required to pay damages. In this difficulty he resolved at once to fulfil his engagement, and to take his revenge upon the manager by setting the absurd libretto to music which transcended it in absurdity. His score was, as one of his biographers describes it, "ludicrous, grotesque, extravagant to the last degree of caricature." The bass had to sing at the top of his voice, and only the very lowest notes of the *prima donna* were called into requisition. One singer, whose appearance was always the signal for laughter, had to deliver a fine-drawn sentimental melody. Another artist, who could not sing at all, had a very difficult air assigned to him, which, that none of his faults might pass unperceived, was accompanied *pianissimo* by a *pizzicato* of violins. The orchestra itself was enriched by the introduction of instruments previously unknown. In one movement the musicians, at the beginning of each bar, had to strike the tin shade of the candles in front of them, when the sound from these new "instruments of percussion," instead of pleasing the audience, so irritated them that the audacious innovator, loudly hissed and hooted, found it prudent to make his escape from the theatre.

HEARTH AND HOME.

HELP somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

SAINTLINESS is the culture and perfection of the entire character, of the patience and self-denial and self-sacrifice of active life, as well as of the fervours and unchangeableness of the devotional life.

THE range of friendship has hardly a limit. Intercourse is not needful to its continuance. Equality in years is not a requisite. Nor is parity of position essential. The finest natures triumph over social inequalities, mutual trust and affection can bridge over the chasm between wealth and poverty.

No climate however balmy, no skies however bright, no circumstances however adventitious, can avail for man's benefit, unless he himself be sufficiently vigorous and intelligent to take advantage of them for his own purposes. This necessary vigour and intelligence can be gained only through continued effort and energetic action.

It is the health, not the eyesight, which parents with studious children should ever protect, though they should be most merciless in insisting on a sufficiency of light, and light which actually reaches the object of attention. You may sit in a room full of light, but have all the time only twilight, or even a deep shadow falling on the work in hand. Light, full light, but light without glare, is the grand preservative of the eyes.

PERSONS who indulge in a dreamy and visionary habit of mind are frequently impractical and unsuccessful; but this proceeds not from an excess of imaginative power, but from the lack of training it aright and of supplementing its action by determined industry. Like every other faculty, the imagination needs wise direction and vigorous culture; and, if it receives this treatment, it will put a vital and energetic force into every part of life and give a new impetus to the most practical of its realities.

AMBITION.—That life is a poor one which is without ambition—which has no object to work for, no height to strive to reach. A person may be good and kind-hearted while willing to live

in idle ignorance and let the world go on growing in wealth and wisdom without his taking an active part and interest in its onward movements—he may be good, but most certainly he is dull of mind and sluggish of body. No individual destitute of ambition will make his mark in the world. He will come and go; few will note his coming, and few will grieve at his going. Ambition it is that gives men the energy and the will and the determination to accomplish great things.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 8.—A Russian grain buyer was on 'Change in Chicago yesterday. A Cape Town despatch says 4,000 Nizams are marching on Loriha. The Temple Bar memorial was unveiled by Prince Leopold yesterday. So far only 2183 had been subscribed to the Land League defence fund. The Turkish army is being increased in consequence of Greek war preparations. Sarah Bernhardt made her *début* at Booth's Theatre in New York last night before an audience of 5,000 persons. A Constantinople despatch says the Porte is taking measures to be in a position to close the Dardanelles at short notice. The Albanian chiefs have emphatically rejected the appeal made to them by Dervish Pasha to surrender Dulcigno.

TUESDAY, Nov. 9.—Prussia and Denmark are in treaty for the settlement of the disputed fishery question long pending between these two countries. The members of the religious bodies expelled from France are meeting with a most cordial reception from the King, the Government and the nobles of Spain. British trade returns for the month of October, show a decrease in imports of 24,881,603, and an increase of 29,700 in exports, compared with the corresponding period last year. The report that 5,500 Orangemen had started for Mayo to collect Mr. Boycott's rents and gather his crops has caused great excitement. Troops have been sent to Ballingrobe, near Boycott's estate, to preserve order, as the peasantry are arming, and bicochled is feared.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10.—Brigandage is rampant in Epirus and Thessaly. Deposed Polish Bishops have been refused permission to return to their sees. A Constantinople despatch says Dervish Pasha has persuaded the Albanian notables to cede Dulcigno. Great destruction was caused in Agram by the earthquake, which was experienced throughout Southern Austria on Tuesday. At a Land League meeting in Dublin on Tuesday, it was stated that 136 new branches of the League had been established last week. The foreign ambassadors at Constantinople have presented a collective note to the Porte, demanding the execution of Col. Commeroff's murderer. The Vatican organ in Rome, discussing the Irish question, says, failing radical reforms in the country, Ireland must choose between anarchy and starvation.

THURSDAY, Nov. 11.—The final deposit for the race between Haulan and Trickett was posted yesterday. It is stated that the Government has decided to send a large force of troops into Ireland without delay. Longford tenants have threatened to shoot their landlords if requested to pay rent above Griffith's valuation. The French Cabinet crisis has resulted in a compromise, by which the Ferry Ministry remains in office conditional on the Chamber passing a vote of confidence. The vote of confidence was subsequently passed by the Chamber of Deputies, by 297 to 131. Great excitement prevailed yesterday at Ballingrobe, but so far no collision has taken place. It is said that Mr. Gladstone's Government has decided to send large bodies of troops to Ireland at once, to enforce order and protect life and property in the disturbed districts. There are now over 7,000 troops gathered in the West of Ireland, in the vicinity of the trouble. A body of Orangemen reached Ballingrobe last night, escorted by a large number of military, to protect them from the fury of the peasantry, and will commence harvesting on the Boycott farm to-day.

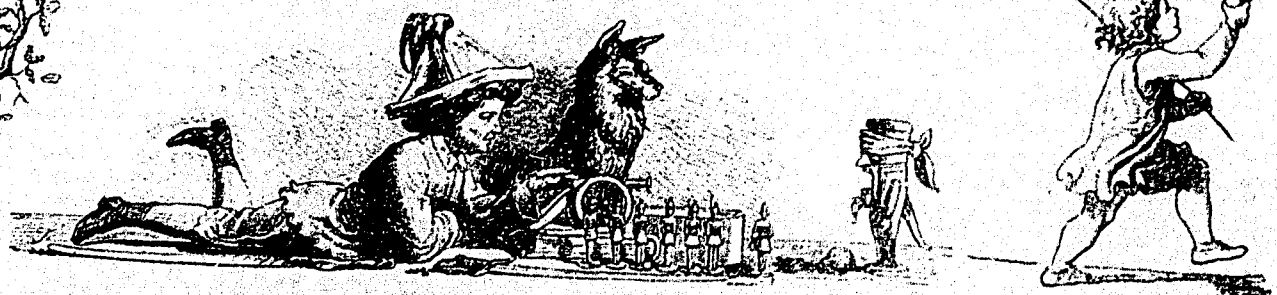
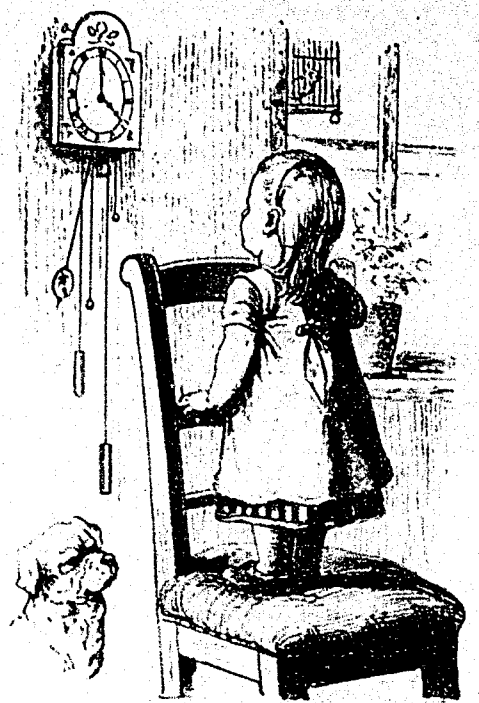
FRIDAY, Nov. 12.—Betting on the Haulan-Trickett race is even. The Channel fleet reached Queenstown yesterday at noon. Michael Davitt is to be arrested on his landing in Ireland. The Albanian Assembly has demanded a month to consider the question of surrendering Daloigna. The Nihilist trials have ended by all those being found guilty who were charged with conspiracy against the Czar. Greek prisoners now in the hands of the Turks are to be shot. The Sultan, it is said, is preparing for war with Greece. A Teheran despatch relates the bombardment of Kojak by the Persians, in which the Kurds lost 250 killed and wounded. No outbreak has yet occurred at Ballingrobe, the presence of the large body of military having considerably quieted the peasantry. A terrible accident occurred at the Fford pit, at Stillarton, N.S., yesterday morning, by which a great number of men lost their lives. Paris despatches say that in spite of the confidence vote of the Chamber of Deputies, the existence of the Ferry Cabinet is very uncertain, and can only be prolonged by submission to the Extremists.

SATURDAY, Nov. 13.—The bank of Lisbon has been destroyed by fire. The Italian budget will show a \$2,000,000 surplus. Mr. Gladstone is to visit Earl Derby shortly. Heavy floods are reported in North Lancashire. Italian won the boat-race by two lengths. Germany, France and Austria are negotiating as to the settlement of the Greek question. Latest despatches concerning the revolt in South Africa report an improvement in the situation. Large numbers of the inhabitants are leaving Dulcigno on account of the scarcity of provisions. The relieving force started on Captain Boycott's crops on Saturday, but had to give up work about mid-day on account of the rain. Mr. Dillon, speaking at a large land meeting at Thurles yesterday, said the Land League would punish the landlords for any coercion attempted by the Government.

MISS BRADDON (Mrs. Maxwell), the novelist, who has a shrewd Scotchman for a husband, lives in a London suburb, and keeps riding horses, fine carriages and park hounds. There is a large double family of children. She has the reputation of being a good house-keeper.

Ladies, Delicate and Feeble.

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



THE LITTLE WORLD OF CHILDREN.



INSTRUCTIONS.



GEOGRAPHY.



PREPARING COPY.



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PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.



THE DEPARTURE.



FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.



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ENTHUSIASM.



COOLING.



TÊTE-A-TÊTE.



FIRST DESPATCH.



ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL.



HEADQUARTERS.



RECONNOITRING.



OFFICIAL BOW.

INNER LIFE OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.—NOT AFTER FORBES.

THE OCTOBER NIGHT.

(TRANSLATED FROM A. DE MUSSET.)

THE POET.

My grief, at length, has vanished like a dream,
And its pale memory far away appears
Like some light haze, that, at the sun's first beam,
Melts into air with morning's dewy tears.

THE MUSE.

Dear Poet! to the Muse impart
The secret anguish of thy heart
Which severed thee from song;
Alas! that parting still I feel!
Come, then, the hidden grief reveal,
That I have mourned so long.

THE POET.

Mine was a common grief—to all well-known;
But when our hearts are stricken with a blow,
Poor fools! we fancy that ourselves alone
Of all mankind have drained the cup of woe.

THE MUSE.

A vulgar soul alone can be
The prey of vulgar misery,
No longer let this strange distress
Dear friend, upon thy bosom press,
But tell thy tale—in me confide—
The God of Silence is allied
By kinship unto Death;
Tears are a soothing, sweet resource,
And oft it mitigates remorse
To give our sorrows breath.

THE POET.

If I to thee my suffering most disclose,
I scarce can guess what name it ought to bear—
Love, madness, pride, life's science, or despair—
Or, if the tale will aid some brother's woes;
Still, in thine ear my sorrows I will pour
Since we are seated by the hearth alone,
Come, take thy lyre, and let its plaintive tone
Wake fond remembrance of the days of yore.

THE MUSE.

Before thy troubles are revealed,
O Poet, art thou truly healed?
Forget not that thy words to-day
Must neither love nor hate betray,
If thou wouldst have me to remain
The sweet consoler of thy pain,
I must not as accomplice be
In passions that have ruined thee.

THE POET.

So well my malady is cured at last
That when Life's painful journey I retrace,
And muse upon the perils of the past,
A stranger seems to suffer in my place.
Fear not; the tender feelings that beguile
Thy soul, O Muse, I share without regret;
'Tis sweet to weep, but sweeter still to smile,
Remembering sorrows that we might forget.

THE MUSE.

As some young mother tends with love
The cradle of a son,
I bend with sympathy above
The heart that I have won.
Speak, care-worn friend, my feeble lyre
With strains that plaintively expire
Accompanies thy tears,
And summons forth to realms of light
Each gloomy phantom of the night
That haunted bygone years.

THE POET.

O days of toil! delicious life of yore!
O sweet seclusion, (truly blest!)
At last, thank God! I have returned once more
To my old home's shadowed nest.
To my old chamber, now the home of gloom,
Thou faithful lamp, ye dusty chairs,
That decked what seemed a palace, not a room,
Ye were my world secure from cares.
But list, O Muse, immortal in thy youth,
While I my inmost soul reveal,
And thou shalt bear the melancholy truth,
How man is crushed by woman's beak.
For 'twas a woman—pity me, my friend,
An oft-told story though I tell—
It was a woman—rather say a fiend—
That chained me captive by her spell.
Detested yoke! beneath thy galling weight
My youth and vigour died away;
But, dashed with joy, I retorted in my fate,
While at the Siren's feet I lay.
By sands of silver where a streamlet flowed,
We strayed at twilight's mystic hour,
While, like pale spectres, quivering vapours showed,
Our path perfumed with many a flower.
Full, her lithe form in fancy I careen,
Let by the splendour of the moon—
Peace to such thoughts! how little could I guess
The lightning woes to follow soon!
No doubt, the jealous Nemesis of Heaven
Some mortal for its victim claimed;
My only crime—one not to be forgiven—
Was that at happiness I aimed.

THE MUSE.

The fond remembrance of the past
Comes o'er thee, like a spell;
On days of bliss, too sweet to last,
Oh! why no longer dwell?
Say, is it truthful to deny
That thou wast blest awhile?
If final sorrow claims a sigh,
First love should win a smile.

THE POET.

Nav, Muse, my smiles are kept for bygone woe—
Free from wild passion I will calmly tell
My life's grim tragedy, and thou shalt know
How, when, and where, its incidents befell.
Let me recall that fatal Autumn eve,
Sombre and chilly, like to-night, with rain;
The wind's low moanings, that seemed to grieve,
Rocked to repose the tumult of my brain.
From my dim casement peering through the shade
I yearned to greet the idol of my heart,
When the keen instinct that I was betrayed
Pierced my fond bosom like a poisoned dart.
The street was black and lonely; save a few
Torch-lighted shadows, none were passing by,
And when the gate through doors half-open blew,
Its murmur sounded like a human sigh.
A quick presentiment of coming pain
Held my scared senses in its strong control;
I strove my courage to recall—in vain—
Each clock that clanged struck terror to my soul.
She did not come. Alone, with mad desire
I watched the pathways in persistent quest;
I cannot tell thee what consuming fire
That faithless woman kindled in my breast
I loved her only; and to live one day
Without her seemed more terrible than death;

Nathless, that night I strove to break away
From the vile thralldom that I bowed beneath.
A thousand times I called her false and frail—
I counted all the wounds within my heart—
No scorn against her beauty could avail,
No wound seemed beautiful, if she caused the smart.
Day dawned at length; with weariness out-worn
My senseless form had sunk upon the floor—
I ope'd my eyelids to the hazy morn,
And let my glance the mistiness explore.
Then, in the street below me, suddenly
I heard the sound of footsteps falling light;
Save me, great God! I saw her—it was she—
"Where hast thou been," I murmured, "all the night?
What dost thou seek? What brings thee here? Reply!
Where have thy limbs till early dawn been laid?
While here in solitude I watch and sigh,
What new-found lover have thy smiles betrayed?
Caust thou still hope, vile, perjured and accurst,
To ensue my senses with voluptuous charms?
What dost thou ask? What hideous burning thirst
Makes thee unfold thy passion-sated arms?
Begone, pale spectre of my mistress; go
Back to the tomb from which thy phantom gleamed.
Let me forget my youth with all its woe,
And, when I think of thee, believe I dreamed!"

THE MUSE.

O calm thy soul and dry that tear,
Thy words are full of pain;
My well-beloved, thy wound, I fear,
Will open once again.
The blow struck deep into thy heart,
And human miseries depart
With slow reluctant feet;
But strive to chase from memory
That woman's fatal name, which I
Will never more repeat.

THE POET.

Shame to thee, girl, thou wast the first
To teach me woman's guile—
By thee my manhood was accurst,
And maddened for awhile.
Shame on thee, girl! thou wast the tomb
Of all my blighted powers,
Enveloping in wintry gloom
My spring-time and its flowers.
Thy glance that lured, and then betrayed,
Thy voice, thy smile, thy kiss
Taught me to curse the merest shade
Of momentary bliss.
Thy charms that snared my youthful years
All faith away have swept;
I doubt the truthfulness of tears,
Because thine eyes have wept.
Shame to thee, woman! I was one
In whom no guile reposed,
And, like a flower to the sun,
My heart to thee enclosed;
That heart, defenceless as a child,
'Twas easy to deceive,
But still 'twas easier, unbeguiled
Its innocence to leave.
Shame to thee, shame! thou cause of all
My life's too early woe,
Thou from mine eyelids first didst call
The fount of tears to flow;
And still that fountain's streams abound,
And cannot be congealed,
Because thy issue from a wound
That never can be healed,
Within that source my soul shall lave,
And love all earthly stain,
While, whelmed beneath oblivion's wave,
Thine image shall remain.

THE MUSE.

Cease, Poet, cease; if thou hast been deceived
But for one day by some false-hearted maid,
Think of those hours so lovingly enjoyed,
And spare her memory though thou wast betrayed.
Perchance thy weakness it may overtake
To kiss the hand that wounded thee; but yet
Refrain from hatred—this is all I ask—
Forgive thou canst not, but, at least, forget!
The dead are sleeping in earth's tranquil breast,
So, too, should past emotions be interr'd;
Calmly those relics of the heart should rest,
Nor by the hand of sacrilege be stirr'd.
In all thy life's stern drama canst thou find
Night but love outraged, and a ghastly dream?
Dost thou believe that Providence is blind,
Doth God who smiles thee, noobervant seem?
Sweet uses oft are in affliction found,
Thy heart, my child, was chastened by the blow;
Man's apprentice unto sorrow bound,
He who ne'er wept himself can never know
Harsh seems the law, but still 'tis law supreme,
Oid as the world in which our lot is placed,
That man must be baptized in sorrow's stream,
Ere he can hope true happiness to taste.
The ripening harvest needs the dewy shower,
Men cease to feel, whose tears are seldom shed;
Joy finds its symbol in a broken dower,
With rain-drops watered, and with birds o'erspread.
Didst thou not say thy malady was cured?
Art thou not young, gay, welcomed everywhere?
Hadst thou not woe in former days endured,
For earth's poor joys or pleasures wouldst thou care?
Oh, when at sunset in some grassy nook
With sprightly friends the wine-cup thou dost pour,
Wouldst thou not gaily on the banquet look,
Hadst thou not suffered in the days of yore?
Wouldst thou the flowers and verdant meadows bless,
Love Petrarch's sonnets, and the wild-bird's strain,
Nature and Art and Shakespeare's self, unless
Sons of old times in these were found again?
Wouldst thou so love the music of the spheres,
The ocean's murmur, and the twilight's balm,
Unless life's fitful fever, and its tears,
Had made thee years for everlasting calm?
Thou hast a loving and a softly clasped,
And when her hand is lovingly clasped in thine,
Do not far memories of thy former life
Invest her smiles with beauty half-divine?
By silvery sands, o'er which a streamlet flows,
Do ye not stray at twilight's mystic hour,
While, like a ghost, the quivering vapours show?
The pathways odorous with many a flower?
Once more, at length, beneath the moonlight pale
A fair form trembles in thy close embrace,
But now no tears thy jealous heart assail,
No dark presentiment beclouds thy face,
Why shouldst thou sorrow? Once, relentless Fate
Dealt thee a blow—immortal hopes remain—
Why dost thou still thy youth's experience hate,
Nor greet the happiness that springs from pain?
Shed tears for her, the pitiless coquette,
Who caused of old thy bitter tears to flow;
Beneath her yoke Heaven's sufferer thou to fret,
And dream of raptures that thou didst not know.
Perchance with Fate she waged unequal strife,
Constrained to infamy for which she weeps;
She taught thee all she knew herself of life,
She sowed the harvest that another reaps.
Cease, then, to hate; her love was like a sigh,
The wound she dealt was one she could not heal—
Her tears, believe me, were not all a lie,
Hate not! fond love thou since hast learned to feel.

THE POET.

Thou speakest truth, O Muse; for hate
The soul of man doth decorate,
And all who nurse the poison, start
To feel a viper gnaw their heart.
Then list, sweet Goddess! to me now,
Bear witness to my solemn vow:

By the dark eyes of her I love,
By the blue firmament above,
By that bright planet shining far,
That bears the name of Venus' star,
And sparkles, tremulously bright,
A pearl upon the brow of Night;
By the Almighty's wondrous plan
Of nature, by His love for man;
By that pure orb, so calm and clear,
To lonely pilgrims ever dear;
By flowers and herbs on hill or plain,
By waving woods and golden grain,
By all the elements that nurse
The vigour of the universe,
I swear to banish from my mind
The pain and passion left behind,
And that my ancient woes at last
Shall all be buried in the past.

And thou, whom once I called my own,
The fairest idol I had known,
When from my heart thou now art driven,
'Tis fitting thou shouldst be forgiven.
Forgive me, too; I break the spell
That once united us—Farewell!—
But ere that last sad word is said,
A tear at parting shall be shed.

And now, fair Muse, with dreaming eyes,
Let none but thoughts of love arise;
Sing me a song, in husky, sweet tone
Shall breathe the fondest desire,
The fragrance of the violet lawn,
The breeze the blithe coming of the dawn,
Come, wake my lyre, and call the flowers
That twine around her favourite bowers;
Immortal Nature, fresh and bright,
Drops from her face the veil of night,
Let us, like her, be born anew,
When the first sunbeam sips the dew!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

LOIS: A SKETCH

CHAPTER I.

"EYES SO TRISTFUL"

Five o'clock on a chill October evening; the
wind coming in gusts, with a dreary, wailing
sound in the pauses between, that tell of a coming
storm. Every gust detaches fresh leaves
from the avenue of chestnuts, that all the
summer has formed the glorious approach to
Anderton House. But now the ground is
thickly carpeted with their golden-brown treas-
ures, and beneath their overarching boughs
paces, with slow steps, the figure of a girl.

Twice, notwithstanding the chill dampness,
the rising wind, and rapidly increasing twilight,
she walks up and down the avenue, with bent
head and clasped hands; then, with a long
sigh, she opens the gate that leads into a trim
garden, and from thence to a wide stone terrace,
and pausing there, prepares to let herself in
through a French window into a cheerful, fire-
lit room. The key is turned reluctantly, almost
as if the warm interior were not a temptation to
her; and with a lingering look behind her, she
hesitated, her foot on the threshold, as if half
contemplating another walk, and even as she
stood thus, a man's low voice fell upon her ear—
a tall man's figure stood beside her.

"Lois,"
"You here!" she said, with a start, bringing
her eyes back from the far-away darkening sky,
and her voice trembling a little as she spoke.
"I have come to see you," the voice replied;
"there is no harm in that, is there? I saw you
in the avenue, and followed you through the
garden almost involuntarily; at any rate, with-
out thinking it might be a liberty. But you
must forgive me, as I am here, and let me in
this way."

In perfect silence they entered the room, and
moved into the circle of firelight, and in its
flickering light you can see them well.

A young man, and a younger woman. He, a
big broad-shouldered man, dark-haired, dark-
eyed, with a short brown beard with gleams of
gold about it, that shone in the firelight; she, a
tall, slender girl with a white face, out of which
two dark-grey eyes looked,—grey eyes that at
another time might have attracted by their
beauty, but to-night were only rendered remark-
able by their passionate despair, and the black
rings surrounding them.

It was the girl who at length broke the
silence. Taking off her hat with slim white
hands that trembled in the firelight, and push-
ing back the wavy-brown hair from a low fore-
head, she turned towards her companion ques-
tioningly, but as no answer came to the un-
spoken words, she stealthed her trembling voice,
and said slowly, as if it were a lesson learnt by
heart, "My uncle is not in."

For a minute the man made no reply. He
was standing with his back to the fireplace,
watching her with an intentness that might
have made her nervous; but there are moments
when all the little things that at another time
might abash us are forgotten, or overlooked in
the immensity of the present moment. So it
seemed was the case now. Under those search-
ing eyes, those of Lois did not fall; her clasped
hands no longer trembled; she stood quite still
indeed, but as if under the power of a mesmer-
ist.—"So the upshot of it all is, that you are
going to marry Sydney Dering?" That was
how he broke the silence at length. At his
words, thought and life seemed to return to the
grey eyes, and the girl started, as if awaking
from an actual dream. She lifted her hand—a
hand on which flashed and sparkled in the
fireglow a great diamond—and pushed the hair
off her forehead.

"Yes," she made answer then, in a low, very
clear voice; "to-morrow is my wedding-day."
There might have been interpreted a tinge of
warning or of reproof in the tones of her voice.
"Why?"
She hesitated a moment, and then, with
sudden passion, that was sad to hear in so young

a voice, "Do you forget that when last—
And then changing her sentence—"that you
promised you would never come back!"
"I remember, and admit that I have broken
my promise. Scold as much as you like, do
what you like, but," with a sudden break in his
voice, "for Heaven's sake, don't look at me like
that!"

"I am sorry," she said, gently; but whether
the apology was for her looks or her words, it
were difficult to say. "I would like you to go,
Mr. Moreton,—I am tired—very tired. And—
I am happier alone."

"Frank, at any rate; but I am not going
yet. Hitherto you have had it all your own
way, but it shall be no longer so; now you
must listen to me. I have tried to live without
you,—I cannot; so I have come to take you
away. On my honour," as she would have in-
terrupted him, "I would have tried to bear it,
I would have left it all alone, if you had been
happy, but you are not. Why, good Heavens!"
with sudden impetuosity, "I should scarcely
have known you if I had not met you in the
street! Ah, child! what did you do it for?"

"It was right then; it is more than ever
right now," she replied, in a low voice that
struggled to be calm. "She loved you, and
you were engaged to her, and besides—"

"They told you about the money, did
they? And how I should have nothing if I
married you, and riches with her. Oh, I've no
doubt you heard all the particulars before you
made up your mind! No man living is worth
poverty to a woman. Well, you have got what
you wanted then,—Dering is rich enough, in
all conscience, and—"

He paused; but whether from lack of words,
or in compunction at the agonized face raised to
his, it would be hard to say.

"Ah, don't—don't!" she cried, clasping her
hands together, "if you do not in truth wish to
drive me mad! Have some pity on me. Every-
thing and everybody is cruel and hard; and the
right has grown so dim, that I scarcely can tell
it from the wrong! Tell me," stretching out
two slender hands, "what am I to do?"

"To do?" he repeated, moving a step nearer.
"You are to come with me—away—now; do
you understand? I have friends with whom
you can stay to-night; and to-morrow, before
the world shall have discovered your absence,
you shall have become my wife."

She looked up half bewildered, as if scarcely
comprehending his words. And then, as if to
break the silence, and so remove the spell:
"No, no," she said, hastily, moving back a
step as she spoke; "no, no; not that,—that
is all over. You must not tempt me—it is not
kind. Only you must never say those cruel
things again. I can bear all the rest. Have I
not been learning to bear it these three months?
You must have pity now."

She spoke as lowly that Robert Moreton had to
lean down to hear what she was saying. Even
his doubts were hushed to rest looking at the
white, hollow cheeks, and dark-rimmed eyes.

"I cannot go," pacing up and down the
room; "it is useless to tell me to do so. You
love me—it is unnecessary for you to deny it,
and I love you—how much, you will never guess
or know."

At his words a slight tinge of colour passed
over her cheeks.

"Hush, please," she interposed, pleadingly.

"It is madness, therefore, for us to part," he
went on, unheeding her interruption. "Come."

He panted in his walk, and held out his arms
as he spoke.

"No, no!" she cried, shrinking away;
"your words are an insult—to her—and to me!"

"I think, Lois," he cried, "you are the
coldest, cruellest woman I ever met! Love!
Why, the very meaning of the word is incom-
prehensible to you. Marry whom you will," an
angry flush dyed his cheeks; "it is nothing to
me." And then, with a sudden change of
tone—"My darling, forgive me; I am mad, I
think. Do not mind my words,—do not listen
to them, except when I tell you to come away
with me; for, you see it yourself, we could not
live apart."

They were standing close together upon the
hearth-rug now, he towering above her; his
dark, passionate eyes fixed on hers, awaiting,
almost breathlessly, her reply.

"Mr. Moreton," she said, and her voice
trembled so, that she made a fresh beginning.

"Mr. Moreton, an hour ago Sydney Dering was
standing where you are now, saying 'Good-
bye,' and I—"

She hesitated a second, but then went on quite firmly, though still in that
low, careful voice, not taking her eyes off his
face, or shrinking away from him as she had
done at first—"and I kissed him for the last
time before I stand at the altar as his wife.
Tell me, what would you think of a woman who
deceived him now!—for," her voice falling
once more, "he loves me."

"And you think that I do not?"

"No, no," quickly; "but you see it is
different. To marry you would be wrong; to
marry him—"

"Would not be right," he interrupted;

"don't think it."

"I cannot tell," she sighed, wearily. "He
loves me, and," more eagerly, "I do like him,
and my uncle wishes it; and—oh, tell me what
to do!" with a momentary, imploring cry.

"If you would listen to me, you would come
with me before it is too late, and leave him to
make the best of it. Have you pretended to him
that you love him also?"

The colour flitted over her pale cheeks.

"He knows," she said, shortly.

"And you have made up your mind! For the last time, I tell you, sacrifice everything, child—the opinion of the world, the money, though I honestly believe that does not count with you,—and come with me, and let my love nurse you back into health."

The dark eyes were bent upon hers, saying "Come" as plainly as the passionate words; but Lois did not falter.

"I cannot!" she cried. "You must not tempt me, for I will not go back from my word now; it is too late. Enough misery has been; I will do now what I believe to be right. You know," imploringly, "whatever you may say, that I am striving to do right."

He moved back a step as the low, sorrow-laden voice fell on his ear, and then held out his hand in silence.

Instead of taking it, she shrank back from it. "I could not," she said; "I am a weak coward, and you—you are a man, and ought to be stronger, braver; then, of your pity, go. So weak am I, that if I had my hand in yours, and you said 'Come,' I could not, I believe, say 'No.' Then be merciful, and go; and if you can do not despise me!"

In perfect silence Robert Moreton walked over to the glass door which still stood half open, but, having reached it, he turned back once more to Lois' side, and looked at her a moment without speaking, and then—"I believe," he said, "you will be happy yet." You are a good woman; you are trying to do what is right, so it will come right. You have called out all that is good in me, to-night, or I should not be saying this. By-and-by, with a break in his voice, "you will love your husband—good women always do—and then the past will seem a dream."

"I am going to try," she said, softly. "You will never know, Robert, how thankful I am that your last words were kind!"

"Good-bye," he faltered.

"Good-bye," she said tenderly, quietly, as one might whisper it in an actual dream; and the little glass door closed, and Lois Grey was left alone to contemplate her future.

What story is it the wind tells as it sobs and wails about a house? Surely a woeful story, it finds such a ready echo in our hearts. Later on, Lois Grey, listening to it, feels slow, painful tears rise to her eyes—tears she will not allow to fall.

"No," she says, determinedly, rising as she feels them gather, and brushing them away, "I will not even cry! It is sad—most sad; but I will waste no time in tears; I will save all my strength to make a better thing of the future."

And while she is praying for guidance, and power to do right, and forgiveness for past errors, we will take a glimpse into another apartment, where another girl is wrestling with fate to-night.

A very different girl this, to the one we have just left, with the sad grey eyes;—a girl in the first flush of beautiful young womanhood. Brilliant in colouring;—a tall, regal figure, bright golden-brown hair, and large blue eyes,—certainly a woman likely to gain her full share of admiration. And yet—

On her knee lies an open letter, signed "Robert Moreton," which tells of a love that, if it once was hers, has grown cold now; and it is over this letter that the gold head is bent; at its words the blue eyes are sparkling, the low brows drawn together in sullen anger. "Throw me over,—that is it in plain English," lifting her head scornfully; "and it is her doing,—I know it well. But I will not let him go,—he shall love me." And as she spoke she rose, and, drawing up her figure to its full height, stood gazing at herself in the glass.

"Yes, once married, he must love me. She would never have a chance against me. 'What is it,' she cried, after a moment's pause, 'that she does? A white-faced little thing like that! First Sydney Dering, and now Robert,—she has taken them both away from me!'"

And then, with a sudden faltering, and burying her face in her hands, the tears began to flow. But she rushed them angrily away, and drawing pen and ink towards her, sat down to write. "With his love or without it, she muttered, as her pen travelled over the paper, 'Ah, surely I must win in time; and if not—' A pause. The ill-tempered look that marred the beauty of the face crept over it again. "If not, there are other things in life but love."

Then there was silence,—a silence as deep as that that had already fallen over Anderton Place, save for the moaning of the storm, which was increasing in violence with every passing hour.

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT IS MY DUTY?—THE DEMANDS OF THE DAY."

A month, four whole weeks, have passed away since Lois Grey became Lois Dering. The honeymoon is over, and Sydney has brought his wife back to Kelter—back to his ward, Florence Gainsford, who, with his mother, lives under his roof.

Lois' eyes are less despairing than when we saw them last,—an occasional gleam of sadness, like the strain of sorrow in a German verse, alone is left to tell of the sadness they have seen. But they look out of a white face still—a white face sadly wanting in the curves that are the chief glory of youth; and beside the magnificent beauty of golden-haired Florence Gainsford, Lois' small pretensions to good looks seem very small indeed.

And Florence has a knack of letting her fool

that it is so,—a knack of putting her farther and farther into the background,—of asserting her rights as the daughter of the house—a position she has held too long to relinquish without a struggle; so that, in addition to other reasons she may have for standing at arm's-length from her guardian's wife, this by itself is a powerful one.

Her reign, however, is nearly over now. Very soon will come her wedding-day; and after that—But when Lois gets as far as that she does not follow out the train of thought,—only gives a great sigh of relief.

In the meantime, day by day, Robert Moreton comes riding over from Dewhurst, in obedience to his lady-love's whims. He sat down once intending to write a letter containing some excuse,—anything that should prevent his going to Kelter; sudden illness even came into his mind as a reason for running away, no matter what should be said of him. But as he sat, pen in hand, he remembered two pleading eyes that had once roused every good thought and feeling he could recall,—a farewell when he had sworn to be a help, and not a hindrance; and all that might be said of—some one—if he should refuse to go to Kelter, now that the mistress of it was home again;—and he threw the sheet of paper into the fire, and rode over as usual.

It was an ordeal, perhaps; but it was better for her—that was enough for him.

"She shall have every chance of happiness," he said, loyally, as he flung himself off his horse; "and I do not think *he* knows who it was that went nigh to break her heart. Only I wish that *she* had given me back my freedom, though, after all, that was my own fault."

Was Sydney Dering, it may be wondered, aware of the tragedy enacting itself beneath his eyes? Sometimes his wife wondered faintly if it were so.

He said nothing; but then he was a silent man, who rarely spoke without distinct occasion. Since that evening two months ago, when Lois Grey had faltered out her confession that the love he offered she had not to return, and he had told her he would wait in patience till she had learned to repay his affection, he had never alluded to the subject. He did not speak of hope or love in present or future,—not even now when the shadow was fading slowly from her eyes, and a more peaceful expression taking its place. He might have been blind, or, perhaps, as Lois sometimes thought—merely careless.

It might have seemed strange to him, and in another man might have called forth some question or remark, how, go where he would, the slender girlish form followed him.

But she said nothing, and he asked no questions, showed neither surprise nor pleasure, perhaps felt neither; but when a well-known ring came at the door, and a well-known voice was heard in the drawing-room, wherever Sydney Dering might be, if he looked up, he was sure to find his wife by his side.

If he rose to go out, or to play on the organ, as he sometimes would in the twilight of these winter evenings, the slim black figure seemed by instinct to put down the book it held, and cross the floor. "You are going out? May I come with you?" she would say softly.

And he would reply "Yes," simply, and nothing more would pass between them. Later on the question and answer even grew unnecessary.

When he rose, his work over, and put aside his writing materials, he had only to stretch out his hand to feel the small, slim fingers in his; and together they would pass the drawing-room door, whence issued the low murmur of voices; together they would walk down the long gallery, to where the organ stood; and whilst Sydney played, and Lois sat crouched on the rug in the firelight listening, there was no need of words.

Once or twice they came across the lovers. Florence, superb in her beauty and her love; Robert, bending his tall head to listen to her words. Even then, though Lois felt the colour die out of her cheeks in the very fear that possessed her, lest sorrow that she felt she might live down alone, should come to be shared by her husband;—even then, as she turned in nervous fear towards him, lest he should have observed her white face, she saw, with a sigh of relief, that he was not looking at her—that his eyes were turned towards the outside world, and the gathering snow-clouds, although his hand still rested on hers.

"There will be snow," he said, calmly. "Do you think you will venture out?"

"Yes, please," she cried, eagerly; "I should like a walk!"

"It is not a very good day, and you look so delicate. I do not like you to run any risks."

"I am quite strong, Sydney—when I am with you," she added, with a smile, after a pause. "I would much rather go."

"Then, of course, you shall," he replied cheerfully. "Two are always better than one. I have had a hard day's work. You shall come and talk to me."

But, after all, they did not talk much,—only wandered about, and looked at the dogs and horses, and speculated about the snowstorm and various other unimportant matters, until down the hard frosty road came the sound of horses' feet.

And then Sydney, looking again at the inclement sky, suggested that the library, with a bright fire, would be a pleasant exchange for this dim, cold atmosphere; and his wife agreeing, they went in.

Does he guess anything, or know anything? she wondered. But the calm, quiet face told nothing; there was no answering reflection from the questioning eyes she involuntarily turned towards him, as the thought passed through her mind, and she gave a quick sigh of relief.

"Come to me when you are tired of the drawing-room and mother's society. Florence has gone over to the Veres' for a week, so you may find it dull; but perhaps I flatter myself when I suggest you may find it less dull here?"

He had his back to her as he spoke, stirring the fire, so he did not see the sudden gleam of relief that seemed to lift years off her,—did not hear the exclamation of thankfulness that crossed her lips; was aware, indeed, of nothing, until he felt a soft kiss on the hand that hung down by his side. When he did turn round she was gone, so all explanation of the unusual caress was of necessity impossible.

A week, when it is only a reprieve from something that must come to pass, flies more swiftly than the usual fourth of a month; but, on the other hand, the respite in itself helps us, renews our strength, and so enables us to bear better the pain, the anxiety, whatever it may be, when it does come, and so Lois Dering found.

Found Florence Gainsford in her defiant happiness, her proud beauty, less trying than before that week's holiday. Besides, the time was drawing on now; wedding-presents, wedding-dresses were discernible about the house; soon—ah! very soon—the shadow thrown by the presence of these lovers would disappear, leaving her, Lois Dering, as she so ardently prayed, unshaded by ill,—or even by faint reminders of the past.

"I will forget it," she said, day by day; "I will remember nothing, think of nothing, but *him!*"

It is the first of January, the evening before the wedding, and Lois is seated on a low stool by the fire in a little sitting-room that is rarely used; but every unoccupied corner in the house seems to have been called into requisition; and to be out of the confusion and fuss that is reigning everywhere else. Mrs. Dering has taken refuge here.

Her thoughts have wandered away from the book she is still holding in her hand, her head has sunk on the low rail of the fender, and almost unknown to herself, and certainly without any specific cause, the tears have gathered in her eyes.

The quiet opening of the door, however, reminds her of this fact, and she raises her hand quickly to brush them away, but not, it seems, quickly enough, for Robert's voice breaks the silence,—Robert's voice, earnest and full of pain. "What is it? You are crying. What is the matter?" And then, with a sudden change in his tones, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dering; I was told Florence was here, and that she wanted to see me directly I arrived."

"I will go and look for her," Lois said, rising from her seat and turning away, ignoring, as he had done those first words.

"No, no!" he cried; "indeed I would rather not. This is far pleasanter and quieter for you than the drawing-room. I will go back there; sooner or later I shall be sure to find her."

Lois could not find it in her heart to dissuade him, so that she sat down again on the footstool from which she had risen, and from there she watched the man's figure as he walked irresolutely away. Something in his attitude, something in the firelit room, and the solitude and the quiet, reminded her in a strange far-off manner, as we recall bygone dreams in a dream, of that other evening when she had chosen her path in life, putting her duty, or what she believed to be such, before her love, and acting on an impulse that the dream caused, she stretched out her hand. "Robert," she said, in her sweet voice—"Robert, you know I wish you well to-morrow."

He turned at the sound of her voice, but he made no reply to her words; only, after a pause: "Are you happy?" he asked. Then they became aware that a third person was present,—that Florence Gainsford was standing close beside them, with drawn brows, watching.

"Robert," she said, slowly, "will you go into the conservatory and wait there a few moments for me? I shall not be long, and I want to talk to you a little alone,—there are so many people in the drawing-room."

"All right; I'll go," he replied, and so departed, and the two women were left alone.

Then Florence, drawing her splendid figure up to its full height, and gazing mercilessly down on the slight girlish form beneath her: "You may look as innocent as you can,—or as you dare, Mrs. Dering; but I tell you that you do not deceive me, if you do others, and I am determined that you shall know it. You may try to come between Robert and me, as you came between Sydney and me—"

"Hush!" cried Lois, rising to her feet, her eyes flashing—"hush! How dare you say such things! I will not listen to another word."

"You shall hear every word I choose to say. What chance do you think you have against me? I tell you that I loved your husband,—that he would have married me had it not been for your false face. I tell you that I know how you flirted with Robert Moreton, and you would have married him if he had had Sydney's fortune. 'Ah,' with a hasty movement, "a child could see through you! No one but an infatuated man could ever have been deceived

by such bold scheming. Take care that his love is not as quickly lost as won. But enough,—your past is nothing to me, absolutely nothing, except in as far as it affects my future. And I tell you plainly that I will not,—do not,—forgive anything. You can do me no harm; for if you care to know it, I am marrying him solely because I do not choose that you shall come between me and anything or any one that is mine. Do you understand? But if you value your own peace of mind, you will do well not to interfere between us again."

"Ah, poor Robert!" It was almost more a sigh than an articulate sentence, but Florence heard it.

"It is too late to pity him now," she said, sneeringly; "you should have thought of all that before."

Her words, the tone of her voice, awoke Lois from the apathy that had stolen over her, as she had stood there listening, though only half consciously, to Florence's words.

"Oh, Syd, Syd!" she cried, clasping her hands together; "why do you ever leave me alone?"

"I will tell him *my* story, if you prefer it," Florence said, coldly. "I think his opinion of you would not be quite the same if he knew as much as I do."

"Ah, spare him!" Lois cried, wringing her hands; "do not strive to poison his mind against me."

"He is spared,—as you choose to call it,—so long as you do not attempt to come between me and my husband. If you do, trust me, my vengeance is in my own hands, and will be both swift and sure."

She turned and walked slowly away, with a stately movement which it was impossible to imitate, without one word from Lois, who seemed as one struck suddenly dumb.

Miss Gainsford played her part well during the evening,—did and said all that was required of her, even to murmuring a few words of love to Robert Moreton, as he stood by her side in the conservatory.

She was troubled with no uncomfortable sensations at the remembrance of those words spoken to Lois. She did not think she had been untruthful, or even unkind.

From her own point of view she had interpreted Lois' conduct, and it was, as she herself said, from that point of view, only too easy to be seen through; but then it is always difficult, often impossible, for a lower nature to judge a higher, from the mere fact that many deeds can be interpreted so easily well or ill, according to the power of vision granted to the interpreter. So Florence Gainsford went on her way rejoicing, feeling that she held in her hand a dagger, which might be called upon to do its fatal work at any moment that might be required.

"I have given her a fair warning," she said, in a hard voice, as she stood alone in her room that night. "Next time I shall not warn; I shall strike." And so fell asleep to awake and find that it was her wedding-day.

But whilst she walked slowly away without a backward glance, Lois remained, sitting quite still for a whole hour, with beating pulses and wide-open eyes that stared into the dying embers of the fire, going over and over again in her mind the details of that terrible interview. "Did I do wrong? Perhaps I should have told him everything before I married; but it would be too cruel now, whatever it might have been then. No; at any cost, it must be borne alone now. Why, I would put up with anything to save him an hour's pain!" And then covering her face with her hands: "He might not believe me—he might believe her—and think, as she says, that it was the money that tempted me. Oh, I could never bear it!" And with a quick movement she rose to her feet, and quitting the now dark room, walked to the door of her husband's study.

"Syd," entering, and speaking quickly with panting breath, and the marks of tears still about her eyes—"Syd, may I sit here with you?" He stretched out his hand and drew her down beside him.

"Do I ever say 'No'?" he asked, gently; but he added nothing more,—made no allusion to the tear-drops on the eyelashes, or the trembling voice—only smoothed the hair back from her aching forehead in silence.

"That feels safe," she said, half under her breath once; and he replies gently, "I like to know that you feel safe with me."

After a long pause—"Sydney," Lois asked, "where are they going for their honeymoon? It is very odd," nervously, "but it never struck me to ask before."

"To America. You know Florence's relations are Americans, so it seems a good opportunity to go out and make acquaintance with them. They will be away six months."

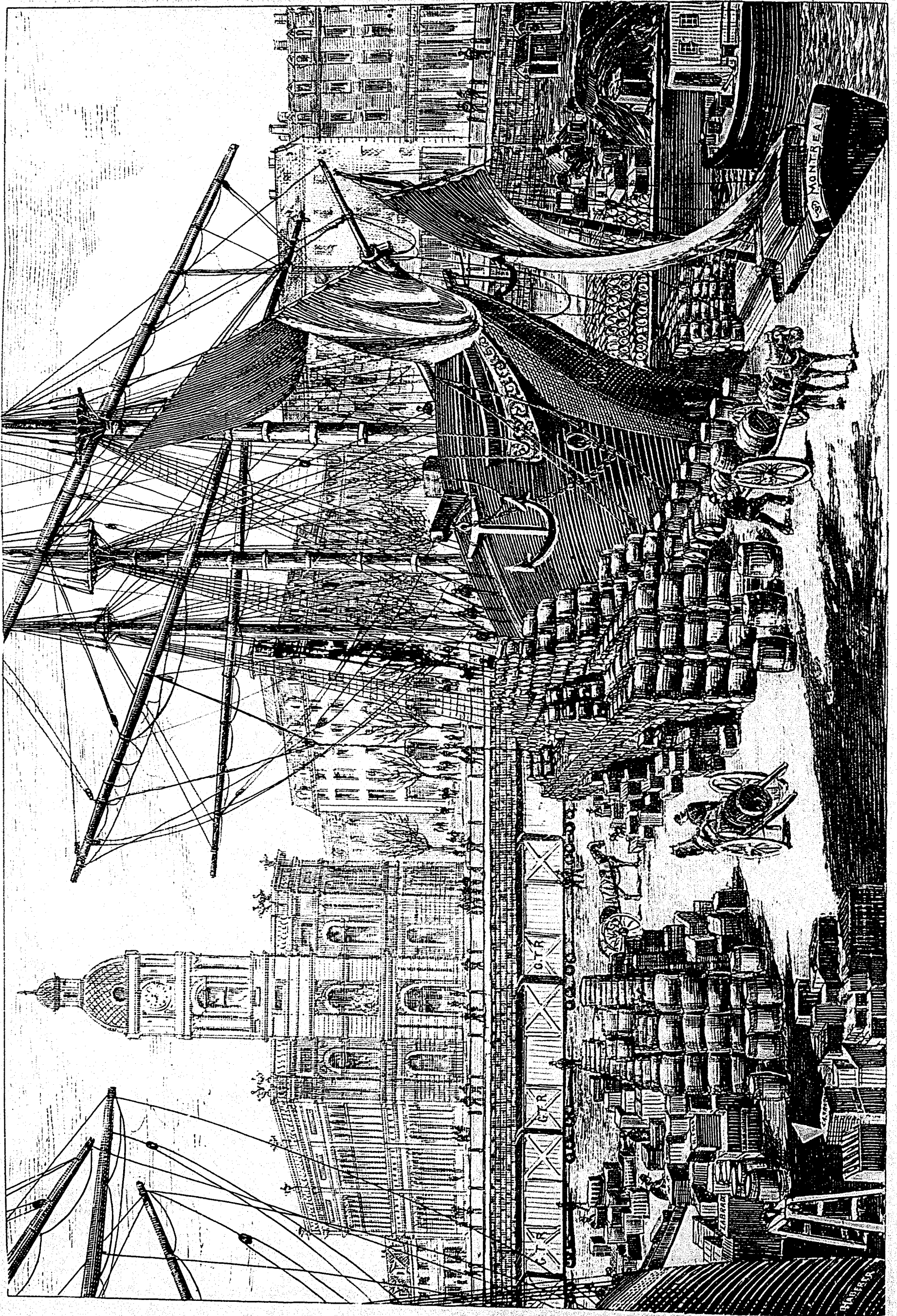
"Six months," repeated Lois, looking up into her husband's face with a little sigh that sounded like relief. "Then when they return home we shall have been married eight whole months!"

Perhaps Lois' train of thought was not easy to follow out by Lois' husband; perhaps the sigh of relief, and the words by which it was followed, were an enigma to him, he either could not, or did not care to guess.

At any rate he said nothing, and Lois returned to the watching of the fire; and on her side also the silence after that remained unbroken.

(To be Continued.)

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TEMPERANCE IN NEW YORK.—THE STREET COFFEE-URN CART.

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," "Macloed of Dare," "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"YE ARE WELCOME, GLENNOGIE!"

When, after nearly three months of glowing summer weather, the heavens begin to look as if they meditated revenge; when, in a dead calm, a darkening gloom appears behind the further hills, and slight puffs of wind come down vertically, spreading themselves out on the glassy water; when the air is sultry, and an occasional low rumble is heard, and the sun looks white; then the reader of these pages may thank his stars that he is not in Loch Hourne. And yet it was not altogether our fault that we were nearly caught in this dangerous cup among the hills. We had lain in these silent and beautiful waters for two or three days, partly because of the exceeding loveliness of the place, partly because we had to allow Angus time to get up to Isle Ornsay, but chiefly because we had not the option of leaving. To get through the narrow and shallow channel by which we had entered we wanted both wind and tide in our favour; and there was scarcely a breath of air during the long, peaceful, shining days. At length, when our sovereign mistress made sure that the young doctor must be waiting for us at Isle Ornsay, she informed Captain John that he must get us out of this place somehow.

"Deed, I not sorry at all," said John of Skye, who had never ceased to represent to us that, in the event of bad weather coming on, we should find ourselves in the lion's jaws.

Well, on the afternoon of the third day, it became very obvious that something serious was about to happen. Clouds began to bank up behind the mountains that overhung the upper reaches of the loch, and an intense purple gloom gradually spread along those sombre hills—all the more intense that the little island in front of us, crossing the loch, burned in the sunlight a vivid strip of green. Then little puffs of wind fell here and there on the blue water, and broadened out in a silvery gray. We noticed that all the men were on deck.

As the strange darkness of the loch increased, as these vast mountains overhanging the inner cup of the loch grew more and more awful in the gloom, we began to understand why the Celtic imagination had called this place the Lake of Hell. Captain John kept walking up and down somewhat anxiously, and occasionally looking at his watch. The question was whether we should get enough wind to take us through the Narrows before the tide turned. In the meantime mainsail and jib were set, and the anchor hove short.

At last the welcome flapping and creaking and rattling of blocks! What although this brisk breeze came dead in our teeth? John of Skye, as he called all hands to the windlass, gave us to understand that he would rather beat through the neck of a bottle than lie in Loch Hourne that night.

And it was an exciting piece of business when we got further down the loch, and approached this narrow passage. On the one side, sharp and sheer rocks; on the other, shallow banks that shone through the water; behind us, the awful gloom of gathering thunder; ahead of us, a breeze that came tearing down from the hills in the most puzzling and varying squalls. With a steady wind it would have been bad enough to beat through those narrows; but this wind kept shifting about anyhow. Sharp was the word indeed. It was a question of seconds as we sheered away from the rocks on one side, or from the shoals on the other. And then, amidst it all, a sudden cry from the women:

"John! John!"

John of Skye knew his business too well to attend to the squealing of women.

"Ready about!" he roars; and all hands are at the sheets, and even Master Fred is leaning over the bows, to watch the shallowness of the water.

"John! John!" the women cry.

"Haul up the main tack, Hector! Ay, that'll do. Ready about, boys!"

But this starboard tack is a little bit longer, and John manages to cast an impatient glance behind him. The sailor's eye in an instant detects that distant object. What is it? Why, surely some one in the stern of a rowing-boat, standing up and violently waving a white handkerchief, and two men pulling like mad creatures.

"John! John! Don't you see it is Angus Sutherland?" cries the older woman, pitifully.

By this time we are going bang on to a sand-bank; and the men, standing by the sheets, are amazed that the skipper does not put his helm down. Instead of that—and all this happens in an instant—he eases the helm up, the bows of the yacht fall away from the wind, and just clear the bank. Hector of Moirdart jumps to the main-sheet and slacks it out, and then, behold! the *White Dove* is running free, and there is a sudden silence on board.

"Why, he must have come over from the Caledonian Canal!" says Queen Titania, in great excitement. "Oh, how glad I am!"

But John of Skye takes advantage of this breathing space to have another glance at his watch.

"We'll maybe beat this yet," says he, confidently.

And who is this who comes joyously clambering up, and hauls his portmanteau after him, and throws a couple of half-crowns into the bottom of the black boat?

"Oh, Angus," his hostess cries to him, "you will shake hands with us all afterward. We are in a dreadful strait. Never mind us—help John if you can."

Meanwhile Captain John has again put the nose of the *White Dove* at these perilous narrows; and the young doctor—perhaps glad enough to escape embarrassment among all this clamor—has thrown his coat off to help; and the men have got plenty of anchor chain on deck, to let go the anchor if necessary; and then again begins the manoeuvring between the shallows and the rocks. What is this new sense of completeness—of added life—of briskness and gladness? Why do the men seem more alert? and why this clearness in Captain John's shouted commands? The women are no longer afraid of either banks or shoals; they rather enjoy the danger; when John seems determined to run the yacht through a mass of conglomerate they know that with the precision of clock-work she will be off on the other tack; and they are laughing at these narrow escapes. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that only one of them laughs. Mary Avon is somewhat silent, and she holds her friend's hand tight.

Tide or no tide, we got through the narrow channel at last; and every one breathes more freely when we are in the open. But we are still far from being out of Loch Hourne; and now the mountains in the south, too—one of them apparently an extinct volcano—have grown black as thunder; and the wind that comes down from them in jerks and squalls threatens to plunge our bulwarks under water. How the *White Dove* flies away from this gathering gloom! Once or twice we hear behind us a roar, and turning we can see a specially heavy squall tearing across the loch; but here with us the wind continues to keep a little more steady, and we go bowling along at a welcome pace. Angus Sutherland comes aft, puts on his coat, and makes his formal entry into our society.

"You have just got out in time," says he, laughing somewhat nervously, to his hostess. "There will be a wild night in Loch Hourne to-night."

"And the beautiful calm we have had in there!" she says. "We were beginning to think that Loch Hourne was fairy-land."

"Look!" he said.

And indeed the spectacle behind us was of a nature to make us thankful that we had slipped through the lion's jaws. The waters of the loch were being torn into spindrift by the squalls, and the black clouds overhead were being dragged into shreds as if by invisible hands, and in the hollows below appeared a darkness as if night had come on prematurely. And still the *White Dove* flew and flew, as if she knew of the danger behind her; and by-and-by we were plunging and racing across the Sound of Sleat. We had seen the last of Loch Hourne.

The clear golden ray of Isle Ornsay light-house was shining through the dusk as we made for the sheltered harbour. We had run the dozen miles or so in a little over the hour, and now dinner-time had arrived, and we were not sorry to be in comparatively smooth water. The men went ashore with some telegram—the sending off of which was the main object of our running in here; and then Master Fred's bell summoned us below from the wild and windy night.

How rich and warm and cheerful was this friendly glow of the candles, and how compact the table seemed now, with the vacant space filled at last! And every one appeared to be talking hard, in order to show that Angus Sutherland's return was a quite ordinary and familiar thing; and the Laird was making his jokes; and the young doctor telling his hostess how he had been sending telegrams here and there, until he had learned of the *White Dove* having been seen going into Loch Hourne. Even Miss Avon, though she said but little, shared in this general excitement and pleasure. We could hear her soft laughter from time to time. But her eyes were kept away from the corner where Angus Sutherland sat.

"Well, you are lucky people," said he. "If you had missed getting out of that hole by half an hour, you might have been shut up in it a fortnight. I believe a regular gale from the south has begun."

"It is you who brought it then," said his

hostess. "You are the stormy petrel. And you did your best to make us miss the tide."

"I think we shall have some sailing now," said he, rubbing his hands in great delight—he pretends to be thinking only of the yacht. "John talks of going on to-night, so as to slip through the Kyle Rhea narrows with the first of the flood-tide in the morning."

"Going out to-night!" she exclaimed. "Is it you who have put that madness into his head? It must be pitch-dark already. And a gale blowing!"

"Oh no!" he said, laughing. "There is not much of a gale. And it cannot be very dark with the moon behind the clouds."

Here a noise above told us the men had come back from the small village. They brought a telegram, too; but it was of no consequence. Presently—in fact, as soon as he could—Angus left the dinner table and went on deck. He had scarcely dared to glance at the pale, sensitive face opposite him.

By-and-by Queen Titania said, solemnly:

"Listen!"

There was no doubt about it; the men were weighing anchor.

"That madman," said she, "has persuaded Captain John to go to sea again—at this time of the night!"

"It was Captain John's own wish. He wishes to catch the tide in the morning," observed Miss Avon, with her eyes cast down.

"That's right, my lass," said the Laird. "Speak up for them who are absent. But, indeed, I think I will go on deck myself now, to see what's going on."

We all went on deck, and there and then unanimously passed a vote of approval on Captain John's proceedings, for the wind had moderated very considerably; and there was a pale suffused telling of the moon being somewhere behind the fleecy clouds in the southeast. With much content we perceived that the *White Dove* was already moving out of the dark little harbour. We heard the rush of the sea outside without much concern.

It was a pleasant sailing night after all. When we had stolen by the glare of the solitary light-house, and got into the open, we found there was no very heavy sea running, while there was a steady, serviceable breeze from the south. There was moonlight abroad too, though the moon was most invisible behind the thin drifting clouds. The women, wrapped up, sat hand in hand, and chatted to each other; the doctor was at the tiller; the Laird was taking an occasional turn up and down, sometimes pausing to challenge general attention by some profound remark.

And very soon we began to perceive that Angus Sutherland had by some inscrutable means got into the Laird's good graces in a most marked degree. Denny-mains, on this particular night, as we sailed away northward, was quite complimentary about the march of modern science, and the service done to humanity by scientific men. He had not even an ill word for the *Vestiges of Creation*. He went the length of saying that he was not scholar enough to deny that there might be various ways of interpreting the terms of the Mosaic chronology; and expressed a great interest in the terribly remote people who must have lived in the lake dwellings.

"Oh, don't you believe that," said our steersman, good-naturally. "The scientists are only humbugging the public about those lake dwellings. They were only the bath-houses and wash-houses of a comparatively modern and civilized race, just as you see them now on the Lake of a Thousand Islands, and at the mouth of the Amazon, and even on the Rhine. Surely you know the bath-houses built on piles on the Rhine!"

"Dear me!" said the Laird, "that is extremely interesting. It is a novel idea—a most novel view. But then the remains: what of the remains? The earthen cups and platters; they must have belonged to a very primitive race!"

"Not a bit," said the profound scientific authority, with a laugh. "They were the things the children amused themselves with when their nurses took them down there to be out of the heat and the dust. They were a very advanced race indeed. Even the children could make earthen cups and saucers, while the children nowadays can only make mud pies."

"Don't believe him, sir," his hostess called out: "he is only making a fool of us all."

"Ay, but there's something in it—there's something in it," said the Laird, seriously; and he took a step or two up and down the deck, in deep meditation. "There's something in it. It's plausible. If it is not sound, it is an argument. It would be a good stick to break over an ignorant man's head."

Suddenly the Laird began to laugh aloud.

"Bless me!" said he, "if I could only inveigle Johnny Guthrie into an argument about that! I would give it him! I would give it him!"

This was a shocking revelation. What had come over the Laird's conscience that he actually proposed to inveigle a poor man into a controversy, and then to hit him over the head with a sophistical argument? We could not have believed it. And here he was laughing and chuckling to himself over that shameful scheme.

Our attention, however, was at this moment suddenly drawn away from moral questions. The rapidly driving clouds just over the wild mountains of Loch Hourne parted, and the moon glared out on the tumbling waves. But what a

curious moon it was!—pale and watery, with a white halo around it, and with another faintly coloured halo outside that again whenever the slight and vapoury clouds crossed. John of Skye came aft.

"I not like the look of that moon," said John of Skye to the doctor, but in an undertone, so that the women should not hear.

"Nor I either," said the other, in an equally low voice. "Do you think we are going to have the equinoctials, John?"

"Oh no, not yet. It is not the time for the equinoctials yet."

And as we crept on through the night, now and again, from amid the wild and stormy clouds above Loch Hourne, the wan moon still shone out; and then we saw something of the silent shores we were passing, and of the awful mountains overhead, stretching far into the darkness of the skies. Then preparations were made for coming to anchor; and by-and-by the *White Dove* was brought round to the wind. We were in a bay—if bay it could be called—just south of Kyle Rhea narrows. There was nothing visible along the pale moon-lit shore.

"This is a very open place to anchor in, John," our young doctor ventured to remark.

"But it is a good holding ground, and we will be away early in the morning whatever."

And so, when the anchor was swung out, and quiet restored over the vessel, we proceeded to get below. There were a great many things to be handed down; and a careful search had to be made that nothing was forgotten—we did not want to find soaked shawls or books lying on the deck in the morning. But at length all this was settled too, and we were assembled once more in the saloon.

We were assembled—all but two.

"Where is Miss Mary?" said the Laird, cheerfully; he was always the first to miss his companion.

"Perhaps she is in her cabin, said his hostess, somewhat nervously.

"And your young doctor—why does he not come down and have his glass of today like a man?" said the Laird, getting his own tumbler. "The young men nowadays are just as frightened as children. What with their chemistry, and their tubes, and their percentages of alcohol; there was none of that nonsense when I was a young man. People took what they liked, so long as it agreed with them; and will anybody tell me there is any harm in a glass of good Scotch whisky?"

She does not answer; she looks somewhat pre-occupied and anxious.

"Ay, ay," continued the Laird, reaching over the sugar; "if people would only stop there, there is nothing in the world makes such an excellent night-cap as a single glass of good Scotch whisky. Now, ma'am, I will just beg you to try half a glass of my brewing."

She pays no attention to him. For, first of all, she now hears a light step on the companion-way, and then the door of the ladies' cabin is opened and shut again. Then a heavy step on the companion-way, and Dr. Sutherland comes into the saloon. There is a strange look on his face—not of dejection; but he tries to be very reticent and modest, and is inordinately eager in sending a knife to the Laird for the cutting of a lemon.

"Where is Mary, Angus?" said his hostess, looking at him.

"She has gone into your cabin," said he, looking up with a sort of wistful appeal in his eyes. As plainly as possible they said, "Won't you go to her?"

The unspoken request was instantly answered; she got up and quietly left the saloon.

"Come, lad," said the Laird. "Aye, ye afraid to try a glass of Scotch whisky? You chemical men know too much; it is not wholesome; and you a Scotchman too—take a glass, man!"

"Twelve, if you like," said the doctor, laughing; "but one will do for my purpose. I'm going to follow your example, sir. I am going to propose a toast. It is a good old custom."

This was a proposal after the Laird's own heart. He insisted on the women being summoned; and they came. He took no notice that Mary Avon was rose red, and downcast of face; and that the elder woman held her hand tightly, and had obviously been crying a little bit—not tears of sorrow. When they were seated, he handed each a glass. Then he called for silence, waiting to hear our doctor make a proper and courtly speech about his hostess, or about the *White Dove*, or John of Skye, or anything.

But what must have been the Laird's surprise when he found that it was his own health that was being proposed! And that not in the manner of the formal oratory that the Laird admired, but in a very simple and straightforward speech, that had just a touch of personal and earnest feeling in it. For the young doctor spoke of the long days and nights we had spent together, far away from human ken, and how intimately associated people became on board ship, and how thoroughly one could learn to know and love a particular character through being brought into such close relationship. And he said that friendships thus formed in a week or a month might last for a lifetime. And he could not say much, before the very face of the Laird, about all those qualities which had gained for him something more than our esteem—qualities especially valuable on board ship—good-humor, patience, courtesy, light-heartedness—

"Bless me!" cried the Laird, interrupting the speaker, in defiance of all the laws that govern public oratory. "I mean stop this—I

man stop this! Are ye all come together to make fun of me—ch! Have a care—have a care!"

He looked round threateningly, and his eye lighted with a darker warning on Mary Avon. "That lass, too," said he; "and I thought her a friend of mine; and she has come to make a fool of me like the rest! And so ye want to make me the Homesh o' this boat! Well, I may be a foolish old man, but my eyes are open. I know what is going on. Come here, my lass, until I tell ye something."

Mary Avon went and took the seat next him, and he put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Young people will have their laugh and their joke," said he.

"It was no joke at all!" said she, warmly.

"Whisht, now. I say young people will have their laugh and their joke at a foolish old man; and who is to prevent them? Not me. But I'll tell you what; ye may have your sport of me, on one condition."

He patted her once or twice on the shoulder, just as if she was a child.

"And the condition is this, my lass—that ye have the wedding at Denny-mains."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE EQUINOCTIALS AT LAST.

There was no dreaming of weddings at Denny-mains or elsewhere for some of us that night. It had been blowing pretty hard when we turned in; but toward two or three o'clock the wind increased to half a gale, while heavy showers kept rattling along the decks. Then there were other sounds. One of the men was heard to clamber up the iron ladder of the fore-castle, and as soon as he had put his head out, his contented expression was, "Oh, ferry well; go on!" Then he came below and roused his companions; presently there was a loud commotion on deck. This was enough for our doctor. One could hear him rapidly dressing in his little state-room, then staggering through the saloon, for the wind was knocking about the *White Dove* considerably, then groping his way up the dark companion. For some time there was a fine turmoil going on above. Another anchor was thrown out. The gig and dingey were brought in on deck. All the sky-lights were fastened down, and the tarpaulins put over. Then a woman's voice,

"Angus! Angus!"

The doctor came tumbling down the companion; by this time we had got a candle lit in the saloon.

"What is it?" was heard from the partly opened door of the ladies' cabin.

"Nothing at all. A bit of a breeze has sprung up."

"Mary says you must stay below. Never mind what it is. You are not to go on deck again."

"Very well."

He came into the saloon, all wet and dripping, but exceedingly pleased to have been thus thought of, and then he said, in a tragic whisper:

"We are in for it at last."

"The equinoctials!"

"Yes."

So we turned in again, leaving the *White Dove* to haul and strain at her cables all through the night—swaying, pitching, groaning, creaking, as if she would throw herself free of her anchors altogether, and sweep away over to Glenelg.

Then, in the early morning, the gale had apparently increased. While the women-folk remained in their cabin, the others of us adventured up the companion way, and had a look out. It was not a cheerful sight. All around the green sea was being torn along by the heavy wind; the white crests of the waves being whirled up in smoke; the surge springing high on the rocks over by Glenelg; the sky almost black overhead; the mountains that ought to have been quite near us invisible behind the flying mists of the rain. Then how the wind howled! Ordinarily the sound was a low, moaning bass—even lower than the sound of the waves; but then again it would increase and rise into a shrill whistle, mostly heard, one would have said, from about the standing rigging and the cross-trees. But our observation of these phenomena was brief, intermittent, and somewhat ignominious. We had to huddle in the companion-way like jacks-in-the-box; for the incautiously protruded head was liable to be hit by a blast of rain that came along like a charge of No. 6 shot. Then we tumbled below for breakfast; and the scared women-folk made their appearance.

"The equinoctials, Angus!" said Queen Titania, with some solemnity of face.

"Oh, I suppose so," said he, cheerfully.

"Well, I have been through them two or three times before," said she, "but never in an exposed place like this."

"We shall fight through it first-rate," said he—and you should have seen Mary Avon's eyes; she was clearly convinced that fifteen equinoctial gales could not do us the slightest harm so long as this young doctor was on board.

"It is a fine stroke of luck that the gale is from the south-west. If it had come on from the east, we should have been in a bad way. As it is, there is not a rock between here and the opposite shore at Glenelg, and even if we drag our anchors we shall catch up somewhere at the other side."

"I hope we shall not have to trust to that,"

says Queen Titania, who in her time has seen something of the results of dragging their anchors.

As the day wore on the fury of the gale still increased; the wind moaning and whistling by turns, the yacht straining at her cables, and rolling and heaving about. Despite the tender entreaties of the women, Dr. Angus would go on deck again; for now Captain John had resolved on lowering the topmast, and also on getting the boom and mainsail from their crutch down on to the deck. Being above in this weather was far from pleasant. The showers occasionally took the form of hail; and so fiercely were the pellets driven by the wind that they stung where they hit the face. And the outlook around was dismal enough—the green sea and its whirling spindrift; the heavy waves breaking all along the Glenelg shores; the writhing of the gloomy sky. We had a companion, by-the-way, in this exposed place—a great black schooner that heavily rolled and pitched as she strained at her two anchors. The skipper of her did not leave her bows for a moment the whole day, watching for the first symptoms of dragging.

Then that night. As the darkness came over, the wind increased in shrillness until it seemed to tear with a scream through the rigging; and though we were fortunately under the lee of the Skye hills, we could hear the waters smashing on the bows of the yacht. As night fell that shrill whistling and those recurrent shocks grew in violence, until we began to wonder how long the cables would hold.

"And if our anchors give, I wonder where we shall go to?" said Queen Titania, in rather a low voice.

"I don't care," said Miss Avon, contentedly.

She was seated at dinner; and had undertaken to cut up and mix some salad that Master Fred had got at Loch Hourm. She seemed wholly engrossed in that occupation. She offered some to the Laird, very prettily; and he would have taken it if it had been hemlock. But when she said she did not care where the *White Dove* might drift to, we knew very well what she meant. And some of us may have thought that a time would perhaps arrive when the young lady would not be able to have everything she cared for in the world within the compass of the saloon of a yacht.

Now it is perhaps not quite fair to tell tales out of school; but still the truth is the truth. The two women were on the whole very brave throughout this business; but on that particular night the storm grew more and more violent, and it occurred to them that they would escape the risk of being rolled out of their berths if they came along into the saloon and got some rugs laid on the floor. This they did; and the noise of the wind and the sea was so great that none of the occupants of the adjoining state-rooms heard them. But then it appeared that no sooner had they lain down on the floor—it is unnecessary to say that they were dressed and ready for any emergency—than they were nightly alarmed by the swishing of water below them.

"Mary! Mary!" said the one, "the sea is rushing into the hold!"

The other, knowing less about yachts, said nothing; but no doubt, with the admirable unselfishness of lovers, thought it was not of much consequence, since Angus Sutherland and she would be drowned together.

But what was to be done? The only way to the fore-castle was through the doctor's state-room. There was no help for it; they first knocked at his door, and called to him that the sea was rushing into the hold; and then he bawled into the fore-castle until Master Fred, the first to awake, made his appearance, rubbing his knuckles into his eyes and saying, "Very well, sir, is it hot water or cold water ye want?" and then there was a general commotion of the men getting on deck to try the pumps. And all this brave uproar for nothing. There was scarcely a gallon of water in the hold; but the women, by putting their heads close to the floor of the saloon, had imagined that the sea was rushing in on them. Such is the story of this night's adventure as it was subsequently—and with some shamefacedness—related to the writer of these pages. There are some people who, when they go to sleep, sleep, and refuse to pay heed to twopenny-half-penny tumults.

Next morning the state of affairs was no better; but there was this point in our favour, that the *White Dove*, having held on so long, was not now likely to drag her anchors and precipitate us on the Glenelg shore. Again we had to pass the day below, with the running accompaniment of pitching and groaning on the part of the boat, and of the shrill clamour of the wind, and the rattling of heavy showers. But as we sat at luncheon a strange thing occurred. A burst of sunshine suddenly came through the sky-light and filled the saloon, moving backward and forward on the blue cushions as the yacht swayed, and delighting everybody with the unexpected glory of colour. You may suppose that there was little more thought of luncheon. There was an instant stampede for water-proofs and a clambering up the companion-way. Did not this brief burst of sunlight portend the passing over of the gale? Alas! alas! when we got on deck, we found the scene around us as wild and stormy as ever, with even a heavier sea now racing up the Sound and thundering along Glenelg. Hopelessly we went below again. The only cheerful feature of our imprisonment was the obvious content of those two young people. They seemed perfectly satisfied with being shut up in this saloon; and

were always quite surprised when Master Fred's summons interrupted their draughts or bézuques.

On the third day the wind came in intermittently squalls, which was something; and occasionally there was a glorious burst of sunshine that went flying across the grey-green driven sea. But for the most part it rained heavily; and the Ferdinand and Miranda business was continued with much content. The Laird had lost himself in "Municipal London." Our Admiral-in-Chief was writing voluminous letters to two youths at school in Surrey, which were to be posted if ever we reached land again.

That night about ten o'clock a cheering incident occurred. We heard the booming of a steam-whistle. Getting up on deck, we could make out the lights of a steamer creeping along by the Glenelg shore. That was the *Clydesdale* going north. Would she have faced Ardnachurchan if the equinoctials had not moderated somewhat? These were friendly lights.

Then on the fourth day it became quite certain that the gale was moderating. The bursts of sunshine became more frequent; patches of brilliant blue appeared in the sky; a rainbow from time to time appeared between us and the black clouds in the east. With what an intoxication of joy we got out at last from our long imprisonment, and felt the warm sunlight around us, and watched the men get ready to lower the gig so as to establish once more our communication with the land. Mary Avon would boldly have ventured into that tumbling and rocking thing—she implored to be allowed to go; if the doctor were going to pull stroke, why should she not be allowed to steer? But she was forcibly restrained. Then away went the shapely boat through the plunging waters—showers of spray sweeping her from stem to stern—until it disappeared into the little bight of Kyle Rhea.

The news brought back from the shore of the destruction wrought by this gale—the worst that had visited these coasts for three-and-twenty years—was terrible enough; and it was coupled with the most earnest warnings that we should not set out. But the sunlight had got into the brains of these long-imprisoned people, and sent them mad. They implored the doubting John of Skye to get ready to start. They promised that if only he would run up to Kyle Akin, they would not ask him to go further, unless the weather was quite fine. To move—to move—that was their only desire and cry.

John of Skye shook his head, but so far humoured them as to weigh one of the anchors. By-and-by, too, he had the top-mast hoisted again; all this looked more promising. Then, as the afternoon came on, and the tide would soon be turning, they renewed their entreaties. John, still doubting, at length yielded.

Then the joyful uproar! All hands were summoned to the balyards, for the mainsail, soaked through with the rain, was about as stiff as a sheet of iron. And the weighing of the second anchor—that was a cheerful sound indeed. We paid scarcely any heed to this white squall that was coming tearing along from the south. It brought both rain and sunlight with it; for a second or two we were enveloped in a sort of glorified mist; then the next minute we found a rainbow shining between us and the black hull of the smack; presently we were in glowing sunshine again. And then at last the anchor was got up, and the sails filled to the wind, and the main-sheet slackened out. The *White Dove*, released once more, was flying away to the northern seas!

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

THE Tam O'Shanter hat is worn a great deal in Paris and on the Continent, and it is remarkable that England is leading the fashions in feminine dress generally.

THERE are rumours in England that the Duchess of Edinburgh will not again go to St. Petersburg except to visit her father's death-bed, and she will henceforth appear more in public and in society.

THOMAS CARLYLE has abandoned the idea of writing an autobiography on account of his continued ill-health. The first volume of a life of him written by Froide with his consent and assistance will appear in 1881.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES says of the Prince of Wales that he has "the finest tact, sincerest consideration, and truest gentlemanhood, and while possessing faults like others, they serve only as a fringe to a noble character."

THE Austrian Chambers of Commerce have ordered a glass service in Bohemia for the Crown Prince's marriage. It is to be the finest glass ever manufactured.

THE Princess Dolgorouki has rented the Villa des Lauriers at Antibes, where she intends to spend the winter. She has been ordered to the South of France by the Czar's medical adviser.

It is stated that M. De Neuville has received and accepted a commission from the Queen to paint a picture for Her Majesty of "The capture of Ceteawayo by Col. Buller." The painting is to be commenced towards the end of the year.

COUNT VON MOLTKE has just passed his eighty-first birthday, which was celebrated by visits from the Imperial family, the King of Bavaria and other German sovereigns. The old soldier is said to be still very active.

PARIS is to have an Eden established like that of Brussels, including a stage, winter-garden, ball-room, café, etc. M. Plunkett, formerly director of the Palais-Royal, and M. Eugène Bertrand, director of the Variétés, have entered into a joint agreement to carry out this new enterprise.

THE total winnings of Robert the Devil during his turf career amount in the aggregate to £2,926. Mr. Brewer gave 2,500 guineas for him at the close of his two-year-old career. As a three-year-old he has won £18,647, so that the owners of the horse made a good investment.

THE latest sensation in "fastness" being from Shanghai to London in thirty-one days, immediate preparations were made to do the distance in twenty-five days. This necessitates building two new boats with immensely powerful engines. One success will follow another, until two weeks will be the result.

POOR Mr. Spurgeon! All his sermons stolen and his gold-headed cane with them. Nothing is sacred to a burglar, or a Radical, or Beulah Hall would not have been cracked in this style. Mr. Spurgeon takes his losses philosophically, all excepting that gold-headed cane; but most persons would have preferred to lose their canes to their sermons.

THE Constanze Theatre, now building at Rome, will be one of the largest in the world. The auditorium is intended to hold 4,000 people, while the stage will contain an area of 300 square metres; the edifice, besides, being provided with a number of subsidiary salles for rehearsals, &c. The orchestra is to be lavishly.

THE partnership of the French Rothschilds which expired on the 1st instant, has been renewed. It is to end in 1915. The capital of the house is fixed at two millions sterling. Barons Alphonse, Gustave, and Edmond Rothschild are each to furnish one third. The registration of the deed of partnership cost 62,000 francs.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—There is nothing like presence of mind after all. The other day, during a tremendous shower, a gentleman entered a fashionable West End club, bearing a splendid ivory-handled silk umbrella, which he placed in the stand. Instantly another gentleman, who was mourning the abstraction of just such an article, jumped up. "Will you allow me to look at that?" he said sternly. "Certainly," remarked the umbrella-carrier. "I was just taking it to the police-station. It was left in my house last night by a burglar whom we frightened off. I hope it will prove a first-rate clue." And, though the exasperated owner could plainly see where his name had been scratched off the handle, he sat down and changed the subject.

THE CUT DIRECT.—A Mr. Mewins was courting a young lady of some attractions, and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins demanded a little brown mare, to which he had taken a particular fancy; and, this being positively refused, the match was broken off. After a couple of years the parties accidentally met at a county ball. Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement; but the lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of him. "Surely you have not forgotten me?" said he. "What name, sir?" she inquired. "Mewins," he replied promptly; "I had the honour of paying my addresses to you about two years ago." "I remember a person of that name," she rejoined freely; "but he paid his addresses to my father's brown mare!"

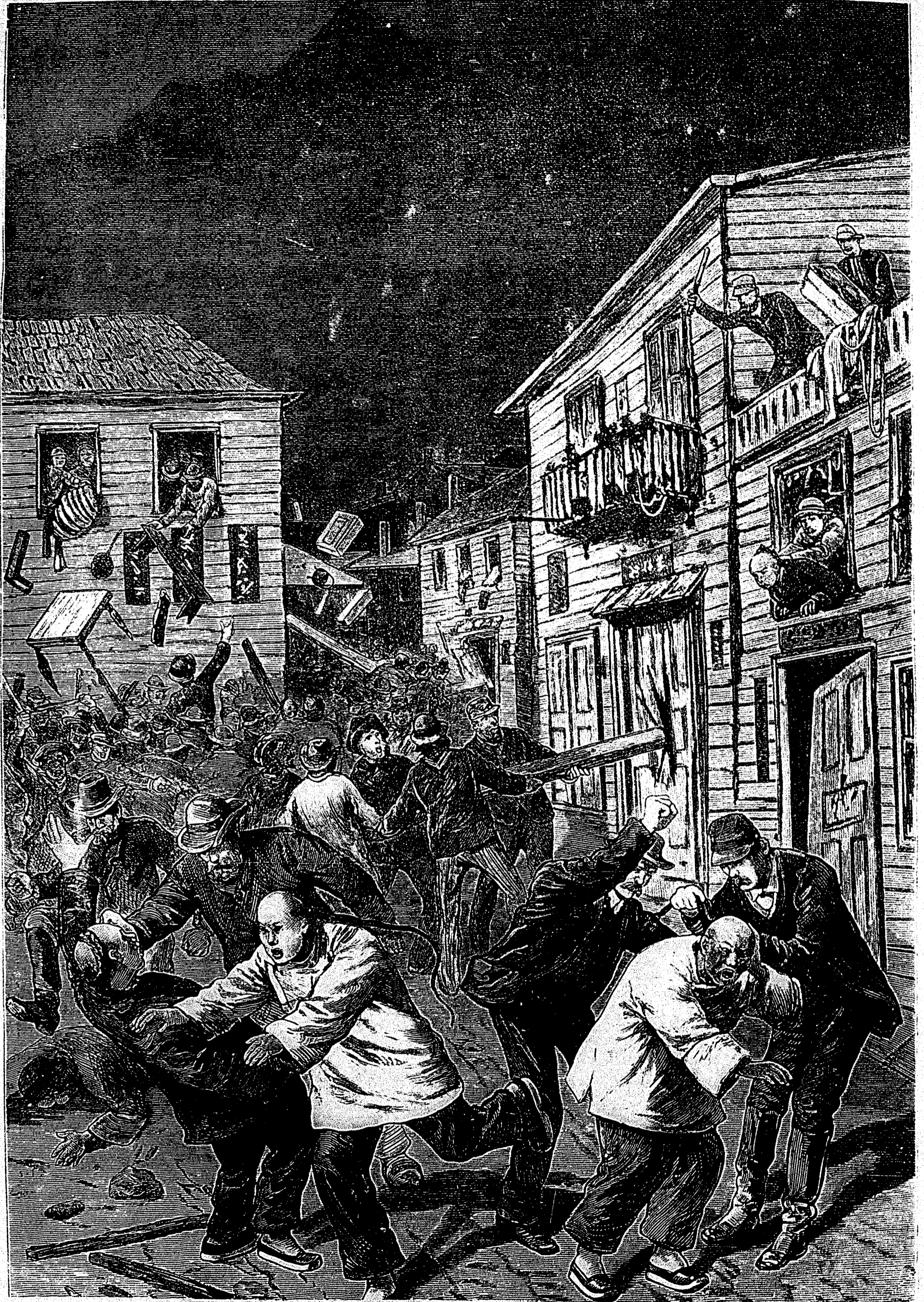
A PRETTY MAY CUSTOM.—A pretty May custom still obtains in the more primitive villages of Suabia, Bavaria, and Tyrol, distant from the great railway routes and comparatively untouched by the prosaic temper of contemporary German culture. On the first Sunday of the flowery month the unmarried girls of the hamlet, armed with leafy boughs, visit in procession the young wives who have been wed during the past year, and make formal inquiry, in certain set phrases hallowed by long custom, with respect to their health and happiness. Etiquette prescribes that each married woman thus distinguished should receive her maiden visitors at the outer door of her house, before which they take up their stand in double line. After thanking them for their kind inquiries, she passes slowly between their ranks, receiving from each in turn a light blow inflicted with the green branches as a mark of maidenly disapproval of her faithlessness to their virginal sisterhood. Having endured this gentle discipline, she is expected, according to her husband's means, to make a pecuniary offering to the vestal band; and the total amount of this May-day collection is expended by the village girls in an evening festivity, to which they invite the marriageable bachelors of the village. At this merry-making all the outlay for musicians and refreshments is defrayed by the youthful hostesses, who however reserve to themselves the privilege of "engaging partners."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERMAN, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

WE BELIEVE

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



ANTI-CHINESE RIOT IN DENVER, COLORADO.



THE YOUNG PHILANTHROPIST.—AFTER BODENMULLER.

NOTHING LIKE TRYING.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Life after all is a kindly affair :
Why is it stupid and not worth the living ?
Striving and getting wont drive away care—
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old :
Money and fame at the best are beguiling ;
Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold—
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate :
Why should you think you will find her by roving ?
Never was greater mistake than to hate—
Try loving.

THE OAK OF THE VILLAGE.

"Dunn't nobody tell me ! When the Trevors come to these parts, sentries ago, the Squire—if they called 'em squires in them times—brought w' him a fair young bride. So, when their son an' heir was born, their was fo' in' doins, and the mother, in 'memoration, planted the acorn from which has come that oak. The rooks that cawed in the elms then have died—the elms themselves 'as did—but theirs the oak, hale and hearty. The lightning struck it, the wind's blowed it ; yet theer it stands as firm as ever, and, while it do, the Trevors will be squires at the Hall !"

The speaker was the old sexton. He had just closed the vault of the Trevors, and, with spade and mattock on shoulder, stood among the graves in the shadow of the ancient, square-towered church in which Squire Trevor had that day been laid to rest.

"That, my friend, is, I suppose, the superstition," smiled the new vicar, scanning the old church with the look of an antiquary.

"Superstition ! Well, if truth be superstition, p'raps it is, sir."

"At any rate, the present Squire, they say, is different enough to his uncle—a spendthrift, or worse."

"Mebbe. The Trevors have all been a bit wild at first ; but they settle down, you see, sir—they settle down when they marry. Squire Marmaduke will marry and settle down like the rest."

"It is to be hoped so," said the vicar kindly.

"At any rate, he'll marry ; that you may be sure, for he's the last Trevor, he is, and the family's bound to live as long as the village oak. Now, sir, I've locked all up, p'raps I may go !"

"Certainly, my friend. Good evening !"

The sexton, his opinion of the new vicar by no means raised by this conversation, plodded his way to the ale-house.

The vicar, his head bowed, his hands behind his back, went slowly through the peaceful churchyard, a quiet smile on his lips. Now and then he would stop to try and decipher the erinkum-crankum letters, as the sexton termed them, of some old tombstone, then go on.

"It's an ancient place," he smiled, "and an ancient family, and will be more so if the worthy sexton's belief is founded on fact."

Reaching the high-gate—no better proof of its antiquity could there be than the church's possession of it—he crossed the space of road, and entered the Vicarage garden.

The blinds that had been lowered out of respect to the defunct Squire were still down ; but approaching the long window, which was open, the vicar put back the blind, and stepped into a charmingly cool room, pleasant with the odour of fresh rose-leaves.

The occupants of the apartment were a pretty girl, with brown, soft eyes, small, delicate features, and chestnut hair, and a young man, owning a pleasant, manly countenance, and a well-shaped, easy figure.

As the vicar's shadow had fallen on the blind, the young man had moved so far away from his fair companion's work-table that, aided by the heightened colour of the lady's cheek, that action was more suspicious than his close proximity to the piece of furniture.

"Hullo, Ned ! found us out already !" said the vicar, with a smile.

"The fact is, sir," replied the young man, returning the warm hand-pressure, "your description of the old church, the place, and especially that village oak, was too tempting for me to resist. I made leisure, packed up my knapsack, and came down."

"Ah ! I understand," remarked the vicar, dryly, and he did understand perfectly well. "The attraction, no doubt, is great to an artist ; and his glance wandered to his pretty daughter. "By the way, Jennie," he proceeded, "I have a contribution to your album of 'Family Superstitions.' That village oak has one twined about its ancient branches."

"Has it really, papa ?" she smiled, leaning upon his shoulder. "What is it ?"

Ned Graham also showing much interest, the vicar told what the old sexton had said.

"Why," laughed the artist, "there is a capital subject for either a picture or a poem."

"Then, I suppose, papa," said Jennie, gaily, "if one night the old oak on the green were to be blown down, there would be an end of—"

"Mr. Trevor, sir !" said the servant, opening the door.

A merry glance passed between the young people.

"Exactly !" smiled the vicar, as he rose and went into the library, where the new Squire awaited him.

The Squire was a handsome man of about thirty, but with the expression of one whose

time had never been well employed. The eyes were bold and dark, the mouth dogged more than determined.

As the only heir to the late Squire, who had died a childless widower, Marmaduke Trevor had led a wild, reckless London life, aware that his future was assured.

The death of his uncle had suddenly aroused him from an existence as idle as dissipated, and he had hastened down to the Hall.

He was by no means loth to take possession, and had already formed plans for a merry future ; but the drear solitude of the place at present was unbearable to one accustomed to a succession of amusements.

So, using his own words to Mr. Cathcart, "He had taken the liberty of throwing himself upon the vicar's hospitality."

"Indeed you are welcome, Squire !" the clergyman rejoined. "No doubt you do find it dull, especially to-day. This quiet, slumbrous village is a striking contrast for one used to the great city. We will go into the drawing-room. There are younger people there, who will make it, no doubt, more cheerful for you."

The Squire readily assented, and, for the first time, beheld Jennie Cathcart, in whose society he had not been long before he felt towards her as he had never before felt to any woman.

Those of the fair sex with whom he had associated had not been of that description to win respect, and the freshness and purity of the vicar's daughter came to him as a draught of pure air to one accustomed to breathe noxious gases.

Seated talking with the vicar, his look followed her everywhere, but lowered darkly as he detected the evidently high place that Ned Graham held in her regard.

Marmaduke Trevor was too versed in the art of love-making not to comprehend the apparent chance by which hand so often touched hand as Jennie and the artist played a game of chess, and the frequency with which they exchanged glances across the mimic battle progressing on the board.

The two young men left the vicarage together—Ned to the village inn, kept by the old sexton, the Squire to the Hall.

During the evening the superstition of the oak had formed one of the subjects of conversation ; and Marmaduke Trevor, as they reached the green, stopped, with a laugh, beneath its branches.

Many of the latter were leafless, seared by lightning and tempest ; but proudly it reared itself aloft like some old stalwart knight, whose dented armour proved rather its strength than its weakness.

"Not until I fall shall fall the house of Trevor," quoted the Squire, smiling. "Those, they say, were the words of my fair ancestress, written on parchment and buried with the acorn, from which sprang this grand old tree. Well, then, surely am I safe, for this iron trunk will weather many a gale !" And he placed his hand on the rich brown lichened bark.

"Your children's children, Mr. Trevor, will, I do not doubt, repeat the same words !" laughed the artist. "There is no decay here ; though, for that, we might, perhaps, look rather at the root than the trunk. But now I must say good-night, or my superstitious host may wonder where I am."

Shaking hands, they parted.

"I don't like him at all," thought Ned, entering the inn.

"That fellow will be an obstacle to my success with Miss Cathcart," reflected the Squire. "Yet perhaps not. Women are ambitious, and, to become Mistress of Trevor Hall, would be a great temptation. Yet, supposing some engagement exists between these two, and the girl holds to it ! Then I should but admire her the more, and be the more determined to make her mine !"

The days passed on, and the Squire's visits to the Vicarage were frequent.

"Wild Trevor," people remarked, had evidently turned over a new leaf on succeeding to the squirearchy. The reputation of Marmaduke had preceded him, and fear had been entertained that the old Hall would be made the scene of gaieties to which the term "orgies" might be applied.

But apparently the sexton was right. He, as other Trevors, would marry, settle down, and become a worthy supporter of the ancient name.

Certainly it looked like it to see the young Squire dropping in for a chat with the vicar respecting some improvement in the church or village, lingering about Jennie's work-table, persisting in helping her in gardening, or accepting a cup of her five o'clock tea, according to the hour of his visits, which were at all times of the day.

"It shows," remarked the rector, one afternoon, looking up from his book, "how wrong it is to judge any one who has life before them."

"I would rather he came here less often," remarked Ned Graham.

But the vicar had returned to his book, and Jennie only heard the words.

"For shame !" she whispered, smilingly, glancing at the artist. "You would not surely prevent the poor Squire's reformation ! His coming here may do him much good, while it cannot harm us. You cannot be jealous !"

"If I were, I should deserve to have cause to be," he replied, in the same tone, gazing fondly on her. "But you guess, surely, Jennie, if your father, engrossed in antiquities, does not, the true reason why the Squire comes here so frequently !"

She looked at him, her brows prettily arched. She could not fail to read his meaning in his expression.

"Nonsense !" she smiled, shaking her head.

"Don't make me vain !"

"If I were able, I should also fear—"

"What ?"

"That you would be ambitious, too !" he answered. "Vanity and ambition do not unfrequently run in couples, Jennie."

"Then I'll leave vanity to your sex," she laughed, "for ambition is mostly theirs."

"Really ! But mark my words respecting the Squire !"

Not many hours elapsed before the artist's warning was verified. The next morning Marmaduke Trevor, appearing early at the Vicarage, requested to be allowed a few words in private with the vicar.

When closeted together in the study, he confessed the passion with which Jennie had inspired him, and proposed for her hand.

Mr. Cathcart sat a while silent. He had listened in surprise—with regret.

Not the slightest suspicion had he had of the Squire's feelings.

Never would he have conceived it likely that a man holding the position and wealth of Marmaduke Trevor would have sought for a wife the daughter of a vicar possessing but a mediocre living.

His silence, the perplexity marked on his visage, inspired the Squire with confidence. Evidently the poor parson was overwhelmed by an offer so unlooked for.

"Surely, Mr. Cathcart," he remarked, "you must from the first have seen the impression your pretty daughter made upon me !"

"Had I, Squire," broke in the vicar, quietly, and rousing himself, "I should have felt a guilty man in your presence at this moment. I declare to you I had not the least idea. It never crossed my mind that you would ever have desired so to honour my family. Had it, believe me, I would at once have informed you of that which, with much pain, I must now tell you."

A dark shadow fell on the Squire's face.

"And that ?" he asked in a low tone.

"My daughter is engaged already ; has been so for some months, to—"

"Spare me his name !" interrupted the Squire, raising his hand. "You mean the artist I have met here. I knew from the first he was my rival."

"Scarcely rival," responded the vicar. "He had been accepted before Jennie had the honor of knowing you."

"And, had I been the first, Mr. Cathcart, might I have had hope ! Should I have been indifferent to your daughter ! Am I so now ?"

"Indifferent, Squire ! Most assuredly not. Had you met her first who can tell what might have been the result ?" proceeded the vicar, anxious to soften his refusal, noting the agitation beneath the Squire's forced outward calmness, and pitying him. "But now—"

"Supposing I, if you will allow me, refuse to accept the 'now' as you would put it," broke in Marmaduke Trevor, leaning a little forward.

"Mr. Cathcart, I mean no offence to your daughter ; but to change is a woman's privilege. Think what I offer her ! All the marriageable ladies in the county would jump at the position. They make that too apparent for there to be conceit in my saying so. The settlements should be made according to your and her desire."

The vicar had frowned at the opening of this speech ; but he had quickly banished his dark look, though his tone was grave, almost severe, as he responded, "Do you mean, Squire, that you think my daughter capable of proving faithless to the man she loves now because of a wealthier, grander offer ?"

"I said it was woman's privilege to change, Mr. Cathcart—that, as they should be, women at times are ambitious."

"That is true, unfortunately ; but, I trust, not Jennie. Yet, in justice to her, let it be she who decides. She is in the morning-room, Squire. Ask her. If she consent, I can answer for Mr. Graham relinquishing his claim, and for my accepting you as a son-in-law."

"I thank you. I will, at least, try."

The vicar watched him from the room ; then, with some anxiety, sat waiting his return.

Could Jennie—would she be dazzled by his offer ?

Not a quarter of an hour had passed when a quick step on the gravel path caused the vicar to look through the window toward it. It was the Squire leaving the Vicarage.

"I knew it !" ejaculated the clergyman, with almost a cry of joy. "I knew I was not wrong about Jennie. Come in," for there was a tap at the door, and his daughter entered.

"Oh, papa !" she said, with sad reproof, "Why did you send the Squire to me ?"

"For your sake and his, my darling," answered the vicar, taking her in his arms. "And your reply, Jennie ?"

"What could it be, papa ! How could I be untrue to Ned ! What wealth and position could compensate me for his love ?"

"None, pet, that could bring you such happiness. But the Squire !"

"Ah, I am very sorry for him. He seemed so pained. He said that in his love for me he had hoped to redeem the past. He asked me if I had never seen Edward, whether I could ever have cared for him."

"And your reply ?"

"That it might have been—very likely I should. I could not tell what to say. I was so sorry for him !"

And Jennie leaned her head sadly on her father's shoulder.

Neither Jennie nor the vicar would have so commiserated the Squire had they seen his dark, lowering looks, and if they could have read his thoughts, as he proceeded through the Trevor woods to the Hall.

That he should be refused by the daughter of a vicar whose living was in his hands, and for a pitiful artist, with about three hundred a year ! After all, it was the artist alone that was to blame. Had he not existed, Jennie Cathcart might have loved him, Marmaduke Trevor !

But he had existed. Still, supposing he were not to exist ! So thought the Squire, as he went homeward, the evil of his nature, held in abeyance during the hope to win a return of his love, now regaining full sway.

Thus stood matters when October arrived. The autumn had come in rough and stormy, with intervals of heavy, even sultry weather, that made the old saw, "A warm Christmas, a fat churchyard," ever on the sexton's tongue.

The evening of the ninth was of the latter description—dark, heavy, oppressive ; and the Squire wiped the perspiration from his brow, as he stood among the slumbering woods, waiting—for whom ! Evidently this poaching, hang-dog-looking fellow that came slouching towards him, for on his appearance he made a step or two forward.

"I'm here, Squire," said the man, doggedly, touching his hat, but keeping a few feet distant.

"I trusted yer. Still," with a swift glance among the trees, "ef 'r've got any of yer darned keepers in hidin', let 'em look out, au yer, too, Squire ; I'll die game !"

"Have no fear," said the other. "Come nearer, Stacpool. I am alone."

After a moment's hesitation, the man complied.

"Listen to me," proceeded the Squire, in low but firm accents. "You are ever a suspected, always a hunted man ; no one will give you work. Every magistrate is acquainted with you. You are a man not to be trusted, not to be believed !"

"Did you ask me to come here to tell me that ?" snarled the man. "What's the use ? Don't I know it a'ready ! You sed you'd be a friend. How can a feller with my repertation git on here ! I ask you that !"

"You are right. You're like the mongrel cur in a big town. He must either steal or starve. In Australia you would be another man."

"Australia !" ejaculated the other with a quick eagerness. "If I could only git there ! If, instead of bullying and badgering, they'd only send me there !"

"I'll send you there," said the Squire, lowering his voice. "More, I'll pay your passage out, and give you the means to start !"

"You will !" said the poacher, incredulously.

"Yes, in earnest," (showing gold), "this shall be yours to-night. Only I require a service for it."

"What ! Whatever it is, to git away from here, I'm yer man !"

"Do you know the artist, Edward Graham ?"

"Him as is going to marry the vicar's daughter ?"

"Yes," with a fierce spasm of the features. "He returns here to-morrow night. The roads are lonely. I hate him ! If he never reaches the Vicarage alive, your passage to Australia is assured. Do you understand !"

"Who wouldn't !" retorted the poacher.

"Well !"

"Didn't I say I was yer man !"

Wild and black was the evening of the next day. A gale of wind such as never had been experienced for years swept across the land. No rain fell, but vivid was the lightning that shot down now and again from the clouds.

For reasons of his own, indeed, that no suspicion might rest on him, the Squire had passed the day at a town in a contrary direction to Sarcombe ; but, tortured by anxiety, and eager to learn Stacpool's success, having an appointment with him, at ten, despite the weather, he had mounted his horse, directing his head towards the Hall.

Soon he was far from the town, in the darkness of the land, the fierce wind tearing around him, making his horse stagger, and his own seat unsteady. More than once the animal had reared at the lightning, and turned before the wild assault of the blast, but by whip and spur the Squire had forced the shivering, frightened animal on. With difficulty, for in three-quarters of an hour they had not traversed as much of a mile.

All who know anything of horses are aware of the brief space there is between fear and panic. Just where the road was densest and wildest a vivid flash rent the clouds, setting, as it seemed, the whole earth on fire, followed by a fearful crash of thunder, so unparalleled that it made the strongest hearts tremble.

The Squire's horse reared, uttering a scream, then, with dilated eyeballs, dashed on, the bit betwixt his teeth.

That fearful crash aroused the whole village. Jennie Cathcart, alarmed and scared, reflected how pleased she was that Ned had sent a message deferring his return until the morning.

The old sexton had sprung fairly from his bed.

"Bless us, missis !" he ejaculated ; "sure the world's come to an end ! Save us ! what a gust of wind !"

A gust, indeed ! It howled and tore across the village, crashing down chimney-pots, rending off loosely-fastened shutters and signs, unroofing

sheds, whirling down haystacks! People dropped on their knees; the cattle moaned and belated in their stalls.

"It surely is!" said the sexton, groping his way to the casement.

Then he gave a loud cry, for before him, clear to the other side of the green, was space.

"Alack, man! what is it?" cried his wife.

"The village oak is down! It's down! Woe, woe, then, to the Trevors!" he answered.

Woe, indeed!

The next morning broke calm and glorious. The wind sobbed gently, as if repentant for the havoc it had done; but gloom rested over the village, as the people grouped about the fallen monarch.

"Who'll tell the Squire?" whispered the sexton.

Who?

Stay! Who were these coming yonder?

Servants in the Trevor livery, hastily put on, and bearing something between them!

As they drew near the oak, the villagers gathered round; and the sexton, as usual, first.

It was a man, pale and still, they carried.

"The Squire!" cried the sexton, throwing up his arms.

It was so.

His horse, shivering and foam-flecked, had been found outside the stable-door that morning, riderless. The servants, alarmed, had started in search, and found Marmaduke Trevor dead on the road.

Which fell first, none knew; but the sexton always affirmed that it was the oak of the village.

E. W. P.

VARIETIES.

LONGFELLOW.—Longfellow, the poet, donies himself, it is said, to none of the numberless visitors who end their way to his home at Cambridge, and he is consequently overrun with them. Among these are persons he never heard of, and many who are not so agreeable as they might be. The poet's house is actually besieged on some days, and his friends wonder when he finds leisure to study and write. They try to persuade him to withhold himself in a measure from the general public; but he replies that it would be unkind not to see people who take the trouble to visit him. The very idea of being unkind to any human creature seems so monstrous that he cannot entertain it for a moment. He has the gift of sympathy to an unlimited degree, and his host of visitors enjoy the ample benefit of it.

AN ANTIQUARY.—The Paris papers announce the arrival in France, of Sir Richard Copt, whom Sir Charles Dilke has invited to pass a few days at the residence near Toulon, hired by the latter. Sir Richard Copt possesses one of the notable fortunes of Great Britain, and is distinguished by his taste for antiquities and historical objects. Some years ago he went to law with a dealer in curiosities, from whom he had purchased, for the sum of thirty thousand francs, a dagger said to be that with which King Henri III. of France was murdered. After an interview with the celebrated historian, Michelet, Sir Richard Copt saw reason to doubt the authenticity of this weapon, and his suit against the dealer is still pending. The *Erenewant* adds to the information above the interesting little detail that Sir Richard Copt has also succeeded in obtaining the six balls shot at Lord Montmorres.

A STRANGE SUIT.—A queer lawsuit will shortly come before the Paris courts. Some time after his marriage the Marquis appeared to be suffering from weakness of the brain, and on a simple certificate signed by a doctor he was shut up in a private lunatic asylum in the suburbs of Paris. He had been there nine years when he was at last helped to escape by his brother. The Marquis has reached the German frontier, and is now awaiting the result of the inquiry which has been instituted by his brother. The Marquis will then demand a separation in order to deprive his wife of the guardianship of his children and of the management of his fortune, of which she has become possessed owing to his sequestration. The case will probably call public attention to the ridiculous law which enables a man to be shut up in a lunatic asylum and his property to be sequestrated merely on the presentation of a certificate signed by a medical man.

LONGEVITY AND GREATNESS.—The following list of distinguished men, showing the age attained by each, is given by the Editor, and will be read with interest by those who are curious in such matters:

| | | | |
|-------------|----|-------------|----|
| Tasso | 51 | Galileo | 76 |
| Virgil | 52 | Swift | 78 |
| Shakspeare | 52 | Roger Bacon | 78 |
| Moliere | 53 | Cornielle | 78 |
| Dante | 56 | Thucydides | 80 |
| Pope | 56 | Juvenal | 80 |
| Ovid | 57 | Young | 80 |
| Horace | 57 | Plato | 81 |
| Racine | 59 | Buffon | 81 |
| Demosthenes | 59 | Goethe | 82 |
| Lavater | 60 | West | 82 |
| Galvani | 61 | Franklin | 84 |
| Boccaccio | 62 | Metastasio | 84 |
| Fenelon | 63 | Herschell | 84 |
| Aristotle | 63 | Newton | 85 |
| Cuvier | 64 | Voltaire | 85 |
| Milton | 66 | Halley | 86 |
| Rousseau | 66 | Sophocles | 90 |
| Erasmus | 69 | Leuwenhoeck | 92 |

| | | | |
|-----------|----|----------------|-----|
| Cervantes | 60 | Hans Sloan | 93 |
| Dryden | 70 | Whiston | 95 |
| Petrarch | 70 | Michael Angelo | 96 |
| Linnaeus | 71 | Titian | 96 |
| Locke | 73 | Herodias | 100 |
| Reanmur | 75 | Fontenelle | 100 |

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 298.

J. H. H. & W. H., Chicago, U.S.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 300.

R., Hamilton.—Letter received. Thanks.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 300.

The disputes which have occurred during the past few months in connection with chess matches and problem tournaments must have been very unpalatable to the true chessplayer, who would prefer to see matters relating to his favourite game glide along with the tranquillity which usually reigns when two contestants of about equal strength are carrying on a game in some quiet corner of a club room. If there is to be excitement, however, occasionally in connection with a pastime which is proverbially peaceful and unobtrusive, let it be of the nature of that which showed itself at the meeting which took place recently at the City of London Chess Club, and which was held by the members of that society for the purpose of celebrating the birthday of one of their players, as we learn from a recent number of *Land and Water*. Mr. C. Murton, the gentleman thus honoured by his cotrades, completed his 90th year on the 20th of October, 1880. A large number of chess-players of the metropolis attended in order to congratulate the veteran player on the termination of another year of an unusually long life, and at the supper which formed part of the evening's entertainment, his health was drunk with enthusiasm.

In reply, Mr. Murton, in a clear and vigorous voice, thanked the members of the club, and took occasion to praise the game of chess as, not only an innocent amusement, but one which strengthened the mind, and led to many firm friendships. We are told, also, that during the evening Mr. Murton played two games of chess in which he showed he was still able to hold his own over the chequered board.

The following account of a chess match played a few days ago between Toronto and Hamilton, we copy from the *Toronto Mail* of the 4th inst. We are happy to see such an evidence of chess life and vigour in Ontario, and trust that something of the same nature will soon manifest itself in other parts of the Dominion.

CHESS.

TORONTO VS. HAMILTON—TORONTO VICTORIOUS.

A match between the Hamilton and Toronto Chess Clubs took place in this city at the Mechanics' Institute yesterday. In addition to the usual team the Hamiltonians availed themselves of the services of Leopold Schull, of Guelph, and the Torontos were equally fortunate in securing the help of Mr. W. Braithwaite, of Unionville. These gentlemen have recently been elected honorary members of the respective clubs. After a little delay, caused by the non-arrival of some of the contestants, play was commenced. The first game was won by Toronto, Mr. Gibson making Dr. Uxall on the thirty-third move. Mr. Schull was the next victor, and immediately before adjourning for lunch Mr. Taylor, of Hamilton, resigned his first game. After lunch, play was resumed, and after a few moves, Mr. Gordon secured his game from Mr. Robertson. Then followed Messrs. Gibson, Littlejohn, Stark, Hirschberg, and Phillips, all winning for Toronto, while Mr. Kiteon succeeded in vanquishing Mr. Northcote, making one more for Hamilton. Mr. Braithwaite was the next to announce a mate, against Mr. Schull, and the match was finished by Messrs. Robertson and Case, of Hamilton, winning their second games. Owing to want of time the second game between Messrs. Phillips and Judd was not commenced, and the last game between Messrs. Northcote and Kiteon was unfinished, and declared a draw by mutual consent. The following is the score:

| Toronto. | | Hamilton. | |
|-------------|--------|-----------|-------|
| Braithwaite | 1 | Schull | 1 |
| Gordon | 1 | Robertson | 1 |
| Stark | 1 | Stevens | 0 |
| Northcote | 0 | Kiteon | 1 |
| Gibson | 2 | Dr. Ryall | 0 |
| Littlejohn | 2 | Taylor | 0 |
| Phillips | 1 | Judd | 0 |
| Hirschberg | 1 | Case | 1 |
| Total | 10 1/2 | Total | 4 1/2 |

NEW CHESS CLUB.—A number of young men, employed in law offices in this city, have formed themselves into a chess club, which has been named "The Victoria." Being all good players, they are considering the advisability of challenging the Montreal Club to play a friendly game.

The above which appeared in the *Montreal Daily Star* on the 11th inst., will be interesting to chessplayers of that city.

PROBLEM No. 303.

By A. Townsend, Newport, Monmouthshire W.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAMB 432ND.

Played by telegraph in Australia, on November 23rd, 1878.

| Adelaide. | | Moonta Mines. | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|---------------|--|
| White.—(Mr. W. Melvin.) | Black.—(Mr. E. Fellowes.) | | |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 | | |
| 2. Kt to KB 3 | 2. Kt to QB 3 | | |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. B to B 4 | | |
| 4. Castles | 4. Kt to B 3 | | |
| 5. P to Q 3 | 5. Castles | | |
| 6. B to K R 5 | 6. P to Q 3 | | |
| 7. B takes Kt | 7. Q takes B | | |
| 8. Kt to B 3 | 8. B to K 3 | | |
| 9. Kt to Q 5 | 9. B takes Kt | | |
| 10. B takes B | 10. Kt to K 3 | | |
| 11. P to Q R 3 | 11. P to B 3 | | |
| 12. B to R 2 | 12. Kt to K 3 | | |
| 13. B takes Kt | 13. P takes B | | |
| 14. Q to K 2 | 14. Q R to K | | |
| 15. P to Q Kt 4 | 15. B to Kt 3 | | |
| 16. P to B 3 | 16. P to Q 4 | | |
| 17. R to R 2 (Q R K) | 17. P to Q R 3 | | |
| 18. P takes P | 18. K P takes P | | |
| 19. Q to Q 2 | 19. P to K 5 | | |
| 20. P takes P | 20. P takes P | | |
| 21. Q to Kt 5 | 21. P takes Kt | | |
| 22. Q takes Q | 22. R takes Q | | |
| 23. P to Kt 3 | 23. R to R 3 | | |
| 24. Q R to R | 24. R to K 7 | | |
| 25. P to K R 4 | 25. R to K 7 | | |
| 26. Q R to B | 26. R takes R | | |
| 27. R takes R | 27. R to K 3 | | |
| 28. P to B 4 | 28. P to B 4 | | |
| 29. R to Kt | 29. R to K 2 | | |
| 30. R to Kt 3 | 30. P takes P | | |
| 31. P takes P | 31. P to Q R 4 | | |
| 32. P to B 5 | 32. B to R 2 | | |
| 33. P takes P | 33. B takes P | | |
| 34. R takes K B P | 34. R to Q B 2 | | |
| 35. K to Kt 2 | 35. B to Kt 3 | | |
| 36. R to B 5 | 36. R takes P | | |
| 37. R to B 4 | 37. B takes P | | |
| 38. R to Kt 4 | 38. P to Q Kt 5 | | |
| 39. P to Kt 5 | 39. P to Kt 5 | | |
| 40. R to K 4 | 40. P to Kt 6 | | |
| 41. R to K 8 (ch) | 41. K to B 2 | | |
| 42. R to Q Kt 2 | 42. R to B 6 | | |
| 43. R to Kt 5 | 43. B to B 2 | | |
| 44. R to Kt 7 | 44. K to Kt 3 | | |
| 45. R to Kt 5 | 45. K to R 4 | | |
| 46. R to Kt 4 | 46. B to K 4 | | |
| 47. R to Kt 5 | 47. B to Q 5 | | |
| 48. P to B 3 | 48. R to Q 6 | | |
| 49. K to Kt 3 | 49. P to Kt 7 | | |

And White resigns.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 301

| White. | Black. |
|----------------------|---|
| 1. Q to Q Kt sq | 1. K takes R (a) |
| 2. Q to K Kt sq (ch) | 2. K moves. |
| 3. B mates | (a) 1. K to Q 3, or Q B 3, or P to K 4. |
| | 2. Anything |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 299

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. Q to K R 7 | 1. Any move |
| 2. Mates acc. | |

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 300.

| White. | Black. |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| K at K 7 | K at Q 4 |
| R at K B 7 | R at K B 4 |
| B at K Kt 6 | R at K Kt 4 |
| B at K B 5 | B at K R 5 |
| Kt at Q 2 | Pawns at K B 5 and K Kt 6 |
| Kt at Q 8 | |
| Pawns at K 2, K Kt 2, and Q 4 | |

White to play and mate in two moves.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED)

CAPITAL \$200,000,

GENERAL Engravers, Lithographers, Printers AND PUBLISHERS,

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

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The Scientific Canadian

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND General Manager.

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

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

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It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

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 LATEST STYLES. BEST WORKMANSHIP.
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25 New and Beautiful Japanese, Rose Bud, Trans-
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Gray's
SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
 FOR COUGHS & COLDS

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EXTRACT OF MEAT
 FINEST AND CHEAPEST
 MEAT-FLAVOURING
 STOCK FOR SOUPS,
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 To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.
 Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

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THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

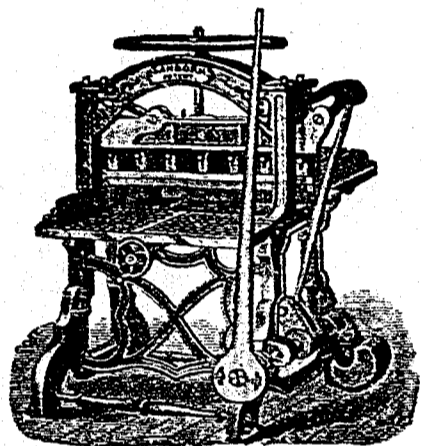
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CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach."
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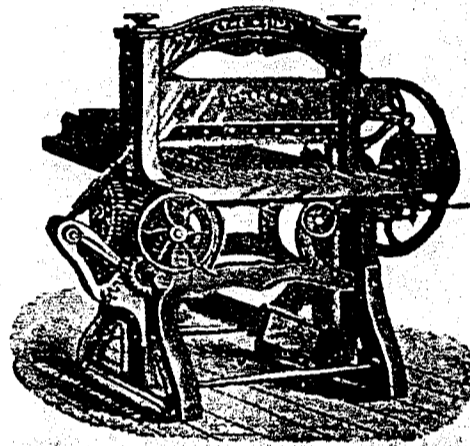
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 30 inch. 32 inch.

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MAKERS'
MACHINERY
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 30 inch. 32 inch. 34 inch. 38 inch. 44 inch. 48 inch.

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\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address **TRUE & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards, (No 2 Alike,) With Name, 10c. 35 Flirtation Cards, 10c. Game of Authors, 15c. Autograph Album, 20c. All 50c. Clifton Bros., Cliftonville, Conn.

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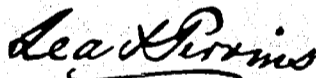
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 Ask for it. and take no other.
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50 Elegant, all new, Chromo and Scroll Cards, no two alike. Name nicely printed 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

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

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

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A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder. Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per bottle, with patent Sprinkler. For sale at all Drug Stores.

50 Fancy Cards 10c. or 20 New Style Chromo Cards 10c. with name postpaid. J. B. Hasted, Nassau, N.Y.

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

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

40 Elegant Cards, All Chromo, Motto and Glass Name in Gold and Jet, 10c. West & Co., Westville, Conn.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address **STINSON & Co.,** Portland, Maine.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of **FOUR PER CENT.**

upon the paid-up capital stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its banking house, in this city, on and after

Wednesday, the 1st day of December next.

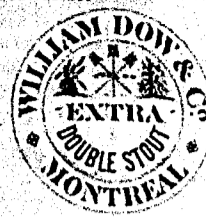
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

CHAS. F. SMITHERS,
 General Manager.
 Montreal, 19th October, 1880.

1000 AGENTS WANTED for Visiting Cards, Books, and Novelties. Outfit 3c. Big Profits. 50 gilt edge cards, in case, 35c. Detectives Club, 30c. Bird Call, 15c. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

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 OIL & COLOR MERCHANTS.
 PROPRIETORS OF THE CELEBRATED



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 MONTREAL.

250 MOTTOS and 100 Illustrated Escort & Trains parent Cards, all for 15c. West & Co., Westville, Conn.

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G. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.
Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON **Wednesday, June 23, 1880.**

Trains will run as follows:

| | MIXED. | MAIL. | EXPRESS |
|-------------------------------------|------------|---|------------|
| Leave Hochelaga for Hull..... | 1.00 a.m. | 8.30 a.m. | 5.15 p.m. |
| Arrive at Hull..... | 10.30 a.m. | 12.40 p.m. | 9.25 p.m. |
| Leave Hull for Hochelaga..... | 1.00 a.m. | 8.20 a.m. | 5.05 p.m. |
| Arrive at Hochelaga..... | 10.20 a.m. | 12.30 p.m. | 9.15 p.m. |
| | | Night Passenger | |
| Leave Hochelaga for Quebec..... | 6.00 p.m. | 10.00 p.m. | 3.00 p.m. |
| Arrive at Quebec..... | 8.00 p.m. | 6.30 a.m. | 9.25 p.m. |
| Leave Quebec for Hochelaga..... | 5.30 p.m. | 9.30 p.m. | 10.10 a.m. |
| Arrive at Hochelaga..... | 8.00 a.m. | 6.30 a.m. | 4.40 p.m. |
| Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome..... | 5.30 p.m. | | |
| Arrive at St. Jerome..... | 7.15 p.m. | Mixed | |
| Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga..... | | 6.45 a.m. | |
| Arrive at Hochelaga..... | | 9.00 a.m. | |
| | | (Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) | |
| | | Trains leave Mile-End Station 5 or 10 Minutes Later. | |
| | | Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. | |
| | | Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec. | |
| | | Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. | |
| | | All Trains Run by Montreal Time. | |
| | | GENERAL OFFICE, 13 Place d'Armes Square. | |
| | | TICKET OFFICES, 13 Place d'Armes, and 202 St. James Street, Montreal. | |
| | | Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. | |
| | | L. A. SENEGAL, Gen'l Sup't. | |