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Montreal Free Press

Wholesale News

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NOTICE.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

The next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be almost entirely devoted to sketches of the Exhibition, in its different departments. Orders should be sent in early.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for Sept. 15th, 1880, and Corresponding week, 1879. Rows include days of the week (Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun.) and temperature readings (Max., Min., Mean).

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LETTER PRESS.—The Week—Return of the Ministers.—The Dominion Exhibition—White Wings (continued)—A Story of Ifracombe.—The Gleaner—Varieties.—Brelques pour Dames—Humorous—Literary—Musical and Dramatic—History of the Week.—The Metropolitan Crazier.—The late F. M. Derome.—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, September 25, 1880.

THE WEEK.

AFTER a certain unavoidable delay, the Government of Quebec have begun to reap the fruits of their successful Parisian loan. A first instalment of \$250,000 arrived at the Capital last week.

The idea of commemorating the great Dominion Exhibition by an appropriate medal is quite proper and very creditable to the author, M. JOSEPH LEROUX, of this city. We publish a view of the medal in the present number, and the public can judge for themselves of the excellence of the workmanship.

For the credit of the Militia everywhere, and especially for the sake of the Wimbledon meetings, we are glad to learn that the court-martial has acquitted Sergeant WILLIAM MARSHMAN who was accused of falsely marking at the butts, during the recent meeting of the National Rifle Association.

We hear of large cargoes of ice arriving in New York from Norway. Surely this is a trade which Canada might nearly monopolize. A shrewd observer recently stated to us that there were two branches of business in which, to his wonder, Canadians had not yet seen their way to embark. One was the exportation of oysters, and the other the exportation of ice. Fortunes might be realized from both in a short time.

GENERAL LUARD, the new Commandant of Militia, is going about his work in earnest. He attends inspections and reviews in different parts of the country, and does not satisfy himself with the usual forms of faint praise. We notice that some of our contemporaries find fault with his criticism of our militia—that while it excels in physique, it is lacking in drill. If a militia is worth maintaining at all, it is worth maintaining well, and that condition essentially includes proficiency in drill.

It seems that, with all our sad experiences during so many past years, no effectual means of arresting bush fires have been found. The catastrophe in Bagot county is simply appalling. The total loss is over \$200,000, and extends over six or seven parishes. A further misfortune is that the victims are generally poor. No time should be lost in organizing a scheme of succour, and while charity knows no limits of creed or race and appeals to all, yet it is the special duty of our French fellow-citizens to step forward generously in aid of their unfortunate countrymen.

THE late election in Maine is very much like a drawn battle, but the advantage is on the side of the Democrats, who had quite abandoned all hopes of success. The Republicans were sanguine of carrying the State by a majority of at least fifteen thousand. The effect of the election on the Presidential contest in November will depend very much on the continuance of the fusion between the Democrats and Greenbackers. The result is not so certain, however, inasmuch as the Greenback party have a candidate of their own for the Chief Magistracy—General WEAVER—and will naturally enough support him.

THE news from Paris, as we go to press, is grave. There has been a Ministerial crisis, and M. DE FREYCINER has resigned the Premiership. The point at issue was the further enforcement of the Congregational Decrees, which the Prime Minister was anxious to defer until the appeal of the Jesuits to the Courts had been decided. The victory is a personal one for M. GAMBETTA, and if, as the despatches say, the present Minister of Education, M. JULES FERRY, is called to the head of the Government, we may look for the pursuance of a vigorous policy. Anything like disturbance, however, is not to be apprehended for the time being.

THE Powers have been very patient with Turkey, for the reason that they appreciate the difficulties in which that nation is involved. The Albanian and Montenegrin questions are exceedingly complicated, through the semi-civilized character of the inhabitants. A solution, however, is about to be reached by the presence of the allied fleet in Aegean waters. Vice-Admiral SEYMOUR, of the British Navy, commands the combined squadron, and his instructions are to proceed with the utmost moderation. Dulcigno, a view of which we publish in its number, will have to be surrendered by the Turks to the Montenegrins, in accordance with the decisions of the Berlin Treaty and Conference.

THE rectification of the Montenegrin frontier is not the only perplexing element in the present aspect of the Eastern question. That problem will probably be solved by the cession of Dulcigno under the pressure of the allied fleet. There remains the Greek Boundary question. As will be remembered, the Conference unanimously decided, in accordance with the Berlin Treaty, that parts of Thessaly and Albania, including Larissa and Janina, should be made over to Greece. Until now the Porte has not moved in the matter, beyond sending forth two notes asking for reconsideration, which, of course, was declined. The only concessions made by the Powers were that they would adopt, with the Sultan's Government, any means of facilitating the transfer. The question arises—will the united squadron, now anchored at Ragusa, content itself with the surrender of Dulcigno, or will it tarry until Greece has received satisfaction from the Porte?

A brief, but rather interesting discussion took place a few days ago in one of the papers of this city, on the underlying principles of the Democratic party in the United States. The best exposition we have seen of these principles, and so

tersely put as to be useful for reference, is from ex-Governor HOFFMAN, of New York, who, in an interview at Paris with a representative of the New York Herald, stated that Democratic principles, "include home rule, honest money, free ships, a tariff for revenue, freedom of elections from the control of centralized power at Washington, whether Republican or Democratic. No soldiers at the polls. To the States and to the Federal Government all the rights the constitution gives to each. No more and no less. In other words, a government as strong as the constitution and no stronger, and to the supreme court the respect due to it as the expounder of the constitution, as long as it does not attempt, under the cover of judicial interpretation, by partisan decisions to revolutionize the government itself."

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

We present our readers in the present number, with a series of sketches illustrative of the great Dominion Exhibition now being held in this city. It is no exaggeration to say that it is the largest and most successful display of the kind ever made in Montreal, and in its representative character it certainly excels every thing in that line ever attempted in Canada. There have been a few hitches—unavoidable in a first essay of this nature—but in general the officers of the different departments and the chairmen of the various sub-committees deserve the utmost credit for the intelligent efforts they all put forth. With the experience gained this year, a subsequent show will be faultlessly conducted, and the undoubted success of the present encourages us to believe that we may look for a yearly repetition of the fair.

We desire to call attention to the exhibition of the Montreal Horticultural Society and Vine-growers Association of the Province of Quebec, a view of which appears on our first page. Perhaps no society deserves better of the public than this one. By dint of perseverance and hard work, its promoters have raised it to the rank of second in point of membership and amount of subscriptions among the many societies of the kind in America. Its show this year was exceptionally fine, and the officers, especially the indefatigable secretary, who devoted so much of their time to its preparation are to be congratulated on this success. No one would believe, unless he had ocular demonstration, that so cold a climate as ours could produce such varieties of delicate fruits and flowers. The culture of grapes is a case in point, and the out-door specimens were simply marvellous. The show of apples was magnificent, including certain species for which the Province of Quebec may be said to be unrivalled. We question whether there is a finer apple in the world than the Fameuse.

The scene on the grounds of the Exhibition was a lively one during the week, several days after the opening being consumed in preparation. The Crystal Palace was the centre of attraction. A visit to that splendid bazaar, was worth all the time and expense involved in it. The display is a credit to the country, and one cannot repress a feeling of pride on beholding it. Not only are the specimens numerous and costly, but they are in the vast majority of cases the product of our own people. Articles which have been imported time out of mind, are now exposed as of native manufacture, and the quality is no less. In almost every industrial and mechanical department Canada is here shown to be virtually self-supporting, and it is one of the chief advantages of such exhibitions that they make that fact patent to the multitude. Manitoba and Prince Edward Island are well represented, and the incident is significant as proof of the material union of the Provinces. It is thus that we come to know and appreciate each other better.

The supplementary attractions were numerous last week, as will be seen by some of our sketches. Sports of all kinds have been indulged in, the series ending on

Saturday afternoon with the great Lacrosse match wherein the Shamrock maintained their supremacy as champions. The formal inauguration of the show, by his Excellency the Governor-General, will give a new impulse to the attendance during the present week, and the railway lines are in consequence offering the very lowest terms to excursionists. We invite our readers to come in as great numbers as possible, promising that they will not regret their journey. Meantime we shall prepare a number of sketches for our forthcoming number.

RETURN OF THE MINISTERS AND THEIR MISSION.

It is definitely announced that the Ministers sailed from Liverpool by the Allan steamer of the 16th, and they may be expected to arrive in Canada very shortly after these lines reach the public. There was a statement in the London Times, directly authorized by the Ministers, which appeared after the remarks in our last impression were printed, and which calls for notice. It shows there has been a still further modification in the Pacific Railway arrangements, as compared with the previous announcements in the Ministerial papers in Canada, to which we last week referred. But the main result is the same. An agreement has been completed with a powerful London, Paris and American syndicate; and a provisional contract signed by the Ministers in London, on behalf of the Canadian Government; subject to approval by the Canadian Parliament, at its session in February next, and not at a special session to be called, as previously announced. Another point is that the names of the capitalists or firms composing the syndicate are not the same; and they do not cover so wide a field in the financial world. But they are quite equal to the undertaking and that is enough. Messrs. MORTON, ROSE & Co., are the London firm mentioned; La Société Générale de Paris, the French; and the American comprise the Canadian and United States capitalists before referred to in connection with this enterprise. In our eyes, especially in view of the tone of the English press, it is particularly important to have these last, because of their experience. The London Economist throws cold water on the project, but its assertions are based on the manifest ignorance of its editor of the question, on which he yet undertakes to dogmatise. The London Times further published a leading article on the question on the day after the Ministers sailed, which has been telegraphed by the Atlantic Cable. We might take exception to some points in the tone of this; but we cannot to the general tenor of the argument. It states the shady side of the bargain for the capitalists to whom the concession has been assigned, is the portion of the road north of Lake Superior. This cannot be denied. We have in fact ourselves set forth the same. That region is yet a howling waste, but it is known to possess great mineral wealth, probably much greater than that of the south shore, of which there has been profitable development. The question has been asked, will the Canadian Parliament ratify the Act of the Government? We cannot ourselves see any reason for doubt on this head. The fact is that both sides are deeply committed to the principle of the arrangement. We believe it will be found on comparison that the scheme which Mr. MACKENZIE'S Government was committed to, and which it advertised, would have been far more onerous to the country than that which the Government of Sir JOHN MACDONALD will submit to Parliament. The details of this will probably be reserved for Parliament. The Times put one point in its leading article, containing an expression of doubt. It asked: If the enterprise is to prove so profitable, why does not the Canadian Government retain it in its own hands? Why give it to others, especially as a community is better able to wait for future profits than individuals? The answer is, as has several times been

insisted on, in these columns, because a private company can much better manage and carry out a great work of this kind than a Government can.

METROPOLITAN'S CROZIER.

The Crozier, of which we give an illustration, was presented, in Montreal, on the 9th Sept. to the Most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Fredericton, Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Provinces of Canada, by a number of members of the Church of England, both clergymen and laymen.

The Crozier is a staff of ebony, surmounted by an ornamented cross of solid silver. At the intersection of the arms of the cross is a shield, gilt, on which is embossed an Agnus Dei.

This Crozier is intended to be handed on to each Metropolitan who succeeds to the office. A band with an inscription will, it is expected, be added each time that it changes hands.

The staff was manufactured by Mr. J. Hendery of this city, from designs furnished by Messrs. M. S. Brown & Co., jewelers, Halifax, N.S., to whom the order was entrusted.

HOW RAILROADS EAT UP FORESTS.

But few people comparatively have any idea of the amount of timber used in the construction of a single railroad. We hear that our forests are rapidly disappearing, and we know that material for building and fuel causes the sacrifice of many leafy monarchs of the forest.

only adds to increased demands. Ohio has over 4,000,000 acres of woodland, yet the ever-increasing demand for railroad purposes alone, if supplied entirely from our forest, would leave us without a single stick to mark the existence of our once dense forests.

MR. BEECHER'S OFFERS.

From the Duluth (Minn.) Tribune. Referring to the terrible ordeal through which he passed a few years since, which happened to come up in conversation in the most "accidental" manner. Mr. Beecher broke out in a sort of "by the way" form, and said "he":

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "Do you suppose that I would go about the country like a monkey one year for \$300,000 or for any other sum of money? This was only one of a score of offers I received. P. T. Barnum offered me \$10,000 if I would lecture in his coliseum ten nights, choosing my own time and themes.

A VORACIOUS EATER.

A remarkable feat of eating and drinking against time is reported by the Hungarian press, and said to have been performed by a youthful Magyar residing in Grosswardien. The surprising trencherman laid a wager, and is declared to have won it with several minutes and an omelet to spare, that he would, between the hours of 9.30 p.m. and midnight devour the following comestibles, it being clearly understood that there should be a full portion of each dish in succession, any two of which portions may be estimated as constituting a hearty meal for a full-grown adult blessed by nature with a lively appetite.

THE SULTAN'S ASTROLOGER.

The Sultan has sustained a severe loss by the death of his chief astrologer, Tahir Effendi, who died from sunstroke during the late very hot weather. His successor has been chosen, not from among the other three remaining, but selected on account of special fitness from another department. Osman Kiamil Effendi, who now wields the magic wand, was Mustechar, or first Secretary to the Kadi of Stamboul, and is believed to be deeply learned in the occult sciences.

VARIETIES.

A BEAUTY.—The Princess Zorka, who is to be married to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, is described by the Craian painter, Krsnuvy, as "the most charming creature I ever met, a well-trained, sweet and blooming child, slender and agile as a roe, with deep, soulful eyes, full of thought and power."

LITERARY.

A NEW novel by Mr. Wilkie Collins, entitled "The Black Robe," will be commenced in the South London Press early next month.

A RUSSIAN publishing firm has entered into negotiations with Mr. Darwin for the exclusive right of translation into the Russian language of his new work on natural history.

MADAME CAMILLE PERIER, a well-known French novelist, is said to have become deranged in her mind, and to have been removed to the Sainte-Anne Asylum.

THE late Frau Pretorius, the wife of the historian and private secretary of Prince Albert, has bequeathed her husband's valuable library to the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg.

LAMBETH Palace Library will be closed for the recess for six weeks from Monday next. The new collection of pamphlets on the monastic literature of England and Wales is rapidly increasing by the gifts of authors and societies.

M. JOSEPH HALÉVY, of Paris, the celebrated Oriental traveller and linguist, paid a brief visit to London last week in order to examine, at the British Museum, some unciform MSS. and inscriptions in connection with an important work on which he is at present engaged.

THE town of Kempen, near Crefield, in the Rhineland, proposes celebrating next month the 500th anniversary of Thomas à Kempis (Thomas Hamerken), the author of the famous book "De Imitatione Christi," which has passed through more editions than any other book except the Bible.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Manchester Courier understands that a new work from the pen of the Earl of Beaconsfield will be published in the course of a few days. His Lordship has been engaged during the past three years in compiling the work, which it is believed will treat of the political history of Great Britain during the latter part of his premiership.

MR. S. L. LEE, who has already in the Gentleman's Magazine brought to light some interesting facts as to the connection of the leading characters and incidents in Shakespeare's works with certain contemporary occurrences, will contribute to an early number of that magazine an article entitled "A New Study of 'Love's Labour Lost.'"

THE papyrus manuscript recently discovered in the cave of a hermit near Jerusalem, and said to be the work of St. Peter, has been submitted to a committee sent out by the Biblical Society of London, and they have come to the conclusion that the papyrus is in reality the work of the great Apostle. They have offered 50,000 francs to the heirs of the hermit for the document, but the offer was refused.

NOT only are the ladies carrying off the palms of literature in England and America, but a Calcutta correspondent of a native paper says that lately there have sprung up a number of gifted Bengal lady writers, the most accomplished being Mrs. Saranmoyi Ghoshal, who has written two handy novels and a melodrama. She seems to be well read in English works of imagination, and a careful student of English and Sanscrit poets.

A SERIES of papers on "The Resurrection" will be commenced in the Churchman's Shilling Magazine for September, examining and relating the arguments brought forward by recent writers against the cardinal doctrine of Christianity, and the writer invites his readers to forward him a statement of any difficulties which may present themselves to their minds in connection with the subject, all of which will be dealt with by the author in a supplementary paper. This is rather a novelty in magazine literature.

THE death is announced of Ivan Nikolaevitch Rumiakoff, editor of the illustrated journal Looch (The Ray). His career was curious. For many years he was a barge boy on the Volga, and, joining a Cossack caravan bound for Persia one summer, he was captured by the nomads and lived for many years prisoner among them. Being ransomed, at length he returned to Russia with a knowledge of several Oriental languages, and, after educating himself, became a very successful journalist.

THE third congress of the International Literary Association will hold its sittings in Lisbon in the latter part of next month. The French, Spanish, and Portuguese Railway Companies have agreed to issue tickets to members attending the Congress at a reduction of 50 per cent., and the Royal Mail Steam-ship Company will take members out and home for a single fare. The Portuguese Government had offered to convey the members of the Association from Havre or Copenhague to Lisbon in a ship of the Royal Navy, but this courtesy has been found to be impracticable. The Congress will not be the less thankful to the King for his generous intention. His Majesty, the devoted student and scholarly translator of Shakespeare, will preside over the first meeting of the Congress; and has kindly offered to the literary men, who are about to travel to his capital to confer on matters directly affecting the well-being of the world of letters, a Royal welcome.

FRANCIS DOUCE, the celebrated antiquary, left his note-books and other MSS. collections to the British Museum, upon the understanding that they were not to be unsealed until January, 1930. As Douce died in 1817, if the conditions of this bequest are literally observed, these books will have been sealed up for sixty-six years, which appears to be an unreasonable time. There is a medium in all things, and, if no limit is to be observed, some literary Enclauson may order his manuscripts to be uselessly warehoused for centuries. A curious question arises whether, in the absence of a shifting clause, such a condition is valid, and if the trustees of the British Museum would not now be authorized in throwing the Douce MSS. open to the public, especially if, as there is reason to believe, the object of the condition has been attained. The already expired term of forty-six years must assuredly be sufficient to carry out the testator's design of preventing their being used by an obnoxious contemporary, that being said to have been the reason of the conditional bequest.

THE GARTER.—The Duke of Bedford has received the blue ribbon now placed at Mr. Gladstone's disposal by the death of Viscount de Redcliffe. It has been suggested that Mr. Gladstone himself ought to succeed the latter as knight of the garter, although the honor is rarely conferred upon a commoner. Admiral Montague, whose ship brought Charles II. back to England, was created knight of the garter before he received the earldom of Sandwich, as was Monk, at the same time, before he was known as Duke of Albemarle. According to Pepys, the only commoner on whom the honor had been conferred previously was George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, who was enrolled when only a plain knight, in 1616. But Sir Robert Walpole received a garter in 1726; and one was offered to the younger Pitt by George III., and on his declining it, given to his brother Lord Chatham.

IN A COTTAGE GARDEN.

Between our apple boughs how clear The violet western hills appear, As calmly ends another day Of Earth's long history!

Look aloft, The stars are gathering. Cold and soft The twilight in our garden croft Purple the crimson folded rose.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Sept. 13.—The Powers have sent a collective note to the Porte respecting reforms in Armenia. Chili has accepted the offer of the United States to mediate between Chili and Peru. The Duke of Cambridge narrowly escaped a serious accident at a grand military review at Berlin yesterday.

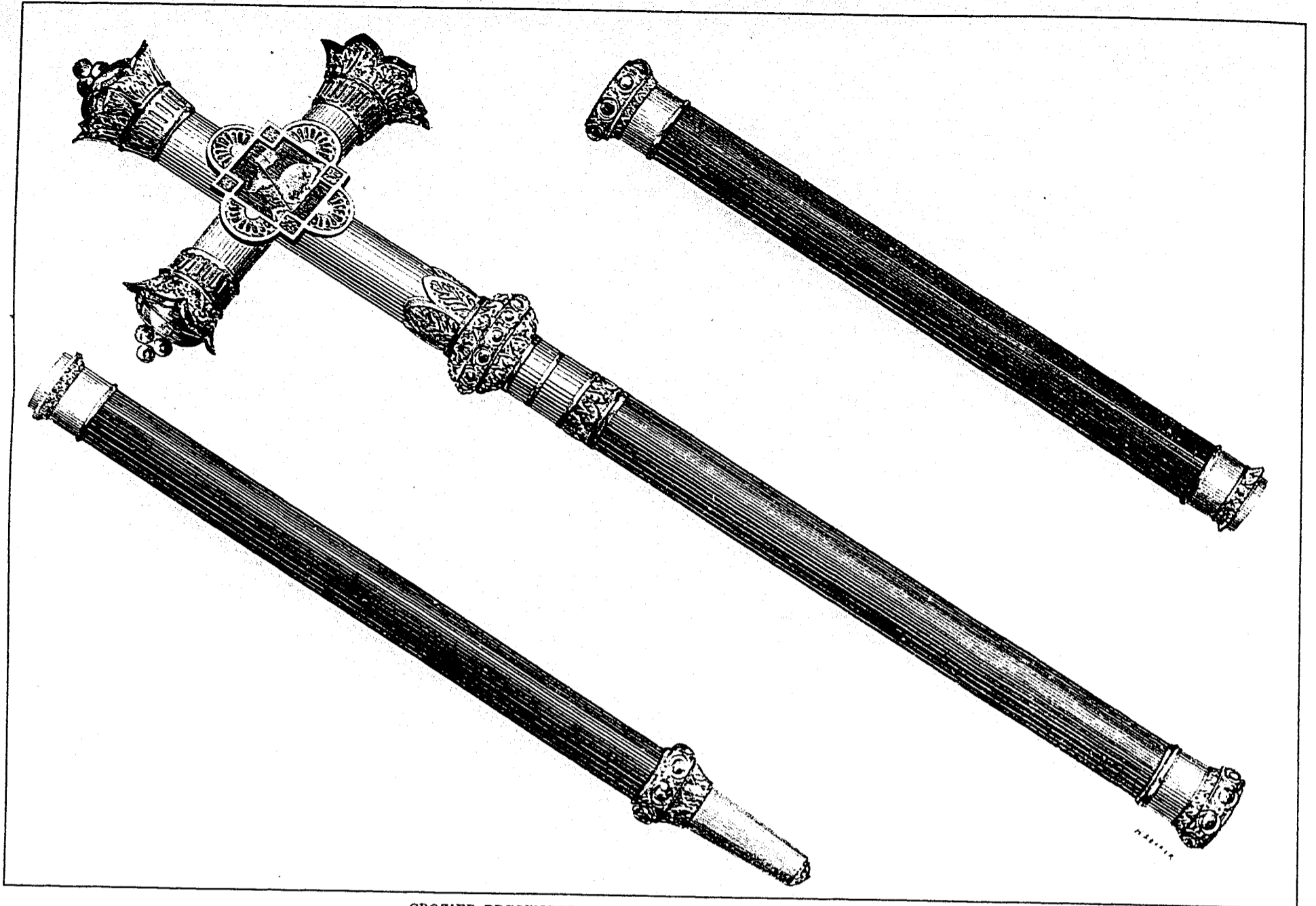
TUESDAY, Sept. 14.—The Marquis Tzang has been unsuccessful in his endeavours to reopen negotiations between Russia and China. A number of Nihilist conspirators have been betrayed by a political prisoner, who afterwards committed suicide. The Zimer correspondence at Ruzsa says there is no doubt that the Sultan has resolved to resist the session of Epirus and Thessaly to Greece to the very last.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 15.—Robert the Devil won the St. Leger at Doncaster yesterday. The annexation of the Society Islands by France is officially announced. A number of rides engaged to Loughrea, in Ireland, have been seized in London. Scotch iron masters have decided to prohibit half the furnaces blown out during the recent strike.

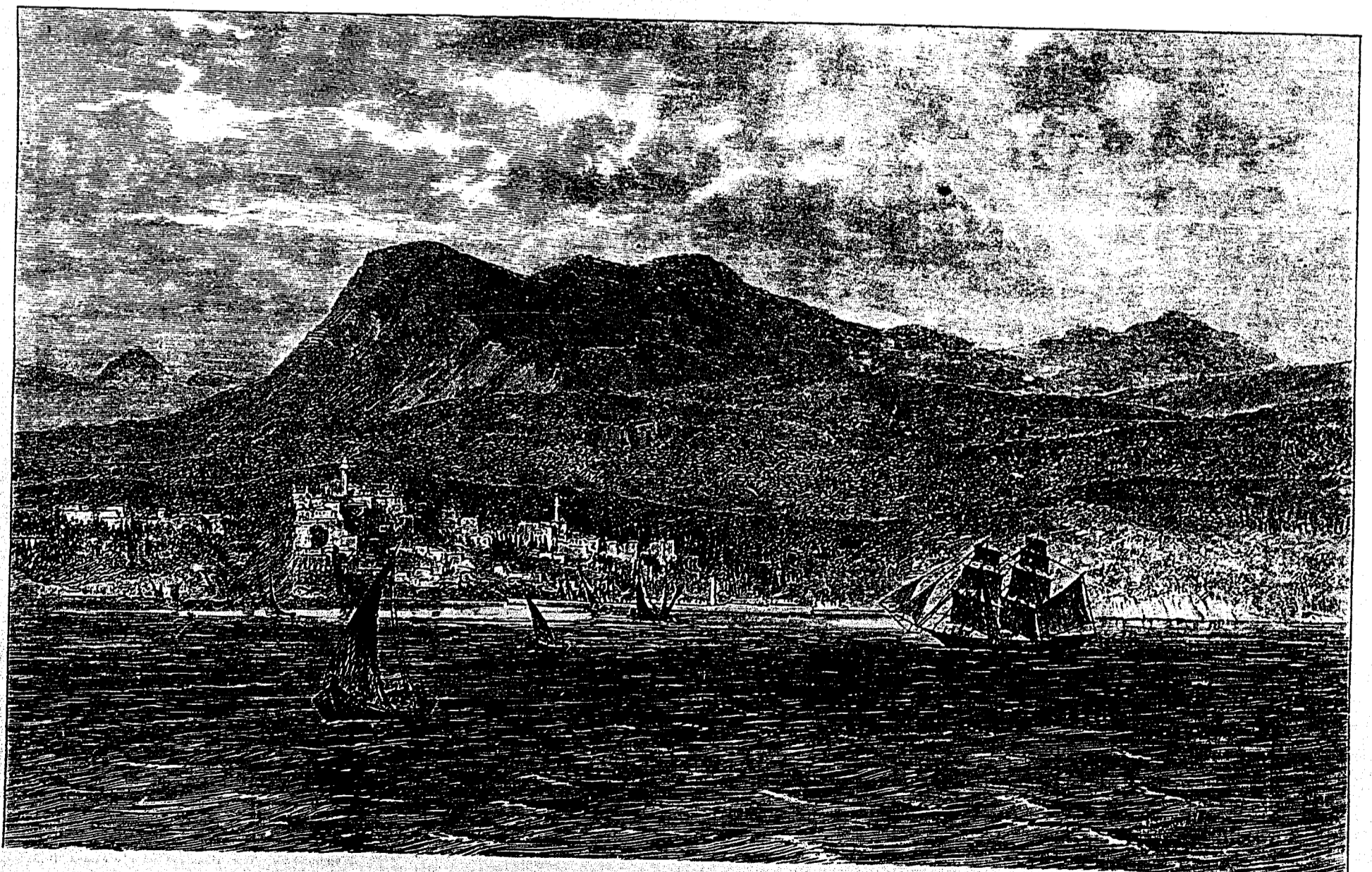
THURSDAY, Sept. 16.—A Paris cable says there is an immediate danger of a dissolution of the Ministry. The unusual lateness in the rise of the river Nile is causing some anxiety in Egypt. A Ruzsa despatch contains a rumor of the assassination of Riza Pasha by Albanians. The sergeant accused of false marking at the last Wimbledon meeting has been acquitted by the court-martial.

FRIDAY, Sept. 17.—The rumour of efforts being made to include Italy in the Austro-German alliance is denied. Fighting has occurred between the Turks and Greeks at Tarsa, in which the latter got the worst of it. The collective note of the Powers on the Montenegrin question was handed to the Porte yesterday. Unharvested crops in various districts in England have been greatly damaged by heavy rain, gales and floods.

SATURDAY, Sept. 18.—Mohamed Jan has offered the services of his forces to the Ameer. The status of ex-President Fiers was unaltered yesterday at St. Germain. The French political crisis has culminated in the resignation of several of the Ministers. M. Jules Ferry is mentioned as M. de Freycinet's successor. The Albanians have occupied Dulcigno in force, the garrison, under Riza Pasha, the Turkish commander, turning out without any show of resistance. At a land meeting at Ennis yesterday, Mr. Parnell charged the Government with having as yet done nothing for Ireland, and threatened a resumption of obstruction tactics if their promises were not fulfilled.



CROZIER PRESENTED TO THE METROPOLITAN OF CANADA.



DULCIGNO, ON THE ALBANIAN COAST.—THE PLACE REQUIRED TO BE SURRENDERED BY TURKEY TO MONTENEGRO.

THE LATE FRANCOIS MAGLOIRE DEROME, ESQ.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 318.

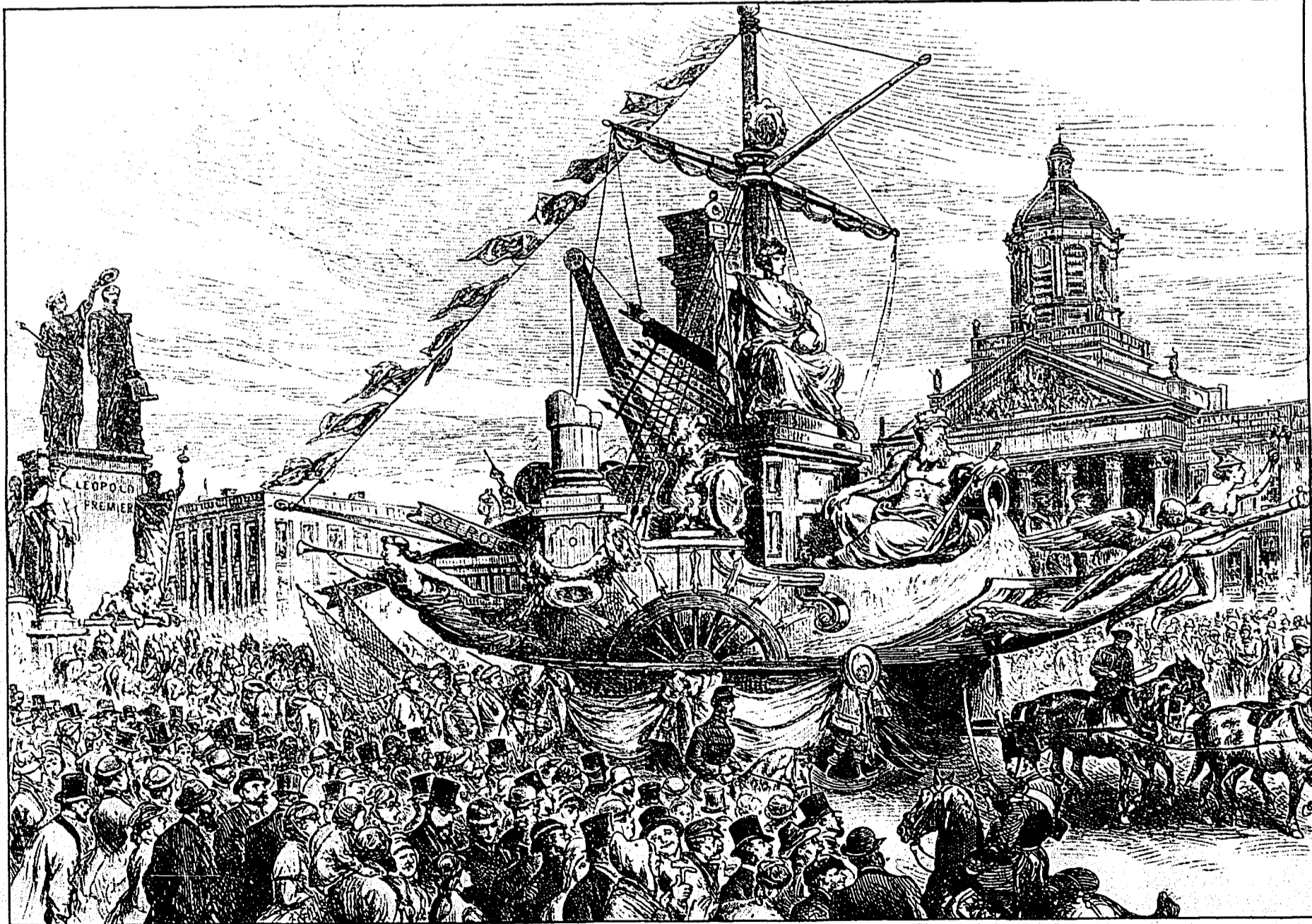
By the death of M. Derome, which occurred at St. Germain de Rimouski, P. Q., on the 27th of July last, the Province of Quebec loses one of the highest and most able of her public writers. Born in Montreal in 1821, M. Derome was a classmate of ex-Lieutenant-Governor LaSalle, Judge Routhier and other leading public men, at the College of St. Anne, where he carried off the prize for composition in prose and verse. Leaving college he studied for the Bar, we believe with the late Judge Morin, and when barely of age, in 1842, was called to the practice of his profession, before the then Chief-Justice of Lower Canada, the late Sir James Stuart. M. Derome practised as an advocate in Quebec and Montreal, but having previously, while a student, contributed, as an amateur, to the press, he had inherited a taste for newspaper writing which he retained until the last. In 1851 he became editor of *Le Melanges Religieux*, a journal published in Montreal, where he remained until the office of publication was destroyed by fire in the following year, and the paper discontinued. *Le Canadien*, then, as now, one of the leading organs of public opinion published in the French language, spoke of M. Derome, at this time, as "a man of rare information and talent," and that he "wrote French with an intelligence and purity uncommon to this country." In the editorial chair of the paper which pronounced this panegyric M. Derome was destined to win his highest reputation as a public writer—he, in 1854, succeeding the late Mr. Ronald Macdonald as editor, a position he retained up to 1857. The paper, during the existence of the Hincks-Morin administration, was the organ of the Government, and it was conceded on all hands, that never before, whether under Bedard or Parent, had the editorial course of *Le Canadien* been directed by such excellent judgment and sound ability. In 1857, yielding to the solicitations of his friends, M. Derome accepted the office of Prothonotary and Clerk of the Crown and Peace for the District of Rimouski, an office he continued to hold, and the duties of which he zealously and ably discharged up to 1878, when he was removed by the incoming administration, who acting on the prevailing custom in the United States, believed that "to the victors belong the spoils." Thrown on his own resources, M. Derome returned again to the press, and, in the



THE LATE F. M. DEROME.

fall of 1878, was installed as editor of the newly established *Gazette d'Ottawa*, where he remained until the following year, and resigned his position only on account of failing health. We have said that M. Derome was an able writer; he was also an eloquent public speaker. As counsel for the Crown he prosecuted in his district in several important criminal cases, and his ability, learning and eloquence, created a profound impression. On the annual celebration of St. Jean Baptiste M. Derome was invariably the favorite orator of the day, and many will long remember his patriotic utterances on these occasions, and his sage counsels towards securing union and strength among the important race of people, of which he was no unworthy member. M. Derome's name was mentioned more than once in connection with a seat on the judicial bench, and had he been spared he would probably have been selected for some important office, or reinstated in his old position. We believe he had prepared the MS. of one or two volumes for the press containing his impressions of men and things in Canada during his time, which we hope may not be lost to the public. M. Derome was married to a sister of His Lordship Bishop Langevin, of Rimouski, and of Hon. H. J. Langevin, C. B., Minister of Public Works.

THE EVIL EYE.—The Gettatore (literally "thrower") of superstitious Southern Italy is one who throws an evil eye on you. The Italians have a belief that there are people with a *malocchio*, who when they pass and look at you bring you misfortune. The consequence of this superstition is that they wear certain charms with a point—usually of coral—a hand with an stretched-out finger, or a sharp pointed coral piece, which is supposed to catch that evil eye at the moment, and to save the bearer from evil consequences. Stupid as this prejudice appears to be, there are certain people cried down as *gettatori*, and they are avoided as a rule in the most determined fashion. You will rarely see an Italian without such a supposed lightning rod against the *malocchio* on his watch-chain. Offenbach, the composer, for a long time passed in Paris for a *gettatore*, and Florentino, the famous musical critic, a Neapolitan by birth, writing both for the *Constitutionnel* and the *Moniteur* for many years, refused to mention his name on any occasion, from fear that it might bring him some mishap.



PROCESSION OF GUILDS AT THE BELGIAN NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY, BRUSSELS.

AT THE THRESHOLD.

"Ah! there is silly Nanny with the child!
And here am I, a-chopping wood, you see!
For Tom has got the fit and drinking wild—
We've a hard pull to manage such as he!
Drink makes him mad and he will have his way:
I wouldn't be the one to speak him any;
But, Lord! his heart is right, his love is tried,
And we've a trick that serves our purpose best—
I chop the sticks and make a bright fireside,
And Nanny, though she's witless, does the rest!

For though he'd frown on me when he's in drink
His girl can manage him and bring him round;
Though she's no brains to use, no head to think,
Through Nature stunted her, her heart is sound,
Well, rather sees her moving 'bout the place
With kindly ways and tender quiet face,
And thinks, I know, how Nature has denied
His Nanny wits, but made her all good-will—
Then, his eyes fall on the bright fireside,
And he feels ashamed to use his brains so ill!

"He thinks how witless ones are good and kind,
How even silly beasts have gentle ways,
And all the while the freight fills his mind
With homely thoughts of cozier, brighter days;
And by the time I bring his cup of tea,
His drink is conquered, he was warned to me!
His eyes grow dim, he holds his arms out wide,
Poor Nanny brings the baby to his breast!
Ay! there's our plan! Make up a bright fireside,
And leave a man's own love to do the rest!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE RIVALS.

A ROMANCE OF ILFRACOMBE.

There are gay and more fashionable watering-places than Ilfracombe, but there are none that offers such attractions to the lovers of the beautiful. Nowhere does the sea break on such bold rocks; nowhere are there such deep, clear pools, such lovely sea-weed, such treasures of sea-flowers and anemones; nowhere such a shore to ramble and climb over. In point of drives and excursions inland and along the coast there are few places like it; but its great glory is its sea and its rocks, its pools and its sea-weeds. Such, too, was Gerald Mayfield's opinion; and he appreciated it the more because he enjoyed the beauties and hunted for the sea-weeds and anemones with Maud Heneage. They were not old acquaintances. It was but a fortnight since they had arrived upon the outside of the coast from Barnstaple together. So pleasant had been that journey to the young man that he had at once decided to stay at the Grand Hotel, where Maud and her mother were going to stay, instead of going into lodging, as he had before intended.

Gerald Mayfield was junior partner in the house of Mayfield & Harper, Australian and Cape merchants. His father had been the head of the firm, and at his death Gerald, who had just left college, came into the business. He was now thirty, a tall, strongly-built man, with a quiet manner. Not a handsome man, but with a good deal of character and resolution in his face. Until he saw Maud Heneage he had never been really in love. He had always supposed that he should marry some day or other, but had gone on leading a quiet club life, and had been but little in the society of women. During this fortnight he had been almost continually with Maud Heneage, sometimes with her mother as a companion, sometimes with a party of three or four others from the hotel, occasionally by themselves, or rather chaperoned only by Mrs. Heneage, sitting on the rocks in the distance reading. By the end of that time he loved her with all his heart, but as yet he had hardly even begun to wonder whether she would in time come to love him.

Before breakfast Gerald always went for his swim, walking round to the cove and coming back by the row-boat across to the pier. He was a strong swimmer, and his custom was to swim out through the mouth of the little inlet into the rougher water outside. One morning a bather went out just before him and swam steadily seaward. "T at fellow will be getting into a mess," Gerald said to himself. "The tide is running up, and he will find difficulty in getting back again." Keeping a hundred yards or so out, as was his custom, for about ten minutes, Gerald turned towards the mouth of the cove, not having given a second thought to the swimmer who had preceded him. Just as he was opposite to the great rocks at the entrance he heard a shout far behind him. He stopped to listen, and again the shout for "help" came distinctly to his ears.

"I thought that fool would get into a scrape," he muttered, turning round and making off with a long, steady, even stroke in the direction of the man, whose head he could see nearly three hundred yards out, giving a loud shout as he started to encourage him with the knowledge that help was coming. He arrived just in time; the swimmer was utterly exhausted, and had lost both pluck and presence of mind. Once he disappeared altogether, and Gerald, who was still nearly thirty yards off, thought that he would arrive too late. However, he came up again, and splashed and struggled wildly for a moment or two, but was just sinking when Gerald arrived. The latter caught him by the arm, and the man strove desperately to throw his arm around him.

"Keep quiet," Gerald said sternly. "If you struggle I'll let you go."
There was no mistaking the firmness of that tone, or that the threat would be carried out. The man ceased to struggle at once.

"That's right," Gerald said. "Now lie on your back; I'll take you by the hair and tow you as easily as possible."

As he spoke he looked round and saw the boat

coming out from the cove with its load of bathers. He shouted at once and an answering shout came back and the boat's head was turned toward them.

"That's all right," he said cheerfully to the other. "Now I'll tread water and you can put your hand on my shoulder and keep your mouth above water comfortably till the boat comes up."

With the prospect of help close at hand the man regained his courage, and was soon able to dispense with Gerald's help and to support himself until the boat came up, and he was taken on board. Gerald swam gently back, and by the time he reached the cove the man had already begun to dress. Gerald's clothes lay close to where he was sitting, for at Ilfracombe *à fresco* dressing is the rule, the two or three little wooden boxes on wheels being insufficient for a tithe of the bathers.

As he approached, the man stood up and held out his hand.

"I owe you my life," he said: "another few seconds and I should have gone under."

"Yes; it was a near shave for you," Gerald answered. "But there was no difficulty in saving you; it was not like jumping off a bridge for a shrieking woman, or into the sea when a ship is running before a gale. I saved your life, certainly, but it was with no more trouble and risk than if I had been standing on shore and had thrown you a rope."

"I was a fool to swim out so far," the man said; "but I have been out as far before. I suppose there was some sort of a tide, for after I turned I did not seem to make any way toward shore."

"To tell you the truth," Gerald said, "I thought you a fool when I saw you swimming out. One ought never to go out far from shore at any of these watering-places till one has found out all about the set of the tide. There, now you are dressed, I should advise you to run back at a sharp pace, for your lips are blue and you look pinched all over, and drink a strong cup of coffee directly you get in."

"I will take your advice," the other said, "but when can I see you again? My name is Gossett, and I am at the big hotel."

"My name is Mayfield, and I am staying there, too."

"I don't know why, but I don't like him," Gerald said to himself as he looked after Gossett, as he went up the steep path from the cove.

"They say that a man you have saved from drowning is sure to do you some harm; not that I am fool enough to believe that, but I don't like him. Somehow or other, I should say he was shifty. But there, I dare say it's prejudice, and that he is a good fellow enough, though certainly not a strong man, anyway."

Physically the man did not look strong, and the word did not trouble itself as to his mental strength. Paul Gossett was manager of the Metropolitan and suburban bank, a good position for a man of his age. A popular man generally with a constant smile and a gentle manner. Much liked by his directors and considered a very eligible man, indeed, at Clapham, where he lived.

Gerald Mayfield went for a sharp walk after his bath, and most of the visitors at the hotel had finished breakfast when he went in. Half an hour later Mrs. Heneage and her daughter came in dressed for a walk. As a matter of course, he took his hat.

"What are your plans for this morning?" "I do not feel equal to much walking this morning," Mrs. Heneage said, "so I think I shall sit down behind the Lantern rock. Maud will stay there with me, and in the afternoon we will go along the Tor walks."

"Very well," Gerald said: "I will see you comfortably seated, and then I shall go for a walk inland and be back to lunch."

Three minutes later, at a turn of the walk, they came suddenly upon Paul Gossett.

"Why, Mrs. Heneage, this is indeed a pleasure," he said, as he shook hands with mother and daughter, with a warmth that showed that their acquaintance was an intimate one. "How long have you been down here? and how long are you going to stay?"

Then as his eye fell for the first time on Gerald, who was at this moment wishing in his heart that he had arrived, just too late that morning to save his life, he recognized him.

"Ah, Mr. Mayfield, I did not recognize you. I had not seen you dressed before, which must be my excuse. Do you know, Mrs. Heneage, this gentleman saved my life this morning?"

Mrs. Heneage and Maud uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It was a mere nothing," Gerald said almost rudely. "He was tired; so I swam out to him, and he put his hand on my shoulder till a boat came. It is not worth mentioning."

Maud looked up in surprise at the tone in which Gerald had spoken, but Paul Gossett, without apparently noticing the rudeness of Gerald's tone, went on.

"No, Mrs. Heneage, it is of no use for Mr. Mayfield to try and put aside the obligation in that way. It was, I can assure you, a most gallant action of his. And I am ashamed to say that I lost my presence of mind, and was within an ace of drowning us both."

And he proceeded to relate the story.

"Excuse my interrupting you," Gerald said; "but as I don't want to listen to my own exploits, I will go off for my walk."

"That fellow has come down on purpose to see Maud Heneage," Gerald said to himself, as he strode along the country road. "I should not be surprised if they are engaged, or next door to it. Well," after a long pause, "I had no reason in the world to suppose that she cared a

button for me; I don't suppose she ever gave the matter a thought, one way or another."

It was late in the afternoon when Gerald returned to the hotel, having walked some thirty miles since starting. He had by this time made up his mind that he would stand aside and see what came of it. If Maud Heneage was in love with this man, the matter would soon be settled, and it was not for him to act as spoiler to their wooing. This resolution he proceeded to carry into execution; and for the next week started early upon long walks, and did not return until late, leaving the field open to his rival, an opportunity of which Paul Gossett was not slow to avail himself. He had months before resolved to win Maud Heneage. She was pretty, stylish and had money. Hitherto his wooing had progressed but slowly, but now he made the most of the opportunity left for him by his rival's folly. For Gerald Mayfield had indeed thrown down the cards when the game was in his hands. Although he was wholly unskilled in wooing, Maud Heneage had sufficient experience in being wooed to feel that this man loved her. And the thought was not unpleasant to her. She felt that he was strong and tender and true; and when a girl feels this of a man, unless her affections are pre-engaged, there is but little doubt what her answer will be when the question is asked.

When, therefore, Gerald suddenly gave up walking with her, and left her to the care of Paul Gossett, she was alike surprised and pained. Had she had an opportunity of speaking with him alone, she would have frankly asked him if she had offended him, but he seemed to avoid all opportunity for explanation, and, from pride and pique, she laughed and talked gaily with Gossett, who was always beside her. Gossett had from the first understood that he had a rival in the man who had saved his life, and dimly fathomed the motives that actuated him in leaving the course clear for him.

"The man is a quixotic ass," he said to himself. "I believe she likes him, and he is throwing away his chances; but the sooner I get him out of the way, the better."

At the end of the week Gerald came into the smoking-room of the hotel late one evening. Gossett was alone there. For a time they chatted on different matters, and then Gossett said:

"I am sorry I don't see more of you, but you seem always out, and I—well, I hardly look upon myself as a free man."

"May I ask," Gerald said, after a moment's pause, "if you are engaged to Miss Heneage?"

"Well, after what I owe you," Gossett said, "I do not like there to be any concealment between us. There is, and has been for some time, a sort of engagement between us. It is not actually an engagement, because her mother objects to long engagements, and is anxious that her daughter should not marry until she is three-and-twenty. So, you understand, there is no avowed engagement, although in point of fact it comes to the same thing. It is a secret between us two now, and I should not tell you; but I know that I can rely upon your not mentioning it or noticing it in any way. In a few weeks she will be within six months of three-and-twenty, and then it will be publicly announced."

Gerald was silent for a short time, and then said quietly:

"You are a fortunate man. I suspected that it was so from the first time I saw you address her. And now I will say good night and good-bye. I am going up to town to-morrow. Will you say good-bye for me to Mrs. Heneage and her daughter?"

"A very good stroke," Paul Gossett said to himself as he went out. "Now something of the same sort the other side, and I think the game's mine. He's hard hit, and won't care about seeing us after marriage, and if he does, and it happens to come out, it won't matter then."

The next morning at breakfast he said carelessly to Maud Heneage:

"That queer fellow Mayfield went up to town this morning. He asked me to say good-bye to you and Mrs. Heneage."

"Has he gone for good?" Maud asked, after a short silence, and Paul Gossett could see that she had grown suddenly pale.

"Oh, yes; from what he said, I fancy his wife had come back from some visit or other and wanted him home."

"His wife?" Maud Heneage said.

"Yes; did he never speak to you about her?" Maud did not answer, nor did she go out for her usual walk that morning.

"Married!" she thought to herself, as she sat alone in her room looking out on the sea; "married!" Then she had been utterly mistaken in her judgment of faces: and yet, as she sat there, she was unconsciously making excuses for him. He had, she felt sure, loved her, but he might not have known it himself, and when he realized it he had withdrawn from her. He ought to have told her. It was wrong, very wrong; but yet he may have meant no deliberate harm. He might be unhappy with his wife, and so avoided the subject, thinking that, so long as she was but a chance acquaintance, it was no affair of hers. So, with an aching heart, she made excuses for him and blushed to find herself doing so.

"I have no right to think of him," she cried; "he is a married man and nothing to me. Thank heaven I never gave him cause to think I cared for him; thank heaven, if we meet to-morrow, I at least need not feel ashamed. It is all over now," she said wearily, after a pause.

"They say every woman meets her ideal once in her life; I have met mine, but he was already another's. Well, it does not matter who I marry now."

Six months later the papers had the announcement of the marriage of Paul Gossett and Maud Heneage; and upon the day that the notice made its appearance Gerald Mayfield said to his partner:

"I have been thinking for some time, Harper, that it would be well if we had a house of our own at Melbourne. I am sure we should largely increase our business. I have not been well lately, and want a change badly. What do you say to my going out for a year or two and starting a house there? Once set fairly afloat we could take Purvis in as a partner, and I could come back again."

"You surprise me, Mayfield. I think that a branch house would pay well, but I don't see how we can spare you. I have noticed you have not been yourself for some time, but two or three months' holiday would set you up."

"No," Gerald said. "I want a change of work as well as of scene. I have been hard hit, old man, very hard hit; and her marriage is in the *Times* this morning. I knew it would be there soon; still as long as it didn't appear there might be a chance. It's all over now, and I feel that I must get away for a bit."

And so, after long consultation, it was finally settled. It was a busy time at home, and for the moment Gerald's presence was essential; but it was at last arranged that early in June he should sail for Melbourne. A week before leaving he went to a large dinner-party. He was one of the last to arrive, and his hostess said:

"I will introduce you at once, Mr. Mayfield, to the lady you are to take down to dinner," and Gerald was led across the room. "Mrs. Gossett—Mr. Mayfield," she said, and then turned away to repeat the ceremony elsewhere.

Gerald bowed in silence. The shock and the surprise took away all power of speech or of collective thought.

"There was no occasion for an introduction, Mr. Mayfield," Maud said, gently holding out her hand. "We are old acquaintances, though you did treat us shabbily by running away without saying good-bye."

Gerald touched the hand extended to him, murmured something in reply to the question, and then fell back a few steps until it should be time to offer his arm.

"He looks ill," Maud said to herself. "It is very awkward, and he is evidently ashamed of himself. Poor fellow, I expect he is very unhappy. What mistakes we all make!"

Maud had been married but four months, but she spoke as if she was conscious that she, too, had made a mistake. In the few minutes which elapsed before dinner was announced, Gerald had recovered from the shock that the meeting had given him, and was enabled, as he took her down, to follow the lead she had given him, and to talk to her as to an indifferent acquaintance. The party was a large one, and the conversation was not, therefore, general. They chatted together upon indifferent subjects—the opera, the last new book, the parliamentary struggle, the Derby which was to be run on the morrow. Not a word was said of Ilfracombe.

"Mr. Gossett is not here," Gerald said, looking round the table.

"No; he promised to come, but he is so busy at the bank he could not get away; and as Mrs. Patterson is a cousin of mine, I was able to come alone."

When dinner was nearly over Maud said:

"You are not looking well, Mr. Mayfield."

"I have not been quite well," Mrs. Gossett, for some time. Overwork, I suppose. I am going abroad to Australia, next week, probably for some years."

Maud looked up at him.

"For some years, Mr. Mayfield? Do you mean it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gossett. I have been restless and unsettled here for some months, so I am going to open a branch of our business out there. Some one must go; and I am glad to be the one."

"Is Mrs. Mayfield here? Of course she goes with you?"

"Mrs. Mayfield! Do you think I am married, Maud?"

She did not notice the Christian name.

"Are you not?"

"Married! I married! Who can have told you such a monstrous thing?"

For a full minute Maud did not answer. She was looking down into her plate, and the colour had all died out of her face.

"I heard it mentioned," she said. "Certainly some one said so. I suppose it was a mistake. There was nothing monstrous in it."

"It would be monstrous to me," Gerald said. "Believe me, Mrs. Gossett, whoever may henceforth tell you that Gerald Mayfield is married, you can tell them it is not so. I shall never marry—never."

For a time no further word was spoken. The colour did not return to her cheek. Presently she said,

"I am going to ask you a strange question: one I should not ask were it not that you are going away, and that, perhaps—perhaps we shall not meet again. It is as well to clear up misunderstandings. Why did you leave Ilfracombe so suddenly without even saying good-bye?"

"May I tell you the truth?"

Mrs. Gossett bowed her head.

"Because I heard—of course there's no secret now—because I heard from Gossett that you

were engaged to him—that you had been engaged to him for months; and I loved you so I could not trust myself to see you again.”

Again she sat silent and without a vestige of colour in her face. There was a slight noise at the head of the table and a sudden flush leaped into her cheek.

“We are going,” she said. “Don’t come upstairs—don’t see me again before you go. Have I your promise?”

“You have,” he said.

“Then God bless you, Gerald, and make you happy. Say anything you like to me—it is for the last time. It cannot be very wrong.”

“God bless you, my darling, my own lost love! May you be happy!”

As he spoke she rose, gave him her hand, looked full in his face with a wan look of sorrow and love, and was gone.

When she returned to her home, she went straight into the library, at which her husband was still busied with books and papers. He looked up.

“Bless us, Maud, what is the matter? You look like a ghost.”

“I have seen Gerald Mayfield,” she said, “and I know that you lied to us both. You told him that we were engaged; you told me he was married. What have you to say?”

“Say?” Gossett said, with a light laugh. “Nothing. Everything is fair in love and war. If we were not engaged, I knew we should be soon; so I was only anticipating the thing a little.”

“Paul Gossett,” his wife said, “when you asked me to marry you, I told you that I did not love you as a woman should love a man she was going to marry, but that I would give you what love I could, and would do my best to make you a good wife. You were content with the terms, and said that you hoped and believed the love would come. I hoped so too. We have not been married long, but long enough for me to see that your love is no truer than mine. I should have no right to complain that you gave no more than I, and could have gone on with liking and respect. That is over forever. I find you won me by a lie—that you have neither honour nor generosity. I will not bring scandal upon our names, but at present I cannot live with you. To-morrow I shall go home to my mother; she is ill, and it will appear natural for me to wish to be with her. After a time I may get over the horror I feel, and then I will come back and try to do my duty.”

“And how about Mr. Gerald Mayfield?” Paul Gossett asked, with an evil smile.

Maud stepped back a pace as if she had been struck, and put her hand to her heart. “God help me!” she said, “and I am married to this man!” and without another word she went out and left him.

Gerald Mayfield was sitting in his office at Melbourne, two years after his arrival in Australia, when he heard the shouting of the news-boys outside, “Great fraud in England! Second edition of the Argus!” In another minute a clerk came in.

“Here is the Argus, sir. Another great banking swindle at home.”

When Gerald was alone, he opened the paper and read, in large letters:

“Great Fraud and Embezzlement. The Metropolitan and Suburban bank has been robbed of upwards of £100,000 by its manager, Paul Gossett. The frauds have been going on for years. Money lost in stock exchange gambling. Gossett still at large. Police on his track. All outward bound vessels watched.”

For a long time Gerald Mayfield sat without moving. “Poor girl!” he said at last, as he put down the paper. “I never thought the fellow looked honest. I put it down to prejudice, but I was right, after all. I wonder what she will do! I saw that her mother died just after I came out. I suppose her fortune’s safe.”

Two days later came another telegram:

“Gossett still at large. His wife has handed over her own fortune of £25,000 to the bank.”

Then Gerald Mayfield sent a telegram to his partner:

“Find out the address of Gossett the defaulter’s wife. Place £50 to her credit at a bank; advise her anonymously that an equal sum will be paid in quarterly. Be sure it is done so as to be untraceable. You remember our conversation when I first proposed coming out here.”

It was nearly three months after this that Gerald Mayfield was breakfasting at his club, chatting with the head of the police. Presently a boy came in with a note for the latter.

“Ah,” he said, glancing over it, “the *Taunton Castle* is off the Head; I have been expecting her for some days. By what we hear, it is possible that Gossett, that fellow who swindled the bank in London, is on board, and we shall put our hands on him as he lands. I can’t go myself, for I have a very important case in court; but we shall have them.”

“Why do you think he is on board?”

“Of course, we can’t be sure, and in fact they are doubtful at home. All they say, is that the vessel is a passenger on board who seems to have given no address, and to have had no belongings in England, and the description of his height and appearance tallies pretty accurately with that of Gossett. Still, that is not much to go upon, and we shall have to be very careful.”

“What time do you think the *Taunton Castle* will be in?”

“I am going down to meet her, as I have an old friend on board, and I shall look out to see if your men succeed in their capture.”

“She ought to be in by eleven.”

Gerald sat some little time over his break-

fast after the chief of the constabulary had left.

“I must save him if possible, for her sake,” he said to himself at last. “He is a swindler, and I fear, a bad lot altogether; but she loves him, and that is enough for me. Even if she did not love him I would spare her the disgrace of his trial and punishment.”

At 11 o’clock Gerald stood on the wharf watching the *Taunton Castle* coming alongside. Near him stood a couple of constables. He knew them, as both being engaged in hunting up more than one fraudulent debtor to the firm.

“I hear from Capt. Peters that you are on the look-out for a passenger.”

“Yes, sir. We hope so, but there doesn’t seem much certainty about it.”

As the ship came alongside Gerald was one of the first to leap on board. He looked hastily round, and among the passengers he at once saw the man he was searching for. Paul Gossett was looking ill, and had grown a beard, but there was no other change about him.

“What is that gentleman’s name?” he asked a lad who was standing near.

“Hopkins,” the boy said.

Then Gerald went up to him with outstretched hand. Gossett gave a start; but a gesture commanding caution on the part of Gerald caused him to repress it.

“How are you, Hopkins? What a time it is since we met—ages almost! How are you?”

He spoke in loud tones, in order that the constables, who were close by, might hear.

“Well, what sort of a voyage have you had? and how did you leave every one at home?”

Paul Gossett had prepared himself for arrest at the moment of landing. He knew that if any suspicion had been excited that Paul Gossett and James Hopkins were one and the same person, that the constables would be on the quay to arrest him as he landed. He was therefore prepared to meet whatever came; and after the first slight start he recognized by the action and tone of voice, that Gerald was trying to save him, and fell into the lead. A man who has for months and years been running a great risk must necessarily have his nerves well under control, and the constables, who stood a short distance off listening to the conversation, did not for a moment suspect that it was forced.

For a few minutes they talked so, and then Gerald said:

“You know I am only in bachelor’s lodgings, but I have taken a room for you at the Royal. I shall see you later in the day. I must go off to my office now. Well, officers,” he said to the constables, as he turned from Gossett, “have you got your man? Which is he?”

“We haven’t got him, and we ain’t a-going to. The chap that we were put on was the very gent as you’ve been talking with.”

“What? My friend Hopkins? That is a joke.”

“Can’t be no mistake, I suppose, sir?”

“Mistake, man! Why, I’ve known him for years. We have been down at the seaside together. In fact, I saved his life once.”

“That’s good enough, sir. It’s quite clear the people at home have gone after a wrong scent altogether; very likely put on it so as to render it more easy for him to slip off in some other direction.”

“Likely enough,” Gerald said, carelessly.

“At any rate, it is as well for Mr. Hopkins that I happened to meet him here. Imagine his astonishment at being seized and locked up. If he had not had any one to identify him, and you had detained him for a couple of months, till some one came out from England to swear to him, he would have had grounds for action, and would have got swinging damages against all your people.”

Twice in the course of the evening Gerald called at the Royal, but each time he was told that Hopkins was out. He was relieved to find that the man had guessed that, although he was bound to call in order to keep up the story of their acquaintanceship, yet that he would far rather that they did not meet. Next morning when he called at the hotel he was told Mr. Hopkins had gone up the country, but that he had left a note, for him.

Its contents were brief:

“You are a grand fellow, Gerald Mayfield. You have saved me twice, and have returned good for evil. If I could undo the past, heaven knows that I would. I am going up the country to get work of some sort; I only got off with enough to pay my passage out.”

Ten months later Gerald received from the doctor of a hospital at Ballarat the certificate of the death of Paul Gossett, mortally injured by a fall off the roof in one of the mines there. He had lived a few days, had said who he was, and had written to his wife. He had ordered that the certificate of his death and his letter to his wife might be forwarded to Mr. Mayfield, who would, he was sure, see that they were sent to his widow.

For another ten months Gerald Mayfield worked on at Melbourne, and then, having been relieved by his junior partner, he sailed for England. Maud was, he knew, living at Brighton, where she was supporting herself by giving music lessons, having firmly declined to touch the money anonymously paid to her account.

Then he went down and pre-emptorily took possession of her. Maud had determined upon resistance, for she had schooled herself to believe that it would be wrong for her to marry again. She acknowledged freely to herself that she loved Gerald Mayfield. She had heard from her husband how Gerald had saved him from arrest; she felt sure that it was Gerald

who would have provided for her; she never doubted that he would come back and claim her; but she had assured herself over and over again, that she would never allow the stigma of her name to attach to him, hard though it might be to refuse him. But when he came in, and straightway took her in his arms and held her there; when he stopped her lips as she tried to speak about disgrace, and wiped away her tears as they fell, there was nothing for her to do but to yield, and even to allow him, in his masterful way, to settle that, as the marriage would be perfectly quiet, there was no reason in the world why it should be delayed beyond a month at the outside.

“You foolish Gerald,” she said to him later on in the evening, “you are always in extremes; you lost me five years ago because you were so timid you would not stand up for yourself; and now you have become a perfect tyrant and won’t allow me to have ever so little a bit of my own way.”

“You shall have all your own way, darling, when you are once my wife,” he said, “but till then I mean to be master; so your best plan is to hurry on your preparations as fast as you can in order to free yourself from my tyranny. And there is one thing, Maud, if you don’t object; I should like to spend part, at least, of our honeymoon at Ilfracombe. Another year you shall travel all over the Continent, if you like; but if it is not painful to you I should like Ilfracombe now. Of course we will not go to the hotel but get into some quiet lodging, and ramble on the rocks as we used to do.”

“Yes, I should like it,” Maud said; “and we will agree to believe that we were only there a few weeks ago, and that this five years has been a bad dream, never to be talked about or thought of willingly again.”

VARIETIES.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.—In France clandestine marriages are impossible. No Frenchman under twenty-five is allowed to marry without the sanction of his parents, or, if they be dead, of his grandparents. Even after this age, although he may dispense with their formal consent, he is bound to inform them repeatedly, and “in a respectful manner” of his intention. Unless this and many other conditions be complied with, there can be no valid contract of marriage. The principle of the French law, in fact, is to surround the act of marriage with such formalities as will render hasty unions difficult and secret ones impossible. When once the knot is tied, however, there is no unloosing it, divorce not being as yet one of the institutions of the republic.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—The English habit of thinking of marriage, in the majority of cases, as the “union of true hearts,” is very beautiful, and under the guidance of sensible persons it works well. But the French marriage customs work well, too, and the only real difference that we can see between the two is that the French acknowledge openly the interference of the higher authorities, while in England the arrangements are managed with more pretence at concealment. No father or mother worthy the name would willingly give a daughter in marriage when nothing but misery could be expected to follow. The whole system of the superintendence of young girls in society in England has for its object the judicious keeping off of “detrimentals.”

AGASSIZ.—A good anecdote is told of the late Professor Agassiz and Home the spiritualist. They happened to meet in a railway carriage, and, getting into conversation, Home complained of the prejudices of men of science, who refused to investigate the phenomena of spiritualism. “Mr. Home,” replied the great geologist, “I never refuse to investigate anything which promises to advance science, and nothing will give me greater delight than to investigate the marvels which occur, as you say, at your meetings.” “Well, then,” says Home, “come this very night and witness the appearance of the spirit-hand.” “Nothing will give me more pleasure,” answered Agassiz, “than to be one of the guests round the table where the spirit-hand appears. My opinion is that it is a physical hand, with a little phosphorus rubbed over it; but I am open to conviction. All I ask is that I shall have the privilege of putting my stiletto through it. If the hand is a spirit-hand, no harm will occur; if it is a human hand, I feel confident in my power to transfix it on the table, much to the discomfort of the possessor.” Home declined the test. Such a want of faith, he said, would necessarily prevent the spirit-hand from appearing.

SHE WAS DELIGHTED.—Mrs. Batterytongue was outwardly a beautiful woman; and, though her tongue worked like a steam-hammer when once in motion, yet the varying expressions of her countenance and the changeable light of her brilliant eyes made her really an object of interest when she was talking. And how she could talk! When once her tongue had become loosened on a familiar subject, she was like a piece of machinery wound up and all its parts set for long and continuous work. On one occasion she was present at an evening party at which chanced to be a gentleman, a near relative of the hostess, known to only a few of the company; and those few, moved thereto by a hint from the hostess, determined to make the gentleman-stranger the medium or means through which to punish the chatterbox for her

tireless and persistent loquacity. Accordingly, in the course of the evening, the gentleman was pointed out to Mrs. Batterytongue as one of the most learned and polished scholars in the country. Mrs. B. was in a flutter immediately. She was eager to be presented; and ere long the opportunity was offered and accepted. Happy Mrs. B! She drew the *servant* to a quiet nook in the great bay-window and had him all to herself; and there she kept him for the remainder of the evening, her tongue running like a mill-clapper, while he, with respectful attention, watched the play of her brilliant features, believing, perhaps, that she was giving him a history of her life. As the party was breaking up, her friends gathered around her, anxious to know how she liked her new acquaintance Mr. S. “Oh,” she cried, in an ecstasy of fervour, “is he not charming? Such wit, such understanding, such taste, and such refined judgment! And, oh, such a gentleman!” Imagine her feelings when convinced that the man had been deaf and dumb from his cradle!

HUMOROUS.

NEVER bother a tailor long at any time. He may have pressing business to attend to.

“HEAD it up” is the last bit of gentility, and the man who says it wishes you to stop talking.

“ADAM never had to beat a carpet,” says an exchange. No, but he had to beat a retreat in the height of the fruit season.

THE vowels.—Why is *i* the happiest of vowels? Because it is in the midst of bliss: *e* is in hell and all the others in purgatory.

ATMOSPHERICAL knowledge is not thoroughly distributed in our schools. A boy being asked, “What is mist?” vaguely replied, “An umbrella.”

“You promised to pay this bill yesterday,” said an angry creditor to a debtor. “Yes,” calmly replied the other: “but to err is human, to forget divine, and I forgot it.”

“THE topaz,” we are told, “is found in primitive rocks in many parts of the world;” but “topaz” in many parts of the world are found without the “rocks.”

“THE course of true love,” remarked the nonderraker, as he lifted the body of a Romeo, but the shocked look on the faces of the mourners reminded him that that was no time for paragraphs, so he never completed the quotation.

GIN SLING is the euphonious name of a Chinese freshman at Yale. Who knows but that at some time in the vast future Gin Sling may become one of the ornaments of the American bar.

EDUCATIONAL.—Teacher: “Suppose that you have two sticks of candy and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then?” Little Boy (shaking his head): “You don’t know him, he ain’t that kind of a boy.”

A NEGRO, who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbour’s fruit, being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming, “Good heavens! his darkey can’t go nowhere to pray any more without bein’ ’sturbed!”

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* breaks out suddenly as follows: “The most lively of our thoughts have no relation to any words; at certain times we think as if there were no such thing as language.” That writer must have been foolish with that hornet’s nest behind the blind just outside the sanctum window.

AN Englishman says that no other people in the world, so far as he knows, can equal the Arkansians in off-hand exaggerations. “Do you see that spring over there, stranger?” said one of them to him. He said he did, whereupon the settler added: “Well, that’s an iron spring, that is, and it’s so mighty powerful that the farmers’ horses about here that drink the water of it never have to be shod. The shoes just grow on their feet nat’rally.”

RECOGNITION.—After he had chased the car for a block and a half he managed to get aboard, when, much to his indignation, he found one of his treasures in the car. “You saw me running—why didn’t you stop the car and not let me run myself to death?” and with a hooked finger he stung some of the per-purition from his brow out of the window. “I didn’t recognize you at first, I could only see the upper part of your body from where I was sitting. If I had only seen your feet I would have known you several miles.” The rest of the passengers glanced at his feet and smiled.

WHAT people want is confidence. It does not look well for a deacon to take an umbrella to church and carry it into his pew and hang to it. What he should do is to leave the umbrella out in the vestibule, with the supreme confidence that a man has when he bets on four aces. To see the prominent men of a church carry their umbrellas into their pews makes the ordinary sinner feel as though he was suspected. If we can work up a sentiment in favour of leaving umbrellas outside, we hope, before fall, to have a decent umbrella.

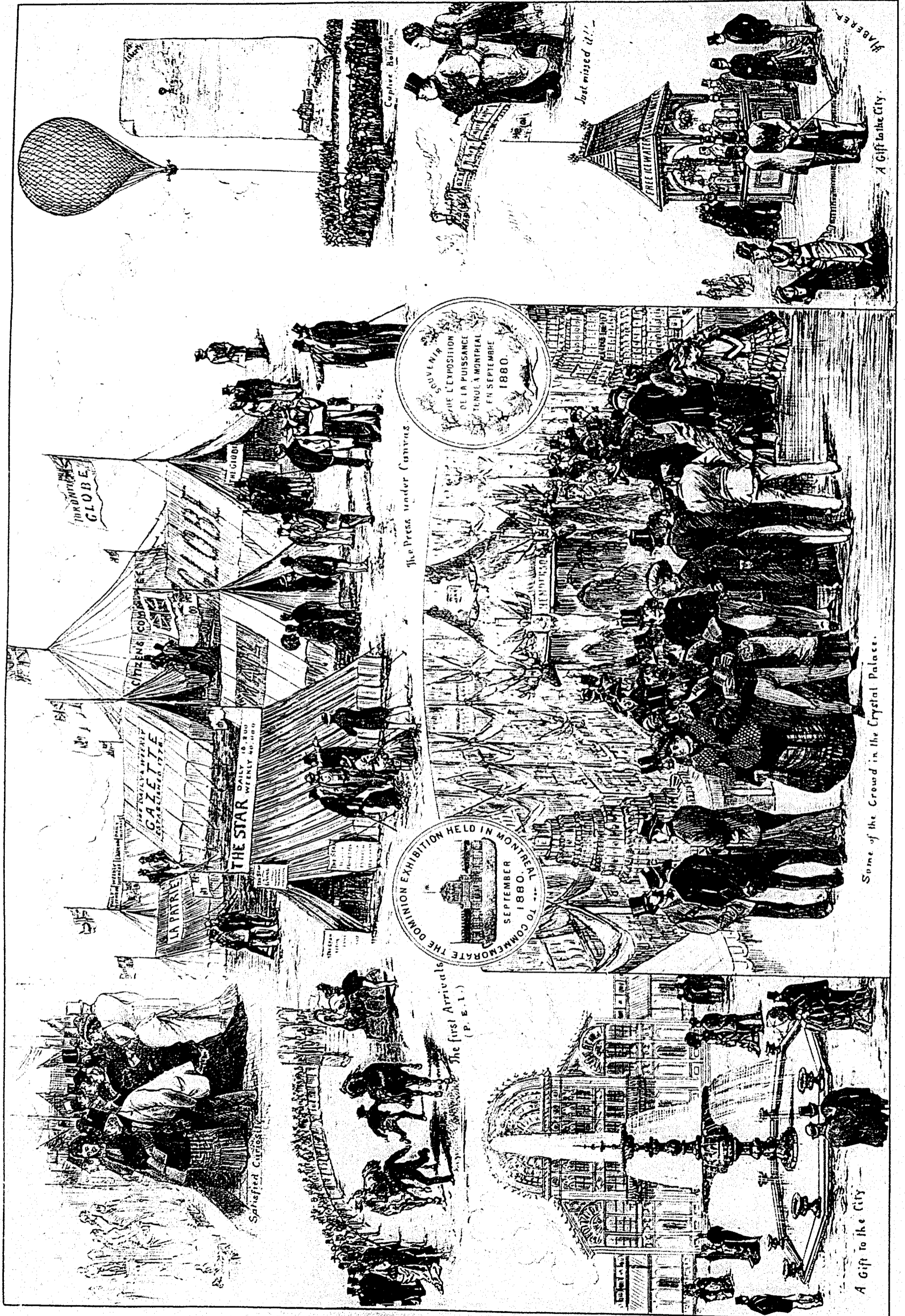
AN Oil City man went fishing Saturday, and he came home with nothing but a little half pound bass. “Is that all you caught?” asked his friends. “That’s all,” replied the man. “How many bites did you have?” “None,” exclaimed the fisherman, and the whole crowd cried, “He’s found! he’s found! Here is the finest fisherman!” He’d have had fifty invitations to drink in ten minutes if a small boy hadn’t broken through the crowd and said: “See here, mister, yer gave me a bogus nicker for that ere fish.” And now that crowd has no faith in human nature.

EFFECTS of a cyclone: “I have come for the rent for last month,” said the landlord. “Look here! There is a despatch in town that there is a cyclone in the gulf heading this way, and I ain’t going to pay rent for a house that may be swept away at any moment.”

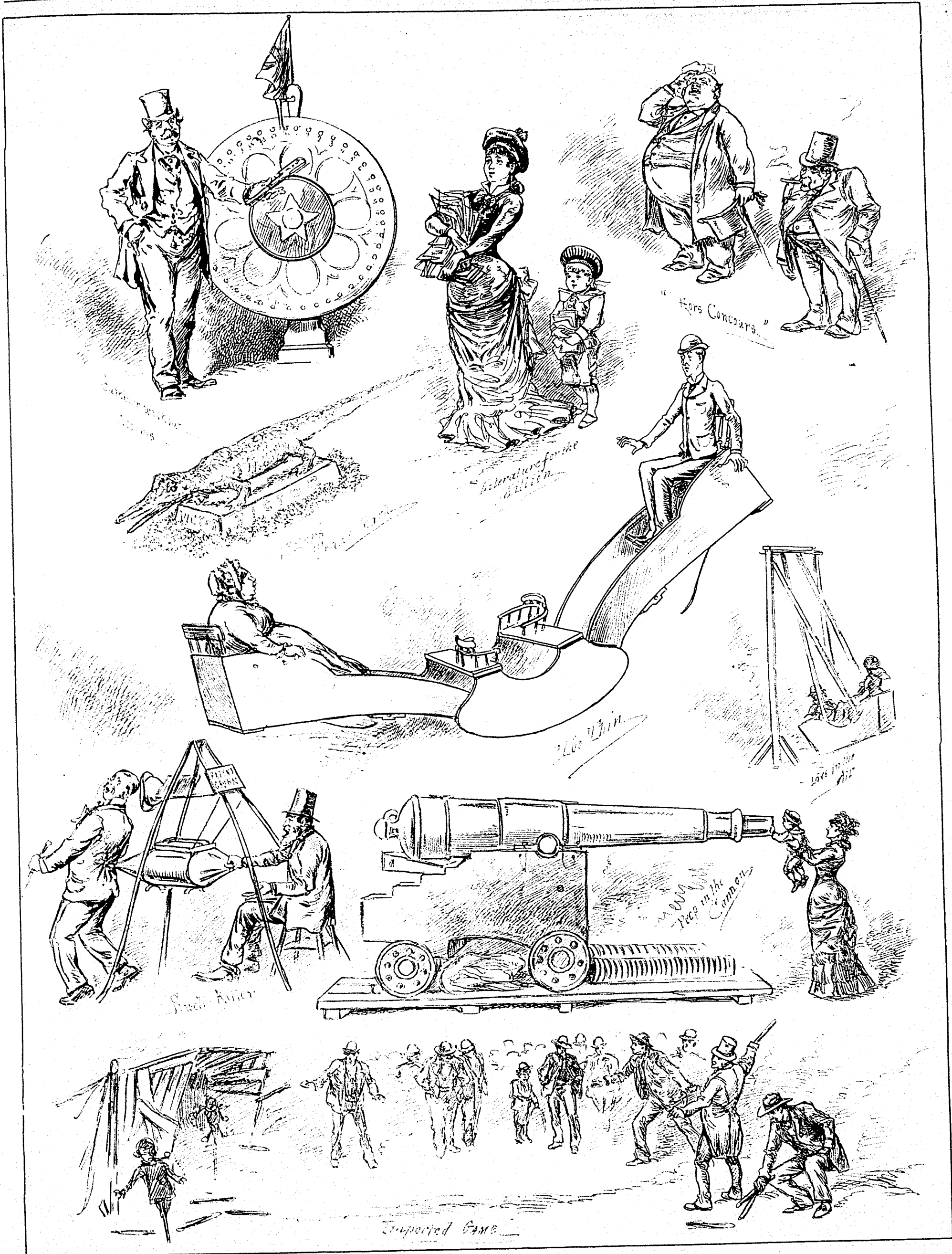
“The cyclone that ain’t here yet can’t well sweep away the rent you owe me already.” There is no telling. One of those stupendous efforts of nature sweeps everything irresistibly before it, and it might be just our bad luck to have it sweep away that back-rent. Come again after it has all blown over.”

NEW NOTICE.

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



THE DOMINION EXHIBITION, MONTREAL.—INCIDENTS IN AND ABOUT THE GROUNDS.



THE DOMINION EXHIBITION, MONTREAL.—SKETCHES IN THE GROUNDS.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNSPOKEN APPEAL.

"What have I done? Is she vexed? Have I offended her?" he asked, the next morning, in a rapid manner, when his hostess came on deck. The gale had abated somewhat, but gloom overspread earth and sky. It was nothing to the gloom that overspread his usually frank and cheerful face.

"You mean Mary?" she says, though she knows well enough.

"Yes, haven't you seen? She seems to treat me as though we had never met before—as though we were perfect strangers; and I know she is too kind-hearted to cause any one any pain."

Here he looks somewhat embarrassed for a moment; but his customary straight-forwardness comes to his rescue.

"Yes; I will confess I am very much hurt by it. And—and I should like to know if there was any cause. Surely you must have noticed it!"

She had noticed it, sure enough; and in contrast with that studied coldness which Mary Avon had shown to her friend of former days, she had remarked the exceeding friendliness the young lady was extending to the Laird's nephew. But would she draw the obvious conclusion? Not likely; she was too staunch a friend to believe any such thing. All the same, there remained in her mind a vague feeling of surprise, with perhaps a touch of personal injury.

"Well, Angus, you know," she said, evasively, "Mary is very much preoccupied just at present. Her whole condition of life is changed, and she has many things to think of—"

"Yes; but she is frank enough with her other friends. What have I done that I should be made a stranger of?"

A strange answer comes to these idle frettings of the hour. Far away on the shore a number of small black figures emerge from the woods, and slowly pass along the winding road that skirts the rocks. They are following a cart—a common farm-yard cart; but on the wooden planks is placed a dark object that is touched here and there with silver—or perhaps it is only the white cords. Between the overhanging gloom of the mountains and the cold grays of the wind-swept sea the small black line passes slowly on. And these two on board the yacht watch it in silence. Are they listening for the wail of the pipes—the pathetic dirge of "Lord Lovat," or the cry of the "Cumhadh na Cloinne?" But the winds are loud, and the rushing seas are loud; and now the rude farm-yard cart, with its solemn burden, is away out at the point, and presently the whole simple pageant has disappeared. The lonely burying-ground lies far away among the hills.

Angus Sutherland turns round again with a brief sigh.

"It will be all the same in a few years," he says to his hostess; and then he adds, indifferently, "What do you say about starting? The wind is against us; but anything is better than lying here. There were some bad squalls in the night."

Very soon after this the silent loch is resounding with the rattle of halyards, blocks and chains; and Angus Sutherland is seeking distraction from those secret cares of the moment in the excitement of hard work. Nor is it any joke getting in that enormous quantity of anchor chain. In the midst of all the noise and bustle Mary Avon appears on deck to see what is going on, and she is immediately followed by young Smith.

"Why don't you help them?" she says, laughing.

"So I would, if I knew what to do," he says, good-naturedly. "I'll go and ask Dr. Sutherland."

It was a fatal step. Angus Sutherland suggested, somewhat grimly, that if he liked he might lend a hand at the windlass. A muscular young Englishman does not like to give in, and for a time he held his own with the best of them; but long before the starboard anchor had been got up, and the port one hove short, he had had enough of it. He did not volunteer to assist at the throat halyards. To Miss Avon, who was calmly looking on, he observed that it would take him about a fortnight to get his back straight.

"That," said she, finding an excuse for him instantly, "is because you worked too hard at it at first. You should have watched the Islay man. All he does is to call 'Heave!' and to make his shoulders go up as if he were going to do the whole thing himself. But he does not help a bit. I have watched him again and again."

"Your friend, Dr. Sutherland," said he, regarding her for an instant as he spoke, "seems to work as hard as any of them."

"He is very fond of it," she said, simply,

without any embarrassment; nor did she appear to regard it as singular that Angus Sutherland should have been spoken of specially as a friend.

Angus Sutherland himself comes rapidly aft, loosens the tiller-ropes, and jams the helm over. And now the anchor is hove right up; the reefed mainsail and small jib quickly fill out before this fresh breeze, and presently, with a sudden cessation of noise, we are spinning away through the leaden-coloured waters. We are not sorry to get away from under the gloom of these giant hills; for the day still looks squally, and occasionally a scud of rain comes whipping across, scarcely sufficient to wet the decks. And there is more life and animation on board now; a good deal of walking up and down in Ulsters, with inevitable collisions; and of remarks shouted against, or with, the wind; and of joyful pointing toward certain silver gleams of light in the west and south. There is hope in front; behind us nothing but darkness and the threatenings of storm. The Pass of Glencoe has disappeared in rain; the huge mountains on the right are as black as the deeds of murder done in the glen below; Ardgor over there, and Lochaber here, are steeped in gloom. And there is less sadness now in the old refrain of "Lochaber," since there is a prospect of the South shining before us. If Mary Avon is singing to herself about

"Lochaber no more, and Lochaber no more—
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more,"

it is with a light heart.

But then it is a fine thing to go bowling along with a brisk breeze on our beam, it is very different when we get round Ardshiel, and find the southerly wind veering to meet us dead in the teeth. And there is a good sea running up Loch Linnhe—a heavy gray green sea that the *White Dove* meets and breaks, with spurts of spray forward, and a line of hissing foam in our wake. The zigzag beating takes us alternately to Ardgor and Appin, until we can see here and there the cheerful patches of yellow corn at the foot of the giant and gloomy hills; then "Bout ship" again, and away we go on the heaving and rushing gray-green sea.

And is Mary Avon's oldest friend—the woman who is the stanchest of champions—being at last driven to look askance at the girl? Is it fair that the young lady should be so studiously silent when her faithful doctor is by, and instantly begin to talk when he goes forward to help at the jib or foresail sheets? And when he asks her, as in former days, to take the tiller, she somewhat coldly declines the offer he has so timidly and respectfully made. But as for Mr. Smith, that is a very different matter. It is he whom she allows to go below for some wrap for her neck. It is he who stands by, ready to shove over the top of the companion when she crouches to avoid a passing shower of rain. It is he with whom she jokes and talks—when the Laird does not monopolize her.

"I would have believed it of any other girl in the world rather than of her," says her hostess, to another person, when these two happen to be alone in the saloon below. "I don't believe it yet. It is impossible. Of course a girl who is left as penniless as she is might be pardoned for looking round and being friendly with rich people who are well inclined toward her; but I don't believe—I say it is impossible—that she should have thrown Angus over just because she saw a chance of marrying the Laird's nephew. Why, there never was a girl we have ever known so independent as she is!—not any one half as proud and as fearless. She looks upon going to London and earning her own living as nothing at all. She is the very last girl in the world to speculate on making a good match—she has too much pride; she would not speak another word to Howard Smith if such a monstrous thing were suggested to her."

"Very well," says the meek listener. "The possibility was not of his suggesting, assuredly; he knows better."

Then the Admiral-in-chief of the *White Dove* sits silent and puzzled for a time.

"And yet her treatment of poor Angus is most unfair. He is deeply hurt by it—he told me so this morning—"

"If he is so fearfully sensitive that he cannot go yachting and enjoy his holiday because a girl does not pay him attention—"

"Why, what do you suppose he came back here for?" she says, warmly. "To go sailing in the *White Dove*? No, not if twenty *White Doves* were waiting for him! He knows too well the value of his time to stay away so long from London if it were merely to take the tiller of a yacht. He came back here, at great personal sacrifice, because Mary was on board."

"Has he told you so?"

"He has not; but one has eyes."

"Then suppose she has changed her mind, how can you help it?"

She says nothing for a second. She is preparing the table for Master Fred; perhaps she tosses

the novels on to the couch with an impatience they do not at all deserve. But at length she says:

"Well, I never thought Mary would have been so fickle as to go chopping and changing about within the course of a few weeks. However, I won't accuse her of being mercenary; I will not believe that. Howard Smith is a most gentlemanly young man—good-looking, too, and pleasant tempered. I can imagine any girl liking him."

Here a volume of poems is pitched on to the top of the draught-board as if it had done her some personal injury.

"And in any case she might be more civil to a very old friend of ours," she adds.

Further discourse on this matter is impossible; for our Friedrich d'or comes in to prepare for luncheon. But why the charge of incivility? When we are once more assembled together, the girl is quite the reverse of uncivil toward him. She shows him—when she is forced to speak to him—an almost painful courtesy; and she turns her eyes down as if she were afraid to speak to him. This is no flaunting coquette, proud of her wilful caprice.

And as for poor Angus, he does his best to propitiate her. They begin talking about the picturesque of various cities. Knowing that Miss Avon has lived the most of her life, if she was not actually born, in London, he strikes boldly for London. What is there in Venice, what is there in the world, like London in moonlight—with the splendid sweep of her river, and the long lines of gas-lamps, and the noble bridges? But she is all for Edinburgh; if Edinburgh had but the Moldau running through that valley, and the bridges of Prague to span it, what city in Europe could compare with it? And the Laird is so delighted with her approval of the Scotch capital that he forgets for the moment his Glaswegian antipathy to the rival city, and enlarges no less on the picturesque of it than on its wealth of historical traditions. There is not a stain of blood on any floor that he does not believe in. Then the Sanctuary of Holyrood; what stories has he not to tell about that famous refuge?

"I believe the mysterious influence of that sanctuary has gone out and charmed all the country about Edinburgh," said our young doctor. "I suppose you know that there are several plants, poisonous elsewhere, that are quite harmless in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. You remember I told you, Miss Avon, that evening we went out to Arthur's Seat?"

It was well done, Queen Titania must have thought, to expose this graceless flirt before her new friends. So she had been walking out to Arthur's Seat with him, in the summer afternoons?

"Y—yes," says the girl.

"Ay, that is a most curious thing," says the Laird, not noticing her downcast looks and flushed cheeks. "But what were they, did ye say?"

"Umbelliferous plants," replied Angus Sutherland, in quite a matter-of-fact manner. "The *Enanthe crocata* is one of them, I remember; and I think the *Circuta virosa*, that is the water-hemlock."

"I would just like to know," says the Laird, somewhat pompously, "whether that does not hold good about the neighbourhood of Glesca also. There's nothing so particular healthy about the climate of Edinburgh, as far as ever I heard tell of. Quite the reverse—quite the reverse. East winds, fogs—no wonder the people are shilpit-looking creatures as a general rule—like a lot o' Paisley weavers. But the ceety is a fine ceety. I will admit that; and many's the time I've said to Tom Galbraith that he could get no finer thing to paint than the view of the High street at night from Prince's street—especially on a moonlight night. A fine ceety; but the people themselves!"—here the Laird shook his head. "And their manner o' speech is most vexome—a long sing-song kind o' yaumering, as if they had not sufficient manliness to say outright what they meant. If we are to have a Scotch accent, I prefer the accent—the very slight accent—ye hear about Glesca. I would like to hear what Miss Avon has to say upon that point."

"I am not a very good judge, sir," says Miss Avon, prudently.

Then on deck. The leaden black waves are breaking in white foam along the shores of Kingairloch and the opposite rocks of Eilean-na-Shuua and we are still laboriously beating against the southerly winds; but those silver-yellow gleams in the south have increased over the softly purple hills of Morvern and Duart. Black as night are the vast ranges of mountains in the north; but they are behind us; we have now no longer any fear of a white shaft of lightning falling from the gloom overhead.

The decks are dry now; camp-stools are in requisition; there is to be a consultation about our future plans, after the *White Dove* has been beached for a couple of days. The Laird admits that, if it had been three days or four days, he would like to run through to Glasgow and to Strathgovan, just to see how they were getting on with the gas-lamps in the Mitherdrum Road; but, as it is, he will write for a detailed report; hence he is free to go wherever we wish. Miss Avon, interrogated, answers that she thinks she must leave us and set out for London; whereupon she is bidden to hold her tongue and not talk foolishness. Our doctor, also interrogated, looks down on the sitting parliament—he is standing at the tiller—and laughs.

"Don't be too sure of getting to Castle Osprey to-night," he says, "whatever your plans may

be. The breeze is falling off a bit. But you may put me down as willing to go anywhere with you, if you will let me come."

This decision seemed greatly to delight his hostess. She said we could not do without him. She was ready herself to go anywhere now—eagerly embraced the Youth's suggestion that there were, according to John of Skye's account, vast numbers of seals in the bays on the western shores of Knapdale; and at once assured the Laird, who said he particularly wanted a seal-skin or two and some skarts' feathers for a young lady, that he should not be disappointed. Knapdale, then, it was to be.

But in the meantime? Dinner found us in a dead calm. After dinner, when we came on deck, the sun had gone down; and in the pale, tender blue-gray of the twilight the golden star of Lismore light-house was already shining. Then we had our warning lights put up—the port red light shedding a crimson glow on the bow of the dingey, the starboard green light touching with a cold, wan colour the iron shrouds. To crown all, as we were watching the dark shadows of Lismore Island, a thin, white, vivid line, like the edge of a shilling, appeared over the low hill; and then the full moon rose into the partially-coloured sky. It was a beautiful night.

But we gave up all hope of reaching Castle Osprey. The breeze had quite gone; the calm sea slowly rolled. We went below—to books, draughts, and what not—Angus Sutherland alone remaining on deck, having his pipe for his companion.

It was about an hour afterward that we were startled by sounds on deck, and presently we knew that the *White Dove* was again flying through the water. The women took some little time to get their shawls and things ready; had they known what was awaiting them, they would have been more alert.

For no sooner were we on deck than we perceived that the *White Dove* was tearing through the water without the slightest landmark or light to guide her. The breeze that had sprung up had swept before it a bank of sea-fog—a most unusual thing in these windy and changeable latitudes; and so dense was this fog that the land on all sides of us had disappeared, while it was quite impossible to say where Lismore light-house was. Angus Sutherland had promptly surrendered the helm to John of Skye, and had gone forward. The men on the lookout at the bow were themselves invisible.

"Oh, it iss all right, mem," called out John of Skye, through the dense fog, in answer to a question. "I know the lay o' the land very well, though I do not see it. And I will keep her down to Duart, bekass of the tide." And then he called out,

"Hector, do you not see any land yet?"

"*Cha n'eil!*" calls out Hector, in reply, in his native tongue.

"We'll put a tack on her now. Ready about, boys!"

"*Ready about!*" Round slews her head, with blocks and sail, clattering and flapping; there is a scuffle of making fast the lee-sheets, then once more the *White Dove* goes plunging into the unknown. The non-experts see nothing at all but the fog; they have not the least idea whether Lismore light house—which is a solid object to run against—is on port or starboard bow, or right astern for the matter of that. They are huddled in a group about the top of the companion. They can only listen and wait.

John of Skye's voice rings out again:

"Hector, can you not mek out the land yet?"

"*Cha n'eil!*"

"What does he say?" the Laird asks, almost in a whisper; he is afraid to distract attention at such a time.

"He says 'No,'" Angus Sutherland answers. "He cannot make out the land. It is very thick; and there are bad rocks between Lismore and Duart. I think I will climb up to the cross-trees, and have a look round."

What was this? A girl's hand laid for an instant on his arm; a girl's voice—low, quick, beseeching—saying "*Oh, no!*"

It was the trifle of a moment.

"There is not the least danger," says he, lightly. "Sometimes you can see better at the cross-trees."

Then the dim figure is seen going up the shrouds; but he is not quite up at the cross-trees when the voice of John of Skye is heard again:

"Mr. Sutherland!"

"All right, John!" and the dusky figure comes tumbling down and across the loose sheets on deck.

"If ye please, sir," says John of Skye; and the well-known formula means that Angus Sutherland is to take the helm. Captain John goes forward to the bow. The only sound around us is the surging of the unseen waves.

"I hope you are not frightened, Miss Avon," says Mr. Smith, quite cheerfully; though he is probably listening like the rest of us, for the sullen roar of breakers in the dark.

"No, I am bewildered—I don't know what it is all about."

"You need not be afraid," Angus Sutherland says to her, abruptly—for he will not have the Youth interfere in such matters—"with Captain John aboard. He sees better in a fog than most men in daylight."

"We are in the safe-keeping of One greater than any Captain John," says the Laird, simply and gravely; he is not in any alarm.

Then a call from the bow:

"Helm hard down, sir!"

"Hard down it is, John!"

Then the rattle again of sheets and sails; and as she swings round again on the other tack, what is that vague, impalpable shadow one sees—or fancies one sees—on the starboard bow?

"Is that the land, John?" Angus Sutherland asks, as the skipper comes aft.

"Oh, ay," says he, with a chuckle. "I was thinking to myself it was the loom of Duart I saw once or twice. And I was saying to Hector if it was his sweetheart he will look for, he will see better in the night."

Then by and by this other object, to which all attention is summoned: the fog grows thinner and thinner, some one catches sight of a pale glimmering light on our port quarter, and we know that we have left Lismore lighthouse in our wake. And still the fog grows thinner, until it is suffused with a pale blue radiance; then suddenly we sail into the beautiful moonlight, with the little hills along the horizon all black under the clear and solemn skies.

It is a pleasant sail into the smooth harbour on this enchanted night; the far windows of Castle Osprey are all aglow; the mariners are to rest for awhile from the travail of the sea. And as we go up the moonlit road, the Laird is jocular enough, and asks Mary Avon, who is his companion, whether she was prepared to sing "Lochaber no more" when we were going blindly through the mist. But our young doctor remembers that hour or so of mist for another reason. There was something in the sound of the girl's voice he cannot forget. The touch of her hand was slight, but his arm has not even yet parted with the thrill of it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HIS LORDSHIP.

Miss Avon is seated in the garden in front of Castle Osprey, under the shade of a drooping ash. Her book lies neglected beside her on the iron seat; she is idly looking abroad on the sea and the mountains, now all aglow in the warm light of the afternoon.

There is the clanging of a gate below. Presently up the steep gravel-path comes a tall and handsome young fellow, in full shooting accoutrement, with his gun over his shoulder. Her face instantly loses its dreamy expression. She welcomes him with a cheerful "Good evening!" and asks what sport he has had. For answer he comes across the greensward, places his gun against the trunk of the ash, takes a seat beside her, and puts his hands around one knee.

"It is a long story," says the Youth. "Will it bore you to hear it? I've seen how the women in a country house dread the beginning of the talk at dinner about the day's shooting, and yet give themselves up, like the martyrs and angels they are, and—and it is very different from hunting, don't you know, for there the women can talk as much as anybody."

"Oh, but I should like to hear, really," says she. "It was so kind of a stranger on board a steamer to offer you a day's shooting."

"Well, it was," says he, "and the place has been shot over only once—on the 12th. Very well, you shall hear the whole story. I met the keeper by appointment down at the quay. I don't know what sort of a fellow he is—Highlander or Lowlander—I am not such a swell at those things as my uncle is—but I should have said he talked a most promising mixture of Devonshire, Yorkshire, and Westmoreland—"

"What was his name?"

"I don't know," says the other, leisurely. "I called him Donald on chance; and he took to it well enough. I confess I thought it rather odd he had only one dog with him—an old retriever, but then, don't you know, the moor had been shot over only once; and I thought we might get along. As we walked along to the hill, Donald says, 'Dinna tha mind, sir, if a blackcock gets up, knock un ower, knock un ower, sir.'"

At this point Miss Avon most unfairly bursts out laughing.

"Why," she says, "what sort of countryman was he if he talked like that? That is how they speak in plays about the colliery districts."

"Oh, it's all the same," says the young man, quite unabashed. "I gave him my bag to carry, and put eight or ten cartridges in my pockets. A few mowers, sir—a few mowers, sir," says Donald, and crams my pockets full. Then he would have me put cartridges in my gun even before we left the road; and as soon as we began to ascend the hill, I saw he was on the outlook for a straggler or two, or perhaps a hare. But he warned me that the shooting had been very bad in these districts this year, and that on the 12th the rain was so persistent that scarcely anybody went out. Where could we have been on the 12th?—surely there was no such rain with us?"

"But when you are away from the hills you miss the rain," remarks this profound meteorologist.

"Ah! perhaps so. However, Donald said: 'His lordship went out for an hour, and got a brace and a'lf. His lordship is no keen for a big bag, ye ken; but is just satisfied if he can get a brace or a couple of brace afore luncheon. It is the exerceez he likes.' I then discovered that Lord — had had this moor as part of his shooting last year; and I assured Donald I did not hunger after slaughter. So we climbed higher and higher. I found Donald a most instructive companion. He was very great on the ownership of the land about here, and the old families, don't you know, and all that kind of

thing. I heard a lot about the MacDougalls, and how they had all their possessions confiscated in 1745; and how, when the Government pardoned them, and ordered the land to be restored, the Campbells and Bredalbans, into whose hands it had fallen, kept all the best bits for themselves. I asked Donald why they did not complain. He only grinned. I suppose they were afraid to make a row. Then there was one MacDougall an admiral or captain, don't you know; and he sent a boat to rescue some shipwrecked men, and the boat was swamped. Then he would send another, and that was swamped too. The Government, Donald informed me, wanted to hang him for his philanthropy; but he had influential friends, and he was let off on the payment of a large sum of money—I suppose out of what the Dukes of Argyll and Bredalbans had left him."

The Youth calmly shifted his hands to the other knee.

"You see, Miss Avon, this was all very interesting; but I had to ask Donald where the birds were. 'I'll let loose the dog now,' says he. Well, he did so. You would have thought he had let loose a sky-rocket! It was off and away—up hill and down dale—and all his whistling wasn't of the slightest use. 'He's a bit wild,' Donald had to admit; 'but if I had kent you were a-goin' shootin' earlier in the morning, I would have given him a run or two to take the freshness off. But on a day like this, there's no scent; we will just have to walk them up; they'll lie as close as a water-hen.' So we left the dog to look after himself, and on we pounded. Do you see that long ridge of rugged hill?"

He pointed to the coast-line beyond the bay.

"Yes."

"We had to climb that, to start with; and not even a glimpse of a rabbit all the way up. 'Ave a care, sir,' says Donald; and I took down my gun from my shoulder, expecting to walk into a whole covey at least. 'His lordship shot a brace and a'lf of grouse on this very knoll the last day he shot over the moor last year.' And now there was less talking, don't you know; and we went cautiously through the heather, working every bit of it, until we got right to the end of the knoll. 'It's fine heather,' says Donald; 'bees would dae well here.' So on we went; and Donald's information began again. He pointed out a house on some distant island where Alexander III. was buried. 'But where are the birds?' I asked him at last. 'Oh,' says he, 'his lordship was never greedy after the shootin'. A brace or two afore luncheon was all he wanted. He bain't none o' your greedy ones, he bain't. His lordship shot a hare on this very side last year—a fine long shot.' We went on again. You know what sort of morning it was Miss Avon?"

"It was hot enough, even in the shelter of the trees."

"Up there it was dreadful: not a breath of wind: the sun blistering. And still we plowed through that knee-deep heather, with the retriever sometimes coming within a mile of us; and Donald back to his old families. It was the MacDonnells now; he said they had no right to that name; their proper name was MacAlister—Mack Mick Alister, I think he said. 'But where the dickens are the birds?' I said. 'If we get a brace afore luncheon, we'll do fine,' said he. And then he added, 'there's a brow cold well down there that his lordship aye stopped at.' The hint was enough, we had our dram. Then we went on, and on, and on, and on, until I struck work, and sat down and waited for the luncheon basket."

"We were so afraid Fred would be late," she said; "the men are all so busy down at the yacht."

"What did it matter?" the Youth said resignedly. "I was being instructed. He had got further back still now, to the Druids, don't you know and the antiquities of the Gaelic language. 'What was the river that ran by Rome?' 'The Tiber,' I said. 'And what,' he asked, 'was Tober in Gaelic but a spring or fountain?' And the Tamar in Devonshire was the same thing. And the various Usks—uska, it seems, is the Gaelic for water. Well I'm hanged if I know what that man did not talk about!"

"But surely such a keeper must be invaluable," remarks the young lady, innocently.

"Perhaps. I confess I got a little bit tired of it; but no doubt the poor fellow was doing his best to make up for the want of birds. However, we started again after luncheon. And now we came to place after place where his lordship had performed the most wonderful feats last year. And, mind you, the dog wasn't ranging so wild now; if there had been the ghost of a shadow of a feather in the whole district, we must have seen it. Then we came to another well where his lordship used to stop for a drink. Then we arrived at a crest where no one who had ever shot on the moor had ever failed to get a brace or two. A brace or two! What we flushed was a covey of sheep that flew like mad things down the hill. Well, Donald gave in at last. He could not find words to express his astonishment. His lordship had never come along that highest ridge without getting at least two or three shots. And when I set out for home, he still sticks to it; he would not let me take the cartridges out of my gun; he assured me his lordship never failed to get a snipe or a blackcock on the way home. Confound his lordship!"

"And is that all the story?" says the young lady with her eyes wide open.

"Yes, it is," says he, with a tragic gloom on the handsome face.

"You have not brought home a single bird?"

"Not a feather—never saw one."

"Not even a rabbit?"

"Nary rabbit."

"Why, Fred was up here a short time ago wanting a few birds for the yacht."

"Oh, indeed," says he with a sombre contempt. "Perhaps he will go and ask his lordship for them. In the meantime I'm going in to dress for dinner. I suppose his lordship would do that too, after having shot his thirty brace."

"You must not, anyway," she says. "There is to be no dressing for dinner to-day; we are all going down to the yacht after."

"At all events," he says, "I must get my shooting things off. Much good I've done with 'em!"

So he goes into the house, and leaves her alone. But this chat together seems to have brightened her up somewhat; and with a careless and cheerful air she goes over to the flower borders, and begins culling an assortment of varied-hued blossoms. The evening is becoming cooler; she is not so much afraid of the sun's glare; it is a pleasant task; and she singing or humming snatches of song of the most heterogeneous character.

Then all up a bumper?—what can I do less Than drink to the health of my Bonny Black Bess!"

—this is the point at which she has arrived when she suddenly becomes silent, and for a second her face is suffused with a conscious color. It is our young doctor who has appeared on the gravel-path. She does not rise from her stooping position; but she hurries with her work.

"You are going to decorate the dinner-table, I suppose?" he says, somewhat timidly.

"Yes," she answers without raising her head. The fingers work nimbly enough; why so much hurry?

"You will take some down to the yacht, too?" he says. "Everybody is quite ready now for the start to-morrow."

"Oh yes," she says. "And I think I have enough now for the table. I must go in."

"Miss Avon," he says; and she stops, with her eyes downcast. "I wanted to say a word to you. You have once or twice spoken about going away. I wanted to ask you—you won't think it is any rudeness. But if the reason was—if it was the presence of any one that was distasteful to you—"

"Oh, I hope no one will think that!" she answers quickly; and for one second the soft, black, pathetic eyes met his. "I am very happy to be amongst such good friends—too happy, I think. I—I must think of other things—"

And here she seems to force this embarrassment away from her; and she says to him, with quite a pleasant air:

"I am so glad to hear that the White Dove will sail so much better now. It must be so much more pleasant for you, when you understand all about it."

And then she goes into the house to put the flowers on the table. He, left alone, goes over to the iron seat beneath the ash-tree, and takes up the book she has been reading, and bends his eyes on the page. It is not the book he is thinking about.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

LIFE is divided into three terms: That which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

It is evident that the most worthy efforts often fail, while the worst succeed. That fact alone ought to show the folly of basing an estimate of character on a superficial reckoning of results.

"WHAT would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon upon my knees, for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit!"

THE way to avoid evil is not by maiming our passions, but by compelling them to yield their vigour to our moral nature. Thus they become, as in the ancient fable, the harnessed steeds which bear the chariot of the sun.

THE man who waits for what he desires takes the course not to be exceedingly grieved if he fails of it. The man, on the contrary, who labours after a thing too impatiently thinks the success, when it comes, is not a recompense equal to all the pains he has been at about it.

MEN admire, respect, adore, but never flatter in love. That is reserved for the benefit of those for whom they have but little feeling and regard, and with whom they can afford to make free, whose esteem is not felt and valued, and whose love is neither appreciated nor desired.

THE best part of one's life is the performance of one's daily duties. All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments, in a man, are of no account if they do not come down and strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.

CHARACTER will always operate. There may be little culture—slender abilities—no property—no position in society; still, if there be a character of sterling excellence, it will command influence. It will secure respect, and produce an impression. Besides, who knows in what it may result? therefore, let all pay the utmost

attention to character; nothing is more important.

THE RIGHT WAY.—Better be able to do one thing well than half a dozen imperfectly. There is true economy of time in it; for the one thing well learned and thoroughly mastered will be kept up for pleasure, and room will be made for the next acquisition, while the time consumed in getting only a smattering of many things is utterly lost when they are given up in disgust, at their practical inefficiency.

WHILE welcoming all external aids, we must ever bear in mind that their office is not to mould us into their own image, but to feed our life, to stimulate our originality, to inspire us to think our own thoughts, to bear our own burdens, to live our own lives. We may indeed purify, sweeten, and expand them, but it must be through the wholesome and life-giving process of growth, not by any effort to cut ourselves out by some one else's patterns.

FRIENDSHIP.—Many have talked in very exalted language of the perpetuity of friendship—of invincible constancy and inalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affections have predominated over changes of fortune and contrariety of opinion. But these instances are memorable because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practiced or expected by common mortals must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

PRaise AND APPRECIATION.—There are persons in this world—and the pity is that there are not more of them—who care less for praise than for appreciation. They have an ideal after which they are striving, but of which they consciously fall short, as every one who has a lofty ideal is sure to do. When that ideal is recognized by another, and they are praised or commended for something—let that something be important or not—in its direction, they are grateful, not for the praise, but for appreciation. An element of sympathy enters into that recognition, and they feel that they have something in common with the observer who admires what they admire, and praises what they think is most worthy of praise.

LOVING-KINDNESS.—It is well to distinguish clearly between what we owe to others and what they have a right to claim of us. The former comprises a far larger sphere than the latter. For, while every one has certain rights which he justly demands, he can make no such claim for kindness, sympathy, forbearance, or charity. If he enjoys these at all, it must be as free gifts, favours to be grateful for, but never to be required. Yet benevolence in its many branches is a duty which we cannot withhold from one another with impunity. Kindness is a debt which, though no one may demand, our own conscience must ever enforce. It is true that we should be just before we are generous, but this consideration by no means diminishes the duty of generosity. There it becomes a matter of serious inquiry whether we have any right to put off the kind or loving or merciful acts and attentions that our hearts suggest and our better natures plan.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

To waltz more than nine times is one of the tea-dances of the young lady of the period.

AN old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty-cent piece is shoved on to him.

SOME women were evidently "born to blush unseen"—at least they are never seen to blush.

THE young man who has proposed and has been neither accepted nor rejected knows how exciting it is to live in a doubtful state.

A SMALL boat upset on Lake Huron a few days ago, and the first person saved was a dressmaker. Survival of the fittest, as usual.

"Tis sweet to dye for those we love," exclaimed a young man when his best girl asked him why he didn't wear a black instead of a light moustache.

A DANBURY young man bought an accordeon and took lessons. A month later his wife presented him with an heir. Not being able to hold its own the accordeon is offered for sale.

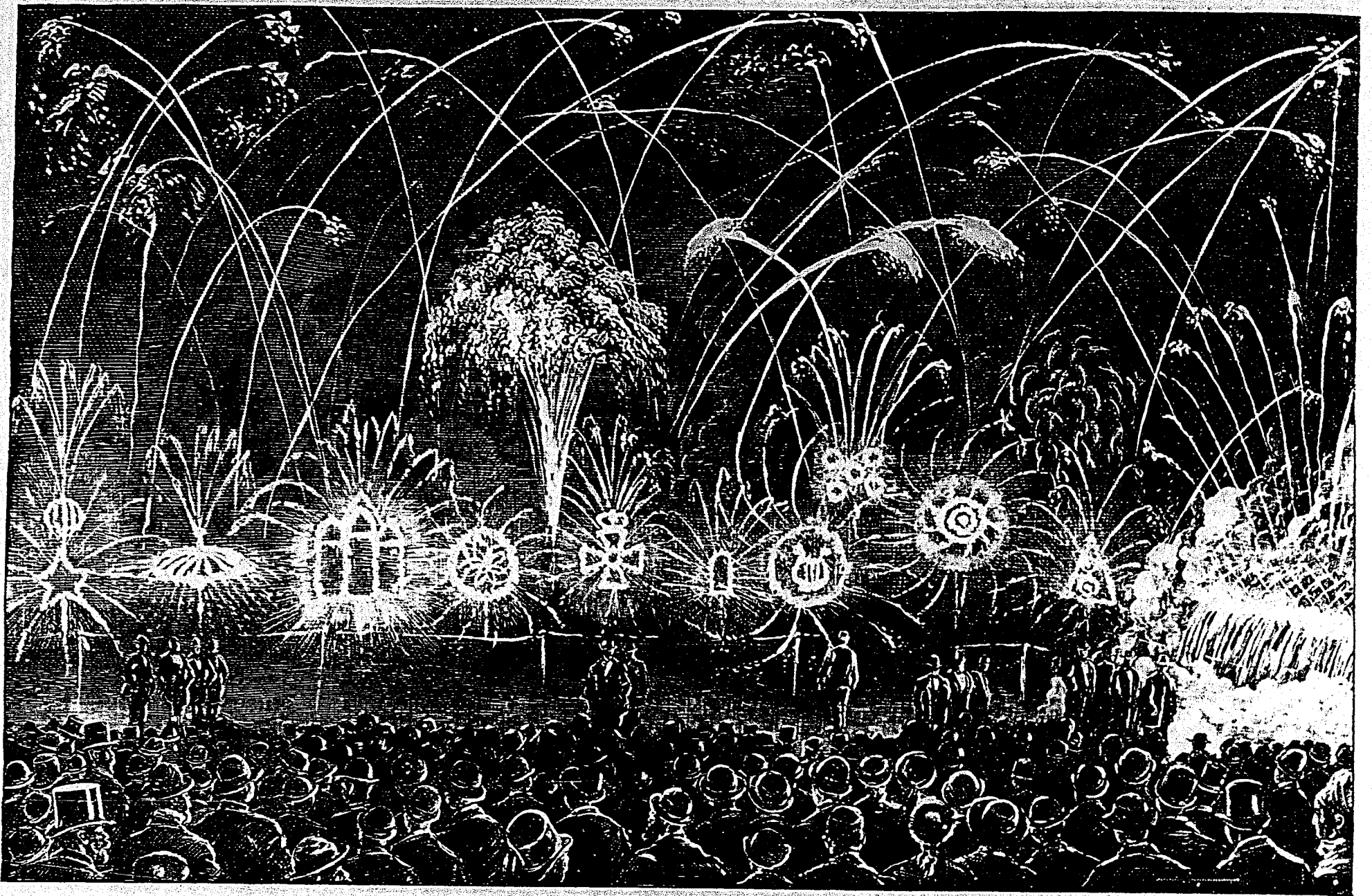
FREDDY MILES, of Cleveland, aged four, accompanied his parents to church. On entering they kneeled and bowed low. As they resumed their seats thus spoke Master Fred: "Is you 'traid 'cause God is here?" "Why, no, child?" "Then what makes you hide?"

CAN'T PREACH GOOD.

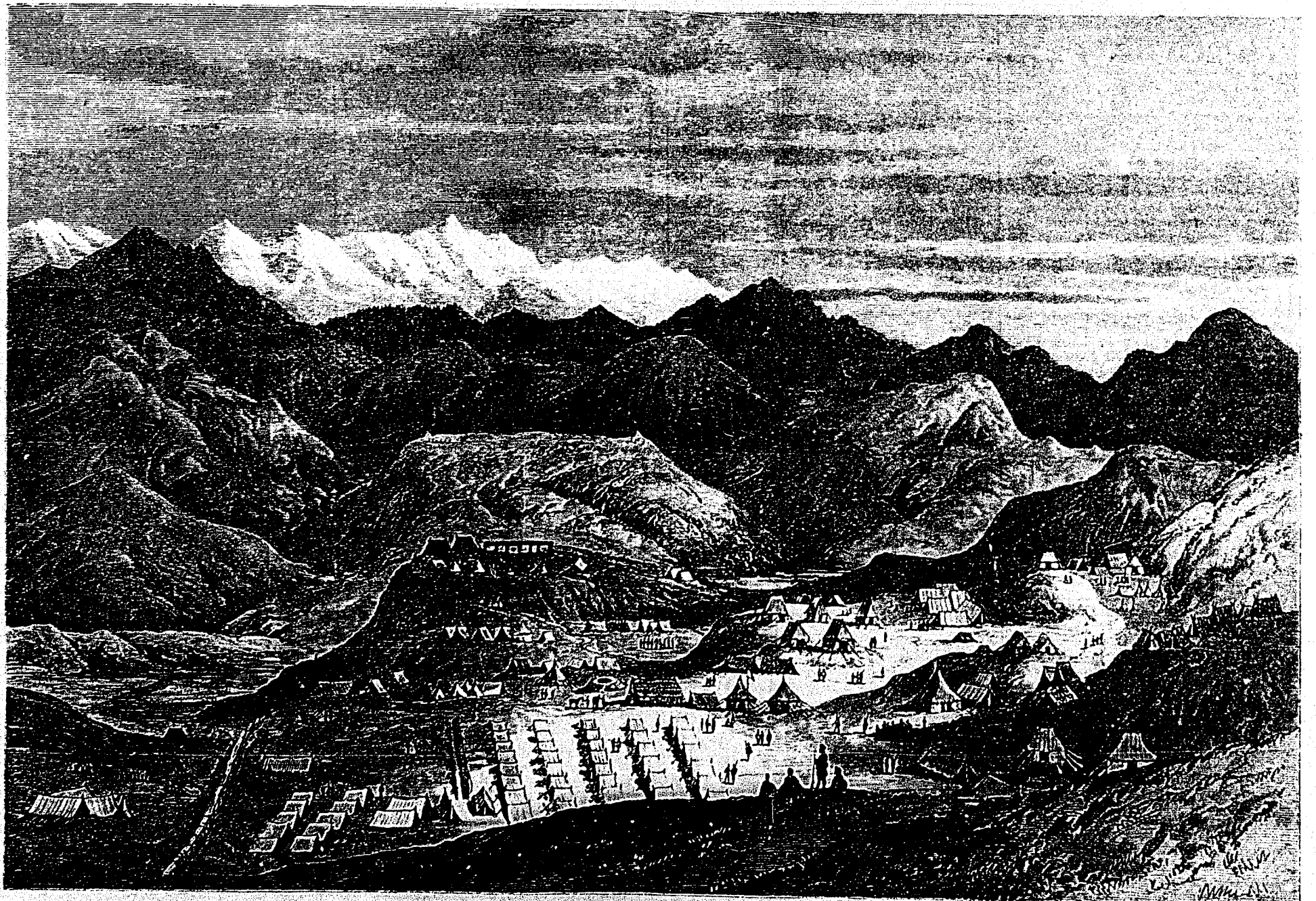
No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other column.

DRUNKEN STUFF.

How many children and women are slowly and surely dying, or rather being killed, by excessive doctoring, or the daily use of some drug or drunken stuff called medicine, that no one knows what it is made of, who can easily be cured and saved by Hop Bitters, made of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion &c., which is so pure, simple and harmless that the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child can trust in them. Will you be saved by them? See other column.



THE DOMINION EXHIBITION, MONTREAL.—FIRE WORKS ON FLETCHER'S FIELD.



THE AFGHAN WAR.—THE BRITISH CAMP AT PEZWAN



NIGHT BATTLE OF FRENCH IRONCLADS AT CHERBOURG IN HONOUR OF THE NATIONAL FETE.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

And thou, to alien Occident
O'er many a league of blue sea water
Art come, strange, unique implement
Of Ptolemy's daughter!

Back roll the mists of Eld: I see
A land of lotus-blooms, wine, spice—
Of temples, sphinxes, mystery—
The land of Isis.

Lo, where, within her paradise
Palm-shaded, murmurous with the Tweedle
Of harp and viols, Egypt plies
Her busy needle.

What web thrills she with potent wand
Forestalling Fate's relentless shuttle,
While musing with her smile so bland
Her smile so subtle!

Perchance a rug, a quaint disguise
Wherein she, smuggled, may come ris-a-
fis, and lead captive to her eyes
One Julius Cæsar.

Or, as it well might hap, indeed,
A kerchief her despair to cover
When heart shall break, and breast shall bleed
For her lost lover.

I see her in her pleasure barge
Hide down the Cydians, softly smiling,
Marc Antony the noble target
Of her beguiling.

Her wildering eyes, her jewelled snoods,
Her witchery so fine and various,
Her gay enchantments, and her moods
So well so precarious!

A regal red rose, she descends
In fall orbed beard from her boat's nose;
Ashamed, out shone, before her bends
The sacred lotus.

With Isis' wisdom, Athor's wiles,
Her splendour Beauty's self eclipses:
A million charms, spells, graces, guiles—
All are the gypsy's!

She knew a hero's brows to bind
With platted garlands of papyrus;
She knew to cure a distraught mind
With a-pie virus!

She knew, when love and all were lost,
To face Fate, an imperial woman;
To vanquish a triumphant host
And trick the Roman.

And, one would think, if ought be proved
(When Cleo speaks there is no knowing!)
She understood—and ere she loved
The art of sewing!

ISABELLA G. MEREDITH.

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

By J. M. Le Moine.

THE GUIGNOLEE.

If you should, says Mr. B. Sulte santer
through the rural districts of the Province of
Quebec, or through the French wards of our
towns, on the evening of the festival of Saint
Sylvester, your ear, mayhap, will be greeted
with a chaut ancient, grave, halting, attract-
ing your attention by its singularity and causing
surprise in such a frosty season; serenades
being of more occurrence in Canada in Decem-
ber and January.

That chaut is the Guignolee—one of the
oldest traditions—dating back two thousand
years and more.

Of the customs of ourselves, very few ex-
ist.

What has become of the idiom of the Gauls,
which we spoke two or three thousand years
ago? The Latin tongue thrust on us for an-
other thousand years! Where are now the
houses, the religion, the arms, the trappings of
the companions of Brermus, of Vercingetoniae,
of the Frank Merovingians? All we know, all we
remember of them, is what we gather in books.
But a dirge—a snatch of a song has lasted; a
popular game may defy the assaults of time.
Mere trifles sometimes outlive the stateliest
monuments.

When with the darkening shades of winter,
the Druids of old, their priests and the Gauls
stood round the emblematic moss entwined oak
and cut down its boughs, with the golden sickle,
carolling joyful songs in commemoration of the
new year—Au gui! Van neuf! (to the mistletoe!
A new year)—they were far from dreaming that
twenty centuries later, some strangers, in a
modern tongue—the French—sung by a band of
labourers, amidst the ice and snow of a land
forgotten beyond the seas—would sum up all
that had survived of these notes and of the
famous dogmas they held.

Au gui! Van neuf! We are at a loss to say
how our friends, the Gauls, pronounced the
words.

The Guignolee as is sung in our Province on
New Year's Eve, the doors of houses, as an
appeal to charity; a touching custom. Though
its origin should be ignored by those who in-
dulge in it, its existence is honourable to our
race:

Bonjour, le Maître et la Maîtresse
Et tous les gens de la maison!

It does one good to listen to this ancient lay:
combining a souvenir of a poetic past, with a
kindly trait of our national character.

From our ancestors, we borrow the custom of
commemorating the longest and the shortest
day in the year: two Pagan observances, to a
certain extent transformed by Christianity—
dropped out of the memory of other nations—
but still observed by French-Canadians, by
them alone, on this continent.

Au gui! Van neuf! A wish of happiness for
the coming year, a joyful, a hopeful cry, sure

to please, whatever be the language or form in
which it is conveyed—sweetly crowned by an
appeal to charity for the poor.

This custom exists in several localities in
France: as shown by M. Ernest Gagnon, of
Quebec, in his *Chansons populaires*. Several
revisions of the Guignolee are to be met with in
Canada. Had I, observes Mr. Sulte, to select
one I would give the preference to the sub-
joined:

Bonjour, le maître et la maîtresse
Et tous les gens de la maison.
Nous avons pris une coutume
De venir voir une fois l'an.
Une fois l'an c'est pas grand' chose!
Pour l'arrivée,
Qu'un petit morceau de cheignée,
Si vous voulez.

La guignolee, la guignolee!
Mettez du lard dedans ma poche
Et du fromage sur mon pain:
Je revendrai l'année qui vient.

Si vous voulez rien nous donner,
Dites-nous le.
Nous prendrons la fille aînée
Si vous voulez.

Nous lui ferons fair bonne chèbre,
Nous lui ferons chauffer les pieds.
Pour le dernier jour de l'année,
La guignolee vous nous devez.

Nous ferons du feu dans les bois
Etant à l'honneur,
On entendra chanter l'écoucou
Et la couloube.

The lines vary, according to fancy, but the
sentiment and substance remains identical.

"This song," writes M. Ampere (of the
French academy) is probably the only vestige
extant of a souvenir tracing back to the
Druidical era. In the country parts of France,
it invariably meant a begging excursion for the
poor, in which the chief object as food, was a
piece of ham with the tail (*écum du porc*) still
attached: this was called *l'écuegnée* or *la
cheignée*."

It is probable, says M. J. E. Taché, that the
lines:

"Nous prendrons la fille aînée
Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds."

was a faint allusion to the human sacrifices of
the ancient rites of the Gauls. It recalls the
words of Velleda, in the martyrs of Chateaubri-
and:

"Tentatis wants blood . . . on the
first day of the century . . . he has
spoken in the Druidical Oaks."

Let us retain, adds Mr. Sulte, our peculiar
customs.

The *Boston Post*, in 1873, thus noticed this sin-
gular custom: "Canada is the refuge of French
antiquities driven from their natural land by a
relentless and radical civilization, among which,
is the custom of 'running the ignolee,' which
originated twenty-five hundred years ago.
Though this ceremony, which is druidical,
would be hardly expected to wear so well in a
land that professes to be Christian, it neverthe-
less was this year as sacredly observed among
the French-Canadians of the rural districts as
two hundred years ago. Only a few years since
it was allowed in Montreal, but the late influx
of outside influence has smothered it there.
Freya, the wife of Odin, the Saxon God, made
all things swear not to harm Balden, the Son,
except the mistletoe, a plant so diminutive that
she did not think it worth noticing. Lake,
God of Evil, found out his weak point, however,
and tearing up the mistletoe gave it to Odel,
the Blind God, who with it fatally pierced
Balden. This was the fable, and it was to pre-
vent Lake from slaying Balden that the Druids
solemnly sought the oak trees, and gathered the
mistletoe from their boughs with the joyous
cry, 'Au gui! Van neuf!' of which 'La
Ignolee' or 'Guillonnee' is a corruption,
meaning the mistletoe. At the New Year, com-
pany of young men meet and serenade
every house with a fanlaronade of tin horns and
house-fiddles. After greeting the host and
hostess, the singers and instrumentalists beg a
piece of ham with tail attached, called '*a
cheignée*,' threatening in the event of a refusal,
to take the oldest child of the family to the
forest and roast it under the oak tree, where the
dove and cuckoo sing. Druidism was intro-
duced into Gaul seven hundred years before the
birth of Christ, and its still vigorous rites show
that a heathen plant may flourish in Christian
soil."

ENGLISH NOVELIST AT HOME.

TRAITS OF JAMES PAYN.

When James Payn laughs—and he is not only
a humourist himself, but keenly appreciative of
humour in others—he may be heard from one
end to the other of that inside-out square known
as Warrington Crescent. As he puffs his eter-
nal pipe of Latakia, and looks quietly on at his
daughters playing lawn-tennis and his son turn-
ing somersaults on the grass, he greets you, one
of his visitors remarks, not with a dry, woody
cachinnation or a harsh metallic clatter, but
with a genuine round, mellow English laugh.
He is delighted at the notion of a common friend,
the father of a family, going out of a sense of
duty, to spend a month of misery at the sea-side.
The idea of his greatest cronny fidgeting savagely
in the morning because the newspapers have not
arrived, and walking fiercely up and down the
promenade wishing himself in London, arriving
at his own office with the punctuality of a fraud-
ulent clerk, who fears discovery, gives Mr. Payn
keen delight for the moment, and then excites
his sympathy; for he not a good idler himself,

and is quite of the opinion of "old Q." concern-
ing the comparative merits of town and country.
One of his peculiarities is that of "running
on," as women call it, in a humourously banter-
ing strain; full of life and fancy, good-tempered,
pleasant, and droll. With all this faculty of
leaving on the minds of his friends a bright im-
pression of sparkling conversation, he is not a
sayer of good things in the sense that Jerrold
was, and Messrs Gilbert and Burnand are. His
conversation rather charms by its liveliness, by
its abundant illustration and anecdote, than by
perversions of words and inversions of thought.
His gaiety is thoroughly contagious. Perhaps
no living Englishman possesses in greater per-
fection the art of putting people in a good tem-
per. This sympathetic temperament appears
to be equally attractive to animals; for an im-
mense black Persian cat comes presently bound-
ing over the lawn, leaps on her master's shoulder,
and curls round his neck like a gigantic fur
collar.

Literature and tea have this bond of affinity,
that both before purchase must be submitted to
a "taster." The "taster's" name is kept as
secret as possible; but it oozes out sometimes.
Mr. Payn is "taster" to a firm of some renown,
and his custom of an afternoon is to "taste" the
various works submitted to the house with a
view to publication. Hence his friends have
compared him with the deadly upas or literary
elder-tree, which blights hope, health and genius
with the odious "Not suitable," or "Do not
see our way," which all but the small percentage
of very successful authors have encountered
during their career. It is position of power;
but all but the most patient or good-humoured
of men would break down under the long agony
of reading eternal manuscript to which the
"taster" is doomed.

In addition to the writers of three-volume
novels, which he turns out at the rate of one and
a half per annum, and the "tasting" of others'
productions, Mr. Payn gets through an infinity
of literary work of various kinds. He frequent-
ly writes articles in the Nineteenth Century, and
turns out a humorous story nearly every month
for *Belgravia*; he is said to write many of the
light articles in the *Times* in the season of vaca-
tion, and is special correspondent for news-
papers in Melbourne, Paris, and New York. It
is difficult to believe that all this work is got
through by the apparently easy-going gentle-
man, who appears to be always telling stories
and making jokes at the Reform Club; but the
fact undoubtedly remains that it is so.

It is done on the system, the fashion of which
was set in this country by Dickens, and followed
by Mr. Anthony Trollope, of working for so
many hours, or doing a certain minimum quan-
tity of work, every day. It was tried long ago
in France by Heine, and afterward by Alexandre
Dumas. Everybody recollects poor Heine's
complaint that nothing filled his mind with
such profound melancholy as the sight of a num-
ber of sheets of fair white paper. The elder
Dumas had a plan of counting the number of
"slips" he ought to fill, and sticking to his
work till it was done: Dickens had a fixed time
to sit at his desk, whether he produced much or
little "copy," and Mr. Anthony Trollope has a
minimum of quantity. Mr. Payn following the
system of those great masters, devotes the three
hours between ten and one in every day to the
composition of original or imaginative matter,
as distinguished from tasting, compilation, and
such commonplace reading as journalists are
compelled to undergo. His day is curiously
mapped out. Believing in much sleep as an
absolute necessity for persons employed in brain-
work, he sleeps, as many would think, an ex-
travagant time. Of thoroughly domestic habits,
he eschews evenings from home, loving to eat
his dinner with his wife and the seven daughters,
who, with his young son, compose his family.
Shortly after the evening post comes in the last
pipe is lighted, and at ten o'clock the household
is wrapped in slumber. The industrious novelist
does not appear till eight o'clock the next mor-
ning, and by ten he has read his newspapers,
breakfasted, and is seated in his "tasting"
office, with the design, however, of giving the
first three hours to original composition, mainly
at stories, short or long. It is a curious exem-
plification of the "serial" system so much in
vogue among us, that he has never published
but one novel except in a serial. But this in-
dustrious and prudent worker does not permit
himself, as some of the greatest writers of serials
have formerly done, to be run a race by the
printer. All his novels are finished before a line
of them is printed; so that he is never hurried
nor anxious concerning them. The dread of
illness or of "breaking down" never presses
upon him. There is another advantage in this
habit of having all written before it is delivered
to the printer: it gives an exceptional oppor-
tunity for making arrangements for advance
sheets with distant colonies and such remote
spots as Japan.

Three hours having been devoted to imagina-
tive literature, Mr. Payn makes for the neigh-
bourhood Reform Club, where, at the hour of
luncheon, he foregathers with his friend, Mr.
Robinson, the manager of the *Daily News*, and
Mr. William Black, the novelist. The particu-
larly cheerful luncheon table invariably occu-
pied by the same members has long excited the
curiosity of outlying members, who burn with
anxiety to make the fourth side of the triangular
symposium. Jokes and stories having been
exchanged, Mr. Payn betakes himself to his
desk—this time as "taster," and either recom-
mends, curses, or "damns with faint praise" the
manuscript before him. During the whole time

he smokes persistently, still at that Latakia,
which the doctors told him would "kill the
strongest man in ten years," but which he has
smoked for a quarter of a century with impunity.
"Tasting" over, he winds his way back to
the club, and plays whist for two or three
hours, till it is time to think of dinner and home,
and his "familiar," the Persian cat. He is not
of those who believe in physical exercise as a
restorative for the brain. On the contrary, he
never walks or rides in London or elsewhere, but
economizes wear and tear of tissue by living,
in hansom cabs. This detail is the more remark-
able, as he, who appears the most idle of men,
is really most industrious so far as trainwork is
concerned, and has stowed a middle line, avoid-
ing on the one hand the sentimental colour of the
"midnight oil," and on the other the
equally offensive cult of mere thews and sinews.

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 Prob-
lem No. 293.

A. C.—The Problem is correct.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Look over Problem 292
again. It deserves it.

CHECKMATE.

It is only the chessplayer who feels the full force of
the word checkmate when uttered with that decisive
tone which announces the termination of a contest over
the chequered board. There may be several contestants
engaged in play, and that profound silence which betrays
the importance of the occasion may reign in the room,
and yet the utterance of the little word "mate" will
cause a visible stir in an assembly which is generally not
much interested in surrounding events. No one who has
been in the habit of watching two players engaged over
a chess board can have failed to notice the different ex-
pressions of countenance exhibited by the belligerents
towards the termination of a game, which must evidently
end in the discomfiture of one of the parties.

The one upon whom fortune smiles, and who is at ease
with reference to the issue of the contest, shows it by
that happy air of indifference and satisfaction which
leads him to look round the room with apparent uncon-
cern, and even to interest himself to some extent in a
neighbouring encounter. Not so with his opponent; the
ominous word "checkmate," which he just now heard,
may be the knell of his own fate, and his whole soul is
absorbed in the position before him.

It may have been noticed, also, by the visitor to the
chess club that there is much difference in the mode in
which checkmate is administered by players who may
have beaten down all opposition and driven the enemy
into a corner.

Each individual, to some extent, exhibits in the
simple act his own character, and the mere act be-
cause the nature of the struggle he has been engaged in has
thrown him off his guard, and he appears as he really is.
He is too much absorbed to avail himself of those con-
ventionality which are so necessary in ordinary social
intercourse.

The player, who is naturally impulsive in his nature,
announces the final doom in tones as boisterous as they
are decisive, and accompanies his declaration with a
sound on the board which resonates through the cham-
ber. Another, on the contrary, gives the coup de grâce
with a quietness and self-possession which is, perhaps,
much more annoying to his opponent than any amount
of noisy demonstration.

The player who is so much pleased with his success in
achieving a victory that he bursts into unseemly mirth,
and laughs heartily at his own success, rarely gives of
fence, as it is evident that he is not accustomed to such
good luck, and that consequently he cannot keep his
hilarity within proper bounds.

It is the part of a gentlemanlike player to avoid every-
thing which may add to the irritation of his opponent,
who naturally feels some vexation at finding himself
worsted in an encounter in which he has just exerted all
his skill to avoid the inevitable checkmate. An invitation
to engage in another contest, accompanied by very few,
if any, remarks on the last encounter, is the safest way
to avoid unpleasantness. We may remark here, how-
ever, that there are some players who delight in adding
to the misery of the unhappy victim who is writing
under the infliction of move after move, each one calcu-
lated to drag the luckless player to wards the gulf down
which he is to be thrust headlong.

How much better it is to save the feelings of a defeated
enemy as much as possible, and spare him the pain of
slow and deliberate torture. The action of Mrs. Gilbert,
the Queen of Chess, in her contests with Mr. Joseph,
is much more commendable, and in every way fitted to set
chess-players a good example. With the benevolent in-
stincts of womanly character, she announces her check-
mate in thirty or forty moves in advance, and thus saves
all the trouble of unnecessary delay and protracted men-
tal anxiety.

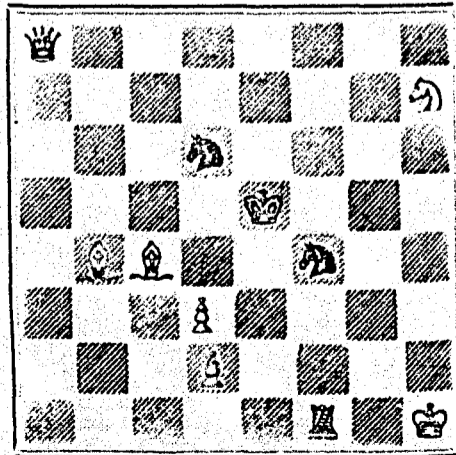
Gentle player, go thou and do likewise, when thou
canst.

PROBLEM No. 293.

(From the English Mechanic.)

By F. J. Heebey.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 424TH.

The following amusing Chesskin appeared in Land and Water some time ago. The misfortune which resulted from Black's last move happened to a first-class English player during a simultaneous performance. We can imagine his discomfiture.

(King's Gambit declined.)

Table with columns for White (Performer) and Black (Mr. S. J. Stevens). Moves listed include P to K4, P to K B4, P takes Q P, etc.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 293.

Table with columns for White and Black. Moves listed include B to R7, Q to K Kt 6, Mistaken acc.

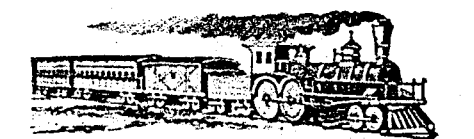
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 291.

Table with columns for White and Black. Moves listed include R to K R 5, Mistaken acc.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 292.

Table with columns for White and Black. Moves listed include K at Q B sq, P at Q 5, Pawn at Q R 3.

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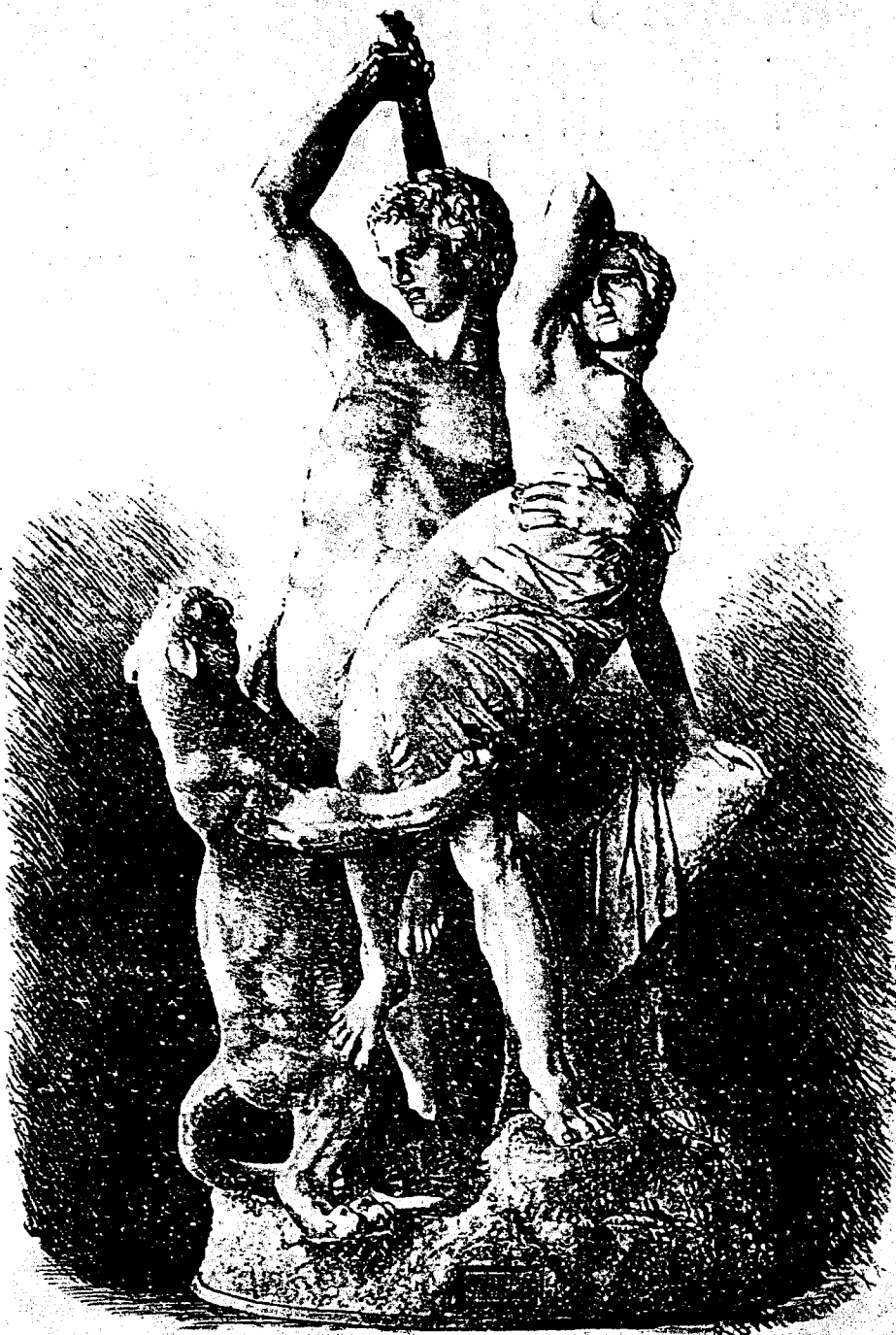
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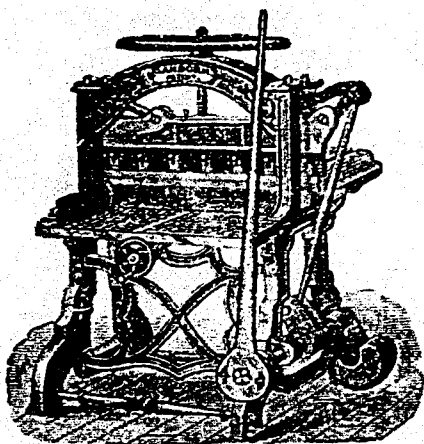
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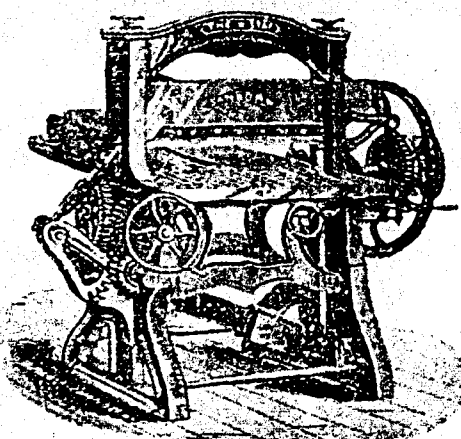
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