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# THE CANADIAN WHOLESALE NEWS

VOL. XXII.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
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THE CANADIAN GARGANTUA.

THIS YOUNGSTER HAS ABSORBED THE WHOLE OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA TO THE WONDER OF ALL NATIONS.



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## TEMPERATURE,

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

October 24th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon... 52°	39°	45°	Mon... 68°	53°	63°
Tues. 47°	35°	41°	Tues. 65°	43°	54°
Wed. 52°	32°	42°	Wed. 53°	34°	43°
Thur. 55°	41°	48°	Thur. 63°	42°	52°
Fri. 55°	40°	47°	Fri. 63°	49°	56°
Sat... 51°	43°	47°	Sat... 60°	51°	55°
Sun... 47°	33°	40°	Sun... 51°	34°	42°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, October 30, 1880.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

## THE WEEK.

SEA monsters seem to be the order of the day. A gigantic sturgeon was caught last week near Devil's Island, N.S., and brought to the city of Halifax where it is on exhibition. We give a sketch of the brute.

For a thorough appreciation of our front-page cartoon this week, we refer our readers to an editorial in last week's issue, where a full account is given of the great possessions which have recently come into the Dominion, merging British North America into Canada, and making the latter not only the largest country on this continent, but the largest in the world after Russia and China.

It is not only in Nova Scotia that gold is being discovered, although there the yield promises to be something quite appreciable, the latest "lead" being found in the western suburb of Halifax city itself. We give to-day a little sketch of gold nuggets, the contents of a good-sized bag, which were exhibited to experts

by M. DELERY of Beauce, who gathered them on his farm after five days' labour.

A LITERARY French gentleman, who has been travelling and making observations in Canada, has just sailed for Paris where he intends publishing his experiences in a work entitled "Several Arpents of Snow." There is a compensation of fate in the choice of these words to describe the richness and promise of a country, which the beautiful mistress of the King spurned with her jewelled sandals as only "*quelques arpents de neige*."

WE publish to-day a view of the point at Anticosti where the new telegraphic cable was successfully laid last week, the distance between the west point of the island and the mainland at Gaspé being 38 miles. This is a very great step in advance, and the Hon. Mr. FORTIN, M.P. for Gaspé, who has advocated the scheme uninterruptedly for years, deserves to be congratulated on his success. We hope shortly to be able to give our readers fuller details, with a map, of Mr. FORTIN's plans. We regard this work as among the most important of the present year affording protection to our shipping, and reducing the danger of accidents to a minimum.

THE crisis in Ireland is deepening. At a great land meeting in Galway, on last Saturday, Mr. PARNELL violently attacked the Government, refused any longer to deprecate outrages that did not exist and scorned any prosecution by the Government. At the same meeting, Mr. MATTHEW HARRIS virtually advocated the shooting of landlords—so the despatch says—and denounced some of them by name. On the other hand, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, son of the Prime Minister, in a speech at Leeds, intimated that if the indictment of the Land Leaguers should fail of its intended effect, the Government will adopt strong measures of coercion and resort to extremities which they are now doing their best to avoid. This threat is supposed to be semi-official and has, of course, created a great deal of excitement in Ireland.

WE have a habit of overdoing certain things in this country which is puerile, to say the least. The case of M. FRECHETTE is an instance. He has been banquetted in due form for his successes in the French Academy, but instead of being satisfied with this, his friends are keeping his name before the public in a manner which we must regard as injudicious. The Monthyon prize is a yearly one, and no undue importance is attached to it in France. That a Canadian won it this year is certainly an honour, but enough has already been made of it, and surely M. FRECHETTE'S undoubted talent does not actually need this excess of commendation. This looks all the more singular when we reflect that such a great genius as HEAVYSEGE was allowed to sink into a neglected grave, and that JOHN READE, the Canadian TENNYSON, and unquestionably one of the sweetest poets of America, has never received the slightest tribute of public recognition.

THERE is only one week more of the Presidential campaign, and when it is over, every body will draw a sigh of relief, because it has too long absorbed public attention. All the prospects are in favour of a Republican triumph. Three potential causes will explain this probable result—the old war spirit as against the South, the influence of 100,000 officeholders who have been working tooth and nail to retain their places, and the policy of Protection which the Republicans advocate in opposition to the Free Trade proclivities of the Democrats. On this latter point, the Canadian press has been amusingly perplexed in its comments on the American situation. Our Conserva-

tive papers naturally sympathize with the Democrats who are the Conservative party of the United States, but they cannot stomach their Free Trade principles. *Per contra*, the Liberal papers would like to say a good word for the Republicans, but it goes terribly against the grain to find that the most potent weapon of triumph in the hands of the latter is that Protection which is denounced so bitterly on this side of the line. We shall be much surprised if on next Tuesday, the 2nd prox., Mr. GARFIELD is not elected President of the United States. There is, however, just a chance that the returns may be so close as to throw the election in the House of Representatives.

MR. JAMES SHEARER, of this city, has submitted a plan to the Board of Trade for harbour improvements, which has excited a great deal of attention, as striking and novel in many respects. He proposes to have all obstructions removed, leaving a level bottom and clear run for the entire St. Lawrence to pass on the south-east side of St. Helen's Island, and with the material taken out for the channel build a peninsula from St. Helen's Island to Point St. Charles, a distance of 9,000 feet from bank to bank by 900 feet wide, thus raising the water two feet in the river and lowering it two feet in the harbour, making a still-water harbour, removing St. Mary's current, and giving a head of four feet for mills, elevators and factories and transporting of freight, and thus give ample accommodation for railroads along it to the Isle Ronde, a distance of three miles. It would also give a roadway across the river for all coming traffic by a bridge from St. Helen's Island to St. Lambert, which is 2,700 feet, thus obviating the making of a tunnel at Hochelaga, or a bridge at Isle Ronde. It would also make a highway from the city to St. Helen's Island and St. Lambert. This embankment would give a site for water-works with pumping power, and pure water for the city could be obtained from the St. Lawrence.

THE battle of King's Mountain, North Carolina, Oct., 1780, the centennial celebration of which is depicted by us to-day, was important as setting the tide of the revolution against England, which culminated in the surrender of Cornwallis at Jamestown, two years later. The grounds as they appear to-day are very interesting. At the foot of the hill is a rude monument, placed there years ago to commemorate the battle. On it is an inscription stating that Colonel Ferguson, the British commander, was there slain, and giving the names of some of the American officers killed. About half way up the hill is a sign marking the spot on which Ferguson fell. The Relic House was a point of considerable interest. Among the relics on exhibition were a wooden canteen and sword used by Benjamin Ormand in the battle. The sword is apparently homemade, with the words "Victory or death" etched on the blade. There are also etched on the blade several arrows shooting out of a cloud towards a crowd. Also a bible, printed in 1769, owned by the same man, and taken from him by the Tories; a piece of epaulet; piece of shoe-buckle and knee-buckle worn by Colonel Joe McDowell; watch-chain dug from Ferguson's grave; sword captured in the battle; powder-horn used in the battle, and a sword, complete the list. The latter is worthy of special notice. It is a fine Toledo blade, and has engraved on the reverse side the Spanish motto, "*No me embaines sin honor*," which is translated, "Sheathe me not without honor"; on the obverse, "*No me saques sin razon*"—"Draw me not without reason." Tennessee, through her Historical Society, represented by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, a commissioner, furnished, for the entertainment of visitors to the celebration, the sash worn by Ferguson in the battle of King's Mountain, and the sword worn by Colonel Du Puyster, who finally surrendered the British forces.

## NEW GAS WELLS.

A couple of weeks ago, a number of gentlemen visited the gas wells that have been found in the vicinity of Louiseville, County of Maskinonge, for the purpose of ascertaining their scientific and economic value. In the fields where these wells are found there are fissures in the soil whence the gas escapes. By applying a light thereto the flame rises to the height of three or four feet. The ancients of the parish affirm that these gases and flames have been known from time immemorial, and they were called *feux follets*, or Will-o'-the-Wisps. Several bags of the gas were gathered on the occasion, and one of these was transported to Quebec for analysis by the Rev. Abbé LAFLAMME, Professor of Natural Sciences at Laval University. That learned gentleman's report has since been published, and is of interest to the public.

The lighting quality of the new gas is not very great, but that defect could be remedied by passing it through gasoline, for example, which would divest it of its excess of carbonic acid, and thus carburetted, the gas could be used for illuminating purposes, but it would not pay to transport it to any great distance.

For heating the gas is much better adapted, and a gentleman, on the grounds, made a stove red hot in a short time by the use of it. There are a great many springs of similar gases in the United States, and several towns and hamlets are both lighted and heated by this natural gas which has the precious advantage of being cheap. These springs have been used for several years and the discharge does not show any appreciable diminution. The wells are in the vicinity of regions where petroleum springs have been discovered and there is much analogy between the position of those wells and that of the Louiseville wells.

It is intended to bore an artesian well in order to secure a more abundant yield, and a company is to be formed to give the new discovery a fair trial for commercial purposes. If, as M. LAFLAMME hints, the geological character of the Louiseville wells, which he places among the lower strata of the Trenton formation, should lead to the finding of petroleum, the matter would assume additional importance, because real petroleum can be converted to many uses, and can never be sold too cheap. Heat and illumination in abundance should be placed, as far as possible, within the reach of the most modest purse, and it is a question whether the designs of Providence have not ordained it so.

## UNDER BRITISH PROTECTION.

The following curious story is worthy of translation as exhibiting some of the strange phases of life which political relations may bring about. We present the narrative, out of the French, without comment. M. Philip Roux, a Canadian Jesuit, formerly of the Seminary of Three Rivers, was among those who were expelled from the famous French College, of St. Acheul. In a letter written from Stonyhurst, England, he gives details from which we make a few extracts:—

"As soon as the decision of the government was known in regard to the enforcement of the decrees of 29 March, studies were interrupted and all the French scholars, subject to military law, were dispersed in the different chateaux. In this way, out of 50 scholars that we numbered, there remained only 12, thus classified by nationality:—7 Canadians, 1 German, and 4 Frenchmen not subject to military law. The remainder of that week was employed in transporting to places of safety our pictures, books, linen, &c.

On the 30 June, we rose at three, and heard Mass, after which we partook of a frugal breakfast and took leave of the Father Rector. What a scene! After that, assembled in the study hall, we awaited, travelling bag in hand, the visit of the Commissioner of Police. This



functionary arrived at half-past six, followed by six agents and several mounted gendarmes, who kept the crowd from the door. After having in vain demanded entrance, the Commissioner unbarred the door of the parlor, where he found the Father Rector. The Commissioner was polite and respectful. In the meantime we had all been brought together in a long corridor, where the Commissioner joined in, followed by his indispensable agents. Around us was a considerable group of our friends—noblemen and deputies.

"Where are the British subjects?" asked the Commissioner. Then the Canadians advanced and protested in a loud voice against the summons that they should leave the house at once. And they added, "We appeal to the British Embassy and shall leave only if we are compelled by force." The Commissioner laid his hand upon the shoulder of each of us, and we went into the parlor where we drew up a formal protest and signed it. After this, passing through the crowd where we saw sorrow and indignation depicted on every countenance, we left the peaceful solitude of St. Acheul, to go to the railway station, and thence onward, asking of Protestant England, an asylum which was refused us by France."

We have said that we shall make no comment on this narrative. Practically the protest of these Canadians amounted to nothing, as England did not interfere with the enforcement of French laws, but the singular contrast remains of the way in which certain ideas are interpreted under a tried constitutional government, and one that is still in the throes of experiment. There is no country, under the sun, the United States not excepted, where personal liberty is better understood and practised than in England, and none the immunity of whose flag is more scrupulously respected. We quite admit that the circumstances of France are peculiar, and that we cannot judge her by our own standards, but it remains true that we have the absolute right to congratulate ourselves on the entire freedom guaranteed to every man, woman, and child by the British constitution.

#### NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

##### "HOW WIGWAMS ARE MADE."

(Respectfully dedicated to the "Boys.")

Dozens and dozens of former Hamiltonians who are now scattered throughout the Dominion, the neighbouring States and elsewhere, as well as hundreds of the present citizens themselves, will, if the above line happens to catch their eye, pause, reflect, and then indulge in a broad grin. "HOW WIGWAMS ARE MADE." It is a simple sentence, truly, but the associations therewith interwoven will have a more powerful awakening effect than would any half dozen important or startling announcements. To those who are far away, it will call to mind the days when they sojourned in Hamilton; each of their old friends and associates will pass in review before their mental gaze and numerous pleasant social episodes will be enjoyed over again. No matter what their circumstances may be to-day; whether fortune may have smiled or frowned upon them in their new homes, or whether they have any homes at all, their memories will teem with recollections of their old days and their inner thoughts will centre round the beaming face of one whom they used to call "Billy."

"Billy is one of the boys," said the chief editor of one of the daily papers, not long since, in the presence of a small but select company, and, it may be added, "Billy HAS BEEN one of the boys for some time, consequently it is safe to assert that the same Billy is pretty well acquainted in the city, and more or less known outside of it. Seldom do any of his numerous friends, or, indeed, any of the innumerable acquaintances of his associates, meet him without a vain endeavour not to smile as they remember his now celebrated story entitled, 'How Wigwams Are Made.'"

He never claimed that there was much merit in the story; it was a simple little anecdote of his own manufacture, a few of which he always kept on hand to launch out whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself. During all the years it was before the public it never met with anything that could be construed into a flat condemnation for the simple reason that nobody had ever heard any more of the story than its name.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet."

That may be all very true, Mr. William

Shakespeare, but there is one thing certain—no other name would have answered for "Billy's" story. Its name gained for it a triumphant success from the word "go." That popularity clung to it for years, and gained in volume as it increased in age. The author never had any trouble with it, never even had occasion to tell the story until a year or two ago. The facts in this remarkable case are about as follows:

Several years ago there was a circle of about a dozen young fellows who were all very intimate. "Billy" had the honour as well as the pleasure of being one of them. They were a festive crew, fond of joviality, musical, poetical, exceedingly mirthful, delighted in social reunions whereat the flowing bowl was not altogether allegorical and were, withal, eminently respectable. After many meetings of an exceedingly interesting nature, a brilliant idea struck (accidentally of course) one of them, to wit, that upon each and every occasion of a united gathering, each of the baker's dozen should subscribe five dollars towards purchasing a present for some one of the crew, not so much for its intrinsic value, you know, but for the associations connected therewith, &c. The new feature was a success and the club prospered. The programme at such gatherings was a novel one. No set speeches—no indeed—if any one attempted such a thing he suffered. Sharp sayings, interruptions, cross firing, flashes of wit; a spontaneous outburst of satire, irony, and mirthfulness. In due time a BRILLIANT idea struck another member, and when he had succeeded in disencumbering himself of the unusual burden, the balance of the party coincided with the proposition viz., that the club should give a grand dinner at which should be invited some twenty or thirty of their outside friends. Among others "Billy" had a poetic friend who lived in a neighbouring town, and he sent him the following invitation:—

"Dear old Friend,—A few intellectual friends intend having a little dinner on— evening, and I would be glad to have you with us. Prepare a little poem in your usual able style for the occasion, and I will be ever so much obliged. Let me know by what train you will arrive and I will meet you at the station. In haste,

"Yours devotedly,  
"BILLY."

"P.S.—I might say our ultimate object is historical. There will be many speakers. So pray pardon me for suggesting a short poem."

According to promise "Billy" met his poetic friend at the station and was not long in discovering that there was more vanity than poetry about him. In this he was mistaken, however, for he did not know the contents of his poetic friend's valise.

The dinner was a splendid affair. There had been a kind of mutual understanding among the members that they should behave themselves, if possible. The guests were a fine looking lot of Canadian gentlemen, and embraced newspaper men, lawyers, merchants, and not least in personal appearance amongst them was "Billy's" poetic friend. The evening was a most enjoyable one, every body seemed in the very best humour; toast followed toast, and song after song went forth and everything indicated that everybody was alive to enjoyment. At the proper time the happy chairman arose and in the most felicitous language proposed the toast, "The Goddess of Poetry, may she continue to put the finishing touch on the handiwork of civilization."

After the applause subsided the poetic friend arose in a most dignified manner, and while he was saying "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, on this auspicious occasion," he was carefully arranging twelve sheets of foolscap in front of him. "Billy" shuddered, but then he remembered the promise of his friends and looked happy. The subject of the poem was "The Noble Red Man of Long Ago." The poet found him some two hundred years ago and followed him in every stage from that day to this. Reader, were you ever at a public dinner? Do you know what it is to have the free, happy gush of a witty assembly interrupted by a long, prosy address that interests nobody but the speaker? Can you understand what is meant by the application of a wet blanket? Then fancy the feelings of that once jovial company. Everybody looked daggers at "Billy," the members of the club felt that he had played a lark upon them; the guests looked weary, there was a terrible feeling of uneasiness. The poem was finished but everybody seemed speechless.

"Billy" was the first to recover himself. Rising to his feet he looked around with a merry twinkle in his eyes and said, "he thought their distinguished friend, the poet, deserved the thanks of the company for having exterminated that red man in the short period of one hour and three-quarters."

A wag at the other end of the table suggested that the poet do now exterminate himself, and then began a fierce onslaught of sharp shooting and cross-firing, which ended in a tremendous charge of utmost confusion.

When the hilarious laughter was once more got under control, "Billy" was found still holding his ground. His quick eye had caught the drift of the tumult, he immediately decided upon a line of action. A calm, quiet, neat little joke was all that was required to recover order and put the assembly in its former trim. Yes, now was the opportune time to launch forth that little anecdote which had so long been hid away in his mind. Accordingly, waving his hand majestically above his head, he

shouted, "My friends, it all reminds me of a little story that was related to me by a very dear English friend who was, at one time, hunting in the Far West. It is a rather humorous scrap and he called it 'How Wigwams are Made'—'Sit down'—'shoot him'—'exterminate both of them'—'we have had enough of the far West for one night,' &c., &c., was the kind of reception that "Billy's" story met with. Do what he would the audience was determined not to have any more nonsense about the red man, or wigwams, or the Far West. He saw his mistake; there was nothing for him to do but beat an honourable retreat and fall back into the arms of his spacious chair.

The festive dinner soon after came to an end. Next morning the daily paper contained among its local items an account of the club entertainment, and among other things it said "Mr. Billy entertained the assembly at some length as to the architecture and manner of construction of those once useful commodities called wigwams, which we understand are now obsolete." The evening paper of the same day contained a report to a similar purport, with the addition that "owing to the lateness of the hour the balance of the story as to 'How Wigwams are Made,' had to be held over until the next meeting."

As can easily be imagined Mr. Billy had to stand a considerable amount of chaffing about his wigwam story for some weeks. But he was one of the "boys" and he took it good-naturedly apparently, and the more good-naturedly he stood it the more chaff he was supplied with, free, gratis by his acquaintances of both sexes. He concluded that he would get even with them some way.

One wet Sunday afternoon the gentlemen of the club were lounging in their comfortable room when "Billy" accidentally walked in among them. He had scarcely had time to put away his waterproof before one of them suggested "Now is the time for the rest of the wigwam story." It was a happy thought of the mischievous scamp, and in an instant all were crying out for the rest of the story. "Billy" stood for a moment smiling, and thought now is the time (in vulgar parlance) to get the "bulge" on the boys.

"All right," said he, "I will relate the little story on one condition, and that is that all solemnly promise not to interrupt me until I have finished."

"Agreed," was the unanimous declamation. "Billy" then slowly and deliberately drew from his pocket the same identical poem the "Noble Red Man" which his poetic friend had left with him in disgust. He read slowly for upwards of an hour when the bulk of the party remembered that they had engagements somewhere.

Next day both the newspapers contained an announcement that "Mr. Billy had completed the second chapter of his celebrated wigwam story and it is still to be continued."

There was nothing mean about "Billy"; he would not take anything that did not belong to him; he could not claim a victory under the circumstances, so he smiled and called it another drawn battle. Meantime the general public seemed to be taking considerable interest in the mysterious wigwam story.

A week later Mrs. So-and-so gave a grand private ball at her mansion and a majority of the "baker's dozen of the club" were present. The attendance was very large and there was scarcely room for all to dance at once. The lady of the house extended to our friend "Billy" a most cordial welcome, and so did the guests, for, indeed, they were all well acquainted with him. He was not long, however, in discovering that his club-mates had made good use of their time. It was not an uncommon thing for him to have some of the charming young ladies say to him laughingly,

"O, please do, Mr. Billy; do tell us how those horrid things called wigwams are made." If he popped his head into the smoking-room he was sure to be accosted with—"Well, Billy, old boy, tell us about wigwams," and so on, &c.

After the sumptuous supper had been partaken of, the guests were already collecting in groups in the spacious drawing-room where the Misses Krowndownskis and the Winterstanleybourns alternately entertained the smiling audience with delightful music. But even this, in time, ceased, and during the lull before dancing was resumed, Mr. Officiousness, a lawyer, went bouncing about the room and finally brought up in front of the hostess who was quietly conversing with Mr. Billy. After a word or two with the lady, he walked over, and, taking up a position in front of the piano looked as though he was going to address a jury. He was blessed with one glass eye, some false teeth, and very likely had considerable false hair on the top of his head. Smiling in the most bland manner, he said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have been requested by our hostess to call upon Mr. Billy to favour us with the last part of his famous wigwam story."

The announcement met with a right merry reception, and "Billy" himself could not help laughing. The company would not take any excuse and the lawyer with the glass eye, new teeth and false hair, was the principal spokesman on behalf of the company. In fact, he looked as though he felt that the company was under an obligation to him for affording them this rare amusement.

"Billy" looked about in his usual quiet way, and said, pleasantly,

"Really, ladies and gentlemen, there is no merit in the story you desire me to tell."

But the lawyer insisted all the more, and walking over he gently took "Billy" by the arm and conducted him to a conspicuous position in front of the piano and seemed determined to stand by him until he had succeeded in making a complete fool of himself. But Mr. Billy's wits had not deserted him; he was equal to the emergency and appeared to enjoy the joke as much as anybody in the room. Bowing in the most polite manner, he said a number of pleasant little things, which kept the audience in a state of merriment; he concluded as follows:

"I am very happy to say that I never had occasion to make a wigwam for myself, but I have confidence in the word of my dear English friend, who is now in New Zealand, and I know he would not tell a lie. He imparted the knowledge to me in secret, but as our friend, Mr. Officiousness, seems to be so anxious to obtain the information, I am very glad I am in a position to be of service to him."

I daresay that after a few trials he will be an ardent supporter of the opinion of my dear departed English friend, viz: "that the only safe and reliable method of making a wigwam is to hold it before the fire for a few minutes."

The climax was so utterly unexpected; Mr. Officiousness looked so seriously comical; the whole thing turned out so amusingly absurd, that the audience could not suppress the laughter for several minutes.

"Victory at last," said "Billy," as he blushing received the congratulations of the company.

And now out of respect for the memory of all dear old friends who used to laugh about (but not at) the wigwam story, I will be careful just now not to tell them who wrote it.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, Oct., 1880.

#### HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 18.—Pleuro-pneumonia is reported among cattle in Lancashire.—Russia is about to make a thorough survey of the Korean coast.—Trains blocked by snow on American western roads yesterday.—The Porte is contemplating asking Turkish bondholders for another loan.—Madrid newspapers are agitating a revision of the Treaty of Utrecht.—The Albanian chiefs had another consultation, and decided to defend Duleigno.—Prince Jerome Bocarapic declines to resign his pretensions to the Imperial throne.—Sitting Bull has sent in an application to surrender to the military authorities at Fort Keogh.—Major Carrington gained a great victory over a large force of Basutos outside Mafeteng on Friday.—Cardinal Casimiri, at present Papal Nuncio at Vienna, is to succeed Cardinal Nina as Papal Secretary of State.

TUESDAY, Oct. 19.—Negotiations between China and Japan respecting the Loo Choo question are said to be on the way towards a peaceable conclusion.—Public opinion in Athens is strongly in favour of tackling the Turks single-handed, without regard to support from the other Powers.—Upwards of a million and a half head of cattle, sheep and horses are said to have been destroyed in a terrific snow-storm which occurred in Buenos Ayres on the 18th ult.—The Viceroy of India has notified the Home Government of the evacuation of the Kurram Valley by the British, and confirms the report of Ayoub Khan having entered Herat.

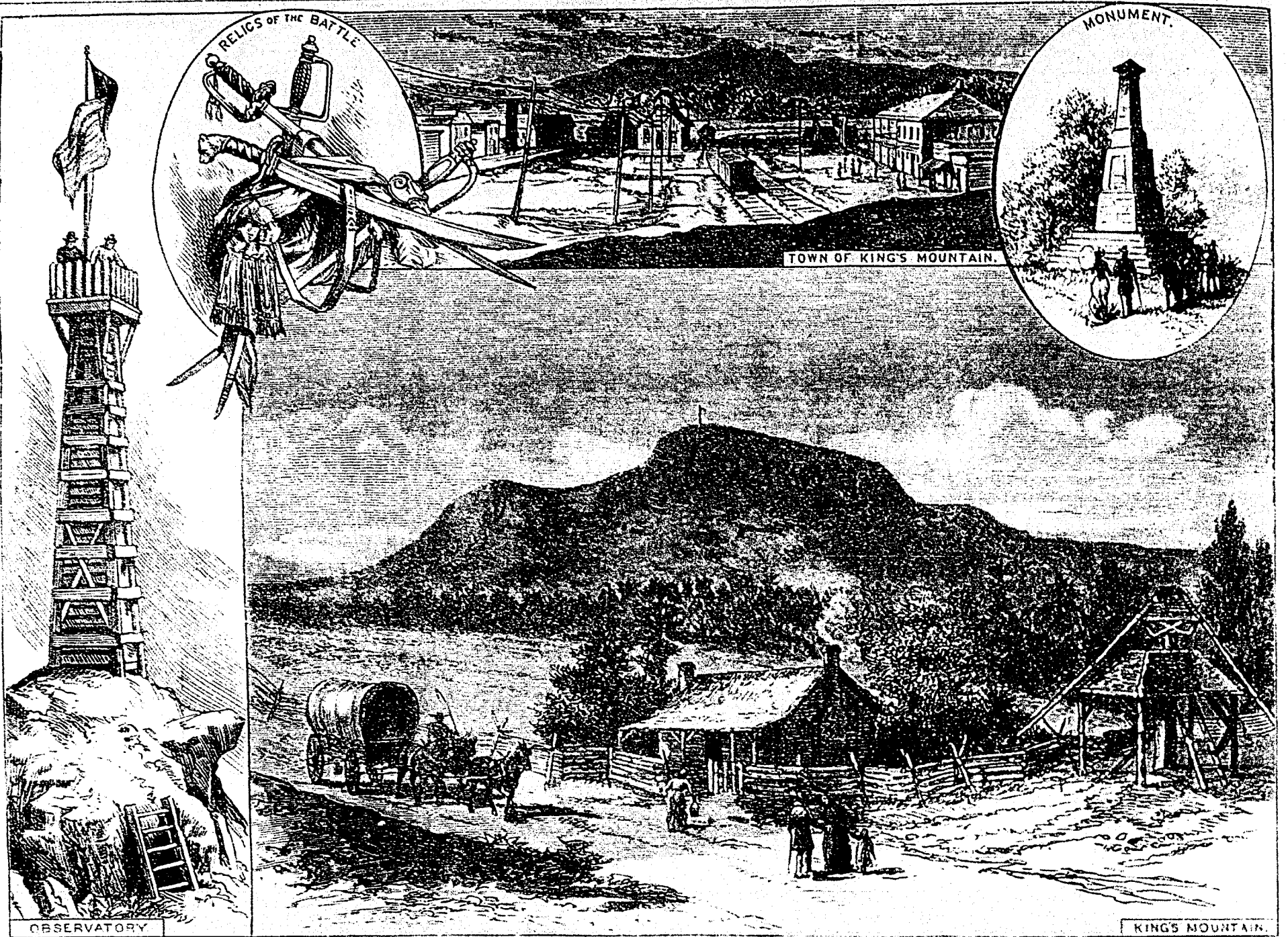
WEDNESDAY, Oct. 20.—Cold and snowing in London yesterday.—Teheran despatches say the Kurds are retreating from Persia.—The threatened bombardment of Peruvian ports by the Chileans did not result in much damage.—The English Government are said to be contemplating extreme repressive measures in Ireland.—The Christians on the border land between Macedonia and Albania are said to be ripe for revolution.—Cape Town despatches announce the relief of Mafeteng by the Colonial forces after a desperate fight with the Basutos, who lost 300 killed.—The military had to be called out at Rennes, in France, yesterday, on account of disturbance caused by the enforcement of the Carmelite establishment of the March decrees.

THURSDAY, Oct. 21.—Spain and Portugal have been disturbed by shocks of earthquake.—It is said that Bismarck contemplates the amnesty of insubordinate priests.—The authorities have found it necessary to largely reinforce the police of Kerry.—Count Von Arnim is to be temporarily released to attend to private business in Berlin.—The British Government have assured Greece of aid and support in obtaining her claims against Turkey.—A Dublin despatch says the Crown law officers are busy preparing the indictment against the Land League agitators.—The Bishop and clergy of the diocese of Cork have formulated a land reform scheme, and denounced the Parnellite programme.—Telegraphic despatches from the West say it is rumoured that the propeller *Europe*, from Montreal to Chicago, was lost during the recent storm on the lakes.

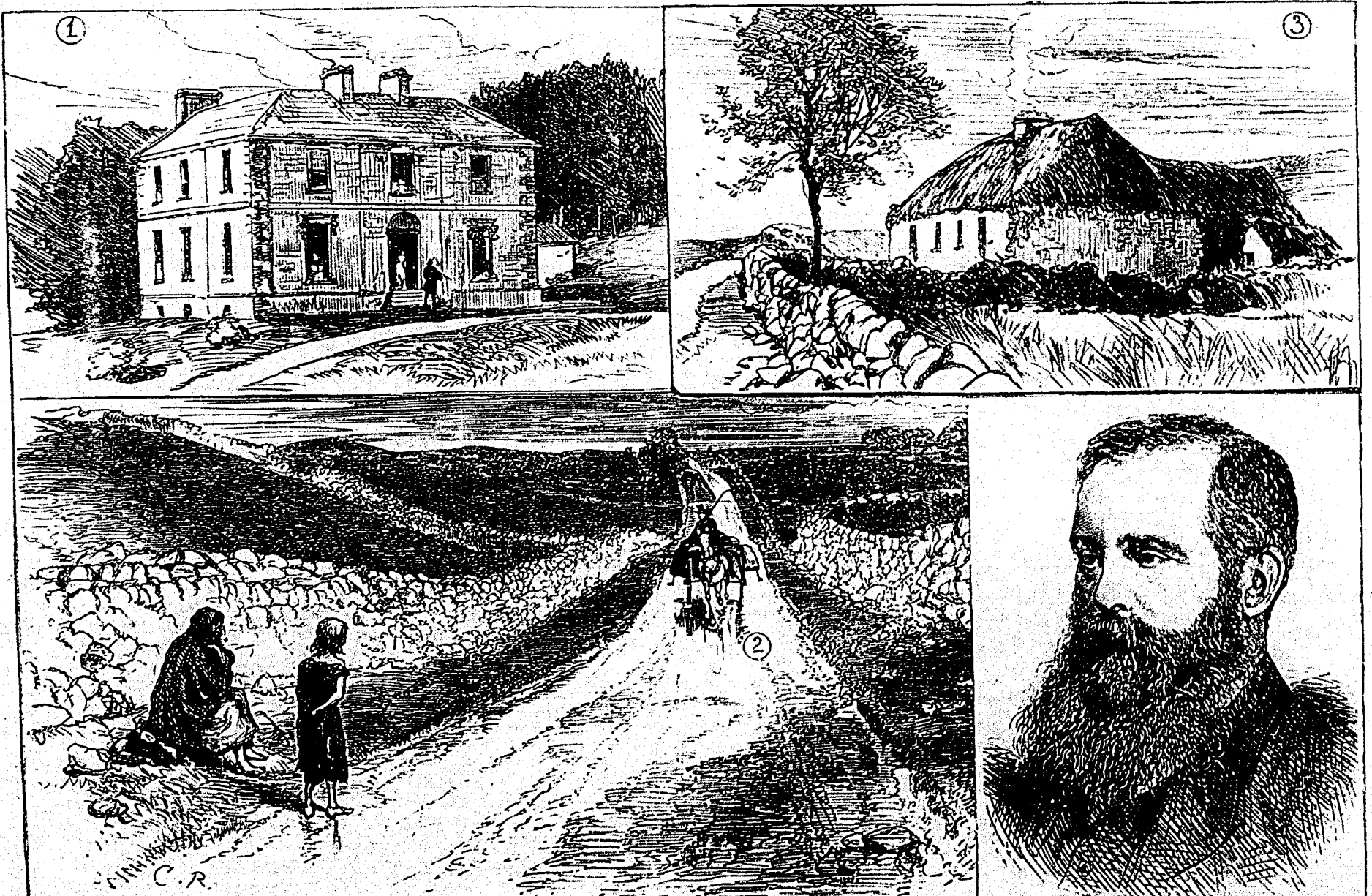
FRIDAY, Oct. 22.—The Servian and Greek Ministries have resigned.—The position of the colonial forces in Basutoland is said to be growing exceedingly precarious.—The Prussian Government intends to amnesty Catholic priests suffering from the provisions of the Falk laws.—The Police Commissioners of Rennes resigned in a body in preference to executing the March decrees against the religious communities.—The British Consul at the Island of Samos has asked for a man-of-war to be sent there, on account of disturbances which have recently occurred on the island.—The captain of the whaling ship *Tropic Bird*, just arrived at San Francisco, believes that the *Jeannette* and the missing whalers will never be heard of again.—Negotiations with regard to the details of the cession of Duleigno, which came to a deadlock through the impossible conditions demanded by the Porte, have been resumed.—Warschafsky, a Russian army purveyor, has been arrested for defrauding the Government of 22,000,000 roubles in connection with the army supply contract during the late war.

SATURDAY, Oct. 23.—Fighting is reported from the Russo-Chinese frontier.—The French Chambers have been called together for the 9th proximo.—The Czar has had a relapse, and exhibited alarming symptoms of apoplexy.—The Reform Club is said to have raised a fund of £270,000 for election purposes.—Shipwrights and engineers in the Clyde yards are asking a 10 per cent. advance in wages.—Riza Pasha has peremptory orders from the Sultan to surrender Duleigno within five days.—Sir Theodore Martin is to be a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University.—A number of Sligo tenants have been notified not to pay their rents in full, under pain of being shot.





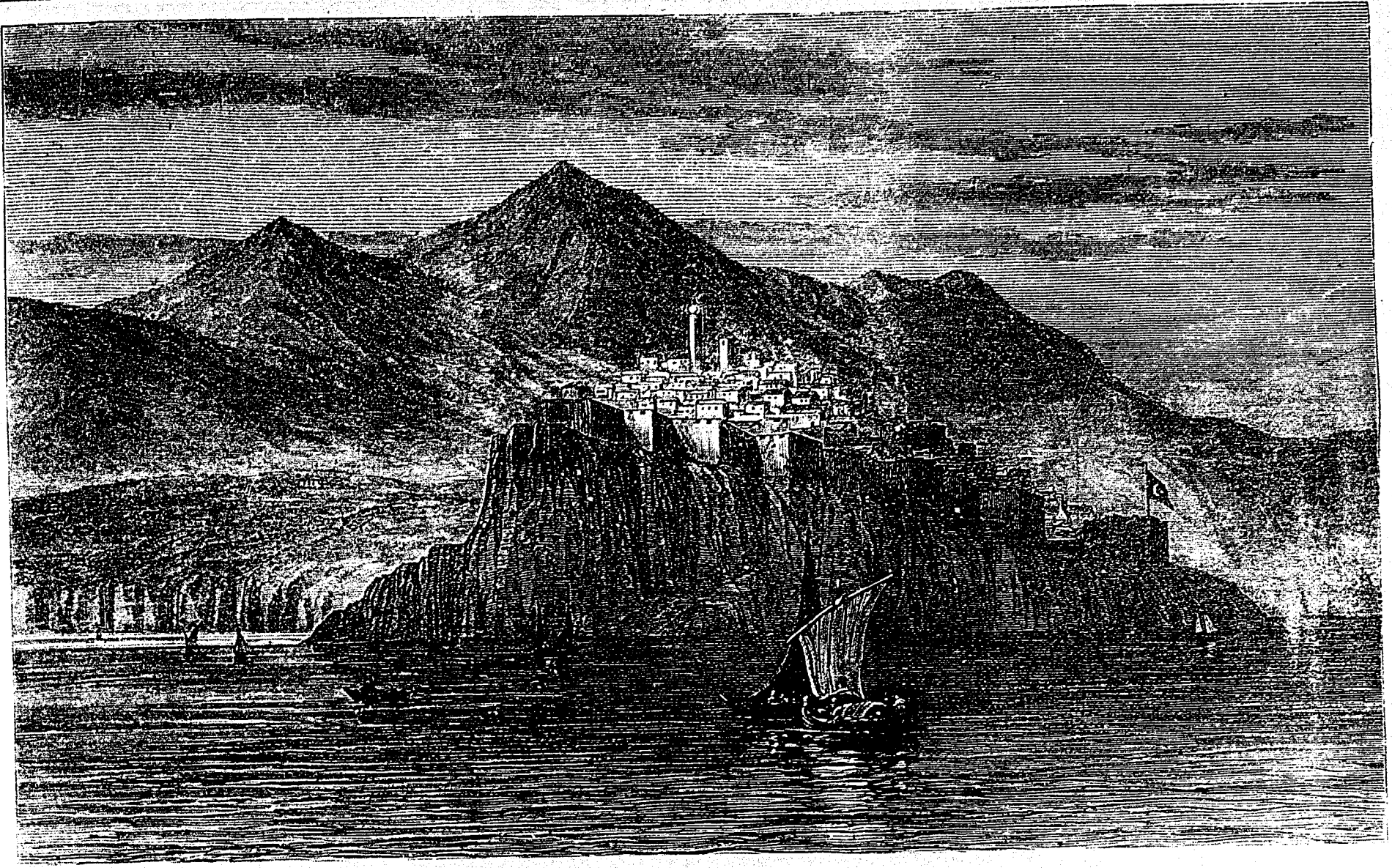
ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN, N. C.



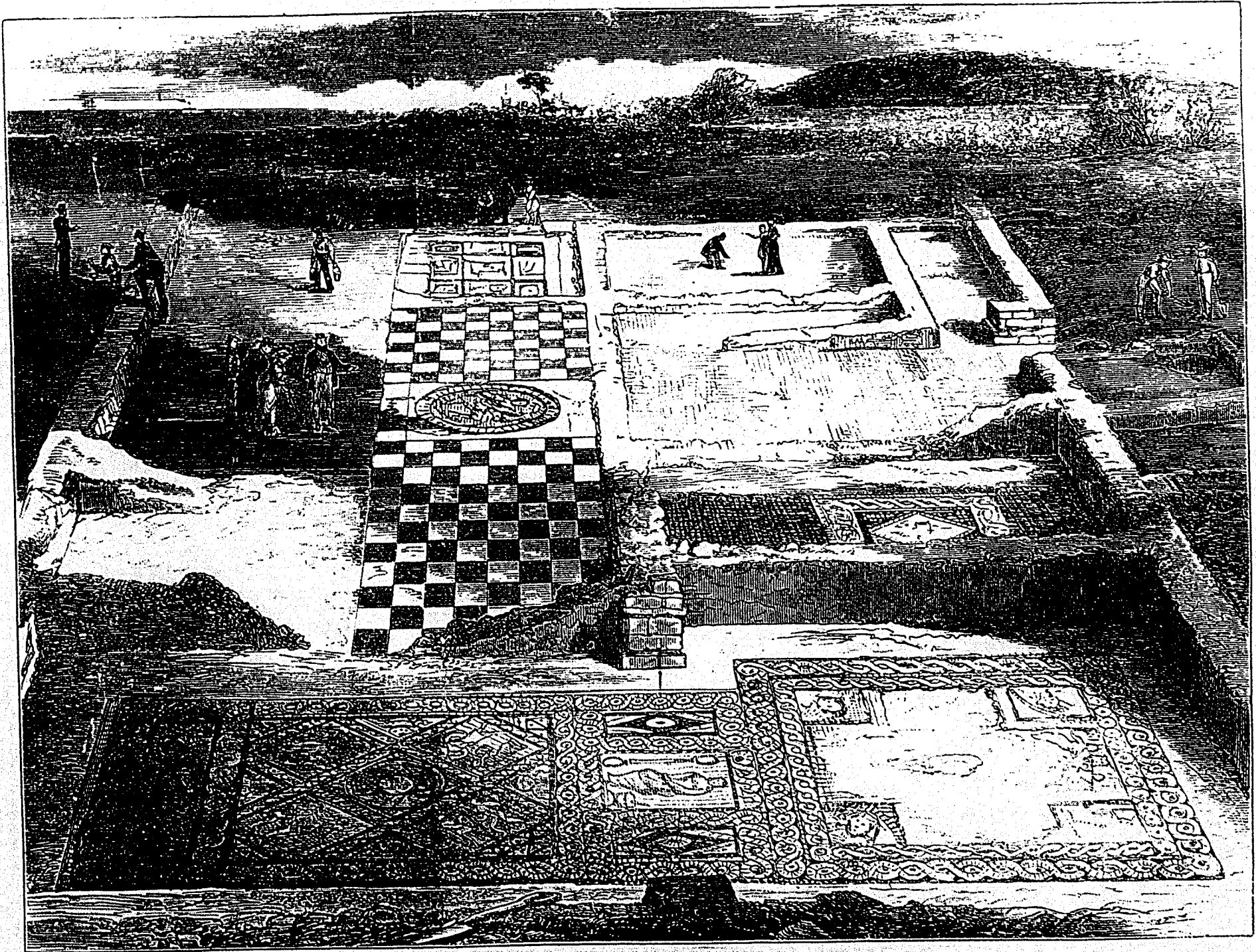
1. Ebor Hall, the house of Lord Mountmorres. 2. The spot where the murder was committed. 3. Flanagan's cottage.

IRELAND.—THE MURDER OF LORD MOUNTMORRES.





VIEW OF DULCIGNO.



ROMAN VILLA DISCOVERED AT BRADING, ISLE OF WIGHT.



## CANADA.

Prize poem read by its author, Mr. Alfred William Waterlows Dale, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, June 11th, 1879, and for which he was awarded the Chancellor's medal.

Hail, sons of Britain scattered through the world—  
In every land! For where have ye not come,  
And coming conquered, wheresoever day  
Follows the darkness, and the sun the stars!  
Amid the ruins of great empires fallen,  
With temples standing though the gods be dead;  
Among new nations struggling into birth,  
With the first wonder still fresh in their eyes;  
From the vast ice plains of the barren Pole  
To the rich palm-groves of Pacific seas;  
From desolation to earth's loveliest lands  
We wander, and we make them all our own,  
And give our flag to float on every breeze,  
And leave our graves on every shore and sea.  
But now from echoes of a lingering strife,  
From mountain ranges wreathed in cannon mist,  
Wide plains left desolate, and spread o'er all—  
Like a fierce storm cloud darkening sunny skies—  
The shadow of an awful agony.  
Let us turn westward, till the voice of war  
Dies in the booming surges of the deep.  
To thee we come; to thee, the latest led,  
And loveliest of all our daughters—Canada!  
Now ours, and ours alone. The power of France  
That held these shores is vanished all away;  
And he fierce strife are over, and the claims  
Of angry nations balanced in the beam  
Of Destiny, and ours is the award.  
Long months the tide of battle ebb'd and flow'd  
Upon the plains and in the pathless woods,  
The midnight gloom still blossoming into fire;  
The midnight silence broken by the crash  
Of cannon or the Indian's savage cry.  
Till the steep crags above the city walls  
Our soldiers scaled, and in the dead of night  
Heard the deep river murmuring far below,  
And saw the watch fires of the foe before,  
Islanded in by death on either side.  
But now upon the heights in loneliness  
Stands a grey pillar, telling all the world—  
"That here died Wolfe victorious"—nothing more;  
A hero's simple tribute; for the words  
Ring like a trumpet down the vale of years,  
And echo into ages far away.  
And thus we won the land, and year by year  
The nations grew together into one;  
While the charred ruins mouldered into dust,  
And trampled corn forgot the soldier's heel;  
And the sad memories of the bygone strife  
Faded, as fades a foam-streak in the sea,  
Or as a star-trail in the midnight sky.  
Then all the tides from the wide Northern world  
Set towards those happy shores; from every clime  
Men flocked o'er the seas to find themselves a home,  
Rest after suffering, after peril peace.  
They came from that dear isle where Fire and Frost  
Swear lasting truce and band their powers in one  
To make the land no home for men—fierce flame  
In heaven and underfoot the barren snow.  
Some came from Muscovy, when stern decrees  
Had made life there no life for nobler souls,  
That would not set a mortal on Heaven's throne  
Or bow in letters at the feet of God.  
Some came from Britain when the world went ill  
And drove them far o'er seas to seek a home  
Where the past's sins and sorrows all should fade,  
Where Fortune might prove kind, and o'cloud and storm  
Sick back from their sight into the silent sea.  
And there are some that dwell alone amid  
The woodland wilderness and earto their bread  
In solitude, but when the night comes down,  
Look up to heaven and see the selfsame stars  
They watched in childhood on another shore,  
And sometimes when the wind is waiving shrill  
Among the canopy of pines, their life  
Ebbs back again, and they are laid once more,  
Some Sabbath-day within the little kirk  
Built of grey stone half hidden in the mist,  
Father and mother and the childish crew  
About them, while without the ocean spray  
Blown from the sea patters upon the pines,  
And mingles with the music of the psalm.  
But year by year these memories fade away;  
They have no children in the far-off land,  
And home for them lies where their dearest are,  
Here they have kith and kin and wife and child,  
And graves of loved ones in Canadian soil.  
And who but needs must love a land like this,  
Where every passing hour bath its own charm,  
And every season its own loveliness?  
In winter the pure veil of feathery snow  
Down doating from the sky in noiseless folds;  
In spring the waking music of the air,  
And the world waivering through a mist of green;  
Then in the heat of summer the fall leaves  
And the deep coolness of the woodland dell;  
And last the forest all ablaze with pomp  
And glory of all hues, till cold winds come  
And strew the gold about the autumn fields.  
Here as we mount and leave the coast below,  
Lake leads to lake, sea opens into sea,  
Great waters hidden in the land and linked  
Together in a sounding labyrinth.  
One river chain still running through them all,  
From Northern ice-craggs spired and pinnacled,  
With gable and gargoyles, arch and oriel  
And subtlest maze of frosted tracery,  
Rock-based, rock-roofed, like some fantastic face  
Hewn by rough craftsmen in the days of old,  
And buttressed firm against the Northern gales,—  
From that cold clime they stretch into the south  
By plain and forest under the kindlier skies.  
There rise the masses of the gloomy pines  
Marshalled together to a solid front  
Against the fury of all winds that blow.  
League after league the stately line goes on,  
With now and then a hollow overhead  
Through which the light steals trembling, now and  
then  
Some sound amid the solitude,—the crash  
Of falling branch or cry of frightened bird,—  
Westwards and westwards ever till the day  
Breaks dim before us, and we stand at last  
Upon the prairie rippled by the breeze  
To waves and breaking in a foam of flowers:  
Vast busy reaches, sloping far away  
To western mountains, where a thousand peaks  
Flush to the crimson of the dawn's first beam,  
Or sparkle silver splendours to the moon.  
There rolls the great St. Lawrence to the sea,  
Sweeping by rapids and by cataract  
Whose thunder never hushes, and the gleam  
Of falling waters lightens night and day,  
By islands thickly sown as stars in heaven,  
Lying like lines on the river-bed,  
With clear-cut petals lifted from the wave,  
A cluster of unnumbered loveliness.  
There do they dwell and labour; there the axe  
Wakes with the warbling lark, and of eerily rings  
The livelong day, while the pines shake and fall  
And float into the stream to make their way  
By lake and river to the distant sea.  
And there they plough the plain and sow their seed  
Till the swift seasons make them rich return,  
While the wide acres glow with golden grain  
To feed the multitudes of other lands.  
Thrice happy souls! To whom the passing years  
Bring little sorrow and light clouds of ill,  
Far from the troubling tumult and the storm,  
Fear from the suffering nations ye abide,  
Tearless and passionless, and there in peace  
Watch the long days go down into their grave,  
And catch the dying whisper of the world.  
Of times we look amid this jarring life

And cruel conflict of our eager age  
To pass from tumult into calm like yours,  
And steep our souls in silence once again.  
For the very air we breathe is rank and foul,  
Thrice moulded into words of shame, and loud  
With sobe of children trampled in the press  
Of men that rush to clutch the glittering gold.  
We toll in vain, and our vast wilderness  
For all our labour thickens hour by hour;  
And what we fell by day the night restores,  
Stouter and stronger rising from its fall.  
And all our seed is scattered on the wind  
Idly to drift about the sandy sky.  
Or if some scattered grains have reached the soil,  
The harvest lingers long, and centuries  
Are seasons; others reap what we have sown.  
But we are in the struggle, and must stand  
Steadfast, undaunted at our post, and bear  
The growing storm. Did we fall, half the world  
Would make one ruin with us and one wreck.  
We cannot pass unmolested, as some lone star  
That in unbroken silence slips away,  
Or solitary swimmer in the sea,  
While the calm waves scarce ripple as he sinks.  
But seek not fame like ours; and go not forth  
To tread the world's rough path of power alone;  
Still rest contented with a humbler lot.  
Thy thunder may not labour on the winds,  
Thine eagles may not wing across the sea;  
But still thou shalt be blessed throughout the earth,  
When mighty empires be despised and fallen.  
Go, gather in the nations unto Thee;  
Call in the poor from every clime and coast;  
Give work to idle hands, and happiness  
To hearts that sorrow, rest to weary souls.  
Send peace among the nations for a sword.  
And leave us not, remembering all the ties  
That bind us both in one, and bridge the sea.  
Leave us not yet; and if dark days should come,  
And the shrill trumpet wake the world again,  
Stand at our side against the naughty foe;  
And send thy sturdy woodmen to the fray,  
Beneath our flag to face the iron hail!

## LOVE IN A LIFT.

Love pervades everything. It is omnipresent. Places and conditions absolutely fatal to every other human experience do not affect *la grande passion*. There is printed record of love in a balloon; and the scientific gentleman at the Polytechnic Institution will bear credible witness that love has not been found impossible even in a diving-bell. Much sweet courtship has been conducted in railway carriages, and the present writer, who has never tasted the honeyed sweets of "spooning" himself, once knew, however, an amiable gentleman who positively proposed, and was accepted, amid the awful gloom and roar of the Mont Cenis tunnel, and survived the strange sensation, and was married and happy ever afterwards, as the old story-books say. There is a farce, too, called "Love in a Fix;" but love in an hotel elevator! Why, the same hotel actually advertised that identical lift in "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" as having been constructed upon an altogether improved principle, and furnished with a patent safety-break which rendered accidents quite impossible. But love has laughed at locksmiths and patent safety-breaks from the time of dangerous Helen and heroic Paris of Troy to that of Miss Blanche Whitney and Mr. Frank Fairlie, staying at the Cavendish Grand Hotel at Spaville the other day.

The Cavendish seemed altogether too immense and splendid for love, which demands, as you know, my dear madam, cosiness and freedom from the scrutiny of unsympathetic eyes. There Cupid was exposed to public observation in the greatest caravansary of a notoriously scandal-loving and fashionable sanatorium. Love seemed impossible in the grand drawing-room, where dowdy dowagers and highly-acidulated spinsters stabbed reputations with their knitting-needles; utterly impracticable in the noisy *salle à manger*, with the everlasting "Yes, sah!" of the German waiters. In the conservatory there were always some gouty old men, scandalously wealthy, talking about the virtues of the medicinal waters which they had come to Spaville to drink; too lately, in many instances to dilute the numerous bottles of rich Regina they imbibed years ago. Even the hall porter was a magnificent personage, with a marvellous expanse of shirt-front. He bore a semi-ecclesiastical, semi-aristocratic appearance. You hardly knew whether to regard him as a duke or a bishop. You felt constrained to address him respectfully as "Sir," and wondered, with great fear and trembling at the heart, whether such a superior being would not regard your modest *honorarium* of half-a-crown with lofty disdain. One lost one's name and became a numeral inside such an establishment. I never heard Miss Blanche Whitney's number, but Mr. Frank Fairlie was, I know, "skied," as they say at the Royal Academy, in "No. 593." The figure, however, do not affect the story.

If the stately interior and sense of general splendour of the Cavendish was fatal to sentiment, not so Spaville itself. Spaville is the home of romance. The neighbourhood might have been specially invented for lovers. The shady pine-woods, which clothe the bold hills that close round the watering-place, like investing lines on every side, have serpentine walks; and even such a stern political economist as Mr. John Ruskin has written in *Fors Clavigera* of the deep, secluded, stream-silvered valleys of Spaville that in them "you might expect to catch sight of Pan, Apollo, and the Muses;" while, in addition to all this, there are beautiful gardens, such as that emotional impostor, Claude Melnotte, might have painted to the confiding Pauline, and asked, "Dost thou like the picture?" together with a dome musical with Mendelssohn's melodies and fragrant with flowers. So fatal, indeed, is the spirit of flirtation in these Hesperidean Gardens that the dome grows its own orange-blossoms for the numerous betrothals that are here brought about each season.

Miss Blanche Whitney and Mr. Frank Fairlie did not escape these facilities for flirtation. The young people were thrown into each other's society at the Cavendish. He had come down from chambers in town to kill a few days with his uncle, a wealthy silk-spinner of Manchester, who rolled in riches and a bath-chair, and whom Frank irreverently styled "the Cocoon" when speaking of his avuncular relative to Miss Blanche. Her papa was having the racking pains of rheumatic gout washed out of him at the hot baths, for which Spaville has been famous ever since the Roman occupation, and he hoped to leave his crutches behind him as a practical testimonial of the healing qualities of the thermal springs. Frank Fairlie was a good-looking, athletic, clever young fellow, broad of shoulder, blue of eye, blonde of beard, just a girl's ideal of a brave, handsome Englishman. Blanche Whitney, although she had not, perhaps, what a painter would consider a single perfect feature in her face, set it off with such bonny brown wavy hair, such animated hazel eyes, such a vivacious little mouth, such a winsome charm of expression, that she became absolutely beautiful, especially when she smiled, and smiling she nearly always was. No wonder that Frank Fairlie—who had in his time run unscathed the gauntlet of much female fascination, and had declared himself to be invulnerable to attack—was mortally wounded in the heart by Blanche. It was altogether done by her indefinable but irresistible witchery of manner. And now how leaden seemed the hours when they were separated: how fleet the time passed when they were together; how often they met "quite by accident, you know;" what walks and talks they had in shady wooded ways; how they whispered sweet confessions and confidences in the sylvan solitude of the limestone dales, with only the silent and listening leaves to hear their story!

They had just returned to the Cavendish one evening from one of these romantic rambles, and were as loth to leave each other as lovers generally are, from when a certain young couple in Capulet's garden wished each other "a thousand times good-night," to these steam-engine degenerate days of breaches of promise and divorce courts. They promenaded the deserted corridor of the hotel. That, at least, was better than, the frigid society of the drawing room, the unappreciative atmosphere of the coffee-room. Both our young people were in a merry mood. They were full of the light spirits and audacious confidence that belong to youth and hope, and love and health. After a few turns along the carpeted passage, Frank remarked, in his happy careless manner, pausing at the bottom of the hydraulic elevator,

"I say, pet, shouldn't you like a ride on the lift? It's perfectly safe."

"O yes," she said, with a gay little laugh. "It would be so awfully adventurous, don't you know?"

"Then we'll go up."

They started, and between the third and fourth station or floor *en route* stopped.

"It has been the dream of my life—" What more he said we shall not report.

The elevator had paused hardly a minute when the night-porter passed along the corridor. He noticed that the lift was not at the bottom as it should be. To prevent any possible accident, he fastened it safely and walked away. The occupants of the lift suspended *in medio*, like Mahomet's coffin, could move the machine neither one way nor the other. They could not alight on any landing. They were prisoners in a dark funnel. Perhaps they might remain in that terrible predicament all night. The situation, though execrably farcical, did not present its humorous aspect to Blanche and Frank. The affair was somewhat compromising, too. Frank had placed Miss Whitney and himself in a pretty dilemma. Coel and collected as a rule, in this position he was utterly embarrassed. What could be done?

Ten minutes afterwards a Scotch gentleman, the director of a bank which was soon afterwards notorious as the scene of a terrible financial tragedy, when passing the lift, heard a piece of money fall. Perhaps it was his thirty Caledonian love of the "bawbee," perhaps it was to avert the pecuniary danger impending, that he dropped on his knees and began to search the carpet diligently. He found the coin, and also one or two others which had doubtless fallen previously. They were two florins and a shilling. The bank director was rising from his devotional attitude when another florin fell down the hoist. Two half-crowns followed in swift succession, and were as quickly appropriated. Then lo! half a sovereign and a sovereign were dropped slowly; and he was greedily awaiting for more auriferous manna falling, when the manager of the Cavendish, a very little man for such a big building, put in an appearance.

"What is the matter, Mr. MacClosky?" he inquired. "I hope, sir, you are not unwell?"

"Oh no! I am just engaged in picking up some money which some one is kindly dropping down the well. It will help to pay my bill, so I am grateful for it," he said, with a Scotch effort at "wut."

"Why, the lift is not in its place," exclaimed the manager, startled at the discovery. "Where's the night-porter? Robinson?"

"Here, sir!" said that functionary, turning up with prompt obedience.

"What about this lift, Robinson?"

"Well, sir, I knows nothing at all about it, and that's all I does know, I saw that the lift was not right, sir; so I scotches it, and meant to ask the day-porter about it when he comes in

the morning, sir. I knows nothing, and that's all I does know."

During these explanations the ladies and gentlemen issued forth from the coffee-room and drawing-room close by. A few, noticing the Scotch gentleman still on his knees, concluded that he had been seized with a sudden spasm of illness. Soon an alarming report was spread. Curiosity and sympathy were aroused, and a small crowd of spectators, including Mr. Whitney, a severe-looking gentleman with no nonsense about him, and the "Cocoon," were gathered round the scene of this innocent comedy. Only too soon was curiosity gratified. There came from above an earnest entreaty, pathetic in its very humour.

"Let us down now, there's a good fellow. For Heaven's sake let us down. I'll give you some more to-morrow."

The manager ordered the bolt to be removed, and slowly the lift glided down with its confused cargo. Slowly her dainty *bottines* and his drab gaiters came in view; there was a glimpse of bronzed velvet dress and light tweed trousers. There was great twittering among the ladies. The gentlemen whispered ominously. Now Miss Blanche Whitney and Mr. Frank Fairlie stood revealed; he with a nervous twitching on a pale face, and she blushing and looking as abashed as does my Lady Teazle when she is discovered behind the screen in Sheridan's play.

Mr. Whitney glared; the "Cocoon" was white with rage. The angry father, in a paroxysm of passion, accosted Frank:

"What the devil do you mean, sir, by such conduct?"

"O, nothing," he stammered. "I'd b-b-better m-m-marry your daughter, you know."

There was a quiet marriage about a month afterwards, and the sun never shone upon happier bride and bridegroom than Blanche Whitney and Frank Fairlie.

But that lift is watched like a thief to this hour.

STREPHON.

## VARIETIES.

PUSHED FOR AN ILLUSTRATION.—The fearful effects of drink were well expressed to his flock by an Irish parish priest the other day. "What is it, me boys, that degrades ye to the level of the bastes of the field! Oi tell ye it's drink! What is it that deprives ye of your nerve? The drink! What is it that makes ye shoot at your landlord—and miss him! It's the drink, an' nothin' but the drink!"

THE QUESTIONS THAT WERE UNNECESSARY.—You haven't asked me all the questions. Now don't say you have, for you know you haven't!" said an American citizen to a Census official. "No," replied the latter demurely; "I haven't asked you, sir, whether you could read or write, because that would be an insult; I haven't asked you whether you were a negro, because I can see that you are not; I haven't asked you whether you are lame or blind or deaf, for the same reason; and I haven't asked you whether you are an idiot, because that is unnecessary."

A NEW STAR.—Mlle de Vere, the young lady who recently made her debut at the Grand Opera in the rôle of Queen Margaret of Navarre in *Les Huguenots*, has proved another prize for the management, which lately secured a treasure in the person of Mlle. Dufrane. Mlle. De Vere possesses a very beautiful soprano, which is at once powerful and flexible, and gives evidence of more richness of tone than is usually to be found in voices of that nature. The character affords no scope for dramatic action, but her gestures are forcible and appropriate. She is very young, of very pleasing aspect, and promises to become one of the reigning stars of the Grand Opera.

A CROCODILE ON THE BOULEVARDS.—The other night, about nine o'clock, the proprietor of one of the great Parisian boulevard restaurants was seen sighing and lamenting at the door of his restaurant. Some *habitués*, as they were going out, asked him what was the matter. "Ah, messieurs, four persons have just gone away without paying for a sumptuous dinner which they have eaten!" "That is unfortunate; but you need not despair so violently." "Ah," replied the restaurant-keeper, in a tone of deep distress, "it is not on my own account! I am rich. But my waiter, messieurs, my private-room waiter—the father of a family, who has nothing but his place to live on—he will have to bear the loss and not I!" and he sank down in a chair and melted into tears.

HOW THE PARSON LIED.—Old Parson S. of Connecticut was a particular kind of person. One day he had a man ploughing in his field, and he went out to see how the work was getting on. The ground was very stony, and every time the plough struck a stone the man took occasion to swear a little. "Look here," cried Parson S., "you must not swear in that way in my field!" "Well, I reckon you'd swear too," said the man, "if you had to plough such a stony field as this." "Not a bit of it," said Mr. S. "Just let me show you!" So the parson took hold of the plough; but he very soon had considerable trouble with the stones. As stone after stone caught the ploughshare, Mr. S. ejaculated. "Well, I never saw the like!" And this he repeated every time a stone stopped his onward way. As soon as he had ploughed once, he stopped and said to the man, "There now! You see I can plough without swearing." "But I guess it's pretty near as bad to lie," answered the man; "and you told dozens of lies. Every time the plough struck a stone you said, 'I never saw the like,' when the same thing happened a minute before!"



THE LEGEND OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

I.

"Build me," Archbishop Conrad cried To the foremost architect of Cologne, "Such a church as is not in the whole world wide— The dream of an angel carved in stone!"

A gladsome man was the architect then, Daily and nightly for weeks he wrought, Striving with compasses, rule and pen, On the parchment to fix his thought.

'Twas a quiet August evening fair In the year twelve hundred and forty-eight, When the architect to breathe the air Wandered out at the city's gate.

He sat down on the river's shore, And traced with his staff in the smooth wet sand, Portal and pinnacles, wall and tower The plan of his cathedral grand.

"It will not do," he said, with a sigh; "It should be fairer far, I wis." "It will not do," made a voice reply; "But say, sir architect, would this?"

A stranger tall with a sneering laugh The draughtsman saw at his elbow stand; "Give me a moment," quoth he, "thy staff." He waved it over the smooth wet sand.

And there the startled builder saw Such a church as never the world had known; A thing of beauty, and wonder, and awe— The dream of an angel shaped in stone!

"Sell me that plan! What'er it cost, It must be mine. I will give the whole Of my fortune. What dost covet most? My gold is thine—my life—my soul!"

"I have wealth eno''," the stranger said; "But come to-morrow, when sets the sun, And sign this scroll in thy life-blood red And the wondrous plan is thine. 'Tis done!"

II.

Archbishop Conrad sits alone, And sees the architect stagger in, And fall before him and madly moan, "Save me, Lord Bishop, from mortal sin!"

"As I sat at the city's gate last night There came unto me the enemy And showed a cathedral to my sight Such as human eye did never see.

"Pillar and portal and lofty spire, As by the fiend they were to me shown; Are traced in my brain in lines of fire— The dream of an angel shaped in stone!"

"Till I possess it I cannot rest— But my precious soul is the fee I pay. The sun is hastening to the West, And the fiend awaits me at the close of day."

The Archbishop's musing was long and deep; At last he answered: "My son, behold A relic that demons afar will keep, A bone of Saint Ursula set in gold.

"Go meet the Tempter at close of day, And snatch the scroll that he offers thee; With the sacred relic wave him away, And the sign of the cross, and he must flee.

"For ever Saint Ursula hovers near, To guard her city of Cologne, And 'tis to her honour this pile we rear— The dream of an angel carved in stone!"

III.

Behind the hills dropped the orb of day And turned the waters of Rhine to blood; Fearful the architect took his way To the gate where the waiting Tempter stood.

"Here, master draughtsman," he sneering said, Holding forth the plan and scroll; "Sign thou this in thy life-blood red, And thine is the parchment and mine the soul!"

"Hail! why dost thou fumble in thy vest?" The architect, with a desperate hold, Clashed the drawing close to his breast And waved the relic encased in gold!

He signed the sign that the demons fear, And round a sacred radiance shone, And in the air he saw hovering near Ursula, patroness of Cologne.

The baffled tempter hissed, "I go! Hear the church since the saints protect! But this is thy doom—no soul shall know The name and fame of the architect!"

IV.

Six hundred and thirty years and two Have passed, and at last, the work is done, Cologne Cathedral all may view— The dream of an angel shaped in stone!

Six centuries have the workers wrought With pain and patience to fashion well In stone and iron the wondrous thought— But the name of the builder none can tell!

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A POOR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

I have no quarrel with Fortune—quite the contrary—no crow to pluck with the dear old dame, so she need not trouble herself to bring any bag to put the feathers in.

And yet it so happens I find myself residing in a poor neighbourhood, one which at first sight seems, and for all I can tell actually may be, a great drop in the social scale, whilst no proportionate saving is effected, as far as pecuniary matters are concerned.

I gave up a large house—one which, to speak within bounds, was twice too large for my requirements—left a good neighbourhood for one which, though possibly eminently respectable, cannot be called genteel, and the result is that a reduction of expense to the value of perhaps ten shillings a week may be managed.

Still there are advantages, when a man is himself poor, attached to living in a neighbourhood still poorer. It is like putting on an old coat or easy slippers, or taking off one's clothes and going to bed after travelling for a long time by an express train.

If people could only think so, it is better and happier to be a trifle above their surroundings than the same trifle below; it is pleasant to set the feet down firmly after standing on tip-toe—to feel rates, taxes, rent, manageable evils; and to know, if you were sold up for any one of the three, none of your neighbours would regard the operation with amazement, or experience any other emotion as regards such a transaction save the purest and liveliest sympathy.

A locality where, if there be a failure in the water-supply, it is instantly concluded the gracious stream has been summarily cut off; where every one apparently finds some difficulty in making the two ends meet; where, in the simplest and most unaffected manner, people perform their household work for themselves; where no person is ashamed of honest labour, seeming to consider, indeed, the new-comer who apparently does not so labour as an anomaly, is, believe me, a better neighbourhood for the man out at elbows with Fortune than one where all around him are striving to appear richer, greater, grander than they actually are.

In London nowadays so little is really known of the state of any man's affairs, that the mere act of making a show is sufficient to stamp him in the opinion of his neighbours as rich; and it is for this reason that any thoughtful observer who likes to bend his steps towards what is called a good suburb must stand amazed to note the evidences of affluence, the enormous growth of luxury, the last twenty years have produced in the metropolis.

"Who pays for all this?" he asks himself as he looks at the magnificently-furnished houses, at the windows aglow with flowers, at the carriages standing at the doors, at the horses pawing the ground, at the liveried men-servants, the trim maids, the splendidly-dressed ladies, the very little children tricked out as, on the face of the earth, surely children were never tricked out before.

And then he remembers there are certain things called bankruptcies and liquidations and arrangements and so forth; and he knows pretty well what the end of all this pomp and show will be for many, if not most, who are lording it now.

He considers those who flourished like the green bay-tree and then were not; and he knows perfectly well, if he returns to the same neighbourhood in a few years' time, the bulk of its present inhabitants will be gone, and that a number of new-comers will be residing in the old houses, "making believe" more fiercely than the former tenants.

Now this sort of thing does not obtain in our neighbourhood. If there be one extravagance, it is "curtains;" they are all the same pattern, and most probably were all the same price; there is some variety in their arrangement, but it only consists in this—that whereas in some of the windows they are drawn close to the glass, in others they are hung so as to form the bay into a species of alcove. The visible curtains are all white; but after much earnest inquiry I find in some houses, indeed in many, coloured drapery likewise obtains. This is, however, in a highly ingenious manner placed against the wall, and thus the diverse beauties of the damask and the lace can be viewed separately. It was an old-fashioned idea that the use of curtains was to insure privacy and subdue the glare of a too strong light. We have changed all that. They are not for use any longer, but for ornament; if they were drawn backwards and forwards, if their trim symmetry were deranged by the hand of reckless man, they never could last a whole season clean, as is the case under the new régime.

It will be admitted, however, that a neighbourhood where "curtains" form the only tax society demands has great advantages over those more exacting localities where a man has to lie awake half the night considering what society may want next. Once concede the curtains, and you are at liberty to do what you like; nay, the curtains, though usual, are not actually compulsory; you would be better thought of if you conformed to this usage, but you may be thought very well of, indeed, even supposing you do not.

In a poor neighbourhood such as this there is nothing short of lying, stealing, or blaspheming you may not do with perfect impunity. You may haggle at the gate with a tradesman carrying his stock about on a barrow drawn by a donkey, and no one will think you mad. If you have a fancy for picking out four fresh herrings for a penny, you can do it an' you please. You may even fetch the dinner-beer or a pint of milk, and the proceeding will not be regarded with astonishment. It is competent for you to go to bed when you like and get up when you like, and do what you like generally if you can. You may have visitors, or you may have none—the mind of our neighbourhood will think either course perfectly natural. You may paint the outside of your house yourself, and society in our neighbourhood will not feel scandalized. If you go out early in the morning it is certain you are in some line of business which compels you to get off by a workman's train, perhaps with a workman's ticket. If you stay at home till midday it is concluded you are out of a situation.

Were you disposed to sit for your portrait as a gentleman of elegant leisure, it would avail you

nothing. In some shape or form we are all workers in our neighbourhood; there are no drones amongst us; we have all to earn our bread hardily; we all know it, and therefore nonsense about the matter would be quite out of place.

It is this total absence of nonsense which constitutes one enormous advantage of a poor neighbourhood to any one accustomed to reside where a certain amount of pretence is more or less imperative. In a poor neighbourhood a man may be not merely honest towards the world at large, but, a far more important matter, be honest to himself. He is relieved from the necessity of keeping up the semblance of competence when his pockets are almost empty, of considering the humours and tempers of tyrannous Mrs. Grundy, of fighting the battle his common-sense tells him is necessary against the foes which spring up at every turn in society to encounter impecunious humanity.

And it is a good thing to dwell for a time in a poor neighbourhood in order to grasp how happy men and women can be on little; to note the simple pleasures of their quiet lives; to learn what a blessing work is; to understand that he who is not afraid of facing Saturday night, who can honestly pay his humble way, may know such peace and contentment as many accounted to be envied sigh for in vain.

There are no pianos in our neighbourhood, an advantage not lightly to be overlooked. After suffering agonies at the hands of performers good, bad, and indifferent, ought the fact not to reconcile one to being poor at once?

Two harmoniums are the only musical instruments within five minutes' walk, and they are only to be heard when the inevitable practising for Sunday's vocal exercises is in progress. A barrel-organ occasionally strays into our neighbourhood, but not often. Happily we earn our pennies too hardily to waste many of them on the interesting foreigner.

Any one who comes to reside in a locality such as that indicated, having been previously accustomed to live in places where there is a gulf fixed between riches (or the semblance of them) and even the appearance of poverty, must find it advantageous to note the strides civilization is making amongst those who are to be our "future masters."

How well they dress; how neat in their persons; how cleanly; how well-housed!

Here, for five-and-twenty pounds a year, or even less, a man may command conveniences and luxuries many a great lady in former times would have sighed for in vain. And above and beyond all external evidences of progress in the courtesy of manner to be noticed in our poor neighbourhood—the carefulness not to intrude, the readiness to help, the kindly thoughtfulness evidenced in the nosegay of flowers gathered with the dew on them, or the basket of vegetables placed in some convenient spot for your acceptance. Now if you think that all these people, and thousands like them, have been and are pursuing their simple way through the world without any assistance from you, it may shake your own egotism a little. Their concerns are as important to them, as deeply interesting, as the Premiership to Mr. Gladstone. Their day of small things is of quite as much account to them as the Eastern question to kings and statesmen.

Not in our particular neighbourhood but close by, a butcher's shop is being built, which excites the admiration of many worthy people, who stand and stare at it as they would not stand and stare at Cleopatra's Needle.

The other evening two old men (gentlemen they are called here, where all distinctions of rank seem to have got shuffled) were discussing this triumph of architecture.

"A splendid shop," said one, "fit for a nobleman!"

And where, the reader may inquire, is this Arcadia? Ah, that is my secret, and one I mean to keep! Were it made public, we should have poor gentility swooping down upon us, and destroying all our comfort.

As already stated, one way and another, the saving to the writer of living in a poor neighbourhood is small; but the mental relief is great. Slippers and easy coats—pooh! What are these in comparison to being free from visitors and Mrs. Grundy, and the thousand and one crazing and irritating demands which, in the routine of daily life, in even moderately wealthy localities, tax the patience and try the temper of a man who has to earn his bread before he may eat it.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

The usually grave character of clerical experiences is sometimes varied by comic passages, none the less amusing, perhaps, from being quite unpremeditated by those to whom they are due. Though few in these days would have the bad taste to joke on things sacred, there can be no harm in noting a few eccentricities and contempis which are said to have occurred in connection with things clerical.

Of the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, vicar of Morwenstow, many good stories are told, in his life by Mr. Baring-Gould. When young, he was a very tricky fellow, and kept most people around him in hot water. At Stratton, where his father lived, there was a grocer whom the young trickster delighted in teasing. "He would dive into the shop," says his biographer, "catch hold of the end of thread that curled out of the tin in which the shopkeeper kept the ball of twine with which he tied up his parcels, and race with it in his hand down the

street, then up a lane and down another, till he had uncoiled it all, and laced Stratton in a cobweb of twine, tripping up people as they went along the streets." After Mr. Hawker was appointed vicar of Morwenstow the untidy condition of the church affected one of his curates, a man of a somewhat domineering character, to such an extent that one day the latter swept up all the rubbish he could find in the church, old decorations of the previous Christmas, decayed southernwood and roses of the foregoing midsummer festivity, scraps of old Bibles, prayer-books, and manuscript scraps of poetry, match-ends, candle-ends, etc., and having filled a barrow with all these sundries, he wheeled it down to the vicarage door, rang the bell, and asked for Mr. Hawker. The vicar came into the porch. "This," said the curate, "is the rubbish I have found in your church." "Not all," said Mr. Hawker. "Complete the pile by seating yourself on the top, and I will see to the whole being shot speedily."

The Literary Churchman gives an amusing anecdote of Mr. Hawker, who was walking one day on the cliffs near Morwenstow with the Rev. Mr. W—, when a gust of wind took off Mr. W—'s hat, and carried it over the cliff. Within a week or two, a Methodist preacher at Truro was discoursing on "Prayer," and in his sermon he said: "I would not have you, dear brethren, confine your supplications to spiritual blessings; but ask also for temporal favours. I will illustrate my meaning by relating an incident that happened to myself ten days ago. I was on the shore of a cove near a little insignificant place in North Cornwall named Morwenstow, and about to proceed to Bude. Shall I add, my Christian friends, that I had on my head at the time a shocking bad hat—that I somewhat blushed to think of entering that harbour-town and watering-place so ill-adorned as to my head? Then I lifted up a prayer for covering more suited to my head. At that solemn moment I raised my eyes and saw in the spacious firmament on high—the blue ethereal sky—a black spot. It approached—it largened—it widened—it fell at my feet. It was a brand-new hat by a celebrated London maker! I cast my battered heaver to the waves, my Christian friends, and walked into Bude as fast as I could with a new hat on my head."

The incident got into the Methodist Reporter or some such paper under the heading of "Remarkable Answer to Prayer." "And," said the vicar, "the rascal made off with Mr. W—'s new hat. There was no reaching him, for we were on the cliff, and could not descend the precipice. He was deaf enough, I promise you, to our shouts."

Archdeacon Wilberforce having come into the neighbourhood to advocate the cause of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, met Mr. Hawker. "Look here," said the Archdeacon: "I have to speak at the meeting at Stratton to-night; and I am told that there is a certain Mr. Knight who will be on the platform, and is a weariful speaker. I have not much time to spare. Is it possible by a hint to reduce him to reasonable limits?" Mr. Hawker said it was utterly impossible—he was irrepressible. "But," he added, "leave him to me, and he will not trouble you." At the meeting, this Mr. Knight was on the platform waiting for his opportunity to rise. "Ah, Knight," said Mr. Hawker in a whisper, "the Archdeacon has left his watch behind, and mine is also at home; will you lend yours for timing the speeches?" With some hesitation Mr. Knight did so, handing him his gold repeater, with bunch of seals attached. Presently Mr. Knight rose to speak. Now the latter gentleman was accustomed when addressing a public audience to dangle his bunch of seals round and round in his left hand. Directly he began his oration, his hand went instinctively to his fob in quest of the bunch. It was not there. He stammered and felt again, floundered in his speech, and after a few feeble efforts to recover himself, gave in, and resumed his seat.

Mr. Hawker frequently acted as postman for his parishioners; and after service on Sunday, a distribution took place in the porch, when he not only delivered, but had also frequently to read, the letters. On one occasion he was reading a letter to an old woman of Wellcombe, whose son was in Brazil. Part of the letter ran as follows: "I cannot tell you, dear mother, how the muskitties (mosquitoes) torment me. They never leave me alone, but pursue me everywhere—"

"To think of that!" interrupted the old woman. "My Ezekiel must be a handsome lad! But I am interrupting. Do you go on please, parson."

"Indeed, dear mother," continued the vicar, reading, "I shut my door and window of an evening to keep them out of my room."

"Dear life!" exclaimed the old woman; "what will the world come to next?"

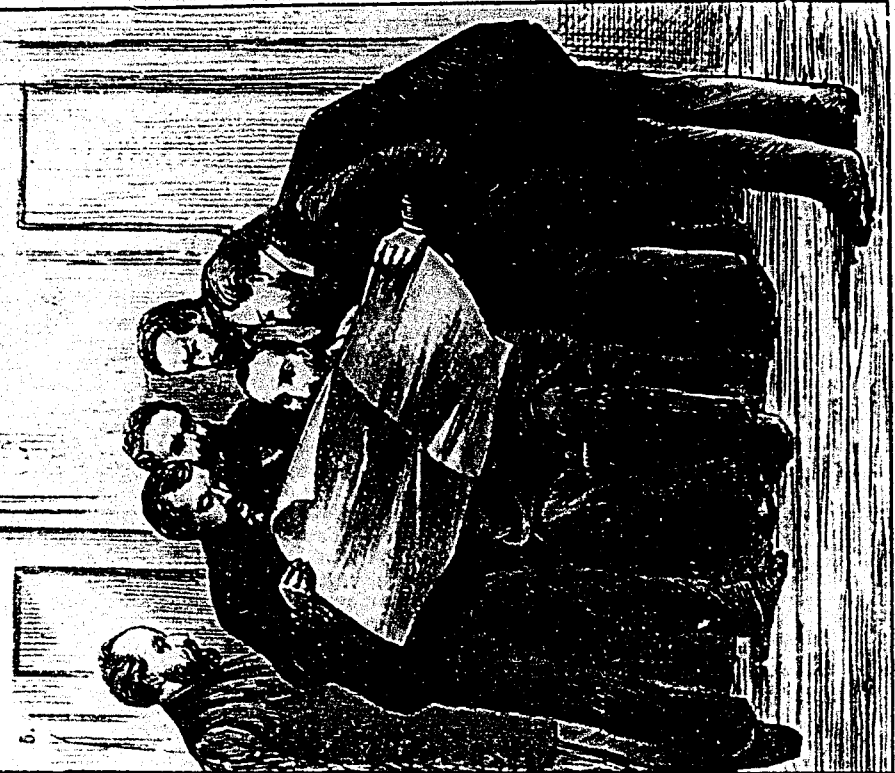
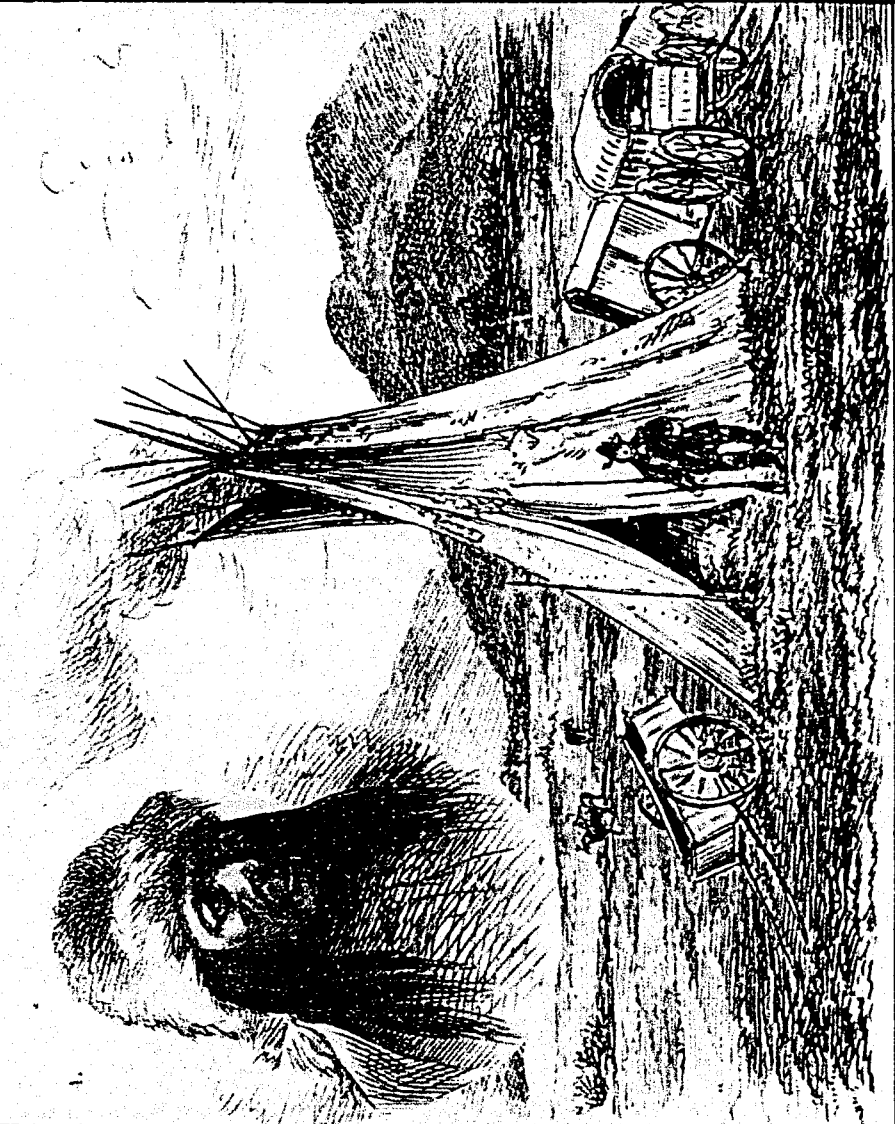
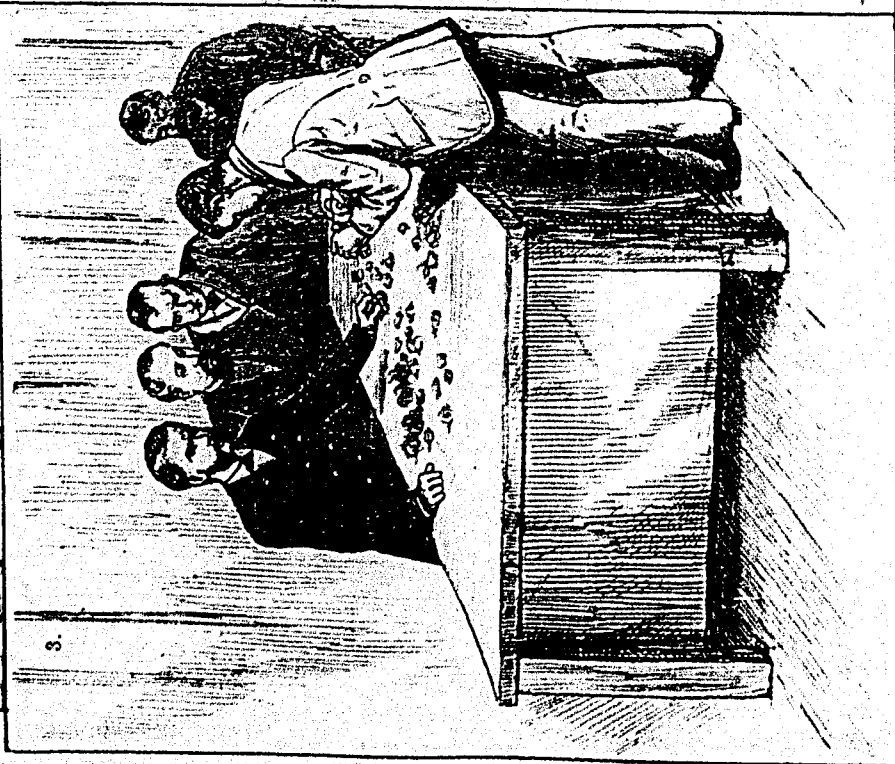
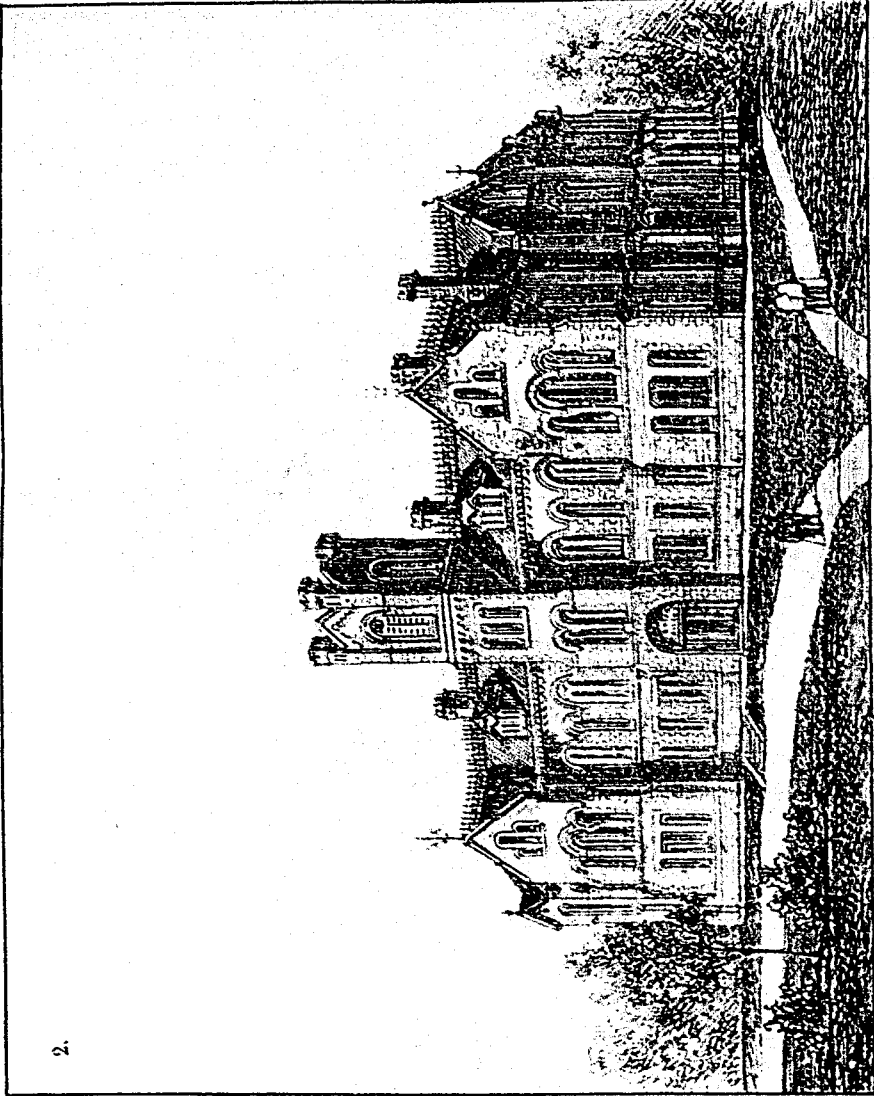
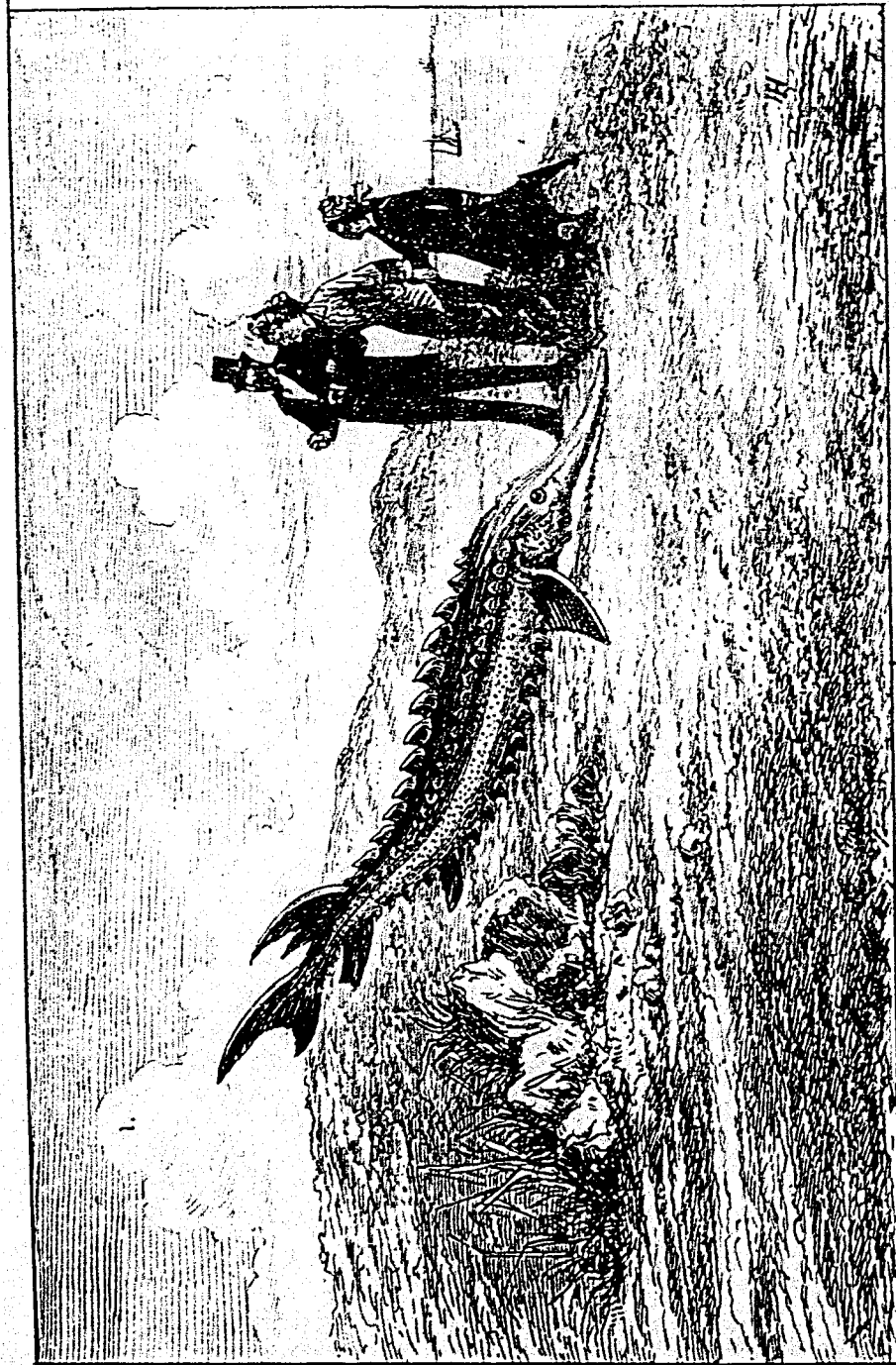
"And yet," continued the vicar, "they do not leave me alone. I believe they come down the chimney to get at me."

"Well, well now parson," exclaimed the mother, holding up her hands; "to think how forward of them!"

"Of whom?"

"Why, the Miss Kitties, sure. When I were young, maidens would have blushed to do such a thing. And come down the chimney, too!" After a pause, the mother's pride overmastering a sense of what befitted her sex: "But Ezekiel must be rare handsome for the maidens to be after him so. And, I reckon, the Miss Kitties will be quality folk too."

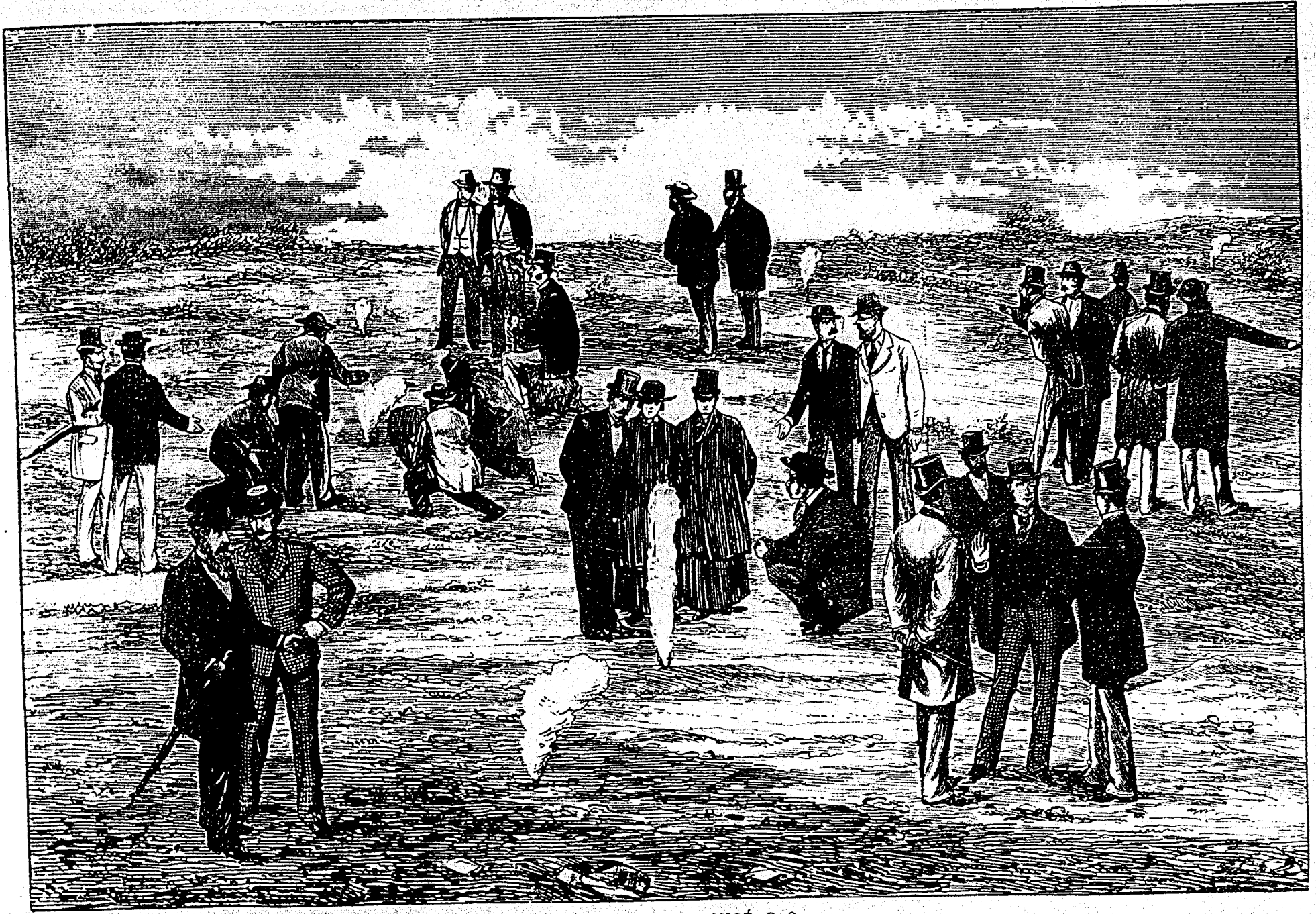




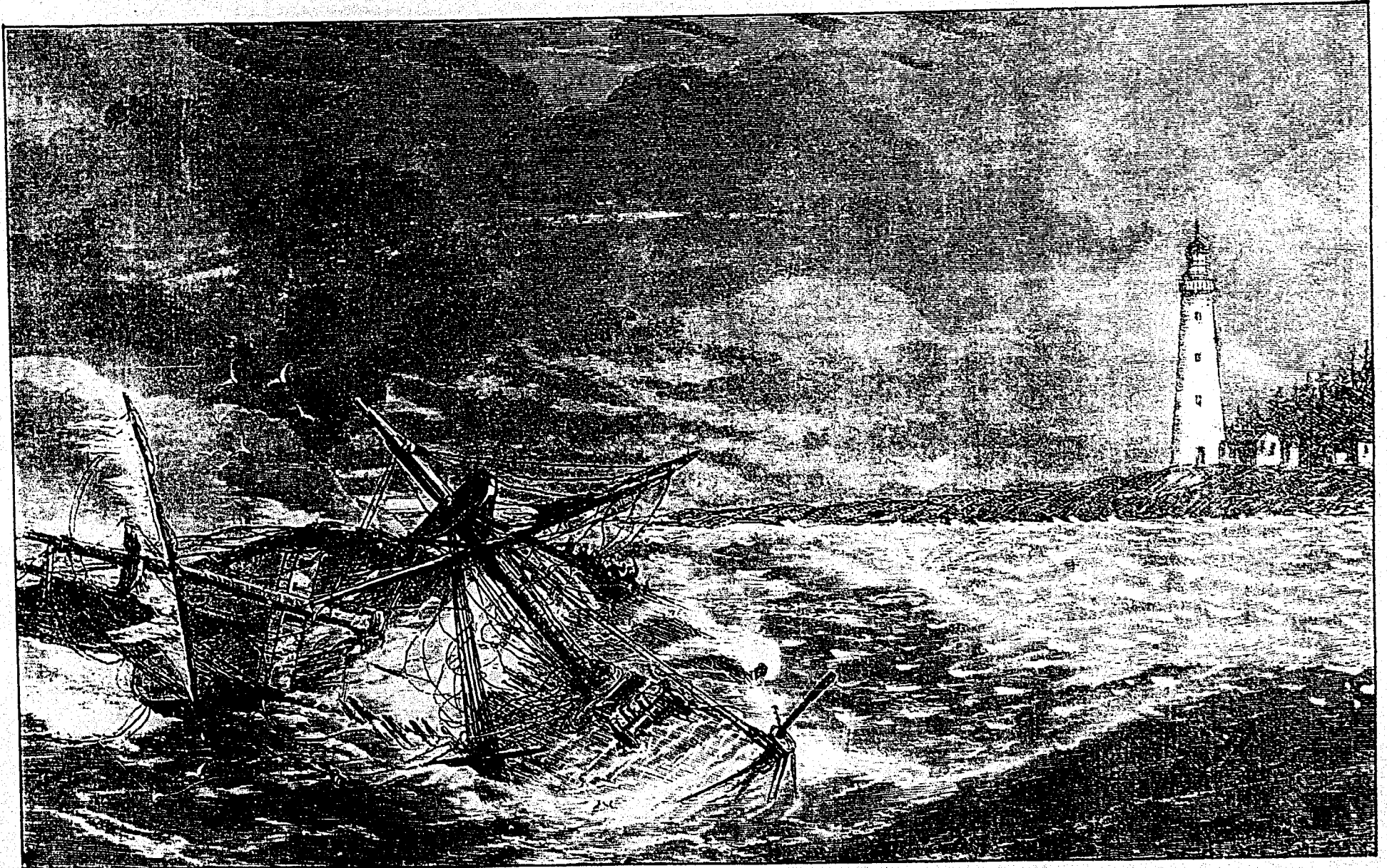
1. MONSTER STURGEON CAUGHT AT DEVIL'S ISLAND, N. S. 2. THE NEW BUILDING OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, JUST INAUGURATED. 3. GOLDEN SUGGETS, FOUND AT BRUCE, E. N. 4. SITTING HULL AND HIS TRAVELLING OUTFIT. 5. DISCUSSING THE SHEARER PENINSULAR SCHEME.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.





GAS WELLS AT MASKINONGÉ, P. Q.



THE POINT AT ANTICOSTI WHERE THE NEW SUBMARINE CABLE, ON HON. MR. FORTIN'S PLAN, IS LANDED.



# WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

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

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### CERTAINTY.

Next morning there is a lively commotion on board. The squally, blustering-looking skies, the glimpses of the white horses out there on the driven green sea, and the fresh northerly breeze that comes in gusts and swirls about the rigging—all tell us that we shall have some hard work before we pierce the Doruis Mohr.

"You won't want for wind to-day, Captain John," says the Youth, who is wanting to give the men a hand at the windlass.

"Deed no," says John of Skye, with a grim smile. "This is the kind of day that Dr. Sutherland would like, and the *White Dove* going through the Doruis Mohr, too!"

However, the Laird seems to take no interest in what is going forward. All the morning he has been silent and pre-occupied, occasionally approaching his hostess, but never getting an opportunity of speaking with her alone. At last, when he observes that every one is on deck, and eagerly watching the *White Dove* getting under way, he covertly and quietly touches our Admiral on the arm.

"I would speak to ye below for a moment, ma'am," he says, in a whisper.

And so, unnoticed amid all this bustle, she follows him down into the saloon, wondering not a little. And as soon as he has shut the door he plunges in *medias res*.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I must speak to ye. It is about your friend Miss Mary; have ye not observed that she is sorely troubled about something, though she puts a brave face on it, and will not acknowledge it? Have ye not seen it—have ye not guessed that she is grievously troubled about some matter or other?"

"I have guessed it," said the other.

"Poor lass! poor lass!" said the Laird; and then he added, thoughtfully: "It is no small matter that can affect so light-hearted a creature; that is what I want to ask ye. Do ye know? Have ye guessed? Surely it is something that some of us can help her with. Indeed, it just distresses me beyond measure to see that trouble in her face; and when I see her try to conceal it, and to make believe that everything is well with her, I feel as if there was nothing I would not do for the poor lass."

"But I don't think either you or I can help. Young people must manage their affairs for themselves," says his hostess, somewhat coldly.

"But what is it?—what is it? What is troubling her?"

Queen Titania regards him for a moment, apparently uncertain as to how far she should go. At last she says:

"Well, I am not revealing any confidence of Mary's, for she has told me nothing about it. But I may as well say at once that when we were in West Loch Tarbert, Dr. Sutherland asked her to be his wife; and she refused him. And now I suppose she is breaking her heart about it."

"Dear me! dear me!" says the Laird, with eyes open wide.

"It is always the way with girls," says the other, with a cruel cynicism. "Whether they say 'Yes' or 'No,' they are sure to cry over it. And naturally; for whether they say 'Yes' or 'No,' they are sure to have made an irretrievable blunder."

The Laird is slowly recovering from his first shock of surprise.

"But if she did refuse him, surely that is what any one would have expected! There is nothing singular in that."

"Pardon me; I think there is something very singular," she says, warmly. "I don't see how any one could have been with those two up in the North, and not perceived that there was an understanding between them. If any girl ever encouraged a man, she did. Why, sir, when you proposed that your nephew should come with us, and make love to Mary, I said, 'Yes,' because I thought it would be merely a joke. I thought he would please you by consenting, and not harm anybody else. But now it has turned out quite different, and Angus Sutherland has gone away."

And at this there was a return of the proud and hurt look into her eyes. Angus was her friend; she had not expected this idle boy would have supplanted him.

The Laird was greatly disturbed. The beautiful picture that he had been painting for himself during this summer idleness of ours—filling in the details with a lingering and loving care—seemed to fade away into impalpable mist, and he was confronted by blank chaos. And this, too, just at the moment when the departure of the doctor appeared to render all his plans doubly secure.

He rose.

"I will think over it, ma'am," he said, slowly. "I am obliged to ye for your information; perhaps I was not as observant as I should have been."

Then she sought to stay him for a moment.

"Don't you think, sir," she said, timidly, "it would be better for neither you nor I to interfere?"

The Laird turned.

"I made a promise to the lass," said he, quite simply, "one night we were in Loch Leven, and she and I were walking on the deck, that when she was in trouble I would try to help her; and I will not break my promise through any fear of being called an intermeddler. I will go to the girl myself—when I have the opportunity; and if she prefers to keep her own counsel—if she thinks I am only an old Scotch fool who should be minding my own business—I will not grumble."

And again he was going away, when again she detained him.

"I hope you do not think I spoke harshly of Mary," said she, penitentially. "I own that I was a little disappointed. And it seemed so certain. But I am sure she has sufficient reason for whatever she has done, and that she believes she is acting rightly."

"Of that there is no doubt," said he, promptly. "The girl has just a wonderful clear notion of doing what she ought to do; and nothing would make her flinch." Then he added, after a second: "But I will think over it, and then go to herself. Perhaps she feels lonely, and does not know that there is a home awaiting her at Denny-mains."

So both of them went on deck again, and found that the *White Dove* was already sailing away from the Trossachslike shores of Loch Crinan, and getting farther out into this squally green sea. There were bursts of sunlight flying across the rocks and the white-tipped waves, but ordinarily the sky was overcast, masses of gray and silvery clouds coming swinging along from the north.

Then the Laird showed himself discreet "before folk." He would not appear to have any designs on Mary Avon's confidences. He talked in a loud and confident fashion to John of Skye, about the weather, and the Doruis Mohr, and Corrievrechan. Finally he suggested, in a facetious way, that as the younger men had occasionally had their turn at the helm, he might have his now, for the first time.

"If ye please, sir," said Captain John, relinquishing the tiller to him with a smile of thanks, and going forward to have a quiet pipe.

But the Laird seemed a little bit confused by the rope which John had confided to him. In a light breeze, and with his hand on the tiller, he might have done very well; but this looped rope, to which he had to cling so as to steady himself, seemed puzzling. And almost at the same time the *White Dove* began to creep up to the wind, and presently the sails showed an ominous quiver.

"Keep her full, sir," said John of Skye, turning round.

But instead of that, the sails flapped more and more; there was a rattling of blocks; two men came tumbling up from the fore-castle, thinking the yacht was being put about.

"Shove your hand from ye, sir!" called out the skipper to the distressed steersman; and this somewhat infantine direction soon put the vessel on her course again.

In a few minutes thereafter John of Skye put his pipe in his waistcoat pocket.

"We'll let her about now, sir," he called to the Laird.

The two men who happened to be on deck went to the jib-sheets, John himself leisurely proceeding to stand by the weather fore-sheet. Then, as the Laird seemed still to await further orders, he called out,

"Helm hard down, sir, if ye please!"

But this rope bothered the Laird. He angrily untwisted it, let it drop on the deck, and then with both hands endeavoured to jam the tiller toward the weather bulwarks, which were certainly nearer to him than the lee bulwarks.

"The other way, sir!" Mary Avon cried to him, anxiously.

"Bless me! bless me! Of course!" he cried, in return; and then he let the tiller go, and just managed to get out of its way as it swung to leeward. And then as the bow sheered round, and the *White Dove* made away for the mouth of Loch Craignish on the port tack, he soon discovered the use of the weather tiller-rope, for the wind was now blowing hard, and the yacht pitching a good deal.

"We are getting on, Miss Mary!" he cried to her, crushing his wide-awake down over his forehead. "Have ye not got a bit song for us? What about the two sailors that pined all the poor folks in London?"

She only cast down her eyes, and a faint colour suffused her cheeks; our singing-bird had left us.

"Howard, lad," the Laird called out again, in his facetious manner, "ye are not looking well, man. Is the pitching too much for you?"

The Youth was certainly not looking very brilliant, but he managed to conjure up a ghastly smile.

"If I get ill," said he, "I will blame it on the steering."

"Deed ye will not," said the Laird, who seemed to have been satisfied with his performances. "I am not going to steer this boat through the Doruis Mohr. Here, John, come back to your post!"

John of Skye came promptly aft; in no case would he have allowed an amateur to pilot the *White Dove* through this narrow strait with its swirling currents. However, when the proper time came, we got through the Doruis Mohr very easily, there being a strong flood tide to help us; and the brief respite under the lee of the land allowed the Youth to summon back his colour and his cheerfulness.

The Laird had ensconced himself beside Mary Avon; he had a little circle of admiring listeners; he was telling us, amid great shouts of laughter, how Homesh had replied to one tourist, who had asked for something to eat, that that was impossible, "bekass ahl the plate was cleaved;" and how Homesh had answered another tourist, who represented that the towel in the lavatory was not as it should be, that "more than fifty or sixty people were using that towel this very day, and not a complaint from any one of them;" and how Homesh, when his assistant stumbled and threw a leg of mutton on to the deck, called out to him in his rage, "Ye young telfe, I will knock the stairs down your head." We were more and more delighted with Homesh and his apocryphal adventures.

But now other things than Homesh were claiming our attention. Once, through the Doruis, we found the wind blowing harder than ever, and a heavy sea running. The day had cleared, and the sun was gleaming on the white crests of the waves; but the air was thick with whirled spray, and the decks were running wet. The *White Dove* listed over before the heavy wind, so that her scuppers were a foot deep in water; while opening the gangway only relieved the pressure for a second or two; the next moment a wave would surge in on the deck. The jib and fore stay-sails were soaked half-mast high. When we were on the port tack the keel of the gig plowed the crests of those massive and rolling waves. This would, indeed, have been a day for Angus Sutherland.

On one tack we ran right over to Corrievrechan; but we could see no water-spouts or other symptoms of the whirling currents; we could only hear the low roar all along the Scarba coast, and watch the darting of the white foam up the face of the rocks. And then away again on the port tack; with the women clinging desperately to the weather bulwarks, lest perchance they should swiftly glide down the gleaming decks into the hissing water that rolled along the lee scuppers. Despite the fact of their being clad from top to toe in water-proofs, their faces were streaming with the salt-water; but they were warm enough, for the sun was blazing hot, and the showers of spray were like showers of gleaming diamonds.

Luncheon was of an extremely pantomimic character; until, in the midst of it, we were alarmed by hearing quick tramping overhead, and noise and shouting. The Youth was hastily bidden to leave his pickle jars and go on deck to see what was happening. In a second or two he returned, somewhat gruff—his hair wild, his face wet.

"They are only taking in the mizzen," says he; "but my cap has been knocked overboard, and I have got about a quart of water down my neck."

"It will do ye good, lad," observed the Laird, in the most heartless manner; "and I will now trouble ye to pass me the marmalade."

Patiently, all day long, we beat up against that inexorable north wind, until, in the afternoon, it veered a point or two to the east, which made an appreciable difference in our rate of progress. Then, the farther the wind veered, the more it became a land wind; and the sea abated considerably; so that long before we could make out Castle Osprey on the face of the hill, we were in fairly calm waters, with a light breeze on our starboard beam. The hot sun had dried the decks; there was a possibility of walking; some went below to prepare for going ashore.

We were returning to the world of telegrams, and letters, and newspapers; we should soon know what the Commissioners of Strathbungo were doing, and whether Johnny Guthrie had been fomenting sedition. But it was not these things that troubled the Laird. He had been somewhat meditative during the afternoon. At last, finding an occasion on which nearly everybody was below but his hostess, he said to her, in a low voice:

"The more I reflect on that matter we spoke of this morning, the more I am driven to a conclusion that I would fain avoid. It would be a sad blow to me. I have built much on the scheme I was telling ye of; perhaps it was but a toy; but old people have a fondness for their toys as well as young people."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," said the other.

"We will soon learn whether I am right," said the old Laird, with a sigh; and then he turned to her and regarded her.

"I doubt whether ye see this girl's character as clearly as I do," said he. "Gentle, and soft, and delicate as she seems to be, she is of the stuff martyrs in former days were made of; if she believes a thing to be right, she will do it, at any cost or sacrifice. Do ye mind the first

evening I met her at your house—how she sat and talked and laughed, with her sprained ankle swollen and black all the time, just that she might not interfere with the pleasure of others?"

The Laird paused for a moment or two. "I have been putting things together," he continued—but he did not seem proud or boastful of his perspicacity; perhaps he would rather have fought against the conclusion forced on him. "When she was up in the north, it seemed to you as if she would have married the young man Sutherland?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"The lass had her bit fortune then," said the Laird, thoughtfully. "Not much, as ye say; but it would have been an independence. It would have helped him on in the world; it would have left him free. And she is proud of what he has done, and as ambitious as himself that he should become a great man. Ay."

The Laird seemed very anxious about the varnishing of the gig; he kept smoothing it with his forefinger.

"And when he came to her the other day—it is but a guess of mine, ma'am—she may have said to herself beforehand that she would not be a drag on him, that she would leave him free to become great and famous, that the sentiment of the moment was a trifling thing compared to what the world expected from Dr. Sutherland. Ye will not forget what she said on that point only the other day. And she may have sent him away—with her own heart just like to break. I have just been putting one or two possibilities together, ma'am—"

The colour had forsaken the cheeks of the woman who stood by his side.

"And—and—if she was so cruel—and—and heartless—and—and monstrous—she ought to be horsewhipped!" she exclaimed, quite breathlessly, and apparently not knowing what she was saying.

But the Laird shook his head.

"Poor lass! poor lass!" he said, gently; "she has had her troubles. No doubt the loss of her bit fortune seemed a desperate thing to her; and you know her first anxiety is continually for other people—particularly them that have been kind to her—and that she thinks no more of herself than if she had no feelings at all. Well, ma'am, if what I am guessing at is true—it is only a speculation o' mine, and I am far from sure; but if that is all that has to be put right, I'm thinking it might be put right. We should thank God that we are now and again able to put some small matter straight in the world."

The Laird was more busy than ever with the varnish, and he went nearer the boat. His fingers were nervous, and there was a strange sad look in the sunken gray eyes.

"Poor lass! if that is all her trouble, it might not be difficult to help her," said he; and then he added, slowly—and the woman beside him knew, rather than saw, that the sad gray eyes were somehow wet: "But I had thought to see her living at Denny-mains. It was—it was a sort of toy of my old age."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### A PARABLE.

Now we had not been five minutes within the walls of Castle Osprey when great shouts of laughter were heard in the direction of the library; and presently the Laird came quickly into the room where the two women were standing at the open window. He was flourishing a newspaper in his hand; delight, sarcasm, and desperate humour shone in his face. He would not notice that Queen Titania looked very much inclined to cry, as she gazed out on the forlorn remains of what had once been a rose-garden; he would pay no heed to Mary Avon's wan cheek and pensive eyes.

"Just listen to this, ma'am, just listen to this," he called out, briskly; and all the atmosphere of the room seemed to wake up into cheerfulness and life. "Have I not told ye often about that extraordinary man, Johnny Guthrie? Now just listen."

It appeared that the Laird, without even bestowing a glance on the pile of letters lying waiting for him, had at once dived into the mass of newspapers, and had succeeded in fishing out the report of the last meeting of the Strathgovan Police Commissioners. With a solemnity that scarcely veiled his suppressed mirth, he said:

"Just listen, ma'am: 'The fortnightly meeting of the Strathgovan Police Commissioners was held on Monday, Provost McKendrick in the chair. Mr. Robert Johnstone said he had much pleasure in congratulating the chairman and the other gentlemen assembled on the signal and able manner in which the fire-brigade had done their duty on the previous Saturday at the great conflagration in Coulter-aid buildings; and he referred especially to the immense assistance given by the new fire-engine recently purchased by the Commissioners. (Hear! hear!) He could assure the meeting that but for the zealous and patriotic ardor of the brigade—aided, no doubt, by the efficient working of the steam-engine—a most valuable property would have been devoted *hottus bolus* to the flames.'"

The Laird frowned.

"Does the creature think he is talking Latin?" he asked, apparently of himself.

However, he continued his reading of the report.

"Provost McKendrick, replying to these observations, observed that it was certainly a



matter for congratulation that the fire-brigade should have proved their efficiency in so distinct a manner, considering the outlay that had been incurred; and that now the inhabitants of the Burgh would perceive the necessity of having more plugs. So far all the money had been well spent. Mr. J. Guthrie—"But here the Laird could not contain his laughter any longer.

"That's Johnny, ma'am," he cried, in explanation, "that's the Johnny Guthrie I was telling ye about—the poor, yammering, pernickity, querulous crature!" Mr. J. Guthrie begged to say he could not join in these felicitations. They were making a great deal of noise about nothing. The fire was no fire at all; a servant girl could have put it out with a pail. He had come from Glasgow by the eleven o'clock bus, and there was then not a trace of a fire to be seen. The real damage done to the property was not done by the fire, but by the dirty water drawn by the fire brigade from the Coulter burn, which dirty water had entirely destroyed Mrs. MacInnes' best bedroom furniture.

The Laird flourished the newspaper, and laughed aloud in his joy; the mere reading of the extract had so thoroughly discomfited his enemy.

"Did ye ever hear the like o' that body?" he cried, "A snarlin', quarlin', gruntin', growlin', fashious crature! He thinks there could not be any fire, just because he was not in time to see it. Oh, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, I'm just fair ashamed o' ye."

But at this point the Laird seemed to become aware that he had given way too much to his love of pure and pithy English. He immediately said in a more formal manner:

"I am glad to perceive, ma'am, that the meeting paid no heed to these strictures, but went on to consider whether the insurance companies should not share the expense of maintaining the fire brigade. That was most proper—most judicious. I'm thinking that after dinner I could not do better than express my views upon that subject, in a letter addressed to the Provost. It would be in time to be read at the monthly sederunt."

"Come along, then, Mary, and let us go through our letters," said his hostess, turning away with a sigh from the dilapidated rose-garden.

As she passed the piano she opened it.

"How strange it will sound!" she said. She played a few bars of Mary Avon's favourite song; somehow the chords seemed singularly rich and full and beautiful after our long listening to the monotonous rush of the sea. Then she put her hand within the girl's arm and gently led her away, and said to her as they passed through the hall,

"Oh, little did my mither think,  
When first she cradled me."

that I ever should come back to such a picture of desolation. But we must put a brave face on it. If the autumn kills the garden, it glorifies the hills. You will want all your colour-tubes when we show you Loch Houru.

"That was the place the doctor was anxious to visit," said the Laird, who was immediately behind them. "Av. Oh yes, we will show Miss Mary Loch Houru; she will get some material for sketches there, depend on't. Just the finest loch in the whole of the Highlands. When I can get Tom Galbraith first of all persuaded to see Bunnassan—"

But we heard no more about Tom Galbraith. Queen Titania had uttered a slight exclamation as she glanced over the addresses of the letters directed to her.

"From Angus!" she said, as she hurriedly opened one of the envelopes, and ran her eye over the contents.

Then her face grew grave, and inadvertently she turned to the Laird.

"In three days," she said, "he was to start for Italy."

She looked at the date.

"He must have left London already!" said she, and then she examined the letter further.

"And he does not say where he is going."

The Laird looked grave too—for a second. But he was an excellent actor. He began whistling the air that his hostess had been playing. He turned over his letters and papers carelessly. At length he said, with an air of fine indifference,

"The grand thing of being away at sea is to teach ye the comparatively trifling importance of anything that can happen on land."

He tossed the unopened letters about, only regarding the addresses.

"What care I what the people may have been saying about me in my absence!—the real thing is that we got food to eat, and were not swept into Corrievrechan. Come, Miss Mary, I will just ask ye to go for a stroll through the garden wi' me, until dinner-time; our good friends will not ask us to dress on an evening like this, just before we have got everything on shore. Twenty-five minutes, ma'am! Very well. If anybody has been abusing me in my absence, we'll listen to the poor fellow after dinner, when we can get the laugh made general, and so make good out of him; but just now we'll have the quiet of the sunset to ourselves. Dear, dear me! we used to have the sunset after dinner when we were away up about Canna and Uist."

Mary Avon seemed to hesitate.

"What! not a single letter for ye! That shows very bad taste on the part of the young men about England. But I never thought much

o' them. From what I hear, they are mostly going over to riding horses, and shooting pheasants and what not. But never mind. I want ye to come out for a stroll wi' me, my lass; ye'll see some fine colour about the Morven hills presently, or I'm mistaken."

"Very well, sir," said she, obediently; and together they went out into the garden.

Now it was not until some minutes after the gong had sounded that we again saw these two, and then there was nothing in the manner of either of them to suggest to any one that anything had happened. It was not until many days afterward that we obtained, bit by bit, an account of what had occurred, and even then it was but a stammering and disjointed and shy account. However, such as it was, it had better appear here, if only to keep the narrative straight.

The Laird, walking up and down the gravel-path with his companion, said that he did not so much regret the disappearance of the roses, for there were plenty of other flowers to take their place. Then he thought he and she might go and sit on a seat which was placed under a drooping ash in the centre of the lawn, for from this point they commanded a fine view of the western seas and hills. They had just sat down there when he said:

"My girl, I am going to take the privilege of an old man, and speak frankly to ye. I have been watching ye, as it were—and your mind is not at ease."

Miss Avon hastily assured him that it was quite, and begged to draw his attention to the yacht in the bay, where the men were just lowering the ensign, at sunset.

The Laird returned to the subject; entreated her not to take it ill that he should interfere; and then reminded her of a certain night on Loch Leven, and of a promise he had then made her. Would he be fulfilling that solemn undertaking if he did not, at some risk of vexing her, and of being considered a prying, foolish person endeavour to help her if she was in trouble?

Miss Avon said how grateful she was to him for all his kindness to her, and how his promise had already been amply fulfilled. She was not in trouble. She hoped no one thought that. Everything that had happened was for the best. And here—as was afterward admitted—she burst into a fit of crying, and was very much mortified, and ashamed of herself.

But at this point the Laird would appear to have taken matters into his own hand. First of all he began to speak of his nephew—of his bright good-nature, and so forth—of his professed esteem for her—of certain possibilities that he, the Laird, had been dreaming about with the fond fancy of an old man. And rather timidly he asked her—if it were true that she thought everything had happened for the best—whether, after all, his nephew Howard might not speak to her? It had been the dream of his old age to see these two together at Denny-mains, or on board that steam-yacht he would buy for them on the Clyde. Was that not possible?

Here, at least, the girl was honest and earnest enough—even anxiously earnest. She assured him that that was quite impossible. It was hopeless. The Laird remained silent for some minutes, holding her hand.

"Then," said he, rather sadly, but with an affectation of grave humor, "I am going to tell you a story. It is about a young lass who was very proud and who kept her thoughts very much to herself, and would not give her friends a chance of helping her. And she was very fond of a—a young Prince, we will call him—who wanted to go away to the wars, and make a great name for himself. No one was prouder of the Prince than the girl, mind ye, and she encouraged him in everything, and they were great friends, and she was going to give him all her diamonds, and pearls, and necklaces—she would throw them into his treasury, like a Roman matron—just that he might go away and conquer, and come back and marry her. But, lo and behold! one night all her jewels and bracelets were stolen! Then what does she do? Would ye believe it? She goes and quarrels with that young Prince, and tells him to go away and fight his battles for himself, and never to come back to see her any more—just as if any one could fight a battle wi' a sore heart. Oh, she was a wicked, wicked lass, to be so proud as that, when she had many friends that would willingly have helped her. Sit down, my girl, sit down, my girl; never mind the dinner; they can wait for us."

Well, ye see, the story goes on that there was an old man—a foolish old man—they used to laugh at him because of his fine fishing-tackle, and the very few fish he caught wi' the tackle—and this doited old body was always intermeddling in other people's business. And what do you think he does but go and say to the young lass: 'Ha, have I found ye out! Is it left for an old man like me—and me a bachelor, too, who should know but little of the quips and pranks of a young lass's ways—is it left for an old man like me to find out that fine secret o' yours?' She could not say a word. She was dumb-founded. She had not the face to deny it. He had found out what that wicked girl, with all her pride, and her martyrdom, and her sprained ankles, had been about. And what do you think he did then? Why, as sure as sure can be, he had got all the young lass's property in his pocket; and before she could say Jack Robinson, he tells her that he is going to send straight off for the Prince—this very night—a telegram to London—"

The girl had been trembling, and struggling

with the hand that held hers. At last she sprang to her feet, with a cry of entreaty.

"Oh, no, no, no, sir! You will not do that. You will not degrade me!"

And then—this is her own account, mind—the Laird rose too, and still held her by the hand, and spoke sternly to her.

"Degrade you?" said he. "Foolish lass! Come into your dinner."

When these two did come into dinner—nearly a quarter of an hour late—their hostess looked anxiously from one to the other. But what could she perceive? Mary Avon was somewhat pale, and she was silent; but that had been her way of late. As for the Laird, he came in whistling the tune of the Queen's Maries, which was a strange grace before meat, and he looked airily around him at the walls.

"I would just like to know," said he, lightly, "whether there is a single house in all Scotland where ye will not find an engraving of one or other of Mr. Thomas Faed's pictures in some one of the rooms?"

And he preserved this careless and indifferent demeanour during dinner. After dinner he strolled into the library. He would venture upon a small cigar. His sole companion was the person whose humble duty in this household is to look after financial matters, so that other folks may enjoy themselves in idleness.

The Laird lay back in an easy chair, stretched out his legs, lit his cigar, and held it at arm's length, as if it were something that ought to be looked at at a distance.

"You had something to do with the purchase of Miss Mary's American stock, eh?" said he, pretending to be concerned about the end of the cigar.

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Funded five per cent."

"What would be about the value of it now?"

"Just now? Oh, perhaps 106 or 107."

"No, no, no. I mean, if the bonds that that ill-faired secondel carried away with him were to be sold the now, what money, what English money would they fetch?"

But this required some speculation.

"Probably £7,300."

"I was asking," said the Laird, "because I was wondering whether there was any chance of tracing them."

"Not the least. They are like bank-notes—more useful, indeed, to a swindler than even bank-notes."

"Ay, is that so?" said the Laird; and he seemed to be so charmed with his whistling of the air of the Queen's Maries that he returned to that performance. Oddly enough, however, he never ventured beyond the first line; perhaps he was afraid of missing the tune.

"Seven thousand three hundred," said he, meditatively. "Man, that's a strong cigar—little, and black and strong, like a Heilander. Seven thousand three hundred. Girls are strange cratures. I remember what that young doctor was saying once about weemen being better able to bear pain than men, and not so much afraid of it either—"

And here the Queen's Maries came in again.

"It would be a strange thing," said the Laird, with a sort of a rueful laugh, "if I were to have a steam-yacht all to myself, and cruise about in search of company, eh? No, no; that will not do. My neighbours in Strathgovan will never say that I deserted them, just when great improvements and serious work have to be looked forward to. I will not have it said that I ran away, just to pleasure myself. Howard, my lad, I doubt but ye'll have to whistle for that steam-yacht."

The Laird rose.

"I think I will smoke in the garden now; it is a fine evening."

He turned at the door, and seemed suddenly to perceive a pair of stag's horns over the chimney-piece.

"That's a grand set o' horns," said he; and then he added, carelessly, "What bank did ye say the American bonds were in?"

"The London and Westminster."

"They're just a noble pair o' horns," said he, emphatically. "I wonder ye do not take them with ye to London." And then he left.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

A PERSON'S manner is quite a different thing from a person's manners. The former indicates very plainly the style and character of the individual, while the latter are the result of training and association.

A WOMAN, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things beside shelter, food, and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate, and deferential.

A WIFE must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes. It is doubtful if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection be very sincere, lastingly.

No man who has reached the age of three-score years and ten would, upon reflection, be willing to rub out from his experience in life the sorrows which have softened his character, the

mistakes which have taught him wisdom, or the wrong-doings which he has ever regretted, and which, by their influences, have made the golden threads which it is reasonable to suppose have been formed in the texture of his moral character.

THE art of not hearing should be taught in every well regulated family. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear—many which we ought not to hear—very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness—that everyone should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure.

A BEAUTIFUL person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness.

If he who speaks expresses himself quietly and with ease, if he round his periods agreeably, if he have the air of a gentleman and a man of intelligence, if he be a person of rank, if he have many attendants, if he speak with authority and gravity, if others listen to him respectfully and silently, if he be of some reputation, and have had some intercourse with men of a high order of intellect,—in a word, if he be so fortunate as to please or to gain esteem, whatever he advances will be deemed right and reasonable, and there will be nothing about him, to his very collar and cuffs, but will carry conviction with it.

If we did but realize the great difficulty of so approaching the peculiar position, character, and feelings of another as to find out what was really the best thing for him to do, we should be much more reluctant to give advice than we now are. Instead of pouring it out volubly upon those who do not want it and will not follow it, we should at least wait till it is sought, and then only give modestly and kindly the best results of our most careful thought and disinterested sympathy. When the heart and the mind are thus brought into full play upon this important duty, advice will be rarer; but it will be far better worth having, more eagerly sought, and more frequently followed.

WHEN it is settled in a man's mind that such or such another is a bad man, an effect apt to be produced by such judgment is a settled affectation of antipathy; of antipathy more or less strong, according to the temper of the individual. Thereupon, without troubling himself to measure out the proper quantity of antipathy which it would be proper for him to administer, upon every opportunity that presents the means of expressing towards the offending party the affection of hatred and contempt, he accordingly employs it; and, in so doing, he piques himself upon the evidence he affords to others of his hatred to vice and love of virtue, while, in truth, he is only affording a gratification to his own dissocial and self-regarding affections, to his own antipathy and his own pride.

THERE is nothing which enters so intimately into the character of our social intercourse as the condition of the feelings. The idea that discords in the family, in the social circle, in business relations, or in party strifes proceed chiefly from diversity of opinion, difference of circumstances, inharmonious tastes, or conflicting interests, is by no means correct. These things often seem to be the immediate cause of discussion, but they are no more chargeable with it than are the sun and the air chargeable with the presence of the noxious weed. There may be every shade of thought, every variety of belief, every divergence of preference, and every dissimilarity of disposition co-existing in harmonious, and even pleasurable intercourse, if only the feelings of those who associate together do not clash discordantly. On the other hand, the nearest resemblance in external surroundings and the utmost uniformity in thought may co-exist with disgraceful bickerings.

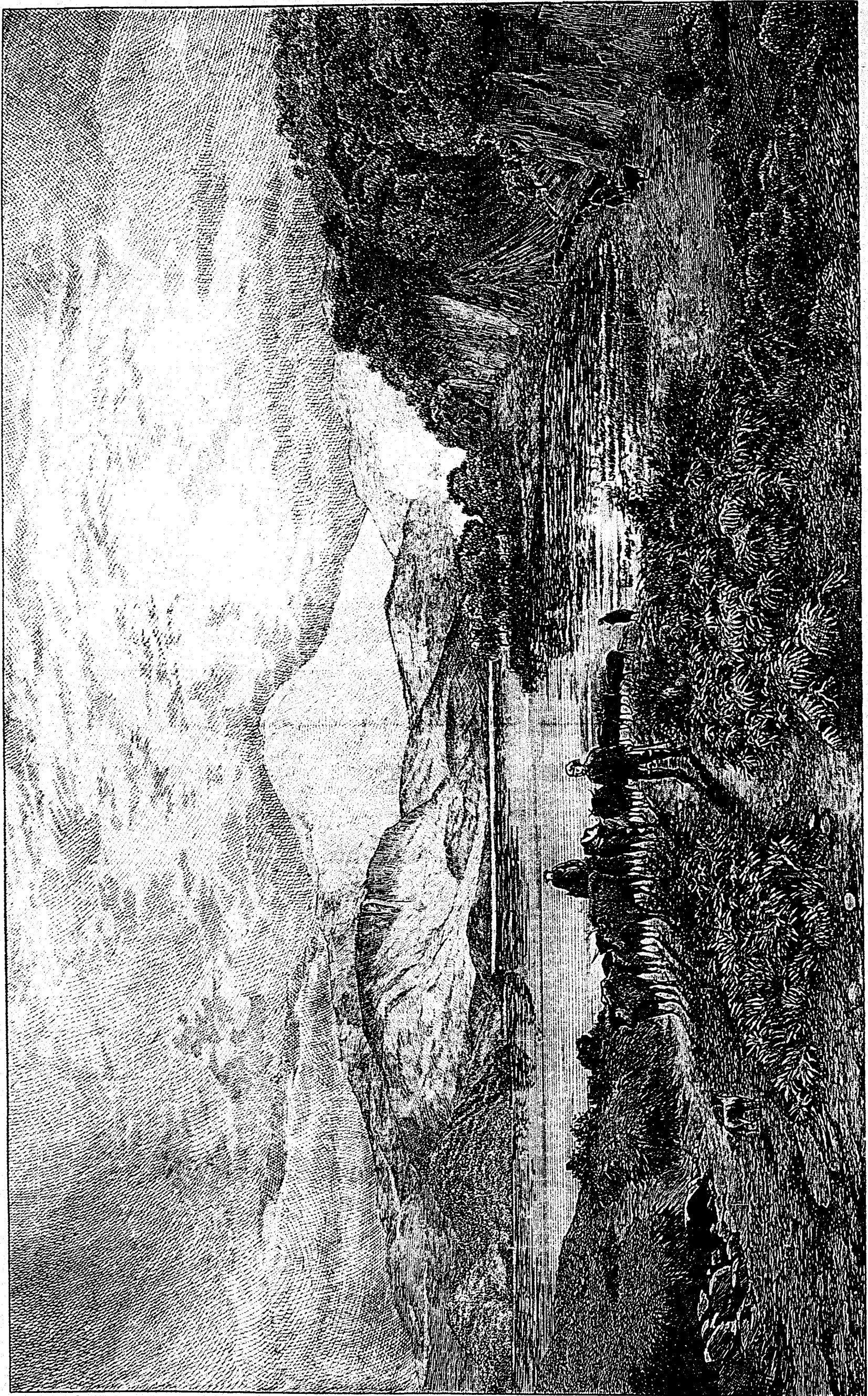
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

This deservedly popular paper continues to improve with each number, not only in its illustrations but also in the excellence of its letter-press. This week's cartoon is entitled "A Promising Girl," and represents Miss Canada, supported on either side by John Bull and La Belle France, with the legend, "John Bull and La Belle France have reason to be proud of their daughter." A double-page illustration of Vaudreuil and its environs reflects credit on the artist, and is well worth framing. "The Banquet to Mr. Frechette" is also very good, the poet and many of the guests being easily recognizable. There are also illustrations of "The opening services of the Protestant Episcopal Triennial Convention in New York," "Cologne Cathedral," "A View Near Beauport," and a portrait of the late Jacques Offenbach.—Montreal Star.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.

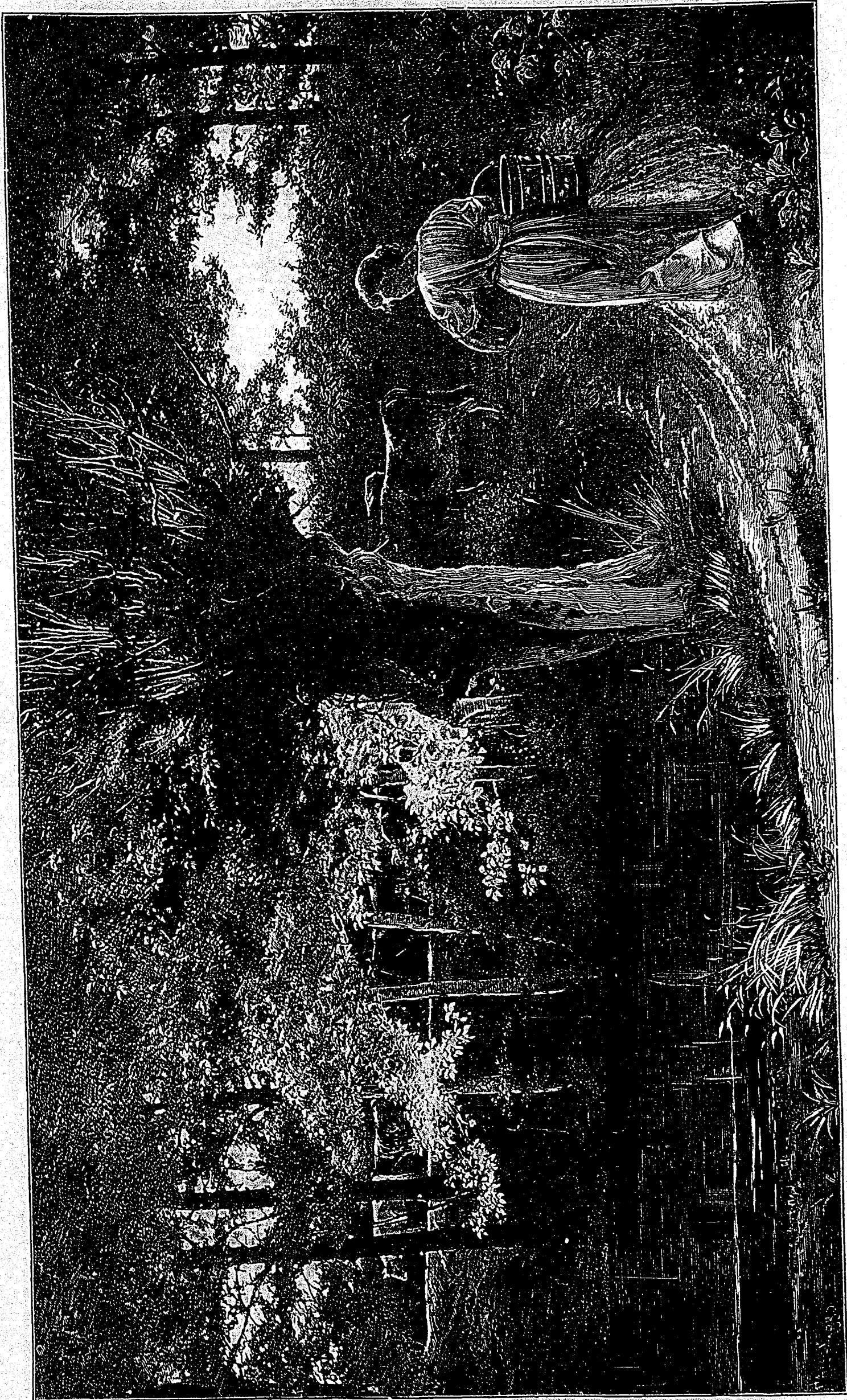
Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.





HOME AT SUNSET.





"I'M GOING A MILKING, SIR," SHE SAID.



## MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30, 1879.

Charles Tennyson Turner, in whose memory this poem was written, was the brother of Alfred Tennyson, and was himself a poet. He was born July 4, 1808. He graduated at Cambridge, in 1831, and became Vicar of Grauby. By the will of a relative, who bequeathed him a small estate, his surname of "Tennyson" was exchanged to that of "Turner." He died April 25, 1879. His brother, the poet-laureate, says of his sonnets that some of them have had all the tenderness of the finest Greek epigram, and that a few of them are among the noblest in our language.

## I.

Midnight—in no midsummer tune  
The breakers lash the shores;  
The cuckoo of a joyless June  
Is calling out-of-doors:

And thou hast vanished from thine own  
To that which looks like rest,  
True brother, only to be known  
By those who love thee best.

## II.

Midnight—and joyless June gone by,  
And from the deluged park  
The cuckoo of a worse July  
Is calling thro' the dark:

But thou art silent under-ground,  
And o'er thee streams the rain,  
True poet, surely to be found  
When Truth is found again.

## III.

And now to these unsummer'd skies  
The summer bird is still,  
Far off a phantom cuckoo cries  
From out a phantom hill:

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun  
Of sixty years away,  
The light of days when life begun,  
The days that seem to-day.

When all my griefs were shared with thee,  
And all my hopes were thine—  
At all thou wert was one with me,  
May all thou art be mine!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## DISPUTATIOLUSLY DISPOSED.

Montaigne avows his love for what he calls a strong and manly spirit of converse and controversy; he deemed it not vigorous and generous enough if it was not quarrelsome. "When any one contradicts me, he raises my attention, not my anger. I advance towards him that controverts, as to one that instructs me." He professed to choose by preference the company of those who ruffled him, rather than of those who were obsequious and submissive to him, for he accounted it a dull and hurtful pleasure to have to do with people who are all admiration for us, and who acquiesce in all we say. He could go on disputing enjoyably from morning till night, if only he had a capable opponent and one that stuck to the point, however hard he might hit—the harder the better. Goethe was charming to Jung Stilling whenever he indulged him in paradoxical debate, enlivened by all sorts of dialectic pugilism; "for I had an ungodly way of disputing everything," the master-genius of German literature is free to own. There is a desire after knowledge described by Henry Mackenzie which delights in nothing so much as in having one's own doctrines confronted with their opposites till they pommel and be-labour one another without mercy—the contest having one advantage peculiar to battles of this kind, that each party, far from being weakened by its exertions, commonly appears to have gained strength, as well as honour, from the *rencontre*. The desire in question may however be strong in those who have no liking for argumentative discourse. It will scarcely be denied to Dickens; and of him we are assured, in Mr. Horne's *New Spirit of the Age*, that he hated argument; that, in fact, he was unable to argue—a common case with impulsive characters "who see the whole truth, and feel it crowding and struggling at once for immediate utterance." In contrast with this temperament may be placed Sheridan's characterisation of the controversialist who changes sides in all arguments the moment any one agrees with him. And, among other of Sheridan's lively sketches of character, there is the irresolute arguer, to whom it is a great misfortune that there are not three sides to a question—a libertine in argument, whose rakish understanding is soon satiated with truth, and is more capable of being faithful to a paradox; and there is the veering casuist, who the more he talks the farther he is off the argument, like a bowl on a wrong bias. Then, again, we have the sort of militant talker typified in the priggish philanthropist in *Edwin Drood*, who impounded a meek Minor Canon as an official person to be addressed, or kind of human peg to hang his oratorical hat on, and fell into the exasperating habit, common among such orators, of impersonating him as a weak and wicketed opponent. Thus he would ask, "And will you, sir, now stultify yourself by telling me," and so forth, when the innocent man had not opened his lips, nor meant to open them. Or he would say, "Now see, sir, to what a position you are reduced! I will leave you no escape," etc., etc., whereat the unfortunate Minor Canon would look in part indignant and in part perplexed, while the rest of the company lapsed into a sort of gelatinous state, in which there was no flavour or solidity, and very little resistance. Under his mask as the *Spectator*, Addison professed to take particular care never to be of the same opinion with the man he conversed with; he wrangled and disputed for exercise, and had carried this point so far that he was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with his contradictoriness. But he also professes to have outgrown this bad habit.

While a man is learning to fence, he practises both on friend and foe; but, when he is a master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side. Dr. Johnson may seem to be a too salient exception to this rule, for he would at times take up either side as the humor took him. When he and Dr. Campbell got talking at Rasay about Tull's *Husbandry*, a remark of the Scottish doctor's was at once disputed by the English one. "Come," said the former, knowing with whom he had to deal, "we do not want to get the better of one another; we want to increase each other's ideas." Johnson took it in good part, and the conversation then went on smoothly and instructively. Boswell applauds his great friend's candour in recalling this experience and his conduct on the occasion, as proving how easily he could be persuaded to talk from a better motive than "for victory."

Urged to confess what he really thought of Johnson as a table-talker, "He's a tremendous companion," said poor overborne George Garrick; and this confession was in John Forster's mind when he charged Johnson with bringing into common talk too plain an anticipation of victory and triumph—wearing his determination not to be thrown or beaten, whatever side he might please to take, somewhat defiantly on his sleeve; and this sense it was, on his own part, of his eagerness to make every subject a battle-ground which moved him to declare, at a moment of illness and exhaustion, that, if he were to see Burke then, it would kill him. Against that antagonist it had been his desire on all occasions, from the first day of their meeting, to measure himself. "The club was an opportunity for both, and promptly seized, to the occasional overshadowing, no doubt, of the comforts and opportunities of other members"—though, for the most part, the wit-combats of these twain seem not only to have interested the others, but to have improved the temper of the combatants and made them more generous to each other.

Although, by all accounts, Madame de Staël was rather more courteous to her opponent, she resembled Johnson in being so zealous a disputant, so determined an intellectual gladiator, so fond of eager and even violent contention, that her drawing-room at Coppet had been compared to the Hall of Odin, where the bravest warriors were invited every day to enjoy the tumult of the fight, and, after having cut each other in pieces, revived to renew the combat in the morning. These fierce controversies would seem to have comprised all sorts of subjects—politics, morals, literature, casuistry, metaphysics, and history—not excluding at one stage in her life such moving themes of pathos and passion as love and death and heroic devotion. Upon all there was a side to be taken, a war of words to be waged. Madame would have surely sympathised to some extent with De Quincey's alert friend who looked upon it as criminal to concede anything a man says in the process of a disputation, the nefarious habit of assent being the bane of conversation by causing it to stagnate. On this account the gentleman in question, another Sir Robert Bramble in his way, would often call aside the talking men among his guests before dinner, and conjure them with a pathetic earnestness not to agree with him in anything he might advance during the evening; and, when strangers were present who indulged too much in the habit of politely assenting to anything which seemed to demand no particular opposition, he would suddenly pause, with the air of the worst-used man in the world, and piteously demand, "Was there to be no end to this—was he never to be contradicted? He supposed matters would soon come to such a pass that his nearest kinsfolk would be perfidiously agreeing with him, that the very wife of his bosom would refuse to contradict him, and that he should not have a friend left on whom he could depend for the consolations of opposition." "I shouldn't like her half as much as I do, if she hadn't spirit enough to contradict me," muses Sir Oliver Oldstock, in the old comedy, respecting his daughter; "it's not one time in a hundred I can get anybody to contradict me." He considers the mind like a spring—the more you press it the more vigour you lend to its elasticity; ever since he could remember, it had been his delight to be of a different opinion from other people. "If I am to choose a friend and an agreeable companion, give me the honest fellow who contradicts me." So with that later knight, who tells a parting visitor how much he shall miss him, they have disagreed so delightfully over Bolingbroke and Voltaire, and to whom nothing was so satisfactory and stimulating as the society of a man whose views were flatly opposed to his own. "Oh, yes"—to quote Sir Oliver again—"contradiction's my hobby-horse; I mount him every hour of the day; and the more he kicks and flings, the greater delight I take in riding him." Contradiction is avowedly his element, as fire is the salamander's; he cannot have too much of it. Opposition is the very soul of an Englishman, he boasts to a foreigner—a boast which may put us in mind of Henri Beyle's dictum, that, as regards discussing the truth of a thought or the appropriateness of an expression, the English and the French, who for three centuries past have disputed about everything, enjoy a vast advantage over an Italian, who in respect of disputation, is a child without experience. So much the better for the Italian, some Italians might incline to say, convinced that there may be too much of a good thing, even as Sir Oliver in the comedy is constrained to allow; for there is one scene in one act which so far alters his

style as to elicit this confession: "Partial as I am to a polemical mode of discourse, I find that there may be sometimes even too much contradiction." But it takes a very strong dose indeed to stir the bile of some temperaments, and many cannot get on at all without a liberal allowance of opposition. Cobden found it comparatively difficult to argue with an audience which was convinced before he opened his mouth; hence his best speeches on the Corn Laws were addressed to the House of Commons, not to the meetings of the League. "It is heavy work," he once said, "to come into these enthusiastic meetings and talk of this question, for we meet no opponents. I do not know how it is; but I have that quality of combativeness, as phonologists call it, and unless I meet with some opposition I am as dull as ditch-water." It is easy to understand how the advent of a contradictory Felix Holt was welcome to Rufus Lyon, who found the talking with him like a good bite to strong teeth after a too uniform allowance of spongy meat. To cultivate his society with a view to checking his erratic tendencies was a laudable purpose; but there can be no doubt that, if Felix had been rapidly subdued and reduced to conformity, little Mr. Lyon would have found the conversation much flatter. So with Dr. Evelyn in Plumer Ward's *Tremaine*, whose heart warmed to the work of refuting the hero's scepticism, and who loved arguing as he loved exercise, which he always held to be as necessary for the health of the mind as of the body. But there was little about either of these two reverend seniors to recall the kirk minister of Abernethy whom, in Dr. James Hamilton's biography, we see in the act of holding a spoonful of porridge in transit between the dish and his mouth for a full half-hour, until he has finished a dispute on the doctrine of reprobation. Lord Cockburn tells us of Dr. John Thomson that not even the burden of fourscore and two years could quench his ardour in discussing vexed questions in science, politics, or morals. "How he enjoyed a dispute!" Robert Hall and Sir James Mackintosh, in their college days, for night after night and month after month met only to dispute, without even an unkindly feeling ensuing; the process seemed rather like blows in that of welding iron to knit them closer together—all the more creditable to Hall, because of his avowed and lamented impetuosity in argument. The word "disputations" is generally used as a word of reproach, Macaulay remarks; but he claims for Lord Holland the character of being most courteously and pleasantly disputations; to him, as to his uncle C. J. Fox, the exercise of the mind in discussion was a positive pleasure. A noble lord of the Earl of Beaconsfield's portraying found it difficult to secure a sufficient stock of opposition; but, as he lay in wait and with wonderful alacrity seized every opening, his friends were apt to give up, well aware that his passion for controversy was only equalled by his love of conquest. The same author's imposing Sidonia, on the other hand, is distinguished by his avoidance of serious discussion; if pressed for an opinion he took refuge in railery, or threw some grave paradox with which it was not easy to cope. So Clarendon tells us of the Marquis of Hertford that he "cared not to discourse and argue on those points which he understood very well, only for the trouble of contending." Dugald Stewart, on Francis Horner's showing, "never would condescend" to be original or profound in company, and shunned the least approach to discussion. Horner was struck with the like abstention on the part of such celebrities in good fellowship as Romilly, Robert (Bobus) Smith, Conversation Sharp, and Scarlett; he had looked for a display of argument and all the flourishes of intellectual gladiatorialship; but all discussion of opinion was studiously avoided at the King of Clubs. If Horner was disappointed, it was because he could not help thinking that the candid, liberal, and easy discussion of opinions is the most rational turn that can be given to the conversation of well-educated men. Some years later, however, we find him, in one of his letters to Lord Murray, assuming his correspondent's knowledge of his "declared hostility to all argument and controversy in conversation." At no period of his life—a life in earnest—was Francis Horner likely to be in love with the sort of colloquial polemics once in such high favour in society—the sort of thing affected by Richardson's Belford and Belton, who were so ostentatious of their delight in "a logical way of argumentation," and expected the rest of the company to look on and listen in admiring silence. It is many years ago now since the author of the *New Phœdo* took note how very much less the love of conversational argument is the mode in the nineteenth than it was in the eighteenth century, when it made a celebrity; and it is quite as many since De Quincey insisted that in high-bred society all disputation whatsoever—nay, all continued discussion—is outrageously at war with the established tone of conversation; for a dispute must be managed with much more brilliancy, much more command of temper, a much more determinate theme, and a much more obvious progress towards a definite result in the question at issue than are commonly found not to prove grievously annoying to all persons present except the two disputants. If social pleasure be the end and purpose of society, whatsoever interferences with it should be scourged out of all companies; and good sense ought therefore to be sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out what De Quincey calls the "intolerable absurdity" of allowing two angry champions to lock up and sequester, as

it were, the whole social enjoyment of a large party, to compel them to sit in "sad civility," witnesses of a contest which can interest the majority neither by its final object nor its management. This protest comes with the more force from one who was so consummate a master of fence, but of whom strangers and casual acquaintance might have thought and said, what his intimates said of Southey, that he was averse from argumentation, and would commonly quit a subject when it was passing into that shape, with a quiet and good-humoured indication of the view in which he rested. Dr. John Brown the younger tells us of his father that he disliked arguing or debating, had no turn for it, and was indifferent in the exploits of a nimble rhetoric. He could not fence with his mind, much less with his tongue; but he could and would think out a subject, and get it well "bottomed," as Locke would say. Conversation is justly described by John Forster as a game where the wise do not always win; for, where men talk together, the acute man will count higher than the subtle man; and he who, though infinitely far away from truth, can handle a solid point of argument will seem wiser than the man around whom truth "plays like an atmosphere," but who cannot reason as he feels. There is something pathetic as well as quaint in the characteristic avowed Goldsmith made of himself, that he disputed best when nobody was by, and always got the better when heargued alone.

## TERESA CARRENO AT THE OPENING OF QUEEN'S MUSIC HALL, IN MONTREAL.

Teresa Carreno's performance on the new Weber Grand Piano at the opening of the Queen's Hall, in Montreal, is characterized as extremely fine, and gave great delight to the very critical audience present, who called and recalled her several times. "Her playing," says the *Star*, "was a marvel of execution. Grand chords, full of rich harmony, followed by rippling melodies, soft and sweet, were swept from the key-board of the Weber Grand by the hands of a queen." The *Wine* says: "Sir Hugh Allan is entitled to the gratitude of the public for placing at their disposal a hall which few cities can equal. It is also to be furnished with a fine organ, now being built."

The Grand Piano, on which Carreno performed at the opening, was purchased by Sir Hugh, of the celebrated Albert Weber, of New York, through the N. Y. Piano Co., who are the Dominion agents of Weber, and is to remain in the hall. It is a marvel of power, purity and sweetness of tone. There is no doubt that amidst the great attractions presented to the public on the opening night, Carreno's performance on this piano was that which elicited greatest applause; hence the desire to hear the gifted artist in a more extended performance, which would give the music-loving community an opportunity of judging the powers, both of her and the instrument, in rendering the lofty creations of the great masters. This opportunity the recital on Saturday afternoon afforded, and we are bound to say that so rich a musical treat has seldom been presented to an audience. The hall, perfect in its acoustic arrangements, conveyed to the attentive ears of the vast audience the most minute and delicate touches; so soft and sweet, and yet so perfect were the tones brought out, that at such times the enraptured audience absolutely held their breath until the swell of the grand forte would bring relief, as if ten—twenty—a whole orchestra of instruments was bursting into one grand harmonious chorus. During the performance of the last piece—Liszt's Grand Fantasia on "Faust,"—the magnificent instrument fairly trembled under the fingers of the artist.

It is here, if anywhere, above and beyond all other instruments, the Weber piano-forte asserts its power.

Surely the *New York Times* estimated correctly when it stated that the grand achievements of Albert Weber reflected more glory on their city and country than the Astors, the Stewarts, or the Vanderbilts, with all their wealth could ever do. It is not alone for his noble pianos the name of Weber is revered. He brings out, encourages, and sustains the young artist, with a liberality and whole-heartedness that has won for him their esteem and gratitude. We regret to see a recent, and somewhat stupid attempt, made to dim the lustre of his fame by would-be critics and penny-a-liners "who cannot teach and will not learn." The best answer to such is the fact that the pianos of Weber are now almost exclusively used by the leading pianists and musical people, both in Europe and America. The possession of so fine an instrument is an additional attraction to this beautiful Hall.

A VERY Solomon!—Teacher with reading-class. Boy reading: "And as she sat down the river—" Teacher: "Why are ships called 'she'?" Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex): "Because they need men to manage them."

## "LIES! BIG LIES!"

Not so fast, my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that you have raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say, "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truth," in another column.



MUSICAL.

Major Pond's Grand Musical Combination appeared on Tuesday and Wednesday last at the Academy of Music, consisting of the Weber Quartette, Mr. Alfred H. Pease, Miss Isabel Stone and the Spanish Students.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the English journalist who last week at Chickering Hall delivered his first lecture in this country, is a man of unusual height, with broad square shoulders, deep full chest, a long thick trunk, cleanly-cut flanks and powerful limbs.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

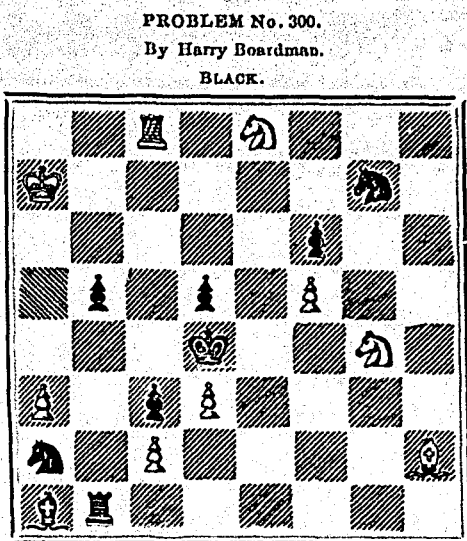
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. F. S., Chicago.—Paper received. Thanks.

We have always been desirous of giving in our Chess Column all the particulars we could gather of lady chess-players. Our object has been as much as possible to interest the fair sex in the game, as we concluded that by so doing we were using the best means to lead to its ultimately becoming a home amusement, for which purpose, no one, we suppose, would deny its fitness.

From the Adelaide Observer of the 21st of August last, we had that chess is obtaining a fair share of the attention of the Australian colonists. Whether it is as much cultivated by them as cricket, we are unable to say, but, if so, they must be able to hold their own over the board with many of the best players of Europe.

"The players of this city, anxious to keep up the interest in chess, and believing a match between Mr. Max Judd and some other chess magnate in the United States would have such an effect, have suggested to us the propriety of announcing that they are willing to pit him against Mr. Hosmer of Chicago; Mr. Starbuck of Cincinnati, to whom he will grant the odds; Mr. Sellman of Baltimore; Messrs. Nell, Davidson, Reichenheim or Elson of Philadelphia; Mr. Delmar of New York, and, if possible, Captain Mackenzie, or any other American player.



PROBLEM No. 300. By Harry Boardman. BLACK. WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves. GAME 429TH.

- White. (Miss M. Rudge.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. B to Q B 4. 4. P to Q B 3. 5. P to Q 4. 6. P to K 5. 7. B to Q Kt 5. 8. B takes Kt (ch). 9. Kt takes P. 10. Castles. 11. B to K 3. 12. P to K B 4. 13. P takes P. 14. Q to K B 3. 15. Kt to Q 2. 16. B takes Kt. 17. Q R to K sq. 18. Q to K 2. 19. B to K 3. 20. Q to Q 2. 21. Kt to K B 3. 22. R takes B. 23. B to B 2. 24. R takes R. 25. Q takes P (ch). 26. R to Q sq. 27. Q takes Q (ch). 28. B takes B. 29. R to Q 2 (ch). 30. R takes R (ch). 31. K to B 2. 32. K to K 3. 33. K to Q 4. 34. P to Q R 4. 35. P to K Kt 3. 36. P to K R 4.

NOTES. (a) Up to this point all is "Book." (b) R to K sq is apparently stronger, as it threatens to win a Pawn. (c) R takes P appears to be a better move. (d) Timidly played; R to Kt 3 seems much more promising.

- SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 295. White. 1. Q to K R sq (ch). 2. Q to R 5. 3. Q to B 5 mate. Black. 1. P moves. 2. Any move. Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 206. WHITE. 1. K to K 3. 2. Kt mates. BLACK. 1. Pawn moves. PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 297. White. Kt Q Kt 3. Q Kt Kt 2. R Kt Q Kt 4. B Kt Q B sq. Kt at K B 4. Pawns at K 4 and K R 4. Black. K at Q 5. Kt at Q B 5. Pawns at K B 2, Q B 6, and Q Kt 3. White to play and mate in three moves.

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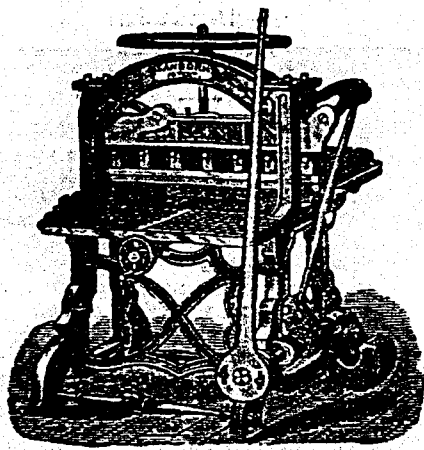
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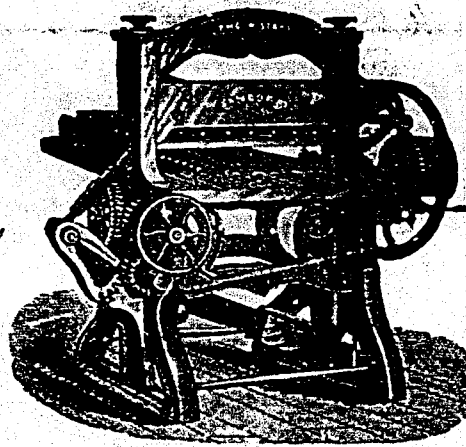
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