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#### TEMPERATURE.

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Earometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal. THE WEEK ENDING

Aug. 28th, 1880.				Corresponding week, 1879.			
	Max.	Mia.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.
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#### CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Not so bad for the baby—Grand ball of the Knights Templar at Chicago.—Figure-head of the Atalanta, as exhibited at St. Johns. Newfound-land—Visit of the Empress Eugenie to St. Helena—Incidenta of the Week—Our Canadian Portrait Gallery—Sir William Young, Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia—Nero. a German Corded-coat Poodle at the Beriin International Dog Stow—Candahar; Interior view of the Citadel—Stock Gill Force, near Ambleside—Map of the seat of war in Afghanistan.

LETTER PRESS.—Three Speeches—" La Brabanconne"
Beet Root Culture—Echoes from London—White
Wings (continued)—How Sucoka Got Out of ReFashion Notes—Musical and Dramatic—Literary—
A Song—Humorous—Breloques pour Dames—History of the Week—Our Hiustrations—Varieties—
Gleaner—Bonny Gold—The Elderly Male Firt—
Medical Use of Wines—Our Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, September 4, 1880.

#### THREE SPEECHES.

The election contest in West Toronto has furnished occasion for three set speeches by three distinguished men, Messis. Mackenzie, Blake, and Sir LEONARD TILLEY. These speeches were given on separate evenings by these gentlemen in the order we have named and each was characteristic of its author. Mr. MACKENZIE spoke with the clearness, directness and vigour which he is known to possess. His effort was to damage the National Policy in the minds of the electors and especially those of the workingmen. This was the ground selected for the battle, and it was calculated that, if a by-election could be snatched from the Government, on such an issue, in the Conservative stronghold of West Toronto, morally speaking, at least, a vital blow would be inflicted both upon the Government and the new policy. The effort put forth by the Opposition was certainly corresponding to such an anticipated result. Our space will not allow us to follow the arguments in detail; but we may say generally that Mr. MACKENZIE's contention was that the National Policy made everything used by the workingman much dearer, while it had entirely failed to meet the expectation of its promoters in bringing about prosperity, as it indeed, he held, must necessarily do, in that it was founded on false principles. There was one noticeable omission, however, in Mr. MACKENZIE's speech. He did not indulge in any declamation about giving the Pacific Railway to a Company to build and paying for it in lands. He was silent on this point. Two or three evenings after Mr. BLAKE followed. He had evidently prepared himself for an effort. His speech was long, and if we may so speak a perfect firework of words. He did not hesitate at tricks of demagogueism; but set himself deliberately to work, to stir up in as far as he was able the passions of the electors. In the same way as Mr. MACKENZIE he made a most elaborate attack on the National Policy, contending that it was vain to suppose that men could be made richer or business better by the simple expedient of making them pay more taxes. He then went into some calculations as to the millions of burden imposed by the new Tariff, saying that the Treasury only got the benefit of about two millions of the seven millions imposed, the remaining five millions simply

Redpath Sugar Refinery. But Mr. BLAKE got completely out of his depth in this kind of calculation and it was perfectly clear that he had neither mastered nor understood his subject. His speech was noticeable on another point, viz.—that he admitted in terms it might be advisable that the Pacific Railway should be constructed by means of a company, provided the terms of payment in lands or partly in money were such as could be approved by Parliament and the country. But he stated that he did not know what the terms were. It does not seem to have occurred to him that he was in a position to have learned the terms. He will probably do so in time, in his place in Parliament. But being ignorant of the facts, it was not wise to make a sweeping attack upon the Ministers, and that in the shape of insinuation, unearthing and re-vamping again at length the bones of the old Pacific Scandal, to fit what he called a supposititious case. In all this Mr. BLAKE made a very great mistake, and the whole of his effort was upset by a voice from the crowd, shouting out "That's played out." His retort to this interpellation "Did you get any of the money ?" was pointless and random and entirely unworthy of him; as was, in fact, the whole exhibition. Even the evening Toronto paper, which is his friend, if not his echo, cried out "Shame." For the rest, it was perfectly clear, that the politicians who trade in this sort of stuff for capital, must be poor. Sir LEONARD TILLEY followed Mr. BLAKE two or three evenings later, and it was very clear from the tone which he adopted, that he felt the weight of ministerial responsibility resting on his shoulders. He spoke calmly and with great moderation. He defended at length the National Policy from the attacks of Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake. He denied that it had failed, but asserted, that on the contrary, everywhere in the Dominion there were signs of prosperity. He said that many of the contentions of the opponents of the policy in Parliament, notably those of Mr. Mills, had been falsified by the facts, especially in the prediction that it would stop the export of American wheat in bond through the port of Montreal; a prediction which was met by the hard fact that such export was greater this year than ever known before. He did not deny that the duty on hard coal might be held to make it a little dearer to the consumer; but not much, as the fact had been that American dealers and American transport companies had brought down their prices to meet the duty, so there was the satisfaction that it was nearly, if not wholly, paid from their pockets. The duty on the other hand had given enormous stimulus to Maritime Province interests, whose people in their turn, purchased breadstuffs from Ontario. He said there was no duty more misunderstood than the sugar duty, and denied that it had made sugar any dearer to the consumer; while it had immensely promoted direct Canadian trade with the West Indies, thereby enhancing the prosperity of the whole country, and making Canada less dependent on the United States. As to the talk about the "Redpath monopoly" he showed that refineries were being built in various parts of the country, and there was a prospect of competition enough. He said tional Policy did make any article a little dearer to the consumer there was still the broad fact that it gave them wages wherewith to buy it, which was better for them than having no wages wherewith to buy cheaper articles. He exposed, in a manner which left no room for argument, the terrible blunders Mr. BLAKE had made with respect to calculations of revenue, and he said, that without being tempted to go into any argument at all on the remarks that Mr. BLAKE had made about the Pacific Scandal, it would be enough to say, that it would have been much better for that gentleman's reputation, if that part of his speech had been left out.

Such was the scope of the three

own moral. The Opposition leaders, by their course will naturally array the manufacturing interests against them, as they did at the general election. It is besides a mistake not to allow the experiment of the Government to be quietly developed. It will be quite time enough to bring it to judgment at the close of the five years of their administration. It is further a mistake to make such prodigious efforts at a by-election, which at best or worst, is proof of but very little. There were three Conservative candidates, Messrs. BEATTY, WRIGHT and CAPREOL, against one Liberal, Mr. Ryan. It is true that Mr. BEATTY was the regular Conservative candidate; but any Conservative votes for the other two were so much deducted from France took up the problem and solved it his strength. Mr. BEATTY won by a majority of 262.

#### LA BRABANCONNE.

It is pleasant to record that, while all classes of our population work harmoniously toward the development of a vital Canadian sentiment, they are not unmindful of the traditions attached to their several origins and duly celebrate, as occasion offers, the historical epochs of the Mother Land. On the 24th of last June, our French-Canadian countrymen gathered in thousands at Quebec, for a spectacular display of the most interesting nature. On the 14th of last July, the French Colony of this city commemorated the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, thus associating themselves with the magnificent demonstration which took place that day, on the broad expanse of Longchamps, under the auspices of the Republican Government. And last Wednesday, the 25th inst., the Belgians of Montreal joined together in a most enjoyable pic-nic to honour the fiftieth birthday of the independence of their native land. This last event deserves something more than a passing notice, and before the echoes of "La Brabanconne," the national air of Belgium, sung by a chorus of fifty manly voices, has died away among the leafy avenues of Isle Grosbois, it may not be ungracious to recall briefly the circumstances which led to the emancipation of one of the oldest and most interesting

nationalities in Europe. The kingdom of the United Netherlands was established in 1815, by the Congress of Vienna, that remarkable conclave which, ignoring the disintegrating influences of the great French revolution, and the political havor made by the continuous victories of Napoleon, imagined and onsure a lasting peace by patching up States in the condition they occupied before these two cataclysms. A more palpable mistake could not have been made in the case of the Netherlands. The elements to be combined were not only different, but they were essentially antagonistic. Holland was the most decidedly Protestant State in Europe; Belgium, the most exclusively Catholic. The former was Gothic in principle and speech; the latter latin in language and sentiment. A further, and, as it proved, a diriment objection to the union was that the consent of Belgium was strenuously withheld from it, the bishops and notables entering their At \$4 a ton, an acre can yield the round protest by a considerable majority. The sum of \$64 at the lowest, which is more result was that, almost from the first, than any other species of cultivation can acute discontent maniested itself, which produce. the course of the reigning monarch served to increase rather than allay. William I. was obstinate and narrow-minded. He favoured the Dutch, and withdrew his confidence from the Flemings. Trial by jury was abolished; the use of French was discountenanced; the education of the clergy was interfered with; almost all administrative positions were entrusted to Hollanders; the liberty of the press was abolished, and imprisonment and banish. The total of raw sugar importation in ment were freely indulged in, through 1876, was \$6,000,000, and the refining the sentences of removable judges. Fifteen years had not elapsed before the country was ripe for rebellion, awaiting only an of sugar throughout the country reaches opportunity to strike. That opportunity the enormous sum of \$160,000,000 or \$40 came with the French revolution of July, a head, according to statistics just pub-

to flee from St. Cloud to the coast of Normandy and thence to England, than, in August of the same year, William I. was driven from the Palais Royal at Brus. sels. It was a song that gave the signal and became the rallying cry. A dense crowd had been listening with enthusiasm to Auber's La Muette, and when the opera was over, there was a mad rush for the street, where ten thousand tenors shouted the grand air wherewith Masaniello had fired the fishermen of Naples on the white beach of Portici. That night the independence of Belgium was declared and a few days later it was secured by force of arms. What followed has proved a triumph of diplomacy. England and by guaranteeing the autonomy of Belgium. the former country furnishing a king in in the person of Prince Leopold, uncle of Her Majesty, and the latter supplying a queen in the daughter of Louis Philippe The result has been eminently successful, as the prosperity of the little kingdom for the past fifty years abundantly testities. Leopold I., approved himself one of the wisest monarchs of this century, and was for long regarded as literally the Nestor of sovereigns. After an extended reign he left to his son, the present king, a bright heritage of peace and plenty .-- It was well, therefore, that the semi-secular anniversary of independence should be duly celebrated, and that the sublime strain of "La Brabanconne" as we have often heard it in the Parc Royal, at Brussels, sung by a thousand male voices, should be taken up with enthusiasm on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

#### BEET-ROOT CULTURE.

The time seems to have come at length when the cultivation of the beet-root for the manufacture of sugar will be undertaken in earnest and with reasonable pros pects of success. We remember that, some eight years ago, M. Bonnement, a French gontleman of experience in this branch of industry, drew up detailed schedules applicable to the country, and entered into negotiations with some capitalists of Montreal. For one reason or another, chiefly, perhaps, because the occasion was not yet ripe for the venture the scheme came to Laught, but the preject was not wholly lost sight of. Now however, a practical turn has been given to the enterprise, and the Quebec Government have led off with a bounty, securing the establishment of two factories. One of these, at West Farnham, is in a fair way it would restore the equilibrium of Europe to completion. Following in this wake. we learn with pleasure that a company of French capitalists, residing in Paris, have engaged to subcribe two millions of dollars for four factories that shall be set up respectively at St. Johns, Hochelaga, Berthier and Quebec They bargain for an area of a thousand acres to be cultivated in Feets during twelve years. The Company promise to pay for the roots at the rate of \$1 a

From experiments already made in different varts of the Province, it is ascertained that a mean of 16 tons to the acre can be obtained, while on more favoured land-20, 25 and even 30 tons can be raised.

A further advantage to be considered by the farmer who might not find a market for all his roots, is that the beet is excellent food for milch cows and is unsur passed for the fattening of stock.

In Europe, the manufacture of sugar is heavily taxed, while in Canada it is exempt from all imposts. The protection granted is equivalent to 40 per cent. as against the importation of foreign sugars. process, by doubling its value, raised the figure to \$12,000,000. The consumption posed, the remaining nive millions simply speeches, and each we think conveys its 1830. No sooner was Charles X., forced lished by a Quebec specialist. If this be

so, the conclusion is plain that beet-root sugar would command an easy market, and at prices beyond any foreign competition. The whole question is interesting from an economical point of view, as well as important in its practical aspects, and it is to be hoped that the attempts spoken of will result in something tangible. As affecting more directly the agricultural classes, this industry deserves at least as much encouragement as other branches of manufacture.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

STOCK GILL FORCE.—The residents in the neighbourhood of Ambleside, at the head of Windermere, have made a laudable effort to secure this beautiful piece of romantic scenery for the public enjoyment. It is situated but ten minutes walk out of the village of Ambleside, in a copse bearing the name of Nelly Close, on the side of Wansfell, a mountain rising to the height of 1,590 feet. Stock Gill or Ghyll is a stream flowing down from Kirkstone, north-east of Ambleside, to join the Rothay before it enters Lake Windermere. The "force," or waterial, descends 70 feet in three successive cascades, the two highest divided by projecting rocks from each other; below stands a picturesque old mill, which has been a lavourite for artists.

A GERMAN CORDED POODLE .- We give an illustration of the famous blood poodle Nero, which was distinguished with the first prize of this class at the Berlin International Dog Show. It is drawn from life by L. Beckmann, of Du-seldorf, who acted also as judge of this class. Nero is, perhaps, the finest and most perfect specimen of the German corded coated poodle that was ever bred. The ringlets of his woolly and glossy coat form long pendulous strings or cords, which are twisted as regularly as if done by aid of artificial means. On the shoulders these ringlets are of the length of more than twenty-six inches, and when the dog is moving about his long, waving coat gives him the appearance of walking under a black mourning dratery. The shaven parts of the body show that the frame of a good poodle of this breed is beautiful and well made, like that of a high-bred sporting-dog.

RAFT IN PERIL. On Menday week a general smash of ten cribs of timber took place in the Lachine Rapids. It appears t' at the tug towing the raft from St. Anne's, on nearing Lachine, attempted to get into the canal, but being too far out in the stream, at the time of turning, the rafts were caught by the strong current, and had to be cut adrift to save the tug. Onward went the rafts toward the boiling, turbulent rapids. The spectators on the banks with horror saw one poor Indian standing on the pile, appealing for help. Instantly a boat was got out, and volunteers manned it and started at a good pace on their noble mission to save the poor Indian's life. They were only just successful. The Indian was hardly off the raft before it entered upon the first low rapids and began to break very quickly, eventually going to pieces altogether when well in the rapids. The timber was floating past the city all day, and boats were out at all points picking it up.

BLOWN AWAY .- Considerable alarm was felt in Toronto police circles one night last week on account of the non-appearance for duty, at eight o'clock, of two constables connected with No. 1 police station, who, it was ascertained, had gone off for a sail in a yacht about two o'clock in the afterneon. Morrison's boat-house, from which the men had departed, was visited at a later hour, but the yacht had not been returned, and consequently the fears for the safety of the preservers of the peace was increased on the part of their companions. About eleven o'clock, however, a brick-maker's waggon rattled up to the side entrance at police headquarters, and two hungry-looking, weather-beaten, and dejected-looking individuals crawled off the vehicle, and reported themselves as the missing men. The officer in charge of the station, after a careful examination, identified them, and took them in and heard their pitiful story, which was to the effect that they had been blown away almost as far east as Bowmsnville, and that by the most heroic efforts they had succeeded in running their craft ashore at Victoria Park, where they left her, and, striking for the Kingston road hired the waggon upon which they had reached

Inspection of the Montreal Field Battery.—The very satisfactory progress made by Col. Stevenson's fine command during their annual camp drill has been most gratifying, and the inspection on Saturday week was a most successful one. It was notable, too, as being the first turn out in the Fifth District, if not of the whole force, at which the new Commanderin-Chief of the Militia was present. The General and staff arrived at the camp at half-past ten, and, roll having been called, the inspection was proceeded with, Lieut. Col Irwin being the inspecting officer. After the salute the Battery went through the marches past, independent firing and various field movements, the latter being performed on Fletcher's Field, owing to the limited size of the Exhibition grounds. The inspection over, the Battery was drawn up and addressed by Lieut.-Col Irwin, who noticed, he said, a great improvement in the field move-

ments, and he was gratified at the answers received to his questions about gun drill, ammunition, etc., but on future occasions he would ask them many questions, and if they would study their manual they would find no difficulty in answering. He expressed a wish to see all non-commissioned officers come to Quebec in the winter for a two or three months' course in the school of instruction, they would then be able to properly instruct their men. He closed by expressing his pleasure to Col. Stevenson and Battery at the presence of General Luard. Subsequently the General and inspecting officers were entertained in the officers' mess tent by Colonel Stevenson and the officers of the Battery. The camp was broken up shortly afterwards.

THE MCKAY-CONLEY MATCH .- The rowing contest between John McKay of Dartmouth, N. S., and P. H. Conley of Portland, Me., took place at Dartmouth, on the 18th inst. The representatives of the two men tossed for choice of position, and the toss was won by McKay's representative, who chose the inside course. The Dartmonth man was the first to respond to the signal. When he arrived at the starting-place there was a very general expression of wonder that he would attempt to row in the condition he was in. His face was badly swollen and few men would have cared even to go out of the house, let alone venture upon the water, in the same condition. Conley soon arrived, and both men were got into position the water being almost without a ripple. The referee gave the word "go," and the two men started. Conley at once took the lead, and, hearing some shouts f om the shore "Goit, McKay," remarked "Yes, pull up, my boy," but seemed little inclined to let him do so. McKay rowed at the rate of 38 strokes to the minute, while Conley rowed 34, but seemed to put more force into his stroke. They maintained their respective positions, Conley three or four lengths ahead, till the Four Mile House was passed, where McKay lost a length or two by getting too far out. Conley was steering splendidly, and turned his stakeboat in 11 minutes from the start. McKay got around ten seconds later and tried hard to catch his opponent, but in vain-the Nova Scotian was evidently overmatched. At the Four Mile House on the return both men spurted in response to the cheers from those on shore, but without changing their relative positions very much, and Conley crossed the line about four or five lengths ahead and rowed up to the referee's boat where he was received with cheers. A moment later McKay came up and was cheered with equal heartiness for a more plucky race had never been rowed, and none but those who saw him at the finish can form an idea of what endurance he must have had to push his opponent so closely around the course and make his beating so small. The Dartmouth man looked out of condition when he started, but at the finish more than one felt that he should not have rowed at all, whatever the cost. The ulceration which caused the swelling in his face had broken and was running down his chin, so that his giving up the race long before the finish would have been quite excusable. The time was about 22.50. as taken by several persons on shore and on the

CANDAHAR .- In the history of Afghanistan, published only two years ago, Colonel Malleson gives a description of the city which is of interest at this moment. He says:—"This town of Candahar, situated at the foot of the Tarnah Valley, is separated from the river of that name by a short range of hills which divide the lower part of the valley and run parallel with the river for about twenty miles. landahar is encompassed on three sides by high, sharp-pointed, rocky mountains, rising abruptly from the plain. The open side is that leading along the valley of the Tarnah. A considerable portion of the valley of Candahar is, in an ordinary way, fertile and well cultivated. It can boast of rich meadows, gardens, orchards filled with fruit-trees, fields of corn, barley, lucern, clover, and watered by numerous canals, fed through the break in the hills by the waters of the Argandab, one of the tributaries of the Helmund. These cultivated lands are chiefly on the south-western and western sides of the town. Three or four miles to the east the traveller encounters a portion of a cheerless plain, covered with stones, and scantily supplied with water. The town of Candahar is large and populous. Its form is that of an oblong square, 2,000 by 1,600 yards (about a mile square.) Situated on the north side of the extensive plain called after the town, about two miles from the lofty mountain called Bala Wali, it is surrounded by a high but thin and weak wall, with several bastions. Its walls are 30 feet The four principal bazaars, or streets, lead from the gateways and meet nearly in the centre of the town in a large circular building, covered with a dome about 120 feet in diameter, called the charsu. This place is surrounded by shops, and it is regarded as a public marketplace. The streets which converge in it divide the town into four nearly equal districts. The other streets in the town are mere lanes, formed by the narrow space between the high houses—houses far more lofty than those of the principal streets. The climate of Candahar is very dry, and in every respect superior to that of Hindostan. . . . Corn and most of the necessaries of life are dear at Candahar. Firewood is also very scarce. It is difficult to fix the number of inhabitants. Mountstuart Elphinstone declines to make the attempt. It seems to be acknowledged, however, that the population is

in excess of that of Herat. If the Heratis may be estimated, as they have been, at 45,000, the Candaharis may possibly number 60,000.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MEASURES are about to be taken by means of which reproductions of the principal works of art in the metropolitan collection will be distributed to all schools of design and local art institutes. Especial grants will be given to such schools as carry out some definite course of art study either in connection with the Classical or Renaissance periods—those schools of Eastern and Western art which have done so much to form our taste and to guide it.

Some days ago there was a whisper that the great Gainsborough picture of the Duchess of Devonshire had been recovered. A well-known city solicitor to whom Mesars. Agnew have given full powers for prosecuting inquiries as to anything that may turn up in this case discovered, or thought he had discovered, a trace of its whereabouts. But alas, though the thread for a time looked promising, it disappeared, and one of the greatest mysteries of modern times still remains unsolved.

Private telegrams state that Sir Bartle Frere is in high dudgeon at his recall, the collapse of the South African confederation scheme being only a pretext for that step taken by the Government under pressure of their Radical supporters. Sir Bartle will hasten home, and he will probably seek for a seat in Parliament. Should he succeed some lively scenes would be witnessed next session, for as a debater Sir Bartle Frere is quite capable of holding his own against all the Lawsons and Courtneys who have so bitterly assailed him.

FRANCE is borrowing her fashions from England, and improving on them with her usual ingenuity. After copying the new visiting cards of the dristocracy, which show the name in gold letters on a black, blue, or other novel ground, they have added to them the coat of arms in one corner, and made the suggestion that elégantes who are not so fortunate as to have inherited armorial bearings from their forefathers, can easily substitute for them some distinguishing emblem that will pass muster with that large section of society which is not acquainted with the science of heraldry.

The white waistcoat movement in the House of Commons seems to have attained unusual proportions this year. It has influ need even the staid Mr. Forster, who, laying a ade the red velvet garment which he affects in common with O'Gorman Mahon, figured tecently in one of a tint which, on the person of an Irish official, seemed a dangerous approach to orange. Mr. Bigger still remains true to the perennial sealskin, which has been his faithful companion all through his Obstructive career, but, with the solitary exception of the hon, member for Cavan, every one seems to have made some concession to the weather, from the leader of the House downwards.

The cuirass, which is now only retained in the armies of four European countries, viz., France, Germany, Russia, and England, seems likely to disappear altogether. In France the cuirass has recently been laid aside in six out of the twelve regiments which formerly wore it, and it is believed that before long it will be abolished altogether in the German army. Unless, however, it becomes absolutely necessary, owing to the paucity of cavalry in the British army, to employ the Household Brigade on active service, it is probable that the three regiments will continue to gladden the eyes of Her Majesty's lieges in London and Windsor with their present brilliant equipment, and the British Army will be the last in which the cuirass will survive.

The reporters have been admitted to the side galleries of the House of Lords. Formerly they looked down an oblong building from its extreme end. The Lord Chancellor is at the other extreme end; Ministers and leaders of the Opposition are so far away that if they turn their backs on the press gallery nothing can be heard. Only the independent members of either party are certain that their remarks reach the reporters' ears. If they are placed in the side galleries they will be close to the political leaders and will be equi-distant from the Lord Chancellor and the cross benches. Orators will be able henceforth to address the Lord Chancellor instead of turning their backs upon him; and the reports in the papers will be something more than a compilation of uncertain sounds caught with difficulty and recorded with hesitation.

#### ARTISTIC.

THE Spinoza monument at The Hague is to be unveiled on September 14.

MR, GUSTAVE DORE is painting a colossal picture in illustration of the text "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."

A GRAND monument to Pius IX., in the form of his statue, little less than twice the size of life, has been by private subscription erected in Milan Cathedral.

M. ADOLPHE YVON, the eminent artist, is engaged on a painting of the Buttle of Ulundi. It is intended for a panorama on the same principle as that of the Siege of Paris which has proved so attractive.

The late French sculptor Leniaire was known chi-fly by the present pelicament of the Madeleine in Paris, which he executed in 18.6, and which brought him the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honour and a seat in the Academie des Beaux Arts.

A CERTAIN number of French painters, sculptors, and men of letters have recently formed a society, with the object of founding an "artists' home" for elderly or impoverished authors, scientists, artists, &c., under the name of "Societas Artis de Amíciae." Among the subscribers are Meissonier, Charles Paul Dubots, Gérome, De Neuville, Nitti, Alexandre Dunas, Victor Hugo, Laboulaye, Detaille, Duo de Broglie, &c.

In Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of "The Flight into Egypt," the doakey from which he painted is stated to be an animal of purest breed, boasting a genealogy of two centuries; while the Virgin is taken from a lovely Jewish maided living in the n-lighbourhood of Bettilehem. One original feature in the picture will be a procession of infant spirita—those of the murderest Innocents. Mr. Hunt has been engaged upon this picture for four years and it will take six months to finish it.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A RECENT concert at Albert Hall, London, realized \$6,000.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has left Paris

SALVINI will speak Italian during his tour next winter through the United States, while the subordinate parts in Shakespeare's tragedies will be in Eng-

ADELAIDE NEILSON frequently complained of a pain at the heart after playing Juliet. Her physicians advised her not to play the part night after night.

THEODORE THOMAS, who has just returned from Europe, says that the musical taste of New York is far in advance of that of London. They must have mighty poortaste in London.

#### HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Monday, August 23—General Roberts is expected to reach Candidar by the 20th instant.—Cardinal Nina is reported to be much worse; the is suffering from typhoid fever.—The European Powers have declined the proposal of the Porte to respect negotions.—Russia proposes modifying the amount of territory to be ceded to Montenegro by Turkey.—Roumanian troops in the Dobrudja have gained another victory over the Bulgarian insurgents.—The report of the sortic made by the British from Candahar is confirmed. The casualties were heavy on both sides.—The public prosecutor has refused Count Von Arnim a re-hearing of his case, which will now be appealed to the State Court.—Mr. Gladistone has returned to London much improved in health. He embarks to-day for a series of trips around the north of Ireland and Scottish coast.

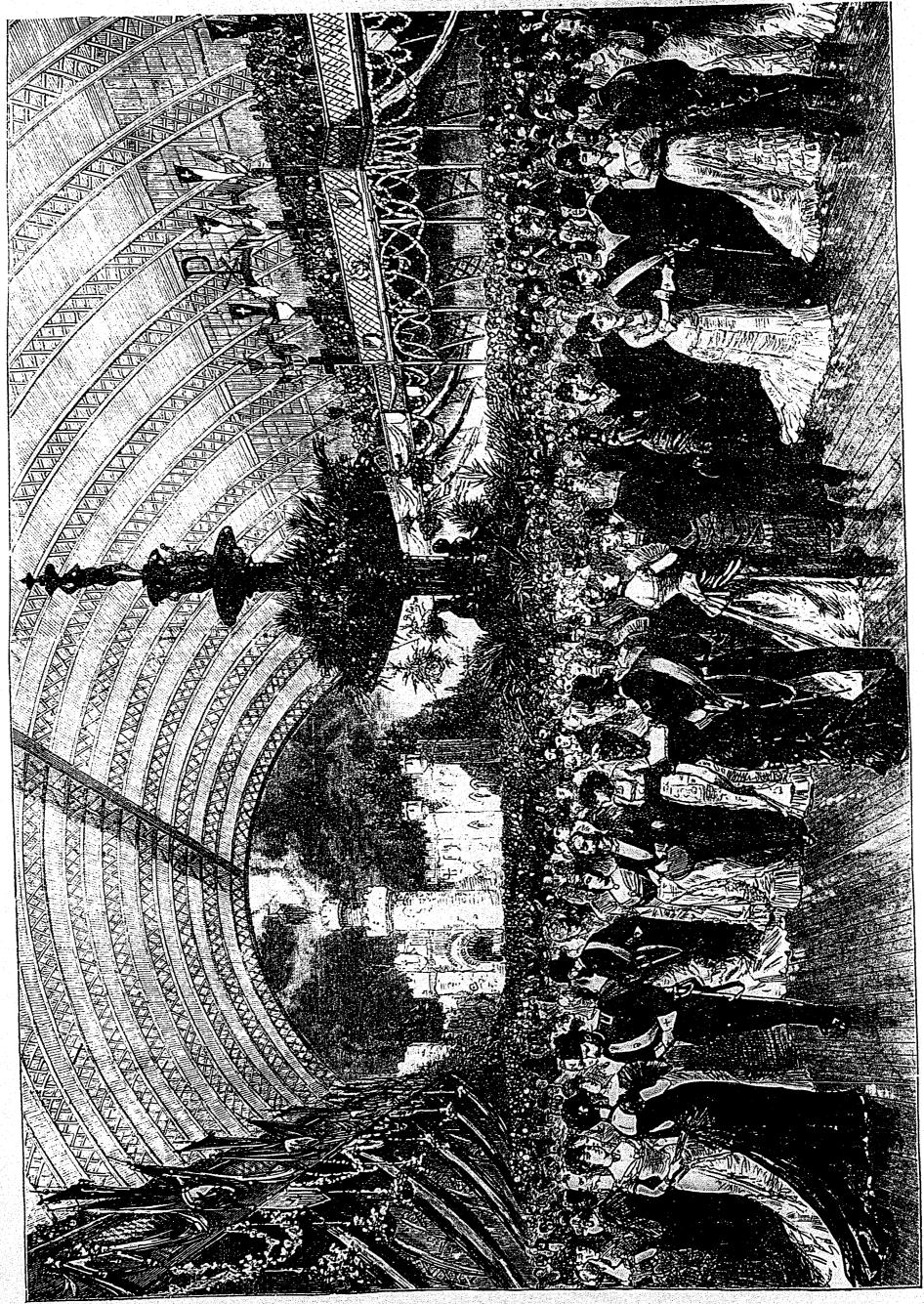
Tuesday, August 24.—General Brooke was among those killed at the recent sortic from Candahar.—A conference for the reform of the laws of nations has commenced at Berne, Switzerland.—The order for the Russian naval squadron to proceed to Ragusa has been countermanded.—A desperate conflict between the Roumanian police and Bulgarlan riotors has occured in Arabiaia.—The Imperial Government apprishend further disturbances in Ireland, but are determined to enforce order at any sacrifice.—Bismarck proposes the commencement of Government reliet works in West Prussia, as a means of lessening the distress prevailing there.—A disturbance is reported to have broken out at Lagos, and the natives all along the west coast of Africa are said to be on the eve of an open revoit.

WEDNESDAY, August 25.—Dellaas, the well-known marine painter, is dead.—A Paris paper denounces Dr. Tauner's fast as a fraud.—An unsuccessful attempt has been made to assassinate the King of Burm th.—A Canadhar telegram states that Nana Sahib has been captured by native cavairy.—The collective vote on the Greek boundary question was delivered to the Porte yesterday.—II. R. H. the Duke of Connaught has applied for employment on active service in India.

THURSDAY, August 26.—Preparations are being continued for the prevention of further anticipated trouble in the west of Ireland.—The vote for the Irish constabulary was again under discussion in the House of Commons last night, and provoked a warm debate. The slitting was to continue through to-day.—The Spanish Government, finding more Cuban rebels are arriving than can be disposed of in the African penal settlements, intends to re-ship some of them to the Marionas Islands, near the Philippines, said to be unhealthy, inhabited by savages and overrun with rats.—The news from Afghanistan is of a very serious and alarming nature. The slege of Candahar is being vigorously and effectively prosecuted under the direction of Russian officers, and Ayoob Khan is said to have gathered as many as 10,000 men around the city. Besides this, General Roberts, who has yet some three or four weeks' marching to reach Candahar, is greatly harassed by the Afghans, who have also burned the grass along the line of the British advance, thus destroying the only means of obtaining provender for the animals. This is said to have disheatened and discouraged the troops, and altogether the outlook is anything but encouraging. A later despatch says General Stewart has been ordered to remain at Jellallabad, mutiny having broken out among the Ameer's troops.

FRIDAY, August 27.—A Bombay telegram says cholers is ruging at Peshawur.—Iterr Hotlman, German Minister of Commerce and Tracte, has resigned.—
The ex-Khan of Khokand has been liberated by the Russian Government. Negotiations with China are said to be proceeding favourably.—Major Munroe, commanding the marine detachments at present stationed in Ireland, reports all quiet in the districts where his men are quartered.—A Bombay despatch states that Ayoob Khan has retired his forces to a point some eight miles east of Candahar, probably with a view of meeting General Phayre on the open plains.—A council of Turkish Ministers held yesterday to consider the second collective note of the Powers relative to the Greek boundary question, came to the conclusion, after mature de iberation on the subject, that Turkey could not commit seitmutilation. A later despatch from Constantinople, however, says the Porte has issued a circular to the Powers promising the immediate accision of Dulcigno and the introduction of reforms in Asia Minor.

SATURDAY, August 28.—General Roberts' difficulties according to latest despatches, are increasing.—A member of the Irish Land League has been expelled from that body for offering to give evidence before the Land Commission.—All districts of Albania show a desire to settle the Montenegria question at once, so as to be clear to deal with affairs in Epirus.—Bambay despatches report toreatened trouble with the Belocchees and on the Soinde frontier.—A Detroit despatch says the steamer Marine City was burned on Lake Huron yesterday. There are said to be from ten to sixty lives lost by the disaster.



#### THE FIGURE READ OF THE "ATALANTA."

The British barken. tine Girl of Devon, Captain Grant, which arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 29th last, had on board a large, white, painted figure head, which the captain affirmed to be the head of the illstarred British training-ship Atalanta. In ac-cordance with the ordicordance with the ordinary scale, the figure-head would exactly fit a ship ranging from 700 to 900 tous. It is the figure of a goddess, and very similar to the figures of Diana or Atalania, as represented alanta, as represented hy Roman and Greek mythologists. It is a three-fourths length fig-ure, with a coronal fillet on the head. The robes that flew loose and gracefully over the figure are gathered by a buckle above the knee, and a few inches below the figure is truncated and takes a fluent, wedge like shape, where it en-tered the ship's cutwat-er. As a considerable reward has been offered by the British Admiralty for any authenticated fragment of the missing

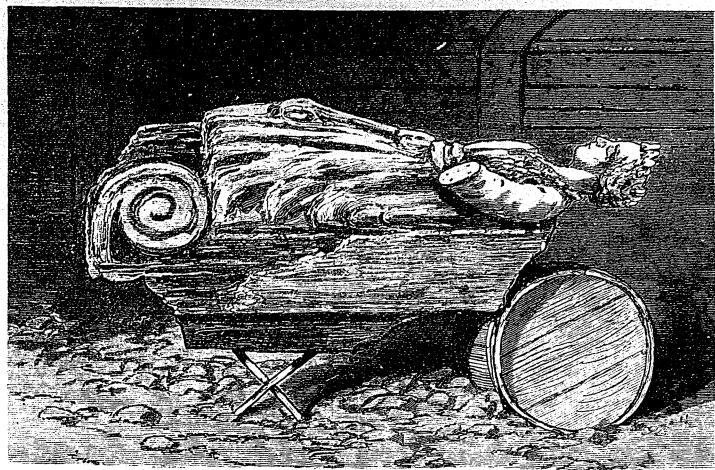
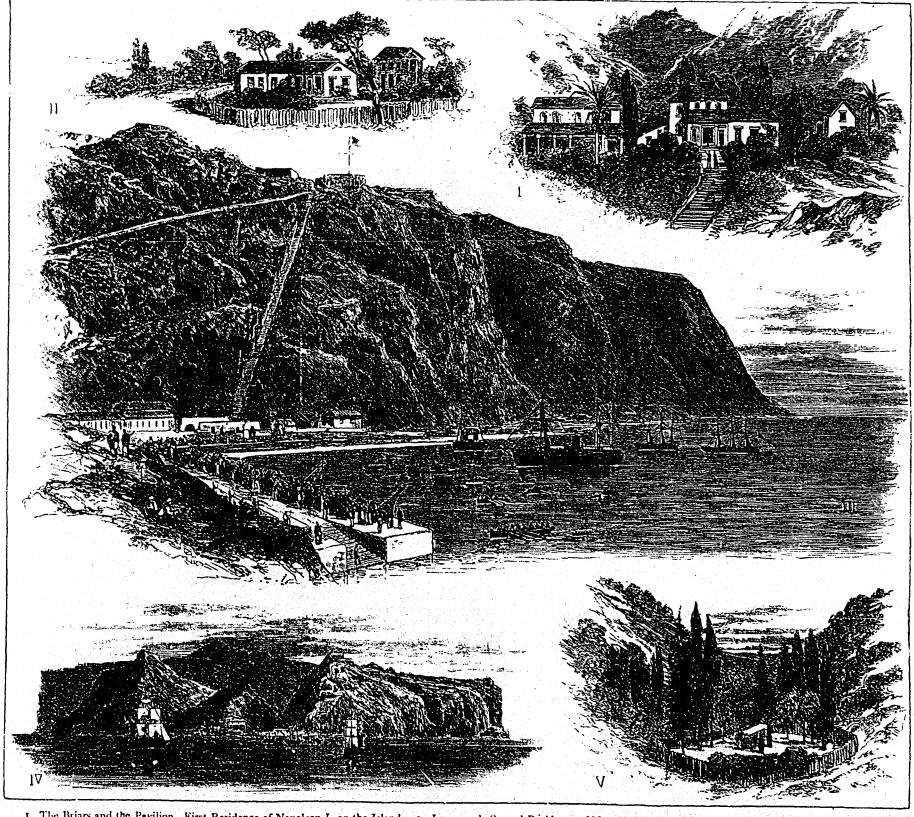


FIGURE HEAD OF THE "ATALANTA," AS EXHIBITED AT ST. JOHN, NEWFOUNDLAND.

ship, Captain Grant will retain his prize till he reaches England in his own vessel.

In a carefully executed sketch of the Atalanta that appeared in the London Illustrated News of the 24th of last April, the figure-head as there represented, is, as the pose of the body, reduced scale, size, and all essential features, the same as that picked up by the Girl of Devon. When Captain Grant first saw the floating figure, about a quarter of a mile distant, a scagull was perched on the bust. The position of the ship at the time was latitude 46 degrees 12 minutes north, longtitude 22 degrees 30 minutes west. One noticeable feature about the figure head is the evidence of great violence, either by collision with ice or with floating wreckage. The large metal bolts that fastened it to the cutwater are rudely bent and broken, indicating the application of a tremendous shock to the bows of the ship, and the lower part of the figure is broken and splintered, which tends to strengthen the theory of collision.



1. The Briars and the Pavilion, First Residence of Napoleon I. on the Island.—2. Longwood, Second Residence of Napoleon I.—3. Landing of the Ex-Empress at James Town Harbour.—4. View of the Island from the N.N.E.—5. Napoleon's Tomb.

VISIT OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE TO ST. HELENA.

#### CARMEN BICYCLORUM.

TO THE C. BI. C.

Air-" Laniger Horatius!

Veniamus Centauri,
Luctamur per rotas,
Superemusque ventos,
Silentibas in equia.
Chorus—Nuoc venite Bicycli.
Et cantate gaudia
Chalybis equorum, per
Terrarum totum orbem.

Arriqui equi erant Ossium et carnis; Sed nunc cos faciunt, Ferro atque chalybis.—Chorus

Equitamos per imbrem Et to luce solis. Via mala et bona, Hiemi et aestate. -Chorus.

Agamns gratias dis Facultate data Nobis atque allis Voiandi sine alis.—Chorus.

#### WHAT D'Y'CALL IT!

"How do you pronounce it?" asked pretty Miss Icicle. As they gezed at the Providence show;—
"Pronounce it?" but thing I way they call it bicycle,"
Said Languid Fitziawdie, her beau.

"Beg panion—you're wring," said Professor Idrykle, Philodogist, Sympens and slow; "Unless syste is sinkle tabey call it bicycle,"—Said the lady; "Do you see how they go!"

While the professor and the best talked learned along "Of the meetings which word-roots reveal, They're just lovely!" she sighed. Answered Engineer

"You mean those young men on the wheel?"

Detroit, June 22, 1880.

### HOW SNOOKS GOT OUT OF IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," ETC.

"If you will take my advice," said Mr. Wilding, making a last noble but futile effort to balance the ivory paper-knife on the tip of his first finger, "you won't go to Brownig's ball." "And why not!" asked his companion ir-

"Well, I really wouldn't, you know," said Mr. Wilding, giving up the struggle with the impossible, and laying the refractory paper-knife upon the table,—"for a variety of reasons. Girls play the very mischief with you, and you know what trouble it gave me to get you out of your last scrape. There are four yon out of your last scrape. There are four Browning girls, aren't there! And they are all

pretty ? "I don't see what that's got to do with it, said Snooks sulkily. "There's safety in a mul-

titude. I can't marry 'em all, can I ?"
"Happily, no! Though, if the laws of your land did not forbid it, I am inclined to think you might try to accomplish even that. Still, be advised, Snooks, and be conspicuous by your absence at the Brownrigs' 'small and early.' Papa Brownrig when incensed is not nice, and you know you are decidedly epris with Miss Kati".

"Ne, I am not," said Snooks, with decision, "not a bit of it. Though I allow she is a handsome girl, and has lovely eyes. Hasn't she,

"I don't know. As a rule I never look into a woman's eyes. I consider it a rudeness as well as a betise," said Wilding earnestly, telling his lie without a blush. "Never mind her eyes. If," warningly, "you must go to this ball, at least try to forget that she has any eyes at all. If you don't you will prepared to her at all. If you don't, you will propose to her,

to a moral."
"One would think I was a raw schoolboy," said young Snooks wrathfully. "Do you think I can't look at a woman without committing myself! Do I look like a fool!"

Whatever Mr. Wilding thought at that moment, he kept it to himself. Before he spoke next, he and his conscience had agreed to

"My dear fellow, do not let us even hint at such a thing," he said amiably. "I only meant you were slightly—very slightly—susceptible, and that Miss Katie has a certain amount of pleasing power, and that—I positive-ly would give up this ball if I—"

"Are you going?" broke in Snooks impa-

"Well, yes, I daresay I shall look in about twelve.

"Then I shall look in with you," said

Snooks defiantly.

"Fact is, the fellow wants to spoon her himself, and don't see the force of being cut out," said he to himself complacently, as he ran down the steps of Wilding's stairs.

Beyond all question the Brownrig's ball was

a decided success. The rooms were filled to overflowing, the staircases were choked, the heat was intolerable. Sir Thomas and Lady Higgins had actually put in an appearance after all, and the supper, if uneatable, was, I assure you, very expensive. No pains or money had been spared; everything was what the mistress of the house called "rug regal;" and all the Miss Brownrigs looked as charming as any one could desire.

There were four of them. There was Katie, the second daughter-Snook's friend, and the possessor of lovely eyes. And they were lovely; large, "and dark, and true, and tender," like the North, according to the Laureate; "black said her fond if slightly oppressive as sloes." mother, and of the languid, melting order.

Then there was Hetty, the eldest girl, who, if her eyes were not dark as midnight, had at least the dearest little nose in the world. A pure Greek feature, perfect in every respect, ignorant of colds in the head, that made one long to tell her (only she would have blushed, they were all nicely brought up) about Dudu, and her Phidian appendage.

Then came Georgie-" George the Third," she was playfully termed in the bosom of her family-who, if she had neither nose nor eyes like her sisters, had certainly a prettier mouth than either. A sweet little kissable rosebud of a mouth, that pouted and laughed alternately, and did considerable execution.

And finally there was Lily. A tall pale girl, with blue eyes, a finely cut chin, and a good deal of determination all round.

Katie's eyes were larger, darker, and (when she looked at Snooks and thought of his thousands) more melting than ever that night. Her dress, if slightly bizarre, was intensely becoming. Snooks, for the first half hour, kept himself bravely aloof from her fascinations, declined to notice her reproachful glances and languishing willades, and for reward was wretched. Finally, being driven into a corner during a fatal set of lancers, he met her eyes, saw, and was conquered. She would dance the next with him! Yes (coldly). And the next! Yes (more gently). And the ninth—he can see she is disengaged for it! Yes (this time quite warmly).

An hour later the deed was done. Some capital chamiagne, a dark avenue (I believe there were some Chinese lauterns there originally, but a kind wind had blown them out), and a soft little band slipped into his, did the work; and Miss Katie had promised bashfully, but with unmistakeable willingness, to be his future Mrs. Snooks. Whether it was Snooks or the property pertaining to Snooks she most affected, deponent sayeth not.

When, however, her betrothed found what he had done, and remembered his former words, and all the awfulness of parental wrath, his heart failed him. He went, as he usually did when in sorry case, in search of Wilding; and having discovered him, took him into a sideroom, and shutting the door confronted him with a rather pale face.
"So the eyes were too many for you," said

Mr. Wilding calmly, after a deliberate examination of the disturbed face before him. "I told you how it would be."
"That's the sort of thing any fellow might say," returned Snooks pathetically. "I didn't think you would be so aggravating. And just when you see I'm down on my luck too. Yes;

I've been and gone and done it."
"Mother will be pleased," q
friend and law adviser, with a shrug. quoted bis the by, will be your father. They both regard nothing so highly as birth. I suppose Miss Brownrig can lay claim to some decent breed-

"The old chap is a cornchandler, you know that; at least, he used to be," said Snooks, with a heavy groan.

"O, indeed! And a very charming business too, I make no doubt. Leads up to quite a train of ideas. Corn, wheat, staff of life, quaint old mill, and rustic bridge in the distance; miller sitting in it. I wonder," dreamily, "if Brownsitting in it. I wonder," dreamily, "if Brownrig ever wore a white hat! And if so—why!
Don't all speak at once. Well, well, she is a
very pretty girl. Such eyes, you know! I
really congratulate you, my dear fellow."
"Wilding," desperately, "can't you do
something! I—I don't know how it happened.

It was the champagne, I suppose, and of course you know she is pretty; but I don't want to marry any one, and I know the governor wouldn't hear of it."

"He will have to hear of it now, won't he!"

asked Wilding unfeelingly.
"He would go out of his mind if such a thing was even hinted to him, declared Snooks wildly.
"Try to help me out of it, Wilding, can't you?"
"I don't see what there is to do, except marry

her. I only hope Lady Snooks and Miss Corn-chandler will get on. And you should think of her beauty, you know; doubtless it will console you when Sir Peter cuts you off with the customary shilling."
"I suppose I had better cut my throat and

put an end to it," said Snooks dismally, and then-overcome, no doubt, by the melancholy of this suggestion-he breaks down and gives

tended, when you go out of the room. If you have put your foot in it, at least try to bear misfortune like a man. Look here," angrily, "if you are going to keep up this hideous boo-hooing I'll leave the room, and you, too, to your fate. It's downright indecent. They will hear you in the next house, if you don't moderate your grief.'

As the nearest house was a quarter of a mile off, this was severe.

"I shouldn't care if they heard me in the next town," said Mr. Snooks, who was quite too far gone for shame.

There is just one chance for you, and only "said Wilding slowly. "I have an idea, one," said Wilding slowly. "I have an idea, and you must either follow it, or-go to the altar

I'll follow anything," eagerly. "What is

"You have proposed to Miss Katie," solemnly. "Now go and propose to the other three ?"

As Wilding gave vent to his ides, he turned abruptly on his heel and left the room.
"I'll do it," said Snooks valiantly, drying his

eyes and giving his breast a tragic tap, "whatever comes of it."

Going into the hall, he saw Hetty standing near an entrance; a little way beyond her was Katie, conversing with a tall and lanky youth. Not daring to glance in the direction of the latter, who plainly expected him to come straight to her on the wings of love, he turned and asked Hetty to dance.

They denced, and then (it was a custom with the ball-goers in that mild suburban neighbourhood) he drew her out under the gleaming stars and up the dark avenue that a few minutes since was the scene of her sister's happiness.

There he proposed in due form, and was again accepted. Hetty's conduct, indeed, was perhaps a degree more pronounced than Katie's, because she laid her head upon his shoulder, and he felt he was by all the laws of sentiment bound to kiss her. Her nose looked lovely in the pale moonlight; so I daresay he did not find the ful-filling of this law difficult.

After that he had some more, a good deal more, champagne; and then he proposed to Miss Georgie, who also consented to be his. There now remained but one other step to be taken. He crossed the room and asked the youngest Miss Brownrig to dance. He was getting rather mixed by this time, and was on the very point of asking her to marry him instead, so customary had the question grown to him now. Miss Lily, however, declined to dance, on the pleathat she was tired, and could exert herself no more that night. With questionable taste he pressed the matter, and begged her to give him one, just one. At this she told him frankly she did not admire his style of dancing, which, of course, ended the conversation. So he asked her to come for a stroll instead; and, having arrived at the momentous spot, delivered himself of the ornate speech that had stready done duty three times that night. I forget what it was, but I know it wound up with the declaration that he adored her and wanted to marry her.

"It's extremely good of you, I'm sure," said the youngest Miss Browning calmly. "But, uncivil as I fear it must sound. I don't want to

marry you.'

"Don't you, by Jove!" said Snooks hastily. "Well, that's awfully ki- No, no!" pulling himself up with a start; "I don't mean that, himself up with a start; "I don't mean that, you know; I mean it's awfully horrid, you know. In fact," warming to his work through sheer gratitude, "you have made me miserable for ever; you've broken my heart."

"Dear me, how shocking!" said Miss Lily, frivolously. "Let us hope Time will mend it.

I'm not very sure you did not speak the truth at first. I really believe it is kind, my refusing you. And now, Mr. Snooks, if I were you I should go in and say good-night to mamma, because you have been having a good deal of papa's champagne, and it is trying to the constitution.

Snooks took the hint, bade farewell to Mrs. Brownrig, who, to his heated imagination, appeared to regard him already with a moist and motherly eye, and, taking Wilding's arm, drew him out of the house.

"Well?" said the latter interrogatively "I don't know whether it is well or ill," re-turned he gloomily. "But I followed your ad-

vice, and proposed to 'em all.'

" And they accepted you?" "The most of 'em. But Lily, the youngest, "I always said she was a sensible girl," put

in Mr. Wilding setto voce.
"Did you!" with much surprise. "Well, she refused me; sort of said she wouldn't have

me at any price. So you see you were wrong !"
"I always knew she was one of the most intelligent girls I ever met," Mr. Wilding repeated, in a tone so difficult that his companion for once had sufficient sense to refrain from demanding an explanation.

The next morning, as Katie Brownrig turned the angle of the hall that led to her father's sanctum (whither a sense of filial duty beckoned her) she almost ran into the arms of her three sisters, all converging towards the same spot from different directions. Simultaneously they entered Mr. Brownrig's study. (He called it a way to tears.

"I say, don't do that, you know," exclaimed Wilding indignantly. "Weeping all over the place won't improve matters, and will only make you look a worse fool than Nature in-

"I had a proposal last night, papa, and I have come to tell you about it," said she, in a tone replete with triumph.

It is so sweet to the mind of youth to outdo its elders. But "on this occasion only " the elders refused to be outdone. They each and all betrayed a smile of inward satisfaction, and then

they gave way to speech.
"No!" they said, in a breath. They did not mean to doubt or be impolite; they only meant surprise.

The curate," said Hetty, in a composed but plainly contemptuous whisper. It was a stage. whisper.

"Old Major Sterne," said Miss Georgie

promptly.

" Perhaps Henry Simme," suggested Katie, with some sympathy. Then turning to her father she said, with a conscious blush, "It is very strange, paps, but I, too, had a proposal last night.

"And so had I!" exclaimed Georgie and Hetty in a breath.

"Eh ?" said papa, pushing up his spectacles. He was fat and pudgy, with sandy hair and a flabby nose. He was a powerful man, too, and one unpleasant to come to open quarrel with. Proposals in the Brownrig family were few and far between-in fact curiosities-and so much luck, as the girls described, falling into one day

overpowered him.

"One at a time; my breath is not what it used to be," he said, addressing Kate. If he had said breadth, it would have been equally true, as his mother—if she was to be believed—always declared he was a lean baby. "May I ask the name of your lover?'

"Mr. Snooks," said she, with downcast eyes and a timid smile. She took up the corner of a cherry-coloured bow that adorned her gown, and fell to admiring it, through what she fondly thought was bashfulness.

"Impossible!" exclaimed G-orgic angrily.
"What a disgraceful untruth!" cried Hetty
udely. "Mr. Snocks proposed to me, last rudely. night, and I accepted him."
"What is it you say? O, I am going out of

my mind; my senses are deserting me," said Georgie, putting her hands to her head with a dramatic gesture. "Or is it a dream that he asked me to marry him, and that I, too, said 'yes' !"

"I seldom visit the clouds," said Lily, with short but bitter laugh. "And I certainly a short but bitter laugh. know he made me a noble offer of his hand and beart; both which treasures I declined."
"Where?" demanded the other three, is

though with one mouth.

"In the laurel avenue!" At this they all grouned aloud.

"Perfidious monster?" said Hetty from her

heart.
"Am I to understand," began Mr. Brownrig, with suppressed but evident fury, "that this-this-unmitigated scoundrel asked you all

to marry him last night ?" "If we speak the truth, yes," replied the girls di-mally.

"He was drunk," said papa savagely.
"I can't believe it," said Kitis, who was dissolved in tears—in fact, "like Niobe, all tears"—by this time.
"Nothing could be nicer than the way be did it. His language was perfect, and so thoroughly from the -heart."

" He addressed me in a most honourable, upright, and Christian fashion," said Hetty. am sure he meant every word he said.

She was thinking uneasity of that kiss in the moonlight. Could any one have seen her! Was old Major Sterne anywhere about at the nie-

"I certainly considered his manner strange, not a bit like what one reads," said Goodgle honestly: "but I thought of the title and the property, and I said yes directly."

"I thought him the very greatest must I ever spoke to," broke in Miss Lily, with decision. "I

refused him without a moment's hesitation, and old him to go home. I'm sure it was well I did I daresay it he had stayed here much longer, he would have proposed to mamma next, and after-wards to the upper housemaid. I agree with you, papa, the champagne was too much for

"I-I think he is fond of me," said Katie, in a low and trembling tone. Her fingers are not playing with the cherry-coloured bow now, but her eyelids have borrowed largely of its tint.

"Don't be a goose, Katie," said the youngest Miss Browning, kindly but scornfully; "you don't suppose any of us would marry him now after the way he has behaved. Do have some little pride.

" Perhaps he is mad," said Hetty vaguely Just at this moment, as a salve to her wounded vanity, she would have been glad to believe him so.

"No, my dear," declared Lily calmly; "he

has no brains worth turning."

"He said something, pape, about calling today at four o'clock," said Katie very faintly.

"Then I shall sit here till four," returned
Mr. Browning, in an awful tone. "I shall sit
here until free, and then I shall sat here until fire; and then I shall get up, and go out and find that young man, and give him such a horse-whipping as I warrant you he never

got before in all his life."
"Don't be too hard on him, papa," entreated Katie weakly.

"I sha'n't, my dear, but my whip will," said papa, grimly. So he waited until five ; he waited till half-

part five : and then he took up a certain heavy gold-knobbed whip that lay stretched on the ble as though in readiness. in search of Snooks's rooms. And he found them, and Snooks too in bed, suffering from a severe catarrh, caught, I presume, in the laurel avenue.

And no man knows what he did to Sneeks. But at least he gave him an increased desire for his bed, because for a fortnight afterwards he never stirred out of it.

When Mr. Wilding heard of all this, I regret to say he gave way to noisy mirth in the privacy of his chambers; and was actually caught by his washerwoman—who peeped through the keyhole—performing a wild dance in the middle of the floor.

A "Saturday to Monday" ticket from Rome to Vesuvius is now "all the go" in the Eternal City, and a large restaurant has been established on the mountain at the foot of the cone, for the benefit of the excursionists, to which a telegraph office is attached.

#### BONNY GOLD.

When I was quite a little boy I dearly prized a Feit wealthy with a "tizzy," and went mad o'er half-a-There was music in their jingle to please my boylsh heart. For well I knew that every "brown" would buy an

apple tart.
But now for childish tastes like these I've grown too And care little for any sound save that of bonny gold.

Talk not to me of music; it has charms, I know them

For I've heard the deep-voiced organ through majestic And in sylvan still recesses I have heard the summer's

Like the murmur of a fountain through the leafy forest

come.
(O'er my sickened wearled senses all this sweetness softly rolled: But I longed for other music—'twas the chink of bonny gold,

I've heard the trumpet's martial note, that called upon

To wreath their brows with glory's crown or seek a solder's grave; Alone I've heard on Alpine heights the echoing thunder

roar, Alone I've heard the angry waves boom heartless on the shore;
Yet what were these but thrilling sounds whose music lettle told,

Compared to volumes spoken by the chink of bonny gold !

If I should hear an organ grind a waltz before my door, it makes me dream I sail again along the polished floor; But as I coax my pipe and watch the curling smoke

nrise.

My smitting fancy half recalls a laughing pair of eyes—
of heartless eyes that years ago declared my own too

held.

Because I could not dazzle them with bright and bonny

There's music in my dear one's voice, I love her words

to hear.

For softly and caressingly they fall upon my ear;
I tove the patter of her feet, the tremor of her sighs.

The rastle of her silken dress, her greetings and good-byes;

But yet I love my money more, nor deem my bosom cold.

For how shall we be wed without the help of bonny gold !

'Tis said that gold is evil's root, and preachers all

declare
That wealth is a delusion, all a vanity, a snare.
"Sweet, sweet is humble poverty," these gentlemen

will say,
"The virtues of humility will never pass away;"
Nor must pale Poverty to them her pitcons tale unfold.
For parsons hate the jingling sound of their departing

Tis true that youth and health and love can ne'er by gald be bought.
Yet want of these has offentimes by want of gold been

wrought.

The withered cheek, the wasted form, the wrinkled brow

of care, The broken heart, the rayless eye, the silver-threaded

All fell a tale, and sadly prove life's blessings must be

Ere some may hear the merry chink of bright and bonny

"Can this be life!" I murmured, "this the object of man's sout ?

man's sour?
The stormy set beneath him, and gold his only goal?
Can this be life?" I murmured, as I gazed upon the

west.
And saw it in the glory of its evening beauty dressed.
Ah, no: beyond life s ocean the westy may behold
A fabled fand whose portal gleams more bright than bonny gold."

CECH. MANWELL-LYTE.

#### MEDICAL USE OF WINES.

The enormous number and variety of true red wines from the Gironde, most of which are now freely imported into this country, make it a task of no small difficulty to discuss their medical value and uses. This wide range of selection has recently been brought before us in a most striking manner, by contrasting the price of a rin ordinaire of the cheapest and commonest type (10d. or 1s. per bottle), with the sums that well-matured wines of the best vintages may command. At a sale by public auction during the present month, Leoville Lascazes' (1864 vintage) was sold at £10 per dozen, whilst Château Latour (1858 vintage) reached the almost fabulous price of £12. The patient's daily question. "What shall The patient's daily question. I drink?" requires more consideration than is usually devoted to it before the medical adviser gives the stereotyped reply, "Oh, you can take a little claret." For more than a century the various vineyards on the different estates of the Medoc district have been classified in five great classes. The first-class Château Lafite, Château Margaux, and Château Latour. To the general public the mere name of these vineyards is of scarcely any value, even if the accuracy of the label on the bottle can be assured, for much depends on the year in which the wine is produced and the period at which it has been bottled. Besides the wines admitted into the great classes, there are many others preduced on estates in the Medoc district, cultivated by the hourgeois proprietors; and although these take a lower rank in the estimation of the wine-importer, they are, especially in good years, often as sound and good as those which have been fortunate enough to secure an entrance into the classified lists. Still cheaper clarets are bought from the peasant-proprietors, and these form the rin ordinaire or Médoc which is supplied to every one with his meals at the French restaurants. It has been estimated that of the total yield of wines in an average year, the classed wines form only 2 per cent., the superior table wines 12 per cent., the medium

20 per cent., and the vins ordinaires the remaining 66 per cent. Besides names derived from the estate, other clarets are merely marked with the name of the commune in which the wine has been grown, such as St. Julien, St. Estephe, or Marganx. As far as the classified wines are concerned, none are to be trusted without the brand of the estate; of the others with simply the name of the commune, the veracity and knowledge of the importer form the only guarantee for the purchaser. As a rule, the name of the commune is put on to indicate rather a certain class and price of wine than to show its place of growth. Too frequently for market purposes the different wines are blended, so that except under special circumstances, or by securing a classified wine, a pure growth is unattainable. 'As an additional precaution, we may mention that adulterated claret is common enough in the market, and this must be particularly borne in mind when the cheaper varieties are recommended. Such mixtures are usually compounded of water, alcohol, and cheap Spanish wine, with a small quantity of sour claret added thereto. In true claret the taste is astringent and sub-acid, never really sour, and even in the roughest samples the peculiar vinous bouquet is well-marked. The date of the year of vintage, not mere age, is all-important in regard to the quality of claret; and of course this an only be known with certainty when the buyer purchases his wine on the spot from the grower, and lays it by himself for future use. Red clarets with much tannin and an average percentage of alcohol require to be kept for ten or twelve years, that they may fully develop their best qualities, and their market value in creases with their age. The best vintage of late years has undoubtedly been that of 1875, and next to that of 1870, 1868, and 1865, until we go back to the exceptionally fine year of 1864.

The clinical value of red clarets is exceedingly

great, and every therapeutist is fully aware of

the marked benefit that is derived from their

use in most cases in which tonics are indicated.

There are few conditions in which they really

disagree, if taken in ordinary quantities.

special value consists in the fact that when taken with the meals they are true tonics, and have neither a stimulating nor a sedative effect. Even the higher-priced red clarets are much less stimulating than the Sauternes, and of course cannot be compared for a moment in this respect to either the red or the white Burgundies. The tonic effect of claret is due most probably to the peculiar combination of tannin with a certain but low percentage of alcohol, and it is remarkable how little variation in chemical composition exists between true red clarets, although the price differs very greatly. The year of vintage, the age of the wine, and the characteristics of the vineyard, by determining the bouquet and fragrance of the wine, enhance the price, but interfere only very slightly indeed with its chief constituents as far as can be shown by chemical analysis. In cases of amemia, ordinary debility from overwork, feeble digestion, &c., a sound red claret is almost as good a prescription as most of the tonic drugs in the Pharmacopecia, and is always an advantageous adjunct to this class of remedies. Of course, it must only be taken with the meals, and in no case should more than half a bottle be permitted with the meal. In this quantity the amount of alcohol is very small, as may be seen by analysis. In addition to the tonic properties of red claret. its value in lucreasing the appetite and aiding digestion is of great importance. Many patients who can eat but little, and so lose strength, especially in hot weather, improve very much if they take wine with their meals, and for per-this purpose claret is especially suitable. The centage of grape-sugar is very small indeed; it is much less than in ordinary Sauternes, or white clarets, although not so small as in the specimens of Chablis and Meursault. Hence the diabetic patient may safely take an occasional wine-glass of red claret, and there is this special advantage-that he need not be prohibited from the more expensive wines of this class, whereas Santernes and white Burgundies of high class would inevitably increase his mahdy. Clarets are generally spoken of as "sour" wines, and avoided by the gouty and rheumatic; but this is certainly a mistake. The amount of fixed acid is less than in most wines, and the low percentage of alcohol is a still further advantage in such cases. In several cases of atonic gout a glass or two of good claret daily has been taken with great benefit, although the patients may have been told that whisky, giu and brandy were the only permisn which they should In the treatment of persons with a tendency to obesity claret, as is well known, is particularly useful, and this is doubtless also, in part at least, due to the absence of any amount of un-fermented sugar. The amount of taunin sufficiently explains the astringent character of red wine, and this is of great advantage in treating cases of any tendency to relaxed or chronically congested mucous membranes. It is this astringency which clinically separates the thin red clarets from the thin white ones, and renders them available for so many more forms of

disease. Good sound red Bordeaux wines evidently differ very little in rough analysis, and a patient may take either the cheaper or the more expensive varieties without running any risk of their having different medicinal effects, provided he is satisfied that he is dealing with a true and not a manufactured claret. Seven analyses of typical wines of different degree, from the high-priced classified samples to

the cheapest vin ordinaire, show a difference of only 1.3 per cent. by volume of absolute alcohol (from 10.21 volumes to 11.52), of 1 per cent. in tannin, of 05 per cent. of grape-sugar, and 7 per cent. of fixed acid, whilst the sum of total solids only varies from 1.64 to 2.14 parts in 100 volumes.

The importance of this constancy in chemical composition is the more striking if we compare it with the great variability that is shown by the different typical samples of the white Bordeaux and white Burgundy wines. It is obvious that in choosing a red claret, diabetic, gouty, rheumatic, dyspeptic, or anamic patients have a much more extensive range, with perfect safety, then they possess if the white wines have been ordered for their malady.

It is generally considered that the wines from the Chateau Haut Brion and from the St. Emilion district contain more alcohol and tanning than red clarets in general, but we had no certified specimens submitted to us for analysis.

#### THE ELDERLY MALE FLIRT.

This fascinating creature is not married. He has been too clever to fall into the toils of matri-He was born to keep perpetual holiday, not to become the slave of any woman. So he has roamed from flower to flower, sipping the sweets of each. Probably he has made love some hundreds—we might, perhaps, be justified in writing thousands—of times; but nothing has resulted from his devotion to the fair sex except legions of kisses, myriads of surreptitious squeezes, and hosts of hopes never to be realized. Glorying in the fact that he is a regular "killer" of the fair sex, he has stormed many a virgin heart, not with any serious object, but simply in order to gratify his inordinate vanity and minister to his perverted taste. He is like a true His conquests do not satisfy him conqueror. long. Having carried the citadel of some fair maiden's affections, and thoroughly laid it waste, he rejoices to leave it in its desolation, while he "seeks fresh fields and pastures new" to ravage and destroy. It does not occur to him to look behind and contemplate the wrecks that he has made. Blase and not too moral-sometimes he varies what may be termed his respectable flirtations by amours of a not very respectable character-he considers that the game of love is one which may be played many times and with many partners, and that no well-constituted mind will grieve over the forfeits incidental to the fascinating diversion. He knows that when he has to perform on the second fiddle in the presence of a more successful rival he feels deeply mortified, and that the charms of the fair enslaver in ques-tion increase a hundredfold in his eyes. But he would, possibly, feel equally mortified if he got thoroughly beaten in a billiard match or was bowled for "a duck" while playing at cricket. The element of genuine affection does not enter into the matter at all, and he is ready to console himself on the first opportunity and will, in his next triumph, forget about his present humiliation. Thus, it will readily be seen that the terms on which he plays with innocent girls, whose principal characteristics are their thoughtless ness, their giddiness, their impulsiveness, and their readiness to believe anything which a wellfavoured man may say to them, are unequal, and that it would, in many cases, be a good thing if he could now and then be placed under a pump and have the graceful contour of his curled locks destroyed by a liberal application of cold water.

Up to a certain point the career of the Elderly Male Flirt is composed of a series of successes. An ordinary every-day sort of lover, who blushes, and stumbles, and blunders in the conventional, stereotyped way, and whose great characteristic is that he is very much in earnest, frequently has very little chance against him. He is full of neat compliment and fine phrases, he is quick to seize opportunities, he is gallant in his bearing, and there is about him a certain audacity which is not without its charm to the feminine mind. So it is not surprising that he becomes the burning and shining light of many a picnic and the beau of many a ball-room. But, even when such a happy lot befalls him, he will be careful that the general company shall not see his grandest performances. His principal feats will be performed in shady corners, and in cool retreats away from the glare and the glitter of the gaslights.

But a day of reckoning comes for the Elderly Male Flirt as it does for all other offenders against good taste and propriety. He loses, in a large measure, his power to charm. He becomes stiff about the joints, and slow and inelegant in action. Lines develop themselves on his face in such a way that when he attempts to ogle a girl his countenance assumes a grotesque if not positively malevolent, appearance. Grey hairs display themselves among his carefullytrimmed locks and whiskers, a bald patch exhibits itself on the top of his head, and one of his front teeth wickedly takes its departure. The extreme juvenility of the raiment which he affects seems to render still clearer the fact that he has passed into the period of the sere and yellow leaf. But though when he is "got up" his appearance is calculated to excite ridicule rather than admiration, he still affects the galeties and the love-makings of his youth. When he goes a merry-making with parties of bachelors

and spinsters, there is something extremely incongruous in his appearance. The general impression is that he has had his day, that he is only doing again what he has done hundreds of times before, and that if he were well advised

he would devote himself to more sensible oc-

cupations. Many of those whom he essays to charm laugh at him; others good-naturedly tolerate him, but leave his side on the first opportunity; others cruelly snub him; and others do not disguise that they regard his polite advances as so many impertinences which they would feel thankful to be spared. One moment fair hands, instigated by masculine tempters, will pelt him with missiles; the next they will hide his hat; and in a variety of other ways he will be made the object of small persecutions. The wonderful part of the matter is that he is not taught wisdom. But he is unworthy of pity, and it would not be worth while to give him advice.

#### FASHION NOTES.

THE new coiffures are all very flat and smooth. DOTTED fabrics are growing in fashionable avour.

FANCY feathers will be worn only on Derby

STRINGS of pearls in the coils of the hair are

PLUSH will take the place of velvet in milli-

JET ornaments will be used to excess on fall hats and bonnets.

THE "hermit" polonaise is the novelty in early fall garments. BREAKFAST caps are de riqueur, with a dressy

norning toilet. PLUSH and satin will be used together in

rimming costomes. MANY narrow flounces appear on the skirts

some full dresses.

BALAYEUSES of the same stuff as the costume are coming into vogue.

POLONAISES, basques, round waists and point-ed bodices are all in vogue.

TRAINS are still worn for full dress, but short dresses are also admissible on ceremonious occasions

THE fashionable coiffure is now low in the of the neck, but short women cling to the high bair

At present it is the high fashion in Paris to e corsages of evening dresses high in the neck but with very short or no sleeves

VERY young ladies have adopted the fashion of wearing large embroidered and lace-trimmed collars just like those worn by small children.

JERSEY webbing of plain stockinet, and in all colours to match the grounds of plaid and damasse novelties, are in the hands of manufacturers for the fall

#### HUMOROUS.

Some women were evidently born to blush

A YOUNG man of society out making a call nay wear two watches and yet not know when it is time to go home.

"A SEASIDE residence" is the last phrase inented to describe a two-roomed hut within sight of the

A New York gentleman recently got a pro-posal of marriage from an "unknown" lady. He re-plied that his wife weighed one hundred and ninety, and that she had opened the letter. It is now claimed that the first time the ex-

pression "Eureka" was used was when Archimedes sat down on a tack for which he had been looking nearly twenty minutes.

ONE of our religious contemporaries remarks : "The editor of this paper writes his editorials on his back." We write ours on paper. It comes handler to us, and much more convenient for the printers.

"I WONDER, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be 50) or 1 000 years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man, "that was tried once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

"I'd never have gone into parliament," says a Tory squire who, somewhat against his will, has been returned for his county, "had I known they were going to pull out this Greek question again. I had enough of Greek questions at Eton." THERE is a difference between land and water.

A young man may be able to earn only a salary of \$12 a week, but put him in the surf, and if he has a strong arm and knows how to swim he is the king bee among the ladies, while the bloated millionnaire usings disconsolutely and alone on the safety rope.

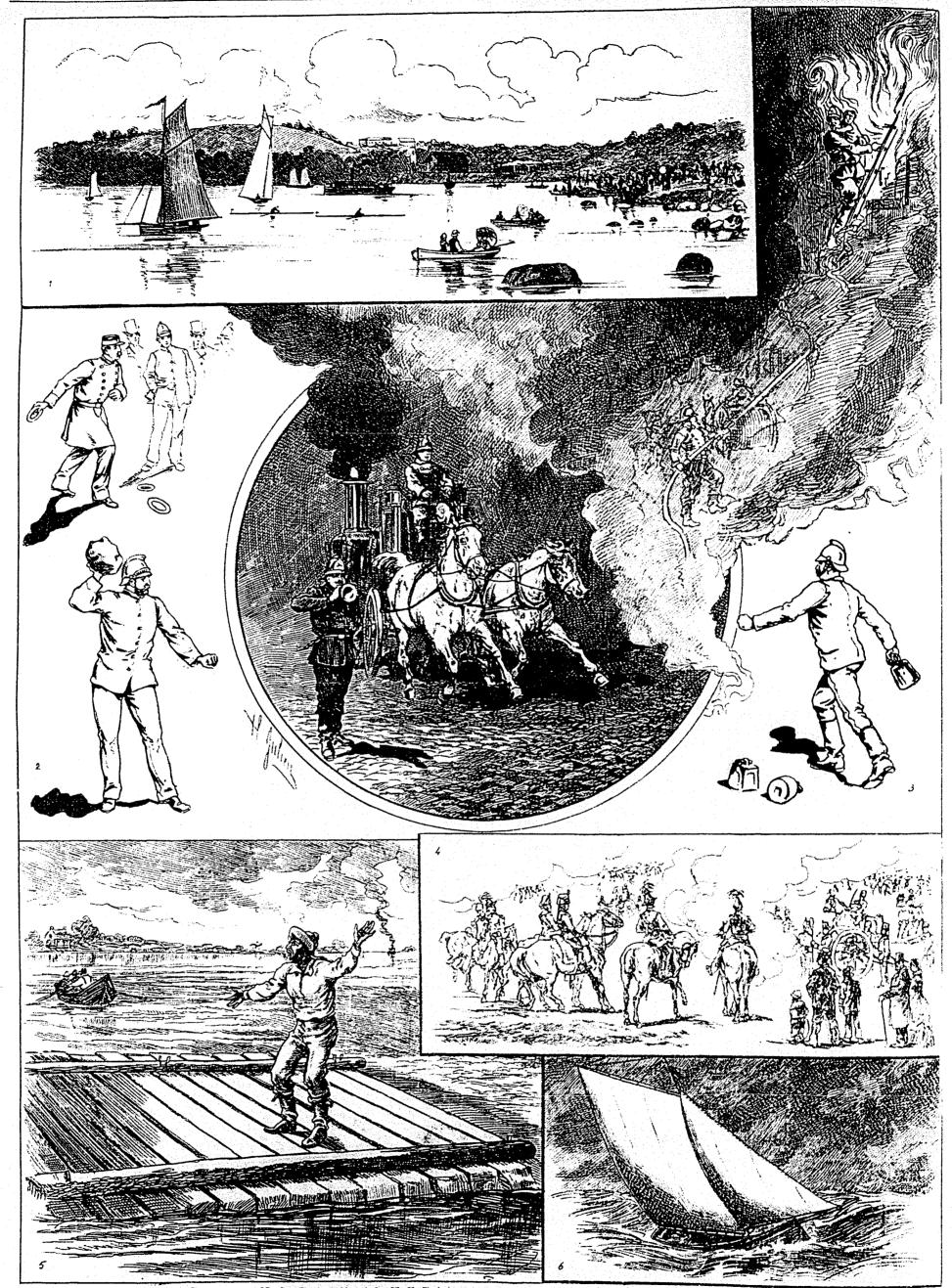
It is a good thing for Noah that he had the only ark afoat in all the universe at the time of the flood. If there had been just one more ark there would have been a collision the third day out, unless things were managed better than they are now. And probably were managed better than they are now. And probably they were not, as it seemed to be considered dangerous to send out more than one ark at a time.

THE Norwich Bicycle Club have adopted a rule in cases where horses are liable to be frightened by the bicycle. It is to have the driver of such horse rules his hand twice, when the bicycle rider will get down, put his bicycle under his coat, clasp his hands behind and appear to be hooking intently in another direction as if he didn't know what was coing on This bid. if he didn't know what was going on. This, it is thought, will give the horse confidence to go by. How-ever, it is not the bicycle that scares the horse, but the legs of the rider.

Appropos of the Tanner excitement is the following anecdate of a London lady of fashion; She was walking with one she deemed a kindred spirit. The lunch bell rang. The lady was thin and gethetic, and proud of her mental and physical etherealness. Her companion suggested a move to the dining-room. The lady said, with one of her sweetest, saddest smiles, "I have eaten half a rose, I have kept the other half for my supper." supper.

#### IT IS WORTH A TRIAL.

"I was troubled for many years with Kilney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old, worn-out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth the trial. (Father).



1. THE MCKAY-CONLEY RACE, DARTMOUTH, N. S.- From a Sketch by H. E. Twining. -2 and 3. Annual Cathering of the Montreal Fire Brigade. -4. Inspection of the Montreal Field Battery. -5. Rapt Caught in the Lachine Rapids. -6. Blown Away in a Gale.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

#### SIR WILLIAM YOUNG.

On the 10th inst, Sir William and Lady Young celebrated their golden wedding at Italifax, Nova Scotia. Sir William who is Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, is highly respected by the community, and he received many hearty congratulations. He was born at Falkirk, Stirlingshire, in 1799, and educated at Glasgow University with the view of entering the legal profession. In 1814 his father emigrated to Nova Scotia, and he accompanied him. They began business as merchants, and father and son traded together until 1820, when the latter again turned his attention to the study of law. In 1820 he was admitted a barrister. Five years later, in 1830, he married Annie, eldest daughter of the Hon. M. Tobin. In 1833 he was elected to Parliament from Cape Breton, and retained a position in the Legislature of the Province for over a quarter of a century. He repeatedly filled the offices of Speaker of the House, and Attorney-General. On the death of Chief-Justice Sir Brenton Haliburton, in 1860, Sir William succeeded him, and he has continued to hold that office until now. His long services as a statesman, his high standing as a jurist, and his public spirit as a citizen have given him a position in the Province peculiarly his own, and his career is inseparably interwoven with its history.

#### VARIETIES.

JEBUSALEM.—The villa just completed on the Mount of Olives, overlooking the city of Jerusalem, intended as a residence for the Marquis of Bute during the coming winter, has rendered the idea of a journey to Palestine so familiar to the ear of fashion, that it is considered not at all improbable that many distinguished families may follow the example set them by the Marquis, and repair to the Holy City of Jerusalem instead of the Holy City of Rome in December to assist at the solemnities of Christmas. The European population of the place has increased of late to an immense extent, owing, in some measure, to the enthusiasm with which Holman Hunt describes the glories of the climate, and the intense interest excited by its association.

LORD BEACONSFIELD AND SIE JOHN A. MACDONALD.—The Canadian Prime Minister recently visited the House of Commons, and the London correspondent of the Edinburgh Lady

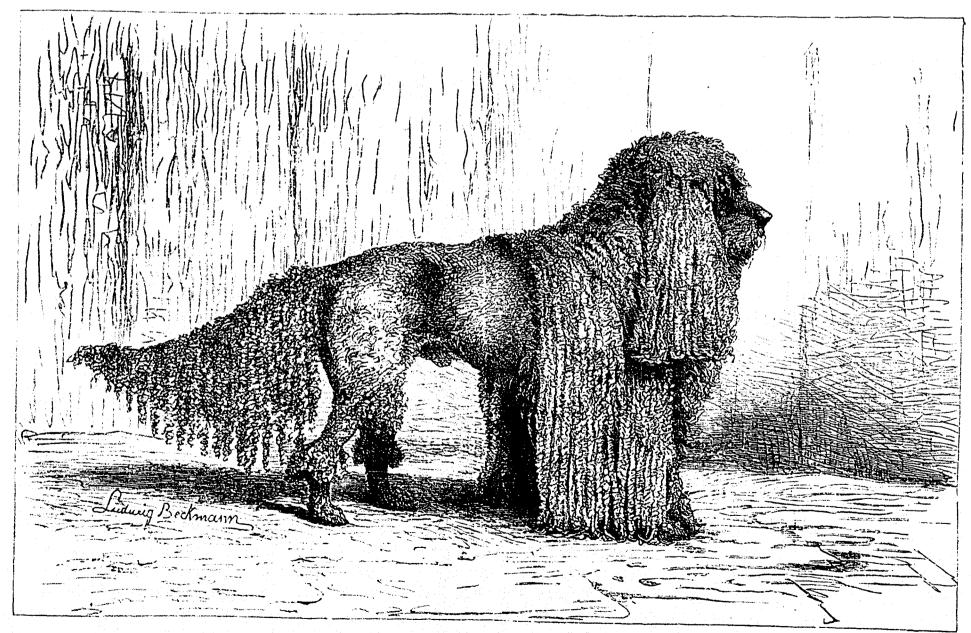
## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 317.



SIR WILLIAM YOUNG, CHIEF JUSTICE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Review described the resemblance between him and Lord Beaconsfield as follows: "Even with his hat on, it was sufficiently strong to deceive many people who must be familiar with the personal appearance of Lord Beaconsfield. When Sir John A. Macdonald sits or stands bareheaded the resemblance becomes almost embarrassing. Sir John is well aware of the freak of nature, and encourages it to the extent of closely imitating the singular coffure of Lord Beaconsfield. He has the slight advantage of the British Minister in respect of quantity, but as to colour, and the little curl on the forehead, their hair is precisely the same. The resemblance is further carried out when Sir John talks. He has the same shrug of the shoulder, the same outspreading of the hands, and, in brief, all the little mannerisms so familiar in our own Benjamin. He is like him, too, in his ready wit, and, to complete the resemblance, he is in politics rerdy, audacious, and (to tell the truth) sometimes unprincipled.

A Poet's Wife.—The wife of William Morris, the poet, says a correspondent of the Inter-Ocean, is a mysterious, Egyptian-looking woman, with great, strange, sad eyes, an Oriental complexion, burning scarlet lips, and the expression of ineifable remoteness and vagueness that one in imagination gives to the sphinx. The young lady's face was just one of the inexpressible melancholy ones that the pre-Raphaelites adore—just the type of young women coming down the "golden stairs" in Burne Jones' picture at the Grosvenor Gallery this year—and Morris married her. Not long ago this lady wore at an evening party a robe of the sheeriest, filmiest white muslin, fine enough to be drawn through a ring. The petticoat under it must have been the same, for the folds of the robe clung to her body and limbs as if cut there by the finest chisel. At the waist this thin robe was confined by a long, supple chain in the form of a serpent, which, after writhing about her body, dropped its jewelled head by her left side, where its diamond eyes glittered and burned like fire. Egyptian bracelets and necklace adorned her arms and neck, and an Egyptian masque gathered and held the folds of the robe at the throat. Her black hair was one thick mass of short curls and lay close down to her eyes, crept in and out by another golden serpent with jewelled scales and burning eyes. One would have said she was Cleopatra, who had turned her asps into gold and jewels and come to life to dazzle a barbarian world.



NERO, A GERMAN CORDED-COAT POODLE AT THE BERLIN INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.

## WHITE WINGS:

## YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Anthor of "A Princess of Thule;" "A Daughter of Heth;" "In Silk Attire;" "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton;" "Kilmeny;" "The Monorch of Mineung Lane;" "Madeap Violet;" "The Three Feathers;" "The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killeena;" "Macleod of Pare; "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart;" ctc.

#### CHAPTER XX.

CHASING A THUNDERSTORM.

"All on board, then-all on board!" the summons comes ringing through the wonder-land of dreams. And then, amid the general hurry and scurry throughout the house, certain half be wildered people turn first of all to the windows of their rooms: a welcome sight! The glory of the summer dawn is shining over the mountains; the White Dove, with nearly all her sail set, is swinging there at her moorings; best of all, a strong breeze-apparently fresh from the north-east-is ruffling the dark blue seas and driving a line of white sur! on the further shores. The news comes that Master Fred, by darting about in the dingy since ever daylight began, has got the very last basket on board ; the pd caps are even now bringing the gig in to the landing slip; John of Skye i- all impatience to take advantage of the favourable wind. There is but little time lost; the happy go-lucky procession-dona fercutes-set out the beach. And if the Laird is pleased to find his nephew apparently falling into his scheme with a good grace; and if the nephew thinks he is very lucky to get so easily out of an aukward predicament; and if Mary Avon-unconscious of these sacred designs-is full of an eager delight at the prospect of being allowed to set to work again-may not all this account for a certain indecorous gayety that startles the silence of the summer morning! Or is it that mythical hero Homesh who is responsible for this laughter? We hear the Laird chuckling; we notice the facetions wrinkles about his eyes we make sure it must be Homesh. Then the final consignment of books, shawls, gun-cases, and what-not is tossed into the gig; and away we go, with the measured dash of the oars.

And what does the bearded John of Skye think of the new hand we have brought him ! Has he his own suspicions? Is his friend and sworn ally. Dr. Sutherland, to be betray dand

supplanted in his absence ?
"Good-morning, sir," he says, obediently, at the gangway; and the quick Celtic eyes glance

at Howard Smith from top to toe.
"Good-morning, captain," the young man says, lightly; and he springs too quickly up the steps, making a little bit of a stumble. This

is not an auspicious omen. Then on deck : the handsome figure and pleasant manner of this young man ought surely to prepossess people in his favour. What if his tightly-fitting garments and his patent leather boots and white gaiters are not an orthodox yachting rig! John of Skye would not judge of a man by his costume. And if he does not seem quite at home—in this first look round-every one is not so familiar with boating life as Dr. Sutherland. It is true, on umbrella used as a walking-stick looks strange on board a yacht; and he need not have put it on the curved top of the companion, for it immediately rolls over into the scuppers. Nor does he seem to see the wickedness of placing a heavy bundle of canvases on the raised skylight of the ladies' cabin; does he want to start the glass! Dr. Sutherland, now, would have given the men a hand in houling up the gig. Dr. Sutherland would not have been in the way of the tiller, as the yacht is released from her

Unaware of this rapid criticism, and uncon-cerned by all the bustle going on around, our new friend is carelessly and cheerfully chatting with his hostess; admiring the yacht; praising the sailing in such weather. He does not share in the profound curiosity of his uncle about the various duties of the men. When John of Skye, wishing to leave the tiller for a minute, to over haul the Ice tackle, turns naturally to Mary Avon, who is standing by him, and says with a grin of spology, "If ye please, mem," the young man betrays but little surprise that this young lady should be entrusted with the comof the ressel.

"What!" he says, with a pleasant smile they seem on very friendly terms already—"can you steer, Miss Avon? Mind you don't run us against any rocks."

Miss Avon has hereye on the mainsail. She

answers, with a business-like air"Oh, there is no 'ear of that. What I have to mind, with this wind, is not to let her gibe,

or I should get into disgrace."
"Then I hope you won't let her gibe, whatever that is," said he, with a laugh.

Never was any setting-out more auspicious. We seemed to have bade farewell to those perpetual calms. Early as it was in the morning. there was no still, dream-like haze about the mountains; there was a clear greenish-yellow where the sunlight struck them; the great slopes were dappled with the shadows of purplebrown; further away the tall peaks were of a decided blue. And then the windy, fresh, brisk morning; the White Dove running races

with the driven seas; the white foam flying from her sides. John of Skye seemed to have no fear of this gentle skipper. He remained forward, superintending the setting of the topsail; the White Dore was to "have it" while the fresh breeze continued to blow.

And still the squally north-easter bears her bravely onward, the pull's darkening the water as they pass us and strike the rushing seas. Is that a shadow of Colonsay on the far southern horizon i. The light-house people have gone to bed, there is not a single figure along the yellowwhite walls. Look at the clouds of culls on the rocks, resting after their morning meal. By this time the deer have retreated into the high slopes above Craignure; there is a white foam breaking along the bay of Innismore. And still the White Dove spins along, with foamdiamonds glittering in the sunlight at her bows; and we hear the calling of the seaswallows, and the throbbing of a steamer somewhere in among the shadows of Loch Aline. Surely now we are out of the reign of calms; the great boom strains at the shee's; there is a whirl of blue waters; the White Dore has spread her wings at last.

"Ay, ay," says John of Skye, who has re-lieved Miss Avon at the tiller; "it is a great

"Why, John " says she, with some surprise; "is he vexed that we should be sailing well on this fine sailing day!"

"It iss a great pecty that Mr. Sutherland's not ere," said John, "and he was know so much here," said John, about a yacht, and day after day not a breeze at ahl. There is not many chentlemen will know so much about a yacht as Mr. Satherland."

Miss Avon did not answer, though her face seemed conscious in its colour. She was deeply

engaged in a novel.

"Oh, that is the Mr. Sutherland who has been with you," said Howard Smith to his hostess, in a cheerful way. "A doctor, I think you said t

At this Miss Avon looked up quickly from

her book.

"I should have thought," said she with a certain dignity of manner, "that most people had heard of Dr. Sutherland."

"Oh, yes, no doubt," said he, in the most good-natured fashion. "I know about him myself—it must be the same man. A nephew of Lord Foyers, isn't he ! I met some 'riends of his at a house last winter; they had his book with them-the book about tiger-hunting in Nepaul, don't you know !-very interesting indeed it was, uncommonly interesting. I read it through one night when everybody else was

"Why, that is Captain Sutherland's book, said his hostess, with just a trace of annoyance. They are not even related. How can you imagine that Angus Sutherland would write a book about tiger-hunting-he is one of the most distinguished men of science in England.

"Oh, indeed," says the young man, with the most imperturbable good humour. "Oh, yes, I am sure I have heard of him-the Geographical Society, or something else like that; really those evenings are most amusing. The women are awfully bored, and yet they do keep their eyes open somehow. But about those Indian tellows; it was only last winter that I heard -manages to make those enormous bays, all to his own gun, that you see in the papers. Haven't you noticed them?"

ell, some of us had been struck with amazement by the reports of the enormous slaughter committed by a certain Indian prince; and had wondered at one of the gentle natives of the East taking so thoroughly and successfully to

our rol ust English sports.
"Why," said this young man, "he has every covert laid out with netting, in small squares like a dice-board; and when he has done blazing away in the air, the under-keepers come and catch every phea-ant, hare, and rabbit that has run into the netting, and kill them and put them down to his bag. Ingenious, isn't it? But I'll tell you what I have seen myself. I have seen Lord Justice -- deliberately walk down a line of netting and shoot every pheasant and rabbit that had got entangled. 'Safer not and rabbit that had got entangled. to let them get away, he says. And when his host came up he said, 'Very good shooting; capital. I have got four theasants and seven rabbits there; I suppose the beaters will pick them up."

And so the Youth, as we had got to call him. rattled on, relating his personal experiences, and telling such stories as occurred to him There was a good sprinkling of well-known names in this desultory talk; how could Miss Avon fail to be interested, even if the subjectmatter was chiefly composed of pheasant-shoot. ing, private theatricals, billiard matches on wet days, and the other amusements of country life?

The Laird, when he did turn aside from the

huge volume of Municipal London-which he had brought with him for purpose of edification—must have seen and approved. If the young man's attentions to Mary Avon were of a distinctly friendly sort, if they were characterized by an obvious frankness, if they were quite as much at the disposal of Mr. Smith's hostess, what more could be expected? Rome was not built in a day. Meanwhile Miss Avon seemed very well pleased with her new companion.

And if it may have occurred to one or other of us that Howard Smith's talking, however pleasant and good-natured and bright, was on a somewhat lower level than that of another of our friends, what then? Was it not better fitted for idle sailing among summer seas ! Now, indeed, our good friend the Laird had no need to fear being startled by the sudden propounding of conundrums.

He was startled by something else. Coming up from luncheon, we found that an extra-ordinary darkness prevailed in the western -a strange bronze-purple gloom that seemed to contain within it the promise of a hundred thunderstorms. And as this fair wind had now brought us within sight of the open Atlantic, the question was whether we should make for Skye or run right under this lurid mass of cloud that appeared to lie all along the western shores of Mull. Unanimously the vote was for the latter course. Had not Angus Sutherland been auxious all along to witness a thunderstorm at sea? Might it not be of inestimable value to Miss Avon! John of Skye, not understanding these reasons, pointed out that the wind had backed somewhat to the north, and that Mull would give us surer shelter than Skye for the night. And so we bore away past Quinish, the brisk breeze sending the White Dove along in capital style; past the mouth of Loch Cuan; past the wild Cailleach Point; past the broad Calgary Bay; and past the long headland of Ru Treshanish. It was a strange afternoon. The sun was hidden; but in the south and west there was a wan, clear, silver glow on the sea; and in this white light the islands of Lunga, and Fladda, and Staffa, and the Dutchman were of a sombre purple. Darker still were the islands lying towards the land -Gometra, and Ulva, and Inch Kenneth; while the great rampart of cliff from Loch-na-Keal to Loch Scridain was so wrapped in gloom that momentarily we watched for the first quivering flash of the lightning. Then the wind died away. The sea grew calm. On the glassy gray surface the first drops of the rain fell striking black, and then widening out in small We were glad of the cool rain, but the whispering of it sounded strangely in the silence.

Then, as we are still watching for the first silver-blue flash of the lightning, behold! the mighty black wall of the Bourg and Gribun cliffs slowly, mysteriously disappears; and there is only before us a vague mist of gray. Colonsay is gone; Inch Kenneth is gone longer can we make out the dark rocks of Erisgeir. And then the whispering of the sea increases; there is a deeper gloom overhead; the rain-king is upon us. There is a hasty retreat downstairs; the hatches are shoved over; after dinner we shall see what this strange evening portends.

"I hope we shall get into the Sound of Ulva before dark," says Miss Avon.

'I wish Angus was on board. It is a shame he should be cheated out of his thunderstorm. But we shall have the equinomials for him, at all events," says Queen Titania-just as if she had a series of squalls and tempests bottled, labeled, and put on a shelf.

When we get ou deck again we find that the evening, but not the White Dore, has advanced. There is no wind; there is no rain; around us there is the silent, glassy, hlac-gray sea, which, far away in the west, has one or two gleams of dull bronze on it, as if some afterglow were struggling through the clouds at the horizon. Along the Gribun cliffs, and over the islands, the gloom has surely increased; it were better if we were in some shelter for this night.

Then a noise is heard that seems to impose a sudden silence—thunder, low, distant and rumbling. But there is no splendid gleam through the gathering gloom of the night; the Gribun cliffs have not spoken yet.

John of Skye has carelessly seated himself on one of the deck-stools; his arm hangs idly on the tiller; we guess, rather than hear, that he is regding himself with the sad, monotonous "Farewell to Fuineray." He has got on his black oilskins, though there is not a drop of rain.

By and by, however, he jumps to his feet and appears to listen intently.

"Ay, do you hear it I" he says, with a short nigh. "And it is off the land it is coming !" laugh. He calls aloud-

"Look out, boys! it is a squahl coming over, and we'll hev the topsail down whatever."

Then we hear the roaring in the dark; and presently the headsails are violently shaken, and the great boom swings over as John puts the helm up to get way on her. The next in stant we are racing in for the land, as if we mean to challenge the heavy squall that is tearing across from the unseen Gribun cliffs. And now the rain-clouds break in deluges; the men in their black oil-kins are staggering this way and that along the slippery decks; the White Dove is wrestling with the sudden storm; another low murmur of thunder comes booming through the darkness. What is that solitary light far in there towards the land I—dare any steamer venture so near the shore on such a

night! And we, too; would it not be safer for us to turn and run out to sea rather than beat against a squall into the narrow and shallow channels of Ulva's Sound ! But John of Skye is not afraid. The wind and sea cannot drown his strident voice; the rain cannot blind the trained eyes; the men on the look-out-when the bow of the boat springs high on a wave, we can see the black figures against the sombre sky -know the channels too; we are not afraid to make for Ulva's Sound.

There is a wild cry from one of the women; she has caught sight, through the gloom, of white foam dashing on the rocks.

"It is all right, mem!" John calls aloud, with a laugh; but all the same the order is shouted, "Ready, about?" -- "Ready, about?" is the call coming back to us from the darkness, "Bout ship!" and then away she sheers from that ugly coast.

We were after all cheated of our thunderstorm, but it was a wild and a wet night nevertheless. Taking in the mizzen was no joke amid this fury of wind and rain, but that and the hauling up of the main-tack lessened the pressure on her. John of Skye was in high spirits. He was proud of his knowledge of the dangerous cosst; where less familiar eyes saw only vague black masses looming out of the darkness he

recognized every rock and headland.
"No, no, mem," he was calling out in friendly tones; "we not hef to run out to sea at ahl. We will get into the Sound of Ulva ferry well; and there will not be any better anchorage as the Sound of Ulva, when you are acquaint. But a stranger-l not ask a stranger to go into the Sound of Ulva on so dark a

night."
"What is this we hear! "Down forestil, the decks. bous!"-and there is a rattle on the decks. The head of the yacht seems to sway round; there is a loud flupping of sails. "Down chub!" -and there are black figures struggling up there at the bowsprit; but vaguely seen against the blackness of the sky and the sea. Then, in a second or two, there is a hercer rattle than ever; the anchor is away with a roar. Some further chain is paid out; then a strange silence ensues; we are anchored in Ulva's Sound.

Come down into the cabin, then, you womanfolk, and dry your streaming faces, and arrange your disheveled hair. Is not this a wonderful stillness and silence after the whirl and roar of the storm outside! But then you must know that the waters are smooth in here; and the winds become gentle-as gentle as the name of the island that is close to us now in the dark. It is a green-shored island. The sailors call it Onla-va.

#### CHAPTER XXL

#### CHASING SEALS.

Next morning found the Laird in a most excellent humour. All was going well. Though nothing had been said or promised by the Youth, was not his coming away with us into these remote solitudes -- to say nothing of the very pleasant manner in which he sought to entertain Miss Mary Avon-sufficient evidence that he had at least no great repugnance to his uncle's scheme! The Laird was disposed to chuckle privately over the anxiety that Mary displayed about her work. The poor young thing! she did not understand what higher powers were ordering her facure for her.

" Let her work on," the Laird soid, in great confidence, to his hostess, and there was a fine secret humour in his eyes. "Ay, ay, bt her work on; hard work never harmed anybody. And if she brings her bit mailin to the marriage-ye would call it her dowry in the south -in the shape of a bundle of pictures-just as a young Scotch lass brings a chest of drawers or a set of napery -she will not be empty-handed. She can hang them up herself at Denny-

"You are looking too far ahead, sir," says

Queen T., with a quiet smile.

"May be—may be," says the Laird, rubbing his hands with a certain proud satisfaction. We'll see who's right-we will see who is right, ma'am.

Then, at breakfast, he was merry, complaisant, hilosophical in turns. He told us that the ast vidimus of the affairs of the Burgh of Strathgovan was most satisfactory : assets about 35,000%; liabilities not over 20,000%; there was thus an estimated surplus of no less than 15,000t. Why, then, he asked, should certain poor creatures on the Finance Committee make such a work about the merest trifles? Life was not given to man that he should warry himself into a rage about a penny farthing.

"There is a great dale of right down com-mon sense, ma'am," said he, "in that verse that was written by my countryman, Welliam

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind.
The wavering of this wretched world of rorrow:
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gl dly lend and borrow:
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow:
Be blythe in heart for any aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow.
Without Gladobae syalleth no Treasure."

But we, who were in the secret, knew that this quotation had nothing in the world to do with the Finance Committee of Strathgovan. The Laird had been comforting himself with these lines. They were a sort of philosophicopoetical justification of himself to himself for his readiness to make these two young people happy

by giving up to them Denny-mains.

And no doubt he was still chuckling over the

simplicity of this poor girl, when, after breakfast, he found her busily engaged in getting her

painting materials on deck. "Beautiful-beautiful," said he, glancing around. "Ye will make a fine picture out of those mountains, and the mist, and the still sea. What an extraordinary quiet after last night's rain!

And perhaps he was thinking how well this picture would look in the dining room at Dennymains; and how a certain young hostess-no longer pale and fragile, but robust and sunbrowned with much driving in a pony-carriage would take her friends to the picture, and show them Ulva, and Loch-na-Keal, and Ben-More; and tell them how this strange quiet and beauty had followed on a wild night of storm and rain. The world around us was at this moment so quiet that we could hear the twittering of some small bird among the rocks in there at the shore. And the pale, wan, dreamlike sea was so perfect a mirror that an absolutely double picture was produced -of the gloomy mountain-masses of Ben-More, amid silver gleams of cloud and motionless wreaths of mists, of the basaltic pillars of the coast neares at hand-a pale reddish brown, with here and there a scant sprinkling of grass; of that broad belt of rich orange-vellow seaweed that ran all along the rocks, marking the junction of the world of the land with the water-world below. An absolutely perfect mirror; except when some fish splashed, then the small circles widened out and gradually disappeared, and the surface was as glassy as before.

The Laird was generous. He would leave the artist undisturbed at her work. Would not his nephew be better amused if a bachelor expedition were fitted out to go in search of the seals that abound in the channels around Inch Kenneth ! Our hosters declined to go; but provided us with an ample lunch. The gig was lowered and everything ready for the start

"Bring your shot-gun, too, Howard," said e Laird. "I want ye to shoot some skarts. I the Laird. am told that the breasts of them are very close and fine in the feathers; and I would like a must or a bag made of them for a leddy—for a young leddy.

Mary Avon was busy with her work : how could she hear?

"And if the skin of the seals about here is not very fine, we will make something of it. Oh, sy, we will make something of it in the way of a present. I know a man in Glasgow who is extraordinary elever at such things.

We have first to get the seal, uncle," said his nephew, laughing. "I know any number of men who assure you they have shot seals; but not quite so many who have got the seals that were shot.

Oh, but we'll get the seal, and the skarts too," said the Laird; and then he added, grimly, "Man, if ye cannot do that, what can If ye cannot shoot well, what else are ve do t

ye fit for l'
"I really don't know, uncle," the Youth
confessed modestly, as he handed down his rifle
into the gig. "The London solicitors are a into the gig. "The London sometimes thind race. If they only knew what a treasure of learning and sound judgment they might have for the asking; but they don't. And I can't get any of the Scotch business you were talking about, because my name doesn't begin with

Mac."
"Well, well, we must wait, and hope for the best," said the Laird cheerfully, as he took his seat in the stern of the gig. "We are not likely to run against a solicitor in the Sound of Ulva. Sufficient for the day. As I was saying, there's great common sense in what Welliam Dunbaur

Be blythe in heart for any aventure, For oft with wise men it has been said atorow, Without Gladnesse availeth no Treasure.

-Bless me, look at that !"

This sudden exclamation sent all eyes to the shore. A large heron, startled by the rattling of the oars, had risen, with a sharp and loud croak of alarm, from among the sea-weed, his legs hanging down, his long neck, and wings, and body apparently a gray-white against the shadow of the basaltic tocks. Then, lazily flanping, he rose higher and higher; he tucked up his legs; the great wings went somewhat more swiftly; and then, getting above the low cliffs, and appearing quite black against the silver clear sky, he slowly sailed away

The silence of this dream-like picture around us was soon broken. As the men pulled away from the yacht, the lonely shores seemed to waken up into life; and there were whistlings, and callings, and warnings all along the cliffs; while the startled sea-birds whirred by in flashes of colour, or slowly and heavily betook themselves to some further promontory. And now, as we passed along the narrow Sound, and saw through the translucent water the wonder-land of seaweed below-with the patches of clear yellow sand intervening—we appreciated more and more highly the skill of John of Skye in getting us into such a harbour on the previous night. It is not every one who, in pitch darkness and in the midst of squalls, can run a yacht into the neck of a bottle.

We emerged from the narrow chanuel, and got out into the open; but even the broad waters of Loch-na-Keal were pale and still; the reflection of Eorsa was scarcely marred by a ripple. The long, measured throb of the rowing was the only sound of life in this world of still water and overhanging cloud. There was no stroke-oar now to give the chorus

A long, strong pull together Ho ro. clansmen

But still we made good way. As we got further out, we came in sight of Colensay; and further off still, Staffa, lying like a dark cloud on the gray sea. Inch Kenneth, for which we were making, seemed almost black; although, among the mists that lay along the Gribun and Bourg cliffs, there was a dull, silver-yellow light, as though some sunlight had got mixed up with

the clouds. "No, no, "the Laird was saying, as he studied a scrap of paper, "it is not a great property to admeenister; but I am strong in favour of local management. After reading that book on London, and its catalogue of the enormous properties there, our little bit burgh appears to be only a toy; but the principle of sound and energetic self government is the same. And yet it is no so small, mind ye. The Burgh buildings are estimated at nineteen thousand pounds odd the furniture at twelve hundred pounds; lamps near on two thousand five hundred; sewers nine thousand pounds odd; and then debts not far from three thousand pounds-that makes our assets just about thirty-five thousand. And if the water-pipes in some places are rather too small for the steam fire-engine, we mann have them bigger. It was quite rideeculous that a thriving place like Strathgovan, when there was a biz fire, should have to run to Glesca for No, no; I believe in independence; and if ye should ever live in our neighbourhood, Howard, I hope ye will stand out against the policy of annexation. It is only a lot o' Radical bodies that are for upsetting institutions that have been tried by time and not found want-

"Oh, certainly, sir," Howard Smith said blithely. "When you educate people to take an interest in small parochial matters, they are better fitted to give an opinion about the gene-

ral aff drs of the country."
"Small?" said the Laird, eyeing him severely. "They are of as much importance as human life; is there anything of greater importance in the world? By abolishin' the Bigginsburn nuisance, and insisting on greater cleanliness and ventilation we have reduced the number of deaths from infectious diseases in a most extraordinar' manner; and there will be no more fear of accidents in the Mitherdrum Road, for we are going to have a conteenuous line of lamps that'll go right in to the Glesca lamps. I do not call these small matters. As for the asphalting of the pavement in front of John Anderson's line of houses," continued the Laird, as he consulted the memorandum in his hand, "that is a small matter, if ye like. I am not disposed to pronounce an opinion on that matter; they can settle it without my voice. But it will make a great difference to John Anderson; and I would like to see him come forward with a bigger sub-scription for the new Park. Well, well; we must fight through as best we can.

It was here suggested to the Laird that he should not let these weighty matters trouble him while he is away on a holiday.

"Trouble me ?" said he lightly. " Not a bit. man! People who have to meddle in public affairs must learn to throw off their cares. I am not troubled. I am going to give the men a dram; for better pulling I never saw in a

He was as good as his word, too. He had the luncheon-basket handed down from the bow; he got out the whisky bottle; there was a glass filled out for each of the men, which was drank

in solemn silence. "Now, boys," said he, as they took to their oars again, "haven't ye got a song or a chorus to make the rowing easy ?

But they were too shy for a bit. Presently, however, we heard at the bow a low, plaintive, querulous voice; and the very oars seemed to recognize the air as they gripped the water. Then there was a hum of a chorus-not very musical-and it was in the Gaelic-but we knew what the refrain meant.

O boatman, a farewell to you, O boatman, a farewell to you, Wherever you may be going.

That is something like the English of it: we had heard the "Fhir a Bhata" in other days.

The long, heavy pull is nearly over. are the low-lying reefs of rock outside Inch Kenneth; not a whisper is permissible as we creep into the nearest bay. And then the men and the boat are left there; and the Youth perhaps dimly conscious that his uncle means the sealskin for Mary Avon—grasps his rifle and steals away over the undulating shelves of rock; while his two companions, with more leisure but with not less circumspection, follow to observe his operations. Fortunately there is no screaming sea-pyot or whistling curlew to give warn ing; stealthily, almost bent in two, occasionally crawling on all fours, he makes his way along the crannies in the reef, until, as we see, he must be nearly approaching the channel on his There he pauses to take breath. creeps behind a rock, and cautiously looks over.

He continues his progress.
"This is terrible work," says the Laird, in a stage-whisper, as he, too -with a much heavier bulk to carry-worms along. From time to time he has to stay to apply his handkeachief to his forehead: it is hot work on this still, breathless

And at last we, too, get down to the edge of a channel—some hundred yards lower than Howard Smith's post—and from behind a rock we have a pretty clear view of the scene of operations. Apparently there is no sign of any living thing—except that a big fish leapt into the air, some dozen yards off. Thereafter a dead silenco.

After waiting about a quarter of an hour or so, the Laird seemed to become violently excited, though he would neither budge nor speak. And there, between two islands right opposite young Smith, appeared two shining black heads on the still water; and they were evidently coming down this very channel. On they came -turning about one way and another, as if to look that the coast was clear. Every moment we expected to hear the crack of the rifle. Then the heads silently disappeared.

The Laird was beside himself with disappoint-

"Why did he no shoot? Why did he no he said, in an excited whisper. shoot 1

He had scarcely spoken when he was startled by an apparition. Right opposite to him-not more than twenty yards off—a black thing appeared on the water—with a glistening smooth head, and large, soft eyes. Then another. We waited for the whistle of the rifle-bullet. The next instant the first seal caught sight of the Laird; raised its head for an instant at least six inches higher; then silently plunged along with its companion. They were gone, at all

The Youth came marching along the rocks,

his rifle over his shoulder.
"Why didn't you fire?" his uncle said, almost angrily.

"I thought they were coming nearer," said "I was just about to fire when they dived. Mind, it isn't very easy to get on to a thing that is bobbing about like that, with a rifle. propose we have luncheon, now, until the tide ebbs a bit; then there may be a chance of catching one lying on the rocks. That is the proper time for getting a shot at a seal.

We had luncheon; there was no difficulty about securing that. But as for getting at the seals-whether we crawled over the rocks, or lay in hiding, or allowed the boat to drift towards some island, on the chance of one of them rising in our neighbourhood-it was no use at all. There were plenty of seals about; a snip shot now and again served to break the monotony of the day; but that present for Mary Avon seemed as remote as ever. And when one is determined on shooting a seal, one is not likely to waste one's attention, and cartridges, on such inferior animals as skarts.

The silver-gray day became more golden: there was a touch of warm purple about the shadows of Staffa.

"Come," said the Laird at last. "We must go back. It is no use. I have often heard people say that if you miss the first chance at a seal it never gives ye another."
"Better luck next time, uncle," said the

Youth; but his uncle refused to be comforted. And the first thing he said to Mary Avon

when he got back to the yacht was-We have not got it.

"Got what I" said she.

"The seal-skin I wanted to have dressed for ye. No, nor the skarts I wanted to have made into a mulf or a bag for ye."

"Oh," said she, promptly, "I am very glad. I hope you won't shoot any of those poor things on my account: I should be very sorry indeed."

The Laird took this as one of the familiar protestations on the part of women, who wouldn't for the world have poor things shot, but who don't object to wearing any amount of furs and feathers, to say nothing of having innocent sheep sheared and harmless silk-worms robbed in order to deck themselves out should have that dressed seal-skin, and that muif of skarts' breasts, all the same.

Nothing of stupendous importance happened that evening except that-after we had caught three dozen of good-sized lithe and returned to the yacht with this welcome addition to our stores-there was a general discussion of our plans for the next few days. And our gentle hostess was obviously looking forward to Angus Sutherland's coming back to us with great pleasure; and we were to make our return to suit his convenience; and she would write to him whenever we got near a post-office again.

Mary Avon had sat silent during all this. A last, she said-apparently with some effort and yet very deliberately-

"I-I think you are a little cruel to Dr Sutherland. You are forcing him to come with you against his better judgment-for you know, with his prospects, and the calls on his time, he cannot afford such long idleness. Do you think it is quite fair ?"

The woman stared at this girl, who spoke with some carnestness, though her eyes were down-

"He would do anything to please you," Mary Avon continued, as if she were determined to get through with some speech that she had pre-pared, "and he is very fond of sailing; but do you think you should allow him to injure his prospects in this way? Wouldn't it be a greater kindness to write and say that, if he reall he ought to return to London, you would not hold him to his promise? I am sure he would not be offended; he would understand you at And I am sure he would do what is clearly right; he would go straight back to London, and resume his work-for his own sake and for the sake of those who count on a great future for him. I. for one, should be very sorry to see him come back to idle away his time in

And still Queen Tita stared at the girl, though their eyes did not meet. And she could scarcely believe that it was Mary Avon who had counselled this cold dismissal.

To be continued.

#### THE GLEANER.

J. H. LAZARUS, the artist, has returned with his family from Richfield Springs

THE Pope has accepted the position of godfather to the expected heir to the Spanish throne.

THE hay crop of Cape Breton this season is the best for many years. All other crops ate promising well,

WEEVIL has made its appearance in the wheat fields of Colchester, Nova Scotia, and is doing considerable damage to crops.

COMMUNISTIC pamphlets have been discovered in circulation in the German army; and the authorities are investigating the matter.

THE late Duchess D'Otrante, of France, left to the French Academy a bequest of forty thousand dollars " for triennial prizes for good deeds."

THE Duke of Portland has had a site prepared on one of his English estates for a beaver village for a number of beavers imported from Canada. A COMPANY with a capital of twelve millions

is to erect in the gardens of the Palais Royal, Paris, a vast establishment in the style of the London Alhambra. A WALTER RALEIGH memorial window, for

which Americans have been liberal contributors. is soon to be placed in Canon Farrar's church at Westminster, London. THE cross of the Legion of Honour has been

bestowed on Mme. Jarrethout, cantiniere to the Franc-tireurs of Paris-Chateadun, for exceptional courage and devotion in 1871.

LORD SALISBURY now speaks of Lord Derby in the House of Lords as "the noble Earl," instead of "my noble friend." Lady Derby is Lord Salisbury's stepmother. Lady Derby is

MLLE. HUBERTINE AUCLERC, the French advocate of women's rights, has received a visit from the bailiff because she refuses to pay taxes without representation at the polls.

MR. GEORGE STEPHEN, President of the Bank of Montreal, has given \$5,000 to the Presby. terian Church in Canada, to be used for the benefit of Queen's College, Kingston.

Miss Helen E. Coolings has become a law partner with her father, who is an exjudge at Viles, Mich., and the firm name is Coolidge & Daughter, attorneys and counsellors at law.

LORD HARTINGTON, the English Liberal leader, is a solid, unpretentious man, says generally what he means, and only makes long peeches when "time and the hour" appear to demand them.

Two daughters of Gen. Banks will soon cross the Atlantic-one as the bride of a young clergyman, who goes to a mission in China while the other is bound for Paris, where she will study for the stage.

A MEDICAL authority says: "Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion, and the custom of our foreinthers of exciting it at the table by jesters and buffoons was founded on true medical principles.'

A HANDSOME girl of Indianapolis, Ind., who habitually used arsenic to improve her com-plexion, has not only nearly lost her eyesight, but her contemplated marriage with a wealthy and reputable physician is indefinitely postponed.

PRINCE LEOPOLD sent to Newport to Miss Elizabeth Livingston, the bride of Mr. G. Cavendish Bentinck, a bracelet of the finest gold, with his coronet worked in diamonds, and his initials in the form of a monogram worked also

THE last London society puzzle for the rich only :- Take four gold pieces and four silver pieces, and range them in a line alternately ; hen in four moves, moving each time two pieces adjoining each other, bring the gold and silver pieces together.

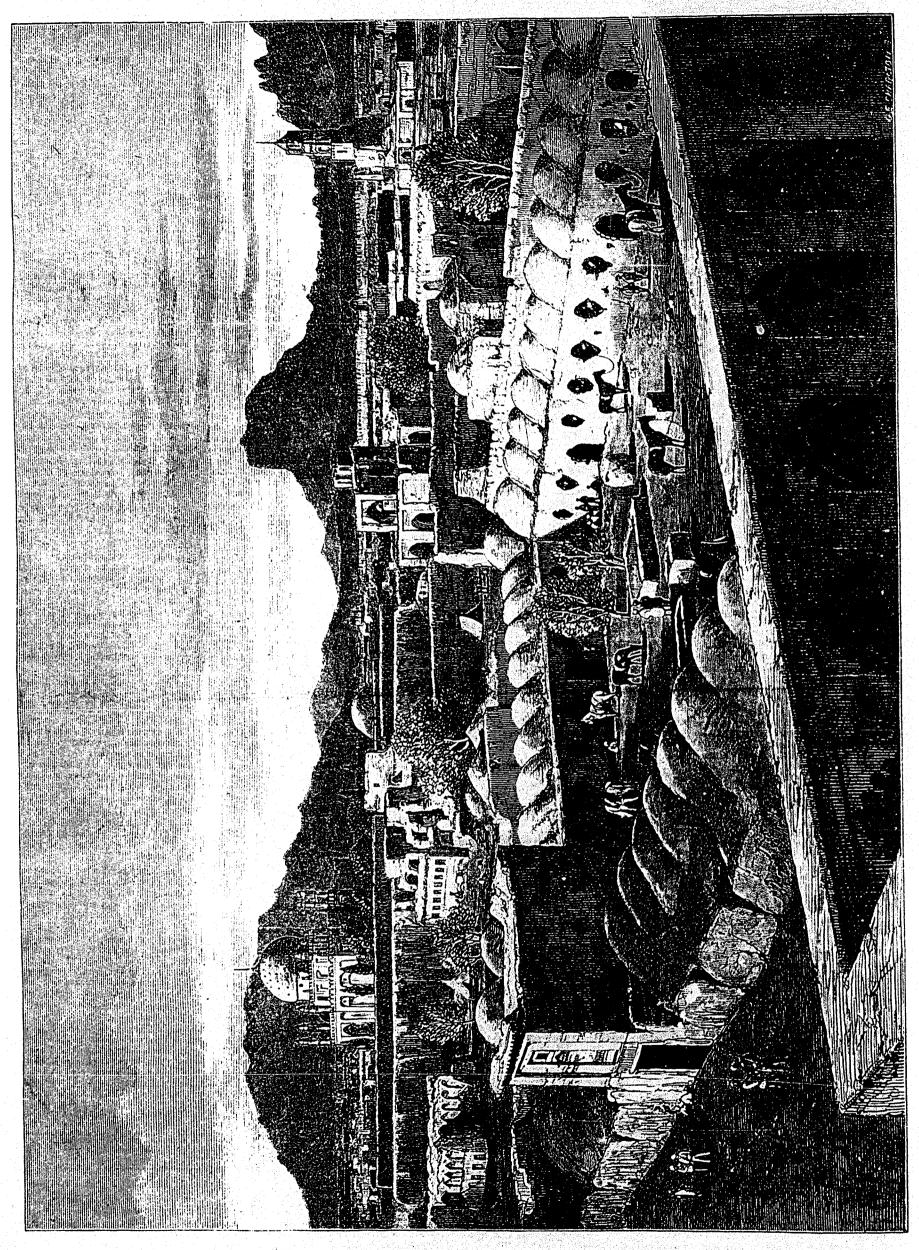
MR. GLADSTONE first became conscious that he was ill at a dinner party; he had to leave the table and lie down. Next morning he the table and lie down. breakfasted in bed, and on rising and trying to work as usual was attacked with shivering fits. He tried to make little account of his misery, but his wife obliged him to give up work.

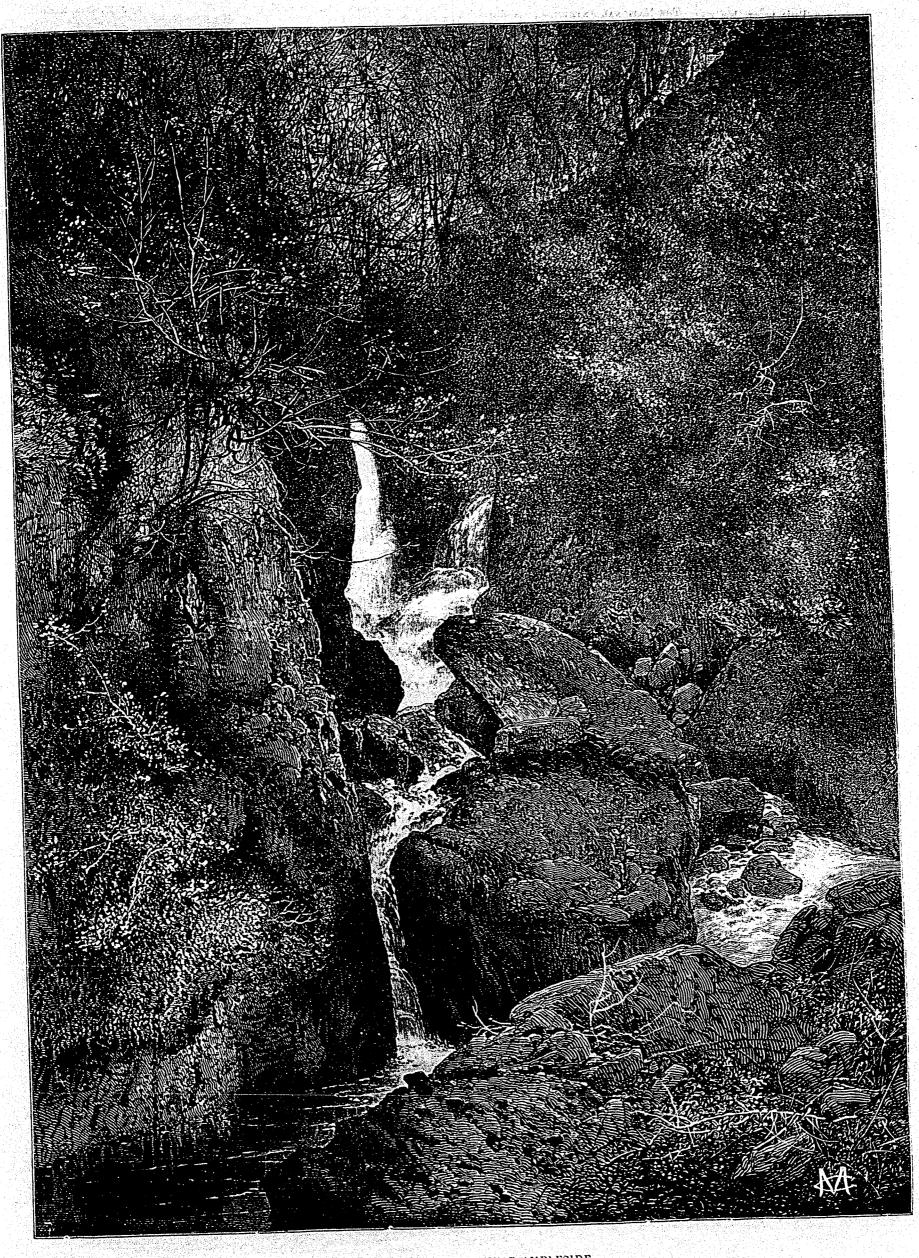
THE Viking's ship lately discovered at Sandfiord, in Norway, has been taken to Christianna, and placed under cover in the university garden, near the old boat found at Tunoe some years ago. The damaged part is to be restored, and the colours, which rapidly faded in the sunlight. freshened up.

THE German African Society has at present six different expeditions travelling through Central Africa. The money for these expeditions is obtained from the German Government or through private sub-scriptions. Dr. Nachtigatt is the President of the so-

#### WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medecines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I, therefore, cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I would not be without them." Rev. —, Washington, D. C.





STOCK GILL FORCE, NEAR AMBLESIDE.

#### PATTI AT HOME.

M. Adrien Marx, in a Paris paper, has recently given an account of the setting out, the journey, and the arrival of Adelina Patti at her new home among the hills of South Wales, near

She closed her performances on Saturday night, the 24th of July, with the "Traviata," and, anid her acknowledgments of the applause which greeted the close of the third act, she made a sign to me which intimated, "I have something to say to you." Three minutes later I was with her, to hear that she had acquired a country seat in Wales, that she started at 10 o'clock the next morning, and that I was to be one of the party, The conversation was interrupted by a whispered message from the lady's maid and I retired. Next morning a happy party of a dozen assembled at Paddington station, where the public were giving the song-stress such a farewell that the guests had a struggle to regain their seats in the saloon carriage. As soon as the train had started, Patti told me that the visitor for whom she had dismissed me at Covent Garden was the Prince of Wales, who had been puzzled how to answer his boys question about the meaning of "Traviata,"

and had been obliged to give evasive replies.

Patti complained of rheumatism, described how she spent the day during the season, and stated that she did not attend rehearsals because she has every one of her tôles "at her finger ends," and she had never occasioned a difficulty. New parts she studies with the piano at home, or while walking in the country; when she feels she knows them she attends the theatre on the afternoon preceding the first representation, and goes through the niece with the company. She estimated that after the commencement of her public career she had earned 30,000,000 francs. But she had never had a house of her own. Like the birds, she had song from land to land, living in hotels, and carrying, like them, "her porte-monnaie in her larynx." She had longed for a place of ner own, to which, when tired, as she was now, she could go and rest; and so far did the idea take possession of her that in Italy, she gave an extra concert in order to buy an additional piece of land.

The travellers lunched en route, with that fate which befalls ail who attempt to eat or drink when the manner of the journey makes the hand unsteady. The upset wine, the slippery plate, only make merriment the greater.

At 6 o'clock the travellers realized how quickly the day had passed. They were at Swansea, with several miles to drive, and Patti entrusted me with the driving of her four ponies in a victoria along narrow roads, over narrow bridges, and through crowds of people come to admire Patti, not the ponies, so that I could only give one eye to the lovely scenery, the Swiss character of which astonished and delighted me. Our drive at a smart pace, occupied two hours, and ended at Craig-y-nos Castle, in the county of Breckon, where there were triumphal arches and salutes announcing the arrival and flags. The castle itself dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the diva told me that she took a faucy to the place two years ago, when she was there on a pleasure party, and she resolved that that should be her home from the day she relinquished the stage. She accordingly negotiated successfully for its purchase, and had spent there nearly a million francs. Her only regret was that it was so far from the railway; but there was talk of a bill in parliament for a branch line which would skirt her domain, and, added the siren, "I have some friends in the House of Commons whom I will petition-if necessary, I will go and sing to them, and parliament will agree not only to the branch railway but also to a station five minutes from the castle." Possibly her assurance is not ill-founded.

Patti and her eleven companions were too tired to explore the estate that night, so postponed the pleasure till the morrow, and all were in bed by 10 o'clock. When I awoke next day I noticed that all the ornaments of my room consisted of "tributes of admiration," received by the hostess upon her many tours. One lying upon a cushion, consisted of two golden branches of laurel leaves joined at the base. Each leaf bore the name of an opera. Mechanically I placed the triumphal crown upon my head, looked in the glass to find that my nose and moustache would not suit the character of a noble Roman, and that I was yet in my night habiliments. Whatever self-esteem I possessed it was quite impossible to regard myself as a Casar.

The company assembled in the saloon. Patti, who sings everywhere and always, upon the staircase, in the fields, whether she is eating or sleeping, trees her plane, which is the first she ever had, and about which some very tender affections gather, as the tone evinces in which she says "my piano." In the adjoining dining-room the sideboards are loaded with plates presents from the rich ones of the earth, products of the highest art workmanship of the day. I drank my tea out of a cup at the bottom of which I found the signature of a monarch, which yet was not enough to sweeten the tea.

The first morning was devoted to trout-fishing in a stream which runs through the estate, and the fish caught were served at breakfast. While we lingered over the last course a Welshman arrived who had come thirty miles—not to see Patti, but to have her opinion of his voice. She granted his wish, and came to the conclusion that if he had a voice he had forgotten to bring it with him; but he did not go unrewarded for his faith.

#### VARIETIES.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM .- Some discussion has lately taken place with regard to the Na-tional Anthem of "God Save the King," composed in the time of George III., which has always been considered of English origin, but in the amusing Memoirs of Madame de Crequy, it appears to have been almost a literal translation of the cantique which was always sung by the demoiselles de St. Cyr when Louis XIV, the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayer. The words were by M. De. Brinon, and the music by the famous Lully.

"Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi! Grand Dieu, venge le Roi ! Vive le Roi. Que toujours glorieux, Louis victorieux! Voye ses enemis Toujours soumis. Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi! Grand Dieu, venge le Roi! Vive le Roi!"

It appears to have been translated, and adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel, the German composer.

MALIBRAN AND HER FATHER .- M. Legouve tells the following story about Malibran: violent temper of Malibran's father, Garcia, caused a severe quarrel, which resulted in the separation of father and daughter. The breach had already lasted several years, when, one even-ing, the opera Otello was produced at the Thèùtre Italien, with Garcia in the rôle of Othello and Malibran in that of Desdemons. The daughter, as usual was admirable in the part. and the father, unwilling to be outdone, became once more the Garcia of his best years. The success was complete, and an enthusiastic recall necessitated the hasty rising of the curtain after it had fallen on the first act. Desdemona was discovered almost as black as Othello. Moved by the ovation in which both had shared, Mali-bran had thrown herself into the arms of her father, and in the embraces which ensued Garcia had imprinted upon her features some of the dye which stained his own. Mr. Legonvé was present on the occasion, and he says that no one in the theatre thought of laughing; the audience immediately understood the affecting nature of the incident, and ignoring all that was grotesque in it, "they applauded with transport the father and daughter, reconciled by their art, their talents, and their triumph."

NAMES .- Annabella is not Anna-bella, or Fait Anna, but is the feminine of Hannibel, meaning gift (or grace) of Bel. Arabella is not Ara-bella, or beautiful altar, but Orabilia, a praying woman. In its Anglicized form of Orabel, it was much more common in the thirteenth century than at present. Maurice has nothing to do with Mauritius, or a Moor, but comes from Amalric -himmel-reich-the kingdon of heaven. Eilen is the feminine of Alain, Alan, or Allan, and has no possible connection with Helen, which comes from a different language and is older by about a thousand years at least. Amy is not from aimee, but from amie. Avice, or Avis, does not exactly mean advice, as some seem to think. It comes from Æl-wis, and means happy wis lom. Eliza has no connection with Elizabeth. It is the sister of Louisa, and both are the daughters of Heloise, which is Helewis, hidden wisdom. There is, indeed, another form of Louisa, or rather Louise, which is the feminine of Louis, but this was scarcely heard of before the sixteenth century. The older Heloise form of the name, Aloisa, Aloisia, or Aloysia, was adopted into meliæval English, as Alesia-a name which our old genealog sts always confuse with Alice. Emily and Amelia are not different forms of one name. Emily is from Æmylia, the name of an Etruscan gem. Amelia comes from the Gothic amala—heavenly. Reginald is not derived from Regina, and has nothing to do with a Queen. It is Rein-alt—exalted purity. Alice, Adelais, Adelaide, Alise, Alix, Adeline, are all forms of one name, the root of which is adel noble. But Anne was never used as identical with Annis, or Agnes (of which last the old Scottish Annas is a variety), nor, as I sturdily maintain, was Elizabeth ever synonomous with

WINTER'S TRIBUTE TO ADELAIDE NEILSON, Whatever may have been the vicissitudes, trials, mistakes, and sorrows of her past, she was by nature a woman of pure dome-tic tastes—affectionate, gentle, confiding and true; and she would have made that home very happy, with the husband whom she had chosen. It is no secret to a few of her friends (it need not be a secret to anybody now) that she was soon to be avowed the wife of Edward Compton, who acted with her during her farewell American tour, and who must now endure the awful affliction of seeing the sods laid upon her grave. The story of her successes on the London stage and all over Great Britain, and of her four visits to America, need not be rehearsed. There may come a time for that in another form. But it will not be amiss to note, with some slight emphasis, the fact of her youth, as it is seen when coupled with such noble and brilliant achievement. She was, to have done so much, a very young woman. She was in this sense a prodigy-and whatever were her faults or errors, it is remarkable that she bore so well the always perilous burdens of carly triumph and the incense of a world's admiration, She had the intuitions of genius and also its quick spirit and wild temperament. She was largely ruled by her imagination and her feelings and had neither the prudence of selfishness nor the craft of experience. Such a nature might

easily go to sh. pwreck or ruin. She outrode all the storms of a passionate, wayward youth and anchored safe at last in the haven of duty. Her image, as it arises in memory now, is not that of the actress who stormed the citadel of all hearts in the delirium of Juliet, or dazzled with the witchery of Rosalind's glee or Viola's tender grace: but it is that of the grave, sweet woman, who, playing softly in the twilight, sang-in that rich, tremulous touching voice-an anthem that paraphrases the words of Christ: "With all your sorrows I am made partaker, and I am acquainted with all your griefs."

#### LITERARY.

Col. T. W. Higginson is building a house at

ROBERTS BROTHERS, the publishers of Jean Ingelow's poems in the United States, say they have paid her \$18,000 in seventeen years.

THE Princess "Dora d'Istria" is visiting in Swampscott and receiving many visitors. She is collecting materials for a book.

Mr. TENNYSON is reported to have said, when asked what he thought of the poetry of the day, that he was surprised at its standard of general excel-

VICTOR HUGO, who writes upon paper of all kinds, cards, backs of letters, envelopes, etc., intends to leave the manuscripts to the Bibliotheque Nationale.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT has embodied in a rolume the results of his recent examination of the re gion beyond the Jordan.

Work on the addition to the Astor Library, in New York city, is going steadily forward, and when it is completed the entire building will have a storage capacity for 300,000 volumes.

BRET HARTE is, it is said, well satisfied with his new consulate at Glasgow. He will pass some weeks with Mr. Fronde, at his residence in Devonshire, and Is engaged upon a novel of country life in England, whose scene is laid in Devonshire.

Victor Hugo is now engaged in what will probably prove to be the last great work of his life. He is carefully collecting and arranging all his unpub ished poems, with a view to their being given to the world at

THE Southern papers indicate a growing inclination to put a new word into "the well of Euglish undefiled." It is the word "spectate" used as a verb, from the noun spectator.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the famous war correspondent of the London Paily News is expected in this country, September 9th, and will orgin a besture tour in November after the election. His subject will be "Royal People I Have Met."

THE statue of Rabelais at Tours represent the great artist standing opright, with a pen in one hand a paper in the other. The pedestal bears the following quotation from the introduction to "Gargantus"...... Minux vant de ris que de larme si escrite pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme."—" It la better that man should write of laughter than of tears." Decartes' statue faces that of Rabelais.

Ax old Yorkshire woman described her happy circumstances as follows: "I've a nice little cottuge, a chest of drawers and a planny, a lovely garden and some flowers in my window, and (waxing warm) my ha-band is dead, and the very sunshine of 'eav'n seems to fall on

"On, yes, Charley's a nice fellow enough only a little greeo, you know." You should remember: Tom," replied his cousin Lizzie, casting a significan glance at the young man's nose, in which the red was slowly but surely eclipsing the white, "you should re-member that green is a sign of safety and red a dauger signal."

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Papers received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.-Correct solution received of Problem No. 289.

E.D.W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Solution received of Problem No. 289. Correct.

e have always endeavoured to urge upon our young We have always endeavoured to urge upon our young riends the importance of gaining a good knowledge of the game of chess for several reasons, many of which are obvious, the most likely, however, to arrest attention being the feet that it is one of the accomplishments which we expect to meet with in a person who lays claim to what is commonly termed a good education.

Another way of interesting our young readers in the noble game is to call their attention to examples of those who, in early life, have achieved an amount of skill

noble game is to call their attention to examples or move who, in early life, have achieved an amount of skill over the board, which has enabled them to hold their own, even against old and successful players. One of the most surprising of these is to be found in the May number of the Chexplayer's Chronicle, where the follow-

number of the Luczapage.

"Mr. B.W. Fisher informs us that he is playing a match with Master J. D. Roberts (aged 15), the champion player of the Dublin Club, who also plays blindfold with player of the Dublin Club, who also playe blindfuld with ease, and that the acore at present stands—Fisher 5, Roberts 4, Drawn 4. We give in our present issue a specimen of this young gentleman's skill, and we hope to publish a few more by and by."

The game alluded to in the above we insert in our Column this week, and we are certain that it will be acceptable to our Canadian players, both old and young.

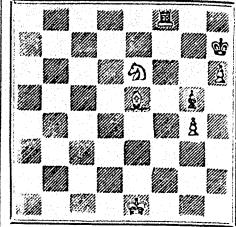
We see from a table which recently appeared in Turf, Field and Farm, and which was taken from a reliable source, that there are in London, Eng., and its suburbs, twenty-five chess clubs, and that one hundred and eighty-nine matches have been played by these clubs during the past year. This gives an average of seven matches for each club in the year. In calling attention to these facts, we cannot avoid saying that if such activity existed in our clubs in Canada, it would greatly improve the skill of our players, and, at the same time, considerably increase the number of those who take an interest in the game.

In clubs, where no record is kept of games lost and won, and where, during the year, not a single match is played calculated to awaken the attention of the members and their friends, we cannot but expect to see ex-

played calculated to awaken the attention of the members and their friends, we cannot but expect to see exhibited, by the few who still continue to attend, a marked carelessness of play, which is generally the foreruner of total in difference.

Our contemporary seems to regret something of the same nature when speaking of other clubs on this side of the Atlantic.

PROBLEM No. 292. By J. W. Shaw, Montreal. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves

GAME 421st.

Played in a match at the Dublin Club. (Max Lange's attack.)

White.-(Mr. J.D.Roberta.) Black,-(Mr. B.W.Fisher.) Disco.—(Sir. B. W. Fis.

1. P to K 4

2. Q K to B 3

3. B to B 4

4. Kt to B 3

5. 1 takes P(a)

6. Kt to K Kt eq (b)

7. P to Q 4

8. Q takes P

9. B to K 3

10. B to K 3

11. K to O 2 (d) 1, P to K 4 2, K Kt to B 3 3. B to B 4 3. B to B 4
4. Castles
5. P to Q 4
6. P to K 5
7. P to B 3 (c)
8. P to ke P en pas
9. P to Q K 1
9. O to K 1
7 9. Plo Q Kt 4 10. Q to Kt 3 11. R to K sq 12. B takes B (ch) 13. B to B 4 (c) 14. P to Q R 4 15. P to Kt 5 16. Kt takes P 17. Probas R 11. K to Q 2 (d) 12. P takes B II. Q to K 2 14. P to Q R 4 (f) 14. P to Q R 4 (7)
15. K to Q rq
16. B takes Kt
17. K to K B 2
17. Q to K t 5
19. Q to K t 5
20. K to B 2
21. K to Q B 22
22. Q R to Q B 8q
23. Q to K t 5
25. K takes B
25. K to Q 2
27. Q to K 5
26. Q to K 5
29. Q to K 5
29. Q to K 5
39. Q to K 5 17. Prakes B
18. Ki to B 3
19. Q to B 2
20. Q R to B sq
21. Q to Q 2
22. P to K t 6 (g)
23. P takes P
24. R to K t sq
25. B takes K t
26. K t to K t 5 (sh)
27. K R to Q B sq
28. R to B 5
19. Q R to K sq
30. P to R 3
31. K R to K 5
27. P to Q 5 (t) Pinkes B 31. K R to K o 32. P to Q 5 (i) 31. K R to K 19

#### SOTES.

(a) The right move is Il takes P.

(b) Black imagined that this was done to throw him "the books;" the usual course is P to Q 4.

fel Falling to take full advantage of his opponents weak move, he should have played R to K sq. if Black then bring the K Kt to K2, there follows Kt to Kt 5. As, and if he avoid this danger by P to K R 3. White can proceed either by P to Q B 3 or Q Kt to K2 and then to A 4 or Kt 3, with a great attack.

(d) It was much better to Castle and let the Pann go, for it White win it, Black can force the exchange of

(c) Prettily played. Master Rollerts has evidently got tone good obers material in him.

(f) P to Q R 3 was preferable as preventing P to K: 5 (9) A really fine move, to which there seems no good eply; if P to B 3 or P takes. P. White of course takes Kt with B, winning a piece.

(h) He must prevent the Q from going to H 4, which would be immediately fatal.

(i) An excellent finish.

#### SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 290 White, Black

Q to Q R 5 Kt to Q B 6 (cb) Q to K sq mate 1. B takes B 2. K to K 6

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 288 WRITE. BLACK. 1. B to K 4 (ch) 2. R mates 1. K takes B

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 289 White, Black. KatQR sq RatK2 RatQ3 KtatQ4 Pawn atQ Ki2 Bar Q B 7 Bar Q 7 Pawss at Q R 7, and Q Kt 6

White to play and mate in two moves. ATERTON'S WANDERINGS IN SOUTH

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F. BRAUN.

D OHAWA, 16th August, 1880.

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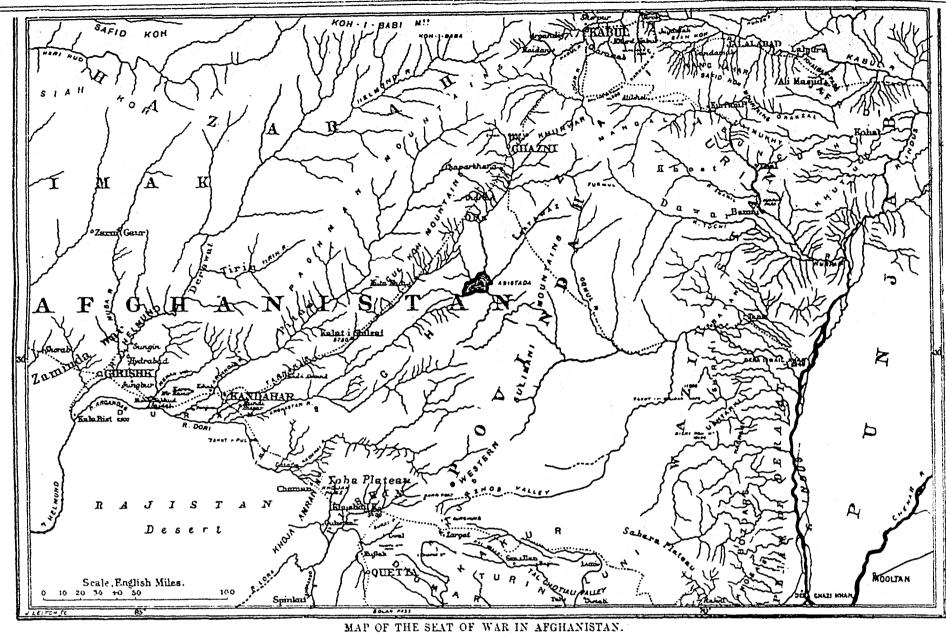
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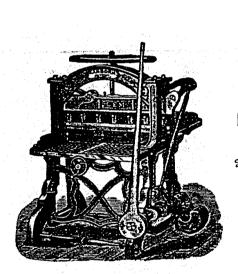
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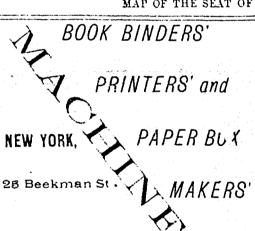
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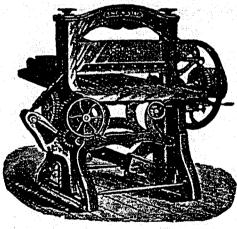


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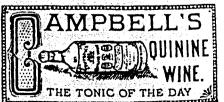


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