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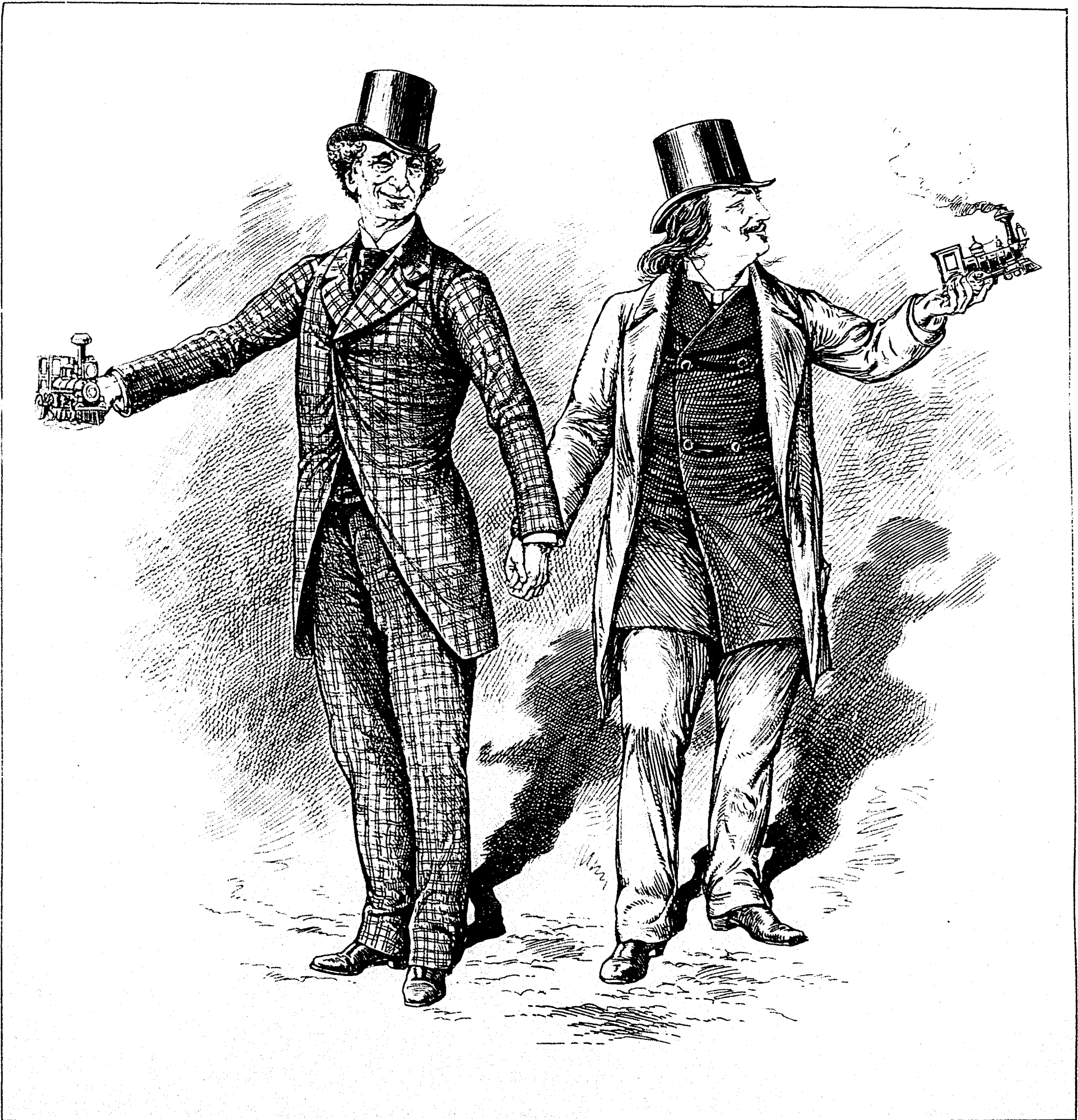
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# Wholesale News

Vol. XXII.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1880.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
} 4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



A NEW ERA IN RAILWAYS.

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All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

## WANTED,

A first-class Convoys and Collector, speaking both languages. Liberal inducements offered at our offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, to an energetic man. None but those who have experience, and the best references need apply.

### TEMPERATURE,

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

#### THE WEEK ENDING

July 17th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 89°	60°	74° 5'	Mon.. 79°	66°	72° 5'
Tues. 81°	60°	70° 5'	Tues. 87°	60°	73° 5'
Wed.. 86°	64°	75°	Wed. 88°	66°	77°
Thur. 86°	62°	74°	Thur. 83°	71°	77°
Fri.. 81°	62°	71° 5'	Fri.. 85°	67°	76°
Sat... 82°	60°	71°	Sat... 86°	64°	75°
Sun... 76°	64°	70°	Sun.. 81°	64°	72° 5'

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, July 24, 1880.

### MISSION OF THE MINISTERS.

The sailing of the three Ministers, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, Sir CHARLES TUPPER, and the Hon. J. H. POPE; that is, the Premier, the Minister of Railways, and the Minister of Immigration, by the *Circassian* for England, is correctly looked upon as an event of importance for Canada, in view of an intimation given a little while before by Sir JOHN MACDONALD that the Government did, at least, contemplate placing the Pacific Railway in the hands of a Company.

We see that it has since been stated by some of our contemporaries that the Government have actually offers from no less than three syndicates of capitalists who know thoroughly well what they are about. It would not surprise us to learn that this information is quite correct.

We notice that the *Toronto Globe* and others of the Opposition papers, are violently opposing the supposed scheme of the Government to place the building of the Pacific Railway in the hands of a Company.

We are surprised at this. It is surely a strange inconsistency for the party papers which supported the Government of Mr. MACKENZIE to take this ground. It is well known to all the world that that Government spent very large sums for advertising in England, and made very liberal offers, in the vain hope to get a company, or companies, to undertake this work. And it is further well known that this party has persistently proclaimed that all railway works should be in the hands of companies. They especially held this with respect to the Intercolonial.

Now we should not be surprised to learn that men of thorough responsibility, who perfectly understand what the North-West is, will be found willing to undertake this construction on the basis of a land grant alone; and after the exhibition which the last session witnessed in the speeches of Messrs. MACKENZIE, BLAKE and their friends, we do believe that the carrying out of such a policy would prove an unmixed blessing for Canada.

We have come to the reluctant conclusion that a party government cannot successfully undertake the settlement of large areas of public lands, and the necessary measures to promote immigration, without encountering party opposition, hostile and unfair criticism, and the persistent publication of exaggerations and injurious statements, which are absolutely fatal to success, and which lead to the waste of the public money which is spent.

If, on the other hand, the work of construction of the railway, to be paid for by public lands, were in the hands of a company, there would immediately arise two great and powerful commercial interests, which would be also absolutely the interests of Canada. These are—first, the interest to sell the lands to obtain funds to pay for the work; and second, to obtain population to make the running of the road profitable. These great interests would be pushed with the keenness of commercial instinct, and they would be free from the harassing and damaging opposition which would necessarily under our system follow the action of any Government. It is, therefore, that the success of the Ministers in their mission is fraught with considerations of the highest importance to the welfare of Canada.

### CENSUS AND IMMIGRATION.

In the United States, one of the subjects which most absorbs public attention at present is the census. It has been carried on during the past two months with a copiousness and accuracy never attempted before and the results so far as known are simply astonishing. We were all prepared for a record of increase and prosperity, but not to the extent displayed by the official figures. It is yet too early to arrive at the grand total of population, but enough is known to warrant the assurance that it far surpasses 40,000,000 souls. Some portions of New England have remained rather stationary, but others have pushed forward in marvellous fashion. The Southern States have not a showing at all proportionate to their climate and other resources, but it is not so strange when we remember that it is only three years since they were delivered from the iron weight of military rule. Neither have the Middle and Border States done so well. It is in the great North-West that a transformation has taken place. Chicago, for instance, which in 1870 counted only 290,000 odd inhabitants, now claims 502,000. St. Louis, on the other hand, the central city of the Union, which in 1870 had over 300,000, this year rises no higher than 400,000. New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia retain their relative rank as the three most populous cities of the Union. When we pass from the census of population to that of production, the improvement of the United States becomes phenomenal, easily bearing out the prediction that before the close of the century they will be the leading and most powerful nation of the earth.

The case of our neighbours naturally reminds us of our own. We too shall have our census within a twelvemonth, and all are anxious to learn its results. We may not expect anything like the good fortune of the Americans, but even if we score only a scant proportion we shall be content. It is some encouragement to learn that the total of immigration for this year is going to be great. We have made several inquiries of late, in these columns, on that score, and though receiving no official reply, an usually well-informed paper informs us that we should have between 50,000 to 60,000 immigrants this summer. If so, our proportion would even be greater than that of the United States. No more important subject can occupy the attention of our public men. We are certain that if it depends on the officials of the Department at Ottawa, from the Minister, Deputy, and Secretary down, no effort will be left untried to exhibit a large immigration for the season, and once the

"boom" is started the effect will be very perceptible on our census returns next year. All the indications are that the Dominion of Canada has entered upon an era of remarkable prosperity, and if she will only be true to herself, she will have nothing to envy from her older and more powerful neighbour.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ORANGE GATHERING AT HAMILTON.—We give a fine representation of this gathering from the pencil of Mr. Bell Smith. The demonstration, under the favourable auspices of weather, was in every respect a successful one, and the Hamilton papers contained a number of interesting particulars.

AN INDIAN MUSTER DAY.—Mr. Frenzeny's picture is from a sketch of a scene which he witnessed on the plains. The Indians have come from far and near to meet the agents state their wants, and be looked after generally. Many of them are in a state of great destitution, partly owing to their own improvident habits, and partly to the deliberate manner in which many of the agents defraud them of supplies provided by the government.

THE PLEASURE OF AN EXCURSION.—This picture is no exaggeration of the discomforts suffered during the summer months by travellers on river steamers. The immense water palaces are often so crowded with passengers that there is scarcely room left to lie down even on the decks. Every state-room and berth is taken up, the floors are strewn with mattresses placed side by side, and every chair and sofa is occupied by sleepy, if not sleeping, passengers—men, women and children—who have not had the good fortune to secure more comfortable accommodation for the night. To say nothing of the increased danger in case of accident, this fearful overcrowding ought to be stopped in the interest of the public comfort. No steamboat company should be allowed to take on board more passengers than can be accommodated with state-rooms or cabin berth. The law against overcrowding passenger boats ought to be strictly enforced.

To be sure, the passengers are generally good-natured, in spite of the discomfort they suffer, and are rarely heard to complain; but that is because they have ceased to hope for an improvement. They feel themselves at the mercy of the companies, and so try to make the best of it.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA'S FUNERAL.—The ceremonies attending the funeral of the late Empress at St. Petersburg, on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June, are the subject of an illustration. At noon on Monday, the 7th, the body was removed from the Winter Palace, where she died, to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which is a Cathedral Church dedicated to those saints. It was conveyed in a superb gilded car, with a canopy of white and gold, followed by the Emperor Alexander II, on horseback, in a military uniform, with his sons and other Princes, amongst whom was the Crown Prince of Germany, some of the foreign Ambassadors, and the chief dignitaries of the Court and State. The Duchess of Edinburgh was one of the ladies who followed in mourning carriages. Next day the public were admitted—in the morning by ticket, in the evening quite freely and indiscriminately—to the Cathedral Church, where they saw the body of the Empress lying in state. It was in the centre, beneath the dome, upon a raised platform covered with red cloth. The coffin was partially covered with a pall of cloth-of-gold, but the face and hand of the Empress were exposed to view. On Wednesday morning the Emperor, with his family and suite, was met at the door of the cathedral by high dignitaries of the Church. As soon as the Mass was over, the Emperor, with the other members of the Imperial family, approached the coffin and kissed the dead. Four Chamberlains then removed the pall, placed it on the altar, and four Gentlemen of the Chamber brought forward the lid of the coffin. The Emperor himself placed the train of the Imperial robes in the coffin, which was then sunk into the floor of the church. When the coffin had been lowered, the Metropolitan handed the Emperor a silver plate with sand and a small gold shovel, and the formula of "dust to dust and ashes to ashes" was gone through by His Majesty and his sons. At this moment there was a roll of musketry fire from the infantry under arms outside, and the report of the fortress guns and of the artillery posted on the opposite side of the river, each gun firing six rounds.

BRADLAUGH'S ARREST.—The incident represented in our engraving is one which will doubtless be regarded by posterity much as any other exciting event is looked upon, opinions differing with the standpoint which the beholder takes up. What one party stigmatises as Mr. Bradlaugh's audacity another will laud as his bravery; what one claims as moderation and calmness another will attribute to cunning and crafty calculation, and so on. There is no need to repeat the story at length. Mr. Bradlaugh went into the House and insisted on his right to take the Oath, and when the Speaker informed him of the resolution come to by the House at its previous sitting he claimed to be heard in his own cause. This favour was accorded, and at the Bar he made an eloquent speech, fervid and in-

dignant, but at the same time perfectly respectful. He then obeyed the Speaker's order to withdraw while the House reconsidered the question of his admission, it being ultimately determined that nothing new had been urged by him, and that therefore the decision already arrived at must be adhered to. When Mr. Bradlaugh again came into the House, he strode in a determined manner up to the table, and firmly and repeatedly refused to withdraw when ordered by the Speaker to do so. The Speaker then asked the House for a mandate to enforce the authority of the chair. This was pushed to a division, the numbers being 326 against eight, and then it was that Captain Gosset, the Sergeant-at-Arms, in obedience to the Speaker's command, advanced across the floor of the House to remove Mr. Bradlaugh, a thing more easily talked about than done, judging from the relative physique of the two men. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, offered no resistance; he walked with the Sergeant as far as the Bar, but immediately faced about and returned to the table, and this performance was thrice repeated, amid much noise and gesticulation by the excited legislators; the Speaker rising from his chair to endeavour to restore order. Above the din the strong voice of Mr. Bradlaugh was heard shouting, "I do not deny your right to imprison me: but I dispute your right to deny me the Oath." This said, he yielded to the persuasion of Captain Gosset as far as to leave the middle of the floor for a spot just inside the Bar and quietness being in a measure restored, a debate ensued on the question whether he should be sent to prison for resisting the authority of the Speaker. This was ultimately agreed to on a division by 342 to seven, and then Mr. Bradlaugh, without further resistance, allowed himself to be marched off to Captain Gosset's comfortable rooms in the Clock Tower.

### HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, July 12.—M. Camiran has been elected President of the municipality of Paris.—Jesuits expelled from France, it is said, intend settling in Merionethshire, North Wales.—The Greek Premier has consented, at the solicitation of England and France, to postpone calling out the reserves.

TUESDAY, July 13.—Prince Alexander of Bulgaria has submitted a new scheme to some of the Powers for incorporating a portion of Roumelia with Bulgaria.—A Bagdad despatch says a British steamer of the Euphrates Co., was attacked by Arabs, the captain being seriously wounded and a passenger killed.—A lively debate took place in the House of Commons last night on the Irish compensation bill. The Home Rulers have organized an obstruction movement to the bill.

WEDNESDAY, July 14.—Medals are to be given to British soldiers for distinguished action during the Zulu war.—A quarter of a million of copies of the first number of Roebefort's new journal were sold.—The Russian Admiral Shostakoff is preparing to blockade the whole of the Chinese ports.—Dr. Tanner, seventeen days out, all well; has gained a pound and a half during last two days.—The Porte has been notified that the Albanians are about to attack the Montenegrin positions.

THURSDAY, July 15.—The debate on the Irish compensation bill last night resulted in Mr. Gladstone abandoning the £30 limit.—Rev. Mr. Macknochie has appealed to the House of Lords against the order suspending him for three years.—The Marquis of Hartington announced in the House of Commons last night that the Government intended to saddle England with the bulk of the Afghan war expenses.

FRIDAY, July 16.—A motion averse to erecting a memorial statue to the late Prince Imperial, in Westminster Abbey, was carried in the House of Commons last night.—The Chinese Ambassador has returned to London from St. Petersburg, where, it is said, his efforts have been in a measure successful towards bringing about an understanding between Russia and China.—A detachment of Afghan allies under War Shere Ali recently deserted in a body with their arms and munitions, but were pursued by General Burrows, a number of them killed, and the arms and baggage recovered.

SATURDAY, July 17.—The evacuation of Cabul by the British is to take place shortly.—The Porte is said to have arranged a settlement with Montenegro.—Roebefort declares any compromise between himself and Gambetta to be impossible.—Twenty persons were shot by the military during election riots in Pernambuco Province, Brazil.—News has been received from Santiago de Cuba, confirming the reported massacre of Cuban prisoners by Spaniards.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS VIOLET LINDSAY, a London society girl, is sitting to Mr. Poynter, R.A., as Helen of Troy.

The thin Sarah Bernhardt will reach this country about the last of October. Sarah ought to read the papers of America and laugh and grow fat.

The uncertainties of the theatrical business are illustrated by the fact that Miss Neilson, after a season of great success in the East, has been playing to almost empty houses in San Francisco.

MADAME MODJESKA is eager to appear before the London public as "Adrienne Lecouvreur," in order to measure herself against the departing Sarah Bernhardt, of whom she has been throughout the season both socially and artistically the rival.

MR. MAPLESON expects to take Nilsson, Roze, Ricciardi, and Haak to America early in the autumn. It is not definitely decided if Gye will take his troupe this year, although Mr. Vanderbilt desires him to furnish a troupe for the new opera house.

The theatrical representation of the play of the "Agamemnon" at Oxford has given a stimulus to the study of the classics there such as a hundred thousand lectures by tutors would have failed to give. Men who ordinarily never look at Greek plays save under compulsion have been eagerly scanning and discussing them.

JOSEPH MCARDLE, Forrest's business manager, is dead. He worked hard for the tragedian, but made nothing for himself, got no bequest, and died a pauper in the Forrest home. McArdle was in early life a butcher, and attracted Forrest's attention by noisily and persistently applauding him at the Bowery theatre. Forrest made him the landlord of the old Florence inn, at Broadway and Walker street, and afterwards entrusted his own business to him.



FLOWERS ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Only a gift of flowers,  
A wealth of fragrant loveliness,  
The children of the sunny hours  
A birth of spring's caress,  
That seeks a love's absorbing light,  
To make existence bright!

Their beauty is thine own,  
A dower on earth to symbol Heaven!  
Each lovely has a brilliant tone  
Caught from the season's music, given  
To welcome thee, to hark awhile  
Within thy love-lit smile!

Thy birthdays come and pass  
To fold my life with tenderness;  
The daisy's star, the trembling grass—  
The summer's radiant dress,  
May emblem in my gift of flowers  
The rays affection dowers.

Only a garland sweet,  
That heralds in their splendid hues,  
What thought enchanted, can't repeat,  
Since thought divine imbues  
Their glory with perfection a seal,  
Symbolled in love's ideal!

And when they pass away,  
A fragrant vision of the past,  
Requented upon thy natal day:  
O, may their beauty ead  
Upon thy young life's azure sky  
A light that cannot die!

Nurslings of spring that fade,  
Sweet shapes that steal the summer's kiss!  
The blue-eyed children of the glade  
Imprisoned for our bliss—  
Can't perish, when fond memory  
May board their joy for them.

London, June, 1879.

1880.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The conversation turned the other day on the worn-out platitudes about Disraeli and "fireworks." "Well, I don't know," said a lobbyist, "but Gladstone is fond of fireworks, too. Disraeli is like a Catherine wheel—he revolves in a circle; but Gladstone resembles a cracker—you don't know where to expect him next."

The curators of Cleopatra's Needle are not to be congratulated on the result of the slow work which for so many months has been going on behind the hoarding which still encumbers the Embankment. The broken corners at the base of the Needle certainly give an air of insecurity to the monolith. The Board of Works have therefore affixed sphinx wings in bronze, which spread some feet up to the sides of the column.

Afternoon parties are much given, much liked. The afternoon takes precedence of night rightly in the order of time, but dancing in the afternoon need not to be, neither card-playing, nor marrying; on the other hand night asserts her old attraction—"supper." People sup now sumptuously and very late. The doctors, they say, approve of the idea. After the opera is over people go to suppers; they are very gay, very free; and there is much eating, also—of course, for people grow more thirsty after three in the morning, as a rule.

Mr. DARWIN believes that the general beauty of the English upper class, and especially of the titled aristocracy, is due to their constant selection of the most beautiful women of all classes (peersesses, actresses, or wealthy bourgeoisie) as wives through an immense number of generations. The regular features and fine complexions of the mothers are naturally handed down hereditarily to their descendants.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT has considerable assurance. She wanted, the other day, a dress for her benefit performance of *Romeo et Juliette*, at the Gaiety Theatre. It was not in her wardrobe. It could not be obtained at short notice in London. There was not time to order a new one from Paris. By no means discomposed, the actress, notwithstanding her flight from the Theatre Français, and the action against her proceeding in Paris, sent her *bonne de confiance* to the manager whom she had deserted, and begged the loan of the dress she possessed. M. Perrin, when he heard who wished to see him, asked whether she brought a torch with her; being reassured, he called the committee together, and with one voice they decided to lend their late colleague the dress she wished for.

ANY one who has been reading about the Crusades lately, and who wishes to see a genuine "survival" of the Holy Wars in this prosaic nineteenth century, should have visited the Savoy Chapel in the Strand, on Thursday, the Feast of St. John the Baptist, and therefore observed by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem as their festival. Her Majesty lending her Royal Chapel for the occasion. The English League lives on, unrecognized by the Knighthood of Malta, which also originated with the Hospitallers of the Holy Land, and occasionally celebrates its species of Freemasonry at the Clerkewell Gate, a building, by the way, which is shamefully neglected, part of it being actually used as a beer-shop. This interesting relic is the London Memorial of the Hospitallers, just as the Temple Church is that of the Templars, and it deserves a careful preservation.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S appearance in the House of Lords last week was unexpected ex-

cept by the few who are in his personal confidence. The fact is that his lordship came up from Hughenden on purpose to speak on the final stage of the Burials Bill, he not having joined in the debates at any of the previous stages. The almost complete retirement into private life of the late Prime Minister since his retirement from office has excited not a little comment and called forth a good deal of speculation. The idea that the toils of six years of office have created in his mind a desire for rest and seclusion will not very readily commend itself to the view of those who know anything of the personal habits of the late Prime Minister. If he retires from one branch of work it is thought he must be engaged on some other. He is writing something, is therefore the suggestion made; but what? Is he about to give the world another "Lothair," or is he giving the finishing touches to his autobiography? Speculative opinion decidedly favours the latter suggestion, though not a hint has been dropped or a word spoken by Lord Beaconsfield himself which would tend in any way to favour this view. There is no one but himself who could properly write his biography, and there would be something like a universal satisfaction if it could be made known that the suggestion now made is founded on good grounds for belief.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Mlle. ELISA, the diva of the Cirque d'Été, mounts not less than four horses every day before taking her breakfast, not counting her equestrian exercises at the circus. Her favourite at present is an enormous animal which M. Franconi has confided to her little hands, and which her little hands govern very well. She does with the horse what she wills. Recently the intrepid horsewoman received a visit from one of the most accomplished Parisian riders, Mr. Mackenzie Grieves, and from one of the most noted amazons, the Duchess of Fitz-James, who desired to become acquainted with the bosom friend of the Empress of Austria. The visitors put their stables at the disposal of Mlle. Elisa, and talked about horses and training with great gusto for over an hour.

Of the many *petites industries* in which France abounds, one of the most flourishing at the present time is the manufacture of flags and banners in view of the approaching distribution to the army. Ordinarily there are about twenty-eight banner-makers in Paris, but the demand is so great that every hand is busy flagmaking, while thousands come in daily from the provinces. As to the cost, a flag of 21 metres is worth about 45l., and one of 3 metres nearly 6l. The flag handles are nearly all made at Beauvais and Paris, while the calico is sewed at the rate of 5c. per metre. At this work the owners of sewing-machines can make 7l. or 8l. a day. There is also a large demand for the national flag, which is the tricolour piece of calico requiring no stitching.

GEORGES CLARIN and the Comte Lepic are going to paint a panorama. The rage for this kind of pictorial art is at this moment terrific. Pottier's panorama of Fröschwiller, which the painter is now preparing, will be exhibited in the old Salle Valentino, which is to be converted into an establishment *ad hoc*. Benjamin Constant is at work upon a panorama representing "Golgotha." It will be exhibited at Paris, at London, and in America. Roll is also in treaty with an American company, which offers him 300,000 francs to paint an immense panorama of the light between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*.

THERE are men in Paris, birds of a feather with the chiffonier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the lincseed plasters that have served the turn of doctor and patient, afterwards pressing the oil from the lincseed and disposing of the linen, after bleaching it, to the paper-maker. Other makes a couple of francs a day by collecting old corks, which being cleaned and pared, fetch, it is said, half a franc per 100. A lady-resident of the Faubourg St. Germain is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black, and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third *marchand d'asticots* boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from five to ten pence per pound, according to quality; re-selling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby something over 300l. a year.

M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, who has been following the French performances in London for the *Dieux-Nouveaux Siècle*, describes, in the following lively and imaginative manner, the interview which took place between the Prince of Wales and Mlle. Bernhardt:—"The Prince of Wales came the other night between the acts to pay his compliments to Mlle. Bernhardt. He was accompanied by the King of Greece, whom he presented to the actress. 'My brother-in-law,' said he to her. Mlle. Bernhardt bowed her acknowledgments, and while the Prince

went to congratulate the other actors she remained in *l'éc-a-éc* with the King; but she was not aware that she was talking to a King. She called him 'Monsieur' all the time, and talked right and left in her usual cavalier style. But time pressed, and she had to return to the dressing-room. 'Well,' said her colleagues to her, 'what do you think of the King of Greece?' 'What do you mean—what King of Greece?' she inquired. 'The King of Greece with whom you have just been talking,' was the reply. 'What! it was the King of Greece!' it was a King! and away she ran downstairs to see the Prince of Wales. 'Ah! Prince,' she exclaimed, 'it was treachery on your part not to tell me it was the King of Greece.' 'But I told you it was my brother-in-law,' answered His Royal Highness, to which the actress rejoined, 'Your brother-in-law! But how was I to know! It might have been a tallow merchant!' And away she darted back to the dressing-room, leaving the Prince non-plussed. You may think the English have been shocked at this. Nothing of the kind; they forgive everything in this spoiled child."

PUDDINGS FOR CHILDREN.

Whatever may be the reason or reasons, children do not take to fat very readily, and certainly a large proportion of them reject the fat of joints; consequently it becomes very desirable that they have dishes provided for them which are fairly rich in fat which is not visible to the eye. Such dishes are to be found in milk puddings when a piece of butter has been put into them. Butter is not an extravagant article of diet, and is a fat which is usually well borne by the most delicate stomach, and assimilated readily by the feeblest digestive organs, provided always that it is not swallowed in masses, but is taken in a finely divided form. Many children who cannot take butter well in the form of thick slices of bread with a comparatively thick layer of butter, can take it famously when the slice of bread is thin and the butter well rubbed in—company bread and butter, in fact. In the latter form the butter is finely subdivided, and in mastication is thoroughly mixed with the bread, so that it reaches the stomach in an acceptable form; while in the other form the stomach resents its presence. When added in generous quantity to a pudding consisting of milk and some form of farina, butter can be given to delicate children in practically sufficient quantities.

Many children would be all the better if they were taught to eat puddings of all kinds with butter, or with butter and a little sugar, instead of the jam and preserves now in such common use. A more economical form of fat is beef suet; and suet puddings, especially if made with molasses, are readily eaten by children, and should be more largely used even than they are at present. Such puddings made with cornmeal cost little, are very palatable, and have comparatively a high food value. In the present condition of the digestive organs of children, it is eminently desirable to provide them with a sufficient quantity of fat for proper tissue-nutrition, without offending their palates or their stomachs. Much dyspepsia, much phthisis ultimately, would be avoided if the problem of how to successfully introduce fat into the stomachs of children could be practically solved, as there is reason to believe it might be if the hints here given were generally adopted.

VARIETIES.

THE social event of the Paris season was the recent wedding of young Baron de Selliers, who belongs to a firm of wealthy bankers, and a daughter of the Marquis de Gallifet, in whose veins mingle the blood of the Richelieus and of the sporting banker, Laflotte. The festivities lasted three days, the first day being given to signing the contract, the second to the civil marriage at the Mairie, and the third to the religious ceremony at the church of the Clotilde, a ceremony which was attended by all the heads of the army, of the government, of society, with the rarest flowers, the loudest music, the richest toilets and everything of the costliest.

WOMAN'S PATIENCE.—How strange that the patience of Job should be considered so remarkable, when there are so many mothers in the world whose patience equals if it does not exceed his! What would Job have done had he been compelled to sit in the house and sew, and knit, and nurse the children, and see that hundreds of different things were attended to during the day, and hear children cry, and fret, and complain! Or how would he have stood it if, like some poor woman, he had been obliged to rear a family of ten or twelve children without help, spending months, years—all the prime of life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing, mending, cooking, nursing children; fastened to the house and his offspring from morning till night, and from night till morning; sick or well, in storm or sunshine, his nights often rendered miserable by watching over his children? How could he have stood all this, and in addition to all other troubles, the curses and even violence of a drunken companion? How could he have felt, after wearing out his very existence for his tender offspring, and a worthless companion, to be abused and blamed! Job endured his boils and losses very well for a short time, but they did not endure long enough to test the length of his patience. Woman tests her patience by a whole

life of trials, and she does not grumble at her burthens. We are honestly of the opinion that woman has more patience than Job; and instead of saying, "The patience of Job," we should say, "The patience of woman."

ON SHAKING HANDS.—Let us consider the value of our digital arrangements with reference to the venerable custom of "shaking hands." The classification is numerically significant of the varieties in the act itself. First, there is the one-finger variety, significant of extreme condescension and high-mightiness. When an exalted individual permits you his forefinger, he distinctly says, semaphorically, that you must not presume on the slightest familiarity. You are in the presence of Augustus, and the delicate little ceremony is intended to impress you with the important fact. Then there is the two-finger variety. This is condescension also, but of a milder type. It is leavened with a touch of kindness. Still you must not presume. This variety is much affected by aged persons and other venerable by-gones to their parishioners and dependents, old uncles to their nephews and nieces, and so on. The three-fingered sort adds another increment of favour, condescension having almost vanished but not quite. Much, however, depends on the vitality of the touch. If alive and conscious, it may be almost friendly. If flabby, do not trust to it. Talking of flabby hand-shaking seems slightly contradictory, for no possible shake, not to say shock, can come out of such a salute. In its perfection the flabby sort consists of all four-fingers laid flutly together, and held forth with about the same amount of significance as the paw of a rabbit or the fin of a sea-dog. The correct way of meeting the variety is by accepting it in precisely the same style. The flat-four-fingered fins thus meeting each must be thrilling in the extreme. But when the flat sort is moreover clammy, it is the very abyss of cold-blooded formality absolutely insulting, not to say sickening, in its very touch.

THE GLEANER.

QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain is very anxious that her eldest daughter, the Infanta Paz, should at once find a husband. The princess is now seven-and-twenty. We should say she had better be getting one before a great while.

THE British museum has purchased a vaulted wooden Egyptian coffin, well preserved, and a gilded mask and mummy of a lady named Tabetisa Thotasi, one of the court or family of the Queen of Amasis I. of the eighteenth dynasty.

A SOCIETY for prosecuting the systematic excavation of ancient sites in Egypt is in process of formation. Several Egyptologists have promised their support. Miss Edwards is contemplating a lecturing tour in the United States, with the object of assisting the fund.

WHEN the English take a vacation they sink the shop. An Englishman travelling in Switzerland met a French lady with her daughter. They made up a party and did the lakes together. The young lady was suddenly attacked with the toothache, and the party travelled twelve miles to find a dentist, who applied a little laudanum. Subsequently it was ascertained that the Englishman was a dentist. When asked why he did not relieve the fair patient, he dryly replied, "I am on a vacation."

THE Conservative Journals of Paris vie with the Republican journals in admiration of M. Gambetta's marvellous eloquence, of which no report can convey an adequate idea. By general consent he is immeasurably above any other orator in France. His greatest enemies intently listen to him from pure love of art, as they would to some well-graced actor, and hesitating friends find all scruples swept away by the torrent of his demonstrations.

WHEN HANDS SHALL CLASP AND LIPS SHALL MEET.

(Words for Music.)

I.

In twilight's hour what heart is still  
When love doth make the shadows fly  
No cheek will blanch—no eye will fill  
When sunbeams thicker see they die.

And when the day benumbed and cold  
Lies weary, panting at our feet,  
That gleam shall be a gleam of gold  
When hands shall clasp and lips shall meet.

II.

In twilight's hour how dear to spell  
A hidden love in troubled looks,  
To read what words refuse to tell  
'Twere better than a thousand books.

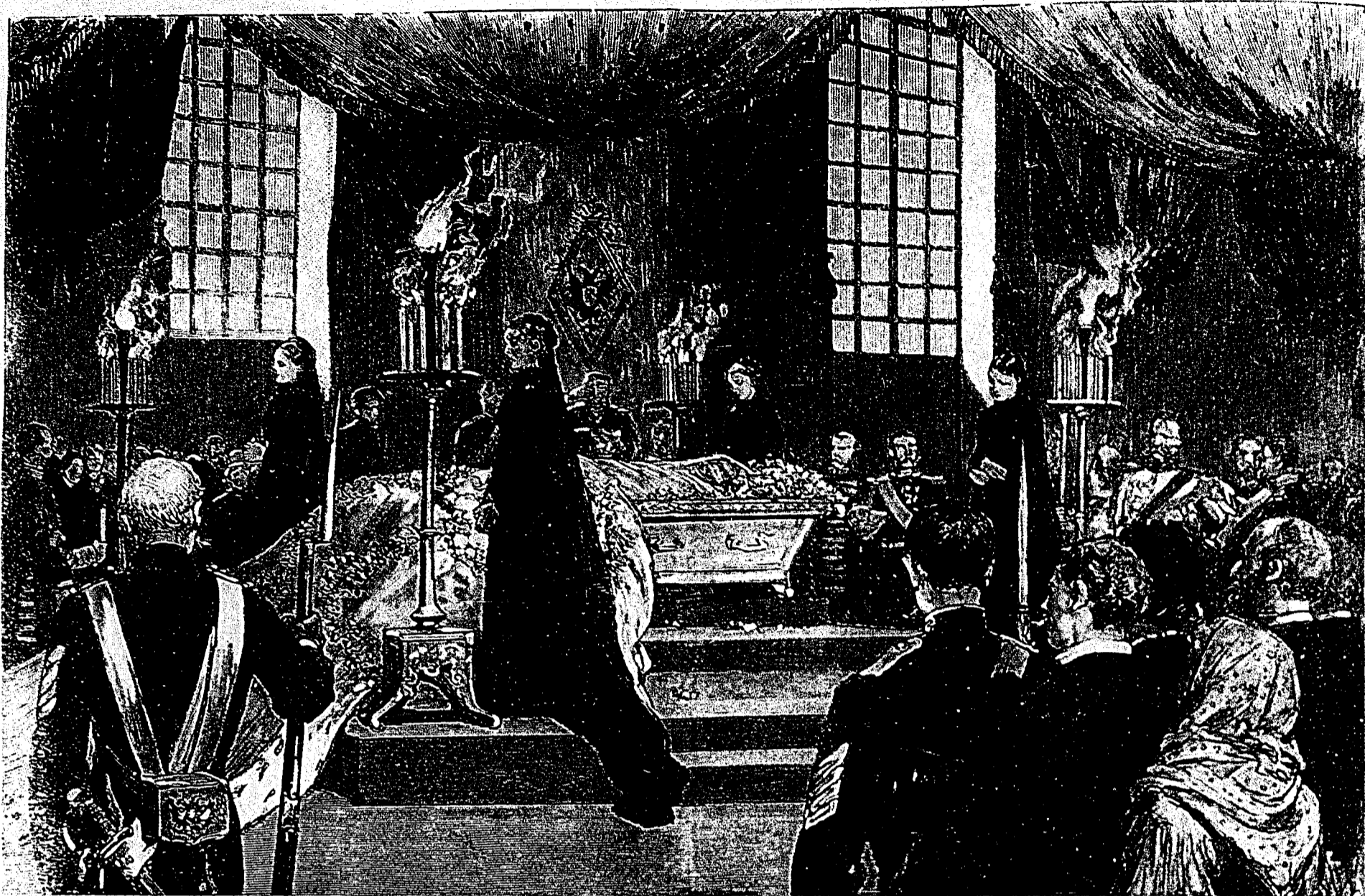
For love shall give an answering tone,  
And change the bitter into sweet;  
And hearts shall beat in unison  
When hands shall clasp and lips shall meet.

J. G. A.

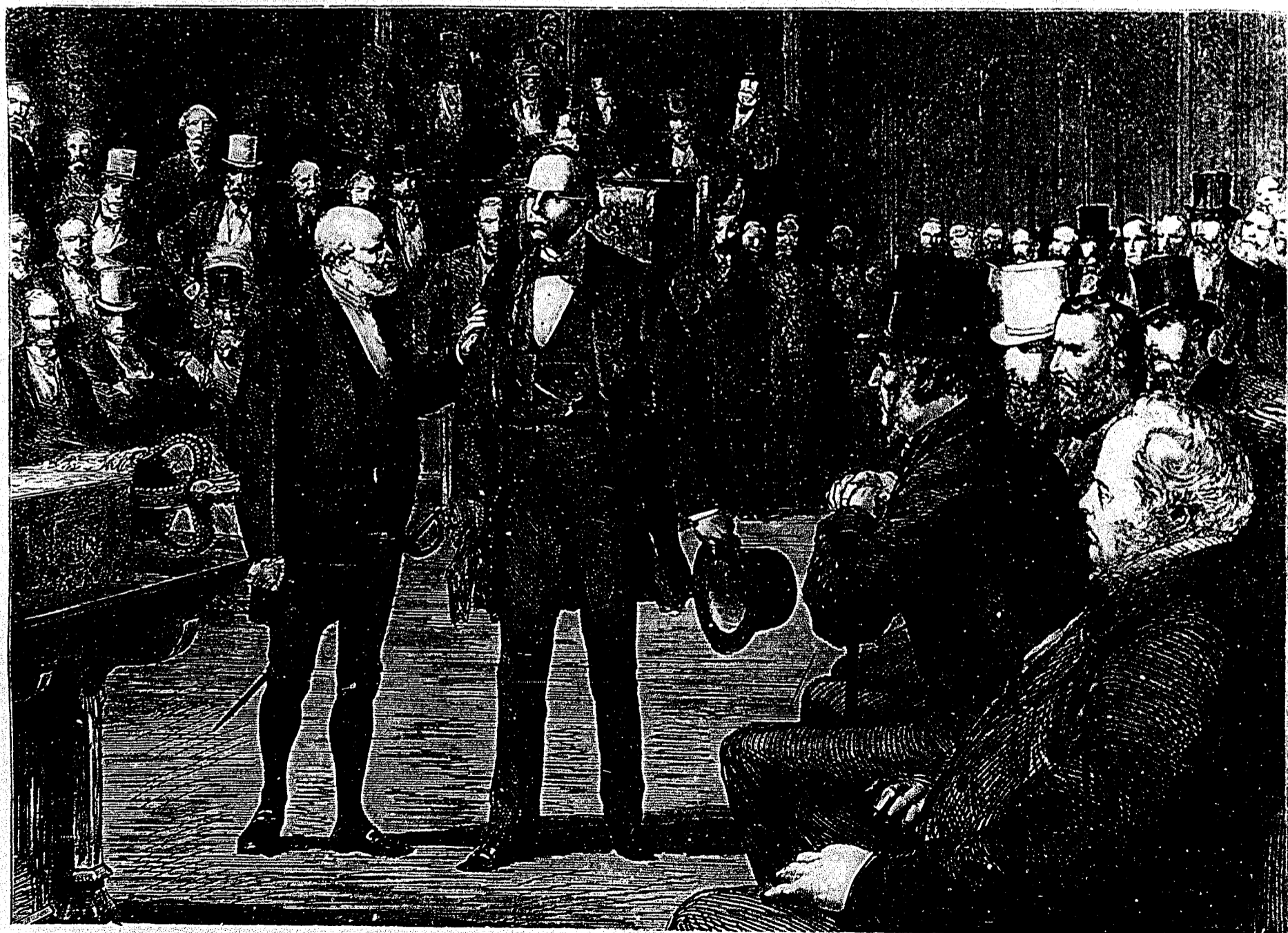
WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Billious or Sping Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait. See other column.

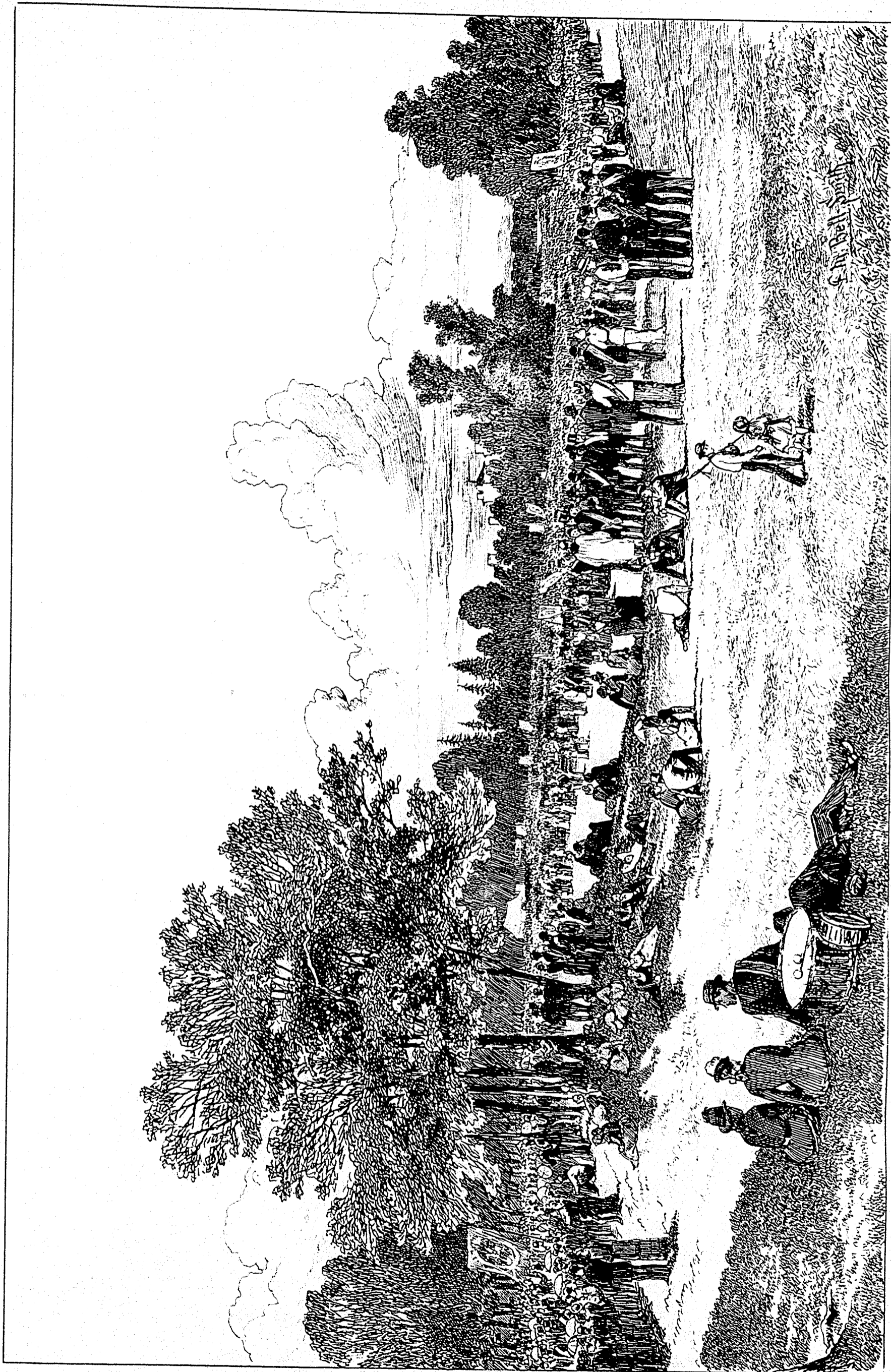




FUNERAL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPRESS.



MR. BRADLAUGH ARRESTED AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.



HAMILTON.—GREAT GATHERING OF ORANGEMEN AT DUNDURN PARK, JULY 12TH, 1880.



## WEARINESS.

BY CHARLES RITCHIE.

My days of light are mingled with sad tears,  
For grief, unbidden, steals into my soul,  
And the fierce warmth and laughter of old years  
And many passions, vexed by many fears,  
Cry out aloud for peace and for control,  
And the small part of life would equal the great whole.

The small, frail seed-time and the eager flush  
Of youth, untutored by experience sage,  
Would forward to maturer freshness rush,  
And my deep, long ambition softly crush  
My studied calm, quenched by an eyesless rage.  
Ere I haste, let me write upon dear men's page.

Yes, wherefore are our spirits hushed by woe,  
Clasped round and fondled in a conscious fond,  
For all our merit towards our love must go,  
Our health and hope to feed and make it grow  
A thing of beauty, worshipping and warm,  
Why run we thus, nor shun the ever-thickening storm?

Time pauseth not, and we with hurried feet,  
Half-hearted, half-ignoring all our art,  
Are seekers after strange rewards and sweet,  
And moved as by the touch of fleshly heat,  
Captives in chains, and yearn not to depart  
Till through the liver strikes a barbed dart.

Children of sorrow, aspirants of lust,  
Ye are sent forth, commanded to be strong,  
Ay, and with purpose more than covers of dust,  
In higher life to place sublimer trust,  
To cling to Fate, though intervals be long,  
In the grand newer season Right shall slay old Wrong.

I falter, I who hold the harp and sing,  
E'er that I wander from thy secret ways,  
O teach me, teach me, dread and stainless king,  
Like eagle shall I mount on skyward wing,  
Excelling in the knowledge of thy praise,  
O, lift me to the loveliness on high from craze.

There can from out the sadness come a joy  
Which shall not turn from gazing at the sun;  
There cometh hope despair cannot destroy,  
And perfectness will not our senses cloy;  
All labour shall be by just freedom won,  
God shall our refuge be, when life is dead and done.  
Montreal.

## MARGIE.

Edward Stavedale was a painter—an artist in the fullest, completest sense of the word, for he lived, as it were, in the centre of a circle of art, and it was through this medium that the perception of outward things came to him. It was under the influence of this atmosphere that all thoughts were presented to him. He lived, therefore, in a world of his own; realities were to him the things most unreal. He mixed as little as possible in the society of other men because he found their presence and conversation disturbed the beautiful phantoms that, when he was alone, held him such sweet and genial company.

In summer-time, with a knapsack, a staff and a sketch-book, he would wander forth wherever the fancy led him, now over the mountains, now by the seashore, now through woods and valleys, collecting everywhere fresh ideas, fresh experiences of that nature without which true art cannot exist.

To Edward Stavedale sensation was a word that conveyed no meaning. He had passed through the stages of youth and early manhood untempted by any of the desires or ambitions, natural or artificial, that seem almost inseparable from man's career in society. He worshipped beauty in whatever form it came to him, but only through the soul, and in its purest sense.

Now that his life was midway spent, there were moments when a vague want was felt, hints that came he knew not whence, of a yearning for some more warm and real sympathy than the shadows of great men and women could afford him, wearing a void in his heart which grew wider and deeper each day.

One lovely evening in the fall Ed. was pursuing his desultory rambles, and had struck the wood which skirts the road between the Mountain House on the Palisades and Fort Lee, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the voice of a woman, harsh and shrill. Advancing further, he found he was approaching a bivouac of strollers, half-actors, half-conjurors, of the lower order, that wandered about the States, stopping to display their performances at out-of-the-way villages and remote farm-houses. All the strollers were absent with the exception of the woman—the speaker—whose hardened features and unsympathetic aspect kept the promise given by the voice, and a little girl of about thirteen or fourteen, small, dark, sharp-featured, but with limbs fine and faultless in their slight proportions, and wondrous, wild, dark eyes, almost excessive in size, flushing from beneath the waves of black hair that overhung her face. To her the woman was addressing herself in harsh and bitter reproaches, to which the child listened in the silence that becomes almost apathy in children who, from their infancy, are little used to any other tone.

The woman, finding how slight had been the effect of her words, raised a great heavy stick which was about to descend on the girl's naked shoulders, when Stavedale sprang forward, and, clutching the upraised arm, prevented the cruel blow from being delivered, while he admonished the woman in terms so severe that she actually quailed beneath his flashing eye.

Ed. Stavedale having discharged what he considered his duty, threw a glance of pity and a word of sympathy to the sobbing child, whose slight form still quivered with excitement, and turned away. He strode down the road to a small inn overlooking the Hudson, and, having dined, lighted his pipe and repaired to the stoop to enjoy his accustomed reveries. But the

shapes he was wont to evolve came not; one face—a wild elfin face, with heavy black hair and great lustrous eyes; one form—a slight, agile, nervous one—always stood before him. He took a pencil and sketched them in various positions and attitudes, and formed plans of pictures in which this little figure was to form the conspicuous object.

"I must get the child to sit to me," he said, to himself; and he resolved to start back to the strollers' bivouac in the wood, and to offer the virago a dollar to achieve this purpose.

As he was about to set forth, the girl, accompanied by a raw youth, the virago bringing up the rear, passed beneath the stoop on which he sat, the woman entering the hotel.

The child suddenly looked up. What a change came over that listless face; every feature became instinct with earnest life; the eyes gleamed, the lips broke into a radiant smile over dazzling little teeth, and a warm glow spread itself beneath the dark, sallow, but transparent skin.

It was very pleasant, Stavedale thought, to see any face light up so in his presence.

"You are glad to see me?" he said.

"Glad—yes."

"What is your name?"

"Margie, sir."

"Should you like me to make a portrait of you?"

"(Of me, sir?) with a blush and a smile.

"Yes; if you will sit I will give you half a dollar."

A pained expression stole around the child's face.

"Yes; only—"

"Only what? You won't? Why not?"

"Because mother—"

"If I ask her leave, and give her something?"

"Ah, then, perhaps."

A bargain was soon made with the old hag, and she readily consented to Margie's giving as many sittings to the artist as might be required, during her sojourn in the neighbourhood.

The girl was to Ed. Stavedale a curious study in her moral as well as in her physical nature. Vicious example, uncontrolled passions of every bad sort, brutal usage, fraud, force, the absence of all manliness, of all womanliness in those she lived with—such was the moral atmosphere in which she had grown to girlhood, such was the soil in which was sown a heart, an intense sensibility, a bright intelligence, and keen sense of all grace and beauty. Not a taint of vulgarity was in the child's nature; not a word passed her lips that had not a meaning, not a movement of her limbs but was replete with a strange, peculiar grace.

Ed. was fascinated by the elfin child, who, as she sat or stood before him, seemed not only to guess all his slightest intentions, but constantly suggested new ideas of form and symmetry, beautiful beyond description. He sketched her in every attitude: he sometimes feared to weary her, but when he expressed the fear, she shook her head with one of her bright smiles and an emphatic "Never"; so he went on painting, sometimes talking to her, sometimes in a silence which lasted for hours, and which she never attempted to break. At length—it was the second day—the strollers struck their camp, and Stavedale started on the road to New York. His way lay through Pleasant Valley and Sunnyside, and as he strode along he thought of the pictures he would paint, in all of which some hint, some movement, some expression taken from her, could be introduced with precious effect. He opened his sketch-book, and as he walked slowly on he contemplated the innumerable studies of her with which it was filled. He looked up at last—before him stood the original—trembling, her great eyes riveted on his face, with a look at once fearful, so earnest, so beseeching.

"You, Margie!"

The breath came thick and fast, and her voice was scarcely intelligible; but as she went on it strengthened.

"Yes, it is me. Let me go with you—anywhere. I will be your servant; I'll do anything on earth for you. Don't be angry. I couldn't stay with them any longer; they treat me worse than ever, because they know I was happy with you and you were kind to me. Do let me go with you. Let me go with you!"

"But, child, your mother? I have no right to take you from her."

"She's not my mother, she's only my step-mother; and my father is dead. I belong to nobody—nobody cares for me. Even what I do for them they only curse me for, and beat me when I can't do the work they put me to. Do let me go with you—let me go with you!"

Stavedale's hesitation was gone, and, taking her little trembling hand in his, he led her on.

Arrived at his atelier—he lived in a little top flat on Twenty-third street—he gave Margie money to go out and buy herself some clothes, and in half an hour she re-appeared, all traces of poverty, fatigue and emotion vanished. Her neat dress fitted her so gracefully, her wild hair parted in shiny, wavy bands, her little Arab feet and fine slender ankles, so symmetrical in high shoes and well-drawn striped stockings, and, above all, her oval face so radiant with beautiful joy and gratitude.

Stavedale felt very proud and happy.

"How smart you look!" he said.

She stood before him smiling, holding out her skirts as children do when their dress is admired. She broke into a short gleeful laugh of joy and triumph.

"So you are happy now, Margie?"

"Oh, sir!" and she seized his hand and covered it with kisses.

The tears sprang to Stavedale's eyes. He drew her towards him, and, resting his chin on her head, he began in a voice of deep and quiet emotion:

"Margie, I do not know if I have done right in taking you. At all events it is done. Never, child, give me cause to think I have acted wrongly—even foolishly, and, with God's help, I will be a father and a protector to you as long as I live. Kiss me, my child!"

She flung her arms round his neck and clung to him long and in silence, and he felt it was very sweet to hold such communion—to claim such love and trust and gratitude from a human creature; sweeter than to hold imaginary, unloving converse with the shadows of dead heroes and heroines.

Ed. Stavedale was once more installed in his painting-room. As of old, he dreamed and painted—painted and dreamed. But when the shadowy company was not sufficient to fill his heart and brain, he would wake up from his reverie, would go to the little sitting-room at the back, where he re-lighted his pipe, and, half-dreaming, half-listening, heard the prattle, childish, yet strangely wise, of Margie, who, as she fluttered about or sat on a stool at his feet, thought aloud in her own wild, suggestive, conjectural way, hitting on singular glimpses of great truths that could only come to her intuitively.

By degrees Ed. began to dream less and think more. Maggie was now fifteen. He felt that she had become more than a child and a plaything, and that a certain responsibility weighed on him in the care of her, in the provision for her future. She had learned to read and write, and one day when he entered the little sitting-room he found Margie with a book on her knees.

"What are you reading there, child?" he inquired, carelessly.

She held up the book. It was a trashy French novel. He snatched it from her and flung it beneath the stove.

"Mind this; when you want to read anything, you must show it to me first. Do you hear, little one?"

She arranged his chair, lighted his pipe and sat down at his feet in silence. Stavedale's eyes were wide open and full of earnest reflection. Once or twice she looked up timidly, but meeting no reply to her glance, she dropped her eyes again.

She said at last: "You are not angry with me?"

"With you? Never!"

"You see I am afraid of nothing on earth but vexing you. I care for nothing on earth but pleasing you. Between these two thoughts lie all the cares of my life."

Strange, the pain and pleasure Stavedale felt. He stroked her shining hair, kissed her forehead, and fell to to thinking harder than ever.

Next day instead of putting on his dressing-gown, cap and slippers, and retiring to his atelier, he, for the first time for many a long year, at such an hour, donned coat, boots and hat, sallied forth and returned with a small library—books of history, biography, religion and some poetry: all works the most perfectly suited to the purpose they were intended for.

For months, between her light household duties, so quickly and happily performed, and the frequent sittings she still continued to give him, the books were studied with earnest attention. Some of them Ed. already knew; the rest he now read, and constantly of an evening questioned his pupil, drawing out and correcting her impressions with a pride and interest strangely new and pleasant to him.

As he had anticipated, Margie grew before his eyes with striking and remarkable beauty. He noticed the progress with a mingling of pleasure and uneasiness, and watched over her with a jealous care. Few visitors came to his painting-room, but at the sound of a strange footstep a look warned Maggie to retreat; and she fled through a back-door like a mouse into its hole.

Another year and another passed by and Margie was sweet seventeen.

"It is certain," said Stavedale to himself, "that this cannot go on for ever. I am not immortal, and if some day I suddenly go off, what becomes of Margie? We must endeavour to get a husband for her. And yet who would marry her? An artist would for her face and form. But what artist?"

He knew nobody who in the least degree suited his notions of the sort of husband to whom he would confide the happiness of his adopted child. He had a vague consciousness that, in matrimonial affairs, there were troublesome details of money matters to be gone through, and on this part of the question he felt dreadfully incompetent to enter. He was quite willing to give Margie anything and everything he possessed; but how much that might be, or how he was to find it out and put it in train, and what was likely to be the pretensions or arrangements on the other side, it put him into a state of hopeless desperation to think of. All this he admitted to himself; but he did not admit—for the thing was too vague and indistinct for admission or actual contemplation—that a little aching jealousy, a numb pain, lay at the bottom of his heart, when he thought of giving to another the treasure that for four years had lightened his life and given him new and human feelings, and a hitherto unknown love and sympathy with his race.

Margie is eighteen, and still Stavedale had found no husband for her. Hitherto he had worked alone; now, the thought and the care of her, the time he devoted to her education

and her amusement—for he took her to the theatre and to Coney Island and up the glorious Hudson—rendered it impossible for him to do all he had been wont to do in his painting-room. He resolved, therefore, to look out for a student a good student, who might never in word or deed break on the cloistered strictness and purity with which Stavedale's jealous care had surrounded his pet.

After a search the wonderful student was discovered and installed in the painting-room Obadiah Sugden, the son of a New England oyster-farmer; was tall and thin and dyspeptic looking. He was bashful and silent, and worked all day long without so much as even opening his lips. But his great brown eyes were open and they saw Margie, and, with the usual result, he fell madly in love with her; but it was that hobbledey love that never displays itself save in some awkwardness. One day Stavedale caught his pupil gazing with all his might and main at Margie—gazing his whole soul out.

"What if—"

A thought for the first time struck Stavedale—flashed across him with a thrill of such strange, mingled contradictory sensations that he passed his hand across his head and felt as though some one had given him a blow.

But the thought that had struck into his brain stayed there, and he took it and handled and examined it and familiarized himself with it. Strange! It had never presented itself to him before! There was the husband he had been looking for Margie, two, three years—there, under his hand. Yes, it was the thing of all others to suit. If the oysterman would but approve he saw no obstacle.

The oyster farmer, upon receipt of a letter from Stavedale, came to New York, saw Margie, and regretted that his son was first in the field, for he himself was a widower and of an amorous temperament.

"Square it between 'em, friend Stavedale," said Sugden, senior, "and I'll not go back on you."

Stavedale was alone in the studio with Obadiah when he opened the matter lying heavily at his heart.

"You have never thought of marrying, Obadiah?"

His pupil shifted his position a little, colored very violently, and replied that he never had seriously.

"You ought to think of it, however, my good boy; why not now?"

Obadiah replied; "That's true."

There was a pause. Stavedale cleared his throat.

"If I found you a wife—a good, nice, charming little wife, that your father thinks well of, would that suit you?"

"Down to the ground, sir."

"Do you know any one you would like?"

Obadiah looked very sheepish, as, pointing at a crayon portrait of Margie, he exclaimed:

"He! he! That's her!"

"And do you think she likes you?"

"That's what I'd give my bottom dollar to find out."

"We'll find out, my lad."

Stavedale that very evening broached the subject to Margie.

"My child, I have been thinking a great deal about you," he said.

She looked up hastily.

"Do you know that you are of an age to think about being married?"

Headless of the start she gave, for Stavedale's speech was all made up, and he feared that if he stopped it might stick in his throat, and he would break down. So he went on.

He told her how long he had thought of this; how he felt the loneliness of the life she led; how little a man like him was fitted to be the sole instructor and protector of a young girl; but he dreaded that a day might come—must come—when, if she were not married, he would have to leave her alone and unprotected in the wide, wide world; how dreadfully the thought weighed on him; how, until she was thus provided for, he never could feel happy or assured concerning her. Then he spoke of Obadiah; of his affection for her, of all his good qualities, of what peace and joy he would feel in seeing her united to him; and then, feeling he could not wait for her answer, he took her to his heart, kissed her, bid her think of all he had said, and took refuge in his painting-room, where he smoked five pipes without stopping.

"The sooner it's over the better," murmured the painter, and he urged on the wedding with a sort of feverish impatience.

It was the night before the wedding and Stavedale had been out, occupied with the last arrangements, and returned home towards eleven o'clock.

As he mounted the stairs to his studio his heart was leaden, and as he opened the door of his flat and entered the quiet little art home, the silence struck him with a chill of disappointment, for he had secretly hoped that Margie would have been up to greet him, after the occupations of his busy day.

He listened, but there was no quick, light step, no sound to indicate her consciousness of his entrance. Stavedale sighed, took up the dim light that had been left burning against his arrival, and instead of going to his room turned into his studio.

How deadly still it was! How deserted! The wan quivering flare of the little lamp only made the gloom it could not pierce more heavy, and as its wavering light flashed and paled over the faces of the pictures, they seemed to shudder on him while he passed.



And so it was all over and she was already gone from him, and the old, lonely, loveless life was to be begun again, now that he was so much less able and fitted to lead it than formerly. Art is just and noble and elevated, and he who pursues it with all his energies cannot fail to profit thereby. But art is not able to fill man's life alone. Art will be worshipped as a sovereign, and, if courted in earnest, sometimes condescends to let the votary kiss the hem of her garment, and now and then bestow upon him a smile. But she gives no more than this, and thus for a time it may satisfy him; then comes a day when he would resign all the fame she ever accorded him for a little human love and a little human sympathy. Stavedale had felt thus before he had them. Now he had known them and was about to lose them forever.

The perfume of flowers—the flowers she had placed there that morning before he went out—drew him to the table. A note lay on it—a note in her handwriting and directed to himself.

A mist passed over his eyes as he opened and sought to read the contents, written in a trembling hand, and here and there blurred and blotched; how?—he knew.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND, MY ONLY FRIEND: For give me if you can for the pain I am causing you and, above all, oh, above all! do not think your poor child ungrateful. But I cannot marry Mr. Sugden; my heart revolts from it. Indeed, indeed I have done everything I could to reconcile myself to it because you wished it, and I know he deserves a better wife than I could make him. It is not any foolish wicked pride or self-conceit on my part that turns me from him, but I cannot love him, and when he knows this he will learn to forget me and marry some one better worthy of him. So I am going away. However, I know all the anxiety you have concerning me, feeling how little I am now fit for any other life than the happy one I have led with you these last years. Do not be afraid for me; I am young and strong, and able and willing to work, and God will not desert me.

"And later, when I am quite a woman and have got used to make my own way in the world, at least to obtain a living, I will come back to you, and we will be happy again in the old way, and you will see that your poor child only left you for awhile, because she loved you so dearly that she could make this great and terrible sacrifice now to ensure your future comfort. I am going into service, and when I have got fixed I will write to you, but I will not tell you where I am for fear you should come to take me back again, and if you did I know I am not strong enough to refuse to go with you.

"God bless you! and oh, my dear, best, only friend, believe that I love you, now I am leaving you, better than ever I did in all my life, and that the only happiness I look to on earth is the idea of coming back to you.

"And I will come back to you before long. God will bless my work, and we shall meet again and forget this heavy trial. I am sure of it.

"Your poor child, MARGIE."

His heart then had not misgotten him in vain. She was gone, actually and positively. Whither and to what? The thought nearly drove him wild. That little, young, helpless, beautiful creature, unsuspecting and inexperienced as an infant, gone out alone into that great wide world of guile and sin, and suffering, and temptation under every form and every treacherous disguise.

He knew her courage, her resolution, her light heart; but were these enough to guard her alone against the dangers whose name is legion?

And now where to look for her? For three days Obadiah Sugden sought her sorrowing through every part of not alone New York, but Brooklyn and Hoboken. The fourth, Obadiah proceeded on his mission alone, for Stavedale lay on his sick-bed, racked with pain and grief and fever, but insisting on remaining alone that the quest might not be for a day interrupted.

Slowly the evening reddened and paled, and the hush and dimness of the light that precedes the departing day fell upon the sick room, and for the first time since Margie's departure, Ed. Stavedale slept.

Presently the door opened, and a shadow stood on the threshold—noiseless and breathless as shadows are—then it glided across the room, paused, stood, and finally knelt beside the bed. The sleeper's labored breathing stopped suddenly. He was not yet awake, and still he was listening. Something—a consciousness, a hope—was rising in him combating the numbness of slumber. He started, stretching out his arms and pronouncing Margie's name.

It was Margie's voice that answered him; they were Margie's tears that fell on him; Margie's kisses that pressed his hot brow. Long and silently he held her close in his embrace.

"You will never leave me again!"

"Never, never, never! Oh, forgive me! If you knew one half of what I have suffered—not of hardship or misery. I have means to secure me from that, but from the separation from you! Oh, I could not live longer without seeing you. I thought just to steal back, have one glance, at you and then—then I knew not, cared not, what might become of me! And I find you thus!"

"Margie, tell me what was the reason you would not marry Sugden. You did not love him. Did you—do you—love any other?"

She clung to him, hiding her face and weeping silently.

"You will not tell me?"  
"I cannot."  
A wild, trembling, thrilling hope traversed the obscurity of Stavedale's brain.  
"Is it—I?"  
"Who could it be but you?"  
And so Margie was married—but not to Obadiah Sugden.

A CAPITAL DOG STORY.

A POINTER WHO KNEW HIS WAY AND COULD NOT BE DECEIVED.

In an article on "The Sixth Sense," published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. Felix L. Oswald tells the following strange story:

We often hear of the wondrous sagacity—generally ascribed to memory or acuteness of scent—which enables a dog to find his way home by unknown roads, even from a considerable distance. I think it can be practically demonstrated that this faculty has nothing to do with memory and very little with scent, except in a quite novel sense of the word.

Last fall my neighbour, Dr. L. G.—of Cincinnati, O., exchanged some suburban property for a house and office near the city hospital, and at the same time discharged a number of his four-footed retainers. A litter of poodle puppies were banished to Covington, Ky., across the river, and two English pointers were adopted by a venatorial ruralist in the eastern part of Ohio. The puppies submitted to exile, but one of the pointers, like the black friar in the halls of Amundeville, declined to be driven away. He returned by ways and means known to himself alone, once from Portsmouth and twice from Lucasville, in Scioto county, the last time in a blinding snow-storm and under circumstances which led his owner to believe that he must have steered by memory rather than scent. But how had he managed it the first time? The matter was discussed at a reunion of amateur sportsmen and naturalists, and one opponent of the doctor's theory proposed as a crucial test that the dog be chloroformed and sent by a night train to a certain farm near Somerset, Ky. (160 miles from Cincinnati); if he found his way back he could not have done it by memory.

The doctor objected to chloroform, remembering that dogs and cats often forgot to awake from anesthetic slumbers; but finally Hector was drugged with a dose of Becker's elixir (an alcoholic solution of morphine), and sent to Somerset in charge of a freight-train conductor. The conductor reports that his passenger groaned in his stupor "like a Christian in a whisky fit;" at length relieved himself by stretching, and went to sleep again. But in the twilight of the next morning, while the train was taking in wood at King's mountain, eighteen miles north of Somerset, the dog escaped from the caboose and staggered toward the depot in a dazed sort of way. Two brakemen started in pursuit, but, seeing them, the dog gathered himself up, bolted across a pasture, and disappeared in the morning mist. At 10 a.m. on the following day he turned up at Cincinnati, having run a distance of 142 miles in about 28 hours.

Still the test was not decisive. The dog might have recovered from his lethargy in time to ascertain the general direction of his journey, and returned to the northern terminus by simply following the railroad track backward. The projector of the experiment, therefore, proposed a new test, with different amendments, to be tried on his next hunting trip to Central Kentucky. On the last day of January the dog was sent across the river, and, nem. con., the experimenter fuddled him with ether and put him in a wicker basket, after bandaging his nose with a rag that had been scented with a musky perfume. Starting with an evening train of the Cincinnati Southern railroad, he took his patient south-west to Danville junction, thence east to Crab Orchard, and finally northeast to a hunting rendezvous near Berea, in Madison county. Here the much-travelled quadruped was treated to a handsome supper, but had to pass the night in a dark tool-shed. The next morning they lugged him out to a clearing behind the farm, and slipped his leash on top of a greasy knob, at some distance from the next large wood. The dog cringed and fawned at the feet of his travelling companion, as if to conciliate his consent to the meditated enterprise, and then slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the opposite bank, and scampered away at a trot first, and by-and-by at a gallop—not toward Crab Orchard, i.e., southeast, but due north, toward Morgan's ridge and Boonsboro—in a bee-line to Cincinnati, O. They saw him cross a stubblefield, not a bit like an animal that has lost his way and has to turn right and left to look for landmarks, but, "like a horse on a tramway," straight ahead, with his nose well up, as if he were following an air-line toward a visible goal. He made a short detour to the left to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaping a rail-fence, and went headlong into a coppice of cedar bushes, where they finally lost sight of him.

A report to the above effect, duly countersigned by the Berea witness, reached the dog's owner on February 4, and on the afternoon of the following day Hector met his master on the street, wet and full of burrs and remorse, evidently ashamed of his tardiness. That settled the memory question. Till they reached Crab Orchard the dog had been under the full influence of ether, and the last thing he could possibly know from memory was a misleading fact—namely, that they had brought him from

a south-westerly direction. Between Berea and Cincinnati he had to cross two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges, and had to pass by or through five good-sized towns, the centre of a network of bewildering roads and by-roads. He had never been in that part of Kentucky before, nor ever within sixty miles of Berea. The inclination of the water-shed might have guided him to the Kentucky river, and by-and-by back to the Ohio, but far below Cincinnati and by an exhaustively circuitous route. The weather, after a few days of warm rains, had turned clear and cool, so that no thermal data could have suggested the fact that he was two degrees south of his home. The wind on that morning veered from west to north-west; and, if it wafted a taint of city atmosphere across the Kentucky river mountains, it must have been from the direction of Frankfort or Louisville. So, what induced the dog to start due north?

THE NATURAL IN DRAMATIC ART.

It is a primary article of faith with the "rising" young men of the day, more especially with youthful critics just fresh from College, that, at least since *Anno Domini*, there has never been anything natural, not only in Art, but in human nature, until the nineteenth century was on the wrong side of fifty.

We have pre-Raphaelism in Art, and very beautiful it is sometimes; we have Wagnerism in music, and there is much to be said in its favour; and we have Realism upon the stage, and very refreshing that is after the stilted and bombast of a generation ago; but when the enthusiasts protest that all the mighty names in music and Art that we were taught to reverence in our boyhood were shams, only those of poor people groping for light in the obscurity of ignorance, or that the perfection of acting consists in gracefully resting your hands in your trouser-pockets, lolling against a mantel-piece, sitting upon a table, and in a general air of vapidly indicative of water in the blood, it is claiming too much for modern revelation.

To confine our remarks to acting, such a mode is suitable enough for the portrayal of the young men of the present day, who are much given to lounging and leaning, to whom, in general, trousers pockets are an indispensable comfort, without which hands would be rather an encumbrance than otherwise, and whose normal condition is inclined to be vapid and waterish. But how about the somewhat priggish and formal young man of the last generation, the bucks and blonds of our grandfathers' and great-grandfathers' time, the fops and beaux of the old régime—and the fiery youth of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with whom it was a word and swordthrust? Actors are called upon to reproduce all these differing types of humanity, but is it Art, or, to use the favourite cant phrase, is it natural, to recast them all in the nineteenth-century mould, only to be distinguished like "the portrait models" of a waxwork exhibition, or the lay figures of an artist's studio, which are monarchs, or peasants, philanthropists, or murderers, priests, or brigands, as their costume is shifted?

A critic, in his remarks upon the performance *Money* at the Haymarket, highly eulogised certain of the actors for having striven to divest the characters of their old-fashioned aspect; that is to say, for having been false to the author's conception and meaning. The Evelyn of Lord Lytton is as far removed from the heroes of *Ours* and *Castle* as he was from those of the *School of Scandal* and the *Heir at Law*. No actor can render the language put into his mouth natural—according to our standard; the flippant mumble of the present day is totally unsuited to those sententious phrases which, instead of appearing more natural by the change, become more stilted and thoroughly incongruous.

Probably a reproduction of the exact manner in which it was performed by Macready would scarcely be acceptable to modern taste; but there is always a golden mean between the style of a past age and the fashion of the present; in which, while indicating the peculiar features of a bygone generation, it touches them too lightly and delicately to bring what is absurd into prominence.

A skilful portrait painter will always take the best expression of a face, he will make the most of its good points, and slur over the bad, he will not bring a wart on the nose into equal prominence with a dimple in the chin, and yet he will make a perfectly true likeness, in all its essential features. So, without adopting the black satin stock, high shirt collar, and measured delivery of a Macready, it should be no difficulty to an artiste to render such a character as Evelyn perfectly natural, without attempting to confound him with the Jack Wyatts and Angus M'Allisters of modern comedy. These remarks are all intended to be personal, but the example is fresh in every playgoer's memory, and is a peculiarly apt illustration of my meaning. Most playgoers will remember Mr. Coghlan's splendid rendering of the character, which, although it departed entirely from the old lines, by its fire and intensity rose to a place among those living conceptions that, in being true to the eternal emotions of the human soul, are true to the humanity of all ages and all countries.

A man is more the child of his age than of his father and mother, says an Eastern proverb; human nature in many of its outward aspects and modes of expression is ever changing; as we advance in civilisation we become more reticent and subdued, more apt to make speech the mask

of our thoughts rather than their exposure. Men, as far back as we have any record of them, have been always actuated by the same passions, but as manners become more refined, those passions become less fierce, and, above all, less strongly expressed: yet a man of the present day might feel all the tormenting jealousy of an Othello, or all the burning love of a Romeo, but it would be very unlikely that he would express it with the fury of the one or the fervour of the other; attempt to modernise either, and how absurd does it become! But there were Othellos and Romeos in Shakespeare's time, and men raved and stormed, and were not ashamed to make love as though they meant it, and conducted themselves under the influence of passion in a way that would appear very shocking and very ridiculous to the polite society of this age. Therefore, to play Othello as a gentleman given to strong language, but of anything rather than of a revengeful disposition, or Romeo as a spooney young man who ordinarily wore a stove-pipe hat and an eyeglass, but who had for an occasion taken it into his head to masquerade in doublet and hose, in fine, to be Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown reading Shakespeare in costume, to suit the tastes of a drawing-room, is not acting at all.

We regard the formal, ceremonious manners of the last century as artificial and affected, but could some of the old gentlemen who passed away a century ago return within the glimpses of the moon it is very probable that they would return the compliment. What would the hot-blooded Elizabethan say to our suppressions and conventionalisms? would they appear natural to him? Therefore, as the actor has chiefly to do with those outward aspects of our nature, if he be a true artist he will endeavour to reproduce them in conformity with such conditions. He will deliver the blank verse of Shakespeare without mouthing, but with something of the force and dignity and the measured elocution that marked the speech of a chivalrous and high-souled age, and he will not attempt to picture the rattle-brained young fellow of the last century, full of life and spirits, and with an intensely animal enjoyment of mere existence, under the guise of a dyspeptic blasé young gentleman of the Victorian era, ever chanting the *Vanitas Vanitatum* of the preacher, with his mouth full of the ashes of exhausted pleasures.

Yet the public, and the critics as well, seem to approve of this mode of so-called natural representation, which might be more properly called masquerading, since the dress alone indicates the character and the age, and the actor who attempts to realise a dramatic conception after a more robust model is in danger of being sneered at by the one and condemned by the other.

H. BARTON BAKER.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

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

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

SAYS a French critic: "I like a girl before she gets womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish."

IN some respects the gentler sex far surpass us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his mouth.

A LETTER in Queen Elizabeth's own handwriting, beautifully clean and neat, has just been sold for 400 marks.

THE Queen of Italy recently went up Vesuvius by the new railway at night to see the volcano by an electric light.

THE Empress Augusta of Germany has a mania for wearing black silk dresses, holding that no lady beyond middle age should wear light colours.

SARAH BERNHARDT in changing her dress nineteen times. What wonder that the life of an actress has a fascination for women!

It would never do to elect women to all offices. If a female sheriff should visit the residence of a handsome man and explain to his jealous wife that she had an attachment for him, there would be a vacancy in that office in about two minutes.

THE ladies of Italy have adopted a fashion this summer of dressing only in white robes adorned with natural flowers, jewelry being put strictly under ban. To do up a white dress at the lowest \$3 is charged, and the flowers cost \$4 a day. Economy is observed in linen underwear.

THE Mrs. Wodehouse, who was married at the British Embassy in Paris recently to the Marquis of Anglesa, will be recalled as Miss King of Georgia, who, ten years ago, was prominent in fashionable society in Washington during the season. In 1872 she married the Hon. Henry Wodehouse, brother of the Earl of Kimberley, who died in 1874. She is a perfect type of a Southern beauty.

FORTY TELESCOPES, ranges from five miles to twenty; outside cases only destroyed by fire. Three dozen opera glasses, very valuable mountings; outside cases only destroyed. Will be sold at one-third of the price; great bargains. Twenty marine, field, marine day and night glasses, also for sale cheap. They are all guaranteed to be equal to the best and newest. In most of them outside cases are damaged or destroyed. Address early.

HEARN & HARRISON, Opticians, Montreal.

THE TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

The careful, tidy housewife, when she is giving her house its spring cleaning, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases from spring malaria and miasma, and she should know that their is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of all medicines. See other column.

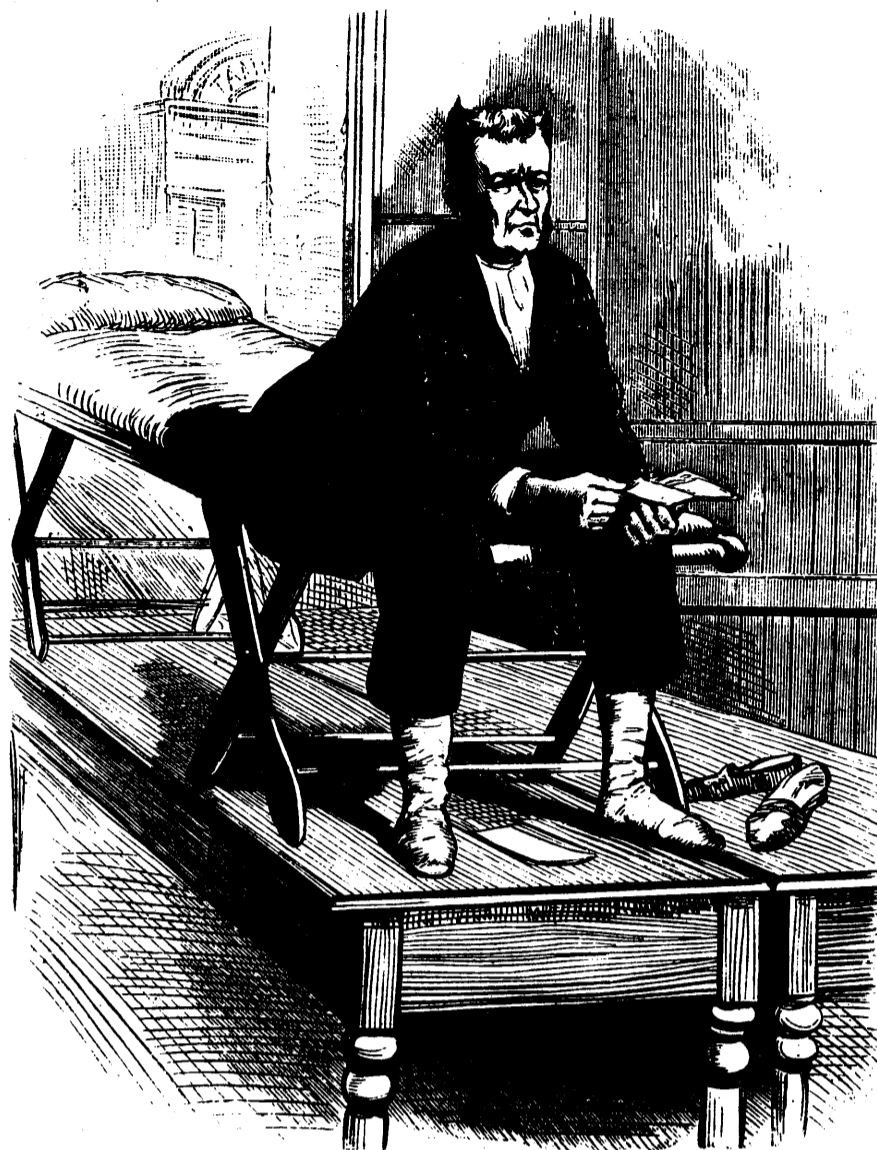
**A FORTY DAYS' FAST.**

At noon, on Monday, June 23th, Dr. Henry S. Tanner, of Minneapolis, Minn., began an attempt to abstain from food and drink for forty days and nights, in a hall in New York City. He claims to have fasted for a period of forty-two days, but as almost everybody discredited him, he made up his mind to prove his assertion by repeating the experiment, subject to the constant surveillance of watchers, those watchers to be medical men. Each watcher is obliged to make oath that he watched diligently, and that the fasting man took no food during his (the watcher's) vigil. The watchers are under the supervision of the New York Neurological Society.

At present the faster is wearing a cool suit of dark clothes, white socks and slippers. He carries a fan, but uses it very little. Since the beginning of the present fast his keen gray eyes have become slightly dimmed, the top of his head, which is thinly covered with gray hair, has become as white as milk, and he has lost ten and a half pounds in weight. The outlines of his regular, well-cut features stand out more clearly, and his firm lips close more tightly.

During the first two days Dr. Tanner drank eighty ounces of water, in doses ranging from six to eight ounces each. Since then, in lieu of drinking, he simply gargles his mouth about once an hour with a couple of ounces of water, which he then ejects into a spittoon. He spends the time reclining on his cot, or sitting up in a chair, or coming forward to the border of his enclosure and talking intelligently and earnestly with his watchers. He reads the newspapers morning and evening, and is very fond of sitting on a chair and elevating his feet to the top of his little writing-table. At bedtime he takes a sponge bath. He is then rubbed down with coarse towels, after which he puts on his night dress and gets between the sheets. Before he dresses in the morning, his clothes are examined to ascertain that there is no food concealed in them. His pulse and temperature are frequently taken, and his weight every day. He has already passed the time when, according to medical opinion, he should exhibit delirium and other evidences of insanity, but as yet no dangerous symptoms have been observed.

A GENTLEMAN in the North of Ireland lately obtained what is believed to be the oldest of franks. It is by Thurloe, the Secretary of Protector Cromwell, and addressed to Henry Cromwell.



DR. TANNER, OF NEW YORK, IN THE SECOND WEEK OF HIS FASTING.

PRINCE LEOPOLD is fond of writing poetry. THE Italian Government, still unsatisfied, is preparing plans for heavier ships than the *Duilio*. TWENTY-TWO Concord (Mass.) women, who drank tea together last week, were between 70 and 88 years old.

ON the Bernai palace at Rome there has been recently affixed a tablet recording the fact that Sir Walter Scott dwelt in it in 1832.

WESTCHESTER county, New York, is preparing for a big celebration of the centennial of Maj. Andre's capture, September 25.

TEXAS postmasters refuse to register packages containing live rattlesnakes on the ground that they cannot tell whether they are male matter or not.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT has changed his mind on the subject of racing, and has given up the idea of keeping a large stud at Newmarket.

THE lower jaw of an antediluvian mammoth was recently fished out of the river Dnieper by Russian fishermen; it is as black as a coal and weighs seventy-five pounds.

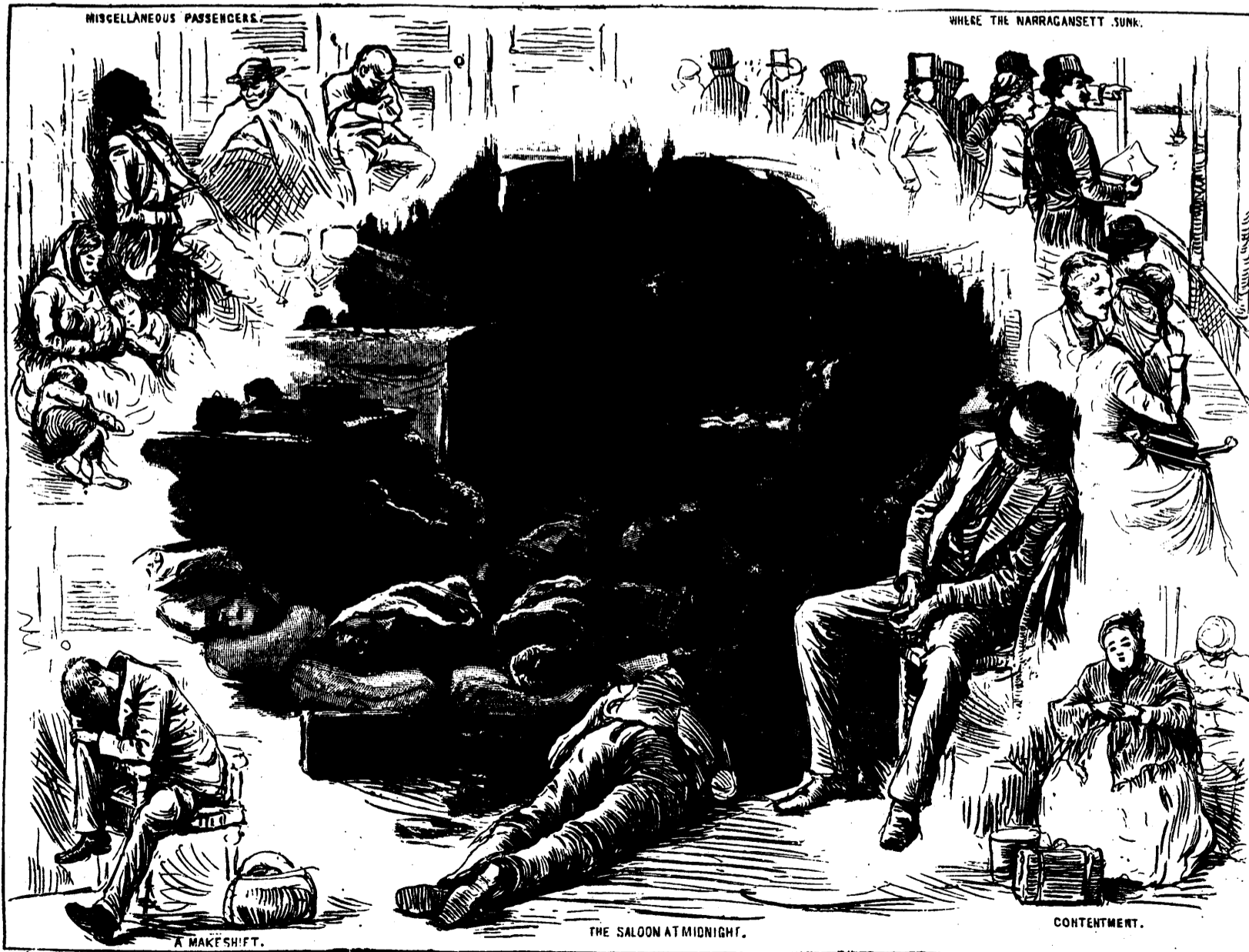
W. H. VANDERBILT, it is announced authoritatively, pays for bringing the Alexandrian obelisk over. He stipulated that it should not cost over \$75,000.

WM. BANKS, a noted Liverpool ship-builder, has left \$300,000 to his granddaughter, Susan Meyers, the wife of a labourer at Greenpoint, opposite New York city.

THE Empress Eugenie proceeded on foot into the South African valley where her son's body was found, following precisely the track taken by the officers who went in search of the corpse.

PIGEONS have been so thick in Northern Michigan that they could be knocked down with fish-poles. Fish have at the same time been so wild that they had to be killed with shot-guns.

THE Dumas family has always been remarkable for strength and address. One night at the play Gen. Dumas, the grandfather of Dumas the younger, flung a man out of a stage box on to the stage. Dumas the elder was of Herculean strength, and Dumas the younger excels in all games of strength and skill. He is a master juggler, and he can put a frame of knives round a human head leaning against a board with the most consummate surety of hand. George Sand was a brilliant pupil of Dumas the younger, and in her later years she used to amuse herself for days with this perilous pastime.



THE PLEASURES OF AN EXCURSION TRIP.



A NEW CANADIAN POET.

We introduce to our readers the portrait and the works of a new Canadian lyric author, Miss Mary J. MacColl, daughter of the well known writer Evans MacColl, of Kingston, one of the premiers in our poetic literature. The work is beautifully printed and may be obtained from or through any local publisher. Miss MacColl is supported in her appeal to the public by some of the best names in American letters. Longfellow writes: "Your little volume is full of poetic beauty and deep feeling." John G. Whittier says: "Bide A Wee contains a chaste and graceful collection of poems, which do credit to the heart and intellect of the author." Oliver Wendell Holmes adds: "Your little book confirmed all my favourable impressions. I found your poems truthful and melodious." Joaquin Miller exclaims, "Your book is a live book, bright and beautiful." There are a number of other tributes to the same effect. In the presence of such applause, any words of appreciation on our part would be of little avail. We may be allowed to say, however, that while heartily commending the work as indicative of poetic taste and instinct, we should recommend a stricter adherence to the simpler rules of grammatical construction, Miss MacColl has much of the poetic temperament, but she needs to chasten and castigate her muse, and the excuse which she adduces in her preface that several of her pieces have been "written hastily, at intervals, under circumstances far from favourable to the clothing of poetic thoughts in poetic garb," is not admissible in honest criticism. But we shall allow the reader to judge for himself by a few citations. We shall first take the piece which gives its name to the volume and which we must naturally regard as being considered the best by the author.

Bide a wee and dinna weary  
 "Patience" quaintly was defined  
 By a little Scottish maiden  
 And the sweet words to my mind  
 Ever linger, like the memory  
 Of a beautiful refrain,  
 Making hours of gloom less dreary,  
 When I breathe them o'er again.

Fretted by the many crosses  
 All must bear from day to day,  
 Troubled by our cares and losses,  
 Each of us hath need to say  
 To our hearts' impatient crying  
 For the ships so long at sea,  
 While faith faints and life is dying—  
 "Dinna weary, bide a wee."



MARY J. MACCOLL, AUTHOR OF "BIDE A WEE AND OTHER POEMS."

"Rainy days" each life will sadden,  
 Gentle shower or tempest wild,  
 Fall upon us—blessings gladden  
 In their turn. To every child  
 Gives the Father or withholden,  
 Ever wisely, tenderly;  
 Thus our hearts for Heaven He mendeth,  
 "Dinna weary, bide a wee."

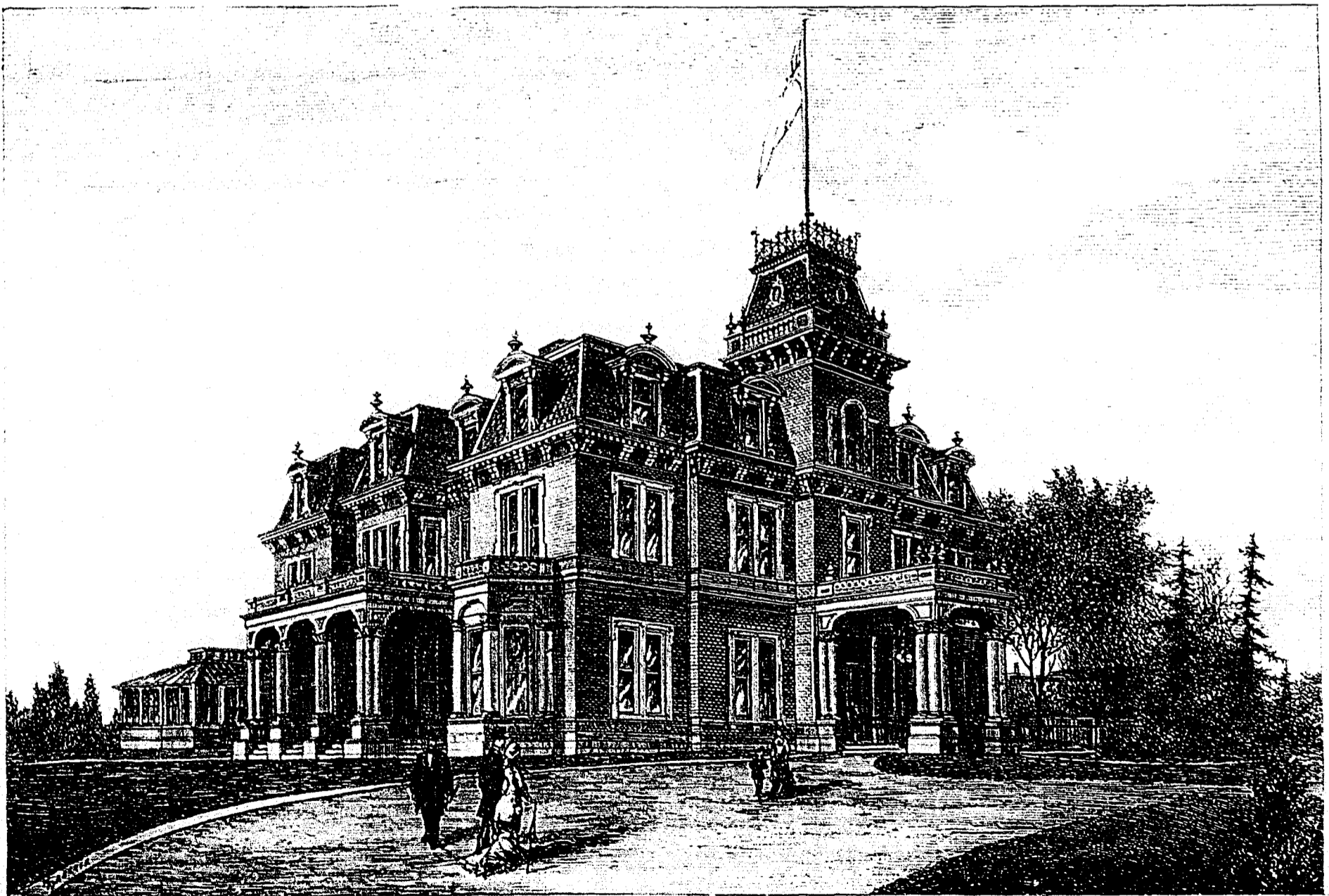
Some there are whom glad fruition  
 Neath the skies may never bless,  
 Some to whose long-urged petition  
 Ne'er will come the yearned-for "Yes."  
 Why! God knoweth—He who lendeth  
 Strength to suffer trustingly  
 What he seeth best he sendeth—  
 "Dinna weary, bide a wee."

Hopeful, wait a good to-morrow,  
 Cast on Jesus every care,  
 Not unaided by Him thy sorrow,  
 Not unpitied thy despair.  
 For His people there remaineth  
 Rest and peace eternally,  
 Where the light of joy ne'er waneth,  
 "Dinna weary, bide a wee."

SOME of the French journals give very flattering accounts of the progress of the preliminary work on the tunnel which is to connect France and England. It is stated that the shaft is sunk to the stratum in which the tunnel is to be cut, and that those engaged in the work are about to sink another shaft, and to lower the machinery for boring under the channel. The work on the tunnel is expected to be finished in two or three years.

At the recent christening of Paul de Cassagnac's child, ex-Queen Isabella of Spain stood as its godmother and M. Julien of Marseilles as its godfather, and the latter settled upon the boy the sum of 250,000 francs. M. Julien is simply a fanatical admirer of the Bonapartist deputy. He is the same gentleman who some time ago offered to pay all Cassagnac's fines and election expenses, but the consideration was declined.

M. JULES FERRY, the French Minister who introduced the bill for the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, is the direct descendant of the man who, 120 years ago, established several houses of the same order in that country. M. Ferry's ancestor having lost his wife joined the order of the Jesuits, and after studying at the Jesuit College at Rome was ordained a priest. He returned to France one of the most ardent followers of St. Ignatius. His name was also Jules. The present Minister is the great grandson of the son that this reverend father had before he embraced the monastic career.



TORONTO.—GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



# WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

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

## CHAPTER VI—(Continued.)

But at dinner the Laird got on very well with our new guest; for the latter listened most respectfully when Denny-mains was demonstrating the exceeding purity and strength, and fitness of the speech used in the South of Scotland. And indeed the Laird was generous. He admitted that there were blemishes. He deprecated the introduction of French words, and gave us a much longer list of those aliens than usually appears in books. What about *conjee*, and *que-vee*, and *fracare* as used by Scotch children and old wives?

Then after dinner—at nine o'clock the wonderful glow of the summer evening was still filling the drawing-room—the Laird must needs have Mary Avon sing to him. It was not a custom of hers. She rarely would sing a song of set purpose. The linnets sing all day—when you do not watch her; but she will not sing if you go and ask.

However, on this occasion, her hostess went to the piano, and sat down to play the accompaniment; and Mary Avon stood beside her, and sang, in rather a low voice—but it was tender enough—some modern version of the old ballad of the Queen's Maries. What were the words? These were of them, anyway:

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries;  
This night she'll hae but three:  
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

But, indeed, if you had seen that graceful, slim figure—clad all in black velvet, with the broad band of gold fringe round the neck—and the small, shapely, smoothly-brushed head above the soft swathes of white muslin; and if you had caught a glimpse of the black eyelashes drooping outward from the curve of the pale cheek; and if you had heard the tender, low voice of Mary Avon—you might have forgotten about the Queen's Maries altogether.

And then Angus Sutherland; the Laird was determined—in true Scotch fashion—that everybody who could not sing should be goaded to sing.

"Oh, well," said the young man, with a laugh, "you know a student in Germany must sing, whether he can or not. And I learned there to smash out something like an accompaniment also."

And he went to the piano without more ado, and did smash out an accompaniment. And if his voice was rather harsh—well, we should have called it raucous in the case of East Wind, but we only called it manly and strenuous when it was Angus Sutherland who sang. And it was a manly song, too—a fitting song for our last night on shore, the words hailing from the green woods of Fuinary, the air an air that had many a time been heard among the western seas. It was the song of the Biorlinn that he sang to us; we could hear the brave chorus and the splash of the long oars:

"Send the biorlinn on careering;  
Cheerily and all together—  
Ho, ro, clansmen!  
A long, strong pull together—  
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

"Give her way and show her wake,  
Mid showering spray and curling eddies—  
Ho, ro, clansmen!  
A long, strong pull together—  
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

Do we not hear now the measured stroke in the darkness of the morning? The water springs from her bows; one by one the headlands are passed. But lo! the day is breaking; the dawn will surely bring a breeze with it; and then the sail of the gallant craft will bear her over the seas.

"Another cheer, our Isle appears!  
Our biorlinn bears her on the faster—  
Ho, ro, clansmen!  
A long, strong pull together—  
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

"Ahead she goes! the land she knows!  
Behold! the snowy shores of Canna—  
Ho, ro, clansmen!  
A long, strong pull together—  
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

A long, strong pull together, indeed; who could resist joining in the thunder of the chorus? And we were bound for Canna, too; this was our last night on shore.

Our last night on shore. In such circumstances one naturally has a glance round at the people with whom one is to be brought into such close contact for many and many a day. But in this particular case what was the use of speculating, or grumbling, or remonstrating? There is a certain household that is ruled with a rod of iron. And if the mistress of that household chose to select as her summer companions a "shilpit bit thing," and a hard-headed, ambitious Scotch student, and a parochial magnate haunted by a heresy case, how dared one object? There is such a thing as peace and quietness.

But however unpromising the outlook might be, do we not know the remark that is usually made by that hard-worked officer, the chief mate, when on the eve of a voyage he finds himself confronted by an unusually mongrel crew? He regards those loafers and outcasts, from the Bowery, and Ratcliffe Highway, and the Broomielaw—Greeks, niggers, and Mexicans—with a critical and perhaps scornful air, and forthwith proceeds to address them in the following highly-polished manner:

"By etcetera-etcetera, you are an etceteraed rum-looking lot; but etcetera-etcetera me if I don't lick you into shape before we get to Rio."

And so—good-night!—and let all good people pray for fair skies and a favouring breeze! And if there is any song to be heard in our dreams, let it be the song of the Queen Maries—in the low, tender voice of Mary Avon:

"There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

## CHAPTER VII.

NORTHWARD.

We have bidden good-bye to the land; the woods and the green hills have become pale in the haze of the summer light; we are out here, alone, on the shining blue plain. And if Angus Sutherland betrays a tendency to keep forward, conversing with John of Skye about blocks, and tackle, and winches; and if the Laird—whose parental care and regard for Mary Avon is becoming beautiful to see—should have quite a monopoly of the young lady, and be more bent than ever on amusing her with his "good ones;" and if our queen and governor should spend a large portion of her time below, in decorating cabins with flowers, in overhauling napery, and in earnest consultation with Master Fred about certain culinary mysteries—notwithstanding all these divergences of place and occupation, our little kingdom afloat is compact enough. There is, always, for example, a re-assembling at meals. There is an instant community of interest when a sudden cry calls all hands on deck to regard some new thing—the spouting of a whale, or the silvery splashing of a shoal of mackerel. But now—but now—if only some cloud-compelling Jove would break this insufferably fine weather, and give us a rattling good gale!

It is a strange little kingdom. It has no postal service. Shilling telegrams are unknown in it; there is no newspaper at breakfast. Serene, independent, self-centred, it minds its own affairs; if the whole of Europe were roaring for war, not even an echo of the cry would reach us. We only hear the soft calling of the seabirds as we sit and read, or talk, or smoke, from time to time watching the shadows move on the blistering hot decks, or guessing at the names of the great mountains that rise above Loch Etive and Lochaber. But oh! for the swift gale to tear this calm to pieces! Is there no one of you giants secretly brewing a storm for us, far up there among the lonely chasms, to spring down on these glassy seas?

"They prayed for rain in the churches last Sunday—so Captain John says," Mary Avon remarks, when we assemble together at lunch.

"The distilleries are stopped; that's very serious," continues the Laird.

"Well," says our liege lady, "people talk about the rain in the West Highlands. It must be true, as everybody says it is true. But now—excepting the year we went to America with Sylvia Balfour—we have been here for five years running; and each year we made up our mind for a deluge, thinking we had deserved it, you know. Well, it never came. Look at this now."

And the fact was that we were lying motionless on the smooth bosom of the Atlantic, with the sun so hot on the decks that we were glad to get below.

"Very strange—very strange, indeed," remarked the Laird, with a profound air. "Now what value are we to put on any historical evidence if we find such a conflict of testimony about what is at our own doors? How should there be two opinions about the weather in the West Highlands? It is a matter of common experience—dear me! I never heard the like."

"Oh, but I think we might try to reconcile those diverse opinions," said Angus Sutherland, with an absolute gravity. "You hear mostly the complaints of London people, who make much of a passing shower. Then the tourist and holiday folk, especially from the South, came in the autumn, when the fine summer weather has broken. And then," he added, addressing himself with a frank smile to the small creature who had been expressing her wonder over the fine weather, "perhaps, if you are pleased with your holiday on the whole, you are not anxious to remember the wet days; and then you are not afraid of a shower, I know; and besides that, when one is yachting, one is more anxious for wind than for fine weather."

"Oh, I am sure that is it!" called out Mary Avon, quite eagerly. She did not care how she destroyed the Laird's convictions about the value of historical evidence. "That is an explanation of the whole thing."

At this, Angus Sutherland—who had been professing to treat this matter seriously merely as a joke—quickly lowered his eyes. He scarcely ever looked Mary Avon in the face when she spoke to him, or when he had to speak to her. And a little bit of shy embarrassment in his manner toward her—perceivable only at times—was all the more singular in a man who was shrewd and hard-headed enough, who had knocked about the world, and seen many persons and things, and who had a fair amount of unassuming self-confidence, mingled with a vein of sly and reticent humor. He talked freely enough when he was addressing our admiral-in-chief. He was not afraid to meet her eyes. Indeed, they were so familiar friends that she called him by his Christian name—a practice which in general she detested. But she would as soon have thought of applying "Mr." to one of her own boys at Epsom College as to Angus Sutherland.

"Well, you know, Angus," says she, pleasantly, "you have definitely promised to go up to the Outer Hebrides with us, and back. The longer the calms last, the longer we shall have you. So we shall gladly put up with the fine weather."

"It is very kind of you to say so; but I have already had such a long holiday—"

"Oh!" said Mary Avon, with her eyes full of wonder and indignation. She was too surprised to say any more. She only stared at him. She knew he had been working night and day in Edinburgh.

"I mean," said he, hastily, and looking down, "I have been away so long from London. Indeed, I was getting rather anxious about my next month's number; but luckily, just before I left Edinburgh, a kind friend sent me a most valuable paper, so I am quite at ease again. Would you like to read it, sir? It is set up in type."

He took the sheets from his pocket, and handed them to the Laird. Denny-mains looked at the title. It was "On the Radiolarians of the Coal Measures," and it was the production of a well-known professor. The Laird handed back the paper without opening it.

"No, thank you," said he, with some dignity. "If I wished to be instructed I would like a safer guide than that man."

We looked with dismay on this dangerous thing that had been brought on board; might it not explode and blow up the ship?

"Why," said our doctor, in unaffected wonder, and entirely mistaking the Laird's exclamation, "he is a perfect master of his subject."

"There is a great deal too much speculation nowadays on these matters, and particularly among the younger men," remarked the Laird, severely. And he looked at Angus Sutherland. "I suppose now ye are well acquainted with the 'Vestiges of Creation'?"

"I have heard of the book," said Brose, regretfully confessing his ignorance, "but I never happened to see it."

The Laird's countenance lightened. "So much the better—so much the better. A most mischievous and unsettling book. But all the harm it can do is counteracted by a noble work, a conclusive work, that leaves nothing to be said. Ye have read the 'Testimony of the Rocks,' no doubt?"

"Oh yes, certainly," our doctor was glad to be able to say; "but—but it was a long time ago—when I was a boy, in fact."

"Boy or man, you'll get no better book on the history of the earth. I tell ye, sir, I never read a book that placed such firm conviction in my mind. Will ye get any of the new men they are talking about as keen an observer and as skilful in arguing as Hugh Miller? No, no; not one of them dares to try to upset the 'Testimony of the Rocks.'"

Angus Sutherland appealed against this sentence of finality only in a very humble way.

"Of course, sir," said he, meekly, "you know that science is still moving forward—"

"Science?" repeated the Laird. "Science may be moving forward or moving backward; but can it upset the facts of the earth? Science may say what it likes; but the facts remain the same."

Now this point was so conclusive that we unanimously hailed the Laird as victor. Our doctor submitted with an excellent good humor. He even promised to post that paper on the Radiolarians at the very first office we might reach; we did not want any such explosive compounds on board.

That night we only got as far as Fishnish Bay—a solitary little harbour probably down on but few maps; and that we had to reach by getting out the gig for a tow. There was a strange bronze-red in the northern skies long after the sun had set; but in here the shadow of the great mountains was on the water. We could scarcely see the gig; but Angus Sutherland had joined the men, and was pulling stroke; and along with the measured splash of the oars we heard something about "Ho, ro, clansmen!" Then, in the cool night air, there was a slight fragrance of peat smoke; we knew we were getting near the shore.

"He's a fine fellow, that," says the Laird, generously, of his defeated antagonist. "A fine fellow. His knowledge of different things is just remarkable; and he's as modest as a girl. Ay, and he can row, too; a while ago, when it was lighter, I could see him put his shoulders

into it. Ay, he's a fine, good-natured fellow, and I am glad he has not been led astray by that mischievous book, the 'Vestiges of Creation.'"

Come on board, now, boys, and swing up the gig to the davits. Twelve fathoms of chain!—away with her, then!—and there is a roar in the silence of the lonely little bay. And thereafter silence; and the sweet fragrance of the peat in the night air, and the appearance, above the black hills, of a clear, shining, golden planet that sends a quivering line of light across the water to us. And, once more, good-night and pleasant dreams!

But what is this in the morning? There have been no pleasant dreams for John of Skye and his merry men during the last night; for here we are already between Mingafy Bay and Runa-Gaul Lighthouse; and before us is the open Atlantic, blue under the fair skies of the morning. And here is Dr. Sutherland, at the tiller, with a suspiciously negligent look about his hair and shirt collar.

"I have been up since four," says he, with a laugh. "I heard them getting under weigh, and did not wish to miss anything. You know these places are not so familiar to me as they are to you."

"Is there going to be any wind to-day, John?"

"Not much," says John of Skye, looking at the cloudless blue vault above and the glassy sweeps of the sea.

Nevertheless, as the morning goes by, we get as much of a breeze as enables us to draw away from the mainland—round Ardnamurchán ("the headland of the great sea") and out into the open—with Muick Island, and the sharp Scur of Eigg, and the peaks of Rum lying over there on the still Atlantic, and far away in the north the vast and spectral mountains of Skye.

And now the work of the day begins. Mary Avon, for mere shame's sake, is at last compelled to produce one of her blank canvases, and open her box of tubes. And now it would appear that Angus Sutherland—though deprived of the authority of the sick-room—is beginning to lose his fears of the English young lady. He makes himself useful—not with the elaborate and patronizing courtesy of the Laird, but in a sort of submissive, matter-of-fact shifty fashion. He sheathes the spikes of her easel with cork, so that they shall not mark the deck. He rigs up, to counterbalance that lack of stability, a piece of cord with a heavy weight. Then, with the easel fixed, he fetches her a deck chair to sit in, and a deck stool for her colours, and these and her he places under the lee of the foresail, to be out of the glare of the sun. Thus our artist is started; she is going to make a sketch of the after-part of the yacht with Hector of Moidart at the tiller; beyond, the calm blue seas, and a faint promontory of land.

Then the Laird—having confidentially remarked to Miss Avon that Tom Galbraith, than whom there is no greater authority living, invariably moistens the fresh canvas with megilp before beginning work—has turned to the last report of the Semples case.

"No, no," says he to our sovereign lady, who is engaged in some mysterious work in wool, "it does not look well for the Presbytery to go over every one of the charges in the major proposition—supported by the averments in the minor—only to find them irrelevant, and then bring home to him the part of the libel that deals with tendency. No, no; that shows a lamentable want of purpose. In view of the great danger to be apprehended from these secret assaults on the inspiration of the Scriptures, they should have stuck to each charge with tenacity. Now I will just show ye where Dr. Carnegie, in detending *Secundo*—illustrated as it was with the extracts and averments in the minor—let the whole thing slip through his fingers."

But if any one were disposed to be absolutely idle on this calm, shining, beautiful day—far away from the cares and labours of the land! Out on the taffrail, under shadow of the mizzen, there is a seat that is gratefully cool. The glare of the sea no longer bewilders the eyes; one can watch with a lazy enjoyment the teeming life of the open Atlantic. The great skarts go whizzing by, long-necked, rapid of flight. The gannets poise in the air, and then there is a sudden dart downward, and a spout of water flashes up where the bird has dived. The guillemots fill the silence with their soft kurrooing—and here they are on all sides of us—Kurroo! Kurroo!—dipping their bills in the water, hastening away from the vessel, and then rising on the surface to flap their wings. But this is a strange thing: they are all in pairs—obviously mother and child—and the mother calls Kurroo! Kurroo!—and the young one, unable as yet to dive or swim, answers, Pe-yoo-it! Pe-yoo-it! and flutters and paddles after her. But where is the father? And has the guillemot only one of a family? Over that one, at all events, she exercises a valiant protection. Even though the stem of the yacht seems likely to run both of them down, she will neither dive nor fly until she has piloted the young one out of danger.

Then a sudden cry startles the Laird from his heresy case, and Mary Avon from her canvas. A sound far away has turned all eyes to the north, though there is nothing visible there, over the shining calm of the sea, but a small cloud of white spray that slowly sinks. In a second or two, however, we see another jet of white water arise; and then a great brown mass heave slowly over; and then we hear the spouting of the whale.

"What a huge animal!" cries one. "A hundred feet!"

"Eighty, anyway!"

The whale is sheering off to the north; there is less and less chance of our forming any correct estimate.

"Oh, I am sure it was a hundred! Don't you think so, Angus?" says our admiral.

"Well," says the doctor, slowly—pretending to be very anxious about keeping the sails full (when there was no wind)—"you know there is a great difference between 'yacht measurement' and 'registered tonnage.' A vessel of fifty registered tons may become eighty or ninety by yacht measurement. And I have often noticed," continues this graceless young man, who takes no thought how he is bringing contempt on his elders, "that objects seen from the deck of a yacht are naturally subject to 'yacht measurement.' I don't know what the size of that whale may be. Its registered tonnage, I suppose, would be the number of Jonahs it would carry. But I should think that if the apparent 'yacht measurement' was a hundred feet, the whale was probably about twenty feet long."

It was thus he tried to diminish the marvels of the deep. But, however he might crush us otherwise, we were his masters on one point. The Semple heresy case was too deep even for him. What could he make of "the first alternative of the general major?"

And see now, on this beautiful summer evening, we pass between Muick and Egg, and the sea is like a plain of gold. As we draw near the sombre mass of Rum the sunset deepens, and a strange, lurid mist hangs around this remote and mountainous island rising sheer from the Atlantic. Gloomy and mysterious are the vast peaks of Haleval and Haskeval; we creep under them—favoured by a flood tide—and the silence of the desolate shores seems to spread out from them and to encompass us.

Mary Avon has long ago put away her canvas; she sits and watches; and her soft blue eyes are full of dreaming as she gazes up at those thunder-lark mountains against the rosy haze of the west.

"Haleval and Haskeval?" Angus Sutherland repeats, in reply to his hostess; but he starts all the same, for he has been covertly regarding the dark and wistful eyes of the girl sitting there. Oh, these are Norse names. Scuir na Gilliean, on the other hand, is Gaelic—it is the peak of the young men. Perhaps the Norsemen had the north of the island, and the Celts the south."

Whether they were named by Scandinavian or by Celt, Haleval and Haskeval seemed to overshadow us with their sultry gloom as we slowly glided into the lonely loch lying at their base. We were the only vessel there, and we could make out no sign of life on shore, until the glass revealed to us one or two half-ruined cottages. The Northern twilight shone in the sky far into the night; but neither that clear metallic glow, nor any radiance from moon, or planet, or stars, seemed to affect the thunder-darkness of Haskeval and Haleval's silent peaks.

There was another tale to tell below; the big saloon all lit up; the white table-cover with its centre-piece of roses, nasturtiums, and ferns; the delayed dinner or supper, or whatever it might be called, all artistically arranged; Angus Sutherland most humbly solicitous that Mary Avon should be comfortably seated, and, in fact, quite usurping the office of the Laird in that respect; and then a sudden sound in the galley, a hissing as of a thousand squibs, telling us that Master Fred had once more, and ineffectually, tried to suppress the released genie of the bottle by jamming down the cork. And now the Laird, with his old-fashioned ways, must needs propose a health, which is that of our most sovereign mistress and lady; and this he does with an elaborate and gracious and sonorous courtesy. And surely there is no reason why Mary Avon should not for once break her habit and join in that simple ceremony; especially when it is a real live doctor—and not only a doctor, but an encyclopaedia of scientific and all other knowledge—who would fain fill her glass? Angus Sutherland modestly but seriously pleads; and he does not plead in vain; and you would think from his look that she had conferred an extraordinary favour on him. Then we propose a health to—the health of the Four Winds!—and we do not care which of them it is who is coming to-morrow, so long as he or she comes in force. Blow, breezes, blow!—from the Coolins of Skye, or the shores of Coll, or the glens of Arisaig and Moidart—for to-morrow morning we shall shake out once more the white wings of the White Dove!"

CHAPTER VIII.

PLOTS AND COUNTER-PLOTS.

Now the Laird has a habit—laudable or not—of lingering over an additional half-cup at breakfast, as an excuse for desultory talk; and thus it is, on this particular morning, while the young people having gone on deck to see the yacht get under way, the Denny-mains has a chance of revealing to us certain secret schemes of his over which he has apparently been brooding. How could we have imagined that all this plotting and planning had been going on beneath the sedate exterior of the Commissioner for the Burgh of Strathgovan!

"She's just a wonderful bit lass!" he says, confidently, to his hostess; "as happy and contented as the day is long; and when she's not singing to herself, her way of speech has a sort of—a sort of music in it that is quite new to me. Yes, I must admit that; I did not know that the southern English tongue was so accurate and pleasant to the ear. Ay, but what will become of her!"

What, indeed! The lady whom he was addressing had often spoken to him of Mary Avon's isolated position in the world.

"It fairly distresses me," continued the good-hearted Laird, "when I think of her condition—not at present, when she has, if I may be allowed to say so, several friends near her who would be glad to do what they could for her; but by and by, when she is becoming older—"

The Laird hesitated. Was it possible, after all, that he was about to hint at the chance of Mary Avon becoming the mistress of the mansion and estate of Denny-mains? Then he made a plunge.

"A young woman in her position should have a husband to protect her, that is what I am sure of. Have ye never thought of it, ma'am?"

"I should like very well to see Mary married," says the other, demurely. "And I know she would make an excellent wife."

"An excellent wife!" exclaims the Laird; and then he adds with a tone approaching to severity, "I tell ye he will be a fortunate man that gets her. Oh, ay; I have watched her. I can keep my eyes open when there is need. Did you hear her asking the captain about his wife and children? I tell you there's human nature in that lass."

There was no need for the Laird to be so pugnacious; we were not contesting the point. However, he resumed—

"I have been thinking," said he, with a little more shyness, "about my nephew. He's a good lad. Well, ye know, ma'am, that I do not approve of young men being brought up in idleness, whatever their prospects must be; and I have no doubt whatever that my nephew Howard is working hard enough—what with the reading of law-books, and attending the courts, and all that—though as yet he has not had much business. But then there is no necessity. I do not think he is a lad of any great ambition, like your friend Mr. Sutherland, who has to fight his way in the world in any case. But Howard—I have been thinking now that if he was to get married and settled, he might give up the business altogether; and, if they were content to live in Scotland, he might look after Denny-mains. It will be his in any case, ye know; he would have the interest of a man looking after his own property. Now, I will tell ye plainly ma'am, what I have been thinking about this day or two back; if Howard would marry your young lady friend, that would be agreeable to me."

The calm manner in which the Laird announced his scheme showed that it had been well matured. It was a natural, simple, feasible arrangement, by which two persons in whom he took a warm interest would be benefited at once.

"But then, sir," says his hostess, with a smile which she cannot wholly repress, "you know people never do marry to please a third person—at least, very seldom."

"Oh, there can be no forcing," said the Laird with derision. "But I have done a great deal for Howard; may I not expect that he will do something for me?"

"Oh, doubtless, doubtless," says this amiable lady, who has had some experience in match-making herself; "but I have generally found that marriages that would be in every way suitable and pleasing to friends, and obviously desirable, are precisely the marriages that never come off. Young people, when they are flung at each other's heads, to use the common phrase, never will be sensible and please their relatives. Now if you were to bring your nephew here, do you think Mary would fall in love with him because she ought! More likely you would find that, out of pure contrariness, she would fall in love with Angus Sutherland, who cannot afford to marry, and whose head is filled with other things."

"I am not sure, I am not sure," said the Laird, musingly. "Howard is a good-looking young fellow, and a capital lad, too. I am not so sure."

"And then, you know," said the other shyly, for she will not plainly say anything to Mary's disparagement; "young men have different tastes in their choice of a wife. He might not have the high opinion of her that you have."

At this the Laird gave a look of surprise, even of resentment.

"Then I'll tell ye what it is, ma'am," said he, almost angrily; "if my nephew had the chance of marrying such a girl, and did not do so, I should consider him—I should consider him fool, and say so."

And then he added, sharply— "And do ye think I would let Denny-mains pass into the hands of a fool?"

Now this kind lady had had no intention of rousing the wrath of the Laird in this manner; and she instantly set about pacifying him. And the Laird was easily pacified. In a minute or two he was laughing good-naturedly at himself for getting into a passion; he said it would not do for one at his time of life to try to play the part of the stern father as they played that in theatre pieces—there was to be no forcing.

"But he's a good lad, ma'am, a good lad," said he, rising as his hostess rose; and he added, significantly, "he is no fool, I assure ye, ma'am; he has plenty of common sense."

When we get on deck again, we find that the White Dove is gently gliding out of the lonely Loch Scersorst, with its solitary house among the trees, and its crofters' huts at the base of the sombre hills. And as the light cool breeze

—gratefully cool after the blazing heat of the last day or two—carries us away northward, we see more and more of the awful solitudes of Haleval and Haskeval, that are still thunderous and dark under the hazy sky. Above the great shoulders, and under the purple peaks, we see the far-reaching corries opening up, with here and there a white waterfall just visible in the hollows. There is a sense of escape as we draw away from that overshadowing gloom.

Then we discover that we have a new skipper to-day, vice John of Skye, deposed. The fresh hand is Mary Avon, who is at the tiller, and looking exceedingly business-like. She has been promoted to this post by Dr. Sutherland, who stands by; she receives explanations about the procedure of Hector of Hoidart, who is up aloft, lacing the smaller topsail to the mast; she watches the operations of John of Skye and Sandy, who are in the sheets below; and, like a wise and considerate captain, she pretends not to notice Master Fred, who is having a quiet smoke by the windlass. And so, past lonely shores sails the brave vessel—the yaw! White Dove, Captain Mary Avon, bound for anywhere.

But you must not imagine that the new skipper is allowed to stand by the tiller. Captain though she may be, she has to submit civilly to dictation, in so far as her foot is concerned. Our young Doctor has compelled her to be seated, and he has passed a rope round the tiller that so she can steer from her chair, and from time to time he gives suggestions, which she receives as orders.

"I wish I had been with you when you first sprained your foot," he says.

"Yes?" she answers with an humble inquiry in her eyes.

"I would have put it in plaster of Paris," he says, in a matter-of-fact way, "and locked you up in the house for a fortnight; at the end of that time you would not know which ankle was the sprained one."

There was neither "with your leave" nor "by your leave" in this young man's manner when he spoke of that accident. He would have taken possession of her. He would have discarded your bandages and hartshorn, and what not; when it was Mary Avon's foot that was concerned—it was intimated to us—he would have had his own way in spite of all comers.

"I wish I had known," she says, timidly, meaning that it was the treatment she wished she had known.

"There is a more heroic remedy," said he, with a smile; "and that is walking the sprain off. I believe that can be done, but most people would shrink from the pain. Of course, if it were done at all, it would be done by a woman; women can bear pain infinitely better than men."

"Oh, do you think so?" she says, in mild protest. "Oh, I am sure not. Men are so much braver than women, so much stronger."

But this gentle quarrel is suddenly stopped, for some one calls attention to a deer that is calmly browsing on one of the high slopes above that rocky shore, and instantly all glasses are in request. It is a hind, with a beautifully shaped head and slender legs; she takes no notice of the passing craft, but continues her feeding, walking a few steps onward from time to time. In this way she reaches the edge of a gully in the rugged cliffs where there is some brushwood, and probably a stream; into this she sedately descends, and we see her no more.

Then there is another cry; what is this cloud ahead, or waterspout resting on the calm bosom of the sea? Glasses again in request, amid many exclamations, reveal to us that this is a dense cloud of birds; a flock so vast that towards the water it seems black; can it be the dead body of a whale that has collected this world of wings from all the Northern seas? Hurry on, White Dove, for the floating cloud with the black base is moving and seething—in fantastic white fumes, as it were—in the loveliness of this summer day. And now, as we draw nearer, we can descry that there is no body of a whale causing that blackness; but only the density of the mass of sea-fowl. And nearer and nearer as we draw, behold! the great gannets swooping down in such numbers that the sea is covered with a mist of waterspouts; and the air is filled with innumerable cries; and we do not know what to make of this bewildering, fluttering, swimming, screaming mass of terns, guillemots, skarts, kittiwakes, razorbills, puffins, and pulls. But they draw away again. The herring-shoal is moving northward. The murmurs of cries becomes more remote, and the seething cloud of the seabirds is slowly dispersing. When the White Dove sails up to the spot at which this phenomenon was first seen, there is nothing visible but a scattered assemblage of guillemots—kurroo! kurroo! answered by pe-yoo-it! pe-yoo-it!—and great gannets—"as big as sheep," says John of Skye—apparently so gorged that they lie on the water within stone's-throw of the yacht, before spreading out their long, snow-white, black-tipped, wings to bear them away over the sea.

And now, as we are altering our course to the west—far away to our right stand the vast Coolins of Skye—we sail along the northern shores of Rum. There is no trace of any habitation visible; nothing but the precipitous cliffs, and the sandy bays, and the outstanding rocks dotted with rows of shining, black skarts. When Mary Avon asks why those sandy bays should be so red, and why a certain ruddy warmth of colour should shine through even the patches of grass, our F.R.S. begins to speak of

powdered basalt rubbed down from the rocks above. He would have her begin another sketch, but she is too proud of her newly acquired knowledge to forsake the tiller.

The wind is now almost dead aft, and we have a good deal of gybing. Other people might think that all this gybing was an evidence of bad steering on the part of our new skipper; but Angus Sutherland—and we cannot contradict an F.R.S.—assures Miss Avon that she is doing remarkably well; and, as he stands by to lay hold of the main sheet when the boom swings over, we are not in much danger of carrying away either port or star-board davits.

"Do you know," says he lightly, "I sometimes think I ought to apply for the post of surgeon on board a man-of-war? That would just suit me—"

"Oh, I hope you will not," she blurts out, quite inadvertently; and thereafter there is a deep flush on her face.

"I should enjoy it immensely, I know," says he, wholly ignorant of her embarrassment, because he is keeping an eye on the sails. "I believe I should have more pleasure in life that way than any other—"

"But you do not live for your own pleasure," says she hastily, perhaps to cover her confusion.

"I have no one else to live for, anyway," says he, with a laugh; and then he corrected himself. "Oh, yes, I have. My father is a sad heretic. He has fallen away from the standards of his faith; he has set up idols—the diplomas and medals I have got from time to time. He has them all arranged in his study, and I have heard that he positively sits down before them and worships them. When I sent him the medal from Vienna—it was only bronze—he returned to me his Greek Testament, that he had interleafed and annotated when he was a student; I believe it was his greatest possession."

"And you would give up all that he expects from you to go away and be a doctor on board a ship?" says Mary Avon, with some proud emphasis. "That would not be my ambition if I were a man, and—and—if I had—if—"

Well, she could not quite say to Brose's face what she thought of his powers and prospects; so she suddenly broke away and said—

"Yes; you would go and do that for your own amusement? And what would the amusement be? Do you think they would let the doctor interfere with the sailing of the ship?"

"Well," said he, laughing, "that is a practical objection. I don't suppose the captain of a man-of-war or even of a merchant vessel would be as accommodating as your John of Skye. Captain John has his compensation when he is relieved; he can go forward, and light his pipe."

"Well, think for your father's sake," says Miss Avon, with decision. "you had better put that idea out of your head, once and for all."

Now blow, breezes, blow! What is the great head-land that appears, striking out into the wide Atlantic?

Ahead she goes! the land she knows!  
Behold! the snowy shores of Canna!  
Ho, ho, clansmen!  
A long, strong pull together.  
Ho, ho, clansmen!

"Tom Galbraith," the Laird is saying solemnly, to his hostess, "has assured me that Rum is the most picturesque island on the whole of the western coast of Scotland. That is his deliberate opinion. And indeed I would not go so far as to say he was wrong. Arran! They talk about Arran! Just look at those splendid mountains coming sheer down to the sea; and the light of the sun on them! Eh, me, what a sunset there will be this night!"

"Canna?" says Dr. Sutherland, to his interlocutor, who seems very anxious to be instructed. "Oh, I don't know. Canna in Gaelic is simply a can; but then Canna is a whale; and the island in the distance looks long and flat on the water. Or it may be from canach—that is the moss-cotton; or from cannach—that is the sweet-gale. You see, Miss Avon, ignorant people have an ample choice."

Blow! breezes blow! as the yellow light of the afternoon shines over the broad Atlantic. Here are the eastern shores of Canna, high and rugged, and dark with caves; and there the western shores of Rum, the mighty mountains aglow in the evening light. And this remote and solitary little bay, with its green headlands, and its awkward rocks at the mouth, and the one house presiding over it amongst that shining wilderness of shrubs and flowers! Here is fair shelter for the night.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

MR. J. B. LIPPINCOTT says that publishers judge of a manuscript novel by its first page—that is, they know whether to read any further or not.

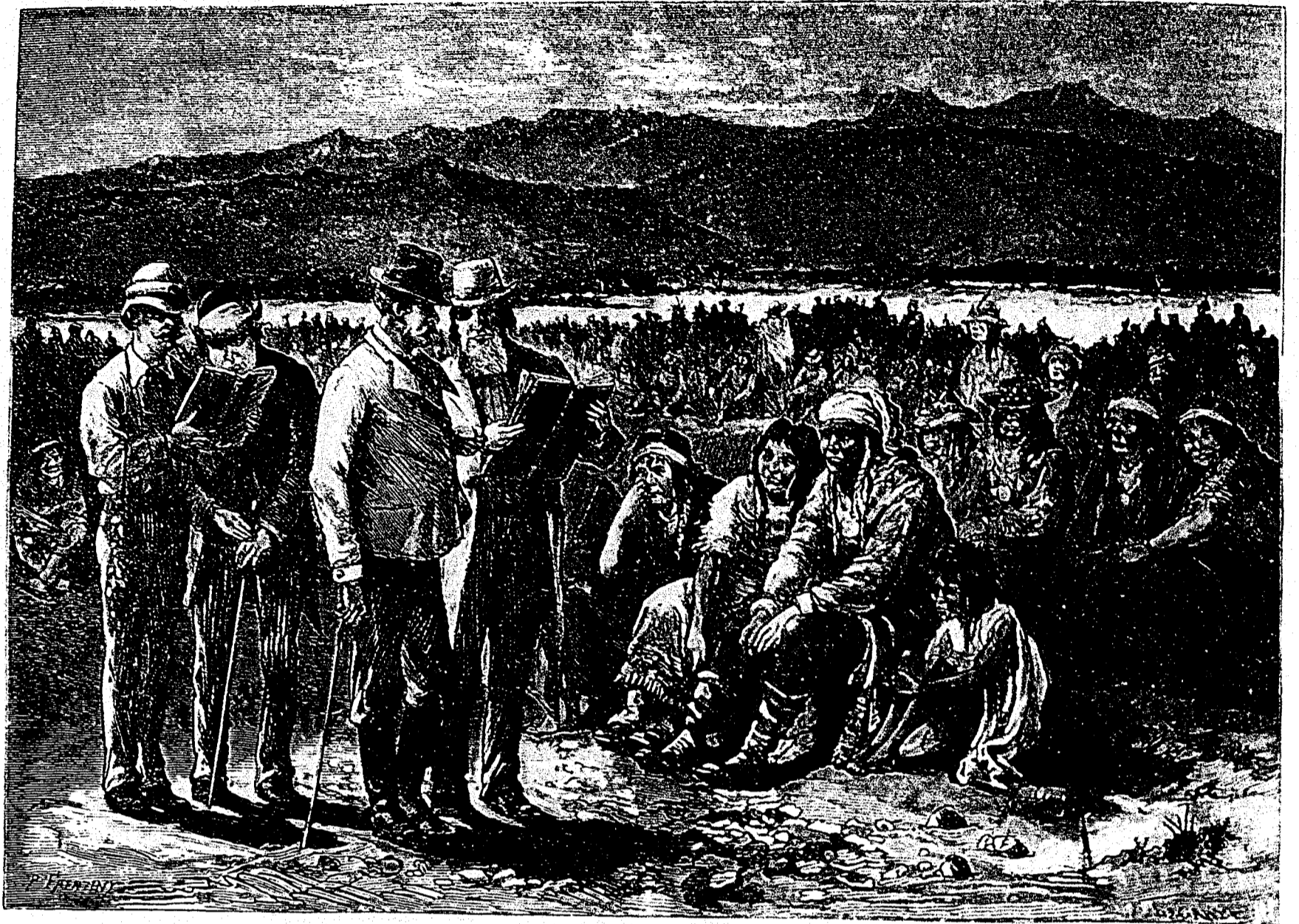
DR. MAGOON, of Philadelphia, has provided a \$6,000 scholarship at Vassar College, of which he is a trustee.

AN edition of Shakespeare in the old spelling, by Furnivall, taken from the quartos and the first folio, will soon be published in London in eight volumes.

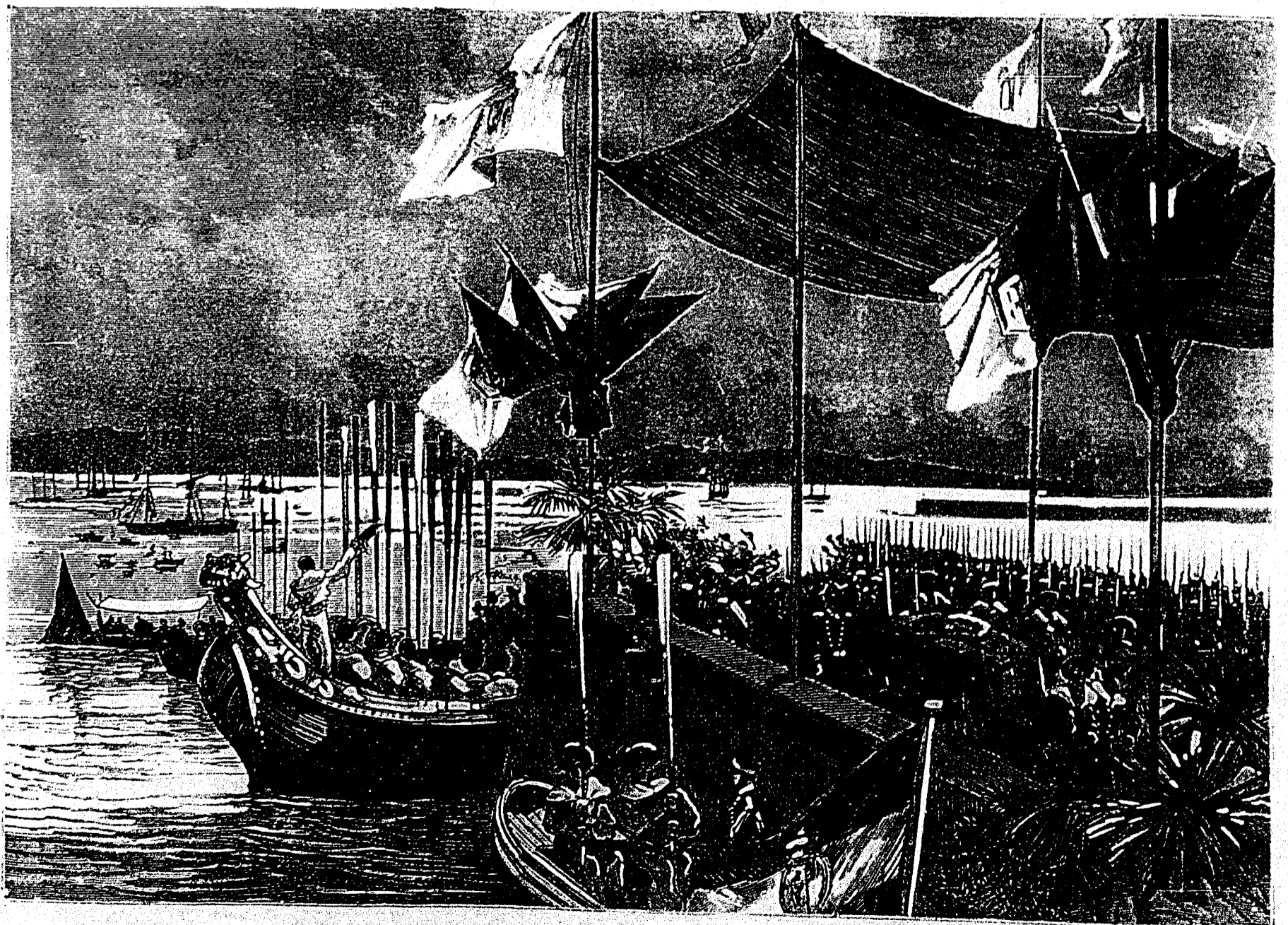
A LONDON publisher has managed to make money from an edition of the New Testament, with maps and illustrations, which he sells at two cents a copy.

MR. G. W. WILLIAMS, the coloured representative from Hamilton County in the Ohio Legislature, is writing a history of the coloured race in America.





MUSTER-DAY ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION.



RECEPTION AT BELEM, PORTUGAL, OF THE REMAINS OF CAMOENS AND VASCO DE GAMA.





THE TRESPASSER.



## ROBERT BURNS.

Henry W. Longfellow in Harper's Magazine for August.

I see amid the fields of Ayr  
A ploughman, who, in foul or fair,  
Sings at his task,  
So clear we know not if it is  
The laverock's song we hear or his,  
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields  
A more ethereal harvest yields  
Than sheaves of grain;  
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye;  
The laverock's call, the curlew's cry,  
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed  
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed  
Beside the stream  
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass  
And heather, where his footsteps pass  
The brightest seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines  
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;  
He feels the force,  
The treacherous undertow and stress,  
Of wayward passions, and no less  
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,  
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;  
The brush-wood hung  
Above the tavern door lets fall  
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,  
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song  
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;  
Its master-chorus  
Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood;  
Its discords are an interlude  
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave  
Unfinished what he might achieve;  
Yet better sure  
Is this than wandering up and down,  
An old man in a country town,  
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land  
As an immortal youth; his hand  
Guides every plough;  
He sits beside each ingle-nook;  
His voice is in each rushing brook,  
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,  
A form of mingled mist and light,  
From that far coast,  
Welcome beneath this room of mine!  
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,  
Dear guest and ghost.

## PROSE AND POETRY.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

By the author of "Lazy Dick."

## CHAPTER I.

## PROSE AND POETRY.

Prose and poetry! You are not expected to bother your heads, good people, with a long dissertation upon such a heavy subject. No, no, I know you better than that, for until we authors, poor wretches, have that little bill accepted by Parliament,—whereby the public is compelled to read all printed matter, and which we think said Parliament might with propriety support, at least, as well as it does the retail liquor trade, and several other equally harmless measures,—until that happy day arrives I say, we are obliged to depend entirely upon your kindness and consideration, and who ever found the public wanting in that! Therefore, if your great minds can stoop to a story, you shall hear about two fair sisters who lived in an enchanted land, and who bore the names that head this tale. What? a fairy tale then I suppose? or some brain-puzzling allegory? Not so fast, old Wiseacre or young Conceit. Have patience and I will tell you all; and, though you do me the honour to hunt for the moral with a zeal worthy of a better cause, I can promise you that you will not find it. With this passing encouragement to the despondent I now proceed.

Sylvia and Mildred Leslie were the real names of the sisters, and they did live in an enchanted land, for it was by the sea, far away from the noise and dust of cities, in one of the loveliest and stillest villages that lie along the Gulf. The old lieutenant, their father, had been in the army, and seen some service in the Crimea, but had since retired upon a pension; as he had no other source of revenue it cannot be supposed that his family were well off. In fact, poor Mrs. Leslie, during her lifetime, had found it as much as she could do to make both ends meet. Sylvia, the eldest, had been educated at boarding-school and in manners and appearance was quite the fine lady. Mildred, poor little soul, had grown up with her mother, who fretted that she could not afford to give her the elder girl's advantages, so, of course, you will not expect Mildred to shine. Three years before Sylvia had completed her education her mother died. A bitter grief it was for the youngest daughter, but the elder girl had known so little, comparatively, of her mother, that, as was only natural, she soon got over it. She was the ornament of the school, and took off all the showy prizes that year, the admired of all beholders, looking so sweet and interesting in her mourning dress.

It was a bad look-out for Mildred at that time, deprived of an excellent teacher and a better mother, but the rector of the parish,—one of those saintly men that God sometimes sends into His pulpit,—took pity upon her. He had always been fond of little Millie, and he

persuaded the lieutenant to let her come up to the parsonage, for several hours daily, and pursue her studies under his direction. A good day it was for the child when she came in contact with that noble, kindly nature. Mrs. St. James, the rector's wife, was just as fond of her in her own way, and took care to provide her with the fruits and candy dear to the heart of childhood. In fact, the two had looked upon her for years pretty much as their own child, preferring her, with astonishing bad taste, to her elder and prettier sister.

Like everybody else, when Sylvia came home, Mildred was at first enchanted with her; and for awhile Sylvia aired her airs and graces to perfection for the benefit of the little household. But before a month was over she was heartily sick of her quiet home. The only place at which she could visit was the parsonage, whose inmates were no more to her taste than she to theirs. As to helping Mildred in her Sunday-school and circulating library, she was quite above that. The children could not appreciate her she thought, and there is no denying that the books were awfully dry. She did take the village choir for a week or two, but the music was "not classical," and they would sing out of tune, which, of course, offended her fine musical ear grievously, and all her efforts, as she herself stated, were completely thrown away; so, "as Millie seemed not to mind it," she said, she had very willingly handed back the work again. Likewise she had attempted the house keeping with no better result. For some days the family were all kept in a state of miserable anxiety concerning the three daily meals allotted to man; these generally made their appearance an hour, sometimes two, after the period at which they had been accustomed to partake of them. Sometimes they never made their appearance at all. Sylvia, therefore, with great generosity, allowed her younger sister to resume her position as mistress of the house, to the no small relief of her father and Mildred, who had been quite frightened by her extravagant expenditure during her reign. Then, like all idle people, Miss Leslie became supremely miserable, and entreated her father to let her return to school for another year; but this he was obliged to refuse. They had been pinching at home for years to keep her there, and to do so any longer was beyond his power. They could not afford it, Sylvia learnt with chagrin; and wondered what on earth she was to do with herself, since she was deprived of the society in which she could shine. It was hard, certainly, to settle down to the monotony and stillness of a little cast-away village to one who had no soul for its wild natural beauties. But Sylvia Leslie had no other choice, so, to use her own words, she "was obliged to drag out a weary existence," varied by occasional visits to the friends she had made in her school life, whom, on account of her "miserable circumstances," she was unable to invite in return. Poor, unhappy Sylvia, doomed to be the victim of cruel fortune! It did not occur to the selfish girl that, for Mildred, too, a change might be desirable; otherwise, of course, she would have insisted upon remaining at home, and the money these visits occasioned her she would have relinquished in favour of a holiday trip for her sister.

On her side, Millie made no complaint; indeed I am terribly afraid she enjoyed her absence. It is a sad fact, but a true one, that our finer perceptions become blunted when we come in daily contact with a beautiful thing. Our first admiration dies and is buried, and sometimes it doesn't rise again. At least Mildred found it so, and, like the rest of us, suffered keen pangs of disappointment. The angel that had at first appeared ravishing, was only a mortal after all; and a very exasperating one at that. She is not the only one who has made a like discovery. At first Mildred was hurt, then indignant with her sister, and spoke freely; for the "Little Dorrits" in real life are not always so patient or so meek as the child of the Marshalsea. Though, on the whole, Mildred exercised a good deal of forbearance and self-restraint, a quarrel with Sylvia was not uncommon. For Millie herself was no angel; only a worried little girl who tried to be good, and had a great many fights with herself in consequence, besides having a burden of household cares to carry, and finding more of duty than of love in her life. Of course she loved her father, but, easy-going and rather selfish, he was not the man to inspire any fervent affection. That, Millie had given to her mother, upon whom she had lavished the tenderest of care. It would have fared badly with her afterwards had it not been for the rector, who, in a certain sense, took her mother's place; not the inward living memory in her heart, but the outward companionship. He understood her and she him. To the end of her days, I believe, no other stood so high in her esteem as he did. She had a passionate, reverential feeling for him, which was admiration and affection blended. Though extremely shy with others, she could talk to him quite unreservedly, and it was in their long and frequent conversations that he discovered the depth and originality of her mind. So much for the two sisters, and now for a passing glance at their persons.

Sylvia, the beautiful, had golden hair, of course, and a tall, elegant figure. Her eyes were dark hazel, and looked at you in the prettiest way imaginable. Some people said she was always using them; but this accusation, Sylvia believed, arose from a mean spirit of jealousy, and she treated it with the scorn it deserved. Her face was oval-shaped, her complexion pure as snow, with the softest rose-bloom on her

cheeks; her smile, pretty though frequent; added to this, she was always dressed becomingly, and always said and looked the right thing before people. In short, she was a person you admired exceedingly, and when she passed you you turned to look again. The Lieutenant used to call her Poetry (she wrote a good deal of stuff that went by that name), and was, perhaps, proudest of Sylvia—foolish man!—and fondest of Mildred, whom, from her utter contrast to her sister, he styled Prose.

As for Mildred, you would not have looked at her a second time, if Sylvia were beside her; although there were one or two people who had the utter bad taste to think her face the better of the two. One person once absolutely declared it was lovely, but that, of course, was absurd. It was small, and rather pale, and would have wanted character had it not been for the eyes. These it was not easy to decide upon at first, for she had a habit of looking down, even when she spoke, unless she was very much interested in the conversation. In the latter case, however, she would look up suddenly, and those eyes would in some strange way fascinate you. They were so soft, so blue, so tender, and yet penetrating. They seemed the embodiment of thought, if thought could be embodied. But if she chanced to smile suddenly (and all her smiles were fleeting), you saw a quaint humour lurking there. Yes, there was no questioning the beauty of her eyes; Sylvia's were no better than clear glass beside them. If you had taken the trouble to look at her figure you would have been impressed with its dainty neatness, but her hands and feet, though not large, were not near so small as Sylvia's, who was much taller. Her hair was bright and brown, and ran all over her head in a multitude of ripples, of which, I am sorry to say, Sylvia was envious, since her own yellow locks were straight.

Now you know as much about them as I do myself, good people.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE CAPTAIN.

It was an evening in June, the early part of June, when the sky has not yet lost its peculiar soft spring blue. Now it was glowing with clusters of white stars, grand in their beauty, awful in their silence. The summers come and go; the nations die; the earth itself is ever changing; but, as of old, they still abide, looking down on us with strange, solemn, unweary eyes. Far away in the west the young moon was just stepping down into the sea, leaving long, slanting rays of light behind her to mark the track of her feet.

The good folks of Overdale were fast asleep, with one or two exceptions. There was a light in the study at the Parsonage where the rector and his wife were sitting, and another in the parlour at Rosemont, for so Miss Leslie had named her home, the little cottage on the top of the cliff that peeped out from a nest of cedars.

"A very poetical idea, my dear," said the Lieutenant with his huge laugh, "seeing that we've only one rose-bush in the garden."

But Sylvia persisted in her own way, as usual. She was obliged to remain at home this summer, since no one had invited her to visit them, but the dear girl bore the disappointment with great sweetness. A nephew of the St. James, a young medical student, had come to spend his vacation at the Parsonage and recruit his health, which had suffered from over-study. Of course, he soon found his way to the cottage, and was shortly on intimate terms with the family, by no means loth to play cavalier to the two prettiest girls in the village. Any one who could have seen him with Sylvia to-night, looking her very prettiest, smiling so archly, and singing her choicest songs at the piano, would have been charmed with that girl's self-forgetfulness. Here she was, with a long, dull summer before her, but not a word of complaint fell from her lips.

Mildred was at a small side-table, playing cribbage with her father. Three rubbers it was the old Lieutenant's nightly custom to play. Sylvia detested the game, and, therefore, wisely never had anything to do with it. Mildred had played it every night for seven years, except when some lucky accident prevented her; so, of course, she must have been exceedingly fond of it. The Lieutenant was counting, "Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and a pair's eight, and two for his heels, which I didn't count."

"It was my knave, papa. I had the turn-up"—this from Millie.

"So you did—so you did. Ah! Millie, you're too sharp for your father in his old age;" and the Lieutenant chuckled, as usual, over his aged little joke.

"Your sister looks tired," her companion was saying. "Do you think the Lieutenant would mind if I were to take her place?"

Sylvia looked grave. "I am afraid so," she replied; "you see he never plays cribbage with any one but Millie—not even with me."

"Then I'm sure I stand no chance at all," he said gallantly.

Sylvia blushed.

"You know I didn't mean that," she answered softly, casting down her pretty eyes; and a very neat little flirtation they kept up all the evening. In the mean time let us look in on the relations of this reckless youth.

"Yes," Mrs. St. James was saying, "Millie doesn't look at all well lately. Haven't you noticed how pale she is? She's too much care, poor child! Her father and sister leave her everything to look after—more shame for them!" The rector sighed. He was a grave, noble-

looking man, with a thoughtful brow and great spiritual eyes.

"I fear you are right, Emma," he said; "but though the discipline be severe it will ennoble the child. Millie will be a perfect woman before she dies."

"It's all very well to be resigned, when there's nothing else left for you to do," exclaimed Mrs. St. James sharply; "but for my part I believe in looking to causes. You can often prevent them, if you've a mind to, and then there's no need for resignation, which is, at best, a bitter pill. I'd rather see people sensible than saintly."

"So would I," said the rector, with his rare smile; "that is if goodness involves idiocy."

The lady disdained to notice the insinuation, but deftly resumed her former ground.

"I should think they could afford Millie a trip this year, since Sylvia is not going away." And then her motherly heart made her add: "I can't bear to see the child looking so miserable."

The rector turned to her with a startled look.

"Is she, indeed?" he said hastily. "What is wrong with her, Emma? Is it only her health, or—"

"There you are again," his wife interrupted, for though she worshipped her husband, like a wise woman, she didn't let him know it. "If anything's wrong with a woman, your vanity at once insists that she must be crossed in love. No, you needn't shake your head, for I know that was what you were thinking—nor blush either; its time to give up that at your age, old man;" but though her tone was sarcastic, she put her hand on his shoulder and looked into his face with a wife's loving eyes. "Millie's sound-hearted enough," she continued; "who, indeed, is there for her to fall in love with?"

The rector did not seem altogether reassured.

"I think we've had Tom here long enough," he said presently.

"Don't you be afraid of him," she said laughing; "he's too fond of dandling after Sylvia, the beautiful, and far too cautious to be taken in by her either," which was not far from the truth.

Mildred Leslie went into her sister's room, at about eleven o'clock on the following morning, looking faultlessly neat in her fresh Holland dress. Sylvia, in an old pink wrapper, was sitting at a tiny writing-table, scribbling away at a furious rate.

"Come out on the rocks for awhile, Sylvia," said Mildred, "it's such a lovely morning."

Sylvia looked up with the groan of disturbed genius.

"Just like you, Millie, always interrupting me," she said sharply; "good-bye to poetry when you are in the room;" and the sensitive creature bent over her paper again, on which she had just written:

"For the tender spirit shrinks, I ween,  
Less from a cruel action's e'en,  
Than from a word unkind."

Millie had caught sight of the verse, and she stood a moment looking at her sister, with that flash of quaint humour in her eyes.

"Well, I'm going," she said. "I haven't a great poetic soul to write about, so I find all the poetry out of doors."

To be continued.

## HUMOROUS.

It hurts a man more to sit down on a pin than on an egg, but nine men out of ten had rather sit on a pin.

It has been discovered that burning the bung-hole of a kerosene barrel with a red-hot poker will cause the barrel to disappear.

The army worm got as far as Boston when a miss with eye-glasses called it by its real name. It immediately laid down and died.

The fact that nature only put one elbow in a man's arm is sufficient to indicate that she never intended him to fasten the collar button on the back of his shirt.

"GENTLEMEN," said an amateur farmer just from the city, writing to the chairman of an agricultural society. "Put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

You may have noticed that flies never bother a speaker, no matter how dull he is, but invariably attack the over-worked sinner who is trying to get a little sleep.

Six French savants have spent twenty years trying to find out why thunder sours milk. When they find out, thunder will go right along souring milk, all the same.

MOONLIGHT excursions are advertised along the Hudson river all summer long without the least reference to the moon. If they have plenty of beer aboard no one complains.

It must have been an exceptionally dull boy who was persuaded to work a wheelbarrow under the impression, as stated by his father, that it was an improved kind of bicycle.

It is estimated that there are 2,000,000,000 bees in this country, and it is well known that one bee can break up a prayer-meeting, is not this country in danger if the bees adopt the unit rule?

GEN. GARFIELD was the first Ohio man to wear a liver pad, and some of his friends are mad because he didn't wear it over his mouth in Credit Mobilier times.

A COUNTRY exchange unfeelingly remarks: "The small boy will soon be holding himself together at the equator in acknowledgment of the subtle power of the green apple."

If the President of the United States, says the Boston Courier, felt in proportion to his place as big as a policeman in his new uniform, he'd grow round-shouldered trying to dodge the clouds.

THE Boston Globe says it is a sign of good breeding to find fault with everything on the table at your summer boarding-house. The number of well-bred persons now boarding in the country is enormous.

SEVENTY-EIGHT million lead pencils were used up in this country last year. All but 1,000,000 were worn out by the idiots who left their names in railroad depots, church belfries and city hall towers.



OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 281. H., Ottawa.—Letter received. Will answer by post. E. H.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 221.

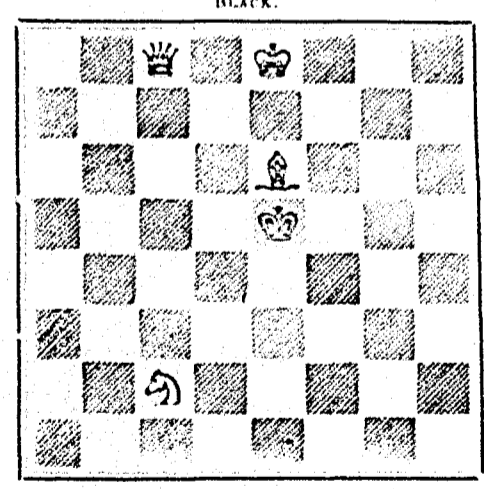
We have received from Dr. Ryall, of Hamilton, the subjoined table, which gives a statement of the games that have been brought to a close in the Hamilton Chess Club Correspondence Tourney up to the 1st of July, 1880. The number, as will be perceived, is nineteen, and it is probable that several of these are nearly finished. The Conductor, we imagine, has every reason to be satisfied with the progress his enterprise is making. The Roy Lopez Opening, as far as the concluded games are concerned, appears to have been the favourite with the competitors, but the small number of moves to some of the games points to the very unusual, especially for correspondence contests. The average number of moves to such game is about twenty six.

Table with columns: Opening, Winner, Attack and Defence. Lists chess openings like King's Gambit, Queen's Defence, etc., and names of players who won or defended against them.

The Rosenthal-Zukertort match was brought to a close on the 25th of June, won by Zukertort by the score of 7 to 1 and 11 games drawn. The 17th game, played on the 19th of June, was an English opening by Zukertort, and was drawn on the 1st move. Even Steinitz admits that it was "A dull and common place affair." The eighteenth game, played on the 21st of June, was a Roy Lopez by Rosenthal, who experimented with an unknown variation of the attack, as will be seen from the game itself, which we give below. Rosenthal soon acquired the better game, but the final interval was a short one, and he soon relapsed into his habit of throwing away advantage, and Zukertort was glad to be able to secure a draw.

Mr. Blackburne intends to call at the Hague en route to Wiesbaden, and during his visit will probably break a lance with some of the amateurs residing there. We are informed that Mr. Mason is the only other London player likely to enter the Wiesbaden Tourney.—Illustrated London News.

PROBLEM No. 281. By J. Pierce. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 415TH.

Being the thirteenth in the match between Messrs. Zukertort and Rosenthal. White (Herr Z.): 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. B to Kt 5, 4. P to Q 4, 5. Castles, 6. P to K 5, 7. Kt takes P, 8. Kt to B 5, 9. Kt takes B (ch), 10. P to K B 3, 11. P takes Kt, 12. K to R sq, 13. Kt to B 3, 14. B to Kt 5, 15. P takes P, 16. P takes P, 17. Q to K sq, 18. B to B 4. Black (M. R.): 1. P to K 3, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. Kt to B 3, 4. P takes P, 5. B to K 2, 6. Kt to K 5, 7. Castles, 8. P to Q 4, 9. Kt takes Kt, 10. P to Q B 3, 11. Q to Kt 3 (ch), 12. Q takes B, 13. Q to B 4, 14. Kt to Kt 3 (ch), 15. Kt takes P, 16. Q takes P, 17. P to B 3, 18. Kt to Kt 3.

- 19. R to Q sq, 20. Q to B 2, 21. R to Q 6, 22. R to Q 4, 23. K R to Q sq, 24. Kt to R 4, 25. P to Q Kt 3, 26. P to B 4, 27. B to Q 2, 28. P takes P, 29. B to B 3, 30. Q takes R, 31. P to K R 3, 32. K to Kt sq, 33. Q takes R P, 34. Q to Q 4, 35. Kt to Kt 6 (ch), 36. R to Q 2, 37. Q to B 4 (ch), 38. Q takes B, 39. K to R 2, 40. Kt to Q 5, 41. K to Kt 3, 42. Q to Kt 6 (ch), 43. K takes P, 44. B takes P, 45. K to R 5, 46. B takes P (ch) (ch), 47. Q to B 6 (ch), 48. Q to B 7 (ch), 49. R to K sq, 50. B to K 3, 21. Q to B 5, 22. Q to B 3, 23. Q to Kt 3, 24. Q to R 4, 25. Q R to Q B sq, 26. P to Q Kt 4, 27. Q to B 2, 28. K R to Q sq, 29. R takes R, 30. Kt to B sq, 31. Q to Kt 2, 32. Q takes Q Kt P, 33. B to Q 3, 34. Q to Kt 4, 35. B to B 3, 36. R to K sq, 37. K to R sq, 38. R to K 8 (ch), 39. Q to K 6, 40. Q to Kt 8 (ch), 41. P to K R 4, 42. P to B 5 (ch), 43. Q to R 7, 44. R to K 5 (ch), 45. Q to Kt 6, 46. Kt takes B, 47. K to R 2, 48. Resigns.

NOTES—(Much Condensed.)

- (a) The best move. (b) A beautiful move, which completely answers the opponent's intended attack. (c) All this is very fine play; he apparently gives up a piece, but he would recover the same speedily with advantage. (d) White's play furnishes a fine example of modern style. He has worked his K up fearlessly, and now finishes off with a few energetic strokes.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 281. White. 1. B to Q Kt 6, 2. Mate acc. Black. 1. Anything. Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 221. WHITE. 1. B to Q 2 (ch), 2. Kt mate. BLACK. 1. K takes B. PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 221. An End Game. White. K to Q sq, R to K B 4, B to Q R 2, K to K 3, Kt to K B 6, Pawns at K R 4, K B 2, Q 3 and Q R 2. Black. K at K 2, B at K R 2, B at K Kt 3, B at Q R 4, Pawns at Q 3, Q B 2 and Q R 2. White to play and mate in five moves.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON Wednesday, June 23, 1880.

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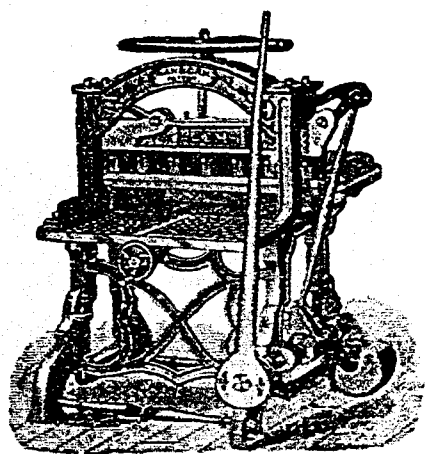
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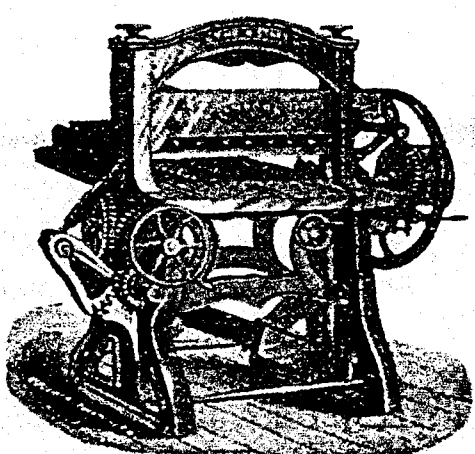
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