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Illustrated News

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WANTED,

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TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

July 10th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 83°	75°	80°	Mon.. 82°	69°	75° 5
Tues.. 83°	68°	75° 5	Tues.. 75°	55°	65°
Wed.. 84°	65°	74° 5	Wed.. 80°	56°	6°
Thur.. 80°	65°	72° 5	Thur.. 76°	64°	70°
Fri.. 76°	49°	72° 5	Fri.. 74°	61°	67° 5
Sat... 76°	69°	72° 5	Sat... 83°	61°	72°
Sun... 89°	70°	79° 5	Sun... 81°	63°	72°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS—View from Champlain Street, Quebec—Georgeville, P. Q.—Views on Lake Memphrémog—Georgeville, from the Hill—Pointe Claire, P. Q.—The Burning of the *Seawanhaka* in Long Island Sound—The Yachting Season—The Fond Mother—Hon. W. H. English—Presentation of an Address from the London City Council to the King of the Hellenes—Confederate Monument at Lexington Ky.

LETTER PRESS.—The Local Option—Sayings about Cats—White Wings: A Yachting Romance—Eleanor, a Tale of No-Performers—Artistic—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—The Gleaner—Hearth and Home—Varieties—Brelouques pour Dames—The *Seawanhaka* Disaster—Confederate Monument at Lexington Ky.—Address of Welcome to the King of the Hellenes—The Ballad of the Hopeless Man—Weariness—Humorous—Literary—Musical and Dramatic—Scraps—History of the Week—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 17, 1880.

LOCAL OPTION.

Our readers have frequently heard of Sir WILFRED LAWSON, the facetious baronet, who has attained to the rank of the chief Parliamentary apostle of temperance in England. They have likewise heard of his Local Option measure, which, to the surprise of everybody, lately passed the House of Commons, in spite of the adverse votes of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HARTINGTON, and after being defeated at the last session of Parliament by the large majority of 88. What is, perhaps, not so well understood, is the precise meaning of the words Local Option, and our readers will be surprised to learn that it is an imitation of such well-known Canadian measures as the Dunkin and Scott Acts. It is not a direct attack on the licensing system, but a restriction of the same within local limits, and subject to the will of the majority on the subject in any locality. It maintains the power of restraining the issue or renewal of licenses "in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected—namely, the inhabitants themselves, who are entitled to protection from the injurious consequences of the present system by some efficient measure of 'local option.'" It is not intended to take away the power of licensing from the Magistrates, but simply to affirm the right of the inhabitants of a locality to influence them in granting the licenses by memorial or remonstrance. We are glad to learn that the Quebec Government have engrafted this latter principle in their new Licensing Bill, thereby removing the doubt which existed in the mind of the Montreal Magistrate who lately refused to interfere, notwithstanding the unanimous protest of a large district of this city against the opening of a saloon in their midst.

The passage of the Local Option Bill is a great step in the cause of temperance in England. Without going so far as the famous and unfortunate Permissive Bill, which embodied the principle of absolute prohibition, it embodies the privilege of popular control which, being once acknowledged, can be made to embrace the

whole country, if the people themselves are so minded.

It by no means follows, however, that the responsibility of the State is abrogated. Imperial control is held to be just as necessary in any system of license law as local control, and no permanent system of licensing should exist which does not contemplate that the monopoly for the sale of drink shall remain with the State, while the inhabitants shall also have efficient power for reducing temptation, and every other abuse, to a minimum.

The next step of the temperance advocates in England will be the closing of licensed houses on Sunday. It appears that the Irish Sunday Closing Act has operated very satisfactorily, and it is naturally argued that what has turned out so well for the sister island ought at least to be tried in England. Here again our English friends would be imitating a Canadian example.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

At the distribution of prizes held at Good Shepherd Convent, Quebec, on the 21st June, to the private classes of that institution, Mgr. Cazeau presented the Lorne Medal to Miss Alice Burroughs, daughter of J.H.R. Burroughs, Esq., Prothonotary of Quebec.

THE KING OF GREECE AND THE CITY OF LONDON.—As usual when Crowned Heads visit England, the King of the Hellenes was invited to accept an address of welcome from the Corporation of the City of London, and drove to the Guildhall in a state procession, with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The King, who wore a blue uniform, and whose handsome youthful appearance excited general admiration, was received with all due ceremony by the Lord Mayor, and being conducted to the Library, was presented with an address in a handsome gold casket. The address, which was read out by the Recorder, welcomed His Majesty, and alluded to the progress that Greece had made under his sway, noted the "extraordinary development of commercial enterprise with foreign states, and particularly with Great Britain, since Greece had been liberated and placed under a free constitutional rule," and also the steps that the King's Government had taken to promote education. The King made a courteous reply, thanking the Lord Mayor, and declaring that "England's share in the efforts which resulted in the establishment of the Greek Kingdom, and the glorious deeds of those Englishmen who took an active part in the regeneration of Greece, are still, and always will be, fresh in our minds." At the subsequent luncheon several further speeches were made, the Lord Mayor proposing the King's health, to which His Majesty replied, affirming that the internal progress which Greece had made during the past few years has been real and material, and stating that as soon as the frontier question was settled, the railway lines to unite Greece with the rest of Europe would be at once commenced.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON, KY.—Lexington, Kentucky, is a city which no one "doing the grand tour" of the South can afford to neglect. There the stranger can see the great distilleries where the notable "Bourbon" whisky is made; enormous "horse hotels," where board the world-famous racers of that region; the blue-grass plantation where Henry Clay used to rest during the recesses of Congress; the college which is pointed out as the place "where Jeff. Davis went to school," and, in addition to other features, a cemetery remarkable for its natural beauty, for the number of its distinguished dead, for a lofty column erected in honour of Clay, and for a monument which marks the spot where a number of Confederate soldiers are buried.

This last-named monument, an illustration of which we present, though excelled by others in size, is probably the most perfect thing of its kind in the South, and owes its existence to the devoted energy of an association of Southern ladies of Lexington and vicinity, under the presidency of Mrs. General Breckinridge. Viewed under the influence of its surroundings and associations, it presents a picture which challenges criticism. In the midst of several concentric circles of soldiers' graves rises a rocky mound, upon which, represented in pure Carrara marble, stands the solitary trunk of a blasted tree which, with its two naked arms, looms boldly up against a background of green elms and pines in the form of a natural cross. Resting against the rugged base is a nameless scroll and a broken sword, and clustered about them are luxuriant Southern foliage and vines. Planted at the foot of the cross is the shivered staff which once upheld the Conquered Banner, but the flag has fallen to rise no more, and its stricken folds, caught by the arms of the cross, but with the stars and bars still showing, droop as lifeless as the martial forms which are mouldering around. This monument exhibits in its design one of the highest qualities of true art, for it tells its own story—the tragic story of the Lost Cause—without the use of a single word upon its front. The conception of this exquisite poem in stone is the result, strange to say, of a

purely amateur effort, and originated with George W. Rauck, of Lexington, well known as a brilliant writer, but who neither claims nor attempts anything in the line of art.

THE SEAWANHAKA DISASTER.—It was on Monday afternoon, June 23th, that the *Seawanhaka* left her dock at Peck Slip and Thirty-third street, New York, as usual, for Glen Cove, Roslyn, and other places on the Sound. There were probably three hundred passengers on board, most of whom were business men and their families on the way to their country-seats on Long Island. The day was a hot one in the city, and many sought the forward part of the boat to catch the breeze. That they did so proved to be a very fortunate circumstance. Hallett's Point had just been passed, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, there was a dull, heavy explosion that was felt from end to end and clear up to the wheel-house. This was soon followed by an outburst of flames from the engine-room, which quickly formed an impassable barrier between the fore and after parts of the boat. The captain, Charles P. Smith, decided at once that it would be useless to try and fight the flames. He did not even quit the pilot-house to make an inspection of the danger. About him the shores of Hell Gate were girded with sunken rocks, and bounded by abrupt banks. Less than half a mile ahead of him was a low-lying marshy island called Sunken Meadows. Captain Smith believed he could rely on his unattended boilers and engines to push him forward upon this island. He kept the boat headed to the nearest point of the marsh. The flames were nearly under him. He heard the shrieks of his passengers, but to his mind there was but one duty. His pilot was not on board, and he could leave the wheel to no one else. It was a critical race with the progress of fire, and the fire was gaining. The advance of the boat drove heat, flames, and smoke aft. This forced most of those in the after-part of the boat to leap into the water. Some of these swam to Ward's Island, which is nearly opposite, but a little above, Hallett's Point. Those who were in the fore-part of the boat were able to remain longer, and most of these did not leap into the water until the prow of the burning vessel was driven forty feet on to the Sunken Meadows. Like Jim Bludso, in Mr. John Hay's poem, "The Prairie Belle," Captain Smith had, in the face of almost certain death, done his whole duty right manfully, and the *Seawanhaka's* "nozzle" was fairly "agin the bank" before he relinquished control of her. Then the heroic captain, terribly burned, hurried from the pilot-house, and assisted women and children down to the land, and aided others who had leaped into the water to reach the shore. The loss of life was about forty.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A DISTINGUISHED nobleman has set up a cigar shop at the West end.

THE Prince of Wales' yacht *Formosa* has been entered in all the races at Dover for which she is available, and will compete against the new steel Scotch boat *Vanduaara*.

THE great chess match between Zukertort and Rosenthal terminated last week, when the former, having won seven games, was declared the victor. The stakes were 200l. Rosenthal only won one game during the prolonged contest, but there were an unusually large number of drawn games.

MAJOR BROMHEAD, of Rorke's Drift, was presented at Lincoln, by the mayor of that city, with a sword subscribed for by the citizens in recognition of his services in the Zulu campaign. The presentation took place in the Masonic Hall, in the presence of a large assemblage. A dinner was subsequently given to the gallant Major, who is a native of Lincolnshire.

So great is the pressure for seats in the House that Mr Parnell, the other afternoon, actually left his hat in the seat he meant to occupy in the House of Commons, and with Mr. O'Kelly walked bare-headed across to the Irish meeting in King street. The tall, solemn figure, with half-bald head, stalking with long strides amid the crowded streets of Westminster, was an exquisite joke. On returning, however, he took refuge in a cab.

THE late Earl of Kilmorey was remarkably eccentric in many things. For a number of years he has had a handsome mausoleum in his own grounds at Isleworth, containing the body of a deceased friend, and here also was a handsome coffin, prepared by his lordship's instructions, for himself. It bears an appropriate name-plate, with a blank for the date of death. The mausoleum was originally erected at Brompton Cemetery, but his lordship had it removed at an expense of 700l. It is said to have cost 6,000l.

LADY LINDSAY's reception at the Grosvenor Gallery was of unusual brilliancy. Such a Sunday afternoon gathering of Royalties, fashionable beauties, artists, and men of letters is an altogether new feature in London society. The Princess of Wales, with three of her children, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the King of Greece represented the first of the above-named elements; while it would be impossible to enumerate the representatives of the second,

from Princess Teano to the youngest belle of the Cromwell House tableaux; or of the third, from Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. Abraham Hayward to the last poetic flagging from Oxford.

SOCIETY is labouring under a new hardship—the scarcity of dancing men. A few of the best balls monopolize all the dancing men, and the others are comparative failures. This evil has been particularly noticeable within the past week or two, when the season may be said to have attained its height. It is no uncommon thing to find at a party two dancing girls for every dancing man; for, somehow, dancing seems to be less and less cultivated every year as a masculine accomplishment. The dancing man in society has, therefore, at present a somewhat hard time of it. He is expected by the hostess to prance about a ball-room from midnight till five o'clock in the morning without intermission, in order that all the ladies present may, if possible, have a turn.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

M. GREY has received a pretty token of respect from one of the Siamese Ambassadors in the shape of a dress of the peculiar material and pattern which is reserved for the use of the members of the Royal family of Siam.

THE fashionable combination of cream-colour and gold has the merit of being easily adapted both to blondes and brunettes. The whitest of snow-maidens can wear it, provided the gold colour is not placed near her face or her hair, and it is exquisitely becoming to all dark women.

A GOATHERD with his little flock of black "nannies," may be met in Paris in the early morning as he wends his way or stops to vend two sous' worth of fresh-drawn milk at the door of some private hotel in the gay capital. He wears the picturesque costume of the Pyrenees, and plays a bucolic air on the syrinx or Pædean pipes as he goes along.

HELIOTROPE is fading out of fashion in Paris; it is not becoming except to those to whom everything is becoming; but the dominant colours are shades derived from violet. There is something in the colour of that sweetest and most modest of all flowers that commends itself to young and old alike.

THE dressmakers are seeking more and more to bring the natural lines of the feminine form into relief. Fashion is a mysterious and all-powerful force; it can raise hills on the flattest plains, and if enbopoint is declared *à la mode*, as is now the case, straightway all the ladies that you meet are found to fill up their dresses to the required degree.

THE Paris papers, in discussing Sarah Bernhardt's American engagement, allude to the United States in a tone of amusing misconception. A dread seems prevalent that the talented actress will, in some vague manner, be shorn of all her gifts by that dark ordeal a season in America. The example of Rachel, "who never recovered from her tour in the United States," is gravely quoted, the hardships and deceptions which she underwent are enumerated, without apparently a moment's fancy that America may have somewhat changed since the days of Rachel's voyage. That the good Parisians have a rooted idea of America still being a broad, barren, semi-barbarous country is made amusingly apparent, and Sarah Bernhardt's French admirers firmly believe she will not return from our distant shores the same. Only by reading the Paris prints can one realize the amount of prejudice and error that the Gallic mind may contain.

THE 1st of April jokes recall one played on Lady Cowley by the quondam minister, Drouyn de Lhuys, in the days when such important personages were of lighter mood than at present. One certain 31st of March, during the Empire, Lady Cowley challenged any one to deceive her with a *poisson d'Avril*. Drouyn de Lhuys feigned inattention to the remark, but at once began to cogitate how he could prove to her ladyship that she was not so clear-sighted as she imagined herself to be. At length he found a plan to his satisfaction, and the following day, as Lady Cowley was seated in her morning room, a note was brought to her from one of her friends, begging her to allow her cabinet-maker to take the measure and model of a charming English work-table, which had frequently been admired. Lady Cowley at once assented, and the man was ushered in—a German to all intents and purposes. "Z'il fou blait, Milady, bermettez; and milady did please and permit. She engaged in conversation with the man, who seemed full of cunning concerning his trade, and even patronized him so far as to give him an order, and ask for his address. As he was about to leave, he made an obsequious bow, and handed over his card—Drouyn de Lhuys, Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, &c. The joke was a great success, and caused much mirth at the Embassy and elsewhere.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is engaged in composing a new cantata for the Leeds Festival, the subject and words being taken from Dean Milman's poem, "The Martyr of Antioch."

DEATHLESS LOVE.

He has fallen in the battle,
Fighting 'gainst his country's foes,
Dreaming of the land that bore him,

Now the din of battle's over,
And the land is hushed in night,
And around his grave doth hover

And upon her knees that even,
She devoutly said a prayer,
Which was borne on to heaven

Oh! death-bells now are tolling,
For a soul has passed away,
And that which once was lovely,

'T was the spirit of the maiden,
She who prayed beside the grave
Of him who loved her dearly,

Quebec, July, 1880. ALOYSIU'S C. GAHAN.

AMHERST'S EXPEDITION TO OSWEGO.

I would be greatly obliged if some one would
inform me whether there are any authentic and
complete records obtainable of General Amherst's
expedition from Oswego to Montreal in 1760,

Montreal, July 2nd, 1880.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, July 5.—A severe shock of earthquake is
reported from the Upper Rhine valley.—The report
of the assassination of the Governor of Novi-Bazar is
confirmed.—Independence Day was celebrated

TUESDAY, July 6.—Lorillard's Boreas won the selling
plate at Newmarket yesterday.—Oldham and Bolton
cotton operatives threaten to strike unless their
wages are advanced.—The committee of the
French Deputies has adopted M. Lamy's amendment

WEDNESDAY, July 7.—Crop prospects in France are
reported to be highly satisfactory.—The ex-Empress
Eugenie has sailed from Cape Town for England.—
The Harvard-Columbia eight-oared freshmen's
race was won by Harvard College.—The amnesty
bill was adopted by the French Chamber of Deputies

THURSDAY, July 8.—The Turkish Government has
started a battalion for Albania.—The famine in
Mesopotamia is over though in Kurdistan and Ar-
menia, it has not yet disappeared.—The Marquis
of Lansdowne, Under Secretary for India, has
succeeded from the Ministry, on account of their Irish
policy.—The Vatican has threatened to break off
relations with France, if the decrees are enforced

FRIDAY, July 9.—A Dublin despatch says a large
number of rifles were seized near Loughrea.—The first
innings of the Eaton and Harrow match commenced
at Lord's yesterday, resulted as follows: Eaton, 107;
Harrow, 148.—Eighteen of the principal maritime
powers of the world have approved the new international
regulations for preventing collisions at sea.—
Lord Kenmare has followed the example of the
Marquis of Lansdowne, and resigned from the
Imperial Ministry, on account of opposition to the Irish
compensation for disturbance bill.—The Porte has
given Montenegro favourable assurances of a satis-
factory settlement of the questions in dispute. Doubt
is still expressed as to the intention of the Porte to
carry out the recommendations of the Berlin Con-
ference.

SATURDAY, July 10.—The French Official Journal of
Saturday contained the President's amnesty decree.—
Montenegro has refused the Porte's offer of
monetary compensation in lieu of the cession of
territory.—A section of the new Anglo-American
cable was despatched on Saturday from Greenwich.—
A member of the Austrian Upper House and a
deputy have both been sentenced to imprisonment
for duelling.—Mr. Goschen, the British Amba-

sador at Constantinople, has fallen out with the Ori-
ental Secretary of Legation.—Three thousand
striking Leicestershire colliers have returned to work,
submitting to the five per cent. reduction in their
wages.—Mr. O'Connor Power has started a move-
ment with the object of obtaining full and uncondi-
tional amnesty for all Irish political exiles.—Very
encouraging reports have been received of the im-
proved condition of affairs in the West of Ireland.—
The reports of the prevalence of famine fever
are said to have been much exaggerated.

THE GLEANER.

In hot weather the French theatres reduce
prices.

THE Marquis of Bute has been so pleased with
his visit to Jerusalem that he has bought a
horse near the Mount of Olives, which he will
fit up as an occasional residence.

MR. GLADSTONE says he was never better in
health than now. He certainly never worked
harder. He sits through debates night after
night, and is constantly ready to meet criticisms
or requests for information.

WE suspect that Macaulay had just been
forced to listen to some friend's original verses
when he wrote, "Perhaps no person can be a
poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a cer-
tain unsoundness of mind."

THE Princess of Wales sold bouquets, at a
bazaar held at Baron Grant's late house three
weeks ago, and realized a large sum for the
charity. Both she and her husband seem
willing to do anything to help charitable ob-
jects.

A WEALTHY Chinese merchant of San Fran-
cisco has a full-blooded negro wife. Their six
children are a singular combination of two
races in appearance, with crisp, curly hair, cop-
per skins, almond eyes, and a Mongol expres-
sion of face.

AN aged clergyman at Pontiac, Wis., has for
twenty years been preaching a series of Sunday
evening services on popular vices, devoting a
sermon to each vice, and he fears that he will
not live long enough to get through the list.

LORD ROSEBURY has stirred a tumult in the
veins of "White's," the fashionable club of
London, by introducing his jockey, Constable,
to dinner there; but he is too great a favourite
to touch, and the Duchess of Westminster had
set the example by dining Archer, the rider of
Bend Or, at Grosvenor House.

EDISON has a rival in Professor Jamin, of
Paris, whose plan of electric lighting is to place
three or more candles in a lamp, one igniting
when the other is burnt out, thus dispensing
with the renewal of candles by hand every few
hours. An accident to one lamp does not affect
others. Jamin professes to have cheapened
considerably the production of the electric cur-
rent, and to be able to increase or diminish its
intensity at pleasure.

HUBERT HERKOMER, the distinguished Brit-
ish artist, is a Bavarian by birth, and has
gained his fame within the short space of thirty
years. His father was a wood-carver of great
talent, and when Hubert was two years old
they came to America, and lived here for six
years, until the elder Herkomer was obliged to
seek in England a better market for his work.
At thirteen Hubert began his studies in an art
school, and gained a medal in his first year.

THERE still exist in Paris several hundred of
the old-fashioned lanterns, burning oil, which
light the narrow, obscure streets of such locali-
ties as Saint-Ouen and portions of St. Antoine.
But these are rapidly passing away, and the as-
tonishing feature of it is, that in such a modern
city as Paris, where all the most recent dis-
coveries in street lighting are adopted in ad-
vance of any other city of the world one is able
to discover even a single vestige of the mediæval
modes of lighting.

THERE was an incident of the Dow trial at
Boston that most unaccountably escaped the
attention of the local press, and yet it is entire-
ly too good to be lost to the public. When one
of the female witnesses was asked by the pro-
secuting lawyer, of well-known convivial turn of
mind, if she believed in the Bible, she replied
emphatically that she did. "Do you believe,
then, that wives should be obedient to their
husbands?" asked the lawyer. She snapped
her eyes and responded, "Not when their hus-
bands come home drunk, like you do!" You
could have heard a paper of pins fall for ten
minutes afterwards.

THERE was once a remarkable dog in San
Antonio. It knew its master's step and his
habits and would never bite him. His owner
loved him and said he would not take \$500 for
him. One night his owner came home perfectly
sober and three hours earlier than usual. The
dog not having been notified of this change in
the programme mistook him for an intruder and
bit him in nineteen places. Next day the
owner had the dog executed by a policeman.
All efforts to obtain a commutation failed, and
yet it was a clear case of mistaken identity, and
the dog had an unpractised mind.

SPECIFICS FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Dr. C. W.
Earle, of America, has been examining the
validity of the claim made in Chicago, for cin-
chona as a specific for the cure of inebriety.
The result of Dr. Earle's investigation, says the
New York Medical Record, is that the cinchona
treatment made more drunkards in the past year
than any one liquor saloon.

VARIETIES.

HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY.—Your mem-
ory is bad, perhaps, but I can tell you two
secrets that will cure the worst memory. One
of them is to read a subject when interested;
the other is to not only read but think. When
you have read a paragraph or page stop, close
the book and try to remember the ideas of the
page, and not only call them vaguely to mind
but put them in words and speak them out.
Faithfully follow these two rules and you have
the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inat-
tentive reading, there are other things injurious
to the memory. One is the habit of skimming
over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks,
bits of information, political reflections, fashion
notes, so that all is a confused jumble never to
be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating
a habit of careless reading hard to break. An-
other is the reading of trashy novels.

HEADACHES AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE.—Dr.
Treichler, a German physician, has lately made
some much-noted comments on habitual head-
ache among young people, a trouble which he
avers is largely on the increase. He is inclined
to attribute it to excessive intellectual exertion,
often caused by the fancy of parents for having
a great variety of subjects taught, and more
especially to night work, which, he says, pro-
duces in the brain the same condition as would
be produced in the muscles, if, after a long day's
march, a mountain-climber were to continue
walking far on into the night, and were to re-
peat this day after day. Dr. Treichler's letter
has elicited from a London physician a state-
ment that he has sometimes found the brain to
be growing faster than the skull which contain-
ed it. What seemed like great stupidity was
for a time the result, but in time the skull
effected its enlargement, and the brain was re-
lieved. One of the dangers most likely to oc-
cur in schools arises from the fact that the same
lessons are necessarily allotted to all in a class,
and, while they entail no effort of intellect on
the part of one, may be frightful labour to an-
other. It is the dull, labourious pupil, we
suspect, who oftentimes is the most injured by
school pressure, and it should be the study of
the teacher to recognize him or her, and afford
aid and encouragement.

RABELAIS.—Nearly 100 models have been
sent into compete for the statue of Rabelais, to
be erected at Tours—he was born at Chinon,
25 miles from there—and most of them are said
to be poor. Hardly any of them have given the
eminent humorist any dignity, owing, no doubt,
to the rollicking extravagance of his works,
which, clever as they are, can scarcely be ex-
ceeded for downright, outspoken, robust filth.
Nobody knows how he looked—there is, we be-
lieve, but one authentic portrait of him—and
that probably does not resemble him—and
scarcely any one understands what order of
man he was. The popular notion is derived
partly from Pope's line,

"Rabelais laughing in his easy chair,"
And partly from the fact of his bearing the
name of the Cure of Meudon, which he was less
than two years, and he lived to be 70. Few
persons read Rabelais with any care, and fewer
still understand him. "Pantagruel" and
"Gargantua" are seldom looked at in the right
spirit. Their author was not a merry-andrew,
joking and trifling from morning to night, as he
has been represented. He hated all authority,
religious and political; he ridiculed mercilessly
priests, princes and kings, and rendered good
service to his age. He has always been con-
sidered as one of the few original authors, but he
was not so original as he had been supposed.
The voyage of Pantagruel is borrowed as to its
leading idea and many details from Lucian's
"True History." But who is original? Only
the man who has not been born.

CONCERNING GEORGE ELIOT.—It seems to be
generally understood in England that George
Eliot will not write any more novels or any-
thing else. She has, it is said, definitely an-
nounced her determination to retire from the
pursuit of literature altogether. "Theophras-
tus Such," although published recently, is as-
serted to be a collection of essays written from
time to time during the last eight or ten years,
and to have been given to the public because
her publishers wanted something from her. She
has often said that George Henry Lewes was a
great mental stimulus to her, and that she could
not have done "Middlemarch" or "Daniel
Deronda" without his encouragement. Since
his death she feels her incentive and mainspring
gone, and, as she has long been in delicate
health, she considers her literary career over.
She is now in her sixtieth year, and, no doubt,
feels particularly desolate, having no children
and leading a very secluded life. It is not un-
likely, however, that after awhile she will feel
compelled to resume her pen in self-defence, to
dispel in part the sense of solitude and grief
caused by her constant devoted companion's
death. She has lived so much and so long
through her fine expression that she will be very
different from most authors if she can remain
silent henceforth. Any mind that can produce
"Romola," "Silas Marner," and "Middle-
marches" has no right to allow any bereave-
ment to cut short its literary productivity. She
should have in her years of excellent work yet.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT has been con-
demned to pay to the Comédie Française 100,000frs.
(\$4,000) for damages, and has been declared to have for-
feited all her rights and privileges in connection with the
theatre, which are valued at 44,000frs. (£1,760).

HUMOROUS.

THE man who lays an egg on the table is be-
ginning to arrive at the country newspaper office.

As it will soon be time to ask, "What are
the wild waves saying?" we take this early opportunity
to candidly confess that we do not know.

"MARK TWAIN" has furnished parents with
a valuable recipe for bringing up boys. "Take 'em by
the hair of the head," he says, "and you're pretty sure to
catch 'em."

AN ignorant correspondent wants to know if
a banana, after it has travelled and sat up with a trashy
boy three weeks, is called in and destroyed? Oh, dear
no. It is transferred to another boy and sent on to an-
other road as a new issue. Only last Tuesday we met a
banana on the Northern Central, in Pennsylvania, that
we had seen six days before on the Pittsburg, Fort
Wayne and Chicago division, and the boy who had
charge of it at that time told us that he got it from the
Missouri, Kansas and Texas.

ARTISTIC.

GUSTAVE DORE has in hand a large picture
illustrating the text, "Come unto Me all ye that labour
and are heavy laden."

GEORGE SAND was born in Paris on the 5th
of July, 1804, at No. 15 Rue Meslay. A marble tablet
has been put up in this house to commemorate the
event.

THE municipality of Rome has placed a statue
of Father Secchi, the astronomer, on the promenade of
the Pincio.

MR. JEAN-PAUL LAURENS, the painter is
studying the symptoms and costumes of hysterical and
cataleptic subjects at the Salpêtrière hospital, with a
view to a grand picture for the Salon of 1881, represent-
ing mediæval demons.

MERCURE's bronze statue of Thiers will be un-
veiled at St Germain-en-Laye on the 19th of September.
It represents the statesman seated and looking at a map
of France lying on his right knee.

HIGH prices have often been paid for the
paintings of celebrated artists, but never before has the
sum of two million francs been offered for two works.
This is what M. Meissonier will receive, as per engage-
ment, for executing two large panoramic canvasses,
seven metres long by five metres high.

MR. RUSKIN has recently made an important
addition to his already very complete collection of early
Greek and English coins in his museum at Warkley, near
Sheffield. They have been selected for educational pur-
poses, and the student will be further assisted by a cata-
logue of them, which Mr. Ruskin has already com-
menced. The collection of precious stones is, without
exception, the most unique in the world.

LITERARY.

MARK TWAIN is at work on two new books.

MR. TOM TAYLOR'S health gives grave cause
for anxiety to his friends.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, the well-known
American novelist, has just celebrated her 70th birthday.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE is publishing a
work on "Every-Day English."

THE first edition of the revised translation of
the New Testament may be expected in the autumn.

A TRANSLATION of Homer's "Odyssey," in
English verse, from the pen of Sir C. Du Cane, is an-
nounced.

No one ever had a better excuse for giving the
world a rest than Tennyson has got. He is worth a million
dollars.

MR. GEO. RIPLEY, LL.D., President of the
Tribune Association, and literary editor of that paper,
died at New York last week in his 78th year.

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTRY, M. P., has nearly
completed his fourth and last volume of "The History
of Our Times."

MISS HELEN STANLEY has completed her
translation of Mme. Edmond Adam's "Studies of Con-
temporary Greek Poets."

MR. C. E. ROBINSON, whose yachting "Cruise
of the Widgeon" has had some popularity, is about to
publish a volume of poems.

MR. LONGFELLOW has in hand the libretto of
an opera, the music of which will be composed by Mr.
Alfred Cellier, the author of "The Sultan of Moeha."

MR. LEOPOLD KATSCHER will shortly publish
a volume of sketches embodying his observations on life
in London and English life in general.

MR. SALA is about to contribute to the
columns of the Illustrated London News a weekly article
of theoretical criticism and gossip, after the fashion of the
feuilleton of the Parisian Journals.

PROFESSOR STANLEY JEVONS has in the press
a volume of "Studies in Deductive Logic," being a series
of logical problems, exercises, and questions prepared
with the view of placing logic more on a par with
mathematics as an instrument of intellectual training.

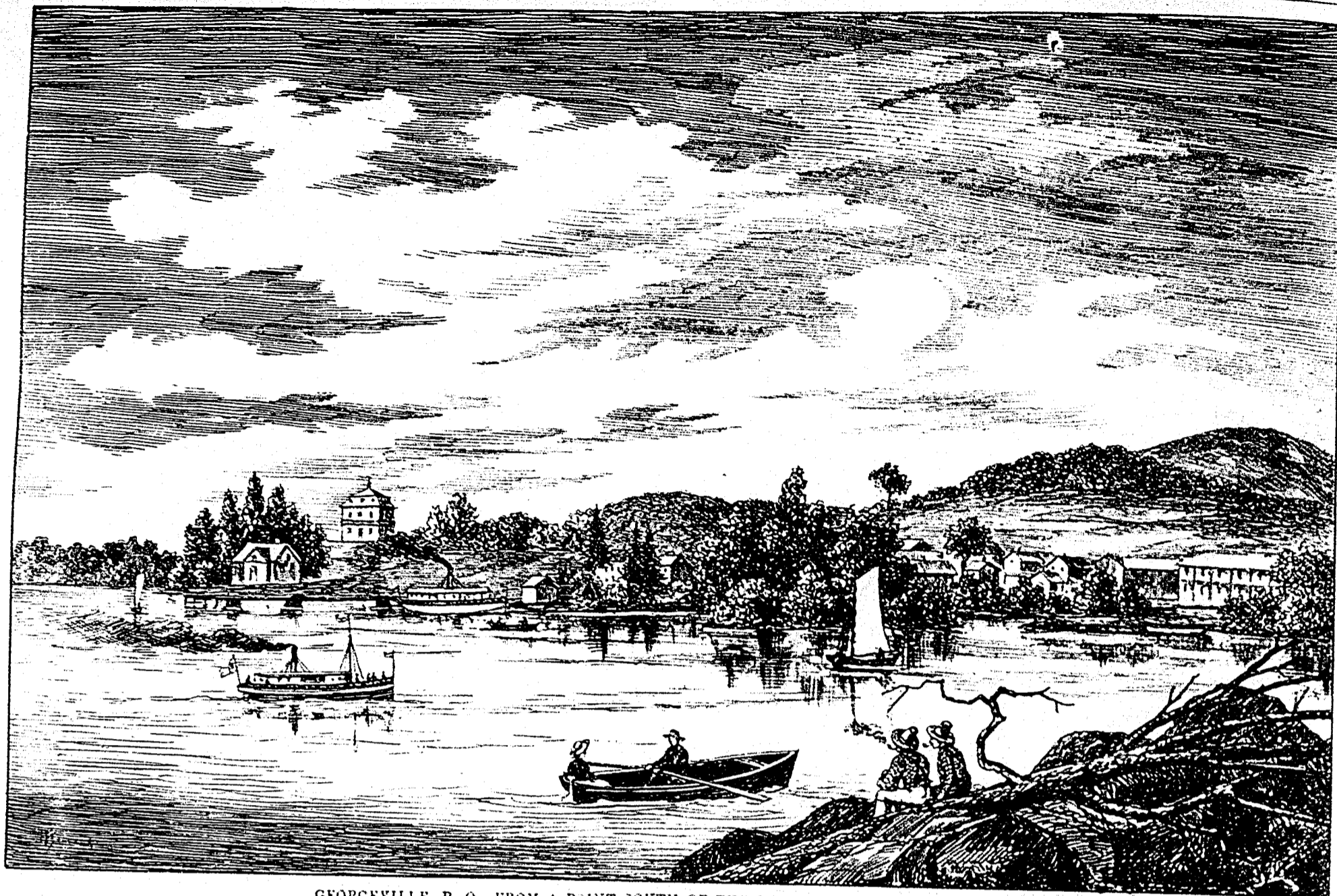
MESSRS. APPLETON intend publishing a series
of critical biographies of "American Men of Letters,"
similar in form to the "English Men of Letters" series.
Monographs on Poe, Hawthorne, Brook-Lewis Brown, and
Washington Irving are stated to have been arranged for.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S seventy-seventh
birthday, May 25, was not celebrated formally; but he
showed his vigour by attending the morning meeting of
the American Unitarian Association at Boston, receiving
private calls of congratulation and friendship at his Con-
cord home in the evening.

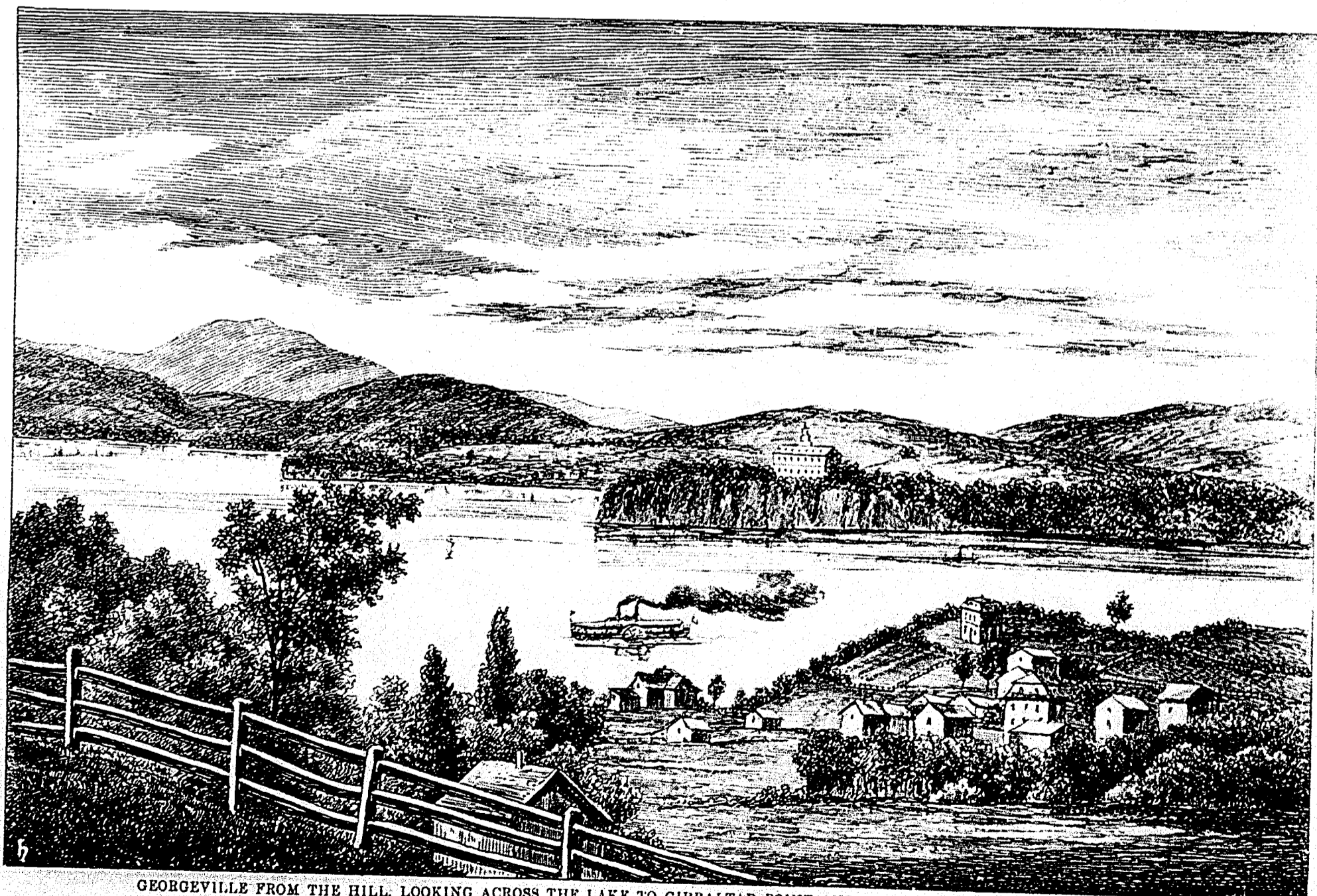
MR. A. J. DUFFIELD will publish immediately
a new book of travels, to be called "Needless Misery;
or, Birmingham and Canada Revisited." The publica-
tion of the new translation of the "Don Quixote" by the
same author, so long promised, is definitely fixed for
October next.

THE Mérimée letters addressed to Sir Anthony
Panizzi will be issued very shortly by Calmann-Lévy, of
Paris, in two octavo volumes. Mr. L. Fagau has with-
drawn certain portions, but considerable light is thrown
by the letters on the political history of the late Empire,
and still more on the life of the late Prince Imperial and
the private life at St. Cloud.

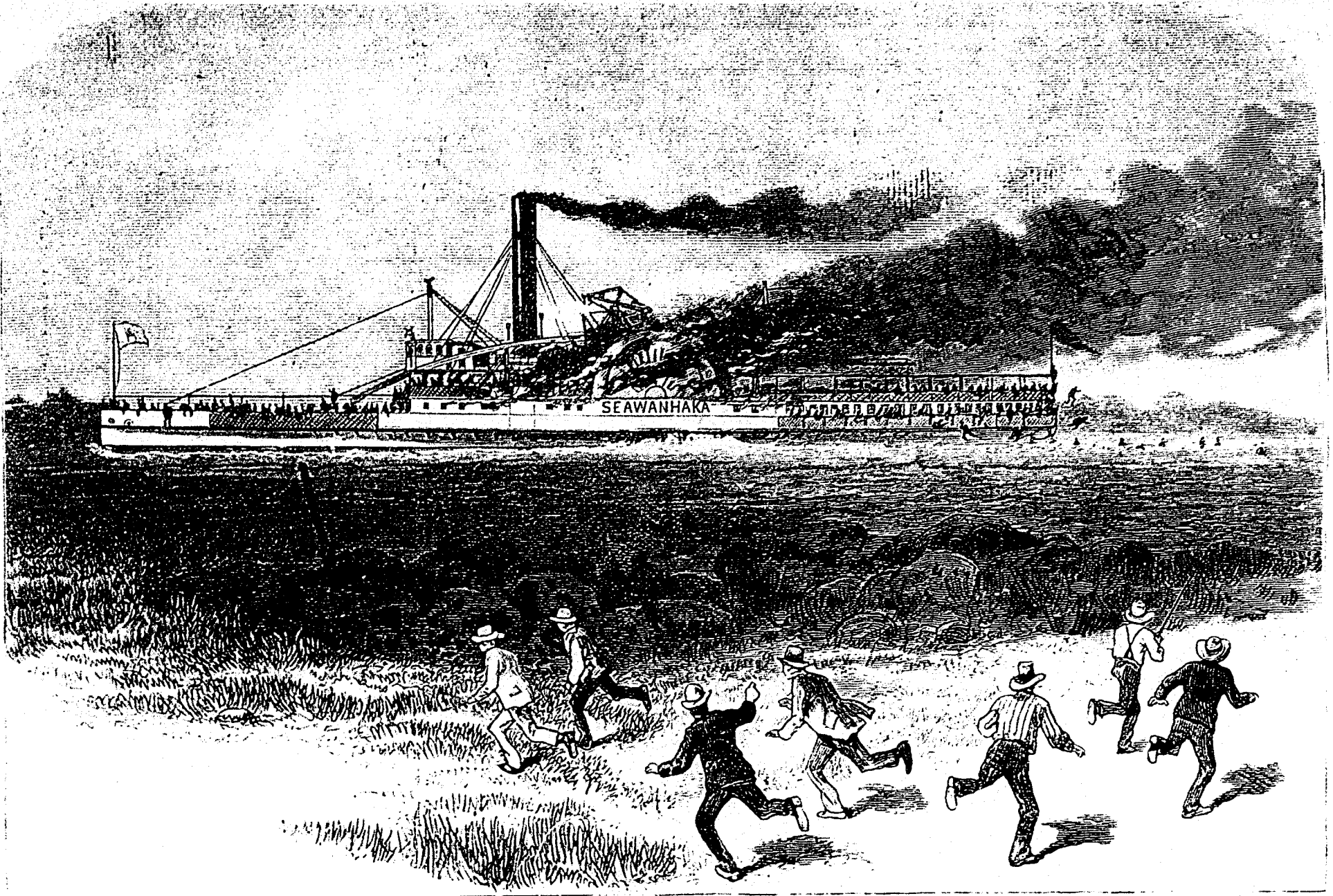
ALEXANDER W. THAYER, United States Con-
sul at Trieste, is still at work on his great "Life of
Beethoven," the third and last volume of which will
probably be finished in the course of a year. The work
has so far appeared only in German. As soon as it is
completed Mr. Thayer will prepare the English version,
which is to be somewhat less full than the original.



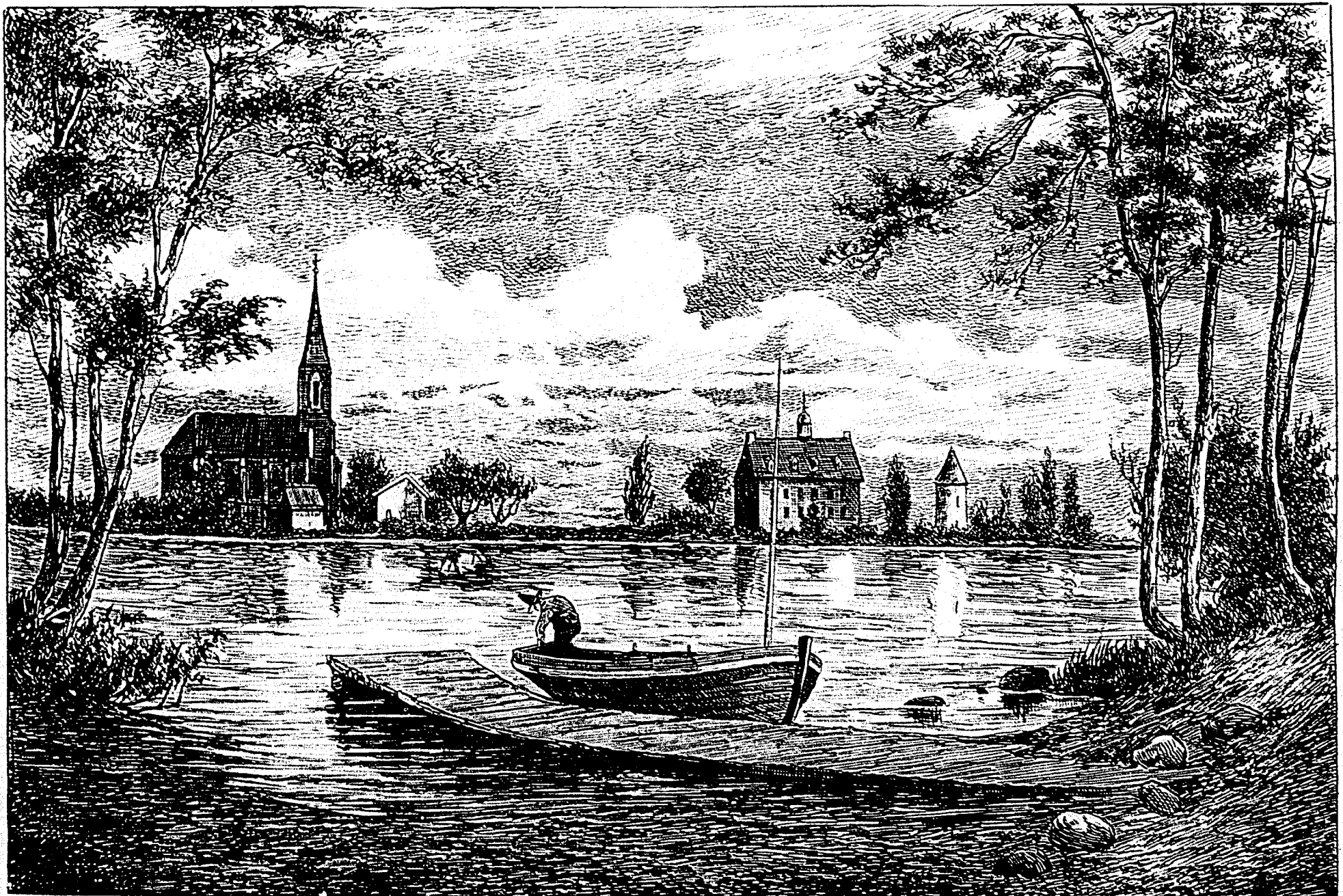
GEORGEVILLE, P. Q., FROM A POINT SOUTH OF THE VILLAGE, LOOKING NORTH.



GEORGEVILLE FROM THE HILL, LOOKING ACROSS THE LAKE TO GIBRALTAR POINT AND BOLTON CLIFFS ON THE WEST SIDE. VIEWS ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. S. HUNTER.



THE BURNING OF THE SEAWANHAKA IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.



POINTE CLAIRE, P. Q.

THE BALLAD OF THE HOPELESS MAN.

(Translated from the French of Henri Murger.)

"Who knocks for entrance at this hour?" "Open!" "Who art thou first?" "Tis I." "Thy name. I cannot open the door At midnight to a stranger's cry. "Thy name?" "Oh! let me in thy room— The snow falls fast—it blinds my sight!" "Thy name?" "A corpse within the tomb 'Is not more cold than I to-night. "For I have wandered all the day From north to south, from east to west: Oh! let the wanderer in, I pray, One moment by thy fire to rest!" "Not yet! Who art thou?" "I am Fame— To Immortality I lead." "Hence mocking shade, delusive name! Thy faithless voice I dare not heed." "Oh! hear me; I am Love and Youth, Akin to Heaven." "Pass on thy way. My mistress failed me in her truth— Love, Youth for me both died that day!" "Hush! I am Poesy and Art, Prescribed by man. Quick, open." "No— P'egone! All music from my heart Died out with love, long years ago." "But I am Wealth; thou ne'er shalt lack Vast treasures of victorious gold. And I can lure thy mistress back— Alas! but not our love of old." "Unbar thy dwelling! I am Power, And I can throne thee as a king." "In vain—the friends that are no more Back to those arms thou canst not bring." "Then hearken! If for him alone Who tells his name, thy doors unclose Learn that my name is Death. I own A balm that cures all earthly woes." "Hark! at my rattle clank the keys Of gloomy vaults, where sleep the dead: Thou, too, shalt slumber at thine ease And I will guard thy dreamless bed." "Come, then, thou stranger, pale and thin. Scorn not my garret's naked floor: My hearth is cold, but enter in— I welcome thee—I can no more." "Hope's self my bosom cannot thrill, And I am weary of life's cheat; Had but my courage matched my will, My heart long since had ceased to beat." "Come, sup with me, and sleep; and when Thy reckoning thou shalt seek to pay At morn—O, gentle Angel, then, Fair bear me in thine arms away." "Long for thy coming I have pined, And I with joy will be thy mate: But leave, Oh! leave my dog behind, For—so—one friend shall mourn my fate!" Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

ELEANOUR: A TALE OF NON-PERFORMERS.

At five o'clock only, they were hunted out, the precious document being then well out of sight; and no one thought of asking how their afternoon had been spent. Anthony said it was time to go home, but did not go; and finally they stayed till it was dusk; and could hardly then be got away. "But nothing has come of it," sighed Cecil, giving up at length the ghost of hope. She had watched, and hinted, and kept away when not wanted, and stepped forward when the breach needed filling up, and done everything that fond and valorous champion could do to bring about an understanding,—but with no result. Nothing, she was fain to confess, had come of it; and nothing was likely to come of it. The provoking part was, that the persons chiefly concerned seemed one and all most excellently satisfied; even Eleanour, her own dear sensible Eleanour, who might have been reckoned on to see the pity of it,—even she let fall not a syllable of dejection. It had been Cecil's original scheme, certainly; but Eleanour had pledged her participation in it by that smile, and now a look of sympathy would not have been amiss. For it, however, she watched in vain. On the charade night, the night on which Oliver in all his glory was bustling from one to another—directing, advising, rehearsing, and dragging—Anthony was both blind and stupid. Absent, too; he could not be brought to see any beauty in the show, or any merit in the speeches. Mary and Honoria Stuart, who preferred tableaux, and who suggested that since Mr. Delamere disliked acting he might perhaps be induced to take one of a picture group, met with a cold rebuff. A nuptial could not have been more stubborn, until they got Eleanour to ask him as a favor; and then he obeyed, but was so evidently out of temper, that they wished he had been let alone. The whole came to a speedy end, and dancing took its place. "Neither would he dance; but that had been understood before; it surprised me only when he was missed from the room, to find him out upon the terrace, with a dark slender figure by his side. But why did Eleanour stand so long at her little window that night, listening to the chatter of sea-birds, and watching the solemn flowing in of the dark tide below? Why did she sob and sigh, and wring her hands, as though her heart would break; and throw from her, and anon catch to her bosom, a spray of starry jessamine, such as might have hung from the boughs on the terrace beneath? It cannot be that Anthony

had anything to do with it? It is true that he sought her there, and that his first words stabbed her to the heart, and his second drove the breath from her lips. It is true that she turned from him, answering she knew not what, conscious only of one wild desire to fly and never see his face again. They have been much together of late; but if they do talk, talk by the hour, whilst the others are frolicking, surely it is only because sheer inability to join in all that goes on excludes them from the circle? The others left them behind,—he because he had never learned, she because she had renounced their amusements; they cannot possibly now take part in them. And so he found his way to her. He does not now allow her to pursue her studies uninterrupted, but prates and proses all the time; and has so much to say, and says it so well, that Alexander would stare if he could see. Oliver, even if he so desired, is in far too great request for him to obtain leave to retire into the shade. He trims the flower-glasses if there is nothing else for him to do; his accomplishments are so varied and so numerous, that nothing comes amiss to him. On the whole, regarded as a month of pleasure, as a visit taken merely pour passer le temps, the brothers' stay has gone off well enough for all concerned, although from the fortnight which had first been named for its duration, it has lengthened out to double the time. Alexander does not complain; he is philosopher enough to feel that he does not even care much about it; that he is indifferent as to whether they go or stay, by this time. When at last a day is definitely fixed, he is able to say heartily, "Are you really obliged to go?" And since they were, at least Oliver was, and insisted on carrying Anthony off with him,—more could yet be added, "Next time I hope you will have better luck!" For the sport, as we have said, was bad, early rains having spoilt the hatching season; and, perhaps, to this cause may be attributed the young men being seen so frequently in the Castle shrubbery. Be that as it might, they bore the deprivation bravely; and so high did they stand at last in their brother-in-law's good graces, that he was fain to confess to himself that he would not, after all, have objected to seeing one of his pretty sisters mistress of Blatchworth,—now that there appeared no chance of such a thing's coming to pass. It is just possible that he was a little nettled to find it was out of the question. He was not very anxious to have Mary and Honoria Stuart over for the charades, thinking the charades could have got on very well without them. But it was so near the end of the brother's visit—there being indeed but one other night of it—that he did not say much. The charades and the dancing took place, and we know what happened. On the next morning, Cecil made one final attempt. "Dear Anthony, I am so sorry you are going." "Well, you see, Cis," slowly, "we can't stay here for ever." "But why need you both go at once? Why should not Oliver go, if he has to go, and you stay a little longer by yourself?" "Noll wants me to know his fellows; and perhaps it's—just as well," said Anthony, the latter part of the sentence having a meaning known only to himself. "Are you going with him to the regiment?" "I'll stop a few days with him, and then go on to Blatchworth, and settle down." "Oh, Anthony, I wish it were settling down! Why don't you really mean what you say? Settle down, altogether, and—and marry, you know!" "I'm a non-performer, as usual, eh?" "You never do anything like other people. You and Eleanour— What! What did you say?" "Nothing. Do you see that mountain-side over there, that wood with the open height above it? It was on just such a stony bit of rising ground that I killed my first bear in the Nilgherries. He got to the crest of the ridge—it was as like that knoll there as possible—before I got my first shot at him. He turned and dashed into the wood again, grinding his jaws like a devil; and I made off to the left, had him again five minutes after, and bowled him over as dead as a ninepin." "I daresay you did. But I do wish, Anthony, that you would listen to me for a minute. You never can sit down quietly, and have a nice comfortable chat about people we know, and things we are interested in. You always fly off to such odd, out-of-the-way subjects." "Choose your own subject, then." "I want to know what you think of my sisters-in-law?" "Charming." "What, all?" "Yes, all." "Well, but individually? We will allow that as a whole they are charming—at least I think so, though they are Alexander's sisters, and people said we would be sure to quarrel. But we never do quarrel; and I think they are as fond of me as I am of them." "Creditable to you both." "And now I want to hear what you think of each? Many people consider Kate the flower of the flock, but by candlelight I don't myself think she is equal to Julia. Do you?" "Well, I don't know; perhaps not." "The young ones are very engaging, too." "Oh, very." "I know you like Eleanour."

"Eleanour?" He looked absently the other way. "I said, I knew that you liked Eleanour." "I wish," thought he, "that I could be as sure that Eleanour liked me." The subject passed off, and he was not betrayed. He had to combat a few pensive complaints that they should leave her to go out with the fishermen on this their last evening; that considering neither one nor other had any reason—any fair, excellent, orthodox reason—for so doing, they should prefer to spend it in the company of the sisters, who had promised to be of the party, rather than with her. She could not go, could not leave her little boys, since the nurse was away having a holiday; and it was a little hard to be left behind. Why should not the girls have come over there, and they could have had tea out of doors, and a game, and a stroll along the shore afterwards for such as could go? Thus she could have enjoyed their company, and yet have been at her post; combined duty and pleasure. Of course she wanted them to please themselves, would not for worlds have tethered them to her side against their will; but considering that they had been at the Castle every day and all day long of late, it was really hardly necessary that they should be there to the last. So very late, too. They would not be home till after midnight; and Alexander had a cold, as it was. Alexander, however, protested against his cold being taken into account. It was the merest nothing; he had promised his sisters; it was a lovely evening, and Cecil must remember that it was not often her brothers had the chance of seeing nets drawn on a Highland loch. He was quite cheery and genial on the subject; he was in excellent humour and spirits, reflecting that the next day he would have his house to himself; that the dreaded episode would have receded into the past; and that he had not failed in any part of his duty either as a relation or a host. The brothers had, indeed, drained his cup of hospitality to the full, and it was not probable that he would be soon called upon to fill another. Oliver but seldom obtained leave, and Anthony was not likely to come without him. For another year, at all events, he was safe. He bustled about, making arrangements for the expedition; ordered dinner to be a full hour earlier than usual; provided coats and mufflers for every body; and even recollected to take over some extra rugs for his sisters' feet. He was into the dogcart with a schoolboy's "whoo-oo!" before Cecil could catch hold of him for a whispered caution. "Alexander, just one word; see that Eleanour goes. She ought to be in one boat, and you in the other." "Playing propriety, eh? I'll see to it." But either he forgot, or he did not find seeing to it so easy as he expected. Three boats instead of two had been provided, by whom it did not appear; and in the confusion the party got wrong somehow, three of the girls going off with Oliver, who was the dangerous man, leaving only Julia for her brother to look after, since Eleanour arrived late, and was hurried by her cavalier into the last boat, alone with him and the fishermen. Her going was thus of no good to any one, Cecil would have said; and she might just as well have been left at home, as she had begged to be. She had tried to excuse herself, had shown several good reasons why she was not needed; but Alexander had remembered at least one part of his programme, and had backed his sisters in their demand for her presence. Anthony had said nothing—watching warily in the background; but when, overruled at last, the lady came down equipped, she found Mr. Delamere alone waiting for her. He was not ill-satisfied. With three boats he felt he could manage, even though not present personally at the embarkation; the two other crews moving off ere they reached the spot, was just what he expected to see. It was a warm, still night; a fine night for a haul, the fishermen said; they did not know that they had had a better night that season. Having predicted so much, and made all snug within and without, they took to their oars in modest silence; prepared only to speak when spoken to: and sufficiently occupied by the business in hand, to prevent their giving attention to anything unconnected with it. Half an hour's pull brought all the party to the spot where the nets were stretched; and here the boats fell apart, not to interfere with one another. They were now on the other side of the bay; in the black vast shadow of the overhanging cliffs which towered along the shore; and the phosphorus which flashed from their oars was the only light obtained, since there was no moon, and a veiled sky. But beneath the sombre water was a wondrous world of living creatures. Like tongues of flame the supple fish darted hither and thither; now making all the surface glow, now vanishing in the depths; while in the darkness left, a silvery lamp would come floating by—luminous, iridescent, beautiful. Only a jelly-fish permeated with phosphorus; and the shining web which flung its stars of splendour through the water, was only a common fisherman's net; and the two dimly outlined figures, sitting side by side, so motionless, thrilled each with the presence of the other, were only a man and woman, lifted for the moment into Paradise. "If I could make you happy," whispered Eleanour at last.

"You made me very unhappy last night," came Anthony's deep murmur back. "I did not mean—I did not know. I was so startled, so shocked." "Shocked, Eleanour? Why?" "I had never, never thought of it; and all this time I have been— Oh, what must you have thought of me?" "Thought of you?" said Anthony, softly. "If you ask what I have really thought of you —" It was not that she meant, of course; but if he chose to take it so, how was she to prevent him? "Shall I tell you what I have thought of you? That you were the best, the sweetest, the most unselfish sister; the kindest, gentlest daughter; the dearest friend—" "The air grows cold," said Anthony, after awhile; "let me draw the plaid closer; you must not catch a chill." All at once his tone takes the tender authority so exquisite to a woman's ear in the voice of the man she loves. "I am going to take charge of you now," continues he. "You are mine, say what you will, after this. Take your hand out of the water, Eleanour." How different was the care with which he guarded her footsteps up over the slippery tangle, to that which he had escorted her down! Then it had been with a half-resolute, half-doubtful hand,—fearful lest he should give offence, yet bent on holding such position as he had; then, too, he had hurried along 'twixt ardour and trepidation to his fate: now, all was softness, tenderness, lingering. Shrouded by the kindly dusk he drew her gently forward, one arm supporting while the other led; and ere they quitted the treacherous pathway, more than a promise had been drawn from her lips. The flare of a lamp through the open hall door, revealed to the laggards that all the rest of the party were there before them. They had only just been missed. Alexander was in the act of saying, "Why, I thought they had come up some time ago," when they appeared, to put a stop to all surmises. "And I think, we had a rare good night's sport," continued the host, having ascertained that all had gone well. "What do you say, Anthony? The best we have had since you came, eh?" "Incomparably the best." "Two hundred and thirteen head among us. By no means bad, that." "Bad? It was excellent, first-rate. I have never enjoyed an evening more." "Well, then, to supper," said Alexander, sitting down with freshened colour and hearty appetite. "I like these jolly suppers afterwards; they are half the fun." "So they are, upon my word." "But you, Mr. Delamere, take your enjoyment sadly, as they say Englishmen always do," put in Miss Dot, saucily. "Your poor boatman must have found it rather triste with only you and Eleanour. We had such funny sayings from our two, Hector and Tom,—but we never heard a sound from your quarter." "Did you not? That was strange. We heard plenty of sounds from yours." "I daresay; we were laughing all the time. But you—did either of you ever laugh?" "Only once. I told your sister to take her hand out of the water for fear of cold, and she laughed at me!" Dot stared. "And I will laugh, or at least smile," continued the speaker, boldly, "if you will do me the great favour of taking his chair, instead of the one you are behind? I have a fancy to sit there to-night." He wanted to be beside his Eleanour; to be where he could watch over her; exchange a word or look now and then. He was not going to heed the astonishment of the one sister, nor the blush on the other's cheek. They might all see now, if they chose; they had been blind enough before. And blind they continued to be to the last. If the marble statue in the hall had suddenly descended from its perch and come amongst them all, they could scarcely have been more amazed and incredulous than when it was made known in what way had Eleanour stepped down from her pedestal. Eleanour! And Anthony, whom they had passed by and overlooked, and yet regarded with a certain amount of awe, as one who had neither part nor lot in their nonsense, and petty flirtations, and mock love-making,—Anthony to cheat them thus! Outwitted as he had been, in company with all the rest, Alexander was nevertheless the first to recover; and to do him justice, he was honestly able to exclaim as soon as he could speak, "I never was better pleased in my life." "But do tell me how it was," pleaded Cecil, next day,—for of course Oliver had no companion at his early start; "dear Anthony, I want so very much to know." "I am sure, then, my dear Cis, I can't tell you. I was as much surprised as any one, when I first made the discovery. Somehow it grew upon me. She was not always flying away with the rest; crazed about singing, and dancing, and fooling; I had time to draw a breath and get to know what Eleanour was like; to find out what was in her; and to—well, to get a look into her eyes now and then. And they are beauties! Such fire, and yet such softness! When I read to her—I am reading to her some things I am interested in, just now—I watch the effect, and feel my way by them. Poor child! She had no notion what I was about. She was so grand and so frigid at first,—so patronising, that it was really delightful. You have no idea

how piquant it was to wait for the unveiling of the real Eleanor, as bit by bit she came out of herself when no one was by. All the grand-motherly airs fell away, and the charms peeped out one by one. Bless you, my dear girl, you don't know Eleanor! You wait till we have been married a few months, and your eyes will be opened!

"It was her own wish, her own doing," murmured Cecil.

"Her own doing, certainly; that was the droll part of it. I have seen many a woman laid on the shelf against her will; but never before saw one systematically cling to it of her own accord. It was all I could do to dislodge my fair Eleanor. She gave me a buffet for my pains—metaphorically—at the first suggestion; and last night I had to argue and entreat for half the evening, before I could obtain a hearing at all! Oh no, she had settled it entirely in her own mind. She had her father and sisters, and you and Alexander and the children, to care for; and she had done with marriage, and all thoughts of the kind. But I found the soft spot at last. No, you need not think you are going to get it out of me; my conduct was quite shabby enough at the time, without betraying my sweetheart afterwards.

"She would be old, and was so young," he went on, musing. "That excess of sober solemnity, and all the impetuousness beneath! Those black gowns too!"

"Pray, what had they to do with it?" "Showed off her figure to such advantage as no others could never have done. On our wedding-day I suppose I must submit to white, or whatever is proper,—but afterwards she must return to the robe in which she won my heart!"

Eleanor on her part, could not find one half so much to say.

She wept, and blushed, and begged their forgiveness, as if she had done them all an injury. She had been so particular with them all, and so earnest that the propensities should be observed, even to the minutest particular, to have been caught in her own trap! And to be sure, it was on Anthony that her attention had been chiefly fixed,—resolved that whatever she and Cecil might in private dare to hope for, there should be no attempts to engage his notice; no meetings without surveillance; nothing whatever inconsistent with severe decorum. Her vigilance had relaxed only when it became so palpably unnecessary as to make continuation of it ridiculous.

And that off her mind, she had given herself up to the pleasure of his companionship,—had allowed herself to listen, untrobbled by any sense of danger, to the modulations of his treacherous voice. As long as he kept only to her, no cares could burden her conscience; she was free to enjoy; and keenly had she enjoyed, deeply had she drank, of the intoxicating cup.

Then came the awakening. Only on the previous evening, only when he came out to her under the pensive bow, while the others were dancing within, and said that which burst in upon her dream like the blast of a trumpet,—only then she had guessed what all this was leading to.

And could they not, one and all, bear witness to her unwillingness to go on the water the next night? Could they not testify that it was only because she had been compelled to do so, that she had yielded at last? See what had come of it!

"If you had but let me do as I said," cried Eleanor, "twixt laughing and sobbing," if you had only allowed me to stay behind, he would never have had the chance of speaking a second time!"

She was subdued thenceforth beyond recovery. In the interval before the marriage took place, if ever a controlling frown crossed her brow, or a didactic word escaped her lips, it was the signal for a jeer, a taunt, a smile of derision.

Eleanor was Eleanor no longer. Even the prospect of there being no successor to the throne she was quitting,—no one to argue as she had argued, to judge, ordain, punish, and pardon,—did not move her to grasp the reins of government whilst she could. She threw them down then and there, acknowledging her failure.

She was once more a bride ere the leaves were off the trees; and this time, of her complete and entire happiness no tears were entertained by anybody.

In Anthony she found equality of mind, congeniality of temperament, and the concentrated affection of a man who loves neither easily nor often. In her he experienced the charm of being united to an intelligent companion; of being subject daily to the influence of a cheerful unselfish disposition; and of being looked at across his own table by the finest eyes in the world.

The manuscript which was contraband at Crichton, was openly sent into the world from Blatchworth; and it may confidently be affirmed that it owed no small portion of its merits and its success to the assistance of its first critic. The attention it attracted, added to their own superiority of intellect and amiability of temper, soon obtained for Anthony and his wife any society they chose among the learned, the gifted, and the witty; but having thus unexpectedly distinguished themselves before the world, it is clear that they can no longer claim to figure under the title of "non-performers."

Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY will give next year to concerts and then retire from the stage.

HEARTH AND HOME.

RESOLUTION.—An ivy branch, finding nothing to cling to beyond a certain point, shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being, thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he have any vigour of spirit, and be not in the bodily debility of childhood or age, will begin to act for himself with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.

THE WIFE.—The true wife not only has the confidence of her husband, but the affairs in her exclusive care flourish like a garden. Her presence is so natural and unassuming, and her willingness to benefit so real, that there is nothing affected in her manner. She loves the praise of her husband, but does not exact it. She is desirous to have him know how pure her affectionate attentions are; but is not officious. To be permitted to share his life-work and his confidence is the only reward she seeks.

THE MODERN PRECEPT.—"There is a piece of foppery which is to be cautiously guarded against," writes Sydney Smith—"the foppery of universality—of knowing all sciences, and excelling in all art—chemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reasoning, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High Dutch, and natural philosophy. In short, the modern precept of education often is—Take the Admirable Crichton for your model, 'I would have you ignorant of nothing.' Now my advice, on the contrary, is to have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything."

THE CRITICAL EVENT OF LIFE.—Many of the errors of life admit of remedy. A loss in one business may be repaired by a gain in another; a miscalculation this year may be retrieved by special care the next; a bad partnership may be dissolved, an injury repaired, a wrong step retraced. But an error in marriage goes to the very root and foundation of life. The deed, once done, cannot be recalled. The goblet is broken on the wine of life is wasted, and no tears or toils can bring back the precious draught. Let the young think of this, and let them walk carefully in a world of snares, and take heed to their steps, lest in the most critical event of life they go astray.

OCCUPIED LIVES.—Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady stimulating aim—a tend toward something. An aimless life can never be happy, or for a long period healthy. Said a rich lady to a gentleman still labouring beyond his means, "Don't stop; keep at it." The words that were in her heart were, "If my husband had not stopped, he would be alive to-day." And what she thought was doubtless true. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits, he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his life bands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies, or settled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die.

IDEALITY.—Ideality is a strong guardian of virtue, for they who have tasted its genuine pleasures can never rest satisfied with those of mere sense. But it is possible, however, to cultivate the taste to such a degree as to induce a fastidious refinement, when it becomes the index of more pain than pleasure. Over refinement is apt to interfere with benevolence, to avoid the sight of indigent distress, to shrink from the contact of vulgar worth, and to lead us to despise those whose feeling of taste is less delicate and exact than our own. If the beautiful and the useful be incompatible, the beautiful must give way, as the means of the existence and comfort of the masses must be provided before the elegances which can only conduce to the pleasure of the few. Selfishness, though refined, is still but selfishness; and refinement ought never to interfere with the means of doing good in the world as it at present exists. It is not desirable to appeal early to this feeling, or perhaps ever directly to cultivate it. If the other faculties are well developed and properly cultivated, this will attain sufficient strength of itself.

THE SILENCE OF FRIENDSHIP.—Only real friends understand silence. With a passing guest or occasional acquaintance you feel under an obligation to talk; you may make an effort to entertain him as a matter of courtesy; you may be tired or weak, but no matter, you feel you must exert yourself. But, with a very dear and intimate friend sitting by you, there is no feeling of the kind. To be sure, you may talk if you feel able, pouring out all sorts of confidence, relieved and refreshed by the interchange of thoughts and sympathies. But, if you are very tired, you know you do not need to say a word. You are perfectly understood, and you know it. You can enjoy the mere fact of your friend's presence, and find that does you more good than conversation. The sense of that present and sympathetic affection rests you more than any words. And your friend takes it as the highest proof of your friendship and confidence, and probably never loves you so vividly as in these still moments. No matter that twilight is falling, and that you cannot see each other's faces—the presence and the silence are full of brightness and eloquence, and you feel they are enough.

GOOD TEMPER.—Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an

unhappy organization; it frequently, however has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and, if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkingness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill-conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent, beforehand, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness—the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness"—ill-temper.

MORALITY OF GOOD LIVING.—A man of the kindest impulses has only to feed upon indigestible food for a few days and forthwith his liver is affected, and then his brain. His sensibilities are blunted; his uneasiness makes him waspish and fretful. He is like a hedgehog with the quills rolled in, and will do and say things from which in health he would have recoiled. Sydney Smith did not exaggerate when he affirmed that "old friendships are often destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has often led to suicide." Even so intellectual a man as William Hazlitt, writing to his lady-love, could say: "I never love you so well as when I think of sitting down with you to dinner on a boiled serajend of mutton and hot potatoes." * * * Justly did Talleyrand inveigh against the English that they had one hundred and fifty forms of religion and but one sauce—melted butter. The celebrated scholar, Dr. Parr, confessed a love for "hot lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Pope would lie in bed for days at Bolingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would rise instantly and hurry down to table. Handel ate enormously, and when he dined at a tavern always ordered dinner for three. On being told that all would be ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den bring up the dinner, prestissimo! I am de company."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WOMEN are the funniest when they say nothing; but women are so seldom funny.

WHEN a young lady says she has two strings to her bow, she means that she has two beaux to her string.

FRANKLIN is reported to have said that rich widows are the only second-hand goods that sell at prime cost.

WOMEN detest a jealous man whom they do not love, but it angers them when a man whom they do love is not jealous.

THE newspapers of the far West are confident that fifty good-looking girls will do more towards civilizing a mining camp than all the preachers in Christendom.

Two little Illinois girls raised chickens and sold eggs, and after making a considerable amount of money they purchased a monument for their grandmother's grave.

INDIANA has a woman who weighs 510 pounds, yet she ran a tramp over three fences and across a meadow and pounded him until he had to be taken away in a wagon.

KANSAS girls walk seven miles barefooted to trade a dozen eggs at a country store for a spoon of thread. Nothing stuck up about girls who are cut out for No. 1 wives.

THE New York Commercial Advertiser says that one great drawback to the female sex learning to swim is the fact that a woman's elbows get cold just as soon as she enters the water.

AN old widower says, when you pop the question to a lady, do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very good; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun.

A DEALER in hosiery in Chicago marked a pair of stockings, "Only \$1.00" and more than one hundred ladies stopped at the window and cried out: "Dear me! how cheap!—I'll ask my husband to buy them!"

A STONE-CUTTER received the following epithet from a German to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine wife Susan is dead; if she had lived till next Friday she'd been dead shut two weeks. As a tree falls so must it stand!"

AFTER much discussion the school authorities of Hudson, N.Y., have determined to introduce co-education in the schools of that city. The sexes have heretofore been taught in separate buildings. Co-education has just been forbidden by the school board of Louisville, Ky.

A CHICAGO lady was trying on a bonnet, when she said, "Are these rights?" "No," said the clerk. "Have they worn holes?" she asked. "No," said he. "But you can wear the ribbons and flowers on the near side." "I knew these bonnets were rights and lefts," said she.

A WRETCH of a husband told his devoted wife that he didn't see any use of her paying thirty dollars for a bonnet when all she had to do was to take her little fancy work basket, turn it upside down, run some gilt braid through the holes and perch a scarlet poppy and a yellow sunflower on one side.

THERE can hardly be a more mistaken kindness—in reality a greater cruelty—on the part of a mother towards a daughter than for her to relieve her from all active participation in household duties. To keep her hands fair and delicate, to spare her all care and trouble—this will work very well for a few months and a few years, but what will the after consequences be?

A BILL OF FARE FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Almost anything that one looks for can be found in Shakespeare, and that the immortal bard foresaw the requirements of a modern dinner is manifest from the following bill of fare, presented to the Alumni Association of St. John's College, for their annual feast at the Metropolitan Hotel recently.

MENU.

"He which hath no stomach to this, Let him depart!"—[King Henry V.

Little Neck Clams. "Here in the sands Thee I'll rake up."—[King Lear.

SOUP—Consomme printanier royale. "Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat."—[Comedy of Errors.

FISH—Kenebec salmon a la Normande. "A fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday."—[Winter's Tale.

Potatoes a l'Anglaise. "We should take root here."—[King Henry VIII.

Cucumbers. "Slice, I say! slice! that's my humour."—[Merry Wives of Windsor.

RELIEF—Saddle of lamb, mint sauce. "In peas was never gentle lamb more mild."—[King Richard II.

New green peas. "Peas, ye fat kidnoyed rascal."—[King Henry IV.

ENTRÉS—Tender loin of beef larded a la Hussarde. "As 'twere a kind of tender."—[Merry Wives of Windsor.

Cauliflower a la creme. "Where's then the saucy boat?"—[Troilus and Cressida.

Timbale of sweetbread a la Providence. "Might have kept this calf-bred."—[King John.

Tomatoes a la sautee. "You are full of heavenly stuff."—[King Henry VIII.

ROMAN PUNCH. "We'll mend our dinners here."—[Comedy of Errors.

ROAST—Spring chicken farcie en demi glace. "I doubt some foul play."—[Hamlet.

English scalps on toast au cremon. "Th's was well done, my bird."—[The Tempest.

Lettuca salad. "How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!"—[The Tempest.

PASTRY AND DESSERT. "Set thee on to this desert."—[Cymbeline.

Pudding soufflé a la reine, Champagne jelly, Assorted cake, Ice cream en pyramide. "Here we wander in illusions! Some blessed power deliver us from hence."—[Comedy of Errors.

Pineapple cheese. "Why, my cheese! my direction!"—[Troilus and Cressida.

Fruits, Coffee. "For we have stomachs."—[The Tempest. "A most delicious banquet. And brave attendants."—[Taming of the Shrew. "We can afford no more at such a price."—[Love's Labour Lost.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

YEBBI is sixty-seven years of age. MR. TOM KARR is rusticating near Rochester, N. Y.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY is spending the summer in Switzerland.

It is said that Emma Abbott will take her English Opera Company to England next year.

THERE will be one hundred musicians in the New York Philharmonic orchestra next season.

The permanent fund of the Boston, Handel and Haydn Society now amounts to nearly \$5,000.

FIFTY thousand dollars has been offered Richard Wagner to come to this country and conduct a series of concerts.

ANTON RUBENSTEIN'S "Demon" was played in Moscow nineteen times to crowded houses. His "Nero" is now being at the Royal Opera House, Berlin.

THE scene of Anna Dickinson's new play is laid in Russia, and the time is supposed to be fifty years ago. Fanny Davenport plays the part of a Jewess.

MME. MARIE ROZE stipulates in her engagement with Messrs. Strakosch and Hess that she shall sing only three times a week. The season will open at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, Nov. 1, "Aida" and "Carmen" will be included in the repertoire.

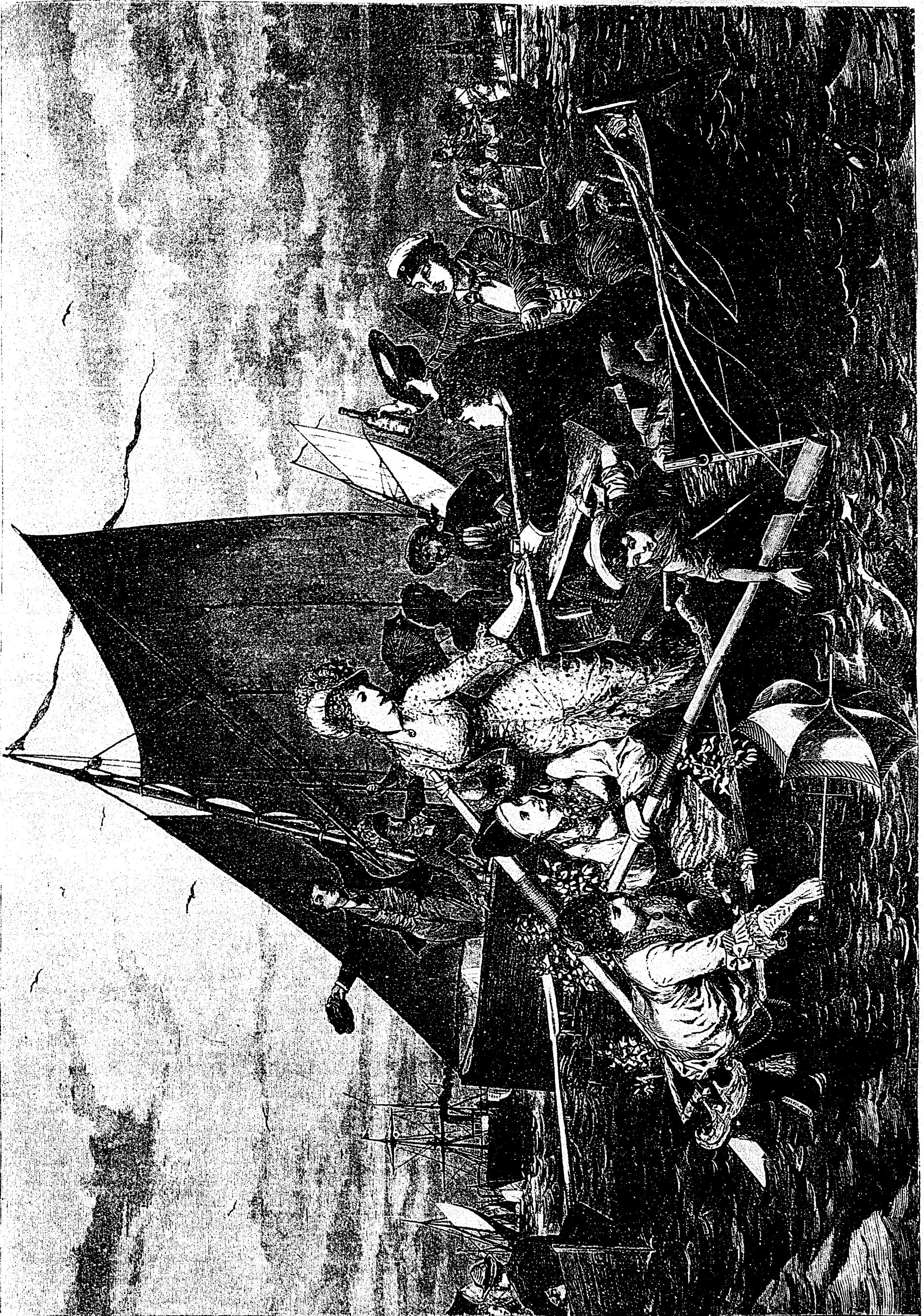
CHARLES READE, the novelist, announces that he abandons writing for the stage in consequence of his conversion by Dr. Graham, the Hammersmith Congregational minister. He is a constant attendant at Bible classes and prayer-meetings, and contemplates preaching.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is reported to be engaged in the composition of another comic opera for production in this country next season, the libretto being by Mr. Gilbert. If these two accomplished writers will only profit by experience and take to heart the lesson afforded by the comparative failure of the "Pirates of Penzance," they will in all probability make a success of their new opera. The conditions of management in this country are not influenced by the traditions or customs of the English stage.

FACTORY FACTS.

Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feeling, poor blood, inactive liver, kidney and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column.





THE YACHTING SEASON.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Bala," "In Silk Attire," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "Kilmory," "The Monarch of Mingling Lane," "Madcap Violet," "The Three Feathers," "The Marriage of Moira Ferguson, and The Maid of Killenna," "MacLeod of Dare," "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A MESSAGE.

What fierce commotion is this that awakens us in the morning—what pandemonium broken loose of wild storm-sounds—with the stately *White Dove*, ordinarily the most sedate and gentle of her sex, apparently gone mad, and flinging herself about as if bent on somersaults? When one clammers up the companion-way, clinging hard, and puts one's head out into the gale, behold! there is not a trace of land visible anywhere—nothing but whirling clouds of mist and rain; and mountain-masses of waves that toss the *White Dove* about as if she were a plaything; and decks all running wet with driven spray. John of Skye, clad from head to heel in black oilskins—and at one moment up in the clouds, the next moment descending into the great trough of the sea—hangs on to the rope that is twisted round the tiller; and laughs a good-morning; and shakes the salt water from his shaggy eyebrows and beard.

"Hallo! John—where on earth have we got to?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"I say where are we?" is shouted, for the roar of the rushing Atlantic is deafening.

"Deed I do not think we are far from Loch Buay," says John of Skye, grimly. "The wind is dead ahead of us—ay, shist dead ahead!"

"What made you come out against a head-wind, then?"

"When we cam' out," says John—picking his English, "the wind will le from the nose—ay, a fine light breeze from the nose. And will Mr. — himself be for going on now?—it is a ferry bad sea for the leddies—a very coorse sea."

But it appears that this conversation—bawled aloud—has been overheard. There are voices from below. The skylight of the ladies' cabin is partly open.

"Don't mind us," calls Mary Avon. "Go on by all means!"

The other voice calls:

"Why can't you keep this fool of a boat straight? Ask him when we shall be into the Sound of Iona."

One might as well ask him when we shall be into the sound of Jericho or Jerusalem. With half a gale of wind tight in our teeth, and with the heavy Atlantic swell running, we might labour here all day—and all the night too—without getting round the Ross of Mull. There is nothing for it but to turn and run. That we may have our breakfast in peace. Let her away, then, you brave John of Skye!—slack out the main-sheet, and give her plenty of it, too; then at the same moment Sandy from Islay perceives that a haul at the weather topping-lift will clear the boom from the davits; and now—and now, good Master Fred—our much esteemed and shifty Friedrich d'or—if you will but lay the cloth on the table, we will help you to steady the dancing phantasmagoria of plates and forks!

"Dear me!" says the Laird, when we are assembled together, "it has been an awful night!"

"Oh, I hope you have not been ill?" says his hostess, with a quick concern in the soft, clear eyes.

He does not look as if he had suffered much. He is contentedly clipping an egg; and withal keeping an eye on the things near him, for the *White Dove*, still plunging a good deal, threatens at times to make of everything on the table a movable feast.

"Oh, no, ma'am, not ill," he says. "But at my time of life, you see, one is not as light in weight as one used to be; and the way I was flung about in that cabin last night was just extraordinary. When I was trying to put on my boots this morning, I am sure I resembled nothing so much as a pea in a bladder—indeed it was so—I was knocked about like a pea in a bladder."

Of course we expressed great sympathy, and assured him that the *White Dove*—famed all along this coast for her sober and steady-going behaviour—would never act so any more.

"However," said he, thoughtfully, "the wakefulness of the night is often of use to people. Yes, I have come to a decision."

We were somewhat alarmed; was he going to leave us merely because of this bit of tossing?

"I dare say ye know, ma'am," says he, slowly, "that I am one of the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan. It is a possession of grave responsibility. This very question now—about our getting a steam fire-engine—has been weighing on my mind for many a day. Well, I have decided I will no longer oppose it. They may have the steam fire-engine as far as I am concerned."

We felt greatly relieved.

"Yes," continued the Laird, solemnly. "I think I am doing my duty in this matter as a public man should—laying aside his personal

prejudice. But the cost of it! Do you know that we shall want bigger nozzles to all the fire-plugs?"

Matters were looking grave again.

"However," said the Laird, cheerfully—for he would not depress us too much, "it may all turn out for the best; and I will telegraph my decision to Strathgovan as soon as ever the storm allows us to reach a port."

The storm, indeed! When we scramble up on deck again, we find that it is only a brisk sailing breeze we have; and the *White Dove* is bowling merrily along, flinging high the white spray from her bows. And then we begin to see that, despite those driving mists around us, there is really a fine clear summer day shining far above this twopence-halfpenny tempest. The whirling mists break here and there; and we catch glimpses of a placid blue sky, flecked with lines of motionless cirrus cloud. The breaks increase; floods of sunshine fall on the gleaming decks; clearer and clearer become the vast precipices of southern Mull; and then, when we get well to the lee of Edean-straidan, behold! the blue seas around us once more; and the blue skies overhead; and the red ensign fluttering in the summer breeze. No wonder that Mary Avon sings her delight—as a linnet sings after the rain; and though the song is not meant for us at all, but is really hummed to herself as she clings on to the shrouds and watches the flashing and dipping of the white-winged gulls, we know that it is all about a jolly young waterman. The audacious creature; John of Skye has a wife and four children.

Too quickly, indeed, does the fair summer day go by—as we pass the old familiar Duart and begin to beat up the Sound of Mull against a fine light sailing breeze. By the time we have reached Ardornish, the Laird has acquired some vague notion as to how the gaff-top-sail is set. Opposite the dark green woods of Funeray, he tells us of the extraordinary faculty possessed by Tom Galbraith of representing the texture of foliage. At Salem we have Master Fred's bell summoning us down to lunch; and thereafter, on deck, coffee, draughts, crochet, and a profoundly interesting description of some of the knotty points in the great Semple heresy case. And here again, as we bear away over almost to the mouth of Loch Sunart, is the open Atlantic—of a breezy gray under the lemon-colour and silver of the calm evening sky. What is the use of going on against this contrary wind, and missing, in the darkness of the night, all the wonders of the western islands that the Laird is anxious to see? We resolve to run into Tobermory; and by and by we find ourselves under the shadow of the wooded rocks, with the little white town shining along the semicircle of the bay. And very cleverly, indeed, does John of Skye cut in among the various craft—showing off a little bit, perhaps—until the *White Dove* is brought up to the wind, and the great anchor cable goes out with a roar.

Now it was by the merest accident that we got at Tobermory a telegram that had been forwarded that very day to meet us on our return voyage. There was no need for any one to go ashore, for we were scarcely in port before a most praiseworthy gentleman was so kind as to send us on board a consignment of fresh flowers, vegetables, milk, eggs, and so forth—the very things that become of inestimable value to yachting people. However, we had two women on board; and of course—despite a certain bandaged ankle—they must needs go shopping. And Mary Avon, when we got ashore, would buy some tobacco for her favourite Captain John; and went into the post-office for that purpose, and was having the black stuff measured out by the yard when some mention was made of the *White Dove*. Then a question was asked; there was a telegram; it was handed to Miss Avon, who opened it and read it.

"Oh!" said she, looking rather concerned; and then she regarded her friend with some little hesitation.

"It is my uncle," she says; "he wants to see me on very urgent business. He is—coming—to see me—the day after to-morrow."

Blank consternation followed this announcement. This person, even though he was Mary Avon's sole surviving relative, was quite intolerable to us. East Wind we had called him in secret, on the few occasions on which he had darkened our doors. And just as we were making up our happy family party—with the Laird, and Mary, and Angus Sutherland—to sail away to the far Hebrides, here was this insufferable creature—with his raucous voice, his washed-out eyes, his cropped yellow-white hair, his supercilious manner, his bull-dog face, and general groom or butler-like appearance—thrusting himself on us!

"Well, you know, Mary," says her hostess—entirely concealing her dismay in her anxious politeness—"we shall almost certainly be home by the day after to-morrow, if we get any wind

at all. So you had better telegraph to your uncle to come on to Castle Osprey, and to wait for you if you are not there; we cannot be much longer than that. And Angus Sutherland will be there; he will keep him company until we arrive."

So that was done and we went on board again—one of us meanwhile vowing to himself that ere ever Mr. Frederick Smethurst set sail with us on board the *White Dove*, a rifle-bullet through her hull would send that gallant vessel to the lobsters.

Now what do you think our Mary Avon set to work to do—all during this beautiful summer evening, as we sat on deck and eyed curiously the other craft in the bay, or watched the first grow dark against the silver-yellow twilight? We could not at first make out what she was driving at. Her occupation in the world, so far as she had any—beyond being the pleasantest of companions and the faithfullest of friends—was the painting of landscapes in oil, not the construction of Frankenstein monsters. But here she begins by declaring to us that there is one type of character that has never been described by any satirist, or dramatist, or fictionist—a common type, too, though only becoming pronounced in rare instances. It is the moral Tartuffe, she declares—the person who is through and through a hypocrite, not to cloak evil doings, but only that his eager love of approbation may be gratified. Look now how this creature of diseased vanity, of plausible manners, of pretentious humbug, rises out of the smoke like the figure summoned by a wizard's wand! As she gives us little touches here and there of the ways of this professor of *bonhomme*—this bundle of affectations—we begin to prefer the most diabolical villainy that any thousand of the really wicked Tartuffes could have committed. He grows and grows. His scraps of learning, as long as those more ignorant than himself are his audience; his mock humility anxious for praise; his parade of generous and sententious sentiment; his pretense—pretense—pretense—all arising from no evil machinations whatever, but from a morbid and restless craving for esteem. Hence, horrible shadow! Let us put out the candles and get to bed!

But next morning, as we find ourselves out on the blue Atlantic again, with Ru-na-Gaul lighthouse left far behind, and the pale line of Coll at the horizon, we begin to see why the skill and patient assiduity of this amateur psychologist should have raised that ghost for us the night before. Her uncle is coming. He is not one of the plausible kind. And if it should be necessary to invite him on board, might we not the more readily tolerate his cynical bluntness and rudeness after we have been taught to abhor as the hatefullest of mortals the well-meaning hypocrite whose vanity makes his life a bundle of small lies? Very clever, indeed, Miss Avon—very clever. But don't you raise any more ghosts; they are unpleasant company—even as an antidote.

And now, John of Skye, if it must be that we are to encounter this pestilent creature at the end of our voyage, clap on all sail now, and take us right royally down through these fair islands of the west. Ah! do we not know them of old? Soon as we get round the Cailleach Point we descry the nearest of them amid the loneliness of the wide Atlantic sea. For there is Carnaburg, with her spur of rock; and Fladda, long and rugged, and bare; and Lunga, with her peak; and the Dutchman's Cap—a pale blue in the south. How bravely the *White Dove* swings on her way—springing like a bird over the western swell! And as we get past Ru-Treshnish, behold! another group of islands—Gometra and the green-shored Ulva, that guard the entrance to Loch Tua; and Colonsay, the haunt of the sea birds; and the rock of Erisgeir—all shining in the sun. And then we hear a strange sound—different from the light rush of the waves—a low, and sullen, and distant booming, such as one faintly hears in a sea-shell. As the *White Dove* plows on her way, we come nearer and nearer to this wonder of the deep—the ribbed and fantastic shores of Staffa; and we see how the great Atlantic rollers, making for the cliffs of Gribun and Burg, are caught by those outer rocks and torn into masses of white foam, and sent roaring and thundering into the blackness of the caves. We pass close by; the air trembles with the shock of that mighty surge; there is a mist of spray rising into the summer air. And then we sail away again; and the day wears on as the white-winged *White Dove* bounds over the heavy seas; and Mary Avon—as we draw near the Ross of Mull, all glowing in the golden evening—is singing a song of Ulva.

But there is no time for romance as the *White Dove* (drawing eight feet of water) makes in for the shallow harbour outside Bunessan.

"Down foresail!" calls out our John of Skye; and by and by her head comes up to the wind, the great mainsail flapping in the breeze. And again, "Down chub, boys! and there is another rattle and roar amid the silence of this solitary little bay. The herons croak their fright and fly away on heavy wing; the curlews whistle shrilly; the sea-pyots whirr along the lonely shores. And then our good Friedrich d'or sounds his silver-toned bell.

The stillness of this summer evening on deck; the glory deepening over the wide Atlantic; the delightful laughter of the Laird over those "good ones" about Homesh; the sympathetic glance of Mary Avon's soft black eyes; did we not value them all the more that we knew we had something far different to look forward to? Even as we idled away the beautiful and lambent night, we had a vague consciousness that

our enemy was stealthily drawing near. In a day or two at the most we should find the grim spectre of the East Wind in the rose-garden of Castle Osprey.

CHAPTER V.

A BRAVE CAREER.

But when we got on deck the next morning we forgot all about the detestable person who was about to break in upon our peace (there was small chance that our faithful Angus Sutherland might encounter the snake in this summer paradise, and trample on him, and pitch him out; for this easy way of getting rid of disagreeable folk is not permitted in the Highlands nowadays), as we looked on the beautiful bay shining all around us.

"Dear me!" said Deuny-mains, "if Tom Galbraith could only see that now! It is a great party he has never been to this coast. I'm thinking I must write to him."

The Laird did not remember that we had an artist on board—one who, if she was not so great an artist as Tom Galbraith, had at least exhibited one or two small landscapes in oil at the Royal Academy. But then the Academicians, though they might dread the contrast between their own work and that of Tom Galbraith, could have no fear of Mary Avon.

And even Mr. Galbraith himself might have been puzzled to find among his pigments any equivalent for the rare and clear colours of this morning scene as now we sailed away from Bunessan with a light top-sail breeze. How blue the day was—blue skies, blue seas, a faint transparent blue among the cliffs of Bourq and Gribun, a darker blue where the far Ru-Treshnish ran out into the sea, a shadow of blue to mark where the caves of Staffa retreated from the surface of the sun-brown rocks. And here, nearer at hand, the warmer colours of the shore—the soft, velvet, olive-greens of the moss and bracken; the splashes of the lilac where the rocks were bare of herbage; the tender sunny reds where the granite promontories ran out to the sea; the beautiful cream whiteness of the sandy bays! Here, too, are the islands again as we get out into the open—Gometra, with its one white house at the point; and Inch-Kenneth, where the seals show their shining black heads among the shallows; and Erisgeir and Colonsay, where the skarts alight to dry their wings on the rocks; and Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman, lying peaceful enough now on the calm blue seas. We have time to look at them, for the wind is slight, and the broad-beamed *White Dove* is not a quick sailor in a light breeze. The best part of the forenoon is over before we find ourselves opposite to the gleaming white sands of the northern bays of Iona.

"But surely both of us together will be able to make him stay longer than ten days," says the elder of the two women to the younger—and you may be sure she was not speaking of East Wind.

Mary Avon looks up with a start; then looks down again—perhaps with the least touch of colour in her face—as she says hurriedly, "Oh, I think you will. He is your friend. As for me—you see—I—I scarcely know him."

"Oh, Mary!" says the other, reproachfully. "You have been meeting him constantly all these two months; you must know him better than any of us. I am sure I wish he was on board now—he could tell us all about the geology of the islands, and what not. It will be delightful to have somebody on board who knows something."

Such is the gratitude of women!—and the Laird had just been describing to her some further points of the famous heresy case.

"And then he knows Gaelic!" says the elder woman. "He will tell us what all the names of the islands mean."

"Oh, yes," says the younger one, "he understands Gaelic very well, though he cannot speak much of it."

"And I think he is very fond of boats," remarks our hostess.

"Oh, exceedingly—exceedingly!" says the other, who, if she does not know Angus Sutherland, seems to have picked up some information about him somehow. "You cannot imagine how he has been looking forward to sailing with you; he has scarcely had any holiday for years."

"Then he must stay longer than ten days," says the elder woman; adding, with a smile, "you know, Mary, it is not the number of his patients that will hurry him back to London."

"Oh, but I assure you," says Miss Avon, seriously, "that he is not at all anxious to have many patients—as yet. Oh, no—I never knew any one who was so indifferent about money. I know he would live on bread and water—if that were necessary—to go on with his researches. He told me himself that all the time he was at Leipsic his expenses were never more than £1 a week."

She seemed to know a good deal about the circumstances of this young F.R.S.

"Look at what he has done with those anaesthetics," continues Miss Avon. "Isn't it better to find out something that does good to the whole world than give yourself up to making money by wheeling a lot of old women?"

This estimate of the physician's art was not flattering.

"But," she says, warmly, "if the government had any sense, that is just the sort of man they would put in a position to go on with this invaluable work. And Oxford and Cambridge, with all their wealth, they scarcely even

recognize the noblest profession that a man can devote himself to—when even the poor Scotch universities and the universities all over Europe have always had their medical and scientific chairs. I think it is perfectly disgraceful."

Since when had she become so strenuous an advocate of the endowment of research?

"Why, look at Dr. Sutherland—when he is burning to get on with his own proper work, when his name is beginning to be known all over Europe—he has to fritter away his time in editing a scientific magazine and in those hospital lectures. And that, I suppose, is barely enough to live on. But I know," she says, with decision, "that in spite of everything—I know that before he is five-and-thirty, he will be President of the British Association."

Here, indeed, is a brave career for the Scotch student; cannot one complete the sketch as it roughly exists in the minds of those two women?

At twenty-one, B. M. of Edinburgh.

At twenty-six, F.R.S.

At thirty, Professor of Biology at Oxford; the chair founded through the intercession of the women of Great Britain.

At thirty-five, President of the British Association.

At forty, a baronetcy, for further discoveries in the region of anaesthetics.

At forty-five, consulting physician to half the gentry gentlemen of England, and amassing an immense fortune.

At fifty—

Well, at fifty, is it not time that "the poor Scotch student," now become great and famous and wealthy, should look around for some beautiful princess to share his high estate with him? He has not had time before to think of such matters. But what is this now? Is it that microscopes and test-tubes have dimmed his eyes? Is it that honours and responsibilities have silvered his hair? Or is the drinking deep of the Pactolus stream a deadly poison? There is no beautiful princess awaiting him anywhere. He is alone among his honours. There was once a beautiful princess—beautiful-souled and tender-eyed, if not otherwise too lovely—awaiting him among the western seas; but that time is over and gone many a year ago. The opportunity has passed. Ambition called him away, and he left her; and the last he saw of her was when he bade good-bye to the *White Dove*.

What have we to do with these idle dreams? We are getting within sight of Iona village now; and the sun is shining on the green shores, and on the ruins of the old cathedral, and on that white house just above the corn-field. And as there is no good anchorage about the island, we have to make in for a little creek on the Mull side of the Sound, called Polteriv, or the Bull-hole; and this creek is narrow, tortuous and shallow; and a yacht drawing eight feet of water has to be guided with some circumspection, especially if you go up to the inner harbour above the rock called the Little Bull. And so we make inquiries of John of Skye, who has not been with us here before. It is even hinted that if he is not quite sure of the channel, we might send the gig over to Iona for John Macdonald, who is an excellent pilot.

"John Macdonald!" exclaims John of Skye, whose professional pride has been wounded. "Will John Macdonald be doing anything more than I was to do myself in the Bull-hole—ay, last year—last year I will tek my own smack out of the Bull-hole at the nose end, and ferry near low water too; and her deep-loaded. Oh, yes, I will be knowing the Bull-hole this many a year."

And John of Skye is as good as his word. Favoured by a flood-tide, we steal gently into the unfrequented creek, behind the great rocks of red granite; and so extraordinarily clear is the water that, standing upright on the deck, we can see the white sand of the bottom, with shoals of young saithe darting this way and that. And then just as we get opposite an opening in the rocks, through which we can descry the northern shores of Iona, and above those the blue peak of the Dutchman, away goes the anchor with a short, quick rush; her head swings round to meet the tide; the *White Dove* is safe from all the winds that blow. Now lower away the gig, boys, and bear us over the blue waters of the Sound!

"I am really afraid to begin," Mary Avon says, as we remonstrated with her for not having touched a colour-tube since we started. "Besides, you know, I scarcely look on it that we have really set out yet. This is only a sort of shaking ourselves into our places; I am only getting accustomed to the ways of our cabin now. I shall scarcely consider that we have started on our real voyaging until—"

Oh, yes, we know very well. Until we have got Angus Sutherland on board. But what she really said was, after slight hesitation:

"—until we set out for the Northern Hebrides."

"Ay, it's a good thing to feel nervous about beginning," says the Laird, as the long sweep of the four oars brings us nearer and nearer to the Iona shores. "I have often heard Tom Galbraith say that to the younger men. He says if a young man is over-confident he'll come to nothing. But there was a good one I once heard Galbraith tell about a young man that was pentin at Tarbert—that's Tarbert on Loch Fyne, Miss Avon. Ay, well, he was pentin away, and he was putting in the young lass of the house as a fisher lass; and he asked her if she could not get a creel to strap on her back—as a background for her head, ye know. Well, says she—"

Here the fierce humour of the story began to bubble up in the Laird's blue-gray eyes. We were all half laughing already. It was impossible to resist the glow of delight on the Laird's face.

"Says she—just as pat at ninepence—says she, 'It's your ain head that wants a creel!'"

The explosion was inevitable. The roar of laughter at this good one was so infectious that a subdued smile played over the rugged features of John of Skye. "It's your ain head that wants a creel." The Laird laughed, and laughed again, until the last desperately suppressed sounds were something like *lee! kee! kee!* Even Mary Avon pretended to understand.

"That was a real good one," says he, obviously overjoyed to have so appreciative an audience, "that I mind of reading in the Dean's 'Reminiscences.' It was about an old leddy in Edinburgh who met in a shop a young officer she had seen before. He was a tall young man, and she eyed him from head to heel, and says she—ha! ha! says she, 'Od, ye're a lang lad; God gie ye grace.' Dry, very dry wasn't it? There was real humour in that—a pawky humour that people in the South cannot understand at all. 'Od,' says she, 'ye're a lang lad; God grant ye grace.' There was a great deal of character in that."

We were sure of it; but still we preferred the Laird's stories about Homesh. We invariably liked best the stories at which the Laird laughed most, whether we quite understood their pawky humour or not.

"Dr. Sutherland has a great many stories about the Highlanders," says Miss Avon, timidly; "they are very amusing."

"As far as I have observed," remarked the Laird—for how could he relish the notion of having a rival anecdote-monger on board?—"as far as I have observed, the Highland character is entirely without humour. Ay, I have heard Tom Galbraith say that very often, and he has been everywhere in the Highlands."

"Well, then," says Mary Avon, with a quick warmth of indignation in her face—how rapidly those soft dark eyes could change their expression!—"I hope Mr. Galbraith knows more about painting than he knows about the Highlanders! I thought that anybody who knows anything knows that the Celtic nature is full of imagination, and humour, and pathos, and poetry; and the Saxon—the Saxon!—it is his business, to plod over ploughed fields, and be as dull and commonplace as the other animals he sees there!"

Gracious goodness!—here was a tempest! The Laird was speechless; for, indeed, at this moment we bumped against the sacred shores—that is to say, the landing-slip of Iona—and had to scramble on to the big stones. Then we walked up and past the cottages, and through the potato field, and past the white inn, and so to the hallowed shrine and its graves of the kings. We spent the whole of the afternoon there.

When we got back to the yacht and to dinner, we discovered that a friend had visited us in our absence, and had left of his largesse behind him—nasturtiums and yellow-and-white pansies, and what not—to say nothing of fresh milk and crisp, delightful lettuce. We drank his health.

Was it the fear of some one breaking in on our domestic peace that made that last evening among the Western Islands so lovely to us? We went out in the gig after dinner; the Laird put forth his engine of destruction to encompass the innocent lythe; we heard him humming the "Haughts o' Cromdale" in the silence. The wonderful glory of that evening!—Iona become an intense olive-green against the gold and crimson of the sunset, the warm light shining along the red granite of western Mull. Then the yellow moon rose in the south—into the calm violet-hued vault of the heavens; and there was a golden fire on the ripples and on the wet blades of the oars as we rowed back with laughter and singing.

Sing tántara! sing tántara!
Sing tántara! sing tántara!
Said he, the Highland army rues
That ere they came to Cromdale!"

And then, next morning, we were up at five o'clock. If we were going to have a tooth pulled, why not have the little interview over at once? East wind would be waiting for us at Castle Osprey.

Blow, soft westerly breeze, then, and bear us down by Fion-phort, and round the granite Ross—shining all a pale red in the early dawn. And here is Ardalanish Point; and there, as the morning goes by, are the Carsaig arches, and then Loch Buy, and finally the blue Firth of Lorn. Northward, now, and still northward, until, far away, the white house shining amidst the firs, and the flag fluttering in the summer air. Have they descried us, then? Or is the bunting hoisted in honour of the guests? The pale cheek of Mary Avon tells a tale as she descries that far signal; but that is no business of ours. Perhaps it is only of her uncle that she is thinking.

CHAPTER VI.

BROSE.

Behold, now! this beautiful garden of Castle Osprey all ablaze in the sun; the roses, pansies, poppies, and what not bewildering our eyes after the long looking at the blue water; and in the midst of the brilliant paradise—just as we had feared—the snake! He did not scurry away at our approach, as snakes are wont to do, or raise his horrid head and hiss. The fact is,

we found him comfortably seated under a drooping ash, smoking. He rose and explained that he had strolled up from the shore to await our coming. He did not seem to notice that Mary Avon, as she came along, had to walk slowly, and was leaning on the arm of the Laird.

Certainly nature had not been bountiful to this tall, spare person who had now come among us. At first sight he looked almost like an albino—his yellow-white, closely cropped head, a certain raw appearance of the face, as if perpetual east winds had chafed the skin, and weak gray eyes that seemed to fear the light. But the albino look had nothing to do with the pugilist's jaw, and the broken nose, and the general hang-dog scowl about the mouth. For the rest, Mr. Smethurst seemed desirous of making up for those unpleasant features which nature had bestowed upon him by a studied air of self-possession, and by an extreme precision of dress. Alack and welladay! the laudable efforts were of little avail. Nature was too strong for him. The assumption of a languid and indifferent air was not quite in consonance with the ferret gray eyes; the precision of his costume only gave him the look of a well-dressed groom, or a butler gone on the turf. There was not much grateful to the sight about Mr. Frederick Smethurst.

But were we to hate the man for being ugly? Despite his raw face, he might have the white soul of an angel. And in fact we knew absolutely nothing against his private character or private reputation, except that he had been blackballed at a London club in by-gone days; and even of that little circumstance our women folk were not aware. However, there was no doubt at all that a certain coldness—apparent to us who knew her well—characterized the manner of this small lady who now went up and shook hands with him, and declared—unblushingly—that she was so glad he had run up to the Highlands.

"And you know," said she, with that charming politeness which she would show to the arch-fiend himself if he were properly introduced to her—"you know, Mr. Smethurst, that yachting is such an uncertain thing, one never knows when one may get back; but if you could spare a few days to take a run with us, you would see what a capital mariner Mary has become, and I am sure it would be a great pleasure to us."

These were actually her words. She uttered them without the least tremor of hesitation. She looked him straight in the face with those clear, innocent, confiding eyes of hers. How could the man tell that she was wishing him at Jericho?

And it was in silence that we waited to hear our doom pronounced. A yachting trip with this intolerable Jonah on board! The sunlight went out of the day; the blue went out of the sky and the sea; the world was filled with gloom, and chaos, and east wind.

Imagine, then, the sudden joy with which we heard of our deliverance! Surely it was not the raucous voice of Frederick Smethurst, but a sound of summer bells.

"Oh, thank you," he said, in his affectedly indifferent way. "But the fact is, I have run up to see Mary only on a little matter of business, and I must get back at once. Indeed, I purpose leaving by the Dalmally coach in the afternoon. Thank you very much, though; perhaps some other time I may be more fortunate."

How we had wronged this poor man! We hated him no longer. On the contrary, great grief was expressed over his departure, and he was begged at least to stay that one evening. No doubt he had heard of Dr. Angus Sutherland, who had made such discoveries in the use of anaesthetics? Dr. Sutherland was coming by the afternoon steamer. Would not he stay and meet him at dinner?

Our tears broke out afresh—metaphorically—when East Wind peristed in his intention of departure; but of course compulsion was out of the question. And so we allowed him to go into the house to have that business interview with his niece.

"A poor crayture!" remarked the Laird, confidently, forgetting that he was talking of a friend of ours. "Why does he not speak out like a man, instead of drawing and dawdling? His accent is just insufferable."

"And what business can he have with Mary?" says our sovereign lady, sharply—just as if a man with a raw skin and yellow-white hair must necessarily be a pickpocket. "He was the trustee of that little fortune of hers, I know; but that is all over. She got the money when she came of age. What can he want to see her about now?"

We concerned ourselves not with that. It was enough for us that the snake was about to retreat from our summer paradise of his own free will and pleasure. And Angus Sutherland was coming, and the provisioning of the yacht had to be seen to; for to-morrow—to-morrow we spread our white wings again, and take flight to the far north.

Never was parting guest so warmly speeded. We concealed our tears as the coach rolled away. We waved a hand to him. And then, when it was suggested that the wagonette that had brought Mary Avon down from Castle Osprey might just as well go along to the quay—for the steamer bringing Angus Sutherland would be in shortly—and when we actually did set out in that direction, there was so little on our faces that you could not have told we had been bidding farewell to a valued friend and relative.

Now, if our good-hearted Laird had had a grain of jealousy in his nature, he might well have resented the manner in which these two women spoke of the approaching guest. In their talk the word "he" meant only one person. "He" was sure to come by the steamer. "He" was punctual in his engagements. Would he bring a gun or a rod; or would the sailing be enough amusement for him? What a capital thing it was for him to be able to take an interest in some such out-of-door exercise, as a distraction to the mind! And so forth, and so forth. The Laird heard all this, and his expectations were no doubt, rising and rising. Forgetful of his disappointment on first seeing Mary Avon, he was in all likelihood creating an imaginary figure of Angus Sutherland—and, of course, this marvel of erudition and intellectual power must be a tall, wan, pale person, with the travail of thinking written in lines across the spacious brow. The Laird was not aware that for many a day after we first made the acquaintance of the young Scotch student he was generally referred to in our private conversation as "Brose."

And, indeed, the Laird did stare considerably when he saw—elbowing his way through the crowd, and making for us with a laugh of welcome on the fresh-coloured face—a stout-set, muscular, blue-eyed, sandy-haired, good-humoured-looking, youngish man, who, instead of having anything Celtic about his appearance, might have been taken for the son of a south-country farmer. "Brose" was carrying his own portmanteau, and sturdily shoving his way through the porters who would fain have seized it.

"I am glad to see you, Angus," said our queen-regent, holding out her hand; and there was no ceremonial politeness in that reception—but you should have seen the look in her eyes.

Then he went on to the wagonette.

"How do you do, Miss Avon?" said he, quite timidly, like a school-boy. He scarcely glanced up at her face, which was regarding him with a very pleasant welcome; he seemed relieved when he had to turn and seize his portmanteau again. Knowing that he was rather fond of driving, our mistress and admiral-in-chief offered him the reins, but he declined the honour; Mary Avon was sitting in front. "Oh, no, thank you," said he, quite hastily, and with something uncommonly like a blush. The Laird, if he had been entertaining any feeling of jealousy, must have been reassured. "Brose" was no formidable rival. He spoke very little—he only listened—as we drove away to Castle Osprey. Mary Avon was chatting briskly and cheerfully, and it was to the Laird that she addressed that running fire of nonsense and merry laughter.

But the young doctor was greatly concerned when, on our arrival at Castle Osprey, he saw Mary Avon helped down with much care, and heard the story of the sprain.

"Who bandages your ankle?" said he at once, and without any shyness now.

"I do it, myself," said she, cheerfully. "I can do it well enough."

"Oh, no, you cannot!" said he, abruptly; "a person stooping cannot. The bandage should be as tight and as smooth as the skin of a drum. You must let some one else do that for you."

And he was disposed to resent this walking about in the garden before dinner. What business had she to trifle with such a serious matter as a sprain; and a sprain which was the recall of an older sprain? "Did she wish to be lame for life?" he asked, sharply.

Mary Avon laughed, and said that worse things than that had befallen people. He asked her whether she found any pleasure in voluntary martyrdom. She blushed a little, and turned to the Laird.

The Laird was at this moment laying before us the details of a most gigantic scheme. It appeared that the inhabitants of Strathgovan, not content with a steam fire-engine, were talking about having a public park—actually proposing to have a public park, with beds of flowers, and iron seats; and, to crown all, a gymnasium, where the youths of the neighbourhood might twirl themselves on the gay trapeze to their hearts' content. And where the subscriptions were to come from, and what were the hardiest plants for borders, and whether the gymnasium should be furnished with ropes or with chains—these matters were weighing heavily on the mind of our good friend of Deny-mains. Angus Sutherland relapsed into silence, and gazed absently at a tree-fuchsia that stood by.

"It is a beautiful plant, is it not?" said a voice beside him—that of our empress and liege lady.

He started.

"Oh, yes, he said, cheerfully. "I was thinking I should like to live the life of a tree like that, dying in the winter, you know, and being quite impervious to frost and snow and hard weather; and then, as soon as the fine warm spring and summer came round, coming to life again and spreading yourself out to feel all the sunlight and the warm winds. That must be a capital life."

"But do you really think they can feel that? Why, you must believe that those trees and flowers are alive!"

"Does anybody doubt it?" said he, quite simply. "They are certainly alive. Why—"

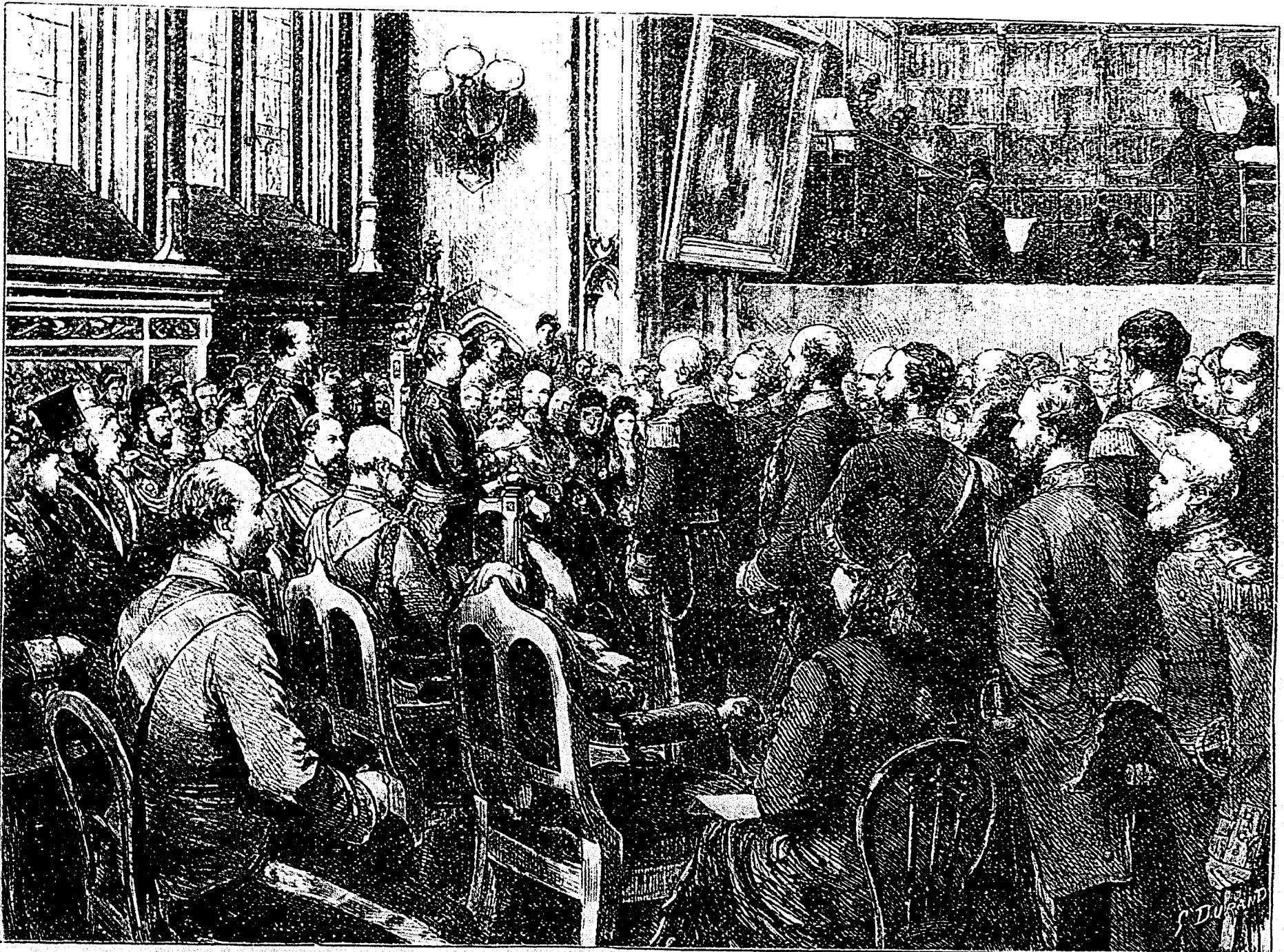
And here he bethought himself for a moment. "If I only had a good microscope now," said he, eagerly, "I would show you the life of a



THE FOND MOTHER.



HON. W. H. ENGLISH,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.



PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS FROM THE LONDON CITY COUNCIL TO THE KING OF THE HELLENES.

plant directly—in every cell of it; did you never see the constant life in each cell, the motion of the chlorophyll granules circling and circling night and day? Did no one ever show you that?"

Well, no one had ever shown us that. We may now and again have entertained angels unawares, but we were not always stumbling against Fellows of the Royal Society.

"Then I must borrow one somewhere," said he, decisively, "and show you the secret life of even the humblest plant that exists. And then look what a long life it is, in the case of the perennial plants. Did you ever think of that? Those great trees in the Yosemite Valley—they were alive and feeling the warm sunlight and the winds about them when Alfred was hiding in the marshes; and they were living the same undisturbed life when Charles the First had his head chopped off; and they were living—in peace and quietness—when all Europe had to wake up to stamp out the Napoleonic pest; and they are alive now and quite careless of the little creatures that come to span out their circumference and ticket them, and give them ridiculous names. Had any of the patriarchs a life as long as that?"

The Laird eyed this young man askance. There was something uncanny about him. What might he not say when—in the northern solitudes to which we were going—the great Semple heresy case was brought on for discussion?

(To be continued.)

POPULAR SAYINGS ABOUT CATS.

The character of the cat is such that we must not wonder at the position it has taken in the popular superstitions and sayings of many nations. Its appearance and movements have been regarded as ominous, and it has supplied an excellent theme for proverbs and comparisons. The latter only will form the subject of the present paper, although the superstitions are often curious and interesting. We must risk the taunt of Lady Macbeth—

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat in the ad.

The sayings which have come down to us about cats are not always complimentary and suggestive of kindness. Thus, Shakespeare's "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me" is a reference to a barbarous sport, of which Dr. Brewer says, "In olden times a cat was for sport inclosed in a bag or leather bottle, and hung to the branch of a tree as a mark for bowmen to shoot at." Among the many expressions which are comparisons, either in form or in reality, the following occur: Grinning like a Cheshire cat; Living a cat and dog life; To be like Milkenny cats; As a cat loves mustard; As grey as grannum's cat. The meaning of all these is obvious, and they are rather forcible than elegant. For "living a cat and dog life" the French say "To love like cats and dogs"; and this leads us to observe that many of the sayings which are current in one language appear in others, more or less modified. Thus, we say, "to buy a pig in a poke"; but in France, Flanders, and elsewhere they say "to buy a cat in a bag."

The well-known motto of the Grants, "Touch not a cat but a glove," in which "but" means "without," has been explained to mean "Touch not the clan Cattan, or mountain cat, without a glove"; but, as a fact, the saying is common to the French and to other languages. Equally general is the saying, "A mitted cat catches no mice," and perhaps even more so, "When the cat is away the mice play." Others which are widely spread are, To bell the cat (to hang bells about its neck); By night cats are gray; The cat loves fish, but won't wet her feet to catch them; The cat did it; He would not harm a cat, &c.

Instead of our "tit for tat," or "A Roland for an Oliver," the French say, "For a good cat a good rat." In French "To cast a cat between one's legs" is to lay the blame on any one; and "To remove the cat from the house" is to sneak or steal away. Some folks are said "to love neither dog nor cat," when they love nobody; or to be like bad cats which lick before they scratch, when they feign kindness but mean mischief. That a cat may look at a king, is well understood; and so is using a cat's paw for getting chestnuts out of the fire. In some places they pay in cats and rats, and know the meaning of "kitten" without needing "cat" to be said. Letting the cat get at the cheese is wrong; but it is right not to wake a sleeping cat, and to mistrust a cat even when she is asleep. To call a cat a cat is merely our calling a spade a spade. A scalded cat dreads cold water, just as a burnt child dreads the fire; and though a scalded cat does not go back to the kitchen, the Spanish idea is good, "One eye on the pot, and the other on the cat." The Italian means cat when he is in earnest, does not mean cat when he is in jest, and plays the dead cat when he dissimulates. He calls the cat when he speaks plainly; he sets about skinning a cat, when he undertakes a hard task; and when he sees no one he finds neither cat nor dog. That evil-doers are caught at last, he shows by saying that the cat goes so often to the bacon that she leaves her claws there. He goes to see the cat drowned when he lets himself be imposed on, and he cheats another when he gets him to go and see him fish out the cat. Though every cat would like a bell, the cat of Masina scratched out its own eyes in order not to see the rats.

The Spaniard, like the Italian, plays the cat when he dissimulates, but it is not a dead one. The Spaniard says the cat would be a good friend if he did not scratch, and he thinks a cat which mews is not a good mouser. An Italian says one had better be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion; a wary German goes like a cat round hot broth, and believes it too late to drive the cat away when the cheese is eaten. Many believe that a good cat often loses a mouse, that no cat is too small to scratch, and that you cannot keep away the cat when it has tasted cream. The Russian thinks that play for cats means tears for mice; the Arab says when the cats and mice are on good terms, the provisions suffer; the Turk tells us that two cats can hold their own against one lion. Another Turkish saying is, It is fast day to-day, as the cat said when it could not get at the liver.

The Englishman fancies that some people have as many lives as a cat—that a cat, in fact, has nine lives; yet he holds that care will kill a cat, and that May kittens should be drowned. He is scarcely alone in thinking that the more you stroke a cat's back the higher she raises her tail—in other words, thatattery feeds vanity. He lets the cat out of the bag; but so do others, and they all agree that it is in the nature of a cat always to fall on its feet. Only he talks of turning cat in pan, and of raining cats and dogs, or sees folks dance like a cat on hot bricks.

The Spaniard says, Has the cat kitted? when he sees a place full of lights; and he asks, Who has to take the count of the water, when something unpleasant has to be done. That any one watches as a cat a mouse, is French as much as English. The French also say, She is as dainty as a cat; It is nothing to whip a cat for; their singers have a cat in the throat when the throat is not clear; and the phrase "cat music" is not unknown. If one has a scratched face, he has been playing with cats; and an impossibility is a mouse's nest in a cat's ear. That people should sometimes go like a cat over hot coals is intelligible enough. But, as our space is so limited that we have scarcely room to swing a cat, we must draw to a conclusion. We have collected a quantity of trifles from many sources, and the result reminds us of the German who says that he who hunts with cats will readily catch mice. If it should be asked, what you can have of a cat but her skin, we scarcely know how we could reply. But as we wish to say something about this domestic pet, we append two short extracts from the Noble Life of Laurence Andrews: "The mouse-hunter or cat is an unclean beast, and a poison enemy to all mice; and when she hath gotten one she playeth therewith, but yet she eateth it. And the cat hath long hairs on her mouth, and when her hairs be gone then bath she no boldness; and she is gladly in a warm place. She licketh her fore feet and washeth therewith her face." And again: "The cat is a beast that seeth sharply, and she biteth sore, and scratcheth right perilously, and is principal enemy to rats and mice, and her colour is of nature grey; and the cause that they be otherwise coloured, that cometh through change of meat, as it is well marked by the house cat, for they be seldom coloured like the wild cat, and their flesh is both nesh (tender) and soft." This quaint but honest old writer would never incur the guilt of selling or advising anyone to buy cat for a hare, as the French and Italians say when they refer to "being cheated or to cheat."

SCRAPS.

MR. RUSKIN has been complimented by an attempt to establish in London a branch of the Society of the Rose, which was organized in Manchester a year ago to promote the study and circulation of his writings and to aid his practical efforts for social improvement. Mr. Ruskin himself chose the society's name, saying: "I think you might with grace and truth take the name of 'The Society of the Rose,' meaning the English wild rose, the object of the society being to promote such English learning and life as can abide where it grows."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—A workman who asked a French manufacturer for employment, said pitifully, "Monsieur, I have fourteen children." The manufacturer, who is a political economist, shrugged his shoulders, and answered, "In your situation it is absurd to have so many." This remark was heard by the manufacturer's son, a boy of eight years. Several days later he was walking with his father, when a poor little girl begged charity of them, saying, "I have eleven little brothers and sisters." The boy gave her a sou; but, moved by ideas of political economy, said, "In your situation how dare you have so many as that?"

PLUGS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—In case of mobilization of the German Army, each soldier receives two salicylic acid plugs of different dimensions, which he may, if wounded, himself introduce into the wound. These plugs consist of a piece of gauze of from 15 to 16 square ctm., in which is rolled 1 or 2 grammes of salicylised wadding. They are made pretty loose, so as to take any desired form. The salicylised wadding is prepared thus: A solution is made of 110 grammes of salicylic acid in from 3½ to 4 litres of alcohol at 95° per cent., and 40 grammes of castor-oil or glycerine added. Dry graded cotton is immersed in the mixture till thoroughly im-

pregnated, then it is hung up to dry in a heated room.

ANOTHER RENDERING OF THE THEME.—Perhaps no American schoolboy's composition has ever put the "Father of his Country" on a stronger moral basis than this (the letter appears in a Transatlantic contemporary): "George Washington was a little boy what once lived in Verginny what had a ax give him by his old man. Wen Georges old man foun out what George an the nother boy done, he called George to him and he ses, George Washington who cutted the bark ofen the cherry tree? George ses I did. The old man sais you did. George sais I did and i cannot tell a li. Why cant you tell a li sais the old man. Coz says George if I tell a li this here feller'll blow on me an then I'll be sparked twict. Thats rite sais the old man whevever yer git in to trouble the esyist way out is the best."

AN invitation having been sent to Mr. Spurgeon to attend a meeting at Exeter Hall, to memorialise the Queen, and to petition Parliament, against the appointment of the Marquis of Ripon as Viceroy of India on the ground of his being a Roman Catholic, Mr. Spurgeon writes to say:—

"My hands are more than full, or I would attend the meeting. I think Mr. Gladstone has made a great mistake in appointing a Roman Catholic Viceroy in India. So long as the Law of Settlement is in force, it seems to be involved in the Protestant succession to the Throne that all Viceroys should be Protestants also. Our predecessors judged from painful experience that Papists would not allow them their liberties if they mounted the Throne, and therefore they excluded them. I do not think that the English people are prepared to remove this safeguard, and while it remains, it seems clear to me that Her Majesty's Viceroys must not be Catholics. On this and other grounds I am extremely sorry that the present Government should thus expose itself to just criticism, and grieve its own supporters."

DIAMOND-BUYING.—The buying of diamonds for retail is said to be a delicate and difficult task. The buyer sits down at a table with a large sheet of white paper spread before him. On the paper are poured the contents of certain packages received by the wholesale dealer. The keen eye of the buyer, an expert of course, picks out at once the shallow, flawed, and all defective stones, which are definitely rejected and swept into a bag. The accepted stones must next be paired, and to this end a tin plate, mounted on four feet, and pierced with holes of different size, is employed. On this the diamonds are laid, and shifted to and fro till each diamond has been fitted into a proportionate hole. The gems undergo a second and final scrutiny, the buyer examining them most rigorously and rejecting some that may at first have escaped his attention. Any irregularity of form, lack of brilliancy, dullness of water, or yellowness of tint is sufficient to condemn them. The matched stones are then put up in pairs in papers or small cases, and the others are sold to inferior jewellers.

YE MUSES NINE!—Few warriors of ancient or modern times have earned by their military achievements so indefeasible a title to immortality as that acquired by General Nasimoff, the late Inspector-in-Chief of the Imperial Russian High Schools, during his fulfilment of the eminently peaceful functions confided to him by the Czar. Some years ago it was his duty, in the course of his inspectorial rounds, to visit the University of Moscow. The college magnates caused the great *aula* to be, as they conceived, appropriately decorated for his reception, and the Rector Magnificus greeted him at its entrance with an eloquent oration. That august dignitary, however, had pronounced but a few rolling sentences, when Nasimoff, who had glanced keenly round the hall while apparently listening to the address, interrupted the speaker and observed that he perceived something which greatly outraged his sense of orderliness, and made an extremely painful impression upon him as a soldier. Pointing to a raised and decorated dais in the centre of the hall, he exclaimed, "You have set up His Majesty's bust in the middle of nine plaster casts. Is that your idea of symmetry? Could you not have made the number even?" "Excellency," replied the Rector, "those are the Nine Muses, arranged in a semicircle. They could not be placed more symmetrically." "What? Let no man, in the fiend's name, venture to associate His Majesty's likeness with so idiotic an arrangement! Get another figure immediately, so that there may be five on each side. We must have proper order in these matters!"

A WISE DEACON.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbours one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

FOOT NOTES.

ISABELLA, Princess of Asturias, daughter of Queen Isabella, is not pretty, but bright and sympathetic. She delights in skating, riding and dancing, and her gaiety is such that the severe Spanish marquises are often shocked at her frolics. At the time of the royal wedding the Count de Beyless gave a splendid ball. Of course the Princess was there, and danced to her heart's content. It happened that just as she was tripping the mazy waltz with Prince Kinsky, his Excellency was caught in the train of one of the dancers, fell, and dragged the Princess after him. Then followed a stream of apologies, "sweeter than honey," but the Princess jumped up quickly, pulled his recumbent Excellency up, too, and, without even saying chidingly "Maladroit!" put her arms into his and resumed her favourite pastime. She is, indeed, the Casilda of the Spanish Court.

NOVEL MODE OF PRESERVING A MAN'S REASON.—A curious story is told of an exhibit in the show-windows of one of the leading jewellers of Vienna. The object of attraction is a brooch magnificently studded with gems, in the middle of the chasing of which is enclosed the most singular of centres—four common, old, bent, and corroded pins. The brooch is the property of the Countess Lavetskofy. The pins have a history, of course. Seven years ago Count Robert Lavetskofy, as the story runs, was arrested at Warsaw for an alleged insult to the Russian Government. The real author of the insult, which consisted of some careless words spoken at a social gathering, was his wife. He accepted the accusation however, and was sent to prison. In one of the dungeons in which the Czar is said to be fond of confining his Polish subjects, the unfortunate martyr for his wife's loose tongue spent six years. He had only one amusement. After he had been searched and thrown into a cell, he found in his coat four pins. These he pulled out and threw upon the floor; then in the darkness he hunted for them. Having found them, perhaps after hours, and even days, he scattered them again. And so the game went on for six weary years. "But for them," he writes in his memoirs, "I should have gone mad. They provided me with a purpose. So long as I had them to search for, I had something to do. When the decree for my liberation as an exile was brought to me, the jailer found me on my knees hunting for one which had escaped me for two days. They saved my wife's husband from lunacy. My wife therefore could not desire a prouder ornament."

HOT WEATHER HINTS.—If you care for no other rule, take this: What is healthy for that multiple pest, the fly, is the contrary for man, and vice versa—so watch the fly and arrange your house in ways which discourage him; find what suits him and choose the contrary. Now what suits him is the combination of sun and light, darkness always makes him low-spirited—so choose darkness for yourself. Your heat, in day time, will be in close proportion to the light you allow. The common notion, "just like a man," that to be cool, window and curtain must go up to get some fresh air, is one which feminine instinct rightly condemns. Recall the closed parlour in the New England homestead, darkened from the sun by closed shutter and curtain, and you will remember that it was the coolest place in the house at noon except the cellar. So—on the sunny side of the house, at least—darken your rooms by shutter and curtain, closing windows as well, until the sun is past; studiously keep out the sun's light and the air into which he is shining—darkness is coolness and light is heat. Breezes are not always enough, for the sun may give you hot breezes. Of course, do without your range fire as much as practicable, and cook by gas.

Dress, also, needs reform, for our masculine garments in particular are robes of martyrdom to absurd conventionalism. An Irishman, walking out in summer, clad in extreme winter style, replied to remonstrance that he thought what was "good to kape out the cowl" was good to kape out the hate, and his philosophy was perfectly sound in the abstract, like all true philosophy, only when he made it concrete on his own body he got it wrong. A thick flannel is the costume when working in a foundry, but not ordinarily; because the foundry's temperature is higher than the body's, while the out-door air of the hottest day is lower. In winter we wear covering in order to keep the body's heat from passing off; in summer, to avoid scorching by the direct rays of the sun, which are much hotter than the air. This is the only natural and physical reason for covering; usage, to which deference must be paid, is the only other. But we do not get far enough away from the rigidity of usage when heat comes. Why should we resign draperies exclusively to the women, who, clad in them, look cool, but do not help our own misery? Why should "short-sleeves" be voted utterly to be an outrage on refinement? They need not be taken in puribus; some modification of them, in garments of more open texture and ampler cut, could be devised were somebody to dare. Now the wide "pantaloonery" and alpaca or linen coat, with (in cases of extreme hardship) the absence of "waistcoat" and low shoes and umbrella, take us to the verge of hazard. We must be elegant, in full dress and at ease, though we melt, as if physical discomfort and refinement could ever go together.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the NEWS, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.

A SONG OF CANADIAN RIVERS.

Flow on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on! In your beautiful course to the sea...

Flow on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on! Flow sweetly and smoothly and free, Chant loudly and proudly the notes of our land...

Flow on! sweep on! sweep on! flow on! In a measureless, mystical key, Each note that you wake on streamlet and lake...

Belleville, Ont. T. O'HAGAN.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. R., Hamilton.—Letter received. Thanks. The report will appear next week.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 281.

A few years ago chess was the pursuit of a very limited number in almost every intelligent community, and little was heard by hundreds of persons either of the skill of our great players, or of their personal character.

We must ourselves confess to a desire on our part to let those who have achieved renown in playing the noble game, remain merely as chessplayers and not reveal we ourselves which are to some extent the lot of all, and which are better left in oblivion.

We are led to make these remarks by reading an anecdote of Staunton lately, which is calculated to make him appear as small to the general quality of men as he becomes great to the chess student who plays over his games with such antagonists as Andersen, Der Lasa, Jansisch and Lowenthal.

Mr. Crake of the Hull Bellman has announced a Tourney for End Games. Positions to be sent to him with the stipulation—"White to move and win."

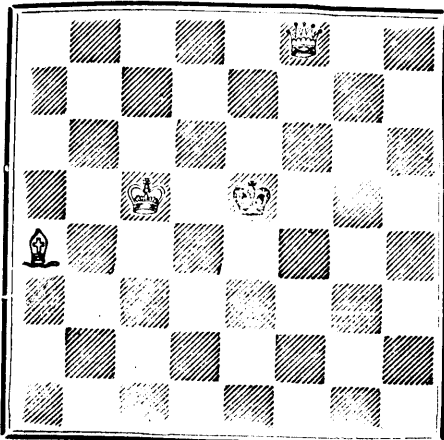
Preparations are already being made for a grand Italian National Tourney at Milan, in 1881. Count Alexander Castiglione, Count Henry Hochell del Dosso, Dr. John Dalla Rosa, Professor Pompey Castelfranco and others compose the committee having charge of the preliminaries.

Messrs. J. H. Black, the and H. E. Bird have entered the tournament at Walsbaden and Brunswick; the report that Mr. Kollsch is also entered is pronounced unfounded by the Field.

PROBLEM No. 25.

By M. Faysse, Beauvoisin (Gard), France.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 414TH.

CHESS IN LONDON.

(From Land and Water.)

The following game, which was played in the annual Lowenthal Tourney of the College Chess Club, is good enough to return the prevalent notion that ladies cannot play respectably at chess.

creditable achievement undoubtedly, even after taking into consideration that he was handicapped to give a Rook.

(Remove White's Q.R.)

- White. (Mr. G. C. Heywood.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 4 (a), 3. P to K 5, 4. P to Q B 3, 5. Kt to B 3, 6. B to K 2, 7. Castles, 8. Kt to R 3, 9. R to K sq, 10. P takes K B P, 11. B to K Kt 5, 12. Kt to K 5, 13. B to Kt 4, 14. Kt takes B (d), 15. Q takes Kt, 16. P takes P (f), 17. P to R 4, 18. Q to Kt 3, 19. B to B sq, 20. P to K R 4 (g), 21. P to R 5, 22. P takes P (ch), 23. Q to B 2.

White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) P to K B 4 affords a better chance at the odds. (b) Q to Kt 3 is preferable. P takes P would also be good, though not quite so good as it looks. (c) Against "the principles," but they are not very revengeful in odd games, if grave mistakes be avoided. (d) Speculating upon a slip. He should play B to R 3, hoping for an opportunity afterwards. (e) A capital resource, and one that completely turns the tables. (f) If R takes P she would crush him by Q R to K sq. (g) If R takes Kt, R takes R, 21 Q takes B, Q takes P (ch), 22 K to R 2, Q takes R P (ch), 23 K to Kt sq, Q to B 7 (ch), 24 K to R 3, R to B 4, and wins. We do not imagine that the young lady saw to the end of this when she proffered two minor pieces for a Rook; but at any rate she had her eye on the key check, and expected it to turn to her advantage.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 282.

- White. 1. Q to Q R 7, 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 281.

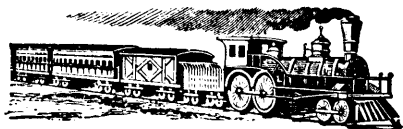
In this Problem the W K should be at K B 7

- WHITE. 1. Q to Q B sq, 2. Q to Q B 6 (ch), 3. Q to K B 3 mate. BLACK. 1. K takes Kt, 2. K to K B 3

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 282.

- White. K at K B 3, B at Q R 2, Kt at K B 5, Pawns at K B 3 and 4, and Q R 4. Black. K at Q B 3, K at Q B 3, B at Q 2, Kt at K 3, Kt at Q B 4, Pawns at Q 3, Q B 2, and Q Kt 3

White to play and mate in two moves.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Wednesday, June 23, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows: Leave Hochelaga for Hull, Arrive at Hull, Leave Hull for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Quebec, Arrive at Quebec, Leave Quebec for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome, Arrive at St. Jerome, Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga.

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Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa 23rd June, 1880.

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