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EMERALD HARBOR Whistled News

VOL. XXII.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1880.

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\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



CANADA WELCOMES :—These bands of Immigrants who, in such numbers, last week, came to settle in the Dominion, instead of passing through to the United States.

COME TO STAY.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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

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

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

TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1879				
Aug. 7th, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Aug. 7th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	89°	70°	79° 5'	Mon..	90°	70°	80°
Tues..	84°	70°	77°	Tues..	87°	73°	80°
Wed..	72°	60°	66°	Wed..	85°	73°	79°
Thur..	78°	58°	68°	Thur..	82°	68°	75°
Fri..	73°	64°	68° 5'	Fri..	83°	63°	73°
Sat..	75°	62°	68° 5'	Sat..	78°	63°	70° 5'
Sun..	80°	65°	72° 5'	Sun..	75°	52°	64°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 14, 1880.

MISSION OF MINISTERS.

The country was one day startled by an excited announcement of the leading Opposition organ in Toronto, based, it is true, upon somewhat curious statements put forth by its city Ministerial contemporary, that the Ministers in England had failed in their mission. But men's minds the next day were calmed by an authorized contradiction from the leading Ministerial organ in this city. There has not, in fact, been sufficient time to afford room for definite announcements of either success or failure; and it curiously happened that the columns of the paper which contained the jeremiad were the very next morning furnished with a special despatch, by cable, from its London correspondent, to the effect that Sir JOHN MACDONALD was to stay for yet another month in London. The inference from this is that success rather than failure may be expected.

These columns have been strictly preserved from the advocacy of any party interests, under any Government whatever, and, therefore, we may the more freely refer to discussions on this question, having for object to promote party success, which are in the last degree damaging to the best interests of Canada. It seems almost elementary to state that the Government of this country, whatever party may for the time be in power, is charged with the interests of the whole Dominion, and, in the absence of any evidence, to broadly insinuate that the men charged with the duty of administration are actuated by the most grossly corrupt motives, is not calculated to make this country respectable in the eyes of people abroad, or even in those of its own people. Such tactics are, therefore, damaging to the public credit.

As to the references to what is called the "Pacific Scandal," whatever may be said of that, it has never been pretended that Sir JOHN MACDONALD personally profited by it; and it is certain that he left office a very poor man, in the face of the fact that if he had been a dishonest one he had great opportunity to enrich himself, while, on the other hand, it is certain that the glimpse afforded of the election tactics of the opposite party by

the publication of what is known as the "Big Push" letter, exposed proceedings which were quite as gross and immoral as any ever charged in connection with the Pacific Scandal. We do not think, then, that the average virtue of one party is greater than that of another, and the affection that it is, by leaders and oracles, while they turn up the whites of their eyes in attestation of their purity, only exposes them to the more disgusting charge of hypocrisy.

We were glad to notice that the leading Opposition organ in this city had the manliness to proclaim its belief that the undertaking of the Pacific Railway by a public Company was to be desired in the best interests of the country. We have already shown that the talk about the "fastening of land monopolies," and of "locking up vast tracts of land," to the exclusion of settlement, will not bear the touch of criticism, in the face of the fact that such Companies in the Western United States have proved to be the most successful colonizers which the world has ever seen. They can, and do, operate with far more efficiency, and they look after their business better and more continuously than is possible for any party and changeable Government. Not only their profits, but their very existence depends upon success, therefore, their commercial instincts lead them to adopt the methods which will be successful, while they are free from such disgraceful and damaging attacks as those to which we are now referring, and which, whatever may be the faults of our neighbours across the frontier, one does not see in their newspapers.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

We publish a cartoon to-day relative to immigration from Europe to Canada. This has been a favourite subject of ours since the opening of navigation, under the impression, which is every day more forcibly brought home to us, that no subject can possibly be of more direct interest to the future welfare of the country. Of what possible use can our Pacific Railway and our other public works prove to be unless we have an increment of population to profit by them? And whence do we expect to get that increment except from foreign immigration? Natural reproduction, however luxuriant in the French parishes of Quebec, cannot supply the want of the country in this respect.

What makes the subject more interesting is the fact of the extraordinary influx of immigrants into the United States from early spring to the present time. As we have had already occasion to state, the American bureau calculates upon a total of 500,000 during the present season, which is an immense figure, surpassing anything that has preceded it. We have no means of knowing from anything like official sources, what our proportion of such an exodus may be, although we have declared that we should be perfectly content with an increase of 30,000. One solitary paper, Ministerial in tone, but, perhaps, not Ministerial in inspiration, has put the figures down as high as 50,000 to 60,000. That were a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Of course it is an exaggeration, but, perhaps, the Department, through its well-known accredited organs, might give us a gleam of information in this respect, just as the Finance and Customs and Inland Revenue Departments do, through the *Canada Gazette* every month. The former knowledge is just as important and interesting as the latter.

On our front page will be found a sketch representing the allegorical figure of Canada welcoming a number of immigrants, who have come to stay in the different Provinces of the Dominion, instead of passing onward, as has been so often the case, into the United States. Within the past ten days no less than three steamers have arrived, laden with immigrants, and the most of them, if we are to believe the despatches, had shipped for Canada, especially the North-West, and

were making direct route in that direction. This is very encouraging, indeed, and we may hope that the example thus set will be steadily followed. If English farmers, who are unable to maintain themselves and families at home, will only look to their own interests, they will avail themselves of the advantages which the Dominion Government gives them for emigration. In this western world, which is only a few days' sail from "home," they will find British laws, British institutions, British customs, and, over and above, free homestead rights, equality in all relations, and the widest career open to talent, thought, and enterprise, unhampered by any details of rank and station. There are no limits to the capabilities of this immigration scheme, and we trust the Ottawa authorities will be equal to the occasion.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE EMBANKMENT AT QUEBEC.

On the 29th July, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise having been pleased to consent to the immense pier or embankment at Quebec being named after her, proceeded to lay the tablet stone before her departure for England. The preparations were upon an elaborate scale. A very handsome dais, with a canopy, surmounted by a crown, was erected upon the embankment; streamers of flags of all nations, with the royal ensign as the central flag, were tastefully draped from above the canopy; in front, a floating scow platform was fastened to the pier, which was carpeted, and stairs draped with red bunting and carpet, led to the pier itself. Invitations had been issued very generally to citizens and to American guests who happened to be at the hotels, who embarked on steamers at the Grand Trunk wharf at half-past nine o'clock. The Montreal Harbour Commissioners' steamer, the *John Young*, was used for the Harbour Commissioners and their more specially invited guests, among whom were Messrs. Andrew Robertson, (Chairman,) Hulon and Rolland, with Mr. Whitney, Secretary, representing the Harbour Trust, and Messrs. F. W. Henshaw, (President,) and John Kerry, J. Boivin and Thomas White, M.P., representing the Board of Trade of Montreal. A large number of citizens of Quebec were on board, including his Lordship Bishop Williams, Col. Forsyth, Messrs. Owen Murphy, R. R. Dobell, Porteous, of the Bank of Montreal; Brousseau, Mayor of Quebec; Patton, White, Macpherson, &c., &c., with their ladies. The guard of honour was furnished by A Battery, whose band was also present. The *John Young* left the Grand Trunk wharf at half-past nine, landing her passengers on the new pier, the splendid solid masonry of which was the theme of general remark and admiration. At a little after ten the *Druid* approached with His Excellency the Governor-General, H.R.H. the Princess Louise and their attendants. She was followed by the other steamers, crowded with guests, whose privilege it was to view the proceedings only from a respectful distance. The *Druid* having been made fast, and the carpeted gangway placed, the vice-regal party proceeded to the dais, when an appropriate address was read by Mr. Valin, the Chairman of the Quebec Harbour Trust, the reply being read by His Excellency. The party then descended to the scow platform, where Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise spread the cement under the tablet stone, which bore her name,

"1880. LOUISE. 1880."

in large letters. The stone was then lowered into its place, the Princess gave it two taps with the gavel, and the work was done. Hearty cheers greeted the act, and again when their Excellencies re-embarked on board the *Druid* they were loudly cheered. The Harbour Commissioners with their guests then embarked on the *John Young* and steamed down the harbour to view the graving dock now in progress. It is a massive piece of work, and when completed, which it will be in two years, as is anticipated, it will prove of immense importance, not only to Quebec but to the trade of the St. Lawrence generally.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DROWNED.—Dr. Turcotte, dentist, drove his horse and buggy into the river at Hochelaga, last Wednesday, for the purpose of washing the vehicle, but, getting out of his depth, both horse and driver were drowned. The doctor's body was recovered.

A LONG SWIM.—John Williams, the Maltese swimmer, of Montreal, last Saturday made a great effort. At four o'clock he entered the water at Laprairie and swam down to Montreal. It was intended that he should land at the city, but yesterday it was arranged for him to swim into the basin of the Montreal Swimming Club on St. Helen's Island, and he covered the distance of 9 miles in two hours and a few minutes. A purse was immediately got up for the plucky fellow.

TOO MUCH MAST.—The yacht "Neva," of the Montreal Club, upset last week for the third time this year, opposite Longueuil. There were

five persons on board at the moment. It seems that the yacht was lying becalmed with her sail set just before the squall, which came on about three o'clock. The wind suddenly caught the sails and turned the boat over, spilling the occupants, two of whom were ladies, into the water. They all, however, succeeded in climbing on the upper part of the yacht, which was lying broadside in the water, and holding on until boats from shore took them off. As stated, this is the third upset for the "Neva," the cause probably being a new mast, much larger than the old one, which was put into her about six weeks ago.

EXCURSION OF THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.—With the exception of Toronto, which is always to the fore in athletic sports, Montreal, we believe, is the first city in Canada boasting a Bicycle Club. Although the membership is not numerous as yet, the club being still in its infancy, there is much skill and activity displayed by those composing it. They have frequent rides, both upon their own grounds and in the country. Saturday before last was distinguished by an excursion to the beautiful village of Terrebonne, about 15 miles from the city. The run was accomplished in 2½ hours, and the return in nearly the same time. This is a good record and will go far toward encouraging the members in prosecuting the objects of their association.

INTERNATIONAL LACROSSE MATCH.—The Independent team, of Montreal, left for Boston Tuesday last to play the Union team the next day. Wednesday it rained and the match had to be postponed till Thursday. There was a large crowd on the Common to witness the crossing of the sticks. Although the Independents were under a disadvantage through Aird, Heelan and Todd, three of their players, having had to return home the night previous, the match was a close one and only taken by the Unions after some vigorous playing. Summerhayes, Hubble, Crosby and McDonald, late of this city, played in the Union team, and proved a great acquisition to it. Had it not been for these last named players, and had the Independents had their full team it is probable the match might have resulted differently. The Montrealers left Boston for Newport, R. I., where they again crossed sticks with an American team, and returned to the city the next day.

A MASKINONGE CAPTURED.—Mr. James T. Roy, of this city, had an exciting time of it lately while trolling opposite Laprairie. He had trolled for some time in vain in the shallows opposite that village, when he determined to change his ground, and accordingly moved up the river a piece and put out his spoons below the rapids. Shortly afterwards he felt a strong steady strain upon the line which suddenly ended in a series of thrilling tugs and quivers betokening that some big fish had been hooked. Mr. Roy pulled in hand over hand for a time, but the depth at which the fish ran and the great weight upon the line made him aware that it would be next to impossible to get his capture safe on board. He did not attempt, therefore, to bring the fish to the surface, but ordered the boatman to make his way quietly towards shore. For a while the fish followed sullenly, but unexpectedly woke up to the exigency of the case and commenced a series of gymnastics which would have done credit to a salmon. In one of its counter-marches it rose fairly into the air, and for the first time Mr. Roy became aware that he had a fine maskinonge in hand. The efforts of the big fish after a while ceased as it became exhausted, and Mr. Roy landed it safely when the shore was reached. Subsequent examination showed it to be a maskinonge 39 inches in length and weighing 12½ pounds.

MR. TOM TAYLOR.—Mr. Tom Taylor, who had for several weeks been suffering from a severe attack of suppressed gout, died on the 12th ult. The deceased gentleman, who was born in 1817, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1845. For two years he was Professor of English literature at University College, London. Abandoning the legal profession, he took to literature, writing for the *Morning Chronicle* and *Daily News*. He was also one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*, of which he was appointed editor on the death of Mr. Shirley Brooks. Mr. Tom Taylor's reputation, however, is chiefly based upon his dramatic works, of which he produced more than a hundred, most of which are well known from frequent performance upon the stage. Among the most popular of his dramas may be mentioned "Still Waters Run Deep," "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and "The Overland Route." One of his last and most successful pieces was "Lady Clancarty." Mr. Taylor was also well known as an art critic. In 1850 Mr. Taylor was appointed assistant-secretary of the Board of Health, of which he subsequently became secretary. He retained a departmental secretaryship when the duties of the Board were transferred to the Home Office, and retired on a pension on the formation of the Local Government Board in 1872.

FRENCH NATIONAL REPUBLICAN FETE.—The French Republic was definitively established July 14, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille in 1789, and of the "Feast of Federation" in 1790, and henceforth the day of the grand National Festival, instead of August 15, the birthday of Napoleon I., which was celebrated under the Empire. On the 14th ult., accordingly, there was a grand military parade at Longueuil, adjoining the Bois de Boulogne, before M. Grévy, President of the Republic, accom-

panied by M. Leon Say, President of the Senate, M. Gambetta, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and M. Freycinet, President of the Council of Ministers. These four gentlemen, the highest officers of State in the French Republic, occupied the centre of a grand pavilion, with the members of the Senate on one hand, and those of the Chamber on the other. The troops, having first saluted the President, were inspected by General Farre, Minister of War, accompanied by his staff and by the military attachés of the foreign Ambassadors. The President had then to distribute several hundred regimental flags and standards. Each of the regiments was represented by the officer in command, one captain, the ensign, one non-commissioned officer, one corporal or brigadier, and three privates. The colonel and ensign of each regiment mounted the stand. M. Grévy made a bow as an aide-de-camp handed the flag to the ensign, who handed it to the colonel. The colonel, after saluting the President, returned the flag to the ensign, and both then made way for the colonel and ensign of the next regiment. The flags and standards were ornamentally embroidered, and each bore the device of the regiment or the names of the battles in which it had distinguished itself. The ceremony did not occupy much more than half an hour, the guns of Mount Valerien firing meanwhile every half-minute, and the bands playing different airs. There was a march past of all the troops belonging to the Paris garrison, and all was over at three o'clock. The illuminations and display of fireworks in the evening, at different places in Paris, were as beautiful as was expected.

A MERITED TESTIMONIAL.

That genuine merit will never remain long unrewarded, and that a grateful public will sooner or later recognize the services of an able and faithful servant, was demonstrated a few days ago by the magnificent illuminated address and the valuable silver coffee and tea sets presented to Mr. Wm. Weir, of this city, in consideration of his eminently skilful and successful labours in the elimination of American silver from Canada, some seven or eight years ago. A distinguished company assembled to do honour to the occasion, and most appropriate speeches were made by Mr. M. P. Ryan, M.P., Chairman, Sir Francis Hincks and others. The reply of Mr. Weir was a masterly exposition of the whole trying circumstances under which he acted. The expulsion of American silver will remain one of the holdest and wisest financial events of our generation, and the main credit, therefore, must go to Mr. Weir who took the initiative, and to Sir Francis Hincks, who in his capacity as Finance Minister, appreciated his course and forcibly seconded it.

NEW AND USEFUL.

We have received from the Automatic Shading Pen Company a sample set of their pens, designed for lettering of all kinds, and adapted to the use of bookkeepers, artists, markers, draughtsmen, clerks and penmen generally. Fine and wide strokes can be made from a hair line to a quarter of an inch in width. Send one dollar for a set to the Automatic Shading Pen Company, Hamilton, Ont.

A THEATRICAL CONTRACT.

A clever writer thus dishes up the difficulty between Modjeska and Harry Sargent, her former manager.

Sargent has published his version of his trouble with Modjeska. Briefly told, it is that having made a hit in London, she declined to return to this country and play the engagements he has made for her, as she is bound by contract to do. Therefore, he has sent Mr. Scallon and a lawyer to London to persuade or coerce her. Mme. Modjeska's story is somewhat different. She says Mr. Sargent left her in Europe, having failed to procure her a London engagement; that she went to London, secured an engagement through her friends. Without Mr. Sargent's knowledge or assistance, and by her own efforts, and supported meanwhile by her own funds, she has worked it up to a success. Therefore, she considers her agreement with Mr. Sargent at an end, believing that, by leaving her, by failing to get her an engagement, and by withholding any payment for her services while she was playing at a loss she has broken the contract. This is a legal question into which we shall not enter. It all depends upon the contract, which Sargent declares to be iron-bound, rock-ribbed, copper-bottomed, nickel-plated, divided into lawyer-tight compartments, armed with steel guns in patent turrets, signed by Modjeska, her husband, her son and all her family, in five different languages, witnessed before the consuls of every earthly nation, registered at the patent office, copyrighted in all the countries and warranted to hold water anywhere under the sun, regardless of age, color, or previous condition of servitude. This contract was drawn in the glorious climate of California, and is as big as a giant cedar, as strong as a grizzly bear, as grand as the Yosemite Valley, as good as gold and calculated to paralyze the lord chancellor of England if that functionary ever casts his eagle eye upon it. If this be correct, Sargent is all right, and Modjeska will have to come back to this country, or be sent, in irons, to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat. But Modjeska thinks it is not correct. She says: "I have sign with

Monsieur Sargent a little paper,"—she calls it a little paper (—"he have torn it across and left me to myself. *Voilà!* I am free!" That remains to be seen. We have stated both sides of the case dispassionately, and may Heaven defend the right.

AN INEBRIATE ASYLUM FOR WOMEN.

A liberal subscription has been started, and \$50,000 raised already towards the construction, at Wilton, Conn., (where a good-sized farm has already been set apart for the purpose) of an inebriate asylum for women. Melancholy as the fact seems it nevertheless is a fact that there is a largely increasing class of women in this country who not only intoxicate themselves habitually on opium, but a portion of whom indulge to excess in spirituous liquors also. There have been recently a number of distressing cases of exposure of ladies guilty of these humiliating vices, and it is probable that a good many families of well-to-do people have skeletons of this sort in their closets. The proposed asylum is to meet just such cases; to furnish a respectable, secluded retreat where a woman of good connections and otherwise decent conduct may have a chance to break off from the habit which most demoralizes her sex and is most unworthy of it. Among the subscribers to the proposed new asylum are the President, Vice-President and all the Cabinet, together with the chief officers of all the departments, thirty-five Governors and ex-Governors of States, and no end of judges, professors, leading lawyers and eminent physicians. The enterprise seems to be conducted under excellent auspices, and it ought to succeed.

HEARTH AND HOME.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH TO KEEP IT HOLY.—For a number of years a flour-mill was worked seven days in a week. In making a change of superintendents, it was ordered that the works should be stopped at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and to start none of them till one o'clock on Monday morning. The same men during the year ground many thousands of bushels more than had ever been ground in a single year in that establishment; and the men, having time for rest and Sabbath duties, were more healthy, punctual, and diligent.

HOME FIRST.—The excellent Mr. Finley, of Edinburgh, spoke habitually of death as only a step which would take him into his father's house. His conversation was truly in heaven. In one of his many errands of mercy, he called on a young girl sinking in a decline. Looking on her wan face, he took her hand, and said with a smile:—"Well, my dear, you're afore me. You're only nineteen, an' you're almost across the river; a step or two more, and ye'll stand on theither side. I'm almost seventy, an' maybe I'll have some hard steps afore I'll hear it's ripple. O, lassie, this is a sweet day for you. You'll get home first."

A HINT FOR THE GIRLS.—A wood engraver, being asked why he did not employ women, replied, "I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is, that when a young man comes to me and begins his work, he feels that it is his life's business. He is to cut his fortune out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness, are all to be carved out by his own hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labour, determined to master it, and with every insinuation spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by and by, and then she must give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that all her happiness depends on it. She will marry and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so, but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

"LOOKING FORWARD" AND "LOOKING BACK."—The ministry to minds diseased is a distinctly medical function, and there is a "preventive" aspect of medical psychology not less important than the personal hygiene of the physical life. Nearly all the mental troubles that do not directly spring from disease—some of which may be reflexly the cause of physical changes in the cerebral and nerve structures they maltreat—are distinctly traceable to the effect of morbid imagining and nearly all the disorderly mental processes of this class consist in unwisely "looking forward" or "looking back." Hope feeds on the future, and despair is poisoned by the dread of it. The misery of regret and disappointment is a creature of the past. The secret of health of mind and moral integrity consists in taking so firm a footing in the present that the mental equilibrium may not be easily disturbed. There is no need to ignore the lessons of the past, or to disregard the objects and obligations of the future, but it should not be forgotten that human life, with its opportunities, its duties, and its responsibilities, is an affair of now. We are led to offer this caution and recall the facts to memory because medical science has something to answer for in making men and women miserable by the discovery of incipient disease, which, if simply unrecognized, might in many respects have been harmless. The mental aspects of clinical practice are, we fear, too often left out of the count.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, August 2.—General Skobeloff has been heavily reinforced, and is advancing towards Merv. The second deposit of £50 each from Hanlan and Trickett has been paid over to the Sportsman.—Returns so far received from the Councils General elections in France show a large gain for the Republicans.—The Marquis of Hartington announced in the House of Commons yesterday the decision of the Government to recall Sir Bartle Frere.—Lord Claude Hamilton, eldest son of the Duke of Abercorn, is the Conservative candidate for the seat in the House of Commons for Liverpool.—A London cable says it is believed that Sir Garnet Wolseley will sail for India on Friday, with a special commission deputing him to settle affairs in Afghanistan, and that he will succeed Sir Frederick Halnes as Commander-in-Chief in India.

TUESDAY, August 3.—Admiral Cete, Commander-in-Chief on the China Station, states his inability to send any vessels to the East Indies, his squadron, compared with that of Russia and other Powers in Chinese waters, being utterly inadequate to maintain British supremacy there.—A despatch received in Bombay from Candahar, says that General Burrows was the aggressor in the Helmund disaster. The British loss is placed at 20 officers, 400 Europeans and 200 natives killed and missing. Candahar has been prepared for a siege. General Phayre has occupied the head of the Khotak Pass.—Despatches from Simla bring news of a reported rising at Cabul. There appears to be some reason, too, to doubt the good faith of the new Ameer, Abdul Rahman, and to fear that he is open to a compromise with Ayoub Khan. A consultation was held in the British camp on Sunday, at which Abdul Rahman declined to be present.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—Mehat Pasha has been appointed Governor of Smyrna.—Twenty-four hundred cotton operatives are locked out at Rochdale.—Mr. Gladstone's health is mending, though he is suffering from weakness.—The Porte has undertaken to settle the Montenegrin question inside of three weeks.—The compensation for disturbances in Ireland bill was defeated in the House of Lords by a vote of 122 to 51.—Herr Hasselmann, a noted Socialist Deputy of the German Reichstag, has left suddenly for America, leaving behind him a large number of unpaid debts.—Mr. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, stated in the House of Commons yesterday that the question of stowage of grain cargoes would be referred to the merchant shipping committee.—General Roberts, with three regiments of British infantry and one of cavalry, leaves Cabul for Candahar on Sunday. A new brigade, consisting of a British infantry regiment and two native regiments, has been despatched to Southern Afghanistan. After General Roberts' departure Cabul will be abandoned by the British, in view of the heavy expenditure incurred in holding the place, and the possibility of future complications.

THURSDAY, August 5.—Mobilization of the Greek army has been ordered.—Disastrous floods have occurred in the Mahren district in Hungary.—The Porte has agreed to the cession of Deligrado to the Montenegrins.—The House of Commons last night rejected a motion to reconstruct the Irish Land Commission of 1875.—Ayoub Khan's losses in the Helmund battle are thought to have been heavier than at first supposed, and the chances are small of his attacking Candahar.

FRIDAY, August 6.—At Dijon, St. Etienne and Avignon the Jesuits have announced the reopening of their colleges after the vacation.—Colonel Williams, in command of the Canadian Wimbledon team will embark at Liverpool on board the Alban mail steamer with the men under his command, on the 10th inst.—Lord Northbrook, on a further application, has refused positively, on behalf of the Government, to aid in any way, or countenance the proposed Arctic expedition under Commander Cheyne.—The concession for the proposed works on the proposed tunnel beneath the Channel between England and France, granted for five years in 1873, has been renewed by the French Government for three years.—It is reported that the announcement that the Jesuits in France intend to reopen their colleges is a challenge which the Government will meet by repealing the law of 1875, which *La République Française* declares rendered the surveillance of the Jesuits illusory, gave the superior instruction into their hands, and encouraged a faction hostile to the nation.

SATURDAY, August 7.—Dr. Tanner's fasting feat was satisfactorily accomplished at noon to-day.—A murderous attack is announced on Mr. Boyd, a Crown Solicitor, and his two sons, at New Ross, Ireland. One of the sons was murdered.—Sir John A. Macdonald and other Canadian Ministers in London were harangued by the Fishmonger's Company.—The Marquis de St. Vallier has resigned his mission to Berlin on the score of ill-health.—A riot took place at Armagh between some Protestants and Catholics, excursions.—A Roumanian contract for 1,000,000 loaded carriages has been secured by a Birmingham house.—The floods in Silesia have done irreparable damage.

DR. TANNER.—It has been more than hinted that the fasting doctor has been surreptitiously supplied with small quantities of Johnston's Fluid Beef. This might certainly solve the riddle of his existence, but we have no reason to believe there are grounds for the assertion.

A NEW DIRECTORY.—We have received the prospectus of the Manitoba Municipalities Directory which will be issued immediately after the completion of the assessment of the Provincial Municipalities, now being made. It will be an Alphabetical Directory of all residents in Manitoba, excepting cities and incorporated towns. The book will contain a full list of the councillors and officers in each municipality, giving the total of assessors' returns in each. Also the number of churches, schools, etc. It will contain about 300 pages, bound and finished in first-class style. No effort or expense will be spared to make it complete and reliable. An Advertiser's and Subscriber's Classified Business Directory will also be added, giving the name and address of every subscriber or advertiser, under the business heading in which they are engaged. Address all orders "Winnipeg Directory Company," Drawer 13, Winnipeg. JAS. HENDERSON, Manager.

THE third annual fall meeting of the American Athletic Club will be held on the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds, 5th Avenue, 56th and 57th streets, N.Y., Saturday, September 4th, 1880, at 3 p.m. The following events are open to all amateurs:—100 yards run; handicap.

320 yards run; scratch. One-half mile run; handicap. One mile run; handicap. Four hundred and forty yards hurdle race; handicap. Hurdles 2 ft. 6 in. high. One mile walk; handicap. Four hundred and forty yards medley race. Divided as follows: (1st. 120 yards hurdle race. Hurdles 2 ft. 6 in. high. 2nd. 200 yards walk. 3rd. 120 yards run.) Three mile walk. For those who have never beaten 24 minutes. Tug of war. Teams of four men, 120 lbs. and under, in uniform. One substitute allowed. Gold medals to first and silver to second and third in each event, and in tug of war, gold medals to each member of the winning team. Entrance fee 50 cents for each event. Tug of war teams \$2.00. Medals will be on exhibition on and after August 15th, at 241 Broadway. The right to reject any entry is reserved. The rules of N.A.A.A.A. will govern all contests. Entries close August 8th, with Secretary American Athletic Club, P. O. Box 2930, New York City.

HUMOROUS.

WHERE is the man who is going 40 days without a drink?

THE man who can live on himself, like Dr. Tanner, needs no rich relations.

AN Iowa woman has invented a spankaphone. It works well, but only at short range.

DR. TANNER may succeed in his present feat, and doubtless will, but did he ever undertake to live forty days in a boarding-house?

IT is said the bottle kills fifty persons where the sun kills one. This is because the bottle has a chance day and night, while the sun gets its work in only during the day.

THE man who loafs his time away around a one horse grocery while his wife takes in washing to support him can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance its prosperity.

THERE is a spasmodic newspaper published in Maine which has got to be tri-weekly. It comes out one week and tries to come out the next.

THE feelings of a small boy can be better imagined than described after the said small boy has spent half an hour under a gospel-test to find that it is not a circus.

A NORTH Carolina man will work four hours to cut down a tree that a cow is in, but nothing would induce him to split enough wood to cook the copper with. The latter proceeding is a report.

"WHAT did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way and make other people do the same," was the reply.

A NEBRASKA Indian contrived to swallow a lot of dynamite, and now he can stand around the corners and call a white man anything he chooses without being kicked for his insolence. They're shy of jarring him, even.

SEVEN Leavenworth doctors gathered around a man who fell on the walk. Four called it a case of sunstroke, and the other three said it was a fit. Along came a small boy and proved that it was banana peel.

HISTORY records as a remarkable fact that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. He was a man who had perfect confidence in the fire department and tubococ extinguishers, and could not do better than fiddle.

SOME people are affected differently by different effects from what other people who are not affected similarly by an agency that is like unto the same kind of an agent bearing proportion to the first cause.

A SHREWD little fellow lived with an uncle, who barely afforded him the necessities of life. One day the two were out walking together and saw a very thin greyhound, and the man asked his nephew what made the dog so poor. "I expect he lives with his uncle," said the boy.

WHAT'S the matter with the aged people of our country? They seem to be in an abnormal state of repose. There has been no mention made for nearly two weeks of any party aged 13 who saws four or five cords of wood before breakfast, and then walks twenty miles before dinner.

THE other day a Louisville *Courier-Journal* man was thus accosted by a fellow-sufferer: The weather calls to mind the witty paragraph about Nero, who, when he saw one of his victims burning, had better taste, it is said, than to go up to him and say: "Is it hot enough for you, old fellow?"

THE best shot among the railroad fraternity is General Passenger Agent Mecker of the New York Central; the best carsman and member of a reading club is the general passenger agent of the Canada Southern. The best baggage smashers are to be found on the great trunk lines.

"I can't tell ye for the life of me," said an old farmer at the White Mountains to a party of city visitors the other day, "what you fellers see up here to draw ye. For my part, these all-fired hills have been the worst things we've had to contend with. Still, it's all right if you like it; we're glad to see ye; only it's mighty funny."

YOUNG GEO. D.—having importuned his father for a horse, the indulgent parent presented him with the ancient steed which for years had carried him about the city streets. A few days after the affectionate son interviewed his father and renewed his request, saying: "Father, can't you give me a horse a little nearer my own age that would be more of a companion for me?"

BEFORE the recent consecration in England of Canon Ryle, a protest was handed in to the archbishop, on the ground that a bishop must be the husband of one wife, whereas Dr. Ryle had been married more than once. It will be remembered that Bishop Whittingham, of Baltimore, refused to assist at the consecration of Bishop Dudley who had been twice married.

THE crown of William Penn's hat, which is to adorn his thirty-six foot statue surmounting the lofty tower of the new Philadelphia public buildings, will be just five hundred and thirty-five feet from the pavement. The highest towers which have yet been constructed are those of the Cologne cathedral, which have at present a height of five hundred and twenty-four feet eleven inches.



1. Albanian Raiders.

2. A Montenegrin Captain.

3. Austrian Provision Column.



4. A Montenegrin and his Wife on the Road to Ragusa.



5. Austrian Mountain Artillery.



6. Austrian Chasseur Patrol.



7. A Bosnian.

THE ALBANIAN WAR.—SCENES AND TRAITS OF ALBANIA.



INCIDENTS AT WIMBLEDON.

ITER BIARRITZIANUM.

Och, ye Muses all ten,
Come, inspire now me pen—
It's meself O'm countin' as one of ye;
For elsewise O' noone
Ye would still be but noise,
Ev'ry swate mother's faymale son of ye.

O! am fain to write down,
And to thus give renown,
To each township 'twixt Calais and Dover;
Yit, bedad, whow should O!
To describe that route try,
As it wasn't that way we crossed over?

Though O!d much hoped to dip
Me thumb dape down, and sip
Draughts o' poetry in strames of Castalia;
But O!d whisper to you
Whoy that plan wouldn't do—
They were droyed up, loike thim in Australla.

'Twas at Folkestone's bright bay
That we put out to say—
If there's no bay there, whoy are ye troblin'?
Are not rhyme, war, and love
All dull facts far above?
And besides, there's a foine bay at Doblin.

They say it was liquid,
And also was thick wid
What a mixtur of verdure and sheen looks;
And sez O!, The Saxon
Thim waves will lay tax on
For their trayson in "wearin' the green" looks.

Not that wasn't quite all;
For some men I recall
(As quarre bastes take tints loike things surroundin'),
Who had dared to ashume
A thick veil of green gloom,
Loike the waves that beneath thim were boundin'.

Now, whoist one floys down-athairs,
And one at the say glares,
And one lays wholter cheeks on wholte pillows,
On deck, 'nath tarpanlin',
Me mother—the darlin'!
Loike Bri annia, derided the billows.

At the last here's Bull join—
Well, yit, that accent's moine;
Bot Bull lone, ev' ye prize, take yer choice, sorr;
If ye think both ways wrong,
Be all manes say Bull long—
Still, don't stare at me in such fierce voice, sorr!

Whats'er it's name,
O!d be bigly to blame
Its douaniers were O! to flather;
For they proved our sore bane,
And they lost us our train
By long arguments on a small matter.

Well, at Par's that noight O!
Found two soft beds hard by
The big Shamming-a-Fairy due Nor, sorr;
Both o'ane, toiy, and throy,
Where sound slaps we enjoy,
And in bed who on airth would want more, sorr!

O! couldn't help thinkin',
Before to slape sinkin',
Ask Briton or Prussian or Rayrisch man,
That on one point with me
One and all will agree—
The ex-President is an Irishman!

In the owld streets of Cork
Brave MacMahon lart to walk—
O! spake facts now, 'tween't me fancy stirs—
And full well I recall
Games at marble and ball
My boys and girls played with his ancestors.

We next day reached Orleans
By the vapour machines;
And ate—if my mem'ry errs, pardon her—
An ovid hen, mighty laue,
Some shoe-flo'rs at the Quane,
And bafe at the wolfe of the gardener.

The cathedral we saw,
Jeanne Darc's statue on hor-
seback, and loikewise Agnes Sorel's;
Then to Poitiers went,
Where our thourghs bent backwards bent
Unto one not the laste of big quarrels.

In that charmin' ould town,
If they'er put ye down,
At th' Hotel de France put yerself op, sorr;
Where the landlady dear
Will, with wolme and good cheer,
And good cheerfulness, fill op yer oop, sorr.

Wrote O! Bædicker in,
O! would say Deck ber inn
With three stars, and "anfmerksame Wirthin."
'Praps ye're thinkin' O!m paid
For these notes that O!ve made;
Bot O!d ne'er crack op koid hearts for mere tin.

At the Quatr' Sœurs, Bordeaux,
Sich another O! know;
Yis, indade, she moight pass for her brother,
If his mother had been—
If their father, O! mean,
Had not both been the sex of no other.

If ye're passin' that way,
Stop, as we did. The quay,
Churches, bridges, streets, make a foine city;
And the Quincoence, where play
Children all thro' the day;
And, belave me, the colleens are pretty.

To the town of Bayonne
We the morrow push on;
Thence drive here, and me brother outseek we;
Hip Hurrah! here he is,
And, as ovid Horace sez,
Here's my "Finis chafiseque visque."

PATRICK O'SQORKS.

ON the occasion of the centenary of Voltaire, Victor Hugo was driven to the Gaité Theatre by a coachman who obstinately refused to take the poet's money. "No, Monsieur Hugo, I will not take your money! The honour of driving you is enough for me!" Victor Hugo insisted, and forced the coachman to accept twenty francs. Then, whipping his horse, he drove up to the *Rappel* office and gave the twenty francs to the subscription for the political prisoners in New Caledonia. The following day, in the list there figured the following: "Charles More, Cocher, prix d'une course payée par M. Victor Hugo, twenty francs."

PROSE AND POETRY.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

By the author of "Lazy Dick."

CHAPTER V.

THE SEA-KING'S CAVE.

"What are you going to do this winter now that navigation is closed?" asked the Lieutenant of his nephew the next morning.

"Take the command of a ship to the Bermudas," he answered. "The Company gave me my choice, either that port or to work in the Marine Office all the winter, and I preferred the former."

"I should have thought you would have had enough of it in the summer," his uncle remarked.

"Oh, I was meant for a roving life," he answered, and, catching Millie's eye, smiled brightly, and no one knew what self-denial the effort cost him.

"You ought to have finished your grotto by this time, Millie," Sylvia said at this moment.

"I shall have to wait till next spring now," replied her sister.

"I don't see why."

"Because I'm bent upon having some shells from the Sea-King's Cave, and it's too late to go there this year."

"Why?" It was Morton who asked the question this time.

"It is two or three miles down the gulf," Millie explained, "and we always go to it by water; the cliffs are too high to reach it in any other way; but it is bitterly cold on the water now, besides, the high tides are another drawback."

Millie went away after this to see about some household duties, and when she returned, a long time afterwards, she found Sylvia sitting at her fancy-work alone.

"Why, where's papa and our cousin, Syl.?"

"Papa's gone to the village, and Marcus went out in the large boat just now, I do believe to get some of those stupid shells you made such a fuss about."

Millie went out of the room very pale.

"Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish we could be like the old happy friends we used to be before he knew Sylvia," she said to herself with a great sobbing sigh.

Poor Morton, you see, was in the awkward position of a man who is in love with one girl and appears to be with another.

At dinner the Captain did not make his appearance.

"He has gone a good deal farther than the Cave, I fancy," said the Lieutenant, and went out again as soon as the meal was over, telling his daughters not to wait tea for him, as it was not likely he should be home very early. The hours wore away and still Marcus did not come.

Sylvia betook herself to her room and lay on the bed reading a novel, but Millie was full of unreasoning fears, and wandered about restless and miserable. At five o'clock she went to the foot of the stairs and called out:

"Sylvia, don't wait tea for me either; I'm going out."

"That I can't, really, Millie," replied her sister, "for Marcus is sure to be dreadfully hungry when he comes back. You're going to the Rectory, I suppose; you'd better stay for tea there; Mrs. St. James is sure to ask you."

"Good-bye," cried Millie.

She had dressed herself more warmly than usual, and went down to the boat-house with a fixed purpose in her mind. She could manage a boat perfectly; no wonder, she had been used to them all her life. She got out the small boat, threw in two pair of sculls, an overcoat of her father's, and then pushed off. Something had happened to Morton, though what she could not, dared not imagine. Her intention was to go to the Sea-King's Cave to see if he were, or had been, there. With hard rowing she might reach it by sun-down, she calculated. It was a forlorn hope, certainly, but even fruitless action is less miserable than patient waiting; so Millie rowed on. Only the exertion kept her from freezing, she thought, she was so terribly cold.

It was a clear, bright evening, with a sharp frost. At last the sun set, dropping like a burning mountain into the sea; by-and-by the great red streaks in the sky grew paler and paler, and then vanished away, giving place to the clear, solemn twilight, and the sea stretched far and wide, a heaving mass of many-voiced waters; and little Millie rowed on, numbed with cold, but the Cave was in sight now.

But let us see what had become of the Captain.

As Sylvia had supposed, he had gone to the Cave to get the shells for Millie. "It is the first and last thing I shall ever give her," he said to himself in despair. Whilst there he became absorbed in his search, and wandered as far into the Cave as possible. When he returned a long time afterwards, he found he had neglected to secure the boat properly, and the tide coming in had washed it out to sea. The prospect was hardly a cheerful one.

"To be left till called for," seems to be the only course open," he said with grim horror, "but if no one takes the trouble to do it there'll be the dickens to pay."

No boat or vessel passed near enough for him to signal, and cold, tired, and hungry he grew

as the hours passed. As night came on he grew desperate.

"I think I'll have to swim for it!" he exclaimed, "but there's little chance of my ever reaching the shore alive."

He sat down and waited, feeling more solemn than he had ever felt in all his life before. He prayed, too, silently, first for Millie, and lastly for himself. How fast the darkness grew! All at once his practised ear caught a familiar sound—the dip of oars, and a shadow swept across the entrance of the Cave. It was Millie come to rescue him. She saw a dark figure coming towards her, and, pushing the boat upon the rocks, she sprang out. She could not just make out his face in the ghostly twilight.

"Marcus!" she said, in a strange, sobbing whisper, "are you safe? are you hurt?" and her hands were feeling him all over tremblingly, her eyes raised to his in an agonized inquiry. He put his arms about her suddenly.

"Millie, you have saved my life," he said, huskily.

"Are you hurt, Marcus? answer me," she entreated.

His own name, at last! How his heart leaped up at the sound!

"No, I am all right," he answered, still holding her; "but how did you come, Millie?" She told him in a few hurried words.

"You brave little woman!" he cried; "you have saved my life."

"Are you telling me the truth? are you sure you are not hurt?" she again reiterated, and even in the dim light he saw her frightened, anxious eyes. He could have laughed for joy.

"Quite—quite sure, my blessing. Come, let us have done with these miserable misunderstandings. Millie, I dare to hope you love me. You need not be told that I love you."

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Millie between a laugh and a sob.

"Then I'll keep telling you all my life long," he cried, with a true lover's ardour.

"I thought it was Sylvia," whispered Millie; "everybody likes her best."

"Sylvia!" he ejaculated in astonishment; and then a light broke in upon his mind. "So that's it, is it? that's why you've treated me so shabbily; and you don't care for Tom Graem after all?"

"Tom Graem!" most indignantly.

"Never mind!" our Captain cried in a tone of ringing gladness, and here—there, there, my good friends, taste compels me to stop; I really will not describe what followed. Of course, Millie was blushing when she got back into the boat, as, indeed, I should think she ought to be. The Captain absolutely refused to wear the Lieutenant's overcoat, but wrapped it round Millie with elaborate and unnecessary care, took up the oars, and away they shot at lightning speed.

"You may as well make a virtue of necessity and stop at the church, Millie," said this sly young man, who was as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove, too—God bless him! "They're certain to say we've eloped, and all protestations to the contrary will be quite useless."

"They won't believe anything of the kind," retorted Millie.

"I can only say that it looks uncommonly like it," replied the impertinent fellow. And it certainly did.

"Don't!" cried Millie so piteously that the Captain laughed outright.

"I shall ask your father for his consent and blessing before getting out of the boat, and if he refuses it then I won't land. There! Possession is nine points of the law, my wee woman," he said merrily. And then in the joy of his heart he broke into the "Pirate's Serenade," with a ring of gladness in his voice that found reflection in Millie's eyes.

The moon had risen ere they approached the village and was flooding land and sea with a pale glory. Higher still the stars were shining, larger and brighter than ever in the frosty sky. Over all lay a silence, not oppressive, but full of a profound peace. When they rowed beneath the cliff on which stood the Lieutenant's cottage, the Captain sprang out and drew up the boat upon the beach.

"Are you very cold, Millie?" he asked in an anxious tone, for the girl was shivering in spite of herself.

"Rather."

"Give me your hand and we'll run over the cliffs."

She did so, and away they went, hurrying up the steep ascent, the Captain lifting Millie over one or two rough places. At last they reached the top, Millie breathless, flushed, declaring she had never had such a scramble before, but warm and glowing once again to her companion's supreme satisfaction. As for the Captain, he was by no means flustered, but then, he remembered, he could climb like a cat. There was a light shining from the sitting-room as they went through the gate.

"They don't seem to have missed us," said Millie, feeling relieved; "of course papa has not returned yet, so Sylvia is not alarmed."

"Why should she be when we're so common-place," said that mischievous Marcus as they entered.

There was a warm fire by which Sylvia was seated, still buried in her novel. The tea-things had been removed long ago. She looked up with a start at the sound of her sister's voice.

"Oh, you've come back, Millie, with papa, I suppose. Where is Marcus?"

"Here, to answer for all his high crimes and misdemeanours," said the Captain, his old gay,

happy self again, as he came in. Sylvia's languor speedily departed, and her book was thrown aside.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty cousin! frightening me so with your long absence; where have you been?" she cried, with a pretty assumption of anxiety.

His eyes once opened, Marcus was not such a fool after all.

"Listen and you shall hear," he replied, and determined that from henceforth there should be nothing but plain sailing between Sylvia and himself, he told her everything.

"So you see this dear little heroine has saved my life," he concluded, as he drew Millie's hand within his own, and the look that passed between them at that moment was sufficient to show the state of affairs, even had there been no previous explanation.

And what said Sylvia the Fair? Did she rise up, and declaring herself a shamefully deceived and trusting woman, fling scorn upon their devoted heads and rush weeping from the room? Nothing of the kind, good people. What if there was rage in her heart, do you think she was the woman to let them know it? Not she. She merely sank back in her chair with a languid droop of her pretty eyes. Was she surprised? Well, yes, for really they might have confided in her; and Millie, with a little laugh, she really had been very, very sly; but of course people would make allowances for her. They were so happy. Well, she hoped it would be *always* so, she was sure. Then she pulled Millie down to her and gave her two or three unsatisfactory kisses, and "my deared" her her so sarcastically (if there be such a word) for the rest of the evening, that our small maiden very nearly lost her temper, and went to her bed with a wounded heart—for, mind you, when they got up to their own room, Sylvia's loves and darlings were left downstairs, every one of them; and if ever Millie had needed a scolding in her life she got it there and then. But, after all, what did it matter? A thousand bitter words could not drown that low song in Millie's heart, as she recalled her lover's parting words, heard by herself alone.

"Good-night, my precious little love, now I can look upward and thank God for to-morrow."

As for the Lieutenant, when he was informed of what had occurred, he was by no means displeased, and gave his consent readily enough, but even he seemed highly surprised, and asked Marcus twice over if he really meant Millie, and was quite sure he had made no mistake in the name; at which our Captain, who was quick to see the ridiculous side of anything, at first was inclined to laugh, but, comprehending in time the perilous position he had occupied, was thereby saved from the offensive action. First amongst those who were sincerely pleased was the Rector, in spite of his nephew's disappointment. Tom did not remain till Christmas after all, but went away the next week with a sore heart, poor fellow! not the first man, however, who has possibly lost a prize through neglecting an opportunity.

And Millie and Marcus were happy in spite of Sylvia, though there was no wedding till the following spring. The Captain went to the Bermudas, as in duty bound, and I know there isn't a man on board the *Viking* (the ship he commanded) who won't uphold me in the statement that there wasn't another Captain on the Royal Canadian Line half so popular as Marcus Morton. And no wonder either. The last time I saw him he was just the same bright, happy, fine-hearted fellow that it has been my privilege to know; a little over-conceited about his wife, perhaps, which at first rather astonished me, considering he had been married *five* years. But to be sure he was never like ordinary men. It was this weakness of his which made him take his wife upon all his summer voyages and go into the Company's office in the winter, when he resided in town.

And you are anxious to hear about Sylvia the Beautiful—eh? Well, she used to visit her sister, of course, and one winter picked up a rich widower. She ought to be happy, certainly, for she drives about in a fine carriage of her own, beautifully dressed, and considers herself quite a star in society. People so often envy her husband that it would appear he believes himself the most fortunate of men. So much the better then; only, good people, as I always speak the truth, though you mayn't believe me, the only thing I say when I am pressed to give an opinion is that, perhaps, it would be better for him if he were a widower again.

Prose and poetry; poetry and prose; so swings the great pendulum of time. Ah, me! what is the poetry of life? Sometimes it seemeth wholly pain. What is the poetry of life? for we know well enough what the prose is. Those "high hopes that rise like stars sublime!"—to go down again. Ah, well, what of that! Peace, anxious heart and busy brain; for when the stars set the morning comes. The morning of God, my friends.

THE END.

Montreal.

MAPLE-LEAF.

INDIGESTION.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

"SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDE."

Mr. Swinburne's passion for the sea is well known; in writing about it he is always at his best, and in this book it is clear, says the Athenaeum, that he has caught the very secrets which only Coleridge among other poets has caught before him.

Upon the flowery fore-front of the year, One was ering by the gray-green April sea Found on a reach of shingle and shallower sand

A babe asleep, with flower-soft face that gleamed To sun and seaward as it laughed and dreamed.

For when July strewed fire on earth and sea The last time ere that year, Out of the flame of morn Cymothoe Beheld one brighter than the sunbright sphere

He who found the child was an aged poet and hero; perhaps the initiated may recognize him. He fed the boy with— Food of deep memorial days long sped; For bread with wisdom and with song for wine Clear as the full calm's emerald hyaline.

High things the high song taught him; how the brow Too frail for life may be more strong than death; And this poor flash of sense in life, that gleams As a ghost's glory in dream,

One fairer thing he showed him, and in might More strong than day and night Whose strength build up time's towering period;

And love the high song taught him; love that turns God's heart toward man as man's to Godward; love That life and death and life are fashioned of,

And hate the song, too, taught him; hate of all That brings or holds in thrall Of spirit or flesh free-born ere God began,

And like sea-winds upon loud waters ran His days and dreams together, till the joy Buried in him of the boy.

Till the earth's great comfort and the sweet sea's breath Breathed and blew life in where was heartless death, Death spirit-stricken of a sick day, where strife Of thought and flesh made mood of death and life.

And grace returned upon him of his birth, Where heaven was mixed with heaven-like sea and ear, And song shot forth strong wings that took the sun From inward, fledged with night of sorrow and mirth

And father's fire made mortal in his son, Nor was not spirit of strength in blast and breeze To exalt again the sun's child and the sea's;

For as wild mares in the sunny grow great With child of ravishing winds, that violate Their leaping length of limb with manes like fire

And eyes outburning heaven's With fires more violent than the lightning levin's And breath drained out and desperate of desire, Even so the spirit in him, when winds grew strong, Grew great with child of song.

Till one clear day when brighter sea-wind blew And louder sea-shine lightened, for the waves Were full of godhead and the light that saves,

His father's, and their spirit had pierced him through, He felt strange breath and light all round him shed That bowed him down with rapture; and he knew His father's hand, hallowing his humbled head,

And the old great voice of the old good time, that said "Child of my sunlight and the sea, from birth A fostering and fugitive on earth;

Sleepless of soul as wind or wave or fire, A man-child with an ungrown God's desire; Because thou hast loved unthought mortal more than me, Thy father, and thy mother hearted more;

Because thou hast set thine heart to sing, and sold Life and life's love for song, God's living gold; Because thou hast given thy flower and fire of youth To feed men's hearts with vision, truer than truth;

To feed men's hearts in this world-wandering eyes Because thou hast kept in thine world-wandering eyes The light that makes me music of the skies;

Because thou hast heard with world-unwearied ears The music that puts light into the spheres;

Have, therefore, in thine heart and in thy mouth The sound of song that mingles north and south, The song of all the winds that sing of me, And in thy soul the sense of all the sea."

"On the Cliff," the second poem in the volume, being more subjective in its motif and more remote in its language, is not likely to meet with so ready sympathy—perhaps not with so ready comprehension—as the above. This is the gist of it:—The poet listening to the song of the nightingale, as he stands on the cliffs in the south of England, recalls to his memory how, in years gone by, he discovered the nightingale's song to be the bird Sappho and that, through the voice of the birds Sappho was specially addressing him.

"The Garden of Cymodoce" is a rapturous description of the Isle of Sark. It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of the poem. Here are a few lines:

Sea, and bright wind, and heaven of ardent air, More dear than all things earth-born; O to me Mother more dear than love's own longing sea, More than love's eyes are, fair, Be with my spirit of song as wings to bear, As fire to feel and breathe and brighten; felt A spirit of love more deep of duty, A light of love, if love may be, more strong In me than very song.

O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers, Made lovelier by love of the sea Than thy golden own field-flowers, or tree-flowers, Like foam of the sea facing trees!

Was it here, in the waste of his waters, That the lordly north wind, when his love On the fire-hot many kings' daughter

Or haply, my sea-flower, he found thee Made fast as with anchors to land, And broke, that his waves might be round thee, Thy letters like rivets of sand?

By what rapture of rage, by what vision Of heavenlier heaven than above, Was he moved to devise thy division From the land as a rest for his love?

How to take your holiday. BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

Whoever wishes to thoroughly enjoy his autumnal trip or holiday, and gain health therefrom, will do well first and foremost to consider where and how he should spend it.

One object of the invalid—for such it is best for the reader to consider himself—ought to be to reach his destination with as little trouble and fatigue as possible.

Take any medicine with you that your doctor may think suitable to your case, but do not forget that in autumn, especially by the sea-side, one is liable to several ailments, which taken in time, are easily remediable.

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take in his chest the medicines I recommend for their cure.

Feverishness (febricula) may be caused in many ways, but means ought to be taken for its subjection. The symptoms are unhappily too well known to need description; the sense of uneasiness, the nervousness, excitability, the feeling of pain and soreness ascribed to the bones, and the high temperature, are familiar to us all. Good will generally be done by sponging the body with cold water and toilet vinegar. Perfect quiet and rest should be obtained; the room in which the patient lies should be partially darkened only if the light annoys him, but very well ventilated. Cold acidulated drinks should be taken, and a dose of Rochelle salts. Oranges may be partaken of if found agreeable, and the food be given on the plan of little and often, but at the same time it should be palatable, easy of digestion, and nutritious. This treatment will remove simple fever in a day or two, and if it does not, the services of a medical man are to be procured, and his advice followed, not only as regards physic, but food and drink.

A bottle of sal volatile is useful in many ways—for faintness, acidity of the secretions, common colds, etc.; it should, therefore, always find a place, well secured in a stoppered bottle, in the medicine chest. Care ought to be taken during an autumn holiday not to expose any portion of the body to draughts when heated and fatigued. If cold is thus caught, an extra or warmer flannel should be worn, the feet and legs should be bathed well at night in hot water and mustard, and a sleeping draught should be taken—not a narcotic from the chemist, but simply a bottle of lemonade with a little good whisky in it. Put an extra blanket on the bed, take an aperient pill, and next day guard the system from exposure.

Some people are troubled during the autumn holiday, especially if the weather be very warm, with what is known as prickly-heat; the skin of the arms or chest becomes covered with reddish points, tingling and burning. A little cooling medicine should be taken, simpler diet, less exercise, and lighter under-clothing. Quinine pills are a good tonic, and the good effects of this medicine are increased by the morning sponge-bath, only the skin should be dried without much rubbing, and with a soft towel.

We all know how disagreeable a thing chafing of the skin is, and simple though the ailment be, it can yet to a great extent mar the enjoyment of an autumnal holiday. It is best prevented by great cleanliness and the use of Castile soap for the bath, with little friction, moderate exercise, and the avoidance of rough under-clothing next to the skin; some light astringent ointment, such as the benzoated oxide of zinc, should be used, or the chafed surface should be dusted with a mixture of zinc and chalk, procurable at any respectable chemist's shop.

When going on a holiday do not forget to take three or four nice bath towels with you, and also a good large bath sponge, with an India-rubber lined bag to contain it. Let your chest also contain plenty of light warm socks, light shoes, strong walking shoes, and slippers, a soft hat, and a straw hat, if you care to wear such; at all events, pay particular attention to the comfort of head and feet. You will not forget umbrella and water-proof, the latter only to be worn in a shower; and I may here say a word in favor of paper collars and fronts. They are not only handy, but the paper front is the best chest-protector possible, and I do not hesitate to say that the wearing of them when travelling would oftentimes ward off attacks of chest disease, and probably save valuable lives.

I leave it to the reader himself, or to his physician, to choose his place of abode during the autumn holiday, but I sincerely advise him to avoid all kinds of hurry and excitement, whether in travelling or doing anything else, to avoid the use of stimulants, to be wary of colds, wet, draughts, or too much sunshine. Rise betimes, always at the same hour, and begin the day with the cold or tepid salt-water bath, obtaining free action of the skin by the evening soft water and soap warm bath once in three days.

Fruit in the morning is invaluable, and the best kind is good oranges, eaten before breakfast. Prunes after dinner have also a laxative and cooling tendency. Now, as the great object of the autumn holiday is to quiet the nervous system, and re-invigorate the system for the winter campaign at desk or counter, we should carefully attend to what and how we eat. A short stay at any healthy watering-place will soon tend to increase the appetite, and we should take advantage of this to live well for the time being, avoiding, however, meats and vegetables that are difficult to digest. Coffee is better for breakfast than tea; fish, too, should always be eaten with this meal, with a little steak or chop, and a boiled egg, with a fair allowance of good bread and butter, and it is an excellent plan to finish up with a tumblerful of cool rich milk. This, even in the most bracing climate, should sustain one till about 1.30 P.M., the best hour for luncheon. If faint between meals, a little lemonade and a dry biscuit should be taken, but beer greatly disturbs the process of digestion, and spirits are apt to unnecessarily augment the flow of the gastric juice, and in delicate constitutions to cause acidity of the stomach, with flatulence. The luncheon should be fairly substantial, and soup therewith does good. If a feeling of weariness follows this meal, one ought to lie down for an hour; but whether or not, no exercise should be taken after lunch, for some time, at least. Dinner may be taken at six o'clock. It should never be hurried. Cheerful company at dinner is a great aid to digestion. While at the sea-side one may partake

with benefit of several dishes, including soup and white-fish, and concluding with light puddings and fruit. The best vegetables are potatoes, greens, peas (if they agree), turnips, spinach, and raw tomatoes. The last is a most invaluable blood-purifier.

LITERARY.

LORD SALISBURY, the most finished debater in his party, has a haughty but simple style of oratory, and is picturesque in his appearance.

THE wooden coffin in which the remains of Kant are enclosed, being found to be decayed and broken when the vault at Konigsberg was lately opened, is to be replaced by a metal one.

A CLERGYMAN in Atlanta, the Rev. Mr. Chandler, finds himself in trouble because in a recent address at a college commencement he lamented the fact that the South did not occupy a high place in the literary world, and that Southern newspapers were conducted chiefly by men of little or no ability.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

How much sincerity there was in Miss Neilson's affecting farewell to the stage may be judged by the fact that she soon sails from San Francisco to Australia to fulfil a long engagement, and will act in London next year.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH is now at the Lakes of Killarney. He will visit Scotland and Wales, and expects to arrive in London in September, whence he will go to Germany, where he may fulfil an engagement in Berlin. Mr. Booth has not accepted any engagement in London.

THE celebrated English actress, Miss Litton, whose Shakespearean revivals have been marked features of the London stage, proposes to visit this country in company with the organization which appeared with her at the Drury Lane Theatre. She hopes to complete her arrangements shortly, and intends to make her debut here as "Rosalind."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE individual who points with pride is the woman with a handsome diamond ring.

AN unhappy marriage is like an electric machine—it makes one dance, but you can't let go.

"MY wife's grand study," says a French writer, "is to know what I don't know and to do what I can't do."

SPORTS on the son are sometimes freckles and sometimes photographs of a mother's loving but weighty hand.

WHEN you see two young lovers at opposite ends of the sofa you may be certain that a nearer of happiness is imminent.

"HOW does painting agree with my daughter?" asked an anxious parent. "It makes her too red in the face," replied the teacher.

TRULY conscientious: "Are you asleep, dearest?" "Yes, mamma, and the doctor particularly said that I needn't be waked to take my medicine."

SON and heir: "Ma, I wish you wouldn't leave me alone with baby, 'cause I have to eat all the jam, an' oranges, an' cakes, an' things to amuse her!"

"WHO do you love?" said Jones to his sweetheart's baby sister. "I loves oo," was the reply. "And who does Sisly love?" "Sisly loves Mr. Sully, 'cos he kisses 'er."

"ARE you brothers?" asked a gentleman of two little boys. "Yes, sir." "Are you twins?" "Yes, sir." "How old are you?" "Amos 3 and I's 5," was the astonishing reply.

THE gentle answer—"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No, sir; mother's gone out washing, and forgotten to put it out for you." "Did she tell you she had forgotten?" "Yes, sir."

"YOU've been in swimming again, you young rascal. Don't lie; I see your wet hair and your shirt turned wrong side out!" "There's no danger, mother; I can always touch bottom." "So can I." Mother grasps an upper Tableau.

AN Atlanta girl who reads the newspapers was proposed to recently by a nice young man. She reflected a moment, and then asked for time to prepare her letter of acceptance. Evidently she proposes to formulate her own platform.

THE "baby stare" is considered pretty for young girls now. It is done by opening the eyes as wide as possible without raising the brows, and slightly turning the corners of the mouth upward. Saying "mauzee" five or six times gives the right position to the lips.

LAWYER Lockwood of Washington has been married twice, and says proudly that she "never asked either of her husbands for a dollar." Nobody doubts it. When a woman of genius marries she expects to support her husband, and her husband, with loving reciprocity, expects to be supported.

TWO Gileston ladies met one day recently, when the following conversation ensued: "Why, do you know what I heard about you?" "I've no idea." "I heard that when your husband was sick and not expected to live, you went to a picnic." "It's a vile slander; it was only an excursion."

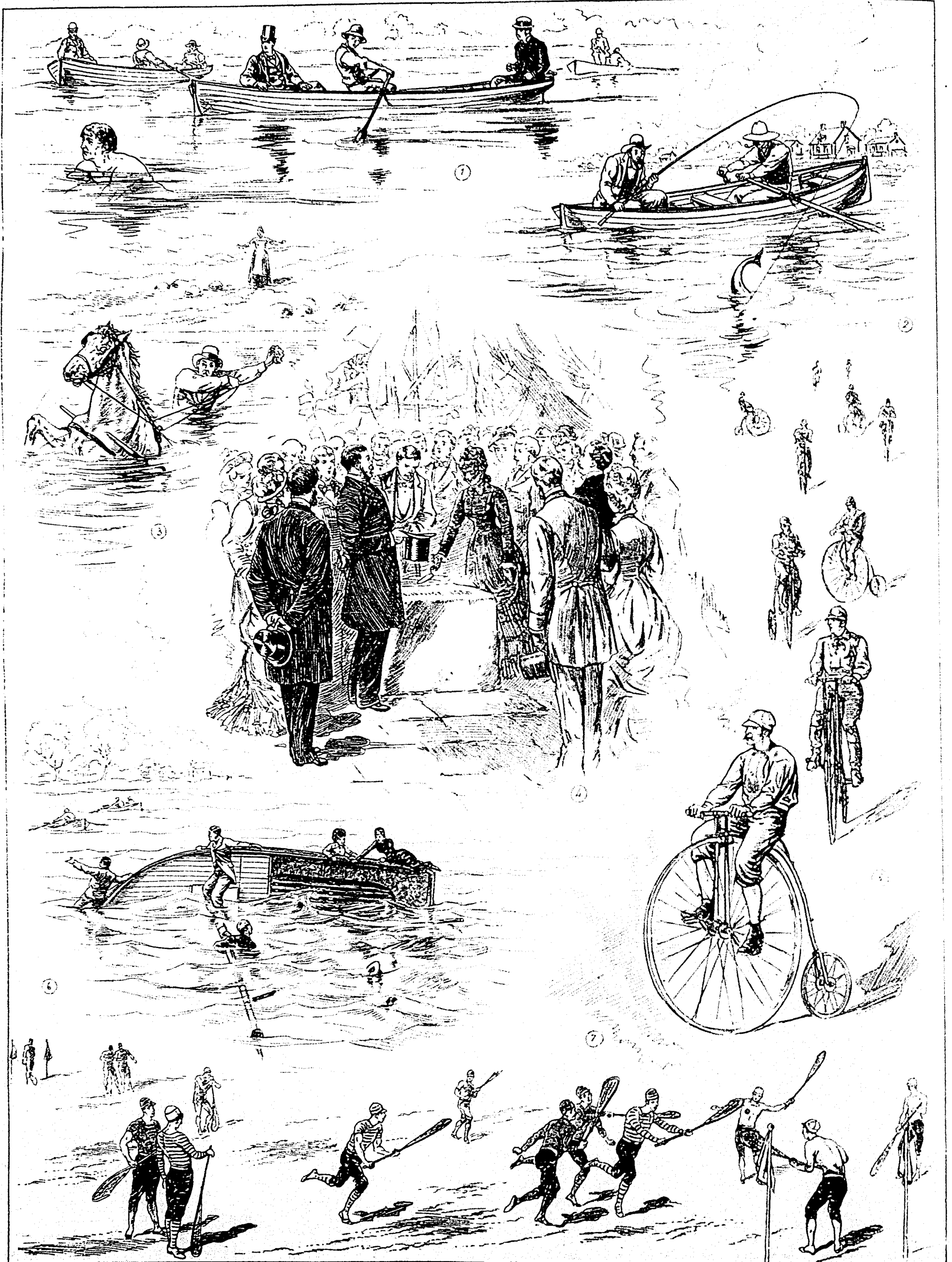
"DONKEYS have ears." Emily (playing at lawn tennis with the new curate): "What's the game now, Mr. Miniver?" Curate: "Forty-Love." Irreverent gardener (overhearing): "Dilly! ever hear such impudence! Love, indeed! And him not been in the parish above a week! Just like them parsons!"

CLERGYMAN (to newly-wedded pair): "The marriage state imposes various duties. The husband must protect the wife, while the wife must follow the husband wherever he goes." Bride: "Lor' sir, can't that be altered in our case? My husband is going to be a letter carrier."

"IN the hour of danger woman thinks least of herself," said Mme. de Staël. True! When the thunder rolls and the vivid lightning flashes, and the big drops come down, the woman who is caught out in the storm devotes her agony to the thought that her hat and dress will be ruined.

MALARIAL FEVER.

Malarial Fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigour to the aged and infirm always. See "Papey's" in other column.

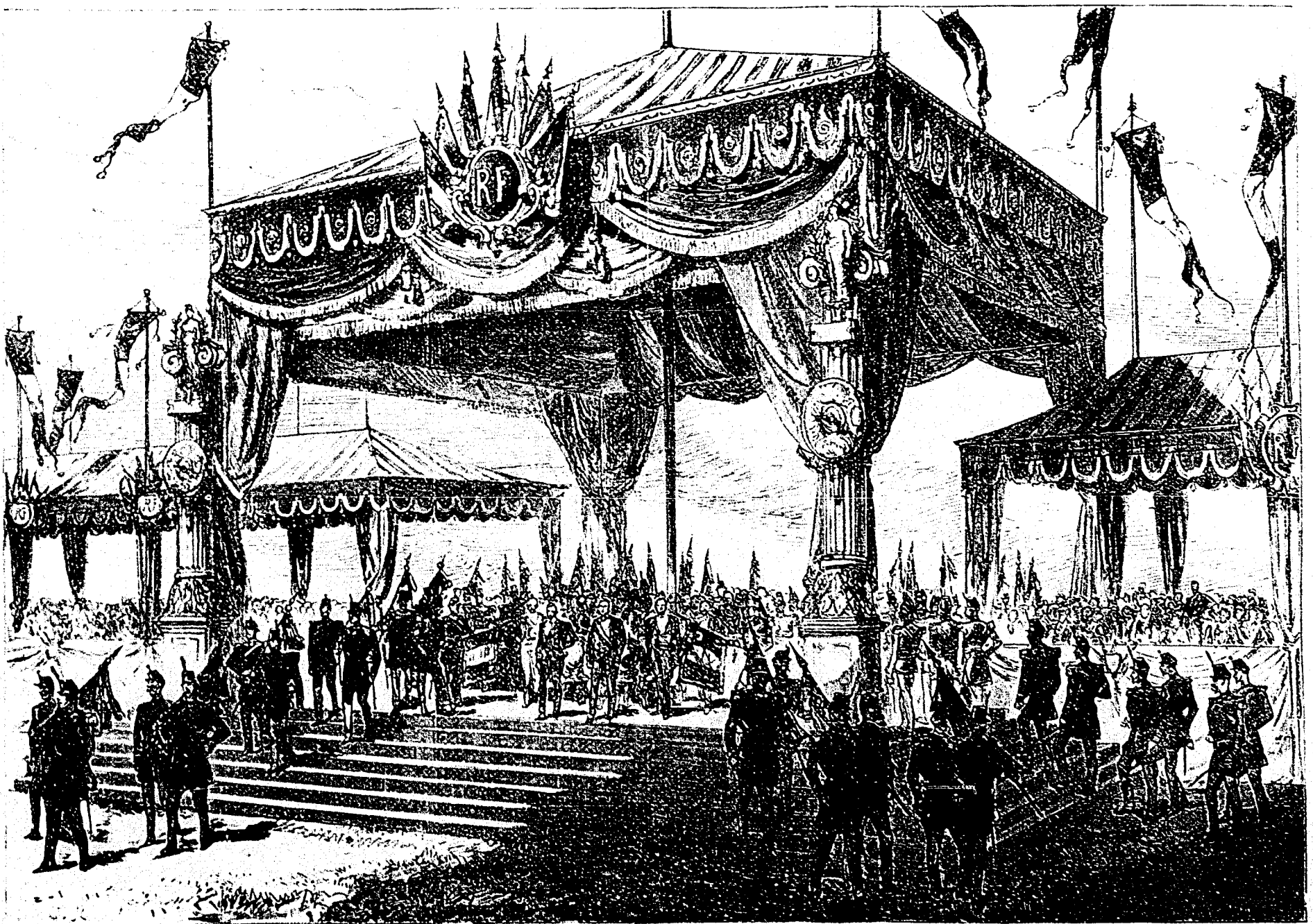


1. THE MALTESE SWIMMER.—2. A HUGE FISH CAPTURED.—3. A DOCTOR DROWNED IN HIS BUGGY.—4. LAYING THE TABLET STONE OF THE QUEBEC EMBANKMENT BY H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE.
 5. EXCURSION OF THE MONTREAL BYCYCLE CLUB TO TERREBONNE.—6. CAPSIZING OF THE YACHT "NEVA."—7. INTERNATIONAL LACROSSE MATCH.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.



THE LATE TOM TAYLOR.



DISTRIBUTION OF FLAGS TO THE FRENCH ARMY BY PRESIDENT GREVY AT THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL, JULY 14.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

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

CHAPTER XI.

DRAWING NEARER.

She is all alone on deck. The morning sun shines on the beautiful blue bay, on the great castle perched on the rocks over there, and on the wooded green hills beyond. She has got a canvas fixed on her easel; she sings to herself as she works.

Now this English young lady must have he-guiled the tedium of her long nursing in Edinburgh by making a particular acquaintance with Scotch ballads; or how otherwise could we account for her knowledge of the "Song of Ulva," and now of the "Song of Dunvegan?"

"MacLeod the faithful, and fearing none!—
Dunvegan!—oh! Dunvegan!"

she hums to herself as she is busy with that rough sketch of sea and shore. How can she be aware that Angus Sutherland is at this very moment in the companion way, and not daring to stir hand or foot lest he should disturb her?

"Friends and foes had our passions thwarted,"

she croons to herself, though, indeed, there is no despair at all in her voice, but perfect contentment—

"But true, tender, and lion-hearted,
Lived he on, and from life departed,
MacLeod, whose rival is breathing none!—
Dunvegan!—oh! Dunvegan!"

She is pleased with the rapidity of her work. She tries to whistle a little bit. Or perhaps it is only the fresh morning air that has put her in such good spirits.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries."

What has that got to do with the sketch of the shining gray castle? Among these tags and ends of ballads, the young doctor at last becomes emboldened to put in an appearance.

"Good morning, Miss Avon," says he; "you are busy at work again?"

She is not in the least surprised. She has got accustomed to his coming on deck before the others; they have had a good deal of quiet chatting while as yet the Laird was only adjusting his high white collar and satin neckcloth.

"It is only a sketch," said she, in a rapid and highly business-like fashion, "but I think I shall be able to sell it. You know most people merely value pictures for their association with things they are interested in themselves. A Yorkshire farmer would rather have a picture of his favourite cob than any Raphael or Titian. And the ordinary English squire: I am sure that you know in your own heart he prefers one of Herring's farm-yard pieces to Leonardo's 'Last Supper.' Well, if some yachting gentleman, who has been in this loch, should see this sketch, he will probably buy it, however bad it is, just because it interests him—"

"But you don't really mean to sell it!" said he.

"That depends," said she, demurely, "on whether I get any offer for it."

"Why," he exclaimed, "the series of pictures you are now making should be an invaluable treasure to you all your life long—a permanent record of a voyage that you seem to enjoy very much. I almost shrink from robbing you of that one of Canna; still the temptation is too great. And you propose to sell them all?"

"What I can sell of them," she says. And then she adds, rather shyly: "You know I could not very well afford to keep them all for myself. I—I have a good many almoners in London; and I devote to them what I can get from my scrawls; that is, I deduct the cost of the frames, and keep the rest for them. It is not a large sum."

"Any other women would spend it in jewelry and dresses," says he, bluntly.

At this Mary Avon flushes slightly, and hastily draws his attention to a small boat that is approaching. Dr. Sutherland does not pay any heed to the boat.

He is silent for a second or so, and then he says, with an effort to talk in a cheerful and matter-of-fact way:

"You have not sent ashore yet this morning; don't you know there is a post-office at Dunvegan?"

"Oh yes; I heard so. But the men are below at breakfast, I think, and I am in no hurry to send, for there won't be any letters for me, I know."

"Oh, indeed," he says, with seeming carelessness. "It must be a long time since you have heard from your friends."

"I have not many friends to hear from," she answers, with a light laugh, "and those I have don't trouble me with many letters. I suppose they think I am in very good hands at present."

"Oh yes; no doubt," says he; and suddenly he begins to talk in warm terms of the delightfulness of the voyage. He is quite charmed with the appearance of Dunvegan loch and

castle. A more beautiful morning he never saw. And in the midst of all this enthusiasm the small boat comes alongside.

There is an old man in the boat, and when he has fastened his oars he says a few words to Angus Sutherland, and hands him up a big black bottle. Our young doctor brings the bottle over to Mary Avon. He seems to be very much pleased with everything this morning.

"Now, is not that good-natured?" says he. "It is a bottle of fresh milk, with the compliments of ———, of Uginish. Isn't it good-natured?"

"Oh, indeed it is," says she, plunging her hand into her pocket. "You must let me give the messenger half a crown."

"No, no; that is not the Highland custom," says the doctor; and therewith he goes below, and fetches up another black bottle, and pours out a glass of whisky with his own hand, and presents it to the ancient boatman. You should have seen the look of surprise in the old man's face when Angus Sutherland said something to him in the Gaelic.

And alas! and alas! as we go ashore on this beautiful bright day, we have to give up forever the old Dunvegan of many a dream; the dark and solitary keep that we had imagined perched high above the Atlantic breakers; the sheer precipices, the awful sterility, the wail of lamentation along the lonely shores. This is a different picture altogether that Mary Avon has been trying to put down on her canvas—a spacious, almost modern-looking, but nevertheless picturesque castle, sheltered from the winds by softly wooded hills, a bit of smooth blue water below, and further along the shores the cheerful evidences of fertility and cultivation. The wail of Dunvegan? Why, here is a brisk and thriving village, with a post-office, and a shop, and a building that looks uncommonly like an inn; and there dotted all about, and encroaching on the upper moorland, any number of those small crofts that were once the pride of the Highlands, and that gave to England the most stalwart of her regiments. Here are no ruined huts and voiceless wastes, but a cheerful, busy picture of peasant life; the strapping wenches at work in the small farm-yard, well built and frank of face; the men well clad; the children well fed and merry enough. It is a scene that delights the heart of our good friend of Denny-mains. If we had but time, we would fain go in among the tiny farms, and inquire about the rent of the holdings, and the price paid for those picturesque little beasts that artists are forever painting—with a lowering sky beyond, and a dash of sunlight in front. But our doctor is obdurate. He will not have Mary Avon walk further; she must return to the yacht.

But on our way back, as she is walking by the side of the road, he suddenly puts his hand on her arm, apparently to stop her. Slight as the touch is, she naturally looks surprised.

"I beg your pardon," he says, hastily, "but I thought you would rather not tread on it—"

He is looking at a weed by the wayside—a think that looks like a snapdragon of some sort. We did not expect to find a hard-headed man of science betray this trumpery sentiment about a weed.

"I thought you would rather not tread upon it when you knew it was a stranger," he says, in explanation of that rude assault upon her arm. "That is not an English plant at all; it is the *Mimulus*; its real home is in America."

We began to look with more interest on the audacious smaller foreigner that had boldly adventured across the seas.

"Oh," she says, looking back along the road, "I hope I have not trampled any of them down."

"Well, it does not much matter," he admits, "for the plant is becoming quite common now in parts of the West Highlands; but I thought as it was a stranger, and come all the way across the Atlantic on a voyage of discovery, you would be hospitable. I suppose the Gulf Stream brought the first of them over."

"And if they had any choice in the matter," says Mary Avon, looking down, and speaking with a little self-conscious deliberation, "and if they wanted to be hospitably received, they showed their good sense in coming to the West Highlands."

After that there was a dead silence on the part of Angus Sutherland. But why should he have been embarrassed? There was no compliment levelled at him, that he should blush like a school-boy. It was quite true that Miss Avon's liking—even love—for the West Highlands was becoming very apparent; but Banffshire is not in the West Highlands. What although Angus Sutherland could speak a few words in the Gaelic tongue to an old boatman. He came from Banff. Banffshire is not in the West Highlands.

Then that afternoon at the great castle itself:

what have we but a confused recollection of twelfth-century towers; walls nine feet thick; and ghost chambers; and a certain fairy flag, that is called the *Bratach-Sith*; and the wide view over the blue Atlantic; and of a great kindness that made itself visible in the way of hot-house flowers and baskets of fruit, and what not? The portraits, too: the various centuries got mixed up with the old legends, until we did not know in which face to look for some transmitted expression that might tell of the Cave of Uig or the Uamh-na-Ceann. But there was one portrait there, quite modern and beautiful, that set all the tourist folk a-raving, so lovely were the life-like eyes of it; and the Laird was bold enough to say to the gentle lady who was so good as to be our guide, that it would be one of the grandest happinesses of his life if he might be allowed to ask Mr. Galbraith, the well-known artist of Edinburgh, to select a young painter to come up to Dunvegan and make a copy of this picture for him, Denny-mains. And Dr. Sutherland could scarcely come away from that beautiful face; and our good Queen T— was quite charmed with it; and as for Mary Avon, when one of us regarded her, behold! as she looked up, there was a sort of moisture in the soft black eyes.

What was she thinking of? That it must be a fine thing to be so beautiful a woman, and charm the eyes of all men? But now—now that we had had this singing-bird with us on board the yacht for so long a time—would any one of us have admitted that she was rather plain? It would not have gone well with any one who had ventured to say so to the Laird of Denny-mains, at all events. And as for our sovereign lady and mistress, these were the lines which she always said described Mary Avon:

"Was never seen thing to be praised there,
Nor under black cloud so bright a star,
As she was, as they said, every one
That her behelden in her black weed;
And yet she stood, full low and still alone,
Behind all other folk, in little brede,
And nigh the door, ay under sham's drede;
Simple of bearing, debonaire of cheer,
With a full and looking and manere."

How smart the saloon of the *White Dove* looked that evening at dinner, with those geraniums, and roses, and fuchsias, and what not, set amid the tender green of the maiden-hair fern! But all the same there was a serious discussion. Fruit, flowers, vegetables, and fresh milk, however welcome, fill no larder; and Master Fred had returned with the doleful tale that all his endeavours to purchase a sheep at one of the neighbouring farms had been of no avail. Forthwith we resolve to make another effort. Far away, on the outer shore of Dunvegan Loch, we can faintly descry, in the glow of the evening, some crofters' huts on the slopes of the hill. Down with the gig, then, boys; in with the fishing-rods; and away for the distant shores, where haply some tender ewe-lamb, or brace of quacking ducks, or some half-dozen half-starved fowls may be withdrawn from the reluctant tiller of the earth!

It is a beautiful clear evening, with a lemon-gold glory in the north-west. And our stout-sinewed doctor is rowing stroke, and there is a monotonous refrain of

"Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

"We must give you a wage as one of the hands, Angus," says Queen T.—

"I am paid already," says he. "I would work my passage through for the sketch of Canna that Miss Avon gave me."

"Would you like to ask the other men whether they would take the same payment?" says Miss Avon, in modest depreciation of her powers.

"Do not say anything against the landscape ye gave to Dr. Sutherland," observes the Laird.

"No, no; there is great merit in it. I have told ye before I would like to show it to Tom Galbraith before it goes south; I am sure he would approve of it. Indeed, he is just such a friend of mine that I would take the liberty of asking him to give it a bit touch here and there—what an experienced artist would see amiss, ye know—"

"Mr. Galbraith may be an experienced artist," says our doctor friend, with unnecessary asperity, "but he is not going to touch that picture."

"Ah can tell ye," says the Laird, who is rather hurt by this rejection, "that the advice of Tom Galbraith has been taken by the greatest artists in England. He was up in London last year, and was at the studio of one of the first of the Acadameecians, and that very man was not ashamed to ask the opinion of Tom Galbraith. And says Tom to him, 'The face is very fine, but the right arm is out of drawing.' You would think that impertinent? The Acadameecian, I can tell you, thought differently. Says he, 'That has been my own opinion, but no one would ever tell me so; and I would have left it as it is had ye no spoken.'"

"I have no doubt the Acadameecian who did not know when his picture was out of drawing was quite right to take the advice of Tom Galbraith," says our stroke oar. "But Tom Galbraith is not going to touch Miss Avon's sketch of Canna—" and here the fierce altercation is stopped, for stroke oar puts a fresh spurt on, and we hear another sound:

"Soon the freshening breeze will blow,
We'll show the snowy canvas on her—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

Well, what was the result of our quest? After we had landed Master Fred, and sent him up the

hills, and gone off fishing for lithe for an hour or so, we returned to the shore in the gathering dusk. We found our messenger seated on a rock, contentedly singing a Gaelic song, and plucking a couple of fowls, which was all the provender he had secured. It was in vain that he tried to cheer us by informing us that the animals in question had cost only sixpence apiece. We knew that they were not much bigger than thrushes. Awful visions of tinned meat began to rise before us. In gloom we took the steward and the microscopic fowls on board, and set out for the yacht.

But the Laird did not lose his spirits. He declared that self preservation was the first law of nature, and that, despite the injunctions of the Wild's Birds' Protection Act, he would get out his gun and shoot the first brood of "flappers" he saw about those lonely lochs. And he told us such a "good one" about Homesh that we laughed nearly all the way back to the yacht. Provisions! We were independent of provisions! With a handful of rice a day we would cross the Atlantic—we would cross twenty Atlantics—so long as we were to be regaled and cheered by the "good ones" from our friend of Denny-mains.

Dr. Sutherland, too, seemed in nowise depressed by the famine in the land. In the lamp-lit saloon, as we gathered round the table, and cards and things were brought out, and the Laird began to brew his toddy, the young doctor maintained that no one on land could imagine the snugness of life on board a yacht. And now he had almost forgotten to speak of leaving us; perhaps it was the posting of the paper on Radiolarians, along with other MSS., that had set his mind free. But touching the matter of the Dunvegan post-office; why had he been so particular in asking Mary Avon if she were not expecting letters? and why did he so suddenly grow enthusiastic about the scenery on learning that the young lady, on her travels, was not pestered with correspondence? Miss Avon was not a Cabinet Minister.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW.

The last instructions given to John of Skye that night were large and liberal. At break of day he was to sail for any port he might chance to encounter on the wide seas. So long as Angus Sutherland did not speak of returning, what did it matter to us?—Loch Boisdale, Loch Seaforth, Stornoway, St. Kilda, the North Pole, were all the same. It is true that of fresh meat we had on board only two fowls about the size of wrens; but of all varieties of tinned meats and fruit we had an abundant store. And if perchance we were forced to shoot a sheep on the Flannel Islands, would not the foul deed be put down to the discredit of some dastardly Frenchman? When you rise up as a nation and guillotine all the respectable folk in the country, it is only to be expected of you thereafter that you should go about the seas shooting other people's sheep.

And indeed when we get on deck after breakfast we find that John of Skye has fulfilled his instructions to the letter; that is to say, he must have started at daybreak to get away so far from Dunvegan and the headlands of Skye. But as for going farther? There is not a speck of cloud in the dome of blue; there is not a ripple on the blue sea; there is not a breath of wind to stir the great white sails all aglow in the sunlight; nor is there even enough of the Atlantic swell to move the indolent tiller. How John of Skye had managed to bring us so far on so calm a morning remains a mystery.

"And the glass shows no signs of falling," says our young doctor, quite regretfully: does he long for a hurricane, that so he may exhibit his sailor-like capacities?

But Mary Avon, with a practical air, is arranging her easel on deck, and fixing up a canvas, and getting out the tubes she wants—the while she absently sings to herself something about

"Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina."

And what will she attack now? Those long headlands of Skye, dark in shadow, with a glow of sunlight along their summits; or those lonely hills of Uist set far amid the melancholy main; or those vaster and paler mountains of Harris, that rise on the north of the dreaded Sound?

"Well, you have courage," says Angus Sutherland, admiringly, "to try to make a picture out of that!"

"Oh," she says modestly, though she is obviously pleased, "that is a pet theory of mine. I try for ordinary everyday effects, without any theatrical business; and if I had only the power to reach them, I know I should surprise people. Because, you know, most people go through the world with a sort of mist before their eyes; and they are awfully grateful to you when you suddenly clap a pair of spectacles on their nose and make them see things as they are. I cannot do it as yet, you know; but there is no harm in trying."

"I think you do it remarkably well," he says; "but what are you to make of that?—nothing but two great sheets of blue, with a line of bluer hills between."

But Miss Avon speedily presents us with the desired pair of spectacles. Instead of the cloudless blue day we had imagined it to be, we find that there are low masses of white cloud along the Skye cliffs, and these throw long reflections on the glassy sea, and moreover we begin to

perceive that the calm vault around us is not an uninterrupted blue, but melts into a pale green as it nears the eastern horizon. Angus Sutherland leaves the artist to her work. He will not interrupt her by idle talk.

There is no idle talk going forward where the Laird is concerned. He has got hold of an attentive listener in the person of his hostess, who is deep in needle-work; and he is expounding to her more clearly than ever the merits of the great Semple case, pointing out more particularly how the charges in the major proposition are borne out by the extracts in the minor. Yes; and he has caught the critics, too, on the hip. What about the discovery of those clever gentlemen that Genesis x and 10 was incorrect? They thought they were exceedingly smart in proving that the founders of Babel were the descendants, not of Ham, but of Shem. But when the ruins of Babel were examined, what then?

"Why, it was distinctly shown that the founders were the descendants of Ham after all!" says Denny-mains, triumphantly. "What do ye think of that, Dr. Sutherland?"

Angus Sutherland starts from a reverie; he has not been listening.

"Of what?" he says. "The Semple case?"

"Ay."

"Oh, well," he says, rather carelessly, "all that wrangling is as good an occupation as any other—to keep people from thinking."

The Laird starts, as if he had not heard aright. Angus Sutherland is not aware of having said anything startling. He continues, quite innocently.

"Any occupation is valuable enough that diverts the mind—that is why hard work is conducive to complete mental health; it does not matter whether it is grouse-shooting, or command in an army, or wrangling about major or minor propositions. If a man were continually to be facing the awful mystery of existence—asking the record of the earth and the stars how he came to be here, and getting no answer at all—he must inevitably go mad. The brain could not stand it. If the human race had not busied itself with wars and commerce, and so forth, it must centuries ago have committed suicide. That is the value of hard work—to keep people from thinking of the unknown around them; the more a man is occupied, the happier he is; it does not matter whether he occupies himself with School Boards, or salmon-fishing, or the prosecution of a heretic."

He did not remark the amazed look on the Laird's face, nor yet that Mary Avon had dropped her painting and was listening.

"The facts," he said, with a smile, "if you are likely to fall to thinking about the real mysteries of existence anywhere, it is among soliditudes like these, where you see what a trivial little accident human life is in the history of the earth. You can't think about such things in Regent street; the cigar shops, the cabs, the passing people, occupy you. But here you are brought back, as it were, to all sorts of first principles; and commonplace appears somehow in their original freshness. In Regent street you no doubt know that life is a strange thing, and that death is a strange thing, because you have been told so, and you believe it, and think no more about it. But here, with the seas and skies around you, and with the silence of the night making you think, you feel the strangeness of these things. Now just look over there: the blue sea, and the blue sky, and the hills, it is a curious thing to think that they will be shining there just as they are now, on just such another day as this, and you unable to see them or anything else—passed away like a ghost. And the *White Dove* will be sailing up here; and John will be keeping an eye on V-himself Light-house; but your eyes won't be able to see anything."

"Well, Angus, I da declare," exclaims our sovereign mistress, "you have chosen a comfortable thing to talk about this morning. Are we to be always thinking about our coffin?"

"On the contrary," says the young doctor, "I was only insisting on the wholesomeness of people occupying themselves diligently with some distraction or other, however trivial. And how do you think the Semple case will end, sir?"

But our good friend of Denny-mains was far too deeply shocked and astounded to reply. The great Semple case a trivial thing—a distraction—an occupation to keep people from serious thinking! The public duties, too, of the Commissioner for the Burgh of Strathgovan; were these to be regarded as a mere plaything? The new steam fire-engine was only a toy, then? The proposed new park and the addition to the rates were to be regarded as a piece of amiable diversion?

The Laird knew that Angus Sutherland had not read the "Vestiges of Creation," and that was a hopeful sign. But, *Vestiges* or no *Vestiges*, what were the young men of the day coming to, if their daring speculation led them to regard the most serious and important concerns of life as a pastime! The Commissioners for the Burgh of Strathgovan were but a parcel of children, then, playing on the sea-shore, and unaware of the awful depths beyond!

"I am looking at these things only as a doctor," says Dr. Sutherland, lightly—seeing that the Laird is too dumbfounded to answer his question, "and I sometimes think a doctor's history of civilization would be an odd thing, if only you could get at the physiological facts of the case. I should like to know, for example, what Napoleon had for supper on the night before Waterloo. Something indigestible, you may be sure; if his brain had been clear on the

18th, he would have smashed the Allies, and altered modern history. I should have greatly liked, too, to make the acquaintance of the man who first announced his belief that infants dying unbaptized were to suffer eternal torture. I think it must have been his liver. I should like to have examined him."

"I should like to have poisoned him," says Mary Avon, with a flash of anger in the soft eyes.

"No, no; the poor wretch was only the victim of some ailment," said our doctor, charitably. "There must have been something very much the matter with Calvin, too. I know I could have cured Schopenhauer of his pessimism if he had let me put him on a wholesome regimen."

The Laird probably did not know who Schopenhauer was; but the audacity of the new school was altogether too much for him.

"I—I suppose," he said, stammering in his amazement, "ye would have taken Joan of Arc and treated her as a lunatic?"

"Oh, no; not as a confirmed lunatic," he answered, quite simply. "But the diagnosis of that case is obvious; I think she could have been cured. All that Joanna Southcote wanted was a frank physician."

The Laird rose and went forward to where Mary Avon was standing at her easel. She instantly resumed her work, and pretended not to have been listening.

"Very good—very good," says he, as if his whole attention had been occupied by her sketching. "The reflections on the water are just fine. Ye must let me show all your sketches to Tom Galbraith before ye go back to the south."

"I hear you have been talking about the mysteries of existence," she says, with a smile.

"Oh, ay, it is very easy to talk," he says, sharply, and not willing to confess that he has been driven away from the field. "I am afraid there is an unsettling tendency among the young men of the present day—a want of respect for things that have been established by the common-sense of the world. Not that I am against all innovation. No, no. The world cannot stand still. I myself, now; do ye know that I was among the first in Glasgow to hold that it might be permissible to have an organ to lead the psalmody of a church?"

"Oh, indeed?" says she, with much respect.

"That is true. No, no; I am not one of the bigoted. Give me the Essentials, and I do not care if ye put a stone cross on the top of the church. I tell ye that honestly; I would not object even to a cross on the building if all was sound within."

"I am sure you are quite right, sir," says Mary Avon, gently.

"But no tampering with the Essentials. And as for the millinery, and incense, and crucifixes of the poor creatures that have not the courage to go right over to Rome—who stop on this side, and play-act at being Romans—it is seekering, and perfectly seekering. As for the Romans themselves, I do not condemn them. No, no. If they are in error, I doubt not they believe with a good conscience. And when I am in a foreign town, and one of their professions of priests and boys come by, I raise my hat. I do indeed."

"Oh, naturally," says Mary Avon.

"No, no," continues Denny-mains, warmly, "there is none of the bigot about me. There is a minister of the Episcopalian Church that I know, and there is no one more welcome in my house; I ask him to say grace just as I would a minister of my own Church."

"And which is that, sir?" she asked meekly.

The Laird stares at her. Is it possible that she has heard him so elaborately expound the Semple prosecution, and not be aware to what denomination he belongs?

"The Free—the Free Church, of course," he says, with some surprise. "Have ye not seen the Report of Proceedings in the Semple case?"

"No, I have not," she answers, timidly.

"You have been so kind in explaining it that—that a printed report was quite unnecessary."

"But I will get ye one—I will get ye one directly," says he. "I have several copies in my portmanteau. And ye will see my name in front as one of the elders who considered it fit and proper that a full report should be published, so as to warn the public against these insidious attacks against our faith. Don't interrupt your work, my lass. But I will get ye the pamphlet; and whenever you want to sit down for a time, ye will find it most interesting reading—most interesting."

And so the worthy Laird goes below to fetch that valued report. And scarcely has he disappeared than a sudden commotion rages over the deck. Behold! a breeze coming swiftly over the sea, ruffling the glassy deep as it approaches! Angus Sutherland jumps to the tiller. The head-sails fill, and the boat begins to move. The lee-sheets are hauled taut; and now the great mainsail is filled, too. There is a rippling and hissing of water, and a new stir of life and motion throughout the vessel from stem to stern.

It seems but the beginning of the day now, though it is near lunch-time. Mary Avon puts away her sketch of the dead calm, and sits down just under the lee of the boom, where the cool breeze is blowing along. The Laird, having brought up the pamphlet, is vigorously pacing the deck for his morning exercise; we have all awakened from these idle reveries about the mystery of life.

"Ha, ha," he says, coming aft, "this is fine, now. Why not give the men a glass of whisky all round for whistling up such a fine breeze? Do ye think they would object?"

"Better give them a couple of bottles of beer

for their dinner," suggests Queen T—, who is no lover of whisky.

But do you think the Laird is to be put off his story by any such suggestion? We can see by his face that he has another anecdote to fire off. Is it not apparent that the mention of whisky was made with a purpose?

"There was a real good one," says he—and the laughter is already twinkling in his eyes—"about the man that was apologizing before his family for having been drinking whisky with some friends. 'Ay,' says he, 'they just held me and forced it down my throat.' Then says his son—a little chap about ten—says he, 'I think I could ha' held ye mysel', feyther'—ho! ho! ho! says he—'I think I could ha' held ye mysel', feyther';" and the Laird laughed, and laughed again, till the tears came into his eyes. We could see that he was still internally laughing at that good one when we went below for luncheon.

At luncheon, too, the Laird quite made up his feud with Angus Sutherland, for he had a great many other good ones to tell about whisky and whisky-drinking; and he liked a sympathetic audience. But this general merriment was suddenly dashed by an ominous suggestion coming from our young doctor. "Why," he asked, "should we go on fighting against these northerly winds? Why not turn and run before them?"

"Then you want to leave us, Angus," said his hostess, reproachfully.

"Oh no," he said, with some colour in his face. "I don't want to go, but I fear I must very soon now. However, I did not make that suggestion on my own account; if I were pressed for time, I could get somewhere where I could catch the *Clansman*."

Mary Avon looked down, saying nothing.

"You would not leave the ship like that?" says his hostess. "You would not run away, surely? Rather than that, we will turn at once. Where are we now?"

"If the breeze lasts, we will get over to Uist, to Loch-na-Maddy, this evening, but you must not think of altering your plans on my account. I made the suggestion because of what Captain John was saying."

"Very well," says our Admiral of the Fleet, taking no heed of properly constituted authority. "Suppose we set out on our return voyage to-morrow morning, going round the other side of Skye for a change. But you know, Angus, it is not fair of you to run away when you say yourself there is nothing particular calls you to London."

"Oh," says he, "I am not going to London just yet. I am going to Banff, to see my father. There is an uncle of mine, too, on a visit to the manse."

"Then you will be coming south again?"

"Yes."

"Then why not come another cruise with us on your way back?"

It was not like this hard-headed young doctor to appear so embarrassed.

"That is what I should like very much myself," he stammered, "if—it if it were not in the way of your other arrangements."

"We shall make no other arrangements," says the other, definitely. "Now that is a promise, mind. No drawing back. Mary will put it down in writing, and hold you to it."

Mary Avon had not looked up all this time.

"You should not press Dr. Sutherland too much," she says, shyly; "perhaps he has other friends he would like to see before leaving Scotland."

The hypocrite! Did she want to make Angus Sutherland burst a blood-vessel in protesting that of all the excursions he had made in his life this would be to him forever the most memorable; and that a repetition or extension of it was a delight in the future almost too great to think of? However, she seemed pleased that he spoke so warmly, and she did not attempt to contradict him. If he had really enjoyed all this rambling idleness, it would no doubt be the better fit him for his work in the great capital.

We beat in to Loch-na-Maddy—that is, the Lake of the Dogs—in the quiet evening; and the rather commonplace low-lying hills, and the plain houses of the remote little village, looked beautiful enough under the glow of the western skies. And we went ashore, and walked inland for a space, through an intricate network of lagoons inbranching from the sea; and we saw the trout leaping and making circles on the gold-red pools, and watched the herons rising from their fishing and winging their slow flight across the silent lakes.

And it was a beautiful night, too, and we had a little singing on deck. Perhaps there was an under-current of regret in the knowledge that now—for this voyage at least—we had touched our farthest point. To-morrow we were to set out again for the south.

CHAPTER XIII.

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.

The wind was laughing at Angus Sutherland. All the time we had been sailing north, it had blown from the north; now that we had turned our faces eastward, it wheeled round to the east, as it would imprison him forever in this floating home.

"You would fain get away"—this was the sound that one of us seemed to hear in those light airs of the morning that blew along the white canvas—"the world calls; ambition, fame, the eagerness of rivalry, the spell that science throws over her disciples—all these are powerful, and they draw you, and you would fain go

away. But the hand of the wind is uplifted against you; you may fret as you will, but you are not round Ru Hinish yet!"

And perhaps the imaginative small creature who heard these strange things in the light breeze against which we were fighting our way across the Minch may have been forming her own plans. Angus Sutherland, she used often to say, wanted humanizing. He was too proud and scornful in the pride of his knowledge; the gentle hand of a woman was needed to lead him into more tractable ways. And then this Mary Avon, with her dexterous, nimble woman's wit, and her indomitable courage, and her life and spirit and abounding cheerfulness; would she not be a splendid companion for him during his long and hard struggle? This born match-maker had long ago thrown away any notion about the Laird transferring our singing-bird to Denny-mains. She had almost forgotten about the project of bringing Howard Smith, the Laird's nephew, and half compelling him to marry Mary Avon; that was preposterous on the face of it. But she had grown accustomed, during those long days of tranquil idleness, to see our young doctor and Mary Avon together, cut off from all the distractions of the world, a new Paul and Virginia. Why—she may have asked herself—should not these two solitary waifs, thus thrown by chance together on the wide ocean of existence, why should they not cling to each other and strengthen each other in the coming days of trial and storm? The strange, pathetic, phantasmal farce of life is brief; they cannot seize it, and hold it, and shape it to their own ends; they know not whence it comes or whither it goes; but while the brief, strange thing lasts, they can grasp each other's hand, and make sure—amid all the unknown things around them, the mountains, and the wide seas, and the stars—of some common, humble, sympathy. It is so natural to grasp the hand of another in the presence of something vast and unknown.

The rest of us, at all events, have no time for such vague dreams and reveries. There is no idleness on board the *White Dove* out here on the shining deep. Dr. Sutherland has rigged up for himself a sort of gymnasium by putting a rope across the shrouds to the peak halyards; and on this rather elastic cross-bar he is taking his morning exercise by going through a series of performances, no doubt picked up in Germany. Miss Avon is busy with a sketch of the long headland running out to Vaternish Point, though, indeed, this smooth Atlantic roll makes it difficult for her to keep her feet, and introduces a certain amount of hap-hazard into her handiwork. The Laird has brought on deck a formidable portfolio of papers, no doubt relating to the public affairs of Strathgovan, and has put on his gold spectacles, and has got his pencil in hand. Master Fred is re-arranging the cabins; the mistress of the yacht is looking after her flowers. And then his heard the voice of John of Skye—"Stand by, boys!" and "Bout ship!" and the helm goes down, and the jib and foresail flutter and tear at the blocks and sheets, and then the sails gently fill, and the *White Dove* is away on another tack.

"Well, I give in," says Mary Avon at last, as a heavier lurch than usual threatens to throw her and her easel together into the scuppers. "It is no use."

"I thought you never gave in, Mary," says our admiral, whose head has appeared again at the top of the companion-stairs.

"I wonder who could paint like this," says Mary Avon indignantly. And indeed she is trussed up like a fowl, with one arm round one of the gig davits.

"Turner was lashed to the mast of a vessel in order to see a storm," says Queen T—. "But not to paint," retorts the other. "Besides, I am not Turner. Besides, I am tired."

By this time, of course, Angus Sutherland has come to her help, and removes her easel and what not for her, and fetches her a deck chair. "Would you like to play chess?" says he.

"Oh yes," she answers, dutifully, "if you think the men will stay on the board."

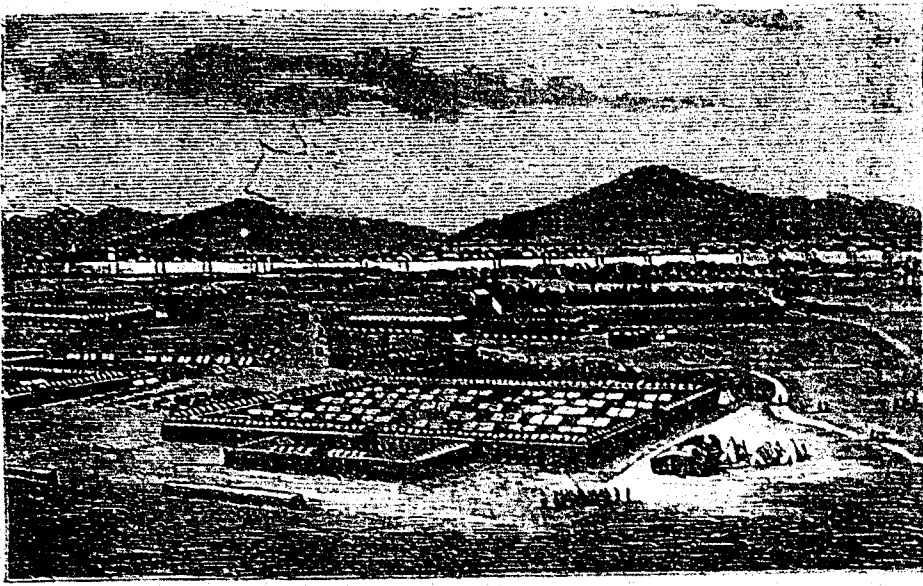
"Draughts will be safer," says he; and therewith he plunges below and fetches up the square board and the pieces.

And so, on this beautiful summer day, with the shining seas around them, and a cool breeze tempering the heat of the sun, Ferdinand and Miranda set to work. And it was a pretty sight to see them—her soft dark eyes so full of an anxious care to acquit herself well; his robust, hard, fresh-coloured face full of a sort of good-natured forbearance. But nevertheless it was a strange game. All Scotchmen are supposed to play draughts, and one brought up in a manse is almost of necessity a good player. But one astonished on-looker began to perceive that whereas Mary Avon played but indifferently, her opponent played with a blindness that was quite remarkable. She has a very pretty, small, white hand; was he looking at that, that he did not, on one occasion, see how he could have taken three pieces and crown his man at one fell sweep? And then is it considered incumbent on a draught-player to inform his opponent of what would be a better move on the part of the latter? However that may be, true it is that, by dint of much advice, opportune blindness, and atrocious bad play, the doctor managed to get the game ended in a draw.

"Dear me," says Mary Avon, "I never thought I should have had a chance. The Scotch are such good draught-players."

"But you play remarkably well," said he—and there was no blush of shame on his face.

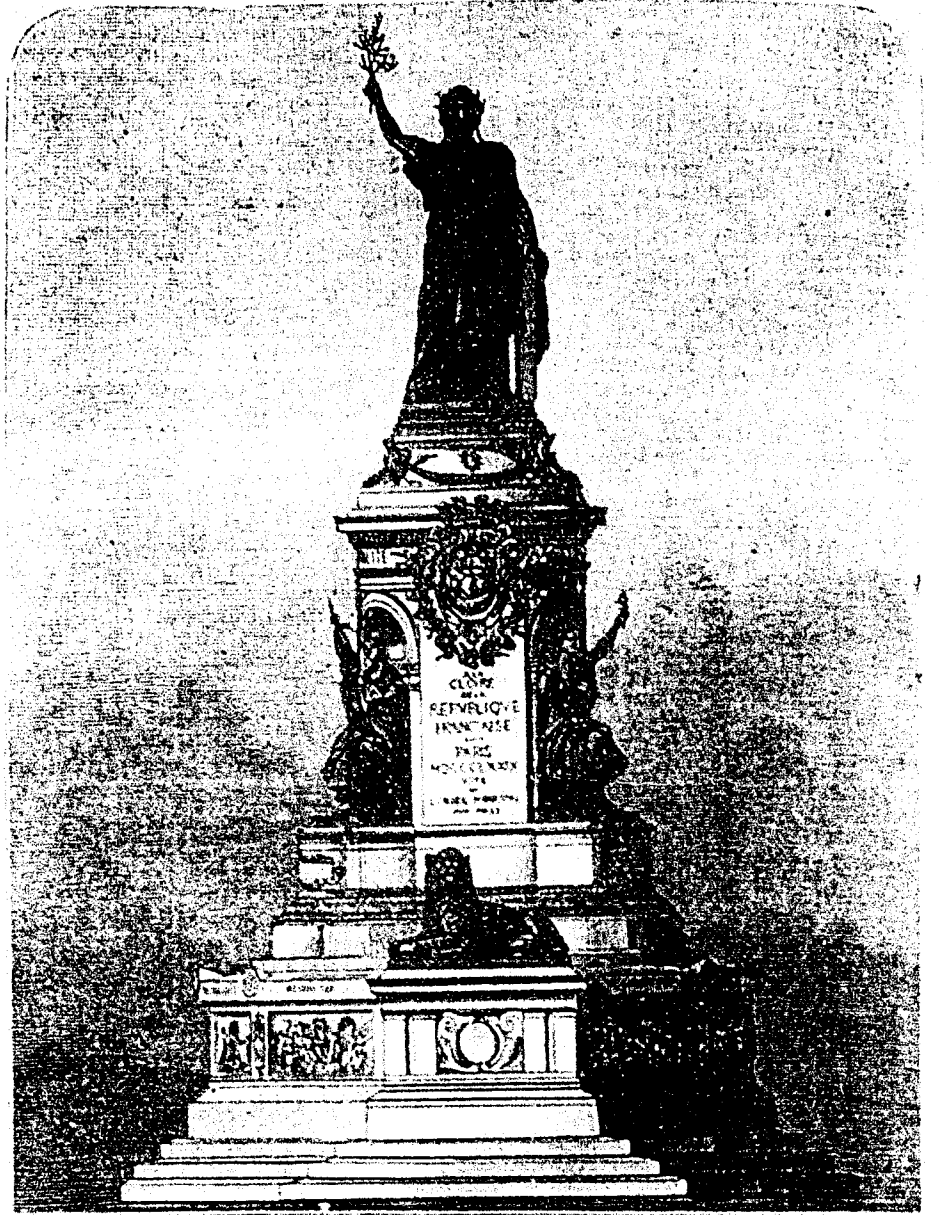
Draughts and luncheon carry us on to the



CANDAHAR UNDER BRITISH POSSESSION.



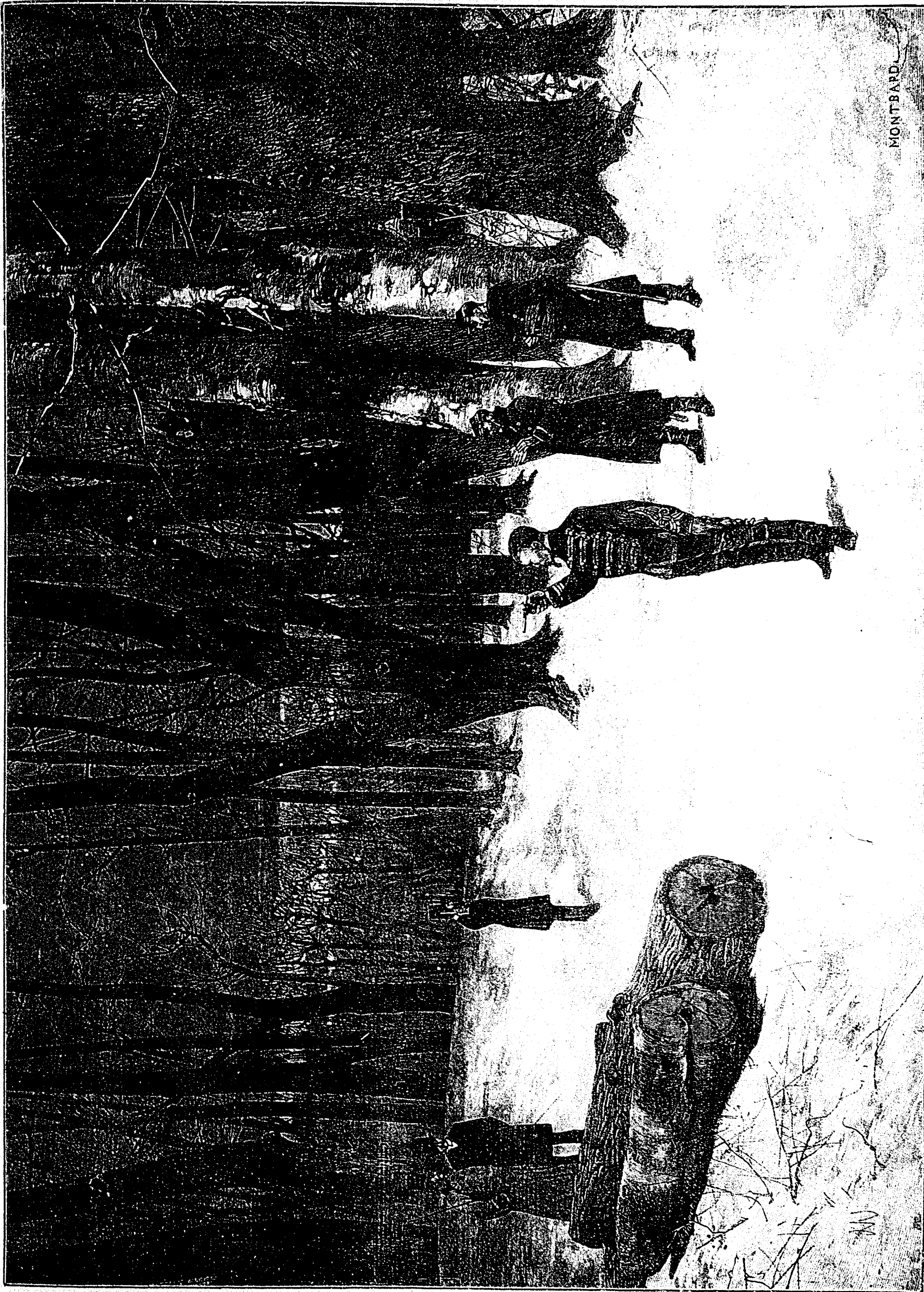
CANDAHAR AT THE TIME OF THE OCCUPATION.



THE STATUE OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC CROWNED AT THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL, JULY 14.



DR. CARVER EXHIBITING HIS SKILL BEFORE THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT POTSDAM.



A FRENCH DUEL.

afternoon; and still the light breeze holds out; and we get nearer and nearer to the most northerly points of Skye. And as the evening draws on we can now make out the line of Ross-shire—a pale rose-colour in the far east; and nearer at hand is the Skye coast, with the warm sunlight touching on the ruins of Duntulme, where Donald Gorm Mòr fed his imprisoned nephew on salt beef, and then lowered to him an empty cup—mocking him before he died; and then in the west the Mountains of Harris, a dark purple against the clear lemon-golden glow. But as night draws on, behold! the wind dies away altogether, and we lie becalmed on a lilac-and-silver sea, with some rocky islands over there grown into a strange intense green in the clear twilight.

Down with the gig, then, John of Skye!—and hurry in all our rods, and lines, and the occult intrapping inventions of our patriarch of Denny-nains. We have no scruple about leaving the yacht in mid-ocean. The clear twilight shines in the sky; there is not a ripple on the sea; only the long Atlantic swell that we can hear breaking far away on the rocks. And surely such calms are infrequent in the Minch; and surely these lonely rocks can have been visited but seldom by passing voyagers?

Yet the great rollers—as we near the forbidden shores—break with an ominous thunder on the projecting points and reefs. The doctor insists on getting closer and closer (he knows where the big lithe are likely to be found), and the men, though they keep a watchful eye about them, obey. And then—it is Mary Avon who first calls out—and behold! her rod is suddenly dragged down—the point is hauled below the water—agony and alarm are on her face.

"Here; take it—take it!" she calls out. "The rod will be broken."

"Not a bit," the doctor calls out. "Give him the butt hard. Never mind the rod. Haul away!"

And indeed by this time everybody was alternately calling and hauling, and John of Skye, attending to the rods of the two ladies, had scarcely time to disengage the big fish and smooth the flies again; and the Laird was declaring that these lithe fight as hard as a twenty-pound salmon. What did we care about those needles and points of black rock that every two or three seconds showed their teeth through the breaking white surf?

"Keep her close in, boys!" Angus Sutherland cried. "We shall have a fine pickling tomorrow."

Then one fish, stronger and bigger than his fellows, pulls the rod clean out of Mary Avon's hands.

"Well, I have done it this time," she says. "Not a bit," her companion cries. "Up all lines! Back now, lads—gently!"

And as the stern of the boat is shoved over the great glassy billows, behold! a thin dark line occasionally visible—the end of the lost rod! Then there is a swoop on the part of our doctor; he has both his hands on the butt; there elapses a minute or two of fighting between man and fish; and then we can see below the boat the wan gleam of the captured animal as it comes to the surface in slow circles. Hurrah! a seven-pounder! John of Skye chuckles to himself as he grasps the big lithe.

"Oh, ay!" he says; "the young leddy knows ferry well when to throw away the rod. It is a grand thing to throw away the rod when there will be a big fish. Ay, ay, it is a good fish."

But the brutes that fought hardest of all were the dogfish—the snakes of the sea; and there was a sort of holy archangelic joy on the face of John of Skye when he seized a lump of stick to fell these hideous creatures before flinging them back into the water again. And yet why should they have been killed on account of their snake-like eyes and their cruel mouth? The human race did not rise and extirpate Frederick Smeathurst because he was ill-favoured.

By half-past ten we had secured a good cargo of fish, and then we set out for the yacht. The clear twilight was still shining above the Harris hills; but there was a dusky shadow along the Outer Hebrides, where the orange ray of Scalpa Light was shining; and there was dusk in the south, so that the yacht had become invisible altogether. It was a long pull back, for the *White Dove* had been carried far by the ebb tide. When we found her, she looked like a tall gray ghost in the gathering darkness; and no light had as yet been put up; but all the same we had a laughing welcome from Master Fred, who was glad to have the fresh fish wherewith to supplement our frugal meals.

Then the next morning, when we got up and looked around, we were in the same place. And the glass would not fall, and the blue skies kept blue, and we had to encounter still another day of dreamy idleness.

"The weather is conspiring against you, Angus," our sovereign lady said, with a smile. "And you know you cannot run away from the yacht; it would be so cowardly to take the steamer."

"Well, indeed," said he, "it is the first time in my life that I have found absolute idleness enjoyable, and I am not so very anxious it should end. Somehow, though, I fear we are too well off. When we get back to the region of letters and telegrams, don't you think we shall have to pay for all this selfish happiness?"

"Then why should we go back?" she says, lightly. "Why not make a compact to forsake the world altogether, and live all our life on board the *White Dove*?"

Somehow his eyes wandered to Mary Avon, and she said, rather absently.

"I, for one, should like it well enough, if it were only possible."

"No, no," says the Laird, brusquely, "that will no do at all. It was never intended that people should go and live for themselves like that. Ye have your duties to the nation and to the laws that protect ye. When I left Denny-mains I told my brother Commissioners that what I could do when I was away to further the business of the Burgh I would do; and I have entered most minutely into several matters of great importance. And that is why I am anxious to get to Portree. I expect most important letters there."

Portree! Our whereabouts on the chart last night was marked between 45 and 46 fathoms W.S.W. from some nameless rocks; and here, as far as we can make out, we are still between these mystical numbers. What can we do but chat, and read, and play draughts, and twirl round a rope, and ascend to the cross-trees to look out for a breeze, and watch and listen to the animal life around us?

"I do think," says Mary Avon to her hostess, "the calling of those divers is the softest and most musical sound I ever heard; perhaps because it is associated with so many beautiful places. Just fancy, now, if you were suddenly to hear a diver symphony beginning in an opera—if all the falsetto recitative and the blare of the trumpets were to stop—and if you were to hear the violins and flutes beginning quite low and soft a diver symphony, would you not think of the Hebrides, and the *White Dove* and the long summer days? In the winter, you know, in London, I fancy we should go once or twice to see that opera!"

"I have never been to an opera," remarks the Laird, quite impervious to Mary Avon's tender enthusiasm. "I am told it is a fantastic exhibition."

The chief incident of that day was the appearance of a new monster of the deep, which approached quite close to the hull of the *White Dove*. Leaning over the rail we could see him clearly in the clear water—a beautiful golden submarine spider, with a conical body like that of a land spider, and six or eight legs, by the incurving of which he slowly propelled himself through the water. As we were perfectly convinced that no one had ever been in such dead calms in the Minch before, and had lain for twenty-four hours in the neighbourhood 45 and 46, we took it for granted that this was a new animal. We named it the *Arachne Mary-Avonensis*, but did not seek to capture it. It went on its golden way.

We were not to linger forever in these northern seas, surrounded by perpetual summer calms—however beautiful the prospect might be to a young man fallen away, for a moment, from his high ambitions. Whatever summons from the far world might be waiting us at Portree was soon to be served upon us. In the afternoon a slight breeze sprang up that gently carried us away past Ru Hunish, and round by Eilean Trodda; and down by Altaivaig. The gray-green basaltic cliffs of the Skye coast were now in shadow; but the strong sunlight beat on the grassy ledges above; and there was a distant roar of water along the rocks. This other throbbing sound, too: surely that must be some steamer far away on the other side of Rona? The sunset deepened. Darker and darker grew the shadows in the great mountains above us. We heard the sea along the solitary shores.

The stars came out in the twilight: they seemed clearest just over the blackest mountains. In the silence there was the sound of a waterfall somewhere—in among those dark cliffs. Then our side-lights were put up; and we sat on deck; and Mary Avon, nestling close to her friend, was persuaded to sing for her

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries"

—just as if she had never heard the song before. The hours went by; Angus Sutherland was talking in a slow, earnest, desultory fashion; and surely he must have been conscious that one heart at least was eagerly and silently listening to him. The dawn was near at hand when finally we consented to go below.

What time of the morning was it that we heard John of Skye call out, "Six or seven fathoms'll do!" We knew at least that we had got into harbour; and that the first golden glow of the daylight was streaming through the skylights of the saloon. We had returned from the wilds to the calms and cares of civilization; if there was any message to us, for good or for evil, from the distant world we had left for so long, it was now waiting for us on shore.

(To be continued.)

A COUGH, COLD, CATARRH or Sore Throat requires immediate attention, as neglect often-times results in some incurable Lung Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will almost invariably give relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes.

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AN ATHEIST FOR A FORTNIGHT.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY.—I wake up and see my memorandum, and stop short in a mental ejaculation of "Thank God for a good night!" I sit up in bed and rub my eyes, and try to realize my position. I feel that I must be very practical and look at life from a common-sense point of view. There must be no nonsense about trusting to Some One—ought not that to be in small letters, by the way?—for guidance and help, because Some One doesn't exist. I must help myself now, and lead myself too. This is not a cheerful reflection for the commencement of a day. I sit on the window-sill, and talk to that dear old blackbird who has just successfully brought up a family of four in the arbor vitæ close by. What a divine morning! "Divine," did I say? No, that won't do. I must find another word. Mem.: Look up "divine" in Johnson when I go down, and see if I can substitute some other word. There is the postman! Four letters for me. One from my landlord reminding me that a quarter's rent is overdue. I don't want any reminder, as I have been only too painfully conscious of it. One from the editor of a magazine, saying my story was not of a length to suit him, and that if I make it half as long again he might consider it. The previous editor to whom it was sent suggested that it should be cut short. Where next shall I send it? What a trying life this is! I pray God I may—I forget—No, I don't mean God, but Nature (with a capital N), or whatever it is that looks after things. There must be something, but what is it? I mustn't stop to think of it now, but get to work.

Second day, Tuesday.—Have been spending some spare minutes in studying the principles of atheism, and find it very dry reading, and am getting tired of "ethics," which is continually repeated. An atheist must be, as Wordsworth says:—

A reasoning, self-sufficient thing,
An intellectual all-in-all;

and I find it very difficult to be all-in-all to myself. Is reason the only thing that controls us? Is not there a something called conscience? However, for the fortnight I must endeavour to put reason uppermost: I find it difficult.

Fifth day, Friday.—Went up to town to take my book to the publisher. Left it at the office with fear and trembling, lest it should be rejected. I called on the editor of — magazine, to ask him if he would look at an article of mine. I have known him many years, and he has been a good friend. It was very encouraging to feel his friendly pat on my shoulder as I left him, and hear his cheery "God bless you!" His "God bless you!" seemed to ring in my ears as I trotted quickly from the door-step to the pavement, and went along feeling a world happier. But my steps slackened as I remembered that I had no right to God's blessing, and that I must take the words as a mere form, used by a poor old-fogeyish believer in God, as an expression of good-will. And then I wondered whether an atheist was correct in using the term "Good-bye," as it is a contraction of "God be with you." Adieu, also, is useless; so I suppose I am limited to "Farewell;" and that's rather silly, because if I act by the light of reason I shall, of course, fare well. Greetings and blessings are certainly out of place in atheism.

Seventh day, Sunday.—Plenty of gardening to be done after the rain. My Sunday worship generally takes the form of gardening; for my occupation during the week is not healthy, and the master I serve the—the public—is rather a hard one. On Sunday I get fresh air and outdoor exercise, and work under another Master, the Almighty Gardener, whom it is so pleasant to serve. I mean that is what I used to do. I must now set about my work in a different spirit. The light of reason will teach me that if I do certain work in the garden I must expect certain results, weather permitting. But weather does not always permit, and scientific people cannot account for it. What a wonderful thing it is that the rose, which is the very essence of beauty, should thrive best on the refuse of the earth! The economy of Nature is marvellous, and shows the Master-Hand in—no, I mean Nature arranges itself; but I am puzzled how to put it. I have evidently a good deal to learn. I wonder why weeds grow so fast, while beautiful flowers want such care in cultivation? I suppose it is one of the arrangements of Providence to teach—but, of course, it is only one of the ordinary laws of Nature. I must give up reflecting while I'm gardening; it is an occupation that doesn't accord with atheism. I think a gardener cannot be an atheist.

Eighth day, Monday.—What pleasant company a good book is! How often have I thanked God for Shakespeare and Swift, and Fielding and Sterne, and many another good spirit! Can any amount of science breed such men? If man is the lord of everything, why cannot he change human nature, and people the world with clever folk? Undoubtedly these great men are gifted; and if so, who is the giver? These thoughts arise because I have been reading dear Walter Scott in bed this morning. I fear it is not giving atheism a fair chance to read so charming an author. My gate bell rings, and my servant informs me that an old gentleman, who wouldn't give his name, wishes to see me. I find in my book-room a gentleman I have never seen before, though somehow the face seems familiar—perhaps I had seen a photograph of him in the shop windows. After some apologies for his appearance, he says he has heard of my struggles in literature, and has been con-

missioned to offer me a little help, which he hopes I will do him the favour to accept. Whereupon he hands me a couple of ten-pound notes, and begs me not to inquire who is the giver, but take them as coming from God. "It was mere chance," says the atheist, "for it is not likely that if there were one supreme being he would trouble himself with the affairs of a single individual." "Perhaps not," I reply, "but I can at any rate thank God for the 'mere chance.'" I have discovered that my unknown visitor was a man whose name is familiar to all readers and play-goers.

From the ninth to the thirteenth day I still struggled on with my atheism, and decided that it didn't agree with me at all. I think it wants the "hard heart and strong stomach" that Talleyrand said were necessary for success in life. It is certainly not suited to one who has to struggle for existence.

Fourteenth day, Sunday.—Very busy in the garden, and a good deal troubled about that unpaid rent and rates and other little matters. Have not had a verdict on my book yet, and am becoming distressed. One feels that there is so much which passes human understanding—at least I mean that I feel it; perhaps atheists do not—that one naturally looks to some Higher Power.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 281.

The following particulars connected with the recent chess tourney at Wiesbaden will be read with interest by Canadian chessplayers.

(Land and Water.)

The Wiesbaden Tourney is over, with the following result:—Blackburne 11, Englisch 11, Schwarz 11, Schallpö 10, Mason 9, Bird 9, Winwar 9, Minckwitz 8, L. Paulsen 7, and Schottlander 7, with lesser scores as shown in the table given hereunder. There were, therefore, ties between Blackburne, Englisch, and Schwarz, whereupon these players divided the first, second, and third prizes without playing further. We gather that there was a fourth prize offered; and this of course went to Herr Schallpö. The result, if scarcely a triumph for the English team, must be looked upon as fairly creditable to them, considering the quantity of the competitors and the quality of many of them. Blackburne must be considered to have well maintained his reputation, for he only lost one game during the tourney. His score was spoiled by the number of draws, especially as two of those draws were with opponent low down in the scale. Englisch, as will be seen, did not lose a single game; but, with eight draws against him, he has reason to congratulate himself upon being notwithstanding one of the three highest scorers. Schwarz was like Blackburne, a loser of only one game, with six draws; Mason spoiled his score for him. Schallpö lost three games, and therefore did very well in that he notwithstanding gained the fourth place. Bird, as will be perceived, did not draw a single game, his score being entirely made up of units and noughts. It was just the same with him at the Paris Tourney, and we cannot but sympathize with a player who manifests such a decidedly fighting style.

The table referred to in the above is omitted for want of space.

We learn from a letter in the *Hartford Times* that the Boston Chess Club is at present engaged in a game tourney with the Harvard College Chess Club. From the same source we are glad to find, judging from the way in which the club room is furnished with chess books, bound volumes of leading chess magazines, and other things calculated to make the gathering place of the members agreeable and instructive, that chess is properly appreciated by the people of Boston.

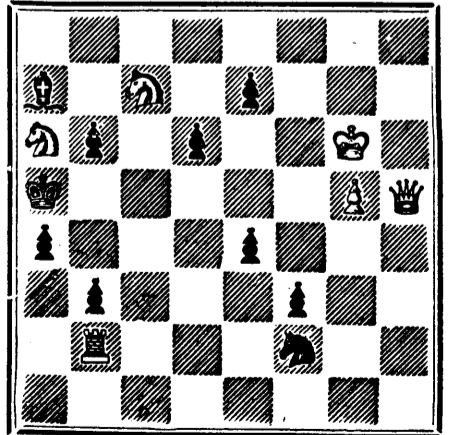
The Brunswick Chess Congress began on the 17th of July, and as the English players will, no doubt, take part in it, we shall be anxious to learn the result.

A chess match at the beginning of July was played in England between the Clubs of Oxford and Whitney. Thirteen players on each side. Oxford won by fifteen to eight.

PROBLEM No. 289.

By C. W., of Sunbury.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 418TH.

Brilliant game played some time ago between Prof. Anderson and Herr Dufresne.

(Evans' Gambit.)

White.—(Prof. Anderson.) Black.—(Herr Dufresne.)

1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	3. B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes P
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to R 4
6. P to Q 4	6. P takes P
7. Castles	7. P to Q 5
8. Q to Kt 3	8. Q to B 3
9. P to K 5	9. Q to Kt 3
10. R to K sq	10. K Kt to K 2
11. B to Q R 3	11. P to Q Kt 4
12. Q takes P	12. R to Q Kt 2 (sq)
13. Q to R 4	13. K B to Kt 3
14. Q Kt to Q 2	14. B to Q Kt 2
15. Kt to K 4	15. B to B 4
16. B takes Q P	16. Q to R 4
17. Kt to B 6 (ch)	17. B takes Kt
18. P takes P	18. R to K Kt sq
19. Q R to Q sq (a)	19. B takes R
20. R takes Kt (ch)	20. Q takes Q
21. Q takes Q P (ch)	21. K to K sq
22. B to K B 5 (ch)	22. K to B sq
23. B to Q 7 (ch)	
24. B takes Kt mate	

NOTES.

(a) The beginning of a beautiful termination.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 187

White.	Black.
1. B to Q B 5	1. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 255.

White.	Black.
1. R takes R P	1. B to K B 5
2. Kt to K Kt 7	2. B moves.
3. R takes Kt mate	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 256.

White.	Black.
K at K R 6	K at K B 2
Q at K 4	R at Q B 3
R at K Kt 5	R at K sq
B at K B 4	Kt at K Kt 3
B at Q Kt 3	
Kt at Q 3	

White to play and mate in two moves.



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Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 29th July, 1880.

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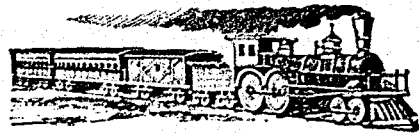
S. C. STEVENSON,
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or to
GEO. LECLERE,
Secretary C. of Agr.

Montreal, 2nd August, 1880.

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Change of Time.

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	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Hull	1:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	5:15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull	10:30 a.m.	12:40 p.m.	9:25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga	1:00 a.m.	8:20 a.m.	5:05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	10:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	9:15 p.m.
		Night Passenger	
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec	6:00 p.m.	10:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec	8:00 p.m.	6:30 a.m.	9:25 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga	5:30 p.m.	9:30 p.m.	10:10 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	8:00 a.m.	6:30 a.m.	4:40 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome	5:30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome	7:15 p.m.	Mixed	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga		6:45 a.m.	
Arrive at Hochelaga		9:00 a.m.	

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)
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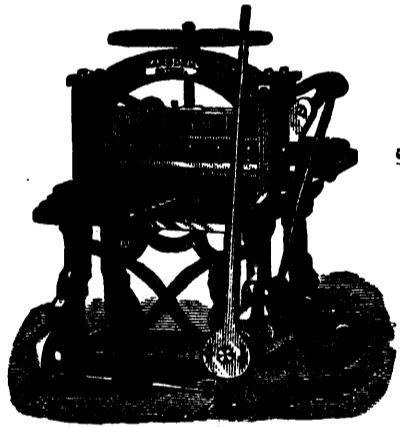
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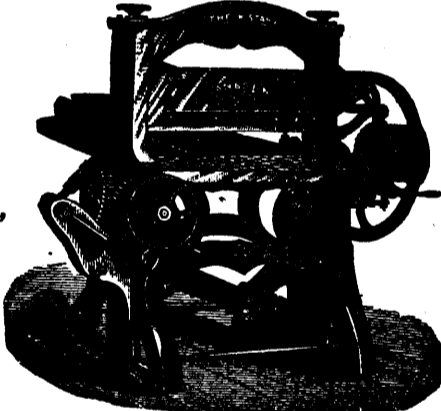
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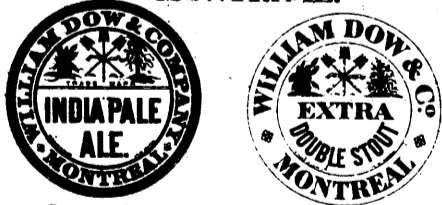


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