

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XXII.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880.

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



THANESGIVING.

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.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1879.			
Nov. 7th, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Nov. 7th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	45	32	40	Mon.	34	24	29
Tues.	43	34	38.5	Tues.	33	21	26.5
Wed.	44	38	36	Wed.	34	26	30
Thur.	51	31	41	Thur.	33	20	26.5
Fri.	51	37	44	Fri.	35	23	29
Sat.	57	45	51	Sat.	34	24	29
Sun.	56	38	52	Sun.	40	26	33

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Thanksgiving—Albanian Tribes—Fort Alessandria—A Montenegrin Stronghold—Professors of Queen's University, Kingston—Naval Manœuvring by Electric Light—Archibald Forbes—New York: After the Closing of the Polls—Cruelties on Fish and Fowl—The Leaves are Falling—Grand Train of Colonization for Manitoba—Grain Elevator at Bedford Basin, N.S.—Rev. George Manro Grant, D.D.—Rev. James Williamson, D.D.—Rev. John B. Mowat, M.A.—John Watson, M.A.—L.L.D.—Rev. J. H. Mackerras, M.A.

LETTER-PRESS.—To Our Subscribers—The Week—The Presidential Election—Lowering the Civil Service—Social Plagues—Cruelties on Fish and Fowl—The Travelling Artist—The Streams of Life—The Cat as a Sportman's Companion—November—Professors of Queen's University, Kingston—White Wings (continued)—Varieties—Humorous—Beloque pour Dames—Hearth and Home—The Gleaner—History of the Week—Our Illustrations—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, November 13, 1880.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

THE WEEK.

NEVER judge of a place by its size. The Isle of Man has decided to extend the franchise to unmarried women possessed of the necessary qualifications.

The thanks of the country are due to the Marquis of LORNE for having used his influence toward obtaining the use of a training ship for the education of young Canadians, who may have a fancy for the Mercantile Navy. The vessel is in perfect order, of good size, and will be in the hands of our Department of Marine and Fisheries within a few weeks. She will be stationed at St. John, N.B., which is a very proper selection.

A new move has been inaugurated in Ottawa, which is very sensible indeed. A Militia Museum has been established at Headquarters, with the object of preserving Historical Records and articles of interest relating to the Militia of the Dominion, or to the Militia previous to Confederation. Persons desirous of aiding the museum by contributions of any such records should communicate with the Director of Stores.

We publish to-day a spirited portrait and a biography of the renowned war correspondent, Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES,

who is now lecturing in this country. On his arrival in Montreal, Mr. FORBES was entertained at luncheon by the members of the Press. His lectures are altogether worthy of his great reputation, and we invite our readers throughout the Dominion not to fail to hear him when he arrives in their respective localities.

AFTER much delay and many negotiations, several changes in the Cabinet have taken place, and the Ministers will now have leisure to prepare themselves for the session, which will certainly be opened before Christmas. The changes are as follows:—Mr. MOUSSEAU, President of the Council; Mr. CARON, Minister of Militia; Sir ALEX. CAMPBELL, Postmaster-General; Hon. JOHN O'CONNOR, Secretary of State; Hon. Mr. AIKINS, Minister of Inland Revenue.

As was to be expected, the vigorous action of Government in the prosecution of the chief members of the Land League, has intensified the agitation in Ireland. This has been followed by the announcement that the channel squadron has been ordered to the west coast. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has offered the assistance of his party for the maintenance of law and order. Mr. PARNELL and his principal henchmen are holding up against the pressure, and there is no reason to believe that they will yield an inch.

THE negotiations regarding the International Park at Niagara, are going on very satisfactorily. The Dominion Commissioners and the Ontario Government have had a Conference, and the Commissioners have submitted to the Ontario Government the conclusions they have arrived at, regarding the share of expense to be borne by each Government, in securing the land required for the Canadian share of the reserve. It is to be hoped that practical work will be begun in spring, and that the plan of Lord DUFFERIN will be carried out.

THE Eastern Question is still *in statu quo*. The worse feature about the whole business is the comparative isolation of England. The abstention of Russia and France we had occasion to explain a few weeks ago, and now we are informed, on very plausible grounds, that Austria, which Mr. GLADSTONE so vigorously abused on several occasions, has very effectually taken her revenge by keeping aloof from England at this critical moment. The British Premier is also met at home by a stubborn and constantly increasing opposition to the idea of going to war for Greece.

It would be too bad if the news, coming through Russian sources, should prove true, to the effect that the *Jeannette*, the famous Bennett Arctic exploring vessel, has been lost with all hands, the ship having been crushed in the ice. The appliances with which the *Jeannette* was furnished, and the circumstances under which she was sent forth, led to the hope that she would go very far toward settling the Arctic problem. The route which she took, through Behring's Straits, was out of the beaten track and had been chosen on the advice of many Arctic explorers in Europe and America.

THE latest advices from Basutoland as we go to press are very important. On the 31st, October, the principal mountain stronghold of the tribe was successfully stormed by Col. CLARKE's forces. During this operation, 5,000 Basutos attacked the Colonial detachment holding a large village and before reinforcements could arrive a small body of them were surrounded on all sides and several were killed. The enemy advanced in great numbers, compelling the Colonials to retreat in an orderly manner and relinquish their position. The Tembus are now in open rebellion, and reinforcements are being sent to all important points.

LOWERING THE CIVIL SERVICE.

We are really concerned at the narrow view which a couple of our French-Canadian contemporaries take of the Civil Service, and the qualities which constitute the foundation of claims for enrolment in the same. For several months past, having seemingly nothing else to do, they have treated us to a series of articles on the French language in public offices, with the purpose of which we cordially agree, inasmuch as the French is an official language, and its rights should be maintained. With the spirit dictating such remarks, however, we are less in accord. We do not see why our friends should thus be persistently pleading a cause which no one dreams of attacking. So far as we can discover, the English speaking population of Canada have every disposition to do by their French fellow-citizens as they would be done by, and if there are a few fanatics who hold a different view, they are the exception that proves the rule. Especially in this Province of Quebec, where the English are in a great minority, common sense and a feeling of common interest necessitates a course of fair dealing, which leaves the majority in the full enjoyment of their legitimate claims.

But the false zeal of some of our contemporaries leads them still further. They raise the cry of injustice in the distribution of public favours, and basing their argument on an exhaustive analysis of the several departmental blue books, spring to the conclusion that the best offices are denied to the French and given to the English. If this were true, it would unquestionably be an evil, but it is not true, and from the very constitution of our executive machinery it cannot be true. There are always three French-Canadian representatives in the Federal Cabinet—men chosen on account of their standing, and whose duty it is—to say nothing of their interest—to see that their countrymen are awarded their fair share of public patronage. Indeed, if a scrutiny were made,—a task for which we have no taste whatever—it would perhaps be found that these Ministers have fulfilled their mission to the farthest extent.

The motive which underlies this whole agitation is an unhealthy one. The Civil Service is regarded as a field for the ambition of young men who, in a great number of cases, are unfitted for other work, and who seek therein a reward for imaginary service to their party. Any one acquainted with the inner workings of the Departments at Ottawa must be aware of the intrigues by which Ministers are surrounded in the distribution of offices. The trouble is so great at times, in the reconciliation of rivalries, as to delay or impede momentous affairs of state. We are glad to know that there are some Ministers who have force of character enough to rise superior to these clamors, and who dispense patronage according to merit, regardless of nationality or creed. The hands of these men should be strengthened, and a strong public opinion should speak out to encourage them in their independent course. It is a very narrow phase of our political life which regards Government as only an avenue for place and plunder. Recent revelations at Ottawa show this, and the newspapers who choose to attack the leaders of their party, on such grounds as that, are not only doing a dis-service to the party, but lowering the plane of political life as well. Of course there must be patronage, and, of course, that patronage may as well be exercised within the precincts of the party in power, but beyond this there is no reason to go, and certainly considerations of nationality, especially when they are based on unreliable figures, should not be allowed to have any weight. The circumstances of public life are none too high with us already, and it is clearly the duty of an enlightened and patriotic press to elevate, instead of depressing them still more.

It requires a man of good sense to fall in love with a plain woman.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

More than a week has elapsed since the great contest for the coveted prize of the United States Presidency took place, and we have now all the facts necessary to enable us to judge impartially of the result. The morning after the election, the intelligence was such as to lead to the belief that the Republicans had achieved an overwhelming victory. An enthusiastic German Republican organ of New York, mindful of its countrymen's success on another field, exultingly declared that the election was "a Democratic Sedan." The *Boston Post*, one of the staunchest Democratic papers in the country, wrote in disgust, on the morning after the battle, that the Democrats "were scooped, routed, played out and generally done for." A paper in this city volunteered the comment that not only was HANCOCK defeated, but that the Democratic party was utterly demoralized and practically swept out of existence for a number of years.

Now that all the returns are in, we find that while the Republicans have undoubtedly scored a triumph, their success is a limited one and open to easy explanation. They won by only a small majority in a single State—New York—and if they had lost that, they would have been left in a clear minority. We mention this fact without comment, merely to establish the record.

As we write, California and Oregon are still in dispute, but giving these States to the Republicans, where we believe they rightly belong, GARFIELD has 219 electoral votes, and HANCOCK 150. If New York had cast her vote for HANCOCK, as was expected, the General would have had 185—exactly the proper figure—and GARFIELD 184. HANCOCK got the 9 votes of New Jersey and the 3 votes of Nevada,—exactly enough with New York to carry him through the electoral college.

The Republican majority in New York was within a fraction of 15,000, and that was obtained through the revolt against Tammany Hall in New York City, as is clear from the fact that, whereas the Democratic majority in the city is usually in the neighbourhood of 60,000, this year it was only 35,000. The defeat of HANCOCK is therefore directly traceable to JOHN KELLY, the Tammany Sachem. There is room to believe that if Mr. TILDEN had been the nominee, he would have carried his own State, as he is known to be a first-rate organizer.

The result is no less curious in regard to the popular vote, HANCOCK having a majority of about 25,000 over GARFIELD. It will be remembered that TILDEN had no less than a quarter of a million over HAYES. HAYES and GARFIELD are the only two Minority Presidents in American history. LINCOLN and others were in the same predicament, but with this notable difference—that there were more than two candidates in the field.

We do not make much account of the view that the result is a victory of the solid North against the solid South. The South is not solid as against the North or the Northern people, but only as against the Republican party, and the antagonism is therefore a partisan, not a national one. If Mr. GARFIELD, as there is reason to believe, rules as equitably as did Mr. HAYES, the South will gradually relapse into its old divisional lines of Conservative and Liberal, for, it must be remembered, it is not bound to the Democratic party, only inasmuch as it regards that party as more friendly to its interests.

Neither do we attach any importance to the statement that the Democrats, still retaining, as they claim, the control of both Houses of Congress, will attempt to go behind the returns, and throw out a sufficient number of votes to elect HANCOCK. This would be revolutionary, and the whole country would rise against it. GARFIELD will be the next President of the United States, and the only regret is that his majority was not sufficiently ample to give a clear majority for his administration in the Senate and House of Repre-

sontatives. As it is, the parties will be so evenly balanced in Congress as to make any serious legislation difficult for the next two years.

THE REV. GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D.

Before assuming the Principal's chair of Queen's College, the late minister of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, was less widely known than now to the public of Canada. He enjoyed a reputation as the pastor of the leading congregation in the Maritime Provinces, as one who took an active part in the union movement which led to the formation of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and as a man whose record of labours, done in every benevolent cause, was one to be proud of. But so many honours have been crowded upon him since the end of last year that to-day he stands before the country as one of its prominent men. In the course of about eight months he has passed from the rank and file of the clergy to be the Principal of a College; and the University of Glasgow, his own *alma mater*, has recognized his appointment by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The unanimity of his choice by the trustees of the College, his cordial reception by the students of the various Faculties, and the warm welcome accorded to him by the citizens of Kingston, are evidences of his high standing as a scholar and a man. But Dr. Grant had no sooner entered upon his new duties than he saw that something must be done to place his College upon a more solid basis. This was a task for which he was well fitted, both by nature and experience. Constitutionally he is one who adds to the weight of moral conviction an indomitable purpose and dauntless courage in undertaking what seems to him a necessary end. He appears to take every one into his confidence and to gain him over as a friend and advocate of his views so that all feel and say that when Grant takes a thing in hand it must be done. By experience also he was prepared for the special work now to be accomplished, for it is doubtful whether any single minister in Canada ever succeeded as Mr. Grant did while in Halifax in raising money for such objects as education, religion and general benevolence. He collected large sums for the Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, for Dalhousie College, for the Theological Seminary, and for every benevolent scheme of general or local importance. As an instance of his catholicity in regard to benevolence, Mr. Grant raised the entire amount required for the magnificent Dispensary at Halifax, and the first two subscriptions of five hundred dollars received were from a Roman Catholic and a Presbyterian. The fortnight before leaving Halifax he obtained \$2,000 for a club-house for a temperance organization that had been singularly successful in rescuing the most hopeless cases of drunkenness, the Anglican Bishop and the Roman Catholic Archbishop heading the list of subscribers. Thus fitted for the task, it seems the natural and proper thing that Principal Grant should, since the inception of his scheme for endowment and improved buildings some three months ago, have secured the large amount of over \$100,000—\$41,000 of which came from Kingston alone, and the balance from but a few subscribers in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, and several smaller towns and country districts. The entire amount required—\$150,000—will without doubt be reached ere long, and we feel certain that the honour of this success will not rank even second in the estimation of Mr. Grant to the titles of Very Rev. and Principal, and Doctor, which have so recently been heaped upon him.

By those who are not well acquainted with Principal Grant it may be thought that, while he is so intensely energetic and earnest, there may be wanting in him the necessary qualities of a professor. But his entire course from schoolboy days to the close of his pastorate in Halifax shows a happy combination in him of the practical and the scholarly, of the man of action and the votary of the midnight oil. While attending the Academy of Pictou, N.S., his native place, and afterwards the West River Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, he was the leader in all games and sports, his energy never seeming to exhaust itself. At the same time he was a distinguished scholar, carrying off every prize that came within reach. Having been elected by the Committee of the Bursary Fund of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland, in the year 1852, he proceeded to Glasgow University, and then and there commenced an eight years' course of study, which proved to be to its very close a highly distinguished and successful career.

At the time of commencing his studies at the University of Glasgow he was scarcely seventeen years of age. Although a Canadian he seemed at home the moment he put his foot on the College pavement. There was a settled confidence about him that said, "I am here for a purpose;" but it was not that over-confidence which spurns the idea of learning from others. He was a diligent and successful student in all the classes—in many taking first prizes, in few, if any, coming out without distinction, taking highest honours in philosophy in his examination for the degree of M.A.; and while attending the divinity classes not only obtaining some of their best prizes, but carrying off, along with several other of the University prizes, the Lord Rector's prize of thirty guineas for the best essay upon "Hindoo Literature and Philoso-

phy." But the remarkable thing about him was that he had always time for a game of football. In the elections of Lord Rector, Grant was a leader. All this time he was doing the work of private tutor in some of the influential families of the city, so that at the end of his course he could look proudly on the fact that he had not only supported himself at the College, but was able to return any money he had drawn from the Bursary Fund.

In the year 1861 we find the subject of this sketch no longer a boy, but a man—an ordained minister, returning with buoyant hopefulness to serve his beloved native land. Had he remained in Scotland, comfort and distinction were in store for him. But he remembered that he had been sent to study for the Church in Canada; and while there was no obligation binding him to return, the claims of his own land stirred his soul. For the first two years he filled with much success two missionary appointments, the one in Pictou County and the other in Prince Edward Island. In May, 1863, commenced the long pastorate of Mr. Grant in Halifax, which was only broken last year by his appointment to his present position. During these fifteen years he displayed the two-fold qualities to which we have referred, and with a success which was proportioned to the largeness of his trust. Director of Dalhousie College, Trustee of the Theological Seminary, member of the various committees of Presbytery, Synod and Assembly, a zealous advocate of Union, chairman, secretary, or member of every benevolent society, the friend of education—these and many similar positions we might name bespeak for him the quality of intense activity with which we have credited him.

REV. JAMES WILLIAMSON, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS.

In the year 1855, on the occasion of a presentation to the subject of this sketch, the Rev. John McKerras (now deceased) used this language, "the name of Professor Williamson has come to be regarded as synonymous with the honored title of Students' Friend," and the quarter of a century that has since elapsed has only intensified this feeling. In presenting his portrait, therefore, to graduates and students, we know we are presenting an acceptable gift and feel that the necessary bareness of the facts we advance will be well filled out by affectionate remembrance. Born in 1806 at Edinburgh, the future Vice-Principal was educated at the High School of his native city and graduated as M.A. at Edinburgh University in 1827. His chosen profession was the Ministry of the Church of Scotland, and he was licensed in 1831. After being licensed he was for a time a missionary in Kilsyth, a mining district, subsequent to which he was assistant minister at Drumelzier. While filling this position a body of men in Canada had succeeded in establishing Queen's University and College and in the year 1842, the second year of the College, he resigned his position in Drumelzier and came to Canada, having accepted an appointment to the important chair of Mathematics. From this period dates his connection with Queen's, a connection marked by an intense earnestness to maintain and increase its reputation and by an unwavering interest in it and all connected with it. At the time of his appointment his associates were Dr. Liddell and Prof. Campbell, but soon (about 1844, we believe) the management of the infant institution was left entirely in his hands, Drs. Liddell and Campbell having accepted calls from Scotland. To this emergency the Professor was equal and successfully watched over the interests of the College until successors to those gentlemen were appointed. In spite of the immense work that devolved on him in these years he still had time for other matters, for the year 1845 is marked by his marriage with Margaret Gilchrist, daughter of John Gilchrist, Esq., of Edinburgh, editor of the *Evening Courant* of that city. This lady, however, died in the year 1847, leaving one son, now filling a responsible position in Edinburgh.

In the year 1852 he married his second wife, so well known to many of Queen's Graduates as the kind second of the Professor's constant hospitality to the students,—Margaret, sister of the Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald. In the year 1854, he, in conjunction with Dr. Dickson and Dr. John Stewart, successfully established a Medical Faculty in connection with Queen's, and was for some time the Professor of Chemistry in this new institution. In the year 1855 he was the recipient of a valuable testimonial from former graduates, on which occasion (as mentioned above) an address was read by Rev. John McKerras, which only want of space prevents our transcribing, so well does it express the sentiments of respect and love, which then as now were the prevailing sentiments in the minds of all students and graduates towards him. Shortly after this testimonial to his personal qualities, he received one which recognized his high intellectual attainments, viz.: the degree of LL.D. from the University of Glasgow, (a degree not so lightly given then as now). As an example of the work Dr. Williamson was now doing, we may quote from a writer to the *Presbyterianian* in 1857: "The Vice-Principal lectures on Theology in all its branches, Natural Philosophy, Logic and * * * Church History." And from what he says farther on, Mathematics and Chemistry may be added to this. Truly Queen's has developed.

Shortly before this date, in 1855, the Doctor's efforts were successfully bent towards the erect-

tion of an observatory, which was deeded to the University in 1861 and of which he is the Director. Since then an improvement in the funds has increased the staff of Professors, though not to their full complement, and Dr. Williamson—still a splendid specimen of health—now fills only the chair to which he was first appointed, that of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. One other sad event only we have to record, the death of Mrs. Williamson in 1876. And now we leave the Doctor to our readers, not because we do not desire to say more, but because we feel certain that the recollections of all must be as vivid and full as our own, and we feel that all our readers will join with us in the wish that he may be long spared to fill his place.

REV. JOHN B. MOWAT, M.A.

The Rev. Prof. Mowat, who occupies the chair of Oriental Languages, Biblical Criticism and Church History, and is likewise Registrar of Queen's University, is a Kingstonian. He was born in 1825, and received his education chiefly at Queen's University, in which he graduated in 1845. He went to Scotland in 1846 and was a student at the University of Edinburgh during the sessions of 1846-7 and 1847-8. Returning to Canada a licentiate for the Ministry, he acted as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Machar, in St. Andrew's Church, from the year 1848 to 1850, when he was ordained minister of St. Andrew's Church at Niagara, and continued to labour there with much acceptance, until, to the great regret of his congregation, he was appointed to his present chair in Queen's University. His own studies are pursued with unremitting assiduity, that his prelections may be more interesting and useful to his students; and he does not think the labour of a lifetime too much to give to the great subjects which it is his privilege to teach. But in Christian work also, no less than in scholarship, Professor Mowat is an indefatigable worker. His ordinary allowance of Sabbath work is three services. His voice as a preacher is a familiar one in most of the pulpits of Kingston, for his valuable services are freely given, wherever needed, without any reference to denominational lines or boundaries. His catholic spirit and the respect universally accorded to his Christian character make him one of the uniting forces in the community.

JOHN WATSON, M.A., LL.D.

The subject of this sketch is of that nation which has supplied so many Professors to Queen's, being born in the City of Glasgow, Scotland, on the twenty-fifth of February, eighteen hundred and forty-seven. He obtained all his collegiate education in Glasgow University, which he attended during the sessions 1866-7, '67-8, '68-9, '69-70, '70-71 and '71-72. He took first prizes in the classes of Logic and Rhetoric, Moral Philosophy, English Literature and Junior Divinity; and in April, 1872, graduated with the degree of M.A., taking first-class honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy and English Literature. At the time Mr. Watson graduated, the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Queen's had been vacated by the removal of Prof. J. C. Murray to Montreal, and he received the appointment in October, 1872, and at once entered on his duties. To those who have been in attendance since that date we need say nothing as to his power of teaching and expounding his Philosophy. His ability in developing general interest in a study which usually is of absorbing interest to the few and of absorbing dryness to the many, at once attracts the notice of the most superficial observer, and so strongly is that interest manifested that there are more competitors for honours in that class than in any other, and the only degrees in Science yet conferred by the Senate of Queen's are those in *Mental Science*. Besides his necessary work in attending to pass and honour classes, Professor Watson has been busy with his pen as a list of lectures and articles can show. Many of these articles have attracted attention in prominent philosophical circles.

GRAIN ELEVATOR, BEDFORD.

The elevator is situated near the head of Bedford Basin, about 9 miles from Halifax, on the line of the Intercolonial R.R. The building is nearly an eighth of a mile from the mouth of Salmon River, so the motive power has to be conveyed some distance. A turbine water-wheel is built about midway between river and elevator, to this the water is carried by a large wooden pipe, and the power is thence communicated by an endless wire rope, which turns the main wheel on the end of the building. This elevator of Messrs. Moir, Son & Co. has become the centre of quite a little manufacturing population. There are also quite near at hand a "spool" and also a shock mill. These all give employment to a large number of "hands," and what was but lately a veritable Sleepy Hollow has now thrown off its lethargy, and things are moving quite briskly.

"You make me think," John William said, dropping upon the sofa beside a pretty girl one Sunday evening, "of a bank whereon wild thyme grows." "Do I?" she murmured. "It is nice; but that is pe's stop in the hall, and unless you can drop out of the front window before I cease speaking, you'll have a little wild thyme with you, my own, for he loves you not." But John William didn't quite make it, and now you can make him grow wild time and time again by simply asking him what makes him go lame when he walks.

THE DOMINION ANNUAL REGISTER AND REVIEW FOR 1879.

Edited by Henry J. Morgan, Keeper of the Records, Canada. Edited by J. Geo. Hodgins, LL.D., A. Mackinnon Burgess, Dr. Robert Bell, J. George Bourinot and Frederick A. Dixon.

The second volume of Morgan's Canadian Annual Register, giving the historical record of the year 1879, has just been issued. This volume is, if possible, an improvement upon that for 1878, and we may add that the task of making a fair and impartial picture of the events of the last year, was a more difficult one than that of dealing with the year before. The former year witnessed two events of the first importance in Canada—the general election and the change in the Governor-Generalship. To set forth, in the clear colourless light which should illumine the historic page, the result of the general election, and the causes which led to it, was no small achievement, and well was the task performed. But still more of a truth was it to give a fair picture of the great change in Canadian commercial policy, which followed upon the change of government—the adoption of what has been called the National Policy of Canada. Whether we approve or condemn the commercial legislation of 1879, the great importance of the change to the Dominion has to be acknowledged. It tries the steadiness of the historian's head and the firmness of his judgment, to make immediate contemporary record of events regarding which our foremost men of the time so greatly differ. And this is what is done in the political history of the year, which is very fully and completely recorded in a little under two hundred pages. Almost at the very opening we find something of great interest just at present; a narrative of the negotiations with the French Government with reference to certain desired tariff changes, carried on by Sir Alexander Galt. Owing to the peculiar treaty relations of France with other European Powers, no arrangement in favour of Canada would thus be made, but the consent of the French Government in the main point has been secured, and when the new French tariff shall have been definitely adopted, the Dominion will doubtless have the benefit of the most favoured nations clause. The third chapter deals with the close of the Letellier case by the dismissal of the late, and the appointment of the present, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and summarizes the arguments used on both sides. In the fourth chapter the passing of the new tariff and the formal adoption of the National Policy by Parliament is given in full. Next follows a record of measures taken for the survey and settlement of the North-West of the Dominion, lying between Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains, and parliamentary business to the close of the session. Then there comes under review the Ontario elections, which gave Mr. Mowat's Government another term of power; the resignation of the Joly Government in Quebec, and the accession of Mr. Chapleau and his friends to the direction of Provincial affairs, and the local elections for Prince Edward Island and Manitoba. As reminders of the chief events in one of the most eventful years in Canadian history, these eight chapters possess an enduring interest.

One of the most useful portions of the book is a journal of remarkable occurrences, which fills 73 pages—190 to 262 inclusive. A review of Literature occupies 19 pages; of Science, 16 pages; and of Art, 8 pages. The progress of education in the Dominion is told in twelve pages by a very competent authority on the subject.

Next comes a financial and commercial review of the year, in 15 pages, embracing a record of the bank panic in midsummer, and the decided revival of trade which marked the latter half of the year. Forty pages are devoted to the Militia of Canada, giving a clear and full statement of what the Dominion has done and is doing towards its own defence, should occasion arise. A record of remarkable trials follow; and with a very full obituary for the year the volume closes. We can most conscientiously congratulate Mr. Morgan upon an important work well performed, a very necessary work withal, and one of which the Dominion may well be proud. And we can add that the typography and general get up of the volume, by Messrs. Maclean, Roger & Co., of Ottawa, leave nothing to be desired.

THE GLEANER.

MANY German officers believe that there will be a war between Germany and France within a very few years.

THE elevation of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin to the Cardinalate is mentioned as probable.

THE Emperor of Morocco, in a note to the Powers, consents that henceforth all religious beliefs will be tolerated in his dominions.

THE Government of Victoria, Australia, is about to introduce a bill for reducing the salary (\$50,000 and a house) of future Governors.

THE Canadian canals will be kept open as long as possible for the benefit of commerce. The Saint Canal is ordered to be closed, peremptorily, on the 15th instant.

THE Hudson Bay Company exported eastward from Winnipeg furs amounting in value to \$128,000 on the 2nd ult. The value of a previous shipment was \$44,000.

UPWARDS of 400 tenements and stores have been erected in Winnipeg this season, at a cost of nearly one million dollars. The trade and commerce here is



REV. JAMES WILLIAMSON, D.D.,
VICE-PRINCIPAL AND PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.



JOHN WATSON, M.A., LL.D.,
PROFESSOR OF MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.



REV. GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D.,
PRINCIPAL AND PRIMARIES PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY.



REV. J. H. MACKERRAS, M. A.,
LATE PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS.

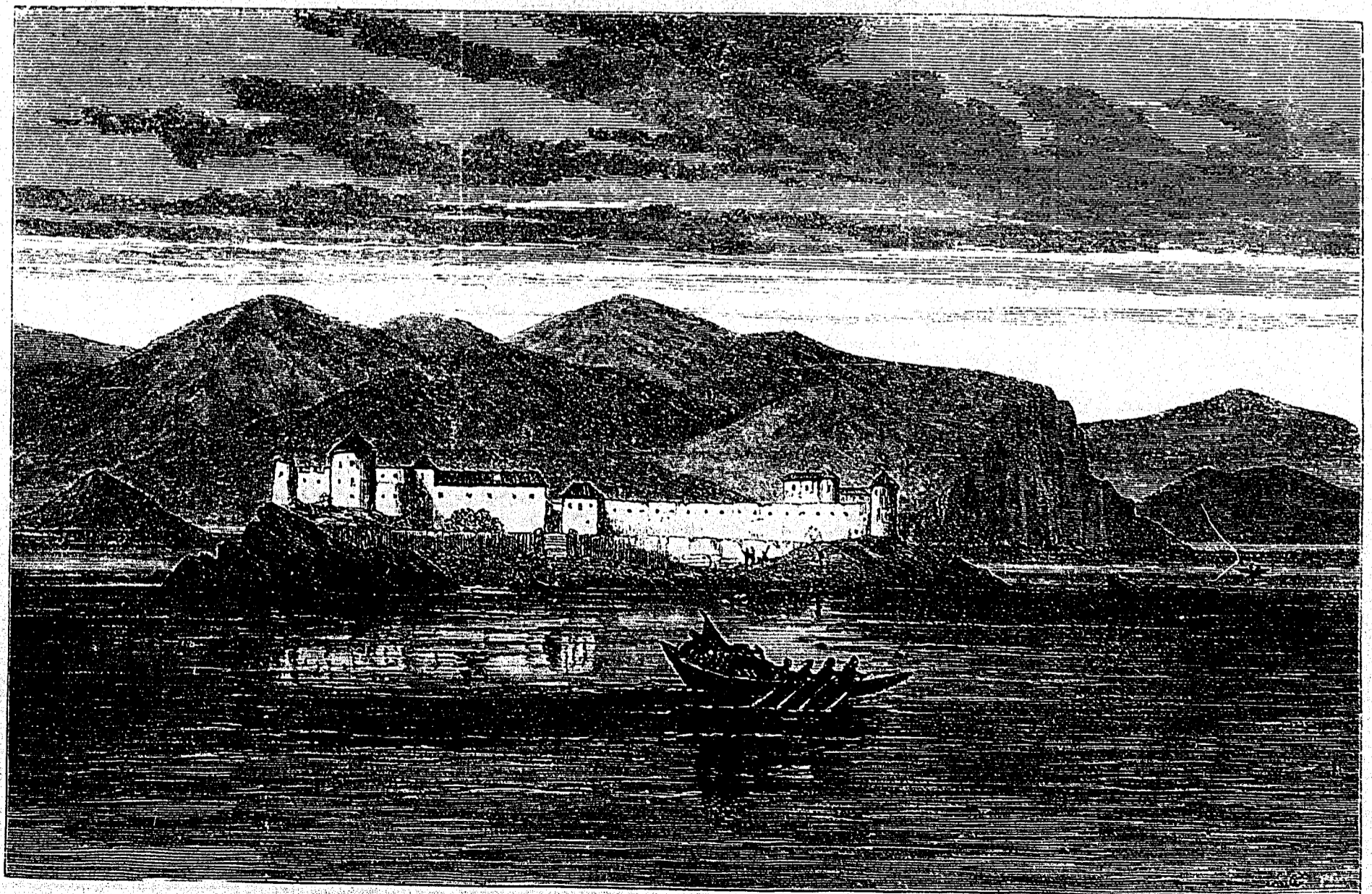


REV. JOHN B. MOWAT, M.A.,
PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES AND CHURCH HISTORY.

PROFESSORS OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.



ALBANIAN TYPES.



FORT ALESSANDRIA.—A MONTENEGRIN STRONGHOLD.

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 Ferguson, and The Maid of Killeena;" "Macleod of Darc;" "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart;" etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

A TOAST.

"I am almost afraid of what I have done; but it is past recall now;" this is the mysterious sentence one hears on climbing up the companion next morning. It is the Queen Titania and the Laird who are talking; but as soon as a third person appears they become consciously and guiltily silent. What does it matter? We have other work on hand than prying into twopenny-halfpenny secrets.

For we have resolved on starting away for the north in spite of this fractious weather. A more unpromising-looking morning indeed for setting out could not well be imagined—windy, and wet, and squally; the driven green sea outside springing white when it meets the line of the coast; Loch Sunart and its mountains hidden away altogether behind the mists of rain; wan flashes of sunlight here and there only serving to show how swiftly the clouds are flying. But the *White Dove* has been drying her wings all the summer; she can afford to face a shower now. And while the men are hoisting the sail and getting the anchor hove short, our two women-folk array themselves in tightly-shaped ulsters, with hoods drawn over their heads; and the Laird appears in a waterproof reaching to his heels; and even the skylights have their tarpaulins thrown over. Dirty weather or no, we mean to start.

There are two or three yachts in the bay, the last of the summer fleet all hastening away to the south. There is no movement on the decks of any one of them. Here and there, however, in sheltered places—under a bit of awning, standing by the door of deck saloons—we can make out huddled groups of people who are regarding, with a pardonable curiosity, the operations of John of Skye and his merry men.

"They take us for maniacs," says Queen Titania, from out of her hood, "to be setting out for the north in such weather."

And we were nearly affording those amiable spectators a pretty sight. The wind coming in variable gusts, the sails failed to fill at the proper moment, and the *White Dove* drifted right on to the bows of a great schooner, whose bowsprit loomed portentous overhead. There was a wild stampede for boat-hooks and oars; and then with arms, and feet, and poles—aided by the swarming crew of the schooner—we managed to clear her with nothing more serious than an ominous grating along the gig. And then the wind catching her, she gradually came under the control of Captain John; and away we went for the north, beating right in the teeth of the gusts that came tearing over from the mouth of Loch Sunart.

"It's a bad wind, mem, for getting up to Isle Ornsay," says John of Skye to the Admiral. "Ay, and the sea pretty coorse, too, when we get outside Ardnamurchan."

"Now, listen to me, John," she says, severely, and with an air of authority—as much authority, that is to say, as can be assumed by a midge enclosed in an ulster. "I am not going to have any of that. I know you of old. As soon as you get out of Tobar-morry, you immediately discover that the wind is against our going north; and we turn round and run away down to Iona and the Bull-hole. I will not go to the Bull-hole. If I have to sail this yacht myself, night and day, I will go to Isle Ornsay."

"If ye please, mem," says John of Skye, grinning with great delight over her facetiousness. "Oh, I will tek the yat to Isle Ornsay very well, if the leddies not afraid of a little coorse sea. And you will not need to sail the yat at all, mem. But I not afraid to let you sail the yat. You will know about the sailing now shist as much as Mr. Sutherland."

At the mention of this name, Queen Titania glanced at Mary Avon, perceived she was not listening, and went nearer to John of Skye, and said something to him in a lower voice. There was a quick look of surprise and pleasure on the handsome, brown-bearded face.

"Oh, I ferry glad of that, mem," said he. "Husb, John! Not a word to anybody," said she.

By this time we had beat out of the harbour, and were now getting longer tacks; so that, when the sheets were properly coiled, it was possible for the Laird and Miss Avon to attempt a series of short promenades on the wet decks. It was an uncertain and unstable performance, to be sure, for the sea was tumultuous; but it served.

"Mutual help—that's the thing," said the Laird to his companion, as together they staggered along, or stood steady to confront a particularly fierce gust of wind. "We are independent of the world—this solitary vessel out in the waste of waters—but we are not independent of each other. It just reminds me of the small burghs outside Glasgow; we wish to be independent of the great ceety lying near us;

we prefer to have a separate existence; but we can help each other for all that in a most unmistakable way——"

Here the Laird was interrupted by the calling out of Captain John—"Ready about!"—and he and his companion had to get out of the way of the boom. Then they resumed their promenade, and he his discourse.

"Do ye think, for example," said this profound philosopher, "that any one burgh would have been competent to decide on a large question like the clauses of the Police Act that refer to cleansing and lighting?"

"I am not sure," Miss Avon admitted. "No, no," said he confidently, "large questions should be considered in common council—with every opportunity of free discussion. I do not much like to speak about local matters, or of my own share in them, but I must take credit for this, that it was myself recommended to the Commissioners to summon a public meeting. It was so, and the meeting was quite unanimous. It was Provost McKendrick, ye must understand, who formally made the proposal that the consideration of those clauses should be remitted to the clerks of the various burghs, who were to report; but the suggestion was really mine—I made no scruple in claiming it. And then, see the report! When the six clerks were agreed, and sent in their report, look at the authority of such a document! Who but an ass would make frivolous objections?"

The Laird laughed aloud.

"It was that crayture, Johnnie Guthrie," said he. "As usual! I am not sure that I have mentioned his name to ye before!"

"Oh, yes, I think so, sir," remarked Miss Avon.

"It was that crayture, Johnnie Guthrie—in the face of the unanimous report of the whole six clerks! Why, what could be more reasonable than that the lighting of closes and common stairs should fall on the landlords, but with power to recover from the tenants; while the cleansing of back courts—being a larger and more general measure—should be the work of the Commissioners and chargeable in the police rates? It is a great sanitary work that benefits every one; why should not all have a hand in paying for it?"

Miss Avon was understood to assent; but the fact was that the small portion of her face left uncovered by her hood had just then received an unexpected bath of salt water; and she had to halt for a moment to get out a handkerchief from some sub-ulsterian recess.

"Well," continued the Laird, as they resumed their walk, "what does this body Guthrie do but rise and propose that the landlords—mind ye, the landlords alone—should be rated for the expense of cleansing the back courts! I declare there are some folk seem to think that a landlord is made of nothing but money, and that it is everybody's business to harry him, and worry him, and screw every farthing out of him. If Johnnie Guthrie had half a dozen lands of houses himself, what would he say about the back courts then?"

This triumphant question settled the matter; and we hailed the Laird below for luncheon. Our last glance round showed us the Atlantic of a silvery gray, and looking particularly squally, with here and there a gleam of pale sunshine falling on the long headland of Ardnamurchan. There was evidently some profound secret about.

"Well, ma'am, and where will we get to the night, do ye think?" said the Laird, cheerfully, as he proceeded to carve a cold fowl.

"It is of no consequence," said the other, with equal carelessness. "You know we must idle away a few days somewhere."

Idle away a few days!—and this *White Dove* bent on a voyage to the far north when the very last of the yachts were flying south?

"I mean," said she hastily, in order to retrieve her blunder, "that Captain John is not likely to go far away from the chance of a harbour until he sees whether this is the beginning of the equinoctials or not."

"The equinoctials!" said the Laird, anxiously.

"They sometimes begin as early as this; but not often. However, there will always be some place where we can run into."

The equinoctials, indeed! When we went on deck again we found not only that those angry squalls had ceased, but that the wind had veered very considerably in our favour, and we were now running and plunging past Ardnamurchan Point. The rain had ceased, too; the clouds had gathered themselves up in heavy folds; and their reflected blackness lay over the dark and heaving Atlantic plain. Well was it for these two women that luncheon had been taken in time. What one of them had dubbed the Ardnamurchan Wobble—which she declared to be as good a name for a waltz as the Liverpool Lurch—has begun in good earnest; and the

White Dove was dipping, and rolling, and springing in the most lively fashion. There was not much chance for the Laird and Mary Avon to resume their promenade; when one of the men came aft to relieve John of Skye at the wheel, he had to watch his chance, and come clambering along by holding on to the shrouds, the rail of the gig, and so forth. But Dr. Sutherland's prescription had its effect. Despite the Ardnamurchan Wobble and all its deeds, there was no ghostly and silent disappearance.

And so we ploughed our way during the afternoon, the Atlantic appearing to grow darker and darker, as the clouds overhead seemed to get banked up more and more thickly. The only cheerful bit of light in this gloomy picture was a streak or two of sand at the foot of the sheer and rocky cliffs north of Ardnamurchan light; and those we were rapidly leaving behind as the brisk breeze—with a kindness to which we were wholly strangers—kept steadily creeping round to the south.

The dark evening wore on, and we were getting well up towards Eigg, when a strange thing became visible along the western horizon. First the heavy purple clouds showed a tinge of crimson, and then a sort of yellow smoke appeared close down at the sea. This golden vapor widened, cleared, until there was a broad belt of lemon-coloured sky all along the edge of the world; and in this wonder of shining light appeared the island of Rum—to all appearance as transparent as a bit of the thinnest gelatine, and in colour a light purple rose. It was really a most extraordinary sight. The vast bulk of this mountainous island, including the sombre giants of Haleval and Haskaval, seemed to have less than the consistency of a cathedral window; it resembled more a pale, rose-coloured cloud; and the splendour of it, and the glow of the golden sky beyond, were all the more bewildering by reason of the gloom of the overhanging clouds that lay across like a black bar.

"Well!" said the Laird, and here he paused, for the amazement in his face could not at once find fitting words. "That beats a!"

And it was a cheerful and friendly light, too, that now came streaming over to us from beyond the horizon line. It touched the sails and the varnished spars with a pleasant colour. It seemed to warm and dry the air, and tempted the women to put aside their ulsters. Then began a series of wild endeavours to achieve a walk on deck, interrupted every second or two by some one or other being thrown down against the boom, or having to grasp at the shrouds in passing. But it resulted in exercise, at all events; and meanwhile we were still making our way northward, with the yellow star of Isle Ornsay light-house beginning to be visible in the dusk.

That evening at dinner the secret came out. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the disclosure of it had been carefully planned by these two conspirators; and they considered themselves amazingly profound in giving to it a careless and improvised air.

"I never sit down to dinner now, ma'am," observed the Laird, in a light and graceful manner, "without a feeling that there is something wanting in the saloon. The table is not symmetrical. That should occur to Miss Mary's eye at once. One at the head, one my side, two yours; no, that is not as symmetrical as it used to be."

"Do you think I do not feel that, too?" says his hostess. "And that is not the only time at which I wish that Angus was back with us."

No one had a word to say for poor Howard Smith who used to sit at the foot of the table, in a meek and helpful capacity. No one thought of summoning him back to make the arrangement symmetrical. Perhaps he was being consoled by Messrs. Hughes, Barnes & Barnes.

"And the longer nights are growing, I get to miss him more and more," she says, with a beautiful pathos in her look. "He was always so full of activity and cheerfulness—the way he enjoyed life on board the yacht was quite infectious, and then his constant plans and suggestions. And how he looked forward to this long trip! though to be sure, he struggled hard against the temptation. I know the least thing would have turned the scale, Italy or no Italy."

"Why, ma'am," says the Laird, laughing prodigiously, "I should not wonder, if you sent him a message at this minute, to find him coming along post-haste and joining us, after all. What is Eetaly! I have been in Eetaly myself. Ye might live there a hundred years, and never see anything so fine in colour as that sunset we saw this very evening. And if it is business he is after, bless me! cannot a young man be a young man sometimes, and have the courage to do something imprudent? Come now, write to him at once! I will take the responsibility myself."

"To tell you the truth, sir," said the other timidly—but she pretends she is very anxious about the safety of a certain distant wine-glass—"I took a sudden notion into my head yesterday morning, and sent him a message."

"Dear me!" he cries. The hypocrite! And Mary Avon all the while sits mute, dismayed, not daring to turn her face to the light. And the small white hand that holds the knife, why does it tremble so?

"The fact is," says Queen Titania carelessly, just as if she were reading a bit out of a newspaper, "I sent him a telegram to save time. And I thought it would be impressive if I made it a sort of round-robin, don't you know—as far as that can be done on a square telegraph-form—and I said that each and all of us demanded his instant return, and that we should wait

about Isle Ornsay or Loch Hourm until he joined us. So you see, sir, we may have to try your patience for a day or two."

"Ye may try it, but ye will not find it wanting," said the Laird, with serious courtesy. "I do not care how long I wait for the young man, so long as I am in such pleasant society. Ye forget, ma'am, what life one is obliged to live at Denny-mains, with public affairs worrying one from the morning till the night. Patience! I have plenty of patience. But all the same I would like to see the young man here. I have a great respect for him, though I consider that some of his views are not quite sound—that will mend—that will mend; and now, my good friends, I will take leave to propose a toast to ye."

We knew the Laird's old-fashioned ways, and had grown to humor them. There was a preference of solemnly filling glasses.

"I am going," said the Laird, in a formal manner, "to propose to ye the quick and safe return of a friend. May all good fortune attend him on his way, and may happiness await him at the end of his journey!"

There was no dissentient; but there was one small white hand somewhat unsteady, as the girl, abashed and trembling and silent, touched the glass with her lips.

CHAPTER XLIII.

EXPECTATIONS.

It was a fine piece of acting. These two continued to talk about the coming of our young Doctor as if it were the most simple and ordinary affair possible. All its bearings were discussed openly, to give you to understand that Mary Avon had nothing in the world to do with it. It was entirely a practical arrangement for the saving of time. By running across to Paris he would jump over the interval between our leaving West Loch Tarbert and this present setting out for the north. Mary Avon was asked about this point and that point; there was no reason why she should not talk about Angus Sutherland just like any other.

And, indeed, there was little call for any pale apprehension on the face of the girl, or for any quick look round when a sudden sound was heard. It was not possible for Angus to be anywhere in our neighbourhood as yet. When we went on deck next morning, we found that we had been idly drifting about all night, and that we were now far away from any land. The morning sun was shining on the dark green woods of Armadale, and on the little white sharp point of Isle Ornsay light-house, and on the vast heather-purpled hills of the north; while over there the mountains above Loch Hourm were steeped in a soft mysterious shadow. And then, by and by, after breakfast, some light puffs of westerly wind began to rattle the glassy surface of the sea; and the *White Dove* almost insensibly drew nearer and nearer to the entrance of that winding loch that disappeared away within the dusky shadows of those overhanging hills. Late on as it was in the autumn, the sun was hot on the sails and the deck; and these cool breezes were welcome in a double sense.

We saw nothing of the accustomed gloom of Loch Hourm. The sheer sides of the great mountains were mostly in shadow, it is true; but then the ridges and plateaus were burning in the sunlight; and the waters of the loch around us were blue, and lapping, and cheerful. We knew only that the place was vast, and still, and silent; we could make out scarcely any sign of habitation.

Then, as the *White Dove* still glided on her way, we opened out a little indentation of the land behind an island; and there, nestled at the foot of the hill, we descried a small fishing village. The cottages, the nets drying on the poles, the tiny patches of cultivated ground behind, all seemed quite toy-like against the giant and overhanging bulk of the hills. But again we drew away from Camus Ban—that is, the White Bay—and got further and further into the solitudes of the mountains, and away from any traces of human life. When about midday we came to anchor, we found ourselves in a sort of cup within the hills, apparently shut out from all the outer world, and in a stillness so intense that the distant whistle of a curlew was quite startling. A breath of wind that blew over from the shore brought us a scent of honey-suckle.

At luncheon we found to our amazement that a fifth seat had been placed at table, and that plates, glasses, and what not had been laid for a guest. A guest in these wilds!—there was not much chance of such a thing, unless the King of the Seals or the Queen of the Mermaids were to come on board.

But when we had taken our seats, and were still regarding the vacant chair with some curiosity, the Laird's hostess was pleased to explain. She said to him, with a shy smile—

"I have not forgotten what you said; and I quite agree with you that it balances the table better."

"But not an empty chair," said the Laird, severely; perhaps thinking it was an evil omen.

"You know the German song," said she, "and how the last remaining of the comrades filled the glasses with wine, and how the ghosts rattled the glasses. Would you kindly fill that glass, sir?"

She passed the decanter.

"I will not, begging your pardon," said the Laird, sternly, for he did not approve of these

superstitions. And forthwith he took the deck-chair and doubled it up, and threw it on the couch. "We want the young man Sutherland here, and not any ghost. I doubt not but that he has reached London by now."

After that a dead silence. Were there any calculations about time, or were we wondering whether, amid the roar and whirl and moving life of the great city, he was thinking of the small floating home far away, amid the solitude of the seas and the hills? The deck chair was put aside, it is true, for the Laird shrank from superstition; but the empty glass, and the plates and knives, and so forth, remained; and they seemed to say that our expected guest was drawing nearer and nearer.

"Well, John," said Queen Titania, getting on deck again, and looking round, "I think we have got into Fairyland at last."

John of Skye did not seem quite to understand, for his answer was—

"Oh, yes, mem, it is a fearful place for squalls."

"For squalls!" said she.

No wonder she was surprised. The sea around us was so smooth that the only motion visible on it was caused by an exhausted wasp that had fallen on the glassy surface and was making a series of small ripples in trying to get free again. And then could anything be more soft and beautiful than the scene around us—the great mountains clad to the summit with the light foliage of the birch; silver water-falls that made a vague murmur in the air; an island right ahead with picturesque wooded rocks; an absolutely clouded sky above—altogether a wonder of sunlight and fair colours! Squalls? The strange thing was, not that we had ventured into a region of unruly winds, but that we had got enough wind to bring us in at all. There was now not even enough to bring us the scent of honeysuckle from the shore.

In the afternoon we set out on an expedition, nominally after wild ducks, but in reality in exploration of the upper reaches of the loch. We found a narrow channel between the island and the mainland, and penetrated into the calm and silent waters of Loch Hourin Beg. And still less did this offshoot of the larger loch accord with that gloomy name—the Lake of Hell. Ever where the mountains were bare and forbidding, the warm evening light touched the granite with a soft rose-gray; and reflections of this beautiful colour were here and there visible amid the clear blue of the water. We followed the windings of the narrow and tortuous loch, but found no wild-duck at all. Here and there a seal stared at us as we passed. Then we found a crofter's cottage, and landed, to the consternation of one or two handsome wide-eyed children. A purchase of eggs ensued, after much voluble Gaelic. We returned to the yacht.

That evening, as we sat on deck, watching the first stars beginning to tremble in the blue, some one called attention to a singular light that was beginning to appear along the summits of the Mountains just over us—a silvery-gray light that showed us the soft foliage of the birches, while below the steep slopes grew more sombre as the night fell. And then we guessed that the moon was somewhere on the other side of the loch, as yet hidden from us by those black crags that pierced into the calm blue vault of the sky. This the Lake of Hell, indeed! By and by we saw the silver rim appear above the black line of the hills; and a pale glory was presently shining around us, particularly noticeable along the varnished spars. As the white-moon sailed up, this solitary cup in the mountains was filled with the clear radiance, and the silence seemed to increase. We could hear more distinctly than ever the various water-falls. The two women were walking up and down the deck; and each time that Mary Avon turned her profile to the light the dark eyebrows and dark eyelashes seemed darker than ever against the pale, sensitive, sweet face.

But after awhile she gently disengaged herself from her friend, and came and sat down by the Laird, quite mutely, and waiting for him to speak. It is not to be supposed that she had been in any way more demonstrative towards him since his great act of kindness; or that there was any need for him to have purchased her affection. That was of older date. Perhaps, if the truth were told, she was rather less demonstrative now; for we had all discovered that the Laird had a nervous horror of anything that seemed to imply a recognition of what he had done. It was merely, he had told us, a certain wrong thing he had put right; there was no more to be said about it.

However, her coming and sitting down by him was no unusual circumstance; and she meekly left him his own choice, to speak to her or not, as he pleased. And he did speak—after a time.

"I was thinking," said he, "what a strange feeling ye get in living on board a yacht in these wilds; it is just as if ye were the only creatures in the world. Would ye nat think, now, that the moon there belonged to this circle of hills, and could not be seen by any one outside it? It looks as if it were coming close to the topmast; how can ye believe that it is shining over Trafalgar Square in London?"

"It seems very close to us on so clear a night," says Mary Avon.

"And in a short time now," continued the Laird, "this little world of ours—I mean the little company on board the yacht—must be dashed into fragments, as it were; and ye will be away in London, and I will be at Denny-mains; and who knows whether we may ever see each other again? We must not grumble,

it is the fate of the best friends. But there is one grand consolation—think what a consolation it must have been to many of the poor people who were driven away from these Highlands—to Canada, Australia, and elsewhere—that after all the partings and sorrows of this world there is the great meeting-place at last. I would just ask this favour fræ ye, my lass, that when ye go back to London, ye would get a book of our Scotch psalm tunes, and learn the tune that is called 'Comfort.' It begins 'Take comfort, Christians, when your friends.' It is a grand tune that; I would like ye to learn it."

"Oh, certainly I will," said the girl.
 "And I have been thinking," continued the Laird, "that I would get Tom Galbraith to make ye a bit sketch of Denny-mains, that ye might hang up in London, if ye were so minded. It would show ye what the place was like; and after some years ye might begin to believe that ye really had been there, and that ye were familiar with it, as the home of an old friend of yours."

"But I hope to see Denny-mains for myself, sir," said she, with some surprise.

A quick, strange look appeared for the moment upon the old Laird's face. But presently he said—

"No, no, lass, ye will have other interests and other duties. That is but proper and natural. How would the world get on at all if we were not to be dragged here and there by diverse occupations?"

Then the girl spoke, proudly and bravely—
 "And if I have any duties in the world, I think I know to whom I owe them. And it is not a duty at all, but a great pleasure; and you promised me, sir, that I was to see Denny-mains; and I wish to pay you a long, long, long visit."

"A long, long, long visit?" said the Laird, cheerfully. "No, no, lass, I just couldna be bothered with ye. Ye would be in my way. What interest could ye take in our parish meetings, and the church soires, and the like? No, no. But if ye like to pay me a short, short, short visit—at your own convenience—at your own convenience, mind—I will get Tom Galbraith through from Edinburgh, and I will get out some of the younger Glasgow men; and if we do not, you and me, show them something in the way of landscape-sketching that will just frighten them out of their very wits, why then I will give ye leave to say that my name is not Mary Avon."

He rose then and took her hand, and began to walk with her up and down the moonlit deck. We heard something about the Haughs of Cromdale. The Laird was obviously not ill-pleased that she had boldly claimed that promised visit to Denny-mains.

(To be continued.)

THE CAT AS A SPORTSMAN'S COMPANION.

The cat, it has been discovered in America, has great skill as a hunting animal, and is in many respects more useful for that purpose than the dog. Dogs cannot climb trees to hunt birds, whereas cats find no difficulty in following game from branch to branch. The *New York Times* mentions that there is a hunter in Maine who employs a cat only for sporting purposes. He goes forth with nothing but a game-bag and with his faithful and accomplished cat trotting by his side. When he reaches a forest where the squirrels abound the cat hunts eagerly, with its nose on the ground, until it scents a squirrel. Following it to the tree where the squirrel makes his home, the cat nimbly climbs the tree and catches the game. Sometimes there is a brisk chase. The squirrel leaps from tree to tree, followed closely by the cat; but in a short time is overtaken and seized. Sometimes the squirrel takes refuge in a hole, in which case the cat sits by the hole until the squirrel, thinking the danger is past, puts his head out and is caught. The cat also acts as a retriever, bringing the captured game to its master; and in the course of a day's hunting, if the sky is overcast and the squirrels rise freely, the hunter usually fills his game-bag with fifty or sixty fine grey squirrels. No dog could rival the success of this cat, and in fact it is a very rare thing for a dog to catch even a single squirrel. The *New York Times* thinks that the cat will ultimately supersede the dog as an assistant to sportsmen. A correspondent writing on the subject to the *Standard* says: "In a village where I formerly resided I had an aged cottager for a neighbour, whose garden was separated from my orchard by a lower wall than I approved of during the fruit season. I frequently heard, when in my garden, the discharge of firearms in the direction of the orchard; but I attached no importance to the circumstance, thinking it was my neighbour's way of preventing the depredations of small birds on his crops. In the course of time it became known to me that the old man had little or no regular employment. Generally, when I entered the orchard, if he happened to be in his garden, he was to be seen hanging about the low boundary wall. I also became aware that he expended his ammunition in the destruction of blackbirds and thrushes that resorted to the cover the orchard afforded; and I concluded that the birds that fell to his gun found their way into the possession of the sportsman. There appeared to be no doubt that to possess himself of them he must commit a trespass. Accordingly I looked for, but could never find, evidence of trespass; and I failed to under-

stand how in the long grass, which was more luxuriant than is usual in orchards where stock is kept, he contrived to secure his quarry. It may be also mentioned that I never found a dead bird, although I made frequent search, and this circumstance caused further mystification. The old man's manner of proceeding was discovered by my son. He had trained a cat to perform the duties of a retriever. Puss would spring from her sheltered position on the wall, and in a series of bounds approach the spot where she had seen the bird fall, seize it, and bring it to her master."

SOCIAL PLAGUES.

Quite recently I revisited a haunt of twenty years ago in search of retreat from the hubbub and strife of elections, presbyteries, councils, and conclaves of various verbosity, and entered a lodging on an upland slope as a likely hermitage. For the nonce, quiet reigned, and to every interrogation and appeal, searching, or pathetic, or severe, the well-bred dame who was my doom had one unvarying response, "*Monsieur, la tranquillite est admirable*;" till I yielded to her winning ways, engaged her seductive rooms, and imported my baggage and my books. "Ah, who the melodies of morn can tell!" I had pitched my tent on the very "bank and shoal" of discord. On one side of the house the foundations of a new building were being laid, the earth and stones being slowly carted by solemn-eyed bullocks goaded by Gascons, who seemed alternately transported with rage and convulsed by garrulity. A remaining strip of the same plot was hired out for carpets brought at an atrocious hour by asses incessantly braying for their breakfasts. On the other side there were—a carpenter's shed, in which the saw seldom ceased, a playground, a dog kennel, an omnibus station, a recognized stand for itinerant minstrels, and three poultry-yards, in each as many cocks, with hens to match. Within this eligible mansion for a nervous patient or poetaster, the landlady was, in her sixtieth year, beginning to take lessons in music, which she touchingly declared to be her passion. We came presently to an arrangement and separation; but my next adventure was equally disastrous. Over-persuaded to settle in the attractive and reputedly quiet hotel of a watering-place hopefully out of season, I found that the fascinating hostess had concealed the fact that my "*appartement*" was edged between the "Place" and the market. In the former there were the daily rattle of *voitures* with their bells, and the inevitable "hoops" of the *visiteres*; and, weekly, in the latter a scene indescribable, almost unearthly. The French, unlike Ariel, cannot do either their "spiriting," or their work, or their bargaining gently. They rise abominably soon, and from 4 a.m. bible-babble, jabber, and shriek till vespers. Later on they gather in squads on the squares, and intermittently break into such explosions of mutual abuse that one rushes to the window, fearing to be the spectator of some murderous violence; it is but a matter of the price of a bunch of cherries, or the hire of a vehicle, and gesticulations like those of a maddened Roscius end in beer and laughter. The turmoil of a Pyrenean mart surpasses all preconceptions of the storming of the Bastille; it is a thing never to be forgotten nor again endured. Sounds of labour are among the least offensive, because they are continuous, and do not take the ear by surprise, and partly because the sense of their utility doth add to them a reasonableness that breeds content. They are the throbs of the world's great heart, and seldom intrude on our hours or resorts of privacy. The chipping of stones for masonry is a natural accompaniment to the reading of Ruskin; to the cutting of wood, if it be not for political purposes, and a few varls off, we can be habituated or reconciled; the hammering of a duck suggests the flag that "braves the battle and the breeze;" "Week in, week out" you can hear the smith's bellows blow with patience, as long as it is with measured beat; so on Sundays we condone or approve the sexton according to the quality of the village bell. Noises of removal, on the other hand, are irregular, suggestive of change of government, and vexatious. The rumbling of vans, as of trains, might be indifferent were it not for the shouting in the one case and the whistling in the other. But the limit to our endurance of cabs and omnibuses is over-stepped in the experience of some Paris streets and Liverpool squares, where vehicle after vehicle rattles with steed after steed—

"His four feet making the clatter of six,
 Like a devil's tattoo played with iron sleds,
 And kettle-drum of granite."

The master nuisance of household affairs is the unhallowed practice of carpet-beating, which in late April, early May, and November makes the suburbs of half our cities wholly untenable. The one advertisement exempt from all tax should be, "Don't beat your carpets, send them to be cleaned." Otherwise they should be conveyed like convicts to some far corner among the hills. To fling men, and women, too, with the fury of soldiers leading a forlorn hope, on your filthy rag, to flaunt your brow-beaters in front of your neighbour's house, to cannonade his slumbers and thunder through his day, is an outrage on human nature that links us to the chimpanzee and makes pale the wildest dreams of Bulgarian atrocity. Finally, there is no sphere or phase of life in which there is so clamant a call for a Bismarckian rule as in that of heedless, ruthless noise. If the noblest of our senses is to be the source of "pleasure and exaltation," instead of distraction and despair; if we are to be

rescued from the creed of "Ecclesiasticus" and "Candide," of Schöppenhauer and Hartmann; if our aspirations are to exceed the everlasting rest of Nirvana, these perpetual and growing assaults on our most sacred rights must be brought to a close. The lacerated ear of the world, despite the shade of Cobden and the body of Bright, demands Protection.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 1.—The Pondos, another native tribe, have joined the insurgents in Basutoland. Latest news from Cabul throws some doubt on the reported murder of the Ameer.—General Garibaldi met with a most enthusiastic reception on his return to Milan.—Great Britain's policy on the Greek question is disapproved of by Austria and Germany.—An unfounded rumour of Bismarck's resignation created a scare in the Prussian Diet yesterday.—Fifteen hundred of the leading merchants of Marseilles have signed a protest against the expulsion of the religious bodies.—News from Sitka indicates that the Indians are exhibiting a disposition to behave peaceably, and affairs in Alaska are becoming more settled.—Mr. Parnell, speaking at a banquet in Limerick last night, was considered to hope that a revolution would not be necessary to obtain reform.

TUESDAY, Nov. 2.—The Albanians are again assuming a threatening demeanour.—Laycock beat Homer easily yesterday over the Thames championship course, for £200.—The Porte has granted a concession for the building of a line of railway through Syria to India.—Rangoon despatches state that shots have been exchanged between the British and the Burmese rebels.—The Pope has written a letter to the Archbishop of Paris protesting against the execution of the March decrees.—The German Government has decided that the treaty of 1763 with the United States is not to affect Alsace and Lorraine. Naturalized American citizens, therefore, residing in these provinces will be subject to military duty, and to fine and imprisonment for non-service.—Despatches from Cape Town state that the volunteers and yeomanry are so disheartened at what they consider the apathy of the Home Government regarding the position of affairs in the colony, that they have determined to allow all the whites to be massacred without assistance.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 3.—Greece is obtaining a loan of £1,000,000 *ster.*, from a Paris syndicate.—The Albanians are gathering at Dulcigno. A collision is looked for shortly.—Ayoub Khan has appealed to the Shah of Persia for aid against the British.—The commemoration of the battle of Mentana was celebrated at Milan yesterday with great éclat.—Navigation of the Baltic is being rapidly closed by ice. An early and severe winter is anticipated.—It is rumoured that Sir Wm. Harcourt, Home Secretary, is to be made Speaker, in place of Right Hon. Mr. Brand, who will be made a peer.—The enforcement of the March decrees against the Capuchins, Dominicans and other religious bodies in France, was continued yesterday.

THURSDAY, Nov. 4.—General Garibaldi is utterly pronounced with his recent journey to Milan.—News from Cape Town reports a successful raid on Maseru by the Colonial troops.—Great preparations are being made by the Land League for the defence of the indicted members.—The English Government has declined to consider the question of imposing countervailing duties on sugar.—The French Tribunal of Conflicts has rejected the application to declare the Minister of Justice disqualified from presiding at its sittings.

FRIDAY, Nov. 5.—The Servian Assembly has been dissolved.—Fears are entertained that the present illness of General Garibaldi may prove fatal.—Trouble occurred in executing the religious decrees upon a Jesuit house in Paris yesterday.—The Greek Minister of War has asked for an extraordinary credit of thirty-six millions of drachmas for war expenses.—A meeting of 3,000 tenant farmers held at Portlown yesterday called on the Government to repress outrages and sedition.

SATURDAY, Nov. 6.—Negotiations are to be resumed between Germany and the Vatican.—Large numbers of Chinese are returning to their native land from California.—It is denied that the Powers contemplate withdrawing the allied fleet from the Adriatic.—The recent typhoon in Japan destroyed thousands of houses, hundreds of lives also being lost.—The German Government is preparing more stringent regulations against the Socialists.—Rowell won the Astley belt match, concluding on Saturday with a score of 566 miles, 96 miles ahead of Littlewood.—Latest advices from Peking say there is no probability of war between Russia and China, the latter being utterly unprepared for such an eventuality.—News is alleged to have been received from natives at Petropaulovski of the loss of the Arctic exploring vessel, the *Jeanette*, and all hands, by being crushed in the ice.—Despatches from Cape Town record the storming of the mountain strongholds of the Basuto Chief Moleisane. While this was going on, however, a large force of Basutos attacked and drove out the colonial forces holding Chief Lerethodi's village. Another tribe, the Tembus, has revolted, and all important points are being rapidly reinforced by the colonial troops.

The most touching story connected with Annie Laurie is that told in Bayard Taylor's "Crimean Incident":—

They lay along the battery's side,
 Below the smoking cannon,
 Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
 And from the banks of Shannon.

And there, in sight of the Redan and the Malakoff, with to-morrow's battle coming, some one called for a song, and

They sang of love and not of fame,
 Forgot was Britain's glory,
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang Annie Laurie.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
 But as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.

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

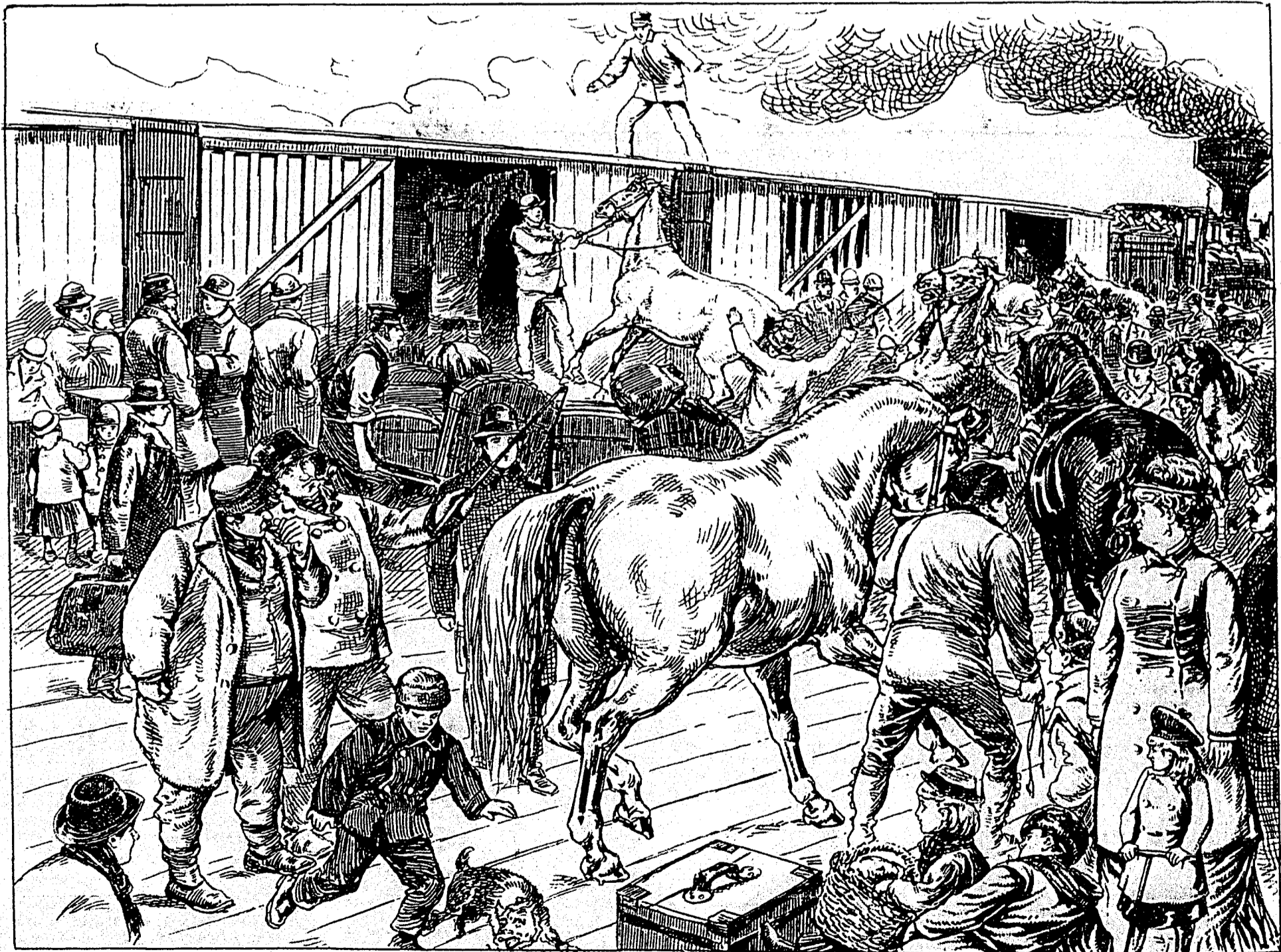
ARCHIBALD FORBES.

The *London Works* publishes the following sketch of the talented gentleman:—
 "Finding the pursuit of liberal studies at the University of Aberdeen not sufficiently exciting, he enlisted in the Royal Dragoons, and at the end of five years' service, obtained his discharge, marked 'good,' an adjective which, he attributes rather to the kindness than the justice of his commanding officer. His career is a remarkable example of the French proverb, *chasser la nature il revient au volap.* As a scholar, he burned to be a dragoon: as a dragoon, he could not forget his literary tastes. Reading in every leisure hour all the technical works he could find in the barrack library, he, like most men who write well, felt the necessity of writing on his own account. His early ventures to the *Cornhill Magazine* and then in the *St. Paul's Magazine* were mostly on military subjects, and his treatment of them was so successful as to bring occasional cheques to barracks, the effect of these visitations being generally the temporary demoralization of the troop-room which he chanced to inhabit. Still working at professional subjects, he found his occasional papers so well received by London editors that he finally determined on rejecting the sword for—*credo Buloer*—the mightier weapon. No longer dragoon, non-commissioned officer, and rough rider, he found his way into the hard, every-day work of metropolitan journalism, producing by turns almost every kind of hand-to-mouth composition. Editing for a while the *London Scotsman*, he accepted the post of war-correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser* during the early days of the Franco-German war. His letters therein attracted the notice of Mr. J. R. Robinson, the manager of the *Daily News*, who, with the quick eye of an accomplished journalist, recognized a fresh and strong hand. Accident soon brought him and his future war-correspondent together.

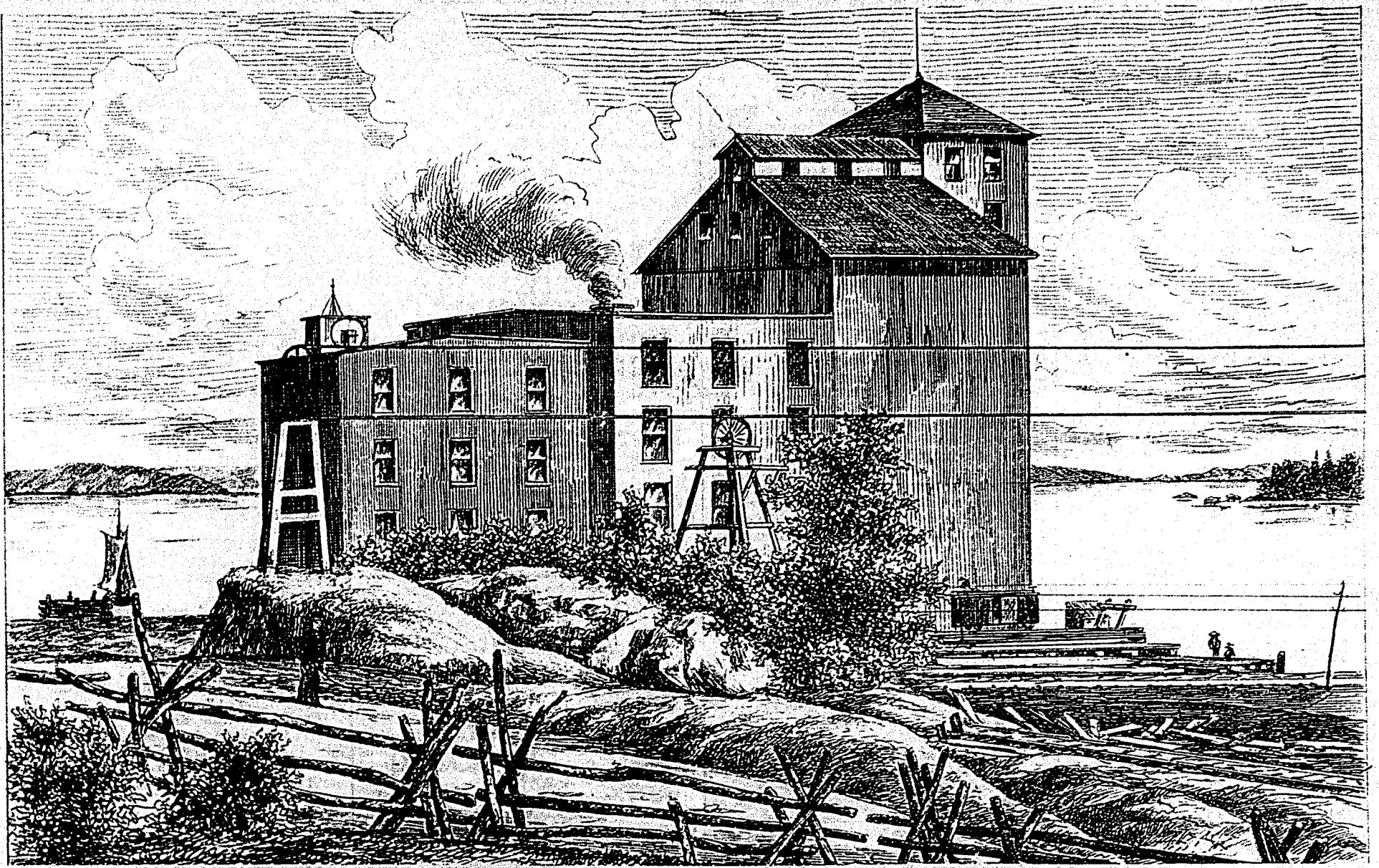


ARCHIBALD FORBES.

Returning from Metz to re-assume the editorship of the *London Scotsman*, Mr. Forbes being possessed of much accurate information respecting the position of the contending armies, endeavored to "place" a letter on the subject in a leading journal. The communication was discouraged, and he stood in Fleet street hesitating which of the three daily newspapers in the immediate neighbourhood to offer his "copy" to. He decided, by tossing up, on the *Daily News*, and on the following morning made his first appearance in the columns of the journal with which he has since been so intimately associated. Next afternoon he called at the office to volunteer some further articles on the war, and was not a little surprised to receive from Mr. Robinson marching orders at once. For a moment he hesitated. The *London Scotsman* and family ties demanded his presence at home; but Mr. Robinson, *marcius*, suggested that there was a train that evening, that the snows of war were strung, and that Metz was the very place in which glory awaited him. Setting out that night, he carried with him instructions which mark an epoch in the history of journalism. It was arranged that he should carry out the idea, common to Mr. Robinson and himself, of sending complete letters by telegraph, instead of telegrams containing merely the dry bones of events. Up to the date of the Franco-German war, the custom had been to send short telegrams, and supplement them by long letters, which arrived, of course, at a time when the main interest of an event had been discounted. In writing full, descriptive letters, giving an accurate account of the events of the hour, and in speeding these swiftly to the wires, the new correspondent of the *Daily News* displayed a peculiar genius for organization. It is, perhaps, hardly so well known to the public as it deserves to be, that it is one thing to be present at a battle, yet another thing to choose the best spot for forming an accurate idea of what is going on;



GRAND TRAIN OF COLONIZATION FOR MANITOBA.



GRAIN ELEVATOR, BEDFORD BASIN, N. S.



NEW YORK.--AFTER THE CLOSING OF THE POLLS.

yet a third requisite to possess the nimble brain to comprehend and the rapid hand necessary to record it as it develops, and yet another quite distinct gift to organize the communications for getting the information swiftly from the battle-field to London. From the battle-field to the nearest telegraph office, the ex-dragon was well fitted to be his own courier; and his great physical powers of endurance enabled him to perform feats of an extraordinary kind. Capable of resisting the desire to eat and to sleep for a great length of time, he fairly electrified the public by the letters which he either contrived to get telegraphed or brought with his own hand from the scene of action. The new style of war-correspondence astonished and delighted the readers of the *Daily News*, and the reputation of Mr. Forbes was finally established by his adroitness in being on the spot when the late Emperor of the French surrendered his sword to the Emperor of Germany. All this good work was eclipsed at the surrender of Paris. The correspondent of the *Daily News* was the first newspaper man in Paris after that eventful day, and conveyed his impressions by means of a long concerted scheme. Riding into Paris from the north side, he saw all that was to be seen, and, after surmounting various difficulties, contrived to get out again, rode to Ligny, and travelled by train all the way to Carlsruhe, whence he forwarded his letter of three columns by telegraph to London, and then returned to Paris to find a couple of special correspondents there to laugh at his apparently tardy arrival, and tell him—all in a good-natured fashion—that at last they had got the better of him, and left him "out in the cold." He did not reply. There is a Northern proverb to the effect that "It's a canny thing to saw nowt," and on this he acted until the *Daily News* arrived in Paris, and his friendly rivals were thunderstruck to find that they had been anticipated by three days. Throughout most of the year 1871, he was constantly passing and repassing the Channel, writing on the boat and in the railway carriage, often passing an hour and a half or two hours in London, and then setting off again. During the affair of the Commune, he contrived to be in Paris at the critical moment, and was eating salad with General Dombrowski on the afternoon of the eventful Sunday. This was an adventurous time for a special correspondent. While looking about Paris during the fighting, Mr. Forbes was pounced upon by a party of Communists and compelled to help in making a barricade in front of the Palais Royal, but was released with honor in consequence of an amusing incident. The Communists, whose knowledge of military art was not equal to their courage, were making their barricade, and had two field-guns to arm it, but had forgotten the embrasures. Their captive, with insistence equal to that displayed by Captain Dugald Dalgetty concerning the "sconce," pointed out that guns without embrasures were not likely to prove very useful, and was at once acquitted, in consideration of his military knowledge, of all further participation in hand-labor. Once more during the chaos he found himself in an awkward position, compelled, by the alternative of being shot where he stood, to go through the form at least of participating in the defence of a Communist position in a triangle upon which three detachments of Versailles troops converged. He escaped from them into a house, and a day later, when Paris was blazing, he determined on a desperate effort to carry his news away. He was not long in maturing his plan. Armed with one official envelope directed to the Queen of England, he escaped from the burning city, and by the means of another dummy letter addressed to Lord Granville, obtained precedence at the crowded ferry. Thence he rode to St. Denis, and, writing by the way, came on to England by train and mail-boat, on which he was the solitary passenger. At Calais he telegraphed to the *Daily News* to keep space, and arrived at the office, with the account of Paris in flames, at six a.m. At eight appeared the special edition of the newspaper, and at a quarter to ten Mr. Robinson found his correspondent asleep in his room with the *Post-Office London Directory* for a pillow. As Mr. Forbes' letter was the first intimation of the state of Paris received in this country, the excitement was great. In the afternoon a question was asked of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons whether the Government had any information of the condition of the French capital, as set forth in the *Daily News*. He replied that he had no information, and sincerely hoped that the statements in that journal were exaggerated. Subsequent information proved that the account of Mr. Forbes was rather under than overstated.

In piping times of peace, Mr. Forbes occupied his leisure with the Vienna Exhibition, and in meeting Sir Samuel and Lady Baker on their return from Africa, when he made the curious observation that Sir Samuel who had lived on oatmeal and water for months, took exception to the style in which the first fried sole he had eaten for many years was cooked, and that Lady Baker, who had worn a sack in Africa could hardly find anything bright and beautiful enough in Mr. Worth's atelier to deck herself withal. He intercepted one of the crew with a bit of the plate of the "Megara" in his possession, showing the condition of that unhappy ship. The waifs from the "La Plata" also fell into his hands, and he may be said to have "invented" Mr. Joseph Arch by first making him public. He also claims to have "invented" the Ashanti war, and congratulates himself very fairly on having prescribed the plan of campaign,

which was actually followed successfully. India he visited, first to tell the story of the Bengal famine, gaining a new experience and a sun-stroke; and a second time to record the magnificent progress of the Prince of Wales.

After three campaigns in Spain, he found himself again on very serious duty in the Servian war of last year. After the battle of Djunis, which sealed the fate of the Servian war, he had one hundred and thirty-seven miles between him and his base of telegraphic communication with England. Starting just before sun-down, he rode from Deligrad to Semendria—a hundred miles in fourteen hours—on ordinary post-horses, riding "estafette" as it is called. He then secured a carriage, and drove himself on to Belgrade in time to cross to Semlim and send off his telegram on the morning after the battle. During the present war, he has almost lived in the saddle, riding all day in the field, and frequently riding all night with his news. Ascertaining that the first attack on Plevna was about to be made he rode one horse for eighty miles to the field of battle, and rode him through that eventful day, till, after being hunted by Bashi-Bazouks, horse and rider lay down to rest together. So utterly wearied was the horse that he stretched himself at full length by the side of his master, laid his head on his knee, and slept without moving till the next alarm. In the morning came a ride of forty miles to Sistova, near the end of which the horse fell from sheer exhaustion, and the indomitable war-correspondent walked into Sistova with his saddle on his head. From this point he reached Bucharest, and between Ploesti and Croustadt in Transylvania rode on relays of ponies until he handed in at the telegraph office of the latter place that brilliant, graphic, and critical description of the battle of Plevna which excited so much comment in England, where it arrived, on the third day after the battle.

After the battle in the Shipka Pass, on the 24th of August, Mr. Forbes, having already laid relays of horses rode without a halt to the Imperial headquarters, distancing handsomely the aides-de-camp charged with the duty of conveying intelligence to the Emperor and Grand Duke. As he was the first bearer of news, he was conducted to the Emperor and after the delay occasioned by the interview, pushed on to Bucharest to forward his telegram, written as telegrams from abroad must be, in a schoolboy round hand, involving much physical toil to a man already overtaxed with work, and starved for rest and food. Perhaps the last has been one of the severest of all campaigns for a special correspondent. The distances to be traversed have been enormous, and the want of communication has taxed the ingenuity and vigor of the correspondent to the utmost. The excitement of battle, followed by long weary rides on dark nights, and heavy tramps through the sand without halt or food, are no insignificant trials in themselves; but when they are coupled with the duty of writing a long letter, and to telegraphing it that it shall reach its destination, the work becomes so severe that it is no wonder that it proved fatal to many.

Following the Russo-Turkish war, after a brief interval, Mr. Forbes joined the British army then on the march into Afghanistan. While accompanying the advance column under command of Gen. Tytler, Mr. Forbes performed an act of gallantry under fire, in rescuing and caring for some wounded men, for which he received the thanks of the commanding officer, and was favorably mentioned in the official despatches to England.

While in Afghanistan he received a telegram saying, "go and do the Zulu war," and in April he joined the troops under Sir Garnet Wolseley, then advancing against Cetewayo. This campaign ended with the victory of Ulundi, the news of which was first brought by Mr. Forbes to the British commander-in-chief, two days in advance of the official Government couriers.

During the seasons of 1878-79, at the invitation of the Lyceums and Lecture Association of England, Mr. Forbes delivered more than three hundred lectures in all parts of the Kingdom upon the Russo-Turkish and Zulu wars, winning the cordial approbation of all parties for his soldierly frankness, and manly straightforward treatment of his subjects.

His powers as a speaker are of the first order. He has the happy faculty of painting realistic word-pictures, graphic and vivid descriptions of people and events, possessing absolute accuracy and truthfulness, occasionally relieved by flashes of picturesque humor and fun, and clothed in that terse, strong Anglo-Saxon of which he is so consummate a master. The man talks as he writes—direct to the point.

In person Mr. Forbes is above the middle height with the bearing of a soldier and the physique of an athlete. He is most popular in society being full of humor and information.

ORIENTAL PROVERBS.—It is easy to mount a little donkey. A fly is nothing, but it spoils the appetite. Two captains in one ship will surely sink her. The fox ends by getting into the surrier's shop. At sight of a glow-worm the timid cry "Fire!" Knife-wounds heal, but not those produced by the word. The heart is a crystal palace; once broken, it can never be mended. With patience, sour-grapes become sweetmeats and mulberry-leaves turn to satin. The nightingale was shut up in a golden cage, but still she cried, "My home, my home!" The apple and pomegranate disputed which was fairer, when the thistle exclaimed, "Brethren, let us not quarrel!"

STREAMS OF LIFE.

BY JOHN C. CAVAFY, (Egypt.)

Down through forest, down through vale,
Rapidly we wind our way;
Blossoms on our banks exhale,
Sweet perfumes from flowers gay;
And we flow,
Like the burthen of a lay,
High and low.

Here alone, in reckless style,
One, in silent grandeur, flows,
Free from earthly sin and guile,
In his heart no passion glows.
What his doom!
Dead oblivion's waters close
On his tomb.

Wrathful, spiteful, born to hate
Like a cataract falls another;
Striving ever to be great,
E'en by spoiling his own brother,
Sword and fire
Threatening at the Earth, his mother,
In vain ire.

Ponderous rolls his mighty flood,
Yonder stream from mountains steep;
Brook and brooklet shed their blood
In its waters broad and deep,—
Vainly great
With the tears that others weep,
Bound to fate.

While across a meadow, slow,
Two young brooklets wander near;
Side by side in peace they flow,
Never sigh nor furtive tear
Marred their love;
To each other ever dear,
E'en above.

Springing from one endless source,
The Almighty's throne on high,
We glide each in different course
To our goal beyond the sky:
Where we give
All to Ocean deep, and die
But to live.

THE TRAVELLING ARTIST.

It was a sultry afternoon in the early part of July, at a cottage which nestled among the hills of Cumberland. The sun, which had been blazing down fiercely upon the dusty roads and the heads of the field labourers, had long passed its meridian, and was sloping downward towards the summit of a wooded mountain outlined against the clear sky.

Martha stood at the skylight window, and as she gazed without, she beheld a man approaching the house, carrying a bundle on his back.

"Whenever I'm left alone it is always this way," she murmured to herself, and she began to look about the room for implements with which she might defend herself, in case the tramp, as she took the stranger to be, offered her any insult, or refused to quit the premises. She had watched him for more than half a mile on the zig-zag country road, wending his way towards her. "Drat him!" she said, as he put his finger on the latch of the gate.

Then she limped down stairs, and, on reaching the porch, called out, "We don't want anything here; we don't have any dealings with tramps or pedlars."

"You are quite right not to have," he said, as he laid down his pack; "but have you got any milk?"

"This house ain't no dairy," she said; "and again I tell you we don't want no needles; we don't want no—"

"And again, I say," he interrupted, "I can't help that, Felicia."

"Mark you, my name ain't Fleeceyou; it's Martha."

"Of course. Now, look here, Martha. Do I look like a threadmonger! Are buttons indelibly stamped on my face? Am I the social pariah of tape? Pray, Felicia—that is, Martha—you wrong me."

She wondered how, in all the world, he had found out her name, and, what is more, she felt that that name had never sounded so nice before.

"And you are not a pedlar?" she asked.

"I scorn the imputation," he replied, tragically lowering his brows.

"And you ain't a robber, nor nothin' in that way?"

"Stop, Martha! I am a robber, a thief; I steal the whole country; who knows but when I go from here I shall have you with me, say in my knapsack?"

She coloured violently at the thought of this abduction, looking suspiciously at the knapsack. She thought he was daft, and stooped and picked up a fork that was lying in the porch, with which she meant to prevent his nefarious designs, did she see him open the flap of his bag.

"But we are jesting," he said; "Maiden, I am a painter."

"Well, we don't want you—we're painted all we require, and that's yellow whitewash. So go away, that's a good man."

"Gracious!" he said, rolling up his eyes. Then, seeing that he really frightened the girl, he added, "I beg your pardon, Miss Martha; but the truth is, I am an artist, and an exceeding tired one, and I should like to rest here and have a glass of milk, if you can supply me. But if hospitality knows no place in your composition, give me the word and I will go. And for heaven's sake don't speak of pictures, and don't say you like them, and don't ask me to show you what I can do."

She was more puzzled than ever; she looked at him keenly, noting for the first time that his face was pleasant to look upon, but upon which were many marks of old pain and sadder marks of old passions, and the strange light of forced carelessness.

"I don't understand pictures; and you are

making fun of me," she said, softly; somehow or other, all her anger and defensive quality leaving her at the thought that he laughed at her.

"Shade of Socrates forbid!" he ejaculated devoutly; "and the milk, Chloe,—is the milk brewed?"

"You know my name well enough," she said deprecatingly; "and if you turn your head away, I'll get you a glass of milk."

"I won't turn my head away; it's the best head I've got, so why should I send it away?"

"You're laughing again," she said; "but I don't care. Look, now!"

With a strange hobbling gait she crossed the porch in front of him, laughing a little, yet with burning face, and he saw that she was lame—that she was a cripple. He did not laugh this time, and she found herself angry with him that he did not, and that for the first time in her life she was ashamed of her lameness. She hurried into the house for the milk and a morsel of bread, and came out with them. He was looking away from her out to the beautiful landscape, up to the fleecy clouds, and a helpless look was on his face that made her pause. Then he turned and saw her, and took the refreshment from her hand.

"May I not come into the porch while I regale myself?"

She nodded.

In an instant he was beside her, sitting down upon one of the rough chairs Uncle Tom had made. But he did not attempt to eat—he was looking far away. And so she watched him curiously and with a strange, new feeling.

"It is very peaceful here," he said, softly; "is there never any sorrow, or trouble, or anxiety?"

"No," she said, "we're always happy."

"And you never dream of things that cannot come to pass?"

"Oh, no; that would be very foolish. Aunt Maria says our minister said once that our dreams show our wants, and by them shall our worth be reckoned."

"And who is Aunt Maria?"

"She's my mother's sister; she brought me up. I ain't got no mother."

"Neither have I, Martha."

"I haven't no father; my father he died ages ago," she said.

"And I haven't a father, either, Martha," he said.

"Oh, my! ain't that nice!" she cried.

"Nice!" he echoed; "nice to be fatherless, motherless, Aunt Marialess! Martha, I am sensibly astonished at your awfulness."

"Oh, I didn't mean that; I mean it's nice to meet some one that's just like me. Everybody almost I know has a mother and a father; and somehow Aunt Maria don't just seem to be what mother might have been—your mother always knows what you want before you tell her, you know."

"Oh, yes, Martha, I feel it borne in upon me that we are twins."

"Oh, go along," she said; "you talk awful funny."

He seemed to see something in the face that struck him—it was not her gray eyes, nor her pretty brown hair, nor her fallow, fine skin, such as an artist loves; but a look that he had failed to see in any other woman he had ever met was there, and he could give no name to it, only that it puzzled him.

"You'd better drink your milk," she said.

"Thanks," he said, and did as she advised.

"Nectar" he said, handing her the empty glass.

"More?" she asked, smiling and familiar.

"No," he said; "I should insult the cow."

She could not understand this, knowing old Shorthorn's predisposition to upset buckets and milking-stools.

"But," he went on, "if you will allow me to smoke a pipe, I shall be in heaven."

It was not in Martha to deny his angelic tendencies, although she would rather he had refrained from active celestialities.

"I fancy you don't work very hard," Martha said, again suddenly; "your hands are so white—whiter'n mine."

"My colossal mind is my workshop, Martha," he said; "and that is not nearly so white as my hands."

"I don't just quite catch your meaning," she said, puzzled.

"Oh, it's such a dreamy place here, Martha, that we mustn't try to catch anything—measles or Cupid, which are synonymous. Let us only live and look in pretty places like this, without further responsibility of changing the places. That's Epicurean, Martha."

"Fudge!" she said. Yet it was a pretty place, and the trees, the birds, the sky, and gentle winds of heaven, did all they could to make the inveterate mind of man tender. Despite the strangeness of it all, Martha seemed to forget that she did not know him—seemed to think that she had seen all this long ago, that it was natural for him to be here and natural for her to be beside him; natural for her to watch the soft vapour from his pipe ascending and dissolving and fading away into the blue day. She never knew how long she stood there rapt, a new quietness folding about her like a soft garment; and when he said her name again, she started as one rudely awakened.

"Oh, I thought you never dreamed," he said.

"I don't dream; but it seems somethin' the matter with me to-day," she returned.

"And with me," he said.

"Oh; it is the new scene with you," she went on; "but everything's old here to me."

"Should you like new scenes, Martha?"

"I'd like the scenes the stories tell about—handsome ladies and gentlemen in fine places—good people that's always good and never go wrong, or if they do you don't mind it, and some sad ones as kind o' like their sadness."

"But you won't go into my part of the world to find these people, Martha?"

"I don't know where it is; the story-people seem to know."

He was silent, and filled his pipe anew.

"Would you like to see over our place?" she asked.

"No," he answered curtly; then added, "Are you all alone?"

"Yes; Aunt Maria she's gone to Miss Brown's funeral—she died o' the gallopin' consumption. Her husband built this here porch, he did. Aunt Maria always liked Miss Brown; such a hand for Yorkshire pudding, she was. There's sure to be a good dinner at the buryin'—the Browns always have good dinners when they die. Aunt Maria is an old maid, and she would be precious angry if she found you here."

"She shall not find me here. And you dislike men, too, I suppose, Martha?"

"Oh, my!" she said; "why, I don't know none—at any rate, I didn't till you came along a couple o' hours ago. But the couple o' hours seems like a year."

She was perfectly calm, not confused in the slightest.

"So the couple of hours seem like a year? Have you grown so tired of me, Martha, that the time drags?"

"Oh, mercy! no. I wish you'd never go—that is, I mean—"

Now she did blush!

"Suppose I'd stay?" he said, looking at her quizzically.

"Oh, I don't know," she faltered, drawing back.

"No, Martha," he said, with a sigh; "these peaceful places are not for me; I am one of the predatory ones of the earth. You wouldn't believe me if I told you I was an Arab, would you? But tell me; are you always peaceful? But you say you are. How I should like to know the story of such a one as you—a sort of moral prescription. Suppose you tell me your story, Martha. By the way, what is your other name?"

"Martha Brookes. And what is your name?"

"Arthur Castle. You have it, Martha; and now the story."

"Story! I can tell no story."

"Oh, you are the only woman who never could, then. Now, Martha, tell me a story—as though you were talking to a child, you know, and begin it with 'once on a time,' and all that and yet let it be about yourself. Somehow, I rather feel that I should like to hear you speak at some length. Did any one ever tell you that you had a soft voice, Martha, 'an excellent thing in woman'?"

"No, never," she said.

"Well, you have, you know; so sit down here and tell me all about Martha Brookes, as though she were somebody else."

"Seems to me I can't refuse you nothin'," she said, confusedly, "and I'll try. But indeed there ain't nothin' to tell."

But guided by him she seated herself upon the upper step of the porch, he arranging her so that a glint of light struck upon her hair and lit up the depths of her eyes. She clasped her hands before her, looking up for inspiration.

"Now," he said; and, watching her curiously as she sat there, he made up his mind for a rustic picture while she spoke.

"Once on a time," she began, "there was a young woman named Martha, that hadn't no mother, no father, no nothin' but her Aunt Maria, which she sometimes believed was only her step-aunt. Martha was not always a nice young person, for her temper was that bad you wouldn't think, particular when her Aunt Maria called her Limpety-fetch-it, when she wasn't tidy enough, and her aunt didn't consequently think very much of her; for her aunt was a real good woman, a regular church-goer, and was a mission society, and vice suppression, and all those things, and she often said that but for Martha she'd see her way clear. It's very silly, isn't it?"

"Oh! well, go on."

"Yes. So Martha was often alone. You see she didn't know young people, because she was—was a little lame, and never played games and such, for the children they laughed at her, for she'd look funny skippin' about; and so she got into the queer habit of not goin' with live people, but goin' with dead people."

"With dead people?"

"Yes. She used to go up to her room and watch the sky, and think her mother and father was up there a-lookin' down at her, and so she quite got acquainted with the people her father and mother knowed in glory. So one night—why it was last night, Arthur Castle—one night Martha she dreamed that she'd died herself; maybe Miss Brown was on her mind; and she dreamed she went up to glory, and there her mother and father just caught hold of her, and she knowed that well, and they put their arms around her real tight. Oh! it's awful nice to have people's arms around you real tight."

"Is it?"

"I mean people that you love. So all the neighbours was there too, and Miss Brown she said, 'Is this Martha? Why she ain't lame no longer, and she's not bad-tempered no longer.' And Martha she said, 'Good people, it's me—just Martha. I've always been this

way; I've always wanted folks to love me and like me, but somehow they couldn't; and now I'm dead and gone, I have got all I wanted when I was alive, for my mother's and my father's love it makes me in heaven what they would have made me on earth had they lived." So immediately Martha woke up and knowed it was a dream. And that day her Aunt Maria went off to Miss Brown's funeral, and Martha was upstairs a-thinkin' of her dream, when she spied a tramp coming from afar off—

"That's like the Prodigal Son, Martha," he interrupted.

"Now, that's all my story," she said.

"And so that's all the story! Didn't Martha rather like the tramp that wasn't a tramp?"

"Maybe she did—how should I know? There is many girls named Martha."

Her voice had grown querulous, and her face troubled.

"And don't you think Martha was sorry when the tramp that wasn't a tramp left her?" he persisted.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried, in pain.

"Oh, why did you ask me to tell a story? I didn't mean nothin'."

"There! there! never mind," he said, in the soothing voice so dangerous to feeling like her own present feeling. "I'll tell you a story now, shall I?"

She did not answer him, but sat there with her eyes down.

"Once on a time," he said, "there was a young man who was an artist. He was a dreadfully conceited young man, and in his earlier life, and with much association with other young men and much reading he had made up his mind to conquer the world. But he had not gone very far when he was conquered himself—and by what, do you think, Martha? Why, by a pair of eyes—woman's eyes. These eyes were deceptive eyes, but how was he to know that? They led him where they would, and they deceived him. After they had deceived him it seemed the devil came to him, and the artist went about doing all the harm that he could. Then even harm became stale to him, and he tried to call back that old spirit of ambition that had once actuated him; but he scarcely succeeded. So about a year ago he took up his pack and went from land to land making pictures, trying in all ways to forget what could never, never be forgotten. He was a weak man, of course, and he knew it, but knowing it only made him the wilder. He had sad times of it, and he sunk down overpowered by the load of sin and misery and memory he had carried so long. All the time up to this morning he was so. He ate nothing yesterday; he slept not last night. This morning, wild and sad, he took up the old march again, and at last he came across a peaceful sort of country, and afar off he saw a little house—something like this little house. Something urged him to come to the little house; so he reached it, and found a young woman named Martha."

She had raised her face and was looking at him, her lips parted, her eyes shining. He reached and took one of her hands, and held it between both his own.

"This young woman taught him more than she knew, more than he even knew, and seemed in some inexplicable way to lead him back to purity and truth, or it may have been the newness of the scene and its surroundings. When he goes away from this young woman he shall always remember her, her peace, her sad, lonesome lot, that seemed not sad, her talking with dead people, her pretty dream. Had he met this young woman earlier in his life he might never have gone away from her again; for he was so tired of dissipation and foolishly-learned people, and it would have been his dear delight to teach her many things, to make her fit to be his companion, perhaps, and in time she would have loved him and—oh, there! there! that's all. My story ends abruptly too. How strangely I have been talking!"

"No," she said, pulling her hand away, and looking at him, smiling tenderly but with white face, "you have not talked strange. But, Mr. Castle, didn't this Martha never like the young man? Didn't the young man never ask her this? Couldn't she have tried to be clever and learn things he liked? Don't you think that maybe she'd have loved to do all he wanted her to? Don't you think she knowed how dumb and stupid she was after she'd set her eyes on him, and in one hour maybe thought more of him than she did of all the wide, wide world! Suppose this Martha had been pretty, and clever, and good, wouldn't the young man have stayed?"

He had risen to his feet. He placed his hand upon her drooping shoulder, looking kindly in her face.

"I think not," he said, "for all that was past for him. Yet suppose he should say to this Martha, 'I am not sinless, but I want rest very much; shall I stay, Martha?' what would she have answered?"

Should he stay? Whatever was womanly in her asserted itself. She stepped aside; she seemed to have been in another dream of dead people.

"Martha ought never to have answered that question quickly," she said, soberly.

"To be sure," he laughed; "and I have been making a fool of myself, I suppose. 'Oh, well—now, see, the sun is sinking—I have a long journey before me. I thank you for your kindness, Martha Brookes; and fare thee well, and if for ever, then for ever fare thee well!'"

"Good-bye!" she said, gently, and put her hand out.

"Oh, shake hands!" he said. "Certainly; why not? Good-bye! I hope your aunt will soon be at home. You are not afraid to stay alone?"

"No," she said; "I am used to it. And, Mr. Castle—"

"Yes."

"Do you think that whatever Martha thought of the young man would always be for his good? Don't you think she might even pity his sorrow?"

"Perhaps."

"Yes, she would, Mr. Castle; she would—oh, she will always, always; she can't help it. And wouldn't the young man try to be happier for it?"

"The young man will try to be better for it—he swears that; for he has seldom met any one who cared for him disinterestedly, and the young man only knew Martha a matter of a few hours, mind."

"The few hours may be all Martha's years," she said.

He looked at her—should he stay? Did this mean more than he had ever known? "Good-bye, again," he said, and stepped out of the porch. She went beside him.

"I will go to the gate with you," she said, and he noticed how feebly she walked.

Down the path of old-fashioned flowers, sentimental country flowers, they went in the mellow sunset, slowly, lost in thought, loth to go apart, bewildered and dreaming. She held the gate open for him. Should he stay? One word would keep him, he knew, and he was so tired of everything, his life had closed in upon him so early. Silently she stood beside him, her hands resting upon the gate. He lingered!

"Would it make Martha happy if the young man were to—well, to stay with her for ever?" he asked.

"It would make her happier to know that he was made better through her love—"

"Through her what?"

"Well, her kind feeling for him."

"Could she have no stronger feeling than kindness?" he asked, suddenly. And then the foolishness of the whole thing flashed upon him—he, the artist, the rich, cultured man, the fashionable man about town, to be standing here beside a rude country girl with vulgar surroundings, an Aunt Maria, and an uncle Tom, and who possessed a few other negative attractions—he to talk sentiment, and with her! With a light laugh he pulled his hat over his brow.

"Good-bye, finally, Martha Brookes," he said, cheerily, and went down the road. All the same, though, after he had gone a few yards he turned round, and saw her still standing beside the gate, her eyes following him. Was she not a pure, sweet country flower, as much as the little daffodils that sprang around his feet distorted and plain by reason of choking earth, but blooming with as much meaning as any of nature's flowers? And he had come across her, and had always spurned the simple flowers before he had gained the artist's insight. Should he stay, or go out again into all the old trouble, and sadness, and weariness, and pain? Would he be a better man? He would be a better man remembering her.

Quick as a flash he turned away, walked rapidly down the road, turned once more, waved his hand, paused for a second—then on once more, never again to see her in this life.

INTENTION.—In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory way of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than which they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing well, and to please nobody. It is better to be interested with inferior persons and inferior things than to be indifferent with the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's tastes instead of the cultivation of our own, the pursuit after that to which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades more or less all classes, and arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each our own world.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but, if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighbourhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love and a devotion to truth? No; such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirit, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If girls desire to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let them not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let them love truth and virtue; and to the close of life they will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets, ever fresh and ever new.

GOOD CONVERSATION.—The tone of good conversation is flowing or natural; it is neither heavy nor frivolous: it is learned without pedantry, lively without noise, polished without equivocation. It is neither made up of lectures nor epigrams. Those who really converse, reason without arguing, joke without punning, skillfully unite wit and reason, maxims and sallies, ingenious raillery and severe morality. They speak of everything, in order that every one may have something to say; they do not investigate too closely for fear of wearying; questions are introduced as if by-the-by, and are treated with rapidity; precision leads to elegance, each one giving his opinion, and supporting it with few words. No one attacks wantonly another's opinion, no one supports his own obstinately. They discuss in order to enlighten themselves, and leave off discussing when dispute would begin; every one gains information, every one recreates himself, and all go away contented; nay, the sage himself may carry away from what he has heard matter worthy of silent meditation.

On October 16th drums ceased to exist in the French infantry regiments. This increases the effective of the army by 8,000 men, for in active service the trumpeters render the same service as the common soldiers.

HUMOROUS.

LIKE a piece of steel, that man is the strongest and most elastic who always retains his temper.

A MAN in Connecticut is described as being so lazy that he puts all the work he can on his digestive organs.

A CHINAMAN who was looking at an Englishman eating tripe, said, "And yet he hates dear little mice!"

THE sun in July is too hot for a boy to work in the garden. It is as much as he can do to get through his cricket games during the month.

"I STAND upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed his shoemaker; "you stand in a pair of boots you never paid for."

SAID Lawyer A. to Doctor B., "Why are we two just equal to one highwayman?"—"Because," answered the doctor, "between us two, it's a man's money or his life."

THE country is full of poets, scholars, and deep thinkers, but the man has not been born who can tell why the sleeves of summer under-shirts are always five inches too long.

THE Germans are a frugal people," says an American writer, after visiting the Berlin opera-house. "As soon as the opera was over, the man in front took wads of cotton from his pocket, and stopped up his ears to save the music he had paid for."

Consumption Cured.

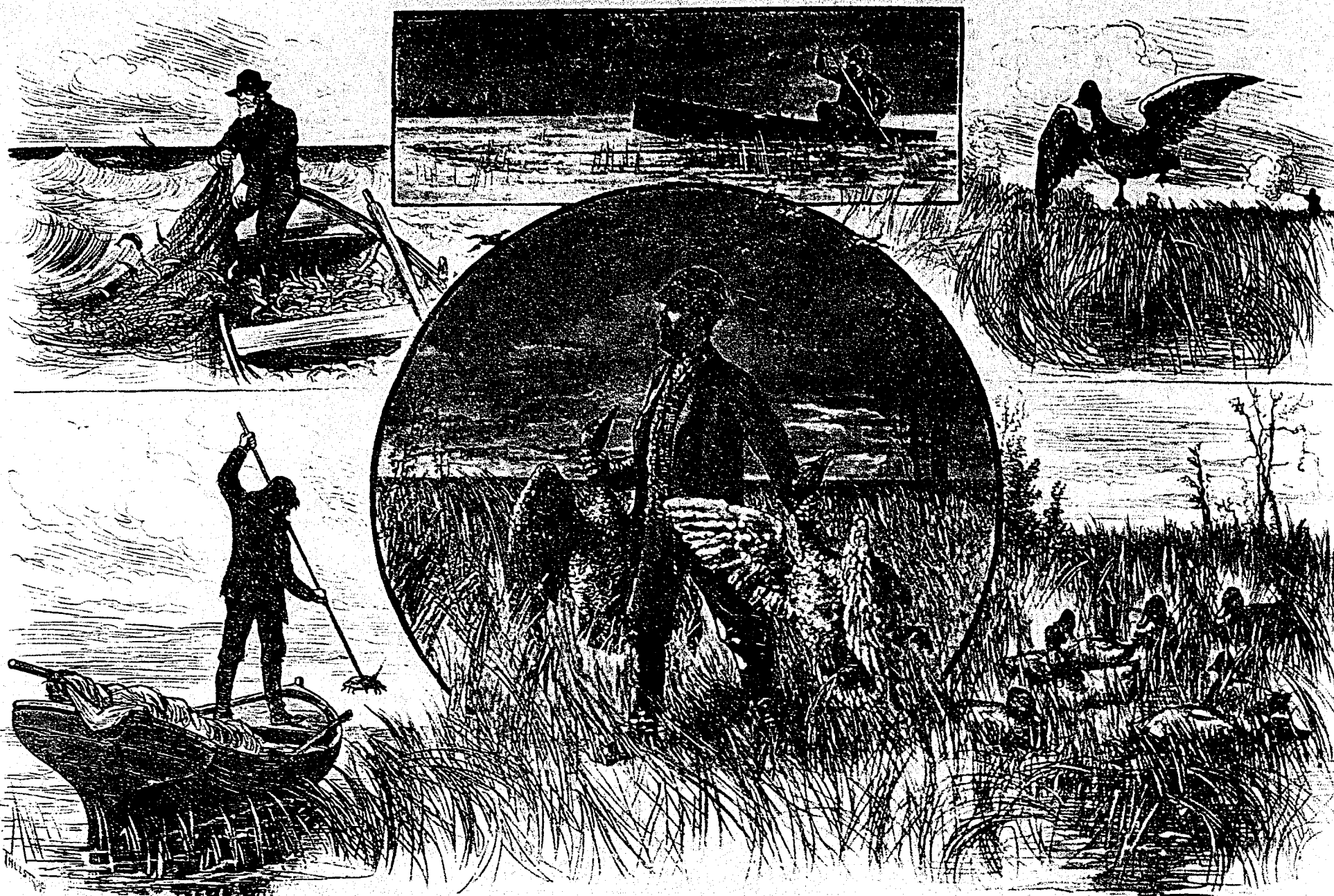
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERMAN, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

HEARTH AND HOME.

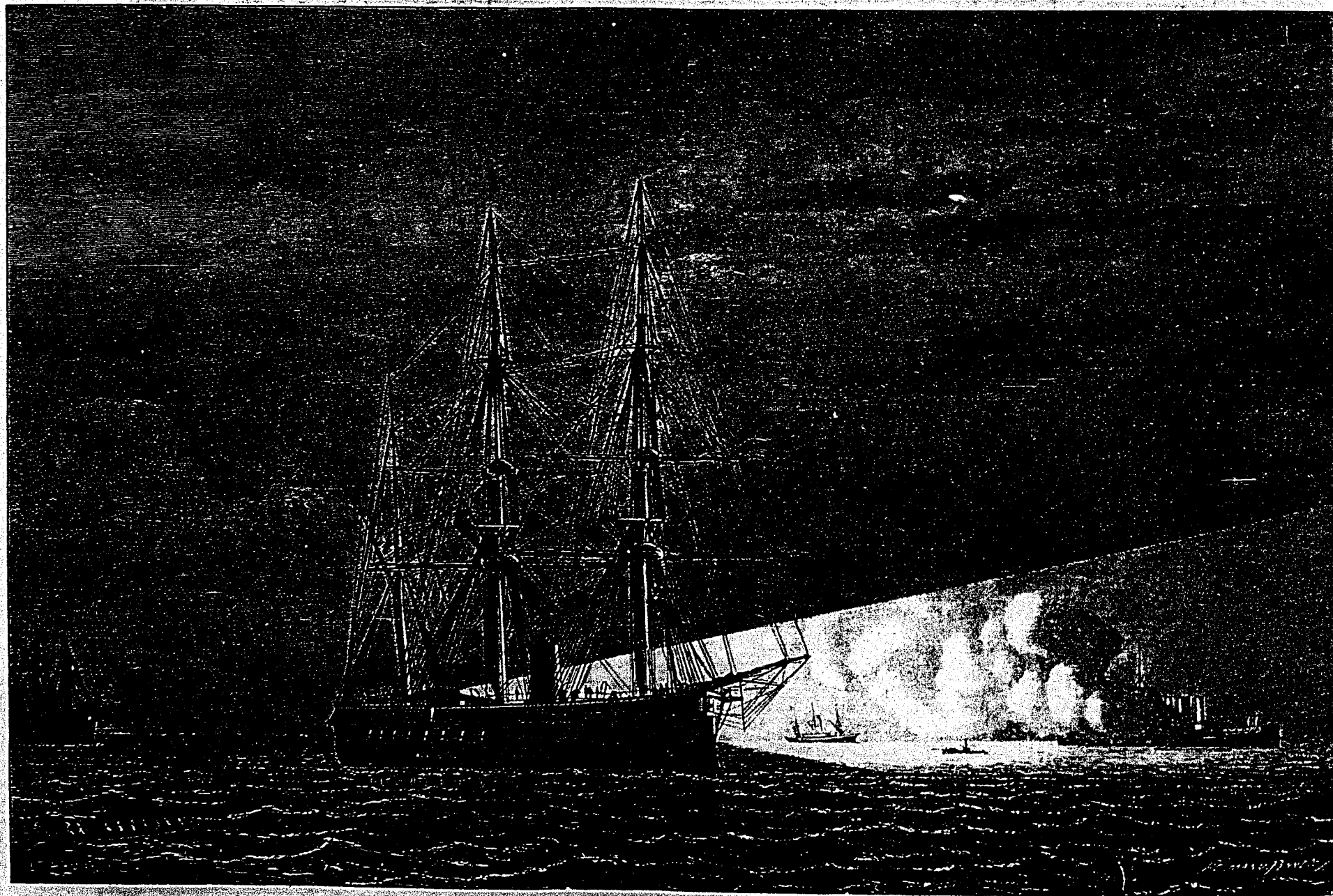
TRUE GREATNESS.—Ignoring or quickly forgetting personal injuries is characteristic of true greatness, when maner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man a person is the more he makes of an injury or an insult. The more of a man he is the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause. "The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel, but rushes joyously the ravage to conceal." It is the tiny streamlet which is kept in a sputter by a stick thrust into its waters by a wilful boy.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care, which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young and cheering us when old—depend so entirely upon their personal purity and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest cornerstone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

MONEY-GETTING.—The man who uses up every energy in the one object of making money, and who gauges the value of everything according to the opportunities it affords of increasing his stocks and bank balance, is throwing away not only the beauty, but much of the usefulness of his life. For money is but one means to happiness; it is nothing in itself, nothing when separated from the wisdom that knows how to use it and the energy that extracts value and beauty out of it. That life is not worth living that is wholly absorbed in gaining money and sinks away exhausted in the effort. It is like that of the builder who should spend his entire energies in collecting materials without erecting a single structure, or the wood-cutter who should use all his hours of labour in diligently sharpening his axe.



CRUELITIES PRACTISED ON FISH AND FOWL.



NAVAL MANŒUVRING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.



THE LEAVES ARE FALLING.

A WISH.

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.)

If I were a leaflet, whirled
By the eddying wind on high,
Which floats on the rolling wave,
Purued by the dreaming eye.

Fresh-torn from my parent stem,
I would joyously yield my will
To the Zephyr that blows from the West,
And the eastward flowing rill.

Beyond the swift river's roar,
And the gloom of yon woodland vast,
Beyond the deep mountain gorge,
I would speed on the rushing blast.

Beyond the she-wolf's dark cave,
The woods where the ring doves moan,
And the plain where the pilgrim finds
Three palms, and a fount of stone;

Past highlands which pour the rage
Of tempests over the corn,
Past the dismal lake o'erhung
By braubles tangled and torn;

Past the barren lands of the Moor—
That Chief with the pointant bright—
Whose brow has more wrinkles far
Than the sea on a stormy night;

I would bound with an arrow's speed
Over Arta's mirror blue,
And the mountain whose summit hides
Two towns from each other's view.

But at Mykos, the square-built town,
With its cupolas gay and bright,
Constrained by a magic charm
I would halt at the dawn of light.

I would fly to the good priest's home,
Where his daughter, a dark-eyed maid,
At morn, in her chamber sings,
At eve, in the portal's shade.

At length, a poor wandering leaf,
Obtaining my earnest prayer,
I would light on her forehead, and blend
With the curls of her auburn hair.

Like a parrot, with nimble feet,
Mid the yellow corn, I would be,
Or like fruit in a fairy bower,
Green fruit on a golden tree.

Did I rest but a moment's space
On her bending head, I vow
I would feel more pride than the dazzling gem
On a Sultan's stately brow!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

CRUELITIES TO FISH AND FOWL.

When a human being is put to unnecessary bodily suffering through the neglect or maliciousness of one of his own species, a great outcry is the result. He is enveloped in a cloud of sympathizing reporters, who describe with realistic minuteness every detail of his case. The sympathy of the whole community is his, and if the assailant be short of funds, or without political influence, he is quickly incarcerated and freely punished. Every day, however, torments are heaped upon the unfortunate and unresisting denizens of the sea and air, and no voice is raised to mitigate or abridge their agony. In the larger towns an effort has been made to ameliorate the condition of the dumb animal—dumb to us, but undoubtedly in a more restricted but fully as expressive a vocabulary capable of conveying to his kind an expression of his torments and his sufferings. In the rural districts, where laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals are not known or enforced, the bucolic Christian pursues his merciless practices unchecked and unrestrained. Doubtless he treats his domestic animals with care and kindness, but when he comes to deal with the unfortunate fish and fowl he gives full license to his greed, and knows no pity. It is the struggle for existence, and all the so-called civilization and theology of the age cannot soften or restrain the natural instinct to torture and destroy. Possibly it may be heedlessness—what the eye does not see, the heart does not feel.

A fisherman will sally out in a boat loaded with empty flour barrels. Into each, in his way of business, he will pack from three to five hundred crabs, all alive. These are possibly detained at his home for several hours, whence they are carried to the nearest railway station, possibly miles away, over a rugged road. At the station they are transferred to a freight train, which consumes several hours en route to a market. With all the modern conveniences of luxurious cars, we can all testify to the irksomeness of a lengthy journey by rail. What, consequently, must be the suffering of four or five hundred crabs, still alive, packed in a barrel, and jolted under a broiling sun, on a slow and tedious train? Were it possible for the lower layer of crabs in these barrels to express their views to some enterprising reporter for the press, they would unfold a tale compared to which the sufferings of William Lithgow by the Inquisition would be but a joyous and festive narrative. Fishing for crabs for the market is a perfectly legitimate occupation, which supports large numbers of men and their families. Moreover, crabs are a cheap and delicious article of diet—when one is perfectly certain of the locality from which they are procured, and of the food upon which they have been fed. No one from humanitarian motives would think of interfering with an industry so necessary and profitable. Nevertheless it is possible that with some scientific thought a means might be devised whereby the sufferings of this unfortunate crustacean could be abridged. It probably never occurs to the fisherman that he is engaged in other than the most philanthropic occupation. He possesses no means of communicating with his victims, consequently he is content to nurse his own petty troubles

without troubling himself about those incapable of a forcible expression.

On certain portions of the coast, in the latter part of the month of May and first of June, the "limulus," or horse-foot crab, seeks the shallows of the sand-flats to deposit its eggs. The female on these occasions is accompanied by the male. On the first of the flood-tide they may be seen wading hither and thither in a foot or more water. This annual appearance of the horse-foot is a notable season for all classes on certain parts of the coast. All occupations are abandoned for the delirious sport of "horse-footing." Men armed with a small spear propel themselves here and there over the shoal water, and strike the crabs through the back as they seek to escape. One man may capture from one to twelve hundred on a single tide. These are crowded in the bottom of a small boat. They remain alive for several days. By some they are used to bait eel-pots, while others feed them to the barn-yard fowl. For some occult reason they are worshipped as a "fetich" for chickens. By the larger number of their captors they are used as manure. Thrown upon the fields, out of their natural element, and exposed to a hot sun, they may be seen moving slowly about, each bearing upon his back the mark of the cruel spear. The sufferings of this creature may be easily imagined. Naturally they die a slow and agonizing death, aggravated by a festering and inflamed wound, the agriculturist and his family gazing placidly on the scene. The pool of sewerage slops, with its coating of greasy greenish slime, encircling the curb-stone of this farmer's well, revenges the cruelties inflicted on the dumb and helpless limulus.

With the ignorant and superstitious it is a popular belief that the fish, being a cold-blooded animal—a recently exploded fallacy, or rather it has been discovered that the temperature of the blood of the fish is somewhat above that of the element in which he lives—is insensitive to pain. Most fishermen act on this presumption. Who has not seen a stalwart, heavy fellow, his legs encased in weighty sea-boots, trampling and crushing among the small live bait with which his boat is loaded? This man among his own is what in a theological way is called an "elder," with the profession of fisherman he combines that of farmer. In the latter capacity he is kind and humane; in the former he is a thoughtless and brutal ruffian.

If immediately upon his capture a fish be killed and bled, his delicacy and flavour are increased fifty-fold. All epicures understand this. This practice is universal among the Chinese. So soon as they take a fish he is instantly killed and bled. Suggest this to our free and enlightened fishermen, and quote a Chinaman as authority, and you will be surprised to hear how much novelty and invention can be evolved from a limited vocabulary of oaths. We are pleased to speak of the Chinese as "heathens," but they have the best of the retort when they brand us as barbarians.

A hundred examples of the brutality of man to the helpless denizens of the sea might be cited. Of what use? The abuses can not be rectified, and when the time shall come when mankind will recognize the fact that cruelty to fish is not far different from cruelty to any other form of animal life, under the present system of rapid extermination there will be no fish to be taken. Of the fish, so of the fowl.

The writer of this article is, has been, and shall continue to be a sportsman so long as he is able to indulge in the pursuit. He has no doubt, therefore, that in numberless instances, always without intention, he has been guilty of the very acts of barbarity and cruelty he condemns in others. A certain amount of cruelty is inseparable from every form of sport. It is not his purpose, therefore, to pose as a philanthropic hypocrite. "Cujus libet rei simulator atque dissimulatur." He merely wishes to show that much of the barbarity practiced by professional and amateur sportsmen may be avoided by a moderate degree of care and thoughtfulness.

It is to be presumed that the object in shooting at a bird is to kill it. He is the most skillful sportsman and best shot who succeeds the more frequently in attaining that end. Professor Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology of Hoboken, in a paper read before a body of scientists which recently met in Boston, gives the results of a very delicate and ingenious series of experiments, by a process of his own, as to the velocity of shot from a fowling-piece under varying conditions. A careful examination of this paper shows conclusively the fallacy of attempting to do effective shooting outside of a certain limited range. Now a bird when hit beyond this limit, while he may be mortally injured, is yet capable of flying a long distance; consequently he dies a slow and painful death. Those who have been wounded in action, or have witnessed the sufferings of others on similar occasions, will appreciate the miseries inflicted by careless or inexperienced sportsmen. Nowhere can the foolishness and barbarity of shooting at fowl at long distances be more distinctly seen and understood than by those who kill wild fowl over the ice in the winter season. While the ice is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of men and boats there will be numerous open holes in which decoys may be set. Numerous flocks will, of course, pass by a long gunshot off. If these could be allowed to pass unmolested, they would during the day return, and offer a fair shot. The gunner, however, is so greedy and rapacious that BBB and even buck-shot are fired into these flocks, which continue on apparently unharmed. If, however, we walk over

the ice in the line of flight of these passing birds, we shall see the surface profusely covered with drops of blood. While none have been killed outright, a number have been struck with sufficient force to cause serious wounds, and ultimate death many miles beyond the locality in which they were crippled.

Unless some flying-machine be soon invented, which will enable us to follow the birds through the air, this system of long-distance shooting will render the birds utterly unattainable by the methods now in use. Doubtless many persons have happened to stumble on the retreats and secluded nooks where these wounded birds seek refuge, either to die or convalesce. These spots resemble nothing so much as the dead-house of the hospital on the Mount St. Bernard, where human remains may be seen in every stage of dissolution.

The penuriousness of the professional gunner is also an incentive to unnecessary cruelty to water-fowl. To save a charge of ammunition he will chase a crippled bird for a mile or more on the water, or so long as the setting-pole of his shooting-boat will reach bottom. The sensation of the wounded bird thus pursued must be similar to that of the condemned man who, with a rope about his neck, witnesses the erection of the gallows on which he is to be executed. It may be argued that wild fowl have not the finer sensitiveness and reasoning power of a human being. They certainly have many qualities in common. For example, when a he-duck, accompanied by the female, is shot down, the latter, if untouched, immediately deserts him; the male, on the contrary, when a similar fate befalls the female, returns again and again in search of her, and often falls a victim to his constancy and devotion.

From time to time an outcry is raised, on the ground of inhumanity, against the practice of shooting pigeons from traps. In point of fact no form of sport is more humane than this. As a money consideration is involved in trap-shooting, its followers must be more or less expert. Moreover, the birds are released at a distance which is positively indicated, and within easy range; consequently, if hit, they are usually killed outright, or so severely wounded as to fall within a limit whence they may be speedily retrieved. It will be found that those which escape entirely do so unharmed. Pigeons which return to the dove-cote in a crippled condition are probably the victims of others than those engaged in trap-shooting. If fowl in the field could be killed with the same certainty as over traps, a vast amount of suffering might be spared the feathered race.

As these lines are being written, the report of fire-arms may be heard. Off the meadow points of the bay, opposite the residence of the writer, duck decoys are glistening in the sun. By watching carefully with a powerful glass, flocks of ducks may from time to time be seen glancing by these decoys, considerably out of gunshot. From two to five guns are discharged at each flock with no apparent effect; but if, as a bunch continues its flight, we keep it within the focus of the glass, we shall see now one and then another of the birds composing it leave their companions, spread their wings, and settle disabled to the surface of the water. In the evening, if the opposite shore from these meadow points be searched, a number of cripples will be driven from their hiding-places, and painfully attempt to reach the water. If one is captured, it will be seen that he has been struck with the largest-size shot. As this has occurred two weeks before the opening of the close season for duck—October 1—it may be readily imagined what will be the chances to kill birds on and after that date, when so early in the season they have been harried at long distances, and with such heavy shot.

GASTON FAY.

VARIETIES.

SMELLING OR KISSING.—In the expression of affection the sense of smell, there is reason to believe, is older in use and dignity than that of taste or touch. Of a Mongol father a traveller writes: "He smelled from time to time the head of his youngest son, a mark of paternal tenderness usual among the Mongols instead of embracing." In the Philippine Islands, we are told, "the sense of smell is developed to so great a degree that they are able, by smelling at the pocket-handkerchief, to tell to which person they belong; and lovers at parting exchange pieces of the linen they may be wearing, and, during their separation, inhale the odor of the beloved being." Among the Cittaogong Hill people it is said "the manner of kissing is peculiar. Instead of pressing lip to lip they place the nose and mouth upon the cheek and inhale the breath strongly. Their form of speech is not 'Give me a kiss,' but 'Smell me.'" In the same way, according to another traveller, "The Burmese do not kiss each other in the Western fashion, but apply the lips and nose to the cheek and make a strong inhalation." Moreover, the Samoans salute by "juxtaposition of noses, accompanied not by a rub, but by a hearty smell." There is scriptural precedent for such customs. When blind Isaac was in doubt whether the son who came to him was Jacob or not, "he smelt the smell of his raiment, and blessed him."

COLOUR IN SCULPTURE.—At first sight, to those who have given no special attention to the subject, the idea of laying colour on the virgin purity of Pentelic marble is certainly repugnant. But a little consideration, and a little more

faith in such perfect masters of artistic taste as the Greeks have otherwise shown themselves to be, may modify this first impression. In the first place, the delicate ornamentation in which, at any rate, the Ionic buildings abound, would, without the aid of colour, be in many cases lost upon an observer standing below; while, without such aid, elaborate compositions, like the frieze of the Parthenon, must, in the situation selected for them, have lost greatly in value. But there is another point which at once strikes the traveller who stands beneath an Attic sky, and is brought face to face for the first time with the actual conditions under which the Greeks worked. This is, that the intense clearness, one might say radiance, of the air makes it impossible even to look at a white glittering substance like marble, except through some medium, such as smoked glass. What, then, would have been the use of a Greek sculptor lavishing his skill and invention upon works of which, when exposed in open air and to public view, only the general effect could be appreciated, while the grace and delicacy of design and execution upon which he prided himself were lost in the glare of sunlight? If the Greeks were an artistic nation, they were also an eminently practical one; and I can hardly think that they would have been content with such disproportion of means to ends, of labour to the result produced. Need we wonder, then, that they took the most obvious means of overcoming this difficulty? Let any one walk in the glare of noonday pass some of the new houses which the Albanians of to-day have decorated with bare marble, and say whether these men or their ancestors of twenty centuries ago best understood the proprieties.

As many as 170 of the Peers in the House of Lords have been created during the present reign, and owe their fortune to no accident of birth, but to their distinction in the law, the army, or politics.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES has been well received everywhere. The directors of the Mechanics' Institute, Halifax, netted a handsome sum as the result of their enterprise in engaging the famous journalist. His greatest surprise was in New Glasgow, N.S., a small town, where he was met by an immense audience, though the weather was unpleasant.

BRITISH song-birds and wild fowl will be protected from their enemies for at least five months in the year. By the new Act which comes into force on the 1st of January, any person taking or killing, or attempting to take or kill any of the birds named in the schedule, between the 1st of March and the 1st of August, will be liable to a fine for each bird.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

MEN are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

WOMAN has always been more than a match for a man. Adam held the best cards, but didn't know how to play them well.

SAID old Jenkins, "I never knew a woman that gave anybody a piece of her mind, that hadn't lots of pieces left."

A COUNTRY paper heads the marriage of a bachelor of fifty-seven years. "Another Old Landmark Gone."

THE wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space.

"ONLY twenty?" "Yes," she explained, "George made me promise when we were married that I would never change. I was twenty then, and I mean to keep my promise."

A WOMAN accidentally went to church with two bonnets on her head—one stuck inside the other—and the other women in the congregation almost died of envy. They thought it was a new kind of bonnet, and too sweet for anything.

"No, William," she mournfully uttered, still allowing him to retain her hand, "no, William, I can't marry you. I don't believe you can provide a wife with butter on your present salary, and I can't eat oleomargarine."

"KIND words can never die." How bitterly does a man realize that terrible truth when he sees all the kindest words he ever used in his life staring at him from his published letters in a breach of promise suit.

"DICK, did you ever see the church bell that hangs in the tower?" "No, James, but I have often seen the church bells that sit in the right-hand front pew."

LILLIE had the toothache, and cried. Her mother tried to pacify her. "I am ashamed of you; I wouldn't be such a baby before everybody." "Oh, yes, it's all very well for you." "Why?" "Because if your teeth ache you can take them out."

MEN admire, respect, adore, but never flatter in love. That is reserved for the benefit of those for whom they have but little feeling and regard, and with whom they can afford to make free, whose esteem is not felt and valued, and whose love is neither appreciated nor desired.

"WHAT do you mean by humbugging, madam?" asked an ugly barrister of an old lady he was cross-examining. "I don't know as I can exactly say, sir; but if a lady was to say to you that you're a handsome man, that would be what I'd call humbugging."

ABOUT A DOOMED ONE.—"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," rejoined the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding; "these are his last wishes."

"LIES! BIG LIES!"

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

SONNET.

NOVEMBER.

Ah me! the days die young and nights grow old,
In this the eleventh hour of the year;

Montreal. BARRY DANF.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 297.

The longest game of chess on record is, we believe, one
that was played about two years ago, between Mr. Bird
and Mr. Potter.

The special general meeting of the City of London
Chess Club took place, in accordance with previous
announcements, on Friday, the 8th ult., at Moullet's
Hotel, Newgate street, the President, Mr. H. F. Gait-

The above is only part of a long and very interesting
article, for the whole of which we are sorry we cannot
find space.

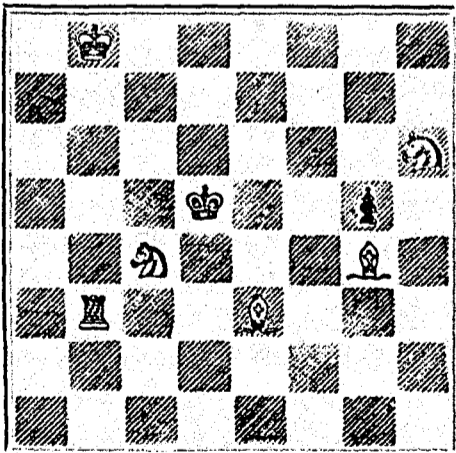
We have been requested to contradict a rumour that
has gained currency to the effect that the "Chessplayer's
Chronicle" will cease to appear after the current year.

Another set in the Nuova Revista Tourney is composed
of stolen problems. Its motto is "Madame Angot,"

In Problem No. 301 the Queen should be White instead
of Black.

PROBLEM No. 302

By S. Loyd.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 431st.

Being one of eight blindfold, simultaneous games
played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne some time ago in London,
England.

(Scotch Gambit declined.)

- White. (Mr. Blackburne.)
1. P to K4
2. Kt to K B3
3. P to Q4
4. B to Q B4
5. Kt to Q B3
7. Q takes P
8. K to K3
9. Q to Kt5
10. R to Q sq

- 11. K to B sq
12. Q to Kt3
13. B to K3
14. Q R to B sq
15. B to Q3
16. P to B3
17. Q to B2
18. Kt to K2
19. R to B4
20. R to Kt sq
21. R to B3
22. B takes Kt
23. R from B3 to Kt3
24. Kt to B3
25. Kt takes P
26. B takes P
27. R takes P (oh)
28. R takes Q (oh)
29. Q to B2 (oh)
30. Q to R4
31. Q to B4 (ch)
32. R takes Kt
33. Q takes R (ch)

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 300.

- White. Black.
1. Kt to Q K7 2. Any move
2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 298.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K6 (ch) 1. P takes Kt
2. Q mates

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 299.

- White. Black.
K at Q R6 K at Q4
Q at K R2 Pawns at K4 and
Kt at K B2 Q3.
Kt at K6
Pawns at K B6, K
Kt4 and 5, Q R3,
and Q B6

White to play and mate in two moves.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON DEFEATED.—One of
the poets of the first Empire, Nepomucene Lemer-
cier, wrote a tragedy, the hero of which was
Christopher Columbus. He had in it violated
the unities, which Frenchmen for years con-
sidered an inviolable law of tragedy.

THE BURLAND
LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY

(LIMITED)
CAPITAL \$200,000,

GENERAL

Engravers, Lithographers, Printers

AND PUBLISHERS,

3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET,
MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal
to all the other Lithographic firms in the coun-
try, and is the largest and most complete Estab-
lishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada,

- 12 POWER PRESSES
1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE
1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,
4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,
2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES,
Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EM-
BOSSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other
Machinery required in a first class business.

All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELEC-
TROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in THE
BEST STYLE

AND AT MODERATE PRICES

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from
pen and ink drawings A SPECIALITY.

The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and
SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN.
A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Work-
men in every Department.

Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and
prices the same as if given personally.

G. B. BURLAND,
MANAGER.

NOW READY:

THE DOMINION ANNUAL REGISTER AND REVIEW FOR 1879.

Edited by Henry J. Morgan, Keeper of the Records, Canada, assisted by J. George Hodgins, LL.D.; A.
MacKinnon Burgess, J. George Bourinot, Dr. Robert Bell, John MacLellan and Frederick A. Dixon.

This work, framed on the model of the English "Annual Register," is designed to furnish a history of the
events, political and otherwise, of the year. The new volume, just published, contains:

- I. A History of the leading political events of the year, special prominence being given to the proceedings of
Parliament, and the business of the several Provincial Legislatures.
II. A Chronicle of Remarkable Occurrences.
III. A Review of Literature, Science and Art.
IV. Progress of Education in the Dominion.
V. Financial and Commercial Review.
VI. The Militia Affairs of Canada.
VII. Promotions, Appointments and Changes in the Public Service; Public Documents and State Papers of
Importance.
VIII. Remarkable Trials.
IX. The Obituary for the Year.

OPINIONS.

From the Right Honorable Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B., Prime Minister of Canada.

"My Dear Morgan,—I am afraid I have been remiss in not thanking you sooner for the handsome copy of the
"Canadian Annual Register" you were so kind as to send me. It will be a most useful work in every way
and seems to have been carefully got up.

"H. J. Morgan, Esq., (Signed) JOHN A. MACDONALD."

From Sir W. B. Richards, Late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

"My Dear Morgan.—I thank you very much for the copy of the "Dominion Annual Register and Review"
which you were kind enough to send me. I have glanced through it, and I think you have succeeded in producing
a work that is useful and interesting. I hope your effort will be appreciated by the public, and that you will be
able to publish the "Register" annually hereafter, and so place the means of ready reference to past events
within the reach of all who take an interest in the history and progress of Canada.

"I remain, yours sincerely, (Signed) WM. B. RICHARDS."

From the Honorable Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P., Chancellor of the University of Toronto.

"My Dear Sir,—I have to thank you very heartily for your kind present of the "Annual Register." I have
not yet had time to examine the volume minutely, but, judging from its general plan, and from the execution of
your former works, I make no doubt it will be a valuable work, and I hope that you will meet such encouragement
as may result in its being an "Annual Register."

"H. J. Morgan, Esq., (Signed) EDWARD BLAKE."

From Professor Goldwin Smith.

"The Grange, Toronto, August 13th, 1879.

"My Dear Sir,—Accept my best thanks for your kindness and courtesy in sending me an advance copy of your
"Dominion Annual Register and Review." I have as yet only had time to glance through the work, but even this
imperfect perusal has fully assured me that you have succeeded in well supplying a want which must have
been often felt by every one who takes an interest in the public affairs and the history of this country. I only wish
your work could be extended backward, on the same scale, over the years preceding 1875. We have really
nothing like an "Annual Register," so far as I am aware, to which we can refer for past events.

"H. J. Morgan, Esq., (Signed) GOLDWIN SMITH."

From the Honorable Thomas Moss, Chief Justice of Ontario.

"It did not require a minute perusal to enable me to perceive that the book is calculated to be extremely
useful, and that the execution is equal to the design."

From the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I take a deep interest in the unfolding history of the New Dominion. Please to have a copy sent to me at
my address, Columbia Heights, Brooklyn."

From J. George Hodgins, Esq., LL.D., Deputy Minister of Education of Ontario.

"The publication is an admirable one, and highly useful to public men."

From the Rev. Dr. Scadding, Author of "Toronto of Old," Etc.

"The "Canadian Annual Register" will be a very important work, and increasingly so every year, if well
sustained. Would that it had been in existence since 1792!"

From R. J. Kent, Esq., M. P., Newfoundland.

"From the "Register and Review" for 1878, I have derived a great deal of valuable information, not otherwise
accessible to persons outside of the Dominion, and hence I look forward to the "Register" for 1879 as a valuable
addition to my library."

From Chief Justice Armstrong, C.M.G., of St. Lucia, W.I.

"It is with much pleasure that I ask you to put down my name as a subscriber to the "Register" for 1879.
That for 1878 is simply invaluable to me."

Price \$2.50. To be obtained from Dawson Bros., Montreal; Willing & Williamson, Toronto; MacLean,
Roger & Co., and Eglov & McMillan, Ottawa; J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N.B.; Middleton & Dawson, Quebec,
and Buckley & Allan, Halifax.
Communications respecting the volume for 1880, now preparing, may be addressed to the Editor, Box 255,
Ottawa.

THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a
HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

Every family where Economy and Health are studied
It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry,
cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used
in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half
the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME.
IT SAVES TEMPER.
IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion
and wholesale by the manufacturer

W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS,
7-19-59-362 55 College Street.

British American
BANK NOTE COMPANY,

MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds,
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,
Revenue Stamps,
Bills of Exchange,
DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,

CHURCH PEW

Hicks' Signs, Show Cards, &c.,
MONTREAL.

NUMBERS.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

AND
PATENT OFFICE RECORD

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of
Practical Science, and the Education of
Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER
PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY
THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION,

5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND General Manager.

J. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor

TERMS:

One copy, one year, including postage.... \$2.00
One copy, six months, including postage... 1.10
Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:—For one
monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months,
9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; For one
year, 7 cts. per line; one page of illustration, including
one column description, \$30; half-page of illustration,
including half-column description, \$20; quarter-page of
illustration, including quarter column description, \$10.
10 per cent. off on cash payments.
INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of
an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable
for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and
not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very
reduced rates.



FURS! FURS!

A large assortment in every department in Ladies', Gents' and Children's Furs, at prices to please.

R. W. COWAN & CO.'S, CORNER OF

Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.

50 Elegant, all new, Chromo and Scroll Cards, no two alike. Name nicely printed 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

ROBERT MILLER, ROOKBINDER

AND WHOLESALE STATIONER, 15 Victoria Square, Montreal.

25 New and Beautiful Japanese, Rose Bud, Transparent, Combe and Blue Bird Cards, with name on all, 10c. Twelve packs for one dollar. Agent's complete outfit, 10c. Sample of Magic Cold Water Pen (writes without ink), 5c. Agents wanted. Queen City Card House, Toronto.

Gray's SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES. CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

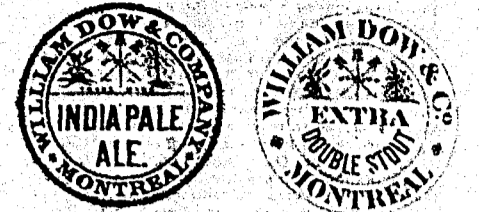


CANOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach."

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS and MALTSTERS, MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.

HICKS' GLASS SIGNS, For Patent Medicines, &c.

SHOW CARDS AND PRICE MARKS FOR ALL MERCHANTS. 223 McGill Street, Montreal.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and 85 cents free. Address H. HALLBET & Co., Portland, Maine.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. Medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON, OIL & COLOR MERCHANTS. PROPRIETORS OF THE CELEBRATED



WHITE LEAD. MONTREAL.

250 MOTTOS and 100 Illustrated Escort & Train parent Cards, all for 15c. West & Co., Westville, Conn.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. F. ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHELE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS MAY BE MADE FOR IT IN NEW YORK.

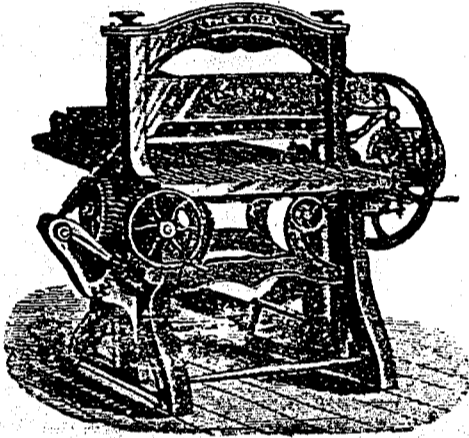


Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY. Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON Wednesday, June 23, 1880. Trains will run as follows:

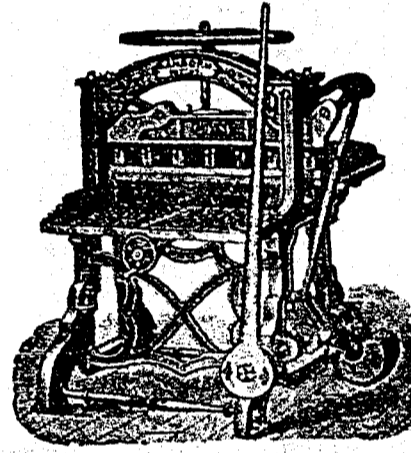
Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows: Leave Hochelaga for Hull, Arrive at Hull, Leave Hull for Hochelaga, etc.

AGENTS WANTED for Visiting Cards, Books, and Novelties. Mr. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW.



THE GEM. 30 inch. 32 inch.

BOOK BINDERS' MACHINERY PRINTERS' and PAPER BOX MAKERS' NEW YORK, CHICAGO, 77 Monroe St.



THE STAR. 30 inch. 32 inch. 34 inch. 36 inch. 44 inch. 48 inch.

GEO. H. SANBORN, Standard Machinery Co.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards, (No 2 Alike.) With Name, 10c. 35 Flirtation Cards, 10c. Game of Authors, 15c. Autograph Album, 20c. All 50c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.

PROVERBS.

"The Richest, Blood, Sweetest Breath and Fairest Skin in Hop Bitters." "A little Hop Bitters saves big doctor bills and long sickness." "That invalid wife, mother, sister or child can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters."

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

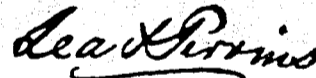
THE WORLD AT HOME; or Pictures and Scenes from Far Off Lands. By Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. Cloth, extra illustrated, \$2.25. Mailed from CLOUGHER BROS., Booksellers, Toronto.



Washes with one half the labor, time and cost of ordinary soap. No borax required; does not injure the finest fabrics, or affect the most delicate colors.

THE CHINESE WASHER.

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.

52-13-12 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

W. S. WALKER, IMPORTER OF Diamonds, Fine Watches & Jewellery, ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE, No. 321 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

HENRY R. GRAY'S DENTAL PEARLINE!

A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder. Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per bottle, with patent Sprinkler. For sale at all Drug Stores.

50 Fancy Cards 10c. or 20 New Style Chromo Cards 10c. with name postpaid. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SNIPPEIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES, NEW YORK.

50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples 10c. Heavy gold ring for club of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford, Conn.

50 TORTOISE, Scroll, Wreath, Obromo, Motto and Floral Cards, 10c. U. S. Card Co., Northford, Ct.

40 Elegant Cards, All Chromo, Motto and Glass Name in Gold and Jet, 10c. West & Co., Westville, Conn.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 and. Maine. free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT.

upon the paid-up capital stock of this Institution has been declared for the current year, and that the same will be payable at its banking house, in this city, on and after

Wednesday, the 1st day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

CHAS. F. SMITHERS, General Manager.

1000 AGENTS WANTED for Visiting Cards, Books, and Novelties. Outfit 3c. Big Profits. 50 gilt edge cards, in case, 35c. Detectives Club, 30c. Bird Call, 15c. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

Mr. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW (Times Building), NEW YORK, is authorized to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.