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MUSIC IN THE SQUARES.

NIGHT CONCERT OF THE BAND OF THE 65TH BATTALION IN VIGOR GARDEN, MONTREAL.

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NOTICE.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will appear a number of sketches of the Dominion Exhibition at Montreal.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 11th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 82°	68°	75°	Mon. 71°	58°	64° 5
Tues. 81°	68°	74° 5	Tues. 71°	53°	62°
Wed. 78°	58°	68°	Wed. 71°	57°	64°
Thur. 69°	53°	61°	Thur. 70°	55°	62° 5
Fri. 74°	56°	64°	Fri. 67°	57°	62°
Sat. 68°	55°	61° 5	Sat. 67°	51°	59°
Sun. 72°	60°	66°	Sun. 68°	52°	60°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, September 18, 1880.

THE WEEK.

SCORE ONE for Montreal. We learn, from the official report of the Chief Engineer of the Board of Harbour Commissioners that the system of electric light on the wharves is the first that was ever attempted anywhere, and it is further very remarkable as including a single circuit larger by some two and a half times than any other which is known in electric lighting.

DOES it not strike our friends in St. John, N.B., Quebec and elsewhere, that they are making a mistake in being so hard on commercial travellers from Montreal, Toronto and other distributing centres? While Protection is the policy of the country as against outsiders, surely Free Trade ought to be the rule between the different ports of the Dominion. Indeed, logically considered, one is the direct corollary and supplement of the other.

It is not expected that Messrs. PARNELL, DILLON and others will return to America during the recess of Parliament to renew the Land League agitation. There would be no use for them to come during the Presidential elections, when the American people are quite busy enough with their own affairs, and after that momentous event in November, the interval until the opening of Parliament in January or February would be too short for fruitful action.

WE thought at the time that the overhauling and complete unloading, and consequent detention at Quebec of the *Atalaya*, on the charge of carrying contraband cargo for the Cuban insurgents, was a case of excessive zeal, founded on insufficient evidence. The result having proved that we were right, the owners naturally sued the Government for damages amounting to a considerable figure.

An appeal was intended to be made to the Privy Council, but we now learn that it has been wisely withdrawn, and the heavy expenses will be paid forthwith.

THERE is quite a movement of colonization going on in the Lake St. John District below Quebec. The resources of that region have long been known, but have remained unexplored till now owing to difficulty of access. The Count de FOUCAULT, one of the French gentlemen who attended the St. Jean Baptiste festival at Quebec, last June, after visiting the valley, promised on his return to encourage the emigration of his countrymen thither. A patriotic missionary of the Oblate Order is also leading parties thither for the purpose of settlement.

So far from disguising the truth, we take pleasure in stating, what must be plain to everybody acquainted with the fact, that the Occidental Railway is being worked with much intelligence and spirit. The management appear quite awake to every opportunity to develop the resources of the road, often taking the initiative in supplying facilities both for shippers and passengers. The consequence is that the business of the line is steadily increasing and bringing more profit every day. The rolling stock and general equipment are surpassed by those of no road in Canada.

THE United States Census is not yet completed, but sufficient is known to warrant the claim of a population of nearly 50,000,000. This being an increase of 30 per cent. within a decade, marks a progress that is nothing short of marvellous. If that rate of increment is maintained, along with a similar ratio in the development of intellectual and social culture, the United States will be the premier nation of the world by the end of the present century. This will certainly be the case if they maintain their political institutions in their purity, a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

WHATEVER else the French may be twitted with, they cannot be wheedled into foreign complications. For once France has learned the cardinal lesson of minding her own business, and she is doing so in an admirable manner. Flattery on the one hand, and the temptation of self-interest on the other, have utterly failed to draw her beyond a watchful attitude on the Eastern question. The WASHINGTON policy inaugurated at the Berlin Congress has been steadily maintained by M. DE FREYCINET, and although the latter has allowed the French fleet to join the united squadron in the Archipelago, he has announced that he will recall it if a single shot is fired. France is right. She has had enough meddling in the affairs of other nations, in the hope of making friends and allies. In the day of her own distress, she was left severely alone and the lesson has not been lost.

THE British Parliament was prorogued on last Tuesday, after a stormy and rather incomplete session, the relative failure being in a measure due to the untimely illness of Mr. GLADSTONE. The vexed Irish question was not advanced a single stage, so far as we can see, and we are not sure that the action of the House of Lords against the Compensation Bill is to be made responsible for this negative result. It must be remembered that the late session was only a continuation of that opened by the Conservative Administration, interrupted for a few weeks by the general elections, and that the present Government had not the time to mature their policy. We shall have to wait till next session for a more definite programme of action from the GLADSTONE Government. The great victory near Candahar lighted up the last sittings, and placed the adjournment under good auspices.

LOVELL'S ADVANCED GEOGRAPHY.

It is no exaggeration to call this a great work; and it fitly follows the "Intermediate Geography" by the same publisher which we some months ago had the pleasure of noticing in these columns. Mr. LOVELL's name has been for a generation familiar to Canadians as a publisher, and this "Advanced Geography" may well be said to be the crowning of the edifice of his publishing career. There cannot be a doubt that it will be largely circulated, and will continue to be the standard Canadian Geography for many years to come. It is printed in the quarto form, which affords sufficient size to display the maps with clearness. It contains 150 pages, making a respectable sized, but still not bulky or heavy book. The paper, the type printing, the engraving, and the maps, are, with some slight exceptions, perfection in these several arts. They are in fact, as a whole, a marvel of their kind; and nobody would have dreamed ten or fifteen years ago that the name of a Montreal publisher would ever be attached to such a work. The book is edited by Dr. HODGINS, the Ontario Deputy Minister of Education, and it brings up the progressive science of geography to the present time. It gives the latest geographical discoveries, political changes, and statistics, together with very clearly expressed and well classified topographical details. The maps are all new and they delineate with distinctness all the great land divisions of the globe, and the principal countries of the world, the British American Provinces being most clearly and admirably set forth. If it were only for these clear and well arranged maps of our own country, this book should be in every library and every house. The letter-press description of Canada we have particularly noticed is clear and concise; and one may look in vain in any other published geography for information of such accuracy and value respecting our own country. This of itself is a reason to commend it to all Canadians. The text is everywhere illuminated, in fact, we may say alive, with finely executed wood engravings for illustrations; and these also make the book an object of both interest and instruction by simply turning over the pages. Besides its use as an advanced school book, this work has another, and one moreover of great convenience as a popular atlas. For all ordinary reference which the general reader may require, this atlas leaves nothing to desire in any part of the world while its classification is so perfect as to make any reference immediate. Its value in this single particular is a boon to the whole community, as an atlas which would cost \$30 or \$40 is not within the reach of everybody; while this book is within the means of the humblest cottager in the Dominion.

FURTHER INFORMATION.

"It never rains but it pours." The important information contained in our last impression had been no sooner published than there came a further telegraphic report from London of the greatest moment; first, in the form of a communication to one of the Government organs; and then in the associated press despatch given to the continent. All stocks and in fact all the great interests of Canada immediately felt the impulse of the news, and went up with a bound. It, in fact, communicated confidence everywhere, which is in itself prosperity, and which alone makes the chief difference between good and bad times. It was known that three syndicates were in communication with the Ministers in England, and their business has been to entertain negotiations with all of them, and so settle differences as to be able to unite them. This, it is now announced, has been successfully done; and the result is the most powerful monetary combination that the world has ever known, or of which history has any record. The ROTHSCHILDS, the BARINGS, GLYN, MILLS & Co., MORTON, ROSE & Co., BROWN,

PULLESTON and others in England; a strong French corporation in Paris; and GEORGE STEPHEN, R. B. ANGUS, D. A. SMITH, and a number of Americans connected with the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway, whose success in the considerable enterprise which they have managed is very remarkable, and whose intimate knowledge of the practical working of the great scheme to be undertaken affords an augury of success, are among the names of the combined syndicate or company. It is understood that this great corporation will take over the portions of the road already under construction at a valuation; and that they will have the running of the whole in perpetuity, the whole line being constructed from Lake Nipissing to the Pacific Ocean, and connecting at Lake Nipissing with the railway systems of Quebec and Ontario. There cannot be a doubt that a company so powerful as this will rapidly push the whole to completion, and plant settlers by hundreds of thousands, on the land along its line. We shall, therefore, see in our own North-West cities and towns a great civilization arise, such as we have seen in the last ten or fifteen years in the Western United States. This will give the manufacturers of the East the markets they sigh for, while it will bring a vast volume of food for their workmen, and the workmen of Europe. A commercial prosperity so vast as that which comes in the immediate future, has never been dreamt of in Canada; but it will necessarily arise from the success of this undertaking; while all business will immediately grow better from the influx of capital and labour necessary for the construction of the work. It is said that an early session of Parliament will be called to ratify the preliminary agreement made by the Ministers in London. It is well that there should be a special session for the consideration of so vast a question and further to prevent any time being lost. Some of our contemporaries have been discussing the cost of such a proceeding, but surely that is very drivelling in the face of such an interest. The session, moreover, need not be very costly, if at all more so than an ordinary session, for the reason that instead of a prorogation there can be a long adjournment until the time for the holding of the ordinary session. But even if this device were not plain to the perception of even the most inexperienced person in politics, the question of the expense of a session would not be at all a thing to set against the vast interests involved.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

We publish to-day a double-page illustration giving a bird's-eye view of the Dominion Exhibition Buildings, at Montreal, with a full key whereby the reader can gather for himself all the topographical information required in a visit through so vast an area. Indeed the picture can serve as a guide to every portion of the grounds. The citizens of Montreal have worked hard to promote the success of this show, and we can only hope that their exertions will not be disappointed. It would, perhaps, have been better if the work of preparation had been initiated earlier, as there is an immense amount of labour involved in the organization of an enterprise of this kind, but taking all things into consideration, a great deal has been accomplished, and if the results prove at all commensurate with the energy and industry displayed, we shall all have reason to be content.

The Exhibition will be divided into two distinct parts, corresponding with the two weeks during which it is held. The first week is mainly devoted to industrial products, machinery, manufactures and the like. The second week will be taken up with agricultural exhibits in general and the cattle show in especial. On the second day of this week, the formal inauguration will take place under the auspices of the Governor-General.

As a supplement to our guide-picture, we may add the programme of exercises

from day to day, which will be found quite useful for reference.

Tuesday, 14th Sept.—Opening of the industrial part of the Exhibition, and of the horticultural show in the Victoria Skating Rink.

Wednesday, 15th Sept.—Second day of the industrial and horticultural show; display of fireworks in the evening.

Thursday, 16th Sept.—Third day of the industrial and horticultural shows. First day of lacrosse tournament on one of the lacrosse grounds.

Friday, Sept. 17.—Industrial Exhibition. The horticultural show ends this day. Second day of the lacrosse tournament. Display of fireworks in the evening.

Saturday, 18th Sept.—Industrial Exhibition continued. Lacrosse match between the Montreal and Shamrock Clubs. Races at Lepine Park.

Monday, 20th Sept.—Industrial Exhibition. First day of agricultural show. Grand sailors' concert in the Victoria Skating Rink. Torpedo display.

Tuesday, Sept. 21.—Grand formal opening of the Exhibition by His Excellency the Governor-General. Grand fête and picnic of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society on the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds. Oddfellows' and DeZouche's grand vocal and instrumental concert. Industrial and agricultural shows. First day of the dog and pet stock show in Shaw's sale-rooms.

Wednesday, 22nd Sept.—Dominion Exhibition. Industrial and agricultural shows, etc. Caledonian Society's grand competition in athletic games, feats of strength, speed, endurance, &c. Second day of the dog and pet stock show. Fireworks display.

Thursday, Sept. 23.—Dominion Exhibition, industrial, agricultural, &c. Third day of the dog and pet stock show. Grand review of the fire brigade. Races at Lepine Park. Military torchlight procession and fireworks.

Friday, Sept. 24.—Industrial and agricultural exhibition. Races at Lepine Park. Fireworks.

Besides these there will be every day pilot, captive, and free balloon ascensions on the Exhibition Ground by Professor Grimley, of New York; an art exhibition in the Art Gallery, Phillips Square, open day and evening, and the museums, etc., will be open. There will be a military review and an illumination of all the ships in port, one of the grandest sights of the whole programme.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOUNDING OF THE "VERA CRUZ."—On the 18th of August a hurricane struck the Island of Jamaica, and wrought great havoc to property on land and water at Kingston. By slow degrees it worked its way northward, striking St. Augustine, Fla., on Saturday the 28th, and lasting three days. After it was over, on Tuesday night, some fishermen reported quantities of barrels of lard, boxes of bacon and hams, and since that time the beach has been strewn with a large assortment of all manner of goods. On Wednesday two mail bags were found containing foreign mail, and other evidence, causing it to be generally believed that a steamship had been lost at sea. At Matanzas, eighteen miles below, the first body came ashore. Later four bodies were found below Matanzas, one the body of an old, gray-headed gentleman, well dressed, apparently about sixty years of age. Another was the body of a lady, about forty-three or forty-five years old, who wore three or four valuable rings and other jewelry. The bodies were all buried immediately, for they were in a state of decomposition. Pieces of furniture also came ashore, covered with red plush, and others with gold lines. One piece has a casting on it marked "M. & H. Chenkheisen, N.Y., Pat. May 23, 1876." A mail-bag marked "Return to New York," was washed ashore, and letters dated "New York, August 25, 1880, per City of Vera Cruz," were found in it; also way bills via steamer Vera Cruz. From seven men who came ashore—one passenger, one engineer, one oiler and four seamen—it was learned that the Havana steamship City of Vera Cruz had foundered at 5:30 on Sunday morning, August 29th. The saved men reported that the fires went out, the pump failed, and the ship got foul and put out a drag. One sea stove her in fore and aft. The lamps were out and the fires also. The captain, mates, and all were calling for help to get assistance, and all at once all went down. All the deck load—street cars, horses, cabbages and oil—were thrown out, but it did no good. The men also said that thirteen ladies were aboard.

THE GREAT TROTTING FEAT OF ST. JULIEN.—The great turf event of the year was the effort of the famous horse St. Julien, at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, on August 27th, to beat his own and the fastest time on record—2:11. When St. Julien came on the track, appearing in fine condition, and accompanied by his owner and driver, Mr. Hickok, round after round of applause saluted them. After a little preliminary exercise he was speeded a trifle, and finished a mile in 2:24. A few minutes later, getting into a good and speedy stride, Hickok gave the word, and St. Julien went down the stretch and round the first turn at a magnificent gait, appearing like a piece of clockwork, so even was his stride. Hundreds of watches were set, and every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the animal as he passed the first quarter in 32.5, or a 2:11 gait. He moved as gracefully and cleanly as ever down the back stretch, reaching the half-mile pole in 1:05, and at this time the utmost excitement began to manifest itself among the enthusiastic spectators, few of whom now doubted the ability of the gelding to complete his stupendous task. The third quarter was reached in 1:38.1, and the crowd held their breath in the intensity of excitement as St. Julien rounded the turn in the same beautiful machine-like manner and entered the stretch for home. A thrill of apprehension made itself apparent as the driver of a drag, who was still at work on the track, appeared right in the way of St. Julien, who, it was feared, would be compelled to turn aside and thus break or lose his stride. A dexterous turn, however, removed the obstacle, and on came the flyer without annoyance or hindrance. As he neared the distance many thought they discovered a failing and slackening of the speed, but his driver held him so well together that if such was the case it was too slight to be apparent, and amid thunderous bursts of applause the horse passed the wire. The official time given as 2:11.1 was the signal for renewed cheering, which was prolonged as horse and rider returned to the stand. The latter was met by an official of the association, who presented him with a floral wreath. A floral cushion was placed on the sulky, and St. Julien, being blanketed, was led up and down in front of the admiring spectators.

CREMATION IN ST. LOUIS.

A St. Louis paper states that a movement is now on foot to erect a crematory in that city, and it is more than probable that within the next twelve months it will be constructed. The gentlemen interested in the matter are very active and sanguine of success. Cremation can scarcely yet be said to have become popular, but there is no denying the fact that in some portions of the country it is steadily growing in popular favour. The Le Moyne crematory at Washington, Pa., is well-known, and measures have already been taken to erect one in New York City and one in Pittsburgh. Whether the idea of burning the bodies of the dead and reducing their remains to ashes, and thus returning to the custom of antiquity, will ever seize on the popular mind is yet to be determined; but its advantages from a sanitary point can scarcely be overestimated. It will also scarcely be denied that extensive and well filled crematories, however, nicely laid out and decorated, are little calculated to encourage immigration. The first person cremated in the United States was Colonel Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, in the year 1796. He left specific instructions to that effect in his will. Towards the close of the last century Henry Barry, also of South Carolina, was cremated. In 1876 Baron de Palm, of Pennsylvania, received similar mortuary rites at the Le Moyne crematory above mentioned. In 1877 a child of Julius Kirchner, of New York; in 1878, Mrs. Jane Firman, of Ohio; in 1880, Miss Hartman, of Pennsylvania, and a few months since Dr. Winslow, of California, were cremated. This list comprises, we believe, about all the cremations in the United States up to the present time. The gentlemen who are starting the project in St. Louis are enthusiastic and firm believers that cremation is the most sensible and economical mode of disposing of the dead, the entire cost being estimated not to exceed \$10.

THE TORONTO EXHIBITION.

There are large crowds upon the grounds every day. The various buildings are crowded all day long, and the horse ring, where the Caledonian sports took place, is patronized by a very large concourse of people. The Muskoka exhibit, which consists of a collection of vegetables and grain, besides grasses and flowers, has been placed in position in the agricultural building, and attracts considerable attention. The display of potatoes is very fine, and the quality of cauliflowers excites considerable surprise, having been grown so far north. The roots and vegetables compare favourably with any in the exhibition, and are fully equal to those from Manitoba. The display of grain promises to be very fine. The first samples arrived recently, and are above the average. It is impossible as yet to give an opinion as to the live stock exhibits, as they are not yet all in the pens, and the judges have not yet made their rounds. Taken in all, the main building contains the finest collection of manufactures ever seen in this country. The display of horses is very complete, and attracts a large measure of attention. Mr. Beattie, of Preston Hall, Anan, Scotland, who has done more for the development of horses in this country than probably any other man in Canada,

shows six Clydesdale stallions, which is the largest exhibit at present on the grounds. The display of sheep and pigs is the largest ever seen in Canada.

HISTORY OF THE BEARD.

In the earliest Pagan times the primitive deities were represented with majestic beards. In France they played a great rôle from the reign of Pharamond downwards. Under Clovis, indeed, the beard of the king was the object of peculiar veneration, and, indeed, every individual was more or less sensitive regarding his beard. It is related that after the great battle of Tolbiac Clovis sent a deputation to the defeated Alaric requesting him to come and touch the victor's beard as a token of alliance. Far from accepting the invitation in the spirit in which it was offered, the enraged King of the Huns seized the Frankish emissaries by their beards and hauled them out of the room by their revered locks. The unfortunate envoys returned rather crestfallen to Clovis, narrated what had happened, and swore "on their beards" to avenge the affront. In subsequent reigns the beard was the object of numerous enactments, and the fashion of wearing it was changed as frequently. Sometimes it was worn long, sometimes close-clipped, now peaked, now plaited, or even decorated with pearls and gold trinkets.

Even in the sacred atmosphere of Rome itself beards were the objects of considerable discussions. Different Popes laid down different rules on the subject. One Pontiff enacted that no beards were to be worn; another as stringently directed that the razor was never to be applied to the chin. Saints Clements of Alexandria, Cyprian, Jerome, and Chrysostom engaged in vehement controversies about the mode of wearing the hair about the face in the fourth century. In France the final triumph of beards dates from the Renaissance, when the example set by the great artists, who largely indulged in these appendages, was closely followed by the sovereigns and other magnates of the land. Under Henry III. shaven chins were the mode, the moustache being worn long and drooping. During Henry IV.'s reign beards, cut square, came again into fashion, and moustaches were curled; while under Louis XIV. beards were again tabooed, and the moustache alone worn, and in the two following reigns the razor was in full use. Under the Republican régime, as also under those of the Empire and Restoration, no beards were worn. They came in again, however, with the Revolution of 1830, in company with many other changes of costume, etc., and at the present day no universal rule exists on the matter.

THE ART OF FENCING.

The glory of having perfected fencing and the sword belongs to the French. They discarded the edge altogether, and by using the left arm only to balance the body, they attained to the maximum of ease and rapidity in the lunge. Their weapon was a triangular blade, hollowed between the edges, so as to combine the greatest degree of strength compatible with lightness. Their reforms were by no means universally accepted when Dominic Angelo, the founder of a family of fencing-masters in England, whose name is still well known in the profession of the sword, published his *Ecole des Armes* by subscription in London, about 1770. This splendid folio, full of spirited engravings, with a list of subscribers including several of the dignified clergy among its nobles and soldiers, gives a high idea of the respect with which the art was regarded a century ago. Angelo, though himself an Italian, has no hesitation about putting the masters of Paris at the head of the swordsmen of Europe; nevertheless, he is careful to explain how the sword and dagger are to be encountered. He also describes the German and Spanish guards. The former consists in keeping the body well forward, the hand straight, with your point aimed at your enemy's midriff. Whether this position is still used in students' duels with the Schläger we do not know, but it was certainly an awkward attitude for the small-sword. The Spaniard stood with his heels together, his left hand against his chest, and his right arm straight, with his sword point directed at his opponent's head—a position one degree more clumsy and many degrees more tiring than the German. His weapon, too, was the old cut-and-thrust rapier. Position and weapon have both been given up, and French fencing prevails throughout the Peninsula, like French fashions, novels, and political methods.

It is a curious illustration of the state of Italian towns in those days that Angelo thinks it necessary to instruct his pupils how to bear themselves if attacked there on their travels by bravos using a cloak to entangle the sword with, or a dark lantern to flash in their faces by night. A little attention to the old master's instructions will convince the reader that the man who uses these ingenious aids is like the general who divides his army in the presence of an enemy. As a system of attack-and-defence conflict the art of fencing, has probably made no considerable advance since Angelo's time. It looks more to rapidity, perhaps, and less to elegance; but that is owing to the one improvement which it has received as an exercise. There was no mask in Angelo's day, that protection for the face not having been invented till about the beginning of the century. The old masters were very careful in impressing on their pupils the necessity of being on their guard against having an eye poked

out while practicing with the foil. The fear of undergoing this loss, or of being the involuntary cause of inflicting it on a friend, must have made fencing in the last century a much quieter process than it is now—much more an affair of quick and delicate wrist-work, and less a matter of rapid lunging.

There is no prettier spectacle in athletic exercises than the encounter of two well-matched fencers. It has, moreover, this attraction—that it is a sport in which mere physical strength gives less advantage than in any other; it is a matter of rapidity and science. When the Encyclopædia lays it down that fencing is a "peculiar application of the principle of the lever," the statement has a slight air of pedantry but it was undoubtedly by a strictly scientific process of reasoning that the inventors of fencing created the system of parries by which a girl might turn the thrust of a Guardsman if she were only quick enough. Since the mask was invented, and the face protected from risk, a long series of French masters have devoted themselves to pressing the pace; but even so, the increased rapidity is secured by improved method, and the result is an exercise requiring a combination of dexterity of wrist, accuracy of eye, and command over the body which ought to keep the small-sword in honor long after cold steel has become as obsolete on the field of battle as chain-mail, and the duel has been sent by the common-sense of the world to keep company with the judicial combat in the limbo of abandoned and half-forgotten things.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Sept. 6.—Snow fell in Chicago yesterday. A Ministerial crisis is impending in Belgrade. Duleigno will be formally ceded on the 12th instant. An International Law Congress was opened in Turin, Italy, yesterday. Tahiti and neighbouring islands have been annexed to France by treaty. The Prince of Wales has decided not to visit the Melbourne exhibition. The Turkish Government has obtained a loan of £20,000 from the Ottoman Bank. Herr Von Bulow has lost the use of his right hand, the result of a paralytic stroke. The damage by the recent hurricane in Jamaica is said to have been greatly exaggerated.

TUESDAY, Sept. 7.—Elections to the Spanish Council-General have resulted in the return of a majority of the Government candidates. In the match between the Englishmen and Australians, commenced on Monday, the former, in their first innings, made 420 runs. The Afghans are said to have lost 1,000 killed and over 2,000 wounded in their recent defeat. General Roberts is entrenching the Argandab Valley. A destructive fire has occurred at Sofia, in Bulgaria. The strike of the Scotch miners has come to an end. It is rumoured that Russia is preparing for a winter campaign. A Paris despatch announces the departure of the French fleet for Ragusa. The Englishmen beat the Australian cricketing team by five wickets. Ninety-six Kurdish chiefs, who were held for trial at Aleppo, for murder, have escaped. Rumours are current in St. Petersburg to the effect that Gen. Skobeleff has been defeated by the Turkomans.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 8.—A terrible disaster occurred at the Seaham Colliery, in Durham, yesterday, by which upwards of 200 miners have lost their lives. Nathaniel Rothschild has been visiting Bismarck, it is stated, in connection with the adoption of the bi-metallic standard in Germany. The French Government have decided to enforce the decrees against the religious bodies at once, without awaiting the Jesuits' action. A destructive hurricane passed over the Bermudas on the 29th and 30th ult., demolishing numerous buildings and the entire fruit crop. Despatches from the Viceroy of India announce General Phayre's arrival at Candahar. The general health of the troops is reported good, in spite of the extremely hot weather.

THURSDAY, Sept. 9.—The Colorado beetle is creating great havoc in Scotland. A triple alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy is rumoured. Russia does not look favourably upon the agitation going on for Bulgarian independence. A Berlin despatch reports the capture by the Turkomans, of large quantities of Russian arms and stores. Though France has sent a contingent to Ragusa to take part in the naval demonstration, she will immediately withdraw her vessels if a single shot is fired. Latest news from the Seaham colliery disaster is that 67 of the miners have been rescued, but there is no hope of saving the other 120 at present in the mine. The mounted rifles sent from Cape Town some weeks since to quell the Basuto land disturbances, have reached their destination, but will not take any action until reinforced, so strong is the feeling against the Government.

FRIDAY, Sept. 10.—A skirmish has taken place between Turks and Albanians at Scutari. Courtney offers to beat the best time ever made in a three mile sculling race. England has agreed to allow Serbia to be represented on the Danubian Commission. The commander of the Federal Mexican troops announces that he has put down the revolution. Big Rock and Sioux Indians surrendered to the U.S. military authorities at Fort Keogh, on the 8th inst. The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia and Admiral Popoff are in Glasgow, to take away the Czar's new yacht, the *Lendia*. Sir Charles Tupper and Messrs. Caron, Dennis and Pope sailed for Canada in the *Circassian* on Thursday. Mr. J. B. Morrow, of Messrs. Cunard & Morrow, Halifax, died very suddenly yesterday morning, while visiting the Londonderry mines.

SATURDAY, Sept. 11.—General Campos is threatened with exile. It is said that Bismarck has abandoned the bi-metallic currency scheme. An insurrection has taken place at Herat, and the Governor has been murdered. A trades union congress opened in Dublin yesterday, at which 35,000 unionists were represented. The Sultan has dismissed Kadri Pasha from the Grand Vizierate, and given the post to Said Pasha. The match between men and horses in Chicago resulted in a victory for the former, Byrnes, the winner, being ten miles ahead of the first horse, and taking \$2,000 for first prize.

DRUNKEN STUFF.

How many children and women are slowly and surely dying, or rather being killed, by excessive doctoring, or the daily use of some drug or drunken stuff called medicine, that no one knows what it is made of, who can easily be cured and saved by Hop Bitters, made of Hops, Buchu, Maudrake, Dandelion &c., which is so pure, simple and harmless that the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child can trust in them. Will you be saved by them? See other column.



REFLECTION.

ZWANZIG.

ENGLISH.

W. PAULSEN.

MASON. STEINITZ.

MINCKWITZ. ZUKERTORT.



SCHALLOP.

SCHWARZ.

BLACKBURNE.

L. PAULSEN.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS AT WIESBADEN

THE LATE MISS NEILSON.

She was born about thirty years ago, but the circumstances of her parentage and early life are not precisely known. In or about 1860, during a visit to Paris, she witnessed a performance at the Théâtre Français of "Phèdre," and from that moment determined to become an actress. In her fifteenth year she appeared at the Margate Theatre as Julia in the "Hunchback." A few weeks later she was invited to play Juliet at the Royalty Theatre in London. The performance displayed high promise. Miss Neilson allowed no opportunity of acquiring experience of the stage to escape her. Such opportunities were afforded by the production at the Princess's of the "Huguenot Captain" and "Lost in London," at the Lyceum of "Life for Life," at the Gaiety of "A Life Chase" and "Uncle Dick's Darling," and at Drury Lane of "Amy Robsart" and "Rebecca." The leisure which these engagements left her was filled by performances in provincial theatres. In September, 1868, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, Miss Neilson appeared as Rosalind, in "As you Like It," followed by Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," and by Julia in "The Hunchback." In October, at the same theatre, she acted the heroine's part in a play entitled "Stage and State." The following month she appeared at Birmingham, in a play adapted from an early novel of Miss Braddon's, "The Captain of the Vulture." In March, 1869, at the Lyceum, in the first performance of "Life for Life," she acted the part of Lillian. In the following October, in the first performance of "A Life Chase," she played the leading rôle—Madame Vidal. In December, 1869, at the same theatre, in "Uncle Dick's Darling," she sustained the part of Mary Belton. On April 11, 1870, at the Gaiety, she appeared as Julia in a revival of "The Hunchback." During this year Miss Neilson gave an entertainment, under the title of "Dramatic Studies," at St. James' Hall, with great success. In 1870, on Sept. 24, in the first performance of "Amy Robsart," at Drury Lane Theatre, she acted the chief part. In March, 1871, Miss Neilson entered upon a tour of the United Kingdom, appearing principally in her original part of Amy Robsart. On Dec. 18 she appeared at the same theatre as Rosalind in a revival of "As You Like It." In the month of September, 1872, Miss Neilson gave a series of farewell performances at the Queen's Theatre, Long-acre, prior to her departure for America. On November, 1872, Miss Neilson opened at



THE LATE MISS NEILSON.

Booth's Theatre, New York. Her acting was received with much enthusiasm. During the tour through the United States and Canada, which followed, she appeared in many characters in addition to Juliet. In 1876, on Jan. 17, Miss Neilson reappeared on the Haymarket stage; and during the season played Juliet, Rosalind, Anne Boleyn, Julia in "The Hunchback," and Isabella in "Measure for Measure." In 1877 Miss Neilson again visited the United States. During a season of eight months she appeared there as Viola in "Twelfth Night," and Imogene in "Cymbeline," both new characters to her. On Feb. 27, 1879, she appeared at the Adelphi Theatre as Queen Isabella in the first performance of "The Crimson Cross," and afterwards during the summer season at the same theatre as Julia and Lady Teazle, and in her original part of Amy Robsart. She afterwards proceeded to America, and only returned to London the week before her death.

FRETTING.—It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly suppressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

SUCCESS.—The conditions of success are these: First, work; second, concentration; third, fitness. Labour is the genius which changes the ugliness of the world into beauty; that turns the greatest curse into blessing. The young man who has learned to work has solved the greatest of the problems that tend to success. Many limbs of the law wait for some chance to distinguish themselves, but the chances never come. To succeed, the young man must make the chances.

SPRING OF LIFE.—The change of day and night, of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it; these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then comes on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease; we regard life as a burden.



HOME RULE RIOTS IN GLASGOW.

THE TRIUMPHS OF PEACE.

Lines written for the opening of the Dominion Exhibition at Montreal, September 14th, 1880.

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

MILTON.

Though green the laurel round the brow
Of warring and triumphant WAR,
PEACE, with her sacred olive bough,
Can boast of conquest nobler far:
Beneath her gentle sway
Earth blossoms like a rose—
The wild old woods recede away;
Through realms unknown but yesterday,
The tide of Empire flows.

Woke by her voice rise cities grand, and towers,
ART builds a home, and LEARNING finds her bowers—
Triumphant LABOUR for the conflict girds,
Speaks in great works instead of empty words;
Bends stubborn matter to his iron will,
Drains the foul marsh, and rends in twain the hill—
A hanging bridge across the torrent flings,
And gives the car of fire restless wings.
Light kindles up the forest to its heart,
And happy thousands throng the new-born mart;
Fleet ships of steam, deriding tide and blast,
On the blue bounding waters hurry past;
ADVENTURE, eager for the task, explores
Primeval wilds, and lone sequestered shores—
Braves every peril, and a beacon lights
To guide the nations on untrodden heights.

H. MOTT.

A FEMALE CRUSOE.

AN INDIAN WOMAN WHO LIVED 18 YEARS ALONE
ON AN ISLAND.

Mr. George Nidever, of Santa Barbara, has given a complete account of his discovery of a lone Indian woman on San Nicolas Island, in the Pacific ocean, in 1853. Mr. Nidever is an otter hunter. He went to Santa Barbara in 1835, and found two other Americans, Isaac J. Sparks and Lewis T. Burton, engaged in the same business. They chartered a schooner of twenty tons burden, built at Monterey, called *Poor es Nada* (Better than Nothing), for a trip to the coast of Lower California, leaving Santa Barbara about the first of May, 1835. Mr. Nidever did not accompany them. Not being as successful as those in charge expected, three months later the *Poor es Nada* put into San Pedro, the port of landing of Los Angeles, on her return trip. From San Pedro she went to the island of San Nicolas, about seventy miles south-west from San Pedro and a little further south-east from Santa Barbara, for the purpose of removing the Indians then on the island to the mainland, and returned with eighteen men, women and children. How long the Indians had been residents of the island, how they got there, and by whose authority they were removed, Mr. Nidever does not know. One of the Indians, rather dwarfed in intellect, but possessing physical strength equal to three or four ordinary men, remained at San Pedro; two of the women were taken by two Americans living in Los Angeles county; the remainder of the party divided, part going to Los Angeles and part to San Gabriel mission. The two men who selected their partners from the party took an active part in having the Indians removed from the island.

An Indian woman was absent gathering wood when the others were taken away, but returned to the camp or quarters, and, finding them deserted, followed in time to be taken aboard the schooner; but, not finding her children there, one a babe at the breast and the other about three years old, she plunged into the water and swam ashore in search of them. Unable to find them, she returned to the beach just in time to see the schooner leaving. She called to those on board, but the only reply she got, and which she remembered to the day of her death, was "Manana," pronounced mah-yah-nah, the Spanish word for "to-morrow," evidently meaning that the schooner would return for her to-morrow or the following day. She threw herself down on the beach and cried long and bitterly. She did not find her children, and supposed they were either taken off with the others or carried away and devoured by the wild dogs on the island. She became very sick and lay for a long time (she could not compute time) without water or food, but finally recovered, and forgot her grief in wandering about the island. She lived on a plant resembling the cabbage, called by Californians "palosanto," and a root known by the name of "corcomite;" also a yellow root, the name of which was not given, and seal or sea-lion blubber. As she had abalone shell fish-hooks, and lines made of the sinews of the seal, it is probable she supplied herself with fish from the ocean.

An approaching storm, and night coming on, the water being quite shoal about the island and unsafe for a vessel during a high wind, those in charge of the *Poor es Nada* were compelled to leave for the safety of the ship, intending to return at a future time for the deserted woman. The vessel ran before the gale and reached San Pedro harbour in safety. But circumstances did not permit a return prior to the loss of the schooner in a storm a few weeks later, and the distance to the island was too great to be made in the small shore boats.

In 1851 Mr. Nidever visited the island otter hunting, and saw signs of a human inhabitant. He saw a footprint made during the previous rainy season, sunken deeply in the now dry, hard ground, and, from the size, judged it to be that of a woman. Also three small circular enclosures about 200 yards from the beach, and about a mile apart. They were about six feet in diameter, made of brush, the walls five feet high, with a small opening on one side. Near

these openings were sticks of drift-wood stuck in the ground in the form of a tripod, supporting dried seal blubber. These enclosures appeared to be simply wind-breaks, affording no protection from the rain. The investigation was pursued no further, as an approaching storm compelled them to leave the island. Mr. Nidever, having seen many otters on his first trip to the island, made a second during the winter of 1852, and being requested by the Mission Fathers of Santa Barbara, had determined to make a careful hunt for the supposed lone inhabitant of the island. The head of the island being better supplied with fresh water closer to that portion of the beach affording the best facilities for fishing, and the altitude such as to command a view of the greater portion of the island and coast, he supposed, if alive, she would be found there, and made his arrangements accordingly. He and his party found the same or similar enclosures above-mentioned, and the tripod sticks supporting renewed pieces of blubber. In the neighbourhood of the huts or wind-breaks were seven or eight wild dogs, about the size of a coyote (a small wolf on this coast), and in colour black and white. Mr. Nidever said he had seen the same kind of dogs among the North-West Indians. They appeared to be very wild. Within half a mile of the head of the island they discovered a basket in the crotch of a bush or small tree, covered with sealskin, and containing a dress made of shags' skins (the shag is a species of duck that can neither walk nor fly), carefully folded up, and several square pieces of skin similar to those of which the dress was made, a rope made of seal sinews, abalone shell fish-hooks, bone needles, &c. As it was late, and time for them to return to their boat for the night, Mr. N. scattered the contents of the basket on the ground, so that on his return he could judge of the presence or absence of the owner by finding them gathered up or remaining as he left them. The following four or more days were busily spent in otter hunting, and before the search for the Indian woman was renewed a south-east gale compelled them to seek a more hospitable harbour at the island of San Miguel. A third voyage by Mr. N. and six others, four of whom were Indians from Santa Barbara Mission, was made to the island in July, 1853; and, although otter hunting was the main object of the visit, the Indian woman was not forgotten. They landed on the north-east side of the island early in the day, and having selected their camping site, all but the cook started for the head of the island.

Fresh footprints were observed leading from the beach to the ridge, or higher elevation, but were soon lost in moss-covered ground, which ended the search for the day. The following day they were more successful. One of the party, Mr. Deitman, discovered the object of their search at a distance, and cautiously approaching in an opposite direction from the balance of the party, got quite close to her without being observed. She was in one of her pens, or wind-breaks, clothed in a garment made of the skins of the shag, without sleeves, low-necked, and, as observed when standing, extending almost to the ankles. She was sitting cross-legged, skinning seal blubber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop-iron driven into a piece of wood. There was no covering on her head, excepting a thick mass of matted hair of a yellowish brown colour, due to its exposure to the sun and air. The hair was short, looking as though the free ends had rotted off. She would occasionally raise her hand, shade her eyes and look toward the beach, where she evidently saw those from whom Mr. Deitman had recently separated. There were two or three of the wild dogs around the enclosure, which began to growl as Mr. Deitman approached, but ran off at the bidding of their mistress. The balance of the party were now signalled, in order that she might be captured if she attempted to escape. To the surprise of all, she made no attempt to get away, but greeted each one as he approached with a bow and a smile, and chattered all the while in a dialect which none of them understood, although the Indians accompanying Mr. Nidever were acquainted with several Indian dialects. She was talking apparently to herself from the time Mr. Deitman approached within hearing until she was made aware of his presence.

Within the enclosure a fire was smouldering, and a large ash pile outside showed that to have been her abiding place for some time. She was very hospitable—preparing a meal from her limited store of roots before named, and serving the party with a grace and bearing that surprised them all. The expression of her face was pleasing, and her features were regular. Her complexion was much fairer, and her form more symmetrical than the Indian women on the main land, and she is believed to have belonged to a different and superior race, which opinion is strengthened by the fact that Monsieur Leon de Cessac, a Frenchman, now engaged in collecting archaeological and other specimens of bygone years on the Pacific coast of North and South America for a Paris museum, has found many things on the island San Nicolas similar to those previously collected in Oregon, Washington Territory, and further north, and unlike anything found either on the mainland or the other islands. And the skulls and other bones of the human skeletons found there are unlike those found in other sections of Southern California. Near her enclosure were several stakes, between which was stretched a rope made of the seal's sinews, supporting seal and seal elephant blubber. Further on were three huts made of whales' ribs, covered with brush, but giving no

evidence of having been lately occupied.* By signs and other means of communication she was made aware that they wanted her to accompany them, and without any apparent hesitation she made ready to follow. She filled a basket—with provisions, fishing tackle and other articles, and taking it on one arm, and a fire-brand in the other hand she followed the company.

In their course to where the schooner lay at anchor, they found a beautiful spring of water issuing from the bank above the beach, under a shelving rock. The cracks or fissures in this rock were stuck full of bones and there were other evidences of an encampment of the lone inhabitant of the island. These bones were used for nourishment, obtained by sucking; they had been dried and re-sucked many times, showing that, occasionally, she was put upon short rations; but at the time of her discovery, she appeared to have an abundance, such as it was. She retained all her teeth, but they were worn low, supposed to be due to the chewing of tough and solid articles of food. Her age appeared to be about 50 years. Further on was another spring near the beach, under the bank. Here she indicated a desire to bathe, and was permitted to do so by the balance of the party retiring out of sight. After her bath she joined the others and went direct to the shore boat, and thence to the schooner. She was prevailed upon to abandon her firebrand and seal blubber before leaving the beach. Going aboard the vessel, she went directly to the stove and warmed herself, indicating that she knew its use. She ate heartily of the food of the crew, appeared to enjoy it, and it agreed with her. Mr. Deitman made her a skirt of ticking, with which, and a sailor's cotton shirt and a black necktie, her attire was complete. She assisted in making her dress, but could not see to thread her needle. Her sewing was quite rude. She appeared much pleased with her new apparel. The following day she went ashore with the men, who made a separate shelter for her, which she occupied about a month—the time spent on the island otter hunting. She was quite industrious, carrying wood and water without its being required of her. She appeared contented and happy, frequently singing and chatting to herself. The men could not understand what she said, nor she they; but Mr. N. said it was truly wonderful how she could converse with them by signs. She occupied a portion of her time making water vessels of grass and asphaltum—a substance plentiful on the islands and shore of the main land. The grass was plaited into a shape resembling a demijohn, but wider at the top, and lined with asphaltum. She would put in several small pieces of the last-mentioned substance, then drop on them small pebbles or stones about the size of bulled walnuts, heated sufficient to melt the asphaltum, and grasping the neck with both hands, the lower end being on the ground, would give it a rapid rotary motion for several minutes and then empty the stone on the ground.

The vessels had a continuous coating on the inside, and are reported to have been watertight, the lining even resisting the heat of the sun when covered with water. She had both stone and earthen vessels in which to boil water and cook if desired. To procure seal blubber, she could kill the seals with a club, when on land sunning themselves, or snare them with her sinew ropes. She obtained fire by rubbing two dry sticks together. One of them, partly flat, had a groove along its entire length; the other was pointed and fitted into the groove, in which it was rubbed rapidly backward and forward until it burned. As usual, a storm compelled the party to leave the island, and, embarking with their island queen, they soon found themselves at sea in a storm. She made signs that she could stop the storm, and, obtaining permission, knelt on the deck facing the quarter whence the wind came, and commenced muttering something supposed to be a prayer. She soon got up, and continued the prayer at intervals during the day, apparently without fear; and when the wind began to abate, she turned to her fellow voyagers, and, with a smile, made signs that her prayers had been answered.

When they came in sight of Santa Cruz island, off this coast, she told them by signs what it was, and indicated how she had seen from her island ships pass up and down, but never land, and how, the day previous to her discovery, she had seen the Nidever party pass to the head of the island. She was afraid to make herself known until she knew that there was no danger to her person. There were many places of concealment on the island, and unless taken unawares she would have been hard to find.

As she was about to land at Santa Barbara an ox team passed, which so delighted her that she talked, laughed, danced and gesticulated; and before that excitement ended a man on horseback approached, which gave her even more pleasure than the ox team. At first it was supposed that she thought the man and horse constituted one animal; but if so, the mistake was soon corrected, for, on landing, she went up to the horse and carefully examined it. The examination gave her additional pleasure. She would turn to her late companions and laughingly request them to look at the beast. She straddled the thumb of the left hand by the index and middle fingers of the right and moved them to represent the horse and the rider as they passed along the beach. She was taken to the house of Mr. Nidever, where she became the centre of attraction. The Mission Fathers took a great interest in her—sending to Los Angeles and other places, hoping to find some one who

understood her dialect, but failed. Even the Pepimaro Indians, who were said to have had an acquaintance with the Indians on the island, could not understand her. The family of Mr. N. became very much attached to her, and although the captain of the brig *Fremont* offered largely for the privilege of taking her to San Francisco and placing her on exhibition, it was refused. Many people called on her and she received them kindly; but the afternoon was her favourite time for receiving calls, when she would put on her shagskin dress and entertain her callers with a song and a dance. She cared nothing for money—giving it to the children when given to her. She did not wish to sleep in a bed, and when in bed did not desire bed-covering, but was careful not to expose herself. Her manners were not rude, and in many things she was more refined than many who enjoy civilized privileges; yet in many things she was very much like a child. She wanted everything which she saw that appeared pleasant to the eye or seemed good to the taste; and if fruit was withheld from her she would plead for it in such a child-like manner that it was hard to refuse her. When found she was in excellent physical condition, strong and active; but the eating of fruit and vegetables brought on a summer complaint in about three weeks after she landed, and that, in connection with an injury to the spine received by falling from a porch, terminated her life four weeks later, or seven weeks from the time she landed. During her sickness she reluctantly permitted her kind hostess to dress her in flannel underclothes, and took her bed under proper covering, but positively refused to return to her former plain diet, as was proposed by some of those who called to see her. Her dress of shagskins, basket and trinkets were given to Father Gonzales of the mission, who, it is said, sent them to Rome.

Statistics in civilized life show a greater longevity in the marital and social relations than in celibacy and the life of the recluse; but here is one who had attained the age of 50 years with a physique indicating that a period in the future might be reached equal to that of the past, that for eighteen years had been absolutely alone. With the exception of the sickness immediately after her desertion, she reported no illness during the time of her exile. She appeared to enjoy perfect health, with no failure of any of the bodily functions, excepting that of sight, which may have been either hypermetropic or presbyopic; if the former, most likely it was congenital; if the latter, it may have been hastened by the little use made of the power of accommodation for near objects—she daily cultivating the power of distant vision, in commanding a view of the island and looking seaward. The extremes of heat and cold are unknown on the islands off this coast; frost is seldom seen in the winter, and the heat of summer is not oppressive, owing to the ocean winds, which give a most equable climate the year round, favourable to an out-door life. During the rainy season she, probably, took shelter in a cave, or under-shelving rocks, as found upon the island; be that as it may, the vicissitudes of the weather did not appear to affect her unpleasantly. Her out-door life gave a digestion equal to the use of the seal blubber, and her supply of the small variety of vegetables assisted in nourishing her without deranging the secretions. On this island, estimated at fourteen miles in length and averaging about four in width, its highest elevation being not more than six hundred feet above sea level, but sparsely timbered, with its rocks, sandy plains, and limited vegetation, clear spring water, which invited repeated ablations, with no roof to intercept the welcome rays of the sun, our female Crusoe possessed and used the means conducive to a long life. But the change from such a life to one of more luxury and indolence soon demanded the penalty of the violated laws of health—sickness and death!

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

They were at a dinner-party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges.

The savage of the Fiji Islands, who knows nothing of chastity, sins less, says a recent writer, than the beauty who plays with temptation and stands on the verge of danger calculating how far she may go without ruining her reputation.

At a fruit and flower tent at a fashionable London entertainment one beautiful young married lady sold a buttonhole bouquet for \$50. One or two gentlemen collected much money by charging five shillings to point out and name the professional beauties.

English ladies in Portugal play lawn tennis in flowing English trousers, laced at the ankle. There is a bright coloured, square bodice, without sleeves, and tied at the waist, and a loosely laced skirt comes nearly to the knee. It is an adaptation of the country costume in which are Moorish features.

"Ah! madame," exclaimed the customer, "you are so admirably fitted by nature for the tableau! (madame is delighted)—so utterly devoid of life, you know!" Madame smiles sweetly, but there is life enough inside her just now—life that means death to him, if wishes are fatal.

NEW NOTICE.

IMPURE ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE can be driven out of the system by ACUE PILLS. They contain no arsenic or any poisonous drug; nor do they debilitate, but strengthen and tone up, aid digestion, and purify the blood. Box with full particulars mailed to any part of Canada or United States for \$1. Sample packets 25 cents (stamps). Address, W. HEARN, Druggist, Ottawa, Canada.

IN MEMORIAM.

Away from thine thou laidst thee down to die,
But not 'mid strangers. Through the lonely night,
Fond friends sat watching by the flickering light,
To catch with pious awe thy parting sigh;
Yea, and the Virgin Mother in the calm
Of that hush Sabbath morn stood at thy head,
And Guardian Angels lingered near thy bed,
To fan thy temples with their snowy palm.
Rest gently where they laid thee! O'er thy grave
The fleecy clouds their tepid dew will send,
The slender grasses quivering lips will bend,
And violets blue their fragrant chalice wave;
While in our hearts the memory of thee
Fresh as those summer flowers e'er shall be.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S COMPANY.

Mr. Frederick A. Schwab, agent for Mr. Henry E. Abbey, in the securing of a company of French artists to support Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt during her American engagement, has completed his work. Mr. Schwab's task was a difficult one, inasmuch as the prevailing idea among the actors and actresses was that they should receive from three to five times their real worth in the way of salaries. However, he finally succeeded in making contracts which, while they are fair to the artists, are, on the whole, in favour of Mr. Abbey.

It is agreed that ocean passage is to be paid only one way, and that no expenses are to be paid in the United States, save only and excepting actual railroad fares from one city to another. Moreover, the artists have not only signed to play certain lines of business, but also such other parts as may be assigned them by the management. The salary list is a large one, amounting in total to about 35,000 francs for some eighteen persons.

The highest-priced artists are Mr. Angelo, the "leading man"—his real name is Barthélemy—and Mlle. Jeanne Bernhardt, the youngest sister of the great actress, each of whom receives 5,000 francs per month. All are engaged for five months, but salaries do not begin until the 8th of November.

Besides the two artists just mentioned, the other principal members of the company are, Mme. Mea, Mlle. Sidney, Mlle. Martel, Mme. Gally, and Messrs. Gangloff, Gally, D'Orsay, Bouillond, Théfer, Delétraz, Joliet, and Chamounin, the last-named of whom has been twice to America already. Mr. Defossé of the Théâtre Royal, at the Hague, is the stage manager, and Mme. Joliet is the prompter.

The company begin their rehearsals the middle of September on the stage of the Variétés Theatre. They open at Booth's Theatre in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," November 8th.

Mlle. Bernhardt intends to take the ladies of the new continent by storm, not only in her acting, but in the manner of her dresses. A famous house in the Rue de la Paix is now making for her twelve costumes at a cost of 60,000 francs. She has already bought 300 pairs of gloves, and her stockings and slippers are said to be marvels of richness and beauty.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt will be accompanied to America by her son, her valet and his wife, and a maid-servant, all of whose expenses are to be paid by the management. Her sister Jeanne will have three persons in her suite, but their expenses will not be paid by Mr. Abbey.

THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS.

The scheme for the sale of a portion of the French Crown jewels is based upon a report recently made by Mr. Turquet, an official who was delegated by the Minister of Finance and the Budget Committee to report upon the matter. By M. Turquet's recommendation, the whole treasure will be divided into three parts. The first will comprise the historic jewels and stones, which will be placed in the Louvre; the second part will contain the scarce minerals, and will be placed in the Museum of the Ecole des Mines; while the third portion, composed of royal and imperial jewelry, will be put up to auction and sold to the highest bidder, the proceeds to go to form a State Fine Art fund.

M. Turquet has had an inventory made of this princely treasure. One of the most famous of the diamonds is the one called "Regent." It weighs 136½ carats, and is one of extreme whiteness and brilliancy. This stone has a very curious history attaching to it. It was bought by the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, of Pitt, the Governor of Fort St. George, in the year 1717, for \$675,000. When rough the stone weighed 411 carats, and the cutting cost \$10,000. Pitt had purchased this stone in Golconda, of Jamelchund, a Hindoo merchant, as he states in a pamphlet published to clear himself from the reports about his having stolen it. This diamond, however, was actually stolen from the Garde Meuble in 1792, but was restored in a mysterious manner. After this it was recut at a cost of \$17,500, an operation which took two years to perform. Napoleon I. was so enamoured of this gem that he had it set on the pommel of his sword. Some idea of the size of the Regent may be given when it is stated that it is thirty carats larger than the Koh-i-noor, the latter weighing 106 1-16 carats.

Another remarkable object in the portion to be sold is a round pearl, weighing over twenty-seven carats and valued at \$40,000, and still another is a necklace of pearls, styled *Collier de la reine*, composed of twenty-five pearls, and worth \$199,340. Next comes a long, clear ruby, weighing fifty-six carats and valued at \$10,000. There is also an amethyst of more than thirteen

carats, valued at the large sum of \$120,000, and a sapphire of 132 carats, worth \$20,000.

From the year 1476 until 1774 the number of diamonds formally inventoried as "belonging to the Crown" was 7,482. This total, representing a capital of 20,000,000 francs, included the famous "Regent," valued at 2,500,000 francs. During the reign of Louis XV., 1,471 of these diamonds were sold, but others were bought, chiefly for the ornamenting of Court costumes, diamond buttons and sword hilts, enriched with brilliants, being all the fashion at the Court of the "beloved" monarch; so that when Louis XVI. came to the throne he found himself the fortunate possessor of 9,547 diamonds of different sizes. In 1792 a great many of these—among them the "Regent"—were stolen from the Garde Meuble; but shortly after their disappearance an anonymous letter reached the Government of the Convention, stating that they would be found buried in the Allee Neuve of the Champs Elysées, where, in fact, they were discovered. From 1807 to 1810 Napoleon I. bought up all the scattered Crown jewels that his agents at home and abroad could trace; and the inventory taken of his acquisitions in the latter year exhibited a total of 37,393 brilliants and precious stones of various kinds, valued at 18,922,477 francs. During the Reign of Terror, however, France had irretrievably lost the "Sancy" diamond, purchased by Charles the Bold in 1476—a magnificent opal, known as the "Fire of Troy"—and the renowned "Blue Diamond." Another magnificent brilliant, which Napoleon had carried about him for years during his many campaigns, was mislaid or dropped by him at the battle of Waterloo, and has never since been restored to the French national collection of precious stones.

By selling the jewels of the third class M. Turquet expects to realize ample funds for purchase of works of art wherewith to enrich the National Museum.

HEARTH AND HOME.

IMAGINATION.—It is only where the imagination is suffered to drift aimlessly and idle that it is unsubstantial or impractical. Vague conceptions that float in the mind, never taking any permanent form in life or in conduct, are useless; and the idleness of dreamy reverie, like every other form of idleness, is enervating to both mind and body. But a strong and vivid imagination, trained into efficient exercise by intelligence and will, is the basis of all excellence, the source of all human sympathy, the corner-stone of all progress.

AGREEABLE PEOPLE.—Agreeable people are born with the qualities which make them beloved by all. Some unhappy men are so organized that it is only with difficulty they can even force the appearance of politeness. Without intending it, their manner is repellant, and if they have a fair share of combativeness, antagonistic to such an extent as to make their society unsought and disagreeable. They receive favours ungraciously, and grant them in such a manner as makes the recipient regret having asked them. But the naturally agreeable person both accepts and confers a favour in a manner delightful to witness.

INCURABLE DISEASE.—Maladies which cannot be "cured" are the opprobria of medicine as an art. It should not however be hastily assumed that cases which cannot be cured must therefore be regarded as beyond the hope of recovery. There is a wondrous power of self-culture in the organism, and many a sufferer condemned by the "faculty" has been relieved by Nature. It is desirable that this should be borne in mind—first, because hope is itself a great specific, and nothing so greatly tends to destroy the natural chances of recovery as depression produced by an adverse prognosis; second, it is a most irritable position to take up that any malady is incurable.

OUTSIDE HELP.—It is a habit easily acquired to look to almost anything outside of ourselves for strength and happiness. We lean upon parents, teachers, friends, systems, opportunities, promises, anything sooner than upon our own resolute purposes, patient perseverance, unflagging industry and unswerving honesty. We depreciate our own powers, and exaggerate the ability of others to assist us. Yet the fact is that no one, however able and however willing, can do for us one tithe of what we can do for ourselves. They can but open doors for us—we alone can enter. If we are ever to amount to anything in our lives, it must be through individual determination and action; if we are to have any mental power, it must be through individual thought; if we are to attain any moral elevation of character, it can only be through the patient and earnest culture of the individual conscience.

PARENT AND CHILD.—It is an indispensable condition of success in the family education that the parent should become the first and truest friend of the child. This possibility and duty is a parent's great privilege, too often unknown, and yet it embraces the whole future of the child. It is through the love and confidence that exist between them that durable influences are exerted. If the child naturally confides its little joys and sorrows to the ever-ready sympathy of the mother, if it grows up in the habit of turning to this warm and healthful influence, the youth will come as naturally with his experiences and plans to the parent as did the little child. The evils of life which must be

gradually known, will then be encountered with the aid of experience. The form of the relation between parent and child changes not in essence. The essence of the relationship is trust—the fact that the parent's presence will always be welcomed by the child, that in work or in play, in infancy or in youth, the parent shall be the first natural friend. It is only thus that wise, permanent influence can be exerted. It is not dogmatism, nor rigid laws, nor formal instruction that is needed, but the formative power of loving insight and sympathy.

A GREAT TREAT IN STORE.

Many of our readers, and the fraternity of Oddfellows at large, will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that the members of Duke of Edinburgh Lodge, No. 4, have completed all arrangements for the grandest concert, to be given on the 21st inst., at the Victoria Rink. Everything promises a great success, and the programme, which is a varied one, cannot but induce any lover of music to secure a seat at once, especially when such men as Signor Tagliapietra, F. Jehin-Prume, Signor Madaleno, M. Ernest Lavigne—our favourite cornet-player—are to appear. Miss Gertrude Franklin is also engaged, and many will remember how her sweet voice charmed all hearers at the Rink last autumn. Her last appearance in New York created quite a furore, so that every one should reserve next Tuesday evening for this grand musical treat. De-Zouche & Co. have some tickets left yet.

LITERARY.

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

VICTOR HUGO is now engaged in what will probably prove to be the last great work of his life. He is carefully collecting and arranging all his unpublished poems, with a view to their being given to the world at an early day.

ELEANOR KIRK, Caroline B. De Row, and Mrs. F. M. Butts—three well-known names in literature—are spending the autumn months at "Bentley Cottage," Noyes Beach, Westerly, R.I.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES will come in for the new South African medal and clasp, or can at any rate claim it, on account of his having conveyed the news of the victory at Ulundi to Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Bartle Frere.

THE financial arrangements of the Toronto Globe are said to have been completed. The principal shareholders are:—Mr. Nelson, \$175,000; Taylor Bros., paper manufacturers, \$75,000; D. A. Smith, \$40,000; the Hon. Mr. McMaster, \$10,000; A. H. Hallam, \$7,000; H. H. Cook, \$20,000. Mrs. George Brown also retains considerable stock.

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE, the daughter of the Premier, is one of the successful candidates in this year's class list of Cambridge University examinations. It is not generally known that women have for several years been admitted to most of the lecture courses at Cambridge, while other courses are repeated for their benefit.

MR. JOHN L. STODDARD has accomplished a choice route of European travel this summer, with a view to acquiring materials for his next lecture season. The notable centres of Italian civilization in the Middle Ages, the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, the Ober-Ammergau Passion Plays, the scenery of the Danube, are among the points of special interest in his programme. He will begin his lectures in Boston the 6th of October, and in New York about the time of Lent.

HUMOROUS.

OYSTER shells are about to open for the season.

AN old angler says that a fish does not suffer much from being hooked. Of course not. It is the thought of how his weight will be lifted about that causes him anguish.

A NEW YORK boy has commenced a fifteen days' fast. He is never ready to come to his dinner in the day time; but through a kind-hearted mother he has the run of the pantry at night.

A SPOONY newly-married couple were overheard billing and cooing. He—"What wouldst thou do it pidgee did?" She—"Dovey'd die, too." Emetics were at a discount among the listeners.

STREET-CAR drivers are not allowed to put money in the fare-box; at least, they are not allowed the privilege of putting fare in the box for fear they will not do it.

A POLICEMAN went to a certain house in Manhattanville, the other day, and meeting a German friend at the gate inquired, "Is Mr. — in?" "Yes," was the reply. When about to pull the bell, the Teutonic called him back and said, "He is in, but he is die."

THE last piece of rustic laziness encountered by out-of-town correspondents is that of the man who, being asked what ailed his eye, answered, "Nothin'; I shut it coz I can see well enough with one. Sometimes I shut one, sometimes I other."

WE don't know exactly how newspapers were conducted at that distant period, but during some recent excavations in Assyria a poem on the silver moon was dug up. It was engraved on a tile, and close beside it were lying a large battered club and a part of a human skull. You may draw your own conclusions.

TWO of the best amateur piano players of Galveston gave the avill chorus the other night at a little social gathering. After the applause had ceased, one of the young ladies said it was beautifully rendered. "Yes," said a young man who is not musical, "it brought real tears to my eyes. It reminded me so vividly of the time when I used to work in a blacksmith shop, with a cooper shop next door."

"WHY," some writer asks, "is a brilliant man less brilliant with his wife than with any one else?" Well, we suppose she asks him for money oftener than any one else. You take to borrowing money regularly and constantly of your dearest and most brilliant friend, and see what will become of his brilliancy in your presence.

A Hudson River train-boy who selected a countryman as a victim and "worked him" for what he was worth, was finally rewarded by this oration: "See here, young man; I don't want no books, and don't want no fruit, nor no candles, nor no novels, but I will give you 50 cents for two corks, two small corks, to plug up my ears to keep me from being talked to death."

TIME GOES? AH NO.

Time goes, you say? Ah no
Alas, Time stays, we go;
Or else, were this not so,
What need we chain the hours,
For Youth were always ours?
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

Ours is the eyes' deceit
Of men whose flying feet
Lead through some landscape low;
We pass and think we see
The earth's fixed surface—
Alas, Time stays—we go!

Once in the days of old,
Your locks were curling gold,
And mine had shamed the crow;
Now, in self same stage,
We've reached the silver age;
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

Once, when my voice was strong,
I filled the woods with song
To praise your "rose" and "snow,"
My bird that sang is dead;
Where are your roses fled?
Alas, Time stays—we go!

See, in what traversed ways,
What backward Fate delays
The hopes we used to know;
Where are our old desires?
Ah, where those vanished fires?
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

How far, how far, O sweet,
The past behind our feet
Lies in the even-glow!
Now, on the forward way,
Let us fold our hands and pray:
Alas, Time stays—we go!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. RIVIERE the well-known composer and conductor, has broken his leg in jumping, doubtless over a five "bar" gate, to be a professional.

To celebrate the centenary of the foundation of the great piano manufactory of the Rue du Mail, Mme. Erard has distributed 60,000 francs among her workmen.

MR. TOOLE will shortly give a series of morning representations in London, of dramas founded on the novels of Charles Dickens. His first embodiment will be Caleb Plummer, in the drama of *Dot*.

WAGNER has completed the instrumentation of his new opera, *Parsifal*. The plot is taken from Boccaccio's last novel in the *Decamerone*, the trials of the Griselidis, treated in the epic form by Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*.

ONE of the handsomest costumes ever seen in Paris is now shown in a fashionable store on the Boulevard des Capucines; it is to be worn by Miss Bessie Darling, the New York actress, for the coming season, in the play of *Camille*.

A RECENT recruit to the American stage is the poet Longfellow, whose *Masque of Pandora* is to be produced at the Union Square by Miss Roosevelt, the music by Alfred Cellier. This will be the most important literary event of the season.

THE erratic actress, Mlle. Bernhardt, has greatly offended the King of Sweden by refusing to act in Stockholm. His Majesty had exerted personal influence, and offered extraordinary inducements, but the "divine Sarah" was obdurate even against the blandishments and golden proffers of a crowned head.

It is reported by the Parisian papers that Madame Ristori has organized a company for the purpose of giving a series of representations throughout Europe during the coming winter. In that case we shall probably have the opportunity of applauding the great tragedienne on the boards of some of the leading theatres of Paris.

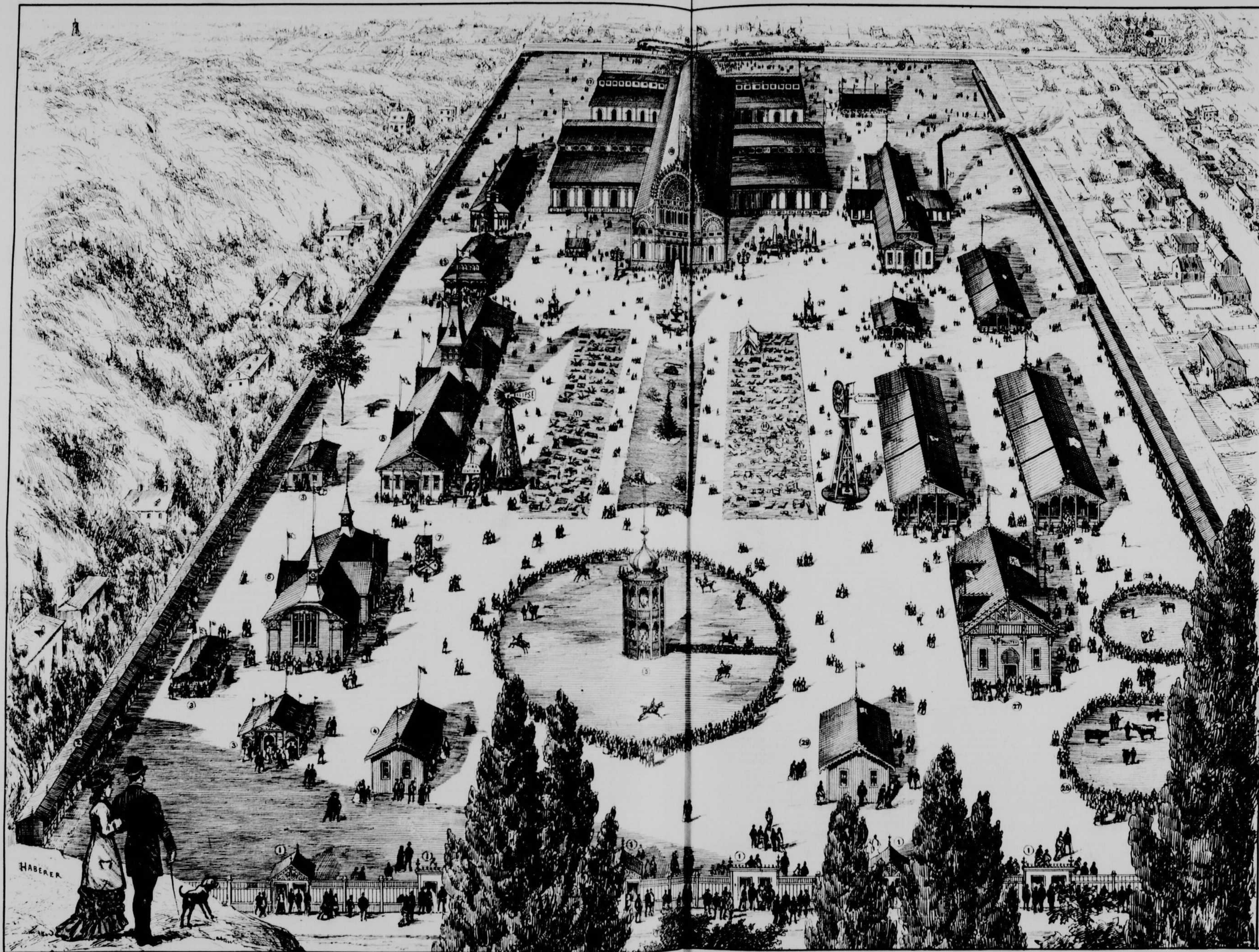
TWO or three American managers are negotiating with Madame Judie for the United States, but thus far without success. She asked one manager's agent 500,000 francs for one hundred performances, one-half of which sum must be deposited to her account in advance. The contract was not signed at those figures.

MISS NELSON has left property estimated at close upon \$40,000. Mr. George Lewis, the well-known solicitor of Ely-place, is the acting solicitor. There are numerous legacies including one of £1,000 to Mr. Compton, the young actor who accompanied the deceased lady on her late American tour. A large slice of the property is bequeathed to Rear-Admiral the Hon. H. C. Glyn. The gallant admiral, who is brother to Lord Wolverton, was born in 1829.

At a theatrical club in London the decision of the magistrate in the Holborn Music hall case was discussed, and some managers asserted that no matter what the magistrate may say they are determined to have no hissing on "first nights." They say that they are prepared to pay a small amount in fines should they be imposed rather than have a piece condemned on its first appearance, and they are of opinion that other magistrates will not back up the decision which has been delivered by Mr. Vaughan.

SARAH BERNHARDT has been interviewed by the New York Herald correspondent, and she gives her impression of the audiences in London. She finds both the people and the newspapers infinitely more kind and generous towards her than those in Paris, and by way of return she is endeavouring to learn English, so that when she goes over to America this autumn, and when she comes back to England next spring, she may be able to play Shakespeare to English-speaking people in their own tongue.

"SI NON E VERO," ETC.—A gentleman of the Civil Service at Rangoon recently applied, it is said, for leave on urgent private affairs, and the Government granted the leave on his explaining that he wished to marry. On the expiration of his leave, he returned, still unmarried, and the secretary wrote, asking for an explanation of such conduct on the part of the gentleman. The reply was as follows—"Sir, I have the honour to inform you, in answer to your No. B. 23 of the 21st April last, that, on taking leave, I fully intended to marry; but, on my arrival in England, I found the lady in question entertained frivolous objections to my personal appearance. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant, —."



KEY.

1. Entrances.
2. Horse Stalls.
3. Restaurants.
4. Secretary's Offices.
5. Horse Ring and Judges' Stand.
6. Manitoba Exhibition Building.
7. Canada Brick Machine.
8. Root and Grain Building.
9. Fire Station.
10. Eclipse Wind-mill.
11. Agricultural Implements.
12. The Gilbert Rifled Gun.
13. Official Restaurant.
14. Ice Fountains.
15. Carriage Building.
16. The Crystal Palace.
17. Annex Industrial Building.
18. Stalls for Cattle.
19. Extra Branch of the Q. M. O. R.R. to the Exhibition Ground.
20. Mile-End.
21. St. Lawrence Main Street.
22. Stalls for Cattle.
23. Machinery Hall.
24. Pig Styes.
25. Halladay's Wind-mill.
26. Sheep Folds.
27. Poultry Building.
28. Bull Ring.
29. Police and Telegraph Offices.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DOMINION EXHIBITION GROUNDS, MONTREAL.

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;" "Kilmeny;" "The Monarch of Mincing Lane;" "Madcap Violet;" "The Three Peathers;" "The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killeena;" "MacLeod of Dare;" "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart;" etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

"Oh, well," says he, with a sort of carelessness, "every one to his liking. If he cares to accept so valuable a present, good and well."

"You don't suppose he asked me for it?" she says, rather warmly. "I gave it him. He would have been rude to have refused it. I was very much pleased that he cared for the picture."

"Oh, he is a judge of art, also? I am told he knows everything."

"He was kind enough to say he liked the sketch; that was enough for me."

"He is very lucky; that is all I have to say."

"I dare say he has forgotten all about such a trifle. He has more important things to think about."

"Well," said he, with a good-natured laugh, "I should not consider such a picture a trifle if any one presented it to me. But it is always the people who get everything they want who value things least."

"Do you think Dr. Sutherland such a fortunate person?" says she. "Well, he is fortunate in having great abilities; and he is fortunate in having chosen a profession that has always secured him great honour, and that promises a splendid future to him. But that is the result of hard work; and he has to work hard now. I don't think most men would like to change places with him just at present."

"He has one good friend and champion, at all events," he says, with a pleasant smile.

"Oh," says she, hastily and anxiously, "I am saying what I hear. My acquaintance with Dr. Sutherland is—quite recent, I may say; though I have met him in London. I only got to know something about him when he was in Edinburgh, and I happened to be there too."

"He is coming back to the yacht," observes Mr. Smith.

"He will be foolish to think of it," she answers, simply.

At this stage the yacht begins to wake up. The head of Hector of Moidart, much dishevelled, appears at the fore-castle, and that wary mariner is rubbing his eyes; but no sooner does he perceive that one of the ladies is on deck than he suddenly ducks down again—to get his face washed, and his paper collar. Then there is a voice heard in the saloon, calling:

"Who has left my spirit lamp burning?"

"Oh, good gracious!" says the Youth, and tumbles down the companion incontinently.

Then the Laird appears, bringing up with him a huge red volume entitled "Municipal London;" but no sooner does he find that Miss Avon is on deck than he puts aside that mighty compendium, and will have her walk up and down with him before breakfast.

"What?" he says, eyeing the cup and saucer, "have ye had your breakfast already?"

"Mr. Smith was so kind as to bring me a cup of tea."

"What," he says again—and he is obviously greatly delighted. "Of his own making? I did not think he had so much gumption."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said she. She had been startled by the whistling of a curlew close by, and had not heard him distinctly.

"I said he was a smart lad," said the Laird, unblushingly. "Oh, aye, a good lad; ye will not find many better lads than Howard. Will I tell ye a secret?"

"Well, sir—if you like," said she.

There was a mysterious but humorous look about the Laird; and he spoke in a whisper.

"It is not good sometimes for young folks to know what is in store for them. But I mean to give him Denny-mains. Whish! Not a word. I'll surprise him some day."

"He ought to be grateful to you, sir," was her answer.

"That he is—that he is," said the Laird; "he's an obedient lad. And I should not wonder if he had Denny-mains long before he expects it; though I must have my crust of bread, ye know. It would be a fine occupation for him, looking after the estate; and what is the use of him living in London, and swallowing smoke and fog? I can assure ye that the air at Denny-mains, though it is far from Glasgow, is as pure as it is in this very Loch Speliv."

"Oh, indeed, sir?"

Then they had another couple of turns in silence.

"Ye're very fond of sailing," says the Laird.

"I am now," she says. "But I was very much afraid before I came; I suffered so terribly in crossing the Channel. Somehow one never thinks of being ill here—with nice clean cabins—and no engines throbbing—"

"I meant that ye like well enough to go sailing about these places?"

"Oh, yes," says she. "When shall I ever see such a beautiful holiday again?"

The Laird laughed a little to himself. Then he said, with a business-like air:

"I have been thinking that, when my nephew came to Denny-mains, I would buy a yacht for him, that he could keep down the Clyde somewhere—at Gourack, or Kilmun, or Dunoon, may be. It is a splendid ground for yachting—a splendid! Ye have never been through the Kyles of Bute?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I have been through them in the steamer."

"Aye, but a yacht; wouldn't that be better? And I am no sure I would not advise him to have a steam yacht—ye are so much more independent of wind and tide; and I'm thinking ye could get a verra good little steam-yacht for £3,000."

"Oh, indeed?"

"A great deal depends on the steward," he continues, seriously. "A good steward that does not touch drink is just worth anything. If I could get a first-class man, I would not mind giving him two pounds a week, with his clothes and his keep, while the yacht was being used; and I would not let him away in the winter—no, no. Ye could employ him at Denny-mains, as a butler-creature, or something like that."

She did not notice the peculiarity of the little pronoun; if she had, how could she have imagined that the Laird was really addressing himself to her?

"I have none but weemen-servants in-doors at Denny-mains," he continued; but when Howard comes, I would prefer him to keep the house like other people, and I will not stint him as to means. Have I told ye what William Dunbar says—

"Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind—"

"Oh, yes, I remember."

"There's fine common sense in that. And do not you believe the people who tell you that the Scotch are a dour people, steeped in Calvinism, and niggardly and grasping at the last farthing—"

"I have found them exceedingly kind to me, and warm-hearted and generous—"

says she; but he interrupted her suddenly.

"I'll tell ye what I'll do," said he, with decision. "When I buy that yacht, I'll get Tom Galbraith to paint every panel in the saloon—no matter what it costs!"

"Your nephew will be very proud of it," she said.

"And I would expect to take a trip in her myself, occasionally," he added, in a facetious manner. "I would expect to be invited—"

"Surely, sir, you cannot expect your nephew to be so ungrateful—"

"Oh," he said, "I only expect reasonable things. Young people are young people; they cannot like to be hampered by grumbling old fogies. No, no; if I present any one with a yacht, I do not look on myself as a piece of its furniture."

The Laird seemed greatly delighted. His step on the deck was firmer. In the pauses of the conversation she heard something about—

"tantara! Sing tantara!"

"Will ye take your maid with ye?" he asked her, abruptly.

The girl looked up with a bewildered air—perhaps with a trifle of alarm in her eyes.

"I, sir?"

"Ha, ha!" said he, laughing. "I forgot. Ye have not been invited yet. No more have I. But—if the yacht were ready—and—and if ye were going—ye would take your maid, no doubt, for comfort's sake?"

The girl looked reassured. She said, cheerfully:

"Well, sir, I don't suppose I shall ever go yachting again, after I leave the *White Dove*. And if I were, I don't suppose I should be able to afford to have a maid with me, unless the dealers in London should suddenly begin to pay me a good deal more than they have done hitherto."

At this point she was summoned below by her hostess calling. The Laird was left alone on deck. He continued to pace up and down, muttering to himself, with a proud look on his face:

"A landscape in every panel, as I'm a living man. . . . Tom'll do it well, when I tell him who it's for. . . . The leddies' cabin blue and silver—cool in the summer—the skylight pented—sh'll no be saying that the Scotch are wanting in taste when she sees that cabin!"

"Sing tantara! Sing tantara! The Highland army rues That e'er they came to Cromdale!"

And her maid—if she will not be able to afford a maid, who will?—French, if she likes! Blue and silver—blue and silver—that's it!"

And then the Laird, still humming his lugubrious battle-song, comes down into the saloon.

"Good-morning, ma'am; good-morning! Breakfast ready! I'm just ravenous. That wild lassie has worked me up and down until I am like to faint. A beautiful morning again—splendid!—splendid! And do ye know where ye will be this day next year?"

"I am sure I don't," says his hostess, busy with the breakfast-things.

"I will tell ye. Anchored in the Holy Loch, off Kilmun, in a screw yacht. Mark my words now: *This very day next year!*"

CHAPTER XXV.

A PROTECTOR.

"Oh, aye," says John of Skye, quite proudly, as we go on deck after breakfast, "there will be no more of the dead calms. We will give Mr. Sutherland a good breeze or two when he comes back to the yat."

It is all Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Sutherland now!—everything is to be done because Mr. Sutherland is coming. Each belaying-pin is polished so that one might see to shave in it; Hector of Moidart has spent about two hours in scraping and rubbing the brass and copper of the galley stove-pipe; and Captain John, with many grins and apologies, has got Miss Avon to sew up a rent that has begun to appear in the red ensign. All that he wants now is to have the yacht beached for a couple of days, to have the long slender sea-grass scraped from her hull; then Mr. Sutherland will see how the *White Dove* will sail!

"I should imagine," says the Youth, in an undertone, to his hostess, as we are working out the narrow entrance to Loch Speliv, "that your doctor-friend must have given those men a liberal *pour-boire* when he left."

"Oh, I am sure not," said she, quickly, as if that was a serious imputation. "That is very unlikely."

"They seem very anxious to have everything put right against his coming," he says; "at all events, your captain seems to think that every good breeze he gets is thrown away on us."

"Dr. Sutherland and he," she says, laughing, "were very good friends. And then Angus had very bad luck when he was on board; the glass wouldn't fall. But I have promised to bottle up the equinoctials for him—he will have plenty of winds before we have done with him. You must stay, too, you know, Mr. Smith, and see how the *White Dove* rides out a gale."

He regarded her with some suspicion. He was beginning to know that this lady's speech—despite the great gentleness and innocence of her eyes—sometimes concealed curious meanings. And was she now merely giving him a kind and generous invitation to go yachting with us for another month? or was she, with a cruel sarcasm, referring to the probability of his having to remain a prisoner for that time, in order to please his uncle?

However, the conversation had to be dropped, for at this moment the Laird and his *protégée* made their appearance; and, of course, a deck-chair had to be brought for her, and a foot-stool, and a sunshade, and a book. But what were these attentions, on the part of her elderly slave, compared with the fact that a young man, presumably enjoying a sound and healthy sleep, should have unselfishly got up at an unholy hour of the morning, and should have risked blowing up the yacht with spirits of wine in order to get her a cup of tea?

It was a fine sailing day. Running before a light topsail breeze from the south-east, the *White Dove* was making for the Lynn of Morven, and bringing us more and more within view of the splendid circle of mountains, from Ben Cruachan in the east to Ben Nevis in the north, from Ben Nevis down to the successive waves of the Morven hills. And we knew why, among all the sunlit yellows and greens—faint as they were in the distance—there were here and there on slope and shoulder stains of a beautiful rose purple that was a new feature in the landscape. The heather was coming into bloom—the knee-deep, honey-scented heather, the haunt of the snipe, and the muircock, and the mountain hare. And if there was to be for us this year no toiling over the high slopes and crags—looking down from time to time on a spacious world of sunlit sea and island—we were not averse from receiving friendly and substantial messages from those altitudes. In a day or two now the first crack of the breech-loader would startle the silence of the morning air. And Master Fred's larder was sorely in want of variety.

Northward, and still northward, the light breeze tempering the scorching sunlight that glares on the sails and the deck. Each long ripple of the running blue sea flashes in diamonds; and when we look to the south, those silver lines converge and converge, until at the horizon they become a solid blaze of light unendurable to the eye. But it is to the north we turn—to the land of Appin, and Kingairloch, and Lochaber; blow, light wind, and carry us onward, gentle tide, we have an appointment to keep within shadow of the mountains that guard Glencoe.

The Laird has discovered that these two were up early this morning; he becomes facetious.

"Not sleepy yet, Miss Mary?" he says.

"Oh, no—not at all," she says, looking up from her book.

"It's the early bird that catches the first sketch. Fine and healthy is that early rising, Howard. I'm thinking ye did not sleep sound last night; what for were ye up before anybody was stirring?"

But the Laird does not give him time to answer. Something has tickled the fancy of this profound humourist.

"*Kee! kee!*" he laughs; and he rubs his hands. "I mind a good one I heard from Tom Galbraith, when he and I were at the Bridge of Allan; room to room, ye know; and Tom did snore that night. 'What,' said I to him in the morning, 'had ye nightmare, or *delirium tremens*, that ye made such a noise in the night?' 'Did I snore?' said he—I'm thinking somebody else must have complained before. 'Snore!' said I; 'twenty grampuses was nothing to it.' And Tom he burst out a-laughing. 'I'm very glad,' says he. 'If I snored, I must have had a sound.' A sound sleep—d'ye see? Very sharp—very smart—eh?"—and the Laird laughed and chuckled over that portentous joke.

"Oh, uncle, uncle, uncle!" his nephew cried. "You used never to do such things. You must quit the society of those artists, if they have such a corrupting influence on you."

"I tell ye," he says, with a sudden seriousness, "I would just like to show Tom Galbraith that picture of Canna that's below. No; I would not ask him to alter a thing. Very good—very good it is. And—and—I think—I will admit it—for a plain man likes the truth to be told—there is just a bit jealousy among them against any English person that tries to paint Scotch scenery. No, no, Miss Mary—don't you be afraid. Ye can hold your own. If I had that picture, now—if it belonged to me—and if Tom was stopping wi' me at Denny-mains, I would not allow him to alter it, not if he offered to spend a week's work on it."

After that—what? The Laird could say no more.

Alas! alas! our wish to take a new route northward was all very well; but we had got under the lee of Lismore, and slowly and slowly the wind died away, until even the sea was as smooth as the surface of a mirror. It was but little compensation that we could lean over the side of the yacht, and watch the thousands of "sea-blubbers" far down in the water, in all their hues of blue, and purple, and pale pink. The heat of the sun was blistering; scorching with a sharp pain any nose or cheek that was inadvertently turned towards it. As for the Laird, he could not stand this oven-like business any longer; he declared the saloon was ever so much cooler than the deck; and went below, and lay at length on one of the long blue cushions.

"Why, John," says Queen T., "you are bringing on those dead calms again. What will Dr. Sutherland say to you?"

But John of Skye has his eye on the distant shore.

"Oh, no, mem," he says, with a crafty smile, "there will not be a dead calm very long."

And there, in at the shore, we see a dark line on the water; and it spreads and spreads; the air becomes gratefully cool to the face before the breeze perceptibly fills the sails; then there is a cheerful swinging over of the boom and a fluttering of the as yet unreleased head-sails. A welcome breeze, surely, from the far hills of Kingairloch. We thank you, you beautiful Kingairloch, with your deep glens and your rose-purple shoulders of hills; long may you continue to send fresh westerly winds to the parched and passing voyager.

We catch a distant glimpse of the white houses of Port Appin; we bid adieu to the musically named Eilean-na-Shuna; far ahead of us is the small white light-house at the mouth of the narrows of Corran. But there is to be no run up to Fort William for us to-night; the tide will turn soon; we cannot get through the Corran narrows. And so there is a talk of Ballahulish; and Captain John is trying hard to get Miss Avon to pronounce this Balachaulish. It is not fair of Sandy from Islay—who thinks he is hidden by the foresail—to grin to himself at these innocent efforts.

Grandeur and grandeur grow those ramparts of mountains ahead of us—with their wine-coloured stains of heather on the soft and velvety yellow-green. The wind from the Kingierloch shores still carries us on; and Inversanda swells the breeze; soon we shall be running into that wide channel that leads up to the beautiful Loch Leven. The Laird re-appears on deck. He is quite enchanted with the scene around him. He says if an artist had placed that black cloud behind the great bulk of Ben Nevis, it could not have been more artistically arranged. He declares that this entrance to Loch Leven is one of the most beautiful places he has ever seen. He calls attention to the soft green foliage of the steep hills; and to the mighty peak of granite, right in the middle of the landscape, that we discover to be called the Pap of Glencoe. And here, in the mellow light of the afternoon, is the steamer coming down from the north; is it to be a race between us for the Balachaulish quay?

It is an unfair race. We have to yield to brute strength and steam kettles.

"Four to one Argyle came on."

as the dirge of Eric says. But we bear no malice. We salute our enemy as he goes roaring and throbbing by; and there is many a return signal waved to us from the paddle-boxes.

"Mr. Sutherland is no there, mem, I think," says Captain John, who has been scanning those groups of people with his keen eyes.

"I should think not; he said he was coming to-morrow," is the answer.

"Will he be coming down by the *Chevalier* in the morning, or by the *Mountaineer* at night?" is the further question.

"I don't know."

"We will be ashore for him in the morning, whatever," says John of Skye, cheerfully; and you would have thought it was his guest, and not ours, who was coming on board.

The roaring out of the anchor chain was almost immediately followed by Master Fred's bell. Mary Avon was silent and *distracted* at dinner; but nothing more was said of her return to London. It was understood that, when Angus Sutherland came on board, we should go back to Castle Osprey, and have a couple of days on shore, to let the *White Dove* get rid of her parasitic sea-weed.

Then, after dinner, a fishing excursion; but this was in the new loch, and we were not very successful. Or was it that most of us were watching, from this cup of water surrounded by the circle of great mountains, the strange movements of the clouds in the gloomy and stormy twilight, long after the sun had sunk?

"It is not a very sheltered place," remarked the Laird, "if a squall were to come down from the hills."

But by and by something appeared that lent an air of stillness and peace to this sombre scene around us. Over one of those eastern mountains a faint, smoky, suffused yellow light began to show; then the outline of the mountain—serrated with trees—grew dark; then the edge of the moon appeared over the black line of trees; and by and by the world was filled with this new, pale light, though the shadows on the hills were deeper than ever. We did not hurry our way back to the yacht. It was a magical night—the black, overhanging hills, the white clouds crossing the blue vault of the heavens, the wan light on the sea. What need for John of Skye to put up that golden lamp at the bow? But it guided us on our way back—under the dusky shadows of the hills.

Then below, in the orange-lit cabin, with cards and dominoes and chess about, a curious thing overhead happens to catch the eye of one of the gamblers. Through the skylight, with this yellow glare, we ought not to see anything; but there, shining in the night, is a long bar of pale phosphorescent green light. What can this be? Why green? And it is Mary Avon who first suggests what this strangely luminous thing must be—the boom, wet with dew, shining in the moonlight.

"Come," said the Laird to her, "put a shawl round ye, and we will go up for another look round."

And so, after a bit, they went on deck, these two, leaving the others to their *bézié*. And the Laird was as careful about the wrapping up of this girl as if she had been a child of five years of age; and when they went on to the white deck, he would give her his arm, that she would not trip over any stray rope; and they were such intimate friends now that he did not feel called upon to talk to her.

But by and by the heart of the Laird was lifted up within him because of the wonderful beauty and silence of this moonlight night.

"It is a great poetry," said he, "that you in the south are not brought up as children to be familiar with the Scotch version of the Psalms of David. It is a fountain-head of poetry that ye can draw from all your life long; and is there any poetry in the world can beat it? And many a time I think that David had a great love for mountains—and that he must have looked at the hills around Jerusalem—and seen them on many a night like this. Ye cannot tell, lassie, what stirs in the heart of a Scotchman or Scotchwoman when they repeat the 121st Psalm:

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord
Who heaven and earth hath made.
Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that keeps thee;
Behold, He that keeps Israel
He slumbers not nor sleeps."

Ask your friend Dr. Sutherland—ask him whether he has found anything among his philosophy, and science, and the new-fangled literature of the day that comes so near to his heart as a verse of the old Psalms that he learnt as a boy. I have heard of Scotch soldiers in distant countries just bursting out crying when they heard by chance a bit repeated of the Psalms of David. And the strength and reliance of them; what grander source of consolation can ye have? 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even forever.' What are the trials of the hour to them that believe and know and hope? They have a sure faith; the captivity is not forever. Do ye remember the beginning of the 126th Psalm? it reminds me most of all of the Scotch phrase,

"'laughin' maist like to greet'

—'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south!'

The Laird was silent for a minute or two; there was nothing but the pacing up and down the moonlit deck.

"And you have your troubles too, my lass," said he at length. "Oh, I know—though ye put so brave a face on it. But you need not be afraid; you need not be afraid. Keep up your

heart. I am an old man now; I may have but few years to reckon on; but while I live ye will not want a friend. . . . Ye will not want a friend. . . . If I forget or refuse what I promise ye this night, may God do so and more unto me!"

But the good-hearted Laird will not have her go to sleep with this solemnity weighing on her mind.

"Come, come," he says, cheerfully, "we will go below; and you will sing me a song—the Queen's Maries, if ye like—though I doubt but that they were a lot o' wild hizzies."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"MARY! MARY!"

Is there any one awake and listening—perhaps with a tremor of the heart—for the calling out of "*White Dove*, ahoy!" from the shore? Once the ordinary loud noises of the morning are over—the brief working of the pump, the washing down of the decks—silence reigns once more throughout the yacht. One can only hear a whispering of the rain above.

Then, in the distance, there is a muffled sound of the paddles of a steamer; and that becomes fainter and fainter, while the *White Dove* gradually ceases the motion caused by the passing waves. Again there is an absolute stillness, with only that whispering of the rain.

But this sudden sound of oars! and the slight shock against the side of the vessel! The only person on board the yacht who is presentable whips a shawl over her head, darts up the companion-way, and boldly emerges into the moist and dismal morning.

"Oh, Angus," she cries, to this streaming black figure that has just stepped on deck, "what a day you have brought with you!"

"Oh, it is nothing," says a cheerful voice from out of the dripping mackintosh—perhaps it is this shining black garment that makes the wet face and whiskers and hair grow redder than ever, and makes the blue eyes look even bluer. "Nothing at all. John and I have agreed it is going to clear. But this is a fine place to be in, with a falling glass! If you get a squall down from Glencoe, you won't forget it."

"A squall!" she says, looking round in amazement. Well might she exclaim, for the day is still, and gray, and sombre; the mountains are swathed in mist; the smooth sea troubled only by the constant rain.

However, the ruddy-faced doctor, having divested himself of his dripping garments, follows his hostess down the companion, and into the saloon, and sits down on one of the couches. There is an odd, half-patetic expression on his face as he looks around.

"It seems a long time ago," he says, apparently to himself.

"What does?" asks his hostess, removing her head gear.

"The evenings we used to spend in this very saloon," says he—looking with a strange interest on those commonplace objects, the draughts and dominoes, the candlesticks and cigar boxes, the cards and books—"away up there in the north. It seems years since we were at Dunvegan, doesn't it, and lying off Vaternish Point? There never was as snug a cabin as this in any yacht. It is like returning to an old home to get into it."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," says his hostess, regarding him with a great kindness. "We will try to make you forget that you have ever been away. Although," she added, frankly, "I must tell you you have been turned out of your state-room—for a time. I know you won't mind having a berth made up for you on one of those couches."

"Of course not," he said, "if I am not in your way at all. But—"

And his face asked the question.

"Oh, it is a nephew of Denny-mains who has come on board—a Mr. Smith, a very nice young fellow; I am sure you will like him."

There was nothing said in reply to this.

Then the new-comer inquired, rather timidly, "You are all well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes."

"And—Miss Avon, too?" said he.

"Oh, yes. But Mary has suffered a great misfortune since you left."

She looked up quickly. Then she told him the story; and in telling him her indignation awoke afresh. She spoke rapidly. The old injury had touched her anew.

But, strangely enough, although Angus Sutherland displayed a keen interest in the matter, he was not at all moved to that passion of anger and desire for vengeance that had shaken the Laird. Not at all. He was very thoughtful for a time; but he only said, "You mean she has to support herself now?"

"Absolutely."

"She will naturally prefer that to being dependent on her friends?"

"She will not be dependent on her friends, I know," is the answer; "though the Laird has taken such a great liking for her that I believe he would give her half Denny-mains."

He started a little bit at this, but immediately said:

"Of course she will prefer independence. And, as you say, she is quite capable of earning her own living. Well, she does not worry about it! It does not trouble her mind!"

That affair of her uncle wounded her very keenly, I imagine, though she said little; but as for the loss of her little fortune, not at all. She is as light-hearted as ever. The only thing is that she is possessed by a mad notion that she should start away at once for London."

"Why?"

"To begin work. I tell her she must work here."

"But she is not anxious? She is not troubled?"

"Not a bit. The Laird says she has the courage of ten men; and I believe him."

"That is all right. I was going to prescribe a course of Marcus Aurelius; but if you have got philosophy in your blood, it is better than getting it in through the brain."

And so this talk ended, leaving on the mind of one of those two friends a distinct sense of disappointment. She had been under the impression that Angus Sutherland had a very warm regard for Mary Avon; and she had formed certain other suspicions. She had made sure that he, more quickly than any one else, would resent the injury done to this helpless girl. And now he seemed to treat it as of no account. If she was not troubling herself; if she was not giving herself headaches about it—then, no matter! It was a professional view of the case. A dose of Marcus Aurelius! It was not thus that the warm-hearted Laird had espoused Mary Avon's cause.

Then the people came one by one in to breakfast; and our young doctor was introduced to the stranger who had ousted him from his state-room. Last of all came Mary Avon.

How she managed to go along to him, and to shake hands with him, seeing that her eyes were bent on the floor all the time, was a mystery. But she did shake hands with him, and said, "How do you do?" in a somewhat formal manner; and she seemed a little paler than usual.

"I don't think you are looking quite as well as when I left," said he, with a great interest and kindness in his look.

"Thank you, I am very well," she said; and then she instantly turned to the Laird, and began chatting to him. Angus Sutherland's face burned red; it was not thus she had been used to greet him in the morning, when we were far away beyond the shores of Canna.

And then, when we found that the rain was over, and that there was not a breath of wind in this silent, gray, sombre world of mountain and mist, and when we went ashore for a walk along the still lake, what must she needs do but attach herself to the Laird, and take no notice of her friend of former days?

Angus walked behind with his hostess, but he rarely took his eyes off the people in front. And when Miss Avon, picking up a wild flower now and again, was puzzling over its name, he did not, as once he would have done, come to her help with his student days' knowledge of botany. Howard Smith brought her a bit of wall rue, and said he thought they called it *Asplenium marinum*; there was no interference. The pre-occupied doctor behind only asked how far Miss Avon was going to walk with her lame foot.

The Laird of Denny-mains knew nothing of all this occult business. He was rejoicing in his occupation of philosopher and guide. He was assuring us all that this looked like a real Highland day—far more so than the Algerian blue sky that had haunted us for so long. He pointed out, as we walked along the winding shores of Loch Leven, by the path that rose and fell, and skirted small precipices all hanging in foliage, how beautiful was that calm, slate-blue mirror beneath, showing every outline of the sombre mountains, with their masses of Landseer mist. He stopped his companion to ask her if she had ever seen anything finer in colour than the big clusters of scarlet rowans among the yellow-green leaves. Did she notice the scent of the meadow-sweet in the moist air of this patch of wood? He liked to see those white stars of the grass of Parnassus; they reminded him of many a stroll among the hills about Loch Katrine.

"And this still Loch Leven," he said at length, and without the least blush on his face, "with the Glencoe mountains at the end of it, I have often heard say was as picturesque a loch as any in Scotland, on a gloomy day like this. Gloomy I call it, but ye see there are fine silver glints among the mist; and—and, in fact, there's a friend of mine has often been wishing to have a water-colour sketch of it. If ye had time, Miss Mary, to make a bit drawing from the deck of the yacht, ye might name your own price—just name your own price. I will buy it for him."

A friend! Mary Avon knew very well who the friend was.

"I should be afraid, sir, said she, laughing, "to meddle with anything about Glencoe."

"Toots! toots!" said he; ye have not enough confidence. I know twenty young men in Edinburgh and Glasgow who have painted every bit of Glencoe, from the bridge to the King's House inn, and not one of them able to come near ye. Mind, I'm looking forward to showing your picture to Tom Galbraith. I'm thinking he'll stare."

The Laird chuckled again.

"Oh, ay! he does not know what a formidable rival has come from the south. I'm thinking he'll stare when he comes to Denny-mains to meet ye. Howard, what's that down there?"

The Laird had caught sight of a pink flower on the side of a steep little ravine, leading down to the shore.

"Oh, I don't want it; I don't want it," Mary Avon cried.

But the Laird was obdurate. His nephew had to go scrambling down through the alders and rowan trees and wet bracken to get this bit of pink crane's bill for Miss Avon's bouquet. And of course she was much pleased, and thanked

him very prettily; and was it catch-fly, or herb robert, or what was it?

Then out of sheer common courtesy she had to turn to Angus Sutherland.

"I am sure Dr. Sutherland can tell us," she says timidly; and she does not meet his eyes.

"It is one of the crane's-bills, anyway," he says, indifferently. "Don't you think you had better return now, Miss Avon, or you will hurt your foot?"

"Oh, my foot is quite well now, thank you," she says; and on she goes again.

We pass by the first cuttings of the slate quarries, the men suspended by ropes round their waists, and hewing away at the face of the cliff. We go through the long straggling village; and the Laird remarks that it is not usual for a Celtic race to have such clean cottages, with pots of flowers in the window. We saunter idly onward, toward those great mountain masses, and there is apparently no thought of returning.

"When we've gone so far, might we not go on to the mouth of the pass?" she asks. "I should like to have a look even at the beginning of Glencoe."

"I thought so," said the Laird, with a shrewd smile. "Oh, ay, we may as well go on."

Past those straggling cottages, with the elder-bush at their doors to frighten away witches; over the bridge that spans the brawling Cona; along the valley down which the stream rushes, and this gloom overhead deepens and deepens. The first of the great mountains appears on our right, green to the summit, and yet so sheer from top to bottom, that it is difficult to understand how those dots of sheep maintain their footing. Then the marks on him; he seems to be a huge Behemoth, with great eyes, grand, complacent, even sardonic, in his look. But the further and further mountains have nothing of this mild, grand humour about them; they are sullen and awful; they grasp the earth with their mighty bulk below, but far away they lift their lurid peaks to the threatening skies, up there where the thunder threatens to shake the silence of the world.

"Miss Avon," Dr. Sutherland again remonstrates, "you have come five or six miles now. Suppose you have to walk back in the rain?"

"I don't mind about that," she says, cheerfully. "But I am dreadfully, dreadfully hungry."

"Then we must push on to Clachaig," says the Laird; "there is no help for it."

"But wait a moment," she says.

She goes to the side of the road where the great gray boulders and ferns and moist marsh-grass are, and begins to gather handfuls of "sourrocks," that is to say, of the smaller sheep-sorrel. "Who will partake of this feast to allay the pangs of hunger?"

"Is thy servant a haa lamb that she should do this thing?" her hostess says, and drives the girl forward.

The inn is reached but in time, for behold there is a gray "smurr" of mist coming down the glen; and the rain is beginning to darken the gray boulders again. And very welcome are those chairs, and the bread and cheese and beer, and the humble efforts in art around the walls. If the feast is not as the feasting of the Fish-mongers, if we have no pretty boxes to carry home to the children, if we have no glimpses of the pale blue river and shipping through the orange light of the room, at least we are not amazed by the appearance of the Duke of Sussex in the garb of a Highlander. And the frugal meal was substantial enough. Then the question about getting back arose.

"Now, Mary," says her hostess, "you have got to pay for your amusement. How will you like walking seven or eight miles in a thunder-storm?"

But here the Laird laughs.

"No, no," he says, going to the window. "That waggonette that has just come up I ordered at the inn on passing. Ye will not have to walk a step, my lass; but I think we had better be going, as it looks black overhead."

Black enough, indeed, was it as we drove back in this silent afternoon, with a thunder-storm apparently about to break over our heads. And it was close and sultry when we got on board again, though there was as yet no wind. Captain John did not like the look of the sky.

"I said you were going to bring a gale with you, Angus," his hostess remarked to him cheerfully, at dinner.

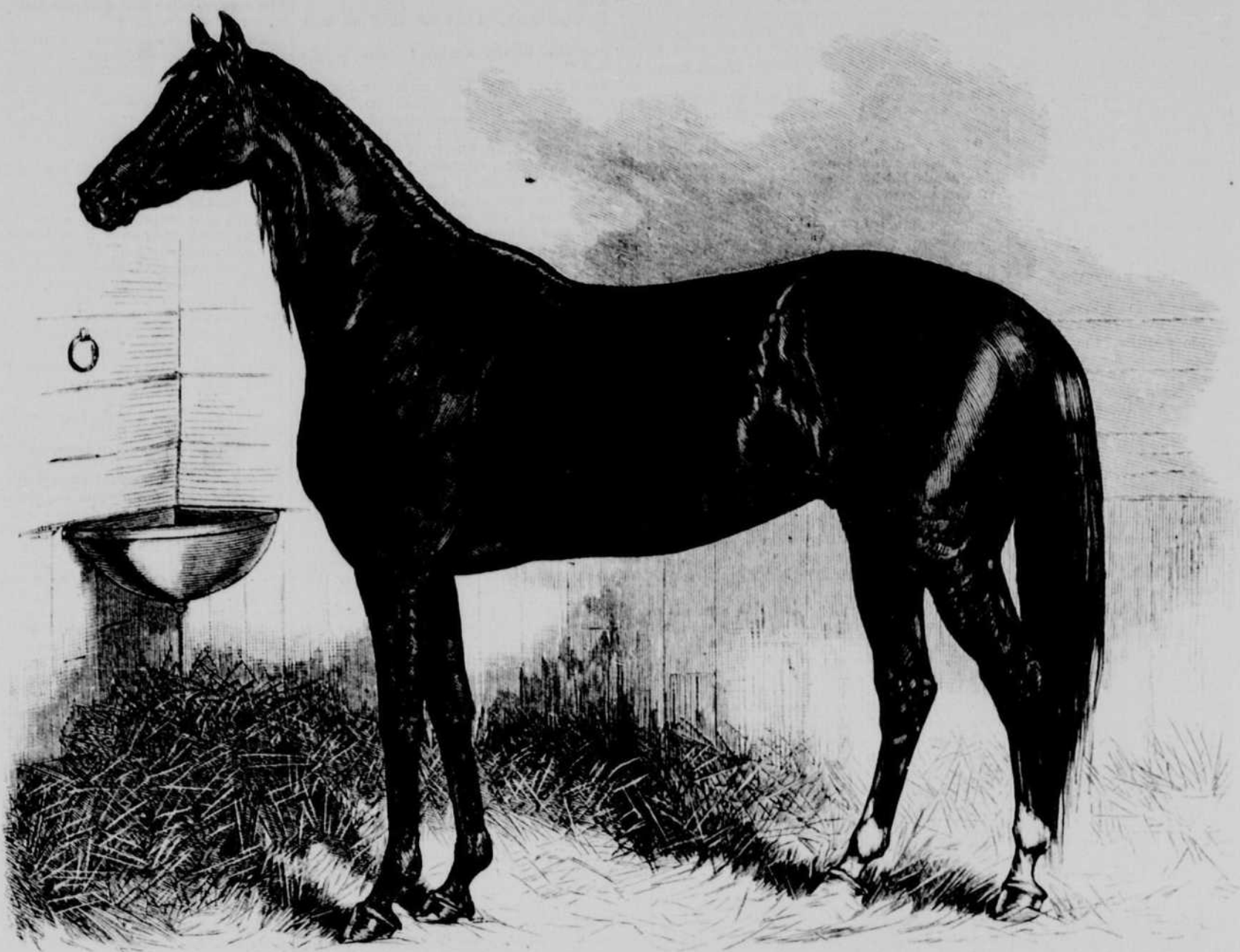
"It begins to look like it," he answered, gravely; and it is getting too late to run away from here if the wind rises. As soon as it begins to blow, if I were John, I would put out the star-board anchor."

"I know he will take your advice," she answers promptly.

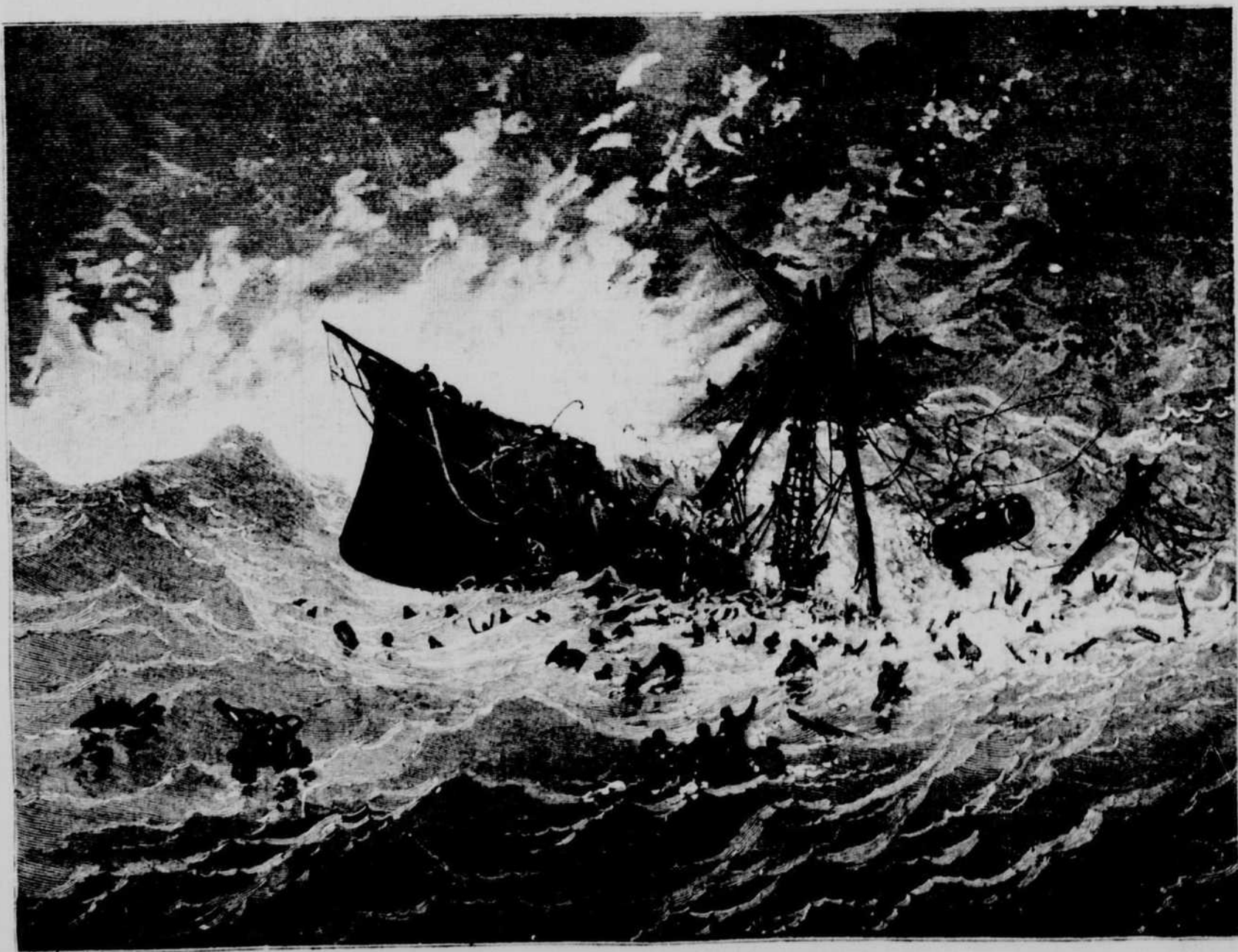
We saw little of Angus Sutherland that evening; for it was raining hard and blowing hard; and the cabin below, with its lit candles, and books, and cards, and what not, was cheerful enough; while he seemed very much to prefer being on deck. We could hear the howling of the wind through the rigging, and the gurgling of the water along the sides of the yacht; and we knew by the way she was swaying that she was pulling hard at her anchor chain. There was to be no beautiful moonlight for us that night, with the black shadows on the hills, and the lane of silver on the water.

A dripping and glistening figure comes down the companion; a gleaming red face appears at the door. Mary Avon looks up from her draughts, but for an instant.

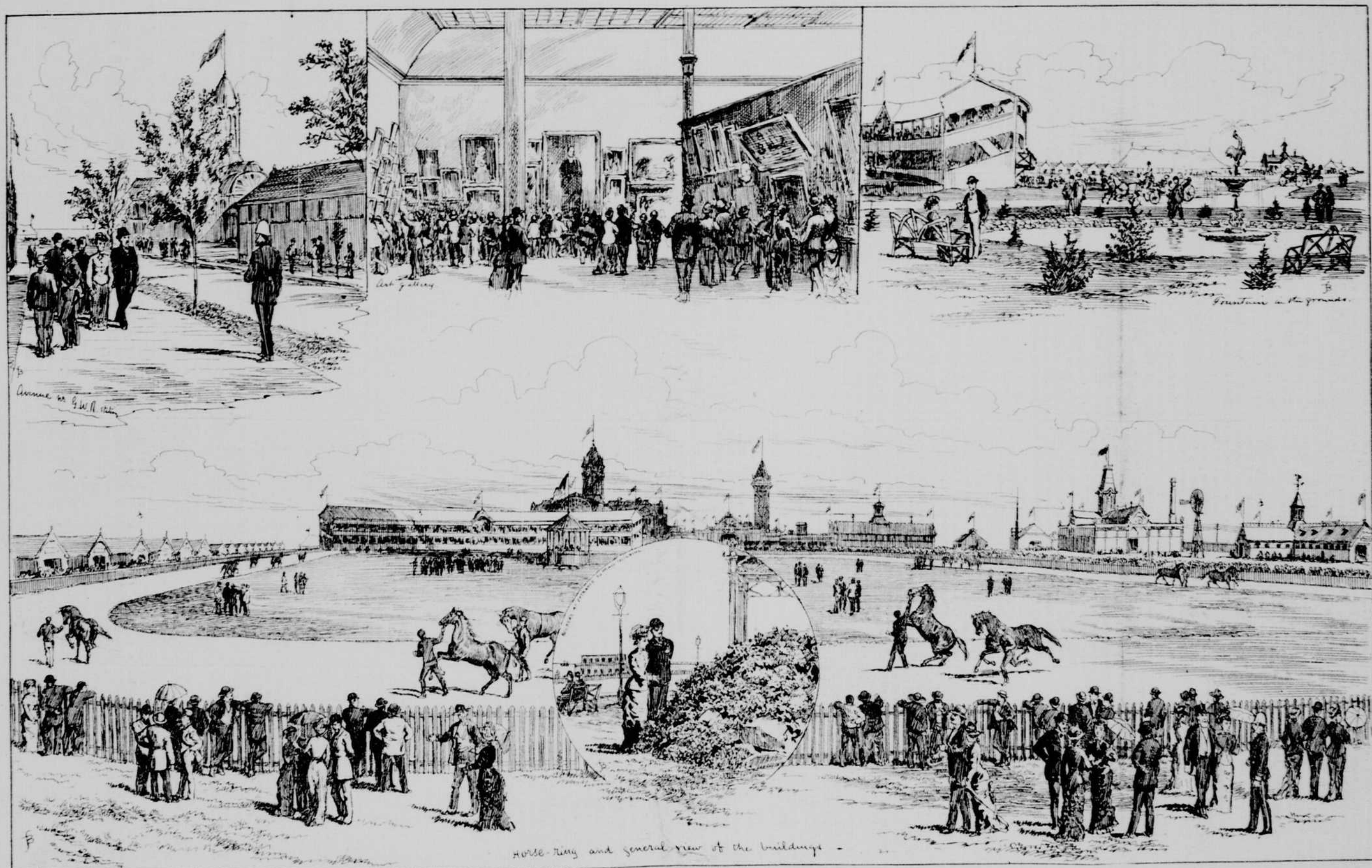
"Well, Angus, what is the report?" says Queen Titania, brightly. "And what is all the noise on deck? And why don't you come below?"



ST. JULIEN, THE KING OF THE TROTTING TURF, TIME 2.11½.



WRECK OF THE STEAMER *VERA CRUZ* OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA.



VIEWS AT THE GREAT TORONTO INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

"They have been paying out more anchor-chain," says the rough voice from out of the mackintosh: "it is likely to be a nasty night, and we are going to lower the topmast now. I want you to be so kind as to tell Fred to leave out some whisky and some bread and cheese, for John thinks of having an anchor watch."

"The bread and cheese and whisky Fred can get at any time," says she. And she adds with some warmth, "But you are not going to stay on deck on such a night. Come in here at once. Leave your mackintosh on the steps."

Is it that he looks at that draught board? It is Mr. Howard Smith who is playing with Mary Avon. The faithless Miranda has got another Ferdinand now.

"I think I would rather take my turn like the rest," he says, absently. "There may be some amusement before the morning."

And so the black figure turned away and disappeared; and a strange thing was that the girl playing draughts seemed to have been so bewildered by the apparition that she stared at the board, and could not be got to understand how she had made a gross and gigantic blunder.

"Oh, yes; oh, certainly," she said, hurriedly; but she did not know how to retrieve her obvious mistake.

To be continued.

VARIETIES.

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.—The whole earth is reckoned to have upon it 1,303,089,255 human beings, with an area of rather more than 54,000,000 of square miles. Asia is, of course, the most extensively peopled—780,000,000 inhabitants to 18,838,630 square miles. Next comes Europe, with 313,740,333 inhabitants to 3,828,328 square miles; then Africa, 128,000,000 to 11,587,000; then America, 85,848,922 to 16,402,934; then Australia and Oceania, with a total population of 3,500,000, representing very slightly more than one inhabitant to every square mile.

THE COST OF MODERN ARMIES.—A detailed comparison by a Paris paper of the cost entailed by modern standing armies show some very curious results. Amongst the Great Powers England stands pre-eminent for the extravagance of its expenditure, the annual cost of each man in the army being £130, while for the Indian Army the cost per man is about half. Next, but at a long interval, comes Austria-Hungary, with an expenditure of about £51; then France and Germany, the latter of which countries spends just £43 per annum per man. The other two Great Powers each spend a little less than Germany, but the difference is extremely small. Italy appears to pay just under £40, and Russia just over £38, which is not very much more than a quarter of the expenses required by the British soldier.

THEODORE HOOK.—One evening, in the early days of the Garrick Club, Mr. Planché had given an imitation of Edmund Kean, and Theodore Hook had been singing some of his wonderful songs, when Hook offered to set the young dramatist down at Brompton Crescent, on his way to Fulham. It was a bright summer morning, and the sun was shining magnificently as they passed Hyde Park Corner, when Hook said, "I have been very ill for some time, and my doctors told me never to be out of doors after dark, as the night air was the worst thing for me. I have taken their advice. I drive into town at four o'clock every afternoon, dine at Crockford's or wherever I may be invited, and never go home until this time in the morning. I have not breathed the night air for the last two months."

A RICH DOG STORY.—A blind beggar was in the habit of frequenting the Point des Sts. Peres, France, where he used to station himself with a clarinet and a very intelligent poodle. Contributions poured freely into the little wooden bowl which the dog held in his mouth. One day the blind man, who had reached an advanced age, was not to be seen. He had fallen ill. His companion, however, continued to frequent the accustomed spot, and the passers-by, to whom he was familiar, understood that his master was unwell, and touched by his fidelity, dropped their pence into his bowl in increased numbers. The beggar went the way of all flesh, an event which the wily poodle carefully kept to himself until he also became an absentee from the Point des Sts. Peres. The poor animal was found lying dead in a cellar near his former master's abode, a sum of 20,000 francs in bonds of the Orleans railway being discovered under the litter on which he was stretched.

GLADSTONE AND BEACONSFIELD.—The contrast between Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone is in nothing more marked than in the matter of costume. Mr. Gladstone's get up is as *negligé* as Lord Beaconsfield's is *recherché*. He is apparently turned out by careful hands, and a rose is not unfrequently placed in his button-hole by some one before he leaves Downing-street, but in the excitement of business he soon gets crumpled and creased, and by midnight he is as dowdy as Mr. Forster. The Premier has the misfortune to be one of those men who never look dressed. His coat hangs upon him as it would upon a clothes-horse. But, to do him justice, the matter is one about which he does not seem to greatly care. Lord Beaconsfield is always particularly careful about his hat. In the very heat of debate he assiduously watches over it, so that its glossy surface may not sustain the smallest ruffling, and even in the

House of Lords, where no bustle prevails, he invariably places it under the table as far as he can reach, to be out of harm's way.

"FIXED." MESMERICALLY.—Several well-known citizens were talking together recently in the billiard-room of the principal hotel in a large provincial town in the North, when a well-known conjurer and mesmerist came to see if the bill-poster had left any of his programmes. Two or three gentlemen began to poke fun at the professor, and intimated that there was some trickery in his performance. Finally the mesmerist professor stood upon his dignity, and offered to give a free exhibition then and there of his skill. He said that he would so place one of his fingers, when under his influence, that, when he had caused the subject to grasp his own nose, he could not leave the room without taking his fingers from his nose. The wager was accepted, and one of the party, an alderman gave himself up to the influence of the mesmerist, who placed him by the side of an iron column at the end of the room, told him to close his eyes, and made a few passes over his face. He then took the alderman's arm, brought it round the column, and put his nose between his fingers. After a few more passes, the professor said, "Now, sir, you cannot leave the room without taking your fingers from your nose." The victim opened his eyes and at once saw the point of the joke.

THE ENGLISH JUDGE MAULE.—His knowledge of English and French literature was remarkable to a degree. Italian and Spanish "he knew a little," a modest description of what in other men would be sound and satisfactory familiarity. One amusing department of letters he had at his finger ends, namely, Ana, those collections of quaint stories which fill shelves in the library. Some one having purchased a volume of these jests, which he boasted contained an unusual proportion of fresh material, Maule offered a wager that on hearing the first two lines of each anecdote he would complete the story; and used to relate with pleasant triumph how he had won his wager, without failing in a single instance. His memory was indeed prodigious, being stored with every kind of curious thing—passages from Greek, Latin and French poets in all kinds of metres, even strings of nursery rhymes, in this suggesting the power of Macaulay. No one could tell the story with such humor, and it is said that Lord Brougham declared he was the only man he would rather not encounter in conversation. One of his singular capacities was the picking of locks, in which craft he was a master, performing prodigies with no other instrument than a piece of wire.

SPOHR.—The following amusing incident once happened to Spohr, the composer, while on an excursion with a number of his pupils. "Arrived at Clausthal," he tells us, "our first care was to get rid of the unseemly growth of beard that had accrued to all during our journey, so as to reassume a civilised appearance. We sent, therefore, for a barber, and submitted ourselves one after the other to his razor. A comical incident arose out of this operation. We had all more or less a sore place under the chin from holding the violin; and I, who first sat down, directed the barber's attention to it, and begged him to go over it lightly. As the barber found a similar sore place under the chin of each that followed, his countenance assumed more and more the grotesque expression exhibited in the disposition to whistle and smile at the same time, while every now and then he murmured something inwardly. Upon being asked the reason, he replied, with a grave look, 'Gentlemen, I see very clearly that you all belong to a secret society, and you all carry the sign. You are Freemasons probably, and I am right glad that I know at last how that is to be discovered.' As upon this we all broke out into shouts of laughter, he was at first very much disconcerted; nevertheless we could not shake his belief."

RULES OF DIET FOR JOURNALISTS.—A journalist of twenty-five years' experience writes to the London *Standard* to warn his brother journalists against the *Standard's* advice of "two meals a day." He says: "I never could work for two hours after dinner, and therefore got into the habit of dining when my work was done—sometimes at 8, sometimes at 12 p.m. Some fifteen years ago this brought on a chronic liability to terrible attacks of neuralgic headache. The doctors told me never to fast more than four or five hours. I followed their advice, and though utterly shattered in health, and often terribly overworked, I have never since suffered from headache as I used to do when younger, stronger, and living on two meals a day. Men of brain-work are always tempted to overeat, for reasons which any doctor or physiologist can explain. And dinner—one heavy meal later in the day—is a serious mistake; dessert helps to render it fatal. 'Every man at 40 is a fool or a physician.' Let me advise my younger brethren to eat at least three times a day, to make a good breakfast, a moderate luncheon and a dinner not heavier than their breakfast, at least three hours before bed-time, if possible; to drink as little alcohol as possible and on no account to touch it till their work is done; never to smoke on an empty stomach, and never to eat too much at one time, as to feel sleepy or stupid afterward. I believe that, with these simple rules observed, they may keep as much health as is compatible with unnatural hours and a most exciting life. I never knew a journalist indulge at all freely in alcohol who did not break down before he reached my age."

I believe that much good would be done if fish, peas, beans and cauliflowers were made to supplant a part of our meat diet, especially in youth; but on this point I speak from theory, not experience."

THE GLEANER.

THERE are 61 churches in Montreal, valued at \$2,224,800.

IN forty years Montreal's population has increased five times, and is now 150,000.

At a London bazaar a lady recently handed round her baby to be kissed by the visitors at 6d. each.

THE Princess Louise is expected to return to Canada for the winter season. She will probably sail about November 11.

THE Tower of London is now thrown open like every other museum, the beefeaters acting simply as custodians and sentries at various points in the building.

It is estimated that, notwithstanding the heavy drain of troops for foreign service, there are available at home in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland no less a force than 60,000 of all arms.

THE Prince of Wales has set a good example of providence to his future subjects. His Royal Highness has for some time past been assured with the Prudential Assurance Company for £40,000, and pays a premium of £800 a year.

THE proposed tunnel through Mont Blanc is being seriously talked about in France, and the French Government have commissioned M. de Lepinaye to draw up a report on the scheme. The estimated cost is £3,600,000, and the extreme length would be about eight miles.

THE last sensation in men's walking-sticks consists of a smooth, polished cane, surmounted by a handle in the shape of a ball, in either ivory or silver. The ball unscrews, or comes out after the fashion of a sword-cane, and discloses within a receptacle for cigarettes.

How many females find a means of gaining a livelihood by selling button-hole flowers in the streets of London, may be inferred from the fact that a few days since 2,000 flower girls were taken down to Southend by special train, that they might enjoy a holiday in the country.

A SUBSTANTIAL effort is to be made to satisfy the epidemic of curiosity still running its course in London about the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her affairs. A biography of her ladyship is in course of preparation, which is to be illustrated by a portrait, and to be published almost immediately.

It is now said that the Duke of Argyll may possibly receive the Garter. A veteran in politics, more than an amateur in science, the only great orator the Liberal party possess in the Lords, father-in-law of a princess and father of the Governor-General of Canada—he, the descendant of Scottish kings, has a claim second to none for the coveted decoration.

A MOVEMENT is on foot amongst Lancashire members to organize a combination within the House of Commons—a sort of Indian party, like the Irish party—to take special care of all affairs relating to India. The first part of their programme will be to secure an alteration in the Indian financial year, so that the Budget may be brought down early in the spring.

MRS. SUSAN J. HENRY, widow of the late Capt. Patrick Henry, last surviving grandson of Patrick Henry, of Revolutionary fame, died a few days ago in Washington. Mrs. Henry inherited property which was lost during the war. For a number of years she was a clerk in the treasury department, and at the time of her death had just received an appointment in the agricultural department.

WILLIAM F. DE HAAS, the well-known painter of marine pictures, and a brother of Mauritz F. H. De Haas, died on the 16th of July on board a Dutch steamer bound from the Azores to Rotterdam, Holland. He was buried at sea. His best known works are "Sunrise on the Susquehanna," "Fishing Boats off Mount Desert," "Evening at Halifax," "Naragansett Pier," and "White Island Light."

A NEW plan has been patented in the United States for moving cars on elevated railroads by means of skates or runners sliding along a smooth rail. It is claimed that this invention will avoid the jarring and vibration which are so destructive to both the fixed and rolling stock where wheels are used. The skates are each provided with a chamber for containing a lubricant and are fitted with wearing slips which can be readily removed and replaced when they are worn out. The inventor asserts that a train may be moved on the plain track with less power than is now required to move cars provided with wheels.

CAN'T PREACH GOOD.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other column.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—Woman's capacity for loving endures while life lasts in her heart. Love in one form or another makes up the beauty of her life. It enters into all she does. Unlike men, women chiefly look for personal intercourse with those for whom they are working. If their interest lies among the poor, they are desirous of sympathetic, personal acquaintance with them; and very little good work of a lasting kind has been done by women without their own influence of love being brought to bear on the individual case.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers received. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 292.
O. T. Montreal.—Shall be glad at all times to exchange with you.
E. H. Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 280.
E. D. W. Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Solution received of Problem No. 292. Correct.

We have received the following table of the games concluded in the Hamilton Chess Correspondence Tourney, from the 1st of July to the 31st of August, 1880. It appears from this statement that forty-three encounters have been brought to a close, a number which, we think, will testify to the earnest manner in which the competitors have entered into the contest.

HAMILTON CHESS CLUB CORRESPONDENCE TOURNAMENT.

Games concluded from 1st July to 31st August, 1880.

No. of Games	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	No. of Moves
1	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	1
2	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	2
3	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	3
4	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	4
5	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	5
6	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	6
7	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	7
8	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	8
9	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	9
10	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	10
11	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	11
12	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	12
13	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	13
14	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	14
15	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	15
16	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	16
17	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	17
18	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	18
19	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	19
20	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	20
21	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	21
22	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	22
23	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	23
24	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	24
25	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	25
26	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	26
27	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	27
28	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	28
29	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	29
30	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	30
31	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	31
32	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	32
33	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	33
34	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	34
35	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	35
36	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	36
37	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	37
38	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	38
39	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	39
40	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	40
41	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	41
42	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	42
43	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	43
44	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	44
45	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	45
46	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	46
47	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	47
48	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	48
49	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	49
50	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	50
51	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	51
52	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	52
53	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	53
54	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	54
55	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	55
56	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	56
57	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	57
58	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	58
59	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	59
60	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	60
61	White	Black	Drawn	Unplayed	61

We learn from Vienna papers that a National Congress will be held at Graz, Styria, in the beginning of next month. The entries for the chess tournament will be restricted to Austrian and prominent German players. H. I. H. Archduke Carl Ludwig has offered a valuable cup as chief trophy.—*Hartford Times*.

The Vienna Chess Club contemplates holding a grand International Chess Tourney in March, next year, in order to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the club's foundation.

The Hamburg Chess Club celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by a jubilee festival on the 8th and 9th of May. The banquet was presided over by Dr. Feil, the club's veteran President, and member of 41 years' standing, and much conviviality prevailed. A tourney on the pairing out principle, in which 29 competitors took part, resulted in the victory of Herr Bier.—*Chesterfield Chronicle*.

PROBLEM No. 294.

By J. H. Finlison, Biddersfield, Eng.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 423RD.
CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played by two members of the Montreal Chess Club 17th October, 1879, at the odds of a Knight.

Gioco Piano.

Remove White's Queen's Knight.

White.—(Mr. John Barry.) Black.—(Mr. G. B.)

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to B 3 | 2. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. B to B 4 |
| 4. P to Q 3 | 4. P to Q 3 |
| 5. P to K R 3 | 5. B to K 3 |
| 6. B to Q Kt 5 | 6. Kt to K 2 |
| 7. P to B 3 | 7. P to Q R 3 |
| 8. B to R 4 | 8. P to Q Kt 4 |

Driving the White Bishop to a better square.

9. B to B 2 9. Castles

10. Castles 10. P to B 4

This is premature and involves Black in difficulties.

He ought first to have played P to R 3

11. Kt to Kt 5 11. B to B 2

Decidedly weak. Q to Q 2 would have been much better.

12. P takes P 12. P to R 3

Black loses a piece if he plays Knight takes Pawn.

13. P to B 6 13. P takes P

Pawn takes Knight is decidedly better.

14. Kt takes B 14. R takes Kt

Black should have taken White's Knight with his King.

15. B takes P 15. K to R sq

Black's best course was now to play Rook to Rook's

after the move made, his game is irretrievably lost.

The concluding moves are finally played by White, and

result in a brilliant mate.

16. Q to R 5 16. Q to K Kt sq

17. P to Q 4 17. P takes P

18. B to Kt 5 (dis ch) 18. R to K R 2

19. B takes P (ch) 19. Q to Kt 2

20. Q takes R and mates

NOTES BY H. V. B.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 292.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R to K B 6 | 1. K to Kt sq |
| 2. Kt to K B sq (ch) | 2. K to K R sq |
| 3. R to Kt 3 mates | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 290

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q 2 | 1. B to Q 4 |
| 2. Kt to Kt 5 | 2. Kt takes Kt, or ought |
| 3. P or Kt mates acc. | |

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 291.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| K at Q B 7 | K at Q 4 |
| R at K sq | Pawns at K 4 |
| B at K 2 | K B 4 and Q Kt 4 |
| B at Q Kt 2 | |
| Kt at K B 2 | |
| Pawns at K Kt 5, | |
| Q R 3 and Q Kt 4 | |
- White to play and mate in two moves.



Q. M. C. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Wednesday, June 23, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.....	1.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull.....	10.30 a.m.	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.....	1.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
Night Passenger			
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	4.40 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	Mixed	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....		6.45 a.m.	
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9.00 a.m.	

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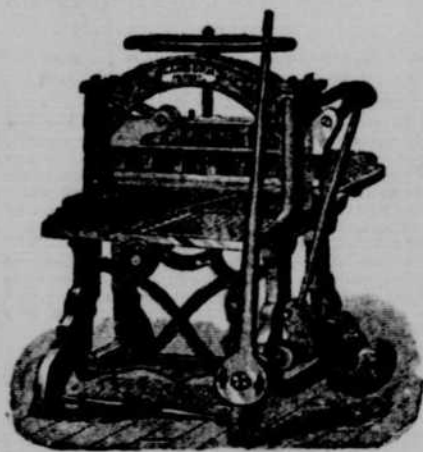
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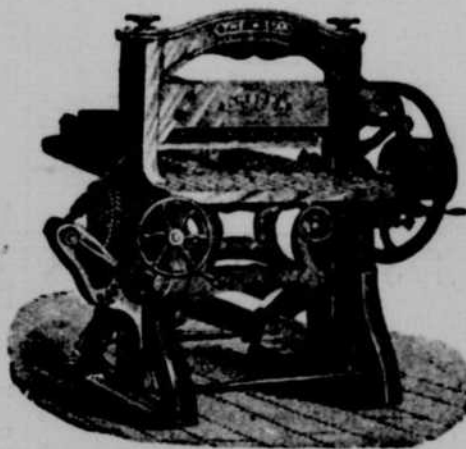
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