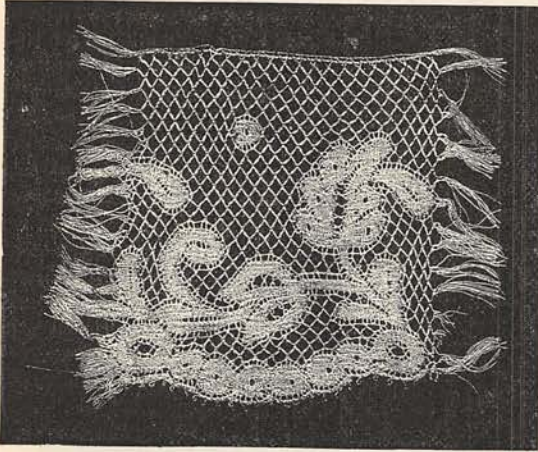
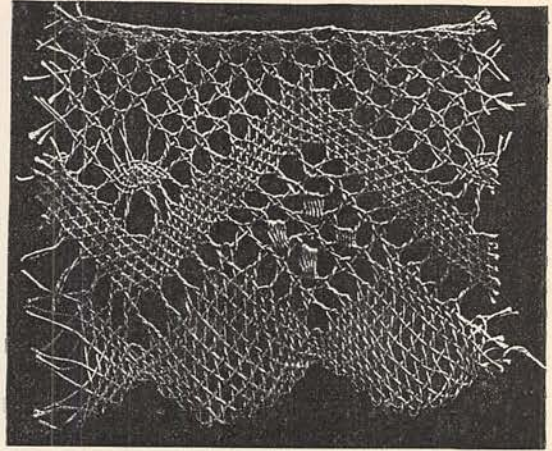


to the worker, who finds her own thread, and, when finished, returns it to her employer. Not less than five

rather than to spend large sums of money on costly fabrics which, in a few months, may be no longer in



ANTIQUE MECHLIN.



TORCHON.

aunes is bought by the shops, but lace can always be had from the workers direct at a very moderate price. Black Guipure and black Brussels lace are also made; the latter is very delicate and beautiful. The cushion and bobbins in use now are the same in form as those used in the seventeenth century. The cushion is nearly square, and has two drawers, one into which the piece of lace is put as it is gradually worked off the cushion, and the other for spare bobbins and pins. A small soft cushion is fastened at the top for pins, and a movable piece fits in, which can be used to lengthen the cushion as the worker may require.

The lace-workers complain sadly that their industry is failing in value, that little money can now be made at it; the markets are so flooded by imitation machine-made laces of great beauty, and the fashion as to the make of lace to be worn each season changes so continually, that people—except for very special occasions—prefer to purchase what is cheap and fashionable

vogue. It is to be hoped that good results may follow the effort which has been made to bring the beautiful cushion and hand-made laces of Belgium into notice, as the industry is one which deserves constant and substantial support. The women earn their living in the shelter of home, the materials required are of small value, every spare moment is taken advantage of, the girls and women being most industrious; domestic servants frequently have a lace-cushion upon which they make lace for sale, if they have any time at their disposal. And the making of the ordinary qualities of Valenciennes and Torchon does not seem to affect the eyesight injuriously, as one constantly sees very ancient-looking crones throwing their bobbins about as quickly as the young maidens beside them.

I must here acknowledge, with thanks, my indebtedness to Mrs. Palliser's charming "History of Lace" for several of the facts I have mentioned in this little sketch.

S. R. T.

A FAIR CANOEIST.

EASY, Jim, let go!" says the stalwart chief boatman of H.M. coastguard-station at Bridlington Quay to his mate, as they lower the *Clytie* down from their shoulders on to the yellow sand, where the long rollers break in lines of sparkling foam. "I am afraid, miss, you will get a bit of a wetting going through there," he adds, nodding towards the waves, as he tucks the macintosh apron carefully round the well combing of the canoe, and over the white flannel dress of Skipper Adeline.

"Oh, I can manage them, Barker. Thanks. All right—push off!"

A vigorous heave, and the little ship is afloat and the paddle dips readily, whilst the two coastguardsmen stand to watch how she will ride through the broken water, and good-humouredly look for a white curling surf to break suddenly over the sharp bows. But the fayre pilot is a right skilful one—a pair of bright eyes see each comber as it rushes shoreward, and nimble firm little hands wield the paddle consummately.

"Back a couple of strokes"—"Easy!"—"Go ahead!"—"Pull port-hand!"—"Easy starboard!" The blue-monogrammed blades flash and dip, now slowly—now vigorously, and the wee barkie glides down across the back of the last wavelet, having

shipped never a thimbleful, and then lies-to in smooth water, waiting for her consort the *Volsung* to put off and join her.

But although a member of the Royal Canoe Club, and a voyager of much experience on waters both salt and fresh, the *Volsung's* skipper runs the surf in a lubberly fashion, and in his haste rashly "rushes" the little breakers instead of coolly dodging them, and pays the penalty thereof by getting a lot of sparkling water inboard. But the sponge, which is the little craft's pump, soon makes matters comfortable, and then stretchers are got right, back-boards fixed, and sleeves rolled up.

"Are you ready?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Paddle!" And the tiny fleet forges merrily through the green waters on a course laid for Flambro' Head, which stands almost hidden on a summer haze. The strains of a lively waltz come floating from the sea-wall parade, and the stone piers of the harbour begin to shimmer in the heat as the boats voyage onward. Now the cliffs begin to show a rich brown, fringed along the base by white pebble ridges with golden corn-fields a-top. Beyond is a fine view of the town of Bridlington—"old Bollington," as the natives call it—looking very quaint and picturesque with red-tiled roofs, and its grand "Priory Church" standing like a sentinel on guard, recalling bygone days when its priors were lord of life and limb, and the famed "St. John of Bridlington" flourished.

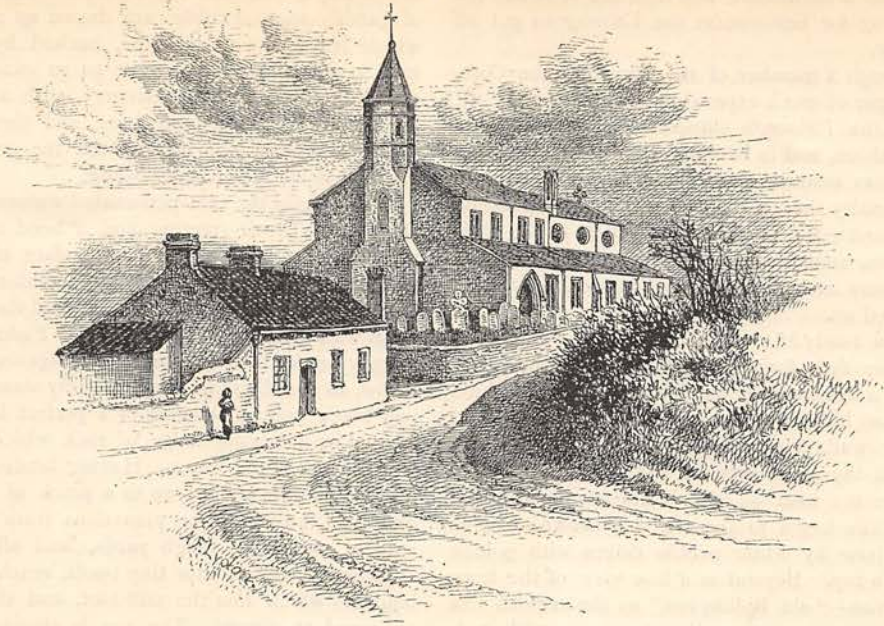
A good tide is still running, for it wants yet an hour to low water, and the canoes have made a quick run and are off Sewerby Cliffs, where the village looks a veritable picture in the warm sunlight, and the Hall peeps out grey and stately from amongst its sheltering woods. Below these cliffs a grim sea-fight took place long ago between Paul Jones, the daring Yankee pirate so called, and two of the king's ships, in which the English came off badly, to the dismay of the country folk who watched the battle from the cliff-top, for the moon was at the full and lighting up the bay.

"*Clytie* ahoy! Steer for Dane's Dyke!" And in ten minutes' time the boats are rocking gently opposite the opening of a gorse-clad ravine running up from the beach; a long mound skirts the crest of it to eastward, and this, so antiquarians hold, is an earthwork of the early Britons, forming part of a great system of intrenchments reaching on to the wolds and away towards Malton. Tradition has named it after the Danes, and very likely, if not originally thrown up, yet it was used by the men who landed with Ida at Flambro' when he came to win the kingdom of Northumbria.

But the tide which "waits for no man" bears the squadron onward, under the shadow of the rugged cliffs, which are dazzling white in the noontide glare—for the chalk has taken the place of clay—on past a projecting point into the shallow little bay which forms the "South Landing" of Flambro'. To the left is the Lifeboat House, and through the open doors the lofty blue and white bows of the *Matthew Middlewood* peep out, one of the fine trim boats belonging

to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. A group of gaudily-painted cobs are drawn up on the slope which leads from the shore, backed by the dusty road to the village some mile or so inland. It is a pretty little bit of coast scenery, with a few women painting the boats, and here and there a sedate donkey nibbling the herbage on the grassy steeps, giving a touch of life to the whole.

A wave from the blue-petticoated women ashore who shout some shrill greeting, and a bend in the chalk wall shuts in the bay. A long surface of brown seaweed-covered rocks lies between the ebbing water and the cliff-foot, and the waves laugh and dance amongst them with a hissing rise and fall. Paddling is right hungry work, so the commodore signals his fleet to follow, as the *Volsung*, very carefully steering between two black points, shoots into a perfect little harbour formed by a curving ledge of rock which rises some two feet above the water. Having landed, the crews haul the canoes well up on to a patch of ribbed sand, and then unlading the provisions from the lockers, stagger over fifty rough yards, and after countless slips and plashings into tiny pools, reach the belt of boulders which line the cliff-foot, and then all hands are piped to dinner. The sun is shining warm and bright over a sea which mirrors the cloudless blue of the sky, a soft breeze just ruffles the water, and a pair of kittiwakes are circling round, whilst the silence is broken by the musical murmur of the summer sea. Ah! the utter bliss of basking on such a day in the ease of flannels, and lazily thinking of nothing at all, knowing that there is no one to trouble, and that you half dreamily can let the minutes fly unheeded! Can you though? Not with a flowing tide and unmoored boats. The look-out man, sleepily casting a glance seawards, rouses at once to action—the canoes are rocking and softly bumping as the ripples creep up fast—"All hands aboard!" The *Volsung's* crew rushes recklessly down over the treacherous ground in wild haste, leaving the *Clytie's* captain to gather up the stores and come more leisurely and safely, and by the time she has reached the water's edge, the little ships are floated off. But now comes a difficulty—one of those slight occurrences which add to the charm and vary the day's work in canoeing. The rock on which the landing was effected is now at least eighteen inches covered, and instead of riding quietly in the little harbour which it formed, the barkies are tossing and rolling on the surges which come splashing over it, and to reach them their crews must get through the shallow water on the shore. The *Volsung's* pilot, used to such trifles, plunges boldly with the stores to each and then returns, and before the *Clytie's* crew can mutiny, catches her in his arms and splashes out to sea with her laughing ladyship. A spirit of mischief seizes the *Volsung*, for as the panting boatman nears it, away it drifts on the backwash out of reach. A false step and he is off the rock and waist-deep, but (how, he never knew) regains it; and there behold him balancing fearfully on one leg, and with the other foot making frantic efforts to catch the saucy craft, holding all the while no feather-weight



FLAMBOROUGH CHURCH.

in his arms, whilst a merry voice rings in his ears, threatening dire punishments—"You let me drop if you dare, sir!" A stagger, a plunge! and somehow the little lady is safely aboard, and the half-drenched voyager is free to capture and climb into his own canoe.

"What is that speck out there, *Volsung*?"

"Smithic Sand North Buoy," answers the pilot.

"Let us paddle round it;" and so the stems are pointed away from the land, and work begins steadily again. The *Volsung's* cabin-boy laughs softly to himself as he remembers the tide is flowing strongly; and the much-enduring skipper, whose arms still feel the effects of the late embarkation, feels a glow of fiendish joy to think how his fair fellow-voyager will have to ply paddle mightily if ever the *Clytie* is to round that buoy. A quarter-hour's pull and the struggle begins, for the pair are fairly in the tideway, and the little ships make very slow head against it; but there is no thought of giving up aboard either, and at last the great red and white ringed iron boiler-like structure is alongside, and the sailing-masters can read the words "North Smithic," and see the waters foam and rush past as though they would tear it from its moorings twenty feet below.

"What about the Head—can you do it?" signals the commodore.

"Of course I can," comes the indignant hail from the fayre skipper.

"Then full speed; we have no time to spare."

As the boats draw nearer to the famous headland, the gentle motion of the bay-swell begins to grow into the long lifting of the rollers as they come in from the open sea, for the fleet is rocking now on deep waters,

and white horses are showing around, whilst from the beach, some half a mile on the port beam, comes the muttered thunder of the surf which is breaking in long white patches on the shore. There is grand old Flambro' Head at last, with its splendid lighthouse, showing a column of shapely whiteness against the sky, from which at sundown a bright red light will show, and then die down and change to a point of yellow, which too grows and grows and then fades feebly, until it brightens up once more, to fade again and change into a red.

"Two whites to one red
Indicates Flambro' Head,"

says the pilot-book.

The rugged wall of chalk standing boldly against the heaving might of the wild North Sea, with its scarred face pierced by dusky hollows and dark mysterious caverns, is always a glorious study, but to-day there is a sight out beyond not to be forgotten. A large four-masted ship with all sail set, stun'-sails aloft and aloft, glistening spotless in the sun, is majestically gliding southward, her long low hull, painted black and white, showing the foaming seas piling up before her cut-water and then rushing aft and bubbling away under the counter in a seething track behind. There is an "overfall" just off the Head—foul ground that is, where the water is always lumpy, however fine the day and smooth the sea, and the canoes toss and plunge bravely, burying their decks under sparkling foam. No place this for a novice to try and navigate, but the *Volsung's* skipper has often sailed her here, and the *Clytie's* captain is a fearless and ready canoeist, and so through the turmoil they steer, heedless of the dash and splash

of chopping seas, until the bay opens north of the point, and Flambro' Head is rounded.

"Too much swell on to try the caves," pronounces the pilot, "and it's going to blow up wet, so 'bout ship!"

It is rather a ticklish bit of work to turn a Rob Roy in the midst of a cross-sea, for it is a dangerous thing to get broadside on to waves if somewhat big, yet the *Clytie* is spun round so nimbly that the commodore is provoked to shout, "Well done indeed!" as he leads the way homewards.

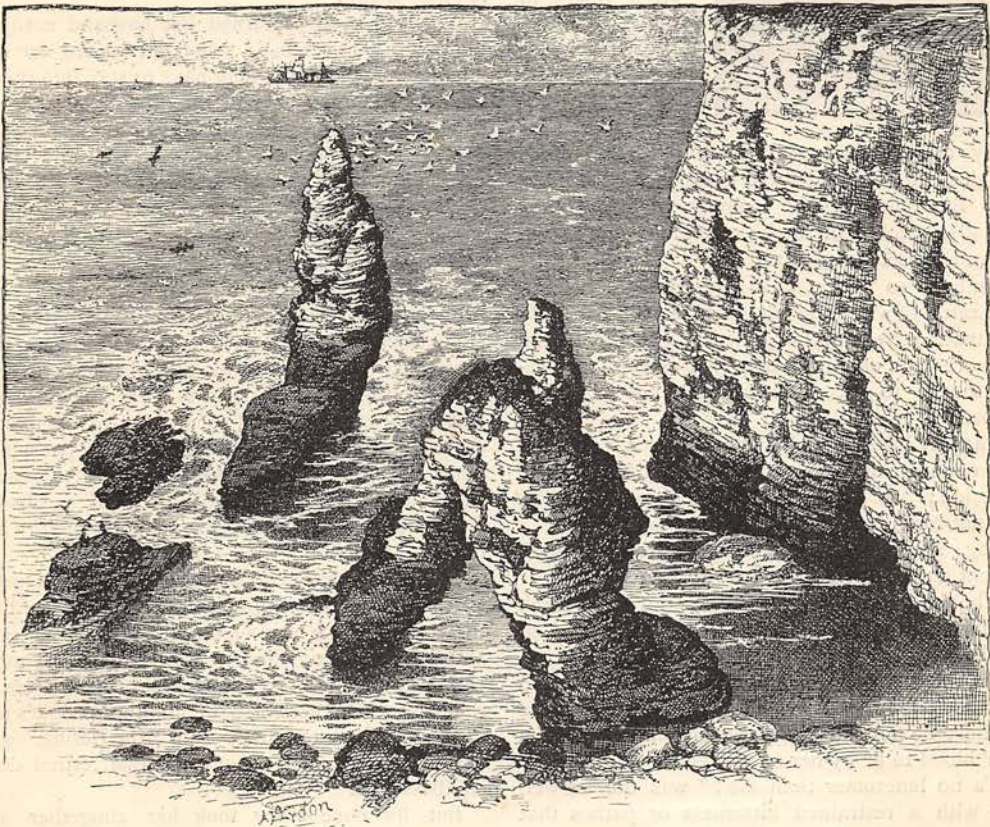
The Smithic Buoy drops astern once more, the sea grows smoother, and a long roll takes the place of the tossing waves, over which the ships ride merrily with an easy motion. Half a mile south of the Head are several depressions in the cliff, sending wondrous echoes back over the sea if you call to them, and standing in to try, the *Volsung's* pilot grows careless, and, forgetful of the swell coming in, lets his vessel drift broadside close to the beach. Suddenly there is a hiss, and, without a moment's warning, the mound of water curls over and comes sweeping in, in a wall of foam. With a couple of frantic strokes on the starboard hand the canoe is just eased up to meet it,

and then it breaks, a deluge of cold water over the bows, and dashes up to the waist of the crew, half filling the well and all but capsizing the little craft, and it takes all that the skipper knows to prevent her being washed broadside on to the beach. Thoroughly ashamed of himself he looks eagerly round, hoping his fellow-voyager has not noted the stupid performance, but derisive laughter rippling across the water tells him the hope is vain, and for long after that day a certain taunt was ever keenly felt.

Homeward in the quiet eventide across the calm bosom of the bay, with the sun slowly sinking behind the Boynton Woods and flushing the western sky a rosy crimson, whilst the gentle land breeze brings now and again the tuneful voices of the priory bells.

As the piers of Bridlington rise from the grey sea and grow nearer, both crews pull themselves together to run into harbour in their very best form.

Half a dozen volunteers promptly seize the canoes and carry them up into the boat-house, and as the coastguardsman on duty takes charge of them and wishes "Good night," he adds, "You have done a rare good day's work, miss, and I guess you are the first lady who has been round Flambro' Head in a canoe."



THE KING'S AND QUEEN'S ROCKS, FLAMBOROUGH.