

for this complaint, which is terribly common, and far more serious than some might imagine, may be useful at times, but if one once gets hold of a pill and makes a pet of it, he will too often find in the end he might as well have taken a viper to his bosom. Massage seems a natural cure for this ailment, though exercise, diet, and hygiene must go hand-in-hand therewith. A species of massage, or kneading and grasping manipulation, may be performed by the patient himself if troubled with costiveness. It can do no harm, and may be productive of great good.

Liver and even heart complaints are also greatly benefited, if not actually cured by massage.

Now, in conclusion, I have no wish to be misunderstood. Massage is *not* going to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, nor do I give credit to all it lays claim to; but it is not only a valuable adjunct and aid to other branches of therapeutics, but diseases often yield to it for which medicine has been tried in vain.

Massage, too, is eminently calculated to remove effete matter from the blood—to purify it, in other words. It thus may often take the place of exercise when that cannot be easily had. Massage is a splendid tonic to the whole system. It is a safe tonic also. Massage keeps the skin in good working order, and all other glands as well. To people troubled with gout and chronic rheumatism it very often proves invaluable; while various forms of paralysis yield to the new-old cure.

It is a pity that massage is so little practised in those excellent institutions which are dotted all over England and Scotland—I mean hydropathic establishments. I may add, too, that it is a pity those homes of health are, comparatively speaking, so little frequented. I dare say the reason is that people nowadays go through the world with such speed that, when chronically ill, they cannot afford a month's complete quiet and rest to get thoroughly well.

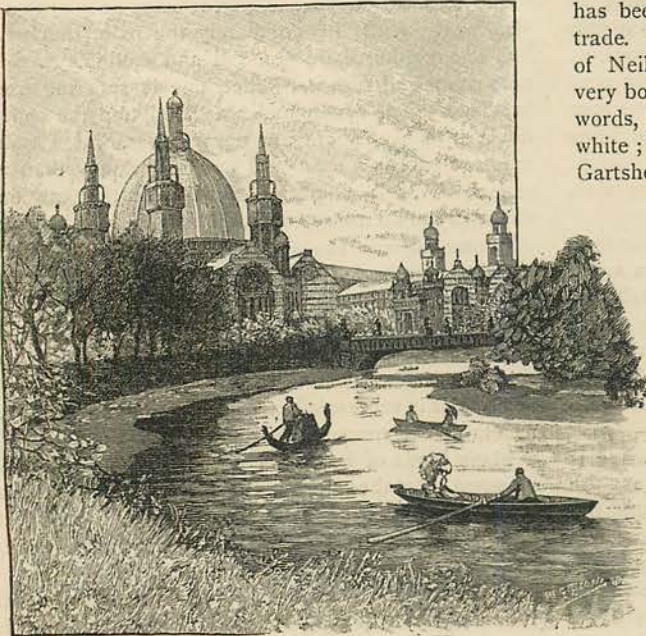
GLASGOW AND ITS EXHIBITION.



THE desire of the arms of the sea and the city of Glasgow, "Let Glasgow flourish," has been abundantly fulfilled; for the "second city of the Empire" has long had wealth, enterprise, and remarkable growth.

The great city of the Clyde has interest historical and literary. It was as a royal burgh the favourite of

kings; it was a stronghold of the saints, who held there famous assemblies; it saw that trade and manufactures were good, and bowed its head to the twofold tribute. It became the great centre of the tobacco and sugar trades, and the mere declaration of war a century ago so forced up the price of tobacco from "the plantations" that many a fortune was made by Clyde holders. On the Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock, the "first steam vessel," the *Comet*, of Henry Bell, commenced plying, and thenceforward Glasgow has been one of the great seats of the shipbuilding trade. Near to the city the "hot-blast" experiments of Neilson were made in iron-smelting, and in its very bounds the furnaces cast upward, in Tom Hood's words, "day and night flames of red, and yellow, and white;" whilst not far from the city, at Carron, at Gartsherrie, and at Langloan, are some of the notable furnaces whose "brands" of iron are known the world over. Again, the sight of the huge chimney at St. Rollo recalls the story of the discovery of bleaching powder by that Charles Tennant who laid the foundations of the fortunes of the famous chemical firm. So, in the stately ships built at Clydebank, Fairfield, and many another yard on its famous river, in the chemicals, the locomotives for which it is famed, the sewing machines which it makes at a rate exceeding 1,000 daily in one great firm, the bridges it builds, the biscuits it bakes, the sugar it refines, and the shale oil that near it takes a hundred shapes of usefulness—there are the outlines of industrial occupations in Glasgow, which are varied



THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.



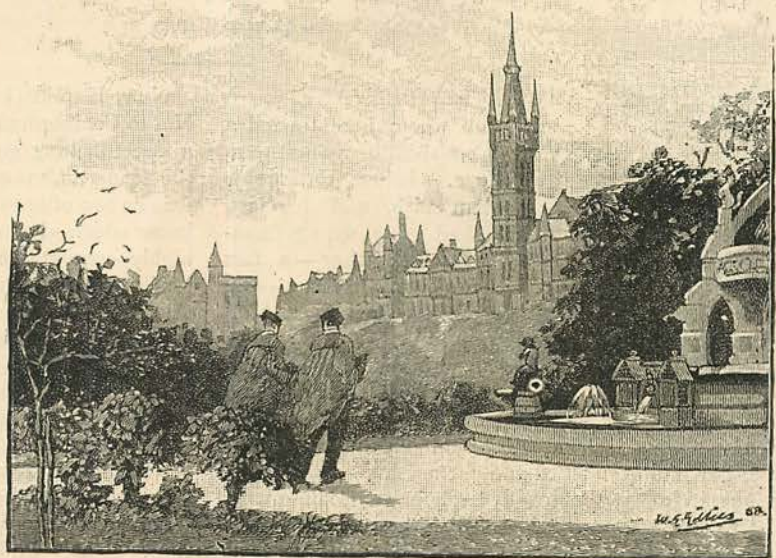
THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

beyond those of most towns, and give perennial briskness and activity to the city. As the gazer looks from boat or train, passing near the Clyde, he hears the clang of the riveter's hammer, the hissing of the engines, the rattle of the mill, the resounding thud of the steam hammer, the clangour of the forge, and the unending stream of workmen and women.

It has been no easy matter, even with the coal below their feet, and the rich ironstone near it, for Glasgow people to build up a commerce so vast. There were many millions needed to give the Clyde its depth of water and docks essential for the leviathans of the deep to-day; there was the provision for the tapping of the distant waters of Loch Katrine for throat of man and machine in Glasgow; there have been over 150 miles of streets to form; thousands of old picturesque "rookeries" to dislodge under one of the improvement schemes; and a network of railways to form which linked lochs together, tunnelled the hills, and (adapting Carlyle) "set all the towns of Scotland dancing" in attendance on the great Clyde city.

Not alone in finding labour for the people who thronged from the Highlands and from Ireland to the Clyde have the citizens of Glasgow been employed. If commerce has its florid Exchange, and the magnificent warehouses that cluster in some of the streets, and if some of the railway stations

feet high, the whole brightly coloured and adorned. There are in the grounds subsidiary erections—a fairy fountain, with huge catch-basins, dining-halls with verandahs and balconies, and the representation of the palace of the bishops of old. Not the least interesting is the "Bishop's Castle," a reproduction of the old stronghold long time ago near Glasgow Cathedral. This is the repository of quaint articles of interest—the story of Queen Mary being outlined by the mass of articles relating to her; whilst "Bonny Prince Charlie" is brought to mind by many a relic. And the Covenanters of old are shown to be still heroes to their descendants, who show mementoes of the



THE UNIVERSITY AND BISHOP'S PALACE.

and hotels are structures stately and magnificent—it has the chief cathedral in Scotland; its University is one of which it may well be proud; its parks are of wide area, its squares are rich in statuary, and its galleries in paintings; and in infirmaries, libraries, schools, and museums, there is ample proof of the wealth and the philanthropy of the men who have helped to make Glasgow.

It is in this industrial centre that the latest of the world's Exhibitions is placed. The town—nay, for "Glasgo's a city, now," the Baillie reminds us—the city which Rob Roy despised—has built a "lordly pleasure-house." An Oriental palace it is, with minarets and towers, and a central dome 150

olden time in which they were grim protesters for the faith.

Across the river—not pellucid—Kelvin, bridges are thrown, the stream is deepened to allow of an aquatic display, and kiosks and the "switch-back railway" are prominent. In the Exhibition there are ranged the products of Glasgow commercially contrasted with those of many an industrial centre, home and foreign; courts on either side of the main entrance include many of the chief exhibits—the women's industry section being prominent. Machinery in motion adds its noise; a working dairy tells the story of one of the branches of that primary industry, agriculture; and pottery, lace-making, and the manufacture of flowers will be shown.

The situation of the Exhibition buildings is one of beauty. It "comprises the western portion of the Kelvingrove Park, and the slopes of Gilmore Hill;"

the site granted by the Corporation is sixty acres in extent; and for a year before the day of opening, ten executive committees and nine sub-committees had endeavoured successfully to attract exhibits of the manufactures of the earth in material, process, and in the finished state, from many lands.

Thus, extending its welcome to the throne's heir at the opening of its palace of pleasure, Glasgow rejoices. It commemorates its growth and its greatness; it does not forget the addition to its ancient motto, which makes it "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," and it is rejuvenescent under the increased stream of traffic. Scott's poetry diverted the stream of pleasure-seekers to the city, in the route to the lochs and the Highlands; and now the palace in the city brings still more, and the great hive of industry has put on its gayest garb, and welcomes all.

J. W. S.



THE CLYDE AT GLASGOW.

"HER TOM"



HAROLD TEMPLEVANE was a man with whom I contracted a close friendship in my first term at college. It was during his first term also, and his last. Affairs had gone wrong financially with his father—a fact discovered with pain on the old man's death—and Harold was left almost penniless to fight (for him) a very hard battle for respectability.

I need not give any particulars of his early struggles or (to be candid) of his early disappointments and mortifications for the want of a little more struggling; but five years later, when I had given up the idea of the Bar, and been taken into partnership—a very unremunerative partnership—by a solicitor at Coalborough, I was able to put Templevane in the way of rather a good thing, as a foreign correspondent in the same town.

Now, Harold (I did not know it when I brought him to Coalborough) had a sister dependent on him: a sweet-looking girl of very vivacious manners, and the tenderest, most sympathetic heart in the world. One or two of her distant relatives, or friends—I don't know which—had offered her, when she left school, a highly comfortable if not luxurious home; but she preferred going to her brother; she stuck to him through thick and thin, and would not be got rid of. Indeed, it was she who had spurred him on to do as well as he had done. She was very fond of him, and as proud of him as if he had been a youthful candidate for Parliament, and sure of being elected.

Harold never spoke much about his relatives, except of one uncle whom he had harped on rather freely. This uncle had been in America several years, and intended soon to come over. Harold had mentioned him, "Uncle Philip," in his letters, and had talked about him when I met him in London. Now he told