

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

FUTURE YEARS.

Sweet little sleeper, with bright rich hair
On the pale pall-w-curve clustering fair,
Deep in the dark-ess of times to be
Wait the years that shall welcome thee.
Dimly I view their forms and mark
Face after face through the solemn dark;
Yet, little sleeper, I cannot say
Which are the grave ones and which the gay.

Some may bear thee the gifts that please:
Ah, then shalt smile when thou meetest these!
Jewels of riches in grand array,
Jewels of learning more grand than they;
Jewels of beauty and heavenly life;
Jewels of peace, unsold by strife;
And the jewel of love, that o'er the rest
Glitters the rarest and loveliest.

And yet, little sleeper, there wait some years
Eager to bring thee sorrow and tears;
Eager to gird thee with bitter gloom;
That which hides in the fresh-made tomb;
Eager to stab thee with pangs of loss,
Eager to gird thee thy dreary cross.
For ah, little sleeper, as years lapse away,
Some are the grave ones and some the gay.

POST CHIEF, N. Y.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

AN AWFUL POSITION.

BY EDWIN JAMES.

So you wonder I gave up the saw mill work if I was such a smart hand, do you? Well, the story is not very long, so I'll let you know all about it.

I was raised in what was then a village, now it is a good-sized town, in western Ontario, and after I had done my schooling I went to work in a large saw mill, and kept steady at it till I was turned twenty, and then I fell in love—as most do—with as pretty a girl as there was in the township, and she loved me back. We used to walk out and go to meeting together and all that, and her parents no way objected to me and all seemed to be going on swimmingly. But there was a fellow in the place named Bill Smithers, who was a carpenter when he worked, which was seldom, for he liked loafing round a tavern better than anything else, and he was sweet on Mary, too, but she never gave him any encouragement; she was the wrong sort to take up with a coon like that, and it appears Bill he teased and teased till last of all she told him right up she wanted nothing to do with him. This was before I walked out with her, and when Bill saw us together he was pretty well riled, I can tell you. He was a roguish chap when he was put out, and never let a chance slip of saying something annoying whenever I passed him, which I generally did if I happened to go by the tavern, for he always hung round there.

I took no kind of notice of what he said; I wanted to have nothing to do with him, and again, I felt it was kind of hard on a chap to miss such a nice girl as Mary was, so I could not help pitying him, and put up with a good deal from him on that account. But this only seemed to make him more mad, and one day I was going past the tavern door home from work, when just as I got up there, swat came a lot of water right in my face, and looking in I saw Bill with a tumbler in his hand grinning all over his face; well, my dander was up, you may be sure, so I said:

"Bill, did you do that accidentally or did you mean it?"

"Just which you like," he said, "I am not afraid of a sneak like you."

"Bill," said I savagely, "I'd knock you into a smashed pumpkin quick as wink for a red cent."

Now, he was a pretty powerful fellow, but I was mad and spoke savage, so he came out and said:

"You would knock me into a smashed pumpkin, would you, you mean skunk? Why you are not fit to do it, and if you say another word I'll give you such a going over as your own mother and somebody else you know would not know you."

I am pretty quick tempered, and couldn't stand this, so I up fist and fetched him a blow that was so sudden he never stopped it, but caught it full in the face, and went staggering into the middle of the road.

A mob now collected, sides were formed and I found myself in for a fight; we went at it. I was pretty smart on my feet and was able to jump about, and give him a knock here and there, and so I got the advantage of him though he was the strongest and heaviest man. Last of all I saw a chance of giving him a settler, and I let him have my fist right in his mouth. It knocked out his front teeth, cut his lip, and sent him rolling on the road; he struck his head in the fall, and lay quiet for about a minute; a shout was raised by the lookers on, and they cheered me. Bill picked himself up, cursed me most heartily, and slunk away. I had beaten the village bully.

Bill left those parts next day, and I went on working as usual for about twelve months, when I began to think I'd like to settle on a lot and get married; so I went to a new settlement about eighty miles back to see if there was an opening for a chap like me. I footed it all the way, and did it in two days and a-half. When I got there I went to two or three people and asked questions, and soon found I could get a very good lot with a mill privilege, and they all promised me help if I would start a mill; so I reckoned up and found I had funds enough to start a single saw which was all that was wanted, and the agent of a lumbering firm told me his people would let me have supplies if I would build my mill to cut thirty feet logs, which I agreed to do. Having done this I went back home, made my arrangements, took leave of Mary and started for the settlement.

The neighbours made a bee, and I got the mill working after a time, and a young fellow used to come and help me at the mill and I helped him on his farm, turn about, and that's how we worked it; but it often happened that he could not come and I had to do the best I could alone.

Well, one day I was working in this way, sawing hard, when a man walked into the mill; who should it be but Bill Smithers; he was ragged, wretched-looking, and half-tight. He looked kind of savage, I fancied, when he saw me, so I said:

"Now look here, Bill, I want no more lip from you. I don't want any quarrels, so you'd better get."

"Who wants to quarrel with you," he replied, "are you always going to be bad friends, can't you see I'm down on my luck."

This softened me a bit.

"I don't want to be bad friends, Bill," and I held out my hand which he shook.

We talked together a bit, and having a thirty foot log out in the pond that I wanted to saw, but had left it for want of help, I asked him to give me a lift with it which he agreed to do. So I went down to the pond, hooked on the dogs, came up, set the bull wheel running and so had it up, and the two of us soon put it on the rollers and fastened it tightly ready for the saw. Little did I think what was to follow. I sat down on it, and Bill came and sat down beside me.

"Look here," said he, "I am awful hard up, could you spare a fellow a dollar?"

Now if I had spoken the truth I could not, for I was saving all I could to get a house ready for Mary; but I said nothing but put my hand in my pocket and gave him four quarters, which he soon put out of sight. We sat talking for some time together, he all the time playing with a rope that lay on the floor. Presently I gave myself a stretch and said:

"Well, I must get to work again."

"So must I," said he savagely.

And before I could say snap, he sprang on me, threw me on the log face downwards, knelt on my back and stuck his fists on my shoulders. I struggled to get free, and tried to throw myself off the log, but in a moment he was lying flat on the top of me. Oh! how I struggled, but he put his long arms on each side of me and clutched the log tightly; still I tried hard to get away; when he drew up one leg and planted his knee in the small of my back and pressed with all his might; then suddenly making a dive he passed the rope he had been playing with, under the log, brought it up each side and tied me down tight.

I kicked and struggled, but he only laughed the more. He kept on passing the rope round, and drawing it awfully tight each time, till he had lashed me down all the way to the knees. There he fastened it.

"I'll let you have a little play with your legs," he said. "It might amuse you." And he looked in my face and grinned like a devil.

I shouted, but he only laughed the more, for he knew I was far away from anybody.

"You are not going to leave me like this, are you, Bill?" I at length said.

"No," said he; "not exactly. I shouldn't have taken all that trouble and then leave you like that."

"Why," I said, "you don't mean to say you are going to be coward enough to hit me while I am like this?"

"I guess not," he replied. "But listen to me. First, then, I will tell you I hate you worse than anything I know of. You have cut me out with Mary; I hate you for that. You knocked my front teeth out—exhibiting his toothless gums; I hate you for that. You beat me before the whole village; I hate you worse than all for that!" he hissed, with an awful oath. "And now," he continued, "you want to know what I tied you there for. I'll tell you, just before I go to spend the dollar you gave me in whiskey to drink yours and Mary's health: I am going to set the saw working. The way you lie you will be able to see it, and see yourself coming nearer and nearer to it, till it saws you right in two! Then won't Mary's proud head hang down. Ha, ha, ha!" he shrieked.

He then went and set the saw working, and ran out of the place.

"Bill, Bill!" I shrieked. "For the love of God, don't leave me like this!"

But he was gone. I struggled to get myself free. I twisted and turned till my body was fairly racked by the many coils of rope which were twisted round me. Oh! how fast the saw seemed to dash up and down, as if anxious to reach its victim. How horribly bright and sharp the teeth looked as each stroke brought me nearer to my awful fate.

Would no one come to my aid? Was I to die such a horrible death as this? I, so young, and but a few minutes ago so full of hope. Again and again I shrieked, as I never shrieked before; but the woods around only echoed a mocking reply that was driving me mad. Oh! it was agony, fearful agony. Great drops of perspiration covered my face, but my mouth seemed on fire. The saw, going rapidly up and down, looked like some fearful demon hastening through all obstacles to its prey. What would I give if some of the gear-ing would only give way! But, alas! I knew it was too well put together for that. Ah! the horrid thing is coming nearer and increasing its deadly pace! I yelled again, but no answer. What should I do? I was rapidly drawing near to a death. I could see, but not escape. I tried to pray, perhaps I did; but I could not take my eyes or thoughts off the awful saw that seemed to be panting for its helpless victim. And yet, in spite of all, I began to remember every event in my life. Things I had long forgotten came up before me in all their reality. And still the saw panted and groaned for its victim. I fancied I could see Mary, too, looking on with a calm smile. Oh! how desperate this made me. Again and again I struggled to free myself, but could not alter my position in the least. My legs below the knees were free; I plunged them about desperately, and I could just raise my head sufficiently to see the horrid thing in its awful onward speed. At times I would shut my eyes to hide my doom, but then the saw seemed to be working faster and faster.

Only ten feet from my fate now! Would no one come to my help? I shouted with all my might—called out names that I knew; but all was no use. Nearer and nearer I got to it. I appeared like one intoxicated; everything was beginning to swim before me. I became desperate. I began to feel the saw-dust, as it was dashed from the horrid thing, come pattering in my face. Nearer and nearer the frightful glittering teeth came to me. Oh! it was horrible. Struggling was useless. I could feel the draft of the saw fanning me. To my imagination it took all sorts of horrible shapes; sometimes like huge snakes, sometimes like frightful beasts, but always with those fearful glistening teeth (which were soon to do their work) forming the most prominent feature. As the sound of its working came nearer, it seemed like the triumphant yell of some monster who was sure of its prey. I was in a frenzy. My brain grew dizzy. I gave one long, piercing, agonizing cry, and all became as black as night.

When I came to my senses, I found myself in bed in a strange place, feeling awfully weak.

"Where am I?" said I.

"You are with me," said a voice I knew well, and turning feebly round, I saw Mary, who had watched me through all the dangers of a brain fever.

It appeared my shrieking was heard by two men who were passing by on a hunting tour. They came in, saw my posi-

tion, and, scarcely believing their eyes, but rushing forward, stopped the saw when it was within five inches of my head.

I soon regained my strength, and the first time I left my room was on Christmas Day.

Mary and I were married the following spring.

My story is now ended, and you know how I came to hate the sight of a saw-mill and be in my present business.

What became of Bill Smithers, did you say? I forgot to tell you that. The woods were scoured in search of him, but he could not be found. But during the winter the body of a man was found some miles away in the woods. He had been frozen to death. It was recognized as that of Bill Smithers, and from the fact of a bottle partly full of whiskey being found near him, it is supposed he had lain down in a drunken sleep, and so ended his career.

Our Illustrations.

A MURRAY BAY SCENE.

Our artist has depicted on our first page a scene with which those of our readers who are in the habit of visiting the watering-places of the St. Lawrence are doubtless familiar. "Seeing the boat in" is one of the many pleasant recreations which the *stancurs* and *stancures* can indulge in without breaking in on the sweetness of the *far niente* so dear to them during "the heated term." Mr. E. Jump is the artist.

A biography of His Worship

THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL

appears on the next page. The photograph from which our portrait is taken is by Messrs. Notman, Montreal.

THE SS. "TIGRESS."

This staunch little vessel was, it will be remembered, a Newfoundland sealing steamer, and during her last trip came across the party from the "Polaris" who floated down from the north on an ice-bloc. She was subsequently purchased by the United States Government, and fitted out to follow the "Junata" on the "Polaris" search expedition. She is a small, compact vessel, of about three hundred tons burden, strongly built, and fitted with every appliance which experience could suggest. Her bows for about fifteen feet aft of the cut-water are defended by iron bands against the ice. Two ice saws, each twenty feet in length, with teeth an inch deep, and a large assortment of ordinary ice-hooks, constitute the outfit for working a passage through the floes. Steam coil pipes run all around the interior of the vessel for heating purposes, to be supplied from the boiler when under steam; but a number of stoves, with a supply of pipe, have been put on board for use in the event of the ship being frozen in, or when the steam-boilers are not in use. In the lower hold there are two hundred tons of coal, and all the remainder of the space in the hold and between decks not above accounted for will be filled with provisions and clothing. The provender includes every variety of canned meat and vegetables. The personnel of the "Tigress" comprises forty men. Her captain, Commander James A. Greer, is Professor of Seamanship at the U. S. Naval Academy, and is an officer of great experience and ability. He is forty years of age, a graduate of the Academy, and during the late war was in command of several important expeditions. The family of Hans, the Greenlanders, will be taken back to Disco on board the "Tigress" and the Equimaux, "Joe," will accompany the ship in her search, to act as interpreter.

A full account of

THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" BALLOON

is given elsewhere. The energy of our New York contemporary in the cause of science is deserving of a high reward, and we join in offering our best wishes for the success of this novel and daring expedition.

THE DECKER PARK RACES,

which opened in this city on Saturday week and continued until the following Friday, have given our artist a subject for some characteristic illustration. The picture sufficiently explains itself.

THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

We copy from the *Illustrated London News* a scene at the great naval review held at Spithead on the 30th ult. in honor of the Shah. The illustration shows the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," with the "Alberta" and the "Vigilant" conveying the Shah's attendants, passing between the lines of iron-clad war-ships. Those on the right hand are the "Agincourt," flag-ship, which is nearest; the "Northumberland," "Audacious," "Hector," "Hercules," "Zealous," and "Valiant." On the left are the "Sultan," "Achilles," "Vanguard," "Monarch," "Black Prince," "Caledonia," and "Penelope." The turret-ships "Devastation" and "Hecate," on the right hand, the "Glatton" and "Hydra" on the left, are not shown in the sketch, having been passed by the royal yacht before the moment at which the sketch was taken; and the other steamers, "Enchantress," and "Galatea," "Tamar," and "Simoom" are not yet come up.

THE FASHION PLATE

is fully described in the Ladies' Department.

KATE STODARD,

the Goodrich murderess, who, after baffling the New York police for months, has finally confessed her crime, has been variously known as Minnie Waltham, Jessie Willoughby, while her real name appears to be Lizzie M. King. The *Daily Graphic*, from which the portrait is taken, says:—She is neither remarkable for beauty, wit, nor accomplishments, but is endowed with a fortitude and nerve rarely to be found in those of the weaker sex. She claims to have been the victim of a mock marriage with Mr. Goodrich, and the palliation offered for the murder is that she shot him when he desired to cast her off. If her story be true, she had suffered extreme wrong at his hands. Her emaciated and attenuated figure gives evidence of suffering. Heretofore she was described as handsome in person, stately and lady-like in demeanor, and fashionable in dress. Now she is careworn and distressed, and indifferently clad, while her face is that of a woman prematurely old. Few could suffer unconcernedly the wrongs of which she complains. But her sorrow was light then to what it is now, though she seems to express little or no regret for the deed. Fiction rarely surpasses in dramatic interest the true story of her life, or that of the woman she chose to call her rival.