

first winter. Although not wrapped in "cotton-wool," and taking our share in the hard knocks, we are as a whole doing wondrous well. With kindest regards to yourself and all at Twmbarlwm,—yours sincerely,

THOMAS BYNG."

"Camp before Sebastopol, July 30."

When Miss Smerdon received this terse reply to her letter she flushed to the roots of her hair, ground her little white teeth, and cried with very shame and vexation. She had never felt so humiliated in her life. She—as proud a girl as ever stepped—in the madness of her passion, had stooped to tell a man she loved him! Who could put any other construction upon such a letter as she had penned? How she wished she had never written! How she wished her letter had been as icily cold as Nellie had laughingly suggested. What must he think of her? Ah, he had his revenge now! Here were her own bitter jibes thrown contemptuously in her face. She pictured him with almost a derisive smile on his lips as he posted those curt few lines in reply to her own too effusive epistle.

Shame on her! She had told her secret again and again in that wretched note! No man on reading it could doubt that the writer proffered him her love—and at that thought Frances buried her face in her hands—unasked. What had she done? Forged her very sex, offered herself as a wife and been rejected. It would have been better for her, she thought, if that Russian bullet had gone a trifle lower and then she could have wept openly over his death, and have been spared this nethermost misery. Ah, no, Heaven help her, she did not mean that; God watch over and save him, and send him safe through the perils that surrounded him, although he never could be anything to her now.

It comes hard upon a woman to have the precious spikenard of her first-love rejected, and Frances Smerdon's had gathered in strength from the very efforts she had made to repress it.

She said no word to Nellie of the letter she had received. It had been brought up to her room early in the morning and therefore Miss Lynden had no positive knowledge on the subject, but she soon saw in the girl's face that she had heard her Byng, and from her making no allusion to her letter, had no doubt that it was unsatisfactory. Frances seemed as interested as ever, when the conversation turned upon the Crimea, but Nellie noticed that instead of taking her share in it, as she had done heretofore, she was now content to be for the most part a listener. As for Tom Byng, I don't think he was quite so well satisfied with that composition of his, as he was when he first posted it. At all events Hugh Fleming heard no more of Miss Smerdon from his chum, and marvelled much what he had said in reply to that young lady's enquiries.

(To be Continued.)

Haying in England.

Down to the meadow, boys, every man Jack of you!
Here's the blue weather! to work while we may!
Come, girls, you're wanted, the whole blooming pack of you!
Leave the house spiders alone for a day,
Cock your white bonnets, and toss the sweet hay,
While the sun shines, lasses, toss the sweet hay!

Down with the brooms, here are rakes by the dozen.
Show your trim ankles for once in a way;
Tom, Dick, or Harry, or somebody's cousin
Waits with a smile on, to bid you good day;
Follow your leader, and toss the sweet hay,
Toss the right way, lasses, toss the sweet hay!

Hark, what a liquid note, over and over;
"Sweet hay, sweet hay!" chiming farther away;
Never say nay, bonny lass, if your lover
Snatch a sweet kiss as you toss the sweet hay;
Only in play, sighs the cuckoo, "Sweet hay!"
Just toss it back in a wisp of sweet hay!

—Temple Bar.



TORONTO, 18th September, 1891.

OUR Industrial Exhibition has been marked by continued fine weather, only one storm, and that after sunset, interfering with the comfort of visitors. I am sorry that sickness has prevented me from paying our great Fair even one visit, but kind friends have brought me many bits of news thence. The show of horses, cattle and sheep, they say, was never finer,—the Cotswolds and Shropshires among the sheep being remarkable for their size and excellence of breed. The dogs, which is one of the exhibits one must always regret missing, were very fine,—the St. Bernards, mastiffs and some of the terriers drawing much attention. I hoped to have had the opportunity of seeing Miss Whitney, the lady who judged one or two of the terrier classes and perhaps some others. The fact of an American lady being a judge in animals reminds me of a lady from England, who spent a year or two in Canada some time ago, who not only was an excellent connoisseur and judge of dogs, but also of pigeons and poultry. But I do not think she ever made any money by her knowledge, unless it were the price of some articles to the newspaper press. It is well to see prejudices dying, even though they die slowly.

From the Canadian Pacific Railway building I received both wheat—a few ears only—and some linseed, or, as we call it here, flax-seed, grown on a farm near Regina, in which I am more than ordinarily interested. Samples of each will go to Ireland, where, I am sure, next year will see the pretty blue flowers of the flax flourishing in the garden of an estate not so far from Dublin. If it should bring us back to Canada some linen workers of Belfast, what may we not look for in the way of trade development in a direction that every lady loves almost as much as lace work—fine table-linen.

Another building on the grounds,—the Dairy and Apiary, unites use and beauty. Here the processes and machinery for the best care and economic values of 'milk and honey' are on view, and, in connection with the dairy, I am glad to know that analyses of the milk of the various breeds of cows on the grounds are being made by Mr. Frank Shult, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Some of the Jersey milk analyzed shewed seven per cent. of butter, three and four-fifths being the average standard of all sorts. The same building is occupied by a good exhibition of native stuffed animals and birds, where the osprey of our Ontario lakes divides interest with the great eagle of the Rockies, and the splendid Rocky Mountain goat occupies a prominent place. These creatures look agile, vivacious and romantic enough to inspire our Canadian hunters with equal enthusiasm to that of the Swiss hunter, who will peril his life after the chamois of his Alpine peaks.

The Art Gallery is filled with three hundred and ninety-six canvases, some of them new, as Paul Peel's "Venetian Bathing," a very fine thing, though some of our would-be critics would be at the expense of a bathing suit for the figure, I hear, being scandalized by the beautiful lines of a woman's back—which is all that is seen. "The Only Son of His Mother, and She Was a Widow," by Miss Laura Muntz, is highly praised. Such an important canvas by a lady is a point of congratulation for Canada. I believe the lady is English, of a family that has given more than one M.P. of note to the English House of Commons. Another English lady among us, whose work is of very high character, is Miss Gertrude E. Spurr. Her "Crazy Kate's Cottage" is a lovely bit of scenery, and she has several other pictures here that I have seen at our art exhibitions, which are all marked by careful study as well as the touch of genius.

Mrs. M. E. Dignam, the president of the Ladies' Art Club of this city, has several of those rural scenes she delights in,—"Coming Through the Meadow" and "Summer-Time" being two of them, and I notice the names of some of the members of the club on the catalogue as contributors. The Students' Art League is well represented also,—the president, W. D. Blatchley having several landscapes, as also A. P. Coleman, C. M. Manly, E. C. Thompson and others. Suffice it to say, however, that all our well-known artists are represented at our Industrial Exhibition, and that the pictures, as a whole, are worthy of them.

An excellent feature of the collection is the loan class. Among them,—by the liberality of a few of our citizens, who thus evince their true appreciation of the educational influence of such exhibitions,—are canvases by Eastlake (2), Herring (2), Verbockober (2), Zucharelli, David Cox (2), and four landscapes, the property of W. H. Howland, Esq., one of them said to be by Turner.

A painter, whose brush does not often enough grace our exhibitions, G. B. Bridgman, has a very large canvas that is highly spoken of,—"A Boy Overboard." "The Silurian Gates of Elora," by Arthur Cox, is a fine canvas, that, I am sorry to see, is not sold yet. Perhaps if it were called "The Himalayan Gates of Kamschatka" it would be better appreciated, for it is a beautiful picture.

The only piece of sculpture in the catalogue is Hamilton McCarthy's life-size model of the Williams' statue. This is a pity. Mr. McCarthy's work has been praised by English critics, a lovely life-size group, "Burns and his Highland Mary," being engraved for the *Art Magazine*, after being exhibited at the Royal Academy; and we have other sculptors of high attainments among us.

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I regretted being unable to be present at the meeting of the York Pioneers, held in the Log Cabin Museum, close to the Fort Rouillé column, on the south side of the Exhibition grounds. The meeting was special, and several delegates from other historical associations were present, all bent on inaugurating the first steps necessary to the centennial celebration of the setting apart, as a separate province, of Canada West. I do not yet know what was done, but I learn that Rev. Canon Bull gave a short sketch of the unearthing of the burial trench of soldiers of the 89th regiment and stated that a public re-interment of the remains in the now famous cemetery, with military and religious rites, will take place next month (October), of which the public will be duly notified.

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On the same day a meeting, with the same object, was held at Chatauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake,—Rev. Dr. Withrow, William Houston, Esq., and other gentlemen speaking. Owing to illness, Mr. Kirby, who is the president of the Niagara Historical Society, and on whom will necessarily fall the chief responsibility of the centennial celebration, was unable to be present. Mr. Mayor Afford called the meeting at the request of certain citizens.

It is felt that the town that had the honour of being the first capital of the new province ought to mark the completion of the century of provincial government by placing on some suitable spot a statue of our first Lieutenant-Governor, General John Graves Simcoe, a man to whose judgment, energy and enthusiasm the province owes it that the inaugural years of her life were marked by prosperity, and that she was started on a sound basis of development.

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Five sessions of parliament were held by Governor Simcoe at Newark before he transferred the seat of government to a more secure locality,—the old trading post at Fort Rouillé, on the shore of a beautiful bay, where the largest shipping on the lakes could safely ride, and midway between two beautiful rivers,—the Humber and the Don,—eventually fixing his own residence near the latter river, on a precipitous bank close by a beautiful ravine, still the joy of lovers of ferns and wild flowers, and naming his simple house "Castle Frank," after a beloved son, who was early killed in battle.

A beautiful model of a statue of Governor Simcoe graces Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's studio. He is in the picturesque military uniform of the period, and is posed with his right hand gracefully extended, as addressing an audience. The face is young, and is taken from a photograph of his memorial tablet in Exeter Cathedral,—General Simcoe being under fifty when he died. Such a statue would be a most appropriate ornament for the large hall of our new parliament buildings in Toronto.

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A circular issued by the Canadian Institute states that the Summer Convention, arranged for August, is postponed until Friday and Saturday, the 25th and 26th of September, when it will be held at Penetanguishene. The town is an old historical station, and will well reward visitors interested in the records of the past. The public are earnestly invited, and papers are called for.

It is a question with your correspondent whether the absence of organized amusements in country places does not form the chief factor in that desertion of the farm for city life which characterizes our rural districts. A leaf out of old England's book in this matter would do Canada a vast amount of good.

S. A. CURZON.