

nothing now stands in the way of a match in the fall. Our eastern friends express the desire that this match should be the first of a series to be played annually and alternately at Montreal and Toronto. Any event tending to establish a fresh connexion between Canadian universities will be welcome to the undergraduates and graduates of Toronto, and the action of the committee in regard to the challenge in question will doubtless meet with unanimous approbation.

### MY FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE.

BY ARON YETTE.

My home is Collingwood, Ontario—a forwarding merchant and ship-owner—Richard Harper, of Harper & Co. Owing to the great loss of life on our lakes last autumn, mostly caused by poorly built and old vessels being sent out by their owners, heavily insured, and ready to fall in pieces in the first gale, I give this to the Canadian public in hope that some of our statesmen who have the welfare of the poor seaman at heart, may—Plimsoll like—endeavor to remedy the evil. The story I tell is a true one, and though the details may be hidden from the public in general, yet the Canadian readers of the fall of 186— will remember the loss of the propeller *Jane Hooker*, owned by Hooker & Co., of Sarnia.

The following, clipped by myself from the *Daily Argus*, Toronto, of that time, gives leading particulars :

SARNIA, Nov. 1.—The propeller *Jane Hooker*, of this place, went down last Tuesday night, north of the Manitoulin, with nearly all on board, only one seaman being saved. The *Hooker* is an old vessel, one of the oldest on this line ; she was built by Messrs. Hooker & Co., of this place, the owners. Built from the hull of the *Canadienne*, an old vessel burnt in 1830, she has long been used in the Hooker Transportation Co., Sarnia and Chicago. She was loaded with corn, and could not be lightened. She was a very good vessel, but has been twice condemned for a fault in her engines, and has always been awkward in a storm.

This was all. A day's sensation for newspaper readers ; a few shuddered ; some commented on the sad fate of their brother humans ; another paper came out ; something new claimed the public attention ; the Company got their insurance ; and all was forgotten.

### THE OTHER SIDE.

It was late one evening in the fall of 186— that I was wandering about the docks in Chicago. My home, as I said, was in Ontario, and as all my money had run out except a little to barely keep me, I had been looking for a chance to work my passage home. It was very late in the season, and the sky showed signs of a gathering storm. But still I had waited. It was growing dark when I happened to drop into a small saloon on the corner of Z—and W—Streets, a favorite resort of seamen, in hopes that I might hear of a chance. The place was empty ; so seating myself in a dark corner, I picked up a copy of a daily paper, and began perusing its pages. I had only been seated about ten minutes when the door opened and two seamen came in. They were evidently arguing some subject, and the older of the two—they both seemed about middle age—was partially drunk.

'I tell you, Bill,' said the older, seating himself in a chair near the fire, 'it's no use talking ; I won't go. The *Jane Hooker* may go to the bottom herself ; I ain't goin' to trust her rotten planks again.'

'Come, come, Andy, you've bin drinkin' again ; you won't go back on us, will you ?'

'I ain't goin' back on no one,' he growled, 'but I ain't goin' to be drowned for no one neither.'

'You're not goin' to be drowned, Andy ; the *Hooker* came, and she'll go back.'

'Never,' said the old fellow, taking a big chew of tobacco ; 'the *Hooker*'ll never see Sarnia again, not if old Andy Butler knows a vessel.'

'Sarnia ! a vessel bound for Sarnia ! why, there's my luck at last !' I dropped my paper, and the two men looked me in astonishment. 'I'll go,' said I ; 'I'll take his place.'

'You'll rue it then, my lad,' said the one called Andy.

'No, I won't,' said I, 'I'll take the risk,' for I was young, and the thoughts of getting home once more and spending Christmas with my mother outweighed all fear of danger.

'Did you ever sail before,' said the younger, cutting off a huge piece of tobacco.

'No,' said I.

'What biz ?' he says.

'A reporter. I—I just came over—'

'Oh yes, youngster, I know, you thought all was money over here—came over and got starved out—homesick—eh ? But you look as if there was a good bit of stuff in you for all your white hands, so if you

like to come on your own risk I'll take you ; but mind, I don't ask you to go.'

'No,' said I, glad of the chance to go, anyway.

'Look here, lad,' said the old man, turning round in his chair, 'old Andy's drunk and he knows it, but mind ye, he knows somethin' else also ; the *Jane Hooker*'s rotten, she is, and Dan Hooker's a d—d scoundrel. Can ye deny that, Bill, old boy ?'

'God knows its true as ye say, Andy ; but the captain, we should stick to him.'

'The cap'n, he's a fool, a fool, lad. Sixteen thousand insurance, and she ain't worth the nails in her hull.'

'Well, ye're not goin', Andy ?'

'No, old boy, these planks is too safe to trust corn coffins this time of the year.'

'Well, good-by, old hearty.'

'Good-by, Bill,' and the old man grasped his hand, and I noticed a tear stood in his eye. 'Good-by, Bill, I'll never see ye again, if ye'll go on the *Hooker*.'

'Nonsense, we'll meet in Canada again, never fear me. Come lad, and have a look at the craft. Good-by, Andy, old feller.'

'Never, never, Bill, never agin,' he said with a strange sadness not in keeping with his hard grizzled appearance ; and thus we left him.

Bill Marks was middle aged, rough, and blunt, but carried a noble heart under a rough exterior ; brave and callous to all danger, with a soul gentle as a woman's to anything weak. Many years he had sailed on the lakes, and knew every fathom from Duluth to Kingston. Standing by his captain, noble and brave to the last, he met the end.

'Here's the craft,' he said, as after threading several streets, we reached the docks. The moon happened to shine out from some clouds, and there, her sides and decks gleaming white in the moonlight, lay the notorious *Jane Hooker*—a large propeller, built after the regular lake style, looking as if she had only come out from the dry docks a week before.

'That vessel,' I ejaculated ; 'why, what did the old man mean ?'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE DREAMS OF A MUSICIAN.

At the key-board idly playing,  
Running lightly o'er the notes,  
Many a fairy dream of fancy  
Seized my thoughts in vagrant turn,  
And some such forms as these they took.

I saw the ripple faintly plashing,  
Plashing in a peaceful calm,  
A pleasant shade the sight refreshing,  
Gentle breezes wafting balm.

A temple stands a-top the cliff,  
Column'd, vine-grown, marble white,  
From whence, o'er all the wide expanse,  
Lo ! the visions of delight.

There peeps between yon hoary trees  
Shadows lengthening on the grass ;  
There purple Ocean flaked with white ;  
Far off mountains close the scene.

An altar stands bedecked with flowers,  
Verdant, turf-built, trim and square,  
While youths and maids in merry sport,  
Laughing, fill with songs the air.

Hark ! hark ! the words in blitheful note ;  
"Life is young, our hearts are true ;  
Oh, now's the time for sport and mirth ;  
Let us now our joys renew."

And now the dance begins, and fast,  
Faster closes and entwines,  
With each new movement more involved,  
While the flying feet keep time.

But, look ! from the temple pacing slow