

SADLY.

Oh! the heart that loves you best, may now be dying
In some forest on a distant mountain's side;
Oh! the form that clasped your own may now be lying
'Neath the cliff or tossing wildly with the tide.

Ah! you know not, and perhaps you even care not,
As you trip the dizzy dance, borne in the arms
Of some other, whom your thoughtlessness will spare
not
From the witchery and power of your charms.

Was it chance, or was it fate, or was it heaven,
That broke that golden trinket as you sped?
For that moment in a distant land was given
Its giver to the kingdom of the dead.

Would you shudder for a moment if you thought it?
Would your cheek pale and the lustre leave your eye?
Would your heart throb painfully, or have you taught it
How to crush the true, yet leave the unmeaning sigh?

No, you stoop a moment stunned, and then the jewel
Glistens brightly with a tear-drop as you rise;
Then, thank God, sweetheart, your heart is not so cruel,
And the dead will rest contented where he lies.

B. D.

"THE FAVOURITE."

A YACHTING CRUISE ON THE LOWER ST.
LAWRENCE.

I.

Tired and weary as I was with the somewhat dreary monotony of a year's city life, the delight with which I accepted an invitation from my good friend, Bob M—, to accompany him on a cruise in his yacht, may be easily imagined. A hurried telegram, "I start to-night," was quickly despatched, and the same evening I was on board the steamer "Quebec" bound for Murray Bay, whence we were to start. From the Quebec boat I changed next morning to the steamer "Union," which landed me at Murray Bay about two p.m. We were detained several days here for want of wind, but on Thursday, July 11th, we were favoured with a moderate breeze from the west which suited us very well.

The yacht, a sketch of which is given elsewhere in this issue, is named "The Favourite." She is "dandy" rigged, i.e., she carries jib, mainsail and jigger or mizzen; her length, 26 feet; tonnage, 8, with 2,000 pounds of pig-iron as ballast. The cabin is tolerably commodious, and the crew, four in number, were able to bunk very comfortably therein. The centre of the cabin was taken up by two large hampers containing our provisions, which consisted of canned meats and soups, sausages, pork and sea biscuit; our liquors, which I will not specify; a small spirit stove, our dishes and our shore clothes. There were also several lockers and a small compartment forward.

And now a word as to the crew. First, the skipper, Bob M—, the owner of "The Favourite," a fine athlete, thorough sailor and a genial *compagnon de voyage*. Then young Billy N—, a happy youngster, strong, vigorous and enthusiastic. Next, myself; and lastly, our pilot, an old salt of fifty years' experience on the river, anon went to steer the stateliest ships, now in his declining years content to pilot the tiniest craft. Old Cappe, who was the very model of a sturdy Canadian seaman, was employed to have a surveillance over the yacht when we went ashore, and to point out to us the channels, reefs and anchoring places on our route. Our route, did I say? Pardon. We were off for ten days at least. That was certain. *Præterea nihil*. Whichever way the wind directed we would go. We would make Rimouski, if possible, otherwise Tadoussac and the Saguenay.

At twelve a.m. on Thursday, the tide was rising, the wind, as I have said, was west, our traps were bundled on board, the anchor weighed, all sail set, "good-by" shouted to our friends on the beach, and we were off. Off! The sensation was delightful. Off from the conventionalities of land life. Off from crowds, white shirts, newspapers, gossip, style. Off, in fact, from everything landlike, except our pipes, grub and sundry novels, wherewith to while away a lonesome hour. Leaving old Cappe at the helm, we began to stow away our bags and baggage, and in an hour had made everything ship-shape and trim, and, this done, we ordered dinner.

N— at once assumed the post of cook—the duties of which position he filled very satisfactorily during the trip—and a capital meal of eggs—hard boiled—ham and soup was shortly served and washed down with a copious draught of lime-juice. This was the first and last time we partook of this beverage. We had lighted our pipes and settled comfortably in the stern sheets—clad, I may interpose, in flannel shirts, heavy trousers, long boots and nondescript caps—when the skipper and the cook were both seized with an agonizing stomach ache. We at once, rightly or wrongly, attributed this malady to the unfortunate lime-juice, and unanimously resolved to have no more of it. During the afternoon the breeze fell considerably, and we anchored for the night off the Portage, six miles from Rivière du Loup. Our beds consisted solely of a mattress, carpet-bags and rugs doing duty as pillows, and our great coats serving as covers. "Lights out! To sleep!" Easy enough to say so, friend Bob! but we could not sleep. The novelty of the situation, the rocking of the boat, the shining of the glorious moon through the cabin windows, the clanking of the anchor chain all precluded sleep for so many hours. When it did come, it was sweet and refreshing.

The twelfth, a day so turbulent in Montreal, broke peacefully as we rose at 4.15 a.m. The sun was just rising, and the day promised fair. The breeze was still west, so we ran before the wind and made Rivière du Loup wharf exactly at five

o'clock a.m. Here we lay till noon, when, with falling tide, we sailed to Cacouna, six miles from Rivière du Loup. We anchored in Cacouna Bay, opposite the St. Lawrence Hall and alongside the yacht "Guinevere," of Quebec. After dinner we donned our land clothes, and, going on shore, found the village in a great state of excitement over the telegrams from Montreal. We read the telegrams, and, desirous to avoid any undue excitement, went aboard again.

II.

We did not leave Cacouna till Saturday at 2 p.m. As the tide began to fall we left with a stiff N.E. breeze for Tadoussac. The sail across the river was rather exciting, as the sea was heavy. We were all thoroughly drenched, bitterly cold, and unable to smoke. The sky looked threatening, black murky clouds beginning to gather over the lofty mountains that guard the entrance to the Saguenay. We arrived safely, however, at about 6.15, in splendid condition to enjoy our evening meal of hot soup, sausage and biscuit. There are few prettier spots than Tadoussac, and the scene, as we moored in the lovely bay just at sundown, was perfectly grand. "La Mouette," the yacht of the Hon. Mr. Angers, and the "Cruiser," of Mr. Allan Gilmour, were also anchored near us. Mine host Fennell, of the Tadoussac Hotel, received us right royally on going ashore, and we enjoyed his comfortable hostelry—Æolus being unpropitious—till Tuesday, the 16th, spending the time at billiards, bowling and reading. We also visited the Government salmon-breeding establishment. On Tuesday, at 11 a.m., we started in company with Pilot Schooner No. 4—which had been waiting for vessels from the Saguenay—but we soon distanced her. The wind was light south-west, and a dense fog compelled us to steer by compass. The pilot took the helm, and his calculations were marvellously exact, as we emerged from the fog exactly opposite Cacouna, and, tacking again into the fog, made the wharf at Rivière du Loup as nicely as if we had been able to discern every object on shore. Rainy weather and fog kept us at Rivière du Loup until Thursday, July 18th—two miserable days. We cast loose from our moorings about 7 a.m. on Thursday, wind east and very light. We hugged the shore to avoid currents, and passed inside the Pilgrims. The great gaunt rocks were literally alive with gulls and ducks.

"The clamour of whose young
Echoed in shriller cries which rung
In wild discordance round the rock."

We tried a shot or two at them, but were too far off to do any execution. A shoal of seals on a small rock were also fired at, but unsuccessfully. At 4.15 we landed at Kamouraska. All day Friday the fog was thick and there was no wind. We lounged lazily about whistling for a breeze, and at night, just as we were about to turn in, a light breeze from the east came up, and in a few minutes a small gale was blowing. The pilot assured us that the wind would hold till morning, so we decided to wait. When we awoke at 4 o'clock on Saturday morning,

"The breeze of a joyful dawn blew free,"

so after a hurried breakfast everything was made ship-shape, and at 5 o'clock we left under reefed mainsail, jib and jigger, with a splendid east wind, for Murray Bay. Comparatively speaking,

"The sea was mountains rolling."

but the good boat stood it grandly. I have been sailing around this part of the St. Lawrence for four or five years and have seldom experienced a stiffer breeze or heavier sea. We of course shipped a great deal of water and were thoroughly ducked ourselves, but the sail was most invigorating and we enjoyed it immensely. At half-past six we were home again after a ten days' trip. There was nothing particularly eventful in our voyage. Nothing, some may say, to justify the publication of our log, but as a record of a pleasant cruise and of a holiday excursion out of the usual beaten track, it may give some an idea of what to expect on an average yachting cruise on the Lower St. Lawrence.

TEETOTUM.

THE TALISMAN.

A LOVE ROMANCE FROM THE FRENCH.

It was midnight, and a bride of rare beauty was seated within a luxurious boudoir of the gay city—the capital of France. A dainty *femme de chambre* had but just left the apartment, when Frederic de la Tour, the young husband, entered.

Madame de la Tour was seated near an open wood fire, the folds of a beautiful robe de chambre, of a light, soft texture, thrown around her.

"My darling," exclaimed de la Tour, "I could not come before."

As he spoke he threw himself on his knees before her.

"Our friends have just gone?" inquired his listener.

"Yes, and I am with you."

"Do not kneel, Frederic; there is room for you on this couch," continued Madame de la Tour.

"No, let me remain thus. It seems as if I must be dreaming, that all this happiness cannot be real; that you are not indeed mine to love and cherish. I can not remove my eyes from your dear face, dreading that you will vanish from my sight."

"Be very sure that I do not propose to vanish,"

replied Madame de la Tour. "Yesterday I was the widow of Lord Melville, and to-day I am Louise de la Tour, your wife. You see, strange as it may seem, you do not dream."

Frederic de la Tour had good reason to suppose that a fairy had been meddling with his affairs. Within a few months past he had enjoyed a stroke of inexplicable good fortune. He had become rich and happy beyond his fondest expectations. One afternoon while returning from his office, he was, in the Rue St. Honoré, accosted by a lady who was driving in a magnificent equipage.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" she called.

The footman had lowered the steps, and motioned de la Tour to enter the carriage. Astonished beyond measure, he obeyed.

"I have received your letter, Monsieur," continued the lady, in a charming musical voice.

"A letter from me, madame?" responded Frederic, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; did you not write to me?"

"Never, madame, to my knowledge," was the respectful rejoinder.

"You will kindly pardon me, monsieur," continued the lady; "I have made an absurd mistake and my only excuse is that you so greatly resemble a friend of mine that I mistook you for him. Great heavens!" she cried, "what must you think of me? and yet the resemblance is very striking."

Ere the lady had completed her explanation the carriage had been driven into the courtyard of a magnificent hotel. Frederic of course offered his hand for his companion to alight.

"I would explain further," continued the stranger, "I am Lady Melville."

De la Tour bowed. By the beauty of the speaker he was positively dazzled, and accepted with delight an invitation to call.

"My name is Frederic de la Tour," he said; "I am only a struggling artist."

The singular meeting described had resulted, as has been seen, in the marriage of de la Tour.

"Come and sit beside me," continued Madame de la Tour. "I have something to say, but cannot speak while you remain kneeling. It is quite a story, and must be told to you."

Frederic obeyed.

"Once upon a time," continued Louise.

"I knew you would tell me some fairy story," exclaimed the young husband; "but while you speak, it is music."

"Now, listen to me, my friend. Once upon a time there was a young girl born of parents who had once been rich. At the age of fifteen she was brought to Paris by her father, who found at Lyons he was making but little money. Four years that father struggled valiantly against adversity, but finally illness seized him. To be brief, dear Frederic, he died in hospital, and soon the poor mother followed, and then the young girl was left all alone. Had there been a fairy in the story I relate she certainly would have appeared, but there was none. The girl was in Paris, without relatives, without friends, and crippled by debts which she could by no means pay. She sought work, but could obtain none. Vice extended her arms; but there are souls whose instincts are so honest they shrink from even the thought, and can remain patient even while starving."

"Time passed. At length every cent was gone, and for twenty-four hours no particle of food passed her lips. Oh, Frederic! you who have never known hunger and misery cannot understand the suffering I might picture, cannot know the pain endured when forced to beg—and to implore alms the girl was compelled. At dark, one evening, she crept forth from her lodgings; the night was cold and rainy. In her desperation she accosted a young man, who halted, searched his pockets, and then threw her a coin. The stranger did not even deign to touch her hand; the look of misery and distress offended his eye. At this instant a gendarme perceived the girl."

"Come," he said, "I arrest you for begging. You will follow me to the lock-up."

At these words a cry of despair was wrung from the lips of the unfortunate girl. Quickly the young man interposed.

"This young girl is an acquaintance of mine; I know her; there is no begging in the question. Come," he continued, addressing the young and trembling woman, "it is time you were at home. Do not fear; it is only a mistake on the part of this good guardian of the public peace."

Leaning on the arm of the stranger, the girl walked on.

"Do not fear, Mademoiselle," whispered the young man, placing a purse in the hand that lay upon his. "I will accompany you until we are out of sight of this Cerberus."

"Why! I remember the girl!" exclaimed De la Tour.

"And also know the man."

"I do; it was no other than myself."

"True. As we passed under one of the street lamps I saw your face, and its every feature became impressed upon my mind. You have saved my life—perhaps even my very honor—and I had reason to remember you."

"To remember me?"

"Indeed, yes. You little thought that a woman to whom you gave alms and protection, would become Lady Melville, and was your future wife."

"This does indeed seem like a dream," said de la Tour.

"To you; but to me it is a reality."

"And you—so beautiful, so truly lovely, beggared in the open streets?"

"Once, and once only."

"I did not see your face."

"No, for it was covered by a heavy veil. On the following day—one, in fact, that I regard as among the happiest in my life—an old lady in whom I had fortunately inspired confidence and some interest, engaged me as her seamstress. My gaiety returned. From the service I have named I was raised to the position of companion and confidential friend. One day I was presented to a friend of my patroness—Lord Melville. He was a man of about sixty, tall, thin, but of dignified bearing."

"Mademoiselle," he said to me, "I know your history; will you marry me?"

"Marry you?" I questioned with much surprise.

"Yes, I have an immense estate, which I do not wish my nephew to inherit. My health is delicate and my life lonely. If I can credit all I have been told, you are good and pure. Will you be Lady Melville?"

"I loved you, Frederic, who knew not of my existence. I loved you, although I had seen you but once. I could not forget, and there was something in my heart and soul that told me we would meet again, that our lives would run in the self-same current; how, I knew not, and yet I felt sure. When I looked at Lord Melville, and saw the resolute expression on his face, I feared that he wished to marry me simply to carry out his revenge."

"His persuasions were redoubled. I knew his years were many, and that my fortune would be great. I thought of you, and how I could benefit you, did I but possess wealth, and at length I yielded consent—I became Lady Melville."

"How strange it all seems," replied de la Tour.

"Yes, dear love, as you have said, like some fairy tale. I, a poor friendless orphan, became the heir of one of England's richest peers."

"Happy Lord Melville!" exclaimed Frederic; "he had the power to enrich you."

"He was happy," replied Mme. de la Tour, "and never regretted his choice. He knew that I had seen you before our marriage."

"You told him?"

"Yes, all. It was not till after our marriage, Frederic, that I again saw you, and although we soon learned to read each other's hearts, our lips were silent. Lord Melville was wealthy beyond my wildest expectations. He could not spend his income, and with that wisdom peculiar to him he realized that while the difference in our ages rendered love impossible, gratitude would attach me to him. Three months after our marriage Lord Melville died, leaving me all he possessed, and I resolved never to marry again unless I could espouse the one man who had always held my heart."

"And you won the love of that man?"

"Without his knowing me to be the beggar woman his kindness had protected," rejoined Louise de la Tour, extending her hand. "You remember continued the speaker, "that I refused the purse?"

"Yes, you accepted but one coin."

"Only one, and at the time I was almost starving."

"But it procured you food?"

"No," replied Madame de la Tour, unclasping a ruby necklace that encircled her white throat. To this necklace hung an exquisite medallion.

"See, dear Frederic, I did not part with my treasure."

As she spoke she touched the spring and disclosed the coin.

"It is the one I gave you!" exclaimed de la Tour.

"Yes."

"And you retained it?"

"I would sooner have parted with life. I showed it to a baker, and asked him to trust me. He did so and on the following day I was able to pay for the food his kindness permitted me to eat."

"Do you remember the day I met Lady Melville?"

"Yes, my dear, it was the happiest of my life. I knew you, but you did not recognize me."

"Surely there has been a fairy in my life," replied de la Tour thoughtfully.

"Why do you say so?"

"Because when you first saw me I was only a poor, struggling painter, but from the time of our meeting the tide changed and prosperity visited me."

"Would you know the name of the fairy?"

"It was you, Louise!" exclaimed Frederic joyfully. "You bought my picture?"

"Many of them, and have won your love?"

"Yes, my heart, my very soul."

Frederic de la Tour took the gold piece and pressed it to his lips. To that same bit of gold he owed happiness and fortune.

"While I am the fairy," continued Louise, "it is you, dear love, who gave me the precious talisman."

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, or shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

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