

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 7.

OUR PRIZE STORY.

[We give our readers this month the first part of "Two Pictures," the story which was awarded the First Prize in our School Teachers' Competition.]

Two Pictures.

BY RAYSMITH.

CHAP. I.—WHERE GOLD AND PURPLE GLEAMS.

MR. and Mrs. Ralph Longley sat in their cozy back parlor, enjoying one evening not devoted to the calls of social life.

Mr. Longley had been absorbed in his paper, but he looked up at last to say:

"Frederick Singleton is to be in the city next month, Ada. He will give a lecture in the Royal Hall."

"Indeed!" she answered. "I've heard so much about him, I am anxious to see him. Oh, Ralph," she cried, a little later, "couldn't we give a dinner when he comes? Of course he will be staying with his sister, and we owe the Masons a dinner, you know. Besides, he would be a great card where strangers—distinguished strangers—are scarce."

Mr. Longley laughed as she rattled on, woman-like giving all her reasons at once, but he was as interested in social matters as she, so a ready answer came: "Why, certainly, Ada. Nothing could be more opportune."

"Then we must ask the Luscombes and your partner, Mr. Prince. We have been neglecting him lately, I'm afraid. And Amy Lockhart. That will make nine with ourselves, and we can have Miss Esterbrook to fill up."

"She wouldn't feel very flattered if she could hear that, dear," said Mr. Longley, smiling over at his wife.

"Now I didn't say it slightly," she hastened to answer. "You know I admire Miss Esterbrook very much. If ever I had been an old maid I should have liked to be just like her, so bright and sweet, and so kind to everybody."

What remark Mr. Longley made in answer it is not necessary to repeat.

The next month came and with it Frederick Singleton. Most people in Tomascing had never seen this man, whose fame was abroad in the land as a rising young orator and politician. Claiming recognition at first in his profession, he had extended his field of work by taking a deep interest in the political questions of the day, until his name had become quite a household word. With all this known, the curiosity of Tomascing society was aroused, and when it became known that after his lecture he would remain in the city for a fortnight with his sister, Mrs. Mason, plans of receptions, dinners and balls were set on foot to entertain the distinguished visitor.

A large audience assembled in the Royal Hall on the evening of the lecture. The chairman, after a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, introduced Mr. Singleton, and when he came forward easily but with perfect dignity, those who had not heard him before, wondered that a man, surely not a day over twenty-five, could so move the minds and hearts of men. So handsome, too. Tall and firmly built, oval face, dark curling hair and bright flashing eyes. But when he began to speak, the music of his voice held them, and as he went further into his subject, feeling fully every thought he expressed, the vast gathering thrilled with his enthusiasm, and at the end of two hours, as the sound of his



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"MR. SINGLETON WAS SILENT, AND AMY WENT ON."