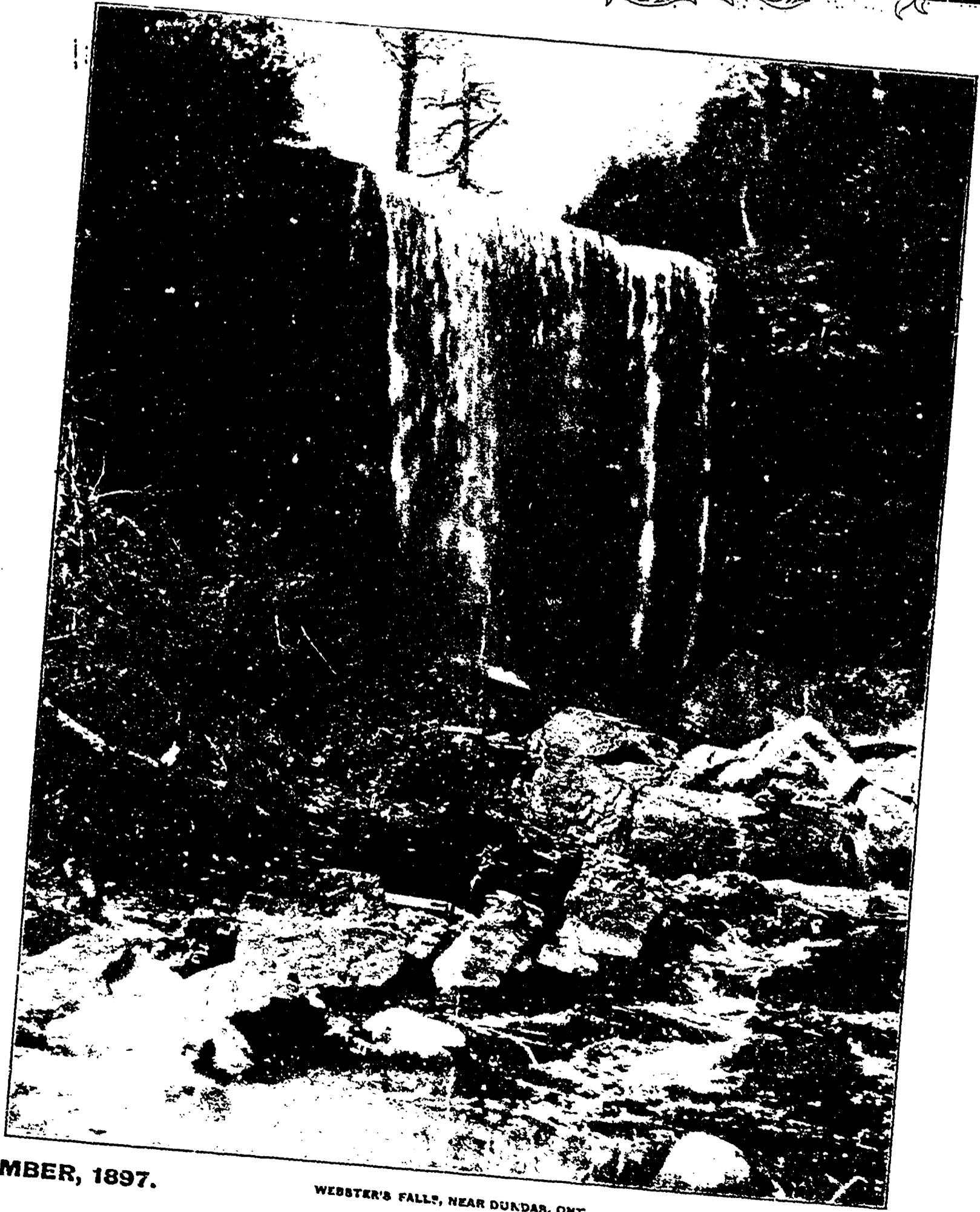


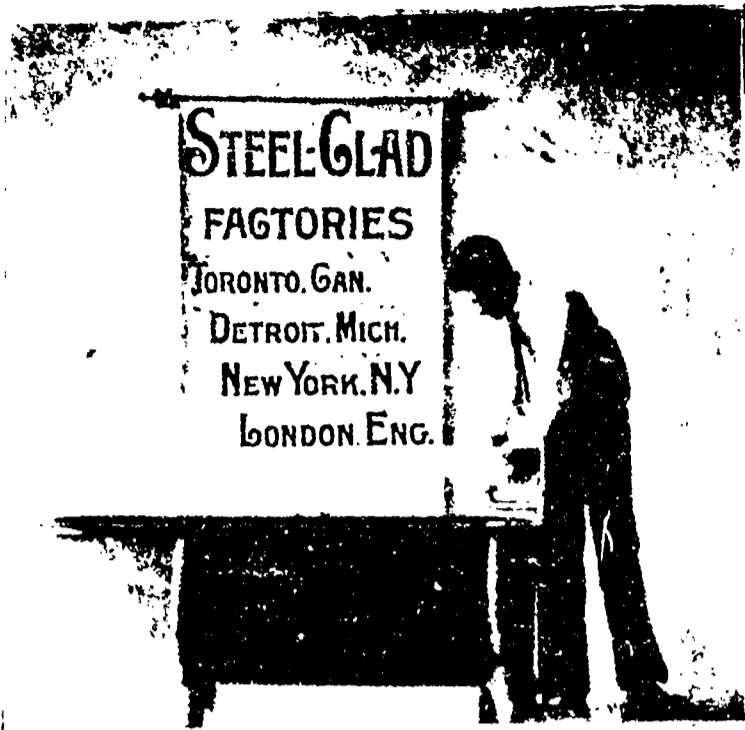
# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



NOVEMBER, 1897.

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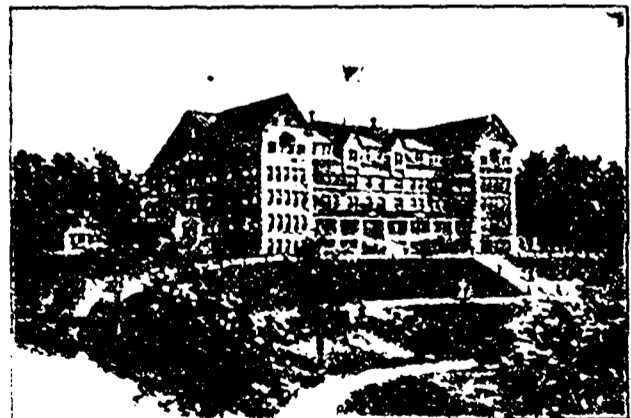
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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL. III.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 7.

## Around Dundas.



ANY of those with vivid imaginations will find it difficult, in reading the November number of THE JOURNAL, to remember that the summer is gone, and only a very little bit of even the autumn remains. In "Antigonish," and "A Trip Down the Rideau," we live over again the sweet delights of woods and river, and stream, and with the beautiful picture of Webster's Falls, near Dundas, on the cover, and the pretty views of Logie's Falls, the Valley City, and Ainslie woods on this page, all taking us back to the summer, it is hardly strange that we forget to realize how near are the snows and ice of Christmas.

The scenery almost everywhere in Canada is pretty, and nearly every town is connected in some way with something historical. Chief among those which claim an atmosphere of both, particularly that of picturesque beauty, is old Dundas, lying low in the valley, with wooded mountains surrounding it on all sides, and down at the foot, the waters that head Lake Ontario.

Like so many other towns in Canada, it has that quiet, peaceful look, so often found in old places where the streets are beautiful avenues of spreading trees, with here and there clumps of walnut trees older than the town itself.

Towering above everything, are the tall chimneys of factories and the spires of churches, and away beyond its encircling hills are wide plains of well-tilled farms, making Dundas, with its beautiful residences, an ideal Canadian town.

The great military highway opened up by Governor Simcoe from the St. Lawrence straight through to London, was named Dundas street after Henry Dundas, Viscount Mel-

it still ranks among the most picturesque towns in the Dominion. Not unimportant to Canadians is the fact that it is the home of T. H. Hayhurst, who distinguished himself and brought a reflected glory to his native place by winning the Queen's prize at Bisley in 1895.

Of the sports which help to make the old town keep pace with the spirit of the times, the little book, Picturesque Dundas, says that in speaking to an old settler about the canal and the marsh, which extends on both sides for from one hundred yards to three quarters of a mile, the first thing he is likely to do is to tell you a story about the great times they used to have fishing and shooting, and catching muskrats and mink. Some of the stories seem so incredible that it is just possible they may have the same foundation that so many anglers build their wonderful anecdotes on. However, such a great change has taken place in the appearance of the canal and its surroundings that it is just possible the yarns told by the old inhabitants may be true,

after all. In the old days it was not an unusual sight to see several steamers, and six or seven schooners, loading in the canal at one time. Then, the banks were lined with millions of feet of timber as well as with thousands of cords of wood, waiting shipment. Now, the canal is a field for various kinds of sports, and in winter it is a wide, glorious, open-air rink.



SNAP SHOTS IN AINSLIE WOODS.

ville, who during Simcoe's governorship was Secretary of War in the Duke of Portland's cabinet. And from this, also called the Governor's Road, the town took its name.

Since the day, more than two centuries ago, when La Salle gazed upon this scenery—the ravines, the neighboring cascades, the whole prospect—there has been but one verdict as to the beauty of the Valley City, and to-day



LOGIE'S FALLS.



THE VALLEY CITY.

From the Mountain Drive.

# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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day of the month preceding publication.

Conclusion  
Number **ONE** of Competition  
Story.

## Two Chapters in Two Lives.

CHAPTER II.

\* \* \* Kiss me—once—and go."



**T**HE NOISY, dusty city  
once more, with its  
busy throngs, and  
its round of gaiety  
commencing, as so-  
ciety rises and  
smiles upon its  
friends again, after the drowsy  
lanquor of summer days—and  
Charlie Fane in the midst of it  
all!

It is now a month since he  
left Nemiah Rapids, and the intervening days  
have not been all happiness. When one has a  
continual dull sense of something lost to one's  
life, and a feverish desire to obliterate from  
memory that which most forces itself upon the  
thoughts, then do days and nights become one  
long struggle against self and recollection em-  
bitters everything.

Amy Lester had greeted the return of her lover  
rather coldly, but was too proud to question  
him as to the cause of his protracted absence,  
or remark upon his very lame excuses for the  
same.

On this particular afternoon Charlie made  
his way to the Lester's with rather a bitter  
expression upon his usually bright face, and  
this deepened when he stood in the hand-  
some drawing room and heard the faint  
rustle of silk, which preceded the entrance  
of his fiancée. She came into the room slowly  
and with rather a hesitating smile on her  
pretty face—a face which might well appeal  
to any man, with its sweet mouth, soft blue  
eyes, and mass of fair hair waving back from  
a low forehead.

"I expected you earlier, Charlie," she said,  
as he advanced to meet her. He kissed her

lightly on the cheek as he answered in a tone  
of polite indifference, "Yes. I must apologize,  
but just as I was leaving I had a caller from the  
country, and couldn't get away."

"Was it some one from Cranston?" Amy  
asked, quickly, as a slight blush rose to her  
cheek.

"Yes; a school teacher up there. A man of  
the name of Williams—but he wouldn't interest  
you, so we needn't go into particulars," and  
with an unpleasant little laugh, Fane walked to  
the window and stood looking out.

"As long as it wasn't a water nymph, or a  
'nut brown maid,' I won't ask for details of  
the interview," said Amy, lightly, but in spite  
of her bantering tone, her eyes were very wist-  
ful as they rested on the tall figure at the  
window. The remainder of the short visit was  
occupied in trying over some new music which  
Charlie had brought with him; and, when they  
finally separated, it was with the agreement  
that he should call that evening and accompany  
Amy and her mother to a box at the Grand.

That evening Charlie sat in his bachelor's  
den, which was cosy and warm. In his hand  
was a letter, and as he read it over, his brows  
contracted in a heavy frown.

The epistle began, "Dearest Rosalind," and  
the pith of its contents was contained in these  
words, "Mr. William's is a good man, I feel  
sure, and he loves you dearly. When he was  
here to-day, he told me he knew why you had  
refused him last summer, but you see, don't  
you dear, what an impossible thing it would  
be for us to continue the relations of those  
summer days? We were very happy for a  
little while, but other things must be consid-  
ered, and we must now drop romance, and face  
the facts of everyday life."

And so on, and as the man finished the cold,  
carefully worded farewell, which had cost him  
hours of misery and indecision, his face grew  
set and hard, and there was an unpleasant curl  
of his lips, when he folded the document and  
placed it in an envelope, preparatory to post-  
ing it on his way to the Lester house.

The theatre was crowded that night, and the  
Lesters had quite a party in their box. Charlie  
was almost boisterously genial as he kept up  
an animated conversation with first one and  
then another of his fellow guests. Only Amy  
noticed his forced laugh, and the nervous  
working of his hands; and in proportion as his  
gaiety increased, she grew more and more  
silent and constrained. The play progressed,  
and the theater grew hot and close. Amy  
leaned forward and touched her lover on the  
arm, "Charlie," she said, in a low tone, "I  
must get out, I feel so faint—Charlie!"

But he neither answered, nor turned to look  
at her. His eyes were fixed upon the stage,  
his face was drawn and white.

"Let no face be kept in mind  
But tho' fair of—Rosalind."

came in a silvery voice from the stage. With  
a smothered cry he staggered up from his seat  
as if he had been stabbed, and pushed past the  
startled occupants of the box, past his pale,  
trembling fiancée, out into the corridor, and  
on, till he finally reached the street, and there,  
hatless and breathless, he paused to collect his  
thoughts. This must be the end, he knew.  
The growing coldness between himself and  
Amy must culminate now, but he felt no con-  
punction. He looked round vaguely. Some  
one was coming out of the opera house.  
Why, surely it was Mr. Marston, and that was  
Amy with him!

They must not see him standing there, so he  
drove to his quarters, there to spend a most  
wretched night.

His surmise proved true, and after that  
evening all was over between himself and  
Amy. The day after the unfortunate affair at

the theatre he received a little note, asking  
him to call and explain his conduct of the  
previous night. He wrote, in answer, that he  
could give no explanation, and so it had ended.  
That was three weeks ago, and he had not seen  
Amy since.

He felt he must get away, and to one place  
only could he go. Accordingly he packed a  
small valise, and took the train for Cranston.

He arrived at the hotel about four o'clock  
one afternoon, and a few moments after was in  
a canoe and on his way to the rapids—to the  
old trysting place at the foot of the turbid  
waters.

All was still as he neared the familiar spot.  
The cold, October sunlight shone through the  
leaves and danced merrily on a grassy terrace  
near the shore where he used to sit with Rosa-  
lind. Ah! something was moving there now.  
How his heart bounded, and almost choked  
him. A canoe was drawn up on the beach, and  
a dark figure, half hidden by bushes, knelt and  
swayed slowly backward and forward—back-  
ward and forward. Charlie hastily drew up his  
boat and strode towards the swaying shadow.

"Rosalind! Rosalind!" he said in a husky  
voice, "you said you would be waiting where  
we always met, and now—my darling—I have  
come Rosa—"

The figure rose slowly, and turning as slowly,  
confronted him.

"Yes, she's waitin'," said a harsh voice,  
"Oh! she's waitin'—but don't you dare come  
nigh her, or I'll—I'll kill you. Do you hear?  
I could kill you now!"

And the face of Rosalind's father grew black  
with rage and hatred, his small eyes gleamed  
dangerously. For a moment he stood, glaring,  
as if about to fulfil his threat, but suddenly his  
head drooped, his eyes lost their light, and he  
muttered brokenly—

"But—but she—what will her mother  
say!"

Fane stumbled blindly forward towards an  
object lying on the ground 'neath the bushes.  
But the father was too quick for him. Turning  
swiftly he stooped and lifted the motionless  
burden in his arms, and made his way to his  
canoe. As he passed, Fane caught a glimpse  
of a white face, a mass of wet, matted hair, and  
a pair of staring eyes—that was all.

He could not move. He heard the grating  
of a boat being pushed off, then the splash of a  
paddle, and he was alone—alone on this spot  
with its haunting memories of summer days,  
when honor was forgotten in the touch of a  
sun-browned hand, and the smile of two sweet,  
red lips, when love sped his arrows with an  
aim, not less impetuous, not less sure, than the  
rushing rapids themselves. But after the tur-  
bulence and conflict of these swift waters  
before him came a clear, smooth space where  
the tired drops rested and basked in the sun-  
shine. And was there to be no rest for him?  
No peace after the struggle and anguish of this  
mad passion? He had but followed the  
instincts of nature as did the waters. They  
found calm at length—surely—surely—

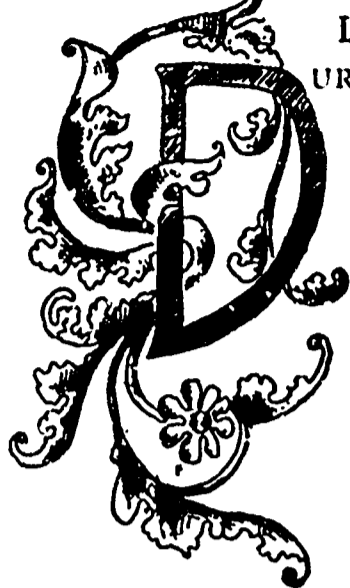
But the rapids burst into a sudden roar of  
indignation, the landscape grew blurred and  
dim. He threw himself on the ground and  
buried his head in his arms. When he again  
raised it the shadows had grown long, and  
wavering, the pall of evening hung over all.  
It was cold, and the waters, now dark and  
angry, made an accompaniment for the pines,  
as the latter bent their stately heads and  
wailed—

"Let no face be kept in mind  
But tho' fair of—Rosalind."



Conclusion  
Number

## TWO

of Competition  
Story.Two Chapters in Two  
Lives. Chapter II.

URING the five weeks which Charley Fane had spent at Cranston he had grown oblivious of the fact that he possessed a business, and also a betrothed. If for a moment the cares and anxieties of this life clouded his happiness, he immediately shook off such troublesome thoughts, and became more forgetful than ever

of his business. If, occasionally, the memory of Amy came over his mind with a sharp pang of regret, a few minutes in Rosalind's bewitching company stifled his momentary repentance.

And it was only when he had boarded the city train at the little station of Cranston, and felt himself rapidly approaching work and care again, and leaving joy and pleasure behind, that the full conviction of his folly rushed over him, and immediately cast him into a state of abject gloom.

In the first place he acknowledged the folly of which he had been guilty, in concealing from Rosalind, until the last moment, the fact of his engagement.

Here, again, his frank and open nature had been in the wrong. While he had been at Cranston it did not seem such an improper thing for him to see Rosalind. On this point he had to confess that he had been carried away by his feelings. And yet, poor Amy! How wrongly he had treated her, too! And then it came over him like a thunder-bolt, what a fool he had been! The more he deliberated on this point, the more convinced he became that the proper course was to return to his business as soon as possible, to marry Amy, and forget Rosalind.

While he was thus absorbed in his thoughts, Charlie suddenly became aware of the fact that somebody was speaking to him. He looked up, momentarily startled, and perceived that a rather handsome young man was gazing at him, inquiringly.

"I beg you pardon!" stammered Charlie, "I must have been asleep!"

"I was only asking you if you would mind sharing your seat with me," answered the stranger, pleasantly. "The train is quite full."

"Certainly! certainly!" exclaimed our hero, quite willing, and even eager to have someone to whom he could talk, and thereby forget his trouble. For Charlie was one of those fellows whom trouble will not trouble long, as far as he could prevent it.

"Thank you very much," replied the stranger. "I got on at Cranston, and have been standing ever since."

"I got on there, too," said Charlie, openly. Then he added, "I have been in Cranston somewhat over five weeks, fishing."

"Indeed!" murmured the stranger, thoughtfully. "I do believe I have seen you before."

"Very likely, if you have been in Cranston for any length of time," observed Charlie.

"Well, yes! I have been living there for over two years. I am a master in the High School."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Charlie, betraying a sudden interest, and yet fearing to ask the stranger if he were Williams. So he suddenly

checked himself, and changing the subject began to speak sagely on that most conversable of all subjects (at least to some people), fishing.

Finally, after some hours' chat, the lights of the city began to twinkle through the falling darkness, and Charlie made a final effort to learn the stranger's name. But he was destined to discover it much more easily than he had anticipated, for, as they were preparing to leave the car, the stranger produced a small grip from behind the seat, on the side of which was inscribed, in capitals, the name, W. H. Williams.

The effect of his short conversation with Williams brightened him up considerably. His easy-going nature again displayed itself. Let Williams have Rosalind. She would be in good hands. He could fulfil the call of duty, and everything would be well.

But hidden behind his outward careless nature, the germs of a lasting love lay implanted in the bottom of his heart. Many a night, when he had returned from seeing Amy, he thought of Rosalind. He remembered plainly, just how she had appeared, when they parted that day at the foot of the rapids. He remembered, too, that strange belief she had in his fidelity, as she uttered those words, "I shall be waiting for you at the foot of the rapids." Many a time his love caused him to forget everything else, and a deep longing came over him to see her once again.

Sudden impulses were one of his common failings. Once he grew so alarmed that he might repent of his purpose, that he implored Amy to advance their wedding day, but she would not consent to this. However, she occasionally noted a vague restless feeling about him, which his wonted jollity did not entirely conceal, but this she kept to herself.

Weeks passed in this happy-go-lucky style, but on the evening of the 16th of October, three days before the date set for their marriage, matters came to a crisis. Everything seemed to have gone wrong, and even Charlie's buoyant nature could not hold up under his reverses. In such circumstances, as on the train the day he came home from Cranston, a dejected mind gave birth to melancholy thoughts. He remembered his parting from Rosalind. How could he have been such a fool as to give her up—and to such a fellow as Williams? And here—he was to be married in two days.

The impulse came suddenly. Why should he not see Rosalind to-morrow, and settle matters between them in some way.

"I'll do it," he said, with determination.

Now, Charlie knew his own nature. By morning he would be sure to have lost his inspiration. Therefore, without giving the matter another thought, he scribbled a note to Amy, saying he was leaving for Cranston on the afternoon train next day on important business, and would probably return the following morning. After which he inscribed a brief epistle to Rosalind, imploring her to keep her promise and meet him at the foot of the rapids the following evening at five. Late as it was he posted both notes, and then retired to rest. No trouble, however serious, could keep sleep from his eyes.

When he awoke next morning he felt there was something to be done. The impulse of the preceding evening soon occurred to him, and without questioning the decision at which he had arrived, he prepared to leave for Cranston. Arrived there, he immediately posted off for the boat-house. The appearance of a summer resort had been completely erased from Cranston. The large boat-house was closed and only a small one was in use. Our hero was warmly greeted by the man in charge, with whom he had often gone on fishing expeditions.

"I've just come down on business," explain-

ed Charlie, "and I want to go out on the river, just to remind me of old times."

"That's right," assented the man, "and I'll always let you have my best boat, Mr. Charlie—but, my boy, the river's very full and I advise you not to go too near the rapids, for I've seen as good oar's as you go over there."

"Never fear, Ben, I'll be careful!" shouted Charlie, pushing out into mid-stream. "Now then, hurry's the word," he added to himself.

The spirit of "old times" came over him. He forgot all else in the wild delight of floating in the water, over which he had so often skimmed. The few miles between Cranston and the rapids flew past. A demon of daring seized him. "Once more—the rapids!" he wildly shouted. The only excuse he could offer himself was that he would not meet Rosa in time if he went by the portage. The enticing roar of the cataract sounded in his ears. He strengthened his hold on the seat and firmly grasped the paddle.

The current quickens! Too late to repent now! The walls of rock narrow. The canoe shoots between them. How skilfully he guides it among the jutting rocks. One moment more and the deed will be done.

But stay! What sound was that? A wild shriek of terror; Charlie looked up, and instantly the unmanned canoe was over. For the second time he was in the rapids and being whirled down the tide, amid the remnants of his splintered bark.

The wailing Rosalind, in the anguish of her soul, had uttered a frantic shriek when she saw her lover coming down the rapids, forgetful that by so doing she would close forever his chance of safety. She saw him over in the flood, and with heroic bravery, leaped in, and wading through the shallows at the foot of the rapids, prepared to grasp him as he would be borne past. But alas! before he came, the brave girl was herself carried away by the angry current, and whirled into the calm, deep waters of the river below.

But see! A boat thrust forward by steady strokes, a young man guiding its course. Charlie, who had miraculously reached the foot in safety, struck out towards it, oblivious of the fact that Rosalind, rendered unconscious by the shock, was drowning close at hand. A brave rescue, as Williams, for he it was, pulled the exhausted swimmer into his boat. A noble attempt he made to reach the drowning girl, but alas, too late! Before he reached her the cold waters had done their work, and the brave girl was no more.

Who shall describe the sadness in the little cottage at the foot of the rapids? The grief of an aged father and mother, so unexpectedly deprived of their dearest treasure! The repentant anguish of Charlie, the careless cause of all this sorrow! Why had he shot the rapids? And Williams, though he had long since been given up by Rosalind, he, too, grieved at the dire calamity, and wondered at the strength of a woman's love.

But rich and happy Amy, surrounded by all her luxuries, knows nothing of all his sorrow, and frets because Charlie has had an upset which will delay their wedding for some time.

But the wedding day itself comes and goes. Charlie Fane, careless as ever, forgets his sorrow, and Amy lives on, without any knowledge of what might have happened if her husband had not had that upset.



"Mrs. Gimps," said a little girl to a neighbor, my mother sent me over to invite you to come and take tea with us.

"Did she say at what time I should come?"

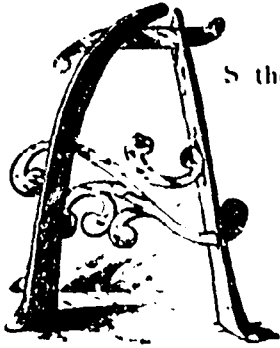
"No; she only said I was to ask you, and then it would be off her mind."

Conclusion  
Number

# THREE

of Competition  
Story.

## Two Chapters in Two Lives.



### CHAPTER II.

As the train whirled Charlie Fane towards Toronto, visions of Amy rose before him, remembrances of her father's wealth and social position, and her own high-breeding, and he realized of what inestimable advantage these would be to him in carrying out his intention of becoming a leader, not only at the bar, but also in social circles.

"Let no face be kept in mind but the fair of Rosalind," came to him, borne on memory's breath.

Finally he resolved to talk it over with his friend, Montrose. The day after his return he visited the latter at his bachelor chambers on Church street, and told his tale.

When he had finished, Montrose knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and quoted quizzically

"And he  
Sighed as he pondered ruefully,  
How that, which in Maud was native grace,  
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place.

"For, had he waited, he might have wed  
Some maiden, fair and thoroughbred,  
For there be maids—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Charlie, "she's educated, I tell you."

"Well, well, man, do as you please. By the way, when are you going to take me to see Miss Lester?"

"Oh! any time. Next Saturday night do?"

"Yes, all right. Good night."

Charlie went home and to bed, but lay awake for an hour or so, thinking it over. His reflections ran somewhat thus: "I like a pretty girl. Rosalind's certainly prettier than Amy." I want a girl who'll be able to take her place properly when she's my wife. Come to think of it, Rosalind's a trifle *gauche* in her ways." His concluding thoughts were that he wouldn't let Amy know for a few days that he was in town, and that he'd write a little note to Rosalind, which might mean anything or nothing.

Saturday evening came, and, according to appointment, Montrose called for him, on his way to Miss Lester's.

There was a shade of annoyance on Miss Lester's face as the two young men entered the drawing room. Why Charlie should not have written for more than a week, then come home without word of warning, and brought a friend, who was a perfect stranger to her, with him the first time he came to see her, was somewhat incomprehensible.

Montrose noticed a look of embarrassment on Fane's face, a glitter in Miss Lester's eyes, and a heightened color in her cheeks which could mean nothing else than indignation. The girl quickly recovered herself, however, and chatted away unconcernedly. "Plucky little thing," thought Montrose. "Fane's a fool if he lets her go for the sake of a pretty face he fancies he's in love with."

It was a very piqued and sulky youth who emerged from the Lester home that night, and his wrath vented itself on his friend in expressions which made up in terseness and force for what they lacked in eloquence. The substance of Montrose's reply to all this was, "that if he wanted to keep free of complications he'd better see that one string of his bow was broken, before he fitted another to it."

As Charlie cogitated over his cigar that night

the only way he saw out of the difficulty was for him to write a humble note to Amy, which he accordingly did, pleading sickness as the cause of his not calling before, asking her why she didn't trust him more fully, and giving her by many a term of endearment, to understand that he was "ever, her devoted slave, Charlie F."

"Now for Rosalind. This is pretty rough on a fellow, this is."

"Let no face be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind."

flitted again through his mind, and he thereupon gave himself up to sentimental reflections, part of which consisted of regrets that he could not have remained safely engaged to Amy Lester and have carried on the pleasant and romantic flirtation with Rosalind. But he thought it more prudent to gently intimate to the latter, that though it tore his very heart-strings, and made him feel that life was a barren plain, still he must forego the delights of her friendship.

He felt that his most telling argument would be to explain that his sense of honor which had been numbed, as it were, by her beauty and fascination, was awake, and accusing him of disloyalty to his affianced; and as his honor was dear to him, "dearer even than Rosalind's own sweet self," "he knew he could not endure the pain he would suffer, did he feel he had brought a stain upon it." And finally he begged her to forget anyone so worthless as himself, and hoped she would be happier with the man who was more worthy of her."

Now, through a bit of carelessness, an accident happened, which has happened before, and will doubtless happen again.

Fane addressed two envelopes, folded the notes, and slipping what he thought was the propitiatory note intended for Amy into the envelope addressed to her, he sealed it, did the same with the other, and running down stairs, left them on the hall table, ready for the servant to put in the post box in the morning. They would reach their destination on Monday morning, and he would be made all right with one of the young ladies, at any rate.

As Amy met Montrose and Fane when they were ushered into the drawing room at Mrs. Lester's that evening, there was that in her reception of her lover which might have disconcerted a bolder youth. It was not indignation, it was not contempt, it was not amusement, but it was a discomfiting mixture of all three. Not dreaming of the true state of affairs, Fane tried to make himself more than usually agreeable, hoping, thereby, to clear matters up, but met only with chilling politeness for his pains.

The next morning beside his plate at breakfast lay two letters. He tore open the uppermost, quickly, recognizing Amy's handwriting. The note ran—

DEAR MR. FANE,—

I regret to have unwittingly read that which is evidently intended for some one else, and return it at once, that it may reach its destination as quickly as possible. Pray, do not think of making the sacrifice you mention in it. Yours, in haste,

AMY LESTER.

The other was almost as short, and equally full of meaning. It read—

CHARLES FANE,  
Sir,

inclosed you will find a note as is plainly meant for some young Lady as I hope will never get took in by you. don't you never show your face hear agen. My dawter's Feolins is hurt now but sheel be ol right when she takes In a good ridance of Bad rubbish.

Yours respectfully,  
MICHAEL ALDERN.

Two years later, a couple of young men were talking at the club, when one remarked that he had heard that day that Charlie Fane was coming back from British Columbia.

"What did he leave for?" asked the younger of the two. "I never heard the rights of it."

"Oh!" replied the first speaker, "Tried to work a double game, a girl here, and some fascinating Maud Muller in the country; wrote to them both the same night, and mixed the letters, with such immediate results from both quarters that Fane found some mining interests of his father's in British Columbia needed looking after, and left at once for the West."

Fane did come home, and in the paper that he bought at the Union Station, two items in the births, marriages and deaths column met his eye—

MONTRORSE—LESTER—On September 18th, at St. Bonifacio Church, by the Rev. John Jones, Harold C. Montrorse, second son of —. Montrorse, Esq., — Hall, — Shire, Eng., to Amy, only daughter of James Loster, Esq., Toronto.

And—

WILLIAMS—ALDERN—On September 18th, at Church of St. Helen, Nemica Falls, by the Rev. Henry Stubbs, John Henry Williams, English Master in Bay View Collegiate Instituto, to Rosalind, eldest daughter of Michael Aldern, Nemica Falls.

Could the reader have been on board the East bound trains the day the above-mentioned events took place, he would have heard two conversations, which, though differing somewhat in form, were very similar in substance.

A slender, fair-haired girl was saying with that little tripping laugh, which was one of her chief charms, to the man who was bending over her with a look of infinite tenderness in his dark eyes, "To think, Harold, its just two years ago to-day since I got that note from Charlie Fane. I felt as if I could cry myself into a perfect Niobe with mortification, at having been such a silly as to fancy myself so awfully in love with him, and telling him I was, too!" added this twenty-one year old matron, shamefacedly. "But," brightening, and with an assumption of magnificent dignity, "I was very young then, and didn't know any better."

"You were the dearest girl in all the world then, just as you are now," was Montrose's conclusive answer.

On another car, two passengers attracted much attention, not so much from the fact of their being evidently a bridal couple, but for the glorious beauty of the bride's face and form.

Noting the glances of admiration directed to his wife, the man whispered wistfully, "My darling, can you be content with me?"

"Content!" and the shining of the beautiful eyes bore testimony to the truth of her words, "I'm the happiest woman in Canada. And I know now, beloved, that I loved you even when, foolish schoolgirl that I was, I was looking round anxiously for some body, with a sufficiently romantic flavor attached, to which I could devote myself, soul and body. It doesn't seem possible that I'm the girl who two years ago was exultingly contemplating suicide. I wonder you can care for me, Jack."

"Care? Oh! my darling!" And after a few minutes' pause Jack Williams' musical voice quoted these words of Tennyson, than which there could be no better delineation of a perfect marriage:—

"My bride,

My wife, my life. Oh, we will walk this world,  
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,  
And so, through those dark gates across the wild  
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee; come,  
Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one;  
Accomplish thou my manhood, and thyself,  
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."



### For Ladies Only.

It may be that your wife would rather have a silver handle on her coffin, and a tombstone with big letters on it by-and-by.

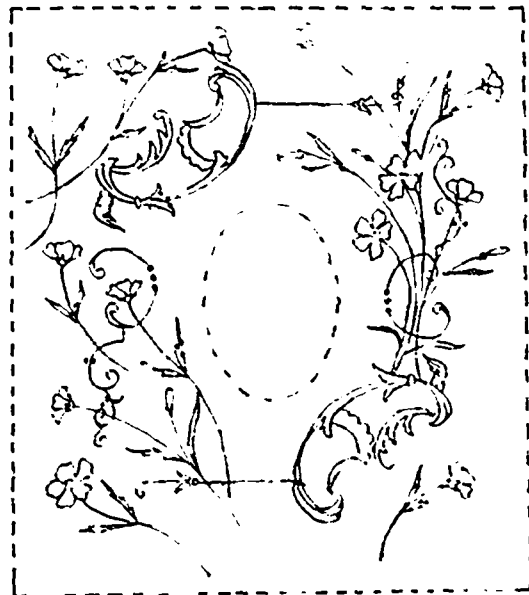
# Fancy Work

**J**UST two months to Christmas! Only eight short weeks to think of and make all the little presents for the members of the family and the friends who, perhaps, are busy thinking up things they imagine would be nice for us. Last month we gave some suggestions which would be suitable for holiday presents, among others a pretty pipe rack, a laundry bag in blue denim, worked in double pink roses, and a Frenchy and very effective handkerchief case, with an artistic design in butterflies, all worked in their own natural colors. Any of the patterns, or the stamped linen, could be obtained through the *THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL*, which is showing this month some of the very latest and prettiest designs in photo. frames.

It is quite possible to get tired of being presented with centre pieces and sets of doilies, however pretty they may be. And usually, one cosy is enough at a time; but one can never have too many photo. frames. The old ones get rubbed and shabby, and new faces are constantly being added to our gallery of pictured friends, and unless we are content to put them carefully out of sight and away from dust and finger marks, they must have the protection of a frame. And so, a pretty one, prettily worked by somebody who thinks we are worth the time and trouble necessary, is as dainty and suitable as anything we could give.

And again we remind our readers that *THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL* offers to get for any one who writes to us, any of the articles we illustrate each month. The rates are the lowest possible, the linen and other materials of the finest quality, and the designs are selected from the latest ones out.

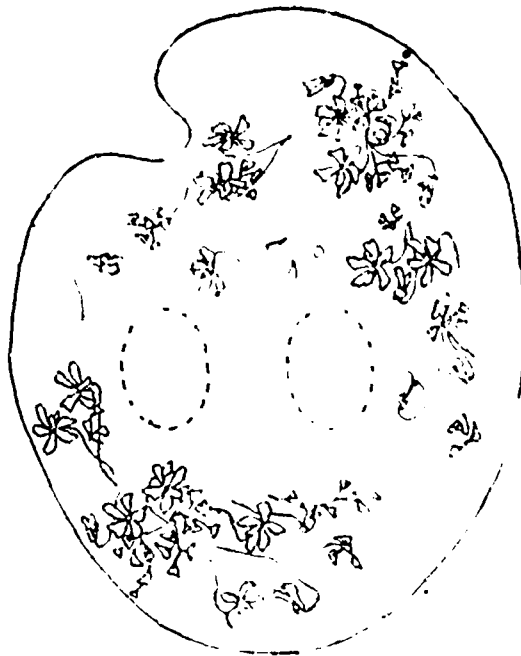
**No. 1** is a palette, worked in a design of single violets on fine white linen, intended to hold two photos. The flowers fall very



**No. 1 - VIOLET PALETTE.**—Perforated paper pattern, 15c., stamped linen, 2c., silk (five skeins), 25c., pasteboard mount, 15c., linen, stamped and commenced, with all silks necessary, 75c.

prettily, and, when finished, it is delightfully artistic and natural in effect. It takes ten shades of silk, counting in the greens for the stems and leaves, but as only a few threads of some are necessary, we call it three skeins. In buying the silks, in the usual way, it would mean the full skeins, but our arrangement saves such an unnecessary expense.

**No. 2** is the same shape, worked in pink single roses, and, like the violet one, is of fine, white linen. It takes rather more silk for the flowers, and has a good deal more work in it, but the result is lovely. The delicate shades of pink on the snow-white ground make



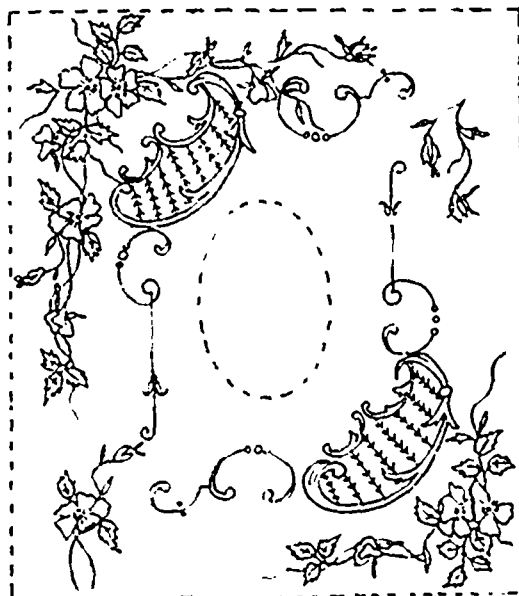
**No. 2 - BRIAR ROSE PALETTE.**—Perforated paper pattern, 15c., stamped linen, 15c., silk, 15c., paste board mount, 15c., linen stamped and commenced, with all silks necessary, 60c.

a deliciously pretty combination with which to frame two fair faces, or somebody and his sweetheart.

**No. 3** is a buttercup design on white linen—that pretty blending of yellow and white, which is always so charming.

**No. 4** is the handsomest of the four, is more elaborate than the rest, and has much more work in it than either the buttercup or violet ones. It is a design of briar roses on white linen, with a pretty fancy scroll in two of the four corners, worked in white Japan floss with cross bars of pale pink. The flowers are done in the usual Kensington, or embroidery stitch.

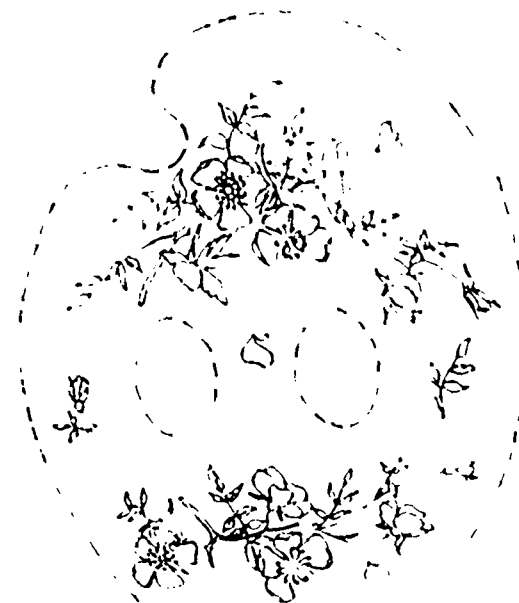
**No. 5** is as simple and pretty as it is useful. It is a forget-me-not calendar, worked in the blue shade of the flowers on white linen. The



**No. 3 - BUTTERCUP.**—Perforated paper pattern, 15c., stamped linen, 2c., silk (five skeins), 25c., pasteboard mount, 15c., linen, stamped and commenced, with all silks necessary, 75c.

ribbons are done in blue, with an outlining of white Japan floss. It is a neat, pretty little thing, and would make a sweet addition to somebody's

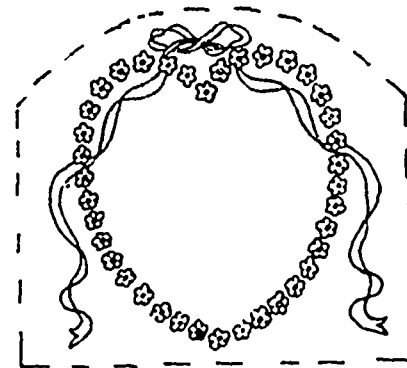
writing table, or in fact, would look fresh and appropriate anywhere, and has the merit of being very inexpensive. A calendar for the centre goes with it, taking in the remainder of this year, and all of 1898. And again, anyone making this, gains an advantage in sending to us for the materials. In buying the silks in the usual way it would be necessary to get a skein of blue for the forget-me-nots, one of yellow for the centres, and one of white for the ribbons. We see that only as much of each



**No. 4 - ROSE PALETTE.**—Perforated paper pattern, 15c., stamped linen, 20c., silk (five skeins), 25c., paste board mount, 15c., linen, stamped and commenced, with all silks necessary, 75c.

color as is necessary goes with the design, and so, instead of three skeins we charge for only one, as the broken skeins only amount to that.

**AN** exchange, on the subject of little ornamentations for the home, says, "When one comes to the consideration of home-made de-



**No. 5 - CALENDAR.**—Paper pattern, 10c., stamped linen, 5c., mount, 10c., calendar, 5c., silk (1 skein), 5c.

corative articles, one is always on the safe side in not overloading with them. There is more artistic worth in a rustic branch with a last year's nest on it, than in any number of pockets and holders made of "bellows" and worn-out fans. There is no reason, however, why the home artist should not beautify articles of daily utility. Pins, for instance, cannot be better placed than in a pretty pin-tray on my lady's dressing-table or chiffonier; but pins are often wanted in the library, or even in the kitchen, where only hanging cushions are available, and these should be pretty and suitable."

"A simple wall-cushion, square or heart-shaped, in rich copper-colored satin with knots of ribbon of a darker shade, may be placed in some conspicuous spot against walls covered with library paper in leather tones, the satin surface being adorned with tinsels in red, gold and silver."

## DOWN THE RIDEAU.

Written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

By  
G. C. M. WHITE

**H**AVE you ever been down the Rideau? No? Then go, as soon as you can, if not this summer then next, for if ever there was a place where Mother Nature took the tired children of civilization to herself and lured them to forget all the seams and uncomfortable places in their lives, that place is the Rideau.

We, my friend and I, were taking a summer holiday, and having heard of the beauties of the Rideau river and lakes, we started off to see and judge for ourselves. I was to stop off, midway, at a camp in Big Rideau Lake. She elected to go through to Ottawa.

We boarded the comfortable and home-like "James Swift" at Kingston at six o'clock one Monday morning in July. The rain was coming down in torrents, the decks were "soppy," our skirts were dragged, the crew looked half-drowned, and we hadn't even the advertisement side of a newspaper to read. "It was you who suggested this trip," said my friend, and her tone conveyed distinct reproach.

As it was still early I reflected that the truth of the old saw, "rain before seven, clear before eleven," had plenty of time to be proved, and the wisdom of my proposal sustained, so I merely said (very properly) that the rain was good for the crops, and found, as I have so often before, that the softer and simpler the answer, the less is wrath turned aside by it.

Conversation languished, and my friend turned her attention to what could be seen of a very "blurry" landscape through the cabin windows, and, as our fellow-passengers were uninteresting, I followed her example.

Presently the hills about Kingston Mills loomed up, grey and phantom-like through the rain.

I asked Kate to go on deck.

"No, I've seen Kingston Mills in decent weather. You may get drenched if you like," was the answer. So I went alone. As the "Swift" slipped along between the hills, and into the first lock, bit after bit, which would delight any artist, came into view.

After locking through here we wound slowly along the River Styx, the name given by some facetious individual to the six miles of stumps and snags surrounded by water that intervene between Cataract River and Big Cranberry

Lake, and we—for my friend was cheering up—the sun's re-appearance having taken to, on an air of probability—were lost in admiration of the skill of the man at the wheel. We were steaming, slowly, through several small lakes: Big Cranberry, Little Cranberry and Whitefish; now wondering whether the steersman intended cutting the mainland in two, for no place of egress was to be seen, when suddenly, down would go the helm, round would come the boat's head, and a fresh and more beautiful bend would be disclosed; then again making wild guesses (which were nearly always wrong), as to which of many apparent outlets the pilot would choose.

As we were passing through one of the lakes the genial purser came round to enquire our destination, and incidentally collect our fare, and he volunteered the information that he thought it would clear up very soon.

Kate said "thank you" with such fervour at this point, that he smiled, and said he thought we must have taken the weather to heart. Well, we had! How were we to judge, even partially, of the Rideau, when she kept her attractions hidden behind a drop curtain of rain?

Shortly after this I heard a prolonged, "Oh!" of delight from my friend, and I turned to find it was inspired by cows—cows standing placidly in

mass, and the scenic setting of this is very wild and picturesque.

A summer hotel, and the American tourist have invaded the place. Two of the latter were fishing from the bridge, with the newest thing in fishing rods in their hands, and the ugliest of white commodore caps upon their heads. They were fat, they were forty, but, alas! they were not fair. (The mate says the trinity of F's is indivisible, but he's wrong). And they were American, through the length and breadth of them, and the contrast between the solidified placidity of their whole attitude, and the wild eagerness with which they masticated the luscious tutti frutti, was sharp, indeed.

Just then, rather opportunely, we thought, for the tutti frutti had made discord in our souls, which before had been tuned in harmony with nature's symphony all about us, a horn announced dinner, and there was a scurry back to the boat, and a moderate indulgence in good English roast beef, (rare), well-cooked vegetables, and flakey pastry, all daintily served, prepared as with a due appreciation of the loveliness of the channel into which the "Swift" glided, when the waters had borne her up out of the last lock. It is beautiful beyond words, this entrance to Sand lake, a narrow, winding way, where the steep banks on either

side are thickly wooded, and covered with an undergrowth of ferns, flowers and grasses, almost tropical in their luxuriance.

The branches of the trees stretch out far overhead from either side, and down on all this exquisite beauty shone the sun, lighting up the clear, brown water into a golden green. A vain young oak leaned over to look at itself in the translucent mirror, and we reached out and pulled each a branch, as it lightly brushed the passing boat.

Slowly the

"Swift" moved through this lake as though she would let us absorb all the loveliness, and then on into Lake Opinicon; from that to Clear lake.

Passengers we had not noticed before began to appear. There was the girl who retired every few minutes to curl her hair, only to have the curl taken out again by the dampness, and the pretty little fairy whose locks were a mass of curls and kinks, which no humidity could eradicate; and the fascinating miss who said, "You don't say so? Isn't it lovely? I think it's just sweet," to any sight or observation which was not of the depressing order, and "Oh! isn't it awful? I think it's just terrible" to anything that was. And there was the tall, dark girl, whom I admired, and the stylish little creature, with the Yankee twang, whom my friend admired.

A man's voice, speaking with the languid, Southern accent, attracted our attention.

"You Canadians don't half appreciate the beauties of your country," it said. "Why, you might have this place filled with Americans, if you only let us know about it."



KINGSTON MILLS LOCKS, SOUTH.

the water. She "just loved a pastoral scene like that," she declared. I don't, it is too reminiscent of a time which to think of, even now, makes me shudder, when, as a visitor of distinction in a village, I was asked to judge the works of art (?) at a township fair, and a picture painted by the village belle, who "took" painting one whole quarter at a select seminary, represented some wonderful kine, knee deep in a placid pool, and the tips of the horns of the cows in the middle distance were a trifle higher than the top of a patriarchal elm in the foreground.

A true prophet was that purser, for the sun came out before we reached Jones' Falls, and even if it hadn't, he would have been remembered with gratitude, for we would have felt that he did his best, anyway.

When Jones' Falls, with its four locks, ancient blockhouses, reminiscent of Indian raids and the American Revolution, came in sight, we were allowed to get off, while the "Swift" locked up. No little passing waterfall this. There is a fall of ninety feet, and the water comes down in a rushing, roaring, foaming



"We don't want Yankees with their nasty summer hotels, and gingerbread cottages," answered my tall Canadian girl. "Discourteous, but charmingly frank," and the Southerner smiled engagingly.

Of course, I would, and then we inspected such of Portland's departmental stores as were open, where Oxford ties hob-nob with jars of honey, and rolls of print are side by side with Portland mixtures, which a camp digestion

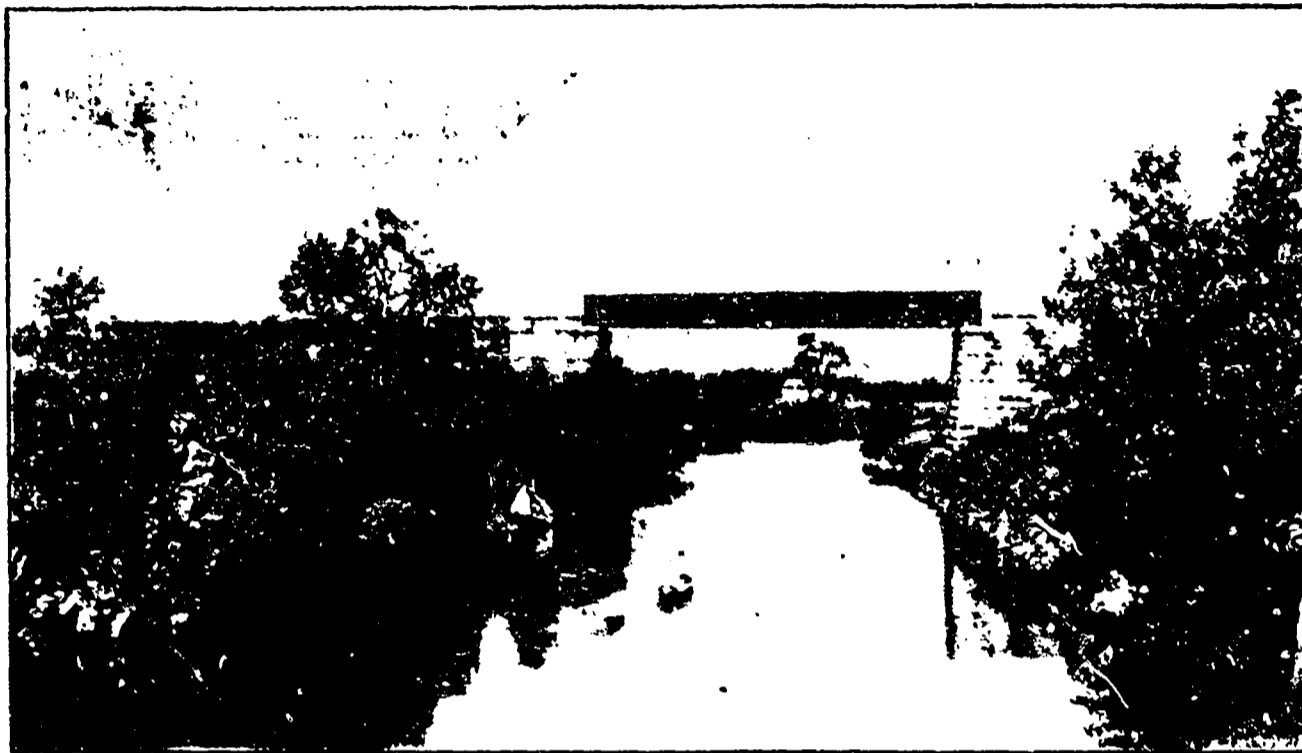
we landed on the little island which I soon learned to call home.

In front of us the sun was going down in a perfect sea of glory, and the glow spread out over the lake and touched the islands far and near, till all things seemed alive with the ruddy light, and one found one's lips framing "How lovely," and stopped, almost startled to find how inadequate the words were to express one's sense of the beauty and rest of it all.

I should like to tell you, did I not know space was limited, of the luncheons we had sailing on the high seas, with the boat "keeling" over, in spite of the efforts of the small girl to keep it from "tipping," by kneeling up, and leaning a few inches over the gunwale to windward, and of how skilled the girls got in passing bread and cheese, lemonade, etc., from the commissariat in the bow to the seat of government in the stern, where sat the skipper and the chaperone of the day, and of how, for a little variety, we landed on a hitherto unexplored island where the undergrowth was so thick, and snake-holes so numerous, that we felt moved to exclaim with the Yankee senator, "A primeval forest, truly, a place where the hand of man has never set foot;" of the storm, the first warning of which was a sudden quieting of all the myriad voices of nature. A vast black thing came up out of the southwest, and seemed to settle down close,

and yet closer, over the lake, and the hush became almost choking in its intensity.

Of the fishing advantages of the Rideau I have not spoken, though they are exceptional. Green and black bass abound in all the small lakes, and in Lige Rideau you can hook your salmon trout, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. And now, good people all, though this sketch has given you no adequate conception of the beauty that will meet your eye, and the rest that will enter into your soul amongst the Rideau lakes, and on the Rideau River, still let me repeat, "Go down the Rideau," taking



ON THE RIDEAU. NEWBORO RAILROAD BRIDGE.

"However," he said, "I am going to bring a large party here next summer, and I promise you they'll all sleep in tents," he added reassuringly. Shortly after two men came up, and the talk turned on international affairs, and we soon found that the soft Southern speech could adapt itself very readily to the exigencies of political controversy.

We were now going through Nurd lake, towards the town of Newboro, where there are two locks. Near here is the height of land from where the river runs down to Ottawa and back to Kingston. After passing through the canal at this place, where the Government dredge is always working to keep a channel clear, we came into Little Rideau lake, and down to the thriving village of Westport at its head, when a good deal of freight was put off, and several passengers landed. The "Swift" doubled on herself after leaving here, and after a short sail we came through the Narrows Locks, and out into Big Rideau lake, a sheet of clear, cold water, about eight by twenty miles, abounding in fish of many kinds from minnows to salmon (very large salmon trout), and dotted with islands of varying size, from the one large enough to be taken by the uninitiated for the mainland, down to the little heap of stones, about large enough for one person to stand on.

We soon came in sight of the village of Portland, prettily situated in a little cove, and sheltered by a height of land jutting out into the lake. But just then all thoughts of scenery vanished, for I spied a little white canoe in the distance, and that canoe, I knew, was coming to take me where I was to spend two blissful weeks. The small craft reached the wharf before the "Swift," and there was a hasty slipping on of a crimson sweater over the unornamental gray camping shirt, and he of the paddle was ready to greet the solitary passenger who disembarked.

Would I walk "up town" with him in these "togs" and help get some "grub"?

makes not only harmless, but very wholesome.

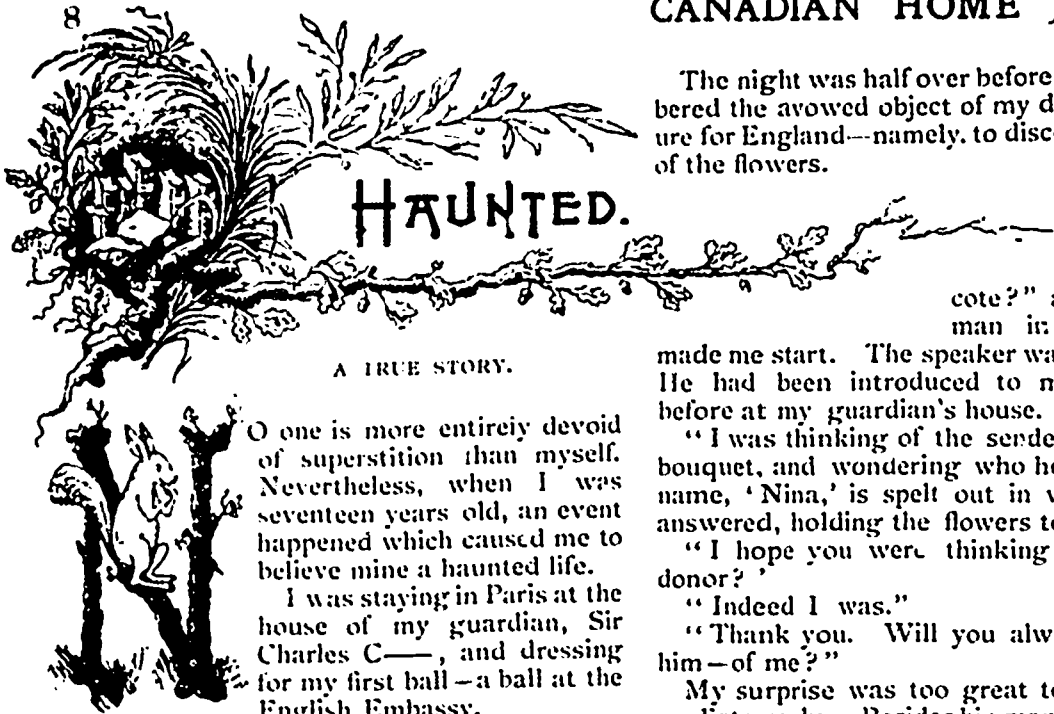
What a sleepy, peaceful old place it is! Butter was needed, but the shop that we wanted to patronize was locked, and the proprietor was at the other end of the village discussing the potato crop with a friend. We walked slowly after him, the skipper and I. Nobody ever hurries in Portland, and even Her Majesty's mail has a slow and decorous method of entering and leaving. The owners of two other establishments had shut up shop and gone fishing.



JONES' FALLS.

"They don't usually do this the day the "Swift" comes in, but the early part of the day was cloudy, and I suppose they couldn't withstand the temptation," explained the skipper. Back to the canoe, a paddle of two miles, and

with you as few incumbrances as possible, select your island, pitch your tent, and then think gratefully of the individual whose suggestions led you to that land of bliss.



A TRUE STORY.

NO one is more entirely devoid of superstition than myself. Nevertheless, when I was seventeen years old, an event happened which caused me to believe mine a haunted life.

I was staying in Paris at the house of my guardian, Sir Charles C—, and dressing for my first ball—a ball at the English Embassy.

My dress, a triumph of Parisian taste, had been fastened, and I stood before the glass while my maid arranged the flowers in my hair. A splendid bouquet lay beside my gloves and fan upon the toilet table.

"Ah, now mademoiselle is beautiful!" exclaimed my maid, Justine, in French, as she stepped back to survey her work admiringly.

I blushed with pleasure. It was the first compliment that had been paid me, and my glass told me it was true.

"I wonder who sent me these flowers!" I said, taking up the bouquet preparatory to leaving the room.

"Mademoiselle will doubtless discover her admirer among her partners to-night," was the girl's reply.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. A telegram was handed to me.

"Mrs. Northcote is dangerously ill, and wishes to see her stepdaughter before she dies."

Startled, dismayed, but beyond all measure vexed at receiving such an untimely message, I dropped the paper upon the floor. "Bring me a railway guide quick!" I said to Justine.

Mrs. Northcote was my stepmother, but we had never met. My father had made a mesalliance out in India by taking a half-caste for his second wife, and when he died he left to his widow, for her life, the family estate of "Crownsnest" to which he had only just succeeded.

I found by the railway guide that if I changed my dress with speed there was time to catch the last train that night from Paris. By noon next day I should be in Dashshire, in which county Crownsnest is situated.

"Justine," I cried, excitedly, "bring me my travelling dress. You must go with me to-night to England—"

"Mon dieu, Mademoiselle! Would you take off that ravishing dress that suits you to such marvel? Would you give up the ball?"

Once more I looked at my reflection in the glass. Once more I took up the railway timetable to study its contents. At nine o'clock next morning there was another train.

Meditatively I raised the bouquet to my face. Who was it said, "The woman who hesitates is lost?"

The sweet perfume of the flowers permeated my senses. Who had sent them? Curiosity prevailed. I would wait till the morrow, go to the ball and solve the mystery.

Sir Charles and Lady C— were waiting for me when I descended the stairs. I did not say anything about the telegram, we entered the carriage and were driven to the Embassy.

The ball was brilliant in the extreme, and I, completely intoxicated with the adulation I received. "La jolie Anglaise!" "The new debutante!" was on everybody's lips.

The night was half over before I even remembered the avowed object of my deferred departure for England—namely, to discover the sender of the flowers.

"Of what were you thinking so profoundly, Miss North-

cote?" asked a gentleman in a way that

made me start. The speaker was Mr. Weston. He had been introduced to me a few days before at my guardian's house.

"I was thinking of the sender of this lovely bouquet, and wondering who he is." See, my name, 'Nina,' is spelt out in white violets, I answered, holding the flowers towards him.

"I hope you were thinking kindly of the donor?"

"Indeed I was."

"Thank you. Will you always so think of him—of me?"

My surprise was too great to frame an immediate reply. Besides his manner embarrassed me. It inferred so much more than the mere words. I danced with him more frequently than with anyone else, and found a new and strange attraction in his presence.

On returning from the ball, I told my kind host and hostess of the telegram, and of my determination to start for England to-morrow.

Lady C— looked grave when she read the message.

"You might have saved a few hours, dear —" she said.

"Only a very few. And then I should have missed the most delightful experience of all my life!" I answered fervently.

"But it was a case of life and death, my child," she added gently. And I felt she had given me a reproof.

My trunks were soon packed by Justine, who accompanied me to England. Sir Charles C— as my legal guardian, insisted on going with me, and late on the following night we were driving through the moonless darkness of country roads to Crownsnest.

A stately housekeeper met us in the hall:—

"Miss Northcote, you come too late," she said, and there was more austerity than sadness in her tone. "My dear mistress died three hours ago. If you had left Paris last night you would have been in time. My lady had a communication she desired to make to you."

"What was it?" I asked in much distress.

"That no one will ever know in this world," was the answer. And I felt from that moment as though Mrs. Stevens was my enemy.

Sir Charles C— remained at Crownsnest until after the funeral. Then, in vain, he urged me to return with him to Paris. I was bent on remaining a few weeks longer in the quaint old-fashioned house, which now to all intents and purposes was mine. With the exception of one bedroom in it, a description of Crownsnest is not necessary to the development of my tale, but to describe that is imperative.

This room had taken my fancy from the first. It was long, and large, and low, the walls panelled with cedar wood. On the panels hung framed tapestry pictures, the work of past generations of Northcotes. The ceiling of cedar wood, with curiously carved rafters, made the walls look even lower than they were. A time-mellowed square of Indian carpet covered the centre of the cedar floor on which stood the bed—of the same wood, and richly carved raised on a dais. There were two windows; that nearest the bed, a bay with diamond panes, the hangings similar to those of the bed, of old-fashioned rich brocade with faded pink satin linings. On the side of the bay window nearest the bed was fixed a modern gas-bracket, which struck me as a strange anomaly, and

the only incongruity amid the antique surroundings.

It was in this chamber my stepmother died; but, utterly devoid of all superstitious weakness, I decided to occupy it myself. No sooner had my kind guardian left Crownsnest than I told Mrs. Stevens of my intention; whereon she looked troubled, urging various reasons why I should not do so; none of which appeared to me of any weight. At last she said: "It was Mrs. Northcote's wish that that room should not be used. She died in it."

"And do you suppose that I am so foolish as to be afraid to sleep there on that account?" I asked.

"It is not my province to suppose anything, Miss Northcote. My late mistress entertained the fancy, and, if you had seen her before she had died, it is my belief she would have given you her reasons herself. As it is—"

"As it is, Mrs. Stevens," I answered, seeing that she paused irresolutely, "I am now mistress here, and have set my heart on that particular bed-room. Have it prepared, please, for I wish to occupy it at once."

"As you will," she said, indifferently. But as she turned away I caught a peculiar look on her face, which perplexed as much as it annoyed me.

My belongings were promptly removed into the coveted room, my maid, Justine, occupying a small dressing-room adjoining, but to which there was no through communication.

The first night of my taking possession of my new quarters was close and oppressive, and I remember waking to find the scent of the cedar wood slightly over-powering. About mid-night I rose; threading my way across the floor with difficulty, for the room was almost in total darkness, I opened the nearest window. The next night, before Justine left me, I desired her not to turn the gas quite out.

Three nights later I again awoke with a curious sense of languor and oppression. I did not want to be at the trouble of rising to open the window, but I looked up sleepily.

The gas beside the window gave out a dim light; beyond it a faint moonbeam slanting across the room in which lay the shadow of a pear tree that grew outside close to the house. I could trace the shadows of the branches and the leaves, and watched them as they flickered, stirred by the night wind.

Keeping my eyes open in a half-sleepy manner, as I have said, all at once I became conscious of seeing something else besides the gaslight and the moonlight, something that seemed to be between the two. It was faint and indistinct, certainly, but none the less it bore resemblance to a female form; the head appeared resting on the hand; the hair with a ruddy gleam on it floated backward on the shoulders. The rest of the figure was lost in darkness.

I was sufficiently awake to know it was no freak of fancy, and yet the figure was altogether so faintly defined and vague in detail, that before long I fell asleep, and next morning remembered it as a dream only.

The succeeding night, however, I again awoke, and on opening my eyes beheld the self-same figure; but this time it was more clearly visible, especially the face, which, turned towards me, I saw to be that of a very beautiful woman. Moreover, to my unspeakable horror and dismay, I discovered in it a resemblance to my stepmother, whom I had seen once, and once only, as she lay dead within her coffin. The sight was the more distressing to me inasmuch as the face wore an expression of mournful sadness combined with one of reproach. Had the spirit of my father's wife returned to earth to upbraid me for not obeying the summons to her dying bed?

(Continued on page 28.)

# ANTIGONISH.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

By  
RITA E. MURRAY.



ANTIGONISH! Antigonish!!

How gladly we welcomed the genial conductor, who so gaily announced the end of our long journey.

Not only did we enjoy the lovely view of the picturesque village nestling at the foot of the "Sugar-loaf," but also a glimpse of the sun once more. For five long days it had rained steadily, and Montreal and quaint old Quebec were viewed from under a dripping deck, and the lights of the great metropolis gleamed sadly through "the rain and the mist."

Not so in the gay town of Antigonish! The bright rays of the sun endowed nature with golden tints, and threw a halo of sunny smiles over the motley crowds that always greet the trains which steam into the rustic station.

With light steps we hurried forward and took our places in the old stage coach, which is caleche, baggage-transfer and electric car all in one. While driving through the streets we observed the cozy, ivy-mantled cottages, pretty villas in elm groves, and handsome residences, all of which evidenced the quiet prosperity noticeable in most of the towns in Nova Scotia. Nearing the centre we realized that Antigonish was not only a town of dainty dwellings, but that it could also boast of several fine commercial houses which carry on an extensive business throughout the surrounding

country. Among the larger buildings noticeable was the court-house with its stately Doric pillars and waving elms, which, like sturdy sentinels, guard and protect the main entrance.

Our attention was drawn from this Temple of Justice to the picturesque building which is the centre of attraction after the arrival of trains, for the Post-Office is a popular rendezvous, where are discussed the events of the day.

We leave behind the commercial part of Antigonish, and our prancing steeds step daintily over the rustic bridges that span the limpid stream which flows so peacefully through a lovely avenue of grand old trees, and mingles its gurgling laughter with the happy warbling of the many songsters, which trill their sweet notes, safe hidden in the luxuriant foliage of elm and poplar.

These shadowy solitudes can, in all truth, be compared to an emerald frame that lends its beauty to enhance that of the picture within. Leaving this pretty spot we wind our way towards the hill crowned by the three imposing

edifices which impart so much dignity to the little town below.

The college and convent are worthy monuments of the industrious and zealous men who have endeavored, yes and succeeded, in making Antigonish a centre of learning and education unsurpassed in the Province of Nova Scotia. These buildings are not the sole monarchs of the little hill. They share their domain with the grand old cathedral, whose massive walls and stately towers reflect credit on his Lordship, Bishop McKinnon. He and his successor have never refused to lend a helping hand to those institutions which would enable men to reach that goal of learning, never perfectly attained unless shadowed by the walls of the "Tigh Dhu."

The roads, both in and around the town, are especially good for wheeling, which is a favorite pastime for more than two-thirds of the population. The one over which we sped on our silent steeds led us to a pretty summer resort, about nine miles from the town. All the way there the scenery is lovely, and it would be impossible to adequately describe the green landscapes, the glimpses of the sea with its

retreat with its winding paths, velvet lawns, picturesque summer-houses, shady nooks and beautiful tennis courts, all combining to make Mrs. C. C. Gregory's residence one of the prettiest and loveliest summer villas in the province.

Very unwelcome to our ears was the shrill whistle of the evening express which was to carry us away from the pretty, pleasant little town, where we had whiled away so many sunny hours. As the green groves of "Sugar Loaf" blended with the blue haze of the distance we said "au revoir," and promised ourselves another trip, but of longer duration, to peaceful, poetic, progressive Antigonish.



## The Little Shoes They Did It.

AT a temperance meeting in England, the chairman addressing a young man, yet a reformed drunkard, said:

"Come, William Turner, you've known as much about the drink evil as any one here, or anywhere: come, tell us, for I never heard how it was that you changed right-about-face from the mouth of hell to the gate of hope: come, man, out with it, maybe it'll do you good.

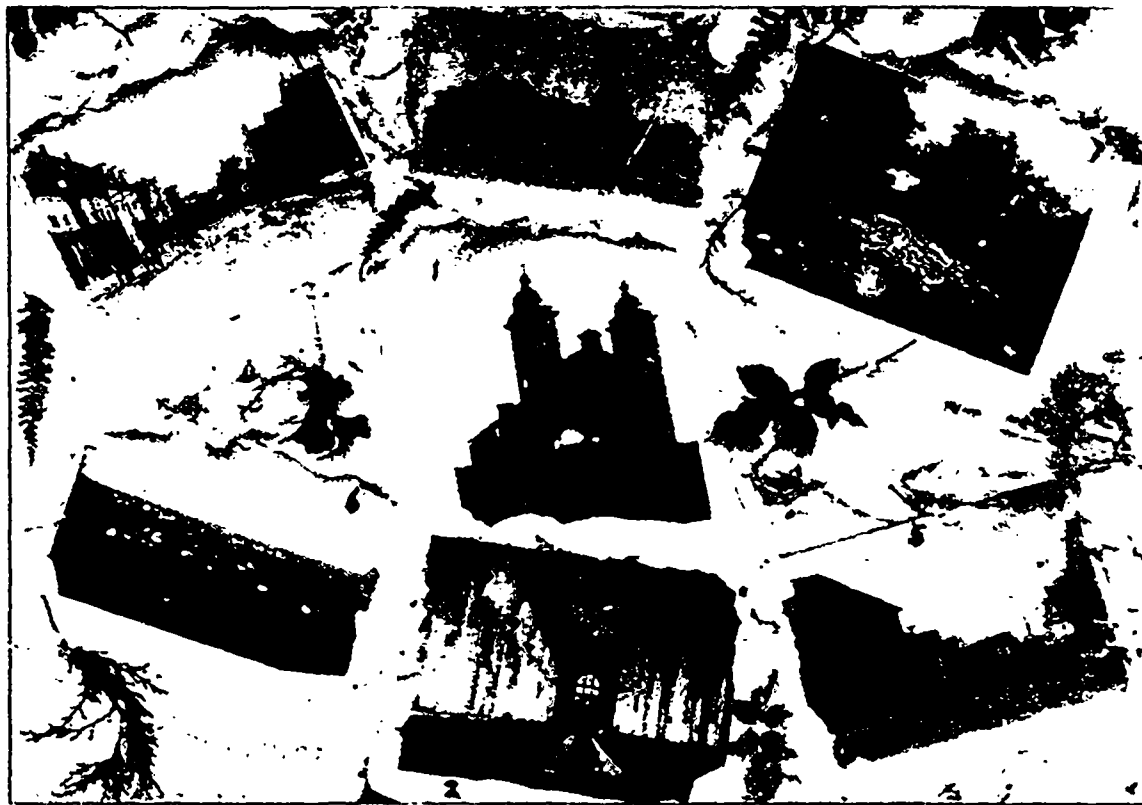
The young man thus urged rose and looked very confused. All he could say was, "The little shoes they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless person began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash, he drew himself up and looked at the audience, the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you think of it, I've told you the truth, the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool;

strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered, I deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that. I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes. And there outside was my wife and child, in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through.

I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the Sabbath day, and I went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money in the public house.

It was the little shoes! They did it.



ANTIGONISH.

1. The Cathedral. 2. Interior of Church. 3. College of St. Francis Xavier. 4. View of Main Street, looking west
5. View of Main Street, looking from Kirk's Block. 6. Bird's Eye View from Fernwood. 7. View north from Main Street Bridge.

white-winged fishing schooners, and the ever-changing panorama of beauty which so delighted us that afternoon. About four miles out on this road are two splendid views, the noted contrast between them showing the grotesque beauty of the one, and the rural loveliness of the other. The full view of "Plaster Rock," with its scraggy cliffs and fir groves, inspires one with a feeling of awe, while the next scene is the idealization of "harmony - heavenly harmony."

Verdant islands, frowning bowlders, jewelled meadows, and the silvery wavelets of an inland lake, gleaming in the rays of a noon-day sun, all united in completing that "harmony, heavenly harmony," of Dryden fame.

Last, but not least, of the beauties of Antigonish is the lovely villa "Fernwood." This enchanting country-seat is built on a high elevation surrounded by luxuriant pine groves. The view obtained from the eastern terrace is one of the finest in Canada. Art and nature seem to have joined hands in this sylvan

# Little Venice.

A Story of the St.  
Clair Flats. \* \*

CHAPTER III. Continued.

SHORTLY after his sailboat was anchored securely among the reeds, and Madeleine's little boat was speeding away with its double load down a tiny side channel, that grew narrower and narrower till it seemed scarcely more than a silver thread among the marshes. So shallow it was that at times the boat's keel rasped along the sand, and the reeds on each side struck them in the face as they forced their slow way through. In and out, round and about, wandered the tiny lane. The sun seemed dancing madly in the heavens. Now it was to the right of them, now to the left of them. Now they were steering directly east, now again as directly west. And now all at once there was no more any channel at all, but only tall, dense reeds all about them. But Madeleine thrust down her long pole among the grasses, and pushed steadily on across the reedy meadow, until with a bound the boat glided out into a clear space of open water like a tiny inland pool, around which on every side the reeds grew thick and close. Horace gave a low whistle of surprise. Floating on the blue surface was a mass of white pond-lilies on their shining satin leaves, and in the midst of these an old boat lay at anchor, filled with earth and planted to the brim with flowers that grew all through and over one another in a bewildering tangle of luxuriance—pansies lifting their quaint faces to peep in wide-eyed wonder at their surroundings; candytuft standing up straight and stiff, claiming its democratic right to live wherever it chose to set its hardy foot; heliotrope and mignonette; geraniums, daisies, and sweet peas.

"So this is your garden, is it, little magician?" said Horace, looking about him with undisguised interest. "It does you wonderful credit. How did you get all the flowers? Nothing but sagittaria grows in these marshes."

Madeleine stood leaning on her pole, looking over her tiny domain, her supple slenderness outlined by the straight folds of her coarse red gingham, which, cut a little open in the neck and with loose sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, showed her shapely brown arms and round, smooth, young throat. She had thrust back her broad-brimmed red hat, and her black curls clustered thickly about her face, in which there was not a trace of the old sullenness.

"I got some of the flowers at Algonac," she answered slowly; "and the rest the best ones—Mrs. Hayden gave me when she went away last year. They grew in beds at the front of the house, don't you remember? I kept them in the boat-house through the winter. I was so afraid they would die. Some of them did, but these lived. And see you haven't noticed it—but this is the best of all. Look!"

Pushing aside the more luxuriant plants as she spoke, she brought into view a dwarfish, scraggy bush adorned with a few straggling leaves, on the topmost branch of which, pale and delicate, was a half-blown bud.

"It's a pink rosebud, isn't it?" asked Horace, rather indifferently.

"It's the only rose I ever had. I've been watchin' for weeks for it."

Breaking the bud from its stem, she held it out shamefacedly, without looking at him. Horace took the tiny flower good-humoredly,

dimly comprehending that it would hurt her if he refused, and fastened it, with a show of gallantry, in the bosom of his flannel shirt.

"Thank you, Madeleine; it's an awfully pretty flower," he said, ostentatiously sniffing at it. "But all your flowers are pretty. I never saw such a lot of water-lilies together. Did they grow here?"

"No; I got them farther on—ever so much farther on. I brought them here."

"They're the prettiest I ever saw," declared Horace, enthusiastically. "I wish some grew around Claribelle Island. They would show well there in among the reeds at the back, wouldn't they?"

Madeleine did not speak all the way back. Early that afternoon she started out again alone in her little boat. The day had become oppressively warm. All were indoors who could be there. The sun beat down burningly upon the glassy water. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the rushes. Even the blue-winged dragon-fly, poising in mid-air, seemed languid and weary with the heat, and the transparent bodies of the ephemera, delicate and unsubstantial as if fashioned of gauze; floated tremblingly by, like a shimmer of white heat, while beneath, massed together in incredible numbers, and flecking the water as with spots of creamy froth, lay their ghostly fellows, dead almost before they had begun to be.

From a window in the upper story, Horace nodded pleasantly to Madeleine as she passed the house. He was leaning both elbows idly on the sill, his head in his hands, and an open book before him. The rose hung drooping upon his breast. Madeleine did not answer his nod, and he thought she had not noticed him; yet she had seen not only Horace, but her flower as well, and the sight gave added vigor to the good-will with which she plied her oars.

He did not know it, but it was solely for his sake that she was out now, acting upon his careless remark that water-lilies would look well among the reeds behind Claribelle Island. It was a long way to where they grew, and the sun's rays were scorching, but she minded neither the distance nor the heat, since it was to minister to his pleasure that she went.

The sun was setting when at last the little white boat shot out from the reedy channels into the main stream on its homeward way. As Madeleine lifted her dazzled eyes, it seemed as if Heaven lay across all the western waters, and its wide gates were unfolding to take her in. It made a beautiful picture as the young girl, flushed and radiant, came suddenly out into the sunlight from the reeds. The boat, from end to end, was filled with the white lilies, heaped in one upon another in profusion. It seemed simply a bed of floating lilies among which Madeleine, erect in the stern, made a brilliant bit of color in her gay dress and hat.

Noiselessly, the beautiful boat load glided on across the water until it reached Claribelle Island, where it paused at one side of the pier. No one was visible, but the sound of voices reached her from within the house. It was the dinner-hour, and she must wait until it was passed before Mr. Horace would appear, and she could offer him her gift. She had taken up the lilies, roots and all. They should grow now where he willed. She filled her hands with water and dashed it over them again and again to keep them fresh and fair for him. Then she sat down in the stern of the boat to wait, looking idly off at the sunset. Somewhere in the far distance a storm had passed, and in the west lay masses of heavy thunder-clouds, broken by lightning-like lines of intense gold, and here and there striped with bands of scarlet and purple like royal standards; while lower down, in the

very heart of the blackness, the sun broke through in a last splendid burst, dyeing the waters ruby-red. There were clouds in the east too, but these were fleecy, fair, and indefinite, floating across the hazy blue like vague dreams through a happy slumber, and changing to all manner of delicate evanescent hues as one looked. Now they were pale silvery green; now faint lilac; now soft, fleeting pink, like the flush at the heart of a white rose; and now all palpitating gold as if sprinkled with moth-wing dust; while the water below, scintillating as with scattered diamond splinters, reflected the colors back in soft iridescent tints melting indistinctly into one another—as a topaz might deepen into a cairngorm, or the shadow of a sapphire pale into an amethyst, and that again shade into an opal, or a beryl.

But Madeleine, in her lily-white boat, saw nothing of the evening's glory. To her the sky was only an hour-glass, indicating by the ebbing of the light, the coming of a crowning time of joy. She was impatient for the day to be done, and presently turned her back upon it all and began watching the passing of the vessels by the wharf. She could see them miles away, apparently twisting and doubling upon themselves as they followed the natural course of the channel, yet drawing nearer with each turn. There were vessels of every description passing up and down along this marine Broadway. Now some colossal iron boat, huge as an ocean steamer, would come ponderously by, its great bow breaking the bright water into a hundred waves that dashed themselves to spray against each wharf in turn, or ran noisily into the reeds to toss them sportively to and fro and frolic madly with their weakness. Now it was a noiseless birch-bark canoe, filled with grave, mute Indians, like so many figures hewn in oak, who stolidly offered their gay basketware for sale as they passed from one island to another, gliding along without sound, their coming betrayed by not so much as an oar-drip upon the water. Now it was some beautiful little steam yacht, gay with flags, and fair enough for any Cleopatra to have sailed upon; now a tug, puffing consequentially by with five or six helpless four-masted vessels in tow, in stately, slow procession; now a white excursion-boat, clumsy and uncouth-looking, with its tiers of crowded decks; now a row of steam-barges of different colors laden down with freight, till nearly on a level with the water; and now a whole fleet of sail boats like white-winged butterflies, darting here or there as the caprice took them; or a row-boat, more timorous than the others, and keeping nearer to the shelter of the reeds within the shallows. And then would come spaces of time when nothing passed at all, and the sunset held the water's surface unbroken under a spell of beauty.

It was one of these chance moments, when there was scarcely a craft in sight, that a row-boat came by with a single figure in it—a girl but a few years older than Madeleine. She sat looking intently at the sunset with dreamy hazel eyes while her unguided boat drifted down the current close to where Madeleine sat waiting. She was evidently not much used to rowing, Madeleine thought, noting her dainty white dress and her delicate hands, with their slender, fragile fingers. There could not be much strength in such dimpled little wrists as those. At that instant, concluding that she had floated far enough, the young stranger took up her oars and attempted to turn her boat to row back. But the current, which had borne her so easily and swiftly along the moment before, now held the boat perversely in its grasp, and in her ineffectual struggle with it she lost an oar overboard; reaching hurriedly out after it she tipped the boat too far to one side, and

all in a moment it overturned, and the blue water took her and drew her down. There was no one within reach; no one within sight but Madeleine, and the water here was deep and swift. In a flash, however, Madeleine was at the spot where she knew instinctively that the girl must reappear; and as the golden head and white dress came up through the water she bent down and caught her firmly with both hands. "Don't be frightened," she cried; "you are safe. Catch hold of my boat—here at the end. Try to draw yourself up. Get your knee on the edge. Give me your hand. There!"

And using all her dexterity and strength, assisted by the half-conscious young creature herself, Madeleine got her into the boat and laid her down upon the bottom, where she fainted quite away and lay like a lily among the lilies, her pretty hair, loosened by the weight of the water, lying in a tangled mass upon her shoulders and making a wavy, yellow frame about a childlike face. Madeleine looked down at her with a curious resentment as she paddled swiftly back to Claribelle Island. The girl was crushing Mr. Horace's flowers.

Horace himself strolled out on the pier just as Madeleine reached it, and with an exclamation of amazement he hastened to the landing-place to meet her. Madeleine saw her rose still hanging upon his breast.

"What have you here?" he cried. "Who is she? Is she dead?"

"She's only swooned, I guess," Madeleine answered. "I got her out of the channel just below. She couldn't manage her boat. She shouldn't 'a' been let go out by herself. I'll bring her into the house." "No, no," said Horace, reaching down; "I'll carry her. Give her to me. Carefully, Madeleine, carefully! I will take her in to my mother."

Stooping, he gathered the slim young figure tenderly in his arms as Madeleine raised her towards him. The rose upon his breast fell out, as he did so, and lay upon the boards at his feet. He stepped upon it as he turned away. Madeleine stood watching till he had entered the house with his burden, then caught up the rose and tore it fiercely to pieces, petal by petal. Then she sat down again, and waited in brooding anger. The sun was quite gone, but the light across the water was more beautiful than ever. It had all softened down into a uniform, delicious pink. Everywhere she saw the color of the rose that she had given him, and that he had stepped on and forgotten. Then that, too, faded by degrees, until there was only the memory of it left, tingeing the silver grey of the early twilight as the glow of past happiness tempers after sorrows. Yet Madeleine still sat among her bruised lilies and waited. They had long since closed, and looked dull and grey.

She heard him calling her at last, and stood silently up in answer. He came hurriedly towards her, holding out a note.

"Are you there still, and with your boat? Will you take this note over to Pearl Island at once? It is to tell Miss Staunton's friends that she is safe and well. Only she is to stay with us to-night. My mother thinks it best."

He turned back while still speaking, and Madeleine dropped in her seat again without a word. The lilies must wait longer yet. As she sullenly took the oars, he unexpectedly retraced his steps and stood beside her.

"Madeleine," he said, "you have been a brave, good girl; give me your hand."

Madeleine looked up at him. Her lip quivered; her eyes moistened; her whole expression grew soft, and a rich color swept over her face from brow to chin. She had never shaken hands with him. He had never before spoken to her in such a gentle tone.

"Give me your hand," he repeated, bending

nearer; "you have saved her life. What a beautiful creature she is!"

At his last words the color left Madeleine's face and it grew hard again in a moment. She bent down her head, and the boat slipped along the pier so that the two outstretched hands failed to touch.

"I will take your letter," she called back, and pushed away.

At Pearl Island, after delivering the note, she lingered awhile, thinking there might be an answer to carry back; and presently a gentleman with two ladies hurried towards her from the house.

"This is certainly Madeleine herself," exclaimed one of the ladies as they came up. "Is it not? Are you not the girl referred to in this note? Was it not you who saved the young lady's life?"

"I am Madeleine Brabau," the girl answered. "If there's no answer, I'm to go back."

"But there is an answer, most certainly," returned the gentleman cordially, holding out a little roll of bank notes. "In the absence of Miss Staunton's parents you must let me give you this token of gratitude in their stead. Here, take it. You have put us all in your debt."

Madeleine flushed violently. "Money!" she cried with anger, springing to her feet and snatching her pole. "I'll not take money! I'll not be paid for it! If you've no answer but that, I'll go!"

"Oh, wait, please!" begged the second lady, gently. "I see you have a boatful of lovely flowers. Water-lilies, aren't they? How exquisite! Do at least let us buy some of them."

"They aren't for sale," Madeleine answered quickly, drawing up her head. "I didn't get them to sell them—not to no one." And pushing from the pier, she went back through the dusk to Claribelle Island. Her grandmother was standing on the tiny porch of the ranch as she passed, and called petulantly to know if she were never coming in for supper.

Madeleine shook her head. "I don't want none," she muttered, and went doggedly back to her old post by the landing-place. Perhaps Mr. Horace would come out again, and she could give him his lilies even yet. She sat as if made of stone and waited and waited. Through the open windows beyond came the sound of voices—his voice and his mother's, and a new sweet voice that sounded like music. Madeleine hated it as she listened.

It grew later and later. Night came on. There was a movement in the house now. There were steps upon the wooden floors and upon the stairs; old familiar lights shone out from the upper rooms, and one from a room hitherto unused. But there were lights in the drawing-room still, and the corner room upstairs was dark, and still Madeleine waited.

She did not know how long she sat there. At last the drawing-room was dark, and the upstairs room was bright. What chance was there now that he would come? Yet she waited still, till every light was out, and there was no sound but the mud-hen's mocking cry, or the occasional shrill whistle of meeting boats. Finally these, too, ceased, and the very waters seemed asleep. Then she rose and noiselessly paddled out into the middle of the channel, where the current ran swiftest and blackest, and with pitiless hands flung out all the lilies, one by one. When there was not so much as the smallest bud, or even a stray stem, left in the boat, she turned and went home, and creeping into the ranch, lay down, all dressed, beside her grandmother's sleeping figure. There she lay, perfectly motionless, with clenched hands and wide-open eyes, till dawn.

iv.

During the long, languid summer days and the cool twilights that followed, a young girl with wavy golden hair and charming hazel eyes was oftener and oftener seen in Horace Hayden's boat as he sailed to and fro in Little Venice. Fishing and duck-shooting grew day by day to have less charm for him, notwithstanding Louis's marvelous accounts of the canvas-backs and red-heads in some distant channel, and the rumor among the fisherfolk of a sturgeon now in Baltimore Bay quite the largest ever seen.

Madeleine stole into the boat-house early every morning and oiled the young man's gun and polished his fishing-reel anew, setting them in some conspicuous place where they could not fail to attract his notice when he entered. But their dumb appeal was of no avail. More and more often Madeleine, sitting motionless in her boat among the rushes, caught the sound of Evelyn's banjo across the water, and snatching up her oars, she rowed desperately away to be rid of the hateful sound.

This was Evelyn's first visit to Little Venice, some friends whom she was visiting in Detroit having brought her with them to their summer home; and having been thus unceremoniously introduced to the owners of Claribelle Island, the acquaintance between the two families ripened into intimacy, it is natural in all places where neighbors are so few. Her new friends yielded without resistance to the charm of this winning young creature. Mrs. Hayden took her to her motherly heart at once, and could not make enough of her. Even old Mrs. Brabau had a grudging smile for her, and lazy Louis bestirred himself more quickly at her call than at any other. There was not a fisherman at the Flats but soon knew her by sight, and smiled to see her pass. Only Madeleine held aloof. This new reign of pleasure-making and pleasure-seeking was irrational and strange to her. To shoot, or fish, or sail, seemed to her the only natural way of spending the summer days; but these continual visits back and forth between Claribelle and Pearl islands, these tea-parties, these water picnics, this music morning, noon and night, this incessant ministering to every possible caprice on the part of the petted, gay young beauty—Madeleine had never seen anything of the sort before. From the tiny sitting-room in the ranch she watched it all in lonely, envious wonder. This was only another girl like herself. What made the difference? Why should the one have everything and the other nothing? Why had fate brought Evelyn to Little Venice? Or why had Madeleine been there in her boat that night when first she came? Madeleine was haunted by the thought of what might have been but for that chance.

Evelyn was puzzled by Madeleine's churlishness, and wondered why it was that she could win nothing but dark looks from her in response to her attempts to make friends. Naturally she had but grateful and even loving impulses towards this girl who had saved her life, and it troubled her that she could recompense Madeleine in no way—not so much even as with the gift of her friendship.

One morning, during one of Horace Hayden's frequent absences in the city, Madeleine was returning from an errand to the summer grocery—a barge anchored in one of the side channels—when Evelyn beckoned to her from the pier of Pearl Island.

"Won't you take me for a row, please, Madeleine?" she asked coaxingly, as the girl paddled slowly up. "Can you take me? Have you time to go?"

"Time!" echoed Madeleine with a short laugh; "I have plenty of time. I haven't nothin' else."

(To be continued.)

## Some of Our Canadian Poets.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



GREAT difficulty we find when endeavoring to properly estimate the value of our Canadian poets and their work, is that comparatively few of them have

given their poems to the world in book form. For the most part they have written under some *nom-de-plume*, and their works are only to be found scattered

through the evanescent columns of the daily papers, or in the pages of the magazines which represent the Canadian literary world.

But in these same papers and magazines how often we find priceless little gems of verse, that with their human touch seem to have come from the very depths of the writer's heart, and in the flowing rhythm of the words we find an echo of our own griefs and joys, our own laughter and sorrow. We cut them out, and



E. PAULINE JOHNSTON.

perhaps tuck them into the edge of a picture frame, or the mirror on our dressing table, where we can see and read them often, or tenderly paste them in the pages of a big, motherly scrap book that holds so many others of their kind, and as we smooth them into place we wish we could know whose hand wrote them, whose heart inspired them. Take, for instance:

If I should die to-night  
Would my friends look upon my quiet face,  
Before they laid it in its resting place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair,  
And, laying snow white flowers against my hair  
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,  
And hold my hands with lingering caress—  
Weak hands, so empty and so cold to-night

Oh, friends! I pray to-night,  
Keep not your flowers for my dead, cold brow,  
The way is lonely, I am travel-worn,  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.  
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead  
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night

Who, in reading these, has not felt the slow tears rise, that made the words grow dim, and the chords of the heart tighten, as memory

retouched the picture of some quiet room where the drawn blinds shut out the sunlight from the closed eyes and the marble face, and the laughter of the children passing in the street jarred on the aching heart that longed so passionately for a sound of the hushed voice, a touch of the folded hands. A place apart and sacred from the rest of the world, where the quiet dead slept on, unconscious of broken sobs, and the heavy perfume of flowers, and the song of birds outside—unconscious of the remorseful heart that looked back and remembered little things that could never be undone bitter speeches and unkind words, that meant so little at the time, but the remembrance of which brought such an overwhelming wave of remorse, when it was too late for the patient heart to hear the plea for forgiveness.

And who has not read the first lines of the Fool's Prayer with a smile of expectation that faded into a sigh, as the realization came of how wise was the Fool, and what fools were they who called for a jest from one who had tasted so deeply of life's bitterness.

The royal feast was done, the King  
Sought some new sport to banish care,  
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before,  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool,  
His pleading voice arose, "O, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool."

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool."

"Earth has no balsam for mistakes,  
Men crown the knave and scurge the tool  
That did his will; but Thou, O, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool."

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The King, and sought his garden's cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low,  
"Be merciful to me, a fool."

There are more poets in the world than those whose names are written of, and very often the sweetest songs are from the pen of those who go out with the unknown millions, leaving behind neither name nor fame.

In passing judgment on the character of our national poetry, we must confess that it is largely marked by crudity and imperfection, yet here and there a fresh note has been struck, and we find poems vibrating with life, and full of that freshness and vigor to which only the genius of a young and strong nation can give utterance.

Perhaps the earliest poems which we find in Canada are the old Chansons du Voyageur, which have always been favorites in our French provinces. The number of these is incalculable, ranging in quality from the nonsense verses sung to the child in the cradle, to the wild strains of the voyageurs, as their frail canoes shot through the rapids of the St. Lawrence, or wound their way throughout the mazes of its thousand isles. Of these chansons the most universally known is *A La Claire Fontaine*, which has been translated by Mr. W. D. Lighthall as follows:

Unto the crystal fountain  
For pleasure did I stray,  
So fair I found the waters  
My limbs in them I lay.

Other favorites are *En Roulant*, *Mouette*, *Marianson*, and *Dame Jolie*.

Ballad making still continues in the lower provinces, but most of the old charm has died

out. The place of the ancient balladists has been taken by the more polished poetry of the modern Frenchman of culture, of whom the four most prominent are Louis Honore Fréchette, the Hon. P. O. Chauveau, Benjamin Sulte and M. Pamphile Le May. John Talon-Lesperance, better known to Canadian readers as *Laclede*, has also written many exquisite poems, of which, perhaps, *Epicedium* is the most beautiful.

Among our poets of Upper Canada, one of the earliest and best known was Charles Sangster, the great hearted friend of nature, whose love of lake, and wood, and mountain comes out so touchingly in his verses, and whose health gave way under uncongenial newspaper and civil service work. He was born near Kingston, on July 16, 1822, his father being a shipwright in the Royal Navy. Sangster had to struggle with great educational disadvantages, yet despite this his poems have a force and vigor, a clear insight into the beauties of nature which has earned for him the title of the Canadian Wordsworth. He published a small volume called *The St. Lawrence*, the *Saguenay*, and other poems, in 1856, and a second in 1860, but since then has given us very little. He is best remembered by his *Song for Canada*, *Brock*, and his lines on *Quebec*.

Charles Heavyside, the next poet of any importance, was born in Liverpool, 1816. He was a man of a very strange and original cast of mind, whose work was in no sense of the word distinctively Canadian. He is but little read in this country at the present time, although we will always be proud to own him as one of our greatest thinkers and writers. He published his drama, *Saul*, in 1857, *Count Filippo*, in 1860, *Jephtha's Daughter*, and *The Advocate*, a very curious novel, originally a blank verse drama, in 1865. In order to get out the third edition of *Saul* he was obliged to borrow money, which he was afterwards unable to pay. He died in great poverty in 1869.

Alexander McLachlan, born 1820, has written many poems thoroughly Canadian in tone and subject, winning for himself by his lyrical sweetness and sympathy with rural life, the title of the *Burns of Canada*. In 1845 he published a small collection of his poems, followed in 1858 by *Lyrics*, in 1861 *The Emigrant*, and *Other Poems*, and in 1874, *Poems and Songs*. His *Hall of Shadows* is well known, and in the poem *October*, he has given



LILIAN CLANTON.

us a vivid picture of that most beautiful of months. His sense of color is especially well developed, as shown in the first stanza:

" See how the great old forest vies  
With all the glory of the skies,  
In streaks without a name ;  
And leagues on leagues of scarlet spires,  
And temples lit with crimson fires,  
And palaces of flame.  
And dome on dome that gleam afar  
Through many a gold and crimson bar,  
With azure overhead ;  
While forts with towers on towers arise,  
As if they meant to scale the skies,  
With banner bloody red ! "

\* \* \*

And now we come to the name which is best known in Canadian literary circles, that of Charles G. D. Roberts, poet, canoeist, and Professor of Literature, who was born in January, 1860. His father was the Rev. G. G. Roberts, rector of the Cathedral, Fredericton. He graduated with honor at the University of



WILLIAM KIRBY.

New Brunswick, 1879, and in 1880 married Mary Isabel Fenety, daughter of the ex-Mayor of Fredericton. In 1880, also, he published his first volume of verse, *Orion, and Other Poems*, which, at the age of twenty-one, won for him the recognition of the literary world. In 1885 he was called to the professorship of Modern Literature in King's College, Windsor, N.S., which position he at present retains. In 1887 he published a small volume, *In Divers Tones*, which although not so perfect in finish is, in point of freedom and variety, superior to his first collection. In his poem, *Canada*, which first appeared in the *Century Magazine*, he struck the highest note of patriotism, and in many others of his poems he shows a fire and vigor, a keen sense of rhyme and meter, which secures for him a high place in the ranks of the devotees of poesy, while in *Orion, Actaeon, or The Pipes of Pan* he exhibits a marked predilection for the forms of classical Greek verse.

\* \* \*

In 1884 a small, blue covered volume of two hundred and twenty-four pages, entitled *Old Spooks's Pass*, appeared. Scarcely any one in Canada noticed it, and in little more than two years from that time the authoress, Miss Isabel Valancey Crawford, died without giving us any further work. After her death people began to realize that they had overlooked a work of merit, and her poems became very popular. They are imbued with all the splendor of Canadian coloring. Malcolm's *Katie*, in particular, is a wonderful idyll of rural life. Every word is instinct with sympathy for the glowing life of our Canadian forests, and the

lines have an almost Tennysonian sweetness and melody. Compare the following passage with any similar description of landscape to be found in the Laureate's works—

" The land had put his ruddy gauntlet on  
Of harvest gold, to dash in Famine's face,  
And, like a vintage wain deep-dyed with juice,  
The great moon faltered up the ripe blue sky,  
Drawn by the silver stars, like oxen white,  
And horned with rays of light."

Her dialect verses, though somewhat stiff and artificial, have given us some capital pictures of rustic life, and the lyric with which she ends her poem, *Malcolm's Katie*, is one of the most beautiful in the English language. It runs :

O, Love builds on the azure sea,  
And Love builds on the golden sand.  
And Love builds on the rose-wing'd cloud,  
And sometimes, Love builds on the land.

O, if Love builds on sparkling sea,  
And if Love builds on golden strand,  
And if Love builds on rosy cloud,—  
To Love, these are the solid land.

O, Love will build his lily walls,  
And Love his pearly roof will rear,  
On cloud or land, on mist or sea,—  
Love's solid land is everywhere !

\* \* \*

Among our poets of the present day one of the best is Miss Lilian Claxton, of Toronto, although she is but little known in Canada, her name appearing chiefly in English and American magazines. She has not as yet published her poems in book form, but many of them are Canadian in the best sense of the word, and give pictures of our life and scenery which are unequalled. The *Little Leybridge Line*, which we quote below, refers to the railroad which runs by Kingston, where until lately she has lived, but the description holds good of many another Canadian railway.

The shunting and the shaking! the cars were always late,  
And all changed at the Junction, and had an hour to wait ;  
The train for which we waited, invariably was slow ;  
They mostly had a breakdown, as the line was blocked with snow.

It stretches through the distance, aye, through the buried years!  
I run my eye along it, the old time reappears.  
Here hands have met and parted, here eyes have overflowed,  
And passed away forever, down this curve of iron road.

In such poems as *The Old Town Hall*, *Alter Ego*, or *The Land Where Shadows are Not*,



CHARLES D. ROBERTS.

she has a haunting melodiousness of rhyme, and an originality of meter which is very striking. *Alter Ego*, especially, is a very beautiful



BLISS CARMEN.

poem, the sweetness of its cadences lingering in the memory for many a day after its perusal.

" We have often watched each other  
In the mirror— you and I,  
Looking straight at one another  
In the years that have gone by.  
Baby eyes with wondering glances,  
Childish eyes where sunlight dances,  
Girlish eyes replete with fancies.

And to-night we wait the morrow,  
A new dawn of hopes and fears,  
Looking with a tearless sorrow  
O'er the wreckage of the years  
O'er the days our young feet waded,  
O'er the joys that Time has shaded,  
O'er the hopes the years have faded.

We await another morning  
Which shall make all mysteries plain ;  
When the Day-star shall come dawning,  
O'er a troubled world again ;  
When the hopes that here were slighted,  
With fruition be requited,  
When the old wrongs shall be righted "

Many of her poems, such as the *Lines to my Typewriter*, *The Unexpected Dime*, or *My Editor*, show a strong sense of humor and a felicitousness in hitting the right epithet which has rarely been found in the work of our women writers, and *The commonplace Set*, and her appeal for *Sunday Street Cars*, show a deep sympathy with and full appreciation of the difficulties which abound in the lives of our laboring classes. She has written many novels and short sketches of Canadian life, and is undoubtedly one of our most promising authors.

\* \* \*

Another little volume, by J. D. Edgar, M.P., entitled *This Canada of Ours, and Other Poems*, contains some very beautiful verses, nearly all of them Canadian in tone, and many of them sweet with the breath of lake and river, taking the reader whirling down cool rapids, or into the depths of forests, dark and still, with, perhaps, a most realistic taste of life in a summer camp.

" A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,  
Well under a shady tree,  
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,  
Is the summer home for me.

I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,  
For the woodland glades are mine,  
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,  
The odor of forest pine."

(Continued on page 16).

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# YES; I'LL BE YOUR SWEETHEART.

Waltz Song and Refrain.

Words by HARRY C. CLYDE.

Music by H. C. VERNER.

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO *mf*

Moderato.

1 Up - on a gold - en sum - mer day, Two chil - dren in their mer - ry  
 2 As time sped on they out - grew play, And frocks and ap - rons laid a  
 3 She turn'd a - round and 'neath her gaze There stood the lad of oth - er

play Pre - tend - ed that they lov - ers were, And he in jest had kneel'd to  
 way The maid to board - ing school was sent, My lad die off to col - lege  
 days. He took her hand, and more than this, He print ed on her lips a

*rit.*

her The peo - ple pass ing heard the plea If she would his dear sweet - heart  
 went Va - ca - tion came, the year was o'er, She stroll'd one eve - ning by the  
 kiss "Dear lass," he said, "that kiss you got Is for the dar - ling lit - tle

*a tempo*