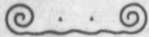


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*My J. W. Pcewes*  
*March 1891*

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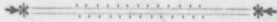
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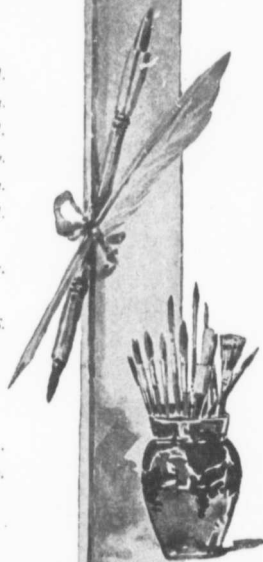
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O H, gentle stranger, turn aside  
From thy narrow path of life,  
And roam within our garden wide,  
Apart from earthly toil and strife.



Feast on the fruits of wisdom here ;  
Inhale our charmèd atmosphere.  
Hearken to the music clear,  
And to the muses lend thine ear.

Turn o'er a leaf in this, thy life,  
And tread these paths with wisdom rife.  
Hard is the gate to him that knocks,  
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S.

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*To CHIPS :*

I thank you for the hearty words of welcome you were good enough to address to me in your Christmas number. I can assure you that I appreciate the friendly tone of your remarks, and your kind wishes for success in my new field of labor. I trust that your expectations for the success of the Institute may be realized. While it is impossible for me to predict what the result of my work may be, yet it may not be out of place to point out here the object that, I believe, should be kept in view in the management of any educational institution.

It should exist as a centre of culture. I do not use the term in its common, restricted sense of mere outside polish or veneer, but with its broadest and deepest signification.

Culture involves the possession of knowledge; ignorance is weakness; culture is synonymous with power. It is the business, then, of any educational institution to impart knowledge, but this should not be considered its highest aim.

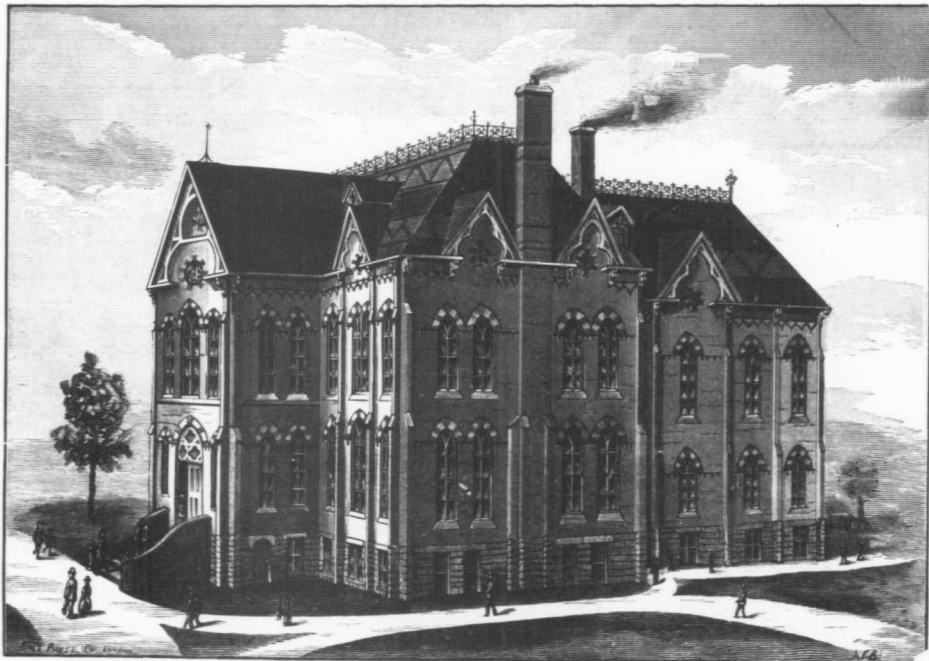
Culture involves mind growth. As physical power lies hid in the slender muscles of the babe, so mental power exists in the untrained mind; and development in some direction, must, through inherent forces, necessarily take

place. The school should foster this development—watch over it and see that it is complete and symmetrical. This should result in another element of culture, the power to use knowledge. This is a practical age. There is no room for the mere book-worm. The world demands practical results, and the teacher is out of touch with the times who places knowledge before skill. It should result, too, in the development of moral power, and the upbuilding of character. It is sometimes said that this or that man is an "educated rascal". No such being exists. Rascality comes not from culture, but is the product of ignorance, or more frequently of partial and one-sided education. The educator, then, who leaves out of count in his training the moral faculties of the mind, but partially understands the scope of his work.

I desire to know nothing better of the graduates of the London Collegiate Institute than that they are true men and women, fully equipped with the knowledge necessary for the sphere in which they move; possessed of intellects, keen, active, and trained to meet the practical experiences of life; and guided by moral principles based on the precepts of the Divine Man.

F. W. MERCHANT.





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J. WARCUP PLEWES, *Managing.*

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### EDITORIAL.

"Now, of all wild beasts to train, the boy is the worst."—*Plato.*

In presenting this, the second volume of CHIPS, we desire to express our appreciation of the encouragement given by so many, and we sincerely hope that our readers will be as well pleased with our March edition as they were with our last number, and that they will perceive the advance made, not only in the literary work, but also in the mechanical. Otherwise, we have no apologies to make, being convinced that, however profusely we rendered them, they would not rescue CHIPS from its *degraded* position.

We hear with fear and trembling that an unnamed Literary Society has been severely attacking CHIPS and endeavoring to pick it to pieces. Reform your actions, my sage children, and devote your superior intellects to a more suitable labor, for it does not require geniuses of *astounding* wisdom to tear down a building, even though it be erected by the most skilled workmen. But I regret that CHIPS could not be produced satisfactorily, and suitable to your literary palate, hewn, as they were, from the choicest literary timber. However, the reason is evident, when it is known that CHIPS is for those possessing a certain amount of brains, and so is incomprehensible to those not endowed by nature with the necessary qualifications.

Many flattering notices were given by the newspapers about CHIPS; but the most complimentary, original and unique one, was that appearing in the *Thamesville Times*. It said:—"CHIPS is a freak! It is one of your clean and polished journals, and has no pretensions towards that luxuriant verbosity and confabulatory collusiveness constitutional in the predominant literary publications of the day! We tender our contemporaneous journal our sincere congratulations." We can imagine the smile of satisfaction that illuminated the composer's face when he com-

pleted his little song, and he has our thanks, accompanied by our sympathy for him in his affliction. When an editor gets this bad it generally proves fatal!

We notice that Mr. M. F. Libby, our late English master, is a regular contributor to "The Educational Monthly." Of course English is his theme.

Mr. Chas. Hamilton, M. A., who was connected with our staff last term, is now teaching in Forest.

It is evident that our school is entering upon its most prosperous period. With its present attendance of over four hundred, with its increased teaching staff, with its recent addition and improvements, and last, but by no means least, with CHIPS, it promises to be excelled by none in the province.

Miss L. Ryckman, B. A., an honor graduate of Toronto University, and a former pupil of our school, now fills the position of English master in the Institute.

Mrs. Grace E. Denison, a contributor to CHIPS, is a talented and promising writer. She is the author of several works, her principal production being a book on European travel, entitled "A Happy Holiday." The volume is bright, original and attractive, being an entertaining descriptive narrative of travel on the Continent.

Mr. J. A. McMillan, B.A., formerly English Master of the Owen Sound Collegiate, is the latest addition to the teaching staff of our school.

The wily captain of the High School Cornet Band tried to get a little free advertising in CHIPS. He said he had a capital joke for our pages; one that would stand out like an oasis in the desert. In reply to our eager inquiries, he said that they were practising for their grand concert in April (tickets fifty cents), and one of the members could not attend these practices, so he sent a sub-to-toot!! We saw through his little scheme, and if the captain wishes to advertise his concert he will have to pay the usual five dollars.

During a confidential chat with a Toronto University "undergrad," the writer was informed that the most essential branch of study to be cultivated before attending University was the "noble art of self-defence." He said that no scholar could enjoy a successful college career unless he was "pretty handy with his fists," and should entertain no hopes of "making a mark" unless he was a heavy hitter.

We were reluctantly forced to leave a large number of meritorious contributions over to a future publication.

Will our revered critics kindly bear in mind that we have at least one excuse for the condemnable character of CHIPS; that is, that it was produced during the election time. We think that not even our critics are entirely sensible at such a time!

\* \* \*

If some of our *promised* contributors had overcome their chronic inertia, their names might have honored our fair pages and considerably diminished our work; but, as they waited in vain for "something to turn up," we can only mourn the absence of their gems, and regret that they should "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

\* \* \*

Every article published in this journal is original and written especially for this edition. After this we would be pleased to see that those publications that reproduce our articles, credit us with them.

### WASHINGTON IRVING.



ASHINGTON IRVING may be said to stand alone in the literature of the United States.

The moment the Revolution became an accomplished fact, the Americans aimed at establishing a literature of their own, in which they carried their intense hatred of England not only into narrative, but into the language itself. James Russell Lowell, in his "Biglow Papers," pandered to both features of this feeling, and he was merely swimming with the current. One of the popular novels of that day throws its hero among the Moors, where he audibly expressed his astonishment at some of their customs. "You speak the English language," eagerly whispered a female slave that overheard him. "No, siree!" was the nasal response, "I talk United States language." While this undoubtedly fostered a national sentiment, it certainly did not improve the national taste. Ignorance, gross ignorance, became absolutely a passport to popularity, and more than one "poet" of the time could be mentioned who had no more idea of the first rule of syntax than Homer had of the manners and customs of the ancient Britons. And the writers and the reviewers were in the most gratifying sympathy in this respect. A poet, for instance, who wrote and published,

"And all for thee? for thee—alas!  
As is the image on a glass,  
So baseless seems,  
Azthene, all my early dreams,"

could scarcely expect to be severely criticized by a magazine, which editorially announced that "This and the three succeeding numbers brings the work up to January, and with the two numbers previously published makes up a volume or half-year of numbers." And yet this magazine, *The Aristidean*, with its high sounding motto from Richelieu,

—"Men call me cruel.  
I am not—I am just!"

and its pompous, ignorant criticisms, fairly reflects the condition of literature in the United States sixty or seventy years ago. Then came the inevitable reaction. The pendulum swung from the style of the "Aristidean" to that of the "Tattler" or the "Spectator," and no American author could be sure of popularity until he had been favorably reviewed by the British press. It was the fate of Washington Irving to experience both phases of his countrymen's taste for a national literature.

Like most American authors, Washington Irving commenced his literary career as a journalist, although his work gave little promise of a great reputation. The *Morning Chronicle*, which was his first venture, was a society journal, and its successor, *Salmagundi* owed a limited popularity to the local "hits" it contained. It lived but about five months. But that was long enough to convince Irving that he was unsuited for the profession, and when, a few years afterwards, Sir Walter Scott came to his assistance with the offer of an editorial chair in Edinburgh, he had the wisdom to decline it. "My whole course of life," wrote he, "has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically returning task or any stipulated labor of body or mind." He gauged his abilities correctly. It is upon his desultory work, his sketches, legends, etc., that his fame principally rests.

The editor, and the papers with which he was connected, had faded from public memory, when an advertisement appeared in a New York journal, enquiring for the whereabouts of a gentleman named Knickerbocker, who had disappeared from his hotel without leaving anything to satisfy the landlord but a bundle of manuscript. This was the "History of New York," which was taken so seriously by the descendants of the old Dutch families of the city, that the author was obliged to apologize in the preface to the second edition. It was equally disagreeable to the Yankees, on account of a couple of chapters in the third book. For the time, Irving obtained little of either profit or reputation on this side of the Atlantic by his history. Its humor had nothing in common with the nature of a people of whom "Sam Slick" was a representative. Five years of comparative idleness followed the publication of Knickerbocker, and then Irving started on a European tour, not at all burdened with literary honors. His travels in England and Scotland furnished materials for his "sketch book." These vagrant papers were sent home and published as pamphlets in New York, but met with little favor. This neglect would probably have driven Irving from literature, had not the sudden loss of his fortune made some kind of work a necessity. It was then Scott suggested a return to journalism; but that being declined, he proposed that the "sketch book" papers be collected and published in one volume in England. Having failed in his own attempt to either publish them or get them published,

Irving again appealed to the author of *Waverly*. Scott, who happened to be in London, repeated Johnson's performance with the "Vicar of Wakefield." The copyright was sold for £200. The work was an immediate success. From that time everything that Irving wrote was eagerly accepted by his English publishers, and not always to their pecuniary advantage. But for sixteen years after the publication of the "sketch book," he was only known to his own countrymen through pirated copies of his English editions. That Irving should have felt this keenly, was only natural. But the pendulum was on the return, assisted partly by Irving's increasing popularity, and partly by the weekly sarcasms of Judge Haliburton, who was giving the "Yankee Clockmaker" to the world, through the medium of a newspaper.

The desire of Washington Irving to live and write in the United States was only natural. Unlike Benjamin West, he never forgot his republican principles. But it is a suggestive fact that the first book of Washington Irving's copyrighted in America, was directed to the national vanity of the Yankees, and not to their taste. "Astoria" is almost destitute of literary merit, but it describes the tip of the eagle's wing dipping in the Pacific Ocean, and the consequent overshadowing of the whole continent by the mighty bird.

Astoria was followed by the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A.," and "Wolfert's Roost," the latter of which only possesses any merit, and it was the last original work of Irving's pen. In 1848, the appearance of Forster's magnificent life of Goldsmith, gave our author an opportunity to reproduce an old memoir of the poet, which he had written more than twenty years before, for a Paris edition of Goldsmith's works. It is merely a rehash of Forster's "Life"—Forster, in the preface to his second edition, uses a harsher term—and added nothing to Irving's reputation. But it must have been a financial success, as it altered the whole tenor of his work. He now became a prose edition of Gray, and henceforward contented himself with polishing the ideas of other writers. His lives of "Mahomet" and "Washington" are merely bulkier works condensed into clear and graceful English. But even as an epitomist he compares unfavorably with Goldsmith, who only resorted to such hack-work when pressed by necessity, and yet left monuments of the art which have never been equalled. On the whole, then, we consider Irving's reputation as an author rests upon his earlier writings, his "History of New York," and his short sketches and legends, which receive freshness and piquancy from their local colorings. He appears to have been peculiarly sensitive to surrounding influences. His "Alhambra" could only have been written within the walls of the grand old Moorish palace. His "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" reveal his breezy ramblings through Great Britain, as plainly as his "Goldsmith" and "Washington" recall the musty atmosphere of the library.

H. B. GAHAN.

## THEY ARE SEVEN.

OLD  
TIME

MET a pretty college girl.

She was twenty-two, she said;

He hair was banged with wave and curl,  
And coiled about her head.

"Sweethearts and lovers, gentle maid!

How many may they be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they?" I pray you tell.

She answered, "Seven are they,  
And two in London South do dwell,  
And one in town doth stay."

"The two down in the city here

I'm not quite sure about,  
But Alf. and Harry, living near,  
They often drive me out."

"You say that living here are two

Of whom you're not quite sure,  
And yet you're seven. That can't be true;  
Explain a little more."

Then answered she in gentle tone,

"They're seven. Now, don't you see,  
Those two have somewhat backward grown,  
And not so mashed on me."

"If they don't call on you, my dear,

Or take you out to drive,  
Don't count the two are living here,  
But say you've only five."

"I see them oft; their homes are near,"

The gentle maid replied,  
"And not a hundred yards from here  
They've studied side by side.

"The first that went, Will was his name;

He from my side did stray,  
Because a missionary came  
And stole my heart away.

"Then, when to college, through the snow,

We tramped at eight each morn,  
My Willie did with Susan go,  
And I was left forlorn."

"How many have you then," I asked.

Those have the mitten given.  
She wouldn't see it, simple maid,  
But answered, "They are seven."

"But they are gone—those two are gone;

They gave you the good-by."  
Still, useless was my talking quite,  
She wouldn't see it in that light,

And seven was her reply.



OLIVIA.





## MATHEMATICS.



MATHEMATICS is the science which has for its subject the properties of magnitude and number; or it may be called the art of arguing by numbers and quantities.

The branches of pure mathematics which were first developed were, *Arithmetic*, or the science of numbers, and *Geometry*, or the science of quantity. The latter of these was the only branch of mathematics cultivated by the Greeks, their cumbrous notation opposing a barrier to any effective progress in the former science.

*Algebra*, or the science of number in its most general form, is of much later growth, and was at first merely a kind of universal arithmetic, general symbols—taking the place of numbers; but its extraordinary development within the last two centuries has established for it a right to be considered as a distinct science. Combinations to these three have given rise to *Trigonometry* and *Analytical Geometry*.

This portion of mathematics includes all those sciences in which a few simple axioms are mathematically shown to be sufficient for the deduction of the most important natural phenomena. The benefits of this science, as a branch of education, are very great, and although its advantages are not always at first clearly seen and appreciated by all who come in contact with it, it is one of the great necessities for the development and improvement of the mind. It trains the mind to industry and perseverance, by leading it to an important result by the slow progress of minute gradations.

As drilling and gymnastic exercises render the body more graceful, healthy, and erect, by training it to self-denying labor, and correcting bad habits; so the study of mathematics may be called a mental drilling, or gymnastic exercise, which makes the mind more healthful and straightforward. Richard Parson, one of the finest classical scholars that England ever produced, was trained by his father from earliest youth to mental arithmetic, to which he always ascribed his literary eminence.

As vice and superstition are founded and upheld by error and false reasoning, the study of mathematics must be *friendly to the cause of religion*, by purging the mind from all sophisms, and grafting in it a love of truth. Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest mathematician of modern times, was remarkable for his politeness of manners, his humility of mind, his extensive information, and his devout piety.

It is the only science which cannot admit of error: opinion, prejudice, and falsity may, in some measure, affect all other sciences, but can have no influence whatever upon the deductions of mathematics. As metals are tested by a crucible, so truth and error are tested by mathematics. Lord Bacon says that "if a man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstration, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again." Mathematics habituates the mind to

examine minutely every statement, and to take nothing upon trust. Dr. Arbuthnot says that "in the search of truth, an imitation of the method of the geometers will carry a man further than all the dialectical rules."

It may be compared to the ordeals of our forefathers, which only the undefiled could pass harmlessly through. Fuller says that "mathematics is a ballast for the soul, to fix it, not to stall it; and not to jostle our other arts."

## SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISMS

"A man must serve his term to every trade  
Save censure—critics all are ready-made."



WHAT is poetry? is a question asked in a recent issue of a literary contemporary, and answered in a long essay, which ends in discovering that after all there is no poetry and no poets.

We shall not attempt to set up our poor opinion against this mighty discovery, and we think it would not be wise to dispel the impression that lingers in the world, that poetry is the language of beauty, of emotion, of aspiration—the one language which goes to human hearts and lifts them up. But the critic on his part thinks he proves beyond a doubt that we are all wrong, that the so-called poets have all been wrong, and everybody wrong, and nobody right, excepting himself and the early Greeks with their first lyric efforts; so Shakespeare, the chief literary glory of the world, as well as all other poets, will have to "step down and out."

Shakespeare has always been pursued by a number of critics, who wrote such masses of critical commentaries and emendations, that it is a wonder the poet has not been smothered altogether by them.

The expositors and critics of Shakespeare all over the world are innumerable; some think his contrasts are too great, not for an attractive, but for a true picture. Take this description for example:—"Shakespeare's style is a compound of furious expressions. No man has submitted words to such contortion, mingled contrasts, raving exaggerations, and the horrible with the divine, as Shakespeare." A stranger would get but a sorry idea of our great poet from such a description as this.

Now, see what the Germans say: "There is no poet so truly loved by us, so thoroughly our own, as your Shakespeare. He has become one of ourselves, and lives as truly in our land as in yours."

Shakespeare's sonnets and dramas have been attacked unmercifully. The every-day critic can hardly let a line escape him without dissecting it. If there is nothing to explain, he explains all the same. He places vast stores of learning upon a preposition. If he wants to say anything, he is never at a loss for an excuse; he touches the most insignificant word, and gives it unexpected and unusual meanings. In speaking of Shakespeare's sonnets, a certain critic deplored the style of metre used, and regret-

ted that he should have given the sanction of his great name to the least artistic form in which a sonnet could be written. Another says Shakespeare's plays are irregular in the highest degree. Now, would it not be better if these critics would seek to discover the concealed beauties of the writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worthy of their observation?

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;  
He who would search for pearls, must dive below."

To associate one's name with that of Shakespeare's is an epidemic among a certain class. Some want to hang their learning upon him—to sport in foot notes, and amble along on the same page with the illustrious one; others, to slip their names along with his, think of going down to posterity in this wise: "Blair's Shakespeare;" or, as the Annotator, Mr. Singer, has it, "The works of Wm. Shakespeare, with notes, by S. W. Singer." This is very modest. Mr. Singer might have reversed it and said, "Essays by S. W. Singer, with poetical notes by William Shakespeare."

"Such shameless bards we  
have; and yet, 'tis true,  
There are as mad, abandon'd  
critics, too."

### ODDS AND ENDS.

We have received many contributions whose merit may deserve a more prominent position than in this vagabond collection, but being unable to classify them under any definite head, we render their talented writers our profuse apologies for our inability to comprehend their distinctive virtues.

We will treat them "in order of decreasing magnitude." First on the list comes a "Song" from a Sixth Form bard. In compliance with his request, the editor thoughtlessly assented to hear the composer warble his effusion. When the editor recovered, his musical ear was so affected that he could no longer distinguish the discord in the seven o'clock whistle. But certainly the "music" was original and also very striking; as for the words, you can judge for yourself. We take the liberty to quote the second stanza:—

"Now, listen all ye people,  
Till we sing a few more lines,  
For we do adore these ladies,  
Yea! do worship at their shrines;  
And if it so should happen  
That they set their back on us,  
We will only sing this chorus  
So as not to raise a fuss."

But the chorus would raise a pretty *big* fuss, consisting of, as far as we can determine, an intermediate jargon between ancient Chinese and modern German, with a rich crop of vowels scattered in for a little variety. The melody winds up with the libellous assertion that:—

"Though we have to study,  
Be it Algebra or Greek,  
This chorus is the only word  
We're ever heard to speak."

A member of the Cornet Band handed in the following, headed "The Spirit of Melody."

"In the Collegiate Institute,  
Where the bandsman plays the flute,  
And into the air they shoot  
This liquid, charming note (pronounce "nute").  
When I listen to their mus—  
ic, my feelings, they confuse  
My tender heart, and I sigh an'  
Think that I am dyin'!"

Where is the lemon-hearted cynic that said there was no spirit in music? What but inspiration could give birth to such touching lines?

Little Tommy wanted to know why a hen cackled. His elder sister replied that she guessed it was because it was eg(g)otistic.

The continued poem of "Wiahawtha" is next, but owing to the sudden death of the illustrious author, and the esteem in which we held him, we could not reproduce it in

full length. With respectful and solemn accent, however, we repeat:—

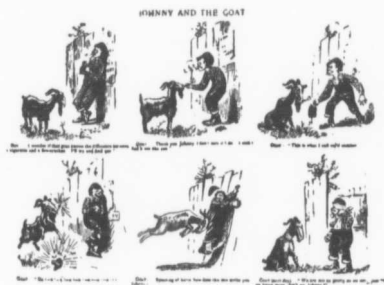
\* \* \* \* \*  
"Pause and listen to the story,  
Of how the school of learning lost,  
Lost its learned chief of English.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Left his *lambs* to unknown shepherds.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But a fair shepherdess has come,  
And she her lambs and goats protects."

And here the poet passes some uncomplimentary remark about the "goats" predominating, and then continues:—

"But a happier tale I'll tell;  
Tell it in a voice more cheerful;  
Tell again the old, old story,  
Of unity of hearts and name."

After dealing with other points of interest in the school, he winds up with a pathetic expiring wail.

EDITOR.



## THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

CLIP  
FROM  
GRIP
 ILLI robus et aes triplex  
 Circa pectus erat, quæ fragilem truci  
 Commisit pelago ratem  
 Primus nec tremuit præcipitem Africum  
 Decertantem Aquilonibus,  
 Nec tristes Hyades, rabiem Noti,  
 Quo non arbiter Hadriae  
 Major tollere sen ponere volt freta,  
 Quem Mortis timuit gradum?

Horace, Carm. I., 3.

Well mayest though sing, sweet-toned Venusian swain  
 The praise of that undaunted heart that faced,  
 For the first time, the perils of the main,  
 And plowed the untraversed ocean's trackless waste.

But what of him who first launched forth his bark  
 Upon the waters of the untried sea —  
 That sea that lieth fathomless and dark,  
 And boundless round life's shore—Eternity!


As one who idly drifting in his boat,  
 Adown some narrow river, falls asleep,  
 And, waking, finds his feeble craft afloat  
 Upon the waters of the unbroken deep.  
 So the first mortal laid him down to die,  
 And for the last time saw the great red sun  
 Sink beyond the purple hills—the sky,  
 Fading in splendor as the earth grew dim—  
 And heard the waves beneath him on the strand  
 Fainter and fainter beating, while his soul,  
 In silence, swiftly glided from the land  
 Out where Eternity's dim billows roll.

And millions after him have launched away,  
 Through mists that heavy hang along the shore;  
 Yet all have taken comfort since that day,  
 Knowing that others sailed that way before.

But he, the first explorer of that sea,  
 What visions passed before that Spirit's eye!  
 And Oh! what dread, what hope, what mystery,  
 When the first mortal laid him down to die!

PERCY A. GAHAN.

## TWILIGHT.

 TWILIGHT hour of faint and mystic light,  
When shadows fall across the fading land,  
And long-forgotten voices of the past  
Float back and chant, like spirits of the night,  
In voices sad and solemn, till at last  
Wav'ring, they cease in the uncertain light.

When mists along the water rise and drift  
And hang upon the rippling wavelets clear,  
In which the dark reflections of the trees  
Shadowy, indistinct and dim appear.

Like spectres tall and gaunt the cedar trees  
Stand dark against the golden tinted sky,  
Whilst from their topmost boughs the settling crow  
Utters its desolate and direful cry.

The undulating reeds sway to the breeze  
That o'er them sighs its plaintive, wailing note ;  
In the twilight hush like vespers soft it sounds  
As o'er the tranquil water it doth float.

O silent hour, dreamlike and indistinct,  
When long-forgotten voices of the past  
Return and hold communion with the soul !  
O sad and sacred hour of dying day,  
Whose death the hallowed Angelus doth toll,  
Kneel thus to silent night and his dreads way. S.

## GEORGE MEREDITH.



T a time when Mr. Rudyard Kipling is compared to Dickens, because he has written a few clever stories, it is worth while to point out the fact that we have a great novelist in Mr. George Meredith.

It is not uncommon to-day to hear reading people, and by no means dull people, say that there is, alas ! no writer of fiction to fill the shoes of Scott, Thackeray and Dickens, to use the lancet and wave the wand of George Eliot,—in a word no great English novelist. And this is true in a great measure, as such broad general judgments are very likely to be. A great novelist must have not only brain and heart to feel and philosophize, eye and opportunity to study mankind, but also the art of pleasing the people, of simplifying the profound and popularizing the abstruse. Some have had the latter qualities in a great measure, and the former in scant measure. Scott, for example, and Dickens, must surely have lacked true insight ; some have had the insight and the pleasing style in fairly equal proportions ; Thackeray for example. George Eliot would seem to have more insight than any of the others, and an expression almost as clear, simple and powerful to come home to men's hearts as any. Meredith,

on the other hand, is rather hard reading ; no stupid person need open his books, nor any lazy and careless student of books. Oscar Wilde has called him " the Browning of fiction," though the æsthetic Englishman was not the first to use that epigram, which was used by a Canadian authoress some time ago. Meredith is hard reading, but he is worth reading ; his knowledge of the heart, of the motives by which we act, even when we do not ourselves grasp our own motives, is beyond all such knowledge even shown in fiction ; not even the great Marian Evans herself has penetrated the deep mysteries of the human bosom so satisfyingly as this author. It is scarcely exaggeration to say that his intellect, within certain limits, is Shakespearean, and that his analysis of men's words is in a sense final and absolutely true.

After a vain search for a well-bound copy of *The Egoist*, the Canadian reader will content himself with No. 1150 Seaside Library, pocket edition. The book fills two double numbers, and is therefore a very long story. The reader who would like to see this work for himself, should be warned that it is long, heavy, lacking in sensational plot and not very exciting ; but if he is willing to put up with these drawbacks and to forgive the obscurity, he will, if he be not lacking in appreciation, find an ample reward, and probably he will read the book a second time with great pleasure and greater profit.

*The Egoist* is the most characteristic, and in most respects the greatest of Meredith's works—what is called his masterpiece ; though his other books are not mere repetitions of a small stock of ideas and characters.

The story is so short and simple that it may be told at once, without in the least lessening anyone's interest in the novel. Sir Willoughby Patterne is a wealthy young English baronet, a typical Englishman in appearance, manner, love of sports and of society, and in his desire to be known as a generous and lordly aristocrat. In spite of all his good qualities, he is unaccountably jilted by two girls, who should have been proud and happy to marry him, and he finally has to beg humbly for the hand, without an accompanying heart, of a poor lady not in her youth, whom he had formerly jilted himself.

In the analysis of such a character, Meredith fairly revels ; the situation is so difficult, the explanation so impossible, that it challenges his ingenious knowledge of the heart to come to the rescue and clear up the mystery, and he does it to our entire satisfaction ; indeed, when one puts down the book, one says involuntarily, " of course it is clear that Constantia and Clara could never have married that wretch," and yet, to the undiscerning, it is wildly improbable that they should have declined the honor.

What is the secret of the repulsiveness of the society pet of an English county ? Is he miserly, ignorant, stupid, lacking in sensibility, in manners, in popularity, in influence, or in the desire to help others ? By no means. He is kind to his servants, he is as sensitive as a woman, as brave as a man, a good horseman, a fine scholar, a

prospective member of parliament, handsome and attentive to women, in a word all that the ordinary love story makes a hero. And yet he is hateful, so repulsive that Clara Middleton tries to run away to avoid her marriage, and ultimately begs and contrives and rebels until she does free herself from her odious and loathsome engagement. What is this mysterious leprosy which the friends of both cannot see? What is the foul plague spot which only the affianced bride can discern and hate? No lack of manly beauty, no lack of social or intellectual accomplishment, no vulgar vice of the soul against which the moral edicts level their dread thunderbolt. What then? Clara could not tell. When she was asked to "give reasons," she had none to give. Constantia had fled dismayed, utterly unable to frame a single charge against this man; and none of us could have said, as Mercyth has said, just what the vileness was; that vileness that we all feel in people so much and so often. We put it down to this, that and the other cause. We even, in charitable fits, put it down to our own lack of kind charity, though feeling the insincerity of such charity. We feel an involuntary antipathy for one who should be a near friend. We say he is vulgar, and that quality we cannot tolerate; yet we know that we can and do tolerate vulgarity in other people and love them just the same; or we say it is selfishness about little things, and yet we know that in people we love, this is almost an endearing quality. What, then, is this awful something that asserts its icy presence and drives us from our fellow beings? We cannot tell. But Meredith says it is this: *He is an Egoist.*

We are astounded; we do not believe in Meredith; how can a man be generous and an egoist? We consult our dictionaries; we think we know what an egoist is, and Sir Willoughby is the very opposite. Is not an egoist a person who does not help others, and who is grasping and boorish and always self-conscious and doesn't understand others because he is wrapped up in himself? And is not *Patience* the reverse of all this? He, of all men, to be called an egoist! And yet against our wills Meredith convinces us—an egoist he is, and that is his disease, and an awful one; and also a common one, and doubly. Alas! we all suffer from it more or less. He who does good to others, in order to glorify himself may be said to do good that evil may come of it. There are grades and varieties of selfishness; in a sense, every act of life is selfish that is referred to our own good; but only in proportion as we live for others without reference to our own pleasure, even our own legitimate and rightful pleasure, so we free ourselves from egoism. Every man is to think of others and live for others, and this not for the self-gratification of being respected and honored, but purely that he may get outside himself and kill the deadly serpent of egoism. This is surely the greatest of English novels in the power of its ethical teaching. What a laying bare of our meanness and littleness. After reading the book, one says to one's self: "The very acts I thought were generous and helpful, were

soiled with the slime, of the serpent; the good deeds had a purpose, not quite clear to myself, of getting honors and respect and praise from others. I was fattening my spirit on the offerings of those I helped, caring in my inmost heart more for the offerings than for the hearts they came from."

No man can read this work without being a better man. Many will learn here who will not learn from sermons, nor even from sermonizing works of art; but surely the spirit of right is in this novel, and the very spirit of the angel's song in Arnold's new poem:—

"What lack of Paradise

If, in angelic wise,

Each unto each, as to himself, were dear?

If we in souls descried,

Whatever form might hide,

Own brother, and own sister, everywhere?"

Read *The Egoist*, even at the sacrifice of much labor; the language is obscure, but the wit is sparkling; the epigram is almost too brilliant, the tone is refined, the thought is marvellously subtle, and above all the lessons are such as we need, to understand other people and ourselves, and the whole tendency of this man's work is distinctly and strongly towards that perfection of humanity of which "The Light of the World" tells us, towards that

"Peace beginning to be,

Deep as the sleep of the sea;

When the stars their faces glass,

In its blue tranquility.

Heart of men upon earth,

Never still from their birth,

To rest as wild waters rest,

With the colors of Heaven on their breast.

Love, which is sunlight of peace,

Age by age to increase,

Till anger and hatred are dead,

And sorrow and death shall cease.

'Peace on earth and good-will!'

Souls that are gentle and still,

Hear the first music of this,

Far-off infinite bliss!"

May this time come, and meanwhile may we honor great and good men like George Meredith, who strive with all their great powers to bring it about. Let it be said that Canadians appreciate an Englishman of genius, who, in his own land, is known and loved only by the very elect. There are not lacking great critics who will declare George Meredith to be the greatest living novelist, if not the greatest English novelist of any generation.

M. F. LIBBY, B. A.

The other morning, when the streets were very icy, and pedestrianism difficult, Jones accosted Robinson with the usual "Good Morning," and added, "very rough, isn't it?" Robinson, turning, and tripping as he spoke, remarked cynically, "Say smooth, you idiot."

## TO AN OUTCAST.



SAILOR drowning in the storm,  
Sees light from out his cottage warm,  
And sickens in despair :

A fiend that flashing thro' the void,  
Spies heavenly glory unalloy'd,  
Shrinks from the glare :

And still 'tis thus with him at sea,  
No angel stoops so tenderly  
To rescue him, or fend or thee,  
With loving care. M. F. L.

## "DISMAIL DAYIS."



AMONG the many superstitions that have held sway over the human race, that of attaching various degrees of importance to certain days is prominent. The earliest records that have been preserved show how firm a hold this belief had. There is no race so uncivilized that it has no system of reckoning days. Among the recently discovered Zuni Indians, a very elaborate system was found, and so well had it been carried out, that their year corresponds within a few minutes to our own. The desire to know what day it is, is implanted so strongly in man, that it amounts almost to instinct.

The days of the week, from their frequent recurrence, would be the first to receive notice. Each is acquainted with his own fortune, as foretold from the day on which he was born; all kinds of good luck following Sunday's bairn, who is to be "wise and bonny, good and gay;" while the lot of poor Wednesday's bairn is to be full of woe. Fortunately, the latter unhappy mortals who have commenced the first stage of life hampered by fate, can retrieve their fortunes somewhat, by selecting a good day on which to be married, for of course there are good and better days for such an event.

The days of the month next come in for their share of notice, and the feeling about them is not so cheerful, for during the year, distributed unequally among the months, are thirty-five days which are known as dismal days. Among the week days, Friday is the only one that might be called dismal, and that is really considered more unlucky than dismal. Perhaps the belief in dismal and unlucky days has died out in this generation, but that the habit of it remains is clearly shown in the expression so often heard, "Its one of his bad (*i. e.*, dismal) days." For another instance of this habit, examine the shipping lists, and see how many vessels leave port on Friday.

The seventh day seems to have been the most disliked, for in six of the months it has been fixed upon as one of the dismal days, and in the lucky month October, that rejoices in the possession of only one such day, the

seventh is the day selected. Poor January is the month that suffers most, having no fewer than eight dismal days, and strangest of all, the first day is one of them. Just now the almost universal practice is to keep it as one of the brightest holidays, and even that "contrariety," China, makes it her most festive occasion. It would be interesting to trace the causes that led to the selection of these days. Was it some great national trial, such as one of those fearful pestilences that swept over the country in early days, or a great battle, which left hundreds of sorrowing homes in the land. It might have been the personal grief of some well-beloved ruler, that the people had looked upon as their own. The first day of the year may have acquired its right to be called dismal from the general belief in the middle ages that the world would end on the first day of the year one thousand. The terrible strain caused by the hours of torturing suspense endured by the people, as the earth slowly turned on its axis during that awful night, must have left a deep impression on the minds of men. It would be years before such an impression died out. Then the doubt which arose that a day or two had been missed, would tend to keep alive the feeling of terror, more or less, during the month. The causes which led to the selection of the other days cannot so easily be guessed at. For with the exception of the fifteenth of March, which witnessed the death of J. Caesar, none of the dates of the great events of the world, which might well be called dismal, coincide with the list. The great world battles sometimes come quite near the date, but that is all. Perhaps all do not know the dismal days. Here they are. The spelling is curious:—

"Thir ar twa dayis callit the dismail dayis.

In Januar ar aught dayis, the frist, secund, fourth, fyfft, tent, fyffteine, sevinteine and nynteine.

In Februar ar thrie dayis, the sewint, tent and aughteinte dayis.

In Marche ar thrie dayis, the fyffteine, saxteine and nynteine dayis.

In Apryll ar twa dayis, the saxteine and tunentie.

In Maij ar thrie dayis, the secund, sewint and saxteine day.

In Junij ar twa dayis, the fourt and sewint day.

In Julij ar twa dayis, the secund and fyfft day.

In August ar twa dayis, the secund and nynteine day.

In September ar twa dayis, the saxt and sewint day.

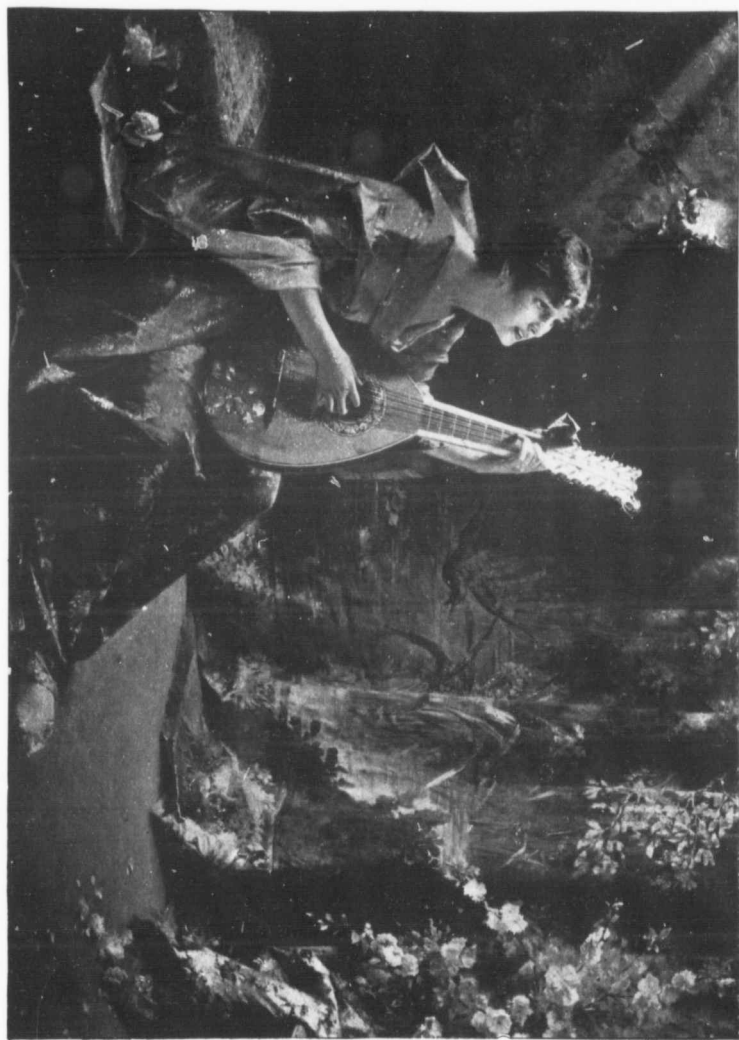
In October ar ane, the sewint day.

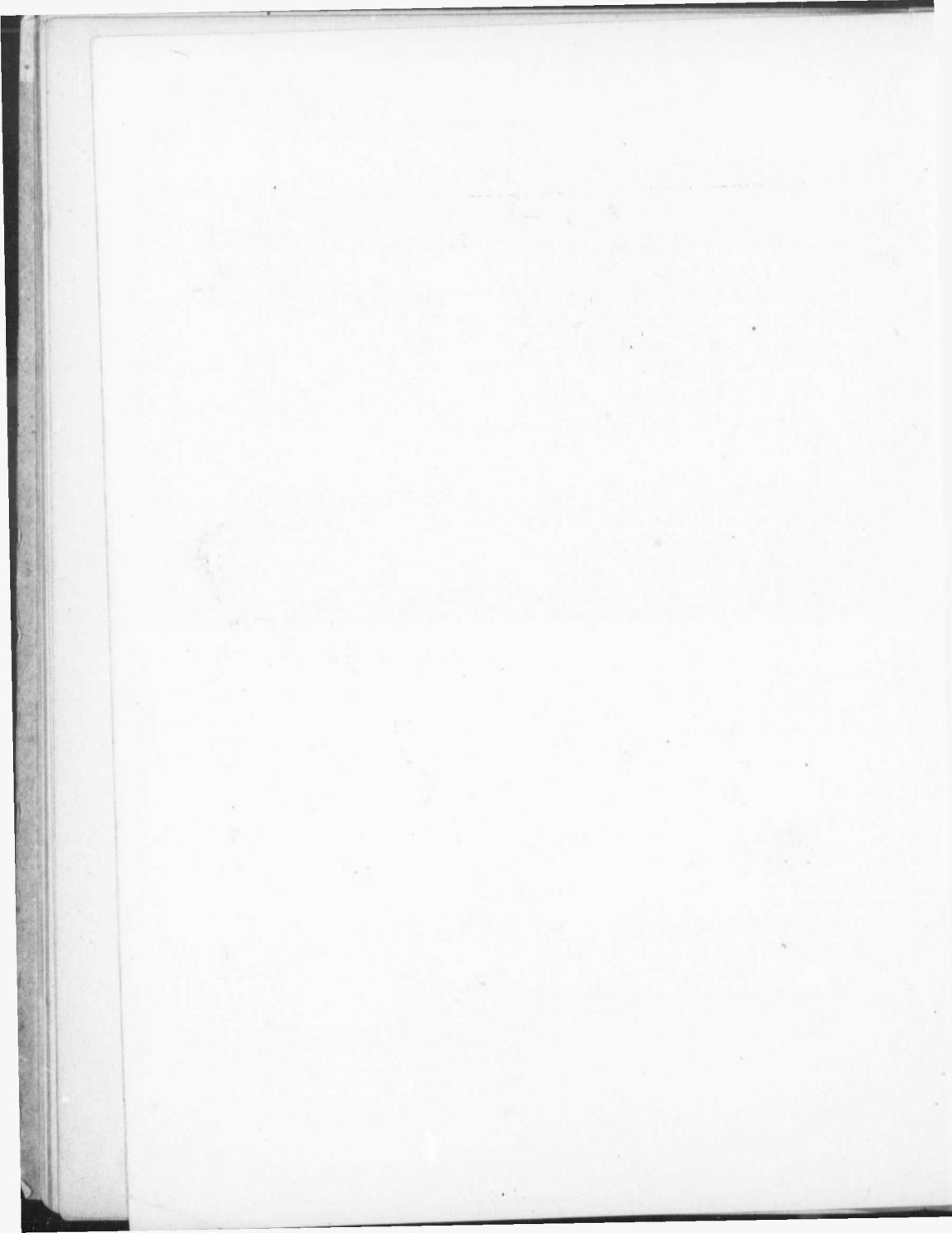
In November ar twa dayis, the thrid and nynteine.

In December ar thrie dayis, the saxt, sewint, fyffteine dayis.

Thir ar the dayis to be kieppit fra all wark, mariages, or— . . . . Unfortunately, the remainder has been torn off. If it had not been destroyed, we might have learned why these days should be so kept. This fragment was bound up with some Scotch Acts of Parliament, showing that the belief was prevalent in comparatively recent years.









## THE CONFABULATORY CANOEIST

RELATES HIS THRILLING ADVENTURES DURING A  
TOUR FROM LONDON TO DETROIT.

### I.

**T**HIS narrative consists of plain, dry, hard facts, pure and unadulterated, and, moreover, nearly all true, being founded on the personal experience and imagination of the narrator, your humble servant. I do not wish the reader to cherish the belief that canoeing is a pastime of unalloyed bliss, for this is not only erroneous, but contrary to the laws of nature, it having been ordained that we shall *not* enjoy unsophisticated pleasure during our brief sojourn in this vale of tears. There are many things which tend to dispel the romantic association connected with canoeing; foremost among which can be classed the involuntary cold baths which all ambitious canoeists indulge in. The romance of canoeing disappears like a summer dream before the prosaic and unelevated occupation of paddling beneath the frizzling sun of July, whose powerful rays soon transform the skin of the victimized "voyageur" into a hue rivalling, in its richness of coloring, a July sunset.

In contemplating this canoe trip, I was led on by the delusive hope of fame and honor. The danger would be great—the task Herculean; but the more I thought about it the more hot and anxious I became to wield the paddle and glide o'er the dark and unknown waters. I laid my prospectus before my friend, Artemus Wartluck. He was anxious to start that night, but I told him to be calm. Our two lives rested on the way in which we were to carry out this dangerous undertaking.

There is a tradition, that two years ago a party of rash explorers, in descending the river a few miles below Bryon, became stranded on a hidden sardine-can, and after enduring many hardships were finally pulled off by a farmer's team; but their noble mud scow was a complete wreck! Therefore, we should be cautious. Again, great precaution should be exercised in choosing the time of departure, the most favorable being in the spring, before our great waterway has dwindled down and rendered navigation difficult for larger vessels, on account of the hidden oyster-cans and broken crockery. So we set about making preparations. Our canoe was a "Rice Lake," and would hold a large amount of goods.

After suggesting several things to take, I asked Artemus if he could think of other necessities.

"Matches and pins," he said.

In a severe voice, I told him that considerations of these details were unnecessary, and unbecoming to his superior intellect.

Aiming higher, he said, "We'll have to take a stove."

I asked him if he would like to take a baseburner or a patent gas stove?

The poor innocent replied, that he "guessed the baseburner would be handier."

It took me twenty minutes to show him the inconvenience that the presence of a stove would cause; but I generously offered to sacrifice all earthly comfort and take the stove, if he would carry it and the necessary half-ton of coal across the portages.

Artemus, with tears and a choking voice, thanked me fervently, but concluded in a weak tone that we had better not take the stove.

After suggesting to take a cow, a spring mattress, a two-by-three looking-glass, and sundry other equally useful and appropriate articles for travellers, I told Artemus to sit down and "shut up."

### II.

The eventful day of our departure at length arrived, and every suggested contingency was finally provided for. In case of an upset, we had life preservers; to prevent starvation, we had condensed mince-meat and beans. Our canoe lay packed and ready for the journey. The provisions, clothing and other necessities (besides that contained in bottles) were stowed away under deck or in boxes amidship. Our weapons consisted of a "Bull-dog" revolver with a rheumatic trigger, and a muzzle-loading shot-gun that had to be aimed four feet to the left and thirteen inches low, if one expected to hit anything. Our modest straw-stack hats were for protection from the sun's warming rays, and our corn-cob pipes were for defence against the attack of mosquitoes and sand-flies. But the mosquitoes of the "lower Thames" are invincible. The notorious New Jersey mosquito would grow green with envy could he hear the sonorous and melodious hummings of our Canadian "skeeter." Some lemon-hearted cynic may remark that this is said from national pride. But it isn't. It is experience—sad and pathetic.

We shoved off from shore, and the first stroke was taken at exactly five o'clock. This was done to humor Artemus, who is very precise on such points.

A heavy grey mist hung over the water, but under the warming rays of the morning sun it soon melted away and vanished. The morning sky was that delicate pale blue, shading off into amber pink towards the east; not a wave, not a ripple, was on the water, and nothing but the distant song of some early awakened bird was to be heard. There was a subdued melody in the monotonous splash of the paddles in the silvery water, which gurgled and rippled as

we glided over it, disturbing the wanderings of the solitary water-spider, or causing the hungry fish to scurry away, as he stealthily watched the flutterings of the unsuspecting butterfly. Indeed, it was a glorious May morning, of lazy, monotonous pleasure.



Propelled by our vigorous strokes, the canoe cut a furrow in the quiet water, causing wavelets to radiate behind and extend to the shore, against which they could be heard faintly lapping.

In a short time Springbank hills could be seen looming up, covered with the fresh foliage of early spring. Here our first and most troublesome portage of the trip was made, the Waterworks dam being too high and steep to be "run" by a canoe. We pass through the Byron valley, with its richly-wooded hills and picturesque and solitary "Egg Island," with the scattered village of Byron to the south. The Byron dam was safely shot (not with a gun), being low and sloping. As we descend, the scenery becomes more wild and picturesque. The river gradually grows more rocky and turbid, causing us to use all our scanty wits to prevent the canoe from grounding or knocking against the boulders.

The imposing hills and majestic pines give to the scene a primeval grandeur which renders it peculiarly attractive and charming—almost gorgeous. Not a house or visible sign of habitation obtrudes to mar the charm of solitude, and nothing but the bubbling and rippling of water is to be heard.

Below can be seen dimly, and partly in shadow, the cascade of the Wishing Well. As we approach, the music of falling water breaks faintly on the ear, and the sun is seen glittering on the silvery spray and snowy foam, as the cascade pours its unceasing flow upon the rocks below.

### III.

There is one thing a canoeist must do before his bliss can become perfect, and that is, *eat*. This he must do with a voraciousness astounding to an inexperienced beholder. So, when I say we had dinner, it may be understood that we did not flinch in the hour of action. We dined in the canoe, as we were too ravenous to waste valuable time in disembarking. I unfastened and raised the lid of the largest provision box, and at a given signal we both grabbed. Artemus won by thirteen ham sandwiches and a twelve-ounce-to-the-square-inch pound cake; but I regain my lost ground, and win the day by enfolding two pounds of bologna sausage.

Artemus unbuttoned his vest. He took it off. Then, rolling up his sleeves, intimated, in a voice husky with soda biscuits, that he was struggling under difficulties,

inasmuch as he had a mouth much inferior to mine in size and orificial extent; therefore I should give him a start of at least six sandwiches.

I saw through his little scheme for appeasing his enormous appetite, and shut down on it and the lid of the box, remarking at the same time in a dry voice (dry with semi-masticated home-made buns), that if he ate any more he would have to be placed at the back of the canoe as it made paddling difficult to have too much weight in the front.

After dinner we both felt lazy (no new sensation to Artemus), so we agreed to let the canoe float for a time, while we enjoyed a rest after our hard work. Lighting our pipes, we lay back in the canoe and watched the kingfishers and swallows flying across the blue sky above. The water rippled against the sides of the boat in a sleepy monotone, only broken by the regular and melodious snores of Artemus, who had fallen asleep. I watched the treetops and branches swaying in the gentle wind, and listened to the melodious nasal solo proceeding from the bow of the boat, and, before I am aware of the fact, I also am in the arms of Morpheus.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Say, Ike; wonder if them's the gypsies as stole our pullets?"

"I dun'no; but danged if they dunt look like drunken thieves."

"Let's holler at 'em!"

"Naw; don't yer see their gun?"

I woke up with a start and looked around me: The canoe had drifted on a sandbank, and two rustic-looking individuals were gazing curiously at us from the shore. Artemus was still snoring. I whispered to him to wake up, that we were attacked by Indians. He still snored. The men turned away and began to climb the barb-wire fence. A thought struck me. I picked up the old gun from where it lay loaded in the canoe, and quietly cocked it. Artemus was snoring complacently, and the two strangers were hunting for a dull spot on the barb-wire. I pulled the trigger. There was a simultaneous and decided movement from 'all three. While Artemus jumped *up*, the strangers jumped *down*; but, alas! the frailty and treachery of barb-wire fences! The tall, lanky fellow cleared it, but the other one hung in suspension between the blue ethereal vault and mother earth. The tall fellow grabbed his companion and pulled. He was strong, but corduroy and buckskin patches were stronger. I saw the man was getting uneasy, so I told Artemus to shove out and paddle down stream. After paddling steadily and silently for five minutes, we looked back. The long-legged man was still pulling, but just then we glided round a bend and they were lost to view.

The river becomes more and more troublesome. The current sweeps swiftly round the bold bends and curves, and we soon leave the picturesque village of Delaware behind us. This sleepy old river village is a

relic of the old-time market centre and trading post, and savours strongly of the antique. It possesses a grocery store, whose elaborate stock consisted of that which was "just sold out," at least that is the answer we got from the freckled, red-haired girl behind the musty counter.

An occasional Indian or squaw lent to the scene a romantic and primitive tincture, as they sat on the banks fishing, an occupation peculiarly adapted to their constitution and disposition, as it contains the exact amount of labor suitable to these dusky warriors.

Artemus was overcome by the romance of the scene, and began to quote poetry suitable to the occasion, but growing dramatic, he all but upset the canoe by his gesticulations. He began with the "Lady of Shalott."

"As the boat head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,"

and gradually waded into "Hiawatha."

"I see on yonder bank a little Indian maid," I said, to change the subject. We paddled over to the bank, and Artemus, with an attempted bow, and nearly an upset, said:—

"O, dusky daughter of the noble redman, that roameth throughout the forest, free as the pigeon hawk, why sitteth thou all forlorn and deserted, fishing for the sunny catfish and frogs? Forsake these, my black-orbed queen, and fly away with me to—" But here the maiden, who had been poking her dainty little arched foot in the soft mud, and letting it ooze up between her toes, pulled back her raven locks and said,

"Ugh! will the white man gim'me chuw?"



It was a great shock to Artemus; but, as I turned the canoe around and paddled on our way, I told him that he deserved it for attempting to trifle with the tender affections of these artless beauties.

As the sun was getting low in the west, we decided to encamp for the night. After considerable hunting, we found a spot suitable for our purpose, and, hauling up the canoe, proceeded to construct our tent by placing the canoe, inverted, upon six upright stakes driven into the ground, and around this we stretched the canvas. We lighted the camp-fire, and soon had the kettle singing over it.

"Boiled eggs and ham," announced Athemus, walking down to the bank where I was enjoying an unsuccessful fish in the twilight.

We enjoyed our supper in the usual degree, but Athemus refused to grant my pathetic appeal for the seventh egg, as the provisions were vanishing with astounding rapidity.

## IV.

Our first night's camping would have been a success but for the listless wanderings of a restless bovine who, perhaps dreaming of the fresh green wheat in the neighboring field, had grown restless and taken a stroll in the cool night air to calm its heated brow. In its wanderings it comes in contact with a mysterious and unlooked for log, over which it vainly endeavors to climb. This mysterious log contained two sleepers, who were dreaming of robbers and Indians, and being thus rudely and suggestively awakened, they arose and fled in different directions into the woods, despite their *proposed* bravery in the time of danger. But in our scanty raiment we could never stay long in the cool night air; so I pick my way across the logs, and through the raspberry bushes and Canadian thistles, and approach the tent. My searching gaze is attracted by a moving figure in white, not ten yards from me. I stop short and my hair slowly uncurls itself and stands on end. I think of ghosts and Indians, and—but suddenly the figure utters a demoniacal laugh, that curls my blood, and I hear a voice say: "What are you standing there for, you great big jay? One would think an elephant was after you instead of an old cow."

Somewhat easier in my mind, I crawl around to the canoe and we both tumble in and wait for daylight.

\* \* \* \* \*

We had paddled many a mile before we had breakfast next morning.

I got out the line and spoon and said we would try the fishing. A farmer had told us that fish were plentiful and that "Bill Sikes, on the third conseshun, had caught a muskerlonge weighin' over thirty pound. Fact." The man looked too sensible for a lunatic, but I, coming from London where every one is sensible, could not judge if he were or not.

So, dropping the spoon into the water, and letting out about fifty feet of good, strong fishing line, we paddled briskly forward. I was holding the line in my teeth and looking ahead. Suddenly, and before I really knew it, I was looking *behind*, minus two teeth, which were jerked across the river into the bush. I seized the line in my hands, and untwisting my neck, muttered to Artemus that we had either a whale or a raft. A sudden jerk soon convinced us that we had the whale. The next instant the line was pulled out with such rapidity that it sawed a two-inch hole in the iron band around the top of the canoe.

We were travelling down stream at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and leaving a track of foam behind us as we flew down past islands and rapids. I gradually regain the line, and have pulled the fish to within ten feet of the boat, when off he starts again with the speed of a race horse, until, coming to a small island, or rather mud-bank, the thoughtless reptile endeavors to dodge around it, but the canoe goes straight for it. In my determination to capture the fish, I lose control of my thoughts and actions, so, when the canoe strikes the soft mud, I only retain my firm

grasp of the line, but the next instant I am yanked overboard, and am busily engaged in ploughing up the mud with my head. In vain I dig my toes and elbows into the yielding mass. The persistent fish slowly but surely pulls me towards the other end of the island. I am dragged to the water's edge, and, with a despairing cry, I give up my hold on the line and lay exhausted in the mud, while my yearned-for whale returns to its haunts to suffer from indigestion for many a day. At this catastrophe Artemus is struck by some comical thought and laughs uproariously.



"Don't sit there laughing like an idiot, but come and pull me out of this mire," I say, exasperated at his unsympathetic nature.

But, dear reader, allow me to pass over the following few hours, and when I again appear before you I am separated from the embrace of mother earth, and again appear semi-respectable and clean.

We find we are approaching the rapids of the Thames. Their roar can be heard by us while a long distance above them, thus giving us time to prepare for running them. Everything is made ready, and we paddle slowly toward them, choosing the quietest and deepest places in the stream.

Suddenly the canoe starts forward with a speed that causes one's hair to stand on end. The noise is deafening. As we rush onward, all we can do is to prevent the canoe from striking the large rocks and stones protruding above the surface of the water. Woe to the man that is upset in this stream, for in an instant he would be dashed and battered against the stones. As we dance over the rushing waves, we can see nothing but foam and turbulent water.

Finally we glide down into the calm but foamy water below, and a sign of relief escapes us, and our hair settles down on our heads again. The roar can still be heard behind us, and it keeps ringing in our ears for hours afterwards.

"I wouldn't have missed that for ten dollars, but I wouldn't do it again for a hundred," said Artemus, that night at supper.

Next morning we did not start until late, on account of the rain, which descended in torrents, so we sat in the tent and smoked, and told those yarns which only two old travellers can.

When it stopped pouring and rained in a quiet, respectable manner, we started off. Picturesque villages, and equally picturesque inhabitants, were quickly passed,

and the famous village of Moraviantown could be seen only through torrents of rain. It was at, or about, this spot that the brave Tecumseh made his last stand against the victorious American general.

The rest of the day was spent in paddling and shooting, or rather shooting at mud turtles. While thus occupied, we perceive one of unusual size on a log in front of us. Artemus leans out over the bow, while I paddle quietly towards the turtle. Artemus whispers, "Steady, now, and I'll have him."

"Steady — steady ! I've got him !"

"Stead—Oh ! Ough ! ! He's got *me* ! ! !"

Artemus utters a yell like the treble note of a steam whistle, and jerks the turtle into the canoe, but his finger is the fish-hook in this case, and we had as much trouble in unhooking our fish as the dear girls generally have in the same operation.

We stopped at an unknown village for provisions, and, after much trouble, procured a loaf of bread, branded "1888." In carrying it down to the camp I accidentally let it drop, and it was shattered to pieces. Carefully picking up the fragments, we returned to camp, and put the bread to soak for breakfast.

The next day was Sunday, so we would not travel, but spent the day in respectfully lounging around the woods. We noticed several farm houses in the neighborhood, so we did not make a large camp-fire to attract attention. About ten o'clock, however, a figure in sky-blue overalls and red-plaid shirt is seen approaching the camp. I quickly place the gun in a conspicuous place; where it may act as a moderator to the stranger's actions, if he is inclined to be violent. Without being seen, I notice that he is an aborigine, and has sandy hair and small green eyes.

"Good morning, there, mister," I pipe out. The sky-blue overalls give a jump in the air, and the little green eyes expand to the size of soup plates [fact], while his unshaven jaw drops in astonishment.

"Nice morning," I repeat.

"Ya as, I guess so," he says slowly, his eyes wandering around our little camp in blank amazement.

"Come in and sit down," says Artemus, trying to push forward a big stump in a welcoming manner. But I notice a sarcastic ring in his voice, and look at him sternly. The stranger stumbles across to the front of the camp and stands meditatively with his hands in the sky-blue overall pockets.

"How far is it to Thamesville?" I enquire, anxious to keep the conversation going.

"Thamesville? I dunno. Guess 'bout forty miles, he soliloquized, and then added, "Yere sure you ain't past it?"

I replied, not to my knowledge, and proceeded to explain that we were making a canoe trip from London to Detroit, and his eyes and mouth expanded to an extent dan-



gerous to the existence of the other parts of his countenance.

I incidently inquired if there were many petrifying springs on the river; but I did not ask because I was thirsting for knowledge, but only to give him a little encouragement to talk, as he appeared to be somewhat unsociable.

"Ya-as," said the stranger, as he sat down on a log and placed his foot over his knee and began whetting his jack-knife on his old boot top. "Ya-as; there's lots a' petrifyin' springs in this locality. Why, jest two mile down stream is the big "Catfish" spring. Did yer ever hear the story 'bout that "Catfish" spring? Yer don't say so! That's queer! Well, the story goes like this: Away back in '72, afore these parts was much settled, the Fliggins family—there uster be eleven of 'em—located down by the Catfish spring, and built a frame house near it, 'cause they thought the water would be kinder handy fer use. Well, the Fligginses settled down and got 'long frustate till, after stayin' 'bout four weeks, they all began to feel kinder stiff-like inside. Yer know, they never know'd the "Catfish" was the strongest petrifyin' spring on the Thames, and that the Redskins uster soak their arrers in it to make 'em like stone. Well, as I was a sayin', they began to feel kinder solid inside. The cattle got so they couldn't swim 'cross the river to pasture no more—every danged time they would wade past their depth, they'd go to the bottom like a stone. It was all on account of that petrifyin' spring. The hired hands got so they didn't kick agin' eatin' Susan Fliggins's marble cake—Susan was the oldest gal, and awful smart, they uster say; had lots of book-larnin'—and one day one of the hands what was a little short-sighted got hold of a soup plate and et it up, and swallowed it afore anyone could tell him what it was. Féel it! Well, I guess not! Talk about your iron constertutions; why, they all had *stone* constertutions! Yes, sir; every one in that fam'ly was lined with a half inch of limestone. One day the old woman put a roll of butter in a pail and put it in the spring to cool. When she went fer the butter she saw a stone in the pail. Of course, she blamed the boys; but it was the spring. The butter had got coated with limestone. Well, they say they used that very stone in buildin' a new fire-place, and the first night the fire was lit in it they had a house-warmin'. Just as the logs begun to blaze up purty fair, and the pop-corn and chestnuts was bein' roasted, the stone bust and five pound of butter ran down on the floor. The folks couldn't understand it at all. But the old woman, who was always kinder sharp and schemin', went to work and tapped every danged stone in the buildin', thinkin' she might strike some more butter. But I guess she was kinder disappointed when she had drilled fer about two weeks and never struck any *oil*. Well, as I was goin' to say, the fam'ly got so bad, they had to go to a doctor. The doctor said their constertutions needed buildin' up—that they was all kinder run down. Old Fliggins told the

doctor he would be willin' to die if he couldn't live without bein' built up any more; so he hitched up and drove home. Young Bill Fliggins—dead the last three years, poor feller—uster have the shiniest biled shirt in the "meetins," and folks couldn't see how he got on such a polish until they found out he soaked it in the spring and rubbed it down with sandpaper afterwards. Purty wonderful spring? Well, I jest guess so. But that ain't all. I'll jest tell the rest of the story 'bout it. As I said, or was goin' to say, matters went from bad to worse, and from worse to still worsar, till one day the Fligginses' little baby crawled into the spring and was drowned. They never know'd what become of it, and blamed the Indians fer carryin' it off. But one day, when the wimmin came from the wheat fields, hot and thirsty—the wimmin worked in the fields them times—they laid down at the spring to have a drink, and while Mrs. Fliggins was drinkin' and lookin' out so as not to swallow any dead worms, her keen gaze is caught by a still form in the bottom of the spring! There lied the long lost infant in the spring, and turned to solid stone! Yes, sir; turned to solid stone! Why, when they had fished him out his uncle wanted to buy him fer to put on his parlor table, he looked so natural, with a smile froze on his stony little cheeks, and a teethin' ring in his little stone hand. But the tender-hearted mother said her babe was worth three dollars a pound, but the uncle wouldn't buy, so they made him into a lamp-stand. This is all true, gentlemen, every danged word. Why, if you'll come up to the house I'll show you some of old Fliggins's shoulder blade. Yes, yes; the old man died *hard*. Part of him was put in next the corner-stone in the foundation. It's no use talkin', but its pretty hard lines on a family to end that way. They all did. They say the spring's haunted now, so nobody ever da'st go nigh it. No, sir; there's not one of that Fliggins family left now. The last boy died two years ago, and they used him for a tomb-stone—makes a splendid tombstone. It's sad, awful sad, and—and—these are all facts, gentlemen, every single word of 'em."

But the stranger suddenly leaves, with the apologetic remark that "them goldanged heifers was in the wheat," and we could hear faintly coming through the woods, "Sick her, Bill! Bring 'em out! Hay! Go'lang there! Sick'er, Bill, old b'y!"

This was the man we thought couldn't talk!!!

## V.

Monday morning we are off, bright and early, and are looking expectantly ahead for Thamesville. Oil derricks and dip-nets are the characteristics of this district. Snags and logs have taken the place of rapids and rocks as preventives of our earthly peace. One of these hidden snags was the cause of an unexpected upset, dumping us, bag and baggage, into the damp element. We both struck out for shore, but my foot coming in contact with the river bottom, I thought it would be easier to wade. I seize the canoe and right it with difficulty, while Artemus runs down

stream to intercept our chattels, which are rapidly floating away. After much hunting and hauling and pulling, we eventually get things together, "but in a sorry plight are we." Clothes soaked, nearly all the eatables spoilt, and not a dry rag to bless, or rather dress, ourselves with. We walked half a mile to a farm house for matches and provisions, and return and enter the bush. Soon we have a crackling fire on and our clothes steaming before it. As the dampness forsakes our clothes, so it forsakes our spirits, and we soon are on the way again, laughing at our little accident.



[Now, this would have been a good opportunity of introducing a little excitement into my dry tale, in the shape of a few huge alligators; but, as I have promised my reader facts, and, as I am a *man* of honor, I will let the alligators roam undisturbed in their swamps of Florida.]

Seeing a farmer crossing a bridge, we holler to him:

"Hello, mister! How far to Thamesville?"

Pulling up his team, he says:

"Dunno; me'bbe about sixteen miles."

We paddled for five minutes, and the sixteen mile-distant Thamesville, with its rafts and sawmills, came in sight. We found, as usual, that if we wished to know anything about the distances of towns, we should not ask the natives, as the only extent of space they could comprehend was that between breakfast and dinner.

We soon enter the luxuriant and productive garden of Western Ontario. Any farmer living in Kent will tell you that this is the best county in Canada,—an oasis in the desert. Apple and peach orchards are seen everywhere. We no longer see the primitive forest trees and wooded hills, but a low and flat plain stretches away on all sides. The flow of the river had become imperceptible, so we had to exert ourselves more to advance.

We arrive at, but do not remain long at Chatham, being anxious to reach Detroit before our provisions run out.

From the river, Chatham is an imposing town, with its elevators, sawmills and docks, and is the only town on the Thames connected with the lake traffic.

All kinds of craft were on the river, from the huge *City* of Chatham, to the little mudscow containing wooley-headed darkey children. Fishing for "mudcat" is the chief sport of many of the dusky inhabitants of Chatham, judging from the number of darkeys to be seen sunning themselves upon the docks.

Rigging up our sail for the first time, we take advantage of the brisk east wind, and swiftly skim towards the lake. The scenery was an entirely different type from that we had before passed through. The banks are lined at

intervals with gigantic buttonwoods and willows, festooned with ivy and wild grape, and hanging far out over the tranquil water. The banks finally disappear as we approach the mouth of the river, and the vast, unbounded plain of feathery and waving reeds stretches away to the west. The pale green marsh shimmers in the morning sun, and the broad river twines its circuitous path through it like a silver snake.

The lighthouse is seen standing in solitary grimness, looking far out over the flashing waters of Lake St. Clair. We make fast to the antiquated dock, and see if the lake is sufficiently calm for our light skiff.

Everything is favorable, so having taken a hasty dinner, we "crowd on all sail," to use a technicality, and skim over the bright blue water towards Detroit. Away in the distance can be seen the vapoury smoke of the great Upper Lake Steamers, and their deep bass whistle can be heard as they pass through the St. Clair Canal.

I experience all the agonies of the "*mal de mer*," and Artemus, with his usual thoughtlessness, laughs at my miseries. But punishment swift and certain seizes him, for he also is seized in the throes of seasickness.

I look back, and the tall, white lighthouse has melted away to a tiny speck on the horizon.

We enter the Detroit river early in the evening, and succeed, after many imaginary escapes from being run down by steamers, in making a landing at Windsor. Here we have considerable difficulty with those awe-inspiring creatures, the Custom officers, but finally we are allowed to ship our canoe home.

After a brief visit to Detroit, we take the train for home, with light hearts and pockets to match.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is strange that this delightful canoe trip of nearly two hundred miles, and through some of the best scenery in Canada, is not frequently made by the aspiring paddlers of the Forest City.

If any of my ambitious readers would like to make the tour, I will give them a few suggestions of inestimable value. If you calculate going for one week, take provisions for *four* weeks. Do not attempt to make the journey in a rowboat, but in a light canoe, and this must not be burdened down with too much provisions.

Do not start in the "*dog days*," or you will be roasted, but choose the spring, when the water is high and the river-bed clear.

If you have a bitter enemy, persuade him to take a trip down the Thames in August, with two days' rations. It is a lingering and torturing death.

Do not drink the river water before straining it through a colander.

Do not waste your money buying relics at Moravian-town. With a little practice, you can learn to make them yourself, and easily give them the two-hundred-year-old touch. S.

## SLIVERS.



HE teacher had told the class that the mouth was the window of the intellect; when the boy in the corner, who never knows his lessons, asked if toothache was the window pane?

Unpopular sheet music—snoring.

Tennyson compares some men to trees. We allow that he is right in doing so; but where are those who are all limbs; whose boughs are awkward, and whose general reputation somewhat shady?

Why do the American girls not care for the English swells? Because the Yankee dude 'll do.

The chief sport of the youth trying to grow a moustache, is hair-hunting.

Wanted—a hinge from the gait of a horse.

Don't run against a chimney sweep. He is liable to bring soot against you.

We have sent some of our heavier contributions out to Colorado, to be used for quartz-crushers.

The lay of the hen is the most popular thing in the music line, just now.

"Owed to CHIPS," by our late treasurer, is the title of a touching little ballad. It goes to the tune of "Fifteen Dollars, etc."

A time-honored court room—the parlor.

Why are our jokes like windows? Because you can see through them? No; because they are painful.

While people are digesting the lays of the hens, let them read and digest the lays of our local bards.

A man committed suicide in a well lately, because, as he afterwards explained (?), he thought it the best place to kick the bucket.

A pin may be driven, but a pencil does best when it is lead.

A novelist speaks of "a cloak of darkness." Does this come after the "clothes of day"?

There is said to be new trouble with dogs in the west. The old trouble still exists here of making them occupy but one seat in a street car.

A medical journal tells of a young man, whose brains have dried up until they have rattled like shot in a tin can, every time he shakes his head. Since his case became known, he has received many offers of a position as an editor, but his friends think he is not suited to the position as long as he has enough brains to rattle!

"That's the word with the bark on," said Tommy to his big sister.

"You mean, my dear Tommy, that that is the exogenous combination of articulate and vocal sounds," she returned.

"I guess that's it; but will you always talk like that in the sweet by-and-by?"

"Certainly, I will retain my elevated conversational expression in the *saccharine* subsequently."

"Gosh! But you're the girl that rules the roost for talk," continued the saucy brother.

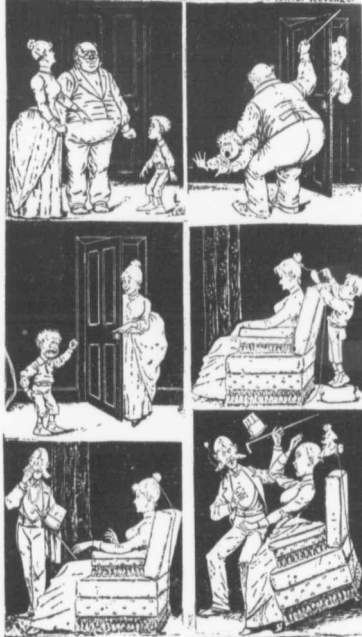
"Tommy Slider! You ought to be ashamed of your self. Why don't you say that I'm the young lady that governs the horizontal perch on which the fowl reposes?"

"Rats!" said Tommy, "Aunt Mary says whenever she hears you talk she feels like kickin' the bucket."

"I just wish the mean old thing would propel her pedal extremities with violence against that familiar utensil used for the transportation of water and other fluids," sobbed the poor girl.

A contributor made a slight mistake in his mechanical work, perhaps unconsciously. In copying out his MS. he wrote his *essay* in the form of poetry. If he imagined it *was* poetry, and intends it for such, will he kindly let us know at once, that our readers may enjoy his unique rhyme and rhythm.

The Tell-Tale Sister, a Severe Chastisement and An Awful Revenge.



## SLANDER.

**S**OME excellent concrete examples, which recently forced themselves upon my attention, have set me considering this vice; and truly, it seems the most despicable, as well as the worst of all evils. It has the element of falsehood; and falsehood is extremely common in this world. It has the element of malice—of devilish malice; and malice is also common; and it has the added curse of cowardice and unutterable meanness. Your slanderer stabs in the dark; he (*or she*) is a true rat, loving darkness in all things, biting with venomous tooth, and tainting with his own evil taint everything he touches. No open and above-board fighting with him; unless, indeed, it happens as it did in dungeons of old. A wretched prisoner was strapped to the floor, and the rats made a meal of him with impunity and glee. Under similar circumstances even now our slanderer is heroic; he revels in the victim's anguish, and rejoices in the foul pollution he bespreads.

It was in the days of the Inquisition that such tortures were practised, and truly the "days of the Inquisition" is established in every city, in every town, in every village; and the Father Confessors, the august and ingenious engineers of the torture, are women. Strange; for women are the worst sufferers from the vice they propagate so well. A cruel word may pierce the skin of a man, but it drives deep into the soul of a woman. His heart may burn with fury; her's bleeds with anguish, with shame unutterable, incommunicable. His business may suffer; her life is blackened. She may die—she may hide the wound and go through life uttering at times that saddest of laughter, the laughter that weighs heavy upon a wrung and throbbing heart; or she may survive it, feel a mannish anger, overcome it, and go through life conquering and to conquer, slandering and to slander, lying and to lie. Other women than these last are arch fiends in this fiendish, thriving business. They have skins that feel no blow except a physical one. They know when they are insulted, and they feel a deadly hatred; but no real emotion, no holy though heartrending shame, no intense but virtuous indignation, no sense of wrong, no sense of meanness. Not because a thing is wrong, not because it is mean, not because it is shameful, not because it touches them; but because it outrages their selfishness, do they find a bitter and rancorous resentment. For sentiments of justice, of honor and of mercy, they can feel an enlightened contempt; for sins against their own well-being, they can hate, and hate fiercely. Even when not intentionally malign do these do harm incalculable. Their sport is deadly. A cat's play is the rehearsal of a mouse-hunt. These people's amusement is the prying into of private affairs, and the utter misreading of all that is above them—that is, of *everything*. Fancy a delicate refined nature at the mercy of these creatures' tongues! Fancy a humming-bird in the web of a monstrous spider!

There is a third kind of slander—the school-girl. This one has not the malignity that a course of careful devotion to the art gives one of the other kind; but she has a happy carelessness of mischief, an astonishing ignorance of results, a precocious knowledge of what should be unknown, and a truly wonderful gift of enlarging, exaggerating and inventing. These innocent children start the game for the older bloodhounds to run down. "Only a school-girl," is a proverb, and shields the tale-tellers while their elder sisters in the trade make deadly use of the fictions thus obtained. The school is thus by a beautiful economy turned to double use. Not only are their minds benefited and enlarged by the instruction given, but they receive an admirably effective training for the sterner and more practical duties of life. Even when detection does follow and punishment come, it is so slight as merely to teach the need for circumspectness. In future they are more careful; and when they leave the sheltering walls, they carry with them a thorough elementary training, which needs only practice to make them adepts at the deadly game.

But there is still another kind of slander—the male. Nature seems to have decreed that, when a man assumes a woman's faults, he out-woman's the women; and when a man becomes a gossip and slanderer, he is far fouler tongued. He lacks the admirable intensive perception of the sorest spot, the weakest point, that the coarsest woman has. But though the poisoned needle may leave a rankling wound, yet the clumsy broadax gives a hideous gash, and the slimy poison of a—*man's*, shall I say?—of a mangossip's mouth leaves a trail nothing can clean away, nothing efface.

And then this vice is so common! Everywhere there is the informal court with its hellish docket. Everywhere are innocent deeds, frank looks, free-hearted words read through the malice-smeared spectacles of evil minds. Everywhere does Envy stimulate her devotees to their grateful task of carping at what they do not understand, of beslaving what is too pure for them to comprehend.

From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,

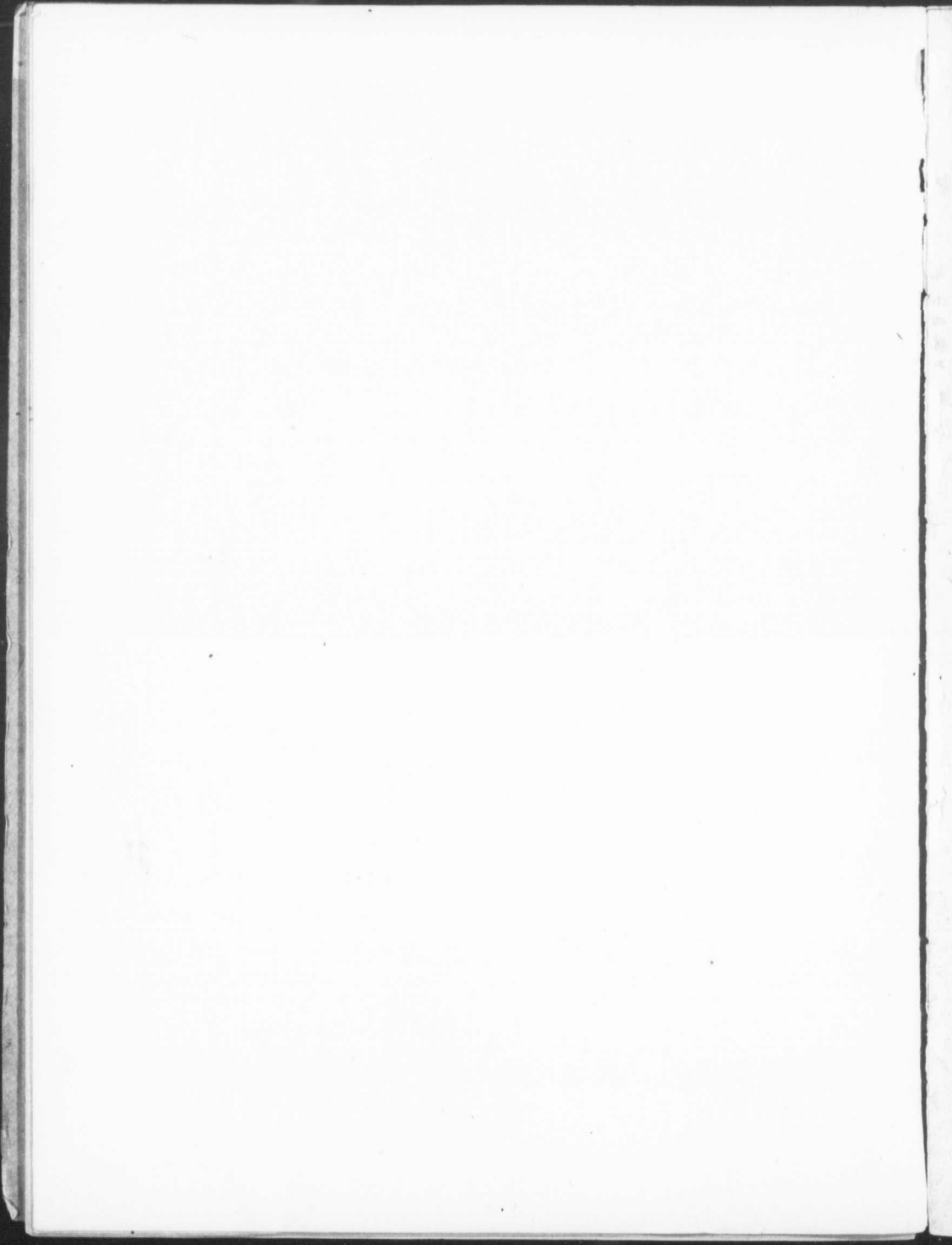
And all are taught an avarice of—

Of what? Of sweet morsels of perdition, of the sight of human anguish, of the news of human sin. Every schoolroom has its complement of prying girlish eyes, and alas! of biting girlish tongues; it has its knots of callow youths, whose eyes can see only evil, and whose tongues can only repeat it. Every village has its circle of censorious women, and its parliament of gossiping men. Every town, every city, every church, every society, pays court to this sin,—this scum which condenses all that is low and cowardly and mean in human nature. And it will be always so. Never while humankind is human will men believe good rather than evil; never will they take other than the bad meaning from an ambiguous sentence; never will they view others with one hundredth part of the same charity with which they view themselves. As the fathers, so the sons!

C. F. HAMILTON, M. A.



NYDIA.



## DOROTHY WHITE.

## A KENTISH LOVE TALE.

WRITTEN FOR CHIPS, BY GRACE E. DENISON.

**R**IGHT in the centre of a lawn and garden-plot of two acres stood Whitehall, the home of one of the most successful of Canadian farmers, or farmeresses rather, for Whitehall was under the rule and dominion of "the Madam," and the centre also of a fruitful farm of swelling grain and scented clover, of ranks of graceful, tasselled corn and low-growing roots, and wide-doored barns and fragrant stacks, in the fairest country of Canada. Long ago, away back in "rebellion times," when the names of Washington and Lafayette were household words, the Madam and her soldier-husband and her babies had come, by slow stages, in ox carts to the site of Whitehall. They had lived for weeks in a tent under the scented pines, while chance-helpers "raised" the low log cottage on a convenient knoll hard by, chinked its gaping seams with earth, and built its rude chimney at the south end, and somehow, or somewhere, became possessed of four square panes of very wavy glass, fastened rudely into a frame, for the solitary window. The Madam was a tall, slim girl in those days, with smooth, brown hair and slender arched feet, and nervous, thin hands—an altogether impossible and incongruous settler's wife; and her husband was a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, curly-headed fellow, a little prim and absurd in his dress, to our modern eyes; but the kindest, most good-natured, sunny-tempered young soldier that ever stood up to be shot at! There were three babies—John, Katherine, Steevie, the latter a fretful sufferer, and the Madam was looking about among her boxes, as the autumn fell, for the store of baby linen, which had passed from John to Katherine, and from Katherine to Steevie, in anticipation of another little claimant. One day, as the little family worked or played about the house-place, the sudden sound of feet and voices announced a party of travellers, who proved to be a small detachment of English soldiers on the march. As the red coats and tall head-gear of the men flashed beneath the shadows of the pines, the young husband hurried to bid them wait and rest, and eagerly promised to guide them through the pathless woods to their next resting-place. When, after a short delay and a draught at the spring, and a wedge of golden corn-bread from the Madam's cupboard, they and their guide disappeared again into the blackness of the pine woods, the Madam, stricken with sudden home yearning, burst into tears. The little ones pressed wonderingly up to her, querying, "Will papa not come back any more?" and she dashed away her tears, impatient at their want of comprehension. "Of course he will. Go and play!" was what she answered. But he never did. Only—some days after, as the Madam sat on her door step anxiously watching and waiting in the gathering evening, and occasionally answer-

ing shortly the remarks of an old nurse who urged her to come in, a thin Indian boy, whom the good hearted farmer had saved from death in fever the past summer, flitted out of the woods and across the clearing like a summer moth, and pausing before the startled lady, gazed into her face with dumb but evident sympathy. He held a small book tightly in his hands, and with a sort of inarticulate murmur of sorrow, he stooped and laid it on her knee, and after one more look all about at the quiet house-place, the tinkling spring, the pale and scared face of the lady, he vanished swiftly into the woods. The book was a small leather-covered Testament, and its tiny leaves were fast glued together with something damp and dark and awful, on touching which the Madam half rose, shrieked shrilly, and fell forward on the ground. The few servants, black and white, gathered about in startled terror; the nurse turned them out hurriedly. The night gathered over the stricken wife, and at day dawn, amid tears, and terror, and forebodings, Dorothy White opened her eyes upon the world, a fatherless child.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty years make changes in most places, but in a new country, with farming lands and plentiful emigration, make the greatest change of all. The Madam's log hut still stands on the knoll, but behind a tall, dormer windowed, unlovely, white house, where now the family abide, the log hut being given over to the farm laborers as a dormitory. The Madam had a fancy to carry out in the building of her new house. It was to be pure white. Even the prim chimneys standing aloft get their semi-annual coat of whitewash, along with the low, picket fence, the fluted pillars of the "stoop,"—even the trunks of the twelve great cims which form an avenue from gate to house-place. None but white flowers bloom on verandah or grass-plot. Tall callas wade knee-deep in a low circle beside the spring, ferns wave in a shaded corner, mignonnette, and syringa and guelder roses make sweet the air; but should a stray dandelion obtrude himself among the fine, white clover sod, knife and exile await him. So the Madam's orders, and what the laws of the Medes and Persians were, are the Madam's orders now. In these twenty years she has remained slight and dainty and fair, with an exquisite neatness of hair and widow's cap, and long, straight, black gown, but she has changed wonderfully within, from the homesick, sobbing girl, into such a stern, bitter, cold image of womanhood. Whether the paralyzing grief, or the sudden sense of responsibility and the necessity, or the heart rebellion against its sorrow, or all three, crystallized her nature into this adamant mould, certain it is that in all the country round, the Madam, though respected, admired, envied for the wonderful success she had achieved, had never yet made a friend. Not one of the bachelor farmers, merchants or professional men, with whom she dealt at arms length, would have presumed to offer her his heart and hand, though wives were scarce and men were bold in those early days.



So, at forty-five, the Madam still went clad in black, and crowned with a monstrosity of a widow's cap, that tied under her chin, and no thought of love or marriage breathed in her chilling presence; even when the young man, her son, looked calmly at rosy Bess Lundy, on the next farm, and began faintly to feel that he lived but half a life alone, his half-formed wish fell shattered before the Madam's scathing criticism on that "blowsy ignoramus," and I hardly dare to think of the fate of Scotch Sandy Ainslie's proposal to her for the slim hand of Miss Katherine! Sandy sold his farm and went away west to the gold fields of California, and Katherine grew a little thinner, a little colder, a little sharper of tongue, a little less liberty to think of ever a sturdy farming man, or long-lipped advocate, and the Madam thanked her stars when the young parson took to himself a wife and relieved her from the last possibility of a son-in-law.

Steevie was a fretful invalid, sick unto death, but long in dying; and, as for Dorothy, she was a child yet! Why, o' me a day or so ago the Madam had sent her to her room, for an order disobeyed, though, at the same time, she had been forced to admonish her to pick out a tuck from her Sunday dimity, for that such a display of neat ankle and swelling calf was shameful in a "great girl of eighteen." "Nineteen, mother!" Dorothy had argued rebelliously, with one foot on the stair, and "twenty this fall," she had said in a lower key, mindful of the tragedy that marked her birth. How pretty she was in her childish, innocent naughtiness, breaking the laws of the Medes and Persians, and shaking her rough curls over the crankiness of Katherine, the facts of John, or the irritable despotism of Stevie!

How sweet she was, in dimity, short gown and sprigged print skirt, with dainty thread stockings in fairy patterns of her own designing and knitting, with serious eyes and pursed-up lips, concocting some toothsome conserve or wonderful cake, or, with ill-concealed aversion, sewing in the long, winter evenings, by the light of the pine knots in the fireplace, the interminable balls of "carpet-rags". How merry she was, away down the third meadow, with big Bruno as her caretaker, gathering wild strawberries, blackberries—anything sweet and good to eat,—or hunting the mows for black Biddy's eggs, or watching the Darkies and Indians at the "sugaring off," or burrowing into a pile of scented hay, "making her amusement," as the French say, out of all the sweet and innocent uses of nature, in default of human companionship. No one could harrow the Madam's heart by saying, "Dorothy is her father's child!" for no one now at Whitehall knew the lost father, no one at least but old Joe, and he didn't dare. The Madam had gotten rid of every old servant one by one; but still Joe stayed—no one but Joe and the Madam knew why. But it was impossible for her to send away the queer, old darkie, whose patient fealty and daring love had wormed from drunken braves and frightened squaws the story of the "young massa's" death, and whose terrified limbs had searched the pine forests for the mutilated

corpse, and in darkness and loneliness had found and buried all that was left of bonny Jack White, and who had staggered home to the log hut in the late fall, wayworn and famished, with scarce strength enough to breathe in the pale widow's ear the story of his devotion. For this, Joe was privileged to come, to go, to speak unbidden, and to keep treacherous silence over Miss Dorothy's escapades; and Joe took to the full the benefit of his privileges; answering the Madam smartly, coaxing her beautifully, doggedly and obstinately disobeying the Medo-Persian laws, and calmly doing just as he pleased.

He was a comical looking old fellow, this Joe, with a scarlet flannel shirt and voluminous breeches, in danger always of a sudden slide downwards, from the main stay of one time worn "gallus," which was sometimes fastened on a button of wonderful size and design, generally a metal one, bearing the insignia of a British Regiment, and found in Joe's lengthened prowlings on the sites of old battle grounds. His "ha'r" was grizzled, and his wide mouth almost toothless, but ever more decorated with a short corn-cob pipe, in which smoked tobacco of his own growing. This was in open defiance of the Madam's rule of "no smoking on the premises". Joe had an impish delight in any escapade and mischief; any trick to be played or advantage taken of the unwary, and he and Miss Dorothy laughed in concord, and in secret, many and many a time. He was a heathen old creature, with a great pretended terror of "Massa Dibble," and a general leaning unto the works thereof; the malignant influences of his anti-slave life on the Congo clung to him in a wierd halo of charms, beliefs, superstitions and uncanniness generally. But to Dorothy he was the one sympathetic creature in her small world, coaxing for her amusement, inventing excuses for her misdoings, acting as a sort of swarthy good angel in her few outings to junket, or picnic, or drive, or sail. For Dorothy sometimes got an outing, though she was questioned and cautioned and drilled and driven before and after to that extent that she rarely enjoyed herself. And Joe's spirit strove within him as he whitewashed the elm trunks and meditated on the queer unsympathetic surroundings she grew up in. "Joe!" It was the Madam's sharp voice, coming from the clematis-hung porch, "are you nearly done with the whitewash brush?" "Jes done, Madam, soon 's I'se laid out de superobosity ob de wash on dis yer ellum." "When you've done, rinse the brush,—not in the cattle trough, mind, as you did last time,—and hang it up. Where is Miss Dorothy?" "Seed her down de third meadow when I'se titivatin' de eas' chimbley. Want missie, Madam?" "Yes; go and find her and send her home." And Joe, with a final *sweat* of the brush on the rough bark, shuffled and slouched away, and doggedly rinsing the brush in the trough, threw it on the grass, and shambled off in his capacious and over-trodden shoes to the far off third meadow. "Reckon missie's down to de sugah bush," he said sagely. "Generate, dah whar I'se



gwine look fer her. I want taste er de new sugah real pow'fur bad. *Guess she's dah.*" But Dorothy was not there! and Joe knew it very well, the convenient fiction of the east chimney notwithstanding. Let me show you where she was on that fair April morning, down where the greatest of the Madam's four great barns swung its doors wide open, with her fair brow wrinkled in frowns and her lips pouting in earnest thought, her rough sun hat resting on an oat bin full of the freshest and creamiest fruit of Black Bidly and her sisterhood. Something unusual surely had fallen in the way, that could keep her busy feet as if spellbound, and her face clouded so. On the smooth bin-cover before her lay a little litter of apparent rubbish, an old ribbon, a discarded purse, a few little scraps of paper, orders for this and that from the town shops, written by her for the servant, all the contents of a coarse red handkerchief, which she had discovered in a corner of the loft in her scramble after Bidly's stolen nest, and on the red handkerchief was a name clumsily scrawled in ink, the name of the Madam's chief serving man, big, bony, John Strong. He had come tramping to the gates of Whitehall two years ago, and asked Dorothy for a drink of water; she had silently handed him the calabash and pointed to the spring. The Madam, worried by the unharvested hay, sick workmen, and threatened rain, had, in her short decisive way, hired the stranger off-hand, and had lived to rejoice in her bargain. It had all been done in a twinkling, and John Strong had become her right hand in a very short time. She consulted him, and took his sage advice, and everything he tried prospered. But Dorothy still stood staring at her "find" in puzzled amazement, until her mother's sharp cry, "*Dorothee*," came sounding through the house place, past the elms, the gables, and the servant's quarters, and started her into reu-cheeked recollection. She would have gathered up her hatful of eggs and fled, only that a quiet voice came out of the dark shadows of the mows, saying only, "So you've found them!" and the tallest of tall men, with quaint cut garments and horny hands came slow towards her.

"Why, *John!*" she gasped, "Isn't this yours?" and she handed him the handkerchief. "It is, indeed!" he said, with a comical look at it. "And so you've found it! Well?"

"What does it mean—these old things," she said quickly, "that you hide them away like a magpie, John?"

"When one can't have new things, old are better than nothing; think what that means," and tall John strode away, leaving Dorothy gaping and afraid even to touch the old relics, and yet scarce liking to leave them. Finally she swept them to the floor, and folding up the handkerchief, took her way demurely to the kitchen, where the Madam received her and her creamy burden. Dorothy sat late that evening in the darkness beside her chamber window, where a box of all bright blossoms slyly bloomed, out of sight of the Madam's keen eyes. She

thought and thought "what that meant," and sometimes she smiled, and sometimes she crimsoned, all alone in the dark; and when she went to rest, or rather to bed, she tossed from side to side, pondering with gradually wakening perceptions and panting breath. Perhaps the full awfulness of her discovery did not dawn upon her until she sat before her mother at breakfast, and could not meet her cold blue eyes with her conscious grey ones. John Strong! Alack! She could not eat, and for a day or two she was like a culprit; full of nervous fears and sudden terrors every time the Madam spoke to her, and at last in her wretchedness she hid herself among the hay and wept. When she crawled down from her nook, feeling better for her tears, John Strong stood waiting for her, a great pity and regret on his homely features, and a drawn, stern "set" to his wide mouth.

"Miss Dorothy, I am sorry," he began. Then suddenly, "I am going away. I've given warning to Mr. John and the Madam. I could not help loving thee, lass!" This latter sentence in a strong, bitter cry, that made Dorothy turn suddenly to him.

"*Don't!*" she said.

"Nay, I'll not grieve thee, Miss, and when I'm gone I will soon be forgotten. But if ever—," John Strong paused, strangled by a sob he had not counted on.

It was Dorothy who sobbed, and who stammered, "Oh, no! No, no!" and who caught his horny hand in sudden grasp and then slyly let it fall, and then turned a heaving shoulder to him.

"Don't weep, my lass," said the quiet voice, "'tis not worth a tear of thine, and no one knows of it. I was mad, dear maid,—fair mad; and I could not bide here longer. But thou'lt forget it soon, and no harm done; so good-bye, Dorothy."

Dorothy wheeled about and faced him, "Don't go and leave me!" she sighed, all the joy of being loved, and the contrast of her life without it, impelling her.

John Strong gasped, "Dorothy, Dorothy, is it *true!* Wilt come *with me*, lass?" But Dorothy was gone, horrified at the strange new rebellious pain and joy that tugged at her heart and blanched her cheek, trembling with the wild, reckless hardihood of it, dashing past the Madam, cowering on her white bed behind locked doors, scarce daring to think of her own wild words—a thoroughly scared and demoralized maiden. And John went about his work with a puzzled and rueful smile and a shake of the head. "No use! She'd never dare; the dear, dear lass!" he said, as he gave an extra handful of oats to Dorothy's white pony. "Ah me! the Madam 'd be fain to kill me if she knew. But I'm dinged if I don't stick to it. The lass won't be happy, not now. I saw love in her sweet eyes and heard it in her voice. 'Don't leave me,' says she. I'll go, but I'll not leave thee, if it's my say," and John stamped determinately on the way to his dinner and ate with a good appetite, for he did not nourish his Herculean proportions on dreams or regrets,

but on the generous fare of a plentiful Canadian farm table, which the Madam saw was set before she retired to the inner room to her own repast. She liked John Strong, because he had served her loyally for medium wage, and because to his observant eyes and knack of management she owed many a successful venture and crop; and she sometimes held him up half-admiringly as a contrast to the lads about, who were not blessed with his physique, or knowledge of farm lore, much, be it confessed, as she would have spoken of her kine as superior to her neighbours.' But as if the blatant bull in the third meadow had gored her youngest born, his journey to the butcher would have been swift and sure, so, had she in her wildest dreams had an inkling of the words spoken in the grain barn, she would likewise have been "fain to kill" her favorite servingman. She was too proud to regret his departure, or do more than curtsy ask him if he wanted higher wages.

"For you won't get them about here, I can assure you!"

"I didn't think of that," said John, musingly. "I just want to farm a bit of land for myself, and there's a little tidy farm, a mile or two back, that I've been thinking to buy."

The Madam looked interested. "Where is it?" she inquired.

"Back of Ainslie's bush, Madam. It's only a hundred acres." "How much do they want for it?"

John named a very moderate sum, and proceeded, encouraged to confidence by the Madam's question, to explain to her the advantages of the purchase.

He told of the richness of the soil, and its capabilities, under good farming, of the spring and the dairy, the bee house and the large new barn, and, half shamed, having always in his mind a wild dream of fatuity, he described the bit of garden and the quaint little vine-covered log house. Then, John asked for a day's holiday, and the Madam, finding he wanted to visit the neighboring town, told him to get out the gig next morning and drive her in, and so long as he was on hand by six o'clock to drive her home again, he might disport himself as he pleased the long day through. Very chatty was the Madam, as they drove through the fruitful country, about the kine and the crops, and the prospects of good weather, and John's heart was in his mouth half the time, as she graciously inquired about fields and barns and market prices; and he wildly longed to make an open confession, and take her by storm, as it were. But one glance at her steely eyes always quenched the rash impulse, and still his prudent tongue guarded warily his precious secret.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, when madam had shopped, and bargained, and lunched, and filled the gig with a heterogeneous collection of parcels, she made her stately way to her attorney's office, on the main street.

"I want to buy that little farm back of Ainslie's bush. I hear it is for sale," she said, in her shortest manner.

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"Was, Madam," said the little attorney, who did the Madam's conveyancing. "Strangely enough, I sold it today."

"Who to," she said sharply, in her vexation forgetting her precise grammar.

"To your own man, John Strong. He's going to farm it himself," said the lawyer, enjoying the joke.

To his consternation, the Madam turned and walked out grimly without a word, and not a word did anyone ever hear from her upon the subject. When the man of parchments hurried after her, requesting her consideration of another investment he could recommend, she simply remarked, "Hold your tongue!" and marched away. And the attorney told his clerk that really Madame White was growing more and more arbitrary and peculiar every day. The clerk put his finger to his forehead and nodded, but the lawyer said hurriedly, with a sigh, "God bless us! *no*, man; I wish I had her brains."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Joe, I want to go for a long walk this afternoon," said Miss Dorothy, some three weeks after the sale of the farm. "Do you know which is Ainslie's Bush?"

"To be suah, Missie. Did Madam say us could go?"

Dorothy frowned. "Never mind if she did or not. I want to take a parcel, a *heavy* parcel, over there."

"Foh de lan's sake, Miss Dorothy, what's all dat ar!" and Joe laughed delightedly, as Miss Dorothy clasped a huge basket and an equally portly bundle in her arms, saying, "come then, and show me the shōrtest way."

"Yo' can't nebber cayah it all yer lone; lemme tek a holt," and Joe put his black paw on the basket, and suddenly let go, exclaiming, "Bress and save us, Miss Dorothy, honey! is it *snakes*?" for a peculiar spitting noise came from the heavy basket.

"Joe! if you won't tell, I'll show you," and upon Joe's calling saints, and angels and other things not so sacred to witness his oath of secrecy, Dorothy drew aside a corner of the cloth from the basket, and showed a motherly white cat contentedly nursing five snowy kittens. "They're five days old to-day, she said, exultantly, and no one knows about them. I *won't* have them drowned, so I'm going to take them to John Strong's home, on the farm back of Ainslie's Bush, if you'll show me the way."

"Goramitey!" ejaculated Joe in bewilderment. Then slowly scanning the flushed and panting girl, he stammered, "Yes, yes, Missie! I'll tek you'm kitties dar suah; dey's not gwine be drowned; John Strong will mind *yoh* kitties." And laying hold confidently of the basket, he remarked, "Quit yoh spittin, yoh 'ornery ole critter, it's only Joe! Come on Missie," and shambled away, grinning widely over this audacious defiance of the Madam, and the embarrassment of big John over his sudden responsibilities. Missie Dorothy took off her farm hat and poised her bundle on her shining, rebellious, wavy hair, and after a rough

walk the pair of rebels arrived at the vine-grown log cottage, on a "side line," beyond the dark recesses of Ainslie's Bush. Dorothy produced a key from her pocket and unlocked the whitewashed door, ushering Joe and the cats into a low, square room, spotlessly clean and sparsely furnished.

"Who lives yer?" said the gaping darkie, depositing his basket of kittens in the centre of the floor, while Miss Dorothy tossed her great bundle on a bench and fanned her heated face with her flapping straw hat.

"Come away, Joe, quick!" said Miss Dorothy, between laughter and tears, as she groped for the keyhole. "Snowball and the kitties live here."

"Yo' does beat all, Missie Dorothy," said Joe with a chuckle. "Dere's some scrumptious wild flowers in dat Ainslie's Bush. Missie like to get some?" So together they loaded themselves with wild violets and new, uncurled ferns, and pure May apple blossoms; only every now and then Dorothy started at the sound of a squirrel in the branches or a bird flitting overhead, and gazed anxiously back to the low cabin where her precious cats were imprisoned. That evening John Strong also strode across Ainslie's Bush from the White Farm, and unlocked the door of the log house. He found the bundle on the bench under the window, the basket of sleeping kittens in the middle of the floor, and the mother cat restlessly roaming about, searching for an exit. His shout of triumph scared her into sudden flight, but when she came back in repentant mother love, she found big John seated beside the kitties, radiant with smiles, and he laughed out of the fulness of his joy and surprise, as the white creature stole noiselessly across the floor. "Come, Snowy, here's the family! And the dear lass *has made up her mind*. I can scarce believe it."

When the night was far spent, John Strong entered for the last time the gates of the White Farm, and stepped quickly past the low windows of the log "quarters," and the dog house, where Bruno's tail whacked an appalling loud welcome on his straw-strewn boudoir floor. Silently John stood beside the kitchen door, where a short ladder leaned against the low eaves, and waited. Dorothy's window was open wide, but for a full hour neither sight nor sound issued therefrom, the ridiculous truth being that Miss Dorothy, after making every preparation for the one great effort of her life, had suddenly been seized with a tremulous horror of her own daring, of what fate held in store for her wicked and rebellious self, and had deliberately undressed herself, said her prayers, and now lay shivering and weeping with guilty fear and agonies of repentance for her faintheartedness. At last she desperately crept to the window, and listening, heard a smothered sigh wafted up from the gloom below. With nervous haste she slipped into her discarded garments, and tying on a long cloak and hat, crept out upon the roof. It was a trying moment, as shoes in hand she peered down into the darkness, ready to scurry back like a rabbit at the first alarm.

"Come, lass," said John Strong, in the most matter-of-fact whisper; and she came!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thirty years ago a little red-faced girl sat under the vine-covered porch of Dorothy Strong's log cottage. The bees hummed in the lilac and seringa bushes; the summer sun shone pleasantly upon an enchanting pile of white kittens, which Dorothy Strong had carried in a shallow Indian basket, and laid at the little girl's feet.

"They're like Whitehall kitties," said the child musingly. "Its so funny at Whitehall, Mrs. Strong; everything is white,—the flowers and the fence, and the kitties, and the Madam's hair, and Uncle John's and Aunt Katherine's, and old Joe's. They're as old as the hills," continued the child emphatically. "Oh, you must know Uncle Joe, Mrs. Strong, for when I told him I was coming to see you he sent his best love to you; he calls you 'Miss Dorothy'. Don't you know him, and all of them?" Matron Dorothy's merry eyes filled up, and her smile faded as she turned away from the chattering child, for never since that summer night, a quarter of a century ago, had she looked on the snowy threshold of her girlhood home. They did not forgive her, those stern folk, and though her life was full to the brim of love and content, and busy, happy housewifery, and though the little farm had grown and prospered, until John Strong's credit stood away up among the thousands, still her loving heart would, in some moment of retrospect, yearn for the kindness, or even recognition of her own people. Steven had died, and Dorothy had put on simple mourning. "He is my brother," she said gently, when John had objected to the sombre trappings and the downcast eyes. Sometimes on long summer evenings Joe came shuffling across the bush, followed by the third successor of faithful Bruno, and Dorothy brought him fresh scones and buttermilk, and

chatted sedately as became a housekeeper, of the weather, and the crops and the fruit, and Joe's sunken eyes glistened over her comfort and happiness, and his subsequent bearing to the Madam and her family was even more patronizing and independent than before.

In the quiet, honey-scented air, the child and Dorothy stood watching for the good man's return from the town.

"Do you think you'll be content to stop and visit me and John," asks the quiet, gentle voice, and the child sighs contentedly, but makes no audible answer.

It's quiet, after all your brothers and sisters at the Parsonage," adds Mrs. Strong, doubtfully. Then the little girl says earnestly, "It is lovely."

The sweet, peaceful spell of that evening comes back to me as I write, while the grass grows over the Madam and her children and John Strong. The fair walls of a hospital rise before me, built from the savings of the life on the little farm back of Ainslie's Bush, and the memory of John and Dorothy is green in the hearts of many a poor sufferer; the mellowed light falls through many tinted panes, set in the chancel wall by John Strong's generous gold; untold peace and blessing mark the places wherein he stood, and half a century of love and harmony was Dorothy White's reward for daring to follow the voice of her own heart—for daring to give up all for Love's sweet sake. And once more I see her in the quaint flowered muslin gown, shading her pretty eyes from the slanting evening sun, smiling as the cloud of dust down the "side line" blew aside and showed big John in his smart gig and answering smile, drawing up in style before the low gates. And for thirty years I have cherished the peace and the love and the charm of what sank so sweetly into my child-heart—for, reader, that little red-faced girl was I.

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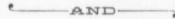
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