

THE MAPLE LEAF

# THE MAPLE LEAF

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## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

By E. A. MAGURN.

### CHAPTER I.

"You won't do it if I can help it, papa!" said a laughing voice, and the next minute May Arlington had taken the pail from her father's hands, and was pumping it full of the delicious old well water herself. "I put your spectacles in arm chair on the shady side of the verandah; and there's that article in the *Guardian* about the Methodist Minister's Convention you wanted to read, so leave me to do this, now," and the old man, with a "thank you, daughter, what a blessing you are, child," turned away and went to this favorite spot on the cool verandah, there to while away a restful hour or two of reading, interspersed with a dreamy nap once in a while. Truly he needed the rest; to look a his silvery beard and slightly stooped form, one would think him too old to do what he did around the farm. For he cared for the horse, Dan, the pet of the family, who would whinny with delight and rub his satiny nose against the old man's cheek, when he came to feed him in the early morning. He attended to the garden, and many a hard day's work he did out there in the hot sun. Then

there were the numberless chores to do around, that any one knows who has lived in the country. He had just got through and was pumping some water for the house, when our story opens.

And now as he sat there with the cool breeze fanning his cheek, truly, he thought, God had been good to him. Though there had been a good deal of hard struggling in early life, a good deal of sorrow, when his faithful loving wife had died at the early age of thirty-eight, still he could say with truthfulness, and thankfulness in his heart, that God was good. And he did say it now, with fervor, when he looked at his daughter May, as he watched the grace of her movements, the exquisite loveliness of her face, full of laughing joy and flushed with exercise, her sunny hair, which glinted in the sunlight and then her blue eyes as they met his, and he began industriously to look for his spectacles, which he had already put on. May brought the water into the house, and then looked out of the open window at her brother Ben, ploughing in the field below the house. After finishing what she was about, and with a last glance at the spotless kitchen to see if by chance there was anything yet undone, she took a book

from the table and went out to the orchard. She went to the hammock which was swung between two trees, which somehow had grown closer to each other, than the rough regularity of an orchard usually permits. They had defied the careful hand of the planter, and had grown their twisted knarled trunks just a nice distance to swing a hammock. But, as if to make up for this irregularity, they yielded the sweetest, juiciest apples in the whole orchard. In the spring, they were covered with one mass of beautiful pink and white blossoms. May remembered now, as she reclined swinging to and fro, how often, even when she had reached the age of sixteen, in a spirit of daring fun and mischief, she had climbed to the highest bough, seeking the fairest buds for herself. She laughed aloud as she remembered what had happened on one of those days. How beautiful she looked as the sun, peeping through the wind-stirred leaves above, played round the laughing, dimpled cheeks, and showed the white perfect teeth, and the merry mischevious eyes of blue. No man, no matter how morose, how disheartened, could stand looking on and not go on his way feeling gladdened in heart and mind. Is there anything more beautiful than a perfect smile? Reader, can you not remember some time in your life seeing some beautiful woman laugh, some merry girl? Have you not seen such an enticing burst of merriment, so infectious, so attractive, so

bright? If you have, try and see this picture, I have so poorly described. If not, you have a pleasure in store. But somebody else saw it, someone else who loved every line of that beautiful face. His heart bounded with love and happiness as he watched her, whom he esteemed his own and whom he hoped soon would be before the eyes of the world.

He tried to creep up and surprise her and get a stolen kiss, but, masculine agility is no match for feminine instinct, even if he hadn't made a very slight rustling in the grass, the magnetism which flows between souls, would have told her of her lovers approach.

Softly stealing to her side—but she had turned and welcomed him, "Harry, you naughty boy, you needn't try and surprise me, are you not late?" with an arch look; for though nothing had been said at their last parting, they well knew that this would be their meeting place to-day.

"Yes, May, I am late," he said, leaning against one of the trees where he could look into her eyes. "I had to drive out to Bradford this morning on business, and I've only just got back and had my dinner. Oh! darling, how I've been thinking of you, was ever a man happier than I am?" and making room for himself in the hammock beside her, he took a lover's license, and putting his arm around her

waist, kissed her passionately, fervently, until May struggled a little from his grasp, with the color heightened on cheek and brow.

"Harry," she said, "Ben will be here in a minute, I expect he has finished ploughing now."

Let us leave them there, his dark-brown wavy hair, frequently intermingling with her golden locks, his dark eyes reflected in her blue, as he told her his ardent tale of love. He asking that the day should be soon, add asking to tell of the engagement; she telling him how hard it would be for her father if she left him now, with no one to be with him and look after him but Ben. Ben who was growing very wild and unsteady of late, and taking more ale than was good for him when he

got with the boys. And her eyes filled with tears as she said it. It was the one cloud that dimmed her horizon, but one that was growing larger every day. Before leaving let us take a better look at Harry Armstrong. Tall and strong with manly form was he, brown wavy hair and dark mustache, and firm but generous features, he was the fish for whom many a hook had been baited by the village maidens, on more than one occasion.

But Ben is approaching from the field below, let us follow him, as putting away the horse and going into the house, he makes a hasty change of clothing, and much improved in appearance, starts for the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### NIGHT MUSINGS.

O! fair, fair night, our joy is all enfolding,  
And mystic music fills the air around,  
The wild, sad waves are gently breaking near us,  
And answering echoes in our hearts resound.

When perfect night, its bliss is making ours,  
Shall we then wake to find it all a dream?  
In morning shall we withered find our flowers?  
Then let us die while all things joyous seem.

Within—all smiles and radiance prevail,  
And subtle music fills the spell-bound soul.  
Without—a sound—the wave's perpetual motion,  
Responsive to sad hearts they onward roll.

On such a night does life not seem completed?  
When fair-eyed pleasure answers to our call,  
Filling our lives with that strange sense of being  
That so mysteriously o'ershadows all.

Still, still, there lurks unsatisfied, a longing,  
A strange desire to rend aside the veil,  
That shrouds in mystery our whole life's story,  
And read with mortal eye, it's hidden tale.—*Sadie Laughlin.*

### ABOUT TOWN

Since our last issue politics have held sway, the business man talks of nothing else, the corner topics are politics, the daily papers are filled with them, until the lady members of the household cast them aside and exclaim, in disgust—"Oh! nothing but politics, when will we have something else to read about?" to which we reply after March 5th, when Sir John has once more been returned to protect our Country.



There have been several Citizen's Meetings held within the past few weeks in reference to the City operating the Street Railway, and the general opinion seems to be, that it would earn the City a large revenue. Very true, but do the people want any more political machines in operation? This is all it would amount to, and what is more it would probably before long be in the same fix as the Water Works is to day. Let the City lease the franchise to some company, for a term of years under certain restrictions, and let them be enforced. My opinion is that the Citizens will receive more benefit in the end than by the City operating it.



Of late there have been some very good attractions at the places of amusement. Among them being Gilbert and Sullivan's Opera, the Gondoliers, Neil Burgess' County Fair, which probably is the best thing of that kind that has visited

Toronto since the Old Homestead; Money Mad, with a very realistic bridge scene, and many realistic—s. Jim the Penman; W. T. Carletons charming Opera Co., and J. K. Emmet's simple but very pleasing "Uncle Joe, or Fritz in a Mad House."

One thing in connection with the above to which I wish to draw the attention of Toronto theatre goers is the very rude habit they have of commencing to put on their wraps before the curtain descends. It must be very annoying to the actors as well as to those who w'sh to see the performance finished.



If the reception given Sir John A. at the Academy is any indication of the general feeling, he will probably be returned with a large majority.



At 39 Adelaide St. East we notice a new venture undertaken by Miss I. H. Stewart, formerly manager of the copying department of A. J. Henderson's Caligraph office. In her completely equipped office we find this enterprising young lady prepared to do all kinds of copying work as well as furnishing all kinds of Typewriter supplies, We admire her ambition and heartily wish her success.



The custom of sending Valentines seems to be on the wane, although our Editorial Staff were not forgotten by their fond admirers, save,

Your obedient servant,

W. A. HALL.

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### EDITORIAL

With this issue the name which this paper has so long borne—under which the writer issued first, a manuscript, then a typewritten and at last a printed magazine—the name which, I hope, is favorably known among my brother amateurs—is abandoned.

We want this paper to be a representative Canadian amateur, we give it a distinctively Canadian name, and intend to have in its utterances a strong Canadian sentiment.

Could a better name be chosen for a paper? Our beautiful national emblem will be the Standard, to which we shall rally the amateur journalists of Canada and I, personally, will not rest until a Canadian Amateur Press Association is formed which shall make amateur journalism in Canada a permanent institution.

Every Canadian who receives this paper is expected to help us in the good work. Our American brethren also should do their best to further the cause of the 'dom by every means in their power. If you cannot or will not write for the paper then subscribe and aid us financially. *But we want you to aid us!*

••

We intend to issue special recruiting numbers soon and wish them to contain literature which will be representative of amateur journalism. Will not some of our prominent authors help us? It is an up-hill struggle but we intend to make A.J. in Canada a success.

••

"It is a source of great pleasure to all amateur journalists to note with what uniform courtesy they are always treated by their professional brethren. The professional newspaper men who are aware of the ex-

instance of amateur journalism have at all times evinced the greatest interest in its progress, and have always been ready to assist the amateur in every way in their power."—*The Journalist*.

I think our Toronto professional brethren might imitate with great advantage the example of the American professional papers.

••

The number of small papers which are published bi-monthly is altogether too large. And why are there so many? The reason appears to me to be that the term 'bi-monthly' is misleading. At first glance one would imagine the paper was published twice a month instead of once every two months and the publishers of bi-monthly papers count upon this mistake to gain them subscriptions. But will it pay in the end?

••

The M.S.S. Revision Bureau is an idea of Mr. Mellinger's, which has been adopted by this paper, and which should be adopted by every amateur.

••

The *Prickly Pear* is a well edited paper.

••

*The Messenger* for last month is a fine magazine, and President Dunlop's editorials are excellent.

••

*The Ideal* does not appear to me as a shining example of would-be presidential activity.

One of the best amateurs published is *Hyperion*. Current number—story rather weak—poetry not a great deal better, but Swift writes good editorials.

••

*Our Sentiments* issue a very good Christmas number. Bonney's editorials are good, but more practice will improve Mr. Johnstons style. Thanks for kind notice.

◀▶

*Dilettante* is again very much improved in matter and size. Miss Fanny Kemble Johnston's writings are true poetry, and would alone make of the current number a success.

◀▶

The *Bumble Bee* contains rather fewer repetitions of the words "R. H. Magill, Esq.," than the recent numbers of that paper. How they do fight out in the "wild and woolly West."

◀▶

*Flotsam and Jetsam* would be better if Mr Bailey could be brought to understand that flippancy is not a characteristic that marks him as a great editorial writer.

◀▶

The *Investigator* should investigate the literature it publishes, and correct the bad English, which is the only fault of that enterprising paper.

◀▶

The *Spectator* promises to become one of the best papers in the 'dom. Its contributors however, could study English grammar with good

results, and a few hours interview with Webster's Unabridged would materially improve their work.

◆◆  
 The *Amateur Writer* is an excellent magazine, and its special features are moves in the proper direction. I refer to the M.S.S., Revision department, and the Advice column which cannot but be beneficial to amateur authors.

◆◆  
 The following are a few specimens from one column of the *St. Louis Amateur*, a Mbapaist: "Thought the girl with an authoritative air," "with a firm imprecation in her voice." The grammar and punctuation (or rather lack of punctuation) is, to say the least, rather grotesque.

◆◆  
 The *Illuminator* for February abuses the N. A. P. A. and its members a little more than usual. Otherwise it is a very good number. It is well Mr. Davis is so young. He will have all the more time to laugh at the figure he is cutting now.

◆◆  
 My presidential candidate has not up to the present time been nominated. However, when a *good honest amateur* is put forward, THE MAPLE LEAF will do some hustling.

◆◆  
 Recruits — Miss D. Beatty, 171 Nebraska, Ave., Chicago, Ill. A. R. Hassard, 43 Adelaide St. East Toronto.

◆◆  
 Buffalo in '92.

W. A. MACE.

# THE ELECTIONS!

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The Old Flag!

The Old Leader!

The Old Policy!

.....

## GOVERNMENT MAJORITY 41

The great struggle is over and though at the present moment, no positively accurate figures can be given, there is no doubt that the Government has been sustained—probably by an increased majority. In our mind there was never the slightest doubt as to the result. And it was the Old Man who won the fight. The man whom the *Globe* described as of failing mind, and unable to conduct a campaign. All honor to the honest voters of Canada who have crushingly rebuked the traitorous leaders of the opposition.

*L'Electeur* (of Quebec), will be unable to publish any election news. It undertook to suspend publication for one month, if Guay (Lib.) received less than 400 of a majority. The majority was 150.

Kingston—

1887, Sir John's majority, 17

1891 " " 474

Pretty good for an old man, eh?

Montreal West gives Sir Donald Smith 3,176 majority—the largest in Canada.



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