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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

AN EDITOR DEAD.

A despatch to the Toronto daily Mail of Monday announced that Jerome Farewell, editor and proprietor of the Thornbury Standard, had passed away from life. Mr. Farewell has for many years been a character in journalism, and while not having made a very great success out of it, has still made a name for himself which will not soon die from the memory of those who knew him. He wielded a bitter and we fear not always a chivalrous pen, in controversy with his opponents. He made many enemies by the virulence of his writings—perhaps more so in former years than of late—still his friends were also numerous, and those who would otherwise have been foes experienced naught but pity owing to the terrible calamity of almost total blindness which enveloped him during the past few years. We have not heard the particulars of his death. May his eccentricities be forgotten, his virtues remembered and his ashes rest in peace.

The Empire advocates the passing of a bylaw by the Toronto city council making band playing on the streets illegal after sundown, excepting by permission of the mayor. This, it claims, will stamp out the disgraceful rowdiness which has been so rampant in that city during the past summer. In each case these rows were precipitated by the playing of party tunes after nightfall.

"OFF ON THE MACKINAW."

BY EDITH RICHARDSON.

A BIRCH BARK RECORD.

On board the good ship Cambria,
In very pleasant weather,
We sailed and saw the Mackinaw,
Its rocks and rills together.

Fair scenes of deeds and sufferings brave
In Indian song and story,
When red man ruled each rock and wave,
In all their longlost glory.

I think of them in quiet hours,
When winter winds are wailing,
And hope that we may meet again
When next we go sailing.

—Anonymous.

Bound for the "Sea-girt Fairy Isle" of Mackinaw (as the inspired advertiser of the trip so beautifully sings) we four stepped aboard the "Cambria" one Friday evening as she lay waiting for the up train, in Owen Sound's fine harbor.

About 10 p.m. we left the lights of Owen Sound twinkling in a faint mist behind us, and steamed out into the ever widening waters of the Georgian Bay.

As nothing could be seen till morning, we made the acquaintance of our staterooms as speedily as possible, tried to find a place for everything and get settled in our six days' home.

We did not dream that night of the beauty of scenery which awaited our eyes with the morning's light—beauty which made existence like a dream—intangible, unexpressible excepting in the language of poetry.

Those rockbound islands "in verdure clad" must be the home of naiads, tritons and all fabled beings, for no one with a very good appetite could satisfy it there, for the rocks go right through to China, and it is a mystery how the trees grow there. But "man does not live by bread alone" and such scenes as these are food to the soul, to the sense of beauty. We have entered Nature's parlor to gaze upon her hair-a-brac; here she spreads

her changeful carpet and hangs her sunrise and sunset curtains as a back ground to her articles of vertu. We must not complain if we do not find a pantry there.

By nine o'clock Saturday morning we reached Killarney and enjoyed a walk on shore for ten minutes, then we slid through her narrow polished stone channel and hurried away to Manitowaning. These frequent stops are a pleasant feature of the trip, as one can keep up his reputation as a sailor by an opportune return to land.

Entering Manitowaning bay at eleven, it was noon before we looked upon the precipitous streets of the town, and the little island of happy remembrance, which lies at its feet in the harbor. Here a host of old friends met us, and we quite felt as if we were making an afternoon call.

After leaving Manitowaning we stop at a number of little places along Great Manitoulin and the North Shore. There are Sheguiandah, Little Current, Mud Bay and Gore Bay,—the last of which we reached at night. Sunday we have service, singing and ever lovelier scenery, but though we call at a number of little ports,—Serpent River, Algoma Mills, Bruce Mines, &c., we see nothing of importance in the way of brick and mortar until the electric lights of the twin cities of "the Soo" shine through the darkness upon our pathway.

Against the sky is outlined the slender, black arches of the new steel bridge which spans the St. Marie River at this point, and over which three lines of railway run. First calling at the two wharfs on the Canadian side, we cross to the Michigan Sault, and failing to find room enough at the dock, which is crowded with vessels, land our passengers by way of "The City of Traverse." After some hours there we return to the Canadian side to spend the night.

We have a lot of facts and figures about these towns by us; but as both facts and figures are to be carefully avoided by the enlightened historian, we will merely refer to the deep impression left upon us by the number and size of the boats daily passing through the canal. From fifty to seventy pass daily, some as large and even larger than the great C. P. R. boats,—and a few weeks ago nearly two hundred were blocked in the St. Marie River because of an impaired lock.

Before we are out next morning Sault Ste. Marie is left far behind and we are catering Lake Huron by the Detour Passage which is a narrow channel defined by stakes, outside of which is danger. Before coming to the Sault, there is a similar passage in Lake George, hardly wide enough for two vessels to pass, and there we saw two American vessels run aground because they had not kept the narrow way.

Early in the afternoon of Monday we sighted Mackinaw, and about 4 p.m. it lay before us in all its indescribable beauty. Here Nature and Art mingle in a pleasing confusion. Each of its many hills is crowned with man's handiwork, and from every grove peep out the homes of its summer residents. Upon the highest eminence is Fort Mackinac with its white lines traversing the face of the hill and persistently obtruding itself upon the eye. The island of Mackinaw was captured by our arms in the war of 1812. The Americans tried to retake it several times and failing, secured it by treaty when the war was over. "British Landing" is one of the sights and doubtless inspired the lines beginning,—

"The British foe has trod thy shores,
Mackinac, my Mackinac."

Going ashore, everybody takes a carriage or surrey, and soon we were whirling past the well kept stores along the road which skirts the beach, then turning inland we began to mount. Nearly the entire island is reserved by the U. S. Government as a park, but for the well built road it is just as Nature made it. Suddenly the many narrow roads converge into an open space and we are face to face with the "Natural Arch" with its back ground of water and sky. This is an object familiar to many, as thousands of photographs of it are annually scattered over the country by tourists. Rising to a height of 140 ft., it is truly majestic. One scarce knows whether it looks more like a bridge or the ruin of some huge doorway to a giants abode. Might we only approach the island from this direction and sail under the arch into the enchanted land, it would more fully meet our ideas of the fitness of things than a prosaic harbor.

Sugar loaf rock, (95 ft. high) and Lover Leap (145 ft.) are isolated boulders towering to these wonderful heights, but do not compare in beauty and interest with the Natural Arch.

Then there is the "Devil's Kitchen" and the "Wishing Spring" and other guide book "points" about which the most wonderful thing is the climb you have to take to see them.

On our way back we pass the "Grand Hotel" overlooking the little town, capable of accommodating 1000, guests, (for the guide said so.) In connection is a theatre in which little Kavanagh, supported by the male choir from Grace Church, Chicago, was going to give a concert that evening. Passing the camp ground of this choir we had seen the forty boys in uniform, drilling, and were determined to hear them sing if the "Cambria" could be prevailed upon to wait. But this was impossible, as the dangerous straits of the Detour Passage must be passed in daylight, and to do so we must leave at 10 (9 Michigan time); for Captain Campbell is a notoriously cautious officer, and does not hold lightly the lives of his passengers. So we consoled ourselves with music from the phonograph, and in buying souvenirs as we wandered through the gay fancy stores and looked at the many beautiful trifles in moss agate, silver and gold. Resisting the temptation to buy out the entire stock of every store we entered, we returned to the boat, thankful that we had a few cents left for emergencies.

Mackinaw is the "turning around place" and is certainly a success as a terminus; it caps the climax of the trip and stands unrivalled.

Next evening we saw a picture. A tug with a string of Indian boats at tached draws up to our vessel's side to take off a passenger. Whilst this is absorbing our attention the sun is preparing his part of the panorama and dappling the heavens with vivid pink and blue, while low down the west a streak of unclouded sky shines through—a tender green.

The water changes from pink to deepest purple, while—each face turned westward—southwest sail the Hiawathas. A red light changes each face to burnished copper and the white boats have become a rosy silver. It is a tableaux and fades almost as quickly, so when the gray has crept on distant hill, on sky and on water, we go into the cabin where there is music, light and dancing.

Wednesday morning we have an hour at Manitowaning, and by noon reach Killarney, where we get bereh bark for autograph albums and turn poetical. Some seek inspiration on deck, watching the gulls which seem to never tire as they circle above us, others in the seclusion of their staterooms strive to compose—themselves, as there is a heavy swell on all afternoon. This however does not prevent us making a great deal of bad poetry and having proportionately good fun. The Poet Laureate is commissioned to write a song for the concert which is to come off that evening and rises to the occasion in a most satisfactory manner.

About 8 p.m. our concert was informally opened by an impromptu piano selection, and at this signal everybody cleared his several throat and prepared to respond to the demands of the master of ceremonies. The concert did not know when to quit, for after being appropriately finished by votes of thanks and a eulogy on the captain and his crew, chorus after chorus rang out until the lights of Owen Sound shone just ahead and our audience melted away to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

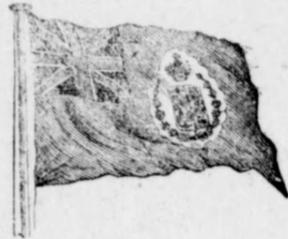


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