C

a suicide

Poor muddle-headed ill fed ill Clad

A face that seemed without a ray.
A man I pass without a thought
A hundred such seen every day
Yet here in the high summer noon
A soul that sends a thrill away
The hope of life, the fear of death
The dread that lies as I am clay ??

C

Adieu! The word is hard to say
But life is hard & fate cruel
The fondest hearts doth sever!

Adieu my lot is hard to bear
& only for softened if you share
The grief it is to part
I feel in parting.

Again adieu! I can no more
Nor studied words nor poet lore
Can give more sad expression

Gud Jan. 73.

C

Our God hath given thee
To be so fair of face & mien
Their image alway haunting me
As shrined now my souls loved queen.

With chosen words I cannot paint
How fair they seeming is to me
For wit they inst and pale & faint
And heart-born thought speech must spotless be.

Yet do I never dare to hope
Or ~~hoping~~ daring make the hope to die
My path lies up a rugged slope
Which thou - I pray the Lord God - goest by.

C

C Kathleen I know that you are fair
& good & sweet & gracious too,
But I, admiring ~~scarcely~~ cannot dare
To say what I might say to you.
If I were rich & great & strong
I'd seek your favor night & day
But things are contrary & wrong
I see, I love, I go away.
I might advance a plea to melt
The kindly fortress of your soul,
But truth & better love & right
Say no, a love that lower stole.
In phantasy, I kiss your hand,
And wait a long a last adieu
I seek some place where I may stand
adoring but unseen of you.

FORM 2.

THE GREAT NORTH WESTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF CANADA.

The Great North Western Telegraph Company of Canada

Cable Service to all the World.

ALL MESSAGES TAKEN BY THIS COMPANY ARE SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING TERMS:—

It is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company, that said Company shall not be liable for damages arising from failure to transmit or deliver, or for any error in the transmission or delivery of an unrepeated telegram, whether happening from negligence of its servants or otherwise, or for delays from interruptions in the working of its lines, for errors in cypher or obscure messages, or for errors from illegible writing beyond the amount received for sending the same.

To guard against errors, the Company will repeat back any telegram for an extra payment of one-half the regular rate, and in that case, it shall not be liable for damages beyond fifty times the amount received for sending and repeating.

Correctness in the transmission of messages can be insured by contract in writing, stating agreed amount of risk, and payment of premium thereon at the following rates, in addition to the usual charge for repeated messages, viz.: one per cent. for any distance not exceeding 1000 miles, and two per cent. for any greater distance.

This Company shall not be liable for the act or omission of any other Company, but will endeavor to forward the telegram by any other Telegraph Company, necessary to reaching its destination, but only as the agent of the sender and without liability therefor. This Company shall not be responsible for messages until the same are presented and accepted at one of its transmitting offices; if a message is sent to such office by one of the Company's messengers, he acts for that purpose as the sender's agent; if by telephone, the person receiving the message acts therein as agent of the sender, being authorized to assent to these conditions for the sender. This Company shall not be liable in any case for damages, unless the same be claimed in writing, within sixty days after receipt of the telegram for transmission.

No employee of the Company shall vary the foregoing.

H. P. DWIGHT, President and General Manager.

Direct Connection with ATLANTIC CABLES and WESTERN UNION Telegraph Co.

SENT NO.	SENT BY.	REC'D BY.	TIME SENT.	TIME FILED.	CHECK.

Send the following Message, subject to the above Terms, which are hereby agreed to.

To..... 189

.....

.....

.....

C.

1.

So ends my two years dream, the last
That my fond soul shall hold & feed
But now that the fierce grief is past
My heart beats on, though it may bleed.
I wake to find myself a man
Cut-off from love, from beauty barred
In the one effort of my soul
To enter heaven evil starred.
I see myself to toil, to climb
The scale of knowledge year by year,
Said with my hand on wealth, nor know
That one day it might be so dear;
Shrank still from evil, & withdrew
From where the thing least dainty fret
Trod in the great worlds mill, nor knew
The converse of life's busy street.

Came then the thought that life is short,
Too short to ~~[illegible]~~ reach by nature's clue
From out of darkness up to God,
From discord to one & true.
Why then toil on, why spend these years
That seem so sweet
We scarcely hold beneath the dew
In labouring on a rugged steep
When fort or guidance there is none?
Almost my spirit dying well nigh
Had yielded to the idle dream
That life is not for effort held
That God is not the joy we deem

A new voice, in soft-toned words
Said - "Strive not idly to attain,
What strength & time can not ~~attain~~ bear down
At once by thy glow we gain"
Love smiled. Her beauty I beheld
The unveiled the very
The impress of the thought of God;
Life had a meaning, & the way
Was clear & plain on which I trod.
Not all too far for human feet
One fair, fair image mediate stood,
A living altar by the way,
Where all of light & love & good
That in my rose-world brought & laid.
Round her, surpassing fair, thought true,
From my soul's fantasy displayed,
Lost growth of love in rose a shrine.
Would God that I that hour had died!
For once to die is not so sore
There is no sanner way beside
Whereby man quits time's troubled store,
And if full faith in changeless love
Bears the weak soul, beyond the verge
Sustaining peace & rest may wait,
The human to the God-like merge.
Not so - I lived to find that truth
And beauty are the prize of gold,
Are clutched by earth-stained hands, though both
To ashes fall in being sold.

So ended love - Black night & storm
Blotted the promise of fair dawn.

Tell my dear idol, with all she
That in long time years had thee to draw.
Died joy, trust, hope in human Kind,
Belief in man, nay faith in God.
Had I not yet enough to bear
That at a woman's lightest word
All should vanish in despair?
Others there be I know as fair,
What rest in that to my spent mind?
All that I am is gone with her
A naked sun left behind.

Time cools the fever of the blood,
Sleep, lays oblivion on the soul,
Age rubs the hard keen edge of thought
Death, may be, ends the whole,
Now brought Comfort, Matter would
I writhe forever in fierce pain
Than lose one memory of the good
seen, lost, before I could attain

God grant I live not yet so long.

What armour can I now put on,
Beat out what armour for the soul,
How stedfast walk upon the way,
Where tend my steps, & to what goal?
What new philosophy can give
To life a meaning & an end,
For him who has no heart to hope
No being he may call a friend?

March 1880
Geo. D.

Others there may be as I am,
But Careless mien, & laughing eye,
Who lightly seem to tread the earth
Yet know grief greater than to die.
If so, O Thou who art afar,
Whom still we deem all just & true,
Whence all these oppositions are,
Grant light, if it be but a ray
Some cleaving down to promise day
Wrought too far, to lead to day
Give strength to walk to those who pray
For all wanderers from astray
Thou still must have an open way.

With a forget-me-not

Requiem

C

With a forget-me-not.

S.M.D

Forget me not this sprig would say
Forget me not though long away.
Yet in remembrance there is pain,
So if forgotten why complain?
Why wilt you love to nourish grief
If to forget me is relief? —
Forget, Forget — I say the word
Though my sad soul is troubled, stirred
With grief to think it will be heard.
Forget me. I who could have borne
To die to save you from a thorn.
Forget, & let this be your part;
Hock remembrance in my heart.
Foolish, of one who held me light,
Left me alone, & in the night?
Not only, of the higher life
Which cramped in antic conduits here
Turns mills of fashion or pelrate
& worms the puppets which appear (?)
(of) True jewels, Crusted & dyhard & effaced
Of which they art-light guardian placed.

~~Her good pleasure, no doubt, scarcely truth.~~

~~No virtue perhaps; who can say?~~

~~Did she not know so well, in her own scheming way~~

1b

A. C.

Canada.

We never broke the silken golden clue
That leads from England's early day
Through many chequered shades of time
& links the rude heroic play
Of Britain's dawning, with this noon
When Britain's ~~fa~~ name is freedom's tones.

c

She must roll through the world, in a carriage proof
Roll on over everything, even the truth
If it stand in the way
Blame her! no never blame her
But pity my name her
A fruit of the time.
When convention & folly
Have turned the world
When sins against Jesus
Are taken for crime
& death self inflicted
Of soul & of heart
Is reckoned as nothing
In the venial & trivial
~~Fruit~~
A moment of smart
Merely a ~~fault & a~~ trifle
Which serious being vulgar (~~order~~)
Mystified her to pare
On foot by the way
Without carriage & pair.
She sees in the world but
As a great masquerade
In which good & bad clothes
Are the objects she fancies

But "God helps her!" She saw
~~She saw~~ day by day, and there is that
In life wanting what
neither a good coat nor hat
Can supply
When the sweet-luring (shaded) fountain
~~fountain~~ of pleasure runs dry
& the clearest love runs
turbidly & red to the eye
& some of the things ~~prayed~~
prayed of partners ~~and~~ the
~~the~~ "a" cool drop
Of God's image, a friend

Nothing in life has joy for me
Cannot in my mind portray
Or with the eye of fancy see
Another fairy scene than way.
I toiled alone path was steep
Crags rude & hundred stiff & bare
Still strove the sun on peaks above
& hope was in the mountain air
If far & cold the summit lay
Still onward — darkness into day
By slip & slip led on my way
Beauty with lying heart beguiled
Said take this valley sweet & warm
Here blooms the roses, May prunel

h.c.

Cold Jane & heat the night & storm?
Smiled in to Spring, smiled & sighed
Till love grew old, ambition died
& in the valley side by side
We wandered on. —

Now in the desert's the night —
Lamentable
My wishes had run dry —
The roses gone
Here until I wander on aimlessly, where?

M.C.

Her good pleasure, no ruth, scarcely trust.
No virtue perhaps. —
Who can say?
Did she not know so well
In her own scheming way
That the other would not in the long run repay

Full plenitude love & romance
In a glance,
Yet, strange, in the end
Does not marry a friend
But happily finds her whole heart
can forgive

To a stranger unknowing but no hope
of heaven

S. Mil

I turned the page & slowly turned
The yellow paper stained & old
& marked which leaf was facing unit
& which was blotted & half told
~~Of~~ weariness or grief or joy
The hand had fallen in its employ
& where at length the pen was stayed
& life's last entry weekly made.
I read not words nor cared to know
What thoughts had filled the silent brain
The story of a life was there
~~and~~ echo of the old refrain.
I knew I would not find inscribed
The thoughts of night, the words of prayer
The looks of love or hate or all
That made life true dark or fair.
All all had faded in the night
Some relic poor alone been spared

François Lake B.C.
1876.

C

Time is the sequence of events
The pulse & breathing of the soul
No dull mechanic day & night
If Sent working on the Pole
The moon has scarcely filled a change
While I have dwelt through long years
& where to e'er my footsteps range
The scene is darkened & blurred with tears
Life holds no joys for which I pray
Death brings no evil that I fear

C p. 22

Now I am not a poet
I'm certain you know it
or should one & all
& rhymes dont come easy
but lagging & wheezy
to answer my call
yet yours easy poetic
Rhymes energetic
Endeavour to made
For all thoughts are sublimer
when sung by the rhymer
than otherwise said
with stone or steel pointed
To pierce armour pointed
witties arrows became
So to take up the fable
a muse may enable
my words to strike home.
From this love written rhyme
I summon a chime
of Zephyrs to bear. —
Ah the muse has skedaddled
& leaves me here saddled
with this kind of rime
without any reason
a moment she flies in
& I am superior. —

C

Ah girl & thou didst take
The first-last, strong devotion yet mean
Didst smile & let him state
Hope, ~~Faith~~, a life's whole plan;
Took homage] service, love
Allowed to receive with earnest smiles took all
my ~~Q~~ queen enthroned above.
~~Then not answering, coldly, with a tear~~
calmly
Then rising with a tear
a ~~Dar~~ tear scarce pain for eyes unused to weep
Said "we thought friends most dear
Must part, ~~must~~ must silence keep
Let absence ~~build~~ let build a wall,
Trust we to will grow, to lapse remotest end
good bye — good bye my friend
adieu

& I reproached thee not
This ~~burden~~ sorrow took for thy sweet sake, this death
But silent
wandered as one forgot (?)
Through all the ways of life with my heart
& pain

Dear, long, fickle hand
That divined ~~the~~ my light of noon
made dark the sunny land
Brought ~~grey~~ my night on so soon

C

To trace the toiling upward stream of life
To wean out the ~~[illegible]~~ course
of every act, & mental strife
Justice
To follow aims, or the course -
Is all too long to long my dear
I stand alive & long, here

VII

Middle

In addition to the remarks
made on a special report on
the principally
the Grand Forks
they have been subjected
uniform upper Coal Measures
found as no distinct
of the Coal
industry attains such
character of the rock
and roofs of the
way of

C

It is a Sacrament to die,
The fitting close of life,
To palliate & dignify
All wrong & littleness

party the celebrated Joggin
beds are in many places
affected by faults of the of C
about Quoes and the west
rocks of Mullalieu Pit ass
ted beds of the Lower Coal
Creek attempts have been
dull Spud Coal, extent me
in Charlotte County the only
vein of the Carboniferous basin which
lies of the County.

C

Sevora, sunny & a sky
with wrack that draws across the hills
The rocky steps abandon lie
The sun dips low, & purple fills
the breezy air.

So often my the sky & sea
Here glowed three hundred years ago
To young Columbus seeing high

Flooded on by the waves of time that he then saw at last
& rival a new world

C

A year ago beneath the pines
Upon the Albatross's rim
The snow lay soft in clods & lines
On tufted leaves & gnarled limb.
Far from ~~the to~~ crowd afar away
From all in hold on sandy mitten
The fading yet wintry day
Before the appear.
Now yet warm blue southern sea
Lost busy life, apparent joy
Soft music ~~SAA~~ fans for I see

C

In Lucies Carol, sound of bells
In whispers of the ~~season~~ yellow grass
That bends where summer breezes pass.
Deep sound of water from the hills
Or laughter of love hidden rills
In all things fair that touch the soul
Thy name & thine alone is I fear heard.

In waves upon the storm tost shore
The tempest struggling with the pine
Fierce rapids storm & torrents roar
Hoarse voices shout she is not thine!
Exult to torture & repeat
It were not well nor fair nor meet
That she a maid so passing sweet
Unto the world wed.

From midnight & deep peace that falls
On forests, streets, cities walls
Wells the great universal song

Endurance is not
Endure, it will not be for long
Curse sorrow, longing, love unbent
Gods unknown, perpetual rest
Deep sleep, oblivion, round it all.

c

What! pray for quiet life
To live in peace peaceful die
"Beyond these voices! peace may lie
But here to live is strife
Yea rather let the tempest roar
Not tamely in our garden dwell
But be always louder than before
As knowledge mounteth ever full.
Let all things evil vanish
Let pain somewhat lingering cease
Be lost in no dull dream of bliss
Yea! Rudolph. Or rounded by the tranquil flow (?)
Oh thou who moest in the deeps
Be from the allegiance world
Where life doth fitful turn, we
Truly art - we in sleep's
the camp fires
Look forth upon the thousand twinkling fires.
Were they here that camp's staff (?) beside the
flow of the forever.

I had a dream, that two struck hands
On this uncertain shore of time
Saying what reck how soon there sands
The noisy billows sap or climb.
We talking softly soul to soul
Will slate strive onward fr the right
Content though seeing not the goal
Secure together in the night.

My steps have all gone down,
The storm is done.
After the wind the sea
May welter down to calm,
But now no more for me.
Gone no argo now to sail
To me the calm is death. All fail
Youth, joy, age hope

Spread thou thou friend thy sail;
God speed thy bark —
The wind the tide is fair —
To Islands of the Blest —
Where is true rest from Care.

If pleasure come again t'will be
In knowing all ~~goes~~ is well with those
Whom still I love

C

Life.

At last a poor sleep-waking,
A consciousness of pain
In which we strive to know & do
& striving sleep again.
A sound of distant voices
That talk within the night
The twitter of awakened birds
Before the morns broad light.
We argue that a dawn must be
That questionings shall answer find,
That in some chain of being linked
Is the dim wistful human mind.
But they who do no question hold
Who live alone in the corporal sense,
Must they work on to higher things
Not unto utter nescience?
Nay rather, happy day remains
To those who live till for the night,
But true & striving faithfully
Shall win a way from light to light.

Misinchinca River B.C.
July 22. 1879

Lord.

C

I am loth to break the silence
That hath lain between us long
& I fear to question fully
lest my hopes have done me wrong.
We have seen met & communed dimly
In light words & meeting eyes
& our hands have touched & parted
~~Without~~ Capture for joy or sights
open joy or
So it seemeth to my spirit
All is ~~too~~ strong to pulse to with thine
All I love of good or noble
What is in me of divine

N.C.

So, ~~[illegible]~~ seeking in my mind each scene & word
Each look repeating, calling ~~[illegible]~~ in review. ~~each thought~~
Each thought, so striving to explain my loss,
~~I~~ Knowing we have stand thus far apart,
~~I burn~~ I turn away.
And until he that I shall never know
That day I shall forlorn day & night & night

hung country, brought up at nite
gentle undulations which have op
the central basin. In addition to
described as well as those mentio
in Albert & Westmorland Counties,
are met with at Smith Brook & Ke
miles from Penobsquis Station, they c
tain a vein of albertite. Another o
settlement is very interesting, a
known as the Staley farm. Here d
ments occur in a depression amon
slates of the Pre-Cambrian series. These
and disclose a narrow trough le
in width, filled in with gray sey
of the old slates and other metamo
together with a fine dark pack
albertite and intersected by ve
same. An irregular vein of albe
among these conformates, so that

c

Oh to be young & to dream
To want & to dream all the day
& to look on the world from afar
To sage, if you step in some play,
On its motion & stress
Without question or doubt
As to fitness or cause
Not knowing ~~what~~ how life is spread out
In the wheels of unchangeable laws.
To ponder on chance & to sing
By the low new fountain of spring
To feel as that nature, that you and should
a child
be young
& that others should stand in
the wanted & street
Where you have no part no no duties
to meet
Is divine. It is being a god of the days
in a garden of Eden, with no
~~thinking~~ Stony ways.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT.

Alfred R. C. Selwyn, C. M. G., L.L.D., F.R.S.,

DEPUTY HEAD AND DIRECTOR,

MUSEUM AND OFFICE, SUSSEX STREET, OTTAWA.

.....189.....

EXUBERANCE

c

To those who stay.

The old old call has come to me,
The pulse beats low, the light is dim,
The veil descends & ~~what~~ all I see
But flickers on the ~~its~~ that sable rim.
To ye who stay my message ~~goes~~ lies,
I speak but as I understand,
There is no food that satisfies
But friendship, joining hand in hand.
I know because I have not worn
This ~~pardon~~ guerdon in the play of life,
But loved the air & sea & sun,
The rest of peace & storm of strife.
Though all the friend ~~so might have fon~~ of such had been
We might have travelled soul & soul
Rejoicing, praising, sere or green
But ~~always~~ therefore satisfied & whole.

I knelt before the rising dawn,
& worshiped glowing close of day
On lone sea-margins widely drawn
& fragrant plains that spread away
all green & flowered, or brown & bare
with windy winds & flying snow —
I am content to die & share
The inner ~~sense~~ soul of silent things,
But shall I ~~see~~ know the days that were
When low mist lift the soul with wings
To ~~float~~ rise & soar & pour the song

C

after long travel in the mountain land
I touched the speaking wire which rules the world
& flashed a message to the souls I love.
— All well!
& then asked my land & sent the answer spoke.
All well! & (so) we rejoiced together.

But oh for speech from that far land
which lies beyond the sea

C

20 Aug
102 59 20

32 50
30 20
30
2 30
1 17

32 50
20

21 Aug

C

In God's great silent underworld
at dusk
The sea lost mirrored in the
glowing lakes
Peace, peace the silent song
of all.

Hark! that long wail, the
inarticulate cry & groan
of outraged nature
In mortal terror, ~~help~~ dying
seems
The open gulf of death has

No prayer, no uttered word
The protest wild of life
The cry for help that ~~falls on~~
~~[illegible]~~ fades into the void.

Yet I, long brooding on the
mystery of pain

of pain & death

I find no response, & yet
what pain
I hold that ~~thy~~ breath,
God's loveliest image,
Is not spent in vain.
That thy wild protest
Thrown into the night
Falls not unheeded
Yet how long oh God this
mystery of wrong, of woe
& pain.

C

Rideau Club.
Ottawa.

In God's great underward, at close of day
The red west ~~glowing~~ mirrored in
the glowing lake
The ~~wild~~ dark wood breathless, speaking
all of peace
Hark! the wild cry of pain
(Rings one long cry of mortal fear & pain

Torn down by drops, in full
career of life
with ~~they~~ one long ~~cry~~ ~~inarticulate cry~~
~~of~~ cry of fear & mortal pain
thy single prayer to God

C

This is further suggestive in connection with the Mr. Hamilton Campbell, 1896.

Killed on the Afghan frontier —
The mountains ~~are~~ sere & bare,
The mist drinks up the battle smoke —
Would God I had been there —
Unmeasured leagues from quiet homes,
Long silence, doubt & dread
The wires speak now too swift & sure
~~To~~ ~~Say who are the dead~~.
and
~~To~~ number out the dead.
Position taken, losses slight, ~~Anstruther~~
Anstruther, Captain, fell
The next division is in sight
& all proceeding well.
Oye
~~Oh~~ well, if you may call it so
When Jim. lies cold & dead
As gay & true & clean a man
As ever England bred

T. D. Form 2.

Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Telegraph.

All Messages taken by this Company are subject to the following terms:

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This Company shall not be liable for the act or omission of any other Company, but will endeavor to forward the telegram by any other Telegraph Company necessary to reaching its destination, but only as the agent of the sender, and without liability therefor. This Company shall not be responsible for messages until the same are presented and accepted at one of its transmitting offices; if a message is sent to such office by one of the Company's messengers, he acts for that purpose as the sender's agent; if by telephone, the person receiving the message acts therein as agent of the sender, being authorized to assent to these conditions for the sender. This Company shall not be liable in any case for damages unless the same be claimed in writing, within sixty days after receipt of the telegram for transmission. No employee of the Company shall vary the foregoing.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE, President. B. S. JENKINS, Supt., Winnipeg. J. WILSON, Supt., Vancouver, B.C.
CHAS. R. HOSMER, Manager Telegraphs. HOMER PINGLE, Supt., Toronto. JAMES KENT, Supt., Montreal.

SENT NO.	SENT BY	REC'D BY	TIME SENT	TIME FILED.	CHECK.

Send the following Message, subject to the above terms, which are hereby agreed to:

.....189

To.....

READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.

c

I make no plaint that I am here to die,
But seeking only for the soul of things
~~I had~~ Long passed before my weary waking eye
Imperfect words strive mightily for wings
To reach ~~you~~ ye, ~~you~~ ye who stay a strong in youth

C

I know that in a day or two
all weary of today will pass
& that ~~in~~ of year succeeding year
the mind grows dim, & that, alas,
the joy of former time doth fade
the sorrow too – the cloud it ~~struck~~ wore
allowed ~~allowed~~ to grief & untaught
to cherish sorrow as the truth.
the forms of our friends grow dim,
~~In Absence, dimmer with the time~~ Bela
with absence vanish in the deep
Given but a lifetime & we fail
to know the past from thoughts in sleep.
They say that memory is a clue

by which we know that not before
This life, we stand beneath the sun
That today is ~~the~~ our life
~~By which we know great deeds by deeds~~
of deeds ~~of labour~~ & thoughts already done.
I hold that in an inner sense
Interwoven with ~~my~~ the mind & soul
Spirit the working, & intense
Deep river flowing true & whole
Of dreams dating from the prime,
Of thought & love & sorrow past,
Of sun & night, of ~~storm~~ calm & wind
Aeolian ~~concert~~ echoes music in the mind
I do not ~~say~~ know, that goes past

In some strange frame I lived before
I know & only know alone that vast
Love was ~~stretch~~ spread everywhere
From this strict sphere
On which I stand, where we embrace
& meeting, you & I, & face to face
Meet time that was & is & is to be
Know that some seen & that we are free
Know life & death are one & time is not.

C

The night-wind drew across the plain,
all on the blood-stained ~~trampled~~ tangled clay sod
Lay the still dead, & far away
The camp fires glimmered on the hill
(or) on the high hill the camp fires gleam.

C

My love a pure dream maiden,
Withouten taint of clay,
All night I seek in dreamland far,
Where hopes & fair ideals are;
When naught is distant nothing
dead
~~Or~~ but all things we have thought or said
Or seen or fancied stay.
Your earthly maids are too
like men,
Shaped made of in the same untempered clay,
Keen to enjoy, to have & hold;
Infected with the lust of gold
& all the fever of the day.

C

I do not love you – I have loved before
and chance has come & shut its
iron door,
And time has called the early flower
of youth
and left me here a yellow – autumn leaf.
In Truth ~~I can not love you~~.
I cannot love you.
Yet one thing I know – I long to see you
smile
To touch your hand, or silent
wait & stand
To hear you speak.
What matters it, what can it be to me
If your quick glance is given
To him who worships near?
Afar I wait & wonder – almost fear.

C

Advance! arise my soul & dare
To wing aloft to upper air
Nor love pinions seek the way
Which slants, far up, precursing day.
Leave the soft valley, the whispering stream
& seek ~~far up~~ above the high cold gleam
The shining term of new-born light
upon the flying skirt of night.

C

From my Tent. Fraser River, above Lillooet
5. Oct. 1889.

A fire that twinkles on the hill,
Dim mountains rising tier on tier;
Thin mists, below, the valley fill,
And on all the full moon clear.
The slumbrous sound of crickets' song
That drones & drones the whole night long,
While deep below, with steady roar
The river frets its rocky shore,
From everlasting, evermore.

A parched balsamic-laden air
That still flows warm as in the day
Fired barren cropping scanty fare
Along the slopes of sun-baked clay —

OWR.

Oh Psalm of life & death & time
Whose solemn music beats so true
And fills the soul with dim unrest—
Despair of what we know & do,
Thy symphony is drawn afar
From some remote full orbed star
That from the depth of primal night
Sends (sheds) but one ray of limpid light.

C

The sky, the sea of prairie-land
That billows onward to the verge;
The yellow near, the purple far,
& how between the colours merge;
The silence & the width of sun
And how the breezes play & run
Upon the grass, & what they say —
How can I tell?
It is enough, perchance, to be
A part of nature; to survey
With one long look — To pass away.
I know not, but in this great day
Spring ready tears, & life & death
Are one. — Welcome alike, for love not they,
Twins, hand in hand, made this wide realm.

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

C 1

Building, building through the aeons
In the twilight of each day
Men & sons of men has builded
~~Toilet~~ Thyself & toiled & passed away.
As the anthills in the summer
Reared with careless toil & pain
Closed & finished ere the winter
Wasted away with winter's rain.
Pyramids & mighty temples
Longer standing slowly fell
Shapes ~~builder~~ builded
When ten thousand years have circled
Scarce we trace the ancient well.
Ever new the ~~dawning~~ morning rises
Ever new the twilight sweeps
From the infinite rising curtains
Out of boundless cosmic deeps.
Ever ~~breaking~~ breaking, ever ~~dying~~ living, ~~living, laying~~

~~Today~~
Sons, laying, failing, dead
Sires & sons & grandsons moving
? To the tomb where all has fled.
~~Here I stand a moment gazing~~

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

Oh my soul! is lingering sorrow
Is the ~~not~~ hope that we, my dead
Still may live in some far morrow
By our works when we are dead
Is this life a sin, or whether
Does grim Nature slave from stone
Overturn our peaceful building
Till with roars a wild o'erpower
It is chaos, reduces chaos
Formless, stable, dead, unknown?
If a son should show perfect
What his father has begun
If the coldest grave hard & rifes
In such days' succeeding sun
Why should ~~they~~ stern Mother Nature
Wreck & bury name & date?
But thou art no mother. — Hear me,
Thou art but a mighty wrong
& we battle with thy forces
Only that we may be strong

Rideau Club.
Ottawa.

Sons of men, oh learn the knowledge
Build, but within crumbling stone
Build in thought & mild in counsel
Passing on from ~~son to son~~ sire to son
They ~~first~~ bright march of reason, lighted
~~By~~ By the pure creative ~~pace~~ one
If dead stone on stone is builded, wedded to
Build ~~not~~ alone to point the way
~~of the certain~~
~~To a certain swift oblivion~~
~~of a certain~~
of the ~~pathway~~ highroad, oblivion
of a certain swift decay.
Every word that carries meaning
To a living human ear
Is eternal, & thy structure
Scarce outlasts a cosmic year.
Every text ~~thy~~ the heart makes, flying!
Blood to circle in ~~thy~~ the brain
Through the ~~mighty cosmos~~ universe is ringing
Never to be stilled again.

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

c

Edith –

We were a little band that stood
Beside the grave in early May
To see the new turned earth enclose
The little daughter passed away
~~& some were youths~~
Of youths & sturdy men & some bowed heads
with scanty locks & grey
& birds sang gaily in the wood

Upon the yellow grass, the sickle well
may fall

C

Indian Summer

The air is ~~calm~~ still & so stile & warm
That scarce the aspen trembles now.
But when the creeping zephyr strays moves
Within the wood, athward each bough,
The minted gold of summer falls
& each leaf floating downward pays
Its debt to nature & the year.
Kneel, worship,
Tread
Walk silent in this sacred grove,
Upon its golden autumn floor;
It is the parable of death,
& type of all things gone before.
The coin has lost its worth, the leaf —
~~What~~ That substance drew from earth & air
~~[illegible]~~ & drank the chalice of the sun; —
~~Is [illegible]~~ a painted banner of decay.
Oh mother Earth how art thou soon with such;
Thine is the leafage for ten thousand years
Good Lost-hopes, lost past projects, dead desires
yea & all that may be brought by blood toil or tears;
& how it doth become us here to walk
In silence, & with loving reverence tread
Our ~~path above~~ way upon the ashes of the ~~mighty~~ S? dead

R. Thompson Valley. 26. Sep. 88

Boundary

U.S. Coast Survey steamer Patterson in
Aug. at Halibut Bay, Portland Inlet. (Her
depth-sounding in Fathoms varied last minutes.)
Thus set on pt. must keep moving,
must not, as we are doing, allow U.S. to
assume prescriptive right to Fathoms claimed by us

So old So very old
ever
~~Yet ever~~ So new
The chanted story of life & death
That sounds the ages through.

Since war on the willing air
was stretch slaughter born,
full sighs of tears, the voice of prayer
and stern resolves
all the vows that men have sworn.

Ring thoughtful bells or wave or wave
fall in upon my soul
in the sound
Like memory that childhood gave
When life was long with no goal.

In after years if music bore
Years bind & great
The music is not sweet alone.

Thy sound hath always risen.
Like two sweet tones ~~of~~ from out a prison.

Hugh L. McIntyre
Wade Olivier
Dr. Frederick Stone
Lord
Lord Joseph G.
French Legislative Rep.
Lakeside Woods Rep.
55 C

Robert W. Hope

Mrs. Hope

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT,

OTTAWA.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

all here copied

In the drawer of desk in this envelope

Dawson

I have thought that when I wake to find myself free from that body which I have been so closely identified as almost to consider it myself. When I find that I have no more the fear limits to move, nor to struggle with the inertia & descend into the arena of the world to fight with matter. That it will be as when a traveller journeying far by night arrives at some great city, & as the light of a new dawn breaks, ~~& goes with the full light of day~~, I hear one by one the sounds of that great city wake & grow

c

When that last sleep falls heavy on
earth dimmed eyes
Calm, or in swoon of pain;
When all we see or know of strength &
beauty dies
Delight – for ever quenched, or shall
we see again?
Doth life that grows here then come there?
Do stars at eventime quenched in the sea?
Nay, it cannot be, so death is not all
~~Nay~~ Nay, what so e'er he be he is not raised
but to fall

C

When the days are growing
longer & the arctic Sunshine
falls on the snow clad
capes & forelands & the glacier
fissured walls, when the
yellow beams are ~~slanting~~
over leagues & leagues of pine
down like on the capes & forelands
snow clad ~~the~~
on the glacier furrowed walls.

Eastern pr.
prov.

Helianthus. Echinacea
angustifolia &c.
Lepachys columnaris.
Silphium laciniatum &c.
Liatris. Vernonia
fasciculata.

Herbert
[illegible]

C

A land of woods, a forest land between the
mountains & the sea
Full of the dim still growth of plants, from
clinging moss, to stately tree
Within whose chambered walls the sap hath
flowed its rounds a thousand years.

A silent & a lonely land, where never footfall
pass the ear
& time is marked by growth of wood in
added circles year by year.
A land of waters, lakes, & streams that wind
& double as they go

h.c.

But never word was heard
offered
her lost glove, was asked or given

per thought I know not but

He said that later than

hours marked hours of heaven

will perhaps know whether they have appeared at any points where he can obtain information for you.

I am,
faithfully yours
D. Rupert Lang.

Principal Dawson
McGill College
Montreal.

C

The ranked woods with hands upspread
& dressed ~~with~~ in gold are still with awe;
another day rises warm, is dead,
in mystery of perfect law.
the clouds slow marching on their way
no garb or form of mourning wear
but bedecked in every colour gay
beyond all the upper air

The rosy water scarcely moves
but lays it cheek upon the shore
And all is hushed in holy calm
as hath been often here before
How often who can tell?

The night is cold, the sky is grey
The water lops upon the sand;
The trees have found their tongues to say
a fearful whisper as they stand.
The stars are glimmering up the East
The ~~air~~ night is searching too & fro

Please a Lady Lockwood
give the Lady the Lord.

Kind hope.
Dear
Sister.

c

Is but a painted vatmer of decay

Oh mother Earth how art thou scorn with scorn

Lost hopes, part-projects dead desires

Thine is the tale of ten thousand years

& how it doth become us here to walk in silence

upon our way — over the ashes of the mighty dead

& with reverent feet upon the ashes of the mighty dead

our way

with uncovered head

& reverent feet,

Above the ashes of the mighty dead

Which substance drew from Earth & air

& drank the chalice of the sun

The aerie all so still & warm

That scarce the aspen trembles now

But when the creepy of the year moves

within the wood

The minted gold of summer falls

& each leaf flowing downward pays

Its debt to nature & the year

walk silent in the sacred grove

Upon its golden autumn floor

It is the parable of death

& type of all things gone before

Yah-hai-ha's-Bun

Koo-Koo-moos

Chuk-chuk-Kwaluk

The corn has lost its worth, the leaf

Much ere it did drew from sun & air

Notes from J.W. McKay

Limonite? abt. a mile below
Reefer Station.

Salmon R. (Soapstone)

abt. 6 m. above gale fortstone
in a vein.

Cherry Bluff just above reaching Cherry Ck
lect rock calling, just above,

Copper

Magnetic ore & pyrites about
100 yards up Gulch behind mill
3/4 m. below Nicomen.

A lode at Union Bar, below Hope.
Ask Murphy. Quite near Rey.

Andrew Noble. Ranch near
Jameson Ck, N. Thompson & Runs
about mines there. Mentioned by Mr Mara

C

Lacer sitting here & thinking by the
sunshine of today
of the problems men have pondered &
may ponder on for age

of the long unsolved questions, futurity, & time
That have lived in every nation, every clime, every mortal

Are we nearer, any nearer to the
knowledge we desire
As we mould the fault gages to new
forms upon our fire.

We may see a little deeper, with more
microscopic ken ~~(more)~~
In the building & the weaving of the earth-world
now than then

But when patiently, with science, we undo
the tangled scene
On with doubting footsteps follow dim perceptions
through the brain
or follow dim perceptions through the chambers of the brain

Are we treading on an onward path
or do our footsteps tends
Though labyrinths of stuff & mind to bring us
in the end
To that dark verge where all we know, ends
That veil of great Starless void, which that have
in the dim unknown
outlooked?

1.

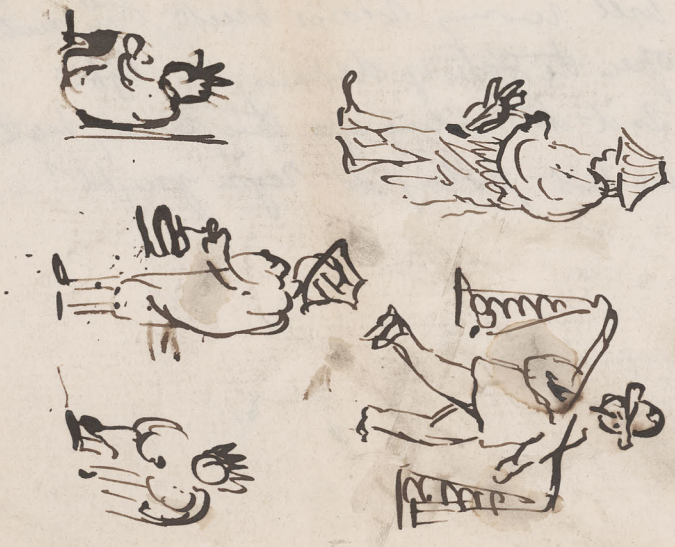
made their own
lots wandering by hers hidden paths
have dared to drown the veil of light
& trembling strain (turn) their unbelieving
eyes on the cold realm of night.

E.M.D.
March 19. 1876.

C

Oh God the darkness & the glimmering dawn
The sound of voices stealing through the night
The truth we know not, cannot look upon
& ~~awakens stealing~~ on half-wakened light.
& gloom down-spreading

Were man alone were life to be a love
To grope & stumble thro' this spheres land
till life is spended & the dim journey done!
but others follow, linking hand in hand.
Some dearer than I know (?) but all yet in
& answering heart to heart amid the gloom
Some loving with enforced ~~light~~ gay heart
& some whose souls will ponder on their doom.
well wrong veoser breeto, will an death,
open the folds of darkness to the light
Is it that holding up this passing breath
we but prolong the reign of night?



C

So inscrutably full of regrets
& longings
Instincts of love & attachment
& the sights & dreams of
early youth.
Knowledge that all this would
fade away with age, to be
replaced ~~[illegible]~~ by a petty
materialism of mere existence.
That now we had fathomed or
could truly comprehend what the
great impulses of life ~~[illegible]~~ really
mean.
That because I am alive today
these impulses & hopes & regrets
which seem to be divine are
pulsing through me
That these are eternal & pass like
a voice through the Cornfield of
humanity answering as they pass.

TELEPHONE No. 3070.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS,
"HOSTELRY, LONDON."

Westminster Palace Hotel,
Victoria Street,
London, S.W.

How small is life!
How limited & small
How great the range of fancy,
soaring free
The mind that roams & roams
& grasps at all
The things that have been or that
are to be,
I see the youthful beams of the
dawn,
& follow swift, where their light fell
first
The orphaned & deep-secluded lawn
O goddess fair & supreme, — a God!
I touch the stars, & float & speed from
sphere to sphere,
Beyond ~~the rolling~~ all pole where
human ~~feet have trod~~ kind hath been
~~till~~ lost in ~~wonder~~ awe & wondering,
in fear
~~I~~ I kneel & call upon the great
unseen

C.

For wisdom, power of mind
That's way ~~[illegible]~~ held
Before ~~spread~~ fixed down, known & ~~fully~~ understood
~~But all in each~~
~~Or, only one~~
It cannot be, for in ~~that~~ each atomy
rolled
Is God, & the effulgent all & good.
The limit bows, it bowes the way,
I turn, & follow on the pole of time
Or, eon after eon, where mankind
May travel, may count seven
after day
May partly know, may sing, in
Jarring time.

X C

'Tis life & love & being in the light
That make a terror of the coming night.
If all the universe were dead
Death would not stand a specter, dread,
We live & love & so we needs must die
Must faint & fail beneath our narrow sky.
Oh friend! I link thy living hand in mine
And told thy life is more to me than mine
And swear that friendship lasts, outlasting all,
That our true love must ~~stand~~ hold whatever falls, —
But night creeps on us soon as we ~~[illegible]~~ stand
And death unlocks the clasp of thy true hand,
False memory fails to keep the cherished tale
of youth
Stand now, while still thine eye may mark the sun,
And note the wheels of nature downward run;
See that all nature slides toward the deeps
We cannot fathom; To ascend the steeps
We see no way; To build again, the plan is lost;
And still we know that sometime all things grew
That all the old & passing was the new,
New & increasing wonder of some prime
That rose & headed ere we counted time.
Thus are we sure the whole is hid from view
That some great cause works careless | through & through
The reckon of all. | That penny fear of death
Which needs | must fall, is sickly & untrue,

And trust, that in the whole of nature there is part
For all the deep emotions of the heart
As well as place for sphere & atom & the stream
of time & changes & basis for the dreams of life.

all copied

In top drawer of desk, in this envelope –

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

✓

It comes too late, the long reward of life.
When I am old, & very like to die,
Aweary with the din of ceaseless strife,
They place the sceptre in my hand & cry
Now rule! & call that I am have spoken do.
It is too late – The inspiration fails
Mine eyes see dimly & my hand no more
Grasps true. The loved ones gone before

Beckon by our [illegible]
Beckon, to follow & do not applaud
Still, here upon the throne of judgment ~~[illegible]~~ I may sit
~~I may sit in neutral Colour~~

In neutral Colour I wore unimpassioned days
~~To~~ deal out law & Justice judgement fairly
By the rule, voice, in that folly
~~For noble~~ Tempts no voice, that blame or praise
Are but neglected trifles

C

And after all is tested,
All in life, love, wonder
reverence, awe; delight to
touch the springs of nature
& to know what may be known
of man — comes pity & sad-
dened regret, the end of all
philosophy

~~Great truth that all is false &~~
~~fugitive~~

But this is love, & pity is
attached to those we know
~~but~~ spreading thence embraces
all the all. The coin of love is
tears, ~~or tears~~ & tears the
fitting mentruum of life &
death — the will of God
& how we worship here.
~~a offering to the~~
~~great unknown, & time & space~~

C

A Prayer

Oh God I thank thee that my soul
Is merciful to all & pitiful
And that the use & worth of life
Abides not pity for the low & weak.
That the frail shoot, opened upon the air
~~of~~ the green plant, receptive to the sun
Appeals & speaks directly to my heart
For pity & for stay.
That to protect them - purposeless though
weak -
Is all inherent in my soul
That my foot turns to pass the lowly worm,
my hand to spare the swelling chambers
of the bud.
If all the world is prawed on death
& rapine still
I may preserve a tender love of life.
It is because of sin that we may
Hope to win to holiness
For we are less than thee
& cannot contemplate
Thy universal plan.

C

God lays this bar of death across ~~us~~ the
path to try our ~~the~~ faith
Trust, absolute & full leads on & on & knows
~~without a break~~ no pause,
This body is our world, but living it, the
way that nature points,
Lies still before, laid down ~~although~~ along all time
by rules & laws

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

Sunday, Dec. 13
5.30 26.5 m.
Albert Grant
Australasia Quinos
W. T. & John Sairey G.
Kirby St
Norfolk Dec.

The air is full of Yankee stuff.
They clatch the wires & spread the lie.
The roaring press accepts & prints
The boast, the bounce, ~~the petty pride~~ of those who know
Not rightly how to live or die.

The commonplace of weary days
The Franklins, Websters, ~~Lincolns~~ Jacksons, Clays
The ~~tragic~~ sordid tragedy of war
Wrought in the bosom of a state,
Told & again retold in prose & verse
In rime, by process blocks;
While all there is of 'manhood' boils
Around the ~~price of~~ changing price of stocks

over

2

On the green fields, toil still his place
& at his bench or by the forge

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

C

Yes I love you, knowing nothing.
You are but a girl I see
Throwing glances this way, that way,
Having took to rest on me.
For it solves the world's enigma
If I love & you as well
All the way is plain & easy,
Steps that wound to God, from hell,
Be thou good or be thou evil,
If is little, ~~you~~ we are still
Heirs divine of man's endeavour,
Farms that from the God-like will,
Souls that ~~pass~~ feed with conscious knowledge,
Something of the march of time
Hands that clap & eyes that answer

?

C.

He in a dim uncertain way
Saw good & evil ~~studying~~ warring here
& strove with allegoric pen
To show & teach his fellow men
To see this conflict true & clear
For ~~truth~~ the warfare strict & clear
So not for fame or place or pelf
~~Despised John Bunyan~~,
~~Despised~~ loyal to
Christ & true unto himself
Despised John Bunyan ~~wrought & wrote~~
Such works as now are wrote & wrought
So well that he is not forgot
~~But live as long as England's tongue~~
For live as long as England stands
Or English speech, in wider lands

TELEPHONE No. 8070.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS.
"HOSTELRY, LONDON."

Westminster Palace Hotel,
Victoria Street,
London, S.W.

[illegible] of the Mayor & men
~~That they a [illegible]~~
~~The [illegible] [illegible] the time~~
The [illegible] [illegible] & the [illegible]
~~the [illegible]~~ [illegible] was worth [illegible]
[illegible] from [illegible] day.

C

I hear the wind in the trees, as of yore, when my
heart was young
& the South wind swayed the boughs & they sang
sang.
Then speech grows softer & further, till falling asleep -
they rest, in the silence of midnight, still & deep,
& silent & far away the moon swims to the west.

[illegible] temperately
[illegible] & rear sons &
daughters honest & chaste
[illegible] them on the one hand
[illegible] brutish & ignorant, on

temperately
& rear sons &
daughters honest & chaste
& them on the one hand

c

That is what ~~makes~~ made it strange,
yet glad,
~~That's strange~~
~~To me to be, a sealy thing~~
~~Love~~
To me when rounded in with
death
& looking at the selfe crew
~~which~~ that charged between
his fears for breath.
There, in that moment all was
seen
That's too partly seen before
& though's known I must not yield
I would have gladly passed the
door
The open door of death? To seek
~~To be that spell in old~~
~~The~~ The solving of lifes problems there
or meet oblivion's calm & still
No words these questions
What ~~may~~ doth come must be &
can but fully pay.

How often, oh how often, have I crept home to sleep
When the silent stars are lighted, oh God in thy great deep
The daily cares are over, the daily work is done
That comes again with morning — that rises with the sun
To sleep alone in silence, ~~to look~~ alone to stay in the heart
Is there no greater purpose, no better better part?
The dreams I dreamt in childhood, that come ~~to~~ no longer true
~~Delaware~~

~~The joy of early manhood~~
The clear eyed strength of manhood with its youthe
Its visions & ambitions so limitless & true
Have they power darkened to this grey sombre hue?
The hope that love would vanquish all doubts that grew with life
Have they power vanished, in daily cark & strife?

Stile to my soul in slumber, she comes with fond caress
Stooping to kiss my forehead — I know that trailing tress
Is it my love — my true love is so thought long ago,
Relenting now in silence, although she said we no,
Or is it my mother from some home beyond the night
With an infinite compassion

Is it my love — my true love so thought ~~so~~ long ago
That takes my hand in slumber & sings so sweet & low

C

Old memories floating in the mind
And thoughts of things to come
The sweetness of a by-gone love
The sights & sounds of home.

And all the longings that oppress
Yet soothe the weary soul
That struggles on in loneliness
As years & seasons roll

They ever haunt the troubled mind.
That longeth still for rest
Some misty haven lies behind
Some island of the blest

So dreams the mariner at night
Who glides along the seas
When all the arch above is bright—
And gently comes the breeze—

So dreams the traveler as in some
Far land the day is done
So dreams the toiler as his steps
Precede the rising sun.

over

So dream we all each fevered mind
Till lifes long dream is o'er
Till knowing not, we rest, & sleep
As calmly as before.

G. M. D.
August 1870.

c

Friends are made & friendships broken
Lives are woven & entwined
Loving hearts without a token
Float apart & never find
On this earth another meeting.
Though they part so very lightly
With a friendly word & greeting
Scarce a tear-drop sliding brightly
Still they part, & part for ever
And their eyes & hearts will never,
Never hold communion again.

E. M. D.
Sept 29 - 1870 -

c

Solemnly, Sullenly, beating the shore,
Wave upon wave on the rocks on the sand.
Rocks that are echoing full with their roar
Solemnly, Sullenly, guarding the land.

Troubled my spirit with doubting, & sad.
Questioning, questioning — asking in vain,
Where are the dreams the bright visions I had
Will they return to me never again?

Answers the ocean in measure profound.
Where are the waves that were yesterday here?
Passed — as well all thing that gird us around
~~What's above~~.
Little it matters, a day or a year.

Ethel
Sept. 71

Sir Rod.
£4
Rennie W.
Ramsay D.
Mrs H Leaving alt

Write
Mrs J.
Mrs St
Home

C

A Chinook Tomb

1

They laid him there to rest,
To rest, for all his work was o'er
They crossed his hands upon his breast
Where the wind & pine trees roar
His bones might rest for evermore.
Near where the long waves of the sea
Curl up & break perpetually
His heavy limbs were laid
There in his shapely light canoe
Where day by day he paddle drew
Upon the verge of that great sea
He lies at rest.
No more the keel shall grate the shore
As it so oft hath done before
But is ~~hauled~~ up to moulder there
& render back to earth & air
their due.
(But) & he who in the faded past
Was one to flames of wood & flesh
He hath slipped silent through the mesh
& drifted out upon the vast
We know not how nor where nor when
He left his careless fellow men
In bark more frail
To spread his sail

Upon ~~that~~ the distant unknown Sea
That ~~circles~~ girdles all eternity
But if perchance some island lies
Beyond the dark horizon's rim
We breathe a prayer, that guided there
It yet may haven be for him.

N.C.

They emerge in countless numbers from the womb of darkness, witless & weak, & if a few millions more or less be swept at once back again into night it matters not, for it is so ordered that those that remain gender prodigiously. But what of those who vanish can their apparent individuality be aught but an appearance (semblance) Must they not as a whole be reckoned as an not understood emanation from the infinite of nature.

Do Wednesday Sept. first

Copied from above –

They emerge in countless millions from the ~~[illegible]~~ womb of darkness, witless & weak & if a few millions more or less be swept at once back again into night, matters not, for it is so ordered that those that remain gender prodigiously. But what of those who vanish can their apparent individuality be aught but an appearance (semblance) Must they not as a whole be reckoned as an not understood emanation from the infinite of nature

~~A gift - of verse, of heavily rime,~~
~~A seed that fell on rocky soil~~

C

~~A flower of~~

A gift - of verse & power of sight, —
oh & seed that fell on rocky land
& ~~THAT~~ grew but feebly in a cliff -
With granite bounded either hand
Yet - ~~stem toward~~ pushed toward the infinity,
Gave thanks, & drank of Nature's dew
& looking up, with single eye

But stunted by thy rocky hills
& narrow in thy speech & song
Confines topics of the farm
& singing oft unlettered & wrong
We could pity, wonder why

I have missed what life holds of
stored ~~hot~~ for man
I have lacked & hungered for death, for rest.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT.

Alfred R. C. Selwyn, C. M. G., L. L. D., F. R. S.,

DEPUTY HEAD AND DIRECTOR,

MUSEUM AND OFFICE, SUSSEX STREET, OTTAWA.

.....189.....

On this wrapper
in top drawer
of desk.

all here copied or
carefully noted -

A grove of tall & silent pines
Where no rain reaches the dead
Is where the sloden-dark leaves
are piled the leaves of seasons dead
A sunny sun, a sunny calm
But a quicker ear the roar
of jostling atoms as the crowd
in very leaflets open pore

How soon we cease to miss the news
The noisy chatter of the day
of politics from clerk
& gossiping, that knows & defines
Divine & pleasy

Here are the leaves of the time
The transient abodes of today
That fill the annuals of the dead
& year by year are swept away.
It is the cove & pass not more
The peace of God continues here
& flux of time is counted out
in circles added year by year

Here lives: would that lives of
product = co-dition of people

The house coal trade is fairly active, but does not reach the full season average. In steam coal no great amount is being done, but gas coal contracts continue to be made and renewed with regularity. [illegible] been determined to raise a fund for the widow and family [illegible] The miners—of whose association

The iron orders now worked in the Monmouthshire ironworks are for Venice, Oporto, Santos, Huelva and Vigo.

I give the list of exports during the past year, showing the character and name of the foreign customers dealing with Wales :—

TRADE OF THE YEAR.

Rounds—⅝in. and upwards	..	..	..	..	1	1	0
,, 9-16in. and ½in.	..	..	..	..	1	3	0
,, 7-16in. and ⅜in.	..	..	..	..	1	5	0
,, 5-16in.	..	..	..	..	1	7	0
,, ¼in.	..	..	..	..	1	9	0

Rivet, same price as [illegible]

ever, are generally firm, though with less tendency to strength than has been the case during the last fortnight.

The makers of galvanised roofing sheets, both plain and corrugated, complain of the falling-off in orders since the end of the year. This falling-off is mainly attributable to the over-supply and slow sales which have ruled in the past two or three months in the Australian markets. This week, however, Australian advices are slightly better. They show

61s. 3d. per ton. There are some good inquiries for forge iron in the market, but these, owing to the divergence of opinions as to prices, have not resulted in business to any extent. Manufactured iron is also very dull, and with the exception of the plate department, which has been in a tolerably good position of late, there is little or nothing doing. Prices nominally remain the same as those last given, ordinary bars delivered being quoted at £7 15s. to £7 17s. 6d.

Brothers, and Company's works, with 21 furnaces, Raine Brothers' works, with 15 furnaces, the Erimus Iron Company's works, with 50 furnaces, and the works of the Eston Grange Iron Company and Thomas Abbott and Company. Besides these there are a number of other works in the district, such as those of the Darlington Iron Company, and those of Bolckow, Vaughan, and Company Witton Park, that are all but idle

C.

Pacific Railway

A station in the parched west
between two lines of wrinkled hills
with sage & clustered cactus dressed
& hollows less of sunken rills.
A train delayed & waiting long
where none of passing circuits fill
the summer air quiet ~~& [illegible]~~ long.
This only in the desert still
A voice of coming wheels & shrill
of drowsy folk to see the train
A hundred windows blinking past
& then we travel on again.
For one unsought a face we come
of (a) laughing face in golden hair
Flashed quick as light, a photograph
without a name
unknown no name
lovely fair.

Sleepy song

And as the length of miles leads on
Through starry nights & blazing days
To corn & orchards wood & lawn
A presence follows by the way
I thought will turn & turn again

Map of Pacific Coast 1877
Pub. by S. Stebbins
Toledo Ohio

c

It is not much that we life more
Should sink into the void of time
That feet grown weary of the road should
fail & cease to climb.
It would not be all sad to die, the last fond
look on this wide earth
Must come to all at last
(as true to nature as death)

Believed in good & worshipped thy
~~[illegible]~~.
We love a poetry, ~~[illegible]~~ grieve to know
~~That death hath claimed the~~
That nature reaps the fruit of life
That but one term to live & grow
Is granted by the lord of life.
We think how clear & strong ~~thy~~ ~~[illegible]~~ voice
~~How strong what should have done~~
Had knowledge been to the expressed
& how the common rightly man
Had bound thy cradle in thy breast

Look if cofund or not?

In first-lot -

2. What lies beyond the gates of time I go to seek
1. Scarce with regret & with no paling cheek
To seek that rest which doth enfold the past
To turn my back upon earth's little day
& woe great night inscrutable & vast
Wherein cometh all things & whom all five ways.

C

I think we shall not ~~be~~ die
My soul can utter but a cry
Reflecting tumult, ~~[illegible]~~ joy and
All forest hued-[illegible], love invited
What warm pr[illegible] in the soul!
What [illegible] pr[illegible] in the flesh!

W.C

Tis the waste of life, & the wasters
Or the who would read have been all
From the Coal, to the intellect' leaders

Tis vain & futility to unlock
The tangled incongruent skein

C

A land so worn with age, so old
& scarred with wrinkles o'er & o'er
Where rocks have crumbled down & land
Have hardened in a tower-like & broken down
as heretofore

time & again.

A land of plains deep, profound
Where rivers laughing underground
in old old channels seek the sea
A land concealed (?) in mystery
A tomb without a history
A tomb of time

A peopled country where a race
of heroes, fistus dark in face
Their beds their days passing
Who fast as seasons come again
At once forget the rude rain
& scarce the memory retain
A scare of years at st

McGee
Also Loo Campbells
Knows about Scotch Cr.
Shuswap L.

worthyness. Still the Star shine. God grant
Sept. Thus the ideal related to an actuality
somewhere. God grant we may see it.

how I am not a poet
I am certain you know it.

2.C.

The Ideal stands. Incarnation of the Ideal

Torture lies overtaking of actual & ideal, in a

worse than annihilation, but yet so the ideal must

& can rule still & so God or devil can

deprive me of it. & thou fair false thou art

My ideal itself. Take it as a star

mirrored down in some calm cold pool, our

eyes turned to mock earth and rest upon it

by & by & the seeing star shows not—

c

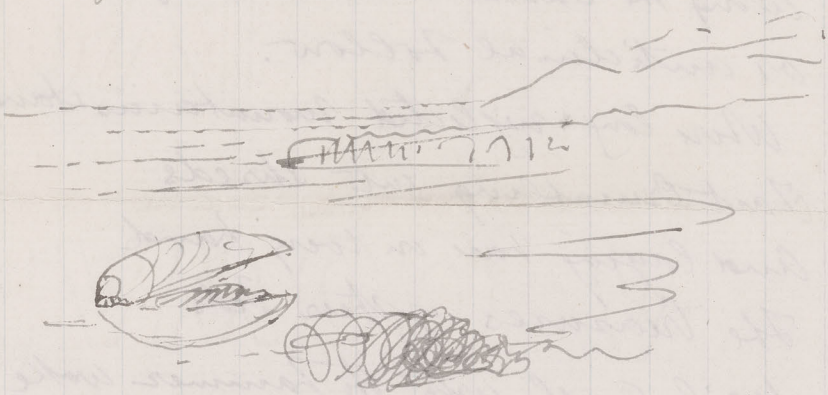
I had a dream, that two struck hands
On this uncertain shore of time
Saying what reck how soon these sands
The noisy billows sap or climb
We talking softly, soul to soul
May shall ~~[illegible]~~ strive onward to the right
Content though ~~[illegible]~~ seeing not the goal
Secure together in the night.

C

Contorted beds of unknown age
our weary limbs shall bear,
Perchance some neat synclinal fold
At night may be our lair.
Deps we shall take on unknown streams
unnamed
or where the rocks strike follow
along the crested mountain edge
or anticlinal hollow.
Where long * neglected mountains stand
Fast crumbling into shreds
And laying bare on every hand
The treasures of their beds
We'll gently with the hammer wake
The slumbering petrefaction
That for a hundred million years
Has been debarred from action.
Or snatch some crinoid or mollusc
Unearthed without our toiling
Adrift upon the river bed
By brute attrition spoiling

So walk on day in bring back
Into the twilight glory
all natures twisted ~~types~~ shapes
of pattern rude & hoary
To reptile of prodigious bones
or two tailed salamander
To wed the lovely name of Jones!
~~The~~ Jones food came to wander.

Gives



C

Skeena River June. 1879

Down through the defiles of the hills
To seek the western ocean store
Bright in the moonlight glancing on
Or dark in canons, with a roar
That in the ears does not fade.
No petty torrent pouring out
The waters yet single vale
But majestic & great they flow
& broad & deep is writ the trace
by thee, of time upon the face
of this wide land.
Yet to no peopled city's gate
Dost thou bear ~~up~~ or the merchant freight
Nor by broad field & fertile meed
When pastient lowing cattle feed
Hast thou thy way.
A thousand numerous streams
By shattered crags & snow-fields bare
That spring
That high in alpine valleys swing
Or onward dark in front face
Uniting, kissing, one by one
Until ~~water~~ capture dark or ~~current~~ water clear

Through wooded valleys thou thy course,
By lodges of bears haunt of deer
By Indian Camps & scattered huts
When (in) thy full stream is rough & wide
(For now the hills are mist and dim) ?

Fill, happy rest! thy waters lench
The parts of ocean & are still
Or were but with a gentle thrill
as the world waters sink or fill

G.W.C.

~~which would be holy to make fair~~
& the daylight passes to darkest night
But the days we have spent & the light they have lent
Must stand between us & fix the right
Good night – good night
Must stand between us & fix the right.

Ask me no more. – It is said, it is done
The new love meets with the rising sun
The mists the low, but the fresh winds blow
The winds of heaven carress the lights.

Ma Adoloroso

You said "God Bless you" thinking not
That you alone were God to me
As though the far unfathomed Causes
That turns the stars & moves the sea,
The law that speeds the rapt wind
Or lays the clam to its kind
Could heal my broken heart.
I find no good in the dull war
Of waves that fall up on the shore,
The measured tread of day & year.
Here but Convey to eye & ear
The pulsing of a vast machine.

Life is the one exception given
That speaks of hope & dreams of heaven.
Heart laid to heart, breath answering breath,
Man dares Giant nature's silence. — Death.
"God bless you"! Then were God to me.
To some dim Christ, Buddh, Sweet God,
Turn most the weary earth-sick eye
Clothed spotlessly as true & good
For strength to live & hope to die.
False false. The pretty fable dies
Abstraction of a faded day.
Nor were than ever in mine eyes ~~all good~~
All good; but more of good alway
Than ill. For more, & ever true,
A child as much in good out weigh
As dim brute nature leans to ill.
A true warm human heart God given
If God there be, to make my heaven.

I found where your dear feet had trod
The alien steps that lead to God.
You dropped a tear, you ~~stopped~~ turned to say
"God bless you", but you went away. —
Then went my knowledge, hope, desire.
There no God. What Godlike fire
Is in me still, but burns & stings.
Youth fails with helpless shrivelled wings.
No truth, no love, no hope. My breath
Sighs & recurves wit, prays but death.

X

The mist is upon the river
& the moon, the waning moon
looks down on the dimmed mirror
where the ice will gather soon
The pleiads & orion are high o'er the faint dim
& nature has ceased in the hush of night
from singing her autumn hymn.
The firs are dark, & their ragged tops stand black against the sky
But the poplar woods are thin & bare & the moonlight
beams falling everywhere in their secret hollows lie.
Their bells are poised until the crowned goddess
child of the sun & air
Each leaf a finished & perfect thing, —
but there is no footfall there
For the very breath of night is still
& the beams have ceased to fall
Lest their rolling down from limb to limb
should break the spell that holdeth all.
The mists rest on the river, but silent it goes below
~~flows as it flowed ever~~
& flows as it had flowed ever & will forever flow

The days are short & the nights are chill
when the leaves in October die
Then Death in sleeps in yonder hill
& resting deep in hollows lie.

Roof of the forge & working house of thought
To (thee) shield from Sol's fierce rays
~~How~~ Far through the forest by hard scratching brought
& many devious ways
Thou summer at last ray (leaf) I leave the here
A prey to Autumn & turn to keen frost
The days are chill the shows are almost here
while I sojourn yet a land less dear
A new felt tale must cover in my mind.
Arnold

X

I turned the ~~page~~ leaves, & slowly turned
The yellow paper rough & old,
& marked this page was fairly writ,
& that was blotted, & half told
With haste or weariness or joy
That hand had felt in its employ
And restless, as my eye ran o'er
That journal of the joy & grief
Of one who forced life no more
Careless I turned another leaf

Poems -
in the 70 ies ?

at 8 p M.

To G. M. Dawson
Geological survey.

Two of your Centenial cases delayed at Frisco Railways insist on charges being prepaid, What is to be done

W. W. Walkem

Rq paid

Fairer than all the fair,
within the flowery band
& breathing such a fragrance rare
where the tall sunflower grows by stand
In the lone distant northern land

Linnæa

I weep not for
~~I ask not for~~ myself, for I have sinned
I know
Though why I should be here to toil
myself with sin I cannot tell.
I ask not for myself, but for the throng
who so
Across the light-spirit & toil
& hope & fear & the, in woe, —
Why all this grief?
Why ~~are~~ this great marching but should be
So costly gay
~~why~~ & all ~~these~~ ~~the~~ served results, ~~this~~ it
pageant today

~~Which must have torn great God~~
Which must have sin, be built of
sentient clay;
& to unnumbered hopes, the part of
funeral pageant play
I weep not for myself, but ~~I weep~~ weep for
high & low

in this procession born, &
must ~~drop~~ for those I know
For those who pass me close, or those
whose hands ~~in mine~~ have been
Clasped from in mine, though now
So far, but during I am.

Would that my tears would soften
others woe
But in the mourner's heart & dust of life
Mine light or darkness, would the
Ion glow

Here a lotter yanother
Ya sealer or a broker
Ya little playmate lover
Changed & dust-and-
Hushed & dead.

Some the morning some the springtime
Some but never return —
Some as when the autumn gathers
Leaf & flower & scented fern
And anon the spring returneth
Flower & leaf but not the same
Life is like as the sunshine round us
Changing ever but in name.

Olden relics nigh forgotten
Relics of another world.
Of a child land
Of a dream land.

Like the stones of waters olden
Lying high above the tide
Round & polished
Side & side

Pebbles which the ocean gathered
Pebbles which the waves have tossed
Still & grey
Their burnt-coat.

Toys in childhood we have handled
We ourselves but not as now
Little hands
& placid brow.

Write Cotterell about bark of a Douglas
Hughes about Indian baskets &c.
Write description of pens for Barnard.
Write Jones
Pack Macoms Plants!
Call Dr Spring
~~Ask Smith of report Pat.~~
Get Candles from Blue Maple
Get pen
Calling Cards.

Notes from Enterprise! & C.P.R. offices
So on memos. & make calls.
Write letters.
B.S.P. App books &c. to Parliament buildings
Make beginning of report & so on until sorry,
but write up notes!!

Letters!
Call!
Write out memos on Medicines & pour Lords book.

Washing.
Call Mumford (book & trees)
Call Dwelly & ask Carmichael
White thorn
Write up field notes &
make up maps.
Memos & B.S.P. Take over
Jesse?
Buy heavy paper Mucilage
Get a cut pen Lord.

C

The Sidereal age of life has flown
Its beauty & its strength have fled
& left a pale thin shrivel'd wreck
For my desire to feed upon.

1 I know not what may lie before
3 & still I turn & look behind
2 The past is graven on my mind
With dimmy eye on fading shore

Loved shore where I in childhood played
By sparkling stream or on the strand
~~and~~ strolled ~~strayed~~ together hand in hand
& thought the ocean Oh! so grand
Now was afraid

Autumn & time will blur the trace
~~Of joys & grief forever deep~~
However strong of joy & grief
Oh added strong
Stowed in oblivion find relief

C

Out from the Caves of Silence
From the dim realms of night
Where the devouring darkness
Hath swallowed up the light
Not from the pregnant shadow
But - lyeth all before
From the dead ~~[illegible]~~ & hopeless darkness
Where light shall be no more

X

Just as a wee maid when she stands
With downcast eyes & folded hands
To say her gt conn'd task
So blushing on some mossy vault. Where days are
Cosy & woods are dark,
Or Crowded thick turret lichened stones
Where some old glacier laid his bones;
Hope wedding bells are ringing.

No. 2.

The British Columbia Telegraph,

— CONNECTING WITH —

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH.

The following Message is received in compliance with the rules and conditions of this Company as endorsed on Form No. 1 of this Company, which have been agreed to by the sender.

Victoria May 31st 1876

Received Victoria 31st 1876

C

Wake & spirit, rise & gird thee for the fray
faint not
What if the combat thickens day by day
yield not,
Fill every hour with battle nervous & strong
fly not
& as through toilest ~~fight~~ let it be with song

er I.

ical geography. — Interior region
t — Eastern boundary — Western boundary
— First prairie level — Second
— Third prairie level — Transverse

The not.

What if the span of life be but a day
~~doubt not~~

& they poor implement, material, clay
doubt not.

Description of the Southern Transverse,
the Northern Transverse Watershed —
s by different River systems —
lains — General outline of the
General nature of the region —
~~ts~~ — Devonian ~~rocks~~ series —
of Carboniferous rocks — Permian
Jurassic — Cretaceous formati

c

Is this a brief awakening
or but a troubled sleep
The scintillation yon star that falls down deep & deep
or the first (dim) pulse & movement
of life within the germ
of sun-beloved butterfly the dull insight worm.

I hear the river murmur low
& sough & eddy on its way
I mark the star lit void turn slow
& ever segment night & day

C

Beneath the drooping new-born leaves,
We walked together once again
The day was dark nor bright, rainfall,
With calm expectancy of Rain

We talked of these indifferent things
Which lie upon the lips alone
Words that may pass from mouth to mouth
& hearts beneath be cold as stone

Words that may weave a thickest veil
To hide a gulf of grief, or woe;
Or bring a friendly Certain where
Loves first ~~faint~~ pale outlines grow.

Far had our different pathways led
We thought not each of other then
By different scenes & hopes bestead
Till wandering brought us home again.

For years had come & gone again
& flowers that blossomed once were dead
& in the sunshine & the rain
Far had our different pathways led

of my right hand

If thou art dead so are they too
When souls unit thine in the new land.

And if the Great Heart of the Sky
To his pale Codya pine bids the go,
Here is the war-paint. Here the plumes
They Sioux chiefs wore thus here below.

C Life is a dream a long suspense
a troubled dream a complete fantasy.
Oh the changing measure of its flow
We float like leaves, like bubbles on the stream
Thinner doubting than a dreamlike dream, we just know
& doubt that even dream should flow so strange
We feel upon a sea with mirage store

Adieu. The word is hard to say
But life is hard & fate is cruel
The fairest leaves drift under
sever.
Autumn ~~My fate~~ is hard to bear
Some softened by sun shine
The grief it is to part
I feel in parting

Again adieu. I can no more
Nor studied words nor poet lore
Can give more sad experience

d

(Fond hearts, yes foolish hearts
All in a flutter.
Love is not good alone,
Love is just butter.
Butter to ~~make~~ spread make life's bread,
(Wholesome though crusty)
So down now ~~tastefully~~ tastily,
When matter dusty.)

a

Is it a dream, or ~~was~~ Am I told by some
dim wandering shade
Of a first-love tentative man, formed
ere his peers were made?

& (?) as my mind gropes slowly back
to hold this phantom of the past
The sounds of life are left behind, &
pristine silence holds me fast.
Dark long aves, as felt by one who
walks by ocean's lonest ~~edge~~
Where lapping wave makes silence
rim
live, & the far shore with mist is dim

Look up. He paces there alone on
an old shore, old, old, world-old
Mid beautiful & passing strange
great trees & plants of antique mould
& day & night & ebb & flow & storm &
calm & pattering rain
Ever then as now they come & go & water
follows summer's train.
But voiceless all the ranked woods
& soulless earth & sea & sky
Save this one man, one ~~[illegible]~~ drooping soul
~~that~~ wakes & ~~shows~~ strives & questioned
murmured why?

V. C.

The entire world is gray, in infancy
But as I walk its streets it seems world old.
I seem to stand on some
far long of time
Backward turn then today.
See the ~~[illegible]~~ young cities & the seconds. of old & fragment. & covered with glamour of time as Romulus &c.
See the vast sketching woodland
time fretting its edge. Sketching
nature in unbroken ranges over hill
& valley & mark the nation in.
great plains. silent. hunter. tribe
plays your from them. like flush of
dawn when the earth about to rise.
My science does not to process himself of

Walking in life's great highway of today,
Or with the singing crowd that go this way
That all have gone before
How often do we see a pale worn face
& eyes that wander from a resting place
A life that hath to labour & to toil gone down.
Life with life's colour gone & vigour fled
The head not listless, but the limp down head
Telling that youth & hope & joy & love are dead
Freedom of soul & fearless thoughts soon are past
The narrow bounds of toil & caution last
~~The wind~~ ~~lends doom its thoughts~~
The hand-worn tools & hoarded household goods

C

(My) The Corsing heart can not so soon
Relinquish all the time warm ways.
(Thy) The spirit cannot surely be
So far removed from blame or praise.

Here lies thy form, & thou wert wont
To eat & drink as we do still;
To seek the fire & to be warm;
To feel & measure good & ill.

Why loved one wouldst thou go away
From this thy village known so well,
To seek the chill dark land of shades
Of which we scarcely dare to tell?

Or wouldst thou lightly pass away
& leave thy body, stately, strong,
Wait honoured wound from many a fray.
Thine limbs that did thy will so long

Nay! rather say the choicest food,
That which thy lips did most delight
Bring here, & lay it by the tomb:
& fire to warm thee too by night.

Here lay the arrows & the bow
Thou loved (used & love) as well as thy skill-

Robinson
Retrieve
Mrs

C

Out beyond the gates of trouble,
Out beyond the bars of life;
Far enough to ~~blend~~ weld in concord
All the jarring & the strife.

Where the jarring & the clanging
Fearful bound to us so near,
Blend, & fall in cadence mellow
Like the chimes that bring the year.

Ringing chiming on together
Still, Clear as bells across the snow
Swelling, falling, rising, chiming
Still as bells o'er water sound
Over the snow as bells that sound

Then dead silence were profound.

c

Oh hands! that cling so tenderly at parting
& Eyes that love, & long to meet again!,
That scarce can hold their tear drops back
from starting.
Oh hearts that know to feel apart is pain.

Can all this love, this longing be a shadow
A mist, the blinding nothings yet dream
Must cold, confusing daylight once more enter (follow?)
& show them fancies & not what they seem?

C

Where hurrying over the
prostrate wood
Vent all his storm cloudy
rood

He issues on the plain.
Now ~~rushing~~ arising on the shivering
blast
He sweeps the ~~cruel~~ drift
Softly & fast.
Close by beside the prayerful
sea
Oft have I spaced, & paced
alone.
& tried to read what may not be
To commune with the great unknown.

C

Yes I have travelled far
Seen nature's peace & war.
Have listened close in spring
& heard
The leaves grow used of
opened
Autumn ear.
& followed with attention long
the dying summer's autumn song
Have seen the old storm King
Come forth
Near his wild mansion
of the north

[illegible]
[illegible] the Days that have
(Lost)
Illus Days a-by
Memory-friends sadness
Gone
& not the days welcome
[illegible]
Or the sweet Melody gone?
Yes days long days
[illegible]
Black as the hearse-
Have of sadness

For these lost always have
a [illegible] pain
Will & [illegible] my gone
days [illegible]

Mr

On my return in Springtime
with a beautiful new,
powerful Chevrolet Coupe, I plan
on taking my family southward
for a little driving pleasure,
again we intend to visit
the wonderful Everglades
and Miami. We will be
back home at Easter. We
have had this apartment for
the winter, but I think
we will be happy to return to
our own fireside & family
over Easter.

Hoping you are well
and enjoying good health
& happiness

Sincerely yours,
Lyle Cockburn

Dear Lyle:
Thanks for your letter
of the 5th inst.
Yes, I am quite well
& hearty, & am
enjoying good
health & happiness
myself.
Hoping you are well
& happy, I remain
Sincerely yours,
Arthur Currie

These waters flow to other seas
~~These~~ birds that pilling pile the air.
Sing apparent notes
These pines, that tall & shouldering
lack to each pile all the
~~values~~. Vales.
Or twist gnarled stalk, & fruitless
flat-arch limpse - climb the hills.
All these are strange.

Scraps.

In top drawer of desk. Together in this wrapper

T. D. FORM 1.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S TELEGRAPH

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.—All messages are received by this Company for transmission, subject to the terms and conditions printed on their Blank Form No. 2, which terms and conditions have been agreed to by the sender of the following message. This is an unrepeated message, and is delivered by request of the sender, under these conditions.

W. C. VAN HORNE, President.
CHAS. R. HOSMER, Man. Telegraphs.

B. S. JENKINS, Supt., Winnipeg.
J. WILSON, Supt., New Westminster, B.C.
HOMER PINGLE, Supt., Toronto.

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No.	SENT BY	REC'D BY	CHECK.
36 Ra	Ca	Cn	10 pd

Time 1P May 8 1890

From Montreal 8

To Dr. G. M Dawson
Rideau Club
Ottawa

Edith Harrington died yesterday funeral friday two thirty anna winter

J. Wm Dawson

TO SECURE PROMPT DESPATCH SEND REPLY TO

Cor Sparks & Elgin Sts.

The little maid is dead, she sings
Once more the blessed
of the angels