Apparently
Original Poems
by G. M. D.

lying on
top of Dolly
(mostly if not
all) —

RIDEAU CLUB

X

The Valley of the Strymon.

The men that tilled these fields lie dead,
And earth is cold on hand & head
That worked & sang
And farmed prodigal gain
Where still yon river winds across the plain
To well in the blue sea.
They had no voice — with simple toil
They broke & turned that very soil
That blooms today
As prodigal again
As when the sun & drifting summer rain
Passed in that time before it knew the plough
Of its own harvest were the armed men
That lit the beacon-fires to further Lord —
Of Greece, that rose, & passed
In scattered leafage, dropping on the wind
That alexander might prevail & lost —
One marble shaft above the sea of time.

?

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

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☞ READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP

Life – a high potency of force

Dissipated – not lost. (changed)

'On some long way to journey back.'

Buddhist – parable of transmigration – an approach to a material explanation.

L. K. Wright
S. B. Kent. Fishing Bounty.

THE RIDEAU CLUB,
OTTAWA.

Indian Lodge
Ottawa
Quebec C.S.
Lower Ice
Copy Ice
Jubilee

T. D. Form 2.

Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Telegraph.

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No agent or employee of the Company is allowed to vary the terms of this or any other written agreement, stating agreed to by the parties, or to make any agreement for a longer time than one mile, and two per cent for any greater distance.

This Company accepts messages for transmission only on the condition that they are repeated if any error is found to have been made in the transmission or delivery of any message, and shall not be liable for any other or further error or default, or for any other or further damages than the amount paid for the message, if sent to such office by one of the Company's messengers, or if by telephone, the person receiving the message or message-office shall be the agent of the sender, and not of the Company, and this Company shall not be liable for any error or default in the transmission or delivery of any message so received.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE, President.
CHAS. R. HOSMER, Manager Telegraph.

SENT NO.	SENT BY	REC'D BY			CHECK

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

To _____ 189

This is an absent minded head
~~He stretched above~~ fed him so high
~~And~~ the Slid within the gate of heaven
That chanced to stand ajar.
& there an angel
~~An angel~~ Caught him ~~too~~ soon
To make a little star,
But ~~it~~ nothing refused to shine or burn,
He fell-spluttered, winked ~~lay dead~~ & died
Before it ~~was~~ moved to made a ~~sigh~~ turn —
Oh Serves him right, St Peter ~~said~~ cried
That boy would never learn!

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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.

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But
And all that ~~splendid~~ gattered Waslem harde
~~That gattered~~ Engendered in the waiting ~~time~~ day
From the Drin waste, & ~~scant~~ the harvest stared
And Eked by sparing every way
That splendid harde of Zoen that broke
And fell in winrows on the ~~land~~ plain
Before the Jaws they could not reach
As man may never see again.
Wator their death & where to lay

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of forces upon which this flame feeds
spreads interminably & retires, the beginning nor
ending of these forces or of this eternity is it possible
~~to [illegible]~~ to see from where I stand. But I do
not ~~question~~ impatiently question — the
summation of all things in God & I can serve
part of ~~the all in each~~ God, willing, in
so far as it is just that I should rule, & submitting
in so far as it is ~~right~~ just that I should submit.
Justice ~~still is quantivalent effect~~ rules — I am
Ja 15. 98. content with this role, & happy in being able to
~~appreciate~~ realize its quantivalent effect.

T. D. FORM 2.

Canadian Pacific Railway Co's Telegraph.

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

It is agreed between the se[illegible] sage and this Company that [illegible] liable for damages arising fro[illegible] liver, or from any error in the [illegible] an unrepeated telegram, whe[illegible] gence of its servants or otherw[illegible] terruption in the working of [illegible] or obscure messages, or for er[illegible] beyond the amount received [illegible] guard against errors, the Com[illegible] telegram for an extra payme[illegible] rate, and in that case it shall [illegible] beyond fifty times the amoun[illegible] repeating.

Correctness in the transmis[illegible] sured by contract in writing, [illegible] risk, and payment of premiu[illegible] rates, in addition to the usua[illegible] sages, viz:—One per cent, for [illegible] 1,000 miles, and two per cent[illegible]

W. C. VAN HORN[illegible]
CHAS. R. HOSMER[illegible]

[illegible]er of the following mes[illegible] Company shall not be [illegible] failure to transmit or de[illegible] transmission or delivery of [illegible]er happening from negli[illegible], or for delays from in[illegible] lines, for errors in cypher [illegible]rs from illegible writing, [illegible] sending the same. To [illegible]ny will repeat back any [illegible] of one-half the regular [illegible]ot be liable for damages [illegible] received for sending and [illegible]

[illegible]on of messages can be in[illegible]tating agreed amount of [illegible] thereon, at the following [illegible] charge for repeated mes[illegible]y distance not exceeding [illegible] any greater distance.

[illegible]President.
[illegible] Manager Telegraphs.

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 employes of the Company shall vary the foregoing.

B. S. JENKINS, Supt., Winnipeg.
HOMER PINGLE, Supt., Toronto.
J. WILSON, Supt., Vancouver, B.C.
JAMES KENT, Supt., Montreal.

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

189

To

READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.

McGILL UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 90981c
REF. 7

Credo.

There was a ~~beginning~~ past & there is a future ~~of all things~~, & we have part in both. In the beginning was God & we were in the beginning. Today we are a link in eternity ~~Connect form a link between the past & the future~~ & inherent in the nature of ~~eternity~~ continuance & in a ~~way~~ manner determined by the all in all of which we are part. Our lot is ~~righteous~~ just as by measure everyway, & there is ~~no~~ no power of ~~evil~~ his evil to prevail against this necessity of law. We speak of God & Evil, but both are just & true, & the ~~[illegible]~~ integration of all is righteousness. I rejoice in the unknown past, I rejoice to live, & will rejoice to die & ~~continue~~ take my part in the inevitable further tide of things, whether knowingly or without individual knowledge ~~returning into God as part of God~~ continuing as a part of the all in all which is God.

, the interaction of opposites is life

To ~~us~~ me, in life, the known beginning is the beginning of my life & the known end the end of my life, ~~xxx~~ but from this point of vision I can see life interminably behind & beyond, of which I am only ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a shining flame, & I can realize ~~that~~ that the ~~[illegible]~~ interaction

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CHAS. R. HOSMER, Manager Telegraphs.

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JAMES KENT, Supt., Montreal.

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_____ 189

To _____

Cooke

READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.

The Sea Lion

of Mr. Coventry

Strong & alone, I am swim, & far
Amid the spume of cold blue seas
across haunts ~~ebbing~~ Far
That beat ~~against the flowing~~ tide
~~across haunts Bar~~
against the ~~tide that ebbs~~ the breeze
ebbing tide ~~that runs~~
~~you roar~~
Blows darkly up the island strait
Between the ~~scrolled~~ silent ranks of trees
That bear, I ~~one~~ war, & stand & wait.
~~Forgot of time~~
Like me, forgot of time are there,
But verdant still, & old.

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

+ Back to the ocean,
Back from hills or plains
By Each long way, to join the deep again.
Loud in the torrent – silent, dropping slow,
The tides of life – up down from high to low.
Eternity receives them calm & vast
But still there is no end, no past

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S TELE

All Messages taken by this Company are subject to the following ter

It is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company that the said Compa damages arising from failure to transmit or deliver, or from any error in the transmission or delivery of whether happening from negligence of its servants or otherwise, or from delays from interruption in t errors in cypher or obscure messages, or for errors from illegible writing, beyond the amount rec To guard against error, the Company will repeat back any telegram for an extra payment of one-hal that case it shall not be liable for damages beyond fifty times the amount received for sending and re

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SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE, PRESIDENT. B. S. JENKINS, SUPT., Winnipeg, Man. J. WILSON, Su
CHAS. R. HOSMER, MANAGER TELEGRAPHS. HOMER PINGLE, SUPT., Toronto, Ont. JAMES KENT,

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

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

To .....

☞ READ THE NOTICE AND A ENT AT THE TOP.

Capt. Wilson a prof leaving Yates Camp
Daily Graphic. Feb 12. 94

There are the men who were to die,
who, riding out ~~at~~ ~~at~~ dawn of day
Rode out forever, ~~for~~ ~~the~~ dust
~~that followed fell~~ for the night fell,
& ~~the~~ as dust that followed fell & lay
away the scrub
~~So~~ when the dawn rose they lay dead,
~~away the scrub~~
They were not saints, but little band
of laughing men who left us yesterday,
But rough bush riders, band of
reckless boys
~~All turned & scorched in the sun~~
~~as we are~~
Cheeks tanned by sun & coats
bedoubled with clay

Scattered fragments in?
the deep. In winter in summer,
Sun & storm. In fury of the
tempest or in trance of sleep
When only the slow pulse of nature
Everbeats. & Ever we laboured
with fierce breath of ~~fire~~ steam
up that vast gorge in the lone
depth of night resounding with
our clamour, while the snow swam
down in silence, passed athwart
the blaze of ~~night~~ light & sank
into some depth below unseen.
Oh the long years that this great
valley graven in the hills hath
held its peace, or spoken only
in the roaring of the torrent or
the fall of some great rock
from cliff to cliff

Up out of the sea, my maid so fair
& over the ~~ships~~ black side came she
I call her mine, though the tidings life
Has carried her far, & away from me
For the world grows old, & my youth is dead
But her gracious presence is with me still
For her memory stays, & is mine alone
With the touch of her hand & the breath of a sigh
Had I known her, tho these night hours flown
But now they are mine if I live or die
~~Sho~~ yet I sometimes feel if it might have been,—
Had her lips been mine, & her life & mine
Been ~~blended~~ one forever, for good or ill
~~Would I not surrender my hopes for mine~~
~~of joy~~
would I not give up my every dream ~~this dream of mine~~
For the fruit of knowledge ~~of good & ill~~

The Driard,

Redon & Hartnagle,
PROPRIETORS.

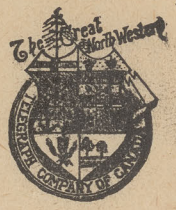
Victoria, B. C.

..... 188

X

The times are out of joint, the Tods retire
The Sistrum's jangled ~~& how is the lyre~~ drowns the ~~singing~~ Roe's lyre
our Todd is sore, our King's pod had to go,
We lost our Wiggins, & our windy Bennie wind &
Parkman is dead & Sampson ~~wicks~~ swips to worse
But Fraser's worse-calf takes the vacant floor
While for the Tout, the only food we get
Are water ices frozen by Freebelle?

THE GREAT NORTH WESTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF CANADA.



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PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY.

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

.....190

To.....

GIVE SUFFICIENT ADDRESS

Poems
Looked over
carefully &
all copied that seem
to be of any value -

Refer to several of these
marked in red, & see if
copied

This is your birthday Annie dear
You told me once, & I remember
& note this day in every year

It is a memory all my own —
This is your birthday Annie dear

My little sweetheart, long ago —
~~So~~ How long I scarcely dare to reckon
This is your birthday, that I know,
You told me once & I remember.
The time has passed & times have changed
Gay June ~~as spirited to~~ has skipped into December
The fire burnt high & then had sunk to ashes
The fire burnt high & then fell low

~~Till of~~ at last, a
~~& Love is but a~~ fading lustre.
Yet still I think of that dear time
When you & I were boyish lovers,
When lips met lips & eye met eye
With blushes, speechless, but —
I know not where you are, or how
Time deals with you, or whether
you ever think of me to-day —
The long bye-past, that is forever.
I think of you, & here tonight, alone
& lonely still I ~~give you~~ offer
to? / My ~~last~~ first love to you, my queen!
The ~~only~~ poor, last gift I can't proffer.

A long time ago, near about the beginning of time ~~I think~~ it seems, there was built a great snow ~~pyramid~~ temple by the children. They worked hard rolling up ~~balls~~ vast balls of snow, putting them in place & squaring them in the centre of a great field. But after some days, having raised a broad base, they despaired of rivalling the pyramid of Chops & decided, under the advice of the chief architect, to omit the culminating point & so finished & will laid a truncated ~~pyramid~~ cone only with means, by ascending steps to reach the broad summit. It became in effect & by force of circumstances an Aztec ~~platform~~ temple of the Sun instead of such a heaven aspiring & completed structure as ~~that~~ that which rise ~~along~~ on the borders of the Nile. But the Sun destroyed its own, ~~monument~~, & although for ~~many~~

many weeks standing strong
amid drifting snow & frost the
soft new ~~snow~~ flakes faltering ~~about~~ around
the icy walls & slipped like the sands
of the desert about the rocks, there
came a time when the decayed &
slanting remnants of the edifice
stood alone upon the bare surface
of the ground, well & deeply in the soil
which drank in its substance. Then
a night of rain & southerly wind
of damp & heat & the warning sound
nothing of the monument, merely the
grey drops falling ceaselessly upon
the yellow sod while the red buds
were swelling to spring upon the
~~flowing~~ swinging branches of the maple, ~~trees~~.
But the children did not regret
their work or its downfall, for the
brook was running bank high, with

yellow water, & new prospects were opened by the change. Never had they seen the black boulder beneath the bare bank so deeply covered & the channels for the navigation of their boats were wide & swift. From the glittering sandy deltas of the little branch, the vessels sped swiftly by the green & rustes of the lower stream & if by good luck escaping the overhanging ledges of ice which still here & there bordered the water, they safely discharged their rich cargoes of pebbles & other precious things far down the great main artery of commerce. The days were long, long between school time & dark, & many a year of history passed in that week, before the brook cleared & fell & the minnows reappeared

lurking behind the stones & tufts, earnest in their lives work, for not only had they a living to make from what might grow & that without benefit of clergy or law, but nests were to build & eggs to care for, though for the children it was all but only play. Then came the leaves & the new blossoms, the hepaticas in the wood, the catkins on the willows & poplars, the green shoots of grass & the damp meadows where violets might be found. The brook was ~~quiet~~ sedate & small, flowing away without noise in the grass, — still yellow about its borders. In the garden the broom. soil must be turned & the gardener plied the spade, a new ~~to~~ walk was laid out where

had been a border of flowers, — great changes occurred in the realm of the children.

There was a world of grown up people, as we knew, ~~[illegible]~~ busied with great things as we heard, ~~[illegible]~~ but which concerned us not at all & the great world beyond, as we came to know later, was full of work & of war. It seems that many thousands were killed in battle, but that did not affect our ~~realm~~ Kingdom, which was covered & at peace.

Long afterwards there came a day when some of us (others were dead, as they said untimely) realized that we had become of the grown people & of the great world, that what we said was of weight & should be wise; that the day & from the year

was short & that castles of
snow, however well builded
were — but snow. This knowledge
was not wisdom but unwilling
progress along the path & when
we looked around for comrades
early times they were not with us.
Some, as I have said were dead
untimely, others lost, forgotten,
strayed to the remote parts of this
world, striving each alone to
fulfil some purposes. But the
Summer comes & the winter as of old
& there are yet the children &
sometime again there may come the
idea & the effort of some ~~snow~~
temple — may it be a lasting pyramid
fitly completed & no mere truncated
temple
snow platform of the Sun!

Dead! & no longer in want,
hour by hour
of medicine food & care
Quiet & still in the night, so
cold,
Silent & lying there
God! is it true that all love
must fail
& hope, on the verge of the realms of
Eternal night
That friendship & ~~love~~ use on all so
frail
& our hold ~~on~~ upon life is so weak
& slight?
Yesterday morning awoke in the
last
as before, as of custom & need
Shall the sun ~~never rise any more~~ now arise as not heretofore
Shall a the plant not grow up from the seed?
Oh Father in heaven I know not thy
ways
nor thy course through the deeps or
thy currents or laws.

But here on the dust ~~I can~~
~~but kneel a~~ kneel alone
Can but pray cry
or may ~~cry~~ pray to the ~~silent for~~
to the fear to the silent first Cause.
If the reaper had reaped in the
Corn which was ripe
& yellow to harvest my soul would
have bowed
To thy law which is ~~written~~ known
a writ large.

Had the reaper but reaped
when the Corn stood well ripe
& yellow to harvest my soul might
have bowed
To thy law, to the fate which
the ages have made thy plain law

In top drawer
of desk
together in this
envelope

X

With his gold pan & his
shovel
& little else besides
He lit his pipe & started
left the camp
For cross the high divide

~~We shouldered picks & scrambled down~~
~~But the wished~~
We wished him every kind of luck
& chaffed him on his crage
Then shouldered picks & scrambled down
For when we'd made a raise

& The last we saw of Roddie
He was near Long Jim's old mine —
Looked like a fly upon the snow
above the timber line
Well, all that summer month the luck was crossed bad,
The creek was high, the wing-dam broke
& half our pile was whiffed away
For grub & tools & such, like smoke
We often said Rodd's struck it rich,
He'd never stay so long unless

for often Thought of Roddie
for said he's struck it rich
or he'd be back to do his wheat
upon the water ditch
But they there was that
darn the plaguey letter
They brought him in the spring
that made him an uncommon glum
& wrong cross work everything.
Well last then came a roaring flood

X

Sir we

A woman of some ancient world old well proved race?

From farthest Ind or out of far Cathay;

Dark serious eye & sweet impassive face

Set in the world light of eyes, where the play

~~Where the~~ of joy or ruth of sorrow, gives no trace

Though joy & sorrow fall, for such is life,

finds no place

Here in the effervescence of the time

Are maidens comely, offshoots of the a witty crew

Frank ~~with~~ world laughing faces, roses, eyes of blue

Kind hearts, I doubt not — the knowledge up to date

a thousand longings for the world to date

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

She is but the animal side
of a woman true
For her soul is the soul of a
Charles,
& her kiss or caress is of sex
made to sex
& as old as the sons of time
before spirit or light.

~~They are~~
Conceived in the darkness of old
But true in so far & direct

I am engaged in mind
with all that might have been
The beautiful illusions of the
past
The dreams of youth, the thoughts
heard, the chances missed.
The present is a wilderness &
orphan.
all these are mine, but nothing
more
The active pushing hurrying of the
day, is but worse
& who shall say that I, with
my day dreams am
all wrong,
That which is but accrued not
finds no place in all
the dusty highways of the
time.
Give me my dreams, which
lead through sylvan shades
That soar & mount to starry peaks
All else is vanity, the course
fruition of the time
But oh! where shall that world blow to
where the soul sets free.

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Great God, I ask ~~not~~ not to know or
renown
But inasmuch as I have trodden
fair
Beneath the sun, & studied long
& looked toward thy throne
By night & day, I crave that I may
bear
Some message to the laboring world
To warble more light the toil of life
To give some reason for all seeming
wrong
& lift the sigh of labors into song.
Night follows day & day succeeds to
night
But all the starred pages of the
past
Still give no clew. The point is
as the last
But dawn & sunrise, but dark
& day
& man divine in aspiration,
Made in clay

Seeking & finding not
Then dull & cold subsiding
slowly to the parent world.
Oh hear O ye all created things
Give ear & speak
Thy wisdom to upstay the weak.
We live but in half knowledge, on
the rim
& edge of things that pass
from deep to deep
(Tuller of) uneasy dreams that fall in
(troubled) sleep.
Grant that we wake to thy full
orbed day
When time the clouds of life
shall pass away
We follow knowledge clear
from gain to gain
But never touch the clue —
of all.

~~The threads of life – a tangled skein~~

My love is about – The threads of life,
A tangled skein, I cannot sort,
But cannot gain to live –
To live & die. To see & know
& pass the unknown.
If ~~seek~~ I might live ~~again~~ anew, & plan
Throughout a shape again
So far as man may do
The web of life – would I
Or would I not unravel
The self sawn scheme?
Would I be let away as heretofore
Or rule my life anew
& weave new dreams?
I know not, for it now seemed like
That I close well & truly,
~~that~~ default was made, not so much
Or all by me, as by ~~an~~ an
Overruling fate.
One must be good luck, or a fool
To ~~choose~~ rule
With knowledge of the future every act.
But while I cannot think that all
Must end in failure, all must be in vain
Thought is too subtle, ~~love is too~~ time too
To die & live in places
Love is too deep & hope too high to fail
Of ~~some~~ their position somewhere ~~at~~ at some time.
Perchance – It is not to render to life again to live.
To grasp the clues of loves & sheaves
Through all the reeling of darkness to some life
Which ~~lies~~ is beyond, which must recur

where lies fruition, where the trees are naiad,
The days running, the ~~dreams~~ immortal
dream-dreams & that glow ~~like sunset~~
~~on the world,~~ take forms to my dim
eyes, like Summer the world — take form.
When all that has been wrong, or wrongly ordered
will be well

Oh God, in the obscurity
Enlighten me
& may I be a voice in this
great mystery
To speak thy word among
the sons of men
To trace the purpose of the
history
Of day & night, of life & death
Of love & loss & all the
long account
That out of darkness flows
& darkness once again

You are ~~to~~ that ~~ra~~ who from Early dawn
That sounds through life heavens lay
The pristine music of the soul
We can but name the warning song.
The world is old & soon old
Grey hairs grow thick, some leaves fall
But that one day, when you & I
Were one, is still the best of all.
So now come death, or chance what may
In downward slope of passing years
I hold the memory of a day

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

X

Through all the dust &
smoke of life
The noise & incidence of
strife
This much is sure & clear

There ~~must~~ is, there must be
far or near
another side to this grim shield
a further, better, truer state
a means to ~~join~~ satisfy the
soul
Some a consolation to make the
whole.
We know here but the edge of
things
as deep as space as long as time
We see but steps before us laid
That each call for strength to
climb

The summit reached, or this
mountain,
Some easy slopes will lead us
down
To flowery valleys where tender
Where rest & peace alone are
known.
So may we hope that just & true
Then good will

On this dead Crater's broken rim

The cold mists of the upper
air ~~display~~
Fold & unfold their silent wings
Drift & display

Awhile shut in, with crumbling rocks
& alpine blossoms set between
A floating castle of the void.

Then far below the forests green
The twinkling lakes & on all
The steadfast steady sun.

Nature has rest & for this warrant
Steeps her fires

Throughout the land the maples flame
The time has come, the leaf must fall
Though still the sky is blue, serene,
No storm nor wintry blast at all
The time is ripe, & leaf by leaf
The work of life is shed away
Not by the tempest's stress, but in
The dreaming azure haze of day.
So, ripe in knowledge, ripe in years
The pulse beats low, the eye grows dim
& we, though blinded still with tears
We know the time has come for him.

T. D. FORM 2.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S TELEGRAPH.

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

READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.

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 from any error in the transmission or delivery of an unrepeated telegram, whether happening from the negligence of its servants or otherwise, or for delays from interruption in the working of its lines, for errors in cipher 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 usual charges for repeated messages, viz—One per cent. for any distance not exceding 1000 miles, and two per cent. for any greater distance.

The 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 telegram for transmission. No employee of the Company shall vary the foregoing.

W. 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.....

X

I tell you now the story of the Sioux Lodge
as it was Raven in days b – – – –

When – – – – made the world of plain men
the country of the Blackfeet & Dakota
He built the mountains strong to the westward
& drew the first round the north & eastward
But left the country boundless to the southward
For that way lay the pathway of the summer
& the winds that bear the snow away in winter
of the buffalo & antelope & wildfowl.
& there were other people, other plain men
Ye shall war with them, but they shall not destroy you
& in warring ye are brave & shall be mighty.
Then he led the rivers through the plains & filled them
~~& filled~~
Saying run ye west through the land & fail not

X

The Lost Cause.

I sing the cause that lost,
For which men died, & women wept
& died of grief for sons & ~~husbands~~ lovers dead.
For victory ~~hugs & kisses~~ shouts abroad,
Her Courts the cost
The hearthstones bare & swept
The void that pales the day, descending red.
Twin rights not wrong like this,
The tale is made to suit the age,
~~But~~ Or afterward, if truth prevails,
The years have left it, page by page
Till life & love & knowledge fail.
There is no angel fain to kiss
The feet of those who fought & fell

No God-like ~~man~~ one to speak & say
You taught a lot, but all is well.
I raise alone a feeble voice
Against the dominant & strong
Against the serried ranks of Hell
And ~~ask~~ ask, How long, Oh God how long!

Rideau Club,
Ottawa.

+

Through this dim portal
Cold, in stone
~~to~~ I turn me & must walk
alone
My choice was made — —
There are two ways to worship God
I chose ~~my~~ this my high austere
retreat
& left the path where busy feet
go by & common cares & so
enjoyed the warm full day life

But I must also feel as doth a man
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me
Shakespeare.

(Inscription from a Roman tomb)

I Procope, lift up my
hands against God, who
took me hence, though I was
innocent. She lived 20 years.

X

delicious

She has no soul nor knowth grief,
But like a thistle-down she flies,
When ripples flow upon the lake,
In soft warm wind & sunny skies.
When bough forms bough with gossamer
Beneath the sun or summer moon

She is a fay, a proud appiarance, illusion
The lovely phantom you love
By sunbeam painted on the ~~sea~~, ocean
The foie, the colour of a flower,
A noonday dream without position —
I know not what. — a witching form
To body heaven or perdition
~~She has no lot~~ without a part in life's ~~[illegible]~~ strong flood
That turns a thousand mills of care;
She has no part yet in tears & blood.
A light false phantasm gets air.
The humblest worker in the farm
Or fisher lad upon the sea
All sun embrowned & horney handed
Is truer, holier than she.

May 89.

[FORM 2.

THE GREAT NORTH WESTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY
OF CANADA.

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 from any error in the transmission or delivery of an unrepeated telegram, whether happening from negligence of its servants or otherwise, or for delays from interruption 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, General Manager. ERASTUS WIMAN, President.

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..... 188

READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.

X

Oh lovers drink each others breath
& kiss & clasp & laugh at death
For this is linked lifes golden chain
& you shall live & love again
In unborn time.
Cling closer Phyrne! let me feel
your kisses, warm, respond to mine
& know that in the after time, the ride full day which is to be
all that is best of thee & me
will stand exultant in the ~~dawn~~ holy dawn
of right & truth. The long night gone
with ~~afraid~~ but a dim inherited regret
sighing for the sorrows long ago
But we, we love, & touch the foretaste of it all
& each in other know the promise
of the day

X

One kiss from you would be to me
The price of empire — I could die
For but a ribbon from your hair —
A ribbon or a flower to wear

X

God's peace upon the mountain land,
Giver's peace & rest.
The clouds brood low, among the sheltered fields
Each ragged crest, parts its white banner to the sky

The hills are seamed & old, & gray
But sheltered on their sides, a thousand gray ships
Running South
Writ with strange deep rough unknowned runes
& graved with lines more than graver's art.
In which those desires may read.
Read change in all seasons.

R. P. Cook
Foundary &c

G. D. Sugall
Vancouver.

X

How those we love we pity most
We see in pain of every day
The surging upward of the soul
Within its envelope of clay
We note the path of rapid years
In growing furrows whitening hair
But find no word of full reply
To loose the bird of petty care
There still is longing unexpressed
Some latent wealth divine of love,
Some dream of an idyllic rest
Or underwish for things above
Which finds no voice or answer here
No image in the changing year
No concord in our little day

9 Sep. 88.

X

To sit in the wood, with the sound
of the brook at my feet
& let my thoughts wander & wander
whenever they may
Like to bees in a garden, or light
summer butterflies I play
now to linger a moment on this or on
that, float away with the stream
Coquette with a sunbeam or hear the
leaves speak in a say of some sybilline dream thing
To live & to know that I live as a
part of a whole.

Interwoven, apparent, incarnate the time
of the soul
To grasp the light clues of the day & to
follow them on
or back into darkness of Egypt &
days that are gone.

Rosamund L. June 89.

May we not, linking hand in hand
Together tread the vale of years

Together in this
bundle - top drawer
of desk.

X

From field & mart, from mine & oar
From our broad land from shore to shore
{ stand foot to foot & hand & heart & rank on rank for fatherland.

Our fathers made the land we love
Our sons have marched before
To beat the proud invader back & drive him from our shore

I would inscribe a thought
in verse
That it may live though I shall
die
To speak down all the after years
To stand above beyond the mist of tears
Like some white mountain, seen far
Beyond a scope of heaving sea
Nay! like the wreckage on the shore
To ~~that~~ shows this sea was sailed before
By other men in former days.
Yet ye may pass by light of day
Where I perchance am cast away
Interpreted in night.
Up on the range where the red barked pines
are scattered along the hill
& the yellow grass in billowy lines
is warm in the sun & still
When the mountains appear with grey on grey
Star purple & blue on the far sky line
Through the still hot air comes thin & clear
The distant sound of the lowing kine
Passing beautiful, free & fair
Hold fast the honour of thy soul
Be true to love of early years

He drew the pictures for the bison on the prairie
& in the sky, he marked the ~~paths~~ way of birds & winds,
& rainstorms.

Two ills there are, he said, I cannot hinder —
However good the land is, still my people
Must wear in living, ~~must grow~~ old & feeble
Till summer & till winter is a burden
Till hunting & till toilsome is no pleasure
& in after time will come a stranger people
Whose medicine is stronger than my knowledge

It was but yesterday, & yet
methinks, methinks it might be
years ago or aeons since I
walked erect a living in the sun

To raise a fleshy head & roar, alone
In strong blue seas that beat against
the tide ~~we~~ up — strait.

—

We tread upon the rage of former days
That shrink & die
The great blind heart of nature
moving on, engendering forms that live
& die, unconscious steps in fate —
or work their consciences, startled,
Saging on the day & seeking rest in night.

Great ~~Sing~~ vast & alone, you ~~raise~~ swim & roar
Amid the spume of strong blue seas
That beat against the tide
Across Nawitti bar
~~A creature of forgotten time~~ Forgot in time
or still in sunlight seek the shore
In thousands resting there at rose
Secure & side by side
or some lone inlet far

T. D. Form 2.

Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Telegraph.

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

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.

X

Contorted beds of unknown age
My weary limbs shall bear
Perchance in rent sepulchral fold
A night-mare my lair.
Deep I shall lie on unnamed streams
Or where the rocks shrine follow
Along the crested mountain ridge
Or anticlinal hollow

~~A~~ Penetrating ~~were~~ the barrier wall
The slumbering petrifaction
That for a hundred million years
Has been debarred from action.
Lain in Cohen's machine.

Where long neglected mountains stand
Rent cruelly into shreds
& laying bare on every hand ~~the treasures~~
The treasures of other seas
Or rivers valley & the sea
~~Dark~~ By bright dull attrition spoil
The priceless relics of the past
Or snatch some the Crinoid or Mollusc

Not of this
Lighting

1878

Memoranda

And where is Pinchor Creek, where men
Lord Roberts says fought well ~~to death~~ & died
At Ratbosh in the dry bar Transvaal
Upon its stony rocky copper's side.
Its waters ~~drain~~ fed from snowfields high
along the western mountains ~~Run~~ dim
Run where the flower-decked foothills spread
Upon the furthest prairie's rim,
And Cattle, lowing in the dusk,
Come down to seek its cooling flood

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S TE

All Messages taken by this Company are subject to the following

It is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company that the said for damages arising from failure to transmit or deliver, or for any error in the transmission telegram, whether happening from negligence of its servants or otherwise, or for delays from of its lines, for errors in cypher or obscure messages, or for errors from illegible writing, bey sending same. To guard against errors, the Company will repeat back any telegram for an e regular rate, and in that case it shall not be liable for damages beyond fifty times the amou repeating.

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SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE, PRESIDENT.
CHAS. R. HOSMER, MANAGER TELEGRAPHS.

B. S. JENKINS, SUPT., Winnipeg, Man.
HOMER PINGLE, SUPT., Toronto, Ont.

J. W
JAMES

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

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

TO

READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.

+

A Man, for whom all maids may pray
in purity of soul,
Young, & a God among the Gods, erect & true
& wise
A type of all that stands for right against
the flood of time
The perfect form in wildness of Natures rough
Sublime.
So it doth seem, ~~that~~ as I who write, admire
& give him place.
What is my love to women kind against the
human race
The web of thought, the facile pen, the subtle play
of mind,
There may be more in some estate that
fantasy may find,
~~If there~~ I rest, with great intent & motives
~~true~~ true & sain
But little more than shadowing the
Sunshine & the rain
That beat upon this isle of life

Feb. 25. 1900. Canada at Paardeberg.

We know today our tale of dead,
Spread on the sun-baked windy plain!
Our best, who left us without dread
But may ~~no more~~ not now return again.
But pride is mingled with our tears,
The seed grows to the stately tree,
We know that in the tide of years
We sow for empire yet to be.
Our loss, our gain – no sorrow felt
As rising in the East we see
~~The sun bring daylight to the pale~~
The day flood all the waiting vale.
But fathers, mothers, sisters, wives –
Your loss ~~seems~~ is more than you can bear
For you these young exultant lives
Gone out, is darkness everywhere.
We grieve with you, we stand to aid

X

Yes, it is early morning there,
At Lassa, somewhere in Thibet,
We know the dawn is rising grey
Upon the ~~hills~~ hoppes & gardens ~~streaked~~ wet
~~Night dew wet~~
~~with~~ in summer dew, with poppies gay.
The willows hang along the meres
Of ancient rivers, green & still,
And bells begin to strike & clang
In old Cathay from hill to hill.
And that is all we know ~~of Central Sud~~
Of Central Sud, ~~remote~~ alone & far
More unfamiliar than a distant star.

RIDEAU CLUB
OTTAWA.

Two hundred men that Gordon crowed
To stem the tide of faltering war;
Two hundred men, that might have saved
His life & all he stood there for
So many thousands keen to go
But none to send — no word to say
Advance! with steel & shot & brand
~~& back the foeman hence away~~
The bars of sorcery away
Now fourteen years of silence lies
Upon his unrecorded tomb
At last the wanted bugnets rise
In gleams to light the western gloom.
High on the desert's glimmering verge
The flag he loved, some men he knew
Horse, foot, & guns in one great surge

T. D. Form 2.

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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.....

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READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP

She was not a woman yet to me
But a youth full goddess
When the world was still to be

Boy & girl, in the youth of the world
& I know not if she was a goddess
or whether the dawning (of what was to be)
That rose in my soul was her glory
I know, looking back upon the wreckage
~~The~~ lost drift of the sea
That the glory encircles be still. –
There is nothing to be
Even memory slackens its hold (on the past)
But I say that the light of her eyes may endure
Still the lost.

Received 27th / 11 88

Poor chap he knows no better
He doesn't care a cent
~~but with party ticket~~
He's ~~a~~ ~~X~~ quite content.
So its clear as mud I reckon
That it is my place to hold
for ~~X~~ the ~~free~~ American nation lies
on the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ N. East
d-d working fool.
So walk in all your peoples
~~X~~ see this moral show
There's starting in the country end
~~If you find New England slow,~~
If Boston is too slow

Give me the 'almighty dollar'
~~To the~~ Great United States
~~With~~ enough to buy a 'Roller'
~~A big car & a young~~
~~At the Exhibition Sales~~
~~In the States & Empire & States~~ —

But wait — I must have another
An Irish or darky 'Bridget'
To work & attend to chores
While I take my ease at the doors,
& surprise the Store.
I take in the name of freedom, —
What better name can be?
That part of my 'brothers' economy
Which rightly belongs to me.

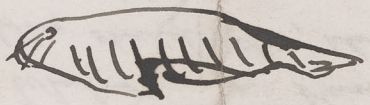
Oh life – Thy instrument a complex
Life seems filled with ten thousand chords.

What does a Flute mean?
Why should she, when I have worshiped from afar
Not two strike one dead of love
Leave life in sudden dawn

What does a Flute mean?
Why should dawn wont red
& why should shes only
When I ~~has~~ may worshiped from afar
Leave ~~lives~~ with a sudden dawn
When I ~~appear~~ draw near

What does her Flute mean?
If I wear red or ~~pink~~ dead
Perhaps, but yet a face
Or red or some cold distant spherical star
Should be strangely crowns
To banish fear
To say, fair maid does dawn mean
Every day, by day
Or is thy flute a false dawn
The short lived jealous
Or has long way.

Ottawa, ... 189...



You are quite nothing but an a little angel

But what are we to do

when they take to raising angels

in the town of Kalamazoo

Kalamazoo of Michigan

(why the 'Gan', would not

Michi, ~~[illegible]~~ Michi only it might

~~[illegible]~~ do?)

You're the profile of a madonna a goddess

~~of~~ a color of the sun

TELEPHONE No. 3070.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS,
"HOSTELRY, LONDON."

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

In top drawer of desk – together as here

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

TELEPHONE No. 3070.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS,
"HOSTELRY, LONDON."

What you see when you have got
old Jan Jum — Brother Jonathan
at Cumberland House.

Lay. 'The d—d old fowl, after
I've been twisting his tail for
the last hundred years he gets up
there & strikes all the knobs out
of it.

We raise the Great Silk Flag of war;
Our people wove it, thread by thread
Through Countless flowery years of Peace
Where long Canals, through Gardens led,
Enrich the land.
By paths where Million workers tread
The spindle & the loom ~~were~~ ~~paths~~ plied,
Beside ~~our~~ the sacred ~~tombs~~ tombs, where, dead,
~~our fathers Smell the sacrifice~~.
Our fathers ~~tombs are~~ bones lie deified.
That harvest grew in times of Peace
In seed & forest drought & rain
Before the strong barbaric west
Came strewing all the world with slain,
Came seizing lands & plewing fens
Amid our fields, on temple walls,
It is our protest for our sons,
We see the Omen of our falls.
But every heaven-descended one

If sage or toiler in the sun.
For Hwa Hsia can die.

T. D. Form 2

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T. G SHAUGHNESSY, President. B. S. JENKINS, Gen. Supt., Winnipeg, Man. W. J. CAMP, Supt., Montreal, Que.
JAS. KENT, Manager Telegraphs. J. WILSON, Supt., Vancouver, B.C. A. W. BARBER, Supt., Toronto, Ont.

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 190

Short Line
Via Ottawa

☞ READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE T

So, worn by age, he lies there – dead,
And all the weary lines of doubt & stress
That grew upon his face have fled.
Once more, and after life, a half-success
~~The confidence of youth returns~~
His brow is confident & ~~young~~ clear;
~~And fronting fate~~
And ~~stay~~ you, ~~He~~ lies there fronting destiny
~~as memory shows him~~
as stay is in some early scar
? – I see him leading in the world's array,
I am his son.

X

The end is very near,
That end to which all come
where
When the eyes see not
And the voice is dumb.
Where life ebbs & the flow of life is death
To prove that life is life.
The ~~mind~~ hand that held & measured
weighs no more, the ~~hand~~ mind,
That played about the secret soul of things,
Has lost its cunning ~~its course~~
All its course is stayed
And dropping like the sun, the night
Spreads wide & still its sable wings

~~Is not~~
The dark intolerable night of death.
And yet, ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~know~~ beyond, it seems
There must be waking, as in some great town
~~where~~ with all ~~the~~ new voices of the dawn ~~and~~
And stroke of unfamiliar bells
— Peaceful morn, as in some ancient city
~~I imagine it~~ we sleep & wake with the light
where ~~the traveller of this sleep, with light,~~
Hear ~~the~~ unfamiliar voices of the dawn
And music of strange bells.

THE GREAT NORTH WESTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF CANA

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.

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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.

☞ PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY.

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

....189

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GIVE SUFFICIENT ADDRESS

HE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.

X

Sailing free, in the dead of the night, in the Jade
With a white foam behind & no light —
All the spume of the sea blowing thick in the air — a dim veil.
On the reef — with a crash, in the night
And the sea beating heavy & long on a wreck
Climbing dark on the side, rushing white on the slant of the deck.
~~The~~ A Cold bitter winter of wind that cries shrill up aloft,
The tools lost, far from land, no help to the flares or
the Jaws.
Storm-battered & broken the wreckage is spread
On the face of the ~~sea~~ deep that is guarding its dead.
~~So sailed the argosy over sea, in the sun, many days~~
~~So the argosy breaks, above white sail from afar~~
~~Has been wafted so long over sea~~
Blown from far by soft winds over sea many days,
In a blue sphere of ocean & air

FORM 2.

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:—

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H. P. DWIGHT, President and General Manager.

Direct Connection with ATLANTIC CABLES and WESTERN UNION Telegraph Co.

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

To 189

☞ READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.

PARK HOUSE,
KING'S ROAD,
RICHMOND, SURREY.

Lorne on G. M. D's deck

General abt. father

How grand
'Twas in the adventurous days of old
When half the world was yet untold,
When men looked out upon the deep
And dreamed as we do but in sleep;
Dreamed of fair lands, where gems and gold
Lay on the white sea sands untold, — untrodden
Or rivers slid on golden sand
While Where spice-trees hung on either hand.

'Twas then the ships their sails unfurled
To seek the newly found, new world.
Small ~~ships~~ as they were none then could say
They'd shape a country's destiny
(But) on the foremost floated high
Jaques Cartier's pennon gainst the sky
That flag had crossed the seas before
And flown by many, an unknown shore.

Day sinking in the illumined west
Lights every rolling billow's crest
As with gay songs the seamen free
Their sails, upon the open sea.

× × × ×

'Tis night the stars hang thick on high,
And glassy waves reflect the sky.
Three ships lie rocking on the deep,
And the wild sea seems hushed to sleep.
The seamen sleep and long return
(In dreams, to where their household presides burn,
While others in their thoughts explore,
The treasures of some unknown shore.

× × × ×

Dark clouds are rushing from the north
Pregnant with storm, and thunder forth
Their rage that man shoul dare invade
The sea where they so oft had played.
And bounding on the hungry waves
To drag the ships to ocean graves
While the mad winds, without control
Rush ~~off their~~ unrugged wan from pole to pole.

2 (~~Scudding~~ plunging before the furious blast,
While every plunge appears the last;
1 (The ship's rush onward ~~through~~ amid the storm,
~~Red~~ With fear, and dreadful darkness borne.

× × × ×

Dawn breaks across the pulsing deep
And night's black pinions westward sweep
Morn lights with gold the pointed mast,
On the white sails its beams are cast,
The sleepy steersman marks the sun
That shows his weary watch is done.
And then he westward turns his eyes,
His face lights up with glad surprise
Land! Land! Awake the land's in view!
Lai in the distance looming blue!"
Then with a rush from down below
Comes the glad crew; and from the glow
Each with his brown hand shades his eyes
And for himself the land descries.
Now ~~And then~~ with glad shouts some shake the air,
While others kneel in thankful prayer.
And all day long the ship doth ring
With song, and joy drowns every thing;
Till when the sun goes down to rest
Mid the red curtains of the west,
They float beside an pine-clad shore
Where ~~with~~ on black rocks the billows roar
And till coasting onward soon they ~~found~~ ~~RE~~ find
~~A haven sheltered all around~~ ~~Giving in then the~~
Shut in by rocks, ~~But~~ Just before
Their ~~bay a patch of~~ spreads a little bow of shore.—
The red man peering through the leaves
Sees the great ship but scarce believes

The shelter of a haven kind

So silently it nears the shore
Without the splash of dipping oar,
But when the crew with joyful shout
Throw the long useless, anchor out.
He thinks of monsters from the deep,
Of ~~evil~~ evil? spirits seen in sleep;
He turns, and through the forest flies
Silent, to where his ~~wigwam~~ village lies.

They ~~rest~~ ~~them~~ there
Then ~~stayed~~ rest they there a little space,
And, though t'was but a rocky place
After the turmoil of the sea,
It ~~seemed~~ seems to them all heavenly.
They ~~plucked~~ pluck the may flower, near the trees,
That sheds ~~sich~~ spring perfume on the breeze; & revelled in the perfumed breeze
They ~~climbed~~ climb with joy each neighbouring hill,
And ~~drank~~ drink from every secret rill.
Till when the other ships ~~appeared~~ appear,
They set their sails and westward ~~steered~~ sailed
Then they sailed by many islands
Rocky islets fringed with trees
On whose rocks forever jabber
Wavelets driven by the breeze.

Till they reached the broad St Lawrence
Where it mingles with the sea
When its bank are blue and distant
Ebbing flowing ceaselessly.

Possible Prologue
in the Present
in the Past of the story of my

'Twas the river which beforehand
From the red men, Carber Kasew
Rands its flood they said stretched westward
Tile its sources no man knew
Passing any human view
But some thought its fountain bubbled
In the cavern of the west
Where the sun retires each evening
In the islands of the blest.

Westward Westward, ever westward
~~Tac and fro~~ Tat them on from side to side
Where the mountains rise in clusters
With their feet ~~dyed in~~ beneath the tide

Till again they ~~fast~~ drop their the anchor
Where the Lagunays dark tide,
Stretches up among the mountains,
Hung with cliffs at either side.

There at Tadvarac they rested
In the little rock girt bay
Mountains crowd~~ed~~ing up around it
Dark with pines at highest day.

On the water those fished the Red men Indian
Hunted deer among the hills
~~And when the chief~~ when they had been successful
~~Sang~~ chief away all cares and ills.

— B

Now the steamer rushes ever
Shrieking ~~on among the hills~~ between up and down the stream
Teeming crowds in search of respite
From the sultry cities steam.

For ~~another~~ a toiling race possesses
All the red man once enjoyed
Who thrive on for fame and riches
Till their bodies are destroyed.

~~And~~ ~~Once~~ again the sails were set and
~~And~~ yielding to the favouring wind
They shot out on the ~~vious sea~~ St Lawrence
~~And~~ left the mountain's gloom behind.

Passed they then where ~~wooded~~ green clad islands
Lie asleep upon the stream
Where the woods ~~are~~ were thick and silent
And among them, brooklets gleam

Till ~~to~~ soon Cape Diamond's cliffs arose
Tall ~~Bare~~ ragged rocks ~~Monument~~ against the skies — B
As if some manitou in war
Had torn it from ~~some~~ the mountain far,
Had thrown it there upon the ground,
Had traced the rivers course around,
And ~~there~~ then his enemies defied,
And dared their strength to cross the tide. (~~and bade them keep~~ the further side.
~~They~~ When at its foot a village lay
~~Reposed~~ Its shadow lay the day.

They stayed, and made the cliffs resound
With joyful cannon's thundering sound.
How often since, that rock of fame
Has belched its mingled shot and flame
How often round its steepy side,
Has roiled the conflicts ~~waving~~ changing tide.
But then all peacefully it stood,
Reflected in ~~the~~ t'untroubled flood.
~~Then~~ In canoes the red man (Indians) came
singing with fruit, and fish, and game ——?
~~They~~ ~~They~~ ~~and~~ layed them at the travelers feet, t
That they the country's food might eat =?
And Donnacona lord and king
Did offerings and presents bring.

But still the ardent travellers pressed
Into the dim, unknown west
In boats they ~~pressed~~ stemmed the rivers tide
And rowed ~~along~~ beneath its tree-clad side
And when at eve their work was done
They ~~watched~~ gazed upon the setting sun.
In thought preceded their slow course
And traced the mighty rivers source.
Till after many days of toil,
They came to where ~~the~~ (mad) waters boil
~~Rushing~~ (Hurrying) ~~rushing~~, singing, on their way
Fill all the quivering air with spray.
No longer could their journey go
Nor pass ~~the~~ (the) ~~rushing~~ (rapids) waters flow.
No farther could ~~the~~ t'adventurous band
Explore the far extending land.

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

S. M. D.

For Ruth

All-potent Jupiter, smiles from on high,
Calmly the fruitful earth, smiles in reply.

Smiles mighty Jove, from the Olympian height,
And nature looking up smiles at the sight.

If then you wish to live aright,
Begin it now, today;
Nor think of some convenient time,
There's failure in delay.

Tis like the countryman who stood,
Upon the rivers shore,
There waiting till it had run past
That he might dry go o'er.

But still the river flows along,
Rooling towards the sea,
And forms, a barrier as strong
To all eternity.

G. M. Dawson.

Georges Poems

C

I have watched the tide come stealing in
On the white & ripply sand;
I seen the ebbing wave withdrawn
Like the touch of a womans hand.

I have heard the ~~wind~~ crust to & fro
In the fine woods by the sea
And felt the warmly scented breath
as it wandered from tree to tree

I have thought that life ~~seemed~~ was very strange,
And the passing ~~of~~ years of this
Seemed less than a mist upon the deep
In the thoughtful silence then

I have dreamed that it must be all a dream,
That the yearnings for things unknown
Are but wishes we wish in troubled sleep
The shadows of things ~~long~~ thoughts flown

Ernest.
Dec 13/70.

C

List, to the new-born leaflets
Up in the spring trees
Talking together in whispers,
In the lilac-scented breeze.

Oh could I translate the feelings
That rise within my heart,
The silent joy, & the sadness
That flow from nature's rest.

The thoughts of forgotten gladness,
And of unremembered care,
Well up in a blended fountain,
Under the sunshine fair.

My mind for a moment sketches
Into the the misty deep,
That silence so vast & voiceless
Where the secrets of nature sleep,

But the rift as quickly closes
And the world surrounds again,
The deadening sense of matter,
And the busy hum of men.

a

But the ocean holds
its secrets,
and its depths we
cannot tread,
They are sacred still
& silence
o the couches of the
dead.

What power hath the flowing
ocean,
Where the land & waters meet
With its hollow whispered secrets
as it rushes at my feet-

Chelsea Congregational Church Home Mission

MR. W. H. WHITBREAD, MISSIONARY.

During the year ending September 30th, 1870, about 960 hours were occupied in the work, and about 3000 visits paid. At 600 of these visits, opportunity was given for Reading of the Scriptures and Prayer. Most of these were to the aged, the sick, and the dying, and frequently our Missionary was the only friend whose ministrations they received.

Frequent visits were paid to the Mothers' Meeting and the Sabbath School, where he usually delivered an address. Many of the Mothers and Parents of the Scholars have received visits at their own homes, and his influence has frequently been successful in inducing parents to place their children under Christian instruction.

Services were conducted during 9 months of the year, in Sydney Hall, Leader Street, and 45 of the addresses were by the Missionary. These meetings were not altogether without fruit. Several were induced to attend the Services at Markham Square, and at least three to attend Young the Men's Bible Class, in addition to some known cases of spiritual good.

Many cases of distress have come under his notice, been carefully investigated, and as far as possible helped. In one case he was able, by the help of friends, to raise £3 for an aged Christian couple, and so saved them from losing their little all.

At the unanimous request of the members of the Young Men's Bible Class, and with the sanction of the Committee, he has undertaken its Presidency; 22 have already joined, and several plans are projected, calculated to increase its efficiency, and to make it an important auxiliary in our Church work.

The results have been such as to impress the Committee with the desirability of continuing, and if possible extending, such operations. The amount required per annum is under £60, and towards this we have received in Subscriptions this year £16 : 8 : 0; from the Sabbath School Mission Fund, £10 : 0 : 0; from the Christian Instruction Society, £5 : 0 : 0; leaving £20 : 12 : 0 still to be raised for 1870. Our Collection last year was so small that we closed the year with a balance due to Treasurer of £13 : 14 : 4½.

Collections will be made next Sabbath, when we trust your liberality will be such as to free the Committee of liabilities, and enable them to pursue their work.

Promises of Annual Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mrs. POLLOK, 22, Beaufort Street, Collector; or Dr. SCATLIFF, 132, Sloane Street, Superintendent and Treasurer.

ANDREW MEARNS, *President.*
W. R. GARWOOD, 261, King's Road, *Secretary.*

Originals of G. M. D's
poems

C They tell that the time is passing
They chatter the days fast,
I wonder if my future
That comes all too fast,

But there is a deeper meaning
Some dim unknown fate
That is ~~[illegible]~~ (clothed) without reason
I chanted in the gale.

And this voice this very uneasy
out from Can comprehend
To them it is ~~but~~ a shadow
I a tale without an end.

But from beside the surges
With the echo in their ears
Come ~~that~~ poets, sages, soldiers
Who name the passing years.

C

Stars - beacon lights & guide the
mind
From all things earthly - poor & low
Reposing calm above the wind
That always beats us to & fro ?

Star beyond star & skie beyond
The ever lessening clusters glow

Notes.
What shows
P.O. Orders
Postcards
Cash!
Letters
Books.

Forms
Which.
Booking
Letters

Like a ~~wind~~ stream carried leaf as it
rolls along.
Now flitting in sunshine, now gliding
in shade
as the
So the last days of summer are
upon us fade.

C

Some power speaks within us, with eloquent voice
We are not alone meant for the tomb;
But the future lies dark past the confines of life
and no eye can pierce through the thick gloom.

As our friends one by one, pass away, disappear —
In the stillness, the darkness, the dread
We look on each other in silence, in fear, —
Tread softly, because he is dead.

He's gone ~~gone~~ out into space, like the meteor that burns,
As it flashes a moment in view
And then rushes out, on its infinite course;
Where none its dark way may pursue.

We see the strong links that do bind us to earth,
To the hearts that around us do move.
But we grasp int darkness & space, unrepaid,
For a link coming down from above.

C

The Sea! the sea. I love the Sea
So vast so mystic & so free
The Sea the universal soul
That quicks the earth pole to pole
The Sea that washes every shore
Wherever its billows roar
Neath tropic sky or artic pole
Repeat ever its old tale
(In (V) lashes on the Shore)
a tale that none may comprehend
Although its accents never end.
That as it surges on the mind
Is all to vast to be defined
But leaves a sense of mighty awe
Or
The sea upon whose mighty breast
Then
The day is born — & in the west
Into thy lap at eve goes down
Pursued by night's advancing frown.
Declining sinks & dies

The Sea the Sea I love the Sea
So vast mysterious free
The sea the universal Soul
That earth trembles to Jove
The Sea that lashes every Shore
Whenever it pleases Nature

Roots.
Arrangements with
Packing & Publishing

Packing.
Glen. Bus.
Cell Depositions.
Sculptors
Engrav.

Quackett.
Nature
Hours

Write.
Prof. Brand.
Neighbourhood
Society
Institute
Russell

Michigan & Great
Glacial Sculpting
of lakes

Land bird at Sea

Thou art not like the ocean birds
With well oiled plumage & venturing wing
That sit upon the wind rocked waves & laugh,
To see the storm tossed vessel pitch & swing.

Thy strength is nearly gone, & thou
Beating the air with ever flagging wing
Scanest the weary deep, to find
Some foot-rest on some solid thing

Bending & flying on before the gale
Thou seest a refuge in the distant mast
Steering along the wind towards the sail
Fainting thou fallest on the deck at last.

S.W.D.

C

Where ~~the~~ Sequoias blue waves come rooling
and falling
And rushing upon the wild shore
On riffles steal softly upon it
And kiss the bright pebbles they bore

Where the mountains all rise dark with their
pine trees
and hoary with lichens each stone
Look all silently down, in the ocean —
On the rocks at their feet were we thrown

From our home in the deep pulsing
ocean
Where we swayed too and fro with
the tide,
We were torn in its angry commotion,
And thrown as bright wrecks far and
wide
Now embalmed and spread out
on this paper
We regret the cool sea where we
grew
But are happy to linger in exile,
If we bring any pleasure to you

C

Dark

Forever and forever, breaks, the sea upon the shore,
And changing woods wail solemnly to ocean's roar.
Forever and forever, float the clouds above the sea
Now black and sullen with their load, now bright and heavenly.
Forever and forever, turns the never changing globe,
Each instant gives to thousands life, and takes away the load.
Forever and forever, floats the earth around the sun,
A hetacomb of dreadful death, where life is never done.
Like some great plague-ship doomed to swing at anchor evermore,
Where certain death waits everyone, and none can reach the shore.
What art thou life that I so prize? — The ability to die.
Oh that I never had awaked from calm nonentity!

C

She is waking, She is waking
Where the distant waters flow;
Where the silent day is breaking ?
& the heavens are aglow

Where the breezes that have slumbered
Shake their drowsy wings again
& arise with scents unnumbered
From the flowers where they have lain.

It is noonday here & toiling
And the floods of life are strong
And the dusty highways teeming
With the busy moving throng.

But the west is in its morning
And the shadows still retreat
While the dawn in its adorning
Follows fast with shining feet.

Ephd.

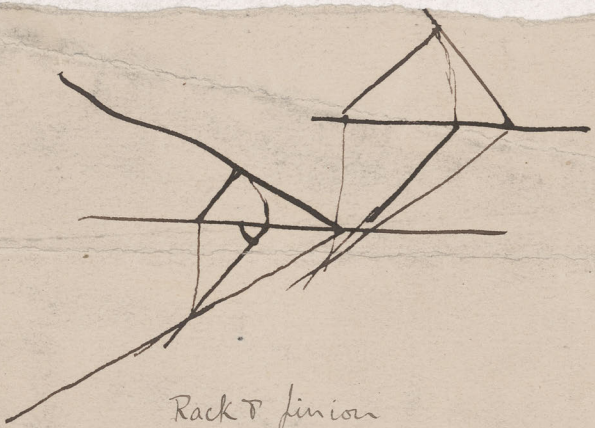
Feb. 72.

C From ~~the~~ scented Isle, to scented isle
The hoyer breezes went & came
V slowly fill the setting sun
Upon a sea of burning flame.

C

on thy worn brow the Sun
pour the far deserts brink
Thrond in gold hatt cast long yellow
beams.
How stun who
can tell.

Thre still thou art while the
warm hands that gave them form.
are still, — wait shrunken
falcons upturned to beams
or folded on the
breast.



Rack & pinion

The curves of the rack teeth are cycloids generated by a circle whose diameter equals the distance between the centre of the pinion & its pitch line.
The curves of the pinion cogs are involutes of the circle, but in practise are drawn by describing arcs of circles, from a centre on the pitch line, & in the centre of the next cog.

C

Calm smiling face who with unclosing eye
Hast seen so many thousand years roll by.
Whose feet - the purple Nile so oft hath bathed
When all the Land of Egypt was unswathed
By the kind pregnant flood.

Empires have waxed, have waned,
Have rooled around thy feet;
Like the flood of thine ~~own Nile~~
Our Nile have slid away.

~~Boring!!~~

Fossils.

~~Illustrations.~~

Range in time Table

Phys-Geol.

Trousers

Characteristic Insects

C. Canada.

Nothing for the cruel Spaniard,
Naught to quench his thirst for gold;
No rich Aztec chiefs to plunder,
Where the broad St Laurence rolled.

So they turned their prows, and left it,

Left it pure, and left it free,
Left it for the sturdy Romans,
Scions of a noble tree.

Letters - G. M. D. -

relating to his trip to Europe - in 1882 -

- a lonely journey with - sad heart -