

The Queen's Own at Niagara.



THE Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto duly celebrated Her Majesty's birthday this year by going into camp at Niagara; and by the courtesy of Mr. Walsh we to-day present a couple of engravings of scenes in the camp.

The regiment left the city on the evening of Saturday, the 23rd, leaving the drill hall about four o'clock and marching up Jarvis street to King, along King to Yonge, and down Yonge to the wharf, embarking on the steamer Chicora. Along the line of march the streets were crowded with people, completely blocking all traffic, and showing how popular the regiment, and in fact all military display is to the good people of the Queen City. As soon as all were on board, the baggage waggons were unloaded, the band struck up some favourite airs and the steamer slowly backed out, with cheers from the countless friends of the corps who stood on the wharf. The muster was a fairly large one, numbering in all 507 men, under command of Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, assisted by Major Sankey and Capt. Pellatt; the popular Adjutant, Captain Macdonald, was to the fore as usual, as were also Captain Hicks, Quarter-Master, and Surgeon Nattras. The following officers commanded companies:—"A" Company, Captain Thompson; "B," Lieutenant Ince; "C," Captain Green; "D," Captain Mason; "E," Captain Mutton; "F," Captain McGee; "G," Captain Bennett; "H," Captain Gunther; "I," Captain Murray.

The corps had a pleasant trip across the lake, and on arriving at the historic town of Niagara they found all its people *en fete* to receive Toronto's crack regiment, and the reception given was most enthusiastic and cordial. On disembarking the battalion was formed up in column and marched to the camp ground, headed by their brass and bugle bands. A fatigue party of twenty-six men, under the command of Major Sankey, had been sent over early in the morning to pitch tents, etc., so that the regiment found everything ready and lost no time in preparing a substantial supper. On the following morning the corps paraded at nine o'clock for divine service, which was held on the ground, the regiment forming in a hollow square; the service was conducted and the sermon preached by the Rev. W. J. Armitage, rector of St. James Church, St. Catharines, who, as a former member of the regiment, had, we doubt not, special pride in addressing his old corps. After service the battalion was dismissed for the day, and the men spent the time as they chose. A pleasant feature was the entertaining at dinner by the officers of the Queen's Own, those of the Eleventh Regiment, New York Infantry, now in garrison at Fort Niagara, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Monday morning the camp was awake bright and early, and settled down to a little hard work. Immediately after breakfast company and battalion drill was ordered, and most of the morning was profitably occupied in this way. At noon the honored custom of firing a *feu-de-joie* and giving three cheers for the Queen was duly performed, after which came a march past; then followed a miniature sham battle, in which "A" and "C" Companies formed the defence, while the remainder of the corps assumed the offensive. The work was well and thoroughly done. Dinner followed, showing that appetites had been developed to an abnormal extent by the morning's drill. Then came a baseball match between teams of the Q. O. R. and the American Regulars from across the river, the Yanks winning by thirteen. Query—Why didn't the Rifles tackle them at lacrosse and show them how a good honest Canadian game was played? Then came athletic sports, ending with a tug of war between detachments from the two corps, which was won by the Queen's Own. In the races, Pte. Samuels, of the Eleventh New York, ran very well, winning one second and two third prizes. After the games preparation had to be made for departure, and at about eight o'clock all embarked, bag and baggage, on the steamer Cibola, carrying with them many reminiscences of their pleasant trip to Canada's most historic frontier. The vessel reached Toronto between twelve and one, and the regiment was marched to the drill hall and dismissed. The outing was an excellent one in every way, and the Toronto battalions show their brothers-in-arms in eastern cities an example which we hope the latter will not be slow in emulating.



FRONTENAC.

By the courtesy of Mr. Arthur Weir we are able to present to-day a photograph of the statue of Frontenac, recently executed by our famous sculptor, Mr. Hebert, at present in Paris. The statue has been erected on the grounds of the Parliament Buildings, Quebec, and is intended to be the first of a series of representations of the most prominent historical figures in Canadian annals. In this case the sculptor has represented the French Governor in the act of replying to the envoy of Sir William Phipps, who, on that day, (16th October, 1690,) summoned Quebec to surrender.

SERGEANTS OF THE 65TH BATT.

It is a rather unfortunate fact that the young men of the French-Canadian portion of the community do not, as a body, take very kindly to volunteering. With the large population in Montreal of Gallic descent, but one regiment recruits solely in that class; this is the 65th Battalion, "Mount Royal Rifles," mustering eight companies of well-drilled young men. It is a well known fact that the non-commissioned officers are the backbone of a regiment, and the present is no exception to this rule. The N.C. officers of the 65th are a hard working and energetic body, well up in their drill, and zealous in maintaining the discipline and reputation of their corps. A "Sergeants Mess" has been formed in the regiment, and we to-day present portraits of a number of its most prominent members, including the popular Sergeant-Major.

THE WHALE-BACK.

A new type of vessel has sprung upon an unsuspecting world; it rejoices in the euphonious name that heads this article, and is remarkable chiefly for its great ugliness and greater storage capacity. We append an engraving of this novel craft, which will give a better idea of its appearance than would any amount of letter-press description. The first one arrived in Montreal, from Duluth, on the 16th ultimo, and attracted great attention from its extraordinary appearance; it is built entirely of steel, was 265 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 22 feet deep, and rejoices in the peculiarly artistic and classical name of "Joseph L. Colby." All engines and machinery are at one end, the great hull being devoted exclusively to storage; her carrying capacity is 2600 tons, and she brought 67,000 bushels of wheat. The deck is arched, and for safety is surrounded by a wire fence. Their trip through the upper rapids was a most eventful one, and, but for the skill shown by the old French-Canadian pilot, Ouellette, the vessel and her cargo would probably have administered a sudden shock to the esthetic susceptibilities of the fish that haunt the River St. Lawrence.

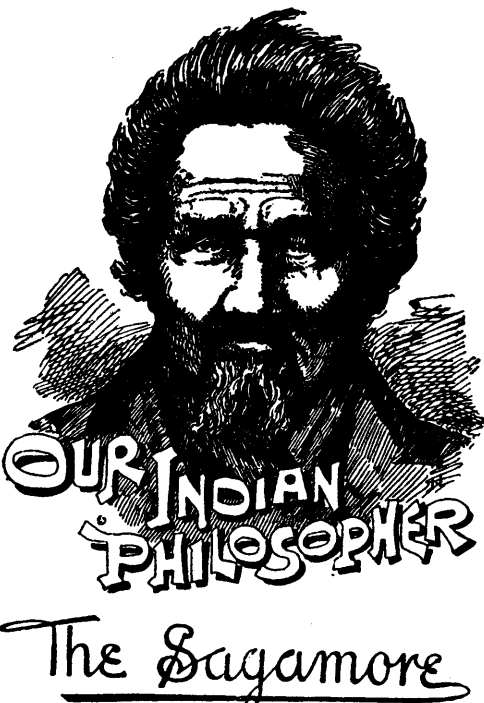
THE COTE ST. ANTOINE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

This club has made great strides this season, and now ranks among the foremost in the Dominion, as regards the number of "courts" and its membership. There are seven "courts," all in excellent condition, and about one hundred and fifty members.

The club grounds are situated on Kensington avenue, facing the mountain, and the view from the commodious pavilion is a most beautiful one. There are several good lady players in the club, probably as good as any in the Dominion. Cote St. Antoine is fortunate in having such a fine live club in its midst, as it provides healthy, innocent recreation for the residents, and is beneficial in many other directions.

On Saturday, June 27, the club held a "lawn tennis and garden party," upon which occasion a match was played with the McGill College club (four "singles" and four "doubles"), which resulted in a victory for the McGill club. The play was very good, some of the "setts" being quite close and exciting. The visitors were greatly pleased with the beautiful location of the club grounds and the excellent condition of the lawn. During the afternoon and evening a good string band was in attendance, and the young ladies of the club dispensed refreshments. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated and a large number of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves "dancing on the green." The whole affair was a great success and was much enjoyed by all who were fortunate in being present. Much of the success of the club is due to the following energetic committee which manages the affairs of the club:—W. M. Knowles, hon. president; J. B. Kerr, president; H. M. Penfold, vice-president; David Williamson, Andrew

Rutherford, A. A. Kerr, D. Macfarlane, Geo. H. Archibald, W. C. J. King, committeemen; and H. E. Suckling, hon. secretary-treasurer.



THE Milicete sagamore reclined on a mossy bank, and did not alter his position when the reporter sauntered up and accosted him.

"I have nothing particular to say," remarked the reporter, seating himself, "but I thought I would come up and have a talk anyhow."

Mr. Paul suddenly straightened himself up.

"You ain't got anything to talk about?" he demanded.

"Nothing in particular."

"Then you better git away from here pooty quick."

"Why so? Are'n't you in talking humour, Mr. Paul?"

"I jist come back from Ottawa," responded the sagamore.

"Well?"

"When I'm up there I went up to that Parliament House. I seen lot men there hadn't anything p'tic'lar to talk about."

"Well?"

"They talked more'n anybody else," said the sagamore. "They jaw away all the time. Then I come down to Montreal. I went with Mayor McShane to that City Council. Some men there ain't got anything p'tic'lar to talk about. But they're longest winded men I ever seen. They kin talk all day. Now if you come here tell me you ain't got nothin' to talk about—that means you're gonto blather away all day. You better go'way from here quick's you kin."

"Sir!" said the reporter with dignity, and rising deliberately to his feet, "do I understand you to compare me with a member of parliament, or a—a—a Montreal alderman?"

"Ah bah."

"Then I certainly will get away from here as quickly as I can. Blister my tongue if I say another word to you. Montreal alderman, indeed! Have you heard what one of them did the other day?"

Mr. Paul shook his head.

"Why, sir, he talked every other man out of the council chamber, and then set to work to talk himself out. At the expiration of ten hours a man went in to see how he was getting along. He was found lying within ten feet of the door. His pulse had been stopped for a long time, but his tongue was still going."

"What was he talkin' about all that time?" demanded the sagamore.

"Nothing," candidly admitted the reporter. "He was just making an ordinary aldermanic address."

The old man complacently nodded and pointed down the path.

"I don't want your pulse to stop round here," he remarked. The dialogue ended there and then, for the reporter was previously offended.