

der the direction of competent clerks, close upon the sister department, the post office. A short distance from both is a newspaper office, hard by to a very large tent forming a canvas club room, the lounging and reading place of the camp *quid nunc*. Exactly opposite to the large refreshment building is the exhibition tent, which we have no time to go through; but just peeping into it we see upon lengthy blue velvet covered tables, guarded by policemen, thousands upon thousands of pounds worth of prizes; two especially catching the eye, the Elcho challenge shield of oxidized silver, that requires four stout fellows to carry it, and the yet more massive silver cup presented by China, of such exquisite workmanship, that it occupied its engraver, Lee Ching by name, two long years in engraving it. Leaving the "exhibition" we next come upon the great "bell tent" erected to protect the camp folk from the sun's rays during the celebration of divine service on Sundays; and another excellent Wimbledon institution, a place of gossip and a haven of rest erected exclusively for the use of lady visitors.

Starting from where we were before entering upon this last digression, nearly opposite to us running almost due south, is the Wimbledon bazaar, a bazaar in the Indian sense, a long narrow street of tents gaily decorated with flags and banners, thronged by volunteers of every color and pattern, some with Indian puggheries, some with white cotton turbans (for the heat is great) all hurrying to and fro like ants upon a sand hill, every other man carrying a gun upon his shoulder, each with a look indicative of business. This bazaar is simply a street of tents owned by many of the leading London tradesmen selected by the Association who offer for sale articles for volunteer and military use, and novelties in the form of camp necessities. We'll just for a moment look into one to give the reader an idea of the kind of things offered for sale. Here in tent No. 1, for instance is an excellent and simple valise kit, tested and found to answer well in the field, for carrying the regulation 40 lbs. weight of necessities to which all subalterns in the British army is restricted. Not far off is a camp bedstead, which in one form is a comfortable bed, being convertible in a few seconds into a table and two chairs, the whole weighing but 20 lbs. Here is another little camp luxury in the shape of a valise weighing 7½ lbs. in which the inventor packs a trundle bedstead, air pillow, bath, wash stand, basin, bucket, campstool, box of candles, and lantern, the weight being 29½ lbs. 10 ozs.

Stay, what is this? Office of the *Earwig*: *Editor's Box*. Yes, the volunteer camp at Wimbledon has its daily newspapers printed in camp, and edited in camp and sold exclusively in camp, and the proceeds of its sale, after paying expenses, go towards buying a charming work of art, of blue enamel and gold in the shape of an *Earwig* for the supporters of the journal making the greatest score at 500 yards with the Snider rifle.

Now we must have a look at the arrangements of the camp of those volunteers who are the actual supporters of the meeting. Facing south still, the *coup d'oeil* is exquisitely pretty. To the right is the Windmill left for picturesque beauty, but never working. Then the cottage with its charming tents, gardens, parterres of beautiful flowers—hospitable owner of the whole for the time being—Earl Ducie, the President. In front runs a perfect forest of flagstuffs from one of which flies our National ensign side by side with the ensigns of France and England. Then the group of council tents, to which I have already referred; to the im-

mediate left of us being the fine building, ornamented with flowers, baskets and decorations—known to the residents as "Jamie-sons," but to the reader as the Wimbledon refreshment tent. Away to the front are the butts again, ranges, 1,000, 800, 600, 500, 200 yards, not forgetting the "running deer"—with the rich back ground of Corbme Wood in the distance. It is just after "gun fire" at 6 o'clock, and the evening is getting on, and the canvas city with, to be precise—its 2062 residents, wears a good deal of the look assigned to Vanity Fair in old illustrated editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The work of the day is over, the firing has ceased, the excitement of making up the scores has been got through and the deserted butts look like phantom targets. The mess dinners have been finished and have reached the cigar and coffee stage, and the volunteers are out and about, enjoying themselves in the eventide; as we pass the well kept garden of the N. B. Association's Secretary to turn round by the tasteful encampment of the camp Staff, glorious with the floral display of bedded plants, and trickling fountains, on our way to the camp of the Civil Service Regiment. We find that the London corps having regimental camps here this season are the Victoria's, the Hon. Artillery Company, the Civil Service, the 37th Middlesex, the London Rifle Brigade, the 2d and 3d City of London, the London Irish Regiment, the St. George's, the South Middlesex, the 19th Middlesex, and the Queen's Westminster volunteers. Pasing down through a long alley of tents some eight lines deep on both sides, each tent, with a pretty little pennon of the colors of the regiment flying from its peak, we come upon the camp of the Victoria's, a celebrated London corps, some nine hundred strong, whose uniform is of black, thickly braided with black velvet facings, something after the style of that worn by the Black Brunswicks in the picture we are all so familiar with. This camp is a perfect model as far as all its arrangements go, from the tent troughs dug to let off the rain, to the admirable field kitchen under the supervision of volunteers corps. The band of the regiment is playing in the enclosure in front of the officers' mess tent, which, by the way, is a perfect gem of a garden, and there are some hundreds of guests present in the shape of a bevy of ladies in the lightest of muslin dresses.

Marking down an index pointing to Glen Albyn, our our eye catches sight of "the Ruddy Lion rampant in gold" and we know that we are upon the camp of the London Scots regiment. There right in front of us forming one side of a square of tents as a beautiful marquee well decorated with stags' horn moss, stags' heads, and thistles, reminding us at once of the Lind o'cakes, the mess tent of the officers and members of the Scottish regiment of London volunteers. Hardly any of the tents as far as we can guess by peeps through the open curtain chinks are occupied solely by their lawful inmates, and in the gaily planted enclosure reels are being danced, and Scottish sport and pastimes indulged in, the sight of which would rather astonish some of us Americans who don't know what an immense amount of fun a Scotchman gets out of throwing about an average sized cannon ball. Nearly all the regimental camps are in appearance the same except in the matter of distinctive floral decorations. The St. George's Rifle regiment, for instance, prides itself on its roses, the badge of the corps, the Civil Service on a very choice collection of carnations and geraniums; the London Irish volunteers, as befits them, are nice in the matter of shrubs,

everything looks very green, the turf is well watered, and well rolled in front of their encampment; the Hon. Artillery Company pay much attention to ferns; the Queen's Westminster to little beds of mignonette and geraniums, and so on; each encampment vies with its neighbor in presenting as charming an appearance as possible. It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the amount of hospitality shown to visitors to Wimbledon, most camps that we have visited are in this respect the same, but if there be one regiment at Wimbledon more hospitable than another, it is the regiment recruited from members of the English Civil Service, and to this camp we take upon ourselves to advise all American gentlemen to go, if they want to understand what is meant by English hospitality, refinement, and courtesy. The stranger shall know this camp by its blue ensign, with the Prince of Wales' crown and feathers as its heraldic bearing; and the members of the Civil Service regiment by their uniform of iron gray, blue facings, and silver.

We are warned that the length of this article has already exceeded its proper limits, before bringing it to a close we must just say one word about the shooting. The Government weapon, the Snider breech loading Enfield rifle, is what the association requires of volunteers to shoot with in competing for the principal prizes, and the ranges obligatory are from 200 to 1,000. Heading this list is the Queen's prize, the aggregate value of which this year is about eight thousand dollars. The first prize is £250, which entitles the winner to the gold badge or claspionship of the meeting. A certain excellence is required at every one of the ranges from 200 to 1,000 to enable a man to win. Besides these are others found by the late Prince Consort of the aggregate value of £3,000; any rifle may be used in this competition provided its weight does not exceed ten pounds. Then come the Alexandra prizes of the aggregate value of \$3,800; the Windmill prizes of \$1,800; the Swiss Canton prizes of \$3,500; the Prince of Wales' prize of \$500, in all of which competitions the ranges vary from 200 to 800 yards, and the rifle to be used is the Snider-Enfield. The total value of the prizes to be shot for, including challenge cup, exceeds considerably one hundred thousand dollars, the conditions mostly varying in each competition. We hadn't an opportunity for witnessing much of the firing, but that the men made excellent scores may be known from the fact that at one of the ranges there were so many top scores as to rise to the saying that "a bad 20 (i.e. the maximum number of points) was useless because it would be beaten on working out the ties."

C. EYRE PASCOE.

COAL AND PEAT.—Coal has risen so much in price in Britain that there is a strong agitation getting in favour of using peat, and setting paupers and criminals to dig it in large quantities. The supply, it is said, is in Scotland and Ireland unlimited. We heard a great deal about peat companies in Canada a year or two ago, and the possibility of turning out any quantity with profit at \$3 a ton, quite equal in heating power to a cord and a half of wood. What has become of the project? Has it gone to join many other unrealized projects? Coal and wood are still dear enough in Canada to encourage, one would think, such competition.

E. Figerola, the Ministerial candidate, was elected President of the Senate, vice-Presidents and Secretaries were elected, also members of the Ministerial party.