

*bones and an arm.* That does not look as if our game was the roughest." Lately, I learn that our Canadian national game has taken a strong hold at Eton since our teams played before the boys; that Harrow has also taken it up, and a match between the two schools is expected to take place next spring.

There are nearly one thousand boys at Eton. The scholars on the foundation are called collegers, and wear black gowns; the others are styled oppidans. A new building, costing £17,000, was found necessary, on account of the annual increase of students. I was glad to learn of this increasing popularity of the illustrious seminary, whose *alumni* have won renown in the field, the cabinet, and in literature. I had read a good deal to lead me to believe that Latin verses were not only the *summum bonum*, but the *summa summarum* of Eton education, and that modern science was completely ignored. Not only guide-books but even Chamber's Encyclopedia make this positive statement. To contradict this I found a great deal of attention paid to the science of chemistry, and that since the appointment of Dr. Kornby, head-master, a laboratory has been erected, heated by hot-water, good ventilation for carrying off gases; work-shops, sitting rooms, a lecture room and a laboratory as well. There is also an observatory, with a splendid telescope and other scientific apparatus. I will not pretend that I went to Eton to study its system of education. I did nothing of the kind; and I cannot conceal the fact that I cared more to watch the boys at play than at study. The students, like the swallows, seem to have undisturbed license to rove over any fields, and roam over any road. No doubt there have been grave Provosts who would shake in their scholarly shoes at the freedom now enjoyed by the boys. Even King Henry might not condone the Eton hunt, the Eton boat-crews, or the Eton volunteers. He might quake for fear of the Eton scholars. Yet doubtless, the famous old school will not belie his hopes, after four hundred years of honorable record.

Coming back to Windsor I leaned over the bridge on the Thames, and watched a score of students practising in their outriggers on the crooked stream. Four and eight oars were being trained by professionals. Single sculls shooting under the bridge, backs flat, shoulders down, pulling a clean stroke through with straight elbows, strong loins and legs. I left the bridge with regret, wishing I were a boy again, and born to be at Eton.

#### SNOW-SHOEING.

The Fall has continued clear so late into the season, that winter is sure to come upon us suddenly; and if our students intend organizing a Snow-shoe Club, it is time they were setting about it. We have personally taken part in some most enjoyable tramps; the run across the mountain under the cold star-lit sky, the songs and somewhat dusty dances at mine host's on the other side and the march home, all pleasant experiences. As the greater number of our students who take any interest in athletics, belong to the city, it would be a good idea to organise a regular series of tramps for the Christmas holidays. They would probably be well attended, and would be useful and pleasant to both mind and body. One of our most popular and respected professors, overhearing a student remark that he intended to get up a certain subject in the vacation, hastily broke in with "No, no, Mr. Blank, you mustn't study in the holidays, or you will most certainly break down." These words may perhaps induce some of the harder students to take a little healthy exercise when they have the opportunity. *Verbum sat.*

#### A WEEK IN THE LAURENTIANS.

Any of my readers who were at Murray Bay last summer cannot but recall with feelings of pleasure the jovial and open-hearted Harry—, my companion in travel for the short space of time above-mentioned. Our adventures were neither striking nor romantic, but, I hope, sufficiently amusing to be worthy of record. We were one hot day discussing a glass of claret punch (the standard Murray Bay beverage), when Harry said to me, "Frank, what do you say to a week's trout fishing out in the country?" I had nothing to urge against the proposition, and it was accordingly arranged there and then. We proceeded to covenant with a couple of *valashe* drivers to convey us to St. Urbain, thirty miles distant, and about 4 o'clock p.m., on the 14th of August (being a Monday), we set out, accompanied by two others in quest of salmon. To show how verdant we were, I may state that, after leaving, we remembered having provided no bread to supply our daily necessities. This, fortunately, was easily remedied at the next *habitant's* house we passed. One of the few pleasures we enjoyed during the whole time was the magnificent scenery that everywhere met our view, those grand old mountains and the deep lying valleys seeming to get loftier and deeper the farther we proceeded from the shores of the St. Lawrence. About six miles out we stopped at a farmer's for tea (?); the repast consisted of bread (black, by-the-way), milk and blueberries. The last-named commodity is about the only thing the country produces in abundance. After tea, like the Greeks of old, we indulged in some music, furnished by a young cur of the peculiarly Canuck variety and an *enfant terrible* of the same persuasion. Again on our journey, it soon grew dark, and the evening's fun commenced; with pipes afloat we told stories and sang songs that made the woods resound, and called forth very hearty responses from innumerable dogs of the kind before-mentioned. Every French Canadian farmer seems to think it prudent and advisable to protect his property, and annoy peaceful passers-by, keeping about half-a-dozen of these indescribable mongrels. We took it all in good part for awhile, but (to use Mark Twain's expression) it at last grew monotonous; so to vary the amusement we filled our vehicle with small boulders, and any uncalled-for interruptions were met with a unanimous and well-directed volley—a reception so warm and cordial that, if it left our visitors (or victims) any breath at all, that little was expended in one short yelp, indicative of unconcealed surprise and dismay. We arrived at our destination about midnight, and retired to a couch whose principal characteristic was its humbleness. We rose early—very early—and with good reason, for we found our bed to be populated with certain wild and very hungry animals, who made sad havoc with us. As I look back now (repentantly, be it said) I remember in what strong and forcible language we anatomized that miniature zoological garden. We spent the hour before breakfast in lazily contemplating the landscape and prospecting about the weather. About ten o'clock we started on our journey to the trout lakes, which, we were given to understand, were only two miles distant, at most three; half the distance was to be travelled in a primitive buckboard and the remainder on foot. But we estimated the place of debarkation itself to be not less than three miles distant, and the weary tramp through the forest must have been twice that distance, as we did not arrive at the lakes till after four p.m. We had each a man to carry our packs, and do the work generally. Harry's servant was very attentive and intelligent; his features bespoke Scotch rather than French descent. About my man there could be no mistake—he was a half-breed; his features were anything but