

**INSPECTION OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES.**—The annual inspection of this popular corps was held on the Champ de Mars, Montreal, on Saturday, 9th inst., and brought together one of the largest crowds of spectators seen for many a day at the inspection of a single battalion. The corps marched on to the ground a little before four o'clock, looking remarkably well, the marching being, as usual, good, the sections well dressed, and the men erect and soldierlike. The muster was fairly good, over 350 men being on parade. Both brass and bugle bands were, of course, in attendance, but the music from either was scarcely up to the mark of what it should be for a regiment like the Vics: the former playing few if any pieces other than those heard for years, and the buglers and drummers being far too few in number for the strength of the battalion. Shortly after four o'clock Major-General Herbert and staff rode on the ground and were received with the usual salute. Instead of the usual inspection in line, General Herbert broke the battalion into open column, dismounted, and made a minute personal inspection of every man in the ranks. This concluded, the show part of the parade commenced with the usual march-past, followed by the manual and firing exercises. These were done fairly well, but only fairly: quite good enough, however, for all practical purposes. The regiment was then put through a number of movements in battalion drill by Lieut.-Col. Henshaw. These were well executed, but at first the work was slow, far too slow for a crack rifle corps; there was not that spring and smartness among the men that we have seen on former occasions. This stiffness wore off, however, and the later movements had more "snap" and "go" about them. The markers were quickly out when giving points, and did their work well. The inspection concluded with the most important exercise of all—the attack in extended order. From a spectator's limited point of view this was done in excellent style, and gave proof of careful training on the one hand, and ready intelligence on the other. As the great essential when in action, it is a pity that more time cannot be devoted by our militia to this "extended order" work, and less to the purely show movements of marching past and similar exercises, which are all very well for the regular but absorb too much of the limited time which a volunteer can devote to drill. After the attack, the companies fell in on their markers in column, and the corps was briefly addressed by the Major-General, who congratulated the battalion on the very creditable inspection just concluded. The regiment then marched back to their armory.

## OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, VII

### Bloor St. Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

The structure is one of the handsomest church buildings in the Dominion and is at once a credit to the Presbyterian denomination and an ornament to Toronto. It is of brown Credit Valley stone with Ohio stone dressings and slated roof, and was planned and erected under the supervision of Mr. W. R. Gregg, architect. The extreme length on Huron street is 133 feet, with frontage on Bloor street of 87 feet. The auditorium is 80 by 74 feet, with a height of 43 feet, not including an organ arch of 24 by 7 feet. A lecture room in rear, 35 by 50 feet, is connected with manager's and session rooms by sliding doors. The height of the tower including minaret is 120 feet. There is a flat roof on the tower at a height of 94 feet, to which visitors are admitted and from whence a splendid view of the city is obtained. The first and present pastor of the church is the Rev. W. G. Wallace, M.A., B.D., who was inducted Sept. 4, 1888. The church has a large and efficient choir under the conductorship of Mr. Arthur A. Greene, organist. There are over 500 members on the communion roll. The insurance on the property is \$58,500. There is a large and steadily increasing Sabbath school. The superintendent is Mr. R. J. Hunter. In connection with the church is a "Woman's Association," a "MacLaren Auxiliary," a "Young Peoples' Christian Association," a "McCracken Mission Band" and a "Wychwood Mission," all doing good work.

### A Story of the Last Census.

Probably the meanest piece of deception ever practised on a woman occurred recently in West Hampstead. It seems that one of the belles of that important London suburb is a Miss Susan Smifley, whom a vigorous rumour, kept in favour by her less favoured sisterhood, credited with being a desperate little flirt. At all events her affections were of sufficiently indefinite a quality to cause her

two most favoured visitors to look upon each other with the most vindictive feelings common to hated rivals. These gentlemen, who were respectively a solicitor's clerk, with eye-glass and freckles, named Pliff, and a red-headed accountant, called Diggs, occupied the intervals between gloomily sitting each other out three evenings a week in fruitless attempts to discover which of the two was really the coming man in the matrimonial race, so to speak. Last Sunday Miss Smifley, in response to a business-like ring admitted a middle-aged party, with a black beard, wearing blue goggles and a long ulster.

"I'm taking the census mum," he said, opening a flat book on the piano, and getting out some blank forms. "Just look sharp, please, and answer the necessary questions."

Miss Smifley trembles a little, as women always do, for some reason, when talking to a Government official, and said she'd try.

"Lem'me see—your name's Smifley, I believe—first name?"

"Susan."

"Middle name?"

"Haven't got any."

"Come, now, young woman, no prevarication. Are you sure you haven't got a middle name somewhere, or are you trying to conceal it?"

"No sir; indeed I haven't," said the young lady, turning pale, "I wouldn't deceive you."

"You'd better not, mum. The penalty is twenty-five years' imprisonment with hard labour."

"Gracious me!"

"Fact, mum. Now, then, let's see what's next. Ah, yes—how often married?"

"Not once yet."

"Ahem! Going to be, I s'pose? Been asked eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir, several times."

"Call it six times," said the census man, making an entry. "What's next? Ah, yes—is your back hair false?"

"M-m-must I answer that?"

"Of course you must. Don't trifle with the Government, mum. Come, now—"

"Well, it's—that is—"

"That'll do; we'll call it mixed. Teeth sound?"

"Yes!" with much emphasis.

"Don't get excited. Let's see—I'll put your age down as twenty-five. The Government never allows us to take a woman's age on oath. They will underestimate it."

"I am just eighteen. I don't care what the Government says," remarked Miss Smifley, snappishly.

"Of course, of course, they all say that. Pay attention please. What size corset? Eh? Must answer, mum, remember the penalty. How many inches round the waist?"

"Well, if you must know, sixteen. But I think it a shame—"

"No remarks, if you please. Ahem? We'll call it nineteen. They generally throw off about three inches, I find. Size of shoes?"

"Two, but I can wear one-and-a—"

"I'll return you as a number four. Any admirers?"

"W-w-what?"

"I say, any admirers?—and be very careful about your answer, mum. The authorities are very particular on this point. Now, how many sweethearts?"

"Well, of course there are some gentlemen coming here, and—"

"Of course there are; I've got you down in the 'Good Looks' space as 'A.A. I.I., handsome.' So, of course, you have plenty of admirers. All the Government requires, however, is the principal ones."

"Well," said the young lady, somewhat mollified, "there is Jimmy Pliff, and Tom Diggs, and—"

"Hold on! Which of 'em do you intend to marry?" said the enumerator of population, earnestly.

"Oh, neither of them. There, ahem, there's a splendid gentleman, named Scudberry—Charlie Scudberry—perhaps you know him? He has big brown whiskers, and beautiful curly hair, and—"

"And do these, these other gentlemen—Pliff and Diggs—know the existence of this—this fellow Scudberry?"

"Oh, no! I'm too sharp for that. I just keep them on to buy sweets and flowers and take me to the theatre. It's the greatest fun. Charlie knows all about it you see, and calls himself the—the—Oh, yes! the dark horse."

"Oh, he does, does he?" roared the census man, jerking off his wig and goggles, and revealing the enraged features of Mr. Thomas Diggs. "I wish him joy of his bargain, and I'll give him six months to get a divorce from the most double faced little cat in the Eastern Hemisphere!" and he banged the door like a railway porter as he stalked out.



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