SUNDAY MORNING



THE TORONTO WORLD

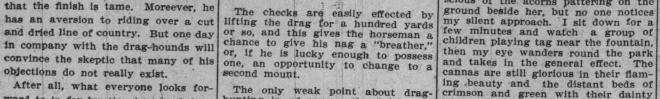
(By Isabel Macdonald). I enter at a little side gate swung

Your typical, keen hunting man is where the country is a stiff one, fails very much inclined to look down upon are fairly plentiful. Also, as a natural sequence, as a training for good crossdrag-hunting. He gives as his reasons country riding, the sport cannot be that the sport lacks excitement and beaten that the finish is tame. Moreever, he

in company with the drag-hounds will convince the skeptic that many of his one, an opportunity to change to a objections do not really exist. After all, what everyone looks for-

ward to in fox-hunting is a good, long run, few checks and the hounds travelingat full speed from start to finish. It is comforting, of course, to be in at "The Kill," but the material fact remains that a rattling good gallon remains that a rattling, good gallop is the main feature which is sought

Now, with the drag, the one may miss the finish, and also find the clever work of the fox-hound lacking, yet to the man who cares more for a slap-bang, dashing ride across country these advantages may well be dis-pensed with. The chief charm of drag-



The only weak point about drag-hunting is, of course, the finish, but then it is not every follower of the fox who gets in at the end of the chase,

There are several advantages which are worth looking into. A man does

artistic medley of flowers that cheer our hearts with their smile of constancy, plants rich with a wealth of color and proud baby firs that seem to crow to us like sturdy children boast-

ing of what they will be when we are old and feeble. And further on is another with graceful arches of climb ing nasturtium setting off its rose bushes, with here and there a pretty

Even yet, there are vast buffalo "wal- past.

children playing tag near the fountain, then my eye wanders round the park and takes in the general effect. The cannas are still glorious in their flaming beauty and the distant beds or crimson and green with their dainty white borders of sweet alissum, but something is different this morning from usual. What is it? I ask myself.
Here and there is a spot of yellow among the dark green foliage over head, some crumpled brown leaves lie still on the grass, there is a filmy naze around, the sun does not feel hot on my hair as it did on the bright summer
different the grass, there is a filmy naze around, the sun does not feel hot on my hair as it did on the bright summer
different the grass, there is a filmy haze around, the sun does not feel hot on my hair as it did on the bright summer
different the grass are a filmy haze around, the sun does not feel hot on my hair as it did on the bright summer
different the grass are a filmy haze around, the sun does not feel hot on my hair as it did on the bright summer
different the sum does not feel hot on my hair as it did on the bright summer
different the sum does not feel hot on my hair as it did on the bright summer
different the sum does not feel hot on my hair as it did on the bright summer
different the sum does not feel hot on my hair as it did on the bright summer
different the s

Nature's Reason B. R. WINSLOW, IN OUTDOOR LIFE.

Ing nasturtium setting off its rose bushes, with here and there a pretty blush. red queen breaking out from among the banked up foliage, a price-less gem of love and hope like a kiss that departing summer throws back to us. I stand away a little and take a loving survey of the scene around me, dear because it has so often brought a sweet peace to my mind when I have field thither to escape from sordid worries of work and the human world of discords. The grass is brown in patches now and little paths, have been worn by the feet of playful children. The beds

I enter at a little side gate swung open by a careless hand—there are a few old men sitting around on the benches and a young woman reading under the oak tree nearby, uncon-scious of the acorns pattering on the ground beside her, but no one notices my silent approach. I sit down for a few minutes and watch a group of children playing tag near the fountain, then my eye wanders round the park. the signal when to close the

NOVEMBER 14 1909

S

Story

Str. To

Th

Pear

were

and d

They applay

them. None conduct compart who have ern lee point of the food All I and ap brave of the the coo him by Lieut in anar has hi been a within Fole. The breathil of the Camada selves arrangg by the will be Cinema

-

So

The Universe which says we with no so little evitable time, a sensation Altho

I wil

Dr. L

So it trouble may ki senuin seases victim and au can cu and I i you he To g to pro-You h as dir can cu as dir can cu as dir can cu sift to ers, ar it. Yh these c you an With Send y of the bladde

consters in the regions in South Amerfew rods, and entered the ica which are annually over-flowed drive the fish down to by such rivers as the Ormoco and came down, thrashing came down, thrashing the our quarry

The latter has an annual rise of forty feet, for a distance of 2000 miles see the fish come trooping down from the sea, and overflows a tract of the drivers and many of the larger than the state of New York, ter the putse of the net. so that the river steamers enter and Valdez was too near to see reach points which have no other n.eans of marketing their produce, as no roads can be maintained in this below the surface of the water to give the signal to ch purse, when a dark, shadowy ng, moving stealthily along

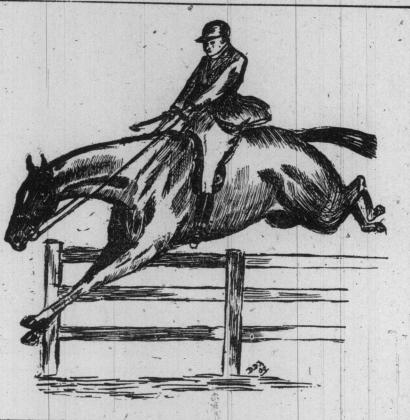
When the river falls, many of these lagoons, owing to the uneven surface of the land, are not drained by the channels where the water entered them but are dried up by the surface in the When the river falls, many of these creek with the current; but as like a picture on a pl the developing pan, first an u and head with piggish eyes, barrel-like bulk of a huge creeping stealthily towards Instinct shouted to him his danger, but if ceard me at all, he thought I wi ing to help the fish driv

 around, the sun does not feel how how house hand a bring evidence of the sundance By the time I got his attention shouting his name, the ugly head within a foot of his les, with jaws. I had been vexed with m for taking my heavy rife up the bank, but now it was my only of diverting the monster's att There was not more than a foot water covering his head, and I so nearly directly above him t there was little refraction to allow cause beasts of prey make the pro-tection of the home corral necessary, after it is dark. This gives the fam-iched saurians their chance. As they enter the deep water, a colt or calf is singled out, and selzing it fly one leg, which is crushed in the awful jaws, it drags it to the bottom, and holds it until it is dead, when he cats it at his leisure. If a dog enters one of these pools for a bath, one hears a yelp, and the victim is seen no more. It was while fishing in one of the oreeks by which the water flows back to the river, that one of our party had a narrow escape from at least the loss of a leg. Choosing a place where the

entered his







DOWN DEEP IN THE CANON'S SHAD

Up thru the purple pines and firs, float the azure mists of early dayisily tumbling o'er the rocks, a cold stream dashes its foamy spray Down deep in the canon's shade.

There, crushing the green fern-brakes and columbine beneath his silent

A brown deer comes to the water's edge and pauses with uplifted head Down deep in the canon's shade.

A puff of smoke, then a rifle-shot rings clearly thru the forest wide-The echo re-echoes-and echoes again from the granite mountain side Down deep in the canon's shade-

He staggers; then falls, and his eyes grow dim, while his life-blood crimson flows,

At the foot of a rugged old pine; on the heart of a sweet wild-rose-There, deep in the canon's shade!

-Jessie Davies Willdy.

3

<image><image>

city park—unlike their rude brothers of the forest. How many wearied heads have they not shaded in the heat of a summer sun?—how many heat of a summer sun?—how many

vboc

history, and sweet memories come a mother at eighteen! I could almost back to me as I sit here. Right in see the halo resting on her fair young front of me is the fountain, round head and I laid down my book-half which I have so often watched the children gather on the hot summer days and cool their feet in its spray. "I'm not much of a housekeeper yet,"

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower Trou's met me in an evil hour" surely our world would be void of sin. On the other side, in humorous all, and I cry out, "Aw geb me ma

heat of a summer sun?—how many children played beneath their tender, drooping branches? They have inhaled a lover's secret thoughts and many an aged form has jested beneath their kindly shade. Tired, sick people's beneath their kindly shade to and breathshe said, as if surprised that I should mighty conduct are said to be as "mad not have begged the favor of my own as a March hare," because in the month of March hares display greater

of my own activity and boldness than at other Every little nook in the park has its careless, light-hearted girlhood. To be times.

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

"Young gentlemen," lectured the

We war down in Swipsie's bar-room an' things wasn't doin' much. Boys some on 'em playing poker, t'others swappin' yarns an' such When an' ole gray-headed feller come a'shamblin' thru th' door, Stranger-leastways I had never seen his face down thar afore.

Billy Jinks, th' barkeep', poured him out a drink o' "forty-mile"-"Stranger you look sorter tired; step up here an' have a smile"; But th' ole man gravely thanked him, sez he, "I would like fust-rate Fer t' have one good refresher, but I guess I'll have t' wait. Give th' fellers all a bumper an' I'll stan' th' damage, boy. Mine?-Oh, give me a plain soda, fellers here's your fiealth an' joy."

Big Ike Simpson sorter nudged me an' he sez, "Ole man," sez he, "You'll excuse th' blarsted, blank blank curiosity in me, But I'm pinin' fer t' know why, when you're wantin' so a drink You jest natchally don't take one; ain't you foolish, don't you think?"

Th' ole man stroked his whiskers an' he drew a heavy sigh, An' I'm sartin I saw tear-drops trickle down from out his eye; "Yes," he says, "I am just maybe foolish-like, but don't you know, ain't never tasted nuthin' since I give my word t' Joe.

'Joe war leavin' fer th' gold-fields; I was biddin' hlm good-bye; And sez he, "Dad, you let whiskey right alone and so'll I; We'll have a drink at partin,' when we meet we'll drink ag'in, But we'll neither take a bumper o' th' bug-juce until then

'Boy,' sez I, 'I'm surely with you,' an' he jumped onto th' train, Joe calls, 'Member dad, no next time, till us cronies meet again.' "That war six year come next August, an' I dropped in here t' night Hopin' somehow, bein' lonsome, anybody know Joe White?"

Wall, we stood thar, our mouths open, know Joe White? I should say as, Reckon thar wan't one amongst us, but had swapped a joke 'ith Joe But afore we'd time t' answer, somethin' like a cyclone flew

An' you orter heerd th' fellers laugh when Joe says, "Dang it dad,



children gather off the for the sum of a housekeeper yet," days and cool their feet in its spray. I can see my friend the old colored hurse bending down her ebony face and her kinkled, woolly head over her little pink skinned, flaxen-haired charge, and I have marceled thata the human family could produce such con-trasts. We are old chums, she and I, She smiled back at me with the sweethuman family could produce such con-trasts. We are old chums, she and I, and have many a confab when we meet. "Ah yes, Missie, dem was de fea'ful days ob de Clvil War, when de colored man am robbed and driven out ob his home. De Union soldya he