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## Mr. Vanderbilt and His Coach.

(BY PERCY W. D. IZZARD.)

It is often asked in these restless modern times when men know so little, and feel still less, of the fascination of the road as it was known and felt a hundred years ago, and even by a dwindling handful of fine sporting spirits as late as the 'eighties, what possible attraction there can be to sitting day after day behind the same horses, on the same seat, along the same long miles of highway for weeks and months together. Mr. Vanderbilt, whose coach is one of the most popular features of the Horse Show, must have driven already between London and Brighton a total mileage running well over 2,000, and his desire for the road, the same road, is as keen as ever.

To do as the Venture's millionaire coachman is doing in this twentieth century is a man must have a love for old sporting traditions and the finer features in the slow yet harder life of the long past days. He must also feel the call of the open, have a soul for romance, an affection for horses, and a sense that the acme of pleasant travel is reached with the jolly, swinging impetus given by well-balanced "fours."

True to the Old Type.  
And Mr. Vanderbilt is true to the type of the road coachman. He is a finished whip of the old school in his thirty-third year. When he started to revive the ancient glories of the Brighton road two years ago he set out on his first run with nothing but the reputation of being a thoroughly good sportsman to recommend him to the fraternity of the road. That fraternity still contains a great many critics, for the London-Brighton Old Times and Mr. "Jim" Selby, its illustrious driver, are only a generation removed. The reputation has been simply justified.

Mr. Vanderbilt would not claim to be the natural successor in these days of the distinguished aristocratic and artistic whips of the past; but few would deny him a place in that first flight which includes Sir Vincent Cotton, the Marquis of Worcester, the Honourable Fred Jermyingham (who drove the Brighton Day Mail), and the many other gentlemen of birth for whom the road held never-fading allurements. Perhaps Mr. James Selby occurs most often to Mr. Vanderbilt's mind. Did he not engage Golden, Selby's old guard, from his first season two years ago? Golden, who

carried the horn on that proud June day in 1887, when Selby drove from Piccadilly to Brighton and back in Thr. 50mins.

When Mr. Vanderbilt told me his plans for the first season I asked him especially whether he would try to beat the Selby record. "If I were thinking about it I could hardly make it public," he replied; but he added, "Perhaps some day towards the end of the season we shall." The attempt was never made, however, for Mr. Vanderbilt soon realized that under modern traffic conditions such a feat is impossible. Here is his ideal for the Venture in his own words: "What I want to do is to run a well-appointed, perfectly horsed coach on schedule time. That, I think, is all a successful road coach can be." I once asked Mr. Vanderbilt whether the sport of road-coaching, which he has assured me is for him "the best sport the world can offer," ever palls. "No," he replied, "I am never so happy and contented as when I am on the road regularly." I am bound to say that Mr. Vanderbilt on the box is a picture of content.

A Picturesque Figure.  
He is also picturesque. Even in his heavy coaching clothes he looks at times almost puzzlingly boyish, especially when his ruddy, clean-shaven face is lit with merry smiles at some passing incident on the journey. See him alight and superintend a change of horses, and you find the heavy coat covers a slight little figure with just sufficient stoop in it to accentuate the appearance of extreme youth. But the boyish-looking coachman must have wrists of iron. He never seems to tire.

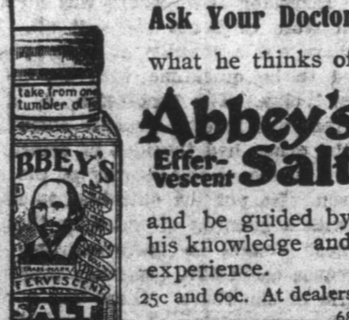
The gentlemen whips of old were most of them great dandies, and why should not a coach claiming to be well appointed have a driver whose person is good to look upon? Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt cultivates an ultra-smart appearance. I have seen him drive in a blue top-coat which was a poem in cloth and buttons, and when I last drove with him he donned a long, light, fawn coat which fitted like the skin itself, and bore in front an array of enormous pearl buttons, on each one of which a coach and four was engraved. Then the brim of the white top hat curls over the ruddy face with a delightful inclination, and with his brown leather

driving gloves and the inseparable white and red carnations in his buttonhole the Venture's coachman is complete.

Ah! I forgot the whip which is raised in salutation probably several hundred times on every journey. Mr. Vanderbilt misses nobody who pays him the slightest attention, and none by the wayside as the coach bowls along finds a readier response than the wayfaring child. Sometimes the children wave the American flag as the Venture passes, or they assemble and cheer in unison, and at one point during a trial run an urechin mounted on a roadside mound and blew a welcome with a tin trumpet. Nothing pleased him more last year than a big banner, which, on his first trip, he passed in one of the villages. The banner was 'upborne by children, and on it was inscribed the cheerful legend, "Good Old Vandy."

Get Mr. Vanderbilt to talk of the horses in front of him, and he quickly reveals his great love of a good animal. He has a string of horses to the coach this year in which he may feel just pride. An expert on the road will occasionally shout him a complimentary team, sir." And up will go the whip with a nod and smile of pleasure. Then the driver will settle his eyes for quite a long time on the silence and satisfaction. Road-coaching is Mr. Vanderbilt's pet sport. He loves it dearly, and he loves our English roads. And in pursuing his sport in this country he is doing us more than one service. If we consider not the money which the Venture circulates, we can revel in the bracing mental pictures of Old England which its advent conjures, and join its driver in the time-honored toast, "The Road."

Ask Your Doctor what he thinks of **Abbey's Effervescent Salt** and be guided by his knowledge and experience. 25c and 60c. At dealers.



## An Innocent Abroad.

Having come into some money, a Cockney went for a holiday to Paris. He knew nothing of the language, but trusted wholly to his native wit carrying him through. His first dinner, however, proved full of trials. He was desperately hungry, but could not understand the menu. First the waiter brought him soup, and then the visitor pointed to the next item, and the waiter brought him more soup. Again he pointed, and again it was soup. After three courses of soup he was plining for something more solid, so he pointed to the last item of all, feeling pretty sure that he had missed soup this time. The obliging waiter went off, and presently returned with a bundle of tooth-picks.—London Daily News.

## The Eucharist Congress

Of Montreal—English Speaking Section —Speakers and Writers.

**PUBLIC MEETINGS—Windsor Hall, Thursday, September 8th.**  
MORNING SESSION.  
Faith in the Eucharist and Modern Unbelief—Rev. Bishop McDonald, Victoria, B. C.  
Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament—Rev. John J. McCoy, Worcester, Mass.  
Surplused Chords—Rev. William Finn, C. S. P., Chicago, Ill.  
Frequent Communion—Practical Means of Facilitating It—Rev. Mgr. J. S. M. Lynch, Syracuse, N. Y.  
AFTERNOON SESSION.  
Reasons for our Belief in the Real Presence—Very Rev. A. Thompson, Glace Bay, N. S.  
Assistance at the Sunday Mass—Rev. P. J. Hartigan, Deseronto, Ont.  
The Eucharist and the First Canadian Missionaries—Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., New York.  
Communion Among the Working Classes—Rev. E. S. Fitzgerald, Holyoke, Mass.

**WINDSOR HALL—Friday, September 9th.**  
MORNING SESSION.  
Practical Study of the Decree of Pius X on Frequent Communion—Most Rev. Archbishop Howley, St. John's, Nfld.  
Popular Objections to Belief in the Real Presence—Rev. L. A. Lambert, Scottsville, N. Y.  
The Eucharist a Convert Maker—Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, C. S. P., Washington, D. C.  
Holy Communion and Young Men in Large Cities—Rev. Richard Hughes, New York.

**AFTERNOON SESSION.**  
The Eucharist and the Early Irish Church—Rev. Bishop Clabby, Sligo, Ireland.  
School Children and Daily Mass—Rev. Hugh Canning, Toronto, Ont.  
Retreats for Laymen—Rev. Terence J. Shealey, S. J., New York.  
The Training of the People in Liturgical Singing—Mr. Dudley Baxter, Southsea, England.  
**PRIESTS' MEETINGS—Sacred Heart Convent, St. Alexander Street.**  
AFTERNOON SESSION—Thursday, September 8th.  
Priestly Homage to the Most Blessed

**Sacrament—Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.**  
The Upholding of a Parish by Frequent Communion—Rev. Mgr. John O'Brien, Boston, Mass.  
The Holy Hour—Manner of Making it Attractive—Rev. James Coyle, Taunton, Mass.  
The Organization of Catechism Classes—Rev. Mgr. Francis H. Wall, D. D., New York.

**AFTERNOON SESSION—Friday, September 9th.**  
Priests' Eucharistic League—Rev. E. Potier, S. S. S., New York.  
Fostering Vocations for the Priesthood—Rev. R. Neagle, Malden, Mass.  
Men's Societies and the Most Blessed Sacrament—Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D. D., Peterboro, Ont.  
Societies for Young People Leaving School—Rev. D. J. Quinn, S. J., New York.

**LADIES' MEETINGS—Stanley Hall.**  
AFTERNOON SESSIONS—Thursday, September 8th.  
The Eucharist and Modern Society—Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., London, Eng.  
Frequent Communion and Young Girls in Large Cities—Rev. J. L. Hand, Toronto, Ont.  
Altar Societies—Miss Anna T. Sadlier, Ottawa, Ont.  
The Tribute of a Great Century to the Eucharist—Dr. James J. Walsh, New York.

**AFTERNOON SESSION—Friday, September 9th.**  
Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament—Rev. H. Reginald Buckler, O. P., Woodchester, Eng.  
First Communion—Rev. Mother Mary Loyola, York, Eng.  
The Eucharist and Devotion to the Sacred Heart—Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., New York.  
Influence of Religious Home Training—Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, Chicago, Ill.  
General Secretary of the English-Speaking Section, Gerald J. McShane, S. S. S., St. Patrick's Church, 280 Dorchester St., West.

At 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday  
OUR SALE OF  
**Men's Working Shirts**  
Will start and continue until all is sold.  
The prices are as follows:  
Regular ..... 70c.;  
**Collins' Sale Price, 50 cts.**  
Regular ..... 75c.;  
**Collins' Sale Price, 55 cts.**  
**P. F. COLLINS,**  
THE MAIL ORDER MAN,  
340 and 342 WATER STREET.

## Testing Jack Tar.

**Manoeuvre Bombshells That Have Dumbfounded Britain.**

Eighty thousands "Tars" drawing half a million pounds in wages over a period of three weeks, and manning a fleet representing an outlay of over a hundred millions! A total of six million meals to be provided without the ship drawing any supplies from shore; a food-bill of £67,000; a coal bill twice as heavy!

That is the tale of this year's naval manoeuvres, and accountants at the Admiralty are just now beginning to pull long faces. There is the insurance to be reckoned, too! Four years ago, the Admiralty took out a policy representing £10,000,000, to cover all liability consequent upon the inclusion of British merchant ships in mimic naval warfare. And in the end over £20,000 clear profit was netted by the underwriters at Lloyd's!

But, despite all this expense and the elaborate preparations made to ensure his comparative comfort, Jack Tar sometimes gets discontented when on manoeuvres. An unpleasant incident occurred two years ago aboard a destroyer. Her crew were dissatisfied, the chief reason being that for a month they had subsisted on bare Navy rations, nothing but biscuit, signal-books being thrown overboard. The destroyer was placed under arrest; and after an enquiry, several of her crew were made prisoners, and taken aboard another ship.

All sorts of mistakes occur in manoeuvres, and two of last year's would have been extremely serious in war. On the first night of hostilities a division of river destroyers, belonging to the "Red" Fleet, attacked a division of tribal destroyers of the same force. For fully twenty minutes they pounded away at one another before they discovered that they were not enemies after all! The second encounter took place when the "Red" destroyers in the dark attacked the "Red" Battle Fleet, and torpedoed two of its best boats.

But manoeuvres are not always so underheaded, and two years ago a naval officer carried out a most amusing ruse. A War Department scout was stationed in the Channel east of the Forth Bridge to intercept all up-going vessels. If any strange craft was unable to furnish satisfactory proof that she was a friend, the land batteries were notified to open fire. On the approach of one cruiser the scout demanded the usual identification papers. The officer in command assured his interrogator that all was well, and invited him to bring his ship alongside to save trouble of lowering a boat. This the military officer did, whereupon fifty armed blue-jackets promptly boarded the scout, and made all prisoners! "All well!" was then signalled to the batteries, and the cruiser made for the bridge to commence its destruction.

Great excitement ensued, and operations were promptly abandoned, and it was not until the captain of the German intruder had apologized, and explained that his boat had only run to the Tyne for repairs, that what had looked like serious trouble was smoothed happily over.

It has been said that naval manoeuvres have all the excitement of war with none of its danger. But accidents are all too easy to recall. One of the worst took place in 1906, when an explosion of 6-inch blank cartridges took place on board the cruiser Essex, killing one able seaman and injuring two others and a lieutenant; while only last year a stoker, named Egerton, was killed through a boiler explosion on the Prince of Wales, and was actually buried at sea, that operations might not be interrupted.—Answers.

**Nutritive Hypophosphites**  
When a person feels "blue"—"all tired out"—doesn't feel like doing anything—cannot concentrate his mind on his work—feels weak mentally and physically—doubts his powers—complains of poor appetite and sleeplessness—suffers from headaches—then his nervous system is run-down and demands a good up-building tonic. Nervous exhaustion is a modern disease, caused by too close attention to business, overwork, worry, devotion to trying family cares overstudied, etc.  
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