

TORONTO CHIEF OF POLICE.

Major Draper, the youngest and only surviving son of Chief Justice Draper, of Toronto, was Captain of the Queen's Own Volunteer Rifles from 1863 to 1868; called to the Bar in 1867, passed through the Military School in 1865, took first and second class certificates. Entered police service in January 1874 as deputy under Captain Prince. Assumed full command on 1st June following.

Commanded the police on the 3rd October riots, had about 90 men with him on that day, 4 Serjeant-Majors and 10 Serjeants.

The force now numbers 125 exclusive of detectives, and the pay they receive is as follows:—

Serjt.-Major.....	\$ 2 75 per diem
Serjeant.....	2 40 "
1st Class Constable	1 75 "
2nd Class Constable	1 45 "

Service of 6 months as second-class constable required with good conduct before promotion to first class.

Liable to be dismissed or reduced for any infringement of regulations. Drilled regularly once or twice a week according to orders. Every private constable must send in a monthly report of his duties according to a form prescribed.

Qualifications: must read, write and know something of arithmetic, be physically fit, height 5 ft. 10 in., and under 30 years of age.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

The first time that Napoleon III. saw Rossi on the stage he sent Dr. Conneau off with orders to bring the "mighty tragedian" to him at once, and said to him:

"Monsieur, I am not easily affected, but I own that in the last scene you singularly moved me. You must have made *Desdemona* suffer horribly when you buried your nails in her throat; her cries of agony were too natural."

"Sire," replied Rossi, "the artists who act with me are accustomed to sacrifice everything to their roles. It is possible that I bear a little heavily upon *Desdemona's* throat, but no one who has ever played her part has dared to tell me so."

Rossi is in the plenitude of force and talent, and singularly enough for an Italian, attributes his remarkable preservation to his cold morning bath which no severity of season ever interferes with. Perhaps the very sober life he leads has as much to do with it as the cold bath. If his proposed visit to America comes to pass, I doubt if he be prevailed upon to take one single drink at the inevitable bar. * * * At Cassale during a



MAJOR DRAPER, CHIEF OF POLICE, TORONTO.

farewell representation, the court society chattered so loudly as to interfere with the representation. Rossi, who was playing *Hamlet*, came to a full stop in the middle of a sentence, and turning towards a front box from which the greatest noise came he bowed and said tranquilly, "I shall hush as long as you do not hush." The public applauded, the interruption ceased, and the play went on, but afterward Rossi was met at the door by one of the young gentlemen, who felt called upon to ask for satisfaction. Rossi made a long face, for he was expected on the morrow at Milan. So he explained his situation to his bloodthirsty adversary, and begged, that, in order to get through with their little affair as speedily as possible, they should go to his (Rossi's) rooms at the hotel and quietly shoot at one another there. The proposition having been accepted they went to Rossi's rooms, and had just placed themselves at either end of the *salon* in order to exchange three shots, when the innkeeper, over anxious as to his guest's health and hours, knocked at the door (which he found locked) and asked, in an anxious voice, if Monsieur was ill, as his light burned so unusually late.

"No," replied Rossi, "I am going to bed; thanks; good night!"

"You are deceiving me," persisted his anxious keeper, perhaps enlightened as to the scene in the theatre. "You are certainly ill."

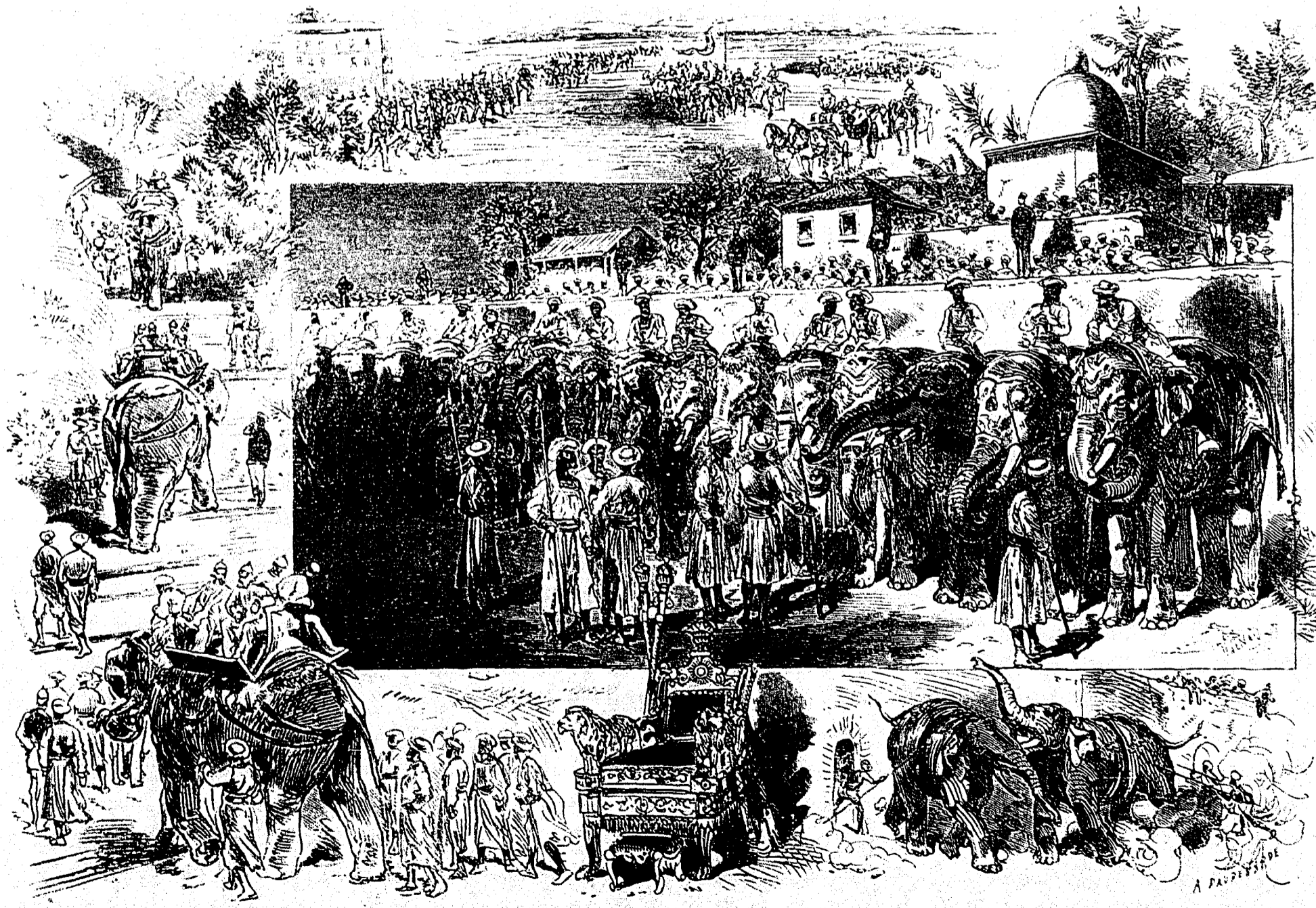
"Go to bed," replied Rossi; "I am putting out my light;" and in a lower tone he added to his antagonist, "This is the only way out of it; blow out the candles."

"What! are we to fight with pistols in the dark!"

"Not quite; we will each smoke a cigarette, and that will serve to guide our aim."

"All right."

And so the famous duel was fought, in which Rossi had the good luck to wound his adversary slightly. * * * Rossi is a man who sleeps as little as human nature can bear. He smokes constantly, and always horrid Tuscan cigars which, as he says, "bear something of his country to his lips." He has only one old servant he has ever been able to retain, his irritable temper and capricious orders putting all others out of temper. This faithful Sancho Panza only succeeds by assuring his master that the hundred orders given in as many minutes are all executed, and Rossi, having forgotten all save the last, is satisfied. Like most geniuses, he fancies he has a greater than his own, and never fails to affirm that, had he to begin life anew, he would be a tenor, and therefore is disposed to entertain his visitors with any amount of bad music, thinking to give them a better entertainment than by reciting any of his wonderful parts.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA: THE ELEPHANTS OF BARODA; THRONE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES; ELEPHANT-FIGHT.