THE HARE AND HIS ENEMIES.

It is wonderful that with such a host of enemies to maintain himself against, the varying hare may still be counted as one of our familar acquaintances. Except in the depths of the great wildernesses, he has no longer to fear the wolf, the wolverine, the panther and the lesser Felidae, but where the younger woodlands have become his congenial home, they are also the home of a multitude of relentless enemies. The great hawk, whose keen eyes pierce the leafy roof of the woods, wheels above him as he crouches in his form. When he goes abroad under the moon and stars, the terrible shadow of the horned owl falls upon his path, and the fox lurks behind it to waylay him, and the clumsy racoon, waddling home from a ornfield revel. may blunder upon the timid wayfarer.

But of all his enemies none is more in evitable than man, though he is not, as are the others, impelled by necessity, but only by that savagery, the survival of barbarism, which we diginify by the name of sporting instinct.

Against them all how light seem the defenses of such a weak and timid creature. Yet impartial nature, having compassed him about with foes, has shod his feet with swiftness and silence, and clad his body with an almost invisible garment. The vagrant zephyrs touch the fallen leaves more noisily than his soft pads press them. The first snow that whitens the fading gorgeousness of the forest carpet, falls scarcely more silently .- Forest and Stream.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A VARSITY OAR.

Of the race itself there is very little to say, except one thing, that could not be said equally well of a hard game of football or a foot race across country. The exertion, is, no doubt, considerably greater than is involved in either of these, but the physical sensations are very much the same, and anyone who has entered for any race at all knows the sort of feeling of desperate resolve' which is the pleasure that racing gives. Except one thing, I said, and it is that thing which puts boat rac, ing, in many people's mind, far above any other form of sport. It is this, that while in a foot race a man can leave off as soon as he finds the exertion more than the prize is worth, and while in football a man may recover his breath in the scrimmage or justifiably leave the work for a moment, to the others, in rowing every man knows that, by a single careless stroke, he may throw the whole boat into confusion from which they often cannot recover for many hundred yards. Everyone is expected in a

"German Syrup

The majority of well-read physcians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

A Germ Disease.

The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been

nawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave; and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumplives become germ-proof and well.

beat race, and in a University race as much as anywhere, to row his best and hardest every stroke he takes, and never to slack on at all. If it is considered desirable to save up for a spurt at the finish, the 'stroke" will do that by putting in a few less strokes to the minute, till the time comes. Every man behind him is bound in honesty to the rest to shove every stroke through "as if there were no hereafter:" and when the "hereafter" comes, as it does about Chiswick Eyot, he will have to rely on the thorough condition he is in to pull him through. It follows that the whole secret of a good crew is that each man rows hard because it would not be fair to his neighbours in the boat if he rowed lightly, not entirely because he wants to win the race. I do not want to disparage other sports in the least degree; pluck enters into them fully as much as into rowing. The difference lies in the incentive .-F. C. Drake in the Idler.

THE ANGLER.

"Silent as an otter, the man moves into the water till it curls about his knees. An arm sways back and forth, and an insect flutters softly upon the surface of the pool some yards away. Quickly the arm sways again, and again an insect kisses the surface of the water. A flash of a silvery croscent, a plash in the water, a sudden, stronger swirl in the writhing current; then a sharp, metallic, discord rasps out against the song of the birds. The man's eyes blaze with a swift, eager light, his cheek flushes slightly; there is then exultation in every line of his face. His right hand clinches upon the wand, the rasping discord ceases, the wand arches to a semicircle and quivers with perilous strain, while two keen eyes rivet upon a shifting, swirling commotion that maddens the water, here, there, back, forth, unceasingly. A boil of snowy spume upon the surface, a spatter of jewelled drops, a tinted shape curvling in air an instant, an apprehensive 'Ah!' from the man's parted lips, and again the lithe wand curves and strains. So is fought the good fight, till skill conquers. Within the fatal net gleams a shining belly and pearl-bordered fins above a streak of olive gemmed with ruby spangles. The man's face glows with pride as he carefully bears his captive to the shore Upon a fragrant bier of freshest green within the creel a dead king lies in state. All day the silent man creeps hither and thither along the stream, casting, fighting, waiting, noting many things, till darkness falls; then homeward through the scented shadows, with a whisper of falling song from darkened copses. The man's feet are tired with a healthy weariness; the cruel strap cuts deep into his shoulder, but his heart is light and his soul at peace. Not one evil idea has entered his mind all day, and he has learned much. That is trout-fishing-and do you people with money and leisure bear in mind the fact, that if you spare the rod you may spoil yourselves?"--Ed. W. Sandys in Outing for May.

ADMIRAL SAUMAREZ.

In the course of the conflict between Russia and Sweden an occasion arose which seems to show how far Saumarez fell short of that inspiration which disting. lishes great captains from accomplished and gallant generals. The Russian fleet. after an engagement with the Swedes, had been forced into a harbour in the Gulf of Finland. Soon afterwards, on the 30th of August, 1808, Saumarez arrived with part of his fleet. He had six ships of the line. and the Swedes ten, the Russians having but eight. The remainder of the 30th and all the 31st were spent in consultation. On the 1st of September, the admiral reconnoitred the enemy, satisfied himself that the attack was feasible, and issued orders for it to be made the next morning. That night, the wind, till then favourable, shifted, and for eight days blew a gale. When this ended, the Russians had so strengthened their position as to be impregnable.

It is very probable that to this disappointment of public expectation which had in England been vividly aroused, is to be attributed the withholding of a peerage,

eagerly desired by Saumarez in his latter days,-not for itself merely, but as a recognition which he not unnaturally thought earned by his long and distingished services. Yet when we compare his deliberate consultations with Nelson's eagle swoop at the Nile, under like difficulties, or with the great admiral's avowed purpose of attacking the Russian fleet, in 1801, at Revel, in the Baltic,--a purpose which would assuredly have received fulfilment,--it is impossible not to suspect in Saumarez the want of that indefinable, incommunicable something we call genius, which, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth; we hear the sounds, we see the signs, but we cannot tell whence it cometh nor whether it goeth.

"True," said Nelson, speaking of Revel, "there are said to be some guns on shore; but it is to be supposed that the man who undertakes that service will not mind guns." Nelson himself was not more indifferent, personally, to guns than was Sir James Saumarez; yet what a contrast in the conduct of the two, when face to face with the great opportunity ! For cool, steady courage, for high professional skill, for patient sustained endurance, Saumarez was unsurpassed ; nor is there on record in the annals of the British navy any more dazzling instance of unflinching resolve than was shown by him at and after Algeciras, when a double portion of the master's spirit for the moment iell upon him.

Seeing these things, one is tempted to say that the power of genius consists in that profound intuitive conviction which lifts a man to the plane of caution by the sheer force of believing-nay, of knowingthat the thing to others impossible can and will be done. "If we succeed," cried Nelson's flag captain, as night approached amid the unknown waters of Aboukir Bay, "what will the world say !" "There is no if about it," replied the hero ; " we shall certainly succeed. Who will live to tell the story is another question." To such inspiration, when it comes, nothing is impossible; for the correspondence be Eween the facts and the intuition, however established, carries within itself the promise of fulfilment. Here, perhaps, we touch the borders of the supernatural .-Capt. A. T. Mahan, in May Atlantic.

STREET CARS AS CHILD KILLERS.

The question of the most importance to street-car companies just now, is not whether the trolley, the storage battery, or ammonia makes the best motor, but how surface cars can be run at high speed without killing too many children. Children described as "about six years old," girls preferred, are the trolley-car's easiest game. Their judgment of speed and distance is imperfect, and they are liable to panics. The street cars killed about one a week last month in Rochester, and a proportionate number in Boston. The old-time ability of India to keep up its population in the face of the institution called Juggernaut, is quoted in support of the belief that our city population can stand high speed on surface roads. But the age of marriage is so much earlier in India, and life is so much cheaper and more common there than here, that the argument is not good for much. Americans are in a hurry, and are willing to pay a good deal for rapid transit; but when it comes to pay a regular tribute of children, mostly girls, "about six years old," there is liable to be a good deal of computation on the question whether it really saves much time to go so fast. There is an average loss of some thirty years of time on every six-year-old that is run down, and that must offset some of the minutes saved. Besides, the next six-year-old to be ground up, may be yours, and there is no denying that that makes it awkward. There are bank presidents that could better be spared, and that it would be cheaper to run over, than some children.-From Harper's six-year-old Weekly.



Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated

Distross the bowels. Dyspepsia does After not get well of itself. It requires careful attention, Eating and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently. It tones the stomach, regulates the diges-tion, creates a good ap-stite backed a Sick

petite, banishes headache, Sick and refreshes the mind. Headache "I have been troubled with dyspepsia. had but little' appetite, and what I did eat

Heart-little good. After eating I burn would have a faint or tired,

sll-gope feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sar-saparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

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