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tHere's their name.

ON SLOPE OF MOUNT ROYAL Rich Light Bathes the Old Colonial

Mansions In Supernal Beauty-Police Chief's Reminiscences.

lice of Westmount, while he is as practical a man as breathes, is, nevertheless, a bit of an antiquarian and archaeologist. Indeed, many years ago he had the high honor of officially escorting the shade.

British Association for the AdvanceCost ment of Science on a tour of inspection of the historic memorials in England, including Stoneyhurst College - being thoroughly equipped for the task by much personal exploration and wide

Mr. Harrison can tell you all about the old colonial mansions on the side of the mountain, and give a history of the old colonial mansions on the side of the mountain, and give a history of the families who live in them, says a writer in The Montreal Standard. He can bring you, for instance, to the Raines mansion, which the stranger would quite miss, embowered as it is in ancient trees. This colonial mansion is over one hundred and fifty years of age. To look at it, to take in the spacious grounds, the conservatory, the stables, built of solid stone, to become measurably affected by the sense of repose which falls upon the spirit, at this height and is this stillness, is to find the noisy medern world mercifully receding from the view. One is, indeed, far removed from the smoke and clamors of an industrial city. Not a sound could invade this stillness, which falls upon the city man like a benediction from the sides.

Light Bathed Scene in Supernal Beauty In the late afternoon the unhindered birds were singing their vesper song—sweet and penetrating, and sad for the very heauty of the singing.

-sweet and penetrating, and sad for the very beauty of the singing. A rich light bathed the scene in supernal

rich light bathed the scene in supernal beauty.

Through an opening in the trees one saw the St. Lawrence shining like silver. In the beyond were the purple hills, drawing the heart like a magnet. The air was clear and balmful. An utter sense of rest stole sweetly in upon the consciousness. One could have looked at the outward scene, which visitors have declared to be equal to that which is offered at St. Cloud, in France, without thought of the clock.

The noble oak and maple and elm trees offer a grateful shade, and give a softness to the family mansion which relieves the hardness of the stone. There are the columns at the front entrance, the sense of length and room, of coolness, of ease, and of a world in which one need never hurry. There are winding drives and parterres of flowers, while a solemn hush is all pervasive.

vasive.
For generations the Raines family have lived here. It is still occupied by members of the same family—the present Mrs. Raines and several sons and daughters. In the old colonial days, when we had what is called the British regime, the old mansion almost constantly gave forth the sounds of galety. Formed Social World of Their Own. For it became the habit of many British officers who had seved in other parts of the world to come out and settle in Canada.

These formed a little social world of their own. Not a few British officers

These formed a little social world of their own. Not a few British officers built homes for themselves on the side of the mountain. These can be seen to this day. There are at least four such, still in good repair. They have flat roofs, and if one peeped in—two of them are at present untenanted — he would see the old English open fireplace and the trons, the wide rooms and the stately simplicity which marked the decorations.

built up fortunes in the city, and then came out to this ideal spot to live, themselves and their families. Such men have selected the natural coigns Mr. James Harrison, the chief of po- of 'vantage against the side of the or vantage against the side of the mountain, and their mansions—for they are mansions — stand out strikingly. They are, perhaps, a little staring, but time will assuage, and in a generation the maple will afford a grateful

Costly mansions, most of them, with Costly mansions, most of them, with every modern comfort and convenience, built of pressed brick or Montreal limestone, with wide verandahs, sun from all sides, and the view commanding the St. Lawrence and all the alluring boyond. And some of them have gone away up until the highest peak has been reached, and there, like an eerle, their homes are perched. Some live the year round, even at the highest altitude, while others have simply light structures suitable for the summer.

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Mr. Bowser In A New Role

Went Out In the Country to Study History For the Benefit of Mr. Green.

FARMERS CHASED HIM

They Intimated That He Was Spying Around to Steal Something and Grew Suspicious.

[Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells.] Mr. Bowser had given no hint in word or action of his intentions, but at breakfast the other morning he said to

"I see that you take no interest whatever in natural history, and I am disappointed in you." 'What interest do you expect me to

take?" she replied. "Oh, none at all. Keep right on sloshing around and never give a thought as to why a grasshopper's hind legs are longer than his front ones."
"I suppose he was built that way to

make a jumper of him." "You suppose, but you don't know.
Why should the grasshopper jump any
more than the beetle? Why should a
rabbit jump any more than a fox? Why should nature have made a bear to climb and denied the same privilege to a wolf? How is it that a cat can see in the darkness and a cow can't? Why should the ox bellow and the

"Why should water beetles be running around our kitchen instead of canary birds?" asked Mrs. Bowser after a minute

horse neigh?"

All Fiddle Faddle With Women, "Woman, don't make a fool of the thing! When a woman is ignorant it is much better that she owned up and got posted. All your life you have seen



IN THE INTEREST OF NATURAL HISTORY. rats and mice, and yet it never occurred to you to ask why rats are the largest. You find water beetles in the kitchen and cockroaches in the clothes closets. Why? What part do they play in nature's game? If you could keep your nose off a bargain counter for fifteen minutes you might learn something of animal and insect life."

"Will you kindly tell me where all this talk is intended to lead to?" "I will. Business is not very press

ing at the office just now, and I pro-pose to take a day off and go out into the country to study nature a bit." "As applied to the animal kingdom in the aging winter?" "Just so, madam. I had an argument with Green the other day about

ment with Green the other day about woodchucks and rabbits. I know I was right, but the obstinate jackass wouldn't give up. The woodchuck, as I contend and positively know, crosses his front legs when he walks, and a rabbit can run faster in a circle than straight ahead. I shall take a little run out among the farmers and bring back the evidence to crush Green for-ever. I shall take my gun along and knock over a few qualls and partridges while I am about it." Feared a Calamity.

Mrs. Bowser knew that some calamity would happen and that she would be held responsible for it, but she also realized that he had made up his mind and that it was useless to argue with him. After breakfast he got into an old suit of clothes, brought down his shotgun and started off in the interests shotgun and started on in the interests of natural history. Mr. Bowser felt like a boy out on a holiday, and as the suburban car sped with him coun-tryward he would have been very gra-

> had his advances been met in a friendly spirit. But they were not. He had only inquired if woodchucks and rab-bits were plenty in the country when the farmer looked him over with critthe farmer looked him over with crit-ical eye and slowly replied:
> "Lemme tell you something. If you are one of those fellers they call a Nimrod you don't want to come fooling around my place. I've had a calf and a pig shot within the last month, and the next trespasser will get it in the

s to the farmer sitting on his right

"Don't you suppose I know a wood-chuck from a calf?" demanded the hunter as he began to bristle up. "You don't look it!"

"That's because I can't tell whether you are a man or a jackass!"

Wanted to Punch Him.

That ended the conversation, except that the farmer went out on the back platform and told the conductor in confidence that he'd give a spring lamb to

punch the head of the old coon inside who claimed to be a sportsman, bu was probably looking for a chance to steal eggs. When he left the car Mr. Bowser struck across the fields toward a distant farmhouse. There were patches of snow on the ground, and he stopped here and there to look for tracks. He had come within twenty rods of the house when three men emerged from a barn, and one of them

It was a father and his two sons, and as they came up the old man asked:
"Now, then, what are you doing on my land?"
"I came out into the country today in the interests of natural history," was

"Why, man, don't you know what natural history is? You have it all around you every day of your life. For instance, there's a crow flying"—
"Don't let him soft soap you, dad!"

said one of the sons.
"I'll bet my boots he's been with a circus!" added the other. "What right have you on this land, I say?" demanded the old man.

Told to Go.
"Why, I can't say that I have any legal right; but, as I told you, I came out to post myself a little on natural history. I don't see why you should object to me walking across your

"Oh, you don't? Perhaps you wouldn't object if I came to town and walked around in your back yard? Stranger, I don't like the looks of your mug. If you ain't a bad man then I never saw one. If you ain't off my land in five minits I'll put you off!" "Get a hump on you!" shouted one of

"Or you'll be taken with that tired feeling!" added the other.

Mr. Bowser trotted along. He hated to be driven, but he felt that woodchucks and rabbits awaited him farther on. The farmer kept calling to him to step lively until he climbed a fence and reached a highway, and then the affair

Half a mile farther down the road the Nimrod found a farmer chopping wood at his gate, and he sat down on a log and entered into conversation, but not before the chopper had warned

"Now, then, you can't sell me no gold bricks nor talk pe into life insurance, and you needn't waste your breath trying."

Denies He Is a Fakir, "My dear man, I am no fakir," re-

plied Mr. Bowser. "I came out here to observe and ask questions. I had an argument with a man named Green the

"You look like a windy sort of man." "Thanks, but I want to ask you a question or two, and I shan't pick your pocket while you are answering. You have seen woodchucks, of course?"
"A few."

"Then you know that when a wood-chuck walks or runs he crosses his fore legs. What does he do it for?"

"He don't. Nobody but a fool would claim he did. Might as well say that you crossed your feet when walking. Where in thunder did you get that idea

"No matter, but I know I'm right. You simply haven't observed the animal. Another question: Why does a rabbit run faster in a circle than straightaway?'

"But I claim that he does."

"Then you are a bigger fool than I thought at first. Will a barrel of cider roll faster in a circle than straight

"What has a barrel of cider got to do with it?" shouted Mr. Bowser as he got

"It's got everything to do with it

and don't you yell at me that way. If you are spying around to see where my hens roost at night I can tell you that I keep two big bear traps for such fel-Mr. Bowser had opened his mouth to answer when a wagon came along and

four men jumped out. One was the farmer he met on the car; the others the old man and his two sons. called the old man to the chopper, "this feller here with a gun proba bly belongs to that gang of cow thieves in town, and we are going to run him

in. Come on and help."

They didn't run him in, but they ran him two miles across fields and through woodland before they ceased pursuit. From then on Mr. Bowser was dead to the woodchuck and the rabbit world. At 10 o'clock at night he unlocked his own front door to find Mrs. Bowser sitting up for him.
"How about the woodchuek and his

crossed fore legs?" she asked. He made no reply.

"Do rabbits run faster to port or starboard than straight ahead?" He clumped upstairs without seeming aware of her existence and without a whisper about divorce. M. QUAD.

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