bin in fifteen years!" "But the scientific —" you begin, gently. "Scientific be damned," he shouts. "Lots of them chaps aint never seen the thermometer below zero! Wot do *they* know of sun-dogs?" You return to your pole "mattress" without reply; you are too tired to give an elementary lecture on refraction.

Day after day you plod along, ever to the southward, and each day the sun is longer in the heavens, and warmer on your face. Sometimes the ice-road winds between bold, high banks, whose rocky scarps run down to the ice edge, sometimes between thickly-wooded islands, where the sombre pine trees throw their shadows far across the trail. Lake Lebarge is behind you now, and also the grim cañon and White Horse Rapids, where many a bold miner has found a grave in the rushing waters. You make in a day the sixty miles from Lake Tagish to the head of Lake Bennet, and wonder if you are the same foot-sore, stiff, and weary traveller who plodded along suffering in silence and misery sixteen days ago.

Your face is burnt a dark, rich brown, your feet are hard and tireless, you can sleep on a pile of firewood as soundly as on a spring mattress, you feel fit to run, jump, or fight for your life, and when next morning you top the summit of the coast range, bidding farewell for a while to the Union Jack floating there, and turn your face to the magnificent panorama spread below you, you know once more the *joie de vivre* you thought to be gone for ever with your schoolboy days, and you shout in the ecstasy of health which is found after toil and labour done in the keen bracing air on the long winter trail of the Yukon river.

HENRY TOKE MUNN.

ON THE GREEN.

HARRY VARDON continues to tour America triumphantly, a tour that would be more interesting if the triumphs were not so uninterrupted. The professionals seem more consistent in their play than the amateurs. When a man in their class has climbed to the top of the tree he not only stays there for a year or two *vide* Taylor and Vardon but while there he seems as if he were there of right, and beats any that comes to challenge him. Of course, this is more true of Vardon than of any other golfer that ever handled a club; but as compared with the amateur golf it is characteristic of the golf of the professional class. Just at the moment in the amateur ranks we are being threatened with a real revolution of the younger element. We have seen it surging for awhile back, now it is breaking the surface, and it only remains to see whether it will go to the height of winning the championship of the amateurs. That is a matter that still lies on the knees of the gods; but there are several instances of the revolt of the juveniles that are historical, although recent. Mr. Bramston's beatings of Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. F. L. Low successfully are rampant cases at Westward Ho. At Muirfield Mr. L. M. Hunter won in a field that included two amateur champions, Mr. F. L. Laidlay and Mr. Balfour Melville; and another of the younger division, Mr. C. E. Dalziel, was second to Mr. Hunter. Again, there was Mr. R. Maxwell winning at North Berwick in the Tantallon Club's competition, and winning by an immense balance, with Mr. J. E. Laidlay again far behind; and at Hoylake Mr. L. Graham took the first day's medal by every so many strokes from Mr. Hilton and Mr. Hutchings, who tied for second place. Are these other cases of the same revolutionary upheavals? Probably, but for the moment we forget them. Enough has been said to show that we are on the eve of a general upsetting of the ancient apple cart, even if that antique vehicle is not already mouldering with the dry rot. Still, these older players have a way of asserting themselves, of "bobbing up" again in what has been called the Indian summer of their game. They are not likely to allow themselves to be fossilised, neatly ticketed, and laid on the shelf as specimens of what was good in a bygone age, without some effort.

It is said by people who visit a good many golf clubs that the lists for the Tait Memorial Fund are not filling up according to hope and anticipation. Of course the general fact of the drain on people's pockets owing to the war and so on are to be kept in remembrance; but is it not likely to be the case in regard to this particular subscription list that a good many of the men whose names might have been looked for on a certain list are absent because they appear on some other list? Most men are members of several clubs. The lists are put up in all; but the subscriber only writes down his name on one, and hence the many blank spaces. That is our suggestion by way of explanation, but we must also admit that we have always thought these lists would have filled far quicker had the object to which the money would be appropriated been named at first.

They have set the record for the competition score at Hoylake at a mighty low level now, Mr. Hilton, on the second medal day, getting round in the wonderfully low score of 72, whereas actually was a six at the last hole after he had reached the green comfortably in two—a potential 70. It is a score to make one marvel, only to be made by perfect play with all that kind fortune can do to aid it helping.

AT · THE · THEATRE

MR. R. C. CARTON has achieved another success. All his successes are those of merit, in their several ways. Of late, this, one of our most able and charming writers, has been pessimistic and decadent in his themes, but in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," at the Criterion Theatre, without going back to the idealism of "Liberty Hall" and "Sunlight and Shadow," he once again expresses his belief in human nature in a play in which there is nothing to hurt, or nothing which hurts. It is a triumphant vindication of the attitude of those who hold that it is possible to amuse and interest an audience of adults without banning the theatre to adolescence.

When a writer can give us so pleasant and wholesome a play as this, and can give it the treatment of charm, of literature, of character which Mr. Carton can always give, success is certain. Certain, though the "plot" is "thin." Plays with plots must always be the very best things for the theatre, but, when one gets a comedy of character so admirably told, so unremittingly interesting, we may fervently welcome it. The groundwork of "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" is fantastic, not too convincing—theatrical, if you will. But though the situation in which the people of the drama are placed is all these, the characters themselves are human and true to life. So we regard the play through them, and the result is very pleasing indeed.

Lady Huntworth has allowed herself to be divorced by her husband, has not defended the suit, because she preferred to bear the stigma rather than continue the wife of a horrible drunkard, who has spent her fortune and ruined her life. Penniless, under an assumed name, she becomes the cook of a country vicarage. Everyone falls in love with her—the choleric old vicar, the horsey, good-hearted military man, the butler. All on one night they make their way into her kitchen. On the same evening her wretched ex-husband returns with an offer of remarriage, very kindly promising to "forget and forgive." He has heard that she is the heiress to another fortune. For a little while the comedy borders on farce, for each of the men has to be hidden in a room or cupboard; but Mr. Carton's skill enables him to avoid the pitfalls of such an embroglio, and he carries his piece triumphantly to a close.

The play is very admirably interpreted. Miss Compton, as the aristocratic cook, acts with her accustomed urbanity and cool, highly-bred manner; but, as usual, she manages to suggest a good deal of feeling, nevertheless. Mr. Eric Lewis provides another of his little gems of character study as the vicar. Mr. Arthur Bourchier with another of his rough, breezy, pleasant gentlemen of the Army. Mr. Ernest Hendrie's drily humorous style obtains an excellent outlet as the butler; Miss Pollie Emery makes one of the successes of the evening as a typical "slavey." Miss Gertrude Elliott, in too small a part, is as charming and winsome as ever. Mr. Dion Boucicault gives a gruesome and ugly, but very striking and clever, performance of the character of the villainous Huntworth; the author must share with the actor the blame for laying on the colour too thickly for a play of such delicate texture.

"MARSAC OF GASCONY" is romantic costume drama run mad. A burlesque of "The Three Musketeers" fashion could hardly further go. Mr. Edward Vroom's play, produced at Drury Lane Theatre, is a met-