

## CEDARS TWENTY CENTURIES OLD.

THE sturdy storm-enduring red cedar, says John Muir, in The April Atlantic, delights to dwell on the tops of granite domes and ridges and glacier pavements of the upper pine belt, at an elevation of seven to ten thousand feet, where it can get plenty of sunshine and snow and elbow room without encountering quick-growing, overshadowing rivals. It never makes anything like a forest, seldom comes together even in groves, but stands out separate and independent in the wind, clinging by slight joints to the rock, living chiefly on snow and thin air, and maintaining tough health on this diet for at least two thousand years, every feature and gesture expressing steadfast, dogged endurance . . . Some are undoubtedly more than two thousand years old. For, though on good moraine soil they grow about as fast as oaks, on bare pavements and smoothly glaciated overswept granite ridges in the dome region they grow extremely slowly. One on the Starr King ridge, only two feet eleven inches in diameter, was eleven hundred and forty years old. Another on the same ridge, only one foot seven and a half inches in diameter, had reached the age of eight hundred and thirty-four years. The first fifteen inches from the bark of a medium-sized tree—six feet in diameter—on the north Tenaya pavement, had eight hundred and fifty-nine layers of wood, or fifty-seven to the inch. Beyond this the count was stopped by dry rot and overgrown wounds. The largest I examined was thirty-three feet in girth, or nearly ten in diameter; and though I failed to get anything like a complete count, I learned enough from this and many other specimens to convince me that most of the trees eight to ten feet thick, standing on polished glacier pavements, are more than twenty centuries of age rather than less. Barring accidents, for all I can see, they would live forever. When killed they waste out of existence about as slowly as granite. Even when overthrown by avalanches, after standing so long, they refuse to lie at rest, leaning stubbornly on their big elbows as if anxious to rise, and while a single root holds to the rock, putting forth fresh leaves with a grim never-say-die and never-lie-down expression.

## PLAIN TALK TO GOLFERS.

KEEP in constant practice, play as often as you can; and don't be always changing the style of your clubs. When you have discovered by actual playing what models suit you, stick to them until you know them thoroughly, and don't imagine just because you have seen some man make a wonderful shot with some particular club that, because you go and buy one like it, you can necessarily do equally well. The more you play with the same clubs the better you will use them.

Never underestimate your opponent at match play; always play your very best, for you can never tell when he is liable to make a sudden spurt.

Be temperate. You cannot play golf well and drink hard, sooner or later it will effect your eyes, and your power of judging distance and hitting your ball accurately will be lost.

Finally, I want to again impress on anyone who wishes to become a good golfer the lasting importance of having the arms and feet work together. Unless they do, you can never become a long straight driver. Remember that after addressing the ball with the club head, as the arms go up in the upward swing you pivot on your left foot, your arms and your left foot in perfect time, one with the other, until at the top of

the swing you are on the point of your left toe. As the club comes down, the left foot pivots back to its original position when you addressed the ball, and at the moment when the club head strikes the ball the left heel touches the ground. As the club begins to rise for the follow through, you commence to pivot on your right foot, foot and arms moving together in perfect time, until, at the end of the follow through, you are on the toes of the right foot, and the stroke is finished.—H. Vardon, open champion of Great Britain.

## A RECENT VISIT TO LADYSMITH.

WE walk down to the hotel, and the first thing that strikes us is the very little damage that has been done. True, here and there, a gaping hole in a house shows where a shell has found its mark, and there are many broken windows, but it is evident that the Boers have wasted thousands of tons of metal in doing but little damage. We are told that the reason for this is that their shells had too little and too poor bursting charges of powder in them. In any case, I have seen a street or streets in London with far greater damage done to the houses by the out-of-work rioters only with sticks and stones. Driving to our hotel we were met with the pleasing intelligence that neither it nor any other hotel "was open yet," and that the town was still existing on Government rations. There had been a few "big" civilians up here already, but we are practically the first two "of no account" that have got through. We managed, however, after a great deal of trouble to get a room between us, and had just fixed up things when our unknown from Colenso Station turned up. He asked for a room, and was told he could not get one. He immediately said, "Oh, I must have a room, and at any cost. I'm Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett. I'm a Member of Parliament!" The man who had given us our room was not a bit impressed. "I can't help that. You had better sit down and wait till the boss comes in!"—London Outlook.

## THE RAILWAY MAN AT THE FRONT.

MAJOR GIROUARD, says Answers, knows more about railways than any man in the army. He is with General Buller, superintending the railway operations, and it will be remembered he laid Lord Kitchener's railway in the Soudan. He likes Tommy to travel rapidly, but also looks after the transport of stores; and it is in connection with the latter point that he uttered the remark "Army railway director? No! Certainly not! I'm more likely the army goods guard!"

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