

large and belligerent carter to the station house under one arm. A man with these talents could not long hide his light under a bushel, and so he blossomed out as a professional strong man, who juggles with barrels of cement and 200 lb. dumb-bells. As a matter of genuine athletics, there is comparatively little attached to his performances. He can lift heavy weights, and that is all; he could not walk a mile or run a quarter or travel up two flights of stairs without difficulty in finding atmosphere, and I do not want to set him up as model for any aspiring athlete. I simply think he is a phenomenal example of development in one line. But as phenomena are scarce in Canada, I simply desire to draw attention to him, especially as since he has broken some records, our cousins across the line have already claimed him as their own, and endorsed challenges to Sandow, Hercules and other modern Samsons.

* * *

The Cornwallites play championship lacrosse in summer, and they are well up in their winter sports too. Lately they have recognized the fact that one of the best pastimes that the cold days of winter permit is hockey, and, acting on the idea, a club has been formed. From the description given in a local paper, their ideas of hockey may not go much further than "shinny," but they will improve by-and-by. The officials of the new club are:—Hon.-president, R. R. McLennan; president, A. Denny; secretary, J. P. Lally; committee, Jno. Copeland, Geo. Bastedo, H. F. Gault, W. Peacock, P. J. Lally. The first match was pretty loose, but Cornwall beat Morrisburg by two goals to one. By the way, two goals to one does not look much like "shinny," does it?

* * *

The most hopeful did not think that the Kentucky Stallion Representative Stake of \$10,000 would have proved so successful. Nearly 100 entries had been made, so that the primary payments will almost sum up the guaranteed amount. Under these circumstances, the surplus will be a purse worth a small fortune, and the winner of it is among those who are intelligent enough to cast a penny to catch a pound.

* * *

Up Toronto way a good deal of interest is being given to matters relating to the gun, and the Mimico Gun Club is one of the latest additions to the list. With good grounds and a fair number of enthusiastic members, the club should be a success.

* * *

Curlers, who in the ordinary nature of things love nothing better than to see the appreciation of the fine old Scotch game spread everywhere where civilization holds sway, will congratulate the brithers o' the broom in Albany. The capital of New York State seems blessed with a climate and a class of men to whom the roarin' game comes natural. Albanian curlers have visited Montreal frequently, and a jollier set of fellows, with hearts as open as the tee at the first shot, never sent away a stone, made a port, took plenty of ice, or drew closer to our feelings of fellowship, than those twirlers of the granites. They will be in Canada again this year, and no one will be more welcome than that embodiment of geniality, Mr. McCredie, whose rink won in the directors' match on New Year's day, with a score of 25 to 11.

* * *

It is very seldom that the Quebec Challenge Cup is not in the keeping of the Montreal Curling club, but just now it is in the custody of the Rideau club of Ottawa, two rinks of which, after an exciting game on Tuesday, defeated Montreal by 17 points. The challenge cup of late years has, with two or three exceptions, been successfully defended by the Montreal club, but everybody has an off-day, and Tuesday seemed to be that day. The Rideau club, however, will have their work cut out to keep it during the season, and a visit to the Capital may be expected from some Montreal clubs. The score of the match was as follows:—

<i>Montreal.</i>		RINK NO. 1.	<i>Rideau.</i>	
T. Williamson			H. P. S. Lane	
E. A. Whitehead			J. F. Shaw	
R. W. Tyre			J. W. DeC. O'Grady	
W. I. Fenwick	—skip 10		E. D. Sutherland	—skip 29

RINK NO. 2.			
W. Abbott		K. J. Henry	
A. I. Hubbard		A. P. Sherwood	
D. Williamson		H. H. Gray	
F. Stancliffe	—skip 20	E. Waldo	—skip 18
Total	30	Total	47
Majority for Rideau, 17 shots.			

While the challenge cup match was in progress on the Montreal ice, two other rinks of the Rideaus were busily engaged with the Thistles, but on this occasion the visitors were not so successful as their brethren, the Thistles almost doubling up on them, as will be seen from the following score:—

RINK NO. 1.		<i>Rideau.</i>	
<i>Thistle.</i>			
P. W. McLagan		A. MacPherson	
W. J. Cleghorn		A. L. Jarvis	
Charles McLean		S. W. Rogers	
G. W. Cameron	—skip 22	R. Batson	—skip 16
RINK NO. 2.			
R. S. Kinghorn		—Avery	
Dr. T. J. Finnie		—McConnell	
Rev. James Barclay		—Holdbrooke	
G. H. Balfour	—skip 28	—McGee	—skip 11
Total	50	Total	27

They have great curlers out St. Johns way, and the Caledonians of Montreal discovered that to their sorrow on Tuesday last, when the brithers from the Townships gave them a beating and nine shots to spare. Following score shows the result:—

RINK NO. 1.		<i>Caledonia.</i>	
<i>St. Johns.</i>			
J. B. Stewart		R. E. Peel	
F. A. Marn		J. Simpson	
Capt. Coursol		R. Finley	
R. Goold	—skip 21	P. Lyall	—skip 12
RINK NO. 2.			
R. Allpaugh		Jas. Paton	
C. A. Bissett		W. Lyall	
A. J. Wright		W. P. Scott	
C. H. Pearce	—skip 18	W. H. Boon	—skip 19
Total	39	Total	31
Majority for St. Johns, 8 shots.			

The first attempt for the Quebec Challenge Cup this season was made by the Thistle club; they were confident of winning and they made a hard struggle, but were not powerful enough for the combination which the Montreal club put on the ice. The following tells the tale:—

RINK NO. 1.		<i>Montreal.</i>	
<i>Thistle.</i>			
Dr. T. J. Finnie		W. Abbott	
A. T. Patterson		R. W. Shepherd	
C. McLean		Rev. J. Williamson	
Rev. J. Barclay	—skip 15	D. Williamson	—skip 26
RINK NO. 2.			
A. F. Mitchell		G. McHenry	
J. D. Anderson		G. F. C. Carter	
G. S. Brush		A. F. Riddell	
A. Mitchell	—skip 18	R. W. Tyre	—skip 21
RINK NO. 3.			
Chas. Whitelaw		J. Paton	
Dr. J. C. Cameron		R. W. McDougall	
C. J. Baird		C. E. Smythe	
W. Stewart	—skip 20	W. I. Fenwick	—skip 15
RINK NO. 4.			
G. H. Balfour		F. Torrance	
D. A. Macpherson		S. A. McMurty	
J. S. Archibald		J. J. Dean	
A. Nichol	—skip 15	C. W. Dean	—skip 19
Total	68	Total	81
Majority for Montreal, 13 shots. R.O.X.			

The Behring Sea Question.

Taken as a whole, there is not much fault to be found with President Harrison's message to Congress; but there is one paragraph which bears upon its face the sinister impression of the hand of Mr. Secretary Blaine. The paragraph in question is that relating to the Behring Sea seal catching. After stating that he refused to submit the question to arbitration, as proposed by Lord Salisbury, because he—or Mr. Blaine (?)—did not think that the form suggested was calculated to assume a conclusion satisfactory to either party, General Harrison goes on to say that he "sincerely hopes that before the next sealing season some arrangement may be concluded assuring to the United States a property right in the Behring Sea, derived from Russia, which was not disregarded by any nation for over eighty years preceding the outbreak of the existing trouble."

This paragraph is intended to mislead. President Harrison's Foreign Secretary has no desire to submit this question to arbitration, neither now or at any other time. He wants to keep it open in order that it may afford him an opportunity of writing an insolent despatch occasionally, and thus allow him to pose as having kept his promise to the American Irish that he would "tweak the Lion's tail." As to a "property right" in the Behring Sea no nation has it. Russia had no power to declare that stretch of water a *mare clausum*, and consequently could not part with what was not hers to sell. All this claim to a "property right" is mere buncombe, and only intended to tickle the ears of the groundlings. We do not believe that any serious unpleasantness can arise between the two countries over such a question as this. And, perhaps, the seals will practically settle the question for us. For, according to all accounts, they are rapidly diminishing or else shifting their quarters to parts unknown; and as all the bother has arisen over the desire to obtain a monopoly of the seal fishing, of course when the seals vanish so will the reason for the dispute. But it is useless for Mr. Blaine to try buncombe on Lord Salisbury. *DIAGENES in St. Stephen's Review.*



(Concluded.)

This reminds me of another; and to show that the subject is susceptible of poetic treatment we cite the following, from the page of our Canadian poet, Lampman, which is, perhaps, his finest, or strongest sonnet:

THE RAILWAY STATION.

The darkness brings no quiet here, the light
No waking: ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush, the cry, the strain,
The engines' scream, the hiss and thunder smite:
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain:
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move laboring out into the bourneless night.
So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes:
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and
guesses;
What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

This is the awe, the pathos, the shadow of the subject; but here is the joy, the rhythm, the sunshine of it! The sweet minstrel of Piscataquis has lately given us a most spirited and poetical description of a car ride "Through the Heart of Maine;"—and few can do it better than Anna Boynton. She has evidently been on an excursion over the Canadian Pacific!

Down the dark gorge in rushing flight
By frowning ridge and beetling scar,
We flash from darkness into light
To break thy dream, bright Onawa.
What wild and winged steed is this
That through the rock's heart shrieking flies?
That leaps the tarn and deep abyss
Below these blue October skies?
Its path was torn by Titan might.
The mountain rock was rent and flung
Down shuddering chasms left and right.
From cliff to cliff these spans were hung,
And forests hurled apart to make
A way for this swift steed to fly.
This blue, bright morn his wings we take
And wood and wave and peak go by.
His giant heart beats thrill us through.
—The poetry of motion this.—
Swift as the eagle skims the blue
We pass the towering precipice

And thunder down the long defile.
The bright woods flash away, and high
The purple mountains pile on pile
Loom round us in the cloudless sky.
Stout heart, strong brain and steady hand
Direct thy flight—we fear no ill.
Fly swifter yet, O giant grand!
Thou canst not work thine utmost will!
To these thou bearest on thy wing
This golden day hath no alloy.
The great woods shout the caverns ring,
Thine onward rush is rhythmic joy.

Now, dear Editor, will not you, who are also a poet, and who have told us in your "Prophecy of Merlin," how "Words shall flash like light from shore to shore, And light itself shall chronicle men's deeds: Great ships shall plough the ocean without sail. And steedless chariots shoot with arrowy speed O'er hill and dale and river, and beneath The solid floor we tread;"—

will not you be constrained to admit that the subject may become, in some future hands, at least, fairly poetical. Confidently, PASTOR FELIX.