

Hamilton regatta of last week and the Kingston regatta of this week, nearly all these boats took a prominent part.

The Fish and Game Protection Club seems to have taken on a new lease of life since Mr. Shewan has held the secretaryship, and the law-breakers and pot-hunters are beginning to find out that they have to pay dearly for their illegal sport. Not a week has passed but some offenders against the game laws have been prosecuted, and in the great majority of cases convictions have been secured. If a little attention were turned to restaurants and hotels another class of offenders would discover that they cannot break the laws with impunity, even if such things as partridges masquerade as the unassuming prairie chicken. Look at the opening of the shooting season and see if on the first legal day black duck with a few day's flavor on it cannot be found on some of the leading restaurant's menu cards.

At the Swimming Club races Benedict again proved what a magnificent middle distance swimmer he is, and, as was expected, he lowered the American record for 1,000 yards, which was already his own. Some of the other competitors showed excellent form, and it would not be a bad idea if Benedict were entered for the champion hip swimming meeting of the Manhattan Athletic Club, which will be held on the 28th inst., under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union, at Pierpont-on-the-Hudson. Of course this would entail some expense, but the Montreal Swimming Club could spend a little money to advantage by sending such a representative as Benedict to the meeting. It is well within the probabilities that he would bring back the thousand yard medal.

The Toronto oarsmen did not meet with the same success at Quinsigamond as they did at Lachine. In the latter place they had everything practically their own way, but the Baysides were the only ones to carry back American honours, and they did it from among five of the strongest double scull crews on the continent. There is a movement on foot in the N.A.A.O. to reduce the championship course from a mile and a half to one mile. It is hardly likely this will be adopted, and for the present it is under the consideration of the executive.

There has been a good deal of discussion in the ranks of trotting men over the victory of Keno F., a gelding with no pedigree worth mentioning, in the Flower City Stakes, when he was pitted against some of the most fashionably bred stock. Such phenomena crop up once in a while, but in this case the advocates of breeding alone will be as much in the dark as ever.

At a recent meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, W. B. Curtis gave notice that at the next meeting of the Union he would introduce a resolution that in future all trophies be offered to individuals instead of to clubs. At the same meeting records were allowed for the recent performances of G. R. Gray, F. C. Puffer, A. H. Green, W. L. Condon and J. S. Mitchell.

The coming week will be a lively one at the nets, as the annual open tournament of the McGill University Lawn Tennis Club will open on Monday and be continued during the following days until completed. Large entries are looked for from Toronto, Ottawa, and other cities, and of course all local clubs will be represented. First and second prizes will be offered for both singles and doubles, and all defeated by the winner of the first prize will be eligible to compete for second. In the trials the best two out of three will count, and in the finals the best of five sets.

The memories have not yet died away of the pleasant days with the campers of the Northern Division of the A.C.A. at Ile Cadieux, and now we hear of the doings at the general meet at Jassup's Neck. To this spot have flocked canoeists from all parts of the United States and Canada, and several hundred tents are sparkling in the sun on what was before a comparatively unknown strip of land to the rest of the world. Canada is particularly well represented, the most prominent canoeists in the Dominion being present,—such men as Ford Jones, of the Brockville club, who last year held the championship in the handsome silver cup with the name of every winner engraved on it. In 1886 and 1887 the winner was R. W. Gibson, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, New York, and in 1888 M. N. Brockaw, of the Brooklyn C. C., was the successful competitor. Then there is Alexander Torrence, Dr. H. E. Rice, W. F. Johnson, W. G. McKendrick, who was at the head of the record last year. Among the rest are Geo. Auldjo, of the Lake St. Louis, Ex Com. Rathbun, E. L. French, E. B. Edwards and H. C. Rogers, of the Peterborough Club, and Robert Tyson and H. Leip, of the Toronto Club. The Canadians have over a dozen tents in the main camp. Ottawa is represented, too, with its beaver pennant floating over the tent. The frog in a yellow circle is the headquarters of the Lindsay, Ont., delegation, at whose head is Mr. J. G. Edwards, who holds the honorable No. 5, of the A.C.A., if I mistake not. Kingston Military College is represented by D. F. Jones and Walter Douglass. The Ubique and Galt clubs have good spokesmen in J. N. McKendrick, H. F. McKendrick, R. Wilkinson and H. Tolton. D. P. Jacques, C. A. Baird, A. H. Mason and H. R. Tilley do the honours for the

Toronto club. One of the features of the first day's racing was the ladies' tandem, which was won handily by Miss McKendrick and Miss Sherwood. Canada apparently can depend on her canoeists abroad to do her honour.

If ever any cricket club was surprised it was the M.C.C. on Saturday last when the Ottawa contingent arrived and gave the home men some pointers about the grand old game that ought to last them a little while. The Ottawas were playing on strange grounds, and even if the wicket was uneven it should have counted rather against the visitors than the grounds team. But the Ottawa men were very generous and simply beat Montreal by an innings and 81 runs! There is material worth pondering over in this; but better luck next time.

Where outdoor sports may be generally called pastimes, commend me to last week's events at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire. Here there was all the keen competition of sport and all the fun of a mere pastime. The races were arranged so that an unpleasant feature was an impossibility, and still the committees worked as hard as if the championship of the world depended on the results. It is a capital idea, too, having a lady coxswain in a gentleman's race. If the sterner scullers do not win, their gallantry will permit of no excuse for bad steering; and when the ladies are doing the hard work, the defeated one will be permitted to put the blame on the steersman. And the ladies, bless them, fully appreciate these advantages. To-day the week's sport will wind up with the tennis and bowling tournaments, and the arrangements for the past seven days have been so successful that many will be sorry they cannot be done over again.

The Montreal Hunt Club are just now getting ready for their annual season of kingly sport, and every day seems two until the season opens, when in all the refulgence of pink and ambition for the brush, the trying rail, the unknown wall, or the treacherous barb wire will be negotiated. But a commencement has been made, and this week cut hunting has begun. The time will soon be here and then there will be all the jollity of hunting breakfasts, hard runs, well-earned honours, appetising luncheons, coveted brushes, delightful dances, and every thing that makes to fill the huntsman's cup of happiness.

R. O. X.

Floral Texts from "Pastor Felix."

I.
Sweetbriar and delicious rose,
Wild rose of Maine,
Whose crushed hearts still retain
The perfumed breath that Nature's love bestows,
I prize you for the sake of him
Whose fingers pressed,
And tenderly caressed
Your beauty ere it languished and grew dim.

II.
Wild rose and briar sweet,
Not long ago
You wanted in the glow
Of sun and breeze, and listened to the beat
Of your own hearts—a note of joy:
The gypsy bee
Took from your virgin lips his fee
For service done in Flora's chaste employ.

III.
Fair exiles! here beneath my roof
Take rest, and take
My pity for your own dear sake;
Ah! spare your host your eloquent reproof,
Your dumb, pathetic questioning why,
For what offense,
On what unjust pretense,
He doomed you in a foreign land to die.

IV.
Listen, O honoured guests, I pray!
The kindly bard,
High seated in the world's regard,
But meant by your soft breathings to convey
A sense of truer song than any muse
Has ever sung,
Than any mortal tongue
Has ever uttered—could he wiser choose?

V.
Not poets only were you born,
But in you dwell
The fearless souls of Bruce and Tell,
Breathing on tyrant heads defiant scorn.
All this, and more than this, my friend—
A Druid wise
Made bold to symbolize
By those untutored charms that in you blend.

VI.
"A gracious argument, we grant,"
The flowers sighed,
Then added, with a touch of pride,
"Our wasted bosoms thrill again and pant,
For we have hope that in your lay
We still shall live,
And therefore we forgive
The hand that wrought us premature decay."

GEORGE MARTIN.



We have received the prospectus of the *Young Canadian*, "a high class illustrated weekly magazine of patriotism for the young people of Canada," to be published by The Young Canadian Company. "The *Young Canadian* firmly believes that it has but to announce its appearance and its aim to secure an enthusiastic reception, to open up for itself a patriotic record, and to inaugurate for Canada a work which has been too long neglected, and which will meet with a welcome and a response from every Canadian heart." It will consist of sixteen pages double demy, of fine paper, and clear type, with a cover embellished by a full-page design, specially drawn by one of our Royal Academicians. "The illustrations, from the life of the people, will be drawn by the very best talent in the Dominion, and no expense or trouble will be spared to secure and to maintain, in the matter and in the illustrations, the very highest literary and artistic standard." The *Young Canadian*, with every undertaking of like patriotic aim, has our best wishes, and we sincerely hope that its forecasts will be fulfilled. The Secretary of the company is Mrs. M. P. Murray, 111 Mackay Street, Montreal, to whom all communications should be addressed.

It is with sincere regret that we have learned of the death of Mr. Fred. W. Curzon, of Toronto, son of Mr. Robert Curzon, and of Mrs. Curzon, author of "Laura Secord," "In the Thick of It" and of other meritorious works in prose and poetry. Mr. Curzon, who was only in his 28th year, was a young man of more than promise and his death has left a sad void in his family and in the circle of his friends.

In the essay on Victorian and Elizabethan poetry, in his recently published "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," Mr. John Addington Symonds is credited with saying several strange things. He includes the Georgians under the head of Victorians, which is a quite unwarranted innovation, and can only lead to confusion. He includes under the head of 'idyll' the long narrative poems of Sir Walter, the tales of Crabbe, the *Endymion* and *Lamia* of Keats. He might with equal justice have included the *Odyssey* and the *Paradise Lost*. From the idyll the critic passes to the Victorian lyric, which includes Wordsworth's sonnets, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Maud*, Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*, Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, E. Jones's *Pagan's Drinking Chant*, Browning's *Dramatis Personae*, Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*, Sharp's *Weird of Michael Scot*, and Gosse's *Chant Royal*.

The *Scots Observer* says of Mr. Henry James's "Tragic Muse": Length is the dominant characteristic of the romance. The number of pages is by no means excessive; and though there is a good deal in each, the number of words is probably not greater than in many a commonplace three-volume novel. But the stoddiness of it! the complacent reeling off of paragraph after paragraph pages long, made up of sentences like this: "Imitation is a fortunate homage only in proportion as it is delicate, and there was an indefinable something in Nash's doctrine that would have been discredited by exaggeration or by zeal!" Of course the author occasionally permits the characters to speak to each other, but when they do they are as fluent, as refined, as circuitous, and as cryptic, if not quite as long-winded, as Mr. James himself.

The Author of "Alice in Wonderland."

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Oxford is the home of "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice in Wonderland," the queen of nonsense books. He is a senior student of Christ Church, and was for many years mathematical lecturer to the college, but retired from the latter post some few years ago, in order to devote himself more unreservedly to literary work. As might be gathered from his books, he is a genuine lover of children, and his beautiful suite of rooms in the north-west corner of Wolsey's great quadrangle, looking over St. Aldgate's, were at one time a veritable children's paradise. Never did rooms contain so many cupboards, and never did cupboards contain such endless stores of fascinating things. Musical boxes, mechanical performing bears, picture books innumerable, toys of every description, came forth in bewildering abundance before the child's astonished eyes: no wonder, then, that in childish years a day spent with "Lewis Carroll" was like a glimpse into a veritable El Dorado of innocent delight! For many years he was a considerable amateur photographer, and amused himself by taking his little friends in all sorts of odd and fanciful costumes, till his album became filled with Japanese boys and girls, beggar maids in picturesque tatters, or Joans of Arc in glittering armour. The smell of the collodion he used to pour on the negative, his small "subjects" watching him open-mouthed the while, lingers in the memory still, and the sight of the box in the dark room which used to be pulled out for them to stand upon, in order that they might watch more comfortably the mysterious process of "developing," served not long ago to remind one at the least of his quondam child friends, humorously if a little painfully, of the flight of time.—*Ethel M. Arnold.*