

himself more vigorously to the oars. His hands smart, his back aches, the perspiration pours down his face, yet doggedly he adds stroke to stroke, every now and then glancing anxiously over his shoulder to see what progress he is making, until at last with a sigh of unutterable relief the home-side of the harbour is reached, and he feels as though he will not want to go boating again for a fortnight.

Of course this frame of mind does not last long, and the next fine morning finds him ready for another adventure.

So sure as a boy has a proper amount of "go" in him he will not be content with merely learning to row. He must find out whether he cannot make his boat move faster than Frank, or Harry, or Dick, can theirs. So races are arranged, and a course of preparation is entered into with great energy.

Now, whatever objectionable features there may be about boat-racing as carried on by the great colleges and rowing-clubs, with its long and arduous training under professional "coaches," intense excitement, and harmful gambling, there are absolutely none about boys' boat-races. It is all innocent rivalry and pure amusement, and serves to lend an additional zest to a noble sport, and to teach the contestants something about their own powers of endurance and self-control. I had won many a race before I was fourteen, and the only one of any consequence that I lost, I think I can put down to an error in getting ready for it. In preparing for previous races, I had always made my practice consist of a steady but quiet pull over the course. This time, taking the advice of an unwise counsellor, I practised by pulling over the course at racing speed, with the natural consequence that instead of building up my strength I was breaking it down, and had very little left when the struggle came. The lesson I learned from that race did not need to be repeated.

And so, back I come to where I started. Happy is the boy whose home is by the water-side! Let him not fail to make good use of his opportunities. Boats are made for boys just as surely as ships are for men. There is no prettier sight to be seen afloat, than four sturdy young Canadians handling their oars like miniature Hanlans, and sending a trim four-oar skimming over the water.

The best of it is, that boats are not made for boys only, but for girls also. Every word of what I have said applies to them equally well. They may row, and race too, and do it so well that even their own brothers dare not laugh at them. I remember a charming young girl, scarce five feet in height, and slender in proportion, rowing a pair of oars in a heavy boat containing seven people four long miles one breathless mid-summer night, and every boy might be proud of that feat, which she performed as quietly as though it had been fancy work.

Hurrah! for boating then—be it amid the salt-sea waves, in the current of a river, or upon the placid bosom of a lake. There is no better amusement for boys or girls. May all who read these words have the good fortune to enjoy it freely!

QUITE CLEAR.

A deer-stalker, after a series of inexcusable misses, remarked "Well, Donald, whose fault was it that time?" "Weel," quoth Donald, "he wasn't more than a hundred yards awa', and it's no my fault you missed him; and it wasn't the fault of the stag, for he stood still eneuch; and it's no the fault of the rifle, for I ken weel it's a right good one, sae I'll just leave it tae ye to think it ower and find oot whose fault it was."

SOME HINTS ON SWIMMING.

BY LOUIS CHAPMAN.

Most boys have an opportunity of picking up the accomplishment of swimming somehow. Perhaps they could not tell you where or when. But our girls have not the same chances. The more's the pity. My first lesson was a good one. It will be *yours*. The way to gain confidence in water is, not to try to keep up, but to

TRY TO SINK.

It is harder than you imagine, as you will see when you make a few unsuccessful attempts to reach a pebble at your foot. Try it. Wade out to your waist, and take a bet that you will sink yourself to a sitting posture at the bottom. You may get down, but only when you learn how. Work on in this fashion, experimenting with yourself and with the water. You will find that what I have said is true. It is hard to sink. As you gain confidence, and begin to feel at home in the water, make up your mind that it is one of your best friends. Court from it the secret of its "little ways," as you would those of a friend. Suit your laws to the laws of the water, and you are friends for life—fast friends.

THE BREAST STROKE

is the most useful, and the basis of all others. Put the forearms close to the chest. Extend the elbows slightly. Take a full breath to fill the lungs.

Before springing forward, learn the next steps, and know them well, as once you have sprung out you have little time to think. Arms and legs have alike to do their duty. When the arms are thrown forward, the legs also are extended to their utmost, with the feet close together, and the great toes stretched well out in line with the legs. The body is now in one long straight line, and the straighter the better. The arms are pointing ahead, with the hands flat open, back upwards, and the two thumbs touching; while the legs are pointing back, the feet close, and the toes all eagerly anxious to keep in line. The arms are then slowly swung back till they come in a line with the shoulders, and still at full stretch, the hands perfectly flat, and the



Breast Strokes

fingers close together in line. Here the stroke is ended, and the arms are then rapidly drawn back to their original position, with the forearms close up to the chest, ready for a fresh spring. Meantime the leg movement is the same as that of the arms. The legs are drawn up, with the knees thrown wide apart, and the inner edges of the feet drawn close together. This should be done while the arms are swinging round to the shoulder line, so that when the stroke of the arms is completed, both legs and arms are in position for the next effort. As the arms are thrown forward again, the legs are pushed down, the soles of the feet are acting like a pair of oars to shove the body along. As the arms again swing round the legs are once more drawn up. The great secret of the breast stroke lies in the