

## The Race for the Queen's Cup.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, the custodian of the Queen's Cup, and a club with a splendid record and interesting history, is now, as always, a flourishing organization, whose annual events are regarded by lovers of aquatics with lively interest. Commodore Boswell devotes a good



Commodore Boswell  
owner of the yacht Vreda—

five miles to a buoy south of Mimico; thence south by east five miles to a buoy out in the lake; then back to the starting point and around once more. The race began in a drizzling rain, with very little wind, but towards noon the weather showed signs of clearing, a smart south-east breeze sprang up, making the balance of the race a lively one. The Vreda won. The Oreole, on account of light winds, did not come up in her usual style at first, but when she caught the breeze she rapidly overhauled the others, passing them on the second to last buoy. She did not gain enough, however, to make her time allowance on the last buoy. On the home run the White Wings' topmast, having too great a strain on it by the balloon jib, was carried away, and she was out of the race. She kept pluckily on, however, to the end, and came out a close third. The Aileen was not in

the race from the first. She behaved badly, and was the last to reach the home buoy.

The Vreda, the winner of the race, is a fine cutter, with clipper bow. She was designed and built in England, and sailed across the Atlantic after her purchase by Mr. Boswell. She is built of steel, and is as fine a specimen of a yachting craft as the veriest enthusiast would wish to see. Commodore Boswell is proud of her, as, indeed he has reason to be.

The Vreda, however is likely to have a formidable rival next year. It is stated that Mr. Blackstock, the well-known Toronto lawyer, and an ardent yachtsman, will have brought over from England the yacht Dragon, a Fife boat, of which great things are predicted, as she has a splendid record on English yachting courses.



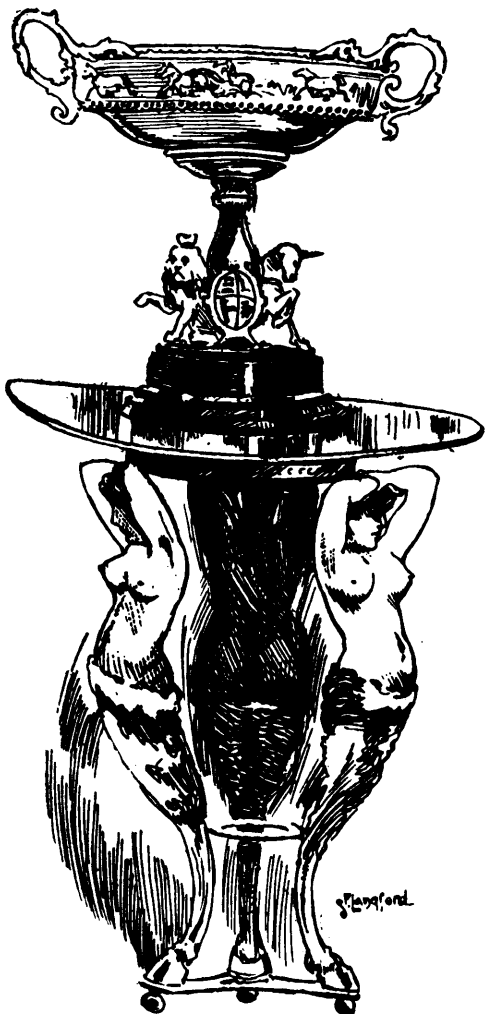
THE YACHT VREDA.

## DEAD LEAVES.

I strolled along the city street one day,  
And as I walked a train of withered leaves  
Went swirling by, and settled neath the eaves  
Of a low shed which bordered on my way;  
And there, quiescent, for a moment lay.  
But soon the wind some fresh design conceives.  
And, presto! the sere group new form receives,  
Swept by the gusty breeze in fitful play,

As oft a human soul is idly cast  
Upon some land, or time, or circumstance;  
And thinks, unwitting, whence his life form grew,  
To stem the moulding current of the past  
Or bind the future,—some new wind of chance  
Sweeps up his life and scatters it anew.

D'AREMAC.



THE QUEEN'S CUP.

ten o'clock. The White Wings was the first to cross the line; the Oreole and Aileen being late in starting, were towed to the line by Gooderham's steam yacht Abeona. The course was from a buoy south of the exhibition wharf