

cluded I might as well die full as fasting. In the larder were eggs, butter, ham, tea, and other provisions, but the staff of life was wanting.

"Dars a shop roun' de corner, sar," volunteered my dusky friend, so I despatched him with a shilling and he mounted a mule and rode away while I drew a chair out on the piazza, picked up the *Strand Magazine*, lighted my pipe and watched the sunset. Anything more beautiful it would be hard to conceive; perched in a little hollow among the hills, looking down many hundreds of feet over the gorgeous dripping landscape, the rich reds and deep greens relieved by the lighter shade of the cane fields; this was surely one of the most lovely spots on earth.

I contained my soul in patience for upwards of two hours; it must have been a very long way around the corner, but bye-and-bye the nigger turned up again with some hot loaves, steaming from the oven, and in a few more minutes I was feasting on tea, goat's milk, and fried eggs at "Massa" Duncan's expense. I think I never enjoyed a meal so much in my life. The rest of the evening I smoked and meditated with "Marcus Aurelius," smiled over "Pickwick" and read "Far From the Madding Crowd," a book I thought eminently in keeping with its surroundings.

Mr. Montgomery Brandon confided to me that he was left in charge during his master's absence, presumably he took me for a friend of the family, a delusion which I was at no pains to dispel.

"Massa's bed's ready for ye, sar," he informed me when I had satisfied the cravings of hunger, and I turned in later and slept the sleep of the just.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke the next morning; my own wet clothes were hanging out to dry, so I resumed my host's garments, made a hearty breakfast of butter, toast, ham and Blue Mountain coffee and leaving a card of thanks for "Massa" Duncan, my absent host, I resumed my journey in search of further adventures among the hills of this tropical paradise. ROLAND WOOLSEY.

At Street Corners.

ALREADY the first signs of the fall are in the air, and at some of our Toronto street corners there are eddies of withered leaves. Not very large eddies; only large enough to warn us that summer is coming to an end. And, when the harvest begins in Manitoba—and it is a relief to think of Manitoba in connection with anything else but the everlasting school question—we know that we shall soon be having the apples in, at least we hope so, and all the accompaniments of the fall.

Our idiot familiar, looking over our shoulder says that apples were always connected, in his mind, with the fall.

Among the brightest of Canadian writers Mrs. Kathleen Blake-Watkins, who writes for the *Mail and Empire* under the *nom de plume* of "Kit" has for some years taken an important place. She is a widely travelled and highly accomplished woman with a breadth of mind and a penetration that fall to the lot of few of her sex. To a genial and sympathetic insight into human nature she adds a poetic vein and a light and droll fancy which give to her work a distinct individuality. She displays withal a hatred of cant and hypocrisy that sometimes make her pen a very forcible weapon, and her descriptive style is of a high class. I understand that Mrs. Blake-Watkins is writing a novel, which, it is needless to say, will be looked for with much eagerness by Canadian readers.

I hear that Mr. Gordon Mowat is to retire from the editorship of the *Canadian Magazine* and that for the present his place will be filled by Mr. J. A. Cooper. The *Canadian Magazine*, under Mr. Mowat's management, has attained a definite place in our native periodical literature and it may be hoped that under the new arrangement it will suffer no retrogression. I have heard several times that a new magazine is to be started in Toronto with the new year, but have not been able to locate the origin of the statement, nor to find any tangible confirmation of it.

Mr. Wyly Grier has on the stocks a very fine masculine-

ly-painted portrait of Chief Justice Meredith, which bids fair to be one of the most characteristic presentments of a judicial functionary that have graced the legal walls of Toronto.

The weather appears to be breaking up preparatory to a fine spell for the Toronto Exhibition. Manager Hill begins to look somewhat anxious with the weight of his responsibilities and the young farmers are buying neckties on Saturday nights to come to the great annual show in. Meanwhile has anybody cared to remark what exceedingly fine skies we have had recently, with their piled-up masses of white cloud, tinged with sweet grays and golds and pinks? Civic Holiday was splendid on this account, and to lie on the grass and watch the splendours of lake and sky was a recreation enough for the writer of these paragraphs.

I am sorry that the "Elm Street Church trouble" still drags its length along, and I am personally sorry that so estimable a choir master and a man as Mr. Jury (who is no relation by the way to the aggressive politician of that name) should have been placed thereby in an unpleasant position. As this is a Jury that cannot himself bring in a verdict, which duty must be left to the public, I have the utmost pleasure in giving my personal testimony to the fact that Mr. Jury and also his clever wife—a vocalist of more than ordinary ability and merit—are people who may well receive general support and confidence. Mr. Jury's bearing throughout the entire pitiful proceedings has been worthy of all praise.

I heard Rev. W. S. Blackstock preach the other evening at Berkley street Methodist church. He is the father of the well-known lawyers of that ilk, and a fine, broad shouldered vigorous old man of much vitality. His father was a pioneer, and in his early days the reverend gentleman knew much of the hardships and triumphs of the settlers' life. To preach at a wayback church on a Sunday morning, and to ride twenty miles on horseback, to minister to another congregation in the evening; to be used to long tramps or rides through the primeval forest, to receive from time to time the rude but hearty welcome of the log hut in the wilderness, these were some of Mr. Blackstock's early experiences. He has recently been to Egypt, Palestine, and Rome, and as a conversationalist of the massive Johnsonian order he is very interesting.

The Toronto Humane Society is doing a good work in the city, and those whose courage and physique are not equal to undertaking a personal combat with cruel people, should hasten to appease their consciences by sending a subscription to the Secretary, Miss Bell, or the President, Mr. W. R. Brock. I once followed a man up on a charge of cruelty to animals, and at last got him fined by the police magistrate, but the trouble and time it took were considerable. Now Constable Willis, who has been provided with a bicycle by the Humane Society, is such a practised hand at following up cases of this sort, that one sees him with pleasure going about on his errands of mercy. Last month I understand that he prosecuted 26 people for cruelty, and obtained convictions of nearly all, besides investigating 30 complaints, seeing that the dogs at the pound were well cared for, and several other items of humane work.

Mr. J. S. Willison, the managing editor of *The Globe*, is now taking an extended tour through Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The readers of Mr. Willison's paper are to have the benefit of his experiences and impressions in a series of letters on his travels, the first of which appeared in *The Globe* yesterday. In speaking of the school difficulty he says: "We must not forget that the settlers of this Province come of sturdy stock. Many of them are of the best blood of Ontario, and we will find in the new generation an energizing western strain that will give a splendid character to the civilization of the Canadian west. We find here very little of the refuse material that was thrown into many of the American States during the colonizing period. We have to do with a self-reliant and well-informed population. And it is as well that we should know that these people will not readily take instructions from the politicians either at Ottawa or at Winnipeg." DIOGENES.