## AUTUMN LEAVES.

It was the professor who suggested it. No one but the professor could have concocts i such a crazy idea; so Aunt Marian said. But she went nevertheless, and so did Miss Raye, who is afraid of sea-sickness on the calmest day in summer, but who was more afraid of Nan's influence over Mr. Howell; and so did Uncle Will, and the girls, and, in fact, we all went. And so did Pete.

The day had started off most glorlously, but there was just a little flurry of rain when the professor landed the last boat load on board the Victory.

Uncle Will had declared that if the professor would persist in going for a sail on such a windy place as Couchiching, at a time when skating should be thought of, he could do the hard work. So we tacked merrily up and down near the wharf while the poor professor toiled manfully at the oars. brought us over quite cheerfully, but Aunt Marian was in the last boat: and what with her 200 lbs. avoirdupois, and the rain, and the lunch baskets-which would upset-the professor got into a very bad humor indeed.

"I'm just sowked!" he exclaimed, indignantly, as he tumbled over the gunwale, landing on the New York lady's pointed shoes, and leaving the rowboat to bob recklessly beside us. Pete secures it, however, and we are all ready.

"Which way shall we head her, commodore?" asks Jack, who is at the helm.

The sails are flapping in a very uncertain manner and we are bobbing wildly up and down on the waves. "Ask the professor," returns Uncle Will, "it's his pic-nic."

But the professor has disappeared into the cabin to repair his damaged toilette, and there is no reply.

Miss Raye's bangs have come out of curl, and Miss Raye has come out of temper in consequence, and she volunteers no information. Mr. Howeld and Nan are away up on the foredeck, where it is necessary to hang on to each other to keep from being blown overboard-of course i-and are therefore too busy to reply.

"Come, say something, somebody!" cries Uncle Will. "Girls, where are we going T

"To the bottom, without a doubt!" cries Aunt Marian, who is clinging with both hands to her seat, and looking half scared to death.

"No danger of her," whispered Pete to Mamie," she'd float like an old saw-

"Let's go up Lake Couchiching, Mr. Leighton, and stop for our lunch at up here!" Geneva Park," says Bess. No sooner said than done. When Jack has the helm, Bess can go where she pleases. The sails fly out and away we scamper before the breeze.

"Oh, isn't it glorious!" cry Mamie and Bess together. They are sitting on the gunwale, and fairly teeter up large enough for a respectable collar, and down with delight.

We fly along over the whitecapped waves, past the rows of boathouses, past the park, lying chilly and deserted in the cold autumn light. Then the sun comes out and everything grows bright, as we dance farther and farther away out over the lake.

Orillia grows dimmer in the smoky air. The blue autumn haze softens the bright colors of the trees and the red til we all wish he would be drowned brick of the houses.

"How pretty the village looks!" exclaims the New York lady. She has arranged herself with her cushions and fur rugs around her, and the medical Park is a dream of loveliness, a golstudent at her feet, and is prepared to den and red forest, with great purple admire the scenery.

Mamie sniffs indignantly. "The village!" she whispers to Eva. "The idea of calling Orillia a village.

"It's a town, Miss Delamere," says Pete in the most friendly tone, "a town, you know. Six thousand inhabitants." Not one of us has the moral courage to contradict him; and Pete begins to celebrate his triumph by launching into such an extravagant account of our modest little town, that Aunt Marian grows ashamed of him and sends him off to put away the baskets. He goes obediently and begins to stow them in the cabin, and the contents in another region. Mamie's sharp eyes detect

"Oh, Mrs. Leighton, Pete's eating all "Peter, go below!" roars Uncle Will,

in stern command. "Certainly, commodore, certainly, just wait till I get my bathing suit." As there is no "below" to the Victory this is taken as a direct insult to our beloved yacht. Uncle Will and the Doctor proceed to punish him forthwith, but Pete is hard to catch, and for a moment all is dire confusion.

The girls scream. Aunt Marian declares we shall all be drowned; the Doctor's little wife tells him not to be a goose; and Jack laughs so hard he forinstant we are almost on the top of a lit- | blue water till we come to Longford tle steam yacht that comes puffing village. We go through the mills and

senses and Pete escapes. ing still farther up the "Lake of Many tion lozenges, and the most tempting Winds," bumping and splashing over | sweet-meat the shop affords. the great white waves most gloriously | Pete purchases some gum, for the

name. The wind seems to grow stronger present it to that august personage. every moment; now it blows this way. But Pete is a vaing orious boaster, and now that. Now we go up on a great, retreats at the first sign of danger. grand white wave, and now down with | But the shadows are becoming longer, a jerk that sends us flying off our and the commodore orders us back to seats, down into a great blue valley the yacht. We are all tired, so Pete of water, while the spray comes show- and the doctor row us across the bay ering down upon us.

all sit round and sing songs. Bonny Scotland," and "Ye Banks and We are soon all aboard once more, Braes," while Mamie plays the guitar, a little tired and a good deal quieter Then the professor gives us, "Oh, Pro- than when we started. We glide miss Mel" in a shrill treble. The pro- gently out into the open lake and skim fessor after all hasn't such a bad voice, away towards home. for he is very young, and very nervous. It seems impossible that this quiet He is not really a professor. He is water with just a little ruffle on only a boy from Boston, with a very its purple surface is the same that English accent, very fashionable tossed us about so ruthlessly, in its any surface.

Am I," at the top of his prodigious light. We glide noislessly past, scarcewale and howls,

"Oh, Jakey, Jakey, Gaudaur!" When the world's champion came home Pete nearly lost his reason, and

has not quite regained it yet. And still the wind blows and still we fly onward. We are near Chief Island, now standing in its autumn dress of red and gold. One great maple stands on the high bluff above us, a splendid scarlet patch against the blue sky. We are all admiring it, when suddenly a gust of wind tears through its branches, and its brilliant covering goes in one glorious cloud straight up to the heavens!

Down come the leaves again, scattered wildly, far and wide over the mad waves, where we are pitching recklessly up and down.

We try to catch some as they flutter down; and we feel almost sorry for the poor tree, so glorious a moment ago, now standing bare and lonely on the edge of the bleak cliff.

But we have had enough of this hurricane, so we make for the sheltered channel on the other side of the lake. Down we bob, as the sails pass over our heads, and away we skim. The wind lessens as we approach the shore, and we have a chance to look about us. Here is Ramah, the Indian village, with its church spire coming out from among the trees and glittering in the sun-light. On the wharf some Indians are awaiting the arrival of the "Longford."

"Don't they look like maple leaves!" says Bess, nodding towards two brilliantly dressed squaws, coming down the bank. "They are even more brilliant, for their scarlet and pink attire | home. would put any tree to shame."

Then we leave the picturesque groups and sail across the channel to Horsehoe Island. The sails tlap lazily as we come into the shelter of the little bay and we pass so close under the trees that the leaves come down in crimson and golden showers upon the deck. We catch them and decorate ourselves

till we are as gay as our dusky sisters across the bay. A scraping sound tells us our centre-

board is dangerously near a rock. Pete and the doctor, send the professor to the bow to look our for breakers. We are getting out into the wind

again, and the professor stands shivering and clinging to the mast, while Pete in the comfortable shelter of the cabin encourages him.

"Hang on there, professor! You were nearly over that time; don't take your eye off the water; we might strike any moment !"

The professor eyes the growing billows nervously. Suddenly an extra big one hits the Victory a sounding slap; the water surges over the deck and the professor is nearly washed overboard. Pete jumps up indignantly. "What made you let her strike?" he roars.

"What! She didn't strike did she? I-I-couldn't see. Was it a log or-?" "It was a wave, man; a wave!" The professor is righteous y indignant. He prides himself upon his knowledge of aquatic sports. "I tell you I'm sowked!" he says

again. "It's as cowled as Greenland "If you'll come down we'll all be drowned I" says the doctor's wife com-

"If you take a cold I shall prescribe for you free of charge," says the medi-

cal student. Pete brings out a rubber cape about and offers it to the professor as a pro-

tection against the elements. But here Uncle Will comes to the rescue. He brings the shivering professor into the cabin and sends Pete off in his place.

This is what Pete deserves, and we all laugh at him, but he takes his revenge by singing.

"Oh, Jakey, Jakey, Gaudaur!" un-When we finally get him stopped Mamie brings out her guitar again and we all sing, "The Maple Leaf Forever," as we slow up in Longford Bay. Geneva depths to tempt one to exploration.

After we have re-arranged our battered and tumbled attires, we set to work to prepare luncheon. We spread our tables in the pavilion under the quiet shelter of the yellow-leaved trees. Pete puts the table-cloth on cross-wise. and spills the vinegar over Bess' cream tarts. He ties an old newspaper round his waist for an apron and prances round with a wonderful air of authority, until Uncle Will rushes at him with a pitcher of hot water, when he climbs a tree and sings,

we call him down to luncheon. And then we all go for a walk; that is, all but Aunt Marian. She settles perself on a bench, spread with cushions, for her afternoon nap. We stroll off through the golden carpeted woods in silence. It is all so beautiful that even Pete is silent and forbears for a short time to sing the praises of the

world's champion oarsman. The leaves flutter softly down upon us like a benediction. The squirrels chatter and frisk in the trees overhead The wind moans gently through the almost leafless branches.

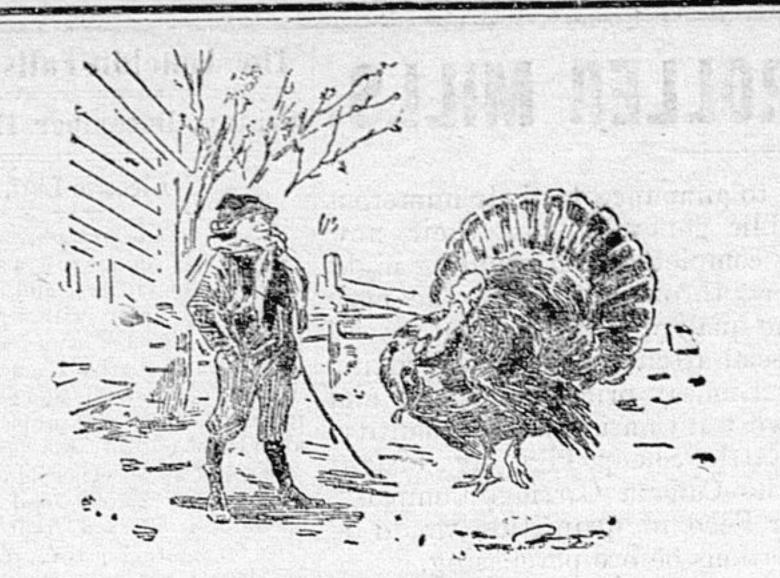
"Tis Autumn, Autumn everywhere, 'Twill soon be winter now."

We walk round the little bay, keepgets his duty as steersman. The next ing close to the limestone cliffs and the bravely up. This brings us all to our wonder at the great fire-place with its noisy engine. We call at the little store And all this time we have been fly- and Uncle Will buys us some conversa-

Certainly Couchiching deserves its New York lady he tells Mamie; whereupon she offers him a cent if he will to where the Victory lies at anchor.

Nan and Mr. Howell have been driv- The Professor is sent to the park for en down among us once more, and we Aunt Marian and the baskets. He is in a very bad humor, for Bess and Jack The Doctor sings "Rolling Home to have been wandering off alone all day.

Uncle Will is the next on the pro- Chief Island stands out of the water, gramme. He roars out, "A Skipper majestic and silent, in the grey twilungs. And between every piece, and ly breathing for fear we break the during avery piece Pete sits on the gun- ghostly calm that has settled over the graves of the great warriors.



A GHASTLY PUN.

"Watch me gobble," remarked the fat turkey cock, as he strutted by the small boy. "That's all right," replied the small boy; "but wait till Christmas Day and feel me gobble."

The professor becomes nervous; Pete is telling him a hair-raising ghost story. Mamie puts a stop to his nonsense by bringing out her guitar. We are in no humor for the jolly songs of the morning, so Eva sings "Good Bye, Summer," as we steal gently onward towards

"Falling leaf and fading tree, Lines of white in a sullen sea,

Shadows rising on you and me. Her beautiful, low voice thrills us all with a tender sadness. It is indeed gone, our beautiful summer. We seem to have left it away behind in Geneva woods where the sunlight streamed all

Wheeling out in a windy sky,

Good-bye, Summer! Good-bye!" The sadness of it all has come to us, now that the darkness has blotted out the bright coloring of the dying summer. The Victory glides on like a great white spirit, and still the sweet low voice softly utters the sad, sweet words,

"Good-bye, Summer! Good-bye." The lights are coming out in Orillia; we see them appear one after the other of brightness straight across the lake as if to welcome us home. Jack puts the Victory's bow into it, and we glide silently up its glimmering track. Marian listening to the song, they are thinking of their summer which is alleaving only darkness and cold.

Suddenly the pathway of light grows broader and brighter. Its cheerful ray brings promises of warm fires, kind friends and home. What does it matter to us that summer is dead ? Here we are almost home sailing straight up the glittering track to the haven where steady and clear shines our guiding star.

## A FIGHT IN THE TRANSVAAL.

# But Soon Found Their Mistake.

strong resemblance to those of Indian excellent marksmen concealed behind

the hero of a famous combat with old Botha, a Boer fighter of renown. In Botha found thems lves behind stones on a level plain, shooting at each other. Sampson presently made sure that he had hit Botha and raised his head a little, when a bullet plowed his neck. "My man is dead," exclaimed Botha, and exposed himself. At the same in-

struck him. "This time I've got him!" shouted at the end of that period the workers, Sampson, and raised himself up, but a if they survived, would receive for their bullet grazed his side and he dropped, hire half of the value of the planta-Botha now had no doubt that he had tion, which it was hinted by disinterended his antagonist, and jumped up ested parties, was not likely to be very on his feet, only to be again laid low, much. The houses they would be al-Though the men were now past fight- lowed to live in during this time were it is not good. ing, with two bad wounds apiece, both scarce worthy of the name, consisting recovered, and when Sampson settled in merely of walls and a roof, with no bare feet on any bare floor on ther

### PAPER MATCHES.

other about this encounter.

The time-nonored scheme of rolling up a piece of paper and using it for a lighter has been utilized by an inventor in the manufacture of matches. The invention promises to revolutionize European match manufacturing, and is perfectly timely, because the wood for in a pretty poor plight. The manager this purpose is constantly growing scarcer and more costly. The new matches are considerably cheaper than wooden matches and weigh much less -a fact which counts for much in the exportation. The sticks of these matches consist of paper rolled together on the bias. The paper is rather strong and porous, and when immersed in a solution of wax, stearin, and similar substances, will easily stick together and burn with a bright, smokeless and odorless flame. Strips one inch in width are first drawn through the combustible mass spoken of above, and then turned by machinery into long, thin tubes, pieces of the ordinary length of wood or wax matches being cut off automatically by the machine. When the sticks are cut to size they are dipped into the phosphorus mass, also by the machine, and the dried head easily ignites by friction on

### SAME OLD STORY.

She was married to her third husband, and they had had a quarrel. she said. You're as bad as the others, a violent death?

#### CANADIANS IN BRAZIL.

#### A Returned Emigrant Tells of His Experi ence in That Country.

Among the deluded Canadians who started off to seek prosperity in Brazil last September, in spite of the warnings of their friends, was Mr. Arthur Owen, who to do so, gave up a good position in the electric shops of the Montreal Street Railway Company, anticipating larger wages farther from home. Owen is now back in Montreal, and at his former Most of these lines are planned to recafternoon through the gayly colored employment. In these two respects he tify the extraordinary want of foreis more fortunate than the majortiy of sight which practically forbade the ter-"The Swallows are making them ready those who accompanied him on the mini of the great railways to advance

> place known as the emigration building railway stations of London. one large room, where all

LIVED AND SLEPT TOGETHER for eight days, and where the majority side, Holborn, and Oxford street, from still remain, fearing to fly from evils the Bank of the Marble arch, Hyde they can gauge to greater evils that The next most important are the two they know of.

Bad bread and worse coffee, made up, will be asked at the with little variation, the Canadians' daily The stories of fighting between Boers names of friends in order that they land. Bullets are exchanged between and Spanish emigrants were satisfied with bread, why not the Canadians? But they didn't get enough to eat, even of dangerous to pedestrians than an Afristones and bushes, and each bullet has, bread, so one day they relieved a car- can jungle full of lions.

and after that they were fed better. formers," still in prison at Pretoria, is Pillows they had none, nor blankets, until the French and English Consuls inthe Boer war of 1881 Sampson and up and down for hours to keep themselves warm, and snatch the needed sleep next day. The people tried to get work, but could not. The only employers that appeared were the owners of the coffee and sugar plantations. They wanted the Canadians to sign to work will separate. FOR TEN YEARS,

"Oh. Jakey, Jakey Gaudaur," until stant a bullet from Sampson's rifle cutting down bush and cultivating the plants that would then be put in, and the Transvaal they became great windows. The English Consul promis- wedding night. friends, and often chaffed each ed to do his best for the unfortunates, but told them they should never have ter is to change for worse and not for come, as the country was only fit for better. Spaniards and Italians. Emigrants only eight days in the large barracks where they were stored on arriving, but in a church. the consuls promised to see that they drifting off to Buenos Ayres, and quite a few were working or beating their way home, but those with families were of the railway at Sao Paulo, an Englishman, was very kind and gave number work at eighty cents a day, advising them at the same time to return home as soon as they could. To twelve he gave passes down to Santos that they might catch a vessel. When Mr. Owen left, many of the women were crying, and all were sorry they had left their homes.

### PIGEONS AS MESSENGERS.

A doctor in the Highlands of Scotland, whose patients are scattered over a wide district, takes carrier pigeons with him on his rounds and sends his prescriptions by them to the apothecary. He leaves pigeons, too, with distant families, to be let loose when his services are needed.

### A VIOLENT DEATH.

Before we were married, you often said you were willing to die for me, sobbed Mrs. Shingles, and yet you won't eat this angel cake I have made.

Well. I am still willing to die for you, my dear, protested Mr. Shing'es; but I guessed how it would be, William, surely you don't wish me to die such

#### LONDON'S RAILWAYS.

#### Deep-Level Tunnels for Electric Lines-Efforts to Relieve the Streets of Their Congestion.

A despatch from London says:-A meeting of the Metropolitan District Railway Stockholders' Association was held on Friday in furtherance of the project for constructing two deep-level tunnels for an up and down service of express electric trains between Earl's Court and the Mansion house. The stockholders have endorsed the action of their directors in approving the scheme, and the necessary powers will be asked for at the coming session of Parliament. That they will be granted is a foregone conclusion. The project will be the seventh to ask for powers to assist in solving the annually increasing difficulties of London's traffic. The attempt is being made in every direction Certainly not for many years has London witnessed so great an activity in railway planning. It is necessary to go back to 1853, when the first purely metropolitan railway was sanctioned by Parliament, to find anything like the enthusiasm and energy that now bid fair to make a railway under every important artery of the metropolis. Parliament has already sanctioned six metropolitan underground projects. Two will be sanctioned at the forth-coming session. There are still others in the

#### ALL ELECTRICAL.

twenty days' voyage to the land of fever. beyond what were, in the days of their building, the suburbs of London. The There were three deaths on the voyage result of such a policy has ever since Mr. Owen says, and the bodies, those been that the traveller consumes as of a man, and two babies, were pitched much time in getting from one great overboard. The adult died of heart dis-of the metropolis as would suffice to ease. A priest who was on board was carry him 50 miles of his journey. In asked to conduct a service, but would consequence of this short-sighted polnot. On arriving at Santos, the em- icy, London to-day, although served by igrants were put on board a train numerable, remains the most difficult like stars in the sky. One great white which took them to Sao Paulo, a moun- and perplexing of the world's cities in light near the wharf sends a long shaft tain town about ninety miles up the which to travel; a fact which means an country. A limited supply of bread and cheese was given them to eat on the thousands daily journeying from one illtrain. A side track enabled the train served district to another. This large Uncle Will stands silent beside Aunt to run right up beside a bare, bleak class has given an enthusiastic boom to the new projects, which add 45 to the

most gone. Ah, how it all slips away and the men, women and children were Of the eight schemes, the two most from us-the beautiful, bright day, here unloaded like cattle and stalled in important are those nearest completion, the line from Waterloo to the Bank, and the Central London railway, which follows that main artery Cheap-Park, and thence to Shepherd's Bush. lines for which Parliamentary powers

#### NEXT SESSION

fare. On presenting a ticket, a repre- the deep-levels of the district above resentative of each family received a dish ferred to, and the line which, starting of food and a dish of coffee, and the main artery to the west, the Strand Each Thought the Other Had Been Killed, family-some of them were families in and Picadilly. An incidental advantage name only, as miners had assumed the to Londoners is connected with the concession given to the Central London, which is obliged to build conmeeting The stories of fighting between Boers and English in South Africa have a come within the terms of the contract, subways at Queen Victoria street, Cheap-which called for families—ate and drank side, Threadneedle street, Cornhill, Lomall out of the same vessel. At first they bard, and King William streets, opposite fighting in the old days in New Eng- were fed on bread alone. The Italian the Bank, thus rendering innocuous a spot, according to Paul du Chaillu more

All the new lines are of necessity under such circumstances, an immense rier who was passing of all his loaves, buried far below the street level. In The Cape Mercury says that Mr. The only beds provided in the common Sampson, one of the Johannesburg "re-little softer or higher than the floor. Some cases the arrival and departure walk, while lines descend still lower in little softer or higher than the floor. Pillows they had none, nor blankets, unand other underground tunnels, abutments of the Thames bridges and emtervened, and as it was very cold on the bankments, and under the Thames it-

### BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS.

If the wedding ring is lost the couple

If an apple be thrown upon the roof of the bridegroom's house it is a sign the bride will be happy.

The bride must not look in the glass after performing her toilet unless one hand is ungloved.

If a bride tears her wedding dress It is unlucky for a bride to put her

To change the name and not the let-

If the bride open an umbrella in were supposed to be allowed to remain the house bad luck will surely follow. It is unlucky for two brides to meet

The bride should not permit the best were not turned out until they had some man to wear everything black at the place to go. The single men were ceremony as it is a very bad omen.

# THE PRIMATE'S SALARY.

The official income of the archbishop of Canterbury is \$75,000 a year. That looks a large sum on paper, but then the outgoings are simply enormous. Archbishop Tait may have saved money while headmaster of Rugby school, but as archbishop he found it impossible to do so. So did the late primate. The subscriptions to various good objects alone, amounted to a bluge sum, and there are other untold calls on the archiepiscopal purse. Unless a man has some private means, or he is well insured, he might well shrink from accepting the Anglican primacy.

### AT THE CRICKET MATCH.

Gertie-What a splendid bat Bertia Oof ish is! May-Yes, dear; but he is a much better catch.

According to the New York World the nose is put in the middle of the face because it is the scenter piece.

When lions and tigers bring forth young in captivity the greatest care has to be exercised to keep them for several days in the dark and undisturbed as otherwise the mothers will almost invariably destroy their cubs.