

SWELLS IN THE SADDLE.

WHAT THEY WEAR AS THEY AMBLE ALONG.

Or When They Go Out to Hunt the Timid and Innocent Fox—It's to be the Greatest Season for Riding That the Country Ever Saw.

It is a great delight to us who humbly love the saddle, to reflect that our favorite sport is sanctioned by the haughty and the high. There are more of us now than ever before, and we are beginning to seek the support that is in union, through the method of forming clubs. If the cultivation of our tastes permit, we would wish to dress as appropriately as our betters. Of course, not every pocket has a silver lining, and there may be limitations to our indulgence; but at least we may buy what is correct when we buy at all.

The styles show little variation, the only changes being due to the modifications of street wear. Watch a member of the riding club and learn the

traces flash out in jockey costumes trying to the eye.

Making jockey suits is no small part of the work of the tailor who makes a specialty of riding outfits. Your gentleman jock outshines the sun when he comes out to win a prize with a fair woman for a



PRETTY TRICK.

spectator. There are few shades of silk that haven't done service in a jockey suit for some swell New Yorker. And some of the four hundred ride like demons, too, when there is any occasion for it. The dudes don't go in for it as a rule, the offensive superiority of the horse's intelligence keeps them out.

I think there is only one article of the rider's possible apparel that I haven't touched upon, and that is his overcoat. The covert coat is worn. It is cut shorter than for street wear, and is slit higher up the sides perhaps. To return to the trousers for a moment. Of course for hard riding they are reinforced with chamois or buckskin in the seat and on the inside of the leg to a point somewhat below the knee.

Get an outfit in the lines indicated above and make a friend of a good horse. You'll find he ranks very high as friends go. And, by the way, if you're riding for style don't put your foot through the stirrup, although you'll see lots of good riders do it. Keep it under the ball of your foot if you can, and if you can't, why fall off in the softest spot you can pick out in the time allowed you.

ALBERT EDWARD TYRRELL.

OLD VIOLINS.

Something About the Great Makers and the Wood They Used.

The great violin-makers, says an exchange, all lived within the compass of a hundred and fifty years. They chose their wood from a few great timbers felled in the South Tyrol, and floated down in rafts, pine and maple, sycamore, pear and ash. They examined these to find streaks and veins and freckles, valuable superficially when brought out by varnishing. They learned to tell the density of the pieces of wood by touching them; they weighed them, they struck them, and listened to judge how fast, or how slow, and how resonantly they would vibrate in answer to strings.

Some portions of the wood must be porous and soft, some of close fibre. Just the right beam was hard to find; when it was found, it can be traced all through the violins of some great master, and after his death in those of his pupils.

The piece of wood was taken home and seasoned, dried in the hot Brescia and Cremona sun. The house of Stradivarius, the great master of all, is described as having been as hot as an oven. One was there soaked through and through with sunshine. In this great heat the oils thinned and simmered slowly, and penetrated far into the wood, until the varnishes became a part of the wood itself.

The old violin-makers used to save every bit of the wood when they had found what they liked, to mend and patch and inlay with it. So vibrant and so resonant is the wood of good old violins, that they murmur and echo and sing in answer to any sound where a number of them hang together on the wall, as if rehearsing the old music that once they knew.

It was doubtless owing to this fact that when the people could not account for Paganini's wonderful playing, they declared that he had a human soul imprisoned in his violin; for his violin sang and whispered even when all the strings were off.

There have been experiments made with all sorts of wood by the various makers. An Earl of Pembroke had one made of the wood of the cedars of Lebanon, but the wood was so dense that vibration was deadened and the violin was a poor one.

TEN CENT FRIENDSHIP.

What the Editor of the "Journal" Has to Say About It.

Our old friend, the St. Croix Courier, which has kindly added itself to our exchange list, contains the following complimentary notice, for which we are very thankful. Its pleasant pages are suggestive of happier days, when we could do for it what we cannot do for our own paper—write it a communication with our right hand.

The September number of Butler's Journal, published in Fredericton, by our well known friend Martin, is to hand and is replete with good things from the pen of the poet of Grand Lake. All Martin's old friends throughout the country should be subscribers.

Yes! and since we started the Journal we have had an opportunity of finding out who our old friends are. Those who, for the most part, have been the most lavish in their expressions of sympathy, and a desire "to help us along," have stood aloof, or if by hard coaxing they have been induced to subscribe; as soon as we got in a position to give them a good paper, because we have added a paltry ten cents to the subscription price when the cost of publication of the enlarged paper is double what it was, have dropped off; or because there was something in it that did not tally with their political or religious views. We don't think much of this ten cent friendship, and if they cannot allow us the same rights that they claim for themselves we will part friends.

On the other hand, those who have said the least have done the most, and while criticising in a manly way, to our face, what did not suit their ideas, have given praise where praise was due, and have not displayed such childishness and spleen. Above all things be manly and speak the truth. If you have anything against the Journal speak up. Don't say you can't afford 35 cents a year for it. If you cannot we will give it to you free.—Butler's Journal.

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

INCIDENTS THAT MAKE MORE FUN THAN THE COMEDIAN.

A Cartman on the Stage of the Opera House, in a Part of His Own—Surprises of a Similar Character in other Parts of the World.

At a matinee at the Opera house the week before last a man who had some lumber to deliver, on finding the stage door closed, made his way into the theatre by the Bell alley entrance. Thinking of nothing but delivering his stuff he walked right across the stage close to the footlights, shouting out "Here, Billy, where are you; here's your lumber," perfectly oblivious to the fact that he had walked right through a scene at the pathetic crisis! I suppose the man has since been quizzed by his acquaintances, for since that day he cannot be induced to put his foot inside the theatre at any time of the day.

The circumstance recalls to memory many unrehearsed performances which have provoked the laughter of an audience. Many years ago when Wagner's opera of *Tannhauser* was first produced at the Convent Garden opera house of London the immense stage was occupied with a full set of the third act representing the interior of the Landgraf's palace. The throne was near the footlights and towards the centre of the stage with the Landgrave and Landgravine seated on it and nearly 500 people were on the stage representing courtiers, soldiers, court ladies and so forth, altogether a scene of great magnificence.

Now the fates willed it that the large door at the rear of the stage used for taking in scenery, was open, it being a hot night and a crowded stage, and it further pleased the mischievous weaver of the web to decree that a vegetable cart drawn by a donkey should be coming from the market. A stimulating blow from the driver's stick sent the poor donkey at a gallop, not down the street, but through the stage door. On he went, hee-hawing and scattering the stage lords and ladies in all directions. The dignified Landgraf seeing that in another moment the donkey would be over the footlights and into the orchestra, jumped from his throne, royal robes and all, to seize the bridle while the Landgravine bolted into the wings in terror, leaving her crown behind. The poor donkey, the most terrified of all at its unusual position, kicked the cart to pieces, sending the carrots and onions flying in all directions, while the curtain was hastily rung down on the spectacle of a king with his crown and sceptre playing the game of "pull d—l, pull baker" with a jackass.

The ghost effect in the *Corican Brothers* makes me remember a ludicrous thing that happened at the old Sadler's Wells Theatre (the oldest theatre in Europe) some 30 years ago, under the management of the great Shakspearian actor, Samuel Phelps. It occurred in the ghost scene in *Hamlet*.

The theatre is built over a natural spring, and underneath the stage is an expensive tank, which for upwards of 40 years was used for water effects in dramas. Well, one night an Irish actor was playing the part of the ghost, who, for greater effect, vanished up stage through several gauze drops, and then went into the cellar through a trap to utter with sepulchral effect the final conjuration to Hamlet to "swear." On the night in question the ghost disappeared, but the sepulchral "swear" was not heard, and Phelps, as Hamlet, was "stuck" upon the stage waiting for the cue. No cue came, and the prompter impatiently cried loud enough to be heard, "Why don't you swear? The answer came back with a rich Irish brogue and with more real swearing than the lines call for. "How can a man swear when he is up to his neck in watter!" Phelps, thinking to quell the laughter, went on with his lines, but it only increased the roar as he solemnly replied to the ghost, "rest, rest, perturbed spirit."

These unrehearsed effects happen often from sheer accident, but often from *malice prepense*. Edwin Forrest, whose temper was choleric, had offended a super who determined to get even. One night Forrest, playing in *Matanoras*, came upon the stage and addressing two of the characters (one of whom was the offended super) speaking the line, "which of you two has lived too long?" The super replied, pointing to the leader of the orchestra, "Don't shoot us, shoot that old buster there, he's lived too long." He then bolted with Forrest after him full speed.

Many years ago a manager had a fancy for a ball room scene full of large and real mirrors. He forgot, however, the nature of the mirror to reflect everything at the optical angle of incidence, and accordingly when the curtain went up, what was intended for a grand scene showed in addition, mixed up with it, the machinery of the theatre and the carpenters in their shirt sleeves and all the paraphernalia usually so industriously concealed.

Quite recently I witnessed a performance of *Galba* in New York. In the arena scene after one of the gladiators was killed, a portion of the arena with painted spectators on it gave way and toppled over on to the dead gladiator, who immediately wriggled from under the canvas, got up and helped to put the scenery up, which being done, he calmly laid down again as a dead gladiator! SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

Kisses the All Around.

Martin Butler was in town exhibition week, as is quite evident from this month's Journal. In his account of the sights seen in St. John he says: "Arriving at Portland or the North End, it being two o'clock, we began to feel as though we could stow away some 'grub,' and accordingly entered a small restaurant where we ordered a lunch a piece. There were four small girls in charge who were of a very jovial disposition. Being an old man, I did not have much to say, and 'Ganger' was too bashful but 'Napoleon' had enough to say for the whole of us, and kissed them all around before we left. We spent the remainder of the afternoon on Fort Howe.

Very slight words and deeds may have a sacramental efficacy if we cast our self-love behind us in order to say or do them.—George Eliot.

SHE HAD HER WAY.

A Determined Woman Causes Some Excitement on the "Hawatha."

The steamer *Hawatha* left St. John for Parrsboro (calling at Spencer's Island, weather permitting) on Thursday, 24th Sept. She had on board ten passengers for Parrsboro and three for Spencer's Island. About 10 p. m. a strong south-westerly gale was blowing and the captain decided not to stop at the Island, but sail to Parrsboro direct. As the vessel sailed past the Island the captain remarked to the officers that it was not safe to wait there. About an hour afterwards the steward came to the cabin and said the boat was going to Parrsboro, whereupon one of the passengers told his wife, and she insisted on seeing the captain, as she had no idea of paying \$5 to drive from Parrsboro to Spencer's Island. The steward said the captain could not leave the wheelhouse, but she protested, saying, he could not refuse to see a lady and that all she wanted was a square deal and a fair show. The steward still objected to communicating with the captain, but the lady said if it was blowing too hard for the captain to come to her, that she would go to him if the steward would give her his arm. The steward escorted husband and wife to the other cabin, and brought the captain down; when the lady asked why the vessel had passed the Island without stopping. The captain replied that the gale was too strong, and he was not bound to stop there in rough weather. The lady was indignant, and insisted on the vessel being put back at once and waiting until daylight if necessary, so as to land them. The captain protested that it was not safe; but here the husband of the lady came to her rescue, and threatened legal proceedings, saying he had read up the law on the subject before he left Boston.

After a little further argument on the subject between the lady and the captain, it was decided to put back, to the consternation of both crew and passengers. The boat remained off the island from 1 a. m. until 11.30 a. m. next morning, when a boat came off and took the passengers ashore, to the relief of all on board. They were landed safely. The officers and crew were furious over the affair, as they would have to work all day Sunday owing to the delay. The mate watched the boat out of sight with the spy glass, probably hoping to see the occupants drenched before they landed, but was disappointed. DERFLA.

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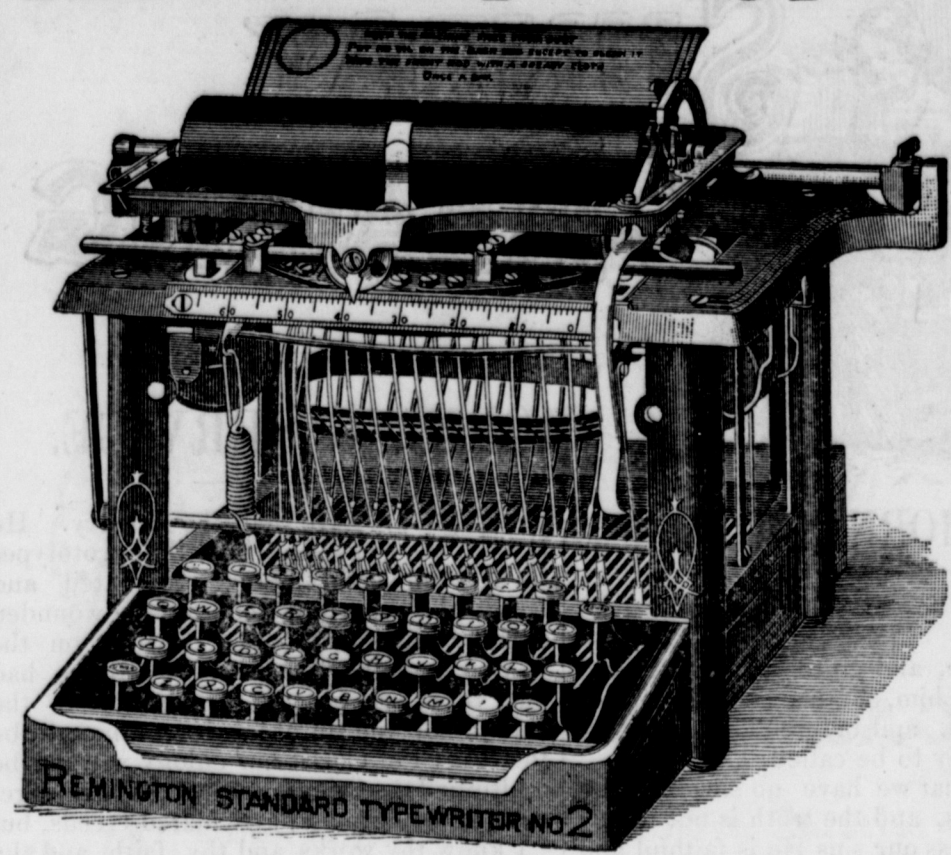
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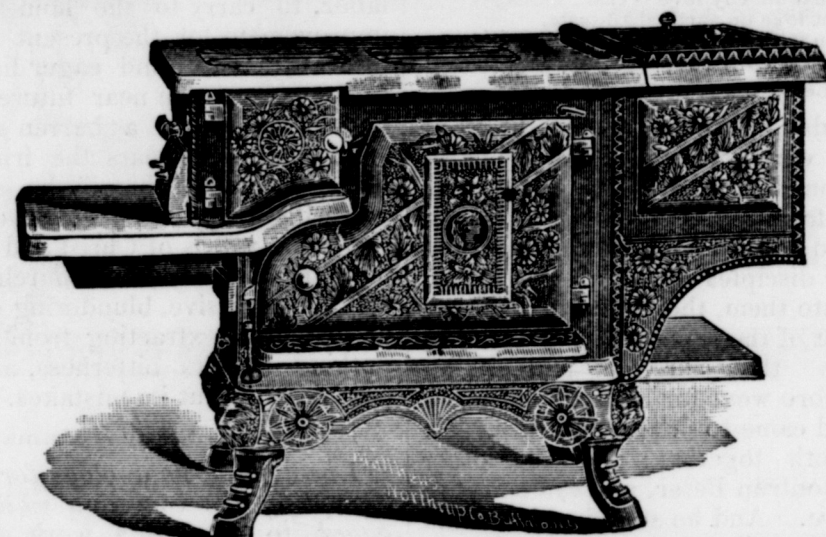
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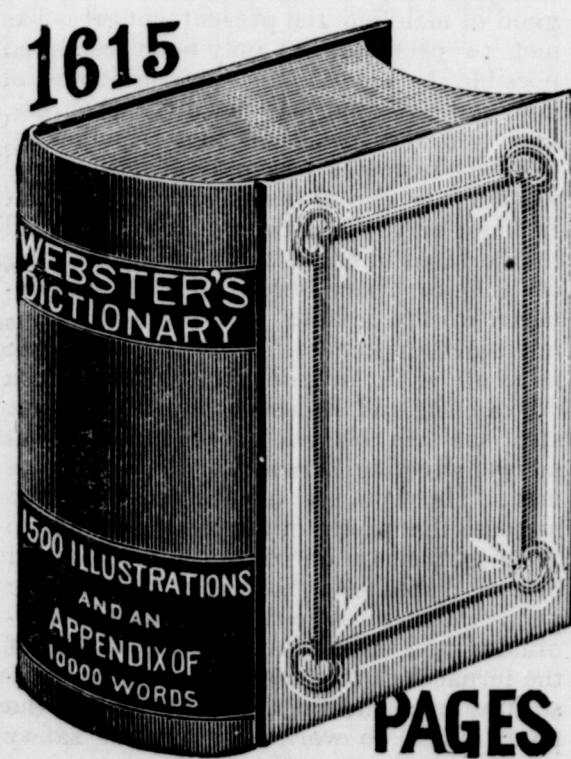
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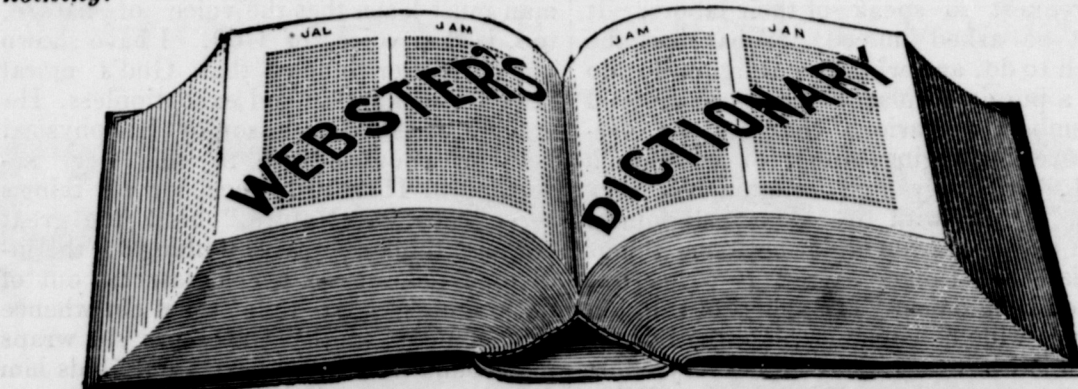
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