

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1898.

## IN THE CITY OF SCHOOLS.

TORONTO A CITY OF UNIVERSITIES AS WELL AS CHURCHES.

What a Visitor to the Queen City of the North Thinks of It—Her Impressions of it Interestingly Described—Why Toronto People Are Proud.

The beautiful city of Toronto, the Queen City of Canada, her darling and pride is frequently spoken of as the City of Churches, but a title which would describe it equally well would be the city of Schools and Universities. Wherever you go in Toronto an educational institution of some kind seems to form either the middle distance or the vanishing point of the picture. "That is Toronto University" observes the Torontonian proudly, pointing to a magnificent pile of buildings situated near the parliament buildings in the western part of Queen's park. The architectural is Norman you will observe, and it has been called the Oxford of Canada, and pronounced the only collegiate building in Canada worthy of standing room in the streets of Oxford itself. You admire the beautiful structure duly, and perhaps in your great anxiety to fulfill his evident expectation of the impression his beloved city is making on you—slightly overdo it, for he seems to become suddenly convinced that you are especially interested in colleges and schools and expands accordingly. Here is a point on which Toronto is absolutely unapproachable, and he is in his element at once. "Our University was founded under a Royal Charter in 1827, and has one million eight hundred thousand dollars endowment, its qualities include those of Theology, Medicine, Arts, Law, Science and it is in federation with Victoria University and University College. It has also provision for residence, and the University proper is a degree-conferring body—it—faculty—teaching—curriculum." The last words trail disjointedly over his shoulder as the enthusiastic native of Toronto passes out of hearing and melts into the distance. That is what I like about the Upper Canadians they are so friendly to strangers, so ready to direct them to their destination to tell them which car is the right one, and which buildings and parks are the best worth seeing. A Toronto man will walk half a block out of his way in order to show a stranger which corner is the best for him to catch a certain car—and he will never seem to have the least idea that he is doing anything extraordinary, either. Why one of the waiters on board the boat coming through the Thousand Islands even unbent so far as to ask me if I was enjoying my trip, and to press me cordially to have some more ice cream. There was plenty of it, he assured me, and it would give him great pleasure to get it for me. I declined his offer with modest firmness, not feeling called upon to tell him that as my chum never ate ice cream I had already consumed both her share, and my own during an interval when his attention was temporarily engaged at the next table. The said chum cruelly observed that his attention had been attracted by my hungry appearance, and a certain indescribable air of never having been so far from home before, which clung to me like a garment: but I ascribed his solicitude to my com'ort solely to the innate courtesy of the Upper Canadian. Why I have tosoad at a street corner waiting for a certain car which only passed at rather long intervals, and had an elderly gentleman cross the street to ask if I was not waiting for it, tell me kindly that it had not passed a few minutes before, and explain that by walking to the next block I would be just in time for another, which would take me to my destination equally well.

But to return to my universities—before leaving Queen's Park, the inquiring stranger has actually encountered two more universities each sufficiently imposing to make them remarkable even if the city had possessed no others. The first, is the University of Trinity College which is situated on Queen street, and is a beautiful piece of architecture very ecclesiastical in appearance, and celebrated for its magnificent interior. Third university is Victoria which is decidedly smaller than either of the others, but which excels them in the beauty of its architecture; and just as we leave the park we see the stately turrets and many gabled roof of McMaster University solid and imposing in red brick and gray stone.

Surely enough colleges for one city? Just wait a moment! There is still Upper Canada College, The School of Practical

Science, and Knox College with its tall centre tower and handsome front, all built of fresh looking clean gray stone which looks just as if it were all scrubbed with soap and sand every Saturday morning.

I don't know whether Knox College is the especial pride of the Torontonian's heart, but if I had it pointed out to me once I certainly had my attention directed to it at least a score of times during my stay in the city, in fact, like the parliament buildings at Ottawa it seems impossible to get away from Knox College for it appears to be visible from nearly every point in the city. "See that big gray building over there?" says the small daughter of my hostess, whom I am taking out for an airing "That's Knox College." "You'll see the gray stone building over beyond ma'am" remarks the elderly hackman, pointing with his whip—"That'll be Knox College, an' a fine building it is too." "You have probably noticed the stately gray stone building to your right madam" ventures the polite citizen of whom you have asked your way, "That is Knox—" but by this time you are too thoroughly tired of "Knox" to wait for the conclusion of the sentence, and beat a hurried retreat. I declare that Knox College haunted me in my dreams long after I had left Toronto, and almost gave me nightmare, it seemed to me that I never turned a corner without finding that Knox College closed the point of view.

Of course no right minded person would think of leaving the Queen City without visiting the Canada Life building and climbing into the tower of that fine structure to get a view of the whole city and the Bay, which almost rivals the view of Montreal from Mount Royal, for grandeur; and having lingered up in the clear air as long as possible, of course every well regulated newspaper woman however humble her sphere, hies herself away to the tall and handsome building where the Toronto Mail and Empire lives, and has its being, and asks with hesitating eagerness if "Kit" is disengaged, and can be seen for just a moment.

But alas, the bright and talented woman who seems so large a part now of the Mail and Empire, is far away in the thick of the Spanish-American war, winning fresh laurels as the only woman war correspondent in the world, and sending her clever sketches of men and things at the front, back to headquarters with the same blithe regularity which characterized her World's Fair, and London jubilee letters. A wonderful woman is "Kit" and though it is a disappointment to leave Toronto without seeing her, and the "Mail" office bereft of "Kit" makes one think of Hamlet with the part of the moody and crack-brained Dane left out; still young Mr. Douglas, son of the manager of the paper is a host in himself, and dispenses the hospitalities of the office with a graceful courtesy that older men might envy. He takes us to see the splendid composing rooms, shows us the view from the upper stories as we decline to visit the roof after our recent climb in the Canada Life building. And then he takes us down into the lower regions where it is fully as hot as it can be in—"Well—places and corners where demons dwell, That well heated place with a sulphury smell"—and he makes a martyr of himself by explaining the wonderful new process of printing from plates of aluminium cast from asbestos moulds. Beads of perspiration are coursing down our faces as we ascend to the upper air, but Mr. Douglas heroically mops his brow and shows us into the mailing room as calmly as if the mercury was just above freezing instead of nearly up to the boiling point. It is a busy day in the mailing room, for large pictures of "Kit," "The only Woman War Correspondent in the World," are being sent out in hundreds [neatly done up in little card board cylinders, and after Mr. Douglas has presented each of us with one as a souvenir of our visit, we bid him farewell and step once more into the sunlit street.

Such beautiful streets as they are too; I think Toronto might almost challenge this continent and win the championship easily for the cleanliness, beauty and spaciousness of her streets, especially her residential streets. The sidewalks are not crowding the curbstone into the gutter as they have a way of doing in most cities where every inch of space seems to be valued at a fabulous price, the corporation of Toronto is evidently a wealthy body, and a few yards of ground do not count

where the beauty of the street is in consideration and consequently the sidewalks are set in bright green turf. On some streets there is fully ten feet of closely cut, well kept grass between the curb and the stone sidewalk, and almost as wide a strip again between the sidewalk and the houses. It seems extravagant but the effect is indescribably beautiful, and together with the trees which line the streets forms a picture long to be remembered.

It is hard for any woman who has the house keeping instinct at all developed in her make-up, to stroll through the lovely streets of Toronto without wanting to live in almost every house she sees! The rows on rows of charming little houses nearly all built of clean gray stone or bright red brick, all with some claims to architectural beauty, with little balconies on the second story, wide stone steps and tiny green lawns in front. Nearly all of them are half covered with a bright green creeper something like our own Virginia creeper only that the leaves are all in one, and rather ivy-shaped and every balcony and window is gay with vines potted plants even the doorsteps are bordered with potted palms, tall ferns and bright geraniums, while the trees which border the sidewalks, and a sylvan look to each little home. Strange to say the plants are never brought in at night even the rarest ones being perfectly safe, as the plant thief who seems to be indigenous to New Brunswick soil, is apparently unknown in Upper Canada. The residences on such streets as Bloor, and Jarvis where the wealthy citizens have their homes, are simply palatial, and speak eloquently of prosperity and success. In fact the beauty of the lawns and the extent of the grounds surrounding many of these beautiful mansions, close as they are to the heart of the city, cannot fail to impress the writer, and this peculiarity is one of the things that strangers always refer to with surprise, when relating their best impressions of Toronto.

There seems to be such an effect of unlimited space, and a sort of dignified leisure, in spite of the business activity of the city. Bloor street, St. George street, and Spadina Avenue—which the natives will persist in pronouncing with the i as in dine, thus ruining the beautiful Italian name—are all streets of which any citizen may well be proud.

One of the most beautiful spots near Toronto, is the suburb of Rosedale where the scenery is wild and charming in the extreme. Deep ravines are closed by numerous high bridges, and looking down over the railing at the forest of greenery and the road like a winding thread so far below does it seem, the scene is one of unusual charm, especially by moonlight. Rosedale is a favorite spot for the wealthy Torontonians who prefer living out of town, and there are many country places nestled amongst the trees.

A marvellously cheap city is this Queen of Canada, and the visitor whose purse is not very heavy is inclined to carol forth its praises from an overflowing heart early in the morning, late at night. Why one may go into one of the best restaurants in the city and get a beefsteak of such tenderness and juiciness as only Upper Canadian beefsteaks seem to possess, delicious French fried potatoes, bread and butter and a large cup of excellent tea or coffee, all for the modest sum of twenty five cents. The best confectioners sell wedding cake with almond paste an inch deep, and all the regulation decorations in the shape of icing, for the modest sum of forty cents a pound; while fruit is too cheap to be really accounted a luxury. But even the joys of Toronto cannot last forever, and so our stay draws to an end and one glorious summer morning we bid a reluctant adieu to our hostess and her charming home on Bloor street, and set forth on our travels once more.

Of course the car we catch is late, and though the conductor languidly assures us that he is timed to catch the morning train, and has never failed to do so yet the distance to be covered is so great, and the minutes seem to fly so much faster than the car that every step makes one nervous, for one thing is very certain—the Montreal train will not wait for the car.

"Oh stop! I really must get out, conductor," shrieks a lady who has just stepped on the car. "No, I can't, I shall miss my train."

She cries in great distress "Oh what shall I do?" She is a fine looking dark eyed woman dressed in black, and though the

morning is rather damp and chilly wears a grasscloth shirtwaist. On one arm which she extends helplessly hangs a neatly folded skirt of black serge, at which she is gazing with an expression of surprise and horror which seems quite disproportionate to their object. Naturally everyone in the car turns towards her sympathetically as she sinks into a seat, edging close to her eagerly. None of us have the least idea what is the matter but we are all bound to her by the strong cords of combined excitement and curiosity.

"I've stolen this skirt" she grasps half laughing, yet with a quivering lip.

"God bless my soul ma'am, you don't say so; when?" exclaims a stout gentleman in the next seat, edging close to her eagerly.

"Just now—from Eaton's. I was in the skirt department, and I picked it up by mistake."

"Oh," says the conductor in a disappointed tone, "Is that all? Well you can just telephone from the station madam, leave it in the parcel room and Eaton's will send for it."

"I don't care about the skirt," responds the lady shortly, "that is not what I am worrying about, it's my wrap. I laid my wrap across a chair and when I heard my car coming I caught it up, as I thought, and ran out, and I picked up a skirt I had been looking at, in mistake. I don't want the skirt. I have just bought one like it, but I do want my wrap."

It will be all right, madam," say a sympathetic passenger, "They will find out the mistake and send on your wrap, you can leave the skirt at the station and explain by telephone, and they will send it down to you at once."

"But I tell you they can't" persists the lady fretfully. "I am going thirteen hundred miles away—out in British Columbia, my train starts in fifteen minutes, that was the only wrap of any kind I kept out to wear, and I need it at this moment!"

In the face of such a trouble as this even sympathy seemed useless to heal the wounded spirit, and as none of us had any further suggestion to offer we merely gazed eloquently at the sufferer, and said nothing.

Four minutes before the train leaves, more than half a block to go, and the conductor still in a state of unruffled serenity, but then he is not trying to catch a train, so perhaps his calmness is only natural.—Can it be possible? Yes it can, and is—not twenty feet from our front platform is one of those Eiffel tower structures used for repairing the wires, and the linemen are leisurely tinkering at one of the wires while our motor man applies the brakes with rather more animation than he has shown yet!

"All right ladies and gentlemen, plenty of time, get along in a minute or two," proclaims the conductor calm as ever—that man certainly must have some of the blood of the Vere de Veres in his veins, his manners have so much repose, but this time he is playing to nearly empty benches, for the bolder spirits grasp their satchels and take to their heels the moment the car comes to a stand-still. Talk about sprinting! perhaps my chum and I don't cover that block in good time; we look not to right or left but simply run with an energy born of despair, dash into the station flushed, perspiring and breathless and are confronted by a decorous crowd who do not seem to be in the least bit of a hurry and are obviously wondering what in the world we are running for.

The Montreal train is just a few minutes late this morning, and we might have taken our time—I wonder if that brute of a conductor knew about it all the time, and let us excite ourselves for nothing? How he must have enjoyed that free-for-all, amateur foot race!

As we pause at the gate to show our tickets the gatekeeper is talking to a little woman with curiously bright alert eyes, and an odd blank expression on her little dark face; she does not answer him, but watches eagerly as he takes her arm and points to the tracks explaining loudly.

"Third track to the right ma'am she starts from." The gatekeeper turns to us glances at our tickets and suddenly makes a grasp at the arm of a passing boy.

"Sonny, run right after that little lady going down the steps, stop her and bring her back; she had a paper with her saying she was deaf and dumb, and I've told her the wrong train—hurry now!" The boy speeds on his errand and we pass the two

returning, the boy talking rapidly, and the little woman smiling intelligently as he leads her back.

That little soul was travelling all alone, making her way at strange railway stations in a world of perpetual silence, armed only with a little slip of paper telling of her infirmity; and she was doing it cheerfully, and with a smile. Thank heaven that people are always kind to such travellers and try to help them.

The train creeps out of the station, quickens its pace, and Toronto is left behind. Beautiful Queen City. I think of you so often, and never without a contraction of the heart, and a yearning after the unattainable—the knowledge of what became of the lady with the skirt and whether she ever got her wrap back, or not!

SPANISH SPY? NO, NO.

Ninth Regiment's Bugaboo at Framingham Was a Jobbing Native.

"To walk my post in a military manner, keeping constantly on the alert, observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing," is the first general order of the guard taught a recruit when he goes on duty.

The sentinel who paced the much trodden path forward and back before the magazine at Camp Dalton one night last week was an experienced militiaman. He had been given the post at the magazine because he was a man who had always done his duty well and could be trusted to guard the ton of powder said to be stored in the little building with the red roof. The post at the gate is much more to the fancy of the man on guard, for that is where there is the most to be seen and where all the Framingham girls pass. But duty is imperative and when the old militiaman fixed his rifle on his shoulder, the corporal of the guard had no fears for the safety of the powder in the magazine.

The sentinel knew that he ought to keep constantly on the alert and observe everything that took place within sight or hearing.

But he was tired from a long march of the day before and anyway there wouldn't be any Spanish spies now that the war was almost over, he reasoned. Then, too the gate was the post he wanted—there was no fun at the lonesome old magazine. Thinking of these things, he turned at the end of his post and was somewhat startled to see a man coolly sitting on the steps at the powder door.

Neither sentinel nor man said anything for a few seconds. The sentinel approached at charge bayonet. The man puffed his pipe.

"Howdy, sentry?" the intruder drawled. "What are you doing here? Don't you know this is the powder magazine?"

"Ought to. Lived about half a mile from it all my life."

There was another period of silence and smoking, during which the sentinel glanced several times toward the guard tent to see if the corporal was approaching. Then he said:

"I shall have to put you under arrest."

"But you won't!"

This last was from a second stranger who had approached quietly from the bushes. Keeping at a safe distance from the guard's naked bayonet, he explained:

"You see, if you call the guard for us, we will run into the bushes. You haven't any cartridges and couldn't leave your post to chase us. When the corporal comes, what would you say? That you let two men in right up to the door of the magazine? And then be court-martialed? No, you keep quiet and we'll go away. We wanted to see if the Fifth was any better than the Ninth. What do I mean? Well, do you remember Tracy and his Spanish spy? Yes, of course you do. Spy tried to blow up the powder, stab Tracy and all that. Well, this man here is the Spanish spy. Want to arrest him and give away Tracy of the Ninth? But how about yourself? I'll put you out of the game, for you wouldn't dare to give us away. It all came from a bet my friend here and I made, that he could talk to the guard, get one of the buttons off his coat as a souvenir and get away. He didn't get the button because Tracy made a holler when my friend grabbed him. That's how his coat was cut. So that's all there was to Tracy and his spy that the papers made such a yarn about. Good night, sentry; here's a pint to brace you up. So long." Boston Times.

In His Case.

"Don't you think," said the young man "that literature is in a state of decline?"

"Unquestionably," replied the other. "It is in a chronic state of decline—with thanks."