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PRICE FIVE CENTS

ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO AND SCARBORO ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

TORONTO'S FUTURE PLEASURE RESORT.

An Electric Railway Which will be a Great Success—It Passes Through the Switzerland of Canada.

TORONTO'S BEAUTY SPOTS—THE FIRST SECTION IS IN OPERATION—FINE ROAD, FINE CARS, AND A DELIGHTFUL RIDE SAYS EVERYBODY THAT HAS BEEN OVER THIS LINE—WHERE CAPITAL MIGHT BE PROFITABLY INVESTED AND WHICH WOULD AT THE SAME TIME GREATLY BENEFIT THE CITY.

A ride on the Toronto & Scarborough Electric Railroad will be a revelation to the great majority of Torontonians. Every year hundreds, yes, thousands, of the residents of this city lug—that is the word—their families off to summer resorts for their health and pleasure.

They stow themselves away in a 7x9 hotel bedroom or a shooting box of a cottage, with the thermometer approaching 100 degrees in the shade, suffer the tor-

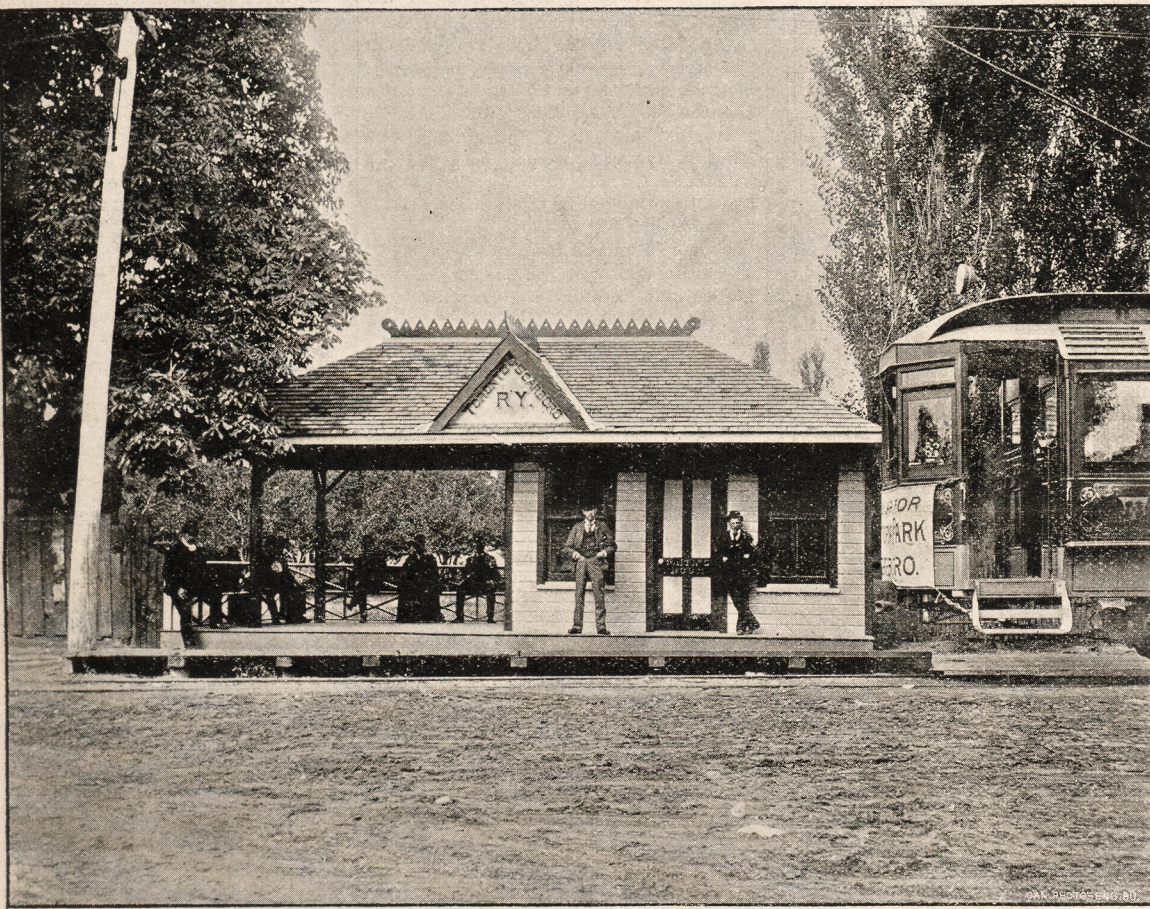
opid, the ivory and the pearl, the whole bordered with a wealth of luminous foliage of graceful maple, of stately elm, of lordly pine overhanging a swart cushioned in living green, buttoned down with daisies, buttercups and golden-headed dandelions, and from whose graceful shade comes the drone of the bumblebee, the songs of a thousand sweet-throated birds and the perfume of the honeysuckle, wild rose and dogwood blossom.

of the Hudson—great cliffs towering up 200 and 300 feet above the lake, surmounted by plateaus formed by nature as building sites for summer residences, where an expanse of water and of rolling landscape complete a panoramic view of most enchanting beauty.

And if this is not enough, keep on the line and you can gaze on the highlands to the north gradually rising from the lake; the fascination of the Witches' Park at



ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' RAILWAY—PALISADE PARK.



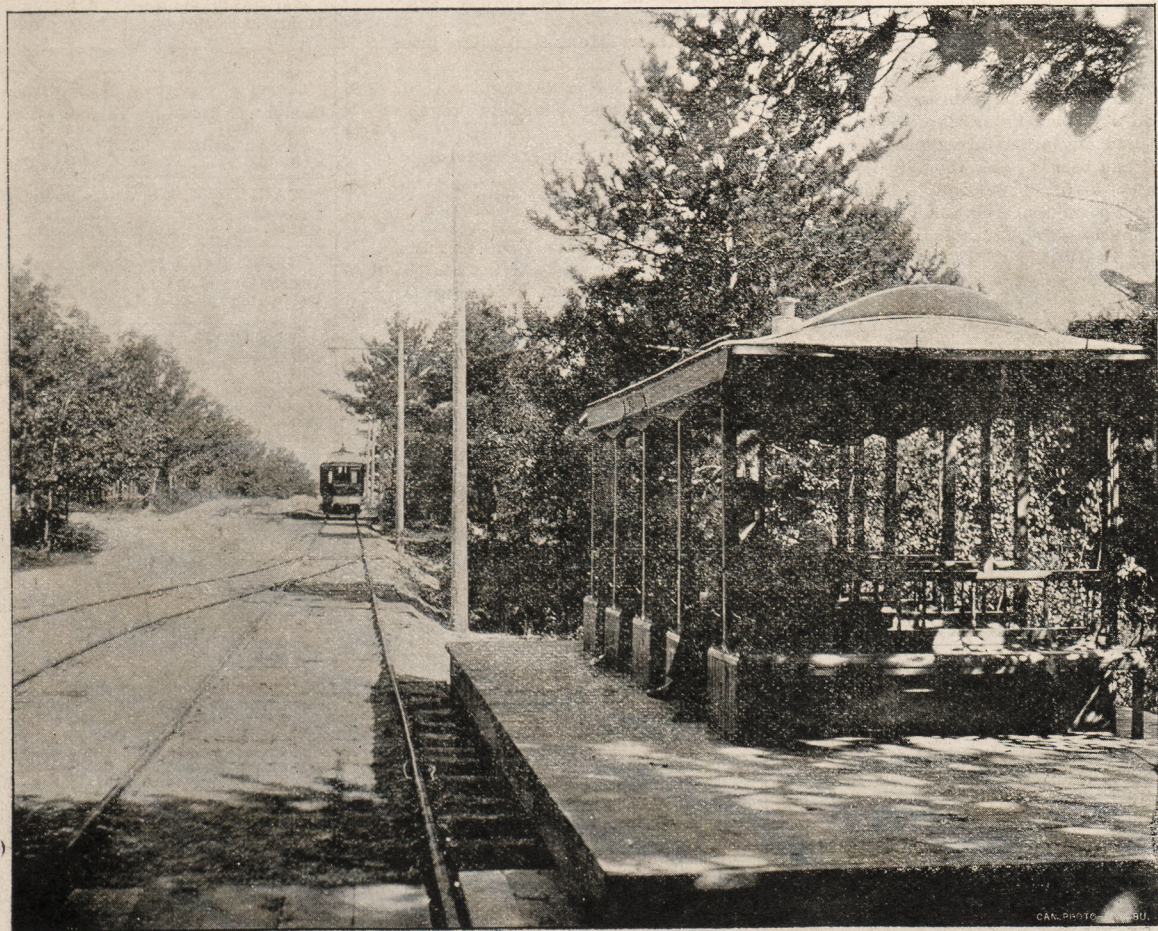
ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' RAILWAY—WOODBINE STATION.

ment inflicted by myriads of flies and mosquitoes, and sniff air coming off inland so-called lakes filled with rushes and frog spawn. The children play on jagged rocks, fall off into deep water and perhaps get drowned.

Others go to the sea shore, take the sky parlor at a ruinous rate, try red all night atmospherically and turn green with envy

Here is rest. An ideal summer resort, where "nature has wanted as in her prime," the lake shore from Kew Beach to Balmy Beach, right along the line of the Toronto & Scarborough Electric Railway. There is no lovelier spot in America. It is a second Coney Island, with Manhattan, Cable's and Brighton Beaches wrapped up in one; a paradise for children, where

East Toronto will greet you with its beauty; a kaleidoscopic view of the city and the island will unfold with startling distinctness almost at your very feet, and you will complete the circle satisfied that Toronto has suburbs of the beauties of which you had no conception, and that you never got so much value for a nickel in your life.



ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' RAILWAY—PRESENT TERMINUS OF THE LINE, BLANTYRE AVENUE.

all day socially, and all come home at the end of the season to get rested, not comprehending that their own homes in Toronto are the most delightful summer homes, and that but a step from the door, via the Toronto & Scarborough Electric Railway, can be reached one of the grandest freshwater seas in the world, where mighty breakers and murmuring waves alternately play "hide and seek" with a broad expanse of gleaming sanded shore, inland with gems which glint in the sun's rays with the diamond, the marble and the emerald, and glow in the moonlight with the

they can, with spade and bucket, dig sand and health out of nature's laboratory. Millions visit Brighton and Manhattan Beaches every summer. Thousands should visit Canada's Manhattan this coming summer, and the Toronto & Scarborough Railway will afford them an opportunity.

Here is where the summer pavilion, the bathing houses and grand concert stand should be, and no doubt will be erected for the pleasure of the residents of this great city.

On and beyond this are the Heights of Scarborough, rivalled only by the Palisades

This was the conclusion the writer arrived at after feasting upon the beauties of the ever-changing scene and enjoying the bracing breezes that sweep up over the heights from the lake below. He wondered why people with such a paradise at their very doors, easily and cheaply accessible, should expend money and energy in the vain search for health, comfort and repose in rickety farm houses and comfortable country hotels. Stand upon the summit of the palisades, look upon the blue expanse of water stretching away to the southward, the towering, for-

est-clad heights of Scarborough, Victoria Park with its spreading pines and maples at the east, and at the city beyond, and your vision commands a scene that can scarcely be surpassed. It is here that city people should establish their cottages if they would have a place where all the characteristics of an ideal summering place are combined. In this fair elysium, at the very gates of a great city throbbing with life and action, the wearied and worried business man will find reposeful and picturesque surroundings; he will breathe pure air, the heat of summer will be tempered for him by refreshing breezes from the water, and he will begin to feel that life after all is worth living. It is to the east that the toll-worn multitudes will look on Saturday afternoons in summer time for the rest and recreation that the half-starved city parks and the noisy Island fail to afford them. Cheap and rapid transit is a strong attraction to the toiling masses, but the transcendent natural beauties of the region up on the heights traversed by the electrical railway will prove irresistible to people who have been shut up in factories and workshops all week. To be released from the bondage of daily toil and turned loose to wander amid the trees upon the highland or lounge upon the pebbled beach at the water's edge is a pleasure that helps to relieve the burden of many a work-weary life. Though a prophet hath little honor in his own land, it is safe to hazard the prediction that before many summers have passed the holiday crowd will be found on Saturday afternoon and on other afternoons as well playing itself at Victoria Park, the palisades and upon Scarborough Heights. The natural advantages of the region are admittedly superior to those of any other contiguous district, and the absence of transportation facilities, which has heretofore been responsible for the lack of public appreciation, is no longer an obstacle in the way of its recognition and development. It would be useless to point out the beauties and advantages of a place naturally equipped as a public recreation ground while the means of getting there expeditiously, safely and cheaply were wanting, and for this reason the prettiest of all surrounding breathing places has for a century remained unappreciated by city people, and almost unknown to them. Whether actuated by philanthropic motives or not he was a man of keen business foresight who first conceived the idea of bringing this delightful place into closer communication with the city, for he saw one of those opportunities of money-making that seldom present themselves to the investing public. A number of shrewd and conservative business men were quick to recognize the advantages of the project, and as a result the Toronto & Scarborough Electric Railway, Light & Power Company (Limited) was organized for the purpose of constructing and maintaining a complete belt line railway system and operating it by electricity through the Villages of East Toronto, Little York, Norway, Todmorden and Chester, and between the villages and the City of Toronto, and connecting the villages and the summer resorts, Kew Beach, Balmy Beach, Palisade Park, Scarborough Heights, etc., with the City of Toronto; to construct suitable and necessary spurs and branches for connecting other towns, villages, etc., with the road, for the accommodation of passengers, freight and other traffic, and for the further purpose of supplying the towns, villages, resorts and residences along and near the line of the road with light, heat and power for township, municipal, domestic, farming, manufacturing and other uses.

A trip over the railway, especially during the summer season, is one of the pleasantest outings of which a Torontonian can avail himself. Boarding a King street car going east, which spins along at a rapid rate, you soon come to the Woodbine racecourse, where, at the junction of Queen

street with the Kingston road is the waiting room of the Toronto & Scarborough Electric Railway. At this junction the Toronto & Scarborough Railway Co. has erected a pretty little waiting room, built on the cottage style, with two compartments, one open and one closed, to suit both winter and summer temperatures. It is well lighted by electricity and has comfortable seats. A platform extends out in front, upon which you have scarcely landed from the car when there pulls up to the platform as elegant a car as can be found in the Dominion, bearing the legend, "Toronto and Scarborough." The car is luxuriously fitted up throughout. The interior is finished in solid cherry, with bird's eye maple veneer ceilings, artistically decorated, and the windows have roll curtains, similar to those of a Pullman car. The cars have vestibules at each end, so that both Motorman and conductor are fully protected from inclement weather. It is scarcely possible to describe the delight you feel as the car skips along at a twelve-mile clip without any noise or jar. The track is first-class, and the trucks under the cars are built of metal with elliptical springs, after the buggy style. The consequence is there is no rough riding. As you begin to climb the hill towards Norway the lake and city start into view. A moment more and the car is speeding down into Norway, a snug little hamlet, with a handsome little brick church standing picturesquely out in the foreground. Through Norway, and you again begin to

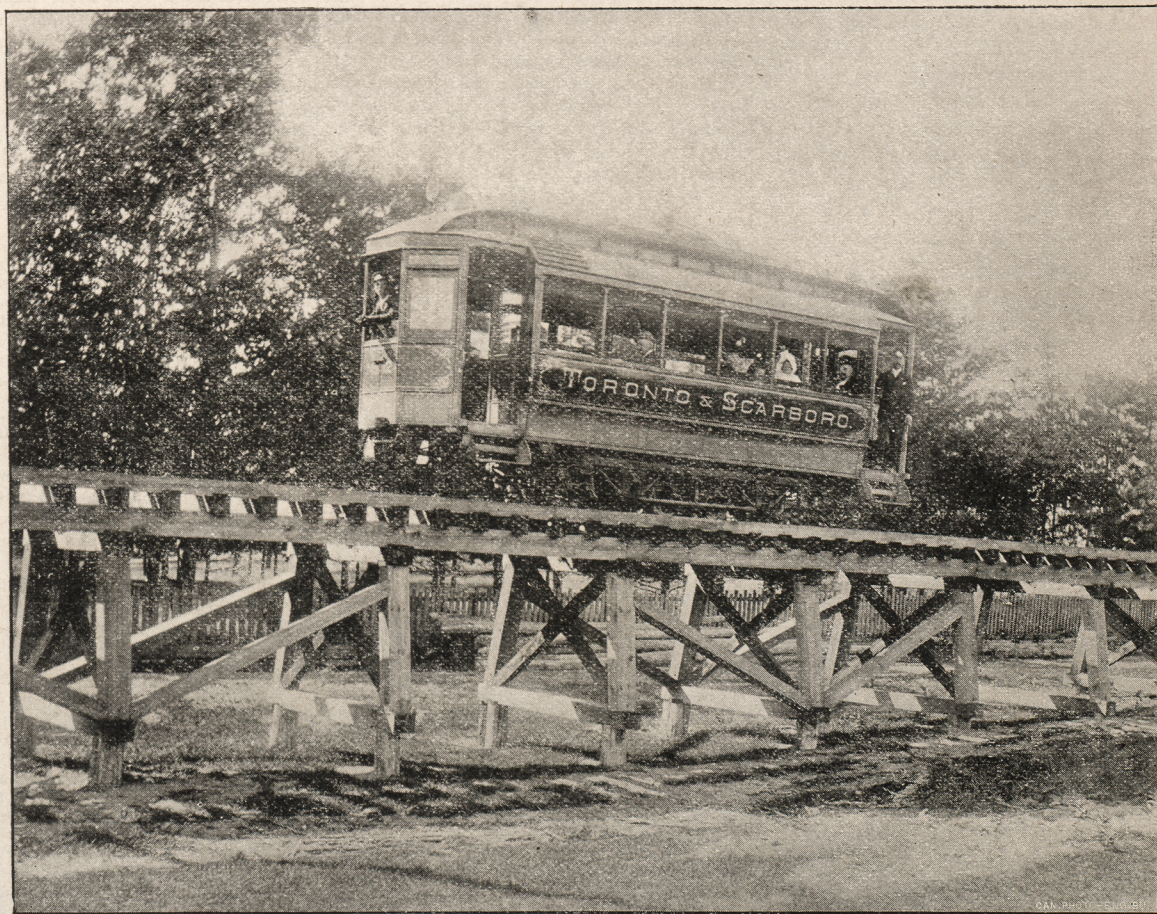
bay, pretty at this distance even, the surface dotted with tiny sail and row boat, and with the mighty Chippewa ploughing through its bosom to the lake. And the city! Surely Toronto never presented a more interesting sight than from this height, and as it spreads out from the lake to the limits at the north, and as far west as the eye can reach to the suburban homes beyond, you realize that Toronto is a great city, wonderfully and picturesquely situated, as it lies literally at your feet in the yellow sunlight of an autumn day.

On, up you go, until East Toronto is reached. At this point, where the Kingston road intersects Main street, the company has fitted up a waiting room in the handsome Stephenson Block for the accommodation of its patrons. This is also lighted by electricity. A short distance from Main street you meet and pass on the switch a car coming from the east. Just beyond this switch the company has erected a fine car barn for the storage of the cars. This building is covered and roofed with galvanized iron, making it quite fireproof. Inside there has been built a first-class car pit, tool office, etc. Water is piped into this building from the waterworks system of East Toronto, and it is also lighted by electricity. Just here when the car is well upon the heights the outlook is enchanting. For miles to the south the eye glances over a mass of foliage cushioning down the great ravine of the Witches' Park, until it

800 feet of Queen street the track suddenly ends and the car stops, as it were, in the forest. Here a temporary waiting room for the convenience of the summer traffic has been erected and illuminated by electricity. From here one can quickly walk to Victoria Park or Palisade Park. Here is where the celebrated Scarborough Heights really begin, and it is doubtful if many Torontonians have any adequate conception of the majestic beauty of the lake front. The palisades of the Hudson or Sutor's Heights on the Pacific do not outrival these Scarborough Heights in natural picturesqueness, and were the hand of the landscape artist employed here for some time the result would be astonishing. Toronto has here a summer resort which could be made one of the wonders of the continent, and the development of which would do more to advance the material welfare of the city by bringing to it the tourist, the summer resident and the health-seeker, than could be done in almost any other direction.

One result of the travel on this continent by foreign as well as native tourists, induced by the Chicago Exhibition this season, is that Toronto is considered to be one of the best cities on the American continent to locate in, that from a natural, financial, moral and social standpoint it presents unequalled advantages, and that a future is before it.

The Toronto & Scarborough Electric Railway, Light & Power Company (limited) was organized about one year ago, but a large amount of preliminary work had



ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' RAILWAY—TRESTLE, BLANTYRE AVENUE.

climb a grade, and a steep one this time, but the car bowls along as if grades were of no account, and soon you begin to get a glimpse of what there is hidden in the eastern suburb. Gradually an exquisite panorama begins to unfold itself to the wondering eye of the beholder. The lake spreads out to the limit of the horizon, looking a veritable grand inland sea. Nestling in its embrace at the foot, the island is seen—a glimmering patch of golden yellow, and embowered with the emerald green of foliaged tree and shrub. Higher you climb, and farther out spreads the

fringes out into misty lace, netted by the breaking waves on the pebbled shore of the grand old lake. On rolls the car over a level stretch of road until Blantyre Park, the beautiful grounds of Archbishop Walsh's summer residence, is reached. Here the car turns directly south and is soon speeding along Blantyre avenue towards the lake. On Blantyre avenue it was found necessary to do a large amount of filling and to put in a long piece of expensive trestle work to get over the depression just south of the Kingston road. When within about

to be done, such as the acquisition of the charter and the necessary franchises, before active operations could be commenced upon the line. It was necessary to obtain franchises from no less than four municipalities—the County of York, the Township of York, the Village of East Toronto and the Township of Scarborough—because the road, as projected, ran through all these municipalities. After that these franchises had to be ratified by special act of the Ontario Legislature. The Directors of the company are:

J. J. Foy, Q.C., of Foy & Kelly, barrister-at-law.



ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' RAILWAY—A BIT OF EAST TORONTO.

ters, etc.; John Stark, of John Stark & Co., stock and exchange brokers; H. M. Pellatt, of Pellatt & Pellatt, stock and financial brokers; W. T. Murray, of W. A. Murray & Co., wholesale and retail dry goods; W. D. Matthews, grain dealer, ex-President Board of Trade, etc.; Robert Davies, President Dominion Brewing Co.; J. P. Murray, President Toronto Carpet Manufacturing Co.; D. G. Stephenson, Reeve of East Toronto; Ald. John Hallam, wholesale wool, hides, etc.; A. W. Dingman, of Pugsley, Dingman & Co., manufacturers.

The officers are:—

President, D. G. Stephenson; Vice-President, J. J. Foy, Q.C.; Secretary and General Manager, A. W. Dingman; Consulting Engineer, John Galt, C.E.; Solicitors, Rowan & Ross.

From these names, all well known and honored in financial and commercial circles, it will be seen that the company is under the direction of able and responsible men, every one of whom has large interests in the City of Toronto. In locating the line the company kept in mind two principal factors: It aimed at securing the maximum traffic at the minimum cost of construction and operation. The promoters believed that in general the maximum traffic should be the predominant consideration, while the minimum cost of operation should be obtained, even at the expense of increased cost of construction. In connection with the cost of maximum traffic, it was kept in mind that in growing towns an electric railway carried into desirable building districts will not only build up its own traffic, but also increase the value of the real estate in its vicinity. The fact was recognized that growing towns, manufacturing sites, where large industries, employing large numbers of well-paid mechanics, and summer resorts, can be established, are the most desirable locations for electric railways, and that the location of towns, villages, summer resorts, etc., so that they can be joined together in communication with a city by a belt line, is an especially desirable feature for such an enterprise.

Next to the occupation of the main streets of large cities and towns, suburban traffic is the most desirable. The greater the distance between the residence portion and the business portion, the larger will be the proportion of passengers carried to the local population. Suburban territory possessing picturesque location, good natural drainage, low taxes, where pretty villas can be erected and maintained at a moderate cost, is very desirable for the location of a road.

The route selected for the Toronto & Scarborough Railway possesses all the admirable features here mentioned. Conditions, natural and economic, point to this road as sure to become the "Great Sub-

Since then the road has been extended down Bantyre avenue towards the lake front, three-quarters of a mile, to a point within a stone's throw of Victoria Park and Palsade Park. Everything about the equipment is absolutely first-class. It is the intention of the board to push the building of the road on down Bantyre avenue to Queen street, and then west by way of Queen street to meet the line of the Toronto Railway Company at the eastern city limit. When this loop line is completed the traffic of the road will be largely increased. It is also intended to build the road up through East Toronto and into Little York this season, if at all possible. The stock is not yet all taken up, but the directors hope to be able to secure subscriptions for the balance yet remaining by the early spring, so as to be in a position to proceed with the two proposed loops, and have them in active operation when the summer trade commences. When it is taken into consideration that the city line, which now reaches the city limit, beyond which it cannot extend, is yet nearly a mile from Victoria Park, Palsade Park, and the beautiful waterfront thereabout, and that the franchise for the connecting link is held by the Toronto & Scarborough Railway Company, as well as that for the extensions on Gerrard street and Danforth avenue to East Toronto and Little York, it will readily be seen that the privileges held by the company are valuable ones. In fact, the Toronto & Scarborough lines will be virtually the extensions of the three great eastern arteries of the city, viz., Queen and King street, merging into Queen street east; Gerrard street, Carlton street and their tributaries, from the west and the centre of the city, and the Danforth avenue and Broadview line, which is a continuation of Bloor street, the great northern artery. The Toronto & Scarborough Company control all the franchises for roads in the east, and it is the intention of the directorate, with the approval of the shareholders, to construct new lines as rapidly as means will permit.

The western and northwestern parts of the city and the suburban districts adjacent, although well served by the city's street railway proper, have four suburban electric street railway lines projected and building.

The eastern part of the city suburbs—that is, from the Don eastward—have no communication with the great business heart of the city, except by two street car lines, one on Queen street east and the other on Broadview avenue. The eastern suburban towns, villages and resorts, such as East Toronto, Little York, Scarborough, Chester, Todmorden, Kew Beach, Balmy Beach, Palsade Park, and Norway have been absolutely cut off, except such communica-

with Norway, East Toronto, Little York, Blantyre Park, Palsade Park and Victoria Park, amply demonstrates that the idea out of which this great enterprise was evolved was founded upon a sound principle. This road will become more and more the excursion route of Toronto. It passes through the most picturesque, the most healthy, the anti-malarial suburbs of Toronto, through the suburbs possessing the finest manufacturing sites, and through well-settled suburbs. It is expected these



ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' RAILWAY—THE WITCHES' PARK.

suburbs will in time become a part of the city.

When entirely completed it will enable the residents of East Toronto, Little York, Todmorden, Chester, Scarborough, Kew Beach, Balmy Beach, and the lake shore along the line of the road between these points and the city to reach the heart of the city as quickly as the residents of the other suburban districts.

The Toronto & Scarborough Electric Railway is not being built to boom anything;

cars, such as are used with so much favor both in the United States, in Great Britain and on the continent. This line is bound to develop and to bring into popular favor some of the prettiest pleasure resorts and suburban residential districts that there are in the neighborhood of the City of Toronto, and must of necessity become the most popular of all rapid transit lines running out of Toronto.

It seems strange indeed that the great natural beauties adjoining the city upon the east should have been so long neglected. On the line of the Toronto & Scarborough Electric Railway last summer the universal exclamation was, "I never knew that such wonderful natural beauty was to be seen within the environments of the city."

Incomprehensible it is that Toronto, "the most ideal summer resort" on this continent, should be fled from, as if from a plague spot, during the hot weather, for the heat, flies, hard beds and poor fare of the so-called summer resorts. It is not understandable that Toronto capital should go to outside places and exploit them as recreation spots for wearied brain and tired muscle, when the same capital as discreetly expended in the neighborhood of the city would double in profitable return. It is not logical that capital should so miles away to build hotels, boarding houses and to beautify grounds and build railroads thereto to carry the few who can afford to go, when the same accommodation placed at the city's door would be patronized by the many who cannot spare time or money for the far away resort. What is the matter with Toronto? Is it objectionable because its temperature averages from three to four degrees lower during the hot season than it does at any of the noted resorts within 1,000 miles? Is it because here is the great halting and resting place via the great lakes between the extreme east and west? Is it because it is one of the healthiest and most sanitary cities on the continent? Is it because it possesses the finest streets, the prettiest drives and has the greenest foliage of any city on the continent? Is it because it has the best natural conditions, the best moral conditions, the best social conditions, for an unrivalled summer resort, that it is not so known? With educational institutions of renown, with musical colleges of wide



ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' RAILWAY—THE LAKE FRONT.

"An hour ago, I came up the road from me place to pass an hour with Maribel. As I turned the bend of the road beyond I saw the girl and the soldier—"

"Capt. Lurt?"

"The same. I stopped just beyond the stile to wait for them to separate. I heard the soldier ask Maribel to be his wife. She gave him her promise, and, Herr Weize, they sealed it with a kiss. Now, Herr Weize, never has Maribel honored me with a kiss—"

"And ye saw this, Brier?"

"With me own eyes."

keeper, moodily. "I have put the soldier out of Maribel's mind. She be out for a bit. But she's yours, Brier, she's yours."

They drank and parted.

III.

"Yes, here was the very spot. Do you remember, dear?"

"As if it were yesterday. Come here, Myrtle, I want to show you something."

A tall, beautiful young woman approached the grey-moustached, florid, portly man upon whose arm leaned the gracious, well-preserved lady who made the first remark and who was regarding an old, broken-down gate with peculiar interest.

"Myrtle," said the gentleman, "it was at this very spot that mamma promised to be mine."

He looked into the bright eyes of his daughter as he added:—

"Just here we sealed our troth with a kiss."

Then he took the face of the contented-looking lady in his gloved hands and said:—

"And mother doesn't regret that first kiss, does she?"

The response was not in words.

"What were you then, papa?" asked the girl.

"A captain, my child."

"And you, mamma?"

"A game-keeper's motherless daughter, Myrtle. This is the first time I have been here since your grandfather drove me from home because I was in love with your father and declared I would marry him or no one."

"Where is grandpa, mamma?"

"Dead, dear, years ago."

"And was he game-keeper here?"

"Yes. Yonder in the trees was our lodge."

"Who is game-keeper now, mamma?"

"There is none, my child. The estate has been closed years since. Let us walk under the old trees and I'll show you where your mother's childhood days were passed."

They walked slowly up the avenue of the Weirs and reached the threshold of the lodge. The door stood open. They peered in.

"Surely this place has occupants, my dear," remarked the general.

Both mother and daughter stepped into the main room. Evidences of occupancy were numerous and the lady explained to her daughter and husband how the house had been when she was a child. They turned to depart.

In the doorway stood an old man.

He removed his broad-brimmed hat and stood respectfully to one side as the three emerged.

The lady looked at him steadily for a moment and then gave a little gasp. The general lifted his hat in response to the salutation of the beggarly-looking fellow.

"You live here, my good man?" he asked.

The general tossed him a piece of money as the party walked away.

The old man leaned against the door-frame and watched them until they left the avenue by the gate. The coin lay unheeded at his feet.

Tears stood in the heavy eyes of Brier-Bonnat as he huskily whispered:—

"Her father promised her to me."—Chicago News.

AN IDEAL DINNER PARTY.

It was a stormy interview took place between father and daughter. The motherless girl pleaded her love for the dragon. Her stern father swore she should wed in her rank and that his wish was that she

gushed lawyer, aided to several agreeable and pretty women, made up a dinner which, at first sight, seemed to promise a rare feast of intellectual delight, but which one of the guests declared was the dullest dinner he had ever sat down to. If such were always the case, one would despair of the arrangement of any dinner, and indeed the conviction is often forced on one that a judicious mixture of ordinary and brilliant people affords, on the whole, the best chance of giving a pleasant and successful one. Among a large number of guests a very brilliant talker is thrown away, for it is only at a small table when all the guests can hear and see and, if required, add their quota to the general flow of conversation, that such a person adds to the general enjoyment, though it should not, also, be forgotten that very often such a guest frightens others less brilliant than himself, absorbing all the attention and stifling the efforts of his companions. What is required at dinner is that every one should be quick and sufficiently well educated to keep up the battledore and shuttlecock of small-talk, and that no one should be so much more brilliant and egotistical as to swamp every other person's individuality.—Lady Jeanne, in North American Review for January.

THE QUALITY OF FRUITS.

Mrs. Frederic C. Johnson of Hastings, Nebraska, notes:—"The Ben Davis apple as raised in the west, is of very poor quality, but in a recent trip south my husband found them far different. Those raised in Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas are of excellent quality. I could hardly believe they were the same variety, the iron in the soil giving them color, flavor and finer grain."

"The only fruit that seems to adapt itself to the prairies in Central Nebraska is the sour cherry; currants and gooseberries do very well if in a shady place."

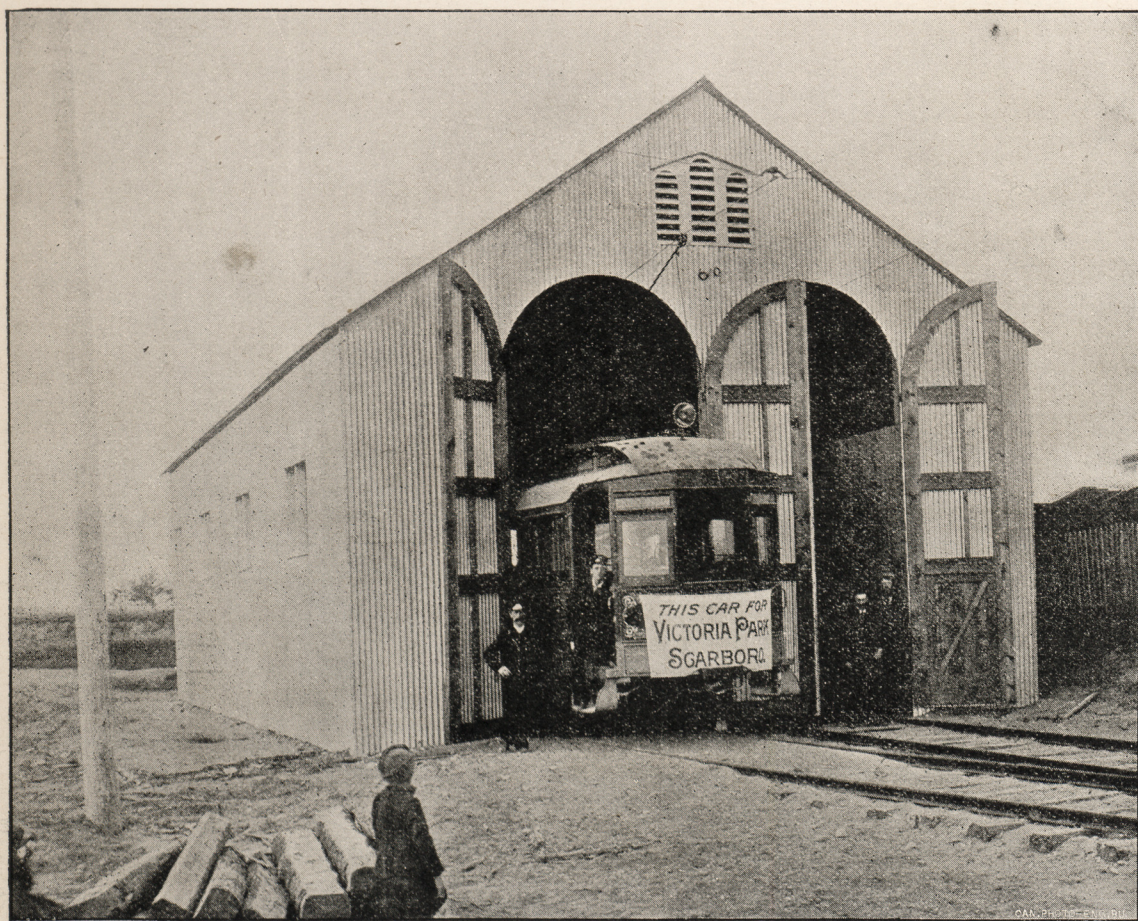
No one knows why some kinds vary so not even "iron in the soil" fully accounts for it. The famous Ribston Pippin apple of England is nothing but poor in any part of America, while the William Bon Chretien pear, usually second-rate in that country, in America, as the Bartlett, is almost everywhere on the top of the list. Again, some of our own, of the highest character in one locality, are of little account elsewhere. The Newtown Pippin, which is the pride of the Hudson River region, is also superior in Western Virginia, but nowhere else.—Meehan's Monthly for January.

SERVANTS IN INDIA.

Domestic life in India is without the annoyance of the servant question. You never need tell a servant what you want done in that country—they seem to know it by intuition.

The ordinary household has about twelve servants—a cook, a waiter, a sort of valet de chambre and, if you have two horses, two grooms; one man to run before you when you go out riding and take care of your horse, another man whose business it is to collect for your horse's feed the grass which grows in a vine-like manner upon the roads. Then in summer time you require three or four men, who work the large fans or "punkas" over you night and day, while you are sitting and while you are sleeping; then last, but not least, a watchman.

This last institution is a peculiar one. If you did not have him you would be liable



ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' RAILWAY—CAR BARN.

urban" of Toronto. Its proposed fifteen miles of well-constructed road, through the most picturesque suburbs of the city, "by lake, vale and highland," over which one can ride in a luxurious coach at a "rapid transit rate," will make an excursion route that must prove both popular and profitable.

Though active work on the line was not commenced until the beginning of last May, two miles of road were completed and in operation on July 1, extending from the western terminus at the Woodbine to Blantyre Park.

tion as is offered by the ordinary steam railway.

Experience teaches that rapid transit is an absolute necessity for a city and its suburbs in the present day. Experience has also shown that it is profitable to those who afford such rapid transit by electricity.

It is to supply rapid transit to the districts named that the Toronto & Scarborough Railway Company was organized, and the success which has attended the operation of the line already constructed, connecting Toronto by way of the Kingston road

the enterprise is in no way speculative. It is developing a permanent and profitable business.

The permanent traffic upon the portion of the road already completed is steadily increasing, and the summer traffic during the coming season will no doubt be much larger than that of last season, especially if the company succeeds in extending its line to the Queen street east terminus of the city line. To further enhance the attractiveness of the route it is proposed to place upon it for the summer business magnificently appointed, double-decked

repute, and all the other necessary conditions, there ought to be, and could be, created within the jurisdiction of this city a summer centre which would double the population and wonderfully enhance our material welfare—a really great institution, educational and recreational, if the word is allowable.

BRIER-BONNAT.

Pretty Maribel Weize leaned against the stile by the lodge gate, a smile playing about her Cupid-bow mouth, whereon the kiss of Capt. Lurt of the dragoons was responsible for the charming blush which framed so sweet a smile.

Far away toward the rise of the hill which is "tode Lunnun" (as the farm folk say) a cloud of hoof-beaten dust attracted the bright blue eyes of the daughter of the game-keeper for the Weirs. Capt. Lurt was galloping toward London, with the word-given and kiss-sealed promise of exquisite Maribel to be his wife.

Maribel's face, fixed on the dust-cloud of the receding dragon, was averted, as long, angular Brier-Bonnat shambled along the hedged and tree-arched highway. When he reached the lodge gate he deliberately sat upon the fender rock and also watched the increasing dust and listened to the dim-inishing hoofbeats.

"Why, Brier," exclaimed Maribel, turning quickly to return to the lodge. "Where did you come from?"

"From home, Maribel, and a-purpose to see ye," soberly replied the simple farmer. "I've heard ye have been receiving attentions from a soldier?"

Maribel laughed merrily and blushed. "Ye has a guilty look, Maribel, and I fear what I hear be true. But ye must not encourage those chaps, Maribel, for ye know ye are promised to me."

"I am promised to you, Brier? Why, you must be mad! And when, pray, gave I such a promise?"

"It was not ye, Maribel, as gave the promise. It was ye father told me ye should be mine."

"Look to my father, then, to fulfil the promise!" exclaimed the quick-tempered Maribel, casting a glance where the dust had risen, then turning and walking quickly up the avenue toward the lodge.

Brier-Bonnat looked puzzlingly after her, but he neither called her back nor manifested chagrin. He dragged his corduroy cap from his glossy, black head and twirled it in his hand, his eyes fixed on the turf reflectively, until Herr Weize came along homeward from the village.

"What do ye here, Brier?" called out the jolly game-keeper.

"List a minute, Herr Weize," replied Brier, straightening up. "Did ye not tell me I should have Maribel for me wife?"

"I did. Why?"

"Are ye making a monkey o' me, Herr Weize?"

"I'm not. She shall be yours, Brier; she shall be yours."

"Never."

"And why?"

"She has plighted herself to that soldier."

"How know ye, Brier?"

"I heard her."

"When?"



ALONG THE LINE OF THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' RAILWAY—JUNCTION OF THE CITY R.Y. AND THE TORONTO & SCARBORO' AT THE WOODBINE

become the wife of Brier-Bonnat. The same blood flowed in their veins. Their quarrel increased until the dark-browed parent, goaded by disobedience and love's obstinacy, threw open his door and bade his high-spirited child leave his sight forever.

The moon was just rising when Maribel ran down the gravelled avenue, into the highway, and took up her long tramp to Alsenport, from whence the semi-weekly boat sailed for London.

Sharply at 9 o'clock Brier-Bonnat, calm, simple and unresentful, pushed open the lodge door and confronted Herr Weize before his ale and a sparse meal.

"Ye are welcome, Brier," said the game-

keeper, moodily. "I have put the soldier out of Maribel's mind. She be out for a bit. But she's yours, Brier, she's yours."

They drank and parted.

III.

"Yes, here was the very spot. Do you remember, dear?"

"As if it were yesterday. Come here, Myrtle, I want to show you something."

A tall, beautiful young woman approached the grey-moustached, florid, portly man upon whose arm leaned the gracious, well-preserved lady who made the first remark and who was regarding an old, broken-down gate with peculiar interest.

"Myrtle," said the gentleman, "it was at this very spot that mamma promised to be mine."

He looked into the bright eyes of his daughter as he added:—

"Just here we sealed our troth with a kiss."

Then he took the face of the contented-looking lady in his gloved hands and said:—

"And mother doesn't regret that first kiss, does she?"

The response was not in words.

"What were you then, papa?" asked the girl.

"A captain, my child."

"And you, mamma?"

"A game-keeper's motherless daughter, Myrtle. This is the first time I have been here since your grandfather drove me from home because I was in love with your father and declared I would marry him or no one."

"Where is grandpa, mamma?"

"Dead, dear, years ago."

"And was he game-keeper here?"

"Yes. Yonder in the trees was our lodge."

"Who is game-keeper now, mamma?"

"There is none, my child. The estate has been closed years since. Let us walk under the old trees and I'll show you where your mother's childhood days were passed."

They walked slowly up the avenue of the Weirs and reached the threshold of the lodge. The door stood open. They peered in.

"Surely this place has occupants, my dear," remarked the general.

Both mother and daughter stepped into the main room. Evidences of occupancy were numerous and the lady explained to her daughter and husband how the house had been when she was a child. They turned to depart.

In the doorway stood an old man.

He removed his broad-brimmed hat and stood respectfully to one side as the three emerged.

The lady looked at him steadily for a moment and then gave a little gasp. The general lifted his hat in response to the salutation of the beggarly-looking fellow.

"You live here, my good man?" he asked.

The general tossed him a piece of money as the party walked away.

The old man leaned against the door-frame and watched them until they left the avenue by the gate. The coin lay unheeded at his feet.

Tears stood in the heavy eyes of Brier-Bonnat as he huskily whispered:—

"Her father promised her to me."—Chicago News.

AN IDEAL DINNER PARTY.

It was a stormy interview took place between father and daughter. The motherless girl pleaded her love for the dragon. Her stern father swore she should wed in her rank and that his wish was that she

gushed lawyer, aided to several agreeable and pretty women, made up a dinner which, at first sight, seemed to promise a rare feast of intellectual delight, but which one of the guests declared was the dullest dinner he had ever sat down to. If such were always the case, one would despair of the arrangement of any dinner, and indeed the conviction is often forced on one that a judicious mixture of ordinary and brilliant people affords, on the whole, the best chance of giving a pleasant and successful one. Among a large number of guests a very brilliant talker is thrown away, for it is only at a small table when all the guests can hear and see and, if required, add their quota to the general flow of conversation, that such a person adds to the general enjoyment, though it should not, also, be forgotten that very often such a guest frightens others less brilliant than himself, absorbing all the attention and stifling the efforts of his companions. What is required at dinner is that every one should be quick and sufficiently well educated to keep up the battledore and shuttlecock of small-talk, and that no one should be so much more brilliant and egotistical as to swamp every other person's individuality.—Lady Jeanne, in North American Review for January.

THE QUALITY OF FRUITS.

Mrs. Frederic C. Johnson of Hastings, Nebraska, notes:—"The Ben Davis apple as raised in the west, is of very poor quality, but in a recent trip south my husband found them far different. Those raised in Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas are of excellent quality. I could hardly believe they were the same variety, the iron in the soil giving them color, flavor and finer grain."

"The only fruit that seems to adapt itself to the prairies in Central Nebraska is the sour cherry; currants and gooseberries do very well if in a shady place."

No one knows why some kinds vary so not even "iron in the soil" fully accounts for it. The famous Ribston Pippin apple of England is nothing but poor in any part of America, while the William Bon Chretien pear, usually second-rate in that country, in America, as the Bartlett, is almost everywhere on the top of the list. Again, some of our own, of the highest character in one locality, are of little account elsewhere. The Newtown Pippin, which is the pride of the Hudson River region, is also superior in Western Virginia, but nowhere else.—Meehan's Monthly for January.

SERVANTS IN INDIA.

Domestic life in India is without the annoyance of the servant question. You never need tell a servant what you want done in that country—they seem to know it by intuition.

The ordinary household has about twelve servants—a cook, a waiter, a sort of valet de chambre and, if you have two horses, two grooms; one man to run before you when you go out riding and take care of your horse, another man whose business it is to collect for your horse's feed the grass which grows in a vine-like manner upon the roads. Then in summer time you require three or four men, who work the large fans or "punkas" over you night and day, while you are sitting and while you are sleeping; then last, but not least, a watchman.

This last institution is a peculiar one. If you did not have him you would be liable