

course in 49 minutes 30 seconds, although the actual distance sailed was 31.38 at an apparent rate per mile of 2 minutes 28 seconds, equal to a calculated and actual rate per mile of 1 minute and 34 seconds. Against this time the little *Lorna*, at Lake Pepin, carrying four hundred and four feet of sail, made twenty miles in 39 minutes 7 seconds; actual distance sailed, in light wind, forty-one miles. When this time is applied to such large yachts as *Jack Frost*, *Icicle* and *Windward*, it must be remembered that they have never had a course with long enough legs to determine their true speed. For instance, take the *Reindeer*, which carries seven hundred and thirty-one square feet of sail. When she was taken from the Hudson River to the first-class course at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., her speed was apparently greatly increased; for the simple reason that to make the twenty miles on the Hudson the course has to be sailed over five times, whereas on the Western courses of twenty miles, two or three times around is sufficient, and every time a large boat goes about so much more is added to her time in covering the course. Then, too, the

questions of rigging, back-bone, runner-plank, and sail area would all receive valuable elucidation.

Among the Canadian boats which we would like to see at Orange is Howard Folger's new *Breeze*, an up-to-date Canadian ice-yacht hailing from the Kingston I. Y. C. She has a perfect-fitting suit of sails with Hudson-River runners. Then we should see the champion of the Kingston I. Y. C., ex-Vice-Commodore W. C. Kent's *Whistlewing*, carrying three hundred and ninety-five square feet of sail. Sanford Calvin might send his slick boat the *Blizzard*, she is a fair representative of the up-to-date Canadian racing ice-yacht of bridge up-plank and elliptical cockpit, with Canadian runners.

There are two important trophies of the Orange Lake Club; one is the walker International Challenge Cup, now held by the *Spook*, of Cape Vincent I. Y. C., and the other is the new trophy yet unraced for, presented to the club by Commodore Calvin and Vice-Commodore Macnee. It is known as the Calvin-Macnee Trophy, and is a handsome and massive silver plate. Others would be quickly forthcoming.

## A MEDIAEVAL CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE abbot is dozing alone in his cell,  
With a flagon beside him. The abbot feels well;  
And he'll empty it too ere the first matin bell.  
All's quiet, all's well.

Hist, Brother Meander! A word in thine ear!  
I'll show thee a way, if the corridor's clear,  
To the abbot's own cellar. The abbot may hear!  
Never fear, never fear.

So Brother Meander and bold Brother John,  
Creeping bare-foot and scared reached the cellar anon,  
While outside the moon the cold snow-fields on  
Shone bitter and wan.

But whether they drank till the first matin bell  
And were caught by the abbot, no chronicles tell;  
But I know it was Christmas when it befell.  
All quiet and well.

ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON.

