

board is used with advantage in each model. I do not say that Mr. Duggan, in the design of *Dominion*, has adapted either Mr. Melling's or Mr. Mackenzie's plans. I simply reproduce the two vessels as being links in the history of the evolution, not of the catamaran, but of the double-huller.

It is my opinion that the double-huller has a great future before it when fully developed. The type has none

of the disadvantages of the constant draught of water which is so powerful an objection to the fin-keel vessel. In my judgment the double-huller ought to sail in a separate class of its own, and with this judgment many yachtsmen agree; but I am content to leave that matter to the consideration of the Race Committees of the clubs, who will doubtless render a wise and impartial decision when the proper time arrives.



WINTER'S SOLILOQUIES.

STERNLY sat old Father Winter,
 Wrapped about with ermine robe
 And his icy hand extended,
 Covered half our little globe.

And the brooklet ceased its laughing
 And the river stopped its flow,
 And the leaves and tender flowers
 All had withered long ago.

And the pine trees grouped together,
 Felt his chilling breath and sighed,
 And the dainty ferns and bracken,
 Fearful of his coming, died.

And the brown, deserted meadows
 Took the veil of snowy white,
 And the pale sun, early hiding,
 Have its place to clouds of night.

Then he hung his icy candles
 Where the moonbeams' rays might fall,
 Sprinkled gems of rarest lustre
 Over rock and tree and wall.

Traced with hand no art might copy,
 Patterns on the window pane,
 Leaves and ferns, and buds and flowers,
 Ne'er conceived by human brain.

Draped the trees with snowy fleeces,
 Filled the hollows, swept the plains,
 Hung his dainty tasseled network
 On the hedges in the lanes.

Smiled and said, "My work I'll finish,
 Little Spring will soon be here;
 She will surely come and spoil it,
 As she has done every year.

"As she tells the same old story,
 On my footsteps she will fly,
 But so sure as they again come,
 Little Spring-time, so shall I."

"Follows she my frost footsteps,
 With her smiles and tears and songs,
 Laughs as she unlocks the rivers,
 For the key to her belongs.

"Draws the veil from off the meadows,
 Spreads a carpet velvet green,
 Shakes the network from the hedges,
 And strews flowers in between.

"Tells the earth that Summer's coming
 With the heat of glowing sun,
 How she'll ripen all the harvest,
 Little Spring has just begun.

"Tells the forest wondrous stories,
 But she's told them oft before,
 Of the vines she drapes like curtains,
 Over porch and wall and door.

"Stops to speak about her brother,
 'He is coming, too,' says she;
 'For he follows after Summer,
 Just as Summer follows me.

"He will plant the golden pumpkin,
 Hang brown tassels on the corn;
 Surely such a wondrous artist
 As my brother ne'er was born.

"For he gathers all his colors
 From the sunset clouds at night,
 And his rarest bits of crimson
 From the early morning light.

"Gorgeously he'll deck the forest
 With a mantle brown and red,
 And with shades of palest yellow
 Will he crown the poplar's head."