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WOODBINE PARK SPRING MEET

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fate had not struck a sufficiently hard buffet by the elimination of these two running cracks, the stable lost its promising two-year-old Knight, who was injured on the holiday and had to be destroyed. For this reason, up to the end of the first five days, the Waterloo organization did not play their customary big role in overnight and stake events.

One of the establishments that has met with marked success is that owned by J. F. Byers, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Byers' main reliance is the imported French racer, Roi Des Montagnes, a three-year old colt that scored a most impressive victory in the Woodstock Plate. Roi des Montagnes was first seen in Canada at the 1926 Ontario Jockey Club rally in September last and there emerged from the ranks of maiden runners. His race the other day indicated that he is one of the best of his year at present in active service.

Let a word also be said of a two-year-old American-owned filly by the name of Reprove, which surprised the racing world when she carried off the \$5,000 Victoria Stakes, defeating the best

juveniles that we now have in this country. The victory was the more unexpected in view of the fact that Reprove had won on the previous day, and it was thought that her owner was asking too much of her to show good racing performance at such a close interval. The general belief was that E. F. Whitney, the New York turfman, held the strongest hand in this juvenile stake, for he was represented by the wing-footed Cayuga, a youngster with a splendid record. However, Reprove clearly established her prowess, for she came from behind to win, and finished strong and true. This filly is owned by William Maher, and was raced extensively during the winter months.

Steeplechasing was again featured but it appears to be no easy matter to attract the best jumpers, and few, very few, of those that figured on the first six days of the meet could be regarded as top-notchers. The \$7,500 Woodbine Chase went to Walter Salmon's Gunboat, a son of Man O' War, who was a little lucky in beating Autumn Bells and Pete the Scribe.



FRAGRANT GLIMPSES OF ITALY

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exclusive as a private entertainment.

Miss Houston was able to tell me something of George Smith, the Canadian boy who paddled his way around the Continent and who received in Rome such an ovation as has seldom been accorded to the most distinguished visitors. Smith, it will be remembered put his canoe over his head and jumped from one of the Paris bridges into the Seine. He was forbidden to repeat this dangerous "stunt" in Rome owing to the swiftness of the Tiber at its height.

It seems a curious coincidence to have crossed last February with Dr. Miller of Toronto, ex-head master of Ridley, who told me that Smith was one of his pupils.

While in Rome, I was constantly forging links with Canada. For example, I met Dr. Bagnani who lectured at Toronto and McGill about a year ago on the History of Roman Art, and Archeology, and I learned that Mme. Serra, a sister of Mr. Henry Joseph, of Montreal, lives in Rome. Also, that Mrs. Porter of San Francisco, and a step-daughter of Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, Toronto, is one of the most popular members of the "foreign colony."

I was delighted to meet many Canadian animals in the Rome Zoo!

Didn't I visit the Pantheon—the best-preserved monument of ancient Rome, declared by Michael Angelo to have been designed not by men but by angels? Certainly! And St. Peter's, twice the size of St. Paul's, London, and about six times the size of most of our Canadian cathedrals. . . . On Easter afternoon, I was fortunate enough to hear a choral service there. The officiating Cardinal was Merry del Val. Above the altar, the great window with its single emblem—the dove of peace—was lighted by the last rays of the sun, which gave to the dove an effect of entering

the church on a cloud of gold. The choir sang without accompaniment, exquisite and solemn harmonies ringing slowly through the long forest of columns. . . . And the glorious Sistine Chapel, whose walls and ceiling are covered with frescoes (Michael Angelo) representing the supreme drama of the human race. The only comfortable way to view them is by renting a mirror and looking down into that, instead of up into the roof. . . . And Hadrian's Villa. . . . and the Villa d'Este, with its walk of a hundred fountains. The guide, whose English was more quaint than intelligible, remarked to me, "Gosh, eh?"

And I, not wishing to be outdone, replied. . . . "Gee whiz!" which seemed to puzzle him. "Plunge!" he essayed, again, pointing to a violent spurt of water. "He gosh, eh?" And at last I understood. "Gosh. . . . gush. . . . what's a single letter between friends?"

And I drove out the Appian Way, visited the church called Quo Vadis and heard the explanatory legend; it seems that when St. Peter was escaping from Nero's persecution, he met the Christ on the roadway. "Quo vadis, domine?" asked the former. "To Rome, to be crucified again for the flock you are deserting," replied the Savior. On the floor of the church, you are shown a footprint said to have been taken from the Appian way, after the foregoing conversation. . . . and regarded as a most sacred relic.

And after days of sight-seeing, I had not scratched the surface. Neither would a year suffice to know one's Rome. I had to leave with my curiosity unsatisfied; with much the same sensation as that produced when a thrilling story comes to an abrupt end with the words 'to be continued.'