

SATURDAY, JANUARY

ON THE ISLAND IN THE WINTER

Quite a Little Colony of People
Living South of Toronto's
Harbor.

TEACHER GOES OVER DAILY

Little Difficulty About Getting
Across — Durnan Wants
Another Race.

The Island, land of the heart's desire in summer, is a spot apart to the Toronto citizen when the wintry winds do blow. Yet neither Hanlan's Point, Centre Island, Ward's Island, nor Fisherman's Island is deserted in the cold weather. The Island population dwindles, 'tis true, but the seventy-five or so persons, young and old, dwelling there from year's end to year's end, get along very nicely, thank you, and have no complaint to make.

Have Business There.

The winter residents have business there. If they are not caretakers, they are constables, lighthouse keepers, or fishermen.

The Island is not ice-bound this winter. Haney and Miller's tug took a Star man over to Hanlan's on Wednesday, and from John street to the tunnel the sheet of water was as placid and as ice-free as on a sweltering August day. In fact, there was scarcely a ripple. Here and there within a few yards a thin cake would be seen, and along shore at the mainland a venturesome iceboat glided.

"The bay hasn't been frozen over so far this season," said Eddie Durnan, a native-born Islander, as he looked up from the row boat he was building. Then his glance fell on his iceboat fleet in the slip below. "Not a bad lot. That one down there is new, but that sixteen-year-old goer looks pretty new."

But when there is no ice, do you row over to the city?"

"I could row over, but don't. My launch does the work better and faster. When neither iceboat nor launch can be used, I use that ice-cutter."

The ice-cutter was a light skiff, with thin runners attached.

Can Get Supplies Daily.

"With a pole and that little boat I can navigate either ice or water, so to speak."

"How about your supplies, Mr. Durnan, do you replenish often?"

"About every day," laughed Durnan. We are not cooped for months or weeks or even days. From the bar to the Queen's wharf is only a hundred yards or so. In some parts of the Island, of course, it means a long walk even when the bay is open, and supplies are put in for a month, but for convenience, rather than from necessity. Nowadays we are just about as conveniently located as if we were in the city, but I remember the time when the Island was a trifle lonely. We

had no protection in those days, and were cut off from the city from time to time."

"How do the kiddies worry along, any educational provision?"

Teacher Goes Over Daily.

"I should say so. You can see the school from here. The children go there on school days, and the teacher comes from the city every morning, going back and forth in the tug."

"Have you known other winters as mild as this?"

"Not many. One or two are in the running, however."

Wants Another Race.

"Will you row this year?"

"I am waiting for a reply from Australia, and will try to get a race on with the winner of the Webb-Tressidor match in New Zealand on February 20th. The Australian climate was hard on me, but, perhaps, I can induce my man to meet me in England. I want another try for the world's championship. By the way, here's a coming sculler."

The comer was his six-year-old, who was industriously trying to injure himself with his father's bench vise.

"Ducks plentiful?"

"Wild ones, you mean; no, I haven't shot one this season, something I could never say before."

"Any fishing?"

"Perch are to be caught under the ice with hook and line."

ON THE ISLAND IN THE WINTER

A New Island.

When Haney and Miller complete the tunnel under the bay, which may be in July next, Toronto will have another island. As a matter of fact, it's

One tunnel is that it is being bored, cemented, and bricked simultaneously. The tunnel will measure 8 feet inside, and, according to Superintendent Bradley, it's the only tunnel of its size to be completed as it goes along. Working in the bowels of the earth, and under a body of water, would impress the average person as a not ideal occupation, but the tunnel has a winter advantage over work above—the tunnel is warm.

"When a man has worked down here," said Mr. Bradley, "he doesn't like it when we ask him to do something above ground. It's too cold, and when he does climb the shaft into outside weather, he hustles for shelter."

"How does it affect the health down here?" asked The Star.

"I am well enough," answered a big man in oilskins. "Some don't like the smell and smoke when they blast; that's about all."

The floor is of cement, cement sides meet the brick roof, and back and forth plod the chunky ponies, hauling in cement and sand, and hauling out, to be hoisted aloft, cars of the refuse loosened by powder and pick, and loaded by hand shovel. Is it dark? Incandescent bulbs dispel the gloom.

"Yes, there'll be an island here for the protection of the shaft," remarked Superintendent Bradley. "and, in time, a summer cottage or two may follow."