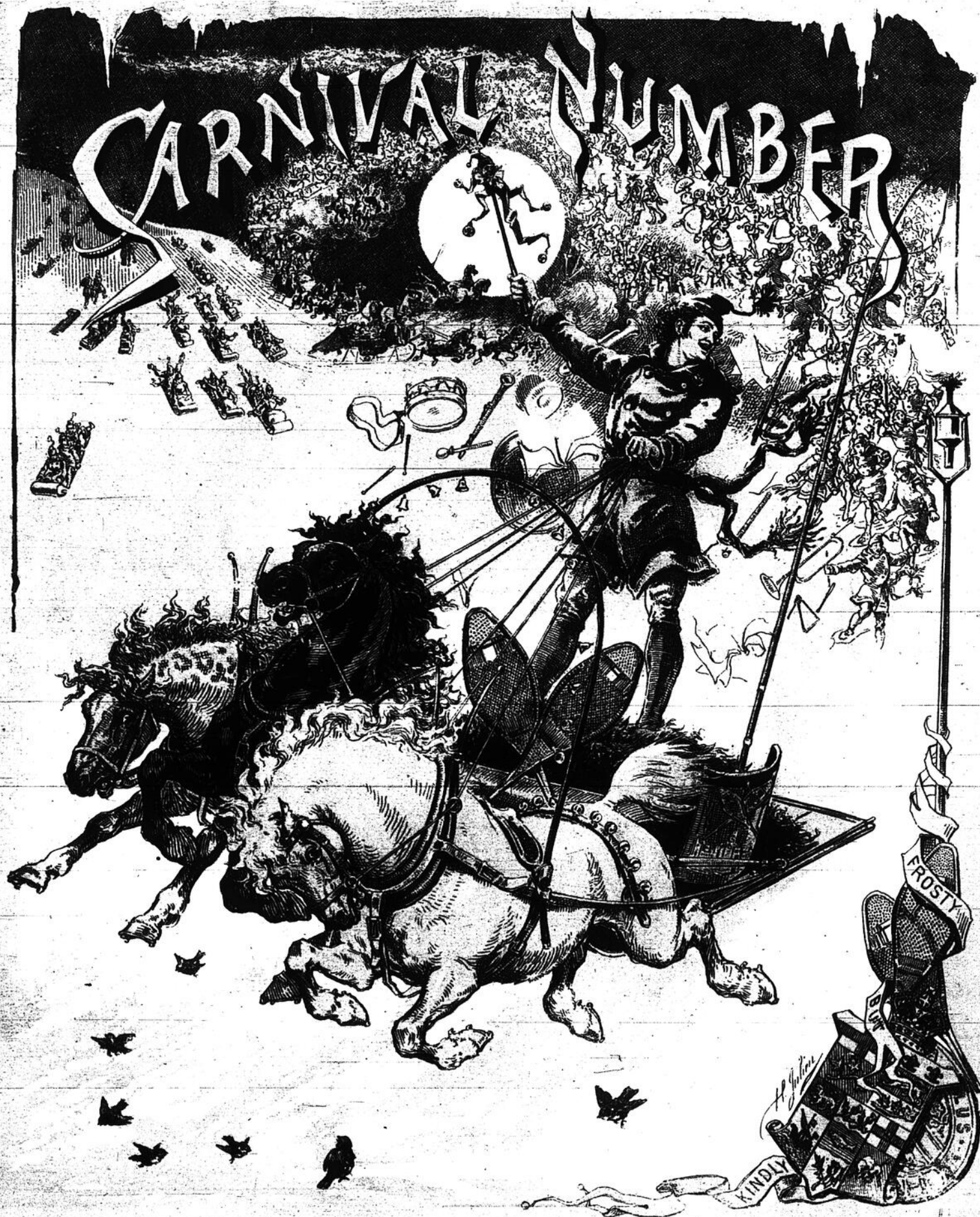


The Montreal Daily Star



[Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Five, by GRAHAM & CO., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

THE CARNIVAL.

PUBLISHED BY GRAHAM & CO.



THE SKATING CARNIVAL

KARNAVAL



KATING CARNIVAL

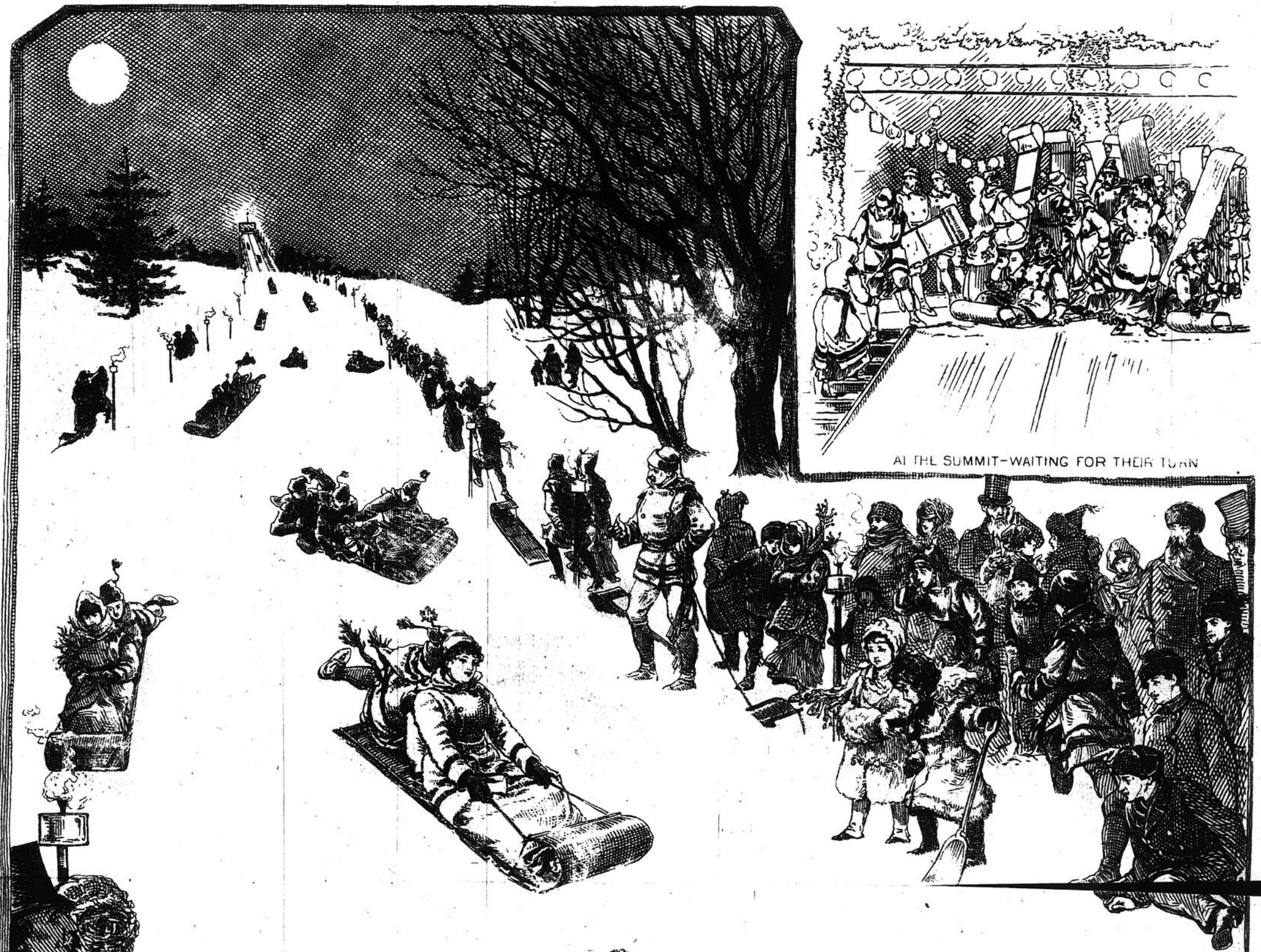


The Montreal Daily Star—Carnival Number, 1885.



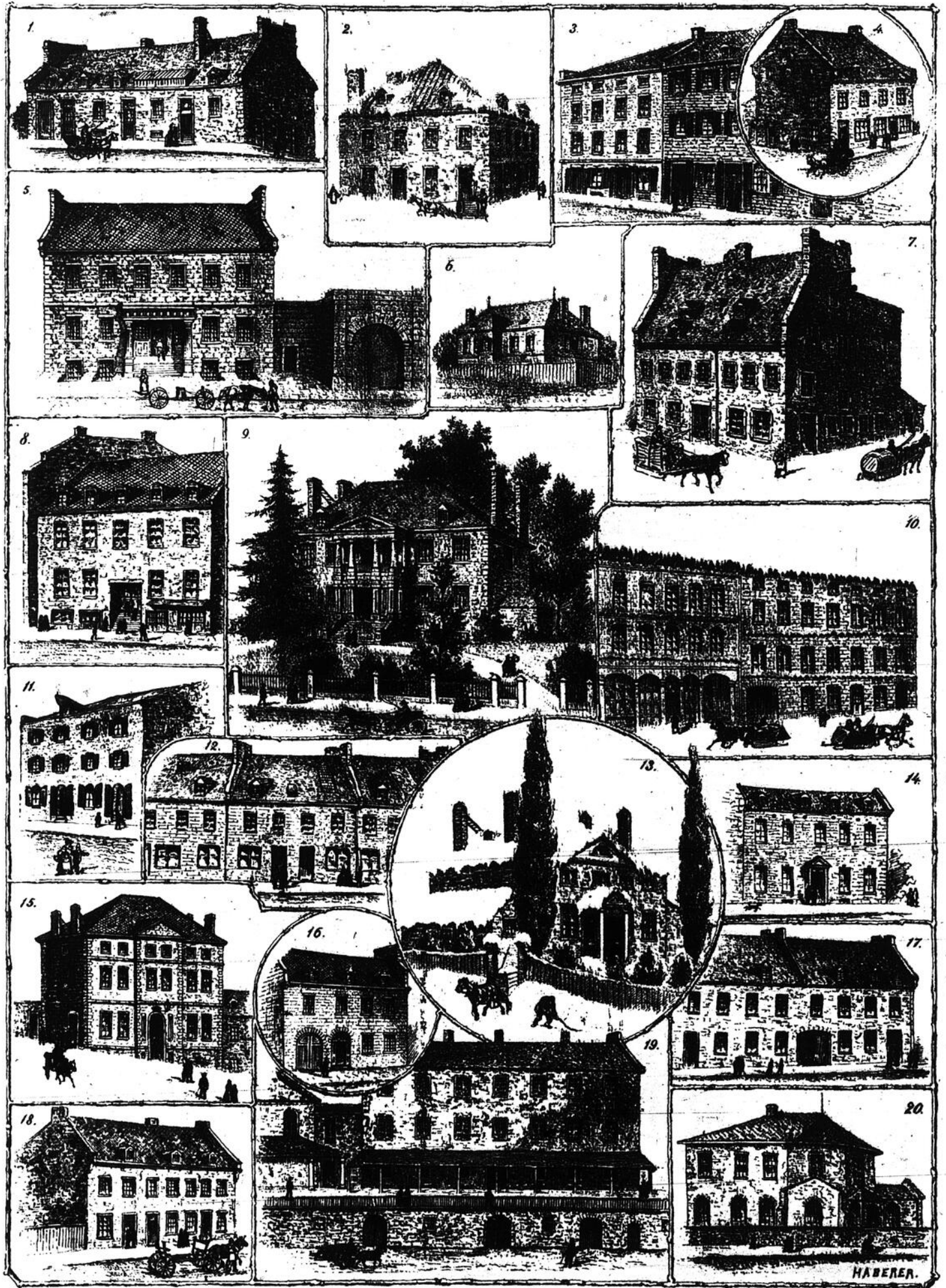
REPRESENTATIVE HOUSES OF MODERN MONTREAL.

The Montreal Daily Star—Carnival Number, 1885.





TOBOGGANING

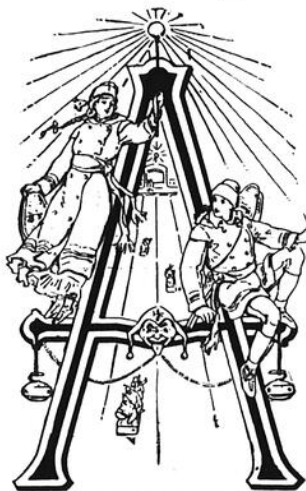


REPRESENTATIVE HOUSES OF OLD MONTREAL.

1—RESIDENCE OF HON. JAS. MCGILL, (OPPOSITE CITY HALL). 2—RESIDENCE OF A PROMINENT FAMILY. 3—RESIDENCES OF HON. G. MOFFATT AND MR. JOHN CARTER, ST. PAUL ST. 4—OLD HOUSE, VICTORIA SQUARE. 5—RESIDENCE OF HON. JOHN FORSYTH, NOTRE DAME ST. 6—AN OUT-OF-TOWN RESIDENCE IN THE FASHIONABLE QUARTER. 7—CORNER ST. PETER AND NOTRE DAME STS., RESIDENCE OF SOME OF THE OLD FRENCH NOBLESSE. 8—OLD HOUSE ON ST. PAUL ST. 9—RESIDENCE OF M. GENÉVÉE. 10—RESIDENCES OF HON. J. VIGER, FIRST MAYOR OF MONTREAL, AND HON. L. J. PAPINEAU: (PLANS FOR REBELLION OF 1837 FORMED IN LATTER.) 11—OLD HOTEL, CAPITAL ST. 12—OLD "STRIPED SHUTTER STORE," NOTRE DAME ST., WHERE MAYOR BEAUDRY MADE HIS FORTUNE. 13—COUNTRY RESIDENCE, PAPINEAU ROAD. 14—THE DE LOTBINIERE HOUSE, ST. SACRAMENT ST. 15—RESIDENCE OF A WORTHY CITIZEN OF THE OLD TIME. 16—RESIDENCE OF SIR G. CARTIER. 17—HOUSE ON ST. ANTOINE ST., NEAR WINDSOR, WHERE HON. J. YOUNG, R. ANDERSON AND JAS. DOUGALL. 18—HABERER'S HALL, FORTY YEARS AGO. 19—FARMERS' HOTEL, ST. LAWRENCE ST. 20—MANSION HOUSE, THE FASHIONABLE HOTEL OF 1834. 20—RESIDENCE OF MR. TURTON PENN.

The Montreal Daily Star

WELCOME!



HEARTY WELCOME to Montreal's visitors who come to help her hold her third Winter Carnival!

The feast to which our guests are invited is a cold collation, but the bill of fare is rare and appetizing, and the welcome is a warm one. Those whose good fortune it was to take part in the first and second Winter Carnivals need no introduction to King Carnival. Those who were not so fortunate and who may have derived their ideas of a carnival from the traditions of Venice or of Rome, will find that

while the Montreal Winter Carnival emulates the post-lenten feasts of the Old World in merriment, it imitates them in little else. Our Carnival is an appropriate celebration of our glorious and much maligned Winter. Providence has endowed Canada with

A lusty Winter,
Frosty but kindly.

a real Winter, a health giving season, a season to stimulate men to activity in work and in sport, to develop a hardy race, and to inspire poets. All countries and all seasons have their peculiar charms, and to those who have been good enough to pity us for imaginary hardships thrust upon us by the rigors of our climate, we would say, "seeing us at what you deem our worst, seeing how merry we can be at Midwinter, imagine what we may be in our Summer, which rivals your own." Canadians do not pretend that the annual closing of navigation is an unmixed blessing, but, being on such excellent terms with Jack Frost, they prefer to see in his handiwork not so much the obstruction to the navigation of their streams as the bridge which carries them over. The severity of Winter is no barrier to sport in Canada; on the contrary, it gives character and zest to sport. A Canadian Winter has its drawbacks, but in the beauty and attractions of a Canadian Winter we may glory without reserve. Unimpeded Winter navigation, even qualified by fog and sleet and mud, by dull days and dark nights, undoubtedly has its charms, but so also has a real Winter, a Winter of snow and ice, of bright days merging into moonlight nights so bright that the day and the night are emblematic of everlasting day. Such a Winter is celebrated in the Montreal Winter Carnival.

OUR CLIMATE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE "MONTREAL CARNIVAL STAR."]

Is there anywhere a climate that has been worse misrepresented than ours? Once the average Englishman had grave doubts about our having any Summer at all, and now he is quite certain we have ten months of Winter. At least one would suppose so, when he finds a man so much above the average as Sir Charles Dilke crediting us with eight months of snow; while Labouchere ("Labby," as Punch calls him) wrote only the other day warning poor, deluded second sons from this frost-bound country, where the Winter endures for over half the year, and the thermometer habitually ranges down to a vast number of degrees below zero. The humor of this delusion is that both these enlightened statesmen have been here. It is true they did not stay long, probably the rapid approach of Jack Frost drove them away while it was yet Midsummer. But who could have so befuddled them and hosts of other distinguished Britons who have paid flying visits to this desolate clime? The Government ought to interfere. It must be obvious that we are fond of misrepresenting our own weather; for unless there is a conspiracy of the whole nation to deceive foreigners, how is it possible they should carry away such extraordinary notions about that weather? When Irving came here, he enthusiastically remarked, "What lovely weather,"—then, with a change of tone, "But it won't last; such weather never does." In vain he was assured there was nothing extraordinary about it, nothing. He only shrugged his shoulders, and smiled his Hamlet smile. And alas! the fine weather played us false, deserting us in the moment of our boasting, for on the last day of his stay the rain descended in torrents, and Irving, whenever he met a Canadian, assumed the air of Shylock in court before the arrival of Portia. He was triumphant, and no doubt when he returns home he will tell his friends that the climate of Canada is atrocious, almost as bad as that of England.

In the face of all this misapprehension, what are the facts? We are happy and enjoy ourselves thoroughly at all seasons. In Spring, after the snow has left the ground, we wander into the soothing air, and look with vivid pleasure upon the green earth, quickened and refreshed by the liberated elements of the pure garment in which it was so lately clothed; see the trees bursting into leaf and blossom beneath a sun that chastens its fierce heat and showers its golden rufousness everywhere; gaze into the limitless depths of space, their color no longer coldly repellent and chill as in Winter sometimes, but tender and grateful to the eye.

Soon Summer comes with its intense heat, ripening our grains and fruits, to man oppressive by day, though frequently tempered by thunder storms. But if our days are then not entirely pleasurable, where can words be found adequate to describe our evenings, with their long twilights, in which the soul finds nothing left to desire? The sun has set in radiant splendor, and the gentle evening breeze comes stealing so quietly as scarcely to rustle a leaf, bringing refreshment to the wearied body and calm to the excited nerves. Everywhere is the quiet of peace, and as the lights of heaven appear, they seem to look in serene approval upon the hush below; and man, gazing up at the multitude of worlds, ponders mighty problems, while reverent awe overwhelms him, leaving him humbler for the teaching of the night.

Autumn comes, dry Autumn, when the most languid would be out of doors. The harvest and the fruits are garnered, and shortly the leaves begin to ripen in Indian Summer, when every tree is a great glory, when the eye is sated with feasts of color, and in every clump of trees all shades may be seen, from warmest crimson to serene yellow, relieved by the green of unripe leaves and the sombre brown or gray of the boles. The Fall and Jack Frost come in together, and soon divest old Nature of her brilliant trickings, leaving her gaunt and brown and bare.

Then Winter hurries to hide Earth's nakedness and wraps her in a robe of lustrous white, shielding roots and germs from the fiercest attacks of cold. All the time Jack is growing in strength, frightening poor Mercury until he shrinks lower and lower in his glass, willing to hide if he can, but never managing to get entirely out of sight. Then men and animals step briskly, rejoicing in the keen, dry air, inhaling great chestfuls of life-giving oxygen. Musically the snow crunches under foot; merrily the sleigh bells chime, and every voice has a harmonious ring. Above is no flock of cloud, and the glance pierces vast distances, seeing remote objects, at other times invisible. An irresistible impulse to vigorous enjoyment comes to all. Even the dogs frisk and bound, evincing in every conceivable way the intensity of their enjoyment. In Winter we fully realize what life is, how full of energy and power and pleasure and usefulness. Men become moral giants, throwing to the winds all morbid broodings and despairing imaginations. Who, that knows these things, would not welcome frost, dry snow, clear air, and bracing climate? Who would exchange our two or three degrees above or below zero for the dank, yellow fog of Winter in London, or the wretched, penetrating damp of Winter in New York? Let who will abuse our Winter, we can afford to be content.

W. H. TURNER.

THE WINTER CARNIVAL AND CANADIAN SPORTS.

Christmas, gay Christmas, late was Monarch here,
Christmas, the Carnival of all the year:
And where, kind readers, is this genial time
Hailed with more glee than in our frosty clime?
Where can stern Winter wear a grander throne,
Or claim a nobler empire for his own?

'Tis morn: a sparkling vision meets the sight,
For Earth lies dreaming, veiled in virgin white—
Not the pale shroud of one who lately died,
But the pure raiment that adorns a bride.
The keen, brisk air exhilarates each brain,
Nerves every limb, and quickens every vein;
The skies are blue, the sunbeams, as they play,
Eclipse the splendors of a Summer day.
And rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds blaze,
Beneath each footfall with prismatic rays.

Gaze on yon castle of pellucid ice,
The frost-bound masterpiece of man's device—
Weird, ghostly spectacle, by day or night,
Hailed with more glee than in our frosty clime!
A radiant mass of iridescent light—
Fairer than towers of marble or of stone,
Majestic—silent—beautiful—alone!

Hark! to the sleigh-bells—how they charm the ear
With crystal music exquisitely clear;
Watch the light sleighs, how merrily they go
O'er firm new roads—canalized with snow!
Here, trots the tandem of some dashing swells,
With streaming ribbons and with silver bells;
There, warmly nestling in luxurious fur,
And so serenely indolent to stir,
Some rose-cheeked beauty dreamlike flashes by,
Smiles on her lips, and triumph in her eye,
While o'er the horses seem to tread on air,
Proud of the joyous burden that they bear.

Change we the scene: but who with pen and ink
Can hope to sketch the glories of the rink.
That monster parallelogram of ice,
O'erarched to form the skater's Paradise?
How strange the sight! A thousand jets of gas
Cast dazzling lustre o'er a circling mass
Of bells escorted by gay cavaliers;
All launched apparently on mad careers;
All swiftly skimming with fantastic glee
Like airy swallows o'er that crystal sea.
While spell-bound gazers from the margin greet
Each nimble twirl of many-twinkling feet,
As the blithe maskers trip it, hand in hand,
Or waltz inspired by "Music from the Band."

Off, too, the curler seeks his rink, and pries
The "Roaring Game," unequalled in his eyes—
Off, daring roustabouts with ladies glide
In frail toboggans down the mountain side—
Or snowshoe trappers, when the stars are bright,
Stalk o'er the fields, like spectres of the night,
And leave imprinted on the snowy plains
Tracks that would puzzle European brains.

Such are the sports to all Canadians dear—
Sports that combine a sturdy race to rear
Whiling the long drawn Winter months away
With varied pastimes, innocently gay.
Proud of her sons, our City now extends
A cordial Welcome to uncounted friends:
May every guest who honors her depart
With none but grateful memories in his heart!

GEO. MURRAY.

ORIGIN OF THE CARNIVAL.

It was at the annual banquet of the Montreal Snowshoe Club on February 9th, 1882, that Mr. R. D. McGibbon suggested the propriety of holding a Carnival of Winter sports in Montreal every year, with the object of showing our neighbors to the South the glories of our Canadian Winter. The proposition was hailed with enthusiasm by the snowshoers and joyfully echoed and re-echoed by the tobogganers, the skaters, the curlers and the press. On Wednesday, January 24th, 1883, Mr. McGibbon, in the presence of some 25,000 or 30,000 people, as Vice-President of the first Carnival Committee, inaugurated the first Ice Palace built since the one erected on the Neva in 1754. A week of tobogganing, snowshoeing, skating, sleighing, curling, pyrotechnical displays, masquerading, feasting and dancing made up the first Carnival. By common consent the bombardment and capture of the Ice Palace was declared to be one of the most brilliant spectacles ever seen on this continent. The second Carnival, which opened February 4th and closed February 9th, 1884, was of the same character as the first, and even more successful. The institution of the Winter Carnival has already given great impetus to Canadian Winter sports, and has dispelled to a great extent the incorrect notions prevalent as to the severity of our climate. The brilliantly attired snowshoers are now constantly to be seen on our streets in Winter. The tobogganers who used to slide down the deep streets which are built on the side of Mount Royal, and who in consequence were regarded by the police as their natural enemies, now have many safe slides of their own, and have smoked the calumet with the guardians of the peace. Skating, sleighing and curling could hardly be more popular than they are to-day in Montreal. The Montreal Winter Carnival has attained its great object—it has done as much for the Winter sports of Canada as the Winter sports have done for the Carnival.

THE ICE PALACE.

The most obstinate superstition about Canada is that it is an Arctic region, where the thermometer coquets between ten and twenty degrees below zero for six months at a stretch, and where the inhabitants are only saved from being metamorphosed into icicles by the liberal use of the warmest furs. Montreal, on account of its Ice Palace, is also supposed to be a place of which Jack Frost is particularly fond, and many of our American friends seem to have a hazy idea that the Ice Palace is a spontaneous production of the Canadian climate. As a matter of fact, the belief that only in extremely cold regions could ice palaces exist, is a misconception. There is nothing to prevent the erection of one of these beautiful structures in any place where the temperature keeps at twenty-five degrees above zero for four or five consecutive weeks. Were it not that its temperature runs above freezing point every four or five days, New York could have an Ice Palace of its own. The matter may be put simply and concisely by saying that with the temperature five degrees below freezing point an Ice Palace can be constructed; with the thermometer five degrees above that point it is impossible to do so. Those who associate the building of an Ice Palace with weather several degrees below zero will be surprised to learn that a good portion of the castle which at present graces Dominion Square was built by laborers in shirt sleeves and with bare hands.

Those who come to the city when it has been completed are not likely to have a very accurate idea of the manner in which it was constructed. It looks so like the product of fairy hands that most people are inclined to poetize over it without being too curious about its prosaic origin. The first requisite for its construction is plenty of good clear ice. A series of cold dips toward the close of December created a bountiful supply of this material, and the preparative work began. A little army of workmen swarmed on to the Lachine Canal, and began cutting blocks of ice three feet four inches in length, and about fifteen inches in thickness, some sixteen thousand of these blocks being required. As soon as cut the blocks were loaded on sleighs, some two dozen of these being employed, and were hurried to Dominion Square, which soon presented an animated appearance. A few scores of workmen, upon the arrival of the sleighs, began marking the outlines of castle and bastion and wall with heavy ice blocks. As soon as the foundation was laid the work began in earnest. Little knots of workmen were to be seen at every portion of the building; ice block after ice block was placed in position, and smoothed and reduced to proper size by broad axes, wielded by powerful arms; team after team rushed up the slope, discharged its load of crystal blocks and returned for more. A couple of horses were kept busy drawing water from a neighboring pipe, water carriers followed the workmen and poured the liquid in the crevices between the blocks of ice, thus firmly cementing them together. Street gamins and loafers looked on with a critical eye, and men vested with authority tramped around giving orders. Everybody was busy, and about the only time when a workman suspended work was when he felt called upon to express in decidedly tropical language his opinion of the water-carrier, who had generously shared the water between him and the ice. The walls soon began to go up with astonishing rapidity, until the Palace stood forth in all its peerly beauty to delight the eyes of our visitors.

The ground plan of the Palace is elliptical in form, the major axis being 160 feet long and 120 feet in width. On each end of the major axis are two oblong towers, 38 feet high, each with an entrance to the building. At each end of the minor axis are two round towers, 44 feet in height, and between the towers are arched entrances. Walls connecting the round towers and the oblong one cross one another at right angles, and at their intersection the main tower rises 100 feet. The main tower is flanked on one side with single towers and on the other side with double towers, the double towers rising to a height of 40 and 50 feet respectively, and the round towers to a height of 70 feet.

CANADIAN WINTER CHARACTERISTICS.

(WRITTEN FOR THE "MONTREAL CARNIVAL STAR.")
By W. GEO. BEERS.

WINTER'S BIRTH.

Let the bells in heaven shall ring,
In heaven shall ring, in heaven shall ring;
All the bells in heaven shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.
—Old Carol.

I like to date the Canadian Winter from Christmas Day. One can then be charitable to people whose teeth chatter at the first approach of the cold, and who long to change the zone of snow for the zone of heat, and to recline under the palm and platan, feeding upon the orange and mango. Christmas ought to be the chronological date of Canada's Winter. If it was anything like the New York or London Winter, where December brings wet feet and diseased lungs, and human ingenuity for ages has been trying to devise speedy means to get rid of the "nuisance" of a heavy snowstorm, one would be ashamed to associate it with so sacred a day. But the very immaculateness of the Canadian Christmas makes it harmonious. I hate the few preceding weeks when the trees are stripped of their foliage, and their gaunt skeletons look as dry as dead bones on the dusty mountain side; when the grass is browned and frozen stiff, each blade a corpse, and all Nature looks dull and detestable in her sore divorcement; when the brooks are sealed, and there is scarcely a clean snowflake; when country and even some city roads are almost impassable because of the open hardened ruts, and the cold penetrates to one's very marrow in a way it rarely does when the snow is deep. Everybody then grumbles and is in bad humor. Business goes to the dogs. Farmers and merchants, the man of trade and the man of pleasure anathematize the season. We get a taste of the Winter in which the English poets were born. That is not our Winter. It is the mere shifting of the scenes before the drama; the dull shadow before the bright event; the *avant courier* of Winter. It is only the Herald, not the King.

Now and then, to teach us gratitude for the splendid climate we possess, we may get a green Christmas and a gray New Year; but the Christmas of Canadian tradition is ushered in with the pure white snow which covers the wrecks of Autumn. Its welcome is the music of "the sledges with the bells." I have never accepted the Winter of the Almanac. We have allowed poets, too, who never saw a genuine Winter to give the world their ideas of the season. I like to connect the birth of the Winter in Canada with the good old association of Merry Christmas, consecrated from earliest childhood with hallowed thoughts and sacred memories; with old-fashioned ceremonies and happy family gatherings with the old folks at home; fond familiar faces, gone but not forgotten; the children's glorious day when they waken long before dawn, and are up to their arm pits in the stockings which the only Saint they'd like to meet has filled during their short nap. Christmas may bring to some of us sadness; to some of us gladness; hard times or prosperity; better lives or worse. It should never bring to us anger or envy. And if it opens the heart to charity, and impels us to pity and protect the poor; if it leads us to show peace and good will to all, and humbly bow our heads to misfortunes we do not deserve, will it not make the bells in the morning ring in good tidings to those who suffer as well as to those who are strong? Will not the birth of Winter on Christmas Day remind us of the poor and lonely, the sick and the sorrowful, and make the very children feel, as Santa Claus comes to them on sled, on skate, on snowshoe and toboggan, that there are poor little souls all about them, whom they, too, could make happy. Then might we not paraphrase the old carol, and in more senses than one, sing

"All the bells on earth shall ring,
On earth shall ring, on earth shall ring;
All the bells on earth shall ring,
The birth of our Winter morning."

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

I do not believe there is a healthier season of the year than our Canadian Winter, or a healthier country in the world than Canada. The climate is invigorating enough at all seasons to develop the most active out-door sports. They are national characteristics and are a tribute to our climate. There is no country in the world where the love of out-door sports, congenial to both sexes, is more general than in Canada; and nowhere in the world where these have a greater modifying influence upon the growing generation. Lacrosse, snowshoeing and tobogganing are indigenous to the soil. In skating, sleighing, curling and a host of other Winter attractions, Canada affords scope for hardly exercise no other country can rival. It seems to me that, unconsciously, these sports are developing characteristics which separate us very remarkably from our flesh and blood over the border. They are having one long looked-for result, in drawing the two races in Canada more closely together, and humanizing the people, as did the Athenian festival of the Panathenaea and the Grecian Olympiad. To say the least, there is political wisdom in these national sports. Greece revered her athletes alive, and perpetuated their glory after death in the sacred groves of the Olympian Jupiter. Every schoolboy knows the historical contrasts and results of the Roman and Grecian games, and their effect upon the culture and progress of the races. No Delphic oracle has told us that the national safety depends upon the perpetuation of our pastimes, but we feel sure that as the *Pagan* games outlived the gods in whose honor they were first insti-

tuted, so our pure Canadian sports will survive when laws and institutions of the present day perhaps have passed away. Whatever future there may be in store for us, these recreations will last, and will serve to mark strong points in the character of the people. A nation must have diversions. It seems to me that in this respect we are happily favored in Canada. Our sports have none of the demoralizing tendencies of most of the recreations of other countries. They invigorate young men for the daily business of life. One cannot be indolent in them. They give stamina and steadiness, and it is a fact that our Canadian amateur athletes are sought after by shrewd men of business over the border! and preferred, as a rule, on account of their reliable habits.

SNOWSHOEING.

Snowshoeing seems to have a sort of divinity which hedges it as the king of our Winter sports. Originally invented to assist the red-skin in crossing the snow in pursuit of game, it has been canonized by our clubs, and has become the parent and promoter of a score of out-door festivities. Once upon a time one could rarely find the snowshoe in the cities. It was a useful and necessary aid to the farmer and the lumberman; but to-day you can hardly enter a house where you will not find them to fit the feet of young and middle-aged, while the veteran preserves his well-worn *raquettes*, and uses them to decorate his rooms and to remind him of the glorious days gone by. No one can say of our Montreal youth, as somebody said of the New York clerk, that the latter on a snowshoe tramp would be as great a novelty as to see a Chinaman on a jury. But you must participate in the sport to realize the full extent of its enjoyment; you must not only cross Mount Royal on a club night, but you must join in one of the long tramps independent of path or roadway, when the winds are whistling and the drifts are smoking, and a novice would imagine he is lost, to have the memories of old times with the *alma mater* of snowshoeing rise to your mind; the club tramps of yore to old "Moore's" inn at Cote des Neiges, in boyhood; the grand tramps to Lachine, St. Laurent, Sault-au-Roucelot, St. Vincent de Paul.

What a flyer wert thou, O "Evergreen," even in the days of thy half-hundred; how, in thy 60th year, with thy good hound, thou used to cross the fields to meet again and again with the wearers of the bright Tuque Bleue, all born since thou and the Burroughs, the Matthews, the Ernattingers, the Coursols, the Stephens and the Duchesnays, first formed the old club. How, though stiffening as to shanks and short as to wind, it was thy boast that thou couldst vault the highest fence, and show us how in younger days steepchases had been won! Thy soul is with the saints, we trust; never in Montreal wilt thou be forgotten while the snow flakes fall leisurely upon thy grave, or the north winds whistle their snow requiems to thy memory. What better has any man in Montreal done for its youth, than to stimulate them to manly exercise in the days of their temptation, and to woo them to expend in open air and healthy sport the superfluous energy of growing manhood? A glorious and a rare sport, truly! No modern science or ingenuity has been able to improve the Indian snowshoe, or to devise a better means of walking over soft snow. No modern fancy can picture more delightful days and nights than those spent in this splendid exercise. Where a few years ago there were a lonely score of snowshoers, to-day they count by thousands. The tramps are no hippodrome or spasmodic "carnival." They are looked forward to with eagerness when the first snow falls, and looked back upon with pleasure when the fields are bare again.

TOBOGGANING.

"Away, away, in our airy play,
And shout so the hills shall hear us,
Sorrow may wait at to-morrow's gale,
But to-night she shall not come near us!
So swiftly we race in our down-hill chase
That she, with her sad tears blind,
Can never keep up with our flying pace,
But is left in the shade behind!"

Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis. Who that remembers the stolen rides of yore down Cote des Neiges hill, when the merry "blue bottle" was as much of a terror to those who did well as to those who did evil, would then have imagined that Montreal would be covered on hill and in field, even in private grounds, with the fascinating slides for tobogganing? Natural and artificial slides—the genuine Canadian and the transplanted Russian; the old birch or bass-wood toboggan of the Indian; now fangled ones of hickory, and even of steel, of the pale face, of all sizes and descriptions. And what more picturesque sight on a bright afternoon or a moonlight evening than the processional files of Canada's sons and daughters, even the old folk, as they go laughing up the hill or artificial steps. How pretty the Winter costumes! What a transformation from the dun and drab dresses of the men of business, to the truly national Canadian rig of blanket and tuque! What a spontaneous flow of soulful hearty confidence as the girls seat themselves on the thin sled and trust their necks to the steerer. The terror of the first start, the lightning speed suggestive of peril; the frail feather of a thing flying against the wind, down, down, as if to destruction, and then the gradual easing off, the perfect feeling of security and the thrill of pleasure; the hunger to do it again and again, the forgetfulness of the hours and the unconsciousness of fatigue; what rapture of life is richer? Can you wonder, as you watch the exciting sport, that we Canadians would not exchange our Winter for any tropical season? Can you wonder that we may sing with our gifted John Roade:

"No Greeks of Hellas were more proud than we
Of our Canadian land."

In snow we are "in clover." The blood circulates and tingles in the bracing atmosphere. Life is a luxury amid its work and worry. Sleep is sweet and refreshing. And why should not our fair cousins over the border be made stronger and sturdier women by passing some time of each Winter in such an exercise? What is life at the sea-side in July to compare with life in Canada in Winter? And one need not depend upon the Carnival for this and many other of our Winter delights. It is an every-day part of our existence, and made a New Yorker exclaim: "I wonder when those Canadians work."

SKATING.

It is impossible to imagine a more exquisite picture in real life in enjoyment than you may see at an evening masquerade in the Victoria Rink. I do not for a moment hold it in com-

parison with the out-door delights of snowshoeing and tobogganing; but there is a blending of color and costume, of beautiful and manly features and figures; a *tout ensemble* like a kaleidoscope that as a spectacular exhibition imagination can hardly surpass. As the Laplanders thought that Paradise was in the centre of the snows of Sweden, so our skaters may think it is inside our skating rinks at a masquerade. The poetry of motion on the ice is developed as if the skaters had wings to poise and circle; and then the hurdle races give you an idea of the dashing possibilities of the delightful exercise. Figure skating combined, which was once a mystery limited to a few, is now indulged in by everybody. The old Dutch roll is rarely seen, because everybody can do much better; and the eminent author of the "Messiah," who, in speaking of skating, said that, "like the Homeric gods, man strides with winged feet over the sea transmuted into solid ground," would have perhaps immortalized the sport in his poetry had he been under the inspiration of a Canadian masquerade on ice.

One thing is remarkable about skating as about most of our Canadian Winter pleasures—while in Holland, Sweden, and even Russia, the skates are used principally to facilitate travel, in Canada they are used mainly for real pleasure. Open air skating has its charms for many, which no indoor ice can rival. Occasionally the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, happens to be clear of snow, and I have known skaters go off in the morning and skate all day in a direct line to Three Rivers, a distance of ninety miles. Rinks became a necessity in this Province on account of the depth of snow, but the long distance contests and many of the finest feats are never seen to advantage except in the open air.

SLEIGHING.

"Hear the sledges with the bells—silver bells,
What a world of merriment their melody foretells;
How they tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight."

Where in the world can you see or enjoy sleighing to such perfection as in Montreal? What an old procession could be made of the most primitive sleds and sleighs used even fifty years ago in this Province, from the rude wooden runners with open top, to the little market box or *traineau* of the *habitant*; then the ancient, yet fashionable, *cariole*, jolly in its independence and security; the dashing cutter and the whole array of splendid turn-outs which the Tandlem Club displays. No matter how hard the times are, the number of people who own sleighs seems to be as great as ever. When the first snow falls to stay, the high hard roads are returned into a perfect avalanche of liveliness. The horses trot with full instinct of enjoyment, and the wonderful variety of sleighs, the sumptuous robes and rich harness, the profuse sprinkling of bells, pleasant to eye as well as ear, make up a daily series of pictures in our streets which run on, panorama like, from December to April. Old Burton could not have enjoyed sleighing, or he would hardly have said that cold air was a cause for melancholy. Man and beast can endure, and even enjoy, fatigue better when the snow is dry and the air is bracing than during any other time of the year. The Montreal Tandlem Club make many an afternoon lively with their splendid turn-outs, Four-in-hand, Unicorn or Random, Tandem, Pairs and Single.

HOCKEY ON THE ICE.

Our best contests of Hockey in Winter generally take place in the skating rinks, as the snow is too deep on the river. The sport is most exciting when it is possible to enjoy it in the open air, and the contestants are well matched skaters. It is a new revolution in skating, too, where one has to keep his feet as well as his head. It is our old school game of Shinty, only on skates, or rather what would seem to be on wings. But for some reason it is only winning the public popularity in Montreal it deserves. The Summer game of Lacrosse had to pass through the same sort of neglect, but now it is played on two continents. Hockey in Winter will yet have a great fascination for spectators. It was, perhaps, to its disadvantage that it had to compete with so many exciting features of the Carnival last year. It is a magnificent sport, and just the thing for our Winters in Canada.

CURLING.

"Of a' the games that e'er I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The dearest far aboon them a',
Was aye the witching channel stane."

—The Elrick Shepherd.

Until quite recently nobody was able to understand why the Scotch were so eager to enlist for active service in Canada during the old contest between England and France for supremacy on this continent, as well as to emigrate to Canada. It has come out at last, and it now appears that it was just because of the more magnificent opportunities afforded for curling in Canadian Winters than on the thin and fleckle ice of Scotland's lochs and burns. Fancy the ancient curlers of Kilmarnock in their enthusiasm meeting in the dark nights with a lantern at each toe head to guide the player in his delivery. Fancy the Town Council of Edinburgh, 150 years ago going to the ice with a band, perhaps the bagpipes, to enjoy a few hours of the sport on the old Nor' Loch. Fancy good Presbyterian elders, aching to take advantage of a fortunate change in the weather on the "Sabbath," and rumor daring to insinuate that they sometimes stole away from the Kirk to have a wee bit of play among themselves! Is it any wonder that the Winter advantages of Canada to curlers would take a strong hold of the Scotchman? Is it any wonder that Canada is becoming a "land o' cakes and curling," and that wherever you go, from Halifax to the Rockies, you will be sure to find Scotchmen whistling for the frost as the sailors whistle for the wind, and planning competitions as if they were campaigns upon which the fate of Scottish nationality hung. In all seriousness, what is there that can more easily reconcile a people to exceptionally severe Winters, than the fact that they can enjoy steadily for several months their heart's full of a roarin' game, with which their love of land is so intimately associated. Surely curling deserves to be recognized as a national pastime in Canada, for did it not come in in a rude way with Fraser's Highlanders, and even followed in the wake of the early fur traders of our great North-West? If any one imagines that there is no life in old dogs who look grey and tottering, who may have one foot in the grave, and whom you might fancy had a soul above more play, let him drop into a rink during a bonspiel. What a rumpus

among the grey heads, as the stones slide towards the tee, and they "soop" as if for dear life, with never a thought of the rheumatic joint or the unfriendly gout. One is reminded of the song of Dr. J. H. Sider, of Edinburgh, a brother, by the way, of the Montreal Siders:

"The auld man stappit on the ice,
He was nae langer auld;
His hand but touched the curlin' stane,
He felt nae mair the cull.
And as he raised the broom, he cried
"What gar'd me to forget,
There's naught but curlin' warms the blood,
We'll hae a gude game yet."

And this brings me to a matter of rare interest in connection with Dr. Sider. A few years ago he presented to the Thistle Curling Club of Montreal one of the old 17th century kuting stones, dated 1613, which may be seen to-day in the rink, and an engraving of which appears on another page of this sheet. It was found near the village of Roslin in 1826. The triangular shape, says the chronicler, will remind many an old curler of the "Goose" which he has seen in his young days. It was frequently employed as the "prentice stone" given to young players to try their hands on. It got the sobriquet from its resemblance to the tailor's "goose." It served both as a "leader" and "wheeler." In the first capacity it was a most dangerous shot when well played, leading many a stone directed against it "a wild goose chase" by fairly turning round like a "Jim Crow," as it never moved from the exact spot—except when hit exactly in the centre. As a "wheeler" it was banished from the rink, and lost the confidence of all parties. The broken nose of the Roslin stone, as it is called, bears strong marks of its "striking qualities" and hard encounters. It was found in the bottom of a pond deeply imbedded in mud, and was about to be consigned to the walls of the new Chapel of Roslin which was then being erected, when the mason by the merest accident discovered, upon removing the mud, the date of the channel stone. It is highly esteemed by the Thistle Club, whose rink is well worthy a visit, containing, as it does, old Scotch "broom kows" used in Scotland, valuable historical pictures, etc. What would those night curlers of Kilmarnock say could they but rise from their graves and see the Thistle men playing under the electric light? I verily believe they would think they were curling in Paradise.

All games fascinate their enthusiasts. I have often watched the big Ross MacKenzie, of Toronto, toying with the lacrosse stick and ball, as if he was dandling with his first, or last, born, and with a tender and unconscious look of happiness upon his face, like that of a lad who has had the dearest wish of his heart. One may see this among curlers more perhaps than elsewhere, for there is a brotherly love of the sport which seems to canonize curling among them.

It is said that one of our leading men of business some years ago was so fascinated during a match in which he was "skip," that when his bookkeeper rushed up to him with the news that his warehouse was in flames, he pushed him aside and exclaimed, "Well, let the warehouse go to the devil, and gang ye and look after the books." This is perhaps equalled by the Quebec curler who lost his train and his trip to England rather than stop a match in which he was engaged, and who, when chided afterwards, replied, "I could na' get I was fixed as in a trance, and I felt, to use the words of the old song, "as if my soul were in the stane, and Heaven itself were near the tee."

No visitor ought to go away without seeing a bonspiel, or at least carrying with him the splendid description written by the Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, a perfect word-picture of the glorious sport.

A CURLING SONG.

BY REV. DR. HENRY DUNCAN.

The music o' the year is hushed,
In bonny glen and shaw, man;
And Winter spreads o'er nature dead,
A winding sheet o' snow, man.
O'er burn and loch the warlike frost,
A crystal brig has laid, man;
The wild geese screaming wi' surprise,
The ice-bound waves have fled, man.

Up curler frae your bed so warm,
And leave your coupling wife, man;
Gae get your besom, tramps and stane,
And join the friendly strife, man.
For on the Winter's face a met,
Wi' money a merry yoke, man;
The tenant and his jolly laird,
The pastor and his flock, man.

The rink is swept, the toes are marked,
The bonspiel is begun, man;
The ice is true, the stanes are keen,
Huzza for glorious fun, man!
The skips are standing at the tee,
To guide the eager game, man;
Hush! not a word, but mark the broom,
And tak' a steady aim, man.

Here draw a shot—there lay a guard,
And there beside him lie, man;
Now let him feel a gamester's hand;
Now in this bosom die, man.
Then fill the port, and block the tee;
We'll sit upon the tee, man;
Now tak' this twick sharp and neat,
And mak' their winner flee, man.

How stands the game? eighteen! eighteen!
Now for the winning shot, man;
Draw slow and sure and tak' your aim,
I'll sweep you to the spot, man.
The stane is thrown, it glides along,
The besoms ply it in, man;
Wi' twisting back the player stands,
And eager breathless grin, man.

A moment's silence, still as death,
Permeates the anxious thrang, man;
When sudden bursts the victor's shout,
Wi' hollas loud and lang, man.
Triumphant bosoms wave in air,
And friendly banters fly, man;
Whilst cold and hungry to the inn,
With eager steps they hie, man.

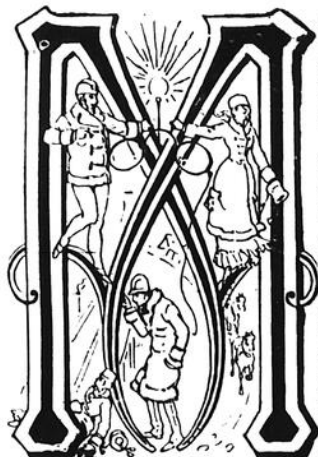
Now fill ae bumper—fill but ae,
And drink wi' avarice glee, man;
May curlers on life's slippery rink,
Frae cruel rubs be free, man;
Or should a treacherous bias lead
Their erring course a gae, man;
Some friendly twick may they meet,
To guide them to the tee, man.

THE HANDSOMEST MAN!

A Story of Last Carnival.

[WRITTEN FOR THE "MONTREAL CARNIVAL STAR."]

BY E. W. THOMSON.



time we were at the Langham. And, behold, he appeared at Paris next thing!"

"Why, Maurice, what are you talking about?" said Angela, with a mystified air. "That was another man."

"Oh! I thought it was the same. Never came across him myself, you know. 'Handsome man you ever saw!'—that, you remember, dear, was also the description of the Paris unknown. How I tried to find him there, and afterward, when you had perceived him at Baden, and Berlin, and Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and Rome, and—"

Miss Lestrangle jumped up suddenly from her reclining attitude and boxed her brother's ears smartly. He took the punishment smilingly for a while, then held her hands. The rapidity of her motions could not have been anticipated from her rather full though tall figure, her somewhat languid tone, and the attitude she had been looting in. She was black haired, black eyed, her skin had a tinge like the May-apple, and the clear swarthy of her cheek a healthy dash as of warm blood.

"I will not have you impertinent," observed Miss Lestrangle, not deigning to struggle for her freedom.

"I don't mean to be, Angela," said he with humility. "But that handsome man has been such a bore to me. I've got introduced to at least five hundred men I never wanted to know in order to trot them up to you for recognition as the long sought one. I wish he could be found once—perhaps something might happen."

"You are very disagreeable," said Angela sweetly, dropping her white hands as he released them. "I do not remember, in the least, the persons we may have met on our travels. And I want you to be a nice, kind, energetic brother. This is really the handsomest man I ever saw."

"Really?"
"Entirely."
"Then," observed Maurice with a rueful groan, "I must give up everything else and go round looking for him. Is that the programme?"

"Yes, dear," she said, patting his cheek.

"What's he like?"

"In the first place," said Miss Lestrangle, with the air of having a vision, "he is a snowshoer."

"What? One of the natives? One of the *courcours de bois*? A block of the Living Arch?"

She nodded.

"Blanket coat! stockings! blue night cap! red nose! immense calves!—that sort of thing? Oh! Angela! Angela!"

Miss Lestrangle did not regard in the least this flow of description; but, continuing to look ecstatic, said, "He is at least six feet high!"

"But they all are—never saw such leggy fellows," Maurice put in.

"His eyes are of the deepest, loveliest blue—so happy looking."

"Item," remarked Maurice, taking out his note book, "one pair of blue eyes, so happy looking—now this is quite a new detail."

"His hair is literally golden, like an angel child's," she went on.

"Where the deuce did you see him so well?" Maurice asked.

"First on the Snowshoers' Arch, twice since on the street."

"Hang it, he must have had his night cap on—how could you have seen his hair? Besides, they've almost all got it cropped close."

"I should have said his moustache," answered Miss Angela, simply. "And he is about twenty-six, I think. So now go—if you find him you shall have your income doubled."

"Let me," observed Maurice, "inspired by the abominable desire for gain, repeat the particulars of the description of the Montreal 'handsomest man.' A snowshoer, six feet high at least, blue eyes, so happy looking, golden moustache—why there's a strong family resemblance between him and the majority of the Tuques Bleues! I had just better bring them all up before you—parade them, in fact."

"And," she remarked, "I am almost certain I heard him called Jack."

"Oh, that makes it all right—everything easy now," said Maurice. "Advertisement—Answers to the name of Jack—Any person bringing him to Room X29Y at the Windsor Hotel will be handsomely rewarded. No questions asked."

"Be sensible now, Maurice," she said, "and tell me how you are going to work."

Mr. Maurice Lestrangle considered a few moments.

"Angela," he observed, impressively, "do you know I believe I shall find him at last—this embodiment of the long lost handsomest man."

"Of course," she said with a sanguine air. "But what will you do first?"

"Go to Mr. Parker instantly."

"Mr. Parker! who is he?"

"Most wonderful fellow! Lives here all the time. Knows everybody. Answers questions about everything. Expatriates with equal fluency on chemistry, the state of Bulgarian politics, causes of sun spots, railway building, natural theology, dramatic criticism, morphology, the Kindergarten system, poetry, athletics or female education—all's one to him! He is acquainted with every one who ever lived in Montreal. Now, if the handsomest man's name is Jack, the thing is clear. Parker can locate him from the description?"

He went out with a rush.

This conversation was at the Windsor Hotel. All Louisiana knows the late Miss Lestrangle, "the Lady Millionaire," to whom were entrusted the fortunes of her brother Maurice, a born spendthrift. The couple were strikingly alike, and wonderfully handsome. It was not thought peculiar that Maurice Lestrangle should admire pretty women enthusiastically; but it was thought "queer" that Miss Lestrangle should never hesitate to declare her admiration for handsome men. This outspoken fashion indicated no more than constant association with her brother. She had never been in love, though several times sufficiently interested to know that she might love very well should circumstances favor. Several dozen men of nine or ten nationalities had implored her to marry, but in each case something had her finer taste offended. She had waited for a perfectly admirable man, till now she was twenty-four.

I am afraid she was a flirt. But she did not think so. She would have been shocked at the accusation of flirting. Not indignant—she never valued opinion enough to be angry at it. In hostile criticism she perceived that stupid and envious Philistinism which she aimed to exclude from her luxurious and wandering existence.

Miss and Mr. Lestrangle had come to Montreal because they had gone to Boston. Why they went to Boston they could not have told. The truth is, they were drifting around for new sensations. Three years of Europe had jaded both a little; Old World pleasures had become routine, while still their appetites for enjoyment were keen and remarkably pure. Their own South had lost interest for them soon after their return. New York and Boston they found to be Europe a little off in flavor.

"Where shall we go?" asked Maurice, one January day in Boston. At that moment her eye caught the life-size plaster figure of a woman on a toboggan, in snowshoeing costume. It was an advertisement by a railway company of the Carnival.

"Let us visit the Laplandish Canadians," exclaimed Miss Lestrangle. "There must be something fresh there: idyls in the snow!"

"Too cold," said Maurice.

"Not I find I rather like the cold here, and fancy I should like any degree, if I had furs enough."

"It's a good idea," answered Maurice. "The women are tremendously pretty in Montreal, I am told."

"From pretty women I infer handsome men," said Miss Lestrangle, "so we must go." She always spoke out to Maurice, as though he were another girl, a thing that girls who do not like other girls often do with their brothers.

They had been at the Windsor, therefore, for a week when the Carnival began. Maurice had gained a host of acquaintances, and the friendship of Mr. Parker. Angela had gone round in the most magnificent furs, and there were fabulous accounts of her wealth at the clubs. In the crisp air, always ringing with little bells, in the street scenes, in the mountain making a background for the church spires, in the bustling, eager Winter weather, she found a novel and brimming pleasure. They had secured a fine turnout and a fast team. Amid her voluminous furs she liked to lie back drinking in the sensations from a healthier life than she had ever elsewhere seen. She was the South yearning to the North as Helne's Palm Tree to the Pine.

II.

Mr. Parker found the Windsor an excellent place from which to observe life. "A big hotel," he would say, "provides you with a crowd, and with as much solitude as you may need to think over what you observe in the crowd. Nowhere else can you be so absolutely private, nowhere else can you have such a panorama of humanity. To move oneself is distracting. Let the world come and be seen. Let others do the hurrying."

Mr. Parker was fond of mystification, and sometimes answered the simplest question in the most oracular manner. "Let us," said he impressively, when Lestrangle questioned him, "let us examine the data carefully. Eyes blue—now this of itself would convey us but little toward the identification of the individual. But eyes happy-looking! that is more definite! We at once exclude all fishy blue, green blue, grayish blue, all but cerulean eyes. Now these eyes are not so uncommon in women. I have myself looked into many of them. In men they are much more rare. By the way, part of my pamphlet on the 'More Recondite Colorings of the Human Optic' is devoted to showing that the principle of sexual selection has acted with intensified force in the differentiation of this peculiar cerulean hue and the endowment therewith of certain not uncommon but curiously constituted females. You apprehend?"

"Not at all," answered Lestrangle, promptly.

"Never mind, I will give you the pamphlet, with the more eloquent passages marked in red and the abstruser in green. You may skip the latter or both. But to our subject! Moustache actually golden! I know but seventy-eight men to whom this description can apply. Fourteen are not snowshoers, and but sixty-four remain for consideration. From 'six feet high at least,' one may infer that the person in question is distinctly over six feet high. Not more than twenty of the sixty-four are six feet high, and from the score we exclude twelve as barely or not quite up to the standard. Now we have the enquiry narrowed to eight. Of them but two are called Jack, and one of these has brown eyes. The eyes of the other are more distinctly cerulean, and consequently happy-looking than those of any man I know. No doubt, he is the fellow you want. His name is Dinwiddie. Thus," said Mr. Parker, with a sly wink, "by the scientific method, by the

application of analysis and synthesis, we have identified one from the millions of human beings by a very slight description. How strange!

"And who is he?" inquired Lestrangle.
"The greatest of the athletes," said Mr. Parker, putting on his poetic mantle, "who, had he lived in the glorious Olympic age, would have borne away amid the shouts of enraptured thousands the garland of olive and the branch of palm. An Apollo with the speed of Mercury and the thwack of the great god Vulcan." Then, with a change of tone, "Six feet two and a half inches—forty six inches around the chest—straight as an arrow—fastest three-mile time on snowshoes—fastest half mile—fastest day's dash—the greatest name on the glorious roll of Lacrosse. The Prince of Montreal, sir. A perfect MAN!" He rose and slapped himself on the chest.

"Then," thought Lestrangle, "it's all up with Angela. But she'll certainly double my income. About he asked: 'Will you introduce me?' 'Certainly, certainly,' answered Mr. Parker. 'Are those your horses? Come then.'

Acquaintance ripens fast in Carnival time, and before dinner Maurice Lestrangle and Jack Dinwiddie had become almost sworn brothers. The gigantic athlete had long been rather callous to the applause of the youths he ordinarily met, but there was something that aroused his sluggish vanity in the admiring eyes of the fiery and fascinating Southerner, who gazed on him as a keen Capuan might have looked on the mightiest yellow-haired warrior of the host of Alaric.

III.

Perched on a high sleigh behind a spanking tandem; enveloped in musk-ox robes; her lovely, olive, flushed face blooming from fluffy wrappings, the great Southern heiress looked transcendently beautiful and happy. No one could see her, however, except Jack Dinwiddie, beside whom she sat. Certainly he had made the running with Miss Lestrangle in a manner worthy of his renown in other fields. Under his influence her physical laziness had quite disappeared and she was eager, not only to go about and look at, but to participate in the sports of the Carnival time. She must skate; she must snowshoe; she must toboggan! The skating had been tried first, long enough to convince her that she could not become a performer of hand, and long enough to satisfy Maurice that Jack Dinwiddie found particular delight in giving the largest degree of support to the tottering efforts of Angela. Had her ankles not weakened and made her rather lame, they might have kept the suffering Maurice, always a most determined chaperon, continually at the rink for days. But the lameness released him. It also prevented her snowshoeing. If she would not mind the tobogganing, too, it was absolutely necessary that she should give her ankle a good rest. Thus she was confined to driving exercise, and now going for a second time around the Mountain. Lestrangle and Mr. Parker were not far behind, but their sleigh bells had strangely ceased to rattle on the air, somewhere about the neighborhood of Lumkin's.

"I can't hear their bells, Mr. Dinwiddie," said Angela, listening with parted lips and eyes cast up, exquisite in the bright moonlight. "Haven't we better stop?"

"Oh, they'll be along soon," said Jack, surmising the cause of the delay. However, he got his team down to a walk. Now they were turning the Côte de Neiges Corner. In the clear air the ten thousand smokes of the city rose before them from below. Here and there a rocket shot blazing to the sky. Merrily clanging and jingling many sleighs flow past. Often they heard the chiming and laughter of voices from the toboggan slides. Winter was entirely cheery that night and the world trebly alive.

"Your country is so beautiful," said Angela.

"Nicest place there is," answered Jack like a patriot, looking round with a proprietor's air. "Wouldn't live anywhere else."

"My brother talks of staying all winter," said Miss Angela, frowning.

"Gad I'm glad to hear it. I was so sorry when he told me this afternoon that you must go next week. I wanted to send my —" He checked himself just on the point of mentioning what would have saved Miss Lestrangle from a terrible shock had she then known it, and from a revelation that perhaps changed the current of her life.

"Perhaps I had something to do with his change of mind," she murmured.

He looked down into her eyes and was not strong enough to resist the temptation.

"Dare I hope," said he with a thrill of voice, abandoning himself to the delicious emotion which his sense of honor had striven to suppress. "Dare I hope that you wish to stay?"

She cast down her glance and was silent, feeling the eyes of the handsomest man she ever knew gazing through her eyelids and blushes.

At that moment Maurice and Mr. Parker came up at great speed. Jack touched his leader and in seven minutes the Southerners were gazing from a window of the Windsor Hotel at the great throng of snowshoers with flambeaux.

"Maurice," observed Angela as she was about to say good night, "do you know, I like Montreal very much?"

"Do you? Good kind of a place," Maurice admitted, "pretty women, hearty men, unheard of sports—quite an original kind of place."

"I think you may tell the hotel people to-morrow morning that we will keep those rooms for a month," she went on. "What are you laughing at, you disagreeable thing?"

Jack, as he dressed next morning, laughed softly. "By George," he observed, "I never was so hard hit. I dare say I could make her fond of me, too. But it's an infernal shame. Somehow I must make the revelation this evening."

They were to meet at the Park Slide, and there, about eight o'clock, Lestrangle and Angela found themselves. All day she had been flushing and paling with fancies of what would happen this night. Once she had witnessed the sport and was imaginative enough to apprehend the sensations of a tobogganing neophyte. Swift through the swooning air and down the long toboggan line! She had closed her eyes and clutched as she dreamed of it. About her thrilling neck would the light threads of her hair be blown by his warm breath as he leaned to her—such anticipations left Angela no doubt that at last she was very much in love. She indulged them, but with some fears to find her heart so set on Jack Dinwiddie. What if he

should not care for her? But surely there had been that in his glance and tone last night which she had coolly observed in many men who were unquestionably in love.

The magnificent manliness of Jack Dinwiddie had interested her deeply, before the knowledge of his celebrated strength and remarkable feats of endurance gave to him in her imagination some of the lustre of a hero. Withal there was a simple sweetness about the Montrealer, a happy and true and good and ingenuous look that she had seldom seen before on the face of a man. Miss Lestrangle was certainly deeply stirred. Maurice saw it well enough. But he had not a doubt that Dinwiddie was or would be wildly in love with her—the thing was always happening. He reflected with some mixture of satisfaction that her marriage would give him more liberty.

Now she stood beside him short skirted, clad in priceless furs, glowing, so gloriously beautiful that the sport almost ceased while the tobogganers stopped unconsciously to gaze at her, and a widening half-circle of torches grew before the pair. This was becoming embarrassing, when Jack came forward. She gave him her hand and sat with full faith, smiling happily, where he bade her. No harm could come to her under his guidance.

Away! falling—falling—down—swiftly down! Her heart stops beating, her eyes close! What a wind! it wakens her! Now the wild reaction throws the blood streaming into every vein. She glances over her shoulder at him; his face is very close; she seems almost nervous.

"Don't be afraid," he says, however, in just a whisper.

Afraid! with him! Away—away!

As Jack assisted the beautiful girl to rise at the end of the run he was newly thrilled by her trembling delight. Her dark cheeks had a brilliant tint from the rush through the keen air; some loosened filaments of her black hair were silvered by her frozen breath; her eyes flashed on him with joyous excitement. Yes, and with unconscious, unmistakable love. His determination to tell her of his position, as honor demanded, was almost swept away by an impetuous desire to kiss her and pour out the love that now overmastered his heart. But he manfully struggled to do right and, as they turned back, began awkwardly:

"Miss Lestrangle may I tell you something of myself. There was a shake in his voice that affected her strangely.

"Surely!" she answered, and was struck for the first time by the reflection that she knew almost nothing of the man beside her. That he was a gentleman was clear, but how situated?—was he free? With a sudden chill she began to prepare herself for a shock.

"I am," he went on, trying to give a jocular air to the story, "one of the great army of —"

At that moment he stopped as a lady's voice called after him, "Jack!" They turned. A girl in a blanket suit stepped forward—a Canadian girl by her hardy roses, a vigorous girl, a blonde girl with brown eyes—the sweetest combination!

"Why," thought Angela, startled into suspicion, "does this healthy looking young woman come smiling so familiarly?"

"Miss Lestrangle," said Jack, speaking low and nervously, rather glad of an escape from his narrative, "our toboggan will run better with a third passenger. Let me introduce Mrs. Dinwiddie, my — What? Mary! Heavens! Help! Quick!"

"Your wife!" gasped poor Angela, and fainted. Jack lifted her on the toboggan, tore off his coat and placed it under her head. Kind Mary Dinwiddie very efficiently rubbed her hands. Mr. Parker, always by some chance on hand when needed, and always prepared, poured a thimbleful of brandy between her white teeth. Soon she revived.

"Maurice," she called faintly.

"Here, dear," he answered, kneeling, out of breath with the run down.

She placed her hand on his shoulder, sat up and opened her wondrous eyes on Mrs. Dinwiddie.

"So kind of you," said poor Angela, in her most artificial voice. "What a trouble I must have been. The strange sensation you know; it was too much! No, don't blame yourself, Mr. Dinwiddie," she said, as he muttered something. Then she looked at him with, oh! such a heart-stricken look.

He could not bear it. Down he knelt beside her, and whispered passionately, "She is my brother's wife! I love you! I love you!"

Angela looked at him for some seconds incredulously, then flamed into blushes to think what she had revealed, and hid her face in his blanket coat! Mrs. George Dinwiddie took one of her hands and kissed it. Maurice looked much scandalized by this publicity. Mr. Parker stroked his chin thoughtfully, and added another to his list of facts going to prove the inexplicability of women.

"Darling," said Jack, as he drove her to the Windsor. "I wanted to tell you that I am one of the great army of rather poor men, and have a decidedly expensive mother and sister to support."

"Was that all, dear," she said; "I have ever so many hundred thousand dollars for you."

Then she gave him two kisses, each worth the world, he felt, and if he could take them why should he feel oppressed by her less valuable gifts?

Mr. Parker protested that he had made the match, and, having after some days persuaded Maurice to his side, insisted that the wedding should be from the house where the love had begun. To his other accomplishments this versatile individual added peculiar theories of decoration. Before the month was out he had transformed a fair room to a bower of pine and palm, with magnolia blossoms, and the shining leaves with scarlet berries that our Winter snows conceal. There, were the lovers very quietly married. The passionate sweet South, and the North, true and tender!

They intend to occupy their house here always during the season of Winter sports. You, my friends, may catch a sight of Mrs. Jack Dinwiddie by giving close attention to the handsomer turnouts of Montreal. She has very lately come to be considered eccentric, because she will have the baby with her everywhere. That very young rascal has immense mottled legs which Jack, patting foolishly, predicts will lead the next generation round the Mountain!

THE STORMING OF THE ICE PALACE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL STAR.]



I.
T was nine,
(Welcome sign)
That the bell sent pealing forth
From the great church of the North;
And each stroke,
As it broke
On the ear,
Echoed clear,
And we listened, all intent,
For we well knew what it meant,
It meant that the swell
Of the slowly-swinging bell,
On the frosty air that fell,
Was the signal of the fight
That our eyes should see that night.

II.
Through the gloom on our sight,
Gleamed the castle, ghostly white,
Like a tomb
Seen by moonlight, in the shade
By the sombre cypress made,
Ne'er before,
On sea or shore,
By living man or men of yore,
Such a structure hath been seen
As our eyes beheld, I ween.
Ne'er before,
On sea or shore,
By living man or men of yore,
Hath been built a house so rare,
For hall of doom or home of prayer,
Not on earth and not on sea,
Scarcely in Fairyland could be
Any sight so strange to see.

III.
Walls like rock, and yet so fine
That the light could through them shine;
Towers and turrets that might seem
Spectral visions of a dream,
Though each shape was square and true,
Yet the moon shone clearly through,
Jasper arch, and beryl dome,
Battlements of frozen foam,
Emeralds and diamonds seem
From each angle's point to gleam,
Substance? Shadow? Who may say
What it is by night or day?
Phantom-like, no doubt, but true,
Mocking all man ever knew
Hitherto upon the earth;
Strangest growth from strangest birth;
Till the kaiser well may swear
'Tis a castle in the air.

IV.
Twice a thousand snowmen came—
In each hand a torch of flame;
Shod with silence they did come,
Buzle note nor tap of drum
Told their coming; but they drew
From the darkness into view,
In a voiceless retinue.

V.
Then a line of fire flashed out,
And the snow was all aflame,
With the lights that went and came,
And there rose a mighty shout
From the thousands, and the four
Sounded every moment more
Like the sea upon the shore
When great waves come rolling in,
Than like any human din,
And they rushed against the walls
And they stormed the crystal halls,
But the barriers rolled them back,
As the billows huge and black
Are rolled backward by the shore
That they lash; and from the door
Of the fortress they are hurled
As the Autumn leaves are whirled
Down the valley, when the North
Fours its wild winds madly forth.

VI.
Then a pause,—
And the murmur of applause
Died away,
But the cause
Of the silence that did fall
On storming ranks and castle wall
None might say,
But the silence was deep
As the silence of caves,
When the calm lies asleep
On the swell of the waves,
Rolling noiselessly over
The rocks that they cover.

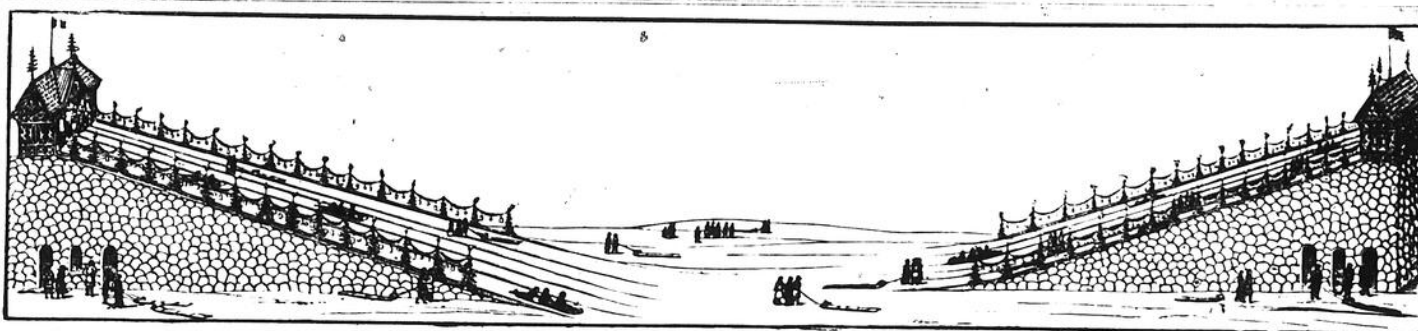
VII.
For a moment all was gloom,
But the next there came a boom
Of a rocket high in air,
And a thousand fire-balls flare,
Till the light
Is so bright
That each face stands out to sight
Of the thousands, as they gaze
Upward at the fiery haze
Settling slowly toward the snow,
That takes its hue below.

VIII.
Then their tubes of fire they turn
Towards the fort they seek to burn,
And the leader with a shout
Lifted high above the rout,
Sends the order—
"Nigh and nigher
Draw your lines and storm yon walls,
Burst your way into the halls,
Prove if ice can baffle fire."

IX.
Look! within the mystic wall,
Spectral figures rise and fall,
Hurriedly they come and go,
Like the shadows on the snow,
When electric lights burn low,
Are they phantoms? Can they fight?
How can spirits passed from sight
Return to life and light?
Are those flitting figures there
Past the reach of ban or prayer?
Who may tell or who may know
Whence they come or where they go?
Sprites or mortals, ghosts or men,
There they stand in fight again.

X.
Now the bastions are ablaze;
Now the great door rocks and sways,
Is it false or is it true
That those crystal walls burn blue?
Can ice burn? Is that a flame?
Fire in fact, or fire in name?
Are we living in a dream,
Or are objects what they seem?

Fact or seeming who may tell?
This we know, the Castle fell.
Of the thousands that were there
Who for more than this should care?
Fact or seeming, what care we?
It was beautiful to see
This fanciful catastrophe. W. H. H. MURRAY.



THE POLITICIANS AT THE CARNIVAL.

Carnival times are periods when joy can nod without any captious critic protesting. It was accordingly a happy idea of our cartoonist, the well-known J. W. Bengough, to represent the most prominent politicians on both sides of the line, forgetting their cares and joining together in a laudable effort to enjoy the sights of the Carnival. They first make their appearance standing in a line, anxiously enquiring from a STAN newsboy whether there is any hotel accommodation for them, for while they were looking after the destinies of the nation the "intimate friends" of the hotel managers had succeeded in securing all the available rooms. Sir John in a cocked hat is marshalling the group, and then come Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Leonard Tilley. Mr. Blake is next in line, and, judging from his face, he is



though his feet display an inclination to go off on a hunt for Wiggins' dark moons. In "Safe at Last" the party has passed the dangers of the trip and are attempting to express their various emotions by the most suggestive gestures and positions. Blake and Mitchell, both with smiling faces, are compar-

ing notes. White and Cleveland are enthusiastically shaking hands; Cartwright is lying on his back, seemingly engaged in a hunt for his financial policy among the fixed stars, and Mercier is on his knees rendering thanks, in all probability, for the toboggan coming through without being smashed to atoms in spite of the guidance of Sir John A. Macdonald. The Premier's face needs to be seen to be appreciated. He is more than proud of his success in running the slide, and has an "I told you so" expression on his face as though crowing over some one who had doubted his abilities as a pilot. His hands are also in very suggestive positions, and, like Mark Twain at one period in his career, he needs several more pairs of hands to give even an approximate idea of his feelings.

The party appear in the skating carnival in a variety of costumes. Tupper poses as a High Priest in

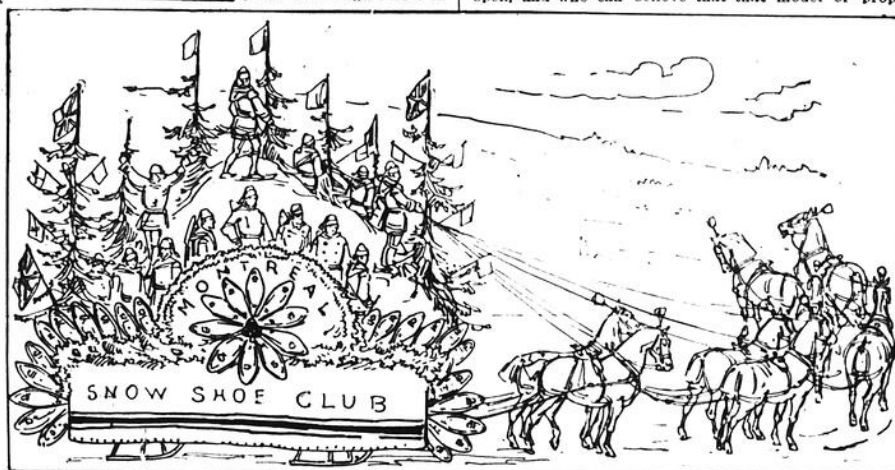
but there is no doubt about who is the boss. The others can take as much fun as they like



out of the trip, but it is perfectly well understood that Sir John, and he alone, is going to do the driving, and he executes his part of the programme to perfection, leaving his opponents easily in the rear. There are also many minor cartoons which are self explanatory. The borders of the page are composed of the bodies of Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Edward Blake and Sir Hector Langevin, conveniently elongated. Mr. Blake, who is getting a light from Sir John, has a bottle of "hot Scotch" protruding from his coat pocket, while Sir John has a bottle of "fluid beef" in his. This is not just as it should be. Who can conceive the Premier "going back" on the national drink of his native land and relying on "fluid beef" to help him tide over a cold spell, and who can believe that that model of propriety,

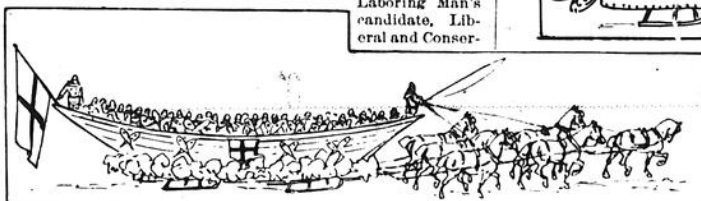
trying to make up his mind whether to stand on his dignity or to go in for having a good time. Then come Mackenzie in Highland cap and plaid; Mercier, with a childlike and bland smile lighting up his countenance; and Chapleau, followed by three American politicians—Cleveland with his flag of victory; Butler, known to the irreverent American public as "Bold Ben" and "The Widow," and Blaine, looking very cold. The rear is occupied by sagacious Peter Mitchell, wearing his hat as though challenging the entire world or any individual inhabiting it, to knock it off.

Our artist does not attempt to portray their adventures with boarding house keepers, but in the second scene shows the entire party with beaming faces packing themselves on to a huge toboggan, preparatory to a run down the slide. Blake has got over his indecision and his face is fairly luminous with the new and unique sensation of taking a decided step; while, as showing the humanizing effects of tobogganing, Blaine and Cleveland are discovered in a warm and loving embrace, with Peter Mitchell looking on with an approving smile. "Nearing the Dip" shows them all in a more or less scared condition. In "Passing the Dip" there is a capital selection of positions, of which the reader may take his pick. The usual rule is that when one set of politicians go up their opponents come down; but in this case, Democrat, Republican, Laboring Man's candidate, Liberal and Conser-



reference to his nickname among Reformers of the "High Priest of Corruption". Sir John is an Indian chief, Butler as a laborer, White as an old woman, Mackenzie as a Highland piper, Cartwright as a mailed warrior looking for an antagonist to crush, and Cleveland as an armed knight, who has just placed

Edward Blake, would have anything whatever to do with that naughty liquid known as "hot Scotch"? It looks as though Sir John had surreptitiously changed bottles in order to lead the guileless Edward, unwittingly, into paths of wickedness. If, however, the great Edward be really guilty of entering on



vative are all more or less elevated at once, with the exception of sturdy, reticent Mackenzie, who prefers clinging to the toboggan and taking the bumps to going up heels first and coming down again on the cushion after the difficulty is past. Sir John Macdonald, who has been entrusted with the

Blaine hors de combat. To the close observer of Canadian politics the cartoon on the tandem drive will at once unfold its meaning. The Liberals are being rapidly distanced by their rivals, although they have two horses to the others' one, and a much more stylish outfit. The reason is apparent. Tandem driving is ticklish work, and the more drivers there are the less the speed. Blake is holding the reins and whip, but Mercier, from his perch on a cross-bar in front of the sleigh, insists upon his leader taking the route he wants to go, while Cartwright, from a comfortable position under the front seat, with all his accustomed pertinacity and vigor, airs

his views on the subject. As a natural consequence the Liberal sleigh is stationary, while the horses are laying their heads together as if in consul-

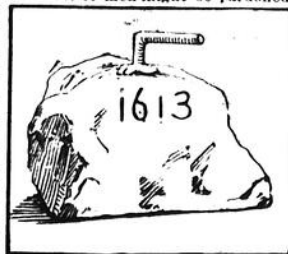
management of the toboggan, clings to it for dear life with his hands, al-

tation as to what way the drivers want to be pulled. Mackenzie is in the middle of the sleigh looking backward. It is evidently no affair of his. The Conservatives are taking their ride on entirely different principles. Their horse is a rough, uncurried animal, and their sleigh is only a habitation "jumper,"



HUNTER'S CAMP, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

a career of dissipation of his own free will, we are sure every one will admit that the strictest of men might be pardoned for becoming a trifle rakish when called upon to help enclose such a fund of mirth-provoking pictures as are to be found in the cartoon page of the Carnival STAR. Toronto's great comic paper, Grip, is a marvellous success and a power in the nation. No Canadian can thoroughly understand the politics of the country without Grip.



THE ROBIN CURLING STONE

RUSSIAN TOBOGGAN SLIDE, HUNTER'S CAMP, AND GLIMPSES OF THE SLEIGH PARADE.

OLD TIMES IN MONTREAL.

(WRITTEN FOR THE "MONTREAL CARNIVAL STAR.")
BY S. E. DAWSON.

OR a stranger who walks for the first time in this year of grace, 1885, the busy streets of Montreal, and visits in the stately mansions which adorn its suburbs, it will be difficult to realize the changes which, in the comparatively short period of a hundred years, have transformed into a commercial city of the most modern type the quaint medieval town which in 1760 surrendered to the arms of Great Britain. It is not, as in the case of other

cities, that the change is one of expansion, or of growth in wealth and prosperity. It is more. It is a transformation of character, for, with the advent of the practical genius of the British race, the former era of romance drew to a close. Thenceforward commercial enterprises and political aspirations tended more and more to absorb the energies of its citizens. Not that Montreal then first began to be a trading centre, but that then commerce began to be the chief employment of its inhabitants. During the whole French period merchants of immense wealth resided in Montreal, and Montreal fur traders had established their semi-military posts as far west as the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan; but the dominant characteristics of our city were military and ecclesiastical. It was a restless frontier post, ever threatening the English colonies with incessant military enterprises.

It was at the close of a bright September day that Amherst halted his army close to the Mountain Fort, of which the two antique towers still remain. Troops from the loyal provinces of New York and Connecticut guarded his *battouar* at Lachine, and kept up his communications along the Upper Lachine road. On the south shore he could see Haviland's troops arriving; and away on the east the camp fires of Murray barred the last avenue of escape for the beleaguered garrison. Before him the whole area down to Victoria Square and Craig street lay spread out in one unbroken sweep of cornfields and orchards. Beyond these, hugging close to the river, was a small compactly built town of 5,500 inhabitants, surrounded by a wall and ditch and dominated at the east end by a high citadel, over which the white flag of France (for the days of the tri-color were undreamed of) was waving. Outside the fortifications ran, westwards, a little stream (now covered in by Craig street), and discharged itself into the Rivière St. Pierre at the present Chabouillet Square. This latter stream, after a winding course, still at own to the inhabitants when the river floods, fell into the St. Lawrence opposite the present Custom House. There it was crossed by a bridge leading to what was called "the Small Gate" of the town. Outside the walls in that direction the only buildings were M. de Caillière's house, the Grey Nunnery and the Windmill. On the summit of the high river bank ran the wall, pierced by several gates, eastwards to the *Canoërie Royale*, where the king's *battouar* and canoes were drawn up. The road to Quebec led through St. Paul street to the Porte St. Martin; for Notre Dame street was blocked by Citadel Hill, on the site of Dalhousie Square. On the landward side only one gate opened, leading out over a bridge at Craig street to a road now known as St. Lawrence street, along which farm houses were scattered for a long distance towards Sault au Roccollet. At the western extremity of Notre Dame street, where it now joins McGill street, was the Roccollet Gate. Scattered farm houses extended then to Lachine.

Although there were at that time many people of rank and wealth in Montreal, there were few villas in its neighborhood. The French were of a more social habit than the English and preferred to build more closely. Under the English *régime* the streets of the old town have been continuously widened, but then all were narrow. Right in the middle of Notre Dame street, after the manner of old French towns, stood the Parish Church, the predecessor of the present stately edifice, standing east and west, with a quaint "place" on the north side, into which the neighboring streets debouched. The Bonsecours Church still remained unaltered after the fire, but the Roccollet Church then stood on the site of the Roccollet block, and the Jesuits' Church on the site of the Court House. Besides these the principal buildings were: the Governor's Palace, at the foot of the present Jacques Cartier Square; in front of it was the "Parade," from which "the Water Gate" opened out on the river; the Seminary, part of which still stands; the Hotel Dieu, replaced by the "Nuns' Buildings," and the Convent of the Sisters of the Congregation, which still remains. The market place was upon the present Custom House Square, and there the Market Gate opened upon the river, for the water was deeper there, and the "Petit Normandin" (the present Island Wharf) afforded shelter from the current. The whole of the town, as known in Amherst's time, was included in the three wards East, West and Centre of the present city. The houses were solidly built of rough stone, but the roofs were shingled. Sketch No. 1 of the accompanying illustrations of Old Montreal will give a good idea of the domestic architecture of the period, and the "Chateau de Ramezay," still standing opposite the City Hall, will suffice as an example of the dwellings of the "noblesse" of French Canada.

Despite the semi-monastic appearance of the streets, the society of Montreal was a gay and cultivated one. The French were then the most polished and advanced nation in Europe, and the continual influx of civil and military officers, as well

as of ecclesiastics, gave brilliancy and culture to colonial circles. A few years later, in 1776, when most of the "noblesse" had left the country, Madame de Ramezay spoke very kindly of the Canadian girls, who could not only sing well in French and Italian but could compose songs in honor of their visitors. Consequently, the officers of Amherst's army found themselves at once at home among people who, if not wealthy, were their equals at least in rank and manners. The town became a favorite station in the British army, and a thoroughly kindly feeling grew up between the English and French. As for the peasantry, they were less ignorant than the English and French peasantry of that day; because, for such of their children as were desirous and capable of education, the schools of the Seminary and of the Sisters of the Congregation were open at a trifling cost, without caste distinctions. When Franklin with his fellow-commissioners, Carroll and Chase, came on in 1776 and took up his quarters at the Chateau de Ramezay, he met his equals in tact and *fineness*. He was not able to defeat them as he did Oswald six years later in Paris. From his mission to Montreal the astute philosopher went back foiled.

After the capitulation, and pending the result of the war, Canada was necessarily governed by military courts of justice. By the terms of the capitulation the civil and military officers of the French king were sent back to France. It could not be known whether or not England would retain Canada, and as the Canadians would have been miserable if deprived of their favorite amusement—litigation, Amherst established military courts for the decision of civil suits. General Gage, the same who had shared Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela, and who was to open the American war at Lexington and Bunker's Hill, was the first military governor of Montreal, and decided appeals from the whole district. It is to the everlasting honor of the English officers that they did justice according to the French laws, choosing Canadians of good standing to advise them. Their praises are on record in the warm thanks of the French Canadians of that day, and attributions Anglophobes of the present generation will endeavor in vain to obscure the truth. One instance among many will suffice: The Chevalier Lacorne de St. Luc, having refused to pay to the Congregation of Notre Dame the dowry of one of his relatives who had joined the community, was adjudged by General Gage to pay it over to the nuns with interest. "Thus," says the Abbé Faillon, "this soldier, Protestant though he was, recognized the equity of the case and that the Congregation should in justice be indemnified; and what is more astonishing, he made the family of Lacorne comprehend the obligation of conscience which they, though Catholics, had forgotten." We forgive the astonishment of the learned Abbé in admiration of his candor—a virtue which many laymen, who write with the huzzings in view, do not emulate. The same treaty of peace which ceded Canada to Protestant England ceded Louisiana to Catholic Spain—an ally of France in the war then closing. One-half of the Council of that colony were shot by the Spaniards and the other half sent to the dungeons of Havana; and yet, knowing this, writers can be found to discover at this late day that these "hated and spurred legists," so agreeable to the fair Montreals, "were intolerable oppressors." Intolerable—forever! Was Capt. Fraser so intolerable to Mademoiselle d'Eschambault that she married him, or Major Wharton to Mlle. de Bellestre, or Major Campbell to Mlle. Lacorne de St. Luc. The real truth was that the officers were the captives, and the only oppressors were our own charming townswomen. Amherst was always very proud of his conquest. In after years he was made Baron Amherst of Montreal in Kent—the seat of his family to this day, called so after our city. As supporters upon his escutcheon he assumed "two Canadian war Indians of a copper color, with rings in their noses and ears," and provided with what appears to have been considered the Canadian accessories of powder horn, *pandant*, scalping knives, tomahawks and scalp. Is it not so written in Burke's Peerage? As for the English people, their exultation at the capture of our little town broke out into much doggerel. A leading magazine did not hesitate to publish a "new song," of which the final stanza is a favorable specimen:

Let all the bells ring
To God and our king,
While in high festivity, we all
Give three loud huzzas
For these joyful days,
And three for our friends at Montréal.

But the prettiest speech about it was made by King George III, for when in 1763, first of his new subjects, the Chevalier Chaussegros de Léry and his lady were presented at Court, the King said to Madame de Léry: "If all the ladies of Canada are as handsome as yourself, I have indeed made a conquest." So harmonious were the relations between the English and French in those days that Weld, writing as late as 1795, says the town "was like one large family."

Scarcely had the town settled down after the peace when, in the summer of 1765, a Mr. Livingston (an Englishman of a frugal habit, who lived at the corner of François Xavier street, and saved his ashes to make soap withal), started a fire which burned nearly every house westward, and even overleaped the wall and destroyed the Grey Nunnery. Hence no remains can be seen of the French period west of François Xavier street, unless perhaps, the office of H. & J. Russell in St. Nicholas street. One-fourth in area and one-third in value of the town was destroyed. The loss was estimated at £87,583 *ster.* There was no insurance in those days, and a committee of London merchants started a subscription and made it a matter of national honor to raise a large sum, inasmuch as an Englishman started the fire. The King headed the list with £500, and commissioners were appointed to reimburse the sufferers. It should be observed, as an indication of the good feeling which existed at that time, that some of the Canadians who had at first over-estimated their losses, when they came to be paid, voluntarily corrected the statements they had hastily made. So tender was the primitive Canadian conscience that one looks twice at the record to see if there is no mistake. There it is, however, "worthy of honorable notice" say the Committee who got up the fund, and honorable notice it shall have. Honorable alike to the Canadians and to those who are discovered to have been their "oppressors" by some modern Canadians less conscientious in the use of language.

In the rebuilding of the western part of the town the practical common sense of the English made its first mark. The former houses were of stone, and the floors even were of stone laid upon clay for fear of fire, but the roofs were covered with wooden shingles, and there were no fire-engines. The English introduced tinued and slated roofs and iron shutters,

and sent over from London two fire-engines. If the iron shutters made the streets gloomy, the bright aspect of the tinued domes and roofs of Canadian cities is due to the adoption of a Russian method made under English influence. Of this period some buildings yet remain. At the corner of Notre Dame and St. Peter streets still stands a house (No. 7 of our sketches) which bears date 1767. This was one of the finest houses of the period, built in the "upper town" by a rich merchant called Fortier—a good solid piece of masonry on the outside, and handsomely fitted-up inside within the memory of people still living. In later days this was well known among the English as the "Shakespeare Inn." Capitol street dates also from the English period, and was a street of hotels—taverns, as they were then called. It led out of the market place, the heart of old Montreal. Here in 1819 were Clapp's Coffee House, Hutton's tavern, Mrs. Labadie's tavern, Tipson's British Coffee House, and at the corner Sharpe's livery stables. Close to it was Port street, with three taverns. Fronting the Square on St. Paul street was Samuel Pomeroy's, behind it was Seth Pomeroy's—a goodly number of inns for so small a space. Capitol street did not seem so very narrow in those days. To some of the buildings the old iron shutters are still clinging (No. 11 of our sketches), and until last year the iron supports for the street lamps still projected from some of the houses.

Whatever knowledge and cultivation the French of Canada might have possessed their political education was to be derived from the English settlers. Of free representative government they knew nothing. They had lived under an absolute monarchy, and the methods of popular assemblies were strange and distasteful to them. There was not one printing press in Montreal then; now there are five daily papers in the French language alone. The capacity of working out political problems by representative institutions is instinctive in the English race. France has staggered through four revolutions and two military despotisms, and has not yet reached the position of French Canada in political knowledge. Under English institutions and guided by English precedents, the French Canadians have attained their political majority, not without aid at every step from men of English race and speech, who were at the same time emancipating themselves from Colonial Office tutelage.

In 1763 the definitive treaty of peace was signed and the Canadians, who had been hoping against hope, saw themselves finally abandoned by France. Nor was that the worst. They were ruined by France in the very hour of desertion. All the expenses of the long war—all the supplies consumed by the Royal troops had been paid for in paper money. The Canadians had staked their lives and their fortunes for their king and country. Everything they had they had sacrificed. They passed under an alien régime, ruined and in despair, for the French king refused to honor the bills of exchange or to re-learn the paper money issued by his own officers. Three years later the English Government, after much pressure, obtained for its subjects a settlement at the rate of fifty per cent. on the Exchange and twenty-five per cent. on the paper money; but the necessities of the poor *habitants* had obliged them in the meantime to sell most of it for ready money to the English, and few of them got even that miserable composition. Many leading families of Montreal sold their *seigniories* and went to France. The ill-fated "Auguste" sailed in October, 1761, with a large number. There were the Le Bers, of Senneville (whose ruined fort still stands on the Abbott Farm at St. Anne's), the Sieurs de la Corne, de Portneuf, de Varennes, de la Verendrye, de Contrecoeur, de la Durentaye, de la Perrière, and many others, with their families, all of whom perished by shipwreck on Cape Breton, excepting the Chevalier de la Corne, who escaped, and after incredible suffering returned to Montreal to lead, twelve years later, the Indians of Burgoyne's army. Thus did war, shipwreck and emigration thin out the leaders of Montreal society, and fire and repudiation ruin the remainder.

The English began, of course, to settle in the country after the peace; but not in large numbers until after the outbreak of the American war. Among the earliest came James McGill, whose name is a household word in Montreal. He married a French Canadian lady—Madame Des Rivieres—quite the usual custom in those days. They could, however, worship in the same building, for the gentlemen of the Seminary used to lend the Roccollet Church for the services of the Church of England and Church of Scotland; and Mr. McGill, who was a leading member of the Anglican Church, might attend morning prayer after Madame had heard high mass. The house at the corner of Notre Dame street and Jacques Cartier Square (Sketch No. 1) was at one time Mr. McGill's residence. The old iron shutters still hang upon the rear windows. The next house down the hill, on what was then St. Charles street, was the Des Rivieres' house. Could it be that the revered founder of our University indulged in flirtation from these venerable windows? He soon became a man of importance in Montreal. We find his name in the petition against the Quebec Act in 1774, in the capitulation to Montgomery in 1775, and in the petition for "a representative assembly without distinction of race or religion," in 1787. He carried on the fur trade successfully, and purchased a farm which became the nucleus of the McGill College endowment. It extended from Christ Church Cathedral up to the Mountain. His manor house of Burnside stood until very recently on McGill College Avenue. The house in our sketch was a very good one in its day. There Mrs. Thomas Plucknett kept a very fashionable ladies' boarding school in the early part of the century. The situation had its disadvantages, for the pillory was nearly opposite, and when some culprit was being pelted with dead cats and rotten eggs, it was not easy to keep the young ladies from looking out of the front windows. Besides, the main guard was close to the pillory, and it was nice to know what officers were on duty for the day. In one of the houses shown in our sketch (No. 1), Judge Pyke resided for a time.

After the American war closed, a new era commenced to dawn upon our town. Until then it had been a military post—a frontier town—a centre of warlike operations, from whence tribes as far west as the Sioux and Ojibways were moved. The young men of Montreal had been the pioneers who first paddled down the Ohio and Mississippi, who founded posts on the Illinois and on the Saskatchewan, which still bear their names; who portaged at Erie and Chicago on the west, and plundered the British forts on Hudson Bay on the north. That was the historic rôle of old Montreal. With the peace of 1783 came a change. The United Empire Loyalists settled in the Eastern Townships and in Ontario. The fur trade was

re-opened, and the merchants of Montreal united to form the North-West and South-West Fur Companies. The valleys of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence were the wheat centres of America, and Quebec was for the time a wheat shipping port. The correspondence of that period is full of "wheat," buying at Terrebonne, at Lachenaie, at Varennes, at St. Antoine; shipping at Quebec. There were fluctuations too. In 1773 ten thousand bushels were contracted for in one order at five livres (about one dollar); in 1774 the price fell to half a dollar, but later in the same year a leading Montreal merchant writes that orders are pouring in from New York and Philadelphia, and wheat has risen to 4s. 11d. the bushel. In 1776, 500,000 bushels were exported from Quebec. In 1802, the figures went up to 1,001,000 bushels of wheat and 38,000 barrels of flour, but that was an unusually large export. In those days Montreal was the collecting centre, and names remembered by people still living began to appear in our records. Most of the old houses in our sketches date from this period. Furs were of course a large item in the value, though not in the bulk of export, and in an account current in 1774 the prices paid in Montreal are given as: Beaver, 9s; Wolves, 8s; Minks, 4s 10d; Raccoons, 2s 10d; Otters, 20s; Deer, 2s 10d. These are currency prices, from which one-fourth must be deducted to bring them to sterling. The damages on a protested bill of exchange then were twenty-five per cent.

As a type of the residences of those of the old French noblesse who clung to the fortunes of Canada, a house still standing in St. Sacrament street (Sketch No. 14) will serve. It was the town house of the de Lotbinière family. The front has been dressed over, but the old undressed masonry can be seen in the rear walls from the court yard. The head of this family, Michel Chartier de Lotbinière, was an important and capable man. He was examined in 1774 before a Committee of Parliament then engaged in framing the "Quebec Act." He had acquired from the Vaudreuil family, when they left for France, the Seigniories of Vaudreuil and Rigaud (still in his family), and that of Beauharnois. He fought loyally for his new Sovereign at St. Johns in the Revolutionary war. He afterwards became Speaker of the Legislative Assembly and was called to the Council in 1797. The Seigneurs who remained in Canada were always loyal to the British Crown, as well as faithful to their race and religion. In Montreal they formed a circle which was not carried away by the magnificent profusion of the North-West fur traders, but lived in a simple and dignified manner much after the style still followed by the remaining legitimist families of France. The highest positions were open to them, and they were thoroughly trusted by the Government.

The house, No. 105 Notre Dame street centre (Sketch No. 5), now a carriage factory, was the residence of John Forsyth, another typical Montrealer, head of the great house of Forsyth, Richardson & Co., agents of the East India Company. Their warehouses still stand at the corner of Notre Dame and St. Gabriel streets. He was strictly a business man. His partner, the Hon. John Richardson, is a type of the class of public spirited merchants to which our city is so largely indebted. He was a member of the Legislative Assembly and afterwards of the Council—a leader of the official party and a man of strong English prejudices, but who loved Montreal, and whose hand was in every progressive movement. His house still stands (Nos. 202, 206 Notre Dame street) near the warehouses of the firm. It was well known after his death as Orr's Hotel. He has left his mark on our city in the General Hospital and the Lachine Canal.

Sketch No. 3 shows the present appearance of the extensive warehouses in St. Paul street, occupied in former times by the firm of Gerrard, Gillespie, Moffatt & Co. In one of the houses the Hon. George Moffatt resided as recently as 1840. These large firms were like the great house of Dombey & Son, wholesale, retail and for exportation. Business was not divided as now. This firm had a crockery department, a dry goods department, a hardware department, a grocery department, and a department for export of grain, potash and other products and the management of shipping. On the arrival of the Spring and Fall fleets with goods, the clerks used to work nearly all night and all day on Sundays too; but then there were no railways and winter was a real holiday. In this same sketch is shown the warehouse of Carter, Macdonald & Co., a great drug house. One of the partners always lived over the warehouse. Very pleasant residences some of these St. Paul street houses were, looking out as they did over the river in the rear.

These were some of the great firms, but chief among the commercial magnates of Montreal were the fur kings of the North-West Company, the McGillivrays, the McTavishes, the Frobiters, the Mackenzies. They swallowed up nearly all the smaller traders in the Indian country, and carried on war with the Hudson Bay Company in the regions of the North-West. Every now and then some trial resulting from their high-handed doings would agitate Montreal, when some employé of theirs would be brought down from the Far West to answer for some wild deed in the Indian country. Their warehouses were on the site of the Canada Hotel in St. Gabriel street, and not far off in St. Paul street were the offices of their rivals the Hudson Bay Company, the headquarters of the Earl of Selkirk when he came out to seek reparation for the outrage which delayed for fifty years the settlement of the Red River country. From 1782 until their amalgamation in 1823 the rivalries of these great companies agitated Montreal society. Then a curtain was drawn over the North-West, which was lifted only yesterday by the Pacific Railway Company. The fur trade was diverted through Hudson Bay forts and lost to Montreal. No longer did the flotillas of heavily laden canoes arrive and depart from Lachine. The Ottawa ceased to resound to the songs of the voyageurs, the shops in St. Paul street ceased to participate in their earnings and the taverns in Capitol street were no longer kept lively by their ruffling and riot.

Stirring men were these Northwesters. Sir Alex. Mackenzie, the first white man who crossed the Rocky Mountains or trod the shores of the Polar Ocean, was one of them. They were perhaps a little contemptuous of all persons who had not been in the Indian country, and the Beaver Club which used to meet at Clapp's Coffee House in Capitol Street, was only open to men who had been at least as far as Michilimackinac. Then, after the harangue was pronounced and the calumet had passed round, they narrated tough yarns of hair-breadth escapes and daring enterprises, and washed them down with wine—real wine—for modern civilization had not then evolved the mixtures of Cote and Marselles—upon which occasions the venerated founder of the University (for

he, though not a Northwester, was one of the founders of the Beaver Club also) did not disdain to assist. A somewhat imperious class of men, who did not turn the left cheek when the other one was smitten, and with whom it was always pleasant to agree. They kept up a generous hospitality and lived in princely style; yet they have passed away and left scarcely any trace upon our city. The ambitious house of Simon McTavish was never finished. Middle-aged men remember the ruins of the "Haunted House" on the mountain (although there never was a ghost there), and his monument, near the Upper Reservoir, is all that remains to recall the memory of a group of remarkable men who for a long time occupied a chief place in Montreal society.

Among the sketches of Old Montreal are some other typical houses of other days still remaining to show how our predecessors lived. No. 9 is the Luna House, corner of Sherbrooke and Bleury streets, built in 1817 by Mrs. Fielding with money left by her first husband, a rich Swiss called Gennéway. The walls of this house are 2½ feet thick. Here Mr. Bingham resided before 1832, when it was bought for its present owners. It was a country house then. Farther in the country was "Piedmont," now the residence of Mr. J. H. B. Molson—the old Frothingham house. It was built by Judge Faucher, and there he resided with Mr. Heney, his son-in-law, before the Luna house was built—an eccentric, impetuous man, with a "crank" for making fireworks. Twice he burned himself out by his pyrotechnic vagaries, but after he built this solid mansion he used his barn for a workshop. Once a week he had a grand dinner. A long string of caleches would drive up the narrow lane through the fields bringing his friends and all the curés of the parishes round. Then after dinner was over (they dined at five then) His Honor the Judge would coarsen in rockets and Roman candles while his guests complacently digested upon the verandah.

Sketch No. 15 was the house of Benjamin Beaubien, a leading lawyer of Montreal, whose only child married the late Mr. Taneré de Bouthillier. It faces the Champ de Mars. For a time it also was occupied by Mr. William Bingham. Mr. Bingham was the son of Senator Bingham, of Philadelphia. He married a daughter of the Hon. Mr. de Lotbinière, and remained for some years in Montreal. His sister married Lord Ashburton, of "boundary" celebrity. He was very rich, and dazzled the Montrealers by his expenditure, rather over-doing matters, like most republicans who turn aristocrats. His equipage was very stylish, and he dashed through the narrow streets of the old town with outriders and four horses always at full speed to the amazement of the habitants. He flashed through Montreal society, but, like Judge Faucher's rockets, he has left no trace.

Sketch No. 4 is an old house at the corner of Fortification Lane, where Samuel Hedge resided in 1817. The Unitarian congregation used to meet here before the old church was built on Beaver Hall, where the present church stands. No. 13 is a sketch of a fine old house in Papineau Road, built by the late Alex. Hart, and occupied until recent times by his family. The house (Sketch No. 16) was owned by Sir George Cartier, and there he lived during the time he filled the prominent position of Premier of Canada. It is a comparatively modern house, being built of cut stone. Sketch No. 10 shows the residence of the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau and of Commandeur Jacques Vizer, two brilliant men who were influential in very different ways. The latter was a quiet scholar and antiquary—a man of letters without a rival, and of amiability without an enemy. The former was a politician, eloquent, fiery and impetuous. He led his countrymen into an abortive and unnecessary rebellion, but they owe him much, for he waked up their political aspirations, and even by his defeat won for them full emancipation from Colonial Office officialism perhaps a few years earlier than they would otherwise have attained it.

Old Montreal was well provided with hotels. In 1817 the hotels were better here than anywhere else in America. Travellers from the southern cities thought so. Dillon's, on the Place d'Armes, was spoken of in 1792-1803, and later by English travellers, as cleanly and well conducted, even compared with London inns. Prof. Silliman and Sanson in 1817 and 1819 were loud in praise of the Mansion House (Sketch No. 19), "a vast building of hewn stone," the waiters "assiduous and quiet," the people "polite, gentlemanly and sociable." The house had been the residence of Sir John Johnson. The eastern end of the Bonsecours Market occupies its site, for it was burned down in 1820. It fronted on St. Paul street, but a verandah looked out upon the river in the rear, whence "the songs of the voyageurs" greeted Silliman's ears in the days of the fur traders. Next to the Mansion House was the Theatre, burned down some years later. Rasco's Hotel, still standing, is a building of later times, but was a very handsome hotel in its day, before the market spoiled the locality. The public assemblies were held at Holmes', in the quiet and aristocratic Notre Dame street. The fashionable promenade was the Champ de Mars. On summer evenings the band played there, and the prospect over the fields and orchards towards the mountain was admired by all visitors. The public reading room was well supplied with periodicals and the public library with books. Booksellers' shops were more numerous in proportion to the population than now. The horticultural tastes of the people excited the admiration of Silliman, who declared thirty years after his visit that he had never seen such hot house grapes in Europe as in Montreal.

The year 1817 may be fixed upon as the most convenient date to mark the overrunning of the ancient boundaries, for then the last remains of the wall and ditch were swept away. The earth removed in levelling Citadel Hill was being used to enlarge the Champ de Mars and fill in the low land under the ramparts. Old Montreal was waking up to a new life. The loaves of free institutions was working, and the French people were commencing to claim the heritage of British subjects. The narrow and gloomy streets were beginning to be widened and the suburbs to extend and the quays to be built and the harbor to be deepened and the steamboats to appear on the river. In that year the Bank of Montreal was chartered, and the habitants, with the traditions of the old French bills still fresh in his memory, began timidly to use paper money once more. Then commenced with a new generation the era of political struggle, during which, amidst much frothy declamation, the battle of representative assemblies was fought, and in the midst of it our city grew and prospered, and gradually assumed its present aspect. Still, be it ever remembered, there was never in Canada a religious struggle. That crowning

horror of humanity has been spared us. The same political struggle was going on in the other provinces—against privilege and officialism. The line was not drawn at race and religion, Catholic and Protestant, English and French, fought upon both sides. Distinctions of race and religion, now that the great political controversies have been settled by men of larger mould, have become the stock-in-trade of narrower minds, the armory whence politicians of lower culture, Anglophobes and Francophobes, draw their semi-civilized weapons of attack.

Sixty years have not passed away since Amherst looked down upon the little gloomy town, whose narrow streets were swarming with the white-coated soldiers of France. And now, in 1817, the white flag is gone, never more to reappear even on gala days. The horse-boat has not yet appeared upon the Longueuil ferry, and travellers are still crossing in "dugout" canoes. Caleches are still waiting at "the Cross" to take them with their baggage to Dillon's or the Mansion House, or the less fashionable inns in Capitol street or Market Square. But John Molson has already commenced the steam navigation of the St. Lawrence, only two years after Robert Fulton on the Hudson. An innovation, say some, fraught with ruin to Montreal, for now all the trade must be carried to Quebec. But John Molson knew better, and when Thomas Torrance wanted to get rid of his fine house on Sherbrooke street he found Molson ready to exchange his property in Quebec for it, and so the Molsons live at Belmont to the present time. St. Lawrence street is a continuous line of houses; so also are St. Mary and St. Joseph streets, but elsewhere the fields, dotted with villas, reach down to the little river; bridges cross the stream into the city; but the banks are muddy, and dead cats and such like exorcises of civilization are more frequent than modern sanitarians would approve. The cholera of 1833 will teach the Montrealers to cover all that over by Craig street and Victoria Square. There are no quays yet, and ships drawing fifteen feet are lying close to the steep bank and discharging freight upon stages. Carters are carrying away the western freight to Lachine, for Richardson's canal has not yet broken up their business. Notre Dame street, in the upper town, is still aristocratic and tranquil, and in St. Paul street the crowd is still shopping or swarming round the Post Office in the Mansion House. Laprairie, in the distance, is a flourishing town of much promise, with a good hotel for travellers of leisure, who wait there for the *bateau* rather than drive down to Longueuil to cross in canoes.

Such was the appearance of Montreal in 1817 when the Western country began to open up and her merchants stood upon the threshold of the Western trade. In this Horatio Gates was the pioneer. His store still stands in St. Paul street. Then came the era of canals, 1825 to 1847, and the establishment of the great forwarding houses with their fleets of steamers swarming on the rivers and lakes. Macpherson, Crane & Co., Hooker, Holton & Co., H. Jones & Co., were the leading firms. The Western grain trade began to pour wealth into Montreal and increased every year until the rapid development of railway and ocean transport rendered new adaptations imperative.

It is the pride of Montreal that she has possessed an unusual number of able and intelligent merchants. No matter where they were born they identified themselves with the city and with its fortunes. They did not leave, when they had made enough money, to retire into insignificance in England or France, but they remained here. They deepened the Channel to Quebec, and as the Channel grew deeper they built larger and larger vessels. They inaugurated ocean steamship lines, increasing every year the number and magnitude of their vessels. Then came the Grand Trunk Railway, a work of inestimable advantage, and the transformation of our city went on at a swiftly increasing pace. Modern Montreal dates only from the year 1854.

The theme of the present writer is old Montreal. He has spoken of its old manners, its old houses, and its old merchants. Our fair city is now gathering herself up for a new stride forward, and her business men are now, as ever, equal to the changing conditions of modern trade. The destiny of Montreal is safe in their hands. Frobiters and Richardson and Gates and Molson and John Young and Hugh Allan have passed away, but there are still in our midst men as capable and as daring; we meet them every day. Distance has not as yet given us the proper perspective to appreciate all their work, but when the future historian of Montreal shall recount the names of the great merchants and manufacturers who have guided her destinies, the present generation will be found to supply many names worthy to be enrolled among the most honorable in her annals.

MAGGIE'S LETTER.

(WRITTEN FOR THE "MONTREAL CARNIVAL STAR.")

DEAR DOLL:

I dreamed last Summer through,
Fanned by the ocean's coolest breezes,
I wore attractive suits of blue
And hats whose very memory pleases;
Lots of admirers; free from ills
Attendant on the yachting season;
And if the thought of Summer thrills
My bosom, Have I not good reason?

But Canada has won my love,
Her charms no mere outsider guesses,—
Her sports, all other sports above,
And then—those *borely* blanket dresses!
If boots cut make one's feet look small,
In moccasins they're even smaller;
The girls are not like ours at all,
And nearly all the men are taller.
"Taboggoning," my dear, *that's* grand!
(I'm not quite sure, though, of the spelling)
Its charms you couldn't understand,
It sounds so flat, too, in the telling.
You ought to see me in my "tuque"
(That's the "Canuck" for Winter bonnet);
You frizz your hair well round the rim,
And, with a little snow upon it,
It's lovely!

And, oh then, the Ball
(I know you'll think I'm growing silly),
But you'd just love my partner, Doll,
He's charming—and his name is Willie.
But I'm afraid, with all this fun,
I will be looking pale and crazy;
I hope not! Why? 'tis striking one,
And I'm,

W. M.

Your loving cousin,

MAGGIE.

CARNIVAL RHYMES.

JACQUES CARTIER AND MOUNT ROYAL.
1885.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL STAR.)

I.
This year three centuries and a half
Have passed away since thou
Didst gaze, brave-hearted mariner,
From yonder mountain brow,
On the great river sweeping by,
While far on every hand
Lay in its gorgeous Autumn robes
The bright Canadian land.

II.
To thee Mount Royal owes its name,
By thee its proud renown,
The city that has grown where stood
The little Indian town,
And if to-day from that same spot
Thou couldst survey the scene,
With thankful heart thou wouldst compare
What is with what has been.

III.
An angel's knell had sounded when,
By kindred motives stirred,
Men of thy race were hither drawn
To preach the living Word,
And bring the forest's dusky sons
Within the fold of God;
And to the Royal Mount they came
Where erst thy feet had trod.

IV.
High on its crest they raised aloft
With prayer the Holy Cross,
A Christian temple took the place
Where wigwams once had stood,
While round that centre rose a town
But strong and fair to see—
Our Lady's pious votaries
Named it *Notre-Dame*.

V.
Ah! noble hearts that shared all pain
Of war, disease and death!
Ah! men of faith who counted not
Your axes of any worth,
If only one poor soul were saved
To deck the martyr's shroud!
Such were of old the citizens
Of Mary's royal town.

VI.
But histrums passed and other aims—
Fares and golden grain—
Strove with the word of those who prayed
That Christ alone should reign;
And though the founders' ordinance
Has never yet been furled,
The city of the saints became
A city of the world.

VII.
Then came a fiercer struggle still,
Jacques Cartier, for the throne
From which, prime Viceroy of New France,
Thou madest it thine own—
Thine own and his, who justly said
The West was thine for all,
Not for the grasping kings
To keep in their thrall.

VIII.
Alas! if prophet's vision keen
Had been thy gift that day,
Over thy glad-lipped face and swept
A cloud of black dismay,
As, rent from France's loyal grasp
By England's stronger hand,
Passed over from beneath her sway
Thy fair Canadian land.

IX.
But out of seeming evil good
Arises every hour,
And lo! made friends, their struggle o'er,
Doubtless their souls were power,
Where France's son alone had failed
With England's sons they won—
An empire kissed by either sea,
From east to setting sun.

X.
So, in this happy-remembered year,
Five times man's vital span
Since, with thy coming to these shores,
Our history began,
Thee, our first hero, we invoke,
Beside thy Royal Height—
What scene more fair than this of ours
To greet a hero's sight?

XI.
Is this the city of thy hopes?
'Tis surely builded fair,
What prouder spires point heavenward
Through purer Winter air?
Can stone more graceful shapes assume
Than church and home and mart
In this time-honoured Royal Mount,
More regal made by art?

XII.
An Elm of neither wood nor stone
Nor off-spring of the mine,
What fairy turnouts reared aloft
With magic lustre shine!
Have ever mortal eyes beheld
A sight more wondrous fair?
And from thine own St. Lawrence, tide
Was carved each crystal square.

XIII.
Ours are the "trappings of the snow"
And Northern strength of will,
The South its sense of beauty lent,
The East, its plastic skill,
And so the lovely structure grew
Beneath thy forming hand,
Till Winter's self was forced to smile
On our Canadian Land.

XIV.
And as he raised a cherry face
And saw both young and old
Trooping along on pleasure bent
And laughing at his word,
Forth from his busy lungs he sent
A call so long and loud
That Southerners left their snowless fields
To join the merry crowd.

XV.
O valiant Breton mariner,
Glad were thy heart to see
Such concourse in the halting place
That was so dear to thee!
From east and south thy hither flock
From near and far away
Where the iron horses point out the road
To much desired Cathay.

XVI.
And where the Indians feasted once
Thy goodly return
We keep high festival and give
Thy memory homage due,
To whom Mount Royal owes its name
And all its proud renown
The city that has grown where stood
The little Indian town.

JOHN READE.

THE SLEIGH PARADE.

Our Tandem illustration gives an excellent representation of the first part of the great sleighing parade which is one of the greatest spectacular features of the Carnival. A special effort was made to make the turn-out this year eclipse in magnificence anything previously attempted in this line, and the Tandem Club of Montreal undertook the responsibility of carrying out the arrangements. The Athletic Associations were invited to join and to furnish some characteristic equipments, and as private citizens also were not behind in their determination to make the turnout worthy of the city and the occasion, a brilliant and handsome parade was assured. The long line of sleighs which grace the streets forms a very good index to the wealth of our city. The route is through the upper portion of the city, where it is laid out in a more regular manner than in the older portion, and where the streets are lined with the handsome residences of many of our wealthiest citizens. The scene is always an inspiring one; the long line of sleighs, of every shape and condition; the high-stepping steeds, clamping their bits and eager to be away; the bright trappings flashing in the sunlight; the drivers enveloped in their furs, holding the reins in their steady hands; the gay sound of the bells as they chime out their joyous notes; the brave men and fair women, their ruddy faces gleaming with the health that only comes from vigorous out-door exercise; the clear blue sky; the snow creaking merrily as the sleighs pass over it; and the snow and toboggan clubs with their unique turn-outs, all go to make up a spectacle, which, in its own especial line, is probably not to be equalled in any other city in the world.

OLD AND MODERN MONTREAL

An excellent criterion of a city's wealth and culture is to be found in the private residences of its more prominent inhabitants; and the advancement of a city cannot be more vividly shown than in comparing the styles of architecture prevalent at two different periods of its growth. In this number we present a contrast between the representative residences of the Montreal of half a century ago and the representative residences of the Montreal of to-day, and it shows very clearly the vast step forward which has been made in five short decades. On the one page we find humble buildings with no pretensions to architectural beauty or finish, but solidly built to withstand the conditions inseparable from new and undeveloped surroundings. What a contrast does the opposite page present? The houses, which have been selected entirely because they are fairly representative of the residences of our wealthier classes, would not look out of place in the most fashionable portions of the greatest American cities. In short, the buildings of half a century ago are typical of the town as it then was, rough, straggling, ill-built, possessing much comfort, but little wealth and taste, while the buildings of to-day are no less typical of the great industrial, commercial, shipping and intellectual centre which has sprung up within the last few generations.

THE SNOW LION.

Place d'Armes Square, although small in appearance, is surrounded by some of the finest buildings in North America. In its centre a Snow Lion of colossal proportions rests on a pedestal some twenty feet in height. This attraction was designed for the East End Committee by Arthur Vincent, of Montreal, who modelled the Lion from a famous snow lion which was made in Europe some years ago. The pedestal is built over the fountain in the centre of the Square, and is over twenty feet high and proportionately broad. The Lion rests on a base 18 feet broad and is about 20 feet in height. It has been so arranged that the water from the fountain pouring over parts of the sides of the pedestal, forms a pretty effect in icicles. The Lion is constructed of frozen and packed snow, and presents a much more attractive appearance than it would were it cut from ice. The pedestal is hollow and is lighted with electric and colored lights, presenting a very beautiful effect.

SNOWSHOEING SONG.

(WRITTEN FOR THE "MONTREAL CARNIVAL STAR.")

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo;
Gather, gather ye men in white;
The winds blow keen y, the moon is bright,
The sparkling snow lies firm and white;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be over the hill to-night.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo;
Swiftly in single file we go,
The city is soon left far behind;
Its countless lights like diamonds glow,
And as we climb we hear the chime
Of church bells stealing o'er the snow.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo;
Like winding sheet about the dead
O'er hill and dale the snow is spread,
And silence our hurried tread,
The pines bend low, and to and fro
The maples toss their boughs overhead.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo;
We laugh to scorn the angry blast,
The mountain top is gained and past,
Descent begins, 'tis over fast—
One short quick run, and toil is done,
We reach the welcome inn at last.

Shake off, shake off the clinging snow,
Unloose the shoe, the sash untie,
Fling tuque and mittens lightly by—
The chimney fire is blazing high,
And, richly stored, the festive board
Awaits the merry company.

Remove the fragments of the feast!
The steaming coffee, waiter, bring,
Now tell the tale, the chorus sing,
And let the laughter loudly ring,
Here's to our host, drink down the toast,
Then up! for time is on the wing.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo;
The moon is sinking out of sight,
Across the sky dark clouds take flight,
And dimly looms the mountain height,
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be home again to-night.

ARTHUR WEIR.



1885.

WINTER CARNIVAL,
MONTREAL,

January 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

MONDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1885.

FORENOON—Opening of all the Toboggan Slides.
AFTERNOON—Skating and Promenade Concert, Victoria Rink.
Opening of the Boulevard to St. Helen's Island.
EVENING—Invading Mammoth Ice Lion, French Square, and
Pyrotechnic Illumination 7.30. Grand Opening of the
Montreal Tobogganing Hall, Opening St. Helen's
Island Tobogganing Hill, Hockey Match, Victoria
Skating Rink, Electric Illuminations of Ice Palace
and Condora, continued every evening of the week.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27th.

FORENOON—Promenade Concert, Victoria Skating Rink, To-
bogganing on all the Hills.
AFTERNOON—Trotting Races, Montreal Driving Park, 2 p.m.
Opening of Hunters' Camp, St. Helen's Island, 3 p.m.
Snowshoe Steeplechase over Mount Royal.
EVENING—Grand Opening of Tugue Lacrosse Tobogganing Hill,
Fireworks, St. Helen's Island, Snowshoe Steeplechase,
Procession, Island to City, via Boulevard, Fancy Dress
Carnival, Victoria Rink, with Ice Temples, Grotesques and
Fountains, Fancy Dress Carnival, Crystal Rink.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28th.

FORENOON—Fancy Skating Tournament, Victoria Rink, for
Championship of America.
AFTERNOON—March Gras Masquerade at Le Trappeur Russian
Tobogganing Slide, St. Denis street, 3.30. Five O'Clock
Tea at Victoria Skating Rink.
EVENING—Storming of the Ice Palace and Defence by the
Garrison, Snowshoes' Torchlight Procession immedi-
ately after the capitulation to the summit of Mount
Royal, returning by the zig zag road and Mountain
Boulevard, Championship Ten Mile Race, Crystal Rink.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29th.

CIVIC HOLIDAY.
FORENOON—Promenade Concert, Victoria Skating Rink.
AFTERNOON—Trotting Races, Montreal Driving Park, Grand
Sleigh Drive, under control of the Tandem Club,
embracing representative sleighs manned and equipped
by the various Athletic and Sporting Clubs.
EVENING—Fancy Dress Carnival, Victoria Skating Rink, on
same scale of grandeur as that of Tuesday evening.
Grand Opening of Lansdowne Tobogganing Hill,
Inauguration of Ice Condora (Cairn), manned by Snow-
shoes, on Champ de Mars, with Fireworks display.
Snowshoes' Concert, Drill Hall, immediately after.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30th.

FORENOON—Skating and Promenade at Victoria Rink.
AFTERNOON—Farmers' Drive, meet on River Boulevard, Trot-
ting Races, Montreal Driving Park, 2 p.m.
EVENING—The Carnival Fancy Dress Ball, Windsor Hotel,
Inauguration of Russian Tobogganing Slide, "Le
Trappeur," St. Denis street, Grand Opening Park
Tobogganing Slide, Annual Races and Games, Victoria
Rink, Fancy Dress Carnival, Crystal Rink.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31st.

AFTERNOON—Promenade Concert, Victoria Skating Rink,
Snowshoe Races, Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds.

NOTES.

The Toboggan Hills will be open to Visitors during the week.
During Carnival week, special tickets will be issued to
strangers only, giving admission to everything going on at the
Victoria Rink, and the privilege of skating during the whole
week, inclusive of Fancy Dress Entertainments.

Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, with the cooperation of the
various Sporting Clubs of Montreal, will publish combination
photographs, illustrating the principal events of the Festival.
At the Crystal Rink, during the week, there will be Prom-
enade Concerts and Races and Games.

An International Curling Contest will take place during
the week, for the Gordon Medal—Canada vs. United States.

JOSEPH HICKSON,

Hon. Chairman.

H. BEAUGRAND,

Hon. Secretary.

R. D. MCGIBBON,

Chairman.

ANGUS GRANT,

Vice-Chairman.

THE CONDORA.

In the centre of the Champ de Mars, which is an historic
piece of ground, the Condora rises to a height of about 100
feet, tapering from a circumference of over 150 feet to a narrow
apex. The meaning of the term has puzzled the philologists
of Montreal greatly; but the structure, it is understood, is one
frequently met with in Hindoo cities in which ancient forms
of architecture survive. It was designed by Theodosius Daoust,
a young architect of Montreal, and was built in much the
same manner as the Ice Palace, from 12,000 blocks of ice. It is
built in seven tiers, each 8 feet less in circumference than the
preceding one. The first is fifteen feet high, then follow five
tiers of 8 feet each; the apex is 24 feet high, and the whole is
surmounted by an ice statue of a gigantic snowshoe, 24
feet in height, from whose uplifted hand flames a torch of
electric light, brilliantly illuminating the surrounding portion
of the city. Each tier of the Condora is built upward from the
ground, and the person entering the structure passes through
seven walls before he reaches the interior. When manned
by hundreds of snowshoers in their picturesque attire, and
brilliantly lighted up, it presents a picture which will long
remain in the minds of those fortunate enough to obtain a
view of it.

RUSSIAN SLIDE AND HUNTER'S CAMP.

On the fifth page of this sheet we give representations of
the Russian Tobogganing Slide on St. Denis street and "The
Hunter's Camp" on St. Helen's Island, both erected by the
East End Committee. The latter should be particularly inter-
esting to our visitors, as it is not often that one gets so correct
a representation of the houses inhabited by the pioneers of
North America. The toboggan slide is a new one to Cana-
dians. As will be seen by the engraving, there are two slides.
The toboggan will be sent across the intervening space by the
impetus obtained in coming down, and the riders will then
only have to ascend the slope of the opposite slide, thus saving
much walking.

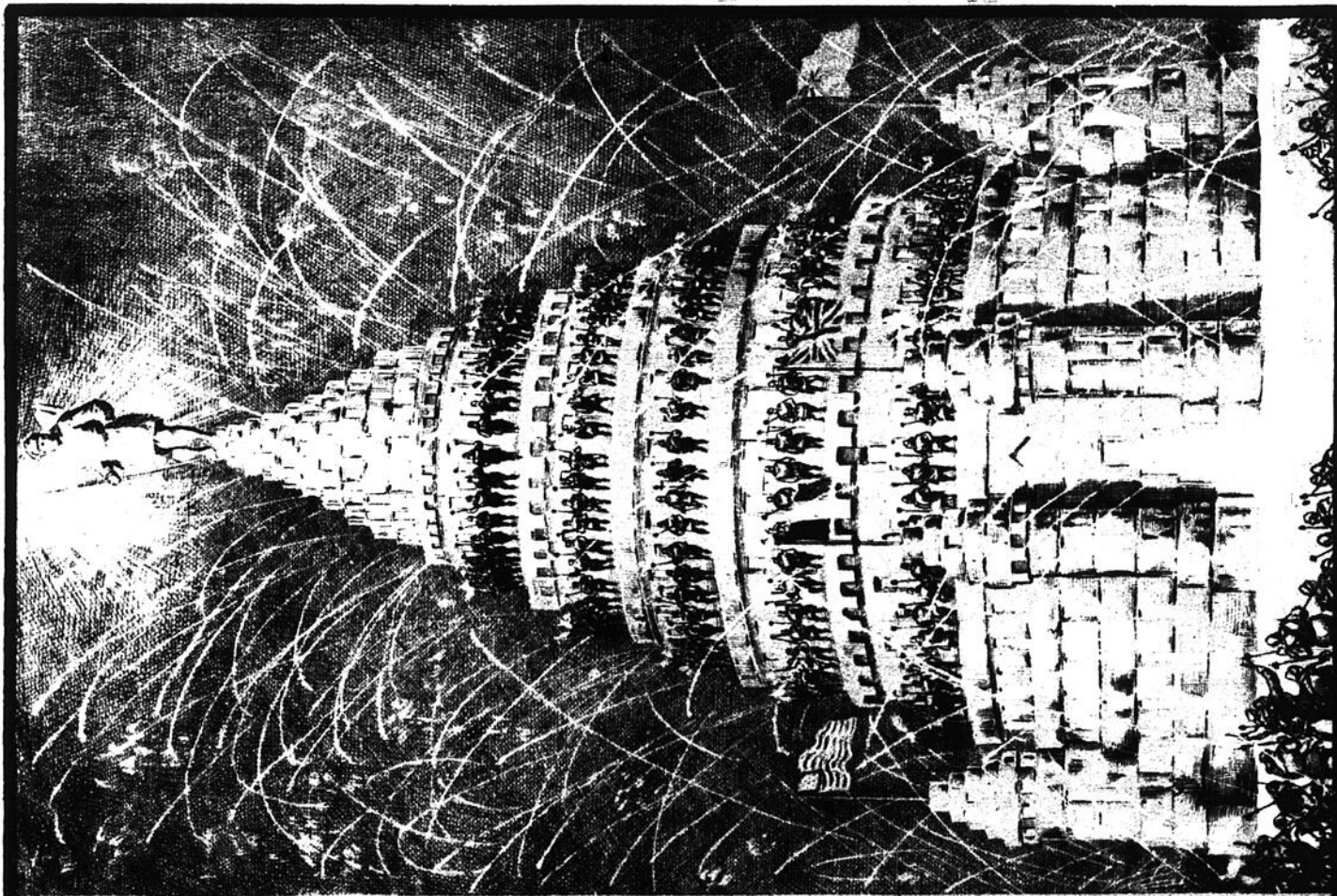
The rapid growth in circulation of THE STAR
corresponds with the progress of Montreal, which
now ranks as a metropolitan city, with a population
rapidly approaching a quarter of a million. One
issue of the DAILY and WEEKLY STAR is over

145,000.

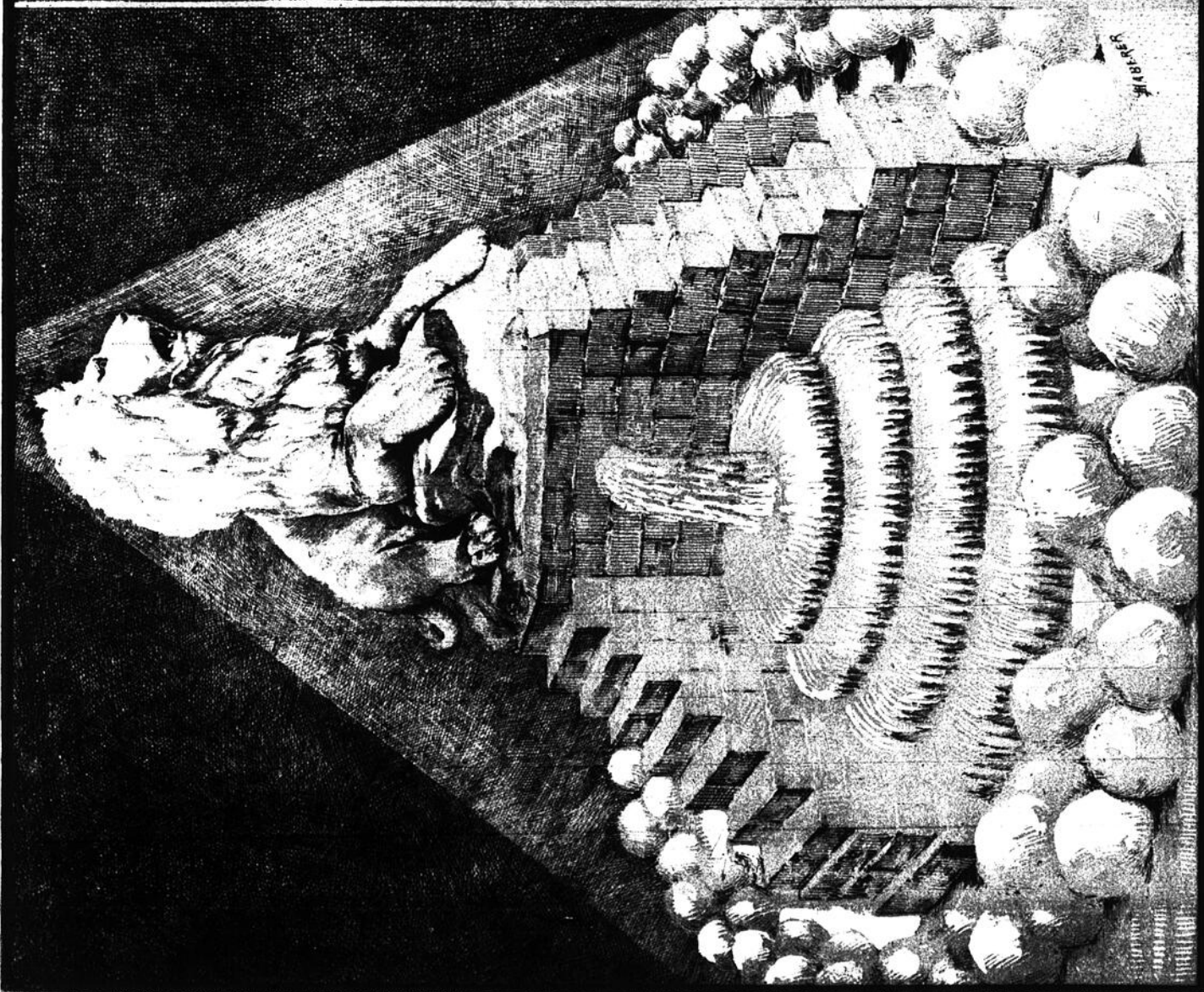


MONTREAL JULY 27. CARNIVAL NUMBER.

ICE PALACE 1885

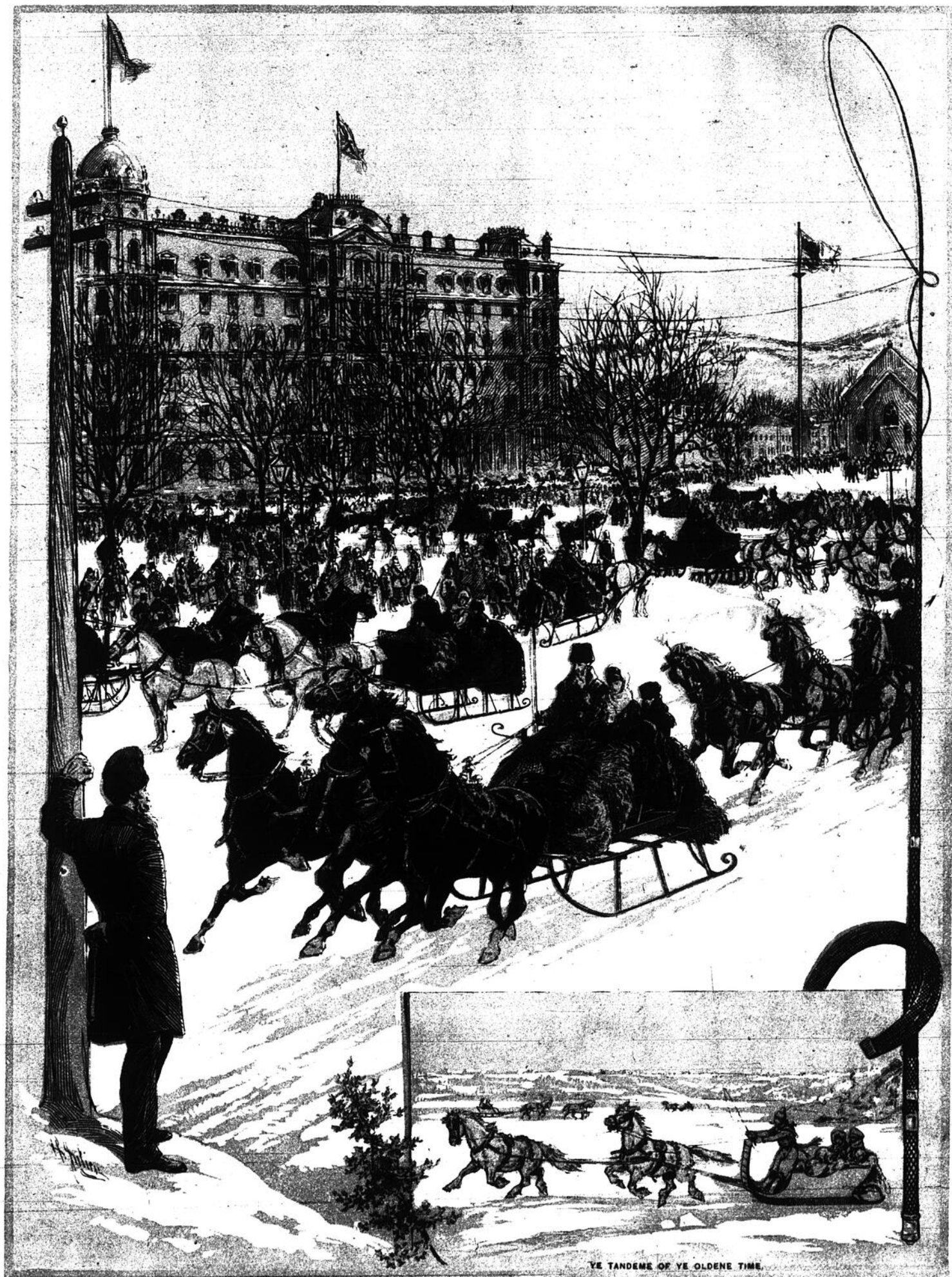


THE ICE CONDORA.



THE MAMMOTH ICE LION.

The Montreal Daily Star—Carnival Number, 1885.



YE TANDEME OF YE OLDENE TIME.

[Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Five, by GRAHAM & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

THE MONTREAL TANDEM CLUB TURN-OUT. 1885.



MONTREAL DAILY STAR CARY J. N. MILLER

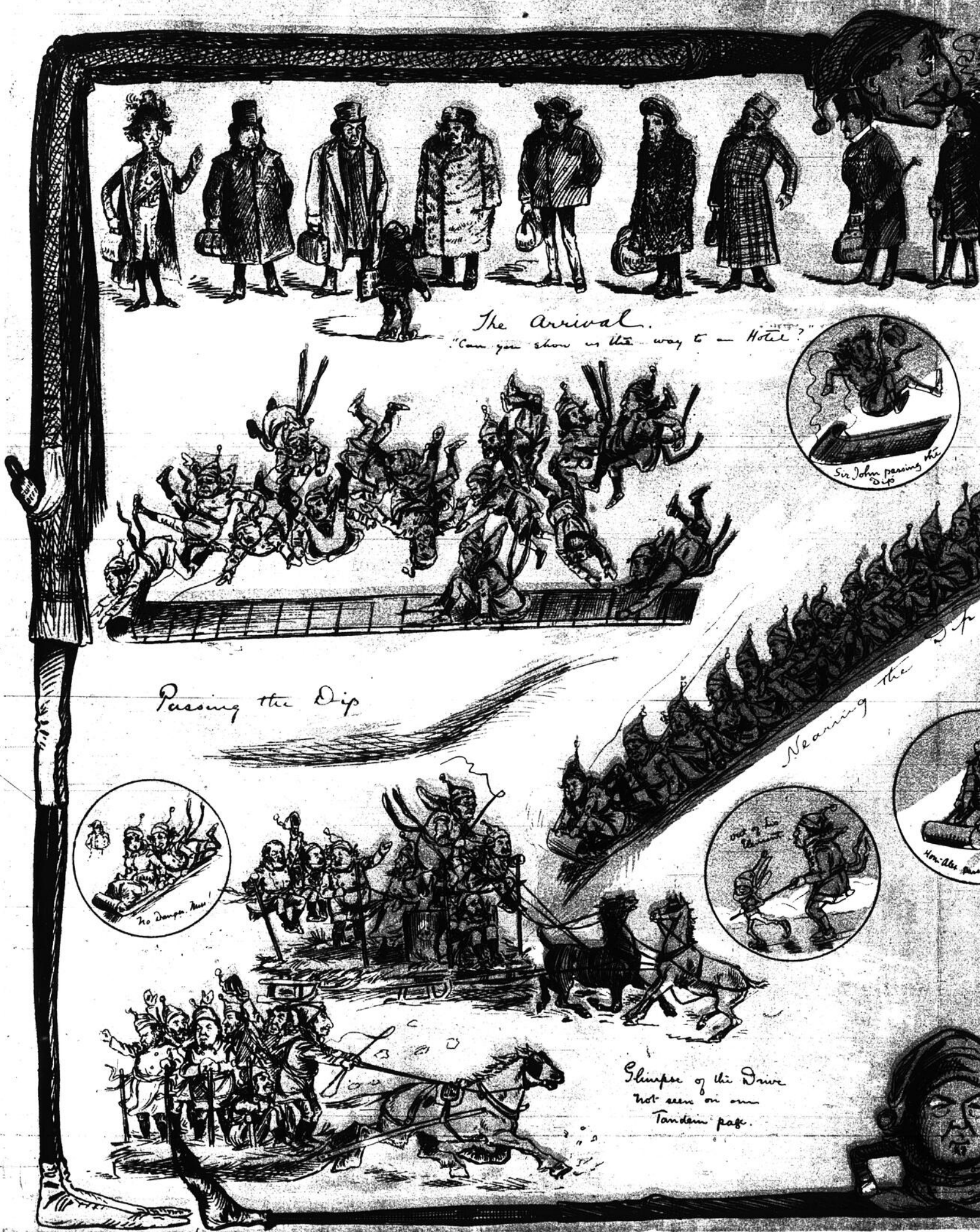
A GLIMPSE OF THE SK



Robert Harris.

THE L.P. AND CO. LONDON. MONDAY.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL.



The Arrival.

"Can you show us the way to a Hotel?"



Passing the Dip



Nearing the Dip

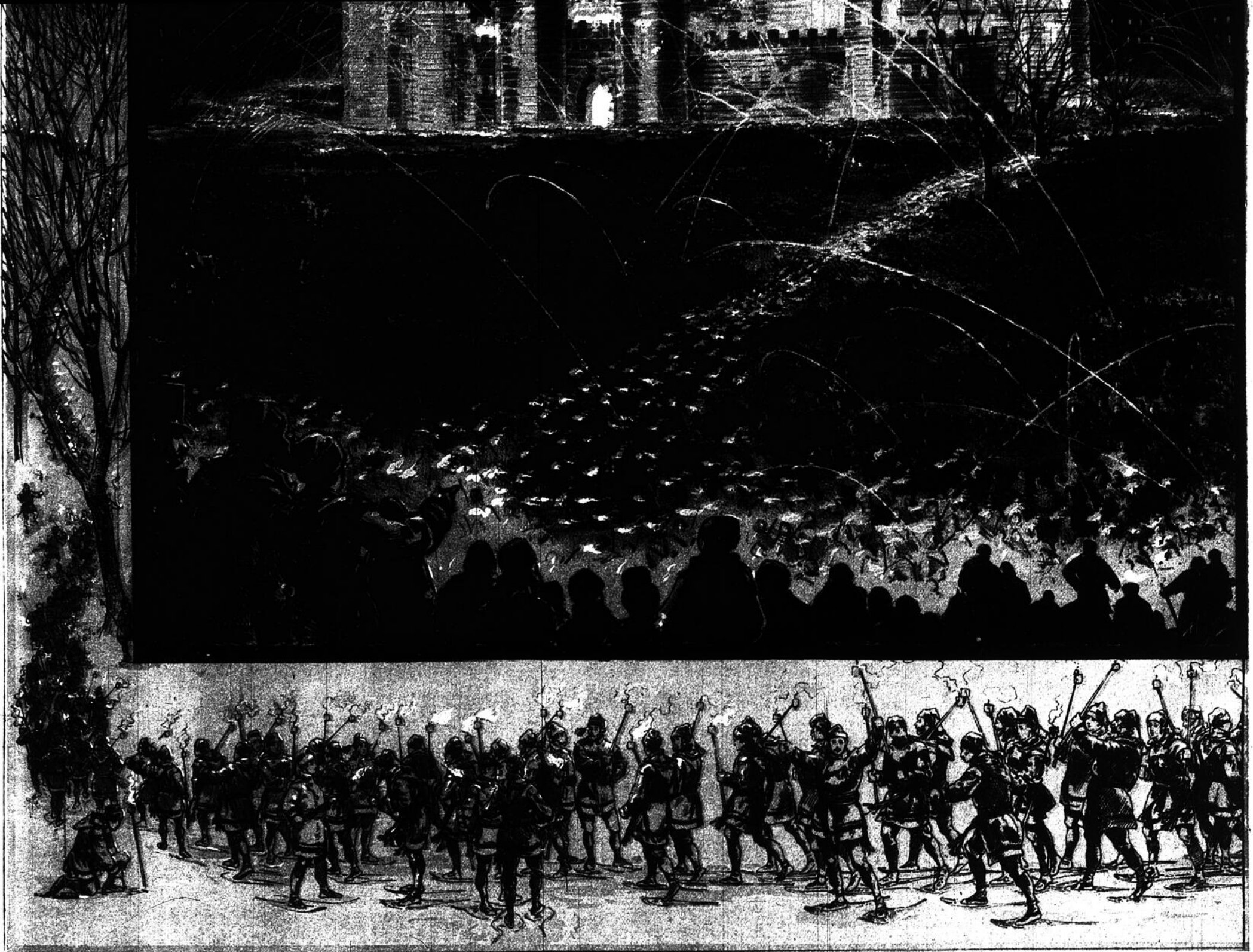


Glimpse of the Drive
not seen on our
Tandem page.



ICIANS AT THE CARNIVAL.





[Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Five, by GRAY & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

STORMING OF THE ICE PALACE