

# THE MONTREAL AND ST. JEROME COLONIZATION RAILWAY.

A PROJECT has been started for the building of a railway from this city to St. Jerome, a distance of thirty-four miles. The provisional directors are: Hon. Henry Starnes, M. L. C., President; Messrs. George Stephens, A. W. Ogilvie, Alex. McGibbon, John Atkinson, M. Cuvillier, and J. F. Sincennes. These are all men of high character and strong financial ability; and the object they set before themselves—that of removing the grievance under which Montreal so frequently suffers, a short supply of firewood—is one which surely ought to command the sympathy of the whole community, as well as engage the interests of the people of the municipalities through which it would pass. Though glad to receive municipal aid the company intend to seek none. They rely upon their own capital and the Government subsidy to which their road would be entitled. They further compute that as the cost of the road would be half a million of dollars they could pay a dividend of eight per cent. out of the net earnings. Instead of investing capital in rolling stock they purpose renting the latter from an Equipment Company, a system that has recently been adopted in the United States with very great advantage. Messrs. Bond Bros. are receiving subscriptions for stock.

To our view the project seems a feasible one, which would undoubtedly prove beneficial to the city. But our good friends of St. Jerome do not appear to like it, as the following resolutions passed at a special meeting of the Village Council will show:

"That having taken communication of a certain prospectus published at Montreal on Saturday, the 10th instant, for the establishment of a new company for the construction of a railway between Montreal and St. Jerome, with the following gentlemen as Provisional Directors of the new Company: The Hon. H. Starnes, President; A. W. Ogilvy, Alexander McGibbon, John Atkinson, M. Cuvillier, J. F. Sincennes, Geo. Stevens, and Chas. P. Davidson, Secretary, *pro tem.*, and Messrs. Bond and Brothers, Brokers;

"Be it resolved that in view of the circumstances under which this prospectus is presented to the public, and in spite of apparently favourable advantages offered by it, this Council is of opinion that the prospectus has been prepared and presented to the public, rather with the object of injuring the enterprise and preventing the citizens of Montreal from voting the promised assistance to it, than with the intention of really affording railway facilities to the people of the north.

"That one of the great omissions of this prospectus is the failure to mention the main line which will be the Northern Grand Trunk, and which should establish commercial relations between Montreal and the West by the north shore of the river Ottawa, a line to which the people of St. Jerome are not only not indifferent, but for the success of which they have worked with all their energy.

"That the Council has no reason to withdraw its confidence from the President and Directors of the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway Company as at present constituted; on the contrary it seizes with satisfaction the opportunity to declare to the Company that it expresses the feeling of the people of this municipality in saying that they are ready to assist the Company as at present constituted with a subscription to its capital as liberal as they can prudently make."

We are not sufficiently familiar with the question as between the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway Company and the new company to pronounce an opinion between them. But we can point to Toronto and other Western cities as an example to Montreal for the encouragement of railway building. Of course if private enterprise can do the work with such Government aid as the Quebec Legislature has wisely provided there is no necessity for taxing the Municipalities; but it would be better that these should contribute handsomely than that the northern and north-western part of the Province should continue to be deprived of railway connection with the commercial capital of the Dominion.

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 101.—HON. ARCHIBALD McKELLAR,  
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS, ONT.

Mr. McKellar is one of the many Scotsmen who have distinguished themselves in Canada by that indomitable perseverance which, though not altogether a monopoly of his countrymen, is yet one of their most striking characteristics when they are away from their native country. He was born, as we learn from Morgan's Parliamentary Companion, at Inverary, Argyleshire, February, 1816, and came with his parents to Canada early enough to receive his education in this country. His father settled in the Township of Raleigh, County of Kent, U. C., in which the subject of our notice followed the pursuits of farming, milling, &c., until he transferred his residence to the Town of Chatham. He was Reeve of Raleigh for three years when quite a young man, being first elected at the age of thirty, and subsequently, on his removal to the Town of Chatham, he held the same office until 1857. He made an unsuccessful struggle for the representation of Kent in the Legislative Assembly in 1854, and again offered as a candidate at the general election in 1857, when he was successful and continued for ten years to represent that county. His politics were then, and, we suppose, are now, pure Clear Grit. Throughout the exciting sessions of '58, '59 and '60, he was a steadfast follower of the

Honourable George Brown; and on the temporary retirement of that gentleman because of his defeat in 1861, Mr. McKellar gave his support to the Reform party, then led by Messrs. Macdougall and Foley. The Reform Government of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald received his steady support during its nearly two years of existence, and when a few months after its fall the Coalition was formed Mr. McKellar gave his hearty adhesion to the policy of the mixed government. After Mr. Brown's retirement from the Cabinet, he, like the Hon. Mr. McKenzie, could no longer be counted a supporter of the Government; for in the following session he distinguished himself as being one of the two joints in Mr. Brown's "tail" on the Rectory question—Messrs. Brown, McKenzie, and McKellar being the only members whose names were recorded among the yeas.

When the old Parliament was abolished by the coming into force of Confederation, Mr. McKellar was among the number of those who advocated a return to old party lines. He was, however, defeated in his own county by a young gentleman, Mr. Rufus Stephenson, Editor of the *Chatham Planet*, and was fain to content himself with a seat in the Local Assembly for the new Riding of Bothwell, formed out of a portion of his own old constituency and of that of the neighbouring county of Lambton, which is now called Bothwell. In the Ontario Assembly, Mr. McKellar soon took a prominent position in the Opposition ranks, and was for a time recognised as the leader of the party. He, however, resigned that position in favour of Mr. Blake, but without giving up any of the practical good sense and intelligence which he had the good fortune to possess. There are no doubts of Mr. McKellar's administrative capacity. He is a shrewd man, if not a brilliant orator, and we believe that from the ranks of his party Mr. Blake could not have chosen a minister more competent to fill the position formerly occupied by the Hon. Mr. Carling.

## SHEDIAC BAY OYSTER FISHERIES.

Shediac is a small but thriving town on the East or Gulf Coast of New Brunswick. It is the terminus of the European & North American Railway and point of call for steamers trading to and from Quebec, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. The surrounding country is extremely fertile, but rather poorly farmed; its population is chiefly composed of French Acadians, who lead a quiet, simple and contented life. The Bay of Shediac is famous for its oyster fishery. It gives employment to many families during the winter months. Smelt fishing is likewise prosecuted to some extent, and tons of this delicious little fish are shipped in a frozen state to ports in the United States every season.

As I was anxious to see the operation of oyster raking "mine host" of the Kirk Hotel consented to drive me to where I could gratify my curiosity. So buckling on our armour we sallied forth one drizzling afternoon during last month behind a very fair specimen of fast horseflesh in quest of the oyster fisheries of the Bay of Shediac. We bounded over the ice in fine style, skirting Indian Island, and some spots with a danger signal in the shape of a green bush stuck thereon. These thin places are caused by currents passing over the oyster beds below. The fisheries extend about four miles in length, with a breadth of about one-and-a-half miles. They cover nearly the whole of the bay, and are recklessly scraped by any one who chooses to do so almost at all seasons. The "Porrier" is the noted bed; the fish are here caught singly, and in deeper water, consequently they are fatter, larger, and of better shape. "Here we are," remarked the driver as he pulled up short in front of some bushes in the middle of the bay.

The picture before us, a small thicket of spruce planted in the ice to break the keen north, north-east and north-west winds of the Gulf, a long hole cut in the ice about fifteen feet with a width of two, and a half-frozen *habitant* groping with an iron rake for those delicious bivalves fathoms down. He used the same instrument his forefathers had done for generations back and seemed quite contented with the job in hand, although we came to the conclusion after patiently waiting that a feed fresh from the bed could not be had for some hours, that 25 cents per dozen on the shell would be extremely dear, if we had to wait till they made their appearance on the surface. This is not always the case; frequent hauls are made when the fortunate fishermen "happens" on a new bed. The dredge used on the coast of England for deep water fishing, is not esteemed on this coast,—the fishing is confined to shallow water and raking. If dredges were employed we are of opinion that the finest oysters would be captured in large quantities in the deep water. Thousands of small unmerchantable oysters are left on the ice to perish, which the law ought to compel these ignorant people to throw back into their native element. These valuable beds, by indiscriminate fishing and reckless waste, will finally be extinguished, if the authorities do not find or make a law to bear upon the case. With a little management the Bay of Shediac would become a great source of wealth to the country, without any exhaustion.

We leave the solitary scraper and drive over to another clump. There are two men here armed with bag nets, which they dip below the ice, and in a short time haul up with hundreds of wriggling smelts therein; dippings are continued during the rising of the tide.

The net in use is a bag, attached to an oblong framework, to which is fastened a long handle. When the net is thrust below the ice it expands with the force of the water, the fish unsuspectingly rush in and are captured at the rate sometimes of two barrels at a haul. They are a very perishable article to export, becoming a gelatinous mass if allowed to thaw—all smelt freights are paid in advance. The freezing drizzle to which we had been subjected had completely covered sleigh, men and horse with a beautiful transparent sheet of crystal. Such days were never intended for out-door courtship or sleigh riding, even with most agreeable companions. So we turn about for home, perfectly satisfied with our explorations. Ahead were two loaded sleds, the proprietors evidently "rakers," with molasses for market. Now for fun, remarked

our host, as he attempted to dash by the foremost. The oyster merchant did not like resigning the honour of the road without a struggle. With a lash and a yell he urged forward his ungainly-looking "scrub," and the owner of the "blood" found he had caught a tartar. Away we dashed, a hard, steady trot on one hand, a tremendous scattering of legs, hoofs and snow and ice on the other. The Frenchman grinned most provokingly, and yelled and grinned again, and as we nodded approvingly and praised the metal of his infamous-looking screw, he remarked, very truly but inelegantly: "He no trot, but he is ze beggar to go." We passed him finally after a hard fight. The Acadian who brought up the rear with his half-starved bobtail apologized for not entering the struggle by assuring us that "ze breech vos too tight." This little episode helped to relieve the somewhat uncomfortable journey over the oyster beds of Shediac Bay.

E. J. R.

## VICTORIA, B. C.

The town of Victoria, in Vancouver Island, is likely to become the Canadian Halifax on the Pacific Coast. Until the union of the island with British Columbia it was the Capital of the Colony. It is situated on the north side of the straits of San Juan del Fuca, and on the south-east end of Vancouver Island. It is destined to become a shipping port of great importance, and many have been found to advocate the policy of making it a "free port"—that is, abolishing customs dues within a certain circuit, in order that the trade of the Pacific might be attracted there. The wisdom of such a policy will be determined by the location of the Pacific terminus of the Canadian trans-continental railway and the capacity of the Dominion to give such a premium for the world's trade as the "free port" would imply. Victoria is quite a lively city, and has a population of about eight or ten thousand. Its trade, except with the mainland, is mostly carried on *via* San Francisco.

## THE OLD HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS STREET.

We give in this No. a sketch of the old house in St. Louis street, Quebec, in which the body of the revolutionary General Montgomery was laid after his tragic end on the night of the 31st of December, 1775, when he, with twelve of the attacking party, were killed by the fire from the Citadel of Quebec. Montgomery was an Irishman of good family who served in the British army under Wolfe, and distinguished himself for bravery and daring at the capture of Quebec. After the peace he married an American lady, and when the revolt took place he warmly espoused the American cause. History records his partially successful expedition into Canada; the esteem in which even his enemies held him for his noble personal qualities, as well as his sudden end, while attempting the daring deed of capturing the Citadel of Quebec. His force consisted of five hundred men, and those opposed to him were a small body of Canadian militia, assisted by eight or nine seamen, under the command of Captain Barnsair. But the guns and the position were in favour of the besieged, and Montgomery, with twelve of his followers, were tumbled into the snow at the first volley, the rest of the American force immediately retreating.

## A STREET SCENE IN THE SUBURBS OF QUEBEC.

Our frequent contributor, W. O. C., exhibits in this sketch a scene not unfamiliar to those who are acquainted with the ways and customs that prevail in the suburbs of the ancient capital. The snow gets very high on the narrow streets of Quebec, and the little water carts on their daily rounds are perched far above the level of the pedestrian in the usually narrow pavement.

## TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS INTO THE BODIES OF DOGS.

A disciple of Pythagoras in the last century thus expressed his creed upon this subject:—

"The souls of deceased Bailiffs and common Constables are in the bodies of Setting dogs and Pointers; the Terriers are inhabited by trading Justices; the Bloodhounds were formerly a set of informers, thief-takers, and false evidences; the Spaniels were heretofore Courtiers, hangers-on of administration, and *hack* journal writers, all of whom preserve their primitive qualities of fawning on their feeders, licking their hands, and snarling and snapping at all who offer to offend their masters. A former train of Gamblers and Blacklegs are now embodied in that species of dogs called Lurchers; Bulldogs and Mastiffs were once Butchers and Drivers; Greyhounds and Hounds owe their animation to country Squires and Fox-hunters; little whiffling, useless Lap-dogs draw their existence from the quondam Beau, Macaronies, and Gentlemen of the *Tippy*, still being the playthings of ladies, and used for their diversion. There also are a set of *sad dogs*, derived from Attornies, and Puppies who were in past time attornies' clerks, shopmen to retail haberdashers, men-milliners, etc., etc. Turnspits are animated by old Aldermen, who still enjoy the smell of the roast meat; that droning, snarling species, stiled (*sic*) Dutch Pugs, have been Fellows of Colleges; and that faithful, useful tribe of Shepherds' dogs were in days of yore members of Parliament, who guarded the flock and protected the Sheep from Wolves and Thieves, although, indeed, of late some have turned sheep-biters and worried those they ought to have defended."

It is worthy of note that this Pythagorean makes thus no provision for the psychical future of the professions of the army, the navy, the bar, the church, authors, the House of Lords, or the fourth estate. Are we to assume from this that he considers that their souls migrate into the bodies of animals other than canine, or that they have no souls to be saved at all?

Gratiano says to Shylock—

Thy currish spirit  
Governed a wolf, which, hanged for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And while thou laigest in thine unhallowed dam  
Infused itself in thee, for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

This may provide for the Jews, usurers, and sixty-percenters of the metropolis, but what of the rest? Will any Pythagorean of the day enlighten us?