

querade the great encircling galleries and lower balconies were massed with spectators eager for a glimpse at the pretty scene. The great ice floor, smooth and polished, mirrored back the gleam of the electric lights; the high rafters were hung with multi-colored flags that waved gently in the fresh breezy air. The regimental band, loaned for the occasion, changed suddenly from its operatic airs to a spirited march, and from either dressing-room, a line of pretty women with their attend-

curred a day or two later, was equally pretty. Little Lady Marjorie Gordon and the Hon. Archie Gordon, the children of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, led the child-skaters upon the ice. They were a merry little throng, who disported themselves with all the entertaining trickery of Cox's Brownies.

The review of the troops upon the historic Plains of Abraham, and the storming and capture of the old gray citadel—that was surely a unique spectacle and one worth journeying many miles to see. These famous plains have been partly built upon during the past few years, but the battle-ground, which is Governmental land, lies yet as it lay upon that memorable September morn a hundred years ago, when Wolfe and Montcalm met on the heights and decided the fate of Canada.

The infantry were in winter accoutrements, which, in Quebec, means with snow-shoes slung



KENT GATE.

ant cavaliers—each in quaint, rich costume—came gliding gracefully over the ice to execute a pretty, preparatory movement, before forming for “the Lancers.”

It is as natural for Quebec girls to skate, as it is for other women to walk, and their every movement was replete with grace. As the pretty intricacies of the dance pressed upon them, their eyes sparkled, their cheeks flushed rosily, their graceful forms swayed and curved until in their rich, quaint gowns they seemed the incarnation of the joyous spirits of the carnival.

Before the silver tinkle of the little bells, that made musical accompaniment to the final figures of the dance, had died away, and while yet the spectators stormed their plaudits, the band broke into a seductive valse, and out upon the ice streamed a carnival medley of skaters, queen and peasant, cavalier and clerical, wise men and clowns, the grave and the grotesque. The richness and variety of costumes and the fine grace of the skaters made this masquerade a revelation to southern visitors.

The children's masquerade, which oc-

upon the back, warm woollen scarfs of red and black wound about the neck, and wearing moccasins. The cavalry were similarly attired, but without snowshoes. This was the dress of the regulars; the volunteers had neither snow-shoes nor scarfs.

The attacking force assembled near the old Martello towers, and, at the word of command, advanced rapidly over the white plain that stretched between the towers and the steep citadel hill. The deep, ice-crusting snow broke treacherously beneath the snowshoes, but the besieging party pressed on, protected by field guns placed upon a slight eminence near one of the Martello towers.

The citadel battery thundered and blazed at the daring invaders; the covering field-pieces gave prompt reply. The besiegers rushed on over the glittering white plain and up the steep hill, their bayonets all a-shine in the winter sunlight. They scaled the fortification wall; they captured the old, grey fort, compelling its defenders to a good-natured surrender; they rang out their cheers, and the citadel was won.