

scene of many a famous fight, and alas! of many a lamentable tragedy. It would be held now by the Canadians and again by the "shiners," and the right of passage could only be won by sheer fighting.

One day, in the year 1829, a large party of "shiners" having reason to believe that Montferrand would be coming along, lay in wait for him at the Hull end of the bridge. Montferrand, in some way suspecting mischief, inquired of the toll-gate keeper on the Bytown side if he had any friends about, and getting a negative answer, set forth on his perilous passage alone. He had hardly got half way across before the enemy rushed upon him. He sought to fly, but the toll-keeper, being in sympathy with the "shiners," had closed the gate behind him. Thus, caught in a trap, Montferrand's fury rose to white heat. With tremendous bounds he charged at his assailants who halted in astonishment. Felling their leader with a blow he grasped him by the feet and using him for a club, laid the first rank of the enemy prostrate. Then, before the surprise of this sudden attack had passed away, he picked up his victims as though they were mere puppets, not human beings, and hurled them to right and left over the parapet into the boiling current below.

One of the "shiners" whom he had knocked over got upon his knees, and just as the giant's hand was upon him to send him after his companions, made the sign of the cross and pleaded for mercy. "Pass behind me," cried Montferrand, letting him drop and turning his attention to the others. A moment later a stone struck him on the back of the head, inflicting a ghastly wound. For an instant he staggered, then recovering himself he leaped upon the sneaking scoundrel, and seizing him round the waist, flung him over the parapet as though he had been a chip. An eye-witness of the whole affair speaks of it as being awful beyond de-

scription, though it lasted for but a few minutes, the "shiners," overwhelmed by the giant's onslaught, fleeing in dismay before him and leaving him master of the bridge. Mr. Sulte mentions that Montferrand's son bore upon his head a mark closely resembling the one made by the traitor's stone.

In the last story that I shall tell the "shiners" got their turn, and Montferrand had a taste of the same treatment that he had meted out to them. Ottawa might well be called the City of the Twin Falls, for at the west it has the Chaudiere, and at the east the Rideau, the latter a less imposing but more symmetrical natural feature. After the affair which has just been described the "shiners" naturally thirsted for revenge, and Montferrand was warned that it would not be safe for him to go about alone. One day, while walking alone on the banks of the Rideau, he was surprised by a gang of his enemies and plunged into the river to escape them. But as he neared the opposite bank he saw that another gang were awaiting him there. In this extremity he formed the desperate resolve of trusting to the mercy of the river, rather than fall into the merciless hands of the "shiners." Accordingly returning to the middle of the stream he let himself drift, and gliding swiftly onwards, shot over the brink of the falls and vanished into the foam and froth below.

Two hours later while Bytown was buzzing with the news of his tragic death, Montferrand was tranquilly getting into a suit of dry clothes at Lesperance's hotel, and relating his thrilling adventure. He had reached the bottom none the worse for his plunge of forty feet or more, and remembering that there was quite a space between the water and the face of the rock, had, with little difficulty, made his way in there and, concealed behind the friendly curtain, awaited patiently the disappearance of his ene-