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taining bears and other animals would be sent down the river, and thousands would come to witness the fearful plunge over the Falls, only to behold an old scow lodge in the shallow rapids above the Falls, or the broken splinters of the old tub dash through the foaming waters and disappear over the precipice. A "Buffalo Hunt" is announced, real wild buffaloes from the Western plains are to be turned loose in a large enclosure, and Buffalo Bill, assisted by a company of plainsmen from the far-west, are to delineate the excitement of a real Buffalo hunt. The crowd assemble to witness a great treat of a most exciting kind only to see a couple of old, decrepit buffaloes from the Museum Gardens lazily feeding on the green pastures of the old Drummondville race course and Buffalo Bill and his braves decked in gay trappings riding about the course. Several attempts are made to excite the buffaloes into a run; but all the flogging, clubbing and prodding fail to develop a speed in the monarchs of the prairie above a trot. Finally the "brave hunters" turn their attention to a few Texan steers, which had been secured from a passing train for the occasion, and after a great effort actually succeeded in getting them to run from their pursuers.

Thus it has ever been, and in proportion as stately hotels have arisen from the modest log or frame houses of the early days, so humbugism has increased. Swindling has become more systematic than in former days, and the public will be surprised when they find who are connected with it. It is gradually driving visitors from the place, and has given Niagara Falls a name not to be coveted by the poorest