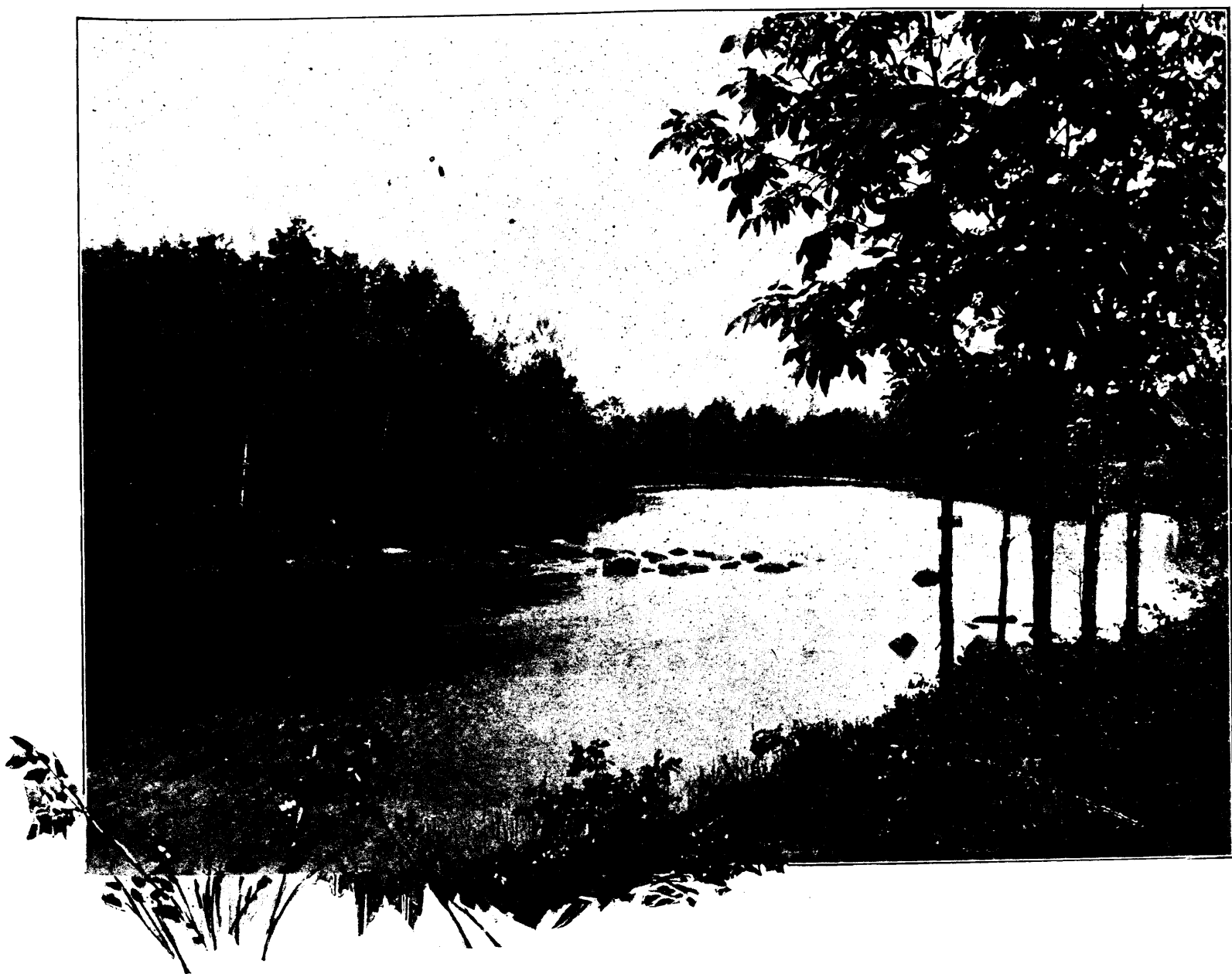




SCENE ON THE RIVER AT STE. ROSE, P.Q.

Ste. Rose.

Ste. Rose is without doubt the prettiest summer resort in the Province of Quebec. During the past eight years it has been growing rapidly and its future is equal to any of the many resorts that Montreal is favored with. It is a fact that but very few of the visitors to the summer resorts on the St. Lawrence know anything of Ste. Rose; whether it is owing to its cosmopolitan company or the lack of people of wealth and social position, is a question which does not affect the fact that the Thousand River Island, or la Rivière des Mille Îles, is the most charming scenery and the most beautiful of islands; the river is studded with about eighty of them, from one to seventy acres. A few of the islands have desirable summer houses. Ste. Rose has the largest grounds and club house in this province, and is without doubt the most enterprising. The club has expended over four thousand five hundred dollars in grounds, club house, bath house, swings and piers.

The village of Ste. Rose is one of the oldest in the Dominion, contains thirteen hundred of a population, has a public market lighted by coal oil lamps, and has also a system of water works without engine or other power. The great want, which has been the talk of the place for years, is the erection of a large summer hotel; such an enterprise is greatly needed. The Canadian Pacific syndicate have a large park near the depot which is weekly, during the summer months, patronized by public and private picnic parties. Ste. Rose is situated on the Mille Îles Rivière, on the Island of Jesus, in the County of Laval, seventeen miles

from Montreal, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The river has its source from the Lake of Two Mountains, eight miles above Ste. Rose. The river is about twenty-seven miles in length, and empties into the St. Lawrence at Bout de l'Île.

A Coyote Hunt in Assiniboia.

In the van was a big, gaunt coyote running for his very life, and some sixty yards behind him were two grand, rough greyhounds, racing with mighty speed, nose and nose and stride for stride, their hot, red throats scarce a foot apart, their long, lithe backs curving and straightening in perfect time as they rose and fell in the tremendous bounds of a race at utmost speed with the quarry full in view.

Behind the dogs, with muzzle and neck and back straightened almost to a line, and holding his own right gallantly, came a small bay horse. No cayuse about him; none of the rapid, pattering gallop of the plains showed in his perfect gait. He was doing all he knew and coming like the wind itself; stretching to his work till his girths seemed almost to sweep the grass, but his action was the marvellous, smooth-sailing stride of the thoroughbred—naught but hot blood, perfect sinew and best of bone could carry that pace as he had come or show such machine-like movement. Upon his back, and sticking to the saddle like wax, was a dainty female figure that bore her on, so beautifully did she ride. And so the chase swept—a living picture of wild, fierce strength, a whirlwind of graceful speed.

Nearer and nearer sweep pursued and pursuers, and the wolf is toiling now. One hound hurls himself a yard ahead,

only to be answered with a commanding burst from his mate. Again and again he finds a hidden link and forces his tapered paws to the front, and again and again his stout-hearted comrade responds gamely to his challenge and draws level, while the eager horse thunders on, running as true as steel and steadily closing his gap.

Almost below the Exile's feet the struggle ends. The wolf, with a movement almost despairing, halts and faces about, baring his long white fangs grimly, though he totters as he stands with arched back and streaming tongue. With a menacing half roar, half snarl the hounds throw themselves against him and the three roll over and over in a confused tangle, from which comes click of teeth and half-smothered snarls. Then the mass untangles and shews one dog fast to the flank and one at the throat, with the wolf stretched full length between.

The Exile whirls his broad hat high in the air and yells, "Held! by the Lord Harry!"

Then he remembers it is not football, and shouts to the hounds, "Peg him out, boys! Stretch him, good dogs!" and ere he can reach them they have killed.

"Please don't let them get cut!"

He started as if kicked. For the instant he had utterly forgotten the bay and its fair rider. Hastily bobbing his bare head, he helped her down, and soon slackened the girths for the panting bay. Brief explanations followed, and they sat and chatted, while horse and hounds recovered their wind. And this was M——'s "Prairie Belle;" and the Exile reached the ranch horribly late that night.

E. W. SANDYS, in September *Outing*.