

## *Along The Front.*

lect have stamped their impress upon the deserted buildings and docks, which at one time in the long ago had shown fair signs of a prolonged life.

From Castle Island, as we look across the boat channel and over the intervening strips of rush banks to the mainland, the remains of the business part of The Front present a deserted and uninviting appearance.

First we see the dilapidated dock; then a disheveled freight building; near by in a small bay, is a broken-down boat house, sadly twisted by the "ice shovels" in the Spring of the year. Next we can see the old brown, weather-discolored tavern with an extension reaching out toward the east. A dance hall it was, and below, the beaux of old Glen-garry stabled their horses, while they danced overhead to the music of the bagpipes until dawn of day. Sad, as he views the scene, must be the thoughts of one of these gallants returning to his native home. In the palmy days of The Front he had proudly escorted the farmer's comely lassie through the corridors of the tavern and up the broad stairs