

was densely overgrown with shrubs and was a noted covert for wolves, so that even then there was an active market for venison. Here are now assembled, under the vigilant eye of the City Hall, the tempting products of the famous Gore and Niagara Districts. Returning into McNab Street and sauntering towards the Bay, if we glance in upon the streets which branch off from the busy thoroughfare, by the time we reach the water we have in the names of the streets read Sir Allan's autobiography in brief—the names of the friends, military and political, by whose aid he had risen.

Then Lochearne Street, branching off Dundurn Street, reminds us that Sir Allan had in memory his grandfather's seat on Lochearne in Perthshire when he named *Dundurn Castle*. From this baronial eyry on the Heights the old eagle in his later days would come out into the sun, and, looking down upon the young city, would plume himself upon its growth and prosperity. Certainly the Great Western Railway which thundered by and shook the cliff beneath his feet was won for Hamilton chiefly by Sir Allan's diplomacy and persistence. Hamilton has since, under the advice of sagacious journalists, stretched out her arms to Lake Erie, and Lake Huron, and Georgian Bay, and has grappled those commercial allies to her with "hooks of steel"; but the foundation of this far-seeing railroad policy was laid in the Great Western Railway, which first gave Hamilton her commercial preëminence over Dundas and other rivals.

Hamilton is nobly endowed, not alone for commerce, but for grand scenic effects. The high escarpment of the Niagara formation, over which the great cataract takes its plunge, closely follows the shore of Lake Ontario from the Falls to the edge of Burlington Bay. Here it suddenly sweeps back from the lake in a deep curve, forming a magnificent amphitheatre, and leaving at its base a broad stage gently sloping towards Burlington Bay. A finer natural site for a great city could scarcely be imagined. Then the irregular plan of the early village has been most happily turned to the best artistic effect. George Hamilton opened a straight thoroughfare east and west, called it Main Street, and attempted to make his village crystallize in regular blocks along this thread. An older nucleus, however, existed in the Gore, or *trivium*, towards which converged King Street, James Street, and the York (Toronto) Road, now York Street. Fortunately the crystallizing forces of the village were stronger than its founder and first lawgiver: an air-space was secured to the future city. The Gore is one of the most striking and delightful features in Hamilton: it is a truly refreshing surprise to find a beautiful public garden in the very heart of the business part of the city. This triangular inclosure is laid out in parterres of rich flowers and foliage plants: a noble fountain diffuses a grateful coolness, and restores to this changed landscape the old music of the running brooks that once used here to sing merrily on their course to the Bay. A graceful drinking-fountain invites the thirsty wayfarer; and when the city is *en fête* and the lamps of the Gore are all lit up, one given to musing recalls his