

ascending from the crest of the Falls?—reminded somebody of the steam from a boiling kettle. Hence these are the Kettle Falls, Miss Jay.'

She thought the appellation very undignified.

'The finest building sites are on this Barracks Hill,' observed Mr. Holt, relapsing into contemplation. 'But Government won't give them up: it is to be a sort of Acropolis, commanding the whole position at the fork of the three rivers, and the double mass of houses on both sides. Bytown hasn't seen its best days yet, by a long chalk, I guess.'

'I thought it was called Ottawa,' said Jay inquiringly.

'Well, madam, in this country, when cities arrive at the dignity of ten thousand inhabitants, they are permitted to change their names. So a town named York has very properly become Toronto, and the town founded by Colonel By has become Ottawa. But, as I was saying, its best days are in the future: it must be the capital of the Canadas yet.'

Jay remembered that her geography book assigned that distinction to Quebec and Montreal. Mr. Holt affirmed that the pre-eminence of these must dwindle before this young city at their feet, which could be captured by no *coup-de-main* in case of war, and was at the head of the natural land avenue to the great Lakes Huron and Superior.

'The ancient Indian route,' said he—'the only safe one if there were war with the United States; and you may depend on it, if railways take in the country, one of the greatest termini will be here, at the headquarters of the lumber trade.'

His vaticination has been fulfilled. Lines of tele-