

ly to these athletic exercises, and living as he did within a few doors of the *Fort Tuyau*, the *Coin Flambant*, and other noted resorts, he was a frequent visitor, although he carefully avoided the ugly quarrels which were constantly occurring, when the gloves would be angrily thrown aside and the business finished with bare fists. As is so often the case with men of gigantic mould, Montferrand was of a very mild and gentle disposition. Fully appreciating his exceptional strength and the lawless times in which he lived, he was always on his guard, and on the side of right and justice. His parents were well-to-do. They had brought him up with care. His habits were above reproach; he never gave way to strong drink, and was consequently absolute master of himself when others had lost their heads, an advantage that was of inestimable worth at many a critical juncture.

A remarkable characteristic was the quickness and suppleness of his movements. In the language of the biographer, who saw him when he was well advanced in years, *il ne portait pas le sol*. His step was so springy as to suggest a bird just about to take to its wings.

By way of amusing his companions he would sometimes, with a sudden leap, leave the print of his heels on the ceiling of the room, which was, of course, low, as all ceilings were of that date. Indeed once he paid his bill in that odd fashion. He had invited a number of friends to have some refreshment at an inn, and when reckoning time came was much disturbed at finding he had no money in his purse. The landlady, charmed with his handsome face and winning manner, although she had no idea who he was, assured him it was no matter, she would trust him. Montferrand thanked her, and then standing in the middle of the room with one of his marvellous bounds left the mark of both heels upon the ceiling, saying with charming grace:

"There, Madame, is my *carte-de-visite*. You can show it to your customers. My name is Montferrand."

This signature of the famous athlete made the fortune of the lucky hostess, for the people came from ten leagues around to see the wonder and of course did not fail to try the tap at the same time.

When Montferrand was about sixteen, two renowned English boxers had a match on the Champ de Mars, at Montreal, in the presence of the garrison and a brilliant assemblage. The winner was proclaimed champion of Canada, and the whole country was challenged to produce a better man. Montferrand happened to be present; his blood was roused by the challenge. According to the custom of the time he sprang into the ring and crowed like a cock, signifying that he accepted the challenge. There was wild applause from the *quartier St. Laurent* section of the spectators at his appearance, for they knew something about this boy who thus presumed to pit himself against the big English boxer. Amid breathless silence the athletes faced. The Canadians had no cause to regret the daring of their juvenile champion, for, watching his opportunity, he dealt his opponent so tremendous a blow as to knock him out in the very first round, to the utter bewilderment of himself and his supporters.

The next day the whole city rang with the name of Joseph Montferrand. He was the idol of the populace. The sporting portion of the community hastened to pay court to him, and it is pleasant to find on record that they were no less favorably impressed with his modest genial manners than with his superb muscles.

When he was about twenty years of age Montferrand entered into the service of the famous North-west Fur Company. Among those with whom he came in contact was a half-breed named Armstrong, a hulking bully,