

## CANADA'S WINTER CARNIVAL

ICE PALACE ILLUMINATED AND  
BOMBARDED BY SNOWSHOERS.

The biggest crowd that has ever been seen in Montreal, estimated at about 150,000 people, gathered on Fletcher's Field to witness the storming of the ice palace by snowshoers descending from the mountain.

The scene in the city, at the massing of the snowshoers, was picturesque in the extreme. It was such as could be witnessed in no other part of the world, and it was in itself well worth coming a long way to behold, as many visitors were heard to declare. Over two thousand members of the different snowshoe clubs turned up for the procession.

Clad in their multi-colored blanket costumes, with tuques and sashes, moccasins and snowshoes, they made a brilliant sight, and the last touch of local color was added by the singing of French-Canadian folksongs.

Hundreds of torches were carried, and the red and smoky flare of light in which these enveloped the procession enabled the people in the city to trace the progress of this attacking army as it scaled the snowy heights of the mountain and prepared for the descent on the ice palace.

THE ATTACK  
BEGINNS.

Meanwhile there was another massing—a massing on Fletcher's Field—of what must have been one-fourth of all the huge population of the city, with many strangers from near and far. They, too, could see the flare of light from the snowshoe procession winding its way up the mountain. Presently the dim forms of the attacking host could clearly be distinguished in a big blaze from the combined torches as they gathered in a dense mass at the lookout. Here the torches were exchanged for fireworks, with which to bombard the castle.

Immediately the flare of the torches died out, and the attack began. Across the mountain top and down the slopes came the besiegers, their progress marked out by an incessant blaze of Roman candles, spouting out balls of fire—red and blue and green. So vivid and incessant was the discharge of these balls of fire that the mountain heights were lit up in an incessant glare of dancing color, enabling the dark forms of the besiegers to be distinguished against the background of snow as they made their way down through the woods.

PALACE A  
GLOWING JEWEL.

With startling suddenness the defence of the ice palace began. There was a deep cannon-like boom, and immediately the sky above the palace was ripped into ribbons of flame, succeeded by the detonations of shells far up in the air, and the spreading out of great mushrooms of colored stars, slowly falling and dying out over the crowd.

And look! The pale, wan shape of the ice palace, a mere ghost of a building only dimly to be discerned in the shadowy mystery of the night, has become transformed. In the twinkling of an eye it has changed from a shadow to a huge reality—yet a reality of such strange and glowing beauty that it seems as though the curtain of the night had been lifted to have a glimpse into some celestial fairyland.

This astonishing effect was produced by lighting up the interior of the castle and its towers with intense colored fires, which shone through the ice walls and made them sparkle and glow like molten metal. The great arched gateways, protected by portcullis, the huge walls of the palace keep, the towers sharply defined against the deep velvety indigo of the sky—all these burned in

a myriad facets of red light, liquid in its softness, ruby-like in its depth and glow. Then the light changed to golden, and then to blue and green as colored fire succeeded colored fire in the heart of this big living jewel. It was a sight of surpassing loveliness, far more beautiful than anything the Carnival Committee could have anticipated.

CROWD SINGS  
'THE HOLY CITY.'

The effect on the crowd was in itself one of the wonders of this wonderful night. Just as sounds may be woven into marvelous melodies that clutch at the heart-strings, so here fire and color was allied to the mystery of the night in such an entrancing combination that people were lifted out of themselves. They gazed not so much with wonder as with reverence at this fairyland castle outlined in the deep glow of velvety color against the equally deep and velvety blue of the sky, itself torn with pathways of innumerable rockets bursting high above in enormous showers of colored stars. Actually, a large section of the crowd began to sing. The air was not the popular jingle of a music-hall song, but solemn and reverent as an anthem. And here were the words that were wafted upon the icy wind:

'Last night I lay a-sleeping,  
I had a dream so fair;  
I stood in old Jerusalem,  
Beside the Temple there . . . .'

Imagine it! A big crowd at a carnival, out for a night of sight-seeing and jollity, singing 'The Holy City.' Why, it might be some great religious demonstration. The ruby light of the glowing castle changes to golden. Hark at the crowd:

. . . . Once again the scene was changed,  
New earth there seemed to be,—  
I saw the Holy City  
Beside the tideless sea. . . . .

THE START OF THE  
BOMBARDMENT.

The castle fades again to a wan shadow. The curtain of the night has been dropped upon the strange scene, and the song dies down. The snowshoers, now all descended from the mountain heights, surround the castle and light it from the outside with their Roman candles. From every side the castle is bombarded with balls of colored fire.

This is responded to from the inside by batteries of Roman candles shooting up fan-shaped, volleys of stars, columns of stars, cloud of stars, until the air is like a sea of darting, glittering points. Then come fountains and rivers of golden fire descending the castle walls. Then more batteries of stars, trees of stars, bunches of stars, and all the while, great, fiery conflagrations within the castle, sending up clouds of smoke to envelop the whole and reflect in the intense glare of color from below.

A particularly striking feature was what was called 'the curtain of electric dust' a Niagara of silvery fire that for the moment made the colored fires look dim. Whilst this feature lasted the great crowd of spectators was lit up as if the sun shone on them. Towards the end the firing became furiously fast, and to add to the effect mines exploded, to add volcanic-like eruptions to the fiery wonders of the night. Thousands of detonations ranging from rifle-like cracking to the deep boom of a cannon, kept up an incessant accompaniment to the spectacle, whilst in the upper sky the big bomb shells and rockets continued to burst at intervals, spreading clouds of stars of every hue over the glittering spectacle below. The whole thing was beautiful beyond expectation.

THE CARNIVAL SOUVENIR—'BEAUTIFUL!' 'WONDERFUL!'  
'SPLENDID!'—AN AVALANCHE OF ORDERS.

Having been officially appointed by the Carnival Committee to produce a Souvenir worthy of the great event and worthy of Canada, the 'Canadian Pictorial' brought out its first edition of its Carnival Number the very day the Carnival opened. And a crowd of dealers who had long waited for the sale to open struggled and fought for their supply. Ever since then the race between supply and demand has been most exciting—the supply running its hardest could never catch up with the demand. City dealers and newsboys all agree that they never knew anything to sell like it before. Other carnival numbers issued by other publishers could only be sold at such times as the stock of 'Canadian Pictorial' Carnival Numbers was exhausted.

Everybody wanted the 'Canadian Pictorial,' and wanted nothing else. By long distance telephone, telegraph and special delivery letters urgent orders poured in

from all parts of Canada and the United States from dealers and even individuals wanting hundreds of copies, and in a frenzy lest their orders should be too late. And it has been a matter of bitter disappointment to all concerned that the February edition was exhausted before the full demand could be supplied. Indeed an edition of one hundred thousand copies of the February edition of the 'Canadian Pictorial' could still be disposed of could they be printed in time. But there is always a limit to everything. The publishers of the 'Canadian Pictorial' did their best. Besides working their own large and splendid printing plant day and night they engaged every available press in Montreal to help in the production of the 'Canadian Pictorial' for February. But soon it was not only a matter of printing, but of paper. Their own immense stock was quickly used up and large repeat orders were wired to the paper mills. It takes time to make such fine paper as that used by the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Other

The Canadian Pictorial  
MARCH ISSUE

WILL BE THE

## CARNIVAL NUMBER No. 2.

The first Carnival Number issued in February, before the Carnival began, had of course no pictures of the actual events of the Carnival, excepting one which was inserted toward the end of the sale of the February issue.

The second and final Carnival number will contain pictures actually taken and made during the progress of the Carnival, and will, therefore, give a more real idea of the Carnival as it actually was. This will in many ways be a more effective number than the February issue, and the demand will probably again exceed the supply. The price will be

15 CENTS A COPY (Postpaid).

(CASH WITH ORDERS)

If you want copies for yourselves and friends, better remit at once. All orders sent with cash within a week of this date, will be filled, or money promptly returned.

Annual Subscriptions at one dollar will include this and other special issues to be published during the year. Better subscribe now.

PICTORIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The moderate tone of the above advertisement will be appreciated when it is stated that, when the sale of the February number was not more than half over, the following were among the sales reported by a few out of scores of individual news agents in Montreal alone: Peter Murphy, 3,000; A. T. Chapman, 1,000; W. J. Clarke, 800; Mrs. Wallack, 750; Sammett, 750; Moglowsky, 750; F. E. Phelan, 700; Miss Milloy, 700; A. Benjamin, 600; Mrs. Cohen, 600; Levi, 500. Of course these orders are exclusive of those sent in by the large news companies, with agencies in all the cities and towns, whose orders ran into the thousands, and were only limited because further production was impossible. During the latter days of the Montreal sale newsboys readily sold the Carnival number on the street at twenty-five cents a copy. And doubtless the value will rapidly increase for such copies as are preserved intact so that they will be held at dollars, instead of cents.

millie helped and a large shipment of fine paper from England arrived in time to help out at the end. But even with all the paper, carload after carload, and after all available paper in the great wholesale houses of the city had been snapped up and made into 'Canadian Pictorial' the actual orders lodged in excess of the supply aggregated some fifty thousand copies up to the time of writing—and this in spite of the most strenuous struggle that ever was demanded of any Canadian publishing house.

But the March issue will in some ways be better still.

The February issue was closed before the Carnival began. It was made up largely of other pictures. The March Number will contain pictures of the actual Carnival itself. Several of the pictures will be fine

for framing, and among them that splendid copyrighted picture entitled:

## 'STORMING THE ICE CASTLE,'

which should be framed and hung up in every home in Canada. There have been some 'faked pictures' of this event, but the copyright picture that will be issued with the March Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is the only authentic picture of the scene of wondrous beauty that has been published.

As in the case of the February number, this number will also be fifteen cents a copy post paid. And all orders accompanied by cash, and sent in promptly will be filled in rotation as received.

Surely every one will want copies for themselves and distant friends.