

forward with frightful rapidity. Sometimes she appears to be rushing headlong on to some frightful rock that shows its bleak head above the white foam of the breakers; in the next instant she has shot by it and is making a contrary course, and so she treads her way through the crooked channel these mad waters are rushing down. A few moments suffice for this, and the smooth green waters are reached again, then all breathe freely, for none but old and experienced pilots can run the great Rapids of Lachine but with bated breath. A slight Rapid called Norma Rapid is then passed through, and, after shooting under that great monument of engineering skill, the Victoria Bridge, and past the Canal Basin, the steamer lands her passengers at one of the wharves at about 9 o'clock, just in time and with a good appetite for breakfast.

ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, which, were it not for the white tents seen among the trees, no one would ever suspect to be a strong military post, but which probably holds more shot and shell in its cool underground magazines than would blow all the Island of Montreal to atoms. This is one of the prettiest spots near Montreal, and is open to the public, who can gain admittance by a pass from the Town-Major.