

houses" deserving the title more through the amount of their charge than aught else. We are happy to know that the past years of Mr. Decker's experience as a hotel-keeper have been so successful; and that they have been so, the splendid model farm of 450 acres he is owner of, located in the neighborhood of Philipsburg, Quebec, laid out with great taste, having a splendid residence and the newest improved outbuildings, besides being stocked with some of the choicest breeds in the Dominion. Such a substantial proof is a sufficient guarantee of past success, and it is the hope of all those who know him, that the Albion Hotel, with L. W. Decker, Esq., as proprietor, may have a prosperous future of many years ahead of it.

Disporting with the "ivories" has become, within the last few years, all the rage. Since the Canadian *expert*, Joseph Dion, made such a brilliant reputation as a billiardist, the mania seems to have spread, and infected the majority of the rising generation. All are anxious to copy the "nursing" example set by McDevitt, and equally willing to "cushionate" after the style of "Jo." For a thorough enjoyment of the game, a quiet room is absolutely necessary. That *desideratum* is found nearer to perfection at Harry McVittie's Billiard Hall, on Notre Dame Street, than in any other "Parlor" in Montreal. Harry is one of the "boys" from the "Queen City of the West," where he left behind him a host of friends, only to make a still larger circle in the "Commercial Metropolis." His tables are of the latest and best make, no crowding of players, well ventilated, and a bar stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars: all this at a moderate charge. If there is a man who requires more, he is probably a relative of that individual called "a natural grumbler." Patrons of the game, remember the address, and, taking the word of one who has played there, "Go thou and do likewise." Opposite the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, at No. 30, Great St. James Street, visitors and residents of the city will find a choice assortment of cigars, tobaccos, meerschaum and other pipes; also, in the rear of the front store, a sample room. No necessity for explanation about the latter. Personal observation is the most satisfactory, and the presiding genius of the institution, Sam McConkey, formerly of "The Terrapin," will be found ever ready to accommodate the samplers.