

THE HALIFAX ALPHABET.

FOR ENGLISH AND CANADIAN FISH BABIES.

A was the answer some people thought wise,
But which certainly caused us no little surprise.
Thirty Canadians sweeping the shore,
We wonder, by Jove, that they didn't say more!
The claim of Newfoundland is simply absurd,
So strained a construction was never before heard.
Salt, ice, and transshipment, without any doubt,
Are not in the treaty; they must be ruled out.
The rights which are granted our fishermen, too,
Are not half as great as those we grant to you.
Remissions of duty will more than suffice
To pay for their value at least once or twice.
If aught can be wanting to what we now say,
Your own speeches will make it as clear as the day.
We quote a selection, if only to show
How terribly tight you have drawn the long bow.
Our views on the headlands are found in our 'Brief,'
Which settles the question beyond all belief.

B was the Brief on the Breadth of the Bays;
But you must not believe it whatever it says.
Hypothetical lines are all nonsense, we vow,
And if you insist—we shall end in a row.
For Treaties, Conventions, and that sort of stuff,
We've a sovereign contempt—it is surely enough
When we tell you no mention of fishing is found
In the works of the jurists, sound or unsound.
Territorial limits, then, must be defined
As things non-existent, or simply confined.
At the best—though of this we don't feel very sure—
To three miles of the curve or indent of the shore.
We'll show offers, omissions, made by your own side,
Which will serve the Commissioners rightly to guide.
In fine, we maintain all rights claimed heretofore,
And—if you object—we won't play any more.

C was the case of the Colonies; Cram
Full of surprises for poor Uncle Sam—
No mention of Headlands, no showing our hand,
No waiving of rights on the sea or the land!
But a plain simple statement of items, until
The amount is summed up in a neat little Bill.
Twelve millions for Canada! Two and a half,
Or something like that, for Newfoundland. Don't
laugh!
We know it is moderate, but then we don't wish
To charge you too highly for taking our Fish.
'Tis true that the process by which we arrive
At the total is doubtful. You cannot contrive
To glean much from our "case" which will furnish a
peg
To pick holes in our claim; we simply must beg
You will take it on trust till such time as we show
By the light of our evidence, whether or no
Our statements are truthful; our summary just—
Meantime, as we've said, you must take it on trust.

D is the naughty word, Foster oft swore
When his own witnesses proved that the fish were inshore.
A similar expletive sometimes, 'tis true,
Was heard from our own side, whenever we knew
That things went against us, or good points were made.
Up and down went our fortunes. The game was well
played.

E stands for energy, earnest in work,
Aye ready to labour and never to shirk.
E stands for Enterprise, Earnestness, Each
Will bring things within which were out of your reach.
E is excitement, the coolest may show
When Success or Defeat tremble, just touch and go.
E is the enemy, kindlier foe.
Were never encountered; Each one of us knows
How friendships were entered on; likings begun
Which ripened and grew with each round of the Sun.
Enraging in Court; Entertaining without;
Brave foes, better friends, and we cannot feel doubt,
They won't grudge us success, now the battle is done.
Each fought a good fight, and the best cause has won.

F is the Free swimming Fish in the Sea;
His value is nothing—between you and me—
He feeds, clothes, provides for the Fisherman—true
Still, his value is nothing—between me and you.
So long as the Fisherman's keel or his lead
Touches no bottom, then he's a dead head.
The reason for this we can't very well show,
But one thing is certain—it ought to be so.

G are the games that we played at the Club,
The cue and the ball—or the game and the rub.
G are the guests they admitted to share
The pleasant whist dinners they often have there.
G is the genuine kindness they showed,
G is the gratitude all of us owed.

H stands for Halifax—pleasant the days
We spent there together—The Sun's genial rays
Enlivened our sojourn, made easy our task.
Lent health, strength and vigour—what more could we
ask!

Though manifold briars encumbered our way,
The thistles seem roses when viewed from to-day;
The troubles are over—anxious past,
The trials will vanish—the triumph will last.
We've often heard Halifax coupled with Hell!
But Heaven alliterates equally well.
Men, kindly and genial—girls, lively—not fast.
May well make a sinner believe it's the last.
Farewell! then, farewell! may prosperity fall
On man and on maiden,—on each and on all!

I is an Island right, little and tight,
Far famed for the fishing grounds found in its light.
Three miles from the coast line the fishes abound,
The most and the largest are there to be found.
The Magdalen Islands are all very well
For "trash," or for "El gress," which never will sell.
The fishermen surely must know the best spot,
Prince Edward! the Island where Fish can be got!

J stands for Justice; and here let me dream.

K is the kick which one scale gave the Beam;
Justice, astonished to hear such a crash,
Curiously—feminine, womanly, rash,
Just slipped off her bandage to have a sly look.
And see that each scale was all right on its hook.
Half expecting to see an example at home
Of what happened before at the taking of Rome.
One look was enough to explain the surprise,
And Justice then quickly re-covered her eyes:
No Artilla's sword made one side to prevail,
But Doutré had not on the edge of the scale!

L are the ladies—this subject we own,
Is above our poor Pegasus—surely he's down
In too lovely a corset. To attain such a height
Would bring his poor moth wings too near to the light.
Let us bow then our head to Beauty and Grace
And own ourselves vanquished by each lovely face.
God speed you, fair maidens, fair matrons, to each
We wish all the happiness mortals may reach;
May maidens be married, may matrons retain
Their Youth, Grace and Beauty, until once again
The Beauty re-blossoms, the Graces renew
In children as fair as the women we knew.

M are the Mackerel swimming about,
And thinking "what is all this bother about!"
If they take the advice of a poor little Fish,
Commissioners surely would do what we wish;

Prohibit the use of that nasty *Purse Seine*
And give us the old hooking system again.
We don't make a grievance of any fair sport,
And never will grumble if properly caught.
But, if it is fated we come to the dish,
We want to be taken as *British caught fish*;
British subjects we are—such would we remain,
So don't let the Yankees' *purse seine* us again!

N are the nations who settle disputes
Like men and like Christians—instead of like brutes;
Though Bloodshed and Carnage may prove who is strong,
They don't touch the question of Right and of Wrong!

O's opportunity offered at last
To redeem the reverses sustained in the past.
O are opinions of opposite sides,
Each one with the other innately collides.
O are the orthodox views we maintain,
O are the others the Yankees sustain.
O's the objection Canadians feel
When Americans come in their fishes to steal.
O are the offers which often were made
To open our waters if properly paid.
O obligation devolves on them now
To pay up like men without making a row.

P is the Payment we say that they owe,
P is the Promptness to pay it they'll show;
P is Protection, a Policy proved
To press on the people. The duties removed
Would lighten Taxation—now heavily paid—
And prove real Protection, altho' it's *Free Trade*.

Q are the Questions to Witnesses put,
Some kept their mouths open, some kept them shut.
Q is the Quibble which made such a row,
Though we've nearly forgotten the circumstance now.
Q stands for *Quits*, which we'll cry on each side;
The judgment is given, by it we'll abide.
Q is the Quota which soon will be paid;
Long friends by short reckonings often are made.

R's the "Reply," and for it we must claim
A prominent place in the Halifax game.
The style might be faulty, the language was rough,
But still it just proved—not too much—but enough
To show our position, establish a base
For statements we'd previously made in our case.
'Twas writ in a hurry, but then you must know
Great generals of fight best when near to the foe.
We worked day and night, we worked with a will,
And came up to time, as most Englishmen will.

S is a Squid; caught, purchased or prigged,
Either lawfully taken or stealthily 'figged.
Sure under a bushy light is not hid,
O Dainty! O Delicate! Beautiful Squid!
Free access to thy charms has been bartered away.
We hope that our cousins won't balk the fair pay.
Newfoundland's saggy! and would have you to know
That for rights such as this she expects "Squid pro quo!"

T are the thunders of Eloquence borne
O'er hemispheres, continents, rivers and torn.
By the strife of the counsel, who talked day and night,
By never could settle who was in the right.
Thompson, Foster and Dana with laurels well crown,
Nor give Doutré and Whiteway a place lower down.

U was their utterance, rapid or slow,
Now rising with passion, now gentle and low;
'Twas well that of sirens they had not the art,
For each of the judges believed in his heart.
Whatever the speeches might softly invite,
He'd mastered the subject, and meant to do right.

V is the verdict they gave on their oath.
The decision should give satisfaction to both
Columbia and England—we're certain at least
Between them all bitterness long ago ceased.

W are wishes most cordial to all
Who sat in the Halifax Parliament Hall.
Galt, Dufosse and Kellogg I pray you accept
A tribute of friendship from one who has kept
Besides records of work, those of kindnesses too.
And renders you now his acknowledgments due.
To counsel and agents, to each and to all
I wish that our memories may kindly recall
Pleasant days, pleasant friendships—begun, but I trust
Not ended till all have returned to their dust!

X are expenses—no matter for those,
I can't spare a minute, I really must close.

Y is for You—such Canadian friend
The right hand of friendship to you I extend.
Our labours are ended, our mission is done,
The battle is over, the victory won.

Z is the zeal which has met its reward,
The result is success and a famous award.
Though our paths now diverge, our thoughts may unite,
We'll think on the days when we fought our good fight;
Let memory revert to my chief and to me,
Think sometimes of Ford and of

J. H. G. (HERNE.)

[This poem, written by the Secretary of the Halifax Commission, and sent us by one of the members, is worthy of preservation for its humour and its accurate history.—Ed. C. I. NEWS.]

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ANNA LOUISE CARY's salary next season will be \$3,000 a month.

GOUNOD is busy on a new five-act opera, for the libretto of which he has drawn on the story of "Abelard and Heloise."

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG says she'll never marry a professional. At least Strakosch says she says so. When she gets married it will be to some worthy young man who will love her for her own sake.

ENGAGEMENTS have been concluded for the fall season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with Edwin Booth and Mme. Modjeska under the management of Messrs. D. H. Hackins and Stephen Fiske. It is said that other distinguished artists are the subjects of pending negotiations.

HOWARD PAUL relates that in a moment of wild forgetfulness he asked a well-known London actress, who "makes up" skillfully, her age. Her reply was frank. "I have four ages," she said. "The family archives unfortunately proclaim that I am fifty. By daylight I pass for thirty-six; by daylight not more than thirty; and with all my war paint on, in a soft light, and no rude glare, I pass for five-and-twenty."

It is said that the Amice troupe made this season \$67,000, of which Aimée took \$40,000, and Maurice Grau \$27,000. These are high figures, but it must be remembered that the expenses of the troupe are only \$2,800 a week, and that they have been taking from sixty to eighty per cent. of the gross receipts. It is a good thing for them, but the managers have not found the scheme a profitable one for themselves.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

VII.

PRESCOTT, Ont., No. 5.

(Continued.)

THE NOBLE ST. LAWRENCE—THE ST. L. & O. RR.—A POWERFUL FERRY-BOT—LABATT'S BREWERY—SOME BUSINESS BLOCKS—THE R. C. SCHOOL—THE COMING HOTEL—A SHORT SERMON—PRESCOTT, ADIEU.

The St. Lawrence at Prescott is a noble river, wide, deep and pure. The view, either way, is not cramped as at some other points. The river comes up to one's ideal of what the St. Lawrence ought to be. At times its grandeur is of the terrible order, for instance, when it is filled with great grinding masses of lake ice, or lashed into foaming fury by a gale; but my recollections of it will be as seen during the first burst of spring—those charming days when the canopy of heaven is unspotted ethereal blue; when the sun brightens, but does not burn; when there is just sufficient motion in the air to make wavelets that dance and sparkle as though rejoicing in their prettiness. All that was needed to complete the picture was a sail or two, and generally during the day some of the Ogdensburg yachtsmen would put out and give the finishing touch to as lovely a scene as I want to set eyes upon. And then, when night fell, and the great full moon cast its mellow beams across the rippling waters, and the city on the opposite shore loomed up dimly with its spires and towers, backed by the star-studded deep blue sky, the beauty was, perhaps, enhanced, being tinged with romance. I do not wonder that people who have lived any length of time by the St. Lawrence cannot bring themselves to move inland, even though the inducements, from a financial point of view, may be great. Numbers, I know, fail to appreciate the glories of the great stream, their nature being utterly destitute of sentiment or poetry, but there are others who simply love the noble river and its many attendant charms, and such as these would be miserable if forced to leave its shores and take up their abode where fields and fences everywhere meet the gaze. It is to be regretted that so far none of the cities, towns or villages bordering the St. Lawrence have even a portion of their river front laid out as a promenade. Where commerce has not required the erection of wharves, the shore is invariably disfigured with the most unsightly out-houses, pig-sties, &c. At a fabulous expense, London, the great, has set about the mammoth task of rectifying the mistake of the past in this respect. The Thames embankment scheme has already cost millions sterling, and will entail many millions more. But it is everywhere recognized as a splendid enterprise and a magnificent work—both useful and ornamental. No such costly works are needed in Canada, but the principle of the movement might well be adopted. A portion of the front of every settlement along the St. Lawrence and other large rivers should be laid out as a promenade and pleasure-ground. Those who are not physically or financially able to "go to the country," are entitled to this as a birth-right. The glorious river, with its exhilarating influences and health-giving breezes, should be monopolized by no man or set of men; it is the Almighty's gift to mankind, and it should be within the reach of the lowly st. But, as things are going, it is being gradually fenced off, so to speak, and if a change is not made as indicated, only those who can afford the time and money to go holiday-making, will enjoy what is by rights a common heritage. Again, such improvements as I have alluded to would prove exceedingly attractive, both to tourists and dwellers inland, and, as factors in drawing business to the town, they would speedily prove paying investments. I do not address myself alone to the people of Prescott, but to all communities whose good fortune it is to be located by the shores of the St. Lawrence or any of the larger rivers of the Dominion. Prescott is not so badly off as some towns, because the steamboat landing and St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway wharf ensure a considerable stretch of open front, but I hope to see the day when in rear of the Town Hall there will be a terraced garden, with rustic seats and pretty pavilions taking the place of the present tumble-down sheds and accumulations of rubbish.

Having mentioned

THE ST. LAWRENCE & OTTAWA RAILWAY,

I may as well here give a few particulars respecting that road. It was opened in 1854; the main line from Prescott to Ottawa is fifty-four miles in length, and there is a branch to the Chaudiere seven miles long. The road connects with the Grand Trunk at Prescott Junction, about three-quarters of a mile north-east of the town. Passengers for Prescott and the American roads are conveyed to the river-side depot by a branch line. By means of the steamer *Transit*, connection is made with the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain RR. and the Rome & Watertown RR. A through train with Pullman cars runs from Ogdensburg to Boston, and makes close connection with the trains for New York. Three trains run each way daily between Prescott and Ottawa, and a palace day car is run through without change between Montreal and the Capital.

The works at the Prescott terminus comprise machine and car-building shops, a large engine-house, &c. The Company own a floating elevator. The opening of the Occidental line has diverted considerable traffic from this road, but, as a line affording direct communication with the St. Lawrence and the States, it will, no doubt, increase in importance as the country north of the Ottawa becomes peopled. It is a road that has done much to promote the settlement of the section of country it traverses and taps, and though to-day it is, in a measure, overshadowed, its managers spare no pains to make the service acceptable to the public. Mr. Thos. Reynolds is Managing-Director, and Mr. A. G. Peden, Secretary-Treasurer; the general offices are at Ottawa.

THE FERRY STEAMER "WILLIAM ARMSTRONG"

is named after an influential citizen of Ogdensburg. She was built at that port in the fall of 1876, specially to overcome the dangers and difficulties of winter navigation on the St. Lawrence. Her owner, Capt. David H. Lyon, made the design, and did a good deal of the work upon her. She has proved a complete success as regards winter navigation, and is greatly esteemed as an excursion boat, her great breadth making her particularly safe. She is 113 ft. long; 30 ft. beam; draws 9 ft. 6 in. aft and 4 ft. 6 in. forward. She will go through clear blue ice twenty-two inches thick; her full speed is thirteen and a half knots per hour, and she will carry 800 passengers. She has run since the day she was launched, 25th Dec., 1876, to the present time, excepting a short lay-up for necessary repairs. She is now in first-class trim for excursion parties, and can be engaged upon reasonable terms.

LABATT'S BREWERY

is situated at the western end of the town, covering a large area between King street and the St. Lawrence. It was established in 1857 by Mr. William Ellis, who sold out to Mr. G. W. Smith, a noted English brewer. In 1864 the establishment was purchased by Mr. R. P. Labatt, who brought with him an experience acquired among the celebrated brewers of the old country. From the first, the Prescott brewery enjoyed an excellent reputation, and the improvements introduced by Mr. Labatt added fame to what was already famous. Unfortunately Mr. Labatt's health failed, and he was obliged to give up the active management of the brewery, leaving it in the hands of a joint-stock company, but retaining a large interest, which his estate still holds. The brewery is now under the management of Mr. George T. Labatt, who, besides discharging the duties of Secretary, gives his personal attention to the practical business of brewing. The view conveys a very good idea of the premises, which are in all respects first-class and fitted with the latest improvements for facilitating the process of manufacture. Steam power and labour-saving devices have been introduced wherever practicable. The brewery has a frontage of two hundred and fifty feet; the cellars are excavated in the solid rock and extend beneath the whole area. The temperature is under complete control by means of a large ice-house placed against the western wall. The full capacity of the brewery at present is fifteen thousand gallons per week, which could be considerably increased with but little trouble. Of the quality of the ale and porter turned out at this establishment, it is hardly necessary to speak—the well-known label is found pretty well all over the Dominion wherever good beer is sought after. I am informed that in many places the Stout is gradually pushing the famed Guinness' out of the market, the people finding that the native article is quite equal to the imported and only one-half the price. Labatt's India Pale Ale, too, has gained celebrity from the fact of its honest worth as a pure brew from malt and hops. Of course, there will always be those who will pay exorbitant prices for anything "imported," but in the matter of beer the people of Canada are fast learning that the mere fact of a bottle bearing a certain foreign label does not always ensure a superior article. As sustaining the reputation of "native manufactures," the products of the Prescott Brewing and Malting Company must be accorded very "honourable mention."

A short distance east of the Town Hall are

THREE SUPERIOR STORES,

forming a fine business block. First in order is Kiely Bros' grocery establishment, carried on by Mr. M. Kiely, who started the business in 1857. The store would do credit to any city. The premises are commodious, well stocked, and neatly kept. The business embraces both wholesale and retail, in general groceries, produce and provisions, wines, liquors, china, glass, &c.

Mr. S. J. Boyd's handsome jewellery store adjoins the above. It is large and fully stocked with watches, clocks, silver-ware and jewellery. Few city establishments can boast a finer display of richly-filled show-cases. In connection with his business Mr. Boyd has a sewing machine department, where is to be found a large assortment of the favourite makes. The repairing is in charge of a skilled machinist.

The Glasgow Warehouse is the third in this fine block. Messrs. Robertson, Greenhill & Co. carry a large and well-assorted stock of staple and fancy dry goods, prints, cottons, tweeds, cloths, silks, dress goods (mourning goods a specialty), hosiery, gloves, ribbons, ties, &c. They are agents for Butterick's patterns. Nearly opposite is