

His last illness was of short duration. He was prostrated by the prevailing epidemic, that which, at the close of the last and the commencement of the present year, was attended with fatal results to so many; and though he rallied from the first attack, yet going out too soon he suffered a relapse, to which he finally succumbed, and peacefully and quietly passed away on the 12th of February, 1890. The great esteem in which the deceased gentleman was held by all classes of the community was best attested by the concourse of persons from Halifax and Dartmouth who followed his remains to their quiet resting place in the Dartmouth cemetery, no less than by the large number who, on the days between his death and burial, poured into the house to take a last look at and bid farewell to one who was respected by all, and to many of whom he had proved himself a veritable friend in need. The hearse that bore to the grave all that was mortal of him was drawn by one of his own favourite horses, while the beautiful wreath of dark green ivy laid on the casket was a tribute from some of his many friends in Boston, in which city he was extensively known and which he frequently visited. Mr. Mott left a handsome estate, estimated at some \$700,000; and the same traits of character that had adorned his life were illustrated in the disposition that he made of this large fortune. None who had any claim to be remembered were forgotten, while his benefactions to the different charities and benevolent institutions were not limited by creed or sect. Besides legacies to his employees, he left provision for their comfort and support when they became incapacitated for work. Mr. Mott was very fond of all domestic animals, and perhaps his kindness and thoughtfulness was in nothing better exemplified than in the provision that he made in his will for the care of his dogs, and the instructions which he left in regard to his horses in their old age. Halifax has lost from her midst one who will be much missed, and whose memory will be long held in kindly remembrance, and whose place will not be soon or easily supplied. But though he has gone, the lesson of his life remains; and if from it the rising generation shall learn that pluck, self-reliance, patience, perseverance and a strict attention to business, coupled with unswerving integrity, without adventitious aids, can in this free and rising Dominion carve a road to fortune, he will not have lived in vain, while he has set to our moneyed men, who have made their fortune in the country, an example, which, in the disposition of their wealth, they will do well to emulate.—*Com.*

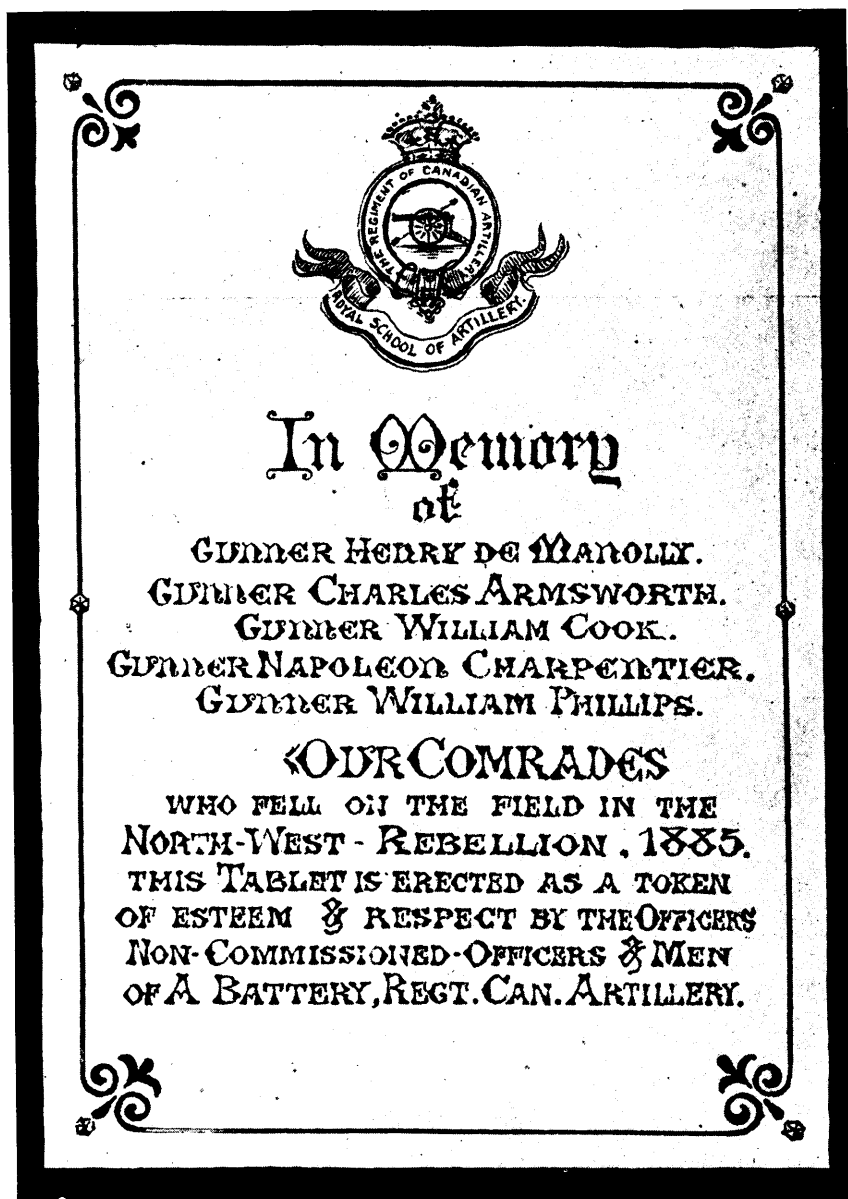
**TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR SHORT AND MEN OF A BATTERY.**—The brass tablets, reproduced in our engravings, are being erected by the officers and men of the Regiment of Canadian Artillery to the memory of some of their comrades who have passed away. The one to the late Major Short is being put up in the English Cathedral at Quebec; the other to those members of A Battery who fell in the North-West Rebellion of 1885, is being placed in St. George's Cathedral, at Kingston, by the officers and men of that Battery. The first named was executed by Messrs. Pritchard and Andrews, of Ottawa, and the latter by Mr. Bishop, of Montreal, and both are most excellent examples of what can be done in our own country in this particular line of art.

**THE LAST OF FORT GARRY.**—To Canadians this engraving gives some such impression as Turner's well known picture of the "Fighting Temeraire" awakens in the patriotic Englishman. The old fort has had its day—its day of joy and sorrow, of bold enterprise and wild rivalry, of storm and struggle, might we not almost say—of "battle, murder and sudden death?" But a new order has succeeded the old dispensation of the fur kings. The years of canoeing and portages have been followed by the years of the railway and the steamboat. The little settlement with its sturdy stronghold, an oasis in a "great lone land," has disappeared, and a thriving city, in communication, by many routes, with the mighty world beyond, has taken its place. Some of our

readers may remember the old fortress in its day of glory and power, when its high stone wall, seamed with cracks that told of service in past generations, fronted the newcomer. The whole enclosure formed a rectangle of five hundred and ten feet in breadth by six hundred feet long. A gateway opened in the middle of the wall facing the Assiniboine, through which the stranger caught a glimpse of a grass plot, with a two and a half storeyed house and stairs ascending from the exterior to the second storey. On each side were four wooden houses, some of them old logs axe-hewn; others, clapboarded. At each corner stood a round stone tower, erected in 1840. On the east side was a store filled with goods of every variety, from hunter's paraphernalia and bowie knives, to pretty things for ladies' boudoirs. Latterly this store opened towards the street, an arrangement introduced under the Riel régime, for formerly the east side was closed by a high wall. On the north side the wall was highest, the castellated gateway being in the centre and within the stone house once occupied by the Governor of the Company. Around it were trees and shrubs and a garden of some size. It would be interesting to trace the gradual growth of the village, town and city from this venerable nucleus. But our gaze just now is retrospective, and we leave our readers face to face with this relic of a romantic and often turbulent past.

**LAKE OPENECON** is one of the series of lakes which are links in the Rideau navigation system, consisting of alternate stretches of river, canal and lake,—the Rideau Canal supplying the Gaps from one navigable body of water to the other, and joining the Ottawa River at Ottawa with the St. Lawrence at Kingston. The water highway forms a delightful trip for tourists, passing through a beautiful country offering great variety of scenery. The view we have engraved recalls the Thousand Islands, and is a landscape of singular repose and loveliness.

**THE NAUTILUS SENIOR FOUR.**—The fame of the Nautilus club has extended over the continent. At almost every important regatta held in the last seven years the Nautilus representatives have been present as competitors. It is a club of which Hamiltonians should be proud. There are no social features in connection with the club as there are in the Leanders; but every member knows how to row,



Memorial Tablet to the Men of A Battery who fell in the North-West Rebellion, being erected in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ont.



Memorial Tablet to the late Major Short, being erected in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec. (From drawings by Captain Rutherford, R.C.A.)