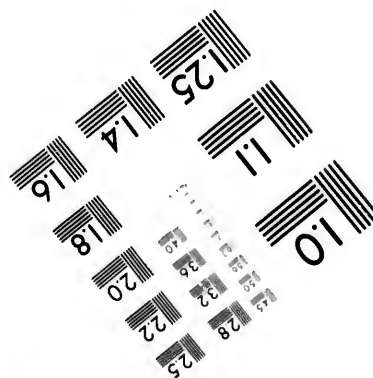
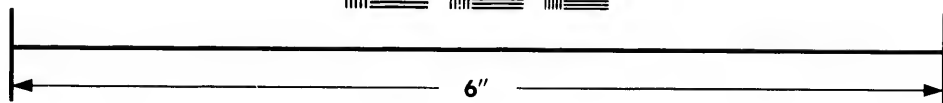
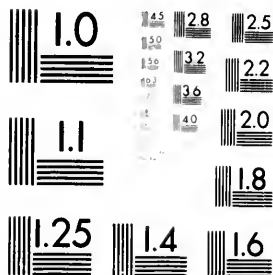


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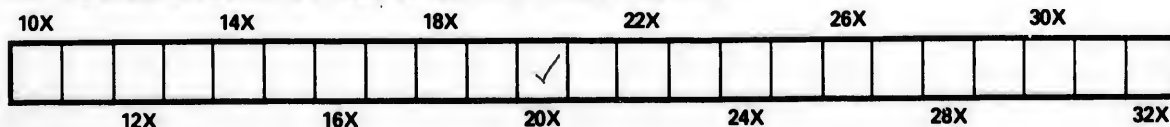
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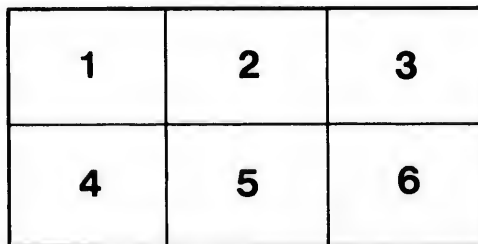
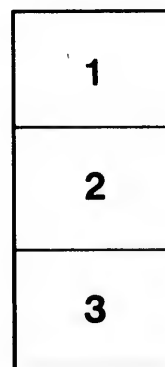
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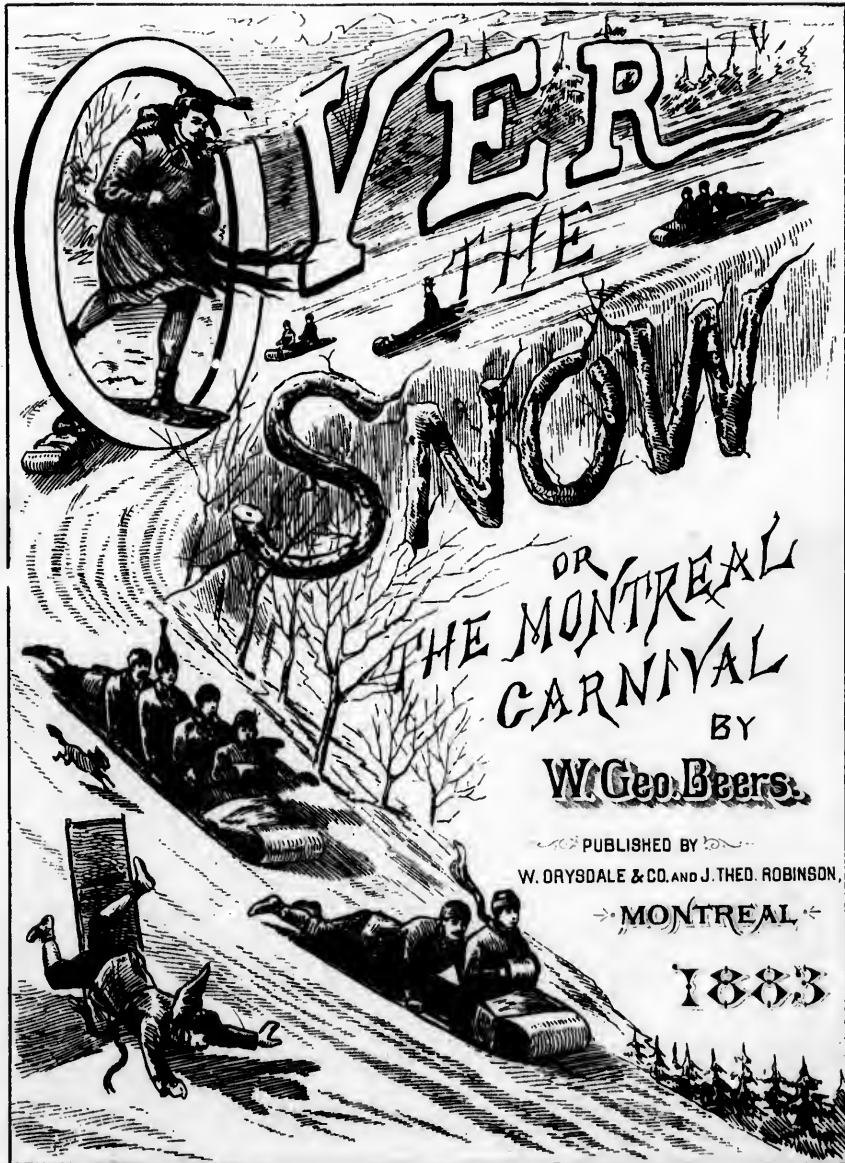
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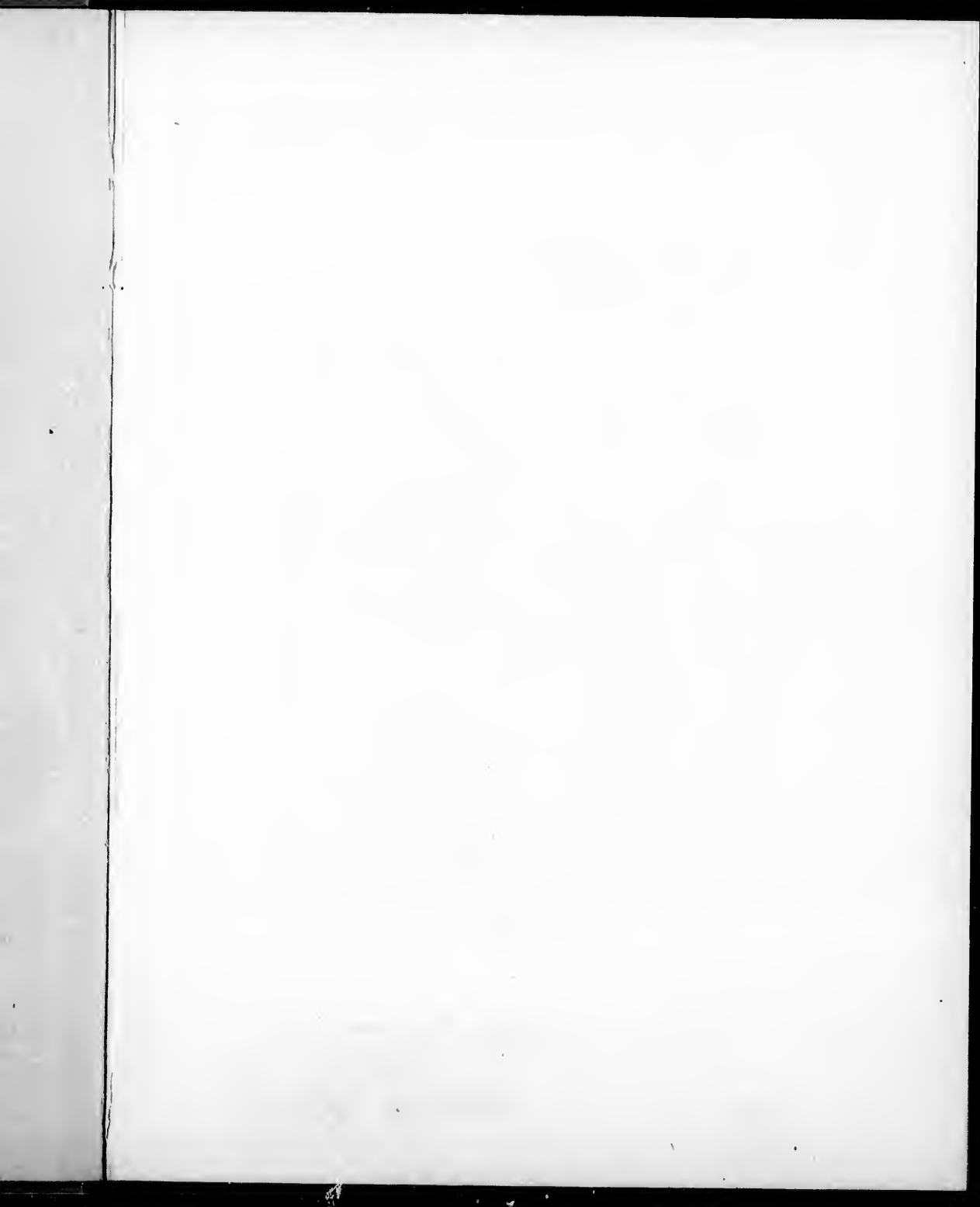


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AN ANNEKATION PROJECT.

1

OVER THE SNOW:

— OR —

THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

BY W. GEO. BEERS.

PUBLISHED BY
W. DRYSDALE & CO. AND J. THEO. ROBINSON,
MONTREAL.

1883.

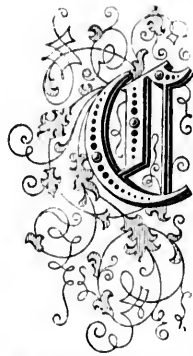
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PREFACE.



ANADIAN muscle has gone abroad, and on land and water has won signal success. Nobody now affects to despise the Canadian physique. The Canadian climate, however, cannot be sent abroad for exhibition ; so we must tempt people to come and investigate it for themselves. We cannot put up sample packages of our dry, cold, clear and healthy Winter, as we can of our Manitoban wheat ; our dry and bracing Spring, with its bright sunshine ; our warm Summer, with its abundance of rain, and its freedom from fever and ague, and the other ills to which Southern summers are heir ; or our dry, serene and exquisite Autumn. But we have chosen the most abused season of the year, our Winter, and have offered you a sample week out of its twelve or fourteen ; when on the spot you can see with your own eyes what absurd opinions have been held of our climate, and how Canadians not only look Jack Frost in the face, but force him to become our companion in sport rather than our master in misery.

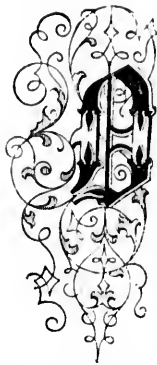
The cheer and hospitality of many a fireside ; the quiet social joys which make the long evenings pass pleasantly ; the intellectual *symposium* where art, science and literature ruminatè : these exist very largely, but it is not these we wish to present. What is Canada in winter ? How do we exist ? A week is only a peep, but peep and see, and " merry may you be."

I beg to acknowledge the courtesy of "The Century Company," of New York, in permitting me to make the extracts in the chapter on "Canadian Sports," being part of an article contributed by me to "*Scribner's Monthly*" a few years ago, "The Century Company" also kindly supplied the publishers with the electro-plates of the illustrations by Mr. Henry Sandham.

W. G. B.



OVER THE SNOW.



ONCE upon a time there were cousins of ours over the border, who were pleased to fancy that Canada was some sort of a fringe of snow along the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, and that all the land north of the United States, lay

“In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.”

The hardy Canadian was supposed to be a cross between an Indian and a *Habitant*, who hibernated for several months in the year, and like the bears, lived by sucking his paws. The squirrels were supposed to sleep soundly in their burrows; the partridges and the pigeons, the duck and all the birds, barrin' perhaps a hardy “chick-dee-dee,” who hid in the shelter of the hemlocks, to start down South to spend their Christmas; and warmth-loving Southerners wondered why in the world they had so little instinct as to return, even with the violets and blue-bells of a Canadian April. It was known for a fact that the rabbits remained, but was it not true that they were frightened out of their summer colour into that of the snow?

Distance is always deceptive, and Europeans are not distinguished as geniuses in American geography. Our continent with all its marvellous progress is still a nebulous one to the dull European ; but why people living only the throw of a snow-ball from “ the lines ” should have vague ideas of a Canadian winter, would puzzle a commercial traveller to understand. It is true that one British tourist, cosily covered in furs and buffalo robes, with lappets on his ears and Icelandic goggles on his eyes, ventured to peep through the slit in his spectacles on a market day at “ Bonsecours,” when he observed that the pigs and the poultry, the fish and the beef were standing erect, frozen stiff, and without a hair or a feather on their skins. At once he published the conscientious statement, that with his own eyes he had seen the carcasses of animals and fowls that had been frozen to death by the severity of the climate ! The *London Times*, that blundering Thunderer of geographical mistakes, supposed that the North Pole was somewhere between Quebec and Montreal ; that the thermometers had to be brought into the houses at night to be thawed ; that Polar bears were commonly found floating down the upper lakes on cakes of ice ; and that the very breath we exhaled in the open air, was at once converted into icicles and fell from our lips as we walked the streets. Men have mastered languages at sixty ; and have waited until eighty before they could make up their minds to marry ; even life-long misers have made generous bequests on their death beds ; but if newspapers are to be needed after the millenium, and the Thunderer is still in circulation, it

may then begin to realize that America has really been discovered, and that an effort has been made to occupy it by a few venturesome emigrants.

One need not wonder, that Canadian eulogies of Winter would be received with credulity, by people who have been born and brought up upon a New York or a London January, where the snow is but

“A moment white, then gone forever,”

or such a mixture of mud and snow-flakes as would justify the affirmation of Anaxagoras that “snow is black.” But there is snow and snow, as there is winter and winter. You can find tropical foliage in mid-winter in Canadian green houses ; but to see it to perfection enjoying its own existence, you must go to Jamaica. You may see damp snow storms in England or “down south” quite as blinding and blockading as the most abused Nor’ West “blizzard ;” but to see snow to perfection, *enjoying its own existence and being enjoyed*, you must come to Canada. Memories of March east winds, of snow which may remind you of Dickens’ definition of London smoke—“snow-flakes that have gone into mourning for the loss of the sun” ; of snow like the Englishman’s idea, “a wet sticky substance, 7 inches of which make 1 of water” ; of snow which you would rather traverse on stilts than on snow-shoes ; that isn’t snow any more than a fog is sunshine. It is a dull, insipid delusion and a snare ; a feeder of fat church-

yards ; a hypocrisy ; a very "winter of discontent" and disease. Depend upon it, the winter to be run from as a plague, is the winter where you can only measure your ice by inches instead of by feet : where it is cold, but never dry ; chilling but never crisp ; where it often freezes without a sight of snow, and the east winds pierce to your very marrow. Jack Frost has little or nothing to do with that sort of fraud. The north and the east winds have never been friendly. "Serves you right," says King North, "if you get wet feet, and colds, and rheumatism out of your east wind winters. I am the rightful sovereign of winter, and mine is no grey unprepossessing sulk. I blow no damp chill to your bones, but a dry, bracing air which brings the roses to your cheeks, and the beauty of health into your eyes." Our snow is like feathers ; "angels shedding their feathers on the earth" if the Poet will. Almost all the winter round you can roll in it and come out dry ; and every winter hundreds of hunters in the forest sleep in it with their feet to a fire. Fancy attempting this in a Southern or an English winter.

To any healthy man, woman or child, a Canadian Winter, especially that of Quebec and Manitoba, is an exhilarating tonic. Recent years have fully proved that to a certain class of invalids it is a perfect cure ! It is no exaggeration to say that Canadians thank God for the dry crisp snow, and the bracing atmosphere of this season, as we do for the green grass, and the "witchery of the soft blue sky" of summer. We Canadians cannot realize in

our experience the meaning of much of the English poetry of winter. There is a sarcasm in the very mention of it. The season of which Alex. Smith writes :—

“ In winter, when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,”

has no natural existence here. Why, that would forever deter Canadians from living in such a country except from absolute necessity. Like the beavers, we make preparations for our winter. Our houses, our clothing, our habits are regulated accordingly, and we neither shiver in-doors, nor need we freeze out-doors. The only visitor we dread is the rare “tramp,” an east wind, which may come like a thief in the dark, but which quickly sneaks out of the back door at his unwelcome. Like the calamities of life, it comes betimes to teach us gratitude for the north winds, to which we owe so much of health and pleasure.

Now you are here to enjoy our Carnival week, keep your eyes open, and carry back fair memories of what you observe. For your good sakes, as always for our own, we pray that Jack Frost may not be found napping even long enough to bring about a “January thaw ;” but come what may, the sociability and pleasures of our winter you must enjoy. See how the horses toss their lovely heads, and revel in the high hard roads, the elastic atmosphere, the companionship of their kin, and the music of their bells ! Gone are the sick days of summer, with their bad

drains, dusty and noisy streets. Every man and beast enjoys the bracing air. No Antisthenes can sulk in his corner when he hears the sleigh bells. He must at least look out of the window, and one look, and he is lost to isolation, and away he goes. No Clement or Benedict need shut themselves in cloister or convent so as not to see the frivolity they are unable to restrain. Surely God did not give us healthy animal spirits to repress and destroy. Many of us have to use them up in the hard drudgery of life's work, but there they are nevertheless, and lucky are they who can enjoy the pure air and the bright sunshine. Our Winter Carnival is no Bacchanalian revelry. Every winter is a carnival of healthy out-door exercise ; no monopoly of the favoured few, who alone can spend summer holidays by the sea. And no Roman carnival, pelting and being pelted with sham comfits, can match for real fun and health a Canadian snow-ball "bicker" about the ears of a snow fort. Fancy what a glorious and perhaps not bloodless battle we might have shown you on the St. Lawrence ; St. Helen's Island the point of attack ; with its mighty snow-works, defended by our Volunteers. Then swarms of snow-shoers to come skirmishing over the ice, and an hour or two of splendid snow-balling. But we mustn't let it be remembered that we were ever boys, or could even yet, in our gray days, heartily enjoy the sports of our youth. It would be as much as the bread and butter of many men would be worth ; and as it is, scores of hard workers who do indulge in harmless snow-shoeing and toboganing, are dubbed by good-meaning croakers as "fools in white blankets !"

This Province of Quebec, in Winter, has more to commend it than its climate and its sports. The Anglo-Saxon is pretty much the same sort of rough and ready character all over the world—a thorough devotee of out-door games. But here we have with us, and of us, the descendants of the light-hearted Gaul—a happy, cheerful, brave and kindly people, whose politeness and urbanity Anglo-Saxons can admire, but can never imitate. It is strange that a race whose past history is so full of adventure, should not be as enthusiastically devoted to our out-door sports as their English brethren ; but for pictures of every-day frolic and natural play, for genial hospitality and domestic joy, for the gay heart that never tires, and the love of song—where can you equal the French Canadian, whose brothers we are ?

Why, what are these, sitting on the leafless trees, hopping about the streets, living and laughing in their own way at the sceptics who dread our winter? The English sparrows ! Sturdy little immigrants, conquerers of the caterpillar, as well, alas ! of the *rosignol*, thriving and fattening and fighting each other, and defying Jack Frost, like thorough Anglo-Saxons as they are. Where sparrows fatten, surely man may fare. Out now on your monody of winter ! No dust, no rain, no mosquitoes, no flies, no mud, no rattle of coal carts over rough roads. Only an occasional pretty sharp day or two, which you can really defy and enjoy, and at last the discovery made that a Quebec and Manitoban winter is a season of health and hardiness. What a change has come

over the very invalid's dream, for people who would once have been sent to Colorado to die, are now sent to Canada to live! Canada has no endemic diseases. Her spring, summer and autumn are each delightful and healthy, as many a tourist can tell. In fact, before the opening of the North-West, when some of us felt more chary of crowing about the greatness of our Dominion than we do now, we never failed to boast of our climate, from January to December.



CANADIAN SPORTS.



THE blood born and bone-bred love of open-air sports is the most marked physical characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon heritage in Canada. Nowhere under the sun is climate more favorable for the hardy exercises in which English speaking people delight to indulge ; and there is a freedom from the restraints and conventionalities of the Old World's over-crowded countries —where restraints and conventionalities are necessary to social enjoyment—which is sap to the sportsman's soul. I think the Canadians well typify the hardiness of northern races ; and nothing has perhaps helped more to form the physique of the people than the instinctive love for out-door life and exercise in the bracing spring, winter and fall of the year. The spirit of sport is born in the blood as well as nourished by the clime. And yet you may find here, as in every other part of this grumbling empire, healthy recreants, buried in books or bound to business, whose knees quake at the shot of a cricket-ball, and who hate the very mention of play. But taken for all in all, the English element in Canada has lost none of its wonted fondness for the sports of flood and field ; finding fuller vent in the free scope of our woods and waters,

and the wildness and abundance of our game. There is indeed a "new world" opened to the lover of gun and rod from the old lands across the sea, who here finds himself the luxurious monarch of all he can bag from sunrise to sunset, with no other let or hinderance than those which the gory pot-hunters compel.

Does he come in quest of the wary moose and running caribou, the quail-thief of the corn-field, the mud-loving snipe, the stupid pheasant, the pine-loving grouse, the cosmopolitan plover, the strategic partridge, the saucy wood-duck, the shy black duck; does he court the bear, wolf, beaver, marten, mink or the otter, or does he woo the salmon, the trout, *et hoc genus omne*,—here he may find everywhere food for his sportsman's fancy. If his spirit waxeth hot to chase the fox, I can commend him to the courtesy of the Montreal Fox Hunt, who will give him fences to leap harder than any English hedge, and fox to run down, cunning as an Indian. From "find to finish" he will have all his nerve and daring can do, with the clear blue Canadian skies above, and the hard, dry ground below. None of your fogs and swamps, wet to the skin, and mud to the eyes, horses, hunters, hounds, all a color, and a wild splutter of slop when the carcass, head, pads and brush excepted, is thrown to the yelping, frothy dogs. Or doth his fancy turn to thoughts of foot ball, yachting, rowing, cricket, golf, here he will find acclimatized and natural as life, the recreations, good, bad and abominable, high and low, costly and cheap, princely and plebeian, of almost every country on the face of the

earth. Some of the worst immigrants have brought us their best diversions. The foot print of the earliest known Indian races are left in their peculiar games ; the very Mennonites, the last arrivals, have fixed the imprint of their pastimes among the settlers of the far West.

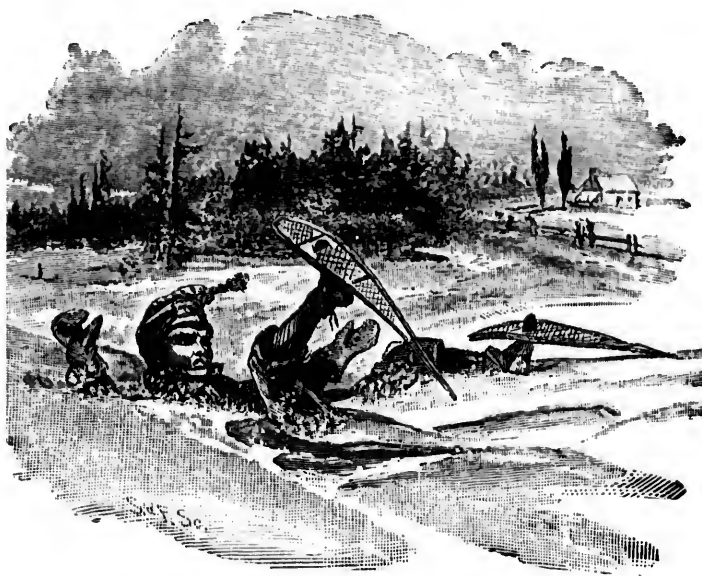
Canadian sports, however, have a character of their own. They smack more of the ungoverned and ungovernable than the games of the Old World, and seem to resent the impost of regulations. To their popularity and wide-spread indulgence we owe the fellow-feeling which of late years has made public opinion so wondrous tolerant toward the whole kith and kin of honorable sportsmen. I remember the time when scholar and sportsman in Canada were deemed as irrelative as vice and virtue ; when a merchant was flouted on 'Change who spent a Saturday afternoon at a curling rink, and a doctor was put under a cloud of suspicion who ventured to show he had brawn as well as brains, and dare to run the risk of missing a patient to catch a fish ; when a hare-shooting parson soon lost caste with his professional brethren. Brave men were they who broke these social Molochs in pieces, and paved the way for the rational estimate of recreation. Even the Canadian Croesus who boasted that he hadn't taken a holiday from business for over thirty years, is beginning to accept the popular verdict which stamped him a fool, and I should not be surprised to hear that he has decided to go to the Paris Exhibition. The common sense of diversion has set its seal upon our

education as well. The miserable gospel which wedded narrow-shoulders and spindle-shanks to mental grace and genius has given way, if it ever had much hold in Canada, to the truer manliness of sound thews and sinews upon which to build the sound mind and clear brain. I would rather see wild oats sown at single scull than in billiard saloons ; an overzeal in the gymnasium than in the card and gambling-room.

* * * * *

May I ask the company of an American cousin in our Canadian sports, to whom, with the help of Mr. Sandham's charming sketches, I will be faithful chaperone, be he neither too fearful nor too rash ? My triplicate of pleasure knows dangerous as well as delightful features, though no sport is worth a fig if it have not some form of peril. I should not like to pick *mon ami* up for dead between the flags on the lacrosse field, run to ground by a checker's charge, or brought to grief and blackened eyes by a home-man's overhand throw ; nor should I care to drag him to never so hospitable a hospital on never so smooth-bottomed a tobogan,—spine cracked, ribs caved in, breath going ; nor yet find him a moribund victim to the law of gravitation and the trick of tripping of his snow-shoes, head foremost in a snow-drift, to be shoveled out blue in the gills, and so stiffened as to snap in the straightening ! No, no, cousin Jonathan ! If in search of rarest jollity, and the hey-day in thy blood is still untamed by the mannerisms of civilization ; if overwork and worry have not scud

to Hades with thy scepter of sport, and love for the open air has not fled affrighted from thy soul, I trow I can give you a healthy holiday ; get you, without other tonic than pure ozone, a hungry



HARD TO MANAGE.

maw fit to revel in venison underdone, and make your nights a perfect empyrean of sweet slumber !

* * * * *

Autumn has come and gone ; the lacrosse field is covered with the young snow of December. The Christmas holidays are over,

and Jack Frost has frescoed the window and frozen the streams ; the north wind pipes its cold refrain through the bare branches of the maples, and scares the last bird from its nest to a warmer home. Nature puts art to shame again, and the snow makes a better highway than Macadam. Over the clear hard roads the runners glide and the sleigh-bells jingle, and you may see in the faces of the people you meet and in the trot of the horses a settled satisfaction. Jack Frost means business in Canada. He sends no frail frauds of suspicious slush but a genuine virgin frost, born in the north and loving its native point of the compass.

I imagine I see the shiver of those goose-skin readers who prefer the dog-days to the winter, and who would rather risk a sun-stroke than a frost bite, and swelter in a New York July than tempt the Providence of a Canadian March. True, our winter is a season of some sadness and suffering for the poor, but it is, too, a season which evokes warm Christian love and charity. But Canada in winter is not "the few arpents of snow" of Louis XV., nor the exclusive home of Indians and icebergs. It is the season *par excellence* for sociable gatherings in-doors and out-doors, and tempts more people out-of-doors than even the warmth and beauty of summer. Whether sleighing, skating, snow-shoeing or toboganing, young Canada is never happy without the fairer sex, and only in the long tramps of the snow-shoe clubs are ladies supposed to be absent. Can manliness ask better company in his pastimes? I trow not.

The snow-shoe is the only thing I know of ever invented to facilitate walking over soft snow; and it is quite likely that in spite of all the mechanical knowledge of this age, nothing better or simpler will ever be contrived. The Esquimaux and Laplanders use the snow-shoe, and I have heard that they are used by the tribes in the north-east of Asia! In the museum of St. Ignatius College at Rome, a pair of these Asiatic snow-shoes are to be seen. Santini brought several pairs from Siberia. La Pérouse and Lisseps found them in Tartary. Count Buonaventura remarks their serviceableness to the Siberians. Rosetti had a pair in his collection of antiquities found among the Hurons of this country, and the archæologist may be interested in knowing that the latter once appeared at a masque ball in Rome wearing a North American Indian dress, which closely resembled that of two Tongusian princes present.

The shoe is made of one piece of light ash, about half an inch thick, bent to a long oval, and fastened closely with cat-gut where the two ends meet. A strip of flat wood is then fitted across the frame about four inches from the top, and another piece about two feet from the ends, to give it spring and strength. The interior of this frame-work is then woven with cat-gut, which allows it to press on the snow with your full weight with little sinking; a hole about four inches square being left behind the center of the front cross-bar for the partial protrusion of the toes in lifting the heel. The center bears the weight of the body, and is bound to



THE RETURN FROM THE DEER-HUNT.

the sides of the frame-work to increase the strength. The original shoe measured from two to six feet in length, and from thirteen to twenty inches in width, but for club races it has been reduced to the regulation measurement of not less than ten inches in width, without limitation as to length. However, a short, broad shoe is preferable for the forest or long tramps on soft snow. The Indian's shoe was always broad, adapted for the chase; that of the Sioux, pointed and turned up at the front; that of the Chippeways, square-toed and flat. In the buffalo-hunt in winter the snow-shoe was indispensable, enabling the hunters to run lightly over the snow and plunge their lances or arrows into the sides of the heavy animals, as they rushed into the hollows and ravines, and sank in the drifts. About twenty years ago Mr. John Murray of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club, applied the shape of the Sioux shoe to that made and used by the Iroquois, and introduced into use what has become the popular shape. Of course a shoe is used for each foot. Moccasins are worn on the feet, and the shoes are fastened by a toe-strap of moose-skin across the back of the toe-opening, leaving the heel free to rise or fall in walking; and a line or string of the same is fastened to the shoe, brought over the front of the foot and around the ankle, and tied behind. The Montreal Club introduced a most ingenious tie, made of the one string by which the foot can be slipped into and out of the shoe in an instant, while at the same time the toe cannot slip forward or backward, as in the old tie. I do not suppose you could enter a farm-house in those parts of Canada were the snow



THE OLD FRENCH CASADIAN TRAPPER.

falls heavily in winter, without finding a gun and a pair of snow-shoes. The backwoodsman could not well do without them. The troops formerly garrisoned in Canada were allowed about fifty pairs to a company, and were systematically drilled in skirmishing, marching, following an enemy through the snow, etc. Our volunteers are equipped with these valuable additions to a "kit" in winter, and frequently make long marches in heavy marching order. I have seen school-boys and girls in the country regularly strapping on their snow-shoes, and cutting across country over fields and fences, in weather when roads were almost impassable; and even in our cities, when the occasional heavy snow-storms occur, it is no uncommon thing to see merchants and children tramping to business and to school with evident enjoyment. Doctor Rae, the Arctic traveler, once walked on them from Hamilton to Toronto—forty miles, between breakfast and dinner; and I have been on tramps with the Montreal Club across country, and over fences, when seven miles was done in an hour and five minutes; and once saw them envied by a train full of snowed-up passengers,—which gave birth to the following verse of the "Snow-shoe Tramp:"

"Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But too well our comrades know
We can beat the fastest engines
In a night tramp on the snow!

They may puff, sir, they may blow, sir ;
They may whistle ; they may scream ;
But gently dipping, slightly tipping,
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam !”

Last winter, parties of the Montreal and St. George's Clubs walked to St. Andrews—fifty miles. The various clubs hold annual races, when prizes are given for flat and hurdle races, between pale-faces and Indians. The Montreal Club was organized in 1840, and every Saturday afternoon in winter, tramps distances from six to twenty miles or more, and indulges in dinner and jollity at a rural inn. Of the twelve organizers “Evergreen” Hughes was perhaps the most active, taking a leading interest on as well as off the shoe, and winning many races.

For many years the club has held its weekly tramps over Mount Royal to Côte des Neiges, and on Saturdays to Lachine, Sault aux Récollets, Saint-Vincent de Paul, etc., etc. The instinct of race has seized again upon our plucky American cousin. He has watched the club start from the head of Union avenue in Indian file, and thinks the sight picturesque and the sport most jolly. He has enrolled his name, and stands in the full glory of a new rig: white and scarlet-tipped blanket coat, scarlet stockings, white knickerbockers, scarlet sash around the waist neat fitting moccasins on the

feet, and blue worsted *tuque* with scarlet tassel, in lieu of a cap. "Evergreen" Hughes takes him under the shadow of his wing; ties on his shoes, shows him how to make them glide one over the other in walking, so as not to keep his legs unnaturally apart and tire his loins. With the inspiration of good company, our friend falls into line, well up to the front, as he will there escape the worrying halts and trots of the laggards who spurt and tramp lazily by turns. A glorious moonlight, by which you can read fine print; the galaxy of stars reflecting their glimmer in the clean carpet of snow; the aurora shooting in mag-



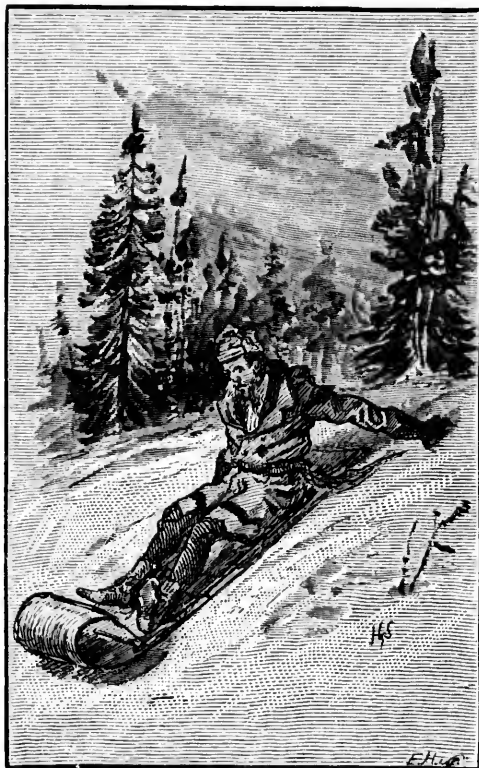
COUSIN JONATHAN DETERMINES TO TRY THE TOBOGAN.

nificent beauty like a thing of life. The sidewalks in town were cracking with the cold like the report of pistols, and you can trust the snow for tramping. Hares have worn their winter colors and Bruin has been feeding on his paws for over a month, and the snow falls like fine sand through the net-work of the shoes. It's going to be cold work, you think at first blush ; but soon your gloves come off, and are put in your pocket ; your *tuque*, thin as it is, begins to feel hot and heavy ; you feel like opening your coat, and you envy Grant's faithful dog "Monday," who rollicks in the drifts in his native nakedness. Up the hill, following the traditional track known by heart to our leader, every man bending forward and breathing hard in the difficulty of the ascent, on and up between the well-known trees, with a bit of help from "Evergreen" and a cheery word of encouragement from Canadian cousins, never losing his order in the line, till at last he reaches "The Pines," and, dropping on his back, feels as if his very last breath was gone, and pathetically appeals to the fellows :

"Do you Canucks call this fun?"

The cheery club-call rouses him as it echoes from the leading files who have dashed on ahead, and as "Evergreen" leads him down the little hill he picks up his courage for a trot, but ah ! there they've got him, and the tip of one of his shoes catching in the snow, upsets his center of gravity and over he goes flat on his face. He forgot to hold up his head and keep his shoulders well back. Look at that fellow behind. Doesn't he come down hill

grandly? Well, hurry up my friend, roll around and up if you can, if not, give "Evergreen" a call; shake the snow before it melts down your sleeves and neck; never mind the cramps in your instep and your calves. Limp along, old boy. There, ahead, are the lights of the club rendezvous at Côte des Neiges, and by and by you will drag your tired legs after you under its hospitality, slip your toe out from the toe-strap of your snow-shoes with delightful relief, pull the icicles off your mustaches and whiskers, pitch off



GETTING THE HANG OF THE THING.

coat and *tuque*, and luxuriate in a rest. Soon we sit down to our homely fare of coffee, bread and butter, with a few etceteras. After refreshments, the tables are cleared, and these apparently fagged out fellows make the house shake with the joyful dance and song. Our club-house has its piano. Crosby sits on the stool, pipe in mouth, fingering to order with a voluntary happiness perfectly sublime. McGregor gives the Highland fling, Stewart the sword dance; then follow the many club songs with grand choruses, some choice bits of opera, some very original quadrilles, wonderful liveliness of legs and laughter, never a breath of vulgarity, perhaps too much smoking, but never any drinking; always the restraint of gentlemen with the *élan* of healthy athletes—what better for the blues? Sharp at ten o'clock, snow-shoes are strapped on again, and in Indian file homeward they go, some novices and lazy-bones walking home *sans* shoes by the road.

Our American cousin is stiff and sore next day, but recovers in time for the Saturday afternoon tramp to Sault aux Récollets, where Lajeunesse's for many years has been sacred to the snow-shoer. A real Canadian winter day, my friend! How the nipping wind whistles and the crisp snow crumbles under your shoes! Boreas is rampant, and the snow blows a blinding storm, like a shower of needles in your face, obliterating any track if there was one. But stiffening your lip you never once think of giving in, though Lajeunesse's is six miles away, and you have to cross country, taking fences and brush on the way,

directly due north. You get out of the city limits, and by and by some one drops out of the ranks to fix a loosened thong, or ease a pinched toe. The leaders keep on steadily and as many as can follow, whippers-in being appointed to look after the stragglers and give them a lift if needs be. The snow has filled the roads, and in many places tracks are made for sleighs through fields, marked with trees, but the snow-



MAKES A GOOD START.

shoers turn up their noses at beaten tracks, and keep on due north. As you cross a highway some *habitant* chaffs you with offers of a drive in his sleigh, but to drive now would be dishonor. On go the



HARD LUCK.

white coats, scarlet sashes, and tassels flying picturesquely in the wind. What is that ahead? Two snow-shoes in distress. Five miles from home and one with a broken shoe, and three feet of

snow underneath! Well, old boy, you must limp it as best you can, and you'll have a good excuse to drive home. The lay of the land is indistinct in the sweeping storm. The wind whistles as at sea. But for your snow shoes you might resign yourself to an untimely cold end, and lie there till spring or a thaw uncovers your corpse. Some one steps on your shoe behind, and you get a twist which sends you over on your back, and there you are again in a worse fix than before. Now you are utterly at the mercy of "Evergreen." Up, my boy! As the old song says :

"See the novice down once
more!
Pull him out so. Lift him out
so.
Many's the fall he's had
before!"



A SIDE MOVEMENT.

A last race into our rendezvous! You thought you would have died once or twice on the fields, but now, here you are hungry as a bear, and hearty as a buck, ready to join in the dance and enjoy the song, not to mention the substantial dinner which Lajeunesse knows so well how to provide.

And so, my cousin, you go on, till some fine day we meet you returning from a deer-hunt, looking for all the world a born snow-shoer, having learned the value of snow-shoes in hunting moose, and proud of your first shot in Canadian woods, as well as your ten-mile tramp. And—tell it not in New York, whisper it not in Washington, we meet you some finer day on snow-shoes at another sort of deer-hunt, hand in-hand no less, with one of our fair lassies. Come, come, cousin Jonathan, I fear you mean annexation. You're a sly as well as a progressive snow-shoer, in truth! I cannot play eavesdropper. I leave you both to your fate. Now, would I not be amazed to see your agile form flying over the hurdles at our races, clearing them like a deer or a Murray; and even so in love with our winter-sport, that you feel as if you could win the club cup.

We have had two days' suspicion of a thaw; the snow has sunken; when the wind changes, again, and a sharp frost sets in, the hills are in splendid order for toboganing, and the moonlight "rolls through the dark blue depths," making the night as bright as day. But, pray, what is the tobogan? It is simply a piece of

birch or bass-wood, a quarter inch thick, from five to eight feet long by one or two broad, bent up in front like the dash-board of a sleigh, and braced by several cross-pieces of hard wood a foot apart, and by two round rods, one on each side, on top of the cross-pieces, all fastened by cat-gut to the sleigh. The bend at the bow is strengthened by two cross-pieces, and kept in shape by cat-gut strings at the ends bound to the cross-piece and rod. Grooves are cut on the under side of the tobogan to let the knots sink below the wood. I remember seeing a very good drawing of a tobogan in ST. NICHOLAS last year. When the sleigh is intended for mere pleasure, it is cushioned and christened. It was



AN UNMANAGEABLE STEED.

originally used by the Indians to drag home the results of their hunt, or to carry furs and provisions over the snow. It cannot upset like an ordinary sled, and can be dragged through the bush easier than any other sleigh, and on soft snow, where any other sleigh would sink and stick. On the hills it is steered

by the rider (who sits at the stern.) either with his hands, his feet, or a short stick in each hand. The tobogan will turn in front to the side on which you press your hand or stick. To steer one going down a steep hill at top speed needs nerve and experience. Weighted with two or three riders, gaining in speed as it gains in progress, it



OVER A CAHOT.

seems to fly along like a highway comet as it flashes past you where you stand on the hill, and your blood curdles at the seeming recklessness of the occupants. This is sport gone mad. What an improvement upon Mazeppa, you think, to strap a foe on one of these winged sleds, and send him with a plunge into eternity down some steep cliff into some yawning chasm of death! Yet, my friend, I would modify your imagery, and strap a dyspeptic to said tobogan on one of our Canadian hills with a steady friend to steer him, and I would stake my life that I should either scare away or cure blue devils and dyspepsia. But I should not drag him up-hill again. I should unstrap him and force him to walk; for after the wild delight of the swift flight down, there's a world of health and enjoyment in the chatty walk-up, arm-in-arm, perhaps, with a rosy-faced Canada girl,—covered with snow, and heart and lungs filled with the joy of healthy, vigorous life.

“Well, I must confess,” says our irrepressible cousin, as he stands on the hill holding the leading-line of his tobogan, and studying the way they do it, “this sort of thing looks more like madness than method. There is a dare-devil sort of delight in it I like, though; so here goes for a trial.”

Somehow or other, he has the look of one who is green in experience, and a Canadian friend offers to pilot him down. He seats himself in front, tucks his toes under the bend, and holds on by the leading-string; his friend gives it a shove, jumps

on behind, steering with one foot, and away they go, the snow scared into maelstroms and whirlwinds about our cousin's face,— here shooting like lightning over glare ice, there leaping in the air as the tobogan bounds over a *cahot*, or ground-swell, and coming down flop, as if thrown from a catapult, as it lands on the level; now scudding away again in maddest velocity, a mile in a few seconds, the sport of the law of gravitation and a steep hill, our cousin's breath sometimes almost whisked out of his body, until he reaches the bottom, tobogan shaking, and he quaking, as if Death had had him by the shoulders, and had given him a rough shake. Yet he gets up, and finds that unlike the



TRIES AGAIN AND FEELS LIKE A LARK.

traditional Turk, whose head had been severed with such nicety and sharpness, he can sneeze without losing his head, and, in fact, is more anxious to try again than to go home.

Côte des Neiges and McTavish's Hills, in my school-days, were the grand hills for toboganing in Montreal; but by and by



BUT FORGETS TO HOLD ON AT THE CAHOT.

the encroachments of building drove the tobog-anists to Brehaut's Hill and Clarke avenue at Côte St. Antoine, or to an open and more public space called Fletcher's Field. At Kings-ton, they have a fine ride of over a mile on Fort Henry. Quaint old Quebec is fit for toboganing wherever you go. But one of the

most unique rides is down the ice-cone of Montmorenci Falls, about seven miles from Quebec,—as great a resort for toboganists in winter, as it is for tourists in summer. Indeed, I wonder that no one has as yet begun to rave on the picturesque in ice, especially as seen at

Niagara Falls and Montmorenci. It affords a perfect world of wealth for description and sketching. You get into the funny little, low carioles in Quebec, almost like a box on runners, and with your tobogan dragging behind, off you go for your half-holiday, generally in a party of single horse and tandems, with gay

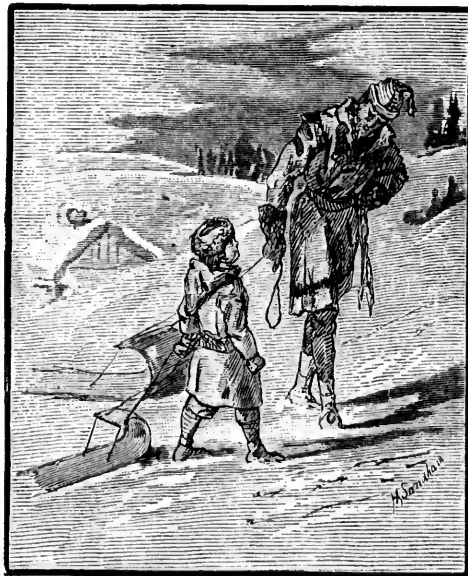


LEFT IN THE LURCH.

robes, bright faces, and sprightly horses. It is hard to say which enjoy it more,—you or your horses.

Instead of taking the orthodox road, you go on the river, now frozen, and soon reach the semicircular bay hemmed in by

huge cliffs, in the center of which are the Falls. One of the most magnificent pictures of ice I ever saw was on a bright afternoon one winter just as we reached this spot, and saw the water—*La Vache* (“the cow”), as it is called by the French



TAKES ADVICE FROM A YOUNGSTER.

habitants, on account of its resemblance in color to milk,—pitching over the rock nearly three hundred feet high, while all around the cataract and hanging from the cliffs, massive icicles of all shapes shone like pendants of glass in the sunshine; while here and there on the rocks clumps of light snow were gathered, and at the foot of the fall the ice-cone rose to a height of a hundred feet, This cone of solid ice is formed by the daily accumulation of spray on a small rock in the river

near the foot of the fall, and seems by nature to have been specially designed for the toboganist. The sight here on a gala-day is something very picturesque. The cone is covered with ascending and descending parties of toboganists, while on the dry snow below you may see a party enjoying their sandwiches, etc., in their sleighs.

Nothing astonishes our winter visitors more than the indifference to danger, and the genuine delight in hard, rough pleasure, shown by our Canadian girls. A few years ago a party of Quebec ladies tramped on snow-shoes into the bush with their husbands,

camped for two nights in the snow, and returned better than ever ; and any fine moonlight night you may meet such parties reveling in the pastime on our mountain, or in the full bloom of health



HOLDS ON AND PASSES THE CAHOT SUCCESSFULLY.

roughing it on the tobogan hill, even steering the tobogan down alone for the fun of it, and taking the occasional upsets with a laughing *nonchalance*.

“Is there any real risk in toboganing?” Of course there is, and that’s half the vim of it; but accidents happen in the best regulated sports. Three years ago one of our club was sliding down Brehaut’s, when his tobogan bounced over a *cahot*. Down came the toboganist on the flat of his back in some mysterious way no one could understand, with a broken spine, and death before him in two weeks. Once I had a friend in the front seat of my tobogan backed by two ladies and myself. We were enjoying the sensation of running against a fence at the end of our descent, and I had warned him to keep in his legs, and not fear the concussion; but at once he thrust out his right leg, and got a compound fracture which laid him up for twelve weeks.

Toboganists are always bunting against something. It gets monotonous without an occasional upset, and if you cannot get them accidentally, half the fun is in making the sleigh swerve around when at top speed so as to get them on purpose. It’s sometimes very sore when you make a sort of hop, skip and jump, over glare ice and a *cahot*, and rattle your bones almost out of joint as you come down with a crash. But there’s no danger at all on a large hill without *cahots*, and not any anywhere if you are really careful. You’ll get jolted and jerked,

and covered with snow from head to toe, but that's healthy. But you'll get many a fascinating and thrilling ride without a single upset, and scarcely a joggle. It all depends on the condition of the hill, and the character of your steerer. I remember once coming down Côte des Neiges Hill, when at the bottom standing square in the way of crossing the street, was a *habitant's* horse and sleigh.

A man stood on the road with his back to the hill, talking to the farmer. Two of us were on the tobogan, and within a few yards of the horse; the road was smooth ice. We both laid back our heads and like a flash shot under the belly of the horse between his legs. All we heard was a fierce



BUT FORGETS TO STEER.

neigh of fright from the horse. "If he had kicked?" It would have been bad for the horse, methinks.

But now Cousin Jonathan is in for a day's sport for himself.



AND COMES TO A DEAD STOP.

He has had his own tobogan, and is determined to steer and contról it. Freely I concede to my friend Sandham the art of telling the story with pencil better than I can with pen; how Cousin Jonathan made a capital start, till a smooth bit of track made the sled wriggle to one side; how, in the frantic effort to bring it again to its position, he brought it back foremost; how he slid back until he came to a *cahot*, and slid in heels over head and tobogan over all; how he escaped again to try his luck, and overcame the wriggle, and felt like a lark as he reached that *cahot* again; how, for lack of holding on to the side-

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rods, he was bounced into mid-air like a rubber ball, and came down flat on his back on the snow, to find his tobogan careering away down the hill like a runaway colt ; how he took advice of a young "Canuck," who showed him how to hold on tight to the sides ; how he marched up again, hope unbroken, but back nearly so ; how he held on with a vengeance till he got over the *cahot*, and held on so long and so tight that he forgot to steer ; how his *tuque* fell over his face in the jolt of the tobogan, and he nearly ran over a snow bound hut ; how he tried again on another part of the hill, away from that *cahot* and that hut ; how he espied



TRIES AGAIN AWAY FROM THE HUT.

a tree ahead, and found when too late that the track was narrow enough to test the steering skill of a veteran ; how he lost his presence of mind, and forgot to roll off ; how, before he had time to reason it coolly, he shot plump against that tree, and he and the tobogan got the worst of the encounter ; and finally, how plucky,

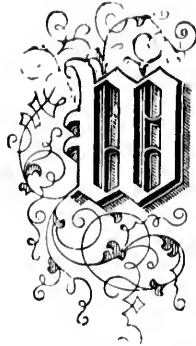


AND CONCLUDES TO WAIT TILL NEXT SEASON.

healed. He frankly blames his own rashness and inexperience, not the merit of the sports. I like that Saxon spirit in him. It's the old Norse pluck, which has carried our race and our language throughout the world.

Cousin Jonathan, with sprained hand in sling and wrapper over blackened eye, left that Indian bass wood almost grafted on the trunk of the tree, and limped home, disgusted for the nonce with Canadian sports, let my friend and artist tell. But the brave fellow writes us that he's coming back to try his luck when his wounds are

BACK AGAIN!



—♦♦♦—
"BI CCME back, Jonathan, I am heartily glad to see you. You're not afraid to get into our athletic harness again, are you?"

"Oh! no, not at all. Why, ever since my last visit, and in spite of bruised memories, I have longed to see Canada in winter again. Talk of the mossy banks and anenomes of Bermuda; the waving bananas and plantains of the Antilles; but after four winters in the tropics, I'm perfectly converted to the value of a Canadian winter, for health as well as for novel and exhilarating pleasure."

"Well, I'm sure we shall all do our best to make your visit pleasant."

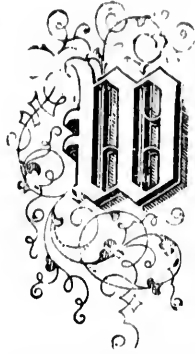
"I began my programme myself this morning by finding my way to my old friend the Turkish Bath; and what a jolly rub one does get there. I had water *ad libitum* instead of being stinted of it as one generally is elsewhere. Do you know I seriously believe the Turkish Bath is one of the best moral regenerators. After such a luxurious hour, a man thoroughly respects his own polished skin."

"And we can give you something better this time than the worst inn's worst room."

"Most emphatically so."

"Will you look at the Carnival we've prepared for you."

SNOW-SHOEING.



WHEN last you were here, you were the guest of the Montreal Snow Shoe Club, the *alma mater* of the sport; but now consider yourself at the mercy of the St. Georges, Le Canadien, the Emerald, the Argyle, the Mount Royal, the St. Andrews and the Prince of Wales as well. We shall not ask you to join us in any of our splendid weekly tramps, but will show you other features with which we make every winter merry. Our French-Canadian friends of the "Canadien" Club have organized a union concert under the auspices of the committee. You will hear the sweet choruses of *la belle France* sung by the hardy sons of a race, whose physique cannot compare to that of their Canadian descendants, and we shall congratulate ourselves that our good friends have taken the hint, and can no longer be reproached at their indifference to snow-shoeing.

The Snow-Shoe Committee have prepared a perfect feast of races and steeple-chases, with a grand snow-shoe tramp and torchlight procession. Just ten years ago, when the Earl of Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada, the Montreal, Alexandra, Canada and the Maple Leaf Clubs joined in a magnificent procession of this kind in honour of the Earl and the Countess. It filed up and over Mount Royal, and was entertained by Mr.

Alex. McGibbon. During the evening the Earl of Dufferin in responding to the toast of his health, addressed the assembly as follows: "Brother snow-shoers, I find it difficult to express the intense gratification at the cordial welcome myself and the Count's have met with, from the first day that we set foot on the shores of Canada, and I can truthfully say that nowhere has the reception been warmer than it is to-night. I have been particularly struck by the picturesque sight of the torchlight procession. It was a novel spectacle, reminding me of a fairy scene. In studying the characteristics of Canada, I have been impressed by the enthusiastic devotion of the people to manly sports and exercises. The importance of these can hardly be overrated. They contribute in a great measure to the virility of a nation's temper, and the independence of the national spirit. Perhaps no people can boast of a greater variety of sports than Canada. I may instance, among others, snow-shoeing, toboganing, skating and lacrosse, the last of which is the gayest, liveliest and manliest of games. It is a subject of gratitude that ladies can engage on equal terms with gentlemen in several of these sports, and even occasionally surpass them. I have seen Canadian ladies dancing on the ice in Ottawa, Quebec and Montreal, and the sight is one of the prettiest I have ever witnessed. Professors of æsthetics speak of such a thing as the poetry of motion. I have seen it fully exemplified in the case of ladies performing varied evolutions on the ice. In this respect the ladies of Canada should maintain their fame. When the women of a country cannot only bear up against the rigour of an arctic winter, but even lay it under contribution and make it serve to exhibit their grace and charms, they afford a beautiful example, and assist in no inconsiderable measure, to make the men brave, manly and martial."

TOBOGANING.

"I go, I go! see how I go
Swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow."—*Puck*.



NE by one we are losing the privileges of boyhood, and our sons can no longer risk their necks on the hills of Cote des Neiges or Clarke Avenue. But many a parent will bless the Montreal Toboganing Club after all, for it has done for this rare sport even more than the Montreal Snow Shoe Club did for snow-shoeing forty-three years ago. It has not only shown how intensely delightful the sport is in itself, but it has made the pleasure a perfect safety, and put it under wise and excellent control. Beginning with a few members it now numbers over four hundred, and has, to-day, room for five hundred tobogans. The Club was organized in 1881. It has four slides; two natural and two artificial, near the Sherbrooke street toll-gate. One slide is over a thousand feet long; two, over one hundred and fifty yards each—one a natural undulation, the other straight. You cannot veer from the track if you tried, so perfect safety is secured. By a series of steps and landings at the side, the return is made easy. A curiosity in the way of a Club-house is worth visiting. It is one of Mr. Shearer's Manitoba portable structures,

22 x 16, two stories high, made so that it can be packed in a freight car. The upper story is used exclusively as dressing rooms for ladies. When there is no moonlight the hill is lit by lanterns and locomotive head lights, while upon special occasions lighted torches are picturesquely placed in the snow on each side of the slides.

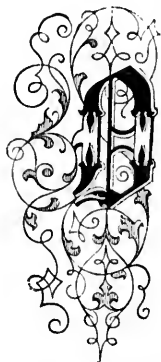
It appears that in Russia they regularly construct artificial slides, with steps to make an easy ascent; but the undulating character of Montreal makes it very favourable for toboganing. A child could descend our club hills in perfect safety, and with the more general use of the foot in steering, the sleds are easily guided. One can realize almost as great a delight as flying. Not the least danger of the many vicissitudes through which the venturesome had to pass ten years ago.



CURLING.

~~~~~  
"Foot fair, draw to a hair,  
Your stone being well directed,  
You'll hit your aim and win the game;  
If you miss be not dejected."

*From 1st page of Montreal Club Minutes, 22nd January, 1807.*



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F the four hundred and twenty-eight clubs instituted in this century, the Montreal ties with the Barrhead, Renfrewshire, Scotland, as second. It is a pleasant coincidence that the inauguration of the Winter Carnival and the Grand Curling Bonspeil should occur one day after its 76th birthday, it having been organized on the 22nd January, 1807.

Learning that the club was in possession of its original minutes, in a straight line of descent from the inaugural meeting of 1807, I approached the worthy Secretary as if I had been wanting to handle the crown jewels of Scotland. When the old box in which the books are kept, was exposed to view, and I saw the volumes as sacred as the Talmud, and worth far more than their weight in gold, I could not but feel reverence for the faithful officers who had so cannily preserved the records of the club's meet, "every Wednesday at 12 o'clock, to play till

three," and the fortnightly Wednesday meet "at Gillis's, at four o'clock, to dine on *Salt Beef and Greens*." How changed the fashion of modern times from those good old days, when the club dinner and wine was restricted to seven shillings and sixpence a head ; when each member presided at table in rotation ; and the losing party of the day was to pay for a bowl of whiskey toddy, "to be placed in the middle of the table for those who may choose to use it."

The Montreal, Thistle and Caledonian Clubs are under the jurisdiction of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland. The annual for 1882-83 gives a list of 479 local clubs ; 16 in Ontario and Quebec Provinces, 1 in Newfoundland, 1 in New Brunswick, 3 in Nova Scotia ; 1 in Cape Breton, 1 in Manitoba ; while both Norway and Russia have flourishing organizations. The full number under the jurisdiction of the R. C. C. is 512. Of the Canadian Branch, Col. Dyde C.M.G., A.D.C., to the Queen, is President, having joined the Montreal Club on the 29th November, 1838. The commercial history of the City since 1807 may be said to be largely represented in the roll of members, from the Rev. Jas. Sommerville, the first on the list, down through the Gillespies, Youngs, Torrances, Campbells, McGills, Allans, &c., including representatives from the 24th Regt., 93rd, 23rd, 79th, 20th, 92nd Regt., Royal Canadian Rifles, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Medical Staff, 39th Regt., Grenadier and Fusileer Guards, Military Train, 60th Rifles, 30th, 16th, 25th, and 78th Regts.

Whether or not the mythical heroes of Ossian indulged in "Bonspiels," the sons of Scotland in Canada, are as fond of their national sport as of their history and traditions, and have

succeeded in making curling one of our finest of winter pastimes. In fact long before any other winter sport had any sort of organization, Canada, as it will be seen, had her regular curling clubs ; and every winter saw the enthusiastic players stealing away to their rinks.

“Out flee the lads, to *draw, inwick and strike,*
Frae plough, counter, desk, bar, and pu'pit.”

Many a tale is told of the keen curlers who played as well as they preached. “Frae Maidenkirck to Johnny Groates' nae curlers like the clergy.”

Wherever Englishmen go, they instinctively look out for the best spot for a cricket crease ; and in the same way Scotchmen pick out their nooks for curling. Some day we may learn, that Sir John Franklin found Scotchmen curling beyond Baffin's Bay, and indulging in oatmeal and porridge in lieu of “beef and greens.”

A Canadian farmer (French), at Quebec, who had seen the game for the first time, gave the following description of it :—

“J'ai vu aujourd'hui une bande d'Ecossois qui jettoient des grosses boules de fer, faites comme des bombes, sur la glace, après quoi, ils crioient *soupe ! soupe !* ensuite, ils rioient comme des fous ; je crois bien qu'ils sont vraiment fous.” (“I saw to-day a gang of Scotchmen throwing on the ice large iron balls, shaped like bombshells, after which they yelled *soup ! soup !* laughing like fools, and I really think they *were* fools.”)

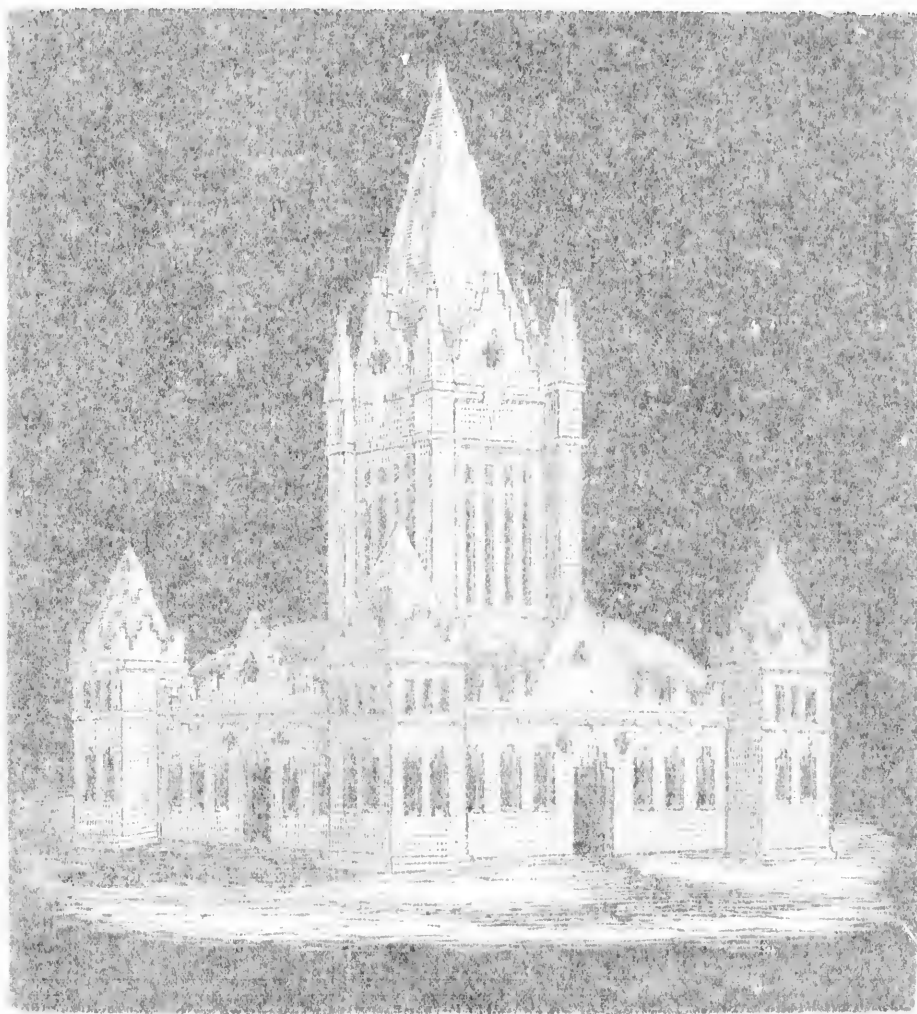
THE ICE PALACE.



THE Ice Palace built on Dominion Square close to the Windsor Hotel, is larger than some of the most famous built in Russia, and as it is the first ever erected on this continent, and exclusively by amateurs, it will no doubt be interesting. Its structure is castellated. There is a central tower or keep, square in form, one hundred feet high; having battlements and a high pitched roof. This again is ascended by an out-work at twenty-feet distance, and of twenty feet in height; also having, battlements and towers at the angles, and the whole may be said to present something of the form of a medieval castle. It will be lit at night by the Electric light. Each block of ice as cut from the St. Lawrence measures 42 by 24 inches, and weighs 500 lbs. The structure will contain about 40,000 cubic feet of ice, varying from 15 to 24 inches in thickness. Fifty men have been employed upon it under the superintendence of the contractor, Mr., J. H. Hutchison. Messrs Laird Paton & Sons, S. S. Tabb, W. Omen, Philip Wall, F. Fournier and M. Wilson have assisted Mr. Hutchison.

It was necessary to make some experiments as to the crushing test of ice: and it was found that one cubic foot placed between two iron plates showed a test of 11 tons.

The Architects were Messrs Hutchison & Steele, of Montreal, and the design is altogether original.



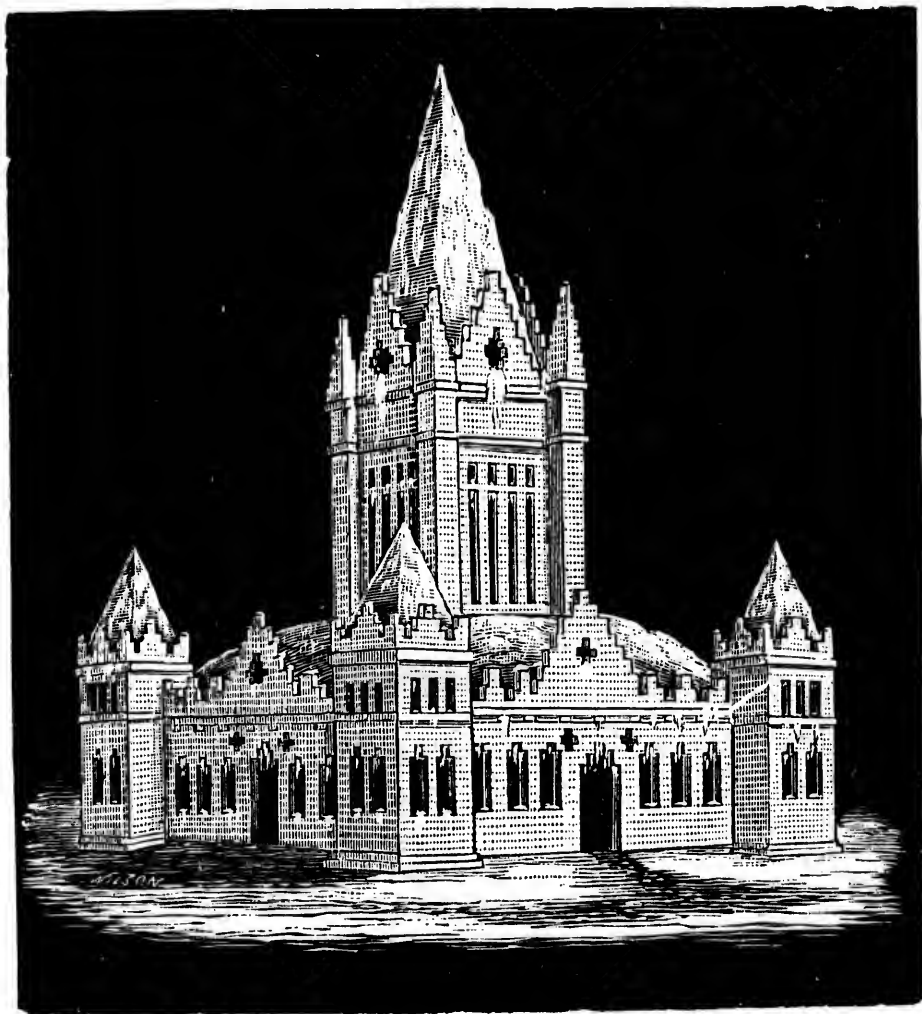
THE ICE PALACE,
CORNER OF DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL,
JANUARY, 1893.



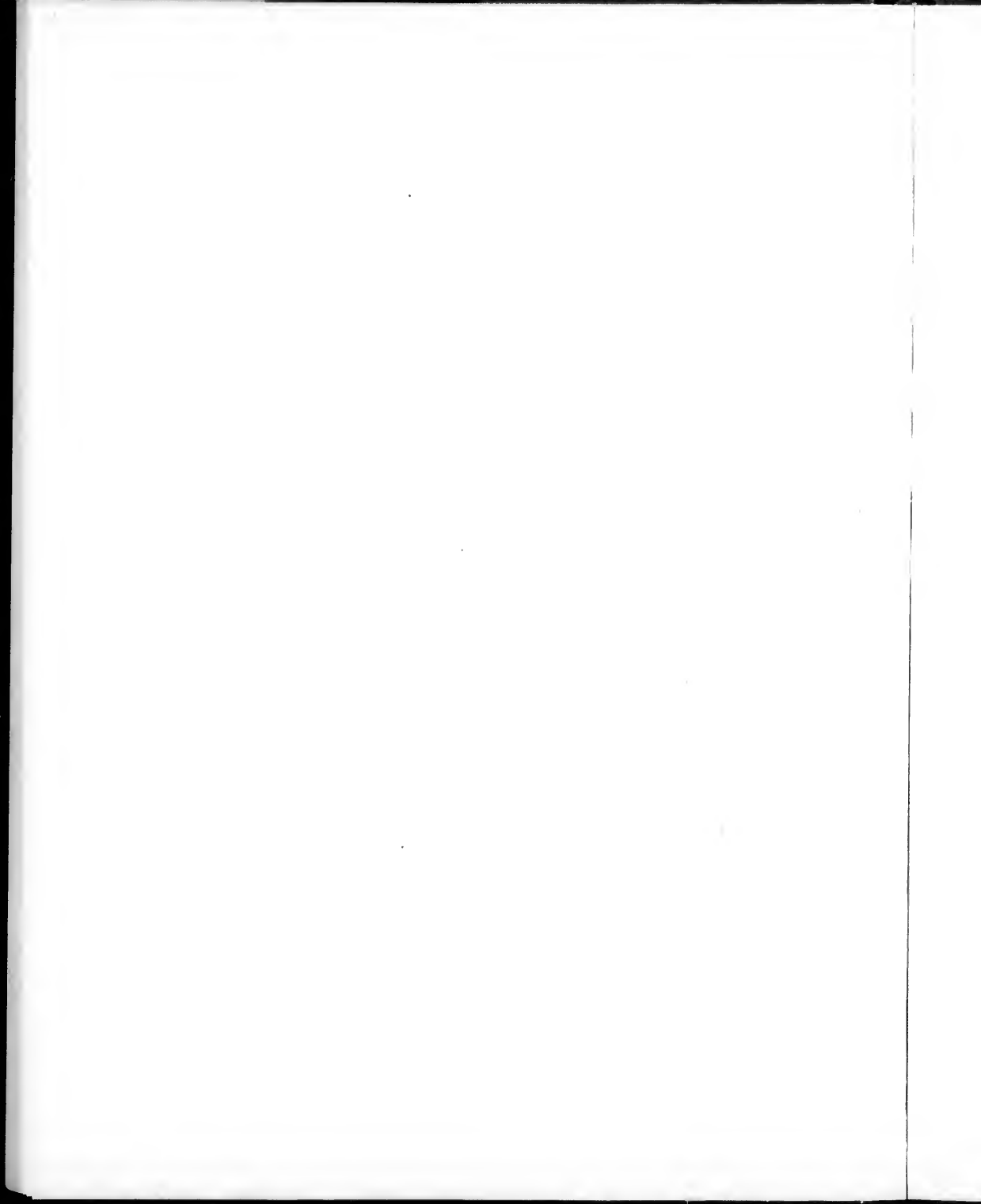
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THE ICE PALACE,
BUILT ON DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL,
JANUARY, 1883.



SKATING.



WHEN you have seen the Ice Palace lit up by the Sun, "by pale Moonlight," and the very Stars; when the dazzling earthly rival Electricity has shown you its wondrous play of colours in the translucent ice, you may be even more electrified if you visit the skaters kaleidoscope, the Victoria Rink, during the Fancy Dress Carnival. The Arabian Nights is't a circumstance to our Canadian Nights.

The ice becomes enchanted ground. What fairy-land of fancy can surpass this *tout ensemble* of fact, with its beautiful blending of motley costumes and characters, not still as death itself on canvass, but living, moving, laughing pictures, a perfect melody of colours, more like an Eastern fable than a foreigner's conceptions of a Canadian night.

Two years ago a very picturesque Icy Temple, with octagonal columns and stalactites, all of ice, was built in the middle of the rink, lit by the electric light, and having a fountain of water playing inside. A May-pole dance on skates formed another pretty feature. For many years a succession of Carnivals has been held in the Victoria, and with the enlivening strains of the Victoria Rifles' Brass Band, the skaters glide through the mazes of the dance. Our visitors must not suppose that the Fancy Dress Carnival this week is an exceptional thing. Every year we

have several, including one exclusively for children ; and you can see for yourselves, if it is at all likely that those who enjoy such a splendid relaxation, under such excellent auspices, would consent that the clerk of the weather should give us a lower temperature from Christmas until near April Fools' Day. More likely that with the Athenian we would dedicate altars to Boreas, and plead with Jack Frost to come earlier and stay longer.

Of course the Skating Rink is more than a mere fine sheet of ice where the poetry of motion is seen. It has become a sociable club, where little coteries of people meet and enjoy a chat as well as a skate ; where girls and boys are unconsciously trained in obedience to government and respect for authority. Just fancy the moral effect, not only of a President whose tact and kindness is well sustained by an experienced Board, but of the terror to evil-doers, as well as to those who do well, of the presence of Sergt. Lee, the care-taker. What better restraint can be had over boys who skate furiously, and who remind you of Hamlet's Ghost :

“ T'is here, t'is there, t'is gone,”

than the firm watchfulness of the faithful Irishman, whose proud record is that he was twenty-eight years in our Water Police, and has been still in his element in the Rink for the last eleven.

The list of Honorary Members include His Excellency Lord Lorne, Governor-General of Canada ; H.R.H. the Princess Louise ; H.R.H. Prince Arthur ; H.R.H. the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia ; the Rt.-Hon. the Earl of Dufferin ; the Countess of Dufferin ; the Rt.-Hon. Lord Monck ; Gen. Sir F. W. Williams, K.C.B., all of whom have patronized Carnivals in the Rink.

THE TANDEM CLUB.



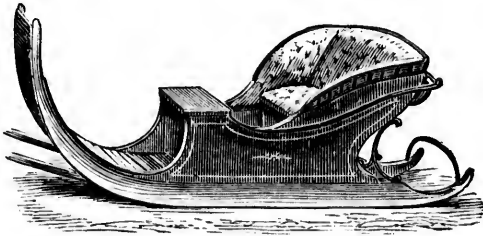
WHEN Montreal was a garrison city and we had thousands of Her Majesty's troops, driving clubs were all the rage ; and one of the finest sights on a winter afternoon, twenty odd years ago, was the turn out, headed by the commander of the forces driving four in hand. The red coats made life brighter and more brilliant in winter ; but come and go what may, the spirit of the season continues, and we have driving clubs surpassing any of the days of scarlet. All sorts and conditions of sleighs spin over the high roads. A very curious parade could be made of the old ones yet in existence, from the home-made *traineau* of the *habitant*, whose low-hung shafts made our city roads into *cahots*, and which is now prohibited within the city limits, and the quaint and cosy, not easy to be upset little *cariole*, which seems to have been created expressly for the lively Canadian pony. Whether in low seat or high, in *cariole* or magnificent double-sleigh, how lively they make the streets, and how cheerful the "tangled careless music" of the bells !

“ Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells ;
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night ;

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells,
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells !”

The Club meets once a week, its rendezvous being some one of the outlying villages. The members generally drive their own sleighs in the following order :—



FRENCH CANADIAN CARIOLE.

Four-in-hand, then Unicorn or Random, then Tandem, then Pairs, then Single. This order is sacredly preserved, and has a very picturesque effect ; and nothing in “ garrison days ” can compare to the present display of horse-flesh, and the clever handling of the reins ; and no doubt, did our streets permit of it, we would have ambitious Hectors driving four-abreast. At any rate, it is one of the most select and sociable, and enlivens the winter afternoons with its fine display. Hercules need not give up this club either, when he woos or even marries Dejanira, as no sleigh is complete without at least one lady.

MONTREAL HUNT CLUB.



It will be observed by our visitors, that there runs throughout our whole Canadian life and manners, like a thread of gold, the same inherited love of out-door sports and pastimes that characterizes the mother-country. The history of England today can no more ignore the national sports than could the history of Greece the Olympic games; in fact much less so, because Olympiad was held only once in four years, while the "fixtures" for British sports run on in some form every day in every year.

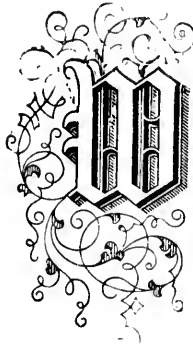
Men who can keep a firm seat on the back of a horse going over a four-barred fence or a deep ditch, have some right to feel that they have gained an advantage of no ordinary kind over pedestrians; and may even feel like the Persians of old, that it is ignominious to be seen in public except on horse-back. Nothing has done more in Montreal to promote this exercise than the Montreal Hunt Club, whose kennels, covering three and a-half acres on Colborne Avenue, are one of the institutions of the City. A stroll through the stables to see the splendid arrangements made for the comfort of the horses and hounds, is well worth the time.

The Kennels cost over \$30,000. The Club owes its prosperity largely to the personal generosity and enterprise of Mr. A. Baumgarten; Master of the Hounds.

One huntsman, two whippers, an earth-stopper, and a kennel huntsman comprise the establishment. Last year the Club bought a pack of hounds from the Earl of Huntingdon, which gives forty couples. The Club is the oldest on the Continent, and age has but given new lustre to its life. One of its fixtures is its chief huntsman, who has had charge of the pack for over a quarter of a century, and loves dogs as much as human beings, upon the principle "love me, love my dog." Visitors unaccompanied by members are admitted to the Kennels from 2 to 5 o'clock p.m. It is to be hoped that though the hunting season closed last month, the scarlet coats and the pack may add to our programme by at least one turn out, even if Reynard is *non est*. The improvement in horse-flesh and horse-back riding in Montreal, is exclusively due to the enterprise of the leading members of the Hunt, who have not only perfected their sport, but have also done so much to encourage importation of the best horses, until, like Alexander the Great, they may consider one the noblest gift they can bestow.

The following is the List of Officers:—A. Baumgarten, M. F. H. Hugh Paton, Secretary-Treasurer; J. R. Hutchins, H. A. Galarneau, W. C. Richardson, Executive Committee; Wm. Drysdale, Huntsman; Jno. Woods, 1st Whip; P. G. Murphy, 2nd Whip; A. MacPherson, Kennelman.

THE ICE BRIDGE RAILWAY.



WHEN we were school-boys there was a story current of a Sailor and an Eastern King. The former had been wrecked on a coast where they had perpetual summer; and when brought before the hot-headed and sunburned potentate, was giving an account of his travels. The King could swallow London fogs; but when the sailor began his yarns of snow-storms and icebergs, His Majesty became credulous, and his credulity grew into royal wrath. At last, Jack gave a vivid description of the freezing of streams and rivers, and told how they were frozen so thick that they bore the weight of great loads of merchandize and men. This seemed adding insult to injury, and sailor Jack was decapitated.

How His Majesty would stand aghast in stupefying wonder, were he alive to-day, and could be transported from his tropics to Hochelaga, and watch a locomotive and tender weighing over 50,000 lbs., with cars weighing perhaps 100 tons each, crossing the frozen St. Lawrence to the Longueuil shore.

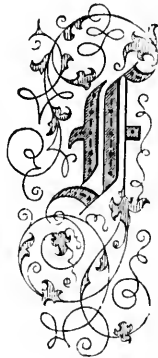
On the 30th January, 1880, a light engine crossed and returned in perfect safety. The train, consisting of two ordinary platform cars of about 80 tons each, carrying 250 guests, moved at the rate of about ten miles an hour at first. No jolting was experienced upon the iron rails laid upon wooden sleepers frozen into position.

THE VALUE OF SNOW.



T is a trite observation that snow is almost as valuable to land as manure. Tired nature is restored during the sleep of winter. The frosts open and make the soil pliable to such a degree that the labour expended upon it goes much further than in England ; "that one ploughing is, in fact, so far as the mechanical loosening of the soil is concerned, equal to two in countries without such frosts ; that the rain in Canada falling more in short showers than in protracted rains, as in Great Britain and Ireland, the number of working days is greater in the spring months in the former than in the latter country ; that the rapidity with which crops come to maturity, leaves a longer period for ploughing and out-door work, both before the seed is sown and after the crops are reaped ; that by stabling and keeping the stock together, more manure is saved. Finally, there is much work which can be done far better in winter than in summer, as the felling and cutting of trees, so much easier with the frost in the wood, clearing the land, hauling manure to the remoter parts of the farm, fencing, and wood from swamps and places difficult of access in summer, conveying produce to market at a distance with a speed and in quantities which would not be practicable on wheels."

FACTS ABOUT OUR CLIMATE AND THE PEOPLE.



ROST does not make cold. This seems paradoxical ; but it is a fact that you will not feel the cold as keenly when the thermometer is twenty degrees below zero, and the wind is from the north, as when an east wind blows above the freezing point. Malaria, down South, lives through the winter, because of the fickleness and frequent dampness of the weather. Jack Frost is a great physician with one infallible remedy for summer ailments. He is the very best friend to man and beast, even if he nips one's ears or nose, just to show how wicked he might be were he not good-natured.

Canada ranks very high in the scale of healthy countries at all seasons of the year. It is almost inexplicable how the whole Dominion seems to escape the devastations of disease as well as the tempests of nature, which prevail every summer over so large an area of the United States. Our summers are never intensely hot, with the exception of a few days in July. The reason why people abroad have such absurd notions about our climate all the year round, is because we foolishly send them nothing but our rare pictures of winter life. Winter nearly everywhere else is such a wretched imposture of fog and slush, that we are a bit proud of our dry snow and our clear skies. Our spring, summer and autumn has no superior in the world, as our agricultural and

horticultural statistics prove. "Canada is in the latitudes of the most valuable cereals and grasses, and consequently where the most appropriate food, and in the greatest abundance, is found for man and beast. It is in climate and productions, similar to the region in the old world, most favourable for the ox, the sheep and the horse. It is the latitude, too, in which man attains the greatest energy of body and mind. It is the latitude from which have sprung the conquering races, and the races that rule the rest of the world." Sun-stroke, which is so prevalent over the border, is a rare thing in any part of Canada ; while on the other hand, our dry climate and clear air make even furs unnecessary during a long part of every winter. Last season when we were reading the accounts of snow-blockades and freezing to death, both in England and in many parts of the United States, we were wearing spring hats in Montreal, and positively enjoying an elastic, dry, clear atmosphere free from humidity.

With the exception of the few days of the "January thaw," we had dry, clean roads ; but when John Bull and Jonathan went out any morning in fur coats, the chances were that they would return in the evening under umbrellas ! Which would you prefer ?

The Canadian people are intensely an out-door sport loving race. The invigorating climate has everything to do with the physique of the people. "It is expressly fitted to develop a hardy race. For the bringing up of a young family, it is to be preferred very decidedly to the climate of almost all the States of the Union, south of the chain of Canadian lakes. The fact of the generally healthy condition of the people, the splendid development of the men, the preservation of the English type of beauty of the women, may be taken in proof of the excellence of the climate."

Of course, cities do not, as a rule, produce the finest type of physical manhood. In no country in the world, will you find finer specimens of hardy, well-made men and women than in our rural districts.

"I attended," says an English traveller, "a volunteer corps shooting match at Ottawa. I remarked particularly the splendid physique of the men. The stalwart farmers, backwoodsmen and lumberers of the country would produce the finest army conceivable." "Great heavens!" exclaimed an English officer at the sight of those tall, broad-shouldered, resolute-looking men, "what superb fellows I would make of these, if I might only drill them into shape."

Another writer says, "the rural battalions are almost entirely composed of the agricultural population, the bone and sinew of the land, who have a stake in the country, and in many instances are the proprietors and sons of proprietors of the land; *and it is impossible to see a hardier race*, or finer materials for soldiers."

"The American and Canadian peoples are fast becoming sundered by the development of distinct types of national character. Two races are here forming side by side. The Canadians are still strictly Anglo-Saxon (or Anglo-Norman.) In so far as the climate is changed at all, it is by a return to the severity of northern regions, from which the Scandinavian peoples came. *The old race bids fair to attain a new vigor.* The Canadians, as a rule, are hardy, well developed, fresh-coloured; they love the country and the life of a farmer (the Canadian farmer is mostly a land-owner and not like a European farmer); they are fond of field sports and of vigorous exercise; they are all born soldiers, and learn to handle the rifle well. They are like the English of past generations. They are the most military people on the globe, with the doubtful exception of Prussia."

“The peach, plum, quince, apricot and grape readily ripen in our southern province in the open air. In general terms it may be stated that our climate resembles that of central, western and north-western Europe, with a higher temperature and more summer rain; the spring and early summer months, being cool, favour the cereals and grasses, and the higher summer temperature, the Semi-Tropical plants and fruits; hence the great variety of products, and the great fertility of the soil. The whole family of the cucurbitaceæ—the squash, the pumpkin, the melon, the cucumber, &c.—come to maturity in the open fields throughout the valley of the St. Lawrence and lakes, as also on the Red, Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers. Indian corn, or maize, which will not ripen in England, seldom in Paris (lat. $48^{\circ} 50'$), is a field crop over vast areas in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and even in the north-west matures as high as latitude 54° —north of the parallel of Europe—and this cereal requires a summer temperature of 65° degrees with one month at 67° ; so exacting is it as to temperature that it often fails to ripen in the north of France through a deficiency of half a degree.

“How the widespread erroneous opinions as to the climate of Canada could have originated, or been entertained, has always appeared quite unaccountable. If its position on the globe—its southern portions in the same latitudes as Corsica, the northern provinces of Spain, Italy, and Turkey, farther south than Austria, France, Sardinia, Lombardy, Venice or Genoa,—were not sufficient to save even the unscientific from mistakes on this subject, the vegetable products of the country are a simple and sure index of its climate.

“The temperatures of the summer months are those of chief importance in agriculture and horticulture. The winters have no unfavourable effect upon plants for the maturity of which

the summers are long enough and warm enough ; nay, the intervention of winters, such as prevail throughout Canada, with the temperature low enough to secure a covering of snow, is good both for the plant and the soil. 'The frosts of winter, too,' says a Scotch agriculturalist, who had long been a practical farmer in Britain, 'leave the land in a very friable state, and in better order than any number of ploughings make it. The winter grains, the grasses, the roots of trees, and especially of shrubs, are protected from the wind and the sun ; the soil, too, being covered with snow till the sun is warm enough to start vegetation, is not dried up, as we find it in southern Europe, in late winter and early spring. Then the gradual melting of the snow fills the earth with moisture, so necessary for the germination of seeds and plants. The rains of spring and early summer follow ; these favouring circumstances, accompanied by moderate temperatures, render Canada, as a grazing and grain-growing country, immeasurably superior to southern Europe.' 'Canadian wheat,' says Marshall, p. 76, 'is one of the finest in the world ; oats, barley, maize, and other grains, yield excellent crops.' These grains, with the rich pastures and meadows, herds of horn-cattle, sheep and horses, are not the great staples along the shores of the Mediterranean, as in Canada."

Speaking of the Canadian North-West, the late Lord Beaconsfield called it "a land of illimitable possibilities," and a people may be justly exonerated from the suspicion of self-glorification, when they express their pride in the heritage they possess—a Dominion, "one-fifteenth of the land surface of the world, rather more than the United States, and rather less than the whole of Europe." May our Winter Carnival have the effect of giving our friends broader and fairer ideas of Canada.

"GOOD-BYE."



ELL, good-bye to you. Thank you all very much for the week's delightful enjoyment. It has forever dissipated the stupid notions many of my friends had about Canada and her three or four months' winter. What can we do in the way of reciprocating—"

"That's it, Jonathan. Love your neighbour as yourself, and let us have a fair

'Reciprocity Treaty.'

"When I get into Congress, you'll have it. But perpetual friendship between us at any rate."

"Yes, indeed. Canada, politically, will paddle her own canoe, and you will paddle yours; but we shall always be friends, so *au revoir*."

The audience will now please to rise, and, after singing "Hail Columbia!" and "God Save the Queen," will join hands and let us have "Auld Lang Syne."

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