

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1898.

SCENES IN MONTREAL.

SOME THINGS NOTED BY A VISITOR TO THE BIG CITY.

Why the Cab Horses Have a Halting Appearance—A Traveller Who Followed Mark Twain's Example—The Frequency of Infant Funerals.

The first thing that strikes the tender-hearted visitor to the beautiful city of Montreal, will probably be the condition of the cab horses, and after he has thoroughly taken this in his attention will no doubt be attracted to the smartness of the cabs they draw, and the elaborate brass or silver mounting of the harness. I don't mean to say that the cab horse of the commercial metropolis is to be compared for a moment to his brother-in-harness either in London or Paris, or that his owner is intentionally unkind to him, for I have seen many a Montreal cabman engaged, during his leisure moments in a regular boxing-match with his horse, the animal entering into the sport with as much apparent enjoyment as his master, and the game being for the horse to catch the master's hand before the latter had time to slap him on the nose. It seemed to be a condition of the game that the one should not hit, nor the other bite, too hard. It is the conditions of life which make things hard for the luckless animal and give him that expression of utter disgust with the present, and indifference to the future which is one of his most prominent characteristics. I was going to speak of him as a quadruped, but the term hardly applies as he so rarely rests on all four legs at once that he might almost claim to be classed as a biped. He has contracted a habit of propping himself up during his leisure moments on his right foreleg, and thus giving the limbs not in immediate use, a much needed rest. Even when engaged in active business he has a sly way of saving one pair of legs as much as possible, which gives him rather a curious, and decidedly a pathetic halt in his gait.

The reason for this peculiarity is the construction of the streets some of which are stone, some the hard, set of concrete, and some "rock asphalt." Continual pounding over these hard substances soon breaks up a horse's knees, and though he may last for years in that condition he probably has excellent reasons of his own for taking a gloomy view of the situation and wishing to end his days as soon as possible. Anyone who suffers from rheumatism will sympathize with him, I am sure.

Probably the Montrealers themselves are so accustomed to the peculiar gait of their horses that they would be surprised if their attention was drawn to it; but even the high stepping hack which comes haughtily down Sherbrooke street drawing a well appointed dog cart and guided by a coachman in immaculate livery, even this aristocratic animal whose tail is shorn as close to his hind quarters as nature will permit, is not free from a certain carelessness in putting his feet down and a tendency to rest a fore or hind leg whenever he gets a chance. Some of the cab horses are very sad sights and the contrast between the natty cab, and the pitiful ghost drawing it is frequently so strong and so pathetic as to lead the stranger and pilgrim to wonder whether there is a branch of the S. P. C. A. in Montreal, and if so whether the officers are very zealous in the performance of their duties.

Perhaps I may feel more keenly on the subject than most people, but it is a fact that I avoided the Montreal cab as a mode of progression during my visit, just as Mark Twain used to avoid riding the horses whose backs he had seen, during his trip through the Holy Land. The one he chose had never been unsaddled in his presence, and though the gentle humorist had little doubt that his back was just as sore as the others he did not know it from personal observation, and derived some comfort from his ignorance. On the same principle I used the plebeian chariot which costs five cents, and is propelled by electricity, my only cab drive being taken one Sunday morning when the sharp spur of necessity forced me to catch a train.

The next impression that the stranger receives in Montreal is the frequency of infant funerals, and the business-like manner in which they are conducted. There is no commoner spectacle in the streets of Montreal than the sight of an ordinary wagon, or buggy being driven along at an ordinary pace, occupied sometimes by two men, but quite as frequently by a man and

a woman, and resting on their knees will be a little white coffin with a wreath of flowers, or perhaps quite unadorned. When first I used to meet these sad little funerals it used to give me quite a shock, but I soon got accustomed to them, especially when I noticed how cheerfully resigned the mourners seemed to be. I suppose children are common, and large families of such frequent occurrence especially among the French Canadians, that it is a sort of blessing in disguise when one of the poor little ones is called Home, but it is very sad all the same.

To visit Montreal and not ascend "The Mountain," is to proclaim oneself utterly behind the age at once, while the stranger who leaves the city without driving around that same mountain, is disgraced forever not only in the eyes of all self respecting Montrealers, but in the sight of the civilized nations of the earth. Everyone has heard of Mount Royal, and no matter where you live, as soon as you return home and mention the fact that you visited Montreal while you were away, you are pounced upon with the question, "Did you drive around the Mountain?" People who never have been within five hundred miles of the mountain themselves, and never expect to be, have read all about it, and will say to the returned tourist with an air of lofty condescension—"Of course you drove around the mountain; no one would think of coming away from Montreal without seeing the mountain?"

Well I did my duty to my beloved adopted country and not only drove around Mount Royal and viewed it reverently from all sides, but I scraped a more intimate acquaintance of it by ascending to the summit in one of the queer little triangular cars which crawl so sturdily up the fern-clad sides of the beautiful mountain, and look, when seen from a little distance so exactly a gigantic beetle creeping resolutely to the top of a very steeply pitched roof.

Bowling along up the gentle incline which leads to the final ascent and suddenly catching sight of the formidable looking ladder of rails—as it appears—up which we will presently creep, it really does give one a shiver of apprehension, and a very decided inclination to suddenly remember a pressing engagement requiring an immediate return to the city. At first it seems positively incredible that any car made can be filled with people and dragged up that almost perpendicular ascent without losing its hold and dashing its freight to destruction. But we are already at the stopping place and everyone else steps cheerfully and confidently out of the safe and conventionally shaped chariot which has brought us so far and into the little cockpit that which looks so dangerous, so there is nothing to do but follow with the best grace possible, and then be overcome with amazement at not being more frightened. Slowly the little car starts, gets up its speed, and finally begins to climb. We all show a great affection for the stout iron hand-rail and cling to it as a shipwrecked mariner clings to the one spar within reach there is a curious feeling of going up into space, quite different from the unpleasant sensation of going up a great distance in an elevator, a steady pull and we are all stepping out at the landing place with audible sighs of relief, and a transparent assumption of never having been afraid from the first.

Once in the broad railed platform at the summit under the shade of the pavilion which crowns it, there is little time for any feeling but delight at the beauty of the scene which lies spread out before one like an exquisite picture. Beautiful Montreal gleams below our feet in the bright June sunshine, like some piece of mosaic, or rather like an immense Scotch plaid, all green and red, and grey; so luxuriantly do the trees grow in all the streets that the buildings of bright red brick, and fresh, clean grey stone seem to be set in the midst of a forest of greenery which forms a background for the picture they make.

I have spoken of the summit of the mountain because it is from the pavilion built on the flat table-land there, that the best view of the city is obtained, but behind this point and on higher ground still reached by a succession of flights of steps, lie the cemeteries, situated in one of the most beautiful spots that can be imagined, and here may be seen a sight most unusual with us, so familiar in Upper Canada that it fails to attract the least attention—groups of mourners either sitting in silent

meditation beside the graves of their loved ones, or watering and tending the flowers that bloom in almost tropical luxuriance in nearly all the lots. Sometimes a bowed figure is seen kneeling in the very abandonment of grief by a newly made mound, and once or twice I saw two ladies in deep mourning seated on camp chairs within the enclosure of a family lot quietly engaged in reading and needle-work. They seemed to be keeping their dead company, keeping them in the family circle still, as far as possible, and the idea was a very attractive and touching one.

If coming up the mountain is exciting, going down is very much more so. It really looks unpleasantly like coasting into space, and as we are taking our seats a cautious elderly man nervously requests his companion to exchange seats with him and let him sit with his back "to the horses' feet were." "I never yet faced danger when I could help it" he observes as he seizes the rail with both hands "it is bad enough to know it's there without seeing it coming." The rest of us prefer to meet the face to face; the motor man clangs his bell, and we are off. It really is terribly steep, and the car feels as if it might break loose and go plunging down the mountain side, but we do not go down much faster than we came up, so our confidence returns. Half way down we meet the ascending car, and there is a great interchange of greetings, and waving of handkerchiefs, then we are standing still almost before we have realized that the peril is past; we step with an air of languid indifference out on to terra firma and the long anticipated ascent of the mountain is over!

There is much to see and to talk about in Montreal that in the first flush of enthusiasm and while the impressions are fresh one is almost tempted to believe that it would be easy to write a book about the charming city and even make it interesting so perhaps it is just as well that fresh impressions are fleeting, and the first flush of enthusiasm, like the bloom of youth, fades soon; for I have no doubt that a short newspaper article will prove quite sufficient to exhaust the interest of the average reader, in the subject. But yet it really seems as if Sherbrooke street with its beautiful residence its wide clean sidewalks, and lovely trees, the beautiful church of the Jesuits, the public squares, and the celebrated Sohmer park with its wonderful list of attractions, all for the sum of ten cents, its good music and its astonishing crowd of fakirs all most actively engaged in doing those things which they ought not to do, and apparently flourishing exceedingly thereby—it really seems as if each of these should have a chapter to themselves.

There is the grand church of Notre Dame with its lovely statues, its priceless paintings, some of which are the work of either Raphael or Murillo, I forget which, and its gem of a side chapel, the chapel of the Sacret Heart, which so many visitors miss altogether merely because they have never been made aware of its existence, but which alone is worth a visit to Montreal on account of its architectural beauty and the number and value of its frescoes and paintings. The great white and gold cathedral which, like so many other grand churches is still unfinished, but always having something new added to it; and last, though by no means least, the historic old Chateau Ramezay, one of the oldest houses in Canada, once the seat of a noble family of France, but was transformed into a most interesting museum, and filled with historical relics—all these features of Montreal are worthy of special chapters to themselves. The office of Montreal Daily Star, through which I was shown, and where I spent a pleasant hour thanks to the kindness of the assistant manager, Mr. McNab, a former Moncton boy, and Mr. W. J. Little of the circulation department, who extended that cordial welcome to their sister of the pen, which newspaper people are always sure of obtaining, the world over from members of the craft, is also deserving of a small pamphlet all to itself. It is a busy hive that office of the Daily Star, and to see the giant presses throwing off eighteen thousand copies in an hour is a revelation to one accustomed to the working of a smaller office. But the train for Toronto is sure to be on time, and will wait for neither man nor woman, so farewell to the fair city of Montreal for the present; but I shall not soon forget the pleasant days I spent there. ASTRA.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

Thrilling Incidents and Daring Deeds on Land and Sea.

It was in 1863 and 1864, when the Civil War was the hottest, that I made some money smuggling cotton from Texas across the Mexican border," said David C. Develley, of New Orleans.

It was in May, 1864, that, with a train of six four-mule wagons bound for the Rio Grande with cotton, my outfit was jumped by the Comanches a hundred miles south of San Antonio. There were ten men of us all told, and seventy or eighty of the Comanches. We saw them in time and corralled our wagons, with the mules safe behind them, and stood the Indians off.

But there was one man named Morton, a young fellow who had come along with our party for the sake of adventure, whom they captured. He had gone out for antelope and was a mile from the wagons when the Indians swooped down and cut him off. He ran for it and gave them a chase; but his horse tripped in a badger hole and threw him, and that settled his fate. He fought for his life and emptied a couple of Indian saddles, and as the Comanches closed round him we all prayed that he might be killed on the spot. But when the Indians scattered out and rode toward us we saw poor Morton among them astride a pony his feet tied together under the animal with one of the Indians leading the pony by a lariat.

We were kept pretty busy for about three hours, the Indians circling us, lying along their ponies' sides so as to show us no mark except a foot, and firing their guns and arrows from under the animal's necks. We were well protected by our wagons and none of us was hurt; and after we had killed four ponies an wounded an Indian or two the Comanches had enough of it and drew off. But they did not go away. They only went well out of rifle range, and then they stopped and cooked their supper, showing that they meant to stay with us longer. Before sunset they scalped poor Morton in full view of us, and an Indian rode toward the wagons parading the scalp on a lance.

There was no possible way for us to rescue the captive from the Indians. From behind our barricade we could see them making their preparations to torture him. They gathered armfuls of last year's dried grass and buffalo chips before sundown, and stretched Morton upon his back on the ground, with his hands and feet tied to stakes. When darkness fell they built a fire upon his chest and held up torches of dried grass that we might see. His shrieks came to our ears and we could see his writhings by the light of the Indians' torches. Elsewhere it was pitch dark, for the night was cloudy and there was no moon.

We endured this sight for a few minutes and then one of our company could stand it no longer. The best shot in our outfit was Bill Whitehead. He could do wonderful shooting with a long, muzzle-loading rifle of the pattern known in the South as a buck rifle, and which carried a round bullet weighing twenty-four to the pound. He looked to the priming of his piece, laid his hat on the ground, and, without a word began to crawl under a wagon out from the corral.

"What are you going to do, Bill?" I asked.

COULD SCARCELY RAISE HIS HAND.

Yet took care of seventy head of stock.

The farmer who found a friend.

Serious results often follow a strain, especially when it affects the back, and few people are so liable to strain as those who are lifting heavy loads of various kinds, from day to day. The teamster rarely ever overtaxes his strength. Familiarity with the class of wares he handles, enables him to entirely gauge the load he lifts so as not to put an excessive burden on himself. But with the farmer it is different. He is lifting loads of such varying weights and under such varying conditions that he is very liable to lift a little too much some day, with injurious results. Many serious affections of the great organs of the body originate in a strain. It was so in the case of H. R. W. Bentley, of Towner, North Dakota. A strain resulted in serious trouble with the liver. How he recovered and was enabled to feed seventy head of stock during the winter, let him tell himself:

"About a year ago, I sustained an injury in my back and shoulders by lifting a heavy weight. After a time, a liver trouble came on, which so weakened me that I could scarcely lift my hand to my head. While in this condition, I began the use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills, and finding almost immediate benefit, continued until I was

"You wait and see," he answered, "and if I don't come back—it's all right."

"We had no men to spare where we were, and Bill was the best man among us—but I let him go, only saying:

"Be careful, Bill. Don't go so far away that you can't get back."

"He was out of sight in a minute, crawling away in the darkness through the long grass. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed while we looked and waited. We could see the captive in his agony, and, between the Indian's yells, could hear his shrieks. Then somewhere near the Indians a flame spouted from the grass, and as the report of Bill's rifle came back to our ears the shrieking ceased suddenly and Morton lay still upon the ground. There was a commotion among the Indians, who for a few moments seemed completely rattled. By the light of the torches they dropped and the dreadful fire upon poor Morton's body we could see some of them firing toward the spot where the rifle had flashed and others darting toward the spot where their ponies were tethered. Their guns flashed nearer, arrows whistled toward the wagons, and we could catch the hoof beats of ponies on the run toward us as Bill's tall figure loomed suddenly in the darkness and he fell breathless between two wagon wheels, still clutching his rifle. We pulled him into the corral, and then for a few minutes had a lively time beating off the Comanches, who were all about us, frantic with rage. An Indian will seldom give battle in darkness, always choosing an hour in which there is some daylight; but the Comanches were so furious that it looked at one time as if they would storm our barricade, in which case our show would be a slim one. But they thought better of it and drew off, though twice again in the night they crept up through the grass and sent a flight of arrows into the corral. Bill was fighting, with us, at the end of the skirmish, and when it was over I asked him about his experience over at the Indians' camp.

"I reckon I spilled their tin with Morton, was all I could get him to say, and he never could be induced to utter another word on the subject."

"We looked for another attack from the Comanches in the early dawn, but with the break of day we saw that they had gone. Evidently they thought us 'bad medicine,' and safer to let alone. Some of us went over to where poor Morton was lying scalped, with the ashes of the fire upon his breast, and the hole clean through his body of a bullet that had passed through his heart. Bill Whitehead did not go with us to the place. We buried Morton and started on with the wagon train, reaching the Rio Grand without seeing another Indian. I gave Bill Whitehead a fine revolver in token of what he had done. He stayed with me until I got back to San Antonio, and would have gone with me on my next cotton smuggling trip, only I didn't make it. I had got enough of the country."—New York Sun.

What Fog Costs.

Some idea of the expenditure and loss entailed by a continuous dense fog in London may be gained from the fact that the excess in a day's gas bill would equal the supply of a town with from 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants for a whole year. The total consumption on one foggy day was 150,000,000 cubic feet, the excess in the output by one big company alone being 35,000,000 cubic feet. The total cost of the gas consumed was £24,000, of which about £8,000 was due to the fog. In addition, there must be added the cost of electricity, oil, etc.; and the loss of business by stoppage of traffic and lack of custom is really a serious matter for the West-End shop-keepers.

cured of my complaint, so that I was able to take care of seventy head of stock all through the winter, which shows that the cure was not temporary but permanent."—H. R. W. BENTLEY, TOWNER, N. D.

The action of Dr. Ayer's Pills on the liver makes them invaluable for those living in malarial climates. C. F. ALSTON, Quitman, Texas, writes:

"I have found in Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these pills act well on the liver, aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons, and restoring its natural powers. I could not dispense with the use of Dr. Ayer's Pills."—C. F. ALSTON, Quitman, Tex.

Dr. Ayer's Pills are a specific for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels, they promote digestion, cure constipation and its consequences, and promote the general health of the entire system. They should always be used with Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla when a cathartic is required. More about the pills in Dr. Ayer's Curebook. Sent free. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.