

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the COLLEGE MAGAZINE:*

In compliance with your request to write a few notes on the parish in which I was stationed during the holidays, I take this opportunity of describing some of the scenes that appeared to me before and after my arrival in Chapleau.

At 9 p.m., on the 28th of April, I left Montreal by the C.P. Railway. The following day, about 5 p.m., I reached Sudbury, a mining town about sixty-five miles northwest of North Bay. After [that place the country changed in appearance, as the absence of cultivated land, with only a station every fourteen miles, showed the habitation to be very limited. Black stumps and fallen logs were traces of a great wilderness, and when we think that from Sudbury to Port Arthur, a distance of over six hundred miles, was hardly known to white men till eight years ago, we see the benefits the Canadian Pacific Railway have brought to that district.

We passed a few lumbering mills, but only a fraction of the number that I expected to see. Beautiful little lakes were visible every mile or so. At 10 p.m., the train drew in to Chapleau, where the churchwardens were waiting my arrival. To say the least, I was surprised to find such a thriving town.

Chapleau is the main place between Sudbury on the East and Port Arthur to the West. Large shops are there for the repairing and rebuilding of the rolling stock. Besides the homes of the officials of that division, there are many minor departments in connection with the railway, which necessitates the employment of a large number of mechanics during the whole year. An hospital is an essential building on account of the accidents, which, I was horrified to find, happened almost every week.

Grassey Lake, forming the northern boundary of the town, furnished the best opportunities for boating, sailing and canoeing. Lacrosse and other games of ball were played every evening in the early season from seven till nine o'clock.

The first of July was celebrated with different sports; and if enthusiasm represents success, I have confidence in saying that no town had a more successful day of simple and healthy amusements than Chapleau.

The climate resembled that of Manitoba, and although the temperature occasionally rose well into the nineties, the nights were always cooler.

Different denominations were represented: Romanists having a church somewhat after the dimensions of St. Peter's in Dominion Square, although built of rough boards; the Methodists having a neat little chapel, and the Presbyterians just preparing to build. The church has made noted progress, especially in the past two years. Just a year ago it was proposed to enlarge the church. A committee was appointed, and in about eight