

and Woollen Mills. They are situated in the centre of the town, deriving water power from the united Muskrat and Indian Rivers. The grist mill is a fine substantial stone erection fitted up with all modern improvements. It has seven run of stone and is furnished with steam power for use during the dry season. The woollen mill has four looms and when in full operation employs twelve hands. The other industries include two saw-mills, a foundry and a sash, door and blind factory. Among the enterprising firms that of Messrs. T. & W. Murray occupies a prominent place. When times were brisk the Messrs. Murray built largely and did much to advance the town. Mr. Thos. Murray's residence, situated on the high level, commanding magnificent views of the lake, challenges the admiration of every visitor to Pembroke. The Murray Block on the main street includes the Copeland House, and the commodious premises wherein the firm carry on business as general merchants, besides a large concert hall. Mr. Thomas Murray was a member of the Ontario Legislature for North Renfrew during the last two sessions of the Sandfield Macdonald Administration, and the same constituency elected his brother William to the House of Commons, but some irregularity led to the election being declared void after Mr. Murray had sat one session. In 1872, Mr. Thomas Murray contested Pontiac for the Commons, and though not successful, the large vote he polled against Mr. McKay Wright sufficiently testified to his popularity.

Besides a considerable local trade, the Messrs. Murray do a large business in lumberer's supplies, and deal extensively in raw furs. Being "all business" they tendered for and secured a contract to grade the first section of the Canada Central R.R. extension which is to connect with the Georgian Bay Branch.

THE COPELAND HOUSE

was built to supply a long-felt want—good hotel accommodation—and it speedily secured a large run of patronage. It is situated in the centre of the business houses and has accommodation for one hundred guests. The rooms are comfortably furnished and the table is at all times well supplied.

A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.

Among the many fine residences in Pembroke, that erected by Mr. David Bell stands in the front rank for its noble dimensions and the general excellence of the internal arrangements. It reveals the ideas of one who, having travelled, desires to possess a dwelling which shall combine the best qualities of those he has seen. But family reasons lead the owner of this beautiful house to seek a lessee or purchaser, and I believe that anyone so inclined could make an excellent bargain. The residence, known as "Belmont," has large grounds attached with good stables, outbuildings, &c.

LAKE ALLUMETTE.

As I have before remarked, the chief glory of Pembroke is the lake which is some twenty miles long and about five miles wide. Opposite the town is Allumette Island, P.Q., christened "Isle de Tessouac" by Champlain. A small steam ferry runs to the island, which averages seventeen miles long and from three to seven miles wide. The island contains a population of about 500, and is in the main well tilled; some of the farms are, indeed, exceptionally good. On the north side, at a village called "The Chapeau"—on account of a hat-shaped rock in the channel—there is a bridge giving access to the main Quebec shore. The Chapeau was once a brisk little place, but it is very dull now. Six miles above are the celebrated Culbute Locks, intended to overcome the Culbute Rapids and to permit steamboats to run between Bryson and Des Joachims—a stretch of nearly six miles. I visited these works and shall have something to say about them in a future issue.

The lake on the Pembroke side of the island is divided at its foot into three "Snyes." The first, known as "Allumette," is that used by the raftsmen; the second is called "The Lost Snye," because it is so wild that it is believed no human being could go through it and survive; the third is of a milder description and known as "Beckets."

A DAY DREAM.

Close by is what one would suppose to be the entrance to another channel, but which is really the entrance to a very beautiful bay known as "Hazley's." This bay and the several islands which make the above mentioned channels are favourite pic-nic grounds—being a nice distance from town, about three miles, in the midst of charming scenery, affording good fishing and an abundance of wild fruit and flowers. At the time of my visit I stretched full length amid a bed of wild roses and picked and eat wild strawberries to my heart's content. In the distance I could see where Champlain turned back in 1613, disgusted with the tissue of falsehoods which the impostor Vignau concocted relative to a passage to China *via* Hudson's Bay. A far away canoe on the bosom of the lower lake brought the historical incident vividly to mind, but just then a terrific blast from the iron horse hurrying along the neighbouring shore dissipated all my romantic musings and reminded me that I lived in the nineteenth century; also that if I wanted to get to town before dark I would have to row the three miles intervening pretty briskly.

Westward, the lake stretches for twenty miles. The glories of the sunsets at Pembroke I shall never forget. Every one seemed different from the last and every few moments brought exquisite changes in what was lovely before. The great breadth and depth of the view, the grandeur of the distant Laurentian Mountains; the minuteness of the details—the fragile-looking trestle pier stretching far into the lake, the white steamer, looking like a toy, moored at the end; the many skiffs and canoes, some near and others mere dots, the flash of the sun's rays on the wet oars or paddles alone telling that they moved; the islets with their tapering pines—all rendered clear and distinct by the rich golden light of the setting orb—these things made up a picture which often seemed to me more like a great painting viewed through a magnifying-glass, than an everyday scene free to rich and poor alike at Pembroke.

THE STEAMER "JOHN EGAN"

which runs between Pembroke and Des Joachims is a fine commodious boat fitted up in first-class style. The trip up Lake Allumette and Deep River is one which no visitor to Pembroke should miss. I followed the Ottawa for nearly two hundred miles above Pembroke, but must reserve my notes of the journey for a future issue.

THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

The necessity of selecting articles of diet with due regard to their quality, is gradually forcing itself upon the attention of the community. Very few are aware of the extent to which the adulteration of food is carried; so universal is it in fact, that we venture to say there is not a single variety of article of food on which it can be practised that it is not done, and especially is this the case in the finer and more delicate classes of prepared food, those in fact that we suppose are particularly prepared for the infant and invalid. This class of articles is receiving the full measure of adulteration, as Dr. Edwards clearly shewed in his last report. We shall here briefly refer to one, Cocoa, which, from the large consumption merits an attention that might perhaps be denied an article having only a limited demand. Cocoa, one of the most invigorating and refreshing of beverages, and which in its pure state is highly recommended by the Medical Faculty, as a most nourishing and remedial agent in incipient and pulmonary consumption, is more frequently debased than most other articles. The varieties commonly sold are mixed with starch, farina and other more hurtful compounds, and such is done under the plea of rendering them "soluble," "prepared," etc. Actually this adulteration makes them *thick, heavy and indigestible*, and consumers of such are preparing for themselves a nice time with dyspepsia. But very simple is the means of proving the adulteration, for if cocoa *thickens in the cup*, it proves the addition of starch or other foreign substance. These kinds (and there are many of them) should be carefully avoided by the intelligent housewife. It is *apropos* to here remark, and this without any desire to administer what is commonly known as a puff, that a cocoa made by Messrs. Rowntree, of York, England, and known as "*Rowntree's Prize Medal Rock Cocoa*," is, judging from the analysis, a perfectly pure article. Quoting from Dr. Edwards' report, it is found to "contain only cocoa and sugar," entirely free from all farina and starch, and therefore a thin, not a thick, pasty drink. Its purity and delicacy of flavour commend it to those who are in health, and being anti-dyspeptic—agreeing with the most delicate stomach, is one of the most agreeable and nutritious kinds of food which can be used in liquid form, and admirably suited to the sick. Such articles are worthy of commendation, and it is by producing such that makers secure a reputation as high as that enjoyed by the Messrs. Rowntree.

THE GLEANER.

CREMATION becomes legal and optional with the people of Gotha the first of October. A chapel for the purpose has been erected.

A LONDON society pledged to total abstinence from flesh, alcohol, and tobacco, rejoices in the title of the "Order of Danielites."

WHEN a man is "dying" for office, and is encompassing heaven, earth and the other place to secure a nomination, his friends go about talking about "persuading him to accept."

"TRUTH is not drowned by water nor destroyed by fire," but we've seen men who'd stand up and make kindling-wood of her in order to beat a street car conductor out of five cents.

IF a train boy throws a lot of dirty papers and novels into the lap of a lady, she must hold them until he calls for them. The boy has a license to be a nuisance and his feelings must not be hurt.

A FRENCHMAN wants to know why plugging a watermelon means to cut a hole in it, while plugging a tooth means to fill it. Well, they plug a watermelon for a fill, and dig a hole in a tooth for a plug, and you take your choice between cholice and toothache. Either is werry fillin at the price.

BUTTER was not in use before the Christian era. It was first used as a cosmetic for hair-

dressing by women. For some centuries later it was used as burning-oil; lamps and churches were lighted with it abroad at so late a period as 1500. Since then it may be considered an article of food solely.

THROUGHOUT France gardening is practically taught in the primary and elementary schools. There are at present twenty-eight thousand of these schools, each of which has a garden attached to it, and is under the care of a master capable of imparting a knowledge of the first principles of horticulture.

IN Bulgaria a new baby is first salted thoroughly, as if it were a Block Island codfish, and then it is wrapped up. After that an omelette is made of three eggs; black pepper is sifted over this, and the child's head is poulticed with the preparation. The purpose of this is to harden the skull against sunstroke.

DETROIT Free Press:—"What the Reform party in Canada now needs most is a good, trustworthy and pliable returning board. If they had this handy institution they could easily overturn the Conservatives and change the will of the people. But the Canadians always were a little slow and now, in their time of need, they see the desirability of a country with all the modern improvements."

DAVID WHITMER is in possession of the original manuscript of the "Book of Mormon," and Elders Pratt and Smith of the Mormon Church have been to his home, in Richmond, Mo., to secure the book. They urged that it ought to be deposited for safe keeping in Salt Lake City, and offered to buy it; but Whitmer, who has kept it for nearly half a century, refused to give it up.

A MOST amusing story comes from Russia. The fitness of the Chancellor of the Empire at and since the Berlin Congress is well known. The cause, it appears, we, however, are ignorant of. They know better in Moscow. At Berlin our Prime Minister presented Prince Gortschakoff with a basket of delicious strawberries. The Russian Chancellor has been ill since—therefore the strawberries contained a slow poison. Why not dramatize the idea?

AN English officer sent on a special mission by the war office included in his accounts an item of 1 shilling for "porter." The war office sent him a formidable letter by return of post to inform him that the government did not pay for his beer. He explained that the shilling was for the man who carried his luggage, and then received another note advising him that he should have charged for "porterage." When he next made up his accounts, the official charged 1 shilling 6 pence for "cabbage," considering that that was the proper way to set down a charge for cab hire, but he promptly received another wiggling for making unauthorized investments in vegetables.

THE Scotch papers report that Mr. John Rankin, a young Kilmarnock gentleman, has just completed a journey to London and back on a bicycle. He left Kilmarnock on the 23rd of July, and reached the metropolis on the 1st of August, after having made a stay of two days at Sheffield, part of a day at Birmingham, and part of a day at Coventry. The distance of 439 miles was thus run in about six days, making allowance for stoppages. Mr. Rankin left London for home on the 5th of August, taking the east coast route, and reached Glasgow on Saturday evening, thence going to Kilmarnock that night by train. The longest run in one day was from Morpeth to Edinburgh, the distance being 112 miles.

The most conspicuous producer of anagrams ever known seems to have been one Billon, an advocate member of the parliament of Aix, who, on Louis XIII. visiting that city, met his sovereign at the gates and presented him with no fewer than 500 anagrams on his name. The king was so pleased with Billon, who had flattered his sovereign in 500 different phrases, that he gave the courtier-like advocate a pension for life—a mark of appreciation which was perhaps to be expected from a monarch who never did the least thing for Corneille. A complete account of famous anagrams would include some mention of various scriptural ones based on phrases from the "Vulgate." Thus, Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" is shown to contain within itself its own answer: "Est vir qui adest."

MODERN CRUELITIES.

Cruelty is by no means a thing of the past. The historian of the nineteenth century will have to relate much that will shock the feelings of the more enlightened people of the century to come. The police news of any day's paper reveal a distressing state of crime and vice. The streets at night are crowded with drunken people reeling home. In the lowest part of London and of the great provincial towns men brutally ill-treat their helpless wives, who in turn savagely assault their defenceless children. Degrading and cruel punishments are still in force in our gaols, and are defended by most of the upper and middle classes who wish to be considered sensible. Thousands of unfortunate and miserable women nightly pursue their wretched trade in the streets, unpitied and uncared for. Nor is cruelty and oppression confined to the poor and ignorant. Domestic journals of a wide circulation strongly urge that it is impossible to train young children to be honest and industrious without flogging them, and that all who

hold a contrary opinion are namby-pamby pigs. The majority of the male portion of well-to-do people spend their hours of relaxation in hunting to death animals which are preserved solely for this purpose. Excursionists and holiday makers of a humbler class find amusement in riding on donkeys scarcely strong enough to bear them, and which are excited to a gallop by repeated and heavy blows. Fashionable women are gorgeously attired in skins which have been torn from the backs of living seals, or wear hats adorned with feathers plucked from writhing birds. The dinners of the wealthy are not complete without salads seasoned with lobsters which have been plunged into cold water and then slowly boiled alive, the flesh of calves which have been allowed to die by gradual depletion of blood, or the delicate *pâté* made out of the livers of geese which have gone through months of suffering to provide this enticing meal. Learned scientific authorities consider that a medical education is wanting in thoroughness unless frogs and other animals are opened before the students, in order that they may become practically acquainted with the truths of physiology. In short, a casual review of the social polity of the present day is not altogether edifying.

But what is to be done? This is indeed a most serious and a most difficult problem. There are many in favour of the most stringent and severe measures. The disgust which has been created in the minds of respectable people by the revelations from the colliery districts and the poorer parts of great towns as to the way in which husbands treat their wives has raised a bust of indignation and a demand for the flogging and torturing of the torturers in return; but this plan is rather like attempting to cast out Beelzebub, by Beelzebub, the Prince of the Devils. Drink is without doubt the main cause of vice and brutality among the men and women of the lower orders. This is now generally admitted; and, thanks to Sir Wilfrid Lawson and others, people have begun to see that there is no necessity that one out of every ten houses in mean and populous districts should be a beer-shop. A great deal of misery prevails owing to the complete ignorance of one-half of the world as to what the other half is about. There are indeed a few noble men and women who are courageously battling against the brutalities and vices of the age, and private effort is of the utmost importance, for much remains to be done. No direct measure can be devised that will meet the difficulty. We cannot make people either sober or humane by Act of Parliament, but we may assist them to become so by thoughtful measures framed with a regard to their improvement and prosperity.

Until sport becomes injurious to the country from the division of the land and the consequent widely distributed interests in its culture, it will remain as a blot upon our humanity. Nevertheless, this barbarous custom may be checked by the disdain of men and women who will have the courage openly to express such a feeling. There was a time when the upholders of cock-fighting, before the final expulsion of that singular amusement, were compelled to take their pleasure in obscure and disgraceful quarters of the kingdom. Lovers of the noble art of self-defence had soon to follow their example. Perhaps in some not far-distant time advocates of sport will be forced to hide themselves that they may preserve the ancient past-time in secret and unobserved. The countless cruelties which are perpetrated in order to pamper the luxury and extravagance of the age could, we firmly believe, be dismissed by a vigorous protest.

But many will say that we are travelling into Utopia, and cynics will tell us that we must despair of ever being able to alter the unfortunate penalties of our existence. There is no such thing, they will say, as kindness and good feeling in the abstract. We are humane only to those whom it is our interest to benefit, or to those whom public opinion would condemn us for maltreating. The white man is a good-natured, soft-hearted gentleman in the midst of his belongings and in his own country; but he becomes a tyrant if suddenly transported to a colony of blacks. The country gentleman is kind to his horses and dogs, but brutal to the game and wild animals which stock his preserves. It may be so; but let any one who holds such views read Lecky's history of the eighteenth century, and learn what we were a short time ago. He knows what we are now. He will reflect upon what we may be made to become.

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