

## MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS, &amp;c.

There are several factories and mills about Kemptville, but a good many are either closed or fallen into decay. Among those in operation may be mentioned Lamping & Co.'s Dominion Foundry, which is one of the oldest industries in the village, having been established some forty years ago. The business comprises the manufacture of all kinds of stoves, ploughs, harrows, cultivators, field-rollers, school-desks, &c., besides a general trade in iron and brass castings. The foundry is well furnished and gives employment to ten hands. The main building is 120 feet long and a 60 foot wing is to be added. The repairing of all kinds of machinery is made a specialty.

Mr. Ambrose Clothier is proprietor of a fine saw, planing and shingle mill situated at the steamboat wharf on the South Branch. A much larger mill owned by him was destroyed by fire last year. He also owns two large blocks on the street bearing his name. The largest of these is 97 x 37 and is laid out for stores, offices and dwellings, but so far the speculation has not proved profitable. There is accommodation for fourteen tenants.

In 1870 three Americans established a factory for reducing eggs to a dry substance which they proposed to press into moulds the size of a fifty cent piece and three times as thick. In this way they claimed a dozen eggs could be packed into a box four inches long and one and a quarter square, claiming further that when thus prepared the virtue of the egg would be retained for an indefinite period. They had the machinery put up and got it to work, but the finances gave out and the machinery is stowed away in the loft of the building which is now used as a shingle mill.

There are two grist mills and a small tourney in the village.

I may mention that though the south branch of the Rideau is a narrow stream, it will accommodate any craft that passes through the Rideau Canal. In the early days all goods from Montreal were brought to Kemptville by steamboat, and even now a good deal of freight is brought that way.

## EVANS &amp; CO.

This firm is composed of Mr. J. C. Evans, for many years traveller for Messrs. Ives & Allen, and Mr. Alex. McCargar. They carry a large stock of general hardware, iron, steel, blacksmiths' and carriage builders' supplies, paints, oils, glass, &c., &c. Being importers and content with a small profit, they draw custom from a wide section and do a considerable jobbing trade. Their establishment is commodious and well arranged.

Immediately opposite is the shop and residence of Mr. John Smail, black and carriage smith. Mr. Smail has been only seven years in Kemptville, but in that time he has acquired a fine plot of land and erected the comfortable dwelling shewn in the accompanying pages. He is agent for Cossitt's Agricultural Implement Works, Brockville.

Mr. A. McPherson is proprietor of a well-furnished job printing office, and is also agent for the Montreal Telegraph Company, and Ticket Agent for the G. T. R. One of these days he will probably be heard of as proprietor of the Kemptville *Argus* or North Grenville *Thunderer*. He has held the office of clerk to the municipality for two years and is a most efficient officer.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Kemptville boasted a school as early as 1822, when a tiny building was erected in a little clearing made in the bush by the roadside. The first public school proper was established in 1842, and the present fine building was erected in 1874. It is a Union school and accommodates also the High School. There are four teachers in the public department and two in the High School, with an attendance of 280 pupils in the former and 60 in the latter.

## RECREATIONAL.

Last January a Mechanics' Institute was established in the Village Council Room. It has already a long list of members and bids fair to prosper. It is open on week days from 7 to 10 p.m., contains a library of about 350 volumes, and has an attentive caretaker in the person of Mr. Wm. Poole.

For those fond of field sports there is a Gun Club and a Base-Ball Club.

## THE PRESBYTERIAN MANSE, HECKSTON.

Heckston is the name given a small cluster of buildings about eight miles south-west of Kemptville. The manse has just been vacated by the Rev. A. H. Cameron who has gone to take charge of the mission work in connection with Section 15 of the Canada Pacific Railway. I see it stated that the Rev. Mr. Henderson of Prescott has succeeded Mr. Cameron at Heckston.

## WHAT KEMPTVILLE WANTS.

A Branch Bank; at present all banking business has to be transacted at Prescott.

A steam fire engine and tanks scattered through the village. At present it boasts a rather ancient and very small hand-pump made by Perry, of Montreal, good of its kind, but better suited to wash windows or disperse a disorderly crowd than to fight fire. A few years ago Kemptville was swept by a fire which destroyed as much as would have bought a dozen steamers. The volunteer fire company comprises a lot of good men, but the best firemen have but a poor show with a good-sized garden pump supplied with water by the painful.

## A TRAMP WITH THE "TUQUE BLEUE."

"Now, Katie, isn't it a shame?" said Grace, rushing into the parlour, "Joe and Gus have gone off for a snow-shoe tramp, although they promised to come and practice those duets with us."

"It's too bad," said Katie, dropping the music she was arranging. "What excuse did they give?"

"Oh, that it was Wednesday night, their usual tramping night, you know, with the 'Tuque Bleue.' They said they'd forgotten that when they promised to practice with us; of course they could not give up one of their beloved tramps. Kate," continued Grace, drawing closer to her cousin and almost whispering, "I've got a jolly idea in my head. Listen, there's my brothers' costumes upstairs and they are safe up at Toronto."

"Well," said Kate, "what's the idea, I don't see what their costumes have to do with us."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Grace impatiently. "How slow you are; they are both short men, we are tall girls. Let's dress up and join the boys and have a good time; it would be such fun; I want to know what they do round the mountain at Prendergast's."

"Oh, Grace," said Kate, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "What fun, but suppose any of the fellows found out, what a fuss there would be?"

"How can they find out?" said Grace. "We can both snow-shoe well, and we can take care not to go near any one we know; the others will think we are two new fellows."

"But, Grace, if Joe and Gus found out," said Kate, "what would they think of us?"

Grace for a moment seemed inclined to give up her mad scheme, but a thought flashed across her.

"Kate," she said, "I know you are not sure Gus cares for you, and ditto with me regarding Joe; we will go and see if they speak about us, and what they say, if we are the subject of their conversation. Come, don't make any more objections; aunt is out, and is going to stay all night with Mrs. Wand who is sick. We have our latch-keys, Ann has gone to bed, she will never hear us, and we can slip in as quietly as mice. Come on upstairs and let us dress, it's half-past seven already and they start at eight."

So the two madcaps ran upstairs and having found the costumes and two little black moustaches (which had been worn at a masquerade), proceeded to dress. In fifteen minutes the transformation was completed; instead of two pretty girls in stylish costumes, there stood in their place two snow-shoers equipped for a tramp.

For the benefit of my uninitiated readers, I will paint the costume. To begin with: A pair of moccasins, bright scarlet stockings up to the knees where the tight-fitting knickerbockers meet them, said knickerbockers made of white blanketing, of which was also made the rather long coat which reached nearly to the knee; a bright scarlet sash, pair of mittens and blue worsted cap made in the shape of an old-fashioned night-cap, finished off with a scarlet tassel, completed the costume.

As Grace said, no one could have recognized them; they had tucked their hair carefully up, drawn the "Tuque Bleue" well over their pretty ears, and adjusted their moustaches with great care and trouble, for they would fall off, but were at last made to tick. When they had finished they surveyed each other and nearly screamed with laughter, but choked it down being afraid to wake Ann, and taking up their snow-shoes they ran hastily down stairs, their moccasined-feet making no sound. They slipped out, taking care to close the front door softly, and hastened down to the McGill College Gate where the snow-shoers meet.

When they got there a good number had gathered, but they kept on the outskirts of the crowd keeping together until the order to march came; then they fell into the Indian file in which the snow-shoers walked, but as it happened the two girls got separated much to their dismay, Grace finding herself behind a tall man whom she thought she recognized. Presently he turned round saying,

"What a splendid night for a tramp, isn't it?"

"Yeth," said Grace, in a hoarse voice and affected lip.

The stranger eyed her rather curiously, she thought and then said,

"I thought I knew all the fellows, but I don't remember your voice or you."

"Oh," said Grace, "I've only just joined and I've such a cold my voice is about done for, but I was thinking I ought to know you, although I cannot remember your name."

"My name is Dick Darcy," said the other.

Just then the comrade in front of him addressed him, and he did not speak again to Grace, much to her delight.

Kate was more fortunate; she found herself between two men who she knew were noted for their silence, so she plodded on wondering how Grace got on.

At last they reached one of the boulevards of the mountain, and the party stopped to admire the view. It was truly magnificent, the moonlight shone o'er the city showing the broad frozen St. Lawrence at its base, and lighting up the dark old pines that stretched to the right and left of them. Onward, and still onward they went, till after a three-mile tramp they at last reached Pendegast's Hotel where the club-room was. As they filed in Grace managed to

join Kate, and they entered a large room warm and comfortable. Seats were scarce, so Grace and Kate took possession of a pile of buffalo robes that lay by the door, and having loosened their coats and sashes they looked around. The fellows were scattered about in various positions more or less picturesque, and smoking was the order of the night. Grace saw Dick Darcy (who was seated near them) looking rather surprised that they did not light up, so she felt in all her pockets as if for her cigar-case, and Kate did the same.

"By Jove," said Grace, "forgot my case, too bad."

Dick leaned forward, "Will you try one of these," he said, offering his case.

"Thanks," drawled Grace. "Obliged to you, I'm sure; here Jack," handing the case to Kate as she spoke.

They had never tried anything stronger than cigarettes before, but too much was at stake to hesitate now, so both lighted and puffed away.

There were several songs and recitations given by the members, and then a pause before supper.

About six men that Grace knew were gathered in a knot near and several bits of gossip reached them.

"Deuce'd pretty girl you were with yesterday, Joe."

"Who is she?" said one.

"Miss Somers," said Joe.

"I know her, she's the best skater in Montreal," chimed in another.

"Yes, and the spiciest little brunette in Christendom. I believe she always has something sharp on her tongue," said Charley.

"By the way, she came down on your skating, Gus, said you looked like a frog dancing a hornpipe."

"Much obliged," was the careless answer.

"For my part," said Bob, "I prefer the little blonde-cousin Kate; she's got killing eyes."

Gus looked up quickly, and after exchanging a glance with Joe, he said,

"I say, old fellows, this talk ain't good form, you know if their brothers were here we couldn't do it; let's drop the subject." And turning to Joe he said, "Come, Joe, there's just time for you to give us 'The Village Blacksmith' before supper, Allison will accompany you."

As Joe moved to the piano and some of the others followed, Kate whispered to Grace:

"I always thought Gus perfect, and I'm sure of it now."

Grace nodded and knocking the ashes of her cigar, leaned back to listen to her favourite song.

Alas! poor Grace, she utterly forgot to draw on the large mitten that hid her pretty little hand. There it hung, showing white against the dark buffalo robes, the diamond ring she wore sparkling in the lamplight. Dick Darcy's quick eye caught it in a minute, and after studying it a minute or two, he concluded it did not belong to any one of the male species. He quickly, but silently pointed it out, first to one, then another of the party, until every one except Joe, Gus and Allison had their eyes fixed on the two careless figures by the door. Grace and Kate did not notice it, their attention was fixed on the singer, neither did they notice the silence which had fallen on the room. The song ended, but instead of the applause that usually followed, silence reigned.

The leader rose, "Two new members have joined us to-night, gentlemen, can any one tell their names?"

Grace's eyes fell on her unlucky hand, she saw all was discovered. Kate saw so too and trembled visibly. No one answered.

The leader stepped forward and said, "Will the two gentlemen by the door kindly favour us with their names?"

There was no answer, and Kate's quick eye saw Dick move towards the door. Quick as thought the two girls snatched their snow-shoes, sprang through the open door, drew it too after them and turned the key in the lock. They flew out of the front door, a light sleigh was standing there, and springing in were speeding down the road leading to Montreal before the astonished snow-shoers had recovered their senses.

Our two heroines meanwhile were comfortably seated in the sleigh which they had eloped with. When they reached Bleury street they jumped out and touching the horse with the whip started him off trusting to his instinct to lead him home, and the two girls hastened to their home. They entered softly, found everything all right, and in ten minutes were snugly seated in dressing-gowns before the fire, half-amused, half-frightened by their adventure.

The next morning about ten, as Grace was practising in the parlour, the door opened and in walked Joe.

"Good morning, Miss Somers."

"Good morning," she answered, "I suppose you've come to try those duets you disappointed me of last night?"

"No, Miss Somers," he returned gravely. "I came to return some property which I think belongs to you."

So saying he handed her a small parcel; she took it in surprise, and opening it out fell—

a dainty little handkerchief and a small black moustache! There was dead silence for a minute, then Grace's courage rose, and turning she looked him full in the face. What she saw in his eyes convinced her all was known, and there was a battle between laughter and tears, then laughter got its way, and flinging herself down she laughed till the room rang, Joe joining her mirth.

"Oh, Grace," he said at last, "how could you be so imprudent. I see you want some one to take care of you, so in future I shall take the task upon myself."

"I'm afraid it will be a hard one," said Grace, as she nestled in his arms. "But at any rate I promise never to go out with the 'Tuque Bleue' again. I had such a scare last night, I don't want another. Does any one else know who we were?" she added anxiously.

"No one, but Gus; he recognized Kate, and has gone up-stairs to have it out with her; if his interview only turns out as satisfactory as mine has, I think we may both thank our stars that you took it into your saucy little heads to go on that wild tramp. I believe you would not have been so gracious to me if I had not found you out. Would you now?"

"To tell the truth, Joe, I don't think I should, and if you had joined those horrid men criticizing us last night, I should have hated you; as it is I'm beginning to like you a little, a very little," she added as he stopped her mouth with a kiss. At this interesting moment the door opened, and Kate and Gus made their appearance.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Gus, "Cousin Grace I suppose I may call you now, as Kate has promised to tramp through life with me, although I hope to make it easier for her than your tramp with the 'Tuque Bleue.'"

AN ARTISTIC DEATH.—Cremona, an Italian painter of great repute, whose works are well known in London, has just died at Milan under extraordinary circumstances. He was a man of the most careless, not to say dirty habits, and in order to save time he discarded the use of the palette, which he deemed unnecessary and troublesome. He was wont, therefore, to spread his colours on the palm of his left hand and on his bare chest. The other day while standing at his easel he was seized with strong convulsions, and expired after forty-eight hours' agony. The doctors pronounce the cause of death to be owing to the absorption into the system of the mineral poisons in painting. Cremona's two works of "The Page and Falcon" and the "Three Cousins," are popular in this country, having become familiar to the public by the beautiful copies in chromo sold everywhere.

## HUMOROUS.

HAPPY is the man who can lie all day under a shade tree looking for work.

A MAN is unhappy when he thinks he is too bright to live and too young to die.

THE smoking chimney now begins to put on the most innocent look imaginable.

COOKS are aware that whatever is worth doing is worth being well done. That accounts for the rarity of rare meat.

IT is not yet definitely settled as to how much a man can allow his creditors on the dollar and still be considered honest.

IN about two weeks from now if you hear your neighbour slam his pillow against his bed-room wall you may be sure that the mosquito got away.

MANY a young poet might be able to collect his scattered thoughts if he would look in an editor's waste basket early in the morning.

RED is used for danger-signals on the railroads and always means "stop." On the man's nose it ought to give the same warning.

IF Edison would get up a little phonograph for a dollar that would simply say, "Come around about the tenth," it would have a big sale among business men.

IN the bright lexicon of American youth, there is no such word as fail. A man merely becomes embarrassed and compromises with his creditors for thirty cents.

ONE kind word spoken to a tramp may cheer his whole future life. Remember this when you see him walking off with your axe and about fifty feet of garden hose.

PEOPLE who are drinking stomach bitters under the idea that they are taking medicine would be terrified if they knew how high a price they are paying for the poorest whiskey in the land.

THE cucumber season has set in, and a man is waked up at 2 o'clock in the morning, after dreaming that an elephant is sitting on his equator, to experience a violent regret that he has not attended church more regularly in his youth.

THE Rev. O. B. Frothingham thinks there are no two classes and no caste distinction in this country. Just let him put on a last year's winter suit and a straw hat, and ask the hotel clerk to let him have a room on the parlour floor—that's all. He will learn something about the infinity of distance that never occurred to him before.

WHEN you find a man who claws all over the papers on his desk, looks through the drawers, searches every pocket in his clothes, and explores the regions above his ears in search of his lead pencil, and finally finds it between his teeth, don't lend him money—he is absent-minded.

Luck and temper rule the world. Choicest assortment of French Cambric, Chorott and Oxford Shirts in Canada at Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton. Send for samples and price list, and have your Shirts made properly. Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton.

## NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.