

tawa. There is a very fair church on the Hudson Bay Company's side of the river dedicated to St. Eustache, and in the village there is a building which embraces a room for week day services, the priest's residence and apartments for four Sisters of the Congregation of Grey Nuns of Ottawa. The church was built in 1864; the pastor is the Rev. Father Poitras. His flock embraces 115 families: 62 French, 34 English speaking and 19 Indian. Some of these come a distance of twelve miles to church—padding their own canoes. The Sisters have charge of an hospital for sick shantymen and conduct a school.

THE SCENERY AT MATTAWA.

The up river view at Mattawa extends perhaps a mile and a half, when there is a sharp turn to the right. On both sides of the stream are lofty mountains, some sloping gently, others rising almost sheer from the water's edge. Mountains meet the gaze at the end of the water stretch, rising one above the other, the slopes and vales shewing by their different coloured patches that the husbandman has followed upon the footsteps of the lumberer. The effect of sunshine and shade upon these heights is very beautiful—here a patch of dark pines, there a field of ripening grain almost ready for the harvest close by, a pleasing contrast to the bright yellow, a field of maize vividly green, looking deliciously cool. Opposite the village there are two short rapids—not of great moment, indeed the little steamer *Mattawa* frequently ascends the currents—but adding considerably to the charms of the locality. I heard an old resident remark "Ah! I couldn't live here but for those rapids," and indeed there is a great and indescribable pleasure connected with the sound and sight of splashing water. A small island is situated in the centre of the rapids. When the timber is passing down the scene is one of great animation. Rafts, looking quite picturesque with their little cabins and great cookeries, are then seen as far as the eye can reach; in the centre, perhaps one being towed by the steamer. At the head of the rapids, cribs being sent off in quick succession, gaining speed as they near the tossing waters and then suddenly taken as if by magic power and whirled down the rapid, stretch between the island and the towering mountain shore. At the foot, cribs all over the bosom of the river, their crews flying the huge sweeps to bring them to the "snubbing" place where they are once more joined and formed into rafts.

I went eighty-five miles further up the Ottawa, but must reserve details for another issue. The trip was made in a bark canoe, a craft composed, as a Yankee once said, of a bit of bark, a few shavings and a little gum."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

REMEMBER Lot's wife, and avoid letting anything turn your head.

PROF. WATSON and Ann Arbor, his wife, are happy. It's a boy planet weighing 11 pounds.

THE man who married an incorrigible shrew declared to a friend that he had contracted a dangerous scold.

SAID he: "Matilda, you are my dearest duck." Said she: "Augustus, you are trying to stuff me." She was too sage for him.

IT is now an established fact that the female mosquito only bites; the male does the sitting on the rail and growling about hard times.

I LOVE men, said Queen Christine of Sweden, not because they are men, but because they are not women.

BEING the first bachelor and the first benedict, how stands Adam's claim to being first in peace and first in war?

A FELLOW says: "Home with a scolding wife and upset beehive are one and the same to him, as in either case he gets tongue more than he wants.

IOWA has twelve thousand school ma'ns. Young man, grasp the opportunity. Iowa offers it and eleven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine over.

AN exchange calls on young men who don't like to work, to cheer up. Twelve of them in one little town have lately succeeded in marrying school mistresses.

THE paragraphists have discovered the best method of heating a street-car. "Carry a woman half a block further than she wants to go. It will be hot enough."

ON the body of a man who was struck by lightning last week four autograph albums were found. Cut this out, young woman, and paste it in your own album.

MRS. Janville has "put up" twelve cans of peaches, nine jars of plums, and a bushel of pears, while her husband has only "put up" two stoves and his gold watch.

A HACKENSACK boy about four years old said to his mother the other day: "Oh! mamma, I looked up at that little star in the sky and he winked at me. Wasn't he naughty?"

LADIES will wear fancy aprons now, because they cost \$2 apiece, and some of them would perhaps have been through their kitchens once in a while if they had to pay \$10 for the privilege.

THIS country is terribly demoralized, and soon the greatest crimes will excite no wonder. We should not be surprised to hear of a young

man we know of sleighing his girl before the year is out.

THE Baltimore Saturday *Gazette* says that homely women must be treated just as well in all respects as handsome ones. That's so, and we move that the editor go right home and put his theory in practice.

A LITTLE girl wanted more buttered toast; but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

If a boy comes to his mother on Saturday and wants holes in his pockets mended, it is best to keep him thoroughly in hand next day, for he wants to go chestnutting, and will not hesitate to run away from Sunday-school.

It is a lamentable fact that a piece of pasteboard with verse on it, given as a reward of merit in a Sabbath-school, has not half the charm for the boy as the same size piece of pasteboard with the simple talismanic words, "admit one."

ANY sharp wife can now take down one of her husband's half-dozen dressing-gowns, rip off the collar, deepen the pockets, change the facing, and have his Christmas present all done and off her mind before snow flies.

It requires some pluck, in a small way, to maintain in unembarrassed serenity your seat in a crowded horse-car, when a tall, calm-faced woman stares from the vicinity of the bell-rope, at an imaginary line of space between your lap and your neighbour's.

"Don't you love her still?" asked the judge to a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

A VIRGINIA woman offers to sell her husband by auction, and apply the proceeds to the liquidation of the State debt. "I can recommend him to purchasers," she adds, "as a man possessing all the qualities a woman capable of controlling him could desire."

A LITTLE girl asked an old gentleman who hated conundrums: "What is the difference between a potato and a lemon?" "I don't know," snarled the old man. "Don't know!" exclaimed the child; "then I don't want you to buy any lemons for me."

"Yes, mamma, I took three lumps of sugar out of the cupboard," says the little girl, contritely. "That was very naughty, indeed; but as you have confessed it I shall forgive you. Go and sin no more." "Then give me the other lump—I only took two."

A FATHER induced a croupy little boy to make a healthy meal of buckwheat cakes and molasses, but the latter proved to be syrup of squills. The boy said that he thought something ailed the molasses the very minute his father told him to eat all he wanted.

LAST week a Fulton boy got angry with his mother, and went to bed without supper that he might wring her heart with sympathy. When he was creeping down stairs to get some pork and beans after the family were asleep, he collided with a door-casing and broke his toe! Moral.

THIS extract from a school grammar gave a pupil brain fever: "A future contingency is best expressed by a verb in the indicative mood, and a new supposition with indefinite time by a verb in the subjunctive present, but a conditional circumstance, assumed as a fact, requires the subjunctive imperative."

JOHNNY, who goes to a crack school, went a-fishing the other day. "What did you catch, Johnny?" said his mother on his return. "I captured an Anguilla Bostoniensis, mother, a fine specimen of the malacopterygious fish," answered Johnny promptly. Of course, his mother knew he had caught an eel.

THE good man slammeth the gate and bangeth the door and maketh a noise, for his heart is without guile and he feareth not the grievous words of his wife; but the naughty man shutteth the gate softly and stealth up-stairs in his stocking feet, and stumblth over the rocking-chair, and the last condition of that man is worse than the first.

THEY were looking at the fall style of bonnets. Said she, "Oh! dear, look at that bird in the crown; what a pretty bill!" And because he turned away, wiped his eyes with his handkerchief and murmured: "I should say it was a pretty bill," she became melancholy and threatened to leave him and go home to her mother.

THIS is a boy's composition on girls: "Girls are the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if she wants to do anything. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

LITTLE Johnny has peculiar views as to the origin of sin. One day he was about to be punished for some misdemeanor, when he pleaded, "It wasn't me, mamma dear; it was the bad man." "Well, Johnny, I am going to whip the bad man out of you." "Ah, yes, but that will hurt me a precious lot more than it will the bad man."

A MAN may sneer at a woman all he will because she can't sharpen a lead pencil, but she has the smile on him when he stands holding an unoccupied suspender button in his hand and

wondering whether it will hurt less to put the needle out of his thumb the same way it went in or push it on through.

THIS cynical paragraph is from *Puck*: "You should not always judge by appearances. Because a man gracefully and smilingly yields his seat to a lady the moment she enters the crowded car, you must not immediately rush to the conclusion that he is the very soul of gallantry. If you take notice, you will almost always find that he was going to get off at the next corner, anyhow."

It is written in a fine female hand. It is a poem, and asks: "What Was the Dream of Your Life?" It is signed "Elfrida." We haven't room for the poem, but just to quiet Elfrida we will answer her conundrum. The dream of our life has been to be rich enough to put on a clean shirt every day and to have two suits of clothes with a pair of suspenders to each pair of pants. But it has never been realized, Elfrida. Castles in the air.

A DISTINGUISHED M.D., thinking to say something complimentary to a fascinating widow, one of his patients, placed his pulpy hand on her well-rounded shoulder, and, with a poetic sigh, exclaimed: "This is the nicest and softest place in the world for a weary head to rest on." She turned quickly to him, and replied, "Doctor, give me your hand and I will put it on a still softer place," whereon she quietly put his hand on his own bald pate.

THEY had been engaged about fifteen minutes, and she nestled her head a little closer under the shadow of his monumental shirt-collar, and whispered, "And now what are you going to call me, Algernon?" "Birdie!" he whispered rapturously, while his voice trembled with tender emotion, "always and ever, nothing but Birdie!" And she fairly cooed with delight. He kept his word, although, with the growing precision of middle age, he has become specific, and does not deal in sweeping generalities any more; and so it was that day before yesterday a neighbour going in the back way to borrow the axe, a cup of sugar and the cistern-pole, heard him call her an old "sage-hen."

HEARTH AND HOME.

SECRETS.—A secret which requires to be permanently hidden under an appearance of perfect unreserve and easy simplicity is generally a more or less guilty secret. Justifiable secrets can generally venture to wear an appropriate air of quiet reticence—not such as shall necessarily suggest a mystery. Every one has a right to be visibly unfathomable, but nobody ought to have a cunningly-constructed false bottom to his mind.

MONEY AND KNOWLEDGE.—It is well to make money "for the glorious privilege of being independent;" but knowledge is more precious than gold. There is hardly anything that people will not part with for money; but we never knew any person who would be willing to be deprived of his knowledge and become ignorant for any price. This shows the superlative value which all persons put upon the knowledge which they have in their possession. Knowledge is a treasure at once priceless and imperishable. Strive above all things to be rich in knowledge. You get more than the value of whatever you give in exchange for learning.

HOUSEKEEPING.—Let no one call housekeeping a menial occupation, neither suppose that no ability is needed to carry it on. When it comes to be considered how much is to be embraced under the general term "housekeeping," used in its best and full sense, it is plain to be seen that there is an ample field for the exercise of the most extended and enlightened education. Book learning is not wasted; there is every day occasion for its use, and the more readily and intelligently artistic and scientific knowledge is applied in domestic affairs, the more easily the work is accomplished, and the more pleasure is given in its results to all who are participants therein.

SILENCE.—Silence has its right place as well as speech. There are subjects veiled by natural delicacy, and facts marked off by confidential barriers, and trifles which a healthy mind shakes off like dust, and wounds to be gently shielded, and delightful discoveries to be reserved for favoured explorers, and many other spots sacred to silence. The difficulty is how to combine the perfect preservation of these sanctuaries with the openness which inspires perfect trust. We can no more confide in one whose mind seems to be full of dark places than in one who lays everything bare. We look to a friend for sheltering wings to brood over your confidences, not for magic tricks of concealment.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good, wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams—"on the just as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them, those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long,

weary path of life. Be gentle and indulgent to all; love the true, the beautiful, the just, the holy.

THE HEART.—Throb, throb, throb. Never sleeping, but often tired, loaded with care, chilled by despair, bleeding with wounds, often inflicted by those who do not understand it, or burdened with affection it must beat on for a lifetime. Nothing finds a lodgment in its chambers that does not add to its labours. Every thought that the mind generates steps upon the heart before it wings its way into the outer world. The memories of lost loved ones are mountains of weight upon its sensitiveness; the anxieties of the soul stream to the heart and bank themselves upon it as the early snow-drift cover the tender plants; love, if it loves, fires it with feverish warmth, and makes it the more sensitive; hate, if it hates, heats it to desperation and fills it with conflicts. Still it works on. When slumber closes the eyelids the heart is beating—beating beneath all its burdens; it works while it sleeps; it works while we play; it aches when we laugh. Do not unnecessarily wound it; do not add to its bleeding wounds. Speak a kind word to cheer it; warm it when it is cold; encourage it when it despairs.

HUMOROUS.

ABOUT 367 newspapers will remark that the Afghanistan trouble is a mere trifle.

SOME lawyers might become great if they would be content with one admittance to the bar.

A SHORT horse is soon curried, but a mule, short or long, will kick you into the next township.

IT is darkest just before day, but Sambo says that it is the very time when a chicken is the widest awake.

BLUE Ribbon—"Memento mori" means remember death, not remember more rye; but it comes to the same thing in the end.

A BURGLAR broke into a New Jersey house, devoured a quantity of mince-meat and dropped dead at the gate. Nevertheless, pass that pie.

AN exchange declares that a man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it will pasture a goat on the grave of his grandfather.

WHEN an artist climbs over a fence to get a better view of a handsome bulldog, he must take the chances of his sketching the dog, or the dog's sketching him.

A justice of the peace in Arizona ruled out the evidence of all witnesses, chased both lawyers out doors, knocked the bailiff over a bench, and decided "no cause of action."

AN old granger, who came into town to purchase a piano for his daughter, asked the agent if he hadn't one with a handle in the end, "so we can all give it a turn once in a while."

A CLERGYMAN who was recently called up to hold services in the state prison at Sing-Sing, prefaced his remarks to the prisoners by saying that he was "glad to see so large a number present."

THE Cincinnati *Saturday Night* says that the man who declaims against the railroads and says that they have ruined the country and ought to be wiped out, makes the biggest kind of a fuss when the train is ten minutes late.

THE grandest, purest manhood that ever blessed this old world, was evolved from suffering and born in anguish, but somehow a man never seems to think of that when he spills a tablespoonful of red-hot solder in his shoe.

THE most eminent swindler, the condensed milk fiend, never feels so terribly chagrined and crestfallen as when he discovers a regulation tin measure in the area instead of the conventional pitcher.

EDITORS like brevity, but a man who was recently hung in Indiana suited them too well. He made no remarks about heaven, but nodded to the preacher and said: "I'll see you later," and then the trap fell.

A LECTURER, addressing a mechanics' institute, contended that: "Art could not improve nature," when one of the audience set the whole assembly in a roar by exclaiming: "How would you look without your wig?"

WHEN Benjamin Franklin arrived in Philadelphia he calmly walked up the street with a loaf of bread under his arm. But he couldn't do it nowadays. Somebody would steal his bread before he got half a block away from the river.

AT a public reading recently a cockney was attempting to recite a part of *Ballic Nicol Jarvie*, but with indifferent success. A brawny Scot in the audience, indignant at the ruthless murder of his native tongue, bawled out, "Whaur's yer awksent, mun?" "Why, you've got it!" answered the cockney, to the intense delight of the audience.

A SCEPTIC, who was badgering a simple-minded man about a miracle and Balaam's ass, finally said: "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied an honest old believer, with meaning emphasis: "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man, as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

WHEN a man, turning around to look back at something he ought not to, thumps himself against a tree, he first—before he does anything else—looks forward, picks up his hat, and then darts a glance of dignified reproach at the tree, as though it was not attending to its business and he was.

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, or shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

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