

## ON THE ST. MAURICE.

AN AUTUMN TRIP FROM GRANDES  
PILES TO LA TUQUE.A DISTRICT WHERE THINGS ARE OF A  
SOMEWHAT PRIMITIVE ORDER IN  
MINING RESPECTS.

The train was late in arriving at Grandes Piles—detained at the junction waiting for the Montreal express—so said the conductor. Having very vivid recollections of being detained on that same Piles Branch two years ago, by the train running off the track, we were thankful that matters were no worse, and forgave the delay enforced by the dominating train from Montreal.

The Piles Station is not a very attractive place, at the best of times, on this winter morning, in a drizzling rain, it was positively depressing. The resident engineer was in a hurry—he always is—and dragged us along the track and down the slippery, greasy bank, to where the little steamer Florence lay panting and puffing, and getting up steam in the noisily aggressive manner common to small boats.

The owners, the Messrs. Ritchie, having considered travel on the St. Maurice at an end for the season, had put their fine boat, the Ivan R., into winter quarters, and when, owing to the unexpected mildness of the weather, another trip had been decided upon, the Florence was told off for the duty.

"I am afraid you will not be very comfortable anywhere on board," said Mr. Ritchie, as he led the way along to the Florence, but I think you will be much better in the scow than on the boat. The scow was loaded to the water's edge with hay and oats, going to La Tuque—a winter provision for the shanty teams. There was in one end a little cabin, containing a bench, a stove, a lantern, a lamp, and a store of provisions for the three men in charge of the cargo; the comfort would have been more assured if one could have either stood upright or sat upright, but the cabin was so contrived that either position was impossible—however, it was warm, that was something.

The Florence having taken on board all her passengers and their belongings, gave a shrill little whistle, drew in her gangway, and started. She steamed slowly up the St. Maurice, and stopped opposite the Government station, at Point de la Magdeleine, where he took on board of the scow the boom-master and his boat.

Here the weather underwent a transformation. Blue sky, flecked with white clouds, overspread the heavens; the rain stopped, and, by the help of the entire scow's company, Helene and I were hoisted on top of the cargo to enjoy the scenery. It is very fine the scenery of the St. Maurice—the "Black River of the North"—guarded as it is by bleak, frowning mountains, suggesting all sorts of possibilities in their rugged fastnesses. The "Piles Mountain," or more correctly speaking, "Mount Maurice," is generally conceded to be the highest of the range. I am writing under its shadow, and all my numerous notes concerning it and other "places of interest," on the river, are safe on my library shelves at home in Three Rivers, so my readers must just take my word that it is about 650 feet high; that it is wild and savage looking, its rocky sides covered here and there with spruce trees, and a forest of spruce and pine on its crest.

Le aux Fraises lies at its feet—lies in more senses than one—for as a strawberry ground, it is a myth. Soon after passing under the mountains, the shadows began to fill, the scow door was shut, and we gave ourselves up to novel reading and the drinking of tea made in a tin can upon the stove, and partaken of without sugar or milk. At six o'clock the Florence whistled her arrival at the McKinnon, and everybody went ashore. We had tea at Edmond Parent's, where the crew and passengers were to remain for the night, and then engaging a cart, called in these parts a *tomahawk*, we drove on to the next neighbors, one Madame Lemieux, from the Cove of Cork. The accommodation in these river-side houses is limited, and the fare simple; but all is clean and served with good will, and when the fires burn brightly, and the tales of the hunters were more and more marvellous, one is not so badly off after all. Next morning dawned fine and bright, and saw us aloft at eight o'clock; but, alas! the weather soon changed, snow began to fall, varied by rain and sleet. We stopped at the Mattawan to dine—at the house of a settler named Thebaud. Madame Thebaud made us very comfortable, but our thoughts wandered to the pleasant bright house on Mr. Butts's farm on the opposite shore, where, when Mrs. Peter Adams lived there, one used to look forward to their stoppage at the Mattawan as the best part of the journey. Only a few days after our return to Three Rivers, this dear old lady breathed her last, and was reverently laid to rest in the cemetery of the Scottish congregation there, surrounded by her grandchildren, and by the leading men of the city, most of whom had, at one time or another, partaken of her sweet hospitality in her up-river home. The isolation and difficulties of Upper St. Maurice travel may be judged of by the fact that of her five stalwart sons, all of whom are connected with the lumber trade, not one could be present at her funeral, or had even received news of his mother's death.

From the Mattawan to Grand Ance, in summer a trip of a few hours—now, at this season, a weary journey—on, on in the dark night in the teeth of snow and sleet and wind. Sometimes the men would gloomily prophesy that we should be obliged to spend the night in the middle of the river. Then there were rumors that we should land at Chez Paul, and, failing that, at Chez Marcheterre. In the end it was at Chez Paul that the Florence stopped with many little hysterical whistles and shrieks, for Paul was on board and his home-coming was thus heralded to his family. Paul is the mail-carrier between Grandes Piles and La Sague, and his arrival is greeted with joy by all the dwellers along the river. His trips are made at intervals of two weeks, and I have been present when

the mail arrived for the family whose guest I was. If the editor of that weekly newspaper could but have seen the nature with which the paper was seized! How it was first brought to me with the politeness which the *compteur* on the Upper St. Maurice is sure to experience. How it was then given to the head of the family, whose spectacles were eagerly sought for by the children, all eager to have a share in the event of the day.

Above La Tuque the mail goes only once a month, and nobody who has not journeyed in those parts can imagine the perils and miseries endured by the poor mail carrier, who, in the heat of summer and the cold of winter, by carriage or canoe, sometimes on foot or snowshoes, sometimes wading through half-frozen water, carries the news of civilization to these remote regions.

To return to *Chez Paul*. Paul's wife—Madame Chandonnet—had not expected anybody, and was naturally rather overwhelmed at the sight of over twenty persons who demanded board and lodging for the night. However, Madame Chandonnet is accustomed to put up the summer travellers who visit the club on the Wessonaugh River, and she rose equal to the occasion. Her own room was placed at our disposal, and the others were accommodated with a blanket and a place on the kitchen floor. Next morning the weather was still worse; not only snow, but frost filled the air, and the water of the black, swift flowing river was thick and sullen. We pushed on to Mr. Alexander Baptist's farm at that river, and, after a hurried dinner, left for La Tuque. The storm grew worse; the elements shrieked and fought; snow blinded us; the stove smoked, and the once-esteemed scow became an *inferno*. At last, after passing through the Rapid Croche, and pushing bravely on for a while, everybody's courage began to give out. A halt was called four miles below La Tuque, and all hands went ashore to a humble hut on the cliff, where nothing was to be had but turnips. The family had literally no other means of subsistence. When travelling with the resident engineers, I am always obliged to bring my lantern, so that we were all right on this occasion.

Early next morning the crew were at work unloading the scow, and storing the hay and oats on the shore, until they could be hauled up to the Tuque. While the work was, as the resident engineer would say, "under progress," he and his worthy boom-master had started down stream in their canoe to pass a pleasant morning in attending to landmarks, etc. We overtook them in an icy and perished condition, just above that river, and at that comfortable station they were thawed out and refreshed with Mrs. Alexander Adams' well known hospitality. At noon we started down the St. Maurice in a biting gale of wind, crusting, cutting, winding through the ice fields—one poor scow left behind us at that river. We had a bench sheltered as much as possible from the wind, and were wrapped round with blankets and rugs. It was an exciting voyage, for no one knew what might be our fate. Shortly before arriving at Grand Ance, the boat struck a boulder and dragged herself over it with that sickening, crunching noise not easily forgotten by those who heard it. Soon after this the Florence drew up in front of Marcheterre's, and we were told that she was broken and taking in water, and that we were to remain there for the night. A pleasing prospect, truly, with the ice making all around us, and the north wind whistling in our ears. Alarmists they were who started that report. Captain Vango's investigation, took courage, and pushed on to the banks, at the Mattawan. From the Mattawan, through the *Canis Rapid*, and then, through the terrible *Montagne*, to the McKinnon. It was a risky journey, in the storm and amid the ice fields. The water in the great *Montagne* was lower than when we had gone up the river, and the danger, therefore, greater; but he had a splendid set of men on board, and, with bated breath, darting first in one direction and then another, we were whirled through the dreary spot, and home down the river in the twilight, bumping softly here and there on the famed McKinnon shoal. Madame Lemieux greeted us in her best *bonjour*, and, for us, killed the fatted hen. She had a pet hare, who lived in a cupboard in the kitchen and had designs on its life for our regalement, but we begged off poor Huss. Madame Lemieux has a collection of chronos, which it is her delight to exhibit to travellers to whom she gives their history. One is a marine view; it, she says, is the ship with which Napoleon gained the battle of Waterloo. The other represents a Bishop. Madame Lemieux says it is St. Roch, and that he was killed by the Indians at the mouth of the McKinnon River. And still the wind raged, and Jack Frost worked hard, and the ice made thick and strong at the river's edge. In the morning we walked down to Parent's without difficulty. All the creeks along the route were frozen solid. Such work as they had to turn the steamer, cutting through the solid ice, backing, then charging again. At last we were off, slowly crushing through the ice, feeling our way, sometimes scarcely moving, and always in doubt as to whether we could go on for another mile. (This, please note, in a country where there are no roads and no vehicles.) After weary hours, we floated among the piers of the Government works at Pointe de la Magdeleine, and deposited the boom-master, who left the Florence with a pleasing alacrity, his wife and little sons waving him on from the gallery of their house. Then came the question, could we make the wharf at the Piles? The ice was in a mass, in some places it piled so as to very nearly capsize the boat; it was so solid that the men had to rock the Florence from side to side, so as to make any headway at all. But then, again, the whole mass was drifting on towards the dread leaps at the Fall. Should we miss the wharf we must perish miserably. The gallant men worked hard, the owners stood on the wharf inciting them on. The whole male population of the Piles Village turned out to watch the Florence. Once she lurched fearfully, turned over on her side and nearly went under. At this some cautious spirits took flying leaps ashore on to the slippery rock, but the Florence was all right. Slowly, slowly, engineering gained the victory over the elements, and at 11 a.m., she was made fast to the wharf. At 2 she was on the slip in winter quarters, and, at 8 o'clock, a telegram came to us

**BEST FOR WASH DAY**

**USE SURPRISE SOAP**

**BEST FOR EVERY DAY**

at Three Rivers to say that the ice at the Piles had stopped moving, that is that the ice bridge had formed at 7.15 the same evening.

A. M. P. BERLINGUET.

## A BROAD-MINDED DOCTOR.

RELATES SOME EXPERIENCES IN  
HIS OWN PRACTICE.

BELIEVES IN RECOMMENDING ANY MEDICINE  
THAT HE KNOWS WILL CURE HIS PATIENTS  
—THINKS DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS A  
GREAT DISCOVERY.

"AKRON, PA., April 24th, '95.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.:

GENTLEMEN.—While it is entirely contrary to the custom of the medical profession to endorse or recommend any of the so-called proprietary preparations, I shall, nevertheless, give you an account of some of my wonderful experiences with your preparation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The fact is well known that medical practitioners do not as a rule recognize much less use preparations of this kind, consequently the body of them have no definite knowledge of their virtue or lack of it, but soundly condemn them all without a trial. Such a course is manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one, propose to give my patients the best treatment known to me, for the particular disease with which they are suffering, no matter what it is, where or how obtained. I



J. D. Albright, M.D.

was first brought to prescribe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, after having seen some remarkable results from their use. When H. Over, now of Reading, Pa., was a prominent contractor and builder, while superintending the work of erecting a large building during cold weather he contracted what was thought to be sciatica, by using first noticed it one morning in not being able to arise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he failed to improve, but on the contrary grew rapidly worse, the case developing into hemiplegia, or partial paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to hear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and concluded to try your Pink Pills.

He had given up hope and it required a great deal of begging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly.

He, however, did as she desired, and it appears indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis.

"Why," says he, "I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work."

Having seen these results I concluded that such a remedy is surely worth a trial at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a short time later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering with palpitation of the heart and great nervous prostration after the usual remedies failed to relieve, I ordered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was simply astonishing. Her attacks became less frequent and also less in severity, until by their use for a period of only two months, she was the picture of health, rosy-checked and bright-eyed, as well as ever, and she has continued so until to-day, more than one year since she took any medicine. I have found these pills a specific for cholera, or as more commonly known, St. Vitus' dance, as beneficial results have in all cases marked their use. As a spring tonic any one who, from overwork or nervous strain during a long winter has become pale and languid, the Pink Pills will do wonders in brightening the countenance and in buoying the spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth.

Yours respectfully,  
J. D. ALBRIGHT, M.D.

## LARGE LOAVES.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two and three feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls four or five feet in length, and in many cases even six feet. The bread of Paris is distributed almost exclusively by women, who go to the various bakeries at 5.30 a.m., and spend about an hour polishing up the

**THE BEST** is what the People buy the most of. That's Why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale of ALL MEDICINES.

loaves. After the loaves are thoroughly cleaned of dust and grit the "bread porter" proceeds on the round of her customers. Those who live in apartments or flats find their loaves leaning against the door. Restaurateurs and those having street entrances to their premises find their supply of the staff of life propped up against the front door. The wages earned by these bread carriers varies from a couple of shillings to half a crown a day, and their day's work is completed by 10 o'clock in the morning.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

Reedily: Why do you smoke continually from morning until night? Woodly: It's the only time I get. I sleep from night till morning.

Tom: Didn't the encore unnerve Miss Twitter? Jess: Not a bit; she's used to having the neighbours pound on the floor when she sings.

"Now that we are married, Hettie, we will have no further secrets from each other." "Then tell me, truly, George, how much did you pay for the ring?"

Customer: I notice some shoes in the window that you have labelled "Temperance shoes." What kind are they? Dealer: They are warranted not to be tight.

Friend: I see you have been spelling your name in the old-fashioned way, "S-m-i-t-h." Smythe: Yes; I have to. Too many "Smythes" now-a-days, you know.

Misses: Mary, how was it I saw you treating your friends to my cake and fruit? Mary: I can't tell, ma'am, for the life of me, for I'm sure I covered the keyhole.

Creditor: Can't you pay me something on account of that bill you owe me? Debtor: How much do you want? Creditor: I'd like enough to meet the fees of a lawyer to sue you for the balance.

Charlie: I'm tired of this monotonous life. I am seized with an ambition to do something entirely new and unprecedented. Algie: Dear me. Then why don't you pay your tailor's bill?

Giles: What did Cora give you for your birthday? Morriss: That's a mystery I've tried in vain to solve. As she made it herself I don't know whether it's a pin cushion or a tobacco pouch, but at present I'm using it for a pen-wiper.

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"J. P. BELL'S QUININE WINE"  
a most restorative and appetizer. Pure  
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**CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER**

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THE GREAT  
Family Medicine of the Age.  
Taken Internally, It Cures  
Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the  
Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds,  
Coughs, etc., etc.

Used Externally, It Cures  
Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains,  
Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia,  
Rheumatism, Strained Feet.

North America's most famous and most popular  
remedy for all kinds of pain. It is the only  
remedy that is so effective in soothing the  
suffering patient, and known to be a good first-aid  
remedy for all kinds of pain.

Nothing has yet surpassed this Pain-Killer, which is  
the most valuable family medicine now known.—*Dr. J. C. Davis*

It has been used for many years, and its  
merits are well known to all who have used it.

It is the only remedy that is so effective in  
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[Note: signifies runs daily. All other train runs only except Sundays.]

3.15 a.m. 4.15 p.m.—For Ottawa and all point on the C. A. W. O. A. & P. S. R.  
3.10 a.m. 4.10 p.m. 10.25 p.m.—For Toronto  
Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, etc.  
4.20 p.m. [Mixed]—For Brockville. Leaves at 2.40 p.m. on Saturdays.  
4.40 p.m.—For Cornwall.  
7.40 a.m.—For Hemmingford, Valleyfield and Massena Springs.  
1.20 p.m.—For Hemmingford, Valleyfield and Fort Covington.  
2.15 a.m. [Mixed]—For Island Pond.  
7.40 a.m.—For Sherbrooke, Island Pond, Portland, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, (runs to Quebec daily).  
10.10 p.m.—For Sherbrooke, Portland, Quebec and points on the C. A. W. O. to Campbellton, N.B. Sunday night train runs to Island Pond over Sunday.  
11.45 a.m.—For St. John's (on Saturdays this train leaves at 12.15 p.m.).  
1.40 p.m.—For Sherbrooke and Island Pond.  
4.40 p.m.—For St. John's, Bonaventure, also Waterloo via St. Lambert and M. P. & E. R. Y.  
5.15 a.m.—For St. John's and points on the C. A. W. O. via St. George's, St. Lambert.  
7.40 p.m.—For St. John's via St. Lambert.  
9.00 a.m. 9.40 p.m.—For Boston and New York via St. E.  
9.40 a.m. 9.20 p.m.—For New York via D. & H.

**CITY TICKET OFFICE, 143 St. James St.,**  
and at Bonaventure Station.

**CANADIAN  
PACIFIC RY.**

Leave Windsor Street Station for

Boston, 9.00 a.m., 5.30 p.m.  
Portland, 9.00 a.m