

"Confessed—conspiracy!" sneeringly exclaimed Blanchard; "where are your proofs?" "Here!" replied Harold, pointing to the papers; "and here they remain until—"

"Until what?" "Until the father of my dear wife has perused them line by line, and the magistrates of Single-bridge have made my innocence as public as a year since they proclaimed my guilt."

"Then I may go," said Blanchard, after a pause; and taking for granted the consent of his temporary custodians, he stepped towards the door, which was under the janitorship of Mr. Beauchamp. That gentleman gracefully waved him back.

"You may go on one condition, sir—pardon me—and it is this: That you leave for Jamaica by a certain steamer which leaves this port tomorrow. I have to-night bespoken your berth. Pardon me—if you decline, take the consequence, one of which will be temporary occupation by yourself of a neat and commodious apartment within the precincts of Easthampton."

"Open the door." Not another word did he utter, but taking his hat, and looking straight before him, he left the hotel and proceeded—not unattended—in the direction of the Jamaica boat.

It was a pleasant hour or so which Mr. and Mrs. Harold White and their friend Beauchamp spent together that night. It was a more than pleasant meeting that took place a few days after in Singlebridge. Silas Westbrook's happiness was unspeakable. There was a streak of sorrow in it, though, when he thought of his absent son, and prayed that the lad had turned over a new leaf at the other end of the world.

THE
Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XI.

ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

PEMBROKE.—(Continued.)

CONVENT OF MARY IMMACULATE.

This fine institution occupies a splendid position on the heights towards the west end of the town. The interior is characterised by that combination of neatness and good taste which is invariably found where nuns are in charge. There are now ten of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa, working in Pembroke, eight imparting instruction at the Convent and in the Separate School, and two managing the General Hospital. I was glad to learn that the course of studies at the Convent includes plain sewing, cooking and domestic economy—matters respecting which too many of "our girls" are deplorably ignorant. The terms seem exceedingly low—\$100 per year for everything except drawing, music and oil or water colour painting. The Sister who teaches painting is quite a genius. I saw some scenes she had painted for the bijou theatre where they have their tableaux at "breaking up," and venture to say many a professional "scenic artist" would be proud of such work. I was conducted through the Convent from the kitchen to the top floor and found everything most creditable. The outlook from the dormitory windows is very charming, the view taking in the whole of the lake with the grand Laurentian range in the far background. Enjoying such scenery and such healthful breezes, I was not surprised to find rosy cheeks the rule among both teachers and pupils.

The General Hospital is a good-sized brick building pleasantly situated near the lake shore. It is designed mainly for the relief of lumbermen who are sick or meet with accidents, and to the masters and men the Committee of Management look principally for support. I popped in early one morning and found everything in first-class order—the rooms comfortably furnished and well ventilated. There were only three patients—all suffering from accidental injuries and all, happily, doing well.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH,

dedicated to St. Columkill, is a large, massive temple with an interior far ahead of the average country church. It will require a good deal of money to put the finishing touches to the edifice, but all that has been done so far is substantial, and in time the Roman Catholics of Pembroke will boast one of the finest churches in the Dominion. The Rev. Dr. Faure is Parish Priest.

CHURCH OF THE TRINITY.

Church of England services were first held in Pembroke in 1855, the Rev. E. M. Baker being the first incumbent. The present church was opened in May, 1867. The interior is rather imposing; the pews having tall end boards with fancifully carved headings. It is said a near-sighted visiting minister once mistook these wooden ornaments for human heads, and at the close of the service congratulated the incumbent upon the number and attentiveness of his flock. The church will seat about 400. There is a good choir and the services are distinguished for heartiness. The Rev. Mr. For-

syth is an earnest worker and an Irishman gifted with the ready flow of language which is regarded as a national trait. Every other Sunday afternoon, he holds service in a tiny wooden church in the township of Alice, seven miles away.

The Presbyterians and Wesleyans muster good congregations, but do not boast very pretentious churches.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

was opened January, 1876. It contains eight class rooms, an assembly room and a janitor's quarters. There are six teachers, Principal, Mr. E. D. Duncan; the average attendance of pupils is 350. The High School is temporarily accommodated in the building. The Inspector states that the schools are conducted very satisfactorily.

The Separate, or Roman Catholic School, is a fine large brick structure situated a short distance west of the above.

A GROUP OF RESIDENCES.

The reader will probably agree that for a "backwoods town" the residences shewn in the last week's NEWS are "not bad." A few words respecting their owners may prove interesting. Mr. H. H. Loucks is senior partner of the firm of Loucks & Burritt, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, and also occupies the position of Clerk of the Peace. His residence is finely situated on rising ground and commands charming scenery on every side. I do not think it will be trenching on forbidden ground if I mention that his library is calculated to make a book worm envious. Either as a collection of rare books or splendid editions of standard works, it is alike remarkable.

Mr. W. E. White (a son of the late Peter White), is also a barrister, notary public, &c. Apart from the practice of the law, he enjoys the reputation of being one of the best and most versatile amateur reciters and mimics in the country, excelling especially in the rendering of Scottish compositions. He is also a very enthusiastic and successful amateur florist, and for grape culture has no peer anywhere around.

Mr. S. E. Mitchell is one of Pembroke's most enterprising business men. Ostensibly a bookseller and stationer, he carries a large and well-assorted stock of useful and ornamental articles of that character, which makes one inclined to linger long at the nicely set-out show-cases, and wish that one's purse were a little longer or that the long-looked for ship would "come home." The lover of reading will here find a large stock of standard works and the current literature, as well as all the periodicals of note. In another department will be found sewing-machines, organs, &c. &c. Mr. Mitchell is Clerk to the County Council, and one who takes considerable interest in public affairs generally.

Dr. Dickson is the happy owner of one of the prettiest places in Pembroke. He enjoys a considerable practice, and is proprietor of the leading drug store in the town, situated nearly opposite

WHITE'S BLOCK.

The Messrs. R. & J. White, besides doing a large trade in groceries and provisions, carry on the business of lumberers and manufacturers of sawn lumber. They are also agents for the Scottish Imperial of Glasgow, and the Northern Assurance Co. of Aberdeen and London.

JUDGE DORAN

is Stipendiary Magistrate, Registrar, and Judge of the Division Court in the District of Nipissing, but resides at Pembroke, visiting his district at stated periods. Mr. Doran was born in Perth, Lanark Co., Ont., and at an early age began "clerking" in his father's general store. At his father's death he succeeded him, and after twelve years of an honourable and successful business career, he sold out and retired. Mr. Doran early took a prominent part in political and municipal matters, and was for nineteen years annually elected to the Town Council. He represented Perth for many years in the County Council, was Warden of the United Counties of Lanark and Renfrew, and afterwards of the former county. In 1869 the late Hon. Sandfield Macdonald gave him the position he now holds. Mr. Doran is Chairman of the Board of R. C. Separate School Trustees; Chairman of the General Hospital Committee, and was Chairman of the Building Committee appointed to take charge of the erection of the Roman Catholic Church.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Pembroke has no fire-engine, but depends upon the efforts of volunteer bucket brigades. It is argued that, with a fire-engine, but no paid fire brigade, the people of small towns are apt to depend too much upon the exertions of others, but that, where it is fully understood that safety depends upon every man lending a hand, the likelihood of a fire gaining headway is greatly diminished. The theory has been pretty well borne out so far in the case of Pembroke, but there are those who predict that the town will get a fearful scorching one of these days, and be compelled to acknowledge that, though buckets are good, a powerful steamer is better.

Masonry flourishes in Pembroke. The Lodge, named after the town, and known as No. 128 G. R. C., has a membership of about 160, including a Royal Arch Chapter, with a roll of thirty. As showing the interest taken in the craft by members of this far-away lodge, it

may be mentioned that there are some in California and British Columbia in good standing, while one has eighteen degrees. The lodge-room is large and beautifully furnished, in strict accordance with Masonic law. The carpet, made to order in Scotland, represents a black and white tessellated pavement; the furniture is black walnut and blue rep; the pillars and mouldings are white and gold; the lamp globes are engraved with the lodge monogram and number; a few finely-executed pictures, including a portrait of the Worshipful Master, Bro. W. R. White, adorn the walls.

Pembroke is at present the terminus of the Canada Central Railway, but the work of pushing forward the road to the Georgian Bay is being actively carried on. This extension will open up a fine section of country and revolutionize the trade of the Upper Ottawa. At present, pork, flour and other supplies for the upper country are brought from the West by the St. Lawrence route to Brockville, and thence back to almost where they started—there being no means of getting across country except at the latter point. With an inlet from Lake Huron, a vast change must take place. Another projected work is that of a railway from Kingston to connect with the Canada Central either at Pembroke or Renfrew. A good stretch of this road is in operation. Its completion will be certain to benefit Pembroke greatly. It is thought that eventually Pembroke will become the chief place in the Dominion for the manufacture and distribution of lumber. The transport of logs from the Allumette Lake to Ottawa is both a tedious and costly operation. With the mills at Pembroke and railway facilities for reaching the St. Lawrence at Kingston, the lumber interest would be much improved through the gross cost of production being considerably lessened. The Canada Central is regarded as destined to become one of the most important railways in the Dominion, because of the part it will play as a link of the Pacific road, and as a line which will give access to a part of the Dominion at present almost unknown, except to fur traders and lumbermen.

ERRATUM.—In the NEWS of the 5th inst., a typographical error made the distance between Bryson and Des Joachims six miles—it should have read ninety. This stretch, it is expected, the Cabute Canal and adjacent works will render navigable.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is rumoured, and with some degree of certainty, that on the event of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught, His Royal Highness will receive a brevet-colonelcy in the army.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are invited, from ladies only, to present, at a cost of 1,000l. each, handsome testimonials in silver, representing "Peace with Honour," to Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury.

A NEW serial is spoken of—the *Biograph*—a sketchy sort of magazine which shall tell the world at once all that is to be told of the life of any man or woman who happens to distinguish him or herself. The idea is a good one.

ALREADY on the Afghanistan frontier nearly 25,000 men are mobilized. Arrangements have been made for the ultimate employment, if necessary, of 60,000, and Generals Keyes and Borton are likely to be associated with General Chamberlain.

THREE rival beauties are very shortly to meet at a certain nobleman's house in Hampshire. For poetry's sake it is to be hoped that a wealthy Paris will also make one of the guests, in which case the providing of the apple will be an affair of no moment, though its disposal to the fairest of the three Graces may prove a work of difficulty.

THE Dean of Westminster has gone off to America for a six weeks' holiday, with Mr. George Grove, the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, for a travelling companion, and it is suspected, as usual, that the Dean contemplates making a book even if Mr. Grove has not his eye upon copy for the magazine. There is very little left to make a book out of in America; but if anything fresh is left to be gleaned these are the men to do it.

LONDON will soon be the most silent city in England, so far as its pavements go. The streets are "up" in every direction for the purpose of having wooden blocks laid down. Omnibuses have to make wide *détours*, and one has, like Mr. Swiveller, to go about a mile round to get across the road. But the wood pavement that will stand heavy traffic has yet to be discovered. Likewise that on which horses will not slip.

THE Reform has sanctioned some rather extensive alterations and decorative repairs, so the club still remains, and will remain, closed for a short time. It is said that the alterations, which are being carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Barry, the architect, will cost between seven and eight thousand pounds. This has been done, it is believed, with an idea of the speedy return to power of the party, and that when in, their *locale* ought to look like it.

MRS. BATEMAN has at last purchased Sadler's Wells Theatre. It is to be remodelled and rebuilt, from the designs and under the direction of Mr. C. J. Phipps, F.S.A. Mrs. Bateman intends to make the house a very handsome one, and to do handsome things in the theatrical way. There is a large north of London population absolutely destitute of big class histrionic catering, and Mrs. Bateman's management will certainly attract all who appreciate taste and refinement. Her energy is a matter of renown.

LONDONERS are trying hard to "improve" the Thames disaster. Amongst the ingenious people thus employed are makers of floating seats, and they send their productions to the various newspaper offices in the hope thereby of obtaining a gratuitous advertisement. One was stated that would float and save three lives. The various parts of the stool were glued together! Another that we saw in experimental operation in a public bath turned over at once and kept three men's heads down under the water, until the machine was righted by the bath assistant, who rushed into the water to the rescue.

A WORTHY dramatist, who is so busy with work for Christmas, doubtless a tragic pantomime, that he is unable to leave London, has discovered an excellent way in which to revenge himself upon cabmen, at whose hands he has, on more than one occasion, suffered much. He has found out that all these worthies who are summoned by the police for various offences are "hard up" at Great Marlborough street on Tuesday afternoons. Outside, on these days, are to be seen whole ranks of cabs, the owners or drivers of which "are in trouble," and waiting for their cases to come on. This dreadful dramatist's practice is to don a travelling Ulster, and to carry a small empty portmanteau when the evil spirit of practical joking is upon him. Thus equipped, he rushes down Great Marlborough street, and hails the first cab in the rank. "I'll give you half a sovereign, cabby, if you'll drive me to Waterloo Station in a quarter of an hour," he says, keeping his countenance admirably. The feat is easy of accomplishment, but the cabman is compelled, ruefully indeed, to shake his head. "A sovereign, then; I must catch my train!" A still more mournful shake of the head is the only response. He repeats this performance all down the rank, and then walks home, smiling, to write another bit of pantomime. He says it refreshes him quite as much as ozone would.

JEWELLED serpents are to be the most fashionable ornaments in Paris, the lizards used to fasten flowers in the front of the dress also being promoted to adorn feminine headgear. Other bonnet trimmings appropriate to the season will be fir cones, chestnuts, and catkins from the plane trees.

WE spoke lately of the sale of one of the legendary three-cornered hats of Napoleon I. Now we have to record the entrance of the hats of Victor Hugo into the domain of historical curiosity. At Brussels a few days ago a hat which once belonged to the author of *Les Misérables* was sold for seventeen francs. This hat came from the sale of the late M. Camille Berrin, of the *Indépendance Belge*. It appears that when Victor Hugo returned to Paris in 1870 he went to bid good-bye to his compatriot, who asked the poet to make an exchange of hats. The request was acceded to, and the poet even wrote in the crown of the hat: "Victor Hugo, dedit 6 Septembre 1870." At the same time a quill pen was sold attached to a sheet of paper on which was the following note: "Je prie M. Victor Hugo de certifier que cette plume lui a servi à écrire 'Napoléon le Petit.' Camille Berrin. Oui. Victor Hugo." Paper and pen were knocked down for thirty-six francs.

The Moncrabeau orchestra at the Concert de l'Orangerie is the drollest company we have ever seen. It is a society of Dutch amateurs who play on instruments made of cardboard and devote their earnings to charitable purposes. They are dressed in the costume of the old *échevins* and arranged on a pyramidal platform surmounted by heraldic devices and cardboard figures which move their arms and legs in unison with the music. When the curtain rises you think that you are looking at a collection of court cards. At the first springing of the rattle the whole orchestra rises to attention; at the second it executes a military salute, and at the third every man sinks gracefully into his seat. The programme consists chiefly of characteristic music. For instance, *Li Piquette do jou au Villatche*, with accompaniments of cock crowing, children squealing and cattle lowing. The sounds, the instruments and the general appearance of the orchestra are the drollest we have ever seen or heard. The orchestra of Moncrabeau will, at least, have a *succès de curiosité*, while amateurs cannot fail to be struck with the precision of the execution.

THERE can be no stronger testimony to the superiority of the Weber Piano than the letter from Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, which appears elsewhere in our present issue. These instruments may be found at the New York Piano Co.'s Warerooms, 183 St. James street. In tone, sweetness, and power of expression they are unsurpassed.