

built himself a commodious store which is a credit to the town.

Cornwall boasts quite a number of hotels; the American House, Commercial Hotel and Ottawa Hotel taking the lead. The former is centrally situated at the corner of Pitt and Second streets, the latter an exceedingly pretty street in summer time. The proprietor of the American House, Mr. A. J. Maley, has had considerable experience in the management of hotels both in Canada and the States, and his patrons speak of him in most favourable terms. The house is already a large one, but the demands of the public are such that the addition of two stories will be made this spring.

The Commercial Hotel, Mr. J. D. McDonald, proprietor, is situated further south on the corner of Pitt and First streets. This old established hostelry is within a few doors of the post office—a most dingy little hole by the way—and not far from the Court House. It is consequently patronized by the Judges, and is the abiding place of the member of Parliament for the town and township. The spirit of enterprise promises to show itself here also, the talk being that a new edifice is to be erected this summer.

The Ottawa Hotel, also on Pitt street, enjoys a central position between the two former. Established some forty years, the present proprietor, Mr. L. Masterson, fully sustains its reputation. The house has accommodation for forty guests and is a favourite one with the commercial community. The offices of the Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies are close by. As is the case of the other hotels, guests are conveyed to and from the trains and boats free.

There are two papers published in Cornwall, both weekly. The politics of the *Reporter* are not of a very pronounced order, though it is called the Conservative organ. The *Freeholder* is regarded as the organ of the Sandfield Macdonald family.

Besides enjoying service by the boats of the Royal Mail Line, Cornwall is the starting point for the *Bohemian*, and the rival steamer *St. Francis*. The competition during the past summer was so keen that a cabin passage to Montreal was given for twenty-five cents; deck passengers are said to have paid what they pleased, while no charge was made for a trip through the Beauharnois Canal.

The work of enlarging the Cornwall Canal is being pushed ahead. Messrs. Woodward and Gordon are the contractors. A new cut is being made at the eastern end for a distance of about a quarter of a mile which will do away with a considerable curve.

Being blessed with wide straight streets, liberally shaded by noble old trees, which in some places meet and form a leafy alcove, Cornwall is quite a pretty place in the summer time, and for those who desire unfettered recreation the charming islands about Summers-town, a few miles down the river, offer unrivalled attractions. Midway between Cornwall and Summerstown is Stone House Point where are to be seen the ruins of the first stone house erected in Canada. In ages to come this, at present, rather fresh relic, will perhaps be thought as much of as are the crumbling castles along the Rhine.

Opposite the town is an island of considerable size called Cornwall Island. On the south shore of the St. Lawrence is the Indian village of St. Regis, situated partly in the Province of Quebec and partly in the United States, the line 45 running through the settlement.

THE CANADA COTTON MANUFACTURING CO.'S MILLS

occupy a commanding position at the entrance to the canal. The buildings are of red brick; the main edifice is 314 ft. x 90, four stories, with a flat roof. There are 20,000 spindles and 500 looms. A portion of the top flat is devoted to the manufacture of cotton hosiery. The other products of the factory comprise Sheetings, Shirtings, Cheviots, Check Shirtings, Ducks, Tickings, Denhams, Cottonades, Seamless bags for flour, grain, &c., cotton yarn and warps. The looms turn out on an average 100,000 yards per week. There are about 400 hands employed; they are principally of Scotch descent, natives of the locality and mostly trained at this factory. The pay roll averages \$10,000 per month. The machinery is mainly by Platt, of Oldham; it is driven by two turbine wheels of about 250 horse-power each. To meet emergencies such as the emptying of the canal there is a Corliss engine of 500 horse power. In connection with the factory there are large ware-houses, a dye-house, gas works, cottages for the overseers and operatives, and a large boarding-house where the hands can obtain good, honest board at the rate of \$8 per month for females, and \$10 for males. The boarding-house is leased to a skilled caterer.

A walk through the factory is more than ordinarily interesting on account of the varied characters of the articles manufactured. Both as regards strength, evenness of texture and prettiness of design, the check shirtings will compare favourably with any in the world, and the same high standard of excellence is observable in every branch. The Company seems determined that in every respect the purchaser of their goods shall get full value for his money; it is not, therefore, surprising to know that at the Centennial Exhibition they carried off the highest honours. On what is known as "Family Cotton" a novel and characteristic device is noticeable, viz., a yard measure printed on the material surrounded by the words "Hon-

est Width." One of the labels of the Company is an excellent chromo portrait of old Baptiste, the famous Indian pilot of the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The factory is well protected against fire; a system of hydrants permeating the building and the male employees being periodically drilled in the use of the apparatus. The Company enjoy telegraphic communication by both the Montreal and Dominion lines. The capital invested in this enterprise is wholly Canadian, and the Managing Director and Directors are leading Canadian merchants. Mr. A. D. Barker is Manager, and Mr. A. G. Watson, Secretary.

The establishment of this factory has done much to promote the growth of Cornwall. In the vicinity quite a new town has sprung up and building is still going on apace. We wish we could add that the enterprise is returning the shareholders a fair profit upon their investment, but the fact is otherwise and apparently must be so until Canadian manufacturers are placed upon a better footing as regards foreign competition.

THE CORNWALL MANUFACTURING CO.'S MILL

adjoins the cotton factory. It is a large, substantial-looking edifice of brick. The Company manufacture woollen goods, principally medium class tweeds, using both Canadian and imported wools. About two hundred hands are employed; the wages amount to from three to four thousand dollars per month, and the product about 350,000 yards per year. The first mill built in 1868, was destroyed by fire in 1870. The present building was erected the following year. Sir Hugh Allan is President of the Company, Mr. George Stephens, Vice-President. In connection with the mill there is a dye-house, store-houses for wool, and tenant cottages for operatives. This fine factory, in common with Canadian industries generally, is suffering keenly from the present trade policy. "We are making no money," said the manager.

A GROUP OF MILLS.

At the Canal Bridge, high above the steam-boat landing, are the Woollen, Grist, Flouring and Saw Mills owned by Mr. Andrew Hodge. The former is what is called a "one set" mill, and with the dye-house gives employment to about twenty hands. The business is principally of the class known as "custom work"—that is to say the farmers of the locality bring in the results of their shearing and either have it made up or exchange it for such manufactured articles as they may want. This sort of trade is perhaps somewhat bothersome, but it is certainly safe, which is a great deal now-a-days. Besides a large variety of tweeds, Mr. Hodge makes plain and fancy flannels, blankets and yarn. The sterling qualities of Canadian tweeds and blankets are proverbial, and it only remains to add that at this establishment every effort is made to sustain the fame which Dominion-made goods have acquired.

Adjoining is the Grist Mill, a solid structure containing six run of stones. Alongside is the Saw and Planing mill run by Mr. R. A. Hodge, who besides attending to a brisk general trade, manufactures the celebrated portable Fanning Mill and Seed Separator, known as "The King of the West."

Close by are the charred ruins of a paper mill and Gault Bros & Co.'s cotton mills.

We are indebted to Mr. H. W. Weber, Pitt Street, Cornwall, for copies of most of the photographs from which our engravings are made. Mr. Weber is not only a skillful photographer, but also a dealer in jewellery, toys, fancy goods, and picture frames.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" asked a gentleman of old Mrs. Fizzelton, referring to one of her neighbours.—"Well, I reckon he ought to be," drawled out the old lady, "for he's the meanest man in our town."

"How much are those tearful bulbs by the quart?" asked a maiden of a tradesman, the other morning. He stared at her a moment, as if bewildered, but soon recovered himself, and blithely said, "Oh, them in yuns? Tenpence."

"My son," said a mother to a little boy four years old, "whom above all others will you wish to see when you pass into the spirit world?"—"Goliath!" shouted the child, with a joyous anticipation; "unless," he quickly added, "there's a bigger feller there."

A little girl was heard telling another, "My father is taller and handsomer and cleverer than yours." For a moment the other looked rather put out, but, suddenly brightening up, she answered, "Perhaps he is; but mine is much older than yours."

"ANNA, dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Anna gave it up; whereupon William said, "Because when I come to c u, of course I cannot go further." Anna said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.

At an evening party in the Faubourg St. Germain, the conversation turned upon the word "kiss." "Oh," said a member of the institute, "it is derived from a Sanscrit expression, meaning to open the mouth." An old mathematician, who was seated in a corner, was asked his opinion. "Kissing," he answered, quietly, "is an operation which consists in the approach of two curves which have the same bend, as far as the point of the contact."

FASHION AND SOCIETY.

On Thursday of last week a wedding took place in Hamilton, which united in holy wedlock Miss Catharine Lucy Turner, eldest daughter of Mr. James Turner, and Robert Knight Hope, son of Charles J. Hope. The marriage took place in Highfield, the family residence of the bride's father. Soon after nine o'clock the bridal procession formed in the upper rooms and came into the spacious hall-way of the mansion, in which hung a marriage bell, beautifully garlanded with floral decorations. The following are the names of the

BRIDESMAIDS:

Miss Carpenter, Hamilton.
Miss Carrie Turner, Hamilton.
Miss Hope, Hamilton.
Miss Emily Turner, Hamilton.
Miss Harvey, Hamilton.
Miss Ida McGivern, St. Catharines.
Miss Hunt, London.

THE GROOMSMEN:

Mr. George Hope, Montreal.
Mr. Adam Hope, Hamilton.
Mr. Alexander Turner, Hamilton.
Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, Hamilton.
Mr. James Turner, jr., Hamilton.
Mr. Charles Dyett, Goderich.

Filing down the broad stairway, the bridal party had a most brilliant and captivating appearance. As the bell was approached a merry peal was rung upon it, and beneath it the intended bride and bridegroom took their stand, the band playing the wedding march. The Rev. D. M. Fletcher then advanced and, according to the rules of the Presbyterian Church, performed the marriage ceremony. This over, the reverend gentleman, in a speech marked by excellent and kindly appreciation of the bride, proposed her health, to which the bridegroom responded in very happy terms. For a short time the company dispersed, most of them examining the magnificent wedding presents which the bride had received. Soon after dancing was commenced and kept up with spirit. About half-past ten o'clock the happy couple took their departure amid a perfect hurricane of old slippers, and a vivacious chorus of hearty wishes for their future happiness.

HARD TIMES.

MY DEAR TOM.—Your kind favour was duly received, and I hasten to reply to the kind sentiments expressed therein.

I am glad you spent so pleasant a holiday time. We had a very quiet Christmas in the city, but accompanied by the usual amount of indignation on the part of greedy youngsters and adults, who consider it their bounden duty to over-eat themselves in honour of the occasion. As if it was doing honour to the festive season by making one's self a glutton. There was no snow at Christmas, and that was certainly a drawback. Say what you like, it isn't half a Christmas without snow outside, and a house full of children inside. The weather prophets said it was a Green Christmas. The tradesfolk said things looked blue for them. Which are you to believe? New Year's Day was also very quiet. Although the first, it is to be hoped it will be the last of such a monstrous state of affairs. In fact, business here has been bad, and that is sufficient to explain all. Old residents begin to think the bottom has fallen out of Montreal, while others say it never had any. The result is general mistrust, and that, as you will admit, is a very unhappy state of affairs in a commercial community such as this is. After the splendid harvest, people looked forward to a busy and prosperous winter, but that good time has not yet arrived and the winter is half over.

Tailors are not to be approached without money, a deposit, or first-class security, and when they thus flee to the mountains, you can imagine what state of affairs exists.

Shoemakers are incredulous of future prospects, and demand money down, or its equivalent. You may tell them of glorious prospects of unlimited coming wealth, but to this they turn a deaf ear. Such is another instance of the condition of affairs.

Bar-keepers and saloon proprietors no longer recognize the mysterious wink, or significant shrug of the shoulder, and the well-known statement, "I'll fix that the next time," meets with no encouragement. In fact, in many drinking places, they have conspicuously posted up a very bad engraving of a dog lying on its back, with the words, "Poor Trust is dead, bad pay killed him," written underneath. This is still a greater proof of the want of confidence and money, prevailing at present.

Even the news-boys, who were wont to pocket the cents you gave them without hesitation, now give the coppers a sharp scrutiny, I presume to see whether they are good or not. Can there be any greater instance of the general distrust?

In a confidential confab with a dealer in peanuts and chocolate-drops, at the corner of St. Lambert hill and Notre Dame street, he informed me that he had twice moved his stand from localities where he has heretofore enjoyed a liberal share of patronage. Even at his new stand, at the junction of two of our most crowded thoroughfares, he declares business is bad, and his position is made still more aggravating by a rival, who has taken up his position at the opposite corner, and who has not only a much brighter lamp, but the advantage of a large cot-

ton umbrella, wherewith to protect himself and his stock from the elements. Even in this humble line there is rivalry, and the business is evidently over-done.

It would hardly be believed that such is the general stringency, that the stock-beggars have thrown away their piteous looks and business tone, and may be seen walking briskly about. Meeting a party of juvenile beggars, whose line was to appeal "for charity for Heaven's sake," with the proper expression, skipping and romping at a street corner, I asked what were they doing, and I received the answer—"Oh, business is bad, people ain't got any money, and there is no use working." Can anything be more strikingly illustrative of the state of affairs in the metropolis?

So far has the rivalry in business gone, that merchants now hesitate to fail, except for respectable amounts. Smudge and Fudge are on the eve of suspension, but they won't cave in for a cent less than \$200,000, for Fudge and Dudge, next door rivals, went under the week before for \$190,000. This is really a very critical state of affairs.

In some cases the hard times have had effect. For instance: I met my friend Wilkins at Alexander's the other day, where I had dropped in to have a cup of coffee. Wilkins, in prosperous days, never took more than one mutton pie. On this occasion, I noticed, he took two. On asking the reason, he replied: "Hard times, old fellow; must economize. You see I can get two pies, eight cents apiece, for fifteen cents. Save a cent."

Such is another phase of the depressing state of things.

In fact, the hard times have driven many persons to economize, who never dreamt of such a thing before. Malcolm, of Malcolm Falcon & Co., for instance, was caught buying three tickets for the Academy of Music, instead of two, and in extenuation of his conduct, exclaimed, "Hard times, hard times. If I can get three tickets for same price as two, can go myself again to-morrow night, you see, ha! ha!" Bargain-hunters consider it their duty to spend more money than ever, for money is so scarce and times are so hard. People with money find a good opportunity to make an excuse for lending, and those who borrowed before now try to borrow the more, all on account of the depression existing. Mean people are glad of the opportunity to be meaner still, while the Corporation, with its big soul of generosity, cuts down the laboring man's pittance ten to fifteen cents on the dollar per day, and votes its members \$8 each for cab-hire, because they are too rich and too lazy to walk to Committee meetings in the City Hall from their respective places of business.

Heartily, my boy, do I wish then that this season of hard times and hypocrisy were over, and the blood of sound health once more coursed through the veins of Montreal city.

Your affect. chum,

SANDY.

HUMOROUS.

RECTOR: "Those pigs of yours are in fine condition, Jarvis." Jarvis: "Yes, sir, they be. Ah, sir, if we was all on us on'y as fit to die as them are, we'd do!"

"That parrot of mine's a wonderful bird," said Smithers; "he cries 'Stop Thief!' so naturally that every time I hear it I always stop. What are you all laughing at, any way?"

A MICHIGAN father writes to the faculty of Yale:—"What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write as well as to row a boat?"

DARWIN says a monkey "takes after man more than any other living thing." There are other animals, however, that "take after man" more than a monkey does. A tiger, or a savage dog, for instance.

AN editor was knocked down the other day by a highwayman, who demanded his valuables. The poor man took out his scissors to pass them over to the highwayman, but the latter thought it a revolver and immediately retreated.

ROBINSON went up to his room the other afternoon, and noticed that there was only one match remaining in the box. "Now, if that shouldn't burn to-night when I come in," soliloquized he, "what a fix I should be in." So he tried to see if it was a good one. It was.

THE following incident happened in one of the public schools:—Teacher: "Define the word excavate."—Scholar: "It means to h-llow out."—Teacher: "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used."—Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

Now, for instance, here are some pictures from Germany. The horses wear No. 12 eyes, ladies' size. The clouds are eleven miles thick, and the edges are fringed with mountains. The babies have lips big enough for a clamcake, and wings and all, these babies weigh 397 pounds apiece. The heroes are nine feet across the calf and the ends of their little toes would fit into the top of a chimney. Art is long and time is fleeting.

GRACE GREENWOOD, while riding in a Washington horse-car recently, was thrown by a sudden jerk into a gentleman's lap, when she said: "I beg pardon, sir; but you see I am a Lap-lander." The same sort of accident happens daily in the bobtail lines of New York as the cars are jerked suddenly around the frequent corners, and a passenger has a way of calling the fair victims "diving-bellies."

A CROCODILE watched a small boy who sat indolently near him on the bank of the river. The small boy was eating a piece of bread. He was hungry. The crocodile was also hungry. On perceiving this sympathetic bond between their natures, the crocodile was moved to tears. "Poor boy," he said, "you want your breakfast. So do I. Yet why should I deprive you of your bread, which you eat with so much relish? I will not. But your legs—you cannot eat them. I will eat them for you."