

the presence of his mother and Nadia, any more than they could suspect his own.

This journey from the camp to Tomsk, in such circumstances, under the whip of the soldiers, was fatal for a great number, terrible to all.

The journey was across the steppes, on a route rendered still more dusty by the passage of the Emir and his advance guard.

The order had been given for a quick march. The halts were few and short. Quickly as these hundred and fifty versts were traveled, under a burning sun, they seemed never to come to an end.

It is useless to dwell on the sufferings of so many of the unhappy prisoners. Several hundred fell on the steppes, and their bodies had to remain there until the wolves, forced from the mountains by winter, devoured their last bones.

Just as Nadia was ever ready to help the old Siberian, so Michael Strogoff, who was free to move about, rendered to his companions in misfortune, who were weaker than himself, all the services that his situation permitted.

Some he encouraged, others he sustained; he did not spare himself, but went and came until the lance of a horse soldier compelled him to take the place in the ranks which had been assigned to him.

It was his fixed intention to go as far as Tomsk as the Emir's expense, and upon the whole, he was right. And to see the numerous detachments that scoured the plain on the flanks of the convoy, at one time to the south, at another on the north, it was evident he could not have made two versts without being retaken.

Tartar horsemen swarmed on all sides; sometimes like those troublesome little insects we see disporting in the sun's rays after a shower of rain in the summer-time, more over, flight, under such circumstances, would have been extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible.

At length, on the 15th of August, towards evening, the convoy reached the little town of Zabeldeiro, some thirty versts from Tomsk. At this place the route again lay along the course of the Tom.

The first movement of the prisoners would have been to throw themselves into the waters of this river, but their guardians did not permit them to break the ranks until all things had been arranged for the halt.

Although the Tom was swollen and flowing with the rapidity of a torrent at this season of the year, the most severe measures of watchfulness were taken lest it should present a favorable means of flight to some bold and desperate prisoner. Boats, procured at Zabeldeiro, were stationed at certain distances along the Tom, and formed a chain of obstacles impossible to surmount.

As regards the line of the encampment, resting on the first houses of the village, it was guarded by a cordon of sentinels that could not be broken.

All this night the prisoners were to camp on the banks of the Tom. The Emir, in fact, had deferred until the next day the entry of his troops into Tomsk. It had been decided that a military display should mark the inauguration of the Tartar headquarters in this important city.

Feofar-Khan already occupied his fortress, but the body of his army bivouacked under the walls, waiting for the moment to make a solemn entry.

Ivan Ogareff had left the Emir at Tomsk, where they had both arrived the evening before, and he returned to the encampment at Zabeldeiro. Next day he had to start from this place with the rear-guard of the Tartar army.

A house had been placed at his disposal where he could stay the night. At sunrise, under his command, horse and foot set out for Tomsk, where the Emir wished to receive them with all the pomp and display of an Asiatic sovereign.

When the orders for a halt had been given, the prisoners, worn out with a three days' journey, a prey to the most burning thirst, could at length quench their thirst and take some repose.

The sun had already set but the horizon was still lit up by the twilight, when Nadia, supported by Michael Strogoff, reached the banks of the Tom. The two had not been able, so far, to penetrate the ranks of those who thronged the high bank, and they came to drink in their turn.

The old Siberian bent over the fresh stream, and Nadia, having plunged her hands into it, carried it to the lips of Marfa. Then she refreshed herself in her turn. The cold water of the pure stream seemed to give back life to the old woman and the young girl. Suddenly Nadia, as she left the banks, straightened herself. An involuntary cry escaped her lips.

Michael Strogoff was there, and only some paces from her! It was he!

At the cry of Nadia, Michael Strogoff had started, but he had sufficient command of himself not to utter a word which could compromise him.

And yet at the very moment that Nadia had recognized him he had recognized his mother! Michael Strogoff, at this unexpected meeting, not feeling himself to be any longer master of himself, raised his hand to his eyes, and immediately left the spot.

Nadia was instinctively hastening forward to rejoice him, when the old Siberian whispered these words in her ear.

"Stay, my daughter!" "It is he!" answered Nadia, in a voice trembling with emotion. "He lives, mother! It is he!"

"It is my son," answered Marfa Strogoff; "it is Michael Strogoff, and you see that I do not take one step toward him. Follow my example."

Nadia had not escaped her, and a light from Marfa's eyes told her everything.

There was no longer any doubt that the son of Marfa Strogoff, the courier of the Czar, was now at Zabeldeiro, among the prisoners of Ivan Ogareff.

Sangarre did not know him, but she knew he was there. She did not then attempt to discover him, a thing which would have been impossible in the midst of this numerous crowd.

As for again spying after Nadia and Marfa Strogoff, this was equally useless. It was evident that these two women would be on their guard, and it would be impossible to seize by surprise anything of a nature to compromise the courier of the czar.

The Tsigane had then only one thought—to warn Ivan Ogareff. Wherefore she immediately left the camp.

A quarter of an hour afterward she arrived at Zabeldeiro, and was shown into the house occupied by the lieutenant of the Emir.

Ivan Ogareff immediately received the Tsigane.

"What do you wish, Sangarre?" he asked. "The son of Marfa Strogoff is at the camp," answered Sangarre.

"A prisoner?" "A prisoner!" "Ah!" cried Ivan Ogareff, "I know—"

"You knew nothing, Ivan," said the Tsigane, "for you do not even know him!" "But do you know him? You have seen him, Sangarre?"

"I have not seen him, but I saw his mother betray herself by a movement which has told me everything!" "Do you not deceive yourself?" "I do not."

"You know the importance I attach to the arrest of this courier," said Ivan Ogareff. "If the letter which was sent to him from Moscow reaches Irkutsk, and it should be handed to the grand duke, the grand duke would be on his guard, and I should not be able to catch him! I must have this letter at any price. Now, you have just told me that the bearer of this letter is in my power? I repeat it, Sangarre, do you not deceive yourself?"

Ivan Ogareff had spoken with great animation. His emotion bore testimony to the extreme importance he attached to the possession of this letter. Sangarre was not at all troubled with the persistency of the fresh inquiry.

"I am not deceived, Ivan," she answered. "But Sangarre, there are at the camp several thousand prisoners, and you say you do not know Michael Strogoff?"

"No," answered the Tsigane, whose face lit up with a savage joy. "I indeed, do not know him; but his mother does! Ivan, we must force the mother to speak."

"To-morrow she shall speak," said Ogareff.

Then he held out his hand to the Tsigane, and she kissed it, without there being in this act of respect habitual to the people of the north anything degrading or servile.

Sangarre returned to the camp. She found the place occupied by Nadia and Marfa Strogoff, and passed the night in watching them both. The old woman and the young girl did not sleep, although they were worn out with fatigue. Too many anxieties kept them awake.

Michael Strogoff was living but a prisoner like themselves. Did Ivan Ogareff know it, and if he did not as yet know it, would he not come to learn it? Nadia's only thought was that her companion lived, when she for some time had looked upon him as dead! But Marfa Strogoff looked further into the future, and, if all was going on well with herself, she had reason to fear greatly for her son.

To be continued.

Rumored Murder. New York, July 9.—An Irish newspaper received by last mail, gives publicity to a rumor that Pierce Nagle, an informer, whose evidence led to the conviction of the Fenian prisoners, in 1865, had recently been murdered in London. No confirmatory details were given and the rumor remains as yet unsupported.

Supposed Incendiarism. Last Thursday's Herald says:—Last evening a member of the Orange order informed us that about half-past ten o'clock, as a number of members were leaving the Orange hall, No. 81 St. James street, a match which had been used to light the gas fell upon the floor, and through a crack into a trap-door upon the first landing, over the Prince of Wales rifles' reading room. The lighted match set fire to some papers saturated with coal oil, and disclosed the fact that a bundle of papers saturated with oil, together with a bottle filled with the same combustible fluid, had been placed in the trap. A search was at once instituted, and in a place where the plaster was broken on the landing another bundle of papers was discovered also saturated with coal oil. It is supposed that the intention was to fire the building on the forthcoming twelfth.

Orange Order. The origin of the tri-annual Orange conference, which meets at Ottawa on the 24th inst., originated at the conference of the order held at Belfast in the year 1868, when it was determined in the interest of the order that gatherings every three years of members from all parts of the world should take place. The first meeting was held at London in Bradley's hotel, during the proceedings of which the late J. Hilliard Cameron took a prominent part. The place at which the second council convened was at Toronto in 1873. It also convened at Glasgow, the principal Canadian representatives being D'Arny Boulton, of Toronto, and Herbert Stone McDonald. In 1876 the conference met at Londonderry, the most prominent Canadian delegate then being Hon. McKenzie Bowell. The next meeting place will be at Ottawa, at which delegates from all parts of the world will be present to discuss affairs relating to the order, and at which it will be in order for any delegate to make enquiries concerning the workings of sister associations in all parts of the empire.

TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.—Let those who languish under the fatal severity of our climate through any pulmonary complaint, or even those who are in decided consumption, by no means despair. There is a safe and sure remedy at hand, and one easily tried.

"Wilton's Compound of Cod Liver Oil and Lime," without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the Oil as heretofore used, is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the Oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy shown to those who desire to see them. Sold by A. B. Wilson, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

A country exchange has an editorial headed "Our Great Need." Contrary to what might be supposed, the editor's remarks refer to the want of a better market, and not to a new pair of trousers.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A LETTER FROM ZULULAND.

A Montrealer in the Field. The following letter was received by a gentleman in Montreal by the last mail. It was written by a young man who was well known in Montreal, and whose father—Lieut.-Col. Rogers—now commands the 51st battalion—

Fort Chaylock, Zululand, South Africa, May 26, 1879.

MY DEAR COUSIN ORTON,—I am writing this on the bottom of a canteen, so you must excuse me if you cannot make it all out.

Well, old boy, having a little spare time this morning to myself, and having no fear that the enemy will attack us, as they are encamped about ten miles from here, I thought I would write you a line or two, and tell you all about the war, and what they are killing each other for. Well, to commence my narrative, I left New York harbor on the steamship Pomerania, bound for Plymouth, England, on June 20th, arriving there July 1st, Tom giving me one hundred and fifty dollars to pay my passage to Australia. Well, as I was going to say, when I arrived in England, of course I was invited to partake of a glass or two with some of my English cousins. That was the commencement of my downfall. Of course you know what I am when I get properly steamed up. I went whole hog or none till I got properly on, and then, of course, Australia was never thought of until I woke up one morning penniless. I sat down by myself, and I thought over the matter, what I had better do. It did not take me long to make up my mind, so I resolved to enter the English army. I took the shilling on July 29th and enlisted in the 32nd L. I., and remained with them until last February, when I volunteered for the 91st P. L. A. highlanders, bound for the African war.

We went to Aldershot to join them, and had a general inspection, being inspected by H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge previous to our embarkation. We left our old England on February 19th on the mail steamship Pretoria, and must say had a splendid voyage, making it in twenty-four days. We called into Cape Town, and remained there for twenty-four hours, when we started for Port Natal, about 1,200 miles from Cape Town. That was where we disembarked. We had to march up to a place called Durban, and oh! what a fearful warm day it was to be sure, amount of fellows falling out on the road. Well, we remained in Durban for three days, when we got orders to march for the front. We had to go to a place called Tugula camp, where we met the 98th, 88th, and some of the 24th. We marched it in six days, remaining there for four days, until we got our convoy of provisions ready, and then we started for the seat of war. This Tugula is a river that divides Kaffirland from Zululand. Well, we all started on March 28th. Troops consisting were, viz, the 57th, 60th rifles, Cape Mounted rifles, 99th, 88th, about 400 sailors and some 2,000 black troops, amounting in all to some 7,000 or 8,000 men. We did not march more than ten miles per day, as it is a very difficult thing to move an army or column in an enemy's country. We had some 300 large wagons, with about 5,000 oxen drawing them. We made three lines, side by side. Well, everything went well until we arrived at a place, or camp, called Ginduhlova, on April 1st, where we put up for the night—and such a night, raining in torrents all night long, and nothing in God's world to shelter us but the heavens above, and nothing to lie upon but the hard earth, except one blanket, and that was so wet it was useless. Well, we managed to pass the long, dreary night away the best way we could, when Wednesday morning, the 2nd of April, dawned forth with its beautiful sun's rays, when at a distance, about 7.30 a.m., we perceived, as it were, a black cloud coming over one of the hills; but upon closer inspection it proved to be our enemy, some 16,000 strong, marching towards us. They came up like men marching in column, till within about 1,200 yards, when we fired a shell at them. This put a little disorder in their ranks. They went out into skirmishing order, and came up as close as 50 yards to us, firing like—; but they did not seem to take very much aim, as their bullets all went very high. You can imagine what our side was doing. Volley after volley we sent into them, until at last we gave three hearty cheers and charged on them. You ought to have seen them run. They were thrown into a terrible state of excitement, running away in all directions. We were told off by parties to dig trenches and collect our enemy's dead. Well, we mowed down in that short time over 2,000, besides wounding about another thousand. Our loss was comparatively small, only losing 10 killed and 40 wounded. I got a bullet through my helmet, and intend to keep it for old remembrance sake. I got a medal and bar for the engagement and a clasp for the relief of Col. Pearson. We have to put up with a great many hardships. The day we went to relieve Col. Pearson at the Ekowie we marched 24 miles without a mouthful of grub. This regiment leaves here for England after this war is over, before proceeding to foreign service, as our accoutrements and rifles will all have to be exchanged, as they are nearly rotten with the sun. Awfully warm weather here. We expect to go to Halifax, N. S., or India. I think we will go to Canada. Your affectionate cousin,

ASTRY.

A Running Stream of Petroleum 104 Miles Long. The following account of petroleum operations is interesting. A New York report, June 17th, says: "The old Standard Oil company monopoly has received a severe blow in the establishment of the new Tide-water Pipe Line which to-day is in smooth operation and a formidable rival to the United States Pipe Line. Petroleum is now flowing through the new pipes from the Bradford oil regions to Williamsport, Pa., a distance of 104 miles, through a dense wilderness, over rugged hills and mountains, and across deep and rapid streams. The pipe is six inches in diameter, and weighs nineteen pounds to the foot, or nearly fifty tons to the mile. There are two pumping stations, one at Corryville, and the other at a point four miles southwest of Caudersport, Butler County, Pa. They are 22 miles apart. Thirty-one miles east of Corryville the oil is raised to an elevation of 1,200 feet, but from this point to Williamsport the fall is 2,100 feet. Oil is driven through the pipe into the storage tank in Williamsport at the rate of 6,000 barrels a day, and the tanks there have a combined capacity of nearly 60,000 barrels. The oil is taken thence in tank cars to Bayonne, N. J., the eastern terminus of the line, where the company have 50 acres fronting the bay, to be used for the reception and exportation of oil. The Standard company has effectually controlled the old pipe line, and, accordingly, has much dissatisfaction among shippers. The petroleum market has been a little unsettled by the completion of the new line, but is to-day recovering itself.

Grasshoppers.

A company of Russian soldiers, while recently on their way to Elizabethopol, were beset with clouds of grasshoppers, that frightened them more than the Turks ever did. At night they could not sleep; their guns, their uniforms, and they themselves were covered with masses of these insects, that crept into their mouths, noses, and ears. The officers fled into the houses, but the plague of grasshoppers had previous possession. A region of fifteen miles was thickly covered with them, and all the grain and grass were instantly destroyed.

The N.P. A few days ago the Globe was berating the terrible N.P. for having caused a reduction of the wages on the Grand Trunk railway. The Telegram of Saturday replies to it as follows: "Every possible circumstance that can be brought hold of and made to do service in depreciating the national policy has been eagerly seized upon by the reform press. The Globe publishes an item to the effect that the salaries and wages of the employees of the Grand Trunk railway were to be cut down on the 1st of July, and forthwith bogan to abuse the N.P. on the strength of it; for, of course, it was the N.P., and nothing but the N.P., that was to blame. The fact that the wages and salaries have not been reduced effectually knocks the bottom out of the Globe's argument."

Yellow Fever. There is nothing at present which points to a return of the yellow fever epidemic in the South, though a few cases are reported in Lisbon, and in the West Indies the disease has shown itself, as it always does in the summer. Reports from all the chief cities of the Mississippi valley up to the 30th inst. are agreed in representing their condition as to health as unusually favorable, and give the gratifying information that they are taking much more than ordinary pains to remove the causes of disease. No indications of a return of the fever have yet appeared between Memphis and New Orleans, the line along which it worked so great a disaster last year, and New Orleans is freer from disease than ordinarily in June.

Louisiana. The Mississippi Valley immigration company has been organized in Louisiana to induce white laborers to that state. A circular recently issued states that it is to be a permanent institution, and will extend its operations as experience and the means at command justify. "It is not proposed to conduct the institution upon charitable or philanthropic principles. It is a business undertaking by businessmen, and will be managed upon economic and honorable principles. The landowner who desires a purchaser, the planter or the manufacturer who requires labor, is willing to pay for the services of an intermediary. The immigrant who is worth bringing among us can give guarantees for his conduct. Out of the reciprocal wants of the capitalist for labor and the laborer for employment we propose to make a moderate profit, or at least to be reimbursed for all expenditures."

Vicious Literature. Mr. O'Donnell did good service when he drew the attention of the house of commons to the vicious literature, which was at present issued by some evil persons; but I cannot agree with the member for Dungarvon, when he says that the young fellows when they leave school, or home, to ship before they must upon the Royal Canal, prior to receiving buccaneering upon the Spanish main, are tools, with minds impaired by the sensation literature of the day. I remember once hearing a story from a captain, employed by a certain Dublin shipper, which bears an odd resemblance 'alongside the young fools' of Mr. O'Donnell. A young fellow had just joined the vessel, commanded by my friend, and the captain with that kindness of heart, which distinguishes your sea-faring man all the world over, determining to put him all at his ease, remarked: "Well, sir, I suppose as of old, they have sent us the biggest fool of the family." "No, sir," was the reply, "the fashion has changed since your day."

American Unmercantable Meat in London. The recent seizures by the commissioners of sewers in London of 53 tons of American meat in the space of four days, because it was unfit for human food, has led to very erroneous impressions on this side of the water. "The fact is," says the *Beacon Commercial Bulletin*, "the seizures in question have been hitherto unprecedented in quantity since the importation of dead meat began. The only previous ones which have approached them in magnitude were of 35 tons in seven days in October, 1876, and 24 tons in one week in the previous September. But the total quantity of American meat which the authorities have found it necessary to pronounce unfit for food has not averaged much above 200 tons annually, or one per cent. of the importations. Last year it was 238 tons, against 238,000 tons of good meat disposed of. Of the late seizures, one-half came over in the Bolivia, and the remainder in the Alsatia, both from New York."—*N. Y. Bulletin.*

Regatta at Nova Oxa. SARATOGA, N. Y., July 9.—The regatta opened this morning with the pair oar-d race and was contested by the Zephyrus, of Detroit, Wahwah Sums, of Saginaw, and Olympics, of Albany. The race was won by the Olympics; Wahwah Sums second; time, 9:41. All the races are one mile and a-half, straight away. The second race for the college four was a walk-over for the Cornell crew; time, 9:15. The third event for college singles was a walk-over for Lewis, of Cornell; time, 11:54. The first heat for senior single sculls was next called, the entries for which were: Murray, of the Elizabeth club; Gear, of the Longueuil club; Pilkington, of the Seawantokas; Long, of the Columbia club; Alleghany city; Wells, of the Excelsiors, of Detroit; and Musgrove, of the St. Johns club, New Orleans. It was won by Murray of the Elizabeth club; Musgrove, of the St. Johns club, second.

The second heat, senior single sculls, the entries for which were: Rathbone, New York Athletic club; Phillips, Tritons of Newark; Higgins, Cohoes club; Rogers, Atlanta; Largon, Union Springs, and Brunner, Riversides, of Alleghany City, was won by Rathbone, of New York; Phillips, of Tritons, 2nd. Time not given. The time of first trial heat of senior single sculls was 11:35, and the second heat, 11:40. The third heat of the senior single sculls was contested by Croter, of the Galveston club; Mumford, of New Orleans; Lyons, of New York Athletic; Hindman, Minnesota, of St. Paul; Yates, Pilots of Grand Haven, and Holmes, of the Pawtucket, was won by Holmes, with Mumford, 2nd. Time, 10:52. The final event of the day was the six oar shell race, between the Shawmut, of Boston; Mutuals of Albany, and Dauntless of New York, which was won by the Mutuals, with the Dauntless 2nd.

LAKE MEMPHREMUNGOG.

How to Spend a Pleasant Day and Behold the Finest Scenery in Canada—A Cheap and Pleasant Trip for Tourists. A prominent characteristic of Canadians, and one which has been much commented upon, is that when a person succeeds in amassing a little wealth he most generally visits Europe with the avowed object of viewing and admiring the grand and beautiful works of nature. Thus the average tourist rushes off to complete a foreign tour, without being cognizant of the native grandeur which exists in the vicinity of his own home and which forms an universal theme of admiration to foreign tourists. One person delights in the bold awe-inspiring Alpine cliffs, whilst the artistic tastes of others are gratified by a view of a bright valley associated with a peaceful homestead. If you wish to be introduced to a prospect excelling in magnificence anything European it is but necessary to consult a railroad guide for a brief moment. Acting on the kind invitation of Mr. I. B. Fittovoy, superintendent of the Central Vermont railway, a number of press representatives embarked on the 7:15 train Thursday morning for a pleasant jaunt to the shores of the celebrated lake Memphremagog. Even at that early hour the sun had attained a high altitude, its fierce rays beating down in scorching fury, serving to increase the discomfort of a sweltering city life. As the train rattled through the fertile country south of St. Lambert's, the welcome change of atmosphere was appreciated by one and all of the scribes who declined in the luxurious chairs of their private car. The deliciously cool air entering at the windows cooled their systems and revived their flagging energies as the train rushed through a most picturesque country.

Superintendent Fittovoy throughout the trip favored the guests with a description of the prominent landmarks, which he described in glowing terms. At Waterloo the train is changed from the Central Vermont to the Waterloo and Magog railways. This line is constructed through a country of primeval grandeur. It is flanked by impenetrable forests, towering mountains and beautiful lakes. Owing to the character of the country through which it passes, the W. & M. railway pursues a circuitous course to its termination, winding around wild-looking lakes, ascending almost inaccessible heights, and spanning wild mountain torrents. Several of the grades appeared insurmountable when viewed from a distance, but on approaching, our noble locomotive boldly dashes up the hillside, until the summit is attained, after a series of asthmatic snorting and puffing. Down grade! Away we go, rattling and bounding along with continually accelerated speed, until the level track once more presents a clear course. Thus we go whirling around curves and grades, necessitated by the various impediments in our path, until we arrive at Magog, our present terminus. The train is run out on the pier, where the Lady of the Lake awaits to bear us across the picturesque expanse of water. The Lady of the Lake is a commodious and trim sidewheel steamer, commanded by Capt. G. W. Fogg, and capable of accommodating four thousand excursionists. She is an iron vessel, having been constructed on the Clyde and transported across the ocean in sections to her present home, where the pieces were fitted together. After a short delay the hawsers were cast off and the boat headed up the lake. Captain George Washington Fogg is deserving of more than a mere mention, as he is one of the celebrities of this region, and has been identified with the interests of the lake all his life time. He was born in Newport and therefore is an American citizen. From his earliest years he has been associated with these inland waters, and consequently is an authority on all matters which have ever transpired in this vicinity. He started in life as commander of a horse boat plying as a ferry across the lake, but being of an ambitious nature he conceived and successfully carried out the idea of introducing a steamer for the accommodation of the increased number of tourists. The craft in which he first attempted steam navigation was the "Mountain Maid." It did not prove equal to the traffic, and was replaced by the present handsome boat about ten years ago. The "Commodore," although nearly seventy years of age, is a hearty and obliging as in the days of yore. His guests are under a compulsion to him for the attention bestowed on them and the graphic portrayal of the various interesting objects on the lake. We have mentioned in a previous account that Memphremagog is an Indian phrase signifying "beautiful water." The correctness of their first impression was not false, but is fully testified to-day by the numerous visitors who reiterate the red man's simple expression. The view of the shores of the lake from the boat is exceedingly beautiful. As the boat moves forward new scenes, presenting a remarkable diversity of appearances, are constantly unfolded to the admiring gaze. The scene is perpetually shifting, revealing new panoramic beauties as the steamer traverses the waters confined in their limits by the mountainous bank of granite rearing aloft a thousand feet, and reflecting in their heights the vast depths of water lying to their side. Mount Orford, the highest peak in Canada, proudly rears its head aloft and buries it in the enveloping clouds. By actual measurement Mount Orford is 4,000 feet high, and four miles north-west of Magog village. Gibraltar Point, nine miles from Magog, presents a lamentable scene of desolation amidst such beautiful surroundings. During the "flush times" of 1876 a company of capitalists purchased the tract of land comprising over 7,000 acres known as Gibraltar Point. They proceeded to improve the land in various ways and erected a number of ornamental cottages of tasty design. They also put up a saw mill and furniture factory which greatly benefited the surrounding neighborhood by employing labor and affording a home market for lumber. On a verdure-clad elevation they erected a hotel which commanded a magnificent view of the lake and adjacent country. After completing their labors, the financial crash which overwhelmed the country enveloped them in its folds and dragged the lately adorned estate into bankruptcy. The furnished hotel was never opened, and the tenantless cottages were allowed to relapse into decay. At present they are rapidly mouldering away from lack of attention.

Several wealthy Montrealers have estates here which they frequent only in the summer. Mr. Ritchie, Q.C., has a nicely situated summer house on Bolton Cliffs. Mr. Lindsay, of the Bank of Montreal, styles his demesne Chukaberry. At Dewart's Point, two miles from Georgeville, Alex. Moulson has a large and well cultivated farm. Bellemere, Sir Hugh Allan's, is the most extensive estate on the lake. It is situated on the southeast shore and occupies a beautiful promontory, elevated from twenty to thirty feet above the surface of the water. Viewed from the steamer, the mansion presents a brilliant aspect, being half concealed in the dense foliage which encompasses it. Wide carriage roads intersect the grounds,

and afford a pleasant drive throughout this shady retreat. A portion of the ground is cultivated as a vegetable garden, besides supplying ample pasturage to a herd of beautiful Ayrshires. A commodious boat-house occupies a position to the right of the ground. It is elegantly constructed, and evidently expense was beyond consideration in the erection. A fleet of steam launches, skiffs and sail-boats are quietly floating inside. A large steam yacht, the Oxford, the richest fitted in this locality, is awaiting passengers outside. On the opposite shore, Mount Elephants is delineated against the sky. The mountain obtained its singular name from the resemblance which it bears to a sleeping elephant. In the immediate vicinity is a great natural curiosity in the shape of the "balance rock," a huge boulder so nicely pivoted that an infant's touch causes it to vibrate, but still permanently retain its position. Rounding a point of land the eye rests on Skinner's island, a rugged, irregular shaped isle, thickly studded with trees. On the north side it arises abruptly to a height of 30 feet. Here the entrance to the famous Skinner's cove exists. The following legend is extant with regard to its existence and the uses to which it was applied: At one time a notorious smuggler named Skinner carried on his nefarious occupation in these waters. When chased by her majesty's customs house officers, the bold smuggler invariably outwitted the officers by disappearing in some mysterious manner. For a long time he eluded arrest until on a certain stormy night in winter he was hard pressed by the officers and forced to betake to his cavern, where he was followed and captured after a desperate struggle. Oak Bluffs is a prominent point of land covered with a heavy growth of oak; it is at least a thousand feet from the water's edge. A beautiful plateau on the topmost ledge forms a natural camping ground. The railroad companies benefiting by the natural advantages of the situation have secured the ground, and are converting it into a grand international park for the reception of visitors. A wharf is also in course of construction, thus affording easy access to the site by water or rail. The lake at this point is 5 1/2 miles wide, measuring from Cedar bay to the mouth of John river. From a distance of 24 miles from Magog is Province island, containing about one hundred acres. The dividing line between Canada and the United States crosses here, and is marked by a white cross. Only one-tenth of the island is in the United States, the remaining nine-tenths being Canadian soil. Time had not waited or tarried during our progress, so, when the "Commodore" glanced at his chronometer, he saw it was quite late and time to return for dinner. Accordingly the boat's head was brought around and the vessel pointed for Georgeville. The return trip was accomplished in quick time, and all the passengers landed in safety.

The company then repaired to Campdown house, where host George Merrick speedily placed before the half famished excursionists a splendid menu, which could not possibly be excelled by any Montrealean *art de cuisine*. After justice had been done to the substantial element of the dinner, the following toasts were proposed and responded to by the several interested parties:—"Mine Host," "The Associated Press," and "The Superintendent of the M. & W. Railway." A proposition from Mr. W. E. Tuck to drive the party to Magog's Point, where a magnificent land view can be obtained, was accepted, and in a few moments the entire company was seated behind a team of young fellows going at a spanking gallop over the hilly road bordering the lake. Reaching Magog's Point the excursionists were well repaid for their journey on witnessing a most beautiful prospect. Several hundred feet below the peaceful waters of the lake, dotted with numerous islands, sparkled and flashed in amber rays the bottom of a delightful appearance. The descent through the distance, Newports presented a magnificent appearance. To the south Mount Washington could be faintly discerned through the gathering mist. To the right "Owl's Head" and "Sugar Loaf" mountains, rearing aloft, covered with a stunted growth of fern bushes, are to be admired. The party, in a silence, fastened their eyes on the beautiful scene surrounding them until aroused from their reverie by a peal of thunder which reverberated across the beautiful vista, and made the walkin ring. This salute of the heavenly artillery apprised the party of a change which had occurred. Huge banks of clouds, inky in the depths of their darkness, had rolled up from the west unnoticed, until now they had overpassed the formation, reflecting their intense darkness in the "beautiful waters." This change only intensified the grandeur of the scene and rendered it appallingly grand. In a shorter space of time than it takes to write this, the elements took possession of the scene, and for a few minutes the storm king ruled triumphant. Meanwhile, the journalistic party obtained shelter in a deserted farm house, where they awaited the cessation of the storm, which now descended in the form of huge hailstones. The transient storm added increased brilliancy to the return trip. Remarking on the Lady of the Lake, the boat started on its return trip to Magog. During the time occupied in accomplishing the return home we will furnish a few particulars with regard to the lake on which we float. It is a narrow sheet of water, averaging about two miles in width, thirty miles long, and 1,200 feet deep at the base of the cliffs. It abounds with pickered, salmon trout, lake trout and other appreciable specimens of the finny tribe. Good sport is guaranteed to anglers in all parts of the lake. At the present season the fish frequent the deep water, but in the fall and spring angling is well repaid along shore. Mr. S. F. Copp, customs officer and inspector of fisheries, was formerly one of the greatest fishermen on the lake, and at present he relates the story of a certain "big haul" with much pride. On this occasion he felt indisposed, and therefore did not relate the yarn, but stated that he had speared over half a ton of fish in one night. With a rod and fifty feet of line he had captured a splendid specimen of lake trout, which tipped the scale at fifty-one pounds. Spearing is now forbidden by the Quebec government. At six o'clock the steamer touched the Magog wharf, and landed her passengers, all thoroughly satisfied with the "Commodore's" courteous treatment.

After a night's sound rest the entire party was aroused at 4 a.m. in time to secure the morning express, which arrived in town at nine o'clock, in time for breakfast and business.

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Chief Service Gazette.* Sold only in packets, labelled "JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England."