

cantering away to some distant stream where no one awaits him. Another run is had with like success, and we are led to realize the fact that we need not count upon much luck here. We are therefore constrained to journey back to Dacre, filling our bags with partridge on the way.

II.

Here we are met by fresh forces from Portage-du-Fort, a notary and a merchant, who insist upon us accompanying them to Highland Lake. After a slight resistance on our part, we find ourselves committed to the back seat of a lumber wagon, and to the roughness of the Opeongo road. Clontarf is reached and the foot of Lake Clear, a grand expanse of mountain water, nine miles long and two or three wide, studded with innumerable islands, indented with frequent bays, and hemmed in by frowning hills of various heights. From Clontarf to Vanburgh is two miles of steep hill-side, which compels us to leave the wagon, and as we trudge along, each turn in the path affords us a fresh view of the broad expanse of water. At last we reach the summit, and we stop to gaze on the beauties which nature has distributed with lavish hand on these remote scenes. Far away to the north, Golden Lake shimmers in the sunlight; other lakes and sparkling streams dot the country round; mountains raise their green-clad heads, and frown on every side; a few straggling cottages and barns appear, and the blue line of the Laurentians borders the horizon far away beyond the shining house-tops of Egansville. Mr. Plaunte makes everything snug and cozy for us, and after refreshing the inner man who begins to make his existence felt, we once more leave the highway, and direct our course southward into the forest.

Along we go blightsome and gay; but the distance is too great, and darkness comes down into the valleys and envelopes everything ere we have reached our destination. A high steep hill of difficult ascent confronts us, and disputes arise as to the proper course to take. We are evidently strangers in a foreign land, and the truth dawns upon us that we are in a worse plight than the dusky sons of the forest who exclaimed: "Wig-wam lost, Indian not lost!" A council of war is held; the opinion of the Montreal lawyer, who wishes to proceed towards where Mars and Saturn are in quiet confab, is discarded, and that of Saw-bones adopted, and we follow a mountain stream, faintly hoping it may lead us somewhere. Fido, our dog, keeps to the front, scattering ever and anon a covey of partridge that flutters past our faces, and he seems to have picked up all the gay spirits we have lost. We seem no nearer to our destination, and as a last resort fire a volley, the echo of which rebounds from hill to hill, and rolls away to the left on the evening air. "There's water in that direction," remarks the most experienced, and the words are cut short by the responsive sound of a rifle-shot coming from those whom we are seeking to join. Our courage returns, and plunging through briars and tangled brush-wood, we speedily catch a glimpse of Highland Lake, and perceive the glare of the welcome camp fire. Soon we are snug in our forest home, being well laughed at for our awkwardness, and then the truth comes out that the lawyer's opinion was, as usual, correct, and that we had trebled toil and trouble by listening to the medicine man.

The sun lies longer abed than we, and breakfast being over, we each prepare our weapons for the fray. Some of us go to Deep Lake, others to Poison Lake, which are both quite near, while we of Montreal are left in camp. The cook, who is as expert in the bush as he is over the fire, sallies forth with the hounds who seem more eager than ourselves.

The lawyer remains in charge of Highland Lake, and soon his heart is gladdened by the music of the hounds which rises and swells upon the morning air. Hector and Wallace, twin brothers, are coming towards us, while Paddy's deep baying is heard toward Deep Lake, and Bronson and Captain branch off on another scent in the direction of Poison Lake, making the welkin ring with the deep, low sound of their anxious voices. We are all in luck, and if our rifles and hands are true, there will be no jealousy in the camp at noon. The dogs seem to follow the lake shore, and to be driving their antlered victim away. Our hopes begin to flag, but what means that slight ripple which fans out from a small dark object near the other shore? Yes, it must be the game we are after; the canoe shoots out and noiselessly brings us between his highness and the bay towards which he is paddling. He sees us and turns bewildered, but his fate is sealed by a discharge from one of Scott's double-barrelled guns, and a beautiful buck of three summers succumbs to our warrant of arrest. He is hauled ashore, and in a trice, his snowy haunches depend from the crotch of a tree. A few hours later, our friends return, each with a story similar to ours. The hounds are coupled and given a biscuit. Pat complains against the Fates and dinner is attacked. Pat is the Shakespeare of the colony, and keeps us in roars of laughter, while Gerald looks happy and contented. He has made a bull's-eye on the running deer at one hundred yards, and is acknowledged the hero of the morn.

But there is time for another chase, and Montreal Saw-bones and Pat are sent to Poison Lake which we soon reach. Seated on the roots of a charred pine tree, we await our chance, Pat evidently unable to contain himself. We chat

in a low tone, and listen to the welcome barking of the hounds who seem to approach. Suddenly Shakespeare exclaims, "Perdition catch my soul, but see the buck!" and sends a rifle ball wandering heedlessly into the middle of the stream. A stalwart deer jumps from the water not twenty yards from us and plunges towards the sheltering woods, hurried on by the echoing of Pat's blunderbuss; but the doctor, true to his calling, administers a dose which is not of easy digestion, and we score another pair of antlers, and Pat quotes Shakespeare to express his disgust at our good luck and his own misfortunes.

Success has attended all our arms, and we count five beautiful specimens of the red deer of Canada. Two days more and the number is increased to eleven.

But, alas! our holidays are over, and we must leave the dense copse, the wildwood, the green covered hills, the silvery sheen of the lakes, the cheerful company of Gerald and Pat, and the stirring music of the hounds.

To those who desire to enjoy the pleasures of deer-hunting in perfection, our advice is to eschew those too frequented haunts which are near the homes of men, and to delve into the forests and hills and among the countless lakes of the Upper Ottawa, where the noble game abounds, where obliging hosts sojourn, and where success is sure to attend upon well directed efforts.

Montreal.

F.

LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

We present our readers with two views of the works now in progress at St. Gabriel's Lock. Section No. 3 of the Lachine Canal Enlargement. This contract, which was taken in hand during the fall of 1875, extends from about 200 feet below the Grand Trunk Railway crossing, Wellington Street, and terminates at the head of McGavran's Island, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. This contract is now being carried on under arrangement with Messrs. Loss & McRae, American contractors, and from their large and extended experience for many years in the construction of canals and other similar works, with their well known energy and ability, and also their having a large stock of plant and machinery on hand, the work has been taken in hand vigorously and is now being prosecuted towards a successful completion. In the foreground of the view there is seen the new and improved steam double-action derrick, the invention of Mr. L. M. Loss, the senior partner of the firm. The derrick is admirably adapted to the work of laying any heavy class of masonry with facility and ease, being almost automatic in its action.

The following brief description will give a general idea to the reader of its construction and action: The machine is erected on a timber frame about 30x45 feet, fitted with wheels running on a track, laid on the Lock bottom. On the sides of the frame are erected two derrick masts, each 46 feet high, well braced and stayed. Springing from near the foot of the masts are 50 feet booms, worked with wire ropes. On the framed staging are arranged the boiler with a 20 horse-power engine attached thereto, the latter coupled to gearing for moving the whole structure on the tramroad laid underneath on the Lock bottom for its full length. The Derrick is worked by the engineer and two brakemen, the whole arranged for hoisting, swinging, lowering and raising the booms and moving the whole machine backwards or forwards in the line of the Lock channel; the whole operation being done rapidly and without manual labor. There are two additional motions applied to this machine not heretofore adopted, viz.: The swinging and lowering or raising of the booms, and the moving of the whole structure by steam power on the tramroad.

The machine being almost self-acting, greatly facilitates the laying of large dimension masonry, some of the stones in this being upwards of 6 tons weight. 160 cubic yards of masonry have been laid by this machine in 10 working hours, and under favorable circumstances 200 cubic yards can be accomplished in the same period.

Steam derricks of this form no doubt would greatly facilitate the operation of laying large dimension masonry at reasonable cost and in less time than when laid by the machinery generally used, thus enabling works of great magnitude to be executed rapidly. In addition, the contractors have constructed a tramroad from the surface ground at the head of McGavran's Island, branching into two roads at the head of the Lock; thence, turning on trestle-work alongside of each chamber wall. The heavy ashlar and backing are run down on lorries to the steam derrick. The tramroad having a down grade runs from the surface ground at the rate of about eight miles per hour. On arriving at its destination the brakeman applies his brake, suddenly stopping the lorry. Iron grips are then applied and the stone hoisted, the derrick boom swung round, the stone laid in place by the masons on the wall, the whole operation being accomplished in a few moments. Upwards of 3000 cubic yards of masonry have been laid by this steam derrick within the past six weeks. The Lock foundation is found to be a light brown alluvium, on which are placed through timbers 12 inches thick, spaced from 6 to 8 inches apart, laid in hydraulic mortar and the spaces filled with concrete, covered with two layers of plank, fastened to bottom timbers on which the Lock walls are founded. The rear of the walls are then puddled and filled as the walls are built.

On the south side of the canal a dock wall is in progress from the Wellington Street G. T. R. Bridge to the foot of the present Lock, having a length of 3000 lineal feet and a height of 17 feet, of which about one-third is completed. This wall will be pushed forward at the close of navigation when the canal is run dry.

The dredging and general excavation in the deepening to 14 feet water and widening of the canal to 200 feet is in a forward state ensuring an early completion. In addition to the foregoing work the contractors have to complete the raceway and sluices during the season of 1878, on the north side of the new Lock in front of the premises occupied by Messrs. O'Gilvie, McDougall and other manufacturing establishments, and in connection with the tailrace running at the rear of their premises, the length of this work being upwards of 500 feet. Also the erection of the new bridge masonry for the Wellington Street crossing of the G. T. R. Bridge, with the rubble walling to slopes of canal. These items with other work will keep the contractors fully employed during the season of 1878.

The works on sections 1 and 2 are in a very forward state and may be opened for navigation in the course of next season. The remaining sections, from No. 4 to No. 12, are progressing favorably under the several contracts, so that approximately we may assume that by the year 1880 the whole of the enlargement will be opened for traffic, thus relieving the present pressure on the navigation at the busy seasons of the year, by the enlarging of the locking facilities of this important section of the river St. Lawrence, the navigation outlet to ocean shipping, of which Montreal will reap the advantage by the increased facilities for handling ocean freights.

A NOTE ON SUFFRAGE QUESTIONS.

With a great deal contained in your able leading article of last week I can agree. There is always a certain danger in suffrage extensions of one class obtaining too preponderant influence in the State, but I do not consider that this danger has developed itself in the Dominion. As to the real occasion of Mr. Lowe's article in the *Fortnightly* and Mr. Gladstone's reply to it in the *Nineteenth Century Review*, although we can claim no immediate vocation as Canadians to interfere in the local affairs of the Mother Country, except so far as they may affect ourselves, I am not deterred from giving the opinion that the cause espoused by Mr. Gladstone is the right one for the country at the present time—and I say this without having yet been privileged to read either article. There could not be much doubt in the minds of liberal minded politicians generally that the franchise in the English Counties ought to be extended as the best hope of benefitting the agricultural population—of getting them educated in politics and the principles of a self-respecting social life, and of having them better considered, as citizens, by the other classes in the State. That is Joseph Arch's view, and I am inclined to rate his opinion highly, although he might not be able to advocate it in so brilliant or instructive a form, or to bring to us so much valuable light, upon the general questions, as the two great antagonists who have entered the lists.

As to franchises in Canada, it does not seem well to lay down any strict or unyielding rule. When extensions are really needed, they will probably come. It is not desirable to be always amending the Constitution, and constitutional agitation is often one of the greatest retarders of administrative progress. What we need much more at present is fuller protection for the life and property of the subject, and that there ought to be more attention turned to that branch of politics will be the view of many. Still an extended suffrage in most countries ought to be a guarantee of equal rights for all before the law. The claim of any unenfranchised class to be endowed with representation should depend first upon the conduct and intelligence of the class, especially for the avoidance of the two evils of corruption and violence—things in which the educated are sometimes as much to blame as the others—and it should also be made to depend upon the general harmony between different classes—which must be considered to differ greatly in different communities. In Canada we have little to complain of under this head—nor are we troubled with revolutionary plans. Our various political elements respect the party demarcations—and set forth politicians of more or less eloquence and skill as candidates. The suffrage properly used is a noble educational institution. Its greatest foes are violence and corruption—and we may indulge a confident hope to see these nearly extinguished in the Canadian Dominion.

CANADENSIS.

P. S. In my article lately published there were some misprints which rather affected the sense. Your readers will perhaps, nevertheless, have been able to follow its drift without much difficulty.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

STRAKOSCH made \$20,000 on his recent opera season in San Francisco.

THOMAS B. MEAGHER, son of the Irish patriot, has taken to the stage, and is meeting with favour.

STRAKOSCH will bring out Mme. Marie Roze-Perkins to this country during the coming season. She was for a long time Tieffens' deputy, and is the only artist the British public will accept in her place.

THE National Opera House on the Thames embankment in London is to be turned into an hotel, its original object being considered a failure by the bondholders.

DR. JOHN HULLAH, the musical critic, believes that home piano playing should be subdu'd, and he commends Bach's fugues and Mozart's works, and criticises the modern bravura playing.

MR. JEROME HOPKINS, who has lately lived very much secluded, has been closely devoted to musical composition. His opera, "Dumb Love," (the second within a year,) is reported to be now in readiness for the copyists.

LOUIS FIGUIER, well known for his popular books of science, has followed the example of Jules Verne, by writing a grand geographical drama, entitled "Les Six Parties du Monde."

IN Strakosch's new opera troupe is a young artist of extraordinary talent, named Estela de la Mar. She was educated at the expense of the King of Holland, under the tuition of Georges Cabel, is only seventeen, and is to receive a salary of \$40,000 annually for five years.

A LONDON manager, Felix Rogers, has beaten Cleopatra with her legendary swans. He has performed the feat of sailing in a tub, drawn by four geese harnessed to the pole, from Battersea to Westminster Bridge, the time occupied being one hour and twenty minutes. He was dressed in a naval captain's uniform and received a salute of four guns, one for each goose.

DOMESTIC.

OAT-MEAL CAKES.—Take two cups of boiled oat-meal: mix one egg through it; one tablespoonful of sugar, and prepared flour enough to make into cakes; dip each side into rolled cracker and fry brown.

LAMB STEW.—Take half a shoulder of lamb, boil it in two quarts of water for two hours; then put in potatoes, onions, turnips, cut in quarters, two teaspoonsful of salt, and pepper to the taste. Ten minutes before serving put in the dumplings.

TOMATO SOUP.—Pour over a dozen ripe tomatoes a small quantity of weak stock, and stew them very gently until quite tender. Mash them through a sieve, and add the required quantity of good strong stock: add cayenne pepper to taste. Let all boil together for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

MASHED POTATOES.—Boil a quantity of potatoes, and pass them through a sieve. Put them in a saucepan with a good lump of butter, and salt to taste; add a little milk, and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as it is required, until they get to the desired consistency.

OLIVE SAUCE FOR DUCKS AND BEEFSTEAKS.—Carefully stone a quarter-pound of olives by paring the fruit around in ribbons, so that the olives may recover shape when stoned. Blanch them and throw them into cold water, and let them soak till freshened, when stew slowly for a half hour in a half pint of brown gravy. Add more gravy if needed. A squeeze of lemon is sometimes added, but being disapproved of by those who like the native flavour of the olive, may be given at table.

CHESTNUT-SAUCE, WHITE AND BROWN, FOR TURKEY AND FOWLS.—Throw half a pound of fresh chestnuts, stripped of the outer rind, into boiling water; scald for five minutes, and peel them. Stew them till quite tender in gravy, with a bit of lemon peel, and rub them with the gravy through a hair-sieve, as if pulping peas. Season with white pepper and cayenne, and add a large glass of cream. Just boil up the sauce, stirring it till it boils, and serve. The brown sauce is stewed in rich brown gravy, is more poignantly seasoned, and has no cream.

CALVES' OR PIGS' FEET JELLY.—Boil one set of feet to shreds in five quarts of water, strain, cool and take off the fat; then add to the jelly a pint of wine, three cups of sugar, whites of four eggs beaten to a froth. Juice of one lemon or a fine orange, half the grated peel if the flavour is agreeable, with a little cinnamon or nutmeg; boil these all together till clear; then strain into moulds or glasses. It is not generally understood that pigs' feet are equally good for jelly as calves' feet. We like them better, because the flavour is more delicate.

THE LETTER BOX.

I.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

MR. EDITOR.—Your article, last week, on the financial problem of the Americans, was a very instructive analysis of perhaps the greatest puzzle of modern times. You have thrown much light upon it, but I should be obliged if you would follow up the matter by an article on the remonetization of silver. To me, so far, that is a subject which "no feller can understand."

Yours faithfully,

Ottawa.

[Our correspondent has anticipated our intention. Before receiving his letter, we had already written the article on the remonetization of silver, which will be found in our editorial columns this week.—ED. C. I. NEWS.]

II.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.

SIR.—I quite agree with the sentiments contained in your editorial on the new National Society attempted to be established in this city. Such a society cannot be political without stultifying itself, and I doubt whether it can succeed simply on a social basis. The constitution, as presented at last Wednesday's meeting, was a nice bit of condensed sentiment, but the very proceedings of that meeting, preliminary though it was, showed how little the essential element of harmony can be depended upon. I have no intention of discouraging the good intentions which actuate the leaders of the movement. Indeed, I wish them all success, but, if they want to succeed, they will have to go about it in another way, and get some man of real power to head them.

Montreal.

WELL-WISHER.

III.

ROBERT GOURLAY.

In a long letter from a gentleman of standing in this Province, relating to our article on Political History, published last week, the writer concludes by saying:—"Whenever Canadian History comes to be written, I trust they will do justice to Robert Gourlay, whom Miles has thought fit to drag through the mud—a fine enthusiast, who died at a great age a few years since in Edinburgh."

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, as all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.