

VIEW OF COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.

We present our readers this week with a view of Collingwood Harbour, Ont. The little yacht, "Meta," in full sail is the same who with her Captain (Collins) rescued two crews near the Lighthouse about a year ago. This harbour gathers much additional importance from the increased trade now springing up with the North-West, consequent upon the acquisition of that territory by Canada, and the establishment of the Province of Manitoba. From it emigrants to the new Province embark on their Lake voyage to Fort William, and from the same point will doubtless be shipped much of the heavy freight to the North-Western Settlements in future years. This will give a great impetus to the trade of Collingwood, and especially to its ship-building enterprise, for the profitable prosecution of which it offers very great facilities.

SACKVILLE, N.B.

The greatness of Sackville lies in the future. Close upon the dividing line between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia it has had to endure the exceptional trials while enjoying the special advantages peculiar to border towns. Confederation has, however, in all commercial and some other matters obliterated the ancient land marks, and Sackville rejoices in being about to become a station of the Intercolonial railway, with strong hopes of having the outlet of the *Bas de Veale* canal—should it ever be built—in its immediate neighbourhood. It already has the distinction of being the seat of the repeating office between the Montreal and Western Union Telegraph Companies; and although its population is small, less perhaps than two thousand, it gives strong promise of rapid growth in the future. It possesses a good harbour, has ample facilities for shipbuilding, besides several mills, a foundry, &c. The Mount Allison Wesleyan College is its most prominent educational institution. Sackville is situated in the Township of the same name, County Westmoreland, N.B. at the head of the Bay of Fundy, nine miles distant from Amherst, N.S.

THE NEW GRAIN ELEVATOR OF THE N. B. C., AT COLLINGWOOD

The new Elevator now nearly completed in Collingwood is another instance of the energy and progressive character of the Manager of the Northern Railway, F. Cumberland, Esq., M.P.P. It is an imposing and at the same time quite an ornamental building. It is entirely cased with iron, and will add very materially to the facilities for business of the Northern Railway Company. The constant and rapid increase of agricultural production on the South Shore of the Georgian Bay, embracing the important Counties of Simcoe, Grey, &c., rendered necessary this new provision for the quick and economical transfer of the grain from the Lake craft to the Railway in order that it may reach Toronto or some more Eastern Market with the least possible expense. The Northern Railroad has exercised a very great and beneficial influence on the prosperity of Collingwood, a town which some seventeen or eighteen years ago was little better than a wilderness, and now numbers between four and five thousand inhabitants.

Rather an amusing story is related by our Naples contemporary, *Il Piccolo*, of an incident which took place during the visit of the King to Naples. His Majesty is always fond of a circus performance, and when he is in a city where there is one, never misses an opportunity of going thither. Instead of therefore going to see the illuminations of the Villa on Friday evening he went to M. Guillaume's circus. When there he pulled out his cigar case, and was about to "light up," when a very ominous-looking placard caught his eye.—*E peccabato di fumare!* Here then was a dilemma. The cigar was returned to its case with a look of disappointment, when an officer about the Court went to the proprietor of the circus to inform him of the fact. M. Guillaume repaired at once to the Royal box, and with a bow informed His Majesty that he was quite at liberty to smoke. The King, however, replied that he, above all others, could not violate an order: he could not think of smoking while those placards remained there. "Very well," said the obliging impresario, "they shall be taken down." This was no sooner said than done, and His Majesty lighted his Royal cigar. But no sooner had he done so than everybody in the theatre followed suit, and from hundreds of mouths such a cloud of smoke was blown as has seldom been seen in a place of public entertainment before.

Amongst the many testimonials of loyalty and affection presented to the Sovereign Pontiff on the assembling of the Vatican Council, there was one that attracted particular observation, and was distinguished beyond them all by the originality of its conception and the magnificence of its execution. It was the gift of a generous Irishman, Mr. P. J. Oliver, of San Francisco, California, and consists of a single bar of the purest silver, weighing 345 lb. It was cast in the California authorized Mint, bears its official stamp, and is the largest single block of silver ever manufactured. Mr. Oliver was himself the bearer of it to the Vatican Palace, and presented it himself, at a special audience, to the Holy Father. His Holiness resolved that the precious gift should be linked, *in rei memoriam*, with the great event that formed the crowning glory of his reign. Accordingly, he gave directions that the silver bar should be melted down, and recast into medals commemorative of the Vatican Council. One of these medals was given to each member of the Episcopacy who was present at the Council. The medal weighs close on seven ounces, and bears on one side of it a beautifully curved bust of the illustrious Pontiff, and on the other side an equally beautifully carved representation of the delivery of the keys by Our Lord to St. Peter. Above this group are the words "Tibi dabo claves regni caelorum," and beneath it the memorial inscription, "Concilio Oeum. Vaticano feliciter cepto, vi. Id. Decembr. A. MDCCCLXIX."

**THE LORD JUSTICE-CLERK AND THE TURNIPS.**—The late Lord Justice-Clerk Hope was down shooting in Ayrshire, and happened to trespass on the field of a very plain-spoken farmer, and he was walking among the honest man's turnips, whereupon the farmer called upon him to turn out of that as he had no right to be there. "Right here?" said the Justice-Clerk. "Do you know, sir, who I am?" "No," was the reply, "and what's more, I don't care." "I am, sir," said the judge, "the Lord Justice-Clerk." "Ye may be anybody's clerk ye like," was the retort, "but ye mauna get among my neeps!"

VARIETIES.

A Brooklyn mother advised her daughter to oil her hair, and fainted flat away when that candid damsel replied, "Oh, no, ma, it spoils the gentlemen's vests!"

A young gentleman of Ottawa fell in love with a hotel waiter girl, but love fled from that once fond heart when he found the "sweet little thing" cutting her toe-nails with a butter knife in the kitchen.

The *Rochester Un'on* tells us that "Olive Logan says she is about thirty-two years old." "Yes, that is about her age. We remember hearing her say so in 1827," says another editor.

Christiansburg, Va., has a venerable turkey gobbler who has built himself a nest, and is now gravely sitting upon four apples. It is presumed that the action is intended as a grave satire upon the woman's rights business.

An Irish way of showing respect for a stranger is thus given by a morning contemporary:—"On Thursday morning, a body of men went to the residence of Mr. Howe, of Richmond, near Nenagh, and fired five shots. Mrs. Howe is a stranger, and much respected."

A letter was posted at a village post-office that had no postage-stamp on it, but in place of the stamp had the following written on one corner of the envelope: "Mr. Post-master, don't charge no postage on this; the stamp wouldn't stick, so I tore the thing up."

**AN ILLUSTRATION.**—A striking illustration of the saying? "The pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript," was that of a young lady who, having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words: "P.S.—You will see by my signature that I am married."

"A devoted little wife," in Lafayette, seeing her husband blowing in the muzzle of a gun while holding back the hammer with his foot, tripped down to ask a milliner about the cost of mourning, and whether it would be becoming to her complexion.

A young man in Missouri espied a flock of wild turkeys but as they were too far off to shoot, he secreted himself in the bushes and "called" them. Another hunter coming along, heard the call, and concluding it was a turkey secreted in the bushes, fired and killed him.

The most national speech made during the Royal visit to Dublin is considered to be the following by an elderly lady, who addressed the Prince of Wales as he was leaving the ground:—"Long life to you, Mr. Prince: will you throw me the price of a drink?" The Prince laughed heartily, but that was all.

A thief in Foad du Lac, Wis., undertook to steal honey the other night from a beehive, but the bees attacking him, tore off his shirt collar, put a mansard roof with a cupola over his eyes, and divided his raiment among them. The dooryard looked like the shop of a rag carpet weaver.

The last dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued the fight, and whipped the other dog.

A Brooklyn politician, in writing a letter of condolence to a widow of a county member who had been his friend, says: "I am pained to hear that Harry has gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

A Massachusetts girl announces through the advertising columns of the local paper that she "takes this method of informing a certain young man, that the next time he desires to gaze upon her forty-five mortal minutes, without winking his eyes, that she will consider herself highly favoured if he will close his mouth, and not sit there like a young robin awaiting the parent bird."

Out in Oregon the editorial fraternity find fault with and abuse each other on the slightest provocation. The editor of the *R. coal* shot at the editor of the *Statesman*, the other day, and the latter seizes the fact as a pretext for abuse, saying that any editor who will shoot at a man four times, and only kill a Chinaman on the other side of the street, should be made to dig roots for his living the rest of his days.

The last thing out in newspaper obituary notices we find in the Philadelphia *Ledger* of a few days since, where the parents of a three year old boy lament that

All within this home is lonely,  
Every one is sad to-day,  
For our darling little toady  
Has forever passed away.

"Darling little toady" is new and good.

A man who was driving a cow through the streets of Waupun, Wis., was so much flustered by a sudden bow from a lady that, in return, he made a bow to the cow and threw a stone at the lady.

It is said that a reckless potato bug having gone through the State of Rhode Island, was last seen mounted on a windmill by the seaside, wiping his eyes on the sails, and weeping because there were no fresh worlds to conquer.

A traveller confesses to have ridden forty miles with the sweet and interesting Mrs. Grimes, whom, notwithstanding his fastidiousness, he would have kissed, but for three reasons, which he thus gives:—First, I am such a good husband I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife; second, I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me and tell tales; third, I do not think Mrs. Grimes would let me.

A pleasant piece of poetic justice is reported from a town in Oregon. One morning a young man called upon the editor of the only paper in the county, and asked permission to look at the files of the paper for 1869. It was granted. While the editor was in bed, waiting till his wife could wash his shirt, that young man carried away the file, nor was it ever seen again until his lawyer offered it in evidence during the trial of an action for \$5,000 damages for an alleged libel, which the young man brought against the editor. It is gratifying to learn that the plaintiff recovered 6½ cents damages, and was arrested by the editor on a charge of stealing books, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for seven years.

HOW TO GET A BERTH IN A SLEEPING CAR.

BY DON PIATT.

I never left a depot yet that somebody was not put in my care. I don't know why this is; I suppose it is something in my countenance; if I knew what I would have it extracted. I don't like having unprotected females and school boys and girls turned over to me. It's a little hard on a man. And what is the good of it? Nobody needs protection; if any one does, it is a benevolent, good looking, innocent sort of a man—such as the writer of this.

I was reminded of this by an adventure that happened to me the other night in New York. I was about leaving on the nine o'clock train for Washington when a man who was in search of me approached. I knew he was in search of me. He was in search of some respectable, benevolent individual to put a woman under his care. And he did. She happened to be rather good looking, and I didn't object in a violent way, but I was neither very graceful nor gracious over the compliment. When I came to secure a section in the sleeping car, I found that a delegation of pious people was going to Washington on some charitable business and had taken nearly all the berths. I secured two—at least I thought I had—and marched my female with her two carpet sacks, strap satchel, a mocking bird, and a silk umbrella, with a waterproof and two shawls done up in straps, into 191. When we arrived inside, I learned for the first time that my unprotected female could not abide the sleeping cars. She said she felt like suffocating; and I secretly wished she would suffocate, but when we came to occupy our berths I made two disagreeable discoveries. The first was that the two tickets called for the same berth; the other, that this berth was an upper one. My female friend said positively that she could not get into that berth. I informed her that it was her only chance to sleep, and she told me that she would rather sit up. I then gave her the further information that that was all very well, but in a sleeping car there was no place to sit except on a wash basin, and that I thought would be rather inconvenient. At last, with the aid of a stepladder, the steward, and two pious old Poms, my unprotected female was boosted into her roost and the curtains closed over her for the night.

Then came the question as to what would become of the undersigned. I consulted the conductor and the steward, and had the satisfaction of hearing the fact stated that if I had told them earlier the blunder might have been remedied. But as it was, the pious delegation had retired for the night, and all the berths were occupied. The conductor, however, told me that he would try and make some arrangements, and then went off about his business.

A drunken man had been captured on the platform as we started, where he was found addressing the stars in a vociferous way, the sleeping-car ticket fished out of his pocket, and the inebriate fellow chucked into an upper berth. I was leaning against the washstand of the car in a very melancholy way some time after, when this intoxicated fellow stuck his head out and addressing me, said:

"I would like to have a drink."

"Water?" said I.

"No, darn water! I want some whiskey: I am dry as a chip."

"Well," I responded, "I am sorry to say that I have none about me."

"Ain't you the conductor?"

"No," I responded, "I don't believe I am."

"Nor do I. If you were the conductor you would have something to drink. Where is the conductor?"

I told him that he was in the next car.

"Well," said he, "I have a great mind to get up and hustle round till I get a drink."

"My christian friend," I said, "there is nothing in the constitution nor in the sixteen amendments that prohibits you from getting up and hunting a drink if you want it."

Whereupon the inebriated individual rolled out of his berth. He rolled into several others and was promptly ejected, and at last, getting his legs, disappeared at the further end of the car.

I took in the situation at a glance. Here was a berth vacated. Above it was a white hat. I immediately removed that white hat. I carried it further along and put it over a Christian Association, who was lost in the sleep of innocence and peace, and then returning I ensconced myself in a berth vacated by a man who had a constitutional right to drink. I was dropping into a slumber, for I always sleep on a car devoted to that business, and invented by Mr. Pullman; the motion has the same effect upon my brain that rocking has upon a child, and I not only sleep easily but profoundly. In a few seconds I should have been beyond all disturbances, but it happened that I was awakened out of my first wink by a row in an adjoining section. There seemed to be a pitched battle going on between one of the delegates and a gentleman, who claimed the berth to be the one he had just vacated. I heard him say, "Now get out of that;" and he called the good man the offspring of a female dog, adding thereto some very profane language. The conductor came to the rescue of the weary delegate, and when the man called attention to the fact of the white hat, he puzzled him sorely by showing him two or three white hats further along in the same car. At this the inebriated passenger desisted, but as soon as the conductor's back was turned renewed the fight with the next white hat, insisting just as positively that that was his berth, and with the same profane and violent language and scuffle. He was repulsed only to begin again, and he kept fighting those good Christian gentlemen who were so unfortunate as to have white hats, until I fell asleep and dreamed till morning of my earlier youth—of the church, not round the corner, but in the glen, where the forest trees brushed against the windows, and the sunlight came down as if in response to the prayers of the beautiful maidens, dignified matrons and snowy-headed fathers of the land. I only awoke when entering the sinful city of Washington.

Coroner's inquest—a concession to public indignation.

The Spaniards are trying to extract the Cube—an root of the difficulty.

The nobby young men of Georgia have taken to wearing shoe buckles in order to be revolutionary patriots.

Several young ladies have become materially enriched by recent fortunate wagers laid by them on the Saratoga races.