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# AMERICAN Whistler's News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

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"COMETH UP AS A FLOWER!"

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## NOTICE.

In the next number of the  
**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS**  
there will be a large double-page picture of the  
**HANLAN-COURTNEY RACE**

at Lachine, along with portraits of the contestants in costume and in their shells. Also a number of smaller sketches descriptive of the whole event, with full letter-press description. We shall also publish a sketch of the new Ontario Exhibition Building at Toronto.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 5, 1878.

### VICTORIBUS SPOLIA.

This delicate question has, during the past week, been agitating the minds of militant journalists. The old Roman cry that to the victor belong the spoils of war is one whose echo has been taken up and acted upon to an appalling extent in modern political life. It was the late Governor MARCY, of New York, Secretary of State under President PIERCE, who is said to have popularized the doctrine among our neighbours, and one of the greatest Americans that ever lived, ANDREW JACKSON, carried it out in the most lavish and reckless manner during his first administration. Since his time it has become a recognized rule of action in the United States, President HAYES having so far been the gentlest in its application. To cloak somewhat the injustice of the practice, the euphemistic term Rotation in Office has been conveniently imagined. In France, every change of Cabinet seems necessarily to involve a general change of even minor officials, and this ludicrous habit has furnished the inimitable CHAM with some of his most felicitous cartoons. In Canada, taking all in all, we have been comparatively free from the nuisance, thanks to our scheme of Civil Service, based upon that of the Mother Country, but recent events have shown that we are not altogether free from an infliction which must give a great deal of trouble to the men in power. As a rule, there is far too much political feeling in the ranks of our Civil Service, and this is owing to the palpable fact that appointments are mainly due to political influence, instead of to competitive merit and regular promotion as the inflexible rule ought to be. Members of the Civil Service, being generally men of intelligence and education, cannot, of course, divest themselves of political partialities and prejudices, but beyond the recording of their ballot, they should be strictly guarded and never go beyond the bounds of an honourable neutrality. In other words, they should be epicenes. They ought not to give any government the pretext of removing them on the score of interference in active politics, and government, on the other hand, ought not to remove them except upon the most patent cause. This has not always been the case, and the consequence is that a movement of retaliation is spoken of by the opposing party. But we trust the movement will not go beyond velleities or threats. A victorious party can afford to be generous. Their best recourse is to strengthen the system of the Civil Service and enforce its rules. This was one of the points touched upon by Lord DUFFERIN in his late admirable speech

at the opening of the Toronto Exhibition, and we trust that his wise counsels will be heeded. He insisted upon the doctrine that the Civil Service was part and parcel of the stable administration of the country, quite independent of the vicissitudes of Cabinets, and that its character of inamovability should be strictly guarded. The incoming of a new Ministry is not the signal for a distribution of spoils among hungry parasites, but the rallying point of a progressive administration.

### WATER METER.

A recent number of the Rochester, N.Y., *Democrat and Chronicle* contains a long account of a new water meter which has been recently invented in that city by Messrs. CHAS. C. BARTON and J. B. WEST, which, it is stated, measures with perfect accuracy, and the durability of which the inventors agree to guarantee. The Chief Engineer of the Rochester Water Works has tested the meter, and says that he feels satisfied that it will register with great accuracy, whether the streams be very small and under a light head, or the stream, large or small, be under great heads, and he recommends it to the careful consideration and examination of all boards and water engineers.

Some two years ago the report of the Montreal Water Works had this to say concerning the rapidly-extending waste of water:

"This extraordinary increase has alarmed the water committee, and a strict inspection of water pipes in houses has been established. This had the effect of bringing down the consumption nearly 1,000,000 of gallons per day. This mode must be resorted to until the general introduction of water meters shall have produced a check upon the recklessness of some of our consumers."

We have not the space to enlarge upon so important a subject, but if the invention is what it is represented to be, it is well worthy the attention of our Water Works Committee.

### THE TRADE QUESTION AGAIN.

There is at the present time a great diversity of opinion as to whether Protection or Free Trade is best for the interests of the people of Canada, and, as the matter at present stands, if we may believe certain writers, the question is even more one of party than of principle, they contending, without an exception, that the interests of the country and Free Trade are one and the same thing. I should be glad to be permitted to give my views on the subject, and herewith append a few remarks, which may or may not be useful towards elucidating the matter.

In advocating or resisting the claims of Protection, we find many and diverse arguments diametrically opposed to each other. First, England has prospered under Free Trade; secondly, the United States are suffering under Protection. I am about to give my opinions upon the reason of these two countries standing in the respective positions which they at present occupy, and they are as follows: Firstly, England occupies an exceptional and peculiar position as a great central figure amongst the nationalities of the globe, and by her isolation from the rest of Europe she enjoys exemption from their difficulties and their standing armies. Scarcely ten years pass away but one or another of the European nations is engaged in a conflict with a neighbouring power, into which all the other European nations, with the exception of England, become more or less involved. Any way their standing armies are greatly increased, and the workshops are for the time being almost deserted. During these times England has laid the foundation of her great mercantile superiority, and eventually, having gained control of the markets, she threw open her own to the trading community of the globe. She kept a large stock, a completed assortment of everything in the known world. Hence it was her policy so to do. The silks of the East, teas from China, wool from Australia, cotton from India and America (manufactured and raw), watches from Switzerland, toys from Germany, wheat from Canada, spices from the Indies—all could be purchased there as reasonably as in the respective countries where produced, and far lower and in greater abundance than in any other country in the world. Hence to her market flocked the merchants from all parts of the habitable globe; hence her rapid, prodigious prosperity. Looking, on the other hand, to the decline of business in the United States, I have given the matter my most entire consideration, and can ascribe it to no other cause than the present personal and national want of honesty and straightforwardness among her people, her government, and her institutions. Protection

reared up around her a bulwark against British manufacturers, only to establish a race of her own incapable of honestly conducting business on the principle of paying their debts. Thus their credit is exhausted, they distrust one another, and business is brought to a perfect standstill. So long as the standard of commercial morality is so fearfully low in the United States as it is at present, we can expect no very serious competition on their part against Great Britain, or, if so, it will be at a loss to themselves. For some years the goods they have been carrying to foreign markets actually cost them more than the sum for which they were sold; so far from the transactions being profitable to them and increasing their wealth, they only by degrees brought about the present miserable state of things existing amongst them. Thus you see in each case, both in Great Britain and the United States, peculiar advantages or disadvantages have been the cause of the success or non-success of each respective country.

Now let me with regard to Canada define my ideas as to the position she now stands in and the great future before her, should she adopt a good, sound system of protection around certain articles which would decrease our importations and make the balance of trade more even, and give us a chance of doing what we have not been heretofore doing—viz., paying 100 cents in the dollar on all goods which we may hereafter purchase. Canada is in a more fortunate position than any European nation, or even the United States, in having a fine country for producing the first essentials required by the human race—viz., food. Humanity can exist without the curiosities, delicacies or luxuries of the Indies, of China, or of Europe, but the plain productions of our own soil it can ill dispense with. Thus, as one thing or another thing is for the time the fashion in regard to us, our treasures are treasures for all ages. The workman of the globe, wherever he may be, will always remain true to our bread and our meat, and sad indeed will be the fate of rulers who may place a tax on these the prime necessities of the human family. England may be offended at our duty upon her manufactures, but yet feel ill-disposed to add to the expense of the living of her workmen by a tax upon the food imported for their benefit. Thus, having these saleable articles, all we have to do is to carry them to market, there dispose of them, and, happy idea, for cash. Having so done, our next idea must be to preserve to ourselves the use of the money given us in exchange for our own sole and exclusive benefit.

As matters now stand, say we export at the rate of 60 millions per annum, and import 90 millions. I have nothing to refer to by me at the moment, but I believe this is about the proportion. Well, at this rate, we cannot pay for what we buy at invoice rates. In order to live at all we must be dishonest and pay about 67 cents for what we have engaged to pay 100. Supposing that, by a readjustment of the tariff, our imports are reduced to, say from England 25 millions, instead of fifty millions. I should imagine the English creditor would be far better satisfied to sell half and get full value, than to sell double of that and get only 67 per cent. of his money. He would be better off, and we would have a better standard of morality prevailing amongst us, and feel the satisfaction of having an honest name, which, I am sorry to say, as it now stands, we run a great chance of losing for ever.

Supposing we put a heavy duty on English broadcloths, cottons, manufactured furs, hats, etc., there are always a great number of the wealthy who would still take these things, but the majority would be satisfied with our own Canadian productions, and the manufacture of a better quality of goods would be stimulated by a better price or a more extensive use. Some persons imagine that Protection would necessarily involve a great increase in prices. My idea is that so far from that, it may be the means of purchasing our necessities in these lines actually cheaper than ever—viz., from the competition engendered by fostering the manufactures, the great increase consequently in the number of the same—the infallible lowering of prices ensuing therefrom. Should, as some people say, there be not sufficient revenue acquired for the purpose of carrying on the government of the country, then we must have recourse to a tax upon personal and other property—the only proper way, to my way of thinking, for raising a revenue in any country. During a late visit to the Maritime Provinces, I found the people there entertaining a most fallacious idea—viz., that Protection would increase the price of flour, an idea which I endeavoured to combat in every case by assuring them that the price in Liverpool would not be one whit affected by a duty on flour here, and, consequently, as they purchased in Liverpool at a regular rate, that rate would be pretty well observed in trading through the Provinces. All our Ontario farmers wanted was to save the expense of shipping to Liverpool what they ought to find a market for here, a result caused by American farmers sending in their flour to compete with ours, duty free. The only saving to Ontario farmers would be then a very great one—viz., the cost of railway to seaboard and ship to Liverpool.

W. S.

ARCTIC literature appears to be on the increase. A few months ago we had Sir George Nares' book. That was followed by Lieutenant Makhams' popular story of the English expedition; and now Messrs. Trubner announce that they have nearly ready the memoirs of Hans Hendrik, the Arctic traveller. This new volume gives an account of the journeys of Hans under Kane, Hayes, Hall and Nares.

### THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The Second General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada was in session, in this city, during three weeks, commencing on the 4th of September last. The Conference was composed of clergymen and laymen, in about equal numbers. About two hundred and twenty representatives were in attendance. We give, in the present number of this paper, portraits of the officers of the Conference, and of the heads of the departments elected during its recent session.

The President of the Conference is the REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D., of this city. Dr. Douglas is the Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College of Montreal. He was born, we believe, in this city; has been about thirty years in the ministry of his church; and is about fifty-five years of age. He was the Vice-President of the First General Conference of the Methodist Church of the Dominion. He has filled with distinguished ability several of the highest official positions in his church.

The REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D., is the ex-President of the Conference, having been elected its first President at the session held in Toronto, in 1874. Dr. Ryerson is about seventy-six years of age, and retains his health and vigour in a remarkable degree. He was for about thirty years the Chief Superintendent of Education in Ontario, and is the father of the present school system of that Province. He has held some of the most important positions in his church, and has always, with marked ability and success, discharged the duties devolved upon him.

The Vice-President of the Conference is the REV. SAMUEL D. RICE, D.D. Dr. Rice is now a little more than three-score years of age. He was, for a short time, Governor of Victoria College, Cobourg, Ontario. He was mainly instrumental in originating the Wesleyan Female College, in Hamilton; and has filled the position of Governor of that institution for the last sixteen years.

The REV. HUMPHREY PICKARD, D.D., of Sackville, New Brunswick, was elected Book Steward for the eastern section of the work which includes the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion and Newfoundland. Dr. Pickard has been for about forty years in the ministry of his church. He was the first Principal of the Wesleyan Academy, at Sackville, and the first President of its College, and retained his connection with the educational institutions at that place for more than a quarter of a century.

The REV. ALEX. SUTHERLAND is the Secretary of the General Conference. He is now in the prime of life, having passed his forty-fifth birthday during the recent session of the Conference. He has been twenty-three years in the ministry. During the last four years he was one of the Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of the Dominion. He has been elected to the same office for another quadrennial term.

The REV. EDWARD HURTLEY DEWART has been re-elected Editor of the Toronto *Christian Guardian* for the ensuing four years. Mr. Dewart has been in the ministry twenty-seven years, and has been during the last ten years Editor of the connexional paper at Toronto. He is the author of several popular volumes that have become widely circulated.

The REV. DUNCAN D. CURRIE, of the New Brunswick Conference, has been elected to the editorial chair of the Halifax *Wesleyan* for the ensuing quadrennial term. Mr. Currie was on several occasions a delegate from the late Conference of Eastern British America to the old Canada Conference, to seek the promotion of the union of the Methodist bodies of this country. He was the Secretary of the First General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

The REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, has been elected Book Steward of the Book and Publishing Department of the Connexion. Mr. Briggs is still comparatively a young man, having been not more than twenty years in the ministry.

The REV. JOHN BREDIN is the Journal Secretary of the Conference. He filled the same position in the First General Conference. Mr. Bredin has been thirty-six years in the ministry in this country, and was a short period in his earlier years in the Wesleyan ministry in England. He has been elected Secretary in many departments of the work of the church in the Annual Conferences of which he has been a member.

### V. V. R. No. 5 COMPANY.

Last Saturday took place the annual shooting matches of the above company at the Point St. Charles Ranges. Numerous were the competitors animated by the desire of showing that they had improved on their previous year's performances and attracted by the valuable prizes offered by Major J. J. Redpath, their popular commander, Captain Homer-Taylor and Lieut. Anderson. The shooting commenced at one and was closely contested; and by six o'clock, every one, winners included, was heartily tired of hearing of "windage," "elevation," "magpies," "bull's-eyes," "outers," and all the other slang phraseology connected with the handling of the rifle. It was then announced that Major Redpath had expressed the hope of seeing the members of the Company at his residence in the evening, at 8 o'clock. So off they

drove in the last 'bus, just in time to see the "City of Ottawa" balloon come down from above and safely bring back with it the now celebrated *Witness* reporter. Thence to their homes to give a "parting look at the looking-glass," like their sisters so often do, after which they fall in at McGill College Gate and march off to their host's house. The reception they met with there will long be remembered. At the door they are greeted with a cheery "Come in boys" and are shown into the drawing-room where a welcome is extended to them by Major Redpath's lady, who kindly shakes hands with each man as he advances, recognizing old faces, greeting new ones and vying with the Major in making the evening an enjoyable one to all present. The drawing-room soon presents an animated appearance and volunteers forget their griefs against an ungrateful Corporation. The prizes are distributed amongst cheers and laughter at the appropriate and not unfrequently humorous remarks which accompany the prize and the fortunate winner of the "cross guns" is doubly honoured in having them sewn on his sleeve by the lady of the house. The night is spent in various ways; for those who have artistic tastes, there are valuable photographs of the old masters upon which the eyes can feast; literarily-inclined young men discover interesting books; musical and vocal talent displays itself, and various are the tunes sang from operatic snatches down to the well-known "Grandfather's Clock;" two or three dances follow and the "Vies" execute several *pas-de-deux* like my Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury; of course among the "boys" are some old fogies (not very old) and they get into a corner and play that game of games, whist; there are others of multifarious and Bohemian tastes, who go through all this in succession. Supper comes, and the "Vies" sit down to table and eat, drink and are merry. The usual loyal toasts, the health of Major Redpath, that of his lady and of Lieut. Anderson, not forgetting their late Captain Homer-Taylor are enthusiastically drunk. Auld Lang Syne is sung, then God Save the Queen and it is getting near midnight so 'tis time to take leave. Once more do the men of No. 5 Company shake hands with their kind hosts heartily thanking them for the more than enjoyable evening that they have spent.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.—At 2.30, on Saturday, His Excellency arrived upon the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds, of this city, to attend the picnic and games of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. He was accompanied in the same carriage by M. H. Gault, Esq., M. P., and Captain Hamilton, and in an accompanying carriage by Captain Ward and Messrs. Douglas, of England, and Kidd, of Ottawa. His Excellency was received by the committee, though no formal reception was given. His Excellency immediately descended and began a tour of inspection of what the ground contained. The principal attraction was the great balloon "City of Ottawa," which was being inflated with gas from the street pipe, under the superintendence of Prof. Grimley. Much attention was paid by the Governor-General to the air ship and to the preparations made for its ascent. Prof. Grimley was called upon to answer a large number of questions as to the size and make of the balloon, and his experience as a balloonist. His balloon is made of Irish linen oiled so as to make it air tight, and contains when inflated 14,000 feet of gas. The inflation occupied about seven hours and a half. The crowd becoming also interested in the balloon began to encroach upon the grounds, and when the "tug of war" and the dancing began, the small boys, and a great many larger boys, who would have been expected to have more sense, rushed under the ropes, until it was found impossible to proceed with the sports, simply for want of room. On this account, many of the most interesting competitions did not come off. Only one "tug of war" was "tugged"—that between the members of St. Patrick's Society and the members of the St. Joseph Society. It was a most exciting contest, and in the heat of the fight class distinctions were overridden entirely. Young swells and city aldermen and volunteer officers mixed promiscuously with tradesmen and laborers, and even His Excellency himself was unpleasantly crowded, while the shoutings were like Babel gone crazy. The competitors "tugged" their very best, and the contest lasted for about four minutes each time—the competition was two out of three points—but fortune went with the Irishmen in each case. About half-past four it was noticed by the crowd that the "City of Ottawa" had become almost completely inflated, and from that moment interest centred upon the point where preparations for the air-flight were in progress. Shortly after, everything was announced as ready, and the two intending voyagers, Prof. Grimley, and Mr. Hiram A. Moulton, reporter of the *Witness*, entered the basket, which was just large enough to hold them comfortably. The monster air-ship was then transported to the front of the grand stand, surrounded by an exciting crowd, and then the word "let go" was given, and the balloon rose slowly and majestically in the air. A shout arose as she left the earth, and hats and handkerchiefs innumerable were waved to the occupants of the basket. As they rose they threw out handfuls of small printed circulars, which fluttered down like flocks of tiny birds. The balloon first took a north-easterly direction, rising as she advanced, watched with intense attentiveness by all those

upon the grounds. The sun went down behind the mountain, but for a long time after it could be seen brightly shining on the air ship in its lofty flight. About half-past five His Excellency the Governor-General re-entered his carriage and left the grounds, and shortly after the band of the 5th Fusiliers, who had played some excellent music during the afternoon, pealed forth the strains of the National Anthem, and the spectators dispersed. The balloon safely descended near Wellington bridge after a most successful voyage.

THE COLLISION ON THE THAMES.—The *Princess Alice* was a paddle-steamer belonging to the London Steamboat Company. She was built of iron, and was of 158 tons net tonnage. The *Bywell Castle* is an iron screw-steamer. After a day's excursion trip for pleasure, the *Princess Alice* was on her return up the river from Sheerness and Gravesend. It was at twenty minutes to eight in the evening, with full moonlight, that she was met and run down by the *Bywell Castle* off Tripcock Point, or Margaret Ness, a mile below Woolwich Arsenal, and opposite to the Beckton Gasworks on the north shore. The fragile saloon steamboat was actually cut in two, and she sank within five minutes. Of the multitude of men, women, and children left struggling for life in the water, about one hundred escaped by swimming or clinging to the ropes and floating articles thrown out from the *Bywell Castle*, or were immediately picked up by the boats of that vessel and others. There was a strong ebb tide, which carried many away down the river. Six hundred lives and more have been lost.

TORONTO SKETCHES.—We publish in this issue two sketches from Toronto and its environs—the old Mill on the Humber, well known to the inhabitants of the Ontario metropolis as a rendezvous for picnics, and a wreck on the beach at Port Credit—"After the Storm." A large amount of shipping was destroyed during the late gale and floods. A number of vessels were torn from their moorings and driven out into the lake. Port Credit suffered more apparently than any other harbour on Lake Ontario.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

So popular has the Prince of Wales made England in France, that whenever "God Save the Queen" is played, the audience arise, uncover their heads, and cheer. This has been noticed in the provinces as much as in Paris.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU'S *Jour de Noce* is now being put on the stage at the Opéra Comique. It will be remembered that this piece was ready when the *Petit Duc* was brought out, but certain similarities of plot and situation caused the representation to be adjourned. The authors have now made important alterations. Madame Gallimarié will create the principal rôle.

MRS. MACKAY, the wife of an owner of silver mines in Nevada, is a great purchaser in the jewellery court of the French Exhibition. She has bought from Boucheron a parure of diamonds, consisting of a diadem, brooch and pendants, bracelets, ring, and earrings. The parure is ornamented profusely with blue sapphires, and terminated with a handsome pearl. The centre sapphire is valued at 200,000fr., and the entire parure at 850,000fr. Also a necklace of brilliants terminating in a briolet drop valued at 125,000fr.

WE hear that Paris is about to be enriched with another theatre which will be situated in the garden of the Tuileries. The actors will be of wood, and the theatre will be specially designed for the delectation of children, that is to say, the stage will be peopled by those pupazzi which used to be a great source of delight to Georges Sand and Charles Nodier. In the old days these marionettes, which originally came from Italy, were popular with grown up people. Although they were known in the time of Henry IV. they did not become popular until the reign of Louis XIV., through the genius of the famous Brioché. There was then a celebrated marionette theatre at the foot of the Pont Neuf, of which the decadent glories of Guignol in the modern Champs-Elysées give but a poor idea.

At the Paris Exhibition is exhibited by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, of London, the most powerful land steam engine in the world; it is capable of raising steam from cold water to the working of 100lbs. on the square inch, within ten minutes of lighting the fire. It is easily drawn by a pair of horses, and is capable of discharging 1,500 gallons per minute to a height of 250 feet. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 this firm exhibited an engine upon the same principle and design; it pumped 1,200 gallons per minute and topped the Lighthouse lantern which was 212½ feet. The engine was purchased by the British Admiralty for Chatham Dockyard.

A GOOD story from the *Reichsbote*, a Berlin paper, is worth repeating. The other day a native of Cologne arrived at Paris on a visit to the Exhibition. At the station he put himself under the guidance of a party who was looking out for visitors. He was soon installed in private lodgings in the "Rue de—." As soon as his luggage was brought up he wrote a letter to his wife informing her of his safe arrival and giving her

his address. The wife had scarcely read the letter when a telegram was handed to her from her husband asking her to send his address in the French capital, as he had lost himself and had no recollection of where his lodgings were—not even the street.

ENGLISH girls will learn with interest that the value of a French girl's nose has just been judicially appraised at £200. Some time ago a Paris omnibus horse became frisky; there was a collision, a window was smashed, and a passenger, a young demoiselle, received some of the broken glass in her face. It was at first thought that the hurts were trifling, and her parents declined the proffered services of the omnibus company's doctor. But the scratches did not heal as they were expected to do, and the girl's father brought a suit against the company, alleging that her nose had been permanently marred, and that this seriously diminished her prospects of establishment in life—in other words, of getting a husband. He obtained £40 on the first trial and £200 on the second.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE new premises of the London Art Union in the Strand—a very handsome structure—are progressing towards completion with great rapidity.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, who has returned to England, intends to devote himself to the working of the public school at Kensington. This school, founded by Monsignor Capel some five years ago, has secured a freehold site of about six acres and a half of land in the Warwick-road.

THE *Princess Alice* is the steamer that was selected in 1873 to convey the Shah of Persia and his suite down the river to Greenwich Hospital, on which occasion she was painted white and superbly decorated, and after was known as "The Shah's Boat," bearing on her paddle-boxes the Persian Lion and Sun.

WE hear nothing more of the new batch of peers which was talked of at the end of the session, although the rumour has been repeated again within the last few days with positive circumstantiality. The four M. P.'s named for promotion were Mr. Chaplin, Mr. B. Cochrane, Mr. B. Hope (who at once put in a disclaimer), and Mr. Walter. The constituents of two of these gentlemen, Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Walter, have sufficient faith in the rumours to be preparing for an election.

MR. JOHNSON, the money taker on board one of the London Steamboat Company's boats, the *Duke of Cambridge*, called the other day on Mr. Hodson, the Southend ticket collector, and asked him if he believed in dreams, and then told him that he had had a very peculiar dream on the night before the accident happened to the *Princess Alice*. He said he dreamt he saw the *Princess Alice* run into and cut in halves, and between 400 and 500 people sank to rise no more. In consequence of the dream Mr. Johnson declined returning from Southend in the *Princess Alice*, and went by the next steamer and thus saved his life.

HUMOURS OF THE ELECTIONS.

Kingston has Gunn over to the Liberal party. And it came to pass on that day that Hagar went out into the wilderness.

The Conservatives have a Bannerman in South Renfrew.

There was a Little victory in South Simcoe.

The electors of Centre Toronto are determined to make Hay while the sun shineth.

That was a great display of Bunting in Welland.

North Wellington Drew well.

York has lost its Dymond.

That was a Strange victory in North York.

The Tories couldn't Skinner in South Oxford.

I Trow it was a close shave in South Perth.

They are fond of Currie in West Middlesex.

South Grenville is Wiser after the election.

The Mills of Bothwell are still grinding.

Blake defeated in South Bruce. O Shaw!

In Cardwell it was White mate in three moves.

The Chandlers of Brome don't care for any Fostering influence.

A holy party. Two Popes in it.

Mother Joliette comes up smiling with her Baby.

The motto of Champlain: *Montplaisir*.

*Les Rouges ont fait Tremblay à Charlevoix.*

Lafamme still flickers in Jacques Cartier.

It was A. Wright royal victory in Ottawa County.

The Conservatives beat the Liberals in Richelieu with a Massue (club).

They have given up horse-flesh (Cheval) in Rouville and taken to leg of mutton (Gigault).

A big Gill of comfort for the Tories in Yamaska.

Queen's County (N.S.) has sent up a big Bill to Parliament.

King's County (P.E.I.) Muttart deep damnation against the Government.

Sherbrooke Brookes no opposition.

Niagara is out of Plum.

The "White Boy," as he was called on a

late visit to the home of his ancestry, in Ireland, has turned up all right in Cardwell.

By a strange reversal of things, after the elections all those who felt Blue were very happy, and all those who were Rouge or ruddy felt most consumedly sick.

In the new Parliament there are two Whites and one Brown. No Blacks. No Greens either, nominally, whatever there may be *de facto*. There is a Baker also and a Currier.

Lennox has distinguished itself by a change of tradesmen. The Cartwright is replaced by the Hooper.

North Simcoe has dismissed its Cook.

The vote in Ottawa City was massive (Tassé).

There is La-rue in Belle-chasse, and while the Olivier and the Laurier still bloom near the Grandbois, Desaulniers is blossoming in Desjardins.

LACLEDE.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI presented a necklace valued at two thousand dollars to Madame Albani on the occasion of her marriage.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF is engaged in preparing several young ladies for the stage. Among her present pupils are Miss Helen Ames, a soprano of promise, who will make her *début* next winter; Miss Annie Norton, of Cincinnati, who will continue her studies for two years; Miss Kate Esty, of St. Joseph, and Mrs. Dexter, who is engaged for the Worcester festival.

"BRIGNOLI and his Deer" is familiar to managers and expressmen. It is a stuffed deer's head with the huge antlers. He carries it about with him boxed up to insure his success. If he were to go from here to Newark to sing for one evening the deer's head must go too. On one occasion when he went over to Brooklyn to sing he did not encumber himself with the deer. The papers the next morning pronounced the voice of Brignoli to be on the decline, husky, and losing its richness. "There, did I not tell you that I should fall because my deer did not go with me," he said to his agent. Ask any of the expressmen about this deer which Brignoli wishes to pay for by weight and not size, or the operatic managers who make, because forced to do so, an arrangement as to this talisman of Brignoli. They all know it.

HUMOROUS.

ANY American in Paris may well say:—"I was a stranger, and they took me in."

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," and we do our lying for ourselves when we get older.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

A MULE must behave himself eleven years and six months just to get one off-hand snort at a middle shirt stud.

THOUSANDS of boys would go dirty all summer, if it were not wicked and dangerous to bathe in the river.

BOSTON school-house doors swing both ways, and teachers have an awful advantage over a bad boy.

THE worst thing about a mosquito is its long soliloquy as to when and where it had better settle down and bite.

SOME men keep savage dogs around their houses so that the hungry poor who stop "to get a bite" may get it outside the door.

If a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide and a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

THE boy who is having the first tooth pulled doesn't care anything about the present, and futurity is as blank as a last year's water-melon.

YOU can get a very good idea of "natural selection," in its practical workings, by viewing a celery glass after it has been once around the table.

THE man who can hum a hymn while jointing a stove-pipe is good enough to walk right into full membership of any church without probation.

ELI PERKINS gives an account of the conversation between a male and female idiot. Eli does not mention the name of the woman he was talking to.

WHO would be a candidate for the governorship and fardels bear (whatever fardels are) when a base ball catcher is the hero of the men and darling of the ladies, with \$7,000 a year?

THE Indianapolis *Herald* has discovered that the number of tools is to the number of wise men as the number of times one gets nothing for something is to the number of times one gets something for nothing.

A GRADUATE of one of our leading American colleges is acting as cook at one of the summer resort hotels, and the hash is served up in seven languages—just six more than the average guest can wrestle with.

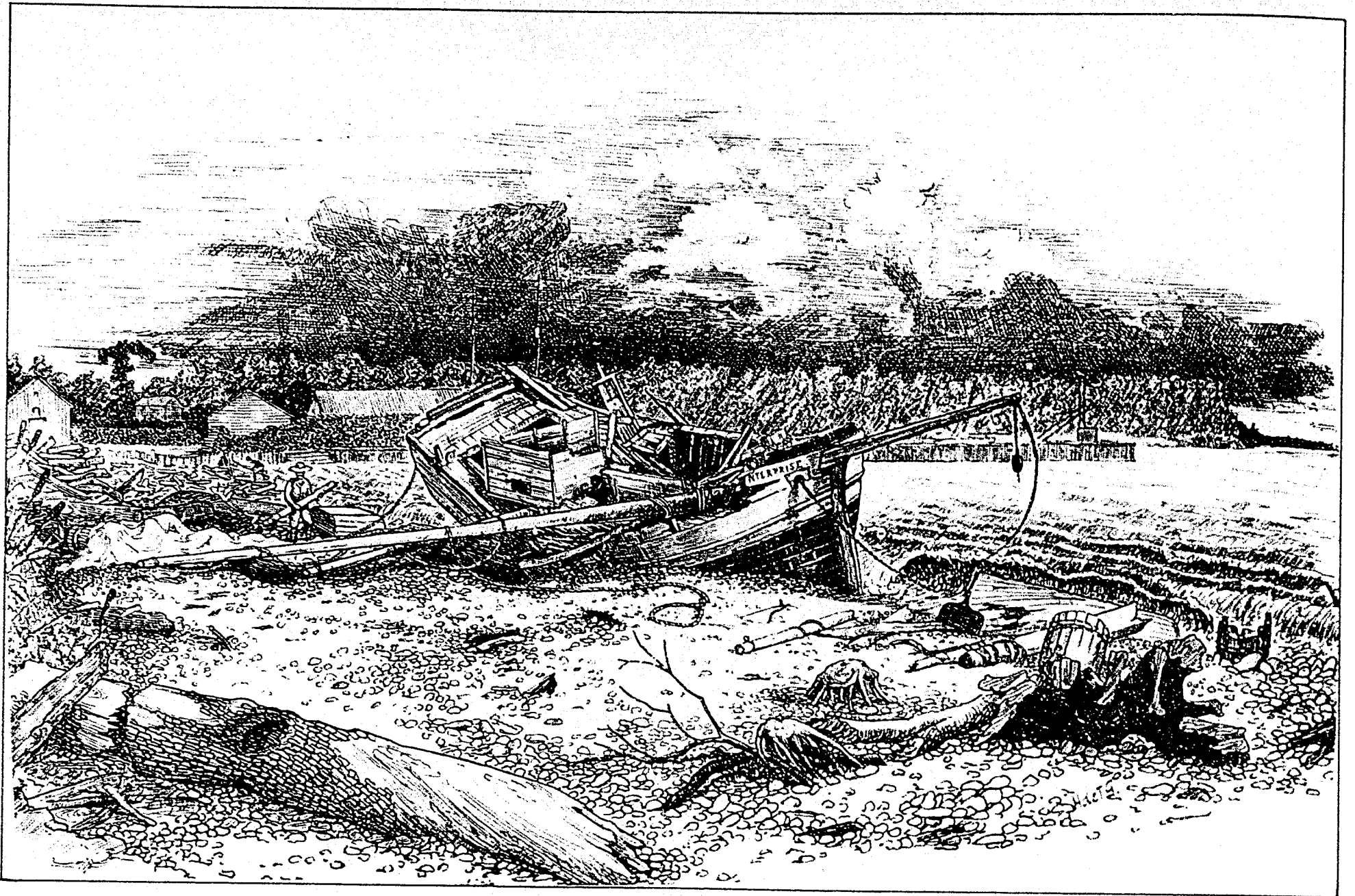
SOME recently-discovered inscriptions on burned bricks bring to light the astounding revelation that King Ahasuerus hanged Haman because he invented the accordion and put the price down to \$1.75 so that every young man might have one.

If you are inquisitive, like Paul Dombey, and want to hear what the wild waves are saying, get behind a tow-boat in a leaky skiff with a broken oar. The probabilities are that you will get on your knees and ask for a change of conversation.

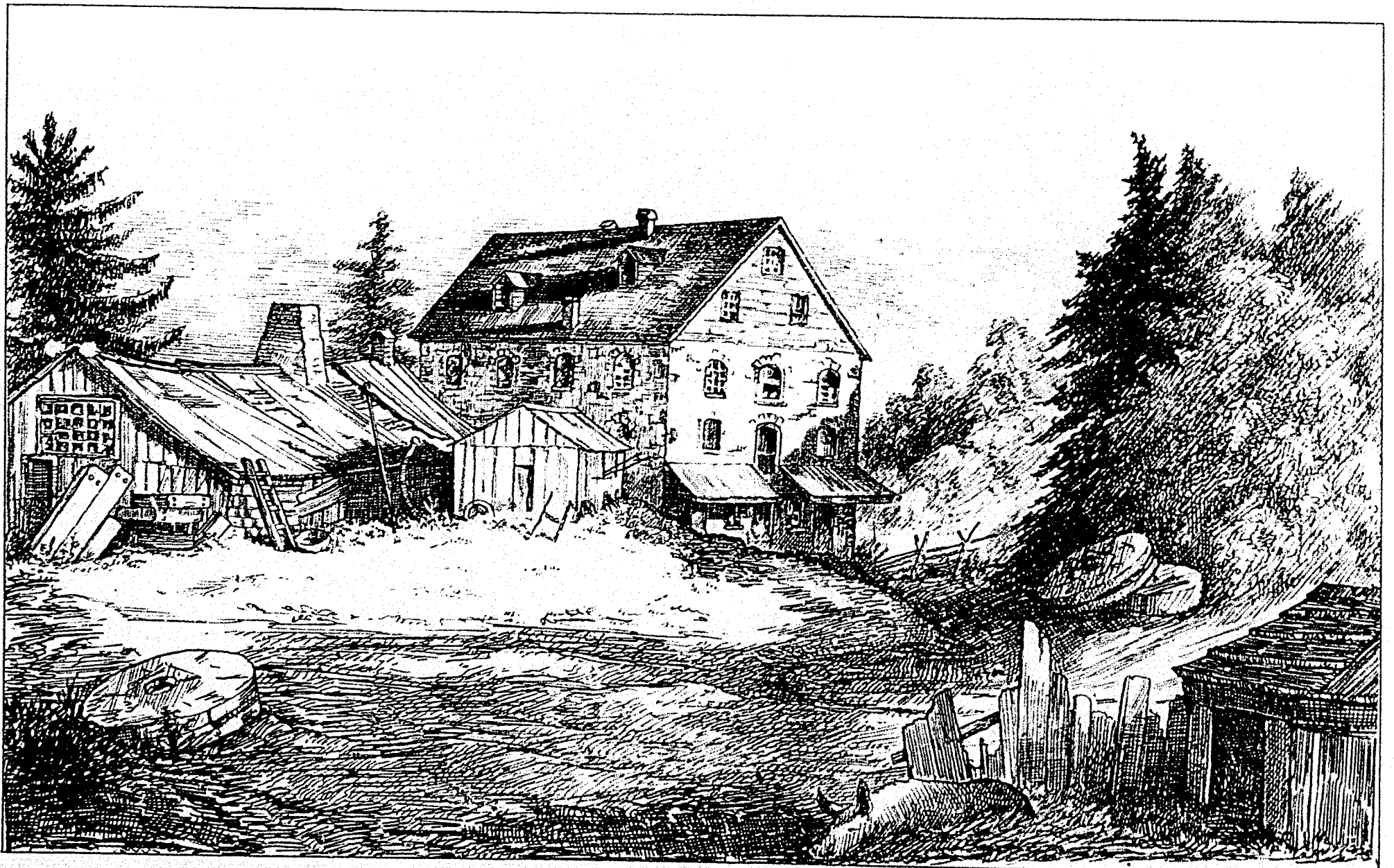
THE cool, bracing air of autumn, weighed down with subtle perfume of languishing flowers, is very nice and cheerful in its way, but, at the same time, it isn't a circumstance to the zephyr which meanders from the culinary department to one's bed-room just before breakfast.

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, of 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.



THE WRECKS CAUSED BY THE FLOOD AT PORT CREDIT, ONT



THE OLD MILL ON THE HUMBER.



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THE NEW OFFICERS OF THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

## THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XI.

### ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

PEMBROKE AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE—THE MIRAMICHI FIRE—A TERRIBLE VISITATION—PEMBROKE FOUNDED BY SURVIVORS—THE LATE PETER WHITE—MICHAEL HENNESSEY, THE RIVER PIRATE—PEMBROKE PAST AND PRESENT—A PARADISE FOR PAINTERS.

Crossing from Quebec into Ontario by means of the bridge spanning the Ottawa river at Portage du Fort, a pleasant drive of about seven miles brought me to Healey's Station, on the Canada Central Railway, distant about twenty-eight miles from Pembroke. The evening express from Ottawa, punctual to a minute, soon hove in sight, and by the time I had begun to get used to the novel sensation of riding in a railway car—I had been out of the land of cars, and in the land of waggons, boats, and cribs of timber for a month or two—by the time I had got comfortably seated and had satisfied the youth who peddles figs and light literature that I was not in want of any of his wares, the train drew up at the Pembroke station, and the number of individuals shouting the names of rival hotels convinced me that Pembroke was a considerable place.

I should, perhaps, explain that Pembroke is situated on the south shore of Lake Allumette—an opening of the Ottawa River—in the South Riding of Renfrew, of which County it is the County town. It is the most northern town in Ontario, ninety-six miles from Ottawa, and the present terminus of the Canada Central Railway.

I have a liking for arriving in a strange place at night for the sake of enjoying the surprise in the morning. One generally forms an idea of a place one has never seen, and generally finds that the picture conjured up is not at all like the real thing. I had heard a good deal in praise of Pembroke on my way thither, and, among other special attractions, the size, style, and general excellence of the newly-opened hotel, known as "The Metropolitan," formed topics for the display of much eloquence. I had my own ideas upon the subject, but though I discounted all I heard, I still entertained very high expectations regarding this far-away town in the north. I am proud to be able to record that my expectations were far exceeded in every particular. The first surprise was the "Metropolitan," which is, indeed, in all respects, a very superior establishment. The guest gets a very good idea of the house directly he enters the doors. The office is large, lofty, tastefully fitted up, light and cheerful, and these are the characteristics of the hotel throughout. From top to bottom, all is first-class. Dining-hall, drawing-room, parlours and bedrooms all reveal the same good taste and careful attention to details—an air of comfort pervades the house, and everything is so nicely arranged and managed that one feels quite "at home." The drawing-room is a magnificent apartment, handsomely furnished: the bedrooms are simply splendid—all are large, well furnished and command a pleasant outlook. For families, or persons of luxurious habits, there are rooms *en suite*. There is a bath-room upon each floor. Commercial gentlemen have the choice of a range of excellent sample-rooms. The hotel is situated in the best part of the town, near the railway-station, and from its elevated position commands magnificent views of the lake, which is Pembroke's great charm. In front are the beautiful grounds of the Supple estate, a portion of which, including a fine croquet lawn, has been secured for the use of guests. Occasionally promenade concerts are given by one of the bands of the town, the grounds then being prettily illuminated. I should add that the rates at the Metropolitan are very reasonable. The proprietors, Messrs. C. B. Jones and A. B. Macdonald, are gentlemen who thoroughly understand their business, and such as would make any house popular. The hotel has enjoyed a very fair run of business this season, and now that the news is making the beauties of the Upper Ottawa widely known, the prospects are that it will command a large share of public patronage, especially pleasure travel, in the near future.

After the hotel, the next surprise was to find so many fine residences round about. I question if any place of the size on the continent can boast such a number of handsome and well-appointed houses. Red brick is the prevailing material used in building. The gardens are generally large and tastefully laid out; indeed it was pleasing to notice a fondness for floriculture among all classes. It is remarkable how much a few bright blossoms improve the humblest dwelling. In my rambles I often am reminded of this. You will see two cottages built exactly alike, side by side, but in one case there will be a little flower-bed in front of the door; the earth banked around the house will be sodded, and home-made hanging baskets, mossy, and made graceful with delicate creepers, will be swinging at the windows: probably there will be a bird-cage somewhere, with a sweet-voiced canary to supply the music, which is so closely allied to flowers. The next cottage will be entirely destitute of even an attempt at adornment

—there will perhaps be a muddy puddle in place of the flower-bed; around the house there will be heaps of foul-smelling refuse; if you look to the windows for the hanging-baskets you will most likely see, instead, broken panes filled up with dirty rags. Of course, the exteriors of these two houses proclaim the nature of the interiors. Yet, if the matter were inquired into, it would often be found that the man with the pretty cottage earned less wages than the man who inhabited the dirty place. It is not a matter of money; it is a question of taste; the one has a taste for the beautiful, the other, probably, has a taste for whiskey.

#### HOW THE TOWN IS LAID OUT.

Pembroke may be said to be built upon three terraces, which run parallel with the lake. The lake shore in front of the town is flat, and, as usual, marred by dilapidated sheds and the poorest kind of houses. The street on the next level is the main business thoroughfare, and, from the "Metropolitan" eastward, it is on this that most of the best residences are to be found. On the level above are the schools, the Roman Catholic church, the convent, and the best of the West-End residences. About a mile south, the Muskrat and Indian rivers unite and flow into the Ottawa through the centre of the town. The two ordinarily form but a small stream, though in the freshest time the volume pouring over the Pembroke dam is said to make quite a respectable waterfall. The town site is mainly sand over clay. On the highest level there is a good quarry, but the stone is principally used in building foundations. The County Buildings are built of a beautiful free-stone, procured from a small island, known as Morrison's, situated at the foot of the lake. It is said there is plenty more stone, but that it would not pay to quarry it, on account of the strata running almost perpendicularly. It is a stone of a beautiful cream colour, with a sprinkling of grit in it. It is in no way affected by the weather, but always looks as if fresh from the mason's hands.

#### SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH.

In the early part of October, 1825, a terrible conflagration took place in the woods about Miramichi, New Brunswick, at that time the scene of the bulk of the lumber trade of Canada. The district was well settled for one hundred miles, bordering the river, and lumber shanties and depots were thickly scattered through the bush. Pine, spruce, hemlock and fir, of first-class quality, were plentiful, and the demand was brisk. Everybody was making money, and, according to an eye-witness, few thought of anything else. The last of September and beginning of October, of the year in question, was marked as an exceedingly dry period. At nine o'clock on the night of the 6th October, news came to Miramichi that a fire was raging in the bush. People looked out and saw a lurid glare in the murky sky, but they thought little of the circumstance—there had been fires before, and they had been extinguished before doing a great deal of damage. So they expected this would be. But it soon attained alarming dimensions; the wind rose till it became a tornado, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, a thunder storm of the most terrific character set in. The flashes of lightning dimmed the forest blaze, as if laughing to scorn mere earthly fire; the thunder was, if possible, even more frightful, causing the wretched people to think that the earth was splitting asunder. The boldest blasphemers quaked; men who had not prayed since they knelt at their mothers' knee then threw themselves to the ground and called upon the Almighty to save them. Particularly noticeable was an American atheist, named Bryant, who proclaimed in fear and dread to a terrified crowd that

#### THE LAST DAY HAD SURELY ARRIVED,

and such was the general belief. The flames spread with frightful rapidity, being carried onward in great wreathing masses of resinous smoke, which burst and set fire to the bush far ahead of the main conflagration. The woods were as a vast bon-fire, made ready for the torch. As an instance of the rapidity with which the flames advanced, it is related that a lumberman drove his team into the forest to alarm his comrades who were in camp. He found them in the shanty playing cards, unconscious of the swiftly-approaching danger. They disregarded his warning, and he had barely time to reach the river before the avalanche of fire was upon them—both men and horses perishing in the flames. At last the fire reached the Miramichi river, at this point about three-quarters of a mile wide, and began to devour the shipping. Despite the best efforts of the crews, a large number of vessels were destroyed. Newcastle—the county town of Northumberland—and Douglastown were burned to the ground, but the fire was checked by the river, though not before about six thousand square miles of the finest timber lands of the Province were devastated. Three hundred human beings were known to have perished, but there were numbers of strangers in the shanties of whom no count could be made. The destruction of farm stock and animal life generally was enormous. The dreadful visitation only lasted about twelve hours, but it was most complete. The heart was taken out of the settlement, and there arose among the survivors a desire to leave a place which they firmly believed had been scourged by the Almighty on account of the wickedness prevailing. So a general exodus began. The destruction of the timber caused the attention of lumberers to

be turned in other directions, and the trade which Miramichi had enjoyed was transferred to Quebec. A little batch of Miramichi people pushed up the Ottawa, and settled near the present site of the town of Pembroke. They christened the place after their old home of sad memory, and for some time there was a Miramichi on the Upper Ottawa. Meanwhile,

#### MR. PETER WHITE,

lately deceased, had for several years been lumbering in this section, and in 1828 he became a resident. With him and sundry Miramichi men rests the honour of having laid the foundation of the present town of Pembroke. A few particulars respecting his life may prove interesting, for he was widely known. Mr. White was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Dec. 31st, 1794, and early manifested a strong liking for the excitement and dash of a seafaring life. His parents not being favourable to his views, he took "French leave" at the age of fourteen, and was next heard of on board a man-of-war—one of the fleet commanded by Sir James Yeo—fighting the Americans on Lake Ontario. It is mentioned as an interesting coincidence, that on the same vessel was the late Bishop Richardson, who subsequently became head of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country. Young White served his country well, and did not leave the service until the close of the "unnatural war." Then he took to lumbering, as before stated, and for forty years engaged in this staple industry. Some details connected with the bringing of his family up from Hull, when he had determined to settle on the shores of Lake Allumette, give an idea of what life was in those early days. The trip had to be made in a canoe, and occupied fourteen days. It is now made in something over four hours. When the little party arrived at the Mountain Rapid—a short distance above Portage du Fort—they were benighted, and the weather was bad. They found a shanty, occupied by a notorious character named Martin Hennessey, who, with a gang of kindred spirits, lived a wild, lawless life.

#### HALF PIRATES, HALF SHANTY-MEN.

There was no "administration of justice" in those parts then—might was right. Hennessey and his gang used to rob right and left and beat any who raised the slightest objection. They were credited with having caused the death of more than one victim. Such were the men whom Mr. White and his young wife encountered on a dark and stormy night in the midst of one of the wildest scenes on the Upper Ottawa. What did the bandit chief? Rob the men and ill-treat the woman? No. It has been said that there is no ruffian bereft entirely of humane promptings. So it proved in Hennessey's case. Directly he learned of the arrival of the travellers he ordered his men to clean up the shanty and make it as comfortable as possible, after which it was placed entirely at the disposal of Mr. and Mrs. White, Hennessey and his gang camping outside.

There were those who prophesied that Hennessey was destined for the hangman, but the prediction was not verified. One day, Hennessey and an American quack doctor, named Whitney, quarrelled about a degraded woman, with whom the former cohabited. The meeting was in Hennessey's hotel, on Allumette Island, opposite Pembroke, and eventuated in a challenge to fight on the shore. Hennessey went out first, and directly he got over the threshold, Whitney struck him down with an ironwood poker, and showered blows till life was extinct. Whitney gave himself up, and pleaded that if he had not killed Hennessey, Hennessey would have killed him. The Court not only held the plea well founded, but commended the act, remarking that it was not often given a man to rid a community of such a ruffian as Hennessey.

But let me tell of pleasanter things. After Mr. White had located, he began to look about for those elements which are essential to the well-being of society. He was the means of bringing the first minister and the first schoolmaster to the settlement, and was the instigator and helper of many other good works, being for some years a member of the Township Council. He joined the militia twenty years ago, and latterly held the rank of Lieut.-Colonel of the North Renfrew Division. Of ten children, four survive him, his second son and namesake representing North Renfrew in the House of Commons. Mr. White died on the 6th August last, aged 84. The funeral drew together a large concourse, mourners coming from all parts of the country, and comprising many who, side by side with Mr. White, watched the little village of Miramichi develop into the town of Pembroke.

#### "WHEN THE DEVIL WAS SICK," ETC.

Of those who saw the great fire, there are but two now living in Pembroke, Mr. Andrew Irving, Registrar—to whom I am indebted for many interesting notes—and Mr. Michael McNeil, Sheriff's Officer. In a letter just to hand, Mr. Irving, referring to the atheist Bryant, before mentioned, says: "I met the old sinner often after that, but although he never forgot the fire, he soon forgot the religious impressions the fear of it produced. All the religious denominations kept the 7th October as a day of fasting and humiliation for many a year. Perhaps some of them (likely the Presbyterians) keep it yet."

#### LAND-MARKS.

In 1840 the first grist mill was erected by Mr. Alexander Moffat, who emigrated to Canada

from Addington, Scotland, in 1834, and settled at New Edinburgh, subsequently removing to Pembroke. He also erected a woollen mill. The same year the first saw mill was erected by the late Samuel and James McKay. The first store was opened by Mr. E. Bourke, now County Treasurer, in what is now called Lower Town, an eastern suburb of Pembroke. This was christened Campbelltown in 1846, in compliment to a popular hotel-keeper, named D. Campbell Dunlop. The christening took place on Mayday, and the village schoolmaster, John Burray, composed the following lines, which were sealed in a bottle and deposited beneath a flag-staff erected as a May-pole:

"The name of this town—  
By Victoria's Crown—  
Was given by D. C. Dunlop;  
When Time is unveiled,  
The bottle unsealed,  
You will think upon Campbell Dunlop."

The late Mr. John Egan, famous for his mammoth lumbering operations, was a clerk in Bourke's store. Mr. Powell, now Governor of Carlton County Jail, was also one of the earliest store-keepers, and his brother, now Sheriff Powell, served him as clerk. The late John Supple bought the McKay saw-mill in 1844, and became one of the leading residents of Pembroke. Mr. Supple represented the County of Renfrew in the Parliament of Canada, and in 1854 defeated Mr. Alex. Morris, ex-Governor of Manitoba. After the division of the county, in 1867, Mr. Supple represented the North Riding in the Local Legislature.

#### THE ORANGE AND THE GREEN.

In 1851-2 Pembroke had a taste of "religious" troubles. A report went round that the Orangemen intended to destroy the R. C. Church on the 12th July, and a strong body of defenders surrounded the edifice on that day, armed with all manner of weapons. No general encounter took place, but a few Orangemen, whose way home took them past the church, were roughly used. On the 26th August following, the Orangemen had a procession and speeches at the Presbyterian church. Between that time and the following July, both parties were preparing for a jolly row on the "immortal 12th." As the time drew nigh it became evident that a breach of the peace was determined upon, and Sheriff Thompson and a magistrate, named Andrew Dickson, forwarded a requisition to the authorities for troops. Meanwhile, the opponents of the Orangemen were addressed by a Mr. Kelly, who wielded great influence, and the upshot was a promise that no opposition would be offered the processionists. The detachment of troops was halted at the Chat's Rapids, and the day passed off quietly. The Orangemen have walked unopposed ever since.

For some time a bitter antagonism existed between the French-Canadian and Irish shanty-men—the latter being known as "shiners." It culminated in a bloody pitched battle at the Mountain Chute, near Portage du Fort—the French gaining a victory which ensured "equal rights" thenceforward.

Besides Miramichi, Pembroke has been known for short periods as Sydenham and Moffat. In 1858 it was incorporated as a village. The honour of being proclaimed the County Town was secured only after a desperate struggle, characterised by diplomacy worthy of a Berlin Conference or High Joint Commission. The County Buildings were begun in 1861 and finished in 1867—a fierce legal fight raging meanwhile, and the building operations being stayed by injunction. The buildings cost \$50,000, and are in all respects very creditable. The jail contains twenty-four cells, and is a model establishment, except as regards the water supply.

#### THE LUMBER TRADE AND THE FARMERS.

Pembroke was incorporated as a town in 1876, Mr. William Moffat, a son of the pioneer, being elected Mayor—a position he still holds. The population is reported to be between two and three thousand. Like the other towns and villages along the Ottawa, Pembroke was an outcome of the lumber trade and its fortunes have fluctuated with the ups and downs of that great industry. Four or five years ago, when the trade was brisk, Pembroke grew rapidly and money was plentiful. Everybody either dabbled in lumber or was more or less interested in the business. Very little attention was paid to the agricultural development of the surrounding country. Those who took up farm lands merely tilled just enough to supply their own wants, trusting in the main to employment at the hands of the lumbering firms. When the lumber trade received the severe check under which it is at present labouring, the people of Pembroke felt the blow keenly. Latterly the farming classes have been compelled to pay more attention to their lands, but still the country round about Pembroke has the appearance of having been but recently settled. Perfectly cleared fields and good farm buildings are quite the exception. It is thought, however, that the lesson taught has been a good one, and that the all-important work of building up what is termed "a good back country" will henceforward proceed steadily.

#### BUSINESS NOTES.

Pembroke boasts several industrial establishments, chief among which stand Moffat's Grist

and Woollen Mills. They are situated in the centre of the town, deriving water power from the united Muskrat and Indian Rivers. The grist mill is a fine substantial stone erection fitted up with all modern improvements. It has seven run of stone and is furnished with steam power for use during the dry season. The woollen mill has four looms and when in full operation employs twelve hands. The other industries include two saw-mills, a foundry and a sash, door and blind factory. Among the enterprising firms that of Messrs. T. & W. Murray occupies a prominent place. When times were brisk the Messrs. Murray built largely and did much to advance the town. Mr. Thos. Murray's residence, situated on the high level, commanding magnificent views of the lake, challenges the admiration of every visitor to Pembroke. The Murray Block on the main street includes the Copeland House, and the commodious premises wherein the firm carry on business as general merchants, besides a large concert hall. Mr. Thomas Murray was a member of the Ontario Legislature for North Renfrew during the last two sessions of the Sandfield Macdonald Administration, and the same constituency elected his brother William to the House of Commons, but some irregularity led to the election being declared void after Mr. Murray had sat one session. In 1872, Mr. Thomas Murray contested Pontiac for the Commons, and though not successful, the large vote he polled against Mr. McKay Wright sufficiently testified to his popularity.

Besides a considerable local trade, the Messrs. Murray do a large business in lumberer's supplies, and deal extensively in raw furs. Being "all business" they tendered for and secured a contract to grade the first section of the Canada Central R.R. extension which is to connect with the Georgian Bay Branch.

#### THE COPELAND HOUSE

was built to supply a long-felt want—good hotel accommodation—and it speedily secured a large run of patronage. It is situated in the centre of the business houses and has accommodation for one hundred guests. The rooms are comfortably furnished and the table is at all times well supplied.

#### A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.

Among the many fine residences in Pembroke, that erected by Mr. David Bell stands in the front rank for its noble dimensions and the general excellence of the internal arrangements. It reveals the ideas of one who, having travelled, desires to possess a dwelling which shall combine the best qualities of those he has seen. But family reasons lead the owner of this beautiful house to seek a lessee or purchaser, and I believe that anyone so inclined could make an excellent bargain. The residence, known as "Belmont," has large grounds attached with good stables, outbuildings, &c.

#### LAKE ALLUMETTE.

As I have before remarked, the chief glory of Pembroke is the lake which is some twenty miles long and about five miles wide. Opposite the town is Allumette Island, P.Q., christened "Isle de Tessouac" by Champlain. A small steam ferry runs to the island, which averages seventeen miles long and from three to seven miles wide. The island contains a population of about 500, and is in the main well tilled; some of the farms are, indeed, exceptionally good. On the north side, at a village called "The Chapeau"—on account of a hat-shaped rock in the channel—there is a bridge giving access to the main Quebec shore. The Chapeau was once a brisk little place, but it is very dull now. Six miles above are the celebrated Culbute Locks, intended to overcome the Culbute Rapids and to permit steamboats to run between Bryson and Des Joachims—a stretch of nearly six miles. I visited these works and shall have something to say about them in a future issue.

The lake on the Pembroke side of the island is divided at its foot into three "Snyes." The first, known as "Allumette," is that used by the raftsmen; the second is called "The Lost Snye," because it is so wild that it is believed no human being could go through it and survive; the third is of a milder description and known as "Beckets."

#### A DAY DREAM.

Close by is what one would suppose to be the entrance to another channel, but which is really the entrance to a very beautiful bay known as "Hazley's." This bay and the several islands which make the above mentioned channels are favourite picnic grounds—being a nice distance from town, about three miles, in the midst of charming scenery, affording good fishing and an abundance of wild fruit and flowers. At the time of my visit I stretched full length amid a bed of wild roses and picked and eat wild strawberries to my heart's content. In the distance I could see where Champlain turned back in 1613, disgusted with the tissue of falsehoods which the impostor Vignau concocted relative to a passage to China *via* Hudson's Bay. A far away canoe on the bosom of the lower lake brought the historical incident vividly to mind, but just then a terrific blast from the iron horse hurrying along the neighbouring shore dissipated all my romantic musings and reminded me that I lived in the nineteenth century; also that if I wanted to get to town before dark I would have to row the three miles intervening pretty briskly.

Westward, the lake stretches for twenty miles. The glories of the sunsets at Pembroke I shall never forget. Every one seemed different from the last and every few moments brought exquisite changes in what was lovely before. The great breadth and depth of the view, the grandeur of the distant Laurentian Mountains; the minuteness of the details—the fragile-looking trestle pier stretching far into the lake, the white steamer, looking like a toy, moored at the end; the many skiffs and canoes, some near and others mere dots, the flash of the sun's rays on the wet oars or paddles alone telling that they moved; the islets with their tapering pines—all rendered clear and distinct by the rich golden light of the setting orb—these things made up a picture which often seemed to me more like a great painting viewed through a magnifying-glass, than an everyday scene free to rich and poor alike at Pembroke.

#### THE STEAMER "JOHN EGAN"

which runs between Pembroke and Des Joachims is a fine commodious boat fitted up in first-class style. The trip up Lake Allumette and Deep River is one which no visitor to Pembroke should miss. I followed the Ottawa for nearly two hundred miles above Pembroke, but must reserve my notes of the journey for a future issue.

#### THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

The necessity of selecting articles of diet with due regard to their quality, is gradually forcing itself upon the attention of the community. Very few are aware of the extent to which the adulteration of food is carried; so universal is it in fact, that we venture to say there is not a single variety or article of food on which it can be practised that it is not done, and especially in this case in the finer and more delicate classes of prepared food, those in fact that we suppose are particularly prepared for the infant and invalid. This class of articles is receiving the full measure of adulteration, as Dr. Edwards clearly shewed in his last report. We shall here briefly refer to one, Cocoa, which, from the large consumption merits an attention that might perhaps be denied an article having only a limited demand. Cocoa, one of the most invigorating and refreshing of beverages, and which in its pure state is highly recommended by the Medical Faculty, as a most nourishing and remedial agent in incipient and pulmonary consumption, is more frequently debased than most other articles. The varieties commonly sold are mixed with starch, farina and other more hurtful compounds, and such is done under the plea of rendering them "soluble," "prepared," etc. Actually this adulteration makes them *thick, heavy and indigestible*, and consumers of such are preparing for themselves a nice time with dyspepsia. But very simple is the means of proving the adulteration, for if cocoa *thickens in the cup*, it proves the addition of starch or other foreign substance. These kinds (and there are many of them) should be carefully avoided by the intelligent housewife. It is *apropos* to here remark, and this without any desire to administer what is commonly known as a puff, that a cocoa made by Messrs. Rowntree, of York, England, and known as "*Rowntree's Prize Medal Rock Cocoa*," is, judging from the analysis, a perfectly pure article. Quoting from Dr. Edwards' report, it is found to "contain only cocoa and sugar," entirely free from all farina and starch, and therefore a thin, not a thick, pasty drink. Its purity and delicacy of flavour commend it to those who are in health, and being anti-dyspeptic—agreeing with the most delicate stomach, is one of the most agreeable and nutritious kinds of food which can be used in liquid form, and admirably suited to the sick. Such articles are worthy of commendation, and it is by producing such that makers secure a reputation as high as that enjoyed by the Messrs. Rowntree.

#### THE GLEANER.

CREMATION becomes legal and optional with the people of Gotha the first of October. A chapel for the purpose has been erected.

A LONDON society pledged to total abstinence from flesh, alcohol, and tobacco, rejoices in the title of the "Order of Danielites."

WHEN a man is "dying" for office, and is encompassing heaven, earth and the other place to secure a nomination, his friends go about talking about "persuading him to accept."

"TRUTH is not drowned by water nor destroyed by fire," but we've seen men who'd stand up and make kindling-wood of her in order to beat a street car conductor out of five cents.

IF a train boy throws a lot of dirty papers and novels into the lap of a lady, she must hold them until he calls for them. The boy has a license to be a nuisance and his feelings must not be hurt.

A FRENCHMAN wants to know why plugging a watermelon means to cut a hole in it, while plugging a tooth means to fill it. Well, they plug a watermelon for a fill, and dig a hole in a tooth for a plug, and you take your choice between cholera and toothache. Either is werry fillin at the price.

BUTTER was not in use before the Christian era. It was first used as a cosmetic for hair-

dressing by women. For some centuries later it was used as burning-oil; lamps and churches were lighted with it abroad at so late a period as 1500. Since then it may be considered an article of food solely.

THROUGHOUT France gardening is practically taught in the primary and elementary schools. There are at present twenty-eight thousand of these schools, each of which has a garden attached to it, and is under the care of a master capable of imparting a knowledge of the first principles of horticulture.

IN Bulgaria a new baby is first salted thoroughly, as if it were a Block Island codfish, and then it is wrapped up. After that an omelette is made of three eggs; black pepper is sifted over this, and the child's head is poulticed with the preparation. The purpose of this is to harden the skull against sunstroke.

DETROIT *Free Press*:—"What the Reform party in Canada now needs most is a good, trustworthy and pliable returning board. If they had this handy institution they could easily overturn the Conservatives and change the will of the people. But the Canadians always were a little slow and now, in their time of need, they see the desirability of a country with all the modern improvements."

DAVID WHITMER is in possession of the original manuscript of the "Book of Mormon," and Elders Pratt and Smith of the Mormon Church have been to his home, in Richmond, Mo., to secure the book. They urged that it ought to be deposited for safe keeping in Salt Lake City, and offered to buy it; but Whitmer, who has kept it for nearly half a century, refused to give it up.

A MOST amusing story comes from Russia. The fitness of the Chancellor of the Empire at and since the Berlin Congress is well known. The cause, it appears, we, however, are ignorant of. They know better in Moscow. At Berlin our Prime Minister presented Prince Gortschakoff with a basket of delicious strawberries. The Russian Chancellor has been ill since—therefore the strawberries contained a slow poison. Why not dramatize the idea?

AN English officer sent on a special mission by the war office included in his accounts an item of 1 shilling for "porter." The war office sent him a formidable letter by return of post to inform him that the government did not pay for his beer. He explained that the shilling was for the man who carried his luggage, and then received another note advising him that he should have charged for "portage." When he next made up his accounts, the official charged 1 shilling 6 pence for "cabbage," considering that that was the proper way to set down a charge for cab hire, but he promptly received another wiggling for making unauthorized investments in vegetables.

THE Scotch papers report that Mr. John Rankin, a young Kilmarnock gentleman, has just completed a journey to London and back on a bicycle. He left Kilmarnock on the 23rd of July, and reached the metropolis on the 1st of August, after having made a stay of two days at Sheffield, part of a day at Birmingham, and part of a day at Coventry. The distance of 439 miles was thus run in about six days, making allowance for stoppages. Mr. Rankin left London for home on the 5th of August, taking the east coast route, and reached Glasgow on Saturday evening, thence going to Kilmarnock that night by train. The longest run in one day was from Morpeth to Edinburgh, the distance being 112 miles.

The most conspicuous producer of anagrams ever known seems to have been one Billon, an advocate member of the parliament of Aix, who, on Louis XIII. visiting that city, met his sovereign at the gates and presented him with no fewer than 500 anagrams on his name. The king was so pleased with Billon, who had flattered his sovereign in 500 different phrases, that he gave the courtier-like advocate a pension for life—a mark of appreciation which was perhaps to be expected from a monarch who never did the least thing for Corneille. A complete account of famous anagrams would include some mention of various scriptural ones based on phrases from the "Vulgate." Thus, Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" is shown to contain within itself its own answer: "Est vir qui adest."

#### MODERN CRUELITIES.

Cruelty is by no means a thing of the past. The historian of the nineteenth century will have to relate much that will shock the feelings of the more enlightened people of the century to come. The police news of any day's paper reveal a distressing state of crime and vice. The streets at night are crowded with drunken people reeling home. In the lowest part of London and of the great provincial towns men brutally ill-treat their helpless wives, who in turn savagely assault their defenceless children. Degrading and cruel punishments are still in force in our gaols, and are defended by most of the upper and middle classes who wish to be considered sensible. Thousands of unfortunate and miserable women nightly pursue their wretched trade in the streets, unpitied and uncared for. Nor is cruelty and oppression confined to the poor and ignorant. Domestic journals of a wide circulation strongly urge that it is impossible to train young children to be honest and industrious without flogging them, and that all who

hold a contrary opinion are namby-pamby pigs. The majority of the male portion of well-to-do people spend their hours of relaxation in hunting to death animals which are preserved solely for this purpose. Excursionists and holiday makers of a humbler class find amusement in riding on donkeys scarcely strong enough to bear them, and which are excited to a gallop by repeated and heavy blows. Fashionable women are gorgeously attired in skins which have been torn from the backs of living seals, or wear hats adorned with feathers plucked from writhing birds. The dinners of the wealthy are not complete without salads seasoned with lobsters which have been plunged into cold water and then slowly boiled alive, the flesh of calves which have been allowed to die by gradual depletion of blood, or the delicate *patés* made out of the livers of geese which have gone through months of suffering to provide this enticing meal. Learned scientific authorities consider that a medical education is wanting in thoroughness unless frogs and other animals are opened before the students, in order that they may become practically acquainted with the truths of physiology. In short, a casual review of the social polity of the present day is not altogether edifying.

But what is to be done? This is indeed a most serious and a most difficult problem. There are many in favour of the most stringent and severe measures. The disgust which has been created in the minds of respectable people by the revelations from the colliery districts and the poorer parts of great towns as to the way in which husbands treat their wives has raised a bust of indignation and a demand for the flogging and torturing of the torturers in return; but this plan is rather like attempting to cast out Beelzebub, by Beelzebub, the Prince of the Devils. Drink is without doubt the main cause of vice and brutality among the men and women of the lower orders. This is now generally admitted; and, thanks to Sir Wilfrid Lawson and others, people have begun to see that there is no necessity that one out of every ten houses in mean and populous districts should be a beer-shop. A great deal of misery prevails owing to the complete ignorance of one-half of the world as to what the other half is about. There are indeed a few noble men and women who are courageously battling against the brutalities and vices of the age, and private effort is of the utmost importance, for much remains to be done. No direct measure can be devised that will meet the difficulty. We cannot make people either sober or humane by Act of Parliament, but we may assist them to become so by thoughtful measures framed with a regard to their improvement and prosperity.

Until sport becomes injurious to the country from the division of the land and the consequent widely distributed interests in its culture, it will remain as a blot upon our humanity. Nevertheless, this barbarous custom may be checked by the disdain of men and women who will have the courage openly to express such a feeling. There was a time when the upholders of cock-fighting, before the final expulsion of that singular amusement, were compelled to take their pleasure in obscure and disgraceful quarters of the kingdom. Lovers of the noble art of self-defence had soon to follow their example. Perhaps in some not far-distant time advocates of sport will be forced to hide themselves that they may preserve the ancient past-time in secret and unobserved. The countless cruelties which are perpetrated in order to pamper the luxury and extravagance of the age could, we firmly believe, be dismissed by a vigorous protest.

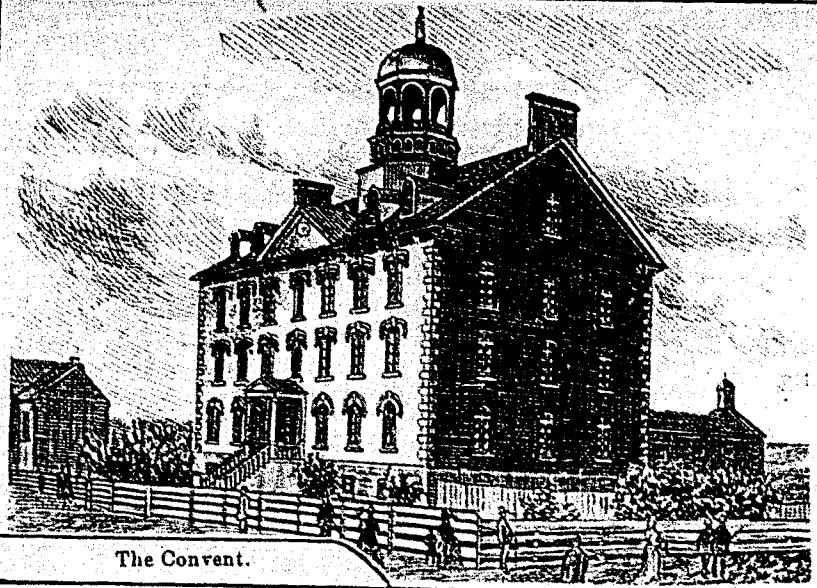
But many will say that we are travelling into Utopia, and cynics will tell us that we must despair of ever being able to alter the unfortunate penalties of our existence. There is no such thing, they will say, as kindness and good feeling in the abstract. We are humane only to those whom it is our interest to benefit, or to those whom public opinion would condemn us for maltreating. The white man is a good-natured, soft-hearted gentleman in the midst of his belongings and in his own country; but he becomes a tyrant if suddenly transported to a colony of blacks. The country gentleman is kind to his horses and dogs, but brutal to the game and wild animals which stock his preserves. It may be so; but let any one who holds such views read Lecky's history of the eighteenth century, and learn what we were a short time ago. He knows what we are now. He will reflect upon what we may be made to become.

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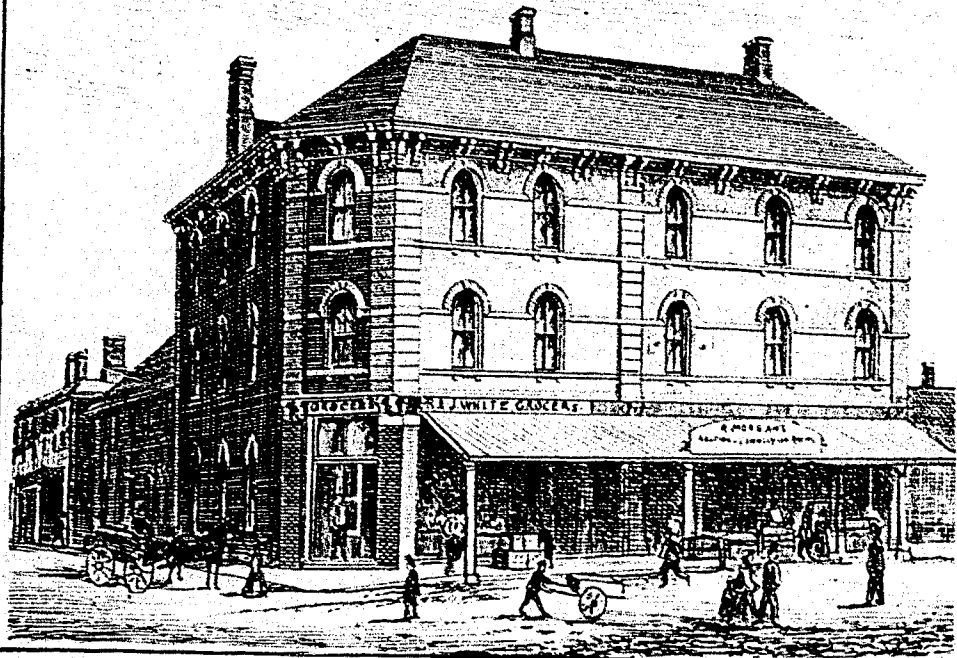
The Convent.



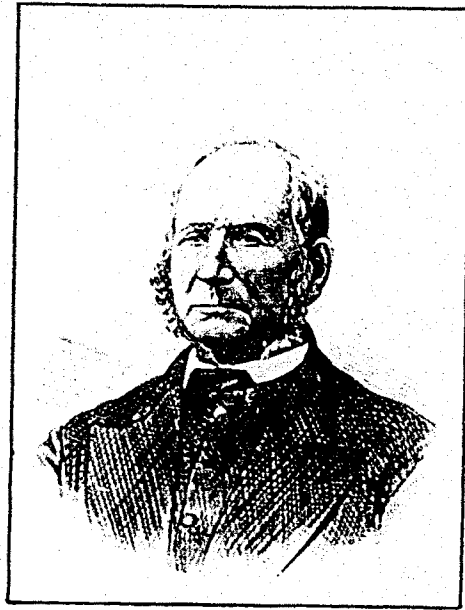
Residence of Mr. Wm. Moffat.



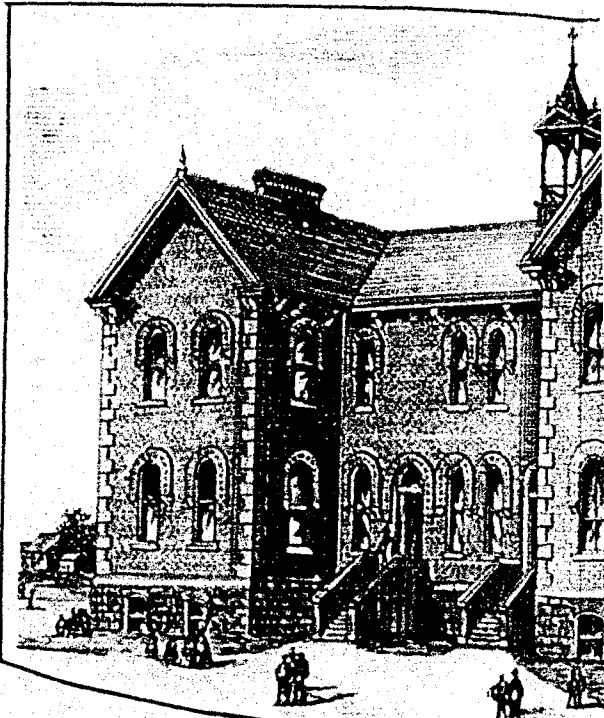
Mr. Wm. Moffat



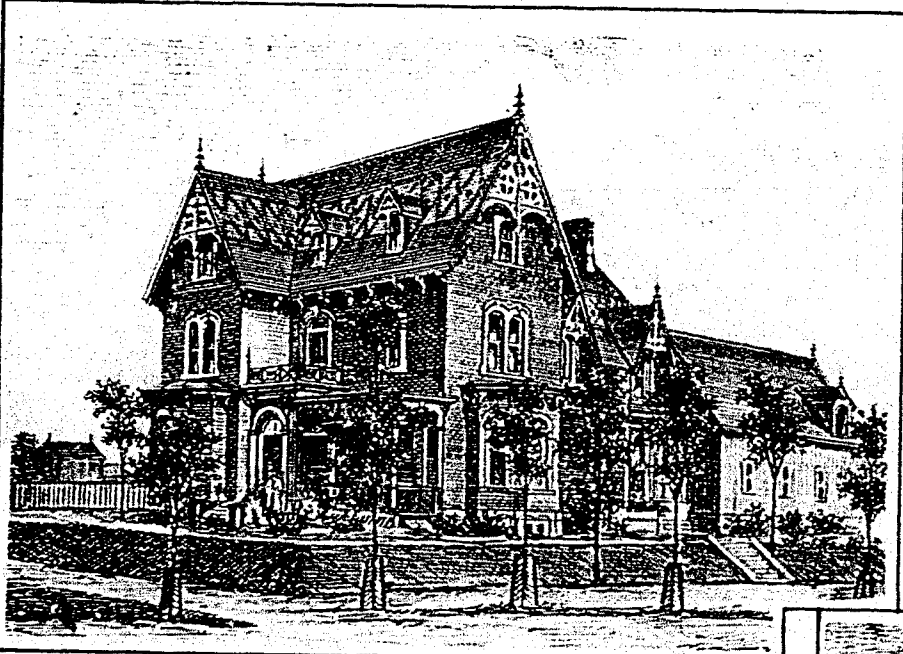
White's Block.



The late Lieut.-Col. P. White.



The Pu



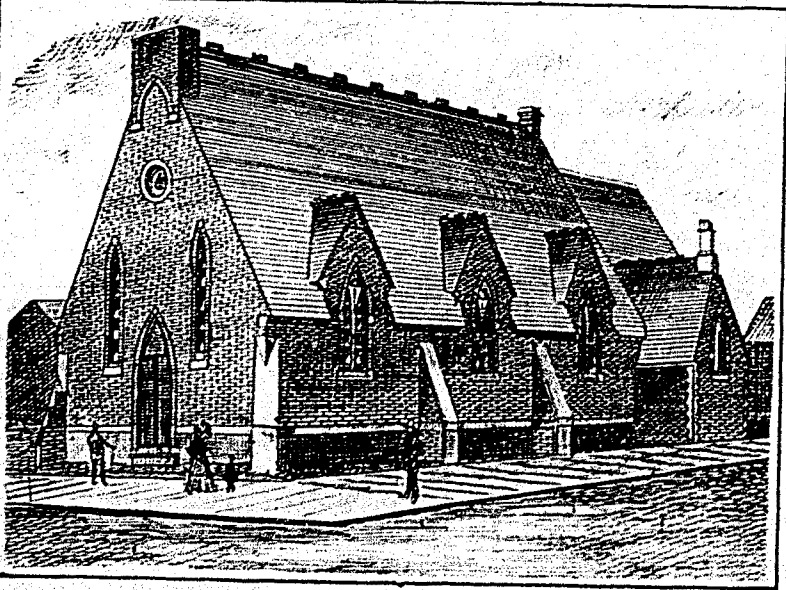
Residence of Dr. Dickson.



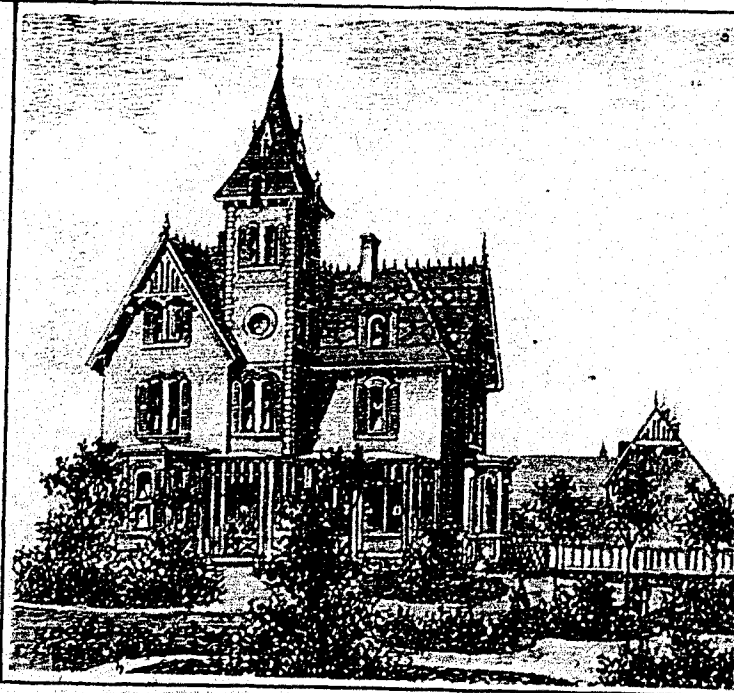
Residence of Mr. H. H. Loucks.



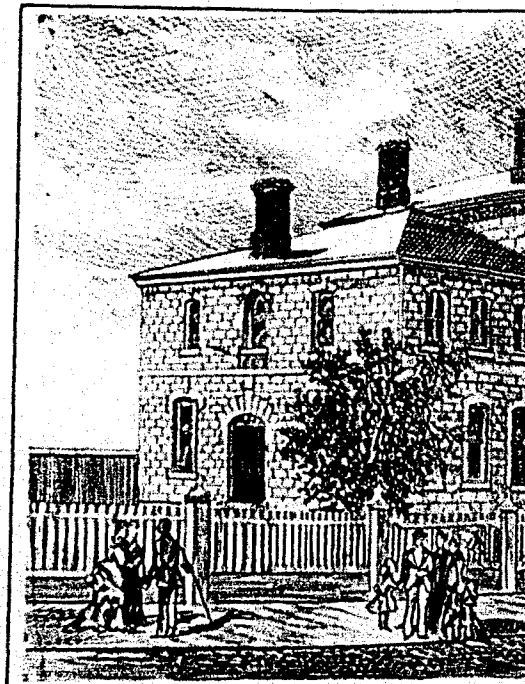
Judge



The English Church.



Residence of Mr. Thos. Murray.

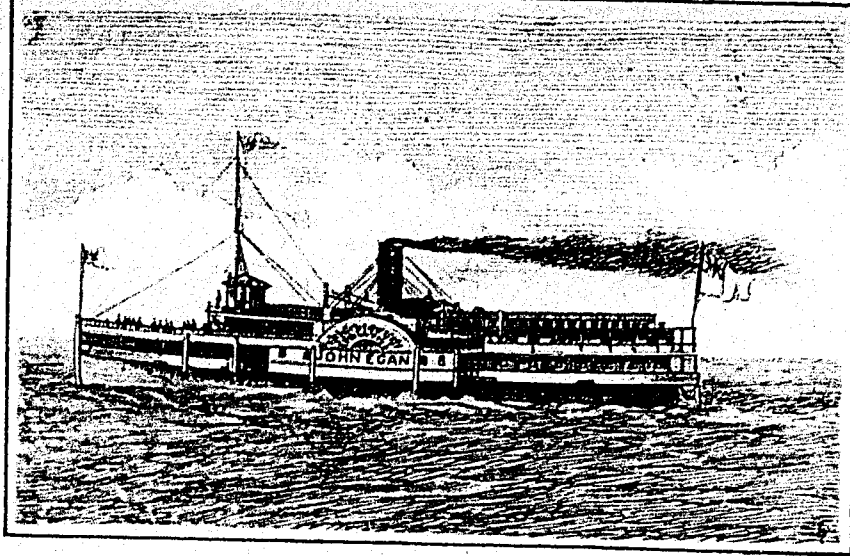


The Court House an

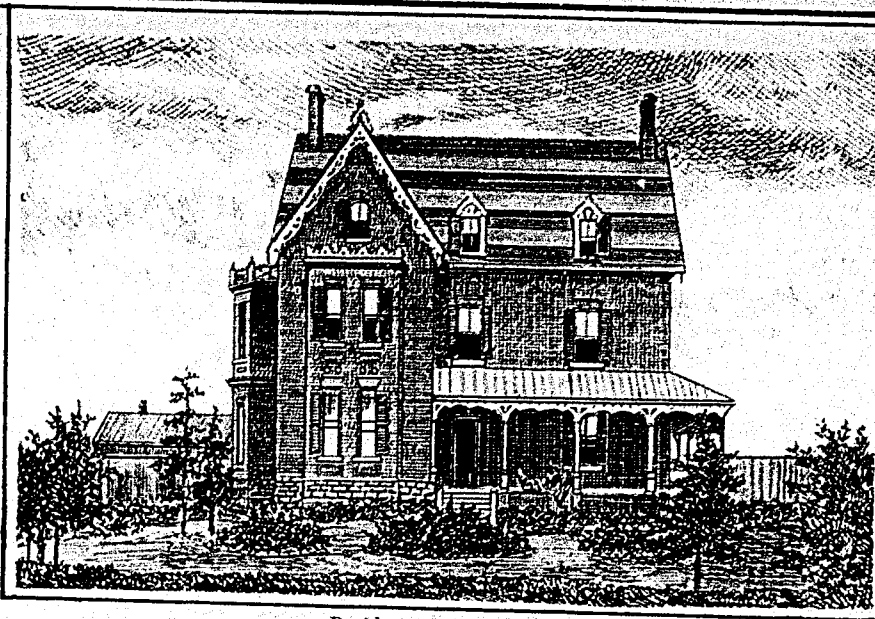
UP THE OTTAWA.—PEM



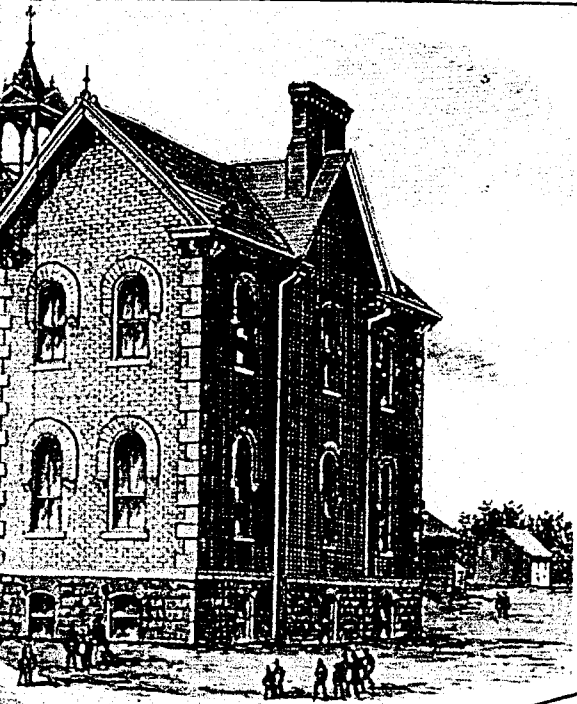
Moffatt, Mayor of Pembroke.



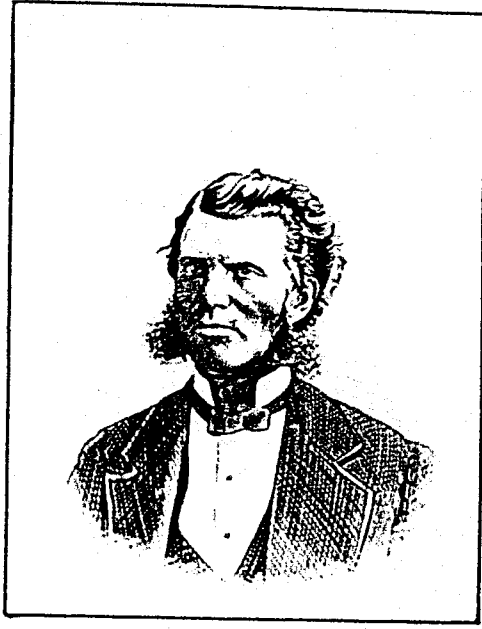
The Steamer plying between Pembroke and Des Joachims.



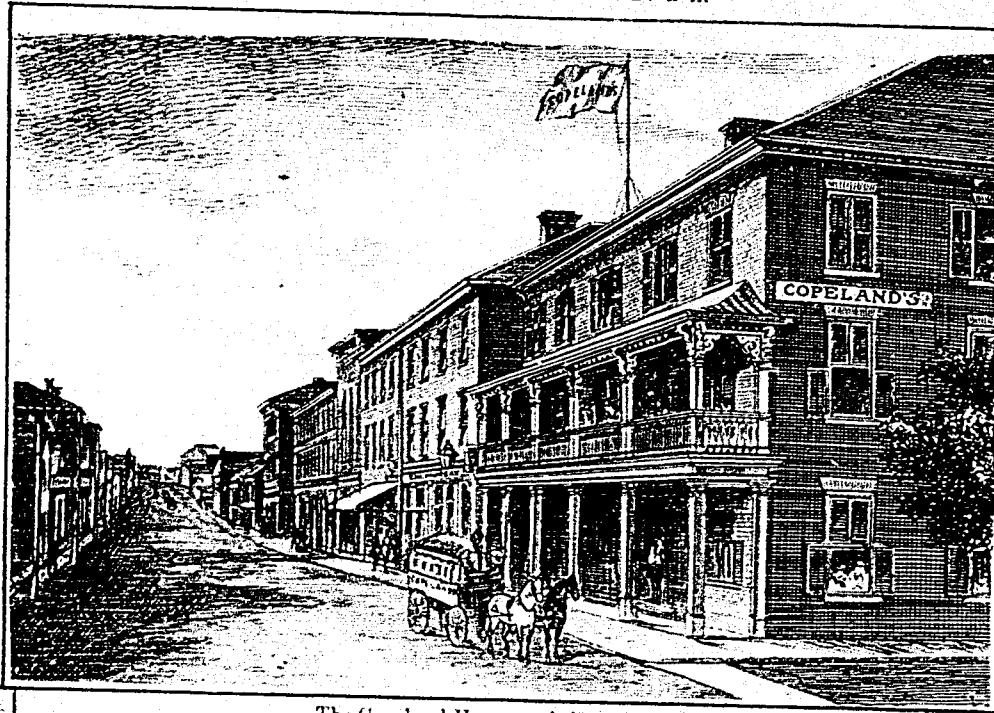
Residence of Mr. D. Bell.



The Public School.



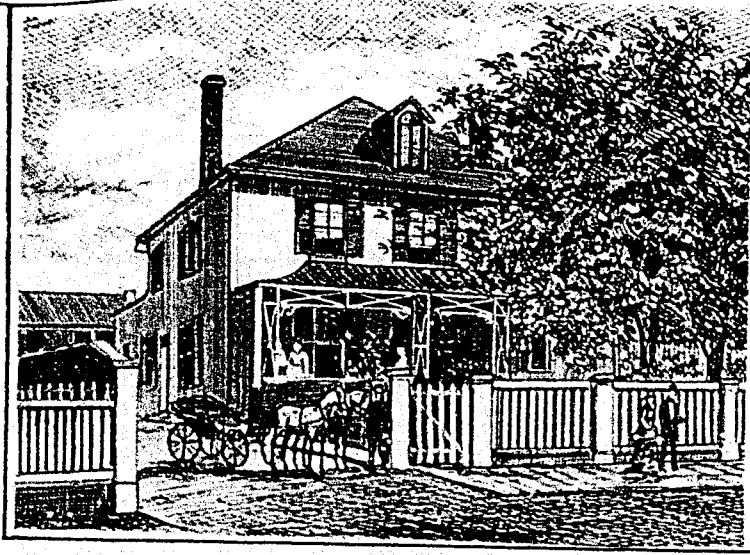
Mr. Thos. Murray.



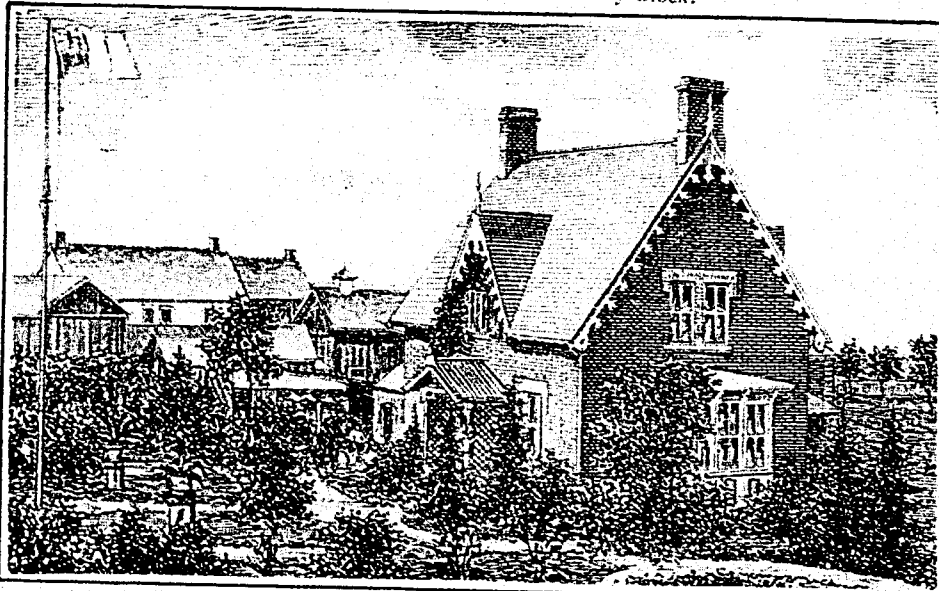
The Copeland House and the Murray Block.



Judge Doran.



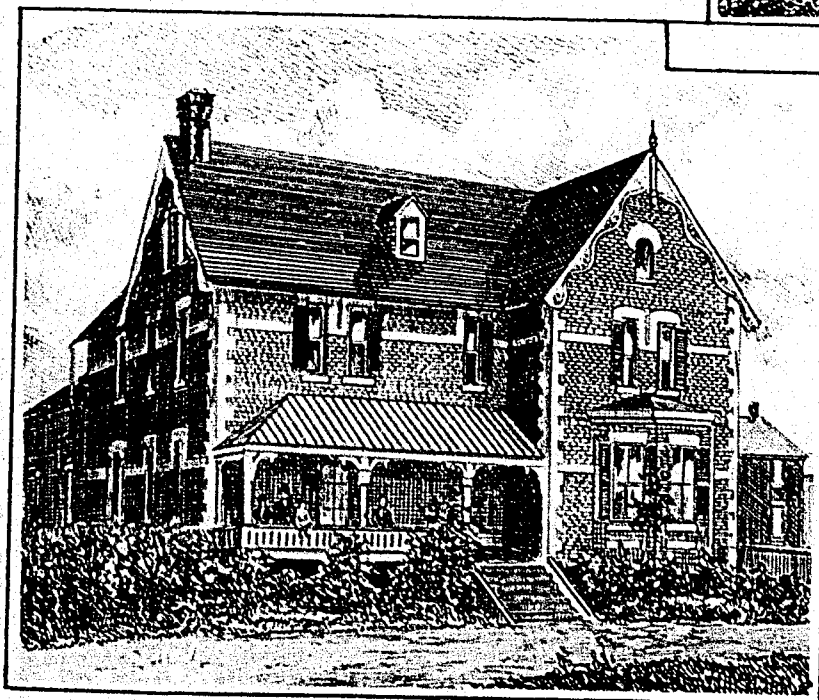
Residence of Mr. S. E. Mitchell.



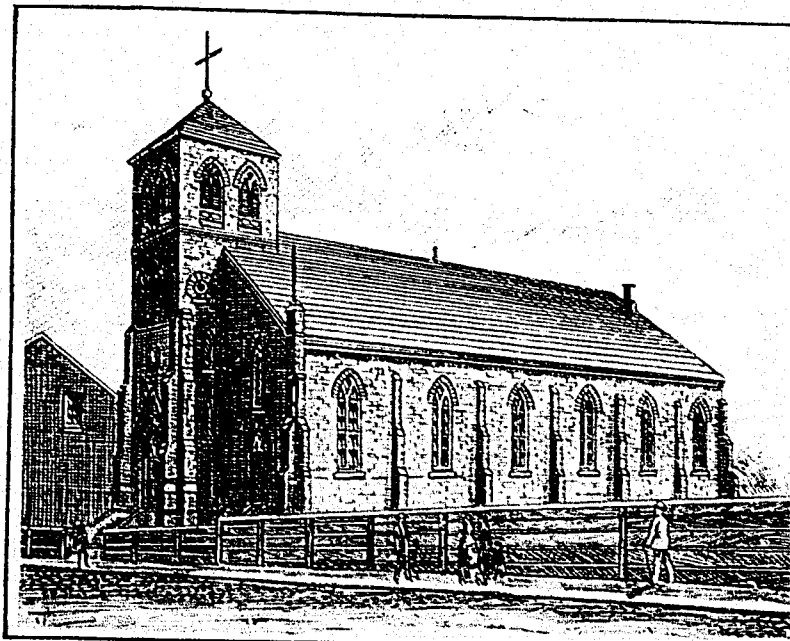
Residence of Mr. W. R. White.



Court House and Gaol.



Residence of Judge Doran.

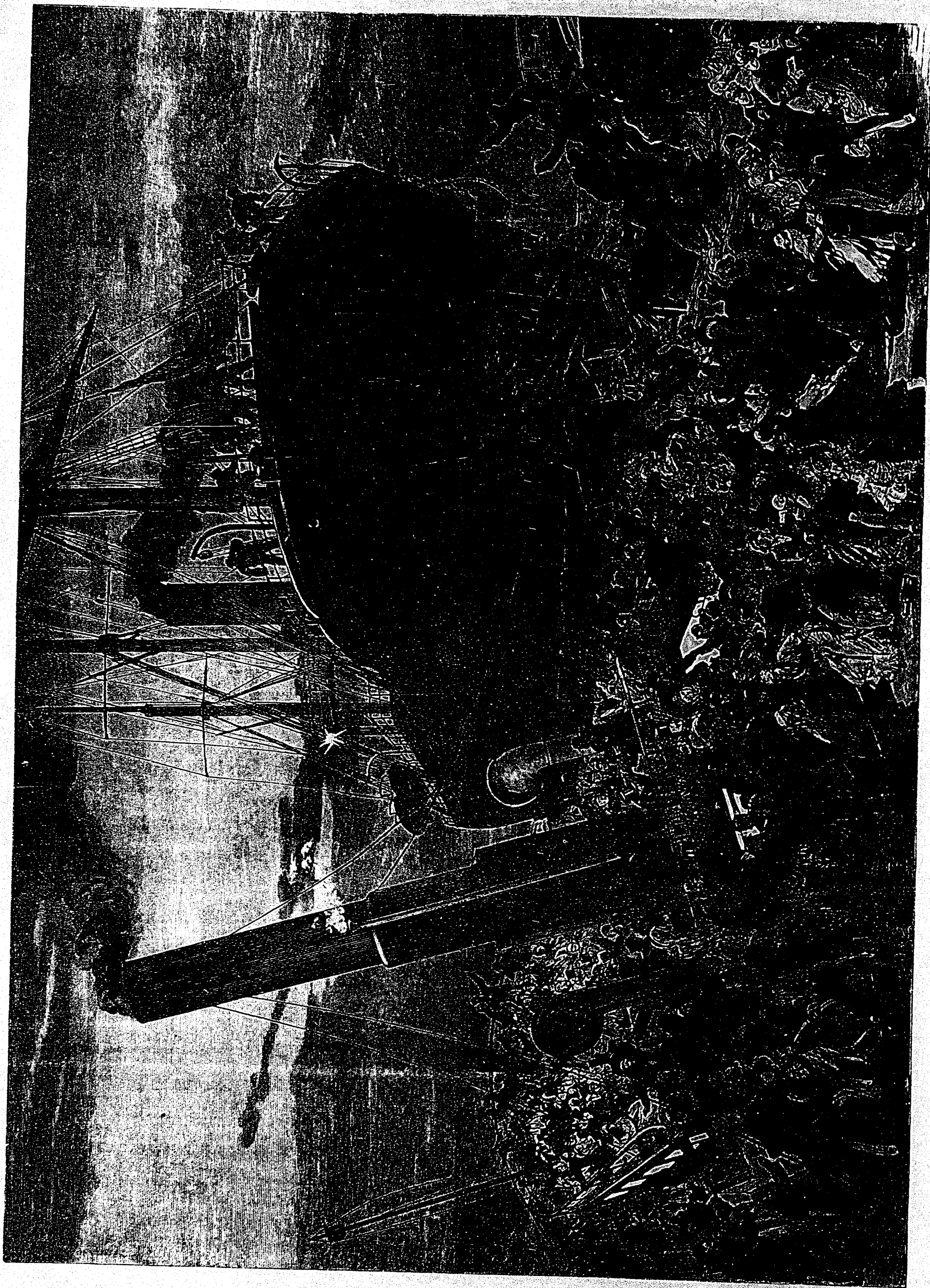


The Roman Catholic Church.

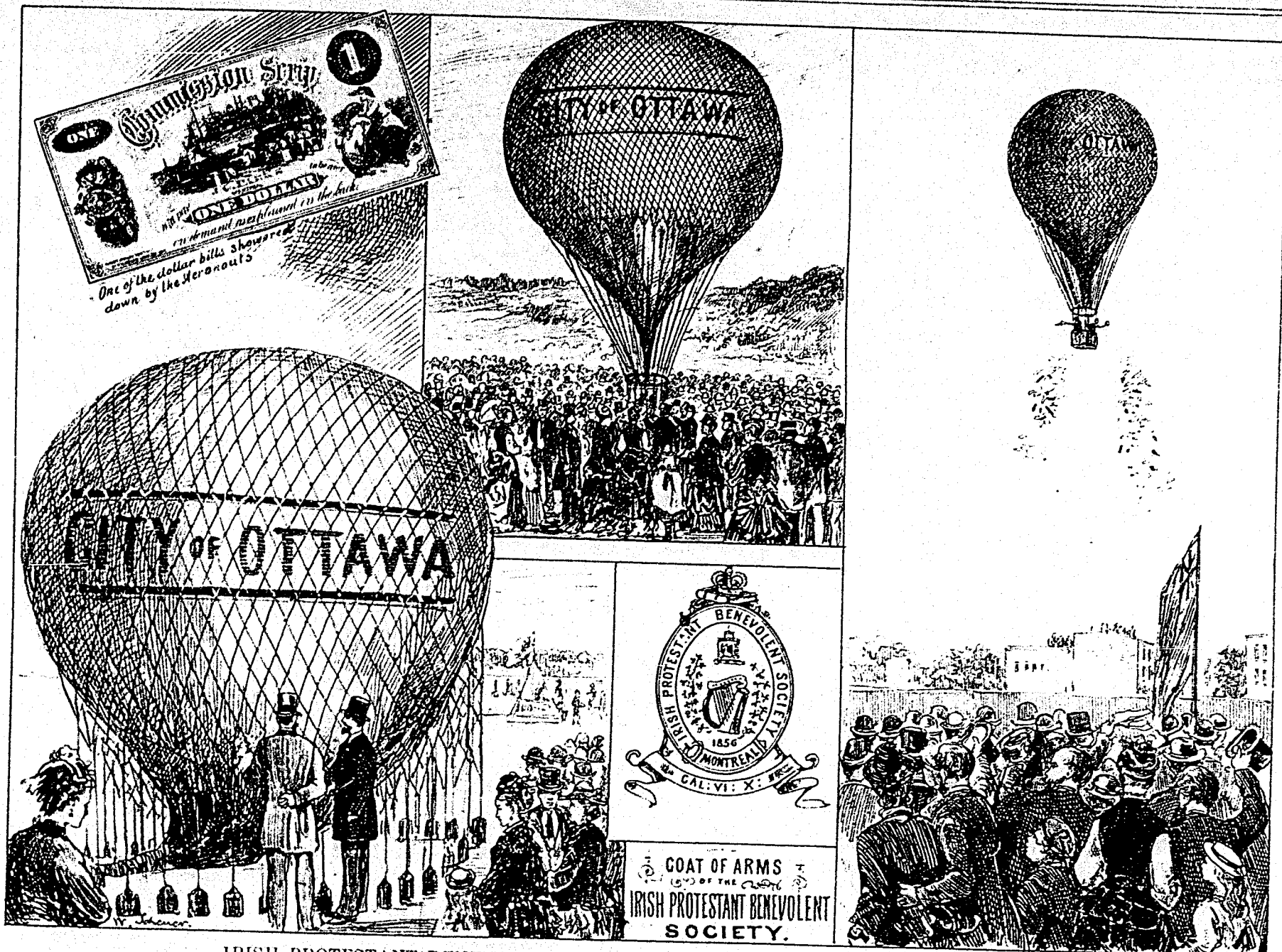
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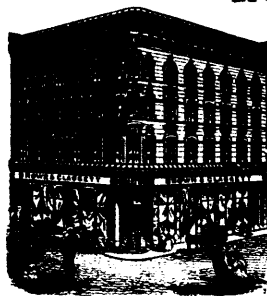
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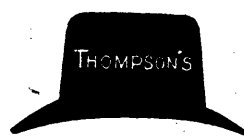
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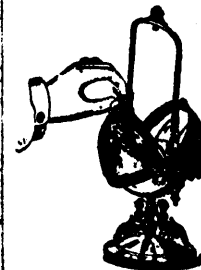
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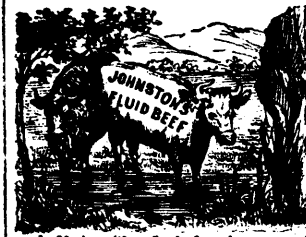
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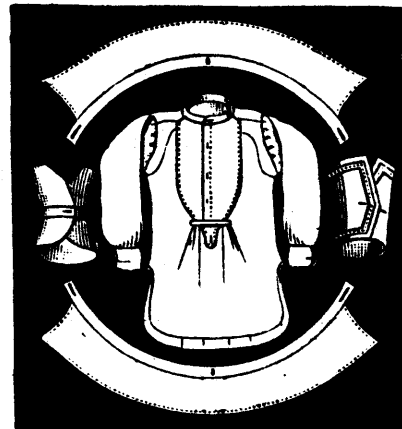
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