

prehensile tail to turn over the leaves of the music. Yes, the ordinary pianist will please take a back seat and sigh for that appendage which evolution has so unceremoniously lopped off.

Dr. Banks, of Covington, Ohio, is evidently a man of few words and great action. The Dr. is a disbeliever in spiritualism. The other day a Medium with two female assistants hired rooms in the Dr.'s house. They succeeded in bamboozling the Dr.'s wife into allowing them to hold a meeting in the house. The Dr. who was absent, arrived presently. His dead sister was supposed to be present just then, in fact she was gracefully gliding over the floor in the darkened room, as the Dr. entered. "Hush!" whispered the medium staying his footsteps. Thy dead sister appeareth!" The Dr. did not hush, but with a deplorable lack of brotherly love, grasped the spiritualized sister, and threw her out of the window. Spirits are supposed to glide through space, and so did this one, it would have still been gliding, had an evil disposed town corporation, not fenced off that space, with an asphalt pavement, which abruptly headed off the course of the soaring spirit. The Dr. next called the dog and went gunning for more spirits, another was found in the closet, it also soared to the pavement. The Dr. now turned his attention to the medium, who after being kicked about the room for the amusement of the children, was carefully lowered from the window by a thread. The athletic medico was arrested next day, but was immediately discharged by the magistrate, who moved him a vote of thanks. The Dr. has since taken out a license for trapping spirits.

OBITUARY.

Under this head it is our melancholy duty to record the sudden demise of two individuals, of whom Sherbrooke has good reason to feel proud, and while paying this sad tribute to their memories, we do so as the result of personal intimacy, extending over the last thirty years. The first to succumb to the fell destroyer, Death, was

SAMUEL JUSTIN FOSS,

who for over 25 years past has held the position of Post Master in this City. Mr. Foss was born at Eaton Corner, in Compton County, but spent most of his life in this City, and died quite suddenly of pneumonia, on the 7th May instant. Thoroughly honest and straightforward in all his dealings, acting independently and conscientiously, he won the respect of his friends, and even those who differed from him in opinion. For some time he represented the North Ward of the City in its Municipal Council, and gained the credit of pursuing an undeviating and consistent course throughout. His career of usefulness has been cut off almost in its prime, as he was only 52 years of age at the time of his decease, and for one of his abstemious habits might almost be considered young. The members of the Masonic Fraternity, of which he had been nearly thirty years a member, will miss his friendly counsel and advice, and the zeal and activity displayed by him in connection with and for the good of the Craft. At the time of his decease he held the position of Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and the high respect in which he was held by the Masonic Fraternity was evinced by the large number of brethren who assisted in consigning his mortal remains to their final resting place. He leaves a widow and four sons, issue of a

previous marriage, the youngest of whom are old enough to hew for themselves a pathway through life.

MAJOR CHARLES J. SHORT.

was born in Sherbrooke about 1840, and resided here until he was 25 years of age, when he joined the Canadian Artillery, and was at the time of his death Major in "B" Battery, stationed at Quebec. He was a son of the late Hon. Edward Short, who, at the time of his death, was the resident Judge of the Superior Court here. With the exception of his brother, Robert Short, Esq., Advocate, all the children of the late Judge Short reside in this City. "Charlie" Short, as he was familiarly termed by his friends, was a universal favorite, and always noted for his pluck and indifference to danger. He didn't know what fear was, and was always ready to risk his own life to save that of another. It was his personal bravery, combined with his influence over those under his command, which saved our troops from defeat at the battle of Cut Knife Creek, during the North West Rebellion. Canada now mourns her hero. He was killed by an explosion of powder at the disastrous fire at St. Sauveur, Quebec, on the 16th inst., while heroically working to save the lives and property of others. He and Sergeant Wallace had just placed a barrel of powder for the purpose of blowing up a building and checking the progress of the fire, when it unexpectedly exploded, instantly killing both. Of Major Short it may be said as of La Tour D'Auvergne, "Died on the field of honor." No more suitable inscription could be graven on his tombstone.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to a very interesting descriptive article on "Winnipeg," kindly contributed by a Winnipeg lady, which appears in this issue.

"Cherry Bank," one of the prettiest residences on the shores of Lake Megantic, and partially furnished, will be leased to a suitable party during the summer months on very favorable terms. Almost directly opposite is the best June trolling ground for lake trout or "lunge," to be found in the lake. Three steamboats pass the house daily, and it is only 4½ miles by lake, or good road from Lake Megantic Village (Post Office Agnes, Que.) on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. For particulars apply to the publishers of this Journal.

When you take your fishing trip, don't forget a supply of Edwards' Desiccated Soup, which can be prepared in fifteen minutes, and is just the thing when you get back to camp tired, wet, and hungry. A 1½ tin costs 40 Cents, and will provide a meal for a large party.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Occasionally we hear it said of some good natured, generous, whole souled individual "He hasn't got an enemy in the world." How we pity the man who has to battle his way through life, and can do it without making an enemy. When he has been gulled, swindled, and imposed upon by those who are always ready to take advantage of Good nature, how often he must feel like kicking himself, or letting out the job to a friend. An enemy is about the most useful friend a man can have. It is evidence that he has a mind of his own, and stamina enough to carry out his own views. It begets a species of individuality, and at the same time reminds one if he has faults, and we know none who haven't, that his enemy will pick them out, and very probably magnify them with as little compunction as he would a fish story. He enables you to observe that you have faults which might otherwise pass unnoticed and places you in a position where they must be shaken off or concealed, or else become a subject of gossip and comment amongst the friends of your enemy. Your enemy exercises a very great influence in keeping all your faculties on the alert. You are well aware what the consequences will be if you are not at your post or are caught napping. Another thing about it is that by having an enemy you are more likely to find out who your true friends are. No real friend will stand by and hear his friend maligned, particularly behind his back. He is quite likely to insist on proof of any injurious statement, and there isn't even a *truthful* man who could undertake to prove one-tenth of his assertions. He couldn't afford the necessary time. Follow your enemy and you will find your friends. The next best thing to a good friend is an open enemy. Show me the man who has ever attained a high position by his own exertions who hasn't an enemy. As the Hoosier said of the barrel of whiskey, "It's a good thing to have in a family where there's no milk." So it is with an enemy. If you want to encourage a feeling of self reliance and confidence in your own ability, cultivate an open enemy to remind you of your short comings.

THE FAMOUS VIRGINIA FRIED CHICKEN is thus fixed. Slice and fry a half pound of salt pork until it is well rendered. Cut up a young chicken, soak for a half hour in salt and water, wipe dry, season with pepper, roll in flour, and fry in the hot fat until of a rich brown color. Take up and set in warming closet. Pour into the gray one cup of milk, thicken with a spoonful of flour and add a spoonful of butter and chopped parsley. Boil up and pour over the hot chicken. Plain boiled rice may accompany this if desired.

We have made arrangements for original illustrations to be used in future issues of this journal, which will involve considerable outlay for engravings, and will feel obliged if those to whom we have sent the paper from its first publication will kindly pay up arrears, and send advance payment on renewal, in accordance with our terms. It is hardly necessary to remind our patrons that the printing of our paper alone has cost nearly the subscription price, and that with the contemplated improvements, the only benefits we shall derive from publishing *The Land We Live In* at 50 cents a year, is the increased circulation through which we hope to increase our advertising patronage. Those who have lately "refused" our paper after receiving it for over twelve months, will please accept our apologies for the trouble they have been put to, at the same time we beg to remind them that they could have exercised the privilege at a much earlier date, and the copies sent them might have been circulated where they would have done more good—to us.

Reliable Formulas.

This prescription will be found invaluable in many instances. It is a fever mixture for children. Sweet spirits of nitre, a half ounce; camphor water, six drachms; spirits of mildererus, a half ounce; simple syrup, an ounce. The dose is a teaspoonful every two or three hours for a child over the age of one year.

This combination promptly relieves holding of wind and flatulency. To two drachms of the tincture of nux vomica and two drachms of the aromatic spirits of ammonia, add three ounces of the syrup of ginger. Take a teaspoonful of this mixture in a tablespoonful of water an hour or two after each meal. This combination is only for adults.

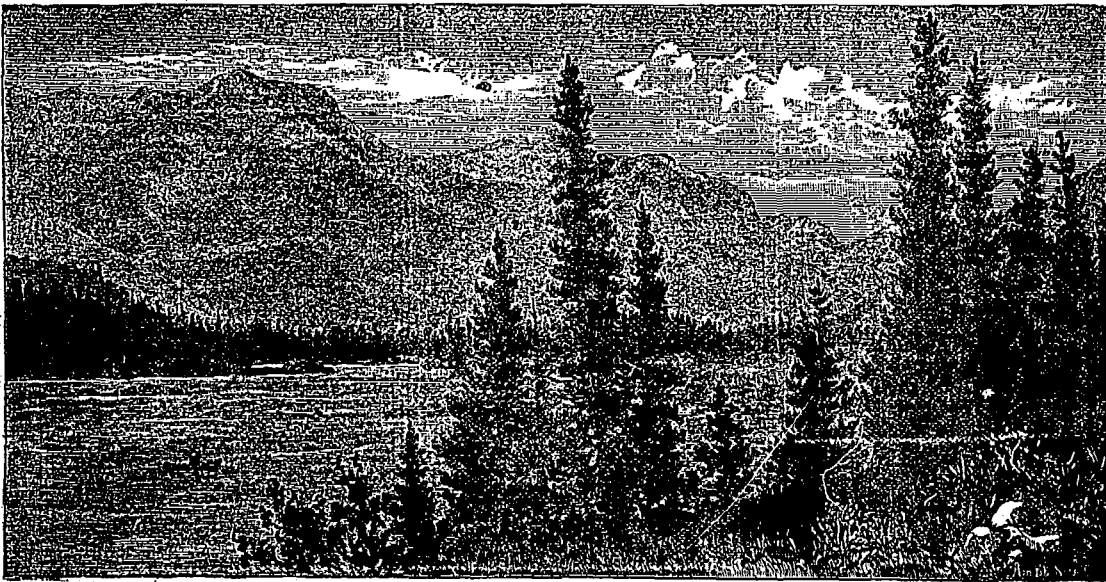
This formula makes an excellent domestic healing salve for ulcers, foul and running sores, and for all chronic eruptions characterized by the appearance of watery matter.

Take of honey, beeswax and lard, two ounces each by weight; add to these one ounce of carbollated cosmoline, and an ounce and a half of the ointment of the oxide of zinc. Melt over a slow fire and stir well together. Apply three or four times as a salve.—*Household Monthly*.

Memorial Cards Perpetuate in permanent form the memory of the departed. Suitable for an Altar, Easel or Mantel-piece. We will send one card (cabinet size) engraved in gold leaf, with appropriate inscription, for 20 cts. Send name, date of death and age of deceased. Special prices on quantities.

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APPROACHING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Bow River, N.W. TERRITORIES.