

pretty stout boys and good riders, uster be sent out together a-scoutin' for the whiskey-dealers who uster run in the stuff—and mighty bad stuff too, it was—from the States. Well, Jake—of course you won't give the thing away—me and my chum Jack uster stand in with the budge-peddlers and make them share and sharo alike. We used to gobble one-half the licker. Of this we used to bring in half to camp, with a cock and a bull story about the peddlers cuttin' their traces and skedaddling at our approach. The rest we uster cache—bury, you know, in the ground—and take the bearings of it and mark the spot. Well, to make a long story short, the officers began to think suthin' was wrong 'cause we never brought in any prisoners, so both Jack and I got discharged just about the time the breed Rebellion broke out, and I joined the scouts. Excuse me, Jake, but I'll have to take another swaller when I think of it. Hers goes! Wall, one night I was out on the alert, lookin' for breeds and hostiles—it was mighty cold, I tell you, up near the Saskatchewan—when who should come along but a young Injun gal, cryin' as if her heart would break. She told me in her broken lingo that both her father and brother were lying wounded in a clump of underbrush near by which she showed me, and begged me to come and see them to see if I could do them any good. Anything for a change, thinks I, so I follered the gal and dismounted at the edge of the bush and walked about fifty yards inside, when about half-a-dozen fellers dressed like Injuns with shotguns surrounded me. 'Hold up your hands!' said one feller. 'We've got the drop on you.' So up went my hands, and the fellers collared my Winchester and then collared me. They bucked and gagged me and stuck me agin a tree. Said if I'd move an luch they'd send me up to glory. Bime-by up they came with hosses, mine amongst 'em. They tied me onto an old plug with a back like a cross-cut saw. The boss of the gang mounted mine, and away we started at a gallop across the prairie, the fellers all chucklin' and laffin', and I thought the gal would tumble off her hoss she enjoyed the fun so. Next night we reached a old cabin, and we all went in. The fellers then took off their disguises, and who d'ye s'pose they were? Why, a picked party of the whiskey peddlers that I'd dealt with. Ye see, these fellers soon tumbled to my little game, and they uster send this same gal to see where I cached the licker, but as most of the country was strange they found it hard to drop on the right places. So they kept their eyes on me—see? Next morning I was roused out with, 'Git up, you ordinary red-coat, brass-mounted son of a fly cop! and git on that hoss, and don't you open your mouth or off goes your head.' Wall, the cusses, they kept me on the keen jump for about a week till I showed 'em where every blamed cache was, and after that they dressed me up in an old blankot coat and red leggin's like an old Injun and kept me half-starved for about another week, and then rode off laffin' and left me. I met one of 'em in a hotel in Winnipog as I came down. He grinned and asked me to have a drink. Durn him! he knew I dassent squeal. Wall, Jack, I don't think I'll try any such handicap game with whiskey dealers agin."

"No, Scully," said his friend Jake, coolly, "I don't think you will. I'm on the Force now, and I've got a warrant to bring you back to Winnipog. Come along." And, clapping the darbies on the wretched scout's wrists, the two children of the plains stepped down and out. And the "bar-keep" in his agitation took a drink of plain soda and fainted.

B.

Some say shoel is a magnificent dry goods store with women who have no money.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

GROWLER GOSSIP.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mr. Anger is a Niagara Falls school teacher. Mr. Acres follows school teaching in Paris. Mr. Thickens is superintendent of a Lanark woollen mill.

The maiden sisters of the late caricaturist, Leech, are pensioned, but by the Queen personally.

Samuel Smoko is a Brant County farmer who has relatives that insist on spoiling the family patronymic "Smuck."

Independence is a Missour town. The Toronto *News* ought to have a flourishing agency there.

Mr. J. C. H. Herron is the clerk of Middleton township. It was right to make Mr. Herron an offshal.

Mr. Wm. S. Law is town clerk of Tilsonburg. A man of law ought naturally to have something of the council about him.

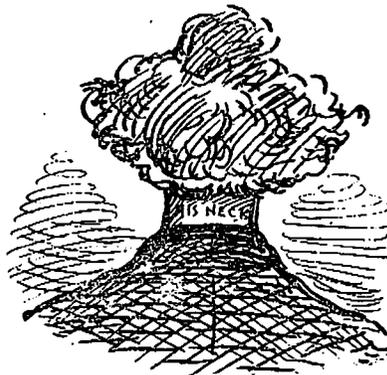
The name of Hamilton Smellie, of Wingham, need not necessarily suggest to the reader the Smell he will get in Hamilton; because the gentleman is not known to rank— But, never mind.

Mr. Daniel is a Brantford newspaper man. When he gets off a good article the people say it is a case of a Daniel come to judgment.

Farmer Hewson, of Simcoe County, has made a lawyer of his first-born. It is now a case of Sueson, or maybe Screwson, or possibly Jewson.

"Bean Stalk" is the correspondent of the Brantford *Telegram*. This probably accounts for the tall stories this desperately reckless paper gets off. This person, Bean Stalk, ought to confine his contributions to some giant-stook journal.

Mr. Allchin is an agriculturist up near Galt. He has mistaken his avocation. It is a barber he should be.



THE POINT UPON WHICH ALL EYES ARE FIXED.

An exchange says that "John L. Sullivan is going to the dogs." This is rough on the dogs.—*The Rambler.*

Baseball is older than we thought, as a squint at history has made apparent. The Emperor Domitian occupied his leisure in catching flies.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"Oh, where are the girls of the past?" asked a poet in the *Chicago Rambler*. If he means for us to answer the conundrum, we should say they are getting ready to be the grand-mothers of the future.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Miss Lydia Thompson proposes to sue all the papers that have made remarks about her ago. For our part, we have not even attempted to conceal to fact that Miss Lydia will be 19 in June.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

URIC ACID.—When the liver and kidneys fail in their action, this acid in excess is thrown into the blood, causing rheumatism and other painful conditions of blood poisoning. You may cure this condition by a prompt resort to the purifying, regulating remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters.

"Good gracious, Dusenberry! I didn't know until to-day that you had been married three times." "Yes, Bromley, I have taken all the degrees. The first wife knocked all the romance out of me, the second taught me humility—" "And your present wife?" "Made a philosopher out of me. I can bear other people's troubles with a great deal of self-complacency."—*Phila. Press.*

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow.

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of War. West & Co.'s lace boots. They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

"I hear that Jim Brown who keeps a saloon has joined the church?"

"Yes, he has become thoroughly converted." "Then you believe his conversion is genuine, Parson?"

"I know it is. Since he has become a new man he does not sell beer on Sundays to anybody except his spiritual adviser and members of the vestry."—*Siftings.*

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion, The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

LIBERALS AND THE BREWING TRADE.

(Two East-end worthies meet.)

Wullie.—Man, Jeems, have you seen our grand new Liberal Association Rooms?

Jeems.—No. Where are they?

Wullie.—No. 5 Duncan Street. Jist above Scott's Brewery.

Jeems.—Man, man! You Leebals are aye sittin' on the brewin' trade. Can you no let them alane?—*Glasgow Bailie.*

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

A colored man, who was hunting a house to move into, was asked if he had paid his rent to his former landlord. "Yes, sah," he said, rather hesitatingly. "Can't you get a recommendation?" "Oh, yes, sah; I can get Mr. Smith, my landlord, to give me a recommendation." "How do you know you can?" "Oh, I know I can, 'cause he wants me to get out."—*Evansville Argus.*

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.