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ADVERTISER

TOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

Notable Journey of London
Township Pioneers.The Privations of Early Camping in the
Clearings.

BY DR. WEBSTER, No. 2.

At Mr. Temple's we rested till we were rejoined by those who had started on our journey, and then we proceeded slowly to the cabin, and here as I intimated in my last, Rev. Mr. Helton resigned his charge and we parted company, not to meet again for several months. The Sabbath was spent in the house of a Mr. Isaac Burdick, within the bounds of the new town of Ingersoll, and here, as elsewhere, we were most hospitably entertained. And in this connection I may mention that Mr. Burdick had once been a house for the holding of religious services at the irregular intervals when a clergyman came that way, and that the first travelers enjoyed the privilege of being present and taking part in such a service the Sabbath day were there.

Monday the pilgrimage was resumed, and continued with but two short halts—one at Choke's mill, and another at Putnam's for dinner—till we reached Mullett's tavern, a log cabin, on the south side of the Thames, opposite the present site of Dorchester Station, where the family remained two nights and a day, while father and Mr. T. Belmont "prospected" a feasible route to the town line, on the north side of the east branch of the river. The road found (indeed partly made by the explorers), another morning saw us again upon our way; but this day's journey was one fraught with danger and difficulty. The river must be crossed once more, and the ice was now unsafe. In fear and trembling the attempt was made, and as the oxen got fairly started in the crossing the ice began cracking terribly. All at once it seemed to give way and carry us with the current to a watery grave. Mr. Belmont—gentle Tom—had gone on ahead, and now called out to my father, "Drive fast, Uncle Robert! Drive fast! While it cracks it holds." And my father did drive as surely he had never driven before, till the danger was past and we were safe on the other bank. Then it was the "breathing spell," made for all to rest a few minutes and get a little over their fright, my father brought himself to the holding properties of cracking ice. "Certainly it holds while it only cracks and doesn't break," was the laughing reply, and the strain upon the nerves was somewhat relaxed. All heartily joined in Tom's contagious merriment. But the day's trials were not over. There was no actual road. Wherever the path seemed least obstructed and uneven they made their way, but they were continually compelled to drive over fallen logs and cradle knolls to my mother's discomfort, and twice we were halted for the night. When five miles had been accomplished the team tired down within about a mile of what is now Dreary's Corners, and preparations were made for our first night in the dismal woods, without other cover for our heads than the sky above us. Who could tell but some would fall a prey to wolves before morning? None but God above, in whom the parents so implicitly trusted, and to whose tender watch-care they committed themselves and their little charge. The snow was shoveled from a spot of ground, trees cut for a fire and for the weary cattle to browse on, the fire branches spread upon the cleared space, and on this such beds as could be improvised were made. Supper was prepared and eaten, and then, dark, dreary and cold. Morning broke dark, dreary and cold. The day before had been pleasant and the sap had started in the trees, but during the night there had been a hard frost, and the expansion of the frozen sap caused the trees to split in many instances to burst and snap like heavily-loaded pistols, starting us not a little, but with some degree of hopelessness we, after breakfast, had to share the same fate. A Mr. Arthur Thompson, who had taken up the south half of lot 6, of con. 2, of London, about a mile and a half from the present site of the lunatic asylum. But the day was nearly over, and the cattle tired out. What was to be done? Mother was quite unfit to endure the horror of another night in the open air. So near our destination and yet apparently unable to reach it! A family council was held, and Belmont, who had been in the woods before, proposed that father should remain with the family while he would try and find Thompson's, and we soon lost sight of him in the thick brush.

What a weary time of waiting we had. Night was dropping down upon us and father and mother just about utterly disheartened when Thompson's chery showed again heard in the distance, and a moment later he came bounding towards us, closely followed by Mr. Arthur Thompson and his brother Richard, who gave the new comers a hearty welcome. The cold was broken a little, the partially-rested animals again huddled to the sleigh, and a little later on we were at Mr. Thompson's hospitable door, already opened to receive us. We were certainly cheered, almost warmed by the very sight of the blazing fire in the wide fire-place, the bright glow from which came out through the doorway in which stood Mrs. Thompson and her two daughters Jane and Elizabeth, and her son James, then children, and, I believe, all still living. After her lonely, wearisome journey, the sight of another woman's face was in itself a comfort to my mother—probably the sight of her was also a comfort to Mrs. Thompson. But as it may, the friendship that night began between them was warmly maintained by death. Ours were thankful hearts as we lay down that night under Mr. Thompson's roof and contrasted our comfortable surroundings with those of the night before. Our second night in London township, spent to much more comfortably than the first one, seemed in a manner to compensate us for the hardships which we had that night endured. There was another rest for mother here till our own home was prepared for her, and our long journey was finally ended.

THE HORSEMAN.

Mr. Robert Bonner, of New York, has at present 53 horses, young and old, on his farm.

Lacontka, the winner of the Suburban Handicap, was named after a valley in New Jersey, near Morrisstown.

Kir Humbert has a "string" of 2,000 blooded horses in his three stables near Pisa. He ought to have an auction.

Lady Ulster, by Clay Hamiltonian, dam Maggie S., trotted a mile at Fleetwood Park, N. Y., in 2:20 a few days ago, and has been sold for \$6,000 to John de la Vergne, of New York.

Within about a month's time lately Mr. Francis Dunbar, of Perth, Scotland, shipped nearly 50 head of fine roadster horses from Chicago to the British market. Stylish, high-stepping carriage horses are in good demand.

The editor of the Kentucky Methodist rises to apologize because he published a list of the Kentucky fairs under the impression that it was a list quarterly meeting dates; and yet he was seen enjoying the trots "onct."—[Kentucky Stock Farm.]

George Myers, of Mahoning county, O., is the owner of a yearling colt which has four glossy white feet, white mane and tail, while the rest of it is a jet black. Col's sire and dam were both black. Parties who desire to put the animal on exhibition have made liberal offers for it.

The most skillful veterinary surgeon cannot many times tell whether a horse is sound or not. The internal organs are hidden from view and symptoms of their affection are not always clean and plain. In a large majority of cases a horse warranty is not worth more than a snap of the finger.—[Dr. Gaila Wilson.]

A writer in Our Dumb Animals says that whenever a horse driven by himself has balked, he has got out of his carriage and gone to its fore foot, lifted it from the ground and struck the shoe a few blows with a stone. He has never failed to start a horse in that very simple way, and he has on several occasions, had balky horses which had exhausted the patience of all former owners.

C. J. Hamlin springs a new idea on the trotting horseman that reminds one of the chariot races of old when he announces that he will drive Belle Hamlin, 2:12, 2:13, 2:14, and Justice, 2:20, three abreast, and give them a fast mile. He is said to be positive that they will get better than 2:20. If so, Mr. Hamlin's idea is likely to be put in practice by others, and there will be a triple record list to keep as well as single and team records.

The query, "Wanted to know where to fasten a lantern to a carriage," is answered as follows in the Farm Journal by an Ohio correspondent: "I respectfully answer, by all means to the bed of the buggy or carriage or wagon, out of sight of the driver. I have an expensive holder of my own devising. I am using with the greatest satisfaction. The driver being in the dark, the light of the lantern is likely to be put in the way of light possible. To illustrate: If you place the lantern in the dark room where you cannot see it in the dark room you can see every object it illuminates distinctly."

We cannot altogether say whether the Hackney derives its name from the London suburb of that name, or from the verb to hack, derived from the French, to chop small, or to cut to pieces. Most likely the latter, as hacks of all sorts come in for a good deal of chopping or cutting to pieces in the same way. The Hackney is a Scotch word "haggis," a very healthy national dish, most indigestible, however, to most Englishmen. There seems to be a disposition to the Hackney to be a Northern friend to go back to the original verb and make the Hackney Stud Book a sort of haggis stud book at any rate, and the book for hacks, now, hacks and Hackneys are very different animals.—[London Horse Breeder.] It seems an effort being made instead of sticking to pure blood lines to register selected nags and work them off in America as genuine.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following rules for the benefit of bally horses:

1. Put the horse on the neck; examine the harness carefully, first on one side and then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will oblige.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the most balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go around in a circle until he is giddy. If the first dance of this sort doesn't cure him, the second will.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut his wind off until he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brain of a horse seems to entertain but one idea at a time; therefore continued whipping only confirms his stubbornness. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of you generally have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the foreleg, just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel it, and tie in a bow knot. At the first cluck he will generally go dancing off, and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string, to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

5. Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs and tie it by a cord to the middle of the hind leg.

6. Tie a string around the horse's ear close to the head.

J. A. Wanderer, of Philadelphia, tells the following story of an old Dutchman that need to keep a few horses at Suffolk Park, before their famous stables were made, was as up to building lots. He was a weakness for pie and was a clever hand at selling them, but somehow he never sold two horses in the same customer. One of the new-bred ones and was made a man to be wanted a horse that would give in 2:21. The prospective purchaser was told to come and see the creature and he would

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show him a horse that could fill the bill, and he in return said he would buy if the speed was shown him. Now the true state of affairs in the Dutchman's stable were that he had but one horse that could beat 2:30, and he was not for sale. He had, however, another that could pace in about 3:00 that looked very much like his speedy one, and he decided that the would-be owner would have to buy that one. When the time for the trial came the purchasing party examined the slow one and then told him to go. He only went off once and then rattled off a mile in 2:21. "I'll take him," said the buyer. "I knew you would," said the Dutchman. "Come in and have a drink while the boys cool him off for us." After seeing a man the pair came out. The new purchase was hitched up and the pair drove away—one gratified to know that he owned a horse that could beat 2:30, and the other smiling when he thought what a smooth game he had played.

HER DAY.

He was a mighty, rolling river. She was a little, rippling rill. He was a mountain might could shiver. She was a little, rippling rill.

He was a lion, loudly roaring. She was a lambkin, born to love; He was an eagle, proudly soaring. She was a little, rippling rill.

He was a sturdy oak, defiant. She was a slender, clinging vine; He was a brave and braving giant. She was a little, rippling rill.

Ah, but the day when they were shopping. She was the one who took the lead; She was the one who led the lead; She was the one who led the lead.

FIGHTING A MAD WOLF.

A Dangerous Guest Hidden in a New Mexican House.

My room was at the end of a long hall. I was familiar with every crook and turn about the house and didn't need a light, so I passed into my room and closed the door. It occurred to me then to take a smoke, so I went around in the dark and found a cigar, and struck a match to light it. The next minute I found I had knocked me down with a feather. Away down in the darkness under the bed two fiery eyes shone out like burning coals just for that brief moment that the match was burning and then it was dark again. I had time to think the creature was upon me and was springing at my throat, the most savage animal I had ever met. I felt rather than saw it was. The creature was a wolf and it was mad.

Several animals afflicted with hydrophobia had been seen in the neighborhood during the past few months. There is no animal more formidable than the wolf when he has rabies, and I knew with what I had to contend. I had to struggle with a large wolf shut up in a dark room, and that when the slightest sound from his sharp teeth meant certain and horrible death to me. As it came to me first I threw out my hands, and by some good fortune happened to strike its neck. I got both my hands and it was mad.

At last, just as I was almost in complete despair, one of the servants was called by my confused shouting, and came running with his gun in his hand. I managed to hold the wolf until he made a light, and then I held him while the man put the muzzle of his gun against the wolf's head and killed him as dead as Hector. And then I went to my sister's room and had a spell of something that would have been hysterics if I had not been so nervous and so nervous.

Castor is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and is entirely free from any harmful effects. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and wind colic, always febrile, and destroys worms and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castor is the children's panacea—the mother's friend. 25 doses, 25 cents.

Kicks—So you think the ministers practice what they preach? Hoks—Why, yes; they preach sermons, and if you lived near you you could hear him preach a week long.

Dinner pill—Many persons suffer from indigestion after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food taken in is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy sustenance it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and cause the food to be properly assimilated. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

Willow (to his little daughter, aged 10)—Dora, do you know that Sybil says she is going to be married? Does she?—Oh, I'm so glad we're getting rid of the old fellow! Won't he be jolly? But who is going to marry her? Father—Well, I am!

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels, promptly and causes a healthy state of nature. The medicine is adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the world.

A SLAVE'S REVENGE.

A Method of Vengeance as Peculiar as it was Dandy.

In Haiti and Martinique the venom of the terrible serpent indigenous to those islands, the formidable fer de lance, has been often employed by the negroes in disposing of their enemies. A horrible but well authenticated instance of negro ingenuity and malevolence is told in Martinique. A huge negro, recently imported from the Guinea coast, had been whipped by the order of his master, one of the great planters of the island while he was under French rule. The victim had made no complaint, but meditated revenge. By long search he found the lair of a pair of serpents in the garden adjacent to the house. Watching his opportunity, he killed one and dragged its body to the house through a window that was always open, and into the bedroom of the beautiful daughter of the planter. He dragged it to the bed, lifted the coverings and coiled it on the sheet. When this was done he carried the dead snake away and cast it into an adjacent stream.

As night approached the serpent's mate followed the trail, crept through the open window and to the bed of the planter's daughter. The latter, half awake, made a motion to brush away the intruder. Instantly the fangs were in her neck, and in a few hours she was a corpse.—[Post-Dispatch.]

"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used

Relieved In your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never

Two Days, without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken

Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind." *

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For washing soap, household water, disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 50 pounds of solid lye.Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
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LEADING HOTELS.

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Largest and Best Hotel in Western Ontario.

Large sample rooms free; no charge for baggage, laundry and night. Rates \$10 and \$12 per day. Special rates for families and excursion parties. C. W. JAY, Proprietor.

GRIGG HOUSE

LONDON.

THE UNDERSIGNED having assumed the proprietorship of the above mentioned hotel, trusts, by strict attention to the wants of the traveling public, to merit a continuance of the patronage which has been bestowed upon his brother during the past eleven years. Everything of interest.

E. W. GRIGG, Proprietor.

TO THE FARMERS.

MARTIN HOUSE

Having secured large and commodious yards and stable adjacent to the above house, I am prepared to accommodate all my old customers and as many new as may favor me with a call. Prices down a rock-bottom.

J. W. MARTIN, Proprietor.

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GALT, ONT.

T. & A. TILT, PROPRIETORS
Successors to C. Lowell.RATES—\$1.50 PER DAY.
Only competent, civil and trustworthy assistants employed. Billiard parlor in connection.

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E. DUBOIS, Proprietor.
Elegantly furnished and heated rooms, electricity, bath, etc. Every recommendation for the traveling public. Special rates for families. Terms—10 and \$10 per day.

DALY HOUSE

W. DALY, Proprietor.
INGERSOLL, ONT.Rates \$1.50 per day.
This hotel has recently been thoroughly renovated and refurnished. One call at all trains.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

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CURES DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

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Real estate on favorable terms. No delays. Expenses moderate and fixed by tariff.G. A. SOMERVILLE,
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Good Printing

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No matter how small a job of printing you have to do—and no matter how large—it can with equal facility be done at the "Advertiser" Job Printing Establishment.

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