

is being laid. Call on the School Secretary, W. Wilson, at the first house past the Post Office, or on the Township Secretary, T. Chambron. They will tell you what lots are for sale. They know who are behind with taxes, the non-residents, etc., or they can show you Government lots for sale. They will charge you \$2 a day to pilot you round and show you the lots, and if there are four of you it will only cost you fifty cents a day each. That won't break you. If they cannot go, they will find some other qualified person to go with you.

Ponsonby is full of everything a man needs; of timber, there is beech, tamarac, pine, maple, spruce, oak,—in fact, nearly every tree you can mention. Lake, stream, rock, hill and dale, beaver meadow, and rolling upland—you can choose what suits you. And you do not buy a pig in a poke either. And when you return from your trip, I doubt if you will find that it has cost you a five dollar bill. We have two saw-mills, planing mills, grist mills, four or five post-offices, school-houses, and Little Bethels in galore of every creed and denomination. They even have a Protestant Dissenting School. What that is I don't know. Perhaps the Editor can tell us; they are generally walking cyclopædias. But good bye. I must catch the train for Montebello. My boy is waiting there to leisurely drive me home free from care. Ta, ta!

Stay a minute, you say? Well? But are we not dreadfully dull in the winter time? Why, no. We have more company than we want both summer and winter. People here have so much time on their hands that they do not know what to do with it, therefore they visit. Why, I have seen some fools drive ten miles to get a bottle of whisky, and ten miles back, making twenty miles. How many of you boaste citizens can afford to waste that amount of time and energy on such a frivolous matter? Could you do it? Not much. Yet some of these men would not take \$1,000 for their little farm. How many of the common chumpy workmen will you find who have a bank-book or a house they would not take \$1,000 for? Ha, ha! Farewell! All aboard for the Ottawa train! So my droll friend was gone, and I am itching to follow him.

Wm. Stuart  
Montreal

1876