ON MANITOULIN ISLAND.

A PICTURE OF A SETTLER'S SYLVAN RETREAT.

Bounteous but Plain Fare—In a Backwood's Home—How the Two Sexes Divide Up for the Night.

THE CEDARS, BASS LAKE, Jan. 10, 1886.

Editor World: Last September, after the G. T. R. had discharged a number of men, myself among the number, you advised me, instead of spending the $70 which I had saved in waiting for an opening in some other shop, or in emigrating to the States in search of work at my trade, to betake myself to the backwoods and secure a hundred acres of land, on which "to labor and to wait" until better times. I took you advice, sir, and thus far I am delighted with the result. I left Owen Sound on September 27 and arrived at Manitowaning, the principal port of Manitoulin island on the evening of the 28th. Leaving my luggage at one of the hotels in the village, I set out next morning in company with another young man to select a suitable lot for my future home. As all the best land in the eastern end of the island is already taken up, we took stage to Providence Bay, near which we were told that plenty of excellent land was to be had. We found the land all that it had been represented to be, and, after a couple of days tramp, we selected two contiguous lots fronting a miniature lake of crystaline water about a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth. Manitoulin contains, I believe, about 130 lakes of various areas, from Lake Manitou, which covers 90 square miles, down to one of the size of Bass Lake, which is the name of the gem on whose banks I now indite this epistle.

I wish you could have seen Bass lake as I saw it on the bright, sunny morning of Oct. 1 last—a sheet of crystal in a setting of green and purple and gold—the chastened blue of Indian summer overhead, and the "dreamy air of Beulah" all around. The faintest tinge of sadness lay lightly on the fair face of nature—such as steals over the features of some stately mother when her daughter in royal beauty and bridal robes leaves the old home for another. What a restful, peaceful scene it was! Not a sound nor a movement broke the intense calm, save when the long, weird note of a distant loon came softly over the listening waters like a voice from spirit land, or a vagrant leaf fluttered from its parent stem, with a many a zig-zag downward, to kiss the glassy wave. How far away the busy world seemed to be! How very near the eternal, beneficent God!

After gazing on that gorgeous picture until hunger reminded me that I was still mortal, I retraced my steps to Providence bay, thence to Manitowaning, where I paid $20 for my lot, got my "location paper" and became the proud possessor of The Cedars. The Cedars, as a whole, isn't much to look at yet. The mansion is built of logs and is 14 ft. long, 9 ft. wide, 6 ft. high in front and 6 at the back. It is covered with "scoops," by which are meant logs split in two and hollowed out after which they are laid on the top of the side walls, one-half back down and the other half face down, with the edges of the top layer fitting into the hollows of the under one. All the chinks in the walls and roof are stuffed with moss and plastered over with clay. The window in the east gable is just 24x18 inches.

With the exception of a small box stove (price $4) all my furniture, which consists of a bedstead, a cupboard, a table and three stools, is my own handiwork. Come in and sit down on the bed. That is the seat of honor at The Cedars. What have I got under the bed clothes? Why, that's a bag of onions and potatoes. You see I have no collar, consequently I must keep everything that frost would injure well covered in bed. Very quiet bedfellow that bag. Never kicks nor snores nor pulls the clothes off you. What have I got cooking in the pot? I have three partridges and a rabbit which I shot to-day, a few thin slices of salt pork, a dozen potatoes and a couple of onions. Savory, you say? Wait a bit, my boy, and I will give you what I call a square meal. Variety of diet in the backwoods? I should just say so. Look there! You see smoke-dried ducks, bear hams, venison, pork and salt fish. All these, pork excepted, I have procured with my rifle or my net. That is, my flour barrel in the corner. What sort of a baker am I? Well I may not attain to high art in pastry and cakes, I may not even be first-class at plain bread (there is always something wrong about the yeast), but at dampers, bunkers, scones and pancakes I can just lay over anything in Manitoulin. "Keeping back" in the backwoods is a capital school for developing self-helpfulness and self reliance. Like it? Well yes, I can honestly say that I like everything connected with my present life except washing dishes after meals.

Do I ever feel lonely? Very rarely. On that shelf I have the Bible, Milton, Macaulay, Coleridge, Burns, Scott and Carlyle—the best of company, always beside me. I have my fiddle, too, and Sailor Jack, the only other settler on Bass lake, often spends the evening with me. My own is all the company I desire during the day. Besides we have lots of invitations to dances, bees, etc., in the settlements near us.

By the way I must tell you of an amusing fix I got into on a late visit which Sailor Jack and I paid to Sam J——, the jolliest and most hospitable Irishman in Manitoulin. Mr. J——'s family consists of himself, his wife, who is a hearty rolly-poly little woman, two grown up sons and three grown up daughters, real daisies let me tell you. Their house is large, 28x16, but, as they moved in late last fall, it is not yet partitioned off into separate rooms. Three beds occupy one end of the house; the stove near the centre and plenty of other furniture, among which is an excellent organ, give the whole room, large though it is, a very comfortable home-like aspect. Well, sir, after spending a most pleasant evening there, old Sam and his hospitable wife insisted on our staying all night instead of going home, 4 miles distant. Mrs. J. told us that there were oceans of room and mountains of bedclothes, and that we would be more comfortable there than at home. It was not hard to persuade me to stay. I have always had a weakness for pretty girls, especially when they are modest, good-tempered and sensible as the Misses J. are. I felt a little doubtful about the oceans of room, but then that was not my business. However the jolly old patriarch proposed an adjournment of all the males in the party to the outside of the house in order to see how the weather looked. Outside Sam delivered himself of some rollicking comments on the fun of a new settler's life, after which we re-entered the house. Everything was in darkness, "Put the strangers into the boys' bed, Sam. There is a bed back of the stove for the boys." This from Mrs. J. in bed. Sam led us to the boys' bed, set a chair for our clothes and left us. We undressed and got into the comfortable quarters allotted us. Now it is customary in the backwoods, when different sexes sleep in the same apartment, for the males to get up at gray dawn and betake themselves to the outside of the house, where they say their prayers and watch the sun rise until they receive a hint from the mistress that things within are ship-shape. I was not aware of this and I slept like a top until the smell of frying pork awakened me. I sat up in bed and looked around. It was broad daylight. Mrs. J. and one daughter were knitting near a window, while the other two were busy preparing breakfast. The old lady nodded cheerily to me and said she was glad that I had slept so well. The young ladies smiled approval of their mother's remark. I am not particularly bashful, but I really felt embarrassed by the peculiarity of my situation, and that feeling was intensified almost to horror on observing that the chair on which my clothes lay had been removed by Sailor Jack on rising from bed to a hidden corner behind a bureau at the other end of the room. On asking about Jack, I was told that he had gone out with the men to look at the slash. After another hopeless glance at my distant garments, I lay down again to consider the situation. It was too much for me. I felt limp as a dish cloth, and a cold sweat broke out on me as I lay there and watched the cooking and knitting going on with a cool composure and sublime indifference to surroundings that was terribly exasperating to me placed as I was. If the ladies would only go outside for a single minute! If Jack or the patriarch would only come in! If I could but reach my unmentionables! Another case of Mahomet and the mountain, with a slight difference. A brilliant idea struck me. Why couldn't I wrap a blanket round me like a petticoat and go to the mountain? The very thing. I sat up once more, fired with this resolve, but a very brief survey of the Sahara of space which I must perambulate in order to reach my destination wilted my purpose, and I collapsed again. After a few minutes' rest I tackled it a second time. "Mrs. J.!" "Yes, sir." Now, I fully intended asking for my clothes when I addressed the old lady; but the glance of astonishment and interrogation in three pairs of bright eyes levelled full upon me confused me to the verge of idiocy, and I stammered out that it was a lovely morning and that I was anxious to see Mr. J. "Why, sir! You're not sick I hope." I could not stand the battery of eyes any longer, so I stared hard at the rafters, and drawled out in an imbecile way: "N-no, at least, not very; but—but I want to get out of bed, and my clothes are on that chair behind you." "Dearie me! and I thought all the time your pants were under your pillow, where the men in this country always put them when they want to lie long abed in the morning." My clothes were brought to me; then, seizing the pantaloons, I slid them under the blankets, and after considerable puckering I managed to get my legs into them. I don't intend to remain long in Jack's debt. Such is life in the backwoods. True, I have not many of the luxuries I enjoyed in Toronto, but I have ample compensation in the fact that I am my own boss, that this, my humble home, is my very own, and is the nucleus of a competency in the near future. And I have pleasures here that you have not in Toronto. Did ever Toronto orchestra thrill you with such a marvelous sympathy as fills the forest aisles to-night? Listen to the storm king, like glee-man of old, chanting his wild weird song to the accompaniment of a million harps. Now with whirlwind throat he shouts out a pean of victory over uprooted forests, whelmed ships, shivered swaltering icefields and crashing bergs. Now in milder mood he sings of dreary wastes of snow and ice, vast gloomy forests and lonely reaches of black, heaving water over which he has sped in mad career. Anon in minor key he croons of blighted hopes, wasted lives and lonely graves. Again raising his voice to a full, strong, even note he tells of Him "Who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing, who scatteteth His hoar-frost like ashes, and hath His way in the whirlwind and the storm," and yet who guideth the tottering footsteps of His weakest child. But I must close for I have to fell a score of big maples to-morrow. I will just add that after laying in provisions for the whole winter I have still fifteen dollars left. Had I stayed in Toronto I would have paid it all away for board, and I should not now be master of The Cedars. P. W.

Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"

—will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of thousands, who by its use have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

Hat Improvement.

—The great drawback to the silk and pull over hat is their weight and hardness to the head, giving the hatter trouble to sell besides being uncomfortable to the wearer. The trouble has been to make a light hat and have it stand and keep its shape. This has been accomplished by Smith, the hatter. By carefully selecting his materials and by use of the patent steel wire for the brims he has built a silk hat fitting as easy as a soft hat, and after a trial of six months there is not a man having worn one but that gives it the preference and praises the maker for introducing what has long been wanting. ed-x

Boston Transcript: A writer, speaking of a social gathering, says: "The indelicacy of some of the ladies' costumes attracted attention." The unsophisticated fellow! Did he suppose that the wearers of those indelicate costumes wished to escape observation.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 3c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luban, agency, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Canada. ed

"Now, sir, you are better," said a Boston doctor to a patient he had been treating; tell me just how you feel." Well, sir," replied the victim, "I feel like a darned fool; how much is your bill?"

—It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

One lady said to another: "Have you been to church to-day? We had a most beautiful sermon on training children." "No, I was at home, doing it," was the reply.

Hoarseness and Bronchitis.

—Among the many remedies used for the cure of coughs and colds, none more speedily gains the confidence of the sufferer than "Hallamore's Expectorant." For hoarseness and bronchitis its rapid effect is surprising. In private sale during 25 years it has gained for itself an enviable reputation and produced wonderful results. In 25 cent bottles at all drug stores. edx

A New Jersey bridegroom has recently died of lockjaw. He began early to have his little try at "the last word."

—Robert Lubbuck, Cedar Rapids, writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil both for myself and family for diphtheria, with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other." When buying Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil see that you get the genuine. Beware of imitations.

Billiards resemble matrimony, inasmuch as kisses and scratches are common to both.

—Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given universal satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

An easy way to find a lost relative—Make a will in his favor.

A snow plow is like a bad habit—A good thing to cut adrift.

Public Notice.

—All testimonials in favor of Hallamore's Expectorant are from well known residents of Toronto. Mr. S. J. Willcock, 139 Spadina avenue, says: "I have used Hallamore's Expectorant for coughs and colds for thirteen years, and would not be without it. It never fails to cure me." edx

Never judge the size of a ton of anything by a ton of coal.

A peculiarity of stage banquets is the great variety of supes.

—Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Home martyrs—Men who marry women with cold feet.

Of the play-goers of Paris, 100,000 are on the free list.

—To assist Nature most effectually in her efforts to throw off or resist serious disease it is essential that an impulse should be given to functions which growing ill health suspends or weakens, namely, the action of the bowels, bilious secretion, and digestion. Oftentimes, though this is impracticable by the use of ordinary remedies, it proves an easy task when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is resorted to.

She never told her love—The village belle.

The Elks are happiest when pleasing the dears.

It Acts Like a Charm.

—Ex-Ald. George Evans, 449 Queen street west, testifies to the efficacy of "Hallamore's Expectorant" as follows: "It is undoubtedly far superior to all other advertised remedies for coughs and colds, especially in the case of children, with whom it acts like a charm." 6dx

Softer than putty—A dude.

To lead the German—Trot out the beer.

—The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

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Poultry, Vegetables, Corned Beef, Pickled Tongues and every description of first class meats always on hand.
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Having purchased the business of George Oliver, will continue it at the above address. Wholesale and Retail Butchers, Dealers in Poultry, Vegetables, Milk and provisions. Orders delivered all over the city. 462

TO THE SAUSAGE TRADE.
Our superior English Sheep Casings have no equal in Canada. They are put up in kegs of 50 large bundles, $30 per keg. Orders filled for any desired quantity. Quality warranted. We are direct importers.
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Fresh Counts Oysters received daily from New York. Shell oysters a specialty.
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Satisfaction Guaranteed
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	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	5.45	9.40	10.15
O. & Q. Ry	8.00	6.45	8.30	10.00
G. T. R. West	8.20	3.00	12.50	7.20
N. & N. W.	6.20	4.00	10.20	8.10
T. G. & B.	6.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
Midland	6.00	3.30	12.40	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	6.15	9.40	7.40
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	6.00	11.30		2.00
	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.	2.45	9.30	10.30	7.20
				11.30
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	2.45	8.40	
		9.30	10.30	4.40
U. S. Western States	6.00	9.30	8.30	4.40
				7.30

British mails depart as follows:
February 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 10, 11, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 27, 2, 21, 25.
Time for closing English mails, 10 p.m. on February 3, to 17, 24 and 9 p.m. on all other days.

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We are now showing the largest and best assortment ever imported into Canada, entirely new and elegant designs, including views of Toronto, Niagara Falls, 1000 Islands, Muskoka, Ottawa, etc., etc. Just the thing for sending to England or foreign parts. Call and examine our stock. 137
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