

Parties receiving this paper regularly, should bear in mind that it is only those who pay in advance whose names appear in our *Subscribers Directory*, and that the receipt of a large additional amount of mail matter will be the result of an advance payment. We also take this opportunity to acquaint them with the fact that it costs us within a fraction of the subscription price to publish the paper, and that we are consequently "out" to a considerable extent through those who are in arrears.

For The Land We Live In.

Fauns and Satyrs of Beaudette's Island.

BY CALESTIGAN.

CHAP. I.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

What Sherbrooke has not heard of Beaudette's Island at the head or inlet of Magog lake?

And who that has once been there has forgotten its rocky shores, scanty white maples, silver birch and ash, its tangle-bush of witch hazel and red willow, its plots of wood violets, gold thread (*Coptis trifoliata*) and trailing arbutus?

And it is equally certain that none will have forgotten its quaint owner, Peter Beaudette, the phoenix of guides and fishermen, and the very best canoe-man and camp-master I have ever known.

Pierre had been a voyageur in the long, long ago, and had served with the old North-west fur company. He had killed buffalo on the Saskatchewan plains, had eaten white dog at Lac La Biche and undergone the *mouchoir* ordeal with a dog-rib squaw; he had been lost for nine days without food on the prairie, and had given a year's pay for a good (?) drunk and a consequent fight in which he had lost three fingers.

Taken altogether Peter Beaudette was a hero—of the olden time. He was also very polite, particularly to the ladies for whose service he has been known to break the most solemn and solid engagements, to guide, serve and guard them in boating and blue-berrying excursions, and let it be observed, the prettiest damsel of the bery, under Peter's guidance, was sure to have the fullest basket of water lilies or the most heaped up pile of berries. "Parceque," observed he, "les jolies filles dey always bring something good and strong for de ole man; mais ses laide, noting que du vinaigre et des doemut."

In personal appearance Beaudette was not an Apollo, still he was of the classic Greek type.

Small in stature, lithe and active in limb, his head and face were of the semitic fashion but with a very intelligent expression which however was somewhat neutralized by fourteen inches of grizzled hair which descended from his chin and which had gained for him the surname or soubriquet of Silenus. Hence one of my reasons for adorning this simple tale with its classical heading.

CHAP. II.

"There Nature seemed in a mystic dream
Absorbed from her living things."

The first time I camped on Beaudette's Island, or rather islet, for it contains but four or five acres, the whole country around Magog and between it and Memphremagog lake was a dense wilderness untrodden by the lumberman, and a *terra incognita* to all but the venturesome hunter and trapper. Deer were very numerous in those silent forests and a moose was occasionally seen wallowing through the lily pads which almost hid from view during the summer months the oozy water which covered those vast marshes in the centre of which like a huge emerald set in a brocade of white and golden lilies loomed in majestic silence the densely wooded islet now known to tourist and fisherfolk as Beaudette's Island.

The above mentioned marshes were tenanted by thousands of bull-frogs, and

lake and river trout resorted to the cool shade of the gigantic leaves of the lilies during the heat of the noon day sun. In early spring and during the autumn months large flocks of ducks congregated there and disported themselves secure from the fowler's gun.

As civilization encroached on nature's domain Magog lake became more accessible to the sportsman and lumberman, and its valuable pine forests were transformed into scraggy, fire-blackened desolation, and its waters no longer harbored the silvery trout which was replaced by the coarser pickerel, perch and pretty but useless sunfish.

It was during the early period of this transformation that Pierre Beaudette settled on the island which bears his name and on which he built a comfortable log house. There he employed himself in netting pickerel and an occasional trout which he carried to the Sherbrooke market, and sold at a remunerative price. He also used to let his skiff and canoes to pleasure parties, which he sometimes accompanied as guide and campmaster.

It sometimes Peter saw a white handkerchief fluttering on a well known dry birch high stool ghost like on the shore opposite his landing, he would exclaim with animation, "Tiens la mere V'la Monsieur Cal," and in less than twenty minutes the writer was snugly ensconced with gun and rod, bag and baggage, in Beaudette's canoe en route for his favorite haunt and camping ground of other days where he was made welcome and whence excursions were made to the rapids for speckled trout or to the deep bays of the lake for lunge (lake trout), but alas! these excursions were becoming less remunerative every succeeding year, and as to game it has disappeared with the pine and the spruce.

It was whilst on one of these excursions that I took it into my head to introduce a colony of goats on a long tongue of land which formed the bank of the river half a mile from the island which, itself, formed a part of the opposite or western bank. This tongue of point of land formed a peninsula, on one side of which, for a considerable distance flowed the Magog river and on the other was a deep crescent-shaped bay which curved down the lake thus affording an extensive and well wooded shelter for my goats. I explained my scheme to Peter who fell in with my views and agreed to look after the animals, keeping one of the "nannies" on the island for a supply of milk. So the herd consisting of four "nannies" headed by a patriarchal "billy" with formidable horns and a beard which would not have disgraced a Barmecide, were driven to the landing which I have mentioned, embarked in two canoes and turned loose on the peninsula.

To be continued.

FREE TO LADIES.

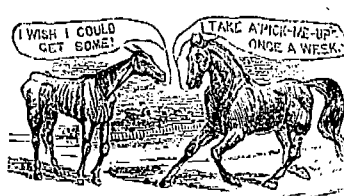
If you will send us name and address of three other ladies, you will receive by return mail, picture of any President of the U. S., with signature your choice of flags of any country, true in color and design, recipe for preserving eggs, making writing ink, to cure chicken cholera, to make lions lay in winter, to cure toothache, exams, bleeding at the nose, a number of prize pickings, and other household recipes, conundrums, fun, songs, etc. One sample if you mention this paper and enclose 4c postage. Address Sanford Mfg Co., Omaha, Neb.

LOOK AT THIS.

1000 New Subscribers Wanted At Once
For the MONTHLY OWL.

An illustrated 16 page paper for one year on trial, with Premium, for only 50 cents, or without premium for 25 cents, with your name and address in our Directory Free, (with either offer). It will pay you to have your name in our Directory for the Agents terms, and hundreds of samples that you will receive Free.

The Monthly Owl has a large circulation among publishers, Novelty Dealers, Card Printers, Manufacturers, etc., in every State and Territory in the Union and Canada. Agents wanted. Sample copy 2c. Address Owl Pub. Co., Box 205, Putney, Vt.



FARMER CLODHOOPER'S MARE.

There was once on a time a great trotting race, And "Begum" was entered, renowned for his pace; A horse, by the way, That up to this day The Judges had always allotted first place.

And thousands of dollars on "Begum" were laid, And his owner declared that the money he'd made Might be counted in piles; And his face was all smiles As "Begum's" successes he proudly displayed.

Now Farmer Clodhopper, he had a small mare, She was sound in her legs, and exceedingly spare, Hence one might infer That folks would prefer Not to mount on her back—especially bare.

On the day of the race just conceive the surprise Of the folks, and the manner they opened their eyes, When Clodhopper's mare, The bony and spare, Appeared on the course looking quite twice the size.

Her coat it was glossy and sleek as could be; She was sound in her legs, and of heaves she was free Such a wonderful sight Gave the people a fright, For they thought 'tust as soon the d—l to see.

When the race was commenced the farmer's old mare Went off like a rocket shot up in the air— She finished the race At a wonderful pace.

The record she beat, with a second to spare! — AND —

This great feat was accomplished through Farmer Clodhopper having used

TESTIMONIALS.

Hillhurst, Que., Nov. 5, 1888.
Dr. J. Barton, V. S., Lennoxville, Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in stating that I have found your "Pick-Me-Up" Horse Powders very beneficial. Since they have been in use my horses have been in better health and condition than ever before, the wet season just past having been a particularly trying one. Yours truly,
M. H. COCHRANE.

Cookshire, November, 1888.
To J. Barton, Vet Surgeon, Lennoxville, Sir:—I have used your "Pick-Me-Up" Condition Powders for my horses, especially when they have been very hard driven, and find them do what you represent them to do. Yours truly,
ALDEN LEARNED.

Sherbrooke, Nov. 5, 1888.
Dr. Barton, V. S., Lennoxville, Dear Sir:—Having used your "Pick-Me-Up" Horse Powders for the past four years with the best of results, I cannot speak too highly of them. They are the best Powders I ever used. Yours Very Truly,
C. H. FLETCHER.

Cookshire, July 31, 1888.
Dr. Barton, Lennoxville Dear Sir:—Please send me over two packages more of "Pick-Me-Up" Powders, they are the best thing I ever used in the shape of Powders. Yours, &c.,
F. A. HURN.

Manager to R. H. Pope, Esq.,
Lowlands, Compton, Nov. 3, 1888.
To Dr. Barton, Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your "Pick-Me-Up" Horse Powders. I have used them for the last three years, and find them indispensable in my stable. Yours truly,
E. W. JUDAH.

Sherbrooke, Nov. 11, 1888.
To Dr. Barton, Dear Sir:—I have used your "Pick-Me-Up" Horse Powders for several years, and can highly recommend them, being the very best I ever used for getting a horse into condition and keeping them healthy. (Signed),
H. ISHAM.

IN PACKETS, CONTAINING 12 DOSES, FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Or six packets, containing 72 doses, on receipt of Five Dollars, with full directions, carriage paid.

J. BARTON.

Royal Veterinary Infirmary, LENNOXVILLE, Que.

W. H. GRIFFITH, Druggist, Agent,
13ms. SHERBROOKE.

NOW IS THE TIME
To Invest \$18
— IN THE —
CHICAGO FOLDING SAW-
ING MACHINE.

D. THOMAS & CO.,
Agents

A TICKET FOR SOUP.

DEAR EDITOR,—I got Bachelor B's house-keeper, to prepare the two packages of Edward's Desiccated Soup, which we found excellent, strong and meaty, and flavored to the taste of the most fastidious gourmet. It is just the thing for camping parties as it is nourishing and sustaining—an excellent substitute for the old-fashioned night-cap, and a first rate eye-opener. I recommend it to all sportsmen.

CALESTIGAN.

Camp, Portage-au-lac, Feb. 1st, 1889.



This is a most amusing volume of 275 pages, profusely illustrated, and bound in cloth, gilt. We will mail it prepaid, to any address, as a premium with the LAND WE LIVE IN for \$1.50, the publishers price of the book alone. Only \$1.50 for the book and a years subscription to this Journal, or we will give the book as a premium for 5 subscribers at 70 cents each.



FREE \$45 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for \$100, until lately. Best \$35 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Wanted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

J. TRACY,

FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor,

TRACY'S BLOCK, WELLINGTON ST.,

has always on hand a large and well

assorted stock of
CLOTHS, TWEEDS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS

—AND—

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

PERSEVERANCE ISLAND.



By DOUGLAS FRASER. Old Robinson Crusoe is outdone by the Modern "Live Yankee" Crusoe the hero of Perseverance Island, who, with no wreck to supply his wants, makes a submarine boat, constructs a steam yacht, kills a sea serpent, finds a gold mine, discovers a pirate's treasure, meets with many wonderful adventures, which he gives in his story to the world by sending it in a balloon of his own construction. Handsome cloth binding in white, black and gold. Profusely illustrated. Given with a year's subscription to this paper, for \$1.50, or given as a premium for a club of five at 50 cents each. For sale at \$1.25. Postage and packing 15 cents additional when sent as a premium or purchased. To present subscribers the book will be furnished for \$1. Postage and packing extra.

Daniel Thomas,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER. Commissioner for Ontario and Quebec, and General Agent. Particular attention given to the preparation of Wills, Donations, Marriage Contracts and Tutorships. May be consulted professionally at Office or Residence. Loans negotiated at current rates. Office over W. W. Beckett & Co's. Store, Sherbrooke, Que.