

We—old Gabriel Gossip of Goshen, and poor Pat Prodden of Parry Sound—would take this opportunity of tendering our most grateful and heartfelt thanks to the very many kind friends who have so generously patronized us in the past. In the following pages we will only have room to give brief notes and notices and names of persons and places we have visited while engaged in the prosecution of our peculiar profession, and as a general rule (with very few exceptions), it will be found, by consulting our lists of names, that we have among our best friends and most generous patrons the best and noblest, the most prosperous and highly esteemed people in every community we have visited; and that the places where we have received the most countenance and encouragement were proportionately progressive and prosperous. In the wretched little village of Loyd town, with its dirty, dilapidated (and in several cases deserted) dwellings, with their damaged doors and battered walls, and broken windows stuffed with rags and old hats—with rotten and broken sidewalks, or none at all,—we did not sell a single book. We have greatly marvelled why this miserable little village should have become such a God-forsaken sort of a place and such a disgrace to the fair and fertile township of King, in which it is located. What a contrast does it not present to the beautiful and prosperous town of Aurora, partly situated in the same township, where we got nearly \$10 in a single day! And again, what a strong and striking contrast does not Pat Prodden's own romantically beautiful, busily industrious and superlatively prosperous and progressive town of Parry Sound, with its long list of 50 and 25-cent names, present to the miserable little village of Ragville, on Yonge street, about 18 miles north of Toronto, with only one 10c. name to show what a fearfully poor place it is. But these two instances