Subscribers' Directory.

FOR MONTH ENDING APR. 15TH, 1889.

(Names in italics have drawn prizes as tenth subscriber.)

SHERROOKE, QUE.

Wm P Richards, F X Audet, box 482 P W Nagle, H C Wilson, John Harkness. John Murphy, (east) A D Bostwick,
W II Fuller, Geo Long,
E R Johnson, J McManus, Thomas Long, Chas Hallett, Col G Lucke, J S Mitchell,

PARTOUT.

G Ayer, Ayer's Flat, Que

e, Que.

erville, Que. stead, Que. mond Station, Que. on, Que. on, Que. lton, Qu nd, Que.

do Waterville, Que.

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impey, do n Stauf, 740 E. Lombard St., Balti-more, Md.

win Johnston, 322 Pearl St., Edgoworth, G N Clark, Nichols, Conn. Mass. P McKenney, Moose River, Maine. Alfred W Chapman, Bury, Que. Wm Hepburn, Milby, Que. Johnson Jordan, Martinville, Que. A E Swan, Johnville, Que.

Agents' Directory.

Name and address under this heading, one insertion 10 cents, including copy of paper containing the same.

E. F. Steet, box 325 Scaforth, Ont. William J. Carter, Ketterman, Vernon Co., Me.

Years age-On the Pacific.

A PRAGMENT,

A PRAGMENT,

Oh, had there never been a word,
By either meant unki dly heard.
These tears, which had not flowed the less,
Glad parted with their bitterness,
And what is now in me a pain
Had been to make us blest again;
Remembrance had worn a charm,
To keep thy coller bosom warm,
While a last hope, from either driven,
Had been in both—to be forgiven:—
But now, I know, my name will be,
Though linked with thy last destiny,
A thing on which, by passion borne,
To breathe thy hate, regret, or scorn;
For though within thy inmost soul
There dwell a thing whose stern control,
In echoing back some half breathed curse,
May whisper even something worse;
Yet still, in thy relembles pride,
See even conscience soil defied.
But, ah, when on some wild field flower
Thy eye shall rest in lonely hour,
Or, rapt in a remoter star,
Shall wander thence to things as far,
It may he the remembrance
Of what is now a dream, a trance,
Shall cross, and on thy faltering brain
Be felt. though urrelenting, vain
The hope that years of tenderness
Could be torgot, or loved the less,
Because a few sad hours had been
A dark spot in a fairer scene:—

FRANK JOHNSON,
Lennoxyllle, P. O. Canada.

Lennoxville, P. Q , Canada.

THE INGALIS' PATENT LAMP-CHIMNEY PROTECTOR does away with broken and smokey lamp chimneys, as it causes the cool air to circulate between it and the chimney, preventing the dangers arising from a cold draught of air, an overheated chimney, or a drop of water. It will save its cost in one week. With this Protector you cannot smoke the lamp chimney, nor put out the light in passing from one part of the house to another. Price, 15 cents each by mail, prepaid, to any part of the U.S. or Canada.

E WILL SEND you THE STAND VI ARD, a 12-page magazine, one year on trial; for 5c. Send to the Standard, Sawens, N.Y. 1 yr ens.

For The Land We Live In.

A Day With William.

My father followed agricultural pur-nits. William's father also followed agricultural pursuits but not so closely as he followed other pursuits—the pursuit of the fox and the deer. To be sure only now and then did a deer come into the region where we lived, but when it came William's father was the man who took

him home, after a few homs in the chase.
William was older than I and I knew
him at school as one of the big boys. Ever

him at school as one of the big-boys. Ever gentle there and brave to see no larger boy harin a smaller one he won my love.

There was a fox run across the west part of my father's farm which the uniniated must be told means a place where a fox is very likely to pass near you when the hound is on its track, i.e. if you are there waiting to see him and give him a salute. salute.

The frosty morning in late autumn wakened the well trained hound Wilawakened the well trained hound William's father kept from his summer's idle dreams, and he struck out upon a frack not waiting for snow. This led me out toward the fox run, not knowing that I was but a second hand on the field; but bang went a gun before I was half there, and the accelerated speed of the hound had brought him to the spot, he passing swiftly beyond me, now leaping rocks, now fences. Here William and I met first on the hunter's field. His gun had been the one I heard discharged. He had shot at his first fox. shot at his first fox.

But we hear no more of the baying of the hound. What does it mean? The dog not killed! We learned he was not in sight when the gun was discharged. But it means something. Over the fence are we pressing thro' the bushes and on the dog's trail—don't let the printer say tail—we see the dog thro' the bushes and his head bent low. Ah, ha! His nose is on William's fox. Poor Reynard, he could not carry off the little load William had given him as he passed. In came the father, in came the uncle, William was there, and I, and Mr. editor if you have time you can picsure to your readers how we all looked standing around William's first fox, only don't forget to have our mouths all open wide, or our faces spread over with smiles.

Daniel Webster with his Congressional But we hear no more of the baying of hound. What does it mean? The

Daniel Webster with his Congressional friends all "in at the death" as was their ambition and rule, chasing the deer near his home, could not have been a happier group.

Put in the hound and fox and make it complete, and don't forget that my partridge dog, Gunner, was there, strange as it may seem. In those boyhood days why Gunner was not to be left out of anything much less a fox chase. But the nucle did suggest that when I went again to take a stand for a fox that it would not be best to have "a pup" with me, as the fox was sure to smell him and run aside so I would lose "my chance for a shot."

This day began my intimacy with Wil Put in the hound and fox and make it

This day began my intimacy with William, but this is not the day I have in mind when I say as above "A day with William." A Nother frosty morning in autumn I have in wind autumn I have in mind.

I guess Gunner is dead, for after having been seen with those eggs in his mouth, and that lamb in a neighbor's pasture being so wearied out by him I "don't see him much more." Surely we have no dog with us, and by agreement meet to have our autumn hunt in the boundary words separating as ioning the separating as ioning the separating as ioning the separating as ioning the separation a woods separating or joining (as you please to call it) the counties of Kennebec and Knox of Maine.

Knox of Maine.

Strange to say in the very center of these three inile woods—woods, on each side of the road—is the upright stone, the mark of their separation. In the morning we start in on the Kennebee side. What is my surprise to hear William say "Bend your neek around the trees, Herb, and we'll have some game to-day. I will go you halves." "Will you, said I?" "Yes," came the answer back and the explanation, "You can shoot as well as I now, and let us take care." Just above where we were and near the outer edge

a rustle, a whirr, a sight of running legs, a bobbing head. We have struck them a bobbing head. We have struck them and surely bobbing ceased to bob, and a pair of running legs to run. Each had his bird. There, over those logs they had?a perch last night in that clump of ever-greens. The frosty morning had kept them from being as yet much astir. Wil-liam moved on to bag his second bird while my inspection gave, me this dis-

covery.

Now we strike more into "the heart of the woods." The bird loves to greet the The bird loves to greet the rom some ridge. Here we the woods." The bird loves to greet the morning sun from some ridge. Here we started more, Off they fly to the alders of the gully between the ridge here and the neighbor ridge beyond. They do not rise but run in these alders. As well as they they alders trunk is given. they the alder's trunk is grey. Do they reason they cannot be seen. But they are —some of them—and shot. Do they

Crossing the road the land we find higher and gun on the shoulder now we as-cend the long wood-road. Shall we not find partridges in the wood road such a day? Usually we do. We have more than half a mile in it. Not a bird! We than half a mile in it. Not a bird! We turn to the left toward a stream in the valley and just a gun shot that way from the road they rise. But ever on the alert William took one bird off his legs. When we reached the stream there was a wake on the water and I heard the word 'hush!' on the water and I heard the word musn: I saw a gun thrown to the shoulder. Not a second after the word "hush" I heard the scream "a mink!" just by our travelled road again and two miles of wood from us toward home. Here we began to

from us toward home. Here we began to retrace our steps homeward.

We count up our game on the travelled way as we saunter along. We are even on birds. By agreement the mink is common property. We are happy, satisfied boys, but looking still for partridges; we are willing to take them as they come. It soon proved that we were ready too, for company out, at the place we entered in the ing out at the place we entered in the morning just as the sun set, a lone bird started out of the road so quick we could scarce see it, and when it came from behind a pile of wool in its flight our pieces were heard as one, so simultaneous was our fire. Our bird fell and we rated ourselves even still as it was not possible to ssy that both charges had taken effect.

When game was put into eash we found we had each made a good day's work with the fun thrown in—more valuable a day's

the fun thrown in—more valuable a day's work indeed than men usually make in country towns or villages.

William long since was called to the land where there is no setting sun. Beside my double barrel of London make there is an American three dollar gun, which shows some marks of age, but aged though it may be, it is not older than William or I, for he it was who bought it. I that has preserved it till now, and that is the gun which shot his first fox.

The Parson,

THE PARSON.

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