

ada is noted for its lakes more than for its rice. This is a Canadian story and expects to take the prize.

My father was a good Baldwin Reformer of the good old Family Compact type, though of course I can't be expected to be exact in my dates and other history, but he was true Grit, I tell you, and brought us all up honest and economical.

We had a small farm of 762 acres, bounded on the south by Rice Lake, on the north by Hudson's Bay, and with no fences to the east or west. Forty acres were cleared and in a high state of cultivation—there was a good log barn, a never-failing spring of running water, and within thirty-seven miles of the nearest post office. I remember all that just as well as if I was reading an account of the sale of Levi Smith's farm, but I can't give it all now. The post office brings me to the point of my story.

CHAPTER II.

We had a red-headed boy as help on our farm—he worked for his board chiefly, but was allowed to go to school in the winter. In those days it was a common thing to go ten miles to school. The master boarded round, and whenever he came to our house, about once a winter, the red-headed boy went to school then, and I tell you he was meek and thankful for months and months afterwards. It took him some time to finish his education, but at the age of seventeen he could write his name though he couldn't spell it or anything else. His name was Bob Peck.

CHAPTER III.

When Bob was going to school about ten years the increased education then common to him and the rest of loyal Canadians drove the Tories from their fat offices. There was a new election, and so they had to go out, but another set of Tories equally bad succeeded them, and my father, who was a staunch Reformer, and an honest yeoman of the "manor born," resolved to write a letter to the *Globe* newspaper, giving a harrowing account of the corruption into which the recent election had driven the country. In those days things could not be done in a hurry, so he wrote the letter after the fall ploughing was over and waited till the Rice Lake was frozen, so as to send it down to Cobourg to post it. Every three weeks the mail line ran from Montreal to Dundas, passing through York, or Muddy York, and so the letter would appear before the following spring, unless all the proprietors were thrown into prison. Postage was three-pence in those days. On the 8th of November—I remember it well—1842, Bob Peck started off with that letter, three-pence, two days' provisions, two flints, four dogs, five fowling pieces, and thirteen mufflers.

My father never saw or heard of him afterwards, but three dogs came back, four guns were recognized in the hands of the neighboring Indians, and thirteen mufflers in the possession of their wives. Spring came and no letter in *Globe*, and no trace of Peck.

We are an over-educated people.

CHAPTER IV.

Shortly after sugar-making in the spring my father died, and with the perseverance of a hardy Canadian I came to Toronto and lived here ever since. At the last election in Northumberland I went down to Cobourg to vote—I have voted straight Reform for forty years past—and I wanted to put in one solid for the party down where I used to own some land. I had forgotten all about Peck, and indeed everything in the country, so that indeed it was with difficulty I knew anyone or anyone knew me. However, as I came into the polling booth the man who handed me the slip arrested my attention, naturally, till I got over the difficulty of making myself recognized as a voter in an outside country. The man was a short, thick-set, red-headed far-

mer about sixty years of age. When I pointed out on the map to him that I had land on the north of Rice Lake fifty years before, he said that he knew every man, woman and child in the riding and that he never heard of me.

"Where in thunder," said I to him, "do you live?"

"I have lived," said he, "man and boy, on the north side of the lake for over forty years. And if you want to be particular about it," said the old fellow, in wrath, "I have been there since the 8th of November, 1842."

"Enough," said I, "where is the letter, the three-pence, the dogs, and the mufflers? Bob Peck, I know you. Don't go for to deny it."

"Who the devil is Bob Peck," said he, in a furious rage, "and who are you with your mufflers and postage stamps? My name is Johnson, sir, Henry Johnson, I'd have you know, one of the oldest settlers in these parts, and never saw or heard of you or your letter or Bob Peck, never was north of Rice Lake in my life. Clear out of here—you don't vote here this day."

CHAPTER V.

Reader, was he lying or not? I don't know. Good evening.

H. J.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE FLIGHT.

ME DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—Sure it's meself that wint an' saw the Ould Bye off. "Good-bye," sez he to me, "Barney," sez he; "good-bye, fur a little file, an' whin I cum back, it's manys the good laugh we'll be after havin' over the commints an' aidi-torials av the *Globe*, all about me suddint flight, and how I run away from the ghost of Riel wid that there troop av Indian murderers all standin' round me midnight couch wid divil a stitch to their backs but the mocasins on their feet an' the feathers in their heads. But, Barney," sez he, layin' his finger alongside av his nose an' winkin, "it's yourself that knows how badly me constitootion wants a change; it's me health, Barney, me health, that's it—an' then there's that Reciprocity consarn, an' them fisheries. An' though Charlie's a very clever chap an' all that, still me personal prisence in England, etciters, etciters—all very good texts for the papers to spin sarmons out av. But, Barney, whishper, I'll just be after tellin' yez in shtrictest confidence the rale rayson of me dayparture—I'm goin' fur the sake av givin' them something to talk about. The rebellion is quelled, Riel safely shipped off. But now that he's gone, what on airth are thim papers goin' to do fur something to sensate about? I can't stand it, Barney! It's killin' me! Me heart is broke thinkin' av that poor, unfarchunate *Globe*, left widout a salitary sin-sation, so it's meself musht give them a lift. I'm off, widout tellin' 'em six weeks before-hand, and if that paper don't make the masht av it, me name isn't Sir Jahn McDonald, K. C., fiddle-dee-dee, and all the rest av it. Besides, there's Blake over there, doin' the smart thing among the ginty there, an' crackin' up Canada an' holdin' forth in that provokin' repitious way he has. Egad! I'll smack his chops fur him! What business has he to crack up Canada? What's he got to do wid Canada, I'd like to know? I'll let them know that Canada belongs to me, that I, and I only, rule and reprint this country!" I tell yez, Misther GRIP, the ould bye was mad—begorra! it's frightened meself was intoirly. "Well," sez I, "good luck and a fair wind to yez," sez I. "Yez'll be over in good time fur the elections?" "Nivir fear," sez he, and wid a most beautiful military saloot he disappeared in the stame boat.

BARNEY O'HEA.

OF COURSE HE LIKES "GRIP'S ALMANAC."

We are in receipt of GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1886. We consider it the best Comic Almanac we have ever seen. It is full of fun, humor and originality, touching the leading topics of Canadian literature of the present time. The numerous cartoons and sketches are executed in a masterly and artistic manner. We know of nothing that will give you more pleasure and fun; all who see it must be delighted with it, from the Queen to the humblest peasant. A study of it will increase your knowledge of geography and political economy; it will save ten times its cost in doctors' bills, and will make your sides ache with laughter, and you will not forget it. Be sure and get this combination of fun in every household. You will not regret it. You cannot get so much fun and amusement in any other manner as cheaply.—*Farmers' Advocate, London.*

"See here, Smith, what in thunder do you mean by that article of yours? I'll spend a whole day trying to knock out your brains, if I can find them. You—"

"Why, my dear Jones, you are excited. I did not mean anything personal; I simply found fault with your actions, not with you."

"Oh, I beg pardon. I thought you meant it for me personally. Shake hands and order in something."

BRONCHITIS.

Bronchitis comes from colds and irritations of the throat; hoarseness, cough and sore throat are its characteristics. These troubles may be remedied by a timely use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.

HOME PHILOSOPHY.

"Pa, why ain't baby no teeth?"
"Because he does not eat meat."
"Why don't he?"
"Because he don't want to."
"Why don't he want to?"
"Cos he can't!"
"Why can't he?"
"'Cause he hasn't any teeth. Now, shut up. You've set the baby crying."

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

Why was Shylock called a dog? Because he was eager in following a cent.

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

When a youngster develops "chin" he should be well lathered; but it is hoped that the barbarous master will not come down on him so heavily as to razor row with the young shaver's father.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.