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THE LAND WE LIVE IN

LAND WE LIVE IN.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL, published in the interests of the Publishers and the public, with a strong weakness for matters of Local Interest.



Vol. II.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 21



The Old Swallow Tree.

As your pleasant little journal seems to dwell much on the curiosities of the past respecting our city and vicinity, I thought it not improbable that your young readers might be interested in the republication of a poetical description of one of the curiosities of the past generation, written thirty-four years ago, and somewhat later published in the *Canadian Times* of this city. The "Old Swallow Tree," which doubtless will be remembered by many of our townpeople living at that period. The tree stood on a lot in Queen Street, owned by the late Mr. Chas. Pannoyér, and on which he afterwards built his house. But, a little before that event took place, some one or more imps of mischief, in the form of juvenile humanity, one night set fire to the tree and burnt it to ashes with its myriad feathered songsters, as they had fallen asleep on the bosom of their friendly protector.

Jan. 12th, 1889. G. B.

[We had the pleasure of reading this poem on one of the Australian Gold Fields about the time to which our correspondent refers, and until lately always attributed the authorship to the late Geo. Bernard Esq., for which we trust the genuine "G. B." will pardon us.—Ed.]

THE OLD SWALLOW TREE.

In the western part of this Town of Sherbrooke there stands a fine old elm tree about thirty feet in height and of proportionate girth. It is hollow, and has from time immemorial been the favorite summer haunt of vast flocks of swallows, which repose nightly within its hollow trunk. At sunset the swallows gather by thousands around the tree and perform an incredible number of evolutions round it with military precision, and when weary of this whirling flight, they drop one by one, as quick as the eye can perceive them into the hollow trunk, by means of a hole at the top; the rest continuing their circular flight until all have disappeared. I saw on the Hall noble relic of ages past, whose death word written in dust. Ere the red man's hunting grounds became a prey to the white man's lust. When the deer and bison freely ranged through the forest far and wide. And the weary hunter reposed his limbs beneath his friend's side. How grandly aloft they reared their heads in the pride of their forest King. While the limbs gave shelter to a new-born brood. Whose notes made the well in rippling flow. How kindly was the bearing, thus a monarch rose amongst the trees. Thy foliage rich beyond compare, how it played with the summer's breeze. But times are changed with thee, old tree—thy glory has passed away.

Thy peers have fallen by thy side, to the woodman's axe a prey. Alone thou stand'st, a noble work of grandeur scarr'd by time. Yet thine all-commanding form suggests the glory of thy prime. But not thy beauty, nor thy pride, is the subject of my song. For goodly deeds and noble acts to thy chronicles belong. Thy rapese trunk and leafless boughs afford a friendly aid. To countless tribes of refugees, who from sunny lands have strayed. No charge thou mak'st, no dowry, requit'st: thy shelter for all is free; And the way-worn feathered traveller finds a "Home, sweet home" in thee. And year by year thy aged limbs do cradle a tiny throng. Whose grateful hearts, in accents sweet, repay thee with many a song. How oft when summer evening's sun was sinking in the west. I watched that happy multitude as they sang themselves to rest. And hover'd round and round thy boughs in the height of youthful glee, Not dreaming o'er to be deprived of the friendly swallow tree.

I've watched them till the sun's last rays were scattered in the air, And twilight shadows o'er them stole as they said their evening prayer, And one by one they disappeared and nestled on thy boughs. Scour'd from foes, or lamposts, here, they sweetly sank to rest. When Autumn clouds bedim the sky, and leaves are scarce and dead. Thy grateful refugees invoke a blessing on thy head, And tenderly they bid adieu and chant a plaintive air. Their withered lingering, loving look to 'er hermits' cell repair. Aid far in distant lands proclaim thy virtues, robin free. And pray that winter's storms and snows may lightly fall on thee. By eve presaged, long may'st thou stand, O generous tree. May lightning's blast, or woodman's axe e'er be with'drawn from thee. Long may'st thou live to shame the wretch who never opens his door. To hear the cries and give relief to the needy, house-less poor. Long may'st thou stand, a beacon light in a dark degenerate age, And thy coolly deeds be graven in immortal history's page.

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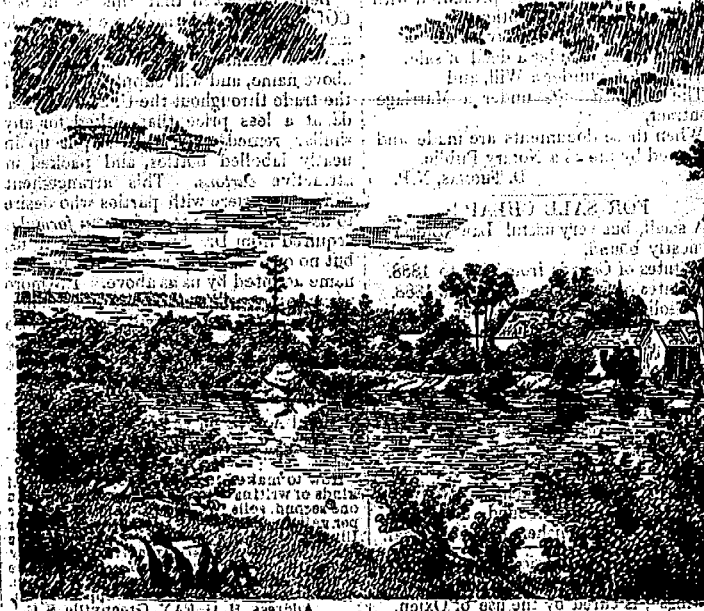
Transition of The Huron Princess. By CALESTIGAN. (All rights reserved.) CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED. The tidings which had so disturbed Anés were brought by a party of his tribe along with two bloody corpses which they had deposited lovingly and reverently on a couch of cedar boughs in Walsgrave's out-house. They then entered the dwelling, and after the customary "Boxoo freres!" "Good day, brothers!" squatted on the floor, lighted their pipes, and smoked in solemn silence.

After a few preliminary whiffs, old Anans, who had recognized Edwardes by the more distinguishing salutation, "Sago, Coice!" "Hail, Chief!" handed him his calumet which, Ralph foreseeing that a communication and consultation of importance were impending, put into his own mouth, extracting therefrom a few puffs of smoke. He then handed it to Walsgrave, who in his turn passed it over to Anés. That important ceremony having been performed to the satisfaction of Chief Anans, that worthy rose to his feet and in slow, measured terms informed them that "Jouskeka, the mysterious bad spirit of the Lorette Indians had again, after many years, revisited the Quebec hunting grounds, and that he was then encamped at Lac aux araignees (Spider Lake), that he had been seen there two days ago by himself and Anés two brothers, who had gone there to trap beavers.

They, knowing that Jouskeka entertained a deadly hatred against the Anés

family, against whom that mysterious vindictive being had waged a vendetta for generations past, took up their traps, and departed at once to rejoin their friends, who were encamped at the upper forks of the Saliou River, and that before they had accomplished four hours of their journey, the two young men had been shot by the Huron demon, who was armed with one of those long Kentucky rifles, which were renowned for accuracy at that period at a very long range. Anés, who had not seen the bodies of the dead Indians became frantic with grief when he ascertained that they were those of his brothers. When he had left with Ralph for the Mégantic woods, he had supposed that they were safe in their native village, but unfortunately they had been tempted by the mildness of the autumn and the plentifulness of the game to protract their stay in the forest. Had they known that the hereditary enemy, or as they supposed him, the eternal evil genius of their family, was roaming the woods within two hundred miles of St. Francois, they would have waived their annual hunt, and remained at home to make baskets and moccasins with the squaws of the village. His father had been killed, and through the head a few years before while piloting a raft down the Long Sault, by the same revengeful being; now the fiend was within a few miles of him, the sole representative of a once large family. Should he remain to be the last victim?—No! the pere Rousseau had taught him "That vengeance is the Lord's," and his only. He would return to his village, to the love of his squaw, and to the sheltering care of the church and the priest.

CHAPTER III. The transition from polished society and its concomitants of "aesthetic pleasures and enjoyments" for the rough but more natural pursuits of a rural life, instead of blunting our young hero's sensibilities, only tended to strengthen in him those principles of manliness and lofty mindedness which his early education had instilled and implanted in him, and while his body grew and strengthened in muscular texture, his mind acquired a corresponding solidity, consequently when Ralph had attained his twenty-first birthday he was as mature and well-balanced as most men are at forty. But his sprightliness and good nature never forsook him; and he was as frank and jugen-tine as ever, his self-command being based on his self-esteem, it saved him from succumbing to the baser passions and sustained him in afflictions. The winter of 1837 was unusually moist, and consequently very trying to Mrs. Edwardes, whose constitution had never been robust; the political atmosphere of the country was also in a



"PINE TREE ROCK," TERRILL PLACE, SHERBROOKE.

very disturbed state on account of some grievance, real or supposed, of which the turbulent demagogues of the people complained. Influenced by their discontented Bureaucrats, the French Canadians rose in open rebellion against the Government. Ralph Edwards and the majority of the young Colonists of British origin enrolled themselves in the volunteer militia; many skirmishes took place between the contending parties, in which the British settlers, aided by the few regulars which at that time garrisoned the strongholds of Quebec and Kingston, had no great difficulty in preventing the undisciplined and badly armed rabble from gaining any decided advantage.

During the autumn and winter of 1838, the rebellion again broke out on a more extended scale, the insurgents having received the promise of money and men from Anglophobists and sympathisers in the United States. In the meantime, troops had been sent from England and the volunteers had become trained and seasoned, hence after two or three battles in which the rebels were thrashed, and their Yankee sympathisers were taught a severe lesson to mind their own business, the colony was restored to its normal repose and wanted stagnation.

As our object is not to write a history of Canada, but to follow the fortunes of our immigrant, Ralph, whose change from old-world habits and refinements to colonial simplicities, and sylvan enjoyments, and from the latter to the pomp and panoply of war, we have endeavored to portray in the preceding chapters, we will leave to the legitimate historian the task of chronicling the astounding fact that the rebels were ultimately rewarded for their contumacy, and that the loyal British volunteers who saved the colony from becoming a *Catuck* republic, or a part of the United States, were sent to their back wood homes to nurse their wounds and wonder at Lord Elgin's method of treating rebellious subjects.

Ralph Edwards' brief, but sharp experience as a volunteer, had given him a strong taste for the profession of arms. He had been praised on two different occasions in General orders, therefore he found little difficulty in obtaining, through his father's influence, and that of his late commanding officer, a commission in the Royal Canadian Rifles, a corps raised by the Imperial Government for service in the British North American colonies exclusively. While serving in that corps, the young lieutenant perfected himself in his drill to the extent that he soon became adjutant of the regiment, and while he was the intimate friend of all his brother officers, he was also the darling of the men. Ralph also made many warm friends in the cities of Ontario, then called Upper Canada, where he had been stationed, but his best and most intimate friend was Colonel Charles Hartinger, a handsome, gentlemanlike man, whom our rifleman had met at a public ball in the city of Montreal. The Colonel was Ralph's senior in age, and had seen active service in the Spanish Legion during the Carlist war.

Tall and commanding in figure, with a swarthy complexion and flashing black eyes, he would easily have been taken for a full blood Indian chief, but the long drooping moustache proclaimed the white father, an old Hudson Bay Factor who had resided for many years in the far distant Northwest, had there married the daughter of the noted chieftain "Hole-in-the-Day," (the Sun) whom he had sent at great expense and trouble to a Montreal convent to be educated. And richly was Factor Hartinger repaid for his unselfishness and lavish expenditure when, after four years of self-imposed widowhood and onnui, his dusky bride returned to him in the full bloom of ripened womanhood, adorned with all those feminine accomplishments and virtues which the Ursuline Sisters are so well fitted to impart.

The Factor had been dead several years, and had bequeathed a large fortune to his wife and three sons. Charles, who was the eldest, resided with his mother in a handsome mansion in Montreal where

Ralph was often a welcome and cherished guest.

CHAPTER IV.

Having followed Ralph Edwards, thus far in his career as settler, sportsman and soldier, let us accompany him through one or two incidents of his colonial life which were destined to exercise a controlling influence over his future.

The first of these events, a very sad one, was the death of his beloved mother, whose fragile constitution, undermined since early girlhood by that most insidious of all diseases, consumption, succumbed to the rigors of the Canadian winter. Although not unexpected, her death was a stunning blow and one which carried with it evil consequences, for it broke up Ralph's happy home. Endeang was sold and Captain Edwards returned to England, sought and obtained the command of a ship and endeavored in the turmoil of active service to recover that equanimity of mind and temperament, which the neglect of his relatives and the loss of his much loved wife and consequent breaking up of his home, had much shaken.

The next event which bore a very powerful, not to say prophetic influence on our hero's future life, was one of those fortuitous occurrences which sometimes mark a phase in the life of a man, and are fraught with vital consequences for good or for evil, for weal or for woe. It happened thus: Ralph, who was quartered in the pretty town of Cornwall in the Upper Province, had arranged with a friend to hunt in the vast forests which lay in pristine solitude between the St. Lawrence river and Lake Champlain; and according to his custom had sent for his old Indian guide Anos. Taking their departure from the Inroquois village of St. Regis, in three days time they found themselves in the vicinity of the Adirondack mountains where they pitched their tent.

(To be continued.)

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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 soiled in color, 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 bonny and spare, Appeared on the course looking quite twice the size.

Her coat it was glossy and sleek as could be; She was soiled in her legs, and of heaves she was free. Such a wonderful sight Gave the people a fright, For they thought just as soon the d— 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, and 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, A. W. LEARSON, 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, G. H. FURSTNER, 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 truly, E. A. HIGBY, Manager to R. E. Pope, Esq., Lowlands, Compton, Nov. 8, 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. 1, 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 setting a horse into condition and keeping them healthy. (Signed) H. INGRAM.

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J. BARTON, Royal Veterinary Infirmary, LENNOXVILLE, Que. TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION. W. H. GRIFFITH, Druggist, Agent, 13ms. SHERBROOKE.

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Address MRS. M. D. FRASER, Editor, "The Home Life," (Summerville Station), Boston, Mas.

Exchanges.

We are in receipt of the January number of the "Woman's Directory," devoted to Women's Mercantile Interests, edited by the Women of the Synergic Club, at 41 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Subscription \$1 a year. It contains a Directory of American Women Journalists, and a very interesting continued story, entitled "The Lovers of Orleans," the scene of which is laid in the Island of Orleans, near Quebec, and gives a brief historical sketch of the five parishes into which the island is divided, and the adjacent country. We cannot afford space to describe the many attractions contained in the "Directory," but whoever sends 10 cents for a sample copy will derive from it information worth a year's subscription. Lady Agents wanted for the above.

The Monthly Gem, is a monthly Amateur Newspaper published at Logansville, Ohio, at the very low Subscription price of 25 cents a year. We are pleased to see that in quantity and quality its reading matter is far above the average, and original at that. Such papers deserve the liberal support of every one possessed of either money or brains, both being necessary in the composition of desirable mental pabulum.

The Yamhill County Herald is a weekly newspaper published by M. M. Banister at Dayton, Oregon, for \$1 a year. Those advertisers whose aspirations run high, will find in this paper a good banister to get hold of, which may literally enable them to climb the golden stairs.

The California Cocker, San Francisco, at \$1 a year, contains all the information necessary to poultry breeders. Clubbed with this journal for \$1.25 per annum. Try it once and you'll capon do so. Nothing has so good a hold on a poultry fancier as a well regulated hatch-way.

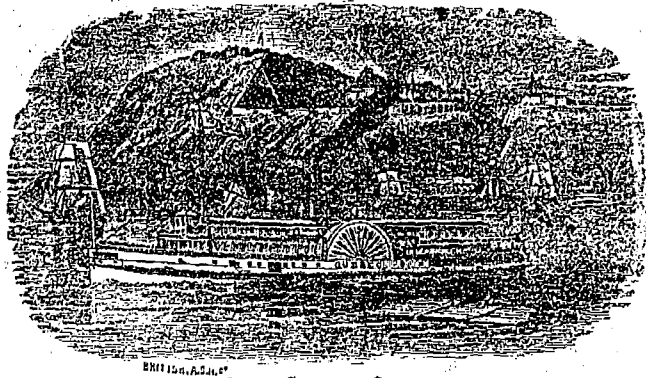
The Vaude Mecum for January, although somewhat diminished in size to avoid being behind in time contains the usual amount of information necessary to prevent parties from striking the school of "Frauds and Humbugs." A 50 cent subscription sent to the publisher at Salina, Kansas, will be money in your pocket.

Messrs D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke.

Dear Sirs:—After several weeks of intense suffering from Sciatica I have been entirely relieved from pain, by the use of Dr. Ortuway's Improved Plasters, obtained from you, and am again able to attend to my ordinary avocations. You are at liberty to publish this, for the benefit of other sufferers. Yours truly,

L. A. DASTOUS.

Sherbrooke Jan. 26th 1889.



RIVER STEAMER, QUEBEC.

For The Land We Live In.

THAT EASTERN TALE.

BY RUFUS REDDY.

How few there are among us who have not, at one time or another, been deeply affected by some incident in our daily lives, or possibly by others that we may have read of, which, though small in themselves, exercise a lasting influence throughout our after lives. And thus by a beautiful Eastern tale that I once read in my youth, was my disposition ever after moulded.

It was a beautiful tale. I remember it well. A wandering Arab on the desert, when on the point of death, through thirst, discovered an oasis, one of those gurgling springs of clear, cold water, that are at times found in the midst of a burning, scorching desert. After quenching his thirst, feeling so refreshed by the water, he imagined it contained more than ordinary properties, and so filled an extra water bottle which hung at his side, with the intention of presenting it to his King and Ruler.

After many weary days of travel, he arrived at the palace gates, where he related the circumstances of his travels. The King, after hearing his tale, filled a goblet with the water, thanked him and drank it heartily, and after loading him with many costly presents, sent him on his way rejoicing.

While the Arab was present, those who were standing near, also wished to drink of the wonderful water, but the King forbade them, and after the traveller departed, explained, that during the Arab's wanderings, after filling the bottle, the water had putrified, and was very disagreeable to the taste, but not wishing to hurt the poor man's feelings, he drank it, and he feared that had any present tasted the

water, they would have likely exclaimed at its condition, and so wounded the feelings of the humble donor.

It was an affecting story, and one which I never forgot. How I have rued ever since with that King in his delicate consideration.

While dining with a dear friend, I was handed a plate of soup; its temperature registered four millions, Fahrenheit, in the shade. I filled my mouth. My first inclination was to spring to the ceiling and kick off both shoes while in mid air, but the sweet influence of that tale, here manifested itself. The soup was offered in kindness, his feelings must not be wounded, and I smilingly cooled the liquid with the recollections of that eastern tale.

I was invited by a kind neighbor to visit his apiary I felt nervous; he said they were perfectly harmless, especially when he was present; being reassured, I stepped in among the hives. I was soon an object of considerable attention.

"They won't sting while I am present," said the old man. I soon had reason to feel as if the old man had suddenly transferred himself several miles away and was irretrievably absent. I was struck on both sides of the face at the same moment and the stings got interlocked in the roof of my mouth. "You see, sir," remarked the old gentleman at that moment, "they haven't touched you, I told you so," and my reply was entirely based on the incident of the Arab and his ruler, and the old man's feelings were spared.

My sorest trial, however, I am now about to relate. While travelling once over the Orford hills, I overtook an old farmer, who was invited to a seat in the buggy. We soon entered into conversation. He enquired my name. I told him, and also where I was from. "Well, I

swow," he exclaimed, "be you old Robert Reddy's boy?" I was. "Well, I knowed yer father well. Now he were the all-firedest man on a yarn I ever see'd; now on a dicker he were straight, but on a yarn he were not quite so reliable; and be you like him, mister?"

I pleaded more or less guilty of my father's Ananian accomplishments. We soon reached the old man's door. I pleaded haste, but had to enter if only for a moment to partake of a social glass.

The old man fumbled over the bottles on the sideboard, dwelling constantly on the good old days spent with my father. Soon, a glass, filled to the brim, was handed me. It was raised to my lips; at the first swallow, I knew some terrible mistake had been made. It seemed as if sixteen fathoms of chain-lightning were whipping around the roof of my mouth. The old man stood by, glass in hand.

Again that eastern tale smoothed those revolving coils. Said I, "That good old man's feelings must not be hurt," and the glass was drained. At this moment he raised his glass, and at the first taste, leaped back and dashed the contents to the floor.



"Well, I'll be gol darned," he spluttered, "if I haven't given yer thearnica I wash my old mar's foot with!"

I felt my time had come. A thousand incidents flashed before me. Was I thus to die? I, who so often in the day dreams of youth, dwelt upon death and its victims, and like many a visionary youth, had my particular choice of how I would wish to meet the great enemy.

At the deadly breach, while gallantly leading a forlorn hope, stood for first choice. How I longed to dwell upon that fatal breach.

Another which came next in popularity, was rushing out of a burning house with an aged mother in my arms, and after laying her on the green, green grass, staggering back, before a full house, and with the word "mother!" sinking to the cold, cold earth to rise no more. But never, no, never once did I dream that I was to die from an over dose of arnica, previously used as a horse wash!

Ah! stern realization! cruel dispeller of my youthful dreams! I fell to the floor. The old man raised my head. His agonized glance was heart-rending. He meant kindly, I thought, and again that beautiful eastern tale waited its sweet influence over my departing faculties. His feelings must not be hurt.

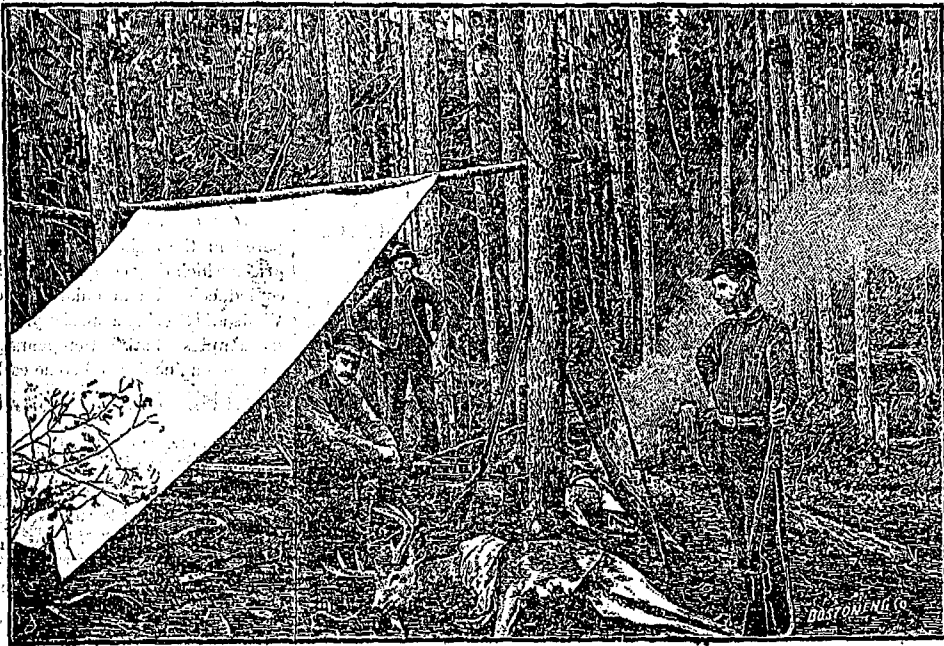
"Old man," I gasped, "never mind; it's all right, I've always hankered after arnica!" and I swooned.

With careful nursing I recovered from the effects of the arnica, and have ever since been earnestly endeavoring to recover from the influence of that Eastern Tale.

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YOUR NAME registered in Agents' Address Book and receipts to make Chinese Compressed Sheet Bluing, Ink Powder, Invisible Ink, For Red Bluelage and Ink eraser, for 25c. ALBERT CANNON, Greenfield, Ohio.

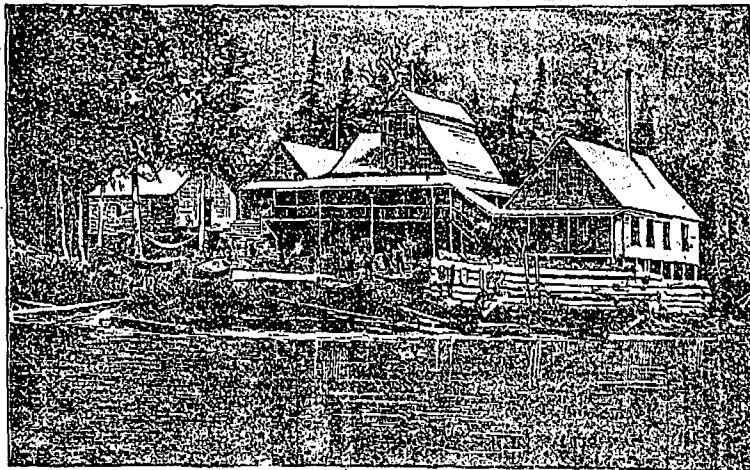


A LEAN TO AT HATHAN BOG.

Telephone Sketches



'Hello?' 'Cookshire wants you. All-right Cookshire.' 'Laws.' 'What?' 'Laws.' 'Laws yourself! Laws sakes!' 'Hold on till I get through. Its Laws that's talking.' 'Oh! excuse me, I thought you were talking law. That's all I could hear anyway. Well, what is it?' 'Have you sent those goods I ordered yesterday?' 'Oh! now I understand you. Edward Laws. I didn't think they had any laws in Cookshire, but I suppose its within the jurisdiction of Birchton Laws. There's some of the goods we can't supply in the quantity you want for two or three days, will that do?' 'Yes, but send what you've got by to-night's express, and be sure to send the Corn Cure and Rheumatism Medicine.' 'Somebody corned, eh?' 'Yes pretty badly, and there's one that's got *Bunyan* by heart. She says she didn't think when she studied it as a child, it would be so impressed on her memory through life. She's put her foot in *bunyon* sure, and although she finds it a soft thing, it gives her too much of the Pilgrim's Progress style of locomotion.' 'Well, you can assure her that to-morrow will bring relief to her and proper quarters to yourself. Its cost you one of them already, for this privilege of having your name appear in our telephone columns.' 'That's all right but you ought to pay it for the chance it gives you to advertise. Good bye!' 'Thank the Lord they've got through! It wasn't any use my trying to answer you with that Cookshire string of advertising eloquence going on. Now say it.' 'Send down to the Sherbrooke House some of the best Dow's ale you've got? Neal Dow's ale? or ale endowed with strength?' 'I don't care which if it suits my customers and produces the same financial result.' 'I guess it won't. There's lots of them prefer the taste of the Montreal Dow, and there's more hop about to it. How much do you want?' 'Oh! I don't care whether its ten or twenty dozen, but see here Wiggett, if it isn't first-class, I'll send it back.' 'Hello!' 'Is that Didymus?' 'Yes, and that's Lew Smith, I can smell that Cascarrilla bark you're smoking, what is it?' 'I've got a Conundrum for you. Why is a young gentleman going out to seek his fortune, like a young lady going down the street?' 'Because they're following the bent of their inclinations.' 'Naw! that ain't it! Because one has the Land We Live In before him, and the other has it behind her.' 'Oh Pshaw! THE LAND WE LIVE IN isn't got up in a *bustle*!' 'Well, who said it was, *Hoop la!*' 'Hello?' 'Is that Skinner's?' 'This is Mr. Skinner's, Carlos Skinner, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, what do you want with him?' 'I see you have one of your wires attached to the corner of my barn.' 'What are you going to do about it?' 'I'll mighty soon let you know if you don't take it off!' 'You'll serve an attachment on me if I don't make the detachment?' 'I order you to take it off!' 'Is that what you call a peremptory order?' 'I say take it off, or I will!' 'Go ahead then, it'll save us the trouble. We don't want it there. We



CAMP CARIBOU, PARMACHLNEE LAKE.



wouldn't have it there anyway, for fear people would think it was to keep you from being struck by lightning. We've got to draw the line some where, but it isn't going to be there.' 'Hello? who is it?' 'Woodward! Noah! What constitutes the resemblance between England and Cleveland?' 'What Cleveland? Grover?' 'No! Captain Cleveland, Cleveland's Hotel!' 'Why, because they've each got a *land's end*.' 'No, it isn't, that's pretty good though. Its because they've got *Albion* under their control.' 'Hello?' 'Do you want Morales up there?' 'More ale? No! Confound your impertinence! what do you mean? I haven't had any ale up here! Who the deuce are you anyway?' 'Ha! ha! ha! Don't get mad! Its Morales, at the Central office. I didn't know but what you wanted to see me. Haw-haw! That's pretty good, I guess I'll wait for a milder ailing.' 'Hello! Didymus!' 'Yes. Its me, Cal-estigan. Can you tell me if your Sherbrooke Griffin has got his twenty dollars worth? Has he captured Donald Morri-

son? Who stood treat? That's all Greek to me. I don't know what you're driving at.' 'Why, I supposed you had heard that one of your Sherbrooke men offered a twenty dollar bill to any one who would show him Morrison, that Morrison showed himself, and that it cost your citizen three dollars and a half to see the show and treat the crowd. Morrison cocked two revolvers and one eye, and then they *reef the h'other h'eye*.' 'Hello?' 'Is that you Dan?' 'Yes, who is it?' 'Charlie McDonougall. I'm at the College House, Lennoxville, I've just swallowed one of Colby's pills. Len had it all nicely sugar coated and I had it swallowed before I had time to think, and its a ten thousand dollar one, I've bought the Hotel and have taken possession and we want you to come up and make the writings this evening.' 'All right, half past seven train.' 'That'll do. Have everything ready. Hold on, Alonzo wants to speak to you.' 'Say Daniel! Be sure and get up the deed good and strong for both of us, so 'at we won't have no trouble atween us. Me and Charlie's knowed each other a long time and I guess there won't be no trouble anyway, but make it good and bindin' on both of us. See you later.' 'Hello!' 'What do you think of the new appointment of J. P's?' 'Jay Pease? Oh! I see! You mean the new Justices of the Peace. I think its a good Liberal appointment.' 'Yes I know, but there's one at least that can't write!' 'Well, if all could we should be obliged to say All write!' 'All I can say is that there's some of them that ought to feel ashamed of having their

names associated with a batch like that. Judge, not least ye be judged. First thing you know they'll have you appointed to the Magistracy. If they do I hope they'll carry that clause in the Electoral Act, disfranchising any employee of the Government. Its too cheap a way of getting votes. This is carrying the game by honors, but hold your whist! If Judge Tait's decision is good, there'll be some fun when some of those magistrates sign their judgments with an X.

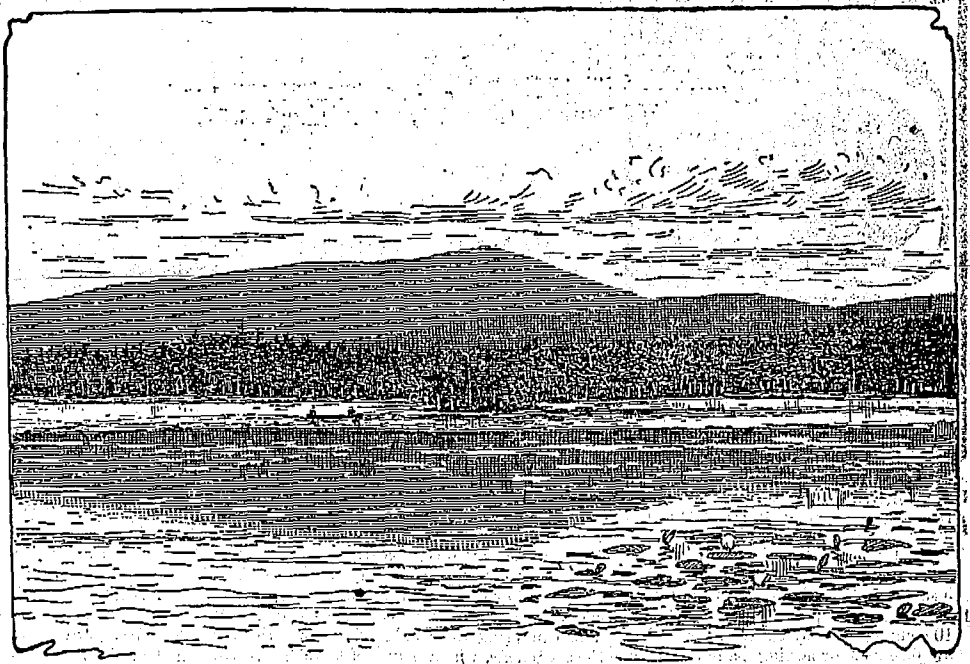
Gold Hunters Adventures and Richmond and Melbourne 40 to 50 Years Ago, are crowded out of this issue by an unusual press of other matter, but will be continued in next month's number.

'Transition' is now reaching an interesting phase. The hero, Ralph Edwards, is now in the romantic Adirondack Mountains, where in the midst of thrilling incidents, hair breadth escapes, &c., he meets Marie, the Huron Princess, daughter of the terrible chief Jousakeka. New subscribers can have their subscription commence with the December number containing the commencement of this story, and as our supply of that number is limited we shall feel under obligations to those who will return us spare copies, for which we will give them other reading matter in exchange. We shall be pleased to receive any back numbers on the same terms, as we find many are desirous of having a complete file of our Journal.

THE GENERAL AGENT, year, name in Directory and 5 receipts for 25c. ALBERT CANNON, Greenfield, O. 3m2

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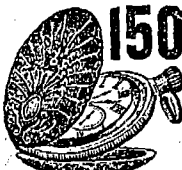
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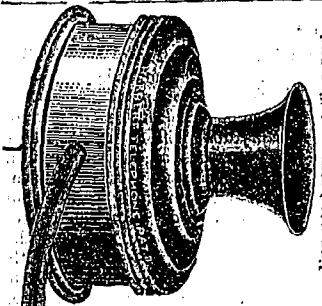


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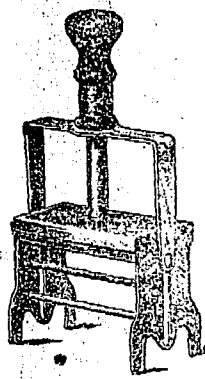
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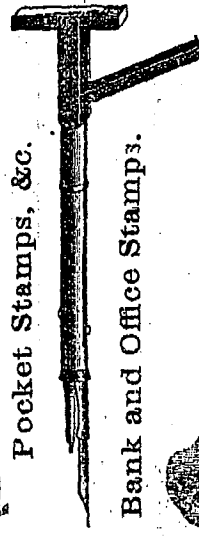
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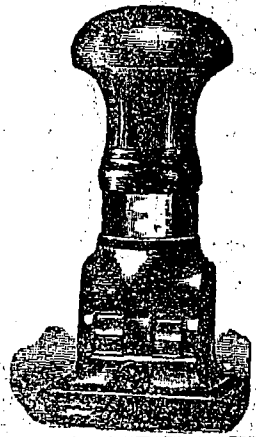
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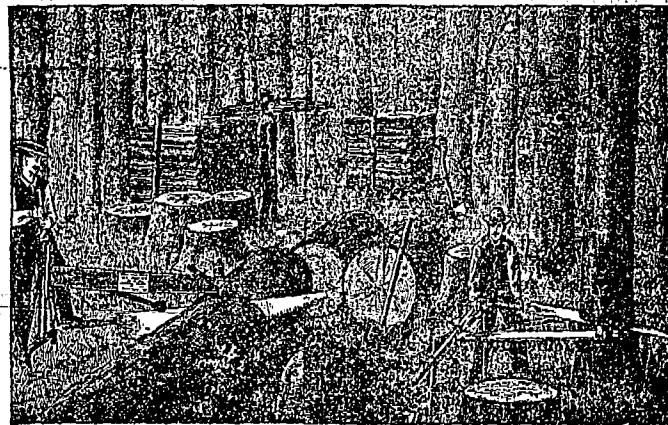
This sum will BE GIVEN TO THE FIRST 200 PERSONS who write and tell where the words "A Ram Without a Blemish" may be found in the Bible. Attention Book, Charvat and Vase. The first 4 persons who answer this correctly will each receive a GOLD WATCH worth \$50. The next 6, each a SOLID SILVER WATCH worth \$25. The next 10 each a GOLD PLATED WATCH worth \$15. The next 25 each a SOLID SILVER WATCH worth \$10. The next 10 each a pair of elegant LACE CURTAINS worth \$7. The next 25 each a MUSIC BOX worth \$5. The next 30 each a TABBYRA SEWING MACHINE. (These machines make the chain stitch and will do as good work as any machine on the market) worth \$3. The next 25 each a REVOLVER worth \$2. The next 20 each a TABLE SET worth \$2. The next 40 each with a BOOK worth \$1.25. TOTAL \$1200

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50 CENTS for all, and the least you can get for your money is a whole year's subscription to a 50 CENTS first-class paper and your choice of "Ten Complete Novels" or "One Hundred Nine Gems" words and music complete. As this offer only remains open for ninety days, and this advertisement will not appear again, it will be to your interest, to send in your reply early. Please state what paper you saw this in, and address **JOURNAL CO., Fitchburg, Mass.**

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The best made, in all colors, and in any quantity. Gold ink, half oz bottles, 50 cents. Shading pens, 25 cents each. **D. THOMAS & CO.**

HILL'S GOLDEN OIL.
We want merchants and traders throughout the townships to keep on sale Hill's Golden Oil, Hill's Golden Tonic, Dr. Morse's Stomach Pills, and Dr. Morse's Tooth Ach Cure. Circulars and price list on application **D. THOMAS & Co.**

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Wanted everywhere to track signs and posters in post-offices, hotels, car areas, fences, and other prominent places. Only business of the kind in America. Positively no canvassing, no circulars from house to house, no goods to deliver or cash to collect. Light, pleasant work, but employees must be "business." Work the year around for eight persons who can earn their salary. All money advanced, but references necessary. Samples of posters, outfits, contracts, etc., free. Send 10 cents, as security; amount refunded, conditionally. A \$1.00 book of money-making receipts, of rare value to possessor, accompanies outfit. Venues being multiplied, **A BICE OLAN (BE) FOR YOU.** Address: **AVON SUPPLY CO., Box 5220, Boston, Mass.**

Fishing for Profit in the Long Ago, in the Land We Live In.

BY AN OLD BACK WOODSMAN.

Some four, or four and a half miles below the outlet of Memphremagog Lake the river widens out into a pretty sheet of water some five miles long and a half or three fourths of a mile wide and known as "The Little Magog Lake." The same varieties of fish are found in this water that are found in the Memphremagog.

About half a mile above the outlet of the Little Lake, there is, about mid way from east to west shores, a small island of rock, known as "Gull Rock," taking its name from the fact that in the spring large numbers of gulls make it a hatching ground. For a little distance above Gull Rock there is a rocky shoal, and just opposite, on the east shore, there is another shoal of the same character. In the old times, before the days of game laws and fish officers, the shoals afforded, in spawning time, very good ground for spearing lunge. Upon one occasion, many years ago, a neighbor who was an expert in using the spear, and the writer, thought that for sport and profit combined, we would fish for a night or two on these shoals.

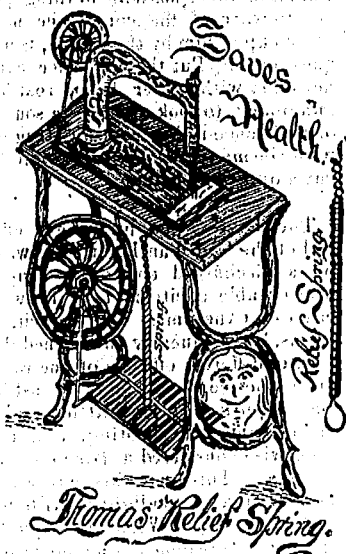
At that time the only carriage road near the Little Lake passed near its head. So we had to row our boat near the whole length of the lake, some four and a half miles. We had a sort of temporary camp in the woods, some thirty or forty rods from the east shore. We would fish by spells through the night, and sleep in the camp between whiles, and, in the morning, go home and salt our fish, sleep awhile, and be ready to start again after dinner, ride to the lake, row down to the fishing ground, cut up and dry our light wood, and so use up the afternoon. The first and second nights we had fairly good luck, and secured a very fair catch. But the third day, when we got to the lake, the wind was blowing a gale from the south, and the waves though not mountain high, were splendid ones, for Little Magog. Well, we thought the wind would go down with the sun, and our boat being a "good" one, we hoisted sail, and had a splendid run down through the shoals.

By the time we had got our light wood dried, it was night, and the wind high as ever and likely to be so through the night, so fishing was out of the question for that night, and my neighbor said to me: "We will have to stop in camp all night. If you will cook supper, I will cut wood to keep fire through the night." As we were combining pleasure with profit, we had not gone to the fishing ground to do penance in fasting.

We had carried along our cooking utensils, potatoes, meat, tea, biscuits, &c., and while I was cooking the supper my neighbor had cut down a tree a little way from the camp fire, and was vigorously at work making it into wood, when all at once I heard a groan as of some one in terrible distress, and, on looking round, saw my neighbor writhing as if in the agonies of unendurable pain, and holding up his foot with his boot split from toe to instep.

With much ado he limped into the camp, and very carefully pulled off his boot, but complaining all the while of the terrible pain in his foot. How was I going to get him home? The wind was so high as to make it impossible to row the boat up the lake that night, and by morning I thought he would be too lame to walk to the boat. However, I concluded that with an axe and a jackknife I could fix some crutches, by the aid of which he could walk to the boat. So that was fixed. When he had got the boot off, he said, "I do not see why it does not bleed!" and, "sure enough, it did not bleed then or afterwards, for he had not even scratched the hide of his foot!"

Use Oxien and you'll feel like a giant effaced with wine, without the reaction. That's why its called "Giant Oxie."



Can be applied to any Sewing Machine in two or three minutes; and saves one half the labor of working the treadle. It also causes the Machine to run evenly, saving many times its cost in wear. It has been conclusively established that much of the disease prevalent among females is due to the double action of the foot, required in running the ordinary machine. This is obviated by using the Relief Springs. Every man who has an attachment for his wife, should provide her with a SPRING ATTACHMENT, and enable her to run the Machine "with pleasure and profit." 50 cents will cement the ATTACHMENT. Agents wanted, to whom the most liberal terms will be given. An active, energetic man can make \$2 to \$5 per day, according to locality; as no SEWING MACHINES OPERATOR can afford to do without them. Sent by mail post paid, on receipt of price, with instructions by which any person of intelligence can attach them to the Machine. D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents, SHERBROOKE, QUE.

THE ARC PRINTER.

THE GREATEST ADVERTISING NOVELTY OF THE DAY.

THE FIRST AND ONLY DEVICE OF THE KIND EVER INVENTED.

The most practical manner in the world for bringing your name and business before the eyes of every one, is to make a sign of good oil paint upon some out-door object that will be seen the year round. To do this with a brush or stencil is very slow and expensive. THE ARC PRINTER not only puts them both aside, but entirely does away with sign boards, which are so easily torn down. You can take the Printer in the country, and in one day thousands of signs can be printed on fences, bridges, posts, rocks, etc., and thus bring your name and business directly before the eyes of every one at once. For printing on sidewalks, curbstones, etc., it is worth ten times the price asked. It is far ahead of stencils for printing the usual advertising upon packing boxes. Common oil paint is used, thus every sign printed will last as long as if carefully made with a brush. Size '30' by 5' inches. PRICE, \$5.50

We shall be pleased to show sample printer used by ourselves, and specimens of work. D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents.

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"RAG WEEK." Pile Cure. - sure relief for all. To any one suffering from piles, we will send a 50 cent box for 25 cents to introduce it. Only one box will be sent to one person, at this price. Address, C. A. HOOVER, P. O. Box 114, Lucasville, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED, to whom this Pile Cure will be furnished on Commission. We cannot send this Pile Cure by mail to anyone in the Dominion of Canada, as merchandise is excluded from the mail, and we can only send it to parties in the United States through the mails.

IMPORTANT TO MINING CAPITALISTS.

For sale a farm of 100 acres, in Ascot, Que. upon which excellent surface shows of Copper exist. Valuable Copper mines have been opened on each side of the property, and with which it is in range. A reasonable time for development will be allowed to anyone who will expend a certain sum monthly for that purpose. For further information address D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, Que.

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F. A. CAMIRAND, Proprietor, Factory Street, Sherbrooke.

Charges the most reasonable of any hotel in the city. Meals at all hours. Within a minutes walk of the Post Office, Court House and Banks.

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ALSO AGENT FOR

The Celebrated St. Leon Water, Sherbrooke, P.Q.

The Jersey Drummer,

G. S. WYCKOFF, Editor and Proprietor, 345 BROADWAY, NEWARK, N. J.

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AGENTS AND MANUFACTURERS will increase their business by advertising in our columns.

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Sherbrooke, P. Q.

OXIEN



prevents Nervous Prostration and Heart Failure and Restores Exhausted Vitality. Is a powerful Nerve Tonic, and removes mental and physical depression resulting from excess of any kind. Put up in lozenges form and sold in boxes, at 40 cents per box. We have been appointed General Agents for the sale of this powerful Nerve Food, and can supply the same in quantity, or in the box. Descriptive circulars on application. D. THOMAS & CO.

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Merchant Tailor, TRACY'S BLOCK, WELLINGTON ST.,

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STEPHEN'S PATENT ADDING MACHINE.

Is for adding figures by machinery. Relieves the head from all mental work. Beautifully and substantially made in nickel. Our leading Banker says of it: "It is a simple working device which any column of figures is added in a few minutes. Every Banker, Merchant and Bookkeeper should possess one." A. W. Grosvenor, Business College, Quincy, says: "It is more than you claim for it. I do not part with it for ten times its price. I do without one. Nearly every student will take one." It is a BOON for AGENTS who are sold from one to six dozen per day. Profit per do. \$9.00 or more, when bought by the gross. Ask us at once and secure good territory. Address, F. P. OAKLEY & CO., Manufacturers, Saffina, Kansas. Whitten Mfg Co., Toronto, Canadian Agents.

VADE MECUM.

We do all the following for only 25c. Send you the Vade Mecum 6 months, insert your name in our agents name directory (or dealers directory as you prefer) give you three exchange notices, and send you a valuable book free containing among other things, 100 names to mention, the Twin Bros. Ink Eraser, directions for making a hectograph, how to make rubber stamps, an expose of advertising frauds, a complete list of valuable or premium coins, etc. The book alone is worth dollars to you. Send now. Address Pub. Vade Mecum, Saffina, Kan.

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Folks say that WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT, is the most famous remedy for stopping pain instantly they ever knew.

AGENTS clear \$150 Monthly with my new Rubber Undergarment, for LADIES ONLY. Proof Free. M. S. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago Ill. 178



Hill's Golden Oil.

Is Manufactured by J. M. HILL at St. Armand, Que., and Franklin Vt., and is guaranteed to relieve from pain, heal and cure all Cuts, Sores and Bruises, or other Flesh Wounds in either Man or Beast.

No Remedy on Earth excels HILL'S GOLDEN OIL for the purposes above referred to. It is a sure cure for scratches on Horses. To any person purchasing from us, we will refund the amount paid if it fails to do what is claimed for it, when used according to directions. No cure, no pay. No pecuniary risk is involved in trying it. It is sold in bottles at 25c, 50 cents, and \$1. each. We want energetic Canvassing Agents in the District of St. Francis, and all points East and North of Sherbrooke, to whom we will give liberal terms. We also want Store-keepers in every town and village in the Province to sell the Remedy; to whom we will give terms on application. United States Agents and the trade supplied. Address all orders and communications to D. THOMAS & Co., General Agent.

THUNDER!

Why don't you send for a sample copy of our paper, if you have never seen it? It costs just 25c. a year. Four months on trial 10c. Ad. rates 25c. per mch. 25 copies mailed to names furnished by advertisers 20c. The Farrago, Mt. Juliet, Tenn.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is produced by Oxien.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

D. THOMAS & CO.,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN circulates throughout all parts of the United States and Canada and reaches thousands of readers monthly. Our aim is to place it before every business man in the country. An advertisement in its columns cannot fail to pay.

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16 Page Edition 50 cents per year.

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10 cents per line under one inch.

One inch, 12 lines	1 month,	\$ 75
One inch,	3 months,	\$1 50
One inch,	1 year,	\$5 00
One column	1 month,	\$20 00
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Cash in advance in all cases. Copy must be in by 10th of each month to secure insertion.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN IS PRINTED MONTHLY BY

GEORGE H. BRADFORD,

Brook's Block, Sherbrooke.

All communications must be addressed to the proprietor.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS FRIEND OR ELECTRIC POWDER

For Gold or Silver Plated Ware, German Silver, Brass, Copper, Glass, Tin, Steel or any material where a BRILLIANT LUSTRE is required.

BRILLIANT SELF SHINING STOVE POLISH.

No Mixing, no dust, no smell! Produces a permanent and brilliant polish upon a hot or cold stove without the use of brush or water.

AGENTS WANTED AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

Address all orders thus:

D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, Que.

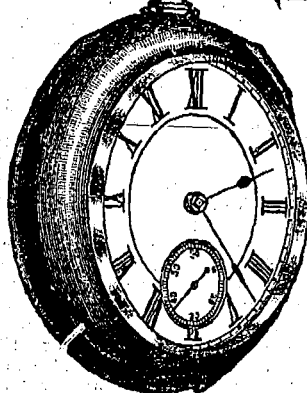
SPORTING GOODS!

- 1 Pack Transparent Cards (25)..... \$1 00
 - 1 Magic Wand (tested)..... 1 00
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- Large catalogue with every one dollar order; price list for stamp.

THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.
Drawer 150 (mail)

SAY! WE WILL SEND YOU THE WORLD one year, insert your name in Directory one year, all for 10 cts. Guaranteed immense quantity of mail or money refunded. Address, THE WORLD, Passumpsic Vermont, 3ms

SELLING PRICE \$4.98 SAMPLE WATCH FREE



READ CAREFULLY.—One Watch Free To All.

GENUINE 402 SILVERUS CASE.

This is a watch that ordinarily sells for \$15.00. For 60 days we will sell them at \$4.98 and give every one an opportunity to get one sample for nothing. Cut this out and send to us with 50 cts. in postage stamps, as a guarantee that watch is ordered in good faith, which will cover us from any loss from express charges, and we will send the watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, you can pay the balance of \$4.48 and take the watch, otherwise you do not pay one cent. If you call or cause the sale of six (6) of these watches within the next 60 days we will send you one free. This is an imported, jeweled, expansion balance, quick train movement, complete with a genuine genuine silverus open face case, and guaranteed in every respect. We make no money on this watch, it simply helps us to sell gold and gold-filled watches from our mammoth catalogue which is sent free. Send your order immediately. This ad. may never appear again. THE F. W. NEARS WATCH CO., 67 & 69 Adelaide St., East, TORONTO, CANADA. We recommend this watch to every reader of this advertisement. Mention this paper when ordering.

EDITORIAL COMMENT



By the withdrawal of Minister Phelps from the Court of St. James, both countries are now without diplomatic representation. This appears at first sight a question of serious importance. But as the heaviest duties of these Plenipotentiaries Extraordinaries are their attendance at Court and State dinners, their services can be dispensed with, with very little inconvenience on either side.

The death of the Crown Prince of

Gen. Boulanger has done nothing special to warrant the confidence now placed upon him by the people, is unquestioned. But then, France cannot exist without her hero, real or imaginary, to look upon as a source of confidence in her coming struggle with Germany, which fall admit in but a question of time.

The shooting of a prominent official of the Canadian Pacific Railway, by a discharged employe, caused considerable excitement in railway circles at the time. The culprit, it seems, had frequently threatened the lives of different officials of the road, but no notice was taken of it, as he was supposed to be a little cranky on the subject of shooting, &c., but otherwise considered a harmless individual. Threats of this nature are usually treated too lightly with us.

According to Western etiquette the party threatened is acknowledged the right of shooting his opponent at sight. Though this is scarcely

season be one of unusual weather, as during the present winter, and where are the correctness of their forecasts. If the key of the weather is really discovered as claimed by some of these people, then why in every case is the weather look of the future not opened? We will not dispute the fact of the key being in the hands of the weather prophet, but more or less doubt arises as regards the exact location of the keyhole, and until that is found, we will have to accept the weather as it comes to us in its usual daily instalments.

It seems by recent reports from New York that an airship or balloon has been constructed that can be safely propelled through the air regardless of the wind's direction. At the last trial a high rate of speed was attained against a fourteen knot breeze. Hitherto very little attention has been paid to aerial navigation, which has so far been confined to exhibitions in connection with circuses and such like; though the world may yet see in this respect, one of its greatest inventions. The world of our forefathers with its limited people, was satisfied with its horses, coaches and sails. To-day with its increased population, we have recourse to railways and steamships. In years, or rather centuries to come with its congested population, according to the law of adaptation, further improvements must necessarily follow. Engineers are agreed in the opinion that the speed of the railway train has about reached its maximum, for with friction, only limited speed can be attained. Thus to aerial navigation must we then turn for that increased speed necessary for the requirements of a twenty or twenty-fifth century. An air vessel propelled by electricity, boring its way through space, at the rate of several miles per minute is one of the possible events of the future, inconceivable as the idea may seem at present.



Kin-Fo.

(FROM "ADVENTURES OF A CHINAMAN.")

Austria by his own hands, to escape the consequences of some indiscretions on his part, must open the eyes of all to the world's improvements, socially, morally and otherwise. A hundred years ago such acts as led to the Prince's death, were considered the natural concomitants of Court life, and would attract but little attention. It is different to-day.

By the recent elections in Paris, Gen. Boulanger has been elected by a large majority. This man of destiny, has appeared among the people of France as many have done before him, for his country's good or for its destruction. Such men are, however, usually a source of danger to the welfare of their own country, and the peace of nations generally. That

applicable in our law-abiding country still it indicates the seriousness of the matter, which should in every case be severely dealt with by the proper authorities.

The unusual weather experienced since early autumn up to the beginning of the present month, must have put the weather prophets to their wits' end. It is surprising with all their signs and indications from whatever source they are drawn, that the unseasonable weather has, so far, never been correctly foretold. The average almanac, if carefully perused, is found to contain for each season, its ordinary weather. Thus, summer is foretold its heat and storms, autumn its rains and gales, winter its snows and cold, but let

Judgment in the famous Morisette case, which has created so much feeling among the Roman Catholic population of the community, has been lately rendered by the decision of Judge Charland, in favor of the girl's father. The girl Morisette it seems was taken in charge, voluntarily it is claimed, by the Grand Ligne Mission, a French Protestant mission, near St. Johns, Que., where she had embraced the Protestant faith. Being a minor, the father, a Catholic, claimed her from the mission, which refused to give her up, the girl also expressing a wish to remain. By the judgment referred to she has to return home with her lawful parent. It is unfortunate that such cases should arise in our mixed community. The feelings of Marisette and his co-religionists can be very well imagined in the matter. The fact of the girl refusing to return, stands for very little. How soon, in a reversed case, would we Protestants attribute undue influence on the part of the girl's advisers. It would have been more advisable for the Mission to have given up the girl, rather than have engendered all this bitterness of feeling, especially as she would soon have reached the age of majority, when she could have returned to the exercise of her adopted faith,

freed from her father's authority.— To retain a child on religious grounds from its lawful guardian, whether Catholic or Protestant, savors considerably of interfering with our religious liberties, of which we are all so rightly jealous.

The black-balling of two prominent citizens of Ottawa, by the Ottawa Club, has caused considerable commotion in the social circles of the city. The parties rejected being no less than the mayor of the town, and a medical gentleman, who, unfortunately for his chances of membership, is also connected with a druggist establishment. The objection to the mayor, was owing to his connection with a furniture store.— The dissenting votes were traced to the civil service members of the club, who are known for their exclusiveness in the matter of membership.— As the Montreal GAZETTE witheringly puts it, they likely wished the club to remain a perfect refuge against creditors naturally found among trades people. Whatever may be the proper reasons be, too much cannot be said against those who rejected these two gentlemen, whose commercial connections were their only crime. In face of the fact that the feeling against trade is even dying out in England, where one can now find the sons of gentlemen and noblemen profitably engaged in commercial pursuits, it seems late in the day for such objections to be raised in this democratic Canada of ours. One would be surprised, nevertheless, to witness the exclusiveness of the so called society people of our Capital. The far off scent of Royalty they sniff in imagination in the presence of the Governor General and suit, has entirely turned their heads. It is amusing, however, to notice the erratic curves of the line that is drawn in these social matters. While the merchant prince, with his honorable wealth, the backbone of the country, is rejected by the *creme de la creme*, of the civil service official on the other hand, whose occupation may be that of licking the gummed edged envelops of his chief, is welcomed with open arms. That people of education and culture should wish to associate together, is quite natural, and feelings of snobbery should not be attributed to those who confine their social relationship to those of equal education and refinement among whom a kindred feeling so essential to domestic, as well as social enjoyment, is naturally engendered. But when persons possessing these qualifications are objected to wholly upon the grounds of their occupation and calling, then the spirit of pure, unadulterated snobbery can be said to manifest itself, as in the case above alluded to.

DYSPEPSIA CURED with the **FOOD DIGESTING COMPOUND**. By mail with directions for use 25 cents. D. THOMAS & Co.

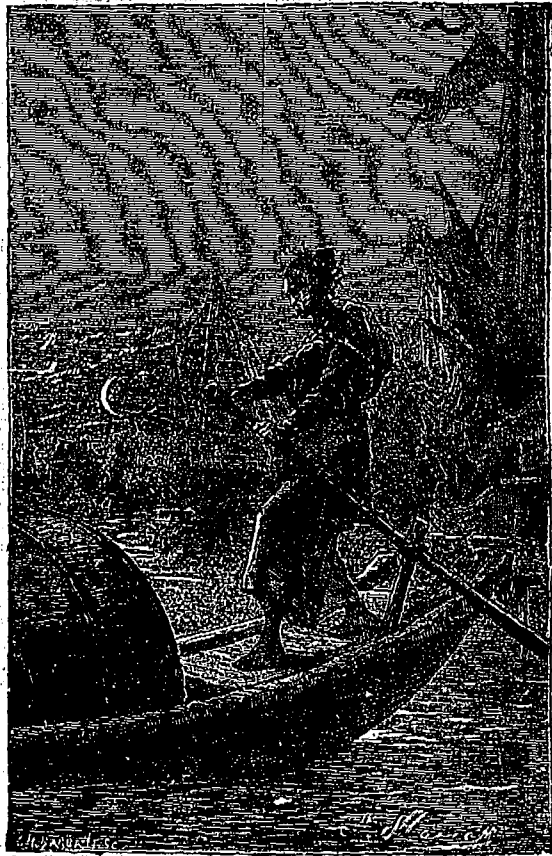
"A MAN OF SAMPLES," (Something about the men he met 'On the Road,') is a very humorous book written by Wm. H. Maher, of Maher & Grosh, the well known outlery firm of Toledo, Ohio, and published by L. E. Crandall & Co., Chicago, at 75 cents a copy. It should be in the hands of every merchant, trader, agent and Commercial traveller. We can supply the book by mail, postpaid, at publishers price.

Market Sketches



'Well, Major Stevens, how are you? First rate, how goes it with yourself? I was just waiting to see you. You know that book I got from you as a tenth subscriber? One of Capt. Farrar's, that one 'From Lake to Lake,' I don't know when I enjoyed anything as much as I did that. If all his books are as well written as that, I'm going to have some more of 'em. I'm very glad you liked it Major, I know I've always derived a good deal of pleasure and amusement from reading Capt. Farrar's books. He was up here the other day but only stayed a short time. 'By jove, I should liked to have seen him.' He

her, up a little more, there! a little higher, there! just a little more, hold on now, but just then the bearers being a little unsteady, as a result of the wake, jerked the coffin a bit, the old lady, slewed to one side, the bandage under her jaw broke, the jaw dropped and the whole expression of her features was too much for Presby. He shouldered his camera and as he made tracks for the street, he sung out: 'Next time you want me to take a photograph of a corpse, don't wake it till I get through.' Who in thunder told you that yarn? By dad! if that isn't the biggest whopper I ever heered, on! By Gosh! I guess you must have been a twitwin' on facts the way he's started. 'Hi! Hole on! M'seer Frosby? Say! ah'll got heem some longe, belle poison, you'll don't wan' to see heem, aint it? Sacre tonere, M'seer Frosby she'll be gone, comme le diable. Honny tam, ah'll don't see M'seer Frosby, she'll don't tak' le longe le poisson, le feesh, le truite de Key Pond, on certain, vrament, Monsieur.' Never mind, Didace, Presby's in a hurry, he's got a post mortem to attend to, I'll take one instead, how much are they? 'Quinze sous le livre, M'seer Tuck, sam' you call yerk aheel, dem trente sous supposo, quatre



The young Tankadere.

(FROM "ADVENTURES OF A CHINAMAN")

must be a nice fellow to talk to if he talks as well as he writes. 'Hello! Major, what's you and Didymus up to now? I'll bet the Major's postin' you on some yarn or other, eh? Too bad, Major, he can pick up lies enough without you a helpin' him.' 'No, he wasn't Presby, but I did pick up a story about you that I thought was a pretty good one on you. Hold on, Major, and I'll tell you. You see there was an old Irish lady over in the East Ward that died, and her daughter who had been working down in the States, came up, and she was in an awful stew because they hadn't got a likeness of her mother, so she sent for Presby to take her photo. Presby got there in the morning and found that some of the friends who had attended the old lady's wake the night before, were still there, so he got them to help place the coffin in a sloping position while he got the proper focus. Then he got the black velvet over his head, and commenced operations. 'Hold

live. Eefctly cont. Merd! M'seer Frosby she'll go a post mortem, she'll not go mor queeck, she'll have deod lettre for sure she'll speck some body die, oui. 'Och! thin, the sorra a thing a Fruchman ud think fit to ate if it wasn't fish, an onions, an pay soap, an bedad, the more bones in the fish, the better, the more solid it is. They'll sell decent fish an' ate suckers, the spalpeens. Now if yo want something that'll stick to yer ribs just thry a bit of this elegant shape. Faith that's mutton for you. Its the makin's of the nate Irish sthew that's in that. Divil a joke, or a jest, but just the trooth, and no lie. An' here's the praties to go wid it, no less an' the turnmuts too. That's better for ye, Mr. Tuck, than buyin' fish that wor only intinded to mortify the flesh wid on Fridays an' fasht days. Be me aowl, the town of Compton beyant raises the best mutton in the whole province of Quaybec, so it does, an' the best men, too, but by the same token there's nothin' sheepish

about the men. Didn't Mr. McIntosh give them a bit of his mind in the Quaybec parlymint the other day? I was readin' it in the Sherbrooke Gazette. I wonder what Mr. Gaginon thinks of Compton now, had seran to him. 'Bravo! Barney! its an orator you are, no less, if Mr. McIntosh don't look out, you'll be taking his seat in parliament, and they'll be pairin' you off with 'the Peoples Jimmy,' when it comes to choosing partners for an Irish row. 'Niver fear, Capt. Parker, I know what I'm best fit for. I'm botther raisin' mutton than discourain' wid mutton heads, like some of them Bonyparte men.' 'Oh! Jack, I wish you'd see those cuts set up so as to give a good impression, when you print my February issue. Excuse me for not calling you Wilcox, but its not safe to mention any name now, that's got a Cox attachment to it. 'No, that's so, especially if you put Peter in as the Coxswain. 'Here's a shin plaster for one of those Dr. Ordway's plasterers. They tell me they're a master thing to remove pain. What'll yer take for a dozen of them? I'll let you have a dozen for two dollars. 'Will yer take yer pay in butter? I've got some tip top at twenty cents, and that's lower than you'll get it anywhere else. If yo do, I'll take a dozen, cos I've heern tell that they're a good thing and my old woman's got lumblager so bad that I've got to do the churmin' myself. 'All right! fetch along your butter and tell the old lady to send down some of her own churning for the next lot. 'An' say! if ye'll take some of this sassidge meat I'll take a bottle of that Roomatiz Cure. Its fast rate, some of our own raisin', an' I guess I got roomatiz cuttin' it up in the suller. That'd be a kinder fair trade, Mister, you'd take what giv me roomatiz, for what'd cure it. 'Fetch it along then. Hello! Mr. Goddard, did you find the road drifted? 'Not much, I managed to pull through all right, I was just agoin' up to your office. I want to see you about makin' out some papers. I'll be up as soon as I put up the horse. 'I say, Mr. Couture, can you tell me where they keep that ero consecrated Soup they had over at the Exhibition last fall. I tell yer it was mighty nice soup. 'You mean that desecrated soup, don't you? 'No he don't, Peter, he means that desecrated soup, Edwards'. It isn't consecrated, but the wafer you to get it is to go across to W. H. Fuller's store, I saw some there, or if you want it by the dozen D. Thomas & Co. are the Agents for it. They say its a tip-top soup, and it only takes fifteen minutes to prepare it.'

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We do not play any "Gum Game" ourselves, but for those who chew we can obtain from G. H. R. Townsend, Rochester, N. Y., some of as spruce looking material as can be found anywhere at \$1 per 100 sticks.

The use of 'Cuss' words is frequently restrained by the presence of one of the fair sex. The other morning an individual slipped and nearly came to grief, as he was in the act of raising his hat to a lady. He got out of it with a "D—n—good morning, Miss Sutton!"

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Written for *The Land We Live In.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

By CAPT. CHAS. A. J. FAIRBANKS.

A few years ago I passed the month of October at Moosehead Lake, Maine, in company with my wife, and we made our headquarters at the *Mount Kineo House*, that well known resort of tourists and sportsmen, while I went on a number of short trips about the country, sometimes alone, at others in company with some of the other guests. On one of these I had almost as close a call as I ever expect to have in this world, and this is the way it happened.

One bright sunny morning, when the lake lay quiet in slumber, its waters as smooth as a plate of glass, my friend Dennem, our jovial landlord proposed that he and I should take a trip to Brassau Lake for a little recreation and shooting. Partridges had been ripe in a legal point of view since the first of September, and were good eating if you could only get them to eat. An old receipt for cooking trout begins, "First catch your trout," and that is quiet as applicable to partridges, therefore, we had determined before the evening shadows darkened the earth, some of those toothsome birds should come to grief.

More by chance than intention my companion selected a flat bottom boat, a cross between a punt and a wherry of my boyhood days. I could see at a glance that the old tub would be good for nothing in a rough sea; but he remarked, "that it was an easy rowing boat," and as I intended to be the propelling power, of course that was a point in its favor.

About nine o'clock, with guns, ammunition, and a luncheon, we embarked at the boat-house, and taking the oars I struck out for Birch Point, below the mouth of Moose River. After rounding the peninsula on which stands the hotel, I pulled a slower stroke, studying the symmetrical outlines of the Spencer Mountains, that loomed up before me in the east, and thought what a lovely day it would have been to make the ascent of those beautiful peaks. When half-way across the lake, I stopped rowing for a few moments, to enjoy the quiet beauty of the morning. The sun shone brightly, bathing everything in silvery light, and the air was as warm as midsummer, and laden with the perfume of the forest. The lake was one vast mirror, in which the mountains admired their stately heads, and the forests smiled on their counter-parts, dressed in charming, but quiet shades of color, for the more gorgeous tones of the foliage had disappeared, although here and there, on account of the balmy Indian Summer, there were yet left the deep autumnal tints that all admirers of Nature know so well. The sky was one vast blue dome clear as a bell, with not the faintest sign of cloud to be seen, and the combination of sky, water, forest and mountains was simply exquisite.

"Behold, you breathing prospect hide the scene
Throw all her beauty forth, But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can they mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other?"

As I drank to my fill of the Creator's beauty, my soul drifted into harmony with its surroundings, and a tear rose to either eye, and trembling on the lids rolled down my cheeks, an offering to that mysterious power, which causes one to weep for joy: a singular anomaly.

"What a beautiful morning, Captain!" said my friend, recalling me to the fact that I was not alone.

"Lovely!" I returned, "I never saw a finer one, and I have been enjoying it so intensely, as to bring the tears to my eyes. I wish we had brought the ladies with us."

"The tramp up to Brassau would have been too much for them."

"Yes, I suppose it would," and again I dipped my oars in the limpid water, and sent the Noah's Ark once more in toward our destination.

As we had loitered on the way, it was not till ten o'clock that we landed on Birch Point, and drew our boat up from the water. But then we lost no time, and a moment later were travelling toward Brassau, with both eyes open for partridges.

We had not walked more than half a mile, when we flushed a covey of birds, and four of them fell victims to our inner longings. This was a good beginning, and we both felt elated. Thinking it useless labor to carry the partridges to Brassau and back, we tied them together and hung them to the limb of a tree, where we could secure them handily on our return.

"Do you suppose those birds safe from foxes?" I queried, as we tramped along, remembering the old Couplet which runs

"A hungry fox in passing by
Stole some, rapes that hung on high"

"The foxes can't get at those partridges unless they can climb trees," declared Orrin, laughing.

"Some of them are cunning enough to do anything," I returned, as I thought of the many stories of these sagacious brutes, and their tricks, that I had read.

A short time after we came across deer tracks, quite fresh in appearance, and after a hurried consultation, we concluded to follow the trail which led towards the Mountain ridge on our left. We changed the shells in our guns as we went along, for others loaded with buck shot. From the appearance of the tracks we judged there were two of the animals, probably a buck and a doe. We kept up the pursuit for half an hour, hoping each moment to get a glimpse of the game. The trail led up the Mountain side, and it was hard climbing for my companion, but he stuck to it manfully, until we both concluded that we should not get a sight at the deer.

"I call this hot work," whispered my companion as we stopped a moment to get our breath.

"Yes, it's very warm in the woods, but then it's a regular Indian Summer day."

"Too good to last," declared my companion, as he wiped his face. "There will be a change before night."

Changing the shells in our guns again, we started down the mountain, and soon came in sight of the river, then turning west, we resumed our former course, and shortly after came upon another flock of partridges, this time a large one, containing certainly a dozen birds, and we both opened fire at once. We knocked three over before they flew, and dropped a couple more while on the wing, and by that time they were out of sight, although we did not imagine they would fly far.

After picking up those we had killed, and securing them to the limb of a tree near our return path, we went on a still hunt for the others, and were lucky enough to bag two more, each of us getting a bird.

We spent half an hour more in a vain attempt to find the others, but finally gave them up, and became reconciled to our loss for the same reason that the Dutchman did when his wife died, and carrying our last prizes along with us, continued on toward the lake.

Just after noon it began to cloud up, and at one o'clock when we emerged from the forest, and stepped out on the shore of the lake, the sun had disappeared, and we did not see it again for three days.

"You are an awful fellow to travel, Captain," remarked my companion, as we laid down our things preparatory to sampling our grub, "Don't you feel tired?"

"No," I responded, "but you see my dear fellow, I have not so much flesh to carry as you have, and that makes a difference."

"Are you hungry, then?" he continued.

"Am I?" Just trot out the eatables and I'll soon answer that question for you, in as practical way as you could desire.

"I am always hungry when in the woods. Your Moosehead air is a perfect tonic for the appetite, and quickly creates

an aching void in a fellow's stomach. I always eat double the amount of food up here than I do at home."

"It is either growing cooler, or else I feel so on account of this sweat bath I have been taking. It was very warm in the woods."

"Walk about then a little while you are cooling off, or you may take cold. I will build a fire; it will look cheerful while we are eating dinner."

"It's too much trouble without an axe."

"I don't mind the trouble, and besides, it savors of camp life a little. I can find plenty of material that will burn, and by the way, what's the matter with cooling one of those partridges?"

"Yes, but we have no frying pan, Captain."

"That don't matter; we can roast it on sticks. I'll have a fire going in a moment, and then we'll see what can be done."

"All right!" replied the landlord, as he began to empty the knapsack of its contents.

It did not take long to skirmish about, and find all the fuel we needed, for there was a lot of drift stuff on the shore near us, and quite a number of wind-falls but a rod or two away in the woods, and inside of ten minutes I had a cheerful fire blazing, while my companion occupied himself in removing the feathers from the bird, whose bones we were to pick. When he had plucked the chicken until it was bald, I took it to the edge of the water, dressed it and cut it into two equal portions, and returned to the fire. I had previously secured two long slender sticks, and sharpened an end of each, and spitting the two halves of the bird with them, we immediately turned our attention to the cooking. In half an hour we had them broiled as well as could be done under the circumstances, and then basting them with butter and salt, which we had fortunately brought with us, were enabled to sit down to a meal that was good enough for an epicure, let alone two hungry sportsmen, who had by that time succeeded in working up an appetite that clamored vigorously for relief.

After our dinner we sat and smoked, discussing the pleasures of out-door life until our cigars were finished, then packing up, we started on the return, not forgetting you may be sure, the partridge we had not eaten. It was about three o'clock when we left Brassau, and the wind which had been rising for some time roared spitefully in the trees overhead, as we hurried our way through the forest.

"I am afraid we shall find it blowing hard on Moosehead," remarked my companion as we strode along, "and the air is fast growing damp, I believe it is going to rain."

"Let it come," I replied, "we are neither sugar nor salt, and rain will not spoil us."

Just as we reached the tree where we had left the first birds shot in the morning, it began to rain, and when we reached the clearing at Birch Point, it was pouring in torrents. The lake, as far as we could see it on either hand was white, and the surf was rolling upon the shingle at the point, in a way that would have been no discredit to Salt Water.

We had heard the roar of the storm and the booming of the surf before clearing the woods, and knew that the lake must be rough, but had not expected to find it so bad as we did. A more complete transformation from the scene in the morning, could scarcely be imagined, and the prospect for crossing to Kineo that night, was far from encouraging.

An Irishman, whose name I do not now recall, and who worked for Mr. Dennem most of the time, at Kineo, had a nondescript Cabin near, and to this we now hastened through the driving tempest, to seek shelter, while we decided what action to take.

The man fortunately was at home, having come over from Kineo at noon, and met us at the door of his shanty and invited us in. We followed him, inside, where there was a good fire in the cook-

ing stove, and we stood near it, for we had begun to feel chilly before reaching the house. I was duly introduced to the proprietor of the ranch, who offered me a seat.

"Shure it's a tough storm, sir—r," said Pat, as I will call him, rolling the r under his tongue, as a veteran chewer would a sweet quid of tobacco, and then as a heavy gust of wind shook the old shanty till it creaked and trembled, added, "Ye'll hardly be thinkin' o' gitlin' ter Kineo ter night?"

"Why not?" I asked, as I took a survey of the general untidiness of the room, and changed my position to avoid a small stream of water that was trickling down from the roof, which in point of fact leaked in a dozen places.

"It's so rough, sir. Ye niver could cross the lake in the boat ye come over in."

"You have hit the nail on the head, this time," I replied, "but, is there no boat here that will live in rough water?"

"I don't think it, sir, an' shure, why can't yees stop with us till mornin'? Yer wilcome ter the bed."

"For two reasons, my man. First, the sea will probably be heavier in the morning than now, and second, I wish to get back to the hotel to-night."

"Do you think it safe to cross, Captain?" queried my friend, as he cast an anxious glance through the small window that overlooked the miniature ocean, whose waves swept higher and fiercer with every moment of passing time.

"Certainly not, Orrin, in that old ark we came over in, but I caught a glimpse of a number of boats as we hurried along, and perhaps there is one among them suitable for the voyage. Give me any decent kind of a boat, and with God's help I'll agree to land you safely on the other shore. Beside, if we stay here to night, our wives will be very much worried, as they will have no means of knowing where we are, and I have no doubt they are looking anxiously for us now."

"I suppose they are, and I should rather go home if we can get there safely, but it is an awful storm, and growing worse all the time. And, pardon me, but I doubt your ability to row across in such a sea."

"Bless your soul, I should not attempt it alone. Pat must go with us. Can you pull a good oar, Pat?"

"Faith, I can, sir."

"Then you are the sardine we want. I'll ship you for the voyage."

"He can row well enough," said Mr. Dennem, "Will you go with us if we start?"

"I suppose so," replied Pat, in a tone that showed he had but little love for the cruise, and then added, "yees better let well enough alone, an' stay where ye are till ter-morrow."

For a moment I hesitated what to do. I cast another glance around the apartment, a faint smile rising to my face as I noticed two pigs roaming at their own sweet will, and saw the hens roosting on top of the foot board of the bed, while every square foot of the place seemed to be filled with twenty different articles, and began to realize that the air was fearfully close, to say the least, thought of the anxiety of my wife, knowing from former similar experiences, that she would not sleep a wink all night, if we did not get back, and then made up my mind to go.

"It is only two miles," I said to my friend, "we will land near the *Three Sisters*, and not try to round the point; let's take a look at the boats," and I started out, my companions following.

Pat had pulled the boat we had come over in, farther up from the water, to prevent it being stove by the sea, and near it were half a dozen other boats of different sizes and models.

Without heeding the rain or wind, I walked around the different crafts, examining them carefully, being well convinced by this time from my observations seaward, that our lives would depend entirely upon the choice of a boat, and the way it was handled. While we were look-

ing them over, Pat selected a long, low, narrow boat, bright with green paint, built something on the Whitehall model, easy to row, and just the thing for smooth water, but worthless in such a sea as we had to cross.

"There's the boat ye want," shouted Pat, then turned and spoke to the landlord, who stood beside him.

"No, it is not!" I replied decidedly, as I joined them, "and the worst part of it is, I don't find one that suits me."

"This is the nicest rummin' boat ye iver saw," yelled Pat. "I would not give a continental for it," I shouted back. "I have no desire to commit suicide, or drown Mr. Dennen. It would swamp and capsize us, before we had gone ten fathoms from the shore. Are there no other boats here?"

Instead of answering my question, Pat turned to my friend and began praising up the boat. I saw that I had a man to deal with, who was not only bent on having his own way, but one who understood nothing of the exigencies of the case, and whose knowledge of handling a boat in rough water, must have been extremely limited. When you come in contact with such a person, the quickest way to set down on them is to let them have their own way, and I was willing to let him prove his own folly. Therefore, I said to him, "If this is the boat we want, let's launch it. It is nearly dark now, and we can't waste valuable time in argument."

We turned out the water that it contained, and then attempted to launch it, but before we could get it afloat, a huge roller filled it, and we had to pull it out. We tried a second time with a like result. A third effort succeeded better, and the boat was launched all right. Pat jumped into her, and turning toward us, began to tell what a good sea-boat she was, when the craft capsized, throwing him into the lake, and he scrambled out puffing and blowing, while the boat was rolled over and over on the shore, and Dennen, and I finally secured it, not without difficulty, and landed it safely. Pat shook the water from his clothes, and signed the boat to a place called, *Hades*, in the revision of the New Testament.

Laughing at his mishap, I took another look at the boats, and this time saw some distance from the others, a large white hull, that I quickly recognized to be a dismantled sail-boat, and with a cry of relief hastened toward it. I found it to be what I supposed, a small yacht, hauled out and stripped for the winter. It was eighteen or twenty feet long, flat bottom, with centre-board, and had been sloop rigged. It was decked over for a few feet forward. If we could row it and make any headway against the heavy sea that prevailed, I felt quite sure it would carry us safely. I turned and shouted to my friend,

"Come here, a moment. Here is the boat I have been looking for."

When my companions had joined me, I told them that if we could get the sail boat safely launched, we should be able to cross the lake, but it was a heavy craft for three men to get into the water.

"It's as heavy for row as a scow," growled Pat.

"That don't matter," I replied, "I consider it safe, and that is more to the purpose."

"Suppose we try and move it," suggested Dennen.

The boat was sitting evenly on the bottom, with a shore under each side. We took hold of the wash-board to steady it, kicked out the shores, and then tried to work it down to the water. It took all the muscle we had to accomplish this, and we lifted and pushed till we saw stars, albeit there were none in sight overhead, and after a hard tussle we managed to get the stern about a foot into the water; then while Dennen and I held it upright, Pat went to his camp and returned with our things, and put them into the boat.

"Now," I remarked, "if ever there was a case where too many cooks spoil the broth, this is one of them, and if I am

going to take charge of the boat, I want you to agree to obey orders if you break owners," and my companions nodded assent.

I looked into the boat to see if anything was needed, and saw only two oars, and not a sign of a bailing dish.

"Get another pair of oars, Pat," I ordered, "if we start with only two and should break one, the trout would make their breakfast from our bodies, just bring along that ten quart pail too, that I saw in one of the other boats, Mr. Dennen may have to bail as well as steer."

When Pat returned with the oars and the pail, he helped Dennen steady the boat while I jumped into her and tried the centre-board to see if it would work. I found it all right. Then placing the rudder and tiller where they could be reached easily, I jumped out, and worked the boat into the water until the stern floated.

"Hold the boat steady if you can now, and I'll get in and hang the rudder."

This was a difficult feat from the constant rough motion of the boat, but I finally accomplished it. Then my companions pushed the boat a little farther out and jumped on board. Mr. Dennen shipped the tiller and took his seat in the stern. I pulled the bow oar on the port side, and Pat the stroke oar on the next seat aft. While getting settled in our places, and bringing the bow of the boat round on its proper course, we had a lively time, and shipped a little water but not enough to do any harm.

As we struck out for the Kineo shore I made up my mind that we had a tough pull before us, though what it was going to be I did not fully realize till a few moments later when we had cleared all the irregularities of the Western shore, which had partially protected us, and were exposed to the full fury of the gale.

The wind was South, South-East, and had a clear sweep from Greenville of twenty miles, and we had to cross in the trough of the sea all the way.

The moment we reached deep water, I pushed down the centre-board to its extreme length, and that gave our craft much more steadiness than she would otherwise have had—for her ballast had been removed—and kept her up to the wind better. We had drifted to leeward a little while making our start, but as we settled down to a steady stroke, Dennen headed the boat for the Kineo shore, just above the end of the peninsula, and now commenced the struggle for life as we soon found it to be.

It was very hard rowing, for first my oar would be buried so deep in the water I could hardly move it, and then I would be almost "catching crabs" as we rose on the crest of a wave. We had been fortunate in getting four good honest oak oars, spruce blades would have broken before we had been half a mile from the shore.

One moment we went up, up, up, on a huge roller, until it seemed as if we should be thrown against the low-scudding, ricked looking clouds above us, and the next we descended into the frightful depths beneath us, with literally a wall of water on each side, for when we were at the bottom of the waves, we could not see over them.

Such a sea I never experienced on fresh water before or since, and when our boat was at the bottom of a gulf, and I looked up to the towering crest of a breaker, that threatened every moment to swamp us, it seemed all of ten feet up to the top, although possibly not over six. But of one thing I am certain, the waves were high enough, an opinion that my companions heartily concurred in.

I watched the large seas roll over as a cat watches a mouse, for I knew to a certainty that if one of them broke into the boat, we were lost, and the greatest fear I had was that one of these mountains of water would overwhelm us, when we were at the bottom of the gulf.

When we were about a third of the way across, I sighted an enormous wave rolling down upon us, twice as large it appeared to me, as any we had yet en-

countered, and I watched it over my left shoulder with feelings of dismay, but yet I did not lose my friend. When it had nearly reached us, I shouted to Dennen to port the helm, called to Pat to slack rowing a little, and putting all the strength I had into my stroke, I brought the bow of our craft up to the wind, so we should mount the wave quartering, and then called to Pat to pull for all he was worth.

We had nearly reached the crest of the wave when it broke, but the worst of it went under, or clear of us, or I should not be writing this story now. However about a barrel of water came into the boat, and that was more than we cared to carry.

"Bail with one hand and steer with the other," I shouted to the landlord, "we can't afford to carry any water ballast," and after bringing the boat back to her course, he began to throw out the water. When he had finished he shouted to me,

"Don't you think we had better go back? *This is frightful!*" I shook my head.

"But I don't believe we shall ever reach the Kineo shore," and he cast a longing glance toward it.

"Yes, we shall," I replied, "there is more danger in turning around and going back, than in continuing our present course. When we get the same distance ahead that we should row in returning to the opposite shore, we shall get a little lee from Kineo Point, and the sea will not strike us so heavily. Never say die! I don't feel that I'm to be drowned this trip, and I can't swim a stroke."

None of us were disposed to talk any more, than was absolutely necessary for the roar of the wind and the swash of the waves, made such a noise that we could not hear each other without screaming.

Silent and grim, with determined effort we rowed for life. It seemed as though the boat went ahead only an inch at a stroke, and very often we had to change our course in order to prevent some large wave from swamping us, then letting the boat fall off, again, head for our beacon once more.

At times I almost lost courage, and even speculated as to the chances of our ever reaching the shore alive, but "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and so I would quickly brace up again, and humming to myself, "Pull for the shore, Sailor!" would row harder than ever. But during these despondent moments, I never ceased my vigilance, and watched the angry green waters with their white caps, as they swept down threatening to annihilate us, and always had my shipmates join with me in season in the effort to place the boat in a proper position to ride the seas securely.

"They are coming down to the shore with a light!" screamed my friend at the tiller, who as he sat facing the hotel obtained a glimpse of it every time we rose on a wave.

"Good for them!" shouted Pat.

"When they reach the shore, steer as straight for their light as you can," I bawled.

We had now reached the centre of the lake, and the sea was frightful. The spray from every wave was blown over us while the rain pelted us like hail.

We were in the narrowest part of Moosehead, a few miles below us it was ten to fifteen miles wide, and through this contracted channel the entire waters of the lake were swept before the strong South wind, kicking up more of a sea here than at any other point on this large body of water. A more disagreeable night I never saw, let alone the danger of our position. The waves ran longer here, and part of the time we were rowing up an incline, while the other half we were descending from the height we had attained, with the speed of an arrow.

"They are down to the shore!" sang out Dennen.

"I wish we were," I yelled back, "for I am getting played out!" and indeed I was beginning to feel tired, for I had been pulling for all I was worth from the word 'go,' and we had been more than an

hour it seemed to me in getting where we then were, and although I was a good oarsman I could not stand such a strain as that for ever.

As we rose on the top of a huge wave that broke under us with an angry hiss, I looked down the lake, and it was like some vast ice field covered with snow. Everywhere the water was white, and it seemed to me that I could detect a higher crest of foam but a short distance away.

A person used to emergencies thinks quick in such a situation, and it struck me that the high white spot was the crest of a big wave coming. They were all large enough, but this was something like a tidal wave, a watery Goliath, who had already challenged, and was now to destroy our frail craft if possible.

Did you ever stand on a sea beach when the wind was blowing fresh, and notice the rollers as they came tumbling in, and see that every little while, but with no apparent regularity, one wave would be much larger than those that had preceded it, and it would break with a louder roar, and send its shattered waters farther up on the beach, lapping your very feet, while those before had not reached you by two or three yards? If so, then you will know what I was expecting.

The next time our boat went upwards, I looked sharply at the oncoming wave and detected my giant of evil, but a little way from us. My friend saw it at the same time.

"There's a monstrous wave coming, Captain, did you see it?" he cried, as the water slid out from under the boat, and we settled back into another gulf.

"Yes," I replied, "and we shall get it the next time. Don't lose your courage and have your pail ready to use after it breaks," that is, if we are not at the bottom of the lake, I finished to myself.

As we slid down into the trough of the sea, I nerved myself to do battle with the watery giant, and shouted the necessary orders to my companions, who obeyed them promptly, and we headed up to the wind and sea.

"Now give it to her, Pat," I cried, "pull your level best. We must be on top of that wave when it breaks, or its all up with us."

"Faith, I'm thinkin' it'll be all down wid us," muttered Pat as he increased the force of his stroke.

And then we drove the boat up the watery incline, until it seemed as if she would go down stern first, and then she passed over the crest of the breaker, which with a roar like thunder broke in a maddened mass of foam, deluging us with spray and half filling the boat.

My friend half rose to his feet, for as he told me afterwards, he thought the boat was sinking, and fearing he would be thrown into the lake, I shouted "For God's sake! keep your seat and bail! We are not drowned yet, but we came mighty near being. I think we have seen the worst of it now."

"I should hope so," he replied, as he began throwing out the water.

"I know so," I said cheerfully, "We shall not get another wave like that tonight," and glancing towards the point to get my bearings, added, "we shall be in smoother water in five minutes."

That we had escaped destruction seemed a miracle, and a silent prayer went up from my heart for our preservation. My prophecy was a true one, for in that time we had made headway enough to bring us to a place where the sea, though heavy, was broken a little by the point, and we were soon making better weather of it.

"What do you think would have become of us, Pat?" I asked, "if we had been in the green boat when that big wave struck us?"

"Shure we'd been at the bottom of the lake."

"I can see the people on shore now," said Mr. Dennen, "there are quite a number of men there."

"So much the better," I answered, "we

shall need their aid in landing." In twenty minutes more, for a guess, we had approached so near to the shore, that I hauled up the centre-board for fear of its striking, and a few minutes later the boat darted up on the beach.

We had to land quickly to keep the boat from being swamped, but we had plenty of help, as the Captain and engineer of the 'Day Dream,' with several other employees of the company were there to aid us. We all caught hold of the boat and ran her up high and dry on the beach. Then Dennen and I shook hands, and congratulated each other that we had not become food for fishes, after which we took our things and started for the hotel.

"What tempted you to cross the lake Orrin, such a night as this?" queried the Captain as we walked along.

"Why, we wanted to get home, and Farrar said he could get us safely over, and by jove, he's done it, but I wouldn't go back again for a thousand dollars."

"Were the ladies worried about us?" I asked of the Captain.

"Yes, they were badly frightened about you, and watched you all the time they could see you. They will be glad enough to know you are here safe."

When we reached the house the first thing was to put on dry clothing, and after we had made the change, and had warmed ourselves, we gathered around a table in the dining room covered with good things, which were washed down with steaming hot coffee, and related to our wives and a few friends present, the history of our days tramp, and the particulars of our trip across the lake, and both of us declared we should never forget it. I never have, and I doubt not the incident is well remembered by my friend of the Mount Kineo House.

For the Land We Live In.

An Address to Agents.

I will give you a little of my experience and how I became an agent. I had worked many a year for different parties and at different kinds of employment. Almost every winter business would get dull, and a great many hands would be thrown out of work, myself with the rest, and I got tired and disgusted giving my life and energies to others.

In the spring of 1882, a few of us were "laid off" for several weeks for want of stock and material to work with, I then made up my mind to try the Agency Business, although my brother tried to dissuade me, saying I would make a failure of it. However I started on a capital consisting of a "Five Dollar Bill." It was about all I had in the world, I made up my mind to do only a straight and honest business, and that principle I have strictly adhered to, as my patrons can testify.

The first thing I made was a Starch

Polish to put a gloss on collars, cuffs and shirt bosoms. My first days receipts were twenty five cents. That was very discouraging but I had lots of sand, if no sand lots, and determined to stick to my business. The next day I took \$3.25, and went home as happy as a lark, and as a result still continue the old business.

I soon became acquainted with the people and made many personal friends. I also met a great many afflicted with all kinds of disease, and I had numerous applications for salves, liniments, cholera mixtures, &c., from persons who begged me to relieve their sufferings.

In my past life I had collected a few medical works and I now began to study them carefully and earnestly, and by mixing brains with the information thus acquired, succeeded in originating a number of Formulas, and prepared them for sale. They gave excellent satisfaction and I added to my stock of Medical works, a number of Volumes which I studied carefully and thoughtfully. I then prepared a very fine Liniment and an excellent Healing Salve, which I sold quickly from house to house. My patrons were well satisfied and I found a large and increasing demand for these articles.

Winter came and with it a general assortment of coughs and colds. My patrons dubbed me "Doctor" and were persistent in their demands for cough remedies, so I originated and prepared a cough syrup of which I sold hundreds of bottles. The formula for this is advertised by me in "The Land We Live In." The proprietor will satisfy you that it is an article of real merit and as a cough remedy cannot be excelled. I have made and continue to make money by manufacturing this syrup and this as well as anything else advertised by me can be depended upon as being honestly all that they are represented to be. I am selling thousands of bottles of Cough Syrup, Liniments, Cholera Mixtures, &c., and boxes of Healing and Corn and Bunion Salves, most of which originated with me, and all of which are my own preparations and can be relied upon as genuine.

After I had accumulated money enough to enable me to do so, I removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, where I took a few courses in "The American Health College," so that I am now better entitled to the appellation of "Doctor" given me by my early friends and patrons. For my success in life I am indebted to the Agency Business, and I intend to stick to it as long as I live.

All that is required to qualify any individual, male or female for the Agency business, is that they act honestly and uprightly in all their dealings. They will soon find plenty of customers, and success is only a question of time.

I have been very successful during the summer months in disposing of a Cholera Mixture, good for all summer complaints,

It has saved my life on two occasions. It is a necessity in every family and I have sold thousands of bottles of it. One of the finest Catarrh remedies in existence, I shall shortly place in the hands of Agents.

Although this article has been written to encourage agents or those desirous of becoming agents, I am actuated by a desire to place myself before the readers as one who will honestly do as he agrees, and to assure my patrons and the public that my remedies, and those prepared by me, will do all that is claimed for them, I shall be pleased to answer any letters of enquiry that may be addressed to me, provided a stamp is enclosed for return postage, and may be able to give such advice as will compensate for the trouble of writing.

After being before the public as an Agent for the past seven years, I am thoroughly convinced that an agent's success depends on his goods being exactly as represented. Try the Agency business my friend, dealing fairly and squarely, with every one and you will be independent in mind, body and estate. Be honest and upright in all your dealings and you will find a customer once will be a customer always.

Hoping that a desire to place the Agency business on the most respectable footing will be considered by my readers as an apology for this lengthy and somewhat egotistical article. I remain,

Yours most respectfully,
Dr. E. B. Bush,
1920 Division st., St. Louis, Mo.

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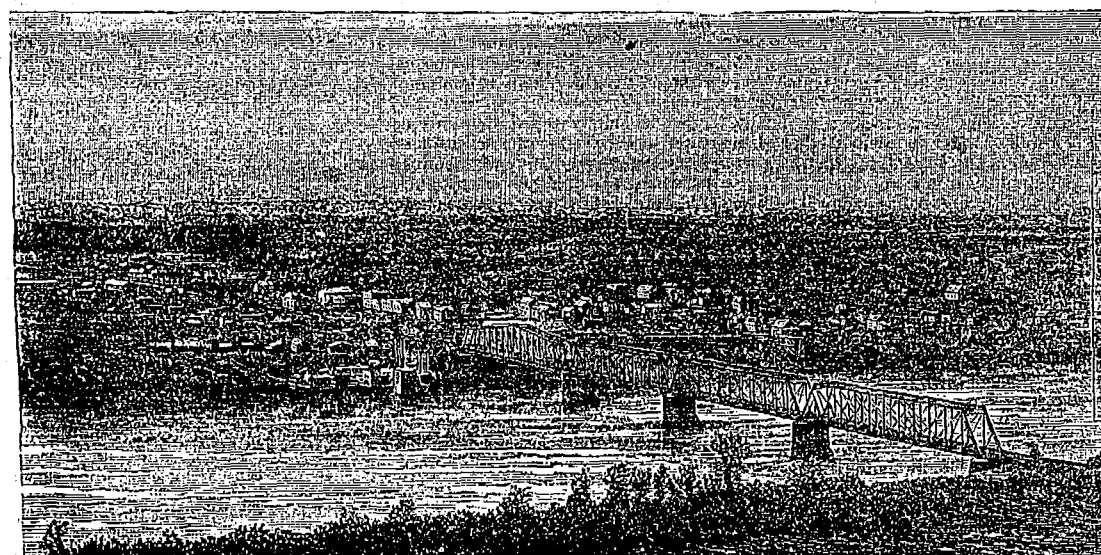
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MEDICINE HAT, SASKATCHEWAN RIVER, (AN EIGHT MONTHS OLD TOWN.)

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

FROM FOREST AND STREAM.

The prophet of the almanac had written along the June calendar, "Now, perhaps a spell of weather," and his prognostication was being verified. For two days the rain had come down from the leaden sky, now in drenching showers, now in drizzles, slanting to the earth before the gusty northeast wind, and still it came down. A robin in the apple tree where his mate shingled their nest with her half-spread wings only left off "singing for rain" to preen his wet feathers, and then began his broken song cheerfully enough but for its import to seem unsuited to its accompaniment, the splash of the rain, the doleful sighing of the wind, and the sullen roar of the swollen streams. The beaten down blossoms that whitened the ground beneath the apple trees, as if an unseasonable flurry of snow had fallen there, looked unlike blossoms now, but added another dreary feature to the dreary landscape; the little brown house without light or shadow on its walls; the dripping, wind-swayed trees; the sodden fields and woods ghostly behind the gray veil of rain, bounded by the blurred, flat wall of mountains, and roofed by the low sky.

When some of Lisha's friends, troubled by a vague rumor that had floated about the valley, visited the shop that day, they found it was as cheerless inside as out, chilly, damp and fireless, and unoccupied by its owner, whose apron lay upon the shoe bench. Sam Lovel, seated himself there, and when presently Lisha entered from the "house part," and he arose to give him his accustomed seat, the old man said, "Keep your settin', Samwill; I haint workin' none to-day," and after pottering in an aimless way among his stock and tools, set about lighting a fire. After repeated clearing of his throat, wherein the words seemed to stick, he said as he whitened the kindling, "Wal, boys, where ye goin' to loaf evenin's next winter?"

"Why, right here, of course, Uncle Lisher," said Sam, "you haint goin' to turn us aou'door be ye?"

"No, I haint a goin' to turn you aou'door, I'm a goin' to turn myself aou'door. The fact o' the business is, Jerushy 'n' I has 'bout made up our minds to go aout West an' live 'long wif' George."

"Wal, we heard some such talk," Sam said, "but we didn't scaseely b'lieve the' was nothin' on it, only talk, the' s so much dum foolish gabble goin' nowdays. An'," he added, "I haint heard none at saounded foolisher 'n this, tu me."

"Wal, naow, ye see," said Lisha, shutting the stove door and after watching the fire a minute, seating himself upon a sap tub, "me 'n my ol' woman 's a gettin' ol' 'n ont' the down hill side, 'n' I won't be many year 'fore we can't du nothin'

scaseely only set raound, 'n' we haint got nobody to ta' keer on us then on'y aour boy. He's sol' aout in the 'Hio, an' is goin' to Westconstant to live, a gret ways furd'r 'n the 'Hio, tew, three States beyond it, I b'lieve. 'Taint a State yit, I guess We-constant haint, but on'y a terry-tory. Seems 'ough we couldn't stan' it 'ta bey him, no furd'r off 'n what he is naow, an' so ye see, we've concluded to go an' live 'long wif' him. He's ben a teasin' on us tu this 'ever so long, but I kinder hated tu, for 'I'm sorter growed in here, 'n' I hate tu naow, but I guess it's the best way."

"Wal, I guess 'taint," said Sam, very decidedly. "You hev growed in, both on ye, an' it'll be jalluk pullin' up 'tew ol' trees an' settin' on 'em aouff agin; 'n' ye won't stan' it no better. No, Uncle Lisher, not a mite better, 'n two hemlocks took up an' sot aout. It'll be a diff'ent s'il o' land for ye, diff'ent breed o' neighbors—'f ye hev any—'n they say 't that 'ere western country 's flatter, 'n a pun-cake, 'thaout a maountin er a big hill tu be seen, so 's 't it tires a feller's eyesight clean aout a trav'lin' so fur 'thaout nothin' to stop it. 'An' no woods like aoura, they say. 'Haow long ye think ye can stan' it 'thaout the smell o' spruce in yer nose, or 'thaout seein' the ol' Hump er 'later Hill, er so much as little Hawy's Back a stan' in up 'agin the sky?"

"Yas, sah, One Lisha, dat so," Antoine put in. "You was be so lonesick you come dead right off, bese of it, An' Jerushy too, you see 'f he an'?"

"An' if ye don't die," Sam continued, "the dum'd Injins 'll kill ye!"

"Sho!" said Lisha, smiling grimly at Sam. "You're a putty feller, a talkin' 'baout dum'd Injins arter bein' thick'r 'n puddin' with 'em for a fortnit, 'n they rigg'in' on ye aout wif a canoe 't you 'c'n navigate 's a mushrat can his own body. Naow, raly, Samwill, he went on, hpp'ing to change the subject, "when I seen ye gittin' into 't over there 't the Forge Pond, I didn't expect nothin' on'y to see ye git a duckin', 'n 'f I hadn't a knowed ye 'c'd swim like a duck, I wouldn't ha' let ye git int' the dum crazy thing."

"O, wal," said Sam, impatiently, my Injuns is tame. I guess 't you'll find aout 't them painted, turkey feathered cusses aout West is a diff'ent breed o' cats, with their warwhoop in' an' screechin', an' skelpin' ol' folks an' babies, 'n the Lord knows, what the devil's own work they haint up tu."

"Sammywell's argyments is good," said Solon Briggs. "The haint nothin' more sartiber 'n that old, an' ancient indyviddy wills hedort to continer' to remain in the natyve land 'at they was borned in."

"Good airth an' seas!" the old man roared, "what's the use o' yer talkin'? I tell ye I'm a goin' 'f I don't live a week arter I git there! Haint I tougher 'n a elum gaur? Haint I fit your Injins gran' there o' Plattsburg? I c'n stan' the tuck-

it, I guess! I c'n fight Injins agin, I guess! H'mph! ye talk 's if I was a ten yer ol' boy, or a skeery little gal!" and then lowering his voice to a kinder tone, I hate to go, 's I said afore. I allus luffed to hev my neighbors 'raound me, 'n' I've had good uns, an' got 'em yit, an' I hate drefly to leave 'em, 'n' hate to leave the ol' place 'n' everything. But blood 's thicker 'n water, 'n' I want'r seemy boy, the on'y chick or child his mother 'n' I's got, 'n' cend my days with him. An' his mother y'arns arter him more 'n I du, an'—wal, we've a goin', an' the 'ba' no tew ways 'braout it, ner no use a' talkin'. I've sol' aout tu Joel Bartlett, an' we've drawed writin'—an' that's the long an' short on't."

"Wal," said Sam, "if you're sot on it, 'n' everything 's all cut an' dried, the' haint no use a' talkin'. But I sh'd think 't you might ha' said suthin' to some on us 'fore ye went so fur. 'I would ha' been friendlier. I swe'r I wish 't the dum'd torment 't invented that 'ere cursed western country hedn't never ben borned! A breakin' up families an' puttin' notions inter ol' folks' heads, blast him!" and said no more, but sat staring out at the gloomy landscape that, seen through the green and wrinkled panes of the long window, looked gloomier and more dismal than ever.

They spoke no more of Lisha's intended departure, and after a few feeble attempts at conversation, sat down and smoked in silence till the day grew darker with the coming on of evening, and then the visitors departed.

Toward the end of summer Lisha and his wife were ready to begin their journey, and after the kindly fashion of those days, some of their neighbors accompanied them to the place where they were to embark in the canal boat that would take them the length of "Clinton's big ditch" on their way. Pelatiah drove the lumber wagon whereon was piled the "house-el stuff" reserved from the "vandaw," then came a little conveyance, driven by Sam Lovell, and carrying Lisha and Jerusha, Joe Hill and his wife, Solon Briggs and Antoine, and a day's provisions for the party. They jolted over the rough road and through the little hamlet that the forge and store and tavern gave life to, and then taking the road along the bank of the noisy little river, the old people turned their backs upon the green wall of the mountains and entered on their long journey westward. Lisha was as cheerful as could be expected when his heart was heavy with the sorrow of leaving his old home, and he was suffering the discomfort of his high-collared, tight sleeved best coat and the weight of his bell crowned hat. He pointed out the farm where the first settler of Danvis had "pitched" the hill where Pelatiah's grandfather killed a panther, discoursed of the changes that had come since he

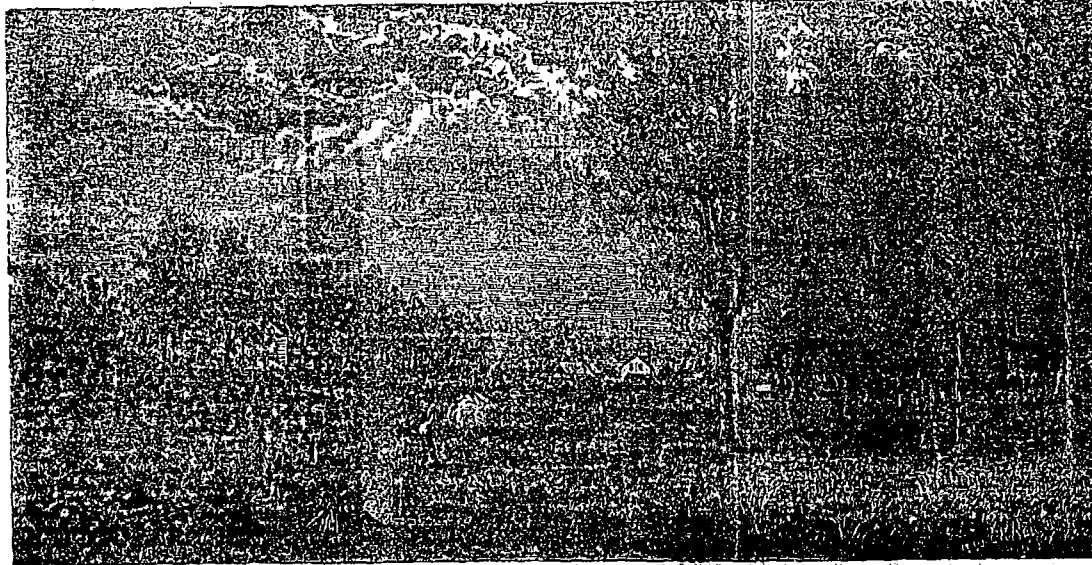
first knew the town, made some strained efforts at joking with Antoine, and talked on and on when he had nothing to say. Aunt Jerusha wept silently in the seclusion of her new gingham sun bonnet, comforting herself with frequent pinches of snuff that afforded her an excuse, for as frequent use of her handkerchief.

At noon they stopped to bait their team and eat their lunch under some wayside trees and then went on. In the middle of the afternoon they entered the little city that marked the end of the first stage of the old people's journey, and the wonders of its few three story, build- ing, its three churches, and the court- house perched upon the crest of a ledge, in which, Lisha told them, "the leegle tur sot onct," so dazed Pelatiah that he nearly missed finding the way to the wharf where the canal packet lay. There now wonders met his astonished gaze. A rifle shot up stream the river almost as wide as the length of the forge pond, the largest sheet of water he had ever seen till now, foamed and thundered down a precipice forty feet high, and then its vexed waters writhed along a deep, broad reach, past the wharves, where lay the canal boats and the little steamer that was to tow them to the lake and then to Whitehall.

Loquing about these strange, immense craft were the curly or saucy canal boat men, upon whom the young mountaineers looked on with awe, for they were traveled men who must have seen nearly all of the great world, having been more than once to the end of the canal and back again, and some, it was said, had even beheld the wonders and glories of that almost fabulous city by the sea, New York.

"In an airly day," said Lisha, "hows o' the Yorkers built 'em a gris mill on them falls, an' Eben Allen an' his Green Mountain Boys come an' drove 'em off, an' hove the millstons over the falls, or some says inter a big pothole, nigh the top, 'n' they're a layin' in the bottom, on't noaw. Right along here 'ere these 'ere wharfs an' stores be, McDowney's ships was built time o' the last war, ships a gret d'l bigger 'n them capaw boats be; Pelatiah, I worked here a haulin' timber, to build 'em on, an' 'twas hurryin' times, I tell ye, with the British threatenin' the hull time. We hauled w'at a big stick here aouten the woods, for a keel, it was, wif three yoke o' oxen, an' at jib, the ship carpenters went full chiegl, an' in six weeks I b'lieve, it wa'n't no more, from the day 't was cud down, the ship was all ready to go int' the water. That's the way they did things in them times. A spell arter that the British come in, their gunboats to destroy the American vessels here, but they didn't git no furd'r 'n the mouth o' the creek, for aour folks hed a little fort there, a lieutenant dame o' Cassin commandin' on't, an' they drove the British boats off. They call it Fort Cassin yit, but 'taint nothin' but some banks o' airth, an' wa'n't then. When aour ships got all ready they went off int' the lake, an' bimeby come Plattsburg fight. We all rallied aout, an' there was lots o' Green Mountain Boys in it, me 'mongst the rest on 'em, skeered 'enough, but no notion o' ruffin'. We fit an' fir on land, an' the ships fit on the water, till arter a good spell aour shells lick'd their'n, an' then the British we was fightin' run, an' I tell ye the backs o' their 'arnal red cuts was a dum sight the best lookin' side on 'em, 'f we'd seen yit. That's all the folks fightin' 't ever I done, or ever wan' tu. That 'ere big stum' hill, din' over yonder, where the flag a flyin' is the government's ainal. The's muskits an' cannon nough in it tu rig aout a hull army. 'N there 't that pussy ol' red-headed feller comin' a horseback, 'long the road 's the major 't bosses it. Nothin' to do but draw his pay, fo live hundred dollars a year, 's a pose, an' drink ol' Jamsky spirits an' sweet wine an' loaf 'raound."

With such discourse Lisha entertained his friends till nightfall, when he and Jerusha went to their berth in the packet and they to their inn, excepting An-



HOMESTEAD FARM AT KILDONAN, NEAR WINNIPEG.

toine, who having dug some worms and borrowed a pole and a line of a compatriot, went fishing for bullpouts.

Next morning came the sorrowful taking leave, and after much bustle and shouting and swearing by the captains and crews of the steambot and canal-boats, wherein the bold mariners of the canal having had the practice and experience of greater and more frequent opportunities, greatly outdid their rivals, the little flotilla got under weigh.

"There they go," said Sam Lovel, turning sadly away. "There they go, julluk tew ol' trees tore up by the ruts an' drifin' down stream."

One day, a little more than a year later, when the blue September sky arched the valley and the afternoon sun shone warm into it, Sam Lovel came slowly out of the woods into the pasture above Uncle Lisha's old homestead. Under his arm he carried his bee box, which presently he set upon a small boulder, and after watching its two or three little prisoners for a minute through the glazed top, care fully opened the cover and backed a few paces away, keeping his eyes constantly upon it.

"Yes, sir," said Sam, laughing softly, "there's a swarm under the eld'birds o' the shop, jes' as sure's your name is D. I've it, Wal, they c'n stay there for all o' me."

He went around to the front of the house, stepping carefully lest he should tread on Aunt Jerusha's posies, uncarded for now and running wild; China asters, sweet Williams and pansies struggling in a matted tangle of May weed, soy beans and morning glories wandering away from the posts of the stoop to climb the tall pig weeds. Two squirrels stopped chaffing each other over the roof and along the rattling clapboards to scoff at the intruder, and a woodchuck sounded his querulous whistle and scuttled under the shop, as Sam approached it. The door was half open, and he almost expected to hear the hearty hail of his old friend; but a chance-sown growing poppy in a crack of the sill, and the fallen petals of its last flower withering undisturbed on the worn threshold, told mutely how long it had been untrdden by the foot of man. When Sam looked into the empty shop, where nothing was left to tell of its former use but a faint waft of the old, familiar odor, the scone and its mouse nibbled candle end, a broken last and a rubbishy heap of leather scraps, a partridge sprang from the floor and, hurtling through the open, long window, went sailing away to the woods.

"The fog o' the ol' stories hangs 'round here yet," Sam soliloquized, "an' wild creatures takes us nat'ral as tu the woods tu Uncle Lisha's shop! Come dawg."

Vick Victorious.

Vick's Catalogue, or more properly Vick's Floral Guide for 1889 is one of the most beautiful of the kind we have ever seen, and an ornament in any household. It is fully illustrated and contains three elegant colored plates. Vick, of Rochester, is a household word all over this continent, and anything sent out by this firm can be relied upon as genuine.

We had the pleasure of a call a few days ago, from Capt. Charles A. J. Farrar of Boston, the author of several amusing and interesting works popular amongst the sporting fraternity. The scene of his hunting and fishing exploits embraces the Rangley lakes and the territory lying between Moosehead lake and this province with which he has had 25 years of intimate acquaintance.

Written for The Land We Live In.

A Tribute to Woman.

By UNCLE JOZUEH.

A woman can't sharpen a pencil, Nor fix up a package or parcel, And make it look neat, ez it should, But I reckon that Robert-wuz foolin', And didn't mean all that he said, Ef he did, then he needs some more skoolin', Er some lec to put onto his head.

A woman, perhaps can't play billiards, Nor smoke and drink rum like a man; But she can hoe corn, and dig taters, And she can throw rocks at a hen. She can work all day long in the hayin', And then do her house work at night, And I know one, at preachin' and prayin', Ken beat Robert high'er'n a kite.

Then at cookin', a' bakin' and churnin', And washin' and scrubbin', and 'sutch', And lightin' the fire in the mornin'; Ken ye beat Mr. Robert? Not much. 'Tis true she don't shave like a dandy, But she knows how to dress and to flirt, And often she comes duced handly To sew buttons onto one's shirt.

She can do 'wondrous things' with a needle, And miracles work with a pin, And she knows how to manage a bussel, But betwixt the smartest of men, Perhaps she can't sharpen a pencil Nor tie up a parcel jest right, But she never hes had any equal At sparkin' or meet any night.

And then, when comes sickness or trouble, Er any sich terrible things, She's ez Scott said 'a minister'n' Angel, Jest lickin' the feathers and wings. Then, ez Mark Twain rom' one cou't'ainin', I don't know jest where er jest when, 'A woman, fer nussin' of children, Haint got any equal 'mong men.'

And I ken, without hesitation, Endorse much that Robert has said - 'Of all the good things in creation A woman's the best to be had.' A sister is something to beate of, Some cousins and aunts ain't so small, A sweetheart, a chap should be proud of, A good wife is better 'n' 'em all.

Myrtle, P. Q. Dec. 28, 1888.

NOTICE.

OLDER WITHOUT APPLES.—except and full instructions for manufacturing it, by mail for only 10 cents. (In no case can't be detected from pure apple cider by the best of judges. This is a good chance for store keepers and for family use; cost 10c per gallon to make.) Address: H. G. FAY, Greenville, S. C.

YOUR NAME BUSINESS.—and AD-DRESSES on 25 XXX-White Envelopes, for only 10 cents. THE STAR, Greenville, S. C.

WANTED.—All kinds of Second hand Type, Presses, and Outfits for manufacturing Rubber Stamps.—Send prices and particulars to SOUTHERN STAR, P.O. Box, Greenville, S. C.

Parties answering any advertisement contained herein, will greatly oblige by mentioning this journal.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

For 10 cents silver, we will insert your name in 2 Huge Agents Directories and send you the Agents Guide, a large monthly 5 months, and you will receive thousands of books, papers, catalogues, etc., from firms all over the United States. The subscription price of "The Agents Guide" is 25 cents a year. All subscribers received before October 31st, will be taken for 10 cents per year. Advertising rates 50 cents per inch. J. T. MULLINS, Faulkland, Del.

SOMETHING NOVEL.

A \$1.25 book for 5 cents.

In order to introduce Capt. Farrar's works in this vicinity, we have adopted the following plan. Some number from 1 to 100 will be marked on a ticket, and placed in an envelope, which will be marked with the name of the book to be given as a prize and sealed. Thirty, (30) tickets, numbered consecutively, will then be disposed of at 5 CENTS each, on the back of which will be written the name of the purchaser, and any number chosen by him from 1 to 100 inclusive. The number so chosen identical with or nearest the number of the ticket contained in the envelope, will receive the book. Should the winning number be chosen by two or more persons, the one holding the highest numbered ticket will take the book, and each of the others will receive back the price paid for his ticket. The tickets will be issued in series of 30 each, to meet the demand. Orders with numbers chosen may be sent by mail. The winner can have his choice of any of Capt. Farrar's books mentioned in another column, or Perseverance Island. A distribution will take place at our office every Saturday at 3 p. m., and somebody is going to get a cheap book.

Mr. L. E. Doe, of Moe's River, Que., who was one of the first to whom we supplied Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure, says although he has never used it according to directions, it always relieves him when he feels a touch of rheumatism by simply taking a dose or two, and that he has in the same way cured or relieved several of his friends and acquaintances. Mr. Walter Hanover, 116, Broadway, Fall River, Mass., can testify to the benefits derived from the use of this Rheumatic Cure amongst his personal friends and acquaintances. Price \$1 per bottle.

Mr. Joseph Andrews, of Windsor Mills Que., says that the use of OXLEN makes him feel ten years younger, and that he can walk off as if relieved of a heavy load.

Parker W. Nagle, Esq., J. P., of Rock Forest, Que., Crown Forest Ranger, says that less than a bottle of Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure, completely cured his son who had been confined to his bed with inflammatory rheumatism and rheumatic fever, for several weeks at a time during three successive winters. Timothy Leet, Esq., of Danville, Que., Clerk of the Circuit Court, and Sergeant Shaw, also of Danville, a member of the Wimbledon team, both testify to the benefits derived by them personally from the use of Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure.

We were the first in this part of Canada to test the efficacy of Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure, and having been cured by its use of inflammatory rheumatism, applied for and secured the general Agency, and now have it expressly manufactured for us in this Province. We can supply Agents and the trade, in the U. S. as well as in Canada. Descriptive pamphlets and wholesale prices on application.

Hill's Golden Oil is the best known remedy for scratches in horses, and for bruises and flesh wounds in man or beast. We will refund the money, on any purchase made from us, where it fails to cure when used in accordance with the directions. Agents and the trade supplied in Canada and the U. S. Single bottles 25 and 50 cents. Wholesale price slips on application.

Buy Thomas' Sewing Machine Relief Spring, before your wife seeks the relief that this world cannot give, where the retired life will take the place of the tired one, and an additional S. makes the use of needles need ess.

BARBER'S

INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE.

This wonderful remedy is composed of powerful, yet harmless drugs, which readily assimilate with the blood, and absorb and carry off through the pores of the skin the Lactic or Uric acid, and all other poisonous matter therein, thereby removing the cause of Gout, Neuralgia and all forms of Rheumatism. Wherever it has been introduced, the demand for it has constantly increased. Through personal benefits derived from its use, we have been the means of introducing it in Canada, and it is now manufactured for us, as General Agents, here in Sherbrooke. We have sold a large quantity of the Cure in this part of the Eastern Townships, and only know of two persons whom it has failed to benefit, after using it according to directions. We confidently recommend it to those afflicted with Rheumatism in any form; Not because "there is money in it," but from our personal experience of its use and benefit. It is this which has induced us to take up a new line of business, and it wouldn't pay us to recommend a worthless article. We confidently believe that Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure will do all that is claimed for it. While we are not sanguine enough to believe that it will cure every individual case of Rheumatism, some of which may be a complication of diseases, we are in a position to prove that out of one thousand cases taken indiscriminately, over ninety-four per cent. were relieved by the use of this Cure. Try it, use it, in strict accordance with the directions which accompany each bottle. Price \$1 per bottle. Agents wanted, and the trade supplied throughout the United States and Canada. Circulars on application to D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents for Canada.

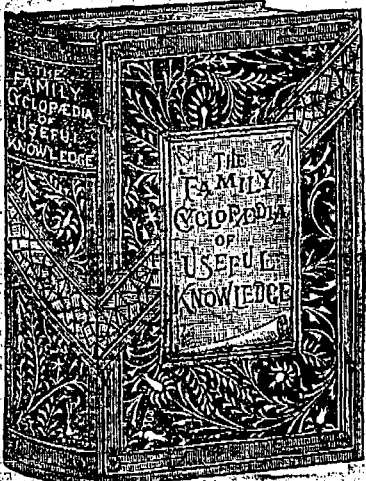
A PRINCELY OFFER! We will send the PRINCE & FAIRY, a magnificent Literary and Family Paper, filled with charming stories, sketches, poems, in fact, everything to amuse and instruct the whole family circle, on trial for SIX months to all who will send us 44c. in postage stamps, and to each person we will send free 1 Beautiful Silver-Plated Butter-Knife, 1 Beautiful Silver-Plated Sugar-Spoon, 1 set (3) elegant Silver-Steel Teaspoons. If you will agree upon honor to show the paper and premiums to at least 10 persons. Remember, the above goods are not the cheap goods, plated on brass, but are heavily plated on steel. All the above premiums are an absolute free gift, to induce all to try the PRINCE & FAIRY for SIX months. Write to-day. Address: AVERY & CO., 243 Franklin St., BOSTON, MASS.

Photos: 20 lovely, full length beauties, only 10c; 50 for 25c. The Barber & Co., 6111 Bay Shore, N.Y.

A BOOK THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY AMERICAN HOME.

The Family Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge.

This is unquestionably one of the most interesting, entertaining and instructive books ever published. It is a universal educator for every member of the family circle, filled with useful information from beginning to end...



Biography.—In this department are given interesting biographies, arranged in alphabetical order, of George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, William Shakespeare, Lord Byron, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, George Peabody, Edward Everett, James Peck, Rufus B. Sewall, Washington Irving, Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greely, Thurlow Tilden, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Dickens, William Cullen Bryant, H. W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John G. Whittier, Alfred Russel Wallace, Herbert Spencer, Wm. E. Gladstone, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Peter Cooper, James A. Garfield, Ulysses S. Grant, Samuel J. Tilden, Gen. F. B. Lincoln, Allen G. Thurman, John Sherman, William A. Evans, Thomas E. Bland, James G. Blaine, Wm. T. Sherman, Philip H. Sheridan, Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks.

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Useful Arts and Manufactures.—This department describes and illustrates the arts and processes of printing, stereotyping, book-binding, wood engraving, copper-plate printing, lithography, photography, electrotyping, metal-cutting, piano-making and paper-making, the manufacture of silk, iron, steel, glass, etc., porcelain, spectacles, perfumery, soap, leather, starch, needle, sugar, etc., etc.

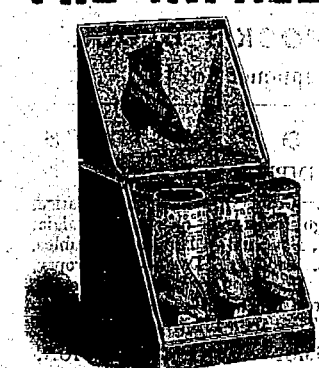
Mathematical and Miscellaneous.—Here is given a vast amount of useful and interesting information, some of which is the population of America, the population of the principal countries of the world, the length of the principal rivers, the distance from Washington to New York, the population of the principal cities of the United States, etc., etc.

Only a small portion of the contents of this truly valuable work are enumerated above. It is a vast storehouse of useful and entertaining knowledge—unquestionably one of the best and most valuable books ever published in any language.

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These Patterns have been used by the Painters of the United States and Canada for the last seven years, and each one has made money by their use. No sign painter should be without them, and with them anyone can establish a profitable business, where there isn't a sign painter. No spacing required with the Letter Patterns and with a few border Stencils, anyone can paint a handsome sign on wood, canvas, brick, tin, or any surface where a sign can be put.

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A dry preparation of Extract of Beef and Vegetables; a delicious, nourishing and economical basin of Soup in a few minutes; a ground-work for all Brown Soups, an excellent gravy, and an invaluable adjunct in Irish Stew. Will keep good any time in all climates.

The best and cheapest article of diet ever introduced to the public. Highly recommended by the medical profession and the entire press.

Don't fail to try it! For Sale by all Grocers everywhere, in tins, 1lb. 40c.; 1/2 lb., 25c.; 1/4 lb. 15c. and 2oz. packets 5 cents.

Wholesale Depot: 30 St. Sacrament St., Montreal. EDWARDS' ECONOMIC COOKERY, a valuable book—post free on application. D. THOMAS & Co., Gen'l Agents.

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If you want ANYTHING we will give notice to our large and wide circle of readers at the low cost of ONE CENT A WORD for first time, but a cent a word for each additional insertion. NO CHARGE is made for words in your signature and address. For example, a similar ad. to the following would cost you only a two-cent stamp.

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MATS, elegant and stylish in sets of three, at 30 cents. Also, Japanese Paper Lamp Shade Covers, variegated colors, 10 cents each, and finest Silk Covers, at 75 cents to \$1 each.

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Our Illustrations.

The Old Swallow Tree, was drawn for us by F. S. Coburn a rising artist of Montreal and one who for a youth has already attained a leading position in connection with the illustrated press. He will furnish occasional landscape sketches for this journal.

Pine Tree Rock and the Terrill place is a view on the St. Francis River, taken from below what is known as "the Hanna place," and was engraved by H. A. Carhart Collamer N. Y., from an ink drawing made for us by Dr. Bompas of this city. We hope to have the Doctor's assistance in providing future illustrations of local scenery.

Medicine Hat, Homestead Farm, and A River Steamer are from plates for the loan of which we are indebted to the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa and which fully explain themselves. The first named shows the results of an eight year trial and gives but little idea of its present appearance except as regards the landscape.

Hathan Bog is an illustration of one of the best game resorts along the Maine boundary, and where, during the summer and autumn months deer and moose may be seen almost any hour of the day or night. It is distant about five miles from Spider Lake and when we first visited it was well stocked with beaver. In fact the portion of the bog shown is made by beaver dams. The pond is covered with lily pads except two or three small patches of open water in which very fine trout are caught. We used to find the "sounding" of the beaver rather a nuisance in our jacklight hunting but they have been pretty well trapped out, and in our last trip to the bog, less than eight months ago, very few beaver signs were seen. This illustration as well as those of Camp Caribou and Jean to at Hathan Bog, are from electrots kindly loaned us by Dr. Bishop, of Boston, Sec'y of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation whose Club House is at Spider Lake.

"Aphorism" inquires the meaning of "being in a bustle." Figuratively it means undue or unnecessary haste. In a literal point of view it presents a stern aspect denied to members of the sterner sex. In the ordinary walks of life it is largely made up of a pillow slip and an old tyle of the GAZETTE, but on state occasions the coming bustle Herald's the approach of spring. Whether the oscillatory bustle take the place of the ordinary bustle or not, is a position that we are not asked to contemplate, but one thing certain is that nature wasn't "in a bustle" when she made man, but took the whole Eve to nature her plans. Man was never designed for bustle.

A man may sing and a man may whine, And play the piano all day, But he can't hang a bustle on the end of his spine Because he's not built that way.

For the edification of all interested we beg to say that Mr. Geo. Eddie has rented a portion of the 'edifices' known as the "McCarthy Block" where he intends opening up a regular dyed-in-the-wool assortment of tweeds and other woollen goods.

Although wood is high in price, we believe it still gives better value for the money, than coal. No one knows the value of Wood, better than the Major portion of our Municipal valuers.

C. J. & F. W. O'Neil and Wiggins' pre-dicted storm are still brewing.

The New England Dept., turned more gist into its Hopper than any other United States Department of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York. It did almost as well as the Canadian Department. The success of this Company is unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

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Subscribers' Directory.

For MONTH ENDING FEB. 15TH, 1889.

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

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PARTOUT.

- Wilder Reed, Agnes, Lake Megantic, Que. Wm. Wiggett, Johnville, Que. W. de M. Mauder, Montreal Que. C. H. Farwell, Ellensburg, Wash. Ter. Thos. W. Odell, Kansas, Mo. Ralph Travis, Waterville, Que. Joseph Irwin, Upper Melbourne, Que. Capt. James Mairs, do. J. D. G. Sloané, do. Hon. W. H. Webb, do. John Mann, do. Rev. A. C. Scarth, Lennoxville, Que. Thos. Dundin, do. Thos. Murphy, Richmond, Que. G. H. Pierce, do. Mrs. J. F. McBryde, Rougemont, Que. A. D. Carr, Compton, Que. Carl Pehlemann, Robinson, Que. George Flanders, Waterville, Que. Dr. R. F. Rooney, Auburn, Placer Co. Cal. J. A. McHardy, Windsor Mills, Que. H. R. Richardson, Coaticook, Que. B. M. Darling, Box 117, Rangley, Me. John C. Eaton, Waco, Texas. Thomas Bennett, Brandon, Man. Immigration Agent, do. J. B. Goodhue, Rock Island, Que. W. C. Murray, Massachusetts, Que. Richard Bray, Milby, Que. H. T. Bishop, Marbleton, Que. Henry Spondlove, Ayer's Flat, Que. G. Gordon Hughes, 157 Clarke St, Montreal. C. Vaughan, Myatic, Que. T. C. Lamb, Box 70, Black Hawk, Col.

Agents' Directory.

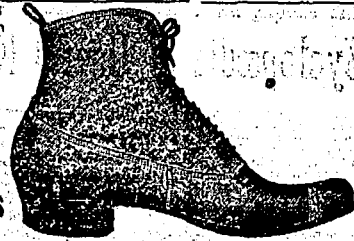
- Name and address under this heading, one insertion 10 cents, including copy of paper containing the same. Dr. E. B. Bush, 1920 Division St., St. Louis, Mo. Miss Hattie M. Bishop, Lime Ridge, Que. D. Thomas & Co. Gen. Agents, Sherbrooke, Que. Miss Nora Thomas, Sherbrooke, Que. Chas. N. Thomas, Fort McLeod, N. W. T.

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Samples sent to us will be acknowledged by a notice or Ad. equal to the value of the article, and we will act as Agents for the sale of such as we can handle to advantage, and advertise the same at our own expense.

SEND FOR A SAMPLE COPY OF THE FIRESIDE FRIEND, a monthly 8 page, 32 column story paper, for all. Ad. 5c per illus. Agents wanted Address, The Fireside Friend, Sawons, N. Y.

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LAMPS. STAND LAMPS, in Silver Relief, Brass Relief, Bronze, etc. PIANO LAMPS, complete with Shades. HANGING LAMPS - FOR THE - PARLOR, SITTING ROOM, DINING ROOM, \$2.50 each.

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- AT COST PRICE 12 lbs. Granulated Sugar, \$1 00 English Breakfast Tea, 40 Good Japan Tea, 40 Best Pastry Flour, 6 50 Good Family Flour, 6 00 6 Bars of Electric Soap, 25 English Mince Meat in Glass Jars. Hams, Bacon, Cheese, Lard, Etc., Etc. No. 1 Packed Apples, \$2.00 per barrel.

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