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SHERBROOKE, QUE., JANUARY, 1893.

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SHE: (with poignant grief): O, JACK, I HAD HOPED THAT WE WOULD ALWAYS BE FRIENDS.

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We are pleased to announce that we have completed arrangements by which we are enabled to offer **free** to each of our subscribers a years subscription to CANADA, the well known Monthly Journal for Canadians, young and old; at home and abroad. We make this offer to each of our subscribers who will pay up all arrearages and for one year in advance, and to all new subscribers paying for one year in advance. Canada begins a new series with the number for November, 1892, and while preserving the features which have won wide recognition for it already, will add new ones which will render it still more emphatically the favorite Canadian monthly paper. It is pure, intensely patriotic, attractive in make-up, and remarkably varied in contents. Many leading Canadian writers are among its contributors, and departments of **Canada, Home Topics, etc.** are edited by capable hands. The regular subscription price of Canada is Fifty Cents a year, by this arrangement it will **cost you nothing** to receive this splendid Canadian monthly paper for one year. Do not put it off, but send your subscription to-day. Sample copies of Canada can be seen at this office, or can be obtained from the Publisher, Hampton, New Brunswick.



CELTIC CAUTION.

MISTRESS: *What did you do with the mouse-trap, Bridget?*
 BRIDGET: *I burnt it up, mum. It was attracting all the mice in the house.*

MANNERS IN A PALACE CAR.

DO not rush in and grab the first seat you see. Enter leisurely and quietly, as you would if the parlor were not on wheels. Bow pleasantly to the porter and give him a quarter.

Be not over particular about seats, as it will indicate you do not travel often. Say languidly, "Oh, anywhere on the shady side," and hand the porter half a dollar. He will give you a good seat, depend upon it.

Unless you are an experienced traveler, the disposition of your extra wraps may bother you if you attempt to do it yourself, besides exhibiting your ignorance to a whole carload. Nod at the porter in a familiar sort of way, slip half a dollar into his hand, and in a jiffy he will have everything out of your reach and securely fastened on, in and among all sorts of contrivances which you had not even observed.

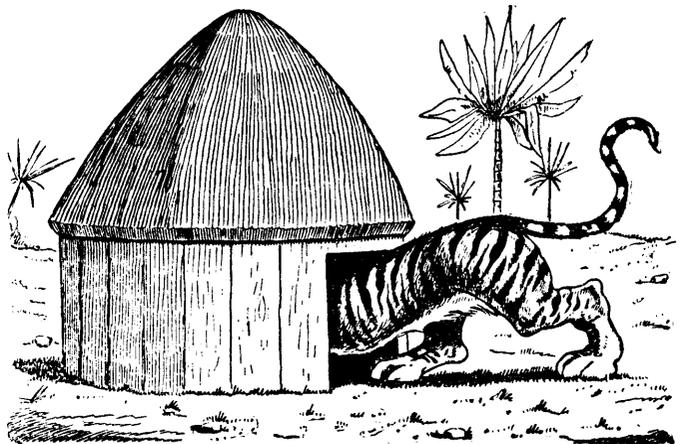
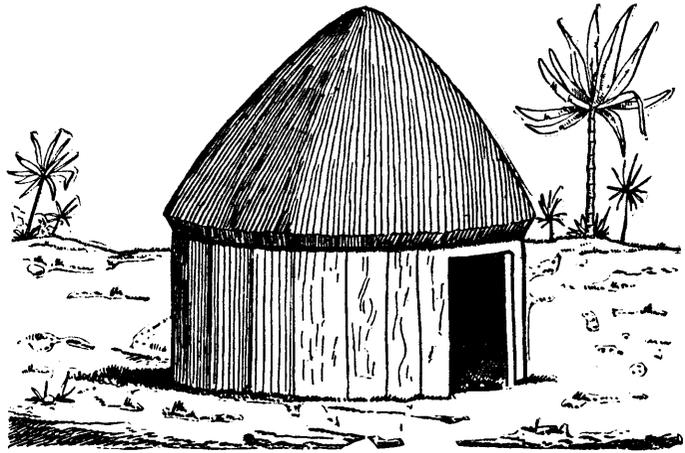
If you are so unfortunate as to need the presence of a cuspidor, do not go hunting around the car for one. That is exceedingly vulgar. Contrive to drop a two-dollar bill in the porter's pocket, and the cuspidor will be forthcoming.

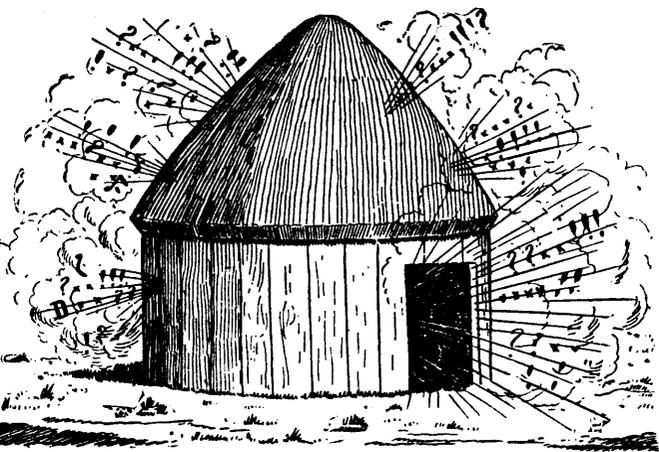
In all probability the car will be as hot as an equatorial conservatory. It generally is. If you attempt to raise a window, the chances are you will fail, as you are not familiar with the secret spring which holds it. Recline lazily on your chair, and watch the porter until you catch his eye, when, with a slight movement of your little finger, you sigh with the rapid flight of a five-dollar bill from your pocket to his, and in a few seconds you will be enjoying a delightful breeze, free from dust and cinders.

Should you become thirsty, you can go to the water cooler and take a little without extra charge. When nearing your journey's end, the porter will kindly remind you of the fact, and stand before you, hat in hand. Accompany him to the alcove, and add a few bills to his purse, if he can find room for them. The vigor of the brushing you receive will depend entirely on the denomination of the bills.

It is no longer considered necessary to back out of a parlor car in order not to offend the porter. Hand him your pocket-book, and he will immediately take your baggage and precede you to the platform, and most likely will bow politely as the train moves off.

NOT THE USUAL WAY.





HARD LINES.

FIRST BOY (gloomily): I've got to cut kindlings and empty three buckets of ashes and build two fires and go to the store on an errand and then fill the coal-box.

SECOND BOY (enviously): You've got a reg'lar picnic, you have. Just think of me. Mother said, when I came home from school to-day I'd got ter hold the baby.

AT THE MISSION.

PRETTY TEACHER (intent on the lesson): And vast swarms of flies decended on the land and came into the houses of the Egyptians and covered their clothing and their tables and all their food, but (impressively) there were no flies on the children of Israel.

SMALL BOY: Please, mam, there ain't *now* either.

PERHAPS NOT ALWAYS.

SNOOPER: Jaysmith, did you hear about my roan horse running away with me?

JAYSMITH: No; I thought you told me you could always hold your own.



ON THE BANK.

HIGH up the river bank they climb,
Above the rushes green and dank,
And pictures fair of future time
He drew, upon the bank.

He drew upon the bank again
A figure rather tall,
And then, I'm told, he took the train,
En route for Montreal.

SOMETIMES.

FIRST LAWYER: Experts have come to occupy a large share of the courts' attention.

SECOND LAWYER: Yes, experts are called to testify in a murder case, and then a neckspert sends the criminal to his account.

WHY HE HUGGED HER.

HENRY, have you any collar bones?"
"I fancy so, dearest; but what an odd question."

ELIZA JANE: Oh, I was wondering whether or not you resembled a bear. They have no collar bones. Do you know I'm very fond of bears. they ——."



A NOBLE BROTHER.

MR. SUITOR: *Robert*, how old are you?

ROBERT: *Don't know.*

MR. S.: *Come, now, you surely know your age?*

ROBERT: *Well, maybe I do; but a fellow can't give it away when he has six older sisters.*



THE ACROBATIC LOVER.

A CANNIBAL CALF.

DUDESON: The Germans have a saying that "a man is what he eats."
BRONSON: The same thing occurred to me the other day, when I saw you eating veal.



DECLINED WITH THANKS.

OWNER OF PET: He's not much to look at, but he's a fine watch dog, and when he takes hold he means business. He laid hold of a fellow last week and took a piece of flesh out of his leg as big as my hand. If you want to have a little fun come from behind the bar and pretend to grab my valise.

MORE IMPORTANT.

WALLER: What's the news, Riser?
RISER: Great news. Won a dollar on a ball-game bet from Fuller, to-day.
WALLER: That's good. How is that stock you bought last week. Still going up?
RISER: Oh, I forgot about that. I sold it to-day and made \$5,000 on it.

OWING TO irregularities in the mail service, by which it is claimed that our notices to subscribers in arrears have failed to connect, we are thinking of publishing a list of those a year or more behind in their payments. We shall however delay doing so for a short time, trusting that this hint will effect a saving in space.

MEMBERS OF our INTERNATIONAL PURCHASING AGENCY are requested to take notice of the fact that upon all purchases of Pianos, Organs and other Musical Instruments, or Music which they may make from Mr. G. A. LeBaron, of this city, whether made for cash, or on credit, they will be allowed the same premiums as if the purchase was wholly for cash. Mr. LeBaron agrees to furnish anything in his line at prices as low, or even lower, than any other dealer. It costs nothing to become a member of the Agency, and either city or country residents are eligible. A purchaser of a \$300. piano, is entitled to a dozen valuable Books, as premiums.

FOR DECEMBER, the issue of *The Dominion Illustrated Monthly* is more than usually interesting, particularly to Canadian residents. Miss Beatrice Glen Moore, (whom we have the honor to include in our list of contributors,) has a leading position with a very affecting story, the scene of which is laid in a little Canadian Village on the south side of the St. Lawrence, a few miles above Quebec, and describes "How Renie was Satisfied." "Newfoundland and its Capital," by A. C. Winton, is well described and illustrated. F. Blake Crofton adds to "Scraps and Snaps," and Walton S. Smith, of Montreal, contributes an interesting story entitled "The Brown Paper Parcel." "A Christmas Adventure," by F. Clifford Smith, describes an incident, which was almost an accident, on the C. P. R'y west of Winnipeg. "The Queen's Highway in the West," by Henry J. Woodside, is nicely illustrated, and is descriptive of some of the principal places along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We have not space to describe the other valuable matter which is contained in this number, but would take this opportunity to say, that \$2.00 sent to the publishers of this journal, will secure it, and *The Dominion Illustrated*, for one year.

Waterville, December 25, 1892.

TO THE Editor of "THE LAND WE LIVE IN."

Dear Sir:—

In answer to your question about the congregating of ruffed grouse in the Autumn, I would say, that fifty years ago where these beautiful and delicious game birds were plentiful in our eastern townships woods, rearing large broods in comparative security; I have frequently found, (particularly in the Beech groves,) two or three broods bunched together. On one occasion, not over twenty years ago, after a hard days tramp during which I found no more than half a dozen birds, I came on the property of Henry Peck, Esquire, near North Hatley, on one of these Autumnal gatherings. I counted forty-two single flights from a space of copse covering less than an acre of ground. In those halcyon days of rod and gun I have frequently found and put-up a bunch of two coveys.

I regret to inform you that the MSS of my new story "Annaskia, or The Mystery of Caruncle Mountain," has gone astray or has been accidentally destroyed. If health and the infirmities of old age will permit, I may make an effort to reconstruct it. In the mean time, believe me ever your faithful old Brother Sportsman,

Calestigan.

(We are pleased to say that the MSS referred to has "turned up" and will appear later. Ed.—)

THE RISING generation of Canadian winter sportsmen know little of the proper care of snow-shoes, and what little is known has been the result of experience and sometimes experience dearly bought. Very frequently the filling of the snow-shoe will stretch and sag after a tramp through soft or wet snow, and the wearer is too apt to take the stretch out by exposure to the heat of the camp-fire, if on a hunting expedition. Nothing is more injurious than this, and few are aware that it does not take much heat to completely ruin the wet filling. The snow-shoe should be gradually dried and never permitted to come under the influence of a hot open fire. A heat that the wearer will find rather comfortable than otherwise, will be fatal to his snow-shoe, and although the loss of it in a pecuniary sense is not so serious as it would have been a century ago, it may result in a good deal of inconvenience, should it occur at some distance from a settlement, or travelled road. We are reminded of this by an incident which occurred to the late Shubael Pierce, of Richmond, over 70 years ago. He and a friend had snow-shoed it through to Brompton Lake, on a hunting and fishing expedition, a distance of at least 15 miles by the most direct route they could possibly take, but more likely to be considerable more than that, by the route taken. The snow was about four feet deep and very soft, and they were pretty well tired out when they reached the bark camp, or leanto, at the foot of the lake, but they managed to catch a few fish through the ice before supper time, which they discussed with a good appetite before turning in for the night. They piled on a good supply of hard-wood, stuck their snow-shoes up in the snow a short distance from the fire, and went to sleep. Next morning their snow-shoes appeared all right, but when they attempted to put them on, the entire filling came out. Here they were in a decided fix, unable to either hunt or get home, and as ill luck would have it they could not catch a fish. They made substitutes for snow-shoes out of branches, and tried to make their way home, but made so little headway that they concluded to return to camp, and hard work they had to get back that night. Then they concluded to remain at the camp in hope that some other hunting party would come along. They found a handful or two of beans, that somebody had placed between the bark of the camp, and on these they managed to exist for some time, until one day they heard a shot on the opposite side of the lake, and afterwards saw a party of Indians come out of the woods, dragging something which they afterwards found to be a deer. They succeeded in attracting the attention of these Indians, who came to their camp, gave them a supply of Venison, and stayed with them that night, during which time they renewed the filling of the snow-shoes, and next day Mr. Pierce and his friend succeeded in reaching their homes. A night in camp at Brompton Lake is not such a serious matter now as then, and the locomotive whistle on the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways can be readily heard at all hours of the day and night, and still it would bother a fellow awfully to get to the nearest lumber shanty, or travelled road, in the months of January or February, without a serviceable pair of snow-shoes. We have camped there several nights in February, in three feet of snow, and used our snow-shoes to dig away a place for a bough bed and to bank up the snow around the boughs of which we made our camp, but we knew the value of these shovels too well to use them as fire shovels. *Experientia docet.*

SIX HUNDRED (600) of the best and most popular Songs, words and music, mailed post-paid to any address in the U. S. or Canada, on receipt of 30 cents, in stamps or silver, at this office.

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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HOLIDAY GREETINGS to our friends and patrons. In the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless everybody."

OUR OBJECT in adopting our present form will be seen later. One particular reason is that it will enable us to publish a REGULAR issue. Original matter will appear in the way of additions to the regular issue, and in Extras and Supplements. Instead of our last issue the present number will commence Volume Five. When it can be so arranged, Extras and Supplements will be in the form of a Semi-Monthly edition. Subscriptions will be charged for by the year, and advertisements according to the number of issues. Each edition whether regular or special will bear a separate number and each volume will comprise the numbers published during the year. Advertisers, and others, can have extra copies supplied, or mailed for them, by the 100 or 1000 on reasonable terms, by advising us a week in advance of any particular issue. This will be found an excellent method of reaching prospective purchasers.

WE OFFER *The Farm and Vineyard* and *American Gardener's Assistant* FREE for one year to every advance paying subscriber who asks for it.

MAGICAL CAMERA Cigar Holder. A Cigar Holder that takes Pictures. Your own picture, or any picture can be taken in the same way. By mail, with 20 picture making papers, 50 cents. Sample picture and particulars for a 3 cent stamp.

MEMBERS OF OUR INTERNATIONAL PURCHASING AGENCY will find in another column, the names of those with whom we have arranged to furnish supplies. They represent the leading Dealers in their different lines of business, and their prices are as low if not lower than those of others in their line. *Cash talks.*

WE HAVE arranged with one of the best Card Writers in the U. S. to furnish any new subscriber with a dozen neatly written Visiting Cards, as a premium. When sending in your subscription, mention the name you wish to appear on the cards.

ANOTHER INDIVIDUAL who has repudiated his subscription to this journal, now signs his name with his left hand, having lost nearly all his right hand fingers by an accident. We do not hear of any accidents amongst those of our subscribers whose names are *clear* on our mailing list.

BY SPECIAL arrangement with Mr. G. A. LeBaron, members of our International Purchasing Agency purchasing Pianos, Organs, Music and Musical Instruments, whether for cash or on credit, will be entitled to our premiums to members upon the full amount of their purchase; thus the purchaser of a \$100.00 organ will be entitled to the premiums on *four* Punch Tickets of \$25.00 each.

THE CLOSE season for deer commenced on the 1st of Jan'y, and for Caribou commences on the 1st of Feb'y, in the Province of Quebec. Fishing for speckled trout through the ice is prohibited, unless the ice takes prior to the 30th of Sept., or the trout are caught with a fly in the usual manner. Henry Richardson says he has seen the ice on Trout Pond, in Nov., so clear that the trout "would r-r-r-rise to a f-f-f-fly cast along the surface and s-s-s-stun themselves against th-th-th-th' ice. F-F-F-Fact."

DEER CAN still be found around Brompton Lake. Messrs James F. Morkill and Geo. McNicol, of this city, followed the tracks of one a few days ago but didn't succeed in getting close enough to make Venison of it. They did succeed however in shooting a Mink and some partridges. There are indications that deer will "yard" this winter in the vicinity of Caribuncle Mountain and the Ely Brook, and there are also indications that anyone making free with them, as an accession to their ordinary table fare will find them *dear* deer, after the 1st of Jan'y.

CALL AT this office and see the elegant and valuable books which we *give away free*, to members of our INTERNATIONAL PURCHASING AGENCY.

IF YOU want a neat silk ribbon for a Hat-mark, with your name thereon in Gold Letters, send 17 cents to W. G. Halpen, 62 North St., Rochester, N. Y. Sample at our office.

SEND THREE two-cent stamps to W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York, with the intimation that you are a reader of this journal, and receive free "A Yard of Pansies," worth \$5.00.

A GREAT ALMANAC.

THE STAR Almanac of Montreal is just out. It's a splendid thing. Everybody should have it, if they can possibly get it. It is being sent abroad in large numbers. It is a regular *Multum in Parvo*, being the most complete text book of general information ever published in Canada.

THE JANUARY number of *Krumb's* will appear as the official organ of the EMORIAN SOCIETY, which though started in Aug., 1892, is increasing rapidly, and has now organized with a full board of officers and directors. Full particulars of this fraternal society, with NO DUES but kindness to one another, may be had by sending fifty cents for a subscription which will contain full particulars.

"KRUMBS," Aarwood, Mich.



EXCESS OF CAUTION.

NERVOUS PASSENGER (on Southern Railroad): CONDUCTOR, WHY ARE WE RUNNING AT SUCH A FRIGHTFUL RATE OF SPEED?

CONDUCTOR (reassuringly): THERE'S A ROTTEN BRIDGE, MADAM, HALF A MILE AHEAD, AND WE WANT TO GET OVER IT WITH AS LITTLE STRAIN AS POSSIBLE.

CHANGED.

“WHAT I so in my husband prize,”
Cried Clara, “is, he is so wise!”
“That may be true now,” Molly said,
“But how he’s changed since you he wed!”

ON BEING IN DEBT.

I KNOW that this subject has been treated before. In fact, I do not recollect just at present the brilliant young author who at some time or another in his Parnasian climb has not stopped by the wayside long enough to light a cigarette and write an essay on the pleasures of being in debt. As they have all said the same thing, I think I may be pardoned for saying it too. All have agreed that it is a delightful state of affairs. You know that at least some people in the world think of you more than often. You feel sure that the postman will not whistle at the door and leave missives for every one but yourself. You know that a score or more human beings (according to the luck you have had in getting in debt) are wishing for your speed success.

Why, if a beautiful young girl (as I am fond of hoping), rich and aristocratic, and all that sort of thing, were to fall in love with me from reading my classical writings

and were to come to my boarding-house, and climb four flights of stairs, and offer to marry me and make me so very, very happy all the rest of my life, I would never consent, never, unless she agreed not to pay my debts. I must be sure of posthumous fame in some way or other.

Tom Hall.

HE WAS ON.

TRAMP (to Salem girl): Can't you give me a cup of coffee?

SALEM GIRL: No; I have only cups of china. I can give you some coffee in a cup, however.

TRAMP: Thanks, miss. And please be kind enough to drop a cube of sugar into the receptacle, with a spoonful of bovine juice.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

EDWIN FAKE: This year I intend to set apart one matinee for the free admission of orphans.

BRONSON: Good. Any restrictions at all?

EDWIN FAKE: Only two. Orphans over twenty not admitted, and orphans under twenty must be accompanied by their parents.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE DEEP.

“HOW do you do,” said the crab to the lobster; “how is your dear little baby?”

“Very well, indeed,” said the lobster. “We haven't named her yet—names are so hard to find.”

“Why not call her Clawdia?” suggested the crab.

NOT SO BAD.

PATIENT: I've lost my appetite, doctor,

DOCTOR: That's bad.

“Bad! You wouldn't think so if you boarded where I do.”



A MAN OF HIGH BERTH.



HE : I DRANK SOME CHAMPAGNE, YOU KNOW, AND AFTER AWHILE IT WENT TO MY HEAD.

SHE : THAT WAS THE ONLY EMPTY PLACE LEFT, I SUPPOSE.

"I'M glad I wasn't no statesman in the old Roman days," said the statesman for revenue only. "The senatorial toga, I'm told, had no pockets."

ADVICE TO NED.

"IT is very delightful to love, we are told ;
But what can I do," said he,
"If the maiden I happen to love be cold,
And her people don't care for me?"

Well, among the first things I would recommend,
That bear on the subject at all,
Is to make her small brother your taffy-bought
friend,
So he'll take himself off when you call.

And agree with her father's political views,
With her mother's religious belief ;
And you'll find their consent they will hardly
refuse—

If your worldly goods be not too brief.

Then if while the sun shines you wish to make hay,
Let your visits be short, for you know
'Tis far wiser to go while she wants you to stay,
Than to stay till she wants you to go.

And if she be pretty, admire her great *mind*,
In pref'rence to praising her features.
If her common-place sayings quite witty you find,
You'll be held most far-seeing of creatures.

Other fellows have said she was lovely before,
But if you can persuade her she's *clever*,
You may show to your most hated rival the door,
And make her adore you forever.

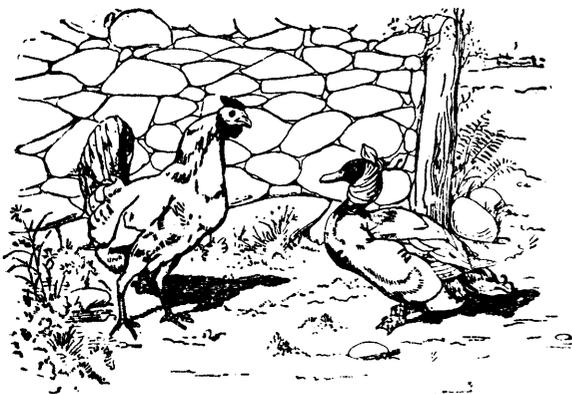
But if she be plain, though possessed of some wit,
Let her know *you* consider her pretty ;
To say, softly, "your smile, dear with beauty is
lit,"

Will go farther than crying "how witty!"

If you'd make a most lasting impression, dear
Ned,

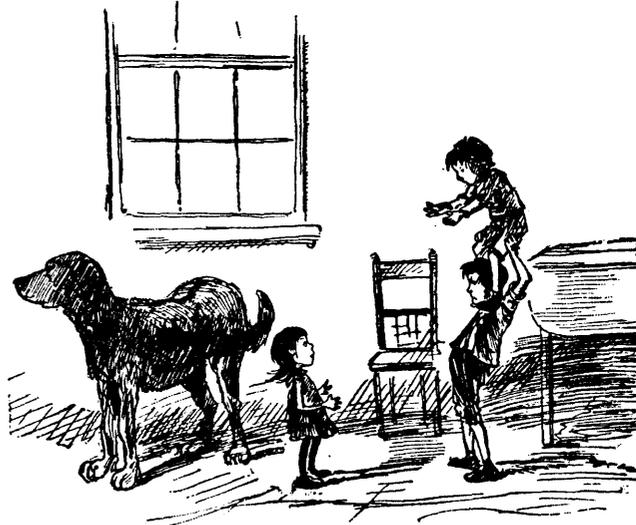
Dilate on her beauty and grace ;
For she'd probably give all the sense in her head
For the nose on the pretty girl's face.

A. A.



MRS. HENN : WHY, MR. WEBB, YOU DON'T LOOK WELL!

MR. WEBB : I HAVE A VERY BAD SORE THROAT—WENT OUT IN THE RAIN THE OTHER DAY AND GOT MY FEET WET.



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

"TAKE THE DOG BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, NELLY, AND CLIMB UP!"



A FAIR CANNIBAL.

MY love attended at the cooking-school,
 Learned to make bread and cakes and pies by rule,
 Studied the science of the stew and roast,
 And solved the mysteries of quail on toast.

I found her when I went to call that day,
 Cook-book in hand, absorbed in "Consommé;"
 And, jesting, I much doubted if she knew
 What was required to make a first-class stew.

A week had passed; another call I paid;
 "I've learned since then," she said, "how soup is made;"
 And when my questions took a tender bent,
 I found that I was an ingredient.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

A WASTED JOKE.

BENSON (who thinks he has found something funny): It says here, my dear, that by placing an old rubber shoe on the stove while boiling cabbage, the disagreeable odor of the latter may be entirely avoided.

MRS. BENSON (sweetly): Dear me! I should think the rubber shoe would smell worse than the cabbage.

A PROMISING YOUNG MUSICIAN.

DRYSON: And you say that long-haired fellow there is a promising young musician?

HESMAN: Yes, I've been told that as a pianist his touch is extraordinary.

DRYSON: Well, I am inclined to think it's correct. He touched me for five dollars about a year ago.

A PROFITABLE DISCOVERY.

MRS. INQUISITIVE: Your husband must be earning more than he used to. I see you have a new sealskin jacket.

MRS. STAIGHTFACE: No, indeed. He's learned how to fix the gas meter.

FLOR DE CONSOLATION.

BOGGS: What brand is that cigar you gave me?

FOGGS: That is a "consolation."

BOGGS: Whom does it console?

FOGGS: Me. Isn't it a consolation never to be struck for a cigar twice by the same man?

HE KNOWS THEM.

CLERICUS: Why don't you lay up your treasures where thieves do not break through nor steal?

CYNICUS: If some of the people get there who expect to, I'd rather keep mine in my stocking!

EASILY FOUND.

CITIZEN: Well, how did you find the jail, Shackelford?

SHACKLEFORD (back from a two weeks' sentence): Oh, I didn't have to hunt for it; sheriff took me right there.



BILLY, THE THUG: Shall I rob you first and kill you afterwards, or kill you first and rob you afterwards?

HIS VICTIM: Rob me first—it is easier for a poor man to get into Heaven.

SOLICITOUS.

MOTHER: Where have you been, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Down by th' ole mill watchin' a man paint a picture.

MOTHER: Didn't you bother him?

JOHNNY: Naw! He seemed to be real interested in me.

MOTHER: What did he say?

JOHNNY: He asked me if I didn't think 'twas most dinner time, and you'd miss me.

NOT WITHOUT HONOR, SAVE IN ITS OWN COUNTRY.

DAKOTA FARMER (visiting in the East): Yes, sirree; I live right on the banks of the noble Missouri—the grandest and most magnificent stream on earth!

SAME DAKOTA FARMER (at home): Darn it, the river has destroyed my best patch of wheat. This yere Missouri is the dirtiest, meanest, and snaggiest stream on earth!



COUNT MEOUT: Aw, do tell me, did the poor girl meet with some terrible accident?

MISS HEART: Ah, no, your highness; she is the champion foot-ball player at Vassar.

HE KNEW HIS CARDS.

PROFESSOR: At the head of the British government is the King or Queen, as the case may be. Now what is the next highest power?

JACK VAN PAUKER: The Jack, I guess.

SIMPLY ANOTHER NAME FOR IT.

MISS WEARY (listening to the steamboat whistle): I wish that dreadful noise would stop. It makes me feel nervous.

MR. BOREM: Is that so? Do you know, I don't think I have such a thing as a nerve about me?

MISS WEARY: Indeed! What do you call it then, gall?

CHAPPIE'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"HE was awful," said Chappie indignantly. "He said if I opened my mouth again he'd put a head on me."

"Why didn't you accept his offer?"

DEATH TO NEWSPAPERS.

"DEAR, dear! The *Kazoo* is dead."

"What's the trouble?"

"Defective circulation."

HARRY: Now, Jack, stand up and tell our guests what you know—it won't take you very long.

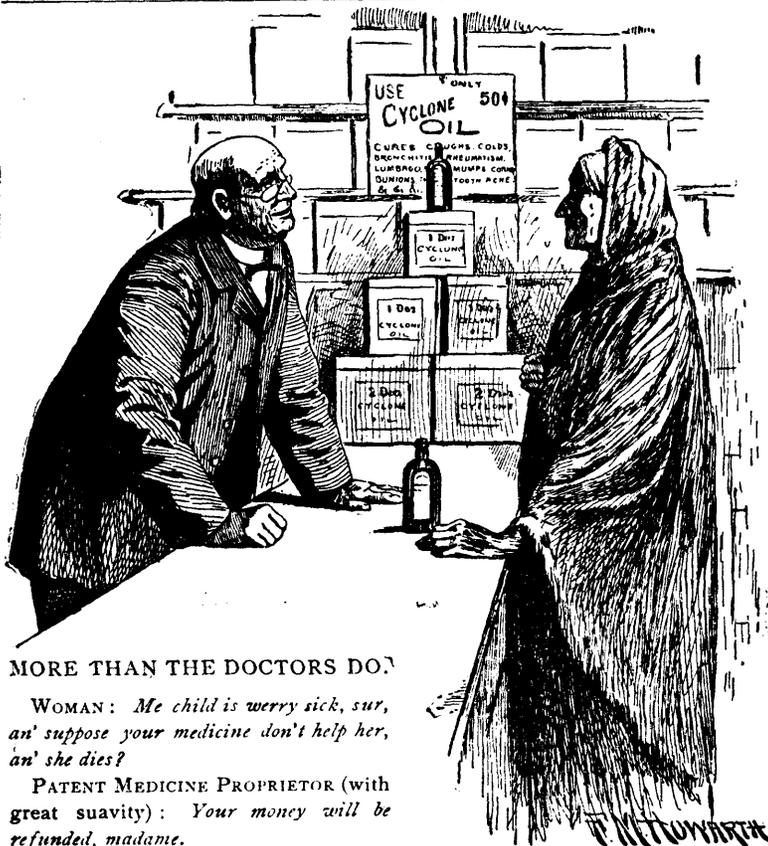
JACK: I'll tell them what we both know—it won't take me any longer.

"THE Prince of Wales is very extravagant."

"Why not? He is losing all hopes of ever seeing his reigny day."

BACHELOR FRIEND: Teething, I imagine?
BENEDICT: As far as I can discover, only toothng at present.

A SCENTER-PIECE—The nose.



MORE THAN THE DOCTORS DO!

WOMAN: *Me child is werry sick, sur, an' suppose your medicine don't help her, an' she dies?*

PATENT MEDICINE PROPRIETOR (with great suavity): *Your money will be refunded, madame.*



HE: *I often think I'll join Stevenson in the South Sea Islands, marry a native woman, and spend the rest of my days there.*
 SHE (sarcastically): *A native woman there has as much sense as a native woman here.*

THE LAST MEETING.

WE met at dinner; I wonder
 If ever we'll meet again,—
 Alas! 'twas a cruel decree of fate
 That brought us together then

I remember his every feature,
 And the look in his eyes so brown,
 For he was the clumsy creature
 Who upset his soup on my gown.

ATTACHING THE BLAME.

KINGLEY: How did you come out on that land scheme
 of yours?

BINGO: Poor. We had a slide.

KINGLEY: Dear me! Was the land spoiled?

BINGO: The land is all right. My partner was the one who slid.

SIR PETER: And what was your wife's dowry?
 EXPERIENCED AMERICAN HUSBAND: A mother with
 a temper, three homely sisters and a dissipated brother.

"SAY now you'll be my help-meet, Bess;
 Or how much longer must I woo you?"
 "Your help-meet? Well, I'll answer 'Yes'—
 That is, I'll be a-sister to you."

MRS. SPOONEY (slipping ring on her finger): Does it
 please you?

MISS DASH:—Yes, indeed, I'm never so happy as when I
 have a new engagement ring.

ALL HE'D HAD.

"THIS," said Jacquasse, "is a portrait of my first wife."
 "Why, it's the perfect likeness of the present Mrs. J.,"
 returned Smithers.

"I know it," said Jacquasse. "Mrs. J. is my first wife."

DIPLOMACY.

TRAMP: Is the boss in?

LADY (appearing): What do you want of the boss?

TRAMP (grasping the situation): I wish to ask her for some
 cold victuals. (He got them.)

THE BREED.

SHE: What kind of a dog is that, Jack?

HE: Pointer.

SHE: Don't you think he's rather small for a hunting dog?

HE: Yes; he's a little one for a scent.



ANCIENT HISTORY.

MISS PASSÉE: *I was born just after the war.*

SADIE: *Which war—the Rebellion or the Revolution.*

INOCCUPUNITY.

THEY were talking about thunder-storms, and the oldest boarder, who is nothing if not polite, turned to include the landlady in the conversation, with

"You've lived here so long, Mrs. Sheardown, that you must have witnessed a good many severe thunderstorms, if all the summers have been like this one. Has your house ever been struck by lightning?" "Well, no, Mr. Doolittle," replied the landlady, meditatively, "I can't exactly say that the *house* has ever been struck, but I had a *boarder* struck, five years ago this very summer."

A general murmur of interested and slightly horrified inquiry encouraged the landlady to proceed.

"You see, it was this way: I'd just put my house in order for the summer, and let all my best rooms for the whole season to a party of real nice Philadelphia folks. They weren't related, but just friends—they all seemed to know the same people. The best room—the one you and your sisters have, Miss Lounsbury—was taken by the one I thought the nicest of them all; she was a single lady, not so very young, but then, she wasn't so very old, either, and she never said a word about the price; she said she decided on my house, because the rooms weren't all entry bedrooms, and *her* deciding was what settled it for the rest of the party, I'm pretty sure.

The day she came to engage the room, I told her I was going to put a new carpet on it—the old one was in rags, and I thought it was a good chance to start the new one with a nice, careful looking lady like her. She said, if I'd just as soon, she'd rather have white matting, and I'd a good deal sooner, for you can't get a decent carpet under a dollar, and you can get first-rate white matting for thirty-five cents. Well, I had it all ready



AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. NEW LUCRE: SUSETTE, A FRIEND OF MINE INFORMED ME THAT, ON LAST WEDNESDAY EVENING, AT ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK, SHE MET YOU WALKING IN THE PARK WITH MY HUSBAND. IS THIS TRUE?

SUSETTE (indignantly): NON, MADAME! EET IS NOT TRUE; IT WAS ON JURSDAY EVENING, ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK.

for her the day I engaged to, and she came, and was pleased with everything in the house and out of it. She didn't give a mite of trouble, and the only thing she asked for that was like an extra—and I'd not have thought of it if it wasn't for the sugar—was a glass of tea with a piece of ice in it, to take up to her room after lunch.

She was the greatest hand for tea I ever saw, and she was set against afternoon naps; she said, in her opinion, they were a wicked waste of time. She'd only been with me two weeks, when we had a dreadful thunder-storm, one day, right after lunch. There was one flash and clap so right together, I felt sure the house was struck, and I ran upstairs and knocked at one door after the other, to see if anything had happened. Miss Marshall's door—her name was Marshall—was open and there she was on the floor; the window was wide open, and she'd been struck. I did everything I could think of, but it wasn't any use. A sort of chemical gentleman we had in the house said it was the spoon drew the lightning—she'd been stirring her glass of tea, poor dear, when she was struck. There was the teaspoon half-melted, and the tea all over the floor; it looked as if there'd been a bushful instead of just a glassful. I don't know *when* I've felt so sorry about anything," concluded the landlady, with a sigh, adding softly, as she gazed off into space, "but since it had to be, I couldn't help wishing it might have happened at the *end* of the season, instead of right at the beginning, and that the poor, dear lady hadn't had that glass of tea in her hand.

I couldn't get the stain out—I dare say, you've noticed it, Miss Lounsbury. It's all along from the window to the bureau—and I couldn't turn the matting because it was cut to fit those little window-recesses. And it made me feel worse to think how she'd have been the last one to do such a thing, in life, as you may say; she was so tidy." Margaret Vandegrift.



SHE: WHY DID YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER SO UNFORTUNATELY AT THAT GAME OF CARDS?

HE: IT WAS THE ONLY THING I HAD LEFT TO LOSE.



DURING THE SPAT.

"Will you love me when I'm old," said she.
 "I do," said he.

TRUE LOVE'S ROUGH COURSE.

I CANNOT kiss those rosy lips,
 Or that white brow so passing fair,
 And though the brown eyes speak of love,
 I scarce dare stroke the golden hair.

In fact, the world seems all awry,
 And I'm away down in the dumps,
 About as deep as deep can be,
 Because my sweetheart has the mumps!

Cornelia Redmond.

ZEAL.

"WHAT is the meaning of this?" cried the passengers in a Western stage-coach, which had been stopped by an armed man.

"Means that the money to pay off the church debt has got to be raised betwixt this and to-morrer morning," returned Buckskin Hank, the converted road agent, "Throw up yer hands and shell out liberally now. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

TWO VALID OBJECTIONS.

"LET us get married at once," said Chipper.
 "Why so soon?" asked Ethel.
 "I can't stand the expenses of an engagement," returned Chipper. "Besides, it keeps me out late."

KIND hearts are more than coronets; no doubt, but they don't bring half the price in the American market.

EH?

IF Uncle Sam may run.
 The telegraph, pray why
 May he not go into the biz
 Of making cake and pie?
 Of making coats and vests?
 Of fiddles and of flutes?
 And those most noble garments
 Three dollar shoes and boots.

A WORSE SLAVERY.

G UZZLER: You are ruined by your sentimental ideas, Gusher. You are a slave to woman's smiles.

G Usher: All right, old man, You're a slave to your own smiles.

IKEY'S LESSON.

"IKEY," exclaimed Abram Einstein, as he glanced over his son's copy-book, "who wrote dat gopy, 'nothink sugseeds like sugseeds'?"

"Mein teacher," replied Ikey.

"Dot vos all wrong, Ikey. Nothink sugseeds like failures, und blendy of dem. Don't you forget to remember dot."

ONE WAY.

B LACK: How do you like your mother-in-law?

W HITE: At a distance.

M ORE IN SORROW THAN IN ANGER—
 The letter "R."



AN APPROPRIATE NICKNAME.

LADY (to tramp): What is your name?

TRAMP: They call me Keely Motor.

LADY: Why do they call you that?

TRAMP: Because I won't work.



THE JOYS OF THE SEASON.

AN ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE, AND WHY IT FAILED,



CHANGED.

AH, things are changed for you and me,
Time everything destroys:
Men are not what they used to be—
They used once to be boys.

A STUDY IN PHONETICS.

“WANT to buy a tricycle?”
“No; want to try a bicycle.”

ARMROY CORE: If Methuselah lived to be nine hundred,
how old do you suppose his widow was?
GARNICKT: If she drew a pension, she is probably alive yet.



WHY HE RUBBED THEM.

INTERESTED FRIEND (to boy who has been interviewing an irate parent): Say! Did it hurt much?
“Naw! It never hurt a bit; ony the dust out of me pants has got into me eyes.”

VERY.

“THE White Star boats all have names ending in ‘ic.’ That’s a good scheme, eh?”
“First rate. There’s a cattle steamer too called the Bovic. There’s an appropriateness about that. If they’d have one called the Seasic, for passengers, that also would be appropriate.”

HARD LUCK.

“I HAD awful hard luck,” said the forger to his companion in Sing Sing. “I spent a month getting the signature of a reputed millionaire down fine, and just when I had his cheque ready the darn fool went into bankruptcy.”

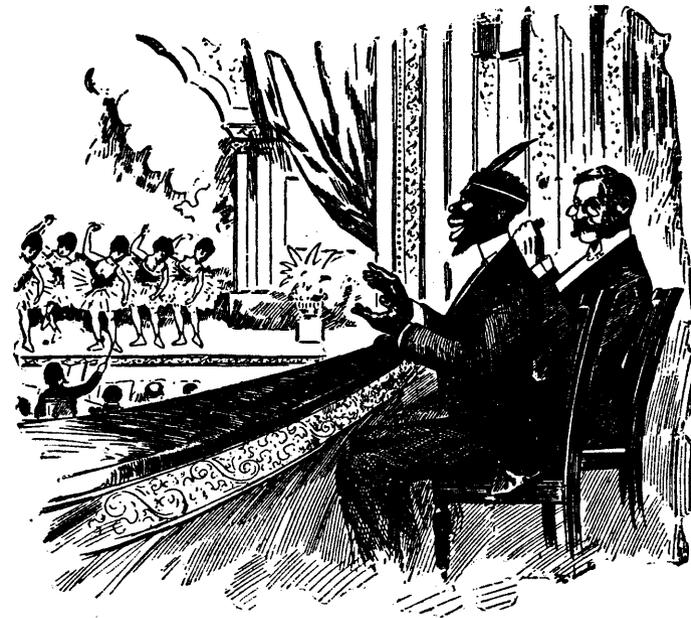
OFFERED IN EVIDENCE.

JUDGE (to plaintiff in divorce): You say this woman induced you to marry her while you were intoxicated, do you?
PLAINTIFF: Look at her, Your Honor, and judge for yourself.



GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

MRS. BLOOBUMPER: How did the detectives happen to suspect him, disguised as he was in women’s clothes?
BLOOBUMPER: He passed a milliner’s store window without looking in.



VISITING SOUTH AFRICAN POTENTATE: *Ah, my country's style of dress is the most beautiful after all.*



A FREE PATENT MEDICINE AD.

MAMMA: *Ah, a note from George!* (READS.) *"I noticed that baby looked a little peaked this morning, so I bought this Samson Strengthening Food. Try a dose or two on him before I get home. Lovingly, Henry."*

HIS FATE.

HARD hit! And you ask what she's like
Jack.

She's like sunshine and violets and dew;
Like rich rose leaves and passionate perfume;
Like joy and delicious pain, too!

You should see her, Jack, piquant and lovely,
With the sunshine and sheen in her hair,
And her eyes just like pieces of heaven,
With some of its stars hidden there.

No one ever dressed like her, old fellow;
Such soft, dainty, lace-covered things,
All ribbon and drapery-business,
And perfume and satin that clings.

But it's rough on a fellow like me, Jack,
For I thought I'd passed that long ago,
That I was all settled for life with my clubs
And my dogs and my horses, you know.

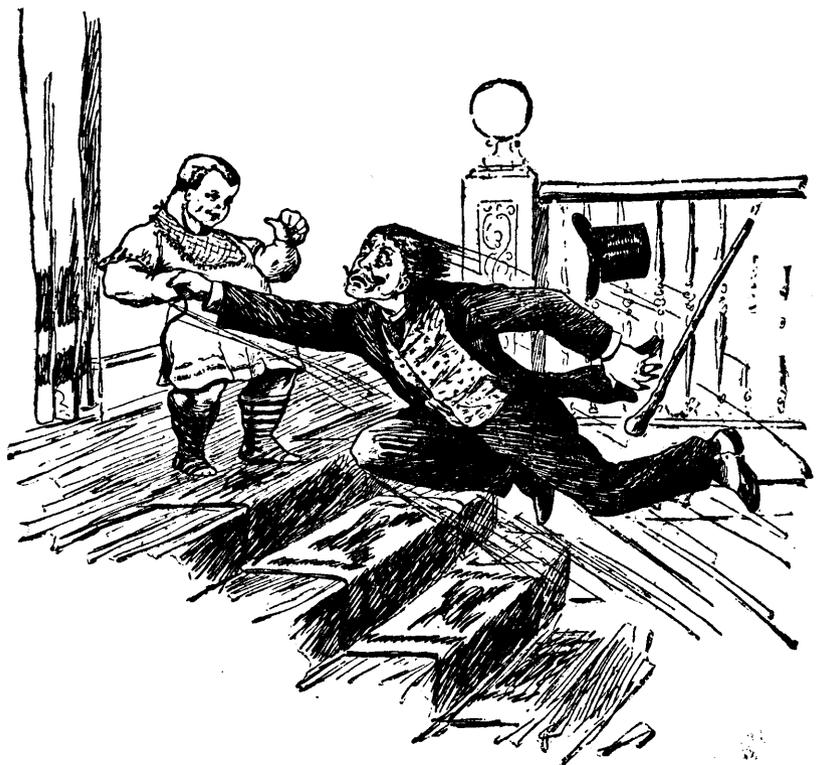
But my bachelor peace is all over,
And her eyes and her lips and her laugh,
Are all that are worthy of thought in my life,
'Tis the draught that I constantly quaff.

You may laugh, if you want to, old fellow;
You may get there yourself, don't you know;
For I was as hardened as you are,
And her eyes smashed it all with a blow.

And my soul is consuming with passion;
The joy in my heart throbs to pain,
Because deep in her pure eyes to-night, Jack,
I shall see the sweet love-light again!

M. P. H.

"THEY had perpetual Spring in the Garden of Eden."
"Come off. They had at least one Fall."



At 6 P.M.: *Howdy, Pop! Come right in.*

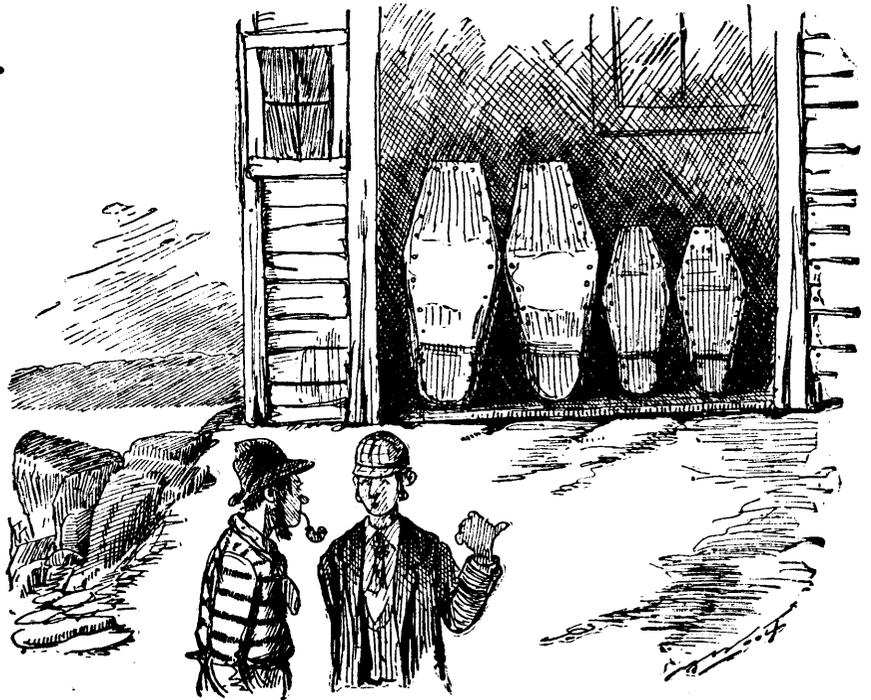


"He is a gentleman, is he not?"
 "I reckon."
 "No one has ever dared insult him and then refuse a meeting."
 "Nope."
 "He has always treated you right?"
 "Yep. Reckon he has."
 Losing patience with such a thick-headed man, the questioner was turning away, when he thought of one more question. Turning back, he said:
 "Look here, Colonel, hasn't the Congressman always treated all the boys well every time he came to town? Didn't he, the last time he was here, stand treat six times and refuse to allow you or anyone else to spend a cent?"
 "Yep."
 "And was it not the best whiskey every treat?"
 "Yep."
 "Then why in thunder do you kick against his return?"
 The Colonel thought awhile, then suddenly brightening up, said:
 "Look hyar, that man's a purty fine feller an' I haint got nothin' much pussonally agin him, sah. But every drink 'o whiskey he took, dog-goned if he didn't gulp down a lot 'o watah; an' eny Congressman that can't down fo' fingahs of whiskey without watah don't git the vote of this Kaintuck gent sah, that's all."
 William J. Hoster.

FLOSSY: *I don't care, I think Jack Townley is real mean!*
 ANNETTE: *Why, Flossy?*
 FLOSSY: *He wrote to me from Florida, saying he had shot an alligator seven feet long, and said when he shot another he would have a pair of slippers made for me.*

DON'T GET HIS VOTE.

A PARTY of Kentuckians were extolling the virtues of a Congressman who had served one term from the Blue Grass State, and was out for a second. With the exception of one old colonel, the party unanimously voted to stand by the representative for a second term. The "kicking" colonel would give very little satisfaction to the party when questioned regarding his objections to the M. C., relying upon his stereotyped answer, "He don't git mah vote, sah."
 "But why, Colonel?"
 "'Cause he don't."
 "But why? You have some reason."
 "Reckon I have."
 "Well, what is it?"
 "Don't matter, sah; he don't git mah vote."
 "You will admit that he has been a good Congressman?"
 "Tol'able."
 "He has always looked after the interests of his district, has he not?"
 "So they say."
 "His record is clear. He has never been implicated in any scandals, either political or social."
 "'Bout right."
 "Then why do you object to his selection?"
 "Don't matter, sah; he don't git mah vote."



"Say, Skipper, do those coffins contain the bodies of the poor wretches who were washed ashore yesterday?"
 "Lor' love yer, them aint neither coffins nor dead bodies; they's the feet of a couple of museum freaks, what's obleeged to sleep in the barn, 'cause they can't get no 'commo-dation nowhere else."



FINANCIAL.

MRS. X.: *Is old Mr. Van Obody wealthy?*

MR. X.: *Immense! Failed three times!*

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

ANDREWS (retired lawyer): Why, Dawson—glad to see you after all these years—haven't seen you for eighteen years—is it?—when you were defending that fellow Scott—brilliant defense, too, I remember—by the way, your client came out all right, I believe?"

DAWSON (retired lawyer): Oh, yes; fully two years ago.

HE UNDERSTOOD THE SERVICE

CUMSO: I'm sending out a messenger boy for some good old wine.

BANKS: Don't go to that expense. Tell him to buy new wine. It will be cheaper and it will be old enough when he gets here with it.

A CAREFUL COMPANY.

"WE never lost a life on our line."

"Really?"

"Nope. One of our passengers lost his though."

THE ONLY WAY TO BE CONVINCED.

"YOU can play dominoes for ten hours a day for 118,000,000 years without exhausting the combinations."

"I don't believe it."

"Just you try it and see."

UNFORTUNATE.

BROWN: Yes, poor Jones got drowned when the vessel was wrecked.

SMITH: But he was a good swimmer!

BROWN: Yes, but everybody got catching hold of planks and spars and jumping overboard with them. In the excitement Jones jumped overboard with the anchor and it pulled him under.

CUSTOMER: These trousers are awful short.

TAILOR: Well, you told my collector the other day that you were awful short yourself.

QUITE NEW TO A CUBAN.

"A FRIEND from-Cuba is visiting me, and I want to make him some present that would be quite new to him—something that he never saw before. What would you suggest?"

"Why not give him a box of those Havana cigars of yours?"

BRIAN WAS GLORIOUS.

MICHAEL: Wiz Brian Boru raaly so glorious an' wilthy as they make him out to be, Pat?

PATRICK: Och, wiz ha? Musha didn't ha hev a naygur always wid him to shpit on his hands win ha dhrew his sword an' waded in for a ruction?

AND THERE YOU ARE.

BLOSSOM: I tell you it is the blonde women that have the disagreeable dispositions.

BLOOMER: And I say it's the brunettes.

BLOSSOM: Well, I ought to know what I'm talking about; my wife's a blonde.

BLOOMER: And I ought to know what I'm talking about; my wife's a brunette.



NO RESPECT FOR THE CLERGY.

THE REV. ENOCH HOWLER: *Do you pass ministers on your trains?*

R. R. SUPERINTENDENT: *Why certainly. just stand along the road somewhere and fifty-four trains will pass you every day.*

A FEW PEOPLE I LOVE.

TO love is one of the natural propensities of the human race, and it may be truly said that affection exists, in greater or lesser degrees, in many of the domestic animals. I offer this sentence as a short introduction to what is to follow. I have always found it very convenient to start out with a sentence or two before following it up with others. An article which does not do this does not possess much inherent literary merit.

As my opening sentence impliedly admits, a disposition to hate is contrary to all natural law, but I have never been able to ascertain what tribunal has cognizance of such contrariety or what penalty is affixed when a verdict of guilty has been brought in.

I have never hated any one, and I have made it a point to lavish my affections on certain persons, specified below, who I know are in need of my love because they are not loved by the cold world generally.

The person who comes in for the largest share of my pure affection is the man that writes his name so that I can't read it. My love for this man is unbounded, and so are the endearing epithets I bestow upon him. Some times his written name resembles an unfinished plan of a trestle-work bridge, and sometimes it looks like the path of a forest fire. If we judge this man by his chirography, he is an enigma, and—we give him up.

The next person I ardently love without his being aware of it is the individual who asks me if I have read this book or that book or some other book, and when I tell him I have not, evinces surprise and regards me as an inferior being. He is a lovable man to me.

Then comes the landlady, who, because I twice partook of a particular dish, assumes that I am fond of it, and afterward passes it to me frequently, keeps it on the table meal after meal, and informs her friends and relations that I am fond of it. Well-meaning lady, she shall never know how I love her!

The next in order are the persons of limited intelligence who argue the great questions of the day, and set forth plans for saving the country in my presence. One asserts that the applications of electricity to machinery in the place of steam will throw the miners out of employment, and the other declares that it will take just as much coal to make the electricity. And so they argue. I wish they would stop long enough for me to tell them how I love them.



A SELF-PROTECTED FEMALE.

SHE: *Oh, sir, I am so terrified. Do you think there is any danger of my meeting any thieves on this lonely road?*

HE: *No, madam; not if they see you first.*

And the rest of my love belongs to the college girls who invite me out to spend the evening, and then indulge in mysterious conversations respecting a chum or acquaintance positively unknown to me. They are good at entertaining—themselves.

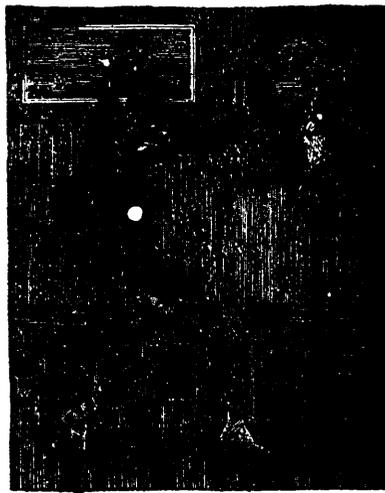
Wallace Chadman.

TEACHER: Who was George Washington?

DICK HICKS: He was the first President who never told a lie.



"All Asleep."



"Step Softly."



"Fire! Murder! Help! Police!"

CIRCULATION LARGER
THAN
ALL OTHER NEWSPAPERS
COMBINED



COL. CULPEPPER. WHO WROTE THAT?

CIRCULATION LARGER
THAN
ALL OTHER NEWSPAPERS
COMBINED



THE EDITOR: I DID.

PENELOPE WISHETH SHE WERE A MAN.

“DO you know what I’d do if I were a man?” asked Penelope, dreamily.

“You don’t mean to say that you wish that you were a man?” said Jack, toying nervously with his gloves and wishing inwardly that he were man enough to go over and kiss her, which he wasn’t.

“Yes, I do,” said Pen, stoutly.

“I’m awfully glad you are not,” said Jack, while a sheepish blush stole over his face.

“Of course you are,” replied Pen, “it’s the only advantage in the world you have over me—but of course if I were a man you’d be a girl, and we could love each other just the same and be engaged and all that.”

Jack seemed pleased with what might have been the prospect if things had been different, but he did not say anything. His greatest talent was knowing when to say nothing.

“If I were a man,” continued Pen, thoughtfully, “I’d have been a boy of course, first; and while I was yet a mere boy I would have developed a wonderful talent for something. Recognizing at once the future that was before me, I would not have wasted my time in ridiculous games that no one can understand, like other boys, but I would have been hard at work all the time, knowing that I would get my reward in—”

“In heaven,” interrupted Jack, just to show that he was following her.

“No!” said Pen, indignantly; “in the money I would be able to make when I was grown up, like Paderewski and such people. Then I would be very, very good and earn the respect of all the —”

“Women,” interrupted Jack, who was trying to balance his preceding mistake.

“Women—nonsense!” said Pen, vehemently. “If I wanted to earn the respect of the woman I would be as bad as possible. No—to earn the respect of rich millionaires and ministers. In that way I would be made a president of a bank, which would not take any time from my art and would be a source of income—besides, it is respectable; that is, people think it is, don’t you know.”

“Yes?” said Jack, with deep interest.

“Finally,” said Pen, I would make a great speech and be made President of the United States, and when I died they would erect a magnificent monument to me that no one but *the people* would be permitted to contribute for.”

“Pen, you’re a wonderful girl,” said Jack.

“Yes, I know I am,” said Pen.

Tom Hall.



HE: SOPHIA, YOU MAKE ME HAPPY IN YOUR LOVE FOR ME.
SHE: AND YOU, ANGELO, MAKE ME HAPPY IN KNOWING I MAKE YOU HAPPY.

Party in foreground, with an expression of nausea, leaves the room.

A STREET-CAR EPISODE.

"TAKE this seat, madam," said a young man, rising and politely lifting his hat.

The "madam" was a lady of uncertain age, who, after boarding the car and casting a searching glance from one end of the seat to the other, and then down the opposite side, had failed to find an interstice between the sitters sufficient to afford even so thin a person as herself a resting place.

She had then seized a strap with each hand and a determined look, and was holding on firmly when the young gentleman aforesaid vacated his seat for her.

"Before I accept your seat, young man," remarked the woman, "I must ask you what prompted you to offer it to me?"

The donor was not prepared for such a query. He had been in the habit of relinquishing his seat to standing ladies unquestioningly, and having the seat accepted in a similarly unquestioning manner. So he was at a loss how to reply, and stammered:

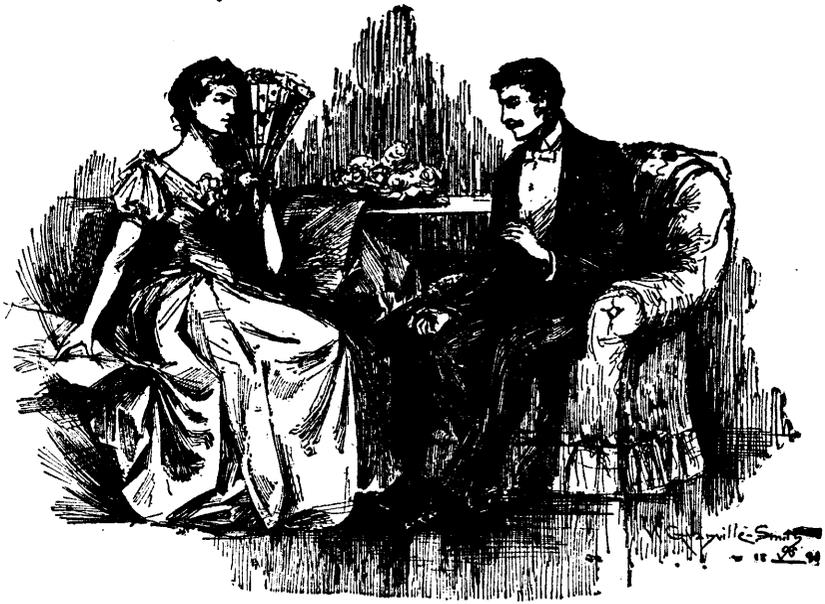
"W-w-why, madam——"

"Yes, I want to know why," interrupted the lady, in a severe tone. "Did you offer me that seat because you thought I was too old and feeble to stand?"

"O, no, indeed!" protested the young man, with unnecessarily forcible protestations.

"Because if you did I shall insist upon refusing it. I'd have you to know, sir, that I am not an old woman. I'm quite young, in fact, and if you've got the impression that I'm old and feeble, and that I can't stand in a street-car for nine blocks, I must disabuse your mind of that idea. Was that your thought in offering me your seat? Now, confess! I want to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The young man by this time was very red in the face. He thought it was rather hard to be subjected to such a close examination as to his



TIMELY ASSISTANCE.

BASHFUL LOVER: *Can you tie a true lover's knot, Miss Fanny?*
SHE: *No; but the clergyman around the corner can!*

motives in performing an act of kindness, by the beneficiary of that kindness, too, and before a car-load of people who were listening with deep interest to the discussion of street-car etiquette, although the discussion was a one-sided one.

"Now, went on the catechiser, without pausing for an answer, "if, on the other hand, you tendered me your seat as a mark of deference and homage to the sex to which I belong, I shall be happy to accept it. Now, which was it?"

As she now seemed to have come to a full stop, the embarrassed young man attempted to answer.

"I gave you my seat because I am going to get out."

And he did.

As he jumped from the car without troubling the driver to stop, the woman settled herself in the seat he had vacated, and gazed patronizingly around the car.

—Wm. H. Siviter.

PREPARING FOR HIM.

"CORNELIUS," said Mrs. Maddergrass to her husband, "I wish you would give me some instruction in pistol shooting."

"You are not afraid of burglars, are you?" asked Maddergrass.

"No; but I understand that a census taker will be along soon to ask women how old they are."

AN EXCITING TIME.

SMALL BOY: *Mamma; mamma; there's a mad dog in the street, and everybody is running into the houses.*

MAMMA (*rushing to the window*): *Where? where?*

SMALL BOY: *Look out! Dodge down! Get under the sofa! A policeman is going to shoot!*



NAUTICAL.

A Fouled Sheet.

JUST AS GOOD AS GOLD—Greenbacks.

ON THE TOP WAVE OF SUCCESS.



WE KNOW of no one in the City of Sherbrooke, to whom this remark is so *applicable*, as to Mr. G. A. Le Baron, the celebrated dealer in Pianos, Organs and other Musical Instruments, and who has achieved the *most signal success* in this line of business. That "nothing succeeds like success," is well illustrated in his case. Twelve years ago he commenced business in this city in a comparatively small way, as a Dealer in Agricultural Implements, with which he combined a very limited trade in Musical Instruments, as a sort of adjunct to his other business. To-day he controls the principal trade of the Province, outside of the large cities. So extensive has his business become, that he has been obliged to drop the large trade he had built up in Agricultural Implements, and Summer and Winter Vehicles, and confine himself *entirely* to his Musical Instrument business. Mr. Le Baron attributes his success to a liberal and judicious use of Printer's Ink, but although this has been a powerful factor in the building up of such a widely spread connection, his success is mainly due to his push and energy, and his liberal dealings with his customers. It is his intention to spend the next year in Chicago, where he intends to develop some crude ideas, which will materially benefit himself and his customers in his line of business. As one who has raised himself to his enviable position unaided, and wholly by his own energy and determination to succeed, he is deservedly entitled to the respect and esteem which he enjoys amongst his townsmen, and those with whom he is associated in business.

MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL PURCHASING AGENCY can purchase their Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., from some 15 to 20 different dealers, in this city, and get a present worth from \$3.00 to \$5.00, when the aggregate amount of their purchases reaches \$25. For particulars inquire at this office. Try it. It costs nothing.

IT IS worth remembering that no newspaper is printed especially for one person. People who become greatly displeased with something they find in a newspaper should remember that the very thing that displeases them is exactly the thing that will most please somebody that has just as much interest in the paper as they have. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, we are told, and the patrons of a newspaper are made up of the elements of the world. A man may have a dislike for tobacco, but he is not foolish enough to complain of his groceryman because he keeps it for sale.—*Pacific Clipper*.

THE CANADA Lynx still exists in this vicinity and a couple of them were seen a few weeks ago in the woods immediately back of the residence of Wm. Addie Esq., on the Brompton Road. It is known under a variety of names, the most common being Lucivee; a corruption of *loup cervier*, and Bob-cat, so called from the short tail. In appearance it somewhat resembles the domestic cat but is much larger, being usually three feet in length. The feet are much spread, which enables it to travel on the surface of light snow. The principal food of this animal consists of rabbits which it can readily catch in the deepest snow. The skin is about as valuable as that of the red fox. Owing to the bushy appearance of the fur this animal looks to be much larger than it really is. It is readily trapped in a steel fox trap. Forty or fifty years ago the Lynx was very plentiful in the swampy woods extending easterly from the farm of the late Shubael Pierce, in Richmond, to the settlement then known as New London, and many of them were trapped by the Pierce family. As a juvenile, we had a wholesome dread of this animal and in our search for the handsomest tamarack fishing poles, we never ventured far enough into the swamp to lose sight of the clearing. The Canada Lynx is cowardly, and we question whether it would show much fight or attack a man unless so cornered that it had to do it. Some residents of Richmond will recollect when Maria Farmer, a girl about fourteen years of age, was lost in the swamp, some 47 years ago, while endeavoring to make the short cut from the Swanborough farm, in New London, to the St. Francis River, instead of going around by the Brand Hill. She was found frozen to death three or four days later, where she had been trying to shelter herself at the side of an overthrown tree. The inquest was held in the old school house in Richmond, and the evidence of those who found the body showed that the bark on the tree which sheltered her was considerably scratched on the other side from where she lay. This was attributed to the action of the girl, during the agony she must have suffered just previous to the time when the freezing brought with it a feeling of warmth and comfort. We have always thought that the scratching was done by the Lynx that was too cowardly to come to the body from the side of the log against which it was found.

OUR GIFT TO EVERY ONE OF OUR READERS.

"A YARD OF PANSIES."

BY SPECIAL arrangement with the Publishers, we are enabled to make every one of our readers a present of one of these exquisite Oil Pictures 36 inches long, a companion to "A Yard of Roses," which all have seen and admired. This exquisite picture, "A Yard of Pansies," was painted by the same noted artist who did the "Roses." It is the same size, and is pronounced by art critics to be far superior to the "Roses." The reproduction is equal in every respect to the original, which cost \$300, and accompanying it are full directions for framing at home, at a cost of a few cents, thus forming a beautiful ornament for your parlor or a superb Christmas Gift, worth at least \$5. Send your name and address to the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York, with three two-cent stamps to pay for the packing, mailing, etc., and mention that you are a reader of "THE LAND WE LIVE IN," and you will receive by return mail one of these valuable Works of Art.

A NEW Jersey contemporary heads its column of witticisms "Diamonds." As they are all cut, and as paste also is a factor in their make-up, the title is an apt one.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

THE DIAMOND Collection of Songs. Every one a Gem. Over 600 Popular Songs with Words and Music. By mail 3 cents.

TYPE-WRITTEN CIRCULARS supplied at this office, letter paper size, good quality paper, at \$6.00 per 1000. Such Circulars are sure to be read, as they have the appearance of a specially written letter. No *imitation* type-written letters about these.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* is the most creditable of the kind ever issued in Canada. The letter press is abundant, varied and interesting and appropriately illustrated. "New Years Day in Olden Time," by J. M. LeMorni Esq., is graphically illustrated by Fred S. Coburn of Melbourne, Que., who has recently been pursuing his studies in Berlin and Paris, and who as an artist bids fair to attain the head of his profession.

THE "WHITE HOUSE COOK BOOK," more fully represents the progress and present perfection of the culinary art than any previous work. One of the authors, Hugo Ziemann, Steward of the White House, was at one time Caterer for Prince Napoleon who was killed in the Zulu war. He was afterwards Steward of the Hotel Splendide in Paris, the celebrated Brunswick *Cafe* in New York, and the Hotel Richelieu in Chicago. Mrs. F. L. Gillette, the other author, is no less proficient and capable, having made a life-long and thorough study of cookery and house-keeping as adapted to the practical wants of average American homes. Every recipe has been *tried* and *tested*, and can be relied upon as one of the best of its kind. The subject of carving has been given a prominent place and is clearly and comprehensively illustrated. *Menus* are given for holidays and for one week in each month and a variety of useful matter is introduced which is not to be found in any other cook-book. It is a book of nearly 600 pages, 8 x 10, beautifully and substantially bound, and any member of our INTERNATIONAL PURCHASING AGENCY can secure a copy *free*. To others it will be sent by express on receipt of \$3.50. Call and see sample at our office.

INTERNATIONAL PURCHASING AGENCY.

SUPPLY AGENTS.

Members can procure supplies from the following Sherbrooke Dealers.

- Ayer, Geo., Marble Dealer.
 - Bayley, L. A., Dry Goods, &c.
 - Biron, P., Carriages and Sleighs.
 - Duncan, J. O., Merchant Tailor.
 - Duford, J. B., Butcher.
 - Fuller, W. H. & Co., Groceries & Provisions.
 - Foss, A. H., Hardware & Sportsmen's Goods.
 - Le Baron, G. A., Pianos, Organs and Musical Supplies. (In this case purchasing members, either for cash or on credit, are entitled to the full premiums, the same as if purchasing for cash.)
 - Levinson, A., Clothing, Boots and Shoes.
 - McKechnie, M., Dry Goods & Crockery.
 - Morency Bros., Boots and Shoes.
 - Millward, W. J., Toys, Novelties, &c.
 - Massey-Harris Co., Carriages, Sleighs & Ag'l Implements.
 - Smith, L., Watches, Clocks & Jewellery.
 - Twose, S., Furniture.
 - Wiggett, F. G., Boots, Shoes & Rubber Goods.
 - Winter, A., Harnesses and Childrens Sleighs, Trunks, &c.
- also
- Reliable Novelty Co., Novelties, Ottawa, Ont.

THE CANADIAN MUTUAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.

INCORPORATED, JUNE, 1890.

Authorized Capital,.....\$50,000,000
Amount subscribed to date,.....\$3,000,000
Head Offices, 51 Yonge St., Toronto.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

\$500. will purchase \$1000. of stock, which is estimated to mature in about 8 years; in the meantime 6 per cent. per annum is guaranteed on amount paid, until maturity.

Payments of \$6.00 monthly, will produce \$1000. in about years.

Payments of \$3.00 monthly, will ensure \$500. in about 7 years.

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Payments of 20 cents per day will yield \$1000. in about 7 years.

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The cost of a share is \$1. membership fee, and 60 cents monthly dues.

Maturity value of a share is \$100., and estimated limit of maturity is 7 years.

No member can hold more than 200 shares.

Women and children can become members.

The best system ever devised for enforced savings.

No assessments on shares or shareholders,

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Members paying dues in advance for six months, or more, are entitled to 5 per cent. discount for the average time of such advance.

Facilities given to members to own the house they occupy instead of paying rent.

With the best security it is more profitable as an Investment, than Government Bonds.

Further particulars on application to,

D. THOMAS, Agent for St. Francis District,

Sherbrooke, Quebec.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS, which is to move into its own building next spring, will be by far the best equipped newspaper in a mechanical point of view in Canada. Its immense Hoe quadruple machine will be capable of turning out 60,000 eight-page or 30,000 twelve-page papers an hour, printed complete on both sides, cut, pasted, any counted in piles of fifty. This will be one-third faster than and other press in Canada. In addition, its matter will be set on the Mergenthaler Linotype, which gives it a new, clean face of type each issue, and its form will be compact and beautiful. *The Witness*, although old and reliable, is up to the front in respect of enterprise, and its readers expect and are not satisfied with anything but the best. The price of the *Daily Witness* is three dollars a year, of the *Weekly Witness* one dollar, and the *Northern Messenger*, published from the same house, is thirty cents. Agents wanted in every town, village and P. O. Specimen copies will be sent free to any of our readers, on application to the publishers, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

The subscribers of THE LAND WE LIVE IN can have it and the Montreal *Daily Witness* for \$3.00, THE LAND WE LIVE IN and the *Weekly Witness* for \$1.60, and the *Northern Messenger* with either one of them for twenty-five cents extra.

Special for Our Readers.

A large, life-sized engraving (in natural colors) of the famous one thousand dollar prize St. Bernard dog owned by the publisher of THE TORONTO TIMES, together with THE TIMES Calender for 1893 will be sent **free** (in mailing tube) upon receipt of your name and address and two three-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing. If you desire it send at once.

THE TORONTO TIMES,
Osgooby Building,
Toronto, Ont.

Worth Remembering.

Can you tell me, where I can obtain a duplicating apparatus, that will give a large number of clear, quick copies from my pen writing. It must be cheaper and better than the "graphs" and "styles" now in the market?

"The Express Duplicator" is the most practical apparatus for the purpose and is recommended as the best multiple copying device. Ask for free information of C. Bensinger & Co., 687 Dey Street, (one door from Broadway,) New York.

TRY IT FOR ONE YEAR.



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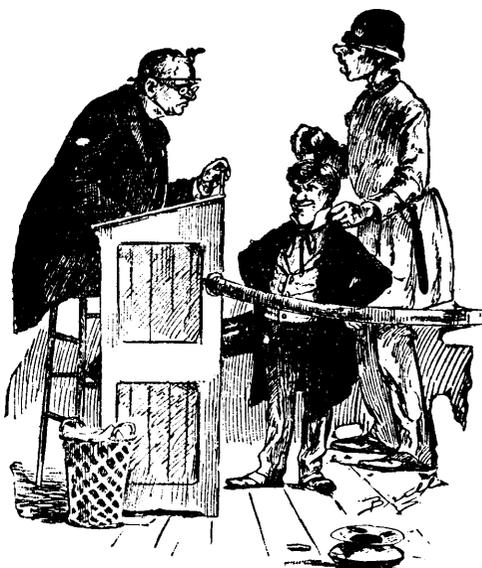
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A SURGICAL OPERATION.

PRETTY COUSIN: Your friend, Dr. Lancet, passed me down town to-day without even a bow!
HE: Oh, well, you know he's awfully absent-minded. He's so completely devoted to his surgical practice.
PRETTY COUSIN. But that's no reason why he should cut me!

IT WORKED WELL.

SNODGRASS: Have you heard about my fire-escape?
SNIVELY: No; tell me about it.
SNODGRASS: Well, my employer threatened to fire me if I didn't do better, and now I do better.



HOW HE MADE A REPUTATION.



ABBREVIATED JUSTICE.

JUDGE: *What's the charge against the prisoner?*
COP LUNNIGAN: *Short in his accounts, yer honor.*
JUDGE: *Discharged! He couldn't be otherwise and be home!*

AFTER THE RACES.

THE races were over,
And I was in clover;
I'd won quite a pot on the mare.
The boys quickly knew it,
And swore that I'd rue it,
If I didn't act on the square.

Their thirst was surprising
And demoralizing—
They'd drink not a thing but champagne;
Havanas were plenty,
And each one took twenty—
The knaves had no cause to complain.

But now I'm in trouble,
I spent at least double
My winnings—I haven't a dime.
Next year at the races
I think we'll change places—
They'll bet and I'll have the good time.

HIS HONEST BELIEF.

"SAY, that mule I bought of you came very near killing me. What did you mean by saying you didn't believe it would kick me?"
"Why, I meant that I didn't believe you were fool enough to give it a chance."

NOT GENERAL ENOUGH.

GAZLAY: The early closing movement has become quite general.
STAGGERS: Yes; but it hasn't reached Congress yet.

BAKING POWDER—Flour.



HIS DESERTS.

FAULTLESSLY gloved is the dainty dude,
Eye-glassed and hatted, eke, is he,
And if I could deal with him as I would,
Booted and caned he'd quickly be.
Madeline S. Bridges.

A REGRETTABLE SITUATION.

THIS is one of the times, my dear,
when I regret we are married."
"Why so, George?"
"One comfortable chair is not enough
for two old married people like our-
selves."

WHERE HE WAS.

ROBINSON: Did you hear about
Travers? He went fishing the
other day, and an hour afterwards his hat
was seen floating down the stream just
below where he'd been.

JAGWAY: You don't say. Heavens!
where was Travers?

ROBINSON: He was trying to fish it
out with his pole.

THEIR FAVORITE PROMENADE.

GAZZAM: Have you noticed that
loss of memory often accompanies
deafness?

MADDOX: No; does it?

GAZZAM: Yes; deaf men seem to
forget that trains have the right of way
on a railway track.

A VERY SERIOUS DRAWBACK.

WHYY did you never marry, Major?"
"Well, it was a curious thing;
but the only woman I could have been
brought to marry labored under a very
serious drawback."

"What was that?"

"She was never born."

AN EXTENUATING CIRCUM- STANCE.

ST. PETER: It is down that you
called John Smith a liar.

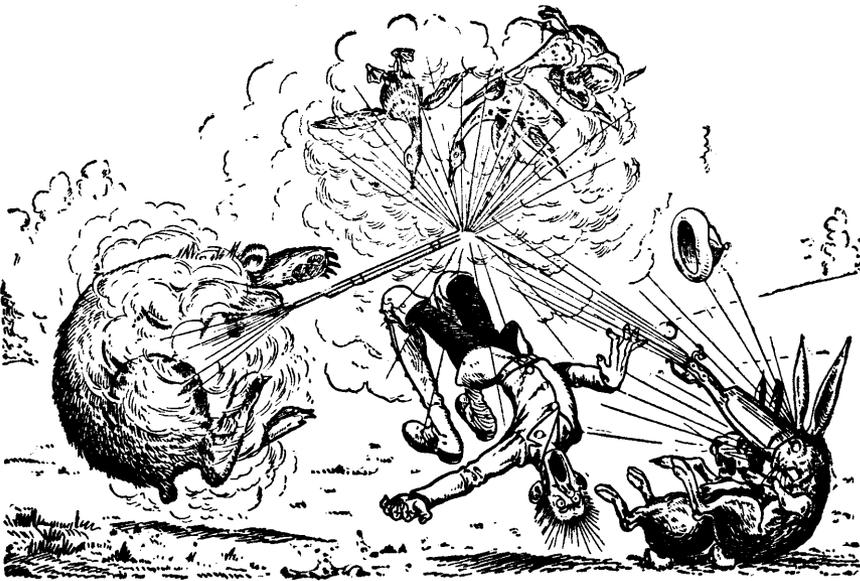
SPIRIT: But he was trying to sell me
a horse at the time.

ST. PETER: Come in.

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

GAZZAM: Did your friend who was
in such a hurry last night succeed
in catching the train?

MADDOX: No; he is a detective,



HIS EYES WERE OPENED.

WHYY," exclaimed a man who had not seen a ballet for a long time to
another who took him to the show, "there are four or five men in the
front row who are not bald-headed."

"O, yes," replied the latter, in a surprised sort of way.

"I had an idea the front seats were reserved for men with no hair."

"Did you? What a queer idea."

"Yes; I did. And actually, there's a woman with a small hat on, right in front of
me, and she doesn't hide as much of the stage as that big man two seats ahead."

"That's so. Did you think that the law forbade women to wear anything on their
heads less than three feet in diameter when they went to the theatre?"

"Well, I had something like it in my head," replied the occasional visitor. "I expect
it comes from believing everything I see in the funny papers. After this I wouldn't
be at all surprised to find a Chicago girl with a foot no larger than mine."

MISS AUTUMN: Would you call me a pretty young woman, Mr. Bronson?
BRONSON: No; I should call you a pretty old woman.



MR. SPARROWGRASS: *Waiter, what is this?*

WAITER: *Welsh rare-bit, sah; w'at yo' asked fo'.*

MR. SPARROWGRASS: *Well, I'll be ding'd if I don't believe you raised your rabbits entirely on cheese.*

STRANGE.

"I'M dry," the bottle that was empty sighed.
"I'm Extra Dry," the bottle that was full replied.

ON A DIFFERENT BASIS.

ERNEST: *Mamma, in just one day more I will be four years old. What are you going to give me?*

MAMMA: *Yes, my dear. You shall have a lovely birthday cake with four candles in it.*

E(A)RNEST (thoughtfully): *Can't I have four cakes and one candle, mamma?*

DESTROYED THE RECORD.

"WAS everything lost in the fire?" asked Miss Passeur, when she recovered from the excitement.

"Yes, everything."

"The family bible?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how relieved I am. It makes me feel ten years younger to hear that."

SHEDDING.

"DID Chollie shed tears when your father threw him out?"

"No. He shed buttons, chiefly."

THE Cockney has no fear of hades. He thinks it a small place. He drops his H and it becomes only an ell.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

"MY mind," said the poet, is filled with a thought
I fear I can never express.
My heart is nigh driven with sorrow distraught,
And I'm overwhelmed with distress."

"A thought that you cannot express," quoth his friend,
"For details like that shouldn't fail;
A bonny red stamp worth two coppers I'll lend,
And this thought can be sent thro' the mail."

IT MADE HIM TIRED.

MODERN BLUEBEARD (who is about to take unto him his seventh spouse): *Son, I suppose, of course, you will be on hand early?*

WILLIAM (his eldest son, who has seen five step-mothers come and go): *Well, Guv'nor, I'll go to the funerals, but I'll be hanged if I go to any more weddings.*

MONEY TALKS.

"LET me have the printed report of the speeches in the Senate last week."

"What do you want it for?"

"I want to see what money says when it talks."

WANTED TO MARRY HER.

YOUNG MINISTER: *Mr. BJones, I want to marry your daughter. She is the—*

MR. BJONES: *I've nothing to say about that. You'll have to settle the wedding matter with Sallie and her young man.*

A MIXTURE OF NUMERALS.

"THUNDERATION, Lyons," said the editor to the foreman, "You've got this obituary note nicely mixed."

"Have I, sir?"

"Yes, you have. You say that the deceased was six years of age, and leaves a wife and fifty children."



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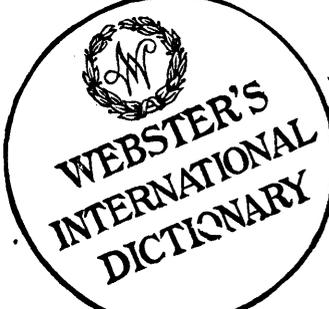
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