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Vol. 1.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., MAY 1888

No. 5

# THE LAND WE ! IVE IN.

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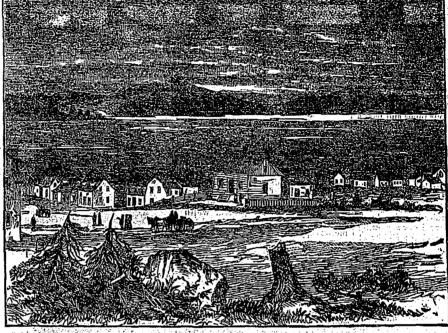
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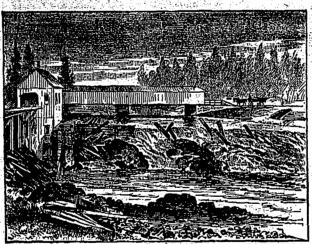
#### LAKÉ AYLMER.

A description of the hunting and fishing grounds of the Eastern Townships would be incomplete without, at least, a passing notice of Lake Aylmer, and I very much wish some one more competent than I am would undertake the task—I an estentially a "fly-fisher," and all other methods are to me devoid of pleasure and sink into the mere drudgery of "pet-hunting." I will, however, except trolling with the spoon which, all hough, not to be compared for a moment with the artificial fly, is a more cleanly and consequently

with the spoon which all hough, not to be compared for a moment with the artificial fly, is a more cleanly and consequently more gentlemanlike, modus-operandi, than the empaling of worms and live minnows. On a fine July morning of the year of grace 18—I, (Calestigan) Bachelor B., his brother Jack and Trask, took the "Quebec Central" for Weedon station, where we launched our skiff, and after pulling a short distance up stream got among some scraggy islands garnished with all sorts of forest jotsam; these passed, we landed on a muddy bank in Battoche's bay and "piped to dinner." Having refreshed the inner-man preparatory to a long pull to Black Creek at the farther extremity of the lake, we dug in a swampy field a half bushel of warty sticky potatoes, for which we paid old Battoche (cousin-german of the Nor-Western rebel) the price of two bushels of mealies. Those being atowed, we, with considerable difficulty, wrenched our boat from out of her muddy berth and continued our course through extensive fields of rushes and aquatic weeds of a green so dark and sombre that an occafields of rushes and aquatic weeds of a green so dark and sombre that an occasional patch of mud-stained yellow water-lilies was an agreeable relief. The sun was het and the lake calm, so we pulled leisurely over the drowned lands until we passed the narrows and entered the more passed the narrows and entered the more open water which constitutes the lake. A long, narrow strip of water lay before us, which receded into a deep bay on our right while on our left could be seen the mouth or entrance of another deep bay, which we afterwards found was so extensive that it might easily have been mistaken for another and distinct lake. In front of us ran out a long tongue of land (pointe aux crables) covered, then, with a fine growth of maples, the only redeeming point, in my opinion, to the whole landscape. The fact is that lake Aylmer and surroundings do not possess one single attraction to the



- WARD'S BAY, LAKE AYLMER.



BULLS HEAD FALLS, NEAR D'ISRAELI.

tourist and I am informed that it has so tourist and I am informed that it has so thoroughly been depopulated of its finny inhabitants by unscrupulus netting at un-reasonable periods of the year, that very few sportsmen now frequent its otherwise few sportsmen now frequent its otherwise unattractive shores, even duck shooting, which used, formerly, to be the October attraction there, is now, I am told, "a pleasure of other days." At the time of our visit, some few mascalonges and doves were to be caught and once in a while a twenty-five pounder was secured. The Bachelor and I as late as 7 years ago partook at our old friend Beaudet's shanty, of a black bass, which would have kicked the beam at eight pounds and by the bye, was caught in a net. Those days are past and lake Aylmer, unless it is protected in the future by more conscientious penitents the future by more conscientious penitents than are our present legislators, will sink into a mere lenten preserve of frogs. CALESTIGAN.

Our esteemed correspondent has had his glimpses of Lake Aylmer from its worst imaginable approach, that is by the way of Bull Frog Bay. Now it is reached by the Quebec Central Railway from Garthby Station, which lies at the extremity of Ward Bay from where there is a beautiful view of the lake with the mountains lying between there and the Megantic region on the south. A road leads from Garthby to Nicolet, Breeches, Indian and Conlombe Lakes, to the north where there is good trout fishing. We agree with "Calestigan" that to the flyfisherman Lake Aylmer has no attractions, but very good trolling for bass and massealonge may be had in the proper season. out very good froining for bass and masca-longe may be had in the proper season. There are fish, enough there, if properly protected and the facilities for reaching it are such that it might be made a great re-sort for pic-nic parties, especially as the Q. C. R. Co. are extremely liberal in their special train service charges We are in-debted to the Co., for the cuts of Ward's Bay and Bulls Head Falls which illustrate this article.

Somewhat discouraged at the prospect both scenic and piscatorial, we made a landing on "pointe aux crables where, after a short rest and a snack we proceeded on our way to Black-creek, at the lead of the lake Black-creek, at the head of the lake where we were prety sure to meet a party of our Sher-brooke friends who brooke friends who had precoded us by two or three days, so we pulled away with a will, and the wind being fresh and astern we made good head-way and found our friends oncamped on a sand-bank at ed on a sand-bank at the entrance of Black

e found two of the purty solomnly engaged in a fineral rite which I witnessed with much interest and envisity for the first time, and not wishing to expose my ignorance by asking questions, I for a long time, wayered in doubt whother the detime, wavered in doubt whother the de-funct was to be interred or cremated, for the grave had no sooner been dug than a quantity of dry fuel was deposited around it. But my doubts were sot at rest when I heard the master of ceremonies, Mr. James Morkill, call to his companion to "put in a good chunk of fat pork on top of the beans, that everything was ready for the baking, &c."

Declining Mr, M's. invitation to remain-and partake of the pork and beans which he said would be resurrected in seven hours time, we proceeded up the creek

hours time, we proceeded up the creek which gradually expanded into a capacious bay, beautifully wooded on its northern bank. We landed in a cove, the banks of which we found tenanted by a numerous band of navvics, who from all appearance had been there too long to make the place band of navvies, who from all appearance had been there too long to make the place either healthy or savoury; therefore, although it was late in the afternoon and our long pull from Weedon was beginning to tell on our muscles, we paddled backpast our friends beans and pork, past the then mascent village of D'Israelie, until we arrived in a nice bear bay two miles below the village where we pitched our camp on a hard wood ridge near a beautiful cool spring, a very comfortable, capacious habitation, half tent, half shanty was erected and fuel being plentiful we soon had a fire sufficient to roast an ox. We were comfortably domiciled before sunset, had partaken of a hearty supper, smoked the pipe of peace and, what next! After a long day's pull under a broiling sun without a drop of drinkable water, it might be naturally supposed that Morpheus or purchance Bacchus would have claimed our devotions. My dear reader, the members of our party were all true sportsmen, hardy, rough-and-ready and jolly, but they had not come all the way

from Sherbrooke merely for the animal enjoyments of eating and drinking or loitering about camp, no I we were bound enjoyments of eating and drinking of loitering about camp, no I we were bound to find out if there were any large fish left in the lake and also if there was any good shooting on it's shores; neither were we of these canting disciples of the Scott Act who retire to God's hallowed solitudes to perpetrate their orgies, for as soon as the ashes of the calumet had been shaken out a pail of ice-cold water was brought in by Trask, and a libation of rye and water was offered through our parched and thirsty lips to a "good time and plenty of sport,"—all then went to work, Jack and I baited and 'set nightlines, an occupation which kept us busy until it was quite dark, on our return to the wigwam, we found that the Bachelor had shot a brace of grouse; Trask had gathered cedar boughs fragrant and soft enough for the couch of an emperor, a cheerful fire was burning in front of the open tent and an immense pile of fuel ready set hand. We also found our blakered cet hand. oheerful fire was burning in front of the open tent and an immense pile of fuel ready at hand. We also found our blankets ready spread, with a clean peeled balsam sapling laid across for a general fami ly pillow. The kettle was boiling at a gallop, sugar, lemon etc., for the confection of "night caps," and nothing remained for us but to fill our pipes and pass a vote of well deserved thanks to Commissary. General Trask. "The night caps" sary General Trask. "The night caps" having been adjusted, the camp was soon

having been adjusted, the camp was soon wrapped in silence.

I slept very soundly, how long I know not; for a time I dreamt, or fancied I heard a confused crackling noise, half awake, scarcely conscious, I saw myriads of sparks ascend and disappearing into chaotic darkness. I raised my head and shoulders and in front I saw a glowing wall of fire. Suzannah! the children fire I fire I! A great burst of laughter from my friends awoke me to camp-life and to the fact that Trask finding that the air had become rather fresh and cold, had biled in the fire to it's huge proporhad piled up the fire to it's huge proportions. The continued laughter of my rions, The continued laughter of my friends at my sudden awakening and ex-clamations of alarm somewhat annoyed me and I ask the merry-makers if they had never seen a man awaken suddenly during a dream. Yes, Cal, answered Jack, but who is Suzannah? I know of no such person at your home, and as for the children, why the less said the better. Reader,! I was a bachelor then, but Reader, ! I was a bachelor then, but Suzannah became mine afterwards and so did the children—in due time. Don't tell me there is nothing in dreams.

(t be continued.)

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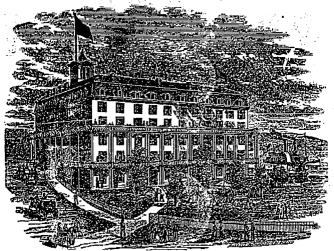
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MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE.

## LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

Never shall I forget my first trip upon this magnificent sheet of water, taken some years ago upon the steamer "Lady of the Lake," then commaded by the late

some years ago upon the steamer "Lady of the Lake," then commaded by the late Captain Fogg. For the benefit of such of my readers as have not seen this lake, I will say that it extends from Newport, Vt. on the South, the distance of some thirty miles to Magog village in the count ty of Stanstiad, Canada, on the North, ten miles being in Vermont and twenty miles in Canada. The general width is about two miles, being indented by numerous bays and inlets along its course. Starting from Newort we went forward backward, so to speak, by proceeding stern foremost in a broad sweep towards the western shore, at a rate which threatened to either beach the vessel or destroy a part of the adjoining township.—A few turns of the wheel, and her head gradually pointed north, the paddles commenced to revolve forwards and we are fairly on our way. The day is all that can be desired, the steamer's headway producing a pleasant breeze—the pic nic party on board not too large for comfort, and the music of the band excellent.—Gliding smoothly down the centre of the lake, its beauties gradually unfold themselves to our gaze. Here, on the right are green meadows, forests and luxurilake, its beauties gradually unfold themselves to our gaze. Here, on the right are green meadows, forests and luxurious vegetation. Youder a high projecting rock concealing all beyond, until having passed it, new beauties are unfolded, until the eye is dazzled with the long vistas of glorious green. On the western side the lake is bordered by one continuous range of lofty hills and mountains. The first land we make is Province Island, now owned by A. C. Zabriskie, Esq., a wealthy New York gentleman, who has built a beautiful summer residence upon it. This Island contains about seventy-



ISLAND.

five or eighty acres. The province line runs directly across the southern end, runs directly across the southern end, leaving the greater part in Canada and the balance in the United States. In the event of hostilities ever occurring between the two countries, Mr. Z. will have a first class opportunity of remain-

ing neutral.
Steaming onwards, we came into full view of Owl's Head mountain, towering



OWL'S HEAD.

Owl's Head.

into the clouds and keeping grim watch and ward over its protegé, the lake.—While we make a short stop at the Mountain House, a fine Hotel nestling among the trees at the foot of the mountain, let us make a digression and tell you about a grand Masonic excursion which we made to this historic place two years ago. We had many high officials in the Craft with us, among them the Grand Master of the Grand Master of the Sta'e of Vermont, and we started in single file to climb that mountain We had hardly gone a half mile before we noticed, as did the Yankee who crossed the Himalaya mountains, that "there was considerable risin' ground thar." On we tolled, higher and higher, following the tortuous windings of a narrow path, scrambling over fallen trees, following a guide who said he knew every inch of the way, but didn't, until those who had made previous ascents proclaimed that we were on the worns road. They said the way, but didn't, until those who had made previous ascents proclaimed that we were on the wrong road. They said the right road was better but that this road would lead us to the top all the same. Upon looking up where it led around some rocks about four miles above our heads, we thought it would, and so kept on. Once, and once only, did we strike water—a cool spring beside a high rock, away—up—the mountain, and we rock, away\_up\_the mountain, and we paused and drank it all up. After toiling for what seemed to be nearly all summer



we reached a dead wall of perpendicular

rock some fifteen feet high, up which we pushed, clawed scratched and panted, and—stood on the summit. I will not attempt a description of the view which burst upon us. Suffice it, to say, that from this point one can see "all out doors." Our lake looked like a narrow doors. Our mee looked like a harrow river running through a vast stretch of greenish-blue country, and we could only silently admire the prospect and confess our own insignificance up there. Our Lodge Room is a natural amphitheatre upon the very summit, and to reach it Lodge Room is a natural amphitheatre upon the very summit, and to reach it our way led across a conglomeration of broken granite rocks ranging from a foot square to the size of a "meetin' house," thown together and heaped up in every conceivable way, suggesting a buttle of Titans (or right uns)). Our ceremonies concluded, we commenced the descent. If in ascending we several times thought we were "going up," the down trip was certainly not decent. Instead of keeping together we separated into small parties, and the party in whose company I found myself, not having the services of the experienced guide who led us up, got lost again. We kept going down, (naturally presumin; that that would get us to the bottom), until our path led to the brink of a precipice some forty feet high. Concluding not to go that way, and that we must be wrong, we retraced our steps and took another path which seemed to leading nowhere in particular. We then felt disgusted. Even the combined wisdom of the two Grand Masters could not cut the gordian knot, so we agreed to follow the course of what had once been dom of the two Grand Masters could not cut the gordian knot, so we agreed to follow the course of what had once been a brook, and landed at the top of an old lumber slide, where we had a view of the lake at the bottom, and, better still, a man in a boat. Singing out to him, we finally made him understand that we wanted him to wait for us, and commenced descending that slide. Great Scott it was filled with rocks, brushwood, stumps, trees, old logs, timber and where they had nothing else mean enough to put in, they had more rocks, with the hardest edge up too. It took us half an hour to crawl down, and when we struck the boat, and each taken a drink, which hour to crawl down, and when we struck the boat, and each taken a drink, which lowered the lake perceptibly, I, for one, registered a vow that if they ever caught me going up Owl's Head again for pleasure, it would be when they build a railway up its side, or furnish a balloon, and then I won't go myself if I can provide a substitute. The owner of the boat kindly rowed us to the steamer which was only a short distance above, for which we gave him our blessing and something besides.

gave him our blessing and something besides.

To resume our trip down the lake. A few turns of the paddle wheels, a fierce splashing of the waves against the rockbound shore and we were again on the way. The band strikes up a lively tune, and ere long we come in sight of the beautiful residence of the late Sir Hugh Allen, shortly after which we cross over and touch at Georgeville, a picturesue village in the township of Stanstead, and fast becoming a place of summer resort; leaving Georgeville, we continue on our course, with Old Orford mountain looming up in the distance, and arrive at Magog after a three hours trip from Newport. Magog at that time was not the busy thriving place that it is to.day.—Within the last few years the advent of the Railway and the Textile and Print Works and other industries, have caused a boom which promises ere long to place it in the front rank of Canadian towns. A hurried visit to the village, and then the steamer's whistle warns us to return, when, amid the cheers of the spectators and pic nikers and the music of the band we east off from the wharf and are on our way back to Newport, which we reach as the sun is slowly sinking behind Owl's Head, lighting up mountain and forest, lake and meadow with his parting rays.

Grand old lake! What memories lie hidden in your sparkling depths. What seenes of savage glee and exultation, carnage and desolation may you not have seen in bye gone days, before the foot of

the white man ever trod your shores, and the noble (?) red man and the winds of Heaven alone held sway and rule over your waters! What varied tales of joy and advantaged to the state of t your waters! What valied tales of joy and sadness could your pulsing, restless waves unfold, as they are borne onward, rippling, surging, tumbling, raging onward to the sea!

Among the many objects of interest to the tourists along the lake must be men tioned Balance Rock, Skinner's Cave and last, though by no means least, Mount Elephantis, which, whenever I look up at its rugged side, I feel a deep and intense its rugged side, I feel a deep and intense longing to have somebody else climb. I wish to have others enjoy to the fullest extent the feeling of cestacy which thrilled me and penetrated my whole being after having descended Owl's Head. Somebody has said that the way to thoroughly enjoy a boil or a carbuncle is to have it on another fellow, and the public will observe how disinterested I am in wishing them to explore mountain heights.

The lake abound in pickerel, black

The lake abound in pickerel, black bass and many other denominations of the finny tribe, which must be fished for in season, otherwise one is liable to lose fishing outfit and to be introduced with out much ceremony to gentlemen of an offishial character In mentioning the varieties to be found, I think the Frenchman Baptiste, hit the nail on the head when



MOUNT ELEPHANTIS.

MOUNT ELEPHANTIS.
asked where he was going one morning, equipped with a thirty foot tamarac pole and a proportionate allowance of angleworms. He said:—"By gosh, she'll go down on the lac Magod pour fish. He'll cotch ling, bull-spike, black-back, ovray kind of fish. He go down dare las' week pretty progaly, slie'll catch one hornplug, weigh fourteen pound 'leven inches, s'pose not."

Innumerable are the stories told about

Innumerable are the stories told about some of the old settlers and fishermen who in days gone by knew every inch of the lake from one end to the other, and wno delighted to astonish the tender-foot with collossal lies about their exploits.

It was one of those old hard heads who told that story which no doubt is familiar to many of my readers, but which will bear telling once more in order to sustain his rangeation for variety and the honor his reputation for veracity and the honor of the lake which fostered him. He said he started out one winter morning, out a hole through the ice, baited up with about half a pound of pork and dropped it, attached to some fifty feet of line, through the hole. He immediately felt



SEINNER'S CAVE.

a bite and hauled up a three pound pick erel. It was done so quickly that he saved his bait, and threw in again, and in

telling out about twenty feet of line, felt another bite and landed another pickerel. telling out about twenty feet of line, felt another bite and landed another pickerel. Repeating the process, he alternately threw in and pulled out, the fish each time appearing nearer the surface, until they commenced jumping by twos and threes at the bait and their number increasing. "At last," said he, "I threw off my coat, and by that time they was a poppin' out the full size of the hole and jumpin' a foot high every durn'd clip, and I begun a kickin'. Wall, sir, ye may think I'm a lyin', but of the ice wus thar now, I'd show you the hole. I kicked fur all I wus wuth, and b'gosh in jest one hour and twenty-two minutes by the stoel-yards, I kicked out fourteen barls of pickerel, and it wa'nt no great shakes of a day for pickerel nuther."

I cannot close without paying my meagre tribute of respect to the memory of the late Capt. George W. Fogg, the genial, bluff old commander of the "Lady of the Lako," and the pioneer of steamboating on the Memphremagog. Over forty years ago he built the old "Mountain Maid," which made regular trips until she became old and rotten, when she was hauled out of the water with the in-

till she became old and rotten, when she was hauled out of the water with the in-tention of repairing and running her as a freight boat, but the bottom dropped a freight boat, but the bottom dropped out of the vessel and the enterprise.—
She lay for some years, until Capt. Fogg built the present "Mountain Maid" exactly from her model, and employed the same builder. He was captain of the "Lady" until shortly before his death about two years ago. We miss his familiar form, his cordial shake of the hand, and his hearty friendly manner. He lived to enjoy the fruits of his early toil, and he died respected and beloved by all who knew him.

"Whisht."

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#### Gold Hunter's Adventures.

Wher my pick struck the pipe-clay, which constituted the bottom as it is called, and upon which the gold is usually found, if found at all, I uncarthed a small nugget of four or five pennyweights, worth as many dollars, and like many a new chum, I concluded that the bottom of the claim was paved in that particular way. I cleared off a portion of the bottom but found, that the nuggets had run out. However, Coleman came round and tom but found, that the nuggets had run out. However, Coleman came round and indoctrinated me into the mysteries of gold washing, so that with tub and cradle I was able to take out from \$10 to \$20 per day. Knowing nothing of tunnelling or drifting, as it is termed, I burrowed in as far as I could from the shaft in the direction of the gold lead which I found cut diagonally across my claim, and then as far as I could from the shaft in the direction of the gold lead which I found cut diagonally across my claim, and then sank another shaft, which enabled me to work to the extent of my limits. A shipmate of mine by the name of Suzer, had the next claim above mine, and took out of it eight pounds weight of gold as the result of ten days or a fortnights work. As I was unable to get another claim in this gully, I directed my attention to working some of the claims in Devonshire gully where the sinking was about twelve feet, and here I worked from shafts which had not been drifted, and succeeded in making fair wages, but it being the wet season, the ground soon became water soaked, and the upper soil being rich alluvium, made the drifting dangerous work, so I suspended mining operations. Those who had surface claims, or wash dirt, got out during the dry season, now devoted their whole time to washing up, and clay-banks or dams were made in the hill sides and the heavy rains diverted to them. Only those who have lived in a tropical or semi-tropical climate know what a heavy rain really means.—Here when it rained the water literally fell in sheets, and those who had no fireplaces or covered sheds to cook under fared badly, as it was impossible to keep up a fire outside. We were in this unfortunate predicament, but availed ourselves of some of the sheds of the Chinese entunate predicament, but availed ourselves of some of the shods of the Chinese encampments, which they had covered with mass and gunny baggii to boil the water for tea and coffee, while sardines and other canned material and bread made up the substantial part of our living. Sometimes for tea and coffee, while surdines and other canned material and bread made up the substantial part of our living. Sometimes the rain would coase for a day or two, and then we made up for our inferced fast.—We purchased considerable gold here, which I had to carry to the Bank, or Escort office, at View Point, and on these occasions I carried Colemans revolver, and to save distance and as the safest route, usually took a direct course across ranges and gulies. I was less likely in this way to be molested by any of the bush-ranging fraternity, who usually plied their trade in the more secluded portions of the regular travelled roads. These gangs were in the habit of going from one diggings to another and hanging round just outside the diggings, "stickup," draymen returning to Melbourne, with the pay for their two for three week's trip, and the digger going down-with well lined pockets. Some thirty drays were "stuck up" one morning, by a gang, just outside the Ballaarat diggings, and one at time marched off the road into the bush and placed under a guard until they had got through with as many as they dare risk, when they were off 30 or 40 miles to ananother place to carry on the same game. These bush-rangers were well mounted, as the question of ownership never entered into account with them, and being well acquainted with the country, they generas the question of ownership never entered into account with them, and being well acquainted with the country, they generally, managed to clude pursuit. No one could successfully follow up their trail except the native trailers or runners, employed by the government, but who could not always be depended upon. These natives are almost equal to a blood hound in trailing criminals. I was never most red in the performance of my gold escort furties, and only had to present my revolver once, when a party seemed determined to become better acquainted with me than his good looks would warrant, and who finally concluded that it wasn't advisable to in-

sist upon too close companionship, in travelling the same road. At this time a great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed by the diggings population at being obliged great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed by the diggings population at being obliged to pay the thirty shillings a month license fee, whether engaged in mining or not, and many a one unfortunate in mining, couldn't afford to pay the fee. Mass meetings were held at View Point, and cleaning out the military and police, in the camp onclosure within pistol shot, was freely discussed, but better arguments prevailed, and delegates were appointed to visit Melbourne, and confor with the Government. It was then decided that licenses should be issued at the rate of £2 for three months; but this did not satisfy the diggers, and the upshot of it was that the diggers formed a league, were a ribbon on their jumpers, and considered themselves in duty bound to resist all attempss to collect a license fee, even going tompss to collect a license fee, even going so far as to station squads, in the vicinity of the commissioners camp, which preven-ted those inclined to take out a license from doing so. This state of things did not last long. Lieut. Governor Latrobe showed a lack of back-bone, and was continually vacillating between a desire to grant the wishes of the diggers, and the representations of his hirelings that the trouble was solely due to the influence of a few turbulent spirits who were having a good time at the expense of the diggers. The fact was that many of the gold laced gentlemen of the diggings, knew that the doing away with the revenue derivable from diggers licenses, would necessitate the reduction of the staff of government officials, and throw the most of them out officials, and throw the most of them out of an easy berth. And so the matter hung until the attempts to enforce the collection of the license fee resulted in a collision between the Ballaarat diggers and the detachments of military and police stationed there, resulting in considerable loss of life on both sides. The diggers succeeded in taking possession of the stockade and barracks, which it afterward surrendered or it was retaken. If I mistake not, it was a portion of the 40th Rog't, in command of Capt. Thomas, which was stationed there. In referring to this event it must not be understood as having occurred simultaneous with the Bendigo occurred simultaneous with the Bendigo manifestation. It only took place several months after, but it brought the matter to a crisis. The Government had to take action with the result that the license sys action with the result that the license system was done away with and in lieu there of a miners right was issued which cost £1 a year. The taking out of this was not compulsory, but without it one was not entitled to protection, and the miner who had it could take possession of the claim of one who had it not. The one who paid for protection got it. In a dispute which we had afterwards with some Tipperary nad teconic quee possession of the claim of one who had it not. The one who paid for protection got it. In a dispute which we had afterwards with some Tipperary men, who jumped a portion of our claim in the Blackwood diggings, the first question asked by the Commissioner was, "Have you a miner's right?" and although we had procured one for the occasion, and one of our opponents had seen me, as he stated, going into the license tont for them, as he was coming out with his, this didn't avail anything, and we were awarded the full possession of the claim as we had staked it out, and which gave us 70 feet frontage on the Ballaar at disturbancean acquaintance of mine, a Bytown man by the name of Abo mine, a Bytown man by the name of Abe—if I ever knew his other name I have forgotten it-had a bead drawn with his forgotten it.—Ind a venu cuent in the rifle on one of the officers, and as Abe was a sure shot, and looked upon it as a limited with the rifle would have been "all was a sure shot, and looked upon it as a business matter, it would have been "all up" with the officer if his chum hadn't knocked up the rifle, asking him if he wanted to shoot a man in cold blood.—When I first know Abe he was in partnership with a couple of friends of mine by the same of Lloyd, formerly of Melbourne, Quebec, and now wealthy wool growers on the Goulburn River, Australia. They had a saw-pit on the Iron Bark Gully, and Abe was the one who handled the pit end of the saw. His Ottawa experience did him gord service, as eighteen pence a foot was the price of their inch boards, and if the boards hap-

pened to be half an inch thick in one pened to be min an inear case. In case, they made up the quantity by giving it a thickness of an inch and a half in another place. In my trips back and forth between Eagle Hawk and View Point, I was much amused with the antics of the lizards, who were continually starting out from the dry bark and shrubs almost under my feet. They are very gaudy looking creatures, and assume a very inquisitive appearance, when leaking gaudy looking creatures, and assume a very inquisitive appearance when looking up at you. They become quite tame when encouraged round the tent, and as they are sure death to any fly within reach, I usually made pets of them, and they seemed to enjoy sipping ten out of my spoon if I made it sufficiently sweet for them. On hot days one or two would lie in my blankets under the shade of the tent and eatch flies by the score. The in my blankets under the shade of the tent and catch flies by the score. The paroquets chattering in the trees above made the bush seem cheerful. They are a beautiful green and yellow plumaged bird, a little larger than a swallow, and very swift of wing. They always go in Bendigo. They had probably made room for the diggers, as from the name of Kangaroo Flat, it may be inforred that they had previously existed there. After three months spent at Eagle Hawk, I shifted my quarters to Long Gully, where I took a situation in a store kopt by Alfred England, a lank six foot Englishman, who had spent some years in New South Wales and whose every day dress was corderoy had spent some years in New South Wales and whose every day dress was corderoy trowsers, top boots, flannel jumper and red woollen night cap. On state occasions he donned a felt hat, and a pepper and-salt colored coat. He lived to please himself and appeared to be quite indifferent as to whether he pleased his customers or not, and still he was a nice agreable man to converse with. It annoyed him a good deal to have any one do part of their trading at another store. He wanted their whole trade or none. I recollect on one occasiona woman who had done her trading at a store along side of us, came to us for ccasiona woman who had done her trading at a store along side of us, came to us for hops. We were the only ones there who happened to have hops, and he very coolly told her she could go and get hops where she got the rest of her goods, he had none for hor. In this situation I received \$15 per week, and as Mr. England, when there, did most of the heavy work, I had not much to do except cook for the two of us, and as he was fond of good living, I had carte blanche for everything the store afforded. One thing we had there which I had never seen before, and that was potatoes, ground up like starch, and packed in sheet-iron boxes holding 50 lbs. or more. To cook this, we had simply to pour boiling water on them and then season them with butter and the usual condiments. ual condiments.

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#### As Through the Telephone.

"Hello?" "Hello!" "Give us Fletcher's Bakery please." "Is that Mr. Fletcher?" "Yes." "Will you come up to the office of Mr. Didymus, please; I'm Mr. Corriveau. I want to close that lease of water power for Electric Light."
"Oh! yes! Odell was saying something "Oh! yes! Odel was saying something about that. Of course any agreement you make with him is all right. But its a kind of a mixed occupation, isn't it, Electric Light and Clothes' Pins, and a carpenter and joiners' shop?" "Yes, rather, but we'll fix the clothes' pin business all right, We'll switch that off on to another line." "Oh! I see, clothes' line; but how about Davis and Morris and the joiner business?" "Tlat'll be all right we'll dovetail that in with our own business. It saw them, and its all plane sailing now, but it was a pretty close slave, as they "Oh! yes! but it was a protty close shave, as they thought we were trying to chisel them out of the water power. Fact is, wo've inaugerated a mutual benefit arrangement between them, the Jenckes Co. and ourselves, but I won't bore you with the details." "Bore who? What do you mean? What are you talking about?" "Why, that water power." "What water power?" "Who the deuce are you any way?" "Griffith, City Hall." "Confound it all, that's the worst kind of tax of all, taxing a fellow's patience. Why, I was talking to Mr. Fletcher." "Can't help that, somebody rung me up." "Is that City Hall?" "Yes, yes, what is it?" "I've been trying to get you for the last five minutes." "Trying, eh? well you've got me now—go ahead." "How much is to pay on that lot of mine?" "Fifty cents a gallon for the whole lot, ten casks." between them, the Jenckes Co. and oura gallon for the whole lot, ten casks."—
"What sort of land measure is that"— "That's ale measure, and good measure too. You'll find it hold out all right enough." "I'm talking to the city Secenough." "I'm talking to the city Secretary. Who are you, and who are you talking to?" "Hopkins—I'm talking to the Magog House." "Its assessed twelve hundred—twenty dollars due." "Twenty dollars due! ten casks of ale! what do you mean?" "Notbing ails me. What do you mean? There's nothing paid on last assessment, and its twenty dollars." "Hello!" "Hello!" "Is that the Central?" "Yes." "Well thank the Lord, Tye got one place sure. I wish you'd tral?". "Yes." "Well thank the Lord, I've got one place sure. I wish you'd send some one to fix up the line. I'm hitched onto the Brewery and Magog House, and next, thing I know, I'll be getting a temperance lecture from Mr. Elkins, for being in the way of temptation." "Oh, never mind, Mr. Didymus, that won't hurt you." "Perhaps not; but somebody "Il think I'm hitched onto these lines for convenience sake. I say, but somebody "Il think I'm hitched onto these lines for convenience sake. I say, Mr. Wallace, I wish you'd see what's wrong with the instrument at my house, I can hear a message there but can't send one." "All right, I'll attend to it." "Hello?" "Hello!" "Give me Mc Farlane Mill office, please." "Hello!" "That rye we were talking about, send me up a couple of bushels." "Rye! what rye? a couple of bottles of rye! We don't

p a couple of bushes.

a couple of bottles of rye! We don't
be beverage." "The rye rye? a couple of bottles of r keep nor use the beverage. rye a couple of bottles of rye! We don't keep nor use the beverage." "The rye you showed me yesterday. I want two bushels." "You want two bottles do you? well you can't get it here. Give us your name anyway, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith." "G. G. Bryant. Isn't that the McFarlane Office?" "No! this is the Rexaminer office. Well, that's a good one. Wait till Murray and Foss hear of your ordering two bottles of rye. You'r a nice consistent man to have in the Council, aren't you?" "Oh, you shut up, Morehouse, it was rye for my fowls that I wanted," "All right, I won't say anything about it, but when, you get up another foul game, don't make a very face over it. Good bye. Don't indulge too freely."
"Hello?" "Hello!" "Say, couldn't you work in that double entendre of the Colonel's, about a certain party being a knowing card?" "No! I think with I

you work in that double entenare of the Colonel's, about a certain party being a knowing card?" "No! I think not. It wouldn't Incke well. People would think there was some little game up."— "Well, nobody but the boys would know ch?" "I guess not and they'll under-

stand that anyway." "Hello" "Please and me up a nice ham." "We don't fuller?" "Not stand that anyway.

Hello "Pleas send me up a nice ham." "We don keep any." "Ain't you fuller?" "No any fuller than usual. I'm a Scott Ao man myself " - "Oh! I beg your pardon It was Fuller's store I wanted." "A I'm a Scott Act right, Mrs. Jones, I got your order, but our line is crossed with the Land Co., and Mr. Davidson thought you were talking to him." "Oh, dear! how annoying! I hope he won't feel vexed at my asking him if he was fuller." "Hello?" "Hel-Yes. "I'm Corriveau. I'm going to let my light shine before men to night, and I'd like to have you come down. It'l be at the Corset Factory." "Then of cors-et'll be a success." "Certainly; you might go an Octave higher on that, if you're not a person of stayed habits." "Well, perhaps I am, but I'm not tight-laced." "All right, come down. See you later." "Hello?" "Hello?" "Yello "D'ye ken onything o' Rabbie Burns' Works?" "Aye, aye! mon, I do that." "D'ye min' whar he's hau'd up afore the presbytery? ye ken what for?" "Ou, aye! mon." "Weel, they tell me there's an individoo-"Is that Didymus?"

ken what for?" "Ou, aye! mon."—
"Weel, they tell me there's an individooal in toun, that's in the same fix, Did ye
no hear aboot it?" "Feth, na!" "Bide no hear aboot it?" "Feth, na!" "Bide a wee, an' I'll up an' tell ye aboot it. Happens the wires might be crossed, an' Id no like folk to hear." "A'recht! a'recht! dinna be lang, an' come ben, when ye come. I'm jest deein' wi' curiosity to ken wha it is." "Weel! weel! hau'd yer wheest, ye wad na guess in a month o' Sondays."

#### He Was Going to Take Something Warm.

Warm.
Thimblethorpe was going to take a Russian bath the other day when he met his friend Boomby.
"Where are you going?" was the first greeting that ract Thimblethorpe's ears after they had shaken hands.
"Ch, I am going to take something warm," as he slowly contracted his left eyelid. "Come along?"
Nothing loth Boomby caught on, and followed his bosom crony into what he thought was an exceedingly hot room.

"Let us take a drink of water before we order the stimulants," remarked Thimblethorpe.
"A good idea," was the answer, "for I feel awful warm."
He partook of the aqua pura, and soon the perspiration began to coze from every pore.
"Come out of this." he said: "I

every pore. me out of this," he said; "I "Come out of this," he said; "I couldn't drink anything stronger than soda now." Just then, as he glanced at the shelves around the room, on which were reclining several nude figures, it began to dawn upon him that he had been made a viotim of a huge practical iche.

joke,
"Don't say a word about it and I'll
stand a quart bottle," he whispered, as
he darted out of the street door and inte
the nearest apothecary shop to cool off.

### HUMOROUS.

-" I'm going to board," was what the log remarked on entering a saw mill.

—When a baby cries all night, do not become impatient. Be thankful that it ian't twins

—Hand painted suspenders are now worn, but lots of men will continue to hold up their pants with a leather belt fastened with a shingle nail.

—As two ladies were gazing at the large black bear brought into town yesterday, one remarked: "Oh, what s nice buffalo robe his skin would make!"

—Foresight: "But, Sylvia," said Hattie, "if you climb that fence Mr Tawmus, who is over there, will see your stockings." And Sylvia replied "I thought of that."

-It is curiously stated that a He brew's nose never grows after ten years of age. Probably for the same reasor that lightning never strikes twice in the MATTE DISCO-DOS DECEMBRY.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT.

We publish an article on this subject in another column with the view of inducing some of the farming community to investigate the matter and ascertain if there isn't a probability of creating a new and profitable industry amongst us. A conversation with we had a Wayne County, N. Y. gentleman some time ago, satisfies us that we have rich bottom land throughout this part of the Eastern throughout this part of the Eastern Townships well adapted to the culture of peppermint and the question of profit seems to depend in a great measure upon reppormint and the question of profit seems to depend in a great measure upon the number who may be induced to engage in the culture, so as to distribute the cost of the necessary machinery. The quantity of peppermint oil produced throughout the world—may be roughly extimated at 100,000 pounds and of this the United States produces some 70,000 pounds, Of this quantity Wayne County alone produces about 40 per cent, but on account of its better quality and the greater care taken in the extracting process this realizes as much or more than than the remaining 60 per cent. The labor necessary in producing the crop is light, and from what we could learn from the gentleman referred to, it will yield on good soil, a return of \$30 to \$40 per acre: About two crops is all that it is advisable to take off the ground without replanting and the new roots for this purpose are furnished by the old plants. Peppermint grows luxuriantly in many of our gardens, and those who have had experience with it. know that it keeps apreading and is a difficult thing to eradicate, but when grown for the oil, it is and spreading and is a difficult thing to eradicate, but when grown for the oil, it is apt to become mixed with noxious weeds which impair the quality, and neces-sitate the replanting. The plant is gather ed by cradling in August and September.

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## Market Sketches.

"Ah, Good morning, Mr. Fletcher, just back, I suppose. You find some differ-ence between this and Florida weather, don't you?" "Well, yes. I should think so; none of this slush down there; but don't you?" "Well, yes. I should think to; none of this slush down there; but there's one thing you have, that I couldn't get, there, and that's new maple sugar, and I see you've got it, Mr. Mitichell. I guess you must make it all the year round." "No, but I believe I made it earlier than most folks; but there's another thing we've got that I'll bet you didn't see, that's ice." "Icel thunder! any quantity, they keep it to cool their lemonade, and they just got a fresh supply after that New York blizzard, didn't have to come up here for ice this yesr." "Come, Mr. Fietcher, you know I mean't it didn' grow there." "No, you're right, it didn't. How much is that?" "One, sixty, thanks, I'll leave it as I go up town. I've got to go to the brewery any way. Oh, you needn't smile at that. I don't smile, but I want to see how me, and hops and Hopkins will agree this way. Oh, you needn't smile at that. I don't smile, but I want to see how me, and hops and Hopkins will sgree this morning. I've got some nice hops to sell, if I can get my price." "I'll tell you how to fix that, Mr. Mitchell. You just get Hopkins to sit down on a bale of your hops, and if he's well bread you'll get a rise out of him, that way., "Oh! Shaw, you g'long, here Peter! Show Mr. Fletcher, where he can get some Texas beef, that'll take the rise out of him." "Bif! bif! me tek's 'is bif, Pierre, me, tek's 'is bif, a' son maison, chez lui, good bif, bon boeuf Monsieur, me buy 'ım at Misser Hive' one goot steer. Out, Misser Hive' she'll 'ave planty steer, She'll tole me planty gen'lemens buy steer, she'll sole 'im some a' Monsieur Tuck, a' Monsieur Lomas a la Banque; she'll keep 'im way cff far, big ferme, call him ranche belle place. Out, me'll sell 'im goot bif, "Bigosh, Pierre, me tink M'seer Flesher she'll don't want no bif, non; c'est vrat." 'Bejapers, Pather, whin ye've done talkin' to that 'Frenchman and be the same token, ye're a Frenchman yerself, and know how they does be talkin' all she'll don't want no bif, non, c'est vrat."
"Bejapers, Pather, whin ye've done
talkin' to that Frenchman and be the
same token, ye're a Frenchman yerself,
and know how they does be talkin' all
the time,—ye'll obleege me by changin'
this quarther and takin' out tin cents for
yer own thrubble and the parmit to sell
me shtuff, what have I got, is it? Faith
thim, there's butther, that Johanna hersilf med, an' eggs, an' be me sowl, Pather, it's meself has some of as ilegant
praties as a man ever put in his gob, raal
Irish murphies, that 'ud mek yer mouth
wather intirely, to see thim shmilin in
their shkins at you; an' now Pather,
whin yer cookin' a pratie and want it to
crack open wid the fulness that's in it,
put a lock of coorse salt in the wather.
How much are they, is it? Sixty cints,
an' the sorra a cint less I'd take if ye tuk
tin bushels. As sure as me name's Mur
phy, an' that I may niver sin, if there's
the likes of thim, betune here and Anthony Biron's in Stoke Pond, beyant. The
Lord be praised, Pather, but there's no
shtarvin, where they can raise praties
like thim, and if ye's ud buy a bit of land
in Stoke and make some of the poor
divils that's beggin' the streets earn their
livin it ud be a—good thing for the lot of
ye's." "Well, I think you're right, Mur
phy, but don't talk about a Frenchman
talking, he'd have enough to do to beat
an Irishman; if they're all like you."
"Bedad Pather, put in agood word for the
praties anyway." "How much are you're eggs
Mr. Murphy?" "Twinty cints, Missus." "Are
you sure there's no chicken's in them."
"Faith I am, just as sure as that you're
not a chicken yerself, an' that I'll shwear
to, thank ye, I'll give ye a dollar apound
for all the feathers ye'll find in thim eggs,
barrin the pin feathers." "By gosh Hiram, ef it takes as much jawin' as that
Irishman gets off to sell a bushel of pertaters and a dozen eggs; I'm derned glad
'at I din't bring nothin' but oats, and
that I've got rid of them." "Oh that's
jest like them fellers they're got to blarney folks, an

his hand in his pocket to gin her suthin' his hand in his pocket to gin her suttin' as she thought, and she sez, sez she "May the blessin' of God follow ye all 'the days of yer life' and when he took his hand out of his pocket with nothin' in it, 'an never overtake ye" sez she. Thet's what I call pooty dern cute, for an Irish woman." "Camarashandoo Mister Fred woman." "Camarashandoo Mister Fred hoo are ye the noo, she'll jist be goin' to see ye for puy ticket, Shon Boston 'll sent her an'll tell her go ta Mister Date for puy sheep." "Buy sheep?" "Why Murdo John Boston was fooling you, I don't sell sheep!" "No No! Shon 'll 'say she'll not pay so much, she'll want to go to Quebec ta see Mister Colin' at ta Croon not pay so much, she'll want to go to Quebec to see Mister Colin' at ta Croon Land, she'll want ta patent for ta lot at Lake Megantic, and Mister Nagle give it ta paper ta show ta twenty-five acre clear, an' Somepody 'll send word 'at Murde no pe live on right lot, an' Mister Colin' 'll pe goot fren ta poor Scotchman, an' she'll pe put on ta right lot, an' Mister Farwell 'll say ta same, and more ofer forepy ta interest, she'll no pe ax ta pay and she'll want ta ticket ta go an' ta cam pack." "All right, Murdo, come up to my office in ten minutes and l'll make it right." "Say, Couture, what's that they're puttin' up over there next grist mill." "That's the Electric Light." "Electric light! what's that for?' "To let customers see when you fellows give light weight." "Well, one thing certain it won't make light weight of you. Say Peter! what'll you take and snowshoe a track through our sugar splace?" "Ah, that started him, Bill! I wish I had one of them Climax Camera's that D. Thomas & Co., advertise, just to take a photograph of him. He's waltin's against Time new." & Co., advertise, just to take a photograph of him. He's walkin' against Time now."

We are in receipt of the first number of The Canada Agent, a monthly journal devoted to the interest of the public in general and Agents in particular, and published by Messrs Magill & Prevost, 65 & 67, Yonge street, Toronto, at 50 cents a year. It contains an abundance of items of general interest and gives promise of year. It contains an abundance of items of general interest, and gives promise of being a valuable medium for advertisers, agents and manufacturers. Agents can accept its advertisements as reliable,, as from our knowledge of the publishers, none other will knowingly be admitted to its columns under any circumstances.

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and rheumatism.

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a hot or cold stove without the use or brush or water.

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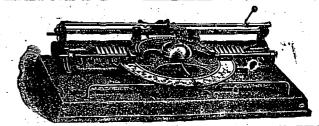
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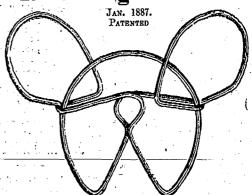
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themselves with the old-fashioned Chornes 1 m, and advantages to be attained thereby.

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INTRODUCTORY.

#### LIFE IN MEXICO

For the Land We Live in.

For the Land We Live in.

The following episodes of "Life in Moxico" embracing total length of at least twenty years, at différent periods, commencing with the latter part of the year 1834 and ending in 1881, form a portion of the many convensations, I have from time to time held with members of my family, and at their request I have reduced these few to writing. They do not profess to have any literary They do not profess to have any literary merit of their own, but they do possess that of absolute truthfulness where I was that of absolute truthfulness where I was personally concerned, nor have I attempted in the slightest degree, either to embellish or to spoil them, by drawing on my imagination for effect. Although in common with many, many, other foreign residents in that country during the troublous times embraced within the periods above mentioned, I met with losses and some ill treatment in the bar ses and some ill treatment in the bar gain, I have lived long enough to put this down to the debit of the unsettled this down to the debit of the unsettled state of the country, the cause of which is not far to seek, and not to Mexican people at large, amongst whom I have numbered many friends, and for whom I entertain nothing but kindly feelings and good wishes, and a fervent, and I believe, a well grounded hope, that the present railroad enterprises may be carried on to completion; which combined with the very wise legislation which has been carried into effect since the year 1867, will raise Mexico to its proper place among civilized nations.

"Nomap."

EPISODES OF LIFE AS IT WAS, IN MEXICO.

OHAPTER J.—"SURRENDER!"
Our party of travellers consisted of nine persons, of wnom I was the youngest, not yet fourteen years old, who had landed at the port of Tampico, in the State of Tamaulipas, in the latter part of the year A. D. 1834. The leader of the party, I.—M.—m, a distant relation of my own, about thirty five years of ago, had already resided in the Republic of Mexico for several years, and was now had already resided in the Republic of Mexico for several years, and was now returning to it, from a short-visit to his mative land, our destination being the mining city of Guanaxuato, about 300 miles inland. The only road between those two points, called "El Camino Real" or the Royal Road, was in reality merely a bridle path, and such a one as only mules, donkeys, or horses bred in the country, and accustomed to such feats, could traverse with any degree of safety to their loads or riders, putting the comfort of these last entirely out of the safety to their loads or riders, putting the comfort of these last entirely out of the question. Bad as it was, it was the only means of transit for transportation purposes, between the said port, and the interior of the country, every article of merchandise having to be carried on the backs of pack-animals. We were mounted on the best saddle beasts that could on the spur of the moment be procured, but they all struck\_me\_as being\_a very sorry lot indeed, and our subsequent experience proved that I was not far wrong in my opinion. Being the youngest of the party, I was mounted on a very diminutive specimen indeed, but one that the party, I was mounted on a very diminutive specimen indeed, but one that proved to be quite as gifted with powers of endurance, as the general average of his companions, and as with us the poor brutes got fair treatment and a sufficiency of food, they all improved in condition on the journey, which occupied, I think, a period of about twenty days, our progress being very slow, owing to the number of pack mules we had employed to carry our luggage, and whose days journey was necessarily a very short one. I shall nover forget our dreary ride across that pestilential coast range of country; pelting rains by day and night, intersper that pestilential coast range of country; pelting rains by day and night, interspersed with occasional intervals of burning sun-heat, the road where not sandy a perfect quagmire, and on finishing our toilsome day's journey, having to camp out on the bare ground, with no cover-

ing above us but the sky, and with little or nothing to eat, in the bargain. The elder members of the party doubtless thought they had in these privations, a full and sufficient excuse for in thought they had in these privations, a full and sufficient excuse for indulging to excess, in drinking cognac, of which a barrel full was brought on a mule destined to that purpose alone. Another excuse was as I remember, the necessity of drinking brandy, to counteract the ill influence of the malarial atmosphere, through which we were travelling. This last though, was certainly ineffectual, as not one of the party escaped a severe attack of malarial fever, on the termination of the journey, while one of them died of it on the road. Young as I was, I was also pressed to partake of the universal medicine, but fortunately for me, my untutored stomach refused to retain the nausous draught, and I am thankful to say, the attempt was not repeated. Almost our first shelter under a roof, was at a small ranche, called "El Carriso." The hut was compaced of peated. Almost our first shelter under a roof, was at a small ranche, called "El Carriso." The hut was composed of a roof of palm leaves, resting on crotches out from trees, one end embedded in the ground, at the corners, and interstices filled in with small branches of trees, partially plastered over with mud, a very wirnities attentions are not provided the floor partially plastered over with mud, a very primitive structure; our beds, the floor, which we occupied in company with the dogs of the family, and a certain lively insect, in most astoinishing numbers; still this, bad as it was, was far better than to be sleeping in the open country, as we had been doing, with the rain pattering in ones' face all the live long night; and what was equally comforting, we here luxuriated in a hot meal of "frijoles and tortillas," that is, beans and corn slap jacks. On the following morning one of the party, the one who eventually died before reaching his destination, was unable to proceed, the pack mules with their drivers, were therefore sent on, as well as three or four of the travellers; the others remaining to accomon, as well as three or four of the travellers; the others remaining to accompany the sick one, so soon as he should be able to resume the journey. Not long atter the luggage had been sent on, a tall, fine looking. Maxican, mounted on a spotted horse, handsome and spirited, rode up to the door of the hut. After a short conversation with our leader, who, at that time, was the only one of the party who understood the Spanish language, he dismounted and offered to exchange his handsome charger, for the guaga, he dismounted and offered to exchange his handsome charger, for the diminutive specimen of horseflesh, I was journeying on. This exchange was not favored by our leader, and fell to the ground, then the new comer appeared to be suddenly seized with cramps in the stomach, and implored some one to give him some medicine. Our leader very promptly administered to him, quite a number of "Morrison's Pills" saying sotto voce, "if you are not sick, I will soon make you so." He then most emphatically advised the man to lie down for a while, which he did, evidently in a state of fright, or what looked very much like it. By this time more than an hour had elapsed since the departure of the like it. By this time more than an nour had elapsed since the departure of the luggage party, and the invalid of our party expressed himself able to proceed on the journey. We at once mounted and—started. We were still almost within and started. We were still almost within sight of the people of the ranche, when we heard the barking of dogs, and the clatter of horse hoofs behind us. I was the hindmost of the party, and turning to look, saw a man racing after us on horseback, holding out at arms length, a large horseman's pistol, with brass mountings, and bellowing to us something at the top of his voice, which in my ignorance of the Spanish language, I could not understand, but it was evident his intentions were not peaceable. He passed me understand, but it was evident his inten-tions were not peaceable. He passed me by, and rode up along side the leader of the party, putting the muzzle of the pistol to his ear. This' proceeding brought us all to a stand-still, and every-one handled his arms, even, I took out my little old fathing the rested pearly close up to him, putting the pistol nearly close to his body under the arm, and I can even now recall the contemptuous look, the fellow gave me as he turned his head toward me. Our invalid, who was well

Theneun outer and they do consens to did

armed, said "Shall I shoot him, M.—m. ? Shall I shoot him?" "No! no!" was the answer, "be quiet, look around you, and see what fellows there are in the woods, leave this fellow to me, I'll manage him." This caused us to do as requested, revealing to our view, several mounted men in the woods, accompanying our line of march, who evidently did not belong to our party. The collective which took place between our leader and assailant, was afterwards explained to me in English by my relation, and was rather amusing.

amusing.

Robber. "Surrender I give me your

money and valuables!"

'M-m. "Why should I surronder, I have no money to spare for you?"

Robber. "I have a good pistol, as you

Robber. "I have a good pistol, as you see."

\*\*M—m.\*\* "Well, I have two, much better as you may see," and opening his cloak, shewed two magnificent pistols, in a belt around his waist. The act of opening the cloak, I remember well." After this short but animated colloqny, our valiant assailant was very quietly but effectively bound on his horse, I have no doubt much to his astonishment and chagrin, and taken on with us as a prisoner, until we arrived at Tula, where he was delivered over to the Mexican authorities, and where his punishment consisted in his being forcibly enrolled in the Rural Cavalry, afate he would naturally prefer, to the one usually meted out in such cases, that is, being shot at once. His companions seeing his fate disappeared at once, in the bush. Well it was, for us, because, if they had mustered up courage enough to attack us, we could have made but a serry defence, as on trying our arms, on the following morning, only two gave fire, mine and one of the leaders. The others, having been so long and foolishly exposed to the rains, throughout the previous days and nights, were utterly unserviceable without undergeing a thorough cleaning. There is now but little doubt on my mind, that the individual whom we left behind us at the ranche, groaning under the effect of the medicine, that had been so cleverly administered to him, was in effect the leader of a party, whose intention it was to plunder us, that his aim when proposing the exchange of horses, as well as his simulated fit of illness, was solely with the intention of delaying us, until by the separation of our party, success would be more probable, but his discomfiture caused the management of the enterprise, to devolve upon a more incompetent person, leading as many other imporant enterprises, to a complete failure. M.m. "Well, I have two, much bet ed the management of the enterprise, to devolve upon a more incompetent person, leading as many other important enterprises, to a complete failure. This was my first, but by no means my last encounter with Mexican "Road Agents," during my residence of many years in that misgoverned but clovely land, and we all most certainly had good reason to be thankful for our escape, as we never could understand why we were not attacked by the whole party, at once instead of by one individual only, the others holding aloof. "NOMAD." ٠. :

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Are probably the largest dealers in Hardware, Crockery and Glassware in the Eastern Townships, and do a very extensive wholesale and retail business. Their colwholesale and retail business. Their collection of elegant dinner and to sets and the fine descriptions of glass and crockery were, would be hard to beat in some of the larger cities. Their place of business is in the building known as Odell's Block, Wellington street, opposite the market, and the firm is composed of Gustavus Lucke and James S. Mitchell. The senior member holds, or has held a U. S. commission, and is generally, known as "Colonel" Lucke. He was recently United States Consul here, and resigned the recently United States Consul here, and resigned the position because it was incompatible with his commercial pursuits. He is a jolly, wholesouled individual, an ardent and enms commercial pursuits. He is a jolly, wholesouled individual, an ardent and enthusiastic sportsman, and is the President of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation, which has a large Boston and New York membership. He is considerable "on the fly," with the requisite "turn of the wrist" accompaniment, and loves to "spy out the land" where sport exists, especially in the fishing line. Bring on the gamy trout and the Colonal will furnish the hooker. As a vecalist he has considerable talent, and "Gideon's Band," would be incomplete, without the Colonal. The firm deals largely in fishing tackle and all sorts of sportsman's outfits. Mr. Mitchell thoroughly understands the business, having spent several years with W. W. Beckett in this city. We never heard of his going a fishing, but his love of sport seems to display itself when he is "sooping up the stanes" at the curling rink. The firm of Lucke & Mitchell has been in existence about twelve years, and the missions with the stanes "at the curling rink with abundant missees." In the rink. The firm of Lucke & Mitchell has been in existence about twelve years, and has met with abundant, success. In the language of our friend Belanger, "Nos felicitations."

JOSEPH G. WALTON

Carries on business as a Druggist and Stationer, in Grifflith's Block in this city.—As to his qualifications for preparing those remedies that cure all diseases, that flesh remedies that cure all diseases that flesh is heir to, we are not in a position to judge, but as he is a duly certified licentiate, it is quite probable that he knows how. Mr. Walton is "a native of the soil," and we can remember when he belonged to the "cherub" band. He is a great admirer of art and always has a collection of paintings, statuary and other works of art on exhibition. His father works to publisher of the Sheebrook Co. lection of paintings, statuary and other works of art on exhibition. His father was the publisher of the Sherbrooke Gazette, (the first paper published here) from its infancy up to the time of his death in 1875. Mr. Walton knows how to "paddle his own cance," literally, as well as figuratively, and is well up in the use of the rod and riffle. He is a glose observer and has contributed valuable; information fibrough Forest and Stream on matters of interest to the sportsman and naturalist. Like Paddy's parrot, "he hasn't much to say but he's a divil to think;" His sport with rod and gun, in the lake Megantic region would rather surprise the present anateur sportsman. One of the best meals we ever partock of, was one night on the Upper Spider, when Ball (the guide) and myself, demolished two frying pan-fulls of moose steak, the antlered porguide) and myself, demoisined two trying pan-fulls of moose steak, the anthered por-ter of which steak; had come within reach of Mr. Walton's rifle, the previous night, and had fallen a victim of a curiosity to ascertain why the moon gave two lights on that particular night.

# A. GARWOOD. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER. HOUSE, BIGN: AND FRESCO: PAINTER,
GRAINING, MARBLING, BIC.
Illuminated Clook Dials for Public Buildings.
SEND FOR PRIORS:
DECORATION OF OHURUHES AND
PUBLIC BUILDINGS A SPECIALITY,
See Eastern Townships Banks; her-brooke;
Methodist Church, Caticooke, P. Q.; and
Methodist Church, Coaticooke, P. Q.;
DESIGNS MADE ON APPLICATION.

CAUTION.

Henry R. Collis is not authorized to receive subscriptions to this paper, nor to act for us in any capacity whatever.

D. TEOMES. CO.

#### The last of the Abenaquis.

The last of the Abenaquis.

Joe Mares, probably the last of the once powerful tribe of Abenaqui Indians, is no more. He departed for the "hisppy hunting grounds" about the 20th ult.

We would not wish him back, for we feel out loss is his gain, and we have met with similarly deep afflictions, our grief over which, time has assuaged, Do mor ruis nil nist binum. We cannot expatiate to any great extent upon the alternative laid down in the text, but might possibly go so far as to say that "he was a good shmoker." His child like and bland smile concealed a large open countenance, and the promise of a quarter, or its equivatent in smiles, developed an affection which for its simplicity and abiding faith in the white man's promise, carried one's memory back to the time when Pocahontas developed an affection for a member of the Smith family. Our memory of Joe goes back to the time, when he was armed only with the primitive bow and arrow. It he ever owned a scatter gun, his admination for the fraternity had led him to present it to some prominent member of the "bat," from whem it is to be premination for the fraternity had led him to present it to some prominent member of the "bar," from whem it is to be presumed, he received a quid pro quo to a certain extent, although we never saw him retain the quid in his mouth. Joe was careful and methodical in his habits, and disliked to see hooks and lines and other articles of camp paraphernalis lying round loose. The significant appellation of "honest injun" was doubtless as applicable to him as to any of the rest of his dusky race. His race is run kept, he has the faith, apparently—he has received a his dusky race. His race is run kept, he has the faith, apparently—he has received a christian burial, the umbrella shaped cedar tree which with the canopy of heaven constituted his camp on the margin of Rush Lake, and the bark hut can the Chaudiere which sheltered him from winter's stormy blasts, shall know him now no more forever, and in shuffling off this mortal coil, he has done all that was necessary to entitle him to the appellation of "Honest Joe." D. T.

A number of original sketches and other articles, are unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

### THE EMPIRE FUEL BURNER.

THE EMPIRE FUEL BURNER.
Can be used in any cook or wood stove,
and will cook an ordinary meal at a cost
of about two cents. It makes a hot fire
at once. No sales or dirt. No labor
whatever to prepare...
Agents: wanted throughout the Province. Why have the D. Thomas & Co.,
General Agents.

Capt. Parker, of Waterville, informs us that a land-locked salmon was caught in Massawippi lake last June weighing nine pounds, somewhat resembling a soa salmon, red spets on the body, larger near head, dwindling in size the tail, curiously thaped under jaw, flesh of a deep pink color, very strong and gamy, and caught on spoon. The spawn was put in the lake some 7 or 8 years ago.

# TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

IMPROVED TROY STARCH ENAMEL.

For putting on the same Gloss and Hard Finish to Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Lace Curtains, etc., as when bought new, at a cost of one cent a week.

With this Enamel a green emigrant servant can polish linen equal to any Laundry in America. It causes the iron to run smoothly and prevents rust. It makes an old shirt look like new. It gives the linen such a smooth glossy finish, that dirt and dust will not stick to it. A woman can do her ironing in one half the time, and the clothes smell sweet and fresh. The most economical article that can be used. Warranted not to injure the clothes, but will make them last much longer, because they do not have to go through the wearing out process of washing and starching so often.

Directions.—Dissolve one Lozenge in a pint of boiling starch. Stir well and starch while warm.. Price 25 cents.

THE HOUSE KEEPER'S FRIEND

ELECTRIC POWDER.

For Gold and Silver Plated Ware, German Silver, Brass, Copper, Glass, Tin, Steel or any material where a Brilliant

Steel or any material where a Listre is required.

Directions.—Use the polish dry with a piece of chamcis skin or canton flannel previously moistened with water or alcohol, and finish with the polish dry. A few moments rubbing will develop a superior lustre, different from the polish produced by any other substance. Price 25

#### OIL OF PEPPERMINT.

AN INDUSTRY CONFINED TO A SMALL AREA IN NEW YORK AND MICHIGAN.
[Chicago Tribone ]

IN NEW YORK AND MICHIGAN.

(Chicago Tribono )

Twenty-seven miles south of Kalamazoo, Mich., on the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, and in St. Joseph county, is the hamlet of Nottawa, the centre of the peppermint oil industry of the State.

This little village came into exist nee about eighteen years ago, when the larroad was built. Its population is given as between 250 and 300. On the banks of Chrystal Lake, so named for the purity of its water, being fed by sublacustrine springs, is the most extensive essential oil distillery and refinery in Michigan. The farm lands in this section are rich in fertile properties, and, possessing what is technically known as "burrow openings," are especially adapted to the production of the peppermint plant.

Mr. Burnett, of Wayne county, New York, was the first to engage in the production of the oil in this country. This was in 1816, and in 1835 the industry was started in St. Joseph county, Michigan, on White Pigeon Prairie, about two miles north of village of that name, a distillery being creeted the following year. Up to this time and for ten years later the distillery apparatus used was very crude, being the same as that in England with a few slight modifications.

The cultivation of the pepermint plant is about as follows: In early spring the ground, having been plowed, is marked off in furrows two and a half feet apart. In these furrows are placed the roots and runners which have multiplied from the planting of the precading year.

is about as follows: In early spring the ground, having been plowed, is marked off in furrows two and a half feet apart. In these furrows are placed the roots and runners which have multiplied from the planting of the preceding year. One acre of good-roots usually furnishes sufficient stock to set from five to ten acres of new ground. These roots and runners are from one eighth to one fourth of an inch in diameter, and from one to three feet in length when in a healthy state. In setting they are usually carried in large sacks strung over the shoulders of the workmen, who place them in rows so that there shall be one or two living roots or runners at every, point in the row. While placing the roots with their hands they cover them at the same time with the soil by the use of their foot. The plants are renewed every second year. The new growth will show itself above the ground in about two weeks after setting, and the ground is carefully hoed and cultivated until Julyor August, when, if the season is fair, the plants have thrown out such a quantity of runners as to render difficult the further destruction of weeds.

The time for the harvesting the crop is when the plants are in full bloom. This is usually in August for the old growth, and September for the now. The plants are nowed and left to dry in the sun before being drawn to the distilleries.

When sufficiently cured the plants are placed in large wooden vats, which, on being filed, are closed with steam-tight covers. A pipe from the steam generating boiler is connected with the distilling vats entering them at the bottom under the plants. The heat of the steam expands the globules of oil which are contained in the minute cells of the leaves and blossoms, causing them to burst. The oil, being thus freed, is carried off in the current of steam, which escapes through the plants. The heat of the steam of in the circuit of the grown, causing them to burst. The oil, being thus freed, is carried off in the circuit of the grown and cleaser, consisting of a series o

ed pipes, over which a large supply of ed pipes, over which a large supply of cold water flows evenly through a perfor atod trough from above, where it takes the form of oil and water. It is next passed into the receiver and the water separated from the oil, sinks to the bottom. The oil is then removed and is in its natural or crude condition.

ural or crude condition.

The natural oil is afterwards refined.
Each owner of a distillery distils on an average the crops of ten other growers, besides his own, charging 25 cents for each pound of oil obtained, whereas in England the charge is made for each vat of plants, no matter what quantity of oil may be produced. About 18,000 tons of plants are grown annually in this country.

plants are grown annually in this country.

There are now about 250 essential oil distilleries in the United States, but the great majority of them are small. The annual production is estimated at 125,000 pounds, 60 per cent of which is produced in Michigan and 40 per cent in Wayne county, N. Y. The yield per acre ranges from 3 to 28 pounds, with an average of 16. The new plant generally yields a few more pounds to the acre than the old, the quality of the oil being the same.—These figures tend to show an annual area under cultivation of about 10,000 acres.

## Subscriber's Directory.

FOR MONTH ENDING APRIL 30th SHERBROOKE.

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## EXCHANGES.

We can supply the following publications samples of which can be seen at our office. Publications intended for this column should be marked. X.
Farmers' Review, Chicago.

Farmers' Review,
Western World,
Free Press,
Metropolitan,
Investigator,
Vade Mecum, Detroit. New York. Salina Kansas Passumpsic, Vt.
Putney, Vt.
Newport, Vt.
Toronto. Agent's Warld, The Sentinel. Canada Agent, The Mail, Farm and Fireside, Farm and Fireside,
Weekly Review,
Le Pionnier,
Crystal Palace Home Journal, Phila, Pa.
Monthly Transcript,
The Independent,
American Agent,
Central Stockman,
Phillips Phonograph,
Central Stockman,
Phillips, Me.

## "ON THE VIRTUE OF THEIR OATH."

A party writing us from Lake Megantic says "Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure has taken a start here. Everyone who has used it, tells me it is O. K, and want their afflicted friends to try it. I don't intend to make myself an advertising meidum, but cannot refuse the testimony of parties who actually

tell me that it is the best remedy they ever found, and they are ready to swea

From L. G. Burnell, Canadian Custom House agent, St. Armand, Que.

ST. ARMAND, QUE., April 4, 1888. Hill's Golden Oil Co.

Gents,—My mother has suffered for several years with what I supposed to be rheumatism. Her left arm had became swollen and discolored and useless. Half a bottle of Hill's Golden Oil cured her, and she has not been troubled since. I can give you an affidavit to this effect if you desire it.

Very truly yours. L. G. BURNELL.

# W. W. BECKETT & CO

# SPRING STOCK

In which you will find an assortment of

# WALL PAPERS of the best quality and very cheap. PAINTS and OILS,

Varnishes and Brushes OF THE VERY BEST Also a large Stock of

# ALABASTINE OF ALL COLORS

FOR TINTING

Walls and Ceilings.

A very large Stock of COPP BROS, famous

#### COOKING STOVES.

VERY CHEAP.

A SPLENDID STOCK OF

# PLATED WARE

ROGER'S KNIVES & FORKS.

# GROCKERY -AND-

GLASS WARE

RAILEOADING TOOLS, FUJE,

A good assortment of SHELF GOODS, TIN WARE OF ALL KINDS.

SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS. THE VERY BEST OF

CUTLERY

a very large stock.

# LAMPS

# ROCHESTER LAMP.

Pratt's Astral Oil

IN STOCK.

#### UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

111.

(From Forest and Stream.)

Though in mid day there was yet a hazy after-taste of the sweetness of Indian summer, the season was beginning to have a smack of winter in its night air. On such an evening, as ning to have a smack of winter in its night air. On such an evening, as the first star began to shine above the rounded peak of Tater Hill, Lisha rubbed the mist off a pane of his long, low shop window, and stooping his eye to it peered out upon the darkening road. Out of the gloaming presently grew some dark shapes into men, the sound of whose footsteps and voices came a little before them. When they and others had entered and been welcomed by Lisha, he having lighted his pipe and taken some work in hand, declared "the meetin' open," and that they "was all ready to transack business" Little was said till some one remarked, "Pweeew!" And then all became aware that an odor more

some one remarked, "Pweeew!" And then all became aware that an odor more pungent and powerful than those of leather and shoemaker's wax was pervading the atmosphere of the shop.

"Good nirth an' seas!" cried Lisha, "I secont the motion! Le's all whew! Some on ye stepped on suthin' t'night, or somebody got skunk's ile to sell."

Each took a sniff of his neighbor till the source of the fragrance was traced to Pelatiah's coroner, when he shamefacedly confessed that he "hed ben a trappin' a leetle," but said in extenuation, "I sot fer mink. I hed one trap in a holler log y confessed that he hed be a trapping a leetle," but said in extenuation, "I sot fer mink. I hed one trap in a holler log over to Hillses' brook with a ruster's head fer bait, an' when I went tew it just'day the trap was hauled' int' the log. I pulled on the chain c'nsid'able stout, but it didn't le, go a bit, an' then I got daown on all fours an' peeked in to see what the matter was ailded it, an'—O, gosh all Connect'cutt! My eyes haint god done smartin, yit! I rolled an' I tumbled till. I got to water, 'n' then I washed an' rubbed an' scrubbed till I c'ld see suthin' sides stars and fire, an' then I went hum an' berried all them close, an' washed me in three waters an' smudged me with hemlock browse, an', gosh darn it all, I did't 'spose I wa'n't all sweetened aout!! F.F. my comp'ny haint

gosh darn it all, I did't 'spose I wa'n't all sweetened sout! If my comp'ny haint 'greeable I'll dig fer hum."

"Sho!!" Lisha, shouted (with hearty politeness, "Guess we o'n stan' it 'f you can! 'S fer me, I ruther like a leetle good-fresh skunk parfum'ry. The's some 'at eats 'em"—rolling; his eye toward a known mephitipophagist..." an' I. sh'd think them 'at likes the taste would the smell. Furdermors, I'm beholden to skunks fer c'nsid'able myself. Keep yer self comf'table, Peltier."

No one objected to Pelatiah's presence.

No one objected to Pelatiah's presence, and several asked Lishs how he was in-debted to skunks for anything. "Wal," said he, slowly scraping the sple of a boot with a bit of broken glass,

while his thoughts went backward over the rough path of his life, "in the fust place, when I was a leetle chap they cur-ed me o' croup with skunk's ile, which ed me o' croup with "skunk's late, which they gi'n it ter me spoo'ful arter spoo'ful, an' greesed my stomerk with it outside tew. An' then arter I'd got growd up, skunk essence cured me of azmy. An' then—I don't sassely b'lieve I'd ha' ever got Jerushy 'I 't hed n't a ben fer a skunk'!"

After the "wal I swan's," and "gosh-es.", and "yeen don't says," which this de-claration called forth; there was a gencaration cannot fortal, there was a gen-eral demand for an explanation, and Lisha laid down his boot and glass, and devoted himself wholly to the telling of his story, with his elbows on his knees and locking and unlocking his waxy, fin-gers as he talked, as if so he weve the woof of his tale.

(I I represent to great on ale folks telling)

"I never set no gret on ole folks tellin' of what they'd did, or ben, or hed when "I never set no gret on ole folks tellin" of what they'd did, or ben, or hed when 't they was younger, but when Jerushy was Jerushy 'Chase she was 'b out 's pooty a gal as o'ld be dug up in tew three taowns, an' as smart and cap!ble, an'nat'-lly she was sought arter, an' none the less cause her father, was tol'able well eff. When I begin a sparkin' on her, I hedn't nothin' much but my tew hands, was a

workin' aout by the month for this one an that one for six or eight months, an' I'd larnt to shoemake a leetle so 's' t I 'whipped the cat' winters, so ye see I was arnin' suthin all the time, an' I wa'n't sech a humbly ole critter 's I be naow, so 's' t suthin all the time, an' I wa'n't sech a humbly ole critter 's I be naow, so 's 't stood jes 's good a chance as any o' the fellers, till bimeby the' com a chap to teach aour deestrick school, college teller I'm Middlebury. He was a clever creet, an' smart, an' good natered an' hahnsome, c'ld rastle like a bear, 'n' sing like boblink, 'n' wore hahnsome, close evey day, so ell the gals 'most wus a ravin' arter him. Jerushy wa'n't, though, an' that made him the faster and fircer arter her. An' so arter a while his pooty talk an' hahnsome close an' all them college things begin to work on her, 'n' she get so 't she'd mos' lives I would n't come Sunday nights as not. so 't she'd mos' lives Sunday nights as not.

Sunday nights as not.

"So it run along till tow wards the middle o' sugarin', she a favorin' him a lettle mor'n me of the tew, an the' was goin' to be a great sugarin' off to Hillses, 'n' most everybody hed a invite. I went 'n' ast Jerushy to go 'long with me, 'n' she said she 'didn't know; guessed she'd colong with the colong with she said she 'didn't know; guessed she'd go 'ong with the one 'at come arter her fust.' Thinks sez I, Mr. Schoolmarster, 'f you get to Uncle Chase's 'fore I dew, you'll hafter pull foot for it lively. So 'long in the middle o' the art'noon I got my chores all done up, an' dressed me an' off. I put 'crost lots, 'n' I hedn't got fur when darned if I didn't see that 'tartur when darned if I didn't see that 'tarnal schoolmarster jest goin' int' the
aidge o' Meeker's Woods, pintin' for
Uncle Chase's, 'n' nearer tew it 'n' I was.
I doubled my jumps an' got there, an'
tole Jerushy I'd got there fust 'n' she'd
got togo 'leng with me. She kinder
hung off, lookin' outen the winder every got to go 'long with me. She kinder hung off, lookin' outen the winder every onct au' awhile, but nary a schoolmarster! An' so bimeby she got rigged up an' off we went an' had a gret carummux to the sugarin'. She kep' a sythin' an' a peekin' fer a spell, but nary a schoolmarster, an' then she got desput jolly 'n' made m re fun 'n the hull toot on 'em. Goin' hum in the moonshine, I ast her to jine me in a sugarin' for life, an' fore we got to the chips in the do'yard she 'greed she would, an' here we be! Me on this 'ere shoe-bench, an' she," lifting his voice and pointing a waxy foreinger at the door that opened into the kitchen, "an she a peekin' through the crack o', that 'ere door!" The door squeaked suddenly to, and the wooden latch clicked rather spitefully.

spitefully. said one disappointed auditor,
"Wall," said one disappointed auditor, breaking the short ensuing silence, "Wha'd all that hev ter dow with a

O, nuthin' much," said Lishs, "only, "O, nuthin' much," said Lisha, "only, ye see that feller was a shovin' 'long the best he knowed, through the woods in a wood, road, an' fust thing he run spat ont' a skunk aout takin' a walk. The skunk wouldn't run, an' he wouldn't, an' it turned aout con'try, to scriptur. The battle was to the strong, an' the race was to the swift. The schoolmarster smelt loud provide to fill a forty acre the the swift. The schoolmarster smelt loud 'nough to fill a forty acre lot, an' so the' wa'n't no schoolmarster to Chases' nor t' the sugarin off, nor t' the school deestrick that spring, nor nothin' left on him in the deestrick but his parlume. So ye see, a skunk hed suthin' ta dew with his seaseness, which I c'nsider my-self beholden to skunks."

"Bah gosh!" said Antoine, "ah don' fred for skonk, me! Ah tek hol' of it hees tails an' lif' lim aup, he can' do sometings! No sar!"

sometings! No sar!"

"Twouldn't make no difference tew
ye if he did," said Lisha, "a skunk's
nat'ral weepon haint nothin' but double
d'stilled bile'l daown essence of inyuns,
'n ye couldn'ti hurt a Canuck wi' that,"

"Bah gosh; guess you fin' aout if he
hurt you, you git him on you heyesight,
whedder you Canuck or somebody. Ant
it Palitiet, hain?"

it. Peltiot. hein ?"

it, Peltiet, hein?"

Said Solon Briggs, "Might I a rise to ask you, Antwine, Anthony, or Anto nio, all of which I suppose you ter be, haow dew you pervent the sout-squirtint of the viles of wrath whilst you air a proachin of the mestiferious quadruple head?"

"Wal, M'sieu Brigg, datsomething you

got t' larn bah-ah-what you cell, it,

pracsit?"
"Perhaps Peltier 'd lend you one o'
his'n to practyse on, Solon," Lisha suggested, but Solon expressed no desire to
acquire the art of capturing the skunks that method.

by that method.

"They ra'ly can't scent when you hol' 'em up by the tail, 'n' that's a fact," said Josoph Hill. "I remember onct when I was a boy ten'r dozen year ole—I d' know, mebby I was fourteen—lemme see, 'twas the year't father hed the brindle caow die 't hed twin calves; got choked with an apple—no 't wa'n't, ' was a tater—they was fo' ye'r oles when he sole 'em, the fall 't I was seventeen—no, I wan't but thirteen—the' was a skunk got int' the suller, 'n' of course we didn't want to kill him there, so my oldest brother, Lije, he took a holt on him by the tail an' kerried him aout the hatchway with a pair o' tongs, an' I hel' hatchway with a pair o' tongs, an' I hel' him up while he shot him. He put the ole gun c'us to his head an' blowed him clean act ten the tongs as fur's crost this shop, 'n' by gol. he never scent one mite till then, no more 'n a snowball."

"Did he leave?" asked the ever alert seeker after useful knowledge. "Why, yes," Joseph replied, "he jes stunk hisself to death then."

"Jozeff," said Lisha, "that 'ere puts me in mind of the Paddy, 'Divil a nade o' shootin' him,' says he; 'lave him alone an' sure he'll shtink himself to death.' What a 'tornal time the creeturs dew hev wi' skunks 'fore they git 'quinted with 'em. 'Member the ole story one on 'em tole? What was't Sam?"

Sam repeated the time-honoured tale "The furs toime iver I wint hoontin' in Amerika was wan day whin I was gown to me worruk, an' I kilt a boird call't a skoonk. I threed hur undher a hay shtack an' shot hur wid me sphade, an' the furs toime I hit hur I misht hur, an' the nixt toime I hit hur where I misht hur afore. An' whin I wint to plook the feathers off hur, I was foorced to shkin hur, an' in down that I shtruck hur ile bag or hur heart I dunno, on' the shmell nearly suffocaytif me, an' I was near shtarvin' atther, for divil a dhrink oud I take, but the shmell of hur was in me noshtrils to kape me awake all night.' I like to died," Sam continued, "to hear Joel Bartlett's Irishmun tell bout the fust skunk 't he ever met. "Twas when The furs toime iver I wint hoontin' in noshtris to kape me awake all night. I like to died," Sam continued, "to hear Joel Bartlett's Irishmun tell bout the fust skunk 't he ever met. 'Twas when he was in Masschusitts, 'Maxacushin' he called it. He ben a workin' on a railroad, an' lived in a shanty as yit though he was workin' fer a farmer. Sez he, 'I wor a shpadin' round threes in a yoong archard, an' Tom Egan, the divil, was in id wid me, an' I seen 'caperin' troo the grass a flione shlip av a young cat, an' says I to Tom, says I, begob, I'll capshure it to kill the mice in the curse o' God shanty that's near dhriven me dishtraktit. 'Do,' says he to me' an, the divil knowin' in his own moind what it was. An' away I wint in purshuit, an' whin I was about to lay me two hands on id, I was shtruck in me face an' the two eyes was about to lay me two hands on id, I was abtruck in me face an' the two eyes av me wid a shtream av the divil's own wather an' I was blindit an' shtrangled, entirely. But I pomped on the baste wid me boets an' kilt it. If was oboked wid rage, an' a grea' d'l beside, an' thin I wint away back to Tom, but divil a near him wud he let me come, the bl'guart, an' I call't out, 'Tom' says' I, 'am I kilt entirely an' is it me, or is it the divil's father of a baste that be's makin' the notorious shtink altogether ?' says I. Be notorious shtink altogether? says I. Be gob! says he, its the both ov yees, an' ye'll shipel that bad an' may be worse for a year,'s says he. Ah thin,' I oried, 'millia murthers, I'm ruinswitt! an! so imillia murthers, I'm ruinswitt; an! so skoolekd away, home to the curse o' God shanty, an' whis I wint in; Biddy an' the childher wint out, an' I had the shanty an' the shmell all to meself. Well, I berrit me close, an' I's sailed back fan' forth troo the pond o' wather till; night, but divil a much betther did I shmell for, a week. Oh! bad luck to the country that nurtures such cats!? Od of because "Dat Arish," Antoine remarked, "a'n's

spik so good Angleesh lak ah do, it ?"

The slim candle in the sconce had burned so low that when Lisha attempted to snuff it with his fingers he pulled it out and it dropped upon the floor, and sputtering out left the shop in darkness except for the thin streaks of firelight that shone through the cracks of the stove, and the dim rays of stars slanting in at the little window. The mishap was accepted as a unanimous vote of adjournment, and stumbling and groping tacir way to the door, Lisha' guests again departed.

# BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEU MAATIC CURE.

We are almost daily advised of the benefits derived from the use of this medicine in cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia. Being a powerful blood purifier, its general use is beneficial in removing the impurities incidental to the present season, Price \$1 per bottle. A liberal discount to the trade.

D. Thomas & Co.

General Agents for Canada.

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

## TOURISTS AND SPORTSMEN

Should procure the complete photographic outfit manufactured by the Climax Camera Co, for which we are General Agents, and can supply at \$6.00 each, and with which any one who can read the full instructions which accompany it, can take first class photographs of camp can take first class photographs of camp scenes, landscape, picturesque views, &c. whicu cannot be obtained in any other way. Light and compact. Dry plates are used which can be developed at the time or later as may be convenient.

Call and see sample.

GENERAL RENO'S ARMY CONDITION POWDERS.

Are a "one horse" remedy, as a package of them will keep one horse in good condition longer than any other conition powders, at an expense of 50 cents per package.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," is a good old saw, but a better one is the "Chicago Folding Saw."

Try Oxien for Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Loss of Vigor. A powerful tonic and nerve food, restoring exhausted vitality arising from any cause whatever. The trade supplied. Single boxes sent by mail prepaid, on receipt of 40 cents. D. Thomas & Co., General Agents for the Province of Quebec.

. The use of OXIEN does away with artificial padding. It develops the muscles, and gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

Those using Kendall's Sarsaparrilla and Iron, should purchase their provisions by wholesale, to afford the additional expense caused by increased appetite.

# THE EXCELSIOR GAS BURNER,

Can be used with any ordinary kerosene lamp and generates a brilliant gas from a fluid provided for the purpose which is safe and much cheaper than kerosene; gives twice the light, and the ingredients for which can be obtained in any town or village. No lamp chimnies are used. It is extinguished by blowing out, like a candle, and no more gas is generated un-til it is again lighted, when the heat from the match creates the gas. No smoke, no smell, no grease. Common wick used, and trimming once a week; is sufficient. It fits ordinary lamps, and reducing collars are furnished to fit parker, church and store lamps. The right to make and use the fluid is given with the burner, which sells at 75 to 90 cents. We want male and female agents, active, energetic and of good address, to whom we will give liberal terms, and exclusive territory.

D. Thomas & Co, General Agents.

#### Roy The Land We Live In Two Summer Vacations.

The "Parson Over the Line" having The "Parson Over the Line" having been referred to in a previous issue of this paper, as a "tip-top shot," supposes that he must say something about shooting in this article, though he had intended nothing of the kind, but rather of riding a hundred miles north-west from Vernont, then camping and fabring "the ed nothing of the kind, but rather of riding a hundred miles north-west from Vermont, then camping and fishing. The earliest recollection the Parson has of having his "tutored eye" called into requisition along a gun barrel, was in this wise:—There were two roads running westward towards the capital of the State, half a mile apart, and parallel. My mother's uncle was on the northern road and his farm came down part way over the half mile, towards my father's, and the uncle came all the way across on a certain occasion for a boy's help, and the occasion was when the groy squirrels had made a raid on his corn patch. He did not want relief from the "posts" for nothing, but was ready to pay so much percapita. The trade was made and the time to begin work was fixed at 4 o'clock p. m, that day. At the appointed time the boy was in the corner of a fence, near the high elms that stood near the corn field, with a dog for pillow, as the dog could hear the first scratch of the grey's too nails on the fence rail and at once send him up the elms, from which it was not possible the

the first scratch of the grey's toe nails on the fence rail and at once send him up the clims, from which it was not possible the grey could escape. Did the reader ever shoot at a grey squirred spread out on an clim limb and walk around the tree to see if there was any portion of him in sight to shoot at, except the bushy tail, and a scanty tuft of hair? If he has, he knows the kind of job undertaken to save the uncle's corn patch. We rather think there was a considerable feeling of the responsibility of the position, and to take a squirred out of the tip-top of these elms, required a little tip-top shooting; so conclude our friend, the editor, may be right after all, and after saying that there by that cornfield, we did the first noble deed now recorded in our memory to relieve a fellow creature in distress, and that right there we carned our first honest dollar, we will go on to recount our trip during the two summer's vacation.

We presume it is of no consequence to the reader, how we happened to go to Vermont just ten years ago, nor is it of much account to say that six years were spent there, but the point of consequence here is, that at stated times we went a hundred miles north for pleasure. One August morning just a year after our settlement thore, we found ourselves seated in an express waggon loaded with camp equipage, and a large man for a companion driving out of our home yard. This man whom we may call our guide, had driven a span over the same course we were to go that day with our black horse, which we had the year before brought up through the White Mountains from Maine. Notwithstanding the frostiness of the morning, how contortable and happy we felt, moving up the Passumpsic river, and pastits source to great the aun on the leights above, from which we had a clear road to Island Poud. Then down the side of the lake, we went across the wilderness to strike the Connecticut, which we knew to be a grander river than the Passumpsic we had lished this river and taken a few black bass, at Turner's Fal not been our experience that black snakes were getting quite as numerous as trout, as we went along up. And our guide told how that in returning that way once he had stopped at a farm house and set his lines in the river over night, to find as a result in the morning, that his fish were not only of the swimming, but the winding kind, of such immense proportions that we shall not dare repeat it, lest the parson might be accused of telling a "fish story." Refreshment at North Stratford was acceptable to one of the travellers at least, and the guide said

"I drive my span only about seven miles further the first day. How far shall you go? It isn't late, and thirteen miles up the river is Colebrook.' We passed his seven miles and at 5 p. m., reached the beautiful village of the Upper Connecticut. We conclude not to stop here, but get out of the village, and have the free mountain air. All my horse needs is a feed, and an hour's rest. Driving out we begin to appreciate Eastman's Guide Book statement, "the first view of the Dixville Notch is very impressive," and before dark we see the natural wonder very distinctly and jutting out over the road we are to go is Table Rock. We camp very near it and in the morning see the sun shining upon it, a most magnificent sight. near it and in the morning see the sun shining upon it, a most magnificent sight. We see too, the Clear Stream trickling out of the rock, going our course fifteen miles to the Androscoggin. Never was stream more appropriately named, and from the wagon we saw the trout taking their breakfast and morning exercise. Never was there greater contrast between streams than between Clear Stream, on that side, usually passing quietly through the meadows below, and the mad Mohawk on the side we came the night before, which tumbled wildly through rock cuts and over huge boulders. Half way to the Androscoggin we saw a stream coming down side we came the night before, which tumbled wildly through rock cuts and over huge boulders. Half way to the Androscoggin we saw a stream coming down towards us to join Clear Stream. Our guide said "That stream is from back of Table Rock, and when we were in the notch, we were two miles from the lake it empties." There he had been, there he had fished, and there we we to go. We took the trail up the stream; just before, a bear had been the same trail for a morning walk we presume, but all we saw of him was the prints of his feet. My spirits were high for bear or fish, but we did'nt get either on this trip. After making the lake and camp, and having a dreary night in camp, owing to heavy rain and total abstinance of fish, we next morning struck a companion in sorrow, who had been there three days and had caught nothing except the little short trout, which I took as evidence that trout did inhabit these waters but that they simply, would not "rise." Socing that we used the fly, he urged us to accompany him to "Deep Hole" in Umbagog lake. He had been there the week before, had seen the rise of large sized trout, and was convinced if he had had flies, he could have caught thom. That night we went up the Androscoggin, past the mouth of the Magalloway river that comes from Parma chene lake, and camped in sight of the Umbagog beyond "Moll's Carry." The next day we found the fish plenty here, and here the eagle screamed, and here the eagle screamed, and here the eagle screamed, and here the eagle made the fish hawk scream, when he took the fish from him by superior flight and fight. Three days of unalloyed happiness we had at "Deep Hole." the trout wanted the minnows and the "Kadoodle," (phonetically), and when one could be caught he was "no small fry," but we could not get many of the sly fellows, at any one fishing. Joined by other companions so that our party had doubled in number since coming to the lake, and our tents numbering three; four of our party set out one day to visit Sunday Pond, a pond rarely visited, Sunday Pond, a pond rarely visited, and not large. We had to construct a raft for navigation upon it, with such tools as we could carry from camp. Probably no boat or canoo had ever floated upon its waters. Here the trout were of the blackest hue and took the black bee without any pressing invitations. This lake lay about northeasterly from the northern cove of Umbagog. Fog now coming in upon us, and needing a clear day to go down the lake, we took it when the fog lifted. Rain might attend the next fog and detain us too long. But previous to striking the river for home, we would not lose a night at "Moll's Rock, the place of terror."—We were told it was not often parties would camp there at night. Panther Mountain was two miles back, and the spirit of murdered "Moll," an Indian woman who once lived there with a white man who took her life and fled, was supposed to be all around. We were a good corty as to numbers and thought, we had posed to be all around. We were a good party as to numbers and thought we had

the courage to camp there, and did so. I had a very good night's rest, only being disturbed once by a rabbit otside of the tent, and then a shot from the double tent, and then a shot from the double barrel, the rifle refusing to go off just at the time when it was needed to kill the panther, which I was told put in an appearance just the other side of the dying embers of the camp fire. The buck shot went near the mark, for having on the sly picked up some yellow hair, I next day showed it to a passing hunter, who assured me it was panther hair. If it was I am convinced, as others have been, that I is safer to camp there with a large party assured me it was panther hair. If it was I am convinced, as others have been, that it is safer to camp there with a large party than a small one. Returning down the river next morning, we paid our compliments to the pickerel now in all parts of it and about the lake. They are all sizes and a multitude for number. You can take twenty-five without moving your boat and in a day could load a boat with them. You soon become disgusted with the sight of pickerel they are so plentiful. You wind up your line, hating yourself for having caught so many. But the next summer we took great satisfaction in going there with our Senior Deacon, who was getting well into the "sear and yellow." He had loved to fish when a boy, and so after we heard him sigh for the fishing of his boyhood days, we pitied him and said to him, "Your wish shall be granted." So we were there again. We threw the boat into the grass at the water's edge and out from there went the pickerel into deeper water only to return for shelter from the rays of the ascending sun. The Deacon threw out towards the deep water and his bait was seized at once. Bait af-Deacon threw out towards the deep water and his bait was seized at once. Buit af-ter bait was thrown out and pickerel after ter bait was thrown out and pickerel after pickerel were the Deacon's. We see him thore, we see the swirl, we see the line tighten. The deacon labors at his task. Soon, like all others who fish there, he admits he "never saw the like. That is enough. Our ambition for him is satisfied. We swing around "Moll's Rock" for old acquaintance sake. We swing back down the river, and the deacon and I are soon on our return trip by the Flume, the Cascade and the Rapids and through Dixville Notch.

on our return trip by the Flume, the Cascade and the Rapids and through Dixville Notch.

At another time I made that trip with my wife, going up to Diamond lakes to the right of the Notch and eight miles distant. As this was my third visit I dispensed with guides. I pitched my tent on the Island and had a bark camp on the main land for our accommodation in case of wet weather. Here I could strike trout from half a pound to two-and-a-half lbs, weight. I had only to let my boat drift and could catch trout in almost any part of Big Lake, but in this lake not many are taken over a pound. Land-locked salmon here are much larger, and are taken I believe with the "silver doctor," as we never caught one with the "Montreal" or "Black bee," which we used for speckled trout. Near my island in the night I could hear the quack of ducks, in the morning I start a covey of partridges, and before night see one, two or three deer in the lily pads near Diamond stream, which carries the waters of this lake into the Magalloway. When we were at Umbagog, our party hunted deer at night with a jack-light on the Magalloway, so these regions are one, connected by streams and hunting ground from the shore of one lake to the other. Little Diamond has the largest trout, but they can only be caught on overeast or dark days. Though smaller, they are more plentiful in Big Diamond, and can be caught as well on a bright day. When the fleecy clouds stream up in the northwest, and produce a ripple on the lake, is the best time to fish.—

Such edge of the caught as well on a bright day. When the fleecy clouds stream up in the northwest, and produce a ripple on the lake, is the best time to fish.—

Such edge of the caught as well on a bright day. When the fleecy clouds stream up in the northwest, and produce a ripple on the lake, is the best time to fish.—Such a day after 3 p. m., we took 25, only one of which was less than a pound weight. At another time 39 as good.—At the mouth of the brook coming into it from Little Diamond, your cast of flies will fill every time with quarter pound trout. We stop at Percival Heath's going in and coming out, to have a chat with an old friend, and, stormy nights we can and an arm coming out, to have a that with an old friend, and, stormy nights we can reach his ample and hospitable shelter.—
There the sportsman will always find a pleasant home, whether his stay be long or short, and if required, our old friend

will accompany him through the wilderness lying between there and the Connecticut Lakes. If we should have the time to tell you what we have seen in the eastern part of the Rangely Lake region, at some other time, we shall be able to take the reader to the Richardson Lakes on the east, as we have already done those lying to the west. We shall try to find the time, and in the mean time trust that this simple sketch, may have some value. this simple sketch may have some value, with those who appreciate Nature in the midst of her forests, lakes and streams.

The Parson.

Although the following poem has been published in several journals, we have been requested to republish it. It is one of the best poems of the late father Ryan, the Poet Priest of Georgia.

Priest of Georgia. REST.

My feet are wearled, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain, In barren ways; 'Tis hard to sow, and never garner grain, In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear, But God knows best; And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer, For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never resp, The Autumn yield; 'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry, So heart oppressed; And so I sigh a weak and human sigh, For rest.—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years, And cares infest My path, and through the flowing of hot tears I pine-for rest.

'Twas always so; when but a child I laid On mother's breast My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed As now—for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er; For, down the West Life's sur is setting, and I see the shore Where I shall rest.

# W. H. FULLER & CO., GROCERS.

Choice Hams, Bacon and Lard. Fresh Eggs, English Cheddar Cheese.

New Prunes, New Figs, New Dates.

Choice Evaporated Apples. Eureka Salt.

Large Crocks for Butter. New Maple Sugar, Maple Syrup. Good Flour, \$4.75.

English Breakfast Tea, which we are selling at 45c. per lb. If you are in want of a

Just received a fresh lot of.

WASH TUB, Call and see our Pulp Tubs.

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Sherbrooke, March 7th, 1883. Messes D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke MESSES D. THOMAS & Co., Sherbrooke

Dear Sirs.—As a duty to the afflicted, I desire to
testify to the efficacy of 'BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE." My son, aged about
10 years, hat for the last three or four winters enffered from inflammatory rheumatism and theumatic
fover, and has been for weeks at a time confined to
his bed. After using part of a bottle of the 'Oure,'
which I purchased from you, he was able, in about a
week, to be round the houre, and in less than a fortnight had fully recovered. 'Only one bottle was used
and he is now apparently as well as he erey was.

P. W. NAGLE.

## When the Hounds give Tongue.

BY CLARENCE PEARSON. BY CLARENCE PEARSON.
I remember, when a youngster, how I'd lay down with my gun,
An' watch upon a runway jest afore the set of sun,
An' I mind me how the quivers kinder cantered down my back,
When the purps would yell to tell me they ind struck a likely track;
An' tho' I'm bent an' grizzled now, I b'lieve my heart is young.
Fer it thrilis me jest like liquor
Hounds
Give
Give
Tongue.

I love to hear the medder lark tune up at peep o' day.

An' it sorter stirs my blood, like, when a band begins to play.

An' it makes me soft an' dreamy when I hear an organ roll.

An' good o'!-fashioned singin, kinder braces up my soul.

But thar's suithin' double discounts any song 'twas ever sung,

An' thet's the h unter's chorus—

When the Hounds

Cive

unds Give Tonguo.

You may talk about yer yachtin' an' yer o achin' an' all thet,
Yer base ball an' yer tennis, an all sich like simple chat,
But fer sport thet's fit fer grown folk, jest gim me my ol' gun,
An' put me on some likely spot where deer is apt to run,
An' theo' the gates'of Heaven above to let me thro' was swung.
I'd hate to jump my runway
When the
Hounds
Give
Tongue.

Sometimes when folks come down to die, they
'low they see strange things.
An' hear the twang of Heavenly harps, an'
swish of angers' wings—
I hope that when my Jig is up, an' I lay down
to die,
It jest'll chance thet some one's pack is roam
in' summas nigh,
An' may they yell like all possessed—jest fit
to burst a lung,
An' I'll ford the River Jordan
Whon the
Hounds
Givo

#### PORTRAITS.

enlarged from photographs and tin types, at a cost of \$2 to \$5, in oil or water colors. A beautiful framed picture for \$5. Get one of deceased relatives, and get one of yourself before the hand of Time leaves one of deceased relatives, yourself hefore the hand of Time leaves furrows on your cheek which art cannot obliterate. We are agents for first class obliterate. We see New York firms.

D. Тиомая & Co.

"To the Editor of the Land We Live In"

Sir.—I was, this morning courteously shown over the new Waterville factory, by Mr. George Gale, one of the proprietors. The building which is 180 feet in length by 56 feet in width and four stories high with an L. 28 feet by 48 feet, is built of solid brick on stone foundations. built of solid brick on stone foundations. Every precaution has been taken to keep the immense building in shape and to preserve it from all and every accident. I am not a mechanic therefore cannot give a detailed account of the many improvements I saw in the construction of the building or of the seemingly intricate machinery within it's wall, but I was particularly struck by the absence of noise or jar, a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice could be carried on in any part of those was work-rooms. The kiln or of voice could be carried on in any part of those vast work-rooms. The kiln or drying room I did not enter as it was in full operation. With regard to the motive power, Mr. Gale informed me that he used but a small portion of the avail able water, the gate and water wheel being so constructed that he could at any time apply a sufficient power to drive time apply a sufficient power to drive double the machinery now in use. One new thing, to me at least, was the general use of ropes instead of belts. A notice able feature of the works is the mode of transmitting power in starting and running the different machines, this is done by friction pulleys, (an iron and a wooden pulley being brought into contact,) a method which has been found effectual in conveying power besides being noiseless, inexpensive and durable. Nearly all the machinery is new, much of it having been purchased from the Messrs Comway & Co., of Galt, Cntario. All the hangers and pulleys, with the exception of

those made of iron were made on the The shafting is all of steel. When lighted by electricity and provided with all the necessary appliances against fire, the factory will be a credit to the province of Quebec and a bonanza to Waterville. The proprietors expect to have their new factory, in full correction, but the let of The proprietors expect to have their new factory in full operation by the 1st of June with a complement of 100 hands, male and female, which will enable them to turn out, daily, 25 iron bedsteads complete with patent spring multrasses, besides 50 additional spring mattrasses and a large number of other beds made of less expensive material. The Messrs Gale will then find themselves in a better position to fill orders from foreign countries which are increasing at such a ratio that tion to fill orders from foreign countries which are increasing at such a ratio that they find it impossible to furnish an adequate supply with their present small buildings and ordinary appliances. In conclusion I must not omit to state that provision has been made so that a spur or tramway can be built to the Grand Trunk Station, so that cars will be enabled to run into the factory through an arch erected for that purpose. ed to run into the motor, arch erected for that purpose.

W. E. P.

Waterville, April 12th, 1888.

#### HE SAYS HE CAN'T WRITE.

Extract from a friend's letter:—
"What put it into your head that I could write a newspaper article on any subject that would be worth reading? Of course I have killed quite a number of caribon—over sixty that I can remember, and probably I have forgotten some—but caribon—over sixty that I can remember, and probably I have forgotten some—but have never met with any startling adventures, or hair-breadth escapes such as are necessary to give interest to stories of this kind. Now, nothing would please me better than to be able to comply with your request, but my descriptive powers are not equal to the task, besides, my hunts seem to me, to have all been very common-place ones; simply going into the woods, finding the game, and shooting it. I don't think there is much sentiment in my nature any way, at least, I never woods, finding the game, and shooting it.
I don't think there is much sentiment in
my nature any way, at least, I never
discovered any. I go for the game
every time—no stopping to hear the birds
warble, or listening to the babbling brooks
or admire the mosses hanging from the
trees in long festoons. I leave all that
sort of thing to the city sportsman, and
if I could leave the carrying of the game
out of the woods to the same class, I
would certainly do so. A fellow with a
couple of quarters of carries—wrapped
in the hide—strapped to his back, and obliged to carry it through a couple of miles
of thick bush, would be apt to get a heap
of sentiment knocked out of him, and the
scenery &c., wouldn't interest him half as
much, as to know—if he was not a prohibitionist—that there was a drink of whiskey left in the bottom of the flask."

For hatching, from pure bred Rouen Ducks which have taken first prize at Dominion Exhibition. \$1 per dozen, or 75 cents for setting of 9 eggs.
D. Thomas & Co. minion Exhibition.

## BOOKS1 BOOKS111 BOOKS111

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

"The Aunt Keziah Papers," "The Widow Bedott Papers," "A Pleasure Exertion," (by Josiah Allen's Wife.) "The Budgett of Wit, Humor and Fun," "At the World's Mercy," "Decorative Painting," "Guide to Needle Work," "Dark Days," "Miss or Mrs. Famous Detective Stories," "Manual of Floriculture," "Home Cook Book and Family Physician," "Manual of Etiquette," "Life Gen. U. S. Grant," Poems by Whittier, Longfellow, Jean Ingelow, &c., and a variety of Novels, Stories, and other entertaining and instructive books, at THREE cents each. 3 by mail for 25 cents.

D. THOMAS & CO.

EXCELSIOR" SELF INKING FELT PADS.

(NO SOILED FINGERS.)
And the most comprehensive line of Stamps
and dies, Trade and Business Cuts, and De-gas ever exhibited in Sherbrooke.

D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents.

Has much pleasure in stating that he has made arrangements for the Agency of ROGER,S STATUARY, which enables him to sell at prices much lower than these goods have ever been imported. They need no praise here; everyone knows how beautiful they are. Send or call for catalogue of over fifty of the newest pieces.

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They brightly shine for us each night, With fixed and dazzling ray, To guide our footsteps in the right; And light us on our way.

And when at last this earthly sight
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Johnville, Que., April, 1888.

#### Giovanni's Lament.

Had I never been gay, I had never been sad, Never mine, to companion with sorrow; Still the rose of to-day, that no briars forbade Had been mine, the sweet bloom of to-mor-

Yet, ah, why is it thus, in the joys from above, That to poor rated mortals are given, Dame Wisdom is ever unwilling to move, Until folly has robbed us of Heaven.

Had some augel within me but whispered my heart, Go to sleep, over-honoyed one, go, Pursue not life's pleasures too far lest they

With the secret that honeys them so.

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