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A.P. Ball

LAND WE LIVE IN.

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



Vol. 1.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., MAY, 1888.

No. 5.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

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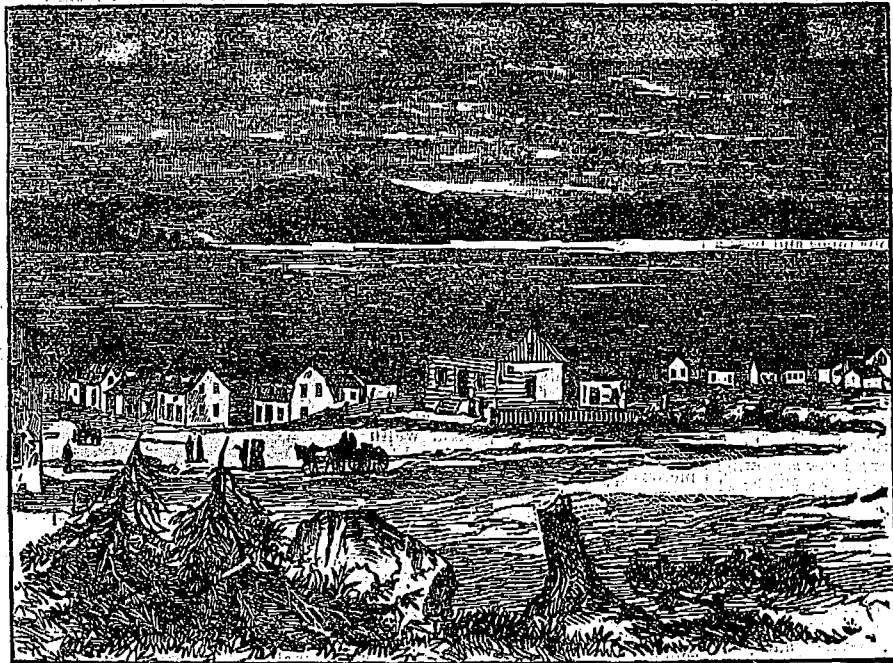
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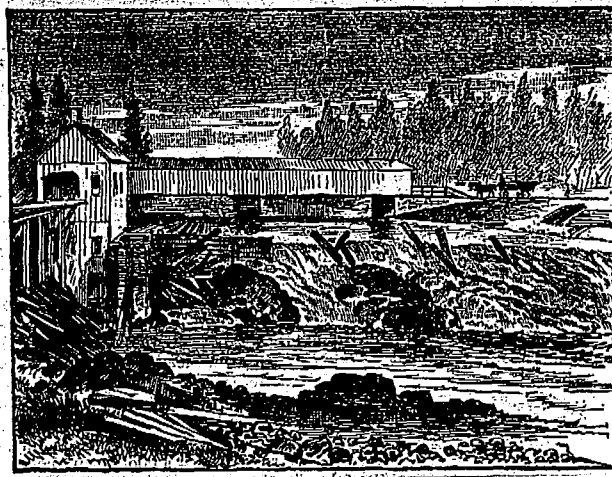
LAKE AYLMER.

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 am essentially a "fly-fisher," and all other methods are to me devoid of pleasure and sink into the mere drudgery of "pot-hunting." I will, however, except trolling with the spoon which, although, 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—1, (Caestigan) 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 jetsam; these passed, we landed on a muddy bank in Battocche'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 Battocche (cousin-german of the Nor-Western rebel) the price of two bushels of mealies. Those being stowed, 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 occasional patch of mud-stained yellow water-lilies was an agreeable relief. The sun was hot and the lake calm, so we pulled leisurely over the *drowned lands* until we 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 crabes*) 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 thoroughly been depopulated of its funny inhabitants by unscrupulous netting at unreasonable periods of the year, that very 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 masalonges 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 than are our present legislators, will sink into a mere *lenten* preserve of frogs.

CAESTIGAN.

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, Brechees, Indian and Conlombs Lakes, to the north where there is good trout fishing. We agree with "Caestigan" that to the fly-fisherman Lake Aylmer has no attractions, but very good trolling for bass and masalonge 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 resort for pic-nic parties, especially as the Q. C. R. Co. are extremely liberal in their

special train service charges. We are indebted to the Co., for the cuts of Ward's Bay and Bulls Head Falls which illustrate this article.

Eds.

Somewhat discouraged at the prospect both scenic and pictorial, we made a landing on "pointe aux crabes" where, after a short rest and a snack we proceeded on our way to Black-creek, at the head of the lake where we were pretty sure to meet a party of our Sherbrooke friends who had preceded 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 encamped on a sand-bank at the entrance of Black creek. On landing

we found two of the party solemnly engaged in a funeral rite which I witnessed with much interest and curiosity, for the first time, and not wishing to expose my ignorance by asking questions, I for a long time, wavered in doubt whether the defunct 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 set 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 beams, 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 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 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 back past our friends beans and pork, past the then nascent village of D'Israeli, until we arrived in a nice 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 "purchasus" 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! 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 its shores; neither were we of those 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 night-lines, 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 at hand. We also found our blankets ready spread, with a clean peeled balsam sapling laid across for a general family 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" 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! fire!! 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 piled up the fire to its huge proportions. The continued laughter of my friends at my sudden awakening and exclamations 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 Suzannah became mine afterwards and so did the children—in due time. Don't tell me there is nothing in dreams.

(to be continued.)

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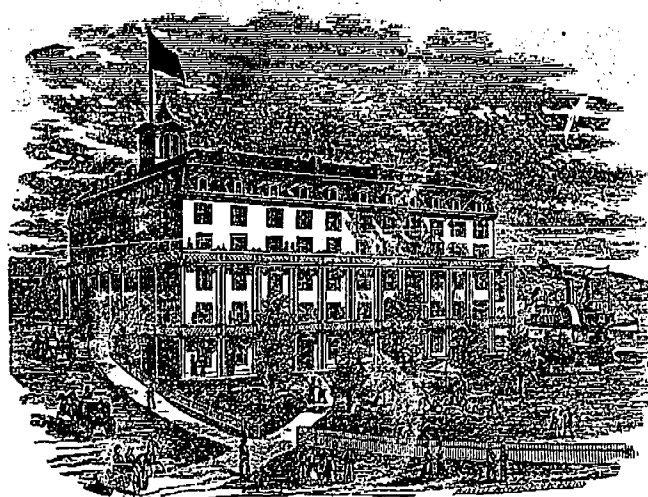
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MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE.

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 commanded 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 county of Stanstead, 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 Newport 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 picnic 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 luxuriant vegetation. Yonder 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.

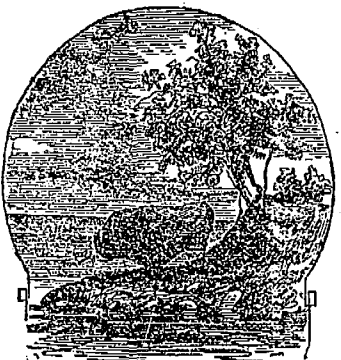
five or eighty acres. The province line runs directly across the southern end, leaving the greater part in Canada and the balance in the United States. In the event of hostilities ever occurring between the two countries, Mr. Z. will have a first class opportunity of remaining neutral.

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



OWL'S HEAD.

into the clouds and keeping grim watch and ward over its *protégé*, 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 Lodge of Quebec, and the Grand Master of the State 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 toiled, 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 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 paused and drank it all up. After toiling for what seemed to be nearly all summer



BALANCE ROCK.

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 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 our way led across a conglomeration of broken granite rocks ranging from a foot square to the size of a "meetin' house," thrown together and heaped up in every conceivable way, suggesting a battle 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 presuming, 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 lead some where. It did. We brought up at the intersection of four roads, each 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 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 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.

To resume our trip down the lake. A few turns of the paddle wheels, a fierce splashing of the waves against the rock-bound 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 picturesque 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 picnickers and the music of the band we cast 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 scenes of savage glee and exultation, carnage and desolation may you not have seen in bye-gone days, before the foot of

Gold Hunter's Adventures.

When 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 unearthed 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 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 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 fortnight's 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 dums 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 fire-places or covered sheds to cook under fared badly, as it was impossible to keep up a fire outside. We wore in this unfortunate predicament, but availed ourselves of some of the sheds of the Chinese encampments, which they had covered with mats and gunny bags, 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 the rain would cease for a day or two, and then we made up for our enforced 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 Coleman's revolver, and to save distance and as the safest route, usually took a direct course across ranges and gullies. 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, "stuck up," draymen returning to Melbourne, with the pay for their two or 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 Ballarat diggings, and one at a 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 another 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 generally managed to elude 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 molested in the performance of my gold escort duties, 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 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 enclosure within pistol shot, was freely discussed, but better arguments prevailed, and delegates were appointed to visit Melbourne, and confer 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, wore a ribbon on their jumpers, and considered themselves in duty bound to resist all attempts to collect a license fee, even going so far as to station squads, in the vicinity of the commissioners camp, which prevented 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 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 Ballarat 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 Reg'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 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 system was done away with and in lieu thereof 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 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 tent 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 creek—10 feet for each miner. At the Ballarat disturbance an acquaintance of 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 rifle on one of the officers, and as Abe 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 knew Abe he was in partnership with a couple of friends of mine by the name 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 good 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 place, 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 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 tea 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 catch flies by the score. The parrots 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 flocks. We never saw any kangaroo in Bendigo. They had probably made room for the diggers, as from the name of Kangaroo Flat, it may be inferred 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 kept by Alfred England, a lank six foot Englishman, who had spent some years in New South Wales and whose every day dress was corduroy 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 agreeable 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 occasion a 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 her. 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.

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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 about that. Of course any agreement you make with him is all right. But it's 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?" "That'll be all right we'll dovetail that in with our own business. I saw them, and its all plane sailing now, but it was a pretty close shave, as they thought we were trying to chisel them out of the water power. Fact is, we've inaugurated a mutual benefit arrangement between them, the Jencks 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." "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 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?" "Nothing 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, 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'll 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 McFarlane 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 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 Examiner office. Well, that's a good one. Wait till Murray and Foss hear of your ordering two bottles of rye. You're 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 not. It wouldn't Lucke well. People would think there was some little game up." "Well, nobody but the boys would know eh?" "I guess not and they'll under-

stand that anyway." "Hello!" "Please send me up a nice ham." "We don't keep any." "Ain't you fuller?" "Not any fuller than usual. I'm a Scott Act man myself." "Oh! I beg your pardon. It was Fuller's store I wanted." "All 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!" "Hello!" "Is that Didymus?" "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'll 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!" "D'ye ken anything o' Rabbe Burns' Works?" "Aye, aye! mon, I do that." "D'ye min' whar he's hau'd up afore the presbytery? ye ken whar for?" "Ou, aye! mon." "Weel, they tell me there's an individual in town, that's in the same fix. Did ye no hear about it?" "Feth, na!" "Bide a wee, an' I'll up an' tell ye about it. Happens the wires might be crossed, an' I'd no like folk to hear." "A'recht! a'recht! dimna 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.

Thimblethorpe was going to take a Russian bath the other day when he met his friend Boombly. "Where are you going?" was the first greeting that met Thimblethorpe's ears after they had shaken hands. "Oh, I am going to take something warm," as he slowly contracted his left eyelid. "Come along?" Nothing loth Boombly 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 *agua pura*, and soon the perspiration began to ooze from every pore. "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 victim of a huge practical 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 into 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 isn'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 a 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 Hebrew's nose never grows after ten years of age. Probably for the same reason that lightning never strikes twice in the same place—not necessary.

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 Townships well adapted to the culture of peppermint 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 estimated 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 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 necessitate the replanting. The plant is gathered by cradling in August and September.

We are Agents for the Murray Hill Publishing Company of New York, and J. S. Robinson & Bros., Publishers, Toronto, and are prepared to fill orders for the following works, which are sold by subscription only.

The Life and Poems of Pope Leo XIII. Every Protestant wants it as a work of Historical and Literary interest, and no educated Roman Catholic can do without it. It contains a correct portrait of His Holiness, taken a year ago, and his Poems in Latin with the only English translation. Price, \$2.25, \$3.75, and \$5.00, according to binding.

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IN THE ROYAL HOTEL—CALGARY.

Martin.—"I'm glad to see you back, Reilly. Hope you enjoyed your trip and brought the Belgians with you."

Mayor Reilly.—"I say, Martin, we have pulled together a good while and have been friendly; but if you ever mention Belgians to me again, the Calgary papers will contain a dissolution of partnership notice."—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

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Market Sketches.

"Ah, Good morning, Mr. Fletcher, just back, I suppose. You find some difference between this and Florida weather, don't you?" "Well, yes. I should think so; 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. Mitchell. 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." "Ice! 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 year." "Come, Mr. Fletcher, you know I mean't it didn't 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 anyway. 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 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 beef Monsieur, me buy 'im at Misser Hive' one goot steer. Out, Misser Hive' she'll 'ave plenty steer. She'll tole me plenty gentlemen buy steer, she'll solo 'im some a' Monsieur Tuck, a' Monsieur Lomas a' la Banque; she'll keep 'im way c'f far, big ferme, call him ranche belle place. Out, me'll sell 'im goot bif, 'Bigosh, Pierre, me tink M'esser Flesher she'll don't want no bif, non; c'est vrai." "Bejapers, Pather, whin ye've dope 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 oblige me by changin' this quarther and takin' out tin cents for yer own thrubble and the permit to sell me stuff, what have I got, is it? Faith thim, there's butther, that Johanna herself med, an' eggs, an' be me sowl, Pather, it's meself has some of as elegant praties as a man ever put in his gob, raal Irish murphies, that 'ud mek yer mouth wather intirely, to see thim shillin 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 Murphy, 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, Murphy, 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 a good word for the praties anyway." "How much are your eggs Mr. Murphy?" "Twenty 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 perlaters 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, and they think of they didn't talk they wouldn't say anythin'; and I gesz that's so. They're mighty quick gettin' off anythin' too. Ther' wuz an Irish-woman a beggin', an' she see a feller put

his hand in his pocket to gin her suthin' 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. That's what I call pooty dern cute, for an Irish 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 Dale for puy sheep." "Buy sheep?" "Why Murdo John Boston was fooling you, I don't sell sheep!" "No No! Shoz 'll say she'll not pay so much, she'll want to go to Quebec ta see Mister Colin' at ta Croon Land, she'll want ta patent for ta lot at Lake Megantic, and Mister Nagle give it a paper ta show ta twenty-five acre clear, an' Somepody 'll send word 'at Murdo 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 I'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 place?" "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 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 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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Beautiful Landscape Paintings 24 x 30 inches, 3 1/2 shell gilt frames, with your name, business and address painted in the sky part of the picture, for \$3.50 each. Such pictures placed in hotels and public offices are a first class advertising medium. Samples may be seen at the Reading Room and at the Magog House.

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A 40 cent box of *Oxien*, the *Great Invigorator* and *Nerve Food* will supply the energy necessary to run the machine with less visible effort than is required to run the Keely Motor, and with better results. We can supply the complete outfit.

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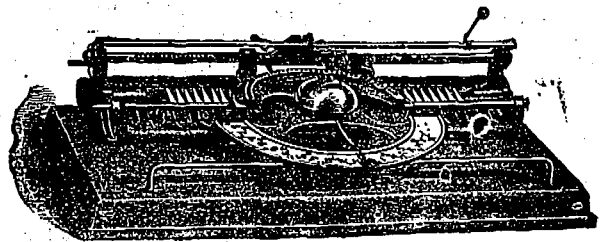
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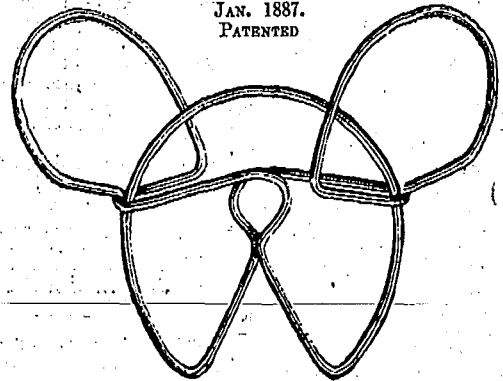
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ONE OF THE GREATEST NOVELTIES OF THE AGE!

This Clothes Pin is made from white wire which has got the finest steel temper. It is impossible for this wire to rust or corrode in any way whatever. When placed upon the line they lock themselves securely by a combination lock peculiar to themselves, and there is but one way to take them off, which is, like everything else, very easily and simply done when you know how. When on the line they work exactly opposite to the old-fashioned Clothes Pin. In using the old-fashioned Pins, by the action of the wind and the swinging of the line, they become loosened and drop off—then away goes the clothes to be lost forever or into the mud or dirt and your trouble to go over again. The "Eureka," on the contrary, the more the wind blows and the more the line switches the tighter they become, and it is utterly impossible for the clothes to drop off the line.

Now any sensible person can see at a glance that this is a most wonderful improvement over the old-fashioned Pin, and should avail themselves of the first opportunity to procure the Patent Self-Locking Clothes Pins and compare them for themselves with the old-fashioned Clothes Pin, and derive for themselves the great advantages to be attained thereby.

Three dozen by mail, postpaid to any Post Office in Canada, on receipt of 35 cts. A liberal discount to the trade.

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INTRODUCTORY.

LIFE IN MEXICO

For the Land We Live in.

The following episodes of "Life in Mexico" embracing total length of at least twenty years, at different periods, commencing with the latter part of the year 1834 and ending in 1881, form a portion of the many conversations, 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 merit of their own, but they do possess 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 bargain, I have lived long enough to put 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.

"NOMAD."

EPISODES OF LIFE AS IT WAS, IN MEXICO.

CHAPTER J.—"SURRENDER!"

Our party of travellers consisted of nine persons, of whom 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 age, had already resided in the Republic of Mexico for several years, and was now returning to it, from a short visit to his native land, our destination being the mining city of Guanajuato, 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 those 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 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 never forget our dreary ride across 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 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 nauseous draught, and I am thankful to say, the attempt was not repeated. Almost our first shelter under a roof, was at a small rancho, called "El Carriso." The hut was composed of a roof of palm leaves, resting on croches cut 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 primitive structure; our beds, the floor, which we occupied in company with the dogs of the family, and a certain lively insect, in most astonishing numbers; still this, had 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 accompany the sick one, so soon as he should be able to resume the journey. Not long after the luggage had been sent on, a tall, fine looking Mexican, 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 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 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 sight of the people of the rancho, 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 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 everyone handled his arms, even, I took out my little old fashioned pocket pistol, rode 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

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 colloquy which took place between our leader and assailant, was afterwards explained to me in English by my relation, and was rather amusing.

Robber. "Surrender! give me your money and valuables!"

M—m. "Why should I surrender, I have no money to spare for 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, showed two magnificent pistols, in a belt around his waist. The act of opening the cloak, I remember well. After this short but animated colloquy, 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, a fate 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 sorry 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 undergoing a thorough cleaning. There is now but little doubt on my mind, that the individual whom we left behind us at the rancho, 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 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 lovely 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."

HILL'S GOLDEN OIL.

We want merchants and traders throughout the townships to keep on sale Hill's Golden Oil; Hill's Golden Tonic, Dr. Morse's Stomach Pills, and Dr. Morse's Tooth Ach Cure. Circulars and price list on application

D. THOMAS & Co.

BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE.

Owing to the increased demand we have appointed the following agents for their respective localities from whom the remedy can be obtained:

- Dr. Marchessault, Coaticook.
 - C. N. Remick, P. M., Barnston.
 - Craig Bros., Compton Centre.
 - J. B. St. Laurent, Lake Megantic.
 - Capt. J. S. Wilson, P. M., Lake Megantic.
- The trade supplied throughout Canada and the United States.
- D. THOMAS & Co. General Agents.

LUCKE & MITCHELL.

Are probably the largest dealers in Hardware, Crockery and Glassware in the Eastern Townships, and do a very extensive wholesale and retail business. Their collection of elegant dinner and tea sets and the fine descriptions of glass and crockery ware, 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 position because it was incompatible with his 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 Colonel will furnish the hooker. As a vocalist he has considerable talent, and "Gideon's Band," would be incomplete, without the Colonel. 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 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 Griffith's Block in this city. As to his qualifications for preparing those 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 "chorub" 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 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 canoe," literally, as well as figuratively, and is well up in the use of the rod and rifle. He is a close observer and has contributed valuable information through *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 devil to think." His sport with rod and gun in the lake Megantic region would rather surprise the present amateur sportsman. One of the best meals we ever partook of, was one night on the Upper Spider, when Ball (the guide) and myself, demolished two frying pan-fuls of moose steak, the antlered porter 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, GRAINING, MARBLING, ETC. Illuminated Clock Dials for Public Buildings. SEND FOR PRICES. DECORATION OF CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS A SPECIALTY. See Eastern Townships Bank, Sherbrooke, Methodist Church, St. Andrew's P. Q., and Methodist Church, Coaticook, 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. THOMAS & Co.

The last of the Abenakis.

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

We would not wish him back, for we feel our loss is his gain, and we have met with similarly deep afflictions, our grief over which, time has assuaged. *Do mor tuis nil nisi d'num.* 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 smoker." His child like and bland smile concealed a large open countenance, and the promise of a quarter, or its equivalent 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. If he ever owned a scatter gun, his admiration for the fraternity had led him to present it to some prominent member of the "bar," from whom 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 books and lines and other articles of camp paraphernalia 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 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 on 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.

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 ashes or dirt. No labor whatever to prepare.

Agents wanted throughout the Province. D. THOMAS & Co., General Agents.

Capt. Parker, of Waterville, informs us that a land-locked salmon was caught in Mississippi lake last June, weighing nine pounds, somewhat resembling a sea salmon, red spots on the body, larger near head, dwindling in size towards the tail, curiously shaped 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.

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 Lustre is required.

Directions.—Use the polish dry with a piece of chamois skin or cotton 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 cents.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT.

AN INDUSTRY CONFINED TO A SMALL AREA IN NEW YORK AND MICHIGAN.

(Chicago Tribune)

Twenty-seven miles south of Kalama-zoo, 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 existence about eighteen years ago, when the road 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 erected 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 peppermint 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 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 feet. 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 July or 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 new. The plants are mowed 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 filled, 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. As the steam enters, it is diffused evenly and forced upward through 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 a "changing valve" to the primary condenser, consisting of a series of tin coat-

ed pipes, over which a large supply of cold water flows evenly through a perforated 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.

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.

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.

A. T. Nourse	Wm. H. Ross
Oliver Bros	R. J. Spearing
G. L. Ridout	Daniel Niles
John Lachance	James G. McLellan
G. G. Bryant	Paris I. Steere
Bernard Murray	H. W. Bunker

PARTOUT.

Richard Bray Milby Que	Alberta
Miss Parker Fort MacLeod	Alberta
N W T	
M I Smith Agnes Que	
W E Collins Crown Land Dep't	Quebec
O B Kemp Waterloo Que	
Mrs Edw P Jenkerson Lime Ridge Que	
M Hamilton Johnville Que	
Frank Johnson Lennoxville	
Muir Steele Upper Melbourne Que	
Joseph Irwin	
Wm Harrison Brompton Falls Que	
W G Murray Mississippi Que	
Fred J Penfold Coaticook Que	
G Corriveau Weedon Station Que	
Geo Povey Lennoxville Que	
Guy Carr Compton Que	
B F Hitchcock	
Paris Steere 153 Lee Ave Brooklyn, N Y	
Major M B McAuley Agnes Que	
A R Hills Compton Que	

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.
Western World,	"
Free Press,	Detroit.
Metropolitan,	New York.
Investigator,	"
Vade Mecum,	Salina Kansas.
Agent's World,	Passumpsic, Vt.
Owl,	Putney, Vt.
The Sentinel,	Newport, Vt.
Canada Agent,	Toronto.
The Mail,	"
Farm and Fireside,	"
Weekly Review,	Inverness, Que.
Le Pionnier,	Sherbrooke, Que.
Crystal Palace Home Journal,	Phila, Pa.
Monthly Transcript,	Lucasville, Ohio.
The Independent,	Stanstead, Que.
American Agent,	Boyleston, Ind.
Central Stockman,	Sidney, Ohio.
Phillips Phonograph,	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. Every one 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 medium, 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 swear to it."

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 become 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

HAVE JUST RECEIVED THEIR

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

Just arrived, of the very best quality.

ROGER'S KNIVES & FORKS.

CROCKERY

—AND—

GLASS WARE

OF ALL KINDS.

RAILROADING TOOLS, POWDER, FUSE,

A good assortment of

SHELF GOODS, TIN WARE AND HOLLOW WARE OF ALL KINDS.

SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

THE VERY BEST OF

CUTLERY

a very large stock.

LAMPS

of all kinds, as well as the celebrated

ROCHESTER LAMP.

Pratt's Astral Oil

IN STOCK.

For The Land We Live In.

Two Summer Vacations.

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 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 canoe all the way across on a certain occasion for a boy's help, and the occasion was when the grey 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 *per capita*. 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 toe nails on the fence rail and at once send him up the elms, from which it was not possible the grey could escape. Did the reader ever shoot at a grey squirrel spread out on an elm 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 squirrel 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 earned 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 there, we found ourselves seated in an express wagon 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 comfortable and happy we felt, moving up the Passumpsic river, and past its source to greet the sun on the heights above, from which we had a clear road to Island Pond. Then down the side of the lake, we went across the wilderness to strike the Connecticut, which we know to be a grander river than the Passumpsic we had left behind. Here we recalled, that in western Massachusetts once, we had fished this river and taken a few black bass, at Turner's Falls, and had also near there, fished a stream where we had taken half pound trout, many more of which might have been taken, had it 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. 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 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 were 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 foot. My spirits were high for bear or fish, but we didn't get either on this trip. After making the lake and camp, and having a dreary night in camp, owing to heavy rain and total abstinence of fish, we next morning struck a companion in sorrow, who had been there three days and had caught nothing except the little shor' trout, which I took as evidence that trout did inhabit these waters but that they simply would not "rise." Seeing 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 them. That night we went up the Androscoggin, past the mouth of the Magalloway river that comes from Parnachone 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 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, 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 canoe 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 wore 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 outside of the 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 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, luring 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 wore 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 lake and his bait was seized at once. Bait after bait was thrown out and pickerel after pickerel were the Deacon's. We see him there, 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.

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 overcast 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 a day after 3 p. m., we took 25, only one of which was less than a pound weight. At another time 30 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 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, 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 Post Priest of Georgia.

Eds.

REST.

My feet are wearied, 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 reap,
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 deep in forest
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 sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

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Fresh Eggs, English Cheddar
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CURED HIM.—

Shrewsbury, March 7th, 1893.
Messrs D. Thomas & Co., Shrewsbury.
Dear Sir,—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, has for the last three or four winters suffered from inflammatory rheumatism and rheumatic fever, and has been for weeks at a time confined to his bed. After using part of a bottle of the "Cure," which I purchased from you, he was able, in about a week, to be round the house, and in less than a fortnight had fully recovered. "Only one bottle was used and he is now apparently as well as he ever was."
E. W. NAGLE.

When the Hounds give Tongue.

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 cant-
 ered down my back,
 When the purps would yell to tell me they
 had struck a likely track;
 An' tho' I'm bent an' grizzled now, I b'lieve
 my heart is young,
 Fer it thrills me jest like liquor
 When the
 Hounds
 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 ol' fashioned singin', kinder braces
 up my soul,
 But ther's suthin' double discounts any song
 'twas ever sung,
 An' tho' the hunter's chorus—
 When the
 Hounds
 Give
 Tongue.

You may talk about yer yachtin' an' yer
 o' achin' an' all that,
 Yer base ball an' yer tonnis, an' all sich, like
 simple chat,
 But fer sport the'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' thro' 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 angels' wings—
 I hope that when my jig is up, an' I lay down
 to die,
 It jes'll chance that some one's pack is roam
 in' summas nigh,
 An' may they yell like all possessed—jest fit
 to buret a lugg,
 An' I'll ford the River Jordan
 When the
 Hounds
 Give
 Tongue.

PORTRAITS.

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 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
 furrows on your cheek which art cannot
 obliterate. We are agents for first class
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"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 proprie-
 tors. The building which is 180 feet in
 length by 56 feet in width and four stor-
 ies high with an L. 28 feet by 48 feet, is
 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 im-
 provements I saw in the construction of
 the building or of the seemingly intricate
 machinery within it's wall, but I was par-
 ticularly 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 vast work-rooms. The kiln or
 drying room I did not enter as it was in
 full operation. With regard to the mo-
 tive power, Mr. Gale informed me that
 he used but a small portion of the avail-
 able water, the gate and water wheel be-
 ing so constructed that he could at any
 time apply a sufficient power to drive
 double the machinery now in use. One
 new thing, to me at least, was the gener-
 al use of ropes instead of belts. A notice-
 able feature of the works is the mode of
 transmitting power in starting and run-
 ning the different machines, this is done
 by friction pulleys, (an iron and a wood-
 en pulley being brought into contact,) a
 method which has been found effectual
 in conveying power besides being noise-
 less, inexpensive and durable. Nearly
 all the machinery is new, much of it hav-
 ing been purchased from the Messrs Con-
 way & Co., of Galt, Ontario. All the han-
 gers and pulleys, with the exception of

those made of iron were made on the
 premises from the very best of material.
 The shafting is all of steel. When light-
 ed 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 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 com-
 plete with patent spring mattresses, be-
 sides 50 additional spring mattresses and
 a large number of other beds made of less
 expensive material. The Messrs Gale
 will then find themselves in a better po-
 sition to fill orders from foreign countries
 which are increasing at such a ratio that
 they find it impossible to furnish an ade-
 quate 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 enab-
 led to run into the factory through an
 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
 caribou—over sixty that I can remember,
 and probably I have forgotten some—but
 have never met with any startling adven-
 tures, 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 com-
 mon-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
 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 caribou—wrapped
 in the hide—strapped to his back, and ob-
 liged 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 probi-
 bitantist—that there was a drink of whis-
 key left in the bottom of the flask."

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 Ducks which have taken first prize at
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 Days," "Miss or Mrs. Famous Detective
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 "Manual of Etiquette," "Life Gen. U.
 S. Grant," Poems by Whittier, Longfel-
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 Novels, Stories, and other entertaining
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 Farwell, Esq., and Mrs. John McIntosh,
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MORE MONEY IN THIRTY DAYS
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 to do," and TWENTY-ONE VALUABLE
 SAMPLES to commence work, FREE.
 Cut this out and address at once,
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