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A. P. Ball

THE 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.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., SEPTEMBER, 1888. No. 91

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES.
10 cents per line under one inch.
One inch, 12 lines 1 month, \$1 00
One inch, 12 lines 3 months, \$2 50
One inch, 12 lines 6 months, \$4 50
One inch, 12 lines 1 year, \$8 00
Special inducements given to advertisers taking a page or half a page space for one or more insertions.
Cash in advance in all cases. Copy must be in by 30th of each month to secure insertion.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN IS PRINTED MONTHLY BY GEORGE H. BRADFORD, Brook's Block, Sherbrooke. All communications must be addressed to the proprietors.

The Chaudiere Valley.

The accompanying sketch, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Quebec Central Railway Co., is taken from the approach to the Chaudiere Valley, in going from Sherbrooke to Quebec. The sketch itself does scant justice to the natural beauty of the scene, as it is too circumscribed to take in some of the surroundings which lend enchantment to the view. At a distance of four or five miles to the right, one gets a good view of the picturesque village of St. Joseph, and at a short distance below, is

Beauce Junction, from whence a railway has been constructed, passing through St. Joseph to St. Francis, some eight or ten miles further up the valley, from which point it is to be extended to intersect the International of Maine, or "Short Line" railway, near Moosehead Lake. The International is intended to be operated by the Canadian Pacific railway Co., and will form a link in the through-line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which it is expected will be in full operation during the ensuing summer. Within ten miles of St. Francis, are the St. George gold mines, which have been worked for several years, and from which a large amount of coarse placer gold has been taken. The Chaudiere river is the outlet of Lake Megantic, from which Beauce Junction is distant about sixty miles. Of course, following the windings of the river, it is considerably further. The Chaudiere river was the route taken by Gen. Benedict Arnold, when with Gen. Montgomery, he made an attack on Quebec, in December 1775. The river for some miles from Lake Megantic is rough and turbulent, and filled with granite boulders, which renders canoe navigation extremely difficult. We attempted to follow Arnold's route to Quebec a few years ago, and succeeded in getting some fifteen miles from Megantic Lake, where, after smashing our canoe, and depositing the greater part of our impedimenta in the bottom of the Chaudiere, we took the most direct route we could to the nearest settlement, at the head of Lake St. Francis. The farms on the south side present a peculiar but pleasing appearance when viewed from the railway in approaching Beauce Junction. They run back at right angles with the river, to a distance of a mile, or more, the boundary fences running parallel with each other, and as it has been

a custom to give each son as he sets up for himself a slice off the original homestead, some of these farms are narrowed down to a frontage which leaves little more than room for the house and out-buildings. These farms are all owned by French Canadians, who are comparatively wealthy, and who have accumulated that wealth more by saving than in any other way. Their wants are few, and they spend nothing in luxuries. We have been informed that in purchasing their right of way for the Quebec Central only one man in the Chaudiere Valley was found with a mortgage on his property.

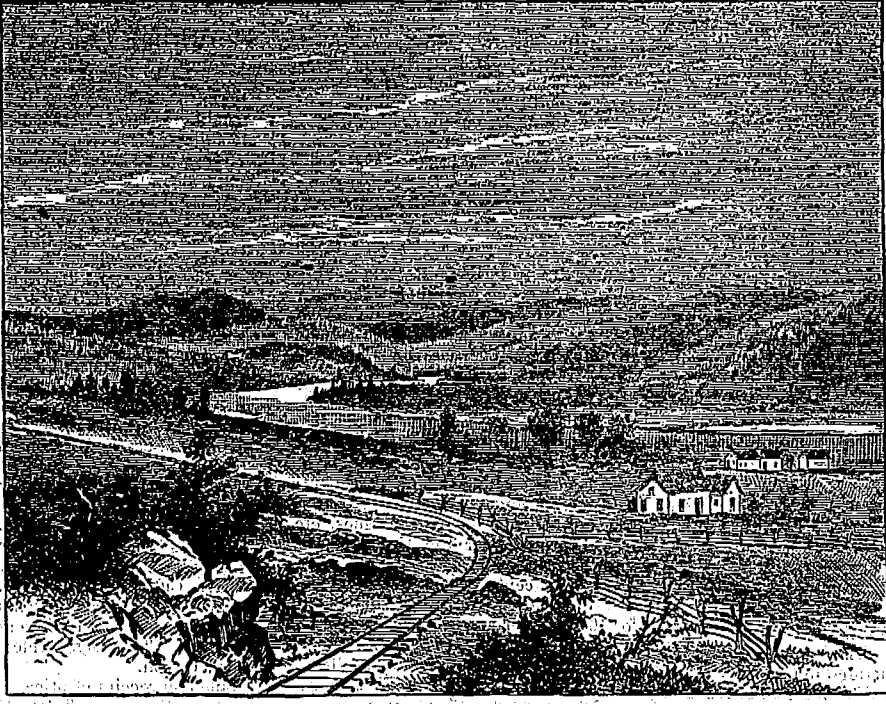
A Few Words About the Land We Left.

As considerable in the way of sensational remarks has been going the rounds of the press about the Lewismen of Lakes Megantic, Hampden, Whitton and Marsden, allow me to give you as far as I can remember, a brief account of the Lewismen and its people. The island itself is composed of two parts, Lewis and Harris; Lewis being the Northern part and nearly severed from Harris by deep bays or indentations. For agricultural purposes it is little better than Anticosti, but has the advantage of excellent harbors. The inhabitants are God-fearing people; their ministers being their chiefs. This was plainly shown at the time of the disruption in 1843, when they followed their minister and joined the Free Church. A man that would work for a Moderate minister in those days was looked upon as an Anti-Christ, in fact he was boycotted. In connection with this I may tell you an incident that happened in my own parish at the time. In the Established Church, or the Moderate as it was then called, a

Rev. Mr. Watson took the charge. He had only three of a congregation, one of whom rang the bell, another was his hired man and the third was an old lady, who was generally known as "Old Hundred." The Reverend gentleman reported to the next Assembly that he had a hundred and two of a congregation. His hired man was known and despised as Malcolm the Moderate. He is a near neighbor of mine to-day, and a well-to-do farmer. No one who travels the Megantic road between the Lake and Winslow, but what knows the "Moderate's Range." Malcolm is a good Free Churchman now, but the old name still sticks to him. To show how high the foaling ran, the minister could not get a man to ferry him across to the town. On one occasion a farmer sent two of his hired men to set him across the ferry. They felt mortified and indignant, but concluding to be revenged on the minister they took the plug out of the boat and left the bailer on shore, so that the Reverend gentleman had to use his beaver hat as a substitute. The men used to brag afterwards that they compelled the minister to work his passage. With all these drawbacks, I question much if there was more moral class of people than those same Lewismen; of course, their education was very limited, but murder was a crime unknown to them, and all their disputes were adjusted and settled by the minister and the Session. The "Cuddy Stool" was a holy terror to them. To those who are not familiar with the expression, I may say that the "cuddy stool" was a sort of punishment or penance, and any person convicted before the Session, had to stand on the stool during Divine service on one or more Sundays, according to the nature of his transgression. Gossiping Women and fornicators fared the worst. I know a young man who had to undergo the ordeal for carrying in a pail of water on the Sabbath day, but such severe discipline is now a thing of the past. The Lewismen of the present day are gentlemen at home and abroad, commanding respect wherever they go, and the Lewismen of Compton County, are no exception. We hear a great deal of Home Rule. Well, sir, we have Home Rule in the Province of Quebec with the result that the law is set at defiance. I wonder if that would be the result if we had a Legislative Union. Our Provincial Parliament sent a very flattering address to the Hon. W. E. Gladstone last year. Can he in return compliment it upon the active measures taken to blot out agrarian outrages committed in this model Province of ours, although the Noble Mercier is chief?

Lady Agents Wanted.

We want Lady Agents of education and good address to solicit orders for valuable literary works. School Teachers would find this an independent, healthful, and agreeable occupation, with two or three fold the pecuniary result derivable from teaching. It doesn't require cheek to be a successful canvasser; a modest, unassuming, and lady-like demeanor, with a thorough knowledge of the work canvassed for, obtains the most satisfactory results. Particulars on application. D. Thomas & Co.



CHAUDIÈRE VALLEY.

Hill's Golden Oil, per bottle, ...20 & 50cts do. do. Tonic, ...\$1.00
Harvard Bronchial Syrup, ...25 & 50cts
Morse's and Barber's Pills, ...25cts do. Tooth Ache Cure, ...15cts.
The Trade supplied in United States and Canada.

D. THOMAS, & Co
General Agents.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our friend and contributor, Lieut. J. B. McDonald, of Lake Mogantic, and family, have our heart-felt sympathy, in the affliction sustained in the loss of his daughter, Little Katie. As a child, Katie gave promise of becoming an unusually intelligent woman, and this promise became more and more developed, until death claimed her before she had reached the age of maturity. Her demise was not unexpected, for the fell destroyer, who loves a shining mark, had set his impress upon her long before. From early childhood she displayed unusual vocal ability, and if proficiency on earth has any influence on the hereafter, Little Katie occupies a prominent position in the Celestial choir. "God keep our memories green."

Subscribers' Directory.

FOR MONTH ENDING 1ST SEPT.
SHERBROOKE.

Robert Reeves, Oliver Desruisseau.
Chas. H. Hall, W. B. Ives, M.P.
H. T. Blanchard, Thos. Somers.
Jos. Ross, Box 193 Edward Duffy.
East, Maj. I. Wood.

PARTOUT.

Lieut. W. A. Brooks, N. W. T. M. P.
Regina.
A. H. Whitehor, Dom. Land Office, Win-
nipeg, Man.
Mrs. John Carr, Port Haney, B. C.
R. F. Woodburn, Lisgar Station, Que.
C. I. Moulton, Stanstead, Que.
Samuel Jardine, Suffield, Que.
R. Bridgett, Birchton, Que.
E. A. Taylor,
G. Nubrown,
Edward Chapman, Lennoxville, Que.
Wm. G. Johnston,
Mrs. J. H. M. Parker, Waterville, Que.
Rev. J. Wheatley, Philipsburg, Que.
Rev. H. Montgomery,
Fannie E. Johnson,
Elsie M. Stevenson,
Edward Best,
Anna M. Crothers,
Mrs. Eli Curtis,
James Irwin, Granby Village, Que.
Alex. Herbert,
Irwin Hutchins,
Nelson Rutter, Cowansville, Que.
Levi E. Roxford, Magog, Que.
C. S. Channoll, Stanstead, Que.

To Our Readers.

We know of nobody who would be better pleased than ourselves, to see your name and address in our Subscribers' Directory, except publishers, and others, who are waiting impatiently to know where to send their papers, magazines and other reading matter, to while away the long evenings of the ensuing fall and winter. Nearly every publisher in the interests of his advertising patrons, is issuing special editions of his publication which must be distributed, and the best paying advertisements, are given to the publication having the largest circulation; consequently your name and address is sure to be noticed with beneficial results to everybody concerned. "The Land we Live In," embraces all the area north of the Panama Canal, so that each subscriber will have considerable territory to hear from. Our August issue was 7000 copies, and if every one to whom it was sent would remit 50 cents, for a year's subscription, they would doubtless receive reading matter, which would cost \$5 in the ordinary way.

INKS !! INKS !!

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

Agents' Directory.

Under this head we will publish for ten cents, one insertion, the name and address, of parties desirous of acting as Agents. Every one whose name appears will find a very great increase in the quantity of mail matter received. Try what ten cents will do. U. S. and Canada stamps taken.

O H Remick, Barnston, Que.
Aaron Chamberlin, Ayer's Flat, Que.
John Boston McDonald, Echo Vale, Que.
Fred S Coburn, Upper Melbourne, Que.
F J Mazurette, Stanstead, Que.
Chas W Thomas, Stanstead, Que.
Fred J Penfold, Coaticook, Que.
Miss Hattie M. Bishop, Lime Ridge, Que.
B F Wainwright, Sidney, Ohio.
H A Beerworth, Passumpsic, Vt.
Chas N Thomas, Blood Reserve, Fort
McLeod, Alberta.
E. J. Richards, Box 338, Warren, Ill.
E. B. Stevenson, Philipsburg, Que.
Geo. T. Nietzel, Muscatine, Iowa.
J. Henry McLane, Attleboro, Mass.
John Harrison, Brompton Falls, Que.
Chas. W. Thomas, Stanstead, Que.
Freeman S. Belcher, 64, North 36th st.
Philadelphia.
Circulars Distributing Agent, 60, School
st., Oshkosh, Wis.

We are in receipt of the first number of the *Pacific Clipper*, a monthly journal published at Dayton, Oregon, at the extremely low price of 25 cents a year. It contains more useful and instructive reading matter than most \$1 journals. The editor and proprietor, Mr. M. Bannister, is an old journalist, and if he don't display the wonderful resources of the Pacific coast in the most attractive form, it will be for want of space to do the subject justice.

One of the most lively journals we receive, is the *Wide-Awake Agent*, published by Willett F. Cook, at Canajoharie, N. Y. The only thing we find objectionable in it, is the name of the place of publication. We have put our tongue through all the motions necessary to produce anything but Gaelic and Welch, and have failed to extract a single dulcet sound out of the word. Nobody could swallow it if it wasn't well Cook ed.

GAME OF 48 GOVERNORS.

The game is played in the same way as ordinary euchre, and consists in 48 State and 10 Territory cards, with portraits of their respective Governors. Cleveland and Thurman, Harrison and Morton, are the 4 Bowers. This game is the invention of Mr. Lum Smith of the Philadelphia Herald, (706, Chestnut st.), and is bound to supersede Games of Authors, and Progressive Euchre, particularly amongst those who take an interest in American politics. The portraits alone are worth five times the price asked for the packs, which are sold at 25, 40 and 50 cents, the latter gilt edged. Postage 4 cents extra. Send direct to the inventor, or order through us enclosing three cents for Canadian postage in addition to price and postage above.

THAT FUEL BURNER.

Parties who are in a hurry to catch the train and want breakfast before leaving, ought to know that with the *Empire Fuel Burner* they can get as good a fire in 10 seconds as wood would take 10 minutes to produce. The Fuel Burner saves employees from having their name on the short time list for being late at the factory. We know a man who used wood for fuel, and one morning he had to go to Montreal, when he heard the train whistle before the coffee was ready. He took a glass of beer instead of coffee, which formed the nucleus of a cargo that took him a week to unload.

Don't fail to read our *Rubber Stamp Offer* in another column, and subscribe for the *LAND WE LIVE IN* before the offer is withdrawn. These stamps are the neatest manufactured in Canada, and our offer applies to subscribers on either side of the Boundary Line.

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, Detroit.
Free Press, New York.
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, Mo.
The Household Pilot, New Haven, Conn.
The Agent's Echo, Norwich, N. Y.
The Eastern Agent, Lewiston, Me.
The Rural Call, Columbus, Ohio.
The Milwaukee Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.
The Corona News Letter, Corona, N. J.
The Western Newsmen, Chicago, Ill.
The Western Advertiser, Dayton Oregon.
Youths' Leisure Hour, Boonville, N. Y.
Agents Trader, Burlington, Conn.
World of Nature, Newport, R. I.
Good Times, Danville, N. Y.
The Jersey Drummer, Newark, N. J.
The Progressive Youth, Albion, N. Y.
Fireside, Factory and Farm, Ottawa, Kansas.
The Peoples Aid, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Yamhill County Herald, Dayton, Oregon.
The California Cackler, San Francisco, Mass.
The New Moon, (magazine), Lowell, Mass.
The Western Trader, Emporia Kansas.
The Wide-Awake Agent, Canajoharie, N. Y.
The Monthly Gem, Logansville, Ohio.
The Agents Star, Bay Shore N. Y.
The Monthly Star, Ellington, Conn.
Outing, New York.
Hawkeye Siftings, Des Moines, Iowa.
Halifax Philatelist, Halifax, N. S.
Agents' Guide, Faulkland, Del.
National Detective Review, Wichita Kansas.
The Young Idea, Belvidere, Ill.
Fremman's Fireside Visitor, Mt. Joliet, Tennessee.
The Canadian Horticulturist, Grimsby, Ont.
The Southern Agent, Atlanta, Ga.
The Home Magazine, Toledo, Ohio.
The Little Clipper, Mendota, Ill.
Tit Bits, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Hawkeye Midget, Garwin, Iowa.
The American Garden, New York.
The Note Book, Dwight, Ill.
Home Life, Somerville Station, Boston, Mass.
The Monthly Visitor, Brownsville, Ky.
The Pacific Clipper, Dayton, Oregon.

THE MEXICAN FIBRE POCKET HAT BRUSH

Can be carried in the vest pocket. Sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents. We are prepared to supply the trade through out Canada and the United States. Agents can make money selling these brushes.
D. THOMAS & CO.,
General Agents.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

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

Try the invigorating effects of a 40 cent box of Oxien. It caps the climb-acts.

Send to this office for a Rubber Stamp with your name on, complete with Ink and Pad, 60 cents, or name and address with ink and pad, 70 cents. Cash with orders.

Province of Quebec, }
District of Saint Francis. }
I Daniel Thomas, of the City of Sherbrooke, in the District of Saint Francis, Notary Public and Publisher, being duly sworn, depose and say: That the August issue of the *LAND WE LIVE IN* numbered over six thousand six hundred copies, and that I have personally mailed to separate addresses and delivered individually over six thousand five hundred copies of said paper up to this date, and I have signed,
D. THOMAS.

Sworn before me at Sherbrooke aforesaid, this 1st
September, 1888.

J. T. L. ARCHAMBAULT,
Notary Public and Commissioner
for receiving Affidavits.

TRAVELLING MEN'S COMBINATION DOOR FASTENER, GAME COUNTER AND CIGAR CUTTER.

A Door secured with this Fastener cannot be opened from the outside. Sent post paid to any address in the United States or Canada, on receipt of 25 cents.
D. THOMAS & CO.

THE LADIES' WORK BASKET COMPANION,

containing 145 mixed Needles, Bodkins, Darners, &c. Sent by mail to any address in the United States or Canada, on receipt of 25 cents.
D. THOMAS & CO.

HALT! ATTENTION!

The Best Offer Yet!!! Don't Delay!!!
In order to increase our subscription list to 10,000 before the close of the year, we have made special arrangement with the manufacturers, by which we are enabled to offer our subscribers a useful, valuable and acceptable premium, one that everybody wants. We offer

A ONE LINE RUBBER STAMP, containing the name of the subscriber, with ink, pad and box making it

A COMPLETE OUTFIT, to anyone remitting us 65 cents. Just think of it! *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* for one year, with name stamp, ink, pad and box by mail, postpaid to any part of the United States or Canada, for only 65c; or

A TWO LINE RUBBER STAMP, with your name and address, something like this:

Leonora L. Thomas,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.,

with outfit as above, and the *LAND WE LIVE IN* one year, the whole prepaid to any address for 80 cents. Name of subscribers will be entered in our subscription book in the order received, and stamps sent out in the same order. First come, first served.

Mention color of Ink preferred. Send immediately, as this offer is only for a limited period. Direct to
D. THOMAS & CO.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

RECIPES.

We have purchased the following recipes, any one of which we will supply for 10 cents, or three for 25 cents:
Secret Art of Catching Fish.
Hunter's Secrets to Catch Mink, Muskrats, Otter, &c.
To make Hens lay the whole year round.
For Preserving Fruit, Meat, Eggs and Vegetables Fresh in their natural state.
Liebig's Washing Compound.
Spavin Cure; Golden Honey.
White Wine Vinegar instantaneously.
To make your Teeth White as Snow.
To make Champagne Cider for Four Cents a Gallon.

Mailed on receipt of price.
D. THOMAS & CO.

Telephone Sketches.

Hello? Hello! is that McDonald's store? Yes. What did you send up that cheese for? Why, you telephoned for it. No, I didn't, I asked for whole pease. I beg your pardon, I thought you asked for old cheese. I'll send up for it. Old cheese! I should think it was old cheese! Why, if they only knew the latitude and longitude of your store, there's skippers enough aboard that cheese to navigate it down there without shipping a crew. Hello? Hello! is that Mr. Wallace, Central office? Yes. Well, I'm glad you've got my telephonic working order. I haven't been able to use either the house or office instruments for two days. What was the trouble? The lightning burnt off the wires connecting the instruments. I'm only telling you, so that you won't work off any more chestnuts about the wires being crossed. You ought to set back the pin in the top of the instrument during a thunder storm. I know I ought, but I was trying an experiment. I wanted to see if I couldn't utilize a little electricity without going to the expense of one of Bunker's Electric Belts. All right! but look out that your experimenting don't make you feel as if a young earthquake had occurred in your vicinity. That Barber's Rheumatic Cure that you're so fond of blowing about, wouldn't help you much in that case. Sorry? Hello! Hello! Voulez vous venir a depot ce soir, L'Honorable Monsieur Mercier? Bah! Sacre damn! Shoo fly, don't bother me. They've given you the wrong number. Oh i pardonnez moi, excusez moi, Monsieur, il faut que je... Qui! oui! all right. Nix cum arvis. Certainement. Je comprends. Sonnez la cloche. En roulant, ma boule, Bien oui! Good bye. Who on earth are you talking that gibberish to? Mr. Bellanger. He wants some one to go to the depot to-night, to meet Mr. Mercier, and I'm mighty sure it isn't me he wants. Well, what do you want? I'm just going down to get something at Morkill's and I want you to have some money ready. They've got some splendid dress goods, and they'll be all gone if I don't go to-day. All right! they're selling so cheap at Morkill's that I suppose five dollars will buy dress goods enough to last you a year. Yes, if I lay it out in Magog prints. Hello? Hello, is that Mr. Didymus? Yes. Who's talking? Mr. Panneton. I've just received a cable from London, and want another asbestos dead prepared. It won't be as long as the other, but I want you to get it ready to-night so that it can be executed at eight o'clock in the morning, as I have to cable the parties when it is completed, and if I send a despatch first thing in the morning they will get it between one and two, as our time is about five hours later. I'll have it ready, but I'll have to sit up to night to do it. Never mind that, put it all in the bill, I'll send up papers and instructions at once. Hello! How long will you be at your office? Half an hour yet. All right, Davidson, I want to see you about that St. Andrews church matter. Has Rev. Mr. Lee signed? Yes. Very well, I'll go down immediately. Hello! Stanstead wants you. All right, Stanstead. Is that you Didymus? Yes, who's talking? Channoll; Did Major Wood give you fifty cents for my subscription to the Land We Live In? Yes. All right, I didn't fret about the fifty cents, but I was afraid he might have forgotten it. You see he got in with some of the boys yesterday, and you know how it is yourself. I wanted the August number particularly, and told him to be sure and have you send it. I mailed it to you to-day. The Major said he had been at Stanstead yesterday, but he's all straight this morning. You must have treated him pretty well though, for I noticed he had to throw his head clear back to balance his corporation. I

guess you must have had a sort of anti-Scott act celebration. Hello! who is it? Ned Duffy, Grand Central House. I just wanted to tell you that you can recommend that Empire Fuel Burner right up to the handle. It's just the thing when three or four come in for a late supper. When half a dozen of you want an oyster supper, just give us a call, and we can fix you up in good style at ten minutes notice. All right, Ned, I suppose we had better take some Corn-Cure along with us to counteract the effect of the oysters. No, not unless you want a supper with all the accompaniments. Au revoir. Hello? Hello! Come down and have that photograph taken. This is the first good day we have had for a month. Can you turn me out in Presbyterian style? Yes, if you keep a straight face. Can you take me as in camp at the head of Rush Lake? Not just now, and if I could, I'll bet a dollar you daren't walk down Wellington street in the same rig. They'd take you for a tramp, sure, Chick-a-ba-boo!

Why Farmers are Swindled.

In our columns this week, also in our issue of last week, references are made to cases where farmers have been swindled by pereringating sharpers of different kind. Farm papers have time and again "as own up" these traveling frauds, and have advised farmers not to sign papers offered by them however simple or innocent they appear. The FARMERS' REVIEW has spoken very plainly on this subject, and would add a few words more.

It is a bad policy for any man to believe the fallacy that a cheap thing is the best article to buy; it is the worst policy to imagine that one can buy much for little. Yet the belief in such fallacies as these leads farmers to fall into traps set for them by sharpers. There is as a general thing always something proposed by the swindler which appeals to the sense of greed victim. He is told that he has but little to do to make a pile of money by investing a small sum. His cupidity is aroused, his common sense leaves him in his excitement, he signs a paper and eventually receives his just punishment—a note turns up which must be met.

It is the curse of greed which makes it possible for swindlers to victimize farmers so often. But we read that in most cases made public the victim is ignorant; he could not read, "he did not think," and so forth. It is a gratifying fact this class is becoming less numerous and soon will be practically extinct. Yet the swindlers live. The fact is that we hear about the losses of the ignorant victim as a rule, but the greedy man who, in spite of an education, is carried away by his cupidity and fooled into signing an innocent-looking paper which afterward appears in its true character to his chargin and loss, usually keeps the matter a secret.

The man who is fool enough to believe that an "agent" can afford to travel over the country, offering farmers chances, for almost nothing, to make money fast by methods which he himself would employ if they were of any good, deserves to be swindled. We have no sympathy for the man whose greed gets the better of his common sense, but our advice to all readers is to run no chances of being swindled, by dealing only with those who are known to be upright and honest.

THE GLADSTONE LAMP



This Lamp is in all respects a "Wonderful Lamp"—the best ever invented. It gives a pure, soft and immense white light of 85 Candle power, the most brilliant, the largest and the purest light from kerosene oil that HAS EVER BEEN PRODUCED. The world has never seen the equal of such a light from oil. Everybody wants a Lamp, and they want a good one. Most of those who have poor lamps, want something better. Every family wants a stylish, parlor, table lamp. They want a nice lamp at the price charged for the cheapest. They want, above all things, a lamp that will give a clear, large and brilliant light. The brighter the light, the more pleased they all are. Now the GLADSTONE LAMP just "atches on" to all those "wants". It beats every lamp ever before made. Think of the labor annoyance, expense and health saved by a lamp having such qualities as these; never needs trimming, never breaks chimneys, never smells; no gumming up, no leaks, no sputtering, no climbing of the flame, no "tantrums" of any kind! And then think of having besides all these advantages, a light of pure, white brilliancy, of 85 candle power—10 to 20 TIMES THE SIZE AND BRIGHTNESS of the light of the best ordinary house lamp.

The BRIGHTON BURNER is the burner part of the GLADSTONE LAMP, but is made separate so as to fit any lamp. It has the double cone flame-spreader, same as the 85 Candle Power lamp, and gives a flame of equal brilliancy, size and purity, as in both Lamp and Burner is superheated, and then delivered through the wonderful perforated brass cone, or thimble, which projects up inside the flame. The combustion is perfect, not a particle of smoke nor odor being detected. The Burner is simplicity itself in its construction. The light is equal to eight ordinary incandescent electric lights. This Burner is made of Rich Gold Bronze, throughout. The Lamp takes an ordinary Argand or circular wick; the Burner an ordinary 5 inch flat wick (same as used in oil stoves), laid around to form a circle. Both Lamp and Burner take the same size regular chimney, kept by all stores. The Lamps are made in most elegant designs, for Parlor or Dining-Room—finished in Gold Bronze, Nickel or Antique (Copper).

LIST OF PRICES.

- Gladstone Stand or Dining Lamp, Nickel or Gold, with shade holder and chimney, \$5.00.
- Gladstone Parlor Table Lamp, with Handles, finished in antique style, and with Porcelain shade, shade-holder and chimney, [see cut above], \$8.50.
- Brighton Burners, suited to any Lamp, (with shade holder and chimney), \$1.80.

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Great Scott!

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LIFE IN MEXICO.

CHAPTER V.—THE INDIAN ATTACK.

In Cincinnati I had purchased a light traveling wagon in which to take my wife and two children from Matamoras in Mexico to the city of Guanajuato in the year 1849. I also purchased a side saddle and a set of double harnesses at the same place. Our trip by steamboat down to New Orleans was a very pleasant one indeed, a well managed boat and very agreeable fellow passengers, while our voyage across the Gulf of Mexico to Brownsville in Texas, on the Rio Grande opposite Matamoras was, if possible, more so and after a lapse of more than thirty years I still retain a very grateful remembrance of the many acts of politeness we one and all received on this last trip especially.

I stored my baggage at Brownsville and went alone across to the city of Matamoras to make arrangements for our inland journey to the Southwards with as little delay as possible, I also here received much politeness without any of those unpleasant acts of rudeness that so many travelers have experienced from Mexican officials, and of which I have had good reason to complain in other parts of the same country.

After some little trouble I bought four good stout Mexican horses that had been partially broken to harness, and in good time started on our journey, my party consisting of my own family, an Englishman who was proceeding to the same destination and a Mexican Mozo or servant who professed to be a good coachman; we were joined by a Mexican Colonel with his lady and married man servant who also had his wife with him.

The first start as is frequently the case was not without its unpleasant incidents, but finally we got fairly on our road to the interior; our route was through a nearly level country not far from the Southern bank of the Rio Grande in a Westerly direction towards the city of Monterey which was to be our first resting place; in the whole course of my travels, I have never seen a country so well stocked with game as this was from the time we left Matamoras until we reached Cadereita, within a few miles of Monterey; herds of Quail almost under our horses feet, flocks of wild turkeys were seen at almost every hour of the day and one had only to ride a few hundred yards off the main road to start up hares innumerable, and deer from single pairs up to herds of a dozen or more; while every little pond of water was literally alive with geese, cranes and other water fowl; in fact it was literally a hunters' paradise, the only one I have ever seen. The rainy season was over, the crops were ripe and harvested, being in the latter part of the month of October; the country was still covered with verdure and all the streams were full. I know how all this would be changed in the course of two or three months, when what appeared now to be an earthly paradise would be converted into almost a desert, the ground would be bare, the streams and ponds nearly or altogether dry under the influence of a burning sun and scorching winds, while at the best of times this district has an evil reputation as the home of all kinds of malarial diseases; we however escaped exposed though we were to its evil influences, not one of the party experienced the slightest ill effects from our daily and nightly exposure. We were assured at Matamoras that there was not the slightest danger of our being molested by robbers or Indians between that city and Monterey, but that beyond the latter place the road was very dangerous, as travelers were constantly being assaulted by both classes of evil minded men; the Indians (Comanches) showing no mercy to those who might be so unfortunate as to fall into their hands; while the Mexican bandit was usually content with only despoiling his victims of all their movables.

Strange that this large tract of magnificent land that would if brought into cul-

tivation maintain hundreds of thousands of human beings, should be still in a state of nature, and almost uninhabited; in fact it was quite an event to meet or to overtake one traveler in the course of a days journey, from sunrise to sunset; and when we did arrive at a rancho or even village, the chances were that, although in a land teeming with natural wealth, we should not be able to purchase, at any price, either provisions for ourselves, or corn or fodder for our animals.

Fortunately I had taken the precaution to lay in a good stock of hard biscuit, dried beef, coffee, sugar and other necessaries in Matamoras, so that for some time we did not fare badly on the whole, but our animals frequently did, although I invariably purchased all the corn for them that we could conveniently carry whenever an opportunity offered; the few inhabitants of the country we were passing through, appeared to be all in a state of absolute want of the commonest necessaries of life; at the same time they seemed to be perfectly, not only satisfied with, but resigned to their lot, and to have no desire to improve it; or perhaps in charity, one might suppose, that seeing no reasonable hope of improvement, they were philosophically resigned to vegetate and not to live.

One of the main causes of the desert condition of this fine land, was and is, the fact that it is all owned in immense tracts by a few individuals, scarcely one of whom dares to live on his property, but leaves it in charge of an Administrator or Mayor-domo, while he himself lives in comparative safety in the Capital of the State, or perhaps in the City of Mexico itself, on such a portion of the rents as his agent can collect or think proper to send him; some of these estates contain as much land as some counties in the United States and Canada, and are nearly all devoted to pasturage only.

We finally arrived at the good old city of Monterey, the scene of one of the triumphs of the American army a few years previously; I saw the same type of buildings that I had been accustomed to see in the Midland States of the County, inhabited by the same type of human beings, it was Mexico again, unchanged, and at that time I thought unchangeable; I little thought how soon a change was to take place which would operate like the "Elixir of Life" and by getting rid of old ideas of exclusiveness, the country has since been opened up to foreign enterprise and liberality of opinion, and is fast getting covered with a network of railroads, which will soon place Mexico in a very respectable position amongst the civilized nations.

Here we put up at the old time "Mason," a square walled enclosure, with rooms around three of the sides, stables &c., on the remaining side, and a large open space in the centre; these rooms boast of a door, one window, a raised place or perhaps a wooden structure for a bed, one pine table, one chair and one candlestick, and all this accommodation for the sum of one quarter of a dollar per diem; for the animals a charge of a *medio real* (6 cents) is made per diem, and it is expected the guests will purchase all the supplies they require from the House, provided they can be supplied, although it is not established as a rule, and as a natural consequence the House is seldom provided with any large amount of such supplies.

Instead of remaining in this city as I intended, for one day to rest ourselves and to recruit our animals, we were compelled to remain eighteen. I had handed my heavy luggage to an American teamster, who engaged to deliver it in Monterey within a certain period, which would have suited my plans admirably, but unfortunately he had engaged in some smuggling transactions, had had all his train seized by the Customs authorities, had crossed into Texas, hired a band of armed men who rescued his property, and had finally reached his destination nearly twenty days behind time; this delay was the cause of great inconvenience and considerably increased expenditure to me, as well as of much uneasiness to my friends in Guanajuato who did not know what

had become of me.

The day before we left Monterey rumours were afloat that large bodies of Comanche Indians had been seen in the neighborhood of the City, who would inevitably infest the road we had to travel as for many leagues this crossed the track they always used in their periodical incursions into the more settled parts of the country; and on the day we left it was currently reported that they had assaulted the little village of Santa Catarina which is almost in the suburbs, however unpleasant this news was to me, I could not afford to let it delay me any longer; so we took up our line of march, determined to run the gauntlet; our road left the village a short distance on our left hand, but on attempting to cross a small stream at a short distance from it, a brute of a horse balked in the middle, and finally laid down and broke the tongue of the wagon to which he was attached; this was a misfortune for which we were not prepared, and I even feared it would not admit of repair, as the wood was of very inferior quality, scarcely strong enough to make a gallows to hang the man who used such inferior wood for such an important purpose; a fate he richly deserved to meet; after no little trouble we got to the other side and were compelled to go to the village for repairs.

We drove into it and almost through it without seeing or hearing a human being; it appeared to be completely deserted; I however saw a blacksmiths shop and there stopped to reconnoitre; after some delay a miserable looking individual appeared from some hiding place, and announced the fact that he was the blacksmith himself; with a deal of coaxing I got him to apply his science for my benefit, and after a time the tongue was spliced, and two bands of iron put on the splice to make all secure.

By some means our arrival became known, and soon people began to appear from most unexpected quarters, evincing unbounded astonishment at our hardihood, and assuring us, that we were running wilfully into danger by proceeding on our journey at that time; but I told them "Needs must when the devil drives," there was as much danger behind us as before us, and perhaps more.

While the blacksmith was engaged with the repairs of my wagon, a woman spoke to me, and entreated me to go to see her son who had been badly wounded by the Indians that morning; I told her I knew nothing of surgery, but she still persisted in her desire, and to please the poor soul, who was evidently in great distress, I accompanied her to her house; here I found the poor man stretched on a mat on the floor, lying on his stomach, with two arrow wounds in his loins, one on each side of the backbone, one arrow head had been extracted, but the other was deeply buried in the body, the shaft having dropped off, he was bleeding internally and evidently sinking fast; I told the poor afflicted mother what I thought, and that no human means could save her sons life; in fact he died before we left the village.

He had been one of four in charge of stock that were pasturing near the village but whether horses, mules or cattle I have forgotten, they were attacked in the grey of the morning, quite unexpectedly by a band of Comanches, three were killed on the spot, he ran for dear life and while running was shot in the back with arrows; he managed to reach the village and give the alarm before he dropped exhausted and dying; this therefore was proof positive that danger did surround us, that our task was to be no easy one, that lay before us; unceasing vigilance and unflinching determination would assist us a good deal, but we well knew that if we should be attacked by an outlying party of Comanches, it would be at a time when we should be off our guard, and that in all likelihood not one of us would escape to tell the tale; our minds were made up to encounter the worst, and not to fall alive into their hands. And so we journeyed on; I cannot say, and do not think that any of us felt quite easy in mind at the prospect before us but I can say that not one indi-

vidual of those composing our little party, gave utterance to one single word manifesting fear or doubt of the issue, but that one and all appeared to accept the position in which we were placed, and at the same time was determined to do his duty.

Our next objective point was the city of Saltillo; but to reach it we had many leagues to cover, and all the time by night and by day, exposed to assaults, which, if delivered by Comanche Indians in their usual style would inevitably annihilate the whole party; with our minds so engrossed and our nerves so highly strung, every hillock appeared to hide and every clump of trees or thicket to contain the dreaded foes; while in this unenviable state of mind, our party became separated by a distance of about half a mile, owing to the wretched state of the road that had been flooded by the recent rains; the sandy knolls would be dry and offer no impediment to our onward march; while the clayey hollows would be converted into tenacious mud, causing considerable delay to the carriage that might be in it at the time, while the other having struck the sandy knoll on the other side would continue its march, sometimes covering quite a distance, and so causing a separation in the party; in one of these separations the carriage of the Mexican Colonel was in front, while ours was just emerging from a muddy spot, when his man came back on the gallop requesting assistance as his master was being attacked; I left the Englishman to bring on my party and rode on myself to the front; when I arrived the Colonel told me he had seen the heads of some men protrude from among the bushes about two hundred yards ahead, and had thought it prudent to take to cover and hasten on my arrival; I could as yet see nothing to cause alarm, after waiting awhile my carriage arrived, I put my wife and children under cover as well as I could, gave my wife one of my revolvers for a purpose she well understood and was prepared to execute, and then commenced to take measures to ascertain what foundation there was for alarm; I took to the woods on my right and keeping under cover as much as possible, advanced to reconnoitre; after having advanced about one hundred yards in this fashion, I caught sight of a party of imperfectly armed men, lying in ambush apparently for our party; fortunately before firing on them I saw some mules with packsaddles on them, some bundles of merchandise near them and the smouldering remains of a fire where there had been an encampment over night; they were evidently a party of mulattoes who were taking the same precautions against an attack from us; that we were against an attack from them; with some little difficulty communication was established between us, mutual explanations followed, and I returned to release my party from their state of anxiety, here I found the Colonel and his man with their firearms fully prepared for the attack, the Englishman at a little distance watching over my party, and these so nicely hidden in the bushes and long grass that I almost stepped on them before I saw them; this alarm so happily dissipated, we continued our toilsome journey without further personal alarm until we reached the city of Saltillo, not however without seeing in the recently burnt homesteads on our road sufficient evidence to prove to us that it was not a path of roses; fortunately for us the road itself soon dried up and as we were getting out of the track of the rains it continued dry, in fact we were fast approaching the great table land of Mexico, a continuation southwards of what has been called the great American Desert; in some parts this table land almost merits the name, but in others, where water can be procured, its soil proves to be very fruitful.

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Sherbrooke, Quebec, July 21st, 1888.
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Our Chaff Mill

"A blawsted Hinglishman" wants to know the meaning of the term "Political Shyster." We have little knowledge of and less admiration for politics as taught in our present schools, but believe it applies to "one" who, "politically speaking," thinks that a man walks in a wane shadow, and who, Micawber like keeps his weather eye open for "something" to "turn up," who is omnipresent at political gatherings, professes a thorough knowledge of autonomy and talks a good deal with his mouth, one who is not wedded to any particular line of politics, but who, having a disposition "to abjure soupe maigre" and live godly, is looking after more substantial pabulum, one who makes political capital out of the fact that Kiel was hung some twenty years later than he should have been, and for whom politics hath a charm only exceeded by that of loaves and fishes, one in whom "le sabre de mon pere" is a strong argument in Nationalist caucuses. For further information we beg to refer "a blawsted Hinglishman" to "The Life and Times of Louis Charles Belanger," and "The Decline and Fall of the Mercier Administration" now in course of preparation.
"Insomnia" asks for a definition of the word Oxien. We have much pleasure in informing her that Ox in an English word in common use derived from the Latin *ox bovis*, etc., *ten* is a modern Greek word manufactured at Augusta, Maine, and signifies strength. These words conjointly signify strength of an ox.
"Quiz," feels annoyed because he thinks that his City property is placed on the roll at an over-valuation, and wants to know what he shall do. Do I why represent to the Council that some other person's property is under-valued, and have the valuation increased, then you won't be the only one who will feel annoyed.
"Misery loves company."

Written for the Land We Live In.

On Board the SS City of Chester,
June 24, 1888.

Thinking a few reminiscences of my past life might be interesting to your readers, I venture to send you a few lines.

We left New York yesterday at 5 p. m., filled with passengers, saloon, intermediate and steerage, principally Americans, but a few English. The weather is beautiful though foggy and the ship all that could be desired. We are to have divine service in the saloon at 10:30 after which I shall continue my story.

My early life commenced as a sailor, having been a midshipman in one of Duncan Dunbar's ships, "Thames," "Sea Lark," and "Lancaster Witch." The owner having died, I had to seek another service, and after some time engaged on a ship called the "City of Manchester" bound for New Zealand, as second officer. We made a most extraordinarily long passage, being 172 days from London. I was much pleased with New Zealand, and consider it the finest country I ever visited. I made many friends while there and was the only one of the crew that returned with the ship. The chief officer left, and the Captain, a very fine fellow, had to remain in New Zealand on account of his wife, who was very ill; so a new Captain was appointed, Capt. Murison, also a very fine fellow. This was in Auckland. I proceeded as chief officer, in fact while we were without a captain, I performed all the duties from captain to cook. All the men had run away, tempted by the high wages then paid in the colony, a sovereign a day being paid for working cargo.

One of my friends there was Mr. W. One Sunday I went there to dine, and met a young lady who had just returned from Norfolk Island, a place described as the nearest approach to Paradise on earth. Well, in the evening, we went to church again. I was to leave shore that night. I may say that at the time I was 19 years of age. I, was greatly struck with Miss _____, and, as is proverbial with sailors, had a true love in every port. Well, as I said, we went to church, and

before we got back, I was desperately in love with Miss _____, I went shortly afterwards on board ship, paying £1 to be taken off. No sleep for me that night. I wrote her a long letter professing my love and begging to know if it was returned. I sent it by a special messenger at a cost of another pound. We were to leave about four that afternoon. The anchor was weighed, and I began to despair of getting an answer. Presently I saw a boat under sail approaching the ship, which had not as yet got under much headway. At length it reached us and a letter was delivered to me. I need not say how over-joyed I was. I have lost the letter, but shall never forget the concluding words: "We were going to India, and after promising to correspond with me, she said, that the short time she had passed with me she had enjoyed very much; personally, she liked me, and if I came out to New Zealand again, as I proposed, she would be most happy to see more of me," she said, "sailors, on account of their many good qualities, were great favorites of hers, but she thought constancy was not one of their virtues."

After many adventures, I got to England and soon met my former love, who was staying in London. Of course my affection for her returned, and I again became her ardent admirer. I told her all about my New Zealand indiscretions, and she made me write explaining my position prior to, and since meeting Miss _____. I have heard of Miss _____ since. She is now married to a naval officer, and has six children. I have never married, but with all of a sailor's susceptibility to feminine blandishments, have no doubt that matrimony will yet be my fate. My first love married a doctor of medicine and is also the mother of six children. I visited her and her husband last year.

I live in Canada when at home and may perhaps again give you some episodes of my life, if you consider them worth having. We had a very nice service in the saloon, and I am now having a smoke. Yours truly, F. J. P.

Note.—We regret the delay in publishing our correspondents letter, but it was partly owing to the delay in receiving it through the English mail.—Eds.

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A BLASTED PICTER.

From "The Crest of the Continent" by Ernest Ingersoll.

We could not find our old-timer in these most favorable circumstances, but on a scound behind.

"Sublime tobacco which from east to west—
Cheers the tar's labors or the Turkman's rest."

He seized his opportunity, in our discussion of the heroic engineering by which the penetralia of the Royal Gorge was opened to the locomotive, and began:

"Talk about blasin'! The boy's yarn about blowin' up a mountain's nothin' but a squib to what we did when we blasted the Ryo Grand railroad, through the Royal Gorge.

"One day the boss sez to me, sez he, 'Hyar, you do you know how to handle gunpowder?'

"Sez I, 'You bet.'
"Sez he, 'Do you see that ere ledge a thousand feet above us, stickin' out like a hat brim?'

"Sez I, 'You bet I do.'
"Well, sez he, 'that'll smash a train into a grease spot some day, of we don't blast it off.'

"Jess so, sez I.
"Well, we went up a gulch, an' clum the mountain an' cum to the prisspass, an' got down on all fours, an' looked down straight throo thousand feet. The river down there looked like a lariat a' runnin' after a broncho. I began to feel like a kite a' sailin' in the air like a Forty church steeple in one war'n' nowhar to that ere pinnacolo in the clouds. An' after a while it begun rainin' and snowin' and hailin' and thunderin' an' doin' a reglar tornado biznis down there, an' a reglar summer day where we wuz on top. Wall, ther' wuz a crovice from where we wuz, an' we sorter slid down into it, to within fifty feet o' the ledge, an' there they let me down on the ledge with a rope an' a drill. When I got down there, I looked up, an' sez to the boss, 'Boss, how you goin' to get that cussion powder down?'

"You see, we used this ere powder as 'll burn like a pine knot, 'thout explodin', but if yer happon to drop it, it'll blow yer into next week 'fore ye kin wink yer eye.

"Well, sez the boss, sez he, 'hyar's fifty pound, and yer must ketch it.'

"Ketch it, sez I, 'Hain't yer gettin' a leetle keerless—sposo I miss it?'

"I sez, 'But yer must n't miss it, sez he. 'T seems to me yer getting mighty keerful of yerself all to wunst.'

"Sez I, 'Boss, haul me up. I'm a fool, but not an idgit. Haul me up. I'm not so much afraid of the blowin' up ez of the comin' down.' If I should miss comin' down onto this ledge, that's nobody a thousand feet below to ketch me, and I might get drowned in the Arkansas, for I can't swim.

"So they hauled me up, and let three other fellers down, and the boss discharged me, an' I sot down sorter behind a rock, an' tole 'em they'd soon have a first class funeral, and might neel me for pall bearer.

"Well them fellers ketched the dynamite all right, an' put 'er in, an' lit their fuso, but before they could haul 'em up she went off. Great guns! 'Twas wuss 'n forty thousand 'Fourth of July.— A million coyotes an' tin pans an' tin horns an' gongs ain't a sarcumstance.— Th' hull gorge for ten miles bellored an' bellored an' kept on bollerin' wuss 'n a corral o' Texas bulls. I foun' myself on my back a lookin' up, an' th' las' thing I seed wuz two o' them fellers a' whirlin' clean over the mountain, two thousand feet above. One of 'em had my jack knife and tobacco, but 'twas no use cryin'. He slung suthin' at me as he went over, but it did n't come nowhar near, 'n' I don't know yet what it was. When we all kindor come to, the boss looked at his watch, 'n' tole us 'll to witness that the fellers was blown up just at noon, an' was only entitled to half a day's wages an' quit 'thout notice. When we got courage to peep over an' look down, we found

that the hat-brim wasn't bust off at all; the whole thing was only a squib. But we noticed that a rock ez big ez a good sized cabin, hed loosened, an' had rolled down on top of it. While we sat lookin' at it, boss sez, sez he:

"Did you feelers see, mor'n two go up?'
"No, sez we, an' pretty soon we heern 't'other feller a' hollerin', 'Come down an' get me out!'

"Gents, you may have what's left of my old shoe, if the ledge hadn't split open a leetle, 'n' that chap fell into the crack, 'n' the big frock rolled onto the ledge and sorter gently held him thar. He war n't hurt a har. We weren't slow about gettin' down. We jist tied a rope to a pint o' rock an' slid. But you may hang me for a chipmuck if we could get any whar near him, an' it was skeery business foolin' around on that ere verandy. 'Twar n't much bigger 'n a hay rack, an' a thousand foot up. We had some crowbars, but boss got a leetle excited, an' perty soon bent every one on 'em tryin' to prize off that bowlder that'd weigh a hundred ton like. Then agin we wuz all on it, for it kivered th' hull ledge, 'n' whar'd we been if he'd prized it off? All the while the chap kept a hollerin', 'Hurry up, pass me some tobacco!' Oh, it was the pit-terfullest cry you ever heern, an' we did n't know what to do till he yelled, 'I'm losin' time, haint you goin' to get me out?'

"Sez boss, 'I've bent all the crowbars an' we can't git you out.'

"Got any dynamite powder?' says the feller.

"Yes.

"Then why 'n the name of the Denver 'n' the Ryo Grand don't you blast me out?' sez he.

"We can't blast you out,' says boss, 'for dynamite busts down, and it'll blow you down the canyon.'

"Well, then, sez he, 'one o' ye swing down under the ledge, and put a shot in whar it cracked below.'

"You're wiser 'n a woman,' sez boss. 'I'd never thought o' that.'

"So the boss took a rope, 'n' we swung him down, 'n' he put in a shot, 'n' was going to light the fuse, when the fellow inside smelt the match.

"Heve ye tumbled to my racket?' sez he.

"You bet we have, feller priz'n'er,' sez the boss.

"Touch her off,' sez the feller.

"All right,' sez boss.

"Hold on!' says the feller as wuz inside.

"What's the racket now?' sez the boss.

"You hain't got the sense of a blind mule,' sez he. 'Do you suppose I want to drop down the canyon when the shot busts? Pass in a rope through the crack, 'n' I'll tie it round me, 'n' then you can touch 'er off, kind o' easy, like.'

"Wall, that struck us all as a pious iden. That feller knowed more 'n a dozen blind mules—sed mules war n't far off, neither. Wall, we passed in the rope 'n' when we pulled boss up, he giv me 't'other end 'n' tole me to hole on tighter 'n a puppy to a root. I tuck the rope, wrapped it round me, and climb up fifty feet to a pint o' rock right under 'nuther pint 'bout a hundred feet higher, that kinder hung over the pint whar I wuz. Boss 'n' 't'other fellers skedadeled up the crovice 'n' hid.

"Perty soon suthin' happened. I can't describe it gents. The hull canyon was full o' blue blazes, flyin' rocks 'n' loose volcanoes. Both sides o' the gorge, two thousand feet straight up, seemed to touch tops 'n' then swing open. I wuz sort o' dazed and blinded, 'n' felt ez if the prispisses and mountains wuz all on a tangloft drunk, staggerin' like. The rope tightened 'round my stummick, 'n' I seized on to it tight 'n' yelled:

"Hold on pard 'n' I'll draw you up! Cheer up, my hearty,' sez I, 'cheer up! Jes-oz soon ez I git my footin' I'll bring yer to terry firm!'

"Ye see I wuz sort o' confused, 'n' blinded by the smoke 'n' dust 'n' hed queer foolin' like a spider a' swingin' an' a whirlin' on a har. At last I got so ez I could

see, 'n' looked down to see of the feller wuz swingin' clear of the rocks, but I could n't see him. The ledge was blown clean off, 'n' the canyon seemed 'bout three thousan' feet deep. My stummick began to hurt me dreadful, 'n' I squirmed 'round 'n' looked up, 'n' dur'n my breeches, gents, ef I wuz n't within ten foot of the top of the gorge, 'n' the feller that wuz blasted out was haulin' on me up.

"Sez I, when he got me to the top, sez I, 'Which eend of this rope wuz you on, friend?'

"I dunno,' sez he. 'Which end wuz you on?'

"I dunno,' sez I.

"An', gents, to this day we can't toll if it wuz which or 't'other ez was blasted out."

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Food Digesting Compound, a sure cure for Dyspepsia.

In capsules, by mail 25 cents each, in dozen lots at reduced rates.

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THE INFALLIBLE CORN CURE!

Every Bottle Warranted

TO DO JUST AS REPRESENTED.



Public attention is hereby called to a remedy which acts in the speedy and painless removal of Hard and Soft Corns, Callouses and Bunions. It is put up in vials and packed in wooden boxes, and can be sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price, 25 cents, provided your dealers cannot supply you. Address all orders to

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DO N'T CUT YOUR CORNS.

Apply the medicine to the corn with finger until a coating is formed over it. Do not rub, giving it time to get dry before disturbing it. Apply the medicine freely every night and every morning for four days in succession; on the fifth day soak the feet in water as hot as can be well borne for a few moments, when the corn can be easily removed. Do not use a sharp knife—no cutting is necessary. Some corns can be removed easily while others will require just a little persuasion. In some cases, particularly with bunions, it may be necessary to repeat the treatment, which requires just as many applications as first time.

The medicine is not a caustic, and causes no pain; if any is produced, it is caused by pressure of the shoe. After the removal of the corn, dry the foot well, and give it a single applicent on. The coating thus formed will protect the tender part until the new skin takes its place. It is not recommended for warts, nor moles, as some similar prescriptions are, but only for the sure and safe removal of Hard and Soft Corns, Callouses and Bunions, and it is, as indicated by its name, an "INFALLIBLE Cure." Keep the vial well corked, and keep in a cool place. Follow directions exactly, and you will be happy.

We have been appointed General Agents for the sale of the "Infallible Corn Cure," and can supply the trade through the United States and Canada, at Manufacturers prices. Single bottles sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. From testimonials supplied to us, we have no hesitation in recommending it, believing it to be as represented an Infallible Cure for Corns.

D. THOMAS & CO., GENERAL AGENTS.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP

From Forest and Stream

VII.

After the soft snowfall the grip of winter tightened with sharper weather, and it was a nipping night when Lisha's friends, the creaking of whose coming footsteps he heard twenty rods away, again entered the shop. Each as he came in made his way quickly to the ruddy, roaring stove, and hardly one failed to shrug his shoulders with a shivering "booh!" rub his hands, stamp his feet, and proclaim in some form or words that the night was cold, as if that was something which needed every man's testimony to establish as a fact.

Joseph Hill remarked, as he rubbed his ears, that "the skeeters bit." The inquirer stared at him and asked, "Bit who?" and said he hadn't "seen no skeeters sen September."

Another said, "Tell ye what, it's pretty cold," as if he was the original discoverer of this condition of the atmosphere.

Pelatah asked Sam Lovel, "Is this col'nough for ye, Samwel?" and Sam answered as he fanned himself with his fur cap, "Cold'nough? No! I want it cold'nough to freeze the blaze of a match tew a pipe. I'm most melted, 'n' wish 't I could set top o' Tater Hill 'n hour er tew 'n' cool off." Pelatah said "Sho!" and "guessed he was a jokin'."

Solon Brigg's opinion was that it was "congealins, and that the muckery would prawberly condescend to twenty-four below jehu, I wou' say, below zero, afore mornin'!" And Antoine, hugging himself, declared that it was "bien froid," which, after Canuck fashion, he pronounced "ban fret," and then translated, "Col' lak a dev, bah gosh; more he was Canada, yah, sah." And so encouraging one another, they became firmly settled in the belief that the night was indeed a cold one, and Lisha, as he opened the stove door, using the corner of his apron for a holder, and fed the "little demon" a bellyful of white broth, gave it as his opinion, that "if the wind riz it would be a reglar rip snorter."

"And naow," said Solon, when Lisha had established himself in the polished leathern seat of his bench, "after the preliminary remarks 'at yew made at our prevarious meetin', it is confidentially expected 'at yew will perceive, to dilate your narrowtyve."

"Yes," Antoine "urged, you goin' fill up you promise, don't it, Onc' Lasha, hein'?"

"Wal, boys, 't I must I must, I s'pose," said Lisha, pulling hard at his pipe between words, "but I hain't no gret at tellin' stories. Ye see"—after some silent back tracking of memory—"twas 'bout Noer Chase; he was the fust one in taown 't hed a pleasure waggin, 'n' they uster call it Noer's Ark. He'd ben sellick man three fo' years, 'n' 'sot in the leegislatur' onct—cousin 't Jerushy, tew 'n' orter ben in better business, 'n' goin' crustin', but he went, 'n' more 'n onct. So one March the' was the alfreded crust 'n' he hedn't nothin' to dew much, 'n' s' he, 't I guess 't I hassome fun, s' he. So he got him a club, an' put on his snowshoes an' put 'er for a basin up in the maountain whers he knowed the' was some deer a yardin'. I know the ezact spot, an' so do you, Samwill. Right up whers the east branch o' Stunny brook heads: He got 'Amos Jones' to go 'long with him, 'n' they got there an' faound the deer, twenty on 'em or more, a yard in' raound in the little spruces, 'n' all poorer 'n wood. Wal, they scattered 'em out an' went at 'em. Amos he seen Noer knock down ten on 'em and out the thruts, 'n' then he telled 'im for to stop, f' that was 'nough. But Noer he laughed 'n' said he was 'is' beginnin' to hassome fun; 'n' then he put arter a doe that was heavy with fat; 'n' as he 'run up 'longside on her, she stumblin in the crust, her laigs all a bleedin', an' rolled up 'er eyes turrible pitiful, lowwards him, an' gin a beseechin' kind of a blaaf. An' Amos he hoilered out to Noer 't let

'er lone, but Noer he, on'y laughed, 'n' said how 't he was goin' ter 'kill tew to one shot, 'n' he gin 'er a lick on the head with his club 'fore Amos co'ld git tew him.

"Damn 'im!" growled Sam. "Amos didn't hardly never cuss, but I s'pose he ripped out then 'n' gin it to Noer hot 'n' heavy, 'n' said he was a good min' to sarve him 's he'd sarved the doe; 'n' jis then he happened to see that Noer was standin' 'long side o' the doe, right onderneath an onlucky tree, 'n' then he said he knowed suthin' 'ould happen tew him, 'n' 'tol' 'im 'so: But Noer on'y laughed at 'im, 'n' called 'im a sup'itious chicken hearted-ole granny, an' took out his knife to cut the doe's thrut. Amos couldn't stan' it to see no more sech murderin', 'n' so he cleared out, and went hum. Wal, Noer finished the doe, 'n' then took arter a yullin' buck next. The buck started down the maountain, 'n' bein' putty light he skinned it 'long putty good jog, so 's 't Noer couldn't catch up with 'im, 's easy 's he hed with 'other ones. So Noer 'gin to git mad 'n' doubled his jumps, 'n' went tearin' daown hill lickerty split, 'n' hed mos' ketched up to the deer, when the toe of his snowshoe ketched in' the limb of a blowed down tree, an' he fell, ker-lummux! 'n' struck his laig on another limb on 't an' broke his laig."

"Good!" cried Sam. "His laig pained him omassafusly, 'n' like 'nough he hurt his head tew, for he went inter a swoond, I s'pose," continued Lisha, after nodding to Sam, "an' he lay quite a spell 'fore he come tew, 'n' 'twas mos' night. Fust thing, he tried to get up; but he couldn't make it out till he got holt of a saplin' an' pulled hisself up, 'n' then he couldn't take a step. An' while he stood there a considerin', that 'ere doe appeared right afore him, lookin' at him jest as she did when he run her daown! He said, 'Shoo!' but she didn't stir a mite, and then he reached daown an' picked up his club, an' hove it at 'er, 'n' he said it went through her jes' 's if she'd ben a puff o' smoke, an' went a scootin' over the crust twenty rods daown the hill, 'n' she never stirred! He tried to walk agin, but he couldn't step a step, an' then he goddaown on all fours an' crawled 's well 's he could towards the clearin', an' that 'ere doe kep' allers jes' so fur ahead on him, allers lookin' at him jest as she did afore he knocked her in the head. An' when it begin to grow duskish, the' was a wolf set up a yowlin' behind him as he sailed along a groanin' an' a sweatin', like a man a mowin', an' not goin' more 'n a rod in five minutes, 'n' then tew more wolves jined in a yowlin' so clus tew him 't his toes tickled, an' when he looked over his shoulder he could see the dum'd critters a shoolin' 'long arter him like black shadders, 'n' every naow, 'n' then sittin' up, on their rumps an' yowlin' for more, to jine 'em. An' all the time that 'ere doe kep' jes' so fur ahead on him, allers lookin' at him jes' so mournful. Bimebye arter dark, he got to the clearin' 'n' he couldn't go no farder, so he sot his back agin a tree 'n' sot there an' hollerd with his club in his hand, for he'd picked it up in his crawlin', an' there he sot, 'n' there the wolves sot, an' right betwixt 'em stood the doe, which the wolves never took no more notice on: her 'n' o' a shadder. Arter a while—seemed 's 'ough 't was a week 't Noer—somebody hearn the rumpus, wolves a yowlin' an' man a hollerin' an' 'Aar'n Gove' an' 'Moses Hanson' 'n' mongst 'em, rallied out an' went up an' faound him an' fetched him hum. They got a darker an' sot his laig, but he was sick for three months, 'n' many a time, they said, he seen that 'ere doe a lookin' in 't the winder 'n' hearn the wolves a yowlin' raound the haouse, but he' could none o' the rest on 'em see, her nor hear the wolves. Bimebye he got better, an' so 's 't he could git out raound. An' then his son, the only one 't he had, went off 't the fur West a trappin' an' a tradin' for furs an' skins, an' got killed by Injins, an' then his oldest darter run away with a nigger, an' wus 'it, his 'other darter

married an' Irishman, an' wust of all, so Noer said, 'Amos Jones come up' to see him, an' said, 'I t'ole yer 'so! Then Noer got wus an' run in' the consumption, 'n' arter 'ingerin' an' 'ingerin', he died."

"All of which," said Sam Lovel, "sarved him right, and," lifting to his lips, the broken handled pitcher of stale water that stood on a shelf in the corner, set dom replenished but never quite empty, "here's a hopesin' that all crusters may forever meet the same fate. Amen!"

"How long," put in the inquirer, "haow long did Noer, Chase hev, the consumption?"

"Ten year," Lisha replied. "Was that all?" said the inquirer. "I don't b'lieve," said Pelatah, "jipin' his nose with his right hand mitten, 'at ever 't'll crust hunt a deer's long 's I live and breathe."

"I don't b'lieve ye will, nuther," said Sam, "not in these parts, for ye won't hev the chance. But I wanter tell ye one thing, Pelatier, the nex' wust thing to c'us in' deer is sarvin' partridges! One da' in the fall 's huntin' up through yer father's woods, an' I come acrost a leetle low brush fence with snares sot in the gaps. I tore it all daown, an' one gret cock partridge 't I faound a hangin' by the neck I hove off in' the woods for the foxes 't eat. You sot them snares, Pelatier, 'n' you hadn't ort 't done it. Every time I find any sech contraption, 't'll spile it, no matter who sot it. Xcep'in' ugly an' mischevious critters 'at won't let ye hunt 'em no ways decent, give all God's creeturs a fair chance. Foller 'em up an' shoot 'em of ye can, in the tim' 's they'd ort to be shot, but not no other times. Not no nestin' good birds nor breedin' an' sucklin' beasts 'at 's with a savin'. Then when ye die, 's you've ben honest an' decent to folks, ye won't hev nothin' to torment ye. Naow, Pelatier, you remember what I tell ye, an' don't ye never sarve no more partridges, or less ye'll hav an' ole hen partridge a lookin' at ye jest as that 'ere doe did at Noer Chase."

"As true 's I live, Samwill, I won't never again," said the inquirer. "Ez for Noer Chase, which I remember him well as a consumptuous invalidge in the days of my youthful indolence," Solon Briggs remarked; "it is my opinion that his fate was a just contribution for his predatourous onrightousness."

"Wal, sah," said Antoine, who had long been waiting to put in a word, "dem English efroy in' Canada when he go buntin' 'long wid 'Inj' to keel moose mos' same like Noel; 'in' 'em in yard, run it daown, shoot it, carree off 't horn, litly, bit meat, skin, maybe, leave it rest of it for wolf. Show horn, 'tiorrah! Ah keel it moose! Ah come pory near keel one of dat oficy tam Papineau war, me wish ah have, bah gosh!"

"I've heard o' it, Ann Twine. He chased ye an' you run, an' he follered till he putty high broke his wind. He 'run a narrer chance of his life, sartin'."

"Ah, Onc' Lasha, who t'ole it you dat lies, hein'?"

"I dunno 's I know, Uncle Lisher; seems 'ough I did tew, but guess 't I don't," said Joseph Hill, "jes 'ezackly what an' onlucky tree 'is. Dunno but I did know onct, but I've kinder forgot."

"Wal," said Lisha, "what some calls an onlucky tree an' thinks is, is a seane kind of a tree, half way 'twixt a cat spruce an' a pitch pine. The leaves is longer 'n a spruce 'n' shorter 'n a pine, an' the branches grows scraggider 'n any spruce. They haint no size, never seen one more 'n ten inches 't the butt. They haint no good, 'n' I d' know 's they be any hurt, but some folks thinks they be, an' you couldn't git 'em to go a high one for nuthin'. Think if they dew the 't suthin' drefful happen to 'em or some o' their folks. I p'sume they haint nothin' of it. 'N' naow I guess it's 'bout time to shet up shop—'at maoutlis."

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

A LESSON LEARNED

"Thy will be done." The broken words fell slow, For I was weary of the harrowing strife— My bleeding heart lay quivering from the blow, And, "All was lost, except a little life"— As suddenly, at crimson setting sun, I bowed—and, panting, sobbed, "Thy will be done!"

Once more, the Reaper walked amid the grain, (The yellow bending grain of hope grown strong!)

And reaped my life's joys with the scythe of pain, While I sat by and wept! The hours were long,

But, ere the last pink cloud had westward flown, I meekly knelt, and sighed, "Thy will be done!"

He came once more! But I had slowly learned, The God-love that must smite—if it would save;

And though the tears fell, and the spirit yearned, I sat and smiled, beside my dead love's grave,

And looked away from earth up to God's throne, And gladly, truly cried, "Thy will be done!"—S. S. Times.

NOT SINE-CURE. "Oh! consideration! what's the use, 'tves got the rheumatism, 'n' I couldn't go a fishing 'now to save my precious life, 'n' I haven't any appetite and I feel my vital powers leavin' me. Are falling fast, and soon 't'll be as helpless less as a child."

Would get completely out of gear and death would end the strife: I hain't slept a blessed wink for eight and forty hours, and my legs are full of racking pains, that nearly drive me wild; I haven't any appetite and I feel my vital powers leavin' me. I am falling fast, and soon 't'll be as helpless less as a child."

"Now what's the use of talking rot, you'll come with me to-morrow. A bottle of that remedy, will fix you up all right, For Barber's Instantaneous Cure will drive away all sorrow, and you go to bed to-night. I had rheumatism worse than you, they nearly drove me crazy, although it hardly possible such misery to endure, Until friend Barber came along and to my great amaze he set me on my feet again, with his Instantaneous Cure!"

FOR SALE. The premises recently occupied by the undersigned, at the junction of Prospect and Melbourne streets, containing about three acres of land, with two storey house, barn, stable, carriage, root and ice houses, well stocked with fruit trees, grape vines, &c., and commanding one of the finest views in the city. An abundance of excellent water. One acre of land with the buildings will be sold separately, if desired, and out of this one or two building lots can be sold for \$800 or \$900 each. Easy terms. Apply to the undersigned, D. THOMAS, 115

Standard CHEAP BOOKS. self, and other literary works, at 9 cents and 6 cents each. Eight three cent novels by mail, post paid for 25 cents. Just the thing for "camping out" parties.

The New Moon is again above the horizon, and the effects of the Moon are distinctly traceable and will doubtless operate beneficially upon all who combine subscription to the New Moon Publishing Co., Lowell, Mass., and get a Moon that never gets on the wane.

THE BEST SOAP IN THE WORLD FOR TWO CENTS PER POUND!

"Truth is Stranger than Fiction, but it is Mighty and Shall Prevail."

READ THE TRUTH AND PRESERVE THIS PAPER.

FIFTY POUNDS

Bernard's Challenge Labor Saving Laundry Soap

Can be made in less than one hour in a brass kettle or wash boiler, or any kettle fit to boil clothes in at a cost of only two cents per lb., and in ten hours after being poured into a butter tub, is hard and ready for use. The ingredients which compose it are absolutely pure, will not injure the finest fabric, and can be purchased everywhere.

It saves heavy expense, one-half the labor, time and clothing, softens woollens, whitens cottons and brightens prints. Its value cannot be estimated for removing grease, oil, pitch, paint, tar, blood stains, etc., from the hands and clothing, from all kinds of goods and fine carpets, and for cleaning soiled coat collars it is a perfect gem. For the hands and the bath, for washing mirrors, varnished woodwork, fine silverware, glassware, tinware, for quickly cleaning and softening harness, for use of horses and cattle, and for all purposes, it is acknowledged by each and all who have tested it, to be the best in the world. It is used in the palace, the cottage, the farmhouse and the hut. It will do all claimed and what no other soap can. This I have proved by scoring a victory over all the highest priced soaps in the Dominion and United States. I assert without fear of contradiction, that its use will save in every large size family, \$10 yearly in money, labor, time, fuel and clothing, and it may save \$50 in a single year by removing from valuable garments and goods the stains above mentioned.

I now offer to each family a "Family Right," containing full printed directions for making and using (in your own family,) for the low price of \$1.

REMEMBER ONLY ONE DOLLAR FOR LIFE, and the best soap in the world for only 2 cents per pound.

I have the highest endorsements from the press and the people ever given to any soap.

CAUTION.—Any person claiming to be my agent, and offering for sale this soap, or "rights" for same is a genuine fraud.

Write your name plain, give post office address, town, county, province or state, enclose \$1 in registered letter, and receive a "Right" by return mail. I am Sole Agent for the Dominion, Northern New York and Vermont, and have now the privilege of taking orders from all parts of the United States. My name and address appears on each "Right."

E. B. STEVENSON,
PHILIPSBURG, QUE.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Send us 50 cents for which we will send you our paper one year and "Right" for making "Best Soap in the World" free.

Send us four new subscribers at 50 cents each and a "Right" free to each subscriber, for which we will send you our paper one year free and "Right" free. The "Soap Right" is a free gift to every subscriber.

To old subscribers who have not paid for the current year and who will send us within one month 50 cents we will send a "Right" free. Subscriptions for this paper may be sent direct to D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, Que., or to E. B. STEVENSON, Philipsburg, Que.

REVEREND OPINIONS.

It pays to use this Soap in the Great North-West where the water is such that only Soap of the Best Brands can be used, and the best brands are not now used since using this Saves 7c. per lb., and better than the Best.

BROADVIEW, North-West Territories, June 29th, 1885.

E. B. STEVENSON:—Dear Sir, Here in the North-West Territories it is a great gain to use "Bernard's Challenge Labor Saving Laundry Soap." The water is such that only soap of the best brands can be used, and they are dear and not now in favor in our home since using this. It costs about three cents per pound to make it here, but the brands which are nearest to it in quality are worth ten cents. Enclose find order for five more "Rights."

REV. J. H. L. JOSLYN.
N.B.—Freight and cartage be-

ing so high for a long distance is the reason that this soap costs nearly three cents per pound in the North-West. E. B. S.

HEMMINGFORD, Que.,

May 16, 1885.

E. B. STEVENSON:—Dear Sir, We did not make the soap immediately upon receiving our "Right," and after we made it we also wished to give it a fair trial. So far as we can judge the Soap is all it claims to be. Mrs. Myers has done several washings with it, and is delighted. No soap has ever given her such satisfaction as this. It deserves the name of "Labor Saver." Our testimony is gladly added to others. Please send me a "Right" for Humphrey Nesbitt, of this place. We gave them some of the Soap for trial, and they are delighted with it, considering it

ahead of everything in the soap line. Yours truly, HENRY MYERS.

Methodist Minister.

June 18, 1885.

E. B. STEVENSON:—Dear Sir, Having noticed some time ago in the Montreal Daily Star, your advertisement of selling for one dollar a "Family Right" for making "Bernard's Labor Saving Soap." I resolved to procure it. On receiving it I at once purchased the ingredients specified for making it. I succeeded without the least difficulty. The cost amounted to about two cents per pound. We have found it to do all you claim for it. The users of it are highly satisfied with it, and regard it as certainly a Labor Saving Soap. We are thankful for it, and I am persuaded not one after using it will regret having purchased a "Right"

for making it. Yours truly,
REV. W. C. YOUNG,
Pres'n Minister,
58 Grange Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

"Nothing in the shape of Soap during 59 years of Housekeeping so Satisfactory."

PORT SANILAC, Sanilac County, Mich., May 6th, 1885.

MR. E. B. STEVENSON:—Sir, Induced by your advertisement in the Weekly Witness, of Montreal, I sent for a "Right" to manufacture and use in my family "Bernard's Challenge Labour Saving Laundry Soap." We have been using it since February last. Have been keeping house for fifty-nine years, and have never had anything in the shape of soap so satisfactory in saving time, labour, fuel, etc. I am satisfied it fully fills the statements in the advertisement.

REV. DANIEL BERNEY.

CLARENCEVILLE, Q., August 1, 1884.
 To whom it may concern:—I take pleasure in stating that we have used "Bernard Soap" in our family for more than a year, have obtained the family right, made the soap as directed, without any difficulty, and have used it with much satisfaction. We consider the outlay of \$1 to purchase a permanent family right will effect a saving of at least twice the amount every year the soap is used in any ordinary size family. I may also say that having a personal acquaintance with the agent, Mr. E. B. Stevenson, for nearly two years, I consider him a most reliable and trustworthy man, one with whom the public can deal with perfect confidence and safety.

JOHN GRENFELL,
 Methodist Minister, Clarenceville, Q.

PUGWASH, N. S., June 7, 1886.
 E. B. STEVENSON:—Dear Sir,—We have made the soap, which gives satisfaction. Please send "Right" to my address for Mrs. Cyrus Bent.

Yours truly,
 REV. A. D. MORTON.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1884.
 E. B. STEVENSON:—Dear Sir,—We got a "Right" and made fifty pounds of "Bernard's Soap," and no other kind of soap has since been used in our family of ten persons; neither do we intend to use any other kind. To all persons who wish to save labour, time and money, we say get a "Right," make and use the soap according to directions. It will pay.

Yours truly,
 C. V. WOOD,
 Methodist Minister.

PHILLIPSBURG, Que., May 9, 1887.
 To whom it may concern:—Nearly two years use of "Bernard's Challenge Labor Saving Laundry Soap" has convinced me that it saves expense, labor, time and clothing. Washing and house cleaning can be done with half the labor. For washing clothing, house cleaning, cleaning coat collars, for removing greases, oils, etc., from the hands and clothing, a "Right" is worth many times the price asked. It is an excellent soap for the hands. It can be made, by any person for two cents per pound. It will do all claimed. It is superior to bar soaps for which we have paid ten cents per bar. It is the best soap we ever used. It should be in every household, as it can be made so cheap that any person can afford to use it, and the saving it will effect in time, labor and clothing will at least pay for the soap used. The price of a "Right" is placed so low in club orders, that every housekeeper can afford to purchase a "Right." As I consider this a great benefit to the public, I would advise every lady to obtain and send club orders. The public will find E. B. Stevenson strictly honest.

HIRAM FOWLER,
 Methodist Minister.

"It Hath Honor at Home."
 CLARENCEVILLE, Q., Feb. 1, 1887.
 To whom it may concern:—It is with pleasure that I certify that after eighteen months' trial of the "Challenge Labor Saving Laundry Soap," it is all that it claims to be. We have found it to be cheap. It is easily made and its cleansing properties are such that much labor is saved by using it. Any one applying to E. B. Stevenson, of Clarenceville, Q., for the "Right" to make it, will find him prompt and honorable in the transaction.

H. CAIRNS,
 Methodist Minister.

Costs less than 2 cents per lb., saves \$3 every year in soap, and his better half delighted with it.

CHAMBLEY, Que., Nov. 22, 1884.
 E. B. STEVENSON, Clarenceville, Que. Sir,—My wife has made fifty pounds soap from receipt of "Bernard's Challenge Labor Saving Laundry Soap," and is delighted with it. The soap is fully equal to the BEST laundry soap, and costs us a fraction LESS than TWO CENTS per lb. We will save the price of the recipe (or right) three times over, in the course

of the year, by its use. Yours truly,
 E. M. TAYLOR, M. A.,
 Methodist Minister, Chambley.

WHAT OTHERS SAY!

One hundred pounds for \$1.58, and finds it all it is claimed to be.

HENNINGFORD, Que., July 28, 1885.
 E. B. STEVENSON:—Sir,—I have made 100 pounds of your "Challenge Labor Saving Laundry Soap" for \$1.58. I have used it and find it all you claim it to be. Enclosed find club order for "Rights."
 HUMPHREY NESBIT.

From a large dairy farm.—This lady does not Grudge her dollar.

DOVER, New Hampshire, April 29, 1885.
 P. O. Box 250.

Mr. E. B. STEVENSON:—Seeing your advertisement of "Bernard's Challenge Labour Saving Soap" in the *Weekly Witness*, I determined to give it a trial. We have a large dairy farm, consequently use a great deal of soap, and this is just what I require for nicely cleaning tinware, which we have in abundance. I can cheerfully say I consider it a superior article for every purpose; especially for milk vessels and dairy use it has no equal. I do not grudge the dollar I assure you.

Respectfully yours,
 MRS. WILLIAM HORNE.

Fifty pounds for seventy-five cents.—For cleaning silver it is equal to any Powder.—The best Soap in Montreal cannot compare with it.

March 23, 1884.
 I have great pleasure in stating that "Bernard's Challenge Labour Saving Laundry Soap" has been used in our house for the past five months with perfect satisfaction. The ingredients for making 50 pounds cost 75 cents and can be made in one hour. The ingredients are pure and will not injure the finest fabrics. It saves both time and money, besides beautifying the clothes. For cleaning silver it is equal to any powder. We have used in our house the best soaps in the market, but none for all purposes can in any way compare with this wonderful soap.

MRS. THOMAS FESSENDEN,
 478 Seigneurs Street, Montreal, Que.

From the well known Florist of Montreal.—An excellent Soap for Flannels.

124 Mountain Street,
 MONTREAL, March 23, 1883.
 E. B. STEVENSON:—Dear Sir,—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that Mrs. Bain has tested your soap and finds it what you claim, an excellent soap for all purposes but especially for Flannels.

Truly Yours,
 S. S. BAIN, Florist.

READ WHAT A FARMER SAYS.

After purchasing a "Right" did not bother making for some time, thinking the advertisement might be a fraud like some others. Superior to any soap used in his house for twenty years.

SOWERBY, Ontario, April 27th, 1887.
 Mr. E. B. STEVENSON:—I have made the "Bernard's Challenge Laundry Soap" from "Right" bought of you last December. I saw your advertisement in the *Toronto Mail*. I find it just as good as your advertisement represents it to be. It is superior to any soap I have ever used in my house for twenty years. I would have tested it sooner, but I have been lumbering all winter, and thinking your advertisement might be a fraud like some others I have seen, I did not bother with it till I finished my contract in the lumberwood and came home. I am highly pleased with it now. I am a lumberman and farmer. Will send a club order soon.

Yours truly,
 JAMES RALPH.

John Street, ROCK BAY, Victoria, B. C.

Mr. E. B. STEVENSON:—Dear Sir,—Being a reader of the *Toronto Weekly Mail*, I saw your advertisement of "Bernard's Challenge Soap." I got two

of my neighbors to join me and send for three "Rights." I have made and fully tested the soap, and find it superior to any I have ever used, and it will do all you claim with one quarter the labor. It is truly a labor-saving soap, as well as being so much cheaper. My two neighbors have made and tested the Soap, with the same result as myself, and we would advise every housekeeper to send for a "Right" as there is no trouble in making the soap. Enclosed find club for ten "Rights."

MRS. R. H. WALKER,
 MRS. W. J. CLARK,
 MRS. J. HOLLAND.

PETERBORO, Ontario, March 20th, 1886.

E. B. STEVENSON:—Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to the many others you have in favor of your excellent soap. It cannot be excelled. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it equal, if not superior, to any soap in the market, and would advise every householder in the land to secure a "Right." Farmers particularly, should not be without it.

Yours truly,
 W. H. ROBERTSON,
 Publisher "*Canadian Agriculturist*."

A "Right" worth \$5.00.

RAPID CITY, Manitoba, May 25th, 1886.

Mr. E. B. STEVENSON:—Having seen your advertisement in the *Star* for "Bernard's Challenge Labor Saving Laundry Soap," and having purchased the "Right" from you to make it. Since using it, Mrs. Otto says she would not be without it if it cost \$5.00.

Yours truly,
 STEPHEN OTTO.

Superior to "Siddall's" Soap, said to be the best Soap in the United States, costing 10 cents per bar, weighing 10½ ounces.

NEVADA CITY, California, Nov. 5th, 1885.

Mr. E. B. STEVENSON:—Dear Sir,—I have tested your "Labor Saving Soap" and find it splendid for everything. I have used "Siddall's" and other soaps, but this is far superior to any of them. I am thankful that I have at last found an easy way of getting rid of this California dust, which is so ground into the clothes, that it is almost impossible to clean them; but before such an enemy as this soap, dirt must go. I only wish that every housekeeper in California could be convinced of its worth.

Yours Respy,
 MRS. JOHN CABLE.

TO FARMERS.

If you will read this paper carefully and then think the matter over, I believe you will give your wife money to purchase a "Right." No matter how much grease you have to make soft soap, is it right that your wife must work two extra hours every wash-day in the year? Would you do it? No. You would pay \$10 for a "Right" to save you labor. I can prove by hundreds of farmer's wives, that this soap saves one-half the labor in washing, three-fourths in house cleaning. I entreat you, to at least, have this soap for taking out grease, oils, pitch, paint, etc., from clothing and the hands.

The following are names of those whose testimonials I have, but have not space to publish them. Can furnish hundreds, but those with the full testimonials which appear here, are sufficient to satisfy any reasonable person. Every person whose name appears here, states that this soap is all claimed, and for all purposes superior to any other soap. Write any of them and enclose stamp or card

for reply and satisfy yourself.

HENRY LINN, Stirling, Ont., a subscriber to the *Mail* and a farmer, after having made and tested this soap, sent \$5 for five "Rights," all for farmers.

- Mrs. P. Heath, 670 Maria St., Ottawa.
- W. H. Warren, Avening, Ontario.
- John W. Short, Ingersoll, Ontario.
- Mrs. Thos. Irwin, Blytheswood, Ontario.
- J. C. Fisher, Demorestville, Ontario.
- Mrs. E. Baker, Ingoldsby, Ontario.
- Mrs. Barnes, Cheddar, Ontario.
- Mrs. Alf. Bingham, Oakland, Ontario.
- John Hillier, Peterboro, Ontario.
- Mrs. T. Armstrong, Parish Station, Ontario.
- Mrs. J. McConnell, Walnut, Ontario.
- Mrs. H. T. McLachlan, Walnut, Ontario.
- Mrs. N. McIntyre, Walnut, Ontario.
- Mrs. Alonzo Emery, East Hatley, Que.
- E. P. Davis, J.P., Fitch Bay, Ontario.
- Mrs. Thomas Hogle, Sherbrooke, Ontario.
- Mrs. Jas. H. Mason, Ayers Flat, Ontario.
- James Addie, P.L.S., D.L.S., Milby, Ontario.
- E. R. Smith, Pub. News, St. Johns, Ontario.
- C. W. Ross, Dominion City, Ontario.
- Mrs. S. H. Beddome, Minnedosa, Ontario.
- Mrs. C. Holbrook, Crapaud, P.E.I.
- Miss Emily Laird, Cavendish Road, Ontario.
- John McKenzie, Durham, Nova Scotia.
- S. Sibly, Stewiacke Station, Ontario.
- Robert Armstrong, Bathurst, N.B.
- Mrs. R. Willis, Bathurst, Ontario.
- J. O. Uguhart, Strathadam, Ontario.
- Mrs. D. McFadden, 37 Sewell st., St. John.
- Clark Ormiston, Ox Bow, Jeth. Co., N.Y.
- Mrs. M. Stevenson, Rossie, St. Lawrence Co., N.Y.
- Miss M. C. Reay, West Chazy, Clinton Co., N.Y.
- Mrs. H. L. Parker, West Chazy, Clinton Co., N.Y.
- Mrs. C. H. Crosby, Middletown Springs, Vermont.
- Mrs. N. Chamberlin, Swanton, Vermont.
- C. P. Hazen, North Hero, Vermont.
- Mrs. D. Campbell, Box 24, Mountain, Pembina Co., Dakota.
- Mrs. John Adam, Buffalo, Dakota.
- Mrs. C. Fisher, Lawrence, Mass.
- Wm. W. Wakefield, Charlton Depot, Ontario.
- Patience S. Hopkins, Vinhaven, Meadville, Ontario.
- Mrs. A. Grant, Riverside, California.
- Mrs. Jos. Labow, Morris, Ill.
- Electa R. Kniffen, Blue Hill, Neb.
- Chas. Smith, St. George, Utah.
- H. G. Reynolds, Pub., Herald-Times, Gouverneur, N.Y.
- R. J. C. Dawson, P.M., London, Ont.
- E. G. Carter, P.M., Port Colborne, Ontario.
- G. J. Chauncey, P.M., Markham, Ontario.
- Mrs. A. D. Dillman, P.M., L. Menghers, Grant, N. S.
- Mrs. W. Rutter, Beebe Plain, P.Q.
- H. A. McCleary, Dartford, Ont.
- Rev. G. Lawrence, Ingersoll, Ont.

AND HUNDREDS MORE.

COMMERCIAL PRINTING at Low Rates.

BUSINESS MEN, LOOK HERE!
 Our office is equipped with the best presses, latest styles of Type, and finest quality of Printing Stationery. Our work is unexcelled by any city office; our prices are considerably lower; and we do work promptly. Mail orders receive special attention and care. Proofs of job are sent for inspection before printing, if desired. Price lists will be furnished on application to THOMAS & CO. PRACTICAL PRINTERS, Stanstead, P. Q.

VADE MECUM.

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

Parties answering any advertisements contained herein, will greatly oblige by mentioning the fact, that they saw it in this journal.

For the Land We Live In.

The Electric Hunter of the Connecticut.

BY CALESTIGAN.

CHAPTER I.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—Hicratic.

The story of Gwal, the Hindu monster and tiger-hunter published in a late number of the Montreal Star, recalled to my mind a similarly endowed personage whom I knew and employed as guide and hunter in the days. "Lang Syno." Our names were somewhat similar, the difference like that of our respective hides, consisting only in the filling up.

The name Caliban so nearly resembled Calesligan, both being historical, that my notice was attracted to its quaint owner, for quaint he was, and had the reputation of possessing extraordinary magnetic powers by which in early youth he used to attract numerous colonies of bees with their contributions of delicious honey, afterwards sheep and lambs yielded to his mysterious influence and surrendered their tribute of fleecy garments; later on, as the man increased in stature and strength, he found that the whole brute creation was subject to the weird and uncanny power with which Nature had endowed him.

The *modus operandi*, or in what portion of his being lay the Magnetism, no one ever found out, but the power must have been under his own control for he possessed both the positive and the negative and could attract or repel at will, that is the lower animals, but with men and particularly with women, he could only use the latter power.

This extraordinary creature affected the neighborhood of certain lakes and ponds in the vast forest in which the Connecticut river takes its rise, but his principal locale was a hut he had built for himself at Averil pond, a beautiful sheet of water about three miles from the Grand-Trunk station at the boundary line between Canada and Vermont.

There Caliban eked out a precarious existence as guide and general factotum to fishing and hunting parties, supplementing his wants and requirements by smuggling rot-gut whiskey and tobacco, and when Winter had closed the forest and stream to his nomadic mode of living, he wandered among the farmers selling a variety of light wares such as needles and thread, patent medicines, india rubber notions, questionable literature and pictures, taking the precaution, however, as Pandora did with Hope, to keep the contraband articles at the bottom of the box which invariably displayed on the surface a half-dozen cheap Bibles.

In appearance he was decidedly uncouth, of middle height with strong muscular limbs, broad hairy chest, his arms were long and out of proportion to his body, his legs were short and bumpy and when he walked fast he displayed a sort of halt, or dot-and-go-one gait which gave him a very odd appearance. His physiognomy was not remarkable for either intellect or stupidity but rather bore a negative aspect, and his hair was thick, matted and unkempt, as was his beard, which reminded one of a rusty cat-le-card; still his appearance was not ferocious, his eyes which wore of a steel gray and overshadowed by heavy eyebrows, were restless, furtive and ever on the move. His voice was remarkably soft and dulcet in its tones and when soliciting people to buy his wares, it became as complaining and piteous as that of a Tipperary mendicant.

What country had the honor of giving Caliban birth nobody knew. Like myself he was known as "Uncle Cal," so to distinguish in my tale between master and man I will indicate his name in full.

The first time I saw Caliban was at the boundary line where he met me by appointment as guide and camp-master to our party of three, viz: F. P. Owl and myself. He had with him an old horse as rusty looking as himself, hitched to a long buckboard, on which he packed our tent and belongings.

Having heard so much of our new guides' magnetism I was anxious to witness a display of it, so I gave him a couple of stiff glasses of whiskey to begin with and tried to engage him in conversation during the lunch which we ate at the tavern before taking our final departure for the wilderness, but whether he was on his guard or that he was not sufficiently charged, no display took place farther than a few manifestations of cringing and servility by a mangy cur which had been particularly snappish and disagreeable on our arrival.

To all my questions he gave a curt but civil reply, never looking me strait in the face, but I noticed that his eyes were scanning me whenever he thought I was not looking at him, however I did get a sample of his singular powers that very evening, with a vengeance.

We arrived at Averil pond before noon, making pretty good time over a rough lumber road and bridges of very primitive construction. I shot a brace of partridges on the way, which on account of the hot weather, I picked and dressed ready for our supper. We put up our tent in a shady grove at the lower end of the pond close to a lovely beach the sand of which was of the most dazzling whiteness. The pond is oval in shape and about a mile in length. The inlet a rivulet less than a mile in length connects little with big Averil pond and at certain seasons of the year literally swarms with trout. The waters of these ponds being in a country of granite formation is as clear as the purest crystal, therefore it is quite useless to attempt fishing unless the weather be very dark, rainy or windy. On the present occasion we fished the pond perseveringly and carefully for three days, during which our luck lasted only three hours when it blew hard and the waves ran to a height altogether out of proportion to the size of the pond: our catch was seventy-two pounds, several weighing over three and the largest reached six pounds and four ounces.

To attempt to fish on the day of our arrival was out of the question, for the sky was clear and the sun burning hot, so we took the advice of our guide, tethered Rosinante and started on foot for Little Leech pond, a muddy and woody sheet of water, a mile or so distant which he said was full of trout of a small size. I said that the sun was hot, it was blazing, scorching hot, there was not a breath of air stirring, the atmosphere was stagnant; the path led through a dense forest over a flat surface. We had not proceeded half way before I felt exhausted, I was suffocating and panting for fresh air and a cold dip in the lake and no sooner did I catch a glimpse of the pond than I made a rush for its margin, threw off my clothes in a trice and plunged into its refreshing waters. Oh! the relief, the delightful sensation of returning vigor to my relaxed limbs. I strike out for deeper water and reach a bed of weeds in which I get entangled, so turning back, I swim towards our guide who is seated on a rock with hands extended, the palms turned towards me. Thinking that he wanted to speak with me, I swam leisurely to him when I perceived that something was the matter with him, his whole countenance was illuminated with a most extraordinary expression of fierceness and exultation, his eyes which, in their normal condition, were cold and fishy, shone with an intense glare, and his matted locks bristled and crackled like burning brush, but what is this? Am I entangled into another bed of weeds? I see none, but what are those things tickling my back, my legs and arms? my very hair is invaded and they leap over my shoulders in hundreds, countless thousands of black reptiles encompass me, a feeling of horror comes over me, a dandy chill, my arms become paralyzed, a sickly sensation pervades me, when suddenly my feet touch the sand. I made a rush for Caliban who extending his right hand, pulled me onto the rock where I lay panting, my whole body literally black with wriggling leeches. I rolled in the coarse sand, scraped the loathsome creatures off with my hands,

still they would return to the charge, but with less vigor when out of their own element. I at last managed to rid myself of the blood-sucking creatures and upon turning towards the pond saw the water boiling with shoals of the reptiles, who were as fierce and as eager as a pack of ravenous wolves. All at once however, the commotion ceased and they disappeared as suddenly as they had come, Caliban had also vanished having gone to a creek near by in search of a boat. I had witnessed his power of magnetic attraction and felt perfectly content with that one display, but I was doomed to see another of a still more thrilling character before another day had passed.

We got back to camp with a fair catch of trout, had cooked and eaten our partridges and were enjoying a final pipe before turning into our blankets, when our attention was drawn to the strange conduct of our guide. He had seemed preoccupied the whole evening and was now busying himself in barricading the tent, first with boys, then with strong branches and pieces of flood-wood, strengthening the palisade at intervals with strong cedar stakes which he drove firmly into the ground, the whole while muttering to himself in a gibberish unintelligible to us, except such broken sentences as, "No sirree, cat, not if I know it." "Blame that fish! it will be sure to draw the cuss." It was becoming evident to me that notwithstanding those wonderful powers with which he was gifted, our guide Caliban was certainly not blessed with much personal bravery.

TO BE CONTINUED.

'Tis hard on a fellow when the sere and the yellow

Make him wish he had never been born, But there's something far worse, and it leads him to curse

When he has to acknowledge the Corn.

And when in tight boot he starts in pursuit

Of the worm that gets round in the morn, That confounded old toe will make him go slow,

And he has to acknowledge the Corn.

More pleasant by far to walk up to the bar,

And toss off an occasional horn, If he don't take enough of the poisonous stuff

To make him acknowledge the Corn.

But I've a receipt which applied to the feet

Will prevent you from feeling forlorn, An "Infallible Cure," if you try it I'm sure

You won't have to acknowledge the Corn.

Nothing gives a man so much confidence in his ability to travel over this mundane sphere, as the fact that he has a bottle of Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure in his possession.

Through tribulations most profound He'll walk, and know he's over ground.

Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home!" but "Home, Sweet Home!" without pain becomes sweeter. The pain we allude to is removed by the use of Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure.

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, Coticook.
- Craig Bros., Barnston.
- J. B. St. Laurent, Compton Centre.
- Capt. J. S. Wilson, P.M., Lake Megantic.
- J. B. McDonald, do.
- W. A. Farwell, Lennoxville.
- A. J. Lawrence, Stanstead.
- A. Chamberlin, Ayers Flat.
- Stewart Jenne, Abercorn.
- John C. Stockwell, Danville, Que.

The trade supplied throughout Canada and the United States.

D. THOMAS & Co. General Agents.

G. H. PRESBY, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Two's Block, Wellington Street, SHERBROOKE.

Every description of Photograph prepared in the highest style of art, and at prices which defy competition. Pictures copied, colored and enlarged. Outdoor Views and Scenery a specialty. Call and see samples. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Choose a fine day and come early.

The Jersey Drummer,

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

25 cents per annum.

Should be in the hands of every Agent. A first-class advertising medium.

INKS!!

We have the best and most brilliant Black Blue, Black, Red, Green and Purple Inks, either dry in capsules, or ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, and are prepared to supply the trade generally. One Capsule makes half a pint of ink, and can be sent by mail for 15 cents. These inks do not thicken or settle, are not injured by freezing, and do not spoil by exposure to the air. They do not corrode nor gum up the pen.

D. THOMAS & CO.

WANTED.—Energetic Special Agents. Salary \$50 to \$75 monthly, or will pay liberal commission, by company insuring against sickness, accident and death. Paying to disabled members \$3 to \$20 weekly. Popular plans, easily worked. Males and females insured if in good health. Prompt payment of claims. ly7

MUTUAL UNION ASSOCIATION, Rochester, N.Y.

BAS' FISHING!

BROME LAKE IS THE PLACE,

—AND AT—

KENNEDY'S

—IN—

KNOWLTON,

YOU CAN BUY

FISHING TACKLE OF ALL KINDS, GROCERIES AND CANNED GOODS, KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, ETC., CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, STATIONERY AND BOOKS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Remember on STATION ST., KNOWLTON, Que.



Use THE EMPIRE INDESTRUCTIBLE FUEL BURNER in your Cooking Stove. You don't have to WAIT for sufficient heat to do your cooking. It develops an intense heat immediately upon application of a lighted match, and will last half an hour when it can be cooled and used over and over again. With the set of three burners a continuous heat can be kept up. We want agents throughout the Province. Circulars on application. Price per single set \$1.50.

D. THOMAS & CO., Gen. Agents.

THE EXCELSIOR GAS BURNER Utilizes old coal lamps, and saves Lamp Chimneys. Gives double the light of ordinary lamps, and the fluid from which the gas is generated, can be obtained at about 25 cents per gallon, according to quality. Circulars on application. D. THOMAS & CO.

EMBLEMATIC PINS.

MASONIC, ODD FELLOWS, & FORESTER 8 30 cents each.

LAMP CHIMNEY STOVES, BROOM HOLDERS AND ADJUSTABLE DOOR FASTENERS.

15 CENTS EACH.

The Photo Art Gallery.

A Magnificent Work of Art,

CONTAINING—

THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY PHOTOGRAPHS
Of Eminent People of the World,
 ARRANGED ON
THIRTY-TWO BEAUTIFUL PAGES.

THE PHOTO ART GALLERY is arranged in such a manner as to permit the insertion of a full Cabinet Portrait of family or friend, in each page, making it a most CHOICE ALBUM OF FRIENDS, as well as a great Collection of Eminent People, and a rare and novel work of art. The pages of the Photo Art Gallery are each prepared for the reception of a cabinet-sized portrait in the centre, and arranged around the margin on an appropriate background, are ten of the photographs, the entire work on each page being produced by a newly discovered Photo-Lithographic Process. This rare work is BEAUTIFULLY BOUND IN SILK PLUSH, the title "Photo Art Gallery," being stamped, with an artistic design, in the plush on the outside of the front cover. The size is 9x11 inches and 3/4 inches thick. It has elegantly padded sides, ornamental extension clasp, round corners, and gold laid edges.

This Gallery of three hundred and twenty photographs of prominent people of the world, includes the President of the United States, many of the most noted Rulers of Foreign Nations, Statesmen, Philanthropists, Generals, Admirals, Theologians, Orators, Scientists, Actors, Inventors, Lawyers and Humorists, making it an exceedingly valuable collection, one that cannot be found in any other work, and that could not be collected by any person except at the expense of SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS and much time and trouble. It is only through the discovery of this new Photo-Lithographic process that it has been made possible to produce such a valuable collection at the remarkable low price for which this work is sold, and the happy thought of combining the Art Gallery with the Album, gives it greater value, and at the same time gives the entire collection of photographs, together with a beautiful Album, at almost the same cost of the ordinary Album alone.

PRICE \$8.00. Lovell Wfg Co., (Limited), Erie, Pa.

As Agents for the above Company, we can supply the Art Gallery, freight and duty paid at manufacturers price. D. THOMAS & CO.



THE ONTARIO CANOE COMPANY

Has appointed the undersigned their Agent for Sherbrooke and the Townships. He has in stock several of the most desirable styles, and can furnish anything that may be required in the way of Canoes or Skiffs.

JOS. G. WALTON, Sherbrooke, Que.

100 WATCHES
ACCURATE TIME KEEPER
READ
 THE NEW SYSTEM PATENT
 THIS IS A CORRECT ILLUSTRATION WE SEND 100 OF WATCH

We have arranged with the manufacturers for 100 of these watches, which we will furnish with a year's subscription to *The Land We Live In* for \$7.50 each. Sent by registered mail on receipt of price. These watches will stand all the acid tests of a solid gold watch and present as fine an appearance as one costing ten times the amount. Call and see samples.

D. THOMAS & CO.

"Watch-man, tell us of the night."

Our watches may not be any protection against the ravages of Time, but they enable us to keep an eye on the progress of the enemy." By their works ye shall know them.

A NEW INVENTION!

Runs Easy. No Back Ache.

Complete as a Pocket Knife.

Saws down trees.

Weights 41 pounds.

Side view.

Rough ground view.

7 Cords of Beech have been sawed by one man in nine hours. This was honestly and fairly done. EXACTLY WHAT EVERY FARMER AND WOOD CHOPPER WANTS. First order secures exclusive sale of your territory. Write for "FREE" illustrated catalogue and testimonials. Address, FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 37 Franklin St., Chicago.

ADVERTISE !!

As the result of advertisements contained in this paper, we have received several orders from Chicago for novelties, some of which we get from there. We can also show several Chicago letters asking for descriptive circulars and price lists of articles, which if ordered through us, will be supplied by Chicago firms. Advertisements are noticed in this paper which are overlooked in city dailies, and our object is so to distribute them that they must attract attention. The circulation of this Journal in our own interests as advertisers, is an ample guarantee that other advertisers will benefit by it.

Eastern Townships' Agricultural Exhibition.

Our space will only permit us to briefly refer to this exhibition which took place on the 4th, 5th and 6th of this month.—Great credit is due to the President, F. P. Buck, and the Directors of the association, for the varied programme of entertainments furnished and performed to the letter. The exhibits were fewer than expected, but the very best of their kind particularly in the classes devoted to the bulls and stallions, which probably comprised the finest of their respective breeds to be found in Canada. Some beautiful specimens of paintings on velvet were displayed in the Exhibition building, and a very fine collection of plain and colored, cabinet and enlarged photographs was shown by Mr. G. H. Presby, photographer, of this city, many of which being pictures of well known residents, attracted a good deal of attention. The rubber stamp collection of Mr. J. G. Walton, was very fine and the varied and tasteful designs may be imitated, but hardly surpassed, by any manufacturers on this continent. The exhibit of musical instruments by H. C. Wilson, and wagons by G. A. LeBaron, was large and comprehensive, and attracted a great deal of attention. But the principal attraction to nine out of ten of the visitors, was the programme of sports and amusements, and the weather being fine, a large number visited the grounds. The lacrosse match between the Caughnawaga (Indian) club and the Sherbrookes was the best contested match we ever witnessed, and was won by the latter in two straight games. The balloon ascensions of Prof. Hogan deserve special mention, and were alone worth double the amount of the gate money, particularly that of Thursday afternoon, when the balloon reached such an altitude that the Professor seemed no larger than a fly. From this great height he dropped with his parachute, very gracefully into an adjoining field, while the balloon, having been turned over by a weight attached, discharged its gas, which escaped in a black cloud like the smoke from a puff ball, and followed in a collapsed state a few minutes later. A grand display of fire works, under the management of Prof. Hand, took place on the grounds every evening, and the colored lights from the sky rockets, looked exceedingly brilliant from all parts of the city. We learn that in a pecuniary sense, the exhibition was the most successful ever held in Sherbrooke, and the only dissatisfaction we have heard expressed, was on account of the fact that a separate charge was made for the shooting and riding performances of Wild Jim and his cowboy clum, which formed a part of the exhibition programme, and preventing many from witnessing their wonderful skill, who would have done so had they known beforehand that it involved an additional expense.

Those interested in Natural History, curiosities, rare China and Delft Placques, Bric-a-Brac, &c., should subscribe for *The World of Nature*, published by S. Jacobs, Naturalist, 119 and 121, Bellevue avenue, Newpor., R. I., at \$1 a year. It contains very interesting and instructive reading matter, with price lists of curiosities.

BETTER ASH GOOT.

After using one Box of Oaten, Mr. Green, of this city, says:—"I sleep well, and have a good appetite, I feel invigorated and get about my business with satisfaction to myself; in fact, I feel better every way. I haven't any faith in proprietary medicines in general, but this is a good thing." By mail, 40 cents.

R. D. MORKILL, & CO.

This firm, whose extensive advertisement appeared in our August issue, is the oldest in Sherbrooke, having been established by R. D. Morkill, senior, over 40 years ago. The business was formerly carried on upon the site now occupied by McBain's Drug Store, but several years ago, was removed to the handsome brick block now occupied and owned by the firm, at the corner of Wellington and Meadow streets, and is under the control and management of R. D. Morkill Jr.—The reputation of the firm has been built up by honest, square and straight forward dealing, and the fact that no article was ever sold from their establishment through misrepresentation. There has never been any catch-trip in connection with their business, and we make this statement from a personal knowledge of the firm extending over 30 years. The youngest child can depend on receiving the same treatment as a grown person, and even the individual who said "that Morkill, Winter, and himself were the only honest men in Sherbrooke, but he had some doots about Morkill and Winter," will admit that fact. The business of this firm is now confined to dry goods, carpets, &c., and is one of the most extensive in the Eastern Townships. Mr. Morkill has spent the last few months in England, and nearly everything now in stock has been picked out by himself or under his direct supervision, and is as varied an assortment, in connection with this line of goods as can be found in the Eastern Townships.

Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure.

DANVILLE, September 5th, 1888.

Messrs. D. Thomas & Co.
 DEAR SIRS:—Some weeks since I was suffering very bad with rheumatism. I was induced to try your "Barber's Rheumatic Cure," and although I had no faith in it, before I had used one bottle the pain had left me, and I have not felt it since, and I would recommend it to any body that is troubled with rheumatism.
 Yours, &c.

A. E. SHAW.

NOTE.—Mr. Shaw is a member of the celebrated "Wimbledon Team," and one of the crack shots of Canada.—Ed.

DANVILLE, Sept. 5th, 1888.

Messrs. D. Thomas, & Co.
 DEAR SIRS:—When I was at Sherbrooke, I got a bottle of your "Barber's Rheumatic Cure" for my wife, as she was suffering from rheumatism and a numbness of the arm. She took one bottle—the numbness has left her and the rheumatism is much better. Afterwards I was taken with a pain in my leg, so that I could not sleep. I took one bottle and the pain left me the first day after I commenced to take it and I have not felt it since.
 Yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LEET.

NOTE.—Mr. Leet is Clerk of the Circuit Court at Danville.

EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL.

There are hundreds of men and women, boys and girls, out of employment or earning a miserable pittance, who could make money and follow a respectable calling, as Agents. We have a variety of articles which only require to be introduced to find ready sale, and many women and girls who are ruining their health and making a bare living at needlework, could earn money as Agents, and have the benefit of outdoor exercise. We have little boys canvassing for us who make 50 cents to \$2 a day. Particulars on application.

D. THOMAS & CO.

Gold Hunter's Adventures.

The day was hot and our swags seemed to weigh a hundred pounds before we got through the 12 miles of Black Forest and reached Five Mile Creek, where we halted and refreshed ourselves with a pint of milk apiece. Here we were joined by a couple of run away sailors who, like ourselves, were bound for the Jim Crow Digging, so we trudged along in company, our sailor friends enlivening us with songs and stories, which had a tendency to lighten our loads. Beyond Kyneton, the road to Jim Crow branched off from the Bendigo road, and being a new road cut through the forest and consequently shady, we got along more comfortably, occasionally stopping for a smoke and a bit of rest. Near Jim Crow we came in sight of Mount Franklin, and the signal staff on its summit, erected by the late Sir John Franklin of Arctic fame. Near here is Parker's Station, where there are always a number of Aborigines, who are under the protection of Mr. Parker, who supplies them with food and clothing at the expense of the Government. Some of these natives were dressed, or partially dressed in European costume, but the majority stick to the conventional possum rug, which is conveniently laid aside when they happen to be doing anything with which it interferes, which is not very often. The country here is of a rolling character, with rich looking valleys lying between the ranges, and if it hasn't by this time been turned over by gold mining, has no doubt been converted into grazing stations.

Towards evening we entered the Jim Crow diggings at a place called Wombat Flat, where we were fortunate enough to run across a Mr. A. M. Wills, an American with whom I had some previous acquaintance, and who gave us a shake-down in his store, placing a vacant tent alongside at the disposal of our sailor friends. Next day we took a look round the diggings, and finally decided to try our luck further up the creek or flat, where the sinking was only about 9 or 10 feet deep, and dry. We purchased our mining outfit, and that night bunked in with another American friend, who had formed one of the prospecting party who had been operating in the vicinity of Gisborne. He was keeping a restaurant, or boarding house, and as there was a supper and dance on the programme for that evening, we were invited to join the party, which was composed largely of Americans, their wives and female acquaintances. The male portion of the guests were dressed in the height of fashion, that is, the more aristocratic of them, were decked out in a white "biled shirt" and red silk sash, while those who were minus the "biled shirt," concealed the flannel one under a plaid or tartan jumper, the variegated and bright colors of which would have created envy in the heart of a Cree Indian. A loose flowing black neckerchief operated as an offset to the silk sash. A couple of fiddlers furnished the music, and the earthen floor which had become pretty well hardened by daily application of ashes, made a very good dancing floor, except where the contents of somebody's tea cup or beer tumbler had been deposited, which frequently led to the introduction of a sliding step. The dances being principally polkas and schottisches, a mutual support enabled each couple to keep the perpendicular. At the supper table my next neighbor, not being familiar with the mysteries of the carving fork, succeeded in nearly amputating one of his fingers, and his wife insisted on my handling the piece de resistance. Those familiar with a digger's appetite, will readily understand that my office hadn't much of the sincere about it. Everybody, however, had come for a good time, and they had it.—There was just enough of the female element to check any ill nature or ill-natured remarks, amongst those who had acted as though they thought that "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," wasn't exactly the right kind of tipplo on such occasions. Take it altogether

we had a very jolly time, and Rose and I got acquainted with some of the digger fraternity whose information enabled us to strike a paying claim the first time.—Next morning Rose and I got up at as early an hour as could be expected, and shouldering pick and shovel, wended our way in accordance with the directions furnished us the previous night. Here we met two of our supperable acquaintances, who, after a few minutes chat, pointed to a shaft which had been sunk some four or five feet deep, adjoining their claim, and which they "kalkulated" must be a totable location to start on." So at it we went, and by night had bottomed the shaft, striking on a greasy blue clay bottom. We had only time to wash a pan or two of the gravel overlaying the clay, but the result was satisfactory, amounting to about a couple of pennyweights of coarse shotty gold. We had pitched our tent, that morning, and as we had to gather boughs for a bed, not having time to rig up stretchers, it was dark before we got our tea made and our mutton chops fried. While we were engaged in satisfying a tolerably sharp appetite, our digger friends came along and sat down for a chat, and a smoke, and finding out that we were Canadians, expressed their intention of "seein' us through." One of them said "Gol dum it, I'm half Kanuck myself. I used to live on Lakco Champlain, an' many's the time I used to boat it into Canada along with the old man." They told us they were making from one to two ounces per day, and as it wasn't a hard place to work, they were going to stick there as long as it held out. They had all the claim they could hold, and if we kept dark about it, they said we might be able to get another claim apiece after we had worked out the present ones. Rose felt quite encouraged by their conversation, and the show of gold we had struck in bottoming the shaft, and next morning was up bright and early, and had the kettle boiling for breakfast. We got to work before our friends did, and I tried to instruct Rose, as well as I could, how to tunnel in from the shaft, without disturbing the gravel which overlaid the bottom, as the gold bearing wash dirt was not more than three or four inches thick. When he had stripped off three or four feet, I would go down into the shaft, and with a light driving pick and fossicking knife, take up the wash dirt. In going over the clay with the knife, looking for pockets, it was amusing to see Rose's eyes stick out, when I occasionally scraped out a nugget as large as a good sized bean, which being firmly imbedded in the clay, stuck as close as if it was hitched onto something larger, and it was only one of its excrescences which we had laid bare. After cleaning up the bottom, I would go off to wash out the gold, while Rose would strip off another section of the drift. The result of our first day's washing was over an ounce and a half of nice coarse gold, worth about thirty dollars.

BOYS AND GIRLS

from 12 to 15 years of age, active, neat and polite, can readily make 50 cents to \$1.00 per day in taking orders for and selling our novelties. No capital required. D. THOMAS & CO.

AGENTS WANTED. In every City and Village to work for us Samples and particulars FREE. WHITON MFG CO., Toronto, Ont., and at Buffalo, N. Y.

10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agent's Directory," which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and will be well pleased with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement. T. D. CAMPBELL, Box 21, Boylston, Ind.

THE CALIFORNIA CACKLER Is the ONLY POULTRY JOURNAL published West of the ROCKY MOUNTAINS. Bound in Magazine form, 23 pp., handsomely illustrated. Subscription, always in advance, \$1.00 per year; three months, 50 cents; single copy, 10 cents. STAMPS TAKEN. Address: 178 The CACKLER, San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. Conant's Compound Vapor.

A Luxurious Bath for home use; preserves the healthy; heals the sick; purifies the blood; disinfects poison; and restores the vital forces by absorption. Simple in application. Address for circulars, DR. CONANT, SKOWHEGAN, ME.

ANIDROSIS! Messrs. Editors.—In Explanation of the principles involved in the C. V. Bath, which is now attracting the admiration of suffering humanity the world over, as its efficiency becomes known. Let me say that I don't claim to cure or heal anybody, as I believe that is the work of nature alone, while I declare my ability to extract the poison, and disinfect the body of all tainted secretions upon which every symptom of disease finds a substantial basis. This wonderful result is obtained by fuming the body in this Compound Vapor, while it is casting off its wastes through free perspiration, thus making the capillaries wonderfully active in their absorbing power. My Agents are very jubilant in their reports of the physical and financial value of this method.

OSMIDROSIS! The most wonderful method for the treatment of the Horse is now about to be launched upon the above plan, in the form of fumigation, and every well informed Veterinary is aware that the perspiratory as well as the absorbing power of capillary system of the horse is much greater than that of the human body, thus making this work in disinfecting the food and tissues of that noble animal much more effective than with the human system. Yours truly, DR. S. F. CONANT.

For Sale! One Set Moose Horns in splendid condition, hard and glossy. 31 feet across. Price \$20, cash. One Books Head and Antlers in good condition. Shot at Spider Lake. Price \$10, cash. One Strathairn Folding Canvas Boat. New Canva. Price \$17, cash. D. THOMAS & CO.

LOOK AT THIS! We will send you the FRIEND, a large twenty-four column monthly, containing Agents' Directory, Exchange and Bargain Columns, three months on trial and have your name inserted in two directories, from which you will receive thousands of samples, circulars, etc., and piles of good reading matter free; for only 10 cents silver. Try us. Only one dime. Address, C. CURTISS, Sawena, N. Y.

\$5 GIVEN AWAY? If you will send us the names and addresses of 5 young ladies (unmarried) of your neighborhood, and 6 ONE CENT STAMPS to pay postage on goods. We will send you by return mail a package of goods, which will bring you in FIVE DOLLARS without any work whatever. You will be WELL PLEASED with your small investment. Agent, and see what 6 cents will do? MAILING CO., 37 Mt. Sterling Ill., U.S.A.

D. McMANAMY & Co., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC Wines and Liquors. Wholesale Only. Sherbrooke, P. Q.

THE MILWAUKEE AGENT. A monthly journal devoted to the interests of Agents, Manufacturers, Inventors, Novelty Dealers, &c., containing news and well written articles, Agents' Directory, Business Recipes, &c., and any amount of useful information. First class advertisements only appear in THE AGENT. No fraud ads. allowed under any circumstances. Each number is worth the price of a whole year's subscription, sent post-paid for one year including a handsome premium for the small sum of 25 cents. Send 4 cents for a sample copy containing the list of useful household articles given away as premiums. Remember the paper a whole year and your choice of a handsome premium all sent post-paid for 25 cents. We make our money out of our advertisers, and practically give the paper away. Respectfully yours, THE MILWAUKEE AGENT, 178 171 5th Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Owl! A SHINY PAPER 4 MONTHS ON TRIAL, ONLY TEN CENTS. and your name in our RELIABLE AGENTS' DIRECTORY, FREE, and you will receive hundreds of samples, Circulars, Books, Newspapers, Magazines, Sample Cards, Novelties, &c., FREE from all over the United States and Canada. AGENTS WANTED, Samples, Terms, and Catalogues of Novelties, etc., for a 2-cent stamp. Address, OWL PUBLISHING CO., Box 205, Putney, Vt.

BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE.

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

Sherbrooke, Que., June 1st, 1887. This is to certify that last fall I had an attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism, which rendered it difficult for me to move about the house. I commenced taking BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE, a bottle of which I had by me, and next day had no difficulty in walking several times between my house and office, a distance of half a mile. I have had no recurrence of the complaint. DANIEL THOMAS, Notary Public

Sherbrooke, March 7th, 1885. Messrs D. THOMAS & Co., Sherbrooke. Dear Sirs,—As a duty to the afflicted, I desire to testify to the efficacy of BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE. My son, aged about 10 years, 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. P. W. NAGLE, Crown Land Ranger, Portland, Me., Nov. 16, 1887.

E. M. BARBER & Co. Dear Sirs:—I went into a store here two weeks ago and saw some of your "Cure" for Rheumatism; it being something new to me, I never heard of before, as I had tried nothing for that complaint, having suffered some ten years with it, I thought I would try a bottle. In three days time it helped me so much that I went back and bought the remaining eleven bottles. I have taken two bottles. The pain and soreness have all left me, but my joints are a little stiff yet. It did me so much good I thought I would try it on a lady acquaintance of mine who has been laid up for eight months, unable to rise without help. In three days she was running around the house. I have tried it on several others and it has helped them all. I have not got a drop left out of the 12 bottles. Now what I want to know is, how much more I ought to take to cure me up. There is not any more in the State of Maine that I know of, so I must send to you for it. I am an old Excise Officer, and well known here. Now I would like to get the agency of it here. I think I could get up a big trade, as everybody knows how I have been for the last fourteen years, and can give references. Write and let me know what you think of it, and send me what you think will be a cure. Please address, LAFAYETTE WYMAN, 30 Dow St., Portland, Me.

Make Money in Spare Time selling the greatest novelty ever invented! Taking like wildfire! "THE SPOON, HOLLER AND THE BADCUTTER COMBINATION." Any one can sell them, only need to be shown, and sales made. Sells at sight for 15 cents. Dozen sent for 75 cents. Sent for \$1.00. You more than double your money! Many are selling 3 to 6 dozen in one evening. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Stamps taken. Address, WHITON MFG CO., 561 West Queen Street, Toronto.

"BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE."

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

D. THOMAS & Co.
General Agents for Canada.

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

TOURISTS AND SPORTSMEN

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

THE EXCELSIOR GAS BURNER,

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

D. THOMAS & Co,
General Agents.

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

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

OXIEK



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

D. THOMAS & CO.

EXCELSIOR" SELF INKING FELT PADS.

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

D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents.

400 Sample Copies of papers from 25 different states and Ter. and a large monthly, containing your Printed name sent you every Month for only 10 cents per month 1,000 Papers and 3 months Lists for only 25cts.

WORLD MAILING AGENCY,
3m7 Passumpsic, Vt



Hill's Golden Oil.

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

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

THE DISEASES OF LIVE STOCK, AND THEIR MOST EFFICIENT REMEDIES,

INCLUDING—
HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, SWINE, DOGS AND POULTRY.

A Book which the Farmer, Stock Raiser, Dealer or Man who owns a single animal, can afford to be without. Over 500 pages, octavo, illustrated. Price \$2.75 to \$3.50, according to binding. Agents wanted.

D. THOMAS & CO.,
Gen'l Agents, Sherbrooke.

Daniel Thomas,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.
Commissioner for Ontario and Quebec, and General Agent. Particular attention given to the preparation of Wills, Testaments, Marriage Contracts and Tutorships. May be consulted professionally at office or Reside new Loans negotiated at current rates. Office over W. W. Beckett & Co's Store, Sherbrooke, Que.

GEO. W. KEIM,
2 STANTON ST., NEW YORK. Enlarges Photographs and other Portraits in India Ink or Oil Painting, in first-class style. The undersigned will receive orders and show samples. D. THOMAS & CO., Agents.

READ THIS.

STEPHEN'S PATENT ADDING MACHINE.

Is for adding figures by machinery—Relieves the head from all mental work. Beautifully and substantially made in nickel. Our leading Banker says of it:

Salina, Kas. "A simple working device which any column of figures is added in a few minutes. Every Banker, Merchant and Bookkeeper should possess one."

A. W. Gregson, Business College Quincy, Mo., says:—"It is more than you claim for it. I did not part with it for ten times its price. I do without one. Nearly every student will make one."

It is a BONANZA for AGENTS who are sold from one to six dozen per day. Profit per dozen, \$9.00 or more, when bought by the gross. Address us at once and secure good territory. Address: F. F. OAKLEY & CO., Manufacturers, Salina, Kansas.

WALTER S. TRUMBULL, MANUFACTURERS OF CHOICE FISHING RODS POTTER PLACE, N. H.

Split Bamboo Trout and Bass Fly Rods, a Specialty.

We have made arrangements by which we can supply individuals and the trade in Canada, at manufacturers prices. A splendid Nickel Plated Trout Rod, 7 1/2 ounces, \$9.50.

D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, General Agents for Canada.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

"RAG WEED" Pile Cure. A sure relief for all. To any one suffering from piles, we will send a 50 cent box for 25 cents to introduce it. Only one box will be sent to one person, at this price. Address:

C. A. HOOVER,

P. O. Box 114, Evansville, Ohio.

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

ATTENTION!

An eight-page 32 column newspaper, called the "Canada Agent," sent post paid for one year, only 50 cents.

BEST AGENTS' PAPER PUBLISHED.

Address, **MAGILL & PREVOST,**
65 and 67 Yonge Street,
1y5 Toronto, Ont.

The Crest of the Continent.

BY E. NEST INGERSOLL.

A Book of 344 pages, bound in cloth, beautifully illustrated with Rocky Mountain scenery, etc. Price \$1.00. By mail prepaid to any part of the U.S. or Canada on receipt of price. D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents.

Hawkeye Sifflings

is an eight page illustrated monthly, published at Des Moines, Ia., for 50 cents a year in advance. One of the most humorous papers published. Clipped with this paper for 700 per annum. Send subscription direct to us. D. THOMAS & CO.

CRYSTAL PALACE

WEEKLY HOME JOURNAL

Is issued in magazine form and is one of the best Journals published on this continent. Send for a sample copy, free.

T. H. BELCHER, Publisher,
N. W. cor. 8th and Filbert Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

33 Ways of doing it, sent sealed for 25 cts. Address P. O. Box 339, Rankakee, Ill.

AGENTS AND MANUFACTURERS

will increase their business by advertising in our columns.

MALE AGENTS

Wanted to sell Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure, Hill's Golden Oil, Kendall's Remedies and Condition Powders, Wolcott's Pain Paint, the Excelsior Gas Burner, the Indestructible Fuel Burner, the Safety Lamp Burner, Halstead's Foot Warmer and Heater, Sewing Machine Relief Spring, the Eureka Clothes Pins, Oxie Nerve Food, Fire Proof Deed and Cash Boxes Photographic Outfit, World Yype Writers, Agricultural Cyclopedias, and a variety of Farm, Household and Business Works. A liberal commission will be paid to neat, affable, and energetic young men. D. THOMAS & Co.

SEWING MACHINE OPERATORS.

Should be provided with a Sewing Machine Relief Spring, at 50 cents, and a bottle of Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure, at \$1, and secure immunity from leg weariness, curvature of the spine and rheumatism.

A 40 cent box of OXIEK, 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.

D. THOMAS & Co.,
General Agents.

Castle Gate, Utah.



"Finally we attained a higher level and the cliffs came nearer, became more precipitous and the inter spaces more green. This was Castle Valley. We had risen and dressed ourselves and were thinking of breakfast. The sun had come high enough over the 'great lone-land' in our rear to shoot his beams half way down the projections of the dowy and glittering cliffs, when the train came to a stop, though there was only a side track. Stepping to the platform to enquire why, we came with all the shock of complete surprise face to face with what to me, is the most inspiring as a single object of all the marvelous scenes between the Plains and the Salt Sea. This was Castle Gate.

The Canon here becomes very narrow and torturous, with picturesque defiles opening here and there and conducting their streams, swelled in spring to noisy torrents. Trees and bushes in great abundance grow on the narrow banks of the river and swarm up the rough heaps of rocks that bury the foot of the cliff on each side. Just here these cliffs are several hundred feet high and exceedingly steep, showing great ledges fronts as upright and clean of vegetation as the side of a house. All the rocks are bright rust-raddarker and brighter here and there; and over all arches a sky, violet-blue, vivid and immeasurably deep, for you may look far into it, as into water that lies quiet and luminous under the sunshine."

MARKET SKETCHES.

'Och! faith thin, but thin's the foine cabbidges intirely. I'm goin' on this market for the last tin year, and the devil a better load o' cabbidges iver cum on it. *Hanin an' diaoul!* but it's the luvly atin they'd be, wid a nice lump o' bacon, me mouths wathorin' now for a tashte uv thim. If it's a fair quistion, misther, wor thim cabbidges raised fur roum' here?' 'No, they were raised at Mr. Hobson's farm, down below the brewery, about a mile from here.' 'Tunder-an-turf, d'ye mane to say thim cabbidges grewed near Sherbrooke? Upon my faix, if I didn't suspect they kem from Montrehall, Misther Hobson's? Musa, that's nixt door to Misther Hales' beyant, an' fwint d'yebo axin' for thim?' 'Ten cents apiece.' 'Bedad, an' that'll be the price of a poum' o' me bist butther, if I tek a couple, lave a couple o' thim to one side, Misther. Be the vistinints, but 'Johanna an' the child-her 'll have the ducint Sunday dinner, an' be ther same token. I musn't disre-member a bit of bacon at McManuses. Bedad, talkins dhruthy work, I'm as dhry as a lime burners wig, afther comin' near eight mile. Have ye a mouth an' ye? P'ather'll have an eye to the cabbidges. Come an.' 'Sacre Irlandais, dot Irish she'll not spik goot Angleesh sam I do. 'he'll say somethin' don't hunderstan' anyway. *Pas de langue, fiat Irish, c'est dan patois, wot you call melange, meex keen hup, hey?* 'Dat Irish she'll lak *de cabus, avec du lard, same me lak des ongnens.* Down on Stoke she'll call me pea soup. *Je lui dit cabbidge head!* 'Cabus! *Oui, c'est vrai, all same' pea soup, Don't it? Les ognons madame? cinq cents par bonche, cinq bonches? Oui five bonch, trente sous, twenty-five cent, 'Mere' 'ai beaucoup des patates, madame, goot pota-ties me raise heem on le terre nouveau, bien bon, pooty goot, Un ecu par minot, feofly cent par booshe. *demi booshe, trente sous merci. Votre garem she'll tek heem? Oui, comme du raison! merci, tank you. She'll mek some nice day pooty queeck, ain't it? 'Murther alive, is that the way yo've been talkin, while I was afther me biththers. The devil a biththers ye'll made, if ye don't shpake bithther English. How they can sinse yer spache I don't know at all, at all.' 'Sacre tonnerre 'at, you hole Irishman! you go be *bien sif* again, wot you call dry up, don't it, me'll spak so bettero Angleesh, more as you, for sure. *Non pas de poisson, pas de fruit, Il n'est permis pas a pecher a Stoke Pond, avecle net. Pardon Monsieur!* No can catch le truite, no can set le net. Planty man she'll mek me pay twanty dollars for catch le truite, by-an-by me feex heem, sure.' 'Hellol Harrison! Just got in? 'Noa, been in since an hour ago. A left ta boother oop at your place, an' an joost waitin' for ta owld woman ta goa whoam. Saay? Don't poot that in pauper. Thee knows'tha' caan't com ta Yorkshire dialect. Thout't ha ta get ponsted oop. Coom doon ta ma placee an' a'll tek Yorkshire sos't thout't know enough about it to write it.' 'Wall, I swan, if thes' Yorkshire I sh'd think it 'd take a Philadelphly lawyer to write it. I'd just like for the fun of it to see how 't 'd look in print. Looky hero mister hero's fifty cents for your paper of you'll try and get that printed just as he said it.' 'Are you going up to your office now?' 'Yes, just as soon as I can order a steak at Amos', why?' 'I want to subscribe for 'THE LAND WE LIVE IN' and get one of those Soap Rights, James Addie says its a really good thing.' 'Yes, I think it is, and anything Mr. Addie says you can rely upon. To tell you the truth it was principally on the recommendation of Mr. Addie and the Rev. Hiram Fowler both old friends of mine, that I was inducd to secure the 'Soap Right' as a premium.' 'Mornin, Walter hoos a wi' ye the day?' 'Brawly, mon, thank ye for speerin', it is na' after we see ye an the market.' 'Na, that's a fact, but it wis a blue look out for a bita' put in the pot, an' its a blue look out the noo-na reference ta yersel' Walter, but I an na' sure that the Exheebition**

folk ha' left anything for a pair body. Its just wonderfu' the quantity of meat, that's gone off the mairket the las' twa 'ree days but I'll bide a wee an' ha' a luik roum', Hoo's boosness? 'Fair to middlin' tak it by and large, but I'm fairly rim off ma feet the las' few days, an' I've a pain under me oter, frae reachin' over the counter, handin' 'oot things.' 'That's easily cured, Walter, tak an' rub yer oter wi' the hand ye've been takin' in the sillar wi' an' I'll go bail ye'll be a'reet.'

ROCKY MOUNTAIN JUVENILE CABINET.

In a country like this, the mineral resources of which are only very partially developed, no better present can be given to children, than the above Cabinet. A knowledge of the appearance of the various ore bearing rocks, may enable them to "strike it rich," in after years. By mail for 85 cents, with full descriptive manual. See illustration in another column.

D. THOMAS & Co.



Mt. Washington Railway.

For the accompanying illustration we are indebted to The Quebec, Central Railway Company. The ascent of Mount Washington is made on the famous Mountain Railway; the grade, which reaches 1,980 feet to the mile or about one foot in three—its length is a trifle over three miles, and the total rise is nearly four thousand feet. This road was commenced in 1866, and the success which has attended the enterprise has been very marked. The road is most substantially built, and besides the usual rails there is a centre rail of peculiar construction to receive the motive power; this consists of two bars of iron with cross pieces every four inches and a centre cog-wheel in the locomotive plays into this rail. The cars are comfortable and easy, and the trip is made without danger or fatigue. The cars are provided with seats placed at an angle which brings them nearly on a level on the ascent, they all face down the mountain; there is, however, an aisle in the car, and platforms at each end, so that views may be had from all directions. The Mount Washington Hotel is situated on the summit of Mount Washington, 6,293 feet above the sea level; the view from the summit is magnificent beyond description; a horizon of nearly 600 miles bounds the prospect, and the mountain peaks stand on every side as sentinels to enjoy the mountain scenery; it is advisable to remain over night, and, if it be clear, the gratification will be complete; as the sun sinks in the West the shadows of the mountain enlarge and extend far and wide.

Although our last issue was nearly 7000 copies, we have had so many demands for sample copies, that we shall feel under great obligations to parties who will return copies of that or any previous issue, so long as they do not mark them "refused."

Although the publisher of *The Sherbrooke City Directory* has made some omissions, which to a certain extent leaves this paper and its publishers "out in the cold," we must compliment Mr. Royer on the neat and attractive manner in which the Directory is got up, and the fund of valuable information it contains.

My First Picture.

Written for *The Land We Live In.*

During my youthful days, to become an artist, a painter, was the one ambition of my life. To this end I worked hard, my parents encouraged me, the neighbors talked about me, and I progressed favorably. Already anecdotes were told of my youthful pranks. How the schoolmaster was sketched with rounded head and knot hole eyes, and instead of manifesting anger, recognized the hidden genius guiding that youthful hand, and how "a come to my arms my boy" resulted, and many other kindred tales usually following in the wake of a rising man. The momentous day of my life was however approaching. I had been working hard on my first picture for exhibition. It was a slice from nature, a rural scene in the Eastern Townships. Its hills, its shades, the shallow rippling brook, its green foliage, all so true. To add animation to the scene, a particularly bright idea of my own; in the fore ground, a calf was seen quietly grazing, neath the shade of a wide spreading elm. The work was finished, it was placed on exhibition side by side, with those of our well known artists. The crowning moment of my life had arrived; disguised as a dude, I stood near by to hear the criticisms of the onlookers. Two gentlemen stroll by. "That's not bad!" said one, pointing with his stick to my hope of hopes, a very doubtful "no" from the other, "but what's that meant for?" he added, pointing to my cherished calf, and passed on. This somewhat staggered the dude, it must be confessed. Could it be possible not to recognize that calf so clearly depicted with lowered head and fly propelling tail. Two red cheeked school girls hurry along. "There that's nice" they both exclaimed, stopping suddenly before my rural scene. The dude be

comes agitated. "But what's that in tended for Lizzie?" remarked the younger of the two, with ink stained index finger at my Bos JUVENILIS. "Why Nellie! are you blind," replied Lizzie, don't you see its one of those rustic seats so commonly used in the country!" and the two passed on, leaving the dude dangling from the edge of his high toned collar, limp and sick. Two ladies approach they stop before my star of the east. "How sweet" they both exclaimed, "so truly rural, but that, what's that?" and again his infernal calf's identity is brought into question. They turn an enquiring glance to where I stood. I stepped forward, determined at all hazards to save my reputation, though the calf be sacrificed. That I could no longer run the animal, was unquestioned. Lizzie had however given me the cue. "That ladies" I replied, "is a rustic seat, yes, a rustic seat, where the honest owner of yon farm, is wont to rest his weary frame. He has just left his favorite resting place, and has forgotten his driving whip, you will notice the last hanging there, pointing to the calf's tail. "By the way he has also left his high top boots behind," pointing to the lowered head. "Ah! ladies, the beauty, the depth of a work of art, does not lie in the mere view it presents before us. Who cannot follow in one's minds' eye, the tired tiller of the soil as he walks away in his stocking feet! Perchance he dreams of his boyhoods happy days, when sour apples tasted sweet, when stolen from yonder orchard. The notes of a thirty dollar organ, strikes his ear, his daughter, his motherless girl, is playing in the "Last rose of summer," and the old man is glad it will be tea time before he returns to that house. But he loves that daughter nevertheless, she reminds him of a fair girlish form in the far distant past, who shared his stolen apples, and afterwards shared his troubles and trials of life, but who now lies buried neath the green, green sod on yonder hill! and so the old man dreams. He enters a stubble field presently, and dreams no more. No! he suddenly sinks to the ground, raises his stockinged feet, high, high, into the air, and howls! not till then ladies did he miss those boots which you see so faithfully pictured before you. Ah! ladies, endless are the thoughts that crowd upon us, as we gaze upon a work so true to nature!" They thanked me and left, they were not crowded. And I remained to mourn my golden calf which alas! was no more.

RUFUS REDDY.

"RAG WEED" PILE CURE.
We have been appointed General Agents for the above celebrated remedy, and can supply Agents and traders throughout the U. S. and Canada at manufacturers prices. Sample box by mail on receipt of 50 cts.
D. THOMAS & Co.,
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

An advertiser whose "ad" has run through the last four issues of our paper, says:—"It is wonderful that such a new paper should have attained such a wide circulation. We are continually receiving orders and letters of enquiry mentioning your paper, from all parts of the United States and the Dominion.

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.

TO RHEUMATICS.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, has induced us to secure the General Agency for *Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure*. We have been sufferers ourselves and know how good it feels to experience the relief, the use of the *Cure* has effected with us. One bottle did it, and it cost us a dollar. We have prevailed on the proprietor to manufacture the remedy here to save the extra expense of duty, and can offer it at the same price as it is sold for in the United States. \$1 per bottle. Agents wanted throughout Canada and the U. S. A liberal discount to the trade.

D. THOMAS & Co., Sherbrooke.

The nervous depression and sleeplessness resulting from attendance at "Lodge meetings", is cured by the use of Oxion.

CONSTANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.

Given to active and energetic Agents, male and female, in canvassing for our subscription books, and household requisites within the city and throughout the townships. Boys and girls can make money selling our novelties.

D. THOMAS & Co.

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.

OIL PAINTINGS.

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.

D. THOMAS & Co.
General Agents.

JUST TRY IT!

HANES' LINIMENT!

Is the most Powerful Remedy of Modern Times, being the quickest and most reliable remedy known for the cure of *Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Scalds, Warts, Frosted Feet, and those diseases common to mankind.*

For *Poll-evil, Fishula, Sprains, Sweeney, Cuts, Scars, Bruises, &c., &c.*

This Liniment has been thoroughly tested and found to possess the most penetrating and healing virtues of any remedy offered to the public. Where an outward application can prove of any service this liniment will reach the spot and heal quicker than any other, as we have the assurance of thousands who have used it and profited by its use. The way to find out the virtues of this liniment is in trying a bottle.

CHEAP ADVERTISING.

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

For example, a similar ad. to the following would cost you only a two-cent stamp:

AGENTS WANTED.
ALONZO CHAMBERLAIN, Corona, N.J.
Cash or stamps must accompany order. No objectionable ads. received. Address all orders to ALONZO CHAMBERLAIN,
Publisher News-Letter,
Corona, New Jersey.

CURLOLINE.

FOR MAKING THE HAIR CURL.
Will curl the straightest hair, if not cut too short. Price 25 cents.

HAIR RESTORER & INVIGORATOR.

This preparation not only gives a beautiful gloss, but will cause hair to grow upon bald heads arising from all ordinary causes, and turning gray hair to a dark color. Prices 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00.

RUBBER STAMPS.

We are prepared to furnish the neatest style of name and business stamps to be obtained in Canada at manufacturers prices. Call and see sample book, or give us an idea of the style of stamp and lettering required, and we will give you estimate of cost. Cash must accompany all orders. Satisfaction guaranteed when the work done is based on an explicit order.

D. THOMAS & CO.

We are in receipt of the August number of *The Young Idea*, a handsome neatly printed magazine, published by Grant C. Whitney, Belvidere, Illinois, at the extremely low price of 50 cents per annum. The reading matter is interesting to old and young, and prizes are offered to artists for original drawings, illustrating subjects named, and to be published in its columns. Send for sample copy.

How the "*Crystal Palace Home Journal*," (a magazine of 32 pages, apart from advertising covers), can be published weekly for \$1 a year, is something that "no fellow can understand." But, that such is the fact can be verified by sending to the publisher, T. H. BELCHER, 8th and Filbert Streets, Philadelphia, for sample copy.

DEAD BEATS.

It is our aim to exclude from our columns all advertisements of an improper or unreliable character, and we shall publish under the above heading the name of any advertiser who fails to fulfil his obligations towards us. This will be done in the interest of our subscribers and the public generally, for those who misrepresent matters, or deceive, or swindle us, will do the same to others. We shall give two or three illustrations of the term "deadbeat," in our next issue, unless some change takes place in the meantime.

Verdum Sap.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS.

For which we want Subscribers and Canvassing Agents.

The Life and Poems of Pope Leo XIII. Poems in Latin, with the only English translation. Price \$2.25, \$3.75 and \$5.00.

Plain Home Talk about the Human System. Sexual relations, &c. Price \$2.00

Hand Book of Popular Medicine, embracing instructions for Nursing the Sick. Price \$2.00.

Pictorial Budget of Wonders and Fun for Little Men and Little Women. Price \$1.75.

Happy Hours at Home with the Children, the brightest and best Stories ever written. \$2.75.

Samantha at Saratoga, by Josiah Allen's Wife, (Marietta Hawley). Price \$2.75

Secret Service of the Post Office Department, with an account of the famous Star Route Frauds. Price \$3.00.

Also, The Light of the Nations, by Rev. Dr. Deems; and The Worlds Opportunities, and How to Use Them.

Ladies of Education and good address, can make \$2 to \$4 per day in this city and vicinity, in soliciting subscriptions for some of the above works and can be kept constantly employed with new publications, as we represent some of the largest Publishing Houses in New York, Springfield, Mass., and Toronto.

D. THOMAS & CO.

A Large Bottle for 25 Cents.

Just try it only once is all we ask. Then you will use no other kind. Ask your Druggist or Storekeeper for Hanes' A Single Bottle will convince you that HANES' IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Beware of the Imitation Styled "The Original Hanes' Horse Cure."

None genuine unless having name in bottle and signature of manufacturer on bottle wrapper.

Yours truly,
JOHN E. GEMMILL.
We are General Agents for the above, and can supply the trade throughout Canada and the United States.
D. THOMAS & CO.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

ELEGANT BOOTS AND SHOES
FRESH ARRIVALS



THE NEWEST DESIGNS
FINE WEAR.

E. G. WIGGETT,
167—WELLINGTON STREET—167
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.



500 SAMPLES, BOOKS, CIRCULARS, LETTERS AND PAPERS
WE GUARANTEE FREE!
YOU TO RECEIVE FROM US ALL OVER THE WORLD IF YOU SEND 50 CENTS TO HAVE YOUR NAME IN AMERICAN DIRECTORY. Copy sent you with name inserted. Always address American Directory Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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, Standstead, P. Q.; and Methodist Church, Coaticook, P. Q.
DESIGNS MADE ON APPLICATION.

"IT WAS A GOOD SAW."

Messrs D. THOMAS & Co.
Sherbrooke.

DEAR SIR.—
The Folding Sawing Machine, I bought from you gives good satisfaction, and I believe it to be fully up to what it is represented to be, having used it in all kinds of timber.

March 19, 1888.
HENDRY E. BIRDA,
Willowdale,
Lennoxville P. Q.

JAMES GRANT'S NOVELS.

The Romance of War. The Scots Brigade. The White Cookade. One of the ix Hundred. The Black Watch. The Phantom Regiment, and all of James Grant's novels, in English cloth, red, black and gold at \$1.25 per vol., singly, or in sets of 51 volumes. Many of these novels contain a reliable historical record of incidents connected with the peninsular and Russian wars.

D. THOMAS & Co.
LAWRENCE & MORRIS,
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, &c.,
Office in Odell's Block, Sherbrooke.
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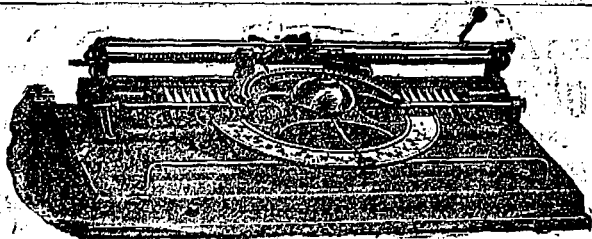
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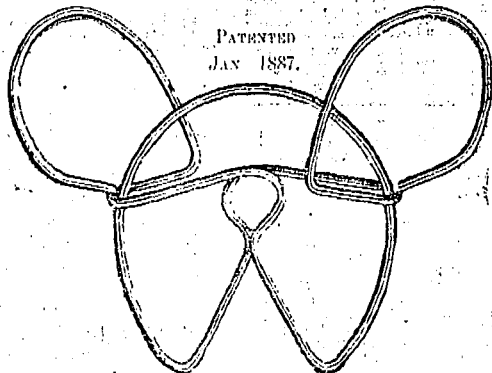
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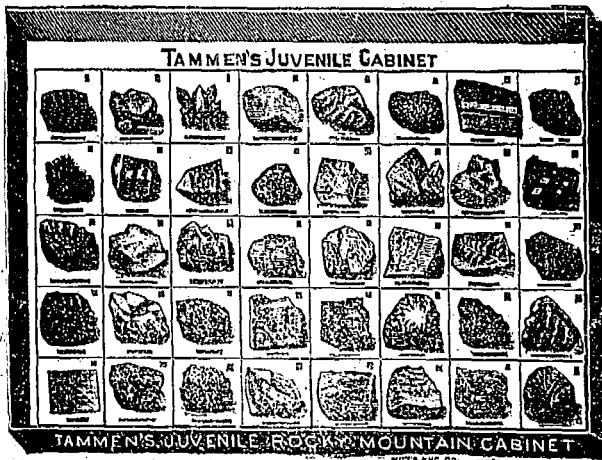
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(From Ernest Ingersoll's "Crest of the Continent")
"One of the side-valleys, coming down to the track at right angles from the southwestward—I think it is Homestake Gulch—leads the eye up through a glorious alpine avenue to where the cathedral crest of a noble peak pierces the sky. It is a summit that would attract the eye anywhere,—its feet hidden in verdurous hills, guarded by knightly crags, half buried in acething clouds, its helmet vertical, frowning, plumed with gleaming snow."
"Ay, every inch a king."



"It is this Mount of the Holy Cross, bearing the sacred symbol in such heroic characters as dwarf all human graving and set on the pinnacle of the world as though a sign of possession forever. The Jesuits went hand in hand with the *Chevalier Dubois*, proclaiming Christian Gospel in the northern forests, the Puritan brought his Testament to New England, the Spanish banners of victory on the golden shores of the Pacific were upheld by the fiery zeal of the friars of San Francisco; the frozen Alaskan cliffs resounded to the chanting of the Monks of St. Peter and St. Paul. On every side the virgin

continent was taken in the name of Christ, and with all the *clat* of religious conquest. Yet from ages unnumbered before any of them, centuries oblivious in the mystery of past time, the cross had been planted here.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Cut chicken into quarters, lay it in salt and water an hour, put on in soup kettle with an onion and four quarts of water. Bring very slowly to gentle boil and keep this up until the liquid has diminished one third and the meat shrinks from the bones. Take out the chicken; salt it and set aside with a cupful of broth in a bowl (covered) until next day. Season rest of broth and put back over the fire. Boil up and skim, add nearly a cupful of rice, previously soaked in a bowl of water. Cook slowly until the rice is tender. Stir a cupful of hot milk into two beaten eggs, then into broth. Let all come barely to a boil. When you have added a handful of finely-minced parsley pour out into tureens and serve.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup white sugar 1 1/2 cups flour, three eggs beaten separate and very light, two tablespoons water, one teaspoon baking powder. Bake in two cakes. Cream: One pint milk, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, three eggs, two tablespoons flour, lemon extract. Cut each cake and fill with the cream.

CORN STARCH.—One pint of milk, three whites of eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar; boil the milk, add the other ingredients, and pour in mould. Make a custard of one pint of milk, three yolks of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar;avor. Add boiled milk, and when ready serve, pour around the white part.

CORNSTARCH PLE.—One pint sweet k, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls

of cornstarch, yolks of two eggs. Cook in a pail in a kettle of water, when thick flavor to taste and pour into a previously baked crust. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar spread over the pie and brown slightly.

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