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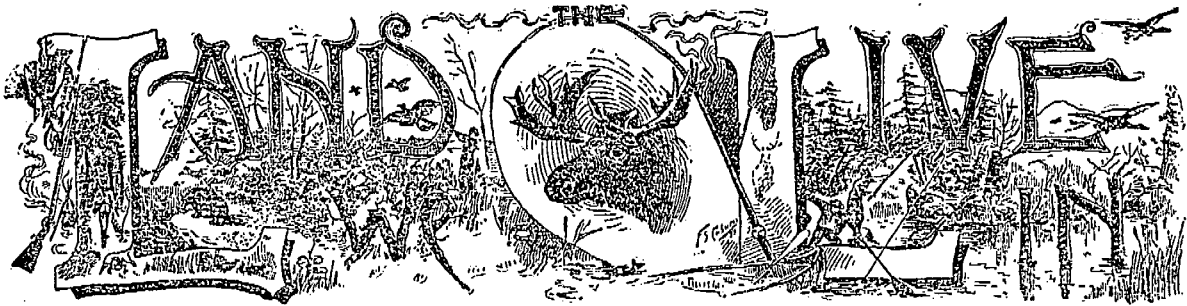
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Telesphore Laroche in this Number.

Vol. IV, No. 6.



January, 1892.



Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

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# THE LAND WE LIVE IN

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. IV., No. 6

SHERBROOKE, QUE., JANUARY, 1892.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

## J. A. McSHANE.

James A. McShane, Esq., better known to our readers by his *nom de plume* of "Komo," is a native of Montreal, and received his education at Bishop's Academy. He commenced his business career in 1875, with Messrs. McIntyre, French & Co., with whom he remained until 1879, when he went to Louisville, Ky., to fill an important position with the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co. as shorthand secretary to the superintendent of that railroad. He afterwards went to Milwaukee, Wis., where he filled an engagement with the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Co. In 1883 Mr. McShane returned to his native city to accept a position as secretary in the Post Office Inspector's Department at Montreal. Mr. McShane's first literary effort was "Jean Baptiste Perreault," after which, at intervals, he contributed to leading journals, "Mon Cousin Norbert," "Pierre Contant," "Damase Brisbois," "Mon Frere Xavier," and "Tremblay, of St. Cunegonde," all of which were produced in verse. His first prose production was "Baptiste Tranchemontagne or de Politique," which appeared in a former issue of this journal, and which had a wide circulation, and was extensively copied in Ontario and United States journals. Some of the poetical effusions referred to have already been published in THE LAND WE LIVE IN, and the others will be introduced from time to time. Mr. McShane is now preparing, especially for this journal, a series of articles which will be continued through several numbers, entitled "Drolleries and Maxims of Telesphore Laroche."

These are to be copyrighted, and are already registered for that purpose in the copyright branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. He is a dialect writer, and in the personification of the French-Canadian *habitant* and his style of English, Mr. McShane has no equal in Canada, and to hear him as we have heard him, in his dialect recitations of Jean Baptiste Canayen, at social gatherings, is enough to convulse anyone with laughter, and "make

ture of facts and fallacies rendered in the best and most expressive style of *habitant* English.

We take the liberty of publishing herewith the following letter from Mr. Burgess, of the Montreal *Herald*, which explains itself:

For some years past there has been one recognised writer of the French dialect in Canada. That gentleman is Mr. James McShane, Jr. I have carefully watched his contributions to American weeklies and special editions and have found that they are invariably rehearsed in the leading papers of this country. The letters have a vein of humor running through them which is not found in any other dialect writers; in fact Mr. McShane's articles are so original that I cannot compare them, or speak of them in any other way than this: they are like their author full of droll, dry, wit which must be heard to be appreciated.

WILL E. BURGESS,  
City Editor *Herald*, Montreal.

## A Canadian Monthly.

The *Dominion Illustrated* announces an important departure, and one that will mark a new era in the high class journalism of Canada. The publishers of that splendid weekly have decided to convert it into a monthly with the beginning of the year. It will be a 64-page magazine, differing in shape from the present one, handsomely illustrated throughout, and its pages will be graced with the writings of the most gifted Canadian authors. It will be called the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, and the subscription, \$1.50 per annum, will place it within the reach of all. Address the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.



J. A. McSHANE.

some more please *pour la compagnie*." He possesses an abundance of *bon-homie*, and is deservedly popular amongst his friends and acquaintances, and his reception by his friends at any entertainment always carries with it a suggestion of a "good time coming." In securing Mr. McShane's services and assistance as a contributor to this journal we feel confident that we have done something to merit the approbation of all our readers. Telesphore Laroche's pen pictures of matters and things in general will present a carica-

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## That Boy Jack Weir "of Ours."

A Tale of the Canadian Rebellion.

BY CALESTIGAN.

The following two weeks were passed in the usual routine of garrison duty, gnat patrols, drills and occasional night alarms, when we turned out on a fruitless gallop over the hard frozen ground, for the alarms generally proved to be groundless, or inventions of our commanding officer, that he might test our zeal and efficiency. The mails were irregular and sometimes entirely suspended for days. Our *vedettes*, however, brought in tidings of much commotion on the frontier, where bands of marauders were gathering with the avowed intention of aiding the rebels and with the secret determination to plunder the inhabitants indiscriminately; but the military cordon which had been posted along the line of frontier, was of sufficient strength to prevent their inroads and to keep the dissatisfied portion of our own population in order. Experienced officers, mostly half-pay colonels of the regular army, were placed in command of the several districts, Colonel Robert Nickle, K. H., a distinguished peninsular veteran having succeeded General Heriot, at Stanstead, and Colonel Taylor, another of the same stamp, was stationed at the city of St. John's.

On the 20th of November I was orderly officer of the day and in the course of that ubiquitous functionary's duties was visiting the main-guard, when a trooper whom I recognized as one of Wood's Shefford cavalry, rode up at full-speed and inquired for the commandant's quarters. Directing him to Osgood's hotel I asked him if he had any news, "Ye-! Sir," he answered, "I carry dispatches from Colonel Wetherall. I think there will be hot work down the Richelieu soon. We have received orders to be in readiness for a hard march." And he rode on.

The Shefford trooper's news caused a flutter of excitement in the little garrison and when at two of the afternoon the trumpets sounded the "boot and saddle" and non-commissioned officers warned the men to equip themselves with valises and haversacks as if for a march, the excitement had become intense all through the village.

At ten minutes to three the squadron was mustered in the square, fully accoutred and equipped as if for the field. Each man was furnished with a full supply of carbine and pistol ball-cartridge and each sabre was inspected to ascertain that it had undergone "grindstone fatigue." Haversacks were also examined, and although many contained besides the double feed of oats, *pocket pistols of non-regulation pattern*, no fault was found.

At fifteen minutes after three our new commandant rode up in front of the line and for the space of five minutes sat erect and immovable on his horse, scanning the squadron from right to left flanks and back, his cold grey eyes scrutinizing every man and officer as if he were taking the physical measure and mental calibre of

each, individually; then he slowly rode down the line returning by the rear, after which he spoke a few words to our major who gave the brief order "number one troop to the front, march!" and after we had advanced six horse's lengths "halt! eyes front!"

The commandant then addressed the troops as follows: "Men! I am going to send you on a special duty to Sorel; you will have to pass through a portion of the disturbed country and may come into collision with the rebels. I hope that you will acquit yourselves like the true British soldiers. I have been informed that this troop is composed of the right material; see that you do not forfeit the good opinion I have formed of you. Lieutenant Campbell, a tried and brave officer will command you in your expedition. Good-bye, do your duty!"

Number one troop! Threes right! "Forward, march!" shouted Campbell, then—"Trot!!!"—and we were fairly on our route to the seat of hostilities.

Our ride to Sorel was uneventful. After leaving Drummondville we entered the flat country inhabited by the French-Canadians, who looked shyly upon us, but offered neither insult nor show of obstructing our progress. At first we found it difficult to obtain food for ourselves or our horses, but upon my assuring them in their own language, which I spoke fluently, that we would pay, *argent comptant* for whatever we required, fat geese and chickens, eggs, bread and bacon came forth in abundance; nor was the tiring cup, sweetened by the smiles of *les filles de la maison*, withheld at our departure. At one place only, a small hamlet near St. Ours, were we rebuffed. Not a man was to be seen in the place and the women all fled at our approach, with the exception of one old bel-dame, who, presuming on her age and ugliness, poured out a stream of abuse on *les diables d'anglais*. So we had to forage for ourselves, and on our departure, Lieutenant Campbell left on the table of the auberge a pile of silver coins which the old hag failed not to pouch.

On arriving at Sorel we found the people in a state of confusion and anxiety. Colonel Gore had been repulsed at St. Denis, a village fifteen miles higher up the river, and it was reported that Colonel Wetherall had made an attack on St. Charles, with what result was not known. Many conflicting reports of success and disaster were flying about the streets and an escort of the 6—th regiment which had just arrived with dead and wounded soldiers, did not tend to allay the excitement.

We, of the Rangers, were billeted on some of the householders who were very kind, polite and considerate. Early in the morning after our arrival, our lieutenant came to my quarters and told me that the officer commanding at Sorel was very anxious to communicate with Colonel Gore, who had with him the whole available force of the district, not even a patrol of cavalry had been left. The roads were very bad and unsafe. Could he, Campbell, furnish a suitable man for that important duty? He should be well mounted and able to speak French.

"I immediately thought of you, old fellow! and knowing your *penchant* for getting into scrapes and your ability in

getting out of them, it struck me that this little excursion would suit you."

"All right!" I replied, "When must I start?"

"As soon as possible; I am now going to Savage's hotel to give some directions to Sergeant Stevens, and on my return will take you to the Commandant to receive your orders."

"I will be ready in twenty minutes," I said, "and by-the-way Campbell, order the Sergeant to look after my kit and accoutrements and should fate decree a vacancy in the Rangers, tell old Stuart that I have run away with a pretty Sorelise and that I make him residuary legatee of all my relics. How the old cock will philosophise on the instability of the human mind, particularly when embodied under the green jacket of a Q. M. R."

"A truce to your nonsense, Weir! Your mission will really be fraught with much danger, so you had better keep your wits for the occasion."

Some two hours after the above conversation between the two officers, a casual observer might have been seen riding slowly on the road leading to St. Denis—a French *habitant*, in the *tunique blue*, blanket-coat, beef moccasins and broad red dash proclaimed him a true *enfant-du sol*; but the jaunty cavalry-officer who was watching the departure of this slouchy, awkward lout, who could hardly control his powerful, wiry, head-strong bay horse, knew that he was none other than his jolly, happy-go-lucky brother officer, "Jack Weir of Ours," who after he had descended a short hill, turned in his saddle to assure himself that he was not watched or followed, settled himself well in his stirrups, pulled his wollen cap down to his eyebrows and uttering the two magic words "Now, Spark!" tore away at full gallop across the frozen plain.

After a smart gallop, during which my gallant "Spark" had covered a good deal of ground, I pulled him up to recover his breath and was pleased to find that he was in capital order, either for a dash or a long journey. The roads became worse as I proceeded, but "Spark" was a *Justin Morgan* (a breed, at that time, celebrated for endurance, courage and docility.) After a hard and trying ride of three hours' duration, I saw before me in the distance dense clouds of smoke which with the occasional sullen report from a cannon, apprized me that the village of St. Denis was on fire, and that the occasional sound of artillery came from a nine-pounder which had belonged to Colonel Gore's force and had been left behind after that officer's abortive attempt.

On approaching the village, I found it scene of utter desolation and partial ruin. Groups of people among whom were many women, lamenting and wringing their hands as they found the body of a father, a brother or a son, were ransacking the *debris* of the delapidated buildings in search of the dead and dying. Seeing a venerable old priest engaged with one of those rescuing groups, I asked him if he could direct me to the Queen's troops. "You had better dismount and help us," he replied severely, "than to be inquiring for the destroyers of your people." "I am on my way to prevent further destruction, I hope, good father," I said, "if you will only direct

me to the Commander." "In that case my son," the good man replied, "go that way,"—pointing to a clump of trees in the distance,—“and God be with you.”

I followed the direction given me by the priest and overtook the detachment in less than half an hour. I rode up to Colonel Gore, who was mounted on a strong brown cob, and making myself known, handed my dispatch to him which he opened and read. "You can rejoin your troop, at once, Sir," he said, "I am about to send a mounted man to Sorel with the details of our work. You might ride together. Your troop will not be wanted here, and will return to the Stanstead frontier in charge of military stores. Give my compliments to my old friend Colonel Nickle, (you are fortunate to serve under such a distinguished officer,) and tell him that we hope to quiet these people down by Christmas.

"Poor deluded creatures! they are much to be pitied. Jones!" turning to an officer close by, "hurry up that orderly that he may accompany this officer to Sorel."

After a brief conversation, during which I ascertained that the force was on its way to St. Hyacinthe, the mounted orderly rode up and we both departed for Sorel. For Sorel, yes! I to rejoin my troop; but I never got there, nor did I rejoin my troop for some days afterwards, days,—during which my parents and relatives suffered much grief, and my friends and messmates lost all confidence in the usual good luck of "That boy Jack Weir of Ours."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



W. H. LAMBLY, ESQ.

We present our readers with the portrait of Mr. William Harvard Lambly, Registrar of the County of Megantic, and one of the most prominent temperance men in the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Lambly was born on the shores of Lake William, in the Township of Hanfay, Megantic County, on the 1st day of December, 1839. When but a

child he removed to Leeds with his father, and lived there till 1861, when the county seat was established at Inverness, whence he removed, and where he has resided ever since. His father, John R. Lambly, was, for nearly twenty years, registrar of the county, and his grandfather, Captain John Lambly, was for nearly a quarter of a century harbor master of the Port of Quebec.

He was appointed Registrar of the County of Megantic on the 22nd of November, 1862, and has held that position ever since. He was appointed one of Her Majesty's justices of the peace in 1863, and has tried over 200 cases, many of them being for infractions of the license law, and not one of his judgments has ever been set aside on certiorari or appeal. He has been returning officer at every election, local and federal, since 1862.

Mr. Lambly is a fluent and pleasing speaker, and possessed of considerable oratorical ability. He has held the highest positions in connection with temperance orders, and in October last was a delegate representing the Methodist Church of Canada at the great Ecumenical Council which sat at Washington. It is questionable if any man in the Province of Quebec has held so many public offices and responsible positions, and certainly none have done so more worthily and satisfactorily than Mr. Lambly.

#### Ink Erasing Pencil.

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*The Leather Stocking Tales* by J Fenimore Cooper, and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, and *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help* for 1892, all for \$1.25. subscribe now.

Where no address is given in connection with anything advertised, or referred to in our columns, it will be supplied by the publishers of this journal.—D. THOMAS & Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

"True Until Death," by our new contributor, "Eunie," will appear in next issue. It is a story of woman's love, and written in a very vigorous and affecting style. There is an originality about them which makes "Eunie's stories" very interesting, and we cordially welcome her as a promised regular contributor to this journal.

An esteemed correspondent, whose opinion we highly value, says: "Mr. Le Moine's 'Bird' paper in *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* is excellent, and it is just such contributions as his that are needed to make our sporting journals interesting and informing."

We are much pleased to note the favor with which "Calestigan's" articles are received. Scarcely a day passes without our receiving complimentary remarks respecting them. Perhaps, to some extent, it is because the subjects are happily chosen, but we believe a great deal is due to his pleasing way of handling them.

Dr. Garnier, of Lucknow, Ont., promises us a series of articles on Canadian Frogs, which will furnish information never published in Canada, and prove interesting in a scientific point of view. Although not one of our feathered songsters, the nocturnal melodies of the Canadian frog are about as cheering and inspiring in early springtime as is the morning *laus Deo* of the Canadian robin amongst the budding maples.

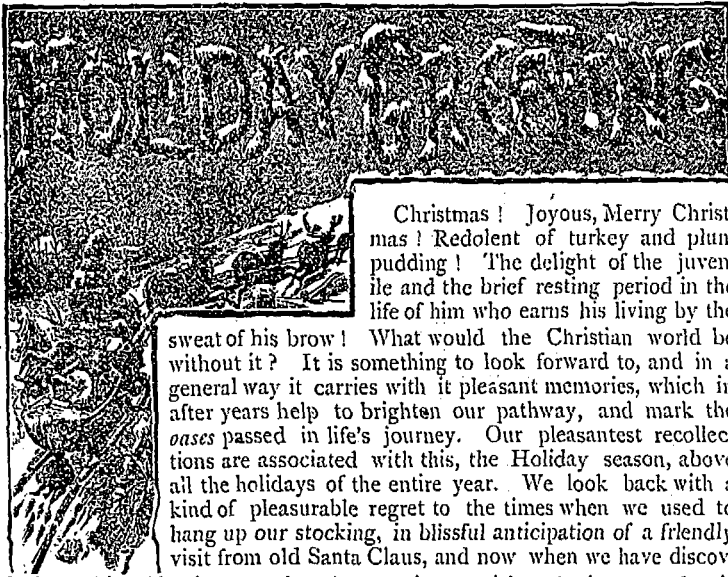
Attention is directed to the very cleverly written article, "Ronald's Vow," which appears elsewhere in this number. It seems to have been written for a purpose, and illustrates in a very comprehensive manner a species or form of magnetism which is believed to exist between people widely separated, and which is attracting the attention of many thinking persons. We are pleased to add "Dorothy Foster" to our list of contributors.

#### Happiness.

Happiness often consists in reading a good paper, one that leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth, one that you can rise up from perusing with the knowledge that you have gained something of permanent advantage. There are papers which do not give this happiness, but which, while exciting for the moment, result in permanent evil, although the immediate effect at the moment may not be apparent. The *Montreal Witness* is a paper of the former class. It is good; it does good. The Weekly edition is sent to subscribers for one dollar a year, the Daily for three dollars, and the *Northern Messenger*, a paper for the younger members of the family particularly and for Sunday Schools, for thirty cents a year.

The subscribers of the *LAND WE LIVE IN* can have it and the *Montreal Daily Witness* for \$3.00, the *LAND WE LIVE IN* and the *Weekly Witness* for \$1.50, and the *Northern Messenger* with either of them for twenty-five cents extra.

We have a few copies of "*The Magic Wand and Medical Guide*," which we will mail to any address for 5c cents each.



Christmas! Joyous, Merry Christmas! Redolent of turkey and plum pudding! The delight of the juvenile and the brief resting period in the life of him who earns his living by the sweat of his brow! What would the Christian world be without it? It is something to look forward to, and in a general way it carries with it pleasant memories, which in after years help to brighten our pathway, and mark the *oases* passed in life's journey. Our pleasantest recollections are associated with this, the Holiday season, above all the holidays of the entire year. We look back with a kind of pleasurable regret to the times when we used to hang up our stocking, in blissful anticipation of a friendly visit from old Santa Claus, and now when we have discovered

his mythical identity, we take pleasure in practising the innocent deceit on the little ones, and sharing with them the happiness which they derive as well in anticipation as reality. How little it takes to make a child happy, and it is a happiness that lasts through life! We never forget our childhood pleasures and enjoyments. In pain, sickness and distress our greatest pleasure connected with the journey of life, is the retrospect of early days. "God keep my memory green." How often do we wish ourselves children!

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night!"

But as the desired transition cannot be effected, we can derive the next best enjoyment, by doing all in our power to infuse happiness into our juvenile friends, teaching "the young idea how to shoot" literally as well as figuratively, remembering that we are tapping a well and spring of knowledge, that will refresh and irrigate the waste places in their after lives. "Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath life." True happiness consists in making others happy. No one can do a good action or manifest a kindly disposition towards others, without absorbing a portion of the happiness he creates, and feeling better for it in every way, and it is possible in this way to enjoy all the happiness that this world can bestow. Since our last Holiday greeting many changes have taken place, and many of our readers mourn the loss of those near and dear to them. With them we sympathize and trust they will derive consolation from the knowledge that those *THEY* mourn, now rejoice.

"Seeing that *death*, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come."

Death has left some blanks in our list of subscribers, but, we are happy to say, not many. There are some other blanks in the list, that we deeply regret, and these are the blanks that follow the names of some of our subscribers, under the head of "Paid on account." Those to whom we refer can infuse a great deal of pure, unadulterated, holiday happiness, into the publishers of this journal, by their assistance in filling these blanks. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and in this connection we wish to say, that we will cheerfully concede to them the *greater* privilege. "Remember the poor—printer!"

We regret to say that the political atmosphere is pervaded by an unhealthy aroma, just now, but trust that the peace and good-will which should reign at this season, will help to purify it, and that this will be kept in view by those who are endeavouring to make their "calling and election sure." The space at our disposal will not permit us to enter into a chronological *résumé* of the events of the past year. In a bountiful harvest, as well as in some other respects, we have reason to feel thankful. Those things which have not been acceptable, and which have caused the angry passions of any of us to rise, had better be locked up in the safe and sacred repositories of our own hearts.

To those who have aided and assisted us in our journalistic efforts, and who have contributed so much toward the success of this journal, we tender our

heart-felt thanks, hoping that they will continue to co-operate with us in the future, and to them and our readers generally we wish



—O—  
WRITTEN FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.  
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Watchmen saw the promised sign,  
Prophesied by men of old,  
In the East the star did shine,  
O'er the stable low and cold.

In that stable gently sleeping,  
In the manger where he lies,  
Angels vigil o'er Him keeping,—  
Chanting sweetest lullabies.

O'er vale and mountain flies the story.  
Shepherds this glad carol sing,  
"The promised star now shines in glory,  
Of David's line there's born our King."

The music sounding sweet and sweeter,  
Grand and grander swells each strain,  
Men and maidens shout in metre,  
Angels join the glad refrain.

The first glad song of Christ's salvation,  
Resounds o'er plain and desert wild,  
Borne by the breeze to every nation,  
Glad tidings of that new-born Child.

JAMES OWENS.  
Johnnyville, Que., Dec. 1891.

—O—  
FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.  
AS OUR TRUST IS IN THEE

Most merciful and Holy Lord,  
Who doth thy love bestow,  
As taught us in thy Holy Word,  
Oh keep us from all woe.

The lilies of the field we see,  
In glorious beauty rise,  
And if we only trust in Thee,  
Thy love our want supplies.

Oh! teach us how that trust to find,  
Which frees us from all care,  
Which gives us peace,—a happy mind,  
And joys so rich and rare.

A faith to comfort us in age,  
And free us from all pain,  
To cheer us on earth's pilgrimage,  
And bid us hope again.

EUNIE F.  
Brookport, N. Y., Nov. 1891.

—O—  
TWO LOOKS.

LOOK 1.

[*Enchantment*]

I looked into her face and I saw there all the  
grace  
I imagined that her character contained,  
From the beauty of her look, I read as in a  
book  
Amiability, unselfishness unfeigned.

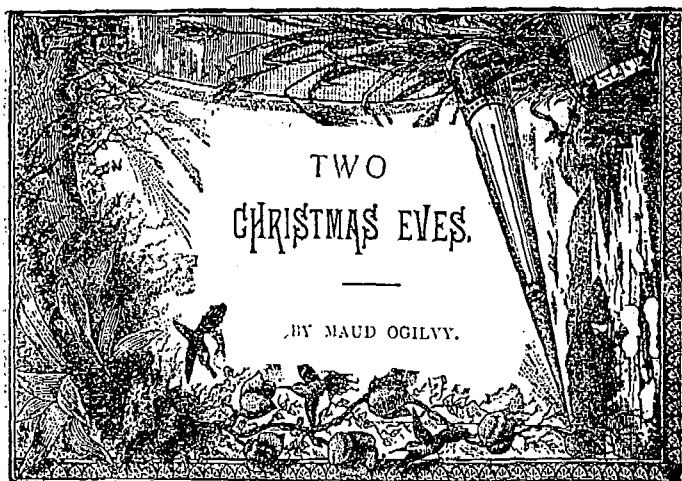
LOOK 2.

(*Disenchantment*)

I looked into her shoes and that night I had  
the d'nes,  
They told me—Ah! I thought it such a sin,  
Her darling little feet! Keep the secret—be  
discreet,  
Her precious chubby big toe-nails grow in..

Montreal, Dec. 1891.

KOTO.



FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.  
The First Christmas Eve.

The sun was slowly sinking over the low undulating hills in a certain western part of Ontario and the dark straggling branches of the leafless trees stood out in bold relief against the gold and creamy sky. To the right and left as far as the eye could reach lay vast fields of snow, touched here and there with gleams from the splendour of the dying sun. Silence reigned supreme and nature was alone, save for the presence of a girl who was leaning against a wooden fence, which divided one large field from another. She was apparently deep in meditation, and that of no pleasant nature, for from time to time could be heard a low agonizing sob as she muttered to herself in a despairing voice,—

"Oh! if I knew, if I only knew even the worst. Anything would be better than this cruel suspense."

Madeline Austin, for such was the name of the girl, was tall and slight and about two and twenty years of age. To the casual observer, she was scarcely pretty, but possessed an attraction far greater than that of mere prettiness. Her chief, and to many, her only beauty was her auburn hair of that peculiar shade which Paul Veronese and painters of his school loved to depict. Her complexion was of the pale clear type which generally goes with auburn hair, and her eyes were gray in some lights, and her detractors said green in others.

She was attired in a long scarlet cloak, bordered with dark fur and wore a fur toque on her shapely head. Her face was worn with grief and pale from sleepless nights and distress of mind, yet through all her sorrow and anxiety, no tears had dimmed the clear steadfastness of Madeline Austin's eyes, for hers was one of those natures which

can suffer and be strong. Even those with whom she lived, her father and brother, had not the faintest conception of what she suffered during the past three weeks, for she gave no sign, but went about her daily duties with the same energy, as in her unclouded days before this great trouble came. Well it is for those happy mortals who can relieve their burdened hearts by tears; they suffer less by far than those strong self-contained beings who seldom or never weep.

Presently the current of the girl's thoughts was interrupted by the sound of a heavy advancing step over the crisp snow and a loud voice saying—

"Good evening Miss Madeline. A penny for your thoughts."

"Ah! Mr. Marston" Madeline replied, starting "I fear they are scarcely worth the proverbial penny."

"Oh, no," rejoined Mr. Marston, looking at her with admiring eyes, "you must allow me to be the best judge of that. What! are you going already? You have not heard my news. It is about Geoffrey Lyndon."

"What!" exclaimed the girl, turning pale and stretching out her right hand to support herself against the fence "What—what about him?"

"Why, I'm surprised you haven't heard," went on Mr. Marston in even tones, "Judge Moore found him guilty of theft and manslaughter and sentenced him to penal servitude for life and it serves the young scamp right, say I."

No reply. A moment or two passed and Mr. Marston looked at his companion. She was deathly white; her hands were grasping the rails of the fence convulsively and her eyes were full of horror and despair.

Mr. Marston was roused at last.

"Why Madeline," he said "I had no idea you cared—"

The girl interrupted him, saying in a strange, far-away voice,

"Don't speak to me now, please.— Indeed I cannot bear it," and turning hurriedly from him, she walked towards her home.

He did not attempt to follow her, but watched her retreating figure till it was out of sight and then gave vent to his feelings in a long, low whistle, which expressed volumes of compressed astonishment.

A word about Mr. Marston. He was a man of about six and forty and looked like the typical Englishman of the fox-hunting type, although he had resided in Canada nearly twenty years ago. In person he was stout and of medium height with straight black hair and phlegmatic looking blue eyes. So much for the outer man. His character may best be described by negatives, as he had no decided tastes. He was not, as the reader has by this time guessed, overburdened with brains, and the few he did possess were lying dormant for want of exercise, for possessing a good income and a superfluity of landed property, he considered all exertion quite unnecessary.

Now John Marston had long cherished a secret liking for Madeline Austin. It cannot be dignified by the name of love, for such natures as his are incapable of love in its highest and most ennobling sense. He, like the celebrated Laird of Cockpen, "at his table head thought she'd look well." Madeline had long been aware of his sentiments through the medium of her father, who was anxious to see his daughter comfortably settled, more especially as his son-in-law elect had promised to give him \$5000 on the wedding day.

But Madeline's heart was given elsewhere. For the last two years she had been secretly engaged to Geoffrey Lyndon, a young man possessed of little as yet except talents and indomitable energy, but with these what is impossible? He had been, for three years, studying law in Toronto and was only in the neighborhood of W— (where Madeline lived) at Christmas and during the long vacation. The holidays he spent with widow mother, who lived in a small house not far from Austin Grange. Of course it was out of the question that Madeline and Geoffrey should marry for some years yet, but they were perfectly content to wait, happy in their great trust of each other, and hopeful of the good fortune which the future might bring.

Lately, however, Madeline had been much troubled by hints from her father and brother Ivan, concerning Mr. Marston, and the latter had gone so far as to tell her that her elderly admirer only could save them from poverty and disgrace.

Ivan Austin was a young man of six



and twenty and he lacked all those good qualities so highly developed in his sister, being weak, cowardly and extravagant to the last degrees. Always a delicate boy, he had never been denied anything, and now the trials and responsibilities of manhood had come, he lacked the stamina wherewith to sustain them. Just at present he was in dire distress, for, some three weeks previous to the beginning of my story, he had received a notice from the Jews with whom he had had negotiations in the form of loans, to say he must pay within seven days. Three days of the seven had passed in sore perplexity, and on the evening of the fourth he went to a large dinner-party at Mr. Marston's. As the thing men call fate would have it, the conversation at dessert turned on the subject of the wonderful fortunes acquired in business, and more particularly on that amassed by a Mr. Green, who lived a quarter of a mile from Marston Hall. This gentleman was a retired tea-merchant, and was immensely wealthy and very eccentric. He positively refused in spite of the advice of all his friends to keep any money in the bank of the little

town of W—. The bulk of his fortune was well invested, but he always kept from two to three thousand dollars in gold and notes in his dressing-case. This circumstance was well known in the neighborhood, for Mr. Green's house-keeper was a most inveterate gossip.

The morning after Mr. Marston's dinner-party, the inhabitants of the quiet little town were startled by the news that Mr. Green's house had been broken into the night before, that he had been found that morning at six o'clock in a senseless condition by the housemaid, and that \$2000 were missing from his dressing case. The doctor pronounced the case hopeless. Mr. Green had been struck on the back of the head by some heavy object—he

might linger for some days, but recovery was not to be looked for. Wild excitement prevailed all over the district and many were the conjectures as to the perpetrator of the deed.

Geoffrey Lyndon returned to Toronto the morning after the dinner-party and was setting the next evening in his chambers studying some intricate legal point, when he was disturbed by a hasty knocking at the door. Before he had time to open it, three policemen entered, and one of them walked over to where the young man stood,

it wont do with me. Come with us now, or else I shall have to put these bracelets on you, and you wont like that."

There was no help for it; he had to go back to W— there to await his trial at the next assizes, which took place three weeks after his arrest.

This now brings us back to the scene at which my story opened. That windy Christmas Eve Mr. Marston had just told Madeline Austin the result of the trial.

## PART II.



ALL QUIET BELOW.

It was a windy March morning, cold and cheerless; a biting east wind was blowing and the sky was heavily clouded but in spite of the unpromising state of the weather the little town of W— was on the alert for a grand wedding was to take place that day.

The bells of St. Agatha's, the parish church, were ringing out joyfully, and already at ten o'clock the village school-children were ranged, dressed in white frocks, in two long rows from the gate to the church door, with their arms full of flowers to shew in the path of the bride, for Madeline Austin was a favorite with rich and poor

alike. It may not surprise the reader to learn that in order to save her father and brother from ruin she consented to sacrifice her own feelings, though her heart was far away in that dreary Kingston prison where Geoffrey Lyndon languished.

"But hush! the bride is coming!" There was a stir amongst the crowd of rustics at the gate as Mr. Marston and the groomsmen walked into the church. Then came numerous false alarms and whispers of "Here she comes," "Now I see her," "Look, look," which are inevitable at every wedding. However at last she did come, accompanied by her father and the rector's daughter, who was bridesmaid. Very beautiful Madeline Austin looked and though very pale she was quite self-

laid his hand on his shoulder and said: "Geoffrey Lyndon, I arrest you in the name of the Queen."

"What," exclaimed Lyndon, starting "you arrest me? What in the name of all that's wonderful for? I am not a Nihilist. You have mistaken your man. What a joke."

"No joke at all, young man, as you will find to your cost. You are charged with manslaughter and theft, and I advise you to come quietly with us for the more fuss you make, the worse it will be for you."

"Manslaughter! Theft!" said Lyndon, rubbing his eyes, "why, I must be dreaming. What—what do you mean?"

"Now, none of that," said the officer roughly, "I know that little ruse, and



THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.

possessed and carried her head with a proud and stately grace. Just as she entered the church door the sun broke through the clouds and lighted up her auburn hair gleaming through the lacy folds of her veil. Then the solemn service began and Madeline went through it with a heroism worthy of a better cause.

At length all was over, the register was signed, the wedding march pealed out triumphantly, and Mr. and Mrs. Marston walked down the path through the rows of village children, who made pretty speeches and scattered choice flowers right and left. So the sacrifice was completed, and few even deemed that it was a sacrifice.

### The Second Christmas Eve.

Again Christmas Eve has come, but three years have passed, and Time with his levelling hand has softened old grievances and explained mistakes. Madeline Marston had been laid in her grave for nearly a year. Ivan Austin had died two years before, and on his death-bed, filled with a tardy remorse, he had confessed to the theft of \$2000 from Mr. Green. He said he had no intention of killing the old man, but when stooping over the dressing-case he heard a movement, and looking up saw the tea-merchant coming towards him. Without calculating the strength of his blow, he caught up a heavy walking stick he had brought him, and struck Mr. Green on the head, instantly knocking him down. Then he seized the money and rushed away with all possible speed.

While going down Mr. Green's staircase he took out of his pocket a handkerchief which he had borrowed from Geoffrey Lyndon at the dinner-party that night, and in his excitement and haste dropped it. This handkerchief was found by the police next morning and combined with Lyndon's hurried departure for Toronto, helped to fasten the guilt on him. So Geoffrey was tried and convicted, Ivan Austin all the while making no sign.

At St. Agatha's this Christmas Eve the bells were ringing out a joyful peal for mid-night service to herald the day of peace and good-will. The brilliantly lighted and faint rays were thrown even to the distant and gloomy corner of the churchyard known as the Marston lot. A beam of moonlight touched a plain white marble cross standing there, and revealed on it the words,

MADELINE MARSTON,

*Aged 25 years.*

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord"

But suddenly a dark shadow intercepted the light and John Marston advanced and stood with bent head and drooping shoulders close to the tomb of his wife. His hands were clenched and his frame shaken by deep sobs and he murmured brokenly—

"Oh! that I could atone! Oh! Madeline, Madeline, how I repent the curse I took. I judged him harshly, would I could make amends."

As if in answer to his wish, there stood before him, like an apparition, Geoffrey Lyndon, but so changed, so haggard and worn, that he was only a shadow of himself. But the soul of

the man was unchanged; the same upright, honest glance shone from his clear eyes, as he stretched forth his hand across the grave of his lost love and said to Maston,

"You were her husband. I forgive." And just then as if in glad answer to the words, the Christmas peals again rang out and the white-robed choristers of St. Agatha's chanted in their sweet boyish trebles the glorious old words of the angelic song,—

"Glory to God in the Highest  
And on Earth, Peace. Goodwill towards men."

MAUD O'GILVIE.

Montreal, Dec. 1891.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

**BUFFALO.**

BY KANSAS CANADIAN.

Last year I gave a short account of the approximate number of buffalo in the West, and where most of them were supposed to be at that time. A report lately given which seems pretty authentic, gives the number at Yellowstone Park this fall, as two hundred and fifty. These, with the other wild animals on this National Reservation, are closely watched and guarded by the keepers, and protected against sportsmen. The bears are said to be so tame that night after night they come about the houses looking for food.

A few stray buffalo are said to be found—if they could be found—far away in some inaccessible portions of the mountains, and are only heard of at long intervals, through some prospector, or wanderer into those solitary places.

Seventy-five is the number given as being now on the Kansas Buffalo Ranch, some 100 miles west of this point. Twelve were lately shipped from this ranch and sent by a New York steamer to help stock an English Park. The price paid for them was not stated, but enough is known to make it pretty certain that it was away up among the hundreds. How they will do in their new home,—and under another form of government,—remains to be seen.

One thing seems pretty certain, if reports are correct, that unless some change takes place, which will add to the increase of females, they will not replenish the earth very fast. It is stated that not one female buffalo calf has been added to the Yellowstone Park herd during the past summer, and a very small per centage in Kansas and among a few scattering ones elsewhere.—Burlington, Kansas, Dec., '91.

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waukee, Wis.

## THE BIRDS OF QUEBEC

A Popular Lecture Delivered Before the  
Natural History Society, at Montreal,  
12th March, 1891.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F. R. S. C.

## PART II.

[CONTINUED.]

Eagles, the Golden and the Bald <sup>as eagle</sup> are rather abundant all along the northern of our lofty capes, be it known. My intercourse with the Bird of Jove has been less on the mountain brow, where he appears at more advantage, than in captivity, where he loses, if not his ferocity and indomitable courage, at least much of that baronial spirit of other days. In 1864, a coasting craft, wood-laden, brought to Quebec a pair of adult eagles—the Golden Eagle; they were in spring, in nuptial plumage, of course very bright, not a feather plucked or, ruffled, or displaced. I became their purchaser. They had just been trapped at St. Urbain, near St. Paul's Bay, County of Charlevoix, under a large wicker crate, such as those used to import from Europe glass and crockery ware. As follows, had been the mode of capture:—the crate was partially raised at one end, by a device known to bird-catchers as a figure-four trap, to which a string was tied and held at the other end by a boy ambushed in the neighborhood. As a decoy, a hen and chickens were procured—the hen fastened in front of the crate, with a string, allowing her to retreat for shelter under the crate, when danger threatened. The Eagles (no less than four were successively caught) circling high in the air soon spied the hen and her brood, and after hovering round to see whether the coast was clear, they descended with "the swiftness of a meteor," lit on the ground and rushed after Dame Partlett, who retreated under the protecting crate, followed by her merciless pursuers, when the boy in ambush drew the peg of the figure-four and *Aquila* had to throw up the sponge.

These two Eagles I kept during thirteen months in a chicken house. The January cold seemed not to effect them; hunger failed to quench their indomitable ferocity. I amply verified what Audubon states about their ability to go several days without food—as well as the noise, like a dog's bark, which they indulged in at the mating season.

Finally, fearing some accident should occur to children venturing too close to the Eagles' quarters, I reluctantly parted with them to a British officer, Captain Rook, of the 54th, then returning to London. Subsequently I heard that one of these birds had attained a great size, and uncommon beauty of plumage, and had, from a lover of birds, the honor of a detailed description in the *London Field*.

At least twenty varieties of the hawk family visit our latitudes; here is the delicately-spotted Goshawk, identical with the European species; the breast is of a lovely ash colour, with most delicate markings; there is the Rough-legged Buzzard; there the Marsh Hawk; there is another species with large expanse of wing,

—that is the Broad-winged Hawk, not so large as the Goshawk, and of plumage less bright; then, comes the Sharp-shinned; next, the Pigeon Hawk, and, lastly, the little Sparrow Hawk, with its elegant cinnamon-coloured back and black bands on its tail. Here is a splendid individual, the great Duck Hawk—*Bullet-headed Hawk*, as some style him—who is no other than the celebrated Peregrine Falcon of the days of chivalry; he is tolerably common in Canada West; one was shot at Charlesbourg, near Quebec some years back. The limits of my discourse prevent me from quoting, for your benefit, the elegant and truthful descriptions of the Peregrine and his fearless compeers, as sketched by Audubon. Shall we leave this fierce band of day-robbers, and investigate the doings of those formidable midnight raiders, the Owls? See how grave, how omniscient they look, with their rolling, shining, yellow eyes, their soft plumage and their warm fur-leggings, impervious to cold the most intense! There he sits on his perch,—the dignified patriarch of the whole tribe: the Great Cinereous Owl; look at him well—he is not an everyday visitor by any means—the largest of the owls; he even exceeds in size that white and fierce marauder, the Snowy Owl—the Great Northern Hunter, as he is aptly styled; you may know, he is frequently shot in the surrounding country during the winter months. Nature has wonderfully adapted these birds to the

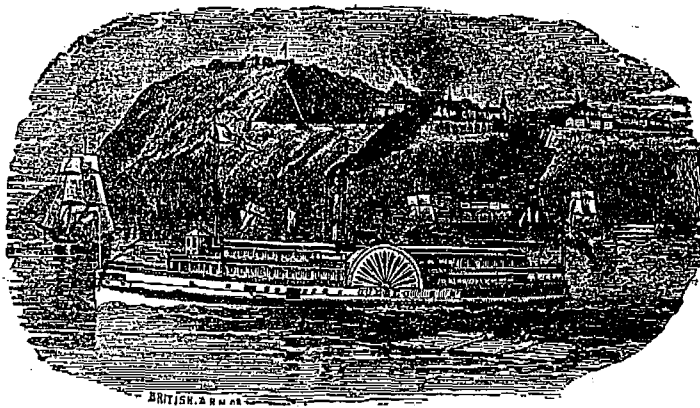
climates they inhabit. They hunt by day as well as by night, and in the soft moonlight you can scarcely hear the muffled sound of their wings when pursuing hares or other small animals. Of the ferocity of the Snowy Owl unquestionable proofs exist. The attack of a Snowy Owl, rendering desolate through hunger, on a Roman Catholic missionary, is amusingly related in a *Journal of Travel* on the Labrador coast. The Rev. Father was so astounded at the daring of the bird of prey that he sought his safety in flight. Of the Virginian, or Great Horned Owl, there are, according to Baird, five varieties—*Atlanticus, Magellanicus, Pacificus, Arcticus, Virginianus*; *Atlanticus* and *Virginianus* alone visit Canada. This bird is often caught in the steel traps baited for foxes; the ferocious attitude and indomitable courage he exhibits, when approached by dog or man, is wonderful to behold; he snaps his powerful beak, roll his bright eyes, and erects his feathers—the very emblem of concentrated rage. I have not heard of any successful effort to domesticate the great Horned Owl. The Barn Owl, highly valued in some countries as a destroyer of rats and mice, does not inhabit Canada.

I have now placed before you in a row, according to their size, the Owls which visit us; you notice the gradation from the Great Cinereous, the size of a large Turkey, to the little Saw-whet, a sweetly pretty, tiny fellow, not much bigger than



DITCH AND RAMPARTS, QUEBEC.

near town



CITADEL, QUEBEC, AND RIVER STEAMER.

a Snow Bunting. What an interesting group of wisecracks they all seem? Legislators or City Councillors in conclave discussing the imposition of a new tax without raising too great a row!

You see here some fair representatives of the web-footed Order of Birds.

First amongst them, conspicuous for the brilliancy of his plumage, note the Wood or Summer Duck, *Anas Sponsa*; *sponsa* means a bride, from the gay colours of the individual probably. Here is the Mallard, the Dusky Duck, the Gadwall, the American Widgeon, the Green-winged Teal, the Shoveller, the Canvas-back, the Redhead, the Scaup, the Ruddy, the Pied, the Velvet, the Surf Duck, the Scoter, the Eider, the Golden-eye, the Harlequin, the Long-tailed, the Tufted, the Red-breasted Merganser, the Hooded Merganser and the Gosander. What a noble looking diver the great Loon seems, with his speckled robe of white and black? But amongst this splendid array of water-fowl, as I previously said, the handsomest is the Wood Duck, who builds in trees at Sorel, at Lake Erie, and other places: he is, indeed, *facile princeps*. Those feathered, slim gentry mounted on stilts, you recognize as pertaining to the tribe of the Waders: the Bittern you all have seen; many of you may not have viewed before this pretty little species, called the Least Bittern. There stands next, the Night Heron, or Quail Bird: have you ever observed how those two long feathers, which grow out of the back of his head, fit in one another as in a groove? You have all read, in Charlevoix and Boucher, that two species of Crane visited Canada—the White and the Brown Crane: Linnaeus and Temminck have christened one of the species *Grus Canadensis*; and still the Crane is a Western species, and ought not to visit our Arctic latitudes except when it migrates from Florida to the Arctic wilds, for the incubation of its eggs and rearing of its young. An island, once dear to sportsmen, thirty-six miles lower than Quebec, bears the name of Crane Island. You have not forgotten the mention Horace makes of the migrating Crane—*Gruem advenam*. And shall I relate to you the nice story Herodotus tell of the manner in which the death of Ibycus, the poet, was avenged by a flock of Cranes? You will then understand why the muse-loving Greeks had

such a veneration for Cranes:—

“The lyric, Ibycus of Rhegium, went to dispute at the Olympic Games the prize of poetry: he came on foot, with no other companion than his lyre, on which he occasionally struck a few soul-stirring notes. At the close of his journey, musing, he lost his way in the forest. Two men rushed out of the wood and struck him. The poet fell to the earth, and cast an expiring glance towards the setting sun. At that awful moment, he saw a flock of Cranes sailing past: ‘Winged travellers,’ said he, in an expiring breath, ‘behold me!—make known the assassins of Ibycus!’ The brigands laughed at these words, stripped their victim and disappeared.

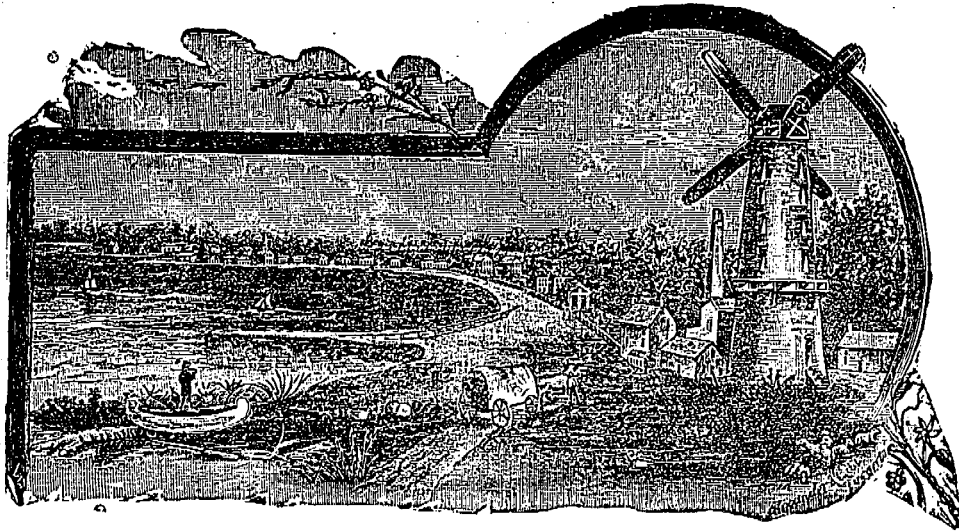
“The next day, the games began at Olympia: no Ibycus appeared. The people murmured at the absence of the bard;—his rivals commenced to sing. At that moment a man arrived in hot haste bearing a broken lyre—all bloody, and pronouncing the name of Ibycus. It was the bard’s lyre, found that morning close to the corpse of the poet. A loud and deep wail was then heard in the amphitheatre: the people deplored the premature end of the young favourite of the muses; but the multitude is as easily moved to sorrow as it is to forget, and the games proceeded, the memory of Ibycus fading away. Night was closing in and would soon interrupt the amusements of the crowd, when a flock of cranes flew over the arena; their loud notes attracted general attention: two of the crowd, in a conspicuous spot, repeated to one another, in a jocular way, ‘There goes the Cranes of Ibycus!’ This singular remark was overheard by others: the sarcastic tone in which it was uttered, and the repulsive appearance of the utterers all conspired to create suspicion. The murderers were arrested—questioned separately—confessed their crime, and were then and there executed; so that the avenging mission confided by the dying poet to the feathered strangers was faithfully discharged.”

You are aware that the most numerous order of birds, by far, is the *Passeres*. It would require a great many evenings to initiate you into their habits and history. I will consequently merely direct your attention to those now before you wearing the gaudiest uniforms: there, you will remark the brightest of Canadian birds, the

Scarlet Tanager; how gracefully his black wings do set on the surrounding red! Hot weather alone attracts him over the Canadian border from the scented Magnolia groves of Louisiana and Florida. That sprightly-looking individual with an olive-coloured back and wings, a white breast and long rounded tail feathers tipped with white outwardly, is the Cuckoo; his shrill note is occasionally heard in hedges round your city. Unlike his European congener, his habits as a parent are unimpeachable; you never catch him depositing eggs in other birds’ nests,—fouling at other individuals’ doors; this shabby, unnatural practice may suit his Cockney Cousin, or our Cow-pen bird; but dandy, merry Cuckoo is too excellent a gentleman, too kind-hearted a fellow, to desert his offspring. We have two Cuckoos in Canada—the Yellow-billed and the Black-billed. Next to him you notice a bird encased in a sleek, lustrous, black uniform, with gold and crimson *shoulder-straps*, a rifleman in uniform amongst the feathered tribe; that is the Red-winged Starling: is he not a jaunty, military-looking son of song? sporting *epaulettes*, he ought to stand well with the ladies; doubtless his name of *Field Officer* is due to their admiration of his gaudy tunic. There sits Robin Redbreast. What nice anecdotes I could tell you about him, my familiar friend, who returns each spring to nestle in a bushy evergreen under my library window, notwithstanding several murderous raids made in the vicinity, in the dead of night, by some marauding grimalkin.

Allow me to introduce to you a brave, indomitable bird—the King Bird (Tyrant fly-catcher); the peasantry call him *Tritri*, from his rapid, querulous note! schoolboys know him as the Crow-beater. Observe the little orange tuft of feathers in the centre of his top-knot. Next to him you notice a bird with a beak notched like a Falcon: take my word for it, that is a sanguinary villain. Naturalists call him “The Shrike,” or Butcher Bird, from the remorseless manner in which he deals with small birds, whom he impales on thorns and tears to pieces: I wonder how he can rest at night after such enormities. Mr. Shrike, you are a vile fellow! That grey, rough-coated bird is a Canada Jay; the lumberers and woodmen, who see him in winter rumaging around their camp, call him *Whiskey Jack*: he is addicted to picking up the scraps of meats, so say his enemies.

There, is a bird whom all of you recognize—the Kingfisher—Belted Kingfisher, on account of the rust-coloured badge encircling his throat and breast. To heathen mythology he is known as *Alcedo Alcyone*. Alcyone was the daughter of *Aeolus*: being a perfect model of conjugal fidelity, she was rewarded, at her death, by being metamorphosed into a bird, and the heathen god, her father, whom I shrewdly suspect to have been in league with the clerk of the weather, arranged matters so that in midsummer, a succession of so many calms took place that our expert fish-catcher could build her nest on the heaving bosom of the ocean, and rear her young undisturbed. This was, to say the least, a great privilege. Hence the origin of halcyon days—days of peace and prolonged security, I can guarantee this



TORONTO IN 1834.

fact, on the faith of heathen mythology, but no further!

One of the most musical groups amongst our native birds are the Thrushes: several varieties are now displayed before you.

That little group of long-winged individuals, you of course recognise as the Swallows, of which five species visit Canada. The Black Chimney Swallow, or Swift, who dives perpendicularly down our chimneys to build its nest, forms part and parcel of every Canadian rural home: as we never see him build elsewhere than in chimneys, the question arises, where did he build before the invention of chimneys? *(To be continued)*

We are permitted to publish the following extract from a letter received by Capt. Parker, of Waterville, Que., from his son, who has recently returned from Fort Simpson, B. C., where he has been engaged on a railway survey. The writer was one of the Ogilvie Exploring Party to Alaska.—E.D.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 16, 1891.

DEAR FATHER,—I received the "L. W. L. In" the other day and enjoyed it much. It ought to be a success in every way. Since my return to town I have been working at odd jobs for the C. P. R.'s taking soundings for the new docks, &c., and expect to be sent up the line in about ten days, I do not exactly know where I will be stationed as the C. P. R. keep everything very quiet, but as soon as I find out I will write.

I had a very pleasant trip north this time; it was raining most of the time but one gets used to that in this country. We travelled up the coast as far as the north end of the island in a whale boat, then inland per Indian canoes up the Nimkislaw Woss and Kloneh rivers. The rivers were low and we ascended them with little trouble, although they have a great fall. The fishing along the way was beyond description.

The trout and salmon far surpassed in numbers and size anything that I have hitherto seen. We also saw lots of big game, bear, deer, mountain lion, etc., etc. I wish you had been with us. I am sure you would have enjoyed yourself and would have had plenty of data for another story in the L. W. L. In. The rivers rose until they filled their banks while we were making the survey and we descended them with great difficulty. My experience as a canoe man gained me great credit among the Indians and we became very friendly. They are of a different type to the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains. They have a history, the record of which they keep upon their totem poles, some of which are two hundred feet in height and carved from top to bottom into animals of different shapes, each group contains the history of a generation. They adhere with great tenacity to their old mythology which has a great similarity to that of our forefathers and to that of . . . of the present day. One old man whom I was trying to frighten about the rapids gave me to understand in his own way that he had no fear. That he waited for the great inevitable, or in other words he waits for Odin's fiat.

My journey back was uneventful. The weather was foggy and disagreeable and has remained so ever since. We have had but little cold weather here as yet. The first snow fell to-day, but it has now turned to rain. I will write before I leave town again.

Your aff'te son,  
F. G. PARKER.

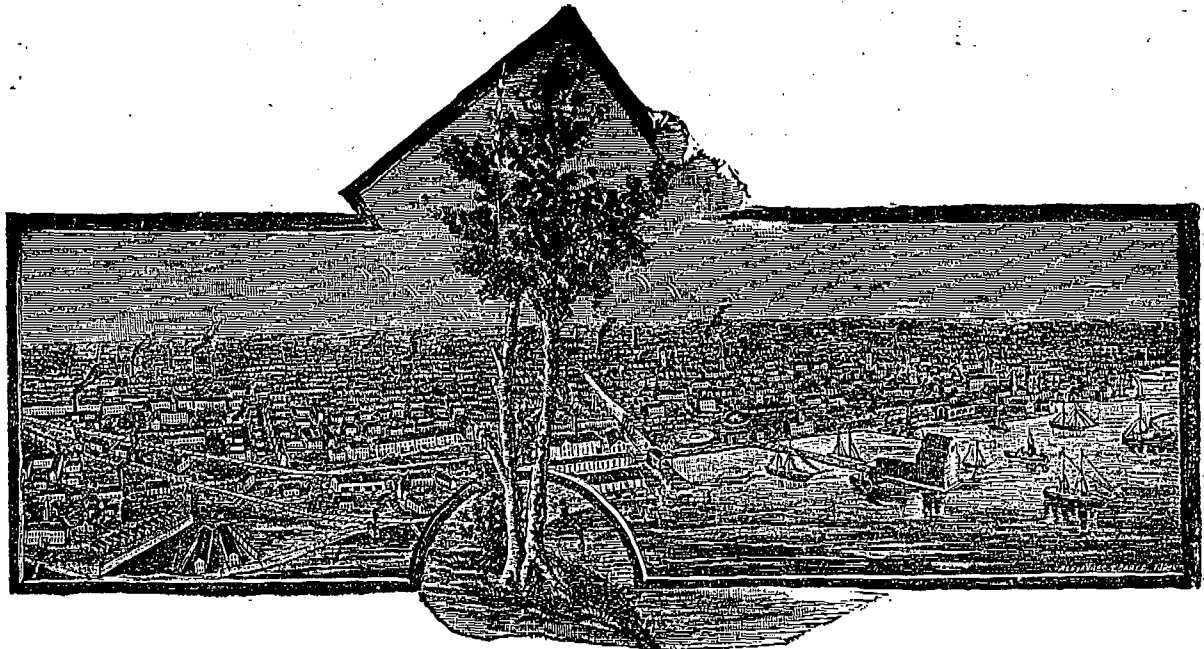
Either of the books "Marie Gourdon" or "The Keeper of Bic Light-House," by Miss Maud Ogilvy, of Montreal, will be given as a *free premium* to new subscribers to this journal, if an intimation to that effect is sent with \$1 subscription. No other books ever published give such an insight into the character and primitive simplicity of the native residents of the Lower St. Lawrence.

## Read, Mark, Learn and Inwardly Digest!

THE MEDICAL ADVISER AND FARM HELP, published at Bowmanville, Ont., is a large 16 page monthly paper, dedicated to EARTH'S TRUEST NOBLEMEN—the farmers, and devoted to the interest of agriculture, stock-raising, medicine, treatment of diseases, the household, etc. The subscription price is only 50 cents per annum, and it is worth more than five times that amount in any family for its medical columns alone. At considerable expense, and with a view of extending our circulation, we have made arrangements with the publishers by which every subscriber to the LAND WE LIVE IN, either new or renewal subscribers, will receive *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help* absolutely FREE for the year 1892. Remember that this liberal offer is IN ADDITION to any other premium to which a subscriber may be entitled. A post card directed to the *Medical Adviser*, Bowmanville, Ont., and mentioning this journal, will secure a sample copy, and you will then be able to appreciate this great offer. One copy may save you a doctor's bill, and every issue contains most interesting reading matter. One dollar from either old or new subscribers secures the *Medical Adviser and Farm Help* and THE LAND WE LIVE IN for the year 1892.

Take notice that *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help* will be sent free to every subscriber to this journal, and will not interfere in any way with any of our other premium offers. For instance \$1.50 for THE LAND WE LIVE IN and *The Cottage Hearth*, and *Dickens' Complete Works* will entitle the subscriber to *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help*, as well, for the year 1892.

Dickens' Complete Works and the Land We Live In, 1 year only \$1.60.



TORONTO, IN 1886.

WRITTEN FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## Drolleries and Maxims of Telesphore Laroche.

How Telesphore Falls Out with  
His Girl.

Registered in Accordance with the Copyright Act.

I live on de extremity of West End where it is on dat place my modder is keep one *gum-de-pinette* store, and last evening, Torsday, at seven o'clocks, I have put my collar shakespeare, my pantaloon Sunday, brush my moustache and put my kid gluv. What was de occasion for so much *toilette*? I have make myself so swell-finish-ready because to go taken my girl on one excursion moon, give by de Knights of labor man's down de river, o-hi-o. My girl she's call him *Eugenie Casgrain*, and it be live on de East End on de Salaberry street; I'll forgot de nomber.

I jump on de little car for to gone bring *Eugenie* on dat *pique-nique*. When I step dat on de car me, I speak de conductor, "Look here, you! my dear Johnny Brown, dat's got half past seven o'clocks and a half, keep it open your eyes for your bizness and tell it dat foolish chromo, your driver, for push himself to make it me arrive meeself on de Salaberry street at eight o'clocks, so I keep dat hengagement wit my girl."

I tell to him dat be serious ting for de *Compagnie* if dat she'll don't be dere for me too late. De car she was

stop soon and plenty time for de get on of many peep. Firstly, dere was arrive one baggageman dat was got de nose-brandy, like a turkey-cocks-gobler. After him she's come on one young lady from de Beaver Hall (I 'spose) wit a pup and tan black on his laps. De girl was dress it on some *couleur* crushet-strawberry stuff, and de puppy got some small overcoat. After dat she arrive to sit near by de puppy girl, one dood on de style first class wit beaver-plug-stove-pipe on his head. She want for make frien witt de girl and she put him his han' on de head de dog for smoothe him. De puppy make bite at his han' ard tear it all his kid glub fancy. De girl puppy was nearly come choke she laugh it so; and after dat de dood was take it some nodder seat and stop his flirtation. Dat dood was too bold enuff and she get himself in trub wit his freshness. Nextly, dat was a worken-barge-man arrive himself wit a large galoose (valise) and he put it dat galoose on de top of puppy. Miss Beaver-Hall-puppy-girl she cry to conductor "I say mister! look dis *imbécile* fellow, she nearly break de back of my poor puppy, Oh dear! Oh dear! I will make it pass my opinion on de newspaper of dose rudeness on de street car. Wait I see de manaiger; I will make it pay de doctor bill of my dear puppy."

When it is arrive de car on de half way place de driver was screech him out "Five minoote for refreshmen!" Dat was for give drink to de bob-tail pair of three-forty-last-class horse dat

was drive de car, but, de dood who was near de pull-over stove pipe, she take dat for himself and she say to de chromo driver, "My dear, hold well your ganzey and wait for me. I go take something on de sly-spot on de Hotel Sherbrooke." Two minoote after de car was go hon, but no dood was dere. Bom-bye, presently, she appear and when she see dat's no car she come run like crazy; she screech, whistle, ard blow, and trow his cane. But it was no yuse, de driver chromo was pay no attention at all on him. She was engage wit his eye hon one curly-servant-hair-girl, dat was sit himself on on de front seat. De driver was see notting excep' for mash dat curly girl, so dat dood got leff and was appear no more.

In about three or four minoote after she was come on de car one *Baptiste Canayen*, (all de way from St Martin,) with some liver-kidney, wrap in brown paper, hold in his han' and one fat hole lady wit a baby in his han' also. Dat *habitant* was put himself beside on Mistress puppy girl, and place dat liver-kidney near hon to her dress. "Hold on!" she tell! "you blackguard, pea-soup! you want make de *fricasée* on my dress promenade wit your dirty roas' beef? Please to come hoff wit yourself." But de *habitant* from St. Martin she pretend. she was not understand' de English at all. She look on his roas' beef and den at de dress of de girl and she say "*Vu tu bin aller chez le bonhomme avec ton sapré poppy*"

Suddenly de car was jump hoff de

track, and de fat lady was fall just on de top of de dood girl and his puppy. "Police! telegraph! fire!" she was cry "you come near choke me and you "kill puppy. Mister conductor! "please to put it hoff!" De conductor, she tell dat she cant help dat. It was one accidently; dat be not at all de fault of some one. I dont know. De conductor commence for pick up de fares. Every one was pay excep' de *habitant* who was refuse for put his five cent on de box. De conductor she was cough his throat and make some small discourse. "Look you! "my fresh-pork-face, de reg'lar of "de compagnie tell dat heverybody "put his monee on de hole. You "must make de reg'lar also. Put your "monee on de hole or I trow you de "car on de floor of de street." But de farmer say "No Sir! I dont be put "my monee on no-box for you," so de conductor stop de car and she wink de driver. Dey lift it on his arm and she trow dat hoff on de mud—beefsteak, liver-kidney and hev'ryting. I hear dat *habitant* on de street she was mad like a bnill. She tell me de conductor "you rascal Engleesh! Paddé-from—"Cork! John Bull! Roas' Biff! come "here! I fix you well, you son of a "tripot! you Gos-save-de-Quinn!" But de conductor was honly laff; he make de cling-cling on de bell and de car was move away, stop again, and it was get hoff de Mistress poppy girl. When hev'ryting was come *tranquil* again de baby begin for cry and one of de passengere shout de conductor "If "you dont want choke dat baby I re-"port you on de *compagnie*. He have "plenty nuff music on de concert for "not have some on de little car also."

Pretty soon I arrive on de house of *Eugenie* dats got 8 o'clock and 15 minoote. She was late a little so I take cabs and drive hon de boat quickly. Oh! my frien, I tell to you dat boat was clear it hoff to soonly for me. Begosh and Jimmy Krissmiss! you tink dats *Eugenie* she was not mad to be loss dat excursion moon? Don't spik! I tell you dat. She make me take herself on her place but she say nothing on de way. When dat's get back to his house, me and she, I commence for tink she'll come all right in little time and I be make her laff wit some funny ting for put her on his good *humour*. But all dis calculation was trow on de ice box. When I put my hand on de door for open and go in wit her, she tell to me (my frien! I tell to you *franchement* her face it was cold and stiff like a piece of snow and her eye she was warm like a piece of fire.) "Well, she say, "hexcuse to me, Monsieur Laroche, I "got enuff your company for dis even-

"ing, you'll be fraid spend little "monee for arrive yourself quickly on "my place so you taken little car five "cent? Well, I tell you on your face, "I got enuff of dis small-beer-in-abot-"tle-bizness; and you'll be so kind as "to make your presentement to me, "in here, no more at all. Good even-"ing!" and she slap de door my face hon.

Look you my frien! dat was all de fault of dat car *compagnie*, for why I come so late. Dat girl she have something like \$3000 on de banks, and I be loss all dat for de fault of dat crazy car *compagnie*. Well! hole hon! hope a little! (*esperex ampen*) dont say nothing! wait next week! I will take one action of damage for \$6000. I will be see if she can be make de fool of Telesphore Laroche some time for notting.

KOMO.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## A Louisiana Hunter.

**I** MUST tell you of a hunter I once knew. He was six feet four inches in height, with dark blue eyes, clear, fair complexion, heavy black hair, and just about perfect in form. I then thought him the handsomest man living. As I was his wife's "chum" I was quite at home with them.

He used to bring home every kind of game in its season, and during November would kill lots of deer, and "salt down" the venison for future use.

One morning at about thret o'clock, he took his "head light," a queer kind of "helmet" I called it, with lamp attached, in which he burned lard oil, and started out for game. This lamp gave a brilliant light which attracted the attention of the deer, and then his rifle did the rest. This particular morning he killed four deer—three large fat bucks and a doe. As that was more "meat" than he could dispose of at once, he found a ready market for it at ten cents per pound. Next morning he went to the same "salt lick" and killed three more deer, which he salted down, after making all the sausage meat he could make any use of. The sausage meat was made by adding one part of salt pork to four parts of finely chopped venison, seasoning with garlic, sage and pepper. This was packed in earthen crocke, and when required for the table it was patted into round cakes and fried, and I'll warrant that neither "Caletigan," nor yourself, ever eat much more delicious food.

One day a young buck which he had wounded and afterwards killed, cut great gashes in his arms and breast with its sharp hoofs, which kept him out of the woods for several days.

He was a great lover of children and had eight of his own, the eldest 14 and the rest as nearly one age as possible, several of them being twins. When he went "to town" he would always bring back a pocket full of candy or something nice

which his children would help themselves to. But one day he forgot the accustomed "treat," and seeing a mother deer with two young ones, so young they did not run from him, he picked up one and put it in his coat pocket, and when the little ones investigated his pockets in search of candy, they got hold of the long, bony leg of the young fawn, which pleased them more than the candy. After papa had put the pretty spotted pet in the baby's carriage, he made a bottle for it and the little deer was christened "Deary." We all loved it, for it was the sweetest pet imaginable. It would eat at the table with the children, but never liked to sleep anywhere except in a feather bed, and as this was prohibited, it hid in the hedge. It would run to meet the neighbors but would not approach a stranger under any consideration. It would go to church and appear to sleep during the sermon.

This hunter also trapped beavers, there being a beaver dam near his home. I do not think the flesh of the beaver is good food, at all events I do not enjoy it as much as I do the wearing of my beaver trimmed coat. God made beavers for fur and not for food.

One day the hunter fastened a wire from one side of Joe's *bayou* to the other and attached twelve short wires to it, to which he attached very large fish-hooks baited with beaver meat. Next morning he had seven fish. One which he called a "gar," measured eleven feet, and resembled a shark in appearance, the others were "cat-fish," weighing from 10 to 20 lbs. each. These fish he always sent to market during the season. He preferred those caught on smaller hooks for his own table, as he said "Large fish were only fit for negroes to eat."

It is now twelve years since the time of which I write, but then, there was no end to the game. Turkeys went in droves; quail—or partridge as they were called—were everywhere; now and then a panther; and turtles by the hundred, with eggs enough to supply the "World's Fair." I took 75 of them out of one nest, but I didn't eat any of them. The people there, however, do eat them, and also use them in cooking, for the same purposes that the eggs of the domestic fowl are used.

The hunter's name was Joshua Roe Carleton, and when I visited the family they lived in the "Bonnie Doon Mansion," on the Pugh Plantation, near Waverly Station, Madison Parish, La. He fell dead in church, while kneeling in prayer at Scranton, Miss., some eight years ago.

ECNIE F.

December, 1891.

ORDWAY'S PLASTERS are curing more Rheumatic, Kidney, Lung, Bronchial and Dyspeptic Complaints, and relieving more suffering from Cramps and Cold Feet, and saving more lives by preventing Pneumonia and Consumption, than all other Remedies combined. See advt.

A good book-keeper prides himself on the neatness of his books. *The Monroe Ink Erasing Pencil* helps to keep them so.



There are a good many young ladies who think the dropping of a curtain quite sufficient to protect them from the prying eyes of the curious, forgetting that their ever changing position between the lamp and the window, as they take down their back hair, ogle the mirror in search of "black-heads," and prepare to place themselves *en dishabille* for the night, leaves a regular kaleidoscope of *silhouettes* on the window curtain. Other young ladies carefully close the outside blind forgetting to close the slats and as they are unable to see through into the darkness, take it for granted that nobody can see them, when in fact they are not so well hidden as the ostrich which buries its head in a thick bush, to conceal itself from the hunter. The cut given above gives us a very good idea of the preliminary process of disrobing as witnessed by us a few nights since, except that it hardly does justice to the young lady. Of *corsets* it's well enough as far as it goes, but it don't go far enough, and besides no nocturnal Kodak has been invented that can mark the changes that take place amongst persons of *stayed habits*. It is the transition from the chrysalis to the butterfly reversed, or the butterfly assuming its original form. The young lady referred to is a very respectable resident of the north ward and we make these remarks with a view of putting her on her guard, as our curiosity was aroused by seeing others on previous occasions occupying the position we did when we photographed the above illustration on the tablets of our memory. "The evening chimes are beautiful, and so are you Daisy, but do by your peeling in future where nobody can witness the performance."

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## KEY POND.

**T**HIS is the common appellation of a pretty little sheet of water of some two miles in length situated in the Township of Orford, about 12 miles westerly of Sherbrooke, and laid down on the map as Lake Webster. The first name was that of one of the associates or first settlers of the Township of Brompton, through which the Key Brook, the outlet of the pond, wends its winding course to the St. Francis River at a point a little below the Brompton Falls.

The latter name was derived from that of a former Commissioner of the British American Land Company, which owned the land in the vicinity of the pond.

This pond is well supplied with a species

of "lunge" or lake trout which differ in appearance somewhat from their congeners in the adjacent waters of Brompton and Little Brompton Lakes, and are in general rather smaller. They are caught by trolling, but before the laws relative to the taking of such fish became so stringent the popular way was to fish with *set lines* on which a number of hooks were strung, and these lines it was necessary to pass over every hour or two to renew the minnow bait which the loons were industriously engaged in removing between times.

A pair of loons on such occasions were more successful in removing the bait, than all the fishes of the pond, but once in a while one of them would take a "hooker" too much, and if near the heavy end of the line, would be compelled to stay under water longer than the supply of oxygen would warrant.

It is thirty-two years since I first visited the Key Pond, and my companions on this occasion were Chas. W. Whitcher, Esq., of this city; J. B. Grant, Esq., now Customs Officer at Island Pond, Vt., and Mt. Boote, then proprietor of the Magog House in this city.

Our first stopping place was at Doherty's, the half way house, for in those days no one ever thought of taking a trip—long or short—over that road without calling to take a "bite and a sup" with W. M. Doherty, one of the most hospitable, whole-souled Irishmen—and there are many of them—that I ever had the pleasure of meeting. Prior to the advent of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway, now the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, Doherty's was the stopping place for all the teams engaged in freighting between Sherbrooke and Montreal and then our friend was stationed at the "receipt of Customs" but the railway diverted all that trade and then he was accustomed to complain that "the railway killed Doherty."

But we take an early luncheon there and push on.

From where the road branched from the Montreal road to Key Pond for a distance of nearly two miles there was little more than a logging road so we are obliged to leave our wagons at the junction and pack in our supplies on horse back.

The only settler there was Isidore Gendron, who had taken up a lot of land on the lake shore, and managed to make enough out of his land, occasional guests, and the finny denizens of the pond to give him and his family a comfortable living, and he made enough out of lumbering during the winter season, to pay off the instalments as they became due on the purchase money of his property.

He still lives there, occupying a comfortable set of buildings with a beautiful view of the pond, and the forest covered ranges to the north of it. During the present summer he celebrated his golden wedding. Two or three of his sons occupy farms in the vicinity.

One of our party—Mr. Grant—had been engaged in getting out ship knees here which he floated down the Key Brook, and he was quite at home at Isidore's.

Our first night was spent on a small island down towards the outlet of the pond, and as we had no time to prepare a suitable bed of boughs, we passed the time in keeping up a fire,—as the night was chilly

—and in playing a game of poker, with a five cent "ante," and an equally ridiculous "limit." Still it helped to shorten the night and next day we made ourselves more comfortable.

As this was May, one of the best months for trolling in these waters, we had very fair success, but still our best catches were made with the cedar bark lines provided by Isidore, to which we attached short lines and hooks at intervals of six or eight feet, baiting with minnows, which we caught in a small tributary at the other end of the lake. This small brook, or tributary, is a great place for suckers soon after the ice disappears from the lake, and they are caught in large quantities by the French Canadian *habitants* of that vicinity, and salted down for the next winter's consumption. This system of curing the fish has the effect of partially dissolving or softening the bones with which they are filled, so that the man who eats salted suckers has no fear of the bones pricking through, and preventing him from pulling off his under shirt as often as he considers it necessary to do so.

The country lying between Key Pond and the Brompton Lakes is a great *renlève* for bears and a number are killed in the vicinity every year.

Of later years I have made many trips to Key Pond as I am always sure of some sport and it is convenient of access, enabling me to take an "outing" there, when time will not permit of a more distant one.

A good road now exists and the drive can be easily made in less than two hours, while ample accommodation can be found at Isidore's, saving the inconvenience and delay of preparing camp.

It is well at any time to take a partial change of clothing. A few years ago I was there, early in May, before the snow and ice had fully disappeared, and through the mischievousness of one of my companions, got an effectual and very cold bath. However, Madame Isidore's *linsey-woolsey* petticoat with some sort of bed-gown attachment did me good service until I got my only suit of clothes dried, and notwithstanding the stories circulated at my expense, I got out of the affair satisfactorily to myself.

I have not visited the Pond for the last three or four years. I miss Doherty's familiar and jovial countenance, and the trip seems twice as long as it used to in consequence.

DIVYMS.

December, 1891.

### For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children's Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children's teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

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SHERBROOKE, P. Q., JAN., 1892.

With reference to our remarks in last issue of this journal, anent the lease of hunting and fishing rights to private clubs, on the "alternate section" system, we have since had interviews with several members of the rod and gun fraternity, some of whom are members of private clubs, holding territory under lease from Government, and they unanimously approve of our views on the subject. By leasing only alternate limits our native sportsmen would not be deprived of the privileges they enjoyed prior to the inauguration of the leasing system. To this end some pressure should be brought to bear on the Government by those most particularly interested, and amongst those we should include railway and steamboat companies who would carry ten passengers for every one they now carry. One party thought difficulties might arise from game being chased from unleased and killed on leased territory. No more than at present, where all is leased territory, and where some of the lessees are doubtless occasionally liable for trespass on the domain of a neighboring lessee. Besides sportsmen are not generally cantankerous and a good deal of "give and take" latitude would be adopted.

We do not claim to be the seventh son of a seventh son, but we do claim the gift of prophecy—to a certain extent, and it is largely based on the fact that "coming events cast their shadows before." Nearly five years ago when the Mercier party came into power, and used their brief authority to tyrannize over those who had not

not been supporters of their party, and to decapitate those who had well and faithfully filled official positions, in order to make place for incompetent members of their own party, and whose ignorance and incapability have been a serious drag on the transaction of official business, we proclaimed openly and with a firm conviction that our words would come true, that Mercier would be ousted from the leadership of the Government, or dead, before the end of five years. Perhaps in regard to the latter contingency, the wish was father to the thought. Now our predictions have been verified, and Mercier and his colleagues have been dismissed. As to his colleagues we abstain from any comments upon them; but as to Mercier, it is the duty of every one—no matter what his nationality, religion or political creed—to keep out of power one who has abused his position for his own aggrandisement and to the serious if not irreparable detriment of the best interests of this Province. "Carry your work plumb!"

The Provident Fund Society, 39 Broadway, New York, is a first-class Accident Insurance Company doing a general accident insurance business. Its rates are more favorable on "preferred" or first-class risks than those of most companies. The application or membership fee in such cases is \$5 and a premium of \$3 every three months. This secures a policy of \$5,000 payable in case of death from accident and \$25 weekly indemnity in case of disability resulting from accident. After the first year the total cost is \$12 a year and for the first year \$17. We hold a policy with the Provident Fund Society and shall be pleased to procure blank forms of application, and act as brokers (without charge) for any one desirous of securing an accident policy with this society.

Many of our subscribers will notice that we are placing facilities in their way for the transmission of their subscriptions, and we hope they will not hesitate to "catch on."

As the irregularity of some of our exchanges causes us some inconveni-

ence in keeping track of them, we shall in future simply "return their calls." This will not apply to our "old reliables." We are also discontinuing some of our exchange ads. with a view of inaugurating a better system of checking these. Any continuation of these ads. must be the subject of a new agreement.

Parties desirous of availing themselves of our club offers in respect to *The Cottage Hearth*, *The Detroit Free Press*, and *Canada* must be paid subscribers to *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* until the end of 1892, as our present arrangements with these journals have been made for 1892 only.

It seems extremely difficult to establish an art or class journal in either the United States or Canada, on a paying basis if conducted as a weekly, while as a monthly there is chance of its ultimate success. The *New York Graphic* made a failure as a weekly. *The American Angler* a couple of months ago changed from a weekly to a monthly, although receiving more liberal encouragement than other publications of that class. Now the *Dominion Illustrated*, one of the leading art journals of this continent, has been converted into a monthly magazine, and will be published at \$1.50 per annum. The expense of publication of such journals as weeklies necessitates a higher subscription price than the general public can afford, while it is found that the monthlies command better advertising rates amongst the better class of permanent advertisers, and interfere less with the reading matter space for which subscribers pay. Advertisers, as a rule, obtain better results from advertising in a monthly, and the publisher has less difficulty in securing paying rates.

*The Detroit Free Press*, *The Medical Adviser and Faem Help*, and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* for \$1.50 if sent direct to "The Publishers of *The Land We Live In*, Sherbrooke, Que." Subscribe for 1892.

The portraits of Messrs. Lambly and McShane, which appear in this number,

were engraved by H. A. Carhart, Syracuse, N. Y. We can supply similar cuts for \$2.50 each. Send a cabinet photo accompanied by the cash. Finer portraits will cost \$3.50 to \$4.00. As a rule we can furnish the cut inside of a week.

One of the heaviest ratepayers in Dudswell, is Curtis Bishop, of Marbleton. Recognizing the fact that paying so much taxes is a heavy draw on him, we have presented him with a re-receipted account for three and a half years subscription to this paper. Somebody has said that editors cannot afford to be generous, and in referring to our generosity in this case, our object is principally to show other subscribers, similarly in arrears, that we cannot afford to be equally generous with them.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Gummed Address Co. in another column. Our business relations with this firm and its manager, Mr. Geo. R. Allen, have been most satisfactory in every respect, and their systematic way of fulfilling their obligations is deserving of the highest commendation.

"True Until Death," is a story of woman's love, which will appear in our next issue. It is from the pen of our new contributor "Eunie," and will be eagerly read by our readers, at least. "Little Jeannette," an Australian reminiscence by Didymus, connected with the early history of the Bendigo gold fields, will appear in the same issue.

\$1.50 sent direct to this office will secure *The Cottage Hearth*, *The Medical Adviser* and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* for 1892.

Through the courtesy of John Lowe, Esq., Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, we have received a supply of cuts prepared for that Department, and admirably adapted for illustrating the descriptive columns of this journal. Some of them appear in this issue, and in future a short descriptive text will accompany the illustrations.

The finest, most comprehensive, and handsomest catalogue we have ever seen, and one of the most perfect ever published in this continent, is the catalogue issued by Frank S. Taggart & Co. 87 and 89 King St. West, Toronto, Ont. It contains over 200 beautifully illustrated pages, descriptive of their goods, consisting of watches, clocks, diamonds, fine gold and silver jewelry, gold and silver tableware, art goods, guns, revolvers, fire arms, ammunition, sportsmens' requisites, bicycles, &c., at prices which defy competition. We have made arrangements to act as agents and receive orders for these goods, and can offer inducements to intending purchasers, unsurpassed by any establishment in the United States or Canada, and every article purchased from this firm will be guaranteed to be exactly as represented, in every particular. Catalogues and price lists can be seen at our office, while some low priced specialties will be found illustrated in other columns of this journal.

The *Architect* and *Builder Edition* of the *Scientific American* is \$2.50. We will supply it with a year's subscription to this journal for \$3.

We are indebted to *The World's Columbian Exposition, Illustrated*, for a mammoth colored plate, showing the site, and buildings designed and in process of construction for the World's Columbian Exposition, at Chicago. The plate can be seen at our office, and will give an idea of the magnitude, as well as magnificent scale on which preparations for the Great World's Fair are being conducted.

*Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written*, (see adv't.) and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, and *the Medical Adviser and Farm Help*, for 1892, only \$1.50.

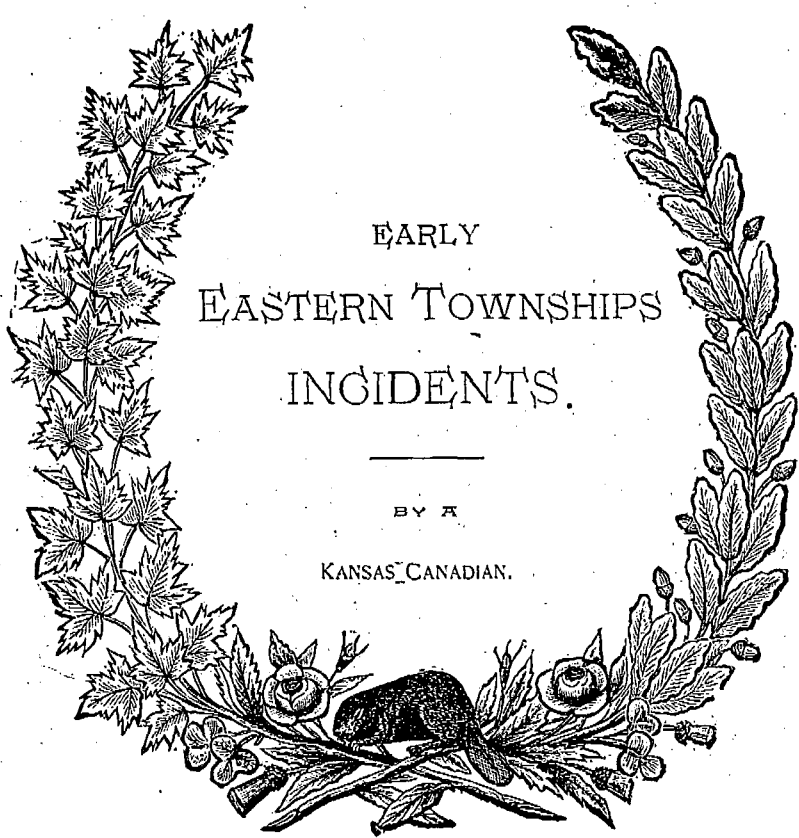
"Canada," Benton, New Brunswick, not only maintains, but is adding to its reputation as a magazine for Canadians at home and abroad. It breathes a spirit of true patriotism, that is refreshing in these days of "boodleism," and it would be well if more Canadians would inhale the incense con-

tained in the principles it advocates. The aroma of the pine forests pervades every page, and the political lungs of Canada would derive great benefit by using its prescriptions. The January issue contains in addition to other valuable and interesting reading matter the following original articles: "Early Canadian History" by J. M. LeMoine, "Something about Ginseng," "Will Carleton's Song," "Montcalm and French Canada," by the Editor, and "Canadiana," a new department devoted to Canadian history, biography and literature, intended to form a special feature of this Magazine, and edited by Rev. A. J. Lockhart, (pastor Felix,) Cherryfield, Maine. The mechanical make up the magazine is first class in every respect. Until further notice we will supply "*Canada*" and "*THE LAND WE LIVE IN*," to new subscribers only, for \$1, or to present subscribers for \$1.50. Subscribe now, and receive in addition *The Medical Adviser* for 1892 free.

Do not fail to call at this office, and subscribe for the *World's Columbian Exposition Illustrated*, the only authentic organ of the *World's Fair*. Subscriptions received from month to month, or by the year, or until the close of the *Fair* in 1893. Copies may be seen at this office.

It will pay you to become a subscriber to *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, for the premiums alone, some of which could not be obtained for the price at which we offer paper and premiums.

*THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN*, advertised in another column under the head of "Patents," certainly needs no one to sing its praises," but, notwithstanding this fact, we feel it an absolute duty to the general public, at least that portion of it which has never seen or heard of the paper, to tell them that such a "one is published" at the low price of \$3 a year, and that its true value cannot be overestimated. It stands at the head of all publications of its kind. A file of the paper may be seen at this office and subscriptions received.



EARLY  
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS  
INCIDENTS.

BY A  
KANSAS CANADIAN.

No. 1.—LOST! LOST!

**W**E pick up a paper and very probably our eye soon catches the words, "Lost! with all on board!" Again we read the story of a dried-up skeleton, of a man being found under a projecting rock, on a high cliff overhanging one of the deep canyons of those deep running rivers of the West, where until within a score of years, or thereabout, the white man had never trod. His tattered clothes are on him, his gun by his side, and between two stones, protected from the rain, a small piece of paper is found. "Lost (on such a day) in this forest." "I have laid down here (on such a day) to die of starvation. J.—C.—, Brighton—U. S." 'Tis stirring enough to read these things, but when the matter comes close home to us, or our friends, as it often did in the early days of the Townships, we then realize more the meaning of the word "Lost!"

It is nearly three score and ten years ago; April with its sunny days had come once more, and the tap-tap of the Cooper preparing for the fascinating work of sugar-making, was heard in the sugar-camps along the valley of the St. Francis. A good deal of snow was yet on the ground and the nights were cold, but sunny days had started the flowing of the maple sap.

Capt. James—or Jim—Gibson, for many years Captain of the Melbourne Militia, has been "sugaring-off" near his farm,—I presume the one since owned by James Armstrong. His son,—a fine lad of 7 or 8 years—had been out in the sugar-bush, and started home alone. Dark came and the father having returned home, found the boy had not arrived.

Yes! Lost! and would perish before morning, if not found.

The alarm, of course, was given, far and near, as fast as possible. To find him in the night, in that deep, dark forest, stretching away for miles and miles, was almost beyond hope.

Lanterns were secured, and after a time the boy's track was found in a snow-drift, the tracks denoting that he knew he was lost, and on the run towards the setting sun.

Cock-crowing came at midnight. No hopeful word to the poor, frantic mother, of her darling boy. 3 o'clock; the boom of the guns, and a far away sound of the men hallooing, to make him hear, if possible, told the same story. Colder and colder grew the air, towards morning; stiffer and harder are the patches of snow. "Will he be found dead?" passes from one to another. Who can tell the keen, heart felt anguish of those stalwart men as morning light breaks in the east, giving them a chance to discover the tracks of the lost boy.

Some runners came in for food, and bring news of more tracks some miles away, near where I presume the farm of James Eames was, if I got the story right from one of the search-party, George M. Gibson. The men spread out and now and again a fresher, or newer track was found, sometimes showing long strides as if running, and sometimes short steps showing signs of weariness.

The report of a gun, a shout, bring the men together to see the fine, manly form of the boy—dead. After travelling some seven miles, he had stepped over a log, and fallen on his face, both arms extend-

ed. It was said that the father never got over it.

No. 2.—DEACON SMITH GETS LOST.

About a mile and a half below the village of Melbourne, on the west side of the road, a few rods from the St. Francis River, a small spring bursts out, near the bottom of a high hill, and is carried into a trough for the thirsty horses, as they pass in summer. This nice, cozy little spot, always so cool and shady in summer, tempts many a passer-by to drink of the clear, crystal water. This is rightly named "Spring Bank."

Up, up, over the high hill, hidden from the traveler's sight as much as if it was in the depths of the forest, is a low, old-fashioned brick house, with neat, tidy farm buildings near by. This is where my old friend Quinton McGill lives.

I said—a brick house, but if you examine the two feet thick walls, you will find an 18 inch wall of stone inside, so old that memory goeth not back to the day it was built.

An old Scotch couple came over in the early days, made them a home here, built this house, lived in it for many years, and long ago slept the long sleep of the righteous. Perhaps but few have lived with fewer enemies,—if they had any,—or more respected for honest worth and a consistent life, than these.

At one time—I judge about 50 years ago, Mr. Smith—one of the couple referred to,—occupied a small farm where he kept some cattle out on what was known as "the Ridge." Saturday came and he started across the small field and through the timber, to transact some business with a neighbor, some distance off. The day was cloudy, and the old man lost himself completely and was unable to find his way out of the forest.

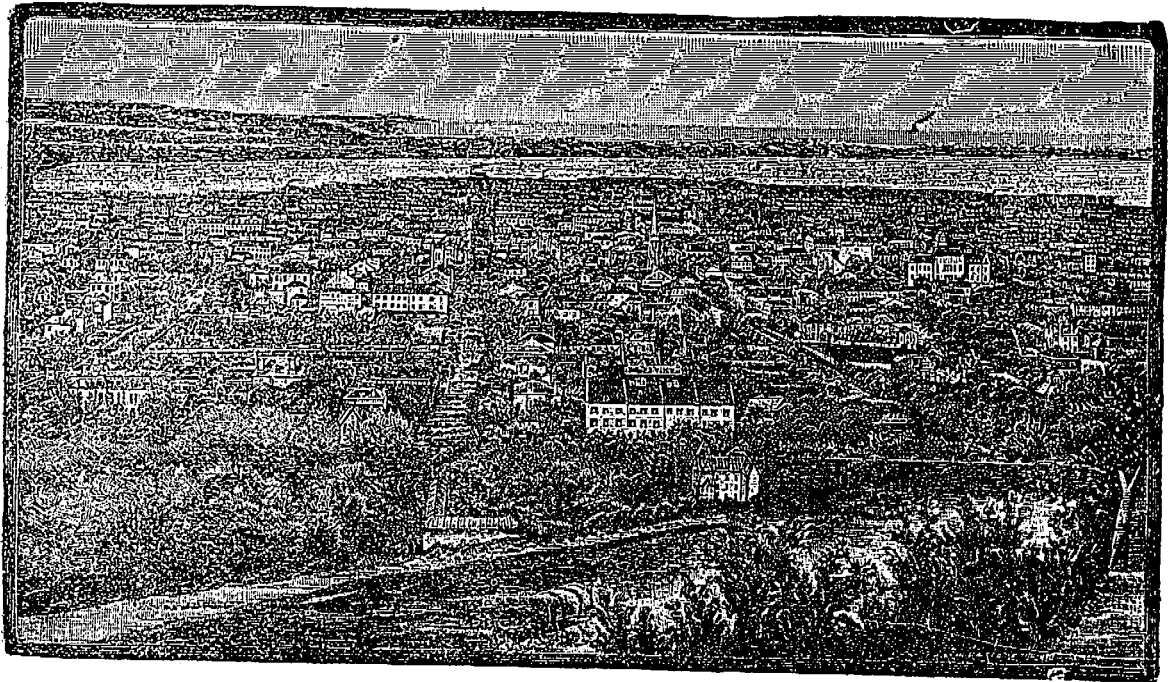
Night came on and he sat himself down under a tree to while away the long hours of darkness, his well nigh empty snuff-box for company. Sunday morning's light came at last, and although lost, his wits never left him. Fully realizing that he would be missed, and that kind friends would be in search of him, he slowly plodded on, tearing his clothing into small pieces and hanging them on the bushes. Nearly everybody in the vicinity was soon in the woods and near noon he was found, his snuff-box empty, calm, and rejoiced to see his friends, some of whom soon replenished his snuff-box.

"Was he not afraid of wild beasts, during the long, dark hours of the night?"

"Nae, frien's; I sat me doon, knowin' the Good Lord wud gie His Angels charge-over me, and keep me." The exact passage is forgotten but it was of like import.

I wonder if any be living now, that were out that Sunday, in Melbourne. Possibly some of the Weeds' or Horace Morrill, or may be some old man on "the Ridge," if even they be alive.

In these items I simply speak from memory, and as the incidents happened before my day, I received the account of them from those who were participants in the excitement. Hence it is probable that some of my statements are not true to the letter, or in other words not exactly correct.



CITY OF HAMILTON.

## No. 3.—A CAMP FIRE FATALITY.

The butternut "Ridge" as it was called, in Melbourne, was settled principally by people from New England. Among those who came to find new homes were some by the name of Cramer, I think from New York State. Pine lumber being scarce; a prospecting trip was made some miles into the woods, by a party of three, one of the Trenholm's, Peter Cramer, and another whose name I have forgotten. The day was spent in visiting various places in search of timber suitable for their wants.

Night found them tired and hungry some seven or eight miles away from home. A suitable place was found to camp on, and a fire was made beside a pine tree, probably a dry one. The evening meal disposed of, the incidents of the day, and other things talked over, they laid themselves down for the night's sleep.

Meantime the fire burned deeper and deeper into the tree. The tired and weary sleepers slept on little dreaming of the danger so near, until a crackling noise was heard, growing louder and louder until the sleepers were awakened to the fact that the tree was falling.

Yes! Burnt off, burnt through, and with a crash it came down on the spot where the sleepers had lain. Mr. Cramer, being well on in years, and perhaps not awakening so soon was caught, and instantly killed; the others escaped unhurt. One of them carried the sad intelligence to the settlement while the other watched over the body until assistance came, to remove it.

New subscribers can secure *The St. John's News*, (weekly) and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* for one year, by sending \$1.50 to the publisher of either journal.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## RONALD'S VOW.

BY DOROTHY FORSTER.

IT was New Year's eve, in the year 18—, in a country house in —shire, England. The house was the family mansion of the Ashlands, but they had been abroad for nearly three years, owing to the illness of Mrs. Ashland, and my father, Col. Longworth; had been living there during their absence. He and Sir Henry Ashland were cousins.

I was in the dressing room of my friend Ronald Norton, who had just arrived, after a long sea voyage and fatiguing railway journey. He was resting, and refreshing himself with a cup of tea before dressing for a late dinner, which was to precede the amusements of the evening.

Ronald was an only son, left an orphan at an early age, and brought up by an uncle, to whose estates he had lately succeeded. He left England three years before my story opens, a lieutenant in H. M.'s —th Regiment, ordered to the Cape. From there he had been sent to Egypt; was wounded at Tel-el-Kiber, had been months in hospital at Cairo, having taken fever almost before he had recovered from his wounds. He had distinguished himself by his bravery and noble conduct on several occasions, and was now a colonel in his own regiment, as he fondly called it. He was a tall and strikingly handsome man, with delicate, clear-cut features, always pale; he now looked worn and thin, and there was an agitation or emotion in his manner for which I could not account.

I had not told him where we were living, for there had been a rumor that he was attached to Claire Ashland when he was

ordered to the Cape, and I feared he might object to staying in their house. The house and grounds had been much altered since he was last here, owing to "Sir Henry's railway," as the people called it, mutilating the beautiful grounds and almost destroying the surroundings of the house. The approach was now in an entirely different direction, and the little village which had sprung up about the station acted as a complete disguise. I had told him to come to the Norwood station and I would meet him.

We had been talking of his journey, of old times and of things which happened since we last met, when he raised himself in his chair, looked at me very earnestly for a moment, and then said, "Markham, do you believe in magnetism?"

"Why yes, of course I do, to a certain extent," I answered. "We all know that such a power exists."

"True," he said, "but do you believe that a person hundreds, nay, thousands of miles away, can act upon and influence another by means of that power?"

"I should require very strong proof of such a statement," I replied.

"Yet," he went on, "I know that such is the truth." He paused, then said with a tone of awe in his voice, "What time is it?"

I looked at my watch, and told him "half-past seven, and we dine at eight."

"I cannot go to dinner," he said. "I feel strangely nervous and oppressed; as if some crisis in my life was approaching."

I laughed at him, and tried to rouse him by my banter, but to no purpose.

"No," he said again, "I cannot go down, but after dinner come to me, like a dear fellow. I have something I must say to you, and there is not time now."

I did as he wished, and when dessert



was put on, asked to be excused. I returned to Ronald. I found him dressed for the evening and walking up and down his room, looking thoughtful and rather sad. He had drawn two chairs up to the fire, and seating himself in one, where his face was in shadow, motioned me to take the other, where the light fell on my face and figure.

"Markham," he said, after a few moments, "you are my dearest friend. I feel I can trust you. I am going to tell you a strange tale, and you must credit me. You must have guessed my love for Claire Ashland, and how I strove to hide it, being determined not to meet with a rebuff from her proud father while I was a poor lieutenant, and not to tempt her to disobey her parents. I have heard of her only once during my exile, but it is of her I am going to speak."

"Surely now," I began, but he stopped me.

"Wait, Markham, do not interrupt me, we have not much time, and I must tell you. Three years ago to-night, as you remember, the Ashlands gave a ball to celebrate the 18th birthday of Claire, their only child. I was to leave by the 3 A.M. express, and I felt crushed by the thought that, in all probability, Claire Ashland and I would never meet again. We had been waltzing, and she said she was tired, and would I take her where it was cool to rest for a little while. We wandered through the hall, and the library door being open, we went in. It was lighted only by the

fire, and a sweet scent of roses filled the air. We stood arm and arm before the fire. Both looked at the same instant, and saw the clock was just on the stroke of midnight. I looked at her—what she read in my eyes I know not, dear child. I think it was what I would not allow my lips to utter. I felt her tremble, then she softly drew me under the mistletoe which hung in the middle of the room, and looking at me, her sweet eyes filled with tears, she whispered, 'Ronald, dear Ronald, kiss me once before you go. I know you will not forget me, but we must not write, and oh, Ronald! if we should never meet again.' There was no question of telling her I loved her; she knew it. I folded my arms about my darling, drew her to my heart and kissed her lips with a holy, reverent feeling, as though sealing a solemn vow. I felt her quiver all over, and then she raised her eyes, filled with a strange and thrilling light, to mine, and whispered in a frightened tone, 'Ronald, my Ronald, promise me, vow to me, that either in the body or in the spirit you will meet me here, at this hour, on this night, every year until God gives us to each other.'

I hesitated a moment, trying to realize what she was asking of me, then, as a troubled look came into her eyes, I answered slowly, 'Claire, I promise, I vow, that either in the body or in the spirit, I will meet you here, at this hour, on this night every year, until God gives us to each other, so help me God.'

A glad smile dawned on her face, and she said, 'This is our plighting; it is a strange one, is it not? God bless you, Ronald.'

As her eyes again met mine, a thrill of exultation passed over me, and I knew that from this moment our souls were one, let space or even death divide us, nothing could ever separate them. She was mine, and I hers for ever and ever. Then her slight form swayed and drooped upon my arm, and I saw she had fainted. I lifted her tenderly in my arms and laid her on the couch in the bay window and sprinkled her face with water. I knelt and watched my darling until I saw she was reviving, then rang the bell and told the servant to tell your sister Laura that Miss Ashland wished to speak to her in the library. I kissed my dear one's hand, and as I heard your sister at the door, stepped quietly from the window. My man was to wait for me at the small gate at the end of the lane with my light luggage, so I did not even get my hat, feeling unequal to meeting any of you, and dreading a formal goodbye. We were just in time for the train, and since I left Ashlands three years ago to-night, I have heard of Claire but once; yet I know that she still lives and is true to me.

The first anniversary of that night I was at the Cape, and though I had thought of her much all day, I could not realize that my vow was to have any actual meaning or force but that in thought I was to be with her, as indeed I was. I and several others dined with the general, and as the great clock in the tower rang midnight we were to drink to the loved and the absent.

They were singing the words, "Each heart recalled a different name, but all sang Annie Laurie." When the first stroke sounded, a cold thrill seized me, I felt a small hand on my arm and heard Claire's voice whisper, "Ronald, your vow! Come."

It seemed to me that in an instant we stood before the fire in the library at Ashlands, and the same scene, act for act, word for word, took place again. As I stepped from the window I felt the cool air on my temples, and opening my eyes, which seemed to have closed heavily, I heard Stuart say, 'All right, old fellow, better now, eh? The air has done you good; it was awfully hot in there. I don't wonder you gave in. Harry, raise his head while I give him a little brandy.'

I looked with dull stupor to see what they were doing. It seemed as though some other man was lying on the grass and Stuart pouring a few drops of brandy down his throat. Then I asked, weakly, "What's wrong, Stuart, who's ill?"

He answered, "Why, no one is ill, Ronald, but just as we were going to drink the toast of the evening, you know, you fainted, turned as white as if you had seen a ghost, and then down you went, but it was confoundedly hot in there. You're all right now, though, the color is coming back to your face."

"Yes," I said, "I am quite myself now, but I will go to my room; no use going back to the men, I could not stand it."

"I think you are right," said Stuart, "I'll give you an arm."

He saw me comfortably seated in my easy chair, my man within call, and then

left me with a cheerful "Good night, I'll look around in the morning."

I sat some time, feeling dazed and weak, and wondered if what had happened was real, or whether I had been dreaming. At last my man, Harry, came to me and said, "Better get to bed, sir, I think," and to bed I went.

I did not forget what I had experienced, but as the days went by I thought less of it. Then came the orders for Egypt, the voyage, the stir and bustle of active life. Then Tetel Kiber, and I, with many others, was taken to Cairo. My wounds healed slowly, and for many weeks it was doubtful whether I should recover.

At last youth and a good constitution triumphed. I was pronounced convalescent and under orders for England on sick leave, when I was seized with African fever, and once more my life seemed ebbing away. The crisis passed and I began to gain strength. Oh! those interminable hours in hospital, dreaming such strange, wild dreams of such impossible things.

I had been allowed out a few times, and was now sitting at the window, enjoying the lovely evening, looking over the blue sea, and thinking sadly of my friend Wyatt Rawson, the brave, noble fellow who had died on the homeward voyage. My man brought me some refreshment, and then asked leave to visit some friends. I gave him permission, saying, "you need not hurry back, I can get to bed alone quite well, and shall go soon."

I fell asleep in my chair, and was roused by the clock striking eleven. I heard the guard being relieved, and all at once remembered it was New Year's Eve. Of course I thought of Claire, and of all that had passed between us. When! when! should I see her? I knew she was still my own, my faithful love, but it was a hard test for both of us.

I tried to picture our meeting, and took no heed of the time. Suddenly midnight began to chime, a thrill passed over me, I felt Claire's hand upon my arm, I heard her whisper "Ronald! your vow, come."

Again we stood in the library at Ashlands, and I held my darling in my arms, kissed her sweet pure lips, and breathed my vow to meet her there, "in the body or in the spirit."

Again I laid her on the sofa, and summoning your sister stepped from the window and felt the cool night air on my brow. I heard the voice of the Doctor say "He is ghastly white, he must have fainted; I cannot account for this. Harry, you should not have left him."

I opened my eyes, and looking at the Doctor with a smile, I said, "Oh! Harry did what was quite right. I sent him. I have only been asleep, and had a strange dream."

"Very strange dream indeed!" said the Doctor, "to leave you in this state. Now Harry, get him to bed at once, and he must stay there, or there will be no England for him for months."

And so it proved. Oh! the long dreary, dreary waiting for health and strength to come. Come at last they did, creeping back so slowly, inch by inch, till at length I could sit up once more, and began to talk of "when I go to England."

Time passed on. Here I am in England,

and this is New Year's Eve. Where Claire is I know not, and whether we shall meet in the spirit, I hardly dare to think.

"See," she exclaimed pointing to his buttonhole adorned with a spray of forget-me-not, "I am quite ready, the flower was put here for me, and the one Claire gave me three years ago is mingled with it. I have worn that in a little case ever since next my heart."

He sank back in his chair exhausted, then said, "That is the past Markham. What is to come?"

I poured out a glass of wine and gave it to him, he looked so white and tired. He drank it, saying, "Thank you. I will rest a while now. You will not think me rude if I fall asleep."

"Not at all," I answered, "I will go down now, and come back in an hour for you."

I had not dared to tell him that Claire and my sister Laura were to arrive by the night express. They were to have come by the mid-day train, but had been detained and so missed it; and I feared they might possibly miss the night train also, so I determined I would say nothing till Claire was in the house.

I went down, found that the evening guests had nearly all arrived, and I walked through the rooms greeting our friends. I had not told even my mother that Ronald had come, fearing he might feel too worn out to see any one till the morning. I danced till a quarter past eleven, then went up to Ronald, thinking I would not leave him alone with his fancies at mid-night. I had heard nothing of Claire or my sister and concluded they had not come. I was glad, therefore, I had said nothing to Ronald.

When I entered his room he was still sitting where I had left him, apparently fast asleep; his handsome head thrown back upon the cushions of the chair, his profile showing clear against the crimson background, a happy smile playing over his pale face. I could not bear to rouse him, so laid down on a couch a little way behind him, where I could see his face distinctly.

A few minutes before twelve I noticed a strange trembling shake him as with ague then he quietly rose, and, without looking to the right or left, passed quickly from the room. I followed him, for he walked as one in a dream; something, I know not what, prevented my speaking to him; on he went, taking every turn correctly till he came to the spot where the door had been changed on account of the alterations in the house; there he paused a moment, a questioning look came into his face, and then, putting out his hands as though walking in the dark, he went slowly on feeling his way. At last he reached the corner and turned into the corridor. I could see at once that he knew where he was, rapidly he walked on, as though to make up for the time lost in finding his way.

The door of the library stood open, there was no light but that of the fire; he walked in, just looking round as though he expected to find someone there. I dreaded what might happen; when lo! who is this crossing swiftly from the little drawing-room? A slight girl in shimmering, clinging white, with white rosebuds in her shining hair; a glad light in the deep violet eyes, her lips just parted with quick coming breath.

She glides in, places her small delicately gloved hand upon his arm, and they stand before the fire arm in arm as on that first night. The instant her hand touched his arm his eyes lost the strange blank look, a flush of joy radiated his face, which had been white and dead as marble.

The clock begins to strike, she softly draws him under the mistletoe, he folds her in his arms, and fondly kisses the sweet, pure lips held up for his carress.

I flee. *This* is the meeting of bodies and spirits. I kept them free from intruders till the guests were gone; then we found them sitting quietly on the couch: his arm round her and her dainty head resting on his shoulder, two happy believers in the wonderful power of magnetism, for Claire's experience exactly coincided with Ronald's only hers was the compelling force.

Claire's father approved of Col. Norton, the distinguished officer, the heir of his wealthy uncle, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.  
AIRY, FAIRY LILLIAN.

BY DOROTHY FORSTER.

Scene. Interior of Untidy Kitchen.

'Twas late one summer afternoon,  
Indeed, it would be tea-time soon;  
No preparation had been made,  
Nor even was the table laid;  
The room was all in disarray,  
About the floor the firewood lay;  
The dishes from the previous meal,  
Stood still unwashed upon the deal,  
While pretty Lillian, vain and fair,  
Looked in the glass, and curled her hair;  
Her mother dozed in slumber sweet,  
Till roused by foot steps in the street;  
Then quickly from her doze awoke,  
And to her daughter thus she spoke,  
"Airy, Fairy Lillian  
Go and get the frying pan,  
Put the steak to cook my dear,  
Your father's hurrying step I hear."  
Airy Fairy Lillian  
To do her mother's bidding ran,  
Against a stick she stubbed her toes,  
Down she fell and hit her nose;  
She gave a loud and piercing scream,  
"Oh! mother see my life blood stream,  
Oh! see my very hearts blood flow,  
Oh! mother kiss me ere I go."  
The mother raised her darling child,  
With fear and anguish almost wild,  
To stop the blood she tried in vain,  
While Fairy Lillian cried with pain,  
The father came, he saw it all,  
He plucked a cobweb from the wall,  
He stuffed it up his darling's nose,  
And now no more the red stream flows.  
He gravely shook his heavy head,  
And to his missis thus he said  
"Now mother get the frying pan,  
And I'll take care of my Ann."  
He put his arm around his child,  
And spoke in accents kind and mild  
"My little daughter, sure and slow,  
Carefully look, before you go,  
Don't leave the sticks around the floor,  
And put the broom behind the door."  
The daughter laid her head to rest  
Upon his honest, kindly breast,  
Then said in accents slow and sad,  
"Daddy, I know I'm very bad,  
I'll really try to better be,  
And mind what you have said to me."  
The father kissed his little girl,  
And softly stroked each golden curl,  
Saying "First do your duty dear,  
Then, take your pleasure without fear."

See Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, (see adv't.) and THE LAND WE LIVE IN, and the Medical Adviser and Farm Help for 1892. Canadian Subscribers, \$4.50, U. S. subscribers \$3.75.

WE GIVE AGENTS a chance to make money.  
Send 8 stamps for 5 specimens, &c.  
E. A. FAY & CO., Brockport, N.Y.

## THE MIRACLE CITY.

### A. NEW NAME SUGGESTED FOR HAMILTON.

Another Remarkable Case Which Would Indicate that the Name Would be Quite Appropriate.

The number of remarkable cures occurring in Hamilton is causing general comment throughout the country. To those who know the inside facts there is not the least cause for wonderment. The remarkable cure of Mr. John Marshall who was known to almost every citizen in Hamilton gave the Pink Pills an enormous sale in the city, one retail druggist alone selling 2,880 boxes in the past six months. People whose cases had been considered hopeless as was Mr. Marshall's, took hope from his cure, persisted in the use of the pills, with equally wonderful results in their case. And what is happening in Hamilton in the way of remarkable cures, is happening in all parts of the Dominion, and every day adds to the pile of grateful testimonials which the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are receiving. Last week the Hamilton Times investigated two more cases, the result of which is told in the following article in the issue of Nov. 7th:—

The account of Mr. John Marshall's wonderful cure, after suffering for years with locomotor ataxy naturally brought to light several other cases of almost equally miraculous cures in this city. Among the many citizens who profited by Mr. Marshall's experience and who have been troubled for many years with the same affliction was Mr. William Webster. For a long time he was in the flour and feed business in the Market Square, and for over ten years while in his office he was compelled to remain in a reclining position on a couch, covered with heavy buffalo robes, winter and summer. It was with difficulty that he could make his way, even with the aid of crutches, to his residence, but a short distance from the store. He attributes his trouble to constant exposure at the open door of his store, carrying heavy bags of grain in and out, and when over-heated and perspiring sitting over an open cellar-way in order to cool off. About a year and a half ago he found it necessary to give up his business, owing to the fact that he was becoming utterly helpless from his terrible disease. In June last, on hearing of Mr. Marshall's case, he began to take that well-known remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and has been greatly benefited thereby.

Mr. Webster was seen by a *Times* reporter at his residence, Macnab street north, Saturday afternoon, and was not at all loath to speak about his case, "With the exception of this trouble with my legs," he said, "I have never been sick a day since I was 17 years old, and now I am 55. This locomotor ataxy is a terrible disease. For years my legs have seemed as though they belonged to some else. As I have lain asleep on a winter night, one leg has fallen out of the bed and when I would awaken with the cold I would have to feel around with my hand before I could tell which leg was out bed. If I were to try to place my foot on a spot on the carpet within easy reach I could no more do it than fly. The pain at times has been terrible. I have lain awake night after night, week after week, alternately grasping each foot in my agony as the sharp pains like knife-stabs shot through various parts of my anatomy. When I was first attacked with pains in my feet some 12 years ago I tried several physicians but could get no relief. Paralysis then set in and I immediately consulted a well-known specialist in Buffalo, who told me that I was suffering from locomotor ataxy and could not get better. I came home again and on the advice of friends tried several hot springs, but with no effect, except, perhaps, to aggravate my complaint. I finally became discouraged and after two years' doctoring, I underwent an operation. I was placed under chloroform a gash two inches and a half in depth made in the side of each leg near the hip and the doctors put their fingers in the gash and stretched the sciatic nerves in the vain hope that such would give me relief. Since then, now over ten years ago, until, June last, I took no medicine whatever, and retiring from business, became so helpless that I could not walk a step without my crutches, and sometimes the pain was something awful. About June, however, I got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using the first box felt such a beneficial effect from them that I continued to use them ever since with the result that the terrible pains I used to suffer from, have vanished, and with the exception of a gentle little dart at rare intervals, I might never know I had ever suffered with them. Since using the pills I get to sleep early and sleep as soundly and peacefully as a baby all night through. I can also walk a dozen steps or so without my crutches." And to illustrate, the old gentleman got up and walked across the room and back

again to his seat alongside the reporter. "Now I couldn't do that at all before last June," continued he, and the pills are certainly the pleasantest medicine to take, that I ever tried. I would advise any one who is troubled with an affliction any way similar to mine, or who is suffering from any nervous disease, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

#### THEY SELL RAPIDLY.

Mr. J. A. Barr, the well-known Hamilton druggist, says that the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing. Last winter he purchased one dozen boxes. This was his first order. Since then he has sold 2,800 boxes of the pills, and every day the demand is increasing. He sells at least two dozen per day. The same story comes from other druggists in Hamilton.

The other day Mrs. Martin, of Ferguson Avenue, Hamilton, Ont., called at Mr. John A. Barr's drug establishment and asked for a box of Pink Pills. She had a little girl with her in a perambulator, and while the mother was in the store the child climbed out over the side of the carriage. The mother laughed over the incident and remarked: "If it were not for Pink Pills my baby would never have been able to do that. To those in the drug store Mrs. Martin narrated the wonderful cure which had been effected by Pink Pills in the cure of her infant. When about a year old the baby became paralyzed, and the anxious parents consulted the best doctors in the city, but their treatment was of no avail. The little one was not able to move hand or foot and for a time the case was considered a hopeless one. Seeing an advertisement in the *Hamilton Times*, of the wonderful cures being effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mrs. Martin procured a box and before the youngster had taken all it contained, a marked improvement in her condition was noticed. The paralysis disappeared and the little one's appetite returned. The parents' hearts were delighted with the result. It was while buying the second box that the child scrambled out of the carriage on the sidewalk. The mother told Mr. Barr that the paralysis had resulted from teething. A representative of the *Times* who investigated the case discovered that the little girl is now walking around in the best of health.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine but a scientific preparation used successfully for many years in the private practice of a

physician of high standing. They are given to the public as an unailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill that flesh is heir to. These pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

## THE BRIDE'S RESCUE.

AN INDIAN STORY.

Many years ago, when the valley of the Mississippi was rarely trodden by the white man, there lived upon the frontiers of Kentucky, then nearly all a wilderness, an old hunter named Johnson. He was one of the pioneers of that region in which he had built his log cabin, and had long made a living for a wife and child by the aid of his rifle and snares.

Mrs. Johnson had become accustomed to the privations of her situation, and her daughter Sarah, having become a young woman, contributed to relieve the monotony of a life in the wilderness. The cares of the family were slight, their food and clothing were easily procured, and their wants for the conveniences of civilized life ceased when it was found that it could not be gratified. In short, we may say, the Johnson family lived happily in their forest home.

Sarah Johnson was about 18 years of age when she was first brought to our notice. She was very good looking and possessed a good stock of good sense, which was somewhat rarer than beauty. Old Johnson said she was a good girl and her mother thought she deserved a good husband, this seemed to be about to receive its reward.

Two or three miles from Johnson's lived another hunter, named John Blake. Like Johnson, Blake had long followed hunting for a living, had married and had one child. His wife was dead; but the child (Samuel Blake) had grown to manhood and was regarded as quite equal to his father as a hunter.

As Johnson and Blake had been intimate friends for a long time, their children were often thrown into each other's company, and a strong attachment had grown up between them. The fathers looked favorably on their intimacy, and it soon became settled that Samuel Blake and Sarah Johnson should be man and wife.

Both the old hunters had always kept up a friendly intercourse with the neighbouring Indians, and many of the latter had visited their cabins and partaken of their hospitalities. Johnson had retained a good reputation among the red men for his skill in hunting. His company was sought by the young men of the tribes, and always with profit. Samuel Blake was also regarded as a brave and skillful hunter and admired by the Indians.

Among those who after visited Johnson's house a cabin was young Oconostota, son of or chief of a tribe. He was distinguished as a warrior and hunter, and his personal appearance was so admirable that many an Indian maiden's heart beat high with the hope that she might be the fortunate one who should share his wigwam. But Oconostota's eyes and thoughts were fixed elsewhere. He had seen and conversed with Sarah Johnson, and he burned with the desire to secure her for his wife. Sarah could not help seeing the admiring looks he gave her during his frequent visits, but she did not suspect the real state of his feelings, probably because her thoughts found occupation enough in thinking of Samuel Blake.

At length, however, the young brave continued to disclose his wishes to old Johnson, during a hunting excursion, in which they were engaged together. The old hunter was surprised; but considering that Oconostota might easily be irritated and dangerous consequences ensue, he calmly and deliberately made known to him that Sarah had long been engaged to Samuel Blake, and that engagement could not be broken off.

Love cannot listen to reason. Oconostota, urged his suit still farther, offering, with true Indian simplicity, two splendid horses for the hunter's daughter. He increased the number to ten, but the hunter remained firm, and the young brave was forced to give up entreaty.

When Johnson reached his cabin he found young Blake and his father there, both having been invited by Mrs. Johnson to remain and take supper with them. The venison was broiling before the coals in the large fire place, the table was neatly spread, and everything had a cheerful appearance. Oconostota had refused Johnson's invitation to spend the evening with him and returned to his village. The hunter thought he would have done better to have accepted the invitation.

While old Blake and Johnson talked over the doings of the day, and the adventures of many previous ones, young Blake, Sarah and Mrs. Johnson talked of matters less striking, but more important to females about cooking, housekeeping, &c. The platter dishes soon received their smoking savoury weight, and all seated themselves around the tables.

Johnson then introduced the subject which had been troubling his thoughts for some time previous. The whole party was informed of the proposal of Oconostota and of his rejection by the father on behalf of his daughter. The young couple were both surprised, and Samuel Blake laughed outright.

The old men looked grave and Mrs. Johnson troubled. They knew the Indian character well enough to know that the matter would not end there. In fact, serious

consequences might be expected to result from the refusal. Some discussion ensued when old Blake recommended that Samuel and Sarah should be married as soon as possible, and then conciliatory measures might secure the agreement of Oconostota and his friends to what could not be changed. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson agreed to this proposition, and the young people jumped at it. Before that meal was concluded the day for the wedding was fixed, and it was arranged that the parties should proceed to a settlement about ten miles from the cabin of Johnson where the ceremony could be performed. Then a new cabin was to be erected between Blakes and Johnsons, large enough for Samuel Sarah and old Blake.

Meanwhile Oconostota deeply felt the sting of rejected love. He strove to conquer his feelings, and thought of taking an Indian wife. But his nature was too passionate and he resolved to gain the object of his love either by fair or foul means. He visited the Johnsons several times afterwards and was informed that the wedding day had been appointed, and nothing remained for him but to acquiesce or strive to get possession of Sarah by force or stratagem. His plan was soon laid.

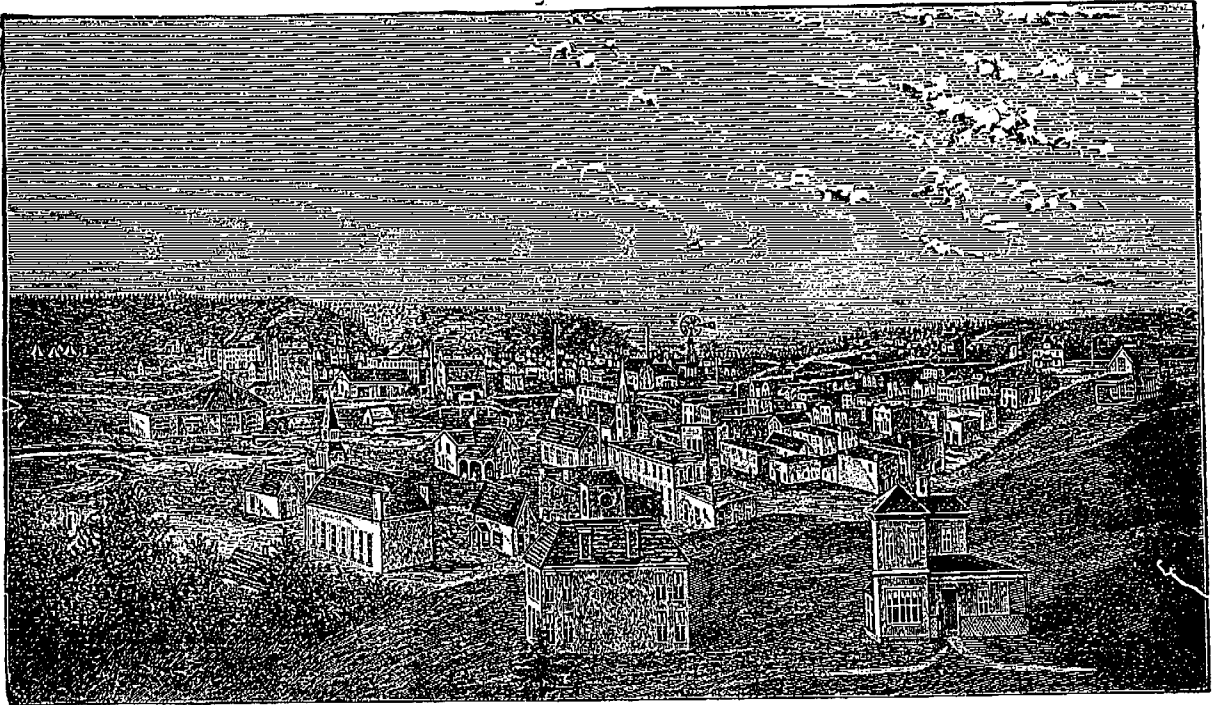
Ascertaining the particular day upon which the wedding was to take place, the young chief resolved to get the aid of a few young men of his tribe and carry off the bride, the night before it. The day approached and the happy couple were all in joyful expectation. They believed that the wishes of long years were about to be gratified. Samuel Blake spent the day before the expected happy one at Johnson's cabin arranging with Sarah things that had been arranged very frequently before; and he did not leave it until the shades of evening were thickening around. Old Blake intended to remain all night with Johnson to be ready for the journey of the morrow. Sarah accompanied Samuel to a considerable distance from the cabin and he reluctantly bade her adieu. She then turned to pursue her way home.

Oconostota, with his friends had been lurking around the neighbourhood during the afternoon, he had seen the lovers leave the cabin together and he followed there at a short distance, like a beast of prey, watching his opportunity. When he saw Samuel Blake leave Sarah he gave a signal resembling a well known bird and collected his accomplices. He then stole silently to the edge of the wood near which he knew Sarah must pass and waited for her. The young girl came on trippingly as if she had no care in the world. Suddenly she was seized, and before she could shriek, hurried into the wood.

She saw the form of the red men and guessed their object. She shrieked for help, as they hurried her swiftly through the woods, but as there appeared no help near on they went, until they reached the end of the wood, where the prairie opened before them. Horses were waiting. The red men mounted. Oconostota placing the almost fainting form of Sarah upon the horse before him.

Away they went like the wind. It was a moonlight evening, and as Oconostota turned to see if any one was pursuing, he caught sight of a blaze, rising above the dark trees, and knew at once that one of





MINNEDOSA.

his men more devilish than the rest had set fire to Johnson's house or cabin, he thought he heard the sounds of other horses feet far behind, but could not distinguish in the hasty glance he cast behind him. The sounds increased and seemed to grow nearer. Then Oconostota turned and saw the form of three mounted men urging three horses to their greatest speed.

HIRAM FRENCH.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### How to Read the Tongue.

The perfectly healthy tongue, is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge and has no prominent papillae. The tongue may be furred from local causes or sympathy with the stomach, intestines or liver. The dry tongue occurs most frequently in fever, and indicates a nervous prostration or depression. A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition with perhaps a sour stomach. When it is moist and yellowish brown it shows disordered digestion. Dry and brown indicates a low state of the system, possibly typhoid. When the tongue is dry and red and smooth, look out for inflammation, gastric or intestinal. When the papillae on the end of the tongue are raised and very red we call it a strawberry tongue, and that means scarlet fever. Sharp, pointed red tongue will hint of the brain irritation or inflammation, and a yellow coating indicates liver derangement. When so much can be gained from an examination of the tongue, how important it is that the youngest child should be taught to put it out so that it can be visible to the utmost point in the throat!—*Medical Adviser.*

### FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN. DEAD MAN'S LOG.

This is the euphonious name given to what is left of a gigantic pine tree that perhaps a century or more ago stood on the easterly bank of the Spider River a short distance below where it is joined by the Arnold River, and about midway between Megantic and Rush Lakes.

It is within the memory of men now living, when this section of country and the three or four miles of forest that then existed and still exists to a great extent between it and the Boundary Line, were the greatest resorts for fur bearing animals, to be found anywhere east of Megantic Mountain, but no man remembers the Dead Man's Log, when the tree of which it formed a part reared its proud head far above the soil in which it was rooted.

It is thirty years ago since I saw it for the first time, and then it looked as if several decades of years had elapsed since it occupied a perpendicular position as a portion of that gigantic pine. The undermining of the bank by the action of the water at its base, and the fury of the elements above, had laid it low, and now all that remains of it is a few feet of the portion nearest the roots which from its immense size has resisted Time's decay and it still serves to connect the water of the river and its bank enabling such wild animals as frequent the land, and are armed with *claws*, to partake of the waters, and serves as a resting place on which they can take a sun-bath, for the mink, otter, muskrat and even the beaver that may still be found in the vicinity.

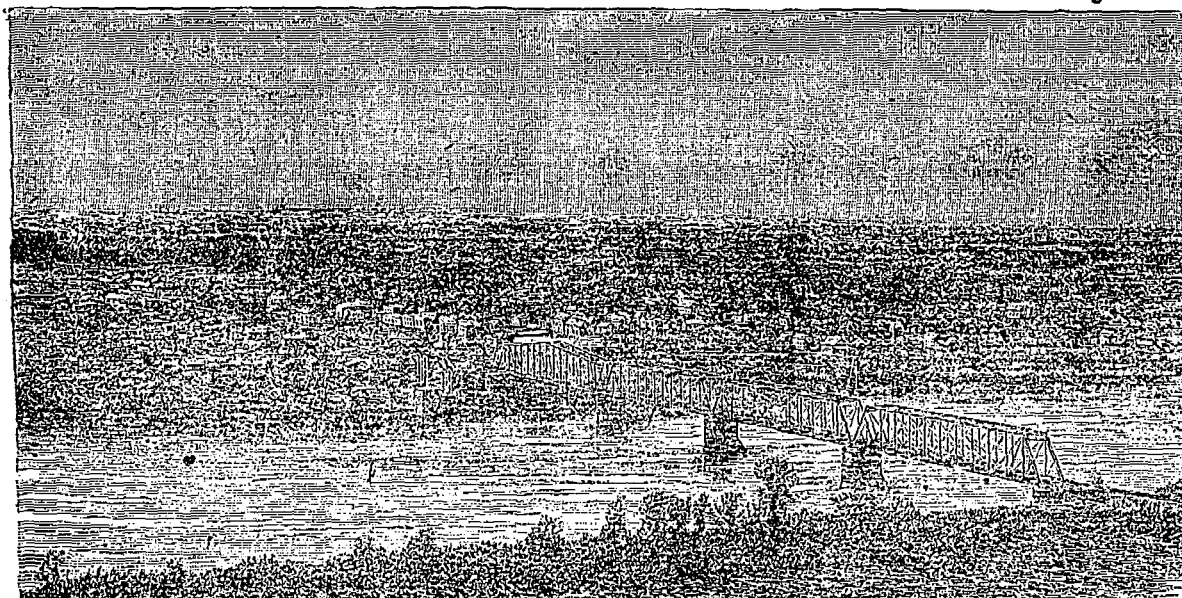
Within ten years I have several times seen beaver signs within a few rods of Dead Man's Log, which satisfied me that a

few of them spent the winter there, the banks between there and Rush Lake enabling them to find and secure dry quarters without resorting to the construction of houses as they generally do. The numerous sticks of second growth cherry and poplar cut and slid down the bank from the old Foster camp, satisfied me that a family or two of beaver were laying in their food supply for the winter, and had selected a winter residence nearby.

The ambition of the most ardent and avaricious trapper would probably be satisfied with the skins of a tenth part of the fur bearing animals that have temporarily occupied positions on Dead Man's Log during the present century.

Where the end of the log enters the water is a favorite place for the trapper and many an axe and tomahawk have been used in flattening its surface so as to enable the trapper to safely walk over the incline between the bank and the water. The low marshy land in the immediate vicinity is as yet beyond the control of the agriculturist, being frequently submerged by the waters of the Spider, Arnold and Anance Rivers. As the country round about is cleared up, evaporation will be more rapid and a few years may see the fertile meadows which line the banks of the Arnold reclaimed from their present state of nature but for some time to come they will be the resort of the hunter, trapper and amateur sportsman.

As to the origin of the name,—Dead Man's Log,—tradition has it that many years ago a white man and his son,—a boy of twelve or fifteen years of age, camped near the head of Megantic Lake and lived by hunting and trapping. It appears that they were successful in accumulating a large quantity of valuable furs, when they were discovered by a Mohawk Indian, who



MEDICINE HAT, N. W. TERRITORY.

determined to secure their furs and traps. He watched for some time but no opportunity offered as the boy was always left in charge of the camp and he did not dare risk the vengeance of the father should he dispose of the boy, but one day he saw the trapper busy setting a trap at the end of Dead Man's Log and shot him, after which he went to the camp, killed the boy and secured the furs.

Be that as it may old Parma or Parmachene, the Indian,—who as late as forty years ago occupied a bark hut at the head of Megantic Lake, near the present site of Flint's Mills,—claimed that on several occasions when the water was low he had seen a human skeleton partially imbedded in the sand bar between Spider River and Megantic, and was positive that it was the skeleton of the trapper, whose body had floated down there from the log where he was shot.

The frame of old Parma's hut was standing when I first visited that locality, and bones of moose and deer which lay around it, showed that the old man had been a successful hunter.

DIMYNS.

December, 1891.

#### Always at the Front.

We have received a copy of the handsomely illustrated prospectus for 1892 issued by the *Detroit Free Press*. The achievements of this famous paper in the past have been great, but if its promises for the future are to be fulfilled—and there certainly is no reason to expect the contrary—The *Detroit Free Press* will in 1892 be, as its publishers confidently claim, the most entertaining and instructive paper published, giving additional pleasures to its thousands of old subscribers and fresh enjoyment to the many thousand new ones that its merits deserve. Its list of contributors for 1892 includes many of the most

famous names in American literary and public life, and most of the articles to be published are of unusual importance and interest, presenting a splendid array of valuable features in addition to the inimitable work done by its own staff of bright and famous writers.

The publishers of the *Free Press* will mail copies of the paper and prospectus to all applicants.

#### The World's Columbian Exposition Illustrated.

Is the only established organ entirely devoted to the interests of the World's Columbian Exposition. It is published monthly, commencing with February, 1891. No library will be complete without it. The illustrations are in half tone, and the finest enameled paper is used. Each number will contain 32 pages, 11x16. Every six issues will form a volume. The subscription price is \$3 a year, or 25cts. a month. Yearly or monthly subscriptions may be sent to the publishers of *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, Sherbrooke, Que., or to Jas. B. Campbell, president and general manager, 218 LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill. Get all back numbers, and have every six succeeding issues handsomely bound. You will then have a complete illustrated history of the Great Exposition, and you and your children will be able to Review the GREAT FAIR in years to come. Sample copies can be seen at the office of this journal. Beautifully bound vols. supplied at \$2.75 per vol. As soon as the interests of the Columbian Exposition demand it, the publication will issue semi-monthly, and during the six months of the

Exposition, May to November, 1893, it will be issued weekly, when the annual rate will be advanced. Subscribers remitting \$8 before January, 1892, will receive a copy of every issue of the paper from its first number (Feb., 1891), until the close of the Fair in 1893.

#### New Canadian Monthly.

The last weekly issue of *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* has been issued. Henceforth *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY* holds the boards, and will no doubt gain a far wider circle of readers than did the weekly. It will be a 64-page magazine, splendidly illustrated, and many of the best writers in Canada will contribute. The low price, \$1.50 per year, places it within the reach of all. It will be purely Canadian in tone. The publishers ask for agents in every locality. Address the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co. Montreal.

*The Detroit Free Press* and *The Land We Live In*, one year for \$1.50 by sending that amount to the publishers of this journal; also *The Cottage Hearth* and *The Land We Live In*, on the same term; also *Canada* and *The Land We Live In* for \$1.50 and *Butlers Journal*, and *The Land We Live In* \$1.00

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## Market Sketches



"You're just the man I've been lookin' for. How are you?" "First rate. How goes it with you?" "Can't complain, no use to if I could, an' besides it ain't the kind of feelin' to have, o nin' on holiday times. I believe in a man takin' everything just as the Lord puts it before him, an' he'll get just about the same thing as he would if he tried to pick and choose, an' it would be likely to be a little better mixed. I don't believe in takin' and pickin' the best out'n a bushel of apples to commence with, an' then have the poor ones to top off on. Take 'em as they come I say, but what I intended to say afore, is 'at I've got some nice Caribou steak down at the Grand Central, 'at Mr K'ene sent down from Lake Megantic. He knew I was comin' down an' he says to me, says he, 'Bill!' says he, 'I want you to take that piece o' Caribou down to Mr. Dydymus, an' tell him,' says he, 'there's plenty more where that come from,' says he 'an' I want him to come up an' see one or two afore the laws or, an' says he, 'just tell him that the conductor 'll let him off at my sidin' if he'll speak to him afore leavin' Megantic,' says he. 'Thanks! Bill,' Toll Mr. Keene I'll be there the week before New Years, if there isn't a rebellion before that. If there is, I'll have to stop and shoot off some of the game hat's more plentiful in this province than Caribou, and isn't half so good. I'll send down for that steak. Good by!

"What the divil kind o' game was that Mr. Dydymus was rpeakin' about? Sorra a bit or game I know or about here, barrin, a few foxes, an partridges, an' a bear or so, may be out at Brompton Lake, that Jim Atchison has a mortgage on. Its beyant my comprehension in't rely, so it is." "Why! you oma than! it's Ri lites an' Mercierites, what else ud he be thinkin' about in the way o' game? Sure isn't everybody makin' game ov thin, an' shmall loss if there wasn't any close season for that kind ov game. Bid scran to them, but they're a bigger peck than the rabbits is in Australia, so they are, an' the only way they're any good is when they're in a shtew." "Well thin, *macbucal*, the divil a doubt but that they're in a *shtew* and a *big shtew* too, be the same tokin, and bedud! it's a *whalin* they ought to be afther!" "Och! howld your whisk! Its *Whelan* they are afther an' the sorra a much they'll make out o' him, not as much, I'll howld ye, as they did out o' Misher Pocko." "What for you spik M'sieu Paecaud? M'sieu Paecaud she'll say she'll don't give nothin' to nobody, hain't it? She'll say she'll mek one hundred' tounan' dollare for hees-self. She'll geov praps five or six tounan' dollare M'sieu Robidou for hees *maison*, for mek heem comfortable, *en l'hiver prochain* for mek heem come so she'll not be seek, pooty progby!" "Mr. Rolidou want building any house not

as I knows on," "Nevare min' me! All a sam' some one hees fren' she'll mek heem one house, *maison!* ou! M'sieu Mercier she'll mek one *grand majorite* hon de *parlement*, fo' su." "Goldern'iu! Ef they hed down in New York they'd dynamite 'em the same as they did Russell Sage, an' they wouldn't try hard to find out who did it nuther." "M'sieu Mercier she'll be goot fron' wit de *habitant*, she'll mek heem tek care for hees religion, hees *langue*, hees *politique*, she'll mek heem som' *souvenir* fo' geov heem *braves les Zouaves, les defenseurs du pape*. *Oui?* She'll be goot man, fo' su. She'll mek heem one *pont*, one bridge, wot you call heem *entre Brompton et Stoke*, she'll wear heem *les culottes rouge, le trowser pants*, wot you call heem, *c'est vrai! avec le*.

"*Oui! Oui! Madame, bien bon!* Goot but' *oui Ma femme* he'll mek de best but' *bon beurre*, you don't nevare see, bigosh' *Vingt cents le livre*, twanty cents par poun.' *Quatre livres fo' poun.* *Oui! quatre-vingt cents.* Thank you! *Merci Madame!*"

"Bedad! Baptiste! You'd better shtick to yer butter sellin' you'll make more money out' that than ye will talkin' 'olitics, but d'ye min' what I'm tellin' ye, Baptiste, ye'll see Misher Belanger, an' Misher Noel an' Misher Laurent, an' some more o' them that tuk the pieces away from better min' 'll be druv out in the same way that Mercier does be sayin' he'll be driven out, the Lieutenant Gov'nor, so they will, an' sarve them right. Sure there's a power or comfort in thinkin' ov the bastin' som ov them offize howlders 'll be gittin' bomby, so there is. Good bye. Baptiste! Boshure! Boshure!"

## Subscribers' Directory

For Month ending December 15th, 1892.

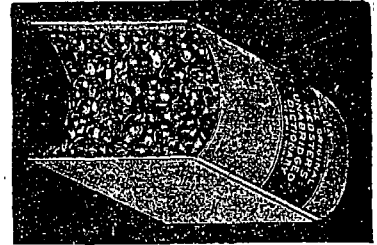
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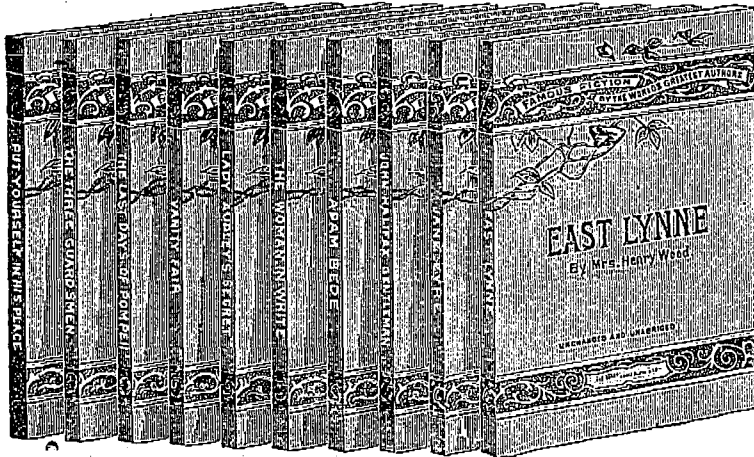
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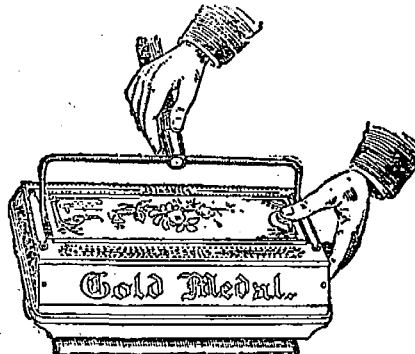
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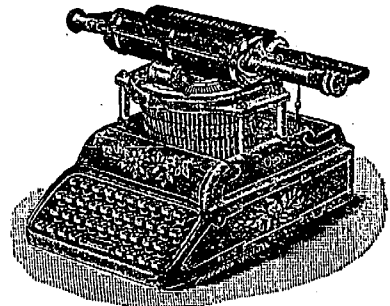
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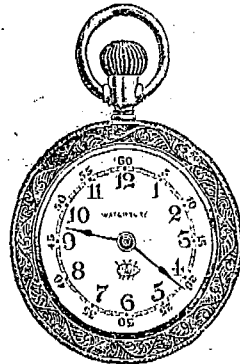
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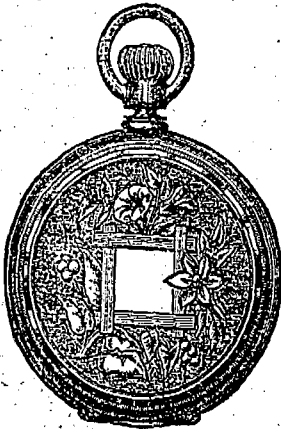
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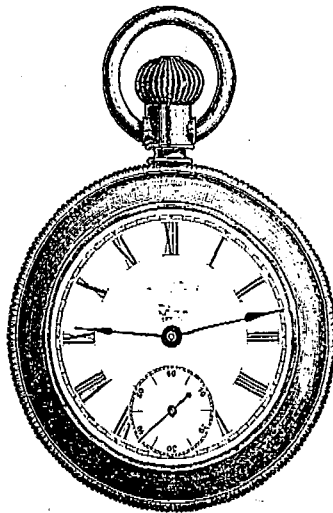


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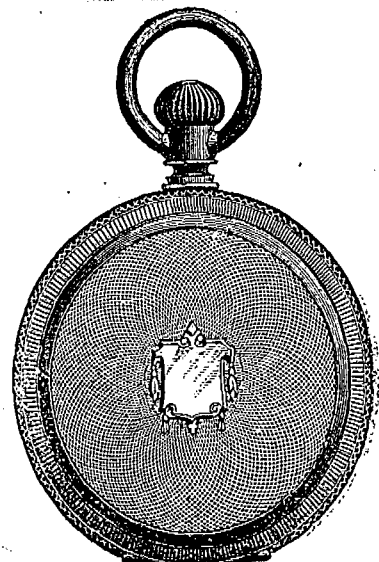
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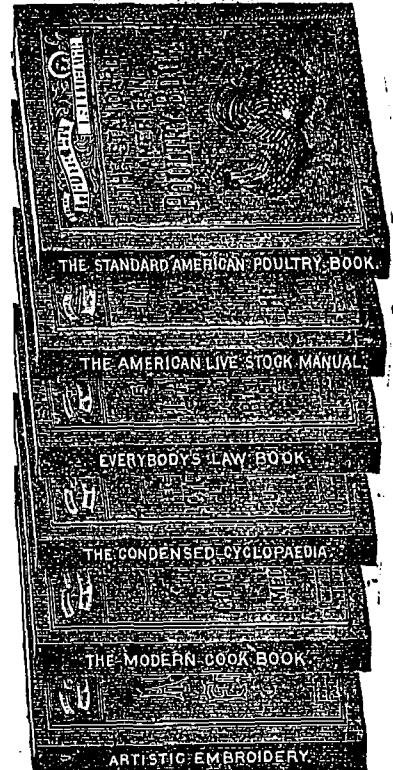
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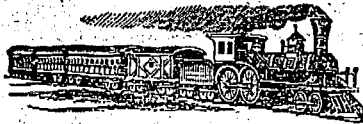
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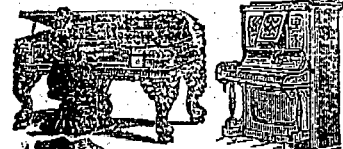


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