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DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. III., No. 2. SHERBROOKE, QUE., AUGUST 1890. PRICE TEN CENTS.



THE GALLANT VETERAN.

MRS. B.: *That poor Mr. Twitters is so timid! His heart is quite in his mouth at the prospect of meeting Maude.*

THE MAJOR: *That's not a safe place for his heart with a daughter of YOURS about, madam! He should keep it in his BOOTS. As for me own, I find I have to keep me heart in me boots AND STAND ON IT, whenever I come here!*



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This exquisite perfume is made from the true violets and the low price of this article makes it a necessity to those who love the flower. Also

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Small Size, Gold Plated Sprinkler Top,	.35
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For sale generally in New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and all LARGE CITIES AND TOWNS, by dealers in fine perfumery. If your druggist does not keep it, send 12 cents and we will send a good-sized sample of any of the above perfumes by mail, securely packed, post-paid, to any address.

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Every variety popular and useful for seaside and inland resorts and for Park driving.

Unequaled for beauty of form and perfection of finish.

All parts entering into details of construction manufactured on the premises.

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Some buy the cheapest instrument, and do not study quality. They are caught by the price.

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"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

OF PURE NORWEGIAN
COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

**CONSUMPTION,
Bronchitis, Cough
or Severe Cold**

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION."

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This Wonderful Medicine for Billious and Nervous Disorders

is the most marvellous Antidote yet discovered. It is the premier Specific for Weak Stomach, Sick Headache, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.; and is found efficacious and remedial by female sufferers.

Long pre-eminent for their health-restoring and life-giving properties, BEECHAM'S PILLS have an unprecedented demand and the largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the world. PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents for the United States, 365 and 367 Canal Street, New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail BEECHAM'S PILLS on receipt of price—but inquire first. Please mention this publication.

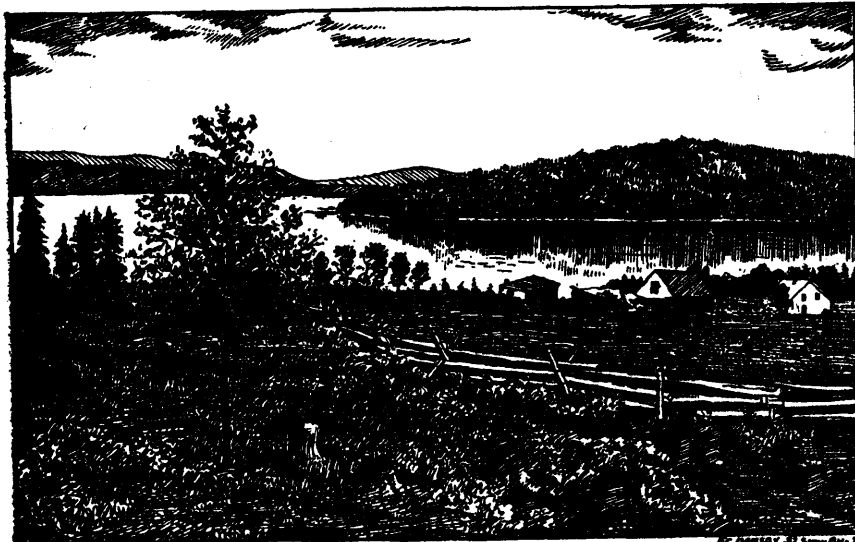
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VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

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- Miss H. M. Bishop, Lime Ridge, Que.
- Miss Nora Thomas, Box 813, Sherbrooke, Q.

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AGENTS L. F. CONNELL & SON, South Bend, Indiana, will issue, the 15th of this month, an article that should be in the hands of all agents. It

FOR SALE.

"LAKE VIEW" Farm, formerly occupied by MAJOR J. D. RAMAGE, containing over 330 acres with nearly a mile of frontage on Lake Megantic. Que: the prettiest view to be found round the Lake. About fifty acres cleared, and the balance is principally hardwood. Good Sugary, fine brook running through the centre and several living springs of water. Close to a Presbyterian church and school. Two miles from Megantic village station of the C. P. Railway or 15 minutes run by steamer. Post office adjoining the church. The best speckled and lake trout fishing in close proximity to the property. Will be sold at a bargain and on easy terms. Apply to
D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke.

DANIEL THOMAS,
Notary Public and Conveyancer.
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

Special attention given to the preparation and execution of Marriage Settlements, wills, Tutorships, Curatorships, and the SETTLEMENT OF ESTATES.
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Advice gratis to Subscribers to this Journal.

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To every one sending direct to the publishers, \$1 for a years advance subscription to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, we will mail prepaid, one dozen handsomely written Gilt Bevel Edge Visiting Cards. This offer is made to save agent's commission and applies only to advance paying subscribers, remitting direct to us.
D. THOMAS & CO.

Engraved Price Cards.

All denominations, from 5c up, on good quality of 2-ply cardboard. Patent pin attachment. They are wanted by all classes of merchants. Price of cards, in any quantity not less than 100, assorted as desired, 50 cts., or \$4.50 per 1000. Price of card pins, 50 cents per 100. Will be sent postpaid to any address; cash with order. Samples at our office.
D. THOMAS & CO.

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

ASBESTOS AND COPPER

We beg to call the attention of Mining Capitalists to the fact that we have had placed with us for sale on most reasonable terms the entire and exclusive mining rights and privileges on eight lots or 1800 acres of land in the Township of Broughton, located on good public roads, near the Queb-c Central Railway, and in the vicinity of the famous Harvey Hill Copper Mine and the Thetford Asbestos Mines

As shown by the report of a mining expert, Serpentine is found on each lot, and on seven of them Asbestos and good indications of Copper. An undivided half of the mining rights will be sold for \$4000 cash to anyone who will develop the property at his own expense, or the entire mining rights will be sold for \$16,000 cash. Title perfect.

No modification of the above terms will be entertained. For further information address
D. THOMAS & CO.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

THE NEW CURE

Will relieve headache, earache, pains resulting from burns and bruises, and generally all pains caused by irritation, as well as croup, cancers and ulcers. Sure remedy for catarrh. Descriptive circulars, with directions for use, on application. A package of NEW CURE POWDERS sufficient for one pint sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Can be mixed with water or any kind of spirituous liquors.
D. THOMAS & CO., Gen. Agts.

WALTER S. TRUMBULL, Potter Place N. H., manufacturer of first-class Fishing Rods; Split Bamboo Trout Rods a specialty. As a light, serviceable and durable rod, they have no superior. Samples and price list may be seen at our office. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
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WHY WILL YE DYE?

The Peerless Hair Wash
Will restore gray hair to its original color and prevent baldness. 50 and 25 cents per bottle. To parties at a distance we will mail the formula for 25 cents.
D. THOMAS & CO.

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Revised and Enlarged
By CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, Prof. in Yale College. With Appendix of 10,000 words and 150 illustrations. Pronouncing Vocabularies of SCRIPTURE, CLASSICAL & GEOGRAPHICAL Terms. Also, a Dictionary of Mercantile and Legal Terms, and 15,000 Synonyms.
Over 1,600 pages. Weight about 8 pounds. This work has always been sold at from \$12 to \$15, but by special arrangement with the publishers, we will supply it for only \$5 at our office.
D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, Que.

BARBER'S Instantaneous Rheumatic CURE

Cures every form of Rheumatism. Price \$1 per bottle.
D. THOMAS & CO., Gen'l Agts., Sherbrooke.

HILL'S GOLDEN OIL, A SURE CURE FOR Scratches in Horses.

Send for Price List.
D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents,
Sherbrooke, Que.

The Land We Live In.

D. THOMAS & CO., Editors and Proprietors
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

"The Land We Live In" circulates throughout all parts of the United States and Canada and reaches thousands of readers monthly. Our aim is to place it before every business man in the country. An advertisement in its columns cannot fail to pay.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

10 cents per line under one inch.

One inch, 12 lines, one month.....\$ 75
One inch, three months..... 1 50
One inch, one year..... 5 00
One column, one month..... 6 00
One page, one month..... 15 00

Cash in advance in all cases. Copy must be in by the 20th of each month to secure insertion.

The Land We Live In is printed monthly by E. R. SMITH & SON, St. Johns, Que. Address all communications to the Proprietors at Sherbrooke, Que.

AGENTS WANTED! In every town to take subscriptions for THE GOSPEL TIDINGS, a non-sectarian religious publication, 50 per cent. commission. Send 2-cent stamp for samples and outfit. Address: GOSPEL TIDINGS PUB. CO., Fort Wayne, Ind. 2yr

BEATTY'S ORGANS are the best. Write for catalogue. Address, Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

BEATTY'S PIANOS in use everywhere. Write for catalogue. Ex-Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey. 2lf.

CURIOSITIES, Sea Shells, Indian Relics, Confederate money, Minerals, Etc. Largest stock; Lowest prices. Circulars free. Falls Novelty Co., Cayuhoga Falls, Ohio. 2m3

LADY AGENTS WANTED—ALSO MEN. Two immense new specialties; 1 lady made \$27 before dinner, another \$16 the first hour. Extraordinary opportunity, proof free. Address LITTLE & CO., 214 Clark St., Chicago, Ill. 6m.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

DR. BARTON'S

PICK-ME-UP HORSE POWDERS.

Free by mail, \$1 per packet.

Dr. Barton, Royal Veterinary Infirmary, Lennoxville, Que.

D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents,
SHERBROOKE

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

DR. ORDWAY'S Improved Plasters.

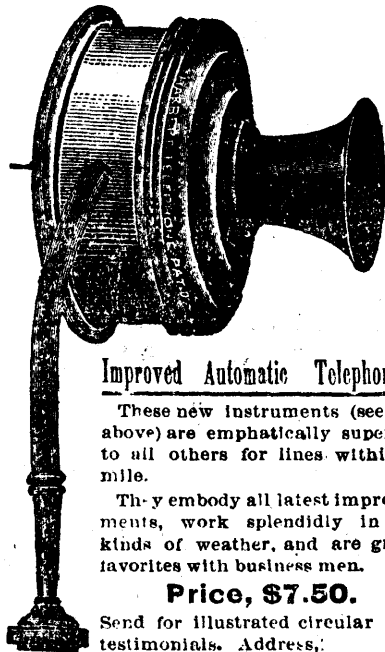
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Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, etc.

By mail, - - 25 cents.

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Private Line Telephones.



For use between Office and Residence or Factory.

Improved Automatic Telephones.

These new instruments (see cut above) are emphatically superior to all others for lines within a mile.

They embody all latest improvements, work splendidly in all kinds of weather, and are great favorites with business men.

Price, \$7.50.

Send for illustrated circular and testimonials. Address:

EDW. E. HARBERT & CO.,

— DEALERS IN —

Telephone and Electrical Supplies of every Description.

132 W. Van Buren Street, CHICAGO.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

\$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER, with 78 characters, and \$15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY. SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer \$100 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted.—Special inducements to Dealers. For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
85 and 87 5th Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

FARMS FOR SALE.

The following cheap and good farms are in the finest section of Western Ontario. Send for the "Canadian Farm Advertiser" to J. J. Daly & Co., Guelph P. O., Ont. It is sent free and gives the acres cleared, sizes and kinds of buildings, &c., &c., of these and 275 other farms.

No stones, hills or swamp on the farms, and the soil is guaranteed deep, rich, clay loam that never bakes. Money sent if required as guarantee, for expenses if the farms are not cheap and as represented, and intending buyers, after seeing them, left to decide for themselves, and then keep or return the money as they think right.

Pure spring water on every farm, good fences; land not hilly nor flat. Gravel roads, cheese factories, creameries, schools, churches and post offices near all the farms.

Good water every where and healthy country.

Only enough money to bind the bargain need be paid until taking possession, and then 60 per cent., \$60 on every \$100, of the price will be left on the farms, or less than that, if buyers wish, payable just to suit the buyers in every way. This will be put in writing and is the best chance ever offered to buyers. All buyers get good titles and their deeds when they take possession.

\$3,800. 110 acres, 65 cleared, 15 acres fine maple bush, good house and barn, market town with railway 2 miles.

\$4,500. 100 acres, 80 cleared, balance bush, brick house, good barn, market town only 1 mile.

\$3,000. 100 acres, 80 cleared, house and barn, near market town.

\$2,500. 60 acres, all cleared, good buildings, near market.

\$2,800. 65 acres, all cleared, good buildings near large town.

\$3,400. 100 acres, 85 cleared, 15 bush, brick house and bank barn, market town with railway 5 miles, village near.

\$3,800. 100 acres, 90 cleared, 10 bush, large fresh water lake is boundary at back end, good house and barn, market town with railway 5 miles.

\$6,000. 205 acres, 90 cleared, rest hardwood, house and barns, a village 2 miles, market town with railway 7 miles.

\$5,900. 165 acres, 150 cleared, 15 hardwood, good house, small barn, market with railway 1 mile, large town 6 miles.

\$5,200. 100 acres, 85 cleared, 5 hardwood, fine brick house and large bank barn, market town with railway 3 miles.

\$10,250. 200 acres, 180 cleared, balance hardwood, 2 sets of fine buildings, 2 bank barns and 2 good houses, market town with railway 2 miles, can be and is divided—one of the best farms in the county.

\$21,000. 300 acres cleared, only \$4,000 cash, balance to suit purchaser, fine buildings that cost \$10,000. This farm adjoins City of Guelph, and is one of the best grain and stock farms of its size in Ontario.

\$20,500. 450 acres in block, 300 cleared, 90 very fine valuable hardwood bush, 3 sets fine buildings, 2 bank barns, 1 fine new brick dwelling, near good market town with railways, best large farm in the county, is fenced into 3 farms—200 acres, 150 acres, and 100 acres, will be sold separately or together.

Send for the "Farm Advertiser." It gives full particulars of these and 275 other farms and valuable information about this country. Address, J. J. Daly & Co., Guelph P. O., Ont.

NEW CURE FOR LOVE, with Rubber Sample, for 10 cents.
HOME SAMPLE CO., Hamilton, O.



"Aren't you afraid of losing your nurse, little girl?"
 "Oh, no! I've left her with the policeman."

MARVELS OF SCIENCE.

BENEVOLENT PHILOSOPHER (to poor and needy tramp, invited into his study): I will give you food and clothes, all you want; but I will not give you money, because I know you will spend it for drink. Drink, my friend, is simply poison, nothing else. You ask why it makes you feel so good. I will tell you. The first efforts of nature to throw off a poison are always pleasant, always accompanied by a feeling of exhilaration. In the process of what we call "catching cold," the pores of the skin close, a vast mass is forced back into the system and with a similar effect. The person feels in bounding health and spirits, and in the experience of many, it is a not uncommon thing to hear persons exclaim: "What? So-and-so dead of pneumonia? Why only a week or two ago I heard him say he never felt so well in his life." You see, the man was at that moment catching his fatal cold, and the poison in his system was producing a feeling of exhilaration, just the same as if he had been drinking liquor.

TRAMP: Well! well! Science is a great thing arter all. Excuse me a minute, boss. I'm goin' out ter catch cold.

VERY LIKELY.

DRUGGIST: Few people have any idea of the great cost of some drugs. See that bottle there? Most empty now. It cost \$20.00 to fill that.

OLD FRIEND: You don't say so? My! my! But then I suppose in selling it by the dose it brings you in about a million.

JUDGE: If I got as intoxicated as you do, I'd shoot myself.

PRISONER: If you was's 'tossicated as I am, you couldn't hitter barn door.

AN OPINION.

"PATTI'S hair is auburn now."
 "Humph! Sing-Sing would be more appropriate."



VICTIM (reprovingly): Lock out; you have your finger in my mouth.

PROFESSOR SCHMEARTZ: Oh, I don't mind that. I have mein finger in more as a hundredt mouths to-day, alretty.



SNOWSHOEING.

This is a purely Canadian recreation generally patronized by the youth of both sexes as well as those of maturer years to whom active exercise is essential. Every city, town and village in the Province of Quebec has its snow shoe clubs, and the members in their gay blanket suits present a very pretty appearance on their weekly or semi-weekly tramps which usually take place in the evening. For the illustrations pertaining to snowshoeing, which appear in this issue and which fully explain themselves, we are indebted to Geo. M. Fairchild, jr., Esq., of New York, Vice-President of the Canadian Club in that city and President of the Oritani Snow Shoe Club, whose book, "*Canadian Leaves*," has been so favorably received by Canadians.

The change in the appearance of our journal is meeting with general approval and we are daily in receipt of complimentary letters from all quarters, many of which contain very *substantial* encouragement. We do not wish to encroach on the space intended to be devoted to reading matter, and have added four extra pages to the present issue, which will be supplemented by additional pages, as the demand for advertising space and other contemplated additions to the ordinary reading columns require them. If we receive sufficient encouragement in that direction we shall add to each issue, two pages of popular music, and shall be pleased to hear from some of our lady readers on the subject. We have arranged with the National Electrotyping

and Stereotype Co., Toronto, to supply the necessary plates as required. The cost of this music in sheet form would be from 25 to 40 cents each.

We are in receipt of a copy of "Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking" adapted to persons of moderate and small means, by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. This is one of the Lomb Prize Essays published by the American Public Health Association, of which Dr. Montizambert, Quebec, is Vice-President, and was awarded the first prize of \$500 amongst seventy competitors. It is one of the most useful and practical books on sanitary cooking we have seen and should be in the hands of every housekeeper. It is comprehensive and intelligible, and those who aim at supplying a varied bill of substantial fare to a family of six at a cost of 78 cents per day or 13 cents per person, can learn how to do it. The book contains over 200 pages, cloth bound, and can be obtained by remitting 40 cents to the Essay Department Public Health Association, Box 289, Rochester, N. Y. We notice that *Winnipeg Siftings* is so much pleased with it that it is publishing the entire essay.

In a letter to *The American Angler*, Kit Clarke, of New York, recommends the use of "Preservaline" made by a company whose office is in Cedar Street, New York, as a perfect fish preservative, and says that he sent during last June ten boxes of trout from Lake Edward, Que., to New York, which weighed from two to five pounds each and although they were six days in transit, they arrived at their destination in perfect condition, and that no peculiarity was perceptible in the flavor of the fish. His manner of using it was to dissolve 1 lb., costing 60 cents, in two gallons of cold water, allowing it to stand over night. The trout were cleaned and placed in this solution for two hours and packed in moss. We have used the "Rex Magnus" effectually in preserving trout but found that it destroyed the flavor, rendering the fish insipid and tasteless.

Canada's International Fair will be held at St. John, N. B., Sept. 24th to Oct. 4th inclusive, and competition will be open to the world. The prizes are large and the prize list very comprehensive. A varied programme of attractions will be provided and favorable rates have been obtained from all the railway and steamboat companies. St. John is beautifully situated and it is well worth the cost of the trip to see it. Visitors from this section can have their choice of either the Grand Trunk or Canadian Pacific Railways. The route of the latter is through a very picturesque country, abounding with attractions for the sportsman and tourist. The prize list and programme giving full particulars can be obtained on application to Ira Cornwall, Sec'y, St. John, N. B.

The efficacy of the Luminous Trolling Spoons, manufactured by the Enterprise M'fg Co., Akron, Ohio, seems to be pretty well established. We notice that C. G. Ludlow caught at Kalamazoo Lake, Mich., with a No. 4 "Empire," spoon in 2½ hours time, one 10 lb. pickerel, one 9½ lb. pickerel, seven 5 to 7 lb. pickerel and two 2½ lb. black bass. The Enterprise Co. offers \$5 worth of its goods to any one who can break that record. With the No. 6 "Pirate" spoon a land locked salmon was caught in the Rideau Lake, Ont., which weighed 24½ lbs. We have used the No. 7 "Pirate" this season with good success at Lake Aylmer, Que., in catching mascalonge and doré or wall eyed pike, but should prefer a No. 5 or 6 size. These spoons can be seen at our office and may be obtained through us.

Mr. James Tracey, merchant-tailor, 133 Wellington Street, attributes his success, principally due, to an *ad.* in our columns, and to the fact that during the hot weather small boys and man's breath go in short *pants*. That the "child is father to the man," is *pant*-omimically illustrated by this attempt at wearing the breeches.

*As pants the hart for some cool shady brook
So Tracey pants to suit the well dressed man*



Lake Megantic, from Echo Vale Station, C. P. R.

(From Photo by Capt. Jones.)

Do you know that \$1.00 per week, with interest at 4 p. c. compounded semi-annually, will in 5 years amount to \$284.67; in 10 years to \$631.66; and in 20 years to \$1570.22? Try to save \$1 per week as an endowment fund for the baby when he becomes of age and invest it every week in a post office or other Savings Bank. Even 10 cents per week will amount to \$156.74 in 20 years at 4 p. c. compound interest.

Our townsman, Mr. L. A. Dastous, was fortunate enough to draw a prize of \$2,000 in the Carslake Derby Sweepstakes. He thinks his good luck was attributable to the free use of *Dr. Ordway's Improved Plasters*, which he says will draw every time. A 25 cent draw will enable you to test the efficacy of one of them.

Do not forget to remind us when remitting a dollar for a year's advance subscription to this journal that you want a dozen of bevelled, gilt edge visiting cards with your name neatly written thereon, and we will send them to you, postage paid, as a premium.

All books sent to us will be noticed editorially, and any samples received by us will receive a notice or description equivalent to their value. We will also accept the agency for the sale of any articles of merit which we can handle to advantage.

Ex-Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, of Beatty's Celebrated Organs and Pianos, Washington, New Jersey, has returned home from an extended tour of the world. Read his advertisement in this paper and send for catalogue.

Ours is the only journal which publishes a *Subscribers Directory*, and nearly all of our numerous exchanges send sample copies of their publications to those whose names appear on it.

We are prepared to receive subscriptions to this journal for six months, at half the annual rate, as we expect in this way to secure permanent subscribers.

"It's an Ill Wind," Etc.

"Those pesky flies," was the silent ejaculation of the bald-headed members of the congregation.
"Bless those flies," said the minister to himself. "There will be no one asleep during the sermon."

MON COUSIN NORBERT.

Dat's tree week ago nex' week, my dear fren'
I have dance at my broder-in-law,
She leev on St. Jean Baptiste de Mile End
I can tole you she's very Ha! Ha!
De name of ma broder in-law dat's Lecours,
She always invite a big gang;
Some come from "en ville," some come from
"faubourg,"
An' some come from de "campagne."

You nevare be dere, you can' say for dat,
W'at plaisir de people she's make,
She dance leetle jig and big "cel-a-quatre,"
An' drink heem spruce beer "en fêlé."
She make de "bouillon," dat is us French
name
For soup, w'at she put I dunno.
She play "21," dat is one card game,
An' de checker-board game also.

She was dere ma fader-in-law Noel,
An' his wife an' ma sister beau,
Ma Cousin Germain, an' his fien' Trudel,
Dat keep a farm at St. Bruno.
Dere was Rock Papineau, dat work on Canal
An' his wile, he is call Philomene,
Baptiste Tranchemoutagne an' Pierre Fa-
nelle,
Brissols an' his broder Antoine.

W'at for to his fren' he give dat big spree?
I tink me I know very well,
Ma cousin Norbert on de big lotterie—
Dat was own by de Fader Labelle—
She have teecket number two-thirty-four,
She sent him one bill by de pos'
Dat tell if she got him, dat ticket encore,
Was draw one big farm at Ste. Rose.

Norbert she is work on cigar factoree
She was not expect such a chance.
Was glad like before I nevare have see
She nearly jump off on his pants,
Norbert speak me dis, "I go see de boss,
"An' say I don't work any more
"She ax me for why, an' I tell him because
"I have see dat trick done before."

Norbert she will go on his wedding tour,
An' she will passby La Tortue,
Dat is where he's live his girl, to be sure,
An' his name, dat's Madeleine Beaulieu,
So when she come back and ole folks in bed,
Hooraw for anoder big spree;
St. Jean Baptiste Ward she make paint him
red
By de boys, from cigar factoree.

W. H. D.

ANSWERING THE CENSUS QUESTIONS.

TOM SIGGINS, who was about twelve years of age, was paying a duty visit to his maiden aunt not long ago.

It was considered desirable, on the part of the Siggins family, to maintain amicable relations with Miss Drusilla, as she was well supplied with this world's goods, and as a general impression prevailed that she could take none of them with her when she left this world.

Tom was her favorite nephew, and he was selected to pay the visits deemed essential to keep Aunt Drue aware that the Sigginses were still living.

She was fond of hearing Tom read the newspapers to her, and was often heard to declare that no reading was half so interesting as that she obtained in this way. And this is not to be wondered at when it is known that Tom had an ingenious way of editing, so to speak, the matter he read to her, and interpolating into it such improvements as his fertile imagination suggested.

I doubt if the writer of a piece of information would recognize it as his simply by hearing Tom Siggins read it to his beloved aunt.

One evening Tom came across the list of questions to be asked by the census enumerators, and this is the way in which the information reached Miss Drusilla, together with her comments thereon:

"O, auntie; here's what the census man will ask you when he comes. 'What is your Christian name in full, and your surname?'"



A HATER OF FALSEHOOD.

MENDICANT (*in disgust*): Them editers is liars, every one o' them. Here's two columns in this paper about th' good times an' th' piles o' money layin' idle, an' I haven't taken in a cent this mornin'.



AFTER THE INTRODUCTION.

MRS. VAN TWILLER (*who mistakes Doctor Jovial for a physician*): And where do you practice, Doctor?

THE REV. DR. JOVIAL; *Ah, Madam, I do not practice; I only preach.*

"Well, it won't be hard to tell him my name is Drusilla Siggins, will it?"

"Were you a soldier, sailor or marine during the civil war; and if so, why not?"

"You don't say they'll ask a woman that?"

"Course! This is the list. Next question is: Relationship to head of the family."

"Well, I guess Drusilla Siggins is head of this family herself."

"Are you white or black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese, Japanese Indian or Methodist?"

"Well, now, I should think the census man could see that I'm white, and I'll tell him mighty quick that I'm a Presbyterian and it's none of the Government's business, either."

"Are you able to read?"

"The idea!"



EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.

MR. W. C. CUTHBERT, returning from the club (2:30 a. m.)
I wonder w-which one of t-those hic! lamp-posts I had better l-lean against?

"Can you write?"
 "Can I!"
 "Are you able to speak English?"
 "Humph!"
 "Can you walk Spanish?"
 "What's that?"
 "Were any of your ancestors ever hanged for crime?"
 "No, indeed!"
 "Do you like olives?"
 "Not very well."
 "What is your sex?"
 "Well, if the census man can't see I'm a female when he looks at me, Drusilla Siggins will not tell him!"
 "Are you married?"
 "No; thank goodness."
 "Have you ever had an offer?"
 "Have I?" Well, I should say so."
 "Who was the first man to propose to you?"
 "Let me see. I think it was Sam Brown."
 "Did he ever display any other symptom of insanity?"
 "Such impudence!"
 "Did he marry some one else?"
 "Yes; she that was Susan Berkshire."
 "Of how many children is he now the father?"



BESSIE: *Oh! Uncle Josh, you just ought to see the cunning little red baby the doctor bought for mama last night.*
 UNCLE JOSH: *Wal, I declar; what was it Bessie, little boy or girl?*
 BESSIE: *No, Uncle Josh, it's just baby.*

"Such impertinent questions!"
 "Why did you refuse him?"
 "Well, I don't think that's any of the Government's business."
 "How soon after did you begin to regret it?"
 "Why, those questions are just awful."
 "So they are, and the worst of it is, if you don't answer them they'll clap you in jail and fine you \$500. Do you swear?"
 "Of course not."
 "Use tobacco in any form?"
 "Such ridiculous questions!"
 "Take sugar and cream in your tea or drink it straight?"
 "Sugar and cream."
 "How old are you?"
 "What's that?"
 "How old are you?"
 "Tom, they *don't* ask that?"
 "O, yes, they do. Here it is in print."
 "And you've got to answer it or go to jail and pay \$500?"
 "That's about the size of it."
 "Tom, when do these pirates commence to spring their catechism?"
 "On the 2d of June."
 "Well, Tom, on the last day of May your Aunt Drue leaves this country to stay all summer with her relatives in Canada. She's been wanting to see them for a long time, anyhow. You needn't read any more."
 — Wm. H. Siviter.

IT FILLS A LONG-FELT WANT.

SNODGRASS: I have just completed the greatest invention of the age.
 SNIVELY: What is it?
 SNODGRASS: An anti-profanity fountain pen.



Every intelligent Eastern Townships knows more or less of the story of "Roger's Expedition." That, for many years, the inhabitants of the Connecticut River towns suffered much from the frequent marauding incursions of the St. Francis tribe of the Abenakis; that so great became the general feeling of insecurity in these English settlements that farmers went armed to work in the fields; feeling that, at any time, the red-skins of the Canadian forests might swoop down upon them, burn their homes, scalp and murder their dear ones before their eyes, or—what they deemed far worse—force them away with them to drag out a hideous existence in the depths of their northern wilds.

That—exasperated beyond further endurance—in the year 1759 the colonists dispatched Colonel Rogers, of the colonial force, with two hundred sharpshooters, for the purpose of putting an end—it was earnestly hoped—to the depredations of these Indians.

That, after a tedious march, they came in sight of the Indian village of St. Francis and were stung to the quick by seeing the scalps of their murdered friends suspended on poles and swinging in the breeze; that, exasperated to the highest pitch, they determined to exterminate the savages, and, accordingly, slew men, women and children.

That, the one hundred Indian braves, who were absent on a hunting excursion when their village was attacked, returning, followed Rogers' party; dogging their footsteps as far as Lake Memphremagog—most of them falling in their several attacks upon the retreating party—and that this expedition virtually exterminated the aboriginal inhabitants of the Eastern Townships.

At first thought, it seems rather a strange coincidence that during the very year in which Canada became a British colony, and seventeen years before the American Revolutionary War, such a preparation as this should have been made for those colonists who still desired to remain on the American continent, and, at the same time, to dwell on British soil, but

"The great God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Rogers did a work of which he—prob-

bly—never dreamed; he not only relieved his friends on the Connecticut from a horde of merciless marauders, but he prepared the Eastern Townships for the reception of the early pioneers, who did not come into country until a period of thirty-five years had elapsed after his memorable expedition, which cleared the land of troublesome savages, thus saving the early settlers from the discomforts and dangers which the early New-Englanders endured.

This clearing out of the Indian hunters led to the filling of the rivers and lakes with fish, and the forests with game, which furnished the settlers with much toothsome and nutritious food.

It also led to the rapid increase of valuable fur bearing animals, thus enabling those daring men to secure much valuable peltry, which they exchanged in the cities of Three Rivers and Montreal for ammunition and other necessary articles.

About the year 1798, there came into the southern part of the—then—township of Bolton, with a colony of five or six other families—entering by way of Lake Memphremagog—a young couple, David Porter and his wife,—strong, brave, light-hearted and industrious, determined to hew for themselves a home out of the unbroken forest. Few were the articles of furniture that they brought with them, as the bringing of what was most necessa-

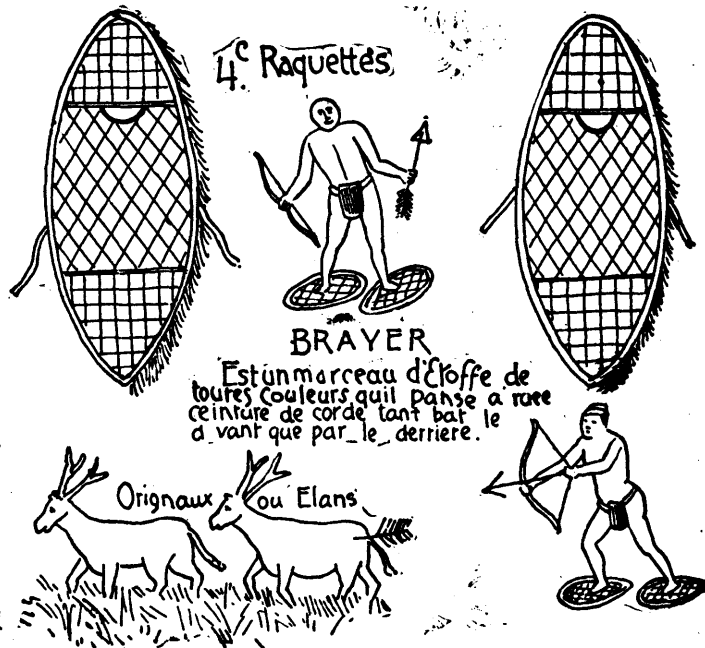
ry toward the making of a livelihood was then a great labor.

Seed-grain, implements for hunting and trapping, tools for clearing land and for the construction of their rude dwellings, together with a few cooper's and shoemaker's tools, and arrangements for the manufacture of linen and woollen cloths—so soon as they should be able to raise the necessary wool and flax, together with articles of clothing and bedding, was all they brought to this land, excepting the few cattle which they felt would be indispensable.

David Porter secured a lot of five hundred acres of land—bounded on the east by Lake Memphremagog, the Geneva of our Canadian Switzerland—and set to work with his axe to make a clearing.

A comfortable log-house of two small rooms, roofed with bark, was built; also a hovel for his cattle. Later, against one end of the hovel was erected a pen for sheep. In the early days the fortunate possessor of a few sheep found it necessary to shut them into a pen at night to keep them from the jaws of the mutton-loving wolves and bears.

David Porter stood six feet in his stockings—a man of giant strength and of indomitable courage and energy. As dark as his outlook may seem to us, he felt no discouragement. He was young and strong, skilled in the use of tools, a cunning hunter and trapper, with a wife who was a meet, indeed, a woman who feared naught but disgrace; one would handle an axe or gun almost as well as her husband. The "clearings" being small, the settlers subsisted, for years, largely upon the fish of the rivers and lakes, and the game which abounded in the forest. Porter's gun and rod kept his family supplied with fish, flesh and fowl. There was no scarcity of trout, lunge, partridge, wild-duck, and venison steaks—each in its season. He explored



The Commencement of the Racket.

the forests for miles about his home, and became acquainted with the haunts and habits, and with the best means of capturing the most valuable fur-bearing animals. His arrangements during the year were such that he might be able to make the most of the season for both agricultural pursuits and hunting. In the autumn great lunge from the lake were salted down for winter use in barrels of his own making. During the summer he built, or repaired "camps" in the woods, and "spotted" lines of trees to enable him to go, with as little thought and as much safety as possible, from one advantageous hunting ground to another. Wood was also prepared and brought to the "camps" during this season suitable for cooking his food, and for keeping a fire at night to protect himself from attacks of wild animals when "camping out" on protracted hunting excursions.

As soon as the frosts came on—an indication that the skins of the fur-bearing animals had become "prime"—Porter got out his "pack" which was a stout tow and linen bag, rather wider than it was long, made with a strap of the same material across the top—which was open—but with a flap of the cloth hanging over it, at least, half way down the side. Arrangements were made for securing the "pack" with strong strings. Into it was put a pair of steel traps, and other articles which he might need while away, then the strap was put over his neck and under one arm, so that it was carried easily, hanging at his back; then this young Nimrod turned his back upon his home, and, with gun and axe, powder horn and stout hunting-knife, plunged into the forest to set up his lines of traps.

In some places he set steel traps, baited to suit the taste of the animal he desired to trap, and securely fastened to something to prevent its being dragged away, but more frequently, he built wooden traps with the deadly "fall." These traps were for bears, wolves, wild-cats, otters, beavers, marten, mink—anything that had a pelt worth stripping off and carrying home.

After the "lines" were set, he visited them—so far as he could—every day, taking with him stretching boards for stretching the skins of any large animals he might have trapped, as it was easier to return with the pelts only to camp.

These "stretching boards" were smooth, flat, thin and pointed at one end with some notches cut in the sides near the square end.

The hunter commenced the flaying of an animal at the hinder legs, loosening the skin from them and cutting across from one of these legs to the other. This having been done, the pelt was easily stripped from the body of the animal, the knife only coming into requisition again for loosening it from the fore legs and the head.

Then, the fur being inside, the skin was stretched upon a suitably sized drying board, the head covering the pointed end, the back part, on each side, being drawn over a notch in the board to keep it in place; the tail of the animal and the skin of the hinder legs being properly arranged on the length of board left uncovered. The

smaller animals taken were put into the "pack" with the pelts of the larger ones, taken to the camp and, usually skinned and stretched by the light of a pine torch, after a supper of broiled fish or partridge.

With the exception of an occasional day at home, Porter spent the Autumn in this way until the snows became too deep and the weather too inclement for trapping.

His own peltry—the most valuable product of his year's work—together with that belonging to his neighbours—was taken, some time during the winter, by some reliable man in the settlement—perhaps on a load of pearlsh or salts—over the frozen St. Lawrence to Montreal; where it was exchanged for necessary articles; there being—not infrequently, what was to these poor people, quite a surplus in money.

During the winter his snow-shoes came into requisition; and deer and moose were taken, in the intervals of chopping and caring for his small stock of cattle. In those years fur-bearing animals were so plentiful around Lake Memphremagog and in the



A Trial Trip.

township of Orford that Porter's hunting "tramps" did not take him many miles from home. In after years, when the country had become more settled and the game scarcer, his sons extended theirs to Brompton Lake and sometimes as far as Lake Megantic.

For seventeen years, David Porter went steadily on; cultivating his small patch of clearing and preparing for the Autumn's hunting in the summer; taking much valuable peltry in the Autumn; chopping to enlarge his clearing and making salts in the winter; varied with an occasional deer or moose hunt; working in the evenings at coopering, sled or moccasin making, and making his year's supply of maple sugar in the spring.

Meanwhile, five children had been born to him—two sons and three daughters—the eldest being boys of sixteen and four-

teen years; named, respectively Nathaniel and Joseph.

During the winter of 1812 Porter fell ill of typhoid fever; and—unaccustomed to illness—during convalescence, supposing himself fully recovered, by an indiscreet act brought on a relapse that—strong man though he was—cost him his life.

Then Lydia Porter—the brave hearted woman—gathered her sobbing children about her, and sat down in her desolate home; too much dazed with the suddenness of the dreadful shock, to be able to lay any plan for the future.

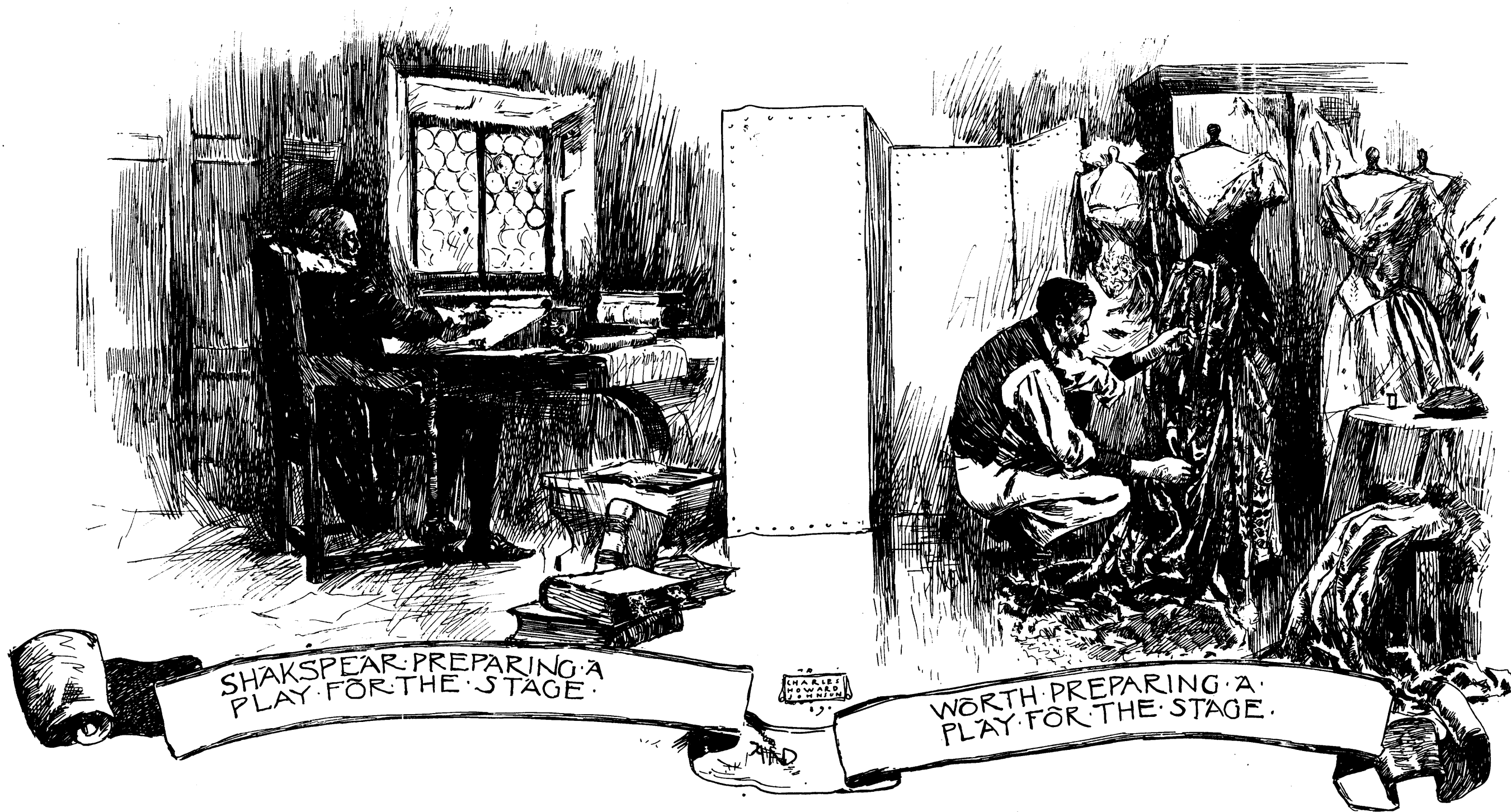
Rough-handed, but kind-hearted neighbours, laid her dead away for her.

Then, she roused herself with a great effort, and nerved herself to consider her situation—a lone woman in a new country, hundreds of miles from all her kin; with a family of young children, and with little means. Yet she quailed not. Was she not accustomed to hardship? Could she not make a little go a great way? Lydia Porter was, by no means a woman of extensive reading—her library consisting only of a Bible and hymn-book, Fox' Book of Martyrs, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and an English Reader; but she had read her Bible to some purpose; and trusted in Him whose promise is to the widow and the fatherless. She brought her family comfortably through that winter. In the spring—with the help of her children—she did what she could toward putting in a crop; but she had—always—done all she could; and now she felt—as never before—how much the strong skilful hands of her husband had done. Then the two "hard years" set in—frosts in June and July killing nearly everything she had planted. To make the outlook darker for her, the rich man of the neighbourhood Ben Hobbs—who lived but a mile away—had cast covetous eyes upon her farm, and had determined to have it. She had been obliged to kill one of her cows—during the winter—for food; and had sold another for necessities and to pay taxes. Her only remaining cow she felt she must keep. During the summer, they lived upon the milk of this cow, berries, and fish, feeling that she must keep what grain she and her boys could earn, for winter, during that dreadful time when all her neighbours—excepting the "king" of the settlement—Ben Hobbs were quite, or nearly as poor as herself.

"The 'king' could be plausible—very plausible—when it suited his purpose to be so; so he said "Lydia, don't fret: your boys are fine chaps. They're coming on well. They'll soon be able to manage all right. Get whatever you want from my store, and pay when you're able."

Wisely, she strove to hide her knowledge of his purpose from "king Hobbs," but, gradually, he discovered that she understood him. Then, the true nature of the man became quite unveiled—she had to deal with an undoubted oppressor. Dealings with him she had been obliged to have, much as she wished to avoid this, and was somewhat in his debt; and in the Fall—when the days were short and gray and cold, he demanded in payment—her cow—her only cow—claiming to be hard pushed, and that he could not do otherwise than

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.



The Sliding Scale.

take it. Then the spirit of this brave woman became aroused; and standing before him with head erect and flashing eyes she said: "Benjamin Hobbs, my husband was your brother; for you married Lois, his only sister; who loved him as she did herself. You know we will pay you when the hard times are over." "Hard times over!" sneered "the king," "I'd like to know when the hard times are like to be over! Remember, *next week I shall take the cow*, if you don't raise the money," and Lydia answer, "Ben. Hobbs! you know, right well, that we shall suffer from hunger if you take the cow. If you—a rich man—do this thing, *you will die a worthless vagabond!*"

For a moment Hobbs paled before the afflicted and oppressed widow; then—with a gruff oath—he turned and strode away. Nat. and Jo. had heard all this.

Springing to his feet, Nat. cried with the heartache he felt for his mother in his voice "Come on, Jo! Less go a huntin'! and while we're a huntin' for partridges and mink, we'll hunt for Rogerses buried treasure. I guess we need it, if any body ever hes.

I've heern tell that the last battle his men hed with the Injuns was aout in aour paster. If we find a place that looks any ways likely t'hev any thing in it, we'll dig 'til we find it, 'f it 's there," and, taking their guns and a spade, they started—resolutely—for the pasture, which was covered—principally—with stones, logs and bushes.

The older boy—hearing a rustling—caught his brother by the arm, saying "Keep still, Jo!"

Directly they discovered, not far before them, clambering upon a log, a gaunt gray wolf which Nat. brought down with his gun. Before going for the carcase, he prudently re-loaded his gun. As they neared the log off which the dead wolf had fallen, they discovered that the bushes thereabout seemed a good deal bent; and, on closer inspection, found tracks; and that the log was large and hollow. Peering into it, he saw what seemed to be two balls of fire. At these the boy fired; then, seizing his brother's gun, he cried "load mine quick!" and discharged this gun also into the log. Then the boys proceeded to roll large stones into the open end of the log to secure whatever was in it. This done, taking the carcase of the dead wolf, they started for home.

Meeting Jed. Blake and his son Jim at their mother's door, upon telling them their story Blake exclaimed "Hooray!" les' go'n' see whatever thar is in that thar log. Leave this 'ere old feller. I guess you've trapped his family." Upon opening the log, a she, wolf was found lying dead among her cubs, six in number.

These were soon secured, and Nat. almost wild with delight, cried out, "Rogerses' treasure, sure enough! Eight times ten is eighty. Eighty dollars, besides the worth of the pelts!"

"Old Brindle wont hev to go now." The bounty paid for this wolf family enabled widow Porter to keep her cow, and to procure what was necessary to carry her comfortably through the winter.

Patiently the mother and her boys toiled on, struggling, for years, with poverty, helped, but sometimes hindered by Hobbs; but they kept their farm, and kept it from being mortgaged.

When Joseph Porter was twenty-one, the farm was equally divided between the two brothers, they obligating themselves to pay a certain sum to each of their sisters on her eighteenth birthday.

Both Nathaniel and Joseph became forehanded farmers; living to a good old age, honoured and prominent men among their townsmen.

As for "king Hobbs" the widow's curse seemed to follow him. Not long after his expressed determination to deprive widow Porter of her cow, his store was burned with most of its contents.

The next summer his largest barn, filled with hay, was struck by lightning. Next his only daughter, made an unfortunate marriage; then two of his three sons died in successive years; then his wife died, her neighbours said of a broken heart; then he had an eye gouged out in a drunken brawl. His property went here and there, until he became penniless.

He attempted to do something in various ways, but the star of his good fortune had set forever.

At last, in his old age, a gray-haired man of three score years, he began collecting roots and herbs which he forwarded to druggists in Boston. He sometimes "camped out" for a week, as some of the most valuable roots were to be found only in the woods some distance from his home.



The Bivouac.

For five or six years he eked out a subsistence in this manner.

Finally, remaining away some days longer than usual, search was made for him. He was found dead in his camp.

An empty whisky jug, and several empty gin bottles were also found there.

So died he who was "king of the settlement thirty-five years before, and Nathaniel and Joseph Porter remembered their mother's prophecy, "*You will die a worthless vagabond.*"

M. N. L.

THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE."

A Legend of Lake St. Peter.

[As told by Narcisse Labrecque.]

I.

On one dark night on Lac St. Pierre,—
De win' she blow—blow—blow—
W'en de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante,"
Got scard an run below.
De win' she blow lek hurricain
By m' by she blow some more,
An' de scow bust up on Lac St. Pierre
One arpent from de shore.

II.

De captin—he walk on de front deck,
An' he walk de hin' deck too,
He call de crew from up de hol'
He call de cook also,
De cook she's name was Rosie,
An' she cam' from Montreal.
She was chamber-maid on a lumber barge,
On de big Lachine canawl.

III.

De win' she blow from North-East-West,
An' de Sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie said "Mon cher Capitaine,
Mon cher—w'at I shall do?
De Capitin—he trow de bag h'ankerre
But still—de scow she'll dr' ef'
De crew he can' pass on de shore
Because he tow' hees skeel.

IV.

De night was dark lak one black cat,
De wave run high an' fas'
W'en de Capitin took de poor Rosie
An' he tie her to de mas,
Den de Capitin he put on life preserve
An' he jump off on de lake,
An' he say "Good bye my Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sake."

V.

Nex' mornin' very h'early,
'Bout half pas' two—tree—on four,
De Capitin—cook—an' wood scow,
Was corpses on de shore.

VI.

Now all good wood-scow, sailor man,
Take warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French gal,
An' leev on one big farm.
De win' can blow lak hurricain,
An' spose she blow some more,
You can't git drown on Lac St. Pierre,
So long you stay on shore.

W. H. DRUMMOND,

Montreal.

Lingered in the Hall.

Old Gentleman—That young man who calls on you is rather slow of speech, isn't he Clara?

Clara—Why, not a bit. What makes you think so?

Old Gentleman—I noticed last night that it took him about 45 minutes to say good-night when he went to the door to go.

Always in the Season.

The gravedigger doesn't have to wait for the berries to get ripe. He can go burying most any time.

He Could Do It.

Teacher—Cannot you write legibly?
Boy—Yes, sir. L-e-g-i-b-l-y.



Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

A DRIVE WITH A DOG TEAM.

I was visiting at the house of an Indian Agent, not very far from the mouth of the Red River of the North, and one day just after dinner, McClure, the agent's eldest son, a lad of 14, asked me if I should like to have a drive with the dogs. Of course I was not foolish enough to refuse such an offer and eagerly accepted. In about half an hour, McClure came to say that the dog train was at the door. When I went out, there was a long toboggan to which the dogs were harnessed tandem fashion. About three feet from the stern of the toboggan, so to speak, was something like the back of an arm chair, and connecting this with the turned up front were white canvass sides, making it all look something like a low cut shoe. A large cushion was placed for my back, a wooly skin robe was spread on the bottom. I sat down on it and another crimson lined wolf skin was spread over and tucked in round me by my gallant young driver. "Now," said Mr. M. "you will experience some of the hardships of travelling in this dreadful N. W." The dogs, four great, tawny "huskies," were all the while uneasily turning their heads to see what was going on.

Then with a wild whoop and a shout of "Marchedans" from McClure, the dog dash away through the gate, McClure running beside the toboggan until they are well started, then jumping on behind, he stands there guiding the dogs by his word only, with a "Gei," "Yagor," "Wo," as the case may be. Round the corner of the garden fence swings the toboggan, through

a little poplar grove, then over a great snow drift and down the river bank to a well beaten road over the middle of the stream. Then a straight run of a mile down the Nepu-sepee river and I wish I could describe how delightful it was. Each dog had a scarlet cloth saddle on his back, over which hung three rows of bells and a long red tassel hung high over his neck. The music of the bells was echoed back by the woods that fringe the banks of the river, a great flock of snow birds, twittering merrily, rose before us, like a drift of large snow-flakes driven by the wind. But all at once the dogs make a wild dash towards the bank, barking furiously. They were answered by a chorus from other dogs and then I see that they are making for a little house which stands round a bend of the river. "Gei, wo, wo," shouts McClure, but on they go with heads stretched out.

Fortunately a snow drift lies between them and the house, and here the toboggan goes heavily and allows McClure to run forward and head off Pompey the "fore runner." Taking him by the collar, McClure turns him towards the road, then giving the dogs a cut with his long whip, he jumps on again and we proceed. "That is the house where the Indian lives who trained the dogs," explained McClure, "and they always think they should go in to see him." Next we pass through an Indian village, whose houses lie on each side of the river. One of these, a comfortable log building, is the home of "Chief Thunderbolt," otherwise John Prince, who visited Toronto and Ottawa last fall and brought home great accounts of the wonderful buildings and pretty ladies he saw there. Down the bank comes Chief Thunderbolt's daughter, "all dressed in her best for a party." She has plenty of skirts on to keep her warm. It is easy to count them for the longest is underneath and the shortest on top. First a heavy dark cloth skirt, next one made of a bright striped blanket, another cloth one and a red one on top. Her head and shoulders are enveloped in a dark shawl, while cloth leggings protect her pretty ankles and reach down to the tops of her dear little moccasins. Just as we pass the house, John Prince himself appears. He salutes us in stately fashion by waving his arm and I wave my handkerchief in return.

So on the road, leaves the river and enters the woods, and here a difficulty meets us in the shape of a cavalcade of sleighs drawn by horned steeds and driven by Icelanders, who are coming

in from Gimli, the Icelandic settlement on Lake Winnipeg. The road was narrow, with rough woods on either side and my heart went down very low when I looked at the long horns of the oxen and wondered how we would pass. McClure managed it somehow, though the dogs swung me under the very noses of the oxen. They must have been as quiet as their blue-eyed drivers. Next we go over two "hay swamps" where the Indians have cut plenty of hay during the dry season, then across Netley river and into the woods again, the white winter woods, so still and silent save for the sound of the bells.

McClure was just telling me that "When we reach that bend in the road



"He does not come!" she said.

there is a straight road for twenty miles right on to Gimli." "Oh, this is lovely," I answer, "let us go on till we reach Gimli." "I think you would be a little hungry by that time," replies practical McClure. We come to the turn in the road and oh, horrors! here comes another dog team. Of course the dogs rushed at one, another and black dogs and yellow were all in a heap of fighting, snarling and biting. I just began to wonder if it would do any good for me to scream when McClure got hold of Pompey's collar again and, by a vigorous jerk, extricated him from the pile of dogs; then the toboggans came into collision; over went the other toboggan, shooting its occupant into the raspberry bushes, while mine righted itself and the dogs trotted growling away.

Returning by another road, we came to where a poplar "bluff" or grove juts out into an open space where Netley river winds through hay swamps. Here I saw in the distance what look-

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



THIS IS THE PRACTICAL JOKER.



THIS IS THE CIGAR.



THE ORIGINAL MAY MOVING.

CHIP



This is the well-meaning missionary.



And this is the result.

ALL ENDS IN ASHES.

THE Duke of Bedford has spent \$20,000 in trying to make the theory of cremation popular."

"Rather expensive hobby."

"Very—and sad to relate, all those he has induced to try it are now dead."

THE WAY TO SPREAD IT.

FIRST SENATOR: I have a scheme to which I wish to give the widest publicity. What do you suggest as the best method?

SECOND SENATOR: Discuss it in secret session, of course.

STRANGER: What humorous papers have you on file in this library?

LIBRARIAN: We have *Punch*, *Puck*, *Judge*, *Munsey's*—

STRANGER: I think you have mistaken my question. I asked for the humorous periodicals.

IT is said that the guillotine is a successful remover of dandruff.

ONE letter which never minds other people's business—Let her B.



WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

MR. STAYER: *I remember when I was a little chap I used to go out nights and ring door-bells, and then run away.*

MISS FRESHIE (with sudden animation): *Oh, what fun! Why don't you do that now, Mr. Stayer?*

ed like a very long hay stack. I said, "The Indians have cut a great deal of hay here." "We are off the reserve now," said McClure, "and what you take for a hay stack is a row of stables, look now we are nearer and you will see the doors, but there is hay piled on the top. This is a ranch where there are 75 horses and a large number catt'e. They were brought out here because hay was scarce after these dry seasons. There is the little shanty where the ranchman and his wife lives." When we came to the bank of N.ley river, the dogs rushed down the steep hill and turned short to the right and stood still. Of course the toboggan whirled round and upset, rolling me and the robes and cushion out on the snow. McClure explained that the dogs were afraid the toboggan would run too fast for them down the hill so they went to one side to escape being run into.

Back we come to the Nepu-sepee river, the sun is getting low and a slight mistiness is creeping over the bright blue of the sky, still the sun shined brightly. "Oh look!" said McClure, "the sun has his dogs out, too," and then I noticed the beautiful appearance in the sky which we call "sun dogs." It is not uncommon here but I do not know that any satisfactory explanation of it has been given. Not far from the sun was a bright circle like a halo, on each side, this circle brightened into a spot of rainbow colors and vivid light. From these extended a bright circle, quite round the sky, a little above the horizon. At the opposite point from the sun was another bright spot and midway between this and the rainbow tinted spots were two other mock suns. As we go through the Indian village we see, in front of us, the dog train which we had met in the woods and it was exciting to see how Pompey and the others strained to catch up with them. We did pass them in a few minutes, but Pompey was too near home now and too anxious to get there, to give them more notice than a few triumphant barks as they passed, tossing the tassled heads and jingling their bells as they finally dashed up the bank and round to the gate in fine style.—Mrs. T. C. J., Winnipeg.

Cause of his Death.

Winks—I learn that my old friend Minks, editor of the Daily Clarion, was found dead in his office this morning. Foul play is suspected.

Jinks—Had he been making many enemies lately?

Winks—No none at all. He had stopped all nationalisms, and was printing a pure, modest, highly moral family paper.

Jinks—Then he has not been murdered. He has simply starved to death.



Bound for the Woods.

The Canadian Parish Priest

In all French Canadian parishes, the priest, or *cure*, as he is called, is the most important personage. In his one person is represented not only the spiritual authority, but the temporal as well. His sway is absolute, but as it is usually tempered with much *bon-homme* and paternal regard for his flock, they render a cheerful obedience and look up to him with a feeling of reverential fondness. He is often a man of much education, or a great student of the romantic history of his country, of which he is justly proud for the important part it has played in the early efforts of European colonization on this continent. He wields a facile pen, and is often an author of note. Hospitable to a degree the word stranger is an open sesame to his heart and house, and what a snug, cheerful, well regulated little home, that *presbytere* is, for the Canadian *cure* is no sybarite. While the multiform duties of his various offices and his studies absorb much of his time, he still finds leisure for that sociability of which he is fond, and over his pipe of an evening, he lets loose the floodgate of lore and traditions with which his memory is well stored. In all the social gatherings in the parish, the *cure* is the most wel-

come guest. No one can tell a better story, and a song from him is always received with tumultuous applause. Let the fun slacken, *M'sieu le Cure* comes to the rescue, and mirth and jollity again resound. He is as much in demand at the bedside of the sick as the physician, and performs this duty with unflagging zeal. At all hours, in all seasons, in all kinds of weather, have I met him on the road on his errand to the ill or dying.

He is sometimes an ardent disciple of Walton, or has a fondness for the chase. I recall with much pleasure the many pleasant hours I spent in the congenial companionship of one of these worthy men during a long winter I passed in a little back settlement. He was passionately fond of shooting, but singularly unsuccessful, yet his good nature ever came to his rescue, and his ill-luck was made a source of jest. I never knew him to kill anything, but day after day he would accompany me on my tramps after hares and partridges, and my good fortune appeared to give him complete satisfaction. One day I heard the report of the *cure's* gun. "Good!" I mentally ejaculated, "the *cure* has at last killed something." It was not long ere I heard his reverence coming. "Well, old fellow, what luck?" "Luck!" exclaimed the *cure*, "just my luck. Fired at a partridge and I'm certain I killed him, and here are a handful of feathers I knocked out, but I could not find the bird." I laughed at his exhibition of chagrin, and thought no more about the matter until along in the afternoon, when beating back over the ground, I suddenly caught sight of a partridge's tail just sticking out of the snow. In a moment I knew this was the *cure's* partridge. Bang went my gun in the air, and I then picked up the partridge and waited the *cure's* coming, but I quite overlooked the fact the bird was frozen as hard as a rock. Along came the *cure*. "Hallo! a partridge. Do let me take it a moment. Why, it's frozen already, isn't it?" exclaimed his reverence. "How cold it must be today." With the soberest face I could command I begged his acceptance of the bird, and for several days I kept him in ignorance of the joke I played upon him.

Brother angler, when you visit a Canadian parish, inquire your way to the *cure's*, and, my word for it, your subsequent paths will be those of joy.

GEO. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

On the Beach.

Miss Thimbleigh—It is such horrid bad form don't you know, to go bathing.
Miss Plumpton (eying her critically)—Yes, I should think it was.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The Cottage Hearth, published at 11 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., at \$1.50, appears to improve with every issue. The August number is a perfect gem in the way of illustrations and letter press. To extend the circulation of both, and by special arrangement with the publishers of that Magazine, we will furnish a year's subscription to *The Cottage Hearth* and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* for \$1.50, the price of *The Cottage Health* alone. This offer is only open for a limited period.

The American Angler, 10 Warren Street, New York, \$3 per annum, is full of interest to the lover of piscatorial sport and is the leading authority on fish and fishing. The veteran sportsman, Chas. Hallock, Esq., formerly editor of *Forest and Stream*, is a sociate editor, and this fact is a guarantee that the *Angler* is conducted on true principles and instructive to the beginner and the more experienced fisherman. We will supply the *American Angler* and this journal one year for \$3.50.

The Farmer's Advocate, published at London, Ont., at \$1 per year, is essential to the success of every Canadian Agriculturist. The best and most experienced farmers in the Dominion are contributors to its columns. We are pleased to see that our townsman, W. A. Hale, Esq., participates in the prizes awarded for practical essays on agricultural subjects.

The Great Divide, Denver, Colorado, \$1 a year, is a monthly journal very handsomely got up and principally devoted to illustrations and descriptions of Rocky Mountain scenery. It is one of our most acceptable exchanges. 10 cents will procure a sample copy.

The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Ont., \$1 a year, is a monthly journal more particularly interesting to the female portion of the establishment and should be in every well regulated family. It



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must be seen to be appreciated, and 10 cents will procure a copy worth five times the cost to anyone.

The National Magazine, 147 Throop Street, Chicago, Ill., is a monthly literary and educational magazine devoted to Correspondence Teaching and University Extension and will be found particularly acceptable to teachers and students. It publishes a Bulletin of Applicants for positions as teachers with their educational qualifications. Send 10 cents for sample copy.

The American Garden, published by the Garden Pub. Co., 10 Spruce St., New York, is indispensable to every would-be successful agriculturist and florist, and will be read with profit by every agriculturist. The subscription is only \$1 a year and it would be cheap at twice that sum, which at one time was the price.

"*Chat*," published at Keokuk, Iowa, at \$2 per annum, is one of our most humorous and best illustrated exchanges. The issue of July 15th contains some beautiful illustrations of instantaneous photography.

Town Talk is an illustrated and spicy weekly, published at Newark, N.

J., for \$2 per year. A perusal of its columns during the heated term will be found as satisfactory as a Turkish Bath.

—O—
What is the Use.

What is the use of repeating I love her,
What of proclaiming her pretty, and then
What of declaring there's no maid above her
Singing her praises again and again?

What is the use of my sending her sonnets,
Letting my fervor poetic run loose
[Doubtless she'd rather have bou-bons and
bunnets],
Since she said "yes" to me, what is the
use?

It Was Loud.

"What do you think of my new suit,"
asked Blithkins, as he entered Smithkins'
store the other day.
"Very stylish," answered Smithkins, with
out looking up.
"Why, how do you know?" asked Blith-
kins, in surprise. "I don't think you've
seen it yet."
"No, but I heard it."

Wasn't a Breath of Wind.

Teacher (after explaining the points of the
compass)—Johnnie, step to the window and
tell me if smoke is coming from any of the
chimneys.
Johnnie (at the window)—Yes, mar'm.
Teacher—Now, tell me which way the wind
is blowing.
Johnnie—Perpendic'la'ir.

Gone for Good.

Willis—Yes, that man I hired the other day
played a mean trick on me. I told him I'd
pay him \$2 a week in advance and I find him.
Wallace—Well, did you pay him \$5 in ad-
vance?
"Yes, I did, confound it! but I haven't
been able to find him yet."

Too Slow For Him.

Nephew (from the West, meets his uncle
on the street)—Hello, uncle, I've been in
town a week trying to find you. Why don't
you have your name in the directory?
Uncle—Can't be done; they're too slow. Only
publish 'em once a year. I move about every
month—my credit seldom lasts longer than
that.

Out of his Power.

Jack Uppers—Can you lend me a ten,
Checkly?
Checkly—No; I've tried to do so; but you
always seem to think it's a gift!

Ambiguous.

Mrs. McCarthy (to pedler)—Is thim cab-
bages nice, Mr. O'Leary?
O'Leary (gallantly)—Bedad, they're as
fresh and green as yourself, Mrs. McCarthy.

Good Name for a Fort.

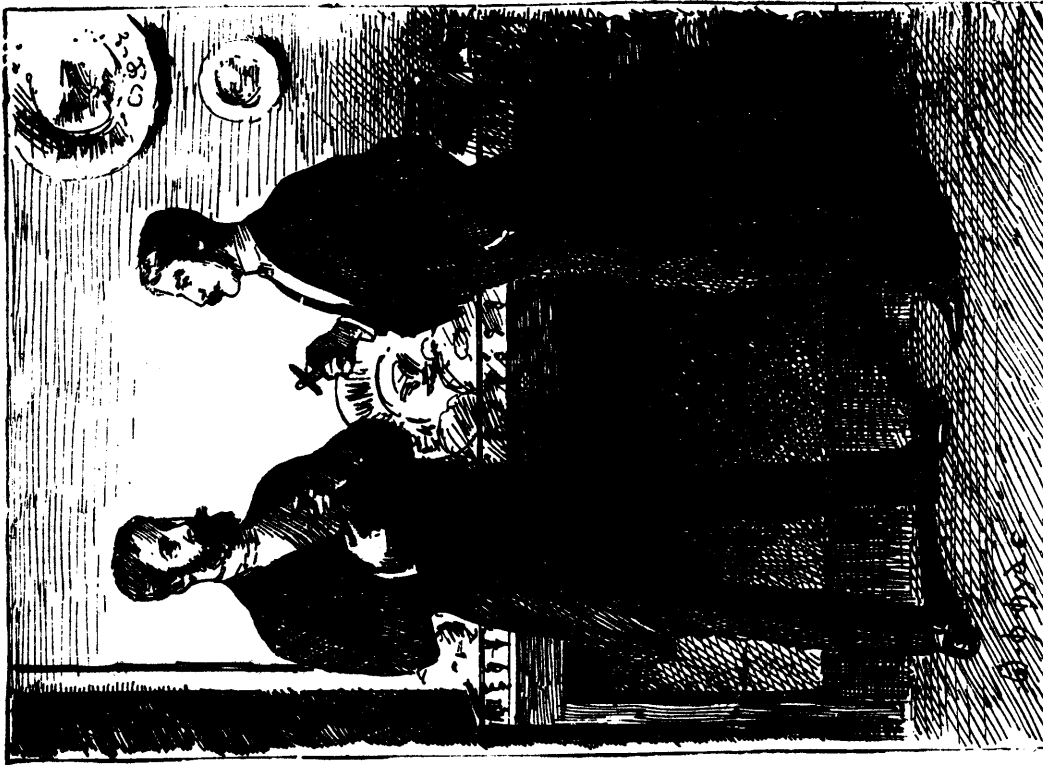
He (on the Kennebec)—That's a great name
for a fort.
She—What is?
He—Pop 'um.

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BOTH SIDES OF A QUESTION.
ELIGIBLE BACHELOR (to host): *Marry, indeed! Do you think any sensible man would marry a girl with such a waist as that one up stairs?*

GETTING BACK AT MANKIND.

MAN (*to parrot*): Hello, Polly.
 POLLY: Hello; do you want a cracker?




THAT GIRL UP STAIRS (to hostess): *Yes, it is very silly and my waist is terribly uncomfortable, but I suppose I shall have to do it until I am married.*

IN CONNECTICUT.

HOW do you like that cigar, Bronson?
 "Very well. Did you raise it yourself?"

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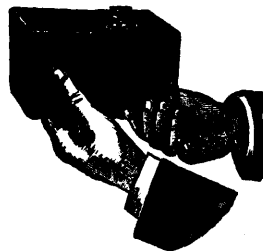
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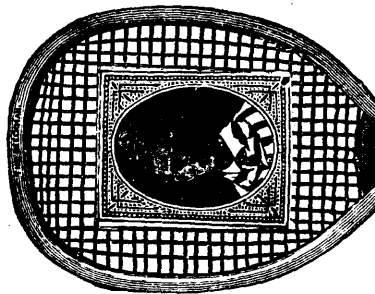
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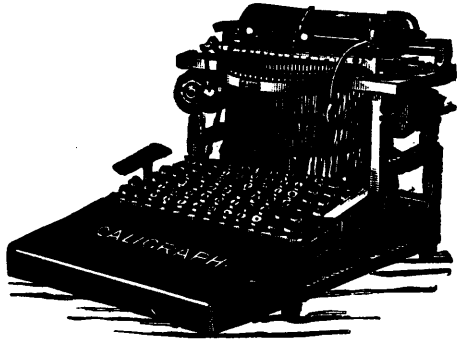
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