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Cap. Ball

LAND WE LIVE IN

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

Vol. II.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., NOVEMBER, 1889.

No. 11

Written for the "Land We Live In."



Waiting for the Tide.

A SONG.

I'm waiting for the tide, dear,
Or I would have come before;
It seems so long in breaking, dear,
As I wearily stand on the shore.

REFRAIN.

The waters moan,
As I stand alone
Waiting by the sea of Time,
But a radiance bright

Of golden light
Like a glory, far away doth shine

Ah! to you, it came too quickly, dear,
And took you away from me;
You did not have to wait, dear,
And gaze o'er the shadowy sea.

Refrain. The waters moan,
As I stand alone
Waiting by the sea of Time, etc.

For it broke with a mighty rush, dear,
And swept you away from my sight;
And ever since then, my dear, my dear,
Life has been one long, long, night.

Refrain. The waters moan,
As I stand alone
Waiting by the sea of Time, etc.

The years have come and gone, dear,
Since you left me here alone,
More years may come and go, dear,
Ere the tide will bear me home.

Refrain. And the waters moan,
As I stand alone
Waiting by the sea of Time, etc.

So I'm waiting for the tide, dear,
Or I would have come before.
Oh! it seems so long in breaking, dear,
As I wearily stand on the shore.

Refrain. The waters moan,
As I stand alone
Waiting by the sea of Time,
But a radiance bright
Of golden light

Like a glory, far away, doth shine.

AMELIA A. BALL,
Lakeside, Magog, Que.

Sandy Bay, Lake Megantic.

This is an engraving prepared for us by Frank C. Ormsby, Syracuse, N.Y., from a photograph taken by Captain J. P. Jones, Echo Vale. It is taken from the farm of Robt. McLeod, through which parties visiting Lake Megantic had to pass, prior to the advent of the railway. It is a very steep pitch from Mr. McLeod's down to the lake shore, and here an extensive sand beach extends the full width of the bay. It is a favorite resort for camping parties, owing to the superior bathing facilities and its protection from storms. It is seldom that much more than a ripple disturbs the water at the upper end of the bay. On our first visit to Lake Megantic, over 25 years ago, Lieut. John Boston McDonald (who now lives within a mile of the place), occupied a cottage adjoining the sand beach. On that and many subsequent trips it took us two days to reach the Lake from Sherbrooke. Now the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the point shown in the picture

and Echo Vale Station and Post Office are situated within a few rods of the Upper end of Sandy Bay. From here to Megantic Village (which is hidden by the point) is four miles by water, and here on the Chaudiere River the outlet of the lake was our favorite camping ground in the days when John Boston was the only resident anywhere round the lake. The September trout fishing in the Chaudiere then, could hardly be surpassed in the province, and even now it retains a little of its former reputation, although the fishermen are nearly as numerous as the trout. Megantic is a divisional terminus for the local passenger and freight trains of the C. P. Railway. Through some

For The Land We Live In.

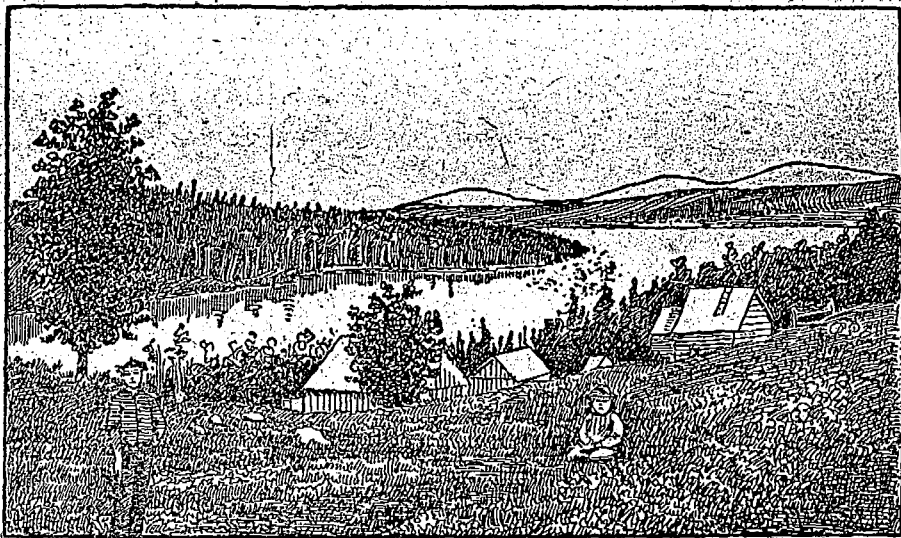
Christmas Eve, in a Bivouac.

Christ! the Saviour! In a Bivouac!
The pure one! Listening to lewd talk and to drunken ribald songs—Cal, go back to your shanty; too much scribbling hath made thee mad.

May be, may be!—"peut-etre" as my old friend Beaudette used to say—"on dit que tous les hommes sont fous" (Beaudette was a philosopher and thought all men were a little shaky in the upper story) and as to the women; on pardonne tout aux dames," but I am getting off the track of my tract.

which had been indelibly impressed upon me at school, where I had been his devoted fag.

We arrived at our destination at four of the afternoon and took up our quarters at Buzzell's tavern where we were allowed two small close bedrooms and our horses were stabled in a large and very airy barn. At six we were served with supper which consisted of ham and eggs, good bread, butter and cheese and a large dish of lake trout, for which our host apologized, saying that butchers' meat was scarce and that fish was the staple article of food in those parts. We soon put Boniface at ease on the score of vivres by assuring him that we were all devoted, if not de-



SANDY BAY, LAKE MEGANTIC.

blundering on the part of the authorities and misrepresentation on the part of others, there are two post-offices, one on each side of the river within a few rods of each other (Agnes and Lake Megantic) which lead to endless confusion in the delivery of mail matter, and necessitates enquiries for mail at both offices. Next issue will contain a view of the lake looking south from Echo Vale Station.

We have a cheap indestructible Fire Kindler, which absorbs coal oil enough to last from three to five minutes, or long enough to light wood or coal fuel. All that is required in lighting of fire is to touch a match to the Kindler. By mail 25 cents.

The National Magazine, published monthly at 147 Throop Street, Chicago, for \$1 a year will be clubbed with The Land We Live In, a whole year for \$1, to such subscribers as remit us that amount before 1st January next. After that date the clubbing rate will be \$1.30 a year.

I, Calestigan, hunter, fisher, scribbler, and a very garrulous old man, was during the years of christian grace and of Canadian dis-grace 1837-8 a full private in H. M's Light Horse. I was very young, mercurial and thoughtless, but taken en bloc, which was a small one, I was considered by my comrades-in-arms, not a bad sort of a fellow! and by the fair ones out of ditto, "quite a pretty man! I use the Americanism as being the expression of the period.

Cavalry being found of no use as part of a corps d'armes, in a campaign, which though formidable at first sight, resulted in a mere suppression of brigandage, was wisely employed by the Commander-in-chief in the duty of escorts, patrols and outposts and in the transmission of despatches.

To one of these outposts, a wild desolate hamlet at the outlet of Memphremagog Lake, I and three other troopers were sent on the 1st December 1838, one of these called Charles Hill was my intimate friend and Fido Achates. I had the most implicit faith in his superiority, a faith

vout, Catholics in regimen and that we had no objection to fast for our days a week on trout.

The following morning after a hearty breakfast of fried pork and delicious herring-like fish, called by the lake people shad-waiters, we set to work to carry out our instructions which were to inform ourselves of the topography of the place and neighbourhood and to erect a suitable hut to shelter the patrol or guard which we were to keep on the lake shore. It took us two days and some long rides to accomplish the first part of our duty and two more were passed in building a rough shanty large enough to shelter two men and their horses. The sight we selected for our bivouac was a thick balsam grove situated on a point of land which jutted into the lake some four or five miles above our quarters at its outlet. We cut and opened a bridle path from our camp to the main road which led to Georgeville a small village about twelve miles from Buzzell's tavern.

Time slipped away peacefully and pleasantly. Our days were passed in riding

patrol or carrying despatches which were brought to us from headquarters (Hatley) and transmitted by one of us to a trooper at Cranby who in turn took the message to another relay en route to the Commander-in-Chief, at Montreal and vice-versa. Our nights were spent alternately on guard at the point, or in frolics at the farmers' houses. That is—to use a military expression, We bivouached by files, but we frolicked in couples. And a great difference there was in the two occupations, for while the file invariably returned for a late breakfast, chilled, seedy and cross, the couple, on the contrary, returned to bed by mid night well-fed, comfortable and jolly.

The year was passing away. We were to be relieved on the last day of December and hoped to be recalled to Headquarters and to enjoy the New Year's ball in the meagry Christmas was at hand, but we had not given it a thought. Divested of the customary beef and ale, goose and plum-pudding, let alone the misletoe, yule and blind-man's buff, what could the day signify to us.

The twenty-fourth day of December came at last without our having seen a foe or having been in the least disturbed. Winter had set in, in its most rigorous aspect. Snow covered the ground and the Lake was frozen solid, a fact which added considerably to our work and increased our vigilance. Bands of Ruffians under the guise of sympathy for the Canadian rebels, were assembling on the frontier watching their opportunity, in case of a defeat of the royal forces to cross the borders and make a foray on the peaceable inhabitants. In a few instances they succeeded in making an irruption and were given at Navy Island and Prescott a lesson which has had the good effect of teaching Canada's big envious neighbour "that discretion is the better part of valor."

Early in the afternoon of December 24th, Charlie Hill and I left for our post at point "Look out." We intended to cut a few holes through the ice in hopes of catching a few grey trout to send to our friends in Hatley. This we accomplished to our satisfaction, having caught a fourteen pounder and four smaller ones by sunset. After partaking of a cold snack and a small allowance of potatoe whiskey which we had brought in our haversacks with a feed of oats for our horses, at mid-night, we mounted our chargers and rode on the Georgeville road until we met the patrol from that post with whom we exchanged the customary challenge and sign, and then returned to our camp, tied up our horses and commenced our nocturnal guard, Hill taking the first watch.

I accompanied my comrade to his post a large rock on the upper beach of the point from which on a bright starry night one could see an object a considerable distance off. The ice being hard and crisp teams, horses and pedestrians unless shod in moccasins could be heard a long way before they were seen, but when we arrived at the rock all was as still as death with the exception of an occasional snapping of dry branches ashore and a rumbling noise on the lake, which sounds, we knew, were caused by the intense coldness of an atmosphere then far below zero.

Leaving my comrade with the intention of visiting the night lines which were some five hundred yards below the point I had proceeded but a few yards when I was recalled by a shrill note from Hill's whistle, I therefore retraced my steps when upon arriving at the rock Hill desired me to look up the lake and listen. "Well!" said he, after a few moments, "Do you hear anything?" "Yes!" I replied "a horse galloping."—"More than one, Cal—Hark, they are in the bay, close in shore." "What had we better do?" I asked, "Do! why challenge, of course and if we don't get a civil answer, discharge our carbines at the two foremost, and cut like blazes for the hut, then you must mount and ride as fast as you can for Headquarters and report to the Colonel. Don't mind me, I'll take care of myself and the boys. I only hope they are not

off sparking to-night for I shall require one to ride to Sherbrooke." "All right!" I answered "Hist! They have slackened into a trot and—yes, by George! I hear the clinking of sabres." "You're right Cal! say old fellow! now don't be making a d—d fool of yourself and get excited. I know you to be plucky, but if you don't keep cool, I'll knock you over with the butt of my carbine. Don't fire until I tell you and then hit your bird just above the pommel of his saddle—in the bread-basket."

Hill had hardly finished the last sentence when the horsemen came into sight three of them on the full trot. "Who comes there? Halt in the Queen's name!" broke from my chums stentorian lungs, "Rein up, or we fire!"

The three men, evidently cavalry-men, pulled up their horses and one of them whose voice we recognized as that of Lieutenant Longworth of Our's returned our challenge by "Who's there?—Stand or we fire!" to which Hill answered, "Cavalry Patrol—Alls well!" This was again answered by the other party—"All right! officer—Cavalry, Alls well, and a Merry Christmas! A Merry Christmas my lads, Glad to see you alert on your posts. Where are your nags?" "In the shanty on the point, sir," replied Hill, "would you like to inspect? We have a path cut to the main road which I would recommend you to take as the ice is not safe at the outlet." "Very well," said the Lieutenant, "we will go there, you may both safely leave your post for an hour. We have ridden fast and there was nothing astir on the lake when we left."

We all went to the hut, the Lieutenant and his two orderlies dismounted and tied their horses to saplings. We brusked up our fire, lighted a pine torch and things began to look comfortable. Our officer having expressed himself satisfied with our arrangements, inquired of the loyalty of the people and other matters relative to our post, suddenly asked if we had any thing to keep Christmas with, and upon being answered in the negative, desired one of his orderlies to unstrap his valise and bring it into the shanty. Upon its being opened, the Lieutenant produced three bottles of wine and one of Cognac, also a fine turkey ready trussed, stuffed and cooked. "There, my hearties," said our jolly officer; "I thought you would be hard up for Christmas cheer and told the landlord of the Georgeville inn to put up the luscious and sweet Mrs. Bigelow handed me the bird asking me to give it to that pretty young dragoon who 'has no more mustache than I have on my own lip.'" "So Mr. Calestigan, you owe your supper to your bare face."

Our impromptu meal was soon despatched, two or three glasses of wine drank in honor of the season. "A merry Christmas! to you both!" "The same to you, Sir, and a safe ride," and the inspecting party mounted their horses and departed. So Christmas had found us out in our bivouac, in the heart of a dismal Canadian forest. Were our hearts softened by the reminder? I think so—I know they were.

My little story is told. Bright happy days were those with their many shadows and varied tints of joy and sorrow, good and evil, thoughtlessness and negligence. They have left no great sting behind or misdeed to amend, but alas! too many opportunities neglected and chances left ungrasped.

Since that memorable bivouac fifty one Christmas eves have passed away. The giddy, thoughtless youth is now a gouty querulous old man, the chestnut curls are blanched, the lithe and wiry frame is shrunk and withered, the sabre now hangs cobwebbed on the wall, the guns and rods are rusting in their racks, the trophies of the chase are mouldering into dust. Each Christmas eve—warns.

What is this; my relaxing fingers no longer hold the pen which lays dry and mute upon the paper, a strange languor steals o'er my wasted frame; a flickering shadow passes before my closing eyes, a sudden flash from the expiring lamp, a gasp.—Is this death?

A musical tinkle from the mantel piece in my study restores me to partial consciousness, it is the French clock striking mid-night. The door is softly pushed ajar a flood of light pervades the room and a comely matron stoops before my chair, she places her disengaged hand upon my shoulder and a soft, and loving kiss upon my lips. "Dear wife! I think I've been asleep."

"Asleep!—yes, and scribbling you dear old Cal. I wish you a merry Christmas, dear; but come they've all returned from church and the children are impatient to greet their grandsire." I take my fair old partner's arm and we enter the ivy-decked apartment where around the furnished board sits clad in happy smiles the young mother and her pretty brood.

"Merry Christmas! merry Christmas Grandpa!" rings in shrill and shriller strains—"Melly Kissmas" is hisped by the cradled babe.

Is this life? Yes happy Christian life.
CALESTIGAN.

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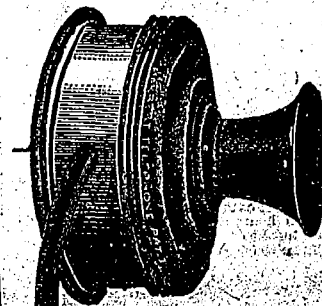
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A Lonely Hour.

There is an hour of loneliness;
Tis not when evening's zephyr sighs,
But ere the breath of morn has breathed,
And all around still silent lies.

Save when the watchdog's sullen bark,
Or clarion cry of chanticleer
Breaks on the stillness but to make
The dreariness around more drear.

Or saving when from yon bell'd tower
Goes forth th' accomplished hour of night
So dully, moaningly, as if
The expired hour's sepulchral rite.

All nature, mopes, the hooting owl,
Hours since, has sought its ivied home,
The warblers still their hodge haunts keep,
Still nothing cares abroad to roam.

The air that stirred the drowsed leaves
With them is slumbering over head;
The lovely flowers hang drooped and drooped,
With their petals folded, as if dead.

The very stars seem wearied with
The long long watching through the night;
The mist of morning mingling with
The darkness—breeds a sickly light.

Too well in turn the sigh that waits
On memory's pains attests its power;
Will no one wake to share with me?
The loneliness of that same hour?

Beneath the coverlet of my couch
I, saddened, shrink, and, sighing, pray,
Forgetfulness again to shroud my eyes,
And tumb me till the dawn of day.
I canxville. FRANK JOHNSON.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

ITS ATTRACTIONS FOR SPORTSMEN AND TOURISTS.

No. V.

Leaving Megantic we cross the Chaudiere River a few rods below the lake and skirting the lake shore bear in a southerly direction for some distance before resuming an easterly course. From Megantic to the Boundary line station is 16 miles through an unbroken forest, except here and there in the vicinity of Lake Megantic, where some sturdy settler is endeavoring to hew out a home for himself. This section of country abounds with large game, principally deer and caribou.

Boundary Line Station has no existing object except to supply the necessities of the railway, and form a port of entry for the U.S. and Canada Customs, as there is no settlement in this vicinity. It is now becoming a point of resort for such sportsmen as come prepared to camp out and furnish their own supplies, as there are several well-stocked trout ponds lying within two or three miles of this railway station to which trails or "spotted lines" lead.

From this station to Holeb is 15 miles through a rough tract of land, very little of which is fit for cultivation. The only cleared land at present is what constitutes hay farms for the lumber companies, embracing the flat land along the banks of the Moose River. A station known as Beatties is some 4 miles, on the Holeb side of the boundary, and near here on the head waters of the Moose there is good trout fishing, as also on Bog Brook one of its tributaries. The last-named place is a great place for caribou by going some three or four miles back from the railway.

The Moose River is navigable for canoes from a point just below Lowell Falls, and prior to the construction of this railway we made the trip from this point to Moosehead Lake, coming in by the line of railway then building from Lake Megantic.

Holeb Pond, at Holeb Station, is becoming a great resort for sportsmen, and at certain seasons fine trout are taken here, while the hunting embraces nearly all the larger kinds of game.

It is a pleasant trip to follow the river by Holeb Falls and the Spencer and Atlean Rips or rapids to Atlean Pond, and with the exception of the island which divides the falls and across which the "carry" is less than half a mile there are only two or three carries of about a hundred yards each. Good fishing can be had at all these points in the proper season, but is best in June and July, and the trout run three to four pounds in weight, and even larger. There is also good grouse shooting along the old tote road formerly used in supplying the lumber camps.

Atlean Pond is a beautiful sheet of water of two to three miles in length, dotted with little rocky islets mostly covered with stunted pine and shrubbery. The marshy sedge nooks connected with these are a great resort for the blue heron, and dozens of these birds may be seen, or rather their heads and necks, sticking bolt upright amongst the reeds and rushes.

The intending canoeist must not make the mistake we did of keeping straight ahead after entering Atlean Pond, as the outlet lies sharp off to the right, and a trip of a mile or so across the pond and a few hundred yards of rapid water amongst large granite boulders—a first-class place for June fishing—takes us to Pat McKenney's, situated on the southerly bank of the river between Atlean and Wood Ponds. The C.P.R. crosses the river just below McKenney's.

The sportsman cannot find a better place in which to make his head quarters, for to say nothing of the excellent accommodations which "Pat" provides, it is conveniently situated to some of the best hunting and fishing regions to be found in Maine.

Moose River Village is situated some four miles beyond, and is most conveniently reached in summer by boat across Wood Pond, a pretty sheet of water with Sally Mountain looming up in the back ground. This village is situated on the stage road running between Beauce on the Quebec Central Railway, and the Forks of the Kennebec. The C.P.R. passes southerly of the village and the station here is called Jackman, distant from Holeb 13 miles, although more than double that distance must be canoed over in following the river.

From Jackman to Long Pond Station is seven miles by rail, and following the river it is about the same distance from Moose River Village to Long Pond. This pond is nine miles long, and the canoeist who passes through it for the first time is overcome with a strong feeling of disappointment to find that what he supposed to be the end of the pond is the narrows where the pond is little over a hundred feet wide, and that he is still four miles from the outlet.

This is one of the few lakes or ponds where the canoeist passing through for the first time and paddling his own canoe, doesn't have to hunt for the outlet.

The Upper and Lower Churchill streams on the northerly side, and Parlin stream on the south side, empty into Long Pond, and each have their source in ponds of considerable size. They are all favorite resorts for trout, and in the latter part of the fishing season, when trout can only be had at a few points, the outlet of these streams is a good place to fish.

Excellent camping ground can be found anywhere round the pond, but we can from experience, recommend a cove on the south side about two miles from the inlet, where a small stream comes in, at the mouth of which is a beautiful bar, where fine trout can be caught just before the spawning season in the latter part of September.

Parlin Pond is close to the Canada road passing through Moose River Village, and good hotel accommodation can be had here.

At the outlet of Long Pond we have had excellent fishing below the site of a dam which formerly stood a little below the pond, and used in keeping back a water supply for lumber driving purposes. This is also a pleasant camping site.

From here to Little Brassau Lake, following the river, is about four miles of rough water, over many parts of which the canoe must be let down from the rocky shore or carried by, as the sharp perpendicular slaty stratification has a very demoralizing effect on the bottom of a canoe or light skiff. Fine trout exist in these pools and riffs.

Little Brassau is not over a mile in length of shallow water, filled with rushes, and a good place for ducks.

Two streams enter on the northerly side between Long Pond and Little Brassau at the mouths of which—particularly

Stony Brook—trout congregate during hot weather.

From here to Brassau Lake is two miles of slow smooth water and upon entering it one requires to keep well to the right and across the lake to find the outlet. Brassau Lake is about six miles long, and plenty of game is to be found in the vicinity. The principal fishing places are at the outlet, and at Brassau stream at the north end, and Misery Stream at the southerly end of the lake.

At the outlet there are a couple of fine pools where trout of 2 and 3 pound weight each can be taken out, two at a cast, by exercising a little care in entering them with the canoe. The water entering these pools is pretty rough and heavy, and a couple of these trout are about as much as the most ardent fishermen wants to handle at once on a light rod.

To Moosehead Lake, about four miles, the river is rather rough and great care must be exercised in running it in a canoe. The safest way is to let one carry the most valuable of the impedimenta over the tote road at the north side of the river and then one can manage the canoe by letting it down with a pole over the worst places.

From the mouth of the river it is about two miles across Moosehead Lake to the Kineo House, and one must look out for squalls in crossing.

From Long Pond by the railway to Greenville, at the south end of Moosehead Lake is 25 miles, and nearly midway is the station called Askwith. The Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad intersects the C.P.R. near Greenville.

As the Moosehead Lake region embraces the principal hunting and fishing territory of Maine a description of it must be reserved for future articles, and in describing it we will have to supplement our own experience with information derived from other sources, particularly from Captain Farrar, manager of the Androscoggin Navigation Company, and Thos. Sedgwick Steele, Esq., of Hartford, Conn., both of whom are familiar with that region.

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THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT HIRONDELLE.

(By J. M. LeMOINE, F.R.S.C.)

Off Murray Bay, Sept., 1886.

"A gallant fleet sailed out to sea With the pennons streaming merrily, On the hills, the tempest lit And the great ships split In the gale.

And the foaming fierce sea-horses, Hurl'd the fragments in their forces To the ocean deeps, Where the Kraken sleeps, And the whale."

-Song of the Mermaids in "De Roberval." HUNTER DUVAR.

XIV.

Scarcely had the Squire of Hernewood had time to draw breath, after delivering to his appreciative audience, his weird, martial Prince Edward Island legend, when a pathetic appeal was made to him by the whole party, for its twin sister, the Spectral Ship of Tryon Bar, previously mentioned.

Laying aside his cigar and raising to its full extent the collar of his cape to effectually exclude the drenching spray, caused the plunging by the swift HirondeUe, the Squire proceeded as follows:—

"Instead of a pleasant summer cruise in a snug commodious yacht, over St. Lawrence's sparkling tide, just imagine yourselves—as more than once was my fate—swiftly skimming in a well equipped ice-boat over the frozen surface and icy hummocks rushing wildly, between our island and terra firma, on a bleak winter day, and I shall try and repeat a tale I once heard, though it may be out of my power to retrace the rollicking, cheery ways of the narrator."

THE LIGHT ON TRYON BAR.

SCENE: The iceboat between Cape Traverse, P.E.I., and Cape Tormentine, N.B., going smoothly along over a field of glib ice, so as to admit of conversation among the passengers, who are harnessed to the boat and pulling it along as captives might a Roman chariot. A middle-aged man with a far-away-look in his eyes as if he wrote editorials for a newspaper, takes the parole. To a fellow-dragsman:

-Pass: "I think, sir, you belong to this coast. Can you give me any information respecting a strange light that is sometimes seen on Tryon Bar?"

-J.B.: "My name's Bouncer, Jim Bouncer.

-Pass: Pardon me, Mr. Bouncer, I am really much interested in the matter from a scientific point of view. Have you ever seen the light yourself?"

-J.B.: "Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't. It ain't a thing to speak of."

-Pass: "Do oblige me. You have yourself seen it?"

-J.B.: "Well (seeing it's you) I have seen it. And don't you go for to see it if you can help it. That light never shows cepting for mischief, some widow woman's cow slips her calf, or the mackerel won't school, or something.

First time I see that there light my red mare took the strangles, and the next time a sow that I was raising—a Berkshire she was, and nigh on two hundred—choked on a potato. Sam Sinker blames that on-lucky light for his wife having twins, and him a poor man. Don't you ask to see it mister."

-Pass: "Really you excite my curiosity. Pray tell me all about it and when we reach Tom Allan's I will stand something short. What is the light like?"

-J.B.: "Like! Like a ship on the shoals, only her lights burn a kind of blue. A big ship at that, for her ports are open and you see the lights shinin' through, kind of misty like. After dark is her time. Warm, muggy weather, when the bar looks twice as far off the land.

You know the kind o' weather, Pilot?"

-Pilot: "I knows 'um."

-2nd Pass: "May I be blizzard, but this is a tough yarn."

-J.B.: "Seems to be lying broadside on. Can't quite make out her build or rig, but can kind of see her sheets shivering—dinn like—none of them taut, and her to' gallonsails and sky-crappers lost in the fog. Tell you what, that there ship

is not navigated by no mortal crew. She never cleared from no custom house, and hasn't no port of entry, cept it be Tryon Bar. Lubbers is aboard that ship.

A.B. seaman wouldn't lay her on that there shoal. Some says they have heard men shouting aboard; but I never did. Bob Quittles, him as sails out of St. John—tells me has heard them yell often, and Bob is a s'ponsible man that could not be hired to tell a lie, except about a matter of smuggling or such. You have heard of Captin' Kidd's ship, the Flying Dutchman, mister? That's her. If it's not her, it's Dave Jones's own tender."

-Pass: "Why don't some of you fishermen put off and see what it really is?"

Here the ice boat came bump against a floating hummock, and the voyagers scrambled on board and took to the oars: "Superb! Hip! Hip!! Hurrah!!! was the enthusiastic exclamations of all on board."

"Commodore! added the Squire of Hernewood," I presume you or some of your friends, might like to hear how Mr. Jim Bouncer's narrative of the Spectral Ship might look in verse; here goes the legend with some variations, as versified by a Prince Edward Island poet:—

A North Bay Legend.

In the annals of the North Bay coast There is a legend strange and old,



Montreal to New York via Delaware & Hudson Route.

-J.B.: "Not any for me, thank ye, squire. That has been done once too often already. I've heard my father say that Joey Smiff—you didn't know Joey, he was afore your time—but a catawampus was Joey, and he swore he would go off to the light ship and sample her purser's rum. He had about three caulks in him when he said it. Men tried to hold him and asked him not, but he said he would. And he did. Shot his dory clean through the breakers like a currumuree, about twenty minutes after an awful yell came ashore, and whether Joey was drowned or the ghostesses had keeled-hauled him, can't say. But Joey never came back. Neither his boat. She was a 14 feet keel, spruce, and carried a kedge. Anyhow it was all up with Joey, and you could not buy no Tryon man to go out there no more."

-Divinity Student: (who was hauling very feebly) "Really this is a singular aberration. Suetonius remarks . . ."

How once on a time a ship was lost, Out by the ice from stem to hold, From out the north the wind it blew: There was no time to make a landing; and the fated ship, with all her crew And spare, went down all standing.

A ten-gun brig as I've heard tell; But whose she was, or whence she came, Men know not now, nor what befel The crew of this ship without a name, Rovers to her, mayhap, in boats From some sea-hull came steering, And stole her men, or cut their throats, And went a-buccanering.

Her cruising ground, St. Lawrence Gull, From Entry Isle to Gabarus Bay; And she burned, and plundered from Cape Wolf On both sides up to the Sagwanay, Till she sunk; but in judgment, it may be, And without the power of choosing Between the devil and the deep sea, Was sent again a-cruising.

Sometimes when fishermen from the shore On stormy nights look out to sea, To guess if a day to ply the oar, And cast the net to-morrow will be— (For well he knows will he weep and wail Should hunger be in his bidden), He suddenly sees a ship full-sail, And men up in the rigging.

When weird gray clouds drift o'er the moon, And ground-swell breaks with sullen roar, And fitfully, in mournful tone, The wind pipes from the Labrador, Some home-returning chaloupe trig Or mackerel-boat or banker Reports a spectral ten-gun brig Seen riding at an anchor.

When great black rocks heave up their backs, And shake their flowing manes of kelp, The Lighthouse keepers on the stacks Have heard a far, weird cry for "Help!" And seen upon the Deadman's Lodge, Where lines of surf were breaking, A large ship lying on its edge, With all her canvas shaking.

Some of the oldest sailor's sons Have seen her lit in the offing, And heart dull sounds of minute-guns From out that floating coffin. With all sail set aloft and slow, She comes and goes like a vision, And still pursues (for aught I know), Her diabolic mission.

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Dots and Dashes from the Land We Live In.

The little flock of U. E. Loyalists who settled the wilds of the Eastern Townships, was not without its black sheep.—In Dunham, Barnston and Compton, were small bands of desperados who had acquired a certain amount of learning sufficient to enable them to read other peoples' correspondence, and to forge their names. In the Township of Compton a small gang of these ruffians had their rendezvous at a wayside tavern kept by one J. T., where they concocted and transacted their business, which varied in its scope all the way from cheating at cards to robbery and murder. But their principal occupation was that of counterfeiting, or cogniacing, as they called it, bank bills and Mexican dollars, and so expert were they and so complete was their organization, that the banks in the neighboring Republic suffered to a great extent, and took steps in conjunction with the colonial authorities, which finally resulted in breaking up the nefarious trade and in bringing some of the culprits to book.

The most notorious of these was a certain Adolphus, or "Dolph" Barker, who was sentenced to life imprisonment for a daring robbery at the house of one Whitcher, near Compton village. I recollect Barker as a man of imposing, and when sober, of gentlemanlike exterior. He was a hard rider, hard drinker and a great swearer. After a short confinement he managed to escape to the United States, where, it is said, he ultimately received his deserts, the gallows.

One good custom of our forefathers was to have "bees" or reunions for mutual help. There were "raising bees," for the erection of frame and log houses and barns, "logging bees," for the clearing of lands, "husking bees," for husking Indian corn, and "quilting bees," for making of quilts, comfortables and indescribables. What fun was indulged in at those quilting bees! such scrambles and pricked fingers and hearty laughter and innocent kisses! many a young couple got entangled into the silken matrimonial mesh by means of these same quilting bees—real honey bees without their sting.

The "husking bee" was always looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation. The young people would troop to the barn, pair off around the rustling heap of stocks, and the pile of yellow corn would grow into a mountain of gold under the manipulations of deft fingers, chaff and merriment.

The husking finished, the merry band of huskers would repair to the farmhouse, where a bountiful repast awaited them, the tables loaded with cakes, apples and cider which were eagerly and quickly dispatched. Then the tables and benches were huddled into a corner, chairs placed into the capacious hearth for the old folks, the fiddle was tuned and in a trice the lads and lasses would be jumping, whirling and cutting "the pigeon-wing, to the tune of "Flowers of Michigan," "Money-musk," and "Hunt-the-Squirrel." Oh! for the good old times!!!

In one of my autumn rambles, this month, I sought, but without success, the stump of a pine which was cut fifty years ago, the butt log of which measured six feet in diameter. It was drawn to Smith's mill (Waterville now) on a sled drawn by three yoke of oxen driven

by a man called Washington Moore.—The pine was cut into lumber by an old fashioned upright frame saw and produced a large quantity of planks and boards, but the process was slow and the waste in slabs, &c., would have driven a modern sawyer crazy.

I said that I failed to find the stump of the old pine, but I did find on the property of Mr. Duncan Kerr, at the farther end of the same brûlé, a cedar, sound, though hoary, which measures thirteen feet and seven inches in circumference.

Many were the changes I marked during my ramble. Not a living tree of any value was left where once they had been plentiful; all timber of any value had been cut and taken away, and in its place were groves of scrub poplar, larch, balsam and cedar, forming an almost impenetrable jungle. The debris of the stripped monarchs of the forest lay everywhere in confused heaps; monuments of the cupidity of man.

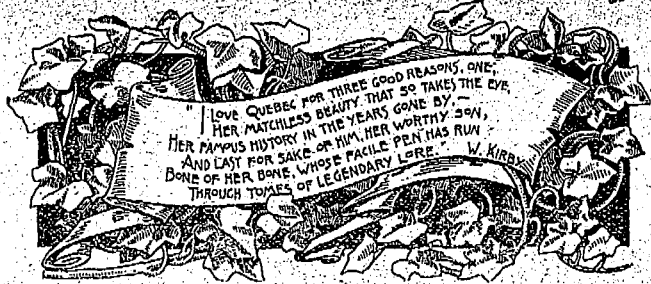
Splendid cover, one might think, for grouse; but I found none, with the exception of one solitary old cock, whose

JAMES McPHERSON LE MOINE.

The name of JAMES McPHERSON LE MOINE has so long been associated with the history, archaeology, botany, ornithology, fisheries, chase, legendary lore, old customs and rites, of his native province, Quebec, through his numerous works on these various subjects, that he is regarded as the main authority on them, and his beautiful home, Spencer Grange, is the Mecca to which the historian, student, antiquarian, and men of letters of this continent and Europe turn their footsteps when visiting Quebec. Many of them have acknowledged their indebtedness to Mr. LeMoine for the inspiration and data upon which they have built their superstructures of romance or history. The most powerful novel ever written by a Canadian novelist, *Le Ohtien d'Or*, by William Kirby, was founded upon facts gathered by Mr. LeMoine into a sketch with the same title. But let us tell the story in Mr. Kirby's own words: "When I was in Quebec, in 1865, I bought a copy of your 'Maple Leaves,'



J. M. LEMOINE



"I LOVE QUEBEC FOR THREE GOOD REASONS, ONE, HER MATCHLESS BEAUTY THAT SO TAKES THE EYE, HER FAMOUS HISTORY IN THE YEARS GONE BY— AND LAST FOR SAKE OF HIM, HER WORTHY SON, BORN OF HER BONE, WHOSE FACILE PEN HAS RUN THROUGH TOMES OF LEGENDARY LORE." W. KIRBY

conjugal drumming salutation was a sound of the past through enforced widowhood and extinct paternity. The Brulé brook, which forty years ago yielded the largest and finest brook trout in the whole township, was depleted of the noble game fish, and swarmed with ugly black chub. Everywhere the traces of the poacher and pot-hunter!

I left the wood disgusted and sorrowful, but upon emerging into a beautiful field of stubble, the strength, denseness and brightness of which, spoke of a garnered crop of golden grain; when upon scaling the fence into a rich green pasture, I saw the sleek high-bred cows, the clean limbed spirited colts and fillies, and fat heavy-fleeced ootswold sheep, my sportive proclivities and sentimental love of woodcraft had to give way to the realities of practical life; *Sylvanus had to resign his realms to Oeres and Pan.*

My resignation to "the powers that be" became confirmed by the good old fashioned hospitality of mine host, the owner and farmer of the oasis just described.—He, a shrewd canny Scotchman and his better-half, a thrifty hospitable daughter of New England.

CALESTIGAN.

and the account you gave of the *Ohtien d'Or* took my fancy very much.

"Sulte and I were sitting in the window of the St. Louis Hotel one day, and I spoke to him about the story, and wanted him to write it out, and jestingly said that if he would not write a novel on it, I would.

"Sulte did not take the fancy, and I thought no more about it until my return home, when I found the *Ohtien d'Or* sticking like a burr to my imagination—and I wrote the story as I got time."

Mr. LeMoine, though approaching a period of life when most men rest from their labors, and enjoy the *otium cum dig*, of a well earned retirement, is displaying a greater literary activity than ever, and his later works evince the ripeness of practical life; *Sylvanus had to resign his realms to Oeres and Pan.*

occasional peculiar idiomatic phrase that spoils the harmony of the sentence. Every allowance should be made, however, when we take into consideration the foregoing facts, besides this, Mr. LeMoine lays no claim to elegance of diction, for as he says in the preface to one of his books: "It is less fine writing and elaborate sentences I aim at, than a familiar narrative." The value of his life work cannot be overestimated in its important bearing on the future literary and historical productions of Lower Canada.

Mr. LeMoine was born in Quebec in 1825. He is of mixed parentage, his father being French and his mother a Scotch-Canadian. He was educated at the seminary of that city. He adopted the profession of law and practised for some years as an advocate with W. H. Kerr, but having a pronounced taste for literature, he accepted the position of Inspector of Inland Revenue at Quebec, and gave up his leisure to the muse. On five separate occasions did the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, founded by Lord Dalhousie, elect Mr. LeMoine its president. Upon the founding of the Royal Society of Canada, by Lord Lorne, Mr. LeMoine was called to the presidency of the French section for two terms. He is also an honorary member of many other societies of learning all over the world.

To enumerate here all of Mr. LeMoine's writings, would exceed our space but his more important works are the following: "*L'Ornithologie du Canada*," "*Les Pêcheries du Canada*," "*Maple Leaves, 1863-1864-1865*," "*Quebec Past and Present*," "*Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*," "*Picturesque Quebec*," "*L'Album du Touriste*," "*The Scot in New France*," "*Monographies et Esquisses*." Another work is now in press, "*Chasse et Pêche*," to appear sometime in May.

of refinement and culture, and is prominent to mention one of its peculiar charms: Prompted by his devotion to ornithology, Mr. LeMoine built himself an aviary and filled it with the beautiful creatures whose habits he loves to study, and appended to it a regular museum of natural history specimens, as well as an extensive collection of books, old time engravings and curios connected with the history of Canada."

In concluding my sketch of Mr. LeMoine, I use the language and endorse the sentiment of a paragraph which I find in the *Cyclopaedia of Canadian Biography*, as follows: "He has had the good fortune to handle Canadian history and its burning questions of creed, race, etc., with so much impartiality that rarely have his views been challenged."

"One wonders how and when he could have found time to treat of so many subjects. . . . Hospitable, genial and courteous, without a particle of literary jealousy, he is respected for his talents, and beloved for his large heart."

"I love Quebec for these good reasons, one, Her matchless beauty that so takes the eye, Her famous history in the years gone by— And last, for sake of him, her worthy son, Born of her bone, whose facile pen has run Through tomes of legendary lore that vie With what the world love best; and so love I Quebec for these good reasons, and upon The plinth of Wolfe and Montcalm lay my hand, And call to witness all the varied land Seen from the lofty capes embattled coigne, Montcalm and vale and river, Isles that gleam Resplendent with the memories that beam Upon them from the pages of LeMoine."

Geo. M. FAIRBANKS, JR.

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Several articles intended for this issue have been crowded out. We must either enlarge the capacity of the paper or curtail advertising space.

Where I now Live and Hunt!!

(By ARCHIE A. ANNANCE, Indian)

South of the Township of Chesham, in the county of Compton, Quebec, is the boundary line between the United States and Canada. The treaty of Washington and the now Dominion of Canada, was agreed upon on the 9th August, 1842, as indicated on the iron posts placed all along the boundary line. In the year 1862 the Quebec Government completed surveying the townships of Chesham and Woburn. At that time there were plenty of moose and cariboo in this vicinity, but not so many deer as at present. As the county got settled, the big game as well as small disappeared, more particularly the moose. But the deer are not to be driven away from their dear homes, and now come and feed in the oat fields to the great annoyance of some of our new farmers. Emberton, Chesham, and Woburn are settled within from half a mile to a mile and a half of the province line, some of the lots settled upon extending to the Maine and New Hampshire frontier. With a team to carry our baggage we can go from these settlements, a distance of six miles, to the head waters of the Magalloway River, where we can take to our canoe and enjoy the best of trout fishing and deer hunting. The moose have been driven further in a northerly or north-easterly direction. These settlements are reached most readily by driving from Scotstown on the Canadian Pacific Railway via La Patrie in Ditton. The ascent of the mountains in travelling through the north-west corner of Maine is very fatiguing, but once on the top we feel refreshed by the cool wind and enjoy the magnificent view. From here we see numbers of Lakes, Ponds, and Cariboo Bogs, and the deep gully, as it appears to which marks the windings of the Magalloway River. Far as the eye can reach high mountains and deep ravines mark the grand and wonderful works of nature. The Country hereabouts offers a grand chance for geological investigation. Individually and with others, I have prospected in this vicinity and found abundant traces of gold, but the country is not yet sufficiently prospected or developed to justify a positive statement as to its mineral resources. This much, however, I do not hesitate to say, that were I ten or fifteen years younger, in view of the developments which have been made in other parts of the Eastern Townships I should not hesitate to try my luck here. I have accompanied Mr. M. O. Ferrer, a New Hampshire State Geologist, Mr. Arthur Webster, Canadian Geologist, and Edward C. Hale, of Sherbrooke, through this region in search of serpentine mentioned by Professor Hitchcock in his report to Government, as existing in this part of the country. It is very probable that the matrix constituting the source of the gold supply found in the Township of Ditton, and on the Little Salmon River, exists somewhere on the Canada slope of the boundary mountains, but it may require a good deal of intelligent prospecting to strike the locality. In auriferous working a very few feet will mark the line separating paying and non-paying claims, and partial developments may be made in close proximity to the former, but without discovering it.

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D. Thomas & Co.

Advertising.

There are many business men in this city who do not seem to realize the fact that advertising in a local paper, having a general circulation, is of any benefit to them. To illustrate, we will ask. "Is a local paper of any benefit to the locality?" If so does it cost anything to run it? Remember that it costs about four cents a copy for each copy furnished to subscribers, the question then is, from what source does the paper get its support? From advertising. Then of course a paper must rely upon its advertising columns for the greater part of its support. There is nothing that speaks so well for the enterprising spirit of the citizen of a locality as does the advertising columns of its local paper. There are letters and cards received at this office from different places all over the United States and Canada asking for sample copies of *The Land We Live In*. How are those to judge our city who receive these copies? By the advertising columns of the paper. When they look for an hotel advertisement, they find it isn't one for Sherbrooke, but for some neighboring village, and at once form the conclusion that Sherbrooke hasn't any hotel worth advertising, or either that the proprietor is not enterprising enough to put his advertisement in the paper, or would sooner "enterprise" a dollar into his pocket at the expense of his fellow citizens. Just now when a mining boom is on the tapis it is the hotel which is advertised that will attract outside patronage, and the same with any other branch of business. Another question may be asked, how do these parties know there is a Sherbrooke in this province, or a *Land We Live In*, other than the one provided by Nature? The *Land We Live In* has advertisements in several leading papers and magazines in the U.S. and Canada which not only advertise the paper but the city as well, and the very nature of the reading matter advertised as contained in its columns creates an active demand for sample copies.

We do not hesitate to say that this demand exceeds that of all the papers published in the district of St. Francis, and any "doubting Thomas" can have the privilege of inspecting our letter and card files in support of this statement. We therefore conclude that any resident who has the interests of this city at heart should feel it a duty to help advertise it in his local paper, and we feel that all such information can be more generally diffused by an advertisement in our columns, as in future the nature of our publication will be such as will make it eagerly sought after by tourists and sportsmen, as well as those interested in our mining developments.

Florida Board.

Private board at Liverpool, on the banks of Peace River. Good fishing and hunting. One mile from railroad. Large pleasant rooms, and good water. \$8.00 a week—\$30 a month. Day rates \$1.50. Mrs. M. J. Cross, Liverpool, Manatee Co., Florida.

ANOTHER SUFFERER HEARD FROM.

Mrs. Reuben Rector, Maccan Station N.S., under date of 2nd Sept. inst., says "Enclosed you will find 25 cents for one of Ordway's plasters for Neuralgia, the one I got before did me a lot of good."

THE IDEAL PETIT LEDGER,

constitutes a Single Entry System of Book-keeping, that is to say. One single entry takes the place of Journal, Ledger, Index and Account to customer, and is furnished together with 500 Bill Heads, containing your name, residence and description of your business for \$2.50, or with 1,000 bills, \$3.75. The most ingenious and simple system of Book-keeping ever invented. Call and see sample, or send price, with your name, &c., as it is sure to give satisfaction. D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS!

It affords us UNBOUNDED SATISFACTION to KNOW that in EVERY SINGLE CASE where we have supplied

DR. ORDWAY'S PLASTERS,

for any of the complaints for which they are recommended, the most beneficial results have accrued, particularly in cases of Sciatica, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, and the weakness and prostration incidental thereto.

SO FIRMLY CONVINCED

Are we of the efficacy of DR. ORDWAY'S IMPROVED PLASTERS, that we will refund the price paid for the Plasters in every case where they fail to cure, or very materially relieve any of the diseases or complaints for which they are claimed to be

A SOVEREIGN SPECIFIC,

Namely—Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Cramps, Lame Back, Lame Side, Sprains, Kidney and Heart Disease, Pleurisy, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Lung and Bronchial Troubles and Female Weakness,

—ALSO,—

The prevention and cure of Pneumonia, if taken in time. We keep a register of all of DR. ORDWAY'S IMPROVED PLASTERS supplied by us, and the result of their use so far as communicated to us, and will be happy to show our patrons such testimonials received by us as are not of a private nature.

State what the Plaster is required for and we will send one by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

Agents and the trade supplied.

D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents, Sherbrooke, Que.

THE WIZARD HAT RACK



Hang your hat on window, mirror, theatre seat, church pew, car ceiling, side of house or anywhere. Spectators amazed! The principle which enables the hat to walk on the overhead ceiling applied. Sticks anywhere. No danger of giving way or falling. Will sustain a ton or twelve pound pull. Can carry in vest pocket. Always ready. Hang anything on it. The greatest low priced novelty of the age. Every possessor of one excites any amount of wonder, and his mountains of fun.



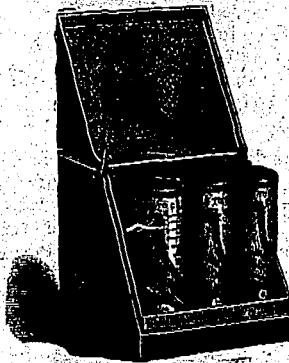
AGENTS WANTED.

It is the liveliest and best thing out for agents. Show what the "Wizard" will do in an office, store, on a street corner or anywhere, and every man there will buy. Agents often sell 100 or 300 an hour. You will sell from 5 to 50 many. You can sell 10 to 100 to every streetkeeper, they want them as soon as they see what they will do, to hang goods on in their show windows, and all around. You will often be able to sell over 1000 in a day. One hundred million at least will be sold in America. Start at once, and coin money. One sample and descriptive circular sent, postage paid, for 10 cents; 15 for 25 cents; 20 for \$1.00; 1000 for \$25.00. You can sell them as fast as you can pass them on, at 15 cents each. Better order 100 or 1000 to start on at once; 1000 will only last you a few hours. Your profit on 1000 is \$75.00. Greatest fun and wonder exciter ever known. Greatest Seller that was ever heard of. Address all orders to

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

THE INFALLIBLE CORN CURE!

Every Bottle Warranted TO DO JUST AS REPRESENTED.



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

W. B. FORSYTH, Proprietor, SIDNEY, OHIO.

D. THOMAS & CO., GENERAL AGENTS.



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.
16 Page Edition 50 cen a per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.
10 cents per line under one inch.
One inch, 12 lines 1 month, \$ 75
One inch, 3 months, \$1 50
One inch, 1 year, \$5 00
One column, 1 month, \$3 00
One page, 1 month, \$20 00.

Cash in advance in all cases. Copy must be in by 10th of each month to secure insertion.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN IS PRINTED MONTHLY BY
GEORGE H. BRADFORD,
Brook's block, Sherbrooke.

All communications must be addressed to the proprietors.

TO PRINTERS !

We can offer satisfactory inducements to anyone who will undertake the printing of this Journal, particularly to one who will establish a Job Printing office in this city in connection with it. We require at least 2,000 copies, each issue.

D. THOMAS & CO.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

We want samples of Goods with a view to accepting Agency, and in any case will insert a notice thereof equivalent to their value.

We wish to prove to some of our Advertisers that this is one of their best advertising mediums. Will parties answering advertisements contained herein do us the favor, to mention this journal.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. United States customers supplied direct from our New York Supply House.

The ODELL TYPE WRITER can be procured through us at the Manufacturers prices, \$15 each, duty paid; also the WORLD TYPE WRITER, \$10, \$15 and \$20 each, according to finish. Samples can be seen at our office.

FREE SAMPLES Fine Cards. Send Stamp.
World Card Co., 71 Green St., Cin. O.

A. TWO LINE Rubber Stamp, name, P. O. address, one Imitation Silk Handkerchief, 20 x 20 inches, one 60-page Memorandum Book, one Pocket Slate, with 8 pages and pencil, 25 fine Visiting Cards, assorted, Rosebuds, Birds, &c., and Busy Agent one year, all for only 50 cents in stamps. Address, Busy Agent, Gordonville, N. C.



Canada, with her five million inhabitants, has this year exported to England eighty-four million lbs of cheese against eighty-six millions exported from the United States, with a population of sixty millions. Canada's cheese trade has reached wonderful proportions within the last few years. Previous to 1878 only a few thousand lbs of cheese were exported.

At an auction sale in Montreal the other day, on the second flat of a storehouse, the place was crowded, and as the auctioneer was about closing a sale with the usual going, going, gone, at the last word the floor suddenly collapsed and landed the astonished assembly into the basement below. Fortunately be-

deal more—promptness in the remittance of subscriptions would facilitate preliminary arrangements and expedite the work so far as the printer is concerned. He won't work without pay, whatever we may do, and a years' subscription in a good many hands makes a big aggregate.

To those who are labouring under the impression that this Province is on the verge of bankruptcy, the accounts recently published in our daily papers on the payments of the Jesuits claims, must have been more or less re-assuring. Such cash transactions are not indications of a chronic state of financial paralysis. Those accepted cheques for hundreds of thousands were handed over with as little ceremony or strain as an order for a policeman's uniform. We would like, however, to see the indicator which registers the force of the vacuum in the treasury vaults before commenting any further upon the strain these payments produced.

What constitutes a lady, is a question that has been occupying the attention of the courts in England. Mrs. McKay, the wife of the millionaire, is suing the Manchester Examiner for stating that she was a washerwoman in Nevada when Mr. McKay married her. So long as

tunity to express our sincere thanks. Though we might have stood the chicken liver, the strain of the approaching course of stewed goat tails would have proved too much for our gastronomic powers. That we would have grabbed at the mushrooms and then dodged under the table till the tails went by, is more than a question of conjecture. No, our form was never enclosed to contain a Chinese luncheon.

Under the heading of a "Horrible Story," the readers of the daily press were treated to a terrible story of how the survivors of a shipwreck sustained life for some twenty days by cannibalism. The matter was ventilated to its fullest extent, the names of the unfortunate men and all other particulars being given. These particulars seem unfair to the survivors. It is bad enough that a man is placed in such fearful circumstances as to be compelled to subsist on human flesh, without having it heralded to the world in all its ghastliness. Its effect on the reputation of these men is not perhaps at first sight realized. Supposing for instance, that one of our most prominent citizens was placed in like circumstances, and that the story had preceded him, he would, on his arrival be looked upon with a curiosity



THE CARIBOU OR AMERICAN REINDEER.

yond a few bruises all escaped injury.

The traffic earnings of our two great Railways, the C. P. and G. T. railways, show a heavy increase over those of last year. Traffic is considerably interfered with by the scarcity of rolling stock, and bad blockades of freight have in consequence taken place from time to time. All this is an indication of our prosperity to an extent unthought of a few years ago. We are getting to be a great country.

The delay in this issue was unavoidable and in a great measure due to the serious illness of the editor. This may make our December issue somewhat late, but we hope to commence our next volume with the January number a little nearer on time. A little more—in fact a good

Mrs. MacKay continues entertaining her friends as at present, where at some of her dinners, the bill of fare is engraved on solid gold plates which her guests are permitted to take home with them; she need not be at all alarmed that the washerwoman tale will lessen the number or respectability of her guests. There is no danger of the washtub of the past eclipsing the gold plates of the present. None whatever.

Among the dishes served at a luncheon of one of the rich Chinamen of New York, were the following:—Broiled tendons of ducks feet with chicken liver and sweetened lotus seed, served with watermelon wine, stewed goat tails with chestnuts, sorved with garlic and Chinese vinegar, then broiled bamboo with mushrooms. We were not invited to this repast for which we take this oppor-

usually shown on the first approach of some monster, and would for ever after be known as an eater of human flesh. The fewer particulars of such events the better.

A clergyman died recently in England, leaving an estate of some seven hundred thousand dollars. How vast this sum must appear to our army of overworked and underpaid ministers of the gospel here in Canada! Such wealth, however, on the other side is frequently met with. This particular individual must have been endowed, never the less with an unusual amount of Christian humility and grace. Accounts go to show that this fortune was bequeathed by him to a certain nephew on condition that the nephew, within the year had his surname changed to that of the testators, and moreover a crown license had also to be

obtained entitling the nephew to adopt the ancient spelling of the name, by which a "y" is used instead of an "ie." This latter clause will, however, prove but a small obstacle, as the average young man of to-day would willingly drop the whole name to assume that of a favorite setter for half that sum. The idea suggested by the whole transaction is whether the spiritual welfare of the testators parishioners engaged his attention as seriously as the intricacies of his family genealogy. While on the question of wills and testaments, what a silent, though forcible reproach is found in the will of one Mathew O'Reilly, a Roman Catholic, who died lately in County Louth, Ireland, in which is bequeathed the whole of his fortune, some three hundred thousand dollars, to her Majesty's treasury, to be used towards extinguishing the national debt. What has the Americanized agitator to say to this?

3 CASH PRIZES!

We want original hunting and fishing stories, written exclusively for this journal, and will give three prizes of \$10, \$5 and \$3, for the three best on either subject. We should like as much semblance of truth in these stories as is compatible with the subject, but at the same time require no solemn declaration as to the truth of the allegations therein set forth. The competition will remain open until the 20th January next, and the prizes will be awarded according to the decision of a committee of three, and we will endeavor to make the result known in the January issue of the paper. Each article must be plainly written, on one side only, and must occupy a space of not less than three, nor more than eight columns of this journal. Each article must be signed by the *nom de plume* of the writer, and his or her real name and address, and *nom de plume* enclosed in a separate sealed envelope, which will be opened by the committee after the prizes have been awarded. Every one of the articles received will be published in this journal, if considered suitable for that purpose, and over the *nom de plume* of the author, but except in the case of prize winners, the authors name will not be given, except with his or her consent, and in such case, the sealed envelope should contain an intimation to that effect. The manuscript must be in English. A column contains about 700 words.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is directed to our advertisement in another column of "TWENTY GOOD BOOKS FREE." We will extend the same offer to those who send us 75 cents in cash or postage stamps (3 cent stamps or under) BEFORE the 1st day of January next. We cannot allow even three days grace on the latter offer.

The demand for back numbers of *The Land we Live in* for binding and completing files of the paper has exhausted all our previous editions. We shall be glad to have back numbers if any of our subscribers have them to spare and will give them some of our exchanges in place of them.

A very interesting article entitled *Sketches of Labrador Life*, from the pen of J. U. Gregory, Esq., of Quebec, will appear in our December issue.

Attention is directed to our offer in another column of "3 CASH PRIZES," for the three best hunting or fishing stories sent to us before 20th January next. Be sure to enclose your real name and *nom de plume* in a sealed envelope, to be opened after prizes are awarded, and also state if you are willing that your real name should be published.

In *Le Pionnier* of 31st October some 'Thin skinned' individual signing himself "Un Canadien-Francais," takes us to task for introducing Anglo-Canadian vernacularism into our market and Telephone Sketches. It is evidently done with a view of having it appear as a slur on the French Canadian. We disclaim any such intention, but in such sketches—which are intended to partake of the semi-burlesque—we have a better field amongst the French Canadians than in any other nationality. We have not individualized in a single instance, still the original of our sketches can be picked out in many localities. Like Douglas Jerrold's "Men of Character," they exist everywhere in this Province, where there is an English speaking element. As to showing up the average Englishman's mistakes in expressing himself in French, we should be pleased to do so, in a humorous way, if we had French Canadian subscribers enough to make it of general interest. Strange that none of our numerous Hibernian readers have taken umbrage at the manner in which Pat takes a part in our Market Sketches, and he has had as much to say as any of the compatriots of "Un Canadien Francais." We should not have devoted so much space to noticing the remarks of the over sensitive correspondent referred to, were it not that his correspondence has more signification than appears on the surface. All these little things form the fulcrum for a political argument lever, where a disposition exists to arouse race prejudices.

We direct attention to the advertisement of *The Canadian Queen* in another column. The Dec. number is profusely and beautifully illustrated. Subscription price \$1.00 a year, but in order to increase our circulation we will supply *Canadian Queen* and *The Land we Live in*, both one year, for \$1.50. Such a liberal offer should bring us in hundreds of subscribers, and it will only hold good until 1st April next.

It is admitted by all who have used DR. BARTON'S CELEBRATED PICK-ME-UP, HOARSE POWDERS, that nothing equal to them has ever been produced, or introduced on this Continent, for the purposes for which they are intended. We have made special arrangements with Dr. Barton to dispose of these Powders as GENERAL AGENTS throughout the Dominion, and are prepared to fill orders in any quantity. Sample packages by mail prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. Address D. THOMAS & Co. Sherbrooke, Que.

All New Books sent to us for REVIEW will be noticed in our issue of the following month, if not before.

Samples of Goods, Household Devices and Novelties sent to us, will be noticed according to their merits, in the columns of this journal, and when desirable we will act as agents for the disposal thereof.

One of the most useful dodges we have seen lately is DODGE'S HORSE BLANKET HOLDER. They are to be attached to the blanket, (one at each side) near the rear, end in such a position that they may be clasped over the trace or hold-back in an instant, preventing the blanket from blowing or sliding off the horse. Must be seen to be appreciated and can be seen at our office. Price 35 cents per set. If you don't know E. & W. O'Donnell, 2132 Montrose St., Phila. Pa., we shall be pleased to introduce you, on receipt of the medium named.

D. THOMAS & CO.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

We have much pleasure in adding to our list of Exchanges the *Pacific Humorist*, the leading humorist paper in the U. S. published by Don A. M. Lorenzo de Ferrer, at Oakland, California. Subscription 50 cents a year. It contains comical stories, sketches, wit and humor, latest jokes and spicy editorials calculated to provoke ones mirthful risibilities at sight. The publisher offers the paper free for three months to every person sending a two cent stamp for a sample copy.

Subscribers Directory.

For Month ending 30th Nov., 1889.

SHERBROOKE, Que.

John Murphy (East) Geo. R Odell
Chas. H Nutter Wm. R Webster
Daniel McManamy

PARTOUT.

George Wells, Suffield, Que.
Robt. McFadden, Lennoxville, Que
A N Thompson, Stanstead, Que
T A Aldrich, Huntingville, Que
J Homer Baker, Frelighsburg, Que
T W Austin,
Francis H Sleeper, Waterville, Que
Sleeper & Co.,
Franklin A Fisk,
John O'Farrell, Rock Forest, Que
Lt. Col. D C Thomson, Quebec
Arthur Toussaint, 70, St Peter st Quebec.
W G Coleman, Rock Forest, Que.
Isaac F. Harvey, Cotiacook, Que.
Joseph Unsworth, Charlotte Town, P.E.I.
Wm. E Latty, Three Lakes, Que.
J E Burroway, Rush, Ohio.
Thos. McGinnis, Box 555, Belleville, Ont
Kit Clarke, Box 1248, New York City.
Geo M Fairchild, jr., Box 673
L Thomas, Melbourne, Que.
Lt. Col. J Hunter Duvar, Hernewood,
Alberton, P.E.I.
Ed. Laws, Cookshire, Que.
Joel Shurtleff, Compton, Que.

On and after the 1st January next, the subscription price of *The Land we Live in* will be \$1.00 a year. Those desirous of availing themselves of the present low rate of 50 cents for the ensuing year, must do so before the 1st Jan'y.

"Something about Fish and Fishing," by Celestine, with the scene laid on the Magog River, and in which Sr. A. T. Galt, and other old Timers will form the *dramatis personae*, will appear in our next issue.

Read the advertisement of S. M. Bowles in another column, under the caption of "The Best Yet." There is more given there for half a dime than ever before. Mr. Bowles is a standard advertiser and perfectly reliable.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for December will contain an interesting article by Prof. Schele de Vere of the University of Virginia, entitled "A Chat about Numerals" giving many curious historical facts. Quite a noteworthy contribution to the poetic literature of America will be "The Nativity; a Christmas Carol" by F. W. Harkins, Chancellor of the National University of Chicago, whose Shakspearean essays are continued in this number. "The University Extension System of England" will prove a timely article; being supplemented by a description of a benevolent Society for similar work lately organized in Chicago with headquarters at 147 Throop St. called "The University Extension and Home Culture Society." This scholarly magazine is the cheapest of our monthlies, being only \$1.00 per year. Sample copy 10 cts. Published the first of each month by the National University of Chicago, whose novel teaching by mail will be described in this number.

We call attention to the Ad. of the AGENTS NAME INSERTING AGENCY New Park, York Co., Pa. contained in another column. We have had considerable business connection with the party from whom we received the ad., and which has always proved satisfactory. Try a ten cent investment and have your name in two Directories and get sample copy of "Agents' Alert Drummer," or send 5 cents for sample copy of the paper. The quantity of mail matter from your name in two directories will pay you ten times over, and perhaps you may strike something in the ad columns which will satisfy you that there is "corn in Egypt."

See the "ad" of the AGENTS NAME INSERTING AGENCY in another column.—Your name in two Directories for 10 cts.

THE RED STAR CLEANING POWDER.

We warrant it to clean and polish gold, silver, silver plated ware, jewellery, mirrors, window, &c., better than any other substance ever put upon the market. Remember that it is not a manufactured article but a pure natural deposit, containing 99 3-10 per cent of porous silica, and is taken from the mine of J. A. Wright & Co., Troy, N.H. It will not scratch or tarnish the finest gold or silver. It is suitable for use as a tooth powder. Put up in two sizes at 25 and 50 cents, and sent anywhere in the U. S. or Canada on receipt of price.

SILVER CREAM

Is a preparation from the deposit referred to, put up in boxes at 50 cents each, and converted into a cream by adding water.

RIISING SUN SILVER POLISH AND GOLDEN SEAL METAL POLISH.

Are similar preparations, in two sizes at 25 and 50 cents, and sent by mail on receipt of price. Also

TRIPOLINE

In boxes at ten cents.

As General Agents for the proprietors, J. A. Wright & Co., Keene, N.H., we are prepared to supply Agents and Dealers in the U. S. and Canada.

D. THOMAS & CO.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.

To any person, male or female, out of employment, who will send me 25 cents, I will send a printed formula for a Cough Syrup, which can be made at a trifling expense, and will find a ready sale in every family. It is without exception the best and cheapest COUGH REMEDY manufactured on this Continent. Every family should have the recipe, and prepare the syrup for their own use. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents in stamps or silver. Any energetic person can do money in his own locality by preparing the syrup from my formula.

Address: DR. E. B. BUSH
1920 Division Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

JUST PUBLISHED

12 Articles on PRACTICAL Poultry Raising.

BY FANNY FIELD,
The greatest of all American writers on Poultry for Market and Poultry for Profit. Tells how she cleared \$400 on 100 Light Brahms in one year; about a mechanic's wife who clears \$300 annually on a village lot; refers to her 60 acre poultry farm on which she clears \$1,000 annually. How to put up buildings, raise brood flocks, etc. Tells about hundreds brooders, spring chickens, eggs, and how to feed to get the most eggs. Price 25 cts.

D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, Que.

Are You Looking

for a reliable advertising medium—one that will give you ad. a good display, properly classify it, surround it with attractive reading matter, and bring you large returns? Then send for a free Sample Copy of THE CORONA NEWS-LETTER, issued semi-monthly, 4 pages, 24 columns, 25 cents a year. Display ads. 10 cents a line. Without display, 1 cent a word. 3,000 circulation. Exchange column free to subscribers. Best Mail List published. Interesting correspondence. Address ALONZO O'BAMBERLIN, Publisher NEWS-LETTER, Corona, New Jersey.

NEW CURE FOR LOVE, with Rubber Sample, for 10 cents.

4411 HOME SUPPLY CO., Hattonia, O.

CARDS Finest Sample Book of Gold Bevel Edge, White Dove, Fringed and Fancy Shaped Cards for Five cents Agents wanted.—STAR CARD HOUSE, Woodstock, Ont.

12 Embossed Concealed Cards (with name) 100 Scrap Pictures and three Love Letters for 15 cents, silver.—STAR CARD HOUSE, Woodstock, Ontario.

WALTER S. TRUMBULL, POTTER PLACER, 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.

D. THOMAS & CO., Gen. Agents,
Sherbrooke, Que.

An Acrostic on The Land We Live In.

The land of our birth is the land of our love;
for in it life opened its day;
Home of our childhood and youth, where we
thought for ever to stay;
Earth's grandeur could not allure our love
from its charms away.

Land of our manhood and choice, we dwell
with delight on thy shore,
And, like the eagle, ambitious, still higher
and higher to soar;
New hopes are inspired with our change of
climate, condition and home,
Daring, courageous and bold, we fear not thy
deserts to roam.

Wealth, health and prosperity follow the
labour of industry's hand,
Each honest man soon may become an owner
of beautiful land.

Lakes, rivers and mountains romantic—the
greatest of waterfalls—
In minerals richly profuse; for develop-
ment loud are their calls,
Varities, great and many of birds, beasts and
fish are found,
Each kind of field-like produce—the fruit of
its fertile ground.

Industry's arts are thriving, and gain for our
land great fame;
Nor cease we to worship our Maker, and
honour His Word and Name!
Nov. 12th, 1888. G. B.

Calgary, N.W.T.

ITS SCENERY AND SPORTS.

We are permitted to make the following
extracts from a letter written by a present
resident of Calgary, North West Terri-
tory, to a Sherbrooke friend. It bears
date, the 20th October last, and may prove
interesting to many of our readers.

"The weather has been pretty fine for
some weeks past. The fact is, Joe, that
if we have a snow or rain storm here, it is
only because the snow or rain has managed
to get ahead of the wind. That same
wind, if he is not blowing his hardest, is
just hiding behind the bluff watching for
any other of the elements to make a des-
cent on his territory. This is his own
country every time. The reason why the
prairie is rolling is because the wind has
blown it into that shape. Within the last
two weeks the clouds have piled right up,
dark and stormy looking as one could
ever hope to see them, on several occa-
sions; the good folks all shaking their
wise noddles and agreeing that they were
in for stormy weather now, but no, up
gets a big wind and where are these clouds?
The sky bright and smiling again, and if
at night one can see every little blooming
star laughing and winking at puzzled
humanity below. It's a grand country
for Wind Mills? The fact is
Joe, that there are very few married men
here who would not get out, but the big
lot of them spent all they had coming up
and are stuck fast. It is great fun to hear
the women folks set to work to discuss
the country. Don't the chips fly! If a
man makes up his mind to get along with-
out the comforts of life, that is on the bare
necessities, well and good, but no beef-
steaks and poached eggs, and these things
come in very handy occasionally.

From the above you will be able to
glean the fact that this chick is still of
the opinion, that coming an opportunity,
he would make tracks for what you term
God's Country. I don't know if it is al-
together the country that is the attraction.
You know Joe, that there were a few fel-
lows round Sherbrooke, that made the
time pass pretty evenly, and I fancy that
had we come out here en masse, we would
not have so many objections to the coun-
try. As I have remarked before this
would make a very fine picnic if that
were all the interest that one had in it.
I coolly took my fishing rod last Saturday,
and started to fish in the town limits, I
landed nine fine trout, and came home
with them on a string, in blissful igno-
rance of the fact that it was close season.
The season closes 30th September, the
same as in the East, it appears. Birds
drove me out about twelve miles on the
prairie the other morning pretty early.
The mountains looked grand Joe, I could
feel my spirits go right up at the sight, I
am afraid that I can't resist them long,
every time I look on them it seems as if

the Mountain Spirit whispered "Come."
Shall I respond to that call? go right in
and see all that they hide in their dark
bosoms. It's the land of big game, the
biggest of game. There never was a school
boy that did not dream of the terrors and
mysteries of that Land of Wonder, I don't
know but that I shall be unable to resist
their calling and one day "button up my
uniform," tie my hair and go in. I wish
that you were round, Joe. What a trip
for the pair of us! Think of the Elk, the
Antelope, the Grizzly! the Goats and
that King of Western game, "the Sheep!
the Cimaron! Wouldn't a head killed
right by one's own rifle, be an ornament
that one would never tire of looking at,
and then the stories that a fellow could
narrate to the admiring crowd re the same!
I have not decided yet, but I am much
inclined to pack up and go for two or
three weeks. I may never get the chance
again, that is if I can get out of the N.W.
territory in a reasonable time.

You will see, if you care to figure it out,
that it would be a little premature for me
to think of arranging to go fishing in
Maine next Spring, pleasant though the
trip would be in your company, but could
the thing be managed, I have no doubt
that would be a trip that would leave
nothing to be desired.

Oh! I say Joe! What do you think!
That little story of yours about the
"Common house flies" is all up. Guess
my feelings when I saw a couple of fellows
actually fishing with these same ordinary
house flies and catching fish—trout—with
them too. They told me they were the
best fly one could use. Don't you think
that we had better set to work to learn
from some expert just how fish are caught?

Now Joe! what about the Rockies?
Shall I go up like Samson of old, and slay
my big numbers? Will you promise that
you won't hint that we both used the
same weapon?

I've a scheme in my head that could be
carried out if you do as I tell you. If I
come East I will do the same, if I don't
come East, why it will take you the less
time and be less expensive, because I'll be
here to look after you when you get here,
I'm off now Joe, don't stop me for God's
sake!

Let's work hard, save all we can, every
blooming cent we can get, take no holi-
days until we can take a big one, after
having fairly earned it, and then, Hurrah
for the West! The Rockies my boy!
Think of them, carrying their snow-capped
heads away up where even the clouds
dare not look upon them! Think of the
sights! Man! a sunset on the prairie
would pay you for the whole trip, and we
could have one every evening. Of course
you have read all about them, everybody
has described them, but for all that you
never can realise their grandeur until you
look them straight in the face. You are
stricken dumb at the tremendous display,
where colors seem to burst their bounds,
and run fairly wild. Every conceivable
shade and combination of shades, from
the cold blue overhead down to the sea of
liquid fire flaming up from the horizon.
The whole picture is girdled by long belts
of azure and flame paling into amethyst
and orange at the zenith, but as they de-
scend to the great ocean of flaming red,
growing darker and stronger, ready to
harmonize with the waves and billows of
that sea in colors that the eye never
wearies of seeing, and the whole scene
burns its image deep into the memory to
stay there for all time. Then the great-
ness of this Western County, its grandeur
harmonizes with the unequalled painting
on its cupola. In some ways one would
think that the Great Architect had here
drawn his plans on the biggest scale. The
mountains unequalled in extent and tower-
ing majesty guarding the far stretching
prairie lands (for reference as to prairie
lands see C.P.R. advertisement), and
above all the sky of unclouded blue or
liquid fire, as the case may be.

Then Joe! think of the sport, every
river, stream, and creek teeming with
silvery trout, gamey to the heart's con-
tent! The prairie with its thousands of
grouse! Every lake covered with ducks

and geese! The Coyotes, the Antelopes,
Deer, Moose, Bears, the Mountain Lion,
and away on the mountain top—lord of
the game list—the Cimaron, or Rocky
Mountain Sheep! Think of it Joe! and
can't we do it? Is it not something that
ought to satisfy the sportsman's instinct,
that are part of our natures, and is not
that something well within our reach? I
say! let's place this before us, let's go
about as I suggest, work hard, save hard,
be good husbands and fathers, fairly earn
the holiday and use it well. It will be
something to look forward to, and—ac-
complished, it will be something to look
back upon. As we grow older, the game
we killed on that memorable, never-to-be-
forgotten trip will grow bigger and more
numerous, and our reward and enjoyment
will increase in a corresponding series of
ratios. You know just how this is done—
I mean from hearing other fellows do it.
Give us a line when you can find
time, and trusting that through all this
rignarole you may detect some glimmer-
ings of my regard for you and yours.
I remain sincerely yours,

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ty of referring to Rev. Dr. Barnes of this
city, on whose recommendation we were
induced to secure the agency for their
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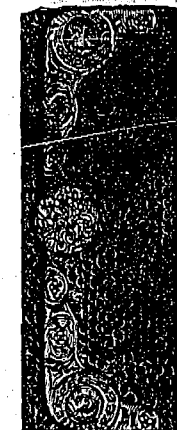
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Winter hours are coming on;
Oh, if autumn looks so dear,
Winter will be long I fear,
Lennoxville. FRANK JOHNSON.

The Grand Trunk Railway.

FOR TOURISTS AND SPORTSMEN.

No. IV.

From North Stratford we proceed to Groveton Junction, a distance of 12 miles, passing a station known as Stratford Hollow. Over this portion of road there is little of interest to either tourist or sportsman. At Groveton Junction the tourist desirous of taking in the White Mountains can take the White Mountain Division of the Boston and Lowell Railroad to Fab-yan's, at the foot of the mountains passing about ten miles out from the Junction, the pretty little town of Lancaster, N.H. When we passed over that route prior to Groveton having Junction hitched on to it, a stage coach carried us to Lancaster, and we recollect passing through a large and handsome grove of second growth pine on a part of the route. From Fab-yans a branch wood runs to Base Mt., Washington, the main line continuing through the mountains and connecting with the Passumpsic Railroad. Of the attraction of the White Mountain Range so much has been said and written that it would be superfluous to engage in any description of them here. Some beautiful scenery connected with these may be seen along the line of the G.T.R., between Groveton and South Paris, Maine, but beyond this there isn't much to attract the sportsman until Berlin Falls is reached, except that brook trout in the proper season may be had in almost any of the streams along the route. Berlin Falls is on the Androscoggin River, a short distance above where it takes a sudden turn to the East into Maine running at right angles with its previous course. At this point it is an exceedingly turbulent river and in this vicinity, and in the tributaries of the river there is good fishing. Berlin Falls is a large lumber manufacturing centre, and this and kindred industries are its principal support. From here to Gorham, N.H., is 6 miles, and from this point we have a magnificent view of Mount Washington, 6288 feet in height, and the highest peak east of the Rockies. Gorham is a great place of resort in summer for tourists and families from the city, and contains some first-class hotels and boarding houses, conspicuous amongst which are the "Glen" and "Alpine" Houses, the first of which lies some distance from the railway station, and is reached by a beautiful drive, from which are seen several of the most prominent mountain peaks. Those of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison from this point are probably the finest to be had of this range. Not only are these peaks remarkably impressive in themselves, but they are rendered doubly grand and beautiful by the singularly striking cloud effects, for it must be remembered that the Glen is 1650 feet above sea level, and that the fleeca-like clouds often float between it and the mountain tops. From the veranda of the Glen House is seen the Summit House, on Mt. Washington, which can be reached by the famous Carriage road, which for eight miles winds its course up the mountain side. The views from this road are varied and remarkable, and many prefer the ascent of the mountains in this way to that provided by the railway from the opposite side. There are in these mountains many beautiful water falls, the most famous being the falls of Ammonoosuc, which descend more than 5,000 feet in a course of thirty miles. For several years the summit of Mount Washington has been occupied during the winter as a station of the Meteorological Department of the United States. In severe seasons the wind has been known to attain a velocity of 100 miles an hour and the thermometer has shown a temperature of 50 degrees below zero.

From Gorham we proceed to Bethel, Maine, a distance of 23 miles passing the stations of Sherbourne and Gilead. Bethel is the gateway to the Rangeley Lakes, if a stage route through a most picturesque country is wanted.

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

IDAHO NOTES

WEISER, IDAHO, Sept, 1889.

To the Editor of the Land We Live In.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

Having a little spare time to myself, I thought I could best utilize it by endeavoring to give you an idea (from my own point of view), of that portion of Idaho Territory that I have seen. I know the task will be difficult; I also quite understand that I may pave the way to have myself disliked, but as I am committing no criminal act and mean no offence, I intend to write just as I feel inclined.

To night I feel inclined and just in humor to tell the truth and give the devil his due. Some people will no doubt remark after reading this article, "If you don't like the country, why the devil don't you move out?" To be like Geo. Washington, I will here state that, like many another poor devil here, I could not if I would. Railway travelling and stage trips are expensive business, and walking is exceedingly bad at present; moreover, I have a most energetic desire to get even with the Territory before I take my walking ticket.

Idaho is traversed by the Oregon Short Line or Union Pacific railway, and I can only say that of all the dreary, tiresome, monotonous journeys that I ever had to take, this one through Idaho capped the climax; sage brush mingled with alkali dust from one end to the other, the only relief was darkness, and when sage brush and daylight disappeared, 'twas positively refreshing. Boise City is the would-be Hub of Idaho, at all events it is the seat of territorial government, so I will just tackle Boise. Boise is practically reached by a line of railway called the Idaho Central, which joins the Union Pacific at Nampa. A few words will describe the Idaho Central railway; two streaks of rusty rust, a shadow of a right of way and a ten mile an hour gait! The railway company do certainly give the passengers the full benefit of the line, for before you are landed at the station you are run all round a Δ —this saves the trouble of getting the train ready for the return on the morrow, gives the employes some little extra time to sleep, and makes it exceedingly pleasant for the passengers, particularly when the train is seven or eight hours late. The above is one example of this wide-awake booming country!

I had gotten my impressions of Boise from the Boise Statesman and from a pamphlet published by the Boise Board of Trade, and on my first trip out of the mountains to Boise, I anticipated a great deal of pleasure. At first sight Boise certainly did appear as an oasis in the desert; it has a perfect situation, and with its irrigation, and its surroundings, could be made lovely. Boise is an excellent example of what can be done by irrigation. The foliage is grand, fruit of almost any kind can be and is raised, some of it of very fine quality. My first disappointment on reaching Boise was the appearance of the great first class Hotel; the less said of either its exterior or interior the better! I expected, however, in this great ranch country, where every thing grows, to see the tables loaded with all sorts and descriptions of delicacies, and said to myself, I will now surprise the inner man; I surprised him!—The milk had suffered from irrigation; the butter was strong enough to walk out at the tender age of two weeks, and the fruit was California canned! This is an example of how the hotels advertise this great booming country, and is a fair example of the majority of hotels. Boise to read about and Boise to live in are two entirely different places. Boise to read about is anything from a health resort to a booming paradise. Boise to live in is well enough for people who have never suffered any comforts or effects of civilization, who have stood high temperatures, who are accustomed to irrigation; but to others who are not accustomed to all the above mentioned little difficulties, Boise is no booming town, no health resort and certainly no paradise. It is

simply a slow, easy-going country town, its street and uncovered irrigating ditches a positive disgrace to a town of its size, dust knee deep and grass growing almost in the centre of its streets. Irrigation is even working on the inhabitants, proven from the number of *moss backs* found among them. The Boise Board of Trade in the pamphlet have the actual cheek to compare unfavorably eastern towns of the same size, with Boise. They may be forgiven, but Boise can never hold her place with any eastern city. If Boise were near some eastern city she would make a fairly good cemetery for some—Numbers of live business men have been dead for the last ten years but have not, as yet, been buried. There are some quite funny things in Boise; one in particular is a paper called the Boise Statesman, published daily, ten cents per copy. I hardly know how to describe the little sheet, but have come to the conclusion that it is intended as a rival of the Detroit Free Press or Texas Siftings; its eulogy of itself is perfect, and its jokes on Idaho too funny for anything, partic-

ularly to one knowing the country. This sheet makes Boise boom. I tried very hard to find out what looked in particular but utterly failed. Perhaps I should have gotten out a search warrant and made a big effort; time is my only excuse for not having done so. Boise is anticipating railways; she allowed one to pass her some 19 miles away and has allowed another to come within a mile of her. These facts go to show what an enterprising town she is. I will now drop Boise and drop her lightly for fear of breaking her.

The great question now agitating this country is the reclamation of the sage brush plains by irrigation, and great efforts are being made to induce settlers to take up the sage brush land. I say all well and good when kind Providence changes the seasons a little for you, and your irrigation schemes are facts, but at present this booming is almost criminal. There are, to my knowledge, settlers holding down sage brush ranches, who

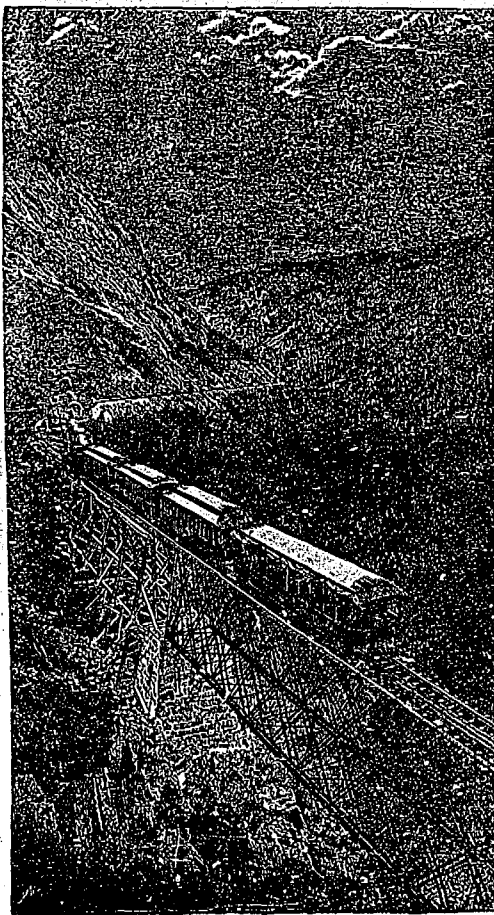
have been thus holding them down for over four years, and to day they have not sufficient water on their ranches to irrigate their throats. This year there are numbers of ranchers located on streams, who have been unable to raise anything at all. Cattle and sheep have had to wander miles from their usual grazing grounds to even keep alive. If we have not a great deal of rain before snow falls, and a great deal of snow this coming winter, ranches and cattle will be given away next summer as chromos. Fruit of almost any kind can be grown in the villages, some of which is really excellent, but the greatest part has not the flavor of either eastern or California fruit. The same may be said of the vegetables; the ranchers have told me that it was almost impossible to raise fruit by irrigation that would have as rich a flavor as that raised on soil irrigated by nature.—To eastern people who have never seen a ranch, the very word ranch sounds euphonious, but when you see them, and compare them with eastern farms the ranch gets suddenly left. Fancy a ranch

way. He had sown some 125 acres in grain directly upon its banks, depending for irrigation on a small stream that joined the river at a point close to the ranch, the small stream had failed, the water in the river could not be utilized, and not a spear of the grain ripened.

I must not forget Idaho's mines. As other writers have stated, Idaho must for her future existence, depend upon her mines. They have in the past produced immense quantities of gold and silver, and are so doing to day. Of course there are mines and mines and I cannot add that the majority of mines are paying investments, or that the resident capitalists of Idaho are much interested in the working of her mines, but then they are in the selling of them. Eastern men and foreigners are the men who are doing the investing and work. To my mind the old Westerner is, in most cases, a regular old moss back from way down.

There are a great number of good mines and good prospects, but the dividend-paying mines, particularly those on the market are few and far between.—The capitalist is very much needed in Idaho, and on capital and energy she must depend for her success. There are numbers of opportunities for men with capital and judgment, but of course mining is like the game of draw-poker, for you very seldom know what you are going to have dealt. To day you have a very rich ledge, to morrow you have a hole in the ground. The lucky hits are few and far between, considering the ventures made and the number of prospects worked. One is just about as liable to hit a good mine as to hit the big prize in the Louisiana State Lottery, I have every hope that Idaho's mines will bring her to the front, and can only wish her every success. I trust that some mines I know of will show up well very soon for, as I said before, I am not fond of walking and the roads are in a terrible condition. You may consider this a long winded epistle, but if you had to stand this mountain breeze for nine months of the year, you would surely forgive me for making it so.

J. A. K.



CRAWFORD NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

ularly to one knowing the country. This sheet makes Boise boom. I tried very hard to find out what looked in particular but utterly failed. Perhaps I should have gotten out a search warrant and made a big effort; time is my only excuse for not having done so. Boise is anticipating railways; she allowed one to pass her some 19 miles away and has allowed another to come within a mile of her. These facts go to show what an enterprising town she is. I will now drop Boise and drop her lightly for fear of breaking her.

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with hundreds of heads of cattle grazing upon it, and in the cabin or farm house not a drop of milk or sign of butter! The ranch life is a sort of wretched existence while the farm life is real living. Sheep men, so called, are in many places running the cattle out of the country and ruining the grazing country. It's a free country, and might is right! might seems to have a great many sheep, and right a few cattle, consequently right suffers.

I must now mention the great Snake River. A very vivid imagination is required to even fancy a river the size and extent of Snake River (as it runs its course) so perfectly use less. For hundreds of miles it wends its way through the Territory, and for miles and miles its banks are as devoid of vegetation as a piece of marble. Where it might be dammed, there is no land to irrigate, and where there is land to irrigate it cannot be dammed. I saw one ranch on its banks where the rancher dammed it any-

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Telephone Sketches



"Hello!" "Will you give me Fullers please? Can you send me up a barrel of apples this afternoon?" "Havn't got any." "Well send me a nice cod fish and a tin of Chase and Sanborn's Coffee." "Don't keep 'em." "Don't keep them? What in thunder are you giving us? Don't we get them from you right along? I know you had apples there yesterday for I priced them. Guess you didn't have much of a stock if you've sold out already." "I-tink you must make mistake on de place." "Isn't that Fullers?" "Bigosh no, dis is Allards, market stall, Allards!" "Well by Jupiter, if it isn't enough to vex a saint! Confounded, cussed carelessness."



"Heilo! Central?" "Hello! what's the trouble?" "What did you give me Allards for?" "Didn't you ask for Allards?" "No! I didn't ask for Allards, I asked for Fullers!" "I beg your pardon I thought you said Allard's. Your instrument isn't working very well. I'll ask the man to go up and fix it." "You're not working very well. I'll ask a man to go down and fix you. Now do you understand? I want Fuller's store. W. H. Fuller's, Commercial street, opposite the post office. Next door to the Magog House. Hold on! Telephone No. forty-six! Do you think you can get them now?" "Yes, could before if you'd given me the number. All right sir! Be careful with the instrument! That last explosion shook it badly and Mr. Morales says we must shut off in such cases the same as if there was a thnders,orm raging." "You tell Mr. Morales to go to!" "Hello!" "Is that Fuller's store?" "Yes." "Are you in the same old stand?" "Yes, why?" "Because those telephone people

sent me to the market after you. I want you to send me up a barrel of those apples I was looking at yesterday. You know who's talking?" "Yes, Sixteen Prospect. Anything else?" "Yes, send up a nice cod fish and a tin of coffee." "I thought you had a cough, eh?" "I want to assimilate the two." "Want to what?" "I want to mix them." "Oh! All right. I'll send them up right after dinner." "Hello!" "Is that Mr. Didymus?" "Yes, who's talking?" "Doctor Barton, Lennoxville. I got your order for the Pick-me-Up Powders, but I won't be able to let you have them before to-morrow. I can't put them up fast enough. Yesterday I shipped to Danville every package I had, and I have a large order from Richmond, but I'm not in a hurry about that, as the party has a few packages on hand." "I'm glad you're having such a rush. See here. I've got an order from Kingston for three dozen. If you can send them so I can ship by to-night's express, I can wait till the end of the week for the rest." "All right! I'll do it, but I think I'll want a pick-me-up myself to do that, and fill a Compton order. I'll prepare yours first as I may have a chance to send them by somebody. Good-bye."

"Hello?" "What sort of a rifle is that you have to sell?" "Frank Wesson. Thirty-eight. First-class shooter." "Guaranteed." "I guarantee that it has killed more moose, deer, and bears, round Spider Lake than any other rifle." "Then you know something about it yourself?" "I've known it ever since it was the size of a pistol." "Is that the one Den Ball was telling me about?" "Shouldn't wonder. He used it for some time, and so did Pete LeRoyer, the Indian. Pete shot three moose in one day with it on the Upper Spider." "Guess it'll do. I'll go up and have a look at it. It's Hale that's talking. Ned Hale not bottled Hale! I don't live in the vicinity of Cork." "No, but Cork's crew might tap you." "Well, if they did they'd only draw Claret. Good-bye."

"Hello!" "Cookshire wants you. Go ahead Cookshire!" "Is that Didymus?" "Ay, ay, sir." "Mac-kies talking. Can you meet me at Heney's, City Hotel, on arrival of train at eleven o'clock?" "It's impossible. I daren't go out for another day or two." "Can I see you at your house, important business." "Yes, I can attend to any business at home." "All right! The train's just whistling in. I'll see you in about an hour and a half. Au revoir."

"Yes, what's wanted?" "Compton wants you. Go ahead Compton." "Can you send us up another dozen of Barber's Rheumatic Cure, and a dozen of Ordway's Improved Plasters, by this evening's express, Craig, Brothers." "Yes." "Don't forget it, for we have two parties from Moe's River here, and one of

them will wait until the train's in, 'All right! They'll go sure.' "Hello!" "Is that Mr. Didymus?" "Yes." "Central Office. You didn't settle that rent?" "No, but I will Saturday." "Well be sure and do it, or those telephone yarns of yours will come to an end for want of material. You won't be able to wire in, it'll be a case of Johnny get your gun, if I have to go up again after Saturday and—" "What's that you're talking about, I don't owe you anything except good will and precious little of that." "Why you just said you'd pay Saturday." "I never said any such thing." "Why! Yes you did." "Don't tell me I lie, I tell you I didn't." "Who's talking?"



There's some mistake about this.' "Ames is talking and if he aims at you, you'll wish he hadn't got his gun." "Oh! I'm sorry Mr. Ames, I was talking to another party who promised to pay Saturday, and your wire must be crossed with his." "All right! I accept your apology, but send a man to take the kink out of the wires before somebody else gets my dander up. If Byrne had been at the instrument he'd have got his Irish up so that you'd think you had got a rap over the ear with a shillelagh. He can run a whole circus himself when he get's started, and if he couldn't reach you from this end of the wire he'd mighty quick get to the other end, and don't you forget it! Good-bye! We've too much at steak to stand any dunning here. So long!"

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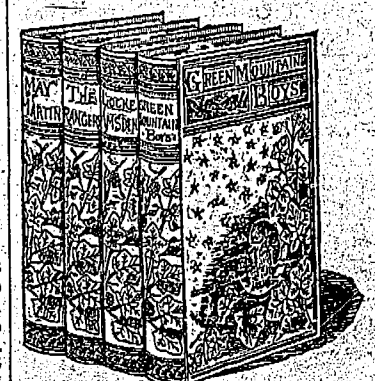
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Market Sketches



"Good morning Mr. Johnson! What have you brought to the market to-day?" "Good mornin' Mr. Walton! Just about the same kind of fixin's as I generally bring, butter, eggs, and some lamb. I've got some maple sugar as well, and some nice young geese." "How much are the young geese?" "My wife said I was an old goose this morning, but perhaps she wouldn't object to your young ones." "Well these are tip-top and—." "Web footed ay?" "Yes; web footed and—" "Feathered clear down?" "No, they're nicely dressed and—" "Dressed eh? Bloomer costume or knickerbockers?" "Oh you know what I mean, no wonder your wife called you an old goose, seein' you're so particular about the young ones, I guess she thinks you're a regular proper gander, don't she?" "See here, I'll let you have these at nine cents a pound, seein' it's you,—." "Oh! that's too much, that's way up, I guess those goslings never had any down to them." "But seeing it's you, and I can depend on your statement that they're young geese, I'll take a couple. You can leave them at my store and I'll have a chance to send them home. How much is your maple sugar?" "Eight cents." "All right, take over a couple of cakes." "Goin' to have a sweet time ain't you Walton? Goin' deer huntin' I reckon, an' mean to have suthin' hot in camp, don't ye?" "No Presby! I can't go hunting till after Christmas, but say! Don't you know that sugar in cakes is about the handiest way to take sugar for camping; but I don't take anything hot in camp except tea and coffee." "Shaw! Tell that to the marines, sailors won't believe ye. Praps you don't smoke either in camp?" "Not very often. Might take a cigar once in a while." "Guess so! You'll do! Good-by! Send us in a quarter of cariboo meat. Don't forget it! "Oh say Peter? See anythin' of Atcheson, Brompton Lake? You know Atcheson don't you? Takes care of the buildin's at the old Nickel Mine?" "Yes, I know him, Mr. Presby, but I haven't seen him, I don't think he's here." "Confound him! he told Didace 'at he was goin' to bring me in some bear meat to-day. Guess he's not got along yet. Roads pooty bad out to Key Pond Road. Well Peter, how d'ye feel anyway?" "Feel first rate Mr. Presby. Never felt better in my life." "Glad to hear

it Peter! Glad to hear it! Havin' pooty easy times, eh? People don't get drunk so much as they used to! Ain't that so?"

"Arrah, how'd yer whisht. Sure they do be gettin' as dhrunk as they ever did, but like the Shcott Act, min, it's home they do be takin' it wid them, an' be me sowl, it comes chaper too. Sure ye can go down to McManuses beyant, and buy a bottle of the crathur for what it ud take to thrate a friend or two up above at Fred Carnirands, but howld on. D'ye want an ilegant turkey for yer Christmas dinner? The owld womans fattenin' some that ud make yer mouth wather to look at them, they're that fat and shiny lookin'. I'll be comin' in the Saturday afore Christmas an' I'll bring you in one. Fifteen cents the poun'. What d'ye say?"

"All right Mike, but don't bring a very big one. How's the old woman, Michael?"

"Faith she can jump over a milkin' shtool. Devil such a change I ever see in her since she tuk to usin' them Ordway's Plashers, an' ye know the shockin' bad health she enjoyed when you wor out there lasht. Bedad! she thinks nothin' now of shwingin' on a five pail kittle of praties to cook for the pigs, the crathurs. Come out an' see us now that we've got the shnow. We allus kape a sup of the rale wate that ud warm the cockles of yer heart."

"Much obliged Michael! Remember me to the missus and tell her that I depend on her to pick out the turkey for me."

"Where's the man that owns this team?"

"Durned if I know Peter, but I calculate he's down at the Grand Central. He's been sellin' some pork to Ames, an' I heern him ax Ames to go down an' wet the trade." "Well this is twice I've been here and he's been away. Next thing he'll try to get away without payin' his market fee." "Here he comes! I reckon he's a been a wettin' that trade more'n once. Looks kin' of owley."

"Say! Let's have your market fee, I ain't goin' to wait all day for you." "Noboby hain't axed you to. Here it is. Blamed if I don't b'lieve he thought I was a tryin' to squeeze out o' paying him. No Sirree! That ain't my style."

"Poisson! Poisson! Poisson d'eau douce! Tom' cod! Tom' cod! Pas poisson d'Avril! She'll be goot feesh! Bon poisson! Cotch heem a Trois Rivieres, en la riviere St. Laurent. Me breeng heem Cinquante minots, booshe wot you call. Oui! C'est vrai! Goot feesh to su'. Nevare see heem mo' betterare feesh, Nevare, Combien? One dollare—piastre-par booshe. Vendre a bon marche. Me sell heem sheep. Oui!"

"How do you-cook them?"

"Cook heem! You put heem on de watare for tak heem out de freeze, hey freeze! Correct hey!

Den you'll put heem le lard on de pan-fry, mek heem come hot comme le diable, den you'll place heem on de pan, cook heem planty. She'll heat pooty goot. I'll tole you. You'll heat heem some mo' nex' tam, pooty probably."

"But don't you dress the fish?" "Comment?"

"Don't you clean the fish, take out the inside?"

"Tak heem hout de inside! Sacre non! Nevare wot you call clean heem. Apres she'll be cook, hall de inside she'll be go wid de head, le tete. No want heem clean, wot you call dress, don't it? Tom' cod! Tom' cod! Poisson! Poisson!"

"Here's Joe Boule, he knows all about them. What kind of fish are these Tom' cod?"

"Tommy cod? They're just as nice a fish as ever you eat."

"But what about cooking them? This man says you don't want to clean them."

"Well you don't. All you have to do is to roll them in flour and cook them in hissing hot pork fat, and anything there is in them comes away with the head after they're cooked. Combien pour les poissons, Monsieur?"

"Un piastre M'sieu."

"All right! I'll have a bushel anyway. You fellows get a bushel apiece, and if you can't cook them I'll do it for you, and help you eat them too. Bigosh I'd sooner have them than oysters any day. Here's Pommy Biron, see what he says. How do you like Tommy cods, Biron?"

"First rate! Who's got any?"

"This fellow here, just up from Three Rivers, with a load. One dollar a bushel."

"Well I'm goin' to have a bushel. No I guess I'll take two. All my family like them. I'll run into Allards and see if I can get a bag."

"Musha thin! but it bates Banagher the way them Frenchmen does be atin' fish, an' the more they look like a bull-pout, the better they likes them."

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About 22 acres of land in a good state of cultivation, situated in the North Ward, Sherbrooke, with house, barn and out buildings, one of the best sites in the city for a market gardener. Terms easy. Title indisputable.

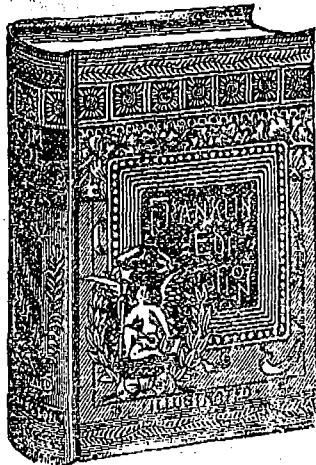
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