

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

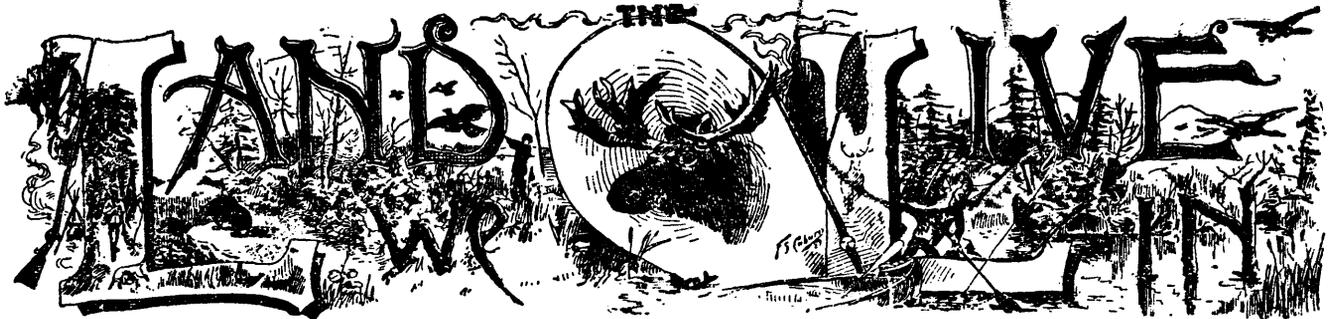
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | |

Vol. III, No. 12.

July, - - 1891.



Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Our Illustrations.....	3	Book Review.....	10
Black Lake, page 3; Niagara Falls, page 6; Bull's Head Falls, page 7; "Somebody's Looking, Love, Pull Down the Blind," page 9; Ward's Bay Lake, Lake Aylmer, page 11; Thou hast learned to love another, page 15; View of Port Arthur, page 16; The Solid Train, page 18; A Good Catch Line, page 21.		Exchanges.....	11
Quebec Central Railway.....	3	Murray Pancakes.....	12
Memoirs of P. A. De Gaspé.....	5	<i>Hermit</i>	12
<i>J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C.</i>		Poem—To A Log.....	12
The Haberville Manor—Its Old Laird.		<i>Martin Butler</i>	12
Cookshire in 1868.....	5	Floating Down the Nashwaak.	
<i>James Reilley</i>		Nimrod's Paradise.....	13
An Opinion of Noel Annance.		<i>H. A. Gildersleeve</i>	
The Chinook.....	6	Judge Gildersleeve, America's greatest rifle shot, thus calls Canada.	
<i>Sinar Akia</i>		A Bird Without Feathers.....	14
A wind peculiar to the Canadian North-West.		<i>J. W. Gregory</i>	
A Sequel.....	7	The Fisherman.....	16
<i>Sinar Akia</i>		<i>Jay</i>	
A Prairie Sun-set and a Final Peep at "Bunch-Grass of Rocky Coulee."		A Trying Time—A Fact.	
Poem—In Memory of my Brother.....	7	Legends of Pioneer Life in the Eastern Townships.....	18
<i>Father Ryan</i>		Idaho Hash.....	19
Editorials.....	8	<i>K. J.</i>	
Paragraphs.....	9	Curiosities of Science, Literature and Composition.....	21
		A Literary Curiosity.....	21
		Market Sketches.....	22
		Short-Hand Lessons.....	23
		Witty Repartee.....	24
		Poem—Jone's Private Arguments.....	24

D. THOMAS & CO. PUBLISHERS. SHERBROOKE P Q

SINGLE COPIES,

TEN CENTS.

CANCER

can be
Completely Cured.

Those having friends troubled with **CANCER**, will confer a lasting blessing on them by sending us their address, as we have a thoroughly reliable cure without knife or plaster. We will be pleased to send testimonials from those cured, and full particulars of treatment to any address sent us.

STOTT & JURY,
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.



BEST IN THE WORLD!

DR. BARTON'S
PICK-ME-UP
HORSE POWDERS.

Free by mail, \$1 per packet.
CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION.
Dr. Barton, Royal Veterinary Infirmary, Lennoxville, Que.
D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents,
SHERBROOKE.

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

FLORIDA Homeseeker (monthly). Samples free. Homes on one dollar monthly payments. O. M. CROSBY, No. 99 Franklin street, N. Y. 1dt

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

WEBSTER'S Unabridged Dictionary

Revised and Enlarged
By CHAUNCY A. GOODRICH, Prof. in Yale College. With Appendix of 10,000 words and 150 illustrations. Pronouncing Vocabularies of SCRIPTURE, CLASSICAL & GEOGRAPHICAL Terms. Also, a Dictionary of Mercantile and Legal Terms, and 15,000 Synonyms.

Over 1 600 pages. Weight about 8 pounds. This work has always been sold at from \$12 to \$15, but by special arrangement with the publishers, we will supply it

with **THE LAND WE LIVE IN,**
— ONE YEAR —
and send, prepaid, to nearest express office,
To U. S. Subscribers, . . . \$3.75.
To Canadian do . . . \$4.50.
D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, Que.

G. H. PRESBY,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Twose's Block, Wellington St.
SHERBROOKE.

Every description of Photographs prepared in the highest style of the art, and at price, which defy competition. Pictures copied, colored and enlarged. Outdoor views and scenery a specialty. Call and see samples. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Choose a fine day and come early.

J. TRACY
FASHIONABLE
MERCHANT-TAILOR,
TRACY'S BLOCK, Wellington St.
Has always on hand a large and well assorted stock of
CLOTHS, TWEEDS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

GUITAR.
Any person may learn to play the Guitar without notes by using **HOWE'S CHARTS.** There is absolutely no need of notes whatever with this method as Guitar playing is taught by illustration. We are receiving hundreds of testimonials every week from those who have used them! The Charts are so simple a child can understand them. They tell you right where to place your fingers, tell you how to string and tune a Guitar; in fact, tell you all
SELF
there is to know. The author of these Charts has been a teacher for 20 years and his success is due to these Charts. \$50 worth of information is acquired for 50 cents. Thousands already sold and giving perfect satisfaction. Handsomely printed and bound and will last a life time. There are 21 Charts showing 120 positions on the Guitar. Price 50 cents per set (21.) Send today.

TAUGHT
D. THOMAS & CO.
General Agents

A. GARWOOD,

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER,
GRAINING, MARBLING, ETC.
Illuminated Clock Dials for Public Buildings.
SEND FOR PRICES.
DECORATION OF CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS A SPECIALTY.
See Eastern Townships Bank, Sherbrooke; Methodist Church, Stanstead, P. Q.; and Methodist Church, Coaticook, P. Q.
DESIGNS MADE ON APPLICATION.

T. J. TUCK,
DRUGGIST AND STATIONER,
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

Stock Complete, Physicians Prescriptions and Family Recipes a specialty. Mail orders solicited and promptly attended to.

STATIONERY,
— INCLUDING —
SCHOOL BOOKS
AND
SCHOOL REQUISITES,
AT LOWEST PRICES.



HILL'S GOLDEN OIL,
A SURE CURE FOR
Scratches in Horses
Send for Price List.
D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents,
Sherbrooke, Que.

DANIEL THOMAS,
Notary: Public; and; Conveyancer,
SHERBROOKE, Que.,
Gives particular attention to the preparation of Wills, Marriage Contracts, Donations, Tutorships and the Settlement of Estates. Mining Bonds and Transfers a specialty. Advice gratis to subscribers to this Journal. The receipt of at least \$3 in Notarial fees will entitle the party paying the same, if not already a subscriber, to a year's subscription to this Journal. Professional business transacted anywhere in the Province of Quebec on reasonable terms.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. III., No. 12.

SHERBROOKE, QUE., JULY, 1891.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Niagara Falls" is too well known to need any description, but the view given in this issue is from the carriage road between the Falls and the Suspension Bridge on the Canada side, and embraces a full view of the Falls. "Port Arthur" is a thriving town on the west shore of Thunder Bay, Lake Superior, and the eastern terminus of the Thunder Bay section of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Excellent fish-

impaired by the asbestos mines opened around it and there is a strong suspicion that dynamite has been used for trout fishing as well as for asbestos. A very destructive fire swept the village in June, destroying some 35 or 40 houses. The famous asbestos mines of this Province are situated here and at Thetford, six miles nearer Quebec. Mining is the only industry in this vicinity, the land being worthless for agricultural purposes. Good trout fishing can be had in Caribou Lake and

Quebec Central Railway.

Attention is called to the change of time which took effect on Monday June 29th. The day express leaves Sherbrooke at 7:40 a. m. for Quebec and the night passenger train at 11:45 p. m.

The day express from Quebec arrives at Sherbrooke at 8:00 p. m., and the night passenger from Quebec at 4:30 a. m.

Summer excursion tickets are sold



BLACK LAKE.—(FROM QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY.)

ing can be had anywhere in the vicinity. "Bull's Head Fall" is a view on the St. Francis River between Lake St. Francis and Lake Aylmer, in the Province of Quebec, and near the D'Israeli Station of the Quebec Central Railway. "Ward's Bay," Lake Aylmer, is reached by the Quebec Central, and the Garthby Station is on the Lake Shore. This is the best lake in the district for mascalonge, doré and bass trolling, and excellent trout fishing can be had in the lake; and ponds within easy drive of Garthby. "Black Lake" is also reached by the Quebec Central and is a few miles northerly of D'Israeli. The trout fishing in this lake has been somewhat

other lakes within easy distance, but they are reached only by paths or trails through the woods. "The Quebec Central Railway Train" is a faithful illustration of the regular passenger trains used by the Q. C. R. Company and on which passengers between Quebec and Boston are carried through without change of cars. This line furnishes the most direct communication between the New England States and the celebrated fishing grounds of the Lake St. John region north of Quebec, *via* the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway.

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

via this route to St. Leon Springs, Lake St. John, the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers.

Saturday excursion tickets good to go on Saturday and return on the following Monday are also on sale from June 1st to September 30th at reduced rates. Some of the cuts which appear in this issue show the style of train run on the Quebec Central, and views of scenery along the line.

"Pluck and Promise," see the *Young Canadian* of this week. Brimful of everything you want for five cents. Send for copy. Box 1896, Montreal.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Memoirs of P. A. De Gaspe.

The Haberville Manor—Its Old Laird.

"The period through which M. de Gaspé has lived [1786-1871] has been so eventful, and the public occurrences of his earlier years, were so brimful of romantic interest that he could hardly fail to be interesting, while pouring out the budget of his recollections, even to list-eners on this side of the Atlantic."—*London Review*, 29 Oct., 1864.

III



ROBABLY, the hold retained by the De Gaspé memoirs on the reading public is mainly due to the valuable and much needed light shed by them on the social aspect of a remote and misty period in Canadian annals. Unquestionably the genial seignior of St. Jean Port-Joly, has invested with enduring charm this record of the stormy days of yore. His facile pen, aided by his marvellous memory and social position, brings one face to face with contemporaries of note—men and women who existed one hundred years ago. We fancy we see them in flesh and blood; we watch them gracefully or sorrowfully moving through the maze of the all-permeating, overpouring drama of the time—some of them unwilling, terrorised witnesses of the appalling scenes, of blood-prescription and anguish organized by Fouquier Tinville and Robespierre. Occasionally, our old friend tries his hand at reproducing on the canvas a brief sketch of some distinguished French *émigrés*: such as that of the devoted French priests, the Abbé de Colonne, brother to the French Minister of State, or the Abbé Desjardins, both glad to escape the guillotine and find life secure under the ægis of British power at Quebec—sueing from a protestant monarch, hesitatingly but successfully, for a boon denied to them in their own favored, but distracted and frenzied country, the right to worship their maker according to their own lights; sometimes one is called on to greet some eminent colonist, glad to exchange the pomp and show of the old world for a Canadian home.

At page 88, M. de Gaspé introduces us as follows to a village celebrity, still well remembered, on the settlements of the Lower Saint Lawrence, a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, bent with years, but jauntily sporting the medals and decorations awarded him by the *Petit Caporal*, for Wagram, Jena or Austerlitz.

Let us translate: "I advise, says M. de Gaspé, persons visiting Rivière du Loup, to call on Monsieur Louis, a relic of the French army, decorated with the St. Helena medal, and they will thank me. Our friend Monsieur Louis (he has as many friends as he has acquaintances) is a fine-looking old man, with face ruddy, simple manners, and a ready, taking address, recalling ingeniously, but leaving out the creditable part played in them by himself, the events of which he has been an eye-witness. This Nestor of the French army, through the kindness of a church sexton, a friend of his father, saw Louis XVI. and his family assist at a low mass in a chapel, the name of which I have forgotten. From his father's farm, two leagues out of Paris, he remembers hearing the boom of the great guns at the taking of the Bastille. Every respectable person in France, he says, shuddered at the sight of the horrors committed on French soil. But stupor had seized hold of the population, no one dared raise a voice.

Monsieur Louis made the first Italian campaign under the great Napoleon and laid down his arms only after the disaster of Waterloo. He was then serving under General Grouchy; he does his utmost to exculpate his chief for not appearing in time on that battle field so disastrous to France. "The roads, says Mr. Louis, were so horrible that the Prussians had abandoned their artillery and their heavy baggage and Grouchy was naturally led to believe that Blucher could not have reached the battle field before night."

There is nothing strange, in Canadians of old, retaining before the French revolution of '89, their liking for France; their relations with their French compatriotes had not been much interrupted. Since the conquest, in 1759, several Canadian gentlemen, Messrs. de Salaberry, de Saint Luc, de Lery, de Saint Ours, my two uncles, de La Naudière and others, were in the habit of speaking enthusiastically of France, of the magnificence and glitter of the French Court, of the kind heartedness of the King, of the beauty of the Queen, and of the affability of the whole French Court. M. de Salaberry had seen the Dauphin at the garden of the Tuileries, in the arms of a lady of honor, to witness the ascent of a balloon launched by the Montgolfier Brothers. "This loveable and handsome child," used he to say, "raised his little hands to heaven, to which, after enduring horrible tortures, he was soon to wing his flight," and every one deplored the royal misfortunes and execrated the tormentors—*les boureaux*. M. Louis René Chaus-sigros de Lery belonged to Louis

XIV's body guard; happening to be absent on leave, on the 10th August, 1793, he thus escaped the massacre of that day. On his return to Canada, he was in the habit of singing a touching lament which brought tears to the eyes of all who heard him. Though I was very young at that time and can remember it but imperfectly, I shall recall it and leave it to our poets, should they not like my version, to improve it.

Lady Milnes, the wife of Governor Sir Robt. Shore Milnes, asked M. de Lery to sing this lament at a dinner given at the Château Saint Louis, bursting into tears on listening to the first stanza, she left the table, but returning after ten minutes, she requested M. de Lery to continue:—

"Un troubadour Bearnais, (*)
Les yeux inondés de larmes,
A ses montagnards chantait
Ce refrain, sourd d'alarmes:
Le petit-fils de Henri
Est prisonnier dans Paris!

I a vu couler le sang
De cette garde fidèle
Qui vient d'offrir en mourant
Aux Français un vrai modèle,
En combattant pour Louis,
Le petit fils de Henri.

Ce dauphin, ce fils chéri,
Qui faisait notre espérance!
De pleurs sera donc nourri!
Le berceau qu'on donne en France
Au petit-fils de Henri
Sont les prisons de Paris!

Au pied de ce monument
Où le bon Henri respire
Pourquoi l'airain foudroyant?
On veut donc qu'Henri conspire
Lui-même contre ses fils
Les prisonniers de Paris!

Français! trop ingrats Français!
Rendez Louis et sa campagne:
C'est le bien des Bearnais,
C'est le fils de la montagne;
Le prisonnier de Paris
Est toujours le fils d'Henri.

The *Memoirs* contain a graphic account of the tragic death, in 1811, of one of the uncles of M. de Gaspé, Charles de Lanaudière, who, under General de Lery, had been seriously wounded at the battle of Ste. Foye, on the 28 April 1760,—he was then 16 years old. Charles de Lanaudière, a brave and intelligent French officer, M. de Gaspé regrets to say, was not of a communicative turn of mind, else he might have considerably enlarged the budget of interesting anecdotes which our genial old *raconteur* had to impart. The author of the *Memoirs*, on mentioning the battle of Ste. Foye, chronicles a dainty tid-bit of seige narrative thus: "One day, that my uncle Baby and myself, we were driving past Dumont's mill, (†) he stopped the carriage and said:

"You see this water course running north, well, during the engagement of

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

COOKSHIRE IN 1868.

An Opinion of Noel Annance.

1760, there was lying on this plain M. de LaRonde, a brave officer, mortally wounded. We were retreating at the double, mown down by the English artillery and hacked by the Highlanders claymores, when on passing close to this officer, he said to me, 'A boire! mon cher petit monsieur, je vous prie.' (*Water! for me, dear sir*) I pretended not to hear him, the enemy was raining on us a hell-fire and had I tried to give him water, I likely the next minute would have had to ask my comrades for a similar service.

We had been ejected for the second time from this important position, my uncle Baby added, but we reformed our ranks behind a grove of trees, of which you can still see remnants, and attempting for a third time the assault with fixed bayonets, we crushed the enemy and left the mill (Dumont's) only to pursue the flying English and to try and thrust them into the River Saint Charles, so as to prevent them from regaining Quebec. This was a great blunder on our part, the city gates having remained open fully two hours, we could have entered with the fugitives in the confusion. Several Canadians present at the fight have attested this fact to me."

To return to the account of the death of M. de La Naudière, who had an agreeable interview with George III. when still a French subject, and still more satisfactory meeting with His Majesty after the conquest, the king having recognized him after an interval of fifteen years, this old *militaire*, strange to say, caught his death from exposure, one cold September night in 1811, on his way home, after dining at Ste. Foye with one Mr. Ritchie, from an attack of indigestion, having fallen from his horse, near the very spot where he had been wounded, at the battle of Ste. Foye, fifty-one years previous, where he was found early next morning insensible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, June, 1891.

(*) Henri IV. was a native of Bearn, reunited to France by Louis XIII.

(†) It stood on the spot where the pillars were erected in 1855.

MESSRS. D. THOMAS & Co.

Those Luminous Trolling Spoons of yours are the best I ever used. The other day I was out at Lake Aylmer and with one of them spoons I caught eight fish and two fellows that were with me didn't catch any. They didn't have the same kind of troll.

PAMPHILE BIRON,
Carriage Maker, East Sherbrooke.

DURING the summer of 1868 I was living two miles north of Compton Centre on the Cookshire road, near the Glidden place. On a certain evening in the month of June, I was at Cookshire and stopping at Alden Learned's Hotel, while engaged in conversation with some of the residents we drifted into the discussion of the public matters of that period. And to the great project which was then mooted, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, I had read about all that had been said about the scheme up to that time, and while in speaking of it made frequent allusion to Sir George Cartier. Among the listeners was a bronze-featured man, with deep-set dark eyes, who I noticed had a good deal of the Indian in his outline and make up. Very much to my surprise he looked at me and with a smile expressive of the most profound unbelief, and in the sweetest and best articulated English I ever heard, said: "Sir, I fear you are somewhat too sanguine of the project now being considered by the Canadian Government. I know Cartier well and am not surprised at his enthusiasm, but I have travelled over that difficult pathway even to the shores of the distant Pacific and I assure you that a railway over the country spoken of, particularly that portion between the great lakes and Red River, is an utter impossibility." And here he grew earnest in his speech. "Why, sir," he said, "an eagle could scarce wing his way through the mountain crags of that barren waste." After we had separated I enquired who the critic was, and was told that he was an Indian hunter and guide who lived in some part of the country between Cookshire and Lake Megantic.

In reading your last number of THE LAND WE LIVE IN, I came upon the passage where reference is made to the Annance family, as well as the pretty story of "Marie Maree," that winds up so neatly with Tom Moore in the "Dismal Swamp." This old reminiscence of 23 years ago came to my mind quite vividly, and I wondered if the railway commentator was not the Noel Annance you refer to, and the same scholarly Nomad of the Megantic slopes. Now I, having to repeat his words, "winged my way" from St. John on the Atlantic, to Vancouver on the Pacific in the luxurious Pullman accompanied by the sumptuous dining car. My dreams wander to the happy

hunting-grounds, where beneath some sweet scented shade tree he may be lingering in conversation with his revered "John Henry" upon the realization of Canada's greatest project, and fancy I hear him excuse himself for the prediction made in Cookshire on that June evening in the long ago. And I imagine I hear the great Minister of Railways smile back this reply, "Annance, the Yankees may have taught you Latin and Greek but they did *not* impart to you the science of Collingwood Schreiber."

JAMES REILLY.

Calgary, June, 1891.

The party our correspondent refers to was Archie Annance, a son of Noel Annance, and the information he gave was derived from his father, who made the trip to the Pacific coast at a time when engineering skill in connection with railways was unknown in Canada.—ED.

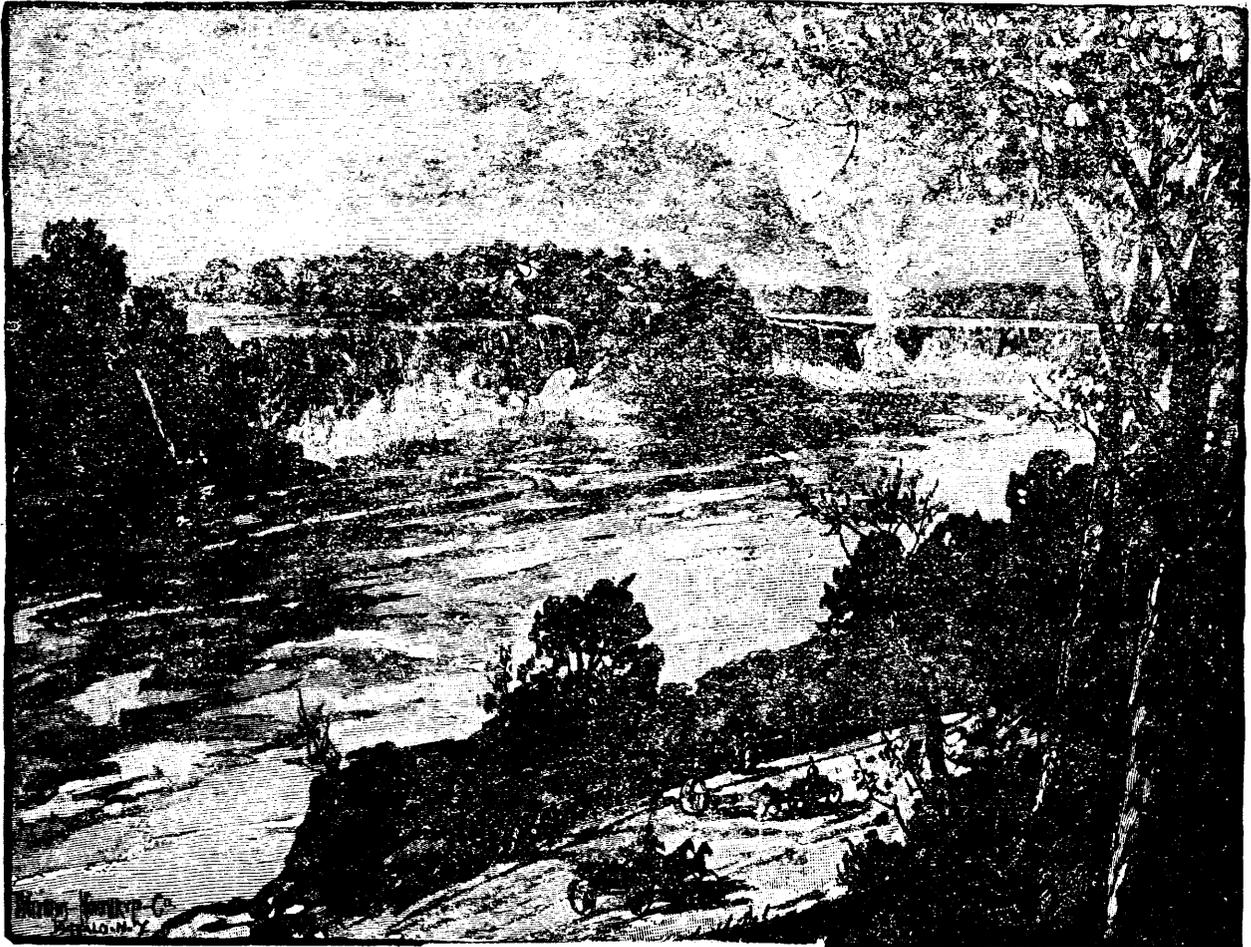
The Late Sir John A. Macdonald.

The issue of *The Dominion Illustrated* for June 20th is a specially noteworthy one. As announced, it is largely devoted to an account of the funeral of the late Sir John Macdonald with profuse illustrations taken by their own artists both at Ottawa and Kingston. As a special supplement a finely executed portrait of the late Premier, on heavy plate paper, is given with each number. The souvenir and memorial will be eagerly sought after by Canadians irrespective of party. The publishers of *The Dominion Illustrated* have exceptional facilities for preparing such a number as that of that week.

The Dominion Illustrated.

The issue of the *Dominion Illustrated* for July 4th, has a fine account of a fishing trip by Douglas Sladen, the poet, on the north shore of Lake Superior, in that wild, grand, and picturesque region opened up by the C. P. R. Miss MacLeod, whose Reverent Pilgrimage was so delightful a series of letters, contributes a charming article on Balmoral and the Highlands, illustrated by views of the Queen's favorite residence as seen from the river. "My first Twenty-four Hours in a California Mining Camp" recalls vividly the famous days of the 'forty niners. There are many fine engravings and much bright reading matter in this issue. The *Dominion Illustrated* is a delightful weekly visitor that should be found in every cultured home.

25 complete Novels, free by mail to any reader of this journal, who will send us \$1 and the name of a new subscriber.



NIAGARA FALLS.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

THE CHINOOK.

[A WIND PECULIAR TO THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.]

IT is calm and still, and cold, with not a breath to stir—I can't say the leaves for there are none, not even trees to bear them; the sun shines bright and all is lovely. But look at the mountains! At their base it is clear also, and above them the sky is of a very deep blue, but their summits appear to be enveloped in clouds, light ones to be sure and ever changing. Hark! to that low, ominous roaring, frequently a most welcome sound. A Chinook is coming. What looks like clouds in the mountains is the snow blowing up into the air; the roaring is the wind slowly but surely approaching us from the west. It is warm, and at first gentle and delightful, but gradually increases in force until sometime it reaches the velocity of fifty miles an hour. The snow, if there is any, dis-

solves so rapidly that one can see it melt. Feathers, straw, papers, tin-cans and hats are flying through the air, even stones have been known to be thrown against the windows with sufficient force to break the glass. A person cannot face it and those who are obliged to go out have to walk sideways or tack in order to get along at all. However, it is not always so severe. A gentle chinook is very pleasant and to the cattle wintering on the prairie and suffering from hunger and thirst, it is indeed a godsend, for it uncovers the grass for them as well as furnishing them with water by breaking up the ice on the streams and lakes.

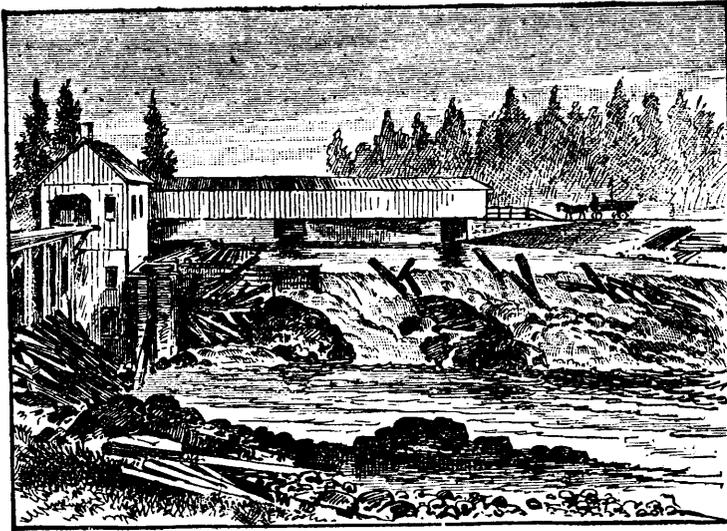
There is a diversity of opinion as to where the chinook begins, but the general belief is that it has the mountains for its birthplace. The nearer the mountains, the greater the velocity of the wind, except of course in very close proximity to them.

Why it is called "Chinook" is unknown. There was once a tribe of Chinook Indians that have now become extinct. There is also a language or dialect called "Chinook"

made up from the French, English, Cree and Blackfoot. A curious legend is told with regard to the chinook, though I cannot vouch for the authenticity of it. Two missionaries, who have spent years among the Indians, say that they have no legends, no tradition whatever, but I will give the little story for what it is worth.

Many years ago the country directly east of the Rockies, in Canada, was inhabited by a very small and exclusive tribe (probably the Chinooks). Their land was sacred to them, they never went beyond it or overstepped their boundaries and were never molested. But in time other Indian tribes became bold and overspread their land, crowding them out and overmastering them by their numbers, and then came the much dreaded white man. Now the tribe has become extinct and the Chinook is the voice of the spirit of the mountains, crying out in his anger at the work of the destroyer, and at each new arrival in that country his fury bursts forth afresh.

SINAX AKIA.



BULL'S HEAD FALLS.—(NEAR D'ISRAELI ON THE Q. C. R.)

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.
A SEQUEL.

A Prairie Sun-set and a Final Peep at
 "Bunch-Grass of Rocky Coulee."

AS we were approaching the cut-bank our attention was arrested by the singular appearance of the sun which was just disappearing in the horizon. The whole western sky along the edge of the prairie was of a color, which for the want of a better term, I shall call golden, but it was a mixture of orange, saffron, and straw-color dashed with red. A little higher these bold tints melted into a kind of green like that of a spring leaf prematurely faded; over this extended an arch of palish light like that of an *aurora borealis*, conducting the eye to a flush of deep violet color which formed the ground work of the sky on the very skirts of darkness. Through all these semi-circles of different hues, superimposed upon each other, there ascended as from a furnace vast pyramidal irradiations of crimson light distinctly divided from each other, and terminating in a point, and the contrast between these blood-red flashes and the various *strata* of colors which they traversed was so extraordinary that I am persuaded no combination of light and shade ever produced a more wonderful or glorious effect.

In silence and with minds subdued into awe by the sublimity of the gorgeous scene, we pursued our way, crossing the river at its ford where streaks of fading gold from Sol's departing train lingered lovingly and tremulous o'er its crystal wavelets; then proceeding through a natural

avenue of umbrageous trees we approach the abode of our prairie lovers. No living thing was to be seen. The door opening into the kitchen stood ajar and a glimpse at the interior revealed, as we alighted from our steeds, a new and brighter aspect. The approach to the house, also, had a more civilized appearance and was no longer encumbered by sticks, tools and rubbish. A long shelf at the basement of the house displayed an array of dazzling milk pans, while at the gable a line on which hung snow-white linen garments waved lazily to the rising breeze.

No answer being returned to our friendly hail, we enter Bunch-grass' home. Dear boy! his house is now a *home* at last. The table is laid ready for the evening meal, but it is now laid for two. A white cloth, delicious looking yellow butter, rich white cream, and an appetizing aroma from something bubbling on the new clean stove proclaim the presence of a presiding genius hitherto unknown to the lonely rancher. Through a half open door in yonder partition we spy a dainty bed much grown in width and improved in garniture; the old shelf with its odds and ends of bachelordom is replaced by a new and more pretentious piece of furniture, upon which the old valued books are the old reminders of departed lonely hours. Muslin curtains adorn the windows and strips of carpet along the floor add to the comfort of the nuptial room. But what is this in yonder recess? A woman's dress, a lady's hat! Ah! there is the secret. Our rancher has got a wife, and here she comes in from the corral, humming a lively air and her left arm embracing a hat filled with

new-laid eggs.

She no longer looks the child we saw cantering up the butte a few short months ago. The short girlish petticoat and flowing hair have given place to a long dress and coronated tresses which proclaim the dignity of married life. She looks much taller but the rosy cheek and starry eyes are still the same.

Close behind follows her loving husband, himself also much changed. No longer the rough and careless cowboy, he hangs his hat upon a peg, and salutes his wife with a grace and tenderness which show us plainly that he as well as she have not forgotten the lessons received from a gentle mother in other days and other lands.

SINAX-AKIA.

In reply to E. H., Winnipeg, Man., we would say that the poem "Rest," by the late Abram J. Ryan, (Father Ryan) the poet priest of Georgia, appeared in this journal a few months ago. It was the favorite poem of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. We think "Rest" and "Lead Kindly Light," by the late Cardinal Newman, two of the finest poems in the English language, "Father Ryan's Poems" can be had by remitting \$2 to John B. Piet & Co. publishers, 174, West Baltimore street, Baltimore, U.S.A.

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Young as the youngest who donned the Gray,
 True as the truest that wore it,
 Brave as the bravest he marched away,
 (Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay.)
 Triumphant waved our flag one day—
 He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led,
 He hurried without a falter;
 Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
 And the day was won—but the field was red
 And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
 On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain
 Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
 On his pale pure face not a mark of pain,
 (His mother dreams they will meet again.)
 The fairest form amid all the slain,
 Like a child asleep he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the wood that swept
 The field where his comrades found him,
 They buried him there—and the big tears crept
 Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept.
 [His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,
 Dreaming her arms were around him.]

A grave in the woods with the grass o'er-grown,
 A grave in the heart of his mother—
 His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
 There is not a name, there is not a stone,
 And only the voice of the winds maketh moan
 O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn
 But—his memory lives in the other.



An illustration of "the one-man power" that, to a great extent regulates the internal economy of this province of Quebec, is contained in the License and Mining laws. The following are extracts from the Revised Statutes of this province. Article 830: "The officer appointed under any mining act in force in this province, in charge of any mining district or division, shall alone have the right to issue licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors within a radius of seven miles from any mine that is being worked. Such licenses are subject to such duties as the Lieutenant Governor in Council may determine, not however to be less than seventy-five dollars for any one license, and shall be held subject to such regulations as may be adopted by the Lieutenant Governor-in-Council."

Article 1477. "The sale or exchange of intoxicating liquor, within a radius of seven miles of any mine in operation, is also prohibited until a license to that effect has been obtained from the inspector of the mining division, in conformity with section twelfth of chapter fifth of title fourth of these revised statutes, under the penalties set forth in the 893rd and following articles. The inspector of a division has the supervision of those who there sell intoxicating liquors, he alone may refuse or grant such licenses, and cancel the same within such radius of seven miles.' We learn that such a license has been issued at Capelton, and that the results are already apparent. Intoxicating liquor is a dangerous element to let loose amongst miners and river drivers, and had better be kept beyond the seven mile radius. But what a glorious position for the

mining inspector! Why! there's millions in it! No use talking of the money making facilities held by railway passenger conductors now! If a mining inspector can manage to retain his position during one administration, he can be a bloated aristocrat for the remainder of his natural life, and *ante up liberally* at election times as well. Who cares for a liquor license law? It's an easy matter to open up a working mine almost anywhere in this section with a seven mile radius. No trouble whatever about the radius! Why don't the proprietors of the Richmond "wooden hand" take the hint and get to work on the old Tait mine near the North end of the town? The working of the Parnell mine in Hatley would open up another excellent seven mile radius, as it would embrace the portion of Massawippi lake, resorted to by Sherbrooke picnic parties and summer campers. Yes! The great mogul of this part of the townships is the St. Francis mining inspector, and those who think we can assist them by so doing, are invited to "grease our palm" with a view to cultivating his friendship.

Forty or fifty years ago the catching of eels in the St. Francis river by means of eel-weirs was considered a profitable amusement. A favorite place for these weirs was in any of the rapids or shoal bars below the junction of the Salmon and St. Francis rivers in Melbourne, the Salmon river being the outlet of Brompton Lake, one of the best places for eels that we know of in the Eastern Townships, and where they are caught averaging three to four feet in length. The weir was constructed of cedar splits, like laths, about four feet in length, woven together with elm or cedar bark, placed in the main channel of the bar or rapids, in V shape, with wings extending 50 feet or more on either side of the apex. These laths were placed in a slanting position and rested against tripods of poles, tied together near the top and weighted with a large stone to keep them in position. At the apex of the V was an aperture of 8 or ten inches, and entering this an

apron made of withes woven together with bark, was laid in the bottom of the channel the butt ends against the current, and the points converging into a funnel made of cedar splits shaved down to points, which also converged but with sufficient spring to allow eels or the smaller fish to pass through, when it at once closed. This funnel fitted into what was called the eel-pot which was about a foot wide by four or five feet in length, formed of cedar staves placed an inch or so apart, the bottom being filled with a tight fitting piece of board, bored full of augur holes, and to which the staves were nailed. In September and October the eels leave the lakes and ponds, and make their way to the salt water, and in so doing are intercepted by these weirs. Sometimes thirty or forty would be taken in the morning from one of these eel pots. Sometimes a muskrat would get shot into the pot and gnawing his way through release the prisoners. The pot was always taken out during the day, so that should one of Prent Stevens' rafts come along, it would only knock the bottom out of the weir without causing serious damage. Prentice Cushing, one of the earliest settlers of Richmond, was the most successful eel catcher that lived in that vicinity. We have seen the surface of the St. Francis, in places, actually black with young eels returning in early summer from the salt water. Some doubt has been expressed as to whether the full grown eels return to their fresh water resorts or not. They either do or they leave a strong home-guard when they make their autumnal migrations, as full grown eels can always be caught in Brompton Lake during July and August.

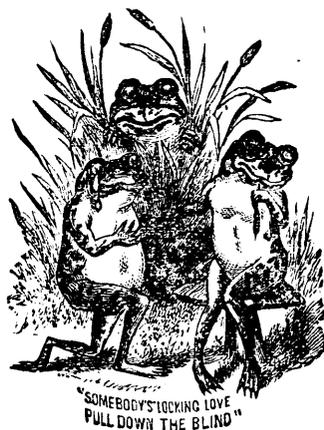
We will mail Miss Maud Ogilvy's new book, "The Keeper of Bic Light House," to any address on receipt of 50 cents, or with a year's subscription to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, to any new or old subscriber who remits us \$1.25. The book is descriptive of life along the Lower St. Lawrence and is written in that simple, easy and comprehensive style, which characterizes all of Miss Ogilvy's writings.

Those whose subscriptions to this journal expire with this issue, should take advantage of some of the premium offers which we make to advance-paying, renewal subscribers. Collect your own subscriptions for us and *get paid* for so doing! Name the premium.

Will the editor of *The Land We Live In* read Mr. Sheriff Johnson's communication in this issue of the *TIMES* and give us an unbiased opinion of matters as they stand relative to the pretended dismissal of Mr. Whitcher? The editor of the *Sherbrooke Gazette* has been struck dumb—but we are dummed if we are ready to believe that the *Land We Live In* does not think that "fair play is a jewel!"—*Richmond Times*.

The communication referred to was addressed to the editor of the *Sherbrooke Gazette* and published in that journal. Will the editor of the *Times* read Mr. Whitcher's communication in the *Gazette* of June 26th, and kindly advise us how to reconcile the two statements? We know which one is accepted as substantially correct in this city, and the *addendum* to Mr. Whitcher's communication will show that there was no "fair play" in the manner in which he has been treated. The editor of the *Times*, to quote the words of the *St. Johns News* with reference to Ragged Philosopher, "is a free *Lance* who strikes out right and left indifferent alike to the status or fate of his victim," but unfortunately in every case the victim is one who has the misfortune to be a victim of the present Provincial Government as well, and it looks a good deal like striking a man when he's down. Yes, we believe that "fair play is a jewel" and always conform to the rules of the ring by never striking below the belt.

A large number of subscriptions expire with this issue, which ends our third volume and third year of publication. We offer elsewhere in this number great inducements to those of our renewal subscribers who pay in advance, as it saves trouble and expense of collection, and enables us to create a smile on the face of our printer, suggestive of his ability to go one better on each succeeding issue of the paper.



PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Peter Couture, sub-Chief of Police, complains that the juvenile population of the city, do not entertain a proper respect for his official position, and treat him with that familiarity which breeds contempt. He says that he cannot in the discharge of his duty take an evening stroll round certain parts of the North Ward, particularly on Melbourne and Prospect streets, without being saluted continually with the cry of "Pete! Pete!" He thinks that the expression is used in the same sense as that of "Joe! Joe!" in the early days of the Bendigo Gold Diggings to indicate that the "traps" are about, and as a slur on "the finest." It is only since the snow disappeared that he has been so annoyed and says that he has noticed it more in the vicinity of Judge Brook's pond, and in the direction of the railway track, near the Burton Brewery, where a miniature lake has formed.

"Cultivate an ear for music, Peter! It is only the Ranine Band holding its evening rehearsal! Wait till Ole Bullfrog gets in his base-vile accompaniment, and then you'll think that those juveniles have reached maturity mighty sudden, and evinced a desire for More rum! More rum! that isn't creditable to a community constituted on temperance principles. *Au revoir, Pete! Pete! Au revoir!*"

One of our census enumerators says he has not experienced the slightest difficulty in the discharge of his duties. He thinks this one must have been a sort of *facilis des-census*.

A contributor of *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, who is one of the few surviving veterans of the Rebellion of 1837-1838, expressed in our office a day or two since, great disgust at an article he had seen in the *Kingston News*, disparaging the services of the patriots who so loyally came to the rescue at the time of the great crisis in the affairs of what now constitutes our beloved Dominion. The gentleman alluded to have served seven consecutive years in the Frontier Defence of Canada, and we think his opinions are incisive and will have weight with those whose loyalty displayed itself at that time, a loyalty that would be creditable to the present generation of Canadians and which will continue to exist in the direct descendants of those patriots.

A pleasant trip and one within easy reach of Sherbrooke is a trip to Lake Aylmer *via* the Quebec Central Railway. If you take the morning train you can take in the most romantic scenery in the Province of Quebec, as the train winds round the banks of the St. Francis River, or should you take the midnight train you reach Garthby just in time to get your traps in order and reach the trolling grounds off Maple Point, when old Sol illumines the eastern horizon. And then you can get back to Bouchard's in time for an 8 o'clock breakfast and a smile of welcome on the countenance of the genial hostess tells you that the sun has been casting reflections over the broad surface of Ward's Bay, and that Rosy Morn and Mrs. Bouchard have been looking at each other. And then when you are wiping off the oleomargarine that like the dew of Hermon descended on the beard, Bouchard tells you how hot it was that day at Batoche's when he helped to put down the Riel rebellion.

Lieut. Maurice Shea, one of the last survivors of Waterloo, celebrated the 76th anniversary of that great battle by driving round the city in company with Capt. Grindrod on the 18th ult. He is in his 98th year and remarkably active for his age. In the evening he assisted in the opening of the military ball at the Drill Shed.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Those of our citizens fond of piscatorial sport and who find it difficult to absent themselves from business for more than a day at a time, should take the midnight train on the Quebec Central for Garthby, Lake Aylmer, where they can spend the whole day, including morning and evening, fishing, and return by the night train from Quebec. It is unnecessary to take anything except fishing tackle, as boats and supplies can be obtained from Mr. Bouchard, whose hotel is on the lake shore and near the railway station. To those ignorant of the best fishing grounds we may say that Maple Point and the Narrows between the lake proper and Bullfrog bay are favorite localities. The largest mascalonge and doré are caught at the upper end of the lake, but to fish all these localities requires more than one day's time. A 10 to 20 lb. mascalonge is not an unusual catch.

Mr. Pamphile Biron, of this city, informs us that a few days ago in trolling with a "Pirate" Luminous Spoon manufactured by the Enterprise Mfg Co., Akron, Ohio, he caught eight maskalonge and doré, while his two companions didn't succeed in catching a fish with the spoons ordinarily used. This was at Lake Aylmer, one of the best trolling localities in the Townships.

Our friend Wm. Oliver says, "the Burton Brewery beer is super-excellent." We think XXXcellent, would be a shorter way of Xpressing it on paper and it would fill the *Bill* all the same. Eh Bill?

We are striking off our exchange mailing list all exchanges which have not been regular visitors to our *sacrum*. With others the most we will do is to "return calls."

Those desirous of following the Short-Hand Course, now running in this journal, can obtain the May and June numbers, containing the first and second lessons, by sending us \$1 for a year's subscription.

BOOK REVIEW.

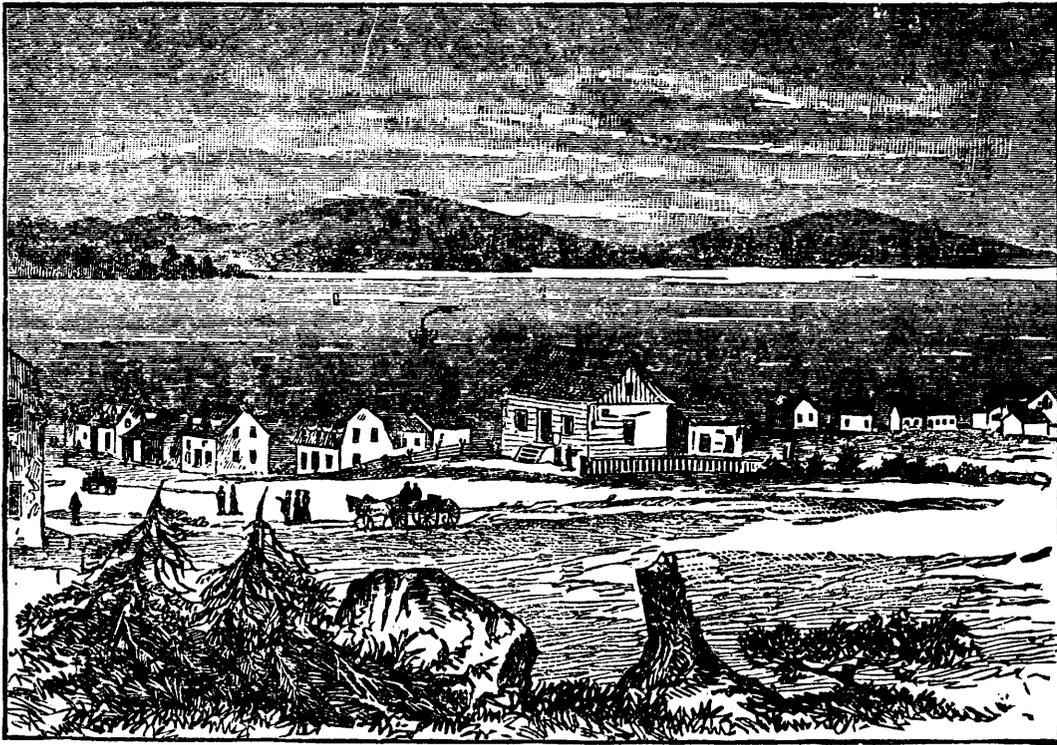
"The Keeper of Bic Light-House," a Canadian story of to day by Miss Maud Ogilvy, is most interesting from its simplicity of style and its description of life along the Lower St. Lawrence. The principal characters are French Canadians and natives of the little village of Bic, now becoming a fashionable resort for summer visitors and tourists. Herbert Flower, a wealthy Englishman, marries a native of Bic, and after a while becoming tired of the primitive simplicity and monotony of life in that then isolated locality, returns to England, leaving his wife and child, a daughter known as Julie Lafleur. He afterwards turns up at Ottawa as Lord Camperdown, possessing great influence amongst the heads of the Canadian Government. Julie becomes engaged to Pierre Grenier, who came from Quebec to become a resident of Bic. Pierre has a rival in the person of one Jean Pinsonneault, who has appropriated the stolen booty of old Wilson, a former pirate, who dies suddenly. Jean taunts and insults Pierre, accusing him of having stolen Wilson's treasure, and in his anger Pierre deals him a fatal blow, for which he suffers a life sentence at the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. Father Gagnon, a friend of Pierre, and cognizant of his innocence of the charge brought against him by Pinsonneault, takes an active interest in endeavoring to secure Pierre's release, and Julie is sent to Ottawa to use her efforts for the same purpose. Father Gagnon ascertains the identity of Lord Camperdown with the *ci-devant* Herbert Flower, and interviews him at Ottawa, secures his influence with the authorities, and obtains Pierre's discharge, the treasure stolen by Pinsonneault having been discovered and the theft traced to him. Pierre and Julie get married at Montreal, and he having been appointed to the post of Light-House Keeper at Bic, they return there to live happily together, and abundantly illustrate the old saying of "All's well that ends well." The book is very pleasingly written, and dealing as it does with Canadian manners and customs, will

be found very interesting. Miss Ogilvy is to be congratulated on her ability as a descriptive writer and on the interest she manifests in devoting her talents to Canadian subjects. The book can be had in paper covers, mailed to any address, by sending 50 cents to the publishers of this journal, or to E. M. Renouf, 2238 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

"Maple Leaves and Hemlock Branches," is the title of a little book of poetry by Martin Butler, editor and publisher of *Butler's Journal*, Fredericton, New Brunswick. The subjects are principally of a pastoral character, and descriptive of places familiar to the author in New Brunswick and Maine. They are written in an easy, pleasant style, through which runs a humorous vein, while the description of men, manners and localities evinces a great deal of observation. The articles are rather lengthy for publication here, but later on we may find space for some of them. Copies of the book can be obtained by addressing as above, as also samples of *Butler's Journal*.

Canada for May, published at Benton, New Brunswick, is to hand and wonderfully improved it is in appearance, while its contents are of the usual patriotic type. "A Queen of Hearts," by Annie Crawford; "Literature and Politics," by Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts; "The Royal Society of Canada," by the editor; "He Whom We Wait," by Matther Richey Knight; "The White Cottage," by Mrs. S. A. Curzon; "Canada's Premier" and "Canadians in the Imperial Service" are amongst the most interesting articles. But how few there are who know that they can secure *Canada* one year free by subscribing for this journal. *Canada* and THE LAND WE LIVE IN one year for \$1.00 This offer applies to new subscribers only.

Some excellent serial stories are now running in *The Argosy*, which is published weekly by Frank A. Munsey, New York, one of the leading publishers of that city. Subscription \$2 or with this journal \$2.50 *per annum*.



WARD'S BAY, LAKE AYLMEER.—(FROM GARTHBY, ON THE Q. C. RAILWAY.)

EXCHANGES.

One of the most welcome publications which reaches our office is *Printer's Ink*, published weekly by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York, at \$2 a year. We presume nearly every publisher on this continent is familiar with it but every advertiser or those intending to advertise should subscribe for it. Every issue contains instructions, hints and pointers enough to pay for a year's subscription.

Canada having been enlarged and otherwise greatly improved, the subscription price has been increased to \$1, and in consequence we are obliged to withdraw our offer of a year's subscription to that journal free to our renewal subscribers. For the present however we will furnish *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* and *Canada* for \$1 to new subscribers only, and to renewal subscribers at \$1.50. At the latter price we are giving our renewal subscribers the benefit of our agent's commission and giving new subscribers a rate which barely pays the cost of paper and printing alone.

The Engraver and Printer contains the most beautiful illustrations of any publication on this continent. It is published at 132 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., at \$2 a year. The April number contains a splendid picture by the half tone process of the yacht "Saracen." Another lovely half tone illustration is the "Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on Avon." The lines and reflection on the water are beautifully fine, clear and distinct. Space will not permit us to particularize as to the wonderful beauty of the many illustrations, but send 20 cents as above for a sample copy and possess a genuine work of art and a specimen of artistic skill.

The Miner, published by Walter Odell at Capelton, Que., not only contains valuable mining information, but it contains specially written local intelligence and news items from outside localities specially provided for it. Everyone interested or who expects to be interested in mining, should subscribe for it. To those who send us \$1 for a year's subscription to *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, either as a new or

renewal advance subscription we will send *The Miner* free for one year. Subscribe at once as this offer is liable to be withdrawn at any time.

The American Garden for June is beautifully and profusely illustrated, and contains an abundance of choice and instructive reading matter. The subscription price is only \$2. Send 20 cents to the *American Gardens* Times Building, New York, for a sample copy.

We have made arrangements by which we can supply *The New York and Paris Young Ladies Fashion Bazar* and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* one year for \$3.00, the price of the Bazar alone. Apart from the colored fashion plates, the engravings contained in the June number are something superb and the magazine deservedly ranks among modern art works. Send 25 cents (directing as above) to New York for sample copy, or \$3 to us for a year's subscription to the Bazar and this journal. No lady who once sees a copy of the Bazar will be without it.



[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

MURRAY PANCAKES.

During the summer of 1889, I held the unenviable position of cook for the Megantic Fish and Game Club. I was in charge of the North West Pond Camp, the pond being a great place for trout. We had many visitors during the fishing season and all went away well satisfied with their sport, having been able to fully satisfy their most ardent desires. One of the visitors like Artemas Ward's Kangaroo, was a "Komikul Kuss." One sunny afternoon he fyled an appearance at the cook house door and thus addressed me.

"Cook! I've just been reading one of Murray's latest trips in the Adirondack. Yes! Yes! and he describes a meal which makes me have a longing for one like it. Cook! Did you ever make pancakes?"

I informed him that I had done so.

"Would you make me some for supper?"

"Certainly! Be only too pleased to accommodate you."

"Well, I want some just like those I've been reading about, great, big fellows, full size of pan, and they must be tough, no baking powder or shortening in them, just flour and water, and do you think you could turn them by tossing them up? Musn't use a knife to turn them with. Great tough ones, mind?"

"All right! How many would you like?"

"Well! About two I think."

"Very good! Come in when the horn sounds and they'll be ready for you."

Our evening meal was the meal of the day as we always postponed supper until all were in camp, so that they could sit down together and relate their days adventures.

They were all back to camp, and supper was ready. The horns sounded a loud blast and in they flocked. As Mr. B. pass-

ed he looked at me and I nodded. The last Murray—as we learned to call them—had been turned and was ready to serve. I placed them before him.

"Ah! All I could wish!"

He put one on his plate and flooded it with maple syrup and butter. Then after an effort he succeeded in cutting off a piece and transferring it to his mouth commenced to masticate. It clove to the roof of his mouth and stuck to his molars. After a series of wonderful manoeuvres and contortions of the lower jaw he dispatched about half of it. He drew back in his chair, surveyed the scene with a calculating and determined expression and then returned to the charge, bound to do or die. If Murray enjoyed them, he could! After a period of fearful agony, to judge from the expression of his countenance, he finished the other pancake and made a

bolt for the door. The whole company were onto it, at once, and indulged in a quiet smile. He was going away in the morning and turned in shortly after, but not to sleep. His mind was haunted with visions of Murray. Adirondacks and tough pancakes. He appeared at breakfast next morning, with a smile on his face, but swollen eyes and a feverish look. He informed us that he didn't rest well and what the cause was he couldn't make out.

After breakfast he left, but not until he had shaken hands with me and thanked me for the good time I had helped him to enjoy. The next evening we had pancakes for supper but not story-book ones. Pancakes continued to be a camp chestnut for some time, but finally died out, a result that I hope will not happen to the reader of this brief sketch for a long time to come.

HERMIT.

Spider Lake, June 1891.

The New Canadian Magazine.

CANADA, the new magazine published by Matthew R. Knight, at Benton, New Brunswick, is meeting with deserved success. Since it was started in January last improvements have appeared in every number. It aims to furnish pure, high-class, patriotic Canadian literature monthly at the lowest possible price. Its contributors include many of the best writers in Canada. With the June number it is enlarged to sixteen quarto pages and cover, beautifully printed on a superior quality of paper. Beginning with the July number the subscription price will be one dollar per year. Address: "Canada," Benton, New Brunswick.

25 complete Novels, free by mail to any reader of this journal, who will send us \$1 and the name of a new subscriber.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.
TO A LOG

FLOATING DOWN THE NASHWAAK.

BY MARTIN BUTLER.

Warmed by the soft and genial breath of spring,
The ice-bridge yields, the snow-fields melt away,
And like a bird on gay, triumphant wing,
The lordly Nashwaak hurries on its way.

Upon its swollen current swiftly rides
The first big spruce, advance guard of the "drive,"
Which lags behind—while upon every side—
Busy as bees that swarm within a hive,
The sturdy river-men with shouts and songs arrive.

From mighty forests bending neath their load
Of winter's snow, thy course has been pursued;
By heavy laden teams with whip and goad,
Thy journey has been taken through the wood,
Landed upon the lofty, beetling "brow,"
By winter's chains encompassed until now.

Full many a year thy form has stood the blast
That swept thy branches through the forest aisles
With each succeeding morn the sun has cast
His beams upon thee, wreathing thee with smiles,
Till clouds obscured his view, and showers or rain,
With lightning tempest swept thy boughs amain.

A seedling planted by the hand of God
In the rich forest world, a spirit unseen
Caused thee to lift thy head above the sod,
And clothed thee in a garb of richest green,
And year by year thy form grew tall and fair,
And waved in wind thy coarse and bristly hair.

The ruthless axe—the woodman's guillotine,
Doomed thee to slaughter: and at last the day
Arrived when budding boughs and branches green
Were seen in unmoved by no wind to sway,
And hesitating, fall to earth below,
Enveloped in a winding sheet of snow.

And what shall be thy doom? Rough teeth shall tear
Thy sinews, and thy skin shall peel away
Where waters rush, and pulleys swing in air
Make thee the victim of their sportive play,
Rolled on the bed, by iron chains held fast
Thou well must know this hour shall be thy last.

Dismembered into various shapes and styles—
In boards, and lath, and scantling for our homes,
And thick, unwieldy deal for th' British Isles,
Carried in ships across the sparkling foam
To round some vessel's elephantine girth,
Or prop some coal mine underneath the earth.

Each thing has got its use, and lives its day,
Fulfills its mission. In the almighty's hand
Even we are fashioned as the potter's clay
To honor or dishonor great and grand,
Or mean, dejected, cumbering the earth,
Regretting that we ever had our birth.

Let it be so! God wills it—and my song
Though barely echoing the poets lays,
Bereft of power and strength is far too long
So I will finish and me go along
Dear reader, groping blindly through a haze
Which nothing but Eternity shall light,
The riddle still unread, we go our ways,
And so I bid you all a kind good night,
Fredericton, N. B.

PAIN PAINT Affords instant relief in cases of headache, burns, bruises, or any external or internal pain. One lady in this city who is a great sufferer from pain and nervous prostration, says, PAIN PAINT is the only thing that gives her relief. We supply it in bottles at 25 and 50 cents, or will send the powder by mail, with directions, in 25 and 50 cent packages, on receipt of price. Try it. We can recommend it from personal experience.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

NIMROD'S PARADISE.

JUDGE GILDERSLEEVE, AMERICA'S
GREATEST RIFLE SHOT; THUS
CALLS CANADA.

An Eden for Gun and Rod which is Yearly
Visited by 5,000 Yankee Sportsmen,
who are Freely Welcome, Because
they Freely Spend.



WHILE Canada may not be a garden of promise to the agriculturist and herdsman, it is an ideal country to the disciple of the rod and rifle.

The very conditions which make the farmer's lot an unhappy one, inure to the benefit of the lover of out-doors sport. It is a singular fact that the best places for the huntsman and fisherman are the worst for the tiller of the soil. Cultivation kills sport. Even in the present generation long lines of territory on Long Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and Maryland that were once famous for the game which frequented them, have been utterly abandoned by the sportsman on account of the disappearance of their chief attraction. Only where they have been preserved by private organizations or protected by special legislation, is there any sport left worthy of the name.

The great rock formations of the Canadian Dominion, which have no parallel in our country east of the Rockies unless it be here and there in the Adirondacks, the White Mountains and the Maine Woods in the far north, prevent profitable cultivation of the ground on the one side and on the other afford every facility for the growth of the forest and propagation of game. This rock formation will never be forgotten by whoever has seen it. In the Saguenay and Restigouche country it takes the shape of great defiles and chasms in whose depths run never failing streams and rivers that are full of the best fishes known to the rodman. The coolness of the water, its rapid motion and the large supply of natural food for the piscic inhabitants, produce a type of fish which for firmness of flesh, for size, muscularity, full development and gaminess, can be equalled nowhere. Its praises have been so sung by William J. Florence, our great comedian, Lawrence Jerome, and enthusiastic followers of Izaak Walton, that nothing more can be said.

The territory named is but a small fraction of what is open to every lover of sport. The whole country north of Montreal and Quebec is equally rich in stores of fish. There are hundreds if not thousands of ponds and brooks where the line and hook

have never been dropped. Here you can take brook trout that weigh over a pound and lake-trout three, four and even five times as large. Here the Frenchman can catch the bull-frog in its last form. United States Fish Commissioner Blackford says that the largest and finest frog's legs of the world come from Canada. How true this may be I do not know, but frogs weighing over a pound, and in rare cases two pounds are caught in inexhaustible numbers. The policy of the Canadian government is so liberal as to deserve special praise. There is no restriction upon foreigners or alien corporations buying or leasing lands for sporting purposes. The Paradise Fin and Feather Club of which I am a member, controls a territory almost as large as the entire state of Rhode Island. At least one hundred clubs which are American to its back-bone, are likewise the owners or lessees of vast tracts of land. Of course, the Dominion is wise in this policy. The five thousand sons of Uncle Sam who invade it every year expend anywhere from fifty to five thousand dollars apiece. The sum total of their expenditures cannot be less than a million dollars and probably exceeds three times that amount. The result of this policy is visible at a hundred points where sporting associations have reclaimed the wilderness, constructed roads and bridges, built homes and cottages, started new industries, and even brought towns and villages into being.

Way up in the vast woods to the north and west of Montreal the game runs wild. The hunter is constantly surprised at the never-ending procession of quail, partridges, rabbits, deer, passenger pigeons, ducks of all kinds, from the dainty wood-duck to the all-devouring mallard; squirrels and all other kinds of "wood meat." The caribou abounds and even the moose is sometimes found there. Although somewhat rare, that most splendid of America's game birds, the great wild turkey is present, and affords many a good meal to the man happy enough to find him. The brooks and lakes abound with trout so big that the angler who pays a dollar a pound for all he catches on Long Island says a silent prayer for forgiveness whenever he repeats and appropriates the stories he has heard of them. But trout are not the only fish to be found in the waters of this great region. Black bass, pickerel, pike, king-fish, yellow perch, and all kinds of fresh water fish are there in such numbers as to astound the fortunate man who goes there for the first time.

There are beasts of prey, too. The Canadian lynx, that most peaceful looking of American carnivora is everywhere, and it

is no rarity for one of them to stalk noiselessly up to a camp and walk off with the fish just prepared for cooking, even while the cook is within a few feet, peacefully smoking his pipe. Wherever there is a clearing and a cornfield a day's march will be rewarded with a black bear, sometimes of great size; some of them have been known to weigh more than eight hundred pounds. Wild cats are common and the wailing cry of the cat-amount, or, as he is called when he grows old and very large, the "painter" is often heard in the still air, sounding as if a child were lost in the woods. Foxes are common, and all the fresh water fur-bearing animals can be found in quantities. Otter, mink, muskrats, swarm the streams, and every now and then the hunter runs across a beaver dam in the open.

There is not as great a variety in the forest trees as there is in the game. Vast stretches, miles upon miles in extent, of enormous pines; endless vistas—as under the pointed arches made by thousands of black walnuts, showing where gothic architects took their ideas of structural beauty; only these and such hardy trees are found, because the bitter winters would kill off all tenderer varieties. Birches are everywhere, black, yellow and white, and the silver boles of the great canoe trees shine through the soft gloom of the primeval forest like the ghosts of centuries long past. Once in a long time one of these white birches stands with ten or twelve feet of its trunk a deep, rich brown, showing that the Indians have at some time stripped it of its gleaming coat to make that lightest and most graceful of all craft, a birchen canoe. The earth is everywhere covered with a carpet of pine needles so thick and soft that the Wiltons and Axminsters in the parlors of the rich moan in jealous anguish to think of them or with deep rich layers of fallen leaves, so softly lying one upon the other that the hunters' foot makes scarce a sound in walking on them.

Fast as the lumbermen eat up the forests; fast as they push their little narrow gauge railways up the sides of the mountains and clear away the trees; fast and close as the settlers follow in their footsteps and turn into fallow fields the land that was so lately almost untrodden by the foot of civilized man; the extent of the woods is so enormous that but little impression seems to have been made upon them. The sportsman is as surprised to hear the woodsman's axe as he was fifty years ago. When he runs across a party of lumbermen laying the rails for the little road down which the monarchs of the forest will so soon be carried to be made into

masts, spars, planks, boards, and joists, he is amazed. These little railroads have a gauge of about two and a half feet, and are used to carry the trees from the tops and sides of tall mountains to the sawmills at the bottom of rushing brooks, there to be ready for market; or to the greater streams which will float the tall trunks suitable for vessels' masts to the great St. Lawrence, which will take them to the sea.

Walking through these wonderful forests the hunter becomes almost a poet in sentiment. The universal air of awful age is too much for even the most trifling mind to withstand. The venerable trunks, covered with the moss of years, fills him with reverence and peace, and when he meets the fallen trunk that stood as the king of all the forest about, he walks around it, knowing that if he steps upon it his feet will sink in through bark and wood and then his heart would revolt at the sacrilege. No sound of man's work affronts his ear. No sound at all is there except the soft sighing of the breeze through the pine branches; and that is sweeter than the music of a great cathedral for he feels in his inmost soul that this cathedral was built by no contractor, but by great nature herself.

Suddenly his thoughts come back. No, he says with a smile, it was not a drum, it is some old cock partridge, and he moves cautiously in the direction of the muffled sound. Soon he sees the bird, one of the most beautiful to be found in the world, walking up and down on a fallen tree, trailing his wings on the bark, with his tail spread out like a fan, drumming like a soldier-boy. He looks on in admiration, but it is only for a moment. Dinner time comes to his mind. Then a shout, a whirr a shot, and the bird is picked up and put in his big pocket.

A little further on he hears a soft whistle. No man, he knows, ever whistled like that. The whistler wears horns. Wetting his finger and holding it up to learn the direction of the wind he works his way along until he sees a big buck bounding off through the tree trunks. Now is the time when his patience is tested. The chase may last an hour, and it may last two days, but it is never relinquished until the deer is dead. Relentless as death the good hunter never stops until he raises his rifle to his shoulder stands like a statue for the fraction of a second, pulls trigger, rushes ahead, pulls out his hunting knife, slashes the soft throat, wipes the knife and counts the prongs on the antlers. Then, shouldering his prey, comes the trudge back to camp, sometimes only a short distance, sometimes many weary miles.

In winter the great game is moose. The hunter wears snow-shoes and spends long, but never weary, hours in racing over country, following the track left by the great awkward beast that breaks through the snow crust at every step. Soon the snow bears crops of blood, for the sharp crust cuts the delicate skin at every jump, and the hunter knows that he will not have far to go before he overtakes the biggest wild animal to be found in America. When he does catch up to his prey, then he needs steady nerves, for the moose can make a mad rush, and is, the most pitiless adversary known, but a good aim, a quick pull, and the chase is over. The noblest

game in the land has been hunted and won. Perhaps eleven or twelve hundred pounds of moose lie there in the place he has stamped out in the snow. There are stories of moose that weighed over a ton, and it can be fairly said that they weigh as much as horses. The biggest one known to hunters tradition weighed twenty-two hundred and ninety pounds, nearly a ton and a half but that was forty years ago in the forests north east of the Rangely Lakes in Maine. They are more scarce now, and smaller.

Another great sport in winter is shooting partridges in the birch trees. They sit upon the branches all the way up the tree, and when the lowest one is shot, the others do not stir, in these northern forests they sit undisturbed unless something more than a mere sharp crack, like that of a rifle frightens them. Shoot but the top-most bird first, so that it tumbles down through the tree, and all the others will fly away so quickly as to startle the tyro, who has seen half a dozen birds shot out of the same tree.

Then come the long evenings in camp; in a camp of fir boughs covered with snow crust. The snow is trampled down until it is solid under foot; a big stone fireplace is made in the middle; the fir boughs or perhaps, small fir trees with the boughs all trimmed off from the side toward the camp, are thrust into the snow all around, so that they cover over a place big enough for the party and pine branches are laid over all. Then the snow crust is broken off and laid on top of the green tent until it is quite covered in. Pine tips cover the floor, and everything is as cosy as mind could wish. There are only two openings; one is for the smoke, and the other, stopped by a blanket, is for a door. Here from four o'clock in the afternoon until nine in the evening, hunters and guides sit and smoke, sip the simple punch, and spin long yarns of successes in the past. And all life seems hollow in comparison.

The rock formation at some points is so uniform and solid as to make veritable deserts of stone. In Labrador, for example, there is a long reach of land about a hundred miles long which is merely a great plain of polished rock, which has been channeled and ground by huge glaciers in some past age until it is almost as smooth as architectural work. Excepting this territory and a few others of no importance, the rest of the land of Canada East, as we were taught to call it in our school boy days, is an endless series of ponds, lakes, streams and rivers. The natives and Indian guides say that it is possible to travel in any direction with a canoe, the carrying being never more than a tenth of the paddling and floating with the current. This great water area is simply alive. Frogs, turtles and fish are everywhere. The sportsman who is willing to walk and work an entire day in the Catskills, provided he catch a dozen half-pound trout, finds a new world in the Canadian wilderness where he can secure the same number of fish in as many minutes.

Too much cannot be said respecting the hospitality and geniality of our Canadian cousins. They are good nature personified. The little French hotels and the English inns, which are fac similes of what you see to-day in France and England, are so home-

like and comfortable that you want to remain there forever. The meals served are well cooked, palatable, wholesome and cheap. The wines and liquors are ridiculously cheap. The cigars, cigarettes and tobacco are cheap. The service and attendance are invariably good. The people are kind, somewhat reserved and far-off until they come to know you, and then they are friendship and good-fellowship embodied. To anyone who enjoys healthy out-door sport, fishing, trapping and shooting, who wants to get away from the fierce pressure of life in the great cities of the United States, I recommend a few weeks sojourn in the great woods of Canada.

H. A. GILDERSLEEVE.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]
A BIRD WITHOUT FEATHERS.

From *En Racontant* by J. W. Gregory.
"What makes the bird? It is the plumage."
La Fontaine.

"To every lord, every honor," says an old proverb, and behold the circumstance some years ago, when I did my best to be courteous to a distinguished person who visited Quebec.

The gentleman in question, who it may be said *en passant* is a learned man and a scholar of great distinction, interested himself in the study of the fish in the vicinity of our town and the manner of catching them. I had described to him in such eulogistic terms our incomparable lakes and the handsome trout of different kinds that inhabited them, that he manifested a desire to visit these places.

I made him an offer of my services; a canoe was secured, and providing myself with rods, lines, hooks and all the necessary paraphernalia, I prepared to receive him as well as Madam the Duchess, their son and their two daughters.

At the appointed day, a beautiful afternoon in June, we set out in a carriage *en route* for a celebrated lake, (Beauport) some twelve miles from town.

The noble strangers were soon placed in the canoe, which they did not prevent from gliding softly over the calm and mirror like lake, but no: a trout were we able to take to substantiate the glowing accounts which I had given.

I was at the same time mortified and disappointed at their want of success.

Placing myself in the front of the canoe I employed all the skill that several years of practice had given me, but in vain, not a trout showed itself.

I returned to see how my guests passed their time, I saw them dissecting a flower gathered from the fields along the route and comparing it with others of the same family which they had known in Europe.

The noble personage in mentioning the scientific name of the flower asked me if any other species of the same family existed in America. This question was of a nature to add to my embarrassment, and I was compelled to avow my knowledge of botany was insufficient to enable me to answer the question. A profound silence followed for a moment, when casting his eyes on the neighboring rocks he asked me if I could tell him what formation they were. Evidently said I to myself, I am not the man who can entertain such a sa-

tant, and my reply on the question of geology, was very little happier than the preceding.

Wishing, however to establish my title to some kind of knowledge I turned toward the Duke, and told him that on landing in America, the number of persons who devoted their time to scientific studies were very few.

"How is that?" said he.

"Because it does not pay, and in this country a man has need of all his knowledge and all his energy to make money, and the scientific man has very little chance to come to a fortune. Nevertheless," added I "Your Grace must not form an opinion of the knowledge of the inhabitants of this country by my ignorance of botany. We are obliged to acquire some particular knowledge of the arts and sciences. Some cultivate music, others draw or are occupied in painting, or something useful or agreeable. As to me, I am an amateur hunter and fisherman, I have become familiar with the different varieties of birds and fishes of this country, and I have the honor to place at the service of Your Grace, my knowledge of ornithology and fish culture."

"Thanks" replied the noble Duke. "I know your American birds very well, and I am able to tell the name of many of them from their songs. Thus the bird which we hear at this moment, is *le merle*" which was true and I concluded in consequence that he knew our birds, that one at least.

A little further off, another singer attracted his attention.

"You doubtless know that bird?" he said to me.

"Oh! yes," replied I. "I know it well, they are very plentiful in this vicinity and in fact they are everywhere."

"I know it also" said His Grace, "it is the—the—I have its name on my lips—it is singular that I am not able to name it. What do you call that bird then?"

Each in his turn, said I to myself, seeing the embarrassment of the Duke, and I could not help feeling a certain satisfaction in thinking that at this point, he had got beyond the length of his tether. After a low bow, I said to him. "That bird, Your Grace, is called an Irish nightingale, but it is in reality a bird of another feather or rather it is without feathers, it is a frog."

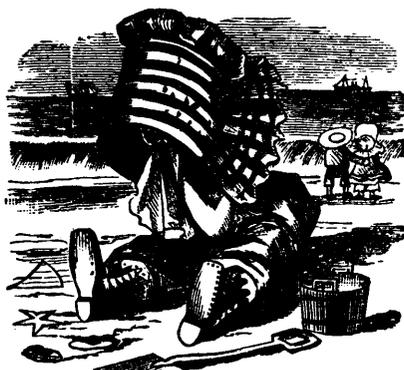
I noticed from the corner of my eye, the effect of this answer on my noble guest, but the looks which he gave me were impressed with the most perfect incredulity. His Grace told me that I was in error that he knew the bird well, only he could not, at the moment, recall the name.

I did not wish, through deference to engage in a discussion of the subject with so distinguished a personage, I contented myself with saying that the object in question was quite close, and I signalled the rower to conduct us there. A few strokes of the oars were sufficient to bring us to the shore, near a tree-trunk which was uprooted and partially submerged, on the end of which sat a small frog, which seeing us, made a jump and plunged into the lake.

His Grace reddening a little admitted "that it appeared to him to be a frog after all."

I bowed anew, smilingly remarking the pleasure I felt that His Grace would not leave America with a less favorable idea

than he had formed, of the scientific knowledge of some of its inhabitants, after my personal ignorance of botany and geology. And in recounting this incident it is not my intention to show the way in which I extricated myself, in a critical sense, but to prove once for all, that a person, however high he may be in social life, cannot boast of being perfect, and that even the most learned always commit themselves in some way.



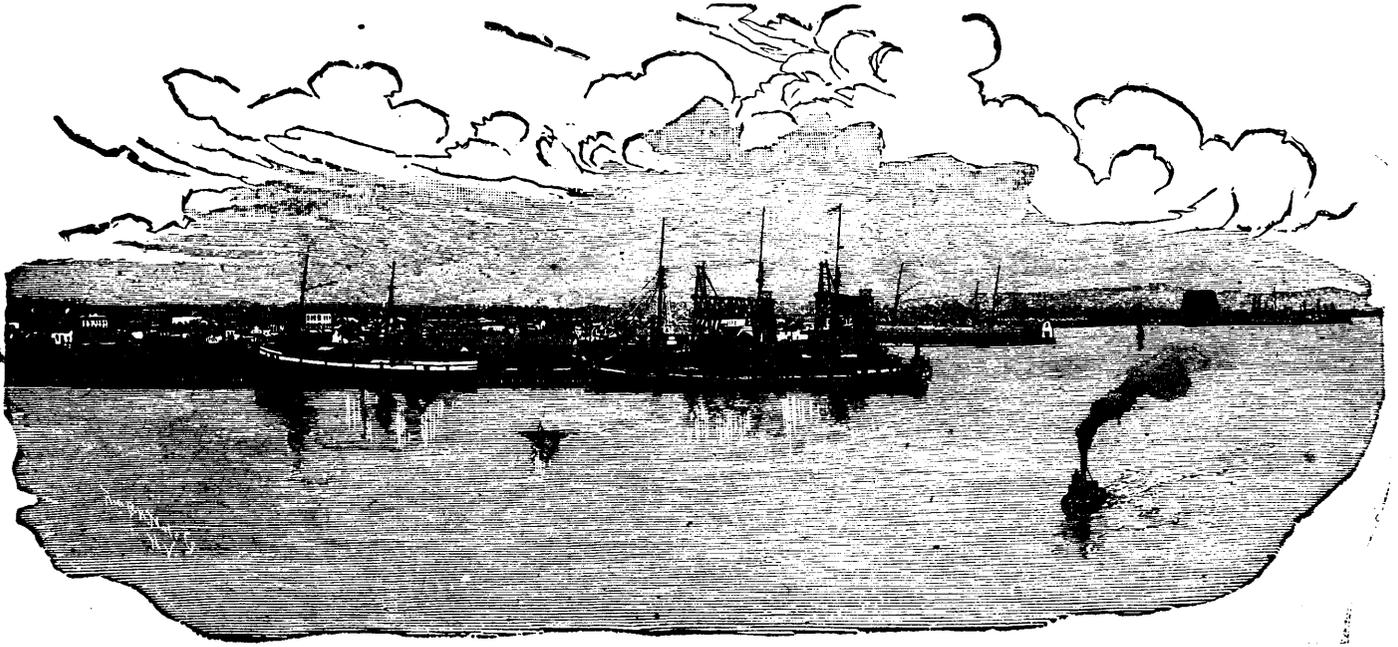
THOU HAST LEARNED TO LOVE ANOTHER.

One individual in this fair city has got into a bad scrape and has found, too late for his present comfort that he has scraped up too many acquaintances amongst the frail but fair sisterhood. The course of true love never runs smoothly, and his own "true love," the one he had promised to love honor and support was informed by a kind friend that somebody whose description tallied very closely with that of her husband, had been seen on several occasions escorting a lady—and not always the same lady either,—on that part of Melbourne Street nearest to the Elmwood Cemetery. It being always dusk or dark at the time and the brilliant light from the electric lamp rendering still darker the atmosphere beyond "its halo," she couldn't be positive, but she was almost sure it was Mr. Smith, and as the lady was always veiled, and usually in mourning habiliments, and she supposed at first that it was some sympathizing relative who desired to see the resting place of a dear departed, and had chosen the period covered by the shades of evening that her silent grief might pass unnoticed, and knowing that Mr. Smith was a good natured, accommodating man and that tramps were frequently seen between the cemetery and the river, she didn't think much about it, till finally she noticed it wasn't always the same woman, and then she kind o' thought it queer that in a new cemetery like Elmwood, its occupants should have left so many grief oppressed female relatives, and only Mr. Smith to console them. And then Mrs. Smith remarked that since the summer set in, her husband had been a frequent attendant at club and secret society meetings and that he might have been going to, or coming from these meetings, when she was reminded that the only lodge on Melbourne Street was the one in the cemetery. Since a handful of human hair, supposed from its length to be female—and a torn veil, were found a few mornings since in the

grove between the watering trough and the cemetery, Mr. Smith has not been seen in the street in daylight, and it is insinuated that he is undergoing a system of re-organization which will result in Mrs. Smith recovering the alienated affections of which she was once the happy possessor. Her informant, before referred to has heard her allude in very vigorous language to "the brazen effrontery of some of those factory girls, and the impudent way in which they stare at her windows as they pass by the house of an evening."



We dislike to pry into other people's business, but if the young lady who lives on Prospect Street, will call at our sanctum, and tell us what she and her "fellow" find so attractive on the top of that thickly wooded knoll between the Burton brewery and the Saint Francis River, every pleasant Sunday afternoon, it may serve to dispel the suspicion that they have discovered a gold mine and are trying to appropriate more than the quantity of territory usually allotted to the original discoverer, and prevent us from personally attending at the *rendez-vous* and appearing to pry into matters which possibly neither concern us nor the public. This knoll is beautiful to look at from outside, but the umbrageous foliage entirely shuts off the view of the St. Francis, that might be had were it denuded of trees. The hill or knoll is one of those that—in mining parlance—is termed a made hill, that is a sand or gravel hill made by the action of water, and was doubtless in bygone ages, a bar or island in the St. Francis river and now that important discoveries of gold are being made in the vicinity, it is probable that this knoll may contain an auriferous deposit, and if any has been discovered there, the public should know it, that profit and pleasure may be the result. That they are not *washing* gold, we are confident as we have looked in vain for the tub and cradle accompaniment, incidental to gold washing and an essay, on man, but they may be taking out nuggets. To prevent our intruding, or obtruding ourselves, at an inopportune moment, we hope the young lady referred to will call and allay our suspicions. We must cater to the public wants, and the public wants to know everything when as it occurs or sooner when convenient. Since writing the above a friend has suggested the knoll in question as a grandplace for a private still as few revenue inspectors or detectives would be able to get beyond the precincts of the Burton Brewery. It is possible the private *still* may explain matters, but we shall not attempt to *worm* ourselves into the confidence of the young lady on this point. A general, non-committal sort of statement will be satisfactory, as we have no inclination to furnish the material for a *mash*.



VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

THE FISHERMAN.

A Trying Time.—A Fact.

IT was as calm an evening as ever came from heaven; the sky and the earth were as tranquil, as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other; and even the ocean—that great highway of the world,—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed,—as if no traveller had ever sunk to death in its embrace. The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over nature, but for the moon, which rose in her full-orbed beauty, the queen of an illimitable world, to smile upon the goody things of ours, and to give a radiance and a glory to all she shone upon. It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works He has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike upon the solid land and the trackless wastes of the deceitful sea.

On the western coast of the county of Devon, which has been termed, and, it may be added, justly, "the garden of England," upon such an evening, a group had assembled around one of the fishermen's cottages. The habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the principal object of the projector. At either side of the door were scattered the lines and nets and baskets that betokened the calling of the owner, and the fisherman was taking his farewell for the night, of his happy, loving family, who were bidding him "God speed" on his voyage. A fine old man was leaning his arms on the railing and talking to an interesting girl whose hand lay upon the shoulder of a younger sister. The stout

fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin, and large boots that reached far above the knees, was in the act of carressing a little cherub, who seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as the father's head; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursling upon her lap, was looking anxiously upon her husband as she breathed the parting blessing, and the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his father in countenance and in dress, bearing a huge boat-cloak across his shoulders, and the lantern that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the group,—if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, watching for the nod to command his march to a kind of pier where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

"Good luck, good luck!" exclaimed the old man; "good luck, and safe home again, John: ye want no more but God's blessing, and that ye may have for asking; but ye may as well take mine too."

The blessing was heartily echoed by his kind partner and his children, and, whistling as he went, with his boat-hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune before, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach.

With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman's family were astir; the elder girl was busily arranging their little parlor, while the younger was preparing the breakfast table, and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy.

An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he had remained abroad beyond the usual period of his return.

Another had elapsed, when she said to her father, "Father, go out to the hillock and try if you can see his sail upon the water; he seldom stays out so long when the sea is calm and the weather fair; my

little boy too was not quite well last night, and this alone should have hastened him home."

The old man went forth, and one by one his grandchildren followed him until the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle of her unconscious babe.

After the lapse of another hour, her daughter entered with news that a neighbor had spoken to her father in the night, and that he would certainly be soon home.

"God grant it!" said she, and she spoke in a tone of deep anxiety,— "He never was away so long but once, and that was when he saved the crew of the ship *Mary*: and then the whirl of the sinking vessel had well nigh made his grave."

Again she stirred the fire, again she arranged the clothes before it, and poured some hot water into the tea cups. Still the breakfast remained untouched.

The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling; the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sat down to a cheerless meal. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil; but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

The moon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given tokens of the glory of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant asleep, went herself to the hill that commanded an extensive view of the wide spread ocean. All the little household assembled on the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters,—nothing that could give hope except the aspect of the waves which looked too placid to be dangerous. The deep dread was no longer concealed, and while the old man paced to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals over the lonely sea, the mother and daughter were sobbing audibly.

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in God!" exclaimed the father.

The sentence was uttered involuntarily, but it had its effect.

"Ay," said the mother, "he always trusted in God, and God will not forsake him now."

"Do you remember, Jane," continued the old man, "how often Providence was with me, amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was far off, and would have been useless if near?"

And they cheered and encouraged one another to hope the best,—to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle—dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock which overlooked the ocean, ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at day break, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some sea-weed to manure the potato plat behind his cottage. He was then close to rocks which were only discernible at low water; he pulled for them, jumped on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to a jutting part of a cliff, and took his boat-hook with him. He collected a sufficient quantity of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it he wandered from the landing place, when he heard his boy loudly hollering and exclaiming that the painter was loose.

He rushed instantly towards the boat, which was then several yards off; the boy was vainly endeavoring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the waves to join him, and the next licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection would be most needed.

The fisherman perceived at once the desperate nature of his situation; the tide he knew was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end, when he perceived that his boy in an effort to use oars, had let one of them fall overboard.

"Father, father," exclaimed the poor lad, "what shall I do?"—the boat was at this moment so distant that his distracted parent could hardly hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could, to trust in God, the father of the fatherless. He then stood resigned to the fate which he felt awaited him, and watched the drifting boat that bore the child in peril from the fatal rocks.

He had offered up a brief prayer to the throne of Mercy, when in an instant, a light broke upon his mind.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "I may yet be saved."

With the energy of hope battling with despair, he collected all the stones around him, and heaped them rapidly upon the highest ledge of rock, it was indeed wonderful how he could have gathered so many in so short a time; but the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was laboring not for life merely, but for beings still dearer to him. The tide came on, on, on, and soon obliged him to abandon his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planted his boat-hook firmly in one of the

crevices of the cliff, and prepared to struggle for existence: but his heart failed him, when he considered how slight was the possibility that the waters would not rise above his head. Still he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were no rough, and the boat-hook supported him.

The awful moment rapidly approached; the water had reached his knees; but he stood firmly, and prayed that he might be preserved.

On, on, on, it came, slowly and gently, but more fearfully than if it had raged around its destined prey;—soon it reached his waist, and he prayed that it might go no higher.

On, on, on, it came, and his shoulders were covered;—hope died within him, and he thought of himself no longer but of those who were so dear to him—his wife, his children, and his father—it was for blessings on them that he then implored Heaven.

Still on, on, it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as long as possible from death; his reason was almost gone, his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill; he panted, and blood rushed to his head, his eye-balls glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time on the home that would be soon so wretched. Horrible images were before him, each swell of the wave seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the sea-bird was like their yells over their victim. He was gasping, choking, for he had no strength to keep his head above the waves, every moment it was flashing upon them, and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness, if consciousness it could be called, that the next plunge would be his last.

Merciful powers! at the very moment, when the strength and spirit of man had left him, and the cold shudder of death had come on, he felt that the tide rose no higher. His eyes opened, closed, and a fearful laugh troubled the waters! They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated around his lips, but they rose no higher, that he knew; again and again his bosom heaved with a deep sob, as he drew in his breath, and gave it forth anew in agony. A minute has passed since the salt sea touched his lips; this was impossible if the tide still flowed. He could reason so much. He opened his eyes, and faintly murmured forth "O God, be merciful."

The flow of the ocean had indeed ceased; there he still stood motionless; but praying and weeping—thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be for ever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chilled limbs and then to warm them by exercise, soon, the rock was left dry as before, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows, hid his face in his hands, and praised and blessed his Creator, his Preserver.

Oh! it was the well known bark of his faithful dog that he heard above the waves; in another moment the creature was licking his pale cheek. He was saved—he was saved—for his own boat had touched the shore, and his own boy was in his

arms! He had been drifted to the land, and had easily found those who rowed hard for the chance of saving his father's life.

"Now homeward, homeward!" he exclaimed. "Homeward, homeward!" echoed the child, and Neptune jumped and barked at the welcome sound.

The fisherman's family were still supplicating Providence upon the hillock that overlooked the deep, when the old man started from his knees, and exclaimed, "We are heard! there is a speck upon the distant waters."

"Where, where?" was echoed by the group; and he pointed out what he hoped to be the absent boat.

They eagerly strained their eyes, but could see nothing; in a few minutes, however, all perceived a sail; still it was impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay. Then was the agony of suspense; it continued, however, but for a short time; a boat was evidently advancing towards the shore; in a few minutes, they could clearly perceive a man at the bow, waving his hat above his head, and soon after the well-known bark of Neptune was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud "huzza" of the fisherman was answered by the "welcome, welcome" of his father, and the most inarticulate thanksgivings of his wife.

And now all was joy and happiness in the cottage, where there had been so much wretchedness; the fisherman, his boy, and his dog were safe from the perils of the great deep; but he would return no answer to the many questions as to what had detained him so long beyond the usual hour of his return.

"Wait, my wife," said he, "until we have dressed and refreshed ourselves, and you shall know all; but before we do either, let us bless God for his mercy, for out of great danger hath He preserved me."

Never was there a more sincere or more earnest prayer offered up to the giver of all goodness, than ascended from that humble dwelling. And when the fisherman had told his tale, how fervently did all repeat the words that had given them so much consolation in the morning, "Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!"

JAY.

Mt. Vernon, Va.

FREE PREMIUMS.

To every new or renewal subscriber, to this Journal who pays the \$1.00 subscription price in advance, we will give as a free premium a year's subscription to any one of the following publications:

Canada, monthly, Benton, New Brunswick
Butler's Journal "Fredericton do do
Medical Adviser and Farm Help, monthly,
Bowmanville, Ont.
The Miner, monthly, Capetlon, Que.
The Echo, monthly, Stratford, Ont.
Vade Mecum, monthly, Saffina, Kansas.
Corona News Letter, semi monthly, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

SPECIAL OFFER.

25 Cents Pays for one year's subscription to THE RECORD, an 8 page, 24 column monthly paper, your name on a rubber stamp and one insertion in Agent's Directory. Address all orders to W. E. ROGERS, Frankfort, Ind.



THE SOLID TRAIN.

Run Daily via The Quebec Central and Boston and Maine Railways between Quebec and Boston.

WRITTEN FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

 In my last I left the subject where my forefathers had left their back load of potatoes after planting them at the place which has ever since been known as "Potato Yard Hill;" it is about one mile south of Eaton Village. The land on this hill, lots Nos. 6 and 7, in the 3rd Range of Eaton, was sold to a man by the name of Stevens, from New Hampshire, by Capt. Josiah Sawyer, for \$3.60 per acre. These lands afterwards remained unsold for about 30 years, and were then sold for sugaries and settlement for \$2 per acre, not a very good investment. Stevens kept them until he died. While alive he would not sell them unless he could get what they cost him, but after his decease, his heirs sold them for the price named.

Well, as I said, after getting rid of their load, they started on a "blazed line" for Cookshire or the place now known by that name. They soon met Capt. John Cook and Orsamus Bailey, who had located on lots or part of them, on which C. A. Bailey and George Cook now reside. They had been clearing their land and putting in their crops and were now returning to their homes in Leamington, Vt.

My grandfather settled on lots Nos. 9 and 10 in the 9th Range of Eaton, my father on No. 8, in the 9th Range, but my uncle Luther, being a millwright by trade, settled on lot No. 5, in the 7th Range, Eaton, and built a set of mills (saw and grist.) Soon after, he built the first saw-mill erected near Cookshire, on the portion of the Mill Brook owned by Langley Willard.

Thus in 1798, there were some 8 or 10 settlements or "beginnings" made, but no families, or at least not many, before 1799. I think the charter, or the grant of the East half of Eaton, was obtained in 1800, the survey having been made a year

or two previous by Christopher Bailey, of Leamington, Vt.

This section of the Townships had previously been the hunting-grounds of the St. Francis Indians, and many of them were at that time hunting and fishing in these parts. Moose and deer were then very plentiful and furnished abundance of meat, especially in the Winter season, and the rivers in Summer swarmed with salmon and trout, but some of the first settlers were in very poor circumstances, with large families, and owing to short crops, some years they suffered for bread.

I will mention a case or two in point. A man by the name of Andrew Caswell, who lived in the place now occupied by Edward J. Mowle, had a numerous family, and they had eaten all their provisions, when the father, being a very strong man, started out with his axe to find work and earn enough to get provisions. It was early in the summer, and he came to where the village now is, one Sunday evening and stopped at the house of Deacon Edmund Alger. He had agreed to fall for Mr. Alger the trees on one acre of land, for \$2.00.

In the morning after Mr. Alger had measured off an acre for him, he commenced work and at sunset the same day he had so nearly finished his job that had Mrs. Alger not called him to supper, he would have completed it before dark, but he was through with it before breakfast next morning. Then he got his \$2 pay and started for West Stewartstown, N. H., where he bought 100 lbs rye-meal, put it on his back and never stopped to rest except as nature demanded, until he arrived at his home and during all of this time his family had nothing to eat except such green food as they could gather from the fields and forest, with which they managed to keep body and soul together.

Another man by the name of Abbott had 11 children, 8 girls and 3 boys. The girls, some of them were grown up to womanhood, some being the chosen companions of the first settlers. Capt. Cook married the eldest, Timothy married another, and two of them married Samuel and Charles

Hodson, who were amongst the first settlers of Newport.

Abbott was a shoemaker and as his family were all out of provisions, he made a pair of shoes in the fore part of the day and got \$2 for them. He then went to the same place as Caswell, and got the worth of the \$2 in meal, to keep his family from starvation and brought it home on his back.

Another man named Curtis in the Township of Newport had nothing for bread but a half bushel of Timothy seed which he carried to the mill and had it ground for that purpose.

A Mrs. Wm. Hurd was living in Newport some 55 years ago and at the time I was a neighbor of hers. She said when she first moved into that Township she had a large family and for three weeks one spring all the family had to keep them alive was the milk of a two year old cow and greens that she gathered from the field and forest. These were pretty hard times and as the information is gathered from what my parents and others of the first settlers have told me I have no doubt of its truth.

I will now commence with what I remember and have been an eye witness to. I was born in May 1808, and at that time my father's family and in fact every family were similarly situated. We had no stoves then, but great large fire places and all were well supplied with wood which in clearing the land we were all desirous of getting rid of. I knew one family whose log house had what was called a Dutch back built up of stone 5 or 6 feet high and over this a chimney built of sticks and plastered over with clay mortar. The mother of this family had 14 children, ten of whom grew up to maturity and had families, and now there is just one of them living. The father of this family had a French horse, and in his old log house the wood he used in his fire place was cut so large that he used his horse to draw in the logs. Sometimes in the coldest weather he would have nearly a quarter of a cord burning at a time.

The cooking utensils in use consisted of

a bake pan, one kettle in which to boil potatoes, and a frying pan with a handle four feet long. The table of most families was furnished only with wooden plates. My grandmother was supplied with a set of pewter plates. In my father's family there was a set of case knives and two tinned iron forks. My mother for the want of plates would put the boiled potatoes on a wooden plate, then fry the meat and cut it up in small pieces. We would peel our potatoes cut them up, stick a fork in one piece, dip it in the gravy and transfer it to the mouth, then operate in a similar way on a piece of meat. This was the way our first settlers disposed of their cooked food. I would like to see some of our genteel ones of our present day operating with such table utensils and using one of those two tinned forks in disposing of their food, particularly if baked beans happened to be one of the dishes. I think I would enjoy the sight quite as much as they seem to do when they see me at table using my knife in transferring my food to the mouth. If you Mr. Editor, were to see me seated at the dinner table, you would see me using my knife for the same purposes as you would use your fork, just as I was taught to do as a boy, and by the force of circumstances, and I think of the proverb "It is hard to teach old dogs a young dog's new tricks."

Now for my early school days. I commenced the summer after I was five years old, my first teacher being Mary Brown. The place where I then lived was the last house East, and remained so until I was twelve years old. It was quite easy for me to learn. My first spelling-book was Noah Webster's, and my first reading-book "Websters' American Preceptor" and after I was put into the first class for reading, all the class used for a reader "Morse's Geography." I have one of these Geographies now and in my school days, I read it so much that I could repeat a good deal of it without reference to the book. This book was printed in 1804.

Now Mr. Editor, do not be angry if I give you a little extract found on page 175 of the 9th edition referring to the Mines of Potosi. "These mines (silver) were discovered in the year 1545, after this manner. An Indian named Hualpa, following some deer, they made directly up the hill and better to help him up he laid hold of a shrub which came up by the roots and laid open a mass of silver ore. He for some time kept it a secret, but afterwards revealed it to a friend who because he would not discover to him the method of refining it, acquainted his master, a Spaniard named Valarod. Valarod registered the mine in 1545; this mine from that time till 1638, yielded 395,698,000 pieces of eight. Potosi is some 20 or 25 leagues from Laplata." The above story always interests me and has for the last seventy years.

Our grammar at that time, I believe was Murray's. Our arithmetic was Pike's and Adams'. My last study in arithmetic was from Walkingame's Scholars Arithmetic. Slates and slate pencils were so scarce that we had to get them from slate quarries and make them ourselves. All the slate that I had was found in a quarry, on land now owned by G. A. Hodge. After getting the stone I finished it off myself and made a frame for it. It was about

10x14 inches in size and it served me all through my school days. As for pencils I have made many of them as a boy and from one to two inches in length. I could get 5 to 10 cents each. Many an evening I have laid myself down on my back with my head towards the old fire place, my arithmetic and slate before my eyes and in this way worked out my examples as a boy.

In my next I will relate some of my hunting and fishing adventures in those ancient days when I was a juvenile.

HIRAM FRENCH.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

"IDAHO HASH."

I.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

I use the above title, as I intend to give you a rather mixed communication, describing little peculiarities I have noticed in this territory, during a long years sojourn here.

First: I give you an hotel, as advertised.

Extensive Additions and Improvements have been made to the Establishment, and it is now, in all respects,

A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

The Rooms are Well-Furnished Throughout and Afford the

BEST ACCOMMODATIONS

for either

SINGLE PERSONS OR FAMILIES.

The Culinary Department is First-class and the tables are always supplied with the best of everything that can be procured in the market.

The establishment is supplied with an abundance of Pure Spring Water for all uses, and

SPLENDID BATH-ROOMS

Are fitted up, where Hot and Cold Baths can be had at all hours, both day and night

The bar is supplied with none but the very best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

Now I will endeavour to describe the reality.

II.

The hotel is a wooden box built building, of two stories, with a basement kitchen and dining-room. The front appearance of the house is very fair, particularly when compared with the surroundings. The ground floor is divided into office, bar-room and the family living rooms. I need mention none of these but the bar-room. This is by far the most inviting room in the house, rather prettily decorated and well supplied with liquors and cigars, each cigar or drink costing 25 cents, quantity rather in advance of quality. The "splendid" bath-rooms are on this first floor, but are rather a part of the out house than the hotel proper. In this case the "splendid bath rooms" are one little hole of a room with one bath, with cold water at all hours and hot water when the cook feels so inclined, but never later than 7 P. M.

III.

The bedrooms are very properly called *bed rooms*, for the best part of the rooms contain simply a bed, some have a washstand and basin, with an old can that once contained fruit as a slop basin, and some few are very fairly furnished. As most Western people seem to prefer to perform their ablutions in the general washroom I suppose the *proprietors* of the hotels do not see the necessity for being a little extravagant.

The culinary department as well as the chamber department are operated by Chinamen.

Dear Mr. Editor if you have never been forced to exist on Chinamen's cooking, don't ever try it unless you particularly wish to have a lingering taste of Chinaman tickling your palate for some time after your experience!

IV.

I have not as yet mentioned the back or rear of the hotel, if on first sight you could tell whether the pig pen had been added to the house, or the house to the pig pen, then I would willingly let you score a point. I know at times 'tis very difficult from the sweet aroma that fills the air of the house, to tell which is house and which is pig pen.

This is about the advertisement and the reality of most things in this would-be booming territory! In connection with this first class hotel I might mention the first class accommodations on the stage routes. The most particular accommodation are the charges, 15 cents per mile with 3 cents per pound for all baggage over 30 lbs in weight; with weight of passenger not taken into account, small people have no advantage! The stages are old worn out uncomfortable arrangements good enough for freight, but hard on passengers. The sleighs now used on portions of the road or route are exceedingly primitive in construction, uncomfortable, without a rug, blanket or robe of any kind to keep one warm. In fact each passenger has to carry anything and everything with which to be warm and at all comfortable. A small express package costs as much for 50 miles on these routes, as on a railway for 3000. This is only another example of this real live West. Come stranger and be taken in.

V.

Second. It has often struck me that all the titled population of all the States in the Union had settled in Idaho. One is perfectly safe in addressing any lawyer or attorney, old or young as judge; with one exception so far as I have seen they certainly will never resent the insult! Anything else in male attire may be safely addressed as General, Colonel, Cap' or Maj'. One does sometimes hear more euphonious, high sounding, elaborate titles, but they are all intended to convey the same idea. If a man greets you with a timid shake of the hand, and addresses you as plain Mr., that man has "some grudge agin you." But if he comes up in a blustering snow storm kind of a manner, takes your hand vice like, taps you on the back, and lets off a string of strong, heavy language as long as your arm, then you may rest as-

sured he is glad to see you. Of course there are numbers of civilized beings in Idaho but I am speaking of the general man.

VI.

Third. I will now give you the record of the officials of a certain county. I was passing through the county town on one occasion when some horse racing was going on. In the evening things were thusly. The probate judge was playing freeze-out, the sheriff was dealing at a 21 game, the deputy sheriff was tending bar, the county assessor was running a raffle, the postmaster was playing draw-poker, and the county recorder was laid under the table. I don't say where I was but leave you to guess!

VII.

Fourth:

A FUNERAL SCENE.

I suppose 'tis exceedingly improper for me to see any fun or joke in a funeral, but such is my nature that I see fun in anything, and will probably feel funny even when I am fitted and packed in my own last wooden suit. The corpse was a male man, (had been a poor married man) no family to mourn his loss but his wife and her relations. The coffin enclosing the corpse was the center piece in a large hall (usually used as a dance hall) and had been there for full 24 hours. On one side of the coffin were ranged chairs intended for the mourners and on the opposite side, those for the bearers, these chairs were all ranged quite close to the coffin. Around and about the hall were benches and chairs for the choir, the friends and all curious minded people. As the hour approached for the solemn service, one by one the seats were occupied, until the entire available space in the hall was filled with men women and children. A solemn silence for a few minutes, when the mourners (one male and three females) appeared at the entrance to the hall. I have seen and heard people weep, and have known people suffering intense grief, but I have never seen or heard grief expressed in such howling screeching and hideous noises as these mourners made, so soon as they had gotten fairly into the hall. They took their allotted seats still exerting every muscle to keep the howl on the same key as they had started, then the bearers took their allotted seats. All was now ready for the burial service to be read. The gentleman appointed to this duty was not to be found, so a search was instituted for him, and after half an hours time he appeared on the scene, decked out in his Sunday clothes and wearing his sweetest expression. The choir sang a hymn, a portion of the burial service was read, the choir sang once again, the reader then gave notice that the remainder of the service would be read at the grave, at the same time giving notice that all who wished to take a last look at the departed could now do so. Numbers availed themselves of the opportunity after which the coffin was closed, and the remains taken to the cemetery, followed by men, women and children. The choir sang a hymn at the cemetery, the remainder of the service was read and thus ended all of one poor mortal. The

trio of female mourners kept up their gymnastics until the last moment, but gave us a little variety in the way of a solo now and then, for they had not sufficient strength to keep up the trio, and so relieved each other by giving solos. If you had told me that I was witnessing a mock wake and that the mourners were hired, I could certainly have believed it all, but I could not have felt one bit the funnier.

VIII.

A CONTRACT WORD FOR WORD AS WRITTEN AND ENTERED INTO BY A MINING KING.

(We J. J. and J. B. both residing in H—County, Idaho Territory, and J. C. of same place parties of the first part, have this day contracted and obligated themselves to do the grading for the W. Mine Railroad track upon the following conditions. The surveyor is to survey and stake out the grade at the expense of the party of the second part J. R. D. of same County and Territory above mentioned and *measure* up all finished work, which *measurement* all parties herto agree to abide by, for every yard of dirt and loose stone removed by the parties of the first part, the party of the second part agrees to pay 40 cents. And for every yard of rock formation so removed said second party agrees to pay 50 cents per yard. In case it is deemed *adviseable* by the parties of the first part to blast, then the party of the second part will pay for all powder, fuse and caps used, the party of the second part agrees to furnish all tools and a blacksmith shop for the use of the parties of the first part where said first parties can sharpen their tools free of charge. It is further agreed by the first parties that they will work no less than four men, and more if found *advicable* by the party of the second part. Work to *commenst* as soon as grade is staked out and *uninterruptedly pyossedcuted* as time is the essence of the *agrement*. One third of all *monneys* due to the party of the first part will be retained by the party of the second part *untill* the contract is satisfactorily completed.

In *witnness* whereof we have } J. R. D.
subscribed our hands in the pre- } J. J.
sence of each other this day and } J. B.
year first above written.

The above includes the complete contract and specification for building a half mile of rather difficult railway road bed.

IX.

I might tell you of the cleverness of at least one postmaster, of late appointment. A letter was posted plainly addressed to a certain town, with the usual printed notice on one corner of the envelope to return in 5 days if not called for. The postmaster could evidently read the printing better than the writing so laid the letter aside and at the end of 5 days placed the letter in the sender's box. The sender upon receiving the letter was naturally incensed and began expostulating with the postmaster but could get no satisfaction so had to take his medicine "Wanamakers Sunday Syrup." In another case a gentleman had gone to the post office to post a paper plainly addressed to his brother in Philadelphia, at the same time inquiring for

mail matter for himself. There happened to be nothing for him, and he left the office for home. When about 150 yards from the post office he was met by a mail boy from the office, and informed that there was mail matter in the office for him, he returned to the office and was handed the paper he had a moment before posted. Such is the record of a postmaster holding a very important position, or rather controlling a very important distributing office.

X.

Sixth. Now as a solid truth Idaho Territory is a mighty good place in which to spend a few days if one happens to be on an excursion for health and has lots of cash. As a paradise for a young man with push and energy and no great amount of cash 'tis a positive failure. If the young man wishing to locate here has an unlimited amount of cash, a long time to live, with very little brains and no character he can do very well, but brains and honesty of purpose are of no use. Skilled workmen and mechanics are few for the reason that the roust about can earn the same pay. In conclusion I can only say that if Barnum wants to start a new museum right here in Idaho he can purchase a sufficient number of two legged live fossils to do so. He could fill one good big cage by buying the Ada County Commissioners. I add a short paragraph copied from a Boise paper.

An emigrant wagon passed through last week with this old legend inscribed on its cover:

Chinch-burged in Illinois;
Sykloned in Iowa;
Blizzerdid in Dacoty;
Grasshopperid in Kanzis;
White-capped in Missouri;
Alkalid in Oklerhamier;
Rattle-snaked on Snake river, Idaho;
No meat in camp, gun's bustid and dogs
all dead, old woman and children chock
full of alkaly an' no greac handy, no
grass and 200 milds to water;
PREGITT SOUND ER BUST!

K. J.

Huntington, Oregon, 1891.

Subscribers' Directory

For Month ending 1st July 1891.

SHERBROOKE.

C W Whitecar	Col Chas King
R L Parker	Wm Griffith
John Chillas	Lieut John Fales
Col G F Bowen	W R Webster
R B Roblson	S F Morry
Fred Gerriken	Lemuel Farwell

PARTOUT.

Sam'l Mallory, Lennoxville, Que
John Holyon, Waterville, Que
Ben Lemieux, East Sherbrooke Que
John Smith, Johnville, Que.
Alb H Snyder 270 No. State St. Chicago, Ill
A E Meritt, Chatham, Ont.
Mrs M A Thomson, 709, No. College Ave
Grand Rapids, Mich
E S Orr, Cookshire, Que
J I Mackie do do
Hiram French, Eaton, Que
Timo. Lest, Danville Que
J Alexander, Richmond, Que
L Thomas Melbourne, Que
R Sinclair Dept. Indian affairs Ottawa Ont.
Library of Parliament do do
Samuel Bean, Suffield, Que
Chas Andrews, 28 Curtis St. Winnipeg,
Manitoba
Thos Bennett Dom, I Imm. Agt. Winnipeg,
Manitoba
A Bouchard, Garthby, Que
Geo P Kimball 5 Spring St. Nashua, N H.



The above is all right with a "hooker," but for good, serviceable lines, suitable for every month in the year consult the columns of THE LAND WE LIVE IN. Our lines are prepared expressly for us, and that they have fallen in pleasant places is evidenced by the many orders we are receiving for a years supply. The LAND WE LIVE IN lines are made out of the threads of discourses twisted out of Canadian material, and reeled off in quantities to suit individual demand. Their elasticity makes them available for big fish and bigger fish stories. An annual supply of these lines will be furnished from month to month in quantity and quality to suit the season on receipt of \$1. The above is a simple outline of what we promise. Samples supplied on application.

D. THOMAS & CO., Publishers
THE LAND WE LIVE IN,
Sherbrooke, Que.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

(Manchester Guardian.)

"A description of Peel Park, Salford, Manchester, with copious explanations," and now in its fourth edition, is the greatest curiosity ever published, and its explanatory notes are a veritable encyclopaedia, in the way of information. We have made arrangements with the author Mr. J. Cowin, Manchester, England, by which we are enabled to offer it as a free premium to any new or renewal advance, paying subscriber to this journal. It will be necessary to mention this particular premium if you desire it, when remitting and the remittance must be sent direct to the publishers of the LAND WE LIVE IN, Sherbrooke, Que." The following extract containing the numbers of the footnotes, will show the style of the work.

HISTORY.

Read Macaulay's detailation,
In historical narration,
Of the Spanish inquisition,
Or Wolsey's great ambition,
Of the monastic confiscation,
And the Nantes' revocation, 50,
And the "friends" affirmation;
And England's bank foundation, 51
By "charter'd limitation,"
And "fund consolidation,"
The East India's annexation, 52,
(And Suttee immolation),
With aboriginal absorption

And th' march of civilisation
Under th' Gospel dispensation
And Cromwell's usurpation, 53
The first Charles' decapitation,
And his son's restoration 54
(Of mind vacillation.)
Or th' "South Sea" infatuation,
Disastrous in termination,
And royalty's succession,
By th' Hanorerian accession,
And States' declaration 57
(With th' "Ashburton" stipulation) 58
By official notification,
And Pitt's administration
In a by gone generation;
Or North's resignation,
Or Canning's moderation,
Or Nelson's determination,
Prevented our shore's invasion,
In daily expectation; 59
Or Bonny's abdication,
After foreign subjugation,
With th' horrors of devastation,
For a great compensation, 60
Or the martyrs' resolution,
In their fiery persecution,
Of Lord Russell's execution,
Or Buckingham's retribution,
Or the French resolution,
Or young Charles Edward's pretension,
Or Major Andre's apprehension.
Or the Hales Corpus act suspension,
With the "Factory Act" extension,
Under government inspection;
And the "Penny Port" transmission, 61
Or the "London exhibition"
(With it's "shilling day" admission),
And its prize competition,
By foreign opposition;
And the chartist great petition, 62
And the "Maine Law" prohibition,
And the "poor-law board" commission,
And the army's sad condition,
By their unfortunate position
During th' Crimean expedition,
And Balaclava's charge presumption,
Led by Lord Cardigan's assumption;
Or Gibraltar's siege protraction,
Or th' Moscow conflagration,
Or Erin's depopulation
By famine and emigration; 64
Or the Vienna great convention, 65
Or the Coastguard for prevention,
And the lifeboat institution, 66
Or the franchise vote extension,
Or Cate street's base faction,
Or Waterloo's great action,
Or State papers' tran action,
Or the militia's substition,
Or Queen Caroline's persecution
(Defended by Brougham's elocution);
And the British constitution,
And the cotton destitution,
With the generous contribution
Of great funds for distribution;
And Sir Wilfred Lawson's "Local op'ion"
By th' various localities adoption. 67

BIG Package colored samples, Fountain Pen, Paper 3 mo. 10c. EMPLOYMENT GUIDE, LeMars, Iowa.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

CURIOSITIES

OF

Science, Literature and Composition

BY REV. J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK, L. L. D.

Article VI.

ANAGRAMS.

Amendment—Ten mad men,
Apothecary—O try a peach,
Charades—Hardcase,
Festival—Evil feast,
Caroline—Lion race.

The extraordinary anagram in reference to our Saviour, Pilate's question "What is truth?" in Latin is "Quid est veritas?" and the answer anagram is "Est vir qui adesti" this is of itself extraordinary.

The last this month is the anagram on Mr. Pasteur's microbe remedy for the rabbit plague in Australia. Considerably antipathy was at first found against his remedy, but was happily counteracted by this ingenious anagram.

"Pasteur's va-t breed of microbes" reads with the letters re-arranged in an anagram.

"Removes a cursed pest of rabbits."

Let me select three examples of how part singing and select choirs often appear ridiculous to the hearers when the quartet begins one of Wesley's Hymns it sounds thus:

1
Oh for a man,
Oh for a man,
Oh for a mausion in the skles.

2
We'll catch the flee
We'll catch the flee
We'll catch the fleeing hours.

3
Pity our pol
Pity our pol
Pity our polluted souls.

The two ladies leading off in the first example declare publicly their soul's desire.

Speaking of choirs I may as well give a few pulpit vagaries well worth laughing over. Not long ago a writer heard a minister declare "it was impossible for any man by thought to add one stature to his cubit" whilst another affirmed positively in the pulpit and on the authority of scripture that "Moses pulled off his feet, for the ground," &c.

I think that it was an English curate who innocently informed the congregation that "immediately Peter crew and the cock went out and wept bitterly"

Another confidently affirmed "Till Heaven and earth pass, one tit or jottle shall in no wise pass from the Law, till all be fulfilled.

Again a certain pulpit orator in all the strength of a burnished memory, quoting from Job, one Sunday morning gave out these words "Skin for skin as the old Patriarch said" leading us to infer that Satan with whom he is having a colloquy was the father of a family as he is the father of lies.

Once upon a time a popular preacher, in all his grandiloquence speaking of Oliver Goldsmith's poor parson "passing

rich on £40 a year" told his crowded congregation that the "children plucked the coats of that good man's tail to share his kindly smile."

Goldsmith's parson's children are nowhere when contrasted with those spoken of by a Divine who illustrating moral depravity said he had "seen even little children that could neither walk nor talk, run about the streets blaspheming."

MORE EPIGRAMS.

1

Rocks Ahead.

Oh, fatal is the hidden rock
That lies beneath the angry surge;
Whereon with a disastrous shock
The waves your helpless vessel urge.

But worse than jagged, granite block
More cruel, O ingenious youth!
In trusting childhood's almond rock
To one who has a hollow tooth.

2

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow
How many would our pity share
That have our envy now.

3

In a nutshell, (after Southey)

What was it, that they fought about?
And what was there to win?
Why partly to get Gordon out,
More to keep Gladstone in!

4

She can sing—she can dance
She can sew—she can darn
And what she don't know
She is willing to learn.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A single female house fly produces in one season 20,000,000 eggs.

Richter enumerates 600 distinct diseases of the eye.

A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch—owing to the relaxation of the cartilages. This was found out by a recruiting officer in England.

The human brain is the 28th of the body but in the horse for instance it is only the 400th.

The flea, grass hopper and locust jump 200 times their own length, in the same proportion a man should jump one fourth of a mile.

Some female spiders produce nearly 2000 eggs.

EPITAPHS.

Beneath this silent stone is laid
A nol-y antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death,
And never yet was out of breath.

On Charles II of England.
Here lies our mutton eating king,
Whose word no man relied on;
He never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one.

Here lies my wife,
Here let her lie,
She's now at rest
And so am I.

APPROPRIATE MOTTOES.

For gunners—Off like a shot,
For violin players—Feedle de-dee,
For pork butchers—The whole hog or none,
For betting men—Where's the odds?
For unsuccessful prets—Hard times,
For bakers—Early to bread and early to rise,
And for all Canadians, French and English
—Subscribe at once for "THE LAND WE LIVE IN."



"Well! Lieut. Shea, I'm delighted to see you, I hain't seen you for weeks. You haven't been down in this part of the city for some time. How are you?"

"Indeed then Mr. Didymus, I was goin' to call on you an' I just told Mr. Grindrod here to be sure an' stop at your office. I'm well, thank God, but I don't lave home much now, but you know I niver forgit to take the rounds of the city on the 18th June. Faith, its a long time to remember but it's sivinty-six years ago to-day, since I put in the hottest day, at Waterloo, that I iver put in, except whin I was shot, in the Island of Ceylon."

"I'm glad to see you looking so well."

"Thank ye kindly! I'm feelin' well for a man of my age. If I live till next August I'll be ninety-eight years of age. My eyesight isn't as good as it used to be an' I can't see to read if the light is dim, but my han' is as stiddy an' I can sign my name as well as I iver could. I can't talk quite so plain and distinct as I used to since I lost my teeth, but I let the owd woman do the talkin' an' I can assure you she has a wonderful flow of langwidge. Faith, it's about sivinty years since I first heard her spake, and I do belave she's gettin' better at it ivery day. I was thinkin' of gettin' a new set of teeth, an' then I thought I was gettin' too old. I've just been down at Presby's gettin' my pictur' taken. Mr. Grindrod here 'll give you one whin he sees which style he likes the best. Come up an' see me an' the owd woman, she's as plazed to see you as I am. Good by an' God bliss ye."

"He's a wonderful old man, that Mr. Shea. D'ye mind how straight he is an' his hair isn't as gray as yours is that isn't half his age. Be me sowl Mister Couture, I think it would bother you to handle the old man if you tried to arrest him an' he took a notion to resist."

"I shouldn't wonder, but there isn't any fear of my havin' to try it. He stays at home and takes his glass of grog there, instead of hanging round the taverns like some people that isn't very far off me at this present moment."

"Oh! you go to grass! Say! Is it true that you were goin' to have the boys on Prospect street arrested for gettin' behind the fence an' singin' out "Pete! Pete" when you were passin' Judge Brook's pond?"

"You shut up an' give me your ten cents. Somebody's been tryin' to work off an old chestnut on you. You'd better sell that butter of yours an' get started for Stoke, before the hotel keepers get hold of you,

an' then you know the result will be that you'll get a lodgin' up in the copler.

"Bigosh! Pete Couture she'll don' lak dat pooty well. I'll tole you. Fo'su' Pete she'll mek complain dat hall de garcons de small boy, she'll call Pete! Pete! an' M'sieu Davidsin she'll go hon de place an' wot you think she'll fin, hey? No boy, pas des enfants, notin' honly some petite bull-frog, an' dese bull-frog call M'sieu Davidsin "Pete! Pete! all-a sam." She'll tole all a-mans on de polis-depot, de mans mek beeg laff, an' Pete she'll come mad lak dev' pooty queeck. *Oui! c'est vrai!* You'll don' bleeve me, you hax Jim Bell. She'll tol you joost-a-sam lak me, ain't it? Wan' to buy some goot feesh M'sieu don't it? Catch heem hon Brompton Falls. Dunno wot you call heem hon heengleesh, *Mullet en Français. Oui! Oui!* Mullock, pooty mooch all-a-sam, hey? *Dix cents par livre, M'sieu. Pas chère. No bon? Oui M'sieu, planty bone. Oui. Le Bon Dieu* she'll mek de Mullock, *le dernier. Après* she'll mek hall de hoder feesh, *les autres poissons*, she'll have planty bones, she'll put hall dem bone on de mullock. *O'est vrai! Merci! Merci! Quatre livres, quarante cents. Correct M'sieu! Thank you.*"

"By Jeems Rice *bon homme*, you'd better look out for yerself; them fish was netted an' I know it, an' a man 'at 'll net mullet 'll net anything else that comes to his net. I'll bet you had a net strung across the mouth of the Key Brook."

"I guess Lew Smith's right. Look at the mark of the twine back of that fellows gills. I'll swear that fish was caught in a net. Here Jim Morkill here's something you want to look after! This fellow's been netting!"

"I don't care if he has. He can net and be darned for all I care. The government has put one of his countrymen in my office as revenue inspector, and he can act as fisheries inspector too for all I care. The more a fellow tries to do his duty in this province the less thanks he gets. I'm going down to the rifle butts to practice rifle shooting until I get so that I can hit a nationalist at two hundred yards, that's about as near as I want to get to any of them.

"I wonder if there's wan ov thim pay-coopers that wud think ov bringin' anything on the market but a few mullets, or suckers, or bull pouts, or eels, or snared rabbits or onions! Why in the name of common sinse can't they raise dacint lambs, and make dacint butther that a white man can ate, an' fetch that instead ov the rubbit-chin' stuff they do be fetchin'. Sure now, look at that lamb! That's lamb worth ating, an' there's some satisfakshun in sellin' that at tin cints a poun' instead ov thim fish that a good Catholic wud be a-hamed to kape Lint on. Bad scran to the man that'd ate stewed rabbit and ingy-ins, whim he can buy lamb like that for tin cints, an' have the grane pays with it, if he can raise the pays. There's just six pounds in that bit ma'am, an' here's a bunch of lettuce to go with it for sixty cints. Thank ye! Missis. Mister Rousseau at the Magog House beyant has the rest ov it bought, an' I'll take it over an' git the thrate he promised me to wet the thrade."

SHORT-HAND.

The Third Lesson.

**A Practical Course for Only \$2.00.
Send for Particulars.**

PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAPER BY
PROF. ELDON MORAN OF ST. LOUIS, MO.
(Author of the "Reporting Style" Series of
Stenographic Instruction Books.

(Copyrighted.)

If you meet with any difficulty, or if you do not find Short-hand clear and easy at the start, do not for that reason throw down your pen. You can afford to be patient. Do not be overly anxious about the next lesson. It will come soon enough. Meanwhile, learn this one still better. Study, write, read, practice; work away. The oftener you copy the characters the better you will understand the principles. Obstacles melt away before an earnest worker. Leave no lesson until you are certain that you have mastered it, and can say "yes" to these questions: Do you understand the principle? Can you write it in the required time? Can you read it afterwards? Have you written it as it was read to you?

Speed in short-hand is of no consequence unless what is written can be read afterwards. Legibility, or readability, depends in part upon the accurate forming of the characters. To do this it is not necessary to write them slowly; on the contrary experienced stenographers produce the more perfect outlines with a somewhat rapid movement, just as an experienced penman executes the most graceful curve by a quick stroke, rather than by slowly drawing it. The student should learn at the outset to write the characters rather than draw them. Nevertheless the beginner needs time at first, and ought to form each character a number of times with care and deliberation until the outline is firmly impressed upon his mind before attempting to write it quickly. Afterwards write it rapidly, and continue doing so until it can be done both accurately and quickly.

Introduction cards will be issued with this lesson to all members of the Special Class.

EXPLANATION.

Vowels are written at the *beginning, middle, and end* of the stems, in what are called the *first, second and third places*. The sound of a dot or dash depends on the *place* it occupies. A *third place* vowel, occurring between two stems, is put by the *second, as ow, in cowed, line 9*. There are likewise, three consonant positions; 1st, *above, 2d, upon, and 3d, through, or beneath* the line.

The circle *s* should be made small as possible, and always be placed on either the upper or right-hand side of the stem. If *s* begins a word, it is pronounced first, altho a vowel may be at the left of it. See *side, line 6*. Many of the commonest words are expressed by abbreviations, called *word-signs*. See lines 11 and 12. These should be copied a great many times, and committed well to memory.

First—Copy Plate 3 ten times. Compare and correct.

Second—Write lines 3 to 10 as the words are read to you from the Key. Carefully compare your writing with the Plate, correct and continue writing until mistakes cease to be found.

Third—Practice on *word-signs* until you can write the list easily, forwards or backwards, as it is read to you. Practice on the Plate until you can write it in four minutes.

KEY TO PLATE 3.

Figures 1 and 2 show the *direction* of letters, the rule being *toward the centre*. Fig. 3 shows their *attitude and relative length*.

- 3 Bee tea key gee eke peak peep deep.
 - 4 Joy, toy coy Boyd bough chow outouch.
 - 5 Days goes pays pose chose gaze buys Joys.
 - 6 Side seat soap selge sage soak sake sate.
 - 7 Spice space seed sakes skies spokes spikes DeSoto.
 - 8 Dow stow cows base chase scow beak cope.
 - 9 Beach cheek keep keyed cowed gouge coke bestow
 - 10 Cages betakes beseech beselge beside decide outside decays.
 - 11 *Word-Signs*—Common come give together which advantage is his as has.
 - 12 I high how the a all two (or too) already before ought who.
- Translate lines 13, 14, and 15.

Plate 3.

WORD-SIGNS.

TRANSLATE.

COPYRIGHTED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

SHORT-HAND AS A BUSINESS.

It pays to know Short-hand. Why? Because every office and business house of any importance requires a stenographer. This is a letter-writing age. The amount of postage bought proves this. The sale of stamps each day at the St. Louis postoffice amounts to over seven thousand dollars. Business men dictate their letters to a short-hand writer, and they are then copied on a type-writer before mailing. There are over two thousand stenographers employed in Chicago alone, and the demand is increasing.

Any boy or girl of fifteen, who has some education, and good habits, can spell well, and write a plain hand, can easily find employment and make short-hand pay. Many parents make the serious mistake of supposing that Short-hand cannot be successfully acquired by children. We know of girls only fourteen getting \$30 a month. Prof. Moran of St. Louis, whom we have engaged to conduct our Special Class, writes us that he is now teaching a boy, Jo Hoffman, who is only ten years old, but can already write eighty words a minute. Now that a course can be had for only two dollars, we certainly think that parents would do well to give their young sons and daughters a chance. The educational value of this study can scarcely be over-estimated.



QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The Favourite Route to Quebec, the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, Lake St. John, St. Leon Springs and all points on the Intercolonial Railway.

The only line running Parlor and Sleeping Cars between Sherbrooke & Quebec and Dudswell Jet and Quebec without change.

On and after Monday June 29th, '01, trains will run as follows:—

EXPRESS.
Leave Sherbrooke 7.40 a.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 11.43 a.m., arrive Levis 1.35 p.m., Quebec [ferry] 1.45 a.m.

PASSENGER.
Leave Sherbrooke 11.45 p.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 4.33 a.m., arrive Levis 6.35 a.m., Quebec [ferry] 6.45 a.m.

MIXED.
Leave Sherbrooke 8.10 a.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 5.00 p.m., arrive St. Francis 6.45 p.m.

Trains Arrive at Sherbrooke.
EXPRESS.
Leave Quebec [ferry] 1.30 p.m., Levis 2.00 p.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 3. p.m., arrive Sherbrooke 8.00 p.m.

PASSENGER.
Leave Quebec [ferry] 8.30 p.m., Levis 9.15 p.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 11.30 p.m., arrive Sherbrooke 4.31 a.m.

This train will leave Quebec on Sunday nights instead of Saturday nights.

MIXED.
Leave St. Francis 6.00 a.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 7.00 a.m., arrive Sherbrooke 3.10 p.m.

CONNECTIONS.

Dudswell Jet, with Upper Coos Division of Maine Central Ry at Levis and Harlaka. Jct. with Intercolonial Ry for all points in the Maritime Province; at Quebec with the C. P. Ry for St. Leon Springs and the West; with the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway for Lake St. John; with the Quebec Montmorency R. R. for St. Anne de Beaupré; with the R. & O. N. Steamers for the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers; with the Quebec S. S. Co. for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Picton, &c. &c.

Tourist tickets for St. Leon Springs, St. Anne de Beaupré, the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, River du Loup, &c. &c. are on sale from June 1st to October 31st, and Saturday Excursion tickets good to go on Saturday and return on the following Monday are on sale from June 1st. to September 30th.

Special low rates to fishing parties; and to Pilgrimages to St. Anne on application to General Passenger Agent.

The Quebec Central in connection with the Boston & Maine R. R. run solid trains between Quebec and Boston via Sherbrooke and White River Jct. without change.

J. H. WALSH,
Gen. Passenger Agent.
FRANK GRUNDY,
General Manager.
Sherbrooke, P. Q.

10 CENTS [silver] pays for your advertisement in the "Agents' Directory" which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of good reading free, and be well pleased with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person.

THE GLOBE PUB. CO.
1 yr 94 Heyward St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WITTY REPARTEES.

Tropical Advice.

First Scribbler—How's a fellow to keep cool this dreadfully hot weather?
Second Scribbler—Write nothing but cold facts.

Quite So.

It was the intelligent compositor who changed "a miss is as good as a mile" to "a miss is as good as a Mlle." "There," he said to himself, with pardonable pride, "that means something."

From Grave to Gay.

"Dear, dear!" said the sick editor as he finished his paper; "I must get some one else to take charge. Smithers is crazy." "What has he done now?" queried Mrs. We. "Printed one of Mr. Depew's funeral orations and interspersed it with 'laughter' in brackets."

Not Powerful.

Spacer—What is the noise about in the next room? Liner—I guess our friend, the poet, is struggling with an idea. Spacer—is the idea his own? Liner—Yes. Spacer—Then he will probably escape unharmed.

Brilliant City Editor.

What did you find out about that alleged murder? Brilliant Reporter—Nothing. "No facts at all?" "Not a fact." "No rumors?" "Not a rumor." "Then keep it down to two columns."

Room at the Top.

Ambitious Youth—Do you know of any way by which young writers like myself can make money in literature? Magazine Editor—Um—there is one. "I am delighted to hear that. Wh it would you advise?" "Keep a news-stand."

Out West.

"Do you know Mr. Jones?" "I do. Mr. Jones, sir, is one of our most prominent and respected citizens; in fact, belongs to one of the oldest families in town." "How old is this town?" "Two weeks yesterday."

The Small Boy's View of It.

"Papa," inquired the editor's only son, "what do you call your office?" "Well," was the reply, "the world calls an editor's office the sanctum sanctorum, but I don't." "Then, I guess," and the boy was thoughtful for a moment, "that mamma's office is a spanktum spanktorum, isn't it?"

Had the Two Girls Quarreled?

Henry—Don't you think Stella has a beautiful complexion? May—Yes, I selected it for myself before we left New York.

The New Applicant's Candor.

"Can you cook plain food?" "I can mum; but I can't ate it."

A Suspicious Character.

Justice—Officer, why have you arrested this man? Officer—Nominally for disorderly conduct. Your Honor; but really because I have reason to believe that he is a bank president.

She Meant Business.

American Girl [at Windsor Castle]—Porter is there any chance to get a glimpse of the Queen? Gentleman at the Gate—I am not the porter, I am the Prince of Wales. American Girl—How lucky I am! Is your mother in?

The Dodge Was Too Old.

Merchant—I missed you from the store yesterday afternoon. Clerk—Yes, I was down to the Y.M.C.A. rooms leading a prayer meeting. Merchant—Is that so? How was the umpring?

Wanted to See Her Bank Account.

Bridegroom [to minister]—How much will it be? Minister—That depends upon how much you think it is worth. Bridegroom—Well, I think it is worth \$20,000, but I'll come around in a few days and see you.

A Chicago Heretic.

First Chicago Woman—Mrs. Lakefront was here to-day and she inveighed terribly against the divorce evil in this city. Second Chicago Woman—Shall we cut her in society. First Chicago Woman—No; I shall whisper it about quietly that she is guilty of heresy.

A Child's Laughter.

The sweetest note of the clearest flute,
The fall of water where all is mute
Save the fountain's flow, is far less dear
Than a pure child's voice to my waiting ear;
For heaven's light fills those innocent eyes,
And the lips breathe the music of Paradise!

A View to the Future.

"Our names are written in pencil in this marriage certificate," said Waldo Higgins of Boston to his Chicago bride. "Yes," she said, "that's a Chicago custom. They are easier to rub out."

An Equivocal Puff.

"Did you see the notice I gave you?" said the editor to the grocer. "Yes; and I don't want another. The man who says I've got plenty of sand, that the milk I sell is of the pure water, and that my butter is the strongest in the market, may mean well, but he's not the man I want to flatter me a second time."

Excellent Simplifications.

"Mrs. Hankinson's eyes are giving out, and for ten years she has been very hard of hearing. Poor woman! What can her future be?" said Mrs. Hicks. "She'd make an excellent chaperon," said the unsympathetic Hicks.

JONES' PRIVATE ARGUMENT.

That air same Jones which lived in Jones,
He had this pint about him;
He'd swear with a hundred sighs and groans
That farmers must stop gittin' loans,
And git along without 'em;

That bankers, warehousemen and sich,
Was fattening on the planter;
And Tennessee was rotten rich
A raising meat and corn, all which
Drawed money to Atlanta;

And the only thing, says Jones, to do
Is, eat no meat that's boughen:
But tear up every IOU
And plant all corn and swear for true
Ter quit a raising cotton.

Thus shouted Jones whar folks could hear,
At court and other gatherins,
And thus kept spoutin' many a year,
Proclaimin' loudly far and near
Sich fiddlesticks and blatherins,

But one all-fired sweatin' day
It happened I was hoein'
My lower corn field, which it lay
'Longside the road that runs my way,
Whar I can see what's goin'.

And after 12 o'clock had come
I felt a kinder fagin',
And laid myself un'neath a plum
To let my dinner settle sum,
When long comes Jones' waggin'.

And Jones was settin' in it so,
A readin' of a paper,
His mules was goin' powerful slow,
For both the lines he had tied to
The staple of the scraper.

The mules they stopped about a rod
From me and went to feedin'
'Longside the road, upon the sod,
But Jones [which he had took a tod]
Not knowin' kept a readin'.

And presently says he: "Hit's true
That Clisby's head is level.
Thar's one thing farmers all must do
To keep themselves from going tew
Bankruptcy and the devil.

"More corn, more corn; must plant less
ground.

And mustn't eat what's boughen;
Next year they'll do it—reasonin's sound,
And cotton'll fetch 'bout a dollar a pound;
Tharfore I'll plant all cotton."

—Savannah News.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

THE NEWS

And Eastern Townships Advocate

THREE EDITIONS.

St. Johns, Knowlton and Magog:

GUARANTEED THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF
ANY NEWSPAPER IN THE PROVINCE OF
QUEBEC OUTSIDE THE CITY OF
MONTREAL.

The Largest Rural Newspaper in the
Dominion of Canada.

8 Pages - - 56 Columns.

Full of Life and Vivacity,
Social and General News.

A Grand New Serial Story

—: ENTITLED: —

The Mysterious Rajah,

Founded upon the great Sepoy

Rebellion in India will be

commenced in THE NEWS

Aug. 14th.

THE NEWS will be sent for 20 cents
during the continuance of the
story (about 3 months).

 Don't Fail to Read it.

E. R. SMITH & SON,

Publishers, St. Johns, Que.

A blue cross opposite this paragraph signifies that your subscription expires with this number. We shall be pleased to have it renewed.

CURRENT FUN.

S'ands to reason : Orator.

Fisherman's favorite haul : Alcohol.

For taking a spin always have a top buggy.

When you see a rattlesnake with ten rattles and a button, you touch the button and the snake will do the rest.

Guest—"Have you any spring lamb?"
Candid waiter—"Yes, sah, we've got some of ther springtest lamb you evah bit into."

Uncle Treetop—I heard that your son out West was coling money. Heign Seed—He was until the government competition got too strong for him.

Mr. Crossley—I tell you before I go that I want beef for dinner, and when I get home what do I find?" Mrs. Crossle—"Fault, every time."

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."

Stanger in Chicago—What is that fearful buzzing noise; it sounds like a thousand threshing machines? Mr. Lakeside Breezy—O, that's the board of lady managers of the World's Fair in regular session.

Pauline—Then you give your consent, dear papa? Isaacs—Yes, my daughter; but—but I cannot let you leave me. You are mine only child, and you and Benjamin must lif ride here with the old folks. You can haf that second story front room for twenty dollars a week.

She—"These flowers are just lovely, but I—mamma thinks it is not right for me to accept such gifts unless—unless we were engaged." He—"Well, I guess it is a go. These flowers cost \$15, and it seems a pity to have the money thrown away."

Farmer Gilson came down from up country the other day and brought his boy along to let him see the sights. "Paw," said the lad, amazed at seeing horse horses trot, "that ain't a funer", is it?" "Yes, 'tis; these city folks hev to hurry like sixty to get a man buried fore the mourners forget him."

Our illustrated catalogue is sent free on application. It describes a variety of Fancy Goods, Toys and Novelties, which will be sent to any address on receipt of price in cash, or U. S. or Canada postage stamps.

We notice in our columns anything sent us by way of sample, to the extent of its value, and accept the agency for such as we can handle to advantage.

FOR SALE.

A valuable Collection of Standard Books*, Art Works, Encyclopaedia Britannica, and other valuable works. Cost over \$1300. Will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, at a great sacrifice, cash, or approved notes. A catalogue can be seen at our office and the books at the residence of the owner in this city.
D. THOMAS & CO., Agents.

A. BOUCHARD,
GARTHBY, Que.

Is proprietor of a hotel that affords first class accommodation to sportsmen visiting Lake Aylmer and boats and boaters are always available. The best trolling grounds in this province. The Quebec Central Hallway will deposit you and your traps within a stone's throw of most comfortable quarters. Take the night train from Quebec or Sherbrooke, to secure the early morning fishing. Macalonge, doré and bass and trout fishing within easy drive of the Hotel.

CARDS Name on 5 Floral and Hidden 10 CENTS Name Cards, and Agents Samples.
Address C. E. OLIVER,
cm Eustie, Prov. Quebec, Canada.

Quaint and Quizzical.

Over the mantle-piece of an old inn in Lincolnshire, England, may be found this droll quiz:

A man without eyes saw plums on a tree,
Neither took plums nor left plums.
Pray, how can that be?

The answer just below the riddle is this:

The man hadn't eyes, but he had just one eye,

With which on the tree two plums he could spy.

He neither took plums, nor plums did he leave.

But took one and left one, as we may conceive.

A very stout German workman went to a physician in the West, and complained of being very unwell.

"But," said the doctor, "if you are sick it has not prevented you from getting pretty comfortably fat."

"Oh, dot fat!" said the German. "Yes, I am fat on de outside, but on de inside, ach! I am so poor!"

A gentleman heard a young visitor in his house ask his own son, aged 6:

"Which would you rather be—a walking policeman or a mounted policeman?"

"A mounted policeman, of course," said the boy.

"Why?" asked the other.

"'Cause, if the robbers came I could get away quicker!"

A Good Way to Go.

A certain farmer had an orchard of very choice apple-trees, which was often visited by youthful raiders, who were fonder of apples than of honesty. On one night, when the farmer was watching in a secluded spot for some of the suspected thieves, he was astonished to see, proceeding cautiously in the direction of his favorite apple-trees, the well-known son of a neighbor.

"Hey, Jack," cried the farmer, in surprise, "where are ye goin' to, my lad?"

Jack stopped abruptly, in utter dismay. Then he turned and started for the gate. "Going back, sir," he shouted.

THE BELLEVUE HOUSE.
SHERBROOKE, Que.

Furnishes first class accommodation to permanent or transient guests, and is situated at corner of Terrace Street and Market Square, convenient to Post Office Banks and Court House. Table and bar supplied with the best of everything in their line. Particular attention paid to sportsmen. In convenient proximity to Stations of the Grand Trunk, Quebec Central, Boston and Maine, and Canadian Pacific Railways. Sportsmen's supplies of all kinds in close proximity. \$1.50 per day to transient guests.

A Large Fortune for a
Small Outlay.

In consequence of ill health and my other business, I will sell out for cash the goodwill, formula, and outstanding accounts of the "Pick-Me-Up" Horse Powders. For particulars apply at once to

J. BARTON, V. S.,

Royal Veterinary and Infirmary,
Lennoxville, Que.

FOR SALE.

1 Covered phaeton, made to order from material furnished by the owner, cost \$200, price \$125.00. 1 light buggy nearly new, price \$75.00.

D. THOMAS & CO, Agents.

The Dominion Illustrated.

The demand for the issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED for June 20th, devoted to a splendidly illustrated account of the funeral of the late Sir John Macdonald, far exceeded the supply, though a very large edition was issued. The work on this number was most artistically done, and reflects the highest credit on the enterprize of the publishers. THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is a journal that deserves a wide and generous support from the people of Canada. It is the only high class illustrated journal published in the Dominion.

NEW PREMIUMS.

Interesting and Humorous
Photographs.

Presented free to New Subscribers
to the Corona News-Letter.

Sunny South Series 26 Different Photos

These are not cheap lithographs, but genuine Cabinet Photos, size 4x6 1/2 in., beautifully clear and distinct showing up every feature and shade of expression, every vein and muscle in the colored brothers and sisters represented in the different amusing groups. The pictures retail at 25c. each.
On receipt of 75 cents for 1 year's subscription to THE CORONA NEWS-LETTER, we will send free any THREE of these photographs.
You will be delighted with these pictures when you see them.

Address

ALONZO CHAMBERLAIN,

Pub. CORONA NEWS-LETTER

Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

P. S.—We refer by permission to Publisher of this paper.

BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO

National Independence, Literature, Current
Notes and Social Gossip.

Published monthly, by MARTIN BUTLER,
Fredericton, N. B.

Subscription 25 cents a year.

A prominent feature of the JOURNAL is "Wayside Warbles" being actual incidents of travel, adventure and accident, of a peddler, in the Maritime provinces, descriptive of the "grave and gay" of country life. Poems original and selected, racy sketches, traditions and tales of Pioneer Life in New Brunswick. "Celestial Chat," or what is going on in the "Celestial City," the capital of New Brunswick.

Second Volume just Commenced.

New features and improvements will be added from time to time, which will render the JOURNAL deserving of public patronage and support.

\$1 in advance, from New and Renewal subscribers to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, will entitle the subscriber to Butler's Journal, FREE for one year. Refer to this offer in remitting subscriptions, and address the publishers of this paper, Sherbrooke, Que. If

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

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.

Twenty four-page Edition, . . . \$1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

10 cents per line under one inch.
One inch, 12 lines, one month \$ 75
One inch, three months 1 50
One inch, one year 5 00
One column, one month 8 00
One page, one month 15 00

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

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

BUSY AGENT

IS an 8-page, 32-column monthly, devoted to Agents and Advertisers. The Subscribers' Purchasing Department quotes prices (for subscribers only) of hundreds of articles, such as Jewellery, Agents' Novelties, Household Necessities, &c., for Agents, Peddlers and Streetmen. These prices are about half that charged at stores.

Subscription price, 50 cents a year with premiums.

SPECIAL OFFER.—We want to increase our subscription 10,000 at once, and will send the paper one year on fair trial to any address upon receipt of 20 cents in stamps.

Address, **BUSY AGENT,**
apral Gordonton, N. C.

THE MAMMOTH CYCLOPÆDIA, 4 Vols., 2,176 pages, 620 illustrations, by mail postpaid with a year's subscription to THE LAND WE LIVE IN for \$1 50. History, Agriculture, Horticulture, Household, Travels, Manufactures, Mining and a host of other subjects.

ILLUSTRATED CURIOSITY LIST

With Box Ornamental Minerals, Indian Relics, Curiosities, &c. "Companion," illustrated, describing Curiosities, 25c. year; Advertisements 1 c-a-word. [mention this paper.]
E. A. BROWNE, Florence, Arizona.

10 months 10c. Name in Directory on trial **10c.** brings bushels of mail **25c.** pays for 2 years' sub. The **AGENTS WORLD,** Passumpsic, Vt.

FREE READING!

— SEND TO US FOR —

Our Catalogue of Complete Novels, and then

Mark the Twenty-five You Select,

and return to us

\$1.00 — ONE DOLLAR, — \$1.00

for a renewal subscription to

The Land We Live In

You will receive the Novels free, by mail.

Address, **D. THOMAS & CO., Publishers,**
Sherbrooke, P. Q.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

POSTMASTERS ONLY.

(This Journal is \$1 a year in advance.)

EVERY POSTMASTER

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA,

Who sends us 50 cts for a year's subscription to

THE LAND WE LIVE IN,

will be appointed

OUR SOLE AGENT

For his locality, and will receive the MOST LIBERAL CASH-IN-ADVANCE COMMISSION ever offered to any agent.

Address, **D. THOMAS & CO.,**
Publishers, Sherbrooke, Q.

DR. ORDWAY'S Improved Plasters.

WILL CURE

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Lamé Back or Side, Neuralgia, Cramps, Lung, and all Bronchial Troubles, Sprains, Pleurisy, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Heart Disease, Sore or Weak Eyes, and Female Weakness, in a short time.

NO REMEDY

Ever introduced on this continent, has met with such SIGNAL SUCCESS.

Out of several hundred sold in Canada, we know of only two cases where they failed to relieve, and these were cases of muscular rheumatism

SHERBROOKE REFERENCES.

L. A. Dastous, *sciatica*; James Cuzner, *inflammatory rheumatism*; P. W. Nagle, *lamé back*; John McMas, *sciatica*; R. D. Morrell and D. Thomas, *incipient pneumonia*; G. H. Presby, *neuralgia*.

We guarantee these Plasters to relieve every case for which they are recommended, if used as directed, or will refund the amount paid.

By mail, - - 25 cents.

D. THOMAS & CO., Genl. Agts., Sherbrooke

CLARK'S UNRIVALLED OINTMENT

The great external remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia. It is also an invaluable preparation for Sprains, Bruises, Corps, Blisters, Chills, Bites, Stings, and all other ailments of a painful nature. If you are suffering with one or more of the above complaints it will pay you to try this efficient remedy, as it has probably done more to alleviate pain and inflammation in suffering humanity than any other medicine now sold. We will send a box by mail to any part of the U. S. or Canada on receipt of 25 cts. Agents wanted.
D. THOMAS & CO.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

PIANOS.

WE have special reduced rates with Hon. Daniel F. Barry, the manufacturer of BEATTY'S CELEBRATED PIANOS, which we are willing to give our customers the benefit of. These instruments are FULLY WARRANTED for ten years, cannot be excelled for purity and sweetness of tone, and we can supply them for about half what such pianos would cost through agents. Our remuneration is obtained through advertising patronage. Favorable terms to responsible parties.
D. THOMAS & CO.



A NEW TYPEWRITER!! —THE— INTERNATIONAL

Model of 1891 is the only machine with automatic line spacing, interchangeable ribbon movement, indestructible alignment, making it the Ideal Typewriter of the age, and a strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from the very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator. A machine that will manifold more than double the number of sheets than any other typewriter without affecting the alignment in any respect, as on this machine the alignment is indestructible.

PRICE - - \$100

If there is no Agent in your town address us on the subject as we are more liberal with our Agents than any other Company in our line.

International Typewriting Co,
2 PARK SQ., BOSTON, MASS
Agents Wanted.

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

FOUR TRIAL NUMBERS

with great premium offers, on receipt of 10 CENTS and addresses of 10 MARRIED LADIES. Only 50 cents a year. Best monthly in the world, for the price. Address **WOMAN'S WORK, ATHENS, GEORGIA**

ONE CENT A MONTH! We will send our Household Journal 1 year for only six 2-cent stamps: It contains 16 large pages of charming Literature, Household, Farm and Garden Notes, &c. Send for it to-day! **THE HOME CIRCLE, Smithfield, Va.** 1y

**THE ODELL
TYPE WRITER.**

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

It combines **SIMPLICITY** with **DURABILITY**, **SPEED**, **EASE OF OPERATION**, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is **NEAT**, **SUBSTANTIAL** nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer **\$1,000** to any operator who can equal the work of the **DOUBLE CASE ODELL**.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.
358-364 Dearborn St. fm CHICAGO, ILL.

MOSCOES,
THE GREAT PERUVIAN
CATARRH REMEDY

FOR CATARRH AND INFLUENZA, OR
LA GRIPPE.

It relieves instantly, Sample box, by mail
25 Cents.

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

Glovine! Glovine!

PERFECTION ATTAINED!

SUCCESS ASSURED!!

Glovine instantly removes all dirt and grease from Kid Gloves leaving them clean and pliable as when new.

Only 15 cents per box, sufficient to clean one dozen pairs of gloves.

HOWARD M'F'G CO.
769 B'way, New York.

**DR. ORDWAY'S
Improved Plasters.**

These are some of the recommendations we are constantly receiving.

"They resurrected me after being six weeks confined to my bed with Sciatica, and I am ready to swear by them. You can tell them that I feel able to jump a six rail fence now."
L. A. DASTOUS, Sherbrooke.

"Not much sign of Inflammatory Rheumatism there! That plaster you gave me yesterday relieved me of pain in less than three hours, and now you see the swelling has disappeared."
JAMES CUZNER, Sherbrooke.

"My wife and I have experienced great relief by using your plasters for Sciatica, and I send you customers for them nearly every day."
JOHN McMANUS, Sherbrooke.

"I lose no opportunity of recommending your plasters for Lamé Back and Bronchial troubles."
PARKER W. NAGLE, Sherbrooke.

"I had Bronchitis for eleven years, but your plasters did me good."
FRANCIS MATHER, SR., Sherbrooke

"They always relieve me when suffering from Lamé Back."
CAPT. THOS. RAWSON, Sherbrooke.

"My wife suffers terribly with Neuralgia in her face but your plasters help her."
C. A. BAILEY, Cookshire, Que.

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

"CANADA"

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism,
Science and Literature.

Edited by Matthew Richey Knight.

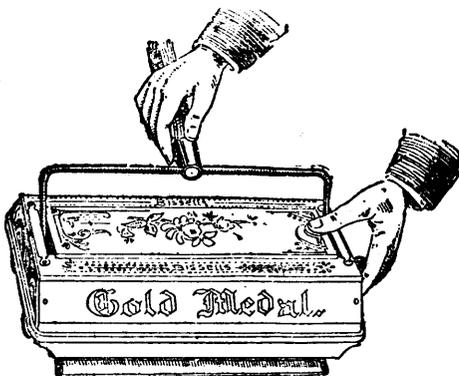
Contributors—Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, J. M. Lemol e, Hugh Cochrane. Rev. A. J. Lockhart, H. L. Spencer, James Hannay, J. Macdonald Oxley, Mrs. S. A. Curzon, Rev. Fred. Lloyd, T. G. Marquis, Miss Mary Barry Smith, J. Hunter Duvar, Mrs. Irene E. Morton and many others.

Terms—50 cents a year; 5 copies to one address, \$2.00. Unobjectionable advertisements inserted at \$5.00 per inch per annum. Preferred positions 25 per cent extra.

Good agents can make money in canvassing for "Canada"

All communications should be addressed "Canada," Benton, New Brunswick. Stamps taken for single subscriptions.

New subscribers to "The Land We Live In" will receive "Canada" free, or both journals for \$1.00 by sending name and amount to the publishers of either journal.



THE GOLD MEDAL

Is one of the handsomest, strongest and best finished Sweepers the Bissell Co. makes. They are made in light and dark wood, and all parts are nickel-plated. Price here is \$7.75; delivered in any part of the Townships on receipt of \$4.00.

A. H. FOSS,

Dealer in Hardware & Sporting Goods
22 WELLINGTON SQUARE,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

\$50.00 Wanted at Once.

MANY persons in this county are going to get one of the best family papers published in Canada **FREE FOR ONE YEAR.**

WILL U B I ?

The *Medical Adviser* is a large 16 page monthly journal, published in the interest of the homes of our country. It contains hundreds of dollars' worth of information each year, and saves hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. In addition to its Medical department it devotes 2 pages each month to practical and reliable hints to young housekeepers, cooking receipts, &c., &c.

Subscription Price 50 Cts.

By a special arrangement with the publisher we are able to club this valuable journal with **THE LAND WE LIVE IN** for \$1.25 per year; and as an inducement for persons to subscribe at once we will send it

ABSOLUTELY FREE

to all persons renewing their subscription to our paper before April 15, 1891

Remember, by sending \$1 at once you get both papers for one year. Send all orders to **THE LAND WE LIVE IN**. Send post card for sample to

MEDICAL ADVISER,
Bowmanville, Ont.

10 months for 10 Cents. Spicely 20 col. Agts
for paper. World Pub. Co.
Passumpsic, Vt.

RUBBER STAMPS

—ARE MADE IN—

The Land You Live In

WALTON & CO.,
SHERBROOKE, QUE..

Make all kinds at right prices, and want
AGENTS all over the Dominion to
help sell them.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

FOR SALE.

The Belvidere Farm, Ascot, Q.

One of the largest farms in the Eastern Townships, containing 800 acres of clay-loam land, 4 miles from the City of Sherbrooke, 2 miles from the Capeton Mines, in the centre of this celebrated mining district and beautifully situated on the southerly slope of the Magog River. Well adapted for grazing and butter making, being well watered by never-falling brooks and springs. The buildings consist of a handsome stone dwelling house, two farm houses, ten barns and outbuildings. Terms easy.

Apply to E. P. FELTON, N. P.
or MR. JUSTICE BROOKS.
Sherbrooke, April, 1891.

THE

Infalible: Corn: Cure

IS ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES.

IT CURES CORNS.

The following persons "acknowledged the Corn." They now acknowledge the Cure:—

JAMES ADDIE, P. L. S., Milby, Que.
CHAS. GRIFFITH, Sherbrooke.
JAMES G. McLELLAN, do
JNO. McCAW, do
C. S. BRENNEN, Fredericton, N. B.

By mail 25 cents.

D. THOMAS & CO.
Gen. Agents, SHERBROOKE.

BARBER'S

**Instantaneous Rheu-
matic Cure**

WILL CURE YOU.

It Removes the cause of the Disease.

REFERENCES:

DAVID HOWE, Compton, Que.
L. E. DOE, do
M. M. KNOWLTON, do
JAMES CUZNER, Sherbrooke, Que.
P. W. NAGLE, do
THOS. STRANACH, Sawyerville, Que.
J. B. McDONALD, Lake Megantic, Q.
TIMO. LEET, Danville, Que.

Price, \$1 per Bottle.

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

EMPIRE CATARRH SNUFF

This is a Canadian Remedy and the Simplest and Most Efficacious, Catarrh Cure known. Every one who is "up to snuff" will require no directions in using it. The least particle snuffed up the nose, gives immediate relief. One box will cure any ordinary case. We can confidently recommend it. To introduce it we will mail one box of Empire Catarrh Snuff, to any address, on receipt of 25 cents.

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

PROTECT

Your FURS and Woollens. Thousands of Dollars lost yearly by MOTHS.

PROTECT

Your HOMES. Thousands of Lives lost yearly by not disinfecting places where bad odors collect.

SOMETHING NEW!



MOTH BALLS.

A fraction of the cost of Camphor.
THREE TIMES STRONGER.

THREE TIMES MORE LASTING.

MOTH BALLS

are a sure preventative against the ravages of Moths, Carpet Bugs and other insects.

MOTH BALLS

Being made from Coal Tar, especially refined and purified, act as the best Disinfectant known to the public, for the Sick room, Closets, Cess-Pools, &c., preventing many diseases.

Sample Box, containing 18 Balls, sent post paid, for

10--TEN CENTS.--10

SPECIAL PRICES IN QUANTITIES.

AGNETS WANTED.

HUB CHEMICAL CO.,

BOSTON, MASS.
D. THOMAS & CO.,
General Agents for Canada.
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

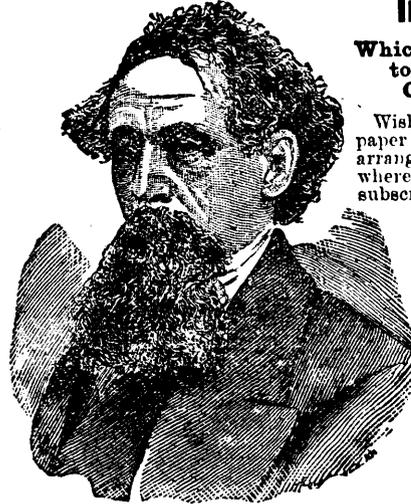
GRAND PREMIUM OFFER!

A SET OF THE

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,

In Twelve Large Volumes,

Which we Offer with a Year's Subscription to this Paper for a Trifle More than Our Regular Subscription Price.



CHARLES DICKENS.

premium to our subscribers is handsomely printed from entirely new plates, with new type. The twelve volumes contain the following world-famous works, each one of which is published complete, unaltered, and absolutely unaltered:

DAVID COPPERFIELD,
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT,
NICHOLAS NICKELBY,
DOMBEY AND SON,
BLEAK HOUSE,
LITTLE DORRIT,
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND,
PICKWICK PAPERS,

BARNABY RUDGE AND CHRISTMAS STORIES,
OLIVER TWIST AND GREAT EXPECTATIONS,
THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP AND THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER,
A TALE OF TWO CITIES, HARD TIMES AND THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

The above are without question the most famous novels that were ever written. For a quarter of a century they have been celebrated in every nook and corner of the civilized world. Yet there are thousands of homes in America not yet supplied with a set of Dickens, the usual high cost of the books preventing people in moderate circumstances from enjoying this luxury. But now, owing to the use of modern improved printing, folding and stitching machinery, the extremely low price of white paper, and the great competition in the book trade, we are enabled to offer to our subscribers and readers a set of Dickens' works at a price which all can afford to pay. Every home in the land may now be supplied with a set of the great author's works.

DICKENS' WORKS and THE LAND WE LIVE IN, one year for \$1.60, if sent direct to us.

D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, P. Q.

LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

A Journal of Investigation and Reform. Devoted mainly to the Emancipation of Womanhood and Motherhood from the Invasions and Despotisms of Man-made Laws and superstitious Customs, and to the Incultation of Higher and more Natural Standards of Morality in Sex-Relations.

Secondarily, and as a Means to the End aforesaid, LUCIFER is Devoted to the Defense of the

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS,

Which Citizen Right has been Assailed in the Person of its Editor, Moses Harman, who has been sentenced to

SIX YEARS IN PRISON

for Alleged Violations of the Comstock Postal Laws.

Eleventh Year of Publication. Price \$1.50 per annum. Three months on trial, 25 cts. One Month Free. Address LUCIFER, Topeka, Kansas. Office 113 E. Fifth street.

FOR SALE.

A valuable farm in the 7th Range of Bury, on lots Nos. 6 and 7, containing 150 acres of land, running water to barns, 100 acres under cultivation. Convenient to Railways, Schools and Churches. Price \$800, with liberal terms of payment. Good hunting and fishing in the immediate vicinity.
D. THOMAS & CO., Agents.

ALUMINUM AGE! Newport, Ky. A Scientific Mechanical Journal of valuable information. All the latest news about Aluminum and its manufacture. Very interesting experiments with the new metal never before published. Bright, clean, crisp articles of great interest to all people. Socially, professionally and commercially, strictly in accordance with a high moral standard. The Aluminum Age is one of the few Journals of very large circulation. Fifty cents a year, including a pure Aluminum Colored Souvenir, with Lord's Prayer engraved, worth its weight in gold.

The NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF EDUCATION says: "It is worth as much to the teacher in his class as to those aspiring to government positions. It is rarely that any Journal can be found with so many valuable and so few unimportant questions."

— BEWARE OF —

Frauds, Swindlers and Humbugs!

VADE MECUM is the only publication that fearlessly exposes all Frauds, Swindlers and Humbugs, who, through newspapers, and other means, kull the general public. Guard against their snares by subscribing for VADE MECUM. Sample copy 5 cents. None free. ~~50~~ SPECIAL OFFER. For 10c. we will send you the VADE MECUM three months. Insert your name in our Agents' Directory, which leads all others, and send you a number of valuable money-making recipes. All for 10 cents, remember. Address V. M. PUB. CO., Salina, Kansas.

CATS!

"Adventures of Miss Julla Dean," known as the female Robinson Crusoe, 25 cts. postpaid. An interesting, thrilling, exciting book. "Gulliver's Travels," the wonderful adventures of Lemuel Gulliver among the Lilliputians and Giants. Only 5 cts. postpaid. Both books for 28 cents postpaid. Address FRED SMITH, Maple, Ont.

**YOUNGER'S
Counting House Guide**

THE MOST CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE SYSTEM OF BOOK-KEEPING EVER PUBLISHED.

Sent post paid for 75 cents.

With a years subscription to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, only \$1.25.

"An excellent exposition of practical book-keeping. The examples (contrary to the usual rule) are not too numerous, and are so arranged and referred that, while pointing out and enforcing the best methods, it saves much of the trouble necessary in such cases, to trace out treatment which each transaction should receive. The suggestions as to Trial Balances, and many others, are valuable to every bookkeeper, and worth more than the price of the book."

CHAS. N. HALDENBY,
Bookkeeper for Sanderson Peary & Co.,
Wholesale Merchants and Manufacturers,
Toronto.

"It has impressed me very favorably by its clear, concise, and practical tone, in its freedom from unnecessary complexities, characteristic of works of more ambitious pretensions, it presents features peculiarly its own. It gives the 'rounding off' which is otherwise only obtained by years of varied experience."

D C PAGE,
Bookkeeper for Patterson & Brother Co.,
Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

"... it will be found profitable both by students and experts. The principles of Double Entry are clearly set forth, and judiciously applied"

OSHAWA MALLEABLE IRON CO., OSHAWA.

"I think highly of its clearness and ease of comprehension."

W. D. MCLAREN, Manufacturer, Montreal.

"... Have much pleasure in testifying to the value of your book, having found it very useful in elucidating many points on which I felt myself defective."

H A. MATHEW,
Mathew Vinegar Manufacturing Co.,
Toronto.

"... I consider the 'Guide' a most useful assistant and 'guide' for any young man who has, or expects to have, anything to do with bookkeeping."

R. G. WRIGHT,
Hardware Merchant, Napanee.

"... the most useful and practical book of the kind I have seen."

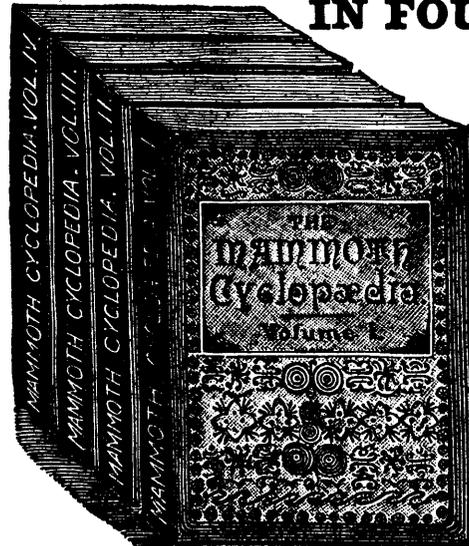
J. C. Falls,
Bookkeeper for John Fennell, Esq.,
Hardware, Coal and Iron Merchant, Berlin.

"We take pleasure in recommending the 'Guide' as a most practical book, which every office should be supplied with."

THOMAS WILSON & Co.,
Wholesale Hardware Merchants, Montreal.

D. THOMAS & CO., Gen. Agents
SHERBROOKE QUE.

Our Latest and Greatest Premium Offer!
THE MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.



A Great and Wonderful Work,
CONTAINING

2,176 Pages
AND
620 Beautiful Illustrations!

THE MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA has been published to meet the wants of the masses for a universal compendium of knowledge, practical, useful, scientific and general. The work is published complete in four large and handsome volumes, comprising a total of 2,176 pages, and is profusely illustrated with 620 beautiful engravings. Thousands of dollars have been expended to make this the most complete, valuable and useful work for the masses ever published. It is a work for everybody—man, woman and child, in every occupation or walk in life. The substance and practical utility of twenty ordinary volumes are comprised in these four, and so replete is the work with knowledge of every kind, so filled is it with useful hints and helpful suggestions, that we fully believe that in every home to which it shall find its way it will soon come to be regarded as worth its weight in gold. For want of space we can only briefly summarize a small portion of the contents of this great work, as follows:

HISTORY. The MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA contains a complete and authentic history of the great American Civil War, profusely illustrated, with numerous Anecdotes of the Rebellion; a complete History of America, from its discovery by Columbus to the present time; graphic descriptions of famous battles and important events in the history of all nations, chronological history, etc., etc.

BIOGRAPHY. This great work contains the Lives of all the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Harrison, with portraits and other illustrations, also lives and portraits of Napoleon Bonaparte, Shakespeare, Byron, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and famous statesmen, authors, poets, generals, clergymen, etc., down to the present day.

AGRICULTURE. Valuable hints and useful suggestions to Farmers, treating of field crops, gates and fences, fertilizers, farm implements; livestock raising, including the treatment of diseases of domestic animals; poultry keeping, and how made successful and profitable; bee keeping, dairy farming, etc. The treatment of these subjects is complete and exhaustive, and renders the work of great practical use to farmers and stockmen.

HORTICULTURE. Herein is given the most useful hints to growers of all kinds of vegetables and fruits, as gathered from the experience of the most successful horticulturists.

ARCHITECTURE. Designs and plans for houses, cottages, barns and other outbuildings, with valuable suggestions to those intending to build.

HOUSEHOLD. This work contains tried and tested recipes for almost every imaginable dish for breakfast, dinner and tea, this department alone being worth more than nine-tenths of the cook books sold; almost innumerable hints, helps and suggestions to housekeepers; designs and suggestions for making many beautiful things for the adornment of home, in needlework, embroidery, etc.; hints on floriculture, telling how to be successful with all the various plants; toilet hints, telling how to preserve and beautify the complexion, hands, teeth, hair, etc., etc.

MEDICAL. Many dollars in doctors' bills will be saved annually to every possessor of this book through the valuable information herein contained. It tells how to cure, by simple yet reliable home remedies, available in every household, every disease and ailment that is curable, this department forming a complete medical book, the value of which in any home can hardly be computed in dollars and cents.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY. Remarkably interesting descriptions of great inventions, including the Steam Engine, the Telegraph, the Printing Press, the Electric Light, the Sewing Machine, the Telephone, the Type Writer, the Type Setting Machine, the Cotton Gin, etc.

THE WORLD'S WONDERS. Graphic descriptions, beautifully illustrated, of the Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, Niagara Falls, the Alps, Paris, Venice, Venice, Vienna, the Cañons of Colorado, Mammoth Cave, Natural Bridge, Watkins Glen, the White Mountains, etc., etc.

TRAVELS. Descriptions, profusely illustrated, of the life, manners, customs, peculiar forms, rites and ceremonies of the

Chinese, Japanese, the people of India, Africa, Madagascar, Palestine, Iceland, Hornoo, Burmah, the Sandwich Islands, Servia, Kaffraria, Tartary, Cashmere and Tunis, the Arabs, Turks, Mexicans, South Americans. American Indians, Egyptians, Silesians, Brazilians, Norwegians, Spaniards, Swiss, Italians, Greeks, Russians, Siberians, Afghans, Persians, Moslems, Australians, Bulgarians, Sicilians, etc., etc.

MANUFACTURES. In this great work is also described and illustrated the arts and processes of printing, stereotyping, bookbinding, wood engraving, lithography, photography, calico printing, piano making, watch making, paper making, the manufacture of silk, iron, steel, glass, china, perfumery, soap, leather, starch, wall paper, turpentine, postal cards, postage stamps, envelopes, pens, pencils, needles, and many other things, all of which will be found peculiarly interesting and instructive.

FOREIGN PRODUCTS. Interesting descriptions, illustrated, of the culture and preparation for market of tea, coffee, chocolate, cotton, flax, hemp, sugar, rice, perfume, clover, ginger, cinnamon, allspice, pepper, coccoons, pianopipes, bananas, prun s, dates, raisins, figs, olives, india-rubber, gutta serena, cork, camphor, castor oil, tapioca, etc., etc.

NATURAL HISTORY. Interesting and instructive descriptions, accompanied by illustrations, of numerous beasts, birds, fishes and insects, with much curious information regarding their life and habits.

LAW. The MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA is also a complete law book, telling every man how he may be his own lawyer, and containing full and concise explanations of the general laws and the laws of the several States upon all matters which are subject to litigation, with numerous forms of legal documents.

MINING. Descriptions and illustrations of the mining of gold, silver, diamonds, coal, salt, copper, lead, zinc, tin and quicksilver.

WONDERS OF THE SEA. Herein are described and illustrated the many wonderful and beautiful things found at the bottom of the ocean, the plants, flowers, shells, fishes, etc., likewise pearl diving, coral fishing, etc., etc.

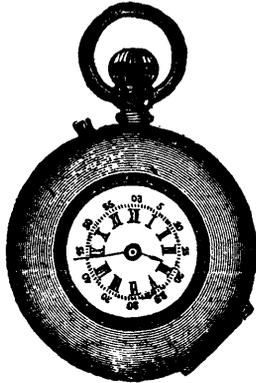
STATISTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS. Herein is given a amount of useful and interesting information, some of which is the population of American cities, area and population of the continents, of the States and Territories, and of the principal countries of the world, length of the principal rivers, Presidential vote for sixty years, Presidential statistics, locomotion of animals and velocity of bodies, height of mountains, towers and structures, distances from Washington, also from New York, to important points, chronological history of discovery and progress, popular sobriquets of American States, cities, etc., common grammatical errors, rules for spelling, pronunciation and use of capitals, Wall Street phrases, commerce of the world, curious facts in natural history, longevity of animals, origin of the names of States, and of countries, of great works, popular fables, familiar quotations, of genius and of plants, dying words of famous persons, facts of the statistics of the globe, leading governments of the world, etc., etc.

From the above brief summary of its contents some idea of what a remarkably interesting, instructive and valuable work the MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA is may be gained, yet but a fractional part of the topics treated in this great work have been named. It is a vast storehouse of useful and entertaining knowledge—unquestionably one of the best and most valuable works ever published in any land or language. No home should be without it. It is a work to be consulted every day with regard to the various perplexing questions that constantly arise in reading and conversation, by the farmer and housewife in their daily duties and pursuits, and for continuous writing no work is more entertaining or instructive.

The MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA and THE LAND WE LIVE IN, one year for \$1.50, if sent direct to us.

D. THOMAS & CO.
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

LADIES' OR BOYS' WATCH.



No. L 46, Ladies' or Boys' Open Face, Smooth Polished, all Nickel, Stem Wind and Set Watch. A good watch for the money. \$4.50.

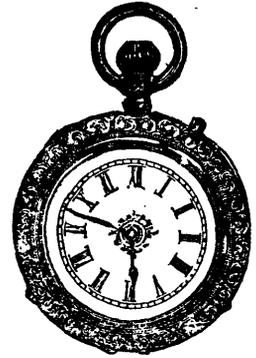
GENTS' SILVERORE WATCH.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.
MEDIUM SIZE WATCH.



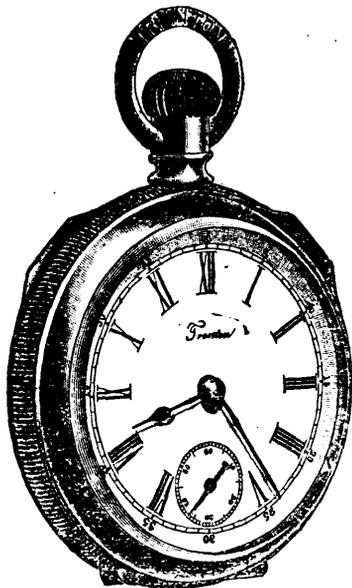
No. L 49, Medium Size, Hunting, Solid Coin Silver, Fancy Engraved, Stem Wind Watch. A most satisfactory watch for the money. \$7.50.

LADIES' OR BOYS' WATCH.



No. L 47, Ladies' or Boys' Solid Coin Silver Open Face, handsomely Engraved, Stem Wind and Set Watch. A very serviceable watch. \$6.75.

GENTS' SILVER-NICKEL WATCH.



No. L 51, Gents' Open Face, Solid Silverore (Nickel and Silver), Smooth Polished, with a good and reliable American Movement. This watch is sure to give great satisfaction. \$4.75.

GENT'S
SOLID
GOLD
FILLED
WATCH.



No. L 37, Gent's Size, Gold Filled, Hunting or Open Face, richly engraved and highly finished, with a Genuine American Stem Wind and Set Movement. \$12.50.

GRAND
WATCH
FOR
THE
PRICE.

Extraordinary Inducements
to our Readers.

The Best News Yet.

WE HAVE ENTERED INTO SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS
WITH THE WELL-KNOWN, OLD AND RES-
PONSIBLE HOUSE OF

CLAPP & CO.,

Manufacturing and Wholesale Jewelers,

18 & 20 Liberty St., New York.

One of the Best Houses in America,

TO SUPPLY OUR READERS WITH FIRST CLASS

Honest, American Watches

AND OTHER RELIABLE GOODS AT

ACTUAL WHOLESALE PRICES.

In order to secure the benefit of this special offer it is necessary, when sending money, to state that you are a reader of this paper.

The long-established house of CLAPP & CO., are extensive dealers in good watches, all kinds of jewelry, either solid gold, silver, or fine rolled gold plate. Diamonds, rubies, and all precious stones. Solid silver and silver-plated table ware, clocks of every kind, gold-headed canes and umbrellas, optical goods, music boxes, opera glasses, and in fact everything found in such a great house located in the American metropolis.

The watches illustrated here are only a few of the low-priced grade from their immense line, and although the prices are very low, every watch is guaranteed, and if it does not prove entirely satisfactory it should be returned at once and exchanged, or the entire amount of money paid will be refunded. Such an offer, coming from a house of such high standing, will at once prove the reliability of the goods offered.

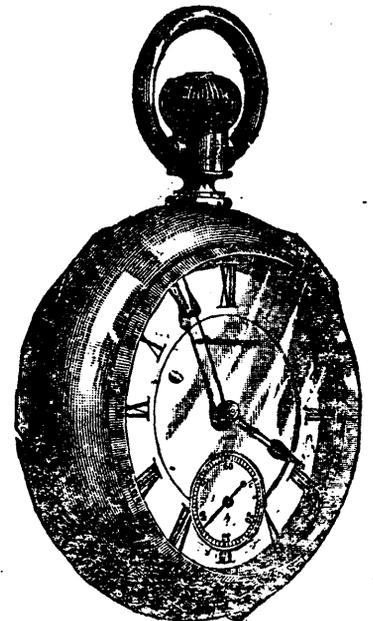
Money can be sent in registered letter either to us or direct to the firm of CLAPP & CO., 18 & 20 Liberty St., New York.

If watches are to be sent by registered mail 16 cents additional to quoted price for postage must be paid.

IF HIGHER PRICED WATCHES OR OTHER GOODS of any kind are wanted, write to CLAPP & CO., for their catalogue with 500 engravings, which they will send free, with special wholesale prices, to all readers of this paper.

D. THOMAS & CO.,

SHERBROOKE QUE.



No. L 54, Gents' Nickel-Silver, Open Face Smooth, Polished, Stem Wind and Set, with American Waltham Watch Co Works. It is a first-class reliable watch. \$9.00.

GENT'S
SOLID
GOLD
FILLED
WATCH



No. L 39, Gents' Gold-Filled, Hunting or Open Face case, richly engraved borders, Stem Wind and Set, genuine, reliable American Watch. \$12.50

YOU CAN
TRADE
THIS
FOR A
HORSE

**EXPERT FISHERMEN USE
LUMINOUS BAIT.**

Because it is more convenient, cheaper and better than any other With LUMINOUS BAIT you can fish in the dark.



(CAUGHT WITH LUMINOUS TROLLING SPOON.)

THIS bait is in favor among that large class of Waltonians who like to show their friends tangible evidence of their skill. It is made in perfect imitation of almost the entire insect kingdom, from the common house-fly to the festive cricket. Ask for LUMINOUS BAIT. Do not let your dealer try to make you think something else is just as good, for it isn't. Send us your address and we will tell you where you can be supplied. We also make

FINE TACKLE,

especially for Trout, Bass, Pickerel and Muscalonge fishing. Spoons of every desirable size and pattern.

The Enterprise Manufacturing Company,
AKRON, OHIO.

Mention this paper.

H. M. TOMLINSON,
Book-Binder and Blank Book
Manufacturer.

BROOK'S BLOCK, SHERBROOKE, QUE.
Magazine Binding a Specialty.
SEND FOR PRICES.

D. McMANAMY & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Wines and Liquors.
WHOLESALE ONLY.
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

SEND for our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Novelties, Household requisites, &c.

CATARRH

CURED BY

Medicated Inhalation.

Inhalation is the only Rational Method of curing Catarrh. By this means the proper remedies are applied in vaporous form to every diseased air cell of the nose and throat. Under its influence the secretions dry up and the irritated surface is soothed and healed.

FACTS ABOUT OUR TREATMENT.

- It can be sent safely by express to any point.
- The directions are plain and simple.
- The Inhaler is easily understood—a child can put it in operation.
- The Inhaling liquid does not require to be heated, simply poured into the Inhaler.
- The operation is more pleasant than painful.
- When the disease is in the throat you inhale through the mouth.
- When the disease is in the head you inhale through the nose.
- It takes from one to three months to cure a bad chronic
- 5 to 10 minutes twice daily is required for treatment.
- It will destroy any bad smell in a few days.
- It will take a Catarrhal headache away in a few minutes.
- It will break up a cold in the head in a few minutes.
- It can be used at your home as successfully as in Toronto.
- It can be sent at a cost of 25 cents by express.

Address **MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,**

286 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

N. B.—We are certain we can cure you, write for further particulars and testimonials. Send stamped envelope to any reference we ever give, and convince yourself of the merits of our treatment. A child can use our Inhaler.

YEARS OF VARIED EXPERIENCE

In the Use of **CURATIVE METHODS**, that we Alone own for all Diseases, and Control, orders of

• **MEN** •
Who have weak or undeveloped, or diseased organs, who are suffering from **ERRORS OF YOUTH** and any Excesses, or of

• **MEN** •
Who are **NERVOUS** and **IMPOTENT**, the scorn of their fellows and the contempt of friends and companions, leads us to

FOR A LIMITED TIME FREE

guaranteed to all patients, if they can STORED, our method and afford a CURE! **possibly be re-own Exclusive appliances will There is, then,**

REAL HOPE FOR YOU AND YOURS.

Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair! Thousands of the Worst Cases have yielded to our **HOME TREATMENT**, as set forth in our **WONDERFUL BOOK**, which we send sealed, post paid, **FREE**, for a limited time. **GET IT TO-DAY**, Remember, no one else has the methods, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the **MONOPOLY OF UNIFORM SUCCESS.** **ERIE MEDICAL Co., 64 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.



THE AGITATOR.

An eight page paper 24-column monthly with interesting matter for all classes of people. Subscription rates, 21 cents per year. Advertising rates 50 cents per inch for first insertion in advance. Special rates for extensive advertisements. Guaranteed circulation 1200 copies. Address

H. L. FEABODY, Publisher,
Water street, Augusta Me.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



ONLY LINE
— TO THE —
**PICTURESQUE
SUMMER RESORTS**
NORTH OF QUEBEC,
THROUGH THE
MAGNIFICENT - SCENERY
OF THE
LAURENTIDES.

Express Trains each way Daily, to and from

Roberval, Lake St. John.

Good Hotel accommodation at Lake Edward, Chambord and Roberval. Excellent fishing for trout and fresh water salmon.

The finest Wheat lands in Canada are now offered for sale by the Provincial Government in the Lake St. John Territory.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE FOLDERS

The HOTEL ROBERVAL, Roberval, has been greatly enlarged and now has accommodation for 300 guests. A new and commodious hotel—the ISLAND HOUSE—has been built on an island in the Grand Discharge fishing grounds, and is run in connection with Hotel Roberval.

These Hotels control the fishing rights of Lake St. John and tributaries, together with the Grand Discharge, and ten miles of the Fagnenay River, making these the most attractive fishing grounds in North America, covering an area of 8,000 to 10,000 square miles of fishing privileges, all of which are free to the guests of the Hotels.

A commodious steamer runs daily during the tourist season, between Roberval and the Island House, at Grand Discharge, thirty miles distant.

ALEX HARDY, Sec'y and Manager.
Gen'l Freight and Pass. Agent.
J. G. SCOTT,
General Office—92 St. Peter st., Quebec.

IT IS A FACT that you will get your arms full of mail matter every time you go to the post office, by having your name inserted in our **ASTONISHED DIRECTORY.** You will receive hundreds of Samples, Books, Catalogues, Magazines, Newspaper etc. etc. from Dealers, Publishers and Manufacturers, to whom our Directory is regularly mailed.

Send 10 cts. and we will insert your name and address in this directory, and immediately on receipt of your order we will send you 16 complete Stories, by famous writers, 100 Popular Songs, Copy of the **WAY BACK ASTONISHER,** and **DIRECTORY** containing your name, **FREE OF CHARGE.** This beats all offers and our Directory is **AHEAD OF THEM ALL.** Address Wayback Astonisher 804G St., Washington, D. C.

NOVELS, Magazines, your choice, mailed for 2c. stamp World Pub. Co. Passumpsic, Vt.

10 Cents will do it. Do What? start you making every day **3.00 Dollars.** Send at once. Howard Manu'g Co., 709 Broadway New York.

POSTMASTERS

Can make money by becoming AGENTS for this journal, and employing canvassers.

WE WANT
POSTMASTERS
(Or POSTMISTRESSES.)

As Agents, as it relieves us from the necessity of asking for references, and they will have a

Preference over other Agents, -:-
For the sale of any articles which we control.

D. THOMAS & CO., PUBLISHERS,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

GOOD NEWS

FROM BOSTON.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH is the best family magazine published and we have made such arrangements that we can offer a year's subscription to any subscriber to our paper.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH is a large, 32-page, beautifully illustrated magazine, with ten departments crowded full of bright stories, music, fancy work, fashions, receipts, and prize puzzles for children, with an elegant

COLORED ART PRINT

frontispiece, and at the regular price, \$1 50 a year, is very reasonable. We offer, however, to give THE COTTAGE HEARTH for one year to any one who will secure one new subscriber for our paper, or who will pay up their subscription to THE LAND WE LIVE IN for one year in advance, and any and all arrears, and 50 cents additional.

Sample Copy SENT FREE on application to THE COTTAGE HEARTH CO., Boston, Mass. For further particulars, address,

D. THOMAS & CO.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

SPECIAL OFFER

To Introduce Our Goods.



THIS SELF-INKING STAMP with any name and address engraved on, sent, postpaid, for

Only 25 Cents,

with supply of ink—with bottle of Indelible ink, 35c., stamps.

Marks Linen, Cards, Wrapping Paper, Mail Matter, and everything Agents' terms free with 1st order, or on application.

Address at once,

SOUTHERN RUBBER CO.,

Lock Box 481. Richmond, Va.



A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free.
Address **MUNN & CO.**
361 Broadway.
New York.

CIRCULARS and papers distributed, at \$1 per 100. Address Arthur Beauchesne Pioneer office, Sherbrooke Que.

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK.

Authorized Capital..... \$1,500,000
Capital Paid in..... 1,485,881
Reserve Fund..... 550,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

R. W. HENEKER, President.
HON. G. G. STEVENS, Vice-President.
Hon. M. H. Cochrane. N. W. Thomas.
T. J. Tuck. Thos. Hart.
G. N. Galer. Israel Wood. D. A. Mansur.

HEAD OFFICE, - SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Wm. FARWELL, General Manager.

BRANCHES.—Waterloo, Cowansville, Stanstead, Coaticook, Richmond, Granby, Huntingdon, Bedford.

Agents in Montreal—Bank of Montreal. London, Eng.—National Bank of Scotland. Boston—National Exchange Bank. New York—National Park Bank.

Collections made at all accessible points and promptly remitted for.

SAMPLE FOUNTAIN PEN, Agents Catalogue, 2c. **ELLIS NOVELTY CO.** LeMars, Iowa.

UNITED STATES currency is as acceptable to us as Canadian, and for sums of less than a dollar, U. S. postage stamps are preferable to Canadian ones. Anything advertised in our columns may be obtained through us.

FOR SALE at Chicago prices for cash only two ODELL TYPE-WRITERS single and double case' **D. THOMAS & Co SHERBROOKE.**

BEATTY'S TOUR OF THE WORLD.

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

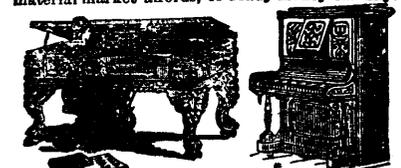
BEATTY



Dear Sir—We returned home April 8, 1890, from a tour around the world, visiting Europe, Asia, (Holy Land), India, Ceylon, Africa (Egypt), Oceania, (Island of the South), and Western America. Yet in all our great journey of 55,974 miles, we do not remember of hearing a piano or an organ sweeter in tone than Beatty's. For we believe we have the finest toned instruments made at any price.

EX-MAYOR DAN. EL F. BEATTY. From a Photograph taken in London, England, 1889.

Now to prove to you that this statement is absolutely true, we would like for any reader of this paper to order one of our matchless organs or pianos, and we will offer you a great bargain. Particulars Free, satisfaction GUARANTEED or money promptly refunded at any time within three (3) years, with interest at 8 per cent. on either Piano or Organ, fully warranted ten years. 1870 we left home a penniless plowboy, to-day we have nearly one hundred thousand of Beatty's organs and pianos in use all over the world. If they were not good, we could not have sold so many. Could we! No, certainly not. Each and every instrument is fully warranted for ten years. To be manufactured from the best material market affords, or ready money can buy.



ORGANS Church, Chapel, and Parlor Organs, and **PIANOS** Grand, Square, and Upright. Beautiful Wedding, Birthday or Holiday Presents. Catalogue Free. Address Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.