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☛ **Telesphore Laroche in this Number.** ☚

Vol. IV, Nos. 8 & 9.

March & April, 1892.



# LANDS WE LIVE IN

Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## That Boy Jack Weir "of Ours."

A Tale of the Canadian Rebellion.

BY CALESTHAN.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

I resumed my journey after breakfast, and arrived at King's hotel in Sherbrooke at four in the afternoon. I reported myself at once to the Commandant, who received me in his old characteristic manner.

"What! eh!—and who the devil are you in that merry-andrew dress? Mr Weir!—I thought you had been killed,—there's no getting rid of you."

"No, Sir," I replied. "I was not killed. The officer who was barbarously murdered was one of Colonel Wetheral's detachment. I was taken prisoner when carrying dispatches to the colonel, but was released unconditionally. I now beg to report myself, Sir, and would respectfully ask of you to grant me a fortnight's leave of absence."

"Two weeks leave! in the present disturbed state of the country!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "Well! you have a good deal of impudence. No! I will give you five days though, to visit your parents. There! go and see them at once, they must be anxious. I'm glad you were not murdered. Good-bye!—And Weir," he added, "you will join your troop immediately after your leave has expired, and give my compliments to Colonel Nickle, and tell him that he had better send you on outpost duty—you have a talent for that sort of thing."

Having reported myself at headquarters, I felt myself at liberty to avail myself of my leave at once, so, as soon as my horse had sufficiently rested, I mounted and took the road to Hatley village, in the vicinity of which was my paternal home.

The shades of evening were lower

ing over the valley of the St. Francis as I left Sherbrooke, at a slow canter which increased to a brisk gallop ere the village of Lennoxville was passed. Onward flew my gallant Morgan, who seemed to be animated by the same impatient spirit which was stirring his rider's breast. When we reached the Tilden Hill and Tavern, a place then infested by a gang of infamous counterfeiters and desperadoes, I pulled up my horse to recover his breath, and felt my breast pocket for my pistol, but all was quiet and still as I passed the ghostly white house in which had been committed many dark and nefarious acts. On and over ten miles more, when Spark and his impatient rider halted at Captain Weir's stable door.

The door was open and suspended to a beam shone brightly the stable lantern. I dismounted, and the horse stepped in and went straight to his accustomed stall.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed a well-known voice, "but that's thee Spark! And who be's you? ye murthering Frinch spalpeen! Ochone! Wirra! Wirra!" pursued the poor fellow, crossing himself, "if it isn't the Banshee! the young masher's wraith!"

"Not by long odds, you dear old Mike," I said, "It's your old friend Jack himself, in flesh and blood. How is the Captain and my dear mother?"

"Oh! misther Jack! misther Jack" and its yerself, intirely, intirely?" sobbed the dear old man, throwing his arms round my neck and pressing his grizzly face against my cheek, where he blubbered like a great school girl.

After a while old Mike recovered himself and clasping his hands together exclaimed, "Holy Mary be thanked! an' it's the Masher and Misthress that will be glad. Hould a bit an' I'll tell em!"

"No! let me see them, myself first, Mike," I interposed, "I'll be careful. Take care of the horse and by and bye I will tell you all about my adventures."

I entered the house at the kitchen and frigh'ened old Biddy Welsh as

much as I had her husband, but the past day had either been one of fasting or the master's *potheen* had been less potent, for she did not scream and allowed me to pass, without a fuss into the sitting room, where my parents were moping silently by the stove. Before either had looked up, I said firmly in my usual tone of voice, "Father! Mother! I have come home, was taken prisoner, have come home, safe and sound."

They both looked up suddenly; my father's pale, stern face flushed and grew more and more stern as the old soldier struggled to subdue his emotion. Rising slowly from his chair, he seized both my hands which he wrung until my knuckles cracked, "My boy! my boy!" were the only words which escaped his twitching, trembling lips. My mother, good loving soul! had, at once, gone into a swoon from which she recovered without hysterics, to lavish upon me the fondest epithets and caresses.

CHAPTER III.

All's well that ends well! I was again at home, resting and happy. I had related to my parents my late adventure and lucky escape and had rehearsed my story by the kitchen fire for the benefit of Mike and his loving spouse, neither of whom would be convinced that "them divils of Frinch Kanucks" were as good and honest Catholics as any of the sons of St. Patrick.

I was awakened at peep of day by the sound of a horse's hoofs at full gallop. Thinking that it might be a neighbour on some errand, I again sank into slumber from which I was aroused a couple of hours later by old Mike, who entered the room carrying a pair of Wellington boots and a fur cap which he deposited on a chair.

"Well Mike!" I asked, "Is it very late? Is mother up yet?"

"The top ov the mornin' to ye, Misther Jack!" said that individual, "I thought may be ye'd loike to wear yer

own boots and cap instead of thim hatenish moccashins and Frinch night-cap, sur!"

"Thank you, Mike! How is Spark this morning?"

"An' is it of the Spark ye were axing? Faix it's himself, that's the daisy! Oh, but he's the loving harse entirely, Mither Jack, an' as playful a kitten; he tuke a full mou'ful off the collar ov me jacket when I give him his bran mash the morn, and [in his blandest tones] Mither Jack! the Spark was wanti'g ex'rcise, sir, an' he tuke a ga'lop over the lake and back. We thought that, may be, Miss Mary, poor young lady! would like to know that ye wern't kilt and that—but here's a letter writ by the young lady herself, an' her and her brother will be here to dinner."

"Thanks, many thanks, my kind old friend," I said, seizing the letter. "You have anticipated my most secret wish; you can now tell my mother that I will be down to breakfast in half an hour."

The fifth day of my leave was on the wane. My parents had made much of me, particularly my dear mother, who would scarcely allow me out of her sight. My darling little sweetheart had also blessed me with her presence and the sweet consolations which such a presence ever brings where love is reciprocal and true. Spark was pawing impatiently outside the door; a last adieu, and I was on my way to rejoin my troop.

The greetings of my comrades in arms were warm and most gratifying; they had never given up entirely hope of my safety, particularly after they had heard from Lieutenant Campbell that the murdered officer was clad in a grey military coat at the time of his capture. We learned, later, that the unfortunate officer was [\*] Lieutenant Weir of H. M. 1st Royal's.

My service with the Rangers was of short duration, but its brief term was fraught with much that is pleasant to the memory of the few survivors of the stirring events of the time. No. 1 troop, to which I was attached, was mainly composed of the sons of half-pay officers of the British service and of other respectable and influential settlers of the Eastern Townships. A very few, alas! are living to read this little sketch. Brooke, [a relative of the noted Rajah of Sarawak], Crispo, [the *preux chevalier*], Barrie, [our Scotch moralist and philosopher] are, I believe, still "to the fore," and my old military godfather Stuart, I know to be alive and sensible of his assumed responsibilities, for whenever he sees me pass through the village of Lennoxville in which he resides, he shakes

his head knowingly, but not always approvingly at "that boy Jack Weir of Ours."

#### CONCLUSION.

From 1838 until 1842, I served in various cavalry corps on the lower Canada frontier. In the spring of 1842, I was transferred to the 4th Regiment of Canadian Light Infantry or "*Trics of Ivy Hall*," with whom I also became "That boy Jack Weir 'of Ours,'" and whose gallant achievements in field, ball-room and ladies' bower are no doubt, with those of a certain Gleggarry corps whose regimental number has not been inscribed on its colors, recorded in the annals of the united counties of Stormont and Dundas.

It was said of this famous regiment of Highlanders that they had returned from a very fatiguing march to Chateaugay as *Cavalry*, each man riding a French pony laden with loot.

Patient reader! my story is told. Six of the best years of my life have been devoted to the service of my country. I am now known to my neighbors, who are all my friends, as "The old Captain." I draw no half-pay nor do I wear medals, for the rebellion has been condoned as an unfortunate and untoward affair. The rebels were compensated for the losses they brought upon themselves by their contumacy, and those who saved the colony from the wicked designs of the instigators and leaders of the rebellion were suffered by a pusillanimous Government to return to their respective homes to nurse their wounds or to shift for themselves as best they could.

I am now the happy husband of my boyhood's sweetheart, who has given me eight sons, all willing and ready to serve under the old flag—and so is the old ranger, Jack Weir "of Ours."

#### THE END.

(\*) Miles' history gives him the rank of Captain. See page 236 Miles' history.

—:O:—

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## A BIG WHEAT MAN.

**T**HE C. P. R. track enters Brandon along the south side of a wide ravine through which the Assinaboine river flows. Between the track and the river, a number of houses are built on what are called "the flats," but most of the town is on the gentle slope above the track.

Seven large elevators stand in imposing array along the C. P. R. line, and there is one other elevator near the uptown station of the Northern Pacific R. R.

Rosser Ave., the principal business street, runs parallel with and two or

three streets above the C. P. R. track. This street is about half a mile long and closely built with tall wooden and brick business houses. I will not stop to tell you of the many handsome dwellings on the streets above, of the substantial town hall and market, of the large court house and hospital out on the prairie half a mile from the town, for I wish to introduce you to a gentleman who may be seen very often on Rosser Ave. Not infrequently he appears in full Highland costume. This is Mr. Sandison, one of the largest wheat growers in Manitoba. His farm lies two or three miles from Brandon on the other side of the Assinaboine river, and though he owns a large farm, he has lately bought a great deal more land from the C. P. R. They say it is a pretty sight to see his dozen plows working side by side, making a furrow a mile long, and better still to see a dozen reapers working together gathering in the golden grain.

Mr. Sandison's operations are so large that he employs a bookkeeper who is also fond of wearing kilts.

A very large picture of him has been painted lately, in full Highland costume and exhibited in a store window on Rosser Ave. He expects to clear, outside of all possible expenses, this year \$15,000 on his wheat. One advantage of having so large a crop is, that threshers and other workmen are willing to come to him first, so that this season he was able to send off such a quantity of wheat while the price was high that he realized \$1,500 more than if he had been later.

Would you like a description of the palatial house of this wheat king? Well, it is only a cottage, and not a very handsome one at that, but wait a while for Mr. Sandison has a fondness for "big things," and before very long he will have such a home that it will be worth describing.

Returning to Winnipeg from Brandon, at one of the way stations an old Devonshire man boarded the train, who had been in the North West for twenty years, and was so enthusiastic over the country and its prospects that he evidently could not keep from talking about it. He told of a station master there who sometimes rigged up a sail on a hand car and took a sail along the rails to the next station. "He has persuaded several men to go with him," said the Devon, "but no one ever went twice. It just nearly scared them to death, they went so fast." A. H. J.

—O—

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.

## Australian Sport.

BY DIDYMU'S.

**T**HE best shooting that I ever had, without exception, was when I resided at Gisborne, better known in the early days of the gold-diggings as the Bush Inn, this inn having been the nucleus of what afterwards formed a thriving inland town. Gisborne was situated 36 miles from Melbourne, Australia, and at the entrance to the Black Forest, on the direct line of road from Melbourne to Bendigo and Castlemaine. The prominent feature in the landscape, as seen from Gisborne, was Mount Macedon, distant about six miles, and in appearance and height almost identical with Megantic Mountain, in Compton County, as seen from the Canadian Pacific Railway, while it held about the same relative position to the Bendigo Road, as Megantic Mountain does to the railway, the steepest or most abrupt portion being nearest the road. The distance through the Black Forest by this road was twelve miles, and it extended at right angles with the road, from the Blackwood Ranges nearly to Kilmore.

Mount Macedon and the adjoining portion of the Black Forest were great resorts for bushrangers who knew every available place of concealment and thus had a great advantage over the Mounted Police, whose vigilance was of little use to them in the depths of the forest, and while the police were hunting them for their depredations along the Bendigo Road, they would be operating on the Kilmore side of the forest, 25 or 30 miles distance. "sticking up" travellers to and from the Murray River and the New South Wales gold-fields. On several occasions I have had two or three fellows dash by me at full gallop, when I have been out shooting, and gone on a little further to find that they had "bailed up," or attempted to, some of the parties returning to Melbourne from the Bendigo or Mount Alexander diggings.

As much as £120 sterling per ton was paid in the winter for transporting freight from Melbourne to Bendigo, and as the draymen returned with the money they had received for freighting, it was found quite profitable to these bushrangers to relieve them of their cash. Very frequently these drays carried passengers to Melbourne, who always had more or less money or gold-dust about their persons, and they also came in for a share of these delicate attentions.

One morning, coming out from Ballarat, twenty-six drays were stopped

one after another, driven a few rods into the bush, where draymen and passengers were relieved of their valuables, gagged and tied to trees, until as many were overhauled as they dare risk, when the gang started off through the bush, and next day were probably repeating the operation on either of the roads leading to the Forest Creek, or Jim Crow diggings.

The only time I ever carried a revolver was on a trip from the Jim Crow diggings to Gisborne, and I escaped being "stuck up" by taking a short cut through the bush, while on the same day nearly all who passed by the travelled road, during the forenoon, were ambushed and robbed by an organized gang of bushrangers.

But to return to the subject of Australian sport. During the winter season the shallow lagoons and "Crab-holes" or depressions in the forest, in the vicinity of Mount Macedon, were teeming with many descriptions of wild fowl, principally ducks, of the black, mallard, wood and teal varieties. These lagoons are usually so shallow that sportsmen, equipped with long-legged rubber boots, could wade anywhere through them without the water getting above the tops. Where the lagoons were a mile or so across it was necessary to have a party of three or four gunners, some of whom would stir up the ducks, and the others would bring them down as they flew from one lagoon to another.

Every little "Crab-hole" of a few feet across had its complement of ducks, and it was an easy matter to get within range by taking advantage of a tree or log by way of concealment, and get in a couple of shots one before and the other after they rose. Three to six ducks to each shot was the usual result. In this way I have killed four black ducks and six teal in two separate shots.

At Gisborne there was excellent duck shooting within half a mile of where I lived, and during the rainy season, there was scarcely a day that I didn't kill half a dozen to a dozen ducks. We literally lived on ducks one winter there. My chum, Randall, was very skillful in preparing them for the table, usually in the shape of a curry, and our bachelor, and some of our lady friends, were always ready to supply the accompaniments for the privilege of partaking of Randall's duck stews.

On one occasion I shot the only black swan I ever saw in a wild state. It weighed over twenty pounds, and I secured it with duck shot, by taking careful aim at the upper part of the neck.

Robertson's Station at the side of

Mount Macedon, and the lagoons in that vicinity, afforded excellent duck shooting in winter, and in summer we had good cockatoo shooting there, and at Watts' Station on the Gisborne Creek. These were the large white cockatoo with yellow top knot. They are very wary and always have two or three of their number posted as sentinels, but if one can succeed in wounding and bringing down a cockatoo or two he can get several shots at them as the flock will circle round him for some minutes.

In the summer or dry season we had quail shooting and the bronze winged pigeon, one of the handsomest birds in Australia. In shape they are much like the dove and go in pairs.

Opossum shooting affords a good deal of sport during the bright moonlight nights and I have shot as many as thirteen of a night. They are about the size of an ordinary domestic cat when full grown. The ring tail variety will frequently catch a limb of the tree with the tail, after being shot, and hang there until life is extinct. The partially grown ones make a very nice stew, but it is necessary to use onions in cooking them to conceal the taste and odor of the blue-gum and peppermint-tree leaves, on which they feed.

They make very nice pets when caught young, as they do not attain full size under such circumstances. During the day they exhibit very little inclination to move about, their "lively times" being at night. I had two when I was at Gisborne that would nestle very quietly in my pockets when I went out for a walk, and from constant petting never grew larger than a small squirrel.

Kangaroo were more plentiful in the Blackwood and Jim Crow Ranges than any other part of Australia that I visited, but to successfully hunt them it is necessary to have a couple of well trained kangaroo dogs, a breed built upon grey hound principles for speed, but very strong and able to pull down a kangaroo. The "old man" kangaroo is a hard customer to tackle and when brought to bay will rip down a dog with his hind claw as readily as a bear would.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## THE EARLY SETTLERS

— OF —

## Brompton Township.

1792--1892.

I THINK there can be very little doubt but there were settlers from across the borders in these Eastern Townships even before 1792. But I shall confine myself to the early settlers of the Township of Brompton, where I was born in the year 1825. As my ancestors were amongst the first settlers to find their way thus far from civilization at that time, I may be pardoned for trespassing upon your time and asking for space in your valuable paper.

The first to settle upon farms between the years of 1795 and 1805 were William Wakefield, John Harrington and Gardner Stevens, on what is known to this day as "Wakefield Hill." Thomas Steele settled on what was formerly known as "Cold Spring Hill," now owned by Thomas McMahon, Ephaim Knapp on the farm now owned by Silas Barney, A. McKee on the farm now known as the William Smith's. Two brothers by the name of Merritts on lot 17, Range 3, Samuel Pierce just opposite Windsor Mills, Nathan Caswell settled upon the hill about half a mile north of Windsor Mills on the Brompton side of the St. Francis.

The rising generation have not the remotest idea of the hardships and privations the early settlers had to endure, nor how much they are indebted to them for the fine farms and nice homes they enjoy. The nearest grist mill south was at Derby, Vt., to the north La Baie. The only way of taking their grain to mill was by boats up the St. Francis to the "Lower Forks"—as Sherbrooke was then called—by portage to above the saw mill bridge, up through Little Magog and on through the Memphremagog Lake to Derby. If they went north it was by the St. Francis. At that time they had no roads whatever. To go from one neighbor to another they had only spotted trees to guide themselves. Even as late as 1810, when Thomas Stevens came over from Stukely at his brother Gardner's request, he came guided by spotted trees by the head of Lake Massawippi and then down the lake and river to the Upper Forks, (Lennoxville), then down the banks of the St. Francis to Middle Brompton. I have heard him repeatedly say there were only two log houses in what is now the City of Sherbrooke, one at

each side of the "Forks." He lived to see Sherbrooke become a flourishing city, having died there in January 1875, at the age of 89. From 1810 to 1820, Brompton filled up quite fast. There were Henry and William Rankin; Stephen, Moody and Carlos Caswell; Lyndes Houston; Robt. Young; Henry and Thos. Brown; Benjamin, David, Noah and William Boynton, and others. To-day their descendants in Brompton could be counted on four fingers. In 1817, Josiah Wurtele (father of the late C. E. Wurtele, formerly of your city.) built a grist mill at Windsor Mills. After that there was no difficulty in getting milling done; also passable roads had been made from Drummondville to Sherbrooke. As the greater part of these early settlers came from the south side of "forty-five," some may ask why did they leave homes and country and bury themselves in the wilderness of this cold Canada, where their neighbors were howling wolves, bears and catamounts. To answer this intelligibly let us go back and look a little into history.

"We find early in the Revolution "War that under the lead and recommendation of Congress those who refused to acknowledge their authority, "or who adhered to their enemies, "were exposed to severe penalties, confiscation of property, imprisonment, "banishment and finally death." (Hilduth's History of the United States Vol. 3, Chap. xxxiii, pp. 137, 138.) "In 1776, the convention of the State "of New York resolved that 'any person being an adherent to the King "of Great Britain should be guilty of "treason and suffer death.'" (Lord Mahon's History, etc., Vol. 6, Chap. 53, pp. 127, 128.)

John Adams, who was the ruling spirit in all the proceedings of Boston for years, appointed Ambassador by the American Congress to Holland, whence he wrote a letter to Thos. Cushing, then Lieut.-Gov. of Massachusetts, but which was intercepted on board of the Brigantine *Cabote* and carried to St. Christopher in the West Indies. [Published in the Annual Register for 1781, pp. 259, 261.] "It is dated 'Amsterdam, December "15th, 1780,' more than four years "after the Declaration of Independence, and fully indicates the source "of all those cruel acts against the "Loyalists."

Mr. Adams says: "It is true I believe what you suggest that Lord North shewed a disposition to give "up the contest but was diverted from "it not unlikely by the representation "of the Americans in London, who, in "connection with their coadjutors in

"America, have been thorns to us in-  
"deed on both sides of the water; but  
"I think their career might have been  
"stopped on your side if the executive  
"officers had not been too timid in a  
"point which I so strenuously recom-  
"mended at the first—namely to fine,  
"imprison and hang all inimical to the  
"cause without favor or affection. I  
"foresaw the evil that would arise  
"from that quarter, and wished to have  
"timely stopped it. I would have hang-  
"ed my own brother had he taken a  
"part with our enemy in the contest."

In my next I will refer again to some of the first settlers and some of their descendants.

NORMAN.

## THE WORLD'S FAIR.

We have received the February issue of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION ILLUSTRATED, the authentic organ of the Exposition. Its pages are replete with illustrations. This is the twelfth issue of this valuable paper, and is decidedly the handsomest number yet published. This issue contains a full account of the first year's work in preparing for the great Exposition. The statements given show the vast amounts that have been expended, all presented in detail, and also the amount that will be required to complete the work. Among the great number of illustrations, many photographic views are given, showing the advancement of the work on the buildings to date. The centerpiece is lithographic plates of the most important buildings, printed in colors, and forms a most handsome and valuable work of art. A large view is also given of the inner temple of the Palace of Mita, which was erected in Mexico in the dark ages and which will be reproduced at the Fair. Many of the chiefs of the different departments of the Exposition have published for the benefit of all, the progress being made in their work, and the official rules governing exhibits. In all, this issue is a marvel of beauty, and on its pages may be found all information regarding the coming great Exposition. The entire issues will form an invaluable Encyclopedia of the great event to be handed down to generations. Sample copy 25 cents.


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

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

# INCIDENTS

CONNECTED WITH THE  
EARLY SETTLEMENT OF STAN-  
STEAD COUNTY.

 This year is to be celebrated the centennial of the first settlement of the Eastern Townships, I propose narrating some of the incidents connected with the first settlement of the county of Stanstead, which was upon the east shore of the Lake Memphremagog, in the year 1793, at which time the late Capt. Ebenezer Hovey came from the town of Charlotte, Vt., and after prospecting for a desirable location for a settlement in the then unbroken wilderness, finally made a selection of a point of land afterwards known as "Judds Point," some four miles north of the present village of Georgeville. Here he made a small clearing, built a log hut and then returned to Vermont. In the following spring he returned to Canada with his family of a wife and eight children, and accompanied by four other families, those of Joseph Ives, Joel Ives, Isaac Rexford and David Chamberlain; these all settled near each other, became successful farmers, and their descendants generally remained for many years, and some of them up to the present time, upon the ancestral farms.

In the year 1795 Deacon Abeal Abbott, and one or two other families, made homes in that vicinity, and in the same year, there came to the Tomifobi River in Hatley, William Taylor, Samuel Fish, Joseph Fish, and Solomon Pierce, with their families, from the vicinity of Reading, Vt., *via* Dunham, thence to the settlement on Memphremagog Lake, and thence to the Tomifobi River, near the head of Lake Massawippi; from the former mentioned Lake to the Massawippi Lake, they carried their small children and their scanty supplies in their arms and upon their backs. In the year 1796, Mr. Johnson Taplin made the first clearing on what is now the beautiful village of Stanstead Plain, and his rude home became the stopping place of many of the subsequent pioneers of the eastern portion of Hatley, and also of Barnston. From this date onward the settlements in this county rapidly increased.

In the spring of 1796, my father, Japhet B. LeBaron, and his brother-in-law, Amasa Marsh, came from the vicinity of Saratoga, N.Y., to the little settlement on the east shore of "Magog" Lake, where they left their

wives and little ones, and came east of the Massawippi Lake on an exploration tour. They pitched upon the lot No. 17, in the 2nd Range of Hatley, where they partially cleared a few acres, built a log house and stable, and returned to the settlement on Magog Lake, and remained there until the following March, when, with their wives and two young children each, they started out on a journey for their new home, with a pair of young oxen, and ox-sled upon which were placed some bundles of hay, a bed and bedding, and cooking utensils, and a small quantity of provisions, upon a bushed out road, where there was an almost unbeaten track. Their wives and little ones were comfortably placed upon the sled. Their road left the Magog settlement about three miles south of the present village of Magog, and leading north-easterly, crossing the present travelled road between Ayers Flat and Magog, thence through what is now known as "Turner Town," where a camp had been built to accommodate the benighted traveller.

At that camp they had expected to arrive at night, but their progress was slow, and night came before they reached the camp, and they were obliged to prepare to spend the night in the open air. They first trod the snow down around an evergreen tree, took hay from the sled to the tree, then took the steers from the sled and chained them to the tree, they then cleared away the snow and made fire near the sled got out their provisions for supper, and after partaking of it, the bed was spread upon the sled, and the women and children were carefully "tucked in" for the night's repose under the blue canopy, and the thickly studded stars of the heavens. My father and Marsh remained up through the night, keeping up the fire, singing familiar hymns, answering back the hooting of the owls, and in prying up the side of the sled nearest to the fire, to keep those upon the sled from tumbling out of bed. The night was thus not unpleasantly spent, and as soon as light the next morning, the steers were re-fed, breakfast prepared and partaken of, and their journey resumed at an early hour.

Crossing the lake a little above its outlet upon the ice, after a toilsome journey of two days, and at night fall of the second day, they reached their cabin, which was constructed after the most primitive fashion. There were no boards or means for procuring them, and only a few roughly hewn basswood planks covered a part of the floor space. A stone hearth and back, with an opening in the roof over it, formed the fire place. Into this rude

hut the snow had blown, and to the young husband and wife with helpless children of the present day, to be presented to an abode of that appearance in a dense forest with only an acre or two of clearing, and with night closing in around them, would strike dismay to the bravest. But they were equal to the situation. After taking care of the steers, the women and children were left upon the sled until the snow had been got out of the house and a good fire made upon the hearth, for which preparation had been previously made, then all were moved inside and domiciled in an abode of their own.

Such was the common experience of the pioneers of these Eastern Townships. They were composed of men and women of strong physical bodies, of buoyant and hopeful minds, and courage with which to withstand the greatest of hardships.

About this time (1798) several young men, one or two of whom were married, came into the eastern part of Hatley, from Sutton, N.H., by the way of Derby Vt., and Stanstead Plain. These were the Littles, Wadleighs, Kezars, and Beans, many of the descendants of whom are at present worthy residents of that Township. Ephraim Hitchcock had moved into the Township about a year before, and Col. Henry Cull came in about two years later. Several other settlers moved into the county prior to the commencement of the present century, the notorious Stephen Burrough being among the number. He settled at the place known as the "Burrough's falls" in the north part of Stanstead, and early set about building a mill upon the falls which bears his name. The late Moses Wells forged all the irons for it, out of large bars of iron, in a rude forge, the logs for the frame he drew from the side hill near by, with elm bark thrown over his shoulders. But neither Burrough or his mill remained very long, for it became known that spurious money emanated from that particular locality, and he was taken from a small room in the middle of his hay mow, and started off for Montreal, but at or near Dunham made his escape from his guards.

At first those pioneers were obliged to pound their grain in wooden mortars, which were hollowed out of the top of a hard wood stump, the "pestle" being attached to a spring pole. There was a grist mill at West Derby early in the present century, and those settlers in the vicinity of Magog Lake and the "East Bay" could get grinding done there, by carrying their grain upon their backs to the water of the lake, then by canoe to the head of the



lake, and then carrying from there about a mile to the mill, and returning in the same laborious manner with the meal.

One of the first, if not *the* first mill to which those settlers in the north easterly portion of this county had access, was that known as "Mc Dougall's Mill" in Ascot. To that mill my father and others used to pack their grain upon their backs, a distance of about six miles, and they generally considered themselves fortunate if they had the grain to thus pack off to the mill, as there were many instances where the husband and father of a family were obliged to go into Vermont and work a week for as much corn meal as a man could bring home upon his back.

The death and burial of Mr. Marsh, which occurred in the month of May, 1850, was the first among the settlers of the county of Stanstead; he was sick but a few hours, and as may well be imagined, his death and removal from the little band, whose attachments to each other, under their isolated position with regard to the outside world, caused deep sorrow, and not only that, but also perplexity. The weather was warm, and the burial must be effected without great delay. There were no boards to make a coffin, but finally a few were found which had been designed for a meal chest; with these a coffin was extemporised, and after the singing of a hymn, and a fervent prayer by a pioneer layman, his body was buried near the edge of the woods, where he and others were at work when he was taken sick. His grave stone may now be seen in the south-east corner of what is known as "the Bean burying ground" in Hatley, where many of the first settlers of that section, and also of their descendant are buried.

Those early settlers succeeded under adverse conditions and amidst trying privations, without any of the aids and conveniences of modern science and inventions in making good farms, and in most cases, leaving to their heirs unencumbered, the farms resulting from the toil, frugality and sacrifices of a life time. Some of those heirs have not only kept unencumbered the farms left to them by their fathers, but have continued to improve and render them doubly valuable, but in many cases, through want of attention to business, love of display and prodigality, the homes of their fathers have passed into other hands than those of their descendants.

Nearly a century has now passed away since the first settler set his axe to the sturdy forest trees of these Eastern Townships, a brief term of

time in the history of other countries and peoples, yet during this comparatively short time what remarkable changes have been effected here.

From following trails through the dense forests by spotted trees, to good carriage roads in all directions. From the primitive log cabin in the little cleared or partially cleared plot of ground to the elegantly finished farmhouse and out buildings, with large and well cultivated farms. From either walking miles through the roads, or riding upon an ox-sled to visit the nearest neighbor, to the span of beautiful horses with silver mounted harness, and covered vehicles. From the waterfall overhung by gigantic trees, where the woodman's axe had never been heard, to the flourishing city with its ten thousand inhabitants and its manufacturing machinery of various kinds, its streets, churches and business establishments lighted by electricity, and where the whistle of the railway engine is heard at all hours of the day and night, where the click of the telegraph, and telephone instruments are constantly communicating by written and verbal messages to all parts of this and other countries.

Such are some of the many and important changes which have been made in this part of the country within the past century, and many of them even within a half of that time. Changes far surpassing anything that the most enlightened mind, or fanciful imagination could have conceived a century ago, or if they had been prophesied of, no one would have then believed possible of fulfillment.

About thirty years ago, the late B. F. Hubbard, of Stanstead Plain, and another man in Hatley, commenced gathering statistics and incidents connected with the first settlement of Stanstead county. Material was collected, compiled, and the manuscripts were soon made ready for the press. But through age and illness of the compiler, and the lack of funds, its publication was delayed for a few years. After Mr. Hubbard's death, the manuscripts were abridged by a gentleman who was unacquainted with the people of the county, or the errors and omissions to be corrected and supplied, and leaving out many incidents narrated, which would have been of general interest. The work was published in book form, under the title of "Forests and Clearings," and a limited number of copies issued and sold. That work would be useful in the formation of a centennial history of the Eastern Townships, which is in contemplation.

E. H. LEBARON.  
Massawippi, 1892.

## AN IMPORTANT WARNING

To the Editor of THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

DEAR SIR—The following paragraph, which recently appeared in the legal reports of the Toronto newspapers, is of vital importance to the people of Canada:

Q. B. AND C. P. DIVISIONS.  
Before STREET, J.

FULFORD V. HOWE.—Hoyle, Q. C., for the plaintiff George Taylor Fulford, of the town of Brockville, druggist, moved for an injunction restraining the defendants, S. L. Howe and W. A. Howe, from selling pills in imitation of those sold by the plaintiff under the name of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," and thereby infringing the plaintiff's trade mark for such pills registered under that name which, the plaintiff alleges, by reason of his extensive advertising, is well known throughout Canada. Judgment granted for a perpetual injunction.

An old adage has it that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," but when imitation takes the form of palming off upon the public worthless, perhaps positively harmful drugs, in imitation of a popular remedy, it is quite time the public is aroused to a sense of the injustice done them. There is no other proprietary remedy in Canada to-day that approaches Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the esteem and confidence with which it is regarded by the people. And justly so, as this remedy has to its credit cures in cases where even the most eminent men in the ranks of medical science had pronounced the patients incurable. These cases have been thoroughly investigated by such leading newspapers as the Toronto Globe, Hamilton Times, Spectator and Herald, Halifax Herald, Detroit News, Albany Journal, Le Monde, Montreal, and others, and their accuracy vouched for. Thus Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a continental reputation, with the result that we find dealers here and there imposing upon the public by selling, in their stead, for the sake of extra profit, worthless imitations. These imitations are some given names somewhat approaching the original, while in other cases the dealer, while not openly offering an imitation, imposes upon the customer by declaring that he can give him something "just as good." In still other cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are openly imitated in size, color and shape, and are sold in loose form by the dozen or hundred as the genuine Pink Pills. Against all these imitations the public should be constantly on their guard. There is absolutely no other pill, or no other remedy, that can take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a nerve tonic and blood builder. To purchase any imitation, any substitute, or any remedy said to be "just as good" in a worse than useless expenditure of money. The public can protect themselves against all imitations of this great remedy if they will remember that *Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred. They are always put up in neat round boxes about two and a half inches in length, the wrapper around which is printed in red ink, and bears the trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."* If offered to you in any other form depend upon it they are worthless imitations and should be rejected as such. If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not let him persuade you to take any substitute he may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had by mail, post, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. or Morristown, N. Y.



## True Until Death.

A Story of Woman's Love.

"So many times you have put me off, so many times absolutely refused to tell me why you never married, that to-day, I shall stay till you do. Surely Miss Fontaine you will tell me! Why are you single? Why did you never marry?" And the dark, true face of Lena Warren was pitiful in its disappointed expression.

Outside, the wind was howling in a wild, desolate way. Inside the cosy cottage was all warmth and comfort, for Louise Fontaine was a natural home-maker. The only occupants were these two women, sitting upon a soft, plush sofa, drawn near the open fire, towards which were stretched the small, well-shaped feet of Lena Warren, a young widow, whose dark, attractive face and warm, kind heart, had first induced Louise Fontaine to cultivate her acquaintance.

Louise Fontaine was an old maid, evidently; one who had passed the dividing line. No one would ask her age, for upon her face were traces of the bitter pain she had endured,—the anguish of a broken heart,—a wasted life, but with all, there was a sweetness which only perfectly developed love can give. Her glorious, blonde curls were very beautiful,—she had a tall, graceful and most perfect form,—her eyes so blue they were often called black. But her mouth was the sweetest feature; so natural to kiss such a mouth.

Her friend, Lena Warren, was a much younger woman, was also very little acquainted with Miss Fontaine, and was quite surprised to learn that she was the only lady Miss Fontaine visited "as a real friend." So said Mrs. Jennings, who called to invite Mrs. Warren "to come to my house next Saturday, and help cut carpet rags, and let Miss Fontaine call to see you, you must bring her along with you." After which dear Mrs. Jennings took her leave, feeling she had opened the way for all the people of Talkville, to know something of these two women, of whom as yet, very little indeed, could be found out. And after telling Miss Fontaine of the invitation to "cut carpet rags," and having a good laugh over the credulity and ignorance of about all the inhabitants of Talkville, these two women sat still upon the sofa, with their shapely feet stretched out towards the bright fire burning away in the wide-mouthed fire-place,—each thinking her

own thoughts, until the stillness was broken by the impetuous remarks of Lena Warren, with which this story opens.

"Why did I never marry?" and when Lena looked at the face of her friend Louise, it was so changed she almost felt she was looking into the face of a ghost. Placing her white hand firmly on the arm of Lena Warren, Louise said in a low, passionate voice, "Child! Are you my friend? I know you are in no way like any other woman in Talkville, but, in your heart, are you my friend? Do you love me, even as I do you? If so, I will tell you why I am still Miss Fontaine."

The bright tears in the soft, kind eyes of Lena, was the answer which won the confidence of Louise, and as their soft, warm hands clasped, each felt the magnetism of lasting friendship. Alas! that among so many women on earth, there are so few such true friends as were Louise Fontaine and Lena Warren.

Miss Fontaine drew her tall, erect form into its most queenly posture, saying, "Child! You will excuse me for calling you, Child. Even though you are a widow, you appear to me only an innocent, young girl, and as you ask me, I will tell you the whole story of my lonely life.

"I was reared in New York, and had all the advantages of wealth. My father was proprietor of one of the most popular hotels in the city, which was a great place of resort for "drummers" and travelling men. Of course, I was not expected to see or become acquainted with any of the guests, but one day, as I was sitting at one of the dining tables, there came to me the brightest, prettiest little boy I had ever seen, and throwing his warm little arms around my neck, he cried out in his baby way, "Oh! mamma! oo is too nice, oo is so seet, do tiss me des' once." My! How I did feel! Only seventeen years old, and that four year old boy calling me mamma! Before I could disengage the "young idea," I was startled by the richest masculine voice that had ever charmed my ears, saying, "Edward! What are you doing? Come! You are mistaken. This lady is not your mother. Come! you bad boy. Your mamma is in her room." But Eddie would not go; he began to cry as if his little heart would break, all the while holding tighter to my neck, unmindful of

my hair, which began to show its curly wilfulness in tumbling all over me, and seeing there was no other alternative, I went out of the dining-hall, accompanying Eddie and his father, the latter of whom said, as we reached the stairs, "Pardon, Miss ——" "Fontaine," I falteringly murmured, feeling what a fright I looked from the effect of Eddie's caresses, continuing, while still trying to take Eddie into his arms. "Miss Fontaine! My little son is very fond of his mother, but she does not like children, and so the nurse has all the care of him, and that he sees very little of his mother, is my only excuse for his behavior." And would you believe me, Lena? The hungry look in the dark, passionate face looking down on me, was the first expression that ever stirred my woman's heart. I loved sweet little Eddie, and I did so pity the handsome, strong man by my side. Why? I did not then know.

For a moment we stood there silent, I listening to the throbbing of my heart, while Ronald Heath's passionate eyes seemed to sear my blushing face. The stillness was at last broken by Eddie saying, "Oo des tum," and clapping my finger in his strong chubby hand, he began tugging me up the steps. At the top he said, "Now oo des doe pry some on de 'anotaus loves it." And not being able to resist the little fellow's heart, I went to the piano and sang him all the lullabies I knew. Then I shut the piano with an unnecessary bang, saying, "My little Master, you and I will go and finish our dinner, if you will allow me, for I am as hungry as a wolf." Looking round as I heard a laugh such as once heard is never forgotten, I realized that Ronald Heath had been near me all the while. I tried to feel angry, but failing to do so, I took Eddie by the hand, saying, "Mr. Heath, with your permission, I shall keep Edward until he gets tired of me."

"Very well, Miss Fontaine, then allow me to kiss him good bye, for if he is in any way like his father, I shall see him no more," and kissing the sweet mouth of the boy in a way to make me wish I was Eddie, he walked away, while Eddie and I proceeded to the table where I enjoyed myself watching the red lips of my darling young lover, close on the delicious chicken pot-pie.

Ronald Heath left next day, with his wife and boy, to return at different times on his trips to and from New York, as he travelled for a large dry goods house, and was in many ways "the drummer" to perfection. Sometimes he would stop only a few hours at our hotel, but would always give me a message from Eddie, and before I was aware of the fact, I considered him a real friend, and began to expect him, and would even ask him when he thought he would return, and if he did not come the very day he said he would. I could not resist the feeling of anxiety for fear an accident had occurred to him. Ah why? Oh why? did I not know that this was love? So natural it is for woman to worry about the one she holds dearest.

But there were months passed when not one word of him having come to me, I was indeed very wretched, and found solace in my piano and songs. My voice then was good,—a full, rich mezzo-soprano, and one day as I had finished the last of

## THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

"True until Death," I put my face in my cold, thin hands, and repeated aloud each word of it, dwelling in a weary way over each line.

"True until death! I have vowed at the altar,  
All my life long to be true to his love,  
Yet, oh my God! How I tremble and falter,  
As my first thoughts to another one rove.

"True until death!" Without halting or shirking  
Proudly I uttered the words of my vow,  
Never once caring, so young and unthinking,  
For the wild love that possesses me now.

Never once caring? I thought it had finished,  
Never to darken my happiness more,  
Oh! is it true? that the love we have cherished  
Never will cease till life's troubles are o'er,

When he had uttered the words I repeated,  
"True until death, will my love be to thee?"  
Measure for measure, the pain I had meted,  
Out unto another, returned unto me.

Perjured! And yet I had never intended,  
Ever to marry the man by my side;  
When will the lie of my living be ended?  
"True until death!" yet another man's bride.

Two strong, burning hands closed over my own upon my face, and a rich, melow voice whispered close to my ear, "Louise, darling! Tell me if you believe this song! Tell me! Would measure for measure be meted out to me, for loving you? Say no! my dear one, or you will drive me mad! Three years ago I met and loved you. Then my wife lived, and although I came often to the hotel to see you, I was true to my wife in all but thought. Now I am alone, and oh! my darling, tell me you will not put me from you, and then I will let you see the face of one who loves you more than heaven!"

And dear Lena, do you blame me, do you condemn me for loving Ronald Heath? Oh! tell me that you too would have said, "No, Ronald, I will not put you from me." When upon my willing lips were pressed the first kiss of love, oh! Lena! How much I loved Ronald Heath. And never before, child, had I ever called my thoughts of him,—Love! Though my thoughts of him were eating away my life!

Excuse me from entering into the details of my marriage, which occurred in two short—yet, oh!—such long, long months. We took a long trip over the Southern States, and dear old Canada, where Ronald and I became children again, while we caught trout from a small, clear river which rushed wildly along as if it was the only real wide-awake thing there was in the whole Dominion. I do not remember the name of this dear little stream, but upon its banks, hid far away in the forests, with no one near but Ronald, I spent the dearest moments of my life. Here we lived until two little duplicates of Ronald and I, came to bless our lives. Bless? Ah! Who but a mother can call it "blessed," this love we give our children!

Our little home was one of those seen by me only in Canada. It was built of brick and instead of being square, or rectangular, as here in the States, it was round, the roof and all, and looked for all the world, like the half of a great egg, painted dark red, with its oval end up, and through which pointed the strong chimney. It was a cozy nest inside, for Ronald had money and enjoyed seeing nice, pretty furnishings.

Four years passed away in this, the

sweetest spot that woman ever called "home." Ronald would still take long trips away, but then his returning was so sweet. I called him "my drummer" and would say, "I do love all the drummers, Ronald, just because you are one."

Ronald! Strong, handsome Ronald! The more I knew of him, the more I loved him. He was so perfect, mentally and physically.

One day he came home from a longer trip than usual, looking pale and worn, and going to his room to rest, called me to him, and said, as his sweet, innocent mouth quivered, as did his little Eddie's long ago, "Louise, my sweet wife, will you trust me, and believe I love you and our children above all else?" and kneeling upon the carpet by his pillow, I pushed back his glorious curling hair and kissed him in a joyous, laughing way, but the smile died on my face and I think then was formed the first trace of the lines you see upon my face to-day,—for Ronald told me what his life had been.

After getting my promise to marry him, he went to his home in Illinois, and told his wife that she must be a good girl and not fret for him, that the house for which he worked had requested him to go to London, England, on business, where his salary would be far more, "and you must turn off the girl, for you and Eddie will not require much work, and you can get along nicely. I will write as often as possible, but cannot say when I will return."

The poor, little, weak wife—believing all that Ronald told her, and fearing poverty if the house turned Ronald off, as he said it would, unless he did go to London—gladly consented, and so for four years this little wife, with her son, lived alone, almost in poverty, while Ronald and I, and our two children, were enjoying every pleasure money could afford, near a small Canadian town, and as happy as God ever permits humanity to be.

Ronald told me this story with his eyes tightly closed, never once looking at me. I do not go off into passionate grief as you do, child; I only felt these lines upon my face deepen. Ronald ceased to speak; he opened his eyes and looked at me in a way I had never before seen him do. He said, "Now Louise, what do you think of me?"

I arose from my knees and put my fingers caressingly through his beautiful curls, and said, "Ronald! You know I cannot love a villain. I shall go to-morrow."

The next day I packed all my own and the children's clothing in two large trunks, before seeing Ronald. About noon he came in and seeing the trunks, said in a commanding way, "Louise! What does this mean? You were not in earnest yesterday? Where are you going?"

"I do not know yet, Ronald, but I will not live with you. Go back to your wife and child!"

"But you will not take my children from me, Louise? You are not cruel? You will not part me from you all? I loved you, Louise, more than my life. I would now be dead had you not married me. You have so often told me, dear, that you did love me from the moment you first saw me, when dear little Eddie found you at the table. Don't turn from me, Louise? I must talk to you as I never have before. My wife was beautiful as you are, her name an honored one, I thought I loved

her. I was an honest, true-hearted man. I did all for her that a husband could do, to promote the comfort of his wife. I could do nothing that would please her. When Eddie was born I loved the boy; she cared nothing for him, absolutely refused to nourish my boy at her breast, as you have done, as Almighty God intended all mothers to do. My child was put away from home, to be cared for by a rough but kind-hearted Bridget, while my wife was always engaged at some Church festival, or Missionary Society. You have been my wife in the fullest sense of the word. You loved me, do love me, and will love me, as long as life throbs through your perfect form. You must not leave me, Louise, you cannot! You are in delicate health, you must not go!"

And while poor Ronald talked thus to me, I knew I should always love him. That though I did go,—God only knew where,—our lives were ruined, all hope of happiness gone. But firm to my vow to go, I could not relent, so not wishing to pain Ronald,—for cruelty was not one of the ingredients used in creating me,—I turned away, and fell upon the floor.

When my eyes opened, dear Ronald's were looking into mine, with such pity, such love, as only Ronald's large brown eyes could express. When he had brought me a good dinner, not allowing any one else near me, he tried to laugh in his old, sweet way, as he said, "Louise! Are you all right now, dear?"

In a quiet way which surprised me, I answered, "Yes, dear Ronald, I am well, love; I have loved, and do and will love you always, just as you said, but we must part, you must go to your wife. While I live I will love you, but I will never call you my husband, nor receive you as such. You can assist in arranging our parting and in getting me settled, but nothing you can say, or do, can change my mind. Go to your wife! You must and will! Now dear, kiss me for the last time and say good bye." And then my child we really parted, until that day when all shall meet where partings are no more, and then, not until then, will we know what is love, and what is passion.

We sold all our beautiful furniture, house and land, and went to New York, where we rented a flat and furnished it in a cheap, comfortable style. When all was finished, Ronald came to me, with his sweet, dark face so cold and pinched looking, I could feel how much he suffered.

Putting his cold, nerveless hand on my head, he said, "Relent, Louise! Forgive and keep me with you! I can never live with her, but, if you say so, will go back to her, to die."

I quietly took his hand from my head and putting it from me, said, "Go, Ronald! Good bye," and went to my room, while Ronald parted from his children, and then, when I heard the door close after him, I looked from my window and saw his face, white as death, and the sun—shining on his rich curls,—showed me the silver glitter of gray hair,—the first I had ever seen among Ronald's glorious crown of curls.

Seven months dragged themselves away. Now and then I received a letter from Ronald asking of his little ones, to which I would reply in a friendly way. When my twin boys were born and I was able to

write, I told Ronald of them. They were fine boys, and my heart warmed toward poor Ronald, so I asked him to come to me at night so no one would notice him, and see his boys, Ronald's twin sons! How I loved them!

He came, it was night, and the passionate light  
Of his beautiful eyes so brown,  
Gave me a sight of his soul—so white,  
Without him,—no Heaven I'd own.

All were asleep when I heard his well known steps, which made my heart leap into my brains. I opened the door and putting my arms around his dear, strong neck, kissed him, as only Ronald and I could kiss. He carried me to this very sofa, child, and keeping me on his strong knees, let my head lie on that bosom where so often since, it has longed to rest. Rest! Oh, child! Will my poor head ever cease wanting and longing to rest there? No, child, no!

We lived a whole eternity in those few moments, clasped as close as hearts can be. Then Ronald jumping up in a nervous way and taking his soft hat out of his pocket, said, "Louise! My twins! Let me see them! I must catch the eleven train home," and taking his poor thin hand in mine, I led him into the room where the two dear curly-heads—just like Ronald's—were nestled closely together. He taking one and I the other, we returned to the sofa, where I gave them their nourishment in the way that Ronald had always enjoyed seeing his little ones cared for. After they opened their wise little eyes, Ronald smiled in a happy way, and tenderly taking them both in his arms, held his face close to them and breathed a blessing upon them and their mother. Taking the little darlings back to their carriage and pacing each in his own apartment, Ronald turned to the bed containing his two older children and kissed them, placing his tremulous face close to theirs. Then he turned to me and said, "Keep me with you, Louise! At least let me come some times."

"Well, some time I will, Ronald dear," I said in almost happy tone. "Now you must go for it's ten, thirty; only thirty minutes to get to the depot," saying which I put my arms around his neck in the way Ronald loved, and kissed my darling for the last time.

Three weeks later, I saw his name among the killed in a railroad accident. A fever among the children in the school which my eldest attended, caused me to lose all my little darlings. After the last funeral was over, I moved here to Talkville, where, as far as I can now tell, I shall live on for ever. But, dear child, I will never attend a "rag carpet bee" if I do live for ever, and Louise Fontaine's rich voice echoed all over the cottage in a sweet contented laugh, which bubbled up from the heart of a true and loving woman who had loved as only a woman can love.

On Lena Warren's face was an expression of wonder as she took Miss Fontaine's hands in her warm clasp, saying, "Dear Louise, you are a real heroine. No wonder you can find no congeniality in the dear goosips of Talkville, but my dear, would your real life not be a perfect bonanza to them, one and all? And will you forgive me one other question: Do you know any-

thing of the other—of Ronald's—of Eddie and his mother?"

"Yes, child, I have seen them since I came to Talkville. A longing took possession of me to see Eddie, for I did so love the dear little fellow. So I went to the town where they live. His mother is locking old and is still very "weak and helpless." I can feel no charity for a woman too weak to fill the mission God intended us all to fill. She was never mentioned between Ronald and I. What he said to me at the piano, the day he told me his love,—caused me to believe them both dead, and as he never mentioned them to me I felt that any reference to them would pain dear Ronald. When he settled me in New York he gave me a bank deposit book which will support me through life, and the insurance on his life will be all that she and Eddie will need. Besides, Eddie is one of the first young lawyers of his town. No, dear child! They never knew of me, of my visit being specially to see them, nor of Ronald's double life. I love his sweet memory too well for that. For in my heart I know that of all the world Ronald loved me best, and to his memory I will be true—true unto death. Love! Child, can you tell me which this eternal devotion is? Is it love? or—is it passion?"

EUNIE.

## Read, Mark, Learn and Inwardly Digest!

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

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

Send \$2 to the publishers of this journal and receive the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* and THE LAND WE LIVE IN, for 1892. Present subscribers must pay all arrears.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

### LE PRINTEMPS.

Me lak mase'f come warm some mo',  
Dis mek me feel lak seeng,  
Me tole it dis some tam befo',  
Dis tam she'll come lak spreeng.

An' now me see de hole black crow,  
She'll tole to me, caw! caw!  
She'll come fer mek de winter go,  
Au' mek de neige come t'aw.

De water now she'll come mor' 'igh,  
On planty leetle stream.  
An' w'en dat place me see bymby,  
De grass sha'll come some green.

Fo' su' de winter's goin' fo' cry,  
Befo' she'll gone away,  
Dis mek de water non hees h'eye,  
Le temps she'll hav' fo' stay.

Me lak fo' see dose leetle bush,  
Me come mo' glad fo' dat,  
She'll look so sleek dat wot you call,  
Dose leetle pussy cat.

Bigosh! dis mek me lak de spreeng,  
Me laff weu winter cry,  
Me tole it you goot munny seeng,  
Me tole it mo' banny.

LEOPOL DE JEANVILLE

Feb. 1892.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

### Losd, Thwopped er Shtrayed.

Von yaller, pig tog-shkin shtuff full all mit  
pones,  
Vos com to mine house, I ton't know who  
heem owns,  
Und he fites heem and leeks heem, mine  
leetel tog "Scurub."  
Dhen he trinks all some puttermilk ond  
mine zwill tub.

Dhat tog he vos lookin' pig seek mit von eye,  
Und he walks mit tree legs 'poud two, tree  
han's high,  
Und he's cot heem two h'eers mo' pig's a  
purr toor,  
Und von mou vat's so pig he can't shuts  
it come more.

I 'spex me dhat tog he vos chase mit some  
fox,  
Hoop-a-lah! dwo-fordey er more py de  
clo k,  
Put he ton't getch dhat fox, put getch heem  
h'eers frost,  
Dhen he lookin' heemself und he vinds  
heemse'f lost.

Dhen I tolt you petor: he vos fi e mit m'ne  
"schrub."  
Und he h'eats heem all h'embody mine creat  
pig zwill-tub,  
Dhen he's hungry some more, und he goes  
like von tief.  
On mine cranary, py shimney, und shteals  
heem some peef.

Somepody vot own dat tog, coom you some  
tay,  
Und brove you dat tog, und dakes heem  
away.  
Eef you coom yeesterdhay dhays adther do-  
moller,  
All right, eef you ton't I will sharge you  
von tollar.

Some lonker you vait, vas you dkink I vos  
orghter?  
Dhen I sharge you so mooch as von tollar  
und a kwarter,  
Eef you ton't pe more kweek und shteals  
heem some more,  
I will shood me dat tog, und I searge you  
more.

Eef you ton't know my name und de place  
where I leev,  
Vell I tell you fo' sure dhat you petter pe-  
leev,  
Dhat my name's Pa'ney Shtufftepen und  
dh-n ven I please,  
I leevs close der victory where dhey makes  
heem de cheese.

Vox.

Mystic, Que., Feb. 1. 92.

### 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.



FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

## Bear and Wolf Trapping

In the September issue of *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, I gave a brief sketch of my hunting experience with an account of the bear that attempted suicide by hanging, and who was only dissuaded from accomplishing his purpose, by being more summarily dealt with.

One fall, when I lived in Newport, I had a piece of oats near my house, that a bear seemed to think he had a right to, and he made very destructive work of it by pulling down the oats and eating the tops. I thought I would give something he would like better at first sight. So with the assistance of one of my neighbors we made a large "dead-fall," by cutting down a tree some six or eight inches in diameter from the butt of which we cut off a "bed-piece," leaving the top for the "fall." We then made a coop of stakes cut from small trees firmly driven into the ground, raised the "fall" on a standard resting on the "bed-piece," or rather on a "standard" which ran at right angles with it, the long end of the spindle extending into the coop. On the end of the spindle, a sheep's head was fastened, as a bait, and to put further inducement in the way of ruin, we took the small intestines of the sheep and placing one end near the bait within the coop, carried the other end as far as it would reach, away from the trap, in the direction of the oat patch. The night after I set the trap Bruin came for another feed of oats, but when he found there was a prospect of getting something better for supper, he followed up the intestines and soon reached the trap. The sheep's head looked inviting, and in trying to get it, the trap got him. The fall struck him across the small of his back, but through his great strength he succeeded in backing his body out, but he couldn't manage to pull his head through and he was dead when I found him. He was the fattest bear I ever saw. After skinning him, I cut all the fat of his carcass, and it was 1½ to 2 inches thick. When tried out I had somewhere between 50 and 100 lbs. of pure "bear's grease."

Perhaps the Birchton correspondent of the *Compton County Chronicle* will criticize my bear stories as he did my fish stories in the August number of this journal, but as I got his name by answering him, I got

all I cared for and will not consider it necessary to notice his remarks, if he makes any.

This fat I put in quite a large tub and in the centre a considerable quantity of oil gathered, having the appearance of the purest castor oil. Some of my neighbors had the benefit of a good share of this pure oil, and what did not turn to oil, I disposed to one of our tanners.

The first wolf I ever caught was caught about mid-summer in a bear trap. Having lost a cow through disease, in the spring, I drew the carcass some quarter of a mile from my dwelling, into the woods, where I found a convenient place enclosed by trees and old logs, with a narrow entrance leading to it. Here I placed the trap so that nothing could reach the carcass without getting into the trap. I had kept it set about two months, visiting it about once a week. At one time I found a fox in it, dead.

About mid-summer I was busily engaged in haying on the bank of the Newport river, and on returning home one evening, my wife told me she had heard a wolf howling during the day, in the direction where my trap was set. I at once suspected he was caught, but as it was then dark I did not think it advisable to visit the trap until day light. The howling continued all night.

In the morning at day break I shouldered my gun and made tracks for my trap. When I came to where it was set, I found it had disappeared. I soon discovered the trail, which I followed, and had not gone far when I found the wolf securely fastened by the chain of the trap in a large spruce tree-top. She was about as large as a good sized dog and looked about as ashamed of herself as a sheep-stealing dog would look if found in a similar position. She kept her eye on me as I passed round her, but did not show any fight, so at last with a charge of cold lead, I ended her sheep stealing, released her from the trap and carried her home.

After I had got my horse, I cut off the head of the wolf and started for Lennoxville, to make oath before a magistrate that I had killed the wolf that the head belonged to before I acquired a title to it. The nearest magistrate at that time was the late Tylen Spafford, who lived near Lennoxville, and who gave me the necessary certificate. This I sent to Robert Chambers, Quebec, to whom I granted the required authority to collect the ten dollars, bounty paid by Government on each wolf killed, and in due time I received the amount less one dollar commission.

Sometime after this, Chester P. Heard, a neighbor of mine lost a sheep through wolves. I went over and we drew the carcass into the edge of the woods and set the same trap, and he looked after it. A few days after, taking his gun he went to take a look at the trap and found it gone. He followed the trail and soon found one of the springs and the chain that was attached to the trap, but the wolf had gone off with the jaws of the trap and the other spring. He continued on the trail and after some time came in sight of the wolf. The jaws of the trap had teeth in them, and the wolf—a very large one—had so tried its strength that the nut holding one of the springs had given way, but his foot was caught close

to the spring that was left, and the teeth in the jaws had gone through his foot and held him fast. It took Heard some time to get within shooting distance, but he finally did and finished him. This was the largest wolf I ever saw, and fully as tall as a two-year old deer.

The trap that these wolves were caught was the same that secured the bear that hung himself, and had held a good many bears before that.

So much for bear and wolf trapping. In my next I will have something to say about moose hunting, and my experience in that line.

HIRAM FRENCH.

Eaton, Que.

WRITTEN FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## A TRIP TO HALIFAX.

In the early morning, on board the C.P.R. car, running down the southern slope of the boundary mountains, through deep woods, then past lovely lakes, like poor little Tom in "Water Babies," "down to the sea, down to the sea."

Just as the sun was rising we came to Moosehead Lake, and very charming were the glimpses we had of the lake with the mists lying in between the wooded points. We reached St. John about 2 p.m., and were surprised to find such a very handsome railroad depot there, and that St. John has about five thousand more inhabitants than Halifax.

A few minutes walk from the station brought us to the top of the little rocky mountain called I think Mount Pleasant. From this we could see the whole city at our feet with an arm of the harbor running through the city to the base of the hill and we could look far out over the Bay of Fundy.

The most interesting thing I noticed was an old burial ground in the head of the town, "death in the midst of life." The graves were shaded by old trees, and the grass had that peculiar green massy appearance which we never see in our drier part of the country.

It is a pleasant journey through a picturesque country from St. John to Halifax by the Intercolonial, and when the train reaches the village of Bedford we have the first glimpse of the city, about nine miles away, across the blue waters of Bedford Basin.

From there the tall chimneys of the sugar refinery are visible, but only a small part of the city can be seen until we make a long detour round the winding shore of the basin.

When the train sweeps round the hill which hides the city, we see, on the left, the suburb of Dartmouth nestling among the trees on the hills across the Bay; on our right the interesting old military city, with the beautiful Halifax harbor lying between. Some British men of war are at anchor, a number of ships are out in the harbor or at the wharves, and many small boats ply hither and thither.

From the center of the city rise the grassy slopes of Citadel Hill, smoothly moulded by military hands. This hill is crowned by the Citadel, of which I can tell very little, as there is positively no admit-

ance; but at a first glance one would think some high wind had lifted a large ship from the harbor and let it drop on the top of the hill. The three tall masts, however, which rise out of the citadel with thin yards and rigging, are the poles from which signals are displayed.

Standing on Citadel Hill, just where the red coated sentinel paces back and forth at the entrance to the citadel, one looks down on the old part of the town where the houses are dingy looking with smoke and fog, while to the left, from the foot of the hill, stretches a wide common. This belongs to the Imperial Government, therefore it is not sold in lots or built on. It is quite flat and makes a grand parade ground.

Away at the far side of the common, under the trees are benches where the nurses can sit with their little charges and their soldier beaux.

On the other side of Citadel Hill are the public gardens, with their long shady walks, trimly cut grassy lawns, ornamented by fancifully shaded flower beds. Here are ponds where flocks of ducks delight the children and there are fountains playing over beds of lilies. Here is a rockery where mossy stones and red lipped shells are piled together, and near by is a statue with the name of "Flora" traced with stone crop in the flower bed at her feet. There are many statues and huge urns overflowing, and in every pretty shaded spot are benches and rustic seats where one can sit and enjoy the beauties of the garden.

Around the stand where the band plays are many seats, and when the band is there the whole garden lis it with electricity. Past the gardens goes the road to the park.

This is a wildwood through which splendid military roads have been made in every direction, making a most charming place for driving or walking. Little shady paths branch off here and there from the roads. There are lovely spots for picnics and plenty of benches on which tired pedestrians can rest.

It seems to me that the Halifax people are wise enough to do a good deal of resting, and during the two days I was there I did not notice any one who seemed to be at all in a hurry. I met an Indian in Manitoba whose name was Squatch-a-pit or "The last one to sit down." I thought Halifax would be a good place for him, for even, if poor Squatch-a-pit was the last to sit down he would be sure to find a seat.

Beyond the park are many handsome residences overlooking a bay called "The Back Arm."

Returning to the city by another road, we drive along the shore of the harbor for some distance. At one place is a look out pavilion and more benches. From this spot there is a grand view. Across the harbor are the beautiful Dartmouth hills, while to the right, one looks past St. George's Island and McNab Island far out to sea. The white sails of the ships, the brown sails of the fishing boats, and the trailing smoke of a distant steamer add to the picture.

St. George's Island is a grassy mound, but no one is allowed to land there, for it is an arsenal. McNab's island is much larger and is strongly fortified, and on the Dartmouth shore opposite is another fortification.

When the Halifax people speak of "The

Island" they do not refer either to St. George's or McNab's, but to Prince Edwards Island, and I was asked while in Halifax how long it was since I had left Canada. I noticed the same thing in Victoria. Neither the people of Halifax nor Victoria consider themselves "Canadians."

To a stranger Halifax seems to be a very *shingly* place, a large proportion of the houses being covered with shingles instead of clapboards, even large churches being finished in that way.

They have a peculiar market place. Instead of having a proper market building the hucksters just squat all round the post-office building, on the sidewalks and in the road way.

Coming from a new western city, the number of old people one meets in the streets of Halifax is noticeable, and altogether is left on us the impression that it was a quiet, dignified restful old city, too well satisfied with itself to care whether outsiders like the place or not.

A. H. J.

### LETTER FROM IRELAND.

The following extract from a letter written by a Toronto lady, now travelling in Ireland, will prove interesting to many of our readers, as giving a graphic description of some of the attractions of Dublin, and it's environs. —ED.

KILMALOGNE PORTARLINGTON, Nov. 22, '91.

I spent last Sunday in Dublin; it was foggy here, but we hoped the sun would come out. However, we were disappointed. As we neared Dublin the fog thickened, and during the day it turned to rain. It is no use waiting for fine weather in Dublin, though, and it is quite impossible to tell how a day will turn out. On our way to Dublin we pass first Monastereven, where there is a very old church, and then Kildare, where there is one of the strange old round towers, whose history and purpose are lost in the mist of antiquity. Just beyond Kildare is the famous Curraeh where there is a large camp of soldiers, with the Prince of Wales' eldest son among them at present.

There is also a race course; one of the most famous trainers of race horses in the kingdom lives in Portarlington, a Mr. Moore. We passed his training ground one day, when we were out driving, and saw the old man and some of his jockeys teaching and exercising some beautiful horses.

It was after eleven when we reached Kingsbridge Station from which we took the train in to the city.

When we had lunched we started out for Glasnevin, where the botanic garden is. There is a whole series of conservatories there with different kinds of plants. We went through a number of them and saw a great variety of beautiful flowers, but the chry-anthemums were the great attraction at present and they were wonderful. Some of them must have been ten or twelve inches across. They were arranged in a great sloping bank reaching up nearly to the top of the conservatory at the back. Some were snowy white, some cream tinted, some yellow and gold and bronze and

all shales of red. Some curved in and some curved out or were quilled or twisted or hairy. I would like to have seen more of the gardens, but it was drizzling outside and damp inside and Polly was coughing, so we came away.

The Glasnevin cemetery, where Parnell is buried, is close to the gardens, so we went there next. It is a beautiful old cemetery, very large, with a high stone wall with some picturesque, little stone towers along it, enclosing it.

Dan O'Connell's grave has an immensely high monument over it, and Parnell's grave is a few steps beyond. There is no monument yet, but a cross of flowers. There were wreaths and other floral offerings all round it, and a committee of ladies were there with baskets of fresh flowers for decoration.

The path round the grave was very muddy, and we did not spend very much time moralizing over the unfortunate patriot. I got Polly next morning to go to see the Chapel Royal. This is the chapel attached to Dublin Castle.

The regular service is at 11:30 a.m., but there is a military service at 9:45, and it was this that I wanted to attend.

We passed in through a gateway where there were a number of red coats, into a large square surrounded by dingy old buildings. Then through another gateway into another court, also surrounded by uninteresting big houses, except at one corner where was a great round tower, very old looking and joined to it was a fine old chapel. There were half a dozen respectable looking, people waiting at the entrance to see the soldiers march in and we joined them. A regiment was just entering the square at the other corner with their band playing. When they had all gone in we followed and were shown up to the gallery. The chapel is not very large and the red coats fill it downstairs. It was the 1st Gloucester R-gt. There was the usual morning service and the soldiers all made their responses very heartily.

Part of the instruments of the band were left in the hall, but six or seven instruments were used to accompany the voices instead of the organ. There was a cello an oboe and several kinds of flute like instruments and the effect was very fine.

We were shown into a large square pew in the gallery, cushioned with crimson velvet trimmed with gold fringe. There was a book rest in it with two big velvet bound books so I suppose we were in the royal pew. Just opposite was a similar pew with a gilt seat which was the Lord Lieutenant's. All round on the panels in front of the gallery were carved the arms of the different Lord Lieutenants of Ireland, with their names and dates in gilt letters.

In the stained windows were more escutcheons, besides which in every window there was on top a harp and crown. Then on each side a shamrock with the legend "*Quis severavit*" then a rose with "*Dieu et mon droit*" and below that a thistle with "*Nemo me impune lacessit*."

There were a good many grotesque carvings of heads on the ends of the arches through the church. J. H.

Dickens' Complete Works and the Land We Live In, 1 year only \$1.00

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## LITTLE JEANNETTE.

## An Australian Reminiscence.

BY DIDYMUS.

"Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;  
Say that health and wealth have  
missed me;  
Say I'm growing old, but add—  
Jenny kissed me!"

—LEIGH HUNT.

MEMORY carries me back to the early days of the Australian gold fields, when this park-like scenery of the undulating country which lies between Elphinstone or Sawpit Gully, as it was then called, and Golden Square, Bendigo, existed in all its pristine loveliness. The landscape was adorned with the umbrageous foliage of the *Eucalyptus* or blue-gum tree interspersed with patches of the shrub-like and sweet-scented peppermint-tree, while the more level and fertile portions of the country lying between the Porcupine, and Kangaroo Flat, were covered with a rich carpet of kangaroo grass. Here and there, in some of the slight depressions, or gullies, a deserted shaft sunk a few feet in the rich alluvium and underlying strata, showed where some discontented digger had been "prospecting" for something better than could be found in the partially worked leads or drifts of Upper Bendigo, while an occasional tent, or an awning spread over the tongue of a bullock-dray, with a few hobbled horses, or bullocks, feeding in the vicinity showed where some drayman was recruiting from the fatigues of a trip over the hundred and six miles of arid plain and miry forest which extended from Melbourne to Golden Square, only relieved by the few bright spots, such as Kyveton, the Coliban, (Malmisbury,) and the Porcupine, which oasis-like, served to mark the route to the "diggings." Sometimes the kangaroo, in pairs, or in small flocks, disturbed in its adjacent feeding grounds, would bound across the trail, stopping long enough to gaze at the invader of its well chosen retreat, while up in the branches of the blue-gum, could be heard the chattering of the green-plumaged parrot, and the plaintive cooing of the bronze-winged pigeon.

I am speaking of the first year of the Bendigo and Forest Creek gold-mining rush, before the outlying districts, which enclosed the gold fields proper, had been denuded by the digger and lumber dealer, of the material with which to keep the tin-billy boiling, and out of which to split the slabs with which to construct the walls of the more pretentious stores.

At this time Golden Square was a broad street of perhaps one hundred feet in width, and one eighth of a mile in length, which marked the entrance to the Bendigo diggings, and through which all the freight for View Point, the Commissioners Camp, White Hills, Eagle Hawk, and the more remote Sailors Gully, Peg-leg Gully, and Myer's Flat, had to pass. This made it a very lively place as compared with other parts of the diggings. The Bendigo headquarters of the private gold escort was here, as also several stores, the principal

of which were those of James Browne, and Howe, Rogers and Harlett, who also kept a small circulating library, and a nigger cook. To the latter I was indebted for many a delicate dish of something eatable on the ground that "we was bofe 'Merican gemmen."

Browne had made some money at Port Fairy, Australia, where he had resided previous to the gold discovery. He and his family occupied the premises from which his supplies were shipped to his branch stores, of which he had several. I had charge of one of these, at the other end of the "Square," wherefor "two pounds a week, and foam!" I dispensed tea and sugar, and other necessaries, to the diggers, during morning and evening, on the "before and after" principle, *before* they went to work, and *after* their return.

Browne had married a strong, raw-boned, angular woman, of Scotch descent, "wi' a wull o' her ain," and a strong disposition to "boss" the job, branch stores and all, so that the happiest moments of Browne's domestic enjoyment were those when he wasn't at home, and as he was a licensed auctioneer, this business, and looking after the "branches," occupied the most of his time, and afforded an excuse for his absence.

Mrs. Browne consoled herself with brandy and the society of Mr. Kirke, one of the gold-field commissioners, who, like Mrs. Weller's spiritual adviser, divided his attentions between Mrs. Browne and her brandy, while the orderly—who held the commissioners horse outside,—prevented the prying curiosity of the diggers, or those of them, at least, who weren't in the possession of a miner's license, the only passport to the free run of the diggings, and the only safeguard in case of proximity to those vested with a little brief authority, in the shape of a uniform.

Browne was a quiet easy-going phlegmatic German, whose admiration of his wife was probably due to his recognition of her ability to keep a close grip on the purse strings.

Jeannette, the eldest child, was a very handsome girl of sixteen years, with a native grace in her actions, which lent a charm to her rough surroundings. She was a general favorite, and although she frequently displayed a good deal of the tomboy in her unrestrained action, nobody seemed to think there was anything inelegant, or improper about it. I don't think Jeannette would have cared very much if they did, for she was impulsive in her nature. She was under no restriction, or restraint, and considered herself quite competent to map out her own course through life, and to sail as close to that course as wind and weather might permit.

It was always Jeannette who brought my meals from head quarters. The menu was very simple and unvaried, bread, meat, and tea, with an occasional extra in the way of plum duff, or raisin pie, but what would be known as an ordinary luxury in older settled places, were unknown on the diggings. "Dampier and mutton" formed the *piece de resistance* of every meal, with the digger population, washed down with strong tea, *ad lib.* and minus milk. The only canned goods that had found their way to the diggings were sardines, labrador salmon, Aberdeen car-

rots and desiccated potatoes. Whybrow's bottled fruits sometimes furnished material for a rolly-polly, when anybody could be found sufficiently familiar with the mysteries of cooking, to undertake its preparation. The two bottles of onions which formed part of the contents of every case of Batty's pickle, were sold at double price, to add to the sauce used with the boiled leg of mutton, customary on Sundays.

Sometimes Jeannette would bring a double allowance of rations and we would have our dinner or supper together. At such times her manner was always different and displayed no boisterous disposition. She had been born in the colony and knew nothing beyond it, except what she had acquired in the way of information from the few books which constituted the Brown library, and those persons with whom she had associated. When asking questions about other parts of the world and the customs of its people, no one would take her for the little girl who thought it fun to jump on her father's horse and gallop him bare backed through the length of the "square," or snatching a bullock-driver's long handled whip, jump upon a stump and crack it with a report like that of a rifle.

On such occasions she would sit at the opposite side of the table and look steadily into my eyes, as I answered her numerous questions, in asking which showed a natural intelligence that was far beyond what could be expected of one who had so few advantages in the way of education and associations.

I was only seventeen at the time, but I had availed myself of fair educational advantages, and had some knowledge of the world, which made me a veritable Solon in the eyes of Jeannette, although she knew nothing of Solon, and never got nearer to using the word, than in the "so-long!" with which she usually announced her departure. Perhaps, at that age, I was a little susceptible, but I must confess that it gave me great pleasure to impart all the information I could, to one who appreciated it as much as Jeannette did, and she, poor girl, saw that I derived pleasure from her presence and would frequently come down and help me to put up parcels of tea, sugar and other articles, in readiness for the evening's influx of diggers.

Sign painting or lettering on canvas, was a profitable source of revenue to me, and during the idle hours of the day, I often made as much in one day, as I received for a week's work in the way of salary. Jeannette used to take a delight in filling in the letters as I outlined them. "How I do wish I could have such work as this all the time. It's just fun," she would say, as she filled in the outlines of tub, cradle, horse-shoe, or some other symbol, illustrative of the sign I was painting. She was an apt pupil and was soon able to outline the ordinary block letters herself, after I had spaced them on the canvas.

"Wouldn't it be nice if I could be with you all the time? I'd soon be able to do this work as well as you, and you know I could do up all the parcels, and let you paint those shaded letters, and you'd make lots of money that way. If you like I'll

ask pa, and I know he'd give us this store. He's got a lot of places like this; there's one at Mcloon, and another at Goulburn, and that one where he has his auction, over at the White Hills, and then I know if I was here, he's like to come down of an evening when he's at home, and smoke a cheroot with you. Now he goes over and smokes with those German troopers, at the Escort Barracks, and that makes ma mad, and she tells him that he always comes back talking as thick as if he had a bologna sausage in his mouth. Say, Donald! mayn't I ask pa? Ma won't mind, so long as she knows where I am. Say yes! and I'll give you a kiss when I come back."

"No Jeannette, not yet. Wait another year or two, until we're a little older. You don't know me well enough yet. You may not like me well enough to live with me after you know me."

"Why, Donald! what do you mean? Don't I know you well enough to marry you! You know Donald dear, that I couldn't live with you, unless I did marry you! Pa says they've got a preacher—a chaplain, he calls him,—up at the commissioner's camp, and pa'll give us the dog-cart any time to go there."

"No, Jeannette, not now. You know I like you very much, but I want you to be sure of yourself, and you musn't say anything to your father until you are sure."

"I'm just as sure that I love you, Donald, as I ever shall be, and it would be so nice to be with you all the time."

But I wanted to go to gold-digging, and I had received an offer from Mr. Coleman, at Eagle Hawk Gully, to assist in his store, morning and evening, at a salary of three pounds per week, and board, with the chance of working during the day at gold-mining, he bearing one half of the expense of outfit and sharing equally in the proceeds. So in a few days, I told Jeannette that I had accepted the offer. Poor little darling, she cried as if her heart would break, and I could only pacify her by promising to see her every Sunday. During the fortnight I remained, she was with me the greater part of each day, and it was arranged that if I continued to follow the life of a gold-digger, we were to be married soon after New Year's day.

"Oh, Donald! what a long six months it will be to me! I wish I could prevail on you to take me with you. I know you would be pleased when you came to our tent every night, to find your supper ready, and everything clean and nice, and then I could take you your lunch every day and stay with you while you were eating it."

It was four miles only between Eagle Hawk and Golden Square, and I met Jeannette every Sunday afternoon. When it was pleasant weather we always strolled in the direction of Kangaroo Flat, where the face of nature had been less disturbed by those engaged in the search for gold. She was always so pleased to see me, and had grown so womanly in her actions, and mature in her appearance, that I dearly loved my little darling, and we both looked forward with pleasure to the end of our probationary term. Jeannette had told her mother of our engagement, and I had received the father's approval, with a liberal offer of partnership in the Golden Square

store, should I desire to give up gold-digging and settle down to mercantile business. Sometimes when her father was visiting the White Hills branch, Jeannette would get him to take her with him; and drive round by Eagle hawk, and she soon learned where to find me, if I was at work.

New years day was fast approaching. I had been fairly successful in mining and we had arranged to have that day entirely to ourselves. At that season the heat is usually oppressive, and we had arranged to drive as far as the Porcupine Inn, there to have lunch, and return in the evening. We had chosen this route because the trees were park-like in their growth furnishing shade, while one could drive almost anywhere amongst them, without meeting with any obstruction. Then we were to fix the day of our marriage, which was to take place in a few days after.

It was New Years eve, when I was surprised to see my old friend and shipmate, Nate Randall ride up to my tent, leading a spare horse. "Why! what's the matter, Nate? You look as if you had been chased by bushrangers!"

"I've come for you, Donald. Jeannette has met with an accident and wants you to come at once. That's what the spare horse is for."

As we galloped towards View Point, Randall told me how that afternoon Jeannette had gone across the street to see Mrs. White, the wife of a gunsmith there; that in passing through the shop she had picked up a rifle which had been brought in a few minutes before, and was admiring the beautiful finish of the barrel when from some unknown cause it exploded, the ball entering her breast. How it could have exploded was a mystery, as it had been brought in for the purpose of removing the nipple and drilling out the charge it contained.

We soon reached her father's, where Jennette had been removed, and I ascertained that she was dying of internal hemorrhage. The rifle was one of very small calibre and the wound externally, was hardly perceptible, except from the discoloration. I found my darling reclining on a lounge, as she could not lie down without choking. Her beautiful face was nearly as white as the pillows which supported her, but she was perfectly conscious, and free from pain, seeming to suffer no inconvenience except a difficulty in breathing. Her eyes brightened as she saw me, and she made an effort to raise herself.

"Take me in your arms, Donald! How glad I am that you have come in time! Oh, Donald! How happy I should have made you! Kiss me, darling! kiss me! Don't leave me for the short time we shall be together! Let my head rest on your breast! There, Donald, I feel so happy now. I am so sorry that you are sorry, always remember me as I am now, so happy, Donald, so happy!"

So quietly she rested, except for an occasional spasmodic motion, as if choking, when she would open her eyes and fix them on mine, with such a happy, peaceful expression. Once when she felt a tear drop on her forehead, she whispered "Don't cry for me, Donald! I'm so happy. I told you I should love you while I lived. I shall, Donald, and it makes me so happy."

Peacefully, like a slumbering child did she lie there, and as I gazed on her regular features, I could detect on her countenance a smile like an angel's whisper, or the reflection of a quivering ray of sunlight. Nearly a hour had passed in this way, when suddenly she opened her eyes and fixing them on mine she said, in an animated manner:

"Donald, dear! I've been looking forward so anxiously to this drive, our New Year's drive, Donald! I was so afraid that something might happen to prevent it. Isn't it nice to be driving together this way? What day shall we be married, Donald? Oh! just think of it, dear Donald? Always driving together! A journey through life together, Donald! Oh, Donald! I've had such nice drive. Help me out, dear! I feel just a little tired. Why! How bright it is there in the house! They've been waiting for us! Kiss me, Donald, dear Donald! Kiss me, before we go in!"

I kissed her just before she went into her father's house, that house in which there are many mansions,—a house not made with hands,—eternal in the Heavens,

We buried her beneath the shade of those *Eucalyptus* trees where she and I had so often strolled together, and where the flowering acacia sheds its sweet scented blossoms on her grave, and as I write these lines I know that this tribute to her memory, is more acceptable to my Jeannette, than if her name was chiselled in the costliest marble, and that I shall again meet her—over there.

"The joys we lose are but forecast,  
And we shall find them all once more;  
We look behind us for the past,  
But to 'tis all before."

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#### OUR PREMIUM OFFERS.

In addition to the premium offers mentioned below, every sub-scriber to THE LAND WE LIVE IN will receive *The Medical Adviser and Farm Help*, entirely FREE for the year 1892. This subscription price of the Medical Adviser and Farm Help alone, is fifty cents a year.

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The regular price of the *Scientific American* and *Supplement*, sent to one address, is \$7. We will supply them with a year's subscription to this journal for \$6.60.





SHERBROOKE, Q., MARCH and APRIL, 1892.

“For ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar.”

But he isn't the only one to whom such peculiarities extend, judging from the comments contained in the correspondence of our local papers,—and our own experience, anent the prize system of *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, and the discrepancy which exists between the prizes offered, and those awarded. We do not think the peculiar methods of the *Queen* calculated to secure new subscribers nor retain those already “roped in” in this vicinity, and since we aired our own grievances in our December issue, we have received letters and information which satisfy us that we are not alone in our opinions.

With deep regret we announce the death of Mr. Frank Johnson, which took place at his residence, near Lennoxville, on 18th Feb. last, in his 82nd year. Mr. Johnson was the author of several works, principally poetical, amongst which are “Lashed to the Mizzen, or a Night off the Cape,” “Giles and Janey, or The Kindly Gentleman,” and “The Village of Merrow.” Copies of these presented to us by the authors, are now in our possession. He was one of the first poetical contributors to this journal, and was only prevented by ill health, from being and continuing as a regular contributor. His writings generally were illustrative of his own experience and matters which came under his personal observation, some of them evidently prepared with a view to the exposure of existing abuses. We believe it is the intention of his

family to collate and publish in book form the M. S. S. prepared by him. Mr. Johnson was an educated man and an intelligent conversationalist, taking an active delight in discussing the topics of the day with a view to general improvement. He was amongst the early colonists of New Zealand, where he spent considerable time and money in opening up property in the vicinity of Auckland. His “Lashed to the Mizzen,” is descriptive of his personal experience off the Cape of Good Hope in a vessel, two boats crews of which were massacred by the natives of New Georgia on the return voyage.

Our Book Review columns contain extracts from “Prince Pedro, a Tragedy,” by Dr. Garnier, of Lucknow, Ont., which has been published in book form by Belford Bros. Toronto. Dr. Garnier will be a regular contributor to our columns, and we have now on hand the manuscript of a series of articles illustrative of sporting adventures on the shores of Lake Huron, which will be found particularly interesting. Dr. Garnier is a first class descriptive writer and his incidents of camp-life, the vernacular style of his interviews, and the manner in which he sums up men and manners adds a piquancy to the solid facts which he portrays, which in no wise impairs the instructiveness contained in his articles in a scientific point of view. His description of *The Passenger Pigeon*, and its last nesting place in Ontario, will be found particularly interesting and instructive, as also his account of the killing of the last elk (wapiti) seen in Ontario.

We direct attention to an article headed “An Important Warning,” which appears in this issue. This substitution evil is assuming large proportions and is a swindle on the public. We have already dealt with the matter at considerable length in the columns of this journal and trust that our readers will see the absolute necessity of refusing to accept *anything* which may be represented as being just as good as the genuine.

#### Publishers' Notice.

Owing to the serious illness of Mr. Thomas, the editor of this journal, we have assumed the responsibility of issuing this number, minus the usual editorial and local matter, and rather than have the publication temporarily suspended, will continue the same pending Mr. Thomas' recovery, provided the patrons of the journal will promptly avail themselves of the facilities which by instructions of the publishers, we have placed at their disposal for the remittance of subscriptions. As the time is fast approaching for the celebration of the Eastern Townships Centennial, there should be no delay in publishing the excellent and interesting articles now accumulating in connection with the early settlement of the Townships. They will furnish a fund of information available from no other source. A series of hunting, trapping and sporting adventures, being the actual experience of some of our leading Canadian sportsmen, will form an important feature of future issues of this journal, and a bountiful supply of such material is now ready for publication. The amount due by each subscriber in arrears is comparatively trifling; it is the aggregate which counts. A little exertion—just enough to enclose the amount indicated in the receptacle provided for it, and the affixing of the necessary stamp, will assist in making this the leading *original* paper in Canada. E. R. SMITH & SON, St. Johns, Que.

Some good catches of fish,—mascalonge and doré—have recently been made through the ice at Lake Aylmer, and some have had fair success in taking lunge or lake trout at Brompton Lake. The necessary bait is live minnow. Some large specimens of black salmon have been taken in 70 and 80 feet of water at Lake Massawippi, but the fish of this lake are not so particular as to the “all alive oh!” quality of the bait used, a half digested minnow answering equally well in many cases.

That Edmund Yates cannot understand how Lieut. Maurice Shea, who

BOOK REVIEW.

We have received a copy of *The Practical Angler* by "Kit" Clarke, author of "Where the Trout Hide," published by The American News Co., New York; which we will notice more fully in a future issue. As Mr. Clark is a member of one of our Lake St. John clubs, where he spends a portion of each summer, the fish of our Canadian waters come in for a large share of his remarks. The book is illustrated by engravings of the different varieties of fish described.

We are indebted to Bro. T. B. Warren, editor of the "Patriot," Montreal, for a copy of the new song and chorus by Dun Cameron, dedicated to the "Patriot," and entitled "Canada, Our Home." It is beautifully arranged for the piano, and words and music breathe true patriotism. Enclose 40 cents to "The Patriot," 30 St. Gabriel street, Montreal, for a copy.

We have received from the author, John H. Garnier, M.D., Lucknow, Ont., a neat little volume of 160 pages, entitled "*Prince Pedro, a Tragedy*," dedicated to Lord Dufferin, the scene of which is laid in Portugal. It consists of 5 acts, and shows remarkable originality of conception and expression. The scene opens with an interview between Matteo, one of the heirs to the de Castro Estate, and Ludro, Abbot of Cintra, in which the latter is accused of forging the will by which the estate is bequeathed to Cintra, and Matteo and his sister Inez are deprived of all which had been verbally promised to them by their uncle, which included their mother's estate. Sebastian, a servant of Matteo, poses as a clown, discovers the forgery, and appropriates the will together with Ludro's gold. Inez marries Pedro, Prince of Portugal, contrary to the wishes of the Queen, his mother, and a plot is entered into between the Queen and Ludro, by which Inez, and her two children, issue of her marriage with Prince Pedro, are assassinated. Pedro discovers Inez a moment before her death. She recognizes him and says:

"And thou art come to kiss me ere I die:—  
To clasp me tenderly ere I depart.  
Our children sleep together, side by side;  
Lay me beside them, and I'll sleep in peace.  
Pedro, mine own, wilt thou not sometimes think

How we did love each other tenderly.  
Heaven bless thee, Pedro! Kiss me ere I die!"

(She points her finger to the air.)

"Our children beckon that I come away,  
Dost thou not see them, Pedro, with a light,  
Brighter than is the sun, around their brows?  
They call on me. Dost thou not hear them speak?  
Kiss me once more, but thou art turning dim,  
And passing from me, as they brighter grow  
But I will yet return, to be with thee,  
To bring thee peace, and be thy comforter,  
And we shall live forever with our God—  
Mine eyes are dull. I go to them, Farewell!"  
(Dies.)

At the death-bed of King Alfonso, Pedro says:

"My father, I will promise as thou askest,  
I will not harm my mother anywise.  
But I do swear, holding thy royal hand,  
To follow all the others to the death.  
This is my oath, fixed and unchangeable—  
Justice demand that murderers be slain!"

Exhausted in his search for Ludro, Pedro retires to his bed chamber, where his

friend Rudolpho parting with him says:

"Good night, and pleasant rest and happy dreams!  
I'll set the guards." (Exit.)

Pedro. "He's gone. Rudolpho is an honest man!  
And as he went he spoke of happy dreams!  
Aye, it is true, when one doth think thereon  
That life is but a dream, a cloud a mist,  
That passeth fleetly o'er the scythe of time!  
How oft in dreams, the shadow of the past  
Tingeth our fancy as with rosy tints.  
Inez! and thou wert but a dream to me—  
A happy dream, thou and our loving sons.  
Oh, thou didst promise with thy dying breath

To come once more, and be my comforter.  
How oft we sat together lovingly,  
With thy soft cheek laid gently on my breast  
And thy fond arms encircling me in peace.  
Our children played around us joyously,  
And thy kind words would soothe my weariness.  
Oh, I did love with more than common love  
And there, with all a woman's lovingness,  
Thy gentle spirit seems, to hover nigh;  
And oft, methink, thou gazest in my face,  
And in my fancy I can hear thee breathe,  
Or heave a tender sigh, as in old days.  
But 'twas no dream, 'twas all reality!  
Oft in the still of night, will o'er us creep  
Sad musing, such as now, which do relieve  
Man's weary spirit, in this weary world."

While sleeping he dreams that Inez and his children visit him and kiss him. He moves restlessly and they vanish as he wakes.

"Where has she gone, and taken hence our boys?"

'Twas but a dream, but 'twas a happy dream.  
Yes, I could dream my life-time all away,  
If she returned to earth, and me, once more."

Ludro is arrested and when in the hand of the executioner he informs Pedro that "he murdered Inez at his mother's bidding," but

"'Twas Pauline and Pechico that slew thy brats;  
They have escaped, and they can laugh at thee.  
Then do thy worst on me, thou canst no more  
And 'ven in my death, I do defy thee."

Finally Pauline and Pechico are taken and bound to two stakes, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Rudolpho and Matteo and the request of Pechico that Pedro would—

"Wreak all thy vengeance on my single head  
But spare my wife! She never did thee harm!"  
(Pedro to Pechico.)

"Had she once asked to save my Inez' life—  
Had she entreated for my children's lives,  
I had not punished her, she spurred thee on,  
And she shall die."

"Remain where thou art bound, 'till thou art dead,  
Behold thy wife and struggle to be free;  
Let thy chains rot thy flesh from hour till hour—  
Thou only canst escape when thou art dead;  
Keep watch upon her that she wander not,  
And when the bonds are burst, then take her down  
And bury her in hell."

We are not aware whether this tragedy has been produced on the stage or not, but from the absorbing interest which the reading of it creates we should think it would prove a great success if the characters were properly sustained.

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died in this city last month, was prior to his death the last survivor of Waterloo, is no doubt attributable to the fact, that his Lieutenantcy was conferred upon him, while serving with the British Legion in Spain, more than twenty years after the battle of Waterloo was fought.

A series of articles written by "Gaspereau" for this journal and entitled "Sports and Adventures on the Shores of Lake Huron," will form an important feature in succeeding issues and will be found brimful of interest and information. The author is an authority on all matters connected with field sport, and has a world-wide reputation, while all the incidents referred to are the result of his own personal observation and experience.

SIBLEY'S BROOM-HOLDERS are a simple, efficient little article made of spring metal, always ready for use and most convenient for holding brooms, mops and other kitchen requisites. Agents will find them a ready seller. Send 5 cents for sample by mail, or 3 cents each for larger quantities by express. Special terms to agents in lots of 1000 and upwards. Address, D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, Que.

VAN DORN'S MAGAZINE is a neat, interesting publication which gives much valuable information relative to the educational establishments, health and pleasure resorts and hotel accommodation of the United States and Canada. For sample copy direct as above, to Mt. Morris, Livingston Co., N. Y.

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 or receipt of price in cash, or U. S. on Canada postage stamps.

New Time Table.

The night train service between Sherbrooke and Quebec via Quebec Central Railway, will be resumed on Monday next, April 11th, and sleeping cars will be run on this train leaving Sherbrooke at 11.45 p.m., arriving Quebec 6.30 a.m., leaving Quebec 9.15 p.m., arriving Sherbrooke 4.30 a.m. See new Time Table in another column.

## Drolleries and Maxims of Telesphore Laroche.

### Telesphore and his Telephone Girl.

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Last week hon Friday I have go on Telephome for to send one commission on one of my frem what is, work on de Railroad for to come make de pleasure game on my house on Sunday and I taken the trompet on my hear and I tell "Hel o!" is it you Madam Centr.!" and I hear it speak one small voice of lady what say "what number" and I demand give it me sixty sixty. Presently I hear also dat small voice it was laff so funny and say ahem! one, two, tree. I tink so it was somebody on de nodder side of Telephome what is want make flirtation wit me.

Presently I hear dat lady voice she tell.

Lady voice—Ahem, where you was get dat voice?

Telesphore—Ahem! you too, I was get dat voice hon my throat.

Lady voice—Dat was a nice voice. I gone like for see de feller what is belong dat voice.

Telesphore—Dat voice was belong hon me surely, but, my dear soprano, where you take dat voice yourself? I tink so you gone want some remedies for take it off your neck dat sore cole throat.

Lady voice—Your voice it was like a man what got some whisker on his face; I tink you was marry man.

Telesphore—I dont was get so far as dat but I hope that so soonly I was meet some nice little brunette what is smart enuff tip-top and got little money from his papa, I commence for tink on de serios way about dat affaire. I was not have some whisker, but. I got one small moustache dat is curley just like de front of his head hon some pretty girl.

Lady voice—Ha ha ha yah yah.

Telesphore—Dont laff too much, my dear glory bird, or perhaps you crack your face.

De next day I was have some business on de Telephome and I tell ahem! on dat Central girl. De more she was speak to me de more she come love off my heart. I tink dat girl she was one nice little style dandy, got 19 year hole, with small face like baby, black his hair; and brown his eye dat gone smile hon me just like a daisy rose. You understand after for why I come like dat telephome girl when one day she call me.

Lady voice—Hello! sixty, how you have yourself dis morning

Telesphore—I am de best I dont was feel meeself before. How it is it for you, my dear little sheep.

Lady voice—Pleasantly sixty. Can you believe dis what I tell to you dat I was dream hon you last night I was hate you plenty much.

Telesphore—Dat good dream my dear little blueberrie pot because you know hevry dream was come off true on de odder place of de nodder side, aint it?

I see right away dat Telephome girl she come fool hon me and me I was come fool hon meeself.

'Bout two or tree day after dat I come hon de trompet telephone once more for de bizness of course and dat Mistress Central she tell once more.

Lady voice—Hello! do you do dis morning?

Telesphore—I be first class enuff; how it is it you for you?

Lady voice—I am very well, I dont care also.

Telesphore—I am glad for see you well.

Lady voice—I am well for see you glad.

Telesphore—My dear Central, I would like well for to make myself know hon yourself. I like for meet you dis evening, if dat's your pleasure to give it me.

Lady voice—I am very happiness. Come on my house.

Telesphore—Give it me de number.

Lady voice—Number 4678 Rue St. Joseph.

Telesphore—What your name?

Lady voice—Katie Jones.

Telesphore—All right Katie. I be dere at 8 o'clocks. Make your curl frisetete so I was gone make some admiration of yourself.

Dat evening I put myself swell for go see dat Telesphome girl on St. Joseph Street. When to come near hon de corner of his place I see it some big puppy bull dat look at me wit de small eye bu: J dont was mind little ting like dat. I was tink too much of Katie. I walk to his number she give me and I see dat mark on de front

"JONES."

I be sure dat was de place and I come so glad I ring dat bell to nearly broke de strang. She come one Irish servant girl dat jump on my face "You crazy pea soup loafer," she screech, "You tink so we got one telegraph rope on hour bell you broke dat for sure." I come little red on my moustache but I tell polite, "Excuse my humilities Madam, I come for see Miss Katie Jones." "Ah!" she say, "Excuse to me. Enter yourself on de parloir right off, I gone tell it Miss Katie."

Dat was de nice parlor! Dat was de nice place! You bet. Piano, music, portrait on de wall, carpet on de floor, looking glass on de middle. Everyting was well garnish and one nice little sofa on de corner just for two what was make me tink dat be good place for speak on de hear of Katie and to ki-s his cheek so sweetly. Ah here is it de poetry book of Katie I gone write something.

"My dear Katie Jones  
When you're gone be alones  
On dat small, little sofa wit me  
I will spout off my heart  
Love sweet like one tart  
What is make of the crush strawberrie."

"Bombye it is arrive Kat'e and I screech, Ah! My dear Katie, my dear Central, my dear litt'e sheep, I'll be so glad for see you hon my eyes."

She dont was respond notting and I tink perhaps she dont want let me see she like me so, and then I trow off my arms and take dat on me and make de empresentation so quickly she was not comprehend what it is dat I was make. She push me hard and she shout, "Pa, Pa! My dear Papa! Quickly come on. Some loafer lunatic fool was insult me on my house." She's arrive de fadder, de modder, two brudder and the Irish girl. De fadder she speak me mad. "What it is it dis crazy job, who tell you for come in here? Who it is it give to you de permission to come see my beauty Katie?" I respond: "Excuse my humilities. I tink so dat was mistake." "Ah! Ah!" she cry "you want make de fool hon me." She jump on me just like ond small elephant; de mudder jump on my *chapeau* castor hat; de Irish girl stroke me on de head wit de broom; de door she was open and I receive from his two brudder, some place on me, one very large kick dat was bring me upstairs on de street; and when I come down I fall just near dat bull puppy what was bite me on de leg and tear it all my coat and pantaloons. When I come home I be tink dat Telephome girl she send me on de wrong place. If I catch him, oh! gosh! I will choke his neck. To all my frem and chum I was tole dem. "Dont make so flirtations wit dose Telephone girl. It is cruel one."

KOMO

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## A SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE

Helpless for Years and Excluded from Hospitals as Incurable.

The Remarkable Experience of Chas. Quant as Investigated by an Albany [N. Y.] Journal Reporter—A Story of Surpassing Interest

Albany, N. Y. Journal, March 4th.

SARATOGA, March 4th.—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga county of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y. and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the best six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the Evening Journal reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumor. And so, he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story and interviewing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of about 400 people, delightfully located near the center of the town of Galway, in Saratoga county, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon inquiry, the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was opened by a man who, in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the Journal reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall,

weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For 12 years I was a traveling salesman for a piano and organ company and had to do, or least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so effected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment, for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there

was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians been pronounced incurable, and was paid the \$1000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health.

I thought I would try them and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper in each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad; I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of only \$4.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk downtown. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other citizens of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured.

Mr. Quant had also tried Faith cure, with experts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S. C., but with no beneficial results.

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian church; Prof. James E. Kelly, principal of the academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease.

The remarkable result from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to make

further enquiries concerning them, and ascertained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co, Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N.Y., and are sold in boxes, [never in bulk by the hundred] at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. from either addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment

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## THE WORLD'S FAIR.

We have received the last issue of the "WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION ILLUSTRATED," the Official Organ of the Great Fair. The object of this publication is to give complete authentic historical record of the Columbian Exposition. It contains 32 pages of official proceedings, and will give photographic illustrations printed on Enamelled paper, of all the Exhibits, Buildings, and attractions of the great Fair. As a work of Art, containing the most interesting information, it is invaluable to all who wish to keep up with the times and learn of the great *International Enterprise*.

It will be published semi-monthly in the fall, making eighteen copies for present year. Price, \$4, postpaid; 25 cents a copy. Subscriptions taken at this office, where the paper can be seen, or send 25 cents for sample copy to J. B. CAMPBELL, Editor and Publisher, 218 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

### A Good Joke at North Hatley in 1840

IN the township of Hatley, which was formerly ten miles square, [perhaps is now,] but on the west side of Lake Massawippi and over the mountain, possibly three miles up from the "Outlet," or North Hatley, there was a settlement called the "Turner neighborhood," and in the Turner family there were two brothers, twins, and at the time of which I write were men grown [about 1840]. These two brothers looked so much alike that even when together strangers could scarcely tell one from the other. Often the old residents, when only one was present, could not tell which one it was.

There were many bets made and a multitude of jokes played upon those who "knew they could tell." On the east side of the lake, about a mile and a half above North Hatley, lived and still lives Mark Bean, who was always fond of a joke.

There was a friend or some acquaintance at his home about the year 1840, and it so occurred that one of the Turner brothers came along there and stopped for a chat. In due time the conversation turned upon the wonderful likeness of the brothers, each to the other. This friend of Mr. Bean's, like many another before him, was "sure" he could tell. So Mark Bean offered to bet two dollars, I think it was, that he couldn't.

The wager was made, and the two brothers were to appear the next day for inspection and decision. So the friend looked the Turner brother over, and scrutinized very closely what he concluded were the details and minutes, measuring with his hands across the shoulders to make sure for the next day; but in the mean time, he very slyly made a little chalk mark very nearly under the armpit. No one seemed to notice this little piece of trickery, and Turner went on his way.

The next day the brothers came over, and as usual were found to be dressed exactly alike, and looked as nearly alike as two peas. At this time each had on a blue, swallow-tailed coat, of the pattern of those days.

They were now ready for inspection and the determining judgment of the man who was "sure he could tell."

He pretended to scrutinize very closely, acknowledged the wonderful similarity in looks, thought it not strange that strangers would be deceived, &c.

Much of this was done for effect, however, for in the very beginning of his examination he discovered the faint chalk mark which he had made the

day before. He was shrewd enough, however, not to be in too much of a hurry for fear of exciting suspicion. But in due time Mr. Bean says to him, "Well, you have had a good look at them. Which one was here yesterday?"

So he pointed to the one having the coat on, with the slight chalk mark, and said, "That's quite easy to tell; this is the one." "Oh! no, sir," said the one who was there the day before, "you are mistaken this time, for we changed coats this morning, so chalk marks don't count with us, as that trick is an old one." So he lost his money and the joke was against him.

BRUNNING.

Bowdoinham, Maine, 1892.

### WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Director-General Davies has declared that all applications for space ought to be presented by July 1, 1892.

Of the \$5,000,000 of bonds, which the city of Chicago voted in aid of the Exposition, \$3,000,000 have sold in New York at par and accrued interest, and the Exposition treasury has been replenished accordingly. The terms of sale are regarded very satisfactory. They are equivalent to a premium of one-third of one per cent, on the first million, two thirds on the second, and one per cent, on the third million.

A practical, working business college, which is purely an American institution, will be one of the exhibits at the Fair.

New South Wales has asked for 300,000 square feet of space.

In Colorado's exhibit will appear a very complete showing of the flora of the state. Miss Alida P. Lansing, who has been in charge of the matter, gathered more than 1,000 varieties last summer, including fifteen or more which had never been classified.

The Grand Rapids, Mich., furniture manufacturers will make a united exhibit and want half an acre of space, in which to display it.

It is announced that the imperial band of Emperor William of Germany will attend the Exposition, having already obtained permission to do so.

The province of Ontario, will make an extensive mineral exhibit. Canada has asked for a total of 100,000 square feet of space in the various buildings.

The woman of Nebraska have undertaken to furnish the hammer with which Mrs. Potter will drive the last nail in the Woman's Building when it is dedicated October 12 next. The nail, it will be remembered, will be furnished by the women of Montana, and will be an elaborate production, composed of gold, silver and copper. It is proposed that the hammer be made of the native woods of Nebraska and inlaid with gold, silver and pearl.

It is reported that it is the intention of the Government to establish at the Exposi-

tion grounds a complete post office, equal in capacity to that required by a city of 200,000 or more inhabitants, and to operate it, not only during the Fair but for several months previous to the opening and after the closing. A government post office inspector is now on the grounds perfecting plans and estimates. It is believed, that the number of exhibitors will be between 150,000 and 175,000. To these mail will be delivered hourly. Mails, sorted on the mail cars, will be dropped at the grounds from incoming trains whenever possible. At a rough estimate, this Exposition post office will require about 300 employes and entail an expense of about \$250,000 on the part of the Government.

The party which, under the direction of Chief Putnam of the department of Ethnology, of the Exposition, has been making excavations, of the mounds in Ohio for three months or more, met with rare success on November 14 near Chillicothe, in making one of the richest finds of the century in the way of prehistoric remains. While at work on a mound 500 feet long, 200 feet wide and 28 feet high, the excavators found near the center of the mound, at a dept of 14 feet, the massive skeleton of a man incased in corper armor. The head was covered by an oval-shaped copper cap; the jaws had copper moldings; the arms were dressed in copper, while copper plates covered the chest and stomach, and on each side of the head, on protruding sticks were wooden antlers ornamented with copper. The mouth was stuffed with genuine pearls of immense size, but much decayed. Around the neck was a necklace of bears' teeth, set with pearls. At the side of this skeleton was a female skeleton, the two being supposed to be those of man and wife. It is estimated that the bodies were buried fully 600 years ago. The excavators believe they have at last found the king of the mound builders.

Elsewhere in this issue we publish the particulars of a remarkable cure that fairly outrivals the celebrated case of John Marshall, of Hamilton, which created such a sensation throughout the country. The particulars of this case are vouched for by the Albany Evening Journal, recognized as the leading newspaper at the New York State capital, and one of the leading papers of the United States. There is, therefore, no room to doubt that the particulars of the case are accurately and carefully set forth, in every respect true, and must therefore prove of the deepest interest to our readers, we therefore commend the article to their careful perusal.

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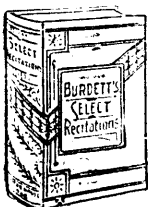
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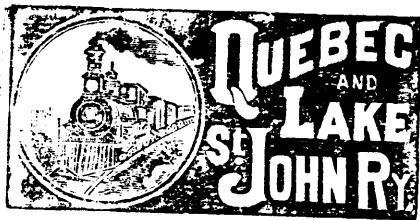
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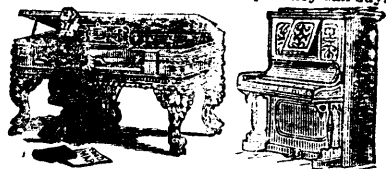
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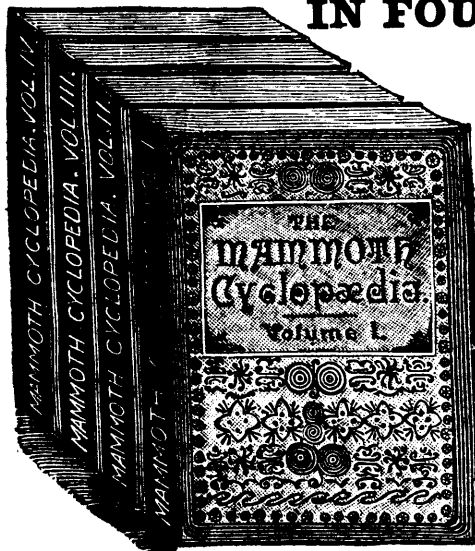
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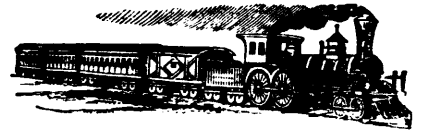
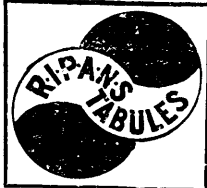
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April 4th, 1892.

**DO YOU** intend to subscribe for any popular paper or magazine? If so it will pay you to learn our prices. We can supply you with any, at low rates. Also many choice books at reasonable prices. Send stamp for price list, and mention this paper. Address, **AMERICAN SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY,** 6ct Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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617

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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

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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.

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Best in the World. Indispensable to Bookkeepers, Merchants, Clergymen, Lawyers, Teachers, Bankers, &c.

Does not make any abrasion nor turn paper yellow. Quick sales. Big profits. Send 35 cents for sample and terms.

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I want energetic agents, male and female, in every locality in the U. S. and Canada, to manufacture and sell, or sell on y, fast selling Household Requisites. Big Profits! Address for particulars.

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CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GOD LIENESS.

We have made arrangements with the proprietors of this celebrated soap to supply a FAMILY RIGHT, to make and use this soap to every new subscriber to THE LAND WE LIVE IN who accepts this offer at the time of subscribing. This Right is usually sold for \$1, but we will supply it as above stated, entirely free. This is in addition to any other premium offer. The soap can be made in any household at a cost of three cents per pound, and is equal to the best, in every respect. Enclose \$1.00 to

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AGENTS—Send for sample copy of our journal. Just the paper for the busy agents, assists him in his canvase, full up of good reading, all about the agent and the agency world. Address: AGENTS' FRIEND AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL, Perth, Ont.—if

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

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A young lady or gentleman in every town and county to do light work. No capital required. Enclose 9¢ in stamps and you will receive samples with which you can make from \$1 to \$3 a day. Address Stott & Jry Bowmanville, Ont.

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Where to get Boxes, Bottles, Corks, Labels, Chemicals, Advertising Material and all supplies needed in the business of Manufacturing and Advertising Proprietary Articles. You can start a Store. You can establish an Agent's Supply. You can make your own goods, saving express and freight charges. You can make from \$5 to \$20 a day. We will send you directions for making the "Big 4" or how to start a store on \$10 capital, samples of labels, a price list of supplies and put your name in National Directory to keep you posted on new inventions, all for 25c. Address E. A. FAY & CO., Brockport, N. Y. 61¢

**YOUR NAME** in our Agent's Directory and THE HOME DELIGHT 3 months, only 5 cents. Mention this paper. Address THE HOME DELIGHT, Opera House Block, Council Bluffs, Iowa. 6c

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A 4 line trial advertisement at one time for \$1.00. (4 lines will take in about 30 words.)

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Two or Three Active Energetic Men in Every County in the United States and Canada, for Light Agency. TWO DOLLARS PER DAY, easily made in supplying stores and families with

### 4--THE BIG--4

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—THE—

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Warranted Indestructable Alignment.

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The New No. 2 is a double key-board machine. These machines are the most beautiful in appearance, and efficient in execution of all the numerous competitors in the typewriting field.

### PRICE,

Either Style Key-Board, \$100.00.

A beautiful line of Cabinets always on hand. Second-hand machines taken in exchange, and for sale.

WANTED—A good, smart man in every city, town and hamlet throughout the entire world, to act as our local agent; our terms to agents are the most liberal of any in the typewriting field.

Manufactured by the

PARISH M'F'G. CO., PARISH, - - NEW YORK.

Address all correspondence to

W. T. Brownridge & Co.,

SUPERVISORS OF AGENTS.

2 PARK SQUARE,

BOSTON, - - MASS.

**BOYS!** A large package of good reading matter sent postpaid to your address, for only 10 cents. To the first 25 answering this advert, we will send a nice present which you will appreciate. AMERICAN SUB-AGENCY, Council Bluffs, Iowa. 6c

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—An established favorite in thousands of families. The recipes in it are all the result of practical experience, and there is beside a useful chapter of recipes for dishes of Hebrew families. Containing 1200 choice and carefully tested receipts, embracing all the popular dishes and the best results of modern science reduced to a simple and practical form. Cloth, \$1.00, Illustrated.

D. THOMAS & CO., Publishers, Sherbrooke

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

**BOYS \$3.00 A DAY EASY WORK** Send stamp for particulars at once. The Country Youth, Milwaukee, Wis.

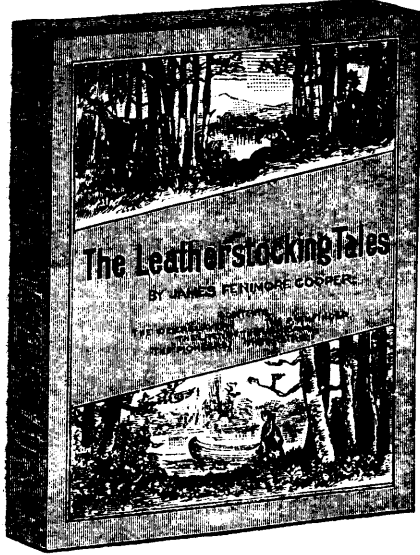
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 Cooper's Famous Romances of the American Forest!

An Entirely New Edition of

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This handsome edition of the Leatherstocking Tales is printed upon good paper from large type. It is a delightful book, and one which should have a place in every American home. It contains five of the most charming romances that the mind of man has ever conceived. A whole winter's reading is comprised in this mammoth volume. All who have not read Cooper's stories. Every member of the family circle will be delighted with them. We have made an arrangement with the publisher of this excellent edition of the Leatherstocking Tales whereby we are enabled to offer this large and beautiful book almost as a free gift to our subscribers. Such an offer as we make would not have been possible a few years ago, but the lightning printing press, low price of paper and great competition in the book trade have done wonders for the reading public, and this is the most marvelous of all.

**READ OUR GREAT PREMIUM OFFER** We will send The Leatherstocking Tales, complete, as above described, by mail, postage prepaid by ourselves, also THE LAND WE LIVE IN for one year, upon receipt of only \$1.25 which is an advance of but 25 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this fine edition of the famous Leatherstocking Tales for only 25 cents. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed to all who take advantage of this great premium offer. Those whose subscriptions have not yet expired who renew now will receive the Leatherstocking Tales at once, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. The Leatherstocking Tales will also be given free to any one sending us a club of 2 subscribers to our paper. Address all letters:

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You will receive the Novels free, by mail.

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 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."  
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D. THOMAS & CO.,  
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Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp.

Handsome, nickel plated, burns bright flame. Fits vest pocket in size and price. Each lamp has 40 lights. Extra lights, 15c. per 1000 by mail. Sample lamp, prepaid, 50c. Handy for smokers or any purpose for which a light is required. Uses good coal oil. Not a toy but a very serviceable article. Millions sold in the States. Agents in Canada make money selling them.

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MAGIC KNIFE Press the button, it opens. No more broken finger nails. Best steel, 75c.

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RELIABLE NOVELTY CO.

J. J. TAYLOR, Manager,  
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CLARK'S UNRIVALLED OINTMENT

The great external remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia. It is also an invaluable preparation for Sprains, Bruises, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, 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.,  
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**\$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**, **diekel 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 a 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 endorsements, &c., address

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Edited by Matthew Richey Knight.

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All communications should be addressed "Canada," Bent in, 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.

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—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.

**BARBER'S**

**Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure**

WILL CURE YOU.

It Removes the cause of the Disease.

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Price, \$1 per Bottle.

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General Agents for Canada.

**FREE CRAYON PORTRAITS AND FRAMES**

To all our Subscribers for 1892.



We, the publishers of "North American Homes," in order to increase the circulation of our journal throughout the United States and Canada, will spend this year over one hundred thousand dollars among our new subscribers in the form of an artistic Crayon Portrait and a handsome frame (as per cut below), to be made free of charge for every new subscriber to "North American Homes." Our family journal is a monthly publication consisting of 16 pages, filled with the best literature of the day, by some of the best authors, and is worthy of the great expense we are doing for it. Eight years ago the *New York World* had only about 15,000 daily circulation; to-day it has over 500,000. This was obtained by judicious advertisement and a lavish expenditure of money. What the proprietor of the *N. A. World* has accomplished we feel confident of doing ourselves. We have a large capital to draw upon, and the handsome premium we are giving you will certainly give us the largest circulation of any paper in the world. The money we are spending now among our subscribers will soon come back to us in increased circulation and advertisements. The Crayon Portrait we will have made for you will be executed by the largest association of artists in this city. Their work is among the finest made, and we guarantee you an artistic Portrait and a perfect likeness to the original. There is nothing more useful as well as ornamental than a handsome framed Crayon Portrait of yourself or any member of your family; therefore this is a chance in a lifetime to get one already framed and ready to hang in your parlor absolutely free of charge.

**READ THE FOLLOWING GRAND 30 DAYS' OFFER:**

Send us \$1.50, price for one year subscription to "North American Homes," and send us also a photograph, tintype or caricature of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you from same an artistic half size Crayon Portrait, and put the Portrait in a good substantial gilt or bronze frame of 3 1/2 inch moulding absolutely free of charge; will also furnish you a genuine French glass, boxing and packing same free of expense. Cut this out and send it with your photograph at once, also your subscription, which you can remit by Draft, P. O. Money Order, Express Money Order or Postal Note, made payable to

**NORTH AMERICAN HOMES PUBLISHING CO.,**

References—Any newspaper publishers, Rev. T. Dewitt Talmadge, } World Building, New York.  
all mercantile agencies and banks in New York City. }

A sample portrait can be seen at the office of this journal.

**FOR SALE.**

The Belvidere Farm, Ascot, Q

One of the largest farms in the Eastern Townships containing 300 acres of clay-land, 4 miles from the City of Sherbrooke, 2 miles from the Capelton 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-failing 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.

**HELP YOURSELF.**

HALL'S COLLECTION OF VALUABLE RECIPES contains the best formulae that you can obtain, and it will pay you to purchase a copy. It will learn you how to make your own Condition Powders, Baking Powders, Tooth Pdr., Sa ves, Hair Oils, Hair Restoratives, Beard and Mustache Growers, Rat and Mice Poisons, Boot and Shoe Blacking, Waterproof composition for boots and shoes, Liniments for man and beast, corn cures, headache cures, toothache cures, Asthma cures, Chapped Hands, and Arms, Hard Soap from Soft Soap, Shampoo Liquid, Hair Wash, Blue and Black Inks; To Kill Lice on Cattle, and many other valuable secrets which the manufacturer can make large profits from, and will save many dollars for every purchaser. Price of this valuable edition is \$1. In order to induce the Recipies we will accept this adv. at 50 cts., only asking 0 cts. and this adv. for a copy of this most valuable work. Send immediately before this offer expires to address, MONARCH SUPPLY CO., 172 1/2 W. New York St., Indianapolis, Ind.

**LADY** Agents \$5 a day SURE; new rubber underwear. MRS. N. B. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.—fm



**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 \$ 75; delivered in any part of the Townships on receipt of \$1 00.

**A. H. FOSS,**

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AT LOWEST PRICES.

Send for specimens. Good and quick work—  
ELECTROTYPING AND PRINTING.

H. A. CARHART,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

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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,

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Mention this paper.

**H. M. TOMLINSON,**

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Magazine Binding a Specialty.

SEND FOR PRICES.

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IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

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WHOLESALE ONLY.

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**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.

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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.

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It takes from one to three months to cure a bad chronic

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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.,**

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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.**

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Who have weak or **UN-DEVELOPED**, or diseased organs, who are suffering from **ERRORS OF YOUTH** and any Excesses, or of

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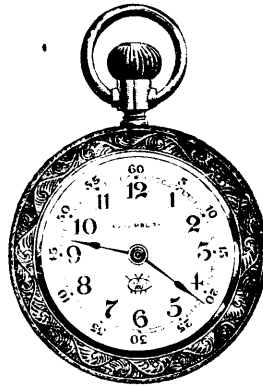
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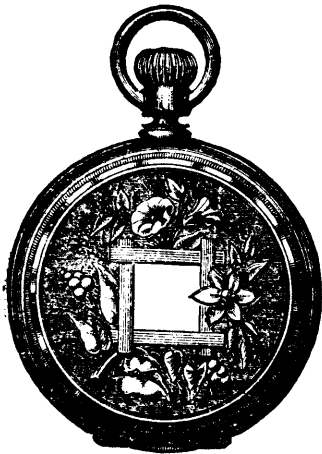
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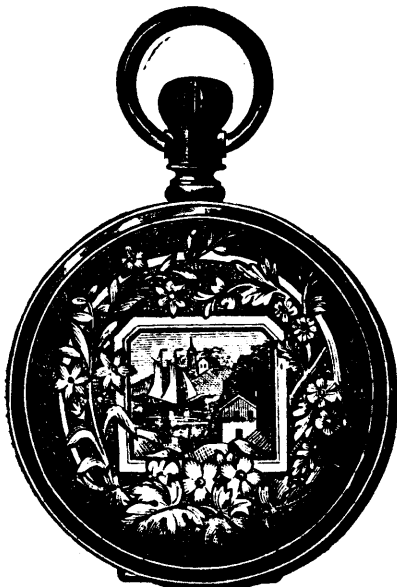
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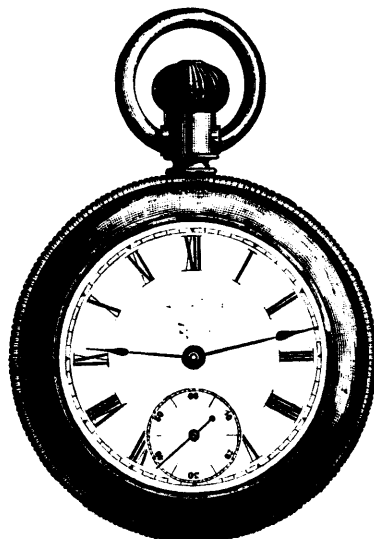
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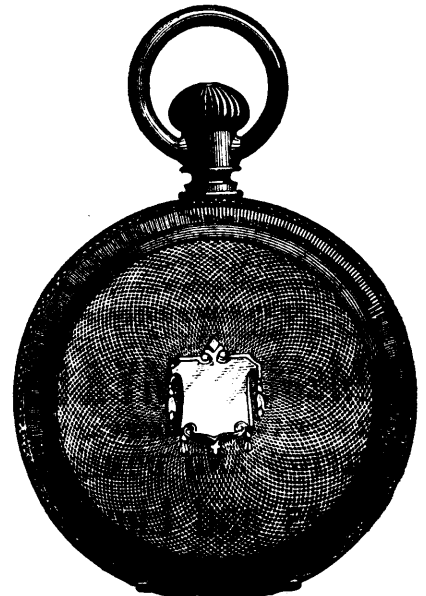
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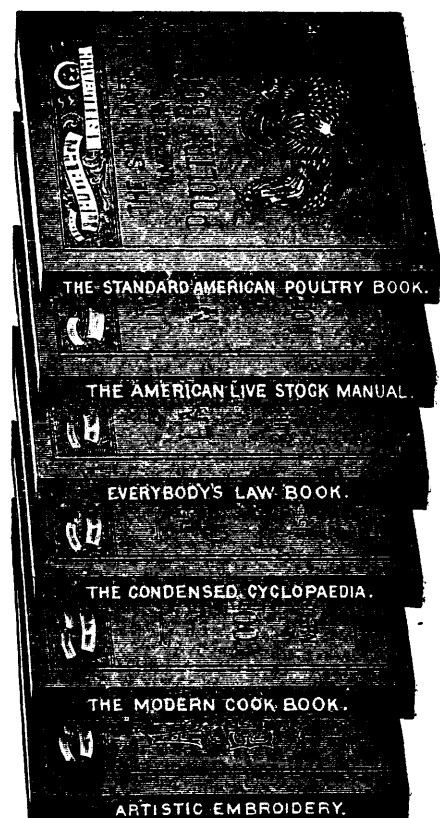
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