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A. P. Ball

# THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



A MONTHLY JOURNAL, published principally on principle, and partially in the interests of the Publishers and the public, with a strong weakness for matters of Local Interest.

Vol. 1.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 10

## THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

D. THOMAS & CO.,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,  
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN circulates throughout all parts of the United States and Canada and reaches hundreds of readers monthly. Our aim is to place it before every business man in the country. An advertisement in its columns cannot fail to pay.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

12 Page Edition 50 cents per year.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

10 cents per line under one inch.  
One inch, 12 lines 1 month, \$1 00  
One inch, 3 months, \$2 50  
One inch, 1 year, \$8 00

Special inducements given to advertisers taking a page, or half a page space for one or more insertions.

Cash in advance in all cases. Copy must be in by 30th of each month to secure insertion.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN IS PRINTED MONTHLY BY

GEORGE H. BRADFORD,  
Brook's Block, Sherbrooke.

All communications must be addressed to the proprietors.

**NOW IS THE TIME  
To Invest \$18**  
IN THE

**CHICAGO FOLDING SAW-  
ING MACHINE.**

For which we are Agents.  
It gives general satisfaction.

**EDWARDS'  
DESICCATED SOUP!**

A dry preparation of Extract of Beef and Vegetables; a delicious, nourishing and economical basin of Soup in a few minutes; a ground-work for all Brown Soups, an excellent gravy, and an invaluable adjunct in Irish Stew. Will keep good any time in all climates.

The best and cheapest article of diet ever introduced to the public.

Highly recommended by the medical profession and the entire press.

Don't fail to try it!

For Sale by all Grocers everywhere, in tins, 1lb. 40c.; 1/2lb. 25c.; 1/4lb 15c, and 1oz. packets 5 cents.

Wholesale Depot:

30 St. Sacrament St., Montreal

EDWARDS' ECONOMIC COOKERY, a valuable book—post free on application. D. THOMAS & Co., Gen'l Agents.

## PRETTY ROSA TERRY.

Her search in Chicago for employment; allurement to the Wilds of Wisconsin; forced to a life of Shame; Sin in Silk revealed; "Hell on Earth;" Her escape and final recapture. The most thrilling narrative ever published. Founded on Truth. Price only 25 cents (postpaid). Agents wanted. INDIANA SUPPLY CO., Box 35, Bainbridge, Indiana, U. S.

### DEAD BEATS.

The following illustrations of our definition of the term "dead beat," have occurred to us. Explanatory notes will be received in part payment if not deficient in principle.

### MAILING CO.

327, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

W. D. TOMPKINS,

Or Publishers who can endorse either our notes or those of the parties referred to, are requested to do so.

### THE WESTERN TRADER.

Is published monthly by the Western Trader Publishing Co., at Emporia, Kansas, and is devoted to Trading, Buying, Selling and Collecting. Each subscriber is entitled to the free insertion of a Wanted, For Sale or Exchange notice, each month, not of a business nature and not to exceed 22 words. Extra words will be inserted at the rate of one cent for each three words. Subscription 50 cents a year. Send for sample copy. 3ms.

### CLOTHES PINS.

Those who have ordered the Self-Locking Clothes Pins, will be supplied in a few days, as negotiations are now pending which will enable the manufacturers to increase the supply. In the mean time our patrons will please accept our apology for the delay.

Those interested in collecting bird skins for stuffing and eggs of all North American birds, should subscribe for *The Hoosier Naturalist*, published bimonthly at Valparaiso, Indiana. Subscription 50 cents a year. The Sept. issue contains long lists of skins and eggs with the price of each. Every Ornithologist and Taxidermist should have it for reference.

### The Absence of Little Wesley.

Since little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still—  
W'y, I miss his yell o' 'Gran'pap' as I'd miss the whipperrwill!  
And to think I ust to scold him for his everlastin' noise.  
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys,  
I wish a hundred times a day 'at he'd come trompin' in,  
And all the noise he ever made was twic' as loud  
As 't'd seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument.  
'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sense little Wesley went.

Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it us to do—  
Yit now they's time it 'pears like it 'd bu'at itself in two!  
And let a rooster, suddent like, crow som'ers clost' around,  
And seems 's of mighty nigh it, it 'u'd lift me off the ground!  
And same with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,  
In the red o' airly mornin', or the dusk and dew and stars,  
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes, never stop, but just go on,  
A-wishin' kind o' to theise'v's—sense little Wesley's gone!

And then, o' nights when Mother's sittin' up encous mon late,  
A-bilin' pears or somepin, and I set and smoke and wait,  
Tel the moon out through the winder don't look bigger 'n a dime,  
And things keep gittin' stiller—stiller—stiller all the time—  
I've ketcht mysel' a wishin' like—as I clumb on the cheer  
To-wind the clock, as I hev done for more 'n fifty year—  
A wishin' 'at the time hed come for us to go to bed,  
With our last prayers, and our last tears sense little Wesley's dead!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN for one year, and twenty-five assorted books, embracing Novels, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Poems, &c., by mail postpaid, for \$1.  
D. THOMAS & CO.

### Advertisers Catechism.

Mention some of the principal attractions of Wellington Street.

Wiggetts' Boot and Shoe Store.

Name some of its principal doctrines.

The Materialism of the Sole, and the indivisibility of matter, the last end of man, and the bootless task of attempting to get through this world barefooted.

Are there any particular features in this connection?

Yes, John A. Wiggetts.

What other attractions?

Walter Blue's.

Anything of an elevating character in this?

Yes, standing collars that never excite the cholera, neckties of a subdued hue, the Ulster portion of the country inhabited by the down-trodden Celt, and the breeches made by the hand of Time and native industry.

Is its general influence for good?

Yes, its a good thing for Mr. Blue.

Is the effect apparent?

Yes, Mr. Blue has been a parent on several occasions, and the true Blue has been conspicuous over the haggis and "sooping up the stanes."

Has Wellington Street any other institution of note?

Yes, Presby's Photographic Gallery.

Why so?

Because it serves as an illustration of one of the few instances where man is permitted to violate the Commandments, by bowing down and worshipping the likeness of anything on earth or in heaven.

And why is this thus?

Because there is a realism about these likenesses, that to a certain extent the world knoweth not of, and which leads one to contemplate the wonderful power which enables him to link the past with the present, and view them as one and the same creation.

Any other institutions of an elevating character?

Yes, the Grand Central Hotel.

Give some illustrations.

A general tendency to Ryes when the spirits are moving, and the ability vouchsafed to its occupants to rap up the spirits when occupying the second floor, enabling them to suspend themselves like Mahomet's Coffin, between Earth and Heaven.

Are there any objectionable features in connection with this institution?

None except those of the License Inspector when he calls round at 11 p. m. to prevent bar practice, and Mr. Magher's when presenting an over due board bill.

### CAUTION!

We have withdrawn the "Ad" of the Mutual Union Association, of Rochester, N. Y., as also an "ad" furnished by them wanting a lady on salary or commission. They have not kept faith with us, and are not likely to do so with others, as they have failed to even acknowledge our letters asking for explanations. For this reason and as the result of enquiries, we are forced to consider them unreliable.

### FOR SALE

A trio of Rouen Ducks, which have taken the first prize at the Dominion and Provincial Exhibition. Price, \$3.00  
D. THOMAS & Co.



WINTER SCENE ON THE UPPER SPIDER RIVER.

The accompanying sketch represents the first bend in the Upper Spider, below the spring on old camp ground, and will be familiar to many of our readers. The individual attached to the sled represents our friend J. G. Walton of this city, but from the appearance of his sled he doesn't seem to have kept up his reputation as a Nimrod. The drawing and electrotype were prepared by Arthur Meyer, 332 E. 58th Street, New York, expressly for this journal, from a photograph taken by a member of Mr. Walton's party. The locality shown in the sketch is a great resort for deer and moose in July and August. We have arranged with Mr. Meyer to furnish local illustrations for future issues of this paper.

## The Electric Hunter of the Connecticut.

By CALESTIGAN.

CHAPTER I.

Continued.

"What are you up-to Caliban? said I; are you afraid of bears? No bears will come near us with such a fire as we have." "You teach your granny, replied he. Do you think that was a bear that scratched up our tracks to Leach Pond?" (We had noticed on our return to camp that some animal had scratched the leaves and moss on our path.) "No, sir; it was an animal of quite another complexion—I guess you had better take that fish and hang it over into the pond, or you'll have more cat in the tent than mine, I reckon. Them paynters ain't nice playfellows, I tell you and they'll carry off more lead than would sink a canoe, and come back for more before the old dose is digested." "But, surely Caliban, you can drive them off as easily as you did the blood-suckers, said I, eyeing him keenly. "May be, may be," muttered he, "if you'll whistle him into being still so that I can put some salt on his tail. But, I tell you, I don't like them big cats, and I'm glad that I loosed the old hoss who's got to the boundary by this time.—I'm blamed sartin the critter will be round before daylight, so you'd better have your guns loaded. That catamount, or his mates attacked our camp on "Hall's Stream" last spring, and came pretty near carrying off one of our party, and would ha' done it too, had'n't it a been for an old hound who jumped on to the critter in time to save his master, but he, hisself was carried off for cat-meat." "But," said I, "why didn't you help by keeping the beast still, or by driving him off by that wonderful power which you have over animals?" "Because," replied he, "looking somewhat confused, the beast never took no notice of me; the eyes of a cat are as roving as his mind, and you can no more catch a steady glance from one than you can hold ground—lightning, nor catch a weasel asleep; them purring cusses have no affinity for man, but they do love fish, so you had better hide them trouts, right off in the pond."

We began to think that Caliban was right, and proceeded at once to sink our fish in the pond; loaded our rifle and a double-barreled gun, into which we put double charges of swan shot, having no bullets to fit; we piled up the fire with dry pine which crackled into a blaze, illuminating the inside of the tent and a considerable radius in the outer darkness.

Our defensive preparations being concluded, we found ourselves cozy and comfortable, yet not one of the party felt sleepy, nor did we indulge in our accustomed night-caps for fear of sleeping too soundly. We lay in our blankets with our guns beside us, and kept our ears cocked ready to catch any suspicious sound.

### CHAPTER II.

"Ban, Ban, Ca-Caliban got a new master, find a new-man."

We lay for several hours in a state of tension and anxiety, which as the time advanced towards the mystic hour of mid night brought exhaustion and drowsiness to my two friends who, commencing with a few desultory snorts, soon subsided into a loud and continuous snore, showing a total oblivion of present or foreshadowed events. Not so, however, with myself, for I well knew from past experience that if the disturbance of our tracks, the previous evening had been made by a Catamount, we were pretty sure to receive a visit from him; not that the American Panther is particularly inimical to man, but like certain old women and other felines, he is cursed with an inveterate curiosity, which prompts him to follow up and investigate any new thing which may have come within the range of his prowlings; and knowing, also, from former experience, that such cats have dangerously

sharp claws, I felt far from comfortable, neither was my discomfort diminished by the evident fact that our electric hunter was in a miserable funk. Our fire had got low and the night being dark, I told him to throw on some dry brush, of which we had a large quantity lopped from a dead balsam, which Caliban had felled within twelve feet of the tent, lodging its head in some trees in front, at an angle of forty-five degrees directly over our fire. We had lopped off the branches for about forty feet from the tent to serve us for dry fuel. I am thus precise in my description as the tree in question was soon to become the theatre of a very strange weird performance.

We had got our fire revived, and the blaze lighted up the tent and immediate surroundings; we had looked to our guns and had made up for our want of sleep and the customary "night-caps" by priming the inner man, when the forest rang with a scream, which, old and practiced hunter that I was, sent a cold shiver through my frame, and made my blood run cold. It resembled the scream of a frightened woman, but more prolonged, growing harsher as it cadenced into lower tones, and ended in something between a growl and a gurgle. It was repeated twice, each time nearer the camp. A cracking of the bush, the rattling of some loose stones and gravel, a bound right in the light of our fire and there stood in full view, a magnificent creature as tawny as an African lion. If I were to say that his mouth was stretched wide open displaying a dreadful set of teeth, that his eyes were aflame, and his whole frame quivering with rage, I would be giving our nocturnal visitor a bellicos appearance, which seemingly did not belong to him, for his looks showed nothing more formidable than such curiosity as is displayed by a domestic cat at the sight of some rodent which is new to him, and which his instinct cautions him to beware of least he might prove a dangerous antagonist. But, he loomed large, in the light, and long in proportion to his height.—A pressure of Owl's foot as signal, and my gun was at my shoulder. Bang! bang! both barrels went off at once,—a loud hiss, a tumbling down of some of the blazing brush, and the cat was gone! "You shot high, said Owl. Here! Caliban!—But, where is he? Not in the tent.—Where?"—He was interrupted by a yell very different to the screams first heard; another and another, each ending in a deep prolonged growl indicative now, of anything but peaceful intentions. We could hear, the animal, now really become formidable, hissing and spitting, and tearing the ground with its claws on the outside of the fire. Fred's rifle went twice to his shoulder, as he caught a glimpse of him through the bushes, but, I begged him not to fire unless he got sight at a vital part. In the mean time, I had reloaded my gun with buck-shot, and was on the alert for a favorable shot.—Our fire was burning brightly, illuminating the forest to a considerable distance, and enabled us to catch occasional glimpses of the infuriated beast as he prowled around on the outside. Suddenly, like a flash, he charged right into the former space, between the tent and fire; not at us, for his gaze was steadily fixed aloft to the leaning balsam, and rivetted on Caliban, who stood there looking, as he did when magnetizing the reptiles at Leach Pond, only, that his usually ruddy complexion was now quiet ghastly; his eyes were ablaze, his hair erect and scintillating with sparks like a burning furze bush,—and the Catamount, what of him? He, who had leaped into the light with tail erect and mouth gaping for blood, had crouched to the earth and lay there trembling and whinnying like a whipped hound; his humiliation and subjection were complete, but his misery was of short duration for a bullet from Fred's rifle pierced his heart, and we had the proud distinction, and great satisfaction of securing and carrying home the skin of the last Catamount seen in the Averil woods. CALESTIGAN.

(To be continued.)

Try the invigorating effects of a 40 cent box of Oxien. It caps the climb-acts.

To the Editor of the Land We Live In.

Will you kindly tell me if we have a fishery officer appointed to guard our Eastern Township Lakes from unlawful and predatory fishers. A short time ago I informed you, with rejoicing, that the land-locked salmon placed in the Massawippi Lake were growing in size and number. Now, I am told the greedy poachers who infest the waters of our prettiest and most prolific lake, are netting indiscriminately. Only last week I heard of one of those human otters having caught, in 160 feet of water a sea-salmon, weighing 33 lbs., and another 8 lbs. The fisher showed the marks of the hook, but the buyer detected the mark of the net. "He shone like silver as I pulled him up in the moonlight," said he. A very good tale for the marines, but, sailors and sportsmen know better than to angle for salmon by moonlight.

My name and address are at the disposal of the officers of the law, with a list of names, time and place.

Yours, &c.,

CALESTIGAN.

We believe the Fisheries Officer whose jurisdiction extends over Massawippi Lake, is Parker W. Nagle, Esq., whose address is Sherbrooke, and advise our correspondent to communicate with him, and we guarantee any reliable information will not be disregarded.—[Eds.]

Mr. H. S. Pickett, No. 115 10th Street, Buffalo, N. Y., is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for this paper.

We have been appointed General Agents for The Excelsior Enamelling Company of Chicago, and are prepared to furnish White Enamel Letters for shop and office windows, also, Brass, Nickel, Glass, Gold and Embossed Letters, in Fancy, Block, German Text and Script, for Signs, &c., at lowest prices. D. THOMAS & CO.

The Air-Vacuum Hook is the most ingenious Hit Rack ever invented. You can carry it in the vest pocket, and in a second hang your hat on the mirror, window, wall, or any smooth substance. Will last as long as the head that the hat fits. The bald headed individual can hang his hat on the back of his head, while mopping the perspiration off his noble brow. By-mail 10 cents each.

D. THOMAS & CO.

### SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS.

For which we want Subscribers and Canvassing Agents.

The Life and Poems of Pope Leo XIII. Poems in Latin, with the only English translation. Price \$2.25, \$3.75 and \$5.00.

Plain Home Talk about the Human System. Sexual relations, &c. Price \$2.00

Hand Book of Popular Medicine, embracing instructions for Nursing the Sick. Price \$2.50.

Pictorial Budget of Wo-aders and Fun for Little Men and Little Women. Price \$1.75.

Happy Hours at Home with the Children, the brightest and best Stories ever written. \$2.75.

Samantha at Saratoga, by Josiah Allen's Wife, (Marietta Hawley). Price \$2.75

Secret Service of the Post Office Department, with an account of the famous Star Route Frauds. Price \$3.00.

Also, The Light of the Nations, by Rev. Dr. Deems; and The Worlds Opportunities, and How to Use Them. Ladies of Education and good address, can make \$2 to \$4 per day in this city and vicinity, in soliciting subscriptions for some of the above works and can be kept constantly employed with new publications, as we represent some of the largest Publishing Houses in New York, Springfield, Mass., and Toronto.

D. THOMAS & CO.

Jap-ANESE BAMBOO LAMP MATS, elegant and stylish, in sets of three, at 30 cents. Also, Japanese Paper Lamp Shade Covers, variegated colors, 10 cents each, and finest Silk Covers, at 75 cents to \$1 each. D. THOMAS & CO., Gen'l Agents.

## G. H. PRESBY, PHOTOGRAPHER, Two's Block, Wellington Street, SHERBROOKE.

Every description of Photograph prepared in the highest style of art, and at prices which defy competition. Pictures copied, colored and enlarged. Outdoor Views and Scenery a specialty. Call and see samples. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Choose a fine day and come early.

## The Jersey Drummer,

G. S. WYCKOFF, Editor and Proprietor,

345 BROADWAY, NEWARK, N. J.

25 cents per annum.

Should be in the hands of every Agent. A first class advertising medium.

## HALT! ATTENTION!

The Best Offer Yet!! Don't Delay!!! In order to increase our subscription list to 10,000 before the close of the year, we have made special arrangement with the manufacturers, by which we are enabled to offer our subscribers a useful, valuable and acceptable premium, one that everybody wants. We offer

A ONE LINE RUBBER STAMP, containing the name of the subscriber, with ink, pad and box making it

A COMPLETE OUTFIT,

to anyone remitting us 65 cents. Just think of it! THE LAND WE LIVE IN for one year, with name stamp, ink, pad and box by mail, postpaid to any part of the United States or Canada, for only 65c; or

A TWO LINE RUBBER STAMP, with your name and address, something like this:

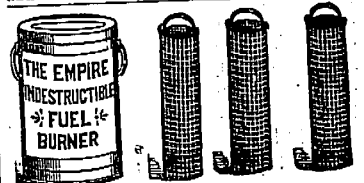
Leonora L. Thomas,

SHERBROOKE, QUE.,

with outfit as above, and the LAND WE LIVE IN one year, the whole prepaid to any address for 80 cents. Name of subscribers will be entered in our subscription book in the order received, and stamps sent out in the same order. First come, first served.

Mention color of Ink preferred. Send immediately, as this offer is only for a limited period. Direct to D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke, Que.

AGENTS WANTED, in every City, Town and Village to work for us. Samples and particulars FREE. WHITON MFG CO., Toronto, Ont., and at Buffalo, N. Y.



Use the EMPIRE INDESTRUCTIBLE FUEL BURNER in your Cooking Stove. You don't have to wait for sufficient heat to do your cooking. It develops an intense heat immediately upon application of a lighted match, and will last half an hour when it can be cooled and used over and over again. With the set of three burners a continuous heat can be kept up. We want agents throughout the Province. Circulars on application. Price per single set \$1.50.

D. THOMAS & CO., Gen'l Agents. THE EXCELSIOR GAS BURNER Utilizes old coal-oil lamps, and saves Lamp Chimneys. Gives double the light of ordinary lamps, and the fluid from which the gas is generated, can be obtained at about 25 cents per gallon, according to quality. Circulars on application. D. THOMAS & CO.

EMBLEMATIC PINS. MASONI, ODD FELLOWS and J. R. ESTER 30 c. nts each.

LAMP CHIMNEY STOVES, BROOM HOLDERS AND ADJUSTABLE DOOR FASTENERS.

15 CENTS EACH.

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THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY PHOTOGRAPHS  
Of Eminent People of the World,

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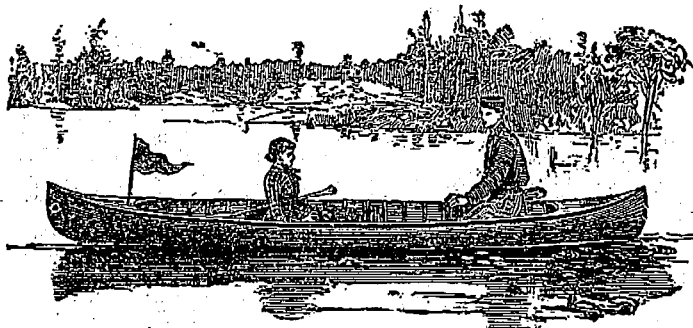
THIRTY-TWO BEAUTIFUL PAGES.

THE PHOTO ART GALLERY is arranged in such a manner as to permit the insertion of a full Cabinet Portrait of family or friend, in each page, making it a most CHOICE ALBUM OF FRIENDS, as well as a great Collection of Eminent People, and a rare and novel work of art. The pages of the Photo Art Gallery are each prepared for the reception of a cabinet-sized portrait in the centre, and arranged around the margin, on an appropriate background, are ten of the photographs, the entire work on each page being produced by a newly discovered Photo-Lithographic Process. This rare work is BEAUTIFULLY BOUND IN SILK PLUSH, the title "Photo Art Gallery," being stamped, with an artistic design, in the plush on the outside of the front cover. The size is 9x11 inches and 3/4 inches thick. It has elegantly padded sides, ornamental extension clasp, round corners, and gold laid edges.

This Gallery of three hundred and twenty photographs of prominent people of the world, includes the President of the United States, many of the most noted Rulers of Foreign Nations, Statesmen, Philanthropists, Generals, Admirals, Theologians, Orators, Scientists, Actors, Inventors, Lawyers and Humorists, making it an exceedingly valuable collection, one that cannot be found in any other work, and that could not be collected by any person except at the expense of SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS and much time and trouble. It is only through the discovery of this new Photo-Lithographic process that it has been made possible to produce such a valuable collection at the remarkably low price for which this work is sold and the happy thought of combining the Art Gallery with the Album, gives it greater value, and at the same time gives the entire collection of photographs, together with a beautiful Album, at almost the same cost of the ordinary Album alone.

PRICE \$8.00. Lovell Mfg Co., (Limited), Erie, Pa.

As Agents for the above Company, we can supply the Art Gallery, freight and duty paid at manufacturers price. D. THOMAS & CO.



## THE ONTARIO CANOE COMPANY

Has appointed the undersigned their Agent for Sherbrooke and the Townships. He has in stock several of the most desirable styles, and can furnish anything that may be required in the way of Canoes or Skiffs.

JOS. G. WALTON, Sherbrooke, Que.

**100 WATCHES**  
ACCURATE TIME KEEPER  
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THE NEW STYLE PATENT

THIS IS A CORRECT ILLUSTRATION OF WATCH WE SEND 100

We have arranged with the manufacturers for 100 of these watches, which we will furnish with a year's subscription to *The Land We Live In* for \$7.50 each. Sent by registered mail on receipt of price. These watches will stand all the acid tests of a solid gold watch and present as fine an appearance as one costing ten times the amount. Call and see samples.

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"Watch-man, tell us of the night."  
Our watches may not be any protection against the ravages of Time, but they enable us to keep an eye on the progress of the enemy." By their works ye shall know them.

## A NEW INVENTION!

**Folds Complete as a Pocket Knife.** **Saws down trees.** **Weights 41 pounds.** **Side hill view.** **Runs Easy. No Back Ache.** **Rough ground view.**

7 8 Cords of Beech have been sawed by one man in nine hours. This was honestly and fairly done. EXACTLY WHAT EVERY FARMER AND WOOD CHOPPER WANTS. First order secures exclusive sale of your territory. Write for "FREE" illustrated catalogue and testimonials. Address, FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 37 Franklin St., Chicago.

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

## REMINISCENCES.

During the fall and winter of 1838 and '39, the local militia men were called out, as aids to the volunteer companies, in Stanstead and Compton counties, to protect Stanstead Plain and Rock Island, and the town of Sherbrooke, (which was then but a village,) from invasion by the Rebels and their sympathizers, several of whom had then been committed to the gaol at the latter place, upon the charge of treasonable speeches and practices. With others of the militia from Compton, I was ordered to Sherbrooke, under the command of the late Capt. H—. On arrival there, we provided our own quarters at the public houses, and such other quarters as could be procured; when off guard, which was on each alternate twenty-four hours.

The first day we were put through a brief drill in rude military maneuvers, and exercises with our guns, in order to fully qualify us for the arduous and honorable discharge of the duty devolving upon us, in defending the country from an invasion, of which there was not the slightest prospect either near or remote.

There were three guard rooms in Sherbrooke, one at the south end of the bridge, at the square; one at the bridge, at the upper town; and one in the old gaol yard; and a special guard was detailed to guard the political prisoners inside the gaol. Myself and two or three others were assigned to the latter place, and, it fortunately fell to my lot with another, to be placed at the door inside of the long rooms on the second floor, at the south end, where those political prisoners were incarcerated, and with several of whom I had some previous acquaintance.

They were principally young men, whose names I will not mention.

Well, we were ordered to have no conversation with the prisoners. To keep our positions within a prescribed limit next to the door on the outside of which other sentinels were posted. We were on duty from 12 m., until the following day at the same hour.

No sooner than the officer, who had given us our orders, had left the gaol, than I disobeyed orders, (as he expected we both would, I have no doubt,) for I went to those whom I knew, shook hands with them; and, as the weather was very cold took a seat on a pile of wood near the stove, in the center of the room, stuck my side arm in a billet of wood, and soon engaged in a game of checkers with one of the prisoners; and as we were not likely to be disturbed until our rations were brought in, we gave ourselves up to the engagement of a social chat and amusements.

After lunch, and when the prisoners had had their supplies, and had been locked in their cells for the night, and the gaoler had retired, the prisoners passed to us, through the openings over the doors, several heavy blankets, of which they had provided themselves more than they required. And, while one of us kept the fire, and an ear to what might occur outside, the other would enjoy a nap. To this, there was but one serious obstacle, and that was poor Robt. Mc—, a big crazy man on the floor beneath, who would keep up a hideous noise, whenever the guard in the yard hailed the relief guard, to go on duty. Altogether we felt soldiering under such circumstances was neither dangerous, nor a very unpleasant occupation, and felt proud that we could serve our Queen and country, without putting ourselves in peril from imagined foes without or within the old gaol.

On a clear cold night, while I was on guard in the gaol, a man by the name of Dunsheth, who had murdered his wife, was brought into the gaol, and chained in one of the cells, at about twelve o'clock. Poor Mc—, had previously been hooting at the top of his voice, but, had then got quiet; but the bringing in of the criminal started him up afresh with his racket, during which no one could sleep in the building. And every time the guard in the yard below, would sing out with a loud voice upon the still night air,

"who comes," and which would be answered in an equally loud tone, "relief guard," Robt. would invariably break out afresh, and keep it up for an hour or more before becoming quiet. This state of affairs finally became exasperating to the naturally kind old gaoler, who called out to the outside guard not to make so much noise, but the reply was "we were ordered to have no conversation with anyone in the gaol. We don't know who you are, and we are not to know." "D—n you," said the gaoler, "I'll let you know who I am." And presently I heard the chain withdrawn from the outer door, and the gaoler rushed out half dressed, leaving the door unfastened. He was challenged for the countersign, which he could not give, and he was therefore marched at the point of the bayonet into the guard room, where he had to remain until the proper officer for the night was sent for, who sharply reprimanded the gaoler for his rashness, and let him go.

Discipline was not quite as well enforced at that time, as it is in the regular British Army, several irregular practices having been indulged in by the men when off duty. On one occasion, one of the men who was off duty for the night, by stratagem obtained the countersign from one who was on guard, and tested it by challenging the night patrol. Then, himself and another of the off duty men, disguised themselves as officers of "the grand round," and visited some of the guard houses, and took reports without detection, but, on the following morning, old Capt. H—, made the air vocal with all the cuss words at his command, on account of the bogus "grand round" of the previous night. While his face was as red as the flip-iron with which he "mulled" his cider, but, he never succeeded in discovering the guilty parties.

On another night, a wedding was consummated at old Mr. P—'s, on the square, by one of the militia men, in the absence of a regular clergyman, at which a large number of men who were off duty were present, and who, with both bride and groom, were high in spirits, and of which, and also, the farce enacted, all of the participants had reason to be ashamed. But, although the event caused considerable excitement at the time, after a few days of gossip, it died away, and matters went quietly on, until the company was disbanded and sent home to Compton, there to resume their former daily avocations.

The then little village of Sherbrooke would have been safer from molestation in the absence of the military guard which was called there to protect it. Those who were imprisoned there as rebels against Government, all of whom, I believe, were from Stanstead county, were set at liberty early the following spring. And nearly all of them, and their guards also, have since passed over to join the great majority, "on the other side of Jordan." What is now the beautiful and flourishing business street, called "Wellington street," was then in summer time—one of the muddiest roads in the county, with only three or four little houses upon it. But, very few of those who then resided there, and were engaged in business pursuits, are now alive to remember the events here recorded. MASSA WIPPI.

## FOR SALE.

The premises recently occupied by the undersigned, at the junction of Prospect and Melbourne streets, containing about three acres of land, with two storey house, barn, stable, carriage, root and ice houses, well stocked with fruit trees, grape vines, &c., and commanding one of the finest views in the city. An abundance of excellent water. One acre of land with the buildings will be sold separately if desired, and out of this one or two building lots can be sold for \$800 or \$900 each. Easy terms. Apply to D. THOMAS.

Send to this office for a Rubber Stamp with your name on, complete with Ink and Pad, 60 cents, or name and address with ink and pad, 70 cents. Cash with orders.



Arrah, be me sowkins, Father, but its bother lukkin ye're gittin ivery day I mate ye. Faith its a pate taper waist like a cow in the middle, ye're gittin on ye. Av ye keape an growin its the mate sign ye'd make for a sassage factory, a pig an one side av the dure, and Pather an the other. 'Don't be pokin fun at me, Pat Maloney, but give me ten cents. Do you know from your general appearance you'd make a good sign for a scythe smith factory, and if you'd hire out any-way reasonable, I'll guarantee Mr. Ball would take you on trial. 'Thanks! How much do you ask for your three year old chickens?' 'Och! git along wid ye, f'what wud a paysooper be doin wid chickens I don't know?' 'He's a little hard on you, Peter, I'd charge him double fee if I was you, one for sellin, and the other for makin a meat market of his mouth by exposin' his tongue.' 'Hello! Harrison, you get round Saturday as usual.' 'A don't want nowt to say to thee. Thee maks't me speak bad York-shire. Thee made me say 'tother day 'at a wore goin whoman, w'en a said 'a we'r goin whum. Thee'd botter get ponsted i' York-shire, afore thee try's to put it i' the paaper.' 'Well, Pat McMahon, what have you got on the market to-day?' 'Sorrah a thing but some eggs and butter, and a few praties.' 'How many eggs have you?' 'Six dozen and you can have them if you take the lot, at 18 cents a dozen.' 'All right, I'll take them. They toll me you've been buying the Ball Island below Brompton Falls.' 'Oh, faith that's an old story, I bought it long ago, but I'm just only after takin' a deed of it.' 'And what are you goin' to do with it? Sure man, didn't you have land enough?' 'Well indeed I did, but you see some of those Shorbrooke fellows do be coming down here spearing and nottin' fish, and if I put them over on the Island at night, so as I can't hear them when they do be tellin' fish stories. I won't know any thing that they do be doin' if the Fish officer should come along. Many the fine fish I've soon taken forinst that Island, but it don't do to know too much, now a days.' 'You're just right, an' hows the old man?' 'Lively as a cricket, and he often wonders you don't take a drive down, for an hour or two's sport.' 'Well then, I'd like to. Ask him if he minds the Christmas night when I called in and found him and Roger O'Halloran havin' a bit of a tussle, and when I asked him what the trouble was, he told me they were 'just tryin' their stringth.' 'I'll hold you he'll remember it, but come down and we'll get some partridge anyway.' 'Don't be callin' them partridge. You haven't got a partridge in Brompton. They're ruffed grouse.' 'Faith then ruffed grouse or smoothed grouse, they're good atin. Bring Jack Whitecher with you. Good bye.' 'Well bigosh don't you say nothin' bout me feesh on Key Pond no more. M'seer Pat he don't say mooch bogar he'll see something sure. Nevare see me net on Key Pond, night lino sometime, don't night lino only for give you an' M'seer Presby *beaucoup des poissons*, for mak' b'leave you got pooty good luck. Probably you'll not forget the time Bill Read and Jack Park teop over the boat, mak' you swemm, eh! My woman, she'll give you her dress for wait till she'll dry your close. Key Pond pooty col' an' wet, *le mois de Mai, bien froid*. Bill Read, dum ole foolish, teop the boat.' 'Nevy mind! Isidore, not drowned yet. Presby

and I are going out to photograph a bear next week. Tell Madame, to keep some eggs for us. Presby's great on pork and eggs.' 'Excuse me, but what sort of a place is Key Pond for scenery?' 'Very good, indeed.' 'Well, for those lime light illustrations, in connection with the lectures that Mr. Ingersoll and myself are giving. I should like a bit of natural scenery. I mean wild and unadorned, except so far as Nature has adorned it.' 'There's plenty of it there, Mr. Armstrong, and by going a little further, to Brompton Lake, you can get excellent photographs of Caribuncle Mountain and the islands.' 'No use go Brompton Lake, Jim Atcheson he'll not let you feesh; better you stay Key Pond. Rester ici, me have some longe at Fred Camirand, me bring some for you an' M'seer Presby. Don't say nothin', M'seer Nagle he'll keep look out for me.' 'Hello! Capt. Parker, is that you?' 'Yes, I was just listening to you and Isidore. I'd like to be out at Brompton Lake myself. We've had some pretty good times there, and I believe if we had Bachelor Bill with us, we wouldn't go fish hungry now.' 'Any buckwheat? I don't believe you'd find 50 bushels of buckwheat in the whole county of Compton. The frost killed all, except what the Italians on the Hereford Railway took for macaroni. Wouldn't turnips do for you in place of buckwheat? Turnips and ducks are the only crops that are likely to mature this season, and two or three more snowstorms would kill them out. If the Moganic Volunteers hadn't been rational men, with a soul above turnips, our supply of them would be short round Sawyerville.' 'Blood puddings!' 'Black Puddins! Les bouidins! Dix cents, *le live*. Ten cents a pound. *Oui, madame, cinq livres. Chiquante cents, soixante sous, merci.* 'Good mornin', Peter, keep you busy takin' toll, ay? Here's mine, and if I hadn't sold them taters just as you came up, I couldn't a' paid it, not in cash, *larshony contony*, or whatever you call it. By jiminy, we're going to have a hard winter, Peter. There ain't no crops in the country, leas'tways in the Province of Quebec, and I swear I reckon the present Government has brought a curse on this part of Canada. There ain't no other part in the same fix as us. By'n by, we'll have to get the right to kill deer out of season for a livin', the same as the Ches ham settlers did.' 'Yes, there'll be lots of deer this winter in the provision line, but we'll have to go short on horns.'

SHERBROOKE, Oct. 11th, 1888.

To D. Thomas, & Co. Gen. Agents,

GENTLEMEN,—

I have been entirely relieved from Corns, from which I have been a great sufferer, by the use of your "Infallible Corn Cure." In four days from the time I commenced to use the Cure the corns were entirely detached, and now I do not suffer the slightest inconvenience from them. You can publish this in the interest of other sufferers.

Yours, &c.,

CHAS. E. GRIFFITH.

Try the invigorating effects of a 40 cent box of Oxien. It caps the climb-acts.



THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

### Rich Gold Strike.

Thomas Maegher, who is engaged in mining on the Swauk, cleaned up \$1,400 in nuggets and fine gold. Among the nuggets was one weighing \$64. He informed the correspondent that he had traced the float and had discovered a fine ledge, in connection with Mr. Black, which was regarded by them as the long-sought mother ledge. They first discovered decomposed quartz, which showed from 200 to 400 colors to the pan, and after going through this they struck what they regard as the main ledge. This is free milling, and will assay about \$80 to the ton. This gold discovery is within twenty five miles of Ellensburg, and almost within sight of the railroad. It is regarded as a most important discovery. —*Yamhill County Herald, Oregon.*

### TOURISTS AND SPORTSMEN

Should procure the complete photographic outfit manufactured by the Climax Camera Co, for which we are General Agents, and can supply at \$6.00 each, and with which any one who can read the full instructions which accompany it, can take first class photographs of camp scenes, landscape, picturesque views, &c. which cannot be obtained in any other way. Light and compact. Dry plates are used which can be developed at the time or later as may be convenient. Call and see sample.

### BLAKE & CO'S FIRE PROOF ELASTIC ROOFING PAINT.

Is unequalled for protecting shingles against decay, and is externally fire proof. Newly shingled roofs coated with this paint, will last at least twice as long, while old shingles can be made to last as long as new shingles would, if unpainted. For tin roofs it is an absolute protection against rust, and it is not affected by the expansion and contraction occasioned by heat and cold. This paint gives a beautifully glossy appearance to the roof, and is mixed in all the most desirable shades. Patented in the U. S. and Canada. The cost of this paint applied to strictly new roofs, is 20 cents per yard, and on old or partially worn roofs 25 cents. We are Agents for the proprietors and prepared to receive orders which will be executed under their supervision.

D. THOMAS & CO.

### THE AIR VACUUM HOOK

Is the greatest and most useful novelty of the age. Applied phrenologically, it will raise the bump of benevolence, especially when under the influence of a hooker. When attending the opera, you can hang your hat on the back of the bald head in front of you, if not objected to. Can be instantly attached to and removed from any smooth surface. By mail 10 cents each.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper may be sent to Boyce & Alger, Waterville, Mass., who are our authorized agents.



### Hill's Golden Oil.

Is Manufactured by J. M. HILL at St. Armand, Que., and Franklin Vt., and is guaranteed to relieve from pain, heal and cure all Cuts, Sores and Bruises or other Flesh Wounds in either Man or Beast.

No Remedy on Earth excels HILL'S GOLDEN OIL for the purposes above referred to. It is a sure cur. for SORATONES on Horses. To any person purchasing from us, we will refund the amount paid if it fails to do what is claimed for it, when used according to directions. No cure, no pay. No pecuniary risk is involved in trying it. It is sold in bottles at 25c, 50 cents, and \$1. each. We want energetic Canvassing Agents in the District of St. Francis, and all points East and North of Sherbrooke, to whom we will give liberal terms. We also want Store-keepers in every town and village in the Province to sell the Remedy, to whom we will give terms on application United States Agents and the trade supplied. Address all orders and communications to  
D. THOMAS & Co.  
General Agents.

### BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE.

We are almost daily advised of the benefits derived from the use of this medicine in cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica or Neuralgia. Being a powerful blood purifier, its general use is beneficial in removing the impurities incidental to the present season. Price \$1 per bottle. A liberal discount to the trade.

D. THOMAS & Co.

General Agents for Canada.

Use OXIE and you'll "feel like a giant refreshed with wine," without the reaction. That's why it's called "Giant Oxie."

Thousands can testify that bruises and wounds which seemed sufficient to prove fatal were instantly rendered painless, and were completely cured in a few days by the immediate and constant use of the PAIN PAINT, by bathing the parts affected.

### THE EXCELSIOR GAS BURNER.

Can be used with any ordinary kerosene lamp and generates a brilliant gas from a fluid provided for the purpose which is safe and much cheaper than kerosene; gives twice the light, and the ingredients for which can be obtained in any town or village. No lamp chimnies are used. It is extinguished by blowing out, like a candle, and no more gas is generated until it is again lighted, when the heat from the match creates the gas. No smoke, no smell, no grease. Common wick used, and trimming once a week is sufficient. It fits ordinary lamps, and reducing collars are furnished to fit parlor, church and store lamps. The right to make and use the fluid is given with the burner, which sells at 75 to 90 cents. We want male and female agents, active, energetic and of good address, to whom we will give liberal terms, and exclusive territory.

D. THOMAS & Co.

General Agents.

Try OXIE for Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Loss of Vigor. A powerful tonic and nerve food, restoring exhausted vitality arising from any cause whatever. The trade supplied. Single boxes sent by mail prepaid, on receipt of 40 cents. D. Thomas & Co., General Agents for the Province of Quebec.

Telephone Sketches



"Hello! Hello!" "Is that Burton?" "Yes." "Well, Joe Bob wants to know if you're going out there to-morrow." "Who is it?" "Griffith, Charlie." "Oh, yes, all right, we'll be on hand. What time do you want to leave?" "About seven, I suppose. We'll get breakfast there. Joe says he's got everything fixed for a good time with the rabbits and chickens, but he asks me to tell you not to forget the case. You know what he means, I guess." "Case, what case? hard case." "It isn't you we want, at least I think not; you're name isn't Burton, is it?" "No, but some one called me." "All right, I called you; Hale, isn't it?" "Yes, who's talking?" "Didymus. Mr. Taplin is waiting to close that Conticook business." "Oh, yes, I forgot; all right. I'll be over in a brace of shakes." "And she wants you to meet her at the station on the arrival of the half-past four train this afternoon, and have the license ready. She would prefer that the Rev. Mr. Thornloo should officiate." "All right. I hadn't made any arrangement as I didn't think she could get away until the night train." "Oh! Johnny, I'm so glad you're there. I just asked Nellie to call you up. Have Mr. Thomas meet us with the marriage contract, and he might act as a witness, so that we can come back on the Island Pond train to-night." "Yes, darling, you can depend that everything will be ready, and I'll just have to move round lively to fix things." "I've just been waiting for that little matrimonial episode to pass over before telling you that your brother Willie has signed, and Mr. Taplin wants to get away by the Portland Express."

"Hello!" "Mr. Paré wants to know if you are going to send those clothes-pins, or not." "Who? Mr. Paré, Granby." "You just tell him, please, that we couldn't get them until yesterday, and we've shipped him a case of them. We have hard work to fill orders, but it isn't our fault. We can't get a sufficient supply from the manufacturers, and if they don't wire in we'll have to wire out in the clothes-pin line." "Well, who is it?" "Bob Unsworth, Grand Trunk Depot. Joe wants you to send him down some extra copies of *The Land We Live In*. He wants them as an illustration of Sherbrooke progress. Be sure and direct them "Joseph Unsworth, Government Inspector of Railways, Prince Edward's Island," so that nobody will appropriate them. They aren't interfere with anything directed to him officially." "They'll go all right, but don't you think your respected brother-in-law, Belanger, will think he is responsible for a good deal of Sherbrooke Progress—*Progres de l'Est*?" "Perhaps so, but he isn't a Judge yet; nuff sed."

"Hello!" "Say, what do you think of the comments made by certain French organs in connection with Judge Brooks' address at last Court of Queen's Bench?" "Think? Think that the writers had a good deal of fool in the head, and that their comments have commenced to operate as a sort of safety valve escape for

Anglophobia and the result of Montreal elections." "Don't show much honor towards his Honor, eh?" "No, poor Honor! but give him a little more rope. Be Liberal for once." "Say, do you know Donald Morrison's address?" "Yes." "Can you let me have it?" "No, Sirree." "Why not?" "Simply because I don't want to be liable for a tax on knowledge." Donald and myself are in partnership so far as resisting attacks is concerned."

"Hello?" "hello!" "Come up and have some oysters with us at seven this evening. That Lennoxville fellow that has such a far-away look is going to be here, and we'll just haze him. You'll come, won't you, Mary?" "Oh, I s'pose so, but I've nothing to wear." "Never mind, put on something that'll stand a good romp. If we don't pull that fellow through a round dance to-night, it'll be because we don't know how." "Don't know Howe? Nor me neither. Is that all you rung me up for?" "I beg your pardon. It's some mistake of the Central, we didn't call you." "All right, I didn't know but what you took me for Royer's City Directory." "Say, Didymus?" "Say on." "Why is the south end of Wellington street like the English Channel?" "On, that's easy enough. Because it's got 'Albion' on the west side of it." "Good for you. And why is there a prospect of an early settlement of the Fisheries Question?" "Because 'Albion' has established a good precedent by being run in the Cleveland interest. Anything more?" "No, only you might have added that there was nothing scaly about it."

"Hello!" "Have you got a reliable corn cure?" "Yes, a hair of the dog that bit you." "Oh, bother, I mean these toes corns." "Those hasn't got any corns, not as I know on." "I mean these corns like unto bunions." "Do you mean those that interrupted Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress?" "No, I mean those that interrupted Charlie Griffith's progress. He says that corn cure he got from you is a strong temperance argument, and he don't acknowledge the corn now. Its applied to the pedal extremities." "Oh, I see! on the Bell organ principle. Furnishes sacred music in a safe way, to use a Latin expression."

"Hello!" "Joe Coté's talking. I wish you'd just say in your next issue that the next time the Boston members of the Megantic Fish and Game Club order breakfast at the *Sherbrooke House*, I hope they'll make their call-in and connection sure."

"Hello!" "Is that Presby?" "Yes." "Have you got a good photograph of Sub-chief Couture?" "No; I've tried to get one of him, but the plates won't stand it. Why?" "Well, we wanted to send it to our New York artist, in order to make Pete a prominent feature in our 'Market Sketches,' but I guess he can get up a good likeness from a verbal description. If you get a good chance for an instantaneous view of him when on duty, don't forget us."

"Hello!" "Is that Mr. Didymus?" "Yes, who's talking?" "Archib McDonald. Can't you take a run out with me to Black Lake to-morrow?" "I don't know. Why?" "We've had Captain Northey out there prospecting for us, and he's struck a splendid surface show of asbestos and magnesia, and we want you to see it. I'll take over some samples to you. I just wanted to make sure you wore at your office."

Mr. Walter Hanover, 116 Broadway, Fall River, Mass., is our authorized agent for this paper. Advertising contracts may be made with him.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is produced by Oxien.

ANOTHER SMALLPOX CURE.—The following remedy is said to be a novel failing one for smallpox:—Take one ounce of cream of tartar and dissolve it in a pint of boiling water. When cool enough drink two or three swallows every fifteen minutes. This is said to be an infallible remedy, and also a preventative. It will cure in three days in any case, and never leaves a mark. Hundreds of thousands have been cured by this remedy.

TALK OF THE DAY.

A restaurant waiter takes in the measure of a man from tip to tip.

An item of great interest—paid out by the government each year on its bonds.

People who got hurt in the cotton corner had no idea that the light staple could get so heavy.

Daniel Lamont says he goes to church by proxy. A good many men are represented in church by their wives.

It is strange! A woman who claims to have a mind of her own, takes every opportunity to give everybody a piece of it.

George J. Romane, in the Nineteenth Century, avers that the crying of a woman is not held to betray the same depth of feeling as the sobs of a man.

The man who can pass the warning notice, "paint," without testing the matter with his finger to see if it is dry, has sufficient will power to give up drinking.—[Puck.]

The Indiana man who sold his wife, had some trouble in collecting the money. Perhaps the other fellow found that he was badly swindled in the trade.

Jones, he keeps a blacksmith shop.  
His wife a poultry pen;  
Jones he shoes the horse,  
And his wife she shoes the hen.  
—[Whitehall Times.]

A Dakota woman is commended for her courage in killing a wildcat. It does not take half as much courage for a woman to slay a wildcat as to kill a mouse.

Nature is bound to keep up the average: when she makes a man who can accumulate a fortune, she usually produces a family of spendthrifts to squander it.

The chinook bug eats the farmer's grain.  
The bee moth spoils the honey,  
The bad bug fills him full of pain,  
The humbug sours his money.  
—[Flatonia (Tex.) Argus.]

After running a lawn mower for an hour this morning he remarked that if ever he had said anything derogatory or unkind of the snow shovel, he would most willingly take it back.—[Springfield Union.]

"Ma, de fiziology say yer dat de human body am imposed of free-fourth watah."  
"Wah, yo' bettah mosey off to school, an' git outen dat hot sun, ur' fust ting yo' know yo' be 'vaporatin'!"—[Harper's Bazar.]

"What in thunder did you put in that glass of soda?" he gasped. "Whiskey," replied the clerk; "you winked." "I winked! My young friend, one of my eyes is made of glass. I'm a temperance apostle."

Col. Watterson has discovered in New York a drink composed of brandy, eggs and coffee, and called a "Sabbath Calm," and Col. Watterson has put the "Sabbath Calm" where it is apt to do the most good.

A scientist has discovered that widows are more likely to die than widowers. They are more likely to get married than widower, too. And we have noticed that a man generally dies before his widow, but shall not attempt to explain it.

Edward Atkinson has just published a book in which he says that he hopes to be entitled to this epitaph: "He taught the American people how to stew." If he is the clerk of the weather he is entitled to his epitaph, and ought to get it at once.

Somebody sent a poem to a Western journal beginning, "Old friend, companion of my youth, a bumper to the brim!" But when the compositor tortured "bumper" into "bummer," there was a roar in the office, and the editor was obliged to wear crutches for two weeks.

It has been noticed that a girl who has graduated from Vassar and has had \$25,000 spent on her education will, after marriage, hold clothespins in her mouth and gossip over the back fence while hanging out the washing just like other women. You can't change a woman's nature.

Barkeeper—"Deacon Rednose has not been in for a week." "Saloon proprietor—" "Eh! What's happened? He can't get along without his toddy, I know." "He goes into Blubson's across the way." "Blubson's? Let me see. What can be the matter? By jinks, I have it. Our buttermilk sign has tumbled down."

—A Michigan man has trained his cat to visit a grocery and steal mackerels for him. And yet, writers on natural history claim that Michigan men have no intelligence.

Parties answering any advertisements contained herein, will greatly oblige by mentioning the fact, that they saw it in this journal.

How To Keep Your Husband Home Nights.

A few days ago a Detroit wife was reading a newspaper article which tickled her almost to death. It was entitled: "How to keep Your Husband at Home," and it was about a Troy wife who turned the sitting-room into a saloon, and thus wedded her husband to his home and kept him in nights.

The Detroit wife cackled and grinned and cackled again, and vowed that she'd follow the plan to the last detail. That evening, when her husband had finished his supper and was making a rush for his hat to go down and see a man on \$100,000 worth of business, the exultant wife led him into the library. There was sawdust on the floor, six big spittoons artistically arranged around the room, and a bar on which rested half a dozen bottles of beer and a supply of beer glasses.

"My angel wife, may heaven bless you!" exclaimed the husband as he looked around him and took in all the details.

Then he walked around and expectorated in each spittoon, and he walked up to the bar and swore like a trooper and called for beer. When he had drunk it he kicked over the chairs and said he was just as good as Vanderbilt or any other man. When he had imbibed some more beer he kicked over the bar and broke the bottles, and as soon as his wife began to talk politics he blacked her eye and went in to clear out the place. When the neighbors finally got the man quieted down things were endwise and crosswise all over the house, while half the neighbors were hunting for a fire-alarm box and the other half for the police. When the hystericky wife had finally explained her plan to the mob filling the parlor the husband sat up on end amidst the wreck, and waved his fists about and shouted:

"You hez your hocz! Nicess s'loun in zhis town! Nicessz wife in D'troit! Everybody come up'n driz at my s'ponsel! Whooop! Wherezer man who wants'er run out nights!"

—[Philadelphia Call.]

—[Kentucky State Journal.]

"THE HEART BOWED DOWN WITH WEIGHT OF WOE," Will find a joy and comfort in the use of Oxien, that the world knoweth not of;

For The Land We Live In.

## LAKE SUPERIOR IN 1848.

NO. 3.

It seems almost time for my long winded account of my trip to the great inland sea in the year of our Lord, 1848, to draw to a close; but although I had up to the time of my visiting the island of St. Ignace in Nepigon Bay, spent a whole month, I had only about half completed the objects of my mission, and I may possibly not be able to finish my yarn in this article even, but may be obliged to trespass on your indulgence for space for another instalment in your next number of the LAND WE LIVE IN.

Let me beg of you though to endeavor to induce your proof reader to be a little more careful, in correcting unavoidable printers' errors in future, as in some of my last papers I am made to misuse the Queen's English, rather too much.

On the 28th July, we left our anchorage at the Island of St. Ignace, bound for Pigeon River, on the boundary line between Canada and the United States; from the day of our departure we had so far met no vessel nor any human beings with the exception of the two Indians at Michipicoton Island, and other two near St. Ignace, we might just as well have been navigating in the Arctic Ocean, in fact there would have been perhaps a greater chance of meeting with human beings, as we might possibly fall in with an occasional whaling vessel, but the Northern part of the waters of Lake Superior in those days were indeed solitary; there were of course two or three Hudson Bay Co. stations on land, but I did not visit either one of these, nor did I have any ocular evidence of their existence, so far as my party was concerned it was water, water and barren land.

I was beginning to suffer very much in my health from so many privations and so much hardship, and was getting very anxious to return to the civilized world again. I was in great hopes that I should be enabled to do so, as I did not anticipate any great difficulty or delay in accomplishing the remaining portion of my mission.

We had a very light and variable breeze to start with, and consequently made very little headway, more especially as the wind was from the South East; we passed Fluor Spar island and had arrived within a couple of miles of Point Perphyry, just in the dusk of the evening, when it fell quite calm, with quite a heavy sea from the Westward, as this conjunction of circumstances rendered our position rather dangerous, we got out the sweeps, and got the sloop into a safe harbor; in doing this we ran on to a shalving rock and stuck fast for a while, but by discharging a portion of our ballast the sloop floated off and we got to a safe anchorage, with no harm done beyond giving the whole of us a pretty good fright.

The next morning at 4 o'clock we got away with a fine Easterly breeze, but by the time we had got abreast of Thunder Caps, a little fog arose, then heavy rain, and by ten o'clock it was blowing very hard, almost a gale of wind; but as we could almost make a fair wind of it, I felt quite pleased at our being able to make such good headway, with a reef in our jib and mainsail; the greatest danger arose from the fog, as there were several small and some large islands in our vicinity, and we might possibly drive onto one of them in the fog; however after being almost driven back again by a sudden change in the wind, the fog lifted and we were enabled to run into a small cove at the entrance of Sturgeon Bay, where we had to wait for a change of wind.

In reaching our present anchorage we had passed the magnificent Thunder Cape as well as the entrance to Thunder Bay, without visiting the latter, a pleasure that was reserved for me for a future occasion. Since the date of this trip I have made several visits to Thunder Bay and its vicinity, from 1863 to 1873; I think I saw the first house built at Prince Arthur's Landing, and I was present

when the straggling village was erected into a municipality; I am no word painter, but if I were, words would fail me to properly describe the surpassing loveliness of Thunder Bay, viewed from the beautifully situated town of Port Arthur, to which the old name has been changed; in fact, I do think the whole world can produce any more lovely views of land and water scenery than can be found along the whole of the North shore of Lake Superior from Gros Cap to Pigeon River.

On the following morning, while I was endeavoring to obtain a little rest, the two Canadians borrowed my gun to kill a large animal that was swimming across the bay, they took the little boat and soon returned with a magnificent specimen of the Canadian Lynx, the first I had ever seen; this was very acceptable to them, as besides the skin, which had its market value, they dressed the carcass as they would that of a sheep, and cooked and ate it; much as I was longing for fresh meat, I could not bring myself to taste what they called, excellent meat, but all the others did, and pronounced it good, and I do not think a scrap of the carcass was thrown away.

On the beach at this place I found a large number of currant and gooseberry bushes, in full bearing, and the fruit on many of them quite ripe; there were two kinds of the latter, one kind as spiny as the fretful porcupine, the other as smooth and as nice to the taste as the garden fruit, and quite large for wild fruit, quite as large as some of the smaller cultivated varieties; the soil also appeared to be very good in the valleys, these however were not very large compressed as they were between the immense bluffs and rocky precipices that form such a striking picture in the landscape in all this region.

On the first August we anchored in a shallow water harbor near and almost opposite to Prince's Island; I had heard that an old acquaintance of mine was carrying on some mining operations on the main land, where he had built some log houses, I landed and was received with great hospitality; my friend took me for a short stroll near the buildings, and whilst descending on the magnificence of the views, in which I quite agreed with him, he suddenly said 'hold on,' I stopped, he parted a fringe of low bushes and showed me that we were on the very edge of an abrupt bluff or precipice, that looked to me as if it might have been fully two hundred feet in height, with an almost perpendicular face to the bottom, where there was a small lake surrounded by hills of the same nature as the one we stood on, only not so abrupt nor so high; on the water were several wild ducks sporting, in happy unconsciousness of the presence of their great enemy man, and for the time at least safe from his carnivorous instincts and murderous propensities.

As I was to encamp for some little time on a spot, not many miles South of this place, my friend made an engagement with me to spend the following Sunday with me.

After a very stormy passage we at last reached the spot where I intended to encamp; a very lovely spot near a small river about thirty yards wide, with a shallow bar at the outlet into the Lake, the banks beautifully fringed with woods, pine, spruce, tamarac and balsam among other kinds of less value; the soil apparently very good on both banks; we were by no means successful in our fishing operations, although to the Orkney man and the French Canadian, fishing appeared to be a very congenial occupation, I did better with my gun, as besides supplying the whole party with game enough to make a very agreeable variety in our dietary (not dictory, please), I was enabled to lay in hares, ducks, partridges (shame), and pigeons enough to make a gipsy pot, that sufficed for our visitors as well as ourselves on that memorable Sunday, my friend said he had never eaten anything so good before in his life, and I think 'so said all of us.' My friend had

been delayed on his passage by a squall, he arrived late in consequence just as the weather calmed a little, and I think he must have had barely time enough to reach his camp before another storm broke on us in all its fury, I find I say here in my diary—'We have rain every night, dense fogs every day, with sudden squalls of wind for the sake of variety.' On the Sunday above mentioned the wind blew fearfully, our tent was blown down, and the party had to take refuge under some low bushes from the fury of the storm.

These storms must be very violent at times, as I have seen in several places on the North shore, where the wind had cleared a track in the woods fully a mile in length and perhaps from one to two hundred yards wide, and as straight on the edges as if laid out for a cultivated field, and with the uprooted trees lying on each other, with their tops nearly all in the same direction.

My health was now almost completely broken down, so I determined to make ready for my return Eastward, with as little delay as possible, this return will form the subject of my next, and probably the closing part of my experience on the great Lake in 1848

NOMAD.

## BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE.

Owing to the increased demand we have appointed the following agents for their respective localities from whom the remedy can be obtained:

Dr. Marchessault, Coaticook.  
C. N. Remick, P. M., Barnston.  
Craig Bros., Compton Centre.  
J. B. St. Laurent,  
Capt. J. S. Wilson, P. M., Lake Megantic.  
J. B. McDonald, do.  
W. A. Farwell, Lennoxville.  
A. J. Lawrence, Stanstead.  
A. Chamberlin, Ayers Flat.  
Stewart Jenne, Abercorn.  
John C. Stockwell, Danville, Que.  
Walter Hanover, 161 Broadway, Fall River, Mass.

The trade supplied throughout Canada and the United States.

D. THOMAS & Co.  
General Agents.

## RUBBER STAMPS.

We are prepared to furnish the neatest style of name and business stamps to be obtained in Canada at manufacturers prices. Call and see sample book, or give us an idea of the style of stamp and lettering required, and we will give you estimate of cost. Cash must accompany all orders. Satisfaction guaranteed when the work done is based on an explicit order.

D. THOMAS &amp; CO.

## "RAQ WEED" PILE CURE.

We have been appointed General Agents for the above celebrated remedy, and can supply Agents and traders throughout the U. S. and Canada at manufacturers prices. Sample box by mail on receipt of 50 cts.

D. THOMAS & Co.,  
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

## THAT FUEL BURNER.

Parties who are in a hurry to catch the train and want breakfast before leaving, ought to know that with the *Empire Fuel Burner* they can get as good a fire in 10 seconds as wood would take 10 minutes to produce. The Fuel Burner saves employees from having their name on the short time list for being late at the factory. We know a man who used wood for fuel, and one morning he had to go to Montreal, when he heard the train whistle before the coffee was ready. He took a glass of beer instead of coffee, which formed the nucleus of a cargo that took him a week to unload.

Don't fail to read our *Rubber Stamp Offer* in another column, and subscribe for the *LAND WE LIVE IN* before the offer is withdrawn. These stamps are the neatest manufactured in Canada, and our offer applies to subscribers on either side of the Boundary Line.

**500 SAMPLES, BOOKS, CIRCULARS, LETTERS and PAPERS WE GUARANTEE FREE!**  
YOU TO RECEIVE FROM FIRMS ALL OVER THE WORLD IF YOU SEND 25 CENTS TO HAVE YOUR NAME IN AMERICAN DIRECTORY. Copy sent you with name inserted. Always address American Directory Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Francis Pitt, Va., Dec. 27, 1896.  
Gents—I have already received more than 1,000 papers of mail, many NEWSPAPERS, etc., the whole of which had cost me 25 cts. each before. I desire every body to have their name inserted at once. I know from experience your directory the state is all wisdom. R. T. J. Jones

A. GARWOOD,  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

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

"IT WAS A GOOD SAW."  
Messrs D. THOMAS & Co.  
Sherbrooke.

DEAR SIRS.—  
The Folding Sawing Machine, I bought from you gives great satisfaction, as I have used it to full up to what it is represented to be, having used it in all kinds of timber.

HERBERT E. BIRNER,  
Willowdale,  
Lennoxville P. Q.

March 19, 1898.

## JAMES GRANT'S NOVELS.

The Romance of War. The Scott's Brigade. The White Cockade. One of the six Hundred. The Black Watch. The Phantom Regiment, and all of James Grant's novels, in English cloth, red, black and gold at \$1.25 per vol., singly, or in sets of 12 volumes. Many of these novels contain a reliable historical record of incidents connected with the peninsula and Russian wars.

D. THOMAS &amp; Co.

LAWRENCE & MORRIS,  
ADVOCATE, BARRISTERS, &c.,  
Office in Odell's Block, Sherbrooke.  
H. D. LAWRENCE, M. A., I. L. B.,  
W. MORRIS, E. A., I. L. B.

## FOR MAN OR BEAST.

Folks say that WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT, is the most famous remedy for stopping pain instantly they ever knew.

EGYPTIAN CEMENT.  
For mending China, Glass and Wooden Ware. The best Cement in use. Price 25 cents. We are prepared to supply Agents and the trade in any quantity.

D. THOMAS &amp; CO.

## J. TRACY,

FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor,  
TRACY'S BLOCK, WELLINGTON ST.,

has always on hand a large and well assorted stock of

CLOTHS, TWEEDS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS.

—AND—

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

BETTER THAN A CHROMO.

From and after 1st June instant, the purchaser of Real Estate, whose deed of sale is executed before me as a Notary, and who is not already a subscriber, will be presented with a year's subscription to THE LAND WE LIVE IN. This offer of "The Land We Live In," is not to be considered as a REAL ESTATE transaction, and is not transferable.

D. THOMAS, N. P.

LOOK AT THIS!

We will send you the "AGENTS WORLD," a large 8 Page, 40 Column Paper, containing Agents' Directories, Bargains and Exchange column, etc. THREE MONTHS for ONLY 10 CENTS, and insert your name in Two Mammoth Directories FREE! You will receive hundreds of Valuable Papers every month. Try us! Only a Dime, Agents' World PUB. CO., Piquette, Pa.

## CHEAP ADVERTISING.

If you want ANYTHING we will give notice to our large and wide circle of readers at the low cost of ONE CENT A WORD for first time, half-a-cent a word for each additional insertion. NO CHARGE is made for words in your signature and address. For example, a similar ad. to the following would cost you only a two-cent stamp:

AGENTS WANTED.  
ALONZO CHAMBERLAIN, Corona, N.J.  
Cash or stamps must accompany order. No objectionable ads. received. Address all orders to ALONZO CHAMBERLAIN,  
Publisher NEWS-LETTER,  
Corona, New Jersey.

## HAIR RESTORER &amp; INVIGORATOR.

This preparation not only gives a beautiful gloss, but will cause hair to grow upon bald heads arising from all ordinary causes, and turning gray hair to a dark color. Prices 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00.

**HILL'S GOLDEN OIL.**

We want merchants and traders throughout the townships to keep on sale Hill's Golden Oil, Hill's Golden Tonic, Dr. Morse's Stomach Pills, and Dr. Morse's Tooth Ach Cure. Circulars and price list on application.

D. THOMAS & Co.

**TO RHEUMATICS.**

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, has induced us to secure the General Agency for Barber's Instantaneous Rheumatic Cure. We have been sufferers ourselves and know how good it feels to experience the relief, the use of the Cure has effected with us. One bottle did it, and it cost us a dollar. We have prevailed on the proprietor to manufacture the remedy here to save the extra expense of duty, and can offer it at the same price as it is sold for in the United States. \$1 per bottle. Agents wanted throughout Canada and the U. S. A liberal discount to the trade.

D. THOMAS & Co., Sherbrooke.

**THE EMPIRE FUEL BURNER.**

Can be used in any cook or wood stove, and will cook an ordinary meal at a cost of about two cents. It makes a hot fire at once. No ashes or dirt. No labor whatever to prepare.

Agents wanted throughout the Province. D. THOMAS & Co., General Agents.

**THE MELANCHOLY DAYS HAVE COME.**

But the Indestructible Fuel Burner exercises a cheering influence on the most despondent, and creates a glow which permeates the whole system.

It is made of Asbestos, and never burns out.

It will take the "chill off" the whole house at an expense of two cents for coal oil.

It will heat a room in a minute. It is just the thing to kindle a coal or wood fire, with half an hour's extra heat thrown in.

Touch a match to it, and you have an instantaneous heat, that cannot be produced from wood in less than 15 minutes.

Don't shiver over lighting fires of a cold winter morning, when you can light three of them in the time it takes to strike three matches.

Only \$1.50 for a set of 3, enclosed in a tin can.

D. THOMAS & Co., General Agents.

**INKS! INKS!!**

The best made, in all colors, and in any quantity. Gold ink, half oz. bottles, 50 cents. Shading pens, 25 cents each.

D. THOMAS & Co.

**THE ARC PRINTER.**

THE GREATEST ADVERTISING NOVELTY OF THE DAY.

THE FIRST AND ONLY DEVICE OF THE KIND EVER INVENTED.

The most practical manner in the world for bringing your name and business before the eyes of every one, is to make a sign of good oil paint upon some out-door object that will be seen the year around. To do this with a brush or stencil is very slow and expensive. The Arc Printer not only puts them both aside, but entirely does away with sign boards, which are so easily torn down. You can take the Printer in the country, and in one day thousands of signs can be printed on fences, bridges, posts, rocks, etc., and thus bring your name and business directly before the eyes of every one at once. For printing on sidewalks, curbstones, etc., it is worth ten times the price asked. It is far ahead of stencils for printing the usual advertising upon packing boxes. Common oil paint is used; thus every sign printed will last as long as if carefully made with a brush. Size 30 by 5 inches. PRICE, \$5.50.

We shall be pleased to show sample printer used by ourselves, and specimens of work. D. THOMAS & Co., General Agents.

From the Sherbrooke Gazette, -1877.  
**St. Andrew's Day.**

The Clans of the Highlands are up and awa. McDonald, Clanronald, McGregor, McCraw. The tartans are streaming, the war pipes are screaming.

The Claymores are gleaming, hurra, hurra; Saint Andrew for Scotland, the bonnie and brow; The kilt and the plaidie, the bonnet an' a; Brave sons of the heather, strike well and together For auld Scottish honor and glory and a'.

There's Gordon the gallant, brave Campbell and Mar, The Douglas, the Maxwell, Lochiel and Dunbar, From castle and shealing the pibroch are pealing, And proudly revealing the standard of war. On, on, o'er the hills, where the bold eagle flies, O'er rivers where the stag and the ptarmigan rise, Scott, Farquhar and Menzies, the stately McKenzies, W' pipes and broad banners unfurled to the skies.

McPherson, McDonald, McLeod and Danmore, Gramme, Athol and Arly, McKay and Kluturo; W' weapons bright glancing, and plumes gaily dancing,

Each clan with its pipers proud marching before, Bold Frazer's, McFarlane's and Grant's of the Spey, All gallantly marching in warlike array, Through wild torrents plashing, through deep ravine leaping,

Illumed by the beacons, bright blazing away.

Joy, joy to the hour, when returning once more, The march of the Clans shall resound from the shores, Their triumph is swelling in hall and low dwelling, Where groups of gay dancers spring light on the floors,

Like roses in sunshine, when summer winds blow, So gracefully bending, so brightly they glow, Drink a weal salute, to the sweet Highland lassie, There's none like her on the earth here below.

For the Land We Live In.

**"My Grandfather was Wounded at Lundy's Lane."**

In common with so many families in the Eastern Townships, mine also descended from a military source, and many were the tales of daring and valor told of our forefathers in the old days gone by.

Among the first impressed upon my mind was the oft-told family tale of my grandfather who was wounded at Lundy's Lane, and of our sainted grandmother who, being among the anxious women in the rear, rushed to the front, carried her husband off the bloody field, and nursed him at Queenstown hospital till he recovered.

I remember my grandfather, a short, stout old gentleman, bad with the asthma. How I pictured him joining in the lusty British cheer, and wondered what a wheezy old cheer it must have been, and once when listening to that memorable charge down the hill, in my childish anxiety to know how the old gentleman ever kept up with the others in their mad career, "Grandpa," I piped in, "hadn't you to roll down hill to keep up with the others?" and was so surprised when the old man got mad,

However, time rolled on, and the old gentleman was gathered to his grandfathers, but the incident of the wound remained fresh in the family history.

A short time ago I decided to visit the well-known battlefield, and the very spot if possible where the eventful history occurred.

On alighting from the train at Niagara, I took the regular stage running to Lundy's Lane. I cannot express my feelings as we approached the actual spot, so familiar, though never before seen. How full of that pet incident, and how anxious to spring it on the first comer.

"A bloody fight was that of Lundy's Lane, sir?" I said, edging up to the driver, not wishing to lose any time. "Yes," he replied, "very." "A great many killed and wounded," I continued, drawing the incident to full cock. "Yes," he added, "I had a grandfather who was wounded in the fight, and my grandmother, who was among the women in the rear, rushed to the front and carried him off, and nursed him till he recovered."

Gentle Nero! was I dreaming? Did I speak, or did he? Was my copyrighted incident to be wrested from me at such a moment? Stay! a bright thought, might not that driver be some unknown relative, and we were perhaps running the same grandfather. "What is your name, driver?" I asked, in quivering accents. "Bernard Vere de Vere," and, alas! mine was Reddy. On the field, I left the bus with mingled feelings of emotion, and strolled to the old church and searched for a flat stone, where I understood the eventful wound was received. Yes, there it was,

half hidden in the long grass. With beating heart I stood upon it. An old man approached.

"Visiting the battle-field, sir," he remarked. "Yes," was the reply, and it is with no small feeling of interest I stand on this very stone," worming out the incident for another spring. "It's an interesting spot, the old man remarked, "as my grandfather was wounded while standing on that stone during the struggle, and my grandmother carried him off and nursed him till he recovered." "But you seem ill, sir," he continued, hastening up to where I stood. "Oh, no," I gasped, "it's an old complaint, slight failure of the heart's action, it will soon pass off," thanks," and I staggered from the spot.

It was too much. I leaned over a fence near by, buried in bitter, bitter thought. Was this nightmare the realization of my pleasant dreams?

A small boy approached. I hadn't the heart to pull the incident from my outside pocket. "I'll let him pass." "Want a guide, sir? Want some interesting incidents, sir?" the boy rattled on. "Say, mister, do you know that you are standing on the very spot where my grandfather stood when he was wounded, and my grandmother carried him off? Why! the chap has fainted." I was brought to a neighbouring house in a delirious state, imploring for some one who had not a grandfather wounded on that memorable day. The doctor explained that I was labouring under some peculiar hallucination, but the presence of such a person might prove helpful in the case. "I might assist him," exclaimed the doctor, "but you all know that my grandfather was wounded during that terrible day."

The proprietor was made acquainted with the state of affairs, he pitied the stranger, but was he to deny his grandfather's heroic deeds, and nigh fatal wound on your field. No, not he. The doctor glanced beseechingly around the crowded room, they one and all sadly shook their heads, alas! such a person was not to be found throughout the neighborhood. The stranger must die.

Youth, and a strong constitution was on my side. I slowly recovered, I returned home and related my experience. A large rent is now noticed in the family records, the once valued incident was rudely cut out with a jack-knife, and lies buried, buried deep down by the side of my grandfather, who was wounded at Lundy's Lane. RUFUS REDDY.

**ILLUSTRATIONS.**

We propose to publish in each future issue at least one illustration of local scenery from sketches and electrotypes, prepared expressly for this journal. We are also prepared to furnish at the very lowest rates, electrotypes of buildings, grounds and residences, machinery, &c., upon the condition that the same shall first appear in this paper.

**THE "TWEEN ACTS" CANE**

is a great convenience to those who are obliged to use, buttermilk, medicinally. It holds half a pint, and besides being useful as a walking stick, the fluid can be extracted without attracting the attention of the audience. Prices according to style and finish, from \$1.50 upwards.

**The Owl!** A SPIGY PAPER 4 MONTHS ON TRIAL, ONLY TEN CENTS. (and your name in our RELIABLE AGENTS)

DIRECTORY FREE, And you will receive hundreds of samples, Christmas Books, Newspapers, Magazines, Sample Cards, Novelties, &c., FREE from all over the United States and Canada.

AGENTS WANTED, Samples, Terms, and Catalogues of Novelties, etc., for a 2-cent stamp. Address, OWL PUBLISHING CO., Box 205, Putney, Vt.

**BOYS AND GIRLS**

from 12 to 15 years of age, active, neat and polite, can readily make 50 cents to \$1.00 per day in taking orders for and selling our novelties. No capital required. D. THOMAS & CO.

**How a Married Woman Goes to Sleep.**

These is an article going the rounds entitled "How Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to this article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterwards. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says:

"James, did you lock the door?" "Which door?" says James. "The cellar door," says she. "No," says James. "Well, you better go down and look it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to bed, she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?" "No," says James. "Well if it is not shut the cat will get up into the bedroom."

"Let her come, then," says James, ill-naturedly.

"My goodness no!" returns his wife "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down the stairs again and steps on a tack, and closes the stair door and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tin-ware off the wall in search of the 'big tin,' and then jerks the stair door open and howls:

"Where the deuce are the matches?" She gives him minute directions where to get the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the neighborhood raised about it. After which, James finds the matches, procures the water, comes up stairs and prepares himself, once more to retire. Before accomplishing this feat, his wife suddenly remembers that she forgot to chain the dog. A trip to the kennel follows and he once more plunges into bed. Presently his wife says:

"James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now next week I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you have to pay, and I don't care," shouts James as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall; "all I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously "you never think of the worry and trouble I have, and there is Ariminta, who, I believe, has taken the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James. Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze, she punches him with her elbow and says:

"Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?" "What Jones?" says James sleepily. "Why Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquired James. "I declare," says his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at No. 21? Well yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Baker had said that Mrs. Jones had—"

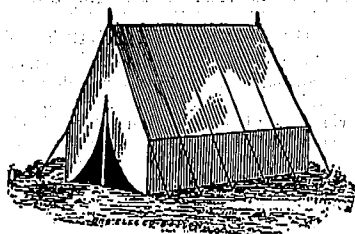
Here she pauses and listens. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls the covers off him, wraps herself up in them, and lays awake until one a. m., thinking how badly used she is.

And this is the way a married woman goes to sleep.

The "Tween Acts Cane frequently relieves one from the necessity of going out to see a man.







For the Land We Live In.  
**LIFE IN MEXICO.**

**CHAPTER VI.—Camping Out.**

Saltillo is quite a large city in the South Eastern part of the State of Coahuila, and the seat of some woollen manufactures, it is the last city of importance that we should touch at until we should arrive at San Luis Potosi; at this place our road would take a turn sharp towards the South, through a country so destitute of water, and so denuded of vegetation of a generous character, as to present the most dreary appearance imaginable; a few mimosas, agaves and an unending variety of the cactus family, being the only natural evidence that rain sometimes fell on this thirsty land.

We had taken such good care of our animals during our detention in Monterey, that they had fattened and were in good condition when we started from that city, but since then they had passed some days of hardships, and had lost their energy to a great extent, but they could still plod on through a good days journey with the determination peculiar to Mexican horses and mules, and we felt that for a few days more we could trust to them even under great privations.

At El Saltillo, every tongue had its tale of Indian atrocities to recount, and all marvelled that we had escaped so well; so much so, that my travelling companion the Colonel sent me word by his man that he thought it imprudent to continue the journey at that time, and advised me to remain where we were for a few days, as he wished to do himself, my answer was that circumstances compelled me to proceed onwards without further delay, that at 6 in the morning of the next day I should be ready to start, and should be glad of his company if he chose to continue his journey with me, if not I should bid him farewell.

On the following morning at 6 a. m. we were ready and about to set forth, when a gentleman called on me, an Irishman, imploring me for the sake of my dear wife and children to postpone my journey for a few days, when a party of about forty armed men were going to San Luis Potosi who would form a good and safe escort for me, and would be glad of my company; this was a tempting bait, and I almost succumbed to it, but I reflected, I do not know these men, they may be good or quite the reverse, but one thing is certain, a large party travelling like these men will probably travel, will attract attention, while a small one like mine may slip by unperceived and so escape a danger that the others by their very numbers might bring on themselves; besides time was pressing, I had lost so much in Monterey that I could not think of losing any more, and I did not think there could be any greater dangers ahead of us than those we had passed through; so I thanked my kind hearted well wisher, but at the same time told him I should start at once; my family got into their seats and we mounted our horses, gave the word, when the Colonel sent out his man on the run; Would I wait just half an hour longer when he would join me; I consented, and in half an hour time we left the city of El Saltillo, the same party that had left Matamoros together.

A most wearisome journey indeed, and I really think the personal privations we all underwent, had the effect of deadening our sense of the danger of our position; we however kept watch by night over our camp and animals whenever we were compelled to camp in the open country, each one in the party taking his two

hours in turn, with the exception of the Colonel who remained up until about ten o'clock and then compelled his man to watch his camp until morning.

One of these nights my Mexican Mozo had delivered over his watch to me, and had just composed himself to sleep, when I heard him say, "Senor, aqui estan," (Sir, here they are), looking in the direction of his finger I saw two glaring eyeballs, like balls of fire, looking towards the camp, but in the darkness could see nothing else; fearing the worst I fired and in doing so roused the camp; my shot told home, as it was followed by the most unearthly howls for a few seconds and then all was still; in the morning we found near the camp the dead body of a wolf or something of that species, the shot had entered at the breast, traversed the body and had made its exit at the end of the spine.

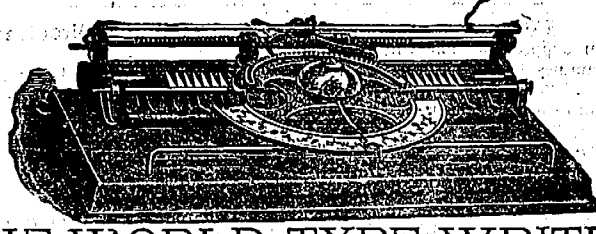
On another of these nights, my watch fell between the hours of two and four in the morning, on a bleak plain, beside a spring of water so brackish as to be scarcely potable; a fine, small wind blow piercingly, chilling me to the marrow of the bones, I could not endure it, so I put the coffee pot on the embers, and soon had it full of boiling hot and well sweetened coffee; I rested awhile to enjoy my welcome draught, and while doing so, happened to cast my eyes over to the Colonel's camp; there I saw his poor man Juan standing by a very small fire endeavoring to keep himself warm; thought I to myself, if I so warmly clad as I am, feel almost frozen to death, what must that poor fellow be suffering, with nothing between his skin and the cutting wind, but linen clothes of the thinnest and a poor "sarape" (blanket) that would scarcely hold saw dust; so I took him over a brimming tin pannikin of hot coffee and a biscuit, he just looked at me, but such a look; said *Gracias Senor*, and applied his lips to the comforting liquid; this had quite escaped my recollection, when on separating from the Colonel in San Luis Potosi who remained in that city, he also came forward and said, *Soy un pobre soldado raso Senor, y tengo q. ir adonde me mandan*, (I am a poor private soldier sir, and have to go wherever I am sent) if it were not for that I would follow you as long as life lasted; *porque alla en el Salado, Senor, con esa tusa de Cafe me dio la vida*, (because over there in El Salado sir, with that cup of coffee you gave me my life) and on retiring he went out saying, *me dio la vida*, (he gave me my life).

I may as well mention here that about two years after the above occurrence I was at the Mineral de la Luz, on business, when a person hearing my name mentioned, accosted me; "Did you not pass through El Saltillo with your family on such a date?" "Yes!" "And you refused to remain over a few days to wait for the company of some thirty or forty men who were preparing to go to San Luis Potosi?" "Yes, I remember the circumstance." "Well sir, be thankful you did not wait, as I have reason to believe that I am one of the very few survivors, if not the only one of that ill-fated party. A few days journey out from El Saltillo, we were set upon while asleep at night, by a large body of armed men, and I fear nearly all the party were massacred, as although so long a period has elapsed since then, I have never met with nor heard of one of them being still alive but myself; I could not say whether our assailants were Indians or not, nor do I know how I managed to escape as I did."

This man was called David, I believe a Pole, I had occasion to engage his services frequently for some months afterwards and from what I saw of him, I formed a favorable opinion of him, as a trustworthy and truthful man.

**NOMAD.**

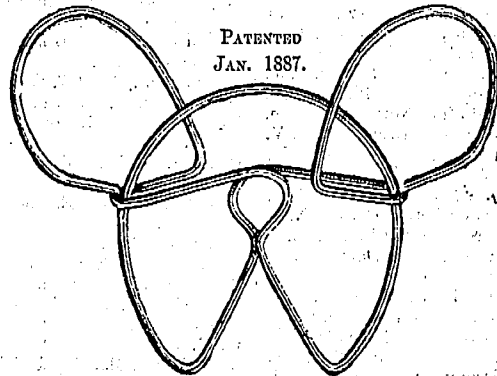
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**EXCHANGES.**

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- Western World, Detroit.
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- Metropolitan, New York.
- Investigator, " "
- Nade Mocom, Salina, Kansas.
- Agent's World, Passumpsic, Vt.
- Owl, Putney, Vt.
- The Sentinel, Newport, Vt.
- Canada Agent, Toronto.
- The Mail, " "
- Farm and Fireside, " "
- Weekly Review, Inverness, Que.
- Le Pionnier, Sherbrooke, Que.
- Crystal Palace Home Journal, Phila, Pa.
- Monthly Transcript, Lucasville, Ohio.
- The Independent, Stanstead, Que.
- American Agent, Boyleston, Ind.
- Central Stockman, Sidney, Ohio.
- Phillips Phonograph, Phillips, Me.
- The Household Pilot, New Haven, Conn.
- The Agent's Echo, Norwich, N. Y.
- The Eastern Agent, Lewiston, Me.
- The Rural Call, Columbus, Ohio.
- The Milwaukee Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.
- The Corona News Letter, Corona, N. J.
- The Western Newsmen, Chicago, Ill.
- The Western Advertiser, Dayton Oregon.
- Youths' Leisure Hour, Boonville, N.Y.
- Agents Trader, Burlington, Conn.
- World of Nature, Newport, R. I.
- Good Times, Dansville, N. Y.
- The Jersey Drummer, Newark, N. J.
- The Progressive Youth, Albion, N. Y.
- Fireside, Factory and Farm, Ottawa, Kansas.
- The Peoples Aid, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Yamhill County Herald, Dayton, Oregon.
- The California Cackler, San Francisco.
- The New Moon, (magazine), Lowell, Mass.
- The Western Trader, Emporia Kansas.
- The Wide-Awake Agent, Cammoharie, N. Y.
- The Monthly Gem, Logansville, Ohio.
- The Agents Star, Bay Shore N. Y.
- The Monthly Star, Ellington, Conn. Outing, New York.
- Hawkeye Siftings, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Halifax Philatelist, Halifax, N. S.
- Agents' Guide, Faulkland, Del.
- National Detective Review, Wichita Kansas.
- The Young Idea, Belvidere, Ill.
- Frosmann's Fireside Visitor, Mt. Joliet, Tennessee.
- The Canadian Horticulturist, Grimsby, Ont.
- The Southern Agent, Atlanta, Ga.
- The Home Magazine, Toledo, Ohio.
- The Little Clipper, Mandota, Ill.
- Tit Bits, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- The Hawkeye Midget, Garwin, Iowa.
- The American Gardener, New York.
- The Note Book, Dwight, Ill.
- Home Life, Somerville Station, Boston, Mass.
- The Monthly Visitor, Brownsville, Ky.
- The Pacific Clipper, Dayton, Oregon.
- Farmers Advocate, London, Ont.
- Cosmopolitan Journal, Geetingsville, Ind.
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- Robt. Millar, Mt. Royal Vale, Montreal.
- Miss Eliza E. Clark, Waterloo, Que.
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**REVIEW.**

The *Canadian Horticulturist* is a handsome monthly magazine, edited by L. Woolverton, M.A., and published by the Ontario Fruit Growers Association, at Grimsby, Ont., at \$1 per annum, which includes Membership in the Association, Annual report and share in plant distribution. Each number contains a beautiful colored illustration of Fruits or Flowers. No Fruit grower should be without it, as the annual report, containing as it does, the experience and suggestions of practical Horticulturists throughout Canada and the U. S., is alone worth the money.

The *Farmers Advocate*, published by Wm. Weld, at London, Ont., is a handsome Monthly Magazine, devoted to farm and household interests, and is invaluable to the practical agriculturist. We notice that W. A. Hale, Esq., of this City, is occasionally awarded a first prize for his Essays on Agricultural matters. The Household Department is also ably conducted, and contains a great amount of practical information. Subscription, \$1 a year in advance.

The *New Moon* for October, is full of interesting and entertaining reading matter. "The Lieutenant's Good Luck" contains a graphic sketch of some of the incidents attending a trans-continental trip, before the old stage coach style of travel was superseded by the present Pacific Railway systems. Any one with four quarters can interview the "Man in the Moon" for one year, to their mutual satisfaction. The *New Moon Publishing Co.*, Lowell, Mass.

The *California Cackler* is a monthly magazine devoted to Poultry and kindred industries, and published by the Cackler Pub. Co., 306 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal. Although of a *Pacific* character, it is able to *crow over* the fact of its being one of the best Poultry Journals on this continent. Subscription \$1 a year. Poultry fanciers should send 10 cents for the October number and do a little cackling on their own account.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for October contains the "Queen of Spades" by the late E. P. Roe, being one of his latest writings; also an Autobiography and other sketches of the late gifted Author. This number, although filled with short sketches, is unusually interesting throughout. Price 25 cents. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Publishers.

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**DIRECTIONS.**—Dissolve one Teaspoon in a pint of boiling starch. Stir well and starch while warm. Price, 25 cents.

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**RECIPES.**

We have purchased the following recipes, any one of which we will supply for 10 cents, or three for 25 cents:

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To make Hens lay the whole year round.

For Preserving Fruit, Meat, Eggs and Vegetables Fresh in their natural state.  
Liebig's Washing Compound.  
Spavin Cure; Golden Honey.  
White Wine Vinegar instantaneously.  
To make your Teeth White as Snow.  
To make Champagne Cider for Four Cents a Gallon.

Mailed on receipt of price.

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**TEMPERANCE NOT PROHIBITION.**

Prohibitionists, as a body, are the most narrow-minded, and bigoted people in the world. It is almost impossible to convince them that a man can go on drinking moderately without eventually becoming a confirmed drunkard. The millions of men and women who drink in moderation, and yet never get under the influence of liquor count for nothing in their estimation. They have so long clung to the one idea, without attempting to look at the other side of the question, that they have gradually brought themselves to believe that the simple act of taking a glass of liquor is a sin in itself, and all those who indulge, however temperately, sinners, whose ultimate goal will be the lowest depths of perdition. In their infinite wisdom, they have set up prohibition as the standard almost, if not quite, necessary to salvation, and have little or no patience with those who think otherwise. It has thus come to be a matter of religious belief with them, and this portion of their belief is mingled with intolerance suggestive of the days of the reformation, rather than of the nineteenth century.

In all this, they can make no allowance for the conscientious belief of others, who believe in temperance, not prohibition—in moral suasion and influence, not in force. There are millions of people in the world who have been brought up from childhood to believe that, while drunkenness was a sin and a disgrace, temperate drinking was neither; that the question as to whether a man should drink moderately, or let liquor alone entirely, was for himself to decide, not the Legislature of the country. These same people deny the right of the law to step in and dictate to a man what he shall drink, and they are right. Prohibition legislation is an impertinent interference with the liberty of the people. By their bigotry, the prohibitionists have alienated a large and influential class who would be glad to assist in increasing the number of moderate drinkers and total abstainers, but very properly refuse to go the length of invoking the aid of the law.

The opinion expressed by the Lord Bishop of Canterbury in an encyclical letter to the Lambeth Conference will be interesting. Coming from the head of the Anglican Church, who can dare to say that any one acting upon the opinions herein expressed, commits a grievous sin in so doing. His Lordship says:—

"Highly valuable as we believe total abstinence to be as a means to an end, we desire to discountenance the language which condemns, the use of wine as wrong in itself, independently of its effects on ourselves or on others; and we have expressed our disapproval of a reported practice, which seems to be due to some extent to the tacit assumption of this principle, of substituting some other liquid in the celebration of the Holy Communion."—[McLeod Gazette.

**CREAM CAKE.**—One cup white sugar 1½ cups flour, three eggs beaten separate and very light, two tablespoons water, one teaspoon baking powder. Bake in two cakes. Cream: One pint milk, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, three eggs, two tablespoons flour, lemon extract. Cut each cake and fill with the cream.

**CORN STARCH.**—One pint of milk, three whites of eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar; boil the milk, add the other ingredients, and pour in mould. Make a custard of one pint of milk, three yolks of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; flavor. Add boiled milk, and when ready serve, pour around the white part.

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**Fresh Swindles.**

**TO THE FARMERS' REVIEW:**—The lightning rod swindle has taken a new departure and has victimized two men at least, within a few miles of my town, in the last ten days while some others have escaped by the 'skin of their teeth.' The agents come well dressed, polite and affable, and politely tell the farmer that they have been sent out by the company that put up his rods to test them and see if they are safe, and if they find they are not, the company has authorized them to put them in good order gratuitously, only asking that he give them a meal and feed their horses. The farmer, forgetting that 'a man may smile and smile and be a villain still,' is won by their suavity and liberality, and tells them to go ahead. They apply a battery to the rods and always find them in a most dangerous condition; then fix them up, and just as they are ready to start they want the farmers' signature to an innocent simple paper which, they assure him, is simply to show the company what they have done in order that they may get their pay. It seems to the farmer an unkind thing to do to suspect such polite, generous men, and even though he may have a suspicion that all is not right, he hasn't the courage to say so, and signs the paper. In due time he becomes possessed with the idea that that piece of paper is of such value that he pays anywhere from \$100 to \$500 to get it into his possession. One farmer of my neighborhood had given his consent to have his rods repaired, and the men were just beginning the work, when his son came home and took in the situation and drove them off at the muzzle of a shotgun. There is another swindle which is far more likely to catch an intelligent business man than the lightning rod scheme. Two horse-buyers stop at the farm. They are buying for a company. They want first-class horses and will pay good prices. They look over your stock and close the bargain at a price quite satisfactory to you and pay you \$25 down (they are going to buy a number and then come around and gather them up and will pay the balance then), and you sign a receipt for the amount. This receipt is in a book and is a printed form (of course this is more convenient for them to carry), and it looks very innocent to you. Well, the days pass and no one calls for the horse and the farmer chuckles over the \$25 he is ahead, when he gets a notice from some bank that his note for \$250 is due, and a little investigation shows him that he is going to pay the biggest interest for that \$25 that he ever paid in his life. There is one other set of swindlers that sheep farmers need to look out for. They call on the sheep-grower and talk sheep to him and convince him that they know all there is to learn about sheep. Then they tell him that they have such a demand for improved sheep that they cannot get enough lambs to fill their orders, and they propose to sell him a ram for \$50 and enter into a written contract to take all the lambs of his get for two years at \$10 per head at weaning time. If the farmer bites (as too many do) he gets a scrub sheep worth about \$2 and \$48 worth of experience. Unfortunately it is not always the ignorant that are caught by these rascals, but often intelligent men who read the papers. My reader, paste in your hat the words "Sign no paper in the hands of a stranger," and I will add "mighty" careful how you trade for cash with them.

WALDO F. BROWN.

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**CURLOLINE.**

FOR MAKING THE HAIR CURL. Will curl the straightest hair, if not out too short. Price 25 cents.

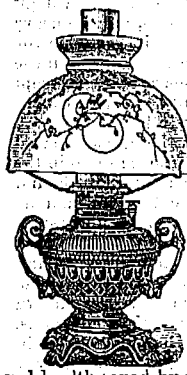
**BUTTERMILK AS A MEDICINE.**

With the rapid growth of reconstructive medicine comes opportunely the re-introduction of old and well known domestic remedies, among which buttermilk demands a respectable place. A young lady patient of the writer's was suffering from a severe consumptive cough. None of the usual ar'si-spasmodics, expectorants, etc., seemed to do any good, simply because her stomach was too weak to bear enough medicine to effect the purpose. Finally I suggested to her mother the use of hot buttermilk. It was adopted at once. Her first night's experience was one of comparative freedom from cough and pain, and a pleasant slumber for several hours. It was continued for a long time, with an unvarying relief of all her previous distressing symptoms and an almost perfect freedom from cough for several hours after each draught of the hot buttermilk. Languishing at one time for weeks from an attack of congestive fever, dosed with calomel and quinine almost beyond endurance, the writer began to desire buttermilk to drink. The physician "didn't believe in humoring the whims of patients," as he expressed it; besides he contended that a single drink of the noxious fluid might produce death, as acids and calomel are incompatible dwellers in the same stomach. But I was a good persuader, and my mother was a susceptible subject. The buttermilk, "fresh from the churn" was procured and drank. No evil resulted; instead came a perspiration and speedy recovery. Many years afterwards I had missed my noon meal. It was about 2 or 3 o'clock p. m.—dinner, of course, was over when I reached a farm-house, weak, tired, hungry, and "all out of condition" for active work. Dinner was suggested by the housewife. "No, indeed!" said I, "not this time; I am nearly home. But if you have any buttermilk I will take a drink of that to stay my stomach." A good, kind-hearted woman, she soon brought up a pitcher of buttermilk from the cool spring-house, while I examined my patients and prescribed for them. Perhaps a pint was drank during the stay of nearly an hour. For months indigestion had held his unfriendly grasp on my stomach. From that notable day forward his reign was broken; my stomach was healed, and I could ride all day, if necessary, without feeling so woe begone from the lack of food as before the drinking of the buttermilk. There are people, however, who cannot use buttermilk at all, and some who cannot use milk of any kind, nor butter; but to others it proves both food and medicine.—Dr. S. F. Landry, in *Popular Science News*.

**CHEAP LIVING.**

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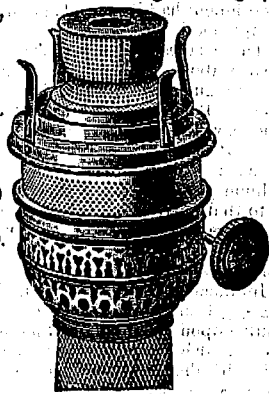
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**Great Scott!**

he cried, "what's the matter with the lamp?" But the lamp was all right. The trouble was with the old style flat wick smoking burner. It needs a new Brighton 85 CANDLE POWER Burner. Made of gold bronze FITS ANY LAMP. No smoke, no odor. Gives a pure, soft, immense WHITE light—5 times as bright as the incandescent electric! Sent to you all charges paid, with chimney, wick, etc., complete, on receipt of \$1.25. Send to F. J. PLACE, 10 East St. (D 41), New York City, and get one.

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For the Land We Live In.

### Summer Vacations at Little Pushaw.

As one emerges from the great woods of Maine, leaving behind Moosehead Lake and Katahdin Mountain, and reaches the Piscataquis River, in the south rly course he pursues, he sees a ridge of land rising only a few miles in advance. This ridge is the last elevation before the hills of the ocean range, and when upon it they are distinctly seen, the Dixmont mountains the Gaudin mountain, and Bluehill mountains, all many miles away.

He sees too many brooks coursing down its side as he descends southward, and two lakes reflecting the sun's rays, one large and the nearest, smaller, but both bear the same name. They are Pushaw Lakes. The brooks he sees are the feeders of these lakes.

They reach Little Pushaw first, and then, by an outlet from Little Pushaw fill the larger. One of these streamlets sings at night as it goes by the dwelling of the writer, and whenever he wakes he hears the music it makes as it flows along. When you know that water flows constantly through and from your own soil to feed and make a lake you have a feeling of ownership in that lake.

So Little Pushaw has come to be to the writer the dearest of the two lakes as well as the nearer. But he could not justify himself to write an article upon it for distant readers by reason of a home attachment had it not a fame more than simply local.

These lakes we knew of as among the best waters of Maine for bass fishing,—by the guide book,—long before we saw them. Doubtless the inhabitants of Bangor have a stronger attachment for Big Pushaw than for Mt. Desert reached daily by boat and rail, or its salmon pool just by, and what big Pushaw is to that city, Little Pushaw is to almost the whole towns of the country lying back in the vicinity of Corinth, twenty miles westward.

Independence Day (4th of July) is observed in the States by the gentry in dining upon green peas and lamb, by the yeoman in having strawberries and lemonade with the usual daily fare, if they remain at home, but of course the true sportsman "goes fishing."

Such a day the first year of my residence here, the sun was to rise clear as the east showed, after two or three days of very heavy rain. I had never been to the little lake and took the day as an opportunity, and instead of taking a horse for the five mile trip, I took to my legs as I wanted to try some of the streams on the way, I had never heard called trout streams, being convinced that some had trout in them.

When four or five streams had been passed the sun was getting well up and I strike two streams at their junction forming the inlet stream of the lake, more than a mile from it. I decided to make the test on the left branch and almost at the first cast take a trout. I find it full of them and take many more.

Beyond the junction of the stream I take still larger ones, and all the way down till the meadows are reached half a mile this side of the lake. Not a trout was in the meadows that day, and leaving the stream I pushed on toward the lake by chance joining a dinner party at the house of the nearest boat man, which had come from our village without my previous knowledge. They were all going to sail after dining and had conveyance sufficiently large to take along the footman to the shore as well as "grub" to feed him.

I acknowledge not only that I had trout, but trout fever, and threw no line that day into the lake, but sat conversing with one and another till the favorable time to slip away as I had resolved to fish in returning, the other branch of the inlet. At three o'clock I was upon it. Trout were there and I added to my number till I had a number sufficient to weary on the home tramp, as I thought, in which I was not the least mistaken.

In these same streams a man caught sixty last year on one trip, but the heavy rains just before my visit gave me the greatest catch I have yet known in the streams of Little Pushaw inlet. Except in spring there is not a trout caught there unless a heavy rain has fallen.

Last summer I met the freckled faced and bare-footed boy, who santered in the field by my side the day of my luck, and asked him how the catch was, and he replied "they had not run down this summer and it was not much." This summer I asked him the same question and he said "they have not run up this summer." We concluded it is not known which way they run. My opinion is, however, that they lie somewhere in deep holes in the stream in the summer time and only come out to infest the waters generally, when it is high and runs freely.

Gus Rogers, a boatman on the north side tells me of a stream a little to the east of the inlet stream containing much larger trout, but the way is much rougher to get to it. I expect however to fish it yet as brooks having pound trout are not plentiful in Maine.

My second summer here was not as busy as my first and my visits were quite frequent at the lake. One time I camped on the shore in my tent two nights in company with a man who delighted, after I went to blanket, to catch eels and eels he caught.

The next morning I tried for the first time there the amusement of catching the little frog that hops plentifully along its shore and found it paid. The same kind of bait lured both the bass and pickerel and till the leap peculiar to the bass, it was hard to tell just which had straightened the line. We remember now the twin bass of that first catch 3½ lbs in each, and 3 lb pickerel.

The small lad with us who indulged his juvenile taste by using the worm to catch peech, occasionally caught the white perch. But where we camped and fished by Pierce's Landing the last do not school, but are taken more numerous off Hedge Fence, toward Rocky Point. There one afternoon my company took off one hundred. There a party this summer captured a bushel the same day. Other tho' these school turn away from the hook in great disgust and I have been able to take but few with the fly. They show themselves more often than they bite, and sometimes "make the water boil," Rogers told me he had seen them at spawning time in the outlet when for number they were like the alewives of our fathers day which must must be true as "a fish story."

Pickerel fishing, through the ice, continues all through the winter at this lake but when July came this year I found the waters were not emptied of them as twenty were taken on the second day there as good pickerel as I have caught anywhere this side of Umbagog. Two bass were taken the same day and one more, the largest I had seen in a life time of fishing, being hooked, tore away in the downward plunge after the leap in mid air.

Now (October,) the duck are coming in. Even earlier they are seen 3 or 4 together. In September a gunner from Medford, Mass, told me he got three out of a flock of four, the year before about that time in the year.

The voice of the loon is heard here. A Pennsylvanian was trying his rifle upon one, on one of my visits there which recalled Murray after the loon in the Adirondacks, and that one that wounded by a sportsman in this very lake, Landlord Hunting, of East Corinth, soon after secured.

A lone sea gull makes his abode here seeming ever content with a wave gentler than the ocean swell and never fearful that you will do it harm.

The growing interest in the Lake is manifest in cottages going up for the first time during the two summers past, one of which is Landlord Hunting's, who has the best of boats and lets both the

cottage and boats to those wishing to tarry for a day or more.

Davis and Clarks just completed on the opposite side from his was recently placed to our use for a day and a night, which we found more convenient by far than the tent we used on our first visit. Lots are being sold and others will soon go up near the three already there, and we regard it as a fixed fact that Little Pushaw has not seen its best days for summer visitors.

Having seeing seen names of Sherbrooke visitors in the Bangor papers during the salmon catch, take from the hotel registers, we have concluded that such were sportsman. If so, perhaps, in future trips they will remember the Pushaws are not far away and come to them see for themselves how enticing are our country lakes as well as rivers.

"THE PARSON."

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## GOLD HUNTERS ADVENTURES.

We stuck to Wombat Flat for from four or five weeks, averaging about an ounce of gold a day between us, but as we concluded the chances of larger finds were rather slim, we made up our minds to seek for pastures new. The wet season was fast approaching and we knew the rain would inundate the Flat so as to prevent underground working, and there was little of what could be called dry diggings amongst the Jim Crow ranges, during the rainy season. Business was dull at Gisborne, and McDonald had met with some Kilmore relatives, who wished him to join them, in a gold mining and prospecting expedition, so we decided to close out the concern.

With this view I left Rose to do the best he could in gold mining in some of the shallow sinkings, and having borrowed his revolver, I started in company with an acquaintance by the name of Bryant, who was going to Melbourne, so by taking a short cut across to Kyneton, we managed to reach Gisborne the same night. This was the only trip in Australia when I over carried a revolver, and I feel satisfied that I kept out of more scrapes by not having one, than I should otherwise. McDonald left the next day, and I never met him again. Poor fellow, he died a few months later in the vicinity of Creswicks' Creek, from inflammation, caused by dysentery.

I immediately took an inventory of stock and placed the disposition of everything in the hands of a Mr. James, an accountant, at Gisborne.

I had intended to return with Bryant, who was to call for me in a week, but when he got along, I found it would take me another day or two to settle my affairs, so he decided to go on. Not being familiar with the country, he kept the regular road instead of taking the short cut at Kyneton, and when within a few miles of the Jim Crow, was "stuck up" and relieved of his cash by a gang of bushrangers, who happened to be operating there.

On my return Rose and I spent a few days puttering round the diggings, but without much success, and then we heard glowing accounts from the Blackwood Ranges, which were only a few miles distant in a direct line, but owing to an impenetrable growth of "scrub" as it is termed, we had to go round a distance of some 25 or 30 miles.

Several of our digger friends were pulling up stakes for Blackwood, so we concluded to do the same, and early next morning had our awags packed, and started.

A young Englishman by the name of Meacham, attached himself to our party, and stopping only to make a kettle of tea and dispose of that together with some bread and sardines, we reached Blackwood and Golden Point just in time to put up our tent, and get our blankets under cover before dark. Blackwood is the wettest place I ever struck in Australia. During that winter it rained on an average every other day.

Our first night was one of the most uncomfortable I ever spent, as it came on raining and blowing a gale. Our tent was sheltered from the wind to some extent by the high ranges, but the rain came down the side of the hill in torrents, and we soon had a good sized rivulet running through the tent. Sleep was out of the question, and we were pretty well soaked into the bargain, for the stream from the hillside had come in with a rush.

Golden Point contained 3 or 4 stores and several miners tents, and every one was lighted up that hadn't blown down, so we succeeded in getting a bottle of brandy to counteract the effects of the wetting, and prepared to adapt ourselves to the situation as best we could.

The worst of the gale was over but the rain continued day and night for over a week, raising the water in the creek several feet and doing a great amount of damage by filling in creek workings and carrying off tubs, cradles and gold wash-

ing machinery. The limits of Blackwood so far as gold had been discovered, was at that time somewhat circumscribed, but on that memorable night no less than seventeen persons were killed by falling trees, principally at Red Hill, about half a mile from where we camped.

Three men had, like ourselves, entered the diggings that evening, and pitched their tent. During the night a tall iron bark tree fell lengthwise of the tent, killing the one who lay in the centre, without injuring his mates.

For some days there was a busy time on Red Hill in cutting down the trees in this vicinity of stores and diggers camps.

The Australian axe is an article about as wide as an ordinary morticing chisel, an ugly, clumsy looking tool with a straight handle like that of a sinking pick, and it was rather amusing to see those who were not accustomed to the American axe operating these apologies for an axe in cutting down a tree.

The universal plan was to cut all round it, and then the chances were that the tree would fall any way, but the one wanted. If a tree leaned so as to fall naturally over a tent, the first move was to send some one up it to attach a rope, and then half a dozen would tail on to it, while the axeman would whack away for dear life, just about the time the tree was half cut, those who had hold of the rope would be pulling away for all they were worth, and when nearly cut through and they should have been pulling they would be holding on to the slack of the rope, so that in four cases out of five, the tree would fall on the very object they wanted to keep it clear of.

An acquaintance of mine by the name of Malcolm who had been an Ottawa lumberman, with his American axe, had all he could do for two or three days in cutting down leaning trees, not much larger than a stove pipe at £2, or \$10 per tree, and it used to astonish the natives to see how easily he could swing a leaning tree, that it would have taken a dozen of them to fall with any degree of safety.

This Malcolm had the most powerful voice for what is termed "hollering," of any man I ever heard, and by holding his hands over his mouth could get off a screech like the compound whistle of a locomotive, which could be heard a couple of miles.

Afterwards on Simmons Reef, the Vigilance Committee used to avail themselves of Malcolm's screech provider, and a certain code of numbers, to summon its members, when their services were required at night, and that unearthly sound would actually drown the sound of the half dozen stamp mills near the foot of the reef. It was almost blood curdling to be awakened by it, and the sound would be prolonged according to the nature of the signal for over half a minute.

As the water was too high in the creek, we were unable to tackle any of the creek claims at Golden Point, so after spending the day in looking round for a desirable position, Rose and I decided to locate at Red Hill, being the driest and most central position. So we left Meacham to look after tent and traps and as we had concluded it would be advisable to have a comfortable place for winter, we went to work cutting down trees and cutting them into lengths for a log hut. This it took us a week to build and cover with canvas. We also constructed a chimney of logs, stoning and claying about four feet in depth, for a fire place. All day we worked in the rain, and at night laid down before the fire in our wet clothes.

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

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### DIRECTIONS.

#### DO NOT CUT YOUR CORNS.

Apply the medicine to the corn with finger until a coating is formed over it. *Do not rub*, giving it time to get dry before disturbing it. Apply the medicine freely every night and every morning for four days in succession; on the fifth day soak the feet in water as hot as can be well borne for a few moments, when the corn can be easily removed. Do not use a sharp knife—no cutting is necessary. Some corns can be removed easily while others will require just a little persunation. In some cases, particularly with bunions, it may be necessary to repeat the treatment, which requires just as many applications as first time.

The medicine is not a caustic, and causes no pain; if any is produced, it is caused by pressure of the shoe. After the removal of the corn, dry the foot well, and give it a single application. The coating thus formed will protect the tender part until the new skin takes its place. It is not recommended for warts nor moles, as some similar prescriptions are, but only for the sure and safe removal of *Hard and Soft Corns, Callouses and Bunions*, and it is, as indicated by its name, an "INFALLIBLE CURE." Keep the vial well corked, and keep in a cool place. Follow directions *exactly*, and you will be happy.

We have been appointed General Agents for the sale of the "Infallible Corn Cure," and can supply the trade through the United States and Canada, at Manufacturers prices. Single bottles sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. From testimonials supplied to us, we have no hesitation in recommending it, believing it to be as represented an *Infallible Cure for Corns*.

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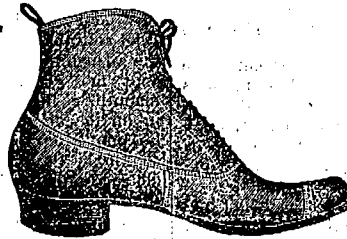
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