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# LAND W

A MONTHLY JOURNAL, published

in the interests of the Publishers and

for matters of

principally on principle, and partially the public, with a strong weakness

Local Interest.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., OCTOBER, 1888 Vol. 1.

No. 10

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# THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

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

D WE LIVE IN circulates through as of the United Stat's and Canada THE LAND WE LIVE IN circulates through-out all parts of the United Stats 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. SUBSCRI TION RATES.

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One inch, 12 lines i month,
One inch, 3 months,
One inch, 1 year,

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Or
W. D. TOMPKINS,
Publishers who can endorse either our
notes or those of the parties referred to,
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### THE WESTERN TRADER

THE WESTERN TRADER.

Is published monthly by the Western Trador 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 words. Subscription 50 cents a Send for sample copy. 3ns.

### CLOTHES PINS.

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 Housier Naturalist, published bi-monthly at Valparaiso, Indiana. Subscription 50 cents a year. The Sept. issue contains long lists of skins and eggs with the price of each. Every Orinthologist and Taxidermist should have it for reference.

### The Absence of Little Wesley.

Sence little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still—wy, I miss his yell o' 'Gran'pap!' as I'd miss the whipperwill And to think I ust to scold him for his everlastin noise.

noise. When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys, I wisht a hundred times a day 'at he'd come trompin,

in.
And all the noise he over made was twic't as loud ag'in to ag'in !—

It 'u'd som like some soft music played on some fine instrument,

'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence 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 'A'd bu'st itself in two! And let a rooster, suddent like, crow som'ers clos't And let a rooster, suddent like, crow som'ers clos't around,
And seems 's et 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 jost go on,
A-whistlin' kind o' to theirse'v's—sencelittle Wasley's gone I

And then, o' nights when Mother's sittin' up oncommon late,
A-billin' 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 ketched mysel' a wishin' like—as I clumb on the
cheer I've ketched myse'l a wishin' like—as I clumb on the cheer To wind the clock, as I hev done for more 'n fifty A wishin' at the time hed come for us to go to bed.
With our last prayers, and our last tears sence slittle
Wesley's dead!

### JAMES WHITCOME 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 attrac-tions of Wellington Street. it was Wiggetts' Boot and Shoe Store.

Wiggetts' Boot and Shoe Store.
Name some of its principal doctrines.
The Materialism of the Sole and the indivisibility of matter, the last rendered 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?

this?
Yes, standing collars that never excite the choler, 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

ited 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 there 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 the same creation

Any other institutions of an elevating

Any other institutions of the character?
Yes, the Grand Central Hotel.
Give some illustrations.
A general tendency to Ryes when the spirits are moving, and the ability vouclessfed to its occupants to rap up the spirits when occupying the second floorenabling them to suspend themselves like Mahomets! Coffin, between Earth and Heaven.

like Mahomets' 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. n. to prevent bar practice, and Mr. Magher's when presenting an over due board bill.

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 doso with others, as they have failed to even acknowledge, our letter, 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 to ken 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 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, Now 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 1; are you afraid of bears? No bears will come near us with such a fire as we have." 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 Leech 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 bottor take that fish and hang it over 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 sartain 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'nt 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 forat-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 overanimals?" "Because," replied he, "Gooking somewhat confused, the beast never took no notice of me; the eyes of a catare as rovingashis mind, and you can no more catch a steady glance from one than you can hold grassed of me; the eyes of a catara a rovingasins mind, and you can no more catch a steady glance from one than you can hold greased—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

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 caps herida us and kept aux caps cooked soundly. We lay in our blankets with our guns boside 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 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 cortain 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 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 it's head in some trees in front, at an angle of forty five degrees directly over our fire. We

in some trees in front, at an angle of fortyfive degrees directly over our fire. We
had lopped off the branches for about forty feet from the but 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, sont a cold shive
through my frame, and made my blood
run cold. It resembled the scream of a
frightened woman, but more prolonged, run cold. It resembled the scraum 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 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 allame, and his whole frame quivering with rage, I would be giving our nocturnal visitor a bellicoseappearance, which seemingly did not belong to him, for his looks showed nothing more formidable than such curiosity as is displayed by a domestic eat at the sight of some rodent which is new to him, and which his instinct cautions him nostry as is an appayed by a domestic cut 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 Owel'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 Owel. 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 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 it's claws on the outside of the fire. Fred's rifle went twice to his shoulder, as he caught a glimpse of him through the brushes, 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 fora 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 Leech 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 loaped into the light with tail-erect and mouth gaping for blood, had crouched to the earth and lay there trombling and whinning like a whipped hound; his humiliation and subjection were complete, but his misery was of short duration for a buillet 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.

(To be continued.)

Averil woods. CAI
(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.

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 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 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 dis-posal of the officers of the law, with a list

of names, time and place. Yours, &c.,

CALESTIGAN.

We believe the Fisheries Officer whose We believe the Fisheries Officer whose purisdiction extends over Massawippi Lake, is Parker W. Nagle, Esq., whose address is Sherbrooke, and advise our correspondent to communicate with him, and advise our correspondent to communicate with him, and will have the companion will be adverted to the communication of the commu 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.

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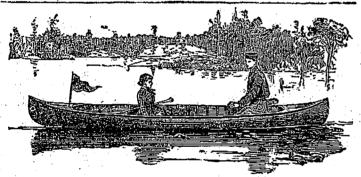
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#### REMINISCENCES.

During the fall and winter of 1838 and 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 goal at the latter place more the charge of treasure. the latter place, upon the charge of treasonable speeches and practices. With others of the militia from Compton, I was order-

The first day we were put through a The first day we were put inrough 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 means or remote.

vasion, 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. 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 incarcorated, 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 amuse-

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. this, there was but one serious obstathis, 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, whonever the guard in the yard hailed the relief guard, to go on duty. Altogether we felt soldier ing under such circumstances was neither

ing 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 focs 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 Dunsheath, 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 swered in an equally loud tone, "rener 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.

and let him go.

Discipline was not quite as well enforced at that time, as it is in the regular British at that time, as it is in the regular British Arny, 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 strategem 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 Cant.

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 avoca-

The then little village of Sherbrooke would have been safer from molestation 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 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, money, it. But york 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.

MASSAWIPPI.

### FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

The premises recently occupied by the undersigned, at the junction of Prospect and Molbourne 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. can be sold for \$800 or \$900 each. Eat terms. Apply to D. THOMAS. terms. Apply to

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



'Arral, be me sowkins, Father, but its betther lukkin ye're gittin ivery day I mate ye. Faith its a nate taper waist like a cow in the middle, ye're gittin on ye. Av ye kape an growin its the nate sign ye'd make for a sassage facthory, 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. ne, Pat Maioney, but give me ten cents. Do you know from your general appearance you'd make a good sign for a seytho snaith factory, and if you'd hire out anyway 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 alang wid ye, I'what wud a pay sooper be doin wid chickens I don't know? Ho's a little hard on you, Peter, I'd chargo 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 ta saay to thee. Thee make't me speak bad Yoarkshiro. Thee made me saay 'tother day 'at 'a wore goin whoam, w'en 'a said 'a we'r goin whum. Thee'd better get ponsted i' Yoarkshire, afore thee try's to nut it i' the paapor.' (Well, Pat McMahon, what have you got on the market to-day? 'Sorra 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 thats' 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 follows do be coming down here spearing and nettin' lish, 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 am thing what they do be doin' if the Fish officer should come along. Many the fine fish I've soon taken forninst that Island, but it don't do to know too much, now a days.' 'You're just right, an' hows the old man!" Lively is at 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 wh to 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 roughed grouse or smoothed grouse, they're good atin. Bring Jack Whiteher with you. Good bye...' 'Well bigosh don't you say noting bout me feesh on Key Pond no more. M'seer Pat he don't say mooch begar he'll see someting sure. Nevare see me net on Key Pond, night line sometime, don't night line only for give you an' M'seer Presby beaucoup des poissons, for mak' b'leeve you got pooty good luck Progably you'll not forget the time Bill Read and Jack Park teep over the boat, mak' you sweem, eh! My woman, she'll give you her dress for wait till she'll dry your close. Key Pond pooty col'sn' wet, be mois de Mai, bien froid. Bill Read, dam ole foolish, teep the boat.' 'Never 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 these 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 Carbuncle Mountain and the islands.' 'No use go Brompton Lake, Jim Atcheson he'll not let you feesh; bettare 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 noting. 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 maccaroni. 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 Megantic 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 boudins! Dix cents, le livre. Ten cents a pound. Oni, madame, cinq tirres. Cinquante cents, soixante sons, 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, and I are going out to photograph a bear next week. Tell Madame, 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 eash, larshong contong, or whatever you call it. By jiminy, we're going to have a hard winter, Peter. There ain't no crops in the country, leastways in the Province of Quebec, and I sware 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 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 settlors did.' 'Yes, there'll be lots of dear this winter in the provision line, but we'll have to go short on horns.'

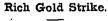
but we'll have to go short on horns.'

SHERBROOKE, Oct. 11th, 1888.

To D. Thomas, & Co. Gen. Ayents,—
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 suffor the slightest inconvenience from them. You can publish this in the interest of other sufferers.

CHAS. E. GRIFFITH.

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



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, Oreyon.

### 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, and take first class photographs of camera the full instructions when accompany it. scen take 'irst 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 convonient.
Call and see sample.

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ROOFING PAINT.

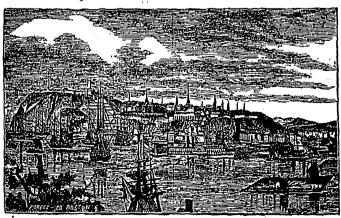
Is unequalled for protecting shingles against decay, and is externally fire proof. Newly shingled roofs coated with this paint, will last at least twice as long, while old shingles can be made to last as long as new shingles would, if unpainted. For tin roofs it is an absolute protection against rust, 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.

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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 lang 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.

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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 sonatcues 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 peculary risk is involved in trying it. It is sold in bottles at 25c, 50 cents, and 31. each. We want onergetic 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. General Agents.

BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEU MATIC CURE.

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

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Use Oxien and you'll" feel like a giant refresned with wine," without the reaction. That's why its 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, 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, which 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 coland trimming once a week is sufficient. It its ordinary lamps, and reducing colars 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 conts. 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.

TO THE M

Try Oxies for Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Loss of Viyor. 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.



'Hello! Hello!' 'Is that Burton?' 'Yes.' 'Well, Joe Bob wants to know if you're going out there to-morrow.' 'Who is it?' 'Grifith, Charlie.' 'Oh, yes, all right, wo'll be on hand. What time do you want to leave?' 'About seven, I suppose. Wo'll get breakfast there. Joe says he's got everything fixed for a good time with the rabbits and chickens, but says he's got overything 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 halfpust four train this afternoon, and have the license ready. She would prefer that the Rev. Mr. Thornloe 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.'

'Hollo!' 'Mr. Paré wants to know if you are going to send those clothes-pins, or not.' 'Who?' Mr. Paré, Granby.' 'You

"Hollo!" '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 vire 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 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 daren't interfore 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 Progres—Progres de l'Est? 'Perhaps so, but he isn't a Judge yet: nuff sod.'

nuff sod.'

'Hollo!' '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 Honore! 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.'

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 eventing. That Lennoxville fellow that has such a far-away look is going to be here, and wo'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 Royor'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 those that interrupted Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress?' 'No, I 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 salve way, to use a Latin expression. 'Hello!' 'Joe Coté's talking. I wish you'd just say in your next issue that the

extremities. Oh, I see on the Bell organ principle. Furnishes sucred music in a salve way, to use a Latin expression. 'Helle!' 'Joe Cote's talking. I wish you'd just say in your next issue that the next time the Boston members of the Me-

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.' Haive you got a good photograph of Subchief 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 'Markot 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.'

aneous view of him when on duty, don't forget us."
'Hello!' 'Is that Mr. Didymus?'
'Yes, who's talking?' 'Archie 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 spledid 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 were 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 fol-ANOTHER SMALLFOX CURE.—The following remedy is said to be a never 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 remody, and also a preventative. It will cure in three days in any case, and never loaves 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 ad no idea that the light staple could get

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

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

tunity to give overybody a piece of it.

George J. Romanes, in the Ninoteenth
Century, avers that the orying 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

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.

badly swindled in the trade.

Jones, he keeps a blacksmith shop,
His wife a poultry pon;
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 wildeat. It does not
take half as much courage for a woman to
slay a wildeat as to kill a mouse.

Netweet is hound to keep up the systems.

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 chinch bug eats the farmer's grain;
The bee moth spells the honoy.
The bad bug alls him full of pain,
The humbug scoops his money.
—[Flatonia (Tex.) Argus.

—(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.

take it back.—[Springfield Union.

"Ma, de fiziology say yer dat de human body am imposed of free-fourth watah."

"Waal, 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?" ho gasped. "Whiskey," replied the clerk; "you winked." "I winked! My young friend, one of my eyes is mude 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

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.

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 this 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 fonce while hanging out the washing just like other women. You can't change a woman's nature.

Barkeeper—"Deacon Rednose has not

change a woman's nature.

Barkeeper—"Deacon Rednoso 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 cal to visit a grocery and steal mackere, for hun. And yot, weters on natura history claim, that, Michigan men have accounting once.

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

Klow To Keep Your Husband Home Nights."

"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 this 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 yowed that she'd follow the plas to the last detail. That ovening, 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 expector-

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 drank 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 hegan 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 tinally explained her plan to the mob filling the parlor the husband sat up on and amidet the wreck, and waved his fists about and shouted:

"You her your boar! Nicesz shoon in ahis town! Nicesz wife in D'troit! Everybody comeup a driz at my sponse! Wheop! Wherezer man who wants 'er run out nights!"

run out nights!"

### ane Book Agent.

'Tis hard to get rid of a debt, A birth-mark, a wart, or the gout— A hang-nail, a corn or a sty Is a difficult thing to knock out.

The seven-year itch is no slouch, And the flond who has never a cent Is constant and stays with a man Until all his money is spent.

But with calmost contentment and case We on all these little things look, And prefer them; on masse, to that post, A female who's selling a book!

### Took the Balt.

"Well, dear," remarked Mrs. Smith as her husband started out for a day's fishing, "I hope you will be successful

issing, 'I hope you will be stateesstudent and bring home a nice basket of trout."
"Nover fear," responded Smith, "if there are any trout to be caught I ame the boy to eatch 'em. It's a cold day in the spring time when a trout gets away from une."

from me."

"It is, indeed," his wife said; "and, by the way, here is your pocket-book lying on the table. You mustn't forget that. You can't catch trout without bait, you know."—Philadelphia Call.

### He Was Suited.

"Well, Jakey, I hear you are going to get married. Is it so?" "Yes."

"Who are you going to marry?"
"Jane Meters."

Why, she's old, Jakey, and also

homely."
"That's just the kind I want. I want.
'em old so they'll know something, and homely so they will; stay at home.

Kentucký State, Journal.

"THE HEART BOWED DOWN WITH WEIGHT OF WOR!"
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 chiects of my mission, and I may

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 Ix.

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 whalng 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 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 hones that I should

and the 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 dolay 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 sholving 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 lalmost 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 vicin-

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 teing 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 1868 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 paint or, 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 nome 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 Capa to Pigeon River. River

Inke Superior from Gros Capa to Pigeon River.

On the following morning, while I was endcavoring 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 roturned 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.

out 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 spiney 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 valley, 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

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 Priece'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 descanting 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 disporting, 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. 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 engage-ment with me to spend the following Sunday with me.

ment with me to spend the following Sunday with me.

After a very stormy passage we at last reached the spot where I intended to en camp; 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 Canadians, fishing appeared to be a very congenial oc upation, 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. been delayed on his passage by a squall, ne storm.
These storms must be very violent at

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 RHEU-MATIC CURE,

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

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Dr. Marchessault,
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Ayers Flat. Abercorn. Chamberlin, A. Onamberin,
Stowart Jenne,
Ab
John C. Stockwell, Danville, Que,
Walter Hanover, 161 Broadway,
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The trade supplied throughout Canada and the United States.
D. TROMAS & Co.

General Agents.

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We are prepared to furnish the neat-est style of name and business stamps to be obtained in Canada at manufacturers prices. Call and see sample book, or give 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.

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"RAG WEED" PILE CURE.

"RAG 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.,
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### THAT FUEL BURNER.

Parties who are in a hurry to catch the train and want breaktast before leaving, ough to know that with the Empire Fuel Burner they can got as good a fire in 10 seconds as wood would take 10 minutes to produce. The Fuel Burner saves omployees 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. Parties who are in a hurry to catch the

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



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HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER,

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, Coalicooke, P. Q.; and
Methodist Church, Coalicooke, P. Q.
DESIGNS MADE ON APPLICATION.

T WAS A GOOD SAW."-

MESSES D. THOMAS & Co.

Dean Sins.—
The Folding Sawing Machine, I bought from you gives a nod athistaction, an I I elieve it to be fully up to what it is represented to be, having used it in all kinds of timber.

Herner E. Birber,
Willowdale,
March 19, 1888,
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### JAMES GRANT'S NOVELS.

The Romance of War. The Scotts Brigade. The White cockade. One of the ix 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 il volumes. Many of these uverle contain a reliable historical record of incidents connected with the peninsular and Russian wars.

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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 Coment in use. Price 25 cents.
We are prepared to supply Agents and the
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# J. TRACY,

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

has always on hand a large and well assorted stock of

CLOTHS, TWEEDS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS

GEN1'S FURNISHING GOODS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

BETTER THAN A CHROMO. BETTER THAN A UNIXUM.

From and after 1st June Instant, the purchasor of Real' state, whose deed of sale is executed before me as a Notary, and who is not aiready a subscriber, will be presented with a year's subscribion 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 1 We will send you the "AGENTS WORLD," a large 8 Page, 40 Column Paper, containing Agents' Directorles, Bargains and Exchange column, etc. THREE MONTHS for ONLY OENTS, and insert your name in Two Mammoth Pirectorles FREE! You will receive hundreds of Valuable Papers every month. Try us 1' Only a Dime, Agents' World PUB. CO., Passumpsic, Vt

### CHEAP ADVERTISING.

If you want ANYTHING, we will give notice to our large and wide circle of readers at the low cost of ONE CENTA 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:

For example, would cost you only a two-usa.

A GENTS WANTED.
A ALONZO CHAMBERLAIN, Corona, N.J.,
Cash or stamps must accompany order. Noobjectionable ads. received. Address all
ordersto ALONZO CHAMBERLAIN,
Publisher News-Letter,
Corona, New Jersey.

CORATOR.

HAIR RESTORER & INVIGORATOR

This preparation not only gives a beautiful gloss, but will cause hair to grow upon baid 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.

want merchants and traders thro out 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. ed 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 at once. No ashes or whatever to prepare.

Agents wanted throughout the Prevince.

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 permentes 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

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

D. Thomas & Co. General Agents.

INKSI INKSII 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 GREATEST ADVERTISING

NOVELTY OF THE DAY.

THE FIRST AND ONLY DEVICE OF THE KIND

EVER INVESTED.

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. This Aro 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, focks, etc., and thus brieg 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 hast as long as if carefully made with a brush, Size 30-by 5 inches. PRICE,

We shall be pleased to show sample printer used by ourselves, and specimens of Work.

D. THOMAS & CO.

printer used by ourselves, and specimens of Work. D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents.

ooke Gasette,—1877

### St. Andrew's Day.

The Clans of the Highlands are up and awa, McDonald, Clanronald, McGregor, McCraw.
The taritains are streaming, the war pipes are screaming, the Claymores are gleaning, hurra, hurra, Saint Andrew for Scotland, the bounds and braw; The kilk and the plaidle, the bounet an a' Brave sons of the heather, strike well and together For auld Scotlish honor and glory and a'.

There's Gordon the gallant, brave Campbell and Mur, The Douglas, the Maxwell, Lochiel and Dunbar,; From castle and shealing the pibroch are pealing,? And proudly revealing the £.andard of war On, on, o'or the bills, where the bold eagle flies, O'or rivers where the stay and the ptarmigan rise, Sectt. Farquiar and Menzies, the stately McKenzies, Wi'pipes and broad banners unfuried to the skies.

McPherson, McDonald, McLeod and Dunmore, Grame, Athol and Airly, McKey and Kintere; Wi' weapons bright glancing, and plumes gaily danc

Morrosa.

Morrosa.

Grame, Athol and Airly, and plumes a grame, Athol and Airly, and plumes a grame, and grame, and plumes a grame, and clar with its pipers proud marching before.

Bold Frazer's, McFarlane's and Grant's of the Spoy, All gallantly marching in warlike array.

Through wild torrents plashing, through deep ravine dashing, and the shores of the shores, and the shores,

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 we'stull tassle, to the sweet Highland lassle, There's none like to 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

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 re-

gentleman was gathered to his grand-fathers, but the incident of the wound re-mained 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 oc-

On alighting from the train at Niagara, I took the regular stage running to Lun-dy's Lane. I cannot express my feelings

dy'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 roplied, "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 for 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 nothern a municipate the same not that driver be some unknown relative, and we were perhaps running the same grandlather. "What is your name, driver," I asked, in quivering accents. "Bernard Vere de Yere," 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

ing 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 grandfatther 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.

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 whou he was wounded, and my grandmother carried "Why! the chap has fainted." I was brought to a neighbouring flouse 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 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 you field. No, not he. The doctor glanced beseeplingly around the crowded room, they one and all sadly shook their heads, alas! such a person was not to be found throughout the neighbourhood. 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.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We propose to publish in each future

# 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 fart expess in this paper. 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 style and finish, from \$1.50 upwards. according to

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### How a Married Woman Goes to Sleep.

Thege 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 bod, the old man is soratching his legs in front of the fire, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says: ly she savs :

she says:
'Iames, did you look 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, elie remarke :

Did you shut the stair door? : : : : : : :

'No,' says James.
'Well if it is not shut the cat will get

Well if it is not shut the cat will get up into the bed-room.
'Let her come, then,' says James, ill-naturedly.
'My goodness ino i' 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 bed-room. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes. Torgot to bring up some water. Sup-

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 this big tin, and then jerks the stair door open and howls:

Where the dence are the matches?

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 fent, 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 urches 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 violously you never think of the worry and trouble I have, and there is Ariminta, who, I believe, has taken the measles.'

I cher take 'em', says James. Herenpon 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?

Did-you hear that soundal about Mrs.

Jones?'
What Jones?' says James sleepily.
Why Mrs. Jones.'
Where?' inquired James! 'I declare, says his wife, fyou 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

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

The Tween Acts Cane frequently re-lieves one from the necessity of going ut to see a man."

#### COOKING RECIPES.

SALLY LUNN.

Two eggs, one cup of sugar, a half teaspoon of salt, three spoons of bak-ing powder, two cups of milk and flour to form a batter as thick as for sponge cake.

JOHNNY CAKE.

One half cup of sugar, two cups of sweet milk, one and one half tea-spoons of baking powder, one tea-spoon of salt, one-half cup of flour and Indian meal to form a batter.

TEA ROLLS

One quart of flour, two tenspoons of baking powder, one tenspoon of salt, one-half cup of butter, one pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of yeast; let stand over night; knead in the morning; let rise till noon; make into rolls; let rise and bake.

STUFFED EGGS.

Boil the eggs twenty minutes, pour over them cold water when done: remove the shells, cut in halves and remove the yolks: mush the yolks fine, add salt, vinegar, pepper, mustard and a tablespoonful of melted butter; mix to a stiff paste and stuff the whites; place the halves together to resemble whole eggs.

CREAM PIE.

Beat together one-half tencup of sugar, the white of one egg, one ta-blespoonful of flour, one teneup of milk,; bake with under crust only.

LEMON PIE

To the grate, rind and juice of two lemons add one and one-half cups of sugar, a small piece of butter, four beaten eggs and one pint of milk; bake with an undercrust.

ORUMB PUDDING.

One pint of broad crumbs, one quart of sweet milk, the yolks of five eggs, one-half cup of butter: bake until done; spread over this a layer of jelly, then the meringue of the whites of the eggs: brown in the orem. the oven.

### BROILED HERRINGS.

Scale and cut off the head; clean and wash them dry in a clean cloth: dredge with flour, salt and pepper; then broil over a good bed of coals. Serve with onion sauce, or a little drawn butter.

### BAKED APPLE PUDDING.

Pare a dozen large apples; take out the cores and put them into a saucepan with a cup of hot water; boil till they are soft and thick; beat them well and stir in half pound of sugar, the juice of two lemons and the yolks of six eggs; bake in a puff paste. Serve with hard sauce.

BOILED RICE PUDDING.

Pick and wash the rice, put into a saucepan with plenty of water; let boil till the grains are swelled and soft: strain off the water and set on the back of the fire till the rice bo comes dry; put into a buttered mold to set, then turn it out and pour a sweet sauce over it.

CURATE PUDDING.

Beat up two eggs with their weight in flour, fresh butter and white sugar; when well mixed pour into four teacups well buttered and bake in a quick oven. Serve with interest of the sugar jelly or sweet sauce,

RYE BREAD

Make a sponge of one quart of warm water, one teacup of yeast thickered with ryo flour; put in a

warm place to rise over night. Scald one pint of corn meal; when cool add it to the sponge. Add rye flour until thick enough to knead, but knead it but little; let rise, mold into loaves, place in deep pie tins, let rise and bake.

HAMBURGER STEAK.

Take a pound of round steak without any fat and chop medium fine ! chop an onion fine and mix with it; seeson with salt and pepper; fry in butter until brown.

EGG SALAD

Boil the eggs ten minutes, remove the shells and place in a cold place. When cold lay them on a dish of lettuce and pour a dressing made of vinegar mustard salt and popper.

PUFF CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one half cup each of butter and milk, two eggs, one and one half cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one and one-half cups of flour.

Twenty ripe tomators, ten onions four green peppers, two tablespoonfuls each of cinamon, cloves and allspice, one cup of sugar; chop fine, add two quarts of vinegar and boil two hours in a porcelain keitle: salt to taste.

FIGKLED OUCUMBERS
For 600 cucumbers; Three gallons strong cider vinegar, three quarts water, one heaping quart of salt, eight ounces alum, one handful of horseradish root cut in stripes, three dozen small onions, pushell three dozen small onions, parboil and peel oft outer skin, one half pound sugar. Wash the encumbers in cold water and rub off the roughness, put them into a large jar, sprinkle considerable salt over them and pour enough boiling water to cover them. Let them stand foa twentyfour hours, then teke out the pickles empty out the brine and put the pickles again into the jar with the onions and horse radish, boil the vinegar and water with the eight ounces of alum, one quart sait, onehalf pound sugar, about fifteen min-utes. Take two ounces whole cloves, two ounces of allspice, one-half pound pepper corns crushed, two ounces mustard seed broken. Sew these in to one or two flannel bags and to one or two nanner bugs and put them in the jar. If you like add two or three green peppers cut in slits. Now pour over boiling vinegar and cover your jar 'ightly. In a week pour off the vinegar, boil it, and pour over the pickles a second time.

ROLLED PORK. Select rather lean piece of salt pork. Freshen twenty-four hours in cold water, changing water occasionally, meat side down, and cover with ally, meat side down, and cover with the following forcemeat: Two teacupfuls bread crumbs, two eggs, one tablespoonful pepper, two chopped onions, one-halt teacupful butter, washed free from salt. Spread dress ing evenly over, roll pork firmly together and fasten with a string securely so forcemeat cannot escape. Placain kattle with two sliced onions. Place in kettle with two sliced onions, one carrot and turnip also sliced. Boil until quite tender, then place in dripping in the oven and bake until a deep brown. Serve hot or cold.

TURNIP SOUP.

Two large or six small turnips peeled or sliced. Place in kettle with one quart of cold water. Boil until tender, then press all through a celander. Fry two chopped onions

in three tablespoonfuls of butter until yellow-brown, then add to kettle. Add also one quart sweet milk, salt and pepper to season, and one tablespoonful each corn starch and butter rubbed together until smooth. Boil five minutes and serve bot.

#### The Lady of Tears.

Through valley, and hanlet, and city, Wherever humanity dwolls, With a heart full of infinite pity, A broast that with sympathy swells, She walks, in her beauty immortal; Each household grows sai as she nears, But she crosses at longth every portal, That mystical Lady of Tears.

If never this vision of sorrow
Has shadowed your life in the past,
You will meet her I know some to-me.
She visits all hearthstones at last.
To house and cottage and palnee,
To servant and king, she appears,
And offers the gall of her chalico—
The unwelcome Lady of Tears.

To the eyes that have smiled but in gladness. To the souls that have basked in the sun, She seems in her garments of sadness A creature to dread and to shun. And lips that have drunk but of pleasure Grow pallid and tremble with fears, As she pours out the gall from her measure, The terrible Lady of Tears.

But in midnight, lone hearts that are aching With the agonized numbness of grief Are saved from the torture of breaking By her bitter-sweet drunght of relief. Oh, then do all graces enfold her, Like a goddess she looks and appears, And the eyes everflow that behold her, The beautiful Lady of Tears.

Though she turns to lamenting all laughter, Though she gives us despair for delight, Life holds a new meaning thereafter For those who but greet her aright. They stretch out their hands to each other For sorrow that smiles and ondears, The children of our tender mother—The sweet, blessed Lady of Tears.

#### A New Industrial Training.

A New Industrial Training.

The Swedish philosopher and humanitarian who is undertaking to reform intemperance in his country by reforming the methods of cooking, has hit upon a means of civilization more comprehensive and practical than Bismarck or Gladstone ever conceived. He begins at the beginning by insisting that the poor man and the nabob shall both have the best breakfast within the compass of their means; that is, that whatever breakfast either shall have shall be well cooked. The Swede has built ever breakfast either shall have shall be well cooked. The Swede has built great establishments in which cooking is scientifically done, and the ultimate advantage of cheapness secured by wholesale methods. His plan is perhaps hardly possible in this country, where the independence and singleness of family life do not permit of ready cooperative action. But we might make a great approach to it by adding to our schemes for public industrial training the establishment of public schools for teaching girls, and even married women, teaching girls, and even married women, how to cook and how to economize the waste in the kitchens of this country, which would every day pay the interest on the national debt.—Philadelphia Re-

### Been to the Ctab.

"Where have you been at this late hour," sternly asked Mrs. Tonguelasher, as her liege and lord staggered in at the door, bowing to the hat rack.

"Been to club," he answered, with much difficulty.

"You know this is not club night," she howled emphatically.

"Was call meetin' by sec'terry," he replied, thicker than before.

"Was call meetin' by sec'terry," he replied, thicker than before.

"Oh, yes, it may have been called a meeting by the secretary, for he runs a gin shop; now tell me, what was the object of this so called meeting?"

"Was call meetin' to confor with crowd lawyers," he returned, feeling his way to the water bucket. "An' I tell you, 'Liza," he continued, "I met she'val prom'nent members of bar."

Sorrow nilly she looked at him and said, as he snugly tucked his boots between the sheets, and throw himself under the bed:

"Yes, from the way you smell, I should think you met all the members of the bar."

of the bar."

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For the Land We Live In LIFE IN MEXICO.

CHAPTER VI. - Camping Out.

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.

this thirsty land. We had taken this thirsty land.

We had taken such good care of our animals during our detention in Montercy, that they had fattened and were in good condition when we started from that city, but since then fhey 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 oven under more we could trust to them even under

and mutes, and we telt 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

mad on mis company it. 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 Montercy 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 seate 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 hours time we left the city of El Saltillo, the same party that had left Matamoras together.

A mest wearisome journey indeed, and I really think the personal privations wells and the same party that had left Matamoras 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

octook 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 flavor. (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 elso; 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.

shot had entered at the breast, traversed the body and had made its exit at the end of the spine.

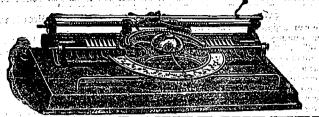
On another of these nights, my watch fell between the hours of two and four in the morning, on a bleak plain, beside a spring of water so brackish as to be scarcely potable; a fine, small wind blew piercingly, chilling me to the marrow of the bones, I could not endure it, so I put the coffee pot on the embers, and soon had it full of boiling hot and well sweet-oned coffee; I rested awhile to enjoy my welcome draught, ahd 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 "surape" (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 ming tin pannikin of not codes and a bis-cuit, 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 quite escaped my reconcesson, whom is esparating 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 life lasted; proque alla en el Salado, Senor, con esa tusa de Cafe me dio v 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 occurence I was at the Mineral de la Luz, on business, when a person hearing my name men-

two years after the above occurence 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 after-

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.

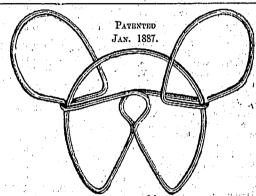
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EXCHANGES

We can supply the following publications samples of which can be seen at our office. Publications intended for this column should be marked. X.

X. Chicago. Farmers' Review, Western World, Detroit. New York. Free Press. rree Press,
Metropolitan,
Investigator,
Vade Mecum,
Agent's World,
Owl,
The Sentinel,
Canada Agent Salina, Kansas Passumpsic, Vt.
Putney, Vt.
Newport, Vt.
Toronto. Canada Agent,
Toronto.
The Mail,
Farm and Fireside,
Weekly Review,
Le Pionnier,
Crystal Palace Home Journal, Phila, Pa.
Monthly Transcript,
The Independent,
American Agent,
Central Stockman,
Phillips Phonograph,
The Lousehold Pilot,
The Lousehold Pilot,
The Rural Call,
Columbus, Ohio.
The Milwaukec Agent, Milwaukec, Wis.
The Corona Nows Letter, Corona, N. J.
The Western Newsman, Chicago, Ill.
The Wostern Advertiser, Dayton Oreg-Canada Agent, The Western Advertiser, Dayton Oreg-

Youths' Leisure Hour, Boonville, N.Y Agents Trader, Burlington, Conn-World of Nature, Good Times, Newport, R. I. Dansville, N. Y. Newark, N. J. Good Times, Dansville, N.
The Jersey Drummer, Newark, N.
The Progressive Youth, Albion, N.
Fireside, Factory and Farm, Ottawa, Albion, N. Y. Kansas

The Peoples Aid, Cincinnati, Ohio. Yamhill County Herald, Dayton, Ore-

gon. The California Cackler, San Francisco

The New Moon, Mass.

The Western Trader, Emporia Kansas.

Wide-Awake Agent, Canajoharie,

The Wide-Awake Agent, Canajoharie,
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 Philatetilist, Halifax, N. S.
Agents' Guide, Faulkland, Del.
National Detective Review, Wichita
Kansas.

Kansas.
The Young Idea, Belvidere, Ill.
Froeman's Fireside Visitor, Mt. Joliet,
Tennessee.
The Canadian Horticulturist, Grimsby,

Ont.

The Southern Agent, Atlanta, Ga.
The Home Magazine, Toledo, Ohio.
The Little Clipper, Mendota, Ill.
Tit Bits, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Hawkeye Midget, Garwin, Iowa.
The American Garden, 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.

Ind

Ind.
Corinth Advance, Corinth, Maine.
U. S. Philatelist, Calmar, Iowa.
The Youths Guide, Lansing, Mich.
News Item and Avvertiser, New Park,

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AGENTS AND MANUFACTURERS will increase their business by advertising in our columns.

### Subscribers' Directory.

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B. A. Reynolds,
John Morrison, Gould, Que.
E. H. LoBaron, Massawippi, Que.
Edward S. Bernard, Richmond, Que.
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Walter T. Johnson, Suffield, Que.
Mrs. Peter Smith, St. Armand, Que.
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Carl Jewel, Robt. Millar, Mt. Royal Vale, Montreal.
Miss Eliza E. Clark, Waterloo, Que.
R. L. Ayer, Georgeville, Que.

#### 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 ers. 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

ada and the U. S., 18 atone worm one 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 ducted, and contains a great amount of practical information. Subscription, \$1 a year in advance.
The New Moon for October, is full of

The New Moon for October, is full of interesting and entertaining reading mater. "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 Sacremento 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 for cents for the October number and do a little cackling on their own account.

Lippincotts 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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MECIPES.

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To make Champagne Cider for Four Cents a Gallon.
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TEMPERANCE NOT PROHIBITION.

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 pordition. In their infinite wisdom, they have set up prohibition as the standard almost, if not quite, necessary to salvation, and have little or ince wiscom, eacy neve set up profibition as the standard almost, if not quite necessary to salvation, and have little or no pationee with those who think otherwise. It has thus come to be a matter of religious bolief 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.

non 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 conscientions 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, temporate 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 encylical 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 discountenance to have a supplementation of 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 discountenance to a supplementation.

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 Starci.—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.

### OIL PAINTINGS.

\*OIL PAINTINGS.

Beautiful Landscape Paintings 24 × 30 inches, 3½ shell gilt frames, with your name, business and address painted in the sky part of the picture, for \$3.50 each. Such pictures placed in hotels and public offices are a first class advertising medium. Samples may be seen at the Reading Room and at the Magog House.

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#### Fresh Swindles.

THE FARMERS' REVIEW :lightning rod swindle has taken a new departure and has victimized two men at agatamag roa 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 net, the company has authorized them to put them in good order gratuitiously, 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 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 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 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), 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 die and a little investigation shows him \$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 over 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 thut they know all there is to learn about sheep. Then they toll 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 rescals, 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 be "mighty" careful how you trade for cash with them.

WALDO F. BROWN.

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### BUTTERMILK AS A MEDICINE.

With the rapid growth of reconstructive medicine comes opportunely the re-in-troduction of old and well known domes troduction of old and well known domestic remedies; among which butternilk demands a respectable place. A young I dy patient of the writer's was suffering from a severe comsumptive cough. None of the usual axis-spasmodies, expectorants, etc., seemed to do anw 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 butternilk. 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 and pain, and a pleasant slumber for several hours. It was continued for all lner previous distressing symptoms and an almost perfect freedom from cough for several hours after each draught of the hot buttermilk. Lingering 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 ver when I reached a furn house, weakmissed 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 prought up a pitcher of huttermilk from dvink of that to stay my stomach." An good, kind hearted woman, she soon brought up a pitcher of buttermilk from the cool spring-house, while I examined my patients and prescibed 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.T. Landry, in Popular Science News.

### CHEAP LIVING.

One of the cheapest and most nutritious foods, is Edwards' Desiceated Soup. Each pound will make from 4 to 6 quarts of rich soup, representing 7 lbs. beef and 6 lbs. potatoes and other vegetables, and at the retail price of 40 cents per pound tin, will furnish a cheaper and better diet than can be procured from any other source. It can be propared ready for use in 15 minutes, and unlike the Irishman's soup, which was "a quart of water boiled down to a pint to stringthen it." there's a joy and comfort about this soup, that the world knoweth not of. The flesh pots of Egypt have no attractions to him who in hales the aroma arising from a steaming bowl of this soup, and the oftener it hales the arona arising from a steaming bowl of this soup, and the oftener it steams the more he steems it. The steams the more he steems it. In Cockney sportsman in pursuit of the evasive partridge, will find a great deal of satisfaction in having a tin or two of this soup to fall back on. We have tried it, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it superior soup.

If you want to find out 'all about the Pacific Coast, send us 10c. (silver), and we will mail you post poid, 6 of the leading papers published on the Coast. Some will be from Oregon, Washington Territory, etc. We mail all papers same day we receive the order. 'Address, M.' M. BANISTER, Dayton, Oregon.

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the Land We Live In Summer Vacations at Little Pushaw.

As one emerges form the great woods of Maine, leaving behind Mcosebead 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 Camden mountain, and Bluehill mountains, all many miles away.

tney are distinctly seen, the Dixmont mountains the Canden mountain, and Bluehill mountains, all many miles away. He see 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 soit 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 himsef 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 know of as among the

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 inhebitants of Ban gor 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 gency in dining upon green ness 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.

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 decide it make the test on the left branch and almost at the first cost take a trout. most at the first cast take a trout. I find it full of them and take many more.

Beyond the the junction of the stream

Bayond the the junction of the stream I take still larger ones, and all the way down till the meadows are reached halfa 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 has conveyance sufficiently large to take along the footman to the shore as well as "grub" to feed him.

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 timee 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

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 unles 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 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

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. eels he caught.

The next morning I tried for the first The next morning I tried for the first time there the amusement of catching the little frog that hops pientifuly 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

Ibs in each, and 3 lb pickerel.

The small lad with us who indulged his juvenile taste by using the worm to catch perch, occasionally caught the white perch. But where we camped and fished by Pierce's Landing the last do not school, but are tahen more numerously off Hodge Fence, toward Rocky Point. There one afternoon my company took off one hundred. There a party this summer cautured a bushel the same day. Oftner 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 alowives of our fathers day time in the outlet when for number they were like the alewives of our fathers day which must must been 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 anywhere his 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.

in mid arr.

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 ne 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.

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

ceurd.

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

The growing interest in the Lake is menifest 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 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.

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.

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# Mrs. Crisby's Visit to Spoonsville.

(From Household Monthly.)

(From Household Monthly.)

One day, a short time ago, Mrs. Crisby went to visit a grand-niece of her late husband. This niece had lately married a wealthy, childless widower, and they were living in Spoonsvillo.

Mrs. Crisby had had no invitation, but she said to Mrs. Flyspat, her next-door neighbor, that, 'Louisy Ann being' so near a relation, an' her alivin' so close by, I guess I'll jest run down an' stay a week or so with her. Taint no kind o' use to send her word I'm comin', cuz she's so well tu du, she won't hev to put tu rights none. They say she lives in great style.'

The train was at the station when the old lady arrived there. Rushing in, she bought her ticket, and the last that was seen of her, was, as she mounted the car steps.

bought her ticket, and the last that was seen of her, was, as she mounted the car steps.

Her apple-green satin bonnet, with its brown and pink roses, was all awry, and her yellow unbrella was under her arm, while her carpet bag, which she had had since her 'weldin' tower,' she had thrown on the platform of the car, and a brakeman was pulling her up the steps.

The rest of the story you may read as told in her own words, while relating her adventures to Mrs. Flyspat.

'Well, Mis' Flyspat, I her had a time of it, an' let me tell you now, at the beginin', that never will 1 go avisitin' to Louisy Ann Tempest's agin.

After ridin' along in them cars till I thought my poor old bones would abin all broke up, the train stopped at Spoonsville. When I got off, there wuz a ha'f dozen or so, of men, apinting of their fingers at me, an' yellin', "Kerridge! Kerridge?" An' what would I want of a kerridge? Me, with my good thick gaiters on. So I shook my hed at 'em, an' asked a man, all drossed up in brass buttons, ef he knowed where William Henry Joseph Tempest lived. He sez to me, sez he, "Yu mean the Honer'ble W. Henry J. Tempest, don's ye? Well he's alivin' on St. James' Avener." So he d'rected me the way, an' after awalkin' a good bit, I come to a big imposin' lookin' stone house set away back sorter in the woods, an' over the gateway wuz' the words, "Tempest Lodge." Tempest being the name of the person I wuz alookin' fur, I thought this must be the place, but "la!" sez I to myself, sez I, "I didn't know they kep' a lodging house, but then, it kinder runs in the family, cuz Louisy Ann's ma kep a boarding house, an' thet wuz where he nusband found her."

But, as I wuz asaying', I come to the gate an' went in. After awalkin' quite a distance up the path. I come near runnin'

husband found her."

But, as I wuz asaying', I come to the gate an' went in. After awalkin' quite a distance up the path, I come near runnin' inter a woman thet wez astanding on the grass, with nothing' tall on. Fur a minit I wuz struck all of a bunch, an' wuz agoin' tu tell her she'd oughter be ashamed of herself, when I seed she wuzn't alive, but wuz made out of chiny-ware. But I wondered at Louisy Ann akeepin' of sich like in her own door yard. On lookin' round, I seed that there wuz a little bey near by, with wings ontu his back, an' he wuz astanding on one foot apintin' a bow an' a arrer at me. It sorter startled me,

wuz astanding on one foot apintin' a bow an' a arrer at me. It sorter startled me, "but then," sez I, "it ain't nothing but another of them chiny figgers."

When I got in front of the house, I see it wuz very han'some, but not feelin' overinapired by its imposin'ness, I walked up the stone steps, an' looked on the door for the knocker, but there weren't nothin' there. Sez I tu myself, sez I, "Funny they don't hev a knocker tu the door." So I knocked with my knuckles till they wuz sore, an' no one come.

Suddintly the door opened, an' a man dressed in "liver," as Louisy Ann calls it, stood in front of me.

Well, this man I tho't, at first wuz some gentleman boarder, it bein' a lodgin'

Well, this man I tho't, at first wiz some gentleman boarder, it bein' a lodgin' house. I bowed perlitely to him, an' sez I, 'I'm Keturah Crisby, what's come to visit Louisy Ann Tempest, the nices of Jereminh Crisby, my husband, thet wuz I s'pose yu lodge here, but kin tell me ef she's tu hum.' He stared at me, kinder

as of I had been the two-headed lady at the show. Then sez he, 'My mistress hez gone to drive in the bullyard fur her health.' 'Oh!' sez I, 'yos, Louisy Ann alluz wuz of a domesticated nater, an' I neaten. On 'sez 1, 'yes, Louisy Ann alluz wuz of a domesticated nater, an' I s'pose she's gone fur to look after her cattle, a' very healthful occapation it is tu.' I tho't he looked at me kinder odd-like, but he asked me inter the parler, an'

there left me. I sot till I heered a kerridge adrivin'

I sot till I heered a kerridge adrivin' up, an' in a minit Louisy Ann come in. I knowed she wuz reel glad tu see me, fur she sed, sed she, 'Why Aunt Keturah, is this yu. I hevn't seed yu in sich a long time, thet I hardly know yu.' Then she arsked me tu take off my things, an' set awhile. I told her I had come tu stay a week or so. She appeared delighted, bectuz she riz right up an' sez she, 'Well that is reel nice, to be sure, but it may not be reel pleasant fur yu, cuz I hev some comp'ny in the house, an' I'm specting some more tomorrer.' Never mind,' sez I, 'I s'pose bizness is good, it gen'ly is this time o' year.' She looked at me, kinder askance, an' sez, 'business I'Yes', sez I, 'the bizness o' keeping lodgers.' 'But this aint a lodging' house,' sez she. Sez I, 'What have you got the word 'lodge' over the gate fur, then.' An' would you believe it, Mis' Flyspat, that air critter, she bust out alarfin' lit tu kill hersel', an' sez she, 'Thet's the mame of the house.' 'Oh!' sez I, an' I subsided inter silence. I seed my mistake then.

Well, thet night at supper, Louisy Ann's husban' come hum, an' a reel nice man he wuz tu, an' there was a Mister an' Miss Diggins there, an' their darter, a pert young miss of seventeen or thereabouts, but she put on airs nough for a woman of thirty. When I wuz induced to Mr. Diggins, I asked him of he wuz from Frogtown, cuz I knowed the Digginses from there. But he sed to the contr'y. He sed he wuz from 'Diggins struck a strike o' ile down in the back lot. Before that he wuz a shoemaker, an' his father afore him, an' his gran'ther, an' so on, way back, an' many's the time I've heerd my mother tell o' goin' down C—— street, an' o' see-in' old Jaceb Diggins a sittin' in the door of his shop—he wuz a dredful shiftless sort of man—in his bare feet—'an' well do yu know, Mis' Flyspat, I didn't go no further when Mis' Diggins wuz took of a suddiut, an' fainted ded away. I don't know what ailed her, but I advised all sorts o' things tu give her, when Louisy Ann asked me tu not tu tal

The next morning the Digginses went afore I wuz up.

'Bout noon a kerridge drew up an' a lot o' young people got out.

Louisy Ann sed as they wuz friends o' hers who had come fur the ball. 'My,' thought I, 'what a big ball it must be for so many people tu come fur it.' But I sed nothin', an' I'm glad I didn't, cux, come tu find out, a 'ball' wuz a party.

Louisy Ann wuz very kind tu me, an' sed thet if I thought it would be tu gay fur me, she would scuse me tu go hum the day before the ball wuz to come off. But I told her that the needn't worry 'bout me. I wuz one what liked tu set an' watch young folkses enjoy theirsel's.

an' watch young folkses enjoy theirsel's.

Well, I stayed, an' Mehitable Flyspat, I never seed sich goin's on, an'. I hope never tu see sich agin.

La! but it wuz orful! All the wimen wuz drest in the shamefullest manner. They hed long 'nough skirts on 'em, but my! there weren't no wastes tu 'em at all, an' they let the men put their arm 'round their wastes, an' then they'd wu'rl round the room till I wuz dizzy. It wuz disgraceful, an' so I told Louisy Ann, but she only larfed, an' sed it wuz the fashion.

Fashion or no fashion, I wuz disgusted, an' went up stares roel early, not awaitin' fur anythin' tu eat, even, fur I thought it an evil thing fur me tu look at 'em- I

told Louisy Ann thet I would leave fur hum the next day, as I couldn't, no how stay in sich a place any longer.

She didn't seem a bit put out, but sed that the kerridge would be at my exposal

at any hour I wanted it.

Well, I left at an early hour, an' here I am tu hum, an' never agin will I go avisitin' any o' them folks o' fashion.'

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General Agents for Canada
Sherbrooke, Que, June 1st, 1888.

General Agents for Canada

Sherbrooke, Que., June 1st, 1885.

Sherbrooke, Que., June 1st, 1885.

This is to certify that last fail I had an attack of Inflammatory. Rheumatism, which rendered it difficult for me to move about the house. I commenced taking BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIO CURF, a bottle of which I had by me,—and next day had no difficulty in walking several times between my house and office, a distance of half a mile. I have had no recurrence of the complaint.

DANIEL T'OMAS,

Notary Public

Sherbrooke, March 7th, 1885.

Messes D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke

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EOUS RHEUMATIC CURE." My son, aged ab nt 10 years, has for the last three or four winters suffered from inflammatory rheumatism and rhumatic fever, and has been for weeks at a time confined to his bed. After using part of a bottle of the "Cure," which I purchased from you, he was able, in about a week, to be round the houre, and in less than a fortingth had fully recovered. Only one bottle was used and he is now apparently as well as he ever was.

P. W. NAGLE.

Crown Land Ranner.

Portland, Mo., Nov. 16, 1887.

E. M. BARBER & Co., Dear Sirs:—I wen't into a store here: "weeks ago and saw some of your Rhoumatic Gare; it being something new that I had never heard of before, as I had thou \*ray\*thing for that complaint, having suffered four-teen years with it, I thought I would try to on a lady acquaintance of mine who has been much that I went back and hought the remaining eleven bottles. I have taken two bottles. The pain and soroness have all left me so much good it hought! I would try it on a lady acquaintance of mine who has been laid up for eight monthe, unable to rise without help. In three days then it helped the semining eleven bottles. I have taken two bottles. The pain and soroness have all left me so much good it hought I would try it on a lady acquaintance of mine who has been laid up for eight monthe, unable to rise without here. Now I me know which will man what you think will man he will be hease address, AYETTE WYMAN, LAFAYETTE WYMAN, Mo. 20 Dow St., Portland, Mo.

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### GOLD HUNTERS ADVEN-TURES.

We stuck to Wombat Flat for from four 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 present the degree of the pastures of the rain would be read there was vent 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 Gisamongst the Jim Crow tanges, dull at Gis-borne, 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

With this view I left Rose to do the 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 mame 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 ever carried a revolver, and I feel satisfied that I kept out of more grapes 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,

or Creswicks Creek, from mammation, caused by dysentery.

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

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 Kyncton, 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 imponetrable growth of "serub" as it is termed, we had to go round a distance of some 26 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 swags packed, and started.

ed.

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 broad 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. an average every other day.

Our first night was one of the most un-

our first night was one of the most un-comfortable I ever spent, as it came on raining and blowing a gale. Our tent was sheltered from the wind to some ex-tent 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

we soon had a good sized rivinet 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 counternet 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 discipant that avaning and priched

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 merticing chiesless.

as wide as an ordinary mortions 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 apoligies 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 anyway, but the one wanted. If a tree leaned so as to fall naturally over a tent, the first move was 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 nair 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 keen it clear of.

would fail on the very object they wanted to keep it clear of. An acquaintance of mine by the namo of Malcolm who had been an Ottawa lum-berman, 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

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.

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 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 dryest 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 confortable place for winter, we went to work cutting deway trees and autiest them. Afterwards on Simmons Reef, the Vig-

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. 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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exactly, and you will be happy.

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#### UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

From Forest and Stream.

The south wind had been roaring for forty-eight hours after its first piercing chill'softening the snow so that it took the imprint of the foot of man and beast as sharp and clear as an impression in wax; then bringing to its surface weeds and tops of knolls, then making it so splashy that the brooks burst their bonds and overran them in swishing yellow floods, when one January night Lisha's friends came straggling in over the sloppy roads

came straggling in over the sloppy roads. The talk ran naturally to tracking 'coons, which the weather favored, then to the life and habits of the animal.

"Wal, boys," said Lisha, splashing a tap in the tub, "s'pose ye'li all be arter 'coons termorrer, won't ye? This thaw 'll fetch 'm aout.

"Wal, I d' know," Sam Lovell answered; "I kind er though I'd take a little turn arter 'em 'f nothin' happens."

"Dat what we'll call it chat sauvage in Canada ah guess so, 'coon? Dat same ting ah 'll hear it sometam r-rac-coon? Yas!"

"Sartinly, Antwine," said Solon Briggs,

"Sartinly, Antwine," said Solon Briggs, "'coon and ra-coon is what we call anony mous terms for one and the same annymill. Raccoon, I expect is a Latin or Greece work, which 'coon is the English

Then grease is their name as well as their natur, for they're the fattest creeturs," said Sam. "Naow, Antwine," asked Solon, "what

might be the true meanin' an' interpora-

might be the true meanin' an interpora-tion of 'shaw syvadge'?"
"Wall M'sieu Brigg, lemme see, ah 'll tole you—chat, he mean cat an' sauv-age, he mean he don't tame—m-what you call 'm wil'? Chat sauvage, wil' cat, on'stan'?"

on'stan'?"
"Hm i yss, wildcat, or to speak more
eggzack, puttin' the cart afore the hoss
arter the French fashion, 'cat wild,' similar to 'shovlnware' for a black hoss, which iar to shovinware for a black hoss, which shovel' means boss an' inware' means black. Noaw, hain't that a most onnau ai hist'ry name, so to speak, for a coon or a raccoon, which it hain't noways the natur' of the feline race, but much more resemblances a bear, a layin' dormouse in winter an' eatin corn an' sheel as much a most visituals as much server with layer. shack as much as meat victuals as no

oritters of the cat speshy do?"
"Sartin, Solon' you're right" "a 'coon
'ould makea first-rate bear'f't wan't for his 'ould makea first-rate bear'it' wan't fer his tail. He's jist as independen', en hoggish, an'sort:r cumin'-foolish, an' fond of water an' mud, an' sweet-toothed, an' hot-toothed tew, fer he'll dig wild turn'ps an' eat 'em jes' 's a bear will. Haow on airth any critter 't ha'n't got its maouth an' insides lined with sheet iron, can chaw an' swaller a green wild turnip 's more 'n I can understand. Why, it's wus'n forty thaousan' red hot needles a jebbin' int' yer tongue, 'f ye ever bit one,' Almost every one present confessed to having been' fooled in the days of his youth by some rough practical joker into tasting the bul bous root of the plant, whose snake-lik spathe should warn one that it biteth even like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

that it biteth even like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

"Wal, naow," said 'Lisha, laying aside his lapstone, shoving his spectacles on to the top of his head, and resting his elbows on his knees, "that makes me think of a man 'at I knowed 'at come tu his death along of foolin' a boy with a wild turnip, 'n' I d' know but what it sarved him putty night right, naow ra'ly I don't. His name was Bijer Jarvis. Why some on ye knowed 'im; he use ter run the sawmill up in the Notch. He was a red-headed, cross-grained, "Il-natured creetur, 't would wruther see folks in hot water 'n aout of 't. Good airth 'n seas! 'f I ha'n't spoke in meetin', fer he was Peltier's uncie; Peltier's mother was a Jarvis. But she wa'n't to blame fer it, 'n' I haint goin' to spile a story, fer relaa Jarvis. But she wa'n't to blame fer it,
'n' I haint goin' to spile a story, fer relation's sake, so ye need n't take no pride
in what I say, Peltier."

"Hough! Gol darn Uncle Biege! Blast
his ole picter!" exclaimed Pelatiah, "he
never done nothin' for none o' aour folks

only cheat tather sout 'n a yoke o' tew ole steers, so I hearn'em tell. You need n't apile no atories 'baout him on my 'caount, Uncle Lisha."

"Wal," Lisha continued after his little interruption, "Bijer was a" runnin' the sawnill, au' one mornin' when he was a interruption, "Bijer was a' runnin' the sawnill, an' one mornin' when he was a goin' long the road through the woods to the mill he seen a wild turnip an' pull ed it, an' kertied it 'long, thinkin' mebbe 't he'd dry it agin he had a cough, in the fall, for some sets gret store by wild turnips dried an' grated an' took in 'lasses for a hackin' cough. Curous, haint it, 't when they're dried they ha' no more taste into 'em' n a piece o' chalk? Wal, he mogged along to the mill an' rolled a lawg on t' the kerridge an' dogged it an' histed the gate, an' jist then there come along a boy a fishin' of the name o' Morrison, an' stopped to see him saw. He was al'ays a gawpin' raound, lookin' at the contraptions an' askin' questions, more 'n boy fashon, for he seemed to be kinder studyin' inter 'em, 'n' they sail' the made a regular little sawmill complete, kerridge, rag wheel an' all, an' sot it a runnin' in a brook clus ter his folkses. It al'ays made Bijer crosser' in two sticks on It al'ays made Bijer crosser 'n two sticks to see him raound, 'n' he didn't take no notice on him till bimby he happened to think of the turnip, 'n' he ast 'im'! ootice on him till bimby he happened to think of the turnip, 'n' he ast 'im' 'i he liked apples, 'n' he said he did, for who ever see a boy 't didn't? Then s' he 'did you ever eat any sweet graound apples? Here's one o' the sweetest ever ye see. handin' on 'im the turnip; 'take a bite on it.' The boy took a good bite an' chawed it kinder slow, lookin' at Bijer, but Bijer looked turrible houest, 'n' clever's he ever could, so the boy dinn't think nothin'. In tew three minutes it begin to take a holt, 'n' then he begin to sputter 'n' cry, an' holler't hie maouth was full o' bumblebees an' hornets, 'n' Bijer sottin' there on the lawg goin' into fits a laughin' at 'im, till the boy cleared aout mos' crazy with the fire in his maouth. 'n' Bijer didn't didn't see nothin' on 'im agin for a month, till one day maouth. 'n' Bijer didn't didn't see nothin' on 'im agin for a month, till one day he popped up behind a pile o' boards a shakin' his fist at 'im and hollered, 'You ole red headed heap! I'll pay ye some time see, 'f I don't.', 'n...soooted.aout o' sight 'fore Bijer could fling an aidgin' at 'im. All this while an 'arter, things kep' gettin aout o' kilter 'raound the mill; stieks in the wheel, bull-wheel rope wore aout 'n' breakin', saw duller 'n hoe, all kinder onaccaountable, no body knowed haow. Bim by long late in the fall when when the pond froze over; Bijer was a fussin' 'raound the bulk head one day, choppin' a lawg loose or authin, nuther, haw. Bim by long late in the fall when when the pond froze over; Bijer was a fussin' 'raound the bulk head one day, choppin' a lawg loose or suthin, nuther, 'n' bime by he broke through an' went in kersouze! 'n' he couldn't git aout, for the ice wouldn't hold an' the lawgs an' bulkhead 'n' things was all ice so's' the couldn't keep no holt on 'em,' n' the water all 'the while a suckin' his laigs int' the flume. Jest then he seen that 'ere boy come skatin' 'long the pond, 'n' he hollered for him to reach him a pole or a board, but the boy kep' a kkitterin' 'raound a laughin' at 'im, an' says he, "Ole red head, don't ye wish ye hed one o' them sweet graound apples to warm ye up? Mus' be kinder cool bathin' in there. I'd go 'n' dig ye one 'f 't wa'n't froze up.' Bijer begged an' sploshed 'raound, an' cussed an' begged, 'n' then when he was mos' tuckered aout he begin to pray, 'n' then that' ere imp of a boy booked a pike pole into his cut collar an' hauled him on t' the ice 'n' snak ed him ashore. He couldn't stan' !n' the boy went arter somebody 'n' they kerried 'im hum. He never got well agin arter, nor able to walk. Some said 't was rheumatiz 'n' some said 't was rheumatiz 'n' some said 't was dyspepsy in the laigs—I do' know. One day the nex' summer when they'd sot 'im on the stoop tipped back in his cheer that 'ere darned boy come along n' stood 'n' gawped at 'im. Bimeby says he, Mr. Jarvis,' says he, 'I've brung ye suthin' !t' I'l good. I've took lots o' trouble to git it for ye.' 'N' he pulled an' alfred gret wild turnip rut aout 'n his pocket. Take a bite an' chaw it dawn,' aays he, he, a shovin' on it under his nose; 'take a bite i've owed ye one more'n a 'year.' Bijer

gin a kinder start, 'n' the hind laigs of his cheer slipped 'n' daown he come ker lummux 1 'n' hurt his head some way so 's 't hedied in a week or tew. 'N' that's what he got for feedin' boys wild turnip." "Bah gosh! Ah guess wen he begin to dead he'll sorry he foolish dat boys ain't it?"

ain't it?" "That boy," said Solon, "was vindicta tive.

"I do, know as that was what they call ed it", said Lisha; "seems though they said he was injennew ous. Anyway he went off, "they say 't he's what they call injin near on one o' them 'ere steam railroads, daown in Massachusetts some whoses "

roads, daown in Massachusetts some wheres."

"Dew you think, Sammywell," Solon saked getting back to the subject under consideration, "that the vocal voice of a 'coon resemblances a screechaowl?"

"Wal," Sam answered, "I do' know. Some says that a 'coon does make a noise sometimes 'at saound suthin' like a screechaowl, only kinder hoarser. I had a tame 'coon onct for most a year, but I never hearn him dew anything but graowl when he was mad, an' squall when he was hurt, jes' you've hearn 'em when a doawg hed a holt on 'em. He was the cunninest little cuss! Inter all the mischief he would think on, an' more tew. The chickens hed to suffer when he got into the hen haouse, every time, 'n' he'd raise tunkit with every thing he could git into in the haouse. When he was eatin' he'd keep a sozzlin' his grub in his pan o' water all the time. Uncle Lisher makes me think on 'im every time he sploshes his luther in his tub. Shouldn't wonder, Uncle Lisher, 'f you turned into a 'coon yit."

woo. Shouldn't wonder, Uncle Lisher, 'f you turned into a 'coon yit."

"Darn'd 'f I wouldn't like tew part o' the year, Samwill. Wouldn't it be cute to curl up when the col' weather come on an's mooze till spring or a thaw come, an' not hat to bother gittin' wood or with a"

grub?

"Ye'd want to take yer 'long pipe with "Ye'd want to take yer 'long pipe with ye', an' some terbacker an' matches in yer pocket when ye went inter a holler tree—'t' would be lonesome goin' without a smoke so long."

"Naow, does 'coons hey pockets?" aak ed the man who never 'spoke but to ask a question

ed the man who never apoke but to ask a question.
"Course they dew," Sam answered shortly; "inside pockets, 'n' 1 d' know but cut-tail pockets an' trowses pockets. An' then agin, Uncle. Lisher, when the come a thaw an' ye turned aout an' went traipsin' racund an' somebody tracked ye into another tree haow'd ye like to hev 'em cudd aown the tree 'n' knock ye in the head?"

"Twould be you, Samwill, 'at faound

"'I would be you, Samwill, 'at faound me, an', you'd know me by the smell o' luther, 'n' you wouldn't hurt yer Uncle Lisher. 'N' I'm glad you made me think on 't, for I guess I'd ort to hev a smuk afore I turn into a 'coon." Whereupon he cleaned the bowl of his pipe with an awl, ran a waxed end through the stem,

awl, ran a waxed end through the stem, blew through it, and then shaving some tobacco from a plug on his cutting board with a shoe knife, was presently in the full enjoyment of what he called a "ri" daown good smuk."

"Ah bet too he a'n't fregit when he 'coon as' you, Sam, haow you lak it you boot, an' when you tole 'im he too tight he say 'he straysh!" Wen you tole 'im he too loose, he say 'he shrimp! Hein Onc Lasha, you don't fregit dat, a'n't it?"

"Arrih! You dum peasouper!" Lisha growled, like a good-nstured bear.

"I' you want fur." said Sam, "trackin'

''.'F you want fur,'' said Sam, "trackin' 'coons on the snow 's all well 'nough, but it's niortal hard work wallerin' in the soft snow all day. But 'f you want fun an' music, take yer dawgs an' hunt 'em nights in confields, an' when they've ben shackin' under sweet acorn trees ben shackin' under sweet acorn trees, n' sometimes you'll strike 'long a brook when they've ben a froggin'. Hev tew three good haoun's a hootin' on a track fer a good spell, an' then singin' halleluy er raound a tree! That's what I call fun alive! Some druther hev a cur dawg, 'at won't bark till he trees, but gimme more music, 'I I've got to hev less 'cooks.

"Wal," said Lisha, ramming his pipe with the handle of his awl, "everybody to their notion, is the ole woman said when she kissed her kyow, but I could n't never—sen' I was a boy—see no gret fun in stumblin' racound in the dark in fightin' skeeters half the night, for, one or tew 'coons with 'baout as much hair on 'em 's the' is on the back o' yer hand, 'n' like 's not, not git nary 'coon arter all." "Wal," said Lisha, ramming his pipe all."

all."
"Why, Uncle Lisher," said Sam Lovel,
"is that ra'ly your idee of the fun o' huntin', jest to git suthin' that's with money?
Seems to me, if fur an' meat, sall a feller's arter, he aint goin' to git no gret
comfort aout on 't."
"Show Same "!"

comfort aout on 't.'

"Shaw, Samwill! you haint a goin' to
ondertake to make me' b'lieve' 'tilyou'
don't feel better a bringin' hum a fox
skin, er a 'coon skin, er half a dozen
partridge, 'n' ye dew comin' hum wi'
nothiu'? I know better 'n' that."
Of source Like test within' to how

nothin'? I know better 'n' that."

Of course I like to git suthin' to show for a day's hunt, an' it's comf'table to the feelin's to make a good shot, but 'f I didn't never git nuthin' only what I c'n show, I sh'ld stay to hum more 'n I dew. If dollars an' cents an' suthin' t' eat was all I was arter, I'd snare patridges 'n' trap foxes, an' you never heard o' my doin' nary one."

"Wel, then, Samwill, what on airth dew ye go for? Ye hunt more 'n' 'most anybody I know, an' ye git more game."

"I can't hardly tell, Uncle Lisher. It comes nat'ral for me to run in the woods 'F I do get more g me game to show for

"I can't hardly tell, Uncle Lisher. It comes nat'ral for me to run in the woods 'F I do get more g me game to show for it 'n' some does, I git suthin besides I can't show. The air o' the woods tastes good to me, for 't haint ben breathed by nothin' but wild creeturs, 's 'n ole feller said 'at useter git up airly daown in Rho'd Islan' where my folks come from. I lufter breath it 'fore common folks has The smell o' the woods smells good to me, dead leaves 'n' spruce boughs, 'n' rotten wood, 'n' it don't hurt in, none if it's spiced up a leetle bit with skunk an' mink an' weasel an' fox p'fum'ry. An' I lufter see trees 'at 's older 'n any men, an' graound't wa'n't never plaowed 'er hoed a growin' nat'ral crops. 'N I lufter hear the stillness of the woods, fer 't is still there. Wind a sythin, leaves rustiln', brooks a runnin', birds a singin' even a bluejay a squalin', haint noises. It takes folks an' waggins an' hors: s an' cattle an' pigs an' sech to make a noise. I git lots o' things a hunting' 't I can't show ye nor tell ye 'baont, an' a feller that don't, don't git the best o' huntin', 'cordin' to my idee."

"I do' know but what ye've got 'baout the right on 't, Samwill," said Lisha, at-

'cordin' to my idee."

"I do' know but what ye've got 'baout the right on 't, Samwill," said Lisha, after smoking slowly and gazing for some minutes out into the dark through his long window, 'I do, know but what ye hev, Samwill. Wal, boys, 'f ye'r goin' arter 'coons termorrer ye'll want'er sleep some fust." And he arose and took olf his apron. Presently the wooden latch clicked behind the last daparting guest.

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