

AMONG NORTHERN ROCKS.

An Autumn Holiday in the North Ontario Lumber Regions.

100 ACRES OF LAND FOR \$1.

You can see some rough country in a few hours' travel northward from Hamilton. I spent a brief holiday this fall in and around the township of Rama, Ontario county, and at the risk of being dubbed disloyal I must say I found it, from the standpoint of an agriculturist, a most uninviting neighborhood. Originally the soil covering the granite and limestone rocks was thin enough—so thin that the "bones" protruded frequently and the plowshare often skimmed the rock—but the frequent fires which have swept over the slashings have burned off the soil, until vast areas which once grew mammoth pines exhibit little surface save rock, or that moss which indicates that it alone can subsist on the scant remnants of soil which have escaped. In other places where the soil is of a sandier nature, or where by reason of moisture it has escaped destruction by fire, scrub birch, balsam, sumach and other undergrowth have taken possession.

TIMBER, ONCE PLENTIFUL, is no longer a matter of nicety of choice on the part of the lumbermen. The country was culled over first about thirty years ago and it has been successively visited by axemen of all degrees of careful or careless selection. Now the chief supply is obtained far up the Head and Black rivers and the several branches of the Severn. There is little timber on land not deemed that of value and what there is it is difficult to obtain—partly by reason of its inaccessibility, but chiefly because of the dog-in-the-manger policy of those who control the licenses.

WASTE OF PINE. Some of these licensees having culled over their limits will dispose of the cut timber or standing on terms to permit its being utilized; but many make it a rule not to sell and prefer to see the fire devour millions of feet to making a sale to rival lumbermen. I was shown over large tracts of land on which stood much burned pine, some of it already worthless because of "punk spots" and more that will soon become so, that is owned by licensees who simply refuse to allow it to be worked up into lumber. Every year or so a big fire gets in its work and the dead timber of a former year becomes fuel to feed it. A couple of years ago a great fire burned from the railway a short distance north of Longford, eastward. Thousands of acres were burned over, millions of feet of timber were destroyed, which had it been sold at the local mills would have been turned into money; and the settlers and mill men were obliged day and night to stand between fire and ruin and work as only desperate men can work to save their all.

THE ROADS, as may be supposed, are not the best in the world, although that fault is not due to lack of "solid bottom" or stone to repair them. I drove from Fawham up through Seabright—a kind of oasis—up through Digby and Dalton. Considerable Government money had recently been spent in repairs, but were the roads left to the local municipalities I fear horseback riding would receive a stimulus. Hilly, winding over rocky, broken stretches, with on occasional crosswayed swamp, with huge boulders heaved out upon the flat surface—sometimes granite blocks as big as a large room lying on flat limestone—as if to invite wonder at the subterranean forces that hurled them from their strata, these thoroughfares would not be chosen for pleasure driving. Yet that and the Gravenhurst road are the best in the vicinity. On some of the roads there are portions which menace even a careful driver and sure-footed horse with broken limbs.

LAND IS VERY CHEAP, and it ought to be. A man who wants land usually wants it for the use he can make of it, and unless a man could discover mineral deposits that could be advantageously mined what would he want with those charred, rock stretches? The whole township of Rama is assessed for little, if anything, over the value of the sawmills in it. A few years will see them removed. The many streams necessitate numerous bridges and expenses are high. What will the corporation do when the timber business is no more? I learned that land (?) is very much of a drug, even at tax sales, 100 acres having recently sold for \$1! And the purchaser is said to have remarked that had he not known where there was one green pine tree on it he would not have bought it at that price!

A PREACHER'S OPINION. Apropos of the question of the soil, a reverend countryman of mine is said to have been very much struck with the poverty of the country on his first visit. "Indeed, Dawit, an' I'm thinkin' this pairt o' the country wassa' duns at the creation o' man." "Not duns? What do you mean?" said his friend, whose bump of veneration is particularly prominent. "Oh, jist that the gude Book says the Almighty looked on his completed work an' said it was very gude; and he surely never said that o' Rama." Whatever may be thought of the preacher's opinion, the geology of the district will prove an interesting study.

RICH IN SOME RESPECTS. Scant of timber and barren of soil as it may be it is rich in some resources. In no part of Canada have I seen so many wild berries. Raspberries, thimbleberries, high bush cranberries, and huckleberries abound. Thousands of bushels were this season picked and shipped from there, whites and reds and Indians dividing the work. Strange, in view of the plenty of food that bird life should be scarce. Frogs in millions are to be found and, as might be expected, garter snakes, the frogs' natural enemies, are plentiful. I was told that in the early summer black flies are a staple and are so little appreciated that they be seen lying in covetousness on the water at the booms. They divide the summer honors with the festive mosquito. The other articles of plenty are good water and abundance of fish.

A HOME MISSION FIELD. Here I found the pioneer school-teachers

with their little schools each with its dozen or so of pupils, and here, too, is where the divinity students are sent to work where men of bigger aims, if sometimes less real ability or zeal, could not live. A young man named Davidson seemed to be doing a good work, judging by the esteem in which he is held by the mill men and settlers. I attended a couple of services in a little boarded up school—something like one I studied in twenty-odd years ago—and there seemed to be just as much earnestness and truth in the preaching as I have heard in a much more pretentious temple from a several-thousands-a-year preacher. The settlers are a simple-minded, hospitable and generous people, and viewed the time when he must resume his studies with sorrow. They support the services to the extent their means allow, and they are as much worthy of aid as are the Celestials of Tobin-tchin. By the way, I found that being a divinity student didn't interfere with hauling out 3-lb. bass with remarkable frequency.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY. There are numerous streams which traverse the country east and north, and as most of them run on rock bottom there are many picturesque falls. Cooper's Falls, Washago Falls, Severn Falls and many others are to be found within a radius of a few miles, all easily reached by the lines of the G. T. R. In one place two streams which not far above left the same body of water come together. One has an easy fall; the second has very little fall until within fifty yards of re-entering the other, which it does from an oblique angle, and compressed within a narrow gorge, and the effect of its 15-foot plunge over rocky steps is quite picturesque. Camping parties from various parts of the country put up there during the summer, and reach Orillia by boat. I was told some Hamilton people had spent a few weeks there shortly before my visit. They were recognized to be from Hamilton by the remains of the camp—some glass bottles with "Paisley" labels on them. But that would not go down in a court of law.

Farming is done at a disadvantage in these northern townships. The season is very short at best. The rocky nature of the country makes cultivation patchy and drainage almost impossible, save where it is natural. If the soil is not drained it is worthless. Crops must be got in early to do well and to get them in the soil must be dry enough. If they are too early sown they are liable to be frozen. The timber has heretofore been the chief reliance of the settlers. The milling industry has, however, seen its best days, and unless minerals are discovered large stretches of country will revert to the Indians and the bears, some of which still roam at large there. Of the saw mills more anon.

MARQUETTE.

Men Are Liars.

Detroit Free Press: The other night, after the thunder shower, Jones dropped in on a neighbor and found a dozen people assembled. "Well, well, you look cheerful after such a close call," growled Jones as he removed his hat. "What close call?" "Why, lightning struck the barn in the alley not a hundred feet away." "Oh, dear," said one of the women, "but I knew it. One of my arms has been numb ever since." "And it affected my foot," said another. "And it set my heart palpitating." "And my elbow has felt queer ever since." Every one in the room remembered to have been shocked, and every one was thankful over the narrow escape. By and by a boy, who had been thinking deeply, gushed out: "Why, there is no barn in the alley!" Amid the deepest silence everybody remembered this fact, and the boy clinched it with: "And how could there be, when there is no alley?" Jones had lied, but so had all the others.

Get Shoes After Noon.

The best time to get fitted to shoes is in the latter part of the day. The feet then are at their maximum of size and sensitivity. Activity measurably enlarges them. When the muscles are in play the flow of blood in the arteries is increased and the joints also; consequently they are more tender. Even gravity affects the venous circulation, so that standing on the feet alone tends to enlarge these members. It is gravity that produces varicose veins in the legs and feet of persons of relaxing fibre who are required to be much in the erect position. Hence when healthy persons lie down at night their feet, being relieved from the weight of the body, resume their normal size. Try on the new shoes with moderately thick stockings, too, and you then have a margin of room by putting on thinner ones when the feet are ill at ease. For tender feet fit them late in the day with the aid of heavy stockings, and the next morning, clad in thinner stockings, those feet will rest in the new, almost as comfortably as they would in old, shoes.—*Herald of Health.*

The heresy scandal in the Honeywood district of the Methodist Church is exciting a good deal of interest. Rev. James Thompson, the minister in question, is said to be a genial fellow, a hard worker and a popular preacher. Mr. Thompson frankly admits the charges and offers no defence, unless it be that he believes his views are scriptural, and thinks some of them are in harmony with the teachings of the Methodist Church. The text of the sermon that caused the trouble was Romans ii. 7: "To them that by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life." The heretical charges are based on the following statements made in the sermon: "First, that man was only conditionally immortal, and that by the fall Adam lost immortality, and consequently all the race as his children are without it; second, that God alone possessed immortality; third, that even Christ himself had been created somewhere in the remote past, he knew not how far back; fourth, that immortality might be obtained by seeking for it by patient continuance in well-doing."

The Tam O'Shanter of velvet with an eagle's quill on the side is worn with the tartan coat.

THE EARL IN A MILK VAN.

How Lord Aberdeen Travelled in Style in Edinburgh.

We are indebted to an Edinburgh correspondent for the following amusing story: "The strike of Edinburgh cabmen, which has been the cause of a good deal of inconvenience, was the means of affording a noble lord on Sunday morning last a novel and not altogether desirable experience. By the train which left Euston station, London, on Saturday night, and arrived at the Caledonian station, Edinburgh, the following morning at half-past seven o'clock, the Earl of Aberdeen was a passenger. In ordinary circumstances his valet, who also travelled in the train, would have secured a cab and despatched His Lordship to the club, following himself in another vehicle as soon as he had collected the luggage. But to the surprise of the Earl and the dismay of the valet, not a cab was to be seen within the precincts of the station nor any other vehicle of greater pretensions than a porter's barrow. For a minute or two his lordship was puzzled, but he quickly decided on the best course to pursue. Leaving the valet to mount guard over the baggage, he sallied forth in search of a cab. Prince's street, Lothian road, and the neighboring streets and squares were searched in vain. Not a single vehicle was in sight. While in this plight his lordship's attention was attracted by the sound of wheels, and relief seemed to be at hand. It was only a milkman's cart, however, which was making its morning rounds. But the Earl was equal to the occasion. He hailed the driver of the van, and, explaining the situation, invited his aid. The driver readily consented to come to the relief of His Lordship, and at once drove into the station yard and loaded some of the luggage on to the van. The Earl got into the milk cart also, and, seating himself beside the driver, was quickly driven to the New Club, much to the astonishment of the officials, who are not in the habit of seeing their visitors arrive in such an equipage. The driver was suitably rewarded for his services, and went off highly pleased with his morning's adventure. Another passing milk van was chartered to convey the valet and the rest of the luggage to the London hotel."—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

One of Many.

"Say," called out the sharp-featured woman, "do you warrant these muskmelons to be ripe?" "We do, madam," said the grocer. "Well, I want to get one." "In a moment, ma'am. Just as soon as I tie up this—"

Hints to Housekeepers.

A pie or custard will not burn if in the oven with a dish of water. A gallon of lye put into a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water. Shrunken, half-worn bed blankets or comforts, past using on a bed, make good pads to put under the stair-carpet. The muskmelon usually has nine ridges, which are separated by narrow strips of smooth skin, and if these strips are green the melon is a good one to leave alone. There is no better diet for children than milk, not cream, which is apt to be a little too rich for the stomach. As a soporific nothing equals a glass of milk taken just before retiring. Raisins may be easily stoned by pouring boiling water over them and letting them stand for five or ten minutes. Drain, then rub each raisin between the thumb and finger till the seeds come out clean.

A simple and effectual remedy for ivy-poisoning is said to be sweet spirits of niter. Bathe affected parts two or three times during the day, and the next morning little traces of the poison will remain.

The old-time gimp loops for lace curtains are passe. They are seldom seen any more, the curtain being caught back by bows instead, or, in fact, in any graceful way as long as you avoid the conventional gimp.

To take iron stains from marble use an equal quantity of fresh spirits of vitriol and lemon juice shaken together in a bottle. Wet the spots and in a few minutes rub with soft linen and the spots will disappear.

To make water-proof writing-ink, an ink which will not blur if the writing is exposed to rain: Dissolve 2 ounces shellac in 1 pint alcohol (95 per cent.) filter through chalk, and mix with best lamp-black.

If you wish your floor matting to look as fresh and bright at the close of the summer as when they were laid in the spring see that they are carefully wiped off after each sweeping with a soft cloth, wrung out of salt and water.

How to Close the Saloons.

Nashville American: "If everybody followed my example," announced an enthusiastic temperance advocate recently, "every saloon in the city would close before the end of the month." "How's that?" asked a rabioung-faced auditor, who had not before spoken. "They would close for lack of patro sir. I never drink?" "I see. I can go you one better, though. If everybody followed my example, every saloon in the city would be closed before next Saturday night." "How's that?" asked the temperance advocate, eagerly. "They would run out of stock."

"Only think," said Maud, "they used to say that the drama was going to the dogs. Now the puppies seem to be going to the drama," and she slept with her eyes the rows of seats filled with turbulent immaturity.

Didn't Like the Text.

London Society Times: A very good story is now going the rounds of the press about a certain cantankerous old clergyman who had so much difficulty with his flock that finally he resigned. On his last Sunday he preached a farewell sermon, choosing for his text the words, "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am ye may be also." There was not a word in the sermon to which any one could object; but the text made the congregation furious, for it was well known that he had applied for and obtained the Chaplaincy of a large penitentiary.

Frightful to Contemplate.

Every time a cow moves her tail to swish a fly she exerts a force of three pounds. In the course of the summer a single cow wastes 5,000,000 pounds of energy. The cows of America throw away power enough to move every piece of machinery in the world. This is exclusive of kicking milkmaids off the stools.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—After Miss Ruby Lips had been kissed in the American way by a swarm of her feminine acquaintances when she got back here from London she spoke of it to a confidential friend with a demure face. "I like," she said, "the osculatory habits of English women, who when they kiss each other, do it on the cheek, or on both cheeks, not on the gates sjar."—*New York Sun.*

—Twice within the year has Jay Gould refused to serve on a jury, and each time he has been fined \$100. The *World* says that next year, owing to the high tariff, Mr. Gould will try to get along with one refusal.

A BUDDHIST MARRIAGE.

Hands of the Happy Couple Tied Together with Silk Thread.

A missionary describes a marriage ceremony which he witnessed in the palace of the Governor of Cambodia as follows, says the *San Francisco Argonaut:* "I was ushered, amid a tremendous din of gongs, into a large room beyond the reception hall, where were seated the Governor and about 100 noblemen and invited guests. The bridegroom, a young man about 20 years of age, elegantly attired in silk garments, was also there. By the time we foreigners were seated a procession—headed by the bride, supported on either side by demure looking matrons, composed principally of aged or married women, all elegantly attired—entered and slowly marched toward the Governor.

"The bride was not particularly interesting as regards personal charms; she was young, however, and dressed richly and in good taste. Besides her silk dress she wore a gold embroidered scarf upon her shoulders; also gold rings upon her fingers, bracelets upon her wrists and armlets above the elbows. The bride took up her position near the bridegroom, both sitting upon the floor, but not looking toward each other; in fact, throughout the entire ceremony they both were perfectly impassive and nonchalant.

"The marriage ceremony proper now began. A number of wax candles were brought in a salver and then lighted by one of the nobles. The silver waiter was then passed around before the company eight times, each one in turn saluting the couple and wishing them good fortune by waving or blowing the smoke toward them, thus expressing something like the old English custom of throwing the slipper after a newly wedded couple—the band of stringed instruments playing the meanwhile. Two large velvet cushions had been previously placed before the bride and bridegroom and upon them a large sword. The leader of the theatricals now came forward and went through, for a few moments, a most fantastical sword exercise.

"Dishes had been placed before the couple upon the floor, with covers upon them. Nothing, however, was eaten. Next the hands of the expectant couple were bound together and to each other with silken threads by the women attendants, probably some near relative. Thus were they truly joined in Buddhist wedlock. And this completed the simple yet effective ceremony."

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WORTH, THE AUTOGRAT.

The Man Who Makes and Unmakes Fashion—His Costumes.

Few Canadian women who have visited Europe are unfamiliar with the entree on the Avenue de l'Opera, in which Worth, the monarch of dress-makers, holds his court. Worth was originally a shopman in a large London dry goods store. He was promoted from the counter to become a buyer for the firm by which he was employed. In that capacity he visited Paris, and there conceived the idea of the dress-making business, which has made his name so familiar to women. Worth's manner is autocratic. He fully appreciates the fact that he has achieved greatness. He lives in a pretty villa, buried in flowers, at Ville d'Avray, the suburb of Paris where Gambetta died. Worth receives would-be customers with the dignified air of a veritable sovereign. He listens to their indications of the styles in which they believe the forthcoming costumes should be created, but he does not always follow their suggestions. He refuses to be fettered in any way in his "creations." The interview ended, he waves his fair visitor toward an adjoining room, where Mlle. Louise, or some other of his chief assistants, perhaps "tries on" a dress of the style described by the caller, and attends to the details of her order.

She Required It.

Detroit Free Press: A middle aged woman called at a Grand River avenue drug store the other evening and asked for morphine, and the clerk replied to her request with: "Is it for your husband?" "Oh, no, sir; I haven't got any." "You don't think of suicide?" "Far from it." "What do you take it for?" "Must I tell, sir?" "You must." "Well, then, don't you think that a woman 40 years old, who has had her first offer of marriage less than an hour ago, naturally wants something to quiet her nerves and give her a good night's sleep?" The druggist thought so and she got her nerve soother.

M. C. R. Tunnel.

Surveys have been made for a tunnel under the Detroit river for the Michigan Central Railroad. The Vanderbilt lines will have to come to it. The Grand Trunk has recently finished a tunnel under the same river. In these days of fast travel passengers would prefer not to wait for the slow moving ferry between Detroit and Windsor. A one track tunnel at the place indicated would, with approaches, be 6,500 feet long, and cost \$3,000,000; for two tracks, \$2,000,000 additional.

Off for a Holiday.

"When you asked for a holiday yesterday, Mr. Scimmerman, you should have stated the facts." "I did, sir." "What, sir, a holiday and all you did was to see your wife and her mother off to the railroad station?"

The Centenary of the death of Wesley will be celebrated in March. It is proposed to raise \$7,000 to be applied in building a new and worthier tomb over Wesley's grave; to set aside Wesley's house as a museum for Methodist antiquities, and to thoroughly restore City Road Chapel, London. The present wooden galleries under the church are to be removed and handsome marble pillars placed in their stead, each to cost \$500. The Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Canadian Methodist Church, South African Methodist Church, Australian Methodist Church, West Indian Methodist Church and the Irish Methodist Church are expected to contribute a pillar apiece.

DONL. 43. 90.

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CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazardine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

Bermuda Bottled.

If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Seaboard wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

CURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—M. S. GOSWAMI, 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have any suspicion they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C. 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.