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**A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES**  
Canadian Wilderness.

**THE ONTARIO SADDLERY,**  
ACTON.

**MR. CHARLES CARTER,**  
Teacher of the Piano and Organ.  
Pupils attended at their own residence if preferred—Terms moderate.

**UNDER TAKING.**  
Undertaking.

**THE FALLEN GLOVE.**  
As once again, with loosened rein,  
I tread the pathway shady—  
Blue skies above, green woods around,  
And underneath me "Sadie."  
My gentleman—what treasure trove  
Is this that lies before me?  
A woman's glove, a riding-glove,  
That brings old tremors o'er me!

The monogram too well I know  
That marks the lustrous raven,  
Though all the shapely parts with  
silence  
And rain are black and musty;  
And still it brings the vision of  
The lady hand that filled it,  
And thought my bosom first to love,  
And then with sorrow filled it.  
That hand to me now pledges its  
faith!  
How well I mind the Maytime  
We last rode down this bridge-path  
And made of life a playtime!  
A floating garb of green she wore,  
Her hair and eyes were lovely,  
The ivory-handled whip she bore  
Became a fairy's sceptre.  
And, as she smiled the fond love that  
But once to man unfolds,  
The path of story, love and fate,  
Seemed left to sleep with roses.  
And presently her glove was lost.  
We sought in vain to find it,  
And then, in the language most  
Love-fraught, and ceased to mind it.  
I thought not to find again,  
As now, mid-wood and tattered,  
After these months of heavy pain  
After all my hopes so shattered:  
For lightly, as was her glove,  
Was every pledge divided.  
And east to the drifting breeze,  
That all my life had guided.

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forest. Having by this time, as he supposed, approached to within about one hundred yards of his companion he sat down to await his arrival. He had scarcely done so, however, when he heard the same wailing scream almost directly above his head. At the same moment the report of a gun followed by a loud shout, sounded in the direction of the camp, showing that Frank had returned and was signalling his arrival. The truth was brought home to Edmund: he had been betrayed by a catamant.

He trembled as no thought of his desperate position, for, although he had never come in contact with anything of the kind before, he had often heard of Yankee hunters commenting on the blood-thirsty ferocity of panthers, catamounts, carajoucs, &c., all of which he had considered as one and the same animal. He sprang to his feet and ran about a hundred paces—he stopped to listen—when—oh horrors!—he heard the great claws rasping on the limbs above him. He again sprang forward and ran as if a thousand fires were at his heels. He expected every moment to hear his great teeth rattling on his skull, or to feel its fierce claws tearing his flesh from his bones. He cast the pieces of venison he had been hoping that that might detain his dreadful pursuer, and still dashed heedlessly onward. He had run about half a mile at least, when he felt a sharp pain in his back, and he knew that he was being followed. He turned round, and saw a large black and white dog, with a red collar, looking at him with a malignant expression. He was in a state of great alarm, and he knew that he was in a dangerous position. He turned round, and saw a large black and white dog, with a red collar, looking at him with a malignant expression. He was in a state of great alarm, and he knew that he was in a dangerous position.

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I had a narrow escape said Edmund as he viewed the scene of his late adventures.  
"You had truly a most wonderful escape," replied Frank, but "what an earth!" made you run in such a ridiculous manner from so insignificant an animal as a wild cat. Why, man, I've slept in this wilderness for the last ten years; I've killed a hundred of these varmints, and never been chased or hurt by one of them yet. They're as harmless as kittens unless you are carrying fresh meat, or have blood or something of that description on your clothes.

"And so I had," said Edmund, "When I left the camp I took several pieces of venison in my pocket, thinking that you were perhaps exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and I thought of them, and then they went in my flight, hoping that they might detain the catamount until I should be able to make my escape. We'll have to go supperless to night, as I feel that I am not able to walk to the camp. We must try and make ourselves as comfortable as possible where we are; and now, friend Frank, as you are not likely to sleep, I must ask of you as a favor that you will away the weary hours by relating some of your adventures in the Canadian Wilderness."

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Would she tell its contents? Yes! What woman ever kept a lover's secrets unless she was the object of his affections herself! She hated my darling Lucy, who had spurned her wealthy brother—We would soon be the town's talk—I had a stern father—I would be certain to experience his anger—I might be driven from my home—What might it lead to? Such were the thoughts which passed through my mind as I sat listlessly gazing at the table. Something must be done—I would I leave a note in the stump.—No! I might be watched.—I finally resolved to wait until Sabbath afternoon, when I hoped to find an opportunity to speak to Lucy, or at least to hand her a letter as we came from church. A thousand times since I have been tempted to cross the procrastinating spirit which pleaded such delay. On Friday morning, in a casual way, my mother informed us that Lucy C. had left the miller's and gone to her friends in Canada. I was thunderstruck! I felt as if I should die, or at least, as if I had been robbed of the sole end of my existence. I made my way to the hollow stump as soon as possible.

"Was there anything there?" broke in Frank who was evidently becoming interested.  
"Yes! yes!" said Edmund, "there was a dainty little letter addressed to me in Lucy's own handwriting. I use it still in my possession. Here it is." So saying Edmund drew a paper from his bosom and read as follows:  
MR. CASEL'S,  
SIR.—Though my tears have rendered this epistle almost illegible, yet I make no doubt but the complaisance of your calmed heart will enable you to decipher it with ease. A friend has quietly informed me of your vile designs and detestably the victors returned laden with the spoils, my father, among others, tied a bearskin which he had procured on that noted day, and often as I look back on it, I feel as if I had been deceived. And a hunter I would be, my resolve was taken; the life would be exciting; I might have been in my arms before a month. Yes, yes, I would join my new acquaintance in his romantic life. "I did so," that friend was Francis Thornpelt, who has been with me now for two months. I have not found Lucy C.—you know the remainder and now, "old boy," as you have called me, please write me and let me relate your history and adventures, which I presume will be both interesting and amusing. I'll try to get you some more news. I'm distracted! I'm mad! forever!

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of the taking of Fort William Henry, the Indian massacre, and the budding adventures of "the Green Mountain boys," but I always been particularly charmed by his description of a great hunt which once took place on the rocky isthmus which separated our beautiful lakes. This isthmus is nearly in the shape of an acute triangle; the two lakes approaching at one place to within a very short distance and then gradually receding until several miles intervene. It appears that the early settlers gathered in great force on the occasion in question, determined to have a grand hunt, and clear their country of the bears and wolves which were continually making raids upon their cattle and produce. For this purpose they posted a number of Green Mountain hunters in rows reaching from one lake to the other at the narrowest part of the isthmus.

Another party armed with guns, horns, tinpans, and, in fact, anything that could be made use of in driving a noise, were stationed all round, uttering hideous yells, and gradually covering until at length they encircled many hundred deer, three bears, a whole pack of wolves, and many thousand other animals on the rocky isthmus. The poor brutes being completely surrounded, and seeing all hope of escape entirely cut off, began to take to the water. Boats, however were in readiness, and they were soon overtaken and despatched; the victors returned laden with the spoils, my father, among others, tied a bearskin which he had procured on that noted day, and often as I look back on it, I feel as if I had been deceived. And a hunter I would be, my resolve was taken; the life would be exciting; I might have been in my arms before a month. Yes, yes, I would join my new acquaintance in his romantic life. "I did so," that friend was Francis Thornpelt, who has been with me now for two months. I have not found Lucy C.—you know the remainder and now, "old boy," as you have called me, please write me and let me relate your history and adventures, which I presume will be both interesting and amusing. I'll try to get you some more news. I'm distracted! I'm mad! forever!

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**How to Work a Telephone.**  
You can make a telephone which will talk all over the neighbourhood, as follows; take two tin boxes, say those large enough to hold a pound of baking powder, cut out both ends, and over each draw tightly and tie a piece of bladder. Paper can be used but it will not give so much vibration as the other. Puncture the bladders and draw a string through, and the knots to keep the ends in place. With a common cord, such as is used in up parcels, these bladders are used at a distance.

**A Clock Made of Bread.**  
There was recently received in Milan a clock entirely of bread. The maker is a Peruvian, a native Indian, and he has devoted three years of his life to the construction of this curiosity. He was very poor, and being without means to purchase the necessary metal de-privied himself regularly of a portion of his daily bread, which he devoted to the construction of this curiosity, eating the crust and saving the soft part for his work. He made use of a certain salt to stiffen his material, and when the various pieces were dry they were perfectly hard and insoluble to water. The clock is of respectable size, and goes perfectly well. The case, which is all of hardened bread, displays great talent, both in design and execution, and taken altogether it would be difficult to find a greater curiosity.

**Farming as a Business.**  
Too many of young men are lured to the city from the farm by the false idea that life on the farm is one of incessant toil, without pleasure or profit. A man to be successful in any kind of business must give it his undivided attention. The failure to do so is one great cause why so many miss success. The way to competence and wealth is very plain; only spend less than you earn. It is not what a man in business. Too many young men do not understand this. This is absolutely necessary for the farm as any pursuit in life.

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