

**WAYSIDE WARBLERS.**

**Up Penniac and Mount Hope; Continuing Up the Nashwaak to "Taymouth," Thence Back by C. E. R.**

All the necessities and formalities in connection with my marriage having been observed—the wedding tour to Kingsclear, the removal of the bride and her belongings to the city, the removal from the West End to the Scots Barracks, corner Charlotte and Regent streets, the necessary arranging and final settling down to housekeeping being accomplished, I began to think of another trip. It must be borne in mind that all these arrangements made heavy calls on my already depleted exchequer, and if I was to get the necessary wherewithal to pay my rent and Jim Crocket for publishing the August number, I must "get a wiggle on" and endeavor by running the gauntlet of the thousand and one

**SHODDY AND SHEENEY PEDDLERS**

who infest the country, and try and win at least a portion in JOURNAL subscriptions and regular trade.

So, followed by "the Democrat" I make my way up the Nashwaak on the 16th and that night stop at Marysville. The next day I reach the Penniac Bridge and put up as is usual when travelling up river with my old friend Mr. Wm. Collins and family. I found the family glad to see me as usual and all well, with the exception of good old "Aunt Martha" who has had for some time a bad case of neuralgia and as a consequence

**HER FACE DON'T FIT HER.**

We certainly hope it will soon resume its former expression as it has never been curled in a frown, and has beamed only the pleasantest smiles on all friends, and even under acute suffering makes no complaint and has nothing but kind words for all.

Next day I travel up the Penniac and on reaching the Post Office, kept by Mr. Charles Wade, leave the Democrat with all its cargo except a big valise which I run a stick through and toss over my shoulder as I used to do in my early pilgrimages and crossing the Penniac stream made for the house of Mr. Richard Donald, where a standing invitation had been awaiting me for a year or more. His good housekeeper, Miss Sarah Christie,

**GAVE ME A HEARTY WELCOME**

and in a house which is almost inaccessible for lack of a road, but which is equal in accommodation and surroundings to the best farm house in the country, with all the accompaniments of ease and comfort, I am soon quite at home. In the evening I accompany the hired boy, Willard Pond, who was going out as usual to see his girl, over to the mercantile establishment of old Isaac Dolby and his interesting family. Since my last trip the old lady who had so long shared his joys and sorrows has been gathered to her fathers, and Mr. Dolby, unlike the kitten that got scalded and would not again go near the water, soon became tired of living alone, and as he was blind and could not go out and hunt up a wife, some of his neighbors took pity on him and hunted up a certain Manguerville matron

**WITH A NUMEROUS PROGENY OF KIDS**

and brought them to his door and he

took the whole lot, box and dice, and domesticated them in his brown stone mansion on Penniac Park where they live as happy as pigs in clover, and but for the occasional howls of the wolf of famine which keeps hovering around the door and their anxiety as regards the future of the eldest girl their happiness would be complete.

The next day I reach Mount Hope and stop for the night with my old friends, Mr. Wm. Grant and family, and on the next, which was Saturday, return and come clear back to the home of James, John and Lemuel Wade on the hill, where I remain over Sunday. Among all the friends that it has been my good fortune to make (and they are many) in all my travels I have never found kinder, truer, or less pretentious people. The first night I slept soundly, being greatly fatigued, but on the second having slept late in the morning and the old gentleman having got his nasal proboscis tuned up and in perfect order he

**SNORED ALL NIGHT,**

while I laid awake an unwilling listener, nor did the last melodious notes of his 'bazoo die away until the sun had risen above the eastern horizon and the kids came to call me to breakfast. If Mr. Wade was not the most generous and free hearted man in the world I should call him selfish for wanting to do all the sleeping himself and making me lie there and listen to him.

The next day these kind people would not let me away until after dinner, but I covered the distance between there and Mr. David Manzer's, six miles, before six o'clock, where I again find a home for the night and friends and companions of old days. On the next I stop the night at Mrs. Chas. McNeill's and reach on the the next the home of

**SQUIRE JOHN MOBEAN**

whom every one knows so well and of whom I have written so much about that it is not necessary to describe him here. Suffice it to say that I was tendered a right royal welcome, and leaving on the next morning reach Mr. Jeremiah Bell's—where I stay until after dinner and tea, and as I only had that evening to spare before returning on the next I thought I would call on my good friend

**JOHN R. MOBEAN,**

and his kind and interesting family where I had spent so many pleasant times on former occasions and where I was sure of a hearty welcome and the best that one of the best and richest farmhouses on the Nashwaak afforded. I called up for a while in the evening to see Mr. John McNabb and his flower garden which is indeed a marvel of beauty; but there is one flower I did not see, that is sweeter than all—a good, buxom housewife, with ripe red lips, bright, sparkling eyes and

**FULL ROUNDED BOSOM;**

just the one who would come and meet you after the work of the day and throwing her big brawny arms around your neck would nearly smother you, while her ruby lips would give you such a smack as would go vibrating through the air and make the woods ring; while you would lift her up in your arms and give her such a hug as would snap her corset springs if she was foolish enough to wear one. This is what I call life in its truest

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