

FROM MEDUCTIC TO THE LADY MOUNTAINS.

A Winter's Hunting up the St. John River.—Gyles' Adventures.
(No. 8.)

It appears from Gyles' narrative that the Indians of the Meductic village usually dispersed themselves at the beginning of winter in small hunting parties. This was done not only to procure subsistence, but also to obtain furs and peltry to trade with the French. This trade proved in many ways demoralizing to the natives, whose natural appetite for strong drink made them the victims of the white man's cupidity, yet at the same time it secured for them many comforts and conveniences they could not have otherwise obtained. The hunting parties for example were better equipped than before the coming of the whites; guns had largely taken the place of bows and arrows; iron axes, tomahawks and steel knives replaced the clumsy stone axes and flint implements; vessels of iron and tinware supplemented many of the cumbersome earthen and wooden vessels. Yet with all these advantages the life of the Indian in winter was full of toil and privation. This will abundantly appear in the extracts that follow. "When the winter came on," says Gyles, "we went up the river, till the ice came down running thick in the river, when according to the Indian custom we laid up our canoes till spring. Then we travelled, sometimes on the ice and sometimes on land, till we came to a river that was open, but not fordable when we made a raft and passed over bag and baggage. I met with no abuse from them in this winter's hunting, though I was put to great hardships in carrying burdens and for want of food. But they underwent the same difficulty and would often encourage me by saying in broken English, "By and by great deal moose." Yet they could not answer any question I asked them, and knowing little of their customs and way of life I thought it tedious to be constantly moving from place to place, though it might be in some respects an advantage, for it ran still in my mind that we were travelling to some settlement, and when my burden was over heavy and the Indians left me behind, and the still evening coming on, I fancied I could see through the bushes and hear the people of some great town; which hope was some support to me in the day, yet I found not the town at night.

"Thus we were hunting 300 miles from the sea and knew no man within fifty or sixty miles of us. We were eight or ten in number and had two guns, on which we wholly depended for food. If any disaster had happened we must have all perished. Sometimes we had no manner of sustenance for three or four days." As Mr. Hannay observes there is something inexpressibly pathetic in this part of Gyles' narrative. He was a mere child far from his home and friends, ill fed and scantily clad, not able even to converse with his Indian master, after whom he was compelled day by day to bear his burden through the forest. The hardships and privations were neither few nor small. The escape of the party, at times, from starvation seemed most providential. Here is an instance which Gyles relates:

"Our two Indian men who had guns, in hunting started a moose, but there being a shallow crusted snow on the ground the moose discovering them ran into a swamp. The Indians went around the swamp but finding no track out, returned at night to the wigwam and told what had happened. The next morning they followed him on the track into the swamp, and soon found him lying on the snow. He had, in crossing the roots of a large tree that had been blown down, broken through the ice, made over the water in the hole, occasioned by the roots taking up the earth, and hitched one of his hind legs among the roots so fast that by striving to get it out he pulled his thigh bone out of its socket at the hip, and thus extraordinarily were we provided for in our great strait."

Sometimes the party were fortunate enough to light upon the winter quarters of a bear and then says Gyles "we feasted." Gyles confirms the current opinion of the Indians that during the winter season the bears in their dens neither lose nor gain in flesh. If they went into their dens fat they came out so and if they went in lean they came out lean. Whilst the flesh of the animals killed lasted, the Indians generally rested and feasted till the supply was spent when they fasted till further success. The perils incident to this mode of life are very well exemplified in an adventure which befell Gyles some winters later when he was older and stronger. On this occasion the Indians had killed several moose one of which lay several miles from their wigwams. Gyles and a young Indian were ordered to fetch part of it. "We set out," he says, "in the morning when the weather was promising, but it proved a very cold cloudy day. It was late in the evening before we arrived at the place where the moose lay so that we had no time to provide materials for a fire or shelter. At the same time came on a storm of snow very thick which continued until the next morning. We made a small fire with what little rubbish we could find around us. The fire with the warmth of our bodies melted the snow upon

us as fast as it fell and so our clothes were filled with water. However, early in the morning we took our loads of moose flesh, and set out to return to our wigwams. We had not travelled far before my moose-skin coat (which was the only garment I had on my back and the hair chiefly worn off at that) was frozen stiff round my knees like a hoop, as were also my snowshoes and shoe clouts to my feet. Thus I marched the whole day without fire or food. At first I was in great pain, then my flesh became numb and at times I felt extremely sick, and thought I could not travel one foot farther, but I wonderfully revived again. After long travelling I felt very drowsy and had thoughts of sitting down, which had I done, without doubt I had fallen on my final sleep. My Indian companion being better clothed had left me long before. Some hours after sunset I reached the wigwam and crawled in with my snowshoes on. The Indians cried out "The captive is frozen to death!" They took off my pack, and the place where that lay against my back was the only one that was not frozen. They cut off my shoes, and stripped off the clouts from my feet which were as void of feeling as any frozen flesh could be. I had not sat long by the fire before the blood began to circulate and my feet to my ankles turned black and swelled with bloody blisters and were inexpressibly painful. The Indians said one to another "His feet will rot, and he will die." Yet I slept well at night. Soon after the skin came off my feet from my ankles whole, like a shoe, leaving my toes naked without a nail, and the ends of my great toe bones bare, which in a little time turned black so that I was obliged to cut the bone off with my knife. The Indians gave me rags to bind up my feet and advised me to apply fir balsam, but withal added that they believed it was not worth while to use such means for I should certainly die. But by the use of my elbows and a stick in each hand, I shoved myself along, as I sat upon the ground, over the snow from one tree to another till I got some balsam. This I burned in a clam shell till it was of a consistence like salve, which I applied to my feet and ankles and by the divine blessing, within a week I could go about upon my heels with my staff. And through God's goodness we had provisions enough so that we did not remove under ten or fifteen days. Then the Indians made two little hoops something in the form of a snow shoe and sewing them to my feet I was able to follow them in their tracks on my heels from place to place, though sometimes half leg deep in snow and water which gave me the most acute pain imaginable, but I must walk or die. Yet within a year my feet were entirely well; and the nails even came on my great toes so that a very critical eye could scarcely perceive any part missing or that they had been frozen at all."

In the course of the first winter's hunting Gyles says the Indians moved farther and farther up the country after moose and game until they were north of the "Lady Mountains." These were no doubt the mountains of Notre Dame near the St. Lawrence. The party probably went as far as the head of Riviere du Loup. The mode of their return is thus described:—"When the spring came and the rivers broke up we moved back to the head of St. John's river and there made canoes of moose hides, sewing three or four together and pitching the seams with balsam mixed with charcoal. Then we went down the river to a place called *Madawesook* (Madawaska). There an old man lived and kept a sort of trading house where we tarried several days. Then we went further down the river till we came to the greatest falls in these parts, called *Checaneepeag*, where we carried a little way over the land. (The falls here mentioned by Gyles were of course the Grand Falls; their Indian name *Checaneepeag*, or *Chik-unik-pe* according to Professor W. F. Ganong, signifies 'a destroying giant'.) "As we passed down by the mouths of any large branches we saw Indians, but when any dance was proposed I was bought off. At length we arrived at the place where we left our birch canoes in the fall, and putting our baggage into them went down to the Fort."

W. O. RAYMOND.

SUSPENSE.

Gaily the candidate
Warbles his lay;
Loudly 'tis echoing
Far, far away.

Though he with confidence
Lengthily spouts,
He is afflicted with
Various doubts.

Visions at night-time come,
Silent and fleet;
Hopes of sweet patronage,
Fears of defeat.

"Shall I," he asks, "succeed,
Or conquered stoop?
Will the result be 'pie'?
Will it be 'soup'?"

Washington Star.

The Pope is getting ready his narrow house betimes; the sculptor Marasani is at work upon his sepulchre, which is of white Carrara marble. On its lid there is a lion, with a paw resting upon the pontifical tiara; on the right is a statue of Faith bearing a candle and the holy scriptures; on the left a statue of Truth, with the Pope's arms in one hand; on the side beneath the lion the inscription: "Hic Leo XIII. P. M. Pulvis est"—Here lies Leo XIII., sovereign pontiff (pontifex maximus). He is dust.

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HOUSEKEEPERS' ATTENTION!

How Your Washing Can be done Better and Cheaper than at Home.

Everything is being run by machinery now-a-days. The hard toil of a half a century ago, is being replaced in all lines of industry by the comparatively easy labor of the man or woman who "turns the button" while quickly responsive mechanical invention does the rest. We all can remember what hours of toil were spent by our mothers over the wash-tub, and its back breaking accompaniment the wash board, and the subsequent toil with the old fashioned irons was scarcely less wearisome. But there is little need of this now. The laundry is becoming more supreme every day in its own particular line of work. In Woodstock, we have an establishment, began in humble conditions, but now equal to the best laundries in large cities.

A DISPATCH representative, interested in all that marks the progress of the age, went through Snow's laundry on King street, yesterday, and he was struck by the magnitude of the work there carried on, the complete system of machinery, and the care, and at the same time the rapidity with which the work is done. Mr. W. R. Snow has thoroughly devoted himself to his business, and if any complaints are made of inefficient work, which are practically unheard of now, he sees that there is no cause for them to be repeated. His laundry business is carried on the lower, and on the floor flat of the building. Down stairs is, in the first place, a fifteen horse power engine, which sets all the machinery going. The business of the establishment has so increased of late that the engine is running every day. When the soiled clothes go the laundry they are first of all dumped into a washing machine. This washing machine is a simple affair, but so arranged that it thoroughly cleanses, without in the slightest degree wearing the clothes, having nothing like the strain of the old fashioned washing board. It is a revolving cylinder, through which the soiled garments, thoroughly washed the soiled garments. They are given seven changes of water, and through this process 100 sheets or 80 shirts can pass at one time. When the clothes come out of the washing machine they are next relegated to the wringer, which is a smaller revolving cylinder, and in which they are whirled around at such a rapid rate that in five minutes they are as dry as so many bones. Then the clothes which need starching are put in a starching machine, the starch being made on the ground. The same may be said of the soap, which it would do the hearts of all our housewives good to look at, so dazzling is it in its spotless whiteness. Up stairs the ironing process is carried on.

For some time after Mr. Snow started in business, five years ago, this was done by hand, but this year he has introduced a cuff and shirt ironer, and a mangle, which is a huge cylinder for ironing sheets, quilts and the like. It is a most interesting process to watch this being done, such a triumph of labor saving as it is. From twenty-five to thirty shirts can easily be ironed in an hour, and in the same length of time a large number of the larger articles can be put through the mangle.

People who have any silly prejudice against laundry work should just take time to go through Snow's establishment, and they will be convinced that clothes actually suffer less wear and tear, by his process than if subjected to the strain of the old washing board.

It is really a benefit to the public which is conferred by this industry. In a place like Woodstock when help is scarce, and the women have all that they can attend to in keeping the affairs of the house in order, it is a great load off their minds, and bodies as well, to be able to have their washing taken off their hands, and done at a price which is really trifling, and as much as would be paid to a washer woman.

United States Elections.

The elections held last week in the United States resulted in a sweeping Republican victory. Tammany Hall was squelched. On this occasion many Democrats voted for the Republican ticket. The Democratic campaign committee concede a Republican plurality of 56 in the next House. They figure out returns as follows:—

State	Dem.	Rep.	Pop.	Doubt.
Alabama	9	1	1,100,000	
Arkansas	6	1	1,000,000	
California	2	2	1,500,000	
Colorado	1	1	200,000	
Connecticut	1	3	1,000,000	1
Delaware	1	1	100,000	
Florida	2	1	1,000,000	
Georgia	11	1	1,500,000	
Idaho	1	1	100,000	
Illinois	6	6	2,500,000	1
Indiana	5	8	2,000,000	
Iowa	1	10	1,000,000	
Kansas	1	6	200,000	2
Kentucky	8	3	1,000,000	
Louisiana	6	1	1,000,000	
Maine	1	4	500,000	
Maryland	3	3	1,000,000	
Massachusetts	1	12	1,500,000	
Michigan	1	11	2,000,000	
Minnesota	1	4	1,000,000	
Mississippi	7	1	1,000,000	
Missouri	12	3	2,000,000	
Montana	1	1	100,000	
Nevada	1	1	100,000	
Nebraska	1	4	200,000	2
New Hampshire	1	2	500,000	
New Jersey	2	6	2,000,000	
New York	7	27	5,000,000	
North Carolina	8	1	1,500,000	1
North Dakota	1	1	100,000	
Ohio	4	17	3,000,000	
Oregon	1	2	500,000	
Pennsylvania	4	26	4,000,000	
Rhode Island	1	2	500,000	
South Carolina	7	1	1,000,000	
South Dakota	1	2	100,000	
Tennessee	6	4	1,500,000	
Texas	13	1	2,500,000	
Vermont	1	2	200,000	
Virginia	10	2	1,500,000	
Washington	1	2	500,000	
West Virginia	1	3	500,000	
Wisconsin	1	9	1,500,000	
Wyoming	1	1	100,000	
Total	143	196	60,000,000	7

Chairman Babcock, of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, estimates the next House will stand 121 Democrats, 231 Republicans and 4 Populists, giving the Republicans a clear majority of 106 over all.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE

DEPARTURES.

6.15 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Presque Isle and points North.
11.32 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For Houlton, McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Bangor, Boston, &c.
12.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Fredericton, &c., via Gibson Branch.
1.05 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.
2.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Vanceboro, Montreal, etc.
8.00 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Houlton, McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, St. John, Bangor, Boston, &c.

ARRIVALS.

6.15 A. M.—MIXED—Except Monday, from St. John, St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, etc.
10.56 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
11.00 A. M.—From McAdam Junction, etc.
11.32 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: From Presque Isle, etc.
P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: From St. John, St. Stephen, Bangor, Montreal, etc.
1.05 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Edmundston, Presque Isle, etc.
7.45 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Edmundston, Presque Isle, etc.

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