

Trois Pistoles River, feeble and discouraged. The band had shrunk to twenty-seven men. Finding traces of moose they began a hunt, and were led into an ambush by the foe, who burst upon them and killed all but six. These were made prisoners; one was tortured by the allies in the presence of the other five. The latter were then divided, and the Malicites carried their three to Madawaska. The Micmacs returned to Bic with their two, and tying them with their faces to the island, put them to death with their most ingenious torments. They then quitted Bic forever. Tradition has peopled the neighborhood with the ghosts of the slaughtered Micmacs, now dancing on the waters, now moaning among the crevices of the rocks, shrieking at times as with the agony of souls in pain.

Hattee Bay is another delightful spot, not far from Bic. The scenery, though not so impressive as that of the latter place, is very attractive. One of the features is a natural terrace, and the facilities for all kinds of exercise and recreation are abundant. A number of English families reside at this place, and it has many admiring visitors during the summer season.

RIMOUSKI.

Everyone has heard of Rimouski, in connection with the arrival and departure of the ocean steamers. Here they call on their way out to receive mails and passengers, and on their way in to land them. A branch of the railway runs down to the landing place, at the end of a pier nearly a mile long, and a steamer is employed as a tender for the service. Lively work it is, sometimes, to get on board the outward-bound steamer when the weather is a little rough. Everyone gets aboard safely, however, and rather likes his experience after it is over.

Rimouski is no common-place village, but a town of something under 2,000 inhabitants. It is the shire-town of the county and the seat of the Bishop of the Diocese. Lawyers and clergymen are alike numerous; business of all kinds is carried on briskly; and there is a general appearance of thrift on every hand. Some of the buildings make a fine appearance, notably those devoted to religious uses. The Cathedral is a noble structure, while the Bishop's palace, convents, etc., are of a character in keeping with it. The Seminary, a fine structure, was, with much of value contained in it, destroyed by fire in April, 1881. The loss, about \$100,000, has been largely made up by friends of education in various parts of the

province, and another fine building will adorn the site of the former one. The town, the full name of which is St. Germain de Rimouski, is thoroughly French in its characteristics, and though English is understood at the hotels, there are plenty of places of business where it is not. A stranger will have no trouble in getting along, however, and will find the place and the people equally agreeable. Fishing can be indulged in with good success. The Rimouski River is one of the noted salmon streams, and has, of course, any quantity of trout. The scenery is fine all along the banks, up to the lake from which it flows, close to the New Brunswick boundary. From this lake only a short portage is necessary to reach the Quatawamkedgwick, which empties into the Restigouche. In the woods back of Rimouski, sport of all kinds awaits the hunter. Caribou are abundant and both gun and rod can be kept busy for weeks during the proper seasons. Speaking of fishing, a prominent gentleman informed the writer that at Seven Lakes, about 35 miles from the town, three men caught forty thousand trout in three days. As a man can fish, at most, for about fifteen hours a day, this made the remarkable average of nearly a thousand an hour. On an opinion being expressed that the catch was an unusually good one, and the best rod-fishing on record, the gentleman took a second thought and remembered that it was forty dozen, instead of thousands; this, though less marvelous, was not a bad exhibit either, and spoke well for the fishing of Rimouski. Salt-water fishing, boating and bathing may be had on the St. Lawrence, the shore being protected from the outside swells by the island of St. Barnabe, which lies opposite the town. This island has borne its name since early in the seventeenth century. It is about two miles long, contains a small lake, is well wooded, and is a favorite resort for picnic parties. It has its story, and Monseigneur Guay, now curé at Sacre Cœur, has preserved its details in his *Chronique de Rimouski*. An outline, with additions gleaned from other sources, will suffice here.

The fair land of Old France held no hearts more loving than were those of Toussaint Cartier and his betrothed Louise when the new year of 1723 dawned. Just turned of manhood, handsome in person, versed in knowledge of books and agreeable in manners, he was the envy of the lads of his native village. He had long known the beautiful Louise, and they had learned to love each other with a love surpassing the power of words to tell. She was the daughter of a rich father, who had