

OWING TO irregularities in the mail service, by which it is claimed that our notices to subscribers in arrears have failed to connect, we are thinking of publishing a list of those a year or more behind in their payments. We shall however delay doing so for a short time, trusting that this hint will effect a saving in space.

MEMBERS OF our INTERNATIONAL PURCHASING AGENCY are requested to take notice of the fact that upon all purchases of Pianos, Organs and other Musical Instruments, or Music which they may make from Mr. G. A. LeBaron, of this city, whether made for cash, or on credit, they will be allowed the same premiums as if the purchase was wholly for cash. Mr. LeBaron agrees to furnish anything in his line at prices as low, or even lower, than any other dealer. It costs nothing to become a member of the Agency, and either city or country residents are eligible. A purchaser of a \$300. piano, is entitled to a dozen valuable Books, as premiums.

FOR DECEMBER, the issue of *The Dominion Illustrated Monthly* is more than usually interesting, particularly to Canadian residents. Miss Beatrice Glen Moore, (whom we have the honor to include in our list of contributors,) has a leading position with a very affecting story, the scene of which is laid in a little Canadian Village on the south side of the St. Lawrence, a few miles above Quebec, and describes "How Renie was Satisfied." "Newfoundland and its Capital," by A. C. Winton, is well described and illustrated. F. Blake Crofton adds to "Scraps and Snaps," and Walton S. Smith, of Montreal, contributes an interesting story entitled "The Brown Paper Parcel." "A Christmas Adventure," by F. Clifford Smith, describes an incident, which was almost an accident, on the C. P. R'y west of Winnipeg. "The Queen's Highway in the West," by Henry J. Woodside, is nicely illustrated, and is descriptive of some of the principal places along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We have not space to describe the other valuable matter which is contained in this number, but would take this opportunity to say, that \$2.00 sent to the publishers of this journal, will secure it, and *The Dominion Illustrated*, for one year.

Waterville, December 25, 1892.

TO THE Editor of "THE LAND WE LIVE IN."

Dear Sir:—

In answer to your question about the congregating of ruffed grouse in the Autumn, I would say, that, fifty years ago where these beautiful and delicious game birds were plentiful in our eastern townships woods, rearing large broods in comparative security; I have frequently found, (particularly in the Beech groves,) two or three broods bunched together. On one occasion, not over twenty years ago, after a hard days tramp during which I found no more than half a dozen birds, I came on the property of Henry Peck, Esquire, near North Hatley, on one of these Autumnal gatherings. I counted forty-two single flights from a space of copse covering less than an acre of ground. In those halcyon days of rod and gun I have frequently found and put-up a bunch of two coveys.

I regret to inform you that the MSS of my new story "Annan-skia, or The Mystery of Caruncle Mountain," has gone astray or has been accidentally destroyed. If health and the infirmities of old age will permit, I may make an effort to reconstruct it. In the mean time, believe me ever your faithful old Brother Sportsman,

Calestigan.

(We are pleased to say that the MSS referred to has "turned up" and will appear later. Ed.—)

THE RISING generation of Canadian winter sportsmen know little of the proper care of snow-shoes, and what little is known has been the result of experience and sometimes experience dearly bought. Very frequently the filling of the snow-shoe will stretch and sag after a tramp through soft or wet snow, and the wearer is too apt to take the stretch out by exposure to the heat of the camp-fire, if on a hunting expedition. Nothing is more injurious than this, and few are aware that it does not take much heat to completely ruin the wet filling. The snow-shoe should be gradually dried and never permitted to come under the influence of a hot open fire. A heat that the wearer will find rather comfortable than otherwise, will be fatal to his snow-shoe, and although the loss of it in a pecuniary sense is not so serious as it would have been a century ago, it may result in a good deal of inconvenience, should it occur at some distance from a settlement, or travelled road. We are reminded of this by an incident which occurred to the late Shubael Pierce, of Richmond, over 70 years ago. He and a friend had snow-shoed it through to Brompton Lake, on a hunting and fishing expedition, a distance of at least 15 miles by the most direct route they could possibly take, but more likely to be considerable more than that, by the route taken. The snow was about four feet deep and very soft, and they were pretty well tired out when they reached the bark camp, or leanto, at the foot of the lake, but they managed to catch a few fish through the ice before supper time, which they discussed with a good appetite before turning in for the night. They piled on a good supply of hard-wood, stuck their snow-shoes up in the snow a short distance from the fire, and went to sleep. Next morning their snow-shoes appeared all right, but when they attempted to put them on, the entire filling came out. Here they were in a decided fix, unable to either hunt or get home, and as ill luck would have it they could not catch a fish. They made substitutes for snow-shoes out of branches, and tried to make their way home, but made so little headway that they concluded to return to camp, and hard work they had to get back that night. Then they concluded to remain at the camp in hope that some other hunting party would come along. They found a handful or two of beans, that somebody had placed between the bark of the camp, and on these they managed to exist for some time, until one day they heard a shot on the opposite side of the lake, and afterwards saw a party of Indians come out of the woods, dragging something which they afterwards found to be a deer. They succeeded in attracting the attention of these Indians, who came to their camp, gave them a supply of Venison, and stayed with them that night, during which time they renewed the filling of the snow-shoes, and next day Mr. Pierce and his friend succeeded in reaching their homes. A night in camp at Brompton Lake is not such a serious matter now as then, and the locomotive whistle on the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways can be readily heard at all hours of the day and night, and still it would bother a fellow awfully to get to the nearest lumber shanty, or travelled road, in the months of January or February, without a serviceable pair of snow-shoes. We have camped there several nights in February, in three feet of snow, and used our snow-shoes to dig away a place for a bough bed and to bank up the snow around the boughs of which we made our camp, but we knew the value of these shovels too well to use them as fire shovels. *Experientia docet.*

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