



"A seal," he roared, "killed hundreds of them! Nothing to it!" . . . Purposefully he strides up to the seal . . .

started out on this adventurous spring day. "Hand me that rope," says our fisherman friend. Purposefully he strides up to the seal with the object of dropping the noose over its head. The seal mutters deep in its throat and there is no welcome in the small, wary eyes. Now there is a rumbling growl and the flash of formidable teeth and our hunter bounds rapidly backward out of range displaying a fine agility and a flair for impromptu acrobatics. He pauses at a safe distance to assure himself that all his fingers are accounted for and that he is free from puncture wounds. Then visibly shaken, he joins his fellows who, preferring discretion to amputation, are well out of range.

"Cross eh?" says one, analyzing the situation in a flash and contributing the understatement of the year. "Seen worse," says our hero, having now recovered his aplomb. "We'll throw a fish box over him and slide that old screen door under it to carry him," he said, and proceeded to carry out this plan with the aid of his three helpers who were now rapidly becoming seal hunters in their own right.

The fish crate, screen door, and seal were firmly lashed with rope and thus the seal, all formidable 150 pounds of him, was safely transported to the Hillsboro River and returned unharmed to the water. So ended the greatest seal hunt in the annals of Charlottetown Detachment of the Mounted Police. ●●●

Jerry Potts of the Wild Frontier

Senator Gershaw of Medicine Hat has suggested a monument for Jerry Potts and we suggest Jerry Potts as a Canadian antidote to Davy Crockett.

Jerry was born on no mountain top but he belonged to the wild frontier, his father being a Scotsman in charge of a Montana fur trade post and his mother a Canadian Indian. When Jerry was 15 his father was shot by a Sioux and the lad pursued the murderer to his camp fire where he killed him

. . . When the Mounted Police wandered over the plains lost in 1874 Jerry was secured as guide

He was interpreter and ambassador between the police and the Indians, tracked murderers, started horse races and enjoyed gargantuan sprees when there was nothing else to do. He was small, ugly, bow-legged and taciturn but he was as good a man as Crockett and will prove to be a better one if no one beats his memory to death in a song.

(From the Ottawa Journal)