



RESIDENCE OF MR. F. HAINES (until recently owned by Mrs. Stevens).

With the Truman Cottage in the rear.

moment that it was a gun he was banding, he made a vicious lunge at the intrepid quadruped with the muzzle of the gun, but this also failed. Possibly the descendants of that rabbit may be laughing over the incident yet; anyway, its a risky thing to try to do any clubbing with a gun. Mr. Frank Sibbald will tell you how he used to catch quail in the barn whea a boy. At the present time it's a safe guess to say that

it's hardly worth while spending a day in the bush or field on the still hunt for partridge or quail; they have disappeared almost entirely. The only class of hunting that there is any show for at all, when the first fall of snow arrives, is the cotton tail, or ordinary gray rabbit. They are fairly numerous, and a good many take advantage of this kind of sport on a bright crisp winter's day, after a fresh fall of snow, when

the tracks are plainly seen, and with gun and ferret generally bag a few. Coon hunting also gives quite an evening's entertainment, but I don't think it is indulged in to any great extent.

In the spring of the year, as soon as the ice is out of the river, the muskrats make their appearance. In the middle of the day, if it's a good sunny one, they come out to feed, and are quite plentiful, and are



THE SHIBBALD RESIDENCE, SHOWING THE CHAMBERLAIN COTTAGE