

market. Parties of sportsmen make a hunting excursion every winter in quest of game, with dogs and all the necessaries for camping in the woods.

Bear-hunting is more practised of late years than formerly, the bears getting very bold. The Indians, who are taken as guides in these hunts, have strange notions about Bruin. They call him "the forest man," from his resemblance to a fur-coated man, when erect. The French Canadians call him the "*bourgeois*," which means "like a citizen."

Bush-life in Canada is a pretty hard life in winter. But these lumbermen sometimes see a sight in the woods of gorgeous beauty. When a partial thaw occurs every tree and branch is hung with trembling crystals of gleaming ice, of every size and shape, transparent as pure water, and gorgeous beyond description. Every part of the wood sparkles in the sun like a forest of diamonds, sometimes too dazzling for the eye to bear. I have never seen anything that so nearly realized the dreams we had of fairy palaces, when we were little boys, and read the *Arabian Nights* far oftener than our school books.

I have thus endeavoured to describe a few of the pleasures of a Canadian winter. There are people all over nerves who coop themselves up, moping around the stove in winter, and making up their minds to feel as disagreeable as possible. They imagine the thermometer twenty degrees lower than it really is, and come to the conclusion that winter is a great mistake on the part of Nature. Such people, however, are nearly always of the genus "grumblers." The heat is as disagreeable to them as the cold, and the sunshine as obnoxious as the north wind. The most of people whom I have heard complain of Canada in winter are these grumblers, who insist upon turning all sweet into gall, and think people are "patronizing" or humbugging them if they try to please their vinegar natures. Poverty, true enough, has its trials in Canada in winter as everywhere else; but it is the same all over the world, and the poor of Canada are, generally speaking, much better off than the poor of any other country. They have every opportunity of being sheltered from the inclemency of the weather; there are houses of refuge for those needing refuge; hospitals for the sick; benevolent societies who care, or pretend to, for their fellow-countrymen; wealth, too, is more liberal in winter, and honest poverty seldom remains unrelieved. The poor man who comes, like a poor man once came to me, with the neck of a whiskey bottle telling tales from his pocket, deserves no relief, and yet even such a man will generally get it. "Ah, my man," said I, pointing to the bottle, "that's the cause of all your poverty, I think." "Faix, sir, and its the cause of all poverty, I'm thinking; but what can a man do if he can't get bread to ate? "Don't you think the bread you could buy with the money you spend for liquor would keep you from begging for want?" "Shure, yer honor, and that's throe enough. *But whiskey's a grate relafe.*"