

An Indian Legend of the Upper Ottawa.

When the first white missionaries endeavored to explain to Indians the Christian religion, the effect was at times rather startling. The Indians mistook the substance for the symbol, the objective for the subjective. It is not surprising therefore that an Ojibway chief, who once travelled in the early days of Canadian civilization as far as Montreal, and met there a Jesuit missionary, having received from him a lamb as a present, mistook it for the Lamb of God, concerning whom the missionary had talked much, and taking it with him when he returned to his people, impressed upon them the sacredness of this wonderful, and to them strange beast, enjoining upon them the necessity of worshipping it with honor and reverence. A small island was chosen as a suitable dwelling-place for this new Manitou, and the Indians were happy in possessing an animal at once so sacred and so easily kept.

Unfortunately the owner was the object of much jealousy on the part of one who had always laid counter-claim to the position of a leader of the people. The name of this man was Mahingan. He was a good hunter and a bold man, but he had the reputation of being what is called a "Bad Indian," a very vague term of disapprobation, but very common amongst Indians. He saw that the possession of this lamb gave much power to his rival, and he determined to deprive him of it; and being somewhat of a utilitarian he considered that the best way to do this was to eat it, which he did surreptitiously, and at night. On the following day consternation reigned amongst the Indian camps; the sacred lamb was gone. The owner was furious, but tried to turn the mishap to account by stating that no Manitou of such importance would stay where "Bad Indians" were allowed to live with impunity, which explanation was accepted as satisfactory until the bones of the lamb were found, clean picked, and having been unobscured by the natural translation theory altogether, and evidently pointed to the murder of a Manitou, but the question arose, "Who was the sacrilegious wretch who had dared to fill himself with a god?" Manahchinty, the owner, openly accused Mahingan to his face but Mahingan laughed at him, saying: "No one can eat a real Manitou. The Manitou would more likely eat him. If your animal was a truth, then it would have saved itself, if a fraud, then the sooner it was eaten, the better."

So true did this saying appear that some of the Indians sided with Mahingan, for all recognized that it was he who had eaten the lamb, and there were not wanting, those who began to murmur at Manahchinty, for inducing them to worship false gods; and Manahchinty saw that strong measures were necessary in order to maintain his reputation of "Big Injun," so he tomahawked his rival on the sly, and the people at once returned to their allegiance, probably fearing lest they themselves should be tomahawked. Strange to say, after this Manahchinty became listless and depressed; some thought it was on account of the loss of his sacred lamb; but finally it leaked out that Mahingan, before dying, had found time to curse his murderer, to threaten him with his vengeance even though he were dead, and to promise him that he would pursue him and his heirs relentlessly for many generations. Strange to relate Manahchinty soon joined his victim, having been upset from his canoe and drowned, during a loon hunt. For several generations his descendants in the male line died violent deaths, and it was generally conceded amongst Indians, that a curse was upon them.

One evening, about six years ago, during the month of July, a small band of Indians were encamped upon the island where he had lived and died the sacred sheep. The ever-croaking white man had usurped the heritage of the Indians, who now had dwindled into a few families in place of the powerful tribe who had once held undisputed sway in the land. The curse of Mahingan had been almost forgotten, and that very evening as they sat around the campfire, an old crone with shaking head related to the younger folk, in substance that which I have above written. Amongst them stood a boy intently listening with more than an ordinary interest. He was a direct descendant of Manahchinty. Scarcely had she finished when by a fiendish howl was heard in the bush close by. The Indians started to their feet in fright, and still another cry awoke the echoes of the summer night; at the same time an enormous dog, with eyes like balls of fire, bounded into the midst of them, and seizing the boy, the descendant of Manahchinty, by the throat, bore him to the ground. Luckily one man at least preserved his presence of mind. He snatched his rifle from his tent and with good aim sent a bullet crashing through the skull of the weird beast. It was all over in a moment and the boy rose up unharmed, except for the wound in his throat where the dog had seized him.

That night the Indians did not sleep, but sat discussing the event until daylight, when one of them took the carcass of the dog and threw it to the pigs of a white man who lived close by. The pigs made short work of the dog and soon had it all devoured except the heart, which they left untouched; and there it lay in the hot summer sun for two consecutive days, until, impelled by curiosity, one of the Indians examined it to find out why the pigs would not eat it. It seemed to be as hard as stone, and, impelled still further by curiosity, he took his ax and cut it in two. What was his astonishment at finding it nothing but a solid lump of ice. The discovery spread like wildfire and caused a great sensation among Indian circles. The shak-headed crone at once pronounced it to be Mahingan, and assured the Indians that the vendetta was ended by the death of the dog, or, rather, the second death of Mahingan. Whether she was right or wrong, the boy still lives, nor has he experienced any great and especial ill-luck. So let us hope that Mahingan's curse is a thing of the past, a mystery snuffed out by a "Winchester" with the latest modern improvements.

These things are hard to believe. I myself doubted if they were true, and expressed those doubts to my informant, a most respectable and pious Indian, as Indians do. I even dared to laugh, but he assured me of their truth, and rebuked me for laughing saying, "It is not right to laugh at such solemn, sacred things."

Lake Temiscamingue, Que.
Mr. J. E. Robidoux, M.P.P. for Chateauguay, will be sworn in as Provincial Secretary of Quebec in place of Hon. Mr. Gagnon, named sheriff of Quebec.

En Route for the Guillotine.

A never-ending procession of victims passed down the Rue St. Honore to the place de la Revolution—*ci devant* Place Louis XV.—where the principal guillotine had been erected. There were guillotines, however, in several other parts of the city, and it was no uncommon matter for a person going out shopping in the morning to meet with three or four processions of unhappy beings proceeding to execution. A well-organized band of furies usually accompanied them, shouting and howling insults and cries of "Death!" Early in 1794 protests were made by residents along the lines of route to the guillotines that sensitive persons were beginning to avoid those streets, and that this did great harm to their commerce. They therefore petitioned that the routes should be at least occasionally changed. Later on another request was made to the National Assembly concerning the unhealthy condition of the Place de la Revolution, literally steeped in blood, which emitted a horrible and dangerous stench.

Strange, however, as it may seem, many of these executions, notably those of important personages, were attended by great numbers of apparently respectable people, and the *Mouiteur* contained many advertisements to the effect that "So-and-so hires out chairs to witness the guillotining of, say, Louis XVI, or Mme. Roland, or indeed of any conspicuous person, at so much an hour." A contemporary engraving representing the execution of Louis XVI shows us a crowd of well-dressed people, comfortably seated in their chairs, placed on a high and well-built wooden stand, and not a few of them are using their opera glasses. Duval is shocked when he records that during the massacres of September "on dansait en banlieue." In fact the gay and volatile nature of the Parisians could not be wholly suppressed, and somebody no means badly-intentioned people made a sort of fete of the tragic events which were perpetually occurring.—*The Saturday Review.*

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It is a good plan to have a reel and line handy for aid in making all rows of fruits and vegetables straight.

The roses of the June time
Are O! so fair to see.
But fairer than these flowers are
Is the rose that blooms for me.
On the cheeks once pale and hollow,
And God be thanked, I say,
That the rose of health and happiness
Blooms out again to day.

That is what many a man feels like saying when he sees some member of his family restored to health after a long and wasting illness. In many households there are persons who seem to be fading out at life slowly. There is a general debility that indicates a lack of vital force. The blood seems to be blood only in color. There is often a dry, hard cough. Night brings no refreshing sleep. The cheek grows thin and pale. What shall be done to ward off disease which is making slow but sure efforts to secure another victim? Let me tell you: Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and fight the enemy with it. There is nothing like it to build up a weakened system, and restore lost vitality. It is a most wonderful tonic, nutritive and a terative, or blood-purifier.

Sassy.—He—"I never laugh at an inferior." She—"It would be impossible for you to do such a thing."

"Nothing But Skin and Bone." is the ineluctable though appropriate expression used in describing the appearance of many females whom Nature intended for perfect specimens of her handiwork, but who have been reduced to this distressing condition by some of the organic troubles, peculiar to the sex, styled "female complaints," the symptoms of which are "an all gone feeling," weakness in the back, especially mornings, nervousness, and sometimes hysteria. The cure for these beauty-destroying troubles, and an undoubted one in every case—is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it renders it unnecessary to consult a doctor—a disagreeable duty for a modest woman. Of druggists.

Some people can tell the time by a sundial, but we never heard of any one being able to by a croco-dile.

All Men.
young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, r.p.d and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Set out trees enough. It is better to have one too many than one too few.

An early, healthy growth of a plant wards off many evils.

Always Evergreen—A holly-day.—The Bailie.

A big proboscis is indicative of intelligence. In other words, the bigger it is the more a man nose.

First Little Girl—"Is your doll a French doll?" Second Little Girl—"I don't know; she can't talk."

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