

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

gus was carefully examined. Sure enough three heles bore testimony to the skill of the marksman. Jimmy fired and merely succeeded in touching the swivging mark once. He is still wondering how Nap. managed to do such fine work, and we are all cruel enough to let him wonder. I think I said that Charlie L. had a snake adventure to relate. It is a mixed up affair, but the details are as follows. These two adventurers thought it would be a good scheme to try for ducks in a marsh at the outlet of Healy's Lake, and started one fine day in great good humour. They had reached the creek when Nap. suddenly said, see that big snake swimming towards the canoe. Sure enough there was the snake, and a whopper at that. It came quite close, and Nap. made a lunge at it with a paddle, when lo! and behold! the snake developed a head where the tail was supposed to be, and made for shore. Here was a mystery, a double headed snake six feet in length. The stories of mythology were being enacted in the nineteenth century. You can easily guess what happened. Charlie L. is ponderous, a canoe is a tottlish affair at the best, and both canoeists went for that snake at the same time. Over they went in four feet of weeds and mud, guns, cartridge and all the rest of it. They had killed the snake though, and found it all that it professed to be, viz., a double headed, double acting, double jointed, tailless black snake. They hung it on a tree as a warning to other double headed snakes, and after fishing out their hunting apparatus returned to camp. Why they did not bring home that snake has not yet been explained, but as both tell the same story without as much as an inch of deviation in regard to the length of the reptile, or any difference of opinion regarding the number of heads, or want

of tails, we must accept it. Pompey, however, declares that a little of snake medicine is missing, and explains that the medicine is divided into two varieties, viz, prevention and cure, the former labelled 'Irish' the latter Scotch. As it is the bottle of Irish that is missing the inference is plain. They evidently expected snakes, and were not to be disappointed. We will look for that snake next year. Pompey has been trying his hand at shooting in spite of his protestations to the contrary, and by some strange accident succeeded in winging a black duck, which Parit caught and put an end to by mercifully wringing its neck. Pompey says that Robinson will be pleased at his success, and declares that he must take the duck home to his wife; he objected, though, to the limp appearance of the poor duck's neck, as it put him in mind of an executed criminal. He has repaired the injury as far as possible by tying a white handkerchief about the bird's neck, giving it a decidedly clerical appearance. The duck hangs in the woods near the tent, and is already beginning to wear a battered and bruised aspect, that speaks volumes for the fine flavor of the game when served at the Toronto table. I think Joe would like to have that duck for his old squaw, and Pompey's wife will no doubt eventually express the same wish. It was decidedly Pompey-esque though to think of doing up the limp neck in a white choker.

The loons, ospreys and ravens are ever present here, and I never weary of listening to the wild cry of the loon, or watching the graceful motion of the osprey. As for the raven, I think it is hardly possible to do otherwise than thoroughly despise such a thorough glutton as he is. No sooner have we killed a deer, and dressed it, than croak, croak, came the ravens, and it is a fact that they never leave off eating