

Enterprising Young People of Meadowvale To-day

Altho of a necessity there is a certain limitation to what can be accomplished in a small village, still the young people of the church and school, ably assisted by some of the older members, have made in recent years quite a success of the Reading Circle, meeting on the invitation of certain members, every

a step in advance of the reading circle, in that it opened up room for debating, of which a good many took advantage, and as a paper, called *The Mirror*, was published by the Society, it gave all those who were willing, an opportunity to advance their literary reputations in no small way. The success of these meetings will tend to make everyone look forward to the Society reforming this fall.

shooting trips in this vicinity might be mentioned Thos. O'Shaughnessy, who ran the saw-mill, and a Mr. Griffiths, a saddle maker by trade, who had a shop adjoining Elliott's liquor store, directly opposite the present store. His patrons, they say, used to complain because he left his work to go shooting. Our old friend George Gooderham also accompanied them on these trips, the Caledon mountains being a favorite spot for



THE RABBIT HUNTERS.

—From the Painting by H. Spiers, O. S. A.

two weeks during the winter season. It has proved quite a source, not only of improvement in an educational way, but also gave an evenings' entertainment as well. Last year, the Meadowvale reading circle was the best in the county.

Last season, commencing Oct., 1903, a Literary Society was formed and gave continuous meetings every two weeks, also open meetings for the general public, this being quite

In the Field of Sports

There appears to have been no very great amount of game found in this section of the country even in its earlier days. Still, quail and partridge were plentiful 25 years ago. Mr. Holly Gooderham was fond of hunting and shooting, and during his time considerable game was bagged. Amongst those who accompanied him on these hunts and

rabbit hunting—the big, white fellows. If you ask Mr. Gooderham today he will tell you of an experience he once had up there. It appears he was watching on the outside of a swamp, the other shooters being inside, when the hounds bolted a rabbit right across his path. He took good aim, fired and missed. The rabbit, being more afraid of its foes behind than in front, dashed close by him. Forgetting for the