

THE LAND WE LIVE IN

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

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SINAX-AKIA.

WE give in this issue a portrait of our esteemed contributor, Sinax-Akia, a title conferred upon her by the Blood Indians on the occasion of a visit which she made them. We believe it means "A teacher," literally. We have not the pleasure of knowing Sinax-Akia personally and are not at liberty to introduce her to our readers except under her *nom de plume*. She is and has been for some years a resident at Fort MacLeod, Alberta, N. W. Ter., and has been induced by a literary friend from whom we obtained the original photo to contribute to this journal. She is descended from a long line of ancestry who have contributed largely to the success of the British Navy. When a very young girl, she wrote some short poems which evinced much latent talent for lyric and pastoral description, which we hope to gain her permission to publish in the columns of THE LAND WE LIVE IN. At that time she resided at her parental home in this part of the Townships, and took a delight in describing in poetry, the natural scenery, and the changes in nature's garb effected by the changing seasons in that picturesque locality.

Last week we were honored with a call from Mr. Warren, editor of *The Patriot*, Montreal. Mr. Warren is himself a "red hot" patriot, a Canadian to the back bone, and his patriotism "sticks out" very prominently in the columns of his journal. Mr.

Warren's relatives are residents of Newfoundland, and he was formerly engaged in the fish and oil trade between there and Northern Labrador.



SINAX-AKIA.

Ottawa's Electric Railway.

OTTAWA at last has her "broomstick train," and is as proud over it as any child with a new toy. At the street crossings along the route little crowds gather, and every eye is fixed upon that starting broomstick above the loaded car as it moves swiftly and silently onward. But, "the string being held by a careful man," that rapid, delightful motion may be checked in a moment by the severance of the connection of

the broomstick and the copper wire above, and the eager public, without fear of the S. P. C., may fill every inch of the willing train as it wins its magic way out to the Exhibition Grounds; and soon, we trust, every part of the city will be accessible in a few moments through the completion of this splendid enterprise.

As anticipated by everybody, the horses manifest very decided disapproval, and the astonishment with which they rear their heads and gaze after the horseless car is as amusing as it is pathetic. In no other way does it differ from the ordinary car, unless in the matter of the aforesaid broomstick, upon which, perchance, the intelligent animals, possessed, like Balaam's ass, of a vision keener than that of humanity, perceive, astride the broom, the wicked witch of whom the poet Holmes declares that

"Now and then, as the train goes by,
You may catch a gleam of her wicked eye."

"Was I ever wont to do so unto thee?" remonstrated the stricken ass; "'twere almost a pity that the poor beasts of burden of the present day could not so reproach the higher order of beings who have no argument but that of the cruel lash with which to sooth their very natural fears.

The scene on the Railway track at night is really very beautiful, and hosts of pedestrians assemble in groups to admire and applaud as the brilliantly lighted car, full to its utmost capacity, speeds swiftly on, while that "wicked eye," scarce discernable in daylight, at night emits a perfect shower of sparks,—a succession of flashes almost rivalling in magnificence the lights of the heavens above.

ANNIE CRAWFORD.