

Some are waltzing to the music, while others have a peculiar dance of their own, yet all keeping perfect time. The waltz, though, is the favorite and the majority of the N. W. people are good dancers.

The hall also has several cosy little nooks for *tetes-a-tetes*, and said nooks are seldom vacant, for people like their ease, or a quiet flirtation, even in the busy North-West.

About mid night supper is announced. Cloaks and overshoes are adjusted and the couples repair, generally to "Camoose's" hotel, where a sumptuous repast awaits them. Then back to the hall until the "wee sma' hours" remind them that it is time to go home.

Macleod Alta, Feb, 1891.

SINAX-AKIN.



[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

## HERE AND THERE.

BY A KANSAS CANADIAN.



N the early days of the settlement of the Eastern Townships a pearl-ashery was a necessity in every small settlement where a store was kept. This pearl-ash had to be transported to the St. Lawrence by long scows or *bateaux* on the River St. Francis.

The boats and load were usually drawn past the larger falls and put into the river below Lord's Fall, at Drummondville, which was one of the portages; another was Brompton Falls.

This unnavigable portion, the Government tried to clear of obstructions, and Charles Goodhue, of Sherbrooke, was appointed commissioner to carry on the work. A large gang of hands, under Isaac B. Burnham, was engaged for many months in blasting, and the last time I was there many of the unused drill-holes in the rocks were still visible at Lord's Falls.

Lord kept a number of men to drag the boats on rollers past the falls. At certain seasons of the year, when the salmon were ascending the river to their spawning beds far above, Lord might be seen on a certain rock just below the falls, nearly every sunny day, keeping watch in the thick heavy foam of the current below for any unfortunate salmon that proposed to jump or run the falls within reach of his spear.

The spear he used was a fine made, or-

dinary five pronged steel one, and in the socket was firmly fastened a shaft of about ten feet in length, of the finest tough timber, and as straight as it could well be made. On the end was securely fastened a long line, to enable him to regain the spear if occasion required him to throw it beyond his reach. The old settlers used to tell of the large number of salmon he secured some days, and of his wonderfully quick eye in seeing an almost invisible fin, in the foam of the swift current. It was said that no salmon was safe within thirty feet of his position, so skillful had he become in throwing his spear.

At the mouth of the creek, Elmer Cushing had two men employed a good part of two summers in catching fish to supply the twenty-eight men he employed in clearing his grant of land just on the site and in rear of the present Town of Richmond.

One day one of his choppers was eager to try his luck at fishing. He was laughed at by the other men, but finally started and stationed himself at the mouth of the creek. A salmon tried to pass and was at once speared, and with another spare spear he pinned the one that was following, and both were secured. As a consequence the chopper was assigned to the less arduous duties of fisherman.

### The West, the once Happy Hunting Ground of the Indian.

The more I see and know of the West, the better I can understand how hard it must have been for the Red Man to be obliged to leave forever, the fine hunting grounds of his race for ages so far back that "no man knoweth."

Pushed back from the North-East by the Pilgrim Fathers centuries ago, he seemed for a time to find a resting place further north and through the Middle States. But as usual the stronger white man drove them still further westward across the prairies, until to-day a large number are surrounded in the bad-lands of Dakota, by the deadly Winchester and Gatling guns.

They have stolen—it is estimated—5,000 horses, and driven them into that inaccessible fastness, where nature in some of her mad volcanic freaks ages ago, seems to have broken up the mountains and hills, as a miner would a large lump of coal, and dumped the pieces of all shapes and dimensions, over a territory of 70 by 90 miles, as inaccessible to the white man as are the Dismal Swamp and the jungles of Africa. Thirty thousand more are hemmed in by soldiers in Indian Territory, 150 miles south of me.

It seems to-day, in spite of all the mission work so bountifully bestowed upon them, and the money expended in their education and in fitting them to earn their own living, that the old saying that "a good Indian is a dead one," is in a measure true.

### Kansas, a Garden of Eden for them in Past Days.

Even to-day half a mile from this inland town of 2,500 population, the Neosho river, just skirting the town, supplies the place with about all the fresh fish they require.

Three kinds of bass are taken in abundance at certain seasons of the year; only one kind however has the appearance of the black bass of the St. Francis river; one kind is nearly white. The rock bass, or "croppie" as it is called here, furnishes splendid sport. Sometimes 50 or 60 will be taken of an evening with a single rod and line.

A good many cat-fish, of very fine quality, are caught with hook and line, running as high as 50 or 60 pounds weight each. Two were taken in one day, not half a mile from the city, which weighed over 100 lbs.

The Buffalo fish—much resembling and about first cousin to the mullet of Canada—seems to be in the greatest abundance. A few days ago I saw perhaps 150 lbs. fresh from the river, some still alive.

Otter and muskrat are still found in nearly all the large streams, the latter in great abundance.

Eight kinds of wild ducks, geese, some swans and cranes are plentiful. A pelican, with his large pouch suspended from the lower part of his head, and I presume much like the bird of Bible repute, was shot not long ago. These water-fowls are not so plentiful here as near the Mississippi, and the larger rivers and lakes. The deer that less than twenty years ago were seen everywhere on these prairies, like the buffalo, have disappeared before civilization, and the deer-hunter has to go to the Territories for his game.

### Hereditary Presbyterianism.

For fourteen years I lived in Missouri, west of the "Father of Waters" and on a large prairie, with timber in abundance along the banks of the streams. It was said to be in former days the finest deer resort for miles around in that vicinity.