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[FOR CANADA.]

WHY LOVE DIES.

Love cannot live unless it's fed
With honey from life's sweetest flow'et.
Its tender foliage soon were dead,
Unbathed in sympathetic showers.

The warmth that called it into life
Like sunlight still must daily glow;
No blighting frost, no weeds of strife
Should live at all if love would grow.

What marvel, then, that love expire,
Of life's own sustenance deprived?
And wherefore pause we to enquire,
Why our sweet flow'et had not lived?

To us is 'neath that priceless boon
To tend and cultivate with care;
That boon, neglected, all too soon
Evanishes like dew in air.

Neglect can undermine a wall
Of stone that force could scarce remove;
By slow degrees its pieces fall--
By slow degrees neglect kills love.

Kingston, N. B. JOHN FRASER.

[FROM THE INDEPENDENT.]

SAVED BY THE CATTLE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"HOW do you account for the fact, if it is a fact," said I, slipping a cartridge into the right barrel of my fowling-piece. "that the caribou are

every step. However, I don't believe there has been a wolf seen in this part of the country for fifty years, and it's only within the last ten years or so that the caribou have got more plenty."

We were sitting, the old farmer and myself, on a ragged snake-fence that bounded a buckwheat-field overlooking the river St. John, some twenty miles above Fredericton. The field was a new clearing, and the ripened buckwheat reared its brown heads among a host of blackened and distorted stumps. It was a crisp and delicious autumn morning, and the solitary pigeon that had rewarded my long tramp over the uplands was one that I had surprised at its breakfast in the buckwheat. Now, finding that my new acquaintance was likely to prove interesting, and a further search for pigeons unprofitable, I dropped my gun gently into the fence corner, loosened my belt a couple of holes, and asked the farmer if he had himself ever seen any wolves in New Brunswick.

"Not to say many," was the old man's reply; "but they say that troubles never come single, and so, what wolves I have seen, I saw them all in a heap, so to speak."

As he spoke the old man fixed his eyes on a hilltop across the river with a far-off look that seemed to tell a story. I settled in an attitude of encouraging attention, and waited for him to go on. His hand stole deep into the pocket of his grey homespun trousers, and brought to view a fig of "black-jack," from which he knaved a thoughtful bite. Instinctively he passed the tobacco to me, and on my declining it, which I did with grave politeness, he began the following story:

"When I was a little shaver about 13 years old, I was living on a farm across the river, some ten miles up. It was a new farm, which father was cutting out of the woods; but it had a good big bit of 'intervale,' so we were able to keep a lot of stock.

"One afternoon, late in the fall, father sent me down to the intervale, which was a good two miles from the house, to bring the cattle home. They were pasturing on the aftermath, but the weather was getting bad, and the grass was about done, and father thought the 'critters,' as we called them, would be much better in the barn. My little ten-year-old brother went with me, to help me drive them. That was the time I found out there were wolves in New Brunswick.

"The feed being scarce, the cattle were scattered badly, and it was supper time before we had them together at the

but he was a plucky lad, for his size, as ever walked.

"What's that?" he whispered.
"Sounds mighty like the wind," said I, though I knew it wasn't the wind, for there wasn't a breath about to stir a feather.

The sound came from a wooded valley winding down between the hills. It was something like the wind, high and thin, but by and by getting loud and fierce and awful, as if a lot more voices were joining in; and I just tell you my heart stopped beating for a minute. The cattle heard it, you'd better believe, and bunched together, kind of shivering. Then two or three young heifers started to bolt, but the old ones knew better, and hooked them back into the crowd. Then it flashed over me all at once. You see, I was quite a reader, having plenty of time in the long winters. Says I to Teddy, with a kind of a sob in my throat, 'I guess it must be wolves.' 'I guess so,' says Teddy, getting brave after his first start. And then, not a quarter of a mile away, we saw a little pack of grey brutes dart out of the woods into the moonlight. I grabbed Teddy by the hand and edged in among the cattle.

"Let's get up a tree!" said Teddy.
"Of course we will," said I, with a look of determination in my heart. We looked about us for a tree in which we might take refuge, but our hopes sank when we saw there was not a decent sized tree in reach. Father had cleared off everything along the river bank except some Indian willow scrub, not six feet high.

"If the cattle, now, had scattered for home, I guess it would have been all up with Teddy and me, and father and mother would have been mighty lonesome on the farm. But what do you suppose the 'critters' did? When they saw those grey things just lengthening themselves out across the meadow, the old cows and the steers made a regular circle, putting the calves—with me and Teddy—in the centre. They backed in onto us, pretty tight, and stood with their heads out and horns down, for all the world like a company of militia forming square to receive a charge of cavalry. And right good bayonets they made, those long, fine horns of our cattle.

"To keep from being trodden on, Teddy and I got onto the backs of a couple of yearlings who didn't like it any too well, but were packed in so tight they couldn't help themselves. As the wolves came streaking along, through the moonlight, they set up again that awful shrill, wind-like, swelling howl, and I

Teddy's heart. However, sobbing a bit, the little fellow urged in self-defense, 'Why there's only five wolves, anyway, and father and Bill could easily kill them!' "It was true. There were just five of the brutes, though my excited eyes had been seeing about fifty—just such a pack as I had been used to seeing about. However, these five seemed mighty hungry, and now they were right onto us.

"I guess they weren't used to cattle like ours. Father's old black and white bull was running the affair that night, and he stood facing the attack. The wolves never halted, but with their red tongues hanging out, and their narrow jaws snapping like fox-traps, they gave a queer nasty gasp that it makes my blood run cold to think of and sprang right onto the circle of horror.

"We heard the old bull mumble something away down his throat, and he sort of heaved up his hind quarters and pitched forward, without leaving the ranks. The next thing we saw, one of his long horns was through the belly of the leader wolf, and the animal was tossed up into the air, yelping like a kicked dog. He came down with a thud and lay snapping at the grass and kicking; while the other four, who had been repulsed more or less roughly, drew back and eyed their fallen comrade with an air of disapproval. I expected to see them jump upon him and eat him at once, but they didn't; and I began to distrust the stories I had read about wolves. It appeared, however, that it was not from any sense of decency that they refused to eat him, but that they wanted beef rather than wolf meat, as we found a little later.

"Presently one of the four slouched forward and sniffed at his dying comrade. The brute was still lively, however, and snapped his teeth viciously at the other's legs, who thereupon slouched back to the pack. After a moment of hesitation the four stole silently, in single file, round and round the circle, turning their heads so as to glare at us all the time, and looking for a weak spot to attack. They must have gone round us half a dozen times, and then they sat down on their tails, and stuck their noses into the air, and howled and howled for maybe five minutes steady. Teddy and I, who were now feeling sure our 'critters' could lick any number of wolves, came to the conclusion the brutes thought they had too big a job on their hands and were signaling for more forces. 'Let 'em come,' exclaimed Teddy. But we were getting altogether too confident, as we soon found out.

"After howling for awhile the wolves stopped and listened. Then they howled again, and again they stopped and listened; but still no answer came. At this they got up and once more began prowling round the circle, and every-