

### WHAT HE SEES IS A DEER, OR OTHER GAME ANIMAL.

N. B.—This rule is above all others the most important. The great majority of hunting accidents are occasioned by criminal carelessness in this respect on the part of inexperienced hunters.

4. That after a member is placed in position to watch a certain runway he is not to leave his station, even after the dogs have passed, or have gone in another direction, until called for by the hunter.

5. That whenever parties of two or more are together in the woods, or elsewhere, it should be the earnest endeavor of each individual to see that his rifle be so carried as to preclude the possibility of danger to the other members of the party in case of its accidental discharge.

6. That the rifle be never carried at full cock at any time, whether loaded or empty.

It must be remembered that it is not an evidence of experience to disregard caution. The oldest hunters respect more than amateurs the capabilities and danger of the arm they carry. Caution is not cowardice, but the desire to guard as far as possible against the perils that necessarily surround the hunter when roaming the woods in quest of game, in common with numbers of others bent on the same mission.

It is earnestly requested that these simple rules be consistently followed. That being the case, the risk of accident will be very greatly minimized, and the comfort and pleasure of the whole party very considerably enhanced.

Nov. 1, 1900.

One of our correspondents, Mr. Frank Davison, of Bridgewater, N.S., has certainly a very interesting situation for his office, as the following incident which he relates will show:

"Our office window looks out on a good salmon pool, and last spring a seal came up and chased a salmon which an Indian had on his rod right in sight of our window. Thus, I think, was a competition rarely seen and I am very sorry a kodak was not at hand to catch the sight. Fortunately for my reputation, I had several visitors to witness the sport. It was the first time I had seen a seal up river in a six-mile current at the head of the tide."

Prof. Kolthoff, the leader of a Norwegian Arctic expedition, recently returned to Sweden, bringing with him a male and a female musk-ox. Prof. Kolthoff believes in the possibility of acclimatizing, domesticating and breeding the musk ox, and has a high idea of the value of this animal on account of its heavy coat of wool, which is said to be extremely strong and fine. It is reported to be the purpose of Prof. Kolthoff, as soon as these animals appear to be acclimatized, to set them free in the mountains of the North, where it is thought they will do well.

## PIERRE JOSEPH

By Dr. W. H. Drummond

It is related of Benjamin West, the American painter, that during his first visit to Rome, he was shown a statue of the Apollo Belvidere. Running his eye over the magnificent and beautiful proportions of the statue, West at once exclaimed: "By Heavens, a Mohawk!" The great artist had been born in the Mohawk country, and was well acquainted with the aborigines, whose deeds of daring form such thrilling chapters in the history of the American continent, and I suppose never on the face of this globe has there existed a rae possessing at once such exquisite symmetry and wonderful powers of endurance as the so-called North American Indians. But these conditions only obtain when the Indian is found in his native purity, uncontaminated by European vices, and living in what may be termed his natural condition. And this reminds me of a specimen of the Tete de Boule tribe whose acquaintance I made during an exploratory trip in the St. Maurice region three or four years ago. The Tete de Boules are a comparatively unmixed people and inhabit the wilds of the upper St. Maurice, some two hundred miles north of Three Rivers. It was to these fastnesses that the shattered remnants of the once numerous Hurons fled to escape their sanguinary enemies the Iroquois, and whether the Tete de Boules are descendants of the Hurons or not it would be difficult to say, but one interesting fact is known to ethnologists, namely, that the language spoken by the Tete de Boules is exactly similar to the mother tongue of the Crees, who dwell on the western plains, and it is quite possible that during the regular Indian migrations, a few families of Cree blood remained behind and became the ancestors of the present Tete de Boules. The camp of Pierre Joseph we discovered one evening in June, just as we landed on the shores of Lake Souci, a rough canvas tent, and at the door sat Pierre, the Indian, Pierre the outlaw, Pierre the man of whom we had all heard, for was not his name continually cropping up in "Club reports" as the wilful cropper of moose and caribou in and out of season. There he sat quite unconcerned, answering in English or French any questions put to him. "Well, Pierre, have you seen any moose lately?" Well, I see some track, but I tink dey're purty ole, mebbe, tree four day. I ket:ch some bear las' week. You want see dat?" and he exposed to our view a couple of bear skins in full coat, besides pelts of minor animals, such as mink and muskrat. About five feet nine inches

in height, and perhaps thirty-five years of age, Pierre possessed a frame indicative of "all round" physical qualities, such as I have seldom seen except in the case of the full-blooded Indian of the Canadian woods. Here, if ever, was an example of perfect acclimatization; all the heredity of countless generations co-operating together to make of this man a perfect creature of the forest. A thousand years passing down, how much knowledge had been gained by the forerunners of Pierre Joseph, until the innermost secrets of surrounding nature had culminated and become veritable instinct in the person of the red man sitting in the doorway of the canvas tent? Here he was at home, and who were we pale strangers of yesterday that we should disturb in his native sanctuary this scion of the real first families of America, this man whose race pur to shame the maple leaf which frost and rain have reddened to the hue of bronze fresh from the hands of the sculptor? Poor Pierre Joseph! In the city doubtless he would have probably yielded to the seductions of fire water, and the audience of a Recorder's court might possibly not have noticed any suggestion of evidence in his unkempt garments as he bowed his head and received with the stoicism of his race the inevitable sentence meted out to "drunks" and "disorderlies," but here where every tree became a woodland shrine, Pierre Joseph was the peer of us all. The night waned on but still we sat, a picturesque group in the glare of a fire which flashed far across the waters of Lake Souci. "Rising" fish along the shore just near enough for a cast, almost passed unnoticed, and it was interesting to note the eager attention paid by the men of the city and the street, to the merest remark uttered by the Indian Pierre Joseph.

Morning found us making an early start for Lac Fou; our destination lay many leagues away in the hills, but the tent of Pierre Joseph still remained undisturbed. Three or four hours later, walking along the dry bed of an ancient water course, and with only a bundle of fishing rods to carry, I was suddenly roused from reveries of the night before, by the patter, patter of swiftly moving feet, and to my great surprise discovered Pierre Joseph advancing under cover of his birch canoe; all his camp impediments, tent, blankets, pots, pans, traps and provisions being cleverly stowed away in the recesses of the canoe's d'ecorce, while in his right hand he carried a Winchester rifle.

My companion, a white-haired veteran of many years in the woods, turned to me and remarked "oh he's only putting on airs," but not so, for Pierre Joseph passed us at a trot which he preserved until he disappeared from our sight round a curve of the river bed fully three hundred yards distant. O, Pierre Joseph, defier of