

Fauns and Satyrs.

CHAP. III.—CONTINUED.

"Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increased his fire."

Early in September of the third year that the inlet of Magog had become, through my instrumentality, classic ground, I was one of a party of four sportsmen who, in two boats, were fishing with but meagre success, the lower Magog river. We had "whipped" those beautiful rapids the "Horse Race," and "Grass-land chutes," formerly so productive of two and five pound trout, with different results, when one of the party, who was the best shot of the quartette, and whom I shall designate on account of his mercurial and volatile temperament Jonathan Sparks, proposed that we should sail up the lake, and camp either on the point mentioned in the foregoing chapter or on Beaudette's island.

"There we are pretty sure of getting some ducks," said Jonathan, "or if they fail us we can procure a few pickerel from Beaudette's nets."

Acting upon the suggestion, we, after a hasty lunch, struck tent, and pulled for "pastures new."

We had paid tied leisurely up the lake, skirting the rushes which formed a shady refuge to ducks and widgeon along the north shore, but the refuge proved but an unsafe retreat to the wary birds, for five noble mallards and one green winged teal fell to the "Joe Manton" and quick eye of our friend Jonathan Sparks.

We arrived at the draw-plate across the point in time to pitch our tent, prepare a good fire for the night, and cook an elaborate and savory stew or "Olla-podrida," consisting of hare, grouse, and duck, seasoned with all the spices of Araby the blest and unblest, the latter having been procured from the Sherbrooke grocers. However we made a glorious supper, and whatever brick-dust, cow-dung, or other ingredients, they were all neutralized by copious draughts of hot Scotch.

The night was fine but frosty, but our fire which was made from a pile of logs containing a cord and half of hard wood, which was not unlike a funeral pyre of Grecian antiquity, kept our exposed extremities warm, while the libations-ad-libitum within prevented frost or stagnation from invading the inner man. Incessantly, also, ascended in perfumed clouds to the roof of our Olympus—the tent—Verily Magog was becoming classic ground!

Aurora's roseate fingers had opened the gates of Orient, from which rays of trembling light were gilding the summits of the frosted trees; drowsy nature lay inert and silent, bathed in a silvery mist, in sympathy with universal peace. One of the party, the irrepressible Jonathan, had started for the marsh before the first streak of light. He, however, returned for breakfast with a brace of ducks and a bittern. He was very excited at having, as he said, seen two deer on the farthest extremity of the point. Suspecting that Jonathan's deer were two of my nannie goats, I offered to accompany him in search of them, and fortunately it was for the nannies that I did so, for strange as it may appear, Sparks had never seen a goat, male or female, although the word goat was an ophithec he frequently applied to a companion whom he wished to chaff. As I had surmised the animals seen by Sparks early in the morning proved to be two of my nannies which had grown nearly as shy as the wild deer of the forest.

We passed the whole of the day in shooting on the marshes and visiting old Beaudette's nets, from which we extracted a couple of dozen pickerel. On our return to camp, we called upon the old fellow who declined to accept any remuneration, and invited us all to spend la veillée (evening) with him. We thanked him for his civility, made him a small present, and invited him to pass the night at the camp with us, an invitation which he joyfully accepted. Having

asked the old fisherman about the goats, he informed us that only three were left, and old Silenus, the Billy who had grown exceedingly cross, and even dangerous to strangers. "Two stay on de pint," said he, "wit de ole Billy; de nannie dat give de milk, she swim across de river dis morning, en visite, pour voir son vîeux. We have de good milk pouche humbye. Me find her—she so wild—she come to camp."

We were bound to have a jolly night of it, so on our return to the peninsula, all hands went to work in preparing a sumptuous supper. A quantity of wood was prepared, birch-bark collected, torches made, and cedar boughs spread in profusion for the banqueters to recline on during and after the feast, so that our pleasures also were to be Olympic.

All were in high good humour. Spark's spirits were exuberant. His principal talk all day had been about Cal's goats, and the benefit they would confer upon hunters and fishers in the shape of unlimited milk punch.

Justice had been done to supper; the big camp-fire was a blaze, pipes were smoked, and camp stories of hunting, fishing and trapping were going the round alternated by deep libations of hot Scotch, until the narrations got mixed into a medley such as "big horns, sir"—"The gamiest, old fellow"—"he sunk in the falls, and then came up with his straw hat on his head, between two saw logs"—"Yes sure! me see de deve myself, with two big horns, an one horse foot come in de camp, and tak de injun on de pitch fork—me see him pied de cheval under de Soutanne—sacré, c'est vrai!"—&c. &c.

"I say, Beau-Beaudette, ole feller! you call that nan-nannie of yours, and let us have some milk punch," interrupted Jonathan, who was pretty far gone in his cups. "I want something soft after them Scotch raspsers."

"All right! Monsieur Sparks, me go milk mecs Nannie an' bring you plenty de lait."

Beaudette left the tent with a tin pail, and I feeling somewhat dazed from the effects of the tobacco smoke and hot Scotch, accompanied him to a copse of birch where he said we were pretty sure to find the goats. Well, it was that I had gone with the old man, for having found Madam Nannie, it became a difficult matter to milk her, for close beside her in an attitude the reverse of friendly was old Silenus, who plainly gave us to understand that his "amores nuptiis" were not to be interrupted with impunity. We however with much coaxing and the half of a plug of tobacco which he chewed with much gusto, managed to procure a sufficiency of milk for our purpose.

The fun was prolonged far into the night, but the revellers subsided at last on the fragrant and luxurious cedar couch. Jonathan, however, was pretty fore, and declared that he would have some more milk punch.

Failing to rouse Beaudette, who positively refused to leave the tent, alleging that "Nannie, she go dry, have no more milk," Sparks picked up a pail and staggered out in search of Nannie, little dreaming that the ground he trod on was classic, and consequently that all the surroundings were somewhat hazy and mystical.

The inmates of the tent were fast asleep and snoring in unison with the lap, lap, lap lullaby which the wavelets of the lake sang as they kissed the pebbled beach, a large horned owl hooted loudly as it skimmed through the trees in close proximity to the tent pole; then, hark!—a roar, a deep and emphatic oath, and then—a splash as pronounced as if the Leviathan were disporting himself in presence of the rising moon.

All were on their feet in an instant, two seized their guns, while all ran for the lake shore, which, at the seat of the disturbance was steep and rocky. There we witnessed by the light of the rising moon a scene which baffles description.

Below us and under the cliff, on a large rock, was old Silenus, his head bent in the most defiant manner, farther on, up

to his waist in water, his long locks and beard dripping like those of a river god, was our friend Sparks, also defiant and exceedingly wrathful—"You d—old cuss!" shouted he, "come on, be you Beaudette or the Devil, I'll teach you, you old Cannuck Varmint to take a man unawares and I push him into the lake, d—n you, I'll have some milk in spite of you, you old bearded scallawag." Then Jonathan made a rush for Billy who, uttering a loud and angry "Ba-be-ba-baaaah!" reared straight on his hind legs, lowered his formidably armed head, and made a dash at Jonathan's stomach. Then ensued a prolonged and deadly struggle in the shallow water, Billy butting at Spark's burly carcass, which he tried to keep under water, and Sparks holding Billy's horns with one hand while he held his long beard with the other, trying with all his might to turn the goat on his side.

Both combatants were intensely enraged, and for a time victory seemed to tremble in the balance. But old Silenus having once more reared with the intention of again charging his enemy, Sparks seized him with both hands by the horns, gave his neck a sudden twist, and tumbled him on his side in the water, where he left him with a broken neck. "By gosh!" spluttered Jonathan, "I believed all the time it was Beaudette until I saw the tarnation horns, and then I thought it was the devil."

CALESTIGAN.

(THE END.)

An interesting article from the pen of our Indian friend, Archie Annance, entitled "Victoria Falls," will be found in another column. Archie isn't any relative to Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," but he is one of the last of the Abenakis, and although an educated Indian, knows no home except the forest. He is thoroughly familiar with all the territory along the Province line between the Magalloway River and Megantic Lake, and parties desiring his services as guide can usually find him by directing a letter to him at Notre Dame du Bois, Chesham, Que.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt from Wm. Edgar, Esq., Gen. Pass. Agent G. T. Railway, of a Guide Book, showing the Fishing and Hunting Resorts in the vicinity of the several stations along the line of Railway, from Sarnia to Portland, including the Quebec Branch of the G. T. R. This Guide Book is very complete, giving the names of the principal hotels and their charges, description of fish and game in the vicinity, and their proper season; names of guides, charges for guide, boat, living, etc. and will be found almost indispensable to the sportsman and tourist. Those contemplating a trip through this Paradise of Sportsmen, Canada, should address as above, Montreal, Que. The information contained in this Guide will interest the tourist as well as sportsman, pointing out as it does, the principal attractions of each locality, and the best stopping places.

We have been in the habit of furnishing samples to some of our juvenile canvassers on trial, and have noticed that any returned have always been more or less damaged. In future, no samples will be supplied to anybody unless bought and paid for at the time.

Parties remitting to us from the U.S. are advised that we prefer U.S. postage stamps to Canada ones, as we can dispose of them more readily, and that U.S. currency is "good as gold" to us.

It takes "Josiah Allen's Wife" to express her appreciation of Josiah's noble mean, but that don't come up to the noble mean of the individual to whom we have for the past sixteen months directed our paper at Angus, Que., and who returned the last number marked "Refused." This is a month or two longer than any mean of which we have a personal knowledge.

There is nothing equal to RED STAR CLEANING POWDER and SILVER CREAM for cleaning and polishing. If you don't find it so, we will refund your money. Only 25 cents a box, by Mail. In preparing the CREAM follow the directions. We have some trial bottles prepared at 10 cents each, but cannot send them by Mail. We have also several household labor saving devices, which must be seen to be appreciated. We keep samples of these, and can procure them on short notice. Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties. As we have special discounts with several U.S. Manufacturers, U.S. Agents, and Dealers, will find it in their interests to order through us, but as the margin is small, cash must invariably accompany the order. We manage to save in this way a portion of what we would have to pay for duty on this side of the line.

Our esteemed friend Mr. Brown has just returned from his Western trip. He says that before leaving Sherbrooke by the C.P.R. train he enjoyed a good breakfast, cooked with the INDESTRUCTIBLE FUEL. He thinks that if it had been cooked by an ordinary wood fire he'd have been just 20 minutes late for the train.

In order to reduce our large stock of

CANNED GOODS,

previous to stock taking.

WE HAVE COMMENCED SELLING

POTATOES,

PEAS, CORN, ETC..

—AT—

COST PRICE.

English Breakfast Tea,	40
Good Japan Tea,	40
Best Pastry Flour,	6 50
Good Family Flour,	6 00
6 Bars of Electric Soap,	25

English Mince Meat in Glass Jars.

Hams, Bacon, Cheese, Lard, Etc., Etc.

No. 1 Packed Apples, \$2.00 per barrel.

W. H. FULLER & CO.,

BROOK'S BLOCK.

Telephone No. 46.

A. GARWOOD,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER,
GRAINING, MARBLING, ETC.

Illuminated Clock Dials for Public Buildings.

DECORATION OF CHURCHES AND

PUBLIC BUILDINGS A SPECIALTY.

See Eastern Townships Bank, Sherbrooke;

Methodist Church, Standaud, P. Q.; and

Methodist Church, Coaticook, P. Q.

DESIGNS MADE ON APPLICATION.

10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agent's Directory," which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and will be well pleased with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement.

T. D. CAMPBELL, Box 24, Boyleston, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

We want agents at home and to travel. One reliable agent in each county to distribute our circulars, posters, and catalogues of watches, etc. Circulars to be distributed everywhere. Steady employment. **WAGES \$2.50 PER DAY.** Expenses advanced. Can work all or part of the time. Address with stamp HOBBS & CO., Toronto, Canada. No attention paid to postal cards.