

Poor Boy

A good fish story is told of some sportsmen at Madawaska lakes. They had one of the lake boats, and for an anchor, while fishing, had tied a rock weighing about 75 pounds to the end of a 25-foot rope. They were at the mouth of Cary brook, and not having very good luck, decided to move to the thoroughfare between the two lakes, distant about half a mile. They moved, but with a scarcely perceptible motion, reaching their objective point in one hour and a half. The fellow rowing thought it an "awful long way," the perspiration steamed from his flushed features and it was with a huge sigh of relief that he finally said, "Let go the anchor, George." "There's none here! We've lost it," came the reply. "The rope's there, isn't it?" "Yes, but it is trailing out behind. "Well, pull it up!" His companion did so, but the rope was not alone. The rock was with it. With a face more disconsolate than ever the rower simply ejaculated what sounded very much like a combination of the sounds of the letters d, m and a. He has named the point between Cary brook and the thoroughfare: "Point Pull and be D—d."

Speaking of Skunks

One evening recently some of the inhabitants of Knox street participated

in the exciting game of exterminating one of those striped odoriferous animals that put in an appearance in the grove just back of the Everson cottages. A lady first discovered it and called lustily for help which was answered at first by an amateur haymaker, who was laboriously tearing off the tangled clover in his back yard with a borrowed scythe. He was also an amateur hunter, for as the quadruped emerged from under the shed, whither he had hied himself in his frisky gambols, the man, with lightning in his eye, and his every nerve at its highest tension, hurled a stone at his skunkship's head as soon as it protruded from beneath the sill. The skunk rolled over and picked himself up, and well, a little eight-year-old standing near said, "He's touched him off, papa." A revolver was then brought into use and all the cartridges wasted with the exception of one foul hit and a little more smell. Then our ex-nightwatchman—a man noted for his wonderfully courage—was called from his couch and told the particulars, whereupon he brought forth his trusty rifle, and with the aid of a light and shovel, located the enemy and soon vanquished him. The hunters numbered ten. Their paraphernalia was: One rifle, one revolver, an axe, shovel, one lantern, two lamps, a pile of stones and two clothes poles.—Ex

Aubrey G. Robb has returned from Cape Breton where he has been canoeing with the editor.