

might have his place, as he was tired of shooting and would go home. I picked up, I think, 19 birds after he left.

His home is always open to sportsmen, and Mrs. Hopkins can cook ducks as well as any one I know of. When I shoot in his neighborhood I always use his shanty, and letting my own men cook breakfast, usually either take supper at Hopkins', or get Mrs. Hopkins to send over some hot ducks. Jim is very good company, and from having met such numbers of military in his day, is unusually well informed and a good talker. It is a treat, after a hard day's shooting, when the inner man has been fortified and the guns cleaned and the cartridge-bags replenished for the morning's work, to smoke and jaw with Jim, and listen to his criticisms on the shooting of different men. He always maintains that Capt. Elphinstone, of the Scotch Fusilier Guards, was the best shot he ever saw. Elphinstone taught him to shoot with both eyes open, and was a wonderful shot after duck; he could shoot and kill long after it was black dark. Money, of the Canadian Rifles, was untiring as a walker, and never discouraged no matter how deep the walking. Others were not so fortunate; some excited Jim's ire by their bungling (he has no mercy for a tailor). Of the French Division, he used to think most of Maxime Monjeau (the Treuges) and Baptiste Bibaud, of Sorel (more of these when I come to Lake St. Peter). It was Monjeau that first used the live decoys for black ducks up at Lancaster. Hopkins has a boy Charlie, 17 years of age, that he is training in the way he should go, who, some of these days, will shoot as well as his father.

Lake St. Francis is the very poor in number of its local shots, Hopkins being the only one entitled to rank as first-class. A few miles below Hopkins' lives a man named Semay, who is a fair second class shot, and sets out decoys fairly. Semay always has plenty of boats for hire, and makes a little, tinkering watches. At Sumnerstown the hotel-keeper can find a young man called Pierre, who used to work for Hopkins, and is a moderate hunter. Further up, at St. Regis, there are several Indians trained by Messrs. Holyoake, Neward and Mackay, that are good for black duck shooting and woodcock. They do not understand decoy work. Their names are Louis Bruce, Louis Pipe and Angus, all three good men. By the way, the Holyoake (Capt.) I mentioned above was a brother of the Holyoake mentioned in poor Frank Forester's "Melton Mowbray." Captain Holyoake, now dead, for many years used to live during the whole of the shooting season on an island not far above Hopkins' place, where Mackay and Neward had a shanty. Poor Neward is now dead. Well I remember his funeral in 1869. He was Colonel of the Victoria Rifles, and had a military funeral, and, being very popular, had nearly 5,000 troops, regulars and volunteers, at it.

Lower down the lake, at River Beaudette, there are two hunters, both very expert trappers, but one rather a fine shot, Octave Montreuil, commonly called Petit Paul, is a good shot, but only fit for marsh work, knowing next to nothing of decoys. He is a great fisherman, and very expert with the spear. The above are almost all the Lake St. Francis local shots. I forgot to say that Hopkins is very expert with decoys, but his peculiarity is to use more wooden ones than any of us. He uses the real bird on floats as well, but has a strong partiality for the wood.

#### "THE FORTY THIEVES."

At a foot of the Lachine Rapids, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, lives a hardy race of habitants, who gain a livelihood by duck shooting in early spring, fishing in May and June, and recovering sunken oak timber the rest of the open season. A few of them shoot in autumn, but as the timber business is more profitable, they are the exception. From their occasional difficulties with owners of timber, who object to pay salvage, and try to cheat the poor habitants out of their rightful dues, they are called the "Forty Thieves." Among their number are some of the best sportsmen in America—fearless canoe-men; brilliant shots, capable of any amount of endurance in cold and bad weather, and, at heart, the best game preservers we have in the Province. The principal men among them are Nital Barrette (white duck), Edmond Desantels (Poult Coqn), Jean

company with his son and brother in law, made no less than nine trips to the wreck between evening and daylight, rescuing 55 of the passengers, for which they received two dollars a head from the company. The steamer was wrecked just at the head of Isle Heron, in a very ugly part of the rapids, and of all outthrust there were only four canoe crews that dared venture to render assistance.

Next to him in reputation as a shot ranks Edmond Desantels—some even consider him equal to the old man—but he has not the nerve, and would break down where money was at stake. Desantels is a man about thirty six or thirty eight years of age, not more than five feet six in height, spare in figure, and the most restless, ambitious mortal I have ever chanced to meet. Every spring he is off a week before a bird comes in, and Barretto and I usually do not start for our first trip till Desantels has returned empty handed. However, when the birds are in he has wonderful luck, witness killing seven geese with two barrels on one occasion this spring, and five on another, last April.

He is also a superb shot at snipe. A gentleman in Montreal, who is passionately fond of snipe shooting, but too nervous to hit anything, always takes Edmond with him when he goes to Sorel, and I have seen him sitting on his canoe smoking his pipe, while Desantels and Baptiste were shooting snipe for him. Desantels' great fault is that, when he gets a little whiskey in he is inclined to brag too much, but the past summer has rather cured him of that, at least so far as pigeons are concerned, as I have beaten him on three different occasions, and have (only to stop his talking) offered to shoot him any kind of match he pleased, either at single or double birds, for money or reputation alone. He backed out. Not for an instant do I pretend that I am anything like so good a shot as he, but being accustomed to shoot for money all my life, my nerves are better than most people's when required. Desantels is also a very good spearmen, and kills a good many fish when the suckers run up the river. Next to him comes Jean Baptiste Pave, or Govette, a quiet respectable man, of medium height, grayish hair, clean shaven face, except moustache, and very determined jaw. He, though not so brilliant a shot as either Barretto or Desantels, is a steady all-day shot, and his bags during the season are not far behind the others. These three men are the chiefs of the Forty. Of the others, LaBonte is the best. He is very jealous of Desantels, and thinks he can beat him. He killed three brant last April in the channel between Point St. Charles and the Nuns Island, just where the Victoria Bridge is. Had I been able to get one of them I would have sent it to Greene Smith as a proof brant were not unknown on the St. Lawrence. They certainly are not common, but are well enough known to the men at Barreche, and several are killed every spring. Of the remaining shooting men of the Lacine district, none, with the exception of Alphonse, is at all likely to become notorious. Plenty of them are fairly good shots, but none extra. Alphonse, moreover, is likely to become as well known as his father, and his great strength, handsome face, civil and obliging manner, added to his cool, steady shooting, gain the regard and good-will of all who know him. Such are a few examples of members of the Forty Thieves. Some day I may perhaps scribble you an account of a night's spearing with them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MARTIN—Narcisse Matte, of the Gatineau country, had a live martin in Ottawa the other day. It was caught in a dead fall, which was so arranged as to catch it without injury. The animal was a very pretty one, and the price asked for it was \$3.

MIND, MATTER, MONEY, BEAUTY.—Webster's Quarto Dictionary, as now published, has cost more intellectual labor, more money in its "getting up," and contains more matter, and a larger number of beautiful engravings, (300 or more, with four pages of colored plates,) than any single volume ever before published for popular use in this or any other country. It is largely the standard in England as well as in this country. Bell & Daldy, the publishers of Bohn's libraries, are the London publishers of this magnificent volume.

every channel of trade. The prices did not do justice to the animals offered. Appended are the names of purchasers and prices paid: Tommy, b g by Ethan Allen; G F Maxwell. Albany, N.Y. \$400  
Frank, b g by Ethan Allen; R Carr. Tivoli, N.Y. 160  
Ned, b g by General Knox; Dr. W Lee, Brooklyn 195  
Daudy, ch g, by the Morrill colt; Jas Murray, N.Y. 165  
Hunter, b g, by Ethan Allen, Col. C R Gray, Montreal 275  
J D Walton, b g, by Young Drew, Dr Lee. 325  
Nelhe, ch m, by Daniel Lambert, Jam by Sherman, W F Layton, Providence 650  
Onward, b g by Phil Sheridan; O Barrett, Boston 525  
Cuo, b g, by Jules Jurgensen; J R Alexander, Richmond, Va. 210  
Ino, br g (full brother to Cuo); John Given, Astoria 165  
Richmond, b g, by General Knox; Jam by Hiram Drew; D S Suow, Newburgh 475  
Silvertail, ch g, by Independence; C C Hoyer, Keyport 135  
Countess, ch m, by General Knox, dam thoroughbred, C Sheldon, Concord, N.H. 1300  
Morrill, Jr, ch g, by Winthrop Morrill; W C George, N.Y. 150

#### FATAL ACCIDENT TO AUSTRALIAN RACEHORSES.

A sad calamity has happened on the Australian Coast, by which some of the best of the colonial thoroughbred stock has been lost. It appears that after the Australian Jockey Club races several of the horses that had been running at the meeting were shipped on board the City of Melbourne, which left Sydney for Melbourne at midnight on Saturday, Sept. 9. Soon after leaving the weather became very stormy, and on Sunday a heavy sea smashed the wheel, and the boxes which contained the horses being broken, no less than nine of these animals were destroyed, amongst them being seven the property of Mr. C. B. Fisher, the most fashionably-bred horses in the colony, to which, as well as to the owner, the loss is a very heavy one. The horses destroyed were Burgundy, by The Marquis; Robin Hood, who last year won the Melbourne Derby and Sydney St. Leger; The Poacher, S. vereign, Nemesis (by Knight of the Garter), Eros, Etoile du Matin, a colt by Lecturer, and a colt by The Marquis.

#### LIABILITY OF OWNERS OF STALLIONS.

A case was recently tried at Shaftesbury County Court which, from its novelty and peculiar character is of interest to stock breeders. The action was brought by Mr. Meatyard, farmer, of Manston, against Mr. Coates, a large breeder of stock, residing near Blanford, to recover the sum of £40, the value of his mare that died from injuries caused through the neglect of defendant's servant. On May 11 defendant's groom was travelling with an entire horse. One of the plaintiff's mares was served, but immediately afterwards showed symptoms of symptoms of dangerous illness, and died within fifteen hours. A post-mortem examination, made by Mr. Reeks, M.R.C.V.S., revealed the fact that the rectum of the mare had been ruptured. Plaintiff's advocate contended that the injuries were the result of carelessness, defendant's groom not performing an important duty at the proper moment. For the defence it was argued that the circumstances that led to the death of the mare were not under the control of the defendant, and that therefore he was not liable. His Honor said the evidence was conclusive that the groom did not assist the horse at a critical moment, and his judgment, therefore, must be for the plaintiff. He granted defendant's solicitor a case if he thought it necessary to appeal.

very price the former was, and yet to deny the title, because it is alleged that his social position does not warrant its bestowal. The attempt to define social classes which are in a state of transition is really impossible. Would it not, then, be far better to class our athletes according to those simple rules which are obvious to any one? A professional is one who seeks pecuniary gain; an amateur is one who does not. Let public amateur competitions, then, be open to all who are not professionals, and let the prizes consist of simple acknowledgments of victory, such as printed or illuminated cards. For, by the bye, while gentlemen amateurs see so many faults in others, it is hardly fair for them to forget that their largest fields are always to be found where the most valuable plato is the prize, and that before now gentlemen amateurs have been found who have turned their silver "pots" into hard cash. Of course, clubs should always hold private competitions open only to such persons as they choose to admit, just as the Gun Club and similar institutions do. Our objections point solely to those "national" and "international" meetings the expenses of which are provided by public subscriptions. In a nation of shopkeepers it is surely absurd to find the great trading community virtually excluded from the national sports in order that no offence may be given to those gentlemen who think that no man can be an amateur unless he is one of themselves."

#### A BIG POLAR BEAR.

The skin of an immense polar bear has been received by a man in Norwich, Conn., from a friend on the barque Isabella, at Cumberland Inlet, with an account of its exciting capture, which the Bulletin prints as follows. "A party of two men from the Isabella, including a number of Esquimaux and myself were walking on the ice, when, rounding a hammock, we unexpectedly discovered near us a large bear, quietly feeding. We would have returned to the ship without disturbing it, as we were armed with only one rifle and a few spears carried by the natives, had not one of the several dogs that were with us announced our presence by a loud bark. The bear, as soon as it saw the intruders, began to advance slowly towards us, but was met by two dogs, who attacked the animal vigorously, but with little effect. He shook them off, and, after injuring three of them so badly that they had to be killed, he continued to advance. We discharged the rifle, and then fled to the ship, where we armed ourselves, and came out to look after his bearskin, who had disappeared behind one of the numerous hammocks by which we were surrounded. We had searched for some time, when as one of the Esquimaux passed the corner of a hammock he came face to face with the infuriated animal. He gave a fearful cry as the brute struck him with one of his immense paws. The rest of us heard the cry and rapidly surrounded the brute: which stood perfectly still over the body of the Esquimaux. We fired sixteen shots, twelve of which entered his body, before it received its death wound. The native was insensible when we picked him up, and badly torn about the shoulder by the bear's claws, but was not seriously hurt. We took the body of the bear on a sledge to the ship; it weighed 1,575 pounds, and was ten feet one inch from nose to tail, and eight feet four inches around the thickest part of its body.

The Winnipeg chamberlain has received \$5,610 for licenses,—hotels \$3,000, saloons \$2,200, billiards \$110, and shops \$800.

As Honor to an American Student.—Mr. Frank L. Billings, of Boston, Mass., now a student in the Veterinary College of Berlin, has been made an Honorary Member of the Veterinary Union of France, and American Correspondent. This is the first time in which this honor has been conferred upon a student, and reflects great credit upon Mr. Billings. It was a token of the highest esteem and friendship which the French accord for the culture, scholarly abilities, and gentlemanly qualities of Mr. Billings.

A GOOD FEED FOR POOR AND YOUNG HORSES.—Take two quarts of oats, two bran, and half a pint of husk. Place the oats in a stable bucket, then the husk, and over these the bran, then pour on boiling water sufficient to damp the whole, and cover with an old rug to keep the steam in. After it has stood a couple of hours stir the mass well together. This given three times a week in addition to the usual food, will soon put on flesh. This will also be found of great service in feeding yearlings, increasing their size and substance, and keeping them healthy.

WOODFORD CHIEF.—Col. R. P. Pepper, the owner of the four year old Woodford Chief, is reported to have sold him for \$20,000. He is by Clark Chief out of Virginia, by the thoroughbred horse Billy Toward, and is the best four year old of the year. At the late Kentucky Breeders' Meeting he distinguished himself by winning the race for four year olds after a game contest with R. S. Strader's Eric, winning the third, fourth, and fifth heats, the time of which was remarkably close—2:31, 2:31, 2:31.

#### REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

Owing to an alleged necessity of pushing the work as fast as possible on the new point bridge, Pittsburg, the contractors and the men who are employed in joining the three cables engaged all day yesterday. They are compelled to work in a "bush" or platform, which is suspended above the river at about the height of ninety feet above the water. Yesterday afternoon a workman, by some accident fell off the platform. Hanging from the platform was a rope which reached nearly to the water. In his frightful descent the man attempted to grasp the rope, but as he kept turning somersault in the air he was unable to reach it until about twenty feet off the river, when he succeeded in grasping the rope with both hands. He was first unable to stop his descent, and slid down the rope for about fifteen feet, until his feet nearly touched the water. Then, to the astonishment of the people on the banks who had seen with the horror of a terrible fall, he commenced climbing back up the rope and over hand. Then the crowd cheered him lustily, and his companions on the platform drew him up on a jurel, except the inside of his hand, which was badly lacerated.

#### POULTRY EPIDEMIC.

Around Ottawa there is a disease at present existing among poultry, notably turkeys and chickens. When fanned down the heads of chickens turning black, and their heads, and offages the bodies to mark so that if a bird is seen in the market without a head, the circumstance is a sure sign of disease. When the head turns black, chicken doubles up, and its legs and feet are something like a cobra's appearance.