

water gave it a very deceptive appearance. However I sent the spear in that direction and found I had struck a pretty strong and solid customer, I tried to lift him into the boat but my cousin said he would paddle to the shore where we would be clear of the risk of a capsizing. He did so, and I took in my fish, which proved to be a sturgeon 5 feet in length, weighing 35 lbs.

Now Mr. Editor the above fish incidents took place many years ago, when I was a very young man, but I will relate one fishing incident which occurred some 54 years ago, when I lived in the Township of Newport. At the time of the early settlement of the south west part of that township some of the settlers used to take a horse and go through the forest to the Salmon and Ditton Rivers where at times they would have the best of luck, trout fishing.

At the time mentioned one of my neighbors, Daniel Sunbury, proposed to me that we should take the trip and see if there were any trout left there, so about the 10th June, we started on the old Indian trail that led to Salmon River and thence on to Megantic Lake. This trail struck the river some seven or eight miles below the mouth of the Ditton River, distant from Newport between 15 and 20 miles. After reaching the Salmon River we kept on through swamps and marshes to the Ditton River, and did not have any time to fish. The first day we camped near the mouth of the Ditton River and next morning started up the river, but it was so obstructed with flood wood near its mouth, that for the first half mile it was hard to tell where the bed of the river was. When we got above the flood wood, the river was smooth and we soon found good fishing and good sized trout. We went on up to the place where N. W. Weston built a saw mill some years ago, but many years after the time of our visit, and here we caught eight trout that were at least 1½ lbs. each in weight. We could not catch any above this point as the water was too high and cold, there having been a hard frost that morning, but we got all trout we wanted and returned to our camping ground near the mouth of the river.

Here we made a raft of cedar logs, and on it floated down the river. Just before we came to the stretch of dead water which is seven or eight miles in length I had my rod lying in such a position that the line was floated behind the raft, and I soon found that a fish had hooked himself on it. It was some time before I succeeded in getting him on the raft. I do not know the weight of the trout, but after I had stuck my axe into the raft and hung him by the gills on the axe helve I found that he was nineteen inches in length.

After getting down to the Indian landing we made a staging, where after dressing them, we partially dried and smoked our trout, and on the third day we started for home.

The moose paths on the Salmon River, at that time, were cut out in many places from 4 to 6 inches in depth, where the animals had travelled along the banks of the river.

Many a time I have been fishing on the Newport River, when I lived in that township above 52 years ago, and caught so many trout, that my wife was heartily sick and tired of them, and my family actually

loathed them, and there never has been a year since I lived here that I haven't enjoyed some good dishes of trout of my own catching. Yes! Mr. Editor, I am now in my eighty-fourth year, and a few days since I took my rod and went to the river passing through my farm, and caught ten of these speckled beauties, one of which was large enough to furnish me a good meal.

HIRAM FRENCH.

Eaton, June 25th, 1891.



Say Sammy! hold on! I want to talk to you. Yes! I know your name isn't Sammy, but I don't want the world to know it. Now, see here Sammy! Don't you know that every one is talking about your being so much in the street with that young lady at the north end, and that isn't so bad, Sammy, as to walk down along the railway track and whistle for her. She's a married woman, Sammy, and married women are not supposed to be of the "whistle-and-I'll come-to-you-my-lad" style, and besides you know that's just about the place where the trains coming into the city whistle their advent, and it might lead to serious mistakes. Not your fault eh? She gives you encouragement, does she? Well Sammy! "Beware of her she is fooling thee!" She has been giving encouragement to others as well, and there might be an awkward collision some evening. Of course Sammy you haven't got a wife to go through your pockets but Mr. Pickacklefax has, and she found in her husband's pockets, some epistles of poll, that were hardly up to the moral standard required by Anthony Comstock and the suppression of vice society, and then that professional *confrère* of yours, from Richmond, was seen leaving her at a late hour the other evening, and you know that those meetings between you and her on Wellington street, and elsewhere, are not always the result of accident. You know, Sammy, you don't go down Wellington street in connection with your legitimate business, and when you go out for a little constitutional exercise, it isn't necessary to take the railway track, nor have a *tender attachment* in the shape of another man's wife, and you know a tramp over the ties always gives you a tired feeling and is a mighty poor way of taking exercise. Your taking an occasional rest with one foot on her door step and the other occupying a goodly portion of the side walk, is a matter that nearly every body can get round, and there isn't anything sus-

picious looking about it. But look here Sammy! Experience has taught us that playing fast and loose with a married woman, is a most dangerous game to play, worse even than *baccarat* for a young man in your position. There's a good deal of the impulsive in your mental and physical composition, and take my advice and cut the connection. Because Sammy, see here! This is confidential. You know what a co-respondent is, and all about a decree *nisi*, don't you? Well, that's where it's going to end, unless—and here's where the probability comes in—unless the coroners jury returns a verdict of "justifiable homicide." Now Sammy, we shall wait, and see if these remarks have due weight, if not, in the words of our old friend Paul Belanger, who admitted the paternity of twenty-six legitimate children, we shall "pass some remarks" on the party of the other part. And now, Sammy to conclude, and for fear you should imagine that you are the only one we have our eye on, and after the manner of Mr. Rykert, M.P., should draw comparisons between yourself and others, which would place you in a *comparatively* favorable light, there's another individual who visits the north end of the city, and a married woman, but Sammy he don't whistle for her, and he don't go down to the track and wait for her to couple on, but he gets there all the same, Sammy, and sometime in the near future, the shades of evening and an ear for music, will enable us to tell you what *she* said, but if we do it must be *entre nous* Sammy.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

From a Former Sherbrooke County Boy Now in Colorado to His Father—

"I have neglected writing to you longer than I ought, and longer than I intended. But time slips away almost imperceptibly, and day after day, week after week, and month after month chase each other into the past, until first we know years have rolled away when it would hardly seem to have been as many months. It seems almost impossible to realize that I have been here eight and a half years, yet such is the fact. It is not a place in which, if I had the option of choice, I would wish to spend a life time. But I came to the conclusion years ago, that it is not advisable to do much shifting from Pillar to Post. And so long as I work for a railroad company I may as well, perhaps, stop here as anywhere.

Last summer we got leave of absence for a month's vacation and for an outing went on a fishing and hunting trip to the North West part of the state. We took along a canvass tent and camped out. You may be sure we had a splendid time. Found the best trout fishing that I ever saw, lots of grouse and ducks with an occasional sight at larger game. I bagged an elk, a magnificent specimen, and being something of a taxidermist I mounted the head, and keep it as a trophy in my office. It is said to be one of the finest specimens in the state. I could realize one hundred dollars for it at any time, but do not care to sell it for any reasonable consideration. I have also the mounted heads of several fine deer that I have killed from time to time."

E. T. W.