

A Chapter in History of the Great North-West

Having had the honor of nominating and appointing Sir Donald Smith high commissioner for Canada in London, I need not say with what pleasure I read the very flattering terms in which the Halifax Herald welcomed Lord Strathcona on his recent visit to that city. But a due regard to historical accuracy compels me to repudiate the reference made to myself in that article.

Will you allow me to state the facts connected with my visit to Fort Garry at the time that Mr. Louis Riel had forbidden any Canadian to enter the North-West Territory on pain of death. It was not certainly "to recover the baggage of my daughter," as stated by The Halifax Herald.

My only daughter, Emma, was married to Capt. D. R. Cameron, now Major-General, C. M.G., of the Royal Artillery, in July 1869. The Hon. Wm. McDougall, M.P., was appointed lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territories, and Captain Cameron, who was selected for the purpose by the Imperial government, was appointed a member of Mr. Macdougall's council. Capt. and Mrs. Cameron accompanied Mr. Macdougall and the other members of the council and party to Pembina, preparatory to taking over the government when handed over to Canada, which was arranged to take place on December 1, 1869.

Riel at Head of French Half Breeds
Before Mr. McDougall and his party reached Pembina, Louis Riel had placed himself at the head of the disaffected French half-breeds, seized Fort Garry, where Mr. McTavish, the governor of the Hudson's Bay Co., was dying of consumption, and organized a government.

The government at Ottawa appointed the Grand Vicar Thibault, a resident of Fort Garry, Col. deSalaberry, and Donald A. Smith, the chief factor of the Hudson Bay Co., at Montreal, commissioners to deal with the insurrection as best they could. At that time there was no means of reaching Fort Garry except via St. Paul, and not a man or a musket could be sent through the United States. Mr. Macdougall's instructions were to go to Fort Garry as a private citizen, until notified that the transfer of the territory to Canada had taken place, when he would open an office as lieutenant-governor.

When he reached the Hudson's Bay post, 2 miles north of the United States boundary at Pembina, he was met by a force of twenty-five armed half-breeds with an order from Riel, forbidding him to remain in the territory on pain of death.

The Return to Pembina
He and his party returned to Pembina, with the exception of Capt. Cameron, who proceeded on the way to Fort Garry. Hearing that there was a large armed force on the road, he left Mrs. Cameron and her maid at Scratchington and drove on with his man servant. At St. Norbert, nine miles south of Fort Garry, he met some 300 half-breeds under arms who took him prisoner and sent him back to Pembina. He took his wife with him on the way. Their horses, wagon and baggage were all seized by Riel's forces. Pembina was mostly a log and mud village and the only house they could obtain was a log hut three-quarters of a mile from any other house. Mrs. Le May, their nearest neighbor, told my daughter that a few months previously a party of Cree Indians came to their house in the afternoon and asked for bread. They returned at sundown and proved their gratitude by saying, "You very good." These fellows will not trouble you any more," when they opened a shawl and showed her the scalps of every man, woman and child of an encampment of Sioux Indians on the Canadian border, which they had just wiped out.

The feeling against the Canadians in Pembina was very strong, owing to the fact becoming known that Col. Dennis, acting for Mr. Macdougall, was endeavoring to raise the Indians against Riel and nothing was so dreaded as an Indian rising. Soon after Captain and Mrs. Cameron had to give up their quarters. The maid became alarmed, and went to Fort Garry. The man servant had been sent there to endeavor to recover their baggage. Mr. Macdougall sent for Capt. Cameron, and thus my daughter was left alone. In stalked a strapping Indian, all war-paint and feathers. She thought the best thing she could do was to feed him. She cooked everything in the house—potatoes, meat and bread. When all was consumed—and these Indians will eat at a meal enough to last for three weeks—he had grown to a very large size. As he could not speak a word of English or French, he evinced his gratitude by patting his protuberant stomach with a general hal hal and left.

Started Out for Fort Garry
My poor wife was much alarmed when she learned the position of our only daughter. She told me I must go and bring her home. I left Halifax immediately for Ottawa (December 3rd, in the City of Antwerp, via New York), where I met D. A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, who was just preparing to leave for Fort Garry. The Grand Vicar Thibault and Col. deSalaberry had preceded him some ten days previously. In saying good-bye to Sir J. A. Macdonald, of Ottawa, he said to me: "I hope you will be able to get into Fort Garry. As no letter can now reach us from there and we are absolutely ignorant of what is taking place."
Mr. Smith, Mr. Hardisty, his wife's brother and I left Ottawa on December 13. The weather was 30 degrees below zero. We reached Chicago, via Toronto, on 14th, 10 o'clock p. m., and St. Paul, 9 p. m.; 16th reached St. Cloud, the termination of the railway, at 1 p. m. 17th, and Fort Abercrombie (the end of the stage line) at 6 p. m. on the 19th. Then we

took a pair of horses, a sled covered with canvas and driver. Reached Georgetown at 6 p. m. This was a Hudson's Bay fort, and the only house left standing when the Sioux Indians rose in 1862, and massacred all the men and carried off all the women and children and burning every house to the ground except this one. From Fort Abercrombie to Pembina, 200. The men and women living there at this post put up a British flag and the Indians said: "That is the Queen" and left the house standing. We heard from the mail courier that Mr. Macdougall and family with most of his party had left Pembina on his return the Saturday and met Mr. Macdougall and party at 2 p. m. had not had his clothes off for two months, living in hourly danger of losing his life. Mr. Smith and I stopped to talk to Mr. Macdougall, and Mr. Hardisty went on to the next point, which was about a mile distant, where we intended to camp for the night.

Indians Sprang Up As By Magic
After a little time I said I would go on, as I thought they might wish to converse together privately. When I was about half way across the prairie to this point, as if by magic half a dozen Indians rose up before me. I had left my revolver in the sled. They could not speak a word in English or French except "Red Lake." They said in answer to my signs as to where they came from, "Red Lake." I had a raccoon skin coat on, which they felt over, and after jabbering away they passed on in the direction of Georgetown. I went on my way.

By the most direct route from Fort Abercrombie to Pembina across the prairie the distance is 200 miles, but the Red River is so circuitous between these points that it is 600 miles. We struck across the treeless prairie, making the points on the Red River for dinner and night. Along the margin of the river the land for some fifty yards in width is some ten feet lower and that belt is covered with forest trees. At night we stopped in the forest belt and made a large fire from the fallen timber. There was about a foot of snow on the ground, which we cleared away with a shovel; put an India rubber cloth on the ground, our mattress on that and then our blankets and buffalo skin over all. We lay in the open air with our feet to the fire which rarified the air and made us quite comfortable.

The Keen Cold of the Prairie
The last house at which we dined before reaching Abercrombie on the prairie they gave us some broiling elk. We asked them if they could let us have a hind quarter of this same. The landlady took us to an outhouse where six fine elk were standing like horses in a stall, all frozen stiff. We had a box about ten feet square prepared for our journey by the agent of the Hudson's Bay Co., at St. Paul. It contained potted chicken, tongue, etc., brandy, whiskey, wine, with bread, biscuits, and cake, etc. We fried the elk in butter with potatoes and ate that with bread and drank tea by the pint. At Fort Abercrombie we set a tin of milk out at night and it was frozen solid. We cut a piece of that with a hatchet and put it in the tea. When the elk was finished we took to fat pork with potatoes instead. The ozone we were breathing constantly was so stimulating that we tasted nothing stronger than tea, and when we reached Pembina Mr. Smith gave the box we had never opened to my daughter.

To resume, we reached Grand Forks on the 22nd at 10.30, where we saw the Indians fishing on the river; slept at Antoine Girard's log house; started at 4 a. m. 23rd; dined (?) at North River at 8.30; horse being very tired, we walked the last eight miles. It was very cold. We camped half way between Salt River and Little Salt River. On the 24th we started, after a cold night and bad dreams, at 8 a. m.; reached Big Point at 1 o'clock a. m.—12 miles from our camp and 80 miles from Pembina. Had our dinner at 11 p. m.; stopped at Two Rivers for tea, and drove on with Antoine Girard, arriving at Pembina at 11 p. m. Christmas Eve. Capt. Cameron was then occupying the log house erected by Mr. Macdougall for his party.

When I went in, Emma sat up in bed and said, "What did you come for?"
The next day a young woman, a daughter of Mr. Cavalier, the postmaster, was taken ill and as there was no doctor in the place I was requested to see her. It was an hysterical attack and yielded readily to treatment.

The Strong Desire to Enter Fort Garry
Mr. Smith went on to the Hudson's Bay company post, two miles north of Pembina. I wished to go on to Fort Garry with him, but he said that would not do, as all at Fort Garry knew the active part I had taken in bringing about Confederation, which had caused all their troubles. I told him I had promised Sir J. A. Macdonald to get into Fort Garry and that I intended to do so. Mr. Smith said he would get them to allow me to go in to see Mr. McTavish, who was very ill, and let me know as soon as possible.

Sunday, the 26th, hearing nothing, I asked Mr. Ronlette, the American customs officer, if he would take me to Fort Garry. He said if he could get a pass from Col. Stutsman he would. Col. Stutsman was a very clever official of the United States, who had been born without any legs, but one of Mr. Riel's confidential advisers. He told Ronlette that if he had the power he would not dare to do it, as it would compromise the American government. When Ronlette said he could not go, I told his father, a drunken old fellow who had married a full-blooded Sioux squaw, that if he would let his son, a boy of seventeen years of age, take me

to Fort Garry I would pay him whatever he would ask. He said he should go. I went to Cavalier's ostensibly to give directions for the treatment of his daughter during my absence, but really to see Col. Stutsman, who lived there. He said he was very sorry that he could not do anything to meet my wishes after my best course, could take to get to Fort Garry as I wished to obtain the things that had been taken from Capt. Cameron and it was necessary for me to see Mr. Riel for that purpose. He advised me to call on Father Richot, at St. Norbert, and say that he had recommended me to do so. Fearing the people at Pembina who were very hostile to the Canadians would prevent me as quickly as possible, being only able to secure a buffalo skin, a bottle of sherry wine and a loaf of plain bread. When we reached the Hudson's Bay post, the half-breed boy who was driving, said:—"If you could get the factor here to lend us a toboggan we would be much safer as, in case of a snow-storm, it will run over the snow while our sleight would stick."

Mr. Smith at the Door
I then knocked on the door, which, to my astonishment, was opened by my fellow-traveller, Mr. Smith. I exclaimed: "It is not possible that you could be here for two days without seeing me, knowing as you do, my name and return."

He replied: "It is at the cost of one's life to go to Fort Garry just now. Riel has seized the fort and has all the arms and ammunition and whisky. A man was shot yesterday and it is simply courting death to go there at present." I replied: "But why did you not tell me this, when you knew of my impatience to hear from you." He replied: "Well, I knew you were a very impetuous man and I was afraid you would do something rash." I said: "I called here to ask your factor for the loan of a dog-carriage. Can I have it?" He said: "Of course, you can have anything you wish, but for God's sake do not go there just now." I said I was much obliged, but did not come for advice, and that I would take the dog-carriage. We put the horse in the shafts and left our sleigh. A dog carriage is a large canvas shoe on a toboggan in which a man can lie down, and the driver stands on the open part behind him. With the sun about an hour high, we started for Scratchington River, about 12 miles distant, with about a foot of snow on the prairie and we drove on a beaten track. The sun went down and shortly afterwards the boy pulled up and said: "We must go back. There is going to be a frost." The temperature was then 30 degrees below zero. I said: "What do you mean?" He replied: "You will soon see." Within ten minutes we were enveloped in a frozen fog, so dense that I could only make out the horse's head. I said: "The Red River cannot be more than a mile from here on our right. We will go there, and make a fire." He said: "I have no matches and no axe." I replied: "We must be more than half way to Scratchington River, and it is as easy to go forward as back. I will walk ahead of the horse and keep the track." This I did, and when my foot went into the soft snow on one side or the other I went to the center, but after a time I lost the track and we could not find it.

I confessed I was very much alarmed. We could not tell whether we were going east, west, north or south. We were like a boat on the trackless ocean in a fog without a compass.
Guided by the North Star
I thought of walking around the conveyance in a circle until daybreak, but the cold was so intense, I knew we must perish.
The upper part of the sky was clear; and suddenly I remembered that when I was eight or nine years old, my father took me out one night and showed me how to find the North Polar star. I soon got hold of the pointers and then the star. I said: "We are all right my boy. Turn the horse's head this way, and haw or gee as I direct. I sat in the carriage and kept the horse's head in line with the star. When we had proceeded in this way for some time the boy said: "Here is a man's track crossing us." I decided to follow it and preceded the horse. In about half a mile, I struck the Red River and following the track crossed a light. A French half-breed and his wife, neither of whom could speak English, had gone there (to Little Lake) three months before to get out wood for making cart-wheels. He built a log cabin and stable where he kept his cow and horse. We explained we were tired and received a warm welcome. His wife fried some deer he had killed and made galute and sugar were from England via the Hudson's Bay, and with cream and fresh butter, made a delicious supper. As there were neither table nor chairs, she spread a piece of East India matting on the floor, and served the supper on that. I rolled myself up in the buffalo robe, and with my feet to the fire slept soundly. We arrived at that place at 10.30 p. m.

The next morning, our hosts put us on the road. We stopped at Clive's, Scratchington River, where we had dinner. The host and his wife were both half-breeds, and some of their children were like Indians, while others had light hair, blue eyes and light complexions. This reminded me of "Walker on Inter-Marriage," whose theory was that the introduction of animals is by halves.
We reached Riviere Sable at 6 p. m., where I went, as I supposed to Father Richot's house.

It proved to be the St. Norbert Nunnery. Two young ladies, Sister McGregor and Sister Riel received me. I told them who I was, and that I was on my way to see Mr. Riel, and had been advised to consult Father Richot. After consulting with the Lady Superior, they said she wished them to inform me that Father Richot would not be home before morning, and if I would remain they would make me as comfortable as they could. They gave me a good supper and had the boy and horse taken care of. After further consulting with the Lady Superior, they said she did not know that Father Richot would return tomorrow noon, and that as my time was valuable, if I would write a letter to Mr. Riel, they would provide a messenger and send it. I thanked them, and said I would write a letter. I wrote until the messenger was ready, then, without giving them time for any further consultation I said it was absurd for me to send a letter when I could go myself. I folded up my letter put on my coat, cap, and gloves, bade the sisters good-night with many thanks, and drove away. My driver, Theophile Biste, was a Canadian Frenchman, who could not speak English. He drove me some nine miles, on the east side of Red river, until opposite Fort Garry, where he crossed on the ice into the mouth of the Assiniboine, up to a postern gate of Fort Garry. He struck three loud blows on the gate, a sentry, and he drove in. Biste asked me to remain there until he returned, which he did in a short time, when he asked me to follow him. He then took me from one room to another until we had passed through some 300 armed men, with thick overcoats on and their muskets stacked.

Met Riel Face to Face
We then reached the council chamber, and I was admitted. Here was Riel, sitting at the head of the table with a dozen wild looking fellows. Among them were Pere Richot and Mr. LeMay from Pembina. Mr. Riel rose, and coming down where I was, shook hands with me, and asked me my business. I said I was Dr. Tupper, an independent member of the House of Commons, and that I had come to take my daughter back home, but as they had taken Capt. Cameron's horses, wagons and baggage, I had come to ask him to allow me to obtain them. He said, "You must have seen Captain Cameron's servant on the road between here and St. Norbert, as I sent him with one of my constables to bring the mail here who has the horses and wagon." I said: "I had never seen Capt. Cameron's servant and would not know him." Riel then said, "If you will return with the man who brought you here, and remain at his house until four o'clock tomorrow, I will undertake that all the things belonging to your daughter shall be there." I said, "You are very kind, but as I am here, would it not be well for me to go into town see the person who has these things in his possession?" Riel said, "No, I think I can manage this matter better than you, and I only undertake to do so on the condition stated." I replied, "I dare say you are quite right, and I accept your kind proposal." We shook hands again, and I left the Fort, and returned to St. Norbert.

The Meeting With Pere Richot
When we reached there about midnight, I asked my driver how far it was to Antoine Gonslan's (who had the horses), and finding it was under two miles, told him to drive me there. He did so, roused up Gonslan, told him I had been to see Riel, etc. Gonslan turned out the horses, harnessed them into the wagon, and we drove back to Biste's. As they had only one room in the house, they made me a bed on the floor. It was very comfortable, and in the morning found I had slept on a hair mattress I had given to my daughter in Halifax. I remained the day, December 29th, at Biste's, as promised. At five p. m., two sleds drove up to the door, with half a ton of Gonslan's trunks. Nothing had been taken. Immediately afterwards, Pere Richot arrived, and invited me to spend the night at the glebe house. I thanked him and said, "I hope Father Richot you do not think me foolish enough to take the risk of coming here to get these trifles. My object is to see you, and as you cannot speak English nor I French, well enough for so serious a purpose. I propose we should go to the nunnery, and get one of the young ladies I saw last night to interpret for us, and discuss this important question fully."

Sister Macdougall acted as our interpreter. I told Father Richot that it was impossible for them to hold the country against Canada, and that if they avoided shedding any blood they would obtain everything by negotiation they could desire, and the leaders who accomplished that result would be entitled to great consideration.

Could Not Conquer the Half-Breeds
Pere Richot replied that Canada could not conquer the half-breeds, as the country was so vast, they could sustain themselves by hunting and as a last resort they could join the United States and become a state in the Union. I replied that the United States would not give them the slightest aid, as it would involve them in a war with England, which, as matters stood, meant the independence of the southern states which the north had made such enormous sacrifices to prevent. He seemed much impressed, but said that there was one man who must die, naming him, and saying that man had offered him a half-breed one hundred dollars to shoot him; that when he drew a bead upon him through a pane of glass, God paralyzed his arms and the rifle fell down." I

said, "if that could be proved, the man would surely be punished, but that the shedding of one drop of blood by the insurgents would ruin all, and would be murder." After two hours' discussion, we went to Pere Richot's, where, at 10.30, Riel and Mr. LeMay, of Pembina, came and spent the night. I avoided anything but general conversation with them. Pere Richot, at my request, found me a half-breed, Solomon Vine, who contracted to take us all to Fort Abercrombie. I wished to bind him to start in two days. He said "I cannot do that, as I turned out my horses on the prairie in October, and have not seen them since." I said, "How can you hope to find them?" He replied, "I expect to find them where the wild oats grow," as he hid, and they were in fine condition. Pere Richot gave me a pair of Indian moccasins, and I gave him Capt. Cameron's tool box and ammunition. Sisters Macdougall and Riel sang in Cree for me. They were both highly accomplished ladies, although the mother in both cases was a full-blooded Indian. Sister Riel went to Isle a la Crose, a remote region in the north-west where she devoted her life to teaching Indian children. I corresponded with her up to the time of her death. Louis Riel was her brother. I always, when visiting Winnipeg, called upon Sister Macdougall at St. Boniface, until her death.

A Letter to Colonel DeSalaberry
Mr. LeMay, on the morning of the 29th, received an urgent message from his wife to get me to return to Pembina as soon as possible, as their daughter had been attacked in the same way as Miss Cavalier. We left for Pembina at one o'clock, and before we reached there on the 30th, Mr. LeMay was fully converted to my views regarding the insurrection. He wrote me that he was in danger of being lynched at Pembina for advocating negotiations with the Canadian government, as I had recommended.

I prepared a memo for Colonel DeSalaberry, who was immediately allowed to go to Fort Garry, and Grand Vicar Thibault, who had been practically a prisoner in his residence, was allowed his liberty.

Captain and Mrs. Cameron and myself, Mr. Vine having arrived with the baggage, left Pembina on our return on January 3rd, 1870. On the 6th inst., we camped at Frog Point, and had to put up a canvas tent, as it snowed. We were much colder than when sleeping in the open, as we did not get the benefit of the fire. On the morning of the seventh, a good deal of snow had fallen, and the wind was blowing pretty hard. We held a council of war as to whether we should attempt to proceed. Our driver, who proved a most efficient man, did not think it safe, as if the storm obliterated the track we would be lost. The mail courier, with his train of six dogs, who slept at our fire, said his train was caught at that spot just a year previously, in a similar storm, and was unable to proceed for three weeks, and had to eat one of his dogs.

Difficulty in Keeping the Track
We decided to leave it to my daughter, and the temptation of reaching Georgetown at 8 p. m., and sleeping in a house was so great she said she would take the risk. We went, but had great difficulty in keeping the track, and reached Georgetown at 8 p. m., and having slept there, reached Harris' Hotel, at Fort Abercrombie, the next day, January 9th, at dark. I found I had increased my weight during the 21 days since I left Fort Abercrombie from 170 to 190 pounds. We sent our baggage on to St. Cloud, and rested the 10th at Harris' Hotel, and reached the railway at St. Cloud at 5 p. m. on the 13th, and our baggage arrived ten minutes later. Left at 8 a. m., and reached St. Paul at 1 p. m. Mr. Kittson, agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, called with letters from home. Emma, who had stood the journey admirably, was not very well. We left St. Paul at 8 a. m., reached Prairie du Chien at dark, where we took a sleeping car and arrived at Milwaukee at 7 a. m., reached Chicago at 11 a. m., Captain Cameron went on at 4 p. m., and Emma and I followed at 8 p. m., in the palace sleeping car. We met him at Detroit Junction at 8 a. m. the 18th. We breakfasted at Sarnia and reached Toronto at 7 p. m., where we took a sleeping car and reached Prescott Junction at 7.30, and Ottawa at 11 a. m. Captain and Mrs. Cameron remained at Ottawa. I left for Halifax at 8 a. m., on the 25th, reached New York at 9 p. m., and sailed in the "City of Boston" at 3 p. m. I reached Halifax at 4 p. m. on the 28th, all well.

The "City of Boston" took on board a dozen of the leading merchants of Halifax, and sailed for Liverpool. She was never heard of since.
The Commission of Mr. Smith
Pope, in his memoirs of Sir John A. Macdonald, Vol. II, page 61, says:—"Mr. Smith was an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, ostensibly going as such, though provided with a commission from the Canadian government, to be used if occasion required. His special mission was to endeavor to bring about the dispersion of the half-breeds and the dissolution of their committee."
"Dr. Tupper also paid a visit to the Red River at this time, and had a conference with certain of the disaffected leaders."
And in a footnote on the same page he says: "Dr. Tupper went up to bring back his daughter, Mrs. Cameron, and got into Fort Garry. He was in the country for about two days, and did more good than any one else who had hitherto gone there."—From Sir John A. Macdonald to the Hon. John Rose, dated Ottawa, January 21st, 1870.—Charles Tupper, in Halifax Herald.

LOCAL NOTES

The grise have started running in the vicinity of the Law Society's office, and having to stop so fast as to fill the cisterns.
Spring salmon have been seen in Bay lately, up to six or eight, early morning and evening time to try for these fish.

It was sad reading in the other day when the report was made, against the Greek brought by Fisheries Inspector. After three long, cold nights watching her aught the poacher up the Victoria Arm, where the fine-meshed net in which caught small fry of both trout and salmon. Being unaided by legal counsel in the case, and thus once more the year of the fishery laws here laudably enforced, it is to be hoped that the disgraceful and sneaking violation of the regulations before the legal opening of the season for trout with bait in nearby waters, re-considered with remarked that "do anything to them as the Dominion were at loggerheads with fisheries question, and so they march on the sportsmen who do not have the advantage of this, but waited for the day."
We have heard quite a lot lately, too, about better game protection, as there is no dispute that the laws are broken open every year, especially the law which killing of trout less than eight inches, and then law which forbids salmon less than three pounds. The Dominion altered their regulations trout fishing to coincide with those passed by the Province, and there can be no excuse for not enforcing them.

A letter was received here from a subscriber in which he says that he has been some talk of stopping the winking of game, but that the people talking do not know that it is the panthers which are doing the winking; in proof of this he instances seen elk bones and elk heads in the flag of the woods. He may be perhaps, but it is his contention that he is responsible for the destruction of elk, but it is still more probable that the original blame lies with the legged slaughterers, white and red, when he sees a deer has got blood and he cannot resist it. Men are afflicted in the same way, and is no doubt that in the past a most amount of slaughter has taken place not so much now since the sale of the bull elk has exposed the cow calves to the attack of the wolf calves to the attacks of the wolf protect them have perished.

Wolves and panthers were here before the coming of the white men. Nature left alone maintains her course, and it is only when man comes in that it that we hear these sad tales of an being exterminated.
The reports of government immigration, small game, pheasants, prairie chickens into the province is welcome, as it shows that the authorities are realizing that small game is as valuable and as valuable an attraction as big game, probably more so. No doubt the were very glad to get them. We and should not kick if they sent a few. We could do with a little fresh pheasant in our districts. If the adopts the suggestion of issuing game as is very generally favored, the raised might be worse applied to porcupine some more Mongolian people cross with our ringnecks. All reports Old Country go to show that this is a very fine sporting bird and is a success there already.

The slaughter of fishy ducks is apace. One of the Colonist staff fine present of a red-headed merganser, velvet scoter last Monday, which placed in the heart of the furnace. "Stiwashes may like these ducks, Chinese, and they may possibly be proportion of them from the "shoot them, but there can be no doubt that only a very small proportion killed are utilized for human food, left to rot on the beach or in the sea deep.

A SMALL BAG IN THE FAIR
There is little enough in the apron the country round Dairen, or Dairen away", as the Russians called it, snipe, or for the matter of that, bird. And what applies to Dairen applies with more or less correctness, to the Liaoting Peninsula—a region of grim hills and dull brown fields.