CANUCKIANA.

Just think of bears in Pembroke. The papers told the story of a she bear, with her three cubs, roaming through the streets. The writer was assured by Mgr. Lorrain, dwelling at Pembroke, that it was really true.

In the little town of Thessalon, Ont., there is a bright little paper, *The Algoma Advocate*, in one issue of which there are three references to bears making free in that country and its surroundings. Thessalon seems also full of partridges.

Meldrum Bay, Ont., is a lively place. Among the "personals" of the local paper we find that Mr. Burnes is still there with his darling old stick; Mr. Misner is a fine little man, and floor manager when the boys dance Dan Tucker, and Mr. Shotrow is ahead of the Calethumpians.

A certain party in Meldrum will lose his pants if he does not trade them off, as you can't see them for patches. They have a string band there, Mr. Macdonald playing the fiddle and Mr. Fitzpatrick the triangle. And the girls are good, Miss James and Miss Fitzpatrick attending church and Sabbath school regularly.

Wild tomatoes are found along the banks of the White Mud River and in other parts of Manitoba. The vines are small and the fruit is the size of pigeon eggs. They make good preserves. The range of leguminous growth in the Northwest has not yet been scientifically ascertained, but it will, doubtless, be large.

With regard to birds, there are several varieties in Manitoba, which are unknown in Eastern Canada. The sandhill crane is one, not found anywhere else in the Dominion. There are also the magpie and the cormorant, strangers to us down here. It is a question, however, whether we have the inimitable English magpie.

There are badgers in the United States, especially in the west and south, but none in this part of Canada. They find them, however, all over the Northwest. The North European wolf roams through the Rockies, and even prowls down the Foot Hills into the prairie. The hedgehog is also to be added to the fauna of the Northwest.

We learn from *The Emigrant*, a valuable Winnipeg publication, that, on the hills of Pembina and on the Tiger Hills, heather is often found, and Scotchmen go in raptures when coming on a branch of purple bloom, reminding them of home. Another exceptional thing is the growth of blackthorn among the scrub of the Tiger Hills.

An Indian mound was lately opened near the village of Cypress River. In it a human skeleton was struck, pieces of the skull and other bones being found. The body had been burned. A piece of pottery was unearthed, and two teeth, with a piece of bone having the shape of an arrow head

One of the explorers, Mr. S. K. MeAdoo, then breaks out into verse:

Departed spirits of the voiceless past,
Whose bones lie mouldering in your haunted mounds,
Will ye not break the silent spell at last
And speak your secret from the solemn grounds?
Say, early travellers of this earthly way,
Where we at length have toil and you repose,
How fared you in your once allotted day—
What clouds and suns alternate o'er you rose?
What good propitious lent a listening ear
To catch the pleading of your fervent prayer;
And have you gained at last some better sphere?
O, silent shades, let us your secret share.

A thrilling adventure of Mr. Abraham Shaw, of Kingston, in the Coteau Rapids. He took a small boat from St. Zotique to Valleyfield, was upset and had to get on the bottom of the boat. He first tried for Valleyfield, then for Clark's Island, but failing both, plunged into the boiling waters of the south channel of the Coteau Rapids. Then he was hurried towards the "Grand Chute," one moment under water, the next in the air. He was wounded as he flew through the rapids, and had to hold on by a boat hook, which pressed itself into the fleshy part of his hand. Getting into smoother water, he was rescued, and conveyed to Grand Isle. He was in the water for two hours and forty minutes, and though somewhat exhausted, soon recovered.

"KISS ME, MAMMA, I CAN'T SLEEP."

The child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath and shuts its heart from the light.

The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin and the most mournful, large, blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas, that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature, as one day, when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch, I said: "Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great, mournful eyes wide open—I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then, and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, you *will* kiss me; I *can't* go to sleep if you dont!" she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, as she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That was the very way I had been trained, till I was a most submissive child; and I remembered how often I had thanked my mother since for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside. "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall; I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with half suppressed sobs, and saying, "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night. Alas, in my desire to be severe, I forgot to be forgiving.

It must have been 12 o'clock when I was awakened by my nurse. Apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's bedroom; I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat; her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances.

From that night, a raging fever drank up her life; and what think you was the incessant plaint that poured into my anguished heart? "Oh, kiss me, mamma, do kiss me; I can't go to sleep! You'll kiss your little Ellen, mamma, won't you? I can't go to sleep! I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me! Oh, kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep!"

Holy little angel! She did go to sleep one grey morning, and she never woke again—never. Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out of the beautiful eyes; whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered: "I will be good, mamma, if only you'll kiss me!

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but unavailing, were my kisses upon her cheek and lips after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is all unavailing now! She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head and a rose bush at her feet; there grow sweet, summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day, and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

Grant Allan goes on doing good literary work in England. He is another Canadian living abroad who does honour to the land of his birth.

Dominion News.

Nova Scotia has already begun to ship apples to Britain.

The Medicine Hat Coal mines will be opened immediately.

A colony of English gentlemen are purchasing fruit farms in Nova Scotia.

The first shipment of salmon, containing 340,000 cans, was lately made from the Skeena River.

Six thousand sheep from the Cochrane ranch in the North-West were lately in the market at Winnipeg.

Strawberries, blueberries, and raspberries shipped from Aroostook Junction this season amounted to nearly $23,000.

Returns from seven gold mines in Nova Scotia for August gave 567 ounces of gold from about 1,280 tons of quartz rock.

The number of alewives caught and pickled near St. John, N. B., this season was 2,785 barrels. The total catch will be 4,000 barrels.

Ontario will have 15,000,000 bushels more grain than last year. The oat crop is larger by 10,600,000 bushels, barley by nearly 4,000,000 bushels, and peas by 1,400,000 bushels.

The total of the assessable property in the new assessment roll for Sherbrooke is $2,910,150, being an increase of $117,230 on last year. The census shows a population of 9,000.

The big lumber firms in Ottawa are in trouble owing to the scarcity of ships at Quebec and Boston. They annually ship 100,000,000 feet or more of sawn lumber to England. This year the Quebec forwarders cannot get ships.

The Fishery report for 1877 shows that out of a total catch of $18,430,000, Nova Scotia's share is $8,300,000; New Brunswick's share, $3,500,000; Prince Edward Island's share, $1,000,000, and the rest of the Dominion $5,630,000.

The Halton License Commissioners have passed a regulation that no liquor shall be supplied to any person under the age of 21 years in any licensed tavern, and the barrooms must close at 10.30 p. m., except on Saturday, when they close at 7 p. m.

ORIGIN OF THE SCHOONER.

A. D. 1708.

Tragabizanda, headland fair,
Of old North Shore, the region where
Two centuries ago, and more,
Coasted in boat along the shore
Captain John Smith, who, on this land
Of rock and cove and forest grand,
Bestowed the Oriental name
In memory of a Turkish dame;
Here, at "the harbour" of Cape Ann,
Dwelt, erst, a stalwart, vigorous man,
One justly famed for work well done;
His name was Andrew Robinson.
He builded ships and smaller craft
Of both "square-rig" and "fore-and-aft."
He felled the timber, hewed the beams,
Laid keel, frame, plank and caulked the seams.
Himself a gang, a canny crew,
All "builded better than they knew,"
A curious craft by him designed,
Constructed by his master mind,
Bolted and pinned, secure and staunch,
Removed the shores, hauled up the ways,
(A custom rife in earlier days),
Secured the bilge with chock and wedge;
The bows supplied with hawse and kedge;
Assembled crowds from far and wide
To be there at the "top of tide,"
In waggon, cart, on horse, on foot,
In shallop, ketch, and open float,
Eager to see the great event
Of new style craft to water sent.
The "after-block" is knocked away
Clearing the passage to the bay;
Trembling, she moves, she glides, she flies—
A glorious sight to watching eyes,
And as she slides the tallowed shoon
A strange voice cries, "Oh, don't she scoon!"
The tone is loud, distinct and clear,
Rising above the hearty cheer.
When that strange voice the builder heard
His quick mind grasped the curious word;
He cried to all on land and sea:
"Well, then, a schooner let her be!"
Ere long her flag aloft unfurled
Proclaimed the schooner to the world.

—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*