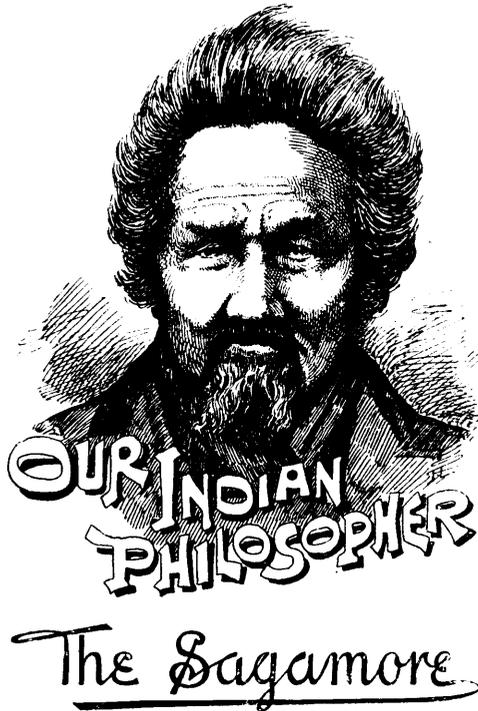


done really valuable work during the past year, for which most of the thanks are due to the energetic secretary, Mr. Shewan, who follows every trail of the lawless fisher or hunter with unrelenting zeal. But of what use is even the devoted service of such an officer as this, when such laws can be worked through the legislative bodies at Quebec, as was the case last year, and with hardly a possibility of a counteracting influence being brought into play, which might have shown our most potent, grave and reverend seigniors that every bill introduced was not necessarily a good one, simply because it was introduced by some member from the back woods, whose constituents wanted to hunt and shoot just as they felt like it, and their representative wanted to be elected again? Take the repeal of the moose law for instance: How many people who go out and shoot, outside of the hide hunter, ever heard of the proposed change? And with all the facilities for putting difficulties in the way of the unfortunate person who "wants to know, you know," it is hardly to be wondered at that this and similar legislation was passed almost before there was time to raise a protesting hand. There seems to me to be only one remedy for the evils that are responsible for the destruction of game, an evil which, if it goes on at its present rate, will soon deplete the country of all kinds of horned game as effectively as the bison has been made extinct. It may seem like going back to what is dubbed the tyrannical principle of the game laws in the old country, but it seems the only genuine remedy; and I refer to the much tabooed license question. When evils in other things need curtailing, about the first thing applied, outside of absolute prohibition, is a license. Why should not a license work in the enforcement of the game laws as well as in the enforcement of any other law where there is a necessity for modification. It is all very well to prohibit the exportation of certain kinds of game, but we all know that to a large extent the law is a dead letter, and when the customs authorities make a seizure there is a vast noise made about the matter and they are accredited with unusual vigilance in the pursuit of their duty. Of course the prohibition export law is a good one and prevents a great deal of unnecessary slaughter, but it hardly covers the whole bill; it needs to be flanked with other precautions. Some few years ago I made the same suggestion as to the licensing of guns and heard afterwards a good deal about the rights of the poor man, the principal of which seems to be a right to shoot anywhere and everything and at any time he pleases. Now as the poor man is an increaser and multiplier and usually leaves a generation or two of other poor men behind him, he ought to be educated up to the fact that perhaps his successors would like to be able to make a living with their guns or their fishing lines, and this they will never be able to do if the extant poor man shoots everything shootable. At the present rate of progress the poor man who, in a few years, would care about providing himself with food after the manner of his sport loving predecessors, will be a tax on the government, for in the words of Tom Brown there will be nothing for the perwider to perwide, and the rich man will have to do without his venison at dinner and his hallway will not be decorated with branching antlers any more than his sleigh coverings can boast of buffalo robes. It may seem like an unwilling restraint put upon the doings of the settler or habitant of the glorious and free Canadian dominion, but it is a matter of necessity for all that. A writer in the *Empire* has something much the same to say, and with most of his opinions I thoroughly agree, but I think he does not put the license high enough to be of really practical benefit. He proposes that "the Government cancel all leases of marsh lands, and grant due compensation therefor, stop all shooting from sail or steam yachts, and appoint keepers to look after the proper observance of the game laws. The Government should impose a license of \$2 on all persons carrying a gun who are domiciled in the Province, and \$3 on any subject of any other province in the Dominion, and no person to be allowed to kill more than 100 ducks in the season, and stop the sale of ducks and the exportation of ducks outside the Dominion. All moneys raised by the tax on game should be used for the payment of keepers' salaries, and the Governor-in-Council should have power to raise the tax on guns to \$3 and \$4 if required. The poor sportsman would have a chance as well as the moneyed monopolists." As an instance of what is above spoken of I may speak of the abuses current in past seasons in the woods of Maine, the home of the moose, and quote from the official report of the commissioners of fish and game, Messrs. E. M. Stillwell and H. O. Stanley,

who are evidently believers in the power of the Legislature to put a stop to these abuses. These gentlemen conclude their report as follows:—"The increase of some kinds of game within the last two years has been wonderful. Deer have spread over the whole state, appearing in many localities where they have been extinct for many years. It is now a common occurrence, almost daily, to see them in sight of many of our thriving villages. This, undoubtedly, is owing to the protection of the law they have received in a portion of the state, and of the non-dogging, which has been stopped in some parts of Maine. Yet there is a portion of the state where they have put the law at defiance, and have killed them in and out of season, and with dogs. We think moose and caribou have made no increase. Caribou, being migratory in their habits, cannot be depended on, often being plenty one year and none the next. The proximity of our moose to the border brings many foreigners and Indians over the lines to slaughter them, going back into Canada and New Brunswick. In these cases we are powerless to protect them. Fifty moose were killed, and the carcasses mostly left to rot, by a Frenchman known as Pete Fontain, last spring, on the headwaters of the Penobscot river. This Frenchman is an alien, living in Canada. Skin hunting, which is destined to destroy the finest game animals of Maine, can be readily put to an end if our Legislature will only give us the means." This is a lesson that might be taken to heart by some of our Canadian legislators.

R. O. X.



Mr. Louis Paul, known to his tribe as Uz-a-qu-a-ha, the sagamore of the Milicete band whose lodges are pitched at Ap-ol-og-nee, sat alone in his wigwam. The wintry air was piercing in its keenness, and when the reporter for the *ILLUSTRATED* pulled aside the blanket and hurried into the wigwam the icicles on his eyebrows rattled as the bones of the Puritans may be supposed to have done while the members of the Quebec legislature were on their recent Sunday excursion to the stables of the Haras National. The red man offered his visitor a stool and a chance to thaw, for a brisk fire burned in the wigwam.

"My brother," said the reporter, "I have come to weep with you. Let us mingle our tears. Poor Sitting Bull is dead!"

"Who's he?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"What! Sitting Bull? The war chief of the Sioux? The mighty scalp taker? The terror of the whole United States? Didn't you know Sitting Bull?"

Mr. Paul gravely shook his head. "Mu: be some Yankee Injun," he commented.

"Yes," said the reporter, "a Yankee Injun."

"What he done?" queried the Milicete.

"He stopped a bullet."

"Ugh!" grunted the sagamore, "In fight?"

"In a fight. And now his spirit has gone to the happy hunting grounds and his carcass to a dissecting room. The

remnant of his braves have gone to the Bad Lands. Some did not. They had a ghost dance, and wound up by starting a colony of spectres on the spot. Runners have been sent across the border, and the red men of Canada are wanted on the warpath. Will my brother and his braves put on the paint?"

"What make us do that?" demanded the sagamore.

"To wipe out the pale-faces," answered the reporter.

"Mebbe them Yankee Injuns thinks they kin fight white man," rejoined Mr. Paul. "If you're fool that don't make me one."

"Then you won't fight?"

"Not this winter," replied the Milicete.

"Well," said the reporter, "perhaps you are wise. There are not many great warriors left now. Sitting Bull, Big Bear, Poundmaker, and Man-With-A-Nose-On-His-Face are all gone. Hit-Him-With-A-Flask, Big John and Jim Blaine are about the only heap big Injuns there are left now to lead the braves on the warpath."

"If Big John hears you put him in same crowd with them other two you better stay 'way from Lachine," said Mr. Paul. "Them Caughnawagas heap ugly when they git mad."

"All right," said the reporter, "I won't do it."

"When you talk 'bout big chiefs," said Mr. Paul, "you better put in Old To-morrow. He's biggest chief in this country."

"They say he is a little foxy," said the reporter. "Is that so?"

"He never treat us Injuns that way," replied the Milicete.

"Uses you well, does he?"

"Best chief we ever had."

"Ah! Treats you the same as if you were white, eh?"

The sagamore's reply was to take the reporter across his knee and administer a salutary lesson in politeness, through the medium of an axe-handle. The reporter apologized and said he meant to say that Old To-morrow treated them as if they were voters. The explanation was not a whit more satisfactory, and the axe-handle was applied once more.

"Well, then," he cried at last, "how does he treat you?"

"He treats us same way's if he's Injun himself," proudly replied Mr. Paul.

It took the reporter some time to detect the delicate compliment to the tact of Old To-morrow, which this remark implied. When he did see it he said so.

"My brother, you are right. Old To-morrow is a heap big Injun."

"We got nothin' make us want to fight," said the Milicete. "We git plenty things to eat. We got schools; we got church, if we want to go there. We aint like them Yankee Injuns. If we lived over there mebbe we want to fight too."

"You think," said the reporter; "that Hit-Him-With-A-Flask and Jim Blaine and the other chiefs over there are not like Old To-morrow, eh?"

"That's what I think," replied Mr. Paul. "If man use me right, I'm gonto say so. If he don't he can't pay me say he's good man. I been livin' round here this heap long time. I seen way Injun been used in this country. If any Injuns in this country fool enough want to fight, they want heap good lickin' right away."

"Then I may say," said the reporter, "that the voice of the Milicete nation is not for war?"

"You kin say that," rejoined the sagamore, helping himself liberally to the contents of the reporter's pouch. "When we git crazy we'll holler. We aint livin' 'mong them Yankees."

"You will be, pretty soon," said the reporter. "We are going to be annexed, you know. This country is going over to the United States in a short time."

"Who says that?" demanded Mr. Paul, reaching for his belt and scalping knife, "who told you that?"

The reporter mentioned Goldwin Smith, Erastus Wiman, Ben. Butterworth and several other medicine men who had divined this great anti-climax of Canadian development.

When he left the wigwam a few minutes later half the tribe was in war paint and the other half whetting their knives and tomahawks.