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SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER,

1890.

Vol. III. No. 3.



THE
LAND WE LIVE IN.



DEVOTED TO

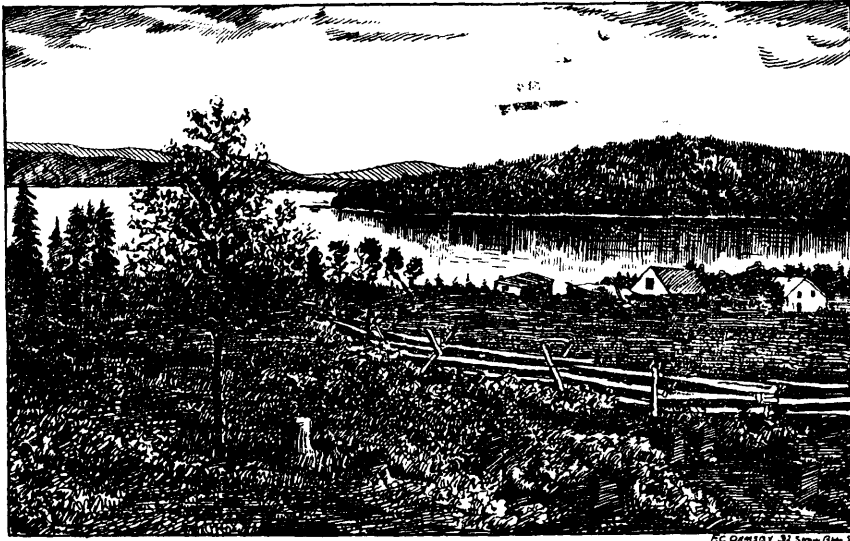
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VICTORIA BAY, LAKE MEGANTIC.

see adv. below.]

(From the Major Ramage property.)

FOR SALE.

"LAKE VIEW" Farm, formerly occupied by MAJOR J. D. RAMAGE, containing over 340 acres with nearly a mile of frontage on Lake Megantic, Que.: the prettiest view to be found round the Lake. About fifty acres cleared, and the balance is principally hardwood. Good Sugary, fine brook running through the centre and several living springs of water. Close to a Presbyterian church and school. Two miles from Megantic village station of the C. P. Railway or 15 minutes run by steamer. Post office adjoining the church. The best speckled and lake trout fishing in close proximity to the property. Will be sold at a bargain and on easy terms. Apply to
D. THOMAS & CO., Sherbrooke.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

DR. BARTON'S

PICK-ME-UP

HORSE POWDERS.

Free by mail, \$1 per packet.

Dr. Barton, Royal Veterinary Infirmary, Lennoxville, Que.

D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents, SHERBROOKE.

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Instantaneous Rheumatic CURE

Cures every form of Rheumatism. Price \$1 per bottle.

D. THOMAS & CO, Gen'l Agts., Sherbrooke.

Parties answering any advertisement contained herein, will greatly oblige by mentioning this journal.

G. H. PRESBY,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Twose's Block, Wellington St.

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Every description of Photographs prepared in the highest style of the art, and at prices which defy competition. Pictures copied, colored and enlarged. Outdoor views and scenery a specialty. Call and see samples. Satisfaction guaranteed. Choose a fine day and come early.

J. TRACY

FASHIONABLE

MERCHANT-TAILOR,

TRACY'S BLOCK, Wellington St.

Has always on hand a large and well assorted stock of

CLOTHS, TWEEDS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

DR. ORDWAY'S

Improved Plasters.

A SURE CURE FOR

Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Pneumonia. etc.

By mail, - - 25 cents.

D THOMAS & CO., Genl. Agts., Sherbrooke

FLORIDA Homeseeker (monthly.) Samples free. Homes on one dollar monthly payments. O. M. CROSBY, No. 99 Franklin street, N. Y. 1dt

NEW CURE FOR LOVE, with Rubber Sample, for 10 cents. mill HOME SAMPLE CO., Hattonlo, O.

A. GARWOOD,

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER, GRAINING, MARBLING, ETC.

Illuminated Clock Dials for Public Buildings. SEND FOR PRICES.

DECORATION OF CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS A SPECIALTY.

See Eastern Townships Bank, Sherbrooke; Methodist Church, Stanstead, P. Q.; and Methodist Church, Coaticook, P. Q.

DESIGNS MADE ON APPLICATION.

T. J. TUCK,

DRUGGIST AND STATIONER,

SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

Stock Complete, Physicians Prescriptions and Family Recipes a speciality. Mail orders solicited and promptly attended to.

STATIONERY,

—INCLUDING—

SCHOOL BOOKS

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SCHOOL REQUISITES,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

HILL'S GOLDEN OIL,

A SURE CURE FOR

Scratches in Horses.

Send for Price List.

D. THOMAS & CO., General Agents, Sherbrooke, Que.

W. H. WIGGETT,

Manufacturer of

AERATED WATERS

Bottler of

Fine Ales and Porters

Also Agent for the Celebrated

ST. LEON WATER,

SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

DANIEL THOMAS,

Notary Public and Conveyancer.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

Special attention given to the preparation and execution of Marriage Settlements, wills, Tutorships, Curatorships, and the SETTLEMENT OF ESTATES.

Loans Negotiated on Real Estate Security Advice gratis to Subscribers to this Journal.

5 CENTS WANTED—200 to 400 per cent profit—to sell the Monarch Ink Erasing Pencil. Erases ink in two seconds. Every person wants one. Do not delay. Agents wanted—big pay. Send at once. Address H. W. CORRELL, Gen. Agt., Mattowana, Pa.

THE FOREST AND STREAM

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. III., No. 3.

SHERBROOKE, QUE., SEPT. & OCT., 1890.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

JOHN U. GREGORY, the actual chief of the Minister of Marine, at Quebec, was born at West Troy, N. Y., in 1834. He is one of the sons of the late Dr. S. Gregory, whose father was a retired officer in the British Army. Mr. Gregory is English on his father's side and French on the side of his mother, who was the daughter of Dr. Henri Aussem, a distinguished surgeon in the French Army. About the time of his birth his family resided at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and it was there he received his preliminary education. Some years later he followed his family to Montreal, where he completed his studies. In 1863, the Canadian Government appointed him to the important position which he now occupies with jurisdiction from Montreal to the Atlantic Ocean. In 1868, he was appointed a Commissioner to investigate the condition of the Labrador fishermen, and on his return he submitted to the Government a voluminous and very valuable report, explaining the life, condition and resources of these poor, isolated people. No person has a better knowledge of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence than Mr. Gregory. In his official capacity he has visited Labrador, Anticosti, Magdalen Islands and other important points in the Gulf, and his observations have been of great assistance to historians and economists throughout the world. Mr. Gregory has made many trips to Europe and



JOHN U. GREGORY.

various parts of the American continent, and his account of these trips and the happy manner in which it is written render it very interesting. In 1882, he offered his services to the Government in obtaining an exhibit of our fish and aquatic animals for the London International Exposition. He spent much time and had to undergo many hardships and privations in effecting his object and succeeded in obtaining the largest and finest collection ever made. Apart from the eulogistic notices from all parts, he received a gold medal, a diploma of honorable mention, and a handsome gratuity from the Government in appreciation of his valuable services. Mr. Gregory has written many excellent articles on a

very important subject,—the Marine and Fisheries of Canada, and has published an interesting volume now before us, *En Racontant*, of his trips to Florida, Labrador, and in the St. Lawrence. He is also a regular correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, and his contributions are most favorably received by the sporting fraternity. Mr. Gregory is Commodore of the Quebec Yacht Club and a member of several learned societies. He successively accompanied Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne and the Marquis of Lansdowne in their Lower St. Lawrence rambles, and holds from each of them a pleasant souvenir for his attention to them. He is one of the most pleasant companions that one

can meet with and has a faculty for telling stories that totally eclipses the Arabian Nights Entertainments. As a friend remarked to us a few months ago, by way of local comparison, "He is a second Charles Pennoyer as a story teller."

—o—

They were walking up Factory Street and she felt quite indignant after asking her escort how the people expected to cross the Magog River, so as to connect the North Ward with the C. P. R. station, when he replied, "Why! bridge it!" And she told him that she didn't allow anyone to call her by her "christened name" on so short an acquaintance,



PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

As we have concluded to issue this Journal as the commencement instead of the end of each month, we have dated the present issue, **September and October**. The next number will be dated November, but every subscriber will get his twelve copies all the same. We make the change principally in the interests of our advertising patrons, who probably conclude that our readers do not belong to the "Looking Backward" order.

We have been asked the question, "Did Adam and Eve go fishing?" We take a great interest in fishing, more particularly when we are personally within a *rod* of it, but our biblical researches have been of too superficial a nature to enable us to answer the question with that degree of certainty that would warrant our "backing up" our opinions. We are inclined to believe, however, that they were so much occupied in renewing their fig leaf clothing and in raising *Cain*, that they were not *Abel* so devote any time to fishing as a pastime, while the tree of knowledge of good and evil furnished food meet for reflection and relieved them from the stern necessity of "hooking it," as so many of our early ancestors were obliged to do. Another thing, Hallock's "*Fishing Tourist*" was not published at that early date, and it would have been unsafe to have ventured out of the Garden of Eden, as the moss hadn't begun to grow on the north side of the trees, the topmost twig of the hemlock hadn't been taught to render an obeisance to the rising

sun, and "Paradise Lost" would have transpired long ahead of Milton's time. The question has doubtless been propounded with the view of committing us as referee in the settlement of some bet, and we must decline to take possession of the Scales of Justice to *finis* the matter unless the net results affect us in a more tangible shape than they are likely to from present appearances. Apart from all this we fail to see what bearing the question could have on what most concerns us—the present. The *modus operandi* has changed in fishing as in nearly everything else. We can't catch fish with the primitive style of lures and tackle we used as boys, unless we tackle uneducated fish and it takes an educated fisherman to know where to find them. Those who want to have the "witness on the stand" when they return from their fishing excursions must be supplied with the most modern lures. Science has come to the aid of the progressive angler, and the Enterprise Mfg Co., of Akron, Ohio, are the leaders in the manufacture of artificial goods for this purpose. They make all sizes and styles of spinning or trolling spoons, also imitations of all species of live bait, flies, bugs, &c., as natural as life, nor is this all, they have outstripped nature and are now combining in the manufacture of one grade of their artificial bait, certain phosphoric chemicals which illuminate the bait and attract the attention of the most wary varieties of fish, which greedily snap at the attractive lure. All those who have used "Pflueger's Patent Baits," manufactured only by the Enterprise Mfg Co., attest to their superior catching qualities, and our experience with them at Lake Aylmer, has satisfied us that they are specially adapted to the Canadian waters, particularly such as contain mascalonge, pickerel, pike, doré, bass and lake trout. Samples of these goods can be seen at our office, but in purchasing do not forget to ask your dealer for the Enterprise Mfg Co.'s Luminous Baits. As the luminous goods can be successfully used for night fishing, this invention is a special boon to the busy multitude who are unable to get a vacation as they can now "work while it is day,

for when the night cometh" they can go fishing. If Adam and Eve went fishing in these days, it would probably be on Eve-angelical principles, but doubtless Eve would make use of a few cursory remarks and say, "I don't care Adam for any bait but Pflueger's." If you send 20 cents to the Enterprise Manufacturing Co., Akron, Ohio, they will enclose you their 48 page illustrated catalogue of anglers' supplies and you will receive a gold plated angler's charm free.

It is generally conceded that at present rates the subscriptions to a weekly or monthly journal do not as a rule pay the cost of publication, and that the publisher is principally dependent on his advertising patronage as a source of profit. The question as to whether the weekly or monthly paper is the most economical and profitable medium for the advertiser is open to discussion, and a prominent New York advertiser lately informed us that in arranging his advertisements with weekly papers, he always contracted to have them appear once a month. This is a matter upon which we shall not venture an opinion but it is certain that the journal having the largest circulation secures the best advertising rates. The benefit to the advertiser depends largely upon the class of readers amongst whom it circulates. Not unfrequently one sees something advertised for which he has no immediate need but which sooner or later he wants. In this respect the monthly paper has the advantage as an advertising medium, as in nine cases out of ten amongst a rural population, it is kept on fyle, and the ad. can be readily referred to. In papers of more frequent issue the ads. catch the eye of only those who are looking for them, while in the monthly paper they are almost certain to be noticed by every reader. To secure a profitable advertising patronage we must increase our circulation and to do this we must offer almost irresistible inducements to subscribers as even the superior quality of mental pabulum which we supply doesn't suit everybody—perhaps it is spoiled in the cooking. Now to those who can't swallow our hash, we are going to supply an article that has been

appreciated wherever introduced, unless the *American Notes* portion was found unpalatable by some. We refer to DICKENS' WORKS, and in this connection we make the most liberal offer ever made in the United States or Canada. On receipt of \$1.75 we will deliver to any address in the United States or Canada, charges paid, CHARLES DICKENS' COMPLETE WORKS, 12 volumes, at a price about equal to a year's subscription to this journal, ABOVE TWELVE VOLUMES AND THE LAND WE LIVE IN, ONE YEAR, FOR ONLY \$1.75. Good paper, clear print, neat binding, and handsome illustrations. The above offer will extend to all present subscribers who pay up arrears and remit \$1.75 for the present volume of this journal.

Send for our New Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of Fancy Goods, Useful Articles, Automatic Toys, Novelties, etc.

"Phases of Quebec Law," is the title of a very cleverly and ably written pamphlet published by a legal gentleman of this city, reflecting on the insecurity secured to investors by mortgages on real estate in this province, and the laws which permit subsequently incurred tithes, taxes, mutual insurance assessments, law costs and expenses of last illness to rank before the claim of the first mortgagee. Instances are cited, and several similar ones have come under our own notice, where an amply secured mortgagee has found himself absolutely "done out" of every cent of his investment by the swindling effect of existing laws and the operations of those charged with their enforcement. The interests of the owner or mortgager of the property, are actually the difference which exists between the mortgagee's claim and the value of the property, and such difference only should be liable for his acts or omissions. The sale of lands for taxes is also productive of serious hardship to the absentee owner of real estate, and in most cases is brought about with the view of purging the property of minor's rights, rights of dower and other claims, and acquiring an indisputable title to the property. It is obvious that our laws in connection

with real estate transactions require amendment, and until some means are devised of making a first mortgagee absolutely secure against any subsequent claim which may affect the property, investors will fight shy of real estate securities, unless such securities carry with them the full title and ownership to the property. In such case the interest would be collectable as rent, and for that the investor would have a lessor's privilege. The transfer of title would of course be made subject to the right of redemption within a stated period, which right could be extended by mutual consent.

In the course of a long and eventful life we have frequently met with individuals troubled with a "bad spell" which prevented them from giving expression to their thoughts in such a way as to look well on paper. In their interests and in the interests of those to whom the same will at all times prove a ready reference book, and out of pure philanthropy, we have made arrangements by which we can and will deliver free of duty and other expense at any express office in Canada, a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY upon receipt of \$4.50, and this offer will include one year's subscription to THE LAND WE LIVE IN, with which to verify the orthographical correctness of the Dictionary. (Those interested will please take notice that some of our samples of original poetry, if they should happen to be printed *verbatim et spellatim*, are for the purposes of contrast only.) To parties in the United States the Dictionary (with a year's subscription to this journal) will be sent prepaid to their nearest express office on receipt of \$4. For a description of the Dictionary see advertisement in another column.

The issue of *The Dominion Illustrated* of the 30th August is a decided improvement on all the preceding numbers. The illustrations are unusually clear and perfect, and being entirely devoted to views of this city and vicinity, its public buildings and prominent residences and portraits of its civic officials and others gives it a special interest to our residents. Some of the

Magog River views, notably those connected with the grounds and residence of R. W. Heneker, Esq., are perfect gems, and will give outsiders a good idea of the picturesque scenery which renders Sherbrooke so attractive to its visitors. A very comprehensive and distinct general view of the city is also given, as also a view looking down the St. Francis River, which is admitted to be one of the finest in Canada. A good idea of the beauty of some of our streets can be gleaned from the illustrations of some of the residences which border them. The entire work reflects great credit on the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Company, No. 73 St. James Street, Montreal, by whom the *Dominion Illustrated* is now published, while the number of illustrations is larger than was generally anticipated and in greater variety.

We have secured an agency here for the supply of "*Preservaline*," a powerful antiseptic powder, which has been thoroughly tested in the preservation of milk, meat, fish, eggs, and other articles of a perishable nature. It is invaluable to the dairyman, sportsman and dealers in meat, fish and eggs, while its low price brings it within the reach of every one, and nobody need have occasion to remark, "what a *thundering* shame it is that the milk won't keep sweet for twenty-four hours!" "*Preservaline*" is made in several grades, adopted to the preservation of different articles. That for the use of sportsmen is usually put up in 5 pound tins which sell for \$2.50, while the grade suitable for dairymen, farmers and family use can be purchased in quantities of not less than 5 pounds, at 45 cents per pound. Nine cents worth will preserve 10 gallons of milk, keeping it perfectly sweet for over 48 hours. For prices and other information apply to the publishers of this journal. We have a few samples which we will distribute gratuitously to those who will thoroughly test them and give us the benefit of their experience.

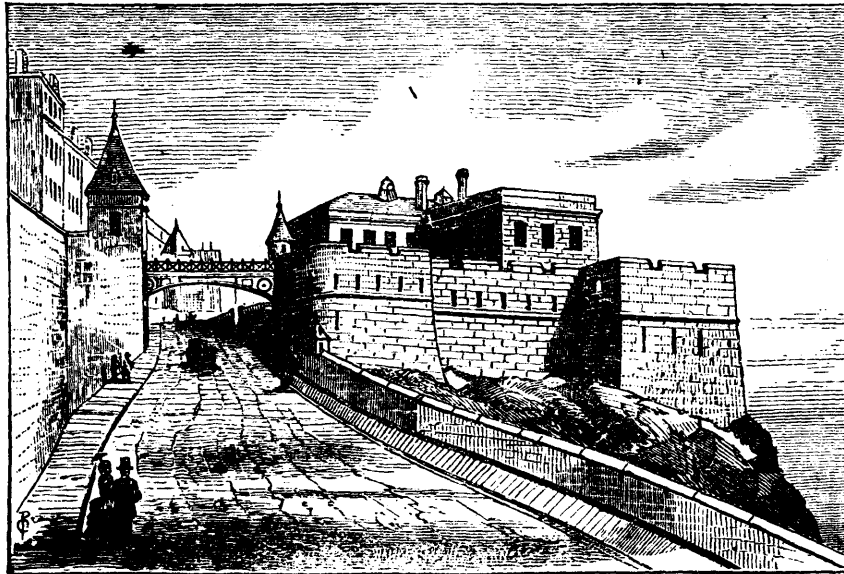
A sure cure for any person suffering from a "bad spell," is WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY when taken according to directions. It is a *pronounced* success,

J. U. Gregory, Esq., who has lately returned from a yachting trip down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, writes us as follows: "While at Betsiamese we visited the Indians who were assembled there for the purpose of disposing of their furs to the Hudson's Bay Company's agent. The missionary, the Rev. Father Ninault, related several very interesting stories connected with his forty years life amongst these people. One little anecdote was quite characteristic of the Indian's idea of the honesty of other people. A gentleman engaged two Indians and canoe for a trip of several days salmon fishing. On their way up the principal Indian suggested, as the canoe was heavily laden, to leave half their supplies at the half way up point and lighten the canoe as they had much shallow water to get over. The gentleman said he would do so, only he was afraid the supplies would be stolen by passing people. "There is no danger," answered the Indian. "No Canadians or other white people come up this river now, only Indians do so. Everything will be safe."

We do not believe there is one in a hundred who read this journal but what read the advertisements contained in it. The editress of a popular Boston journal writes us that ours is one of the very few papers which she reads from beginning to end. Still we desire to direct special attention to the two ads. of Geo. R. Allen, of Kennedy, N. Y., which appear in this issue. Mr. Allen has been connected with the firm of Allen & Co., with whom we have had continuous business relations during the last three years, and have found them to be uniformly straightforward and reliable. The Messrs. Allen are

extensive advertisers and to show the value of our journal as an advertising medium, we make the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Allen to us on the 18th Aug. last: "The fact is, your paper entitled as it is, "*The Land We Live In*," gives to us, in the U. S., an attraction which it might not otherwise have."

We wish to prove to some of our advertisers that this is *one of their best* advertising mediums. Will parties answering advertisements contained herein do us the favor to mention this journal.



MOUNTAIN HILL IRON BRIDGE.

CONTEMPLATED IN DUFFERIN CITY EMBELLISHMENTS, QUEBEC.

NEW PARTNERSHIPS.

There's nothing naughty about it and still it's a knotty subject. Percy L. Coats, for some time connected with the establishment of W. H. Fuller & Co., of this city, has entered into a life partnership with Miss Lillie E. Byrd, recognizing the value of the saying that "a *Byrd* in the hand is worth two in the bush." Our commercial reporter states that there is an active demand for *Coats* and a liberal supply will naturally be the result.

With the view of increasing the efficiency of the mail service, our deservedly popular Ass't. Postmaster, Alton A. Noicross, has taken Miss Mary L.

Elliott as a life partner. May all their troubles be *little ones*.

May troubles ne'er his pleasures mar,
Nor-cross her path of life;
But if he wants to be the "boss,"
He must not be unkind *Nor-cross*.

In October we shall distribute, principally amongst our subscribers and those with whom we have personally had correspondence, at least 1,000 copies of our new 8 page Illustrated Catalogue of Fancy Goods, Useful Articles, etc. To assist in paying postage and expenses, we will enclose approved circulars, not exceeding 1,000 of a kind, at 10 cents per hundred,

many of which to save the trouble of double directing, we will mail with the October issue of our journal, which will very nearly have the effect of an advertisement. — Catalogues sent anywhere on application.

The Sherbrooke City Directory, published by J. P. Royer and printed by L. A. Belanger of this city, has been very carefully and correctly compiled, and neatly and artistic-

ally got up, reflecting credit on both publisher and printer.

As our humorous illustrations take up too much of the space that should be devoted to reading matter more in keeping with the title of our journal, we shall in future substitute descriptive articles, and as far as possible, original cuts or illustrations in place of them. We are satisfied that our principal patrons will approve of the change.

At the recent Exhibition our attention was directed to an exhibit of cheese, which was debarred from competition through being under the prescribed weight. The most competent

judges assured us that it was fully equal in every other respect to the best cheeses for which prizes were awarded. It was made by Mr. Martelle, at the cheese factory recently established by him in Brompton Township, and indicates that he is thoroughly conversant with the active principles of cheese-making.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Ira Cornwall, Esq., Sec'y of the St. John, N.B., Board of Trade, for "My Own Canadian Home," Canada's National song, words by E. G. Nelson, music composed by Morley McLaughlin, both residents of St. John and members of the St. John Branch of the Imperial Federation League. Both words and music have the true patriotic ring. Copies may be obtained by remitting 10 cents to Mr. Cornwall.

The English language in its general adaptation contains nothing that WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY will not explain. And just to think, that you can have a copy of this great work and a year's issue of this journal to practice on for only \$4.50!

You won't have to "kiss your love again behind the kitchen door" to understand all about the *Syllabus*.

It is now proposed to domiciliate all the monks and recluses in our lightships and isolated light-houses along the coast, where they can have all the retirement they desire and make themselves more philanthropically useful than in their present monasteries and convents. Such a Holy Sea it would be a delight to contemplate.—*American Angler*.

Wouldn't it be better to regenerate and make buoys of them? Their anchoritic principles would fit them for the position, which they wouldn't require to retain "by a fluke," as a spun-yarn would tell the story.

We have received many applications for copies of our last issue, containing "A Glimpse of Life Among the Early Trappers of the Eastern Townships," a prize story written by Mrs. J. P. Noyes, of Waterloo, Que. We can still supply a few more copies. This issue contains "A Dusky Friend," a very interesting prize story, written by Mrs. Ollie Wood, Cinnaminson, New Jersey.

Rags are largely used in the manufacture of paper for printing purposes and many papers are not inaptly termed rags, but there is a superabundance of *Fustian* in the composition of the *Journal of Agriculture* of this Province.

a paying weekly, semi-weekly or daily paper. City population over 10,000. Address us, with stamp, for particulars.

We were in error in attributing the authorship of "*Mon Cousin Norbert*," which appeared in our last issue, over the initials "W. H. D.," to W. H. Drummond, Esq., Montreal. He directs us to give the credit of its authorship to Mr. James McShane, jr., of Montreal. We hope to make their humorous poetic effusions a feature of this journal.

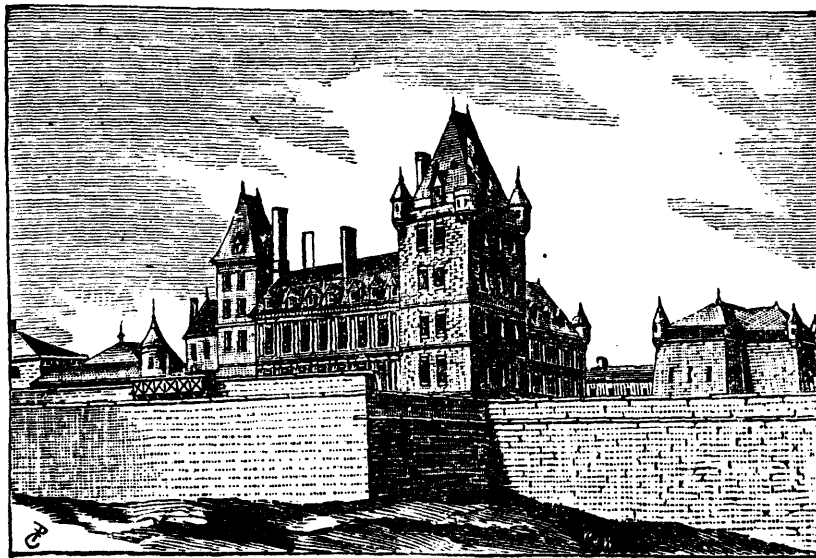
Let those who think they can put down the sum of eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven, *in figures*, drop us a post card showing us how it's done, at the same time giving their names and address, which we will publish if the list isn't larger than we think it will be, and the names are sent before 15th October.

The Franklin Edition of Popular 12 mos. consists of 190 vols., handsomely bound in cloth, black and gold, published at \$1 per vol. We will send any volume by mail, prepaid, and THE LAND WE LIVE

IN for one year, to any address in the United States or Canada, on receipt of \$1.35. Send to us for catalogue.

The NEW CURE, advertised by us in another column, is a *sure cure* for CATARRH, it used as directed, and we will send a package of the New Cure Powder, sufficient for one pint, and a glass *pocket inhaling tube*, by mail, safely boxed, on receipt of 40 cents, in Canada or U. S. stamps.

To be a successful competitor in any of the "word contests" now so popular, a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is indispensable. See our offer of the Dictionary in this issue, take advantage of the offer, and then "go in and win."



CHATEAU ST. LOUIS.

TO CROWN CITADEL, QUEBEC, AS CONTEMPLATED IN PLAN OF DUFFERIN CITY EMBELLISHMENTS.

The contracting parties to any marriage contract which may be executed before me, professionally, will be presented with one year's subscription to this journal. If of no other practical use it will make an excellent *Fire Kindler* and will contain columns enough to ensure early rising in the morning.

D. THOMAS, Notary Public.

We want a partner to take a half interest in this journal and to assist in extending circulation and securing advertisements. A very remunerative job-printing business could be established in connection therewith, as also



FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

LAKE ST. CHARLES' CAMP FIRE
STORIES.

BY J. M. LEMOINE.

UNTIL the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway had unlocked the portals of our North, bringing within easy access to the outer civilized world, the wild picturesque streams and countless beautiful lakes and waterfalls of that wilderness, two lovely inland sheets of water, Lake Beauport and Lake St. Charles had the privilege of engrossing in a high degree the attention of the sporting gentry of Quebec.

The first lake—prized for its bracing air mountainous surroundings and luscious red trout; the second endeared to the disciples of old Isaac, by its rare facilities for fly fishing and shooting, and to pleasure seekers in general, by its proximity to Quebec, the beauty of the landscape and the healthiness of the site. The attractions of this cool retreat were such that several well known citizens of the ancient capital, without any special vocation for piscatorial pursuits, but merely to forget the dust of St. John and St. Peter streets, were in the habit of leasing for the summer months,—some actually owned—pretty cottages, “on the margin of fair Zurich’s waters.”

I might recall among others, Judge Chas. G. Holt, Sheriff Sewell, Lt. Col. L. C. Fitzgerald, R.A., C. Gethings, manager of Quebec Bank, J. J. Foote, J. E. Eckhart, A. J. Maxham, W. D. Campbell, M. Stevenson, &c. Fly fishing for trout, yachting, boating, &c., during the leafy months, were followed by the younger frequenters of the lake, during the bright frosty days of winter, with cariboo hunting,

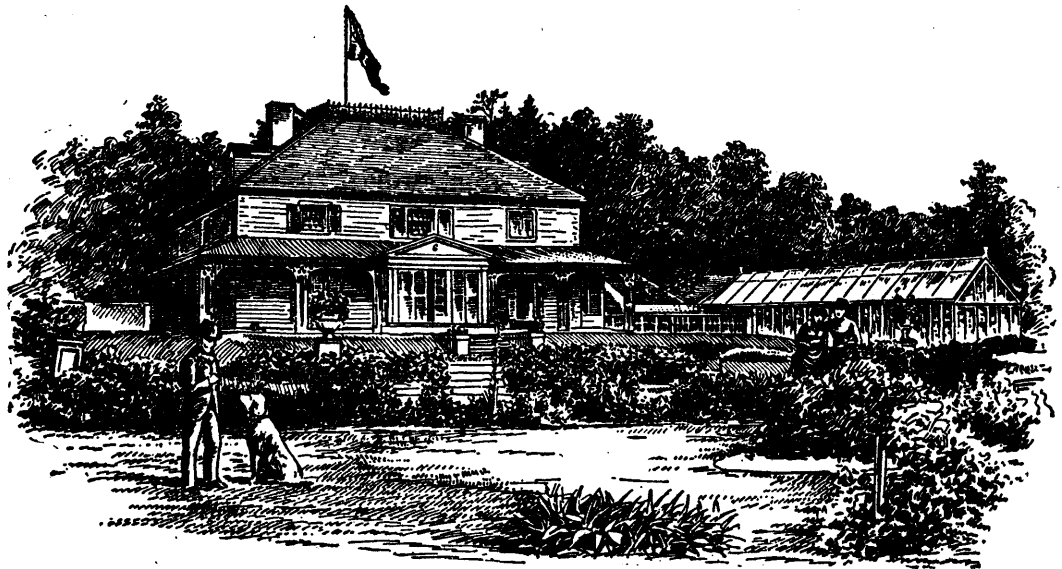
trapping bears, foxes, hares and setting night lines under the ice of that and of the neighboring lakes for the huge grey trout, known as *Tuladi*.

Lake St. Charles is an old settlement: the indigenous population is of a slightly mixed character. The Huron reserve at Indian Lorette, counts several representatives and half breeds. For half a century and more, nothing was more *en règle* for Quebecers, than a Saturday excursion “in the season of the year,” to Lake St. Charles when a cold collation *arrosée de medoc* or with McCallum’s prime pale ale, closed the fête, under the roof of old Verret’s rustic hostelry still flourishing amidst the green fields of the famous old lake.

One sultry June afternoon, I formed part of a squad of noisy law students, resting under the shade of an umbrageous elm, on the eastern shore of Echo Bay, waiting all of us impatiently, for the sun to go down,

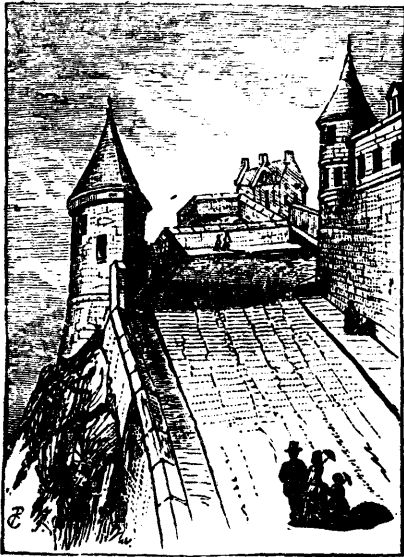
behind the green curtain of *Côte à Bonhomme* to the west. The fish would not rise, our gaudiest fly had failed to draw them from the deep cool caverns of the lake. At sun down, we would have sport, not before. A lively camp fire was blazing, its dense smoke kept away the myriads of mosquitoes and black flies, who at this season usually lay in wait, to pounce on those audacious mortals who dare invade their liquid domain.

Old Charles Panet, reclining on the turf had just exhausted his store of choice anecdotes, closing with a graphic account of how his respected great grand father Dr. Badeland had been made to deliver his short regulation sword as surgeon to the *Régiment de la Reine*, to one of Fraser’s Highlanders on the 13th Sept. 1759, on the Heights of Abraham. Tough stories of the catch of gigantic *Tuladi*, in winter, in Lake St. Joseph had succeeded, followed by a thrilling account of the fatigue and danger encountered in a winter trip far north, to Snow Lake, at the breaking up of the ice towards spring, &c. An elderly angler, wearing heavy gold spectacles, which gave him a thoughtful, scientific look, sententially, asked in vain for the reason why the flesh of the trout of Lake Beauport was redder than that of other trout. Genial old Charles Panet, resting his rod securely on the gnarled trunk of the big elm tree, broke in with a joyous “Ha! ha!” *Mes sieurs*, no fishing until 7:30 p. m. at least! What are you going to do, to kill time—*pour tuer le temps*? That-is-the-question? *Mes braves!* Did you ever hear the story of Gabriel’s miraculous escape from starvation, through the kindness of a bear, and



SPENCER GRANGE, SILLERY, QUEBEC.

THE COUNTRY SEAT OF J. M. LEMOINE, ESQ. F.R.S.C. (VIEW FROM THE FLOWER GARDEN.)



NEW PALACE GATE, QUEBEC.

CONTEMPLATED IN DUFFERIN CITY EMBELLISHMENTS.

how he discovered the difference between St. Pierre 65, O.P. (The vile spirit smuggled in enormous quantities from the French Islands of Newfoundland is known over the Province of Quebec, as *du Saint Pierre*) whisky and Ontario spirits? It is quite a touching narrative. "No! No! No!" was ejaculated all round. "Let us have it!" An earnest appeal to the old trapper was thus made and Gabriel, who until then, had been smoking a short duceen, in the stern of his canoe, put down his pipe, hitched up his pants and pushing with his paddle his canoe close in shore, said: "*A vos ordres, Messieurs.*" "I shall tell you, in a few words, the story of the bear who saved my life and also how I discovered the difference between *du St. Pierre* and Ontario whisky, Well, it occurred in the first days of April—the spring sun was getting to be quite hot—at midday, on the mountain, though the nights were still frosty. I was just thinking of closing up operations in my *sucrerie*, as the sap was becoming tainted with *la sève*. A fellow, whom I took for *un gentilhomme*, called at my *cabanne*, wet, tired, but a trifle under the influence of liquor, I thought. He had he said, got wet accidentally falling in the lake through a hole in the ice. I lent him a pair of socks. he dried his clothes at my fire, and then pulled out of his pocket a large flask, saying it contained something extra good, poured out for me a very stiff horn, adding that it was as mild as pigeon's milk—*du lait de pigeon*. I hesitated before taking such a dram, but he persisted saying that no such spirit ever came from the whiskey

country in Canada, Ontario, and that one had to go all the way to the French islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, off Newfoundland, to get it. I always thought the fellow must have been a smuggler or a *courreur de bois*. There was a sly, furtive look in his eye. Soon after I left with a tin can to collect the sap from the maples. On coming out in the cool air, every thing seemed to swim before my eyes. My course was in the direction of the lake. Walk, I could not without much trouble; my legs, usually so strong refused to carry me. "A clear case of tangle legs joyously chimed in old Charles Panet." "I never heard it called by that name *Monsieur le membre pour le comté*" tartly replied Gabriel.

"Though I could scarcely walk, some thing impelled me to run, this also was a failure. In fact, I felt completely non-plussed. I laid down my tin can. What shall I do, next? I shall catch my death of cold, from this night wind across the lake. I felt I could not reach my *cabanne* and looked round for a shelter, as night was fast setting in. I spied on the edge of the lake, a monstrous pine, which looked as if it had been cleft in twain by lightning. Towards it, I tried to make a bee-line. I have strong doubts that I did. My legs had given out, not my arms, however, my salvation, my only salvation rested, I thought, in climbing that tree, I succeeded in wedging myself firmly, as I thought, in the rent in the tree, without looking below me. Sleep soon overpowered me. All at once and without one moment's warning, I slid down in the cavity about twelve feet and landed on a soft bed of leaves. Here I felt entombed, helpless. Realizing my desperate position, I was just yielding to despair, when it occurred to me to invoke my patron saint; and taking a hasty but unsatisfactory retrospect of my whole life I tried to kneel down to say my prayers; I found my memory failed me. The only prayer that I could recollect was *ora pro nobis*, which I hurried to repeat in a loud voice, when a strange noise caught my ear, as if something was scratching on the outside bark of the tree. Then, there was some rustling above and a fluffy ball of fur struck my head, nearly crushing me to a jelly. I gasped for breath and then yelled with pain and fright. A snort and horrible growl were the only response. Terror sobered me entirely. I realized my position. I had unwittingly invaded the winter quarters of a bear absent from home, in quest of his supper, no doubt. Bruin on his return, had according to his well known practice, let himself down, in his lair, tail first, on top of me. Which of the two felt the most awkward, I cannot pretend to say. Startled, he stood a second or two, staring

at me; then turned and took to climbing the wooden walls of my prison, while I shouted at him. My presence of mind had not left me. One chance of escape then remained. I laid hold of the animal's tail in his ascent, but soon found there was not enough to hold on. Letting go my hold, I instantly took a firm grip of the long fur growing on his haunches. Never did I travel faster by train. In a trice I found myself landed at the front door of my prison.

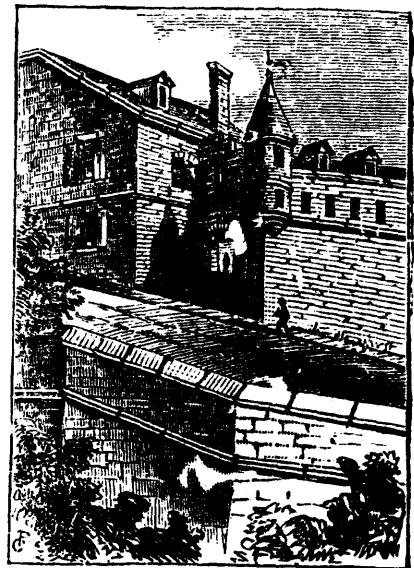
The conductor seemed in such a hurry, that he heeded not a "dead head," not even stopping to look after his fare; he slid down tail end first along the tree, ran like a cariboo towards the frozen lake, and might be running on it yet, had not the ice melted last spring."

"Gabriel," said Mr. Panet, "I have heard something like this story before?"

"*C'est possible, mon bon monsieur*, but that was how I found out the difference between *du St. Pierre* and Ontario whisky."

The Vanity of Learning.

She could talk you to death about social equality,
Drive you stark mad with the ethics of polity.
Laugh with her cat at old Homer's frivolity,
And kick at the tenets and teaching of Mill.
She could give us all tips on domestic economy,
Show up the deepest delights of astronomy,
Converse with the cat about telline astronomy
And go through Descartes with ineffable skill
She could rattle off tales of the horses of sparta,
Could give you a ballad, a fugue or cantata,
But her pa caught her reading the "Kreutzer Sonata."
And she mentioned the tortoise shell cat
in her will.



HOPE GATE, QUEBEC.

CONTEMPLATED IN DUFFERIN CITY EMBELLISHMENTS.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN—(PRIZE STORY)

A DUSKY FRIEND.

BY OLLIE WOOD.

The parties concerned in this story are your humble servant, the writer, and three other gentlemen, two like myself were "green" as far as roughing it went and one was an experienced hunter and angler

We were New York men and had slipped away from business and business cares for a few weeks shooting, and fishing on the Upper Saginaw taking a tent, cooking utensils, fishing tackle, our guns and last but not least a son of the Emerald Isle to assist in cooking and make himself generally useful which he did in a way that was unique to say the least of it but always accomplishing things to his own evident satisfaction.

When asked if he could cook before we engaged him, we had received the following answer:

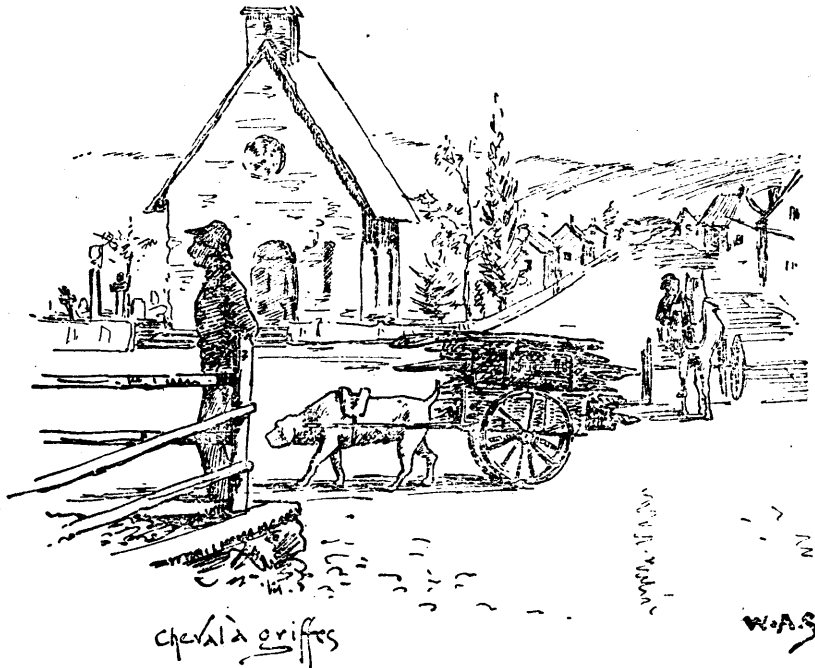
"Cook is it did yez soi? That oi can in the most illegant sthyle, me own mither couldent make a pratie grow too big for his jacket any quicker than meself sor."

On which glowing recommendation we engaged him. The next week saw us snugly fixed in camp. The day following we set out on our first fishing expedition and my first experience I will admit did not come up to my expectations, being naturally a conversationally inclined chap I did not take kindly to our fisherman's frequently repeated: "Hush! I've got a bite!" and I wickedly rejoiced when that same "bite" came up a "gudgeon," some two inches in length, as it frequently did, and when it came up "not anything at all, at all," as Pat elegantly expressed it I felt more wicked joy. Getting tired of the hot sun, gnats, ants, ear wigs, and a damp rotten stump for a seat, (this is the practical not the ideal side of the question) I concluded to go and see how Pat and the dinner came on.

I made my way back to camp after devious detours but never would I own to any one but you, Mr. Editor, that I was lost, also that my white linen trousers (which I had counted quite the thing for camping out) were white no longer, especially where I sat down suddenly and unexpectedly in a patch of rank green and very damp moss, in fact it was so damp it was decidedly wet and as I proved by experience slippery.

On arriving near the tent I was surprised to hear an animated conversation going on; not looking my best just then I went quietly around in shadow of the trees, to catch a view of our visitors, when I discovered it was our Pat soliloquizing as he looked ruefully at two or three eggs on a plate "Divil a bit av me knows what is after-alin' yez say how, here oive been boilin' of yez over an hour now, and yez aint soft at all, at all, and after a whole that hungry mess of craythers will be here and say "Pat thim eggs be hard" sure and I know it, bad cess to thim, and Mистер Hadley the worst av thim all (that was me) will be a sayin az I cant cook, and divil a bit did I iver cook before but, the praties, but they dont know it."

"Now then ye round scamps" shaking his fist at a kettle containing more eggs "bile



"WOOD-UP" QUICK-STEP.

away and see if ye'll be done when the swells come" and Pat took himself off after more wood.

I took that opportunity to go quietly into the tent and change my clothes—it is needless to remark I put on dark pants—after which I strung up a hammock in the shade and waited serenely for dinner, while the eggs boiled merrily on and I improved my knowledge of fish and fishing by perusing a copy of THE LAND WE LIVE IN, of which I had brought a file, having been told that it was an authority on such matters, and becoming interested time slipped by "with unshod feet" and the next I heard was a call to dinner which I obeyed with alacrity.

I found my three companions tired, warm, and—own it I must—triumphant, having had fair success and had brought a basket of fish worth having, and also worth eating, which in my opinion was the best part of the sport.

But poor Pat when he produced the eggs with the explanation of their hardness "that they must be spiled, for they wouldn't bile soft at all, at all." must have thought the fun all one sided as the forest rang with our shouts of laughter, till the very trees seemed to nod and laugh in sympathy.

Next day I concluded to remain near the tent and read, while the more devoted followers of Izaak Walton took themselves off for more sport.

They left from the previous days, "catch" a fine large fish some six or eight pounds in weight, but of a species unknown to me to be prepared for dinner by the redoubtable Pat, who as usual declared he could "cook it in illegant sthyle to be sure." Becoming tired of reading very fishy stories, I sauntered around Pat's domain and to my delight found him wrestling valiantly with the skin of that aforementioned fish, trying vigorously to skin it.

"Shure now, Mистер Hadley! what would be the matter of his crayther?"

niver in me loif did I see a crayther stick so fast to his coat before" and poor Pat looked the picture of innocent distress while the perspiration made small rivers down his honest face.

I explained that fish, (most of them at least) were intended to be scaled not skinned and between us we accomplished the feat of getting that fish in eating order and very fine eating it proved.

Although to quote Pat "his-self" I was "the badest of the lot," and "a tazin crayther" we became good friends and having been brought up with girls, I was able to give him a number of hints as to the preparation of what he elegantly styled "rations" till he was able to prepare our food very nicely, which was agreeable to all, as after all I became quite a hunter and angler and enjoyed the sport so thoroughly that I had no time to spare for teasing and teaching Pat.

We spent three weeks very pleasantly in our camp and had fair success and no startling adventures, and when we gathered around our camp fire the last night of our stay we were silent for a while thinking more than likely, (I know I was) of bright eyes waiting our return. The silence was broken after a while by Pat asking "The Major"—as he persisted in calling our veteran sportsman,—for a story, when he told us the following which I will give in his own words, and as I can vouch for his veracity you may believe it.

"My story" he, commenced "is not much of a story only a few incidents strung together that go to prove the story or idea false, that natives of Africa form no very strong attachments, but I know better.

On board the vessel on which I sailed toward the middle colonies on one of my trips for great game (it was a native affair and very primitive) was a magnificent specimen of the Zulu race named Meganog tall, broad with sinews of steel, he was



A CANADIAN EXPLORER.

the most magnificent specimen of manhood I ever saw. Much lighter than most of his race and a "ringed man" he was silent and reserved and although I often tried to engage him in conversation, I seldom succeeded.

One day for some trifling offence, the captain chained him, an indignity that for a Zulu and a ringed-man at that, was almost more than he could bear. By a little persuasion and some gold I procured his release and although as undemonstrative as before, every thing I wanted from that time on was at my hand. Whether I expressed a wish for it or not he seemed to divine by intuition my wants.

On landing and procuring the things needed for my trip into the interior, Meganog announced to my astonishment his intention to accompany me, an offer which I gladly accepted, as his knowledge of the country through which we were to fight, would be of great value to me.

I wish to explain that none but a great warrior among the Zulu's, can wear a ring, said ring being a large bone one, around which the hair is drawn and worn high on the head.

I waited, at the colony till my friend Smith joined me, when with "salted" oxen (that is oxen that are not liable to poison from tsetse fly) our provisions and train of native carriers, we set out on our journey toward the interior.

Before we had gone two days journey I perceived Meganog watching closely a large powerful Caffre, and an uncommonly evil-looking one, that we had engaged at the last moment.

Coming to my tent that night after we had camped and broken our fast, Meganog gravely tendered me a pinch of salt which I as gravely took and proceeded to swallow.

He watched me silently then handed me a handful and said briefly "Offer it to the others." I was surprised but thinking there might be something back of his advice, I went to the fire around which the

carriers were gathered; while Meganog stalked silently on behind me, and offered each a pinch which they took and ate readily enough, till I came to the big Caffre, who I imagined hesitated, but took it like the rest and I turned again toward the tent. Just as I was about to enter Meganog touched me on the shoulder and said "Denon" (the big Caffre) "did not eat his salt, he threw it on the ground."

"Well?" I questioned.

"We will soon be among his people, he will betray us as they are hostile."

"I guess not" I replied. He looked disgusted, answered shortly. "I have said" and walked off.

When the brilliant but short tropical twilight disappeared as Smith and I sat smoking, Smith exclaimed "What is that nigger after do you suppose?" and looking up I whispered a caution to silence, and watched a figure sneaking off toward the south, which I recognized as Denon the big Caffre. A moment after another powerful figure crossed my vision, and Meganog crept by silently on track of the first.

I explained the case to Smith who laughed at Meganog's warning and we turned into the tent for the night.

Next morning both Denon and Meganog were on duty silent as ever, but Meganog's eyes seemed never to leave the Caffre.

That night I said to him "Denon seems all right, and we are now on the borders of his peoples country."

"Denon journeyed farther to the south last night than the white stranger could in two days and Meganog journeyed also" he answered "What do you mean? how could you go so far and I not know it?"

"Meganog's legs are swift and strong" he said "pointing toward them and truly they looked it and that was all the satisfaction I got out of him except the assurance that "Meganog would watch."

Next day we made an easy journey as it was warm, and I watched too.

As the sun disappeared the Caffre seemed uneasy and Meganog very alert; after a

while the Caffre lay down with the rest and seemed to sleep, and Meganog this time crept silently past the tent toward the south with an assegai or native spear in his hand and I turned trailer, (Smith was asleep) and crawled silently behind him.

On he went upright and on a trot after he was out of sight of the camp, and I trotted after him or galloped I might say, as it was almost impossible to keep up to the easy swinging gait with which he covered the distance for what must have been three miles, then as a small hillock dotted with trees arose to view on the sight, he dropped quickly to the ground which example I followed, then he crawled like a serpent noiseless and almost unseen toward the hillock, and I crawled on till I came to a little ant hill on which I could sit in the grass and get a good view of the hillock, (instinct told me he was bound for that,) myself unseen.

On he crept, the scene to me seemed weird, the stars made every movement visible, but not a sound broke the stillness of the night except the insects (of which there were plenty), the occasional cry of a night bird, or far off the roar of a lion. On the brow of the hill he crouched, behind a huge boulder and waited, waited till my hair stood on end and I was about to call, when a new actor appeared on the scene; the figure of a man with a spear in his hand came over the hill still behind the rock, Meganog never stirred, the figure turned around the rock when Meganog confronting him like an angry fate drove his assegai through him, till the point glittered in the starlight, and I saw to my horror it was broken at the haft, as another figure came around the rock.

One moment Meganog looked, then throwing his arms around the giant for he was larger yet than he, commenced such a struggle as I hope never to witness again. As for me I was paralyzed, it never occurred to me that I might assist my servant, I sat and stared fascinated. Grappling, twisting, making savage attempts to throttle each other and all in that horrible stillness, it was terrible. I do not think I breathed, till Meganog making a last effort lifted his opponent high in the air held him struggling one second and dashed him against the rock. One moment he surveyed his fallen enemy, then picking up the strangers spear started calmly back toward camp and stumbled over me sitting there petrified. He betrayed no surprise though he must have felt it, but said "Did I not tell you they were Caffre spies? Denon told them of your stores, you would have been massacred. Let us go!" and we returned to camp; after that we made all haste to get out of that locality and kept strict watch on Denon till we arrived in a more friendly country.

When I would have thanked Meganog, he only said "Did you not save me from chains?" a ringed-man cannot bear disgrace and live, We are brothers."

Such was the story my friend told, and we listened with bated breath and were

still silent when "Holy Moses!" yelled Pat, his eyes starting from his head, staring out into the shadow, "what is that?" and following his terror stricken gaze we saw looming up in the darkness a majestic figure that struck awe to our hearts till my friend said:

"That is Meganog, he came to America with me, if you had visited me since my return you would have seen him." Meganog! as he came forward "what brought you?"

"I thought you would want me" he said gravely and he proceeded to pack up in a way that I never saw equalled.

How he came here he did not say, but he was welcome to all.

Sometimes now in the city, I see the majestic figure and powerful face and think him a friend worth having and no more of a savage than some others I know whose skins are white.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

AN AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURE.

It was in the latter half of the fifties, and our party, consisting of Cunningham, a Tipperary man, Murray, a Scotchman, and myself, a Canadian, had been for some time gold mining at Jones' Creek, Victoria. We had been lucky enough to strike a pocket in one of the partially worked gullies out of which in an hour's time we had taken over \$900 in nuggets ranging from \$5 to \$750 in value, and after working out the small block of solid ground left with less satisfactory results concluded to take it easy for a day or two, which we did, firstly by washing up our extra flannel shirt and stockings, and secondly by laying in a supply of wood sufficient to last us for cooking purposes during the next week or two.

It was Saturday, and Cunningham always spent his Saturday afternoons and Sundays in hunting for pastures new, that is, prospecting for new diggings, so Murray and I concluded to go fishing. From Jones' Creek to the junction of the Bet Bet Creek with the Loddon River was ten miles, a pleasant two and a half hours walk through a park like undulating country, sparsely covered with blue gum trees. We laid in a supply of craw fish for bait, which could be readily obtained in any of the water-holes, which, during the dry season, constituted the main portion of Jones' Creek, and taking with us tea and sugar, with enough damper and mutton to last us for supper and breakfast, we got started rather late in the afternoon.

Our fishing tackle consisted of a few lines of 15 to 20 feet in length, to each of which was attached a strong hook, and our other *impedimenta* was made up of a gun and axe. On our previous trips we had always seen a number of kangaroos, while quail and wild pigeons—the latter of which are always found in pairs—were plentiful. We spent some time in trying to get a shot at some kangaroos, in which we were unsuccessful, so that it was nearly dark when we reached the fishing ground and selected a sheltered spot, where we placed our traps under an umbrageous gum tree, after which we cut a few wattle bushes for poles.

The fish in the Loddon River are known as the Murray River Cod, of which river the Loddon is a tributary, and they are

usually caught at night by sticking poles with baited lines at intervals along the bank and leaving the fish to hook themselves. The lines are visited every hour or so during the night or oftener if a splashing gives notice of a fish being hooked. There is really no sport in this kind of fishing but it is a relaxation from the fatigue of mining and the Murray cod is a very toothsome fish, not unlike his Atlantic namesake, and runs from 2 to 8 or 10 pounds in weight.

Having set our lines, we proceeded to pick up what dead wood we could find convenient and soon had a good fire blazing, over which we swung our tin billy of water, and cooking our mutton on the end of a stick, we soon had a substantial supper prepared which we discussed with an appetite that required no condiments.

After supper we lighted our pipes and then visited our lines, off which we took four fish weighing altogether about 12 pounds. Getting back to camp, we replenished our fire and had lain down to smoke our pipes and enjoy a *dolce far niente*, when we were aroused by the sound of horses feet, and in less than two minutes six men rode up to the light.

Each had a roll of blankets tied to his saddle, and the regulation Colts' revolver hung from the belt of each, while four out of the six carried rifles resting in a socket similar to that used by the Victoria Mounted Police. "Who have we here?" said one who appeared to be the leader of the party.

"Two fishermen," said I.

"What luck, my hearties?"

"Pretty fair for a start. We've only had time to overhaul our lines once, but we've got four middling sized ones."

"Blast it all that's what I call thunderin' good luck. This ain't the first time you've went fishin'. No bloody new chum about you, not much. Pile off boys, and hobble your horses. There's good feed here for the horses, and damned if we don't have a fish supper. Say, you fellows. You furnish the fish and we'll find the trimmin's. Here you Jem! Overhaul my swag and fetch us a couple of bottles of brandy, some of that Henessy that we got over to Maryborough. Say Joe! One o' you's is enough to hobble them horses. Make up that fire, and get out the fryin' pans."

The foregoing are only a few of the orders he gave and in a very short time our fish were taken possession of and dressed. Then appointing two of the party as cook and cookee, he turned his attention to the bottles of brandy, and after pouring out about half a pannikin, which he passed over to Murray and myself, he took a good swig himself and passed the rest over to his men.

After we had all partaken of the fish supplemented by a liberal supply of damper, hard tack, and brandy and tea, instead of brandy and water, our self constituted host proposed a visit to our lines, from which we took five fine fish. We sat smoking on the bank for some time, but failing to hook any more fish, went back to the fire, where we were treated to more brandy and sundry songs and stories, interlarded with expletives which made the fire burn blue.

Another fishing trip resulted in a catch of two fine ones, which our friend informed us they would take with them for luck



IN THE SUGAR BUSH.

and breakfast. He then informed us that they had business at Dunnolly and must reach there before daylight, so he thought they had better be starting. He then ordered the men to unhobble the horses and to bring some more brandy.

After a drink all round he presented us with a full bottle, and after apologizing for intruding on our hospitality without the formality of an introduction, remarked that he usually introduced himself after the dance was over.

"Permit me," said he, "to introduce you to Black Douglas, that's me, and these are my chums. We shan't stay at Dunnolly long enough to ask you to return our call there, but if you happen to be round Mt. Moliagul in a week or two, you'll be likely to see some of us and if the traps ain't round you'll be likely to see me too." And with a shout they galloped off.

So we had been carousing with Black Douglas, the noted bushranger, for whose capture there was a reward of £500 sterling. The brandy we had taken operated as a soporific and we slept until daylight, when we again examined our lines, and taking the half dozen fish on them, we started for Jones' Creek. That was our last fishing trip to the Loddon, and the only time we met Black Douglas.

DIDYMUS.

Bright Suggestions

he men who cause strikes to not always make hits.

The man who has lost his character needn't mourn, for he wouldn't have lost it if it were not worthless.

It doesn't do to pay too much attention to your intuitions. The probabilities are that they are merely prejudices.

If one half of the world knew all the mean things said about it by the other half a war of extermination would ensue.

When you put your shoulder to the wheel it is well to notice whether you are helping it along or working against it.

Not up to His Taste.

"Well," said the cannibal, smacking his lips after dinner; "that missionary may have been a stinty man, but he wasn't very good."



A WINTER TRAMP.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

My Trip Around Lake Superior In 1848.

In my last written some months ago, I promised you another and probably a final portion of my experience on our largest lake more than forty years ago; circumstances have prevented me from doing so until now, and even now I fear I shall have nothing very interesting to relate of that tiresome trip.

On the 11th August of that year I gave the necessary orders, and the little Sloop's bow was turned to the "Eastward ho!" I do not know which of the party was the most delighted at the idea of returning to civilization again, but I do know that the two French Canadians were the most demonstrative in their actions, revelling in the idea of unlimited tobacco and other creature comforts awaiting them, only on the other side of the little pool that we had to traverse.

We made the start with light baffling winds that would shift around to all the Southerly and Easterly points of the compass, just where we did not want them to come from, so that at the end of two days we being unable to lay our course, and making as much lee way as head way, were compelled to sail between the "Isle Royale" and the main land, hoping for a favorable change in the wind; while making this passage, we were treated to a perfect gale of wind, or what we thought one; the waves made a complete breach over the little sloop and matters looked so critical, that after beating about in the storm for more than sixteen hours we made a run into "Washington Harbor," and there cast anchor, all thoroughly beaten by the wind and waves and hunger and fatigue; at such a time as this one thinks and not a little, about "home comforts," and of the "old folks at home" if there should be any.

To add to the pleasure of our situation, I found our sloop had made a large quantity of water during the gale, evidently from overstraining, as we could find no permanent leak; I knew by this time that she was rather crazy, and feared that in another such an experience as she had just

passed through, she might possibly go to pieces; and therefore felt doubly anxious to get down to the "Sault" before the Equinoctial gales should set in.

On this island (Isle Royale) I saw evidences of some mining having been done by parties some time previous to my visit; but the place had been abandoned after a short and evidently unsuccessful trial, one of the party though had not abandoned the scene of his labors, but there he remained in his lonely grave far away from the place of his birth and friends, it seemed to me so sad; I was then young and quite unused to such scenes, but as one grows older I suppose one gets more callous, as I know such has been the case with me; and consequently such affairs as lonely graves here and there, gradually lose their power of affecting one's feelings much.

We were kept knocking about between the Island and the main land for three days when we managed to get out into the lake around the north east end of the Island, farther away from the port of our destination than we were when we left Pigeon River; this was rather discouraging to say the least of it, and many times I wished I had a whale boat instead of the sloop, as in that case we could have made head way all the time by rowing by day, and could sleep on the land every night.

I have often wondered by what rule of equity, the grand "Isle Royale" could possibly have fallen to the lot of the Americans when the boundary line between Canada and the United States was settled; the island appears to be so much part and parcel of Canada, close to its shores and away so far north of the middle of the lake; I suppose the British Commissioners were either extremely liberal and accommodating or possibly were as usual nicely bamboozled by the commissioners of the other party; I don't know which of these suppositions may be correct, or if they may not both be erroneous; but the fact remains, that this magnificent island although so close to our shores and so distant from those of the United States, does not belong to Canada. On the 21st we were driven by stress of weather into a bay to the south east of Otter-head bay on the eastern shore of the lake and there cast anchor under the lee of a small island; while rounding to to fetch this anchorage our main sheet block tie parted and before the sweep could be got out we were so near the rocks that the sweeps were used as fenders to pry us off from them, the wind from the south east blowing with great violence and steadily increasing.

As sailors say, the wind was blowing great guns outside, but we were safe from its raging and could contemplate its fury with great equanimity; while lying here in safety and thankfulness, one of the French Canadians came to me and said, "You come ashore, Mr. Nomad, you shoot one, two, tree partridge," this was good news; so I got out my gun, cleaned it, went ashore, and in half an hour's time had shot "one, two, tree, four partridge;" they were still rather young but all grown and full fledged; but even if they had not been, our necessities were such that I do not think my habitual respect for the game laws would, in this case, have prevented me from shooting even a dozen more if I could have had the chance of doing so. I also shot on the next day a bird of very

beautiful plumage called there the spruce partridge, but though more beautiful to the eye than the grey ones I did not think it quite so toothsome when cooked. One thing struck me as very strange, indeed, and that was the extreme scarcity of game in these solitudes; an occasional hare, a rabbit now and then, a few wild ducks and on one or two occasions small flocks of wild pigeons, form about the sum total of the game I saw on the shores of the great lake; I had expected to have been able to almost supply our tables with game at all our stopping places, and that, without losing any time about it, and my disappointment may be imagined when I found I was so completely wrong in my calculations.

There I saw another lonely grave with a cross on it, a tree at its head blazed with the letters J. M. marked on it, apparently done quite recently.

On the 24th we found ourselves almost under the high lands of the beautiful island of Michipicoton enveloped in a dense mist. On the 28th we made land at "Pointe aux Mines," and on the 30th arrived at the "Sault Ste. Marie" all safe, sound and thankful for our many escapes; I had during one of the gales been knocked down by the tiller; the blow was so severe as to stun me for the time, and I felt the results for several months after.

We were all travel-stained and weather-worn, and very glad to see houses and other evidences of civilization again; what a change has come over that country since then? at that time there were a few settlements on the American shore; at the Cliff Mine, from which were extracted those enormous blocks of native copper, with veins of pure silver running through them which astonished the world; at Ontonagon; at Eagle River and some few other places; but on the Canadian side there was not a settlement to be found outside of a few Hudson Bay Co.'s posts; a few small propellers were plying along the south shore between the above mentioned places and the Sault Ste. Marie; but on the north shore nothing but a few bark canoes, a whale boat or two and one or two sloops used by the Hudson Bay Co. in their trade with the Indians; and in all the time my trip lasted, we met nothing but one or two small bark canoes, paddled by a couple or three Indians in each. So great was the solitude and desolation all around, that I thought to myself, it will take half a century before this state of things will change for the better; but even then I did not contemplate the possibility of such a marvellous change as the one that has taken place within a few years only.

On the South shore besides the places above mentioned, large cities have been built, notably Duluth, Marquette and many others; while on the Canadian side the change has been little short of marvellous. A large town has arisen opposite to that on the American side at the Falls, where formerly there were only a few Indian huts, the land has been brought into cultivation, and now there are good settlements around Gorklais and Batchewanny Bay; the city of Port Arthur on the north shore of the beautiful Thunder Bay has sprung into being; some of the most magnificent steamers on any inland waters in the world, now ply regularly during the season, between all the points of interest

on this grand lake, with abundance of freight and passengers to make them financially a success, and nearly all this has been done since the year 1871.

To that wonder of the world the C. P. R. the most of this prosperity is owing; the mines of the interior have been discovered and are being explored and worked, the lands of the North West cultivated and life given to every enterprise that has the elements of success in it, and with such Canada teems.

NOMAD.

—O—

SHE DON'T TRUST HIM NO MORE.

"*Oyez! Oyez!*" de clerk she say
"De Queen—*Dieu Sauve la Reine*,
Dis Court she is open to-day
To hear some case again."

De lawyers she was dere *en masse*,
De peep' was very crowd
An' some loafer of de ver' las' class.
Was speak him pooty loud.

De clerk she no like disturbance
She shout like one mad bull,
"*Silence, Messieurs! Silence! Silence!*
Or some one will be pull."

After some while dat's more *tranquil*,
De clerk she'll take its place,
Dis Judge was seem more happy feel
De Court commence de case.

De curious of de case was dis:
Lenoir was *Tremblay* sue,
Because *Tremblay* she want for kiss
Herself, an' couple more too,

De couple more girl was dere in Court,
He have his best clothes on.
An' *Tremblay* she was dress like sport,
For make de girls "dead gone."

Tremblay his name it was *Baptiste*,
Lenoir dat's *Virginie*,
De second girl it was *Clarisse*,
De las' one *Rosalie*.

Virginie's look was only fair
Good looks not ev' yting—
Nice rosy cheeks an' curl his hair
An' pooty good building.

Clarisse he put on style, Ha! ha!
Dat's work on shoe factree,
He live on de Rue *Rose de Lima*,
Way up to St. *Heuri*.

Rosalie work on mill'ner store,
Dat's dressmaker I s'pose.
How much he gets a week dat's more
Dan anybody knows.

But *Virginie* was bes' girl first
After come *Rosalie*.
Clarisse was mad to be de worse,
Baptiste kiss dem all t'ree.

For catch *Baptiste* dose t'ree girl try
With all his best, me sure.
But *Baptiste* wink an' close his eye,
"I speak dem all *bon jour*."

Virginie she was make her mind
To have de matter fix,
It make her plenty trub to find
Baptiste play her some tricks.

So when in Court de Judge she see
She 'splain to her de facts,
She don't object for kiss to be
Not kiss behin' his backs.

De Judge she speak de girls "My dear."
(An' she look hard at *Baptiste*.)
"As I got only one man here
You can't have man apiece."

"*Baptiste Tremblay* should be shame,
Dis Court is much *chagrin*,
Don't make some more dose pleasure game,
De costs dat's *six chelins*."

MORAL.

T'ree girl at once dat is played up,
Don't make no monkey shine;
De bes' one—call her *Butter-Cup*
An' take care youse 'f some time.

Komo.

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

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"Hello! Martin Luther! What brings you here. You don't have to come from Lennoxville here for your marketing, surely." "Faith, I do then Mr. Didymus, I have to keep the pot boiling on something more than I can raise myself, although I've got as good and as early a garden as there is in Lennoxville, but here's some of the ladybucks with their butter and eggs and lamb and spring chickens, come right by me thinking they can sell to better advantage here, when they could get a better price at Lennoxville and save the extra travel. If it wasn't for the inconvenience of it, I can save money by doing my marketing here. Well, I'm glad to see you all got over the twelfth of July all right. They tell me you didn't show a color here except what Bob Hethrington wore for divilment, and if it hadn't been for a countryman of my own, and a Catholic at that, there wouldn't have been anything to disturb the harmony which exists between the Orange and Green in this part of the country." "Why, I didn't hear of any trouble. What was it?" "Didn't you hear of William Murray attacking John Woodward's bull? They say that he did so because he was an Orange bull, and I think that there's some truth in it, for the bull was only thirteen months old and couldn't be very dangerous." "I did see something about the gallant rescue of somebody from an infuriated bull, was that it?" "Of course it was, and it's lucky that poor Capt. Jack wasn't alive or Murray wouldn't have dared to attack his bull any more than he would a Pope's Bull. It's too bad after getting over the Jesuit troubles so satisfactorily and then having it all our own way in election matters that anyone should show disposition to revive a party feud by attacking a poor innocent bull calf. Oh, say! I'll be up at your office presently. I'm working a granite quarry and I want to order one or two cuts that will be suitable for advertising, as well as for letter heads and envelopes."

"Don't you want some potatoes this morning? Only 25 cents a peck, and I'll leave them at your house." "No!

thanks! I raise my own." "Well, here's some tiptop butter, real gilt edged." "I don't want any, Walter Thompson supplies me every Saturday."

"Bedad thin, an' it's the good butther he makes intirely, only it's his wife that makes it, but it's all in the family way. Not interrupting, ye Misther Monroe, but I've an ilegant quarter of lamb that I'll hould ye Misther Didymus 'll be afther wantin'. Only eight cents the poun'. Sure didn't I tell ye he'd want it? Och but it's the aisy thing, Mavourneen, to sell what'll sell itself. An' that I may niver sin, but i's meself that does always be havin' what some one else does be wantin'. Divil a joke or a jist but just the thruth and no lie, so it is, I'll be lavin' this wid ye on my way home. Thank ye kindly. That's the change to a ha' penny. Good by and God bless ye."

"Begosh, M'sieu Mikenurny she'll spoke more all a sam lak mese'f, fo' sure. She'll *parle* pooty moch till bam-by, don't it? *C'est vrai*, she'll 'ave *les* good sheeps, *les moutons, oui*. *Mais*, she'll not sell sheep. She'll *vend trop cher*. She'll hax too mooch, *huit cents le livre*. Me fotch some hon de market bam-by nex Sat'day, pooty progblly, me sell heem for *sept* cents *par booshe*, wot you call *quatre chelins*, h'eighty cents s'pose, *par booshe*. You want for buy some berry, hey? Nice ras'berry, eight cents *le quart*. Me geev you seven quart for feefy cents. Ma hole h'oman he'll peeck for long tam 'eesterday. Black fly she'll bite *comme le diable*. *Ma femme* he'll don' got mos' no skeen on hees *visage, ce matin*. Ma leetle gal he'll 'ave to mek *le dejeuner*. Ma waf he'll got bite lak you nevare see. You want heem some h'ongyons? Me raise heem from *le semence noir*, black seed, *oui*. Me plant heem on las' fall. Pooty goot *ognons*, hey! Don't it! *Six sous le bonche*. Four *bonches? Merci Madame. C'est correct. Merci!*"

"Deed then, I must have some of they onions, they'll no be that bad along wi' the kale for soup. Haud a 'wee, Jennie! Hae ye twaree bawbees ye can loan me till I gang ben the hoose? I dinna like to break the siller an' I didna want to be fashed wi' the bawbees. Thanks! I'll no be forgettin' it."

"Hello! Peter! You're late this mornin'. I was in hopes I'd get away before havin' to pay market fee." "Yes I'm a little late, but it don't often happen. I had to help Bob Johnson look up a man that fired a revolver at him last night." "Did you get him?" "Yes, we found him asleep under Mr. Fortier's cedar hedge. I guess he'd been on a *bon jour*." "What are you goin'

to do with him?" "Oh! I don't know. Judge Rioux 'll settle that. Thanks! Here's your change."

"Say! Have you got female drum majors here, or does she belong to the Salvation Army?" "Who do you mean?" "Why that red-headed girl carrying a cane." "Oh! that's one of our dudines. She's carrying a cane because she hasn't had an opportunity of wearing the breeches." "Well I should think that sort of thing would lead to breaches of promise." "It would if they ever got any promises to tack the breaches to."

"Did you have good luck at Lake Aylmer?" "Yes, pretty fair. We got ten nice fish, mascalonge and dore." "Did you get them trolling?" "Yes." "What kind of spoon did you use?" "The Luminous spoon made by the Enterprise M'fg Co., of Akron, Ohio. They take first rate, come up and I'll show you some of them."

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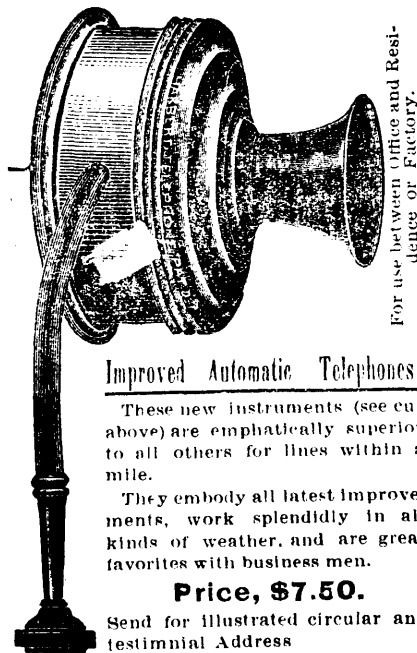
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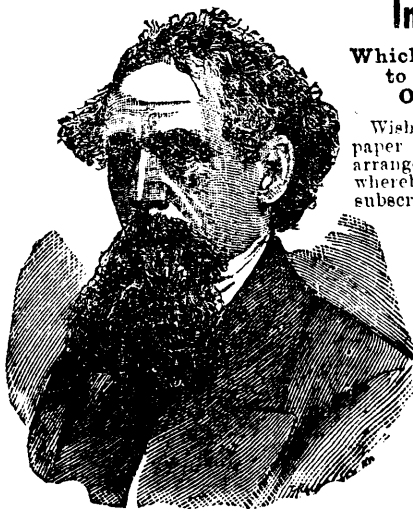
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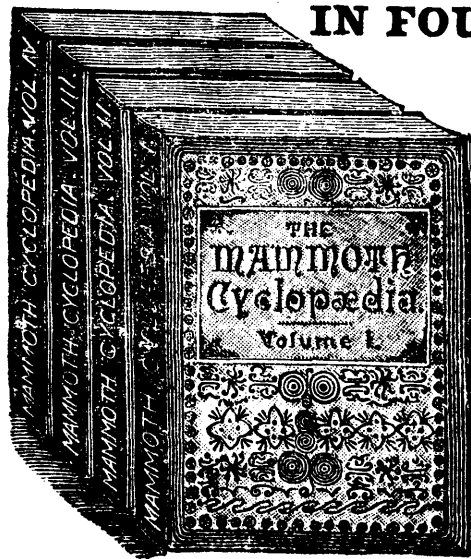
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