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Vol. IV, No. I.



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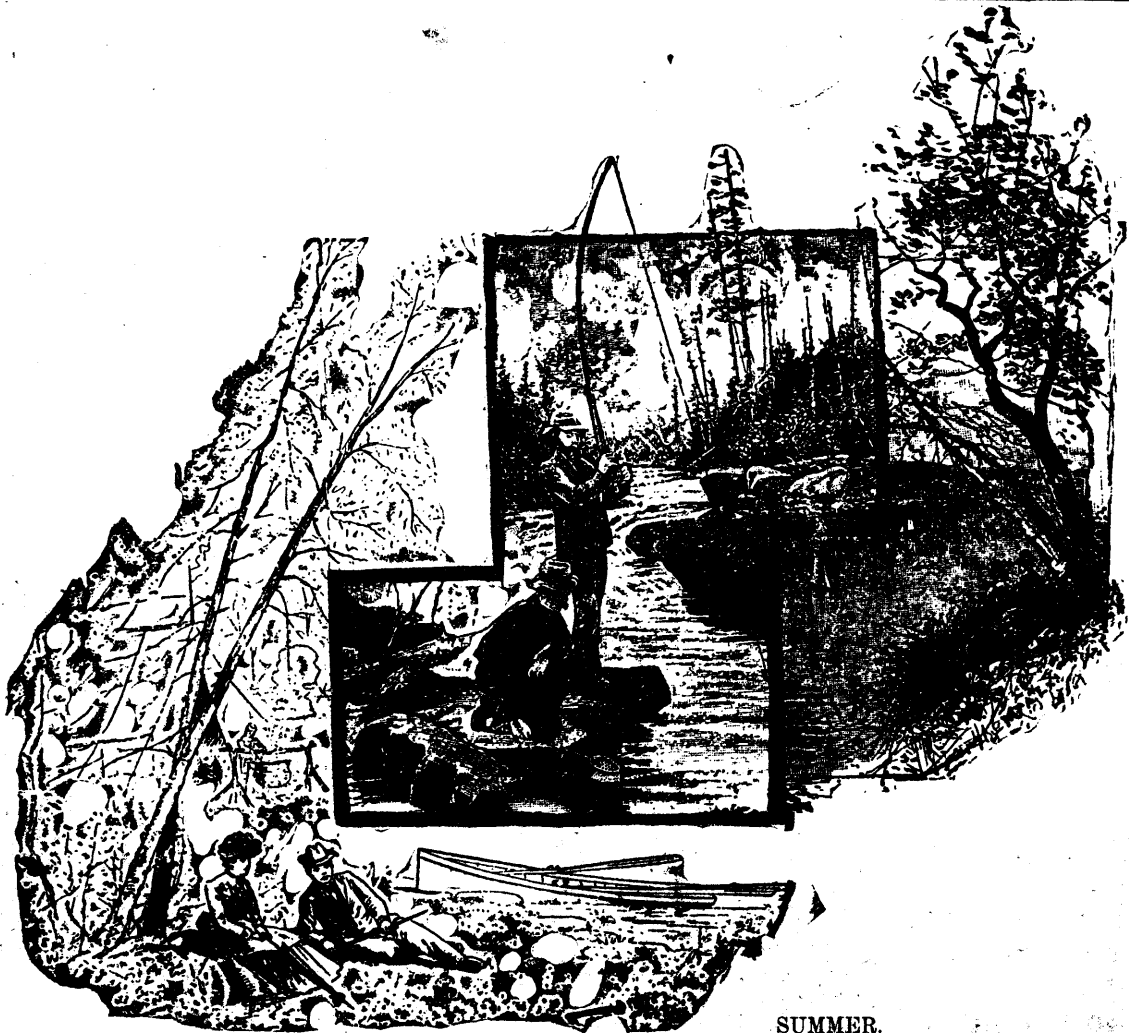
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THE LAND WE LIVE IN

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. IV., No. 1.

SHERBROOKE, QUE., AUGUST, 1891.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

SINAX-AKIA.

WE give in this issue a portrait of our esteemed contributor, Sinax-Akia, a title conferred upon her by the Blood Indians on the occasion of a visit which she made them. We believe it means "A teacher," literally. We have not the pleasure of knowing Sinax-Akia personally and are not at liberty to introduce her to our readers except under her *nom de plume*. She is and has been for some years a resident at Fort MacLeod, Alberta, N. W. Ter., and has been induced by a literary friend from whom we obtained the original photo to contribute to this journal. She is descended from a long line of ancestry who have contributed largely to the success of the British Navy. When a very young girl, she wrote some short poems which evinced much latent talent for lyric and pastoral description, which we hope to gain her permission to publish in the columns of THE LAND WE LIVE IN. At that time she resided at her parental home in this part of the Townships, and took a delight in describing in poetry, the natural scenery, and the changes in nature's garb effected by the changing seasons in that picturesque locality.

Last week we were honored with a call from Mr. Warren, editor of *The Patriot*, Montreal. Mr. Warren is himself a "red hot" patriot, a Canadian to the back bone, and his patriotism "sticks out" very prominently in the columns of his journal. Mr.

Warren's relatives are residents of Newfoundland, and he was formerly engaged in the fish and oil trade between there and Northern Labrador.



SINAX-AKIA.

Ottawa's Electric Railway.

OTTAWA at last has her "broomstick train," and is as proud over it as any child with a new toy. At the street crossings along the route little crowds gather, and every eye is fixed upon that starting broomstick above the loaded car as it moves swiftly and silently onward. But, "the string being held by a careful man," that rapid, delightful motion may be checked in a moment by the severance of the connection of

the broomstick and the copper wire above, and the eager public, without fear of the S. P. C., may fill every inch of the willing train as it wins its magic way out to the Exhibition Grounds; and soon, we trust, every part of the city will be accessible in a few moments through the completion of this splendid enterprise.

As anticipated by everybody, the horses manifest very decided disapproval, and the astonishment with which they rear their heads and gaze after the horseless car is as amusing as it is pathetic. In no other way does it differ from the ordinary car, unless in the matter of the aforesaid broomstick, upon which, perchance, the intelligent animals, possessed, like Balaam's ass, of a vision keener than that of humanity, perceive, astride the broom, the wicked witch of whom the poet Holmes declares that

"Now and then, as the train goes by,
You may catch a gleam of her wicked eye."

"Was I ever wont to do so unto thee?" remonstrated the stricken ass; "twere almost a pity that the poor beasts of burden of the present day could not so reproach the higher order of beings who have no argument but that of the cruel lash with which to sooth their very natural fears.

The scene on the Railway track at night is really very beautiful, and hosts of pedestrians assemble in groups to admire and applaud as the brilliantly lighted car, full to its utmost capacity, speeds swiftly on, while that "wicked eye," scarce discernable in daylight, at night emits a perfect shower of sparks,—a succession of flashes almost rivalling in magnificence the lights of the heavens above.

ANNIE CRAWFORD.



FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Memoirs of P. A. De Gaspe.

The Haberville Manor—Its Old Laird.

"The period through which M. de Gaspé has lived [1786-1871] has been so eventful, and the public occurrences of his earlier years, were so brimful of romantic interest that he could hardly fail to be interesting, while pouring out the budget of his recollections, even to listeners on this side of the Atlantic."—*London Review*, 29 Oct., 1864.

IV.

CASTLE ST. LOUIS REMINISCENCES.

IN a previous chapter, mention was made of the light cast on the social life of the representative of royalty, at the *Chateau St. Louis*, and of the entertainments afforded the guests admitted within its charming circles.

Judged from modern standard, vice-regal hospitality seems to have been neither plenteous, nor magnificent; not even when proud old Count de Frontenac was lording it in the heyday of his splendor—on the historic old rocks. Of the gluttonous repasts—*festins a manger tout*, of those unsatisfiable cormorants, the native Indians, we have most circumstantial records; not so of the entertainments of the early representatives of the *Grand Monarque*, in the citadel of French power in America.

'Tis a pity no court journal should have existed to tell us all about the *ton*, as well, as of the order of precedence, at the Governor's mahogany.

I can recall, when in 1880, was mooted the question of what might have been, two centuries ago, at official dinners, at the Castle St. Louis, the social status of the most illustrious colonist of the period, Charles Lemoyne,—created a Baron by Louis XIV., it was found impossible to discover any record establishing the place assigned to him by virtue of his patent of nobility. Thus has remained in abeyance the ticklish question whether Charles Colmore Grant, the lineal descendant of the Baron de Longueuil, so graciously recognized as a

Baron by Her Majesty the Queen, ought to take precedence on state occasions of Canadian knights, &c.

The "period of high living, fast women and gambling" generally styled in Canadian annals—the Bigot regime—is better known to us in this respect. Franquet and other contemporary chroniclers have left lively accounts of social customs, without forgetting those fashionable routs and charming *petits soupers* of which the *Intendance* was the chief theatre before the conquest. There yet however remained several decades undescribed. M. de Gaspé has bridged over a large portion of the *lacuna*.

Whilst the *Memoirs* bring out in relief several important historical incidents, they also furnish a number of light gossipy pages, and familiar anecdotes showing the inner life and domestic ways of those at the top of the social ladder.

M. de Gaspé has a happy manner of setting forth some of those airy nothings. I append an example in point; though, translated in a different idiom, it necessarily loses much of its freshness and charm.

One regrets that the old Laird of St. Jean Port-Joly has not furnished more reminiscences of the protracted existence vouchsafed to him and comprising the administration of so many English Governors: Haldimand, Lord Dorchester, General Prescott, Sir J. Cope Sherbrooke, the Duke of Richmond, Earl of Dalhousie, Lords Aylmer and Gosford, Lord Durham, Sir John Colborne, Lord Bagot, Earl Cathcart, Lord Elgin, Sir Edmund W. Head, Lord Monck.

The following anecdotes relate a serious trouble between one of our most beloved administrators, Lord Dorchester, surnamed in 1775, the "Saviour of Canada" and the clerk of the weather. His Excellency had retained the services of an estimable old captain of militia (Captain Guoin, of Ste. Anne de la Perade) to drive him one bitter winter day. "I soon noticed, says Captain Guoin, that His Excellency's nose had become perfectly white from the intense cold. The Governor's nose was a marvellous one

as to size; I may be allowed to venture so far without disrespect to his memory. His Lordship, a thorough gentleman, as courteous to a peasant as he would have been to a king, spoke French like one of us, and was quite communicative.

"Your Excellency," says I, "pardon the liberty I take, but your nose is frozen to a crisp."

"What then is to be done?" replied his Lordship, raising his hand to his unfortunate nose.

"Well! Hum! Do you see, *mon General*," retorted Captain Guoin, "so far, my experience has been limited to dealing with Canadian noses; an English nose might possibly require a different treatment."

"What would you do to thaw a Canadian nose?" asked Lord Dorchester.

"A Canadian nose, your Excellency, is inured to hardship, and we treat it accordingly."

"Just suppose," retorted the saviour of Canada, "that you are prescribing for a Canadian and not for an English nose."

"Very well, your Excellency, but another difficulty may arise. Englishmen are not all privileged to own a Governor's nose, and therefore proper respect and consideration is due—"

"D— your eyes!" ejaculated the agonizing Governor, "due respect and consideration be hanged! Don't you see, my unlucky nose will soon be dropping off!"

"That remedy is inexpensive and close at hand," retorted the scared militia officer. "I have plenty under my cariole. The snow!"

GENERAL ROBERT PRESCOTT, LT.-GOVERNOR AT QUEBEC, 1796.

Occasionally, the dignitaries representing Britain on our shores seem, in early times, to have playfully laid aside official reserve, mingling with the French colonists, through curiosity or possibly to judge by themselves what the latter thought of their new English masters.

Some of these familiar interviews with King George's new subjects, were not without a spice of fun.

"General Prescott, says M. de Gaspe, was much liked by the French-Canadians, and not unfrequently, sought other light than what he received from his *entourage*, much, in the end, to the disgust of the latter. I knew him in my youth: he was a diminutive old man—simple in his manners and dressed in winter as if he longed to imitate that famous personage of the *Arabian Nights*, Sultán Aaroon.

A Beauport farmer, in 1796, con-

veying to Quebec a load of fire wood, met on the ice on the River St. Charles an elderly man wrapped up in a great coat, the worse of usage, and wearing a martin cap anything but new; his red, bleared eyes were watery. *Jean-Baptiste* took compassion on the woe-begone wayfarer, who seemed tired and said: "You look fatigued, *perc.* my vehicle is not very grand, but you will fare better on top of my load than trudging in this heavy snow."

The wayfarer readily assented and took his seat on the load, when a lengthy conversation was exchanged between him and the kind-hearted farmer.

On the sleigh reaching the foot of Palace Hill, the farmer was rather surprised to see that his new acquaintance, without apparent regard for his horse, did not dismount, but concluded that the poor old fellow was quite exhausted by fatigue and that after all, his mare, being a powerful beast, would not mind this additional light weight.

"Guard! turn out!" roared the sergeant on duty, on the sledge passing the city gate. The elderly man raised his cap. *Jean-Baptiste* looked round, saw no military man in the neighborhood and also raised his red *tuque*, saying, "Civility must be returned." The farmer's sleigh then continued through Fabrique street, its ascent towards the wood market, which in those days stood on the square opposite the Basilica, conveying on his load his new acquaintance.

"Guard! Turn out!" sung out the sentry at the entrance to the old Military Jesuits Barracks (long since removed). The aged man saluted the guard and also returned the respectful salutation of several citizens standing by; *Jean-Baptiste* again raised his *tuque*, saluting both the guard and the citizens, apparently quite pleased to note the progress good manners had made in the city since his last visit.

Finally, he stopped his mare, when his new acquaintance, with alacrity, descended from the load of wood, thanked him civilly for his kindness and slipped a coin in his mitten; he had nearly disappeared in the distance when some one ran and met the woodman, asking him how much the Governor had paid him for the ride.

"What Governor?" brusquely replied *Jean-Baptiste*. "I am not to be fooled in that way!"

"Look in your mitten," was the answer.

He did so and pulled out, amazed, a gold coin, remarking, "To think I was all the time under the impression of having done merely a charitable turn. Never will I judge of men by

their appearance after this."

THE DUKE OF KENT AND FATHER DE-BEREY.—1791-94.

Her Majesty's father, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, a roystering colonel of the 7th Fusiliers, aged 25, though a stern disciplinarian in army matters, at Quebec in 1791, was popular with all classes.

The readiness with which he and his fine regiment had turned out to help the citizens to fight some great fires in those days when few appliances existed to conquer these merciless destroyers, the interest he took in popular education, his considerate and lasting kindness towards several families, amongst others to that of Mr. De Salaberry, three of whose brave sons were provided with commissions in the English army. These and other good acts kept the Prince in public favor in Canada, where his memory to this day is respected.

The Duke seems to have been on excellent terms with the Superior of the Franciscan Monastery, facing the Chateau, and consumed by fire later on.

Father Felix De Berey, such was the name of this worthy ecclesiastic, had sprung from a noble French family; at one time an almoner in a French dragoon regiment, he had been wounded on the battle field. Father De Berey had retained in his advancing years much of the brusque, buoyant, frank manner of his former military comrades. In fact, observes Mr. De Gaspé, he reminded one of that brave old officer who had exchanged his helmet and epaulettes for the *soutane* of a priest, without however having been able to break himself of the perverse habit of swearing, then prevalent in the army. In despair, whenever an unlucky oath escaped his lips, he always added, "As I would have said when I was Captain of Dragoons."

One day, Father De Berey, desirous of suitably entertaining the son of his sovereign, Prince Edward, had prepared a whole park of diminutive artillery—a master-piece of workmanship constructed in his leisure hours by one of the monks. At twelve o'clock, noon, to the minute on the entrance at the monastery of the Prince and his A. D. C., these lead or brass field pieces were, one and all, to roar a salute from their gun-carriages.

By some unexpected cause that day, the Duke having ended the parade of his regiment twenty minutes earlier than usual, rushed up with his aide-de-camp the convent steps twenty minutes in advance of the time appointed for dinner, so that the disap-

pointed Superior was unprepared to fire his salute. Quick as thought, he turned rather savagely towards the Duke and remarked, "Your Highness, surprises in war are for the enemy, not for a friend. Why curtail the drill to march unawares and invade so unexpectedly a peaceful monastery?"

Prince Edward, on hearing how he had unwillingly given offence, had a hearty laugh.

However, the jolly old Superior was not to be done out of the projected salute in this way. At the close of the repast, he asked to be allowed to propose the Duke's health, when a roar of the convent artillery took place, which made every pane of glass in the old building rattle.

Mr. De Gaspé gives another of the ready repartees of the aged friar. It occurred at the time of the captivity of Pope Pius VII., a rumor being set afloat that Napoleon wanted him to grant to the French clergy a dispense from their vows of celibacy, so that all might marry. "Good news," said a practical joker of the period to the Abbé. "Yes. Rejoice! Napoleon has obtained a dispense of the marriage vow for all the R. C. clergy of France." "You big fool," sharply retorted the old friar. "Don't you see, it comes too late for me. *C'est de la moutarde apres diner.*"

Vice-regal hospitality in later days when the demon of misrule and its consequence, civic discord asserted his sway, was in high favor and led to desirable results, occasionally attended with ludicrous episodes.

About the period of the 92 Resolutions, in the old Parliament, when harmony between the two races seemed impracticable, a state dinner was given at which there attended a large sprinkling of the M. Ps. of the times. Among those worthy Solons there were several rustic legislators, to whom the *menu* of a modern *recherché* repast was a novelty and to whom the bill of fare might seem a snare and a delusion. The rancorous feeling between the two races was then at its height. A genuine *Jean-Baptiste* was ever ready to view with suspicion any idea introduced or even suggested by a *sacré anglais*—a *bureaucrate*. It so happened on this auspicious occasion that the weather was extremely hot so that cooling drinks and food and especially iced-cream were in great request. The cry all round was in fact for *iced cream*.

The robust member for Berthier—a *bon patriote*—after watching attentively for some time his colleagues gulping down the delicious concoction, called out:



FORT SASKATCHEWAN.

"*Waiteur, apportez-moi—comment appelez-vous cela—du ice creme,*" and soon the liveried attendant returned the bearer of a most ample platefull. The rustic Solon helped himself to a large spoonful, which made his teeth chatter and which he tried in vain to swallow. Enraged, he turned to the disconcerted waiter and roared out at him:

"*Pendard! si c'eut été pour un anglais, tu l'aurait fait chauffer!*" "You abominable rascal, had you intended this for an Englishman, you would have taken the chill off it." And the whole table shouted with laughter, whilst His Excellency tried to keep a demure face.

A FETE CHAMPETRE AT POWELL PLACE.

(From the French of P. A. De Gaspe.)

"At half-past eight a.m., on a bright August morning, (I say a bright one, for such had lighted up this welcome fête champêtre during three consecutive years) the elite of the Quebec *beau monde* left the city to attend Sir James Craig's kind invitation. Once opposite Powell Place (now Spencer Wood) the guests left their vehicles on the main road, and plunged into a dense forest, following a serpentine avenue which led to a delightful cottage in full view of the majestic St. Lawrence; the river here appears to flow past amidst luxuriant green bowers which line its banks. Small tables for four,

for six, for eight guests are laid out facing the cottage, on a platform of planed dials—this will shortly serve as a dancing floor *al fresco*; as the guests successively arrive, they form in parties to partake of a *dejeuner en famille*. I say *en famille*, for an aide-de-camp and a few waiters excepted, no one interferes with the small groups clubbed together to enjoy their early repast, of which cold meat, radishes, bread, tea, and coffee form the staples. Those whose appetites are appeased make room for new comers, and amuse themselves strolling under the shade of trees. At ten the cloth is removed, the company are all on the *qui vive*. The cottage, like the enchanted castle in the opera of Zemira and Azor, only awaits the magic touch of a fairy; a few minutes elapse, and the chief entrance is thrown open; little King Craig, followed by a brilliant staff, enters. Simultaneously an invisible orchestra, located high amidst the dense foliage of large trees, strikes up "God save the King," all stand uncovered, in solemn silence, in token of respect to the national anthem of England.

"The magnates press forward to pay their respects to His Excellency. Those who do not intend to "trip the light fantastic toe" take seats on the platform where His Excellency sits in state; an A. D. C. calls out "Gentlemen, take your partners," and the dance begins.

"Close on sixty winters have run by since that day, when I, indefatigable dancer, figured in a country dance of thirty couples. My footsteps which now seem to me like lead, scarcely then left a trace behind them. All the young hearts who enlivened this gay meeting of other days are mouldering in their tombs, even she, the most beautiful of them all, *la belle des belles*, she the partner of my joys and of my sorrows, she who on that day accepted in the circling dance, for the first time, this hand which two years after was to lead her to the hymeneal altar; yes, even she has been swept away by the tide of death. May not I also say with Ossian, "Why art thou sad, son of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy soul? the sons of future years shall pass away, another race shall arise!" The people are like the leaves of woody Morven—they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.

"After all, why, indeed, yield up my soul to sadness? The children of the coming generation will pass rapidly, and a new one will take its place. Men are like the surges of the ocean; they resemble the leaves which hang over the groves of my manor; autumnal storms cause them to fall, but new and equally green ones each spring replace the fallen ones. Why should I sorrow? Eighty-six children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren will mourn the fall of the great oak when



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF OTTAWA.

the breath of the Almighty shall smite it. Should I have the good fortune to find mercy before the Sovereign Judge? Should it be vouchsafed to me to meet again the angel of virtue who cheered the few happy days I passed in this vale of sorrow, we will both pray together for the numerous progeny we left behind us. But let us revert to the merry meeting previously alluded to. It is half-past two in the afternoon; we are gaily going through the figures of a country-dance, "Speed the plough," perhaps, when the music stops short; everyone is taken aback, and wonders at the cause of interruption. The arrival of two prelates, Bishop Plessis and Bishop Mountain, gave us the solution of the enigma an aide-de-camp had mentioned to the bandmaster to stop on noticing the entrance of the two high dignitaries of the respective churches. The dance was interrupted whilst they were there, and was resumed on their departure. Sir James had introduced this point of etiquette from the respect he entertained for their persons.

"At three the loud sound of a hunter's horn is heard in the distance: all follow His Excellency in a path cut through the then virgin forest of Powell Place. Some of the guests from the length of the walk began to think that Sir James had intended those who had not danced to take a "constitutional" before dinner, when on rounding an angle a huge table, canopied with green boughs, groaning under the

weight of dishes, struck on their view—a grateful oasis in the desert. Monsieur Petit, the *chef de cuisine*, had surpassed himself; like Vatel, I imagine he would have committed suicide had he failed to achieve the triumph by which he intended to elicit our praise. Nothing could exceed in magnificence, in sumptuousness this repast, such was the opinion not only of Canadians for whom such displays were new, but also of the European guests, though there was a slight drawback to the perfect enjoyment of the dishes. The materials which composed them we could not recognize so great was the artistic skill, so wonderful the manipulation of Monsieur Petit, the French cook.

"The Bishop left about half an hour after dinner, when dancing was resumed with an increasing ardor, but the cruel mammas were getting concerned respecting certain sentimental walks which the daughters were enjoying after sunset. They ordered them home, if not with that menacing attitude with which the goddess Calypso is said to have spoken to her nymphs, at least with frowns; so said the gay young cavaliers. By nine o'clock all had re-entered Quebec."

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, August, 1891.

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RUWENZORI.

Humbly Dedicated to H. M. Stanley Africanus.

BY DOROTHY FOSTER.

Strange Ruwenzori,
Old and hoary.
Ah! marvelous mountains,
With wondrous fountains,
Great Ruwenzori!

Ah! vast uprising,
All sense surprising,
And all surmising
Of man's devising,
Huge Ruwenzori.

Grim king of thunders,
Bleak mount of wonders,
That sky-clouds sunders,
Thou cause of blunders,
Dark Ruwenzori.

Birth-place of waters,
Thy sons and daughters,
Oh! thou who slaughters
At sound of laughter,
Fierce Ruwenzori.

Immense upheaving,
Of nature's grieving,
Of earth's conceiving,
Oh! sight deceiving,
Wild Ruwenzori.

Gigantic tower
Of clouds that lower,
Where lightnings glower
With awful power,
Dread Ruwenzori.

Of mists the dwelling,
Which when dispelling,
Then past all telling,
And awe impelling
White Ruwenzori.

Though long concealing,
Thy face revealing,
Inspires the feeling
Of reverent kneeling,
Bright Ruwenzori.

"Oh! skyey crests,
Ah! snowy breasts,"
Strange weird behests,
And curious guests,
Great Ruwenzori.

— O —
FOND MEMORIES.

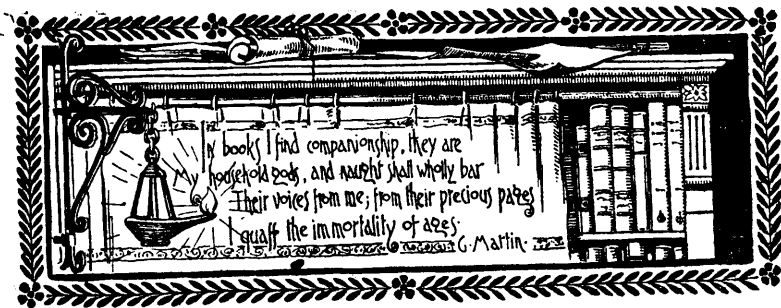
"Cherish fond memories!"
Why should we cherish them? And then
We think, with us, as other men,
The mist that gathers round us like the dew,
Is but the heavy cloud we're passing through
And that the sun which has this morning
kissed
The cloud capped mountain will dispel the
mist.

"Cherish fond memories!" the only thing
that lasts
In human brain,—the memory of the past;
And as the path of life we blindly grope,
The memory of former years still gives us
hope,
That the roughest spots we seem to meet
with here,
Before the end is reached, will disappear.
Cherish fond memories!

DIDYMUS.

BIG Package colored samples, Fountain Pen, Paper 3 mo. 10c. EMPLOYMENT GUIDE, LeMars, Iowa.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

Marguerite de Roberval.

A LEGEND OF FRENCH CANADA.

BY MAUD OGILVY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM this vast continent of North America the commercial spirit of the nineteenth century is fast effacing every touch of bygone legend and romance of the olden time. But from one corner of the great country, even the impetus of the all absorbing love of mammon fails to drive out the picturesque element which illuminated the heroic age of our country. I mean that Eastern Province, dear to the antiquarian, the earnest student of history and the literary worker, the Province of Quebec or as it has often been termed French Canada.

Here on the shores of the great St. Lawrence are consecrated spots made holy by reason of the illustrious pioneers and bold voyagers, who have trodden centuries ago on this very ground, here the gallant Champlain, the adventurous La Salle, the martyréd Brebœuf and the priestly Laval, made their abode, carving out the destinies of the New World by force of their iron wills and strong distinctive individualities.

All the early heroes of American settlement were distinguished by strong religious principles intermingled with their other qualities, principles which, serving as an impelling force in the greater spirits of the age often degenerated into bigotry and superstition in their less high minded followers. This legend, which is partly true, partly fable, will perhaps show to matter of fact minds of the present time, the state of a portion of our land in the days of its infancy.

But to begin, we must go back and picture the gay court of Versailles in the reign of that merry pleasure lov-

ing king, Francis the First, fresh from the meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with his brother monarchs, Henry of England and Charles of Germany and Spain. What a scene this French court shows, the central figure of the scene the handsome king, his gigantic frame towering far above his courtiers, his jet black hair and pointed beard arranged with scrupulous care. Ambition, courage, love of pleasure are written in plain lines on that royal countenance so that all who run may read as in an open book the characteristics of this monarch of France. The picturesque garb in which he was clad was not very different from that of the nobles who stood in groups around him awaiting for his signal to start for the chase. He wore with kingly air his dark crimson doublet of rich velvet and long stockings of pearl grey silk and on his feet were crimson velvet shoes lavishly embroidered with tiny seed pearls in quaint conventional pattern. Round his neck hung his famous golden chain, with its heavy medallions. Fair dames surrounded by gallant cavaliers were grouped about the king who was deep in animated converse with Diane de Poitiers then in the first flush of her youthful loveliness and gradually obtaining an all mastering power over the fickle heart of Francis—a power which later boded ill for France. Just then she was very bonny to look at, the crisp morning air causing the color to mount to her cheeks, which far outshone in brilliancy the rich hues of her ruby velvet gown with its white satin petticoat beaded with priceless pearls from the Orient.

But hark! there is a stir amongst the gay crowd, a rider is galloping up the long wooded avenue, his horse splashed with white flecks of foam. He has ridden far and is well nigh exhausted as he stops his horse within two or three feet of the king and his favorite.

"By my halidome" exclaimed the monarch, "this is rough behavior in the presence of these ladies. Ah, it is you Monsieur de Roberval? You

are welcome to our court."

"Sire," replied the weary horseman dismounting and holding his tired steed by the bridle, "I crave pardon of you and this lady," glancing toward Diane, who inclined her head haughtily in acknowledgement of his apology. "Sire I rode from Picardy scarce waiting at the inns to obtain refreshment for myself and for my horse, rode in hot haste to tell you of the rumour that Charles Quint your Majesty's wily enemy is preparing a fleet of ships to start out for the New World."

"Is that true?" said Francis, frowning angrily. "I must have a word with you M. de Roberval. Diane, a moment and I will be with you again."

She raised her beautiful head and gave the king a long reproachful look, which seemed to say:

"May I not know all? Am I not your friend?"

Only for an instant, but the glance had done its work, Francis was again as wax in her hands. The glamor of her fatal beauty obscured his wisdom and bent him to her will.

"Come Monsieur, come to my room and we will talk with you?" he said turning to M. de Roberval and taking Diane's hand to lead her to the palace.

M. de Roberval frowned, liking not this arrangement which admitted a woman to the most secret councils of the State. Secure in his domains in Picardy, he knew little of the intrigues of court life and only faint whispers had reached him of the queen's unhappiness. This was not the queen, this fair woman to whom all paid such respectful homage. Who was she then? Why did she interfere with matters of the State? In Picardy women did not intermeddle with men's affairs: they attended to their house, their distaff and their needle.

"Here, page," said the king, "Take M. de Roberval's horse, see that he is well cared for and tell the Duke that we shall not hunt till noon."

The three entered the Castle and Diane led the way into a plainly furnished room where the king was wont to transact the serious business of the state.

"Be seated," he said placing a chair for the lady, "and now for your news?"

The blunt De Roberval looked again at Diane de Poitiers, this time with an unmistakable expression on his face.

She with her quick wit immediately interpreted his meaning and laying her soft white hand on the king's said,

"Sire, M. de Roberval fears me.

Tell him that at least one woman can be trusted." Again that sweet seductive smile, that timid glance from the fawn-like brown eyes, and the monarch was a slave to Diane de Poitiers.

"M. de Roberval," he said angrily, "anything you have to say to me may be said before this lady. She knows all my secrets, she is my wisest counsellor, my best adviser. Are you not, Diane?" brushing back a stray curling lock which had fallen on the lace ruffles about her neck.

M. de Roberval, that blunt nobleman turned very red and muttered something inaudible. He had not ridden thus far in hot haste to witness the love-making of the king. He had half a mind to shake the dust off his feet and leave this court as abruptly as he had come, for he was a devout Catholic and could not tolerate this conduct even in high places. How he hated this woman with her lovely face, her sphinx like smile, her soft white hands, and her mysterious deep brown eyes. He had sense enough, however, to disguise his repugnance and prudence whispered in his ear that it would be fatal to his project to denounce the favorite.

"M. de Roberval," said Francis impatiently. "We are waiting for you to begin."

"Sire," said the nobleman, "my cousin has lately returned from Spain and says that preparations are being made on a grand scale to send out a fleet to the New World and follow up the discoveries made by your Majesty's faithful servant some years ago, Cartier, the Captain of St. Malo."

"By all the Saints and Our Holy Mother, I can scarce credit it," said Francis, starting and laying his hand on his sword involuntarily. "But I might have known. What are promises, what are treaties, to that wily hypocrite, Charles of Spain? But he shall not succeed this time. New France shall remain in my dominions for ever."

"Well said!" exclaimed De Roberval and Diane smiled that inscrutable smile, which might mean much or again so little."

"And now my faithful vassal, Jean François de la Roque, have you any suggestion to make? Any means by which we can defeat our crafty brother of Spain and Germany?"

"Sire," replied De Roberval, "I have a suggestion to make, I rode in hot haste for many a mile to make it, and I pray that it will meet with your Majesty's approval."

"Speak on," said the king, approvingly.

"Your Majesty must know that for many generations the De Roberval's

have been his faithful vassals." The king nodded in assent. "In Picardy we are all loyal subject. But, Sire, I have long wished to do something to gain greater glory for France, to explore the New World, to build up a vast dominion for France, and our holy faith, beyond the great Atlantic."

"Thou speakest well," said Francis, and Diane leaned forward, her face reflecting the enthusiasm of De Roberval's.

"Yes, your Majesty, I have had speech with that intrepid voyager Cartier of St. Malo. He has told me of his former journeys up the wondrous river called after the martyred Saint Lawrence. He is positive that it leads to the kingdom of Cathay, and, had we but means to pursue the discoveries, your Majesty would have power and dominion beyond all monarchs upon earth. Sire, I beseech you, send out another expedition. Make me commander, and with the help of the brave Cartier we will make your Majesty's reign a glorious one in the annals of our country."

"It is a fair sounding project," said Francis. "What say you, Diane?"

De Roberval bit his lip. It was not thus that Kings of France should confer with their loyal vassals. It was outrageous that matters such as these should be weighed in the balance by a woman, yes a mere girl such as this Diane seemed to be. Here was he hanging on her answer, awaiting her decision, when he longed to order her out of the room and bid her mind her tapestry and leave weighty councils to the well tried vassals of the Crown.

"M. De Roberval speaks wisely," said the lady in her low sweet voice. "He is enthusiastic, but without enthusiasm little is effected. Sire, I think his project merits your consideration."

"Thank you, Madame," said De Roberval, addressing her directly for the first time and smiling sarcastically, "thank you, Madame, I am honored that it meets with your approbation."

"M. De Roberval," said the king, "you are weary with your journey. We will dismiss you now and see you later in the day to consider your counsels."

The old nobleman bowed himself out of the audience chamber and the king turned to Diane.

"What think you of this man, my best adviser?"

"He is no courtier, that I can safely say," she replied, smiling. "He disapproved of me, and he showed it very plainly. Perchance my enemies have spread reports even to the remote woods of Picardy."

"And if they did, what need you care, my sweet?" replied the king."

"What need I care? Can you ask that?" said Diane, rising. "Have I not sacrificed all and can I be happy knowing how I am distrusted and despised? Francis it was an evil day when I came to plead with you for my father's life."

"Diane what would you? I have heaped upon you riches, honours, jewels."

"Pooh! what are they?"

"Diane you are ungrateful, you are too ambitious, you want power. You love me for what I can bestow, not for myself, Diane."

"Your Majesty," she said coldly, rising and going towards the door, "the court is awaiting you to begin the hunt. This is no time for reproaches."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

The handsomely illustrated article on the Cuthberts, of Berthier, which appears in the last issue of *The Dominion Illustrated*, should be read by every one interested in the early history of Canada. In the same number is a delightful article by Miss MacLeod on the Augustan Days of Edinburgh recalling memories of Scott, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sir William Hamilton and a host of other great names. F. Blake Crofton contributes a charming illustrated poem. There are letters from London, Toronto and Halifax. The Sagamore gives his opinion of the recent Mercier demonstration. A full page portrait of the Emperor of Germany is reproduced, also views in St. John's, Nfld., and other fine engravings. The number is a fine one.

Canada's International Exhibition.

Arrangements are in progress for holding a Dairyman's Convention at St. John, N. B., during this exhibition and it is expected that several experts will be present and will give some lectures on dairy interests. Arrangements are also being made for showing several varieties of cream separators and other dairy apparatus in operation. It is also proposed to offer some special prizes for dairy products, and that the competition may be open to all the Provinces. Prof. Robertson, of the Dominion Experimental Farm, who is now visiting the creameries and cheese factories throughout the Maritime Province, is taking quite an active interest in this matter. The exhibition opens on Sept. 23rd and continues until Oct. 3rd.



FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Fishing for Ouananche.

"The Home of the Ouananche" was briefly described in the June number of THE LAND WE LIVE IN, and the tale of its discovery by the Jesuit missionary DeQuen was briefly told in the same number, having been largely drawn from the discoverer's own letters. Much more concerning Father DeQuen, that can scarcely fail to be of interest to every visitor to the great lake with whose name its history must ever remain associated, is furnished by the present writer in his "Story of Three Skeletons" published in *The Week* of Toronto in its issue of July 31st. To pursue this subject further, here and now, would be foreign to the intention of the present paper, which is to fulfil the promise made in the June number of THE LAND WE LIVE IN, of a description of the manner of taking the Ouananche, and of the remarkable sport which it affords the angler. How many of your readers have ever seen a ouananche? To even eat one in good condition, it has hitherto been necessary to go to Lake St. John, or at all events to come to Quebec. I have it from my friend Kit Clarke, the entertaining author of that charming little volume "Where the trout hide," that prior to the present season, no ouananche was ever eaten in New York city. I believe that by taking advantage of the closest railway connections between Gotham and the home of the ouananche, a few anglers have been successful this year in getting specimens of this beautiful fish upon the dining-tables of friend in New York, in good condition, but its flesh is as delicate as it is toothsome, and that implies extraordinary care in its preservation, packing and shipment.

I have never yet met with a better description of the ouananche than that I

have already taken the liberty of quoting in "Haunts of the Ouananche" from Mr. J. G. Aylwin Creighton of Ottawa. In a paper in Scribner's Mr. Creighton says:

"In appearance a fresh-run salmon and a fresh run Ouananche do not differ much more than salmon from different rivers. The back of a Ouananche is greener blue and in a fish just out of water can be seen to be marked with olive spots, something like the vermiculations on a trout. The silvery sides are more iridescent, the X marks are more numerous and less sharply defined; the patches of bronze, purple and green on the gill-covers are larger and more brilliant, and with them are several large round black spots. As the water grows warm, the bright hues get dull and toward autumn the rusty red colour and hooked lower jaw of the

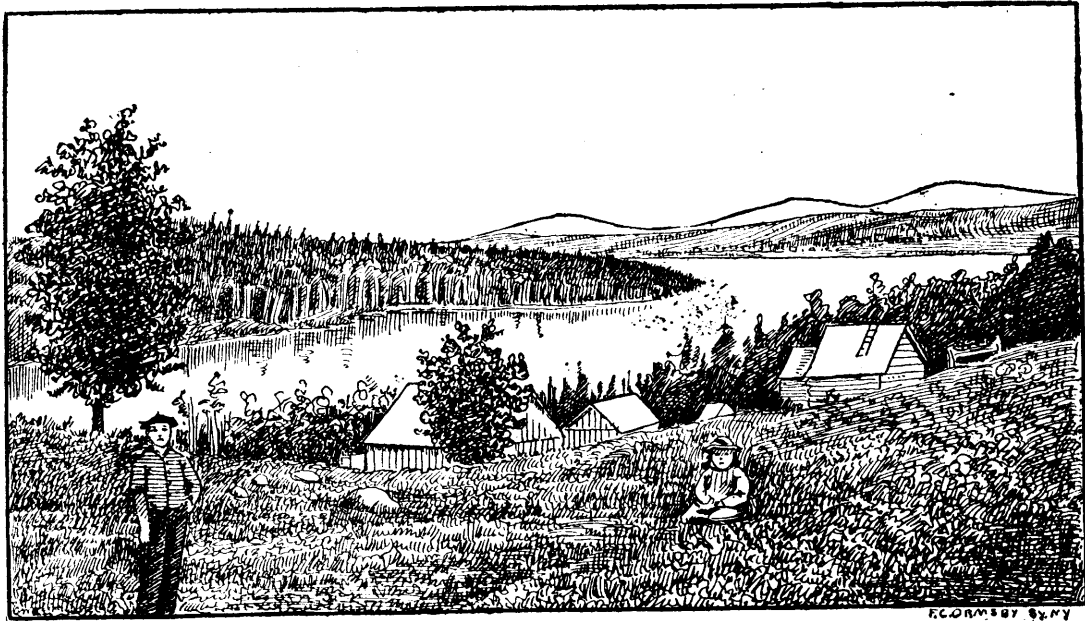
spawning salmon develop. As the Ouananche, unlike the salmon, feeds continuously and in much heavier and swifter water than salmon lie in, it has a slimmer body and larger fins, so that a five pound Ouananche can leap higher and oftener than a grilse and fight like a ten pound salmon. The Ouananche is much longer than a trout of the same weight; a five pounder, for example, is 25 inches long, twelve in girth and looks like an eight pound salmon. Now and then solitary fish of great size are seen, but they are intensely wary and carefully guarded by the demon of ill luck."

Messrs. W. H. H. Murray and Kit Clarke have also painted interesting pen pictures of this no'ed fish, though I have very serious doubts about the correctness of its identification with the land-locked salmon of the Rangeley lakes, which is claimed for it both by "Forest and Stream" and by the author of "Where the trout hide." Mr. Walter Bracket of Boston, who is as clever an artist in the killing as he is in the painting of all species of North American salmonidae is my authority for the statement that the fresh water salmon of Lake St. John is distinguishable from the Rangeley species by having a greater width of tail and larger spots upon the side of the head. Mr. Clarke has not failed to point out that "in Lake St. John alone does he display his amazing and obstinate strength, his marvellous finesse, his tempestuous somersaults and his tremendous fighting qualities."

The favorite fishing ground for ouananche has been hitherto the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John. Anglers who have sufficient time to spare for it, are now commencing to ascend the Peribonca and other tributary rivers of the great lake, where fish of an enormous size and in very great numbers are taken. Most anglers will be satisfied however with eight pound fish, and a ouananche of this weight was taken a few days ago at the Grand Dis-

charge by Mr. Lewis Webb of New York. The prize was taken on the "Professor" fly and killed after a struggle of fifty minutes. Five and six pound fish are being continually taken here, and Mr. Young of the Cornwall *Freeholder* took twenty-six in one day's fishing last week. The ouananche is usually taken here in the scum-covered eddies, dotted with insect life, where the hungry game-fish lies in ambush below, waiting to spring upon his prey as soon as his favorite fly floats around. The rapids of the Discharge are magnificently wild, and it is a thrilling sensation to shoot them in the various channels that wash the Thousand Islands of the great lake's outlet, with nothing but the untutored skill of the dusky guides and a sheet of birch bark between you and eternity. If you are a novice at the sport your *voyageurs* will guide you in the selection of the proper fly, and in the most probable locality for a cast. A "Coachman," with his white wings clipped off, making a "brown hackle" with a green or bronze colored fuzzy body, a "Silver Doctor," "Jock Scot," "Professor," "Lord Baltimore" or "Parmachene Belle," each and all of these are amongst the most killing flies for ouananche. Occasionally, the game of which you are in search, floats about so near to the surface of the water, that a number of dorsal fins may be seen moving around through the creamy scum that has come down laden with insect life from the overflowing churn of yonder rapids. Presently, the gay deceit with which you have been skimming the creamy surface of the pool disappears, with a swirl upon the water and a tug upon the line, and your rod will be alternately arched into a bow by the enemy whom you have started out to fight, and suddenly relaxed again by the same heroic antagonist as he leaps repeatedly into the air in his frantic efforts to be free, like a galled charger determined to throw his rider. In addition to his leaps, your fish, if he be a heavy one, may run out a good deal of line and if the humor strikes him will get away down and sulk like any salmon. It is not very long however until he wakes up again to business, for he knows nothing in these rapids of the life of indolence and luxurious ease that conduces to enervation and effeminacy. The very excitement and unrest of his surroundings render inactivity impossible to him, while the physical exertion necessarily employed in his constant struggles amid the mighty forces of those turbulent waters, insures for him the possession of that courage, agility and strength that make him the recognized champion of the finny warriors of Canadian waters. His leaps are prodigious. Habituated to overcome obstacles to his progress up stream by throwing himself over them through the air, his skyward somersaults and aerial contortions when hooked, leave the angler little leisure for contemplation while the struggle is in progress. It not infrequently happens that the somersaults of a Ouananche result in a leap into the angler's canoe.

Amongst those who have been most successful this season in fishing for Ouananche in the Peribonca or the Grand Discharge, and for trout in some of the tributary waters of the great lake, may be mentioned, in addition to the anglers already referred to, Mr. J. H. Botterell of Quebec,



SANDY BAY, LAKE MEGANTIC, QUE.

Rev. Mr. Bancroft of Sutton, Mr. W. Lake Marler, manager of the Merchants Bank, Ottawa, Mr. J. F. Shearman, Wichita, Kansas, E. J. Myers, barrister, 237 Broadway, New York, A. W. Koehler, 409 64th Street, New York, and Eugene McCarthy, Esq., of Robt. McCarthy & Son, Syracuse, N. Y.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS,
Quebec, August 5th, 1891.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

OUR LIGHT HOUSE KEEPERS.

From *En Racontant* by J. U. Gregory.

The sort of life our light house keepers lead, every one will admit, is far from being enviable. It requires a good dose of courage and energy to face such a life, altogether isolated and often accompanied by privations. Many however accept it with pleasure and pass many happy days there. I have known an educated man born and raised near Quebec, formerly a merchant, and married to a woman also possessing a good education. After having accepted a place as light house keeper on the Island of Anticosti, he obtained later on, through the influence of relatives, a government situation, with a salary sufficient to bring up his family well and live comfortably. Nevertheless it caused him to shed tears when he left his abode on that deserted Island, and in one year after he urgently requested the government to give him his former position.

On the other hand, I have also known others who have lost their reason by means of that monotonous and solitary existence. This has only happened to men. The women appear to take the position better, they often do the greater part of the work, keeping the place in good order, whilst the men lament there, their past good fortune. There are also some of the stations where they have cultivated good manners, music and other attractive arts. They pos-

sess books and their language does not at all resemble the jargon which we sometimes notice amongst people raised in the towns.

Professor Linden who has visited these parts, mentions in his writing, one of these families, that of Mr. Edwin Pope, of the Island of Anticosti, whom I have also visited, and whose charming daughters, who had never left the island until last year, (1882,) would do honor to any family of our large towns; the boys can present themselves anywhere with credit, and Mrs. Pope was born and raised on the island, which she has never left, that I know of. There are many others on the Labrador side who possess a good education and are very agreeable in company as well.

It is at the lonely station of the Bird Island that the keepers have been most cruelly tried. The light-house is perched on a rock crowning some hundreds of feet in height. To reach it, one must be raised a height of 120 feet in a box suspended from a crane. The first keeper after a stay of two years, became mad owing to the monotony of his existence. He was replaced by a very respectable man who at the end of nine years, one day ventured on the ice, in chase of seals, was surprised by a gale and with his son perished; their remains were never found. His successor one of the most intelligent and capable keepers, having unguardedly lighted the fire with a quart of powder was blown to pieces, as also his young son and his assistant. Notwithstanding, these mishaps, when a vacancy occurs, demands for the position are not wanting and they are invariably from persons possessing the qualities necessary to give them a different future.

The preceding puts me in mind of an adventure which happened to the Marquis of Lorne himself, in this part of the gulf, when he was Governor General.

Some years since, I visited these shores on the steamer *Druid* in company with His

Excellency. We stopped in many of the more interesting places, among others at Seven Islands, where we cast anchor in a pretty bay of the same name.

Wishing to try our guns, His Excellency and I, jumped into a canoe managed by two men. They gave us to understand that the porcupines abounded in these parts and we were very desirous of hunting them. On approaching the shore, we were smoked a salute by a Canadian fisherman of my acquaintance.

"Do you know" I said to him in debarking "any good place for hunting, round here?" "Yes," said he "if you know where to go." I asked him if he was able to procure me a guide. "Yes Sir," said he "I know an Indian, an excellent hunter, if you wish I will go and find him." His excellency whispered in my ear to try and get, not a so called Indian, but a pure blooded one. He had before engaged under other circumstances, these pretended Indians who bore Scotch names, such as McLeod &c., and who most resembled a white man. He wished to have a real Indian, and he fully expected to find him in a locality so remote as that where we were. I asked the fisherman to bring us a pure blooded Indian which he promised to do it being all the same to him it was so easy, he said.

Would you believe it? He betook himself to a post nearby composed of a score of wigwams, and I heard him call in a loud voice some one who answered to the name of Campbell, a Scotch name. We did not recover from our surprise. The Savage bore the same name as that of His Excellency.

Happily our popular Governor has since had occasion to meet in the far west, real, true blooded Indians, not bearing a Scotch name, and who have doubtless given him the pleasure of a novelty which he had promised himself.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



A good deal of dissatisfaction is felt over the existing Fish and Game Laws, which make the first of October close season for trout, and the commencement of the open season for deer and other large game. September is the month above all others for camping, as there are few mosquitoes then, and the nights are cool enough to render a camp fire an absolute necessity, and what is there more delightful in connection with camp-life than the evening gathering round the camp fire, the recounting of the incidents of the day, and the swapping of fish stories, and other stories, calculated to draw out the humorous side of one's recollections, while the resinous odors of the balsam or hemlock boughs of which the bed is composed, create an aroma which even the curling circlets of tobacco smoke cannot dispel. There are many who care less for fishing than hunting, and how much more agreeable it would be for those most interested if the law would permit one to exercise his choice at the same time. We believe the extermination of large game would not be increased by making September an open month, as so many more amateur sportsman would be induced to try camp-life, that it would lessen the chances of pot-hunters and the more experienced sportsmen. With the amateur the shooting of a moose would be the event of a life time, but with the skilled sportsman or professional hunter, one every season would not be considered anything to brag of. It is a well known fact that a party of experienced sportsmen can secure more game, if undisturbed by others, than a dozen parties of amateur sportsmen occupying the same territory. Then by having numerous parties scattered through the woods,

the chances of the pot-hunter, who follows in the dreary months of October and November, when camp-life has no charms for the amateur, will be considerably lessened, as game will have been stirred up enough to render their capture a difficult matter. We feel confident that the simultaneous action of the Maine and Quebec legislatures in making September an all round open month would lead to the expenditure of considerable capital where it would do most good, and by those who can amply afford it, while at the same time the fish and game would be better protected than they now are through the instrumentality of paid wardens and game keepers. There would be more true, genuine sportsmen in the field, who would have a personal interest in seeing that the Fish and Games Laws were enforced. Deer are more plentiful now in the vicinity of Spider Lake than they were 25 years ago, although this is the headquarters of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, and where their clubhouse is erected.

Those who delay in remitting \$2 to become members of our Short-Hand Class are losing an opportunity that may never occur again. We can supply the copies of our paper giving the first, second and third lessons of the printed course. With a knowledge of short-hand anyone can always secure a good, paying position.

This City is becoming quite a game resort. A few days ago two foxes—an old and young one—were seen on Melbourne street and the young one was killed. Last week a fine mink was killed in a stable in the heart of the city, while in the act of getting away with a chicken. A band of Kickapoo Indians is camped on the flat near the Grand Trunk Railway Station and in their paint and feathers remind us of what this locality was a hundred years ago. The Indians are engaged in advertising an Indian remedy, and in a *physical* sense are fine looking fellows. The advent of Indians and game is a pretty good illustration of "Looking Backward."

We believe that we are excusable in feeling flattered by the following notice which we clip from *The Vermont Watchman and State Journal*, Montpelier, Vt., (July 22nd, 1891). The *Watchman* is in its 86th volume with a reputation unexcelled by any newspaper in the States, so that we think coming from such a high source, we have good reason to be flattered:

Some readers seem to infer, because we think more of sheep than of sheep-killing dogs, and oppose the misuse of the noble horse as a gambling and swindling instrument, that we are a sort of kill-joy; but that is where they get left." Any one who enjoys clean, honest sport better than the agricultural editor must be leading a joyful life indeed. Hunting and fishing, riding and driving, occupied a pretty large percentage of our time while we were a young man in Maine and Kentucky—and we enjoy them yet, though we can almost reach out and touch our threescore and tenth year. All of which is introductory of a passing notice of our Sherbrooke friend Thomas' excellent monthly magazine, *The Land We Live In*. It is now in its third volume, and has grown constantly better with each issue. It is a "sporting journal" that hearty orthodox ministers, like Beecher or the Fields of New York might have enjoyed and contributed to—and, indeed, some such are in the lists of its writers. Canada is a true sportsman's resort, and if you want a reliable guide to the best shooting and fishing there, just send your dollar to D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke, P. Q., for a year's subscription to *The Land We Live In*.

We expect to receive in time for our September issue an article from the pen of B. R. Buffham, of Fort Worth, Texas, better known to the sporting fraternity by his *nom de plume* of "Almo." Mr. Buffham is an authority on shooting and has invented several improvements in modern arms. He has hunted over a good part of this continent, and 23 years ago organized a hunting party which spent some time in Canada. He is recognized—even in Texas, noted for its good shots—as an expert in the use of a gun. He has had a life long experience in shooting and in 1866, when only sixteen years of age, bagged three hundred quail on the Island of Malta, as the result of ten hours shooting.

We notice in our columns anything sent us by way of sample, to the extent of its value, and accept the agency for such as we can handle to advantage.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt "with the compliments of the Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec," of "Proceedings of the American Forestry Association" at the summer meeting held in Quebec, Sept. 2nd to 5th, 1890, and at the Ninth Annual Meeting held in Washington, Dec. 30, 1890. Amongst the papers published in these proceedings are the following which possess great interest for Canadians: "Report on the Administration of the Public Forests of Quebec," by E. E. Taché; "Tree-Planting on the Prairies," by Hon. H. G. Joly; "Systematic Timber-Cutting in Quebec," by F. X. Perrault, Sec'y of the Quebec Forestry Association, and "Forestry on the Western Plains of Canada," by Wm. Saunders, Director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa. According to the report of H. B. Ayres there are at least 20,000 men engaged in logging operations in Minnesota. Mrs. S. W. Dodds, M. D., St. Louis, Missouri, contributes an excellent article on "What causes the Cyclones," and Dr. Peter H. Bryce, an exhaustive treatise on "Forests in their Relation to Public Health." "Shade and Ornamental Trees for Cities," by Geo. Moore, Montreal, gives directions for the planting of trees suitable for a Canadian climate, and Auguste Dupuis, Les Aulnaies, Que., relates his experience in the culture of Southern trees in the far north of Quebec.

PARAGRAPHS.

Capt. Leonard Thomas, of Melbourne, Que., has the finest mounted caribou heads and antlers we have ever seen. The animals were shot by himself in the vicinity of Drummondville, Que., and the heads were mounted by Mr. John Cairnie, taxidermist, of Melbourne. The antlers are magnificent ones and in prime condition. Capt. Thomas is one of the crack shots of Canada, having won a position on the Wimbledon team on three occasions, and is known as the "Caribou Bill" of the Eastern Townships.

Mr. Charles Hallock, formerly editor of *Forest and Stream* and now associate editor of the *American Angler*,

writes us that he will visit Sherbrooke in September and will spend a few weeks in this vicinity and in a tour through Maine. Mrs. Hallock will accompany him. As Mr. Hallock is one of the best authorities on this continent, on fish and fishing, our piscatorial friends should make it a point to show him that the famous trout fishing of the Eastern Townships is not altogether a thing of the past.

The editor of this journal will visit Lake St. John in a few days with the view of laying in a supply of material for fish stories. An eight-pound Ouaniche recently caught at the Grand Discharge, leads him to believe that a deftly handled rod, and a fertile imagination, will enable him to secure a bountiful supply of everything required in the manufacture of fish stories. A *cast* of characters for the performance is now in course of preparation, with a *leader* of tried ability to keep things in *line*.

A good many shad or fresh water herrings have been caught in the St. Francis, particularly at the Rocky Point back of the Burton Brewery. They are a delicious pan fish and one of them makes a good square meal for a hungry fisherman.

The trolling for mascalonge, doré and bass at Lake Aylmer is reported first-class. As it is so easily reached by the Quebec Central Railway, Sherbrooke is always represented there by a deputation of amateur sportsmen. It doesn't require any great skill or experience to catch fish in Lake Aylmer, but a good deal of "hang-on" is necessary when a big mascalonge signals from the other end of the line and a *Gaffer Green* at the business had better let some one else handle the gaff. A good many gaffers are *out on strike* and out of fish as well.

The outlook for ruffed grouse (partridge) this season, is not very promising. The cold, wet weather of early spring has interfered with the hatching and rearing of the young birds, and the old ones were none too plentiful last season. The practice of snaring

them still continues to a considerable extent in the Townships west of Sherbrooke but it is difficult to catch the offenders.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the complimentary notice of this journal, and its editor, contained in the August number of *Butler's Journal*. Those in want of a real, lively, spicy newspaper should send to Martin Butler, Fredericton, N. B., for a sample copy of his journal, or send a year's subscription to *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* to us, and receive *Butler's Journal free* for one year.

There is an individual residing in the City of Rochester, N. Y., who is known throughout the United States as "Grant, the Printer." We do not think his reputation as one of the best ornamental printers on this continent has extended to Canada, but as we have received a package of his Fine Illuminated Cards we feel it our duty to say that the advertiser who can't succeed with such cards don't know how to shuffle them. These cards are printed to suit customers at very reasonable rates, and great inducements are offered to agents to secure orders. Send ten cents to *Grant the Printer*, 359 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and secure a copy of *Grant's Hustler* and a package of *Grant's Fine Illuminated Cards*.

We have received from S. C. Stevenson, Esq., Manager and Sec'y, the list of premiums and rules and regulations in connection with the Provincial Exhibition and Agricultural and Industrial fair to be held at Montreal from the 17th to the 25th September next. The classification of exhibits is very comprehensive and the prizes generally remunerative. Those desirous of entering exhibits will receive necessary forms and instructions by addressing Mr. Stevenson at 76 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal.

Our illustrated catalogue is sent free on application. It describes a variety of Fancy Goods, Toys and Novelties, which will be sent to any address on receipt of price in cash, or U. S. or Canada postage stamps.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN

Our old host of Key Pond, Isidore Gendron, celebrated his golden wedding on the 3rd inst. Isidore has been a resident there for over 30 years and we imagine he has found the waters of Key Pond more productive than farming. The pond has yielded some good harvests of lake trout and is very conveniently situated for residents of this locality as it is within two hours drive of Sherbrooke.

Our remarks in last issue about Mr. Smith's nocturnal visits to the Elmwood Cemetery, have developed the fact that there are several Mr. Smith's resident in this city or several individuals who display similar peculiarities. We have material enough on the half shell already, with which to open a school for scandal, and by accident we have tripped over one article which contains in itself all that is necessary for a second Beecher-Tilton sensation. It is strange the amount of *ex parte* evidence supplied to us which tends to prove that the same cap fits a good many heads, but we think it stranger still that some of the sisterhood who court the cool breezes and the shades of evening in the direction of North Melbourne Street, should require not only angels, but *ministers of grace* to defend them. The days of chivalry are past but we shouldn't be surprised to see a *till-on* the street some of these fine evenings.

BOOK REVIEW.

"Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald," is a book of 332 pages, written by E. B. Biggar, Montreal, illustrative of the humorous side of Sir John's life and his quick wit and ready *repartee*, and is a most amusing and interesting volume. The old chieftain heartily appreciated a joke whether the point was scored for or against him. It is generally known that Sir John's geniality and ready wit made him a most agreeable companion and that he was one of the *ardent spirits* that enlivened the convivial circle wherever his presence could be secured. Some of the other *ardent spirits* occasionally obtained a temporary advantage over him. We copy some of Mr. Biggar's anecdotes.

"At one time complaints were very numerous among prominent Conservative members of the drinking habits of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. A member came to John A., and said, "You must speak to him. This sort of things is a disgrace." After putting them off for some time, John A. went to McGee and said, "Look here, McGee, this Government can't afford two drunkards, and you've got to stop."

"Though the fact may not be creditable to human nature, Sir John's very weakness was a secret of his popularity with a certain class of men, and he did not hesitate to take advantage of the weakness when the occasion served his purpose. Once he caused great applause in his audience when he said, "I know enough of the feeling of this meeting to know that you would rather have John A. drunk than George Brown sober."

"Going home one night, while he lived at Toronto, he met Mr. L—, the tea merchant, who, though one of his many personal friends, was a life-long Reformer. Sir John was a little unsteady, and wishing company home, said, "L—, I have known you for twenty-five years, and you've never given me a vote yet; but," he added, as he took his friend's arm, "you've got to support me this time."

"When Prince Arthur visited Canada, a reception was given him at the Capital, and it was arranged that the members of the Cabinet should meet privately in their Windsor uniforms, just before the reception. One of the ministers, Mr. V—, who was not himself an example of temperance principles, tried on his cocked hat, and one of the company observed that it was not a fit. "No," said Sir John, looking at the subject of remark, "you look as if a cock-tail would suit you better than a cocked hat."

"One evening Lady Macdonald and Sir John were entertaining Sir Hugh Allen, when Lady Macdonald solicited from Sir Hugh a contribution in aid of some church work she had in hand. Sir Hugh hedged and pleaded inability to give what she asked, but she good-naturedly laughed off the plea, and told him he could not take all his money with him when he died. "No,"

remarked Sir John playfully, "it would soon melt if he did."

"Haunts of the Ouananiche" is a handsomely illustrated little volume in pamphlet form, published by S. L. Swett, Temple Building, Montreal, and intended as a guide to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. It describes all the places where this famous game fish is found, with information descriptive of the country lying between Lake St. John and Lake Mistassini, with views of scenery along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and contains appropriate extracts from the meetings of such gifted authors as "Adirondack" Murray, Kit Clarke, J. G. A. Creighton, and others, who have made Ouananiche fishing a pastime and study. Those enthusiastic anglers who have never fished for Ouananiche have an untold pleasure *in prospectu*. It is generally conceded by those who know, that there is as much sport in landing a 5 lb. Ouananiche as there is in a 10 lb. salmon.

"Quebec, Ancient and Modern, being a collection of Notes for Tourists," is the title of a neat and beautifully illustrated little volume, by E. T. D. Chambers, Esq., Quebec, which furnishes the most comprehensive description of Quebec and its *environs* and attractions, of any work on the subject ever published. Mr. Chambers is an easy writer, possessing vivid powers of description, and the incidents which illustrate the pen portion of his sketches are happily chosen. Two or three hours study of this little work will familiarize one with a great deal of the scenery in and about Quebec and some of its ancient landmarks, that could only be obtained by months of labor and study in the ordinary way. 25 cents enclosed to the publisher, E. L. Swett, Temple Building, Montreal, will secure a copy.

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RICHMOND STREET, LONDON, ONT.—[LOOKING SOUTH.]

WRITTEN FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

FISHING IN THE EARLY TIMES.

IN my early boyhood I remember my first fish-hook was made by my father out of a brass pin. We had no means of getting at that time such fish-hooks as we now have, I used to catch many dace and some trout with this hook, but as there was no barb on it, I was compelled to yank them right in, as any slack line would have allowed them to escape.

When I was six or seven years old my father and his nearest neighbor wished to try their luck, fishing for salmon, so they went into the woods and got some pitch pine and spruce roots with which to make jack lights, to use during the summer nights at the time when the salmon were ascending the rivers to their spawning beds. Unless delayed by very low water they usually reached the Eaton River about the middle of August. There were only two houses then at or opposite the present village of Cookshire, all the country east of there being a howling wilderness and a howling one it was at night, when the wolves were plentiful.

Having got all things ready, one night after dark they lighted up their jack light, which was placed in the bow of an old log canoe, and fished down the Eaton River, about a mile from where the present bridge

stands but saw no fish. Before leaving their canoe they thought they would try a little higher up where there was an immense rock or boulder near the west shore of the river. This rock was always used as a water mark to show us when it was safe to ford the river with our horses. If the top of the rock was visible it was safe, if not, it was dangerous to attempt crossing.

This rock was not more than ten rods above the present bridge site and there was always a considerable depth of water round it. As they approached the rock two large salmon were seen close to the side and through the skill and good management of the spearsman in the bow of the canoe, they secured both of them. These were the first salmon I ever saw caught, and as I grew up and my love of fishing increased I became quite an adept at catching them. My father was fond of fish as food, and often when I asked his permission to go fishing, I got it, if I gave an affirmative answer to his inquiry, as to whether I thought I could catch any. Many a time I have brought home strings of those speckled beauties, that it would do your heart good to look at, and even now I love to take my rod and go to the river that runs close to my house and try my luck, but the mills above, and the saw dust, have about finished the fishing on my premises. During the fifty-two years I have resided here I have caught a great many trout, but the largest one I ever caught in this river, I caught several years ago. It weighed 2½ lbs.

The greatest and best fishing I ever saw was in 1829 when I lived on the shore of Lake Ontario, just above what is known as

Port Oshawa. My uncle lived there, and he had two sons who were adepts in salmon fishing. Salmon were so plentiful that in the fall of the year they did nothing but fish for about a month, and they would take from one to five barrels of fish each night, with spear and jack light. One young man, a near neighbor, told me, that he and his adopted father caught one night 508 salmon, which would when dressed fill fifteen barrels. He happened to be where he saw or knew that the fish were running into the mouth of Oshawa Creek, and had everything in readiness to commence fishing as soon as it was dark the same evening. My cousins were away from home and did not get back until 1 a. m. when they immediately went to the creek and before day light had taken 100 salmon, and they had no doubt our neighbor's statement was correct.

The summer of 1829, the salmon had been so closely caught up and so many fishing for them, they had become scarce, but the latter part of April of that year, I was on the shore of the lake with one of my cousins, and as the moon was bright until 2 a. m. we could not light up until then, but we caught nine of the handsomest and most luscious salmon I ever saw. At that time of the year they were as fat as the best white fish, and never before or since have I partaken of such delicious fish.

On one occasion I was out with one of my cousins, when he told me he would paddle the boat and I might try my luck with the spear. We had not gone far before I saw what I thought was a fish, but a light wind which caused a ripple on the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HIRAM FRENCH.

Eaton, June 25th, 1891.



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

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

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

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

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

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

E. T. W.



The above is all right with a "hooker," but for good, serviceable lines, suitable for every month in the year consult the columns of THE LAND WE LIVE IN. Our lines are prepared expressly for us, and that they have fallen in pleasant places is evidenced by the many orders we are receiving for a years supply. The LAND WE LIVE IN lines are made out of the threads of discourses twisted out of Canadian material, and reeled off in quantities to suit individual demand. Their elasticity makes them available for big fish and bigger fish stories. An annual supply of these lines will be furnished from month to month in quantity and quality to suit the season on receipt of \$1. The above is a simple outline of what we promise. Samples supplied on application.

D. THOMAS & CO., Publishers
THE LAND WE LIVE IN,
Sherbrooke, Que.

THE SUBSTITUTE SWINDLE.

Mr. A. Frank Richardson of New York has done the public good service by calling attention in his recent address before the National Editorial Association at St. Paul to the petty but extensive frauds practiced upon customers through what is known as the substitute swindle. The modus operandi of these dishonest deals may be briefly explained. There are many standard articles, such, for instance, as Pear's Soap, Scott's Emulsion, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Hood's Sarsaparilla, Morgan's Sapolio, Wolf's Aeme Blacking, St. Jacob's Oil, Pond's Extract, Syrup of Figs, and others which have attained to a large sale and widespread reputation by their legitimate merits and the liberal advertising of their proprietors. Certain unprincipled druggists and small dealers have taken advantage of these circumstances to counterfeit these goods by imitating them just closely enough to keep themselves out of the clutches of the law. At Detroit and in other cities there are houses whose entire business consists in manufacturing imitations of these articles or "substitutes," which are made so as to closely resemble the originals in materials used, in the name, and in the general appearance of the boxes, bottles or wrappers. As an inducement to these small dealers and the better to enable them to carry out the swindle, their names are frequently printed on the packages by the manufacturers, and the false caption, "our own

make" is often added. It is easy to see how the swindle is worked. A customer goes into a store and asks for Scott's Emulsion, for instance. The dealer says that he has it, which is probably a lie, but recommends the customer to buy a preparation put up by himself, which he claims to be equally good, and which, he says he can recommend be

cause he pretends he has "compounded it himself" and it is his "own make," and besides, while Scott's Emulsion may be 50 cents a bottle, he can sell his own preparation at 25 cents. Nine times out of ten the customer, relying on the statement of the druggist, will be induced by motives of economy to take the substitute, which, of course, is worthless and may be dangerous. The dealer is enabled to do this, because he buys very cheaply from the manufacturer, and thus the two get the benefit of the advertising of the genuine material and divide large profits. Thus an unsuspecting public is swindled.

It is needless to say that the druggist or dealer who will descend to this contemptible business merely because he can make a larger profit upon the substitute than he can upon the genuine article, is a common swindler, and none the less a swindler because the trick is devised so cunningly as to save him from prosecution and deserved punishment. It is a fraud upon manufacturers who are making a legitimate article and who have spent thousands of dollars to bring it before the public, and a fraud upon customers who are tricked into buying a bogus article which is worthless, if not something worse. It is time that this contemptible business was stopped, and it can be if the press of the country will ventilate and expose it and if the public will refuse to patronize druggists who palm off these nostrums upon it. Customers should demand the article they have every reason to believe is the best, and if a dealer begins the old story recommending a preparation he has made himself, which he knows to be pure because he made it, which has his name on the wrapper, etc., it should be sufficient cause to refuse it promptly and go elsewhere for their goods. It is the lowest and meanest form of common thievery, and if the public will join hands with the press it can be broken up. It is certainly for the interests of the former to do so, as it is the principle sufferer.

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A. BOUCHARD, GARTHBY, Que.

Is proprietor of a hotel that affords first class accommodation to sportsmen visiting Lake Aylmer and boats and boatmen are always available. The best trolling grounds in this province. The Quebec Central Railway will deposit you and your traps within a stone's throw of most comfortable quarters. Take the night train from Quebec or Sherbrooke, to secure the early morning fishing. Mascalonge, doré and bass and trout fishing within easy drive of the Hotel.

A Large Fortune for a Small Outlay.

In consequence of ill health and my other business, I will sell out for cash the goodwill, formula, and outstanding accounts of the "Pick-Me-Up" Horse Powders. For particulars apply at once to

J. BARTON, V. S.,
Royal Veterinary and Infirmary,
Lennoxville, Que.

THE BELLEVUE HOUSE. SHERBROOKE, Que.

Furnishes first class accommodation to permanent or transient guests, and is situated at corner of Terrace Street and Market Square, convenient to Post Office Banks and Court House. Table and bar supplied with the best of everything in their line. Particular attention paid to sportsmen. In convenient proximity to Stations of the Grand Trunk, Quebec Central, Boston and Maine, and Canadian Pacific Railways. Sportsmen's supplies of all kinds in close proximity. \$1.50 per day to transient guests.



"Musha! Musha! Wirsthru! An' fwat 'll I do at all, at all, I don' know." "Why what's the matter with you Mrs. McInerny?" "Och! Misther Cootyer! the blayyard, the thafe of the worruld alongside ye, there!" "What's he been doing?" "Sure didn't I have me pail of honey sitting up there on the wagin' agin an' the *omadhaun* driv his horses up agin me wagin' an' upot the honey, an' d ye mind the state me butther's in, all covered with honey?" "I b'leeve he's done you a good turn, missus. All you have to do is to get a loaf of bread and cut it in slices, and sell it buttered and honeyed for ten cents aslice. You'll make more that way than you would by selling them separately. Just try it!" "Be me sowkins, Misther Cootyer, I b'lave yer right; I'll just thry it. I'll be off now an' get a loaf." "Wull! I swan, Peter, you did that kind of slick now, I tell yer, an' I'm derved if I don't think there's money in it too. Now I'm goin' to patronize the old lady myself. I'd jest as soon have a good hunk of bread and butter and honey, with a glass of beer to wash it down, as to go up to Fred's and pay a quarter for dinner. I'll tell some of the other boys, an' you jest see if the old gal don't unload mighty quick about noon-time, an' more than that she'll be able to salt down twice as much money to-night as she would if the honey hadn't been upset. Say, pard, I guess she orter gin you a slice for nothin', to pay you for upsettin' her honey. Any how, she orter do it to pay for the names she called you. Derved if I'd like to be called a "pay sooper," afore folks. But 'tain't no use talkin'. That ain't a goin' to sell my chickens. Yes, warm, they're for sale, 'ceptin' them two 'at I'm keepin' for Lew Smith Lewsays he's tired eatin' fish, 'cause he ketches so many an' he don't like to throw 'em away. Looky here, Missis! Ef you'll take half a dozen of them 'ere chickens, I'll let you have them for forty cents a piece, and I'll bet they'll weigh four pounds each. Why that's cheaper than Ames' steak, an' they're a good deal tenderer. Much obleeged, Missis. Two forty, that's right! You'll enjoy the eatin' of them there chickens.

For if you want life to enjoy, you'll buy of chickens tew
An' with yer chicken fixins' then, just make a chicken stew.

"Bigosh! M'sieu Merrill, me'll don' know dat you'll mek de song afore, *Vous chantez bien bon*, all-a-sam *comme une merle*. wot you call him, one night on-a-big-storm, eh? "You mean a night-in-gale I reckon." "Oui! Oui! *Tous le meme chose*. One night on a pooty big wind-blow-hard. You call heem gale, hey? Me

don' know no gale honly M'sieu Gale on Waterville. He'll don' chanter. M'sieu Merrill? "I didn't say he shantied, Narcisse. I know he gets his lumber out through jobbers." "Non! Non! M'sieu Merrill, me don' mean dat. Me mean M'sieu Gale she'll don' chanter. She'll don' sing him song. *Comprenez vous?*" "Oh you beshot. Nobody couldn't onderstan' you anyfway. You don't know nothin' an' allus did. You'd better sell them taters o' yourn, an' git back to Brompton afore the owls comes roun' or you'll want to stop and talk to 'em, a thinkin' they're talkin' French to you. A feller can onderstan' one 'bouts' well as tother."

"Hello! Riches. Have you got any bear meat this time?" "No, but I shouldn't wonder if I had some within a week or two. There's an all-fired big one round the Key Brook, and I guess he's got an eye on my oat-patch, and some of the lambs in the pasture along side. He hain't bothered me yet, but I guess he'll do so or get bothered. He's been through Duncan Haggart's oats, but Duncan swears that it's one of them big mascalonge that went up during the wet weather, and when I showed him the prints of his tce nails, Duncan said that was the marks of the mascalonge's teeth when he'd been pullin' himself up the bank. You know I ain't much mistaken about bears. I've catched quite a few of them between my place and Brompton Lake, and I guess you've helped to eat some of them. I believe I could furnish you the material for some pretty good bear stories for your paper. I haint seen any bear stories lately." "I'd rather you furnish me the material for bear steak and I'll get up a story out of that. In writing for the press you want to chaw your subject well and I'm waiting for a chance to do so in connection with a bear story." "Well if you'll promise to get up the story, I'll get up the steak, see if I don't, and I'll tell you some of the experience that Dan Ball and I had trapping bears at Brompton Lake. You know that ridge that runs across from the Blueberry Hill at the foot of the lake, to Key pond? Well that's the greatest place for bear I ever struck. I'm goin' to leave these eggs at your place and you can pay me for them when I bring up the bear meat. They're as fresh as them you used to get from Miss Smith." "Well its a fact that Bill Riches has awful luck catching bears. I mind me of one time when he was hid in a corn patch one night watching for bears, and he got into a kind of a doze, and a bear came along and commenced chawin' on the hill o' corn alongside of him. Bill out with his jack-knife and cut off the stalks near the roots and he kept that corn 'twixt him and the bear and kep' a backin' out of the patch, the bear chawin' away all the time—until he backed into the corn stable when he just chucked the armful of corn stalks onto the bear, jumped out of the door way shut the door and trapped the bear. There isn't one man out of a hundred could have done it."

FOR SALE.

1 Covered phaeton, made to order from material furnished by the owner, cost \$200, price \$125.00. 1 light buggy nearly new, price \$75.00.

D. THOMAS & CO, Agents.

Subscribers' Directory

For Month ending 1st August, 1891.

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A. D. Bostwick, Dr. Austin.
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Hon. J. G. Robertson, James C. Harkness,
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FREE PREMIUMS.

To every new or renewal subscriber, to this journal who pays the \$1.00 subscription price in advance, we will give as a free premium a year's subscription to any one of the following publications:

Canada, monthly, Benton, New Brunswick
Butler's Journal " Fredericton do do
Medical Adviser and Farm Help, monthly,
Bowmanville, Ont.
The Miner, monthly, Capelton, Que.
The Echo, monthly, Stratford, Ont.
Vade Mecum, monthly, Salina, Kansas.
Corona News Letter, semi monthly, Has-
brouck Heights, N. J.

GOOD FOR TWO DOLLARS

Until Sept. 20th, 1891, only.

Dr. D. P. Ordway, Belfast, Maine, will forward, prepaid.

A Trial Package of Dr. D. P. Ordway's Improved Plasters,

—CONSISTING OF—

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| Two No. 1 Plasters, regular price, | 50 cents |
| Two No. 2 " " " " | 51 " |
| Two No. 3 " " " " | 50 " |
| Two pairs Foot Plasters " " " | 70 " |
| Six small Plasters " " " | 75 " |
| One package V.C. Pills " " " | 65 " |

Total \$3.10

To anyone who will send him ONE DOLLAR and refer to this notice. This offer is good until 20th Sept. only. These are the same plasters for which the publishers of this journal are General Agents, and which, with testimonials, are advertised in another column.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

1891

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

SHORT-HAND.

A Practical Course for Only \$2.00.
—Send for Particulars.

Fourth Lesson of Our Popular Series With Explanatory Notes.

PREPARED BY PROF. MORAN OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

(Copyrighted.)

When two or more persons meet together for dictation practice the following plan may be adopted: Be seated all at one table. Do not practice for speed upon any exercise until you have learned to phrase and outline it correctly. Each student should, in turn, read to the other members of the group, the exercise being read, not from the print, but from the notes last taken. When all the members of the circle have read in turn, compare the last draught carefully with the original, and repeat until errors cease to be found. Dictate slowly at first, gradually increasing the speed.

HINTS TO STUDENTS.

Always carry in your pocket a copy of this paper containing the short-hand lesson, to read at leisure moments, while traveling, waiting for cars or steamboats, for lazy people to keep appointments, or whenever an opportunity for a few minutes' study may be had.

Most pupils press the pen too hard upon the paper, making both the light and shaded lines heavier than they should be. This extra pressure means more friction, more labor, more time, less speed. The rapid stenographer always touches the paper lightly. It is an excellent plan to cultivate lightness of touch by frequent practice in writing the thin stems as fine as possible, executing them rapidly, barely touching the paper with the pen.

The learner who always cultivates a compact style of writing will in the end be both more rapid and accurate. By compactness of style is meant that the characters be written not only small, but closely together. The handwriting of most all beginners is too large and sprawling.

EXPLANATION.

After *n*, *sk*, and in some other cases, *l* is written downwards. See line 6. It is then called *el*; and when struck upwards, *lay*. The signs for *l*, *oi*, and *ow*, should be made as small, light, and sharp-angled as possible. When two vowels are written by one stem, one is placed nearer, according to the order in which they occur. The circle *s* is always written on the *inside* of curves. At first, curves are difficult to write. As to degree of curvature, they should be nearly one-fourth of a circle. Be careful to bend them evenly throughout. In this and all remaining lessons, spend at least two hours in copying and re-copying the Plate. Then write the words as they are read to you from the Key, compare with the Plate, and repeat until no errors are found. Also write and re-write the exercise a number of times. Occasionally transcribe your short-hand, and compare the translation with the original print. At first write *slowly*, and with *great care*; afterwards increase your speed gradually.

First—Practice on Plate 4 until you can copy it in four minutes.

Second—Spend twenty minutes writing the word-signs in Lessons III and IV as they are read to you miscellaneously.

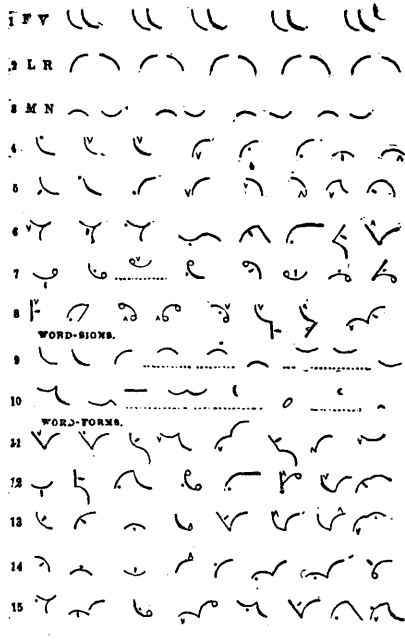
Third—Write in short-hand the following Exercises:

ance may nigh know oil safe save fie feel
vale vile fame foam Lyle loaf loam Maine
leef leave moll knife leak bore door fore pore
pille pale peel bale bile fails tolls vice.

KEY TO PLATE 4.

- 4 Fee fie vie lie lay lee mow (verb) mow (noun).
- 5 Oaf eve eel isle ire our life lower.
- 6 Nile knoll kneel name lope league chore
boil.
- 7 Nose face sign save sore sown aims James.
- 8 Dio leech sours soils arise Fido voyage Milo.
- 9 Word-Signs—For have will me my him in
any no.
- 10 Never now give anything that first we you.
Translate lines 11 to 15. (The words in lines 11
and 12 occur also in the exercise given above.)

Plate 4.



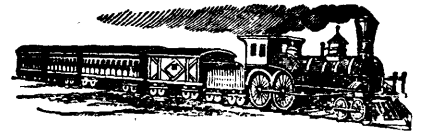
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THE SHORT-HAND CLASS.

The plates which will be used in producing our forthcoming series of Short-hand lessons, were all engraved by hand, and are models of neatness and accuracy. Short-hand is not only a beautiful art, but is at the same time a paying business. We feel justified in giving considerable space to this new subject, which in the past few years has grown to be so important. Our Special Class, each member of which will receive individual criticisms by mail from the author, Prof. Moran, offers an extraordinary opportunity for getting a course of lessons for only \$2.00, which would cost, ordinarily, not less than \$20. The membership of this class will be limited. Send your name at once if you wish to join. Remit by postal note, registered letter, or in any safe way.

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ard Manu'g Co., 769 Broadway
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RAILWAY.

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The only line running Parlor and Sleeping Cars between Sherbrooke & Quebec and Dudswell Jet and Quebec without change.

On and after Monday June 29th, '91, trains will run as follows:—

EXPRESS.

Leave Sherbrooke 7.40 a.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 11.43 a.m., arrive Levis 1.35 p.m., Quebec [ferry] 1.45 p.m.

PASSENGER.

Leave Sherbrooke 11.45 p.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 4.33 a.m., arrive Levis 6.35 a.m., Quebec [ferry] 6.45 a.m.

MIXED.

Leave Sherbrooke 8.10 a.m., arrive Beauce Jct 5.00 p.m., arrive St. Francis 6.45 p.m.

Trains Arrive at Sherbrooke.

EXPRESS.

Leave Quebec [ferry] 1.30 p.m., Levis 2.00 p.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 3. p.m., arrive Sherbrooke 8.00 p.m.

PASSENGER.

Leave Quebec [ferry] 8.30 p.m., Levis 9.15 p.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 11.30 p.m., arrive Sherbrooke 4.30 a.m.

This train will leave Quebec on Sunday nights instead of Saturday nights.

MIXED.

Leave St. Francis 6.00 a.m., arrive Beauce Jct. 7.00 a.m., arrive Sherbrooke 3.10 p.m.

CONNECTIONS.

Dudswell Jct. with Upper Coos Division of Maine Central Ry at Levis and Harlaka Jct. with Intercolonial Ry for all points in the Maritime Province; at Quebec with the C. P. Ry for St. Leon Springs and the West; with the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway for Lake St. John; with the Quebec Montmorency R. R. for St. Anne de Beaupré; with the R. & O. N. Steamers for the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers; with the Quebec S. S. Co. for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Pictou, &c. &c.

Tourist tickets for St. Leon Springs, St. Anne de Beaupré, the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, River du Loup, &c. &c. are on sale from June 1st to October 31st, and Saturday Excursion tickets good to go on Saturday and return on the following Monday are on sale from June 1st. to September 30th.

Special low rates to fishing parties; and to Pilgrimages to St. Anne on application to General Passenger Agent.

The Quebec Central in connection with the Boston & Maine R. R. run solid trains between Quebec and Boston via Sherbrooke and White River Jct. without change.

J. H. WALSH,
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FRANK GRUNDY,
General Manager.
Sherbrooke, P. Q.

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D. THOMAS & CO., Editors and Proprietors
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Twenty-four-page Edition, . . . \$1.00 per year.

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One inch, 12 lines, one month \$ 75
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WILL CURE

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Lamé Back or Side, Neuralgia, Cramps, Lung, and all Bronchial Troubles, Sprains, Pleurisy, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Heart Disease, Sore or Weak Eyes, and Female Weakness, in a short time.

NO REMEDY

Ever introduced on this continent, has met with such SIGNAL SUCCESS.

Out of several hundred sold in Canada, we know of only two cases where they failed to relieve, and these were cases of muscular rheumatism

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We guarantee these Plasters to relieve every case for which they are recommended, if used as directed, or will refund the amount paid.

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The great external remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia. It is also an invaluable preparation for Sprains, Bruises, Corns, Bunion, Chilblains, Bites, Stings, and all other ailments of a painful nature. If you are suffering with one or more of the above complaints it will pay you to try this efficient remedy, as it has probably done more to alleviate pain and inflammation in suffering humanity than any other medicine now sold. We will send a box by mail to any part of the U. S. or Canada on receipt of 25 cts. Agents wanted.
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PIANOS.

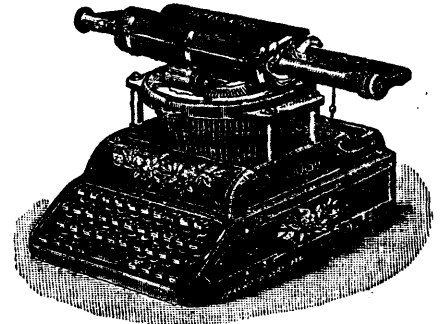
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DR. ORDWAY'S Improved Plasters.

These are some of the recommendations we are constantly receiving.

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JAMES CUZNER, Sherbrooke.

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JOHN MCMANUS, Sherbrooke.

"I lose no opportunity of recommending your plasters for Lame Back and Bronchial troubles."

PARKER W. NAGLE, Sherbrooke.

"I had Bronchitis for eleven years, but your plasters did me good."

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Edited by Matthew Richey Knight.

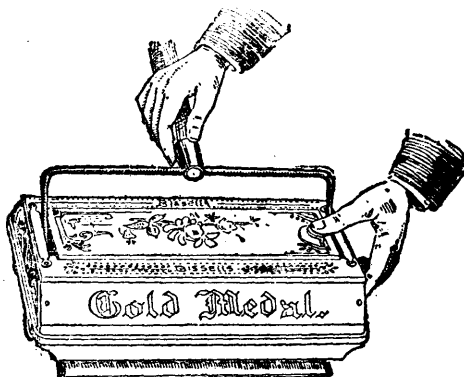
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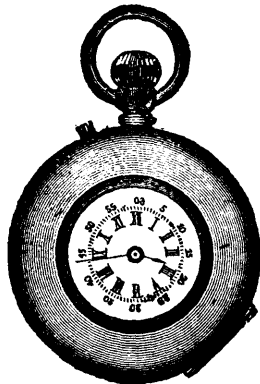
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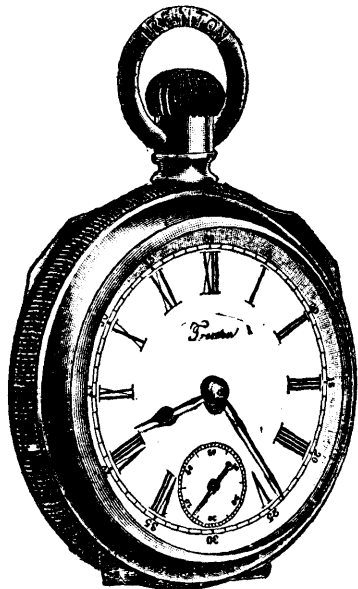
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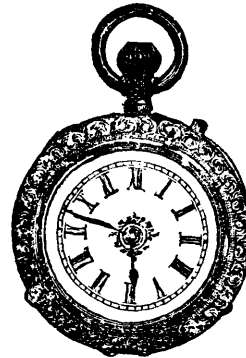
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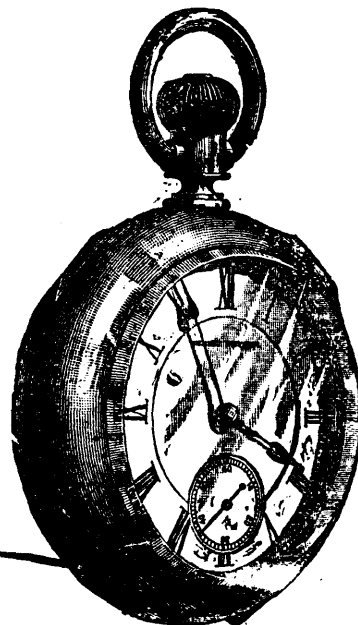
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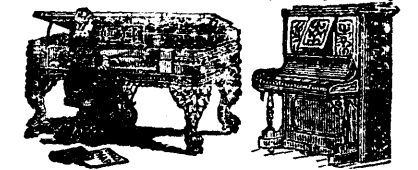
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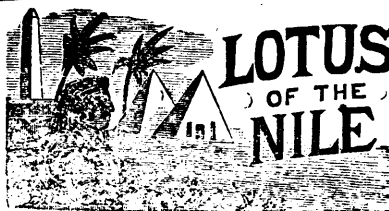
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